

Ophir's Antiques 1

Contains cowgirl transformation (lactation, breast expansion, thiccening, multibreast)

Julie sighed, leaning back in her chair. She scrolled through the internet, one hand in her panties, as she browsed art & read stories.

Cowgirls were her thing. Those curves, the ears, the soft bellies, and the tits. She shivered whenever she found a piece of artwork that captured it just right - the multiple breasts, the bloated nipples, the too-much milk and the gentle mooing as the poor girl looked for release.

She sighed again. All she really wanted was the one impossible thing - to know what it was like first hand. Julie wanted to plump up, to feel her hips swell, to experience those extra breasts emerging from her torso and to feel them all bloat with milk.

She opened a new tab and went to search, and only had to type a few letters before the searches were autofilled. She scrolled through pages of purple results, links she'd clicked on a thousand times.

Julie froze as she noticed a link she'd never seen before: *ophirsantiques.com*. She clicked it and was taken to a seemingly innocuous website for some sort of antique store. The page she was taken to was a product page for a pair of pretend cow ears attached to a headband, like part of a Halloween costume.

Rolling her eyes, she went to click off the page, but the description caught her eye.

Headband seems to cause spontaneous light transformation in the wearer, regardless of gender. Extra curves, padding & breasts are the highlight, though personality changes may also be occurring - the wearer's heightened state of pleasure makes it difficult to tell.

Julie raised an eyebrow, her heart beating quickly. This must be a joke, or some weird fetish site, but it felt serious. She googled *Ophir's Antiques* and found no google profile or reviews.

A few niche forums popped up, however. Users mentioned the store by name, citing artifacts they'd purchased or been given, and attesting wholeheartedly to them working. Some users even shared photos, and the photos looked just like the art Julie so often browsed, except so... realistic. When had AI gotten that good?

Julie tabbed back to the website and went to the home page, browsing until she found an address. She raised an eyebrow - this place was only fifteen minutes from her house, and on a street she was familiar with. How had she never seen it?

The next morning Julie dressed and headed out immediately. She didn't need to navigate - she easily drove herself to the street in question and then slowly drove down it, looking at the cafe's and stores. Her eyes widened as she saw a cozy, dark wood building with flower pots under the windows that had 'Ophir's Antiques' signed above the door.

Julie parked out front and walked up to the building. The windows were tinted heavily - she could make nothing out inside. She stepped back and frowned - she knew this street well, and she knew the shops on either side of this one, and she was sure she had never seen it before.

She stepped inside and was greeted by the smell of flowers. The store was spacious and yet cozy, warmly lit and filled with wooden shelves covered in all sorts of weird looking items. A speaker somewhere played gentle lofi-esque music, and Julie could hear a kettle boiling through an open door out the back.

Julie walked up to the counter, which had a few open books and a MacBook sitting on it, which was open to some sort of odd auctioning website. Looking around and seeing nobody, she frowned and shrugged, pulling out her phone and opening the store's website to the cow ears.

"Hi! How can I help you?" Came a voice from right beside her. Julie jumped and yelped, looking around. There was nobody here, she was sure of -

Her eyes locked onto a girl sitting crossed-legged on the counter right in front of her. The girl stood and stretched. She looked to be a brunette Latina, with generous hips & ass, and a cute chest. She was wearing jeans and a black T-shirt.

The reason Julie hadn't seen her until now was simple. Standing upright on the counter, the girl was only roughly five or six inches tall. Julie gaped at her with wide eyes.

"You... you're... a fairy?!" Julie stammered. The tiny girl scoffed, folding her arms.

"I am a human, thank you very much. And Piper suits just fine, thanks." Piper said.

"You're... but you're so small..." Julie continued.

Piper dramatically looked down and patted herself, then looked up at Julie.

"Holy shit, I hadn't noticed! When on earth did this happen?" She said sarcastically, though with a friendly smirk as she did so. The two girls stared at each other for a long moment, before Piper continued. "Want to try this again? Hi, I'm Piper. How can I help you?"

Julie flushed and stammered for a moment before answering. "Hi, I'm... erm, I'm Julie. I found this place online, and I was actually looking for..."

Piper held up a hand and shushed Julie as the MacBook chimed. She turned and jogged over to it, then kneeled down and began to move the mouse, sliding her full hand along the trackpad.

Piper clicked by pushing both hands down on the trackpad like she was giving it CPR, then looked up at the screen. Julie saw a countdown play out on the page - on which it looked like

Piper had just bid on some sort of necklace. The countdown reached zero and the website played some sort of celebratory chime.

Piper pumped her fist and whispered a quiet 'Yes!' As she seemingly won the bid. The tiny girl spun around as the partly-open door at the far end of the room creaked open. A slender girl pushed it open with her hip, her hands full with a teacup and pot.

She was short, about 5'4. She was pale, and black hair hung loosely to her shoulders. She was wearing a woollen sweater, a skirt & leggings, along with white sneakers. Her blue eyes met Julie's and she gave Julie a wink as she slowly walked through the room, balancing the tea.

She gently placed the teacup and saucer down on the table, then placed the teapot further away from Piper. She reached two fingers into the teacup and pulled out a tiny, doll-sized cup and saucer, which she placed beside Piper.

The pale girl poured herself a cup of tea and then pulled out an eye dropper, and sucked out a tiny bit of tea from her cup before dropping it into the tiny cup beside Piper.

Julie watched the whole thing play out in silence, the new girl moving as though serving tea to a six inch tall woman was the most normal thing in the world. Julie noticed a little badge on the blue-eyed girl's sweater that read '*Ophir*' and then, underneath that, '*Owner & Proprietor.*'

Ophir's eyes drifted to the laptop as she sat on a stool opposite Julie, and she almost coughed on her tea.

"You got it!" She said, and Piper grinned proudly.

"I did! Check out the price too!" She said. Ophir leaned in and her eyes widened.

"Wow, well done. How'd you manage that?" She asked.

"Bidding against Albert & Adam's." Piper said, sipping her tiny tea cup. "I figured I was bidding against the old man, so I just left my last offer to the last minute. Old fart probably thought he had it in the bag and fell asleep."

Ophir laughed and sipped her tea again. She slid over one of the open notebooks and scribbled something down in a language Julie didn't recognise, then flicked through pages for a while before her blue eyes drifted up to Julie.

"Oh, hello! Goodness, sorry. You're so quiet I forgot you were there. I'm Ophir." She said. She extended her hand and Julie shook it.

"How'd you get the shop here?" Julie asked without thinking. Ophir shared a look with Piper and smirked.

"I don't know." She replied. "Where was it?"

Julie hesitated for a moment. "Uh... Denver? Colorado?" She said, gesturing to the door.

"Oh, neat!" Said Piper. Ophir just shrugged.

"Well, you're in London now." She said, opening a drawer and pulling out a plate of biscuits, dunking one in her tea.

"London?!" Julie asked incredulously. Ophir nodded, chewing.

"Store front moves. Or is in different places simultaneously, I guess." She said with a mouthful of biscuit. "But the inside is in London. Don't worry, you'll be back in Denver when you leave. It's magic, and pretty clever magic at that, if I say so myself. 'Twas not cheap. Have a look outside."

Julie moved to the window, which had been tinted beyond visibility from outside. From inside, however, it clearly looked out into some sort of town square which looked very stereotypically London. It was drizzling with rain, which pattered against the window with a gentle hum. Julie opened the door, and her jaw dropped.

Outside the door was Denver. The street she'd come in from, bright and sunny. But leaning back and looking out through the window, an entirely different place, time & weather was visible.

"Trippy, right?" Piper said, taking a broken-off crumb of biscuit handed to her by Ophir. "Took me a while to get used to it. Trust me when I say don't think about it too hard."

Julie slowly closed the door, turning to look at the two girls at the counter.

"Okay." She said after a long pause. "That's London, and you're tiny." She said, pointing at the window and then at Piper, who scowled at her.

"Sorry." Julie said. "What I'm saying is, I believe you. Either that or I'm drugged or dreaming."

Ophir nodded with a smirk. "That's faster than a lot of people come to grips with things. Anyways, you wouldn't have found us unless you wanted something. How can we help?"

Julie blushed, and then pulled out her phone. She opened the tab to the page with the cow ears and placed the phone on the counter. Ophir's eyes flashed with amusement, and Piper let out a little squeal.

"Mhmm, the cow ears. They're a very fun one." Ophir said with a teasing voice, throwing a look at Piper. She slid the laptop in front of herself and began typing, before pausing, thinking, and picking up her phone.

"We try every item when they come in to make sure they work, and figure out just what they do, before we can pass them on." She said. "Those ears are veeeery fun... I'll be sorry to see them go."

With a smirk and a 'hey!' of annoyance from Piper, she slid the phone across the table to Julie. Julie picked it up and her eyes widened. It was a photo of this exact counter. Except on top of it was a mound of... well, boobs. Six huge, swollen tits sat on the counter, all leaking or spraying milk.

Julie felt herself flush a little, looking down at the photo and up at Ophir. Ophir smirked and pointed repeatedly down at Piper, who was scowling.

"Is that... Piper?" Julie asked slowly.

"Bingo!" Said Ophir. "Turns out, that specific item was made to work on normal sized people. It does not scale down to six inches well. This poor girl here became a mass of boobs with a tiny body trapped underneath when she put it on."

"Hey! *You* put it on *me*." Piper said.

Ophir seemed to drift off in thought for a moment before sliding off her stool and walking around the counter and off into the shelves.

"Coming?" She asked, turning to Julie. "Oh, and bring Piper." She added, before disappearing behind a shelf. Julie turned and looked down at Piper, who raised an eyebrow at her.

"Well? A shoulder is fine." The tiny girl said impatiently. Julie leaned over and scooped the tiny girl up before lifting her onto her shoulder. Piper adjusted herself into a sitting position and gripped a tiny amount of Julie's clothing in each hand.

Julie set off through the shelves, following the sound of Ophir's mumbling. She found the shorter girl quickly, squatting in front of a crowded shelf.

"Cock dimension teleporter... succubus summoning kit... oh! The arousal candies! I had forgotten where I'd put these." She said, pulling out a tiny silver tin and slipping it into her pocket.

"You forget where you put everything..." Piper grumbled quietly.

"What, like roofies?" Julie asked.

Ophir laughed. "No, way more fun than that. Taking one of these allows a deity of arousal or fertility to use your body as a vessel for about twenty minutes. It's pretty intense." She said. She stood up and walked further down the shelves, and Julie followed with Piper still on her shoulder.

"Aha!" Ophir eventually cried. She crouched down at a shelf and then stood up, holding a black headband with two cow ears on it. She handed it to Julie, and then held out her hand by Julie's shoulder. Piper hopped onto it and Ophir promptly put the tiny girl on her shoulder.

Julie looked down at the headband, staring in wonderment. This little thing? She looked up and then gasped. She was still in the store, standing by the other girls, but now they were in a large clearing, as though the room had grown bigger and the shelves had all slid away from them.

“Safety protocol. Don’t need my stuff getting all milky.” Ophir said. “Now, I’d recommend undressing first, because-”

Ophir stopped talking as Julie, not listening, popped the headband on. Nothing happened for a moment.

Suddenly the headband disappeared into Julie’s head, the ears now sitting on top of her skull. They flicked and twitched, and Julie’s hands flew to them.

“Holy shit, they turned real! And they’re oooh, they’re sensitive! So, when is the rest...”

Julie trailed off as her body seemed to tingle all over. Ophir took a few steps back, her eyes flicking down and looking at Julie’s shorts and tight shirt.

“You should’ve told her to strip before giving her the headband.” Piper whispered, sitting beside Ophir’s ear.

“Yup.” Ophir agreed.

There was a moment of silence in the shop, then Julie groaned. She staggered and her hips bloated out in a rapid surge of growth, like a breath of air powerfully being blown into a balloon. In seconds she went from slender to pear shaped, and the seams of her shorts began to pop.

“Oooh, fuck, that feels good!” She groaned, her hands moving to her hips, where she sunk them into the new soft flesh. Then she froze, her eyes widening. Her hips surged outwards again, almost doubling in diameter and engulfing the hands pressed against them in flesh. Her thighs and calves thickened to suit.

In moments Julie’s hips were more than double the diameter of her waist, leaving her looking absurdly pear shaped. Her shorts tore and fell to the floor, revealing a pair of ripping, desperately stretched panties. She took a step forward and her whole lower half jiggled.

“She’s thicker than you were.” Piper said to Ophir, who nodded thoughtfully.

“Mmm. She’s taller. Maybe it makes you bigger the bigger you start.” Ophir said in response, frowning.

Julie ignored the two girls. She stared down at her lower body with wide eyes.

“Fuck, I’m a fucking pear. Look at this! God, it feels good. My shorts though! I liked this outfit...”

“Should we warn her about the shirt?” Piper asked Ophir. Ophir shook her head, smirking.

“Nah. I like watching people outgrow things. Plus, I don’t think she’ll be too upset. Look, her nipples are going stiff.”

Julie had noticed too. Her hands had drifted up to her chest, where her hard nipples tented the fabric of her shirt. She poked them gently, and then cried out in pleasure.

Without warning, Julie's chest began to rapidly swell underneath her shirt. She climbed from a C to a D cup, then DD, E, F. She staggered and took a step back, her hips and thighs jiggling. The movement travelled up her body and her swelling chest shook - all the prompting it needed.

Dark patches began to grow on her shirt as milk leaked from her nipples. Julie groaned and her hands flew to her chest, squeezing her teats. Milk sprayed through the stretched fabric of her clothing, and four more dark spots began to form underneath. Her breasts continued their insistent swelling, bloating like two water balloons connected to taps.

Julie's melon-sized tits seemed to slow in the growth, but really the growth was just being redirected - four more mounds of flesh swelled underneath her massive chest, new nipples poking into the fabric. Julie let out a guttural moan that sounded notably like a moo, her hands desperately trying to touch all six breasts at once.

She dropped to her knees, going down onto all fours briefly before hoisting herself back up into a kneeling position.

"Nnng... so heavy..." she groaned, her tits bouncing as she sat back on her calves.

The four new breasts had quickly reached the whopping melon-size of the first two. Julie's shirt was comically stretched, outlining her six swollen teats in detail and tearing in several places, soft flesh puffing through the holes.

There was another moment of silence as Julie sat on her knees, panting. Her swollen form jiggling as she shuddered with occasional jolts of pleasure. She yelped in surprise as a black and white tail swished in the air beside her, and she fell back onto her ass.

"That's your tail, Julie!" Ophir cried as Julie scrambled on the ground. The cowgirl froze, then her eyes widened.

"Oh, oh! I didn't even feel it come in. I was so distracted by... by my..." Julie trailed off as she slowly came to terms with the transformation that had just happened to her. With difficulty she stood, staggering and wobbling as she did so.

Her calves and thighs were thick and luscious, and flared out to impossibly wide hips and a huge ass. Her belly was softer and rounder, but still hinted at her previous slender form. From the front it couldn't be seen - six giant, leaking tits dominated her torso, contained in the remains of her shirt. Her tail swished in the air behind her, and her ears flicked atop her head.

Ophir and Piper could both see the wet patch forming on Julie's panties, and her arousal rising in the way she shifted and squirmed.

“Behind you.” Ophir said, gesturing. Julie turned and yelped to find she was standing right against a wall, a wooden door set into it. She slowly opened the door and found a large, warmly lit, windowless room on the other side. There were shelves on one wall lined with sex toys.

“Go on, enjoy yourself.” Piper called out from Ophir’s shoulder. Julie needed no further instruction. She stepped inside and closed the door, and wobbled her way over to the table.

For the next hour, Julie pleased herself in every way imaginable. She rode toys until she couldn’t think straight anymore, squeezing her nipples and spraying milk across the room. She used countless toys on her new udders, milking and pulling and clamping and sucking.

It felt exactly like she’d hoped, and more. Her body was brilliantly heavy - enough that she was mobile, but moving was a heavy, wobbling mess. Every twist and turn threw her off balance, her sets of tits or massive ass always having more momentum than she expected.

Every touch on her bloated nipples sent shivers up her body, and made her pussy explode with pleasure. Milk seemed to flood her chest as fast as she could get it out, or faster even - any boob that wasn’t being actively milked would constantly drip, and that drip would grow to a spray if she left it long enough.

Eventually she was exhausted. Her body was huge, but it was all soft flesh and milk, and the nonstop pleasuring and exploring wore her down. She sat, a mound of ass and tits, panting and unsure what to do next.

“Just pull the ears off.” Came a voice. Julie yelped and spun about, her eyes landing on Piper. The tiny girl was sitting in an opening in the wall where a panel of wood had been slid away. It was tiny, just big enough for the six-inch girl to sit cross-legged.

“How long have you been there?!” Julie asked.

“Long enough.” Piper said with a smirk. “Pull the ears.”

Hesitantly, Julie pulled on the ears. She gasped as she felt them come away from her head, lifting the headband like it was a normal one. With a feeling of pressure her body deflated, nipples spraying milk as her chest shrank, her four extra breasts receding into her torso, and her lower body narrowing.

In moments she was back to normal, albeit naked and covered in milk. She looked up but Piper was gone, the wall panel having been slid back into place. Julie stood and shook her head slowly, then turned and froze. There was a towel on a table behind her, along with... the clothes she’d worn in? Yet somehow intact. She noticed a tiled corner with a drain and shower too - everything she needed to get cleaned up and back to normal.

Ten minutes later Julie exited the room and made her way through the shelves to the counter, cow ears in hand. Ophir was sitting on her stool and Piper was cross legged on the counter, and both were grinning.

“That sounded fun.” Ophir said with a smirk. Julie blushed.

“I was a little loud, wasn’t I?” She asked, going red.

“Believe me, it’s nothing new around here. Well, noise isn’t, at least. Mooing is less common.” Ophir replied.

There was a beat of silence, then Julie held up the headband.

“Erm... how much?” She asked.

“All yours.” Ophir said. “On the house.”

Julie’s eyes widened. “No. Surely this thing is thousands! You saw what it did to me!”

Ophir shrugged. “We don’t need money here. Just trying to help people realise their fantasies.” She said.

“If you really want to pay for it, come back and pop the ears on for us from time to time!” Piper chimed in from the counter, wearing a cheeky grin. “You’ll always find the shop front here if you’re looking.”

Julie blushed, then thanked both girls profusely before leaving the shop, the headband clutched tightly in her grip and her mind already looking forward to putting it on when she got home.

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