

## A Bull Market

The crisp, light, and cheap taste of booze slides down your throat with ease. A frozen mug brought straight from the back freezer and filled with glorious alcohol slightly stung your lips, but you didn't care. You were off work, and the weekend was approaching. *Just a few drinks at the bar, you told yourself.*

However... you would've never realized that this bar was the beginning of everything, as well as the end of everything you knew.

On the television closest to you showed a graph of the stock market, apparently in good condition considering the line was going up instead of down, and the color green was dominant over red, the typical things you thought were normal about all this.

Like a lot of things, it wasn't really what was on your mind. You were twenty-one, of a smaller stature, and you dressed quite modestly. More grown up concepts like the aforementioned stock market, taxes, what the rest of your life would be like, it all wasn't something you wanted to think about.

Including family... family was a big thing, and it gave you some anxiety thinking about how you'd have to find some girl who'd want to have kids and... well if *you* truly wanted kids. Did you want kids? Did you want to knock some girl up with the only reason being to one day be a father?



Or... maybe, maybe just a very small part of you, wished you could be the one knocked up. Taken right in the midst of your college education, stripped of what you were studying to just be... some kind of... mother. It sounded horrible in your head, and it's not like *you* would want to force someone into that. You just wanted... yourself in that situation. It's not bad if you wanted it... *right?*

You were distracted from your imagination as a rather large and stout man sat on the barstool next to you, his giant leg rubbing against your own as you felt a mix of annoyance and... a weird kind of heat inside. It made you lick your lips, bringing all your attention towards this very moment.

You couldn't help but say something. "Hey?" You said softly, now just realizing how the man felt at least twice your size, something that the normal you should have seen immediately, and thought of how *odd* it really was. "You know there are seats between us you could have taken?"

The stranger looked over to you, his neck thicker than paint cans, a nose so broad and so wide the nostrils could've held bollard balls in them. He smiled, as if he knew what he was doing. "Oh well... hello there darling, I didn't even see you there you're so small!"



A laugh came from you, one that wasn't forced, a genuine one, but you're not even sure how it happened. It just came. The absurdity of him not seeing you must've been the reason why, but you never even noticed he called you darling because of it.

A herculean man of massive strength, arms so wide that they were already tearing at sleeves desperately trying to hug around biceps in always seemingly in mid-flex. You don't remember being so attracted to a man until now, already finding yourself letting your leg press against his, your knee rubbing against him, your head so close to already using his upper arm as a pillow. The breaths you were taking felt like they could be the very last when next to him. You weren't even sure what to say.

So he decided to say something for you. "You're kind of cute you know? A cute little thing..."

"I'm not that small!" You said with a higher pitch to your voice.

The stranger replied with a little grumble, a friendly one, lest you think you may have somehow already offended him. "Would you like to be bigger?" he said, bringing out a hand capable of crushing your entire head like a watermelon. You brought your own up, your palms kissing, feeling the rugged skin as the thing had to be four times the size of your own hand!



Although, it didn't feel like the texture matched exactly, there wasn't much hair to be seen there, but you could feel as if you were petting a blanket.

"I saw you were looking at the TV earlier. Does any of that make sense to you?"

At one point, you did think of going into business in college, but you felt like there was more missing than just your ignorance of economics. There was something more... empty about your head? You couldn't really understand much of it, just the line going up, and green, a lot of green. For normal folks, it would remind them of money, but for some reason at this moment, it made you think of grass.

"Oh! Hmm..." Huh? it was quite difficult to find the right words. You were always a bit of a bright man but now... something felt disconnected. "Well, it's going up, and it's green... so... it's something good ain't it?" You finished the sentence with another uncontrollable giggle, but it's not like you'd stop yourself if you could go back.

"I like your giggles," he said with a smile, his teeth looking more blunted, his hands turning into something like hooves from a cow or a big, strong bull. "Well, you see," the transforming man snorted, "I think your confusion is something that I can help fix." He pressed his hefty, fleshy mitt against your shoulder, holding it tightly. "I'm looking for someone real nice, someone that I think I can find a lot of love with." His body grew fatter, thicker, pressing up more against yours as you bit your tongue in anticipation. "Up



there, that green line going up, that's the power of a bull market. And it's making a lot of folks happy and rich." He then turned back to you. "Just like how you'll be the one making me feel nice and happy. And I hope to whoever is out there, listening, that your milk will be just as rich."

A large pit dropped in your stomach, the entire bar being swept away in a single wave. The only things now here were the both of you in some kind of void. A black void, and the stools that you still sat on.

"I think I'm gonna enjoy making you my **heifer**," he ordained as horns popped from his head, a muzzle shifting from his face and his clothes bursting out of their human confines. Before you now, was a large minotaur-like beast.

A need born in this moment seemed to have completely enthralled you as rather than running, your only want was to get closer to him, to hug him. His cock was out and proud at an erect mast of one whole foot. You immediately caught fervent whiffs as it bounced *nearly* atop your face.

But for whatever reason, you never took the steps forward to initiate anything. Instead, he came to you as he pushed your body onto the floor, submissiveness on your face, sparks of glee popping from your toes to your head. He was then above you, your eyes not wide enough to take in all of his might. The hand that was not grasping your



shoulder went down to your crotch, taking hold of your genitalia, calmly grasping them, stroking them, juggling them around like the sensitive things they were.

"I'm a pretty powerful entity, one that can decide anyone's fate," he said, close to your lips. "And I think that I know exactly what I'm going to do to you," he whispered as his hooved hand sensually massaged your junk as it felt like they were conjoining together or perhaps shifting entirely.

Slowly, surely, sultrily, your balls spread apart, shrinking and moving to another spot that could easily be inserted into if need be. Your cock took another direction as three other prongs jutted out near it, the shaft losing its ability to cum but a whole new purpose took hold to replace it. A new mass the four prongs were connected to inflated into a nice, thick, pink udder. You didn't see any of it, but you sure as hell felt it as your pants tried their very damned best to not rip open from the pressure.

"Now let's see... where did we meet?" he asked himself, scratching, pondering. "That's right. On that lovely college campus... so many nice Fall days to choose from."

A wind rushed against you, the bull man suddenly gone like rose petals flying through the air. All sound stopped, then played in reverse for a few terrifying and suspenseful moments before things returned to normal, your ears hearing the sounds of birds and bees and all the other things that made the world go 'round.



Even with that new udder forcibly widening your legs along with the milk leaking into your pants, you still oddly felt yourself, somewhat human. Yet, as you inspected your body, you noticed the clothes that you once wore were gone. Confusion spread along your face as you noticed you were wearing some sort of antiquated 1980's fashion, a large skirt and a lovingly snug feminine sweater that denoted the name of a campus you did not initially recognize.

There were other people around you, but they did not look human. There were bears and cats and deer and dogs and so many other species of animals walking around like it was normal, like nothing was wrong. That made you feel... different compared to them, as if you had to conform, and had to accept that this was normal. But that was alright, *wasn't it?* After all, wasn't college a place to understand what you would eventually become?

The womanly clothing felt right on you, *righter* than ever. And soon enough, the bullman from before appeared before you, his black hide illustrious and fuzzy. It made a warm feeling in your chest blossom and a new emotion in your groin throb.

You were confused as he gave a smile that was not domineering, but one of courtship, of appreciation and respect. "Hey there," he said, chuckling, "how are you doing?" he asked with genuine interest.



It felt odd... but you think you remember him? *No*, you definitely remember him. You suddenly came across him while traveling around the campus one day, going to your next class like any other day. It was by complete accident that he bumped into you, the strength of his body knocking you down along with books you had been carrying. He was incredibly apologetic and... he wanted to make it right for you. A dinner or coffee, his treat. In the end, something reconciliatory became romantic. To think it all started with him flirting with you in some *dingy bar*.

It wasn't long before one date night led to another and another and now even though it's been a week, you can't help but feel like maybe you could enjoy... the entirety of your life with him? That thought in your mind made you feel insane, like some *idiot* that gets married with someone on the same weekend they met them. Yet... it was just that scent that made you feel loved, like his body was egregiously pumping it out whenever he was next to you. The way he treated you, his personality, his affection... it was often too much to bear in your mind.

Although, as romantic as you thought of him, his true appearance revealed itself, his smile turning dark and foreboding as he brought his muzzle right to your ear, letting his breath be the first thing you heard. "Just letting you know that no matter what happens, you will be mine, you big bitch."





The words made your eyes go upwards as your body reverberated in pleasure. You made some sort of giddy noise as you flicked your fingers and wiggled your toes, taking the statement as just horny dirty talk in public. Another moment passed and the big bull brought himself back to that romantic heartthrob that he was 'possibly' pretending to be... or maybe that was *a/ways* a part of him in some sort of way.

Nonetheless, the two of you stared into each other's eyes for a bit longer than you think either of you meant and soon your lips met. His muzzle pressed further and further into yours as you felt yourself reverse and retreat backwards until you were against a tree. With a strength that you could never possess at any other moment than this one, you felt your own face growing forward into his snout, pushing it back simply to give yours space.

It really was a snout of your own, one pink and round, bringing your nose and mouth closer before settling as a proper and moist maw. The teeth inside of your mouth soon became blunted, as they always should have been.

More and more memories of around this time flowed into your brain in as his tongue made its way inside your mouth, his saliva drooling down your throat as he tasted the furthest parts of your chops.



You recall thinking that your classes were hard enough before meeting this hunk, but it became so immensely difficult to achieve any kind of success when your lovely boyfriend was always on your mind. That's right... he had to have been your **boyfriend**... just as much as you were **his girlfriend**. You never did finish college, but that was alright. It was more important to be...

Just a nice lass for him to enjoy. That's right, a big, beefy girl to suck his cock whenever he wanted, or whenever he needed a kiss, a suckle, a breast to hold, or to drink from your udder. You wanted to be his object, his extension, you wanted to be something **more** for him.

Like a scene in a play, the background switched instantly as your rear was no longer against the tree; in fact you were the one on top.

The big bullman was on his own back, naked just as you were and sprawling out on your neatly made bed, taking in his sweat and musk as the sounds of your moans and groans bounced off the walls of your dorm. The both of you were already going at it as you felt yourself bouncing on his dick, his thick bovine cock spearing right into your animalistic pussy.

You couldn't help but squirm and squirt and cry and moan, loudly repeating his name again and again while the other students along your floor doing their homework,



or being tutored, were easily distracted by what you were doing. But you couldn't help it, especially if you were making all those listeners hard in their pants. You loved to leave them wondering if they could just as easily score for their first time with such a free-use slut like you were back in those days.

More changes began to show as your thighs were growing hairier, your body adopting a white hide along with black spots that soon appeared only where your new fur grew. Your underwear and bra had already been removed, but you don't even remember having breasts to begin with! But there's no reason to worry about that though... you always remember this period of your life being somewhat spotty in terms of your memory.

Your boyfriend brought up his hooves equipped with giant, stout fingers that could completely cover your face if he wanted to. They cupped around your flat chest only for a mere second before inflating massively, growing further and further, your nipples elongating as areolas covered more of your flesh. They all continued to scale upwards, feeling like an intense pleasure that was somehow stronger than the shaft that was spasming in your vagina. There were zero thoughts in your mind of what had happened to your former male genitals, but... it was because you never had them? No need to remember what never was real. You were *always* a good **girl**.



It was that thought that did it. You couldn't help but orgasmically cry out in tears of happiness and overstimulation as milk swiftly filled up your new titties as fast as balloons could swell. The things were sagging without their bra, the fat on them completely redistributed and reformatted for more feminine needs... and masculine desires.

With every bolt of his thunderous thrusting and bottom-fucking you were enduring made your tits shake, the G-cup size and shaped teats bouncing over and over again, the weight so strong and hefty it was hard to believe you don't even know how or why you would've ever forgotten such a glorious pair.

It feels like you both go on for hours as sweat from the both of you cake into your fur. You ride him again, over and over like a true cowgirl while he repeatedly demands for you to be in his 'bull market,' that you want to be purchased like the large lady you are. You're not sure exactly what kind of metaphor he's coming up with... but the thought of being a product to be sold, the thought of being bought and owned made your nipples start to leak as much as your cunt.

You screamed out again and again that: yes, you wanted to be his girl. **Yes!** You wanted to be owned. **Yes!** You wanted his calves. **Yes!** You wanted to be... a wife, **his wife**. With that, his balls churned and brought forth a yellow-white tide that drowned



your cunt, his grasp on you so strong one could imagine your breasts to be like stress balls.

The both of you laid there, your pussy fully filled up as what it could not hold gushed out, trying to catch your breaths. It felt like you'd achieved something beyond your plane of existence. You couldn't believe that you only were with him for eight months. Time seemed to pass in an instant for you, but the thought of being his wife was so strong that you were willing to do anything to achieve it.

And so you did. A bright flash went by as shutters snapped at you, people in the crowd clapping as they saw your gorgeous looks. There were many cheering cattle in the room now as you saw the red carpeted aisle before you. Familiar faces on the left and right side of it were all there. You could tell just by their fur patterns of who was your family and those from your lovely fiancé's.

Your body had changed so much but there were still parts of you that needed to change. But all of them saw you as what you were: a beautiful wife. A beautiful cow for him to love, to be a good mother in the future... and in a few moments that would be all finalized. You look to your right as a presence makes itself known, a bull that you would recognize as your father wrapping his arm around yours as he nodded down to you, signaling you to start walking down the aisle just as you rehearsed. It was then that a memory popped into your head of Daddy's want to always do this. To have his pretty



little girl protected and desired by a man who truly deserves her. A gentleman he could trust with the responsibility of his daughter, someone that he had grown to trust and love just as much as you had.

The piano played that recognizable tune. It felt like time itself stopped with every step, as if you were walking over a plethora of canyons and mountains... but eventually there you were before him. Both of your eyes buzzing with love and adoration for each other. Your pearl-white dress was so tight around you as if you were still growing into your new existence.

More and more of your human skin was replaced and overwritten with that white and black cowish fur. It felt like all of your hairs were standing up on end as your muzzles were so close to each other. The air from both of your nostrils pumped out, mixing together, becoming a shared musk, your wedding dress hugging your body made you feel as if you were faint.

But the vows were begun by another person to your left holding a big book. You couldn't stop staring at your greatest love to spare a glance at them. But as the ritual started, your man spoke his treasured words, your new husband telling you that he would love you forever and ever.



Then... you said the same, sticking the landing with that adoring confirmation. "I do."

Your reality blurred again as you felt your ass suddenly plumped right into a rocking chair, the tight clothes of one going through a most feminine maternity pushing into you. You were out on the porch of some large house surrounded by trees. It was a lovely pink morning, the sun still behind the trees. It made you feel like you were hidden from the world at large, left to be with who you loved the most: your husband, of course. He was right next to you in his own rocking chair. It'd only been a few months since the wedding, but the belly you had showed how busy the two of you had been in the meantime.

Your man, the big black bull, brought one of his four portly fingers over to compare how large his ring was to yours, his hand double the size of your own. Although that didn't discount your girth with your own paw being something the bull loved to hold, a conjoining you wanted him to always do.

It was then that you could feel numerous kicks within your womb as you let out a groan you couldn't hold back, your husband bringing over his palm to your stomach, making sure you were alright.

"I'm alright, my dear," you said, feeling cherished.



He gave a quick nod as the both of you looked out into the autumnal mist, grateful for this home you bought with your beautiful husband. It was the perfect place to raise a family.

Whatever humanity you had left had fully drained away as your arms flabbed up to fill in, replacing what was lost. For whatever muscles that were on your husband, the same places for you were sagging fat, perfect for mother-rearing. Which was no issue for your size. Your weight was perfect for mothering, your hips so wide that the chair you sat on squeaked from use. There was no doubt left; you were the perfect person, the perfect being. It felt... as if you were always like this...?

Of course you were. You remember every day that happened. You remember the day you got married. You recalled the first time that both of you had sex, the first time you had met. Almost every instance in the past traced along a certain path your brainwaves rang true... and there was nothing wrong with that, even if there were a few weird inconsistencies, a few old terms of obsolete human thought.

It was no matter, your portly body needed nothing else. In fact, your fat helped suppress anything that might have been trying to crawl back out of that very dark place you pushed all illogical things into.





Before you could think much more about that, your surroundings shifted as you felt your knees against the hardwood floor. The next was of your belly, the intense straining of it being so taut you thought it might explode if it grew even one inch more.

Your husband's hands were on your shoulders as your mouth magically widened to accommodate a cock manifesting inside. Already hard and rigid, it pushed over and over again into your mouth, your blunt teeth acting almost like a nice brush that felt good to rub against.

You could hear him talking, telling you of how good of a girl you were, how good of a mother you were going to be, how happy he was to have married you, how prideful he was to have done everything he'd done with you.

You knew with your mouth full of cock, you couldn't say these things yourself. This was something you loved to hear, but he loved even more in getting him off. Repeating his achievements in having you, reinforcing your role in the relationship, a role you were most proud of. Even if it was a thing for him to climax faster and harder, he still meant it wholeheartedly.

A thick splattering of his cum right into your mouth broke you from your internal stupor, covering everything as your throat instinctively opened wide to drink down what he deposited into you. It was beautiful to be used like this, and as he slowly pulled



himself out of you, he looked down, smiling. Only one second passes before he kneeled down to press his lips against yours, the sloppy, genetic sludge inside and all around your mouth marking his own snout.

However, it only took another beat for all things to turn sour, wrong, absent. A flush made a mess of your pants as amniotic fluids poured out of you. Several images flared before you: speeding in a car, the entrance to the emergency room revealing itself like an oasis in a painful desert, and the quickness of painkillers entering your system. Everything is too foggy, and time feels like it's passing too fast. Two names are given for two healthy calves, and you pass out before anything else demands your attention.

You inhale, eyes bursting open like you've awoken from a blissful yet tumultuous dream. You're in your living room, a lovely hardwood floor cluttered with various toys and other things meant for children. One of your calves is against your stomach.

You thought the noise on the television in front of you awoke you, only to then realize that he's suckling from your rightside breast, taking the milk that he needs from you, energy that he needs to survive, something only *you* can provide. You realize that was what you were doing before slipping into a little motherly nap. Breastfeeding... breastfeeding one of your two beautiful calves.



You look over to a crib on your left where you can see your other babe, her mouth holding such a cute pacifier. With one of your thick foot-hooves, you wiggle it back-and-forth, your thighs brushing against your lively udder as you care for both of them, trying to watch whatever was on the TV. You can't remember what it was before, but now it was an advertisement for a product that you might need for the kitchen one day.

During this time of day, your husband was at work, making a paycheck for all of you. That was his responsibility, and you had yours as a stay at home mom. A task you couldn't think you loved more.

Again, your thoughts start to spin around your head as joy sparks in your chest. You feel dull, docile, yet happy as the TV suddenly fast forwards, speeding along as your body shuffles while on the couch, time and memories speeding by as you spend your energy doing various things a mom needs to do for the household.

You don't even realize that you're still watching television as your son, the one you felt that you were breastfeeding just a few moments ago spoke to you. "Hey mom, do you mind if you drive me to school today?" he says, not with the voice of a baby, but of a healthy fourteen year old.



You quickly shake your head, realizing that sometimes you can be a little too easily stuck in your head. "Of course," you reply.

But things are flashing so quickly, too quickly. You're not even certain that things are truly happening, yet you still have those memories. You cook every night, you feed the members of your family, your daughters, your sons, your husband. You stay at home doing mom things: knitting, reading, birdwatching, spending time as you always wanted to. You go to sports games, rooting for your kids, Halloweens from door to door, Christmases with the sounds of children screaming in joy at having gotten the newest gaming console.

Nevertheless, it feels like you're not truly living, but merely recalling it all, like you exist somewhere far in the future. You're going back through time, recognizing the life you've spent until now. Your body is not that young anymore, but you've still got a good motherly frame, like a proper MILF as you've heard online.

You think about how you had more kids past your first two, and you raised more and more. Perhaps you were always raising kids, year in and year out as you and your soulmate kept going.



Soon enough, you blink, and you're back on that porch from before, except it and you have gone through some twenty-five or more years of use. You know it to be truly the modern day.

Your husband repeats his question again. "You listening, Bessie?" he says with a half-concerned look.

"Oh, yes, you reply back. "Sorry, I just thought about... everything. Everything that led me to this very moment, next to you." Your words can't help but make you smile. That's how this entire walk down memory lane started, with the two of you discussing this topic.

"Oh... well..." he says back. "You know that sometimes when we talk about these things, it can often feel like you're there again. You know, I feel like I don't say it enough. About... how happy I am that you've been such a good girl. You never once quit a single day...all these years. A supportive mother, a devoted wife..." Your greying husband lets his sentence fly with the wind, bringing his chair back and forth a few times, trying to hold back a few tears. "We have kids that are so different yet... successful. Some still in college, some... *graduated college*, some still in high school, and... I bet you want to have a few more babies before it gets to be too late."

Your grin widens, your long eyelashes flickering as you recoil mildly to his flirtation. "I think that's exactly what I'd like. I've lived an incredible life. No other life



could've compared to this. I... I can't say I remember every single day but I can remember enough to feel like I belong with you," you say happily. Every memory, every instance, whether you think it truly happened or not... well, it didn't matter. To you, it *did* happen.

He sat up, moving to grasp your hands as he completely covered them. "I would be willing to renew my vows, you know? Because I know that I love you and you belong to me." It did not take any time for his lips to meet yours, your tongues playing cheerfully with each other.

As the two of you had a little time before anyone would be home, and those still inside napping away or too occupied were not likely to interrupt, it was the perfect moment to do what the pair of you were now thinking about.

He pinned his whole body against yours, lowering his head to kiss your bosom as the pressure of his chest pushed your breasts upwards. He brought your robe down your shoulders while you pull-down his pants and underwear, his bovine rod flying upwards the slap against your perineum, instinctively making you squeeze the cock tightly between your fuzzy thighs.

He leads you into your bedroom with one arm snug around you. Gently, he lays you onto your back, firmly taking hold of the head of his aged cock. He pumped it a few



times, grunting as he stared at your chest before guiding it down to make contact with your labia, slowly spreading it open. It was good you sound-proofed your room long ago, for your moans would've woken up the whole house.

Your pussy had gone through so much over the decades: from the multiple births, the sex, and whatever else you and your husband put it through. Thankfully, it's still exactly what your man craves, and you feel so proud knowing even now, just how useful you are to him.

He adds onto the praise as he tells you that you're the perfect wife, the perfect bitch. He wants you to moan more, louder, to scream his name as he harshly clutches your breasts that seem to have only gotten larger in your forties. Milk is practically forced out, gushing into a heavy trickle as they had been trained, ready to leak at a moment's notice. A routine everyone was well acquainted with for years now.

His eyes seem to glaze over just as much as yours do, throwing his entire body on top of yours, the pair of you holding each other so tightly, your tongues wrestling and making love as they dig into necks, crevices, pits, and more. His throbbing cock holds itself inside your pussy as you clench and squeeze and squirt all over his vibrating shaft.

It soon becomes too much for the both of you as you euphorically cum together, the orgasm you share creating a soulbond that can't ever be replicated by anything else.



Your destinies having been set up long ago, always having meant to be with each other. It had to be the case in your past lives, just as in this life. And hopefully... in the next one too.

There is no shifting of reality. There is no scene switching. This is real. This is where you are. Nothing human remains, and that's fine to you. You don't even know what a human is; perhaps something from one of the games your children play.

Both of you are large and wide, your husband seemingly losing a bit of muscle in his age, but not at all any bit of girth as his beer belly grinds into your back. The big spoon to your littler spoon, that's... still quite large. He wraps his arm around you, holding your hand tight, your golden rings so close as you rest on your pillows and feel your womb churning with no doubt another potential pregnancy on the way.

He closes his eyes just as you do yours, feeling each other up while snuggling together, the warmth indescribable.

The silence is broken by his smooth, deep voice. "I can't imagine where I would be without you..."

That makes you beam as broadly as you can remember, inhaling just to coolly reply back to him. "Well, you were the one that *bought* me after all... you big bull."

