

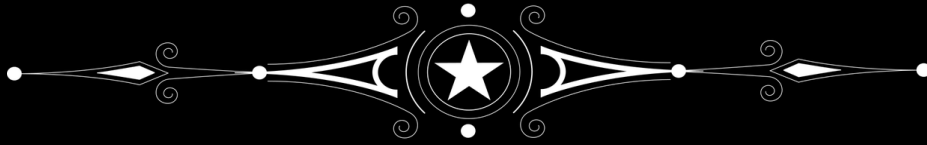
A Pit Stop

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Human to anthro cow TF, udder growth, milky

Read at your own discretion.



It was amazing how, in this supposed modern era of technological innovation, that cell phones never work when they are really needed. Perhaps that wouldn't make for too bad a situation if either of them could read a map, but who the heck learns to do that anymore when search engines can just barf out information?

Whether or not said information is useful has, sadly, become as blurred as Desmond's windshield these days.

"How do you not know where to find north?"

The chubby, brown-haired man ruffled his foldable map of Washington as if that'd help him discover some clarity on directions. It was more his attempt to muffle the irritated grumbles from his traveling companion. They probably still heard a few key curse words since both were sitting on the bumper of his taurus. The only comfortable seat the car had to offer with the front end stuck straight in a ditch.

"I told you I can totally find north! Finding this highway is a bit trickier."

"It'll be fine, hun." Marcy gave his knee a gentle squeeze. Her smile beamed better than the cloudy skies above their heads. "It's not even noon yet. Someone's bound to come by eventually."

"I'm not keen on waiting around. We haven't seen anything in the hour we were driving."

"Well, you're the one that wanted to take me fishing," Marcy said, sparking further grumbles that panged her with regret. "We've only been stuck for ten minutes. Relax dear."

That got Desmond to smirk. His head darted up and down the densely forested road they were stuck beside. It was about as detached from a civilized location as one can get in the northwest. "You sure? This is exactly how a lot of creepy pastas start; out in the middle of nowhere with no traffic and no signals?"

"If we see Slenderman I'll offer him head in exchange for a lift home. No worries."

Desmond slowly turned to eye his girlfriend with a very intense stare. The silence that fell between them dragged on intentionally long but Marcy's playful grin never faltered.

"I don't know what's worse," Desmond finally stated. "Picturing Slenderman with a dick, or that you'd be so ready to hit it."

"You know I get horny when I'm bored."

"You're horny at least six hours a day."

"Yup."

"...are you calling me boring?"

"Wellll...you could try a little harder..."

They made eye contact again before bursting into chuckles. Desmond had little doubts about his partner's desire for some fooling around at this moment. The awkward angled trunk of his car, however, didn't feel like that romantic of a location as the lakeside area he'd planned to take her this afternoon. There came a disappointed huff from the woman beside him when he returned to consulting the paper map. Something he dutifully ignored.

After a few more minutes of waiting with nothing but the wind passing through trees, Marcy spoke up, "Maybe we could try one of the farms we passed?"

"The what?" Her question seemed to genuinely confuse Desmond.

"You didn't notice any of the six crop fields we passed on the way up here. There should be a pasture just a quarter mile back the way we came. At the very least, they probably get a signal around there."

"Wandering off to visit isolated farms where no one visits is another horror movie trope, dearest."

Marcy rolled her eyes unable to hold back an exasperated sigh. "On a highway that connects as a straight line all the way to Seattle?"

"How do you know that when you've never been to this state before?!"

"I CAN read a maps geography on Airbnb, you know."

"Still think it's better to just wait here in case we miss a car."

To his surprise, Marcy hopped from the bumper, straightening her jean shorts. "Okay. How about you sit here and wait for a car and I'll take a quick jog over to see if anyone can spare a phone call."

It was clear by Desmond's look what he thought of that plane before he started speaking. "Splitting up in this scenario is, like, the worst decision we could make."

"We're not in a horror movie!"

"Creepy pasta."

"Terrorizing tacos. Whatever!" Marcy turned to start her walk, disregarding any protesting noises from her mate. "I'll be back in ten minutes, tops!"

“Fine! Just be careful.”

“The sun's coming out. I think I'll be fine.”

Marcy was already too far away to totally understand whatever reply Desmond shouted. For a vacation with a close loved one, this could be going much worse for her. Her optimistic side took this as a perfect opportunity for taking in the many wonders of nature. Woodlands in America were a drastic shift to those for her college stay in Germany. Yet, she couldn't put a specific finger on why. Perhaps they didn't feel as dense with a lot of dotted farmlands.

Speaking of which; the walk didn't last as long as Marcy was expecting. After rounding a second bend the trees abruptly cut off into an open field with a sizable herd of ten cows grazing within the fenced area. The farm houses certainly looked lived in from a distance, making the young woman scoff. Her adorable partner always liked to stress over nothing. They'll get a tow and be back home in no time.

That optimism held until about the fourth time she'd knocked on the main two-story house's front door. Aside from the sound of the cows or a chip of birds there weren't many signs of life to be had around here. Marcy bit her lower lip wondering what kind of person leaves their animals running loose before running off for the day.

Logic stood to reason that if the owners weren't in their home, they might be outside working on something else. Getting accused of trespassing wasn't exactly something Marcy wanted on record, but she was confident in her ability to project an aura of innocence. What possible reason could a girl have for stealing from a farm on foot?

Besides, the barn door had been left wide open. It'd be worth a short walk across the fields for a quick peek. Anything to avoid some 'I told you so's' from Desmond.

And there was no one inside. Not that anyone Marcy could see from the entrance frame, anyway.

“Hello!?” she called out into the dank open chamber, resisting the urge to pinch her nose so as not to obscure her words. A thick musk of hay, pollen, and, well, the stuff cows tend to leave felt less than inviting. “My boyfriend and I got stuck on the road. Anyone able to help?”

Dead silence, of course. Marcy took a deep breath through her mouth before carefully stepping inside. She could still pick up the shuffling of cows that'd yet to leave the comfort of their open pens. Every now and then a dull thunk of hoofs hit the dirty floor. Last thing she needed was stepping in a hot mess to take back to Desmond.

"Hello!?"

One of the bovines mooed almost as if in response. Still, no moving of furniture or clicks of shoes. Marcy even tried looking up and saw no one hiding in the rafters. Moving in a few more yards, she checked the nearest pens to find one of them had a

milking machine all set up and waiting for a full udder. A bit strange to just leave everything without a trace. Still wasn't nearly putting off scary movie vibes or whatever.

"I pick such silly mates," she mused while turning to leave. Marcy's eyes spotted a classic cow bell hanging from a peg on the pens gate, so gave it a playful whack to see how it'd ring. "Aah!?"

Apparently, it rang rather well; swinging back and forth on its leather strap with loud clacks echoed throughout the barn. The couple of cows inside joined in, mooing in unison like some kind of farmland choir. Marcy had to cover her ears to try keeping all the noise from shattering her skull. Though, it didn't stop her eyes from flashing with an ethereal glow that turned them into a sparkling gold hue. Not that she had any way of noticing this change.

"Now that was just plain weird," she huffed once the bell had gone still once more, silencing the cows with it. Taking that as a sign of overstaying her welcome, she twirled on one foot for the open gates. "Oof! What the?"

The barn kept spinning long after Marcy had finished her turn, nearly sending the poor girl staggering into a wheel barrel. She shook her head trying to get the world steady again, but that only made her vision blur in and out of focus. Both hands came to rest on her forehead. There wasn't a fever present and the temperature today was brisk warm at best.

"Huff. Those damn cows must have shaken my brain loose," she said jokingly before realizing she was talking to garden tools.

"Mooooo!"

"Oh, you're not hel-Mmmmmooooo!"

Marcy's eyes grew wide, her frazzled mind unsure where the hell that'd come from. Hearing the lazy billow of a nearby beast had brought out the compulsion to respond in kind before she could catch it. As the blurry haze cleared from her vision, it became replaced with an impossibly intense heat. Cold sweat was breaking out across her entire body in spite of dressing light. There wasn't much time to contemplate that when Marcy felt something stirring under her hands. Two bumps were pushing out from underneath the silky shampooed hair against her palms.

"W-what!?" she gasped between heavy breaths. Fingers sifted around her locks, feeling the skin of her scalp split from two distinct numbs rising out of it. A few light taps confirmed them to be as hard as bone, barely a few inches long. "Okay! This is getting moo. I mean, weird!"

A biting in her ears brought her hands down to feel the lobes stretching. An invisible force was somehow piercing through her grip and pulling them further away from her head like taffy. At the same time, she could feel their skin breaking out into a rash of dense fuzzy hairs. It made them really sensitive to the touch, sparking lots of flicking on muscles Marcy knew she shouldn't have.

"What's happening to moooo?"

The beastly noises were coming out as naturally as a verbal tick, but that wasn't what concerned the young woman anymore. Rushing into the open stall, Marcy bypassed the milk machine for a mirror set up in the back. What stared back was surprising yet not that unexpected. Her ears were over a foot long by the time they'd stopped growing. White fur with brown patches covered not only their skin, but most of her head as well. At the top of her head sat two short, rounded horns amidst the sea of hair.

"Oh. Wow." She watched more fascinated than horrified at the way fur continued over her face and down her neck. The fine hairs were sprouting in a cascade down her body, making her scratch at the irritation under her clothes in the process. If anything, it looked beautiful, if a bit irregular for a human to have fur.

Marcy sure didn't need to be a genius to figure out what the patchy patterns and changed features were starting to resemble.

"I...I'mmmooo! Turning into a cow?" she said, absently stroking the fur across one arm. It was surprisingly ticklish once the initial growth irritation had worn off. That last unwitting moo had caused her button nose to swell several times in size. A few light pops around her jaws made it more pronounced and pulled flatter. "Ooooh! This is hardly scary, you know. Mmmph!"

A rush of pressure brought Marcy's hands upon her chest. The changing woman's heart was beating a mile a minute, but that wasn't what got her attention. That honor went to the fact her breasts were growing. Her little bumps, barely noticeable under the shirt, flexed their taut furry skin and relaxed into a significantly larger state.

"Oh my god! Whoa!" Marcy's cries betrayed her delight as rush after rush puffed her girls into the pronounced bosom she'd always dreamed of, and then some. Where once there had been no need for a bra she felt heavy weights of soft flesh in her palms. Their milk-filling mass bulged between her fingers with each successive spurt through cup sizes, pulling the fabric of her shirt tight in a hungry need for more space. Nipples erected little tents going through little puffing growths of their own. "Whoa! Moooooo! Oh my god. Yes! More please! I want more"

The sensation of her chest growing in such jerking, skin stretching speeds coupled with the idea this was actually her chest was already enough to get Marcy horny wet. Yet whatever strange force was imposing itself over Marcy's body seemed more than happy to grant her simple request. A few more rushes of fat and filling milk glands pushed her hands underneath the inflating mounds as they became too large for her to hold. She couldn't begin to guess what bra size she had entered with their fuzzy roundness starting to rival her head. Threads in her shirt strained in protest. The collar ripping at the center where the new weights were pulling it down in the slightest reveal of spotted brown cleavage.

"Mah mah mooooooo!!"

When the front of her shirt finally tore open in an explosion of tits Marcy couldn't hold back her orgasmic shout. The popping of her face into a wide bovine snout turned it fully animalistic in the process. She slumped forward panting with a meaty tongue leaking drool across a longer chin. Hands grasped desperately at breasts, each the size of a basketball hanging halfway down her stomach. Areola's puffy and bright pink stuck out of the fir fur with droplets of warm white moisture leaking from their engorged nipples.

"Holy cow!" Marcy giggled at her own pun, watching the half-woman, half-heifer in the mirror massage their stunning milkers. Her broadened mouth broke into a wide smile f flat herbivore teeth. "This is totally awesome! Hnngh! Oh moo! Yes. Bring on more!"

A shifting in her hips prompted Marcy to turn for a better view of her reflection back there. Having already put on tight shorts this morning made it readily apparent her ass was growing. Fuzzy thighs bloated with sensual layers of fat until they gently pushed against each other, forcing the cow woman to widen her stance. Denim groaned as her billowing glutes pushed the seat out into firm hump bartenders could balance a drink on. Plump fat bulged through the short pant legs fighting gravity until they had no choice. The waistband of her pants began pushing down, letting thickening hips muffin over the rim in a gradual reveal of her crack.

"Mmph! Moo! Come oooooon!" Marcy bit her fuller lower lip stifling moans of delight as she squirmed from one foot to the other. "You can break them, girl. They're no match for this much woman."

Although she had the enthusiasm, Marcy's darn pants wanted to be stubborn in their durability. The short leggings gave a few tears over her thundering furry thighs, but her inflating butt remained squished behind some surprisingly well-done stitching. Another lustful moo escaped through her grit teeth while she paced around the pen fast enough to kick up hay. Patchy brown glutes were squeezing over and under the space with each passing second, gradually making her shorts resemble a thong.

She was so caught up in the pleasure of being squeezed in all the right ways she didn't even notice the pushing from her front until the button on her shorts snap off in a high arc. Perking animal long ears, she fumbled under the obscuring view of her tits for her stomach. Something new was bulging out between the space of her belly button and crotch. Fur parted over a large mound of smooth, sensitive skin that quickly grew in weight. Marcy gave out a small huff taking in the sensation of this part of her rapidly filling up in a way much similar to her sloshing breasts.

The things nature was pretty obvious, especially when her hands felt around the four nubs budding off. The cow woman turned to the mirror and gave a delighted shout at seeing the hefty udder bursting its way out to hang over the crotch of her pants.

"Hell fucking yes! Give me the full treatment!" She cooed, happily tugging at the sensitive teats. They were so sensitive she wasn't sure if the feeling of release was from

the small jets of milk that erupted out of her, or the orgasms pulsing through her insides underneath the udder.

Either way, the swelling of a third mammary gland destroying her zipper was the final breaking point. The tears ran between Marcy's legs around and up between her butt crack. With one massive bounce in place, her jiggling rolls of beef fat shattered the denim shorts off her hips in several pieces.

"MOOOOOOOOOOO!!" The absolute freedom of breaking free brought on a complete climax for Marcy. Clumsy hands couldn't dig under the new udder to help, but she relished riding the rhythmic pulses rocking her insides until her inner thigh fur became damp in horny juices. She fell against the wooden barrier of the cow pen heaving trails of drool out her flapping muzzle. Who knew a random car break down would give such a gratifying and sexy body.

Remembering she had a partner waiting not a mile away, Marcy pushed herself back onto her amazingly chunky legs. Without even thinking about it, her hand snatched the bell that'd started the whole transformation off its peg, fastening it around her neck in one fluid motion.

*

Desmond nearly crapped his pants when the soft clicking sound started, more so when he realized it was approaching him from up the road. It sounded methodical, evenly paced in time with somethings footsteps. A whole slew of nightmare scenarios went through the man's mind along with panic for what fate might have befallen his girlfriend that'd take that same path hours ago.

Of all the horrific cryptid's he'd expected to come strolling around the bend, a humanoid with extensive cow figures and a rich curvy woman's figure had not even been on the list. It not for having hips so big her wobbling butt could probably fill his car seat, Desmond was sure her breasts and udder would have blocked most of her body from a frontal view.

Her very presence was quick to turn rising panic into confused arousal. Every step of her dainty feet caused thighs to rub against each other thanks to their rolling plump fat. The sway of her tits worked with the natural sashay of her body, rocking the bell that dangled inside her cleavage and creating the clicking noise.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, love! I couldn't find a phone, but it obviously wasn't a wasteful trip."

Desmond was so mesmerized by a sexy cow woman on the roadside he'd not only failed to notice hen she'd arrived just feet away, but that fact it was talking to him. Such sensual sentences carried a deep, lounge singers voice almost unbefitting the wide snout projecting them.

"I...I'm sorry. What...who are..." He had a bit of trouble finding his words, losing his mind again when the cow glanced down to grin at the tent getting pitched in his

pants. But when she looked back up and their eyes met, clicking everything into place. There was no way her couldn't recognize those sparkling peepers and rocking chestnut hair, bovine face or not. "M-MARCY!? What the ever-loving fuck happened to you?"

"Funny you should ask," she said, continuing her heavy hip bumping advance on the man.

Desmond's retreat was instinctual and quickly cut off when his back bumped into his cars bumper. The cow was quick to capitalize on this, leaping up so her heft body weight kept him sandwiched over the trunk. The soft udder pressed into his belly soaked his shirt with excess amounts of leaking milk. Delicate hands were already digging under the full fleshy sack, working to yank the man's pants off his boner.

"Since we're still apparently waiting for rescue, how about I show moo a lengthy demonstration?"

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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