

END OF YEAR MOO

DECEMBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sona Buvelle had been a little unsure about this at first. After having an incident that had spurned a great deal of anxiety within her heart, she had been recommended to attend an ‘adult vacation resort’. A special place that treated one’s woes according to their fetishes and carnal desires – things that Sona was absolutely *not* open about. How could she be? Considering her profession, the last thing she could advertise were the types of kinks she was into.

Even now, after arriving, she had some hesitation. Apparently the resort stays were personalized and entirely private, and thanks to special sensors designed in Piltover from Hextech, her special, personal room would read the deep-seated desires that even *she* didn’t know she had to personalize her experience. But anonymity was reliant on the people running the place. If someone leaked it, then...

Well, it was too late to back out now. A butler had already guided her to her personal quarters where the scanner would read her and produce the ideal conditions necessary to pleasure her so that her stress would be reduced. “...” Looking around the room once she’d been directed in, though, it was just a white cube? There was no furniture, no nothing.

She’d at least expected some sort of decorations, seeing as she was visiting at the end of the year?

She had missed out on asking about how the process worked because, well, she couldn’t talk. Had she been able to, it would have been explained to her that the technology involved could create dedicated little microworlds to simulate what she desired, so no further furniture was necessary to be placed inside in the first place.

What she *had* been told was that she needed to be naked before the process would begin. And so she stripped free of her robes and even the ties to her hair, before standing in the room's center. It didn't take long upon doing so for the walls to begin making a strange noise. On some level she recognized it – it was a sound similar to some of the Hextech devices she had seen with her own two eyes, but on a much larger scale than anything she had ever encountered. Was this safe?



SCAN COMPLETED. IMPLEMENTING SUBJECT'S FANTASY.

Scan? When had it scanned her? There had been no visual indication that it had been doing such a thing, and yet it must have been so. Coy as she was about herself, what sort of kinks the scan might uncover from her psyche had been something she was equally terrified and excited to learn, particularly because they would be put into practice before she even knew *what* they were. She should just do as her doctor advised and take this as an opportunity to learn something about herself.

Did that *something* have to do with darker skin, though? Sona was left to wonder this after a tingling from head to toe provoked her into looking down at her bare body. The pristine pale that she saw each and every day had been compromised by a series of tiny speckles that were of a slightly darker color than her regular skin tone, and they were *multiplying*.

The more coverage her body received by these tanned spots, the less they looked like spots at all. Gaps were rapidly filled in by the turning tone, light browns blending together until they were ultimately the dominant color while the final spots of pale were dusted away. Not even the woman's nipples and pussy were spared, with both growing darker than they had been prior.

“...?” This change alone didn't exactly inspire anything within her. Was this a kink she had? *Being tanned*? It was true that she had a terrible

time tanning naturally and she had wondered what it might be like to not outright burn while standing in the sun for more than an hour straight without lotion, but... No, had there been a moment? She'd seen a woman working the street once with skin of a similar color. Had it stuck with her as *attractive*? Was the machine truly feeding on such *little* things?

What did that mean for the *rest* of her desires, exactly?

Additional traits from the woman she had seen in that encounter had begun to bleed in, but they were in less notable places on this occasion. Sona's blue hair wasn't exactly looking *as* blue as it normally did, with strands of platinum blonde weaving throughout its regular color. Much like the spots on her skin, the blonde replicated itself into the blues that had otherwise been unchanged, and before long her entire head was done up in that very same tone. Not *only* that, but it shortened from her ass all of the way up to her shoulders, where tips took a wavier curl than before.

The bulk of this hair was pulled up into a set of twintails bound by crimson ribbon, which in turn showed off her bare ears. This was important not because the ears themselves would *change* exactly, but because they ended up *accessorized*. Yes, that's right. The woman's hair and piercings had caught her eye back then too – and so golden hoops found the bottoms of her ears, with studs bridging their peaks. She would have gained them in her nipples and clit as well, but having them there would have interrupted a future change.

“Is this for real—?” Sona spoke up, and upon realizing as much her eyes went wide to reveal her irises changing from blue to bright pink, decorated by red makeup around them. **“Did I just... Am I speaking? Seriously?”** For as long as she could remember, the musician had been mute. Wish as she might, she couldn't utter a word. But now? She was speaking so freely, though... Why was she speaking in such a *vapid* manner? She sounded like a spoiled little... Gods, did she find women like that to be attractive? Was that why?

Not that this state would persist. The warmth within her body had been gradually building, and the cause of this heat was beginning to pay dividends. One needn't look much farther than the woman's figure to see that. Mind you, Sona Buvelle was one of gratuitous figure already, at least as far as normal women were concerned. Her bosom was much bigger and her hips much wider than your typical maiden.

And so the heights to which they soon soared could hardly be described fairly.

“Huh? What’s— WHOA!” From her perspective it felt as if her chest had grown just a little heavier at first, and not in a way that was immediately recognizable visibly. Yet not a moment later there was what could best be described as a *surge* of tissue that saw her DDs ripple and swell. Not simply forward but to the sides as well, tanned tissue growing so ample that if you looked at her from behind, you might see the sheer size of her tits poking out past her arms.

Sona herself could scarcely believe her eyes. Not only were her tits so ginormous that her veins were clear as day running from her nipples, but the nipples themselves? By the gods were they engorged! Each one was likely larger than an eye, the length of each teat several inches. And yet they were strained even further by the sensation of something welling up with in, making her big breasts feel fuller and fuller.

There was a *sloshing* sensation, and once hands reached up to grope her massive mammaries? Something squirted forth and trickled downward. Something white, carrying an unusual odor. The look and smell of *milk*. **“I’m lactating!?! Since when did I...? But it... Oh, fuck!”** Now that she’d started, she couldn’t stop touching her *literal* milk-makers. They were so, so heavy that she felt like her back might give out at any minute, but full of milk as they were they were also so incredibly sensitive.

It became hard to hold herself upright, and that was what forced her hands away in the end, fingers held to the side now decorated with pink, sparkling nails. She needed them to maintain balance, for as much as she wished to feel pleasure, it would *not* be pleasurable if she fell on her side or ass. Speaking of the latter, though...

Sona’s rear end certainly wasn’t left out of the occasion. With her tits so immense, it was only fitting that she receive an ass thicc enough to suit it – else she would look far too lopsided figure wise, and the chances of her falling would become much more substantial. And so, like dough in the oven, her tanned cheeks engorged themselves upon the heat and swelled. They protruded out behind her several inches, mass so great that hips had little choice but to spread wider under their influence. Without thinking much about it, Sona playfully smacked one of these cheeks on her own – speaking to another repressed kink of hers in the end.

Even her thighs got a piece of the action, thickness splurging to see skin stretched to the absolute limit while still retaining a firm shapeliness. If fingers dug into them, perhaps they would *never* dig themselves out again. This left Sona’s body irredeemably lewd in appearance, so much so that even her pubes erupted into a sizable but neatly kept bush. **“I look like a damn cow! How am I supposed to walk around with these things!?”**

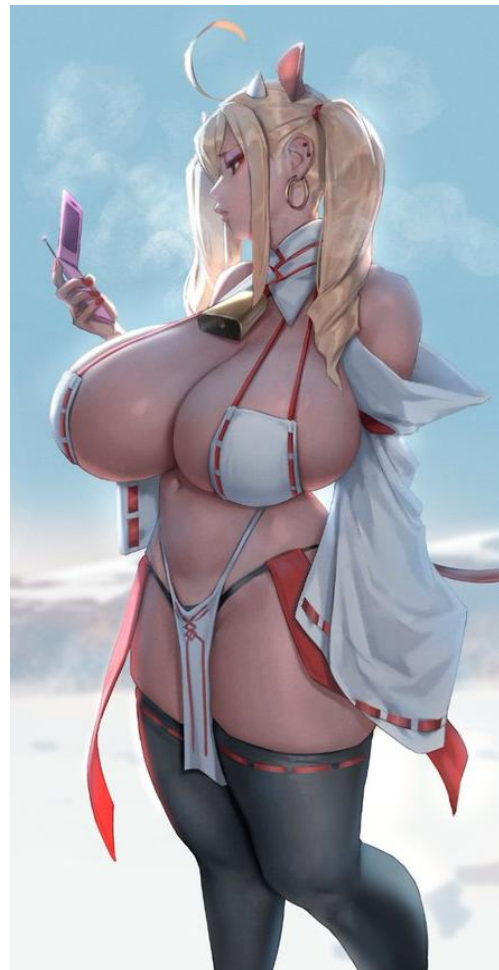
She was *acting* distraught over all of this, and yet the corners of her lips? Lips that looked as full as one might expect of a porn star? They had curled upwards. She was smiling. She liked it. But why? The way her heart was beating implied that she was anxious, because she was embarrassed, and yet that in itself felt kind of amazing. Had this part of her always been dormant within?

It was the woman herself that had referred to herself as a ‘cow’, and yet she couldn’t have fathomed that this insult was becoming more applicable to her current conditions than she could have ever imagined thanks to four points of pressure upon her head. Those closer to her forehead erupted into a pair of short, white horns, and the pair behind them? An additional set of ears formed, cartilage pink and pointed with what looked like brown fur about their backs. Complimenting it all was a thin, furry tail that wriggled out from above her tailbone.

And for some reason, Sona could not stifle it. A noise that was not befitting of her humanity whatsoever. “**Moo!**” She had mooed like a cow. Another shameful act, because to do such a thing implied she was *less than* a human. But, again, the shame of it stirred something within. Sona’s deepest, darkest fantasies that not even she had realized she was fixated on.

“**Get down in the mud, cow!**” All of a sudden the white room that the cow had been trapped within transformed into an open field, and the sound of a man’s voice yelling in her ear prompted her to drop down onto her hands and knees – in the cold, filthy mud. It was as utterly humiliating as the extraordinarily thick and sensual shape her body had now took, and yet she no longer possessed the voice to protest.

Even though it was humiliating, and even though she was being treated like human livestock, her cheeks burned red not only with shame, but elation. The shame made her happy? Had there really been such a desire buried within? “**Moo!?**” So caught up in how she felt, she hadn’t even noticed that the man had crouched down beside her. Not until she felt her teats



grasped, squeeze, and the flow of milk shooting out of them into a pale below. It felt so... so good!?

Where she had forgotten her name at the end of her transformation, with her body rocking back and forth from the stimulation of being milked, a new name replaced it. Well, maybe it wasn't a name so much as a title. One that was used to identify her. *Milkslut*. Something just as demeaning as both her body and the treatment it was presently receiving. She wouldn't protest. She couldn't protest. She just continued to moo, even though she was perfectly capable of speaking the human language.

Maybe she could ask to remain like this *permanently*?