

Game Changer: Cowabunga! (Cowtaur TF)

### **A Story Tier prompt for Spacebanana**

*Cameron is an ordinary nerd living alone, collecting esoteric video games in between bouts of pizza and soda. But when he manages to get ahold of the supposedly cursed VR version of Game Changer, everything changes. Especially him.*

### **Game Changer: Cowabunga!**

Cameron was giddy. The package had finally arrived! The postal worker asked him to sign for it, and he could barely keep his hand still as he placed his initials on the dotted line.

“There you go,” the man said, and passed it over.

Cameron took the package in his hands, thanked its deliverer a second time, and shut the door to his rental. The twenty-two year old man lived alone, which was just fine by him. Cameron was a hardcore gamer, and didn’t have time for relationships or roommates between epic MMO sessions and his work as a computer technician to support his rather expensive collecting hobbies.

But this package would meet the definition of gaming *and* collecting. He took a Stanley knife and very carefully sliced the tape, before sliding the contents out from its protective styrofoam casing. He gasped a little in excitement.

“Yes, yes, it’s actually the real deal!”

In large English letters, underscored by their Japanese equivalents, were the words *Game Changer: VR Edition*.

“And they said it was a myth,” he whispered, tracing a chubby finger over the packaging.

*They* had been the online community of esoteric gamers who had dismissed the old rumours of there ever being a *Game Changer* at all; the legendary old video game said to curse all those who played it to become part of the game itself. Cameron had found little luck in securing that particular prize, but there were also rumours and whispers online of a spinoff developed several years later, a failed pioneer of the then-revolutionary Virtual Reality technology, or VR. As with its originator game, this spinoff was said to curse the player to become part of its world, disappearing from this one forever. Naturally, Cameron was very much intrigued. And after several months of what felt like fruitless searching, he found what he’d been looking for on an obscure black market site on the darknet. The seller was North Korean.

*‘Be warn,’* the message read in poorly translated English, *‘Game is curse. Display item only.’*

"Yeah right," Cameron said to himself then, and now. He traced his fingers over the VR goggles, removing them delicately. Two crude wired handheld controllers were attached, as well as a longer wire plug to an older model television: he'd already purchased one of those in advance.

It was orange and grey in colour, like an old SEGA set. It was chipped in places, and some of the paint had faded, but the logo remained largely clear despite the sun damage.

*GAME CHANGER: VR EDITION*

"Fuck. Yes," Cameron said. A little shiver ran down his spine. He couldn't wait to show the gaming message board that he was right! But first, he needed to test it. Make sure that it wasn't a fraud, lest he end up a laughing stock.

He set to work getting the system ready. It needed to sync properly to his computer, which then ran cables to his television. It was a necessary setup, but added an unbearable hour of wait time before he could trial it. In the meantime, he ordered pizza, and slumped back on the couch. Cameron was fairly overweight, and his eating habits didn't help. He often carried a self-deprecating sense of humour about it - his username was *COWMAN47* - but made sure not to milk it. He promised himself he could lose weight eventually. You know, once he'd played his fill.

The pizza arrived, and once more he gave a giddy reception to the driver, who was probably a little confused as to why this fat man with greasy hair and a neckbeard was practically bouncing from foot to foot. The last ten minutes was all he needed to finish the meat lover's pizza by himself. He often wished he could be vegetarian so that he could finally work on losing weight, but the taste of greasy bacon was simply too good. The timer on his computer finished and he was ready.

The TV screen went dark, then lit up with bright streaks of cartoony, pixelated lightning.

*'WELCOME TO GAME CHANGER: VR EDITION. THE FIGHTING GAME WHERE YOU GET TO ENTER A WHOLE NEW UNIVERSE!'*

"Hell yes, it's real!" he squealed.

*'PLACE YOUR GOGGLES ON AND USE THE HAND MODULES TO START, THEN SELECT YOUR CHARACTER. PREPARE FOR A GAMING EXPERIENCE LIKE NO OTHER.'*

"Given you were made in the early nineties, I really doubt that," Cameron said. "But you're going to be really, really retro cool, I just know it!"

He placed the headset on. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the pixelated lightning storm. The hand modules weren't incredibly intuitive, but he was able to enter the main menu,

*'SELECT YOUR CHARACTER!'*

There was a large roster available. For some reason, a few of the characters were greyed out: the busty Japanese fighter Fumi, the dark-skinned Amazonian Aaliyah, and

the sultry bellydance fighter Shankara. Still, there was quite the bevy of availability on display.

*Narataya*, the jungle woman with impressive scars and a scantily clad bod.

*King Jaravar*, the mid-50s monarch with royal golden sceptre weapon and ermine cape.

*Vulpus*, the anime-style kitsune with fox ears and tail, and sharp claws on his fingers.

*Daisy Dairy*, the cowtaur woman with flowing blonde hair and enormous tits, her lower half that of a large Holstein.

Camron chuckled. "Okay, with my username, I *have* to choose that one."

He selected Daisy Dairy, and her figure expanded to fill the screen. She was less pixelated than he'd imagined she'd be: her flowing blonde hair showed up quite well, as did her - well, her huge tracts of land. Even her udder swayed between her rear legs with quite a realistic animation he'd thought was beyond the time of making.

"Wow, that's actually kind of impressive," he said.

What little he knew of the character he'd chosen was that she was a *Heavy* class, much like *Aaliyah*, only Daisy was even more so. The cowgirl could dish out enormous damage in close range and take a heap of hits, but lacked agility and saved against spell effects. Like all *Game Changer* characters, she had a lot of joke moves intended to titillate; she could attack with her breasts, shoot milk from her udder or tits to blind opponents, even sit on them in order to pin them down. All stuff Camron couldn't wait to see how it would play out in VR.

'PRESS START TO PLAY!'

"Let's do this!" he shouted to himself, probably looking utterly ridiculous with the headset over his eyes and the chunky controllers in his hands, but totally uncaring so long as he got to play. He hit *START*.

Lightning crackled before his eyes, flashing brightly. It thundered, and he was shocked by how good the speaker system was. It sounded just like real thunder, right near him. Lights began to streak forward, and it fooled his eyes into thinking he was zooming forwards. He held up his hand modules, and two thickset pale arms appeared, impossibly, in his vision.

"What the shit, how is that accurate?" he said.

He didn't have time to think, because suddenly he could feel an onrush of wind against his big body, and then he no longer just viewed the light rushing past, he *experienced* it. Bolts of energy coursed through his form, and he felt it altering and changing him somehow. He panicked, trying to remove the headset and hand modules, but they wouldn't come off. In fact, it felt like he wasn't even wearing them!

"Uh, help! S-someone help!"

It was a panic reaction, one he knew was ridiculous. He lived alone. It was a choice he made. Any friendships he had existed only online, on message boards and game sites. He again tried to rip the equipment from his body, but he couldn't even sense where the wires were anymore. He was approaching a wall of light, or it was approaching him. As it drew closer, the energy in his core thrummed ever more powerfully, and the surrounding constellations and rays of energy became less and less pixelated, and more and more real. He screamed as the wall of pure light drew nearer, faster and faster.

"It was true! The game was cursed!"

He put his hands in front of his eyes, and suddenly everything went white.

\*\*\*

Cameron woke in a large, verdant green field. He pulled himself up from the soft grass and shied away from a sheep that was grazing peacefully next to him. Green hills rolled off into the distance, many of them containing livestock of some variety, or tall fields of swaying grass. The sky was totally blue, and the midday sun shone down. He was just outside an old-fashioned farmhouse.

"What - what the?"

Before he could figure out what had happened, Cameron experienced a sudden tensing in his figure. He doubled over, grunting as his flesh shifted. Several points of enormous and alien pressure imposed themselves across his body; on his chest, his hips, his ass.

"OOohh - ugh! UGH!"

He grunted, falling forwards on faltering steps to grasp the wooden railing of the farm fence. The pressure mounted, and somehow it felt like his flesh was actually *shifting*.

"Mmhhmm . . . what's - what's h-happening to m-MOOOOO!"

He grabbed his lips, astonished by what had just occurred. He'd actually bellowed, his voice sounding briefly identical to that of a cow. He was so shocked that he almost didn't notice the first growth of new flesh and bone.

His ass bloomed outwards, his hips widening dramatically as his skeletal structure altered. Cameron gasped as his greasy sweatpants were stretched by his ballooning body, and even more again when he felt two strange nubs begin to protrude forwards from his hips. They ripped the fabric of his pants apart as they extended forwards.

"Nnnngghhh! Are those - are those fucking *legs*?"

It became increasingly obvious that they were. More accurately, they were cow's legs. Cameron cringed as thousands of soft hairs pushed through the skin, a mat of fur that began to race across his lower half even as it extended. His new legs settled on the

ground, ending not in feet but hard hooves. He grunted as his hips expanded yet again, only to whimper as his rear half began to extend backwards, forming new organs in a barrel-like lower abdomen.

"F-f-fuck!" he gasped, and a tail practically *shot* out of his expanding rear, becoming large and ropy, just like that of a cow's. It swished behind him automatically, and he could actually *feel* it.

"This is no game," he panted. "It's real. Holy shit, the curse is real. I'm - I'm becoming Daisy Dairy!"

And just as he said it, his entire body expanded, as if given permission by his epiphany to speed the change further. Fur raced across his lower half, which fattened out, becoming heavy and powerful. His human legs, nearly unable to take the weight, shifted and gained muscle, becoming cow legs that ended in hooves. He cringed as his penis sucked back into his body, replaced by a bovine vagina, and again when a heavy swelling began between what he realised were now his *rear* legs.

"Please not an udder please not an udder please not an udder."

But he knew it was. The large sac developed slowly, even as his fur finished, and the pressure mounted in his chest. It was heavy and huge, and he could already feel it filling with warm milk in need of expression.

"Ahh - ahh - that. Feels. So. Weird!"

It was matched by the weird sensations on his upper torso. His heavy gut had not shrunk, but it had developed a certain softness that wasn't there before. This was followed by his body hair falling away, and then an intense throbbing in his nipples. Slowly, they began to expand, womanly areola forming around them as the pressure became greater and greater.

"Oh no! I'm going *all the way!*" he shrieked. He clamped a hand over his mouth immediately; the last few words of that sentence had jumped up an octave, and sounded more like a husky, bellowing woman's voice than a man's.

He was indeed going all the way, because at that very moment his manboobs began to push outwards, growing and rounding out to become actual boobs. His nipples extended, becoming huge, and he swore he could feel his new tits slosh with warm milk as they expanded to the size of volleyballs, overwhelming his palms. They were heavy, and soft, and he whimpered a little as he held them; they were also very sensitive.

But he didn't have long to appreciate them by themselves, because other changes were taking place also. His hair shot out, losing its greasy texture to become silky, taking on an almost golden colouring. His face shifted, cheeks rounding out and lips puffing up. He didn't have to look in a pond to realise that he was now fully a *she*, in appearance as well as in strange, mythical biology. His humanoid half had not lost its weight; arguably, Cameron had actually gained some. His belly was still rounded, and his arms flabby,

and he could feel he had rounded cheeks. That would be accurate to Daisy Dairy's character design; she was a big woman, alright, and not just in the chest.

Thankfully, a set of clothing for her top half appeared from nothing to wrap around his upper body; a cowboy - *cowgirl* - shirt and black jacket, along with a Stetson hat. His large line of cleavage strained the buttons of his top, with the top three undone just to accommodate them.

"Holy crap, I'm a cow woman," he said. *She* said, really.

She trotted forward on uncertain legs, unused to having four of them, or having hooves. They moved automatically, but what was truly strange was the sway of her heavy udder as it shifted from side to side, reminding Cameron of the contents with it. Even his name was a little foreign to her - somehow, the *Game Changer VR* had altered not just her body, but parts of her mind. She knew she was meant to be a man, and her body felt unfamiliar and odd and oh-so-damn heavy and big, but she couldn't help but think of herself in female pronouns or herself as Daisy. It was infuriating!

"Change me back!" she declared to the sunny sky, hoping some gaming god would save her. "I don't want to be a MOOOOOO-nster!"

She blushed in embarrassment. Bad enough that most of her entire body was a cow, she had to start speaking like one too? She stepped away from the fenceline, and managed to move forward at an easy trot. Despite the udder swaying heavily, hanging heavily also, she found that movement was becoming instinctive, thank God.

"This is a MOO-sive pain," she complained, holding her colossal chest as it bounced heavily. "This whole deal is crazy. How could I have known the curse was real? It was just a silly internet joke! Games shouldn't be able to do this!"

She called to the sky, but there was no response. What was she even going to do? There had to be some way to turn back again, to be an ordinary overweight man in his apartment instead of an overweight cowtaur woman in an open field. She rubbed at her flank with her big hands, musing on exactly how to do that, and she swayed her tail in annoyance as no idea turned up.

*'ROUND ONE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. DAISY DAIRY VS VULPUS THE KITSUNE!'*

"What the-?"

A bounding orange shape moved like a speedy blur across the horizon, getting closer and closer. The new Daisy dropped her jaw in astonishment as the shape revealed itself to be an enormous bright orange fox, its tail whipping behind it. It shot over the fence in a great leap, landing on the ground in an agile spin. Its fuzzy fur whipped around, twisting, and then where the fox had stood was now a tall, handsome man wearing a pair of white shorts. He had bright ginger hair, and the same coloured hair on his chest. His ears were those of a fox's, and a bright bushy tail extended from his backside. His hands were claws.

"Holy shit holy shit, I'm not just in another world, I'm in the fighting game world. Fuck!"

"What a beauty you are!" Vulpus said in a soft, understated voice. Strangely, it sort of did things to Daisy, between her hind legs. "I will be saddened to defeat you in combat."

"I don't want to fight!" she called back from across the paddock.

"Unfortunately, we must. For there can only be one victor!"

He swished his hair to one side in an almost stereotypically pretty boy fashion. She was about to try and convince him that she wasn't who he thought she was, when that damned announcer spoke again, his voice echoing across the sky.

*'ROUND ONE: DAISY VS VULPUS. FIGHT!'*

And suddenly he was leaping towards her. He was agile, quick, and had crossed the field in the time it took her to blink. She gasped as his claws raked against her flank, and again as he bounced over her, before punching her directly in the udder.

"MOOOOOO!" she yelled, and the great milk bag spurted its contents upon the ground. "That really fucking hurt!"

He was moving again, even more rapidly, and she could barely see where he was. She tried to think, remember what she had learned about the nature of the game and its characters. Again the claws raked against her, though she managed to block one strike by sheer accident when her rosy tail smacked him across the face.

"Sorry, darling! Looks like you're not fit for milking this heifer!" she said automatically. "Oh God, I even have the damned catchphrase."

"You'll be outfoxed by me!" he called back, before closing in.

He batted her again, and she was forced back against the fence. He was damned quick, and the former man realised he would have to call upon all his fighting game skills here, and apply them to the first-person perspective. Vulpus circled around the edge of the field, getting ready to leap forward with another lightning quick attack.

"Okay Daisy - Cameron - whatever, you got this! Just need to figure out his move set. He moves quick, but has low strength and constitution. Just got to use my MOO-ves at the right time."

She waited. Vulpus gave a soft smile. And then he leapt forward. At the exact moment he should have hit her, she circled around and gave an enormous kick with her hind hooves that left him shooting backwards through the air instead.

"YEEHAW! Gotcha!" she yelled. Her breasts bounced heavily with the movement.

"Impressive, most impressive," he replied, getting back up. "But the fight is not over yet."

He pressed forward again, and with a flurry of attacks nearly beat her back again. But Daisy was getting better at predicting his moveset, and better at understanding her own. Perhaps there was something about having been an overweight man prior to this that let her figure out how to manoeuvre her heavy body.

"MOO-ve over!" she cried as she dodged just in time one of his attacks. She bounced his head off her wobbling chest, springing him to the ground. A sudden pressure built in her udder and breasts, and with a startle she figured out that it was a special attack building.

"This is so embarrassing, but here goes nothing!"

She lifted a hind leg at the same time as she rotated her torso to face him. In one great focused release, she unleashed gallons of milk in a pressurised hose of produce. Vulpus was sprawled backwards, collapsing over and over as gallon after gallon of milk battered him. Daisy shivered, her body overcome with surprise orgasms manifested by the release. It felt fucking great, and for a brief moment she closed her eyes and savoured it.

But Vulpus wasn't out yet.

"Time to throw you to the dogs!" he yelled, though even that voice had a calmness to it. He shifted from side to side, borderline unpredictable, dancing around her body in a way she couldn't quite counter. She tried to hit him with her oversized boobs, kick him with her powerful hooves, even smack him with her swaying udder, but to no avail. He twisted and turned and darted aside, dodging her attacks and delivering her own. With each hit, she felt weakened. Daisy looked up at the sky as she tried to think what to do, and to her horror saw that two great health bars were across the great blue now. His was low, but hers was getting lower. There was just one last chance to win.

"STOP MOOOOOOOOVING!"

Vulpus chuckled confidently, but didn't see her next move coming.

She sat down on him.

Vulpus gave a brief cry as she pushed backwards, resting her large bovine rump upon his body, crushing him beneath it. The anime-inspired opponent gave a comedic squeal as he flailed beneath her, but all he managed to do was grasp her large udder, which somehow still had altogether too much milk stored inside it. Daisy shivered as it released, dripping heavy streams of milk all over her defeated opponent.

And then, there was a brief hum of energy, and his body disappeared.

*'VULPUS DEFEATED. THE WINNER OF THIS ROUND IS DAISY DAIRY!'*

"Hell yeah!" she cried, "I did it!"

Her fat, heavy body heaved up again, her various curves and fatty parts - many of them quite female - wobbled as she moved. She still couldn't believe what had happened to her, or that this was real. But she also couldn't deny that it was the game of a lifetime.

In the sky, the health bars were replaced with a different message.

*DO YOU WISH TO CONTINUE? YES/NO*

Daisy looked over her cowtaur body, its various udders, its Holstein pattern, its powerful muscle that was overlaid by soft fat. And then she thought of the moves she had displayed, as ridiculous as they were, more enlivening than any game on a screen.

She looked up at the choice again, still blinking.

“Maybe just one more,” she mused to herself. Heck, one thing was for certain at least; he was finally going to be a vegetarian from here on out, if she stayed like this a little longer.

She chose *YES*.

**The End**