

Like clockwork, she had completely botched another relationship. Like clockwork, the break-up was followed by her sitting alone in her local bar. Chloe had gone through several boyfriends and girlfriends at this point, so this was nothing new. However, what made this breakup sting even more than the last few was that she really thought she had it this time. Sure, David was pretty nice and with Jason it was entirely his fault. But Jodie... Jodie seemed to be the one.

And so, she sat alone. Alone in the same bar that she had gone to every time she broke up with someone. Was this her fate? To always be in and out of relationships? To not find someone she could truly settle down with? Her thoughts were interrupted by seeing someone sitting at a nearby table.

As far as she was aware, this person just appeared here a few seconds ago. She never saw them come in to sit down. They were probably the most androgynous person she had ever seen. Their clothes were all white, and maybe she was a few drinks in, but said clothes seemed to be... glowing? Chloe tried as hard as she could to control her urge. She just got dumped- no, she dumped one of the best people she ever met and is already eyeing a complete stranger.

That's when she noticed that they were eyeing her too. She tried to look away, realizing she was staring at a complete stranger. Her embarrassment then went into full force when she heard that person next to her.

"Hey." She looked up, and they were standing closer to her. They didn't seem to be weirded out by her staring at them, but they were probably just trying to be nice. "I saw you looking at me."

"Sorry! I have... a staring problem." Why would you ever admit that to someone? Regardless, they didn't seem to be bothered by her.

"I'm Ike, by the way."

"I'm Chloe." Somehow, one of the most awkward conversations she had ever been in had lead to them talking, and eventually she was bringing them back to her apartment.

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They were both slightly tipsy as they stumbled into Chloe's apartment. It wasn't an absolute dump, but it also wasn't the most pristine place in the world. It was the best she could get with her job.

They both made their way to the bedroom, it was a bit messy, but not as bad as some of her exes' apartments. I mean, Matthew's room looked like it belonged to a 6 year old and Dee's room had an obnoxious pc setup which she kept insisting was "for her twitch career", which was just the fancy way of saying she was unemployed. Point is, the bar for bedroom's wasn't very high and Chloe's room passed the bar good enough. Ike didn't seem to have any comments about the bedroom, since they both got onto the bed and began to undress each other. Chloe

didn't know if this was gonna be another person she dated or if this was a one night stand. Once Chloe was down to her bra and jeans, Ike made a strange request.

"Chloe, there's something I need you to do."

"Ok... what is it?"

"Before you kiss me, I want you to think of your sexual fantasy. Don't say it out loud, just put it in your head. It can be tame, or it can be wild. Just think of it, then kiss me."

Chloe didn't know what Ike had planned, but when she started picturing it, she was then reminded about how she never DARED share this with anyone. Not even someone she was with, this was something that existed in her head and her head only. I mean, it's not like what she had in mind was even possible, but she knew that if she admitted it to even one person then she'd have to live with the embarrassment. However, Ike was only asking her to think of it, not tell them what it was. Still, they wouldn't bring up this request for no reason, right?

So she did, as she kissed them, her whole body felt energized somehow. It was like a shock had coursed throughout her body, but not a painful shock. Whatever just happened, it felt fantastic, and it was all from a single kiss. As their lips disconnected, Chloe wanted to tell Ike how amazing she felt, but all it came out as was...

"Moo..." Chloe froze, trying to figure out what the hell just came out of her mouth. "Moo?" Why couldn't she talk? Why was everything coming out as Moo?

"Hey, don't worry, I speak cow." Ike told her, completely casual as if they knew what was going on. She noticed that Ike's face started to look less androgynous and more feminine. Their hair started to grow a little bit, Chloe thought she was dreaming. "I mean, I had to learn it after so many people had this as their fantasy... yeah, you're not the only one."

Chloe started to realize what was going on, but still wasn't 100% sure. "Moo?"

"Ok, well, you see... I'm an angel."

"Moo?"

"Yeah, an angel, and Ike... it's short for icarus."

"MOO?"

"Look, everyone thinks I'm the one who flew too close to the sun, but that was actually Cupid, they asked if we could swap backstories because they were embarrassed about it. But I can live with that embarrassment because I'm just a nice person, y'know?" They still were acting as casual as ever, like this was something that happened every day.

“Moo.” Chloe was getting annoyed, this person she was about to get down with was claiming to be an angel, and somehow this was supposed to explain how a kiss managed to condense her vocabulary down to one word.

“Well, you see, my job is to find someone who has had REALLY bad luck with love. You, Chloe, fit the bill. You see, I have a magic kiss, a kiss that’s able to make any fantasy come true. Don’t worry, the effects are only temporary, you’ll be back to normal tomorrow morning.”

“...Moo?” Chloe then realized *why* she could only say moo, and why Ike seemed to be becoming more feminine as they gave this big explanation of who they are. At that moment, **she remembered what her fantasy was.**

Chloe felt the sides of her head, and without her even realizing it, her ears had changed shape to the kind of ears a cow would have. As she fully understood what was happening, her panic turned into joy as she prepared for the inevitable. The exact inevitable that for the longest time, had only existed inside her head. She looked down at her body, and the fun part had finally begun. She felt the sensation of her chest filling up and expanding, and when she looked at her body she could see her bra try to fight against the oncoming storm. She could feel her jeans tighten as her body progressed towards an hourglass figure.

Chloe laid back on her bed, giving herself a moment to enjoy the growth. She could feel what little clothes she still had on getting tighter and tighter. At this point, she had completely forgotten that Ike was still there. She squirmed around as her chest and ass became bigger and bigger, until...

*SNAP*

Just like that, her top lost its daring battle. Chloe was in awe at the two heaving masses attached to her body, and as their growth continued, she could feel something building up inside of them.

“Moo...”

She grabbed her new mounds and felt the flowing of liquid inside of them. They were filling up with milk, and the churning happening inside of her was driving her crazy. She was so distracted by it, that she didn’t even notice...

*RRRRRIP*

The seams in her jeans finally gave in, and in only a few moments they were reduced to nothing but torn up denim. The only article of clothing left to fight against her ass and thighs were her panties, and they didn’t seem to be faring well against her mass.

“This is where I come in.” Ike said, reminding Chloe that she wasn’t the only one in the room. She caught a glance at Ike, who at this point had stopped looking androgynous and was now a full on woman. “What, you thought you were the only one that would change their shape?” Chloe then looked down and noticed that Ike had a bulge that wasn’t as obvious beforehand, mooring in excitement when she realized what would come next.

Chloe’s body had gotten so big at this point that she could barely move. Chloe didn’t mind, in fact, she loved that her breasts were larger than her own head at this point. Ike seemed to enjoy it as well, as they climbed over to one of her mounds and began to caress it.

“Mind if I...” Ike paused for a moment, “nevermind, of course you don’t.”

Ike brought her now soup can shaped nipple towards their mouth and began to drink from it. Chloe let out another moo as she could feel herself being drained, with some of the milk trickling down her body, being too much for Ike to catch.

She closed her eyes for a moment and let the sensations catch up to her, she was still growing, even the fountains attached to her chest were still expanding despite being drained. The draining itself, sending ripples of pleasure throughout her body. The feeling of Ike’s lips against her nipple... going away.

She opened her eyes again, seeing that Ike had seemingly gotten enough from their giant fucktoy. The milk seemed to have an effect on them too, sporting a more “realistic” but still larger pair of milkers.

“Wanna try?” They asked, still holding onto her gushing fountain. Chloe nodded, and Ike brought not one, but both of her breasts towards her mouth. Chloe wasted no time in getting the chance to try her own supply. Ike wasn’t lying when they said they were an angel, because tasting her own milk was a heavenly experience. Two jets were shooting her own nectar into her mouth, and Chloe didn’t want it to stop.

The thing that stopped her indulgence was Ike pulling the fountains away from her. While her production wasn’t as aggressive as when she had them in her mouth, it was still moving rapidly.

“Just you wait, we’re almost at the finale.” Ike told her. Somehow, despite her body mass, Ike managed to flip her over so that she was laying stomach down. She rested on her two milk mountains as they pointed at the wall, drenching it in white. She looked behind her, finally having a view of her ass which was just as massive as her upper half. She even saw that she had a tail, another thing she hadn’t noticed before.

Her awe at how massive she had gotten was interrupted when she felt something enter her most sensitive of areas.

“What, you thought that was just for show?”

Chloe remembered the bulge she saw on Ike not too long ago, and was ready. As Ike began their rhythm, Chloe's body went into overdrive. Her growth began to pick up, and the pressure of her jets started to amp up. She started to be lifted into the air by her new size, too focused on the sensations hitting her to notice how big she was getting. She could feel the growth without seeing it, she felt the hoses on her chest doing their work, and she felt Ike getting closer to the finale.

"Here... it... comes..."

Chloe opened her eyes again, barely able to make out anything in her bedroom. Her chest had managed to obscure her bed from her view, her ass was pressing itself against her walls. She was quickly brought back into what she could feel, taken away from the brief moment of realizing her size. This final moment of feeling everything happening to her body was also brief, as not too long after, it happened.

Ike had finally released himself into Chloe, which had set off a chain reaction. Her bed been crushed under the weight of her breasts, the liquids firing out of them going at full speed and full pressure, and in this moment, Chloe had made the loudest noise she had ever made.

*MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO*

After the climax, everything came to a pause. Chloe looked at what she could still see. Her size stayed the same, not growing or shrinking, still large enough that she could feel herself being pressed against her walls. All while she sat in the middle of her giant, hourglass shape. She looked behind her, and she still had her cow tail. Everything seemed to... pause, but one thing was missing from the room.

"Moo?"

Ike had completely vanished, just a moment ago they were taking Chloe to plow town and now they were gone. Leaving Chloe so big that she was stuck in her room. Chloe didn't mind, this was *her* fantasy after all, and a moment to just stay where she was and relax with her giant body was always part of it. She just didn't know how long this part would last. That's when she noticed another sensation. Somehow, despite being pressed against the wall, she could feel something attached to her breasts. She could also feel the faint sound of a machine doing its work. The feeling of her milk being extracted was different from everything else she felt that night. Not orgasmic, tingly, or something that would send her into a frenzy. Rather, it was soothing, something soft, like a massage for her new shape.

"Moo..."

As the machine went to work on her, she began to doze off. She hadn't noticed until now how soft her chest was, it felt comfier than her actual bed. As she rested her head and arms against

her upper half, she noticed the same feeling with her lower half. Her rear end was pushing against the walls of the room, but somehow, still felt comfier than anything she had ever felt. The peace she felt in this very moment, a moment that had followed the strangest, but most amazing thing that had ever happened to her, was enough to bring her into sleep.

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When she woke up, everything was back to normal. Her bed, which was crushed under her own weight, was perfectly fixed. The milk she doused her room in the night before was gone, not even a hint of its scent lingered in the room. Once again, Ike was nowhere to be seen. The only hint she saw at first of the previous night was her lack of clothes. Despite this, she noticed that the outfit she had torn to shreds was now sitting near her, back to normal and perfectly folded.

“Ike?” She could actually speak again, no longer limited to cow vocabulary. That’s when she started to panic. She knew it happened, she knew she had met Ike at a bar and she knew that Ike made her wildest dream come true.

*Please don't tell me that was all a dream...*

That’s when she noticed some things. Her chest had gone up a cup size. Sure, it was only a change from her previous B size to her new C, but they were definitely larger. She then checked her ass, which had also changed from average to something a stripper would have. That’s when she noticed a note with a bottle next to it on her bedside table.

*Chloe*

*Sorry I had to pop out for a bit, had to wait until you were back to normal to put everything back where it was. Usually with these sorts of wishes, the receiver isn't exactly where they were beforehand, so you might notice a slight size difference. I probably won't see you again, unless you somehow screw up again. If you ever want to go back to what happened last night, I left a small bottle of something that'll get your body going. I won't be there to guide you through it or clean up though, so be ready to give your landlord a thorough explanation. Just one drop will start the process, but there's still not a lot in there, so don't waste it all. One more thing, you COULD use it by yourself, but maybe sharing it with someone will be more interesting? Someone like... Jodie maybe? I don't know, it's up to you*

*Good Luck,  
Icarus*

Chloe grabbed the bottle, it was small, small enough to crush in her hand. Still, she had something with the effects of something that a literal angel did to her. She thought about the last part of their letter.

“No, I’d rather die than tell anyone about this...”

That's when she thought about it a bit more. Through every relationship she had, normal sex just didn't feel very gratifying. Even the partners who were willing to be a bit more out there didn't give the same level of satisfaction that this bottle would bring. The thought of a giant, milk-filled cowgirl was impossible until now, but the thought of it was still something she'd rather do than just the typical stuff, and this whole time she wouldn't tell a single person about it.

Even Jodie.

So, still holding the bottle in her hand, she grabbed her phone, scrolled through her contacts, and did something that she had no idea if she would regret or not.

She called Jodie.