

Riley had been waiting far too long for this. She'd even booked the entire week off work just for it. Now, she sat at her desk, furiously refreshing her games library, heart thumping with every click. The game always unlocked on time, but even five minutes early would be enough to send a thrill through her.

True Farm Life. A brand-new title from a completely unknown developer, and it was entirely in VR. It sounded like Stardew Valley or Harvest Moon, but with a twist that had her hooked the moment she heard about it: you got to play as animal people. In VR, no less.

No previews, no leaks, no early copies—just the developer's confident promise: *"This will be a surprise to all, and I know you'll all enjoy it."*

And then—finally—*finally* it began downloading, two minutes ahead of schedule.

Riley scrambled to check her setup one last time: headset fully charged, spare batteries ready, snacks and drinks lined up for a week-long gaming binge. She wasn't planning on logging off anytime soon.

The download completed in what felt like seconds, and she booted up the game, sliding her headset over her eyes. Upbeat, cozy music filled her ears, and she was surprised by how polished the menu looked for a VR game. It was cute, warm, and immediately welcoming.

She stepped into her clear play space and pressed her hand into the glowing *New Game* button.

Character select appeared before her, shimmering slightly. Some species were greyed out, which only made her grin—*new game plus content*. She had four options for now: cow, dog, cat, or sheep.

She didn't even hesitate. Cow.

She picked out cute blue dungarees, a white shirt, brown jeans—classic farm girl aesthetic. She even adjusted her horns to be short and nubby, exactly how she pictured them. The options were surprisingly detailed, but it wasn't hard to find the look she wanted.

The game loaded in, and her new life began.

She found herself in a cozy wooden bedroom, sunlight streaming in as her character—human, not cow, she noticed—sat up in bed. A mirror in the corner reflected her face, blinking back at her with curious eyes.

"Huh," she murmured, a smile tugging at her lips. "Guess there's a story reason for that."

It was a promise of mystery: a transformation quest, an alternate dimension, or some hidden mechanic. Her mind buzzed with theories as she noticed a letter on the desk. She picked it up.

It was from her father, welcoming her to the farm he'd left behind for her.

Stepping into the kitchen, she found an array of cozy-looking foods on the table. A glance at the corner of her vision confirmed it—an energy system, probably refilled by food.

But what caught her eye was the softly glowing brown potion, shimmering faintly in the morning light. A note was attached:

"Welcome, farmer, to the town of _____."

She was prompted to name her town. She hesitated for a moment, then named it after her hometown—simple, but it felt right.

The letter continued:

“There are peculiarities among the townsfolk here, and it’s likely why your father left without saying a word to anyone. But I thought you’d need a hand fitting in, so feel free to drink this.”

Riley’s eyes widened behind the headset as realization sank in.

“Oh,” she breathed, a grin spreading across her face. “The townsfolk are animals too... and to fit in ___”

She reached for the potion.

“I get it.”

She picked up the potion with her VR controller, tilting it to her character’s lips, watching it pour down her in-game throat.

Then she froze.

A phantom coldness slid down her *real* throat, so vivid she jolted, dropping the controller and clutching her neck.

“It’s been a while since I’ve had phantom drinking... shit, that felt *too*—”

In-game, her character’s body shimmered with a gentle swirl of magic, but something else, something *wrong*, was happening in her room.

Riley dropped to her knees, gasping. Pain lanced through her skull as two small, nubby horns forced their way out, pushing through her scalp with a sickening pressure. Panic clawed at her chest, but before she could scream, she heard it—the sound of fabric stretching, of her own bones and flesh shifting.

Her thin, lithe frame was swelling, thickening with sudden, shocking weight. Her jeans cinched around her thighs, tighter and tighter, cutting into her skin as her legs surged with dense, warm mass. Her breath came in ragged pants as her hips flared wider, her ass filling out with heavy, muscular bulk that strained her seams to the brink.

Her hands flew to her chest as a strange dampness spread under her shirt—warm, soaking.

“W-what the hell—”

In a panic, she tore off the headset, nearly hurling it across the room, and stumbled toward the bathroom. Her jeans finally surrendered with a loud *rip* as she moved, fabric splitting as her thighs and ass burst through, refusing to be contained.

She skidded to a stop in front of the mirror.

She started at the bottom—wide, powerful hips, thick thighs slick with sweat and something else, her lower half transformed into the heavy, curvy build of a cow-girl.

A gasp tore from her throat.

Her gaze traveled upward. Her white shirt had turned a soft gray, soaked through with growing wet stains. The dampness pressed insistently against her nipples, rubbing them raw, making her whimper.

“M-mi... milk? N-no...”

She grabbed the sink for support as another wave crashed through her. Her breasts began to *swell*, inflating rapidly beneath the soaked fabric, skin stretching with a painful tightness as the weight became unbearable. The fabric groaned, warped, then *exploded*—milk, cloth, and flesh erupting outward in a violent flood.

Her new, massive udders slammed into the sink, splattering milk everywhere as it gushed down the drain in thick streams. She panted, face flushed scarlet, eyes wide with confusion and heat.

“F-fuuuck... so... so heavy...”

She looked into the mirror. Her face was still hers, though softer, lips plumper, cheeks flushed deeply red. Her gaze dropped, seeing nothing of her lower body—only the vast, impossible mass of her swollen breasts blocking her view.

“Fucking... *cow class*...”

She trembled, torn between moving and the reality of the mess she was making. Her mind was screaming to stop, to think, but her body was screaming louder.

Focus... focus...

Gritting her teeth, she grabbed her swollen udders, squeezing them hard. An enormous gush of milk sprayed into the sink, another followed, each squeeze wringing an involuntary, breathy moan from her lips.

“Keep... it... together...”

Her thighs clamped together, slick and trembling, as each pulse from below sent sparks of unbearable heat through her. She could feel it pooling between her legs, a relentless need driving her insane.

Time became a blur. Minutes, hours, she couldn't tell, until the milk finally slowed, dripping in small streams whenever she pressed.

She scowled, hefting the swollen mass from the sink with effort.

“They didn't even shrink... I thought the milk would *store*, not just pour out...”

Testing her balance carefully, she waddled back to her room, her new body swaying heavily with each step. She glanced at her VR headset, still displaying the game world, the faint music playing cheerily as if nothing had happened.

Riley took a deep, shaky breath, her eyes narrowing as she prepared to face *True Farm Life* again.

Riley began exploring the game, desperate for answers.

Thankfully, the game had paused when she ripped off the headset, but when she checked her character in the mirror, her heart dropped.

It was the *same*. Down to the absurd, impossible chest spilling forward, swaying with every tiny movement. But there was something else now—a *milk level* in the corner of her HUD, nearly empty.

God, she hoped that didn't correlate to *her*.

She pushed forward, stepping outside the farmhouse into the crisp morning air of the VR world, hoping to find a settings menu, *something* that would explain what was happening.

Instead, she was greeted by a woman standing at the fence—a peculiar figure, older, but with a sly smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

“Ah, hello dear,” the woman cooed. “Seems the potion worked wonders. What a big, *beautiful*, milky girl you are.”

Riley blinked. This wasn't an NSFW game. There was no *way* the dialogue could—

“You’re lucky, you know,” the woman continued, eyes glinting. “You chose correctly. Perhaps you’ll *survive*.”

Cold panic washed over Riley. Her hands shot up to tear off the headset, her breath ragged.

“Now, dear, come. Just *taste*...”

The woman lifted another potion toward her.

“No—” Riley scrambled, fumbling with the headset straps.

But it was too late.

Heat *exploded* from deep within her, dropping her to all fours as a guttural cry tore from her throat. Whatever she had felt before was nothing compared to *this*.

It started with her backside. There was no subtlety, no gentle swelling—just *throbbing* pulses of growth, her ass ballooning outward with each beat of her heart, thighs thickening further to support the *massive* swell of her hips and rear.

She gasped, trembling, eyes darting around as she realized—

She was *bigger*.

Not just in her chest, not just in her ass, but *overall*. Her arms were thicker, her legs longer, her perspective shifting as her head rose higher off the ground. How had she not noticed before?

There was no time to dwell.

A wave of *pleasure* hit her, ripping through her body like lightning. Her bare, swollen underside *erupted* onto the floor, slick heat pooling beneath her as her body rocked with the force of her orgasm.

She could *hear* it through the headset. The woman’s voice, warm, comforting, twisted:

“That’s it, dear... you’ve *always* wanted this. I hope you have enough *space*...”

“W-what?!”

Her shout dissolved into a moan as her body pulsed again, swelling, filling, *stretching*. Milk gushed freely, splattering across the soaked floor, while her belly began to round and bloat, lifting her higher as it grew, impossibly soft and warm.

“I—Nnng—”

Words failed her, replaced by ragged, shuddering moans and the relentless gush of milk pouring from her body. Her breasts, already beyond reason, swelled larger, the skin tight and glossy as they filled again and again, each pulse of milk forcing them to expand further.

They didn’t *stop*.

Her breathing quickened, her vision swam, her mind fogging under the weight of endless pleasure and the relentless *growth*. Milk erupted in torrents, flooding beneath her, while her breasts rose higher, pressing into her chin, her cheeks, eclipsing her view of the world.

As Riley finally blacked out, her last fleeting awareness was of her monstrous breasts crushing her desk, her computer, pressing into the walls of her room as everything around her splintered.

In the days that followed, stories rippled across the internet.

Some players reported small changes—a pair of ears here, a tail there—but none were as *dramatic* as hers.

The developers called her the “*lucky winner.*”

The city called her a *disaster zone.*

It took days to move her, days of constant milking and careful navigation, her body trembling with unending waves of pleasure, her cries echoing across streets as they cleared a path for her.

In the end, she was laid to rest in a vast field outside the city, the skyline dwarfed by her sheer, *impossible* size.

Days passed.

The city adapted, and so did Riley.

They built a shelter around her in the field, a vast barn-like structure with reinforced supports, a warm roof, and a constant hum of machines to milk her swollen body in endless, gentle cycles. The milking brought her relief, pleasure, and a soft peace she’d never known before.

At first, she thought she would hate it.

It wasn’t so bad.

NPCs from the game would visit her in dreams, or perhaps in the flickers of the VR world that still lived in the back of her mind. They praised her, called her a milky goddess, a beautiful breeding cow. They told her she was safe now, that the worst was over.

And in those moments, with the morning wind brushing over her warm skin, the weight of her massive body pressing comfortingly into the earth, Riley smiled softly.