

# Bullied Revenge (FtM, Animal)

The first thing you feel as you wake up is the painful throbbing in your head. A haze lay heavy on your mind, muddling your thoughts and making it hard to think straight. For a moment, you believe you are still back at home, lying on the hard tiled floor of your bathroom after a night of heavy drinking. Hungover and tired, nothing more. But, as you try to move your arms and legs, only to find them bound, you realize that something is wrong.

You open your eyes, and you can see only darkness. It is impossible to move your arms or legs, both bound tightly, and that only fuels your panic even more. The enclosed space you are in is tiny, making it hard to move around even a little. Your heart is beating like a drum in your chest, so loudly you could barely hear anything else. Muffled screams leave your taped-over mouth, your mind racing as it tries to figure out what is going on. Your entire body feels slow and sluggish, far more than what it would be after a night of clubbing and drinking. Your long brown hair is still tied back into a tight bun on your head, although a few loose locks now hang over your face as you continue to struggle.

Slowly but surely, you start to calm down a little after a few minutes of blindly kicking and screaming. You are hyperventilating, heart racing, and mind aching, but at least you can think a bit more clearly than a few moments ago. It doesn't take long before you realize that you are in the trunk of a car, and the sound of tires running over a dirt road soon reaches your ears. You can feel that you are wearing the red heels from last night, the four-inch shoes you always put on when going out clubbing. A soft groan slips out of your muffled mouth when you bump your hips against something sharp, tearing a small hole in your low-cut dress. It's easy to figure out that you never made it home last night, but everything else is a blur.

Soon, however, you start to piece things together, and you begin to remember a few things. You remember meeting the girls at the club last night, just like any other weekend, and you remember drinking and dancing your ass off. Then, you remember what happened later that night. You met someone. A woman. A familiar face. **Kate!** The fat hick from high school that Jessica, Tammy, and your friends always teased and picked on because she was so weird. You always felt bad for how they treated her, but you never dared to stand up to the girl back then.

It has been nearly half a decade since you graduated high school, and she was the last person you expected to meet at a club late in the night. You were pretty drunk when you met her, but you remember chatting with her. Vague memories of drunkenly apologizing to her soon poured in. Kate didn't seem angry or upset, and she even offered to buy you a drink. After that, everything is blurry and hazy. It is hard to believe that the girl would stoop so low as to drug and kidnap you. Then again, nothing else makes sense.



The car stops. Your heart is beating faster and faster, and the sound of a door opening and heavy footsteps approaching soon reaches your ears. The trunk opens, and the pale light from the moon and stars shines down over your bound and gagged body. A thick and tall figure is staring down at you, your vision blurry and hazy as you adjust to the faint light. You know who it is, even with your groggy vision, and a shiver courses through your body. **Kate**.

"Wow, you're already up, huh? I thought you'd be asleep until we at least got to the barn. Oh well, it doesn't matter."

Kate is staring down at your bound body with her pale eyes as a smile spreads over her thin lips. She runs a thick hand through her short blonde hair, scratching the shaved side of her skull before rubbing her chin. The blonde girl has an imposing yet mannish figure, with thick stocky arms and a bulky and clumsy frame. It's hard to tell if she is a man or a woman, especially since she clearly didn't bother shaving her arms or legs. She isn't the fat-ass she used to be in high school anymore. Sure, she is still a bit chubby, but the padding only conceals some of the woman's beefy physique. Recent years of toiling at a farm shaped her obese body into a bulky and muscular figure, one that has no problem picking up your girly body from the trunk.

**"MMMMGGGHHGHHGMMMMMM!"**

You kick and squirm in her arms, but it's like fighting against a machine. Her arms are as thick as your thighs, and she could probably carry you and another girl at the same time without breaking a sweat.

"Quit squirmin', princess. It won't do you any good."

She's right, and you knew it. That didn't mean that you like it, and you continue to kick and try to push yourself out of her grip despite how futile it is. However, as you continue your struggles, you try to figure out where you are. The unfamiliar stench of animals quickly hits your nostrils, making you gag, and it is easy to see that you are no longer in the city. It is a large farm with open fields surrounding the barn, stables, and farmhouse, one that you assume Kate owns.

"I know I'm not some smart big-city gal and that I ain't the sharpest tool in the shed, but I ain't as dumb as you girls think I am. It might be hard to believe, but my family has been dabblin' in magic for centuries, and I'm getting quite good at it!"

That is incredibly hard to believe. Kate certainly isn't a genius, but talking about magic as if it exists made her sound even more like a gullible hick. Is she crazy? There is no other explanation to first kidnapping you and then muttering about Harry Potter shit with a straight face. She is carrying you towards the barn, and the smells only get worse as you approach it. You hear animals inside, low moos, and faint neighs of cattle and horses.

"My aunt never allowed me to do anythin' with it, which is a shame. But, now that she's in a better place, I can finally repay the '*kindness*' you girls showed me back in school."



Her words are ominous, and a shiver courses through your body. Your head is pounding, heart racing, as the alcohol and drugs continue to ravage your system. It is impossible to hold back your tears, and a few roll down your cheek as she carries you into the large building. The light from inside blinds you, causing you to squint and your headache to get worse. She is standing still when your vision clears up enough for you to see again. You are in a large and open room now, hay on the floor, where the cattle could walk freely inside. Kate places you down on a small bench near the wall, one hand around your neck to ensure that you don't escape.

"You know, I was actually going to give up on my plan after you apologized last night. But, after hearing you retell some of the '*hilarious*' pranks you and the others pulled on me back in high school, I realized that you're still the same **bitch** as you were back then," she says, staring deep into your scared eyes with her pale malicious gaze.

She puts her hand in her pocket, rummaging around in it before pulling something out. It is a ring, thick and golden, with intricate and odd inscriptions all over it. Your head is pounding like crazy already, but you could swear it is getting worse the more you stare at it. You feel another shiver through your body, but this time it is different. It isn't fear but horror. That ring, something is wrong with it.

"See this ring? Hope you like it since you'll be wearin' it from now on!" she said, pressing the ring against your nose. A sudden and sharp pain hits your body, emanating from your nose and causing more tears to roll down your cheek. The ring is so big that it hangs over your lips, nearly reaching down to your chin, and it slaps against your ruby red lips as you shake your head in pain.

"**MMMGGGHMMM!**" you say, trying your best to plead and beg her to let you go. But it is impossible to talk with the tape over your mouth as it let out only muffled moans and pained groans.

"Yeah, I know. It's a bit painful. But don't worry, thanks to it, you'll soon be swimming in as much pussy as you want."

Kate lets go of the ring, and to your shock, it still hangs from your nose. You shake your head, feeling how the ring still holds tightly onto your nose. It is pierced through the middle of your nose, almost fused to your body through inexplicable ways. Your drugged mind struggles to comprehend how it is even possible, but you didn't have time to ponder on that for very long. Kate suddenly pulls out a knife, cutting the zip ties that bind your hands and feet before pushing you deeper into the room. It all happens so fast that you don't have time to react, now stumbling on your heels before falling into the hay.

"Have fun, princess~!"

The next thing you hear is the door slamming shut behind you, a metallic rattle soon following as she locks the door. You stand up and pull the tape off from your mouth, groaning and screaming in pain as it comes off. Then, you scamper towards the door and slam your pretty hands against the hard wooden thing. Your bracelets clink against each other as you do, your



hands hurt after only a few moments of struggling, and your pleas fall on deaf ears. The pain in your nose, and the slight tapping against your lips, is a constant reminder of the 'gift' that Kate gave you.

You reach up and pull at it, sending more stings of pain through your nose. As inexplicable and unbelievable as it seemed, the ring pierced your nose. Gentle heat is now spreading down your spine, seemingly emanating from the nose ring, and it is causing your entire body to itch and ache. Your hangover is gradually fading as the heat spread, thankfully, and your thoughts are clearing up in the process. It didn't undo the fact that you are locked in a barn filled with cows, kidnapped and pierced against your will.

The herd had been startled when Kate had dragged your sorry ass in here, and they continued to stare at you as you stood there hammering your fists against the door. Soon, your chest is aching, and you assume it's merely from the stress of everything that's happening. However, it gets worse as your start to beat faster and harder, soon reaching the point where your chest is aching. Even your abdomen hurts in the same way, causing you to place a hand on both your flat stomach and your modest bosom.

The heat is unbearable now. The ring feels hot against your body, almost burning your skin, and sweat is pouring down your feminine frame. You fall to your knees, one hand gripping your stomach and the other wiping off sweat from your face. The cows approach you, some staying behind in fear but most staring at you with dimwitted curiosity. You only notice it when one is right in front of you, letting out a loud moo right in front of you. Something is triggered in your brain as the sound echo through your head, causing your loins to pulsate and flush with heat.

It is a sensation that you never experienced before. It is getting worse and worse with each cow that joined in the mooing, your ears ringing from the sound. The sights, the sounds, the smells. It is too much for your frazzled mind. The sensation is so intense that you don't notice that your feminine snatch is shrinking or that your clitoris is surging in size. You scream at them, hissing that they should shut up, but it only makes things worse. Pain transforms to pleasure as your thong suddenly feels tight. Something is straining it, and you move a hand down over your crotch to feel what it is. Your heart skips a beat when your hand rubs against something firm and unexpected.

**A bulge.** You stare down beyond your perky breasts at your loins, eyes wide open with disbelief at the sight of the tiny bulge between your legs. It is throbbing and twitching wildly, the bulge growing in size each time. You don't dare touch it, fearing that it might gain in size if you do, and you place your hands on your head as you stare at it. Then, to your horror, you watch as it grows and swells in size. The pain is gone at this point, aside from a slight ache in your chest and tummy. Pleasure replaces it as your thong struggle to contain the undeniable manhood that grows between your legs. What remains of your pussy disappears, your snatch closing up, and your feminine reproductive system shriveling away.

You deny it and close your eyes, now on your knees in the hay. Yet, it did nothing to stop it. Soon the pain returns when your thong becomes far too small for your growing cock and



swelling sack. It is too much for you to handle, and you tell yourself that you need to do something. So, without thinking, you reach down and pull up your dress. A moment later, you pull down your thong and let the monstrous growth hang free between your legs. You stare at the thick veiny dick, watching as it throbs and grows with each passing moment. Large globs of pre-cum leak from the tip, staining the hay underneath you.

*'This is just a nightmare,'* you tell yourself, but it is hard to deny what is right in front of you. The cock twitch and throbs, growing each time, and the urge to grab it grows stronger with each passing moment. It is already the most impressive dick you've ever seen, over a foot long, and it is still growing. Eventually, hormones and sexual urges overcome your disgust and fear. You let out a gasp as you grab your cock with your dainty hands, feeling the massive piece of meat throbbing in your grip. More pre-cum leak from the tip, staining both the hay and your thighs. Your testicles grow steadily, dangling underneath your swelling cock, and they are already the size of tennis balls. They become less round and more oval as they grow, soon shifting into a less than human shape.

Your body is aching now, especially your legs, and you don't notice your feet shifting as you rub and stroke your cock. Your heels struggle to fit over your shifting feet, slowly pushing off the increasingly more hoof-like appendages. Your nails spread over your toes, covering them in the now black substance before merging into a single clump. The sound of your hooves scraping against the hard wooden floor under the hay reach your ears, but you are too aroused to hear it.

Muscles swell on your legs, thickening at a rapid rate and erasing your lithe feminine limbs. Soon your thighs are growing at an accelerated rate, thickening up and swelling until they look far more at home on a bodybuilder. Soft pops and faint snaps reach your ears as your pelvis widens, the sensation of which causes you to gasp and moan.

At this point, your cock is around two feet long and still swelling at a steady rate. More and more pre-cum is leaking from your dick, the stench of your masculine need soon reaching your nostrils. Yet, you are too aroused to care. The only thing on your mind now is getting some sweet release. You are getting closer and closer to it, your tongue dangling out of your mouth as your lust-addled brain is unable to comprehend anything else.

Your naked hooves scrape against the wooden floor as you shudder and squirm on your knees. Fur soon spreads over them and your legs, covering your limbs in a coarse and short black coat. It surges up your legs, covering more and more of it, and your muscles swell as it pushes upward. You finally get what you want when it reaches your thighs, your cock twitching wildly as you finally orgasm.

A long guttural moan escapes your lips as you cum, thick white seed now spraying out over the hay in front of you. Your entire body shudders, your brain buzzing and aching with lust, and you nearly collapse when it happens. However, as your libido subsides, you finally realize what is going on. You stare down at the cock in your hands, the three-foot dick slowly going flaccid in your hands, and you let out a shriek. Your oval balls are over eight inches long now, and they



are still swelling in size. Fur spreads up to them, covering them in the short coat, and you feel them pulling slightly into your body.

You stand up, more tears running down your cheek, and you stumble around on your bulky legs for a bit. It doesn't take long before you realize why you have a hard time walking, and the sight of your hooves makes you shudder in fear. Your semi-erect dick is dangling and flailing around as you stumble on your hoofed feet, the cock slowly going flaccid and pulling back into a bull-like sheath. It never goes fully flaccid, though, as the sights of the beasts in the room trigger something in your mind. You are straight as an arrow, yet the cows and their bovine cunts arouses some tiny part of your mind.

The ring in your nose pulsates with heat, sending more unwanted and undeniable pleasure through your body. It acts as a lightning rod, channeling the energies in the room straight into your body. The mooing cows sound almost like chanting, and the smells and sounds pierce into your mind. You can feel muscles surging into your legs and backside, causing your enticing bubble-butt to push out and gradually thicken. The feminine shape slowly disappears as it grows stronger, stretching your dress as it becomes flatter and less human.

You stumble towards the door on your powerful hooves, fists again slamming against the door. Sudden pain in your backside makes you groan as bone and tissue shift. A small bump forms at the top of your increasingly more bovine rear, and it grows at an accelerated rate. A tail soon pushes out from your body, pulling up your dress above your hips and revealing your fur-covered ass. It steadily lengthens, a tuft of fur forms at the end of it, and it isn't long before you are the 'proud' owner of a bull-like tail. It flails wildly behind you as you continue to hammer your fists against the locked door.

Another series of cracks make you cry out in pain, and you stumble backward with your hands at your hips. You glance down, eyes wide with disgust and shock at the sight of your bull-like cock that continues to drip pre-cum, and you watch as your pelvis widens. It grows thicker, stronger, and more muscles surge into your backside and lower body. The wide feminine hips soon disappear as they become bulkier and less human, tears rolling down your cheek as you press your hands against it. It doesn't even look like hips anymore, but the thick and powerful haunches of a bull. Your insides gurgle and your ass ache as your intestines, bowels, and organs grow and become less and less human. The dress was starting to struggle, straining and tearing slightly, despite that it's pulled up to your waist.

You continue to panic, staring around the room for another way out of this place. At the same time, you tug and pull at the ring in your nose. It hurts, sending pain through your face, and it gets warmer from your touch. The pain spreads to your hand, and you pull it away with a gasp. You stare down at it, watching as fingers crack and nails spread over your digits. A few moments later, your other hand starts to ache, and you see how they slowly reshape into something far less human. You scream, shaking your increasingly more hoof-like limbs, and watch as fingers pull back into your hands. You turn your gaze up again, your massive heart skipping a beat in your chest as you see a window. It is far up, but if you climb some haystacks, then you figure you might reach it.



Each step you take reminds you of your inhuman limbs, hooves clomping against the wooden floor as you hurry towards the window. You push some cows out of the way, upset moos soon spreading through the room, your arms getting stiffer and hands shifting into hooves as you do. The bracelets around your wrists slide off when your hands fully transform, landing softly in the hay on the floor. A series of cracks and pops reach your ears, and your arms ache as bones as your elbows change. Your arms soon bend the wrong way, and you feel more muscles surging into your changing and lengthening limbs. Your hands are gone by the time you reach the bails of hay, and the pain in your waist gets worse.

When you move near the cows, you can smell the stench from them. The disgusting aroma triggers something in your head, causing your cock to grow hard and erect. You can feel it. The **urge**. The **need**. It steadily builds up in your mind, getting worse with each passing moment. It should disgust you, but the glimpse of a bovine cunt in front of you triggers new synapses in your head. You push it away, but it is getting harder to resist the unwanted urges building inside of your brain.

Your waist aches as you start to climb, and your organs now feel like they are too big for your torso. You can feel yourself shaking slightly as your monstrously large heart thump in your chest, and your massive lungs push your chest out quite a bit with each breath. Ribs pop and grow, causing your torso to barrel out to make room for your swelling organs. At the same time, you can feel your breasts shrinking on your torso. Fat turned to muscles, causing your soft mounds to become harder, smaller, and firmer with each passing moment. The dress struggles to contain your swelling torso, now tearing and ripping apart as your waist starts to expand.

A deep groan, almost a bellow, escapes your lips, and you hear how deep your voice is getting. The once feminine tone was now thicker and far less dainty. More tears roll down your flushed cheeks as you push yourself up on the bails of hay, cock swaying and balls aching as your libido increase exponentially. You lean forward, using your clumsy hoof-limbed arms to climb higher on the haystacks when you gasp from a loud pop from your spine. Suddenly, you found it impossible to stand up straight, and you found yourself tumbling down to the floor with a loud thump. You lie on your side for a few moments, breathing heavily and groaning with discomfort, before you push yourself up. You use your arms as legs, and you are soon standing on all fours, just like the rest of the cattle here. Once again, you try to push yourself upright, but another few pops in your hips stop you dead in your tracks.

Horror and fear wash over your mind as you realize that you can't stand up anymore. Instead, you remain on all fours, like an animal, and you see how your arms shift a bit more into a pair of beastly hooves. Shoulders crack, realigning for a life on all fours, and you cry out in pain. You bellow again, your voice deep and husky when your torso expands massively in all directions. It tears apart, falling off in tatters, as your once womanly torso thickens with muscles, bones, and tissue. Your curves disappear, and your mass increases dramatically. You can feel the weight of your new body, each step causing the wooden floor to creak as you move your heavy frame. Muscles pour in, thickening your torso even more, and you can feel your weight increasing even more. A series of pops in your neck realigns your head a bit as you realize you are looking



straight ahead now. Even your neck thickens, swelling and growing to support a much larger skull.

At this point, your body is massive. Over two thousand pounds of fur-covered muscles and meat, your healthy black coat of fur glistening slightly in the pale light. You have the body worthy of a breeding bull, and you certainly got the libido to match it. The disgusting scents around the room become less revolting, and your cock even throbs with delight at some of them.

Fur spread over your bull-like body, covering everything from your neck down in a short and coarse black coat. All that remains at this point is your head, but that was going to change very soon. The ring in your nose is still pulsating and warm from the magic inside it, channeling bovine energies in the room straight into your body. You shake your head, feeling how your long brown hair was falling off in clumps, and you can feel how your brain is marinating in a sea of beastly hormones and vile magic. Once again, you see a cow presenting herself to you, and your balls ache in a way you never experienced before. God, it hurt so bad, but the urge is too much.

You can feel yourself walking on all fours towards the cow, at first unsteadily on your powerful limbs but soon with ease as your brain adjust to your new body. Each step causes the floor to creak as you continue to grow larger and heavier, muscles pouring into your bullish frame. You only realize what you are doing when your nose is inches away from the warm and inviting folds of the cow, your nostrils flaring as you breathe in the beastly aroma. That is the tipping point for your strained and struggling mind. You start to drool, eyes closed with overwhelming lust, as you push yourself forward and upward. Soon your heavy frame is on top of the cows, another deep and guttural bellow leaving your lips as you align your cock in front of the bovine hole.

There was a moment when everything seemed frozen. You could think clearly, feeling the tears rolling down your cheek as you realize what you are about to do. The woman inside of you, the person, tries to resist these new urges. However, it is already too late. Your mind is baking in a stew of hormones, now feeling like it is about to melt. Then, time unfreezes, and you let out an aroused moan as you plunge your bull-cock deep into the cow's body.

The pleasure is too much. The only thing you can focus on is thrusting and fucking the bovine cunt, over and over again. You are only vaguely aware of your face pushing outward, nose widening, and jaw cracking as it took on a more bull-like shape. Your temples hurt as horns grow out of your skull, gaining a fraction of an inch with each thrust. The massive gold ring looks smaller and smaller as your nose grows, widening and flattening until it resembles something close to what the cows have. Your teeth ache, becoming flatter and thicker, as your jaw grows to a more appropriate shape and size. Fur sweeps up your neck and head, covering everything in the same black coat that covers the rest of your body.

It doesn't take long before your orgasm, sending a massive wave of virile seed straight into the heifer. When the cum leaves your body, you can feel how your brain tingles. Your intelligence plummets greatly, and you find it harder to understand things that were obvious before. Math



and complex thoughts become too much for your shrinking brain, leaving more room for your beastly urges and more basic instincts to take over.

You push yourself off, still too aroused to think, as your face shifts even more. A moment later, you fuck another cow. At this point, you are indistinguishable from any other rutting bull in the world, a massive beast of burden whose only job is to inseminate cows. You orgasm again, and your intelligence diminishes even more. Memories of your old self and old life become too confusing and hard to understand. You still remember your old self, but they are becoming too much for your simpler brain to grasp. Your blue eyes start to flicker, the color draining rapidly from them. Your left eye was the first to go, leaving them the same dull glossy black as the rest of the cows here. You try to hold onto your memories and intellect through the hazy pleasurable mist, but it is like trying to topple a mountain with just your fists. Each time you blink, you feel your right eye changing. Tears stop pouring down the side of your increasingly bovine face as your right eyes changes, leaving it the same dull black color as your other one.

Another cow and another orgasm, and your brain continue to melt. Your once sharp mind is soon as dull and dimwitted as the beasts around you. Complex thoughts and emotions are replaced with basic instincts and urge. Your large curved horns stop growing when they are intimidating and thick, sitting right at home on your now bullish head.

Eat. Sleep. **Breed**. They are the only concepts that make sense to your bullish brain. The memory of being afraid and panicking still lingers in your brain, but you are unable to understand it. The nose ring, the now comparably tiny thing that pierces your bovine nostrils, starts to cool. The magic dissipates, but not before sending a shiver through your body. One last spell, an anchoring enchantment, courses through your body. It locks your body like this, erasing what remains of your old body and making it impossible to undo the magic. The woman you had been was gone, and you would be nothing more than a breeding bull for the rest of your life.

Then again, you didn't care or notice it at all. All your simplistic mind could focus on was the fertile heifers in the room, each one in need of your virile and potent seed.

Kate sat in her home, looking through some of her aunt's spellbooks, as the vulgar sounds of cows bellowing in heat reach her ears. It was hard for the mannish woman not to smile at the sound of her new bull busy at work.

"Looks like someone's havin' fun!" she says with a chuckle. Kate glances down at a small list of names in front of her, a sinister grin spreading across her thin lips as she crosses out your name on it.

"Now, which one of these **bitches** should I take on next?"