

Rocket's Red Glare

By Howdy Hucow

The camp outside of Yorktown buzzed. The tents filled with young men run ragged. The meager evening meal barely filling bellies hungry not only for food, but for freedom.

One tent held a meeting late into the night. The General sat looking at the tough bit of meat on his table that evening of October 13th 1781. His dentures were being finicky and he couldn't sleep from anxiety and hunger. A young Private was bringing the repaired teeth any minute now. Drumming his fingers against his breeches-clad leg and a bit chilled in his shirtsleeves, George waited.

A polite cough from the tent flap. A young man, barely more than 18 requested entry. "Come in."

The private stood at attention and presented the simple wooden box.

"The barber didn't have any teeth to use but the butcher had a calf recently processed..." The soldier was visibly apologetic as he opened the box to reveal the cow's teeth dentures.

"Well," the General said gruffly, "beggars can't be choosers." He popped the dentures in. They fit surprisingly well. They relieved the tension he had been carrying in his jaw and he actually sighed in relief. The private was staring in shock in the middle of the tent. "What is it soldier?"

That wasn't his voice. It was lighter. Softer.

Standing from the camp chair, George stepped toward the young man as a long ringlet blocked his vision slightly. In fact, George felt a heaviness in his scalp he wasn't used to at all. The young man still stood locked in an unknown awe.

George turned to the mirror provided to allow him to ready himself alone. He stumbled backward.

His hair now swung at hip level in soft brown curls. His face softened into a feminine heart and his lips a plump Cupid's bow. He looked younger. Like a lady of 4 and 20 rather than his respectable 9 and 40. The most concerning was the change to his ears and hairline.

Where his ears had been, were now soft cow's ears and from his hairline sprouted small horns like that of a calf.

The soldier let out a quiet but audible shout as his mind began to move again. The guard at the tent flap turned and he too was rooted to the spot as George began to grow more than just hair and horns.

The breeches grew tighter around his hips and seat. The fabric beginning to cut into the flesh as it expanded into a grotesquely feminine shelf of ass and breeding hips so wide it was lucky George was standing. Otherwise the sheer size of hip and weight of ass would have broken the light camp chair.

If the breeches were giving up, it was nothing compared to the shirtsleeves he had stayed in. George's chest began to swell. First, only a nub beneath each nipple. Then a modest B cup. The heat and pleasant sensation began to pulse and George fell to hands and knees with the increasing weight of titflesh.

The creaking of seams gave way and left George sitting naked from the waist down as the cotton shirt continued to balloon outward then dampen as the new breasts began producing copious volumes of thick cream. The tent began to smell of a fresh glass of milk and the strawberry-caramel musk of female arousal.

The scent swirled around the two young soldiers. So long in the camp without any woman of use to be found. They began to look inebriated with the scent and sight.

As the milk spilled on the ground and the new breasts were each twice the size of her head and weighing heavy as a late summer watermelon, George felt fuzzier in her mind. "I don't moo what is happening. I moo strange and moo. Moo." She reached out for help and the shift of her shoulders pulled at the seam of the shirt. "Moooo moo moo....please...breed...moooooooooooo!"

The lowing rumbled out of the tent and to the surrounding soldiers in the camp. It also required an inhale that stretched the shirt past its breaking point and her heavy breasts lay filling her lap and obscuring the generous thigh gap that framed her dripping, needy quim.

The milk pooling around her, the scent of her arousal, the sight of her, ready for breeding, was too much for thought. She didn't need to think anymore.

George rumbled a contented low as her throat was filled by the guard's thick cock and the private thrust deep to her cervix from behind.

The pretty cow could not remember anything but the feel of being filled. Of the pleasure of her milk letting down with each orgasm that tore through her.

The men of the Continental Army were provided with a splendid morale boost on this the night before the Battle of Yorktown as each in the camp took a turn breeding the future leader of this Union.