

Silervale Plays Cowgirl Simulator (Cowgirlification, Silervale, Duh)

Settling into her chair with a squeak from the support, Silervale slipped on her headphones, cracked her knuckles, and turned on her webcam. “Alright~! Hey guys! Let’s see what we’ve got in store for you today...”

Scrolling down the list of games she had to play, she came to an abrupt stop, squinting in disbelief. “*Cowgirl Simulator*? You mean cowgirl as in, like, a female cowboy, right...?” She clicked, just out of curiosity, and sure enough the image that popped up was an anime girl with the biggest boobs she’d ever seen, crammed into a cowprint bikini and leaking straight through the cups. “No, no, it’s just a hentai game. Okay. Are we, uh, are we really allowed to show this on-stream? There’s not going to be any nudity or anything is there? No. Uh, okay, then. I mean, if it’s what you guys voted for...”

As Chat roared its approval, she clicked into the game and winced at the title screen. It showed a classic cattle ranch, complete with barn and fields and fences. And the sauce on this otherwise bland pudding: boobs. Enormous jiggling boobs.

Experimentally, she clicked one. They bounced. “Okay,” she said, unable to hide her lack of surprise. “Well, let’s get started.”

Since she had no experience with actual cattle ranching or its jigglier hentai counterpart, she decided to start with the tutorial, where a busty cowgirl (of the flannel shirt and jeans variety, though it was still a little confusing) ran her through a list of the tasks she’d be expected to perform on the farm: herding the cowgirls, leading them out to the fields to graze (cowgirls, apparently, were ruminants), and, of course, milking them, which involved leading them all into an enormous facility and fitting suction cups to all of their swollen, leaking teats.

“Sometimes, your herd’s output won’t be *quite* enough to meet your daily quota,” said her instructor, jiggling only slightly less than the cowgirls in the stalls. “But don’t worry! There are... measures you can take to top up your production a little if you need to...” She massaged a breast, which was leaking through her top.

“What does that mean?” asked Silervale, cocking her head. She had to resist the urge to scratch her own boobs – urgh, they were so itchy all of a sudden.

Having finished the tutorial, she moved swiftly onto the game proper, meeting her first, lowest-ranking cowgirls and leading them out into the field and from there between the milking parlor. Their output wasn’t very high, but you didn’t need to produce much this early in the game anyway, so she didn’t have to worry.

“Hey, this is actually kind of fun,” she said, as she started her second day. She leaned forward to get a better look at the screen, accidentally squishing her boobs against the edge of her desk in the process. She snapped back with a laugh, trying to hide how good it had felt.

Her second day in-game went even better than the first. With the profits, she was able to visit the cowgirl auction for the first time and buy a couple of leaky blondes to increase her production. They weren't much better than her starting cows – in fact, they were practically flat – but this was one of those games where you had to build up slowly: she was sure she'd be managing a herd of *real* milkcows soon enough.

Still, no matter how meager her early cows might be, she couldn't help blushing a little when she saw them in the milking parlor. The game had a customized milking animation for each and every cowgirl you purchased, no matter how low their ranking, and it was clear a lot of love (and probably even more of the *other* L-word) had gone into them. Watching those cute blondes moan as the cups sucked away at their nipples, she blushed, wondering what it would feel like for her *own* boobs to be milked.

Her bust squished against the edge of the desk, making her bite her lip and blush. She shuffled about, trying to make herself comfy, but she just couldn't find the space for them. In the end, she had to take a deep breath and surreptitiously lift them up onto it instead. There was no way to hide it from Chat, but hey, it wasn't like they didn't *know* how big her boobs were.

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As she started the third day, she found she could no longer hear the in-game audio. Pausing the game, she checked her headphones and found they'd completely slipped off her ears – in fact, they were almost halfway down her head. Adjusting them, she made sure they were back in place, hooking the band on her horns to keep them from falling. "There, that's better. How could you even play this game without hearing all the cute girls mooing?" The bell around her neck jangled as she laughed.

Day by day passed in-game, and with each one, her herd became a little larger, a little bustier, and a little more productive. By the time the end of the week approached, she was producing more milk than she'd ever imagined at the start. But at the same time, her quota was getting dangerously higher. As she approached the weekend, she actually started to worry she wouldn't make it.

"This game's actually getting kinda hard now," she said, biting her lip.

"Like my penis, when I look at your tits in that top," said BullOfTheHerd69.

Blushing, she looked at the ocean of tiffat spilling out of her bikini top, and tried to think of something witty to say. "T-takes one to know one!" Her tail swished, catching imaginary flies.

Finally, she reached Sunday. And with it, a decision even harder than BullOfTheHerd69's penis.

"Oh no, I'm too low!" She couldn't believe it: she was 20 liters below the quota – around the output of a single, high-ranking cow. "Where did I go wrong?"

“Uh oh!” said the tutorial cowgirl, adjusting her stetson and chewing on her straw. “Well, don’t panic! There’s always one thing you can do in an emergency like this!”

And unbuttoning her top, she produced a pair of suction cups.

“Oh!” Silvervale’s eyes lit up as she realized what the game wanted. “Oh, no way! So *that’s* why the game came with a milking machine!” Laughing at herself, she struggled to reach under her desk (this was a little difficult, what with her boobs being too big to fit between it and her knees) and grabbed the suction cups. Using her toe to flick it on, she raised them to breasts, pausing for an instant as she held them over her teats.

“Wait a second,” she said, brow furrowing in confusion. “Something feels off here...”

“MILK THE COW,” replied Chat. “MILK THE COW. DO IT NOW.”

“Alright! Alright!” Slipping her teats out of the bra, Silvervale sighed. The things she did for views.

Schup! “M-mooo!”