

**PranksTfer
in Neverfar
Part Two: Milk Bar**

**Transformation Story
Written by
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The Pranx Tee Effa has arrived in the city of Neverfar. After waking up at night in the city park he has yet to remember the exact details of his transportation to this place. Upon leaving the park Pranx is met by a city guard named Constable Mazet who points him out to the nearest shelter for the homeless. There Pranx meets the homeless Sam and Streetrat. As he is hungry Pranx decides to search for a food place but on his way he spots a woman walking her dog. Believing the first animal he sees in the new town to be a happy omen he transforms the dog owner, Oline Rizzio, into an anthro dog and with her Pranx begins the liberation of Neverfar. For Pranx caught her dog Oline tells Pranx the way to a food place, a bar. Now, he is still hungry and...

Walking down the street Pranx suddenly heard the jingling of a bell. A couple, a big man, as tall as wide, and a female in waitress uniform came up a couple of steps that led down to something Pranx identified as a pub. The bar, for sure. When the two walked off he went downstairs. Through a window Pranx spotted a young, black haired man with white shirt, black vest, apron and fly behind a counter. Apparently he was alone in there and very bored. Seemed like they were only serving alcoholic drinks. Now, alcohol was energy rich, too, but Pranx was thirsty for something else. Milk had become his favorite drink in the short time he spent on this world. It contained everything, fat, sugar, calcium, and it was quite similar to the fluids on his inside, into which Pranx transmuted all his food. So milk saved him transformium, another reason why he loved it.

Pranx's worms wriggled when he readied a sample of cow genes. Only enough transformium for one liberated left, he mustn't do a mistake. He would add another cowgirl to his list. And then as always he would claim the spoils...

Anton

The owner had left hours before, the band had taken their leave around midnight and the bouncer just waved goodbye together with the waitress. Now Anton was all alone in the bar. In the end, he was the most important man in the place. He was the barkeeper. Too bad there weren't any patrons around, it had been a quite evening. A quite week. Now the bar had fallen to silence and the only sounds remaining were the random bleeps of one-armed bandits and low radio tune. Jazz or something, the music made Anton nearly fall asleep. The barkeep yawned and untied his fly. Without guests he could just call it a day and lock the doors.

After fetching the bunch of keys Anton shambled to the front door. He would have been happy to have his finishing time early if only the lack of guests wasn't so worrisome. Stifling another yawn Anton fumbled for the right key. Then he fumbled to get it into the key hole. Just when he had stuck the it in the key hole and was about to turn it, he felt the door being pushed. The bell above jingled, startling Anton. Only with a jump backwards he could avoid getting the door smashed into his face.

"Hey!" Anton exclaimed. "We are closed!" Despite his protest a stranger in a hoodie squeezed in,

right past him, and sat down at the counter. He even had the nerves to look back at Anton with a huge smile on his faces saying: "I want to, like, order something." Planting himself in front of the stranger Anton said again and annoyed: "We are closed!" Upon that the stranger moved his hand to his mouth. When he lowered his hand again, he held several bills in it. Anton squinted as he eyed the money. Some of the banknotes had colors he had never seen before, foreign currency. On top all the bills were... wet. Where had the stranger taken them from? "Don't worry, I just want one drink." "One. Drink?" "Of course! This is a pub, isn't it?" Anton pondered briefly. If the bouncer had still been here... then again, the stranger did have money. So why not?

Placing himself on the other side of the counter Anton turned to the stranger. "Now, what may I serve you?" Anton couldn't see much of the stranger's face under the hood. Just his shiny white smile and his bright eyes. It was impossible though to tell where the stranger was looking. There was something off but Anton wasn't able to put his finger on it. The smile in the stranger's face however seemed to get wider when Anton asked him. A little too wide to be possible for the human face. "Milk!" said the stranger finally. Anton threw an angry glance at him. "What? Is that a joke?" "But no. Will you serve me now?"

Now that was it, he wouldn't have anymore of this nonsense. But just when Anton was about to go round the counter and kick out the bugger something weird happened to the stranger's face. There was no more face, there had never been. Just two oval holes and a crescent opening below in a dark gray surface. How could he have mistaken that for a human face? Anton could see right into the thing, under it's gray skin. He could see the wriggling, bright white worms. Mesmerized Anton watched as the stranger's face holes shivered, as they began to... float like the stuff in a lava lamp. His mouth split up into a line of ovals, oval holes opened up in random places, floating on the surface of the face arbitrarily. Worms, or tiny tentacles, all white and even glowing snaked out of the holes, wiggling, wriggling, and pointing at Anton. A gross and startling sight.

Transformation

"What the fuck!?" Out of all the sudden Anton felt some sort of pain in the chest. "Ah!" He raised his hand grasping the fabric of his vest, his shirt, which felt oh so tight. Gasping for air Anton felt his heart pounding. "I don't feel alright." Of course, the stranger had made him angry, and excitement wasn't good for both nerves and heart, but an annoying patron should not give him hallucinations left alone heart attacks. But Anton was certain to have seen what he had seen, and the pain in his chest wasn't actual pain either. Rather an uncomfortable heat, a pressure, a tightness. "I have... to... ask you... LEAVE." The stranger shook his head. "You wouldn't send a patron away, like, thirsty, would you? My drink, I see, it's ready within a couple of moments anyway."

Fuck, his nipples! Suddenly they were all sensitive and tugging his shirt made the fabric squeeze them painfully. A low moan escaped his mouth, which, beside being very embarrassing especially in front of the stranger, sounded not very masculine. Something was wrong with his voice. "Please. Leave!" said Anton, surprised just how high pitched he was. Almost he sounded like a woman. Forcing his hand with the other from rubbing and tugging his clothing he hoped to relieve his nipples from the pressure. Also he took off his apron, tossing it to the far end of the counter. But even without his hands up there his nipples felt like getting crushed between the fabric and his chest. His shirt, it felt so tight he could hardly breathe! Generally his clothing started to either grow too tight or too loose in all the wrong places. Looking down Anton gasped in shock. His chest area was strangely puffed out, almost as if he was growing boobs! Unbuttoning the vest and dropping it Anton could see his erect nipples under his shirt where dark, damp spots had appeared. Disbelievingly he raised his hands to the mounds that had formed around his nipples. They felt soft

and tender and any touch teased his aching teats. "Ah-Hoo!"

He had boobs! That was impossible! Under his shirt there was a pair of at least A cup sized breasts! Just the thought made him dizzy, and the stimulation of his nipples caused Anton to feel excited, turned on. Even if he wanted to, he could not avoid getting an erection. As his hard-on formed a visible bulge in his pants Anton blushed bright red knowing the Stranger was right in front of him. The guy's face had turned back to normal apparently, at least it looked like one, but Anton knew better. Sitting there on a bar stool the stranger kept on staring at Anton. "Leave, man! Go-uhh-" Anton had stepped closer to the counter in order to hide his boner behind it. When his demanding erection accidentally touched the wall of the bar, Anton let out a loud moan. "Moo-hoo!" his own noises puzzled him. Did he moo like a cow? His throbbing member was squeezed painfully in his pants, yet while his bust size increased the bulge in Anton's crotch started to shrink slightly, but not because he was losing his erection, on the contrary.

Leaning over the counter, Anton did his best to fight the urge to either unbutton his shirt and fondle his new breasts or to put his hands in his pants and beat his meat right here in front of the stranger. Mumbling curses and grimacing with concentration Anton's face started to change. His stubbly black beard became more dense, yet softer, smoother and finally turned into velvet fur of black and white that began to sprout all over his face. The same thing happened under his clothing to the hair on his arms, legs and chest, slowly covering him in a pattern of white with big black splotches. Anton's face lost its masculine edges and turned feminine, but also less human: When his thin lips swelled into full ones, his nose started to change also. His mouth and nose pushed outwards and to some extent a pink cow muzzle was already visible. Next his ears shifted upwards with the ear cups growing and protruding from the sides of his head. In the end the oval ears that came to a point bore a striking similarity to cow ears. They even twitched as Anton shivered in arousal and excitement.

And as he was standing there, his very frame began to change. His body was no more shaped like a male human body, rather than a female. A little chub appeared on his slim figure. While being loose around his shoulders, his shirt struggled to contain his growing breasts, which had reached cup size B. The strain was both painful for Anton and destructive for the shirt: One button after the other was popped open, launching the buttons into all directions, until his boobs dropped from the shirt, bouncing freely. They were covered in velvet white fur with large black spots, save for the large, pink and puffy nipples, which were lactating. Upon that sight, the stranger said: "See, there is the milk. Serve it any time you're ready." Anton bit his lips, and by turns stared at his swelling mammarys with amazement and at the stranger with open anger. "Is that -ah- your work? Make... Stop! You -fu-,"

When his center of gravity shifted due to his swelling hips and breasts, which had grown to cup size C at that moment, Anton had to step backwards awkwardly in order to regain balance. His trousers slipped from his shrinking waist and fell on the floor before his hips began to swell, to widen. At the end of his spine, a tail started to sprout, ending in a brush of fur the same color as his black hair. The tail grew and began to twitch, knocking bottles behind him over and smacking Anton's enlarged, square butt, coaxing moo-like moans out of him. His feet slipped out of his shoes and tore his socks apart when they reshaped, becoming elongated and Anton ended balancing on his toes. There was a strange clicking noise when his toe nails connected to the floor. Some of them were growing, thickening into cloven hooves, while the other toes were shrinking away.

"I... I'm a girl! I'm a fucking cow girl!" exclaimed Anton. His face had become an odd mixture of human female and cow, with a pink, boxy muzzle and full lips. From under his short black hair cow ears stuck out. Anton spotted seductive, ample curves and still growing boobs with nipples that also grew longer. His legs ended in the cloven hooves of a cow and the fingernails of his feminine hands were like thick greyish keratin, too. A cow tail twitched nervously behind his back. His butt had

grown ample and wide, with his protruding hips it looked a bit like a cow's ass from behind. And all of him was covered in white fur, with black fur around a pink muzzle and random black splotches.

Bellow his navel however was a spot free of fur, where the skin turned pink and raised. Four little nubs appeared when the spot puffed out into a mound that began to expand. The four nubs first turned into quite human looking nipples but they quickly gained in length and became like the teats of a cow. Soon a small udder with popped out veins hang from his underbelly, but it wasn't yet too large to block Anton's view on his crotch. The only thing that marked Anton as still partly male was his throbbing erection that despite shrinking still formed a tent in his precum blotted underpants.

"Ah, fuck it," said Anton by the time his boobs had reached at least size D and milk had started to trickle from his nipples and teats. And in face of the stranger Anton put off his already open shirt and his underpants. He was just too horny to ignore the demanding erection in his crotch another second. The sight below his growing udders shocked him: while fully erect his member was way shorter than usual. Of course, if he really was turning into a female cow his penis was shrinking away. Still, he was hell-bent on cumming before it was too late, and looking at his own, enormous breasts made his penis twitch and squirt out a drop of pre. Anton would have never thought that his own body would ever arouse him like that, but his ample boobs were hanging heavily from his chest and Anton had always been a boob guy.

Wrapping one of his feminine hands around his shrinking cock and the other around one of his elongated, cow like nipples, which were longer than his penis by now, Anton started stroking his shaft vigorously. He could feel his penis shrink in his very own hand as he was fondling himself. It was a race against time, it made him crazy but he also found the sensation highly arousing. The shorter his member grew, the hornier got Anton. It seemed like the sensitivity of his penis stayed the same but became concentrated in what remained of his member. The sensation made Anton shudder.

But then, something felt strange, even stranger than what was happening anyway. Something was odd about his foreskin... it felt loose, too wide. Staring at his slowly but certainly shrinking penis, almost hidden by his udder, Anton paused in his stroking. shifted his udder out of the way and tried to pull back the foreskin to reveal the head of his penis. But when he did so, he could pull back the foreskin a little more than he should be capable of. It also hang loose from his dick's underside. Quickly, he pulled his foreskin back up, but it was too short. It was unreal, even compared to his previous changes and it was scary, even scarier than his penis shrinking. However, he was still too horny to waste too much thoughts on this development. Anton returned to fondling himself with quick rubs and with every stroke he pulled his foreskin a bit further down to the base of his member. Until, to his amazement, he could pull his foreskin all the way down, exposing his penis head and the full length of the remaining shaft.

Touching his bare shaft resulted in an unknown explosion of sensation. With a surprised Mooing Anton impulsively began to even more vigorously stroke his exposed, pink shaft ignoring the lack of foreskin altogether, and every stroke brought him closer to climax. With the other hand he was busy squeezing and tugging one lactating teat of his expanding, engorged breasts, size E by now, and then the other, before reaching down to his udder, doing the same. Too many nipples, too few hands. While one hand was smeared with precum his other was dripping with milk. Anton felt the pressure in his boobs and his udders and tightness in his crotch building up, the moment of release was imminent. With jerking hips and a loud "MOO!" on his lips Anton finally came. Ropes of semen spurted from his twitching, almost gone penis, hitting the wall of counter and the floor while white milk was squirted from the nipples of Anton's enormous breasts and sprayed from the teats of his expanding udders.

He sank to the floor, his knees like pudding. With limp fingers Anton kept on caressing the

remnants of his dick, which by now was actually a huge clitoris. For the loose skin at the base of his penis had began to stretch downwards and develop folds, wrinkles and an opening. Behind it his tiny human ass hole had turned into one ring of thick, black muscles. In the meantime Anton's balls, after he came as male for the last time, began to move upwards, retracting into his crotch until they were gone. They left a bump behind, a mound, over which the morphing foreskin spread forming Anton's new pussy-lips in combination. In the next moment Anton held his penis between nothing more than his trigger finger and his thumb, as he didn't want to let it go. But he was exhausted, dizzy and his fingers were wet, slippery. When his dick ended his transformation into a large clitoris it slipped from his fingers.

“No!!” Lying on the floor tiles and the pile of his clothes, exhausted from his last male orgasm and confused from the transformation and arousal Anton tried to grab for his penis, but it was gone. “Ah, fuck! Come back!” he mood desperately. His dick had still to be somewhere, he had to find it! Instead Anton learnt that he had developed a new highly erogenous zone. He let out a loud, moo-like moan when his limp fingers more accidentally than planned caressed a newly developed pussy in the search for his dick. Anton gazed down at himself both in amazement and fearful expectation. Carefully he squeezed his udders, what made milk spurt from the tips of the teats, shifting it to see past it. Indeed, his penis was gone. Instead there was a huge pussy nestled between his legs. It wasn't exactly looking like a human vagina though. His new female sex was too plump, too large, too animal-like. The colors of its parts ranged from pink insides to almost black outer lips. “Ah! No! No! This... can't... Is this... real?!” His arousal had been more than satisfied when he had come a moment ago. But it was disbelief and curiosity that made Anton reluctantly explore his new womanhood.

At first he let his shy fingers run along the edges of his already damped pussy, carefully fingering his thick outer lips before beginning to touch the finer, but also quite plump inner ones, which stuck out creating curls and wrinkles. These nether lips seemed quite flexible, easily spreadable, and so Anton out of pure curiosity spread his inner lips just to see how large his labia was. It was a sensation most odd to poke around these female genitals that were his own. The fingering caused his pussy to become even more lubricated and to swell, to become gaping. And there it was, his penis, in form of his clitoris. A little stimulation was enough to arouse it.

Becoming more adventurous, Anton let his fingers run along the inside of pussy, which let shivers run down his spine all the while constant trickles of milk ran from his teats. It grew difficult to reach around his growing udders, he was incapable of seeing past it anymore. But Anton was too busy with his pussy to care for his still growing breasts and udders or the pressure in them. Curiosity was more and more replaced by pleasure when he fingered deeper and deeper in his folds. Anton groaned when he stroked and squeezed his clitoris. He first had to get used to these genitals. However, his hand wandered deeper and deeper, to the far end of his pussy. There Anton's fingers found his opening already dripping with pussy juice.

With a little hesitation he ventured into his insides, surprised how easily one finger slid in, then a second. But once inside Anton forgot all hesitance and was carried away by pleasure. All he wanted to do was to fathom his depths. When he pushed his fingers deeper his breathing picked up pace causing the milk in his giant, engorged breast to make audible sloshing noises in tune with the movement of his chest. With the other hand Anton rubbed and stroked his swollen clitoris in addition, fumbling and fingering the folds and wrinkles below. Then in his depths Anton found that spot. Involuntarily his body tensed up, sudden orgasm sent spasms through him along waves of pleasure that washed over him. Anton cried out with joy as his body arched and his legs trembled. His inner walls pressed and contracted around his fingers which he moved around frenetically just to find that one spot again. And there was it. Fluids squirted out of Anton as the sensation grew so intense it filled out his mind entirely.

Two orgasms in a row, Anton could only have dreamed of that as male. But that sweet second of blissful unconsciousness passed and Anton returned, with a heaving chest and with shaking legs and with a pleasure addled smile on his bovine face. When his fingers slipped out of his opening they were followed by gushes of pussy juice. Anton had made quite a mess: his pants, shirt and vest, which were soaked in milk, lay scattered and torn on the floor under him and both his clothes and the floor tiles were sprinkled with various body fluids. The place smelled like milk, barn and sex. The radio still played away low jazz. "Ah, fuck. Who's gonna clean that?" Anton said, rubbing his head. He felt dizzy, tired. That had been fun but also fucked up. Was that all real or had Anton just had the weirdest wet dream of his life time?

"Excuse me," said the stranger, reminding Anton of his presence. "My drink. I'm, like, dying of thirst here." Suddenly realizing the stranger had watched the whole time, Anton looked up full of shame and embarrassment with sudden and awkward clarity on his mind. When he was carried away with pleasuring himself he had totally forgotten about the stranger. The god damned stranger with his fucking, unnerving smile. A smile that made his embarrassment fade away and anger fill his mind.

"You. That was you! I'm gonna-" In a fit of rage Anton was about to get up and jump the damn stranger. But something was pinning him down, something heavy. His aching breasts and udders which had been lactating for a while now. "Ah... oh fuck." Anton's boobs by now had swollen to cartoonish size, heavily engorged and sloshing with milk, just like his udders, which were like a heavy, wet pillow lying on him. Large veins under the pink skin pulsated in the rhythm of his heart beat. Only now Anton became fully aware just how large and tightly filled he was, nigh to burst with milk. "Ah! God! Fuck!" Anton grimaced. Slowly but certainly the pressure in his breasts and udders grew painful, even when jets of milk erupted from his erect, elongated nipples and teats every now and then without Anton even touching them. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" screamed Anton. "Properfuck," agreed the stranger and continued, "You are, like, wasting the stuff!" Upon that Anton let out an angry cow growl, a strange and not really intimidating sound. "Shut up and HELP ME!"

"Me? You're the barkeep, aren't you. Drinks are your domain." "God damnit!" said Anton angrily trying to get up. His swollen tits and aching udders were heavily hanging from him, milk sloshing with every movement, making it extremely difficult to move and impossible to stand up. "Ah, fuck it! Help me up at least!" "But of course!" The stranger smiling as always reached out over the bar and Anton grabbed his hand. Actually he had planned to pull him over the counter to bring the ass down on the floor to him in order to give him a pounding. Unfortunately in his new form Anton wasn't as physically strong as he used to be. Instead he ended up on his still trembling, bovine legs, with his absurdly enlarged mammaries in his chest and crotch weighing him down. "A, fuck!" said Anton struggling to maintain balance. With a wet thud and much sloshing noise he managed to plop his jiggling breasts, which nipples spitted milk every now and then randomly, on the counter without falling back on the floor.

Standing there with legs akimbo, his ample cow butt in the air and his boobs pinned to the bar, Anton stared down both amazed and worried. The counter was covered with his floppy yet plump boobs, which were like overfilled water balloons, overlapping on both his and the stranger's side. And from his underbelly hung his expanding udders, heavy and tightly inflated with milk. "Ah! The pressure! Fuck!" cried Anton. "There is only one way of release!" said the Stranger smilingly in reply. With a metallic clunk he placed a bucket on the counter. It was one of the pub's shiny champagne buckets, which hadn't been used in years, now cleaned and ready to be filled with ice... or milk. Behind the stranger on the floor was the rest of them. He must have brought them while Anton had been 'busy'. Pointing at the buckets the stranger said: "You are the barkeep, yes? Serving drinks is, like, your profession. But I see, you could use a hand, or two. Let's say, you milk yourself,

I hold the bucket?" "What? No way, you -" Anton bit his bottom lips. He hated to admit but he was in need of milking. The random leaks did not really relieve any pressure. Now, Anton didn't want to explode with milk.

Determined Anton stretched out his arms, glad to find his extremely long nipples still within his reach and wrapped his hands around them. It was an odd position, but it worked out. The stranger eagerly held a bucket in front of one of Anton's breasts. Starting with gentle tugs Anton began to massage his sensible, tingly teats, which immediately started to squirt milk. "Oh-Moo!" He let out a low moan as his nipples were highly sensitive. While he a moment ago did the same to pleasure himself, he now found it embarrassing to feel arousal building up in him. His breasts spit milk into the bucket with a metallic splash sound and Anton was glad to finally feel a little relief of the pressure. He increased the pace of his tugging and squeezing, finding a nice rhythm. From his firm milking the flow of milk increased, and soon one bucket was filled. Yet, his breasts contained copious amounts of the white, nourishing liquid. "Ah, half of the milk is going to waste!" complained the Stranger, seeing he could only keep one bucket in front of one nipple at a time. Anton wanted to spit out a sharp remark but only gentle moaning and gasping came over his lips.

As the third bucket was filled the milking finally showed results, for his breasts began to deflate visibly. However, he was only milking his boobs, not his udders. "Ah!" said Anton in distress. "Hang on! My... the udder! It's... bursting!" The stranger looked up to him from the buckets. "Huh?" Anton was afraid the stranger was the only one who could prevent him from exploding with milk. What he was going to say was both ridiculous and highly embarrassing. "Don't just stand there! Milk me!" "But..." "No but! You fucking milk me! Now!" "Oh, I'd love to lend you a hand," said the stranger, "could you, like, get over here?" The stranger gestured Anton to come to the other side of the counter. "What the-" Anton groaned, both in protest and from the pressure in his udder. "Ah, Fuck it!"

Awkwardly Anton shambled around the counter, his udders, with teats nearly reaching down to his ankles, forced his legs to splay and also he had to bend over the counter as he still could hardly lift his breasts from it. Gladly his boobs were gliding on a puddle of milk, any other way he couldn't have moved them altogether. Finally the stranger nodded. "Yeah, stay like this." Anton moaned from the pressure, he would have done anything to have the stranger ease the pressure in his udders. The stranger placed himself on Anton's side and sat on a bar stool that he lowered to the lowest position placing one of the buckets under Anton's udders.

Then the stranger, like Anton had done with his own nipples, wrapped his hands around Anton's teats, firmly grasping them. Anton let out a sharp gasp as the stranger touched his tender, sensitive udder. He also gasped for the stranger had cold hands. After a series of gentle tugs, the stranger started to tug and squeeze more quickly, milking all four of Anton's udder teats in turn. He must be a professional, thought Anton. A nearly constant stream of milk was splashing down into the bucket below, quickly filling it, and the flow was even increasing. Only briefly the stranger took a short break every now and then changing the bucket before continuing to pump the milk out of Anton's udder. These occasions left Anton shuddering with anticipation when the milking would continue. "Mooooooo!" Anton couldn't but moan lowly with a huge, stupid grin on his face. The relief of pressure was an amazing feeling, especially when it were someone else's hands. He almost felt... turned on. Now, Anton wasn't into guys at all, but the intimate touch, the fondling of his new, alien erogenous zones made waves of warm pleasure wash over him. Even without physical stimulation, his female sex, plump and cow like, was swollen and damp again. He was glad the stranger couldn't see his pleasure addled smile.

At some point Anton remembered his breasts again and quickly got his own hands around his nipples. He returned to kneading and squeezing them, for his breasts were still filled with milk.

Quickly Anton adapted to the stranger's rhythm with every tug milk squirted from his nipples, spraying everywhere, enlarging the puddle that he had created behind the counter earlier. Anton did not care that he caused a little, milky flooding. A big one actually. He nearly couldn't pump out the milk as fast as it seemed to be produced. In time, his clothes floated away on milk. "Hey! What are you doing over there!" said the stranger surprised when the puddle had spread from behind the counter and connected to the one in the main room. "Stop spilling the stuff!" But Anton didn't listen. He would not stop to tug and stroke his teat-like nipples, no matter what the stranger was saying. Eventually the milk production in his breast slowed down however and his breasts were no longer too heavy to stand up, the weight of his udders had become easily bearable, and all the painful pressure was gone by now. Yet Anton remained in his position, for he wanted the stranger to keep milking. Once more Anton was carried away by arousal and pleasure.

When his nipples and teats, his breasts and udders were stimulated simultaneously by his own hands and the hands of the stranger's in tune Anton could feel the combined arousal resulting in himself coming closer to climax once more. His plump, engorged pussy-lips were drooling with juice and twitching in anticipation. Anton's wide ass jiggled as his hips began to softly rock in tune with the rhythm of the milking. The rocking became stronger, his flicking tail was swung from back and forth. Now only small squirts of milk came from his breasts, Anton only kept on playing with his nipples for self pleasuring. It was a lot easier to feel pleasure when you didn't have to worry about your boobs exploding. Only from his udder, yet almost drenched, milk kept spurting with every tug from the stranger, and every time two of his teats were squeezed, Anton thought he was coming.

"MOOOOOOO!" that was it, his limit. His body tensed up, in sudden movement his hands were on the counter, supporting himself on it as his back arched. Warm liquids were gushing from his pussy running down his shaking legs. The last milk spurted from his the peaks of his twitching teats, his erect nipples before Anton collapsed spent on the bar.

Post Transformation

"Hey, watch it there!" said the stranger, pulling the final half filled bucket away, startled by Anton's sudden movement. But Anton couldn't hear him, his consciousness had left him for the moment. In fact he was mumbling softly, stretched out over the counter with his arms hanging limp from one side of the bar, his legs from the other, with the fluffy fur of his ankles getting soaked with milk on the floor. Soon the last trickles of milk ebbed away and a final drop of milk fell audibly into the large puddle that spread out over the entire floor of the pub's main room. With a splish and a splash the stranger stepped closer to Anton. A little helplessly he nudged him on the shoulder. "Hey!" he said, a little louder in case Anton was sleeping, "You awake?" Mumbling curses Anton slowly got up. Lifting his ample ass up on a bar stool, he turned around, supporting himself on his elbows. His eyes were droopy as were his bovine eyes. "Wha- What?"

"Look at this mess!" "Mess?" "And you might want to put on something," said the stranger pointing at Anton's naked cow girl body. "But only maybe. You know, cows are, like, naked all the time." However Anton was not understanding immediately, staring at the stranger slack-jawed. His eyes looked at the stranger's trigger finger then what he was pointing at. Gazing down Anton saw boobs and udders, glad they no longer were of cartoonish size. All the milking had left Anton's breasts at cup size D, his udder at a size that seemed fit for walking around without getting in the way. It was large enough though to cover his crotch and to rest on the bar stool as he sat on it with his legs wide apart. While the teats of his udder remained of cow like length, his nipples had shrunk as did his breasts being now no more teat-like, just overly long. Apparently the extreme inflation

with milk did not leave his mammaries permanently overstretched. They actually seemed quite plump and firm. However, it took a moment for Anton to realize that the female body with udders and white black fur wet with milk he was looking at actually belonged to himself.

“Ah, fuck!” Anton cursed and jumped up from the stool. He was naked! Every step of his shaking bovine legs caused a splish splash as he hurried to the end of the counter. There, where he had tossed it, was still lying his apron, mostly dry. Before putting it on he dried his milky front as good as possible with random dishcloths. His boobs and udders formed visible bulges under the fabric and his nipples and teats visible peaks once he tied the apron around his waist. Then with flicking tail he whirled around, facing the stranger. “YOU! That was your doing! You undo this now, or I...”

Only now Anton noticed the immense white spillage. The entire room was a finger breadth under milk. “Ah fuck! My boss is going to kill me!” Anton hurried past the stranger, walking his hooves felt naturally by now, to a closet that thankfully was a step above the floor. He returned with a broom and a wetmop and began to frenetically wipe the milk off the floor. “You! Put the chairs up the tables! And get those damn buckets outta my way!” said Anton in angry, commanding tone, and the Stranger did as told. “Now go hold the door open!” With the broom Anton tried his best to shove the white liquid out of the bar and into the gutter on the outside, while the Stranger's smile had turned upside down. It seemed like he really disliked seeing all the milk going to waste. Anton also picked up his soaked through clothes, which would not fit him anymore anyway. Looking down his body, at his cloven hooves wading through the milk, Anton wondered what sort of clothes and shoes he was supposed to wear from now on. He dumped his wet clothes in the bin. After some tiring sweeping Anton grabbed for the mop to remove the last wetness on the floor. In the end he sank exhausted on the bar stool he had been sitting on earlier. He was almost falling asleep and his arms were killing him but he had managed to clean the floor. Only a faint sheen and the scent of milk remained in the bar.

“Ah, fuck. So much milk...” Anton looked up. The stranger was sitting next to him. “I'm the Pranx Tee Effa, by the way. You can call me Pranx,” said the stranger. 'Fuck you!' was what Anton wanted to say to him in return, but the events of the evening had left Anton spent and tired. Instead of shouting at the stranger he grabbed a bottle of water from the bar. Funny how the extreme loss of liquids didn't leave him thirsty in any way but a little work did. “Anton. Anton Vasilievich Dudin.” Anton looked down himself. “Rather... I guess... Antonina?” He raised his finger in a sharp gesture. “You. Don't dare call me that.” Anton quickly dropped his hand again, he didn't want to fight. Rather he wanted to go home, his body and mind longed for sleep. But the PranksTFer (was that his name?) or Pranks kept smiling at him, it seemed to be one of the only two expressions he was capable of.

“So you wanted milk?” Anton said sulkily, sticking his thumb out and pointing at the couple of buckets that were placed on several tables. “Why don't you just take your milk and buzz off?” “Yes, the milk.” Pranx stood up and came back with a glass of milk in his hands. Anton's milk. Having no lips Pranx tilted his head back and poured the milk right into his mouth. Could have poured it into his eyes, too, wouldn't have made a difference. These were no real eyes, just holes, fake. “Ahh. Still warm,” said Pranks, white tentacles running along the edges of his mouth like licking tongues, upon which Anton wrinkled his pink muzzle. “Ew...,” he said, “how can you drink that? It came out of me!” “Uh-huh. Milk normally comes out of cows. You don't drink milk?” “Sure, this... it came out of me!” Pranx seemed to ponder a moment. “I see. Cows naturally do not drink their own milk. And you are a cow, yes? Naturally you want other people to drink your milk, suckle your-”

“What?! No! I didn't mean anything of that!” Pranx kept smiling at him. “Ah, fuck it. Bring me a glass, too.” Pranx stood up and brought a glass of milk for Anton along a second for himself. Even when he had a muzzle Anton's lips worked as they did before and he had no problems drinking from

the glass. "Overcoming your nature is an act of culture," said Pranx but Anton ignored him. The milk was still warm and tasted in no way different from common milk. Milky and slightly sweet. He couldn't say he was disliking it. Yet the slight warmth in his belly made him sleepy.

Letting his eye wander over the more than a dozen buckets and thinking to back to the enormous spillage he still couldn't quite believe that all that milk had come out of him. "Why is it so much milk? I don't feel any lighter. All that milk is bound to weigh more than me. Where did all that stuff you pumped out of me come from?" The PranksTFer fetched himself another glass before he answered. "Transformium! You see, change can be quite random. It reshapes meat, bones, hair and horn. It can create flesh, like, from sheer nothingness. Why shouldn't it do the same with milk?" "Transformium?," asked Anton, he couldn't really concentrate, but Pranx continued. "Also, I was thirsty for milk. Could be that I manipulated the transformium a little too much to cause a little surplus production..."

Anton stifled a yawn. He should be much more angry he but was just too tired for that. "So that all is your fault? I nearly fucking bursted back there!" Pranx raised his hands in a pacifying gesture. "The problem with transformium is, it does not like getting manipulated. Changes from raw transformium are never dangerous for the changed. But when you manipulate the transformium... you need to take great care, need great skill and a lot of time for preparation. Or you have to deal with unwanted side effects, nasty side effects,...," he swallowed a word, "...side effects. But don't worry, I'm a trafo. Good thing I was here to milk you, yes? I watch over all that I liberate." Listening to the PranksTFer made Anton's head ache, he struggled to keep his eyes open. "Transformium? Liberate? You magicked me into a cow!," Pranx tilted his head to the side. "Magic? It's not actually magic. Magic is when one manipulates the energies of the world, like, with his mere will. Transformium can be used as magic, yes. But my people has special transformium manipulation organs. One in every worm. Like, no willpower needed, no magic."

Anton was only getting every second word and had no clue what that Pranx was on about. "Hey, hum, he... Pranks, right? You know what? I'm too tired for shit. I'm going now." Standing up Anton shambled to the door. It's been a long day. Learning more about this transformium wizard or whatever had to wait until tomorrow. "Good night then!" said Pranx, waving at Anton as he went outside.

In front of the door, Anton turned around trying to fetch the key from his pockets. Yet he had to realize he wasn't wearing any clothes save for the apron. "Where the key?" he mumbled. Then he heard the door being locked from the inside. Pranx! He had taken the key and locked himself in the pub! Anton had to do something! Unfortunately he was too tired for any such actions. "Ah fuck it," said Anton, shrugged and walked home.

On the inside of the pub Pranx was quite proud of his work. This liberated had given him more spoils than he could have asked for. More than he could drink in time... He was glad though he could stay the night in the place. The Pranx Tee Effa was certain that Anton was cool with that. He couldn't do much now anyway, his transformium pool was nigh depleted but it would replenish in a couple of hours. In the mean time, what could he do... He could try to remember how he got to the city of Neverfar in the first place. That was a better idea than contacting home... Fetching another glass Pranx made himself comfortable. It was memory time.

The End

Everything Written by Idle Rawr