

Grumpy Cows Come From California

By Nightshade

Illustration by Fenris North

I guess I should start by telling you about myself, even though this is really a story about my girlfriend Ellie. I am a twenty-two-year-old med-school student at Stanford, and a bit of a cross between a valley girl and a Hot Topic Goth. I am tall, athletic, and curvier than most, but when I stand next to Ellie I look like Christina Hendricks in comparison.

Ellie looked a bit like an even more boyish version of Kristen Stewart. A few inches shorter than me with freckly skin, brown eyes, and shoulder-length dishwater brown hair that she wore in a ponytail. Her face was cute, if somewhat plain, with a strong jaw; she often wore glasses and never put on makeup. Her shoulders were broad and nicely toned, and her stomach was thin, but had just enough flab to keep her from developing an hourglass shape as it tapered into her narrow hips. Her butt was also cute, but not quite sexy, broad, and almost flat.

Likewise, her chest was almost completely flat, a true a-cup. Not that she would have needed a bra if it weren't for her spectacular nipples. Cute little princess nipples, bubblegum pink, standing out from her chest like perky little pencil erasers, set on areola the size of a poker chip and just as round. I thought that her nipples were far and away her best feature, and I loved to play with them and suck on them, but anytime that I would pinch, pull, or flick them; Ellie would immediately tell me to stop, saying that they were really sensitive and I was hurting her. Biting them was absolutely out of the question.

That was another thing about Ellie; she was a total wuss. Everything was too intense for her. While it was fun to baby her when she bumped her head or stubbed her toe, or to cuddle her when she was cold or scared, it got to be a bit much sometimes. She had no pain tolerance whatsoever, and I couldn't even watch a scary movie when she was in the apartment without her freaking out. Any sort of S&M was out of the question; even a spanking or light knife play was too intense for her. Anyway, I am getting a bit ahead of myself, but keep that in mind, it will be important later.

So, you might be wondering how someone like me ended up with a plain, geeky girl with a figure that most middle schoolers would look at with pity. Well, most people would say it was a rebound thing, but I think it was more of a spite thing.

Throughout high school I had dated the same girl; she was my first love and the one who made me realize I was interested in girls in the first place. She was a full-figured Goth, and we were crazy about one another. When we turned eighteen I had just assumed we would move in together, but it had turned out she had been planning on keeping our relationship a secret and thought I was moving too fast. She wasn't sure this whole lesbian thing wasn't a phase, and she still wanted kids, and maybe wanted to be with someone who could give her some.

It was a very nasty fight, and at one point she told me that nobody would ever be able to love me, and in the end, I decided to prove her wrong. I decided that I was going to find a new

I was part of a semi-secret study group at school. All of its members were prodigies in medicine or life sciences, and whose talent outweighed our common sense; each working on pet projects that would have gotten our medical licenses revoked; if we had them yet. Those professors who knew about us mostly turned a blind eye to our activities; a few even helped us out on the sly. Most students who learned about our group compared us to mad scientists or called us the Franksteins.

Now, my specialty is in regenerative medicine, and I was way too driven to waste my own time with anything so frivolous as cosmetic surgery. But one of my friends, I won't mention his name, was working on a new technique for gender-affirming surgeries. In layman's terms, it was a hormone therapy that worked on a genetic level, changing the body's code cell by cell and, over time, altering its physiology and ultimately anatomy to match the desired form.

It will be revolutionary if it's ever approved for general use. I used my own skill set to help him work out a few of the bugs, at first thinking about how much good it could do, and how it could be applied to my own field of study. But as we went along, a rogue idea kept intruding on my thoughts, a fantasy about how great Ellie would look if she were more feminine.

I dismissed the idea at first. But it kept coming back. And over time I found some flimsy justification for shooting down every barrier against it.

At first, I just imagined what she would look like if she were a little less boyish. Then what she would look like with a figure like my ex. Then further, hyper-feminine, like the women in the hentai comics she sometimes read.

And then, one day, I realized that I was actually going to go through with it.

Now, for most people, convincing Ellie would be the real issue. But once I had made up my mind, I knew that it was only a matter of time before I got my way.

Once I had committed to the plan, I got to work on manipulating Ellie. I used many of the same tactics that a pick-up artist would, eroding her self-esteem while planting ideas in her head. I spent more time reminiscing about my ex around her, made a habit of complimenting or staring at the cartoonishly proportioned characters on the shows she watched, dressed to show off my own curves, and alternated between acting disappointed by her slender figure and being extra appreciative of those curves she did have.

And it worked. One day, she off-handedly mentioned that she sometimes thought about getting a boob job, but the idea of surgery scared her to death. I let her go on for a moment, until she was about to change the subject, when I mentioned I had a friend who performed non-surgical breast-augmentation procedures.

Ellie looked skeptical, and more than a little hesitant. But I assured her it was true.

The next day at school I told my friend that I had finally found a volunteer for his procedure. At first, I let him believe that I was talking about myself before telling him about Ellie. He agreed, although there was more than a little trepidation in it.

After I had his word, I came back to Ellie and told her the good news. Of course, she tried backing out, but I explained that this had been her idea and that it was not fair to me after I had called in so many favors to pull this off.

Ellie wasn't convinced, and it took more than a little persistence on my part. What finally got a yes out of her was putting the image into her head of all the amazing cosplay she could pull off if she looked like a real-life anime character.

I went over a list of procedures she could do, underselling each one. Of course, the boobs were the big one. She, who had never really needed a bra, obviously had no idea how sizes worked, and she thought that a C cup was big and a D cup was huge, and a DD was obscene. I had other ideas.

Eventually, rather than trying to nickel and dime her into a bigger cup size, I asked her if she would like breasts as big as the girl she liked from that Bleach cartoon she watched.

"Kukaku Shiba?" She asked.

"Sure," I responded.

"I guess that would be ok," Ellie trailed off, blushing and looking down at the floor.

I did a quick google search and found that some nerd had calculated the character as having a 38-N cup. That was certainly bigger than Ellie ever would have accepted, and it was probably an overestimation; maybe they were using metric sizes.

Either way, I thought that it would be a great size, way bigger than any other girl I had ever been with, finally enough to satisfy me, and so I did some rough biometric calculations toward that result.

One evening while we were sitting on the couch in our underwear I asked if she also wanted a bigger butt. She was shocked at first, and then asked if I really thought it would look good on her. I gently ran my hands down her back and gave her a slow sensual gluteal massage, and said "Not only would it look great, but think how it is gonna *feel*."

Her breathing came heavy and, after a moment, panted, "I suppose maybe a *little* bigger would be ok."

The next step was taking a blood sample, and I swear, the way she carried on you would think I was amputating her whole arm. With her blood in the lab, we begin analyzing her specific genome, running projections, as well as several mockup serums.

I really wanted to do more, but I exercised restraint, if you can really call it restraint. Most of the changes would be to her endocrine system, amplifying her production of and increasing her sensitivity to numerous hormones, most notable estrogen, oxytocin, and norepinephrine.

I tinkered with her genes to give her a more pear-shaped figure, and a face that would be slightly more feminine and more like the anime characters she loved.

I thought about making her legs longer, but that was probably a more extreme change than was prudent on our first go. I was also tempted to go through and try and heal every little bit of genetic damage, but again, we weren't trying to make Captain America here, and the more changes I made the more likely something would go wrong, and the harder it would be to figure out what had caused the problem if it did.

A small voice in my mind asked if I would be able to live with the consequences if something did go wrong, but I silenced it.

I did allow myself two minor medical corrections; the first to repair the genetic defect that impaired her vision, and the second to eliminate any propensity for a bad back; I knew that for the rest of her life any sort of back pain she suffered would be blamed on her tits and me for wanting her to get them.

Once we had a workable model it was time to schedule the procedure. Ellie backed out at least a dozen times, she had so many excuses; It was going to hurt. What if something went wrong? What would her parents think? Would people recognize her? What if it made it hard for her to do sports? People would think she was a slut. What if she couldn't find clothes? She had too many job interviews lined up for recovery time. What if it was too hard to move around? What if nobody took her seriously? What if she wanted to take up skateboarding or dancing? Would it impair her ability to breastfeed or even to have kids? What if she got fat? Would she be more likely to develop breast cancer? What if she changed her mind?

I had to use every method in the book to keep her on task. Until eventually she asked me what she would do if her next girlfriend prefers a nice trim figure.

That one hit on my last nerve, and I snapped back "Then she could do a whole lot better than you."

After that, I was done arguing, and I just took the procedure and her consent as a given.

The day before our scheduled date, I informed her that she was not to eat anything for the next twenty-four hours, and not to drink anything but distilled water. The new genetic information would be taken orally, and it could be bad if it absorbed any foreign genes. She said she understood.

On the big day, I picked her up after school, and drove her to an empty room on campus. I held her hand as my friend inserted the IV and the feeding tube before Ellie drifted off to sleep.

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She was somewhat sore and groggy for the next few days, complaining about pains that were almost certainly in her head. She was grumpy too, but what she mostly was hungry. She couldn't get enough food, and was ravenous as her body attempted to pack on the pounds to generate the curves that she had been missing all her life.

The effect was gradual at first. Her personality was mostly unchanged, but as the weeks went by she became both more affectionate and more submissive. I had always been the dominant one in our relationship, but she had a fair mouth on her and was an ace at complaining, but more and more she was eager to go along with whatever I had in mind, she was just glad for the opportunity to be close to me.

She was also horny. Like, all the time. We hadn't had this much sex when we first started dating.

The first physical changes were, of course, in her breasts. Her areola grew broader and faded to a pale rosebud pink, spreading out until they were as big across as compact disks, and I joked that if she didn't start developing breasts under them soon, they might meet in the middle. She didn't appreciate the humor.

The nipples themselves were roughly the size and shape of baby carrots. And they were always erect. She couldn't wear a bra anymore, and they were clearly visible through any top she wore. They turned me on, but they embarrassed Ellie, and she often refused to leave the apartment, although occasionally the promise of food would convince her to let me take her out.

But, it wasn't long before her breasts grew to match. For the first time in her life, she had real breasts, and at her fastest, she was going up almost a cup size a day. She was soon bigger than me, then bigger than my ex, then bigger than any woman we knew. She was growing too fast to even try and find a bra that fit her. I cataloged their progress with great interest. I told her it was to document the procedure, but in truth, I just couldn't get enough of them. I touched them, licked them, measured them, and took pictures of them with great relish. When she complained that they were sore, I gently massaged them and kissed them until they were better.

By the time her growth finally slowed, they were great pendulous teardrops that hung down to either side of her navel. They were a bit bigger than I anticipated, my last measurement showed them to be a nice full P-cup, but that wasn't a cause for concern, well within the margin of error. Still, I loved how soft and heavy they felt in my hands or with my face buried between them.

The size of her new breasts made Ellie feel terribly awkward, both physically and socially, but she soon learned to appreciate all the attention I paid to them. In her mind, it was a good trade, though she was obviously nervous that the growth might never stop. She was already bigger than her Bleach girl; that much was obvious, and it was going to be hard to find regular clothes in her size, let alone cosplay outfits.

Of course, that wasn't the only change her body underwent.

Her skin grew much softer, smoother, and even more sensitive. Her complexion smoothed and what little tan she had faded away completely, leaving only a cute smattering of freckles across her cheeks and shoulders which stood out in stark contrast to her milky pale skin.

Small moles and scars faded away, as their genetic code was altered to match the rest of her body and the abnormal cells were replaced one by one. This revelation was almost enough to take my mind off Ellie's figure; if we could figure out how to replicate and control it this could be a breakthrough in treating cancer.

Her nails started growing in much faster and thicker, as did the hair on her head. At the same time, the hair across the rest of her body simply fell out, leaving silky smooth skin behind in its wake.

What little definition she had in her arms and shoulders soon disappeared as most of her muscle mass was replaced with adipose tissue. Her shoulders were still broad, but now they had a much softer and more feminine roundness to them. She got a lot weaker, needing my help accomplishing any but the lightest tasks. I didn't mind.

Her lack of strength, combined with her new submissive nature, meant that I could do whatever I wanted to her, from holding her down and tickling her to playing with huge and ultra-sensitive nipples, and she never gave more than a token complaint; I could tell that she enjoyed it as much as I did. She rarely walked by anymore without me giving her a playful smack on her butt.

And, speaking of her butt, it got more than a little bit bigger. Of course, part of that was me going a little bit extra on the formula, but not all of it. I was surprised by how broad her hips got, and how thick and chubby her thighs were becoming. Her butt was becoming rounder by the day, losing almost any sign of its former boxiness.

Her hips were so wide that she still had a nice hourglass shape, despite still having more than a bit of a tummy. At that moment she would have been a perfect, if a bit top-heavy, image of thickness, perfect for the cover of a lowrider magazine or rap video.

Her face also underwent some changes, although not nearly as extreme as the rest of her body. Her jaw grew slightly softer and her cheeks a bit fuller, although not too much, her body had an agenda, and was using almost every bit of spare fat it could get.

Likewise, her voice jumped up in pitch, and ended up almost a full octave higher than when she started her transformation. That was unexpected, but not inexplicably so.

The most dramatic change was in her lips; they got much fuller and took on a more feminine shape, leaving her with a permanent pout. Her eyes changed shape as well, although not quite as significantly. I did everything I could to give her the anime eyes she wanted without actually reshaping her skull and her eyes got both larger and took on a bit of an almond shape. They also became a much darker brown, going from a muddy color to an almost black, and though it looked amazing, I had a harder time explaining it.

With the new shape of her face, she could pass herself off as Asian well enough. We tried some race-based roleplay a few times; sexy geisha, Japanese schoolgirl, Vietnamese prostitute, you know the old stereotypes, but she was too self-conscious to really commit to the broken English or fresh off the boat accent that was required, just as I was unable to get into the complex scenarios she dreamed up involving characters I didn't care about from comics or shows that I had never heard of.

Speaking of Anime, once her transformation had slowed down and we thought it was about to stop, it was time to fulfill my promise and help her with her cosplay. I had great fun giving her a full makeover, something the old Ellie would have never let me do to her. My style had always been bold and simple, and I give her a more elaborate version of the same, with thick winged eyeliner, bright red lipstick, and fire-engine red polish on her fingers and toes. Her skin was so clear she hardly needed any concealer or foundation.

I also dyed her hair a deep cerulean blue, which was more vivid than anything found in real life, and styled it into a pair of voluminous pigtails.

When we were finished I brought her in front of the mirror.

“See? Perfect anime girl!”

Ellie stared for a moment, and then face-palmed. She did her best to look angry, but in the end, just ended up trying to hide her smile as she giggled through her hand.

“You have never actually seen an anime, have you?”

“That's not true. I watched Sailor Moon every day after school when I was eight, if I had all my homework done that is.”

Ellie just shook her head.

Her look no longer quite fit with her original cosplay idea, but she found something else that worked. I don't remember the character's name, but I do remember how much of a pain it was putting the costume together, and I still haven't quite paid off the charges on my credit card.

She was too big, and if I may be blunt, a bit too saggy, for a pushup bra to really do what she needed, so instead we had a custom-made corset to give the impression of the unnaturally big, round, bouncy, anime tits that she wanted. Likewise, although she didn't really intend to wear a micro skirt, her hips were so wide that was the only effect we could achieve while still leaving her with a full range of motion, and much like the stereotypical anime girl, I am sure she gave lots of people unintentional views of her panties that day.

We had a great time at the Fanime expo that year, mostly I was just happy to see her happy, and maybe vice versa. This balloon-titted blue-haired bimbo with an endless pool of geeky trivia was the hit of the show, and I lost count of the number of people who asked to have their pictures taken with her.

I was proud of her, and turned on of course, but I was also jealous. Every time someone leaned in close for a picture, often a little too close to her chest, I felt a stab of jealousy shoot up my spine. But here's the thing, I was never quite sure who I was jealous of; the people paying attention to Ellie, or Ellie herself.

Still, those were good times. I finally had the ultra-feminine girlfriend that I had always wanted, and Ellie had the anime fantasy life that I assume she always wanted. If things had stayed that way, our lives would have been great.

Unfortunately, they did not.

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Ellie kept on growing. Her expansion slowed after the first few months, but never fully stopped.

Her breasts continued creeping down her belly, past her navel, and toward her waist. Honestly, they might have already reached her hips and started their journey down her thighs if the belly beneath them wasn't inflating as well.

She was growing quite the pot-belly, too large to be called a tummy anymore in even the most polite company. It grew so big and round, that someone looking at her might have thought she was pregnant, if not for its soft spongy feel and the way it jiggled whenever she walked.

She kept her hourglass figure, but only because her hips and shoulders were so incredibly wide, the latter outdistancing the former by what had to be a good six inches.

There was no question about it; Ellie was getting fat. Still, she was beautiful, her skin was taught and devoid of cellulite, and her figure was still utterly feminine, there was no chance of her ever becoming a shapeless blob. Likewise, her face was mostly untouched by the extra weight, she still looked like the same girl I had fallen in love with, or maybe her half-Filipino cousin.

And if I had any complaints, they were lost between her pillowy thighs.

Still, the old grumpy Ellie was coming back. She used her extra weight as an excuse not to leave the house, claiming it was getting too hard to move about, and that she was embarrassed whenever her looks made people stare. And she didn't have any clothes that fit, and didn't want to waste money ordering clothes that she would likely outgrow by the time they arrived.

I told her she was exaggerating.

She told me she was happy before.

I told her she just needed to stop eating so much.

She told me this was all my fault.

I told her she was being ridiculous, but deep down I wondered. Was I the reason she was eating so much? Did I unintentionally do something to her metabolism?

I pushed the thought away.

Her nipples continued to grow, and once her breast development began to slow down, her nipples once again outpaced them, much like they had during puberty and then again shortly after the procedure.

One night, when her nipples had grown to the point where they were longer than her index finger and thicker than her thumb, she came to me complaining that her breasts were sore, much like she had in the first few weeks of her change. I told her to take off her clothes and lie down on the futon, which she did with a loud grunt. The jiggling was profound.

I likewise disrobed and then sat on top of her, straddling her hips, resting my torso upon the rounded dome of her stomach. Her breasts were magnificent splayed out before me, each significantly larger than the throw-pillow Ellie rested her head upon, and when she was lying on her back they covered her torso completely, her left tit totally filling the space between her body and the back cushion, her right threatening to spill out onto the floor if she so much as straightened her elbow. Her magnificent nipples stood at attention, saluting the ceiling like a pair of tiny towers.

I began to gently knead the pale, pliant, flesh, at first going around in circles and then sinking my fingers into her breasts and raised them towards me. I imagined that if I stretched them to full extension, they would be longer than my arms. I looked down at Ellie and smiled. Then I leaned over and began to kiss her cavernous cleavage, and then worked my way toward her areola, my lips gently brushing over the soft pink circles before moving toward her nipple. After a moment, I began to suckle on it, taking the entirety of it into my mouth.

As I ran my tongue up and down its turgid length, Ellie moaned, and I pushed my mouth down deeper, until I almost gagged. For a brief moment, I wondered if this was what it was like for a straight girl to give a blowjob. That was when the milk flooded into my mouth, driving all thoughts of penises from my mind.

Rich creamy milk filled my mouth. I choked and pulled back, coughed, and asked Ellie what was happening. She only looked up at me with her big brown eyes and pleaded with me not to stop.

I should have stopped, but didn't. It tasted so good, and the thought of suckling on her tits like a baby freed some deep fetish I didn't even realize I had locked away in the back of my mind.

I sucked and I sucked for almost an hour. For the first time in my life, I think I was actually at peace, all thoughts of the past and the future pushed from my mind. And from the look on her face when I opened my eyes, Ellie loved every second of it.

I alternated sucking on one bloated tit and then the other before finally pulling away. Ellie begged me again not to stop, they still ached.

“I’m full. I can’t drink another drop!”

“Please?” She begged.

I thought for a moment. “Ok, get up,” I commanded as I helped pull her to her feet. I walked a few steps with her, then commanded her to turn around and then bend over. She was slow to react, let out a dreamy “What?” and so I emphasized by command with a sharp slap on her rump. She let out a high-pitched squeak and then leaned forward, resting her elbows on the edge of the entry-way table and letting her breasts hang free.

I stopped for a moment to stare in awe, dangling like that; they reached more than halfway to the floor. I quickly scooted into the kitchen and grabbed our largest mixing bowl as well as the step ladder we used for hanging posters and changing light bulbs.

I sat them both down on the floor and then seated myself beside Ellie. I placed my thumbs and forefingers over her elongated nipples, and then I began to milk her like a dairy farmer. It took me a moment before I got the hang of it, but it wasn’t long before thick streams of milk sprayed into the bowl below her, and Ellie was moaning in delight.

I couldn’t believe how much she had in there, no wonder her breasts were getting so big!

After a few moments, Ellie was mostly drained, the jets of milk slowing down to lazy trickle of white droplets.

But, at the same time, Ellie’s breath quickened, and I could feel her whole body tense. A moment later I could feel her shudder as an orgasm washed over her, and when she opened her mouth I expected her to squeak or moan as she so often did when she lost control of herself.

Instead; Ellie let out a long “Mooooooo!!” that reverberated from deep in her chest.

After a moment, I laughed and said “Did you just moo?”

“No,” Ellie said, turning bright red as she struggled to stand up straight and wipe the last drops of milk from her prodigious chest.

“Yes, you did, I heard.”

Ellie stamped her foot, causing her whole body to ripple enticingly, and said “This is all your fault! I hate you!”

She then stomped into our bedroom, slammed the door behind her with all the strength she could muster, and locked the door.

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She stayed in there for almost two days. I tried to talk to her, but she ignored me or told me to go away. I knew she was ok, because I could hear her moving around, and it sounded like she was wearing heels, which was weird, because she hated heels, only wearing them on really special occasions, and never in the apartment.

I spent the next two nights sleeping on the couch. Although I didn't sleep much, mostly I was trying to figure out where we had gone wrong. I spent a lot of time texting my friends from school, although never quite going so far as to explain what was wrong, let alone admit any sort of guilt.

Eventually, Ellie came out. I don't know if it was hunger, horniness, boredom, a need to be milked, or some combination of the above. It wasn't contrition though, she was still furious.

Now, I am a cool bitch, but even I was startled by her appearance, and let out a "What the fuck?" when I saw her.

Now, her breasts were once again full of milk, weighed down and even larger than before, and while that would have normally held my complete attention, that was the last thing on my mind.

The first thing I noticed was that she had small bony horns emerging from her temples, the next was that her ears had elongated and now stuck almost straight out from the sides of her head, and they were covered with light velvety fur in a distinct black and white Holstein pattern.

Next, was that she was standing on the balls of her feet, and her toes had fused together into a single keratinized mass like a hoof, I could even see the remnants of cherry-red nail polish that I had put on her toes the previous week.

The most pronounced change was the udder that emerged from her lower-abdomen, nearly as large as one of her breasts and much rounder. It hung below her belly, completely covering her crotch and resting on her thighs. The skin was the same soft pink color as her areola, and the four teats that dangled from it were almost the exact size and shape as her nipples.

Finally, I noticed the long tail grew from just above her ample backside. Long, and covered in the same fuzz as her ears, tipped with a tuft of stark black and white fur. It twitched back and forth, unfocused as if a conduit for her nervous energy.

Ellie was turning into a cow!

She was furious. She did her best to glare at me, but with her new facial features, the best she could manage was an adorable pout. Likewise, her hands were resting on her hips; she clearly wanted to fold them across her chest, but that was obviously no longer possible for her.

"What happened?" I stammered, still trying to make sense of this.

"You tell me! You did this!"

“I didn’t do this! How could you think this was my fault?”

“You are the one who wanted me to get big tits and undergo experimental procedures, and dye my hair blue!”

“But, that’s not possible. Humans and cows aren’t even in the same order; we don’t share any of their genes!”

“Come on. What do you expect me to believe I coincidentally pissed off some old witch at the same time as your experimental procedure, and am just magically turning into a cow?”

“No. But it doesn’t make any more sense than hormone therapy would give you bovine characteristics either. The cow genes would have to come from somewhere.”

“Oh.”

“Oh! what?”

“Nothing.”

“No, what oh?”

“Don’t try and change the subject. You admitted it was possible, so it is your fault. “

“Ellie, tell me what you know.”

She stubbornly refused for a good fifteen minutes. But eventually, I was able to calm her down and get her to admit what had happened. Going a full twenty-four hours without food had been too much to ask of her, and so while I was at school, she had snuck out and walked a couple of blocks to the In N’ Out Burger and eaten a double cheeseburger with a vanilla milkshake for lunch.

And that was that, all the bovine genes she could ever want, laced with whatever other hormone and additives might be in there.

I was happy to have an explanation, and relieved, it could have been so much worse; nonmammalian genes might well have been fatal. But mostly, I was happy to learn that it was Ellie’s fault.

Immediately I moved over to her, wrapped my arms around her, and kissed the tears from her eyes.

“It’s ok, I forgive you.”

“You do?” She asked, the rage almost forgotten in my embrace.

“Of course.”

“Do you still love me?”

“Why wouldn’t I?”

“Because I’m hideous,”

“No, I think you cute.”

“Really?”

“Of course. Honestly, I think I like you better this way,” and it was true. The curvaceous cow really did something for me, way more than the old tomboy Ellie ever had.

She looked at me like I was crazy, but still had a hopeful glint in her eyes.

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We spent the next few days in bed together, cuddling and crying. I took another sample of her DNA, much easier this time as I could use milk rather than blood, and examined her genes, to see just how much of the cow’s had gotten into her.

It wasn’t a lot, and I didn’t think she was going to change much further, and I couldn’t see anything that would cause her long-term health issues. But, there was no way to reverse it. The technology just wasn’t available, and even if we let out the full extent of what we did, I didn’t think it would be in our lifetimes.

So Ellie and I settled into a routine. I milk her every morning, and then every four hours throughout the day, any longer and she can’t bear the pressure. This process involves both her upper and lower sets of teats, and while it is fun, it does get tedious at times, and it’s a pain to schedule my day around. Hopefully she will build up a bit more tolerance over time.

I also do her hair and makeup and paint her nails and her hooves every evening. We also have lots of sex, or at least the closest a girl and a cowgirl can come to sex; Ellie is constantly horny in more ways than one. And we spend most of the rest of the time kissing and cuddling on the couch. Ellie loves the attention and the physical contact, and I love the new her.

Of course, she is still lazy and grumpy in equal measure. I have to leave her when I go to school, and she just pouts in bed or on the futon, spending all her time eating and watching her anime. She doesn’t even try and get dressed anymore, she is permanently nude, and insists nothing will fit her. The only thing she will wear is the leather collar I got her for her birthday with her name in rhinestones. I also got a detachable cowbell with it, but I haven’t had the heart to give it to her. Yet.

But Ellie won’t even consider leaving our apartment anymore. One day she will have to, of course, people will be worried about her, and it isn’t good for her mental health to be cooped up in these three rooms forever. Whenever I try and convince her to try going outside, she looks at me with equal amounts of terror and bemusement, "There are people out there," she says, "normal people."

The implication being: What will they think of a freak like her?

Eventually, after several months of milking and moping, I realized that something needed a change. We had transformed her body completely, but deep down she was still the same Ellie, and our relationship had all the same old problems.

But I had a plan to fix everything.

That afternoon, I called up my old friend and I informed him that it was time for the second wave of human trials.

