

## Alternate Ending: Bessica & Alex (Woman to Cowtaur TF)

As voted upon by our Deluxe Tier Patrons

### By FoxFaceStories

*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 as her friend Jessica is infected instead, becoming an anthro-cowgirl. After discovering that her change is permanent due to a bovine pregnancy, Jessica is horrified. But Alex decides that if her friend is stuck like this, then so shall she, and drinks a replica of the transformative potion. But her change is even more radical . . .*

This is an alternate ending take on one of my original stories: Bessica. Enjoy the original before diving into this one!

### Alternate Ending: Bessica & Alex

The horrid truth was now realised. Jessica, the four-breasted, fat-uddered, white and black furred cowgirl, complete with ropey tail and bovine horns and flat ears and even a pair of hooves, was *pregnant*. Derek had done the deed for her, but for the other cowgirl Tina, who had been such a bully, she had no idea who to blame. All they knew was that, according to the Wandering Witch named Tila, their change was now permanent. They would be stuck as permanently lactating cowgirls for life, with potential half-cow hybrid babies on the way. Jessica cupped her lower pair of ripe, F-cup breasts, which had the effect of pushing her huge upper ones upward also. Her udder leaked milk between her thighs, and her tail swayed nervously behind her.

“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. This was all her fault. *She* had been the one who had first bought the potion from the Wandering Witch, all with the aim of spiking their shared bully Tina’s drink and giving her some well-deserved karma. She had only been a little successful, because by chance Jessica had drunk the majority of the potion by accident. Because of Alex, her best friend in the whole world was trapped in a bovine body, and there was nothing on Earth she could do.

Then it hit her. There *was* something she could do. 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, stepping forward on her hooves.

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.

Of course, she had drunk the *full* potion.

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Alex woke to a usual set of pressures and tensions. Not *normal* ones, though they were increasingly becoming normal to her, but certainly *usual*. This was on account of the fact that she *always* felt them when waking, her large form sprawled out across the comfortable straw of the barnyard floor. The bovine woman yawned, her jaw cracking audibly. She rolled her shoulders, stretched her furry arms, and stood up so she could appreciate the warm sunlight streaming in from the open shutter. It was Autumn now, so she welcomed that light on her furry skin. And there was a *lot* of furry skin now. Far, far more than she could have imagined when drinking the potion.

“Another day as a farmyard animal,” she muttered to herself, readying her limbs to rise. She shuffled her hooves, all *four* of them, and pulled her very heavy body upward. It was quite an effort, and it would only get more difficult as the contents in her belly grew, but she didn’t want to think about that just yet. Simply looking over her immensely changed body with its four lower limbs and enormous backside was more than enough to still astonish her most mornings.

“Holy shit, I have a huge ass,” she said to herself. “Stupid itch. Thank God I’ve got a tail.”

She used it to smack against the side of her flanks, as well as to disperse some annoying flies that had gotten too attached. She smiled a little, despite still feeling a little strange about having a tail she was also rather fond of it. It was kinda cute, in a way. Her expression changed to a frown as she put her hands on her hips - or at least the part where her more humanoid half met her more bovine half - and inspected the rest of herself.

“Damn, I’m huge. Seriously huge. I’m glad I drank that potion still, but did I have to drink *all* of it? Goddamn, what a mess I’ve gotten myself into.”

She was interrupted by an incredibly powerful lurching in her womb. Specifically, the womb that was in her lower half. Tila had confirmed she had two of them now, but the one that had a living

being growing inside it was the far more spacious one. A good thing it was so spacious, because a goddamn *calf* was almost fully developed and ready to enter the world out of her huge bovine passage. It was clearly impatient to do so too, judging from the way it was thrashing within her, causing her massive beachball-sized udder to smack against her hind legs.

“Hey! Calm down there!” she complained. “I’m sorry, but Mommy can’t exactly rub her belly anymore, at least not the belly you’re in! You’re just going to have to be patient until I can get you - ahh - out of me. God, that’ll be an experience, I bet. Giving birth to a whole calf out of a cow vagina. *My cow vagina. The life of a centaur, I guess. A cow centaur. A cowtaur.*”

She stepped forward on her hooves, opening the gate and leaving the barn that had been constructed just for her. There was no point throwing on a shirt just yet: her breasts jutted forward, massive J-cups that were each nearly double the size of her own head, utterly full to the brim with milk and leaking somewhat painfully. The same was true of her udder.

“I’m literally a pregnant cow,” she chuckled to herself. “A big, leaky, pregnant cow. At least Jessica only has two legs to worry about! At least she can scratch her belly when it itches!”

These were her usual complaints to herself, though they weren’t entirely morose, more just a snarky way of coping. It had been over six months since that fateful day when Alex had snatched the potion from the Wandering Witch’s hand and gulped it down in its entirety. Looking back, it had been an utterly mad move, or ‘mooooo-ve’ as she liked to joke about it. She had expected to just end up looking like Tina or Jessica or some mix in between - perhaps a bit more so for added karmic punishment for setting off the whole cow-themed chaos - but instead her transformation had been far, far more dramatic. She circled around to the side of the barn where a large mirror had been placed so she could view herself. There was also a pumping station, complete with the pumps that automatically attached to her udder once they detected it over them. Those were particularly handy.

“And here’s me,” she said, sighing as she looked in the mirror.

It was a sight almost destined to never become familiar. Like Jess, she had four breasts instead of two, though hers were massive J-cups that utterly (udderly?) dominated her front, leaving her bellybutton just barely visible. They were topped by pink nipples, and had a clear weight and heft to them that would have been interminable had her bone and muscle structure not made her a lot buffer just to cope. And like Jessica she also had an udder, though hers was much bigger too, and more productive. She also had horns (a big longer than Jess’s, which made her oddly smug at times, as if she might somehow catch a hot male bull transformer and seduce him with her more impressive headgear), and a coating of fur. The fur wasn’t as impressive, being a chestnut brown with small splotches of white, whereas Jessica had that cool and classic Holstein look.

But where they really differed was from the waist down. Whatever massive pangs of hunger and craving Jessica had experienced during her week or so of transformation, Alex had blown her out of the water. She had craved anything that could fuel her changes, and was helpless to the desire to consume more and more. After all, it turned out she was developing *four* more stomachs as part of the change. The first clue that things weren't quite right came when her ass began to push out unnaturally, nearly overbalancing her. Small numbs began to develop on its side, even as the structure of her legs changed. The underside of this extending rear began to develop a ribcage, by which point she was unable to move and she had a pair of nascent hind legs emerging.

"Holy shit, holy fuck! I'm turning into a centaur, but like a cow person! Jess, I didn't moo-ean for it go this f-far! Nghhh!!"

But it was too late for regrets, because her body was changing and developing new instincts, and all Jessica and by extension Derek could do was try to feed her and support her, and help milk her as her breasts bloated up along with her new udder. The end result was now right before her in the mirror; her lower half was that of a cow. Four legs, big udder, long swaying tail, brown hair with white splotches. A cow's body, from which her busty, four-breasted humanoid form emerged from where the cow's head should be. For a time, she'd been worried she was going to become a full cow. Thank goodness for small moo-ercies, she supposed.

When the transformation was finished, she was pretty despondent. Her life as she knew it was always going to be over, but saying goodbye to chairs and easy seating was certainly another. Also, unlike Jess, she couldn't exactly milk her own udder, which was damn infuriating from how full it was quickly becoming. The one good thing was that she had escaped going into heat as Jessica had . . . at least so she had thought. The truth was that it took a pretty important stimuli to kick that particular itch off; the presence of a bull himself. And unfortunately for Alex, she ended up moving with Jessica and Derek to a farmstead, helpfully paid for by both sets of parents and Derek also. It was a good place for them to reside with some privacy, and for Jessica to ready herself for the four - yes, *four* - little anthro-calves she was pregnant with by her human boyfriend.

But this farm came with its own bull and several ordinary cows. And the bull smelled very, *very* fine. Alex didn't voice her concerns about her growing arousal out of shame, but in the end her new bovine estrus had been too strong. She had literally jumped the fence into the bull's paddock and begged him to mount her.

To say she was disgusted with herself would have been an understatement. The fact that she had become pregnant via her copulation almost rendered her catatonic. They sold the bull, naturally. The worst part was that she fondly remembered the experience and how goddamn pleasurable it had been. She'd let him mount her for five secret nights straight, something she'd never, ever tell

another living soul. As far as they were concerned, he'd broken out, and her estrus had come on, and the rest was history.

So now she was going to give birth to a calf that could well be a cowtaur like her, or just an ordinary calf. Who knew? Not even the Wandering Witch could tell.

"Magic gets very chaotic like this. We can't exactly run an ultrasound, I'm afraid! It just doesn't work like that."

Which left Alex six months on a very, *very* pregnant cowtaur, her lower belly swollen and wide with her calf. It made her movements plodding and slow, though she was never fast these days thanks to her massive milk-filled jugs or udder.

"Ahhhh," she moaned to herself as she attached the pumps to her four upper body teats, and the pump below affixed itself to her udder. "At least I have th-this. Mhmmm - moo! - that f-feels good. Mhmmmm . . ."

She closed her eyes, letting her calf find a new and more comfortable position within her, and simply basked in the sun as her milk was drained. Despite everything she had gone through and put herself through, she had never stopped loving being milked since the process had started. It was one of the best feelings in the world.

Outside of being mounted, though she'd never, ever admit that.

"Moooo . . . life sure does surprise us," she said to herself as she was continually drained. She'd have half an hour or more of this delirium before she detached herself. Then she could clean her hooves in the little pool and go see her best friend.

*Hopefully she and her hubbie aren't going at it again, she thought to herself. That was embarrassing to walk in on. So much spilled milk. Damn, and now I feel jealous. Can't a cowtaur girl find a nice bulltaur man or something?*

It was a thought she increasingly gravitated to during milking, but she couldn't do it too much. It wasn't like she could masturbate without help these days, unless she was using her tits. Besides, who could she ask to help with *that*?

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Jess and Derek weren't having sex, thank God. In fact, Derek was out in the yard, helping put in some poles with a farmhand to set the new fence they needed.

"Morning Alex!" he called. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"Heavy!" she replied with a self-deprecating laugh. "Is Jess inside?"

"In the main room! She's just feeding the little ones."

Alex cringed a little as her udder tightened with more milk. These days just *hearing* about hungry little calves upped her production. It almost made her *want* to go into labor - with a damn *calf* no less - just so she could have something to be constantly drinking her milk.

*Stupid maternal instincts*, she thought to herself. *I bet I won't be wanting to give birth when labor actually starts. I don't care how big my stupid new cow vagina is; this calf is massive!*

She found Jessica inside the large living room, just as Derek had said. The two had made sure the bottom floor of the house was easily accessible for her, which was all good and well, because she was a giant naked cowtaur and frankly there wasn't usually space for such creatures in any homestead.

"Hey Bessica," she said, entering loudly thanks to her four hooves clacking under her heavy body.

"Hey Moo!" Jessica said back. She was sitting on a couch, her hand on a mouse, concentrating on the laptop on the coffee table before her. Well, trying to concentrate; Hazel and Bart, two of her adorably chubby little cowgirl children, were competing for space on her chest, drinking from her upper left and lower right breasts respectively, while Hannah and Bernard suckled from her udder. She was wearing clothes, unlike Alex, though only light ones. Fur made one rather hot after all, even in Autumn. She had obviously unbuttoned her light maternity shirt, but she had her skirt, from which her udder bulged and hung out for the children to drink from.

"I see you're busy," Alex remarked, clopping in and lying her heavy cowtaur body on the wooden floor, her humanoid half slumped against the other couch. "Ugh! Stupid udder."

It spurted a bit of milk on the ground, compressed by her hind legs.

"Sorry about that!"

"Eh, who cares? I leak all the time. It's why we hire cleaners. It's a cowgirl problem."

"You're the cowgirl. I'm just the cowfreak."

Jessica smirked, adjusting Hazel to her other breast to 'even herself out.' "Don't go whining to me now: you decided to drink the whole potion."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. And I'd do it again if I had the chance. It was the right thing to do. But maybe I'd only drink half next time, so I wouldn't have to lug this heavy cowtaur body around."

"I think you look rather cute, Alex."

She chuckled. "I wish others thought that way. Being pregnant with a whole damn calf aside, I doubt my dating prospects are too good. I had that dream again last night."

"The one where you find a cute bulltaur man and hit it off?"

Alex sighed dreamily. "That's the one. Way better than, you know, an actual fucking bull."

"Language."

“Oh, sorry! Forgot the little ones.”

“You won’t forget soon,” Jessica teased.

“No kidding. Actually, when you have a moment, can you scratch my lower belly? It’s driving me crazy.”

“Sure thing. These ones are starting to nod off anyway. Give me a tick.”

Just as Jess said, her babies slowly settled down and she returned them to her cribs in the other room. Then she waddled over to her friend, her own udder slapping against her thighs and gurgling a little - she was quite productive since giving birth to *quadruplets* - and began scratching Alex’s lower cowtaur belly.

“Ohhhhhhh, that’s amazing,” Alex said. “It’s the worst part of this body, not being able to scratch all the itches. Also pooping.”

“Yeah, I can’t imagine that’s fun. But hey, things are looking up, my lovely Moo!”

“How do you figure? I’m due to give birth in a couple of months. It’s not going to be fun! I still don’t even know if I’m having a regular calf, or a cowtaur, or what!”

Jessica shifted, grabbed her laptop, and brought it over to her friend. “Because I’ve been working on something. We’re not the only ones who have been transformed by the Wandering Witch. Remember that woman you mentioned, the one whose husband wanted a big family and so bought something to spike her food with so she’d keep getting pregnant?”

Alex wracked her brain. “Yeah, Sandra something, I think . . .”

“Well, I found her,” Jessica said. She continued scratching, and it made Alex feel much more relaxed. She could already feel her milk starting to come in again, particularly in her four swollen boobs, but she was able to concentrate on what her friend was saying anyway.

“Wait, how? You’ve met her?”

“Not in person, but there’s a few forums online where transformees like us can talk, and I managed to get in touch with her. She actually spit from her douchebag husband. Poor thing still has a rampant need to get continuously pregnant for, like, another ten years, but she also doesn’t have to do it with him.”

Alex perked up, her immense breasts and udder wobbling. Her calf kicked sharply within her, almost knocking the wind out of her, but she got the sense that it was responding to her own excitement.

“She found a way to get a loophole,” she said.

“Exactly! A way to live with her changes and still enjoy them - she’s currently expecting with a much, *much* nicer man who loves even the children she already gave her ex.”

“Good on her. But how does this connect to us?”

Jessica showed her a new site, one that was rather professional in its make. “Voila! My new site: FreaksMeet.com. As you can see, my username is BovineBessica. Here’s Sandra posting as MegaMommy - we don’t have to be alliterative but it’s fun. And here . . . area all the rest.”

She showed Alex post after post of other freaks, ranging from actual centaurs to salamander men to men and women who’d had their genders changed. Some were a result of the Wandering Witch, others because of a far more vengeful figure calling herself Morgan, and others still were a result of strange magical items or urban legends or simply arcane locations or wishes. Alex found her spirit perking up a little seeing that so many others existed like them.

“Wow, there’s even centaurs. Like, the real pretty ones. God, I wish I could be a centaur so bad. I sometimes pretend I am one instead of an ugly cowtaur.”

“Nonsense, you’re beautiful. Besides, your tits are way better.”

“And milkier. God, the milk.”

“Wait till after you give birth, Moo.”

“Don’t even say it! Just saying it makes them make more! Still, this is really cool to see, Jessica. You’ve been a busy bee.”

Jessica smiled. “And so will you. Because look what I found.”

She clicked the mouse onto a particular profile, and Alex actually gasped. The man in the figure was incredibly handsome with a fur-coated body and impressive horns. His nose was broad and had a golden ring in it, and his ears were bovine also. He was muscled as all hell, and his lower half was also in the picture, though only just. It was enough of a suggestion to show her that he was absolutely a bulltaur though: half man, lower half *bull*. His username was *ByTheHorns*, which made her chuckle in its suggestiveness, and his interests broadly aligned with hers - at least her old interests - sport, action movies, and a career in sociology.

“Holy shit,” she said. “He’s . . . he’s incredible.”

“And he’s interested,” Jessica said, absolutely beaming in her smugness by this point.

“What? You told him about me!?”

“Just light details, not your name or location. I wanted to see what you’d think before I linked you two up - if you want to make a profile, that is.”

Alex bit her lip. Her four fat nipples stiffened at the site of the handsome bulltaur’s profile pic, as well as the other images he’d uploaded that showed more of his form. Her bovine tunnel moistened just at the thought of being mounted by such an utter stud. The notion of his large, bullish penis entering her was practically kickstarting a new estrus, despite her pregnancy. She swallowed, barely managing to contain herself.

“Um, how about we make a profile for me,” she said. “Quickly.”



“Any idea what you want your profile to be?” said the still-smug Jessica.

Alex thought for a moment. The man seemed to like puns, so why not be a bit silly. She took the keyboard from Jessica and clicked the ‘Make a Profile’ button.

“I’ll need you to take a flattering picture.”

“Every picture of you is flattering, Alex.”

“Yeah, sure, me and my fate pregnant cow half. Try to cut that bit out for now.”

“What are you going to call yourself?”

Alex turned the laptop around after typing. At least she didn’t have fused fingers like Jessica; it made typing quicker. “What do you think?”

“I love it. Let’s get you in contact with him.”

Alex felt a little bit giddy with hope. Like her new username, she was starting to feel *UdderlyDelightful*. Perhaps the cowtaur life might end up pretty nice after all, if romance was possible.

**The End**