

An Empty Stall

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. If you are not at least eighteen, or if you are not above the age of consent for the country where you reside, you should exit this page immediately.

Jason hated his job. He'd only taken it to get closer to Meg, and she'd been making it painfully clear that she wanted nothing to do with him. Every time he approached her, she'd be off to milk the cows, polish the saddles, check the chickens, or wash the pigs. To make things worse, she'd leave Jason with the shittiest job in the ranch: tours. Today was going to be different, though. Today, he was getting training from Meg on how to be a proper hand around the place, and she was specifically teaching him how to milk the cows. Not only was he going to get a chance to talk to her, but he was going to impress her! He'd snuck into the barn early that morning to practice milking. Just a little from each cow, so no one would notice.

Now, it was about fifteen minutes from the meeting still, and Jason was walking up to the barn. He'd actually come early, from excitement. He was going to get Meg to finally talk to him, after this. Hell, he was going to get her to date him, or else has quitting this crappy job at the Reffo's Ranch. He hated the place, anyway.

Reaching out to the barn door, he was surprised to realize the red painted door was slightly ajar. He'd... closed it... hadn't he? When he'd gone left that

morning, he'd closed it, hadn't he? He pushed the door open enough to creep inside, and then closed it very firmly behind him. His eyes darted over the stalls. Five of them had cows, standing up and waiting to be milked. The last one was empty.

“Shit...” Jason threw the stall door open, running in to check whether the cow was only lying down for a moment. He found nothing, of course, except the hay that coated the stall. “Shit...” he whispered, as the door closed behind him. “Shit shit shit shit. Moooo-” he slapped a hand over his mouth. His fingers felt stiff. He took his hand away from his mouth, surprised to find that the nails were darkening to black, thickening as they grew over his hands.

He wobbled on his feet, as his shoes suddenly loosened about him, one hoof stepping out of his shoe, and then the other. His head hurt. Two twin points of pressure, pushing up from his forehead. Barely balanced on his hooves, he leaned against the closed stall door, pressing one thick hoof against the wood as the other lifted up to touch his head. He could feel budding horns, pushing out from under the skin, lifting into tiny little nubs.

His ears twitched. He felt them warm, elongating slowly outward. They twitched again. He could hear footsteps. Someone was coming. He tried to call out again, but only let out a long, low “Moooooo!” He banged on the stall door, trying

to get his hooves into the handle to pull it open. He was clearly changing; transforming. Into... he didn't want to think about it. But he had this desperate thought that if he transformed all the way, it was going to be too late... and if those footsteps weren't going to go make it to him on time, Jason thought that he could get to them. Only, he couldn't get a grip on the handle needed to open the door. He was afraid that if he dropped to the ground and tried to crawl under the door he would never get back to his feet, either. "Moo!" he called, again, praying for someone to hear hurry up and see this transformation. If it finished, would it really be too late?

Jason felt his skin tingling, the hairs on his body sticking out on end. His hairs were slowly thickening, becoming a soft dusting of white fur, with black spots. He banged on the door of the stall, hoping it would somehow open despite his lack of hands. "Moooo..." he called, desperately, ear twitching again. The footsteps had stopped. Whoever was coming had stopped, right outside the barn door. They were talking to someone. He was transforming into... he didn't want to put into words. He *was* transforming, though, and they weren't coming fast enough. "Moo!" he called, his desperation growing stronger as he butted his head on the door.

He felt a sudden warmth in his groin. At the same time, his pants started to feel tight. As Jason's hips expanded, as his thighs grew, he felt the denim fabric of his skinny jeans begin to tear, making way for his swelling flesh. He let out another desperate moo, no longer trying to open the door but simply shoving one hoof between his legs to try and hide his shame as his clothes began to fall apart in tatters. His thighs had doubled in size, and his hips had widened considerably, his furry legs now fully exposed. His tattered pants were starting to turn transparent, fading from existence as they fell in scraps to the floor. Looking behind him, his abandoned shoes were already gone. Not only was he turning into a cow, but all evidence that he'd ever been human was soon going to disappear as well.

Jason slammed his hand against the stall wall, dreams of protecting his penis forgotten. He could feel the member shrinking, his balls slowly sliding up into his abdomen as the penis shrunk from thick dick to tiny nub, flesh pulling into his skin, slowly shifting to make a wet and needy slit. "Moo!" he called, desperately, slamming now with his shoulder against the door.

He felt his upper body thickening, as a new warmth entered his chest. He pressed himself against the door, pounding on it desperately. Jason's cow ears could still hear the sound of conversation, and he knew that no human could hear him through the barn door. He was alone, transforming, and his shirt was already

beginning to shred as his body widened. He fully expected udders to spread from his lower body. In a way, they did: his chest began to grow.

Small little nubs beneath the nipples, at first no larger than his horns. They grew quickly into soft mounds, little hills slowly becoming mountains of soft malleable flesh that pressed against the fabric of Jason's tightening shirt. His thickening nipples screamed protest at the tight confines of the cloth that rubbed against them, leaking liquid as they rubbed against the white tee. Like the pants, the fabric of his shirt began to tear as his waist widened, and his breasts grew. The fabric fell away from his nipples, leaving them exposed, leaking, and still engorged with the need for milking. His breasts ached, nipples in particular stiff and needy.

The door to the barn finally opened, and Jason felt a surge of hope. He had not changed that much, surely. He would still be recognizable as human, especially with these breasts. Perhaps there was a way to get out of this, after all. He let out a "Mooo!" but only received a small laugh in return.

"Someone's eager to be milked..." well. I'll get to all of you, eventually, but it's first come first served, okay?" There was another moo from the further stalls, and a moment later Jason heard the sound of liquid squirting into a bucket. He mooed, again, and slammed against the stall desperately, as he felt his face shift. It was already slightly furry; he expected a muzzle to push out. It didn't. Instead,

Jason felt his cheek bones lifting, his face rounding, his lips plumping softly into something more feminine. He could feel himself changing, and he didn't like it.

He moaned, again. "Alright, alright..." Came a voice. Meg's voice, he realized. "If you're that desperate, I'll get to you next..." Next... he only had to hang in a little longer. He listened to the sound of the squirting milk, biting his plump lip, wishing he had fingernails to bite instead, or fingers to run through his hair, or anything to distract himself. There was nothing but the feeling of changes sweeping through him. The cramps in his stomach as his testicles began to shift into a womb. The feel of his stomach lightly bloating. He didn't seem to be changing dramatically, anymore, and he didn't think he'd be turning entirely into a cow, anymore. His clothes had faded entirely, though, leaving his needy clit and desperate nipples on display, both aching for attention. Another reason he wished he had fingers - so that he could at least touch them, and bring some minor relief.

The door to the stall pushed against Jason, and he stumbled backward, landing on the ground. He pushed himself up, again, on all fours this time. His legs were fine, but his arms shook a little as he took a step forward and "Moaned" desperately at Meg.

She made a small noise of confusion, looking at him. "Huh. Could have sworn you were out in the fields, today, Daisy... Well. Whatever." She held up an

empty bucket. “Let’s get to milking, huh? You sound like you’re in desperate need of it.”

Jason shook his head. He could understand how Meg didn’t recognize him, after all the changes, but did she really think he was a cow? He opened his mouth - and closed it again when she casually reached out to grab one of his obscenely large nipples, tugging lightly at the teat to spurt out a flood of white liquid. She gripped the other breast, casually milking him. Jason hadn’t realized how full his breasts were, how desperately they needed release, until it had come. The liquid gathered in the bottom of the pale, a narrow band of liquid. He knew that before this was over, the full bucket would be filled, but it seemed impossible that such copious amounts of liquid could be kept inside him.

Please he tried to whisper, only another “moo” coming out. *Please...* Another moo. *Keep milking me...* was that what he had been trying for? Is that what he’d wanted to think, or say? He couldn’t keep track, anymore, as liquid poured from his swollen tits, filling the bucket bit by bit. He felt his head warming, his hair growing a little longer, trailing now against the ground in a luxurious mane. He tossed his head, getting the hair out of his eyes, and “Mooed” again.

She laughed. “Someone’s eager to be milked, aren’t they? Sorry it took so long; Jason was supposed to be here, helping, but I guess he finally got tired of being expected to do actual work...”

He stomped his foot, angry, but not entirely sure why. Jason... the name felt so familiar, yet so distant. He couldn’t put his fingers on it. Was he angry because Jason wasn’t here, squeezing his desperate teats? He didn’t think so. He liked Meg. He liked the feeling when Meg squeezed his nipples, gently but firmly pinching between her finger and thumb to pull liquid from him, to fill her bucket. He had to fill her bucket. It was important that he fill the bucket, and prove his worth as a milking cow.

It took so many pulls just to fill the bucket. Each one filling it just a little more, each breast containing so much milk. Even when the bucket was full, though, the poor cow felt like there was still something left in her breasts. He moaned, pitifully, and Meg laughed and ruffled his hair with a little smile on her face. “I’ll bring a bigger bucket next time, Daisy. For being such a good girl today.”

A good girl? Was she a good girl? Daisy moaned, again, lowering her head to the hay. She wanted to be a good girl.

A good girl for Meg.

“I’ll see you later, Daisy,” the rancher whispered, patting her on the head and moving onto the other cows. The other siblings, who all lifted their heads and begged for attention, pawing their hooves on the ground and thrusting their breasts out for attention.

“Moo...”