

An audible *sigh* escaped Denis's lips as he went back to his arduous labor. The hour was early, the stool uncomfortable, and the barn reeked with the scents of uncleaned stalls and unattended cattle. There were half a dozen things he'd rather do. However, it was becoming necessary to increase his workload around the farm, lest he continue to earn his wife's ire.

His wife was old now, as was he. But men like him still had needs. Was it his fault he sought out someone to fill the role that his wife could not? Still, he thought himself lucky to have only been given extra chores around the farm as punishment. His wife had not the means to leave him. And it had been a fun one-time affair. Well, several times with the same mistress, but he was tired of her as well. His urges were satisfied for the time being. She was becoming almost as needy as his wife!

Denis had always hated farm work. He had inherited the farm as a nuptial from his wife's late father. It provided steady work, enough to make ends meet and raise a family if his wife were not barren. Or if she ever bothered to touch him.

Denis much preferred to spend his days in town, pissing away his money while his wife handled the day-to-day tasks. Drink and philosophical talk were much more worthy pursuits for a man of his intellect. Much preferable to the backbreaking labor that his late father-in-law would have him do.

But, there was no point lamenting things, stuck as he was. With his wife refusing to indulge him, he was forced to work the farm to save for the meager wages that would allow him the basic pleasures.

Denis struggled with the cow's stiff teats, her moo of frustration indicating that she wanted this over with as much as he. A loud *smack* echoed furiously throughout the barn as a few pitiful squirts hit the bucket. It was a scant amount compared to what she used to produce. She, too, was getting old.

Suddenly the cow began to groan loudly, as though she were in dire distress. Denis let go of her teats, standing up to examine her. He didn't give a damn about her, personally, but there would be hell to pay if she passed away on his first day milking her. He'd be forced to spend a good deal of coin on a new cow. Coin that he'd rather spend on drink!

He got up, feeling her flank, looking for the rhythm of her breathing. Her breaths were coming in slow and shallow now. Shit. She did seem to be in dire distress!

Suddenly, Denis felt a tingle in his hands where he had contact with her flesh. A buzzing sensation shot through his arm, leaving a bizarre numbness. He tried to remove his hand from the smelly cow but was paralyzed as he watched a cloud of dust circulate around her. Though there had been no wind, the dust and debris around the barn floor danced around them, almost like it was alive.

Denis could scarcely fathom what was happening. His mind traveled back to old wives' tales of fay and spirits. He knew such things to be absurd, yet no simple wind cloud could explain the dirt dancing around her. Worse was the faint blue glow that now covered her hide. It could be nothing else but otherworldly magics!

Gazing on in terror, Denis could see the cow's form was shrinking, hollowing out before his eyes. It was like some sort of disease was taking her, though in mere moments!

Yet, to his shock, she no longer appeared ill by any means. Denis stood transfixed as her form grew slim, her backside receding as her tail shortened, no longer casually swishing away flies. It was almost as though she was transforming from exposure to the bizarre magic!

So taken aback by the bizarre occurrence was Denis that he scarcely noticed the tingling had spread all over his body. By now, it was worsening to a dull ache. Denis felt warm, as though his skin was enveloped with a thick blanket. In an attempt to alleviate the discomfort, he removed his shirt, sweating profusely in the unseasonal heat.

The moment his shirt was removed, he was overcome instantly with the odor of something *rank*. It reeked of barnyard, of livestock, though far more pungent than what he'd scented prior. Certainly, he'd been in the barn all morning, but it was as though the potent stink was coming from *him*.

In desperation to remove himself from the scent, Denis tried to pull his hand from the cow's hide. Though he was able, he quickly found his feet rooted in place. Denis struggled and moaned, unable to lift his feet and escape from the horrific display before him.

He was helpless to escape as he realized his skin was itching fiercely. Looking down, he watched in disgust as the color began to change, lightening in some areas while darkening in others to form distinct patches. His skin rapidly thickened, rippling like leather left out in the sun. To his disgust, it felt unnaturally warm and rough to his touch. His skin prickled as corresponding-colored fur burst forth from between the still human hairs on his hide. It looked for all the world like hide. He had a bloody cow's hide!

Yet he had little reprieve to mentally cope as he felt his feet ached in his boots. It was as though his toes were unnaturally stiff and hard, pressing painfully against the soles. He tried to reach down to remove the constricting footwear but was stopped by an intense churning in his stomach. His insides gurgled, as though he'd consumed bad milk or cheese.

Denis groped his stomach, trying to relieve the tension. Yet, his efforts were meant with the horrifying sensation of his fingers tensing up, aching as the nails stretched and thickened. Two digits on either hand began to dwindle before his very eyes as the nails on the other two and his thumb began to expand and encompass their surface. His hands still maintained some dexterity, though they were clearly some monstrosity between human and bovine.

His already bulbous stomach continued ballooning exponentially, and Denis inadvertently belched hardily, cheeks flushing in embarrassment. It was getting extremely tight in his shirt as his belly seemed to be packing on pounds in an instant.

Worse of all was the sensation of something swelling in between his legs, expanding in his already tight pants. It felt far heavier on his frame than even his ballooning belly. The pain was excruciating! The bulbous sack felt squishy in his pants, but it was difficult to tell without the tactile contact.

A moan escaped his lips as he tried to reach down to touch the flesh, wondering what the hell was happening to him. Yet, his stiff fingers failed to get past his new girth. It was maddening!

An ache in his tailbone distracted him from the swelling in his belly. It took only a quick glance at his bovine counterpart to give him a reason to think his spine was birthing its own tufted tail. It pressed insistently against the backs of his britches, a sharp tear responding as it worked its way free. New muscle shocked him as he realized that he could move the growth, swishing it this way and that as might a cow.

The quick glance at his old dairy cow made him realize that she, too, was shifting. She had grown much thinner, her body now well proportionate to her new frame. Her hooves pressed forward, digits elongating while a bizarre growth burst forth below her wrist, reminding Denis of his still-present thumb. Her shoulders popped under her flanks, stretching and writhing out of her skin. She began to look less like a beast on all fours and more like a woman on her hands and knees.

The image of the redhead that had gone down on him only a few nights ago came into his mind as he stared at the developing cow-woman. In particular, those big supple breasts like pillows in his touch. Amazingly, he could see similar bags of flesh grow on his former milk cow's chest,

their color, and texture a mix between the redhead's and the udder she still sported between her legs.

He was shocked to realize that the mental image did not elicit the familiar stirring from his own groin. However, he did feel a heavy sagging near his own crotch, one that filled him with a sense of dread. Lost in reverie he had failed to notice that a strange bulge had torn apart his pants, britches hanging comically off what he felt to be his twitching cow's tail. He looked down, shocked to see a fleshy bag poking out beyond the skin of his still stretching stomach. No, not that!

The saggy, fleshy pink shade of the growth was frighteningly familiar. It looked so much like the udder his counterpart sported, the one he had just moments been tugging on, extracting milk from. Four distinct, surprisingly sensitive lumps started forming over its surface, hanging comically from the flesh. It continued to balloon outwards, pressing against his stomach and swelling in between his legs, leaving little room for anything else. So massive was it that his genitals were hidden in the fleshy sack. Where was his cock?! He couldn't even feel little, much less see it!

The changes seemed to be coming faster, much to his chagrin. His bulbous nose was now visible in front of his aching face, a plethora of new smells begging his attention. Most of all, he scented food. The once plain hay carried a multitude of savory smells.

Even through the sick sensations emanating from his belly, Denis could feel his ears curl and stretch beyond the confines of his expanding head. The sounds of the early dawn were striking to his new senses. His eyes grew wide and dim; given the other alterations, Denis had no doubt they had expanded into large brown orbs much like his counterpart before him. They were spaced out around his head, increasing his field of vision in an unnerving way.

He felt his boots snap and was relieved to feel what he assumed to be his new hind hooves splay comfortably across the barn floor. The heavy growths of keratin could hardly feel the cold ground underneath them. Worse off than his hands, Denis could not distinguish them from the hooves of the cow he had been milking not moments prior!

His head throbbed most, as though something was trying to pierce through. An attempt to touch it casing his wider ears to ring with the clack of bone on bone. Had he grown horns?

A now-familiar sensation swelled in his chest, reminiscent of the ballooning he felt between his legs. Denis looked down in shock to see a pair of tits begin to swell out from his formerly human chest. More curious than afraid from the pleasant tingling, he grasped them in his hoof hands,

hoping to accent the pleasure their growth provided. It felt good to mash them against his thick nails, sending tingles through his groin like none he'd ever felt before. They felt so much like the tits he'd grasped on his redhead friend as she moaned in ecstasy. They were like cushy, thick pillows!

Lost in his self-exploration, Denis was hardly aware of a lowing sound entering his ears. He could feel his mouth moving in response, even as the muscles stretched outward. It reminded him of his own cow as she was milked, only deeper, distorted. Was it coming from him?

By now the former dairy cow looked more akin to a human on her hands and knees, her movement awkward as she adjusted to the new stance. Her head had changed relatively little compared to what he could see and felt had happened to his own. She still retained the same bulbous nose, thick brown orbs, and massive horns that marked her time as an animal. Yet even at a glance, it was obvious she had acquired a womanly shape in place of the simple beast she had been. Denis might have found her beautiful if he had half a mind!

The cow rose awkwardly, eyes no longer containing that vacant, bovine stare. It was now a knowing glance, looking deep into his eyes and seeing need reflected there. Her udder was evidently just as full as it had been before the changes started. She reached down in vain, unable to touch her teats, save the ones on her chest, which provided only small relief. Still, she moored in pleasure as several droplets of milk oozed from her extra sets of tits.

A surge of pain emanated from his own crotch, reminding Denis of the growth in his groin. The fleshy bag under him ached, as though it was painfully full of... something. He tried to reach down but his larger frame made such action nearly impossible. The fullness was agonizingly uncomfortable!

He looked pitifully into the eyes of his bovine counterpart, now knowing all too well the irritation they both felt. He looked down at his own hoof hands, digits skilled enough to grasp the ample teats, though he lacked the flexibility in his torso to do so. He would have to have someone else do it...he stared at his hands as an idea began to form. He had no idea how much intelligence her new form possessed, but he figured he could at least try. Perhaps a demonstration would help.

He looked at the cow-woman once more, studying her form, in particular the fleshy pulsing sack under her own protruding stomach. He met her gaze as he reached down, grabbing the fleshy nipples with his hardened digits. He felt the usual warmth from her teats, however, he was not as off-put from the act as he usually was.

He began squeezing her udder, rubbing her teats while she mooed and lowed in contentment. Denis could almost feel the liquid slosh out of her firm nipples and splash over his chest and stomach. He worked her over, emptying her udder, soaking himself and the ground in warm white fluid.

The cow licked his head a few times, thankful for the brief reprieve. He stood up for a moment, udder sloshing uncomfortably beneath him. He looked at his former cow, hopeful she would understand. Her eyes spoke volumes as she too lowered herself, reaching out experimentally to touch his new anatomy. Denis shivered in pleasure; the new udder far more sensitive than he could have ever imagined. He mooed and moaned, feeling her surprisingly skillful hooves playing over his teats, squirting shot after shot of warm milk all over her arms and onto the barn floor. His eyes rolled back, awash in pleasure as he felt gallons of fluid being drained from his bloated udder.

The same insistent pressure built up in his tits, similar to the one in his groin. The nipples grew outward, thickening and darkening till they clearly resembled the cattle teats he knew he had dangling from his new growth. He was shocked to feel the same sort of squishy fluid in his tits and he did his udder. With a loud ‘moo’ of contentment, several streams of milk flowed into his hooves, leaving him feeling drained and satisfied from the release of pressure in his now-ample breasts.

Denis felt relaxed, content in a way he'd never dreamed possible. He was scarcely about to comprehend what had happened, what he was. But the relief washing over him dulled his thoughts.

Though Denis was repulsed from the first intimacy of his cow's touch, the relief from having his udders and tits milked was bliss beyond all reason. He was able to relax, drift away in the plethora of barnyard smells. It seems the cow too had allowed herself to relax from the milking. In her blissful state, her tail reflexively lifted, dropping a large pile of manure onto the barn floor.

At first, Denis was repulsed by the notion, but an instant churning in his own stomach signaled a similar need. His tail too lifted, and he took a massive dump, his waste falling behind him where he stood. The smell was less offputting than he'd expected, certainly better to his changed nostrils than he'd been as a human. He quickly lost interest in the act, still drifting in a sea of post-release bliss.

“You idiots! At least aim for the buckets! Do not waste my precious coin!” Shrieked a familiar voice, amplified to his massive ears.

Denis tried to yell in protest, but could only moo and low as his wife stormed in, red-faced. He was very familiar with her wrath, but not used to a new, uncomfortable feeling that now overwhelmed him when faced with her. He recoiled in fear, as though the shrill woman could actually hurt him. Surely, his new form was even stronger than he'd been as a human. Yet, he trembled in fear, cowering from her yells. What the hell was wrong with him?.

A passing thought made him embarrassed to be seen in front of his wife like this, teats still leaking milk, breasts swollen and ample. What bigger folly for a man than to be witnessed in such a helpless and pathetic state?

He had expected his wife to perhaps recoil in shock at seeing the two half-women, half-cattle. Instead, she simply chuckled, as though she'd expected the sight, but more importantly, that she found it extremely amusing.

“Witch does good work. Worth every penny. Now, cheating husband stays in barn, milks cow while cow milks him. Or her, whatever. I make double the profits with half the work. And no-good husband can't cheat on me with pretty town whores.

“But don't worry. With extra money maybe I afford good strong bull. Breed you two, make you more useful. Or perhaps I pay witch again, give Bessie strong *cock*”, she said, a strong emphasis on that keyword.

She chuckled, loving the expression of horror on her former husband's face. Denis could barely cover the embarrassing red blush on his fattened cheeks, and his hoof hands were scarcely able to cover the oozing cow slit under his udder he hadn't known was there. He wasn't sure which was worse. The idea that he had feminine cunt lips under his udder, or that he really did want to feel them filled by a nice, strong, bovine cock...