

Alien Assumptions (Woman to Cow TF)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Monica is an ordinary young woman who loves to party, especially on Halloween. But when a UFO unexpectedly phases her up into their ship for experimentation, everything changes. Her holiday cow costume works against her as the aliens fail to understand the holiday's conventions, and decide it will be necessary to 'correct' her form . . .

Alien Assumptions

"See, look? I'll be a party animal - literally!"

Heidi groaned at her sister's pun, but Monica just laughed. She was dressed in a silly cow costume complete with oversized udder and cow's head hoodie.

"Ugh, can't you just be a normal sister and dress up as a sexy nurse or something?"

"Please, where would the fun in that be? Besides, it's not like I have big 'udders' to show off anyway: you're the one blessed in that department, remember?"

Heidi sighed and stormed out. "Freak!"

Monica chuckled to herself as her sister left her room. The pair rarely got along, and Monica's oddball sense of humour was one of the reasons. It was a good coping mechanism, after all. Whereas her twin (fraternal) sister had developed the kind of curvaceous bod that made all the guys go gag, Monica must have had her potential curves stolen from her in utero, because she was flat as a board with a pancake ass. It gave her no end of grief some days, when her sister paraded about college as one of the popular girls, her big E-cups shown off in a sexy tight shirt with a plunging neckline, and her ass equally revealed in a tight set of denim shorts. The two looked more like cousins, despite both having the same dark olive skin, frizzy black hair, and sharp features. This was because Monica had been evidently cursed at birth: she only had little AA cups for a chest, and her overall figure was much more slim and less hourglassy than Heidi's.

And so, like every sibling that falls under the shadow of another, Monica found other ways to stand out and get attention and respect. While Heidi was able to get by on her looks and the natural charisma that came with them, Monica had the harder battle. She was seen as the 'plain one', the 'boring one', the 'less talented' one, at least by those that didn't know her. But all that changed as she developed more confidence and more personality throughout high school. She became known as a humorous oddball, a prankster and a joker, and someone who could be quite the wildcard despite her strong grades. She enjoyed psyching people out, not in a harmful way, but by developing her own bright fashion and

mismatched clothing, and generally being quite the party girl. As a result, she ended up becoming shockingly popular: people may have been drawn to Heidi's strong good looks, but they *loved* Monica's demeanour, the way she got on with everybody, and her devotion to just enjoying life.

Which included, on her twenty first Halloween Eve on earth, dressing up in a ridiculous cow costume. She was being a little cheeky - most would recognise it was a deliberate contrast to her sexy sister, particularly with all the dumb udder jokes she had prepared - but it was also just fun. Why not dress up as a cow? It would be hilarious out on the town!

"Not a freak!" she called down the hall at her fuming sister. "Just a cow! And you better moooooove over, little sister! Because this gal is going to be *udderly* amazing on the dance floor!"

"You were literally born only five minutes before me!" Heidi called back, already slipping into her sexy vampiress costume. "And you better not make me a laughing stock! Brad Leamen's going to be at the same club tonight, and I don't want you making bad jokes and embarrassing me."

"Don't worry sis, I won't *milk* it too much. Ha!"

Heidi rolled her eyes before slamming her own door shut. Monica grinned, happy to tick off her sister. She looked at herself in her full-length vertical mirror, and twisted about. She had chosen the Holstein variant, with black splotches over a white coat. The udder flopped between her thighs, and her hands fit into black hoof-like gloves. A ropy tail trailed out of the costume and hung down near her 'hooves', which were just black shoes she'd bought to match the outfit. She pulled up the cow's head hood and zipped up the costume.

"Time to get *mooving*," she joked. "Yeah, okay, that was a bad one. But why not enjoy a few bad cow puns, just for this one night?"

The crowd cheered and mooed for Monica as she swallowed down another shot expertly. She held up the empty glass to further roars, and the crowd went wild.

"SHOT SHOT SHOT!"

But Heidi just held up her hooved gloves.

"Sorry folks, but this cow has drank her last drop!"

"Boo, and terrible pun!" someone called from the back.

"Well, I'm a simple farm girl. Sorry, everyone! I don't want to get too drunk today. Just enough drunk to TEAR UP THE DANCE FLOOR!"

The crowd roared with approval, laughing as she led them back up to the stage and immediately began busting out her moves on the floor. She had learned breakdancing when she was sixteen and loved it ever since: it fit her lithe, thin body well, allowing her to be agile and show skills that her sister could never accomplish with her large chest. In fact, at that very moment she could see Heidi in the corner booth looking angry, her date Brad laughing at Monica's antics. She gave him the finger guns before continuing to rock out in her silly costume, much to the applause of others. After a few minutes, she noticed several guys were even giving her some rather flirty gestures, and she took up the chance to begin dancing up against the most handsome of them. How could she resist, after all, given that he was meant to be her sister's date? It was Brad Leamen.

"Hi there!" she said. "I noticed you were checking out my fine tail."

"I was checking out a fine a everything!" he yelled over the music.

She grinned. "Okay, that was damn smooth. Where's Heidi, Brad? I thought she was your date?"

He shrugged, even as he continued to dance against her. "She said she wasn't feeling well and took off. I don't think she liked me enjoying your interesting dancing."

"Interesting? I'll have you know my dancing skills are unmatched!"

"That much is clear to me! What are you doing with your arms?"

"Whatever the music is making me do, that's what! Why, what are *you* doing?"

He grinned. "I'm dancing with a pretty lady."

"No offence Brad, but this udder doesn't compare to my sister's udders."

"True, but you're a lot more fun. Sometimes that counts for more."

She danced closer, pressing her back against him and letting him hold her hips beneath her cow costume.

"Well, ain't you a smart one? You've caught the right cow alright."

"Would you like to go somewhere else now that I've caught you?"

She knew she shouldn't be hitting on her sister's boyfriend, but with so much alcohol in her system, she was a lot more amenable to the possibilities. Heidi had always been sour puss when it came to losing to Monica, but the one area Monica had never beaten her 'little sister' on was in matters of the heart. How could she compete, given her sister's voluptuous body versus hers? But now, she finally had a chance to get one over her. Brad Leamen was tall, dark, and handsome, the whole tall drink of water. He was even a damn football star, and Monica couldn't lie to herself: the man had pectoral and bicep muscles that made her legs go weak. She had always enjoyed sex, and while she wasn't Heidi, she liked to think she was pretty good at it. After all, she figured that Heidi had rested on her laurels as a looker so long that she didn't have to learn how to put the effort into good sex.

Monica didn't have that problem, and right now sex with Brad Leamen was sounding pretty damn good to her tipsy mind.

"Why don't we go for a fun drive?" she said, grinning up at him.

He smiled back, a lusty gleam in his eye.

Brad drove them out of town in his vintage Mustang - a present from his wealthy father. He treated it lovingly, and Monica revelled in the fact that she was his passenger. She was still in the cow costume, but was already looking forward to slipping out of it and letting Brad take her. Heidi would be so jealous!

"Where are we going?" she asked as they missed the turn off to his place.

"My parents are home. I'm moving into an apartment next month, but for now it'd be awkward. Besides, I've got a better idea."

He drove down a country road, away from the lights of the city and through rolling hills of farmland. Monica's tipsy mind was a little slow on the uptake, but when she realised where they were going, she giggled loudly.

"Duh! Makeout field!"

"Exactly!"

Makeout Field, as it was locally and colloquially called, was a spot with a rusty fence that was easily opened. Located on a hill with a beautiful view of the city, the only nuisance were the occasional cowherd and angry cowherd owner. But many a teen couple of college romance met their fruition making out on the bonnet or carseat while parked in that field, the starry night sky above clear and beautiful. That was the case of the weather now, and slowly Brad pulled the car around through the field after opening and close the gate, and situated them on the perch that overlooked the sight of the city and wider valley.

"What a view," he said.

"Mhm, I love all the lights."

"I wasn't talking about the city," Brad said, putting his arm around her waist.

She chuckled. "Man, and I thought I was the one with the bad jokes."

"No joke. You're pretty fucking hot, Monica. Heidi is just too . . ."

"She can't stand the smell of her own shit, is what."

Brad smirked. "Well, that's one way to put it. But you - you've got energy and confidence for days. You don't give a shit."

The alcohol in her system lowered her guard a little. "I give a lot of shit, actually. You know how much it sucks to have a twin sister who's way hotter than you? Or to always be in her shadow? I've been acting out since I was ten trying to make my own identity."

He nodded, seeming to absorb this. "I didn't realise that."

"Most don't. They just see Monica, the crazy one. Not that I discourage it. It's easier than being 'the plaine one.'"

"Well, you're anything but plain."

She broke out of her morose moment and turned to him. "You're just saying that because you like my black spots."

"Well, why don't you let me feel them?"

And with that, he encircled his arms around her, and began kissing her. She didn't fight him. In fact, she was soon passionately kissing back, running her fingers over the muscles beneath his shirt. He felt wonderful, so fucking handsome and hot, and if what Heidi said was true, then he probably had a massive cock instead.

It was enough to get her going. A moistness developed between her thighs, and her little nipples became much more prominent, hardening with arousal.

"Mmhhh . . . you chose a good location for this cowgirl."

"I thought you'd appreciate it."

"Not as much as I appreciate a big, strong man knowing just how to fuck a girl like me."

"Shit, well you certainly know how to talk dirty better than Heidi. Sorry, I shouldn't have mentioned her."

She put her fingers on his lips, staring into his lovely blue eyes. "The only time you should mention my sister for the next half hour is when you tell me honestly that I'm a much better lay than her. *When*, not *if*."

"Fuck yeah."

They continued to make out, and soon Brad was beginning to unzip her costume. She had pulled back the cow's head of the cow outfit a while ago, but now she needed release from the rest of it. They both chuckled as the baggy udder briefly got in the way of his hands, but it only gave her greater excuse to touch him all over, paying special attention to the long, hard cock in his trousers.

"Hurry up, hot stuff. I want this in me."

"Fuck, that's hot. Just gimme a tick. This costume is a nightmare."

She laughed as he finally got the zipper. They exchanged a glance, both knowing they were about to go over the edge: he about to cheat, she about to steal her sister's man.

And then the moment did indeed turn into a nightmare for real as suddenly an insanely bright light overwhelmed them. Monica shrieked, terrified that it was a police vehicle, but it was far too green for that, and far, far too bright.

"What's - who is that!?"

It was like the light was coming from *above*. She tried to stick her head out the window, pulling away from Brad, but it was utterly blinding.

“An aircraft? A helicopter?”

There was indeed the whirring of metal and the sound of spinning, but it was like no aircraft or helicopter she had ever heard before. It was too smooth, too low in volume, too liquid in its emanations. But due to the light it was impossible to see.

Brad moved quickly. He inserted the keys into the lock and readied to drive off, shifting into gear. “Hold on!”

He turned on the car, but it spluttered and died, even as the light became even brighter, so much so that it was difficult to see.

“What the hell is happening!?” Monica shrieked, now feeling utterly sober.

The metallic whirring continued to speed up, and in the distance she heard a cowherd mooing over and again, their bellows sounding strange and panicked and much higher up than seemed geographically possible. Suddenly, her gut felt strange, and Brad clutched his own belly, grunting.

“F-feels like G-force,” he said, shocked.

Both of them felt the car lift off the ground, slowly but sure. There was a powerful thrumming in the air, a force that was pulling them upwards. Monica shrieked, trying to open the car door, but that same force was keeping it shut. For a moment, the costumed woman considered leaping out of the vehicle, but it was too high up by this point. She wasn’t sure how she knew this, but the rate of ascent was getting faster. She peered out the window, and through the bright light she could just make out the farmland falling away below, already a hundred feet downward. She screamed in terror, clutching Brad.

The whirring metal increased in volume.

The light became ever brighter.

The thrumming of reverseged gravity churned at her being, overwhelming her senses.

She took one last look at Brad, and he at her. The two of them screamed as the light suddenly evaporated, and cold metal enclosed all around the Mustang. A dark green mist filled the cell they had been trapped in, and soon they were coughing and spluttering and losing consciousness. She pulled up her cow hoodie, covering her face as best she could with it.

The last thing Monica saw before she went to sleep was a strange green figure with large black eyes and a thin, fragile body.

“Huh,” she said to herself. “Alien costumes. M-must be a prank . . .”

Monica woke up. She got the sense she had only been unconscious for a few minutes, because she was still encased in her cow costume, and she could still feel the traces of alcohol and tipsiness in her system. She was in a silvery metallic room with numerous reflective surfaces, lying on a floor of what must have been fake grass. She was alone, and the chamber was only fifteen feet wide or so, and about as tall.

“Where - oh God, where the fuck am I? Have I been kidnapped?”

All around her, unusual sounds echoed. Unnatural sounds. The floor vibrated softly at her feet, and she yelped before realising nothing major was happening.

“Someone, help me! HELP ME!”

There was no answer, just the liquid whine of impossible geometry shifting: the reflective metal panels shifted in eldritch patterns around her, revealing numerous chambers identical to her own for flickering moments. She saw their contents: each one contained a panicked, frightened cow, all of them Holsteins, just like the herds at Makeout Point.

“What fuck. What the absolute fucking fuck!”

Her heart pounded. Her spine tingled with a terrifying chill. This was impossible, but it was no dream. The moos reverberated through her chamber, before being cut short as soon as sight of the beasts left sight of her prison cell. She ran to the walls, pounding on them with her fists, still wrapped in her warm costume.

“GET ME OUT OF HERE! PLEASE, I DON’T KNOW WHERE THIS IS BUT I DON’T BELONG HERE!”

The walls shifted again, and she leapt backwards, terrified. The revealed yet more of the beasts: whoever or whatever had taken the cows must have taken the whole herd.

“They’ve been stolen. Holy shit, they’ve stolen all of them, put them in cages. This is crazy!”

She wanted to go home. She even missed her sister. She wanted Brad’s touch to reassure her. And then, as if being summoned, another cage rotated, and a semi-opaque section of the wall to her left shimmered and became as transparent as crystallised glass.

Brad was inside it, looking just as terrified and uncertain as her.

“Monica! Holy shit, you’re okay!”

“BRAD! Brad!”

She ran to the glass-like window separating them. It shimmered with strange energy, as if it were not really glass at all but something far more advanced. Her fingers buzzed as she touched it, but she kept them there, close to his own.

“Where are we?” she said, wiping the tears from her eyes. “Have we been kidnapped?”

"I - I don't know. The last thing I remember, my car was pulled up into the sky or something. And then we breathed that gas. It couldn't be more than twenty minutes ago though: my phone doesn't work here, there's no reception, but it's still keeping the time."

She nodded, trying to latch onto his words for comfort, to make sense of what was happening. It was all too much though, and she had to focus not to hyperventilate.

"Monica, hey Monica! Breathe! You need to breathe!"

She did so, listening to his words. She didn't want to be like her sister and act all girly and hopeless in this situation. She calmed herself as best she could and opened her eyes again.

"Okay, okay. I'm calm. Calm as I can be. What's happened to us?"

He looked around his own chamber, which looked much like hers.

"I think - I think we've been abducted."

"Abducted? By who? Aliens?"

Something buzzed behind her, but this time she didn't shriek. She spun angrily, ready to face whatever it was, but she was silenced in horror at what she saw.

Dressed in silvery costumes that seemed to ripple and shift upon them, and overlooking her from above, were a group of three little grey men. They were safe behind a crystalline wall, but they were undeniably aliens: their stature was less than four feet tall in height, and their eyes were easily six or seven times larger than that of a human's, taking up much of their face and looking like large droplets of oil, totally devoid of detail. They were utterly impassive, looking down from their higher position as if they were zookeepers, and she were the animal.

Monica screamed. She screamed again and again, and behind her Brad did the same. The alien creatures regarded them with curiosity, twisting their faces somewhat to the side, and conversing with each other in their alien tongue.

"Oh God, oh God is this some prank? Please tell me that Heidi has just grown a sense of humour and is doing everything to get back at me. Please - please don't let this be real!"

But one of the little grey men just flicked their three-fingered hand, and the room rotated, shifting and contracted down. The walls - impossibly - became a lot smaller, and she shrieked again, terrified that she might be crushed to death as it collapsed in on her. Brad cried out also, similarly alarmed, but in the chaos that followed it was her own fear and horror that dominated. The walls contracted down and down and down, until she was now in a box that was barely seven feet in height and four feet across. The crystalline wall separating her and Brad melted into the floor, and they hugged one another, terrified and sobbing. Their cells were not one cell, barely big enough to contain both of them.

"Oh my God, Monica. This is crazy. It's aliens!"

"I know, I know. This is real, Brad. Holy shit, this is real."

He looked up, even as he held her. "Are they going to probe us? Experiment on us?"

Monica had no idea, and the uncertainty made her even more afraid. She wanted to go back in time and never go that stupid field. She wanted to remain carefree, fuck her sister's boyfriend, or perhaps even be better and not make that mistake at all. But anything other than this.

The wall before them shimmered, and suddenly the aliens were before them, on the other side of new crystalline glass. They stared up at the two humans, fascinated and conversing with one another in a low, musical alien tongue. Monica couldn't understand why they kept pointing at her, until she realised they were gesturing at her costume, her fake tail and hooves, even the cow's head that was half up. She hadn't even thought to discard it - she was only wearing a bra and panties beneath it, after all, and she didn't want to invite them to probe her. But clearly, the costume had them fascinated.

"It's a *cos-tume*," she sounded out, pulling the cow's head to one side. The aliens stepped back in shock. "Cos-tume. Well, a *cow-stume*, really."

The nervous pun just escaped her, but it seemed to trigger a recognition in three aliens all at once. They talked amongst themselves in that strange squawking manner of theirs, and then their leader waved his hands again. Something shifted around them, and then on either side of their cell was a captive Holstein cow, clearly terrified in its own cell.

"CcOoWw," the alien sounded out, pointing at the creature on the left, with its big udder and fat body, the beast mooing in panic.

"Yes! Yes! Cow for my costume!" she said, breaking into a manic smile. Maybe it was possible for her to talk her way out of this. She gestured all over her body and pointed repeatedly at the cow they were gesturing to, and then the other one.

"Cow! Me in cow costume. Me human, in cow costume, like these cows! See, not a cow!"

The aliens conferred again, and this time their voices were hushed and amazed.

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

"Not cow, just costume. Him human."

She gestured at Brad, who was confused and silent, and clearly struggling with the whole situation. Monica's heart was racing, filled with both fear and hope: fear of getting this wrong, and hope she could talk her way out of here. She thought about taking the costume off, but decided against it again: it would send a weird message she didn't want to convey.

The aliens conferred further, and the other two went off to inspect the dairy cows, looking them over and scanning them with strange devices that seemed to cause the cows

further confusion and discomfort. Seemingly satisfied, they returned to stand before Monica and Brad.

“SsOoOoNn FfinNisH,” their apparent leader, or at least translator, spoke.

“Yes!” she shrieked, bouncing up and down in her energetic way. “Yes! Finish!”

The light was at the end of the tunnel. Brad grabbed her hand.

“Nicely done,” he whispered. “We’re getting out of here.”

Except that wasn’t what was happening, and it soon became evident. After another little conference, the three little grey men waved their hands once more, and suddenly Brad and Monica were pulled apart. His cell remained small in the corner of her vision, but hers grew back to a large size, only her body was seized and pulled into the air by a bright light, similar to the one that had lifted Brad’s Mustang. She shrieked as she was placed upon a cold table, her limbs magnetised impossibly to the surface.

“What? You said you were finished soon? What are you doing to me?”

A wall shimmered, and the three aliens were once more overlooking her, like a team of doctors and family members overlooking a vital surgery from above.

“FfFiInNisSHhh SsOooN CcOwW FfliXx.”

She could barely understand him this time, but she pulled against her restraints, thrashing madly. Her fake udder shifted about, making a nuisance, and her costume began to soak in the sweat of her panic. She looked to Brad, whose own expression was of horror. He banged and punched and pressed at the crystalline wall he was looking through, but he had no effect. He might as well have been pushing against a mountain. The segments around the circular room lit up also, revealing holstein cows abducted from the fields, all of them watching her, looking confused but intrigued. There were dozens of them.

“I don’t - I don’t understand,” she said, her voice practically a whimper. She tried to think of a funny joke, a little witticisms, a dramatic or oddball display that would make them let her go, or think her too unpredictable to keep, or simply to get them to see her as human too, and worthy of dignity, but she simply couldn’t. She could only hyperventilate as she saw something strange descend from the ceiling, a rounded metallic object floating down to her, and hovering over her face.

“What is this? What does it do?”

“FfilxX. FfinNnNilshHh SoOoOnN.”

“Fix what!? Finish *what* soon!?”

But they simply stared at her blankly with their expressionless eyes. The hovering metal orb began to glow, and she shuddered as her body glowed as well. Somehow it was transferring energy and light to herself.

“Holy shit!” Brad called, his voice slightly muffled. “The light Monia - it’s connecting to the cows!”

She looked around, still stuck to the table as she was, and saw that numerous beams were pulling energy from the cows, feeding them through the floating device, and pouring them into her. She seized up as it fed into her core, the translucent white beam cascading through her chest and suffusing her entire being. It was like nothing else she had ever felt before, like all of her nerves were tingling, from the painful to the strange to the barely used to even the pleasurable. It made her groan in combined agony, bliss, and discomfort, and she writhed as much as she could on the simple surface of the table she was trapped to.

“Monica! Are you okay!?”

“It f-feels s-strange! B-Brad! I’m s-scared!”

He didn’t reply beyond that, simply watching her out of the corner of her eye as further energies spiraled through her. She felt them reach her mind, flooding her consciousness and soaking into her skull, and instantly she felt woozy and odd, as if her entire body briefly lost control of itself. The cows mooed all around her, a cacophony of animal sounds that was deafening and terrifying, as if even the stupid beasts knew that what was going on was unnatural.

And then the beam halted, the remaining energy pouring into it, stored away. The cows quietened, and then with a metallic shift their walls glazed over, becoming opaque and impossible to hear through once more. Brad was still in his small cell, watching on with horror - she could see him - but her cell remained large, with the odd fake grass for its surface. The bright light that had lifted her returned, and she yelped as it picked her up and deposited her on the ground. Years of breakdancing practice allowed her to catch herself on her feet, but it was still terrifying, particularly when the table she had been forced to lay on shrank back into the walls, defying the laws of known physics in the way it collapsed.

Monica was left panting, trying to come to terms with every weird, unexplainable thing that had just happened.

“Do you feel different? What did they do?”

That was Brad, his face pressed against the crystal glass.

“I don’t know!” she replied. “What did you do to me!?”

The last was directed at the still-watching aliens.

“SoOoOn CcoOmMpleEeEtTe.”

“Complete what?”

In her panic the fake cow head of the fabric fell over her head, and she had to pull it back again. She stepped back to better see them, and nearly tripped on her tail.

“COMPLETE WHAT, MOTHER FUCKERS? COMPLETE - NGGGHH!”

Her stomach suddenly lurched, and she doubled over. A pressure developed in her chest, and it was met by a near equal pressure in her ass.

“Wh-what the fuck?”

The aliens chattered briefly in their language, but offered no explanation. She felt herself over, terrified as the pressure increased.

"What is h-happening to m-meee! OOHhhhh!"

Again she clutched her stomach as it growled loudly, feeling full with contents where previously she had felt hungry. She tried to breathe consistently as the feelings rose further, building up and up, particularly around her chest. She gasped as her nipples tensed, distended outwards painfully, feeling impossibly pointy and long against her bra, as if threatening to tent and tear through the fabric.

"F-fuck! What the h-hell!?!"

The pressure increased and she staggered backwards, pressing her back against the wall that held Brad on the other side.

"S-something's d-different," she groaned.

The pressure increased, and it was becoming too much to bear. She clutched her chest and felt something *shift* there, but all she could do was clench her eyes shut and groan in horrible discomfort.

"EUUURGGGHHH . . ."

The lightheadedness returned, and spits appeared in her vision.

"Brad, I -"

Brad said something agitated in return, but Monica couldn't hear him. Monica fainted, falling onto the soft fake grass of her cell.

Monica woke feeling sore and tired, her chest feeling slightly constrained. It took her a while to realise she was lying on oddly comfortable but fake grass. Suddenly the events came back to her: the alien abduction, the cells, the strange light.

"No, no no no. I'm still on their ship!"

She stood, only to find that her cow costume was no longer on her person. She was just in her bra and panties, her lithe figure almost fully exposed to the aliens that were no doubt watching. She spun around: Brad was nowhere to be seen, and the cows were gone too. She took a long moment to calm her breathing, take control of the situation.

"Hellooooo!" she called, "is anyone there! Hello aliens! I know you can hear me!"

She gestured to the ceiling of her cell, which had expanded a little to twenty feet in diameter and equally tall. As she did so, she noticed that pressure upon her chest again. Looking down, she gasped at the sight below her.

Her boobs were bigger.

She blinked, checked again.

"It can't be."

But they were. They had definitely expanded: whereas before she had totally flat AA-cups, barely worthy of a training bra, now she had modest B's. They jiggled slightly as she shook her shoulders, and bounced a little as she shifted onto the balls of her feet and back again. They had a definite increase of weight than what she was used to: it was subtle, but it was there.

"Why would they - did they give me bigger boobs?"

Suddenly the room was flooded with green light, and a harsh siren like a buzzer sounded. She cupped her ears, protecting herself against its sheer loudness. It ended as quickly as it began, but once more she felt herself suffused with that strange energy all throughout her being. Whatever the aliens had done to her body, injected her with, it now made her nerves feel like they were lighting up like a Christmas tree.

The pressure returned, and she grunted, doubling over. The pressure filled her chest, her new and enhanced bust line experiencing what felt like an impossible growth spurt. She held her chest inside her black bra, gasping as more and more flesh pooled into them. They gained weight rapidly, and to her shock and horror they visibly expanded, surging forth slowly but implacably, gaining weight as more and more tissue formed.

"Oh G-God! The p-pressure!"

She cupped her breasts, kneading them in response to the growing soreness. They ached, pressurised as they rose like souffles. Her breaths came quick and ragged as she leaned back against a wall, her whimpering cries like that of a keening bird.

"F-fuck! What the f-fuck! Why are they g-growing!?"

They expanded past B-cups and onto full Cs, large and ripe on her previous flat chest. They were too big for her current bra, overflowing her cups and spilling over the top, the edges of the bra pulling tight around her spin, the band and cusp feeling like they were digging into her chest.

"Eugh!"

She scrambled, grabbing at the clasps of her bra and undoing it as quickly as she could. She sighed audibly in relief as it came over, practically *pinging* off and falling to the ground, now too meagre to contain her full C-cups. They were a palmful each, and their development slowed, finally coming to a halt, leaving her panting in shock.

"What the actual fuck?"

Her breasts wobbled on her chest as she stepped forward, high and perky and perfect, and looking wonderfully rounded. They weren't a match for her sister's massive E-cups, only about half as big really, but on her normally wafer-thin chest they felt massive. Even her nipples had expanded, longer than they previously were and rounder too. Even the areola was wider.

"What the fuck am I supposed to wear? Holy shit, why are aliens giving me bigger boobs?"

It was like a dream come true in the worst way. As if answering her question, another metallic whir followed, and out from the floor and wall came a plate of strange jelly and a light hospital gown-like article of clothing. She looked at them, not sure what to do.

"When am I leaving!?" she demanded. She placed her forearms on her chest, trying to ignore how weirdly nice her larger tits now felt, particularly around the nipple area.

'WHhHeEnN FiliNnisSsheDd,' came the response, echoing out from somewhere.
'EeEaAtT. GoOdD EeAaTt FoOoR YyOuu.'

"Where is Brad? What have you done to him!?"

"EEeEaAtT."

She wasn't getting anywhere. Did they even view her as an intelligent being? She decided not to eat any of whatever the strange dish was. Approaching, it looked like a large green pile of poo in her opinion, though it smelled oddly nice. Sort of like a protein shake.

"I am not eating that."

But the alien did not reply, and she was left in silence, with only the strange background whir of what she could only assume was the alien *spaceship* humming away.

She waited. She waited hours. She did put on the gown eventually, wanting to hide her expanded and heavier bust from prying alien eyes. She didn't know why she wanted to be modest with them; perhaps they had invaded enough of her privacy already. The gown was surprisingly warm and comfortable, and seemed to contract to fit her dimensions well. It lifted her breasts, her v-neck revealing an impressive line of cleavage. It felt so weird to suddenly have sizable breasts, ones that were not only ample but also perfectly rounded and perky. She spent a little time just bouncing or shaking her shoulders slightly, just to feel them. But she didn't want to give her tormentors too much of a show. The entire time she could only wonder why they had expanded her bustline. What were they doing to Brad, giving him a bigger cock? Good luck!

But the hours continued, and her stomach began to grumble. She was feeling starved, and much more so than she would have expected. Those familiar little nerves in her body tingled, in that same fashion as when that strange object had shot some kind of beam into

her. It was like she was being overrun with little machines - were they nanobots or something? It could explain the rapid breast growth. Regardless, her stomach lurched once more, demanding food. Soon the jelly-like substance that smelled of protein seemed very enticing indeed.

“Ahhh . . . n-no. Not eating that! I’m not playing along with your sick games! Sure, thanks for the bigger boobs. It’ll take some explaining, but I’m happy with them. But I want to be free!”

Once again, no reply but the increasingly loud growling of her stomach. Soon it was unbearable, and after a long, boring series of hours it began to smell not just enticing, but *wonderful*, particularly as she felt more and more ravenous. Eventually, it was too much to bear.

“F-fine! I’ll eat your fucking Soylent Green!” she called, her voice echoing.

Her new breasts wobbled as she headed for the table. There was no fork or spoon or anything, and so she scooped some with her bare hand. It was slightly warm, and softer than she would have thought. She hesitated a moment, but with another growling of her stomach, pangs of pains following it, she took it into her mouth and closed her lips.

“Mhmm!”

It was, despite its odd look, absolutely *delicious*. She ate more and more of it, scooping handfuls even as she swallowed the previous ones. It was like chocolate ice cream, addicting and sweet, and yet with a base savoury flavour as well that somehow didn’t clash. She shoveled it down, forgetting any sense of modesty or self-respect as she began to devour as much of it as she could. Soon the entire plate was empty: a dish far bigger than she ever should have been able to eat alone. More than she would eat in a day, in fact. It left her stomach feeling bloated, and she slid down to the ground, panting and clutching her slightly-distended belly, groaning.

“OOhhhh . . . nnnngghhrrr.”

The small table with its food absorbed back into the floor, leaving her to whimper in response to her tightening body.

Monica couldn’t say when she fell asleep, she was so bored, but she woke up again on that comforting grass in the bottom of her cell. She instantly groaned in response to her sore chest: she’d fallen asleep automatically on her stomach, as she always did, but her expanded

boobs clearly didn't appreciate that. She pulled herself up, stomach already hungry again, but to her shock she felt a heavier weight upon her chest.

Monica halted.

"No. No. Even in my sleep!?"

She placed a forearm around her boobs: once more her clothing had been taken, only now she was missing a bra. But it was undeniable even without her gown that her boobs were *even bigger again*. They felt like Ds, maybe even Double-Ds!

"They've grown. Jesus, they feel like full cantaloupe or something!"

She ran to one of the mirrored surfaces, hoping that aliens weren't ogling her from behind it, and examined her changed form. She exhaled deeply in surprise: she looked like a way hotter version of herself! Her breasts were definitely Double-Ds, full and large and much heavier on her shoulders and back than she had ever imagined experiencing. The nipples were a little overly large, the areola too, but they were undeniably a near-perfect set of female breasts. She shook her shoulders, and they jiggled even when they had stopped moving, like one of those office decorations with the clicking line of metallic balls. Indeed, they did sort of resemble globes, they were so pert, though they definitely weren't fake.

Just unnatural.

"I'm busy as fuck now," she said. "I guess breakdancing will be a lot harder now. Though I've got bigger concerns than that."

Indeed, she had other changes that added to those concerns. Her thighs were noticeably thicker, as was her waist, though not overly so. She simply seemed to have become more solid and muscular, as if she were becoming a hot, fit, athletic young woman. She examined her hips: they stretched her panties a little uncomfortably, having expanded by what must have been several inches. She turned, and blushed a little red on her dark features in response to the rotund backside that presented itself.

"Damn, I got curves everywhere!" she said. "Jeez, my ass is almost as good as Heidi's now."

She reflected on how she'd been changed. Could the aliens actually be benevolent? As boring and confining as the space was, did they just not understand human needs.

"Are you all just weird space perverts or something, huh? You like having your big grey heads at boob height?"

No response.

"Hell, maybe if you had just abducted my sister, you wouldn't need to inflate my chest! I'm not complaining, but show a girl a good time before you pay for her plastic surgery, right?"

She deflated. The jokes could only take the edge off of her anxiety so long. She felt tired, exhausted, and angry. She had no idea of knowing what time it was outside - if she was even on Earth anymore. Hell, *if* time even operated the same way in this place as it did outside! She wiped her tears away, trying to focus on the good sides.

"Bigger boobs? Check. Nice hips? Check. Hella good ass? Double check. Freedom? No check."

She banged on the walls. Please let me out!"

Instead, there was simply another whirl of metal structures shifting about, and a plate of food rose on a small table from the seamless floor. Her stomach growled

"Another serving already," she mused, though she had no real way of telling how much time had passed.

Monica had another tearful, prayer-filled sleep, at least in the moments she could remember before she fell truly unconscious. She woke changed once again, but this time she no longer even had her panties: she was now completely naked save for the gown, which had contracted well to her form, but was not expanding the other way to help her accommodate her new curves. It was this sight that Brad was greeted to when she turned around and saw him, only minutes after waking. He was still fully clothed, looking a little haggard and terrified, but unchanged physically. He gasped when he saw her.

"Heidi!? They got you too!?"

"It's me, Brad. Monica. The aliens - they're experimenting on me or something. They keep feeding me this slop, and my body is . . . it's blowing up!"

"I'll say. Holy shit, Monica, you're about as busty as your sister!"

"I'm well fucking aware!"

It was true. Her chest were now fat, heavy E-cups that weighed immensely on her back and shoulders like two boulders. The lack of a bra made them all the more torturous, and they were still filled with a background pressure, as if they were slowly and subtly and continually expanding. She couldn't believe how big they were - how did Heidi stand it!?

"The rest of you has changed too, hot damn."

"Can you not be so damn horny about this, Brad?"

"Sorry, it's just - holy fuck why are the aliens making you hot!?"

"I don't know!" she cried, feeling emotional, even more than she should have felt. Her hormones were all out of whack, and each passing hour they became worse, particularly

when those little nanobots or whatever they were flowing through her system and making changes. Already her hips had widened, now more impressive than her twin sister's own figure. Her thighs had thickened, more than she would have wanted them too, and her upper arms had similarly become thicker. The addiction to the food was only becoming stronger, but more than that, she had woken on the fake grass feeling far more comfortable than she had any right to. As it were simply natural to fall asleep on such.

"Have they changed you?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No, but they . . . they perform experiments."

She whimpered, her mind conjuring terrible images. "Did they . . . did they probe you?"

"What? No! Nothing like that! But they run tests, get me to talk, run through mazes, solve problems. I feel like an idiot. I'm no nerd type: it's the stuff you'd be good at."

"I'm not a fucking nerd, Brad."

"Yeah, but your super smart! We should be switched places."

"What, you want giant boobs?"

He blushed, trying not to look at her figure within her gown, which was showing off the whole hourglass. "No, but . . . I don't know. Why are they changing you?"

"I've no fucking idea."

There was another flash of light, and the two looked at one another. The wall began to become opaque, and then after some further whirring, Brad rotated out of view and was replaced by one of the captured Holstein cow.

"Be strong, Monica!" he yelled, before he was gone. The newcomer just moaned.

"Yeah, great," she muttered. "Great conversation here. Why do I have a cow, oh mighty aliens!?"

No response. There was only the food, and the desire to eat it.

She lasted two perhaps forty minutes or so before she gave in and ate. There was even more of it this time, and she shovelled down and swallowed every last chunk. It was less sweet and more bland this time, and yet eating it felt perfectly right.

When she finished, she burped loudly.

"Kinda wish I could just eat it off the grass," she said to herself.

She froze, realising what she had said.

"What the actual fuck was that thought!?"

She could only hope there were no changes happening to her brain. God, it would be the scariest thing of all. She was already filled with horror, and terrified of the prospect of never going home. She wished she'd never tried to steal Brad from her sister, never gone partying at all. If she'd stayed home, she would have been safe.

Instead, she curled up on the grass - it gave her an odd comfort - and tried to fight her boredom. But once more, the harsh light shone down from above, and she was unable to stay conscious. The sleep came upon her, the sleep that would likely bring change. She rubbed her sore jawline and tense tailbone as she nodded off.

"P-please don't change moo-eee," she moaned, not realising the strange slip she'd made.

But she did change. The next moment of waking brought increasing fear to Monica as she discovered that her breasts had surged forth even more. They were easily fat, plump F-cups by now, sagging slightly on her chest with enormous nipples that seemed just a little bigger than was natural. She couldn't believe how big they were: they seemed like they were almost half the size of her own head, if not slightly bigger, and they easily outmatched her own sister's overdeveloped chest. They were sore, occasionally tensing, and continually flushed. Occasionally a gurgle emanating from them, causing her to groan quite audibly.

"Wh-why? Why are they s-so big?"

Every movement caused them to jostle painfully, and her areola were far too large, like a woman deep into pregnancy or even breastfeeding. She hesitantly touched them and shivered, pulling back her hand.

"F-f-fuck! They're moo-sive!"

She winced at the strange wording she'd just used. Her jaw felt sore, and she cradled it in one hand. There were other changes, but the boobs were the most obvious and immediate ones. She needed to see the others. The wall to her left shimmered and shifted, showing a reflective surface once more.

"Reading my mind . . ." she said, wondering if that was *exactly* what they were doing. She examined herself over, and once more tears welled in her eyes.

"Fat. It's making me f-fucking fat or something!"

She wasn't fat, but she certainly had put on weight. The heaviness of her boulder-like breasts were the most obvious additions, but her waist had thickened considerably. She had the kind of figure that some would have called 'thicc' online, but while she had always wanted a few more curves, she still wanted to remain thin. Her hips had widened a couple more inches, if not further, and now looked almost Kardashian-levels of unnatural. Most muscles had piled on to her arms and thighs, but her calves were looking thinner for some reason.

“How much moo-re of this am I going to take?”

She clasped her hands over her mouth, shocked at what she'd said. Why the fuck was she saying 'moo' all of a sudden? It made no sense! Were they taking away her speech, or altering it somehow? Certainly, she was looking like a fat cow, or wouldn't be far off from one, at least in terms of what women were called when they had more meat on their bones. She turned, barely able to look at her fat ass, and cringed at its size. Her rear was like two brown pumpkins pressed together.

Only there was something odd sticking out from her skin just above her butt crack. Monica's breath stopped, even her heart seemed to stop for a moment as she examined it. She ran her hands over the bump, and felt what seemed to be hard bone beneath the skin. It was like some sort of cancerous mound only tougher, and forming a perfect roundness.

“What the actual fuck?” she said.

It was then that the aliens spoke.

'FfFilxX. WiLLIL FfFixXx.'

She looked up, and saw that all three of them were viewing her again.

“Monica - you've changed again!”

Another twist of her head, and Brad was opposite to the aliens, albeit equal to her flooring. He looked a little more muscular than she'd seen him last, but perhaps it was simply that he'd been forced to work out for them recently.

“Brad! They moo-aking me into a fattie or something!”

She felt so shallow, like her sister Heidi. But the truth was her changes were terrifying her. Even the bountiful blessing of her new bust was all too much, and she winced as she placed her forearms beneath them: the gown was too tight, and they ached considerably.

“Hurry up!” she cried to the aliens. “Fix me!”

But the only thing that happened was another conference between the aliens. One flicked their three fingered hand in a random direction, and another table of food rose up. This one looked more . . . grassy. Like it was made of interwoven bits of soft grass that had been lightly pulped.

“I'm not eating that!”

'FfilxX yYou. MmaAkKe WhHhoLle.'

Another flick of the wrist and that same strong sensation of hunger came over her. It was unbearable, far more than she'd ever felt it. It was like she had two stomachs instead of one, and both were competing to be more painful and agonised in hunger.

“N-no!” she cried, clutching her slightly expanded belly. “This isn't f-fair! P-please!”

“What's happening Monica? What's going on!?”

"I'm s-so hungry Brad! They're moo-aking me want to eat that fo-ood!"

She staggered forward, her heavier body a little out of her control. Her nostrils seemed to almost swell at the contents upon the table: it was a serving easily large enough for four grown adults, and yet she knew somehow that her changing body was capable of consuming it. Of absorbing.

God, she hadn't even required the toilet in the time she'd been here: had all the food been going purely to her changes? She shuddered at the thought, even as several familiar and unwanted pressures returned.

And still her stomach growled.

"Oohhhhhh f-fuck. It's not f-fair! I don't want to be moo-sive!"

But the food was before her, and she needed to eat it. She was like a woman possessed, the urge to eat like a strong compulsion that was only getting more and more powerful with each passing second. She needed to feed like it was in her nature, even though she'd never been a heavy eater: she'd always been wafer-thin!"

"You can fight it!" Brad called. "Don't eat it, Monica!"

"I c-can't help moo-self," she whined, her voice lowered a little in octave. "I have to f-feed. I need to. I can't stop moo-self!"

She scooped up the grass-like food and began to shovel it into her mouth, acting more like an animal than a person. She cried as she ate, but the food was too good to stop, and moreover it was like a series of strong instincts had settled over her that refused to let her stop eating. The pressure grew as she ate, numerous muscles and tendons and tissue matter across her body expanding and contracting and dilating. She whimpered, still eating, as her nose began to widen, her entire jawline changing shape. Her enormous breasts, already so big and weighty, began to fuse into a single entity, drawing together until they were one just flesh lump that jutted from her chest like a wobbling shelf of fat.

"Mmhmm - the f-fuck! OOhhhh G-God!"

Brad gasped, his horror evident through the glass. She wanted to hide from him, conceal her form, but the gown was too tight on her figure, which was only expanding. It was as if as soon as the food entered her stomach it was immediately dispersed throughout her body to feed the changes. She had to halt eating in order to cry out as her face pushed forwards. Brad shrieked, as did she, as a little snout emerged into being from her face, her nose greatly widened. She took in a breath, and was overcome by how much more oxygen her widened nostrils took in.

But that was the least of her changes. Two points at the top of her scalp radiated pain as they pushed upwards. Her ears stretched. Her tailbone pushed outwards painfully,

forming one vertebrae at a time. Her buttocks expanded, and her toes pulled together in an agonising way.

“M-M-MOOOO!!!” she screamed. “What’s happening to moo-ee!? It’s d-different this time!”

She continued to grunt and groan, moan and moo as her body became increasingly grotesque. She couldn’t control it, and the desire to eat and consume and become *more* was there like a spell upon her mind, forcing her to continue down the path the aliens had devised for her. She shuddered as several of her fingers fused and hardened, leaving her with strange hoof-like hands that lacked the same feeling as what she should have had. She continued to cry, but could not stop, even as her belly bloated outwards, becoming fatter and heavy.

“Mmoo!! Mooooo!!! M-MOOOOOOO!!!!”

She finished the last of the dish before collapsing backwards on her greatly expanded ass. She was overcome, so many new sensations in her body, and now a snout-like wider nose in her vision. It was too much, all too much, and the pain in the base of her spine only made it worse.

“Nooo! Ooooh God, nooo! What have you done to moo-ee!?”

She was struggling even not to stretch out her ‘o’ sounds, and every word starting with an ‘m’ was having a little ‘moo’ attached to it. She tried to avoid it, but it was like instinct - in a horrible way, it felt only right to do, and she couldn’t stop it anyway. She looked up, but the aliens were gone, vanished out of sight.

“Fuck youuuuuu,” she moaned, tears falling down her snout.

“Holy shit, holy shit!” Brad called, staring at her in the mirror. “Jesus, Monica. You’re not longer human!”

“I knooooow!” she bellowed, her voice increasingly low. She sounded as if she were losing IQ points simply from her new cadence, but she knew her mind was her own, even as her new instincts dominated. “What’s happening to moo-ee Brad! Tell me!”

The fact that Brad went silent was far more terrible than simply being told.

“Tell moo!”

She sniffled, and what felt like a glob of mucus displaced in her expanded nostril. By instinct, she licked at it, only to scream in realisation that her new tongue was thicker and longer, and capable of snaking up her new nostril. Before she could stop herself, she had dealt with the problem.

“Monica, you look like you’re becoming a cow.”

She let out a low, keening moan, one that almost could have escaped from an ordinary cow were it not for the feminine accompaniment to her voice. She twisted her

thicker neck and took in her changes in the mirrored surface, the same surface she had been avoiding for fear of what she would see.

Time seemed to stop as she took her changes in. She no longer looked human, more like a freak at a circus show. Her eyes were larger, and looked a little doleful, with larger pupils. Two bumps that were obviously on the way to becoming horns were on her scalp, and her nose had flattened and broadened. Her lips had thickened, and her gums too - her teeth were in the process of becoming flatter, as if they were all molars. Her ears had extended, and she realised that the first of what might become a fur coat had developed on their soft outside. Even her hair had changed: it was thinner than it should have been, less curly. She sobbed at that: for all the body image issues she had once had, her face had been something she loved. It wasn't Heidi's, it was her own, and pretty in its own way.

Now even that had been taken from her.

But that was just her face. Her body was even further changed. Her waist had thickened, obscuring anything womanly about her form, and her rear had expanded to ludicrous dimensions, similarly for her thighs. Her upper arms had thickened also, but in a way that was far more unnatural - it was like they were mirroring her upper legs in development, forming muscle and tissue they did not need. Her belly had a noticeable pudge to it now, and her ribcage had fully expanded, giving her a much more barrel-like appearance. Among all the changes, she hadn't even noticed that she had developed a strange additional toe of sorts high up her ankle: a little nail of a useless digit that was akin to a dewclaw.

No, not akin to a dewclaw: identical to one.

She shifted, moving to all fours to see herself at another ankle. It felt right, somehow, and she recognised a new powerful instinct that drove her to stay on her hands and legs, as if that were her normal way of being. She fought against that mindset long enough to take in her tail. Yes, *her tail*. She whimpered at the sight of it, at the alien *feel* of it. It was thick and rosy, though not yet very long, but it was undeniably an animal tail, poking out her backside and covered in light white fur which was still sparse and fine. At its end was a series of dark hairs: it was only a couple of feet long, but any length was too long for her.

"No! No-ooooo!!"

She pulled away her robe, tears at it with her strange hoof-hands.

"What are you doing Monica?"

"It's not r-right! I can't w-wear it!"

It was true. It was wrong. It was all wrong on her. She had to remove her clothing that very moment. With her new muscles she easily tore the clothing up, the gown pulled to

ribbons as she practically drooled with need to undress. It was only when she was about to pull her panties off completely, baring her womanhood to the world, that she stopped in time.

"Oh God, what am I doing? Brad, what's happening to us?"

"I don't know," he replied. "They keep testing me; I don't even know what time it is. But you - Monica they're turning you into something."

She wiped her tears awkwardly with her hoof-hands. "You can s-say it. They're turning me into a fucking cow! I'm becoming a moo-kin' cow!"

She fell to sobs, and Brad was silent, staring at her in horror.

"Holy shit, you are. Even your tits - they're huge but they're one blob now."

"And I'm f-fat. I'm moo-sive. I'm gro-owing horns and I'm freakin' moo-sive in size! My f-feet are ch-changing. God! I wish I'd never seduced you."

Brad regarded her, and for the first time she saw that compassionate look leave his face, leaving behind a kind of resentful coldness.

"You're right," he said. "You did seduce me. What the fuck was I thinking? You seduced me and now we're here."

She stood awkwardly, her fused toes wanting to be stood on. Even the act of standing was wrong: being on all fours was felt more natural, despite the ridiculousness of it.

"D-don't start that, Brad! You came on to me first, remember? And you were the one who decided to drive us to Moo-keout Point! I moo-ean seriously, this is moo-re you're fault than moo-ine!"

He blushed, but that anger remained. "But if you hadn't encouraged me. If you have told me to go back to your sister. I was drunk-"

"So was I!"

"-and you thought you'd snatch me. All because she has big tits and you're all jealous of her."

"This is more your fault, fucker! I wouldn't be here if not for you! You should have stayed loyal to my brat bimbo sister!"

Their tempers flared, fuelled by tiredness, fear, anxiety, and an influx of new hormones, particularly for Monica. She snorted, her new nostrils making her sound more bestial than before, and Brad chuckled.

"Don't you fucking laugh at moo-eeee!"

"Or what? You'll moo at me again? At least you're finally getting what you want, Monica; a set of bigger tits. Only I think they're not going to be tits at all. In fact, I think you're going to have a big, milky udder stuck between your legs soon. Your rear legs, if you keep changing."

Her eyes flung wide open, and she was speechless. Brad seemed to realise that he'd gone too far, but before either of them could say another word in anger or apology, the space between them instantly became opaque and sound-proofed, separating them once again. Monica breathed heavily for a moment, trying to ignore the shelf of quivering flesh he'd just referred to on her chest.

And then she burst out crying. She screamed, her voice ragged and terrified, falling to the floor, and shifting to accommodate her tail. Her body itched, and she scratched it idly as she lay on the grass, trying to find comfort in it. For all the awfulness of her situation, her own terrified state, being close to the grass brought a state of comfort. She clung to it like a liferaft, and continued to weep.

Her body changed all the while.

More changes followed in the days to come. Well, she thought they were days. Between her unnatural enforced sleeps and the lack of clocks or calendars, she could only guess how long she slept or was put under for. All that she knew was that her body was continuing to alter, becoming more cow-like with each passing hour. The itchiness had flourished across her body after that first true evidence of bovine transformation, and after hours of maddening scratching at her skin she had discovered it was a precursor to actual *fur growth*. She had woken horrified to feel herself oddly warmer, and not just because of her ever increasing size. No, it was because her calves, her forearms, her belly and between her thighs all had patches of cow fur growing outwards, becoming thicker as the 'day' wore on. It was spreading quickly, and being confined to just her panties she wasn't able to ignore its spread, not the fact that some patches were not white, but mottled black instead.

Just like a Holstein cow's furry pattern.

"Moooo . . ." she whined as she realised, still scratching at her skin. The feeling was maddening, enough that at times she actually wished the process would go faster, just so she could have all her fur at once. It was even spreading up her neck, and her hair was withdrawing back into her head, half of black frizz becoming milk-white in colouration instead.

"Moo-my hair. Myooo hair!"

Monica had been so proud of her hair. In fact, she was increasingly proud of what she'd accomplished in the shadow of her sister's figure. She wished she could take all of her

treacherous action back, even if her sister was a bit of a bitch. She found herself staring in slack-jawed shock in the mirror, aghast at her continual loss of humanity.

Her body was continually heavy. She was certainly plus-sized now, but in a way that utterly betrayed her inherent womanhood: her increasingly barrel-like chest and broad shoulders made a mockery of her former liveness, as did the strange configuration of her limbs, which were clearly rearranging to become a quadrupedal form. Her chest had grown even further, but more than that, it had begun migrating downwards. She had cried and cried and pleaded with the universe, hoping against hope that she wasn't developing an udder, but the mound continued to grow, taking on a pink-ish colour and developing what appeared to be early signs of two more teats. And they were indeed teats that she had: her former nipples had fattened and elongated, becoming parodies of their former delicate shapes. She found herself massaging them when she wasn't paying attention, daydreaming of being milked before snapping out of her crude, animalistic dream.

"N-noooooo," she groaned. "Anything but that! I don't want to be a - Nghhh! - a cow! I don't want to be moo-ilked!"

She tried to keep her humour, tried to find some way to be that oddball who could blow things off and roll with the punches, even eke out a way to thrive on the fringe, as she always had. But there no way to do that when your face was extending out into a snout, and your were growing a ropy bovine tail from out of your ass, one that was starting to swish and sway all on its own.

There was little in the way of intellectual stimulation, except for the cows that were increasingly displayed to her, adjacent to her cell. Each of them reminded her of her fate, and yet being in their company increasingly soothed her growing animalistic instincts.

"I'm not a member of the herd. I'm not a member of the herd," she repeated, a mad mantra even as she felt otherwise. She came to know each of them, naming them in their head: Splotch for the dark spot on her forehead, Lickspittle for the way she often licked the glass, Bandra for the wide band of black that encircled her midsection, and so on. Lastly, there was Bull, named for being the only male as far as she could tell. She sometimes found herself looking at him, without knowing why.

"Don't think about it, don't think about - MOO!!"

And the rest of the cows would moo back. Sometimes, she would moo again in return, instinct driving her to play her part.

Sometimes the aliens reappeared, always separated by a wall. She begged and pleaded for them to change her back, to reverse it, but on the rare occasions that their leader spoke, it was always something to the effect of:

"NnNoO fFeaArR. BbeE RrligGhT sSoOn."

She tried to explain that she didn't want to be a cow, or wasn't some wannabe failed hybrid from a primitive civilisation - at least to their eyes. She bellowed at them in her low, contralto-cow tone that it was make-believe. A stupid way to tick off her sister. An ironic gag that was just for one night, but they either didn't understand or simply refused to turn her back. Or worse, *couldn't* turn her back. And so her body continued to change, fuelled by that strange beam and the energy inside her, and the food that came in increasingly large piles and looked increasingly plant-like to her doleful eyes. She couldn't resist it: her stomachs - yes, she felt for certain she had more than one now, didn't cows have four after all? - all growled with hunger when it was presented, and she was compelled to consume it all, down to the last grass-like remnants.

Afterwards she would lie back on her side, groaning as she clutched her burgeoning gut, running her numb hoof-fingers over her breast-blob as it migrated further downwards, growing ever larger, teats ever extending.

"M-M-MOOOO! MOOO!"

She would moo again and again. Even saying her own name was difficult.

"I'm M-M-Moonica! No, I'm Moooo-nica! Damn it! Let mee-ooooo out of here! Change moooooo back!"

The only comfort she had were the other cows, who repeated her moos back to her. Each of them seemed tense in their confinement equally confused at their new surroundings. When she ate, they ate, and she noticed that there was an odd companionship in that. Splotch especially seemed sympathetic, and Monica sometimes shuffled over to her - often on all fours, as it felt most strangely natural - to sit in her presence. She wished she could rub her flank against the other cow, but even as the thought occurred she recoiled from it.

"N-no! I'm fighting these instincts!"

But that was not the ultimate humiliation. The ultimate humiliation was when Brad appeared before her again. He was still being tested upon, and his very appearance alluded to the fact that his body was indeed being probed, tested, scanned, and looked over. But it was still nothing compared to her: he was still human, and with every meeting the contrast between them made her own loss of humanity just that much more stark.

"You're on all fours now," he remarked when they met again. He had born witness to a particularly strong set of changes, and she had huffed and puffed in front of him, shamed by the humiliation of having her ass grow, her flanks swell, her feet and hands become more hoof-like. Even her udder altered before him, the new set of teats finally becoming nearly two

inches long like the original pair, and the sac swelling as it lowered to a position equal to her belly button. She had moaned and groaned, pleased into orgasm against her will as her vulva relocated behind her, just below her asshole, which was now that of a cow's. Her fur was almost finished, and she was clearly perhaps three quarters of the way to being 'all cow.'

"Wha - what did you say?" she asked. Speaking was difficult with her increasingly thick, bovine lips. Her snout was further extended, and her horns were pushing from her skull painfully.

"I said, you're on all fours now. Like an animal."

She looked away from him in embarrassment. She briefly tried to stand on two legs, but it was too difficult: the most recent change had shifted her leg configuration too much. So instead she shuffled over to him, ass high in the air, and then raised her heavy body against the crystalline glass. It was the only way to remain on two 'feet', though her hooves struggled to take the weight. She hadn't even realised how big she had gotten, how much weight she had put on, until she was looming over him in his adjacent cell.

"I c-can't help it," she groaned. "I'm getting these instincts . . ."

"Is your mind turning into that of a cows?" he asked, almost as if intrigued.

"N-no. I'm still in control. But moo-y moo-ind is restrained by these damn instincts. They want me-ooo to act the part. It's like having an animoo-l body but a human moo-ind."

He gave a look of disgust that made her wither.

"That's awful."

"You have n-noooo idea. B-Brad, you have to help me."

"What could I even do, Monica? We're trapped by aliens, we might never see our homes again!?"

"You s-still have h-hands. You could f-free moo-ee?"

He gave her a long hard stare, one that chilled her to the core. Brad had been so nice, so gentlemanly and encouraging, but ever since their argument, and her continual bestial changes, he had begun looking at her like she was less than human.

"Monica, I don't think, even if I could rescue you - which I can't - that I would even try."

She looked down at him in shock, nearly slipping on her hooves. Her bovine tail swayed heavily from side to side in anger.

"What!? Why!?"

He took a deep sigh. "Because I think the only reason we're both still here is because of *you*. The aliens are interested in *you*. They're keeping the cows here to make *you* into one. I'm going through experiments, sure, but there are less of them all the time. They keep me

here to see how I interact with *you*. I think they're trying to change you into the costume you wore. I think *they* think that you dressing up like that was a signal that you wanted to be one."

She placed her head against the glass, and her horns tapped it with a *clink*. Her skull was sore from their continual growth, they were always getting bigger.

"B-but I'm moo-eant to be hooomoon."

He gave a dark chuckle. "I'm sorry, Monica. I meant what I said all those days ago, or weeks ago, or whenever that night was: I really did find you hot. I loved your enthusiasm and your nature. I wanted to have sex with you, maybe even leave Heidi for you. But if you finishing your transformation into a cow is what gets me my ticket back home, then that's a sacrifice I'm willing for *you* to make. I'm sorry. I'll tell Heidi something to give her closure, I swear."

She was frozen. She was horrified. Her enlarged heart beat heavily in her expanded chest, and her tail whipped about in a fury. She pulled herself back, positioning herself on all fours, and rammed the glass as hard as she could. Brad jolted backwards, briefly terrified as she made several dents in the glass. She was overcome with fury, and the animal in her roared with approval. She bellowed a great "MOOOOOO!!!" as she reared up again, her legs further altering in real time to help her charge at this pathetic man who would see her spend the rest of her life trapped as a dairy cow. She rammed the glass again, and this time it nearly shattered.

"Calm down Monica! Don't hurt me! I didn't mean it - I'm just desperate!"

"I'mmmooooo going tooooooo killl MMOOOOO!!!"

She charged forward, but at the last possible second the wall shimmered back to metal, and Brad was gone. She collided against it hard, and smacked herself unconscious.

The changes continued, getting ever closer to their conclusion. What felt like days passed as Monica grazed upon the food supplied to her, food that was now entirely grass-like and on the ground, no longer on a table. It was yet another surrender of dignity, along with many others. She replayed over and over again in her mind the ways she had interacted with the little grey men, wishing she had some sort of perfect key, a way of unlocking a mode of speech to convey to them her wants, why they should turn her back. But nothing eventuated, and instead the feedings only continued and she in turn plumpened, gaining weight at a rapid pace, becoming fat and heavy and bovine. It was a living nightmare.

As the changes continued, she was forced to grapple with an increased lack of function. Her mind remained her own: apart from the compulsions of her overriding animal instinct and strange feelings around Bull when he was adjacent to her, she maintained full control of her faculties, much to her relief. But it only made her loss of utility all the more crystal clear. As she took on quadrupedal status entirely, her neck bending up to face forwards in such a fashion, she now had an animal's perspective of the ground. She couldn't use her arms in flexible ways anymore: they were useful to awkwardly walk around and little else. Any itchy spot had to be dealt by running her furry flanks against a wall or using her tail to whip it, just like a cow. It was humiliating, and reminded her of her bestial status. The same could be said of her fur: it was practically complete now. She had a Holstein pattern much like 'her' new herd, and she felt strangely like she belonged among them in her instincts. She even saw she had a dark splotch around half of her face, though not as prominent as Splotch's herself.

"I guess I'm like y-mooo now," she said to the other cow. "Call me Moooo-nica. Ha! A r-regular cowgirl. Only more cow than girl, n-now."

It was a sad joke, but enough to get a slightly maddened chuckle from her. She looked more cow than human by that point, and even as her humour became darker and more bitter, it did help to sustain her. Sometimes though, she simply stared in her reflection and wept at the inhuman face that stared back. She only had a slightly black frizz on one side of her head to give evidence to her she had been, and some part of her prayed that she could at least keep that.

She sniffed the air as she considered this, and rolled her eyes back at the strangely intoxicating scent in the air. She turned, her tail pulling upwards a little on its own, and took in the sight of Bull. He was large and muscular, and his scent was able to penetrate through the crystalline glass, though perhaps the aliens simply let it. Her whole body shuddered, running as if on autopilot. She turned around so that she faced away from him, and widened the stance of her hind legs.

"Wh-what am I doing? Oh G-good. I'm in heat. F-fuck! N-no! No mooo-atter what! I'm not getting mooo-ounted by a big bull d-dick!"

Thankfully, the wall shimmered, becoming opaque, but the aliens were there high above, conferring with one another, taking notes via some strange green device. If she didn't know better, they actually seemed *pleased* with her body's response.

She was proved right as she continued to change: more and more, Bull was placed near her, his scent allowed to waft into her space. Each time her instincts became overpowering, and she raised her tail, widening her hind legs. She wasn't stupid, she knew

she was granting him 'access' to her bovine vagina. It was moist, wet and ready to be ploughed by a big cow dick, and the thought horrified her. The notion of being fucked by an animal, of being potentially fucked *pregnant* with calves, was so deeply terrible that it haunted her dreams. She wanted to moo aggressively at him, kick her hooves at him, but the glass was thicker now after her last incident with Brad, and even if she wanted to she couldn't: her body gave her no choice. She could only pray it never came to that.

"H-Heidi would I-laugh if it came to that. M-mooooee, the knocked up c-cow. I used to say she'd end up like th-that."

She chuckled darkly, only to grunt in irritation as her udder swelled a little more. It was increasingly pressurised lately, and each intake of the grass-like feed only made it larger and tight. It had shifted between her rear legs now, and was almost the size of a regular cow's udder. In fact, barely any part of her wasn't equal to a regular cow now: only a few human-like qualities of her face, her ability to speak, and her partially hoof-like hands truly remained, as well as some weight left to go. But the udder was a source of much frustration and anxiety. Not only was it one of the primary features marking her out as a cow, but she continually experienced the same of having her formerly lithe breasts now serving as a bloated milk bag. Not that she was making milk. Yet. That took a bull's helping along, after all. But it was growing bigger and beginning to jostle and wobble even more heavily than before. Her teats occasionally extended on their own, as if willing the sac to grow further. When it did, she could literally only give one response, the one that might soon be the only one she could ever give:

"M-M-MOOOOOOOOO!!!"

First comes denial. Then anger. Then bargaining. Then depression. Monica had denied her changes even as their obviousness became more and more pronounced. She had placed her anger on the aliens again and again, to no avail. She had tried to bargain with them, pleading to be changed back, once more with no effect. Now, she was in the deep mire of sorrow, succumbing to her enormous, heavy, bovine body. The final stage, of course, would be acceptance.

She doubted she would ever, ever reach that stage.

So when the slop was prepared for her again to consume, she simply moved slowly over to it, her trembling sac of an udder wobbling heavily between her rear legs, and she lowered her snout to eat at it. It was something she literally couldn't fight: her body was on

autopilot, driven by her compulsions until it was fed, and then given back to her. All she could think about was all the things she could no longer do, would never do again. She would never dance again, never party again, never play silly pranks again, never even laugh at or occasionally with her sister again. All that was lost, just like her chance to build a future, get married one day after finding the right guy or gal, and settling down. Maybe even having kids.

Now if she had a kid, it would only be because a bull had thrust its big bovine cock into her and ejaculated its semen into her animal womb, impregnating her with a frickin' calf. *That* was her existence now. Yes, she was indeed in the stage of depression. She wished she could take it all back and never try to steal Brad away. She even wished she could simply be with her sister again. She wished she could go up to her and hug her deeply, and tell her that their stupid petty rivalry was ridiculous, and that she had always loved her.

She was finishing the last of her slop, consumed by that thought, when the wall shimmered. It was Brad again. Only this time, even the crystalline structure was gone. He looked in astonishment at how much she'd changed, practically all-cow but for a few remaining human features, and he cautiously stepped forward into the room, his eyes flickering to her horns.

"R-relax," she muttered in her deeper voice, "I'm not going to - moooo - not going to gore youuuuu."

Brad nodded, clearly hoping to trust her word. She lowered her face to the ground and licked up more of the grass stew created by the aliens, despite knowing it would change her. It wasn't like she could fight the compulsion. Better to just give in. Not that this was acceptance. Simply a sorrowful surrender.

"Monica . . ."

"Mooooo-nica, nowwww."

He nodded, clearly not reacting to the joke. He drew closer, and she shifted back just a step. "You've nearly finished changing," he said. "How are you?"

She simply stared, knowing that her new face gave the utterly blank look of a cow.

"Hoowwww do youuuuu th-think? I'm a f-fucking cowwww. I'm n-not ch-changing b-back. I'm goooo-ing to be s-stuck as moo-iserable coowwww."

She could barely perform human speech, every vowel was stretched to its limit. Her tail whipped behind her in irritation. God, why did she have to be able to smell Bull's scent at the same time as Brad's? It was giving her body confused signals.

"For what it's worth, I *am* sorry, but I do believe the aliens will let us back to our home once you are fully turned."

"But I wooon't have moo-y life any moooo-rrre."

Her voice was pathetic and miserable. Already, she could feel the familiar pressures of change coming over her: in her still humanoid hands at the ends of her fore feet, in her face, and in the general structure of her body. The energy in her body was igniting for the last time, she sensed it, ready to finalise her chance. Ready to make her a cow for the rest of her unwilling life.

"I promise I'll tell Heidi what happened, or at least a way to explain your disappearance. I'll even bring her to visit on some pretext, Monica. It sucks, I know, but it's the only way we get back. It's not like you can live as a human ever again."

She closed her eyes. She hated him. Hated, hated, hated him. But on some level, she knew he was right. Selfish as he was, as likely to return to Heidi as he could, and sweep the whole incident under the rug, she couldn't deny his horrible, cold logic. The aliens were making her a cow all because of her stupid Halloween costume, and that was the only way this ended.

Her sister had been right in telling her to ditch it all along. She'd just never know how right.

"Tell her I'm soorryyyyyy," she groaned. "Tell her . . . MOOOOOOOO!!!"

It was too late. Whatever final words she had - in fact, she hadn't even decided them yet - would be lost forever. The pressure rose, and she had to give in. Her instincts compelled her to, her new bovine nature taking control. Brad reached out a hand to pat her flank as her body rippled, and she moaned and wailed in response to the final stages of transformation.

"There, there," he said patronisingly. "It's going to be okay, Monica."

She could only think about the name she had given herself: 'Moo-nica.' It was more appropriate than ever. She grit her flat teeth and bellowed as the changes came. Her flesh swelled, more and more pounds packing on, increasingly the overall weight of her body. She was wracked with pain and discomfort as her last remaining digits fused to become full cow's hooves, flattening against the ground and finally giving her a semblance of ordinary purchase upon it, for certain values of ordinary. Her udder swelled, parting her hind legs a little, and becoming even heavier. She cursed it, wishing it was smaller: in the reflective metal, it appeared now equal to a cow ready to be milked, and she wasn't even producing yet!

But the final change was her face. She felt it push forward, the last of her humanity disappearing. Her snout extended, no longer a small extension of her face but instead her face entire, swelling to become larger and animalistic. She felt her eyes push apart, altering her vision in a way that would take some getting used to. There was the pain of her horns pushing outwards, and her ears extending further.

"MOOOOO!! MOOOOO!!! MOOOOOO!!!!"

And then the changes were finished, and she was a cow. A cow, she had to assume, for life.

Stage four: depression.

Brad patted her a little more, then stepped back to admire her. His look was hopeful, and she hated him again for it.

"There," he said. "All done. That wasn't so bad, was it?"

She could have charged him right there, gored him against the wall, but then there was a familiar shimmer, and standing to her other side suddenly were the three little grey men. The aliens who had done this to her. She felt a light overcome her large, fat cow body, and Brad too froze. She was able to move her big bovine head but nothing else.

'TtHherRe. ALL CcHhanNgedD. FfliiNnisShHed.'

She wanted to scream. She wanted to tell them she never wanted this. But that boat had long since sailed. Perhaps it had never been in dock to begin with. Perhaps its sailors were just too . . . *alien*, to understand.

"We're free to go?" asked Brad, the rest of his body frozen.

'FFfiNishHed,' the alien repeated. It moved to wave its hand, but then one of its colleagues whispered something in their strange reedy tongue. The leader considered this, and for just the slightest second Monica got her hopes up. Perhaps they would turn her back? Perhaps they finally understood?

But then with another wave of their hand, the leader summoned the strange orb again. It lowered, and quicker than she could react it suffused her with another beam, one likely still drawn from the essence of the remaining cattle. She exhaled heavily, her nostrils expanding greatly, as she felt her udder become suffused with further energy, and an organ deep inside her as well.

'GgGifFt,' the alien explained. *'ExXtrAa PrRoOduUctiive. ExtttrRa FfeErTiiLle. LlonNgeRr Llife.'*

She bellowed, alarmed. Had she understood that right? They had made her *extra* productive? Was that what the tingle in her udder was? God, cows already made so, so much milk. Gallons of it - and now she was set to make more? They thought this was a fucking gift? And the rest was even worse! He'd said 'extra fertile'. They expected her to have calved, to get fucked by Bull, to mounted to get pregnant with more cows! Even the notion that she would at least age out of that was taken. How long would she live as some milk producing broodmare!?

Brad seemed taken aback. "She'll make more milk? And have calves."

'CcChanNge. CcomMpleEte. CcomPpatiBbLe.'

A wall shimmer, and there was Bull, fully in sight, making her body feel even more aroused than normal. She could feel her bovine vulva tingle. Had the new changes been so quick? Her mind raced to explain the renewed compulsion.

“Damn, wow,” Brad said. “And longer life? H-how long?”

The alien held up all three of its fingers on one hand. *‘TtHhrEe TtlimeSs ThHrEeE NnOormAaLI LlIfFsSpanN.’*

She bellowed. Monica was overwhelmed by all the new information. She was a full cow, doomed to spend her life getting milked, feeding off of grass, living with a herd and getting mounted by bulls, and now that life had been extended. How long did a cow live? Fifteen years? Twenty ears? What was nine whole times that?

She bellowed loudly, and Brad simply patted her hide.

“Sorry Monica. You’ll just have to get used to it. Are we going home now?”

‘All DdonNe. GgOo Hhome.’

The bright light cascaded down upon them, and the two fell unconscious. Her heavy form collapsed slowly onto the fake grass, her bovine body cumbersome and heavy. She could already feel her arousal rising, even as she fell asleep.

Monica woke with a great bellow. She had dreamed that she was human again, lithe and thin and with working arms and a human face. She still had her flat chest, but she didn’t care - she embraced her litheness, her wafer-thin body. She was normal again, and if it meant a thousand apologies to her bratty sister then she’d give them a thousand times even that, all to keep her body.

It took a few seconds of panic in her new, lumbering cow body to realise that it was only a dream. The aliens had not turned her back. She no longer had hands and arms. She was not thin. And she didn’t have her little AA-cup breasts, but instead a massive, heavy udder that jostled between her hind legs a little uncomfortably. She stood up awkwardly, and saw that she was beneath a dusk sky in a great field. The same field she and Brad had been abducted from: just up the hill was Makeout Point, where Brad’s vehicle had been but was now missing too. How long had it been? The sky was dotted with bright stars, and the city was just waking up on the horizon: the morning sun was perhaps half an hour at most from rising up over the lip of the distance mountains.

“Mooooo,” she moaned sadly. She shifted her gargantuan bovine body, her ropey tail swaying, as she tried to figure out what had happened. Had the aliens released her?

She had her answer in Brad, who was sleeping on the ground only a few metres away. He was on his stomach, breathing slowly, still unaware that they had been transported safely back home.

Well, *he* had. Monica's human mind railed in anger at not only her misfortune but that he too hadn't been changed. All because of *one stupid cow costume* she had been cursed with the indignity of living as a cow for the rest of her life, while this cowardly man who'd in the end *wished* that fate for her to come faster got away scott free. She stamped her hooves upon the ground, bellowing as if about to charge.

Brad shot to his feet, terrified and confused.

"What the fuck!?! Where am I?"

He looked around, confused and dazed, even as she tried to stare daggers at him with her big, doleful eyes. She could see the recognition just beginning to dawn on his face.

"Holy shit, oh my God. I'm back. I'm - fuck, that's you Monica, isn't it?"

She mooed at him, but nodded her head to show understanding. She did her best to let him see her horns up close. He backed away a little.

"God, I was really hoping they'd turn you back, truly. I'm sorry about all of this, but . . . it's not like I could do anything. At least we're back now, right? I know it's not the best fate, but they were clearly set on turning you into a cow, and at least you're going to live longer, isn't that what they said?"

She bellowed again, stomped her hooves.

"MOOOOOOO!!!! MOOOO!!!"

She knew she couldn't speak, she knew she would never truly speak again, but she hoped her animalistic glare was strong enough to tell him exactly what he also knew: that the aliens hadn't just made her live longer as a god forsaken cow, but one that would be extra productive and extra fertile. A fate she had never wanted, never asked for, and now would be stuck in forever.

"Okay, okay! I know it's not great, but -"

"MOOOO!!! MOOOO!!!"

She reared back a moment, ignoring how her large udder flopped about. Brad had to leap back just to avoid being crushed under her trampling hooves. Once more, she was reminded of the sheer weight of her large body. He scrambled before she could attack him again. She charged, overwhelmed with angry and despair, not just for the man who'd once wanted to sleep with her, but also at her own hopeless situation. But it was a half-hearted chase, and she soon lost momentum, with Brad leaping over a fence to safety.

A fence she couldn't even climb anymore.

"Look," he panted, "I'll come ch-check on you or something. Bring Heidi here on some excuse, so you can see her. Once I figure out how long we've been gone or whatever. I'll make sure you're treated right, as best as I can. Again, I'm really sorry Monica, but at least you got us home with your changes. Hope that counts for something."

Even his words of apology felt empty or saddled with conditions. She could tell: the man was simply joyful to be back. His earlier encouragement had withered to simply being grateful to be human again. In some small way, she imagined she might have acted the same if it happened to him. But she was the one that had worn the cow costume, and now she was paying for it.

Brad gave her a little wave before running away. His car was no longer present, but he clearly wasn't taking any chances on being abducted again. He continued down the hillside by the road, and all she could do was watch. She sniffed the air with her large nostrils, and sensed the approach of the Holstein herd that had also been returned.

Her herd now. No doubt the farmer would have questions that would never be answered. It made her mentally chuckle at the thought of how it could all be explained, and why he would have one extra cow now.

But then her thoughts changed tune, as another scent wafted across the air. A more muscular, manly musk that made her large body quiver. She turned, still getting used to having all hooves, and her eyes widened as she saw Bull the bull approaching her position. He'd taken a special interest in her on board the ship, and now that they were sharing a field, his interest was finally being given an opportunity.

She tried to bellow out 'Shit! Shit! Shit! Get away from me! I don't want you mounting me!' but all that came out was a series of loud, desperate moos, which Bull only interpreted as a mating call. Her large bovine heart raced as she tried to avoid her fate, but the compulsions the aliens had given her, the instincts of a cow in heat, were overpowering, and already she could feel her large tunnel lubricating itself in preparation for the event. She huffed as her legs widened their stance automatically. She wanted to flee, but her *body* wanted to be fucked. Needed to be fucked.

She closed her eyes, hoping against hope that Bull would leave her alone.

And then a heavy weight landed on her flank, and her body strained for a moment to bear it. She grimaced, or at least as much as a cow could grimace, as she felt the hard tip of the bull's cock pressing against her folds. It was insane: she was simultaneously horrified and yet utterly turned on. She was in estrus, she knew, the warm flush in her core demanding she be mated, no matter what her human mind wanted. She squirmed, wondering for a

moment if she could shake him off, and then his tip lined against her bovine slit perfectly, and then he slid himself deep inside her with a great thrust.

“MOOOOOOOO!!!”

She bellowed as his hard cock entered her again and again. He bucked madly, as much in heat as she was, and all she could do was take it, unable to fight it. It felt amazing, everything her body needed, and the worst part was knowing that her new bull lover had a larger dick than any of her previous lovers combined. It strained her sensitive passage, sending fireworks of ecstasy throughout her immense body. Her udder trembled with each thrust, further reminding her of her new state. She bellowed again and again as he thrust, wanting to scream out ‘No! Stop before you fucking cum you stupid bull! I don’t want this, even if it feels sooo good!’

But she was a cow, and all she could do was moo even louder as his heavy bull balls strained, and he thrust one final time. She felt them tense, large and tight against her backside, and then his cock pulsed within her, shooting what felt like *gallons* of bull cum into her body, right up into her bovine womb. She mooed again, delirious with the unwanted, reluctant, and yet overriding pleasure.

The bull dismounted, and it was only then, as she huffed at his exit from her, that she noticed Brad had paused further down the hill, and was watching in astonishment. She couldn’t even bellow, or moo, or whimper at that point. All she could do was look at him with sad, doleful eyes, as he saw what she had been reduced to. What she would be for life.

Brad turned his face away in shame, and continued to walk away.

Just fifteen minutes later, Monica was mounted all over again by her bull lover, and this time she came even harder, multiple orgasms rolling through her body as bull semen shot into her womb yet again.

That night, after feeding on the fields of grass, she dreamed she was being fucked and milked simultaneously. It was pleasure and horror at the same time. As it would be, for quite some time to come.

Epilogue:

Monica bellowed as Bull mounted her. His cock, as always, was massive, and her heavy body shuddered not just beneath his weight but in response to his long member sliding deep inside her. Her big, seeping vagina took him in, and she focused on the pleasure of the act. And it was pleasurable, as continually wrong as it was. She was getting mounted by a bull, a fate she could never have imagined for herself, and all she could do was enjoy it, and

welcome the powerful orgasms as they came. She bellowed again as the bliss rose, her animal lover bucking more and more wildly, until finally he too let out a ferocious "MOOOOOOO!!" and then moments later his fat cock tensed inside her, and then his seed came gushing into her tunnel like a warm flood. She shook in orgasm, one of the few genuinely enjoyable aspects of her life, once she got over the revulsion of being fucked by a bull.

The male dismounted off of her and trotted her away, leaving his seed dripping out of her bovine snatch. Once, she would have been terrified of the result of their act, but now she simply accepted it as an eventuality. It wasn't like it threatened any harm now, after all: in her massively distended stomach, her calf wriggled and shifted, causing her some discomfort, before finally settling again. She huffed, wishing her calf would find a better position. Bull had done his job well over eight months ago, and would likely do so again. After all, this was not her first cow pregnancy, and it would not be the last. In fact, her udder was so presently full that she almost wished she could give birth right now just so her newest calf could suckle at her milk and provide some welcome relief.

Bull trotted away, clearly happy to have mounted his 'favourite', which she knew she was. It gave her a very odd sort of pride, perhaps simply because being anyone's favourite was a small consolation to this new life she led. It had been nearly six years since she had turned into a cow, and there was no sign of her ever turning back. The aliens never revisited, and the miraculous disappearance of a field of cows that returned a week later became a local town story that was never explained. No one knew what had happened to Monica, and as far as she knew Brad never tried to tell the truth. It saddened her, but some part was glad as well: Bull had done his job on that first morning upon being returned, and within a month she was determined to be pregnant. Her new farmer 'owners' weren't one to look a gift cow in the mouth, especially since her udder began producing milk only a few months into her pregnancy. She was horrified to know that she was gestating a calf within her body, and even more so when her udder swelled to nearly double its original size. The aliens had not lied: she was indeed overly productive, and her udder actually pained her if she was not milked three times a day.

Over the next nine and a bit months, her belly ballooned with her calf, and it grew and kicked inside her. She cursed her condition, horrified that she was reduced to breeding stock. But day-to-day existence was often mindless: simply eating grass, spending time with her herd (Splotch was still her closest 'friend'), and moving to the milking machines when needed. She often daydreamed and made up stories to herself, or recounted old times just to cope. The worst part was that the enhanced fertility the aliens had blessed her with meant

that despite calving, she still remained in an unnatural estrus, her body often giving off the scent of needing to be mounted: something the bulls continually helped her with, and the farmers failed to prevent. As such, she was mounted practically every day until near the end of her pregnancy, where her waters finally broke and she had to moo and bellow as she pushed a huge calf from her body. She had always thought that she would want children one day, but the realisation that she would be having plenty of cow kids was a terrible one to realise. Labor was intense, and the strain of pushing out a calf taxed her immensely, particularly as no pain relief was given. The real relief only came after her calf finally exited her massively dilated cow vagina, and moments later stood and suckled at her overly full, pressurised udder.

It was not the last time she experienced such a feeling: Bull got her pregnant not long after a second time. That was when she found out that Brad had proposed to her twin sister Heidi, and that they were due to be married in seven months. It came when the two dropped by the fields for a stroll, which she knew was an awkward way for Brad to check up on her. He expressed a sad surprise when he learned she was pregnant again, and she was shamed when in front of both of them she was mounted by Bull, her body unable to resist him.

“Wow! She really wants it, huh?” Heidi chuckled.

Monica couldn't look either of them in the eyes. She never found out what story Brad concocted to explain their disappearance, but it must have been accepted, because seven months later they were married in that very field, which allowed Monica to get close enough to Heidi to show the smallest of affection. Her sister asked someone to “get the cow away from me before it ruins my dress!”

Monica had to pull away, her heavy belly full of kicks from her unwanted calf. A year later her sister and Brad returned again, this time on their babymoon. It was galling to see the two together, Brad knowing exactly who Monica truly was, and Heidi pregnant with his child on top of it all. The worst part was that she was pregnant once more too, but her womb filled with the product of an animal's lust, not a loving partner's.

Brad simply nodded in her direction, but didn't say a word to her.

She'd managed to find out from overhearing farmers talk what her life expectancy was meant to be. A normal cow lived around twenty years or so in captivity if not made into meat, though they left their fertile period before then. She was, according to the grey men, given the 'gift' of living three times three of that. And while she may have the look of a dumb, doleful cow, her mind remained sharp and human, and certainly capable of simple multiplication. But even then, grappling with the final result was something else entirely.

Nine times twenty equalled one hundred and eighty years.

One hundred and eighty years of chewing cud. One hundred and eighty years of being milked thrice daily from her overly prodigious udder. One hundred and eighty years of getting mounted frequently by bulls, growing their calves, and pushing them out of her body for them to feed at her udder. She'd run the numbers - she had a lot of time to, after all - and had worked it out to the best of her mathematical ability. A cow's pregnancy last roughly two hundred and eighty days, and thanks to the damned aliens, her remarkable fertility meant that she was able to be re-impregnated with a new calf only a week or so after birth: her estrus was that quick and powerful to come on. It meant that if she was fertile right up until the end of her long bovine lifespan, which she strongly suspected she would be thanks to her captors, then she would carry almost two hundred and twenty bovine pregnancies to term.

It was her future, the one she would simply have to accept. To be milked and bred forever, her ultra-productive udder making endless gallons, and her ultra-fertile womb likely even producing twin calves at some point in the future. A life of chewing cud, standing in fields, being milked, and giving birth like a good bovine broodmare.

And gazing up at the stars.

And hoping her captors would return and make everything right.

But she knew they never would. Her udder, her full womb, her hooves and horns and fur and tail and heavy bovine body were here to stay. And all for a long, long time.

The End