

Cowgirl Honeymoon (Cowgirl TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Transvenom

Daisy was once an ordinary woman, but ever since an unexpected event she has adjusted to her life as a milky, mult-mammaried anthro-cowgirl. Now, she celebrates a lovely honeymoon with her new husband Tod, with whom she is already expecting a whole litter of babies growing in her belly . . .

Cowgirl Honeymoon

Daisy sipped at her lovely hot cocoa as she sat on the porch of the log cabin and enjoyed the view. This was one of the most talked-about ski resorts in the area, a perfect mountain landscape coated with fresh snow that extended to the horizon ranges. It was beautiful beyond belief, but quite cold as well. Not that Daisy minded all too much: her body had ways of keeping her warm ever since a medical trial involving a mad scientist had changed her.

Once, she had been an ordinary human woman, and a rather cute one at that, with vibrant red hair and a slim figure. Now, however, after what authorities now called 'The Incident,' a phony medical experiment that had fooled thousands of people and resulted in them being changed, she now possessed an altogether different form, one that she'd taken a couple of years to adjust to. She was, simply put, a cowgirl. An *anthro* cowgirl, thankfully, meaning that she was still bipedal, still possessed a humanoid body structure, and still had a human-like face, even if she did have a pair of cows horns jutting several curving inches out from the top of her forehead, as well as a rather cute snout that pushed out from her face. It made her nose wider, giving her bovine nostrils, but it was not a full cow's snout either, and as such looked rather attractive given the rest of her look, particularly as it paired with her soft, brown-furred ears. She'd even kept her long red hair, which went all the way down to the small of her back.

But the rest of her body was far more greatly changed, and even covered up as she was in a warm shirt and thick sweater, as well as her modified snow trousers, she was still visibly quite non-human. For one, not only did she have large breasts, each bigger than her own head, but she had *two* pairs of them, the second pair just as large and sagging low enough to obscure her bellybutton with her cleavage. Her figure was thick, with a generous coating of fat along her flanks and her rear especially, giving her thick thighs, and there was a reason for that; she needed the lower body strength to support her immense *udder*. Yes, Daisy had an actual *udder*, one that was now the size of a beach ball, warm and occasionally gurgling, full of milk. It, along with her similarly productive quadruple set of

breasts, meant that she didn't have to be nearly so rugged up as others on the resort: her milk was warm, and it kept her body warm.

"This is the life," she murmured, raising her hot cocoa to her lips again. Her tail waved happily, a long ropey thing that snaked out from over the lip of her trousers, which had a flap at the front so she could access her udder and milk it when needed, without needing to change. She tapped her hooves on the floorboard of the resort cabin porch, smiling to herself.

It was then that her babies kicked, and she was reminded of the *other* massive change in her life. Daisy lowered a hand to rub her very round stomach, the one stretching her sweater to its limits, and she grinned happily.

"Awake now are we, my darlings?"

Another powerful series of kicks from the babies growing inside of her. *Multiple* babies. Six entire little bovine babies, in fact. It turns out that the Incident had also left her body very fertile, a fact she had not only come to accept but celebrated now that she loved her form. Unfortunately, a downwards headbutt from one of her calves caused her to moo slightly, and her udder released some milk into her trousers.

"Oh, darn!" she mused. She quickly opened the front flap of her trousers and released her prodigious udder. Each of the teats was leaking, and she hefted her heavy weight to move the milking machine she'd brought with her around. Attaching the pumps, she mooed softly in bliss as it began to work away on her.

"Mhmmooo," she said, catching the attention of some fascinated tourists headed out for a ski. She waved at them, uncaring about her strange sight. They could guess she was an Incident 'victim' on their own, not that she felt like a victim anymore. Not as blessed as she was, seven months along with six healthy babies to drink from her many mammaries when they emerged. And especially not because she was here, at this wonderful resort, and with her-

"You look absolutely stunning, my love," came a man's voice.

-her loving new husband Todd, the father of her children here with her. He had his usual tousled brown hair and his kind eyes, and she couldn't help but admire his shoulders, even if he was having to suit up for the warmth. He had his own cup of cocoa, but set it aside to give her a long, romantic kiss, his hand snaking along her belly to feel the kicks of their children.

"Mmmh," she said as their lips parted. "Carefully, *hubbie*, if you get me too excited you'll wake the rest of them."

"It's a risk I'm willing to take."

"Hey, don't forget I have to have six of them in me."

“Don’t act like you don’t like it. I heard those contented little moos while I was making my own drink. And don’t act like you don’t like *this* either.”

He pressed himself against her, cuddling her warm and occasionally stroking her chest. She rested her head against his, loving the feeling of his touch, and not minding the way he rather provocatively stirred her breasts, though he was subtle about it.

“I wish the week wasn’t coming to a close already,” Daisy said. “I miss my other babies, but . . . I could use another week here.”

Tod kissed her softly on the cheek and stroked her tail - God, she’d hated that tail once. Now she couldn’t imagine life without it. It certainly gave good counterbalance to all her front-loaded weight these days.

“I know, but the kids will be missing you. All *nine* of them.”

She giggled. “It’ll be fifteen soon. And these ones are *yours*.”

Tod kissed her again. “They’re all mine,” he said softly. “Blood doesn’t matter so much as being there for them.”

She loved him so much. He’d come into her life when she’d already discovered her hyperfertility twice over. That had been another side effect of the deceptive experimentation upon her; a hyperfertility formula that left her pregnant not once, but twice. It had worn off now, thankfully, but now she was more knocked up than ever, and by the old-fashioned means as well. She should have been scared, but she had her husband. Tod was real. He was *present*. Yes, her milky, curvaceous cowgirl form aroused him greatly, a fact she was thankful for, but he loved her truly, and all their kids.

“I imagine Tara has her hands full babysitting them,” she said, referring to her friend. “She’s great and all, but it’s exhausting, as we both know.”

“Well, it may be that we’re going back soon, my darling wife, but our honeymoon isn’t over yet. And I promise to show you a good time. I’ve got the whole day planned, so let’s get off this porch before the cold turns all that milk in your udder and boobs into ice cream!”

Daisy guffawed at this. “If I wasn’t so preggers, I’d smack you for that!”

It was hard to imagine what he had planned, but Daisy was greatly curious and excited. They’d already enjoyed an elaborate traditional theatre play two days ago just one day over, and Daisy had managed to go the whole time without needing to get herself milked, which was lovely. She drew eyes and conversation, but she didn’t care; it had been lovely. The same was true of the relaxing river cruise near the fjords, and the shopping districts they’d visited together, which had a darling little store that made custom bras for her double set of

boobs, and even including maternity pads to absorb her extra milk. The dinner, of course, had been most intimate of all, and she'd had three courses.

"I'm eating for seven, remember?" she'd said with a sheepish look, rubbing her belly.

But what else could there be? Tod had told her to get ready, and also advised her to go have a shower with him.

"Oh, but I'm already dressed and ready!" she'd said. "It takes far too long for a cowgirl to get changed, especially pregnant!"

"A shame, I like showering with you."

"Moo. Well, I don't mind watching my buff man in the shower."

He was more than happy to show off, then. She admired his naked form, even touching her own swollen nipples a little as she watched the steam over his naked body. He had a battle scar down his right arm from his military service, and while most men couldn't pull off a mullet, his brown hair and carefree way made it work. Occasionally, he looked at her, and she beamed as she took in his emerald gaze.

Only when he emerged, and got fully dressed ("Boo!" she said), were they ready to go. He took his pregnant cowgirl wife by the arm and helped her down the steps. She loved snow, but her hooves did make it a little hard to traverse.

"What a gentleman," she said.

"Trust me, my bride, you ain't seen nothing yet!"

Tod wasn't wrong, she really hadn't. The first part of the date encompassed a very romantic stroll through some nearby woods that were famed for their beauty. Indeed, the sight of the crystalline lake and the uncivilised mountainscape had Daisy gasping. She had to stop briefly to milk herself, but thankfully the stroll was very private, and the two continued. It was on an even surface as well, which meant that she was not too tired for it, given her swollen belly. Well, not too tired, until Tod threw a snowball at her, which landed right in her lower left boob.

"Moo! Hey! Did you just hit me a pregnant lady with a freakin' snowball?"

He gave a shit-eating grin. "Just a small one!"

"That tears it! You've made one mamma cowgirl angry now!"

It was a good thing she was next to a pile of snow to her left, because she was much too big to easily bend down, particularly given how low her udder was hanging. Still, she grabbed the biggest chunk of snow she could, smoothing it into a sphere, and dodged her husband's next light throw.

“Take *this!*” she announced, flinging it in his direction. It came so close to hitting him that he didn’t suspect the smaller snowball she’d already made.

“Ha! The pregnancy is throwing off your aim, honey, because - MMPH!”

Right in the mouth. “Bullseye!” she shouted, giggling.

“Bull is right,” he said. “Because you’re about to get the horns, missy!”

“Please, we both know the only one with horns in this relationship is me, honey.”

The new husband and wife flung snowballs at each other, though each was careful given her pregnancy. A shot right on her udder caused it to leak a little, the milk freezing against her trouser leg. She grunted and tossed a snowball his way, using her greater strength to get him right in his back as he retreated. Tod pirroretted and landed on his back, laughing.

“Okay, okay!” he announced. “You win!”

He moved his arms to make a snow angel, shifted about in the snow. With a careful lowering of her large form, Daisy did the same. Her own snow angel was a bit different: her tail gave an extra flourish to it, as did the presence of her horns as she leaned her head back. Coupled with her larger size, the pair laughed as she got back up.

“I guess my snow angel is more of a fat snow *devil*,” she remarked.

“Nonsense,” Tod said. “There’s no one more angelic than you.”

“Awww, that was corny as hell.”

“But it worked on you, right?”

She licked her lips. “Yeah, okay. It worked pretty well.”

After making a snowman, they walked back and enjoyed a lovely lunch together at a traditional open buffet that Tod had arranged. Daisy ate her fill - still eating for seven - and relaxed, enjoying the relaxation from having to hold her whole pregnant body up. But once they were finished, Tod was already pulling her along to the next activity, one which surprised her greatly.

“Wait . . . skiing!? You can’t be serious!”

Tod held up his hands as they ascended upon the ski lift. To Daisy’s embarrassment, their life chair sagged to one side slightly, due to her much greater wait. At least Tom was enjoying being sandwiched against her.

“Hear me out. It’s a really minor slope. Literally for children. I’ve had custom skis ordered for you, and you know I’ve got a licence to train skiing that I renew, so I’ve paid for us to have this little section to ourselves.”

“But - but I’m pregnant!”

“Don’t worry, I’ll be there. You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do. But you keep telling me how much you want to learn to ski, but how it’s never the right time. Well, here’s a time for you, my love. I’ll be there with you.”

Biting her lip, Daisy agreed. Truly, she was nervous about looking ridiculous, or having other people laugh at her, or look down on her. But instead, the very small slope was barely an incline, and no one was in sight except for half a mile up, where the professional slopes were. Tod had gone to the extra effort of having custom skis made for, ones that clasped around her hooves and were extra wide to accommodate her form. It felt like having two snowboards attached to her feet, and it tugged at the brown fur that grew around her calves and ankles, but a sense of exhilaration grew within her as her husband held her form from behind on his smaller skis.

"I've got you," he said. "You can only fall back onto that lovely rump of yours."

"My massive ass, you mean."

"Well, I was going to say magnificent ass, but you do you."

She snorted through her bovine nostrils. Her babies kicked, as if eagerly pushing her forward. "Okay, let's do this, then!" she announced.

Tod helped push her forward, keeping her steady as they went down the small slope. And yet, despite how this was merely a child's slope, Daisy couldn't help herself from crying out in glee.

"WHEEEEEEEE!" she exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear. When she reached the end she exhaled happily. "Let's do that again!"

It was a series of clumsy efforts, of course. She landed on her wide rear a number of times, and even once on her tail, and it caused her boobs to tremble heavily even beneath her snow jacket, not to mention her udder to slap against her thighs. Daisy didn't care though; she was actually skiing!

It was something she continued to smile at, even after Tod sent her to a luxurious ski lounge for a maternity massage. She was allowed to be naked - a truly freeing experience - and lay on her side with just a towel to cover her privates. The staff had been told ahead of time about her condition, and they were so wonderfully delicate and asked no probing questions. She sighed and looked out the window at the view of the mountains.

"I have the best husband," she said to herself.

The last location was one that was somehow even more romantic. At that same luxurious lounge, Tod welcomed her after she got changed. He was dressed more professionally than usual, though his white shirt clung to his impressive muscles in a way she *very* much appreciated.

"And now, time for a romantic dinner, my darling wife," he said.

She mooed in an excited fashion, took his arm, and allowed him to lead her up to the 3-star Michelin restaurant at the apex of the building. She had changed into an actual dress for the event, something he'd told her in advance to prepare for. It was more risqué than she ordinarily wore: a rather sexy red maternity dress that clung tightly to her immense mound and also to her four fat breasts. It had two sets of cleavage windows, which was *very* daring, and while her udder was technically concealed, the dress portion didn't exactly disguise it beneath the surface either, what with her teats pressing against the material. She felt rather alluring thanks to her husband's gaze, but a number of people looked her way as she entered the restaurant, some of them talking amongst one another in surprise.

"They all know you're beautiful too," Tod told her. "And the ones who don't are fools."

Her heart fluttered at this, and truth be told, she was more than happy to flaunt her body now and let everyone else eventually figure out that she was good looking. Yes, she was a bovine lass, but the Incident had changed a lot of ideas about beauty, so why couldn't she do her part?

They sat there, enjoying one another's company, discussing their excitement for their coming babies, how they were going to fit all their children in one place, whether they needed to organise another extension to the house (thankfully, they weren't exactly lacking in the finances department right now), and generally how each of their kids would react when they returned. The meals came, and Daisy was glad to see that Tod had taken seriously her request not to eat beef in front of her - instead he ordered some reindeer, something she found much more acceptable. The food was beyond delicious, and all of it was covered by Tod, who refused to let her see the pricing. Instead, she ordered what she wanted, and a lot of it too. Partly for her babies and to sate her hunger, but also because it was just that good.

By the time they were eating dessert, Daisy felt like it was the most romantic day she'd ever experienced.

And then she heard the muffled murmurs around the room. And started to see that people were looking her way. One woman was even pointing and talking to the waiter, gesturing a problem. Something dawned on Daisy suddenly.

"Oh God," she said. "Tod, I forgot to pump after the massage! I think I'm - m-moo. I'm leaking!"

She felt it, then. A tension in her udder, followed by an immediate release from her two uppermost teats, followed by her lower ones.

"M-Mooooooo," she moaned, and milk squirted onto the ground and got her dress wet as well. She shuddered, struggling to hold in her produce, but more milk drizzled from her and all over the floor in a clear puddle. Daisy's cheeks burned.

"Oh God, I'm s-so sorry everyone! I didn't realise - moo - how full I was!"

Part of her wanted to just die, particularly when a little child asked her mother what was happening to “the fat cow lady.” Another woman shielded her eyes, while two teenagers grinned at the sight.

Thankfully, her magnificent husband thought quickly. He immediately gestured for a shocked waiter to approach.

“Apologies,” he said. “We’ll take this remaining food to go. My wife has a medical emergency, as you can see.”

“Of course, sir,” the man said, looking at Daisy with her rosy red cheeks.

The red-haired cowgirl took her husband’s hand and smiled in an embarrassed fashion.

“Thank you, you’re the best.”

“Anytime, sweetie. But the best is yet to come.”

Daisy was still musing on her husband’s words as he helped her back to their cabin, holding her form steady as her hooves tried to find anchorage on the snow. She was still embarrassed about having to leave the restaurant early, and also that she was still so engorged in all five of her mammaries.

“It’s okay, honey, really!” Tod told her. He got her up to the porch, and once she had her feet steady, he took the time to rub her belly and kiss her romantically. “I love you, and you could never embarrass me.”

“I just think I got so lucky sometimes. Too lucky!”

“Nonsense. Never doubt my love, especially when our love caused this big belly in the first place. I wouldn’t change a thing. I said so in my vows, as you’ll recall.”

She smiled, then kissed him back. As she waddled to the door, she found her loins tingling. Her body, pregnant as it was, wanted her husband desperately. And yet, when she opened her door, a magnificent sight greeted her.

A trail of red rose petals leading through to the kitchen.

“What is this?”

“Go ahead and find out, my sweet.”

She did so, not even caring that her udder was still leaking a little, and her breasts now, too. Instead, she saw that some fine non-alcoholic grape wine was ready for her, along with some chocolate suites. Tod took them, then led her forward, following the red trail. The electric-lit fireplace warmed their bedroom, but he took her beyond that to the hot tub on the back porch, which overlooked the tranquil semi-frozen lake beneath the evening light.

“Wow,” she gasped, taking in the stars above and their reflection upon the water.
“Tod . . . this is too much.”

“Nothing is too much for my magnificent bovine beauty. It’s time for you to be pampered.”

He helped her into the hot tub, and she sighed in relief as her breasts and belly and udder were able to be free of so much weight. They floated a little, and her massive mounds were not nearly so heavy as they were. Naked in the back, her tail coiled over the end, rapping joyfully against the porcelain.

“Oh God, this is amaaaaazing,” she said, closing her eyes and feeling the tension unwind from her ultra-pregnant, ultra-milky, ultra-front-loaded form. Even her babies stopped shifting, clearly finding this moment as serene as she did.

And then it got even better. Tod’s hands descended from behind, and began to massage her shoulders and arms. He kissed her neck tenderly, and moved his hands around to cup her breasts and massaged them too. The way he moved his hands was divine, and even made Daisy suspect that her husband had taken masseuse classes just in preparation for this. He was the kind of man who always went one hundred percent in everything, and so it wouldn’t be beyond him.

“Good?” he asked her as he felt the sides of her lower breasts and then returned to her shoulders.

“Mooo-re than good,” she said, tail tapping happily against the side of the hot tub. “Ohhhh, I’m getting grit out of my hooves that I didn’t even know was there. This bath is so damn good for my belly, Tod. You are seriously the best hubby and babydaddy a cowgirl like me could ever ask for.”

“Well, I have to be worthy of a woman as amazing as you.”

He continued to caress her, but it was starting to light a fire under her. Her womanhood moistened, lubricating with arousal. All four nipples began to grow and distend, the same occurring with her udder’s inch-long teats. Soon she was leaking milk into the hot tub, turning the waters opaque, and it only added to her lust for her muscled husband, who had rather conveniently removed his shirt. Daisy began to moan more loudly, tail curling more suggestively, and she couldn’t help but squeeze all four of her breasts together with her forearms, writhing in response to her husband’s touch. She moved one hand back to rub her husband’s chiseled abs, and her tail shifted to slide along him as well, teasing him back.

“M-mooooo,” she finally moaned. “Ohhh, Tod. S-stop! You have to stop!”

Tod did, looking at her with concern, but Daisy just looked back at him with the most sultry, yearning look one could ever imagine on a cowgirl’s face.

"This massage is great, sweetie, but you've got me all hot and bothered now. How do you feel about taking your big, pregnant bovine wife to the bedroom and making the last night of her honeymoon one to remember?"

"Well, I was building up to that as well," Tod teased. "And as you can see, I'm rather eager."

She licked her lips at the sight of her husband's erection, tall and rigid and practically throbbing. God, she wanted that in her. She didn't care what position they would be in to accommodate her pregnant belly and swollen udder, she wanted to fuck her loving man's brains out and moo as he came in her.

"Good, because I'm hungry for you, honey," she said. "I hope you're hungry for me, too, because I want you to milk me, with your mouth."

He lowered himself and placed his lips on her upper left breast, sucking in a volume of milk that made her gasp. He gulped it down.

"Anything you wish for," he said, wiping his mouth.

She was burning by this point. Burning with need for him. She smiled sheepishly at her husband.

"Then let's not wait another second."

"What are you waiting for, then?"

She rubbed her massive pregnant stomach and gestured to that, her breasts, and her udder. In case you didn't notice, I might need a little help out of the tub first."

Her husband laughed, and immediately got to helping her.

She thanked him moments later with the best sex they'd ever had.

The End