

Bessica (Cowgirl TF Preg)

By FoxFace

Alex is an ordinary university student who wishes to expose the alpha-bitch on campus for the 'cow' she really is. She visits Tila the Wandering Witch to make this happen, but developments - bovine and otherwise - begin to spiral rapidly out of control.

Part 1: Jessica

Alex paused in thought as she gazed at the woman behind the travelling vendor. She was older, true, but not ancient, and certainly not covered in warts and spots as she expected. Alex checked the slip of paper again.

Want a change in your life? A change in someone else's? Be it for love or profit or to right a wrong, visit the Wandering Witch whilst she's in town!

The posters had seemingly gone up overnight all over town, and while there were no clear directions, an image of the caravan had been attached. It was ramshack, covered in trinkets, largely new-age stuff and runes and the like. Fairly tacky. What Alex hadn't expected was for the Wandering Witch herself to look so . . . well, un-witch-like. She appeared to be in her mid-forties at the latest, her hair still pitch-black and curly, her figure the kind that Anne hoped hers could be at the woman's age. Her skin was olive in colour, likely Roma or Mediterranean in origin, and she wore a bright red gown with dangling blue and green baubles and beads. Alex looked over the paper again. *What the hell*, she thought, *if it works, it works. If it's a sham, no one will need to know.*

She stepped further into the caravan park, and waited patiently while a man chatted to the witch, who was looking down on him through the caravan sales window. She had a nice voice, light and peppy, and just a touch sensual.

"So it all worked out?" the witch said, "in the end?"

"Yes, yes," the man said, "thank you so much. Sandra was a bit shocked, and will complain for a time, but I told her that birth control pills aren't totally effective. She never wanted children, but I think she's already coming round to motherhood."

The woman laughed. It wasn't even a cackle. "Well, Mr Sands, it's now upon her either way. How many drops did you use, anyway?"

The man grew a bit sheepish. "Well, um, I only intended for two or three. But the bottle spilled a bit and . . . nine."

“Oh dear! Oh my, oh my, Mr Sands. It seems Sandra will have a very . . . productive nine years ahead of her. Just enough for ten or eleven lots. Poor woman! She is now the most fertile woman In the world. But remember as I said, the formula increases chances of twins, or even triplets. I do hope it was an honest mistake.”

The man grinned. “It was, I promise! And we can afford them. She’ll come around to it,” he repeated. “She has to now.”

He left with a smile on his face, and if what they were saying was true, Alex was certainly glad not to be his wife. *Nine years of your life getting pregnant again and again without wanting to. I can’t imagine it.*

“Ahoj there,” the Wandering Witch said, turning to Alex, “what’s your name, dear?”

Alex stepped forward. “Um, aren’t you supposed to be the witch? Shouldn’t you already know?”

“Pffft,” the woman said, “I’m not wasting good runes on that, dear.”

“Sorry, it’s just, you don’t look like a witch.”

The woman laughed. “Well, what should a witch look like? In front of me I see a girl of regular height with an average bust, athletic frame, and shoulder-length hair. But who knows what fascinating aspects exist beneath that surface, hm?”

“Oh, um, sorry to be rude. I’m Alex. I was given this,” she held up the slip of poster paper, “from a friend, who advised me to go see you about a problem. I don’t really, well, didn’t really believe in magic, but . . .”

“This friend of yours,” the Wandering Witch said as she leaned forward on the counter of the caravan saleswindow, “black? With cornrows? Lost a lot of weight recently?”

Alex’s eyes widened. “Yes, I knew I couldn’t have been imagining it! Nobody loses that much weight in just a week. And now she runs track, and wins! I feel like I’m one of the only people who can remember her like she was.”

The Wandering Witch smiled. “A little trick of the magic. She specifically wanted those in her life who respected her before to be able to recognise her change. I get the feeling she wanted them to come to me for help too, if need be. Lovely young woman.”

“Well, I’m not looking for help,” Alex said. “Your card says ‘to right a wong’ on it, as an option.”

The woman’s eyebrow raised. “Ooh, colour me interested. I always find these the hardest ones to get right, but conversely, it’s also where I can really let loose with the spells. Just be warned Alex, I don’t kill, and I don’t do fates worse than death, for the most part. No leaving anyone in a white void for near-eternity. My specialties are changes and transformations, just that.”

“That’s what I want. Listen, uh, Wandering Witch – ”

“Feel free to call me Tila, the Wandering Witch is just my business handle.”

“Ah, Tila. Um, listen, I’ve just started my third year at university, and just turned twenty-one last week.”

“Happy birthday!”

“Um, thanks. But it’s just . . . there’s a girl in several of my classes. A popular alpha-clique girl named Tiana. She still acts like we’re in high school, with all the bitchiness and bullying and spreading horrible rumours. I don’t know why she picks on me, it might be because I actually do well in my classes. But after my birthday I came back to school to find that everyone thought I’d had blacked out sex and got an STD. It’s disgusting, especially because we’re all meant to be grown up now. But she’s got a great figure, and all the boys just follow her tits where they lead, and the rest of the girls fall in line. So basically, I don’t care how much it costs, I can spend the money my parents gave me for my birthday: but I want a spell or a potion or whatever that will make everyone see her for the cow she really is.”

Tila leaned forward further, so she was almost looking straight down from the caravan to Alex. She thrust out a hand and grasped Alex by the cheeks, and locked eyes with her. Alex was so shocked she didn’t know what to do. After a moment, Tila released her.

“I see what you mean,” the Wandering Witch said, “you are definitely telling the truth. Excuse the inspection; Mr Sands back there lied to me; he *did* use those drops deliberately, and I don’t like maliciousness. I think his wife will give him the kick if she ever finds out. Well, Alex, I have just the item for this.”

She disappeared from view, rummaged with something, and returned with a small vial.

“Pour this into her drink while she isn’t looking, and make sure she drinks as much as she can. The changes won’t be instantaneous, but I think that’ll be better, don’t you? Let her learn a lesson over the several weeks it takes her transformation to take, into the cow you know her to be. I’ll warn you now, this is irreversible but for my magic, so make sure you absolutely want this to happen. When she has been thoroughly humiliated, she can come to me.”

“What will it do?” Alex said, holding the vial in her hand.

“She won’t become a cow, I promise you that. Cow-like, on the other hand? Oh, yes. She certainly won’t be popular anymore, and she’ll leave you alone.”

“How much?”

“Two hundred.”

“Two hundred!?”

The woman shrugged her shoulders. “I’m not an alchemist, I can’t just magic up money. But I try to help, and you seem like a good kid, so I’ll lower it to one-fifty.”

Cassie couldn't have lost that fat in a week, Alex thought. And she had enough money from work and her birthday. She pulled out her wallet.

"Do you take card?"

The witch smiled. "I certainly do."



"Well if it isn't the slut," Tiana spat as soon as Alex entered the café. A guy by her side smirked, another outright giggled. Derek, the kindest of the group, just looked annoyed. Tiana apparently didn't catch the irony of saying that while she had her hands on the thighs of two separate men at her table. Particularly dressed as she was, with a fairly low top and yoga pants on, her blonde hair draping over one shoulder.

"Leave it alone, Tiana," Alex said, but inwardly was glad. Already any second thoughts were vanishing from her system.

"Yeah, shut up Tiana, try not to call my friend a slut while you're giving two boys a handjob under the table."

Tiana turned red with rage, and Alex smiled at who had spoken. Jessica was her oldest friend from their junior days, and always spoke up against Tiana. Jess was flat as a board and had a thin, rakish figure. She was just as bullied as Alex was, more so, probably, for her appearance, which Alex knew Jessica had never been happy with. But she was always able to shrug off criticism in a way Alex struggled with.

"Fuck off, stickman," Tiana said, "this is between me and whore. Have you got crabs down there, Alex? Must be hard to lose your virginity to an AIDs-infested fratboy, but then I guess you've got an obligation to fuck the only boy that comes to your party."

"Tiana, stop it," one of the boys, Derek, pitched in, "just leave her alone."

Alex rolled her eyes. There hadn't even been any boys at her party. It had been a girls' night only, but then Tiana probably already knew that.

"Ray, Andy, one of you fetch me another sushi roll. I think this one's gone off just being in Alex's breathing space."

The two guys, adults both, acted like kids fighting over a single toy as they sped away to the café bar, pushing each other aside lightly. It was repulsive, how she managed to bend some people around her finger. Still, this presented an opportunity. Alex closed in on Tiana's table, leaned forward with one hand on its surface, and grabbed Tiana by the front of her top.

“Leave me the fuck alone,” she said, tears rising to the surface, but her other hand already slipping in all of the vial’s formula into Tiana’s drink. Tiana pushed her back, harder than Alex had expected. Derek stepped forward and separated them.

“Freak,” Tiana said, loud enough for it to echo across the café. Alex made her way out before any other repercussions could follow, her head buried in her hands as she pushed her way out into the courtyard. She had done it; she had pulled it off. But it didn’t make the tears any less real.

“Alex, are you okay?” a voice said. Alex recognised it. It was Jessica. Her friend reached out a bony arm and rested her hand on Alex’s shoulder, comforting her.

“It’s just words, Alex, just let it slide by, and she’ll stop.”

Alex smiled, wiping away her tears. “Thanks Jess. I know.”

“You really shocked me there Alex, I didn’t see you as the violent type.”

“Me either. I think it just got to me. I didn’t even get the drink I went in for.”

Jess gave a nonchalant gesture. “Let me get it. I’m thirsty anyway. Left my bottle at home. I’ll grab one for you so you don’t have to face her anymore, and we’ll meet over by the amphitheatre. Soda, right?”

Alex smiled. “Thanks, Jess, you’re the best. I’ll pay you back.”

“Watching Tiana get ruffled like that was more than payback.”

Jessica went back inside the café, and Alex made her way to the amphitheatre, wiping the last of her tears. Slowly, a grin spread on her face. *Her payback has only just started, Jessica. Just you wait.*



Inside the café, Jessica frowned at her wallet. The EFTPOS machine was out, again, and she only had enough cash on her for one drink. She sighed. She’d left her bottle at home, and the fountain was always filthy, but still she paid for Alex’s soda. Her friend needed the cheer up more. She turned to leave when she saw Tiana’s table. Tiana had already gone, along with her two boytoys, but they’d left their plates and drinks there. The girl had hardly touched her iced tea after Alex had given her a rough up. Only a few sips at most.

A hand caught her by the shoulder, and she spun to see that it was Derek, ostensibly one of Tiana’s entourage, though he hung around her less and less these days. He was handsome, with a chiselled jaw and tanned features. She had always had a crush on him, and despite her boyish looks, he’d always gone out of his way to be nice to her.

“Hey Jess,” he said, “So, Tiana and Alex were at it something fierce. That seemed more your style than Alex’s.”

“Yeah, I know. Wild, right? I’m just picking up a drink for Alex since she missed one.” She indicated the soda in her hand.

“Oh, I see. Look, can you tell Alex I’m really sorry for me? I don’t think she’d want to see me now. But Tiana was way over the line, and we’ve been falling out for a while now. After today, I’m through with hanging out with that lot.”

Jess eyed him suspiciously, but there didn’t seem to be any ill intent. He smiled, and for a moment she found herself lost in the gleam of his perfect grin. She snapped out of it.

“Sure Derek, I’ll pass it on. Thanks.”

“And how are you? Everything okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. A bit parched myself, but only had enough coin for one drink. EFTPOS is down.”

“Oh, let me get one for you.” He patted his pockets down, then frowned. “Oh, um, seems I was a little premature there. Oh, I know! Grab Tiana’s drink. She barely touched it before she left in a huff.”

“Hey, not a bad idea.” She took it up in her other hand. He smiled again, and the silence passed between them a little awkwardly.

“Well, I best be heading off,” she said.

“Oh, well, yeah. Me too. I’ll catch you later Jess. I hope to see you round.” His face turned a little red, and he left, looking back at her when he reached the door, then shying away again. *What’s got into him? Why is he always like that with me?* She stared back at the drink.

“What the hell,” Jessica said. She took it, quickly gulped it down, and made her way to her friend. *It’s not like I’m going to catch anything*, she thought.

But inside, the magic was already working, coursing through her system. Her DNA was already beginning to change.



It was two days later that Alex encountered Tiana. She had taken the previous day off, apparently sick. Alex knew better, of course. Jessica had also taken the day off, oddly. In the lecture theatre, she took a seat at the row adjacent to the cheerleader, looking her over several times while the professor talked on about sociological data. For once, her attention wasn’t on the learning. It was purely on Tiana. The girl seemed unchanged, but then the Wandering Witch had told her to give it time. After the lecture was over she made sure to swing by the café again.

“. . . looking a lot nicer, girl,” Alex overheard one of Tiana’s friends say. Tiana just blushed with false modesty.

“I know, I know right? It’s like they just grew another cup size overnight! Brad will be sooo impressed. Derek doesn’t know what he’s missing out on.”

“Pah, Derek doesn’t know what’s good for him. He’s still hung up on that flat board Jessica. Don’t know what he sees in her.”

That much was true. It was an open secret that Derek had had a crush on Jessica for the past year, ever since she gave one of her vintage rants at Tiana and viciously took her down after the bathroom syrup incident. Jessica refused to believe any guy that good looking would ever find her attractive, and Derek seemed still a little too concerned with maintaining his current prestige. *Ah well, give it a month or two, and he’ll wind up the courage to ask her out. For the first time she might even be speechless.*

But Alex did frown at the first part that was said. The potion hadn’t seemed to have done anything for Tiana except improve her, unless this was just early days. She didn’t have time to think too deeply on it, as at that moment she received a text from Jessica:

Meet me behind the gym ASAP. Troubled by something. COME ALONE ALEX.

“Well,” Alex said to herself, “that’s oddly mysterious.”

She found Jessica hiding behind the gym out of sight, wearing a set of shades and a baggy hoodie. She was fidgeting, and a little jumpy.

“Jessica, is – is that you?” Alex said. Jessica looked up, seemingly noticing Alex for the first time.

“Alex,” she whispered in a loud hiss, and gestured for her to come closer.

“Uh, why are we hiding Jess? And what’s up with your clothes? You’ve never felt the need to cover up before.”

Jessica took off her sunglasses, but continued to fidget with them in her hands. Her long, mousy-brown hair was a little ragged on her head, and her face seemed a little more hollow and bony than usual, as if she had been stressed. She looked at her friend, her thin frame looking a little different also. less lanky. A few awkward seconds passed while Alex waited on her to continue.

“It’s better if I show you,” Jess eventually said.

Slowly, she zipped down her jacket, breathing out deeply, as if she were on the verge of hyperventilation. She was wearing a regular t-shirt underneath, and for the longest moment, Alex couldn’t tell what she was worrying about. And then she realised.

“Oh my God. Jess, your boobs, they’ve grown!”

It was true. Jessica's chest had always been absent, as long as they’d known each other. ‘Flat as a board’ had often been an insult, as had ‘secretly a man’ jokes, due to her fairly boyish looks. But

now, pushing just slightly out from one of her regular shirt were two small masses. A-cups at best, but enough so that they were present.

“You have boobs now, Jess,” Alex squealed, wrapping her friend in a hug. Once again, as always, she was caught off guard at how bony her friend’s body was. But against her own decently-sized chest, she could now feel Jessica’s own small breasts.

Jessica pulled away. “Don’t – don’t hug me. It feels so weird Alex, a little sore. I don’t know what’s going on. I’ve always wanted . . . but how does this even happen?”

Alex chuckled, wiped a stray tear from Jess’ cheek. “Oh Jess, is this what you’re worried about? You’re just a late bloomer. Plenty of women have it. Heck, my cousin Angie didn’t start blooming till she was 25. She was worried too, but it was just a late development in her hormones or something. Her brain just sent the signal way too late to the party.”

Jess cradled her small breasts in her hands, marvelling at the developments she’d been wanting for so long. “You . . . you think?”

“I do. And I can’t believe that Jessica ‘don’t give a shit what you think about me’ Williams is suddenly so scared at the prospect of what every girl goes through. I bet Derek will take an interest.”

“Pfft,” Jessica said, blowing off the comment, “as if.” But secretly she was fascinated with the idea. And as the realisation dawned on her, the smile kept growing wider and refused to go away.

“I’ve got boobs, Alex.”

She put her hands on them and felt the small weight of them, grinning as if her newly-developed chest was worthy of a Maxim cover.

“You’ve got boobs, Jess,” Alex said, wrapping her friend in a hug. They parted, Jessica wiping a stray tear and cupping her small breasts once more.

“Well, they took their damn time! I’ve got to get used to these!”

“Just don’t let it go to your head,” Alex joked.

“I won’t. Besides,” Jess said, ribbing her friend, “I’ve got a little ways to catch up with you.”

They chuckled, and decided to continue on with their days, gossiping over Tiana’s own developments and future classes and Jessica’s own irritation at her exam timetable for the end of the semester.

But all the time, her body continued to change without her realising. And soon a set of small A-cup breasts would be just a distant memory, compared against the changes to come.

Part 2: Busting Out

When Jessica got back to her room she went straight to the mirror. She'd spent a full half-hour freaking out in front of it that very morning, but this time she beamed with pride at her newly grown womanhood. She rose on the balls of her feet, then dropped back down, feeling the faintest of jiggles upon her chest.

"So cool," she said. She brushed a finger over the slightly-rounded flesh that had just yesterday felt flat. It was still a bit sensitive; there was a dull ache in both of them, and her nipples occasionally throbbed. 'Growing pains,' Alex had called them. That's all they were, she reassured herself. She shivered with excitement at the notion that they could even grow a little bigger, but her stomach groaned before she could examine them any further.

God, I am starving, she thought. Lunch mustn't have been enough. A brief thought excited her, that her body was craving food because she wasn't done developing, and it needed energy to convert into more tissue and fat. She took out her phone, licked her lips,

"What the hell," she said aloud to herself, and dialed out for a pizza delivery. "Hello, I'd like to place an order for a supreme pizza with a coke and garlic bread." Her stomach groaned again as she called, the aching emptiness growing within her. "Um, actually, make that two pizzas."

Half an hour later an absolutely ravenous Jessica answered the door. She practically swiped the food and drink from the delivery boy's hand and shoved a tip into his face, not bothering to see if he caught it in time as she slammed the door. She consumed piece after piece, devouring slice after slice and downing it with soft drink. She'd never been a big eater, her small frame had never needed it, but now she was in the throes of hunger, and within twenty minutes both pizzas were devoured, and the garlic bread not too long after. She belched loudly, rubbed her full stomach, and with delight, her small breasts.

"Gods be good to me," she said as she rested back on the couch. "Give me a bigger rack! Or just *a* rack, really."

She drifted into a sleep that was only partly natural, her eyelids closing as the potion continued to do its work. Jessica had been fairly right; her body was craving food, using the resulting energy and fat to alter her body and increase her breastsize. But unknown to her, her body was being changed in other ways that were farther reaching, right down to the smallest level. Her DNA was just beginning to take on bovine attributes, and a lot more energy was needed to drive the change to reach the end-product. Jessica's body was still far too bony and boy-like to accommodate the greater changes yet, particularly those related to lactation. The Wandering Witch's magic was powerful, and Alex had wanted her bully to know what it was to be 'like a cow'; and soon Jessica would be the

unintended recipient of that change instead. Her body needed food to fuel these changes, to give her the required curves, and so it was that she awoke at 3am with cravings even worse than before. In a zombie-like state she opened up her fridge, barely awake except for the relentless, unending hunger in her core. She devoured salads, leftovers, uncooked pasta, even a stick of raw butter, licking her fingers to take in every needed calorie, every drip of fat for her changing body. When she was satisfied, at least for now, she returned to bed, still barely aware of what she had done, and fell back to sleep. She was in for a pleasant surprise when she woke.

It would not be pleasant for long.

At around the same time, across the college, Tiana was also helping herself to midnight snacks and sticks of butter. Despite Alex's desires, Tiana had only drunk a fifth or so of the potion, and so her needs were not so extreme. To her delight, her already sizable chest had grown, and her ass had rounded out even further. The area of her forehead, at the top of her scalp was oddly a little tender. Two points in particular. And her jaw was starting to hurt a little. *Too much chatter with those stupid bitches that other day.* Somewhere on the road, a siren suddenly blared, and she nearly jumped out of her skin.

"MWAH!"

She stopped, unsure why she had been so affected, or what the strange sound she had just produced had been. She shook it off as tiredness, re-examining her perfect bust in the mirror. As far as she was concerned, she was the entire package. She took to sleep, having finished her unexpected snack, the magic continuing to alter her DNA as well. Neither woman had received the full potion, and so they would be recipients of quite different cow aspects. And while Tiana's changes were likely not to be as extreme as Jessica's, they too were just beginning, they would certainly be unique.

And they were just beginning.



"B-cups!" Jessica pronounced, "B-cups Alex!"

Alex could barely believe her eyes as they stood in the gym changing room together, but her friend was right. In the span of only four days, Jessica's chest had come out of non-existence and grown into being, and judging from the outline of her summer shirt, was now easily a grown woman's size, equal to her own. She could tell Jessica was waiting for a reaction; her friend was half-excited and half in nervous shock.

"Wow," Alex finally said, "they have sure come out of hiding Jess, I'm so happy for you!" She wrapped her friend in a hug, felt the squash of breasts where once it was simply her own against a flat board. "And you're looking healthier too. Have you put on weight?"

Jessica fell back into herself, cheeks blushing red.

"I mean that in a good way, Jess. Look at you, your arms aren't as skinny, and I swear you've actually got some curves girl."

It was true; Jessica's late-night binges were finally paying off with increased mass in all the right places. For now, it only added to her appearance, increasing her femininity as her hips widened slowly towards child-bearing proportions, and layers of fat rounded out her bottom and thighs. Even her hair was currently more thick than usual, going from a frizzy mane to a luscious one. Jessica regarded herself in the mirror and smiled, giving herself a twirl. For once in her life she was happy with her body, truly happy, not just having to make do with what she had and keeping her head high.

Her stomach gurgled loudly, a small ache of emptiness growing within her. She clutched her belly and cringed.

"You alright?" Alex asked.

"F-fine," she answered, "j-just – oh! – just hungry. Starving in fact. Can we grab a bite to eat?" Another gurgle hit her, and hit hard.

"Damn, girl."

Jessica grinned sheepishly. "Ugh . . . sorry, I haven't eaten breakfast."

That part was a lie, but she was hoping it worked. It would be embarrassing to admit she was simply eating like a pig lately. Or a cow.

Alex gave a look of concern, not sure what was going on with her friend. Then it hit her, it was so obvious! She'd gone to see the Wandering Witch as well! It all made sense as to why she was changing slowly. She decided to keep that thought to herself; if Jess didn't want her to know she didn't want her to know. Clearly food would keep the changes rolling, though she had to admit, she was slightly jealous she hadn't just asked for a potion for better looks like her friend. It was paying off in a way that Tiana wasn't. Maybe something had gone wrong with the potion?

"Let's go to Burger Delite," Alex suggested, and Jessica nodded, practically salivating. "I'll, uh, drive. I think you might be a little too hungry to do so yourself."

Another loud gurgle, and Jess clutched her stomach. "You might be right."

Alex chuckled, and they began to walk to the parking lot, Alex casting the occasional glance to the side at her friend's new curves, a slight feeling of jealousy coming over her. If her body wasn't done changing, how good looking would she become? Jess didn't seem the kind to pursue a supermodel look. In many ways, Alex had always admired the way her friend didn't take shit from anyone over her appearance, though she knew Jess was affected inwardly by having a boyish body. It made Alex feel guilty for even feeling jealous; she herself had always been more self-conscious of such things, and her body was fine! She'd just lacked the strength to shrug off Tiana's insults like Jess did. *I've got to be happy for my friend*, she thought.

Jessica herself just felt two things; the pangs of hunger, and a confused joy. Her new B-cup breasts bobbed slightly with each step, pushing just a little too tightly against her bra so that they spilled a little outward. *Ugh*, she thought. *I'll have to get a new bra, and fast, and hope I don't grow another cup-size in the time it takes to find one.*

Several male students looked her way as she passed, and she blushed under their gaze, feeling anxious yet confident that men were finally looking at her. It was like being under a microscope, but at the same time, she could tell they liked what they saw. She shifted her hips a little, exaggerated the motion so they swung slightly from side to side, her breasts bouncing in her top just a little more.

"Looking good, Jess," one man called out, a fellow student from her history class.

"Oh, uh, thanks," she said, and smiled widely, but froze as Derek approached her. He was blushing, trying to look anywhere but at her chest.

"Hey Jess, you look . . . wow, you look really good. I mean, you've always looked really good, but now. Wow."

Jess raised an eyebrow. "Always looked good? C'mon Derek, let's not lie."

He scratched the back of his head awkwardly. "Not every guy sees just what's in front of him, Jess. Look, it's taken me a long time to work up the courage, so . . ."

He passed her a note, but it was just a series of numbers. "In case you're interested."

"Umm, what is this?" Jess said. Alex's eyes were simply wide. She snatched the note.

"It's a number, Jess."

"My number," Derek said, "specifically. I'd like you to have it."

Jess looked at it again. "Umm, why would I like to have it?"

"Well, way I figure, it'll be easier to keep in touch with you in case we have to change plans for our first date."

Jess froze. "Is this some trick set up by Tiana or something? Tiana, you out there? This totally smells like a trap."

Derek laughed. "No trick, honest. I'm not even with that group any more. Truth be told, I've been wanting to go out with you for some time. You speak your mind and you're always strong. I find that . . . well I find that attractive in a woman. Look, just consider it, okay? Give me a call if you're interested."

He made his way past, blushing a little but otherwise glad to have made his feelings clear.

"Oh my God," Alex said, clutching her friend, "it finally happened!"

Realisation dawned on Jess. She stared down at her own top, at the line of cleavage she'd never had just four days before. Things were looking up.



The next morning she woke up to feel something heavy wobble on her chest. It took her a moment to realise it *was* her chest. As with previous nights, she'd gone on an eating binge, devouring her fridge's contents and having to order takeaway just to sustain her. Butter, ham, uncooked bacon and other goods, it was all the same, so long as it went to her stomach. She scratched at her chest, at the continual tightening feeling that gripped her skin, almost as if there was a pressure behind her breasts. They were hot, flushed, weighty, and as she came to her senses she was shocked to see they had grown even larger during the night, enough so that they filled and overflowed her palms. Her nipples even looked larger, and her areola too, and she shuddered as her fingers traced over them. They tightened in response.

"So sensitive," she gasped. The feeling ran like lightning down into her groin. "They must be C-cups by now."

She let them go, felt the alien sensation of her new-grown chest wobbling until they settled.

"No bra of mine will be big enough now."

A serious worrying thought ran over her. What if this wasn't the end? What if her growth spurt kept on going for several more days? *I'm happy now, but how big is too big? Big-chested woman can't be as active as I am at the moment, and I'll get back pain even as it is.*

She ran a hand over her chest. She was so damn overheated. Her skin was flushed, almost like her core was radiating the heat outwards. Then suddenly, a pressure started building. It was small at first, just a tingle behind her skin, but it continued to build, a constant and increasing tightness.

"Ohhhhhhh," she moaned as she sat up in bed, her hands resting over her tender breasts. "ah-ah-ooohhhhhhhh."

The feeling was growing, and it was becoming too much to ignore. The pressure was unbearable, yet also . . . arousing? She kneaded her breasts, a small primal part of her urging them to get bigger. To grow in size and weight. She stood in front of the tall mirror in her bedroom, and was surprised at how she looked. She had been so caught up in the general shape of her body changing, not just the breasts but also her widening hips and increase of curves, that she hadn't even noticed her hair. It seemed fuller, thicker. It was certainly darker. She had always had what she considered to be mousy-brown hair. Now it was several shades further than that, something on the other side of chestnut brown. She turned her head, and gasped. It was darker at the front, and particularly on her right-hand side, but to her left and to the back had become lighter, moving more towards an almost-blonde sort of colour.

“What the fuck – oooohhhh . . .” she moaned. The twin points of pressure within her chest renewed themselves. It was like being pumped into, her skin straining at an increasing sense of fullness. Her nipples hardened, pushing themselves outwards, sending waves of intense arousal and discomfort as her fingers accidentally brushed them.

“Hah – ooh – hee – nngghnn,” she panted, “what’s happening to meeeuuugggghhhnnn . . .”

To her astonishment, her breasts began to expand, her chest slowly filling out in her palms, overflowing them, the pressure mounting more and more behind. Something was rapidly pumping into her C-cups, and they expanded, going from Cs to D-cups. She was red in the cheeks, sweating with arousal and strain, but still her changes continued, the pressure dimming and dying only when her breasts had increased to what had to have been Double-D cups, far larger than just about any other woman on campus. Jessica stood there, panting and puffing, eyes wide and disbelieving at what had just occurred. *My breasts just grew visibly. This isn’t natural. Fear came over her. Why is this happening?*

She lay on her back in her bed, still breathing in hard, her enormous bosom rising and falling before her, each breast now large enough to spread out to her sides while unconstrained by a bra. She traced her fingers over them, shuddered as her nipples hardened again, though at least not so much as before. *So . . . damn . . . sensitive.* The same could be said for the skin above her crotch. It was sorer than the previous day, the skin feeling slightly cracked, or at least certainly harder than the rest of her. Two small points beneath her heavy breasts also felt a little sore. After what had just happened, these points of interest held a darker import for her.

Once she was calmed, she took a shower, marvelling at the increased sensitivity of her body. True enough, the skin just above her groin was looking reddish and slightly mottled, and the pubic hair had thinned around that area as well. Worse still there seemed to be two small round moles just below her chest, parallel to each nipple. It worried her. She had to find Alex. Alex would help her with . . . whatever this was.

She was soon dressed and ready to go, or at least as ready as she would ever be. She was now positively stacked; far too buxom to fit into any of her usual bras or shirts. She opted for a sweater in the end, her breasts outlining clearly against them, barely held in place by an overly-stretched undershirt. The getup managed to hide her throbbing nipples well enough, though her assets still bulged against the material. She was about to walk out the door when her hunger pangs started.

“Ugh, not now,” she said aloud to herself, “please.”

Her stomach growled louder, and that empty feeling increased, wanting to be filled with any and all kinds of food; anything to increase her calorie intake. Little did Jessica know that her body had finally deemed itself filled out enough to begin the next set of changes. Her curves and

expanded bosom, her increased weight that had given her a bombshell quality would not last for much longer. Now her body was preparing for far more radical changes, ones that would make her a different species entirely. As she feasted on sticks of butter, on vegetables and fruit - but oddly not the meat - the fat was being redistributed, the energy consumed to fuel these changes. Other, more primal instincts were also stirring within her mind, just beginning to take precedence. The ongoing changes were leaving her flushed, somewhat exhausted, her skin increasingly sensitive. She was becoming horny, and her body had entered into heat.

She was entering the point of no return.



Jessica continued to turn heads as she entered the campus, many of the boys not even recognising poor stick-thin Jessica as the curvaceous bombshell with wide, child-bearing hips that swayed sexily from side to side as she passed them. Her larger chest jiggled as she walked, her nipples pronounced against her sweater with the lack of a decent bra. She revelled in their glances, their stares, even the slack-jawed gawkers that accompanied her passing. A few even wolf-whistled her, and while part of her was creeped out, that growing primal part was considering approaching them, considering using this new body in the way it was clearly intended to. In just the span of a week she had gone from a rake-thin girl barely distinguishable from a boy, to every man's walking wet dream. The words washed over her like a summer's day swim.

"Have you seen Jessica lately? Talk about a late puberty!"

"God, she's gone from like a 2 to 10 in a week!"

"Hit the genetic lottery!"

"Built like a brick shithouse!"

"Donnie, I can see you looking at her. I'm supposed to be your girl!"

"Nice rack!"

As much as she needed to see Alex, a part of her glowed with their comments, and she couldn't help but put on a swaying show for them. A man approached. It was Derek, fresh from his psychology lecture, his gaze fixed on her chest before rising to her eyes.

"Hey," he said, "I'm Derek. Have we met before, miss?"

"Oh, god, are you really doing that?" she laughed. "Well, I'm Jessica, Mr Derek. Nice to meet you for the first time ever."

He looked her up and down. "Jessica Rabbit?"

She chuckled. "That's terrible."

“Maybe,” he said with a shrug, “but it’s got us talking, right? Have you thought a little about what I said? I’m kinda keen to scoop you up before the line starts forming.”

He was handsome, more handsome than anyone she ever thought she’d end up with. Almost too handsome for her, were it not for her mirror reflection from the morning. For the first time in her life she realised she could be outside someone else’s league, even Derek’s. She remembered a saucy scene from an old movie, and stepped closer toward him, stuck her sizeable chest out slightly so he could see the curvature of her breasts more clearly. It was a clumsy move, and made all the more embarrassing when she realised her nipples were still on display. But Derek didn’t back down, only blinked twice, eyes straining not to look down. She realised she could be the clumsiest person on Earth and still draw his eye.

Not bad at all, not bad at all. Maybe I’ll see Alex a little later.

Part 3: Get Your Coat

“Yes, ooooooh yessss,” Jessica moaned, “no, don’t stop . . . uurrgh . . . right there. Oh god yes! Right there!”

Derek continued to pound into her, his large member sliding out of her completely just in time to push its girth all the way back in again and again. She lay under him, her legs wrapped around his waist, her arms held against the bed by his. Her large, D-cup breasts bounced up towards her chin and back, wobbling with an almost sensual force, a slight pain accompanying their movements that somehow increased her sexual joy. Her new body was amazing; her skin sensitive to every caress, her nipples sending jolts of pleasure every time Derek ran his fingers over them or sucked upon them. She moved her hips in motion to his, the pleasure growing more and more as he entered her again and again, until finally she could take no more and burst out in a cry. He came with her, shooting his hot seed deep within her until she almost felt as if she was filled up. They lack back together gasping, her boobs trembling with her breath, Derek gasping with sexual release. Without even thinking she crossed her legs and scooped her hips up, trapping any sperm from escaping. She couldn’t think why she did that, she was on birth control after all. It was only that it seemed the right thing to do.

“That . . . ooooohh . . . uuuhhh,” she moaned, the last ripples of orgasm shimmering over her, “that, mmmhm, was the best sex I’ve ever had.”

It was true. This body was built for sex. She hadn’t often gotten laid in the past, not with her plain looks, but there had been boys still willing enough to give her a ride. Those sessions had been uneventful, barely enjoyable, a bored ritual or awkward thrusting with barely a thought to her pleasure, and her own self barely wet before an overeager and very dry hump began. This . . . this had been transcendent, the kind of sex that only existed in the movies.

“S-same,” Derek managed to reply. For all his wit and cool, he seemed as if he had entered his own personal nirvana as well, his hand brushing through her hair lazily. “Wow, Jess, I can barely believe you’re the same person you were a couple of weeks ago. I know it’s you . . . but wow. You have no idea how long I’ve been wanting this.”

In that moment she realised she was out of *his league*. There was a joy in that, a calm knowledge that she had an allure that could drive men wild. It had always been a secret fantasy of hers. She’d never been that anxious over her looks before, but she’d never loved them either. They were a fact of life, something as unchangeable as gravity. Yet here she was now, revelling in what must be a late hormonal spurt, her body catching up after years of schoolgirl taunts and schoolboy smirks. She noticed Derek’s wandering eye, above her scalp.

“Your hair, it’s got a skunk stripe through it,” Derek said.

"Huh? What's that?" *Even my voice has changed. It's still the same me, it just sounds so . . . sensual? Feminine?* It was certainly a bit more into the soprano range.

"I said that your hair has a skunk stripe through it. It's dark all over except on your left, where it's white."

She paused at that, and remembered that early morning when she had first noticed it. Could it have gotten bigger?

"Hmm, I didn't notice this while we were . . . you know . . . but you've got two points here. He pressed down on the two points below her breasts where slight bumps were protruding, just smaller than nipples in size.

"Mosquito bites," she hurriedly said.

"Ah, I was wondering what they were. Oddly symmetrical."

"I suppose."

He leaned forward and kissed her passionately. "Sorry, Jess, I won't focus on that. My mind's kind of rambling after that mindblowing sex you just gave me. Consider it a compliment."

Her stomach rumbled, loud enough for both of them to hear.

He smirked. "Hungry?"

A deep emptiness had opened up within her. She nodded hastily. "Famished. Do you have anything to eat?"

Minutes later they were cracking open his pantry at her egging, her robed in a woman's bathrobe that she suspected he kept at his place purely for the occasional female guest. It was a gesture much appreciated, and she caught his wandering eye more than once checking down the deep cleavage that was bundled up within it. Her stomach ached with the pangs of hunger, the deep rumbling continuing in a comedic fashion that set Derek chuckling.

"Wow, have you eaten at all today? There's no way you suddenly got that figure by not eating, right? I mean, you were a stick before!"

"Ughhh, sorry," she moaned, clutching her belly. This was worse than in the morning, or in the previous nights. "I don't know what's come over me, but I'm starving."

"Well, I haven't got much," he said, indicating to the pantry, "but you're welcome to what's there, especially after what I must repeat was mind-blowing sex."

She practically pushed past him to take up his offer. He was right, there wasn't much here, but given the pains of her stomach she didn't much care. She tore open a stick of butter and began chewing down on it, much to Derek's horror. She opened a bag of chips and stuffed them down her face, emptied a bucket of ice cream. She turned her attention to biscuits, dry noodles, bread, milk, eggs, cereal and fruits and salads. One by one she devoured them in a zombie-like fashion, with no greater thought or judgement beyond filling the black pit in her stomach that seemed incapable of

being pleased. Finally, when the pantry was nearly entirely empty of food, the hunger pains faded, and a sense of fullness washed over her. Derek simply stood back, amazed at her eating-fest and how much she had devoured in scant minutes.

“Woah,” he said, “that was crazy. I’ve never seen anyone eat like that in my life.”

Her cheeks flushed red. *Oh my God, what’s happening to me?*

The thought was eclipsed as soon as it came into being; she was becoming hungry again, only not for food anymore. She pressed her body against his, felt her large chest squished against his muscular one, and felt down for his member, running her fingers down its length. God, how she wanted him! How she needed him in her! It was as if nothing else mattered but ending the emptiness between her legs and within her, in getting him in her.

“Ready for round two?” she asked, “because I need you in me. I need you to cum in me, baby.”

She felt his dick rise to attention in her grip, and she smiled. Tonight was going to be a good night.

It was also to be her last night as a human.



In the darkness together they lay, her perfectly content in his arms. That was, until a slow pressure began across her figure. Jessica ignored it, continuing to snuggle him. But the pressure still mounted, an ache setting into her breasts, and into the top of her forehead. Twinges of pain accompanied the mosquito bites below her nipples, and the skin that had become slightly reddish above her crotch was beginning to itch like a rash. To make matters worse, her body heat was increasing, her skin getting flushed, as if her hormones were suddenly going wild. Jessica didn’t know it, but her brief period as a busty supermodel was about to be over. Her period of heat had ended after her several couplings with Derek, and now the magic in her body turned to further changing her genetic structure to become more bovine. Finally it was too much to bear, and she got up slowly from the bed, breathing heavily, and made her way to the bathroom downstairs.

“Eeeuuurrrggh,” she moaned as the pressure increased. She turned on the light, shut the door, and looked at her perfect reflection. No, not perfect anymore: her skin was flushed, her chest soaked in a fine sheen of sweat. She cringed at a pulsing, pushing sensation within her.

What is happening to me?

It increased, causing her to cringe and clutch her waist, tensing for several long seconds. Finally, when it seemed she could take no more pressure from within, the changes began. She

watched in horror as the twin bites beneath her breasts began to push outwards, the skin rising into two erect points that looked more and more like a second set of nipples. The flesh behind them pushed outwards, *heaving, rising*.

“Uuuggghhh - What the fuck? Nnnggghhn . . .” she gasped.

She pressed her hand firm against the flesh, but still it expanded, pressing against them. Pain erupted from the tip of her forehead as the skin broke, and the rash above her crotch began to redden further, the skin becoming mottled and pressing outwards slightly, four points in particular becoming noticeable.

“Nnnn-oh-nnoooo!” she moaned, but the pressure was too much. It was slightly painful, but also almost arousing, and her body became flushed and coated in sweat. The pressure peaked, and Jessica strained, her eyes clenched shut and muscles taut. “Nnnggghnnnnn! Eeuunngghnn . . .”

Her breasts heaved up towards her chin, pressure mounting within, almost as if they were being filled with something. She groaned, massaged them, cupped them. Her nipples were painfully erect.

And then, just as fast as it had come, the pressure ebbed away, slowly coiling out of her. She relaxed, still huffing and puffing in response to whatever it was that had come over her, and opened her eyes. And covered her mouth before she could scream.

There, below her generous chest that was now approximately a Double-D cup – if not an E-cup - sat a second pair of breasts. Small, A-cups at most, but unmistakably breasts, with nipples and all. She brushed her hand across her lower-left breast and felt the nipple harden in response to her touch. They were sensitive. They were real. How could they be real? People didn't just grow extra breasts! She flung her hands to her head in frustration and fear, and yelped at the pain as they hit something solid and a little sharp. She searched for what they were, and began to cry as she saw them in the mirror as well. Two small white horns were protruding from the top of her forehead, only a couple of centimetres long for the moment, but real and solid. She touched them, tried to pull them off, but she only succeeded in hurting the still-sensitive skin that had ruptured to make room for them. They must've been attached to her skull. Her mind raced to think what might have caused this. Was it some genetic disorder? A random mutation? Did she eat something she wasn't supposed to? She couldn't think of anything to explain this, except that it was happening to her. She was a freak. A four-breasted, horned freak.

She reached for the bathrobe that Derek had let her wear, covered herself up and combed her nascent horns over with her hair, hair that was even more dark than it had been before. It was bordering on black, except for on her left side where a wide streak that made up about a quarter of her hair was now pure snow white. It was a development that scared her. The extra breasts, the horns, and now the black and white hair; it brought to mind the image of a dairy cow out in a field

somewhere. She prayed that her bodily changes had ended, but was too scared to be confident on that. She didn't even want to think about what the mottled, reddish skin above her crotch might become.

"Jess? Are you alright?" She nearly jumped. It was Derek, naked and standing at the entrance of the bathroom. "I heard something moaning? Are you alright?"

"Fine," she muttered, pulling the bathrobe further round her body. He obviously hadn't seen her changed appearance, and she had no desire for him to find out.

"You don't look fine, you look sick in fact," he said. "My God, Jess, you're sweating up a storm, and your skin's all flushed. You really shouldn't have eaten that much."

"Yeah," she said. She needed to get out. Find Alex. Alex would know what to do. "You're right. I need to go. I'm heading home now."

He reached out and grabbed her arm as she passed, and she recoiled at his touch. "Wait, wait, you mean right now? Why don't you stay? I've got some painkillers and stomach pills in the cabinet. I'll lay you out in the bed and get you some water."

"No thanks," she said, pulling away, "I'll just head home."

She made her way to his front door.

"Well, at least let me drop you home."

"N-No! I'll walk. Need the fresh air."

"It's three in the morning Jess! And you haven't even got your clothes."

"I'll come back for them!" she called as she stepped outside. "I'll bring you your bathroom. Thanks for the sex!"

She took off into the night, tears building in her eyes as she clung the bathrobe tight. Her bosom wobbled and trembled with every step, pulling painfully at her shoulders. Worse, she could feel her low pair of breasts, small as they were, jiggling slightly as well. She continued to press at her hair, checking it over and over again to make sure the horns were covered, until she made it back to her place off-campus. There she fell onto the bed, her hands pressed against her second chest, and fell quickly to sleep, hoping it was all just a dream.



She dreamt that night. It was a good dream. In it, she was as drop-dead gorgeous as she'd ever been, able to have any man – or woman – that she could want. She partied all night, and was the envy of all her friends, even Alex, who was the average one now in their pairing. Finally, she dreamt she had slept again with Derek, only instead of her body changing the way it had, she had become pregnant

with his child. Her stomach had grown slowly, their child developing within, and finally she had given birth, and wept with joy at the beautiful human child they had created together.

She woke up full of nausea, and barely made it to the toilet bowl before she threw up. She knelt there, emptying the contents of her stomach into the bowl, a faint feeling washing over her and dispersing while she clutched her belly.

“Euuurgghh,” she moaned, her hand rising higher, until it stopped on an unnatural bulge. She leaned back and bit her lip, nearly ready to cry. So it hadn’t been a dream. The changes had really happened. She was a four-breasted, horned freak. She kneaded her aching new breasts, trying to rub their soreness away, and moaned at the sensations before recoiling. What was she doing? She wouldn’t acknowledge these – these things! She had to get Alex. Alex would know what to do. Jessica tried calling her to no response, and left a text message and a recording. As she waited, her stomach began to grumble, but she was adamant she would ignore its calling and prevent any more changes.

But still her stomach grumbled and began to ache, the emptiness of it pulling at her and straining her patience. Finally, after an hour, she gave in, reasoning that she had to eat sometime, and could just have a couple of slices of toast. Maybe three slices. Four, to make it an even figure.

However, to her horror and excitement, once she began she couldn’t stop herself. She was positively ravenous, even worse than before, devouring anything that could be edible, from butter to cake mix to lemon rinds. She stuffed her face, filling the void that only seemed to grow within her as she ate, until when she was sweaty and puffing and exhausted and so goddamn *full* she finally collapsed on her couch, wincing as she breathed. She felt like if she ate a single bite more she might explode. Jessica clenched her eyes shut, straining at the sheer fullness of how she felt, at the increasingly tender sensation of her breasts – all four of them – and the points about her forehead. She laid there, massaging away the pressure in her breasts and at the skin below her belly button. Even a point at the top of her buttocks was aching, a tender pain beginning to sprout.

Worse, the feeling of fullness and pressure didn’t go away this time, it only diminished. When she sat up after what seemed like another full hour, her whole body still felt pressurised, just as it had before her last two changes. But nothing occurred, and somehow the waiting and uncertainty made it all the worse. She checked her phone and saw that she had a number of messages from Alex:

‘R U OK?’

‘Everything alright hun?’

‘On campus atm. Come see me at lunch by the gym?’

Jessica checked her watch. It was 11:45 now. Shit. She needed to meet Jess before – heaven forbid – another change started. She quickly rinsed her body in the shower and wiped away the

rivers of sweat, and then put on a heavy woollen sweater to cover her new developments, and a hat to hide her horns. She was out the door, glancing left and right, checking for anyone suspecting her changes, and made her way to the spot outside the gymnasium where she and Alex often hung out. All the way, her new developments jiggled, reminding her of what she'd become.



The pressure had increased slightly by the time Jessica reached the side of the gym. She was flushed and sweaty again. The magical changes on her body had altered her DNA significantly, but the outward, more obvious changes were already beginning. These were intensified by a new development within her body following her tryst with Derek, one that was not magical, but was accommodated by the Wandering Witch's magic and increased the speed of its effects. A human birth control pill, after all, was only designed to work on *humans*.

"Jesus, Jessica, you look terrible," Alex said as she approached.

Please don't let her be able to see my extra . . . breasts through this sweater, not yet, Jessica thought.

"Alex, I've been – oh! – going through some changes . . . recently," she said. The pressure within her was starting to build. She prayed it wasn't another round of changes coming. Unconsciously she pressed a hand down to her lower left breast and began to massage it, stimulating further growth.

"I'll say," Alex replied, checking her over. Alex was actually starting to feel a little jealous of her figure, though her concern shone through more. "Are you sure you aren't overdoing it?"

Her stomach grumbled, the pressure increasing, pulsating deep within her. A line of sweat dribbled down her forehead. "Nnnngnn, you . . . you have no idea Alex. C-can we go somewhere private?"

Alex cocked her head to one side. "Umm, sure, I guess. This isn't private enough?"

The pressure grew. "Nnngh, no. No, it's not."

"Well, where do you suggest?"

The pressure subsided for a moment, giving Jessica some time to think. "My place. My room. I – I don't think I feel comfortable showing you anywhere else."

"Now?"

"Now."

"Well, I've got my Ethics lecture in fifteen minutes, do you mind if I come over once the day is done? Is it an emergency?"

Jessica was just about to say yes, that this was in fact the biggest emergency of her life. But she wanted Alex to be level-headed when she saw her, to have no distractions and be able to assess things clearly. It was almost funny, really. Jessica had always been the strong one, the shoulder for Alex to cry on, the one who put up a front of not giving a shit what anyone thought. Now it was she who needed help, a shoulder to cry on, someone to tell them what to do in a crisis like this. Her lower breasts twinged, the skin below her belly button becoming more and more itchy. She cringed against the feelings, against the soreness where her . . . horns were located.

“Okay,” she breathed, concentrating on pushing the alien sensations away. “Tonight, then.”

“Tonight,” affirmed Alex. “By the way, I heard you and Derek went out last night?”

“Oh, ah, yeah.”

“Nice land, girl. Was he good?”

The memories of last night came to her; the sheer pleasure of him within her, followed by the immense hunger she felt. She was like a creature possessed, her body craving him, needing him. What had come over her?

“Yeah,” she said, “he was good. It was . . . good.”

Alex frowned. “Well, we don’t have to talk about that if you don’t want to.”

The two continued chatting about things that were completely off-topic, and that Jessica had little current interest in. All the time the pressure increased, then decreased, her arousal growing and fading as the strange feelings washed over her. She had eaten again this morning, and was afraid her changes were not over.



She had just enough time to pick up a couple of sets of new bras at the lingerie store on the way home. She had spent far too much, but quickly found a snug fit for her Double-Ds, and grabbed several larger sizes in case her bustline became further endowed. She had nearly finished her walk home when the pressure became unbearable and a pulsing feeling began to crawl over and behind her skin. Worse, she was beginning to feel nauseous again. She took up speed, running.

“Ow, ow, ow!”

Her large breasts slapped against her, bouncing in a bra which was failing to contain them. Worse, they were pushing down on her lower breasts, which were still smaller, but incredibly sensitive and sore. She abandoned any sense of dignity and held her large upper breasts in her palms to reduce the pain as she ran. They filled her hands, overflowing them, and she cooed at the arousing sensation her touch brought about, her enlarged nipples pushing outwards. She could feel her other pair of nipples doing the same.

“Nice hooters!” a catcaller shouted from a passing car. “If I had a rack like that I’d never stop touching them babe!”

She hurried ahead, ignoring him. Her nausea rose, and she pushed in through the front of her home and was on her knees in seconds, throwing up again into the toilet. She doubled over as soon as she had rinsed her mouth, the pressure and arousal increasing to a tipping point once again.

“N-nooo,” she panted, “not again – nnnngghhnn!”

But despite her greatest wishes, the changes began to sweep over her. She stared, looking horrified in the mirror, bent slightly over the sink as her breasts began to bulge further outwards, that same liquid sensation pooling within them. She struggled with her sweater and pulled it off, and after a moment’s indecision, took off her track pants too, so that all that remained was her struggling bra and panties. Sweat pooled on her forehead and she grit her teeth, planting her hands firmly over her breasts to halt their advance. But it was all too much, and a jolt of quivering pleasure and pain ran through her, causing her to arc her back in response. Her bra snapped open and her enlarged breasts wobbled out.

They’re so . . . so big. And they’re still growing!

Her nipples were painfully erect, all four of them. As she arched her back she could feel the lower pair growing in response to the upper ones, growing, growing, and for just a merest moment she found herself wishing them to do so, desiring them to grow as big as the upper pair so at least they would not be so cramped and squashed beneath her upper ones.

The twinges of pain in her forehead increased, and she pulled back her hair that was now thick with sweat. She clenched her eyes as the horns at the top of her forehead pushed further and further outwards, the skin around them breaking and pushing slightly upwards.

“OOohhhhhh . . . uuuhggggghhnnngghgh.” She moaned at the changes, her hands caressing every part of her body. An intense pressure took up residence in her belly and began to push lightly outwards. Something pushed out from above her bottom, something hard and bony. The rash in her pubic area continued to swell, the four little spots on it pushing outwards further, straining forwards as the rest of the skin began to bulge downwards. The feelings were overwhelming, far more powerful than her initial sweep of changes at Derek’s. Even her toes were changing somehow, the feeling inside of them deadening and their composition changing. She strained to see what was happening down there, but her bosoms had become far too tremendous, wriggling with every movement and taking up most of her view downwards.

“Mmmnnnnhhhh – why i-is this h-happening to meee-nnngghhhh!”

The pressure reached its peak, and she orgasmed with it, her nipples straining and releasing spurts of white substance at the mirror. “Oh, oh, ah, ah yesss!” she called, “YESSSSS,” and for just a

moment she welcomed the changes, until she realised what she was doing and bit her lip in frustration.

The pleasure and pressure and twinges of pain cascaded over her in waves, and she could feel her skin still pulling and stretching in certain places, her bones shifting slightly, small tufts of coarse growths pushing out of her skin. She panted and panted, collapsing onto the floor and breathing heavily, her enormous pairs of tits bobbing with her breaths. They were so much bigger now, so much fuller and heavier. Heat radiated from them, and it hit her that she had actually lactated from all four of breasts. She reached a finger down, shivered when it came into contact with a nipple, and pulled.

“Uuuhhh,” she moaned as she felt an instant squirt of release from her upper-left breast. A quick test of the remaining three showed this was no fluke; her two pairs of tits were producing milk, and fairly large quantities too. She felt like she was going to vomit. For a long time she simply crouched by the sink, not daring to stand up and see her new form in the mirror. What new changes would there be? Had her horns gotten bigger? After the horror of her lactation, and experience that had been as relieving and arousing as it was repulsive, she didn’t dare touch any other part of her, for fear of what she might discover. But over a number of minutes, her curiosity became too much to bear, and her hesitations melted away. She stood slowly, faced the mirror, and opened her eyes. And gasped.

So much about her had changed that she wondered if she was even human any more. Her horns had thrust up out of her hair, out of hiding, bone-white and sleek, curving slightly inwards to be about two inches above her skull. Her breasts were enormous, her top pair at least triple-Ds in size, jiggling with the slightest movement, and the lower ones catching up, a busty C-cup at least. She lifted up one of her upper breasts and felt it fill her palm. The lower breasts were still pressed on from above, sore beneath the weight, but they had come out of hiding, and no shirt would obscure the odd second set of lumps she’d developed. But worst of all was the skin above her pubic area, which was no longer a mottled red-pink, but had bulged outwards and sagged slightly lower, four teats clearly visible, about an inch each in length.

“An udder!?” she cried, “I’m growing a fucking udder?”

She pressed into it with a finger, and immediately winced at its soreness. It pulsated, the skin less sensitive than other areas for now, but a pressure throbbed from within it. She knew it must still be growing. How big would it get? How much worse would it all get? The toes of her feet had gone hard, and her big toe and the one next to it appeared to have fused. Her ears were also spotted with white hairs at their tips, and looking longer and flabbier than they used to be.

For now she could hide it. Hide it all. Wear a hat, wear a thick jacket, stuff her . . . udder, in her pants. She could at least pretend to be human, even if she could tell from looking that she had

put on body mass. She wasn't fat, not anywhere near it, but her curves were rounder, her buttocks larger, her waist thicker, though she still retained an hourglass figure.

Yes, this is salvageable. I can manage this.

That thought extinguished as soon as she twisted around, and nearly retched at what she saw growing out from the base of her spine. It was small for what it was obviously becoming, short enough to maybe hide, at only two or three inches long. But it was there nonetheless. A tube of flesh protruding outwards and downwards from her spine, a light coat of white hair covering it from the base. She twisted it, and unconsciously it wiggled from side to side slightly, giving an alien and unfamiliar sensation. An udder, horns, lactating breasts and now a freakin' tail. It was like whatever was changing her was turning her into some sicko's idea of a literal cowgirl.

"Oh God," Jessica managed, taking it all in. "What the hell do I do?"

Part 4: Busting Out Again

Alex cursed herself for being late to Jessica's place. She'd promised she'd be over by the end of the college day, but the drama in the lecture theatre had been all too much, and what she'd seen at the bar later . . . it had taken her mind completely off her friend's dilemma.

"Stupid Alex, stupid," she muttered to herself, "I hope what she wanted to talk about isn't time sensitive.

But even as she said it, she knew it likely wasn't. It was clear that Jess had been to see the Wandering Witch to get a body upgrade. Perhaps she'd overdone whatever concoction the woman had given her and ended up in the body of a total babe. Alex was still a little jealous, but for Jess it was likely such a big leap she was still awkward about the change, the poor thing!

She made it to the door, and knocked twice. After a time, she knocked again, and a third time. *Probably trying to deal with another growth spurt. Jeez, old flat-board Jess must be stacked by now.* Just as she was about to leave, she heard a croaky voice call.

"A-Alex? I-is that y-you? Why are you so late?"

"I'm sorry Jess, I got caught up. Is everything alright?"

"C-come in. I'm upstairs. J-just . . . just don't freak out, o-okay?"

"What is it?"

"P-promise you won't scream. Or, like, call the c-ops, okay?"

"I promise. I'm coming up."

A sharp intake of breath and a mild squeak let Alex know that Jess was worried deeply about something. She ascended the stairs slowly, cautiously.

"By the way," she called aloud, "you wouldn't believe what you missed in the lecture theatre today. Tiana's been hiding herself under a thick woollen jacket the last few days, in the middle of summer for goodness sake, when out of nowhere she goes pure white, asks to be excused, and ran as fast she could out of the room. But here's the weirdest part; she was mooing as she left. Mooing! Like a cow! Just like the Wandering Witch said. I'll explain about that in a moment. I mean, I know her tits have blown up like blimps in the last few days but that's just nuts, right?"

She opened the door, and saw that her friend was standing in the darkness of a drawn-curtain room, rugged up in a thick woollen jacket, a hat over her head and thick track pants over her legs.

". . . isn't it?" Alex repeated. "My God Jess, what's happened to you?"

But even as she asked, a tiny suspicion was floating now in her head. *That day at the café . . .*

“Please,” her friend said in a whisper so tinny and small it may well have been a mouse speaking, “don’t – nnnngghhh - scream.”

Slowly, she unbuttoned the woollen jacket, grimacing as she did. A loud stomach growl sounded across the room, the only sound except for the beating of their own two hearts. She parted the coat hesitantly, and two great mounds – no, four! – shifted and trembled outwards, free to expand without confinement. She let the coat drop to the floor and removed her hat, tears streaking the poor girl’s eyes. Alex simply stared gobsmacked at the large, trembling pairs of sweat-sheened bosoms bulging from the girl, barely constrained by the large but still too-tight bras she was wearing. They were red and flushed, the top pair being triple-Ds at least! Other strange changes were evident; two white cows’ horns had erupted out of her friend’s skull and poked out of her hair. Speaking of her hair, it was now completely black, with a wide streak of white on the left hand side. She couldn’t see much of the girl’s ears, but they too looked different, longer and hairier. Her toes were blackened and fused, and the whole of her was larger; wider hips, thicker waist, broader shoulders. But most shocking of all was the thing that bulged out of the top of Jess’s panties, pulsating visibly with her panting. The four teats of the udder squelched outwards, a dollop of milk dropping from one of them.

“I don’t – oooohhhh . . . mmmhhhhmmnn . . . don’t know what’s – ugh – happened to me, Alex. Ngh!”

She clenched her eyes and huddled over her slightly domed stomach, her cheeks reddening at the pressure inside of her. The hunger was mounting, and soon the changes too, Jess knew. But she had to last, at least until her friend understood.

“Oh my God,” Alex stammered out, “what’s happened to you? Are those . . . extra breasts? And horns?”

Jess nodded meekly. “They grew in – urgh – last n-night. And they’ve only gotten bigger.”

She twisted on the spot in response to something gurgling within her, and Alex caught sight of what looked to be the beginnings of a tail sprouting from her backside.

“How did this happen?”

“I don’t know!” Jessica cried, she collapsed back onto her bed, and her bosoms trembled, bulging over the cups of her two pairs of bras. The poor girl looked positively overwhelmed with her developments. “The changes were s-so wonderful for the first week. F-for the first time I was h-happy with my body. I even made love to Derek Fallon, but in the night I got this strange p-ressure, and when I went downstairs – oohhhhhhhhhh nngghn nngghn! – it all started to change. And I can’t stop eating, but when I do I start changing again.”

Alex looked down and for the first time noticed the contents of the floor. It was littered in candy wrappers, pizza boxes, butter stick coverings, noodle packets and half eaten bread sticks.

There were remnants of food everywhere, more than Alex would normally eat in three days, and yet Jess didn't look overweight. Pudgy, yes, and with a thicker figure, but her curves remained, and discounting her freakish abnormalities she still had an attractive figure. The only giveaway was that her stomach was slightly domed outwards, but the skin there was tight as a drum, no fat roll in sight. The girl winced at the increased internal pressure, in her four breasts, her new udder, even her belly. She rubbed them openly in sight of Alex, not caring that she saw. She needed relief, she needed to be . . . *no, no damnit, I'm human! I'm still human!*

But so much of her was sore and aching and pressurised, and every movement caused some sway of flesh, a jiggling of her bosoms or deeper pulsating of her udder. She began to regret ever letting Alex see her like this.

Alex herself was confused on what she should do. Confess the truth? Investigate? Console her friend? She decided on the last, and sat on the bed next to Jessica as she panted and moaned. Hesitantly, she reached out a hand and rested in on her friend's shoulder, but recoiled when her hand touched something soft and hairy. In fact, it was hair, a light growth of white hair on her two shoulder blades, a black splotch on the left. She returned her hand, and patted her friend.

"Jess, do you remember about a week ago, when you stood up for me when Tiana was being a bitch in the caf?"

Jess turned her way, and from the wiggle of her ears Alex could now confirm they had changed as well. "Yeah?"

"And do you remember how you went in and bought a drink for me?"

"W-why is this important now?"

"Tiana had a drink at the table when she left. Or at least she may have left it there. She must have. Now I need you to remember, I need you to think back and tell me, did you drink from the cup she had?"

Jessica doubled over. Sweat poured down her forehead and collected in the deep cleavages between her two large pairs of breasts. She groaned, and Alex could have sworn that the lower pair had pressed outwards a couple of centimetres with her breath and remained there. "S-so, so much p-pressure," Jessica managed to spit out, clenching her eyes shut, "what has this got to do with anything?"

"Just tell me Jessica, it may be the clue to everything."

"Y-yes. I remember – ohh – now. I didn't have enough – enough money for – nggn – both of us, so I took Tiana's drink and had that instead. She'd barely t-touched it."

Alex thought back to what she'd seen at the bar after Tiana's walk out. The girl was half out of her mind, grinding against any man on the dance floor and desperately calling out for some man to fill her up. There was a bony glint in her hair, and her breasts had become huge. There was no

doubt the formula had changed her. And Jessica said she'd barely touched it, while Jess herself had drunk the rest? Alex could only imagine how far the transformation of her friend would go. She was overwhelmed with guilt, and began confessing what had transpired – her meeting with the Wandering Witch, the potion, Tiana as a target – everything. Jess just sat there, panting under her breath and massaging her various mounds with her hands compulsively. Neither of them knew it, but her ministrations were encouraging further growth, and stimulating her prodigious milk ducts.

“You did this to me?” Jessica whispered, once Alex was finished telling her story.

“Yes, yes I did. I'm so sorry Jess. I didn't mean for it to turn out this way. I didn't even think that you'd come near the potion – I thought you'd gone to the Wandering Witch and got something to change your figure.”

Jess sniffled. “I was so happy for those few days. I'd never felt so confident. And now I'm not even a human being anymore.” She sobbed, and her breasts and udder bobbed with her motions. Alex was surprised, her friend wasn't even showing anger, just a deeply sad acceptance of her state, and somehow that made it all the worse.

“But there's a chance we can fix it,” Alex assured her. “A chance I can fix what I've done to you. We just have to find the Wandering Witch and bargain with her. She's reasonable, and what she gave me . . . um, it seems to, well, work. If we can get a counter-potion or spell then we can get you back to normal Jess.”

Jessica looked up at her with eyes shimmering with tears. “I can be normal again.”

“Yes, but we should hurry. She's the *Wandering Witch*, so we need to find her before she moves again, or track her down if she has.”

Jess stood up, and grunted as her udder settled down between the tops of her thighs. But a gleam of hope had gotten into her. “I don't care if I end up being a stick figure again, so long as I can be a normal human.”

“Then let's head. We can take my car. Are you right to rug up to hide . . . you know.”

Jess nodded. “It's not too much to hide, yet. So long as we – nngggnnn!”

The girl hunched over, clutching her stomach at the pressure that now bubbled and boiled within her. Parts of her tingled, areas of skin became hot and flushed, and beads of sweat appeared on her forehead as she struggled to contain them. “N-n-noo!” she moaned, “not now! It can't be n-noooww!”

“What's happening?” asked Alex, drawing close to her friend and holding her shoulder. She was concerned, but not sure what to do to aid her friend's comfort.

“My b-body,” Jessica stammered, “it's wanting to – to change again! Euurrrghghgh, mnmhmmh, I – It's trying to e-expand! Ooh!”

She clutched her mounds as Alex watched on in horror at her friend. The cowgirl pressed against her breasts, smoothed her palm over her udder as if to calm it. She strained and strained at the changes, delaying them every moment, refusing to allow her body's structure to alter any further. Alex could see it was taking a toll on her, as she collapsed back onto the bed, bosoms trembling, udder releasing several spurts of milk. But the pressure only continued to build, so much so she felt as if she would explode.

"You can do it," Alex pitched in, "you can fight the changes!"

"I can't, I can't" she replied breathlessly, "they're too strong, it's too much – oohhhh!"

Her stomach expanded slightly, its domed shape holding. A hand reached over to hers and clasped it. "Jess, I know you. You're stronger than this. You can fight it." The wheezing, panting, bulging figure of her friend looked up into her eyes. The poor thing looked as if she'd taken the world upon her. The pressure continued to build and build, her ability to hold against it waned and waned, until finally, the pressure reached its peak, and Jessica could stand it no longer. She gave way and allowed her transformation to break through, in such a strained state of mind that she preferred that to letting the pressure build any further. She immediately regretted it, as her skin began to shift and pull and tug in all sorts of strange and new places, and she was unable to put the genie back into the bottle.

Alex watched in horror and fascination as the changes unfolded before her. Her friend's breasts expanded further, pressing against the pair of bras, the flesh flowing over until finally the straps could take no more and snapped off and fell to the floor.

"Nnnnggggggh . . . oooooaaarrggghh!" he friend moaned, until she fell into grunts that rang in time to the pulsing of her body. "Ngh . . . ngh . . . mmmnhh . . . ugh."

Her horns grew upwards, pushing further out of her head until they pointed well and truly above her friend's hair and were no longer even capable of being hidden in it. Her tail exploded out of her backside, rapidly lengthening behind her, white hairs growing down along it until it ended in a black tuft. Jessica briefly adopted an expression of pure fear at the sight of it, but was distracted at a fresh bout of pressure in her udder. She pressed her hands against the hot, pulsating mass. It grew larger and larger until it was the size of a volleyball, pushing her thighs aside with its expansion, the four teats bigger than before. There were tightening and softening, tightening and softening. Her toes continued to fuse and alter in composition, splitting into two bony growths that were semicircular in nature.

"Oh my god Jess, you have hooves!" Alex gasped, but Jess was too lost in all her changes to even take that fact in.

"Oh, oh, oh, owwww!" Jess screamed, and her ankle popped, a new joint forming so that the lower portions of her legs pointed forwards, with her hooves serving at the last joint. From this

point on, her centre of balance had changed, a necessary development to maintain her footing given her large frontal mounds that were continually filling with milk. And they were certainly doing just that, her lower breasts finally reaching the size of her upper ones, which in turn pushed those higher so that both sets of bosoms were incredibly firm and rounded for their size, drooping only slightly. Her areolas had become huge, her nipples even huger, and like the teats of her new udder they too were painfully erect. Her ears lost their human shape entirely, growing furry white and black and dagging slightly down at their tips, much larger than before. Her stomach pressed outwards, appearing like a woman who was four months pregnant, or even five months. Between her four swelling breasts, her domed belly, her enormous udder and her hooves feet pointing forwards, there was nothing flat remaining about the formally stick-thin Jess. And yet despite her changes, it was obvious that it was her; her demeanor had not changed, her face remained recognisably her, even her hair, now fully black and white, held the same style. Cow fur grew in around sections of her body; her shoulder blades and back, the surface of her ears, and around her hooves up to the first joint of her newly refashioned legs. It was largely white, but with black splotches, just like a dairy cow. Jess groaned and moaned, puffed and panted, overwhelmed by the sensations and a curious squirming within her stomach. Sweat poured down her figure and collected in the small patches of her fur, and her breasts and udder wriggled and jiggled with every new breath. Her tail swayed behind her, back and forth, back and forth, easily a metre-and-a-half in length and seemingly beyond her control. Alex simply stood and stared, gobsmacked.

“Oh my . . . oh my . . . oh my god,” Jessica breathed out, looking over her changes, patting over her body and enlarged breasts, which must have been E-cups by now. “My breasts, my udder . . . they’re sooooo fuulllll, uurgh.” Beads of milk dripped from all eight of her teats, thick and creamy, with litres more still contained within her, and being produced at a prodigious rate. She didn’t yet know it, but her body had become a finely tuned milk machine, capable of creating enormous quantities of milk and cream within her large mammaries in just a matter of hours, and storing far more than she even currently was, for her future children that were secretly growing inside of her. She had been incredibly fertile in heat, and during her dalliance with Derek was easily inseminated and impregnated, and then a couple more times that same night. With her pregnancy, her changes had only increased in speed and intensity, transforming her far beyond even the magic’s initial intent. For now there were two agents pushing the transformation; the potion’s magic, and the genetic changes brought about by the hormones from her developing calves. They further encouraged her body’s changes to prepare the way for them.

Her tail swatted a fly at her hip, and she flinched at the sensation. She reached behind her and pulled at the ropy length of her new development. She ran her fingers, which were now a lot darker in colour and texture, down its length and patted the soft tuft of hair at the end.

“A tail,” she whispered to herself, “I have a tail.” Alex didn’t know what to say. There was seemingly nothing she could do to comfort her friend except help her get out of this situation. For now she could only let her absorb her fresh changes, which had left her so fecund and bloated and cow-like, and yet still distinctly humanoid and woman-like. In a small and strange way there was even an attractiveness about her friend, her every feature so perfectly formed.

“And hooves,” Jess said, running her fingers across the coarse and thickened nail of her hooves. “I loved to run. I loved to run barefoot, and feel the earth beneath my feet. There’s so little feeling there now. I can feel the ground, but I can’t feel it, y’know?”

She took a hesitant step forward, feet clopping loudly against the floorboards, her new posture awkward. It was almost like walking in heels, with the balls of her feet raised, which had the effect of pointing her enlarged buttocks even further back, tail swishing almost horizontally behind her, and her four breasts pushed outwards even further from her chest.

“Oh fucking hell, I even walk differently!” she cried, her hips swaying more to the sides so that her udder sashayed slightly from side to side, easing its weight from her pelvis. Her breasts bobbed and she cringed. “I need new bras. Bigger ones for these,” and she grasped her upper breasts, the flesh overflowing her palms, for emphasis. She reached her hands up and felt her ears, then her horns, which were now long enough that she could grasp them both with all four fingers and there was still enough length for the tips to point out into view. She cringed at the realisation.

“I think this was the biggest change yet.”

“You’re remarkably calm,” said Alex, “is everything alright?”

Jessica turned to her with a glare. “Is everything alright? Is everything ALRIGHT? Look at me Alex! In the span of a week I’ve turned into some freak human-cow abomination. I have enormous breasts! I have a freaking udder! A tail! Horns and hooves! I’m fairly sure I’m going to be coated fully in fur by the time these changes end, if they ever do! My stomach is huge and I don’t know why, but I feel sick and nauseous and I’m so, so, full of milk that I’m overheating and I feel like I’m going to explode. I’m going to have to be milked like a cow Alex, do you understand? A fucking cow! All because of your stupid revenge wish. I can’t go out in public anymore, I can’t hide . . . all this. I’m so overwhelmed and I’m not even human anymore. I’ve turned into a – ngh!” She clenched her eyes at the pressure, which was building. It wasn’t another transformation. It was concentrated in only five places; her four breasts, and her udder, which was releasing some strange and uncomfortable squelching sounds. She pushed the feeling away and resumed speaking. “I’ve turned into a fucking – oh! Ngh! Mmmhmmnnnnnoooooaaaarrrrghhh!”

And with that, her nipples grew even more erect, and began to spray the litres of creamy milk her body had been storing up the past five days all over her friend, who was standing directly in front of her. Jessica squealed the entire time, moaned in mixed pain, heightened arousal and sexual

pleasure. It was so joyous, so sensual to be releasing so much milk, as if it were as natural and right and good as sex itself. For the briefest moment, she took luxury in the fact that for all her changes and abnormal traits, her body was doing exactly what it was meant to. The pressure inside her enormous mammaries dissipated, for now, and they sagged down slightly, smaller and emptier, though still huge and comparable to even the most naturally busty of women.

“Mhm . . . ooh . . . ah . . . oh God, that felt good.” She smirked at her friend, who was now coated in litres of milk, her face splattered with her produce, her clothes soaked in lactation, blotches of cream dripping to the floor at the girl’s feet. “That was barely a just desserts Alex,” she said, “but it’s a start.”

Alex nodded, tears in her eyes as she wiped away the milk. Her tongue dabbed in it, and despite her instinctive revulsion, it tasted wonderfully sweet and packed with nutrition.

“Do you feel better?” she said cautiously.

“Better?” Jess asked, unsure herself. “Better? No. I’m not human, and this problem hasn’t gone away. But at least the pressure has gone for now. I didn’t know anything could ever produce so much milk. I didn’t even realise how much this new body must have produced. The changes Alex, they’re fuelled by me eating. I can’t stop, I devour everything, tubs of ice cream and whole pizzas. What doesn’t get used up must go towards creating milk.”

“Then we can’t let you eat until we get the Wandering Witch to turn you back.”

Jessica shook her head, and her tail accompanied the motion, her breasts bobbing with the slightest movement. She was briefly distracted by the multiple sensations, but kept on. “No, you don’t understand. I can’t not eat. I feel it even now. Even if we drive now to the Wandering Witch, I won’t last two minutes in your car until I push my way out and chase down something to eat. I can’t fight it Alex. I *need* to do it. I *need* to, regardless of what I want.”

Alex looked her friend up and down. She had changed so much, and not just in terms of her bodily transformation. The stress and anxiety of becoming a cow mutant hadn’t broken Jessica. She was the same old girl of iron, standing tall and acting, overcoming her terror to think decisively and see the positive. “Then what should we do?”

“First, I need to eat my fill. Whatever my body tells me, and I can already tell - aaaahhh – it’s going to be quite a lot. We don’t go till I’m done, and that will buy me hours until I need to eat again, during which we head to the Wandering Witch. I’ll likely change again on the way or even while we’re there. I need to see these changes through, maybe even – ooh! – maybe even to completion. Otherwise, I’ll go stir crazy again, and I won’t even make it there.”

Alex marvelled at her constitution, that she was able to think so rationally. But the girl was still scared, still overwhelmed with her developments, including ones she had yet to find out about. She put on some clothes awkwardly, struggling to put her large hooves through the leg holes of her

underwear, her tail poking out over the top of the lining, and she opted to wear a stretched nightgown over her top half that parted over the dome of her belly. None of her trousers fit her anymore, with her thickened thighs, but she was able to wear a stretchy skirt around her waist, her udder causing the front to billow outwards, obvious teats poking the fabric. She moved awkwardly to the kitchen, still unsteady with her new gait and with Alex's help devoured the remaining foodstuffs, including some pasta cooked by her friend and pizzas ordered online and delivered to her door at Alex's expense. She ordered them with all forms of beef removed. It didn't seem right somehow, now that she was part-cow herself. Alex remained dutiful, apologetic, helpful, and over the coming hours Jessica softened to her. It wasn't her fault, really. Tiana deserved this experience, it was only a cruel twist of fate that she was now a half-cow, multi-boobed freak.

Finally she had finished her latest devouring spree, far exceeding any of the others, so that she laid back on the couch, hooves draped over the side, tail flickering beside her as she panted and moaned at the sheer fullness of her stomach. There was a strange, tingling sensation in her breasts and udder, one that gradually began to radiate heat through her even as they continued to prickle within. It was alien, as so much was, and it took her a few minutes to realise that the sensations she was experiencing were her mammaries actively producing milk again, compensating for the amount that she had lost when she lactated, filling up slowly enough that it was a constant feeling of increasing pressure and fullness. She could already feel with her hands that her udder was slowly expanding, her flaccid teats beginning to press outwards in the same direction, as if she were a balloon expanding.

If I'm stuck like this . . . will I feel like this every day? Will this be my life, always producing milk? She pushed the thought away. She couldn't deal with this right now. She fell asleep on the couch, Alex snoring by her side, her body simply absorbing the changes.

Part 5: Ch-Ch-Changes

Alex woke to the sound of her friend grunting and huffing. For just a moment she had forgotten the events of yesterday, and was confused as to where she was and why. But as soon as she glanced over at the couch it came flooding back to her like a bad dream. Jessica writhed on her back, tensing and untensing as a renewed set of changes washed over her. Her cow fur had come further out, and now covered most of her body up to her neck. Her breasts had gotten larger, and each was now coated in a sweaty mat of white fur but for her large nipples. Her udder was spared of the fur, and was now even pinker in tone. Her hooves were fully developed, her horns just slightly further out so that they curved a little inwards, and her cow ears now flopped the sides of her head, having migrated higher. Her stomach was further bloated, definitely appearing pregnant in size with its taut domed shape.

“Oohhh Go-oooo-od,” Jessica moaned under her breath, wrenching backward as her udder forced her legs further apart. She clutched at her face, scratched at the itch that was developing all over it. Her hands turned black in front of her eyes, her digits fusing painfully so that she had two thick fingers and a thumb for each hand. She barely had time to look at them when the fur on her face began to grow in, white like a dairy cow’s, with a large black blotch that covered the upper portion of her face on the left hand side, so that from the top of her forehead to the bottom of her eye the fur was entirely black. The rest of her white fur also had black splotches, including a large one across her upper right breast. Her breasts swelled again, and her back arched.

“Oh, oh, oh, oh yes . . . oooohhhhhhh!!” she screamed, “mmmhmmmm oh, mhm.”

Alex watched in amazement. *Did she just . . . orgasm?*

The changes seemed to subside, Jess’ breathing gradually slowing until she returned to normal, or as normal as she could be as a humanoid cow creature with four breasts, an udder and a tail. Her eyes glazed over for a moment, until she snapped out of it and saw that Alex was watching.

“Oh God, I didn’t realise you were up. Um . . . how much did you see?”

“Not much,” Alex said, deflecting away from the awkwardness of the topic. “How do you feel?”

Jess patted herself over, felt the strange sensation of her new coat of fur that covered her entire body, with the exception of her nipples and udder, and her shiny new black nose. “Strange . . . but would you believe I feel better for some reason? I’m fairly sure that I’m fully changed now. This is as bad as it gets. I’m not human, I’ve got all this milk in me that I need to get out, and I’m a freak . . . but I don’t turn into a cow. I’m still me, y’know?”

“How does it feel, you know, having fur?”

“So strange Alex,” she replied, scratching at a tuft of it. “Who would ever have thought I’d be so hairy, huh?”

It disturbed Alex how easy she was taking it, but then Jess had always used humour as a deflection when bullies teased her for her looks. Maybe she was doing the same now.

“I’d like to see myself though. Assess the damage.”

She stood up, her hooves stamping down on the ground. For a moment she battled with her new centres of gravity and nearly tumbled backwards, but she got the hang of it, and awkwardly waddled towards the bathroom, her hooves tipping downwards with each step in a way that was very unfamiliar to her. She fought the impulse several times by habit, but soon got a sense of it. Her enormous chests still wobbled with every step, the great mammary between her legs swinging side to side and slapping against her thighs. She winced at that. Clearly it was too full and would need to be milked soon. She looked downwards and realised she could no longer see it. She had lost sight of her feet thanks to her large bosoms several days ago, but now even her large udder was obscured by her breasts. *God, if only I was normal and could have tits like these. I could have any guy I want.* She sighed and thought of Derek. She really had liked him, and she got the sense that he had liked her. She brushed the thought aside with a whip of her tail, and stared into the mirror of the bathroom stall.

“Holy shit,” she whispered to herself. The transformation was definitely complete, but at least she still looked more human than she had expected, at least in the overall shape of her. Her breasts were just as huge to look at as they felt on her, and her udder had become tremendous! It pulsed where it sat, hanging between her thickened thighs. Her hooves were fully developed, the hair longer around their edges. Her hands were even hoof-like in appearance, though they still had enough dexterity to serve as hands, thankfully. And on the bright side, her face was still largely human, with the exception of the fur and her shiny nose was slightly wider in appearance. She snorted at that. *Thank you, oh mighty Wandering Witch, for turning me into a milk-filled cowgirl but sparing my hands and not giving me a snout!*

Her tail flicked behind her irritably. Alex better be right about the Wandering Witch, because she had no idea how she could even continue functioning in society like this. Even if she could, she wasn’t sure she would ever get used to the constant jiggling and wobbling that accompanied every slight shift, or the clacking of her hooves on the floor. Even her horns were in the way, as she’d found when she woke in the middle of the night and saw two fresh holes poked through the armrest of her sofa. Tears began to form in her eyes, and she attempted to wipe them, but found even that difficult thanks to her changed hands. She tried to bend down, curl herself up in the fetal position and rock herself awake to some reality where she hadn’t changed into some entirely new species of human-cow. That too proved difficult, as her belly was too pronounced to allow it, and she yelped

when her thighs accidentally pressed against her udder from each side, squishing it. God, it was big, and she had to waddle in order not to compress it with her thighs a second time, as it was brushing against them constantly. She fell into full-blown tears, crying into the sink as her tail flicked back and forth behind her.

“Why – huh – has this – huh – happened to – huh – me!? I’m not even – huh – a person anymore!”

Suddenly, a set of arms enveloped her, or at least tried to, nestling in the pocket between her two rows of breasts and holding her tight. She couldn’t hate Alex, even after all of this. She wanted to, but she simply couldn’t. She had already lost her looks, her humanity. She didn’t want to lose her closest friend.

“Thanks Alex,” she said. “I really needed that.”

“It’s gonna be okay Jess. It’s gonna be okay.”

She blew into a tissue, felt the rubbery sensation of her new nose, but already her confidence was seeping back in. She wouldn’t be trapped like this, not forever.

“Let’s go get me back,” she said, standing taller. Her friend smiled at that.

“Let’s. I’ll drive. We should get you dressed and covered up for the trip. She may have moved across town, or even to another. But we won’t stop till we find her.”

Jessica nodded. “I bought a heap of bras and dresses and stuff yesterday. Even some bigger sets of panties. Cost me a fortune. I didn’t know what I would look like . . . at the end. I’m sure some will fit.”

Sure enough, some did; the very biggest bras she had purchased – G-cups in size. She had only bought them at the last second, not truly imagining her bust would get so impossibly big. And still they bulged out of the cups slightly, pressing tight against her mammaries. A green maternity dress she’d purchased fit even better, it flowed down over her bulges and the tight dome of her stomach, and largely concealed her udder. There was no helping the hooves though. They were shoes of their own, and in the end the two of them simply used a pair of boots laced tight around so that her hooves didn’t slip out. It made for awkward walking, but at least it hid them, along with a large bonnet that just managed to fit over her horns. She slips her cow ears up into the tops. She still made for an odd figure, but overall at a distance she would just look odd, not like a freak. Close-up . . . well, they didn’t plan for anyone to get that close. They were just about ready to go when Jessica groaned, pressing a hand across her incredibly well-endowed chest.

“Eeuurggh,” she repeated, cringing.

“Everything alright?”

“Fine, fine,” she said, sweating, “my milk’s still coming in. Starting to feel – aahh – full. Let’s just go. If we’re quick it won’t be an issue.”

But just then the doorbell rang, and she appeared to look more like a deer in headlights than a cow.

“Whoever it is, get rid of them,” she hissed, and Alex ran downstairs to do so. She was shocked to see that it was Derek at the door, looking slightly agitated, but still as handsome as ever.

“Oh! Hey Derek.” She said the last part as loud as she could, so that Jessica would know it was him.

“Hey Alex,” he replied, “I need to talk to Jessica.”

“She’s not here, Derek.”

“I know she is Alex, I could hear you two talking through the window as I was getting to the door. I need to talk to her and see if she’s alright.”

Alex eyed him suspiciously. “Look, I know you two were together recently, but a lot has changed.”

“You’re goddamn right a lot has changed!” hissed a voice. It belonged to a woman of a lower register, with an almost animalistic husk to it.

“Tiana,” Derek said, spinning round to meet a figure wrapped up in a trenchcoat, “I told you to stay in the car. Someone might see.”

“I don’t care if someone sees, not anymore,” said the figure. She was wearing a medical mask that covered her face, but it had been pushed forward a lot, with a scarf wrapped around to keep it fixed. “I just want this bimbo and her friend here to tell me how she did it.”

“Did what?” Alex replied.

“Did what? Did what!? You turned me into a freak, that’s what?”

The figure removed her mask, and pulled her scarf down from her face, and the horrible realisation hit Alex all at once. The twisted, malformed figure in front of her was Tiana. At least, it had been Tiana. She was almost unrecognisable now, the cow potion having changed her appearance. A hairless snout protruded outwards from her face, ending in a wide nose with two large nostrils just like a cow’s. Her teeth had become flat and even-rowed, perfect for chewing cud and vegetables. Two horns, short but thick, pointed out from the top of her forehead. But the changes weren’t over: as the trenchcoat parted, Alex’s jaw dropped. The breasts Tiana had been so proud of had ballooned beyond recognition, far larger than even Jessica’s mammaries, far bigger than Tiana’s own head. They rested down to her bellybutton, nipples over an inch long and drooping downwards, emitting the occasional gurgle. From the stains on her pants it was clear she was lactating, too.

“This is what I’ve become!” Tiana screeched, “I can’t stop eating vegetables and grass from my own frickin’ lawn! I get scared when a fucking car horn sounds! I need to fucking milk myself so my tits don’t explode! The other day, I even – I even – mwaaaaahhhhhh! Mwaaaaahhh!”

Tiana's large eyes went even wider, and she clasped her hands around her snout to stop herself. She was mooing, actually mooing like a cow as she grew agitated. She stood there, huffing for a moment until she drew still.

"And I need to keep calm," she said, "or I start mooing like some fucking cow!"

For all that Jessica's changes had been even more extreme, it seemed that the spell was still oriented towards Tiana, and had changed aspects of her mind along with her body. Derek casually handed her a stick of lettuce and the former beauty bitch began to chomp down upon it, grinding it into more digestible matter in her teeth. She cringed, let out a large fart behind her, but kept on chewing.

"Four stomachs," she said nonchalantly through her meal, "we broke into the med lab so Derek could see what had happened inside. I can't – stop – farting, and you're behind this."

Alex didn't know what to say except, "come on in. I'll go tell Jess you're both coming."

Derek stepped forward. "Is she okay? Has she changed too?"

Alex eyed him sadly. She could see he was genuinely concerned.

"You've been helping Tiana out since she started changing, haven't you?"

He nodded. "She came to me for help."

"All the others abandoned me ever since I started – mmwaaaahhh – started *that*. He was the only one that I could trust to help me."

Despite herself, Alex was still taking some pleasure in the fate she had inflicted on her bully. It wasn't worth what she had accidentally done to her friend, but at least she had this. She turned back away from the second cowgirl to eye Derek again.

"I'm trusting you here then," she said, "but you need to know; what's happened to Tiana here? That's nothing compared to Jess upstairs. So be prepared, and don't freak out."



Jess could no longer take the pressure of the milk inside of her as she waited for Derek to be gotten rid of. There was no way she wanted him to see her as she currently was. She couldn't handle that, not with the first person to actually show interest in her. But she couldn't wait out whatever meeting was going on downstairs and outside. Her body was still producing milk, and all four of her breasts and her udder were aching terribly from all the swelling, the terrible fullness that wouldn't go away. She thought she would hit her limit, but it seemed that they were still just making more and more milk. When she could take no more, she took a bucket from the kitchen, wincing at the mere act of bending down to take it, and without even bothering to move herself any further, began the embarrassing action of milking herself.

She sighed in a strange mix of pain, release and arousal as she pulled at her upper left nipple. A long and thick stream of milk practically erupted out of her, splashing into the bucket. She pulled at the right, and found the same sweet, aching release. She quickly set into pattern, just like what people did with dairy cows, pulling left-right, left-right, alternating pulls at her long teats as she emptied her prodigious reserves into the bucket.

“Oh my God,” she said to herself, “eeuurgh! So. Much. Milk.”

When her nipples had become too sore and her top row mostly empty, she started on the second row, which was just as wonderful in release.

“Oh, oh boy. So good. I didn’t realise how full I was.” It hit her that unless she changed back soon, she’d probably have to milk herself at set times at both morning and at night. The strange trickling sensation in her mammaries had continued even as she fell asleep last night, and clearly she had reached a quantity of liquid that needed to be let out of her.

She was hunched over, just barely reaching her udder, but unable to pull down, when Alex came back up the stairs.

“Alex!” she called, “I need your help. I can’t – ugh! – I can’t reach my udder and it’s starting to really hurt. I need you to help milk me, please.”

“Derek is coming up,” Alex said.

Jessica’s eyes went wide, and she stood up, her free breasts bobbing with her movements, but feeling so much better now that they were emptier. The slow trickle of milk production could be felt, but for now she was in the clear for her top half.

“What!? No! I don’t want to see him. Not like this!”

“Just trust me Jessica, there’s more going on. Tiana is with him.”

“The fuck, Alex! I don’t want that bitch here!”

“She’s changed too, Jess. She’s like you, and Derek has been helping her. We need to work this out together. Jessica ummed and ahed over what to do.

“Let me get changed. I don’t like this, but I trust you Alex.”

But unfortunately at that point Tiana rushed up the stairs, fast as her increased weight could be carried, not waiting any more for politeness’ sake. Derek followed after, calling for her to stop, but when he reached the top he ground to a halt at the sight of Jessica. Her naked curves were on display for all to see: her white and black fur, her tail, her horns, her enormous mammaries that dominated her front half. And, of course, that immense, pulsating, overly-full udder.

Jess, in turn, was staggered at the sight of Tiana. Her changes were different; less extreme overall, but more exaggerated in parts. The girl didn’t seem to have developed any new mammaries, but her usual rack had expanded to truly enormous degrees, far bigger than any of Jessica’s own

huge breasts. And her face had become way more cow-like than her own, even if it was hairless. Tiana mooed on the spot, and covered her snout.

And I certainly haven't done that at least.

Between the two of them, she actually suspected she could pass herself off in public more easily; claim her fur as a skin disorder like those circus freaks and just wear a hat and a mumu over the rest of her developments. *Mumu, ha. More like moo-moo.* Tiana . . . she could never hide in a crowd. Not with that mooing, and not with the enormously loud fart that erupted out of her backside at that very moment, stunning them all into brief silence.

Good, she thought. At least misery has company now. A pair of cowgirls.

"Jess," Derek broke in, and there didn't seem much more to say.

"For God's sake, turn around!" she called, and he did so immediately as she struggled back into her bras, breasts settling much more comfortably into the enormous cups now. She hesitated a moment with the dress, before deciding not to bother. As horrific as this situation was, there was no use hiding all of her abnormalities now. Just a small preservation of modesty would have to suffice.

"O-okay," she said, "you can look."

He turned, and saw that she had put on a pair of bras. *Funny really, she thought, that I've got all these mutations on open display but still care about covering my nipples.* Her udder gurgled, tight and full of pressure. *And I can only cover half of them anyway.*

"Well" she said awkwardly, rubbing her upper arm, and circling a hoof over the floor like a girl being asked to the prom, "this is the new me."

Derek blinked. "You've got four breasts."

"I know, Derek."

"And an udder."

"I'm painfully aware. It's currently *very* full."

"Horns! A tail!"

"Check and check. I'm actually getting fond of the tail, if we're honest."

"Fur!"

"The fur is the newest development. It, um, came in this morning."

Derek stepped forward, hesitantly at first, then with a renewed confidence. For a moment Jessica panicked. She felt so awkward, so bulgy and milky, gross and inhuman and strange that she could barely believe it when he reached his arms out around her, pressing his forehead against hers. It was an awkward hug, given all the breast-flesh and the large belly in between them, but in that moment she could have melted and considered it all worth it. He wasn't grossed out, he wasn't afraid of her!

“I’m so sorry, Jess,” he said, “if only I had known. This is what started happening that night, wasn’t it?”

She nodded, brushing tears out of her eyes with her odd, three-fingered hands.

“Those mosquito bites you noticed, they turned into . . . well, these.” She indicated her second pair of breasts, now hugely swollen in size from the timid shape they’d been at the start.. “And my hair . . . well, you can see what pattern was starting there.”

“That sore patch of skin, it wasn’t just chafing from new gym shorts then. That was the start of . . .”

“The udder. My udder, yes. I hid away. I didn’t think you would want to be with me, or help me. I mean, look at me, I’m a freak.”

Derek reached a hand out and placed it on her furry shoulder, gently rubbing at it. It was a strange sensation now that she was covered in fur, but not unpleasant in the least. “Not to me,” he said, “you’re still the same Jess, and we’ll undo this. We’ll get our second date.”

She blushed at that, then wondered if anyone could even tell when she was blushing now that her face was covered in hair. *That’s another small bonus to offset all the bad, at least.*

Tiana cut in. “For fuck’s sake Derek, keep your pants on.” She waddled forward, looking Jessica over, eyes peering down her snout. “So, your changes are different from mine, that’s strange.”

Jess shrugged. “I think if either of us took the full formula, we’d end up taking on some of what the other has. Offence intended Tiana, but I don’t think I could handle having a cow snout.”

Tiana snarled, or at least it looked like a snarl. It was hard to tell on her face. “Well, at least I’ve still only got just the two breasts, as big as they are. Who would have thought that little flat-as-a-board Jessica Williams would end up the most stacked chick in the college? Why, it seems you had to grow an extra set just to outdo us all, as well as that . . . thing.”

The udder gurgled loudly back at her, and Jess cringed at the agony of the fullness inside, the aching soreness waiting to be released over and over again.

“Tiana, this isn’t productive,” Derek cut in.

There was that word again; productive. Producing. Prodigious. All things milk. Her udder strained, small beads of milk seeping out the ends of her teats, but at a far smaller rate than what was being made. Jessica bit her lip.

“Don’t interrupt Derek, I’ve got a score to settle here. I don’t plan on spending the rest of my days as some freak cow bitch. I have a life! I’ve got plans! I’ve got – ” she paused, puzzling over something that was said. “You with the udder, you mentioned a formula? What formula? Is that what did this to me? How? Tell me, or I’ll – Mwwaaaaahhh! Oh for fuck’s sake!”

She paused, and to their astonishment, she bore down a moment, concentrating. Her cheeks flushed with concentration. And then she farted. Loudly and longely.

“Fffffffuck all these stomachs!” she whined.

“Why don’t we sit down?” said Alex. “At least we can sort this out and figure out how to return you both to normal, even if only Jess deserves it.”

It was her who explained the story from start to end, being the culprit behind it all. Tiana sat silent, her enormous breasts flopping down into her lap, her elongated tongue absently licking at her ears. Jess could barely stand to listen, the agony of pressure in her udder reaching heights she had never known, made worse by a strange squirming sensation inside her bulging stomach, which felt almost too strong to simply be digestion. Derek occasionally pitched in with his side of the story: how he’d found Tiana after the bar incident, a part he politely filtered in order to avoid the animalistic gangbang she had clearly instigated while in heat, and how he’d kept her hidden and helped her through her changes. Eventually he’d thought back to how Jess had experienced something similar and made the connection. Occasionally while talking or listening he turned an eye towards Jess, staring in fascination at her rows of breasts that jiggled in their cups, at her body covered in hair, at how her udder bulged out over the waistline of her panties in open display. At one point she tried to cross her legs without thinking and yelped when her udder became briefly squished. The rest of the group couldn’t help but gawk at that, and she took to spreading her hooved legs wide in a very unwomanly fashion to avoid it happening again. It also gave her udder more space to develop and expand with all her milky produce.

“You fucking bitch,” Tiana said at the story’s conclusion. “I can’t believe you Alex. I always knew you were worthless, but this is low. You’ve managed – mwaaaaahh!! – to ruin my life and your friend’s.”

“Arguing won’t help anyone Tiana,” Derek pitched in.

“Excuse me? Have you been turned into some freaky cow creature with breasts that go all the way down to your lap?”

“Well, no, but – ”

“Gaaahhh!” A puddle of milk pooled at their feet. The group looked up to its source; Jess’ trembling udder spurting what could no longer be contained. She writhed in agony at the intense pressure in her lowest mammary. She could feel it full to the brim, her teats outstretched and painfully erect. They stretched like weak little fingers, rising and falling in an odd fashion, as if yearning to be pulled upon.

“Gaahh!”

“Jess, are you okay?” Alex asked.

“It’s my udder. It’s sooo full. I can’t take it anymore. I need help. I can’t r-reach it any longer! There’s so much pressure.”

Tiana chuckled under her breath at the sight of her rival's friend struggling over the milk bag bulging over her panties. To everyone's surprise including his, it was Derek that stood up to help her, grabbing her by the hand and placing an arm around her furry shoulders, leading her unsteady feet towards the bathroom where she kept the bucket.

"Here Jess, I'll do what I can to help. Just tell me what you need to do."

Part 6: Udderly Hopeless

“Thanks Derek,” Jess whispered once the bathroom door was closed behind them. “This . . . isn’t how I was hoping to see you again.”

“It’s my fault as much as Alex’s, I was the one who pushed you to take Tiana’s drink. If I hadn’t . . .”

“I was just so happy that night with you. I wish I could look like I did then for you.”

The two fell into an awkward silence, Jess clacking one of her hooves against the tiled floor of the bathroom. Without meaning to she whimpered slightly, and without another word Derek bent down, reached his hands around two of her udder’s teats, and began to pull down in a left-right fashion, releasing an ungodly quantity of her produce into the bucket in great squirts.

“Ooohhhhh God yesssss,” she moaned, clasping his shoulders with her new, nubby hands. “Ooohhh that feels sooo good, you have no idea mmmhhmmnnn.”

Her skin flushed in response to his touch, tingling all over. To her great embarrassment she was becoming wet with arousal, and all eight of her nipples and teats were becoming fully erect. Her tail swished behind her, taking out half the ointments and creams she kept on the shelf next to the sink. She bit her lip to stop any more outbursts, her face twitching at the sheer pleasure of being milked like a dairy cow.

“Everything okay?” Derek asked. He pulled her left teat, and a long stream of milk poured into the bucket, joining the litres that had already left her.

“Mm-hmmmm,” she let slip with a nod. “Don’t you dare stop – oh! – there’s still sooo much in there baby.” *Oh god did I just call him baby? When I’m a freak cow being milked by him as a courtesy?*

He caressed the pink sack of her udder, marvelling at the sheer warmth radiating out of it.

“It’s so warm,” he commented, “I don’t know how you cope with it.”

“It’s warm when it’s just made in cows,” she replied, rolling her eyes back into her head at a particularly pleasurable pull, “so I guess it is for me. I got so damn overheated this morning when my breasts were full.”

Derek stopped tugging for a moment to her great irritation, and instead gazed up at the jiggling F-cups that jutted from her chest, the lower pair resting on the dome of her belly. “You mean they’re not full now?”

She laughed at that. “Just emptied in fact, before you came up. They were even bigger before.”

“Wow,” he said, returning to milking her. She settled back into the pleasure, which was heightening by the second. She groaned louder, each tug sending electric jolts through her body and setting a fire in her loins. More milk came, more and more, so much so she could swear by the tingling that her body was producing it extra fast just to keep the sensations going. And Derek was so strong and handsome and still looked at her like she was beautiful somehow, and the sight of him down there, running his hands over her privates, even if her udder wasn’t exactly her privates, was thrilling. She sucked through her teeth, her body trembled, her hooves knocking against the tiles. It was all too much. So much pleasure, so much euphoria. She gave into it, let it wash over her, but still the pleasure continued to rise as the final litre of milk gurgled out of her bulging sac. She gripped his shoulders as he pulled, and she tensed as her arousal reached an impossible height. She couldn’t keep it in anymore. She didn’t even try.

“Ooooh yes! Yes! Yes! Oh God yessssssssss!”

It was a series of orgasms just as intense as the last time she’d been with Derek. In fact, it was somehow even better than that. She stood there, huffing, fur slick with sweat as Derek stood, looking more than a little awkward. She could have mooed right there if she didn’t have better impulse control. So instead she whispered a silent “thankyou” between breaths.

“Um, no problem Jess. Was that a - ?”

No use lying. Not to him. “Yes, it was. Oh god, yes it was Derek. I’m so embarrassed. I’m sorry if that was strange for you.”

He claimed it wasn’t, but his face lied. In that moment she had become a freak fully, but the truth of it was that it was hard to care anymore. She’d just discovered the pleasure of a bovine orgasm, and if she couldn’t change back, then at least there was always milking time.

They exited back out of the bathroom to the sight of Alex and Tiana, both gobsmacked.

“Don’t ask,” Jess said. “Let’s just go find the Wandering Witch.”



It took the better part of the day to find her. During that time, both Tiana and Jess had been positively overheated in the back of Alex’s car, rugged up to hide their extremities along with the warmth of new milk coming in. Tiana mooed whenever she became agitated, and both of them had struck up another great hunger, though at least nothing like what had preceded their bouts of changes. Jessica had almost given up hope when Alex took the car down to the old picnic spot under the Wayman bridge on a whim, and lo and behold there was the Wandering Witch’s wagon, covered in trinkets and all sorts of odd sorts and ends. It was closed up, which made sense given that the sun had gone down and the area was empty.

Jess and Tiana got out of the car, desperate for fresh air and freedom. Tiana still remained rugged up, but Jess tore at her clothes, removing her boots and hat and glasses and scarf until she wore nothing else but an oversized maternity nightie over her bras and a thick pair of panties, over which her udder sat. Her tail protruded behind her, and she massaged it where it had developed kinks from the long ride. Derek helped her, which made her blush. He simply smiled, ever the gentleman. Perhaps there was light at the end of the tunnel.

“Reckon she’s home?” Derek asked. Tiana rolled her eyes and rapped her knuckles loudly against the side of the caravan, yelling “wake up witch bitch! We need you to magic us ASAP!”

Alex covered her forehead. The witch had seemed pretty chill, but there was no denying now that the magic was real, and she was capable of using it. *So why piss her off Tiana? Is this your cow-brain acting out?* Tiana banged on the door a few more times before the hatch opened up on the side of the van and rolled outwards to become a sales window. A very tired-looking woman in a bathrobe put her head out the side, eyes barely open.

“See. The. Sign,” she said, and pointed down to a painted notice that said;

‘OPERATING HOURS:

9AM to 5PM Weekdays

10AM to 2PM Saturdays’

“It’s the middle of the darn night, folks,” she continued, “come back tomorrow without saying another word and I may just take your business.”

“I’m sorry Wandering Witch, um, Tila, but this is an emergency,” Alex called. She stepped forward from the darkness of the underpass. “I bought a potion from you the other day – “

“See the other sign dear.”

‘NO REFUNDS’

“We aren’t looking for refunds. We’re looking for something to correct a mistake. I used the potion you gave me, the one about making everyone see Tiana as the cow she is. And well, we wouldn’t be coming to you now if it wasn’t serious. I did something wrong.”

The Wandering Witch seemed to finally achieve a modicum of wakefulness, enough to notice her rude knocker at her door for the first time. She reached a long olive arm out and quickly grabbed Tiana by the snout, wrenching the former cheerleader’s face right, then left, inspecting the doleful eyes and developing horns. She smirked at the enormous bosom the girl had grown, and the small tuft of a tail that seemed to be growing without her knowledge.

“Seems to be working to me, though I’m guessing she didn’t drink much huh?”

“Turn us back bitch!” Tiana yelled, but was quickly muffled by Alex.

“Ignore her, please. She’s just angry that – “

“That you turned her into a human-cow using one of my potions bought expressly for that purpose?”

Alex grinned sheepishly. “Well, yeah. But that’s not the emergency.”

Tila yawned into her hand. “Please kid - Alex wasn’t it? Yeah. Please listen kid, I like you. You were polite when we met and it seemed you were in the right judging from your rival’s disposition here. But I really oughta be sleeping. So either hurry up and get down to it or at least wait till morning. I don’t want to set a precedent here.”

Jessica had spent the minutes of arguing quietly daunted by this strange figure. She wasn’t like the witch she had built up in her head. On the contrary, she just seemed grumpy at losing her sleep. She removed herself from Derek’s arm, which she only just realised had been around her furry shoulders, and stepped forward, her hooves digging slightly in the earth and leaving cloven hoofprints behind her. Her udder and breasts and even bottom jiggled, and the squirming within her belly reached new heights as she approached the magical aura of the woman. Instinctively, and without knowing why, she cradled an arm around her stretched belly, rubbing it slightly as she approached.

“I’m the emergency,” she declared, revealing her tremendous mounds. Her long ropey tail wagged behind her.

The sleep evaporated from the Wandering Witch’s eyes, and she shut the window. For a moment they thought she had left, but she quickly burst out of the caravan door in thick woollen slippers, hair in a tangle. She swept past a protesting Tiana and stood before Jessica, looking her up and down and circling round her like she was some lab experiment gone wrong. *Which I basically am*, she thought, as her tail flicked out of the Wandering Witch’s hand.

“Amazing,” the witch said, squishing one of Jess’ breasts in her hand, its flesh spilling over it.

“Oof,” Jess complained, and again when the witch pulled at one of her udder’s teats, causing a stream of milk to pour out onto the ground. It wasn’t as sensual as when Derek had done it, but it was a release nonetheless. “Oooh.”

The witch grabbed one of her horns and yanked it closer for inspection.

“Ow! Hey, that hurts.”

“Remarkable. The potion was powered by the feelings of the user; the greater the emotion, the greater the depth of change. It seems your bully there, I forget her name, had a great deal of emotion aimed at her, given how much she has changed from so little. But you, my word, Alex must

hold a great deal of feeling towards you for such a change to occur. I didn't even plan for fur! My dear, you look simply marvellous! A triumph of art!"

Jess grew irritated, and folded her arms into the fleshy space between her two rows of breasts. She was aware of a great squirming within. More milk? More changes? *Oh god please no.*

"I don't feel marvelous. I feel like a freak. How can I even go back to school like this? What will my parents think? I need to be human again."

"Hmm, I suppose so. Look, I'm feeling generous tonight. I want my sleep, but with the exception of the bully over there, you all seem like nice people, so I'm not going to just magic you into rats to make that happen. I'll tell you what, two hundred fifty bucks."

"Two-fifty bucks?" screeched Tiana.

"Done," Jess said. She thrust forward a furry hand with its three thick digits and shook the witch's own, human version. I can't believe it. *All this worrying, all this fear. It's going to be okay!*

"Card payment is out though," the woman said, "so it'll need to be cash."

The two that were still human rifled through their wallets and came up with only 15 dollars.

"There's an ATM down the street down west," the witch said. She began regarding her fingernails, as if that was all that needed saying.

"We'll be back soon," Derek said, taking Jess' hand. For just a moment he seemed to linger.

"Ah, to hell with it," he said. He stepped forward, clasped the back of her neck with his hands, and kissed her. She could have melted into his arms right there, but he was off with Alex in moments. Jess watched the car go, a smile on her lips, her cheeks flushed and heart racing. She was going to be human again, and Derek was waiting for her!

"Freak," Tiana said, sneering. "Always knew he was weird. I – ohhh! Mwaaahh!"

She doubled over, cradling her stomach. *Come to think of it, Jess thought, her stomach is slightly domed, like mine.*

The witch seemed to notice it too, drawing closer. "Is your stomach okay? Are you hungry?"

"I'm fine," Tiana said. "My stomach just lurches occasionally."

Tila stepped forward, placed out the palm of her hand. "May I?"

Tiana looked briefly irritated, but nodded with consent, folding her arms over her tremendous bosom and looking away while the witch pressed her open hand over the part of her stomach not covered over by her breasts.

Something shifted in Jess, and she grimaced, lurching forward with the motion of all her mammaries and mounds. Her tail stretched out behind her to compensate, and for the first time she was truly appreciative of this addition to her physiology; it acted as a counterweight, alongside her enlarged bottom, to all the weight that was now in front of her. Not enough to avoid the aches in her

shoulders and back, but it lessened them. Still, the witch seemed to see something in her struggle. She turned to Jess. "And you, may I feel?"

"Umm, sure."

The witch's hand was soft against her fur, welcome almost. Again, her stomach shifted, its contents squirming uncomfortably from within. Jess clenched her teeth. It occurred to her that her domed belly was a more unusual development than the others in some ways; it didn't follow her newfound bovine nature. The witch seemed to sense this.

"Oh my," she said. That was enough to put the fear in Jess.

"What? What is it?"

"It may be nothing. Or, it may be everything. We shall see. I can see your friends returning."

It dawned on Jessica what the witch might have been feeling for. It would explain several other things too; her domed belly, the nausea, the squirming within, that night with Derek. She cringed; it even explained the intense amount of milk production her breasts and udder were producing, even right at this moment. It was a terrifying thought, and one she brushed quickly aside. She couldn't entertain it now, not when she was so close to being human again.

Derek and Alex emerged from the car with the money and practically sprinted over to Tila, the witch. Alex thrust forward the note, alongside several others given as an earnest bribe to do all she could. She pushed those away.

"I've named my price, now we shall see if I retain even that."

"Thank you," Alex said, "please, just bring my Jess back."

"How do we get her back to human form?" Derek asked.

"And me!"

"And Tiana too."

The witch gave a soft smile. "You will not have to do anything. Just stand back outside the circle I create here. Stepping inside may get . . . complicated. I discovered that with an unreasonable patron last year who came to overturn another's spell that made her devoted to a man she couldn't stand. Now there's five of her, all linked in mind, though at least they are free. So don't get any closer."

She reached into her bathrobe and removed a large vial. She uncorked it, and walked slowly around in a circle, around Jess and Tiana, her own feet on the outside, sprinkling the contents on the earth beneath their feet. Once the circle was complete, she stepped further back.

"Just a moment," she said, and she stepped back into her caravan. Alex took this time to approach Jess, making sure to keep the line of the circle between them.

“It won’t be long now Jess till you’re you again. I’m so, so sorry for everything I’ve done.” She glanced to make sure Tiana wasn’t listening. “At least to you. I didn’t mean for this to happen, but I’ll do everything I can, even if it takes me my whole life, to make it up to you.”

Jess’ tail instinctively curled around the waist of her best friend, and her friend didn’t fight it. “Alex, whatever happens next, I want you to know that I forgive you. You’ll always be my best friend.”

They both fought the urge to cuddle. Jess turned to Derek, who was waiting in the sidelines. “Derek, I just wanted to thank you too. Even now, when I’m . . . this, you make me feel wanted.”

Derek smiled. “You’re one of a kind, Jess.”

The cowgirl looked down at her pairs of engorged mammaries, her white and black Holstein fur covering them with the exception of the fat, throbbing nipples. Her udder pulsated between her legs, hot and full. Her hooves dug into the earth, and her horns protruded, unseen and unfelt but known at all times, above her forehead.

“Well,” she chuckled, “you certainly aren’t wrong there.” She drew serious. “I’m a bit worried about something actually. I only just realised it may be a possibility while you guys were gone. Maybe I was in denial, I don’t know. But it might make this go badly.”

Alex nearly stepped forward over the line, but hesitated. Worry was all over her face. “What is it Jess?” she asked.

Derek looked just forlorn. It was him she turned to. “Derek, there’s something you should know. That night, when we . . . together. I know it’s crazy, but I may be – ”

She was cut off by the return of the Wandering Witch, and all attention turned to the woman as she descended down towards the mystic circle, a fresh potion in her hands. Alex recognised it as the same looking liquid and container as the cow spell she had taken. Tila placed the potion just before the circle line, along with several other odds and ends she’d plucked from within her living space. Then she called for absolute silence.

She began to chant, but not in any language that Alex or Jess or anyone else could recognise. It was alien and ancient, the clipped words seeming beyond the tongue of any mere mortal, the guttural harshness of it seeming to emanate not just from the witch but all around them as her voice echoed across the underpass. A chorus of ethereal refrains joined hers as lit two candles, and burned upon them two small wax figures in the broad shape of human beings. Then, she drew her hands around the potion and held it upwards towards the sky, her voice growing ever higher, far greater than could seem possible, the ghostly echoes of her voice trembling through the air. There was an energy around all of them, they could feel it. Alex nearly screamed at the sight of a transparent figure floating at the edge of her peripherals. From the looks on the others’ eyes it seems they’d also seen it, and many others. Tila’s pitch grew and grew, until finally a great electric light seemed to envelop the circle, blinding all those outside of it to what was happening within. Shapes changed, dark

shadows swirled within, and the witch's eyes lit up bright and electric blue, as if communing with the other side. The hum increased until it seemed nearly to burst their eardrums. Then, as if it had never happened at all, it fell away, the brightness ceasing without any transition. Smoke burned at the edges of the circle, enough to obscure the changes within. Those moments seemed to Alex to be the longest in her life. The smoke cleared, and she could have cried.

The figures within had not changed one bit.

Jess was crestfallen, and yet beyond her misery there was almost a resignation. She suspected she would have felt even worse if the witch had not made her cryptic comments on her condition. Her young squirmed within her enlarged womb as if on cue. She winced, wondering how she had ever managed to ignore all the signs even in all the insanity.

So that's it, she thought to herself, I'm a cowgirl for life. Stuck producing milk for the rest of my days. And that will be a lot of milk. She patted her udder, felt the warm milk sloshing around within her. *This is me now.*

She was brought out of her own daze by Tiana screaming and mooing.

"Mwaaaah! Mwaah! Why didn't I change? Why the fuck didn't I change? Mwaaaooooohh! Moo! I want to be human. I've got a life!"

Derek looked aghast. He looked to the Wandering Witch for an explanation. "What happened? Why didn't they change back?"

Tila, to her credit, seemed appropriately disappointed as well. She gave a warm smile and approached the group, picking up the potion along the way. Alex hugged Jess tight, whispering apology after apology. Jess just felt as if she were still in a dream.

"The reversion spell doesn't work under several conditions," the witch explained, holding up the potion formula, "one of which occurs if the spell or potion it's trying to reverse is locked. A locked spell can't be undone, no matter what."

"Please don't tell me that's the case here," Alex whimpered.

"I had my suspicions before," the witch said, "but I didn't want to say anything just in case. Here is your money back Alex, I only take money for when my magic works." She passed the notes back into the girl's shaking hand. "A curse or spell can become locked by several ways; if it meets certain conditions, if too much time elapses, if the spell has rules and the subject breaks them, if there's already been a failed reversion. But the real biggie is that magic can't end a life."

"But it didn't!" Tiana whined, grabbing her enormous breasts in her hands and gesturing to her very-much-alive status. "We're still here."

The witch sighed. "Both of you, you have my condolences, and my congratulations. My condolences for being stuck like you are for the rest of your lives. And my congratulations . . . for being with child. Both of you."

Tiana gasped, clutching her stomach. Jess just rubbed hers.

“Pregnant,” Alex whispered, “with what? With whose?”

“With mine,” Derek said. “It is, isn’t it?”

Jess turned, her large breasts bobbing in their bras and tail swishing behind her. Her udder was gurgling again, leaking droplets of her prodigious dairy onto the ground. She nodded slowly, tears slipping down her cheeks. “I didn’t know until a moment ago, before we tried to change back. Even then I wasn’t sure.”

Derek stepped forward hesitantly, reaching out a hand. He placed it beneath his would-be girlfriend’s second pair of breasts, caressing her swollen stomach gently, feeling the silky smoothness of her fur. “I’ll support you Jess, no matter what.”

Tiana cried in the background, and even Alex felt sorry for her in that instant. The former alpha bitch’s dreams of a future were doomed; she was now a freak for life. Even her tail had come out of hiding, though it was less developed than Jessica’s.

“This is me now Alex,” Jess said, her voice flat, “this is what I’m going to be for the rest of my life. A furry lactating cow woman with a cow kid.”

For a moment Alex just stood there, trying to comfort her comfortless friend. Then it hit her. It was grand, it was stupid, it was pointless. And yet it would be everything. She shied away from the thought immediately. It was ridiculous to even consider. But then she took a look at her bloated, bovine friend, and her swelling stomach.

The thought swung back.

“Ah, fuck it,” she said. She swiped the potion from the Wandering Witch’s hand, to the magic woman’s shock. “Besties forever, right?”

“Wait, Alex no!” Jess called.

But there was no time to do anything else, because right at that moment, her friend downed the entire formula in one great daring gulp, before dropping the vial. The rest of the group gaped at her, but Alex just gave a manic smile.

“Let’s both be cowgirls, then,” she said.

Epilogue:

It was getting harder and harder to get up in the morning, so Alex decided to remain in bed just a little longer. Half an hour at the very most. The sunlight streamed in through the farmhouse window, but it was Autumn now, so she welcomed it on her furry skin. It still astonished her, even now, to wake up and realised how so much had changed. How just six months ago she and Jessica (and Tiana, she supposed) had still been human. How one mistake had nearly cost her a dear friend, and how with one hasty decision made out of loyalty and atonement she had then joined her in experience as a transformee. A pressure made itself known in several places of her body, and she grunted. *But of course, I downed the **whole** potion. She only had most of it.* The pressure swelled again uncomfortably, and she knew from that moment that a nice restful sleep-in was off the cards. She struggled with her various bloats, pitching her feet – *no silly me; hooves* – over the edge of the bed, and propped her arms behind her to lift herself up. She made it on the third try, her mammaries jiggling more than she ever thought they could. Or certainly should. Hands on her back for extra support, she made it to the adjacent bathroom, her hooves clip-clopping on the wooden floor. Her breath was a little short these days, and her appearance much changed.

In the mirror facing her was a sight that seemed destined to never become familiar. Like Jessica, she now had four breasts instead of two, and a great pink udder was also hanging between her thighs, swaying back and forth with her movements. She had an impressive pair of black horns, longer and thicker than Jess'. She smiled at that. It made her feel oddly proud at times. *Must be a cow thing, she thought, oooh, look at me studs. Mine are bigger than hers, go to me if you want real prime breeding stock gents. Line up and grab me by my big horns and make me your Bessie.* Of course, her horns weren't the only thing larger than her friends now. Just about everything was, courtesy of the full strength of the entire potion. She was positively stacked with twin sets of F-cups, and her udder was the size of a basketball on the best of days. But unlike Jess, who had the classic Holstein fur, Alex's hair was a rich caramel brown with streaks of white running across at irregular intervals. And of course there was the far bigger difference. Jess still had a human face, whereas she'd developed the full bovine snout complete with big old nostrils and flat teeth. She could even stick her tongue out long enough to lick inside her nose, which she did occasionally on instinct.

She brought out the pumping machine, bending over still just far enough that she could attach the four nozzles to her udder teats. *I'll need help with that in not too long.* The machine began rhythmically pumping away, drawing her thick, milky produce out of her in spurts. She leant against the bathroom sink and moaned gently at the sweet sensation of her fullness shrinking. Her upper mammaries still ached, the nipples red and erect and sore, but they would have to wait. She thought

back to that single strange decision to drink the potion, to be punished alongside Jess and go through what she had gone through. It had been madness of course, but she had refused any reversion from the Wandering Witch. And so, while the group made preparations to sequester away to the farmhouse to live, Jessica also helped her through the violently pressurised changes. There had been the periods of immense hunger; the longer periods of gorging herself upon anything that could be considered edible; and the short, sharp transitions where her entire body seemed to be hit by pins and needles. She could still almost feel it, the way her bones and her flesh had shifted in an alien fashion, her breasts swelling up like balloons. Like Jess, she had taken on the body of a supermodel for a time, and a heat within her had been insatiable. But then, there were the other changes; her tail exploding out of her back, horns erupting from her forehead, face reforming into a snout, and of course her new mammaries bulging into existence. But overall her changes had been quicker than Jess'. She had welcomed them, after all. Not because she wanted to live her life as a bipedal cow woman, but because she knew in her heart that after everything she had done that she ought to.

Of course, the transition had been tough, for all of them. Jessica's parents had cut ties once she revealed her changes to them. Too embarrassing to the family name. It was decided, and this was her wish anyway, that with their wealth they would purchase a rural country home with everything to accommodate them, and pay her a monthly stipend to take care of herself, so long as she didn't try to contact them. Alex had been furious, but Jess knew her parents well, and had thought this was coming. Alex's own parents were much more . . . well, not understanding, but accepting. They visited once a week to see how their daughter and her friend were doing, and did all they could to help.

But it had taken them a long time to come to terms with the fact that their beautiful daughter was stuck this way, and even longer to absorb that she had actually made that choice herself. It was a good set up really. Derek worked the farm alongside them, and they contributed copious amounts of milk they made daily which made a tidy profit, all things considered. Enough so that they had become secure. But it wasn't enough for Tiana, who still craved human civilisation. She wasn't among friends or among the crowd, as she had been as a beauty bitch and cheerleader. She had managed to seek out a travelling circus with its own display of human freaks and apply for a position, which was eagerly accepted. It wasn't cheerleading, but from her e-mails she seemed to have taken to it. She had her audience and her role to play, and had quickly established herself in the pecking order, even snapping up a goat-footed man as a boytoy and surrogate father for her son. She kept in touch often, to the point where Alex no longer considered her an enemy. How could she? They were the only ones of their new species on the planet, she wasn't about to cast out a third of their lot. Besides, it was good to keep in touch simply because of the shared experience they'd all had. They had a connection, all three of them, and Tiana had changed in spirit too. Enough so that

she even briefly returned to the farm for Jessica's wedding. That had been a fun affair, even if the only people present had been the four of them and Alex's parents. Jessica had looked oddly beautiful in her white gown, custom-made by Alex to contour to her features and show them off.

"If you've got them, flaunt them," Jess had joked, "and I've certainly got a lot of them."

Alex reattached the pumping machine's suckers, this time to her four breasts. Once again the sensation was divine. She'd been storing up more and more produce lately, and the time was soon coming where she'd have to save it for nature's intended use. The squirming in her womb started up, her large stomach pressing outwards slightly in several places and briefly taking away her breath.

"Oof, woken up have we, little ones? It's okay, mama is here." She gently rubbed her domed belly until the kicking subsided. Yes, she'd gotten pregnant. Quite pregnant in fact. *Really fucking pregnant*, she reflected, gazing at the mirror reflection of her enormous six month belly. Her lower pair of breasts sat on them like a shelf. She had certainly underestimated the effects of being in heat during her changes. Jess had tried to communicate this, but the mind is addled while the body is being transformed, and she had foolishly assumed she could resist getting knocked up since she knew in advance what her body would be wanting and where the risks were. Instead, she'd gotten so horny and desperate one night that she'd slipped out from under guard and gone to the nearest nightclub where a handsome man in his early-thirties had taken her back to his place and pounded her so hard and long she still got a little wet thinking about the encounter. It was only after she made it back in the morning to two very cross and confused friends, one who was living evidence of the consequences she was facing, that she realised how much she'd been operating on cow-brain.

So here she was, a big pregnant cow babe – as she liked to call herself – and settling into be a big cow mama babe in just a few months. Her pregnancy was much slower than Jessica's, probably due to her taking in the full potion, but then that too had apparently made her even more fertile. Even when she'd drunk the potion in that one stupid, glorious moment that still made her swell with pride – on top of the general swellings caused by milk, pregnancy and cow curse – she'd never considered that she'd be dropping a litter of calves nine months down the line.

Life does surprise us, she thought as she detached the milk pump.

"Morning Moo," Jessica said as Alex waddled her way into the living room. Her children, identical to their mother except for the lack udders in the boys and undeveloped breasts in the girls, were half-asleep on their mother's chest, each attached to a large nipple and suckling away. She was reading a book while they did, idly relaxed. Tiana, as the most human of the three of them, had been lucky enough to give birth to just one boy. Jessica had been more fertile, and was initially horrified to

learn that she was carrying quadruplets, though she had come to love and accept her twin boys and twin girls.

“Morning Bessica,” Alex said, dropping down onto the couch opposite her a little too quickly, which set her bosoms wriggling and her udder slapping painfully into her thighs. Her pregnant womb sat down upon her udder, squishing it. She remembered how overburdened her friend had been when she was nearing her due date; sweating, flushed, constantly lactating and dealing with squirming children inside of her. Alex shuddered to think that she was already at that point with another three months to go.

“That’s not fair, there’s no good cow name for Alex,” her friend replied with a mock pout.

Alex ran a thick black finger down her snout. She missed pouting.

“How did you sleep?”

Alex rubbed her stomach, settling her young again. “So-so. There’s no comfortable position anymore. If I sleep on my back, my tail get cramped and there’s too much weight on me. On my stomach’s out of the question. On the side is what pregnant women are supposed to do, but most pregnant women don’t have boobs so big that its feels like one rockmelon squishing down on another at night. And I’ve got no idea where to put my legs so I don’t press down on my udder.”

Jess rolled her eyes. “Tell me about it. I can remember the same thing. I found it best to go on my side but have a support pillow for the boobs, as well as one between my legs. That way your chests don’t get too sore and your legs don’t press on your udder at 3am. Also it has the benefit of keeping one of your hooves in the air so you aren’t wrecking sheets every couple of days.”

“Wow, I wish I’d thought of that.”

“You would’ve, I was just the pioneer. To a lot of things actually.” She gestured at her very inhuman children. “Ow, no biting. Be gentle. Their teeth are starting to come in.”

“Are you happy about that?”

“Sorta. I’ll miss breastfeeding. And Derek keeps asking for another.”

Alex shifted in surprise. “Another? Is he serious? You have four!”

“That’s what I told him. I said ‘if you want to go through nine months of having to deal with a litter of calves growing inside of you, restricting your movements and making you nauseous, be my guest.’ But truth be told, I’m thinking about it. I’m a cowgirl now, y’know? Both of us are. We don’t have to live with human expectations or other women’s ideas of feminism. And my body tells me I could stand with being bred a little more. Plus, he’s learned to be really good. Makes a bovine gal feel blessed in bed.”

“Jeez, yuck, you took to this more than I thought. Maybe you should be thanking me.”

“I wouldn’t go that far.”

“Still, much as I already love these little gremlins inside of me, I can’t say I love being pregnant. All the hormones, the occasional mooing. And I swear I’m making gallons by the hour now Jess. I can already feel myself filling up with milk again and I only just got pumped half an hour ago.”

Jessica laughed, enough to startle her children who she quickly reattached to the appropriate nipples. She raised her hooves up and rested them on the drinks table, placed her three-digit hands behind her, resting them in the curves of her horns. While both of their figures were thicker now that they were cowgirls, Alex couldn’t help but feel jealous of the slim stomach her friend now possessed, particularly as her own was so grotesquely swollen with child. Mammaries restrained properly, Jess had even shown she could run track again, much to her delight, though she still winced at all the jiggling. Alex had no such luck until the distant future.

“What are you giggling about?” Alex asked.

“Oh, just the fact you have no right to complain. I mean, you literally drank the entire potion just so you could be like this.”

Alex crossed her arms awkwardly over her bosoms. “Yeah, well, I was making a grand gesture. Atoning and all that by sharing in your fate.”

“And its occasional delights. I heard your moaning from down here while you were getting pumped.”

“Not my fault. I’ve gotta take the pleasure when it comes. I can’t believe how pregnant I am Jess, I’m huge! I get winded just walking down the stairs. I feel like a . . . “

“Go on, say it.” Jess was grinning.

“Like a cow. God, I’m such a cow. I outgrew my bras again.”

“I noticed. Just ditch them like I did. We’ve got fur Alex, that’s our clothing.” Indeed, Jess had stopped wearing clothing altogether towards the end of her pregnancy, purely because she was already so flushed and hot she didn’t want to deal with the discomfort of clothes. Afterwards she had never bothered putting it on again. She only dressed up now for special occasions, like her wedding, or sporting a custom-made dress for Derek to rip off in the passions of night, when their moans and groans echoed through the house much to Alex’s chagrin.

“No way Jess, I’ve got too much dignity to abandon my humanity that completely, no offence intended.”

A smirk. “Well, Miss Dignity, your udder is dripping on the carpet. Again.”

“Oh shit.” She stuffed it back inside the elastic waistband of her skirt where it would only get her clothing damp. Deep down she suspected it wouldn’t be long until she swore off clothing like her friend. Just the feeling of fabric on her fur was uncomfortable, especially in the warmer days, which was every day now with her heated mammaries and overfull womb.

“Just admit it,” Jess said, “you took that potion because you couldn’t stand that for once I had the bigger assets.” She patted her large chest for good measure, briefly disrupting her son, Paul.

Alex groaned, and only partly because one of her babies decided this was the perfect time to kick down low, inadvertently causing her udder to spurt a long stream of milk down her thigh. Jess noticed it and gave a sympathetic smile. She had experienced that many times, and knew Alex would too, probably even more so.

“Oh, don’t even mention that. I’d do anything to be even just a little bit smaller. I feel completely overwhelmed. I mean, have you ever even seen anyone, anyone at all, be as pregnant as I am?”

“Yeah, even I was never that big, and I remember being pretty fucking big. Sandra Sands might be the closest challenger, but I still think you take it mommy.”

“Sandra Sands?”

“I’ll show you in a minute, but we can actually find out right now if you want.” She reached next to her, struggling to keep her babies attached to her chests, and scooped up an envelope.

“This came for you from the ultrasound clinic. I know you rushed out of there before we could see the results, but the clinic was kind enough to email them. If you’re feeling up to it now, well, care to do the honours?”

Alex snatched it from her hand, from one three-fingered grip to another. “I said it when I swilled that potion and I’ll say it again, fuck it. They’ve been kicking up a storm and now I want to know how many to blame.” She ripped open the envelope, and Jess gave a little excited clap. She’d been wanting to know how many unofficial nieces and nephews she’d be able to play aunt to for a long time now. “Yeah cowgirl!” she cheered, and Alex groaned again from the encouragement within and without. She gazed at the information on the short little docket. Stared, blinked, stared again. Read it over, checked the back, pressed her leathery black thumb over the number displayed to make sure there wasn’t a mistake.

“What? What is it Alex? How many?”

Alex slowly drew her gaze up to meet her friend’s. She had a thousand-yard stare, her left hand absently soothing her prodigious number of young, which she now had the answer for. She almost wished she didn’t know.

“Oh God, Alex, is there a problem with them? Are they healthy?”

“Perfectly,” she replied with a hollow voice. “Every last one.”

“So how many?”

“Eight.”

“Did you just say eight?”

Alex blinked, snapped out of the hypnosis her mind seemed to have waltzed into for recovery. She stared again at the paper. "Eight," she repeated. "I'm carrying eight. Four girls, four boys. Eight."

"Alex, this is wonderful!"

"I'm going to get so huge. I think I'm already bigger than you. I'll be in labour for half a year!"

Jess raised an eyebrow. "Feeding time will be perfect though. You've got eight teats Alex, and soon you'll have eight kids. One feeder for each mouth."

Alex rested her head in her hands. "Oh fuck me."

"That's what got you into this situation."

"Eight. I thought five at the most, a little bigger than you. I'd dared to hope for three."

"I guess this makes you an octomom, technically. Once again you just had to beat me."

Alex raised her head again, curled up the lip of her snout. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

Jess nodded eagerly. "Just a little. Oh what am I kidding, this is awesome. I was hoping you'd have a big litter. It'll make this place a lot livelier. And when they're older, some of our kids might even start dating and have little calves of our own!"

"It scares me how optimistic you are about this. You don't have to be the one to carry them."

"Well, you did start this whole thing in the first place, turning us both into cowgirls, so I think I win this one."

"And that means I – neeeuurrrghhh oooh!" A large spurt of milk erupted from her lower breasts, spurting down onto the table. "Ooooh my goodness, no wonder my body's obsessed with making so much milk. I'll need gallons."

"And gallons you will make. Heck, I'm still making them just to keep up with these chubby little cutie-pies."

"Seriously though Jess, will I be a good mum?"

For the first time that morning her friend became serious. "Alex, you literally turned yourself bovine just so your friend wouldn't be alone. You are batshit crazy, but you are gonna be an awesome mum."

Alex smiled. She cradled her bloated womb, imagining all her little calves packed up against one another, waiting to be born one after the next into the world.

"Octomum, here I am," she said with a giggle.

"Plus, you're gonna be one heck of a cowmama milf."

Alex snorted through her large bovine nostrils, and her tongue absent-mindedly licked the left one clean. "Yeah, right, good luck trying to find someone interested in a woman with eight kids already, let alone one with an udder and four tits."

“Please, guys go nuts for a gal with four tits. Just ask Derek. Things will work out. We’ll land you a nice man, sis. It’s actually what I’ve been wanting to show you.” She placed her little babies, still sleeping, into their respective cribs and moved around to Jess’ side, snatching up the laptop as she went. Alex envied her movement, and knew their disparity would only increase as she grew more and more fecund in coming months. Jess sat down beside her, and her tail flicked the laptop open.

“Show off,” Alex grumbled, but her attention quickly turned to the incredibly pregnant woman on the screen. She was human, unlike them, but her petite figure was struggling against the enormity of her pregnant belly, which rounded out like a boulder in front of her. Her breasts were comparatively tiny. From the little information screen beside the picture, it seemed she was carrying quads.

“This is Sandra Sands,” Jess announced. “We got to talking after I remembered something you said about your first meeting with Tila. Ring any bells?”

“I do remember. Her husband had gotten some fertility drug from the witch, hoping to get kids out of her since she didn’t want any. I think I recall the man giving her nine drops, which means she’ll be pregnant . . .”

“Again and again for nine years total. Which could even be ten or eleven pregnancies if the potion makes her get knocked up right away again. Yeah, I got in touch with her while I was recovering from giving birth. Turns out she’s been wondering why she keeps getting hit with pregnancy cravings. It was odd the first time when she was having triplets, but she swore off any more only to be obsessed with getting with child the day after she birthed her first lot. So we got to talking, and I eventually let her see a picture of me, and we formed a bit of an alliance.”

It was all going very fast for Alex, particularly after the stunning news she’d just had. It was a lot of information to absorb for someone as heavily pregnant as her.

“What’s this all about Jess?”

Her friend grinned, patted Alex’s pregnant form with a giddy condescension. “In a moment, in a moment. Don’t rush me. Basically, she managed to work out what had happened thanks to our side of the story, and has since divorced Mr Sands. Turns out he didn’t stop to consider what the potion actually does; it makes her crave becoming pregnant and upped her fertility so high her body can get pregnant day one after birth and it’ll be a miracle if she ever has less than twins. But they don’t have to come from Mr Sands, see? They just have to be from someone.”

It dawned on Alex. “Loopholes. She found a way to get a part of her life back.”

“Exactly. She’s resigned to the knowledge now that she’s still got seven years of this to go. She’ll probably end up with about forty kids or so. But as we talked, we came to the conclusion that there’s more of us out there, so we made this.”

She clicked open a new tab, taking her to a site called Freakmeet.com. Jess was listed as an admin under the username BovineBessica. She informed Alex that Sandra was the other admin of the site, under the username BabyMama. And below, there were several other users, each with a profile pic, usually just a standard emoji or imported image. But then Jess opened another tab, typed in a complicated password, and cracked open the gallery, which she assured was for member eyes only and ruthlessly kept secure by some of the more tech-minded members. But Alex was listening at that point. She ignored the sensation of milk being produced in her mammarys, of the strain of her back, even her tail wriggling in excitement. She leaned forward as far as her preggo body would allow her, and stared at the images. There was a lizard man, his skin covered in scaled and a large tail trailing behind him; A modern day medusa, her lower half a long naga-like snake tail, her slitted eyes staring at the view with an expression of excitement and joy, while her wriggling mass of snake hair was frozen in mid-blur. They framed her head, rearing up. The girl was almost cute. She couldn't have been older than eighteen. Others were shown to her; a chicken lady who laid eggs each morning, a seahorse man who lived in an aquarium and was soon to give birth. A man and woman looked normal in their separate pictures, until Jess informed her that they were the same person, a day apart, doomed to change to the other each midnight. One woman seemed to be a genie of sorts, able to grant wishes but longing to be a man again. There was even the woman Tila had referred to; the buxom babe who was now five separate versions of herself, each still devoted hopelessly to the same nerd who had cursed her.

"They're all like us Alex, some more than others. This is our safe space where we can talk to each other, and maybe even meet some or catch up as a whole group one day. And who knows how many more there are, whose lives have been changed by a bad wish or government experiment or failed science project and so on. You tell me you can't land a man, I tell you there's someone out there exactly like you."

Alex smiled, overtaken by the gesture and the commitment by her friend. "Jess, you're an amazing friend." They hugged, their various breasts and udders mushing up against one another, a feeling both were long used to, just as they were at the usual hair exchange that occurred when days later they would find brown hair or Holstein hair sitting on their fur.

Just at that point, Alex's phone buzzed with a text.

Mum: Morning hun. I made jam and cream scones and picked up some groceries for you. How are my grandkids? Found out how many yet? Dad and I are hoping for twins.

She showed her friend the text, and both of them erupted into laughter, so much so that Alex lactated even more on the floor and set her babies into fits that had her mooing and moaning, mooing and moaning and rubbing her poor womb.

"Are you gonna tell her the truth?"

“Yeah,” Alex replied, “gotta rip off the bandaid. Say ‘ah fuck it’ and do something stupid, right?”

“Yeah. Cow sisters forever.”

“Damn right.” She began typing the message back.

Mum, have I got news for you.

The End