

Sarah peered out the window and groaned; she had been hoping it would've stopped raining in the five minutes since the pattering of rain had ceased, but the downpour was a drizzle instead. She was so *bored*.

The doorbell rang. In her eagerness to get down, she tripped on her slippers, and by the time she plucked herself up, whoever was there had vanished into the night. She tore open the door, wondering if she had finally got one of her parcels. Instead, what met her was a book.

'*Moo*', the title proclaimed proudly, black on white with no other illustration, pages somehow bone dry. As she picked it up, she frowned; it was about the right size and shape for a kid's book, but was it? She hadn't seen a book like that at the kid's section of her library before, though the little releases by vanity presses could get weird sometimes. Sitting down on her sofa, she flicked it open and read.

'What do cows do? Cows moo.' the first page was all black text like a normal book, but only with those words. The rest of it was blank. Some sort of pre-release copy of a kid's book, to test out how the prose looked? Sarah's frown deepened as she read the next page.

'What do cows do? Cows eat grass.' the second page was as plain as the first. Huh, it must be some sort of educational book for very young kids. She flipped to the next few pages.

'What do cows do? Cows get milked,' the book continued in the same vein for about fifteen pages, all identical and explaining basic things about cows. By the end of it, Sarah hadn't been illuminated in the slightest about the book, which had no information about the author or publisher anywhere, and she put it down even more confused than when she had received it. However, she had more pressing matters than the book; her stomach was rumbling up a storm.

She went to the fridge and cracked it open, snatching the sandwich she'd made earlier and devouring it before she realised. Her stomach grumbled again; it felt as if she hadn't eaten at all! Hoping a bit more would satisfy her, she reached for the fruit and tore into that, stripping a pair of apples to the core before realising how much she had already eaten.

It was time for dinner. Stomach still grumbling, she grabbed some ingredients and aggressively chopped them up into little bits before tossing them in the pan. Her stomach grumbling up a storm, however, and long before the vegetables were ready, she strained out the noodles for her stir-fry and hoovered them up.

By now her tummy was bulging out, however Sarah reached for her chocolate stash and swallowed it with abandon. What was she doing? Oddly, she cared little. Her hunger felt more important.

It was only after raiding all her stashes of junk food and ordering a large pizza that she felt anywhere near full. She rubbed her big belly while moaning, in shock at how much it had grown in so little time. The heft in her hands was wonderful; part of her wished it would grow bigger.

At first she didn't notice the growth of her ears, too absorbed in her belly rubs to care. Still, ignoring such a thing was impossible to pull off for long, and she soon noticed how they felt elongated.

Sarah gasped when she touched them and ran to her bathroom mirror at once. Her now lengthy ears were covered in black and white fuzz, swivelling lazily in her touch. What had happened to them? How could such a thing be *possible*? This time her changes didn't evade her, because she was staring into the mirror.

Her face pushed out as she watched; when she brought her hands to it, she could feel it bulge, stretching her lips long and her nose broad. Fur spread in a pleasant itch from her ears to her cheeks, while a ripple of spotted colour ran over her hair, which was receding rapidly into her skull.

This development ought to have made her feel stressed, but Sarah was feeling a rather different emotion. More specifically, she was feeling the sort of emotion that made you reach into your pants and touch yourself, which was what she proceeded to do.

“Oh mooo god,” she moaned, rubbing her clit at a frantic pace until it roared with sensation. “This is soooo goood.” Her climax came in less than a minute, bringing her to a loud roaring moo. Her snout stretched out at the force of it, becoming fully bovine.

Gasping for air, Sarah looked down at herself and noticed even more changes; the fur was all over her, a big nub sticking out of her panties. She pulled them down fully, which was difficult because her legs were thicker than they were before, and a tail popped out. “Mooo,” she said; her cow snout would not form any other words, and frankly her brain at that moment was incapable of articulating them.

Fat swelled all over her body, from her already enormous belly to her thickening ass, jiggling all over her. She became aware that she was filling up the space, the cold weight of the sink digging into her belly. Lowing in irritation, she reached for the door handle. Opening it was not an easy task, she soon discovered. Her fingers would not move independently anymore and were covered in a hard casing, while her thumbs were already fully converted into hard hoof. It was only when she pushed her weight on the door and pushed just right that she flopped out onto the hall floor in a confused lump of cow.

She was so fat she struggled to get up and soon gave up. There was plenty of amusement to be had on the floor, because her tits had started to come in.

Sarah’s breasts had always been average. Now, they puffed out like a plume of spotty smoke, going from diminutive on her massive body to in proportion to even bigger in the space of a few minutes. Sarah mooed loudly as she groped at them with her stiff hands, rubbing hard at her nipples until her cunt clenched and she had another massive orgasm, the fat of her body wobbling as she rode the wave of her arousal.

Her transformation into a cowgirl was almost complete, except... She was already wobbling and crying out in pleasure when the spotted flesh of her belly first arched up, gasping at the sheer sensitivity of the now pink dome whenever she touched it. Still, that didn’t stop her from touching it as hard as she dared, fluid flowing thick from her pussy as she came and came and came.

As it turned from arch to dome, her moos became borderline screams, tits and body surging ever fatter to make room for her udder. By now she was so massive her arms and legs were

stubby compared to the orb-like rest of her body; she was not too fat to move or walk, but she was certainly getting close.

Four long teats pressed up from the bud of her udder, sending Sarah utterly wild. As she touched herself all over, her udder swelled, growing until it rivalled the size of her belly and tits, growing until if she dared walk, it would drag under her. At the moment it grew so big she struggled to get onto her side, let alone stand up, the milk came in spurts.

Little trickles drizzled from her tits, but Sarah payed no mind to them; the proper show was her udders.

Milk gushed from her udder in unending rivulets, and that was before she went at them with her hooves and gave her teats a good milking. Then, there weren't rivulets so much as a waterfall, and the milk was everywhere. She gulped down what she could from the air; it was creamy and rich, the most perfect thing on this earth.

It took hours before she could reflect on what had happened, in a brief break between milkings. She stepped into her bedroom, quickly made the order, then lay down and got back to business. Half an hour later, she heard the knock and was quick as she was for the book; she grabbed the woman with her pizza before she could protest and shove one of her teats into her mouth, squeezing to make sure she drank.

The woman stared at her in wide-eyed, teary terror as she gulped and gulped, bulging until her clothes tore off her and she jiggled with every swallow. Unlike Sarah, however, she shrank too, becoming a few inches shorter.

As she watched, the woman's eyes glazed over and became dark, unlike Sarah's still grey-green eyes. Her fat body was a thing of beauty, bulging and roly, but not quite the massive ball of Sarah's. Her fingers fused into hooves while her tits grew, her udder following soon after. Once she was done, Sarah detached her from her udder. The lesser cowgirl moed and lowed in gratitude, the closest thing her muzzle could make to a smile stretching it.

Sarah mooed low and threatening, and before the lesser cowgirl could get away, she was down on them, pushing their weight onto them and forcing their cunt into their face.

The lesser cowgirl merely gave a tiny moo of alarm before getting to her job, licking and licking. As she licked, another change came upon Sarah.

It started at her head, horns sprouting from them. Next, her fat body stayed so but gained strong, hard muscle; her muscles bulged out and rippled with every move, making her so strong she pressed against the ceiling.

A tiny bit of fear filled her at these changes. Would she lose her udder too? Thankfully, that was not the case; when shiny balls dropped and a massive cock stretched from her crotch, her udder stayed, jiggling and sloshing milk.

Of course, Sarah thought. She would need the udder to make more servants, and her cock to breed more if she needed. Losing one or the other would lose her her power, which in her mind could never happen.

She was brought out of her thoughts when her lesser cowgirl gagged on her cock, which was spurting its seed all over her face. Sarah got up and flipped her over, plunging into her immediately with her cock. The lesser cowgirl lowed in approval, soon crying out from orgasm as her seed pumped into their womb.

Milking herself, breeding her servants and creating more... Sarah was excited about what would come next in her cowgirl journey.