"B" essie Star

by Jessie Star art by Being Obscene

"These orders keep getting more and more... unique." Jessie, the Spice Witch, rubbed her nose with the back of her hand as she mixed milkweed into the transformation potion. Her customer Stacy was trying to engineer a new breed of cow. Submissive, heftier, milkier, and fertile as hell. Sadly she had yet to pull it off and was down to her last heifer, which she was selling today to keep her farm. So what was her plan to turn in to her investors so she could keep it going? "Just change me into the cow, like the one I'm promising them."

"No, I'm not going to do that, Stacy. Full animal transformations are a very tricky business. And besides, that's cheating." Jess had tried to protest.

"It's only to buy me time," Stacy whined. "Okay, what about... Like a partial transformation with some kind of thing added that would just... fool people into accepting me as a cow?"



"So a veil spell?" And that train of thought led to another, and another, and now here Jess was, alone mixing a partial bovine potion in Stacy's barn while her customer was out shopping. "Achoo!" The witch sneezed, causing her concoction to spill a little on her arm. White fur with black spots immediately started spreading up and down her arm. "Oh, you have to be kidding me!" She groaned. "You gotta stop working on zero hours of sleep Jess!" She growled as her right hand tightened into a fist, fingers hardening into a hoof. "Shit"



"Okay, deep breaths." Jess laid the cow potion on the barn worktable and frantically searched for her safety solution. Somewhere In this mess was a blue container whose concoction was essentially Jess in a jar. It was a unique mix that would turn anyone or anything into Jess, which is good because the fur was crawling up her shoulder and over her chest. A strange prickling heat spread through her breasts, throbbing in her sensitive flesh, making her nipples ache and buzz. The witch's tits bloated in her bra as they filled with fat and milk. The undergarment creaked from the stress, and her top popped seam after seam as creamy white cleavage bloomed up out of her neckline.

"Get a f'n moooOOOve on Jess!" she grunted, shocked at how fast the potion was working. She hurriedly found her "Back-to-Jess" elixir just as the fur climbed up her lengthening ears and down over her ribs and belly. Her second hand followed the first, shuddering and contorting, hardening into something more hoof-like. She had to balance the jar between her wrists as the ability to grip things was lost.

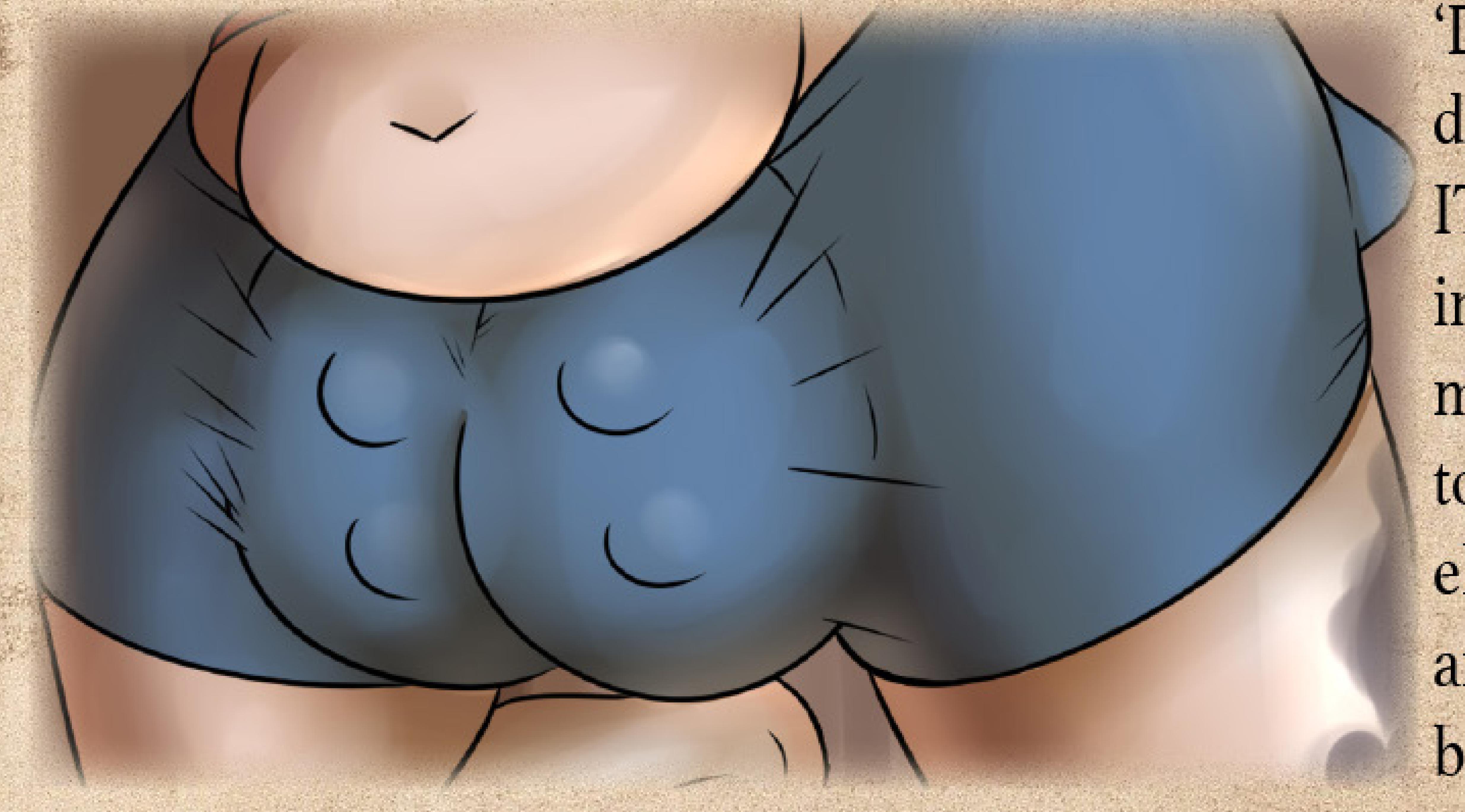
The slippery glass container knocked over the cow potion into her other ingredients, creating a concussive reaction that left the whole work table pile of

ember and ash. "Shit!" As Jess pulled away quickly to avoid the flash explosion, her back slammed into a support beam, her ass swelling against the wood, tearing her pants down the side. Fat and fur jiggled and surged between the gaps. "Ow!" The witch squealed as her budding tail pinched against the post, the shock causing her to almost to drop her fix. She cradled the cure against her softening tummy, and her...



wait was that a bulge swelling in her pants.

A very full, hot, milk-producing mound!?



'Don't drop it, don't drop it, DON'T DROP IT!' She screamed internally as the magic surged to her toes and face, elongating her feet and nose into a very bovine appearance.

The most Jessie could do was just focus on opening the jar. Ignore her flaring nostrils and floppy ears, the hard horns emerging from her hair more and more. The strain of the fat milk bag pushing her legs apart, teats stiff and dragging against the fabric of her leggings. Why did the potion need to include an overactive udder?! There were wet spots on her pants and top. She was leaking out of everywhere. "So much moooooooilk" Her body was piling on size and weight, clothing tearing away in strips. The ginger's hooved knuckles slowly twisted the top as her worry skyrocketed. Her pants tore with another surge, fat udder puffing free, pulling her forward. "Wooooooaah!" Jessie staggered forward, her cow feet pulling free from her shoe as she waddled and wobbled, trying to remain standing. Her tits were larger than her head, her spotted ass three times as wide as it used to be. And her udder, her giant pressurized throbbing milk tank, was pulling her forward, hanging from a body made less and less for walking on two feet. Jessie tripped on one loose board, her body falling forward as the potion flew into one of the barn stalls.

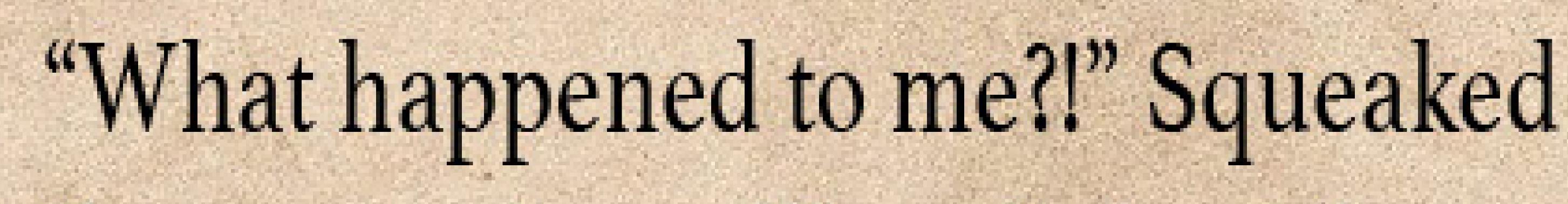


As Jessie lay on the ground, she could feel the last tatters of her clothing pop and tear off her fuzzy swelling form. Shrrrip! The entirety of her clothing wouldn't even be enough to make a bra for her new shape and size. She took up the space of three Jessie's now, maybe more! "Oooooooow," The vastly transformed woman groaned. Her fat milky tits and beach ball udder pressed hard into the barn floor, milk spraying and seeping out of her erotically charged nipples and teets. The witch tried to get to her feet. Her horned head was spinning. Her tail was swatting her large, humanly shapely bovine ass out of instinct. Everything was so off and wrong. Grrk. Grrrrr!. Her spine clicked and fused, locking her on all fours. "I can't stand up! I CAN'T S TAND UP!" She panicked. "Where's my potion!" She scanned the floor for it. If she could lick it up, it would be enough. Her body was slow and heavy and frustrating to navigate with. The witch's fatty curves jiggled and wobbled as her leaking tits and udder swayed and smacked against her four legs with every step.



She had become a giant fat cow with a tiny bit of humanity left in, and each heavy clop echoed in her mind, her human eyes scanning the barn for the container.

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a voice from over the stall's wall. Jessie's eyes bulged out of her bovine face in

terror as she saw a naked copy of herself trying to stand up in the pen, the doppelganger's ears turning from floppy to human as the horns shrank back into her skull. Shit, the potion had turned the real Cow into a, well, into a Jessie!

"Okay, cow, stay calm,"

Jessie called to her accidental stand-in. She waddled heavily across the barn, her giant bubble of an ass quaking with each step, the heavy overfilled udder squashed between her legs, dragging its sensitive teats on the floor. "I need your help to fix meeooooooo."

Both Jess and fake Jess were startled by the large barn door at the other end bursting open, the naked former-cow ginger falling behind the gate, while former witch-now-cow Jess could only shuffle on her hooves a bit. Balance was already hard in this new form, not just because she was 85% cow, but because the parts of her that were cow were about double the size of a normal dairy heifer. The redhead quickly reminded herself that Stacy had been due back any minute, and maybe she could finally get some help from-

In the doorway was a man. Not Stacy but a beefy farmer-John looking man, six feet tall and clothed in overalls and a tractor brand hat. "Easy girl," he said, putting his hands up as he cautiously moved towards her. "Just here to pick you up, little lady. Didn't know you'd be out of your stall."

"Stay calm? Stay calm?!" Jessie growled at the man coming up behind her. She was suddenly aware of how big she had honestly gotten, this man was a big guy, but her body easily dwarfed his several times over. The breeze from the doorway swept over hot throbbing udder and up her bulbous backside drawing attention to how her genitalia showcased behind her for all to see.

The witch tried to cover herself with her tail, but it only served to whip her ass cheek. "Look, man, I'm not a cow!" she tried to explain as she turned around to point her backside in a direction no one would see. "Hence why I can talk and keep hitting my breasts with my front hooves. Now, this may be hard to believe, but-"

"Mooing up a storm are we, Bessie? Somethin bother'n you girl?" The man reached out and patted her on the head between the horns.

"Bessie? Listen up, bub, I'm-"

"It's probably that full udder of yours, huh? Stace said you were a producer, but my lord, look at that poor swollen thing.

"What the hell is your prob- Oh. Oh no!" The little color Jessie had left in her face began to drain. The veil spell in the cow potion. It must have filled in the rest to make her look like a true cow to everyone and sound like it too! She stuttered and blabbered, trying to get out the words, but all the man heard were disgruntled moos.

"Here, let me get the bucket, and we can milk you before we load you up." The stranger wandered over to the wall t get a bucket. Jess had to move, kick down that stall and find whatever bit of her "Jessie in a Jar" Solution might be left, but her body would not budge. "Why can't I moooooove" She was panicking now, her legs locked beneath her, and the man was pulling up a stool to sit on.

"We need cows that are super submissive and easy to train," Stacy's words echoed in Jessica's head. Her body was following directions because of the potion! She felt his hands pet the fur on her giant curvy flank, the slide down underneath her to the udder bulging between her legs. It was so hot, buzzing with pressure and pain, exasperated even more by his hands rubbing its pink veiny exterior.

"Fake Jess! Fake Jess, come out of that damn stall and tell this dude I'm not you!" Jess mooed across the barn. "I swear to nature I'll make a quarterpounder out of your ass if you don't come over here and explain to this dude right noOOOOWW WOW!" The farmer has gripped two of her teats on the udder, and the sensation was electric.

Jessica's jaw dropped as she moaned. Each tug he gave udder sent her into mind-spinning pleasure. She drooled as the farmer gave hand jobs to her dripping nubs, enough to get them dripping and full again, but never a constant flow. She needed them tugged, pulled, sucked on, anything for more relief. Her heavy fur-covered body grew warmer and warmer, her womanhood in the back getting hot and wet. She couldn't fight how aroused this was making her.

Each tug soaked her brain with endorphins and her pumped hormones to her slit. The slow emptying in the pale triggered a hunger in her stomach, a need to eat and replenish the milk. A burning desire

in her pelvis to make something that could drink and grow big and strong from her milk, and his gentle command had locked her in the spot to be a good, hefty, hungry, horny heifer built for milking and little moo making.

"Don't worry, Bessie, I only can get like a fourth of it now, but we'll hook you up to the machines when we get back to Iowa. Stacy was not kidding. You are quite the prize bovine. Just the size of you will win us state fairs all over the country for years to come. I'm sure." But she could barely hear him. Jessie had come at least four times in her mind from the milking, and she was dizzy. "Come on, girl, let's get you on the truck. And Jess' hooves obeyed. Her body was an obedient cow.

The farmer had given Jess a cowbell, and with a final once over, he led her up into the trailer. Her body was almost too thick for it, but she squeezed herself in anyways, bell ringing, nipples dripping milk now stimulated from the udder situation. Her face was blushing, and she couldn't stop panting. A quick look through the slats caught her a glimpse of her doppelganger, naked with pale skin and freckles for all to see, escaping through the field on all fours ass up in the air. "Hey! HEY! Jessie mooed angrily at the imposter. "Tell Stacy what happened to me. Do you hear me fucker?" And she continued to moo out obscenities as the truck drove away, every bump and

turn causing her swollen flustered body to sway and jiggle, to leak and throb until the vehicle and the flustered frustrated cow with the red hair disappeared down the road.

