

You dry yourself off after your quick, late-morning shower. A part of you argues at the pointlessness of it, since you and Abigail were planning to go into the mines later in the afternoon, but you wanted to do some quick errands in town before then, and you don't want to subject everyone to the filth and sweat that had accumulated during your morning farm work. You know none of the other residents in Pelican Town would begrudge you for it, but still.

You exit the bathroom, towel held at your side. You don't know where your wife is at the moment, but at this point in your relationship, modesty isn't really an issue.

That said, you hadn't expected to see her standing in the bedroom, wearing nothing but a skimpy, cow-print bikini.

You gaze at your scantily clad wife with a bemused, yet decidedly appreciative expression. Her blushing face is perfectly framed by her long, purple locks. She has her hands clasped in front of her, her upper arms (likely deliberately) squeezing her breasts together enticingly, and you find it hard not to notice the two prominent indentations in the black and white fabric of her top.

“Emily gave this to me yesterday. I think she made it as a joke, but it's pretty cute, *rig-eeep!*”

Abigail lets out a startled yelp before descending into a giggles as you pick her up in a tight hug and gently fall onto the bed, laying your naked body on top of hers. Your lips quickly meet hers, both of you laughing around a fierce and sloppy kiss. You break away, planting kisses on her cheek, neck, and collarbone as you slide down to her pert, barely-concealed breasts.

You bring your hands under her breasts and squeeze, watching the fabric of her bikini shift and stretch in response to your ministrations. Suddenly, the color pattern gives you an idea.

You smile mischievously at Abigail before lifting off the left side of her top, revealing a hard, perky pink nipple. You plant your lips around it, your right hand squeezing her breast tightly as you give a hard suck on her teat. Abigail gasps, her thighs squeezing together before letting out an aroused laugh.

“As fun as it would be, I don't think you're going to get what you're looking...for...”

Confused as to why she trailed off, you release her breast from your mouth with a quiet *plop*. Abigail's head is turned to the side, toward the foot of the bed, and as you follow her gaze you plainly see what had gained her attention.

A small white creature was standing on your bed. It's about the size and shape of an apple – complete with a stem-like antenna with a little white leaf on the end – with tiny black eyes and thin, stubby arms and legs.

Noticing it got your attention, it gives a happy little wave.

“Is that one of those Junimos you told me about?” Abigail asked, a look of wonder on her face as she stared intently at the creature. “Cause holy crap it's just as adorable as you said.”

You nod, and suddenly the Junimo starts to dance, waving its arms above its head and shifting from side to side while emitting happy chirping noises. Blue sparkles appeared around it and began to swirl toward you. As entranced at the sight as you were, you almost didn't hear Abigail gasp from underneath you.

You look down at her, and see the same motes of light dancing around her body. She's looking down at her chest in shock, and you quickly share her surprise when you realize that her breasts are becoming larger with each passing second, slowly expanding in volume and weight. Starting at an already sizable D cup, it doesn't take long for them to become larger than any pair you've ever seen, her remaining covered breast slipping out of the too small bikini as they approach the size of her head. Meanwhile, her nipples grow at the same pace as the rest of her breasts, becoming longer and thicker, while her areolas plump and widen.

Throughout all this, Abigail's expression has become dazed, and you can tell that through whatever process this is happening, she finds it *very* pleasurable. Her cheeks burn red, her breath quickening as small, quiet moans escape her lips. But what you notice most of all, now that your sole focus isn't on her breasts, is that their growth isn't the only thing about your wife that's changing. Large white horns have appeared on the sides of her head, and her ears have become long and floppy, with fur appearing on them in a familiar black and white pattern. You notice her shift her hips, and you feel something brush against your side, only to find that a long cow's tail has emerged from beneath her, wagging across the bed as she writhes beneath you.

The chirping suddenly stops, and you notice that the Junimo has disappeared. Shifting focus back to your wife, you see that her breasts have stopped growing, and each one is now the size of a fairly large watermelon. You watch in fascination as small dollops of white liquid appear on her nipples and drip seductively down the sides of her humongous breasts.

*"Mmmmm,"* Abigail moans. Her eyes, having become unfocused during her transformation, suddenly meet yours. Her look is one of intense need.

*"Honey, d-do what you were doing before...please!"* She gropes at herself, causing a greater flow of milk to leak from her nipples.

You eagerly oblige, filling your mouth with an engorged nipple and suckling at it for all your worth. You're rewarded with a gush of sweet-tasting breastmilk and a loud, ecstatic moan from your transformed lover. You roughly grab her other breast and squeeze, sending a fountain of milk spraying into the air. You feel Abigail's arms beneath you reaching down underneath her bikini bottom, and her moans become more frantic as she begins to masturbate.

Soon you feel Abigail's hips bucking underneath you, and you know that she's almost over the edge. You bring both hands to the sides of her tits and squeeze them together until both of her nipples are side by side, placing your mouth on both at the same time and sucking hard. You feel Abigail tense, her breathing stopping for just a moment until-

*"Mm! Mmmm! Moooooo!"*

While Abigail lets out a long, bestial moan, her milk flow becomes too much for you to handle. Excess milk escapes from the sides of your mouth, running down the curves of her breasts. You feel her new tail repeatedly thwapping at your hips, wagging ceaselessly as her body rocks in orgasm.

Nearly a full minute passes before Abigail is able to settle down. You let her nipples fall from your mouth, her breasts bouncing hypnotically back to their natural state of rest. You pull yourself off of her, lying beside her and letting her catch her breath.

“That,” she says between ragged breaths, “was *amazing*.”

After a few more minutes, she sits up, wincing at the weight hanging off her chest. She slowly explores her new body, feeling at her horns and ears, as well as pulling her tail in front of her.

She looks at you, slightly worried. “How the hell are we going to explain this to everyone?” she asks, and before you can answer, her eyes widen in dismay.

She jumps up off the bed, and unsheathes one of the swords leaning against the wall of the bedroom. She gives a few practice swings, her gigantic breasts jiggling wildly and sending her massively off balance.

“Damn!” Her eyes meet yours, and your heart constricts at the desperation in her expression. “This...this is temporary, right?”

Knowing how important her swordsmanship is to her, you stand up, ready to rush off to the Community Center to find some Junimos, or maybe go to see if the Wizard could help, but as you push off the bed, you feel a piece of parchment crinkle under your hand.

Surprised, you examine it, and realize it's a golden scroll, much like the ones that you found in the Community Center those few years ago. You unfurl it, and can't help but chuckle as you comprehend its meaning. At the top reads “Cowgirl Bundle”, and underneath are pictures of the items you need to donate to receive the bundle's reward. Unlike the other bundles you've completed, there are only two items being requested: the first is the familiar image of Abigail's flute, and the second...is a bottle of milk, and you're pretty sure it isn't asking for milk from the usual sources. At the bottom reads “Reward: Transformation Flute”.

At this point, Abigail has returned to your side, eyes squinting down at the arcane runes of the scroll.

“What is it? I can't read it.”

Her eyes widen as you explain what the Junimos are asking for, but she seems eager at the idea.

“Sounds fun,” she says, her tail wagging happily behind her as she looks down at her breasts. “And if this is something I can just turn on and off...”

She squeezes her tits together, sending arcs of milk spraying onto the floor and letting out another

cow-like moan.

“Then, uh, I'm not complaining.”

Her eyes start to become unfocused again as she continues to play with herself, and your heart skips a beat when you see her lift one of her nipples to her mouth and suckle at her own teat. Seeing her other breast continue to spill milk onto the floor, you reluctantly pull your gaze away from your naked cowgirl wife, putting on some clothes and heading to the barn to get your milk pail. You certainly never expected to use it for this purpose, but much like Abigail, you can't really complain.