

Dairy Day Spa

By Abe E Seedy, illustration by Angrboda

'Good for one free Sensual Massage!', the coupon said. Zoe had expected her office Secret Santa to get her chocolates, or socks, or something like that - something in the line of reasonably nice but non-specific and benign. But no, instead there was this, with only a printed note attached that said in non-descript font, "Trust me, use this."

Her first instinct had been to demand to know who had gotten it for her, but she'd managed to quash that response. She simply smiled, nodded, and hid the voucher away in her purse as a 'coupon for a spa day' before anyone could ask any many questions. Because in the second after she'd gotten it, she decided that she actually *would* use it. To hell with her uptight office image - if someone thought she wouldn't be adventurous enough to actually use this, then she'd privately prove them wrong.

The place for it seemed nice at least, tucked away discreetly in a quiet corner of downtown. She took off her hat and sunglasses as she came in, finding the reception area thankfully deserted as she went to check in. The woman behind the counter gave her a warm smile as she approached, although her shining gold eyes made her attention feel a little more intense than perhaps she intended. She processed her coupon without any problem, but then paused to give her a long, slow, up and down look.

"Room 3", she said eventually, a thin, forked tongue snaking out between her lips for a moment as she gave one last smile. "Tanya will take good care of you in there."

The room itself was fairly basic. Just a clean, clear space, with a privacy screen in one corner and an elaborate folding chair-slash-table in the centre. A note on the screen said "Welcome! Please undress to your level of comfort and then take a seat on the chair", although beneath that, in different handwriting, was added "We recommend you at least go topless though!", followed by a little smiley face (with horns?). Zoe took a moment to consider her options, but eventually decided that if she'd come this far, she might as well go through with it. She took off her shirt and bra, exhaling slowly as the weight of her breasts were set loose. She thought about taking her glasses off too, but in the end decided she'd rather be able to see than give access to a massage of her... ears, she supposed? And her pants were staying on too, that much was certain. After a moment's consideration she also took off her shoes, then sighed, and went over to sit in the chair before she could think herself in circles any worse.

Not long after she sat down, she heard the door behind her open and close. "Welcome, welcome!", said a syrupy voice, accompanied by the clack of high heels on the smooth wooden floor. "My name is Tanya, and my oh my, look at you! Aren't you just *lovely!*"

Zoe blushed, not sure how to respond. "Uh, thank you. I'm, uh, sure you say that to all the girls."

The clacking came closer, and Tanya stepped into view, making Zoe's eyes widen with the sight of her. She was a cow-woman, very much so, entirely naked and out there with her black-and-white patterned fur barely concealing her private parts, and completely failing to conceal the long pink teats that crowned her bare breasts. Her long ears twitched at the top of her head as she turned her muzzle-like face up into a smile, and the tiny horns gracing her head suddenly made the smiley face on that note make a lot more sense. "Doesn't mean it's not true hun", she answered, and Zoe struggle for a moment to remember what that was even in response to.

"Uh, well, uh, thank you", she managed eventually.

Graciously, Tanya seemed to ignore her tongue-tiedness. "So, y'all know this is a sensual massage, but just to lay it out there - I'm going to be touching you a lot, in some pretty *particular* ways", she said, hitting every syllable in that word hard, in a way that made Zoe unsure what exactly she was meaning with the emphasis. "So you just let me know if anything gets too much for you and I'll back right off, okay?"

Was she going to jerk her off? Is that what a sensual massage was now? Was this like smashed avocado on toast, something she was supposed to just know about and like because she was a millennial, and yet she'd just completely missed the memo?

There was a pause, and Zoe belatedly realised she was meant to respond. "Oh, yes, absolutely. For sure."

"Great!", Tanya answered, somehow seeming genuinely enthusiastic about getting to do her job. "Well then, let's get started!"

She disappeared behind the chair, and then a moment later Zoe felt her lean in close, and a moment after *that* she jumped slightly as she felt Tanya's hands land on the side of her breasts.

Tanya stopped instantly. "You good?"

"Yes, yep, I'm fine", Zoe said quickly. "This is obviously what a sensual massage is. Just took me by surprise is all."

There was a laugh, and Zoe felt the warmth of Tanya's breath on the back of her neck. "Well honey, you ain't seen nothing yet, but let me know if any of the surprises get too much for you."

With that her hands started moving, and the sensations they provoked were... a lot. It wasn't just the massage - her hands themselves were different, almost hooves, with three fingers each that looked dark and hard but turned out to be just soft and sensitive enough to do extremely good work. But it still felt different, different from anything else she'd ever felt before - a weird halfway point between a talented massage and an awkward, unskilled grope. Which somehow made it feel *better*, like there was an urgency and desire to it, that couldn't be concealed behind the disconnected professionalism of a traditional massage. Even if there was this shadow of respectability behind it, she *was* being felt up, and it was hard to deny how much that was making her blush and slowly squirm.

"Now tell me", Tanya said behind her, "have you been taking advantage of these magnificent breasts of yours?"

Zoe's cheeks were already flushed fully red, so she didn't have anything more to react with beyond a coughed "...sorry?"

Once again, Tanya was unfazed. "Well y'see, I know all the annoyances and maintenance that goes into having big, full tits". She cupped each of Zoe's breasts and pulled just a little with each of those last three words, emphasising her point and making Zoe bite her lip at the same time. "So given all that, you *gotta* take advantage of the benefits too, right?"

This time Zoe didn't respond. She was just breathing, her eyes closed as Tanya changed to sending her big thick thumbs on slow circles over her nipples.

"That's why even before I changed, I made *sure* to focus on my tits whenever I jerked off." Her hands moved, dragging down the Zoe's bright pink skin before settling back into that same circular rhythm. "It just feels so *right*, doesn't it? Like that's what you got them for, so you might as well use 'em. Am I right?"

"Yes", Zoe whispered, the word escaping her lips before she had a chance to think about it.

Behind her, she could feel Tanya smile, the side of her long face brushing up against her cheek. "Ohh, so you do do it too, huh?"

"I-", Zoe started, trying to clear her mind enough to answer but not so much that she wouldn't be able to say what she wanted to. "I don't... think so. I didn't, I mean, I don't think I really thought of how to... take advantage of it...?"

Suddenly Tanya's hands stopped moving, and Zoe only just managed to hold back a whimper of disappointment. But then Tanya had turned her head towards her, fixing her with her big, brown eyes as she gave her a look of unabashed enthusiasm.

"Well then, would you like me to show you? How to cum just from playing with your tits?"

Once again, Zoe answered yes before thinking, although this time in a tight-lipped, wordless nod. Seeing that, Tanya grinned, and moved back behind the chair.

"Y'see, the trick of it is, the massage is nice and all, but the *real* part of it is in your head. You gotta focus on what makes having big tits hot. So, lemme go ahead and give you a hint..."

She moved, quickly adjusting the chair with one hand until the headrest slid away, and then a moment later she replaced it herself, leaning Zoe back slightly and letting her settle gently between her breasts. And then her hands moved back, resuming their insistent rhythm of tugging and stroking.

"I love my breasts", Tanya said softly, whispering the phrase like a truth right over Zoe's head. "They're so full, and they feel so good to be touched, to be stroked, to be milked..."

Zoe's head swam. She already felt so good, but Tanya's words promised more, the idea of something even further, and that made the heat inside her rise even further, her panties slick as she rubbed her legs together distractedly.

"Would you like me to show you what that feels like?"

"Yesssss", Zoe answered dreamily, her eyes half-closed as she leaned back into the warm softness of Tanya's chest. She could feel them *sloshing* as she moved against them, and she knew that that had to feel impossibly good, so what else could she possibly say?

There was the alien sound above her head as Tanya mumbled a few phrases in the impossible language of magic, and then Zoe gasped as she felt a strong, yearning heat build up inside her. It started in her core, but within moments Tanya's patient fingers had drawn it forwards, reaching up into her breasts and taking hold. Zoe couldn't help but arch her back as she felt the warmth turn into weight, pushing her nipples outwards into long, stiff teats. Tanya quickly took advantage of that development, curling two fingers around each one and *pulling*, just hard enough to make Zoe's mouth fall open and her mind blank with the sheer, overpowering sensation. And then there was something else, she felt the weight shift, change - becoming warm and slick and wet, until soon she could feel her breasts sloshing backwards and forwards with every one of Tanya's urgent tugs, her tits straining and stretching outwards as they grew even larger.

From somewhere a million miles above her, Zoe heard Tanya speak. "Aww, you're right on the edge, aren't you hun"? Well then this is the most important part. To make it really, *really* good, you have to lean in, you have to commit to being exactly what your body *needs* you to be right now. And you know what that is, don't you?"

"I... I...", Zoe stumbled. Tanya's hands withdrew from her teats, but she barely noticed because her own hands replaced them instantly, pulling and kneading at herself desperately. "I have to... I have to be a cow..."

"That's right", Tanya whispered approvingly. Her hands moved up the side of Zoe's head, tugging her glasses aside as she rubbed at her ears, making them slide slowly upwards, until eventually her long wet tongue swept over them each in turn, drawing them out into long, floppy ears like hers. With that done, she leaned forwards, gripping Zoe firmly by the chin. "And what does the cow say?", she asked.

"Mmmooooo! Mooooo! Mooooooo!", Zoe cried, a torrent of milk pouring out of her teats as her whole body shook with an eager, all-consuming orgasm.

"That's right", Tanya answered with a grin.

It was some time later before Zoe was ready to redress. Her breasts, and especially her nipples, were still larger than before, but not so much that she couldn't bundle herself back in her clothes enough to get home. More notable than that were her ears, which resolutely remained big, floppy cow ears, hanging incongruously from the top of her head.

"They'll take about a week to go back to normal", Tanya said apologetically, fishing out some special plastic hooks out of a drawer so Zoe could wear her glasses again. She handed them over, then added with another mischievous grin. "Unless of course, you come back tomorrow. Then..."

She indicated herself with a wave of her hand.

"...You'd be going down a different path."

Zoe nodded. "Thanks for the heads-up", she said, fighting the blush back out of her cheeks. "I'll make sure I avoid that then."

She paused, taking one more long look at Tanya's body, and feeling the warm wetness in her own breasts already starting to build up again.

"P... probably..."

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