

Alt Ending: Alien Assumptions (Woman to Anthro-Cow TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

What if instead of being turned into a full cow, Monica was instead transformed by the aliens into a cow-human hybrid? How would her life change then?

Alt Ending: Alien Assumptions

'FfFiIxX. WiLLiL FfFixXx.'

That was the continual reprise of the strange aliens, the little green men who continued to observe her as the changes wreaked havoc upon her body. A little stubby something was protruding out from her tailbone, and her feet were all clumpy and wrong. There were twin pressures on her forehead, and the skin between her thighs was becoming red and rash-like, impossible to touch because of how sensitive it was. Her boobs were sore and seemed bigger somehow. She'd only ever had little AA-cups compared to her sister's huge E-cups, but now she could have sworn they were B's, with much more of a bounce and wobble to them in her top.

"You can't do this to me! I'm not a fucking experiment and neither is Brad here!"

She gestured to the man who was also stuck in the large white room of the alien UFO they'd been abducted up into. He was handsome already, but his body was going through its own changes, looking more muscular than usual. He was her sister Heidi's boyfriend, and during her drunken partying during Halloween - an event that seemed a week ago now - she had ended up flirting with him. It had been the wrong thing to do, she knew, but her sister had been such a cold bitch to her lately, always mocking Monica for her offbeat sense of humour and love of pranks and weird hobbies. Heidi had never understood that she could coast off her good looks easily, but Monica would always be seen as the 'plan Jane' of the siblings unless she made herself interesting. She'd evidently succeeded, because during the partying Heidi had stormed out, and Brad had revealed himself to be more interested in Monica. She was wearing a silly cow costume, partly to mock her sister and partly as a silly Halloween gag, udders and all, and evidently something about her humour and confidence had made him interested. He'd driven her out of town and into the fields, the two of them prepared to madly make out.

And that was when the UFO had come and scooped them up with its bright lights. Three little grey men, the stereotypical Roswell aliens, had spoken to her. They had been *fascinated* with her costume.

"NnNoOoOtT CcOoWw," one said, struggling to say the human words. It gestured at her, and she nodded several times.

“Not cow, just costume. Him human. Me just wearing cow costume. Not even like a proper cow. Just, like, half-cow half-human, I guess.”

“H-h-haaaalfff huUUuuMMaNNnn . . . haLLLLff coWwWWWw.”

She had nodded eagerly. “Exactly! Halloween costume. Pretending to be a half-cow! It’s just a silly act. It’s not real.

“MhmMMhmm. CaNnn. MmMmmakKe. FullLLy. NNooO NeEEed foRR cOstuUUUme.”

At the time, she had assumed they were understanding her words, but as the days had passed, strange things had started to occur with her body, especially with the strange goo-like substance they made her eat, compared with the other, differently-coloured goo stuff reserved for Brad. It was changing their bodies, and despite her attempts to make light humour of their situation (“So, we’re on a UFO, that’s some X-Files shit right there, huh? Does that make me as hot as Scully? Because you’re not Mulder Brad, no offence), she was freaking out inside.

And now she was growing a tail, and what looked like horns, and her entire body was swelling bigger, especially around her tits. Her toes were hardening, and the fingers on each of her hands were fusing, and while it wasn’t as terrifying directly, the changes to her speech pattern was driving her up the wall.

“You can do this to m-m-moooooo-ee! Do you hear moo-ee!? I’m not moo-eant to be a fucking cow! It was just a costume! I was dressing up! Moooo-ake me normal again, do you hear moo-eeee!?”

Her words had no effect though. The aliens simply observed her, mostly silent, though this time one of them did indeed speak.

“WorRRyyyy N-nooOOot. SoOOon F-FiniSH annnnNd BecCOme WhatTt YouuuuU wanNTeD tooOoo B-b-beEEe.”

And then their transparent wall became opaque again, leaving her to sag to the ground. Tears welled in her eyes.

“I can’t believe this. I’m turning into a fucking cow! Brad, you’ve got to do something.”

“What am I moo-eant to do?” he asked, only for his eyes to widen. The pair looked at each other. He didn’t appear to cow-like, unlike her, but his speech pattern had suddenly changed. Slowly, he raised his hands up to his hair and parted it, revealing small studs pushing out from the top of his forehead.

“Horns,” she said, voice without any emotion.

“Shit,” he replied. “Shit, shit, shit. I moo-ust be changing too. I wasn’t even wearing a cow costume. Why would they change moo-ee?”

Monica sagged again, clutching her head where her small horns were slowly pushing out further and further.

“I have no fucking idea. I only know one thing.”

“What’s that?”

She managed to summon a cheeky smile, despite the strange pressure in her jaw, like it was being pushed forward slightly, forming a muzzle. “This is the worst Halloween ever.”

The two of them, scared and alone and not knowing what was happening to them, actually shared a sad laugh. Not long after the sound of the food substance being served up occurred, and despite their shared desire not to give in, they dragged their bodies to opposite ends of the circular room, their stomachs growling for more.

“Mooo-ore,” she moaned. “Shouldn’t but . . . need mooo-ore.”

Her stomach gurgled. Strangely, so did her breasts. They ached with the promise of future expansion, and a small part of her mind wanted it. She always had, really.

Just not like this.

More days passed, at least Monica thought they were days. Time was hard to tell here. The aliens determined when the comfortable mats for sleeping rose from the floor, and they darkened the lights to indicate that they should rest at their leisure. It didn’t hurt that Monica and Brad were feeling tired constantly, her especially. The food was fueling their changes, as well as the strange zaps from the weird machines that appeared occasionally, but both sapped her energy something fierce. Her thighs were thickening, her formerly petite form gaining curves at a rapid pace. Her new tail was extending outwards, and it was developing a weird tuft of black hair at the end, as if it really was a cow tail. It freaked her the hell out, and she couldn’t decide if it was weirder that it occasionally moved on its own, or that she could consciously move it a little, even though it was just a little under two feet in length. It was growing longer fairly fast, though.

“A f-fucking freak,” she grunted, feeling it with her fingers and wincing at how real, how limb-like it was. “I’m turning into a freak, Brad! All for wearing a costume!”

“I think I’m - uughh - changing further t-too,” he grunted. He indicated to the increase in bulk and muscle mass he now possessed. His nose was also a bit wider, and his neck bulged. His biceps were practically tensing with the promise of future growth.

They’d both just eaten more of the addictive food, so much so in her case that she was left clutching her body and groaning. The aliens occasionally replaced her clothing, but it was just a boring grey-white set of trousers and a loose shirt. Quite loose, in fact, but she was filling the space increasingly. Her boobs were so damn sore that she kept touching them.

“Jesus, I’ve got C-cups easily by now. No wonder they’re so sore. I’ve seriously grown big boobs in just a few days.”

“They look n-nice,” Brad murmured, grunting a little and stretching his legs.

She smirked, trying to find some joy in the knowledge. “They’ve certainly got a nice bounce. Damn, no wonder Heidi complains about how heavy and ‘active’ her tits are though. These things are only half the size of hers and they’re already driving me crazy without a bra. HEY ALIENS, CAN I ATLEAST HAVE A BRA HERE!?”

There was no response, and she went back to inspecting her own changes.

“Damn, horns are longer. Moo-y ears are feeling weird too - are they looking stretched.”

Brad nodded, then felt his own. “Shit. Moo-ine too. My toes are feeling weird as well. And my fingers.”

She held up her freaky merging fingers. They were getting tougher, the skin becoming brown and leathery. Soon she would have only two fingers and a thumb. She squeezed one of the digits with her other hand: the skin was quite dull when it came to sensation. Like they were almost becoming hoof-like themselves.

“Fuuuuuuck thisssssssss,” she groaned, collapsing back onto one of the weird alien couches. “And I’m growing hooves. There’s no way it isn’t hooves. Fuck! FUCK! I just wanted to be silly for Halloween! It was just a goddamn costume! I’ll take the bigger tits! I’ll take the nice hips and the curvy butt! Hell, I’ll even keep the cool horns if I totally have to, but stop everything else, please!”

But there was no answer from the aliens. She broke down crying, losing all cool, her gallow’s humour failing in the face of the changes to her body. Brad managed to slide across the room, his fusing toes making it impossible to walk.

“There, there,” he said, holding her. “We’ll moo-ake it through this.”

“Moo-ake it through as *what?*” she asked.

Neither of them knew. Monica could only hope she wasn’t becoming a full cow.

“Ohhhhhh, G-G-God! OHhhhhh - nngghh! Euuguhh!!!”

Monica clutched her stomach, panting heavily as it dealt with the enormous meal of strange goo she’d just consumed. She’d eaten so damn much, more than the table had to offer as a second one had risen from the floor just for her. Brad had eaten steadily as well, and he was likewise grunting and whimpering in response to his intake, but hers had been on another level. It felt like she was being actively *pumped* with contents, her hips stretching wider and butt expanding as the goo went straight to fuelling her changes.

“Ahhhh f-fuck! I can f-feel it ch-changing Mooooo-eeee! I’m g-growing, B-Brad! I’m g-goddamn g-growing!”

“Mooo-eee too! Ahhh, my cock!”

She couldn’t help but look his way, her mind strangely intrigued despite the chaos overcoming her increasingly curvaceous form. What she saw shocked her: his cock had become *enormous*, easily providing a massive tent against his loose pants, and then his shirt as he unleashed it from its confinement. It had to be nine inches long or more by that point, and she could only imagine the size of his balls, since he proceeded to whimper about how huge they’d become as well.

“Holy shit, your package is massive, dude! And you were big before!”

He had a reputation, and they had made out long enough - and also she’d heard Heidi brag enough - to know that he’d been packing.

“Ahhhhh,” he grunted, stroking it before her. “I’m s-sorry! I can’t h-help moo-yself!”

“Dude, I would stroke it if I had that too! Just like I can’t s-stop touching my d-damn sore t-tits! Nghhh! Ahhh, so f-fucking fulllll!”

She squeezed them, unable to help herself. With each grope and touch, she could feel the changes being further stimulated, and more and more tissue and fat pouring into them, making them yet larger. She didn’t want that - she’d always been jealous of her sister Heidi’s boobs, but she didn’t want to be transformed against her will! - but she was unable to stop herself. It was like trying to avoid scratching a mosquito bite, only a hundred times worse.

“Holy moly, Monica, you’re growing big yourself!”

“That’s what I s-said, dumbass! Ohhhhhh, it’s t-too moo-uch!”

It truly was. Her changes came thick and fast, though she would have joked about them being ‘thicc’ if she weren’t so horrified or struggling to speak. Her thighs plumped up further, her waist thickened. She’d always been so petite, but now she was gaining the kind of curves that would be the envy of any woman, even her sister. Her hips were of the childbearing quality, and ass was looking peachy as hell. The only problem was that a bovine tail was extending out from the top of it, sliding out in a discomforting fashion that left her gritting her teeth. Sweat covered her body as her horns extended, while her ears moved slowly up the sides of her head, becoming longer and thinner and *furrier*. She panted, struggling with the little cracks in her jaw that caused a small muzzle to form. It was little, but it definitely projected her jaw outwards, and it was followed by a general flattening of her teeth . . . like those of a cow’s.

“What’s h-happening d-down there!?” she whimpered. Uncaring what the struggling Brad would think - he was too busy touching his own growing tail and ‘third leg’ anyway - she lowered her hand down her loose pants and pawed at the awfully sensitive skin there. She

couldn't see what was happening there because her boobs were growing so rapidly, becoming round and plump and heavy on her chest, but the skin was rising and becoming strangely rubbery. Four points were sore and distended, but in her panic she didn't connect the dots on what that might mean yet. Her focus was quickly stolen anyway: her fingers finished fusing, and her feet fully developed into functioning hooves, the leg bones cracking into a slightly different formation to accommodate them.

"Ahhh . . . ahhh . . . ahhhh . . . oh my God. That was a l-lot."

She finished panting, and when she gazed up, she saw the aliens above, looking down on her from their own little room, the glass transparent again.

"Why are you d-doing this?" she whispered.

They appeared to hear her, because one put a three-digit grey hand on the glass and spoke with that strange, tinny voice.

*"D-donN't BeeEEe AfFraAaid. Soon ch-ChaAaanNnGess OvvErr. Willlll
BeeeEeeeEe PerfeeeeeEeect Matinnng P-P-PAaair."*

"Moo-ating pair?" Brad asked. "What does that mean?"

A flash of images showed on the walls suddenly, of the pair of them making out in the car just before they were abducted. Monica was still in her ridiculous cow costume at that point, her silly udder on display. She winced at the sight; if only she hadn't worn it!

"SoOooon C-c-Compattiiblllle," the alien said.

"We already were!" Monica cried, but the aliens disappeared once more, the wall becoming opaque again. She was left to look over her changes sadly: her big breasts were not pulling tight against her top, and her tail swished behind her, roughly three and a half feet in length. Her hooves were almost devoid of feeling, and it took time to get to her new feet. She fell over several times, but finally managed. After getting her breathing under control, she was able to look at her new developments.

"I'm busy as fuck now," she said, gripping her big boobs. They had to be Double-D cups, easily. Almost the size of her sister's impressive E-cups.. "I guess breakdancing will be a lot harder now. Though I've got bigger concerns than that. The hooves will make that impossible anyway. Not to mention headspins are out with these things."

She felt at her horns. They were three inches long each now. Her ears were also those of cows. Talking felt strange; her voice hadn't changed, but the shape of her mouth had. Her tongue was a little longer to compensate for her muzzle.

"How are you faring, Brad?"

He grunted, unable to stand yet. His huge penis was out in the open. He'd spilled a huge amount of cum all over the floor, though a little robot was cleaning it up. It would still take a while; there was a *lot* of it.

"Holy fuck," she said.

"I couldn't help it," he stammered. "It was growing and so damn sensitive, and it needed to be touched. And I had the urge, and you were there, and your tits were getting so huge, and you look so damn beautiful—"

"I look beautiful?"

He nodded slowly.

"Even like this?"

He nodded again. "I think it's the changes. I mean, you were always pretty, but . . . ohhh. I just had this sudden attraction."

Monica swallowed. She understood what he meant, because her own attraction to him was rising as well. She couldn't stop staring at that huge, meaty, oddly hairy bullcock of his. The idea of it being inside her, of her stroking it too . . . it was like an animal thought. A lusty, bestial, base primal thought. It made her big fat nipples stiffen noticeably against her top, pressing hugely against it. He stared at them also.

But it also made four other things stiffen, lower down, just about her now-wet pussy. He could see that too, and his eyes went wide. Because of her big bust, she couldn't see it directly, but there was a mirrored pane at several points on the circular wall. Slowly, her heart beating tremulously, Monica approached it. She lowered her pants down, and her jaw dropped with shock.

There, sitting just below her belly button, was a huge bit of pink, sagging skin that was looking increasingly bloated. It had four swelling teats.

"An udder," she muttered. "I'm growing an udder."

It was all too much. She staggered on her hooves, unused to walking upon them, and fell over. She vomited all over the floor.

The robot had to clean that up too.

They were growing fur. Actual fur. Monica was almost unsurprised. In fact, she let out a ridiculous laugh when she realised, because laughing was better than crying at this point.

"I'm a Holstein heifer!" she said maniacally, gesturing to her form. "Look at moo-ee, Brad! And you're a black bull!"

"Please Monica, no moo-ore silliness. We have to escape somehow. We can't turn into animals."

“But it’s hopeless. We’re already freaks. Are we becoming full cows? Do you reckon they’ll put us in the same pasture?”

“Stop it, please!”

She nodded sadly, the weight of her now four-inch horns still unfamiliar on her head, pushing through her dark hair. “Fiiiiine! Fine! No moo-ore humour, no mooo-re trying to deal with this with comedy! We’ll just suffer and change and everything will fucking suck! God! When will this end?”

She lowered her hand to her udder, scratching it. It was even sorer than her boobs, which were still damn growing. But then so was the udder. It was bulbous now, making an obvious round shape against her trousers, which had to be upsized by the aliens. The same was true of her top, but that was also because of another development as well.

She was growing a second pair of breasts.

She had realised it that morning (if it was morning at all). The skin below her plump Double-D tits was particularly sore around two points. She couldn’t stop touching them, rubbing her hoof-like fingers over them, and the effect was a stimulation of even further growth. Tissue was forming behind them, and those points were starting to look like what they actually were: fat pink nipples. She’d had Brad confirm that was the case when she’d pulled off her top, but she had to quickly put it back on, not just for the meagre support it offered her big boobs, but also because he was staring at her chest (chests?) with fascination, his cock slowly getting harder in his pants.

“Moo-aybe they’ll change us b-back when they’re done?” Brad asked.

“Moo-aybe,” Monica said, rubbing her sore lower breasts. She still couldn’t believe she was growing a second pair of tits alongside a damn udder. She scratched her back, acknowledging more of the fur that was growing there. Hers was indeed a Holstein pattern: white with black spots. Brad was getting black fur across his whole body, however, and with his broader features, he was looking like quite the attractive bull. It was hard not to stare sometimes. Hard not to remember their making out and want to go even further, strange changes be damned.

“Ughh,” Brad groaned. “This damn cock is still growing. Muscles too. It’s a nightmare.”

She cackled, loud enough that she probably sounded a bit mad. He looked at her like she was mad, in fact.

“What? What’s so funny?”

Her breasts jiggled on her chest, and her udder wobbled out from over her waistband, gurgling a little. It was getting oddly pressurised lately, and she was worried about exactly

what *that* might mean. She flicked her tail to one side meaningfully - it was nearly four feet long now and covered in fur.

"Oh, just that you're complaining about any guy's dream, Brad! You're getting a way bigger cock, you're getting absolutely shredded. Meanwhile, here I am as a girl getting a huge frickin' *udder* and an extra pair of boobs. Not exactly comparable!"

"Hey, I'm growing black hair all over my body hair. Plus the damn horns! Besides, every girl dreams of having bigger tits, and look at you! Now you're getting that in spades!"

"Plus an udder!"

"An udder's just a big boob for cows. Now you've got all these curves and big boobs and you look fucking gorgeous! So don't complain!"

She was about to fire right back, only to suddenly realise what he'd said. Her tail flicked again, and her nipples stiffened - all four of them along with her udder teats, which was a weird sensation.

"Did you say . . . I look gorgeous?"

Brad didn't even seem to realise he'd said it, but now that he was staring at her, his cock was getting obviously hard again. "Well . . . yeah. You do."

"Dude, I'm a freakin' freak. Soon I'll *have* four massive tits. I've got this gross udder. I'm an actual half-cow girl."

"I know, alright! It doesn't stop me from thinking about you all the damn time. This stupid thing keeps getting hard when I so much as look at you, and especially when you change more. It's the transformation, or whatever the aliens are doing to me. It doesn't matter. I fucking *want* you, Monica. Still. I can't explain it. I mean Jesus, I want to suck on your udder so hard and bury my face in all four of your furry tits."

A heat coursed through Monica. Her pussy became moist almost instantly, and she couldn't help but rub her lower breasts, willing them to grow more.

"Then why don't you come over here and do that, big bull?" she said. "Because I've been feeling the same way about you."

There was only a momentary pause, and then suddenly the two cow people were scrambling towards one another. They knew it was instinct driving them, some brain-chemical change caused by the little grey men, but in that moment it didn't matter. All that mattered was pressing their muzzles together and kissing one another, feeling each other's forms, and pulling away each other's clothing. They were animalistic, their bestial impulses overriding any other sensibilities. Just as Brad had said, he began to feel and grope Monica's udder. He lowered her back onto the gentle floor, spreading her thickened thighs apart as if she were in labour, all in order to have greater access to her pink udder.

"B-be gentle!" she cried as he placed his muzzle over one teat. He sucked, nibbling it gently with his flattened teeth, and the sensations were ecstasy. He was stimulating further growth - she could feel it already expanding at a faster rate - but at that point it was impossible to care. She just wanted more of the pleasure. She squeezed and touched her lower breasts, demanding they grow faster just to please her bull. His cock was so huge that she wanted to be huge in all the right female ways for him.

Suddenly, there was a release.

"Mhmmmmooooooo!" she moaned, squirming as *something* poured from her udder. Brad lifted his head up, and she saw that his mouth was dribbling milk.

"Nice," he simply said, licking his lips with his longer tongue before returning down.

"H-holy fuck, I'm moo-aking moo-ilk! Ohhhh, God, I really am a c-cow! But don't s-stop!"

He didn't, lapping up more of her produce, and in turn making her udder warm as it began to produce even more. It caused a knock on effect, her breasts heating up with their own production, and something about that felt just right.

"Ohhhhh, my tits! All of them! Your face, remember!"

He hadn't forgotten, because he quickly buried his face in her furry cleavage, practically suffocating himself. A pressure made itself known in her upper breasts. She groaned as milk leaked from them, and at her begging, he began to drink that up as well. She moaned and moaned, giving in to her bovine self and allowing the pleasure to ride through her.

"B-breed me!" she said, the words alien yet so, so damn right. "Mount me, you damn bull!"

He didn't need to be asked twice. He shifted her udder, gaining access for his enormous cock. It slid easily into her wet entrance, which had expanded just to fit him. And yet still he was huge inside her, straining her walls and making every part of her nervous system light up with bliss.

"Ohhhhh, yes! Moo! MOOOO!!!"

He thrust into her again and again, wordless in his own bestial act. He played with her large mammarys, milked them and sucked from them, but also kissing her muzzle affectionately even as their ultimate pleasure approached. When it finally came, the pair of them moaned together - hers soft, his a damn *bellow*. His cock erupted inside of her, spilling what felt like entire *gallons* of his jizz deep into her womb. It was the best thing she'd ever felt, and in the aftermath he rested his bullish face upon her breasts, the pair of them panting, satisfied.

"MmmMatiiinnMNnng SuccccessSsssfulll. TiiimMMmme FooOoorRr ReleeeEeassSe."

The pair suddenly looked up. The three little grey men were standing nearby, this time in the *actual room* with them, and each looking totally overjoyed with the outcome as far as Monica could tell.

“Moo-ating? No! You can’t release us like this! You’ve got to change us back!”

“Yes!” Brad stammered, lifting his face. “We’re not meant to be like this! You can’t just turn us loose on the world like-”

But then a shaft of great white light fell upon the cow people, and they were suddenly descending through a hole that opened up in the floor. The light carried their larger, heavier, bovine bodies down to the ground far below, the pair of them screaming - or hurling curses, in Monica’s case. They were being carried down to the same field they had been abducted from, and as soon as they landed in the soft grass, the UFO took off without even a pause.

“Oh God, oh God!” Monica said, looking over herself, over the fur that was completing its spread and her lower breasts which had expanded to B-cups already. Her upper ones were larger than her sister’s by this point. “What are we going to do?”

Brad had no answer, but his cock was starting to twitch. Monica noticed it, and felt her own heat rise.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake! Fine, but then we figure something out!”

Monica grunted. She was pregnant. So damn fucking pregnant. Again. It wasn’t even her second time, or her third. No, her hyperfertile cowgirl body was pregnant for the *fourth* time. Her breasts, already previously massive after her alien-induced changed years ago, were now even *bigger*. They were each the size of her own head, massive and furry and heavy, the upper ones pressing somewhat uncomfortably down on the lower ones when she didn’t have her bras on, which was often, because they were even *more* uncomfortable to wear anyway. As it was, little rivers of milk often spilled down her fur, and it was up to her existing calves - or Brad - to help deal with her hyper-engorged breasts. Her udder was even worse, easily the size of a beachball by this point, slapping against her thighs as she shifted and gurgling unpleasantly. It was so full of milk she could have sworn it was about to burst, but then it always was like that these days between sessions of milking and feeding. Sometimes, her schedule just meant that it had time to become far, far too full, and she simply had to wait it out; her massive boulder of a belly just made it impossible to bend down and milk herself.

“Ughhh, can’t w-wait until I g-give birth, then I can moo-ilk myself again,” she moaned, struggling across the room. She gazed at herself in the mirror, sighing at how

profoundly pregnant she was. As if for emphasis, several little hoof marks made themselves known across her belly.

“Ngh!” she grunted, feeling her huge belly with her hoof-hands. “Ohhhhh, why twins? Why twins, B-Brad?”

The answer was simple and she knew it: because the aliens had made her incredibly fertile, and him hypervirile. It was a miracle they hadn’t had triplets or quadruplets yet, but then again, there would be plenty of time for that, unless the feds finally got the miracle contraceptive that would work for them. The aliens had been thorough with their genetic engineering - even attempts to give Brad ‘the snip’ had reverted itself near instantly. Still, progress was apparently being made. But as much as Monica loved her little calves, she didn’t want a whole army of them! Hopefully the contraceptive would work soon, because God knew they couldn’t keep their hands off of each other, or live without each other..

Four years was their estimate, until something definite would help put an end to their reproductivity. Four years of being full of milk, of getting knocked up by Brad the bull over and over, of giving birth to calf after endless calf, and feeding them from her udders and breasts. And that was just the breeding part.

For the rest of her life she would also have to deal with keeping her fur clean, her hooves maintained, her horns nice and sharp. She would have to deal with the stares and the odd conversations, the stupid cow puns that even she no longer found funny, and the clothing. God, the clothing was just impossible sometimes! Thank God some designer labels made her nice dresses, but they seriously kept underestimating just how much bigger her four boobs and udder got when they were engorged.

She would also have her remaining lifespan dealing with being a freak, being a weird celebrity, being studied as part of the science institute deal that wanted to know more about aliens and their technology, and being filmed by documentary crews. Yes, to her great embarrassment, she’d even been filmed getting knocked up by Brad, and being milked, and giving birth. Multiple times each. For science, apparently, though some of these scenes ended up in the public view anyway, through documentaries, interest pieces and the like.

It was all a very strange life, really. It had taken some time for the government to even believe her and Brad’s stories, and when she’d finally been able to see Heidi in person, her sister had broken down in tears. The weirdest part was, despite the betrayal of her getting with Brad behind Heidi’s back, the whole situation was far too bizarre for Heidi to care about that. It actually led to them getting along as sisters again, and even joking around quite a bit (“you just *had* to end up with bigger boobs than me, didn’t you? And be the first one making kids!”).

Yes, despite the weirdness of her new life, and how bizarre her body was, Monica had to admit it wasn't all bad. She and Heidi were besties again, just like they had been as kids, and she hadn't lost much of her friend group at all. She could still be the life of a party - she wasn't breakdancing any time soon, nor drinking, both for obvious reasons - but she was as wacky and humorous as ever, that was for sure. And she could generate conversation much more easily. Besides, she loved all her children, even if she didn't expect to have six of them now - and counting. The milking could be surprisingly soothing as well, and while she knew a lot (a damn *lot*) of people followed her online streams - she called it *The Milkstream* because she thought it was funny - because they fetishised her, it was still fun and empowering to share her experience with the world.

And there was also the other thing too. The awesome, seemingly endless, and always fulfilling sex she had with Brad. Which speaking of . . .

The bell rang, and she rose to her hooves, uncaring about the burden of her pregnant belly. All the calves were asleep, and her hot bull boyfriend and babydaddy was home.

"Honey, how's it going? Are the kids all fed?"

"Yep," she said, already moving to intercept her manly bull. "Which just leaves you, hot stuff."

His huge manhood rose in his pants, threatening to split them open. Oh yeah, some things made the whole UFO situation *all* worth it.

The End