

Complete Bull

For AmazingGamer17

By TheSpiralledEye

It's funny really; when you tell people you're studying to be a zoologist they imagine you trekking through the African savanna, or nursing an abandoned tiger cub. People seem so impressed and jealous that you will spend your days tending to injured wildlife and helping to conserve endangered species. The reality of that situation is very different as Amber well knew. Honestly, it involved a lot more research into boring every day animals and their habits; most of which were disgusting. It turned a lot of people in her biology class off the field entirely so that now there were only half a dozen of them left in the course at all. The final straw for many had been the animal mating unit, which involved watching far too many graphic videos and learning the intricate details of the subject matter. Amber was not put off though, sex was a natural part of the world for both humans and animals, if people really were too prudish to learn the ins and outs of buffalo mating season, they shouldn't have joined the diploma in the first place. Though even she would admit this particular unit was far from her favourite.

She and Chelsea had been assigned an essay on the mating habits of African Buffalo and their contemporaries which meant another glorious visit to the farm not far from their university where the local zoo kept some of their animals for study. Chelsea was the worst project partner to be paired with, she had an amazing ability to do zero work and yet, when questioned by the professor, answer everything perfectly. As a result, nobody believed her former partners when they complained she'd never done any of the work. Amber considered throwing her under the bus but all that would do was ensure they both failed.

Amber sighed, staring at the incomplete paragraph with a sneer. She had already written over a thousand words tonight and her eyes were beginning to sting. Her desk was covered in textbooks and scientific journals, all about buffalo and bulls.

"What the hell even is my life?" She mumbled, running her fingers through her long red hair.

If somebody walked in right now what on Earth would they think? Maybe she needed a break, she was just about to shut off her computer and go for a walk when a message appeared on screen from Chelsea of all people. Amber had long ago stopped messaging her after all she received in return was memes so it was surprisingly to see a link to a google doc labelled 'Tomorrow's Trip Schedule' appear in the chat window. Amber actually smiled; when she asked Chelsea to put together an itinerary for them to ensure they saw each type of bovine, she hadn't actually expected her to do it! She sent back a quick thank you and clicked the link, fingers crossed it was not some amateurish dot points across a blank page.

It was not. In fact, the link didn't open a google document at all but a webpage that had Amber blinking in surprise. A welcome banner flashed across black background with a number of links to other pages, each with a separate animal next to them.

'WELCOME TO ANIMAL HYPNOSIS, PICK THE ANIMAL THAT SUITS YOU BEST!'

"What the fuck, Chelsea." Amber groaned, flipping back to their message window.

'Seriously? I have actual work to do, we both do actually.'

'Trust me, this site has some amazing videos on bulls, check them out. You'll love it!'

Amber rolled her eyes, the site looked like something from the earliest days on the net, even if there was good information it was probably outdated as hell. Still, if this was Chelsea at least attempting to help she should try, bad effort was better than no effort, right? She scrolled until she found a picture of a bull and clicked on it to find a video file ready to place. In place of a play button there was instead a tiny window that simply said 'I Consent'.

Was this Chelsea's weird way of telling Amber she was a furry and trolling her? It had to be. Not that Amber had anything against furries mind, you do you people, it just was not really her thing. For some reason she could not fathom, morbid curiosity perhaps, Amber found her mouse moving to the button and clicking it. The video immediately went wide, filling her entire screen and she braced for the inevitable porn only to be surprised by...a black screen.

"Wow, amazing troll Chelsea. Seriously." She deadpanned, reaching over to the close the video only to find she couldn't.

There was no X or minimize button and her escape key did nothing. Fucking brilliant, that's what she got for actually giving that slacker a chance, a computer virus. And she hadn't saved her latest draft either, crap! She peered closer at the screen, looking for the exit button, it had to be here somewhere. As she did though the video seemed to spark to life, a tiny white dot appearing in the centre which slowly flowed into a white line which spiralled out till it reached the edge of the screen, melting with the black until a whirlpool of monotone formed. It was oddly pretty, the way the spiral moved seemed to draw the eye to the centre, the swirl slowly moving inwards, making Amber's eyes continually flow to its middle despite her best efforts to look for that exit button.

It was...actually a big relaxing. Amber found herself sitting back in her computer chair and sighing; after all that work, she really did deserve a break. The spiral seemed to grow and encompass her entire vision, or maybe she was just leaning forwards in her chair. It was strange, she couldn't quite feel her own body, it almost felt like she was floating.

"Welcome." Came a soothing voice from her computer speakers, it was a woman's voice, breathy and almost sensual.

"Let yourself relax and let the spiral take hold."

"...Okay." Amber's tongue felt thick in her mouth, even speaking was difficult, she was just so relaxed.

Didn't this website say something about hypnosis? Is that what was happening? Surely that stuff didn't actually work. It was all actors and...and...what was she thinking about again? That woman's voice was speaking again, she should really pay attention, it was rude to zone out when somebody was talking to you after all. Whatever it is that had distracted her could not be that important.

"Feel your sense of humanity slipping, you are no longer a human being."

"I...yes, I am?"

Of course, she was a human, what sort of statement was that? What a stupid thing to say, but even as the woman continued to talk that started to feel...wrong.

"You are a bull."

A bull? Like a cow? She couldn't be a bull; bulls were animals and not to mention *male* something she clearly was not. But that voice was so soothing and calm, she couldn't bring herself to argue again.

"You are a bull. A strong, virile horny bull."

Maybe it was the husky edge to that woman's voice but Amber felt something stir within her. Maybe the woman was wrong about her being a bull but she was starting to feel a little...turned on.

"Long powerful horns adorn the top of your head. Your powerful hooves keep you balanced."

Why were those words making her so horny; Amber wasn't turned on thinking about how sexy it would be to have all that strength. To have the rippling muscles of a minotaur...

"Your cock and balls are huge, intimidating and give you so much pleasure..."

Fuck, it would be hot to have those things though. Amber felt her jaw go lax as she stared into that spiral, a masculine, bovine face was slowly appearing through the swirl and as she stared, she noticed it had a familiar set of wide blue eyes. Her eyes. Horns and a long face framed them and Amber shuddered looking at it; she looked so...sexy like that.

"You are a virile bull."

"I...I am a virile bull."

Oh. *Oh*, that felt nice, repeating those words sent a stab of pleasure through her that pushed away any doubts. The voice was right, it would be so sexy to look like that.

"A massive, thick cock resides between your legs. It powers your insatiable sex drive."

Amber was wet now, leaking through her panties onto the chair as she repeated the words back.

"A long, ropey tail adorns your backside, your skin is dusted with soft fur."

Amber's eyes were glassy, a line of drool was dripping from the side of her mouth as she stared hopelessly into the now pulsing spiral. Repeating each word the voice told her to.

"On the count of three you will snap out of your trance and the next time you see a bull, your transformation will begin in true."

The voice began counting down and Amber found herself filled with anticipation. She wanted to see a bull so badly.

"One..."

She wanted to transform.

"Two..."

She was so turned on!

"One..."

She was so-

"Awake!"

Amber blinked, the video shutting off and returning her to the homepage of the website. Sticky wetness filled her panties and she felt her face flush with humiliation. She could not believe what just happened, she actually fell for that sick prank of Chelsea's! That fucking pervert; Amber quickly closed down the website in disgust at both her classmate and self. Hopefully there was no way for Chelsea to prove she did in fact click on anything, let alone watched an entire video and got pretty turned on. At least she hadn't debased herself by getting off to that weird display.

She opened her chat window to give Chelsea a piece of her mind and found her fingers froze upon the keyboard. If she went off at her, then Chelsea would know she watched a video, even just a little bit. Even one person knowing she went to that website was too much. She minimized the window and then, just to add salt to the wound, blocked her. Research partner or not, nothing good would come from talking to her again. When they met up tomorrow to head over to the farm, she would really lay into her, then report her to the professors. Yes, that was the smartest course of action.

Burying her shame Amber quickly deleted her browser history and tried to get back to writing their paper but at every turn she found her cheeks heating. Each picture of those bulls reminding her of the video, having to type out details of their mating practices, it was too much after all of that. She slammed down the laptop and went to take a cold shower; she could finish the work tomorrow after their trip.

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Amber slept fitfully; her dreams filled with strange minotaur like creatures. Further details fled her mind after waking, something she was infinitely thankful for. With no enthusiasm she dragged herself from bed to get ready for the day; she had not been looking forward to this trip in the first place, after last night the idea of studying bovines all day sounded like actual hell. The fact that she would have to do it with Chelsea present was just the shitty icing on the cupcake.

Just thinking about that prank made Amber's cheeks flush as she approached the farm, the dozen or so other students in their course were already gathered at the entrance, pairing up to get directions to their various project animals. Chelsea was late, of course. Amber chose to think of that as a blessing in disguise; she didn't want to risk anybody overhearing what she had to say, the less

people knew about that sick website the better. She spoke with the working farmer about which barn the bulls and cows were kept in and got direction and then, lacking any other options, she waited.

And waited.

And waited...

Almost forty minutes later Chelsea came sauntering down the street, blonde curls bouncing as she skipped with an airhead smile on her face. Not even the decency to look apologetic or worried.

“Do you have any idea how late you are?” Amber growled, “Everybody else is already studying!”

“Am I late?” Chelsea giggled, “oopsie, sorry. I had a late one last night. I met this handsome guy online and we decided to hook up-“

“I don’t care about your damn sex life.” Amber sighed, “What I care about is that sick prank you pulled.”

Chelsea’s eyes lit up in delight and she leaned in close.

“Did you watch the bull video?” Her voice was filled with excitement.

“Fuck no.” Amber lied, just a little too quickly, “Look, I get that maybe you’re into some...niche stuff, but you can’t go sending that sort of thing to people! It’s fucked up!”

“Oh, I think you’d like it if you gave it a chance.” Chelsea sighed, twirling her finger on the little taurus insignia hanging above her cleavage. “Anthro bulls are so-“

“Oh. My. God. Stop talking.” Amber slammed her hands over her ears to hide how pink they were turning.

The last thing she wanted to be reminded of was anthro bulls, especially in a voice as sweet and sensual as Chelsea's. Not that she ever thought that before now! Okay, Chelsea was objectively hot but Amber wasn't into girls, especially not bimbo girls with voracious sexual appetites who were probably furies. Nope. Not at all.

"Are you okay?" Chelsea asked with a pout, "You're going red."

"No, I am not! Let's just, get this over with." Amber turned on her heels and started for the barn, "And you are writing your share of this report. You owe me!"

She didn't wait to hear Chelsea's reply if any, Amber just wanted to go observe the damn bulls, take the photos necessary for her zoology report and then get home and finish it so she could pretend the last twenty-four hours did not happen. Why the barn was so far from the main entrance she had no idea and by the time she reached it Amber found herself out of breath. A glance behind her showed Chelsea taking her sweet time getting distracted watching other animals and Amber rolled her eyes. What was even the point in waiting?

She shoved open the large barn door and was met with the smell of hay and...something. There was a strangely appealing musk to the air that she couldn't quite put her finger on. The barn was light and airy though so it didn't linger for too long. Most of the stalls were empty, the cows having been let out to the field beyond but just as the keeper had told her, one has been kept back for them in his stall. Amber approached, grabbing out her notepad and pen ready to take notes but the moment she laid eyes on the creature her whole body seemed to stiffen.

That voice from the video flooded her mind and Amber felt her whole body begin to tremble. She reached out, trying to steady herself only to knock the latch on the pen; the bull, sensing freedom, charged passed. She barely had the chance to jump out of the way as the creature moved past her to join its fellows in the field beyond. Normally, such an experience would frighten her but Amber had bigger problems. Laying in on the hay covered floor she could feel her body shaking as the burn of stretching muscle spread across it.

"You are a bull, a virile, horny bull..."

She choked back a yell as she watched her thighs begin to swell under her jeans, making the fabric tear at the seams. Instead of creamy white skin beneath though she saw a layer of thick brown hair, far coarser than what she normally shaved off. Her feet began to burn and she lifted one only to see her shoe fall off, her toes melding into one, her red nail polish disappearing as they formed a solid hoof.

"You are supported on strong hooves..."

Oh God, the video-how? She was actually turning into a bull! Her whole body was growing, muscles thickening as her petite figure was replaced with that of a body builder. A stiff pain formed in her rear and Amber turned to watch as what remained of her jeans fell away, pushed aside by a rope like tail tipped with a tuft of thick hair. She could move it like any other limb and it thrashed with nervous energy as it continued to stretch out of her hips. It almost felt good and she fell forward onto her hands and knees, ass in the air with a groan as her tail stretched out to its full length.

“Wh-what is happening?”

Her legs were still thickening, that coarse hair spreading up her legs and over her now tight, taut ass. Gone was any sense of jiggle that she normally possessed. And the transformation was spreading upwards. With each breath she felt her double D breasts heaving. But with each rise and fall they seemed to shrink, turning to smooth muscle as her stomach turned hard with abs. All sense of decorum gone she hurried to remove her now ill-fitting shirt but did not get the chance as her shoulders squared, becoming broad and ripping through the thin fabric. Her clothing was in tatters, even her bra and panties were in shreds falling off her. She tried to stand, wobbling on her hooves onto to double back over as a splitting pain shot through her skull. Her hands flew to where two pointed curved bones were growing atop her skull.

“You are adorned with thick horns...”

This couldn't be happening! She couldn't be turning into some sort of bull person, she wasn't even-

Male.

With horror Amber looked down at her naked body and watched, helpless, as her pretty pussy disappeared beneath that brown fur. Then a pressure formed and she felt something pushing out of her. She knew what it was going to be even before it emerged but she still gasped. A cock; a girthy, thick cock twice the size of a normal mans was growing between her legs and despite everything, Amber moaned. The sound was low and bestial but she couldn't help it, her new cock wasn't even fully formed yet, but it felt so good already. Another bout of pressure had her moaning, back on all fours as two balls appeared, swelling and full of seed. Just the sight of them was enough to make her hard.

“Oh fuck, f-fuuuuuck!”

Amber could feel the blood rushing southwards as her erection grew, distracting her from the way her face became longer and her ears stretched out. She raised a now thick, manly hand to her mouth to try and stop the sounds and found a flat nose at the end of her now long face, a metal ring having

somehow pierced it without her noticing. Once more she stumbled to her feet, now naked and fully changed; she could see her reflection in the shiny metal pails that were stacked by the wall. An anthropomorphic bull man stared back at her; not unlike a minotaur. He looked...so sexy. His cock was so huge and hard and as her hand grabbed for it, she couldn't take her eyes away from the reflection. She had just been transformed into a bull monster, she should be terrified, not horny but fuck, she was. Amber had never been so turned on in all her life, she could feel her loins burning. The need to bury her cock into something hot and wet was so strong. A gasp from the barn door made her turn, erection still in hand, to find Chelsea gaping at her with wide eyes.

"You did watch it," she whispered, "I knew it."

"I...I can explain."

Could she though, her head was so filled with lust she could barely think at all. Her eyes roamed Chelsea's beautiful body without meaning to, taking in her soft curves, her lovely breasts; subconsciously her fist tightened around the base of her cock.

"You look even better than I'd imagined." Chelsea breathed, looking Amber up and down hungrily, "And already hard."

Amber was frozen, watching anxiously as Chelsea approached and laid a hand on her waiting cock. The touch was so soft, so good; Amber moaned, letting go to allow Chelsea to place a second hand on her girth. She began to pump and animalistic sounds escaped Amber's mouth, it was so embarrassing, losing control like this but she was a slave to her new, bestial urges. One of Chelsea's hands reached out to squeeze at her heavy balls, massaging it under her fingers and Amber felt something begin to build. A tightness formed in those balls and then suddenly, she was cumming. Hot seed shot from her cock as it pulsed, sending several waves of it all over Chelsea's clothing. The woman moaned, whole body shuddering as it coated her and Amber felt some semblance of control return.

"What, is happening?" She mumbled, she felt so turned on.

She should let go of her cock, she was touching herself in front of somebody else for God's sake! But her hand was so warm and rough, the callouses on her fingers sending tingles of pleasure up her length. A dot of precum appeared at her tip and rolled down her member. God, she needed more.

"That felt so good I...I...Fuck I am so horny why can't I stop!"

Already her cock was half hard, those horny feelings were growing rapidly as Chelsea slowly stripped off her cum stained clothes. Her pupils were blown wide with lust.

“I have always wanted a real anthro bull.” She mumbled, “When I found those videos, I knew you’d be perfect for them.”

The hypnosis! That video had somehow transformed her, body and mind. Amber knew she had to fight it, if she didn’t give in again, maybe she would turn back. But Chelsea looked so damn hot, standing naked before her, patches of her seed still shining on her skin. Her pussy was wet and waiting and as she took Amber’s hand she followed her down into the hay. The blonde’s hands were on her cock again and Amber moaned, actually moaned. Somehow Chelsea knew just how to touch her to bring her back to full hardness.

She had to stop, step away, she had to fight this; but she was so horny. She needed to fuck somebody, anybody and Chelsea was right here, turning onto her hands and knees and presenting her peach shaped ass in the air. Ready for Amber to take. Her eyes were glued to that pussy, open, waiting for her. What would it feel like to have her girth squeezed so tightly by it, she couldn’t resist, she had to find out.

She gripped Chelsea’s hips in her strong hands and pressed her hips forward till the tip brushed against the woman’s waiting hole. Her new body was all muscle, even if Chelsea wanted to move, she was pinned by her iron grip. The horny woman tried in vain to push back against Amber’s new cock but she held her in place; she was in control here now, not Chelsea. The woman moaned, whole body quivering in anticipation. With only the slightest hint of hesitation, Amber began to push inside. Chelsea was so *tight*; Amber was being squeezed on all sides and despite the amount of wetness between Chelsea’s lips there was still some resistance thanks to the sheer size of Amber’s new cock.

“Oh....Oh gods, it’s so big, there’s so much! Ah! It’s even b-better than I’d hoped!” Chelsea was babbling, by the time Amber was half sheathed she was almost incoherent. “More! More!”

She was happy to oblige, that warm wet heat felt so good and even though she was almost too big, Amber wanted to fully submerge herself in it. By the time she was fully sheathed, Chelsea was a mess, whimpering and over stimulated from the sheer amount of length buried inside her. Amber was sure she was hitting the woman’s G-spot already and teasingly rotated her hips, eliciting a passion filled wail. The whole farm could probably hear her and right now, that made Amber hot all over. The whole farm would hear just how amazing she was, how much pleasure Chelsea was getting from her. Fuck; she started to thrust.

After only a few seconds she felt Chelsea begin to tighten further, pulsing around her as she came with a gasp. Amber smirked, she was not nearly finished yet; if Chelsea came that easily, she would have her seeing stars by the end. She began to thrust harder, pulling almost completely out before plunging her full length back inside.

“Fuck! Oh God, it’s too much!” Chelsea whimpered, “I can’t-can’t-Ooooooh!”

Another orgasm, another delicious tightening around her and Amber threw back her head and kept going, each time Chelsea came it felt better than the last, she would squeeze even tighter and it felt delicious. Amber could feel her heavy balls slapping against the woman’s thighs, the sound was music to her ears.

“Ah, ah, AH! Please, fill me!” Chelsea moaned, “I can’t cum again, it’s too much!”

She could though; Amber was getting close herself but she refused to let Chelsea off the hook so easily. She picked up the pace, savouring the way her balls tightened almost painfully as she neared the edge; she just had to hold on for a few more thrusts. Chelsea was already beginning to pulse, pussy rhythmically tightening around her cock as she neared yet another orgasm. This time she did so silently, head thrown back and eyes rolled into her skull; Amber could feel her squirting against her cock and that pulled her over the edge.

Her cock began pumping and she felt the seed pulled from her swollen balls and filling Chelsea. Amber saw white, pure ecstasy overwhelming all other senses as she finally crashed back down to Earth. Her partner collapsed and panting in the hay, only held up by Amber’s iron grip on her hips. With a shudder she pulled out and collapsed into the hay next to Chelsea, both of them were naked and sweaty, not to mention all the other substances that coated their legs.

With a sigh of gratification Amber closed her eyes; lust finally sated. After a moment, a weight began to form on her chest and Amber’s eyes flew open; her strong, muscular chest was changing, two round mounds swelling there are her familiar set of double D breast remerged, nipples still painfully hard. Her body shifted on the hay as her ass swelled, lifting her widening hips and they began to round again and her face turned back to that of a normal woman. All her hard edges and broad muscular frame began to melt away, fur receding back under her skin as she transformed back into a woman.

Her cock and balls were the last to go, the huge member remaining until she was almost fully female again before slowly shrinking down into her body. She could feel it, melting back into the skin along with her balls until only a smooth mound of dark curly hair was left. She could see the pink edges of her pussy lips and felt a stab of disappointment pass through her. She had always thought her pussy was quite pretty but after experiencing the pure power of her bull cock it felt...lacklustre.

Mind finally freed from her trance Amber felt horror wash over her; she was laying naked on a barn floor next to Chelsea of all people, both of them stinking of sex and fluids. Not only that, but neither of them could even hurried dress; Amber’s clothes were in tatters and Chelsea’s still soaked by her bull cum. What were they going to do, if somebody found them like this, she would never live it down, hell they might even be expelled from their course! She raced to her feet, stumbling slightly as she got used to having normal feet again.

“What are we going to do?” She asked in a panic, “This is all your fault, Chelsea, sending me that video!”

“I think it was well worth it, don’t you?” She purred; eyes still heavy lidded.

“Be serious! And don’t go thinking there is anything between us!” Amber’s cheeks burned, “That was all...hormones.”

“Uh-huh?” She mumbled, sitting up, seemingly unperturbed by their situation at all. “Relax, nobody else is coming down to this barn or field for the rest of the day. I know, I checked their work schedule while you were rushing ahead.”

“So what, we just sit here naked all day and then try to sneak out? I can’t walk back to my apartment like this!”

“We’ll nick some clothing from the work sheds; we just have to wait till the end of the day when the sun goes down.” Chelsea shrugged.

Amber bit her tongue, it wasn’t like she had any better plans.

“Fine. I suppose we could work on the report...”

“Oh, I can think of a much better way for us to spend our time.” Chelsea giggled, “After all, all it’ll take to turn you back into my horny, bull man is one glance at a bull.”

Amber’s stomach churned; she was going to become that...thing again? Every time she saw a bull? B-but the project, she had to observe them! Surely this hypnosis could not hold forever. Her terror must have shown on her face because Chelsea cooed, standing and putting an arm around her shoulder and slowly leading her out into the field that housed the cows and bulls.

“Don’t worry,” She whispered as Amber’s eyes fell upon a bull grazing near the fence. “I’ll be right here for you.”

