

Ethan tapped his foot on the ground nervously as he looked around the table. "So we're really doing this? I thought it was a joke at first."

Diane patted him on the shoulder. "We sure are. You still in?"

He wasn't sure it was a good idea to participate, but he was sure that he'd regret it forever if he passed. "Yeah, let's go."

Holly nodded at him from across the table. She was the leader of the group, if they could be said to have one, and had put together the game. She wouldn't say how she came across the knowledge of how to do it, and nobody was inclined to press her too hard. They had all gone in together to rent the beach house for them to hold the event in. "Good. Everyone grab a card and write down your species choice, then toss it in the bag with these." She put four individually-wrapped condoms into a bag on the table in front of her.

The bag was a purple velvet sack that looked like a lame magic show prop, but Holly insisted it was legit. Ethan had been planning his pick for days, and thought he was satisfied. He wrote 'bunny' on an index card and dropped it in the bag. Hopefully that would have even cuter results than 'rabbit'.

The other members of the group seemed similarly confident with their choices, and wrote them down quickly.

Seven other cards were deposited in the bag, and Holly gave it a shake. "All right, everyone draw." She reached in and pulled out an envelope, which was impressive, since the bag hadn't had any envelopes in it.

Ethan, in his nervousness, was last to draw, and when he pulled out his envelope he gulped as he noticed it was flat. His hands trembled as he opened the flap and pulled out an index card, on which was written a large, pink numeral 2. He looked up and saw Holly smiling at him.

In one hand she held a condom, in the other, the card with the blue 2. "Looks like we're paired up, honey. This should be fun."

Everyone else worked on finding their partner as well. Half the envelopes opened to reveal a blue number and a condom; the other half held just pink numbers. Those with pink numbers wouldn't have a use for the protection.

Ethan noticed Adam, who was well over six feet tall, pairing up with the diminutive Beth and heading off to one of the private bedrooms in the house. Maybe their heights would even out during the fun and solve what might be a serious logistical problem. Diane matched up with Gary to claim another bedroom, and it wasn't a surprise that they laughed and started making out before the fun even started. That left Chris and Felicia to shrug and move over to the couch together.

Holly put a hand on Ethan's shoulder. "So, how do you feel about your draw?"

He stared at the pink number. How *did* he feel about it? Nervous, definitely, but there was a stirring in his pants he hadn't quite expected. It meant he'd be playing the female part in the night's fun, and with that role came the possibility of his change being permanent. The pinks would be in heat after they transformed, and one of the condoms was sabotaged. There was a one in four chance of him getting knocked up, an idea that was strangely alluring but also scary. "I don't really know."

"Well, I guess we'll find out when we see how much you change. Maybe you'll be a girly girl." That was another trick of the game. It caused a transformation into one of the animals people had suggested, and made sure they had the proper parts downstairs

for their role, but the exact shape they ended up in was up to their personal preferences.

Holly slowly guided him to the couch and pushed on his back until he bent over the armrest. "You're always talking about how much you hate spoilers, so let's see if you can figure out what's happening without looking."

Ethan had a good view of Felicia and Chris, who were sitting on the other side of the couch.

Felicia gave him a wave and a smile, then tore open the condom she held. Chris stripped down and watched as Felicia blushed and fished around in her pants. "I didn't think it would work that fast!" she shouted, squirming out of her clothes from her seat on the couch. As soon as she got her pants down, the bulge in her panties was clear. She pulled them down and exposed a rapidly growing cock surrounded by a puff of white fur. The condom went over her length with impressive skill for someone who didn't usually possess a penis, then she patted her lap. "Hop on Chris, let's make this a party."

Ethan blushed and tried to look over his shoulder at what Holly was doing. "But I can hardly see myself!"

Holly turned his head back forward. "No peeking. They don't mind if you watch them. Besides, I'm almost ready here." She leaned over him and unfastened his pants, pressing something stiff against his butt as she did. It was only for a moment though, as she then stepped back and pushed his pants and underwear down to the floor.

Ethan was plenty stiff himself, both from anticipation of his own change, and seeing his friends start to transform in front of him. He looked forward and saw Chris on Felicia's lap, rubbing his crotch against Felicia's latex-covered cock that poked up between his legs.

Holly bent over him again, pressing against his butt, and then rubbed her hard, warm length against his own. The magic-infused latex stroked across his balls, and they pulled up tightly. "First we give you a nice pussy. That's all the game *requires* you to have. Any more girly you get is because you want it. How much will you change?"

He whimpered. His balls felt so tight, and while he still felt his penis bobbing in the air, it wasn't moving as much as he expected. It certainly felt hard, though. Holly's cock already felt huge against his. Was she that big or had he lost so much already?

Chris already had a pussy of his own, though he'd kept his cock, which had a furry sheath gathered at the bottom. He was rubbing his new lips against Felicia, his dampness visible on the latex. Both had white fur spreading halfway up their abdomens.

Holly stepped back slightly and rubbed the tip of her cock on an area that felt like Ethan's perineum at first, but quickly grew in sensitivity. "Looks like you're giving up your male parts completely. You're almost ready."

Ethan desperately wanted to know what was happening between his legs, but he couldn't look. He felt the tip of Holly's cock slide (wetly?) up and down, dipping into a growing depression. The feeling from his penis was almost gone, and the sensation of arousal changed, more empty and damp than hard and throbbing. The extent of the change was made clear soon enough, though, as Holly pressed forward against him. "What do-- oh God, it's inside me!" he moaned as his hot, wet passage was spread for the first time, Holly's cock sinking deep until he felt her balls brush against him. "Oh wow. This is...wow."

Holly giggled at him. "Nice, isn't it. Now we see how far you go." She pulled out and stroked back in, teasingly slow, drawing out Ethan's pleasure.

He whimpered and pushed back against her. "Mo-more please." He stretched his legs to push back, and found he was strangely comfortable on his toes.

"Oh yes, that would be the heat setting in. Makes you feel pretty needy, huh? Okay, I can go a little faster." She pushed back into him hard, grabbing his widening hips to pull him toward her. "Looks like you're getting kinda curvy. I guess you did want to be a girl."

Ethan shook his head, but he didn't know what he was denying. He was certainly enjoying having a cock inside him. His body felt hot and tingly, and he didn't think it was just from the fur spreading out from his crotch. He felt it in his hips and butt and behind his nipples. He didn't want to get all curvy, right? "That's not..."

Holly hilted inside his hot tunnel and reached around him to palm his chest. "What are these, then? Nice little breasts to start with. I bet you want them nice and big don't you?"

He gasped as she rubbed across his nipples. He was growing breasts! He pictured how he must look, burgeoning curves, needy pussy, halfway changed into an animal species he didn't even know yet, and found he loved the idea. She was right, he admitted, he did want more. If he was going to have breasts, why be small? "Y-yes. I want them big."

Holly stroked down his back, then gripped and pulled something above his butt. A tail, growing longer as she tugged it. "Good girl. Go ahead and rub them. Feel how big they get." She picked up fucking him, long, slow strokes out, and hard thrusts in. Each one seemed to be longer than the last, and come from a higher angle.

Ethan arched his-- no, her, definitely her --back and moaned with a strange, deep tone. Her toes tapped on the wooden floor with a click. Hooves? What was she becoming? She gripped her breasts as ordered, massaging them as they expanded with every stroke of the cock inside her, well past the point where they filled her hands and into a size anyone would consider impressive. She pulled at her nipples, long and thick and oh so sensitive. In fact, wow, they were *really* big. What was that about?

She spared a glance across the couch with pleasure-clouded eyes. Chris was eagerly bouncing atop Felicia, and both were almost completely changed. Chris had the body of a trim, but pleasantly curvy hermaphrodite, and was busily rubbing his breasts while Felicia stroked his maleness. Their heads remained human, but the large paws she could see on Chris and the teardrop poof of a tail showed that they'd drawn her bunny entry. Ethan briefly felt jealous, but the increasing pleasure from the seemingly huge dick inside her wiped that idea away.

Holly grunted behind her, an animalistic sound of satisfaction. When she spoke her voice was deep and masculine. "Those are some pretty nice milkers, aren't they? Just imagine if this condom breaks and you get knocked up. They'll be even bigger."

Ethan shivered at the thought. She could get pregnant now. No, she *wanted* to get pregnant, she now knew. She wanted to be female forever, but could she do it as some animal? Wait, not just some animal. She had come into the game somewhat heavy, and still felt it, though she was definitely hipper and smaller-waisted than before. She was pretty sure she had hooves, and the comment about milkers couldn't be coincidence. She was turning into a cow. An animal good for milking and breeding and

just the thought made her want to... “Mooooo! I’m a-- Oh god. Moooo!” She moaned as her pussy clenched on Holly’s cock, a sudden orgasm driving her face to push out and widen into a muzzle. Small horns grew from her forehead, and she could feel them even if she couldn’t see. Her tongue thickened in her mouth, making it hard to form words, but that was okay, all she could manage at the moment was the lowing of a satisfied cow.

“Woops, guess that gave it away a bit. Yes, you’re my hot little moo cow.” She gripped Ethan around the waist with impressively large hands, still thrusting into her with barely-restrained intensity and strength, rubbing her fingers across the cow girl’s pudgy abdomen. “Though a proper cow girl would have an udder here.”

She shivered. Yes, an udder, a female cow needed one of those. As soon as she had the thought, Holly’s hands found for new points of pleasure on her abdomen, stroking and pulling at the growing teats as the flesh built up behind them. Her new udder hung below her, as low as her pendulous breasts, and she could already feel it sloshing with milk. She was such a good cow now. “Moooo! Milk...me!”

Holly grunted and panted, nearing her own climax. “We’ll get to that, but first we need to deal with your heat. Do you want me to breed you? Put a calf in you and make your change permanent?”

Oh god, did she. Her insides burned with need, and that was what cows were for. Milking and breeding so they make more milk and that was all she wanted in the world. “Yes! Moooo-more! Breed me!”

“As you wish!” Holly thrust herself deep, laying across Ethan’s back and gripping her tight. The girl-turned-bull no longer felt feminine at all, just hard muscle and dominating size pressed against the heifer below her. Her heavy balls pulled up, her cock tensed and expanded, and she pumped several heavy shots of virile bull cum into Ethan. And the condom tore.

A heavy warmth settled into Ethan’s fertile womb, the bull cock shooting its seed unimpeded into her depths. She felt the heat blossom within her, locking her into female cow form forever, and she came hard. Her pussy pulled as Holly’s length, milking it for all it could give to help breed her. She felt full and hot and overflowing, leaking cum and her own juices down her thighs. Even through the crushing climax, her mind raced. *It feels so good. Oh god, I’ve been bred. Bred! There’s so much coming in. Gonna carry his calf. I’ll be a cow forever. I’ve been bred. I think I need to be milked. I’ve been bred!* She collapsed onto the couch, quivering as waves of pleasure crashed over her.

When finally she stirred from her bent over position, she noticed Chris and Felicia staring at her. Specifically, at the cum leaking from her still-twitching pussy.

Felicia clapped. “Yay, you won!”

Chris looked at Felicia. “That counts as winning?” He idly cupped one of his breasts. Both of them were still transformed, looking like nearly identical white bunny herms. It would wear off in time, for all of them but Ethan.

Felicia nodded. “Of course! The rest of us have to change back.”

Chris blushed. “I suppose I did feel kind of disappointed when I saw our condom held together.”

Felicia handed him the condom, still full of her seed. “Here you go then. Until you change back, you’re probably still fertile. If you really want to stay that way, you can.”

"Huh," Chris commented. He sat on the couch, holding the condom dangerously near his crotch, staring at it.

Ethan finally turned and looked at Holly, then jumped back on her hooves in surprise. She had not expected the girl to look like a seven foot tall minotaur, very muscled and *very* male. Her member was gigantic, and still had the tattered remains of the condom around it. "Good lord, that thing fit inside me?!"

Holly hugged the smaller cow tightly, compressing her large breasts and udder between them. "You bet it did. I'm so happy for you!"

"Yeah, I guess it went pretty well. I'm not sure about being pregnant though." Ethan blushed and rubbed her belly around the udder.

"Don't worry, you'll love it. You're a good cow, aren't you?"

Ethan shivered. "I guess I--"

She was cut off by the noisy entrance of two huskies from a side bedroom. A very tall male carried a much smaller female in front of himself, supporting her with two hands on her plush butt. The reason was clear when they got closer; they were still locked together by the male's knot.

Holly laughed at them. "Ha! Didn't pull out fast enough, Adam?"

The female husky meekly waved. "Actually, I'm Adam. I liked being the smaller one for once. I can't tell with us tied, do you know if I'm the one who-- Oh never mind, looks like you won, Ethan! Great!" She looked over to Chris. "Wait, how'd you win too?"

Chris looked at the others shyly. He gestured to the empty condom in his hand and the new trail of cum dripping down his thigh.

"You cheater!" Adam accused with a chuckle.

Chris shrugged. "I regret nothing."

Before they could question him further, a crash startled them all from the direction of the other side bedroom. Two large dragons stared at a broken lamp on the ground. "Goddam wings," one of them cursed. "The one downside of picking dragons."

Ethan received another round of congratulations, blushing the entire time, and increasingly wishing she could interrupt and ask someone to milk her. "So, does anyone know the gestation period for cows?"

"Or rabbits?" Chris added.

Holly shrugged. "Hard to say, what with the magic and all. Hopefully it's quick, so we can play again. I want a chance to win."

"No more canines, though," Adam insisted. "It's great fun at first, but being stuck gets old."

"I'm totally picking dragons again," Gary commented. "At some point I'll get one of us laying eggs, even if it has to be me."

"Fair enough," Holly commented. "Now, who wants some fresh milk?"