

Curse of the Full Moo

Contains cowgirl transformation, milk, breast, and butt expansion

Marcia fidgeted the entire ride home. Their date had gone swimmingly and Mike couldn't have been happier, but his girlfriend's odd behavior was making him second-guess the night. Her eyes were training on the sky for most of the ride home and she adjusted her clothes enough times to be suspicious.

"Hey... Are you alright...?" Mike finally asked when they entered his apartment. "You've been acting a little--"

"Strange?"

Nervous eyes stared back at him from behind rounded glasses. There was something on Marcia's mind. While Mike had hoped to end the night with her sweater and jeans on the floor, he knew there was something she wanted to discuss.

"Mike..." Marcia glanced out the window. A full moon's silvery veil cloaked the outside in magic. "There's...something I want to tell you."

"You know you can tell me anything, babe! I'm here for whatever it is."

"It's... It's nothing bad. I think. Well... *Gaaahhhh I don't know!*" Marcia scratched her head nervously. "There's this...*thing*, with my family. My mom always told me to keep it secret, but I think it's time I told you. I..." A giggle helped ease the tension and Mike saw her blush. "I think you'll like it, actually."

He could only try and make her feel comfortable. "I'm all ears."

She smiled weakly but her apprehension didn't disappear. Motioning to the couch, she gently pushed him down before sitting on his lap and leaning back. The scent of her thick brown hair filled his senses.

Marcia shimmied her body on his lap and allowed herself a small moan. "Do the thing while I talk...?"

He knew what she was referring to. She would often lie back in his lap while he massaged her ample G-cup breasts. It was one of their favorite ways to cuddle and create a little heat between them. After a night of admiring the way her sweater stretched across his favorite mounds, Mike was more than willing to oblige. Taking her assets in both hands, he began slowly kneading and massaging in slow circles through her sweater.

"Like that...?" he asked.

"*Mmmm... Juuust like that...*"

He wondered if she could feel his hard-on nestled between her cheeks. Surely she knew this was turning him on. Whatever she had to say couldn't have been bad if she was letting him fondle her at the same time.

"S-So... There's this--*Ah!*" A pinched nipple made her squeak and tremble. "*Mngh you sneak.*" She wiggled her butt against him as Mike smiled over her before continuing. "There's

something I've been hiding from you... Something about my whole family. Most people would think I'm crazy if I told them this, but...I-I trust you."

"Ok..." Mike shifted in place. He couldn't help but feel anxious, even if there were two warm stress balls in his hands.

"There's...a reason my entire family lives on a farm out in the country." Marcia turned her eyes away and whispered, "*You've heard of werewolves, right?*"

Mike's hands stopped. A nervous laugh bounced her head on his chest. "Heh, you're not about to tell me you're a werewolf, are you?"

"No! No no!" A laugh soothed his fantastical fear. Her eyes flashed as the clouds parted outside and a brilliant full moon shone bright. "*But... I am a...werecow...*"

Unsure if he'd heard her correctly, Mike cocked his head. "Sorry? A werecow? What's--"

Guuuurrrrrrgle

Her breasts pushed against his hands. Marcia's breath had increased into rapid pants. Quick gasps lifted her bust up and down in his grasp. Gentle squirming made her limbs tense and hands clench.

"Mar...cia...?" he whispered, finding her mammaries several inches larger in his hands. Flesh and soft sweater fabric overflowed his grasp and bulged against her shoulders. "Y-Your boobs are--"

"M-Mmmgh..." A groan interrupted his concern. She looked down, seeing her mounds already rising to block her view. "*Oh wow they're really excited tonight...*"

Guuuurrrrrrgle!

"Marcia! Your tits are--"

"Mmm like I said..." She kissed him before whispering, "*I'm a werecow.*"

STTTTRRRCH!!

Marcia's body tightened as if she were being shocked. Mike's eyes bulged as he saw her transformation kick into full gear. Her sweater pulled up her stomach as her height increased. The fabric of her jeans vibrated like a drum when her thighs plumped. Mike's breath caught in his throat as he felt her ass swell against his manhood. Most exciting of all, her breasts continued their march into larger sizes within his own hands.

"Mmmmmgh, God!" Marcia squirmed and gasped for air. "*It feels better every single time!!*"

CREEAAAAAAK

"What's happening to you?! S-Should we take your clothes off??" Mike winced at every little pop and snap, fearful something might burst like a firework.

"Are you kidding?" A growl shook Marcia's gentle giggle. "*Bursting out of them is one of the best parts. You just keep playing with those soon-to-be-udders and enjoy the show, mister.*"

Mike gulped. Not only was Marcia's body changing, but so was her attitude. She was more direct. More teasing. There was a dominance in her voice that left him feeling intimidated and aroused. Her hips were more daring and skilled at teasing his bulge.

GUUUURRGLE

"How those tits feeling?" she swooned, snaking her body back and forth in his lap. "Nice and fuuuuull yet? Big enough?"

Marcia looked like she had two basketballs under her sweater. Combined with her increasing height, it was fitting more like a skimpy crop top. The once-long sleeves reached only to her elbows. Under his palms he could feel nipples the size of strawberries puffing and throbbing with her heartbeat.

"Can they... C-Can they go bigger?" he dared to ask.

Marcia narrowed her eyes and bit her lip. "Mmmmooooo someone is thirsty... They can get as big as you want."

STRRRRTCH!!

"MMMMNNGH!!"

She'd gained more than a foot in height. Slowly her head was creeping up Mike's chest until it passed his own. Marcia sat in his lap as if he were a child holding a grown woman. Flesh and curves heaved within his arms. He ogled the bloating mounds that dwarfed his head. Never again would her sweater fit the way it had.

Sloooooosh

Sloooooossssh

"Uh oh... You hear that?" Marcia caressed Mike's head. Steaming lust-riddled breath fogged his face when she whispered, "My milk is coming in."

FWIP!!

FWIP!!

Something slapped his face. Something soft and furry. Mike never thought the sight of cow ears could make his cock throb, yet when he saw them twitching on the sides of Marcia's head, he realized he adored them. Two gentle horns rose from her hair before stopping at an inch tall.

Marcia batted her eyes and showed her head off from several angles. "You like my ears? Mom always said they were the cutest in the family."

"They're... They're very cute..."

Mike was at a loss for words. This woman was making dreams come true he didn't even know he had.

"Mmmm well I already know you like my boobs..." Marcia leaned forward and accentuated her new rear. Something slapped his face and swayed back and forth: a tail, long and slender with a brown tuft at the end. It snaked from her lower back. Mike's hands followed it down before her hips guided them to grab her cheeks. "Now what do you think of my ass?"

It more than doubled the width of his own pelvis. Denim-wrapped curves overflowed his lap in a dense cushion of flesh.

"I-It's--"

CREEAAA--BOOM!!!

BOOM!!

Seams split down her backside and thighs. Mike had to steel himself to not get overexcited as his girlfriend outgrew her clothes. To see her jeans tear open like an overripe fruit almost sent him over the edge.

"Mmmmmooooooooo!!!" Marcia bellowed, trembling on his lap. The garment fell away to leave her bottom half naked. *"Hope you don't mind me going commando; bras and panties are too expensive to tear apart. Well, unless someone asks me nicely."*

She leaned back against Mike and arched her back. Even with her feet on the floor, her height put his head level with her breasts. *"You're forgetting your duties, Farmer Mike! Your cowgirl demands more fondling!"*

Sloooosh!!!

She shook her udders for good measure, jostling the gallons of milk.

Mike couldn't believe it when he grabbed them again. Although he couldn't see well around her back, it was obvious her sweater was on its last legs. Flesh bulged from its seams on all sides. Marcia's breasts extended to her belly button even when packed into her sweater. Given her stature, Mike knew they must have been larger than beach balls. His hands didn't know what to do with themselves. There was too much flesh to grab. They sank several inches before pressure bid him to stop.

"Mmmmmmm!!! MMMOOOOO!!!" Marcia's body quaked. *"My sweeaattteeerrrrr!!!"*

SSHRRRTIIIP!!!!

The last of her clothes ripped themselves apart. Aghast, Mike watched her straighten up in his lap. Even from the back, Marcia's naked body was better than any dream. Sweat from her transformation left her skin shiny and intoxicating. Her breasts were visible on either side of her torso, jutting out more than a foot. She was gasping for air, moaning and lowing from his constant stimulation.

GUVURRGLE

"M-MMMGH!! MOOOO!!!"

Marcia whimpered then. Her breasts tensed in his grasp. Skin tightened. From behind, he could see pale veins rise to the surface of her skin as she rapidly bloated several inches larger.

"My milk... Ooohhhhh my udders!!! GOD THEY'RE SO FULL!! MIKE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME??"

"I-- I-I--"

She stood to a towering monument of sex and dairy. At eight feet tall, Marcia cast a wide hourglass shadow over Mike. Her crotch met him at eye level. Nestled between two tree trunk

