

Bull-Barian (Anthro-Bovine TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Lottery Win Story for Psychonaut716

Sera is a fledgling but fiery female fighter who enters into a pact with a forgotten deity in order to achieve glory. Little does she know that this deity is a patron of a lost race of anthro bull-people, powerful minotaur-like folk with greater battle strength. The more Sera fights, the more masculine and bull-like she becomes. But the changes don't stop there; the deity wants her defeated foes to become her very productive bovine harem in order to restore their race . . .

Bull-Barian

Sera cursed under her breath the day she'd ever come to the continent of Erutell. She was a young woman, barely in her twenties, with dusky brown skin and tightly curled black hair that sat atop her head, shaved down the sides in the warrior custom of her people. Her studded leather outfit was that of an explorer and fighter, and her spear was comfortable in her hand, steady and certain. She was the very image of a Neladi mercenary, who were feared throughout her lands and whose legends travelled far and wide, spreading tales of their renown and ferocity, their strength and battle-terror.

She was also completely *covered in shit*.

"By the Great Bull," she growled, wiping horrid flecks of griffon excrement from her outfit. "This is never coming off!"

It was everywhere, and it *stank*.

"Travel to Erutell, the Elders told me. Find great game and a mighty adventure, they said. You'll learn what it takes to be a mighty warrior if you are so eager! Be able to avenge your destroyed village and punish those who raided it! Ugh! All I've found is *shit!*"

That wasn't quite true. Sera had found a variety of strange, fantastic, and deadly creatures. But despite her own confidence, her eagerness to prove herself and return to her people as a great warrior, she instead had traipsed from one disaster to another. She'd hunted a medusa on foot for days, only to find out the creature that had been turning farmfolk to stone was a mere cockatrice, easily slayed . . . except that it ran off a cliff in terror at her appearance and took itself out instead. She had taken mercenary work to root out a troll beneath a bridge . . . only to find out that the flyer had been misspelt. She was supposed to negotiate an end to the *toll* on the bridge, so that people crossing it wouldn't have to pay two copper pieces every time they passed. Finally, a true job worthy to grow her fighting skills emerged; to cull the griffons who were attacking the local town of Tront, and bring back

their beaks as evidence. Well, that had gone fine initially. She had battled against them in their lair, using her spear to slice and stab, moving quickly to avoid their claws and vicious snaps. But her strength simply wasn't enough when they moved to push her from their lair. To her utter embarrassment, Sera had fallen out of their nest and landed far below, hurting her ankle terribly. As a final shameful humiliation, the griffons then took to the sky, and proceeded to aim rather spectacularly with a well-placed defecation upon her sprawled figure. She wasn't even worthy enough for them to eat, apparently.

"Damn this land, damn its people, damn its monsters," she groaned as she hobbled down the mountainside, using her spear as a crutch for her likely broken ankle.

But in truth, she really knew to damn *herself*. The dark-skinned fighter wasn't strong enough. She knew it. She had been the only survivor of a raid that destroyed her Neladi clan when she was just a child. She survived for weeks until she was found, living off scraps, but the experience had affected her growth, leaving her shorter and less strong than others of her kind. The bandits of the raiding tribe had never been brought to justice - who would believe the accusations of a young girl? - but she had vowed to train up and become a mighty warrior in order to avenge them. Become a champion of the pillars of honour and justice, and bring them to heel.

And yet, when it came to the warrior tournament in the capital of Nelada, and despite every fibre of her being wishing to become a renowned fighter, her lithe form lacked the same muscle mass as that of her sisters and brothers-in-arms. She had failed to impress in anything except her devotion to the principles of law and order, which was not enough to impress her teachers. It was likely why the Elders had sent her to the continent of Erutell; to either improve herself massively, or to die trying. Or, most likely of all, so that she could wander back in defeat and shame and become a dutiful wife and mother, a weaver of baskets and maker of trinkets to support a manly husband.

"Perhaps that is my fate," she murmured to herself despondently. "I am no fighter. I am a failure. Why not find a husband and spread my legs and let his seed take root! Unless I can become stronger, I'll be worth more just popping out babies and - and - no! No! Justice will be done. My parents, my family, my people will be avenged. It is my holy duty, and I have sworn by the Great Bull to-"

She took another step, only to find the ground giving way beneath her. Sera screamed, but her reaction speed was too slow to prevent herself from falling. Rocks tumbled away as she slid down into a cavern space, colliding against the ground below by landing on her large rump, a feature of Neladi women.

"Great Bull's horns!" she complained, tears forming in her eyes from the pain in her now-*definitely* broken ankle. "Why can't I catch a . . . break . . . "

She had fallen perhaps fifteen feet down the shaft, her fall broken by a pile of dirt covered in a fungal mass. There was no clear way to climb back up the smooth walls, and that normally would have taken Sera's complete attention, but that was forgotten, as was her pain for a brief moment, as she took in the sight of a grand statue before her.

It was the Great Bull of her people.

The Bovine God of Nelada, represented by a massive statue positioned in a grand chamber she had unexpectedly landed in. It depicted his tall humanoid form, wider than that of any man's, and possessing far more muscle too, his flesh adorned in rough fur. His face was bull-like, with a thick snout and furry ears and long sharp horns protruding from the top of his massive head. He held a mighty battleaxe beside him, and stood stalwart and true.

Sera instantly bowed low in respect to this find, but her heart raced. Could this be a sign? A grand sign to guide her towards true justice? She rose quickly and darted down the uncovered temple steps, only to collapse due to the pain in her ankle. She cursed herself for a fool and grabbed her spear, lifting herself.

"The Great Bull was worshipped even here . . . back when his race was mighty . . ."

Indeed, all sorts of engraved murals around the statue depicted his exploits, and those of his race. The Neladi people viewed him as a just god - ferocious and powerful like their kind, but also principled and devoted to justice. Strangely, though, the engravings were far . . . bloodier than Sera expected, and others were also far more lewd than she would have thought as well. One depicted him mating with a female of his kind, one who had the lower body of a cow and the upper body of a human, and then numerous female followers were depicted swollen in pregnancy, producing a large army for him.

"It seems these people of Erutell saw you differently, oh Great Bull," Sera said, pushing away the pain to take in the statue and the surrounding images. "But I am sure you were wise and just."

"Indeed I was, child of the Neladi. Worshipper of mine."

Sera startled, falling back on her rump again and whining at the pain in her ankle.

"Who was that!?" she snapped, looking around. "Who goes there?"

But the voice echoed from the state of the Great Bull, whose eyes flashed a deep and magical red, the runes on his axe lighting up as well.

"You DARE ask me who I am? I, who sundered your land, and remade it in my image! I, who was once lord of my species, a God at the head of his race. I, whose horns pierced the heavens, whose axe split the skulls of my enemies, whose lusts brought forth a race that caused men to flee before their might! Whose kind was only brought to nil when the vast forces of the realms combined and their Gods by their sides came crashing down upon him!? You DARE question me, Sera of the Neladi? You know who I am! Say it!"

Sera was barely able to form the words. "The Great Bull," she whispered.

A satisfied snort. *"Indeed, I am He. And I have waited in this last refuge, far from my lands, for one of my human followers to find me, and receive my blessing."*

Sera stood up again, leaning on her spear. "Your - your blessing?"

"Indeed, child. You are weak. I can see your whole life, and I can see your will is strong, though your body is too weak. You desire justice for your family, vengeance for those who slaughtered your clan. I will give it to you. I will grant you the power of the Great Bull. I will infuse you with my very spirit, that you may replace me, becoming stronger and more powerful. But you must fight for me. Fight in my name."

Sera bowed low. "Yes, yes, of course! My people worship you still, Great Bull! Your justice and honour, your duty and your devotion to law and order. These things I will uphold in your name if you honour me with your strength and make me a great fighter."

There followed a pleased harrumph from the glowing statue. *"Then place your hand on my axe, child. Know my power and will. Receive my strength, and gain what you need to become a great warrior."*

She did so, placing her hand on the shaft immediately and holding it firmly. Power flowed into her, red ribbons of magic that were absorbed into her body, leaving the woman shuddering with ecstasy. She moaned loudly as her muscles grew, as her height extended by several inches, as her combat-readiness enhanced itself. Her clothing buckled a little, struggling to contain her new abs and her rippling biceps, not to mention her magnificent thighs. Finally, the effect ended, and she collapsed down, her ankle now entirely healed. In her hand was no longer a spear, but a powerful battleaxe.

"I - I'm changed," she whispered.

"And more change will come, as you win glory in my name."

"Glory, as in . . . justice?"

"You may call it that," the Great Bull said in a surprisingly aloof and elusive way. *"Now go, Sera of Nelada. Go and take on great challenges. With each win, you shall gain in strength. With each victory, you will gain the power necessary to seek true vengeance."*

Sera bowed deeply again. She couldn't believe it. Every humiliation had just been a step along the road of this blessed Destiny. Even the griffon excrement upon her was gone. She had been baptised by the blessing of the Great Bull, and now she would go in his name and become the warrior she was always meant to be.

"I'll not let you down, O Great Bull!"

"You will certainly not. I shall see to it . . ."

She didn't even think about what that meant as she climbed easily out of the pit, her strength more than enough to gain purchase against the difficult rock. Her strength was marvellous, her power increased two-fold, and she launched herself in one final leap out of the lip and back onto the mountainside, her heart singing with joy and glory.

“I’ll make you proud, Great Bull!” she exclaimed, before literally *running* down the mountain towards further adventure.

She was so joyous that she didn’t even think once more about those strange temple engravings, with their images of bloodshed and lust.

Sera was initially apprehensive, despite the blessing of the Great Bull. She had received more than a few humiliations at the hands of strange creatures and monsters, and though she now had greatly superior strength and two more inches of height and reach, she was not used to a battleaxe, nor did she have any coin left to replace her ill-fitting studded leather armour. She had to forgo it, wearing her camp clothing instead, which consisted of a simple dyed red skirt and chest wrap to support her breasts. It was embarrassing to travel like that, which further wounded her confidence. In fact, she now worried even more about her prowess, because an entire *God’s* blessing was riding upon her. What if she failed? The only consolation she had was that the people of Erutell were unfamiliar with a Neladi woman’s culture and appearance, and so her travelling in a skirt and chest wrap was something they just took to be part of her ‘odd’ culture.

“Bit immodest for people round these parts,” one farmer told her. “But you do you, I s’pose. Long as you catch that wild ogre who’s been prowling round these parts, eatin’ my sheep, you’ll get your coin.”

She winced, remembering how the ‘troll on the bridge’ had gone. She also did not want another griffon disaster. Still, Sera had to remind herself that she’d been chosen. She was now 5’8 instead of her previous 5’6, and she had visible ab muscles and clearly strong biceps and thighs. She made her way into the forest, and to her surprise she realised her sense of smell was far improved as well; she really could smell a large, fat ogre in the woods, and was able to pinpoint his location. When she finally encountered him, he had smelled her right back, because the enormous creature was right there in a clearing, holding a large person-sized club, ready to smash her bones to dust.

“I CLUB YOU AND EAT YOU!” the ogre exclaimed, its enormous grey belly jostling with its angry movements.

“Perhaps you would have, once!” she declared, holding up her battleaxe. “But I carry the blessing of the Great Bull. I have made a pact with the mighty God, and I shall slay you, foul beast, in his name, so that justice may be done!”

She launched forward, her new speed and strength allowing her to dodge the club. She drove her battleaxe across his stomach, but he batted her away. Sera recovered quickly, however, and grabbed the axe again, just barely dodging another blow from the club. She

cleaved the ogre's calf, splitting the bone. The creature howled and fell down. It grabbed her as it did so, squeezing to crush her spine. Sera howled in agony, and was only barely able to pry herself out of his grip. At least two ribs were definitely broken, leaving her gasping, but she relied on her strength and ferocity, grabbing the axe one last time and driving it into the monster's skull. Instantly, the creature stopped moving, dead.

"Yes!" she cried. "I - I did it!"

"*You did,*" carried the voice of the Great Bull. "*Your blessing is enhanced by each victory. Enjoy the fruits of your glory. Strength begets further strength.*"

Suddenly, the red ribbons of godly power flowed from the dead ogre and entered into Sera. She sighed, overcome once more with that glorious energy from beyond.

"Ohhhh, yes!" she moaned, tensing every muscle in her body. "Yess! Great Bull, I will be stronger! I will make a glorious fighter in your - nghh! - honour!"

She grew yet larger. Another inch was added to her height, then another. Her muscles swelled further, so that she looked almost Amazonian in nature, equal to those impressive female legends. Sera's thighs grew, and her calves became strung with muscle. Her chest wrap strained as her shoulders widened, threatening to come apart. In fact, somewhere a seam gave way thanks to her expanding ribcage. She grunted, her jaw cracking and resetting in a more chiselled manner. Two sharp pains emanated from the top of her forehead on either side, only to release further pressure as they grew.

"Ahhhh!" she moaned. "What was - mmmhm!"

Her voice descended in pitch, becoming a low contralto. Fine hairs grew along her arms and legs. Her bosom, on the other hand, withdrew further, and she tensed as her nipples shrank.

"What the . . . what?"

The newest enhancements were finished, leaving Sera to look over and admire her form. She was now more muscular than any of her sisters back at the warrior camp she had been assigned in the Neladi capital. Almost *too* muscled. And atop her head . . .

"No!" she exclaimed, feeling two sharp points jutting out, like bone. No, they *were* bone. Like . . . the horns of a cow.

"*Does this change displease you? But I told you our pact would give you the strength of I, the Great Bull. Would you reject this transformation? Would you reject the power I provide you?*"

"F-forgive me," she said. "I didn't realise that I would be, uh, changing physically in *that way.*"

"*It is a blessing. One that will help you become more like me in image, and in action.*"

"Do you mean . . . I'll be the great and chivalric fighter you were in legend?"

A pregnant pause followed. "*You will be as I was in reality.*"

Sera nodded. "Then, I accept your blessing, Great Bull. I will seek worthier righteous causes to honour you."

"More importantly, seek greater foes."

"I can do so by taking on the status of a knight of this realm. Such things are reserved for them. Or even by gaining the prestige of fighting for a local king!"

"Pah! I care not for such things."

"But . . . they provide order, even in this strange land."

Another pause. *"Conquer more powerful foes, and you will come to understand."*

Conquer more powerful foes she did. Already, Sera was that much more mighty, and her determination was stronger, too. She took her coin from the farmer, even taking the extra he offered despite this being not exactly an honourable thing to do, and then proceeded further towards outland fiefdoms, knowing the truly great contracts and monster hunts would be among the beleaguered kingdoms there. She certainly couldn't wear her armour now, but after that most recent change, her appearance suited her more, she felt. The Neladi skirt was smaller on her, exposing her muscular thighs, while her chest wrap - thankfully loosened now - allowed her to show off her broad shoulders and fantastic muscles. Even knights noticed her, and one clanged his helmet when he ran into a post while staring at her. It was enough for her sexual appetites to rise when she took rest at a tavern after the hunt for a minor wyvern. By that point, she had grown to six whole feet in height, and she had four rows of prominent abs that were very much shown off by her outfit. Yes, she had to shave the annoying arm and leg hair that was growing in, but her bulky form was definitely attractive to a certain type of warrior, and not even her growing horns could dissuade them - they were now several inches long and starting to curve, but many just took her to be hex-cursed or part-demon, which was not so strange in these parts.

And so it was that she rode powerful men, proving herself even more powerful as she wrestled them in bed. They gripped her by the horns as they mounted her from behind, a position she loved dearly from her time sneaking around the cabins during warrior academy just two years past, but new instincts took over her. This was another test of strength. Another way to prove the Great Bull's power. As such, she gripped her lovers and tossed them back on the bed, riding *them*, positioning her powerful body over them. She wished her breasts had not shrunk due to the change, and that the hair would stop growing, but the sense of power was magnificent. It was only afterwards, when the men were shoed out of her room and she lay on the bed she had rented for the night, that she would sigh in her lower tone.

“Foolish. A warrior should be disciplined, not so . . . libidinous. I had my fun back in Nelada, but . . . a true fighter should keep her body conditioned and her mind steeled against such temptations. I'll be more careful in the future. Fuck if that wasn't amazing, though. So strong and dominating while I *mounted* him. Mhmm.”

The temptation only rose as Sera continued to adventure and earn renown. Soon she was not simply taking on monsters that attacked outlying farmsteads, but trying her strength against more powerful enemies, such as chimeras, verdigaunts, tendril mongers, and even a dreaded wurm hydra, the last alongside a pack of male Erutell hunters who now looked at her with awe and astonishment. By that point she was easily 6'5 in height, dwarfing practically every man around her and even out-inching most orcs. If one were to include her growing bovine horns, she would be closer to seven feet, for they had become even longer and were curving up in a way that she used to stab her opponents when she was close. Her breasts were gone, their sensitive flesh now a pair of strong, well-defined pecs with male-presenting nipples. She initially was disgruntled by this, but the voice of the Great Bull reminded her that she was becoming stronger, and had no need of a pair of tits. Her body grew hairier, much to her own embarrassment, but it came in handy as she trekked through the wintry hinterlands of Erutell's northern mountainscapes, tracking down a small army of yetis that were ravaging local forts. Sera stopped shaving herself at this time, allowing the thicker hair to grow across her body, so that unless one paid attention to her still womanly figure and knew about the womanhood between her legs, one would think she was a quite hairy man.

“It doesn't matter, Sera,” she told herself after slaying the yeti folk raiders and sending the rest of their members fleeing. “You are becoming stronger! You will be able to return to Nelada with the power to wreak justice upon those who destroyed your clan. And you will be able to administer justice as one of the great heroes of the realm.”

Still, even as she finished cleaning her axe in a cold pond, she couldn't help but notice that some of the yeti folk had dropped several chests. Spoils of their raids, full of gold and fine wines and other captured articles, including wonderfully soft carpets rolled up for transport. A true fighter would know the principles of duty and return these to the forts, and then accept her smaller payment. Something had changed within Sera, however, something fundamental yet utterly certain within her. She found herself hovering in indecision, unsure of what to do. The lustre of gold had never seemed so beautiful, nor the comforts of wine and silk blankets seemed so marvellous. It was very unlike her, but she wanted to take them.

“I - I shouldn't,” she said to herself.

But the harsh gale of the cold wintry mountainscape bit at her skin, and while she was now annoyingly hairy, she certainly wasn't *furry*, which might have helped with the cold more effectively.

"I can't," she said aloud once more, staring at the chests.

"You can. I give you permission. It is right and good to take what you have won by conquest. This is my way. The way of the Great Bull."

Sera swallowed. It still seemed a bit wrong . . . but how could it be, if her great patron willed it so?

She hoisted two chests onto her magnificent shoulders and began the trek back down the mountain. She had done the border forts a service, and saw no need to return to them for payment. The job was done, and this ill-gotten booty would do.

It would see her home to Nelada, for one.

Sera guffawed heartily as she drank more wine at the grand festival that was dedicated as much to her as it was to Prince Obin of Nelada. She had returned to her home at last, the land of fertile plains and great savannahs, having travelled with far greater ease through the deserts that separated their land from the larger continent of Erutell. Her return had instantly generated fascination, and the rumours of a grand warrior blessed by the Great Bull himself spread ahead of her, so that she was welcomed with gifts, blessings, celebrations, and even *worship* as she advanced. The last should have made her deeply uncomfortable, and yet . . . a new part of her revelled in it. After being so small for so long, being the child survivor and the runt of the warrior academy, she was now the tall, broad, and muscular Amazonian who stood above nearly all, could out-fight most definitely all, and had the horns of the mighty Great Bull as evidence of her godly pact.

The invitation to the Prince's betrothal celebration came almost immediately, and she was the guest of honour for such an event. She was given a special seat near his side at the grand table in the Sunstone Palace, a place she never imagined she would ever be. Here, she could even catch the ear of the King himself, and be given righteous and lawful approval for a mission of justice against those who took her clan from her.

But for now, Sera drank merrily, feasted heavily, and laughed at the jokes and banter at the table. She had always been a moderate woman, but something in her wanted to unleash this night, and the more she did, the more others celebrated her divine nature.

"You are truly wonderful, Warrior Sera!" Prince Obin announced from his seat, speaking over the head of his betrothed. "This may be a grand and glorious age, inaugurated not just by my coming marriage to my beloved, but by your very presence as a sign from the Great Bull."

"I don't know about all of that," Sera said. "But I certainly feel blessed, and hope to bless in turn! In any way I can, good prince."

She drank more wine, and far more than was probably necessary, which got a chuckle from several, including the prince.

“To think, you were sent out by the Elders into practical exile! Shows what they know. Yours is a story of destiny, Warrior Sera, and a true warrior must have a place by the side of an honoured prince.”

Sera paused between stuffing her face with pieces of cake. “Wait, good prince, you don’t mean . . . surely you aren’t referring to-”

“But I am,” the handsome young man said, stroking his close cut goatee. “You must become part of my Hallowed Honour Guard, and in doing so be inducted into the Guild of Warriors. You will be a true honoured warrior then, recognised in law and in the histories to come until this kingdom falls to ash, and let that day never come.”

Sera regarded Prince Obin, barely able to comprehend what he was offering. Her? A Hallowed Honour Guard? A member of the Guild of Warriors? It was too much to hope for. It was all that she had wanted and more. With such honours, she could lead a small army of soldiers to see justice for her clan finally done, and enter the annals as a true hero. All her life, she’d dreamed of this. Prince Obin was a haughty and superior young man by all accounts, and she could see in his eyes that he was calculating the political benefit of having a god-blessed warrior who owed him, but she was willing to look past all of that if it meant-

“Don’t. Be not a fool child. Do not take such a foolish offer.”

Sera paused. No one else could hear the deity she had formed such a powerful pact with. Prince Obin was still awaiting her answer, an intelligent smile upon his face.

“I . . . would have to think about it, my Prince.”

“What’s there to think about?” he said casually. “You and I could do great things together. We could remake this kingdom and reforge it in honour of the Great Bull!”

He had moved to her side by this point, swapping places with his betrothed, and his voice was a hushed whisper.

“My father is a brilliant man, but with you at my side, truly great things could await Nelada. Is this not fated, Sera?”

The transformed warrior woman struggled over how to answer. He was giving her all that she wanted, all that she craved, but there was a tinge of dishonour in his manner, a suggestion of action against the rightful king, and worse, the Great Bull did not like him.

“Do not accept, Sera. Your true transformation is about to come. You must turn him down, however. We have no interest in the waste that is kings and guilds and hierarchy. We are at the apex. You have my power, and will see the restoration of my ways, and all that you desire. Reject his offer, and in doing so, I will allow you to take the final step onto the path of investing my power within yourself.”

Sera hesitated again. Was this the right decision? The Great Bull was different from how she imagined, and not altogether honourable either. But this was a test, wasn't it? Yes, a test! A way to ensure she truly took the right sign. Prince Obin was calculating, she just knew it.

"I'm afraid I must refuse," she said. "I am sworn to the Great Bull only, and must please him before any mortal prince."

"YESSSSS!"

Obin frowned. "Warrior Sera, I'm not sure you understand what I'm offering you. You see—"

But suddenly ribbons of red magic rose from the table before Sera, causing gasps and sounds of shock from all those around them. Sera's eyes widened as she beheld a bubbling red elixir in an ancient flask rise into view from nowhere. She took it, the scent of it magnificent. The tall, powerful woman could *feel* the power radiating from it. The Great Bull's power.

"What in all the deserts!?" Obin cried, standing up. His guards approached, the mood souring at the sight of true magic.

"Drink, Sera. Drink and BECOME."

Sera held up the concoction to her lips, and then, with one last look at Obin and the crowd around her who were now silent, she held it up.

"To the glory of the Great Bull!" she announced. "I will ascend to administer his divine justice!"

And then she drank down the sweet nectar in one long, extended scull. It tasted sweet yet spicy, the very essence of celestial godliness, and yet suffused with a fiery passion that she had not associated the Great Bull with before. Sera panted, struggling to keep the concoction down; it was not meant for a mortal body, and it was absorbed into her system quickly, spreading to the very tips of her toes and fingers.

"Ohhhh, yes!" she cried. "It's happening! It's - NGHHH!"

The members at the table gasped and jumped out of their seats, and other attendees halted their conversations to view this spectacle. The musicians even stopped playing, staring wide-eyed at the woman as she transformed in full. Sera roared, her very voice turning deeper and more animalistic as her body expanded further. Her already-wide shoulders expanded outward, becoming massive, while her height rocketed up, spine extending, tissue and muscle stretching to accommodate her growing size. She rose until she was well over seven feet, no, *eight feet* in height. Her horns slid out from her skull, growing further and gaining girth until they were like those of the Great Bull himself. Sera clutched her body, holding her muscled form as her insides churned. It was like she was on fire, and yet her system was overwhelmed by bliss at the same time.

"It's t-too much, Great Bull!" she exclaimed. "Please, not so great a b-blessing!"

"Nonsense, you can take it, warrior woman. But a woman you shall be no longer; recrafted in my image!"

Sera grunted, voice becoming a brassy masculine tone. Her face was stretching wider, her nose becoming more like a wide muzzle, sucking in air through bullish nostrils. Fur erupted from her skin, causing women nearby to screech and squeal.

"She's becoming a monster!" a noblewoman cried, fleeing to the crowd beyond the dance floor. Prince Obin's own betrothed was likewise running, and quickened her pace as Sera roared in a combination of pleasure and pain, all in response to a long, thick, and ropey bovine tail *erupting* from above her backside.

"No, not a monster," Prince Obin said, stepping back but expressing awe and opportunism in his features. "A true herald of the Great Bull. A mightier sign than we might have imagined. No one panic!"

But Sera was panicking. Her body was growing more muscles, more manly features, and her womanhood was now pushing outwards, her female flower growing at the clitoris, swelling even as something like a sack descended behind it.

"Wh-what's happening to m-meeel?!" she roared, her face now entirely covered in hair, looking more like the head of a humanoid bull than that of a woman's.

"You are blessed under our pact. You shall be the new Great Bull, Sera. You will sire my kind once again, and will do so with greater virility thanks to the member you will soon possess."

Another cry went up from the crowd, followed by a confused roar by Sera herself, as her womanhood was erased completely. Her passage filled in completely, while her clit was now clearly a throbbing penis, one that grew and grew and grew even as a furry sheath developed behind it. It was enormous in size, far too big for any human woman, hell, even an orcish woman, and yet it was erect and raging in its lust. Her new testicles, contained within her sheath, were *begging* to be released of their produce.

"She's become a man!"

"The Great Bull!"

"Bow! Everyone, bow!"

Even the old king in the far corner, surrounded by the Hallowed Honour Guard, was moving to bow. Sera groaned, clutching her great minotaur-like head. Her clothing was long gone, leaving her naked and godly before the people of Nelada. It was too much, all too much.

"Please - turn me back," she muttered, her voice low and powerful.

“You may reject the gift, Sera. But first, feel its temptations. The temptations you have been indulging all along . . . and shall now bloom ever brighter as you go forth and conquer as the Great Bull.”

Images flashed through Sera’s mind; treasure piled up in her mighty vaults, an empire ruled by her dominant presence, and numerous bovine women subservient to her, offering their flesh to her, wanting to be mounted and *bred* by her. The enormous cock now springing hard from her loins twitched with further arousal, and more images flowed; wine and celebrations, debauched festivals and glorious war, the life of a conqueror of men, moulder of women, and father of thousands.

It corrupted her. It had started that journey months ago, but Sera’s mind could not resist the temptations placed before it. She had already lost so much honour, and now she failed to recognise it completely.

“Y-yes,” she uttered. “I w-want that. I want that . . . and my vengeance! True vengeance and glory!”

“And you shall have it!”

The last effects of the elixir swept across Sera. In moments, the new Great Bull could no longer see himself as a woman. *He* was male, he was the Great Bull *reborn*. Serak would be his name, and his enemies would tremble to know it, especially those who had destroyed his birth clan. He would create a great army, himself at its head, and spread his seed far so that he may establish a rule not governed on weak notions like law and order, justice and righteous, but instead on great bounties, the pleasure of the flesh, gold and lustre, and the joys of revenge. A small part of him resisted, but that part was too weak to overcome his new base desires. It simply tempered him slightly, and increased his passion for life-making lust a little over the instinct to bring glorious death.

And so it was that he turned, now utterly godlike in aspect, and took in the smells of the crowd; their anticipation, their fear, their *worship*.

“Hail and behold, people of Nelada!” he boomed. “I am Sera no longer, for that is a name fit for a mortal woman. I am now Serak, the new vessel of the Great Bull’s power, and he who shall sire his race back into existence.”

There was concern about this, but the opportunistic Prince Obin leapt to his feet. “Praise Serak!” he proclaimed. “Praise his power and brilliance! Let me be your first ally, Great Bull. I would seek to rule over mortal affairs and honour you in your temple and-”

“I will need a bride,” Serak stated.

“Of course! You may take my betrothed, if you wish.”

Serak eyed her. She was a beautiful thing, with skin as black as midnight, her hair in long braids down to her waist, and a white dress that emphasised her curves. Her body

would not survive an encounter with his, but new possibilities surged within him. The woman whimpered.

“P-please!” the betrothed said, a young noblewoman named Maratha. “Prince Obin, what are you doing? Great Bull, I am sorry, but I do not wish to be your wife. I - I would not be compatible with you. I would dishonour you and-”

Serak reached out with his hand, the fingers of which were now like manipulable cloven hooves. “I will *make* you compatible,” he bellowed, and with that, tendrils of glowing red power - the power of the Great Bull - spread from the tips of his finger-hooves and coiled around the woman. She squealed, but Obin grinned as he took in the sight. Members of the woman’s family had to hold each other back as their future princess began to groan and moan, before descending into bellowing grunts as her body transformed. Serak’s great bovine member throbbed, and he couldn’t help but stroke it as he took in the sight of his future mate swelling and changing. Her breasts ballooned, expanding until they overwhelmed her lithe little hands. Fur burst all across her body, black as the smooth skin beneath it, and her ass - already impressive - swelled yet further to accommodate wider hips.

“N-no!” she moaned, practically mooing as a muzzle spread out from her face and her ears became long and hairy, a small set of bovine horns pushing out from her skull. “I don’t want - so big - my body! It’s - ohhhh! Something between my l-legs! AAIIEEEE!”

It grew quickly, an immense pink sac that made Serak growl in excitement. It was an udder, and soon it was larger than the woman’s own head, the same for her breasts as well. She gripped it with her new finger-hooves, trying to push it back in, but this only had the effect of causing milk to spill from her productive new organ, and the same was true of the enormous furry tits she now possessed. Her clothing ripped away, her white dress in tatters to reveal her glorious nakedness.

“Why do I f-feel so hot!?! Why do I - MOOOOOO!!”

A tail burst from the area just above her rear, causing her to bellow a second time. She was now a thick and curvaceous anthro-bovine woman, a female of the Great Bull’s long-gone species. She had grown in height, but was ‘only’ six feet tall now, still dwarfed by Serak’s height. And yet he longed to be inside of her. She appeared so fertile, so breedable, and already he could taste her estrus in the air, her womb *begging* to bear his calves.

“P-Prince Obin! G-Great Bull! Please ch-change me b-back. I - ahhhh - I feel such warmth. S-such n-need. I can’t fight it!”

“Nor shall you,” Serak intoned, reaching out to cup one of her large breasts, which left her hooves slapping loudly on the tiled floor. She moaned again, and her estrus became that much more pungent in the air. Her tail even raised itself to give him access.

“By the stars, I - I need . . .”

Serak grinned. “Thank you, Prince Obin, for your offering.”

The young, ambitious prince grinned and gave a half-bow. “It is the least I can do, if I am to be your chief servant and aid in the glorious empire we will build together, Great Bull. A worthy bride for you.”

Serak thought so too . . . but only for a moment. Something was missing, and now the Great Bull’s voice spoke once more.

“Not a wife. Just a concubine. One of many. Hundreds, perhaps. But your true mate must be a far greater broodmother. One you can dominate.”

Serak smiled, bearing his flat teeth. His new body was intoxicating; so enormous, so tall, so powerful and *virile*. He wanted to mount Maratha right there before all the assembled nobles, some of whom were already rushing to escape, but a great matter needed attending to first. The Bull threw up a hooved hand and magic spread forth, blocking the enormous crowd of nobles from escaping the palace.

“Stay and behold!” he declared. “Maratha will be honoured as the first female of my kind, and will always hold a special place for me. She shall bear mighty calves for my army, and shall be there when I gain revenge on the clan that took mine when I was just a mortal. But she will *not* be my wife.”

“She . . . won’t be?” Obin said, stuttering a little.

Serak turned to face the small man. “No, Prince Obin. *You* will be.”

“Me? Great Bull, this must be a mistake. I am a man, and will be your most devoted servant. Pick any woman here, even my mother, and-”

“You small toad! You politicking failure. I am beyond your machinations. I am a warrior, as the Neladi trained me to be, and the Great Bull mastered me to be. A sword of the realm. And a powerful sword needs a wondrous sheath to hold it. You shall be my sheath.”

“B-but you hold a battleaxe!”

Serak guffawed. The temptation of power and dominance was so strong, he could never imagine going back. “I was not talking about my weapon, *Princess Obina*.”

With that, the tendrils of crimson magic extended forth once again from Serak’s hand. Obin cried out and tried to run, but they wrapped around him, dragging him back before the powerful bull-barian.

“No, how dare you! Guards! GUARDS!”

The Hallowed Honour Guard moved to rescue Prince Obin - the ones that weren’t awed by this display of power, of course - but Serak extended his other hand, forcing them to their knees. Men and women alike cried out as they became new bovine concubines like Maratha. An unfortunate male guard screamed as not just one pair but *two* pairs of

enormous bovine breasts surged out from his chest. A powerfully built female honour guard burst out of her uniform, a pair of wide, furry breeding hips causing the damage, and a big pink udder quickly descending afterwards. They became fertile and aroused bovine women in the span of just a few minutes, and soon the blessing was spreading out to contact others. Serak amused himself by allowing the waiters and servants to become males of his species; one wench groaned almost orgasmically as a new bullcock extended out from between her thighs, the rest of her transforming not long after. They would now be the dominant ones, with him at the apex, though he made sure to mark each particularly beautiful and fertile-smelling female as his own exclusive harem member.

Obin watched this all, terrified. The magic was still surging into him, far more powerful than for any other transforming subject. New bulls were rising, looking over themselves in shock but soon feeling the same temptation as Serak.

“Make me one of them!” Obin screeched. “Your first servant! Your lieutenant!”

“No, you shall be my most glorious wife, a broodmother for our kind. Feel the glory of your change, and know that you are mine, ha!”

The change began, the magic causing Obin’s body to grow and change. The young man screamed as his clothing tore, but his moans turned pleasurable despite his hatred of what was occurring. His backside practically exploded outwards, two more limbs forming behind his legs as he fell over. They kicked out, growing to become cow legs in no time, and his now-front legs took on the same shape. His olive-skin sprouted gorgeous brown fur with white patterning along his underside, and soon his upper half was also changing. The man screeched as his waist pulled in, and again as his nipples pushed out, followed by a pair of breasts that dwarfed even Maratha’s enormous pair.

“No! Ohhhhh! You c-can’t - nghh! - do this t-to me! I am a P-Prince! I am - ahhhh! Oh Gods! AAAHHHHH!!”

His hair grew long, descending down his back. His features became beautiful and resolutely female, with a cute snout muzzle that marked him as one of Serak’s reborn kind. Male muscle fell away, leaving Obin’s upper half looking very female indeed, especially with a pair of breasts that were twice the size of his head, *each*. The dripped milk, but the changing noble could not rise, not while his lower half extended, new ribs forming, a barrel-like lower half swelling into existence. The man winced as a tail sprang forth, but then he truly began to moan and cry out in a high feminine voice as his pathetic manhood retreated.

“Ohhhh! N-no! Don’t take my - NGHHH!”

In moments, he had a bovine passage between his rear legs. Worse, a large pink sac puffed out, filling with milk and developing four inch-long teats. He writhed, trying to touch it but unable to do so, until it was so heavy and big that it practically pained him from its

soreness. The former male writhed, struggling until *she* stood on all fours, a glorious bovine centaur, unique among their kind, her estrus now so powerful that it was all that Serak could think about.

“Aiiiiieeee!” Obina whined, her mind even becoming female, much to her clear horror. “What am I, some kind of cow bitch centaur!? I demand you change me back, you accursed d-demon! Change me back while I f-feel so . . . so warm and . . . ohhhh, what am I d-doing. I’m s-so full.”

She was cupping her overwhelmingly large breasts, squeezing her furry mounds and then touching her naked nipples, which sent milk gushing in rivulets down her front. Her udder started to seep, and so Serak lowered himself and tugged on one teat, which released a spurt of hot milk. She cooed orgasmically, and so he tugged again, this time using his other large hand to collect a large pool of warm milk and then bring it to his bull lips. It spilled down his chin, but what he got tasted divine.

“Now you are perfect,” he said, gripping her shoulders.

Obina shuddered. “P-please. I apologise. I was trying to manipulate you. My insides are on f-fire. Please, just go to Maratha!”

“Yesssss, go to meeeee!” the cow-woman pleaded. “Mate me! Give me b-babies! My body needs them!”

Others were calling out for the same, and the bulls looked to their new leader in Serak. The Great Bull chuckled. “Take your women, and fill them with your calves!” Serak declared. “Tonight we celebrate our new race! Just as I’ll celebrate my concubines. But first . . . my darling new wife Obina, it’s time we consummated our relationship. I was once just a peasant girl, but I still dreamed of seeing the inside of this palace. Now, I shall *feel* the inside of a princess.”

Serak kissed her, cupping her breasts and squeezing them together. It was too much for Obina, who widened her rear legs and lifted her tail in preparation. She was trying to fight her new breeding instincts, but a cowtaur such as her was a mighty symbol, one Serak remembered seeing in the temple he had uncovered months ago on that fateful day. The Great Bull must have his prime breeder, his broodmare wife to be endlessly swollen with his mightiest calves. He moved around behind her, gripping her rear hips and squeezing her ass. Obina squeaked. Her pussy was damp and leaking, providing such a sweet scent upon the air.

“Beg me,” he intoned. “Beg to be the mother of my barbarian young. Beg to bring about a race that will finally see a new justice done. Warriors who shall be as mighty as I have become, or nearly so.”

Obina, to her credit, managed to fight off her obedience for nearly thirty seconds. But finally it was all too much, and she moaned, playing with her heavy and sensitive breasts.

“P-please, I beg you! This new body needs you inside of it! Hurry up before I die from all the aching need!”

That was permission enough for Serak, he slid his enormous member deep into the newly-christened Obina’s vagina, causing her to wail in surprise, shame, and unbearable pleasure. Her entire cowtaur body shook, her breasts and udder especially, as he pushed his entire length into her, parting her walls and sending pulses of bliss through her form.

“There we are,” he boomed. “I resisted temptation for years. I know now that I was a fool, when I could have had such pleasure as *this*.”

He began to thrust, pulling out almost his entire length before sending it all the way back in again. His powerful arms gripped Obina, holding her in place. She was squeezing her tits and fondling her nipples, and his other concubines were moaning and pleasuring themselves as they watched, eager for the same experience, the taste of his cock inside of them. It brought ecstasy untold and unknown to the former warrior women. She thanked the Great Bull for making her a vessel of his power, because more than anything she wanted to breed this new princess.

“This f-feels t-too strange!” Obina cried. “You’re s-sooooo big! Oh, by the Gods, what is h-happening to me! You can’t m-make me pregnant! You can’t knock me up like some c-common whore!”

“Not a whore, a broodmother for the ages! Cum with me, Obina! I know you want to. You want to become my breeder. You want to bear my calves, don’t you?”

Obina cried out, unable to help herself. “Y-yes! Oh Gods, I don’t want it - but I do! It’s unbearable! May the G-Gods damn you! BREEEED MEEEEEE!”

Serak roared, unable to fight off the waves of pleasure surging through his hypervirile form any longer. He gripped her hips even harder, thrusting one last time. His large balls *strained*, and suddenly he ejaculated within her. *Gallons* of hot male seed poured like a flood from his member, flowing into her passage like a mighty river heading straight for her waiting womb. Obina cried out in a mixture of disbelief and powerful passion. She squeezed her furry tits together one final time, gasping at the sensations within her, and the knowledge of what it meant.

“M-make me p-pregnant with your calves!” she cried, unable to halt her body’s instincts. “I’ll b-be your holy b-broodmother! Ohhhhhh!”

Serak withdrew from her. His pearly white fluid poured out of Obina’s entrance, so much had he expelled. She gasped at his exit, all four of her bovine legs quaking. It was clearly a struggle for her just to remain standing, but the deed was done. Already, he could sense that his seed was being planted, and not just one seed, but many of them.

Obina shuddered, still trying to cup her massive bosom and struggling due to their sheer size. “T-tell me you didn’t just - ahhh - get me . . . ?”

Serak smiled. How could he ever want to go back to the woman he'd been before? One who denied herself so much pleasure and lust and *power*. He sniffed the air, his wide bull nostrils expanding as they sucked in the air. His muscular chest heaved in satisfaction, his long tail swaying joyfully.

"You are *more* than pregnant, my dear new wife. You shall bear me *legions*. I await your first litter. It *swells* within you now."

"No! You can't - ohh! Oh Gods, I can feel - what's happening!?"

To the former prince's horror, her lower belly began to expand, as did the stomach upon her human half. Both grew in real time, developing into impressive domes that grew outwards, until she looked easily halfway along in pregnancy, both for a cow and for a human, or at least a very cow-like human on top.

"Nghhh!" she groaned. She was sweating through her fur, unable to even reach her lower belly but cupping her upper one. Something - several things - squirmed within it, and Serak knew this because his celestial magic allowed him to literally *sense* his developing bloodline. The cowtaur was beautiful and swollen, a broodmare already established, and she struggled, clenching her eyes shut and gritting her teeth as she was overwhelmed by the sensation of being not just a cowtaur, but an overwhelmingly gravid one.

"MOOOOO!!!" she cried. Her udder was even larger, dripping milk constantly, and her breasts were perched up on her belly and leaking constantly too. "HELP M-MOOOOO!!!"

Serak huffed happily. She would get used to her fate. After all, she would live as long as he would, and a Great Bull would live eternal unless eradicated like the last one. And Serak aimed to be smarter . . . and even more productive. He laid his gaze upon a mooring, moaning, and leaking Maratha. She was gorgeous, and oh-so-fertile. She looked up at him with pleading eyes, both hand-hooves upon her udder and trying to milk it.

"Let me help you," he bellowed.

"P-please, milk me!"

"No, that is not my job, my dear concubine. That will be the job of our children. Here, let me fill you with them."

He gripped her, lifting her up against him, and she spread her legs instinctively, her full udder squishing against his abs. His cock was already hard, his testes filling with seed, and his appetites were renewed. When he plunged into Maratha and the princess-to-be-turned-concubine wailed in pleasure, he knew he'd made the right choice.

What did law and justice matter, when he could get all he wanted and more like this?

Obina moaned and squealed as the next round of contractions hit her. Two cowfolk women aided her, urging her to push while Serak the Great Bull watched from the side with joy in his heart. They were in a grand war encampment, one that had seen mighty victories and great conversions, and numerous prisoners of war transformed into new wives and concubines for his bull soldiers, and the best of all reserved for Serak himself. Still, whenever his wife gave birth, the war march stopped so that he could bear witness to the enormous litters his wife gave him.

“You are giving me strapping new sons and daughters, dear wife,” he boomed. “I know it! You simply need to push.”

“MOOOO! I kn-know to p-push! I’ve p-pushed so m-many times already, *husband!*”

The former prince squeezed her eyes shut and let out a guttural growl. She bore down again, and suddenly a new cowtaur emerged from her bovine passage, right into the waiting arms of her midwives.

“M-Moooo! Oh Gods, that’s a-another. How m-many moo-ore to go this time?”

“Three or four to go, I’d say,” the nearest midwife said, helping a new cowtaur boy to the ground, where he started to test his feet and move to his mother’s udder by instinct.

“F-four!? Ahhhhh . . . so I’m h-having eleven!? But last time was *only* nine!? Nghhh! Oh Gods, let this b-be the last litter!”

Serak guffawed. “Far from the last, wife,” he said. The Great Bull was laying back upon his comfortable dais, resting atop numerous pillows, his great battleaxe always in reach and still coated in the blood of his enemies. Beside him was Maratha, as well as three other cowfolk women. Maratha was gravid with twins, and holding one child against her breast while two more drank from her udder - his latest boys. The other three were all in different stages of pregnancy. One had been a mighty warrior from a small clan that had refused to bow to him. The second had been a haughty vizier, one who’d allowed a clan to bribe him away from administering justice, after they had massacred a village long ago; *Serak’s* village. That had been particularly satisfying. The third was fascinating to him. She was named Eri, and had been little more than a poor yet attractive tavern wench. And yet, she had *asked* to be made a favoured concubine in exchange for telling him where his childhood enemies had fled across the Long Sands. Naturally, Serak agreed. She was swelling up quite nicely with her first litter, and evidently found it far more of a happy ending, and an arousing one, than many others he had transformed. He enjoyed the way she delighted in her body, and she looked to him now.

“My Great Bull,” she purred. “Your wife does so well, but she could be . . . more enthusiastic. Another could be your wife. Someone who loves her role in bringing you children. A woman such as I.”

He grinned, then caressed her midsection before squeezing her udder, which made her moo. "Perhaps I shall uplift you, dear Eri, one day. But for now, I shall enjoy breaking in Obina. She is so very productive, after all."

"And it's n-not f-fair! Ohhhhhh!" cried the princess-wife, squeezing out another child, this one a more humanoid cowgirl from between her forelegs, where her foremost vagina was. Those babies were brewed in her humanoid half's belly, and she let loose a loud moo as her next cowtaur child emerged from behind her.

"Lucky," Eri cooed, pouting a little in annoyance.

Maratha scoffed. "Be happy, both of you. For the Great Bull has still spared you his wrath. Unlike *them*."

She gestured with her hoof-hand to Clan Mombatta. They were in chains, their remaining number lying upon the grounds reserved for them, each beside the other. These were the ones who had destroyed Serak's village, who had put the girl he had been on the road to becoming the Great Bull. The Clan that had destroyed his family and taken his happy human origins from him. Now, they had finally paid the price for their evil. Not with truth and justice and order, all obsolete concepts to Serak now, but with the ferocity of battle, the plunging of axes into skulls, and the triumph of victory against them. They had been taken into chains and enslaved, frittered away as wives and concubines. But their clan leaders? They had been given a fate that Serak found most amusing. Even with so many cow-folk, there was simply not enough milk to feed his massive armies. And so these new cowfolk were literally immobile, their udders and three rows of breasts weighing them down for life. They mooed and moaned, barely capable of speech, shuddering as milk seeped from their overly-engorged mammaries.

"P-please!" one managed. "M-moo! Give us an honourable d-death! M-mooo!"

Serak chuckled darkly. "My village never received one, and neither shall any of you. Instead, you shall feed my armies. My children shall grow strong from your bounteous supply of milk, and my celebrating soldiers shall have you on tap when making their bloodmilk wine, ha!"

More moans, more moos. One cow-woman was having to spread her legs wider and wider as her ludicrously sized udder, practically the size of a cart, forced her thighs apart. That one was of particular amusement to Serak. She had defeated him in personal combat. Narip was his name, and he was the one who had given the order to burn Serak's village all those years ago. Revenge was not just sweet, it seemed, but milky sweet, for her produce was the finest of all. In fact, it made Serak lick his lips and rise from his seat.

"Wh-where are you g-going!?" Obina whined, forcing herself to bear down and push as she struggled with two calves through two different passages at once. Her midwives were once more at her side, helping her calves into the world as they exited at the exact same

time. The woman moaned, her breasts leaking almost as much as the defeated Clan Mombatta who were groaning in their chains across the encampment. “You c-can’t leave me! You’re always h-here for the births! You d-did this to me! You made moo-e all horny for making so m-many litters of c-calves! I give you the s-strongest children, the l-least you can do it b-be here while I’m - nghhh - pushing them out, damn you!”

She was not normally so insolent, but she *was* in labour. Maratha shifted to pat her flank. She was a good friend to her former betrothed prince, perhaps because the power balance had shifted dramatically between them, what with how submissive Obina was forced to be now.

“It’s okay, dear Obina,” Maratha said. “You will be a glorious mother again soon. Your udder and breasts will make your calves mighty, as I have learned of my own body.”

“You’re n-not having eleven c-calves!”

“I shall be back, my love,” the Great Bull said. “But I’m going for a drink first. After such a grand victory, I’d say I’ve earned it. Right, my lovelies?”

His cowgirl harem cooed in approval, Eri in particular showing her enthusiasm.

“Bring some more for me,” she purred. “I want to make my calves big and strong for you.”

Serak sighed happily, rubbing her womb, followed by Maratha’s, and then moving to even touch Obina’s struggling womb - both of them, in fact.

“They will all be big and strong,” he proclaimed, sweeping his gaze across his mighty war encampment, which was continuing to carve out a mighty army that brought endless pleasure to his soldiers and most of all to him. This family would *never* be taken away from him. It would only grow stronger and stronger, larger and larger, as the Great Bull’s glory rose to strike fear and awe across the known world once more. For Serak, that was greater than any naive sense of justice.

Besides, it was a lot more fun.

The End