

## One Night in Bangkok Makes a CowGirl Rounder By The Producer

Sophia Engleson was in awe.

The city of Bangkok, Thailand was unlike anything else that she had experienced. It pulsed with a frenetic energy, different food stalls, souvenir shops and other establishments were all crammed together, and their proprietors all seemed to be vying for her attentions. The young woman soaked it all in, admiring the chaos that paradoxically seemed to follow some sort of rule set she couldn't identify, but could sense.

Sophia was a North American, hailing from the midwest. Like many residents of the former USA, she was tall and light skinned. Her fair complexion offset by some freckles dotting her cheeks and shoulders. She wore a floral sundress, its pleated hem brushing her knees, billowing slightly in light breezes that pervaded Bangkok's avenues and side streets.

Like many young women around the world, Sophia had elected for cosmetic genetic enhancement. A practice that would have been seen as exotic in the century before her year of 2120, it was now commonplace to alter one's appearance at the genetic level. Her father had done something similar, after he'd conceived her of course (it was illegal to conceive children after genetic modification). She'd wanted to emulate his example and had modeled her own appearance using a similar bovine template.

She didn't think she'd actually changed that much since she'd visited a gene clinic on her twenty fifth birthday, but of course she had. Her ears now were the elongated round cornered cows ears sought by many who elected for the bovine template, along with a tufted tail which exited a small hole at the back of her skirt. Her feet and legs were similarly inhuman, ending in hooves and fur that started from her calves.

Her pre-existing genetics already predisposed her to an impressive mammary size, which was amplified by her visit to the gene clinic. Her sizeable bust one that dwarfed any of the smaller women, enhanced or human, who milled around her in the street. Beneath her modest knee length pleated skirt was the round bulge of her udder as well, held in place by a unique sling designed for her subspecies.

The large North American drew many eyes from the native Thai population. There were a few milling around who also had undergone gene therapy, but none came near her size both in height and girth. Of the few other bovine mods she'd seen, they seemed to limit themselves to horns or a tail. She'd gotten used to the stares since she'd arrived, and now found herself in the meandering streets if not the center of attention, at least near it.

Her size and distinct appearance marked her for the calls of vendors and buskers of everything from live chickens to plush dolls. She politely waved and smiled, with the occasional “Mai au khah” of polite refusal.

Then she rounded a corner and stopped dead. There was a huge woman, nearly eight feet tall, outside one the pristine white entrances of an immaculately clean establishment. She had the large flappy ears and flexible trunk of an indian elephant, and waved with her appendage at Sophia in a come hither motion that the cow girl found both enticing and comical.

Intrigued she walked towards the massive woman, noting the tough grey skin and padded feet matching the pachyderm woman’s overall look. Of note to Sophia as well was the rather large protruding belly on woman. Massive by any normal humans standard, but on her it looked simply like the swell of one in her second trimester. It stretched the tall broad woman’s vibrant green and blue Sampot, it’s folds tightly digging into her rotund form.

“Well, you look like you’re curious miss.”

The deep rumble of the elephant woman was non-accented and well spoken English, which shocked Sophia. It must have showed on her face for she immediately made a nonchalant gesture with her trunk.

“I went to school overseas, I came home and started up this establishment myself after I finished my residency at Cambridge. Would you like to step inside and see if there’s anything you’d like?”

Sophia remembered her manners and stammered up at the large woman.

“Uh, um y-yes. Thank you! What do you sell Miss...?”

Behind her trunk the elephant girl smiled.

“You can call me Duanphen. We specialize in temporary enhancements here.”

She patted her belly affectionately.

“This is one of our latest products. Some find the weight and size to be pleasant, and it’s actually quite useful if you’re interested.”

She strode easily to the door and opened it for the awed cowgirl. Sophia stepped over the threshold and into the clean lobby of “Just-4-You Mods,” smiling at the human receptionist, who was clad in a pristine white smock. Turning around, Sophia watched as Duanphens impressive girth sidled in behind her.

“I’m sorry for not saying so sooner Duanphen, I’m Sophia. Do you mean to say that your, um, belly is temporary?”

She was greeted once again by the smile.

“Oh yes. It functions on the simple principle of water retention and the strategic placement of fat cells. We provide you with a dose of a genetic code, that can be removed via a second dose administered whenever you wish. So you can keep this for as long or short as you want.”

Looking above Sophia at the receptionist, Duanphen called out a series of quick commands in Thai which Sophia's novice ear only caught bits of, including “catalog” and “please.”

Soon the woman had run around to Sophia and bowed with a laminated booklet. With a quick “Khob Jai Ja”-Sophia took the proffered booklet and began browsing through it.

She then paused, mid page turn.

A thought had entered her head about Duanphen, and how smoothly she'd led her into this clinic. Sophia knew nothing about this procedure, and here she was already exploring options? Was it safe? It seemed so but she hadn't ever considered something like this before. Glancing up from the Thai, English and French booklet she saw Duanphen talking on the phone in a preparatory manner.

Sophia looked back down at the booklet and was startled at the affordability of the pricing. It wasn't by any means cheap; easily a months pay, but still far less than she'd anticipate paying at home. Sophia caught Duanphen's eye with a wave.

“This is safe right?”

Duanphen smacked her stomach reassuringly, her enthused strikes making ripples that ran across the tight as a drum fabric of her traditional clothing via the swollen expanse of belly beneath. At the same time, her trunk waggled in a gesture of dismissive nonchalance.

“This is my sixth time! Safe as can be! Besides, we've never had a dissatisfied customer. If you want a refund however, we will happily provide it.”

Some of Sophia's anxiety lessened at Duanphen's reassurance and she returned to the catalog.

With a few additional questions to Just-4-U's proprietor, Sophia reached a definitive conclusion; and selected the Chao Mae Tuptim Mk IV option.

The catalog showed a photograph of a smiling woman with her arms cradled around a belly that appeared to be almost spheroid in appearance. While not totally unnatural, her carriage and posture did present an almost mythically fecund attitude that Sophia found very alluring. Under Duanphen's supervision, Sophia followed her direction out of the lobby and entered a full body scanner behind a privacy screen. She then had a small blood sample drawn by Duanphen, who did so professionally and with a practiced ease. The Elephant girl snapped off her rubber gloves and deposited them in a trash can, while making a few notations on a chart.

“We should have your treatment ready in roughly an hour. You could wait in the lobby, or if you’d like to get something to eat and come back, we’ll be ready.”

Glancing outside, Sophia could see the tinting orange of a Pacific sunset and decided to take in the view while grabbing some local fare to eat. She dismissed herself politely, after paying via her credit card, and left the store.

She took in the rose tinted sunset along the banks of the Chao Phraya seated on a stool outside a noodle shop, slurping down her dinner, and feeling the sun set with a kind of anticipation, as though something else were about rise upon the glowing orbs disappearance. The hour passed quickly and Sophia found herself bounding back to Just-4-You, her cloven hooves making a “tock tock” noise with each skipping stride.

Soon she arrived back at the glass fronted white building, the blue neon sign Just-4-You Mods winking vibrantly along with the rest of the street signs, making an eclectic dazzling display near equal to the rapidly diminishing sunset.

Inside, she found her elephantine enabler smiling and holding a small stainless steel case.

“We have two doses of both the treatment, and the normalizer for you.”

She undid the clasps and opened the case to reveal a small instruction booklet and four vials, two with a red substance, and two blue. She pointed from one then the other, identifying the red vials as her treatment, and the blue as the normalizers.

“We will keep your scan and bio-profile on file along with the signature of your treatment. If you have questions or would like to order additional doses you may always contact the shop using the contact information provided. Thank you for choosing Just-4-You Mods Sophia!”

Sophia graciously accepted her purchase and closed the case.

“Can I take them now? Or do I need to wait?”

Duanphen smirked.

“Eager are we? I’d recommend waiting until you get back to a comfortable hotel room, and follow the instructions. If you’d like to dose yourself here under our supervision, I’d request that you wait until tomorrow morning and make an appointment. We will be closing at nine this evening, and the process does take around four hours.”

Sophia’s disappointment must have shown, and Duanphen extended a comforting hand.

“Just take it back to your hotel room Sophia. What’s another half hour or so? Oh, and please follow the instructions.”

The Elephant girl gestured up and down Sophia's body with her trunk.

"Your treatment has been specifically calibrated for you, for use as directed. It is safe, but any deviation from the directed dosage or application may cause unintended consequences."

Sophia nodded.

"I understand. Thank you! I'll contact you if I have any questions."

"Please do."

Sophia departed, waving at Duanphen's friendly corresponding trunk waggle. She was eager to open the case again but decided to wait. She hailed a cab and was driven back to the luxurious apartment that she'd booked for the trip. She was flying back tomorrow, and wondered about whether she should wait until she was back across the Pacific before applying the treatment.

No, she thought.

If she had problems, it was best to take care of it while she was still here in Bangkok.

Sophia had always found the aesthetic of a pregnant woman to be pleasing, but found the prospect of child rearing to be beyond intimidating. Giving birth, and raising a child were two of her deepest fears, which made her fascination with the girthy form a pregnant woman all the more problematic. The idea of an artificial belly, had occurred to her, but she had not heard of any gene mods to use it.

Now, in the pristine case she clutched to her chest, were the vials containing a practical solution to her desires.

Once she'd arrived back at her hotel she'd stormed upstairs and opened the case once more.

Sophia quickly read through the instructions several times, and then ordered three gallons of distilled water from the concierge, along with a large five course meal. The instructions had detailed that she was going to require a lot of calories for the transformation and water.

Moments later a particularly lithe bellboy wheeled in a large cart containing several covered dishes and four huge plastic jugs of distilled water. Sophia helped the young polite servant unload the cart onto the large table, and then bid him good evening with a sizeable tip. Then she turned around and grinned.

It was all ready.

Following the instructions she seated herself on the large sofa, resting her pendulous udder between her thighs and unscrewed the cap of the first tube. The action broke the plastic seal and Sophia promptly upended the vial into her waiting mouth. The taste was neutral and had a kind of gritty

texture, like a milky powder almost. She had barely finished the vial and set it sealed back in its case when an ominous rumble came from her stomach.

Sophia had been feeling a little hungry already and didn't need any prompting to begin eating the first of several batches of curry and rice she'd ordered. She washed the meal down with water from one of the jugs, and just as the instructions predicted, she found her appetite and thirst increasing with each mouthful instead of abating.

Finishing the first large portion, Sophia quickly uncovered a large soup bowl and began to slurp down the contents. Despite the liquid form of her current meal, she still found a thirsty urging to down more of the water. Roughly halfway through the soup, she began to notice a feeling of primal hunger and thirst which started to supplant any of her other thoughts. It was only after she'd stopped for breath did she realize that she had submerged her face in the bowl and gulped down its contents without the use of any utensils.

It was a short respite.

Her short reflection was interrupted by her popping the top off of another gallon of water, and chugging its entirety in one sitting. The cool liquid rushing into her belly, causing her small paunch to begin to bulge. If she'd not been so hungry, she might have taken a moment to marvel at her rapidly expanding waistline, but instead she was already burying her face in an ornately arranged shrimp cocktail.

This continued for the next hour, and Sophia had nearly exhausted her food and water. Only when she'd polished off the final bowl of pho, with just half a platter of spring rolls remaining did she feel her hunger and thirst begin to subside and her mind begin to clear.

She glanced down and hiccuped.

"Holy shit!"

Her stomach was massive, bloated and subsuming over her thighs and muffin topping out around her waist. She could feel its contents churning under her skin. The instructions had said this was normal, but the appearance was shocking nonetheless. Letting out a muffled belch, Sophia slumped back onto the couch, marveling at the spread detritus of her meal around her. She was supposed to rest for four hours as the added caloric intake was burned and structured into her new addition. She put a local news channel up on her hotel display screen while she tried to relax and let her changes run their course.

Almost imperceptibly at first, a round firmness began to take hold. The rolls of her stomach tightened, while her large distended abdomen stretched out taking on a more spherical shape. The process took its toll on Sophia's endurance, and she soon dozed off against the plush sofa, pinned between its soft embrace and the weight of her slowly firming gut.

A few hours later, Sophia awoke.

As she slowly came around she looked down and let out an excited yelp of delight. Her new faux pregnancy had finished its generation. She hauled herself to her feet, almost falling over at the new unfamiliar weight. Giggling at her necessary waddling, Sophia maneuvered herself to the floor length mirror in the hotel bathroom.

Along the way she began to frantically strip off her dress which was stained with the remnants of her transformative feast. She snapped off her chest and udder bras, letting each drop to the floor and then flicked on the bathroom light, letting out a gasp of surprise and eroticism.

She was staring back at her reflection, with all the appearance of a nude and fecund mother to be. The mere sight was enough to begin to cause her face to flush as a heat of sexual arousal built within her. She took roughly ten minutes to fondle herself in front of the mirror, while posing from all different angles.

The large spherical roundness of her belly intersected her bulbous udder in a very satisfying way, even if it did make her feel much more front heavy.

"I'm definitely going to need to find a different form of cardio now, running is a thing of the past."

She said to herself, turning sideways on and admiring her fertile profile.

At last she couldn't take it anymore and hurriedly duck walked back to her suitcase, rummaging around for her large waterproof vibrating wand. She soon withdrew the plastic massager from her luggage and began her pendulous journey back to the bathroom and began to draw herself a warm bath in the large tub.

After a few minutes the water was deep enough and a comfortable temperature, and Sophia stepped within awkwardly beginning to lower herself to the surface. She let out a small hiss of discomfort as her teats brushed the water, before sliding down the rest of the way. Once she had reached a certain point however, the encumbering weight caused her to fall the rest of the way, making a minor wave that splashed some water out of the tub onto the tiled floor.

Sophia giggled.

"Something I'll just have to get used to I guess."

Grabbing the wand from the floor she thumbed it to its lowest setting before plunging it into the water, and guiding it towards her waiting engorged pussy. Then she frowned.

Normally she would lift her udder, and maneuver her vibrator to press against her love button, but as she used one hand to grip her toy, and the other to lift her large mammary organ, she found that her new belly significantly restricted her movement. She couldn't get enough clearance, seated in the tub to get her vibrator properly placed. She would just get the occasional hint of a throbbing vibration as the thrumming toy came close to her groin but never made contact.

“Gah!”

She said in exasperation as the toy fell from her grip into the tub.

She fumbled around for it, her vision blocked by her swollen belly and large pink mass of her udder. Then she felt it's vibrating head rumbling away on the floor of the tub, pinned underneath her squishy milk maker.

An idea occurred to her then. Grunting at the exertion, she lifted her udder as high as she could and then began to scootch forward in the tub on her butt, until with a yelp of pleasure and surprise she felt the head of her wand touch her clit and vulva. She immediately dropped her udder, the heavy pink organ pinning the sex toy in place.

Sophia smiled and laughed giddily at the pleasurable sensation, and at her own ingenuity. With both hands free, she massaged her breasts and new belly, and occasionally reached down to squeeze the vibrating pink pass that was holding her pleasuring implement in place.

With a free hand to tease and play with herself, coupled with the new swollen belly that had been at the core of her sexual fantasies finally an actuality; an orgasm was not long in coming. It crashed over her and she moaned in satisfaction as the wellspring of pleasure exploded within her. It was unlike any she'd had before, the new weight pinning her down meant that at first she couldn't divest herself from her vibrating pleasure stick. Another orgasm swept over her consciousness, her legs kicking against the sides of the tub in her ecstasy

Then she did something she'd only done once before.

Sophia began to moan.

It was low and guttural. Starting only as another of her pleasure filled moans, until she began to scream in bliss at the weighty feeling of her faux pregnancy and tingling udder. Belting out from her throat was a long throaty-

“MooooooooOOOOOO!”

Se clasped a hand over her mouth in embarrassed shock and surprise as she leaned forward and finally extracted her massager, before collapsing back in the tub.

She'd only mooed once before, it was a part of her altered genetic code, and was what her gene therapist had called “a shout of the subconscious species instinct.” It would only occur when she instinctually accessed some primal thought in her brain. She'd experienced it once before when she'd hooked her udder up to a milking machine out of curiosity and been so embarrassed at the volume of her primal utterance that she'd never done it again.

Now though her emotions were different.

She felt vindicated, one hand resting on her large belly as she slumped in the tub, coming down off of her orgasmic high. Her new weighty dimension rose out of the water like a domed island, and she lovingly ran her palm around it in circular patterns, while squeezing her udder underwater between her thighs.

“Mmmmmmmhmmmm, this was worth the money.”

There was a chime from the door, accompanied by a polite knock.

The post orgasmic flush in Sophia's cheeks deepened from a rosy pink to an embarrassed crimson. She tried to rise and fell back with an undignified splash, slopping more water over the floor. Stumbling out and awkwardly skidding to the hanging bathrobe which she hurriedly attempted to wrap around her, and failing on account of her new girth. She finally contented to tie the belt below her waist, where her udder and belly joined, only somewhat covering her swaying pink mass.

She strode to the door, and opened it a crack, seeing the bellboy from before. Upon seeing her in the bathrobe he glanced away, but not before his gaze swept over her prodigious swell which had not been there several hours before when he'd brought her the copious feast. He likewise began to blush and began to stammer in locally accented English.

“Uhhh s-s-sorry to d-disturb you Ms. Englesony but we had a noise complaint. W-would you mind keeping it down?”

Sophia nodded, likewise trying to avoid the bellboys eyes.

“Yes, yes of course! I'm so sorry. I won't cause any more trouble, wait a minute!”

She hurried back to her bag and withdrew another hefty tip and returned to the bellboy and pressed it into his hand, continuing to apologize profusely. For his part, the bellboy appeared to believe her, and was just as eager for the whole embarrassing situation to end.

With a couple bungled apologies by both of them, Sophia soon pushed the door closed, while the bellboy aggressively pulled it shut.

Sophia exhaled and leaned against the wall. She was mortified at having mooed loudly enough to cause a noise complaint; but it had felt very good. Her gaze fell on the bathroom floor, sopping wet from all the water she'd spilled. She shuffled over, careful not to fall on the slick floor and slowly squatted to retrieve her vibrator from the floor.

Slowly an impish grin began to spread across her face. It had felt good, and if she had another noise complaint, maybe the bellboy would come back; and this time maybe he'd do more than stand in the doorway.

Sophia laughed and thumbed the thrumming want to life once more.