

Bovine Breeding (Cowgirl TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Even since the Transformation Wave transformed Greg's girlfriend Nadia into a busty cowgirl, she's been quite body conscious. Greg tries to help her come to love her body, but things have taken a sharp turn after they accidentally got her pregnant. Very pregnant, in fact.

Bovine Breeding

"Nadia, sweetie, are you coming out?"

Her voice echoes down the hallway. "I don't want to. I look like a freak."

I sigh. So much progress, and so much undone in just a couple of months. "You're not a freak. You're beautiful."

"I'm a big fat cow."

"You're a gorgeous cowgirl. My cowgirl."

"With a big fat udder and big fat breasts and now a big fat belly that's getting fatter everyday."

"You're not fat, just . . . bigger. Curvier. And your curves are beautiful. Lots of people have curves and celebrate them! And lots of women get pregnant."

"No one has curves like *this*, Greg"

She steps out of the hall and I take in the sight of her. Just seven months ago, my girlfriend Nadia was a fit and athletic woman, pretty and perfect. She had beautiful dark brown skin and a slim yet well-muscled form. She loved keeping in shape and catching up with girlfriends and going with me to parties and engaging in little arts and crafts projects whenever she wanted some downtime. She had always been, I knew, a little envious of girls with larger chests, but on the whole she loved her body, and I loved her. I still loved her, and her body, but she didn't anymore.

That was because of the famous - or perhaps *infamous* - Transformation Wave that hit planet Earth seven months back. No one knows if it was a freak science experiment gone wrong, a strange cosmic phenomenon, a multiversal overlap, or simply the favourite theory of *aliens*. All we could truly say about it was that millions of people worldwide were suddenly transformed in mere minutes or hours. By the end of the day, they had changed completely into new forms.

Some only had minor changes. Fat people became thin, scrawny people became muscular.

Others were more invasive, but still invisible. Some women became men, or men became women. Others had non-matching genitalia to get used to. One woman famously ended up becoming continuously pregnant via parthenogenesis, effectively giving birth to clones of herself. She swelled up to six months and went straight into labor right there, and has gone through two pregnancies since, both much faster than the nine-month period of a normal woman.

But the real wild changes were the people who took on more alien or bestial qualities. The boxer girl who became a furry anthro kangaroo gal. The man in Oslo who became a relaxing tortoise man, and even sold his home to just live in his own shell. A very popular streamer became a dark-furred cat girl, and is now literally the number one earner on Only Fans. Go figure.

And then there was Nadia. I was with her when it happened. We were on a hike together - we both loved going on hikes, and it kept me in shape in particular - when the sky bloomed orange and purple for a few seconds. I'd learn later that this was the Transformation Wave sweeping across our section of the country, but I could only point out how weird it looked when suddenly Nadi began to groan and double over. I asked her if she was okay, but she continued to pant.

"I don't know! I f-feel something weird! It's like my body is changing! There's s-so much pressure and - NGHH!"

Her breasts *erupted* in size, literally tearing open her sports bra and thin shirt. She had been slim before with little A-cups. Now, they were far, far bigger, and still growing. She groaned like an animal as they expanded, rising until they were each the size of her own head, veritable melons with massive nipples that looked like they were distended to the point of painful arousal. But that wasn't all. Even as she tried to clutch her breasts, more of her body changed. Her waist thickened. Her hips spread wide and maternal. Her feed fell out of her shoes as she gained literal hooves, and she clutched her head as long horns pushed out from her skull. Her face remained largely the same, but her nose widened, nostrils too, and it gave her a tiny, rather cute snout. At the time though, I was horrified, especially when she began to literally *moo* in panic as fur sprouted across her form. She nearly toppled forward on her hooves, until another moo precipitated the explosion of a tail out of her backside. Her shorts ripped apart and her underwear too, all of it too small to contain her much more voluptuous figure. Her fur was the same dark brown colour as her skin, but it looked so alien upon her.

"What's - MOOOO - happening!? MOOO! HELP MOOO-EEE GREG!"

Her ass grew, her shoulders widened. She was becoming a thick-bodied cowgirl, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. And then the biggest, most alien change yet. She suddenly placed her furry hands over her lower stomach, squealing as something rose from

that pink-ish area that was bereft of fur. An udder expanded, filling and rounding out with its four long teats protruding ever further. She mooed, eyes going into the back of her head as it achieved its massive size, easily larger than a basketball. Perhaps equal to a smaller beachball, in fact! It sagged a little bit, but otherwise looked quite bloated and . . . full.

“MOOOOO!!!”

My poor, beautiful Nadia had become an actual, factual cowgirl in mere minutes, her body so substantially changed. Gone was the fit, athletic woman with her slim frame. Now she was large, heavy, and with mammaries that were positively unfathomably large.

Suffice to say, it was a big adjustment. Simply walking back down the mountain hike was a big ordeal for her, and she had to try and cup her enormous breasts and stop her udder from slapping against her thighs. To her utter humiliation, we had to stop several times for me to milk her, an act that produced a lot of embarrassed pleasure from her, which only added to the shame.

It was only when we got reception on our phones again that we found out Nadia’s bizarre transformation was not isolated. There were lizard girls and centaur men and gender-swapped people and one woman with tits so large she literally couldn’t walk. A news anchor lady had turned into a pig woman with six breasts right on air, becoming the central story.

All that was seven months ago, of course. Since that Transformation Wave, we’ve been able to slowly adjust. Nadia has received federal funding for her needs, and she’s used that to gain access to milking machines to help with her constant, uh, *production*. She also has to get all her outfits tailored, as well as order custom bras for her J-cup bust. She had a loving family to support her, and I’ve never left her side. In fact, I’ve terminated friendships from people I thought had my back, but instead argued I should leave her.

Never.

She’s still beautiful to me, just a different beautiful. I love the softness of her fur, the thick beauty of her body, and I’d be lying if I said I don’t love her massive, pillow-like breasts. Even her udder is fun to play with, and it was this that led us to slowly re-establish our love life over the months that followed. Nadia refused to believe I didn’t want a bar of her body, until I began to suck on her teats and make her literally moo with desire. That was my in, and from there I mounted her from behind, and the moos became positively orgasmic.

And yet, despite now having custom dresses and even a girdle to keep her udder hoisted up, despite her workplace giving her considerations and a room for her necessary milking, despite my constant encouragement, Nadia continues to struggle with her appearance and her body. I can’t blame her. It can’t do all the things she used to do, or at least not so easily. Even clothing is different; with so much fur, not to mention a tail, her body *wants* to wear less. She can’t help but show off the very body she wants to keep hidden

away, and her boobs are so big there's no disguising their impressive size. Her girlfriends are amazing, always inviting her out, but she can't always engage in their fashion parties; lipstick doesn't work well on her look now, and she gets lots of looks out in public, being one of the only people visibly changed in our city. She also gets some bizarre catcalls. I could stand never hearing the words "Got milk?" ever again, and no doubt she feels that even more strongly.

Still, progress was made. Over time, I convinced her to go on smaller walks with me, and build up the muscle in her fine bovine body. The girdles for her udder helped, as did online communities of women affected similarly to her. I continued to compliment her body and do all I could to make her feel pretty. I got her more arts and craft material, and we went to the movie several times. She even mooed with excitement when a couple got together in a romance flick, and seemed unembarrassed about it. She started attending family dinners, and even made some jokes at her expense.

"I can't take any more cheese, I promise you! Trust me, I'm practically capable of making the stuff!"

"I'm sorry for bumping over the vase, Mrs Yensen! These big boobs - I can barely see what's in front of me let alone what's below them!"

"I better get going - this time the cow really is coming home!"

Stuff like that. She'd never been one for self-deprecation much, but I saw it as a good sign. Looking back now, I think it was just another strategy of coping; putting down her new cowgirl body before anyone else could jump at the chance, as she saw it. Sometimes I would lie in bed with her, my hands roaming across her furry body, and she would seem peaceful. She would moo happily as I squeezed her massive breasts, then give permission for me to suck upon them. Her milk really does taste divine, and I don't mind admitting it. Whether from nipple or teat, I love to drink it up, and it makes her positively primal in her horniness. We could even do missionary, provided her udder isn't too full. She simply raises it up while I thrust into her, and something about her excess milk spilling against us only adds to the sexiness; it certainly makes things more slippery in all the best ways.

But then the unexpected came. We hadn't really been using contraception during those sexual adventures. For one, I wanted her most comfortable with her form, with both of us bare and not worrying about such things. And for two, she was practically a different species now! She had horns! She had a tail! Surely there was no way I could get her pregnant, right?

Wrong.

She began to feel nauseous. Then, she began to feel hungry. Her already massive breasts began to inflate, as did her udder. Poor Nadia went from needing to be milked once a day to *three times* a day, and that amount might well go up the further along she gets. It

wasn't long and her belly was already starting to become taut and slightly rounded. Her hips settled even wider in response, and soon it was undeniable that she was pregnant. She couldn't see her own feet or stomach, but now she's finally reached a point where she can. It juts out impressively from her figure, coated in her chocolate brown fur, her belly button already popped out.

"Oh God, I'm pregnant!" she cried when she realised. "I'm fucking pregnant!"

"It's okay, sweetie. It's okay. We planned to have a family, right?"

"Not a c-cow family! Not while I've got milk coming out of everything! Not little half-cow babies!"

"We can still love them, Nadia. I love you, and I know you want kids. We can look at this as our little miracle."

But 'little' was the wrong word to use. I'd made the foolish assumption that she would be bearing only one little 'calf.' Instead, her belly continued to balloon at far too rapid a pace. This is the sight I witness as she waddles out into the hallway, looking miserably. Her ropey tail flicks back and forth in frustration, and her udder has flopped out over the waistband of her pyjama bottoms, too full to be contained even within their looseness. Small drops of milk expel themselves onto the floor, which is thankfully not carpeted. Her boobs are just as full, and two damp spots on her pyjama top give evidence for their own leakage. But her bottom buttons are all undone to make way for the enormous belly jutting out from her midsection. She has one furry hand on her back for support, and the other rubbing said belly. Even from a distance, I can see small ripples of movement from within. Nadia appears to be full-term with a child.

She is only four months pregnant.

"No one has curves like this, *Greg*," she says, gesturing to her various mounds, all of them prominent, and one still growing impressively. "I'm such a fucking fat cow. I've grown over n-night. I can't even do the third button on my pyjama top anymore. I swear, they're growing too f-fast. There must be more than four of them! Ugh!"

I move to her side and embrace her. She pulls my head into her breasts, and I rub her stomach, helping soothe out babies within. I don't care that her milk is soaking through her top and into my cheek, I only want my Nadia to feel comforted.

"It's only four, don't worry," I tell her. "There's no extra baby. It just feels that way."

"*Only* four. M-moo. Still too many. Quadruplets! Why s-so many?"

We both know the answer, of course. It turns out that as a cowgirl, Nadia has quite the bovine breeding instinct. Several times when I mounted her, she mooed and carried on, barely legible. It was only once she stopped after getting pregnant that I questioned it, and she revealed the answer to me.

“Stupid breeding instinct,” she says in the present. “I can’t believe this stupid cow body wanted to get knocked up. Now I’m growing *four* freakin’ calves. Ohhhh, they’re so big. Nothing f-fits me. My boobs and my belly and my udder, it’s all so much, Greg! I can’t take it!”

“Shhh,” I tell her, stroking her tail in that way I know she likes. “You can take it. You’re Nadia. You’re stronger than you think. I know you’re strong, honey. I know we planned to get married before kids. I know we didn’t plan on having four of them. I know we *never* planned on you becoming a cow woman, but . . . here we are. We can do this. *You* can do this.”

Her belly stills, the flits of movement coming to a stop for now. I’ve got quite the calming touch, I think. It makes me feel like a true father. I don’t even care if they look entirely cow-like, I love them already.

“You’re so good at helping them get back to sleep,” Nadia whispers. She placed her furry hand on mine, and for a moment we rub her pregnant belly together, marvelling at it. “I don’t know how you put up with me when I look like this.”

“Oh, sweetie,” I say. I plant my lips on hers, and kiss her deeply, my hands cradling her large orb. “You were the most beautiful woman to me before, and you are still the most beautiful one to me now.”

“How can you say that? Look at how much I’ve ch-changed!”

I smile a little sheepishly. “Honey, I keep telling you, a man can be attracted to two different types of women. I didn’t expect to find a cow woman so attractive, but you truly are. I love your body, even if you don’t always. I love your curves. I love your cute cowgirl face. I love the way you’ve adapted makeup for your new face, and I love how your tail shows your mood. And when you went in that red dress with the girdle that pressed your udder against the fabric - goddamn! I was so hard that I could barely put up with it all night. I would have burst if you hadn’t taken me to bed, and when I tasted your milk I was in heaven.”

She made a face that told me she was blushing beneath her rich brown fur.

“I don’t deserve someone like you.”

“Of course you do. But you also deserve to be someone who loves your body. C’mom.”

I take her hand, and bring her back into the bedroom. The full-length mirror there is one she often stares at, but I position her there anyway, udder and belly and huge now-H-cup breasts and all. She is fertility. She is beauty. She is a bovine blessing.

“Look at that woman,” I say. “Just look at the majesty of her.”

“You sound like a nature documentarian.”

“I can break out the David Attenborough impersonation if you’d like?”

She giggled; it’s a sweet sound. “No need, but . . . don’t stop.”

"I just want you to see what I and so many other people say. Even my Mom told me the other day how pretty you are."

"She did not!"

"She did! She said it, and she meant it. She thinks you've made your own style, and that she's glad I stayed with you. In fact, I think she'd rather keep you and ditch me if we ever split, not that that'll ever happen."

"It's just . . . I'm so big. I'm eating for *five*, Greg. I moo when I'm happy or shocked. I spill milk everywhere if I don't pump regularly. I scraped my horns on the wall when we had sex! I'm just so embarrassing!"

At this, I run my hands down her body, feeling her curves.

"You've seen me dance, Nadia. Now *that's* embarrassing. You're just growing into yourself a lot more. A lot of growth, here."

She giggles again as I touch her belly, walking my fingers across it. God, I love the feeling of her fur there.

"Soooo much growth," she adds. "Fuck, I'll be so huge when I'm nine months along with *quads*."

"At least you've got all the milk-makers to support them."

"I guess there's that. But . . . what if we have more? That stupid breeding instinct, I should have told you before you knocked me up. But what if I start to feel it again after this whole set of little babies - calves? - no, babies."

I kiss her neck tenderly. "We'll make do. We've got good funding from the government, and we both have good jobs. We'll make it work, Nadia. However many little calves-

"Hey, babies."

"-babies we make together, it'll be the number we're meant to have. I'll treat you like a damn queen no matter how pregnant you are, and I'm not going anywhere."

She rests her head on my shoulder, careful not to scratch me with her horns.

"You really moo-een that, don't you?"

"Every word. I love you, Nadia. Cow-bits and all."

She holds me tight, her udder pressing against me. It feels very tight. Very full. I look down at her boobs and smile, and she slaps me lightly.

"Pervert! You definitely love my cow tits!"

"Can you blame me? The udder isn't bad either!"

"Men," she says, though her voice is cheeky as she says it. She wipes some tears from her eyes. "Thanks, Greg. I love you so much. You always know how to make me happy."

“Anytime, sweetie. So, do you want to shower and get changed? We can still go on that little shopping trip together? Maybe enjoy some time in the sun?”

Her expression suddenly turns sheepish, and I worry that she’ll say no. Instead, she cups her enormous boobs in a way that makes me feel a strong stirring between my legs. More milk spills into her top.

“Sure thing,” she says. “But, um, can you do moo-e one little favour first?”

“Anything, you know that.”

That sheepish look turned into an embarrassed but keen smile. Nadia begins to unbutton her top and release her mammoth breasts, both of them the size of impressive melons and utterly gravity defying. She lowers herself and pushes down her pants as well, letting all of her mounds show. She rubs her belly and looks at me with something like arousal.

“Would you moo-ilk me? Please?”

I smile from ear to ear, hungry for more of her milk, and for her beautiful, pregnant, bovine body in its entirety.

“Nadia, honey, I thought you’d never ask.”

The End