

Journey of the Bull: Wet Beginnings

By: Firingwall

Cathy's eyes creaked open. Feeling returned to her body. Dreams faded away and the room started to come into focus. Her body stretched and bent as she shifted around.

A second later, she snapped awake as she nearly tumbled off the sofa. Her heart raced as she threw herself against the soft, cushioned back. *Gees, gotta... gotta be more careful.*

The young woman sat up, sitting on the sofa edge and stretching her limbs. Looking ahead, she found her thick-rimmed glasses resting on the table next to her. She put them on, blowing some of the long blue hair from her eyes.

A quick glance of her surroundings and her memories came flooding back. *Right right,* she thought, rubbing her eyes, *Rachel's place...*

The other night, Cathy was passing through to visit her sister and her husband. It had been a touch awkward given certain things, but pleasant enough. Just when she was about to leave, a massive storm rolled through.

Feeling uncomfortable driving home with the massive rain and lightning, she decided to hunker down there, crashing on the sofa. Blinking a bit, she stood up and glanced towards the window. Sunlight was peeking through the closed blinds, the sound of birds chirping off in the distance.

She smiled and yawned, happy to know things were over. *Better check the weather and make sure there isn't any flooding,* she thought, sitting down and grabbing the remote now, *it sounded like I needed a boat out there last night...*

A loud, heavy yawn filled the room as a deep voice followed, "Gooooood mornin' Cath'~ Sleep well out here?"

In stepped a towering figure that stood at least two feet taller than her it felt. It was a large bull, with shaggy chocolate hair and chin-strap beard. His body was bulky with impressive musculature. He was only wearing a pair of boxers, which barely did anything to obscure his massive bulge. A soft, musky, animal-like smell was coming off of him.

Cathy looked at him, her cheeks warming up. She cleared her throat, eyes cocking to the side, and said, "Good m-morning, Rachel."

The bull snorted and chuckled, scratching one of his large pecs. "You don't have to call me that," he said, "Raphael is just fine when I'm this big burly beast."

"I-I know, but it still feels weird not to call you by your name," Cathy explained.

This was the exact reason for why things were awkward last night. She had visited her sister and her husband after they got back into town from working a long shift in the next county over. She thought it was some big project that needed them both.

Instead, it was at a farm helping with crops and heavy lifting; a farm that only hired on big, strong anthros to work at it. Instead of being freaked out by it, the two had volunteered to undergo some “changes” to make them better fit for the job. It seemed weird, but according to her sister turn manly bull brother, it paid really well and they needed the funds.

The bull laughed, stretching a bit before scratching at his chin. “I get that, but really, Raphael is my name for the time bein’, so chill out lil’ sis.”

Cathy couldn’t really ‘chill’. She was used to her sister’s odd habits of transforming and becoming other beings (came with being next door to magical ladies). However, it still never got exactly normal for her.

It especially never got normal with her ‘sister’ getting up close to her, which was what happened next. ‘Raphael’ strolled over to the sofa and sat down next to her, the sofa bending a little bit under his muscular weight. He casually took the remote from her and turned on the weather channel.

“Figured you want that, right? Pouring like hell last night.” he said matter-of-factly.

She nodded as she watched the TV, trying her best to ignore the powerful musk emanating off him. She watched until the local weather came on and she got her info. “Okay, looks like the roads won’t be flooded.”

“That’s good to know,” Raphael said, “Me and JD are heading to the gym later to get our workout on.”

Cathy nodded, not paying much attention to that, and said, “Well, I should head out and stuff. Don’t want to be here all day...”

“Not interested in some breakfast?”

“Nah, probably should just get moving.”

“Not even a shower? You kinda stink.” Cathy huffed. Like he was somebody who should be judging her on smelling funky.

However, the words nagged at her mind. She brought her hand and then arm up to her nose, gently sniffing them. She flinched. She smelled a bit like her brother, though with extra amounts of sweat from a night of tossing-and-turning.

“Well... I guess I could do with a quick shower,” she muttered.

“Alright, feel free to use any of the shampoo or my soap. Bathroom is the third door on the right down the hallway.”

She nodded and left without another thought, just wanting to get cleaned up. Her clothes didn't smell any better either she noticed, but she could deal with those when she got home. The rest of her? That needed fixing.

She entered the bathroom and pulled the shower curtain back. She saw a few bottles of shampoo and a bar of soap, traces of brown fur on it, on the ledges. Even though they weren't her brand, the shampoo would do. The bar of soap though...

She went over to the cabinet and searched through it, to no avail. It didn't seem like there were any other extra bars around or even any of Rachel's usual body care products. *Uuuuuuuugh*, she thought with a sigh, *really don't want to use that... who knows where that bar of soap goes...*

However, Cathy sighed and accepted what she had. She shook her head and set her glasses down on the sink. She undressed, casually setting her clothes on the toilet seat. She grabbed a towel, dropping it near the shower, and got in.

Closing the sheet, she adjusted the knobs just right to get that perfect temperature. The shower went off and water splashed against her. It felt great, just so nice on her small body.

She sighed pleasantly, letting herself get all nice and wet. *Can't wait to get back home and get back to work on that assignment*, she thought, *almost done and that's it for that class at least...*

As fully drenching herself, she reached for the soap bar at last. Gripping it, she could feel the fur stuck to it. It also felt oddly warm, like it was used not that long ago, even though she was sure she didn't hear the shower earlier.

Cathy frowned, but shook her head. Now wasn't the time to think too deeply about this. She wanted to get clean and that's what she was going to do.

She put the bar into the stream of the water, suds starting to form on it. Once sudsy enough, she brought the bar to her chest and started rubbing.

She shivered gently despite a pleasant warmth radiating in her chest. That odd, lingering heat within the bar transferred into her, giving her a quite pleasant experience. Such a lovely feeling; it felt like it was traveling deep within her very soul.

She bit her bottom lip gently as she carefully washed her breasts with the bar. Her nipples became erect, her lower regions beginning to feel that heat as well. It was a unique, and quite erotic, but yet, she didn't question it.

Cathy rubbed and rubbed her breasts, the small, soft mounds oddly retracting. They slowly lost form like the air leaving an air mattress. They flattened and stretched, the muscles beneath them beginning to swell and strengthen. After a few moments, the flat area rose and grew dense, now forming tough pectorals upon her chest.

She let out a soft sigh, sliding the bar of soap away from her chest and down to her stomach. Leaving her pecs behind, the color shifted. Hairs began sprouting up and grew over all of her chest, giving the spot a rich brown. Her nipples turned black, standing out amongst the fuzz.

Ooooo, she thought, letting out a soft moan, *this feels nice. Very nice. I wonder... I wonder what kind of soap makes you feel alllll warm and tingly~*

Stroking and washing her stomach and core, the feeling and changes passed right on down there. Her girly figure faded as her narrow-ish waist widened. Hairs sprouted across her stomach, rising up to her chest. It looked like she had a fur coat now.

Washing softly, her stomach grew bumpy. Her soft core toughened as muscles expanded and rose. Upon her torso, an eight-pack set of abs rose prominently, even popping out quite nicely despite the fur coating. Between the waist and abs, Cathy had developed an eye-pleasing, washboard shape of sorts.

Sighing pleasantly, she brought the bar of soap up to her arms. She could get back to going down deeper in a bit. She washed her biceps and scrubbed underneath her armpits, trying her best to get that stink out of them.

Doing so, more changes pulsed through her body. They did not, however, start in her arms, but spread into her upper torso. Her chest widened and stretched to better suit her stellar pecs. Her shoulders broadened and thickened as well, no longer having their dainty curve. The back muscles also strengthened, adding to her growing, beefy size.

Fur quickly spread like wildfire after the swelling ended there. It went up from her chest and wrapped around her body. Fur covered her entire back and cloaked her shoulders. It spread underneath her arms, hairs growing a touch thick in the armpits.

Cathy moved up and finished her right arm before moving onto her left with the soap. She dug deep into her skin and pores as she scrubbed, her body continuing to heat up excitedly. Hairs were popping up in the wake of her washing almost instantly, not waiting around for her body mass to balloon.

Her arms trembled gently as their insides pulsated. Bones, tendons, and muscles were growing quickly, skin and fur stretching. Her biceps swelled, becoming pronounced enough to stand out without her flexing them. Her arms lengthened a little as well, widening up to more masculine proportions.

The pleasant sensation from her expanding arms caused her to bite down on her lips. *Oooh, why... why does this feel soooo good?*

She opened her eyes for a moment, letting out a small huff. She looked at her hands. So large, so big, so manly. They were covered in fine brown fur.

Just like the rest of her arms and most of her torso. Her eyes traced from her black, hoof-like fingertips down her arms and to her shoulders. She went from her pectorals and past her abs. Her gaze fell upon her hips and crotch, still untouched and unchanged by everything.

Her heartbeat rose for a moment, but only for a moment. She let out a soft chuckle, her adam's apple swelling and bringing her pitch down. She spoke deeply, "**Mmm, so big all around. Look at those muscles...**"

Her mind felt hazy, fuzzy, like the radio station was just off by a bit. Any warning signals were drowned out, only happy, excited, eager ones coming in. She bit down on her lip again and slowly moved the bar down south.

She passed it below her stomach, slowly spreading and washing down around her crotch and across her hips. Hairs sprouted up like usual as she rubbed, thicker, darker hairs growing above her folds. Her hips flattened and the waistline expanded, further removing any feminine touches to her figure.

The bar slid around to her soft tush, sudsing the area quite well. Fur grew in like every other spot before, over her half her body now covered in it. Her rear's soft cheeks lost shape for a moment before tightening and expanding. Her cheeks packed in the muscle and tightness, looking more like a professional athlete's.

Her cheeks grew rosier as warmth spread through her face. She licked her chops, feeling her loins dampen deep within, even beyond the falling water. In the back of her mind, there was a plea to stop, but she couldn't. She needed to be complete.

The bar slipped back to the front, and she proceeded to lather and wash her crotch. She twitched gently as the bar went across her vagina, sliding across her nether lips and folds. She grunted and groaned, an animalistic snort bellowing out as well.

Her heart beat heavily. Her vision blurred, the light above the shower suddenly so blinding. Her hands clenched tightly, the bar molding and bending in her grasp.

The soap was pushed gently away from her vagina. Something was pushing out of it, something long and wide. She felt the fur on the back on her neck rise as the new object brushed against the item in her hand.

It pushed further and further out, something else also forcing its way out. She panted heavily, her chest raising up and down repeatedly. The feeling only intensified as a smell began to emanate from her loins as well, one already quite familiar to her.

Her arms went limp as she breathed in and out, the new equipment having fully emerged. Her vagina sealed behind them, the insides shifting and modifying itself to better suit her new features.

It was a large cock and balls. They were reddish brown, a pinkish splotch upon the upper side of the cock. Its head was flat and rimmed, the shaft a little less thick than an energy drink

can. The balls were at least cantaloupe sized, reddish brown as well and just as rubbery in texture as her rod.

But her? 'Her' wasn't the right way to describe themselves. Cathy licked their chops, thinking, *mmmm, big man now... so big and manly...*

The bar of soap slipped from his grasp and fell to the ground, but he paid no attention to that. His eyes were fully on his incredibly long dick at this point, which pulsed and shivered. It looked so good, so tempting right then.

So why not just go for it? That musky scent, distinctly similar to Raphael's bull one, fueled Cathy's lustful urges. His hands reached down and grabbed hold of his male parts. A shockwave of pleasure roared through his body, radiating out of his maw in a bestial bellow. Her face twitched gently at it, almost seeming to move out a little.

With his right hand, he held his bull-ish cock and in the left, he groped his large balls. He let out another moan as he began to feel them up. Pre drizzled out of his rod almost instantly as it became fully erect.

His body shook. The fur upon his hips began descending down his legs, no longer pushed or urged to by the soap. The coating swallowed his lower limbs, coming to a stop at his ankles and leaving his feet untouched.

But they simply would not remain untouched. His feet twerked, toes shaking and toenails darkening. Bones shifted and feet pulled inward. Toes merged as toenails spread and surrounded the remaining digits, followed by the rest of the feet. The areas hardened and turned circular, forming into large, dense hooves.

Cathy snorted, panting as his nostrils flared. His legs swelled up in response, their dainty form discarded in almost an instant. Calves and then his thighs thickened as muscles pulsed. They grew longer as well, pushing him up nearly six feet tall. He almost looked like an animal man, except for his girly head.

His nostrils flared again, his snout turning dark brown and bumpy. Above his strong rear, a nub extended out. It grew shortly after, gaining inch after inch until it stretched out into a long bull tail, a tuft of fur at the very end of it.

Closer... he thought, his face smirking away. His long, blue hair crept up his back and off his shoulders. It pulled up and up to just below his chin, stopping there. Its texture became rougher and coarse in a way, while the blue tone vanished and was replaced with an earthy brown.

As his eyebrows thickened and turned brown themselves, two large lumps emerged on the sides of his head. They started small as pimples before accelerating into massive growths. Eventually, they burst and out grew two bright, bone white horns. They were pointed at the ends and thicker than soda cans, curving up and then straight forward.

His ears were next, tiny hairs sprouting over them. They stretched out, lobes pulling into the ears as they flattened and concaved within. Their shapes morphed into bovine ones, the tips at the end turning into a curve point.

“**Mooooooooore**,” he bellowed heavily, his ears bending down, and his eyes clenching shut. He was stroking and pumping his cock harder and harder. He could feel the cum leaking out and being washed away. The hand groping his balls could feel them pulsate and making more seed quickly.

His face cracked, fur covering the last bits of it outside of his nose, which continued to swell and expand. The bridge widened as the tip lifted up, along with the nostrils. They all pushed out, forming a notable bull snout.

Cathy shivered and huffed. It was all too good. He was just at the cliff. Just a little more push and...

His eyes opened wide, revealing their deep almond shade. His jaw dropped as his face pushed out, teeth turning to molars within. His cheekbones expanded while his jaws stretched. Bone shifted and hardened again, forming a strong, lengthy bull muzzle.

He let out a loud, boisterous moo. His entire body shook, his balls heavily pulsating. His cock erupted, splattering the wall and shower curtain in buckets of thick, creamy bull seed. His rod throbbed in his hand as it sprayed, a strong, alluring musk releasing off him.

“**Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck yeeeeees**,” he mooed again, chuckling heavily. It was so wondrous! It never felt this good before when he had female orgasms. This was much better! So much better.

Eventually though, cum finally stopped spraying. His balls stopped, shrinking to a more natural size for his bull figure. The last bits of seed dripped from his rod before it started going limp in his hand.

Cathy panted heavily, wiping his brow. *That was amazing. So good~*

He shook his head, letting out a thick snort. He turned back to the showerhead, still spraying him with water and sighed. He rubbed his head a little, mumbling, “**Uuugh, what... what was that?**”

Things were clearing up a little in his mind. Everything felt like a daze for the past several minutes, just acting on some deep, inner instinct. It was downright hard to remember as well.

KNOCK. KNOCK. “Hey? What was that? Who’s in there?”

Cathy’s eyes widened, and he looked towards where the door was past the curtain. He yelled, “**I’m still showering, bro. Give me a sec... wait... what’s with my voice?**”

“...Cathy?” Raphael called back, “Wait, what...” Before they could respond, the bathroom door opened, and the silhouette of the larger bull appeared in the curtain.

The sheet was pulled back, and Raphael looked at his ‘little sister’. Cathy gasped, “**Hey! I’m trying to shower... here...**”

Raphael’s jaw dropped a little as he sized up the smaller, but still quite buff bull. His eyebrows rose and an amused, but still curious smile plastered his face.

Cathy, on the other hand, looked down where Raphael was looking. There, he saw the sea of muscles that was his body now. He could see his large equipment hanging closely between his legs. He could see the large hooves that made up his feet. He could even see the tip of his snout at the end.

Raphael’s smile turned to a smirk and a chuckle followed. He joked, somewhat seriously, “Well... maybe using my bar of soap wasn’t a great idea...”

Cathy looked at him, the bar of soap that slid down near the drain, and then at himself again. All he could say was simply, “**Awww, shit.**”