

Cowgirl Cattle Auction (TG, Cowgirl TF)

Things had changed a lot since the Bakeneko's invasion of Earth. As you might expect, the arrival of an alien race whose technology can play with the fabric of reality with all the ease of a kitten batting a ball of yarn had had something of an *influence* on the planet.

Once you got past the genetic tampering, the cultural manipulation, and the many, many, *many* abductions though, it became apparent that the Bakeneko didn't want to change the Earth too much. When you find a shiny penny on the ground, what do you do with it? You might polish it a little, but you don't hammer it into a nail. No, for as many changes as they brought, the Bakeneko left as many aspects of Earth life the same.

Among the many changes the Bakeneko *had* made, they'd done a lot to ensure their new subjects were safe, preventing natural disasters, distributing miracle cures to almost every known disease, and last but not least, ensuring a limitless supply of food. To accomplish this latter point, they'd slapped their sticky paws over almost every aspect of the agricultural industry, revamping its operations from the ground up, from planting to harvesting, to operate with implausible efficiency. (The more cynical soon wondered what was *really* being farmed.)

Unfortunately for the many cattle ranchers of the world, while the Bakeneko liked milk, they had very little interest in cattle. As far as they were concerned, cows were big, smelly, messy, and ultimately *uncute* animals that couldn't even appreciate a good sex joke, and they wanted very little to do with them.

So the Bakeneko had made something much better.

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"Mooo~!"

"Alright, alright, calm down, girl," said Angus, his thick leather boots slapping against the cardboardium floor of the auction house. "We're almost there."

With a plaintive 'moo', Daisy tugged on her chain. Her swollen breasts sloshed with the force of the movement, milk dribbling from her fattened nipples.

Angus tightened his grip and clicked his tongue in annoyance. "Come on, what's the matter with you today? You're jumpier than a beehive full of peppercorns at a lumberjack convention."

Daisy stopped struggling and looked down guiltily. "Moo," she said sadly.

Angus sighed. "Come on now," he said, pausing to run a hand through her long, brown hair in a way that he knew she loved. "I know it's scary going up for sale like this an' all, but I promise your new owners'll treat ya just as kindly."

"Moo..." Daisy stopped struggling.

He smiled. "Atta girl. Come on, let's get you up onto the stage before Ma has an aneurysm."

With Daisy following compliantly, it didn't take long to get her into the sales ring. Plopping herself onto the soft sand floor, she looked up at the crowd of farmers looking down at her and moaned plaintively. "Moo~."

"Cheer up," said Angus, patting her on the head again. "Nothing bad's gonna happen to ya." Running a hand through her hair, he found himself wistful. He and Daisy had had a lot of good times together. He'd miss the old cow.

Giving her ass a final slap for good measure, Angus climbed out of the ring and returned to the place in the stands where the rest of the MacDonald clan were waiting.

Ma MacDonald gave him a Look as he climbed the steps back to their seats. "What took ya so long?" she asked, cocking her hips so hard they almost tore through her dungarees. Taking the obligatory head of wheat out of her mouth, she pursed her lips. "You were down there longer than an Assyrian in a Chinatown clothing store."

Angus shrugged apologetically. "Aw, it was Daisy playin' the scaredy-cow again. You know what she's like."

Ma MacDonald huffed, folding her arms over a pair of breasts that rivaled their biggest cows. "Hmmpfh. Can't say ah'm glad to finally see the rear of the little cow. She's been a nuisance since the day we bought her."

"Hey now," said Angus, "that's not—"

"Aww, what's the matter, bro?" asked his elder sister, Bessie, running a teasing finger through her curly blonde locks. "I thought you'd be happy to see her hindquarters." She winked.

Angus turned red. "That's not true at all—"

"Don't bother lyin'," said his older brother Duke. "We all know why you're always volunteerin' to milk her."

Angus turned even redder. "That is *not* the reason I—"

His younger sister, Bella, rolled her eyes. "Oh my Mom, Ty, quit it. You think we ain't all walked in on you once or twice?"

Angus's eyes opened wide. "You did what?! What didn't someone say somethin—?"

His younger bro Sampson tugged on his sleeve. "Hey, keep it down, will ya? The auction's startin'!"

Fuming, Angus bit his tongue and turned to the sales ring.

With a series of clicks, the lights dimmed, and a spotlight lit up the auctioneer's podium. Smoke hissed out of vents in the floor, and a column of pink sparkles rose behind the lectern. When it faded...

Furry ears twitched. A matching tail flexed in excitement. "Hellooooo~, evewyone! Welcome to the auction. I'm nyour host, Bonyu, and today we'll be selling lots and lots of milky cows! Nyaaaaay!"

Clapping her hands, the catgirl spun, the skirt of her milk maid's outfit twirling, and snatched up a holosheet. "Okay, let's get down to busy-nyess, nya. It looks like our first lot of the day is a cutie called Daisy. (That's her down there in the ring if nyou don't know how these things work, nya!) Why don't we start with a price of 600 bells? Can I get 600 bells...600 bells?"

Bonyu's gavel struck the block with a *squeak*. "Aaaaand sold to the sexy brunette in the ten-gallon hat over dere, nya!" With a sigh, the Bakeneko slumped. "Phew, was that the last one? I think she was the last one. Mom, it's been a long day, hasn't it, nya?"

On the other side of the hall, Angus sighed in relief as well. It *had* been a long day. Daisy had sold for a respectable price, and they'd reinvested in it a big new bull to keep their business going.

"Come on," said Ma, "let's get outta here. I'm thirstier than an Albanian goatherd in Nantucket."

Angus nodded.

But as the crowd moved to filter out of the stands, Bonyu jumped to her feet. "W-w-wait a minute, nya!" she said, snatching up her sheet again. "I forgot, we still have one very special lot left to sell, nya!" She giggled. "I brought my own cow as well-nyes, that's allowed-and I think all of nyou are really going to love her!" She snapped.

With a flash of pink light, something appeared in the sales ring. It took Angus a second to process the sight.

It was hard to tell the cowgirl was a cowgirl. Not least because she looked like two vast globes of sloshing, jiggling flesh with nipples like two little volcanoes riding on top of them. You had to listen *real* hard to hear the moos of the girl underneath.

"Mooo~,," moaned the cowgirl, rubbing her swollen boobs feebly.

Angus raised an eyebrow. Truth be told, it wasn't that surprising to see cowgirls with some real big boobs. After all, they were where the milk came from, right? An' the bigger they were, the more milk they'd produce. (...Right?) It only stood to reason.

But there was only so big y'could pump a cowgirl's boobs with commercially-available supplements. And these... these were *real* badonkadonks. Only a Bakeneko could have made a pair of tits like these.

Back in her podium, Bonyu giggled mischievously. "This little cutie-pie is called Kurimi, nya. [Translation Note: 'Kurimi' is Nekogo for 'Creamy'.] Nyou can probably tell this already, but she's a really special cowgirl!" Covering her mouth, the catgirl laughed. "Why don't I show nyou what I mean?"

Still giggling, Bonyu slipped a hand into her cleavage and retrieved a little bell. *Ding-a-ling~!*

Down in the sales ring, Kurimi shivered. With a moo that could probably be heard in space, she seized her breasts, tightened her grip, and started massaging them madly. As Angus and his family watched in shock, little drops of milk spurted from the cowgirl's teats. It took only seconds for her to bring herself to the edge of orgasm. And then—

With a long, erotic 'mooo~', Kurimi came. Breasts quaking, her nipples erupted like volcanos, firing two thick torrents of rich creamy milk into the air like a fountain. Cries of shock soon filled the hall as drops of the delicious substance rained down on those in attendance.

Angus and the rest of the MacDonald clan squealed as the white stuff painted them polka dot. Wiping it off his face, he frowned. What the hell was that catgirl up to—?

With a little *plip*, a drop of the milk landed on his tongue.

He didn't mean to swallow—it just happened instinctively. One moment the stuff was in his mouth, the next it was sliding down his throat like a drop of cool Texan whiskey.

Angus gasped at the sweetness. No wonder they called her Creamy.

Back on the stage, Bonyu fell back and rolled about in amusement. "Nyahahaha! Dat's right, drink up, nya! Mmm~, *mmm~*, isn't it nyice and rich and creamy? Nyahaha!"

As the sweet taste of the milk flooded Angus's brain, his stomach started to gurgle in protest. "Urgh," he groaned, clasping the railing for support. "Ma? Ma, I don't feel so good..."

His Ma's hand clasped his shoulder. "Ty? Ty! Come on, we should get outta here. Ty? What's the matter with you? You look queasier than a basketball in a Hawaiian tourism agency!"

Angus's stomach bubbled and grumbled. Rubbing it, he felt a shiver pass through him, making the hairs of his neck stand on end and the skin of his entire body tremble. "I-I dooon't knooooow—" With a squeak of shock, he covered his mouth.

Ma's eyes widened in horror. "Oh no," she said, pulling away. "Oh no. Duke! Duke, help your brother—we need ta get outta here quickly, before—" With an almost comical *plop*, a drop of the white stuff flew straight down her throat. She fell back, coughing in shock.

As his Ma's grip on his shoulder vanished, Angus's knees lost their strength, and his legs gave way beneath him. With a moan, he dropped to the floor, shaking, trembling, quivering. Drawing in a deep breath, he tried to force himself upright again, but his arms felt weaker with every second, as if all the muscle he'd built up on the farm were fading.

He could only squeak as a lock of long, blond hair dropped in front of his eyes. What in tarnation—?

A little bomb went off in his stomach, sending a pulse rippling through Angus's entire body. Throwing back his head, he moaned in a voice that wasn't his own. It came out high-pitched as any girl's, and worst of all, he sounded as if he were mooing.

As Angus watched, tears forming in his eyes, the little hair on his arms all faded, stripped clean, and the muscle beneath them deflated as if someone had pricked them with a pin. Barely a second later, he felt a tightness in his chest. Groaning, he stared as his torso compacted, shoulders thinning to better match his expanding hips. His shirt fell loose while his denim jeans tightened till it almost hurt to wear. With what little strength he had left, he scrambled as his belt.

Shivering, sweat coating him till he sheened, Angus mooaned as another wave of change washed through him. Like the softest straw, his hair fell to the floor and coiled ribbons around his legs, while his ears rang as if he'd been at a concert. When he tried to feel them, he found they'd vanished. It took him several seconds to find them higher up his head. Their fur tickled his fingers as he pinched them.

"Moooo! M-m-nooo!"

The shifting of his ears wasn't the only weird thing happening to his head. Feeling around, he found two little nubs poking through his locks like saplings. When he pinched them, he felt the familiar feeling of keratin. *Horns? I'm growing horns too?! Even as he squeezed them, they grew in his hands. His heart pounded at the awful implications.*

No, no! I don't want to be a cow! I don't—

Another bomb exploded in his belly. With a moan, he doubled over, clasping his stomach in pain.

Behind him, he heard a 'moo' that sounded a lot like his Ma. Looking over his shoulder, he saw her resting on her chest as it ballooned to a size even he found impressive. A long, black and white tail flicked through the hole it had torn in her dungarees—when he turned his head he found the rest of his family sporting a similar set. They flicked side to side in soft swishes, like a row of paintbrushes.

No sooner had he noticed this than Angus's own tailbone started twitching. Throwing his hands around his back, he caught the bulge in his jeans as his new addition sprouted. Coiling beneath the denim like a snake, it finally wormed its way up and out into the open, tufted tip flicking in the cool air of the auction house.

Grabbing it, Angus shivered.

From around him came a chorus of moos—far, far more than he'd heard anywhere besides a barn. Forcing himself to focus, Angus looked around and found the stands filled with poorly-clothed cowgirls. Nipples poked through too-tight tops, staining the fabric with freshly-made milk, while swollen thighs strained to escape jeans.

Nearby, his eldest sister Bessie lay moaning and mooing atop a pair of boobs like beanbag cushions. Beside her, his older brother Duke writhed on his back, grasping for a cock that was shrinking with the second—the only sign of his masculinity left remaining.

To his left, his younger sister Bella threw back her head in a moo as her gingham top tore open and her once petite chest burst free, jiggling and spraying. Next to her, Sampson lay tangled in a knot of his growing hair—it flowed over his swelling breasts and shrinking cock like a carefully-placed censor.

Finally, in the middle of them, his mother had collapsed in a growing puddle of milk. Her boobs, swollen to almost a meter each in diameter, trembled with the aftershocks of their growth, her nipples—larger now than dinner plates—pouring like two big red hoses.

Angus's own nipples tingled. He whimpered.

All of a sudden, his cock was on fire. With a scream, he threw back his head and screamed like one of his own cows in heat. Between his legs, the crotch of his jeans creaked as it strained to contain the erection growing inside it. Biting his lip, moaning feebly, Angus struggled to unzip his fly.

He managed just in time. As his cock burst into the world, Angus came harder than he'd ever cum in his life. Nothing, not even pounding Daisy's fat tits, could have prepared him for the ecstasy that surged through his body. He felt like a firework mid-explosion.

As the last few drops of cum landed around him, Angus's cock quivered one final time and collapsed like a punctured balloon. He barely even noticed it sinking inside him. One moment, he had a cock and balls—the next, a pair of plump lips, already glistening.

Rolling through his body, the aftershocks of his orgasm soon reached his head, where they seized his brain and shook it madly, knocking all his thoughts off their shelves and generally making a mess of everything. Vision blurring, the new cow mooed feebly. Where was she? Why was she so horny?

Another shock struck her ass, and the new cow squealed as her pants turned tight as a vice. Rolling in pain, she mooed for someone to remove them. Before anyone could arrive, the problem solved itself: with a *rip*, her jeans split, and a pair of cheeks barely smaller than barn doors burst into the world, shaking and jiggling. Falling onto them, the new cow moaned in pleasure.

As she panted for breath, a final ripple of energy washed through her form and settled in her chest as a knot. The tingling in her nipples intensified immediately, making the new cow throw back her head and scream. “Moooo! Moo! Moo!”

The cowgirl moaned as the knot in her chest grew tighter, and her teats, already gigantic, doubled in size, pushed outward by the fat pair of boobs ballooning behind them—it took only seconds for them to reach the size of beach balls. Caught between her arms, they deformed, spilling around them, and a fresh wave of pleasure struck the new cow in the brain. Between the ecstasy of squeezing herself and the fullness of her new breasts, she could barely think at all.

All she could do was kneel there, boobs sloshing, and moo for someone to milk her. “Moo! Moooo!” Cream spurted from her nipples.

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As the last scream died out, replaced by a feeble, horny mooing, Bonyu giggled a final giggle and stood, a big smile on her face. “Nyaaah~. Dat was fun, nya.”

Leaping out of the podium, she flew across the sales ring and landed in the crowd between a group of mewling, moaning cowgirls who ran from one end of the curviness spectrum to the other.

As Bonyu approached, one of the cows in the middle looked up at her, squeezed her breasts, and moaned. Her nipples leaked—her eyes begged Bonyu to help her.

“Aww, what’s the matter?” said Bonyu, suppressing the urge to giggle again. “Are nyou big, milky tits so full of milk it hurts?”

“Moooo!” replied the cowgirl, nodding emphatically.

Bonyu smirked. “Aww. Here, let me help nyou, nya.” Kneeling, she grabbed the cowgirl’s fat, sloshing breasts, aimed their nipples at her mouth, and *squeezed*. As the cowgirl squealed in delight, two thick streams of rich, creamy milk shot into Bonyu’s mouth. She lapped them up greedily.

She continued to work the cowgirl’s boobs like a baker kneading dough for almost a full minute, swallowing every drop of delicious milk that came pouring out of their teats. Finally, the flow slowed—Bonyu had to roll to catch the last few drops. “Nyaaah~,” she said, licking milk off her lips. “Nyou tasted even better than I was expecting, nya.” She giggled. “How’d nyou like to come back to the Royal Farm and be milked by me forever, nya?”

“Mooo!” said the new cow, eyes wide in delight.

Bonyu giggled. “I’ll take dat for a nyes, nya.”