All You Need Now Is A Bell

* Consider Hucow transformation
* Cute cow print bra that affects the wearer when they hear words that rhyme with moo
* Each word causes a pulse of transformation per respective piece (bra vs bottoms?)
* Ultimately she will moo herself to continue growing so long as she is touching it

It was an ordinary Saturday afternoon for Jessica as she walked around the mall looking at clothes and nifty shops. She came across a new niche little store something akin to a Hot Topic equivalent. She was intrigued by the random items and styles she came across. Some were so bizarre and weird she questioned who in their right mind would spend money on some of this junk.

“Can I help you find anything?” asked the clerk

“I’m just looking thanks” she responded

Snaking her way deeper into the store she found a section with various undergarments and prints. She shuffled through the rack stopping as she saw a cute little white sports bra with scattered black spots contrasting.

“Oooo…this is cute” she said taking it off the hanger

She stared at it briefly before looking for a size. She wasn’t the most endowed upstairs sporting only small B cups on her short thin frame. She consistently was mistaken for several years younger than she was despite already nearing her final year of undergrad.

*Fits majority of standard sizes with our most elastic material yet!*

“Hmm…it doesn’t really say anything about what size it is” she thought to herself

She raised it up to her own chest laying on it on top of her shirt to eyeball if it could work.

“Seems like it would. Worse case I can return it if it doesn’t fit” she reasoned

“Find everything alright miss?”

“Yes thank you” she replied

“You know, I think there are matching bottoms to these if you’re interested in the set?”

“Oh…no it’s okay just the top is fine. But thank you”

“No problem…I’m sure you will still be delighted with your choices”

She thought that was odd but brushed it off as a socially awkward moment was all. She completed her purchase and continued to roam around the mall. Getting a little bored of just looking she decided she wanted to try on her new purchase instead of waiting until she got home. She made her way into the restroom at the other end of the food court.

After looking around to see if anyone was in the stalls she returned to facing the mirror. She removed her top followed by her bra pausing briefly at her inadequate self. She cupped and squeezed her underwhelming breasts noting despite her tiny hands there still wasn’t much to hold.

She took the bra from the shopping bag and removed the tag tossing it into the trash. She held up the bra to her chest again one last time to assure her initial guess was still correct. She glanced at the door momentarily making sure no one was coming in. She slid it over her head, looped her arms through, and pulled it down covering up her already excited nipples.

She admired its fit and how she looked sporting it. She was very slim with a subtle hourglass flare, pale skin, and long brunette hair. She twirled left and then right. She rubbed her chest over the elastic bra.

“It fits perfectly and I look pretty adorable!” she told herself

*CREEAAKK!*

The door shot open and she panicked shuffling to pick up her clothes racing into a stall.

“*PANT…PANT…*Oh god that was close” she whispered

“What on earth? Whooo would leave their bra on the floor in the bathrooom?” said the patron

“Ugh…why dooo I feel funny all of a sudden?” she thought rubbing the side of her head

“Whatever, it isn’t my size anyway” said the patron tossing it in the trash before doing her business.

The door closed and awaiting several moments to ensure the coast was clear Jessica opened the stall door shuffling to put her shirt back on. Frantically fixing herself up in case another person came in she stood in front of the mirror one last time for final public appropriateness check.

With her form fitting blue jeans and her purple/white striped long sleeve she was digging her reflection. She had a few buttons midline of her shirt that seemed to stick out more noticeably than she remembered. There was a faint hint of cleavage just an inch or two teasing its presence.

“I loook goood…Umph” she recoiled as her head started throbbing again. Her chest was hot and tight. Just as fast as it started the wave passed.

“*PANT*…*PANT*…What was that? Weird?”

*GROWWWWL*

“Maybe it’s just low blood sugar. I should get lunch” she reasoned to herself

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Exiting the bathroom she took survey of the options. Takeout meh. Chipotle nah. Burgers..*CLENCH*…The thought almost made her nauseas. She locked on to Chic-fil-A and instantly settled her decision. She made her way in line to proceed with her order.

“Welcome tooo Chic-fil-A how may I help yooou?” asked the cashier

“Uhh…can I get a number one…wait…make that twooo please!”

“Would yooou like the combo?”

“Definitely. Mhrm…and can I have a side of milk with each of those?”

“Not a problem. Total is $15.98”

Jessica made her payment, snagged her bag of food, and made her way with a final “thanks!”

“My pleasure” responded the cashier

Taking a seat at a corner booth Jessica was excited to enjoy her meal and people watch. What better thing was there to do at the mall besides shop and strip in the bathroom anyway?

“Mmmm” she savored with each bite. She did feel a little hungrier than usual as normally she could barely finish more than a single sandwich. She definitely had a larger appetite for some reason. She continued minding her own business taking note of some parents trying to tame their crazy kid throwing food at them, the couple having the most awkward date of their life, and a girl pack probably gossiping about something dumb.

In the booth behind her a sorority click sat down speaking loud enough their entire conversation could be heard as if they were right next to her.

Girl 1 – *“Oh my gosh! Did yooou see Jaime’s tits at the party last night? They were practically popping out of her top!*”

Girl 2 – *“Right! Whooo knewww they had gotten so big”*

“Hmph…uhh…my head feels funny again” said Jessica pausing to rub her temple as a throb continued

Girl 3 – *“I wish mine grewww that much during freshman year”*

“Oh gosh…my…my chest feels so tight. Feels like I’m being restricted with each breath”

Girl 1 – *“Oh hush yooou! Yours are plenty great. Very respectable”*

*PLUMP…SWELL…ENLARGE…*

Girl 3 – *“Truuue. Especially with a solid booost of a push up bra”*

“Ughh…*PANT…*why do I feel so…*PANT*…turned on?”

Girl 2 – *“I should look intooo a padded one myself”*

*FATTEN…FILL…BIGGER…STRETCH…*

Jessica was quite confused. Was she having a migraine? A hot flash? She was only 24 so probably wasn’t that. Her head was spinning, her vision slightly blurry, and her breathing labored. Her skin was prickly and irritated. She reached up to scratch the base of her neck. As her hand made contact the scratching became quite soothing. She continued to work the skin with her fingers moving further down and out along the expanse of her breast.

“What is all this swelling? Am I having an allergic reaction?” she pondered

3...2…1…

“Oh my gosh! What happened tooo me!?” she announced to the world

Girl 1 – *“Jeeez. Could they be any louder?”*

Girl 3 –*“I know. Like, we’re trying tooo enjoy a conversation”*

Girl 2 –*“Seriously. What’s their issuuue?”*

Jessica was staring down into her shirt, or rather what was popping out of her shirt. She saw several inches of cleavage formed nicely by the new bra which seemed to have stretched along with her breasts keeping them well contained. Both her boobs and bra were overflowing out the confines of the striped shirt. With each breath they would rise…fall…rise…fall less…rise more…

“What…are…are they grooowing??” she asked afraid to touch them

Her view was becoming more obstructed by the ever-expanding cleavage that was approaching the table’s edge.

*DESCENED…PULSE…FILL…WIDEN…CONTACT…*

“Nuuah” sh shuttered at the cool sensation of the table against her breasts

Girl 1 –*“Guys look!? This chick has even better booobs than Jaimie!”*

Jessica’s ears rang with the word repeatedly. Something about the way the girl was saying it or maybe it was the way she was perceiving, but Jessica couldn’t help but to fixate on it.

*BOOOBS…BOOOB…BOOO…MOOO…*

Girl 2 –*“Oh wow! Yooou weren’t kidding. They’re huuuge!”*

“Errhm…so hot…so horny…so big…” Jessica pleaded. What was going on? What was causing her to grow? Why was she feeling this way? What was repeating deep within her mind?

Girl 3 –*“Damn. Those suckers look like they’re so swollen. I bet they can store a butt load of milk”*

“Milk?” she imagined the word then darting her eyes to the milks she ordered with her meal. Why did she ask for that? She never gets milk? She always gets Sprite?

“Something isn’t right. I need tooo get home and figure things out” she told herself

She grabbed her belongings, snatched up the remainder of her meal, and scooted her way out of the booth.

*BOING…JIGGLE…WOBBLE…BOUNCE…*

Her now E cup boobs moved in ways she had never experienced before. The bra despite being elastic and non-specific in size was doing a fantastic job containing her assets. As she stood up with arms full cradling her stuff (and space occupying melons), the booth of sorority girls locked gaze following her out piercing with stares mouths gaped open.

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Abby walked as fast as she could to her car taking further notice of the extra masses hanging from her chest. They were heavy, sensitive, and trying to escape the confines of her shirt. As she got into the driver’s seat she noticed that her boobs were pressing up against the steering wheel squished between her arms.

“They dooo look really hot…ugh…and enormous” she reminded herself taking away some of her angst

She pulled out of the parking lot heading straight home to her apartment. Getting stuck at a red light she turned up the radio to help clear her head of recent events.

*This is FM 99.5 hot beats for a new youuu!*

Jessica felt her head becoming fuzzy again.

*All the latest hits and the best muuusic around town!*

*TINGLE…PANT…WARMTH…PANT…*

*Next up we got a new one “Hurry to Waterlooo Avenuuue”*

“Nnuuh…oh…I feel all flustered again”

*PULSE…FILL…PLUMP…EXPAND…*

The music continued on every so often striking another trigger

“Oh gosh they’re grooowing again! They…uh…getting sooo big!?”

She had already adjusted her seat to accommodate but with all this new flesh they once again made contact with her steering wheel making it harder and harder to drive.

“I’ve got tooo get home! Ughhh…damn radio isn’t helping!” she vented mashing the power button killing the music. As soon as the music stopped her breast growth came to a slow halt moments after. She was in a daze still processing her situation. She felt tingly, numb, unable to think clearly. Her bust had enlarged almost twice the size it had earlier at the food court putting her closer to H cups. Her shirt felt very tight several sizes beyond inadequate as it was intended for her original size. The bra had continued to stretch to conform to her increased size. Not only were they bigger and heavier, but an experienced density was building that she couldn’t quite put a finger on.

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Jessica made it home without crashing which wouldn’t have mattered much considering she already had airbags deployed. She was borderline delirious, exhausted, and starving beyond her pre-lunch rumbling not too long ago. She made her way into the kitchen to grab some additional snacks and treats to supplement her other meal.

She flipped on the TV and dug in hardly chewing. Her meal only lasted several minutes at most.

“Ahhh. I feel much better. Well, mostly better” she said patting her new squishy orbs.

“They feel kind of tight? Like firm? Hmm?” she questioned starting to squeeze them more intentionally

Then a run of commercials started.

*We’ve got it all folks. Come down tooo Warehouse Supply CO where we have all your shopping needs and there’s always mooore of it!*

“Oh…did…did he say moo?” as the words escaped her lips a light flickered inside her head echoing after her. Her head felt potently dizzy and her body was heating up again. Her breasts quivered on their own accord unbeknownst to her. Sound seemed distant to her like she had entered a personal void.

*Wa wa, wa wa wa…*mooove*…wawawa.*

“What…what’s happening tooo me?” she said in a sultry voice. Her hands were pulling at the neckline of her already near bursting shirt trying to relief some of the pressure she was feeling.

*Wawa, wa wa, wawawa…*ourmenuuu*…wa wa.*

*GROW…ENORGE…FILL…EXTEND…*

“I…I need…mmm….moooore” feeling a surge as she extended the syllable

Her breasts were about to fall out of her shirt completely with the bra still maintaining. She was mashing at them rhythmically still under a trance. Her groin was hot and her nipples were rock hard. The more she manipulated them, the more they prepared to release their bounty.

*Wa, wawa, wawa, wa…cooow…*

*STRETCH…SQUEEZE…SWELL…DRIP…*

“I…I’m not a cooow…am I?”

Her shirt flung itself underneath her bust which was still bound by the elastic print bra as it pushed onwards in its decent to take over her entire torso. A faint creak could be heard from time to time.

“I…I must…I moooost be dreaming” she half reasoned

*DRIP…DRIP…BIGGER…BIGGER…DRIP…*

“I’m…I’m leaking…milk…I have milk…” she rhetorically asked

She felt the dampness on her hands. The white of her bra was clinging to her skin where it was most wet. The hue of blue on her still pale skin was evident on the slopes of her breasts. They were becoming so full, so heavy, and obscenely out of place on such a petite frame. They were by far wider than she was and down to her belly button.

“I need tooo be milked…I moooost be drained…I am a coooow” she chanted

On que her breasts responded in earnest and pushed out in all directions a large increment more than her current size. It was a rapid but steady jump causing her to sway from the momentum. She was staring at her mounds hands softly stroking their sides. The sensitivity was rising in parallel.

She wasn’t in any state of a right mind, but deep down she knew she was enjoying this. She was hornier than she had ever been. Her jeans were soaking between her legs and milk was flowing freely like an open tap.

“I wonder…if…I can make them grooow…*PULSE…*moooo…”

*EXPAND…FILL…SQUIRT…BOBBLE…*

“Moooooo…” she dared them

*GURGLE…GROW…QUIVER…BIGGER…LEAK…*

“MOOOO…” she commanded

*BOING…WOBBLE…VIENS…DESCEND…STREAMS…*

“MOO…*SWELL…*MOO…*PULSE*…MOO…*BIGGER*…MOO…*CREAK…*MOO…*TEAR…*MOO…*EXPAND…*”

They journeyed out and onward in front of her crawling the soft skin that was her belly and beyond her navel. They were fully on her thighs creeping further and further. Their weight was immense but Jessica paid no mind. Jessica was no longer Jessica. She was beyond her formal self. She was becoming a full fledged hucow with breasts so large they would dominate her purpose; her entire existence. No longer would she go out shopping, school, or activities. She was now redesigned to grow and produce milk. She was reprogrammed to enjoy this about her new self and to indulge in her sexual fantasies.

*SNAP! BOING! THUD!*

Her new bra finally snapped with her mammaries recoiling out further in their unrestrained manner. They enveloped around and over her knees lunging her onto her floor. She fell right on top of them cushioned by their softness but firm enough to support her frame.

“OHHHH FUCK!!” she climaxed with the weight of herself peaking her beyond the brink.

*PANT…PANT…BLINK…BLINK…*

“Oh…wha…oh wow…this…this could be a problem…” she realized coming to her senses.

Now that the bra had disintegrated off of her torso by the flood of flesh stacked up behind it, she was no longer hearing subtle voices of mooing. She could barely see anything but flesh in most of her direct view in all directions. Her breasts were practically a furnace of warmth engulfing her being. She was numb and tingling all over.

“If this is what the bra did to me I can only imagine what the matching bottoms would do? I probably should have read the tag more carefully before I tried it on”