

The Road to Change, Part 7: Bovine Dispositions (Cowgirl & Minotaur TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Al

Melvin is a noble-born magic caster, stuffy and serious. Allison is a vibrant and confident fighter, charged with his protection. Despite their contrasting personalities, the two must set forth together on a grand mission when a foul demon lord rises and unleashes transformative domination magic across the land. As the two adventure and deal with their own series of bodily transformations, they are forced to grapple with their own growing feelings for one another.

Chapter 7: Bovine Dispositions

"We can't just keep staying at places," Allison said. "We need to return to camping."

"It's the last one, I swear."

"The last one nearly turned me into a fucking maid, as you might recall."

"Language, Aly. And besides, this is just a humble farmstead. I just want one night's break from camping. Call me a haughty nobleman if you must."

"Okay, you're a haughty nobleman."

"-but I am rather unused to sleeping in frigid conditions in this damp rural hellscape. It's all dew in the air, dew on the leaves, dew in my undershirt. I swear it's like I'm breathing in water at times. I just want one kind night's rest or else I might just fall from my horse and break something, and where will that leave us?"

Allison sighed. "You can't just magic up your leg?"

"I resent the phrase 'magic up' entirely. And no, healing magic is not exactly a common art, nor something everyone can do. My magic, as you may have noticed, is more elementally based."

"Well, then summon up a rock cave for us to sleep in!"

"A cave!? You can't be serious! That would be uncouth. I'm not some barbarian savage working the land, nor a peasant. I'm still a nobleman, Aly. At least let me have the dignity of feeling like one again."

Allison groaned. Melvin had been acting a lot haughtier ever since they'd left the Harrow estate and continued on through Targan. It had only been five days of journeying - barely a waltz through the woods as far as she was concerned - but he was acting as if they

were descending into the lowest depths of the many hells. Something was clearly bugging him, and he was dancing around it.

“Okay,” she said, pulling her horse to a stop before they got too close to the farmstead. “Lay it on me.”

“*Lay on you!*?” he said, aghast.

She scoffed, trying not to laugh. “Lay it *on* me. It’s lower class talk for hurry up and speak your mind, oh Great Noble. Why are you acting as if doing it rough for another night is such a bad thing?”

Melvin looked down the road, then back to Allison. “Because . . . we’re living it up.”

“Up where?”

This time he scoffed. “It’s haughty noble party speak for ‘we’re doing damn well.’ Listen Aly, we’ve dealt with domination magic four times now.” He counted their experiences on his fingers for emphasis. “One, you were turned into a tavern wench.”

“Don’t remind me. I swear my back still aches from how big my tits go.”

Melvin coughed a little, but continued. “Two, we were *both* turned into a goblinoid females.”

“Worth it, just to see you swearing.”

“Three, we were *nearly* turned into catfolk, and Lady Skara was permanently stuck as one herself.”

“Yeah, but it kinda suits her. She’s got that whole ruling Cat Goddess thing going, only without all the crazy ego now.”

“And then most recently there’s number four: you became a maid!”

“I feel like it should be your turn to turn into something, frankly.”

“My point is, we keep getting better at this. You were changed into a maid while out of my sight, and yet we still brought you back and then, if you’ll allow me some lower class talk, you kicked the asses of the other warrior maids.”

Aly beamed. “That I did, I suppose. We both did, really.”

“Exactly! We’re getting a handle on this. None of the legends have Praemis and Cawthor getting the handle of domination magic so quickly. In fact, they lost good fellows to it multiple times, and we haven’t even lost Skara. She just sort of . . .”

“Grew fur?” Allison suggested.

“And a tail. As did Amunet, not that they seem to mind. But we’re still camping far away from the roads and going through every miserable precaution. Well, I say to hell with it, at least for one night. A farmhouse may be no great mansion, but it at least has beds and a roof. I say we’ve earned this one.”

Allison bit her lip. “I don’t know, Mel.”

“Would it help if I give it as a noble order?”

“No, but I’ll go along with it. I’m your protector, not your leader. But if this turns belly up-”

He gave a placating gesture with his hands. “Then I’ll wear the shame of it, no doubt. But truly, we’ve got this, Aly. We’re a team, now.”

Allison still had reservations, but something in Melvin’s confident tone inspired her. It made her feel like a *knight*, even if she wasn’t one. Yet.

“Okay,” she said. “But I’m doing the talking, at least at first.”

“Agreed.”

They approached the farmstead. There were numerous livestock in the paddocks as well as grain fields to the east, so clearly the place was flourishing. This was no rundown shack, though it wasn’t exactly booming with merchant wealth either. The two dismounted from their horses and Allison did some quick snooping around for danger, before returning to the door, sighed with resignation at this plan she still didn’t quite agree with, and then finally knocked several times, loudly.

Shuffling footsteps came to the door, and it opened to reveal an almost stereotypical looking patriarchal farmer. He had grey hair and a beard, and a hard face that was tanned from the sun and wrinkled by the weather. His clothing was simple but thick, suitable for the damp weather and pastoral work, but it was clear that he possessed a bulky musculature about him too.

“Well,” he said in a coarse, gravelly tone. “I didn’a expect visitors today. Have you come to growk?”

“Growk?” Melvin said.

“No growking, mister!” Allison replied. “And no hawkin’ or selling pit either.”

“Aye, that’s good ta hear. Ain’t no business with pitsellers. Can’t stop gobbing they can’t, and they haven’t got a five coin to their mother’s name for the sin of them. What hikes you on up to ma doorstep now then, ken?”

Allison grinned, giving a slight bow, though only slightly so as not to seem patronising. “We’re travellers out of the rain,” she said. “Taking the river chance for fisherman’s work, only we got waylaid by blackmasks and now we’re in need of steady and simple rest, ya see, just to get on our legs, if you’d be willin’ to chance us, sir.”

“Blackmasks?” Melvin whispered. “River chance!?”

She stepped on his foot to indicate silence. The farmer scratched his chin and looked at them.

“You do look like you’ve been living the coal life, the pair of you. Still, a man can’t trust what he can’t name. I’m Barson.”

“This is Melvin. I’m Allison.”

He extended a rough hand, and both of them shook it. Melvin could almost feel his wrist snapping from the strain.

"Gods, man, what do they feed this poor boy? You two truly are in need of tin and beam over yon heads. Come on in out of the rain, 'fore you catch yer death."

He indicated for them to enter and turned back before either could reply. Melvin took Allison's wrist for a moment.

"Did I just have a stroke? What was that turkey speak nonsense I just heard?"

Allison giggled. "The local language, silly!"

"You studied it!?"

"It's the same everywhere, Mel. It's the opposite of nobby speak, and it's got its own nuances."

They entered, the brilliant mage clutching his head. He could feel domination magic in the air, but it was no stronger here than it was anywhere else; the Demon Lord had unleashed it upon the whole known world and beyond, and it was increasingly seeping into the weather and earth, infecting it.

They entered the homestead, and the pair took a seat opposite Barson once they got to the eating area. It was surprisingly large.

"Used ta have farmhands," Barson explained. "But they be roosting elsewhere where the chickens hatch now, ya ken?"

"I imagine the Demon Lord rising again has put them to flight," Melvin offered.

The man just looked at him funny. "Demon Lord? We don't hear about that kind of stuff in these parts. It's all just farmwork here, laddie. Salt and liver."

Melvin looked to Aly, who cheekily gave him no explanation as to what *that* meant.

"We're surefire happy you've given us hay to rest our cheeks on," she said to Barson, and the aged farmer gave an easy nod.

"Gotta look after yer neighbour's fields round these parts. Only way to warm your hearth through winter, that's for a certain, all right. All right."

The pair ate rabbit stew with him, and it was surprisingly delicious. Even Melvin thought it was a great dish. He sensed no presence of active domination magic even after calling upon his most alert arcane senses, and so he and Aly were more than happy to take the spare room.

"Married?" Barson asked.

"Oh, no!" they both declared, laughing and avoiding the others' gaze.

"Ah, beaus, are ya?"

"Definitely not," Melvin said.

"Well, no funny business then. These are old-fashioned parts round here. I don't hold with that D'Arbour nonsense."

And yet he gave them a wink, which left the pair wondering exactly how serious he was. Barson then told them where to find the privy in the night, after which he gave them another smile.

“Breakfast in the mornin’,” he said. “Good ta have some extra company to make the day pass.”

He left, leaving just the candle going. Melvin sighed as he stretched in the sparse bedding. It was so little compared to what he was used to, yet so much finer than camping in the sticks yet again.

“Ah,” he said. “It makes me feel like a noble again.”

Allison threw some straw at him. “Have some royal splendour, milord.”

The pair chuckled, then rested. Melvin dreamed of great adventures yet to come with Aly by his side. He really did feel like Praemis, and she like Cawthor. They would triumph over the domination magic infecting this world, he just knew it.

Breakfast was indeed early the next day, but it wouldn’t have mattered regardless: another heavy storm was passing through, making travel impossible. Their mounts were placed in the stables for extra care, and Barson brought in special herbs from his garden to help “spice it up for guests,” as he put it. There was bread and butter, chicken and hare, and the herbs were indeed delicious, like a spicy garlic that heated the roof of one’s mouth just enough to demand more water. Aly was especially struggling with it, yet couldn’t get enough.

“Slow down!” Melvin laughed.

“I can’t! They’re so spicy, but so good!”

“I assure you, you’re not eating them right.”

“How do you know regular food like this?”

“I don’t,” he replied, smugness entering his tone. “But as a cultured man, I have eaten food as far as Taiva and beyond. And *this* is not truly spicy. Observe.”

He grabbed a mouthful and devoured them. Barson grinned at this.

“Ha! Your lad is rather good at this, I say. You pair could be fit as fiddle to work on this farm. I need a few more farmhands, you know.”

Aly was struggling with the spice, but Melvin could answer easily.

“We would, but alas we must move on. We are in search of work in the cities, I’m afraid.”

“Aye, that makes sense. Still, it’s been wonderful company having you here. At least stay another night, until the storm passes.”

Melvin looked to Allison, who shrugged before succumbing to another jug of water to soothe her mouth.

"How could we not?" he said. "With food and company like this! Why, I'm even starting to understand you, Barson, or perhaps you're just modifying your speech for me!"

Barson cackled. "Aye, it's been a long time since I've had company. I guess I'm remembering how to talk to other folk. Now have another leg of spiced chicken. Trust me, these herbs will change your life."

Melvin woke up feeling docile. Not tired; he'd had a *magnificent* sleep. But certainly docile. There was a contentedness to things that he hadn't felt in a long, long time, perhaps since he was a child. The young man's head was heavier, and something about his body felt *odd*, but despite all the worrying flags this was throwing up, he seemed incapable of panicking. Instead, he simply yawned, stretched his furry limbs, and got out of his bed.

"Gods, I haven't slept that well in ages," he said, voice cracking a little. He rubbed his arms and noted the dark patches of black and white fur upon them. "Huh, I've developed fur. That's interesting. Hmm . . . feels nice."

He rubbed his fingers along it, and the sensation soothed him. Said fingers were slightly duller in feeling than they should have been, but even that seemed right to him. He rose, feeling a slight jiggle upon his chest, and then got ready to dress. Only his regular clothing was tighter than it should have been, especially around his bustline. He remembered having breasts a couple of times before due to domination magic, so this wasn't a particularly unusual feeling for him. In fact, it was like welcoming an old friend. He cupped them, feeling the fur that was growing over them.

"The nipples are a lot bigger," he noted. "Pinker too. Mhmm - oh. That feels nice."

They were quite sensitive, and it made his manhood stir. He was almost disappointed to still possess it. Still, the fur was spread quite far, and this made his sluggish mind stir with amusement.

"Like when I was nearly a catfolk. Hmm, but it's sensitive here."

He ran his fingers - which were a little stubbier than usual, across his lower stomach. Four little points, like swollen pink mosquito bites, were pushing up there. The sensitivity made him moan.

"Mhmm . . . *moo*."

He turned to see that Aly was still sleeping, but she too had changed. Her lips were thicker, her nose wide as if it were becoming something like a miniature snout, and he enjoyed how cute it made her, especially with those little horns protruding from her head!

The fur along her cheeks was light brown with bits of white, but her hair had not changed from its honey-gold blonde.

“Sleep well, Aly,” Melvin said as his stomach rumbled. “I’ll go get some feed.”

The newly docile man lumbered out of the room, scratching just above his rear in his overly-stretched clothing. Something was pushing out there.

When Aly woke, it was with similar revelations to Melvin. Her nose had warped, as had her teeth - they were going flat! Likewise, there were now horns jutting from her head, even if they were only an inch or so in length! Her shoulders had expanded, her muscles too, and light brown fur had pushed through her skin to cover much of her torso and thighs.

“By the Gods!” she exclaimed, her voice booming. “This - this feels . . .”

The horror of the change skipped her by, and instead her own characteristic optimism seemed to take over.

“This feels fucking *fantastic*! By the Gods, I’m even taller than I was before! I feel stronger too. And this fur! I feel warm even in this cold weather. I have to find Melvin and show him!”

She moved to get dressed, but simply nothing would fit her new body. She could still feel the magic of change in it, which excited her even more, as it promised a larger body and more muscles to go with what she’d already gained. Plus, her calves and arms were bereft of fur, as was much of her face beyond her cheeks. Thankfully, farmer Barson must have thought ahead, because he’d included a big set of farmer overalls that were easily large enough for her form, with room to grow.

“Wish the tits would be bigger, though!” she declared, cupping her rather ample but not exactly massive assets. “Am I really a cowgirl if I don’t have the cowntits?”

She giggled to herself. Something was a little wrong with this, she was certain, but maybe it was just because she hadn’t fully changed yet. She licked her thick lips with her longer tongue and wondered if Barson still had more of those spicy herbs available. Gods, they were good! They really were changing her life.

Barson was happy to show Melvin around the farm. The changing man followed submissively, not even asking many questions. His main interest was on his own changing body, as well as his stomach.

"This here is where we keep the cows," Barson said plainly. "And that includes the milking stations. Good to have lots of milk from your cows, don't you think?"

Melvin nodded along to this. He could feel his horns growing, and his breasts were so wonderfully sore that he was certain they were still growing.

"I think so," he said a bit dopily, smiling at the thought. What would it be like to be milked? It was enough to make the teats on his lower stomach tense and push out, tense and push out.

"Maybe one day you'll make some sweet milk," Barson said. "You know, lad, I hear it's the best kind, the milk from a bessie that used to be a man such as yourself. They say it's sweet as honey, and very good for you."

"*Moo*, that sounds good," Melvin said, running his hands over his chest. It was definitely getting bigger. Something was happening to his feet as well; they were hardening, the toes curling inwards. Hooves? He hoped so.

"Would you like to work as a farmhand for a few days?" Barson asked.

"Wha -? What was that?"

Barson smirked. "I said, would you like to be - ah, I'll ask Allison here. My, you are looking brawny, girl!"

Allison couldn't help but pose a little as she marched towards the pair. Her tail was already starting to come in, though it was just a minor stub at the moment. Still, she enjoyed the height advantage she possessed, and was even more delighted to see that Melvin had changed.

"You too, Melvin! Isn't this amazing!"

He nodded dreamily, one hand upon his left breast, which was just a little smaller than Allison's own. She was disappointed - she'd actually hoped he'd be bigger, for reasons she couldn't quite say.

"It's amazing," he said. "I feel so relaxed, Aly."

"Really? I feel fucking full of energy! I could run a thousand miles, I could-"

"Pull a hardy plough?" Barson suggested.

"Fuck yes! Just attach it to me, and I'll get to work. Mel here can watch my muscles go, right Mel?"

The changing male nodded eagerly, still clutching his left breast. His higher thoughts were becoming more sluggish, his id taking control. He was looking at Allison's body with a mix of envy and wonder. What would those muscles feel like not to possess, but to touch?

Allison and Melvin stayed with Barson for another night. It didn't take much convincing: the farmer had a kindly disposition, and he was a lot easier to understand on the second day, particularly for Melvin. The two admired one another's changed forms, unaware of how their minds were changing as well. Allison was helping shift hay bales and mend

fences, while Melvin delivered feed to the animals. He continued to stop and admire the cows in the field, their lovely fur patterns and solid builds, not to mention their large hanging udders. He'd always viewed them as disgusting creatures, good for milk and beef and little else, but now he saw something almost . . . noble in them. The noble continued to brush his hardening fingers across his lower stomach, feeling the growing teats there. The skin was a little raised by that second night, and he went to sleep imagining, *hoping* that it would become something more. In fact, it was hard to think about anything else.

Allison had similar thoughts running through her head as she settled down. She looked at Melvin, admiring the weight he had started to put on, before turning to focus on her own muscles. How much more would she grow tomorrow? Would she become even more powerful and bullish? She could feel the strong pressure in her skull, but even that pain was good; it signalled further change to come. Her last thought before she went to sleep was that she would be far more powerful than Melvin soon, and would be able to dominate him. It was a thought that stirred her loins even into unconsciousness.

When the pair woke the next day, it was not in their beds. In fact, they weren't even in the farmer's homestead anymore at all. Allison was the first to wake this time, and immediately she sensed the difference. She was reclined up against a mountain of hay in the barn, and what should have been uncomfortable - even for her - was instead quite calming. Her head felt heavier, and she sensed that this was because it was!

"More changes!" she whispered to herself in a voice far deeper than it was meant to be. "Fucking finally! I wish I could have felt them when I was awake, but the surprise is more than worth it!"

She looked at her hands, marvelling at how they had changed. They were covered in thick brown fur now, and her digits had fused. It looked like she had powerful hooves for hands, with manipulable digits that were nevertheless thick and hard, like the bone-stuff of a strong hoof. Two fingers and a thumb - that was more than enough! And given the sheer muscle mass attached to her arms as well as the rest of her, she couldn't care less about losing a few measly fingers.

"Powerful, I'm so powerful! Mel, look at me! Tell me what you see! My face feels weird and I want to know!"

Allison shifted up from the mountain of hay, feeling a tail stir from above her backside. She'd loved having one as a cat, but this was longer, ropier, and with a lot more hair at its end. *Even better*. She found Melvin on the other side of the hay pile, mumbling to himself in a surprisingly soft voice. It was obvious why, once she saw him.

“By the Gods, Melvin, you’re becoming female! I mean, I saw the breasts yesterday, but look at you!”

He was snoring and muttering, his figure splayed out and almost naked but for a very stretched pair of breeches. His shirt had ripped open and been discarded in the night, revealing a white and black furred form that had gained a noticeable amount of weight. The feminising would-be cow woman wasn’t fat by any means, but he certainly had a softer, doughier body, with the kind of maternal thickness one appreciated in an older bar wench. Better yet, his breasts had grown to twice their previous size, and were easily enough to overflow even a large man’s palms now, certainly bigger than Allison’s own pair, though they were flattening out into muscle by this point. Melvin’s large breasts were covered in white and black patch fur, topped by large pink nipples which were erect with arousal. The same was obviously true of something else too: his breeches were straining to contain a development on his lower stomach than ran to between his thighs. It wasn’t difficult to tell what it was: the four teat-like indents against the clothing gave it away.

“M-milk moo-ee,” Melvin sighed in that same dream-like tone. “Aly . . . milk me. Want to moo-ake you mooo-re moo-ilk. Mhmm . . . milk mee . . .”

She wanted to. She lowered herself down, her powerful thigh muscles rippling as she did so, but before she could place her hoof-hands upon Melvin’s chest, her nobleman charge woke, his eyes slightly glazed.

“Aly? Is that you? You’re head looks a bit like a cow’s. It’s got horns and a snout, and it’s *wide*.”

Allison felt her head and gaped for a moment. *That’s* why it felt so heavy: her cute female face was giving way to a much more bullish appearance, and for reasons that escaped her she was more than okay with it.

“It’s me, Mel. I mean, you’re looking like a cow, too! You’ve got hooves on your feet and on your hands!”

Melvin rubbed his body. “Mhmm. I was having the moo-ost wonderful dream.”

“I could tell! Gods, you’ve really changed, Mel! I think you’re becoming a cowgirl, literally!”

He looked over himself, astonished. Slowly, he moved his own hoof-hands to cup his large breasts and pressed them together. It made something go hard between Aly’s legs. She had a suspicion that the bulge in her shrinking womanhood was becoming a member, and this was just further proof.

“Mhmmooo,” Melvin moaned, lowering a hand down his breeches to feel the new development there. It had indeed grown to quite a bulge, and the soreness told him that it was *still* growing. Better yet, his member had shrunk to the point where it was struggling to stay hard. He was nearly a proper cow woman!

"Soooo close," he moaned, his voice like that of a sweet woman's. "Allison, I know this sounds weird, but I think I want to change more."

"Me too!" she declared, rising up to her full height, which had extended to nearly six feet now. She felt *huge*, and it was *awesome*. "I feel stronger, more dangerous, like I could own this place!"

"It's the opposite for me," Melvin said, his voice somewhat melodic and slow-paced. Almost peaceful. "I feel like I just want to be . . . taken care of. Like when I was a noble, only without the study. Just the enjoying life part. Mhmm . . . being taken care of, that would be nice."

Aly reached out a hoof-hand and slowly stroked Melvin's flank. It was practically instinct, but Melvin closed his eyes for a moment and let loose a minor moo. The sensation of having his fur stroked was magnificent, and even better that it was big, powerful Aly doing it. A tightness in his breasts began, and he clutched them, feeling the nipples.

"Mmmooo . . . I hope I keep growing."

"Me too," Allison said, a broad grin on her increasingly broad snout. "Me too."

They stayed there in the hay, Aly stroking Melvin's fur, for several minutes, but soon the hunger came upon them. Aly licked her thickened lips with a longer-than-usual tongue.

"I want those spicy herbs again," she proclaimed.

Melvin's stomach growled, and a soreness ran through his nascent udder.

"I *need* them," he declared.

They moved together to find Barson, and indeed he was already making a new stew out in the yard near his homestead, grinding those wonderful spicy herbs up and dropping the grain into the pot before mixing it. He laughed as they approached.

"Yer looking like mighty fine farmhands, I say!" he declared, stretching out his hands as if to try to encompass them. To Aly's perspective, Barson was looking quite small, though part of her recognised him as her boss. Not Melvin - that was unusual - but Barson instead.

"You know, I'm feeling like we could stay at least one more night!" she exclaimed.

"Try to help around the farm just a little more. What do you say, Mel?"

Melvin looked up from the pot where he'd been obsessively sniffing those wonderful herbs. "Wha -? Sorry, what did you say? I was too busy thinking about food."

Barson cackled. "Then let's get it out. This is a special brew, just for the two of you. See how it's changing your life?"

The pair looked down upon themselves and then each other. Their horns were growing, their bodies thickening, their fur extending. And, of course, their tails were lengthening too. With each passing hour they were becoming more bovine, slowly but surely. And yet, that seemed perfectly alright to both of them.

"We sure can!" Allison said, thumping her naked chest and enjoying the lack of breasts there. "I say keep 'em coming!"

"That's what I like to hear," Barson said. He began to serve up the food, and the pair greedily gulped it all down, bite by spicy bite. Barson watched them eat it all, a smile never leaving his features. In the aftermath, the pair took some rest time separately, finding their own spots of hay or grass in the sun. They panted, catching their breath as the magic worked through them, bloating up their bodies - with muscle for Allison and the thick and lovely curves for Melvin.

They were becoming their best bovine selves, they just knew it.

The day passed quickly and with much enthusiasm, especially from Allison, who was retaining much more of her faculties than Melvin. She continued to implore Barson for jobs and chores that required ever greater strength and endurance from her, and soon she was dragging the plough across the fields herself, proud to display her increasingly long and sharp horns. The heat upon her furry hide only made the sweat more glorious, and with each grunt it was as if her snout extended, her skull expanding to make her the bull - no, the *minotaur* that she was always meant to be. She'd been raised on great legends of them, and now she was one; an actual mythical being! It was as if destiny were upon her.

Melvin, meanwhile, continued to lounge with ever growing laziness. The grass of the fields was so unbelievably green, and occasionally, when no one was looking, he lowered himself to nibble upon it. This had the effect of causing his large breasts to droop with gravity and slide along the ground, making his big pink nipples go stiff. It was unnatural and strange, but not unpleasant, and something else was starting to hang now that he'd unbuttoned the front of his tightening breeches; a burgeoning udder that was getting pinker by the hour.

"Mmhmoou," he moaned, luxuriating in the experience of his new tunnel slowly opening up between her thickening thighs. She writhed in the grass, clutching her breasts and whimpering as they overflowed her palms. "B-bigger. Need to start making . . . ohhh . . . yes. Need to start m-making milk."

Her stomach groaned for more food, and so she eventually rose up to get more. It was then that she realised she was thinking of herself as a 'she.' There was some significance to that, though she couldn't exactly think of what, just that it was appropriate; she'd be making heavenly milk any day now, after all. With that in mind, the newly female-minded cowgirl moved to go feed the livestock, which brought her closer to her own sense of bovine self. Her hips had widened, and it was a good thing too, because her udder really was growing, and starting to jiggle on her lower stomach and hang down a bit. Her

thick thighs rubbed against it, stimulating further growth, but the gap between them with her wider hips at least gave it more room to fill out.

“A little bigger and more plentiful each day,” she mused to herself, going to the feed sheds. She attended to each of the livestock in turn, but was particularly attentive to the cows. They felt more like . . . sisters, of a kind, to her. She continued to admire their large, full udders as if in a dream, and her own hands wandered to her breasts and udder. She couldn’t even remember taking off her clothing, leaving her naked and furry beneath the sun, but even when she realised it didn’t really register as significant. This was simply the way she was meant to be. Well, not *entirely*. It aggravated her that she wasn’t making milk yet, but moments after that frustration emerged, she experienced something like a pin prick of sensation in her bosom, followed by her udder.

“Mooo,” she bellowed. “I hope that’s what I think it is.”

She gazed dreamily out at a cow that was heavy with calf, and sighed long and wistfully. If only that could be her. She needed a bull to fill her up with a calf.

She’d make even more milk then.

Another night, and this time the pair dreamed. Gods, they were lovely dreams, and so appropriate to their new forms. Alison could practically feel herself changing further as she dove into experiences of being a mighty minotaur warrior, or marching through a dark labyrinth guided only by her powerful nostrils. Only she wasn’t a ‘she’ in these dreams, but a *he*, a strong alpha male. And at the end of the labyrinth, her gorgeous, curvaceous, and utterly fertile cow wife, pregnant with her calves. The smell of his Mel was enough to make his member rise, sleep or no.

This was appropriate, because Melvin’s dreams were very fertile and cow-like indeed. She imagined eating grass and spicy herbs in a field, her body now the thick, voluptuous form of a true cowgirl. Her breasts would be as large as her head, if not larger, and so full of milk they would be seeping down her front, and her udder would be even bigger, letting droplets of milk spill to the ground with every step she took with her hooves. But even better than that wonderful experience of milky fullness, was the fullness in her belly. It was round and swollen, making it difficult to move properly, but that was only right: her calf squirmed in her overstuffed womb, a gift from Aly.

“Aly,” she moaned as she slowly woke up. “N-need your c-calves . . .”

She stirred, rolled over in her pile of hay, and was immediately hit with an unexpected pain as several mounds were squished against the ground upon which they lay.

“Ooh!” she cried, falling back onto her backside, where there was also a lot more padding. “What was that?”

It took her brain some time to realise, where once her keen intellect would have instantly assessed what had happened: her transformation was finished, and her breasts were now easily bigger than her own head, and her udder swollen up so that it was as big as both of them put together, if not larger. There was a pressure in her chest, and in the udder too, and she reached out a hoof-hand experimentally, sliding it along her fur until it went over her rounded pink sac. Gods, it felt full.

“Please let this work,” she squeaked in a voice that was now positively and *adorably* sweet, and then tugged on it.

A positive *eruption* of milk ejaculated from the udder, spurting in an arc nearly five feet long and out of the barn. An instant relief came over her.

“Mooooo,” she moaned, her shoulders tensing from the unexpected pleasure. Her nipples leaked more milk in anticipation. “Ohhhh, that’s good.”

“That’s fucking *hot*, is what it is.”

Melvin gave a bellowing *moo* of surprise, toppling backwards and causing all her mammarys to wobble for what felt like *minutes*. With her softer body and impressive curves, it took even longer to right herself and stand on her hooves. Aly watched the cowgirl the entire time, lust in his eyes, the enormous member she had grown overnight beginning to harden.

“Gods, you’re fucking *magnificent*, Mel. Just perfect. Your tits! Your udder! You look like you’re about to burst with all that milk!”

Melvin could have blushed, but in truth, the milk was all she could focus on. Well, that and Aly’s new cock, which was obvious in his minotaur nakedness. She hungered after it, and once again her thoughts were practically diminished as she eyed it, missing everything that Aly was saying.

“Sorry, what was th-that?” she asked.

“I said,” Aly replied, shifting his large form closer, his enormous hooves stomping against the ground before he kneeled before Melvin. “You look like you need someone to *milk* you, Mel.”

Melvin almost missed the words again, so taken with the sight of this incredibly huge and *virile* looking minotaur. But then the word ‘milk’ jumped into her consciousness, and she smiled. She had a cute looking little snout now, and her horns were fully developed - not huge and threatening like Aly’s but dainty and cute. The cowgirl shifted, her enormous furry breasts wobbling as she parted her legs. Her udder sagged a little lower, but it was so bloated up with what felt like *gallons* of milk that it didn’t have much room to shift. That didn’t matter; Melvin wasn’t aiming for comfort, but rather to give Aly *access*.

“Moo-ilk moo-eee,” she whined, her eyes doe-like and pleading. Utterly submissive. “Moo-aster.”

Something in the back of Aly’s mind recoiled at this wording, but the minotaur man couldn’t quite understand why. It didn’t matter; this incredibly productive cowgirl was right before him in all her thick-bodied glory. Her ropey tail shifted between her legs as she lay further back in the hay, making soft cooing sounds as she positioned herself for him.

“My, you are so fucking godsdamned magnificent, Mel,” Aly said. “You’re going to fill so many buckets.”

“Mmooo.”

Aly quickly grabbed a pail, then leaned over the cowgirl. His huge hoof-hands wandered across her form, caressing her fertile mounds. It left Melvin gasping, and Aly’s own cock began to harden, extending out of its furry sheath.

“Moo-ilk meee!” she whined. The pressure was starting to go from tantalising to unbearable. She needed to be expressed. This was her *purpose now*, she just knew it. To be milked forever and ever. And to bear this minotaur’s *calves*.

Aly placed his huge hands upon the udder, pressing down on it a little. Melvin sucked in her breath a little.

“It’s - ahh - sensitive!”

“Good,” he replied. He felt like the true master in their relationship now, his enormous bull’s head and bull cock evidence of this. “Let’s see how full you are!”

He pulled on one of the teats firmly yet with surprising delicateness. The reward was a long, steady stream of warm milk that spurted loudly into the bucket. Melvin cried out, mooing a little as her hoof-hands trembled.

“It’s g-good. Keep going!”

“Of course. I wasn’t planning to stop, sexy!”

The minotaur continued his ministrations, tugging alternately one teat, then the other. They were stiff and hard, but deeply sensitive for Melvin, who was lost in the pleasure of being relieved of all the milk. And yet she wanted to make even *more*. More, forever, here on the farm with her minotaur lover. Yes, she was already imagining it. Her mind was preoccupied entirely with the thoughts of eating, milking, fucking, and *birthing*. She would make even more milk when she seduced the minotaur. No, seduction was an aggressive act. He would *take* her, and she would be helpless to his whims.

“Mhmmoooo!” she cried out, as another stream of milk spurt into the pail. Aly chuckled in his low tone, then grabbed another pail.

“One full already, but the udder is nearly empty. Just a few more tugs.”

“D-don’t forget about my big, fat breasts,” Melvin stammered, biting her thick lip and swishing her ropey tail between her legs. “They’re f-full too!”

"No pail needed for those," Aly said, finishing up his work. He slapped the udder lightly, letting it jiggle. It was now much emptier, but the pinprick sensations in it told Melvin that it would refill in mere hours.

"Wh-why?" Melvin asked. Her mind was in a fog. She'd do anything for her minotaur.

"Because, Mel, this minotaur is getting *hungry*."

With that, Aly gripped Melvin by the shoulders, dominating her former master, and pressed his enormous bull's head right into her cleavage. Even then, it was like suffocating in those great furry pillows. Melvin spread her legs wider, her passage sopping wet by this point. She could feel Aly's big minotaur cock sliding up against her udder and belly, and it was divine. Aly pressed his snout against Melvin's huge left nipple. It was bright pink and distended, as if reaching upwards to be suckled upon. Aly licked it, eliciting further moos from the submissive Melvin, and then placed his lips upon it, sucking greedily. Warm and sweet milk flowed - much sweeter than that produced by Melvin's udder. Aly felt possessed: he wanted more and more of this. He wanted this to be an accompaniment to his meals morning, day, and night. Barson had blessed them greatly by allowing them to stay here - they would make many calves together again and again. Melvin was so fertile, he could *smell* it on her musk. It would be so easy to impregnate his former lord and make her the ripe milk and calf-producing cow woman she was always meant to be. He drank down more milk, switching to the other breast.

"Yessss," Melvin moaned, completely helpless to her new, docile mind. "I want this. I don't want anything more. I'm yours. Make me yours. Dominate me!"

Dominate. That word . . . it rang something in Aly's furry ears. He ignored it and continued to suckle. Her member was right at Melvin's entrance.

"Take me! I don't want anything else!"

But that didn't *sound* like the Melvin she knew. No, *he* knew. No, *SHE* knew. She was meant to be a woman, wasn't she? A golden-haired warrior with great agility, not a minotaur of unseemly strength. And what was this thing between her legs? It was huge! She pulled back her head, leaving Melvin confused.

"What are you doing, moo-aster?" she asked.

"I - I don't know," Aly said, clutching her head. The need was there, the overpowering instinct to *dominate* this cowgirl and make her a submissive mate. But she'd just called Aly 'master'! Melvin would never do that! She scraped a hoof hand against her horn and grimaced.

"Something's wrong. I - I don't know what. Did Barson do something to us?"

A taste flowed across his large tongue. *Her* large tongue. Another need, this time for something spicy. The herbs.

"What we ate - Melvin, it changed us!"

But Melvin just began playing with her breasts, pressing them together and making Aly hard again. It took great effort to grip the cowgirl and easily lift her to her hooves.

"Listen, this isn't fucking right! We need to stop!"

"But I just want to be milked and bred! That's my purpose!"

"No, it isn't! You would never say that, not my *Mel*! Look, Barson did something to us; the food he gave us has changed us. We're meant to be human."

"But I don't want to be! Humans can't be milked!"

"Well, they can, but . . . that's not important! Listen, you need to follow my lead. Can you do that . . . for your master?"

It felt wrong to do things this way, but it seemed Melvin was too far gone. She just hoped it wasn't permanent. Thankfully, the cowgirl nodded.

"Good. Okay, we need to confront Barson. But I need you to pretend I knocked you up, okay? Think of it like . . . a game."

"Moo. Sounds sexy."

The minotaur rubbed Melvin's furry shoulder, making her give a little cooing sound.

"Exactly. Come with me."

They moved to the farmstead, where Barson was mending part of the front porch. His eyes flicked to them, and there was something serpentine in the gaze that Aly was just now noticing. She stomped her large, naked minotaur body towards him, now very conscious of what she was. Gods, and what Melvin was too; it was hard not to look at those huge breasts or that gorgeous udder, not to mention the colossal arse that swayed so perfectly!

"Well, looks like you two had some fun," Barson said with a grin.

"Sure did!" Aly beamed. "I hope you don't mind us slacking off in the morning, but I had such a need to breed you wouldn't believe it."

"He's filled me up with his calves, I just know it!" Melvin replied, rubbing her stomach and hoping dearly to make the deception a reality.

"Good, good," Barson said. "That's just what I like to hear. I think that'll just about make it all permanent, I reckon. You two will be serving the farm for a long, long time."

"Fuck yes!" Aly said, drawing closer. "I'm so thankful to you, Barson. I've just got one question for you."

"And what would that be?"

The minotaur braced a hoof against the ground and then, like lightning, shot forth her left arm and grabbed Barson by the neck before he could realise what was happening. She smashed him twice against the ground and then pressed her body against his so he couldn't escape.

"What did you do to the *real* Barson!?" Aly demanded, breathing hot air into the interloper's face.

Barson was only briefly shocked, and then he grinned.

And then he laughed.

And then he *cackled*.

His voice rose in pitch, becoming like that of a haughty noblewoman's. His skin burned, fire emanating from his form, and Allison had to back away as Barson rose up, large crimson wings extending from his form. A great flame overcame his body, and when it disappeared, *she* stood there, a gorgeous and voluptuous succubus with proud horns and a body that was barely covered by a very revealing purple dress. An impressive longsword was at her hip, and her eyes were golden and viper-like.

"Well, well, well, good job you two," the woman said. "I really thought I had you trapped."

Melvin clutched her head. She could feel the mind fog beginning to lift now that the deception had been revealed. "Who - who are you?"

"Aww, poor Melvie hasn't caught up yet. I'm guessing she's not really pregnant? Such a shame, it would have been *hilarious*. You know who I am, Melvie. Just think, and say it."

Melvin searched her mind, but it was difficult. A word came up from the abyss, though, and terrible associations with it.

"Callista. You're Callista. The Demon Lord's second in command. The head maiden of the succubi."

"Oh, I'm hardly a *maiden*, dear. No succubus is."

"Why are you here?" Aly demanded.

"Let's just say a certain Demon Lord has sent his highest servants out into the world to remove any threats to his power, and you two grabbed my notice. Your actions in Ahmak didn't go unnoticed, I can assure you. All that confidence, and it was easy to step in and replace Barson overnight."

"That's why you were easier to understand!" Melvin exclaimed. "What did you do to him?"

"Oh, it's delicious. You'll love it." She clicked her fingers, and a circle of flame summoned a new figure. Melvin and Aly both gasped; it wasn't Barson as they recognised him. Rather, it was another cowgirl, as curvaceous and thick-bodied as Melvin now was, and just as naked. Her udder was bulging full and leaking milk, but upon her chest was not a single pair of large breasts, but instead *two* pairs of them, the upper ones sitting upon the lower a little, and all four of them the size of her head. They rose and fell with each breath. The cowgirl's fur was a light grey to match Barson's silvery hair, but she looked to be about twenty years old now.

"Fires of hell what in the crag have ya done to me?" she cried in a voice that was huskier than expected, as if slightly betraying her true age behind her fertile-looking body.

"My mind was like slag from a miner's day of growking! I swear, that bull better not have backside me!"

"Yeah, that's definitely him," Melvin said. "I can't understand a word of that. She suddenly realised she was very naked and very curvaceous, but her arms could barely cover most of her parts.

Callista just cackled again, patting Barson on her upper right boob. "It was an easy switch, and Barson didn't have the will that you two possessed. You took days to change, he was just overnight! But just for fun, I only fogged his mind while he felt the need for some powerful minotaur action. *She* is quite pregnant now, by the way."

"I'm what!? You done stuffed my oven!?"

"Oh shut it. You won't be able to do anything about it. I daresay you'll have quite the need to make a big brood of calves, in fact, whether you want it or not. And that milk will need to be attended to as well. Consider it a gift from me by way of the Demon Lord."

Bessie groaned at his - now *her* - fate, but Melvin was recovering, and could feel the magic in her hoof-hands. It lit up, a fire resting there.

"You utter monster," he said, regaining his male mind slowly. "You turned me into a damned *cow*. That, I will not forgive!"

"And as much fun as it is as a minotaur," Aly replied. "I'll be taking my old body back now. Do it, or I'll crush you."

The demoness just scratched her chin as if bored. "I'd truly like to see you try. But in fact, I have no desire to fight you head on. All that expenditure of domination magic has me *exhausted*, and you've just broken through it, weakening me further. Not to worry, you'll get your bodies back . . . over a few days. Enjoy them while you have them, because the next time I see you, I'll have a different change ready. And this time it will be *permanent*."

Aly launched forward, and Melvin threw a fireball at her, but she was already gone in a whirlwind of smoke and brimstone, cackling as she disappeared.

"Damn it!" Melvin said, various parts jiggling all over. "Why did I even use fire? It can't hurt her. Ugh, I'm still getting my mind back. Aly, are you alright?"

"Well, apart from being a giant minotaur with, er, a need for a large loincloth, I'm fine. You?"

Melvin sucked in a breath. "I'm . . . filling up again. Gods, this is humiliating. I've got an udder!"

"Tell me 'bout it, ya kid!" Bessie said, getting up and then falling on her large backside. "I've got more tit than a cow in calf."

"I think you *are* a cow in calf, I'm afraid. I'm sorry this happened to you, Barson. We just wanted a night's rest, but now the Demon Lord's servant targeted you to get to us."

"That redhorn really wasn't speakin' spoke now, then? I really am caught with the calving, ain't I?"

She lowered her hands to her soft brown-furred belly.

"I'm afraid so," Melvin said. "Just like I nearly was. And I think you might be stuck like this."

"Well, ain't that a shit pie from a cow's backside. How am I gonna growk now?"

"Work?" Aly said. "Well, you probably still can, I imagine. I mean, you're younger, right? Decades younger. You couldn't be older than twenty now."

"Aye, it's true. I got the energy of a buck gone bold. But also all these teats! And the milk."

"It'd make a tidy profit, at least?" suggested the minotaur.

"Aye, true that. Silver linings in the darkest mine. But who's gonna help me? I ain't got no kin or ken for carrying calf!"

Melvin bit her lip. "Well, if I'm following you correctly, you're saying you haven't got family or knowledge of how to raise a baby. But . . . you could always, er, find someone?"

"Yes!" Allison beamed. "I know it's hard to say, but you were talking about how you were lonely and needed help on the farm. Maybe this is a chance to, well, find someone. Someone to share the farm with!"

Bessie considered this. Her udder seeped more milk, and she moaned. "I got these instincts say it's not the worst idea ever come up from the well. But who would want to rut with a cowgirl?"

"Well, a minotaur for one," Melvin said sheepishly.

"And in this world, there'll be a lot of people changed by the Demon Lord's magic," Aly continued. "I have no doubt there's someone out there for you."

"That's a lot of fence mending to take on!"

"Adjustment? Well, we're stuck like this for a few days, so why don't we help you adjust. It's the least we can do!"

Bessie considered this, also. The new cow woman placed her hands on her hips, thrusting out her chest(s). For a moment, Melvin's cowgirl mind reared up, jealous of how much more milk this woman was producing. Then, she became embarrassed again.

"Aye, that's a good trade at least," Bessie said. "Lemme just fetch a pail for myself."

She waddled off, her udder swinging, leaving the cowgirl Melvin and minotaur Aly standing there, trying not to look at each other.

"This was embarrassing," Melvin said.

"A real cow-tionary tale. Nearly a cow-tastrophe"

"I thought we were on top of things. I got overconfident."

"Over-cowfident. We really stepped a hoof in it."

"I'm not going to make that mistake again."

"No, you're just going to make *milkshakes* instead."

Melvin groaned. "Can you stop that!? Gods, let's get some clothes. I can't wait to be out of this body."

She marched off, her body trembling in all the unusual places.

"What?" Aly said, teasing her master as she followed, her huge form easily catching up. "I thought you wanted to grab life by the horns, my lord?"

"Oh Gods."

"Did I catch you in a bad moo-o-d?"

"I swear, we're never talking about this again, especially what happened in that barn."

"It'll be udderly forgotten."

Melvin groaned, more milk leaking from her form.

"And now I have another three days or so of being milked," he declared. "Worst change yet, by far!"

Aly giggled. "I don't know, I rather had fun with it!"

But both, pointedly, did not talk about the barn experience again.

It was a warm, milky memory, though.

Alternate Ending: The Milking Life

Alson stomped through his farm, straight towards the milking station. He had desires that needed filling and only one creature on his lands could give it to him. As he passed, his various sheep and cows baa'd and moo'd in his direction, recognising him as their master. This was only just; the mighty minotaur projected power from his huge height and breadth, not to mention his enormous muscles. His bovine nose puffed hot air visibly in the morning mist, and his large horns almost seemed to cut through the sky.

"Gods, what a beautiful morning!" he declared in his booming baritone voice, lifting his hoof-hands up to the sky. "What a day to be a minotaur!"

It was a daily refrain. He sniffed the air, and caught no scent of the Demon Lord's minions, or any of the human kingdom soldiers who occasionally tried to assault either him or his farm. As a powerful beastman, he was considered an enemy to some, a monster to others, a prize for poachers and glory to would-be adventurers. And all of them that came to him had learned the very, *very* hard and brutal way why Alson the Minotaur was no easy target. The pile of charred helmets around the perimeter was just one such warning.

"Good, all clear," he said in his guttural tone. "All the better to enjoy my cows."

He stomped towards the milking station, ducking his seven-foot tall frame briefly just to avoid the low awning, before rising to his towering height again. Within, the near-orgasmic moo's and moans of the two occupants were a symphony to his soft, bovine ears.

"Ah, my lovely heifers!" he declared as he entered. "How are you both this morning?"

Bessie moo'd happily in response, rubbing her four furry breasts as a farmhand pulled at her udder's teats, drawing enormous amounts of milk into a pail.

"Feelin' fulla the blessin' of fruit I can tell ya!" she stammered. "Course I could be makin' another blessin' if ya see fit to it, my bull."

Alson grinned at this. His penis stirred in its sheath, aroused by the swell in Bessie's belly. She was quite pregnant, plump with his virile minotaur seed, and he awaited the arrival of his first calf. Gods knew there would be enough milk to go around, that was for sure! And as Bessie indicated in her own folksy, highly rural way of talking, she was hoping that being mounted might bring on labor. He sniffed the air, taking in the scent of her wet loins.

"Not yet, my heifer," he replied, patting her belly with surprising gentleness before urging the somewhat terrified farmhand to continue. "Another month, and you'll be ready."

"M-mooo!" she replied happily. "Till then, I'll bring pail by the dozens, Alson!"

The minotaur turned the corner to find the one he truly sought this morning. Melka was laying back on a mound of hay, her udder making Bessie's appear positively miniature by comparison. It was positively engorged, swollen up like a big, sagging pink boulder, and milk spurt from her teats as she used her hoof-hands to eject stream after stream of her warm produce. Her enormous breasts were similarly lactating, and just the sight of it aroused Alson greatly, and even more the enormous twin-calf belly that Melka possessed, so large it almost thrust her own breasts up against her chin, so swollen that the kicks and squirms of the hooved calves within were easily visible.

"Ohhhhh," Melka moaned. "M-my love, h-how are you this moo-orning?"

Alson chuckled. "I was about to ask the same, but I can see the answer; you're making more milk than ever now that you're knocked up with my calves."

"M-mooo!" she cried, her docile mind pleased at how Alson referred to her incredibly gravid bovine body. "I'm s-so full for you, my bull."

Alson knelt down carefully, stroking Melka's udder. He loved her new name; it had been his idea. Feminine, not to mention a local Targan name, and it was also amusing to him that it rhymed with 'Milkin'. She squirmed a little as he took over her ministrations, pulling incredibly long jets of her udder's contents out into the large buckets below.

"I can see how full you are. And still no labor yet? I would have thought a former human man would want to be rid of calves?"

Melka sighed. "I keep forgetting I was a man. Moo! So easy to forget when I'm eating . . . and milking . . . and mating. Mmhmmooo. Do you forget?"

Alson shook his powerful bull head. "Never. But I would never go back. I'm virile, strong, and I rule this farm. I have respect and power like I never possessed as a human girl. The Demon Lord may have the wider realm, but he can never have this patch of mine, nor my milk maidens."

At that, he squeezed her left breast fondly, causing it to dribble more milk.

"Mooo-y bull," she mooed. "I'm glad you're here to moo-ake decisions for moo-e. Ahh! I'm so simple now. I can't even use moo-agic. Just want to make milk."

Alson smiled. "And to be mounted."

"Too b-big for that."

"Nonsense. You just need your minotaur lover to help you. Besides, you want to bring out these calves, don't you? So we can make more?"

Melka shivered in delight. She knew she should be embarrassed, even ashamed, but the reasons often escaped her simple mind. Perhaps she secretly wanted to be a human man again? But why would she want that, when she was such a productive cowgirl? No, it made no sense. So instead, she reached out her arms and let her powerful protector and father of her calves pull her up. He directed her to lean against the fencing, her arms over it, and she automatically lifted her tail to grant him access. She needed to be strong; she was holding up a pair of enormous milky breasts, an even larger udder, and an even larger pregnant belly than that. But she kept her hooves steady on the ground, widened her stance, and cooed in delight in response to what came.

Alson had long come to learn the truth of himself; he had always loved Melka, even when she was Melvin and he was Allison. Yes, he had his needs, and sometimes he needed Bessie to fulfil them, and to grow his bovine brood, but it was no secret that Melka was, in many ways, his 'prized heifer.' And so he relished this moment as his cock slid first out from his furry sheath, enormous and hard, and then again when it slid into the bovine beauty before him. She mooed dramatically as he stretched her inner walls, and again when he reached around with his powerful hoof-hands and began to caress her belly, before playing with her breasts and udder in alteration.

"Yessss!" Melka cried. "Moo-ake me your cowgirl again! I don't want to remember that old life! Fuck the moo-emories out of mooo-eee!"

He also loved how much she mooed when she was aroused; it took over all her M-words. Alson began to pump into her, thrusting in and out, bringing his cowgirl beauty to her full. She pushed back against him, and her mammaries began to leak all over the place, enhancing the eroticism of the act.

"I'm close!" he huffed. "So close! Ha! How much better to be the guy in the relationship! I'm going to cum in you, Melka!"

"Do it! MHMMOOOO!!!"

He did just that, erupting within her. Melka mooed even louder as her tunnel was flooded with his virile seed. If she could get pregnant while already knocked up, she damn well would be with the amount of issue within her. It made Alson excited for the next litter of calves. For now, though, he slid out of her, ready to comfort her and milk what was left of-

“NGH! Ohhhhhh . . .”

To Alson’s shock, fluids gushed out of Melka’s passage, dampening her thighs and spilling to the ground. Melka groaned, clutching her belly as an obvious ripple went through it, followed by a dreadful tightness. She squeezed her eyes shut, the memories of who she had been and what she was now running through her.

“Oh Gods, I’m - I’m in labor! I’m a pregnant cow woman and I’m in labor! How did - UGH! - how did this happen!?”

This sometimes occurred, when Melka became agitated over her former life. Alson did what he always did; he placed his hands around her, steadying his bovine mate, and comforting her with his presence.

“Breathe easy, my love. Whatever you were, we are together now. And soon, we shall be a family, once you bring these calves into the world.”

“I - ughhh - why does that sounds so good? Moo! MOO! It hurts, but - ahh - need to give you calves. Like a good cow woman.”

“That’s right, you know who you are *now*. Just focus, my love. I shall be here to help you all the way. You’re going to be a mother, Melka. You’ll have two little calves to help with your breasts and udder.”

Melka calmed. “That sounds . . . nice. Moo . . . so nice. Aghh. My love, help me back down into the hay. I want to give birth here.”

He did so, helping her down, and she spread her legs automatically, her tail off to one side. There was a pause in the contractions for now, but Alson knew there would be more. How good it was that he had the easier job! Still, there was excitement in the air, and Melka did indeed calm, a smile slowly coming across her face as she rubbed her enormous stomach.

“I’m a good cow, aren’t I?” she asked.

“The best. Udderly perfect, in fact.”

Together they laughed, even as the next contraction began to build slowly in the background. Soon, they would be parents. Why care about being human, when a whole future of milk and mounting and calving was on the horizon?

But for now, the next contraction hit Melka, and Alson stayed by her side as she rode it out. It would be, as ever, a productive day for the minotaur’s mate.