

# More Than Love, More Than Human

## Milk is my blessing.

**DISCLAIMER: This story contains fetish content of breast, and ass expansion, lactation, and cowgirl transformation. All characters depicted engaging in any sexual acts are over 18.**

The afternoon summer sun was beautiful, albeit hot, over the rolling hills of the farm. Esmerelda admired the emerald expanse dotted with the occasional grazing cow as she flapped her flannel shirt against her chest in a vain attempt to cool off. As pretty as this time of year was, it wasn't without its drawbacks. The sweat being one of the bigger ones.

Even under the shade of her straw hat she could feel the heat filling her face and entire body. Her overalls had become sticky against her thighs and the parts of her shirt that she didn't pull away clung to her tummy and breasts.

"Esme! Esme, where in all the planes are ya?!"

Esmerelda looked up from her vain attempts to separate her clothes from her skin to see her father shouting from a few hills over.

"I'm over here Pa!" She called out from the section of fence she sat atop.

"Whatcha sittin there for?! We've still got girls to put back in the barn!"

*\*sigh\** "I'm workin on it Pa!" Esme retorted as she slumped herself off the fence.

Her old man was not a bad father by any means, but he could be a real slave driver at times. Most times he would let Esme do as she pleased, but farm work was another story. The farm was his fourth love after his wife and daughter, and had become his third not too long ago after the death of Esme's mother. As such he was very particular about things being done right and proper. Oftentimes to an excessive degree in Esme's opinion.

With her rest interrupted, she got back to the tedium of herding the cows back from their grazing. As she reached another hillcrest to shoo another bovine towards her father, she picked out a small shape moving up the road

towards their land. At first thinking it was just a mirage from the heat, Esme squinted to focus in on the approaching solitary traveler.

“Hey Pa, someone’s comin up the road!”

“What?! Is it more bandits?!”

“I dunno! It’s just one person!”

“Alright! Get our herd inside, I’ll take care of em!”

Their farm was largely isolated from the rest of society, and certainly too far out of the way for any guards to reasonably watch over them. This would’ve made them a prime target for wandering bandits, but there was little a dairy farm would have that would be worth plundering. Esme’s father was also a large man, and the kind of person who didn’t mince words when it came to defending his home. Any sort of thieves or pillagers realized for the most part that this farm was far more trouble than it was worth. However there were a few that still tried.

Esme’s father walked past her with hatchet in hand, fully prepared for at least a scuffle. He raised his free hand into the air to signal to the lonely traveler that he had at least seen them. They raised their arm in response as they continued their approach. Once the traveler was within earshot Don shouted a warning towards them.

“You can only come up to the fence! Any closer and I’ll take it as a sign you mean us harm!”

The traveler waved in response and stopped at the fence, leaning up against a fencepost. Making clear by their posture that they were not on their guard. Even with his instructions followed, and no open display of aggression, Don still approached carefully.

Esme hurriedly guided the last cows into the barn and barred the door. Whipping around, she sprinted back towards her father, who had now gotten within talking distance of the traveler. At this distance the conversation seemed civil so she ventured closer. Fully intent on listening in to whatever the mysterious stranger was saying. However, the traveler spotted her before she was able to get close enough and immediately made her father aware. Keeping one eye on the traveler, Don shouted back to Esme.

“What are you doing?! Is our herd all locked up?!”

“They are! I want to get a look at our visitor!”

“Don’t worry, I mean you no harm!” The stranger happily shouted as she waved to Esme. Her voice was almost musical, beautiful and smooth.

She seemed harmless enough so Esme continued to approach to get a better look at their new guest. She was stunningly gorgeous. Her wavy platinum hair fell to her shoulders and perfectly complemented the color of her fair skin that was almost abnormally smooth. There also seemed to be a light blue shimmer to her body, but Esme dismissed that as the heat messing with her vision.

Her clothes on the other hand were rough and rugged. Steel scaled armor was worn over top of a ragged wool shirt and pants, dyed a lovely forest green with accents of brown from the leather straps. They mostly hid the woman’s elegant curves, but not enough to totally conceal their shape.

Despite having the look of a warrior, the woman carried little in the way of weapons. Just a single sword to be held with one or both hands and a large hexagon plated gauntlet on her left arm.

“I’m just a weary traveler who’s sick of spending her nights on the ground. I was hoping I could bother you fine people for a roof I could rest under for a bit.” The stranger mused with Don as Esme now approached talking distance as well.

“Well, I’m a farmer, not an innkeeper. If you want to stay then you’ll have to give us something for it.”

“Oh I’m not expecting to stay for free in the slightest! I would feel terrible if I freeloaded somewhere this gorgeous.” The stranger gave a subtle wink at Esme with that last word. Outside the notice of Don but enough to slightly fluster the farm girl. Esme averted her gaze from the woman. Even in this summer heat, she could feel a slight blush in her cheeks.

“Well that’s nice and all, but what do you actually have to offer, Miss uhhh...” Don paused as he realized he’d never bothered to ask the stranger’s name.

“Just call me Coba, and forget the ‘miss’. I’m not refined enough to warrant that sort of title. I sadly can offer you little in the way of coin, but I’ve got plenty of strength and am actually no slouch at farmwork. I’m also a very

proficient enchanter. I can help you defend your land if need be, and I can sing too if that's something you might enjoy."

"Just farmwork and *maybe* defending the homestead will be fine Coba. We've got a shed next to the barn you can sleep in, but you're on your own for bedding. Either me or my daughter Esmerelda will let you know when we're having our meals. If you don't like what we cook, then you're on your own for food. We start work early and I expect you to be ready to go when we are. If I don't like the work you do I'm throwing you out, no arguments. Any questions?"

"None I can think of, sir. Thank you for your generosity, and thank you for introducing me to your family. Is there anyone else besides your wonderful daughter?"

Esme blushed deeper at the veiled flirt. It was odd coming from a total stranger, but Esme was equally enraptured with her and was trying her best to hide just how flustered she was.

"No, just her unfortunately. We won't be much good if you want decent company."

"Nonsense! I'm sure both of you will be more than enough to keep me happy. People like you are most definitely my favorites!"

**\*Ahem!\*** Esme loudly cleared her throat to get her father's attention.

"Oh, sorry Esme, that was rude of me. Would you be alright showing our guest where the shed is while I get our herd some more feed?"

"Sure thing pa."

"Thank you kindly. Ya done good work today dear, you can have the rest of the day off til I have dinner ready."

"Thanks Pa! Right this way Miss Coba! Like me to carry your bag for ya?" Esme chirped with a spring in her step as her father headed off to collect more hay.

"Haha, how can I say no to someone so enthusiastic? But again, forget the 'Miss'." Coba giggled as she passed her travel bag off to Esme and followed her lead. "Don't be afraid to pass it back if it gets too heavy. I'm not the lightest traveler."

“Oh it’s no bother, I’ve moved much heavier. Besides you’ve been carrying this for days, a few minutes is hardly something I should complain about.” Esme confidently proclaimed as she hefted the bag over her shoulder.

“Strong *AND* beautiful? Ladies like you are hard to come by in this day and age. You’re also much taller than I expected now that I’m seeing you up close.” Coba skipped ahead in order to look at Esme while she walked backwards.

“O-oh *uuuhhhhhh*... I-I’m not *that* beautiful... farm girls like me can only get so much in the looks department, y’know? A-and bein tall ain’t that great either. I’m too big to fit into pretty girl’s clothes so all my outfits are just boy’s stuff.” Esme stuttered, suddenly feeling very self conscious. Receiving compliments from someone of Coba’s caliber made her feel woefully inadequate.

“Nah, the person makes the clothes pretty, not the other way around. Just look at me. It’s also better when pretty people are tall. Means there’s more of them to look at. Your hair and the way you keep it in that braid are pretty, and your freckles are pretty too! *Especialy* when you’re blushing like that.”

“*Mmmmmmmmm*...” Esme whimpered as she pulled her hat down to hide her face. She’d only seen other people be flirted with, so she had no idea how to play along with it. Feeling like she was making a fool of herself wasn’t helping either.

“Haha, am I too much? You can tell me to stop any time you want y’know. I’m *your* guest after all.”

“NO! SORRY! I-I mean uummm... m-my bad... you can keep going... *I like it...*” Esme quietly stuttered out. It was all more than she’d ever expected, and she didn’t know if wanting it to continue despite her romantic ineptitude was ok.

“You ever been told how cute you are before? You must have!”

“Well, my Pa said I was cute when I was a little girl. Ain’t had nothin like that for years though...”

*\*sigh\** “The world is still cruel and full of injustice I see. Something I try to correct in the little ways I can. Like making sure lovely people, like *YOU* in particular, know how special and *cute* they are.”

“You’re a real sweet talker ain’t ya? You should make yer flattery more believable though. I don’t think I’ll be able to live up to how special you’re makin me out to be. I really am just a regular farm girl, not some princess in rags.” Esme couldn’t help but let a smile spread across her face as she began to realize that feeding her compliments was making Coba just as happy as it was making her.

“Oooohohohoh you’re special alright. Takes one to know one. Sure you may not be a princess, but you *definitely* aren’t ‘just a regular farm girl’. I’ve got a good eye for these kinds of things, and I can’t remember the last time I was wrong about something like this.”

Coba and Esme locked eyes as Coba finished. Coba’s were a fierce electric blue, so vibrant that they practically had a sparkle to them. In these moments the blue shimmer on Coba’s skin and hair that Esme thought she’d hallucinated was unmistakable. Beautiful, but faint enough to invite Esme closer to try and get a better look.

The shimmer drew Esme’s eyes across the exposed parts of Coba’s velvet skin. Tracing the line of her collarbones up her neck, to each feature of a face that famous artists would’ve modeled sculptures after. Then back down the waves of hair that each strand of shone like precious metal, and were probably many times more valuable.

Esme came closer still, hungry to find more intricate details and maybe catch a hint of what treasures might lay hidden beneath that armor. She felt the soft touch of Coba’s right hand on the side of her thigh. Delicate, but still noticeable. Esme was close enough now that she might even be able to barely see down Coba’s shirt. With the way Coba was staring up at her wordlessly inviting her to continue. To try and glimpse the sacred delights of a goddess who had landed in the middle of her life and commanded every ounce of her attention.

Only when Esme began to feel the tingle of Coba’s breath on her neck did she realize how close they’d gotten, and snapped out of her lustful curiosity. The two women were practically pressed up against each other. Any closer and Coba’s chin would have rested on Esme’s collar, and Esme’s breasts would’ve squished up against Coba’s neck. Esme could now see that the reason Coba stopped walking was that she’d backed into the side of the shed. Then said nothing about Esme being so tunnel visioned that she kept walking and almost had her full front body squashed against Coba’s.

*“Haaaaah, haaaaah, haaaaaaaaaaaaah...”* The two of them were almost breathing in sync.

Esme very slowly took a small step backwards to try and quell the heat that grew with every second. In response Coba hooked the fingers of her other hand into her chest piece to pull it down slightly. Trying to entice Esme to keep going, but to no avail. Esme’s bosom heaved against her overalls with each breath as she created more space between her and Coba.

She’d felt a similar thirst for a few different boys in the past, but never to this degree, and never once for another girl. Thinking about it, she tried to recall if she’d ever seen a woman at the farm or in the nearest town who was this beautiful. She hadn’t met anyone, man or woman, this gorgeous in her whole life. Not only that, this person thought she was beautiful as well.

*“W-well uuuhhhhhh... h-here’s the uhhh... here’s the shed, hehe...”* Esme was trembling as she set down Coba’s bag. She was too embarrassed to make eye contact with Coba again so she locked her gaze downward. This caused her to begin inspecting the contours of her own figure. Suddenly her lightly sweaty cleavage, pressed together by her overalls, looked so enticing and soft.

Coba’s demeanor remained unchanged. Even though she’d ceased her temptation of Esme, she still gave off that open air of love and unshakable confidence. She picked up her bag and brought her head down to meet Esme’s gaze once again.

*“Don’t feel bad honey, you shouldn’t be ashamed of something like this. Especially if it’s something you’re new to. If you ever want more from me, all you need do is ask. I’ll give it to you and desire nothing in return. I’d love nothing more than to have you near me.”*

*“Haaaah, haaaah... y-yeah, I-I want more, haaaaah... I j-just need a bit to recover... yeah haaaaaaaaah, before you leave... mmmmmngh, more...”*

*“I’ll be around for a bit, so don’t feel rushed babe. You can ask me whenever you feel like it.”* Coba blew a kiss to Esme as she sauntered into the shed and began unpacking.

Esme’s heart was beating faster than she’d ever felt. The moment Coba was inside the shed, she sprinted off to a secluded hill she was certain she wouldn’t be found at by her father or Coba.

Esme had no idea her body could even feel this amazing. Under a tree she stripped herself to fully indulge in the newfound desire that filled her to the brim. She'd been pent up before, but nothing like this. This was the first time she'd ever been enraptured with her own form.

Having the most gorgeous person she'd ever laid eyes on tell her that she was beautiful and reaffirm it over and over again was like an elixir of life. Her lightly tanned and freckled skin felt so good with the thin layer of sweat that covered her.

She writhed in the grass, feeling each breast overflow her hand as she squeezed one and then the other. Firmly rubbing her thighs against each other and massaging up to her dripping pussy with her other hand, then back down again. She bit her lip nearly to the point of drawing blood in a desperate attempt to keep herself from screaming.

Feeling desired in this way was a feeling Esme had never thought possible. She never wanted it to end, she wanted more. She wanted Coba to call her cute and pretty and so much more all over again. She wanted to see so much more of Coba. She wanted to know how every inch of Coba felt, smelled, and tasted. Esme stayed on that hill til sunset, when she realized that she needed to head home for dinner.

Esme didn't say a word at the table that night, and thanked every god that Coba mentioned nothing to her father. Coba and her father actually got along amazingly, relieving Esme of the worry that she might slip up and spill some scandalous part of what happened that day. Once they had broken the ice, Esme's father couldn't talk enough about anything and everything with their new guest.

Esme was far from ignored however. The two women didn't speak, but every time Don wasn't looking they'd sneak glances at each other. With each one, Esme grew more and more excited for the days to come.

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The next few days felt like they passed in an instant. Coba proved herself to be more than capable of assisting with the farmwork. The milking and care for the cows was finished so quickly that Don found himself with more free time that he knew what to do with. Not something he complained about in the slightest.



Coba had also found time to till and seed a new vegetable garden for Don and Esme. She'd also shown them how she was able to use her enchanting skills to turn the regular milk from their farm into one of the most delicious and invigorating drinks they'd ever tasted. She was even starting to teach Esme how to do it herself since any attempts Don made at it were fruitless.

In between it all Coba and Esme found whatever time they could to sit and talk with each other. Coba told Esme about the most wild and interesting parts of all her travels. The strange characters she'd met, the mighty beasts and warriors she'd fought, and the strange phenomena she'd witnessed. Esme hung on every word. She wanted these moments that they shared to never end. She wanted to leave and travel with Coba to see all of the things that Coba sang about in her stories.

The days were blissful, but the nights on the other hand, were magical. During the second night of Coba's stay, Esme lay awake in her bed. The desire to spend more time with Coba not permitting her a moment of sleep. Getting up to try and find a remedy to the situation, Esme paused at her room window.

Esme had a clear view out to the shed, and sitting a little ways in front of it, was Coba. She was reclined in the grass, basking in the moonlight. Under that silver light, the shimmer of Coba's body was visible even from this distance. Esme stood in her window not taking her eyes away for a second. She could've watched Coba like this for hours, with the only thing stopping it being Coba eventually rising and returning to the shed. Those sights would continue to fill Esme's dreams for a long time.

The third night was the same, with an almost full moon illuminating Coba with an even more brilliant sparkle. Esme wouldn't hold herself back anymore. She donned her nightgown and carefully snuck out of the house to approach Coba.

She could tell that Coba knew she was coming over, but Coba didn't say a word and just continued her basking. Not wanting to interrupt her, Esme sat herself a few feet away in the grass to fully take in the star-like radiance coming off this woman. Coba opened her eyes, and gave a side glance to Esme.

"You can come closer, you know. I don't bite, *unless you want me to.*"  
Coba beckoned with a slight grin.

"Oh, i-it's fine you don't have to do that! N-not that I don't want you to, I-I do!... *It's just that you're so beautiful, and I just want to look at you...* I-if that's

ok of course!” Esme was trembling again. She had no idea what to do with her hands so she squeezed and tugged at various parts of her nightgown in a vain attempt to try and calm her nerves.

*“Hehe, if that’s all you want, then you can sit and look wherever you like. Since I’ve got an audience now, let me put on a better display for you.”* Coba giggled as she undid the strings on her shirt to remove it. She didn’t stop there. Her pants were next, leaving her fully nude and reclined on her side beneath the moonlight. Every intricate detail was uncovered for Esme’s viewing pleasure.

Esme’s mouth hung open and her thighs were clamped together as she silently observed the show. The waves of blue light that fluctuated across Coba’s skin highlighted and accentuated her curves. Neither too big or too small, her tits and butt were supple and perky. Both ladies sat this way for what felt like hours until Esme mustered the courage to break the silence.

*“You’re so beautiful. What wonderful magic made you like this?”*

“Honestly... no clue. I was just born like this. Although, my light used to have a different color.”

*“This is how you were born?! What were your parents like?”*

“Nothing particularly amazing there either. My mother was just a normal human woman, and I never had a father.”

“Oh... I’m so sorry. Is it a sensitive subject?”

“Haha! No not in the slightest! I meant it literally, I *never* had a father. One day I appeared in my mother’s womb, and she gave birth to whatever I am.” Coba let off a hearty laugh, clearly very amused by the misunderstanding of her strange origins.

*“Oh! You really are a goddess. What was your light like before?”*

*\*sigh\** “It was black, like my soul at the time... A time that I’ve long since put behind me and am still trying to atone for.” Coba stared off at the horizon, clearly brought down by her memories of her worse days.

“Oh... I didn’t mean to make you sad. I’m sorry, I’ll stop questioning you now...” Esme lowered her gaze again, Internally cursing her social inadequacy.

Coba fully sat up and turned to face Esme.

“Hey, I’m the one who brought it up, don’t apologize. *Having you here with me is more than I could ever want. You brighten my evening more than this moon. Also, enough about me. I want to know more about YOU.*”

“What, why?! I’m just a farm girl, there’s nothing interesting about me.”

*\*sigh\* “I’M INTERESTED! You keep saying you’re ‘just a farm girl’, and I’ll keep telling you that’s not the case. Even if it was, I don’t care. I’m interested in YOU! How about this, your father is a large man, and you’re quite large yourself. Certainly bigger than most women I’ve met. Was your mother tall too? Was she human?”*

“I-I uhhhhh... yes she was tall too... I’m almost certain she was human... at least I think she was. She died when I was young so my memory is fuzzy. I remember that she was very strong. Guess I inherited that from her.”

“See? Now we’re getting somewhere. Can you accept that there’s interesting things about you now?”

“I guess...”

“I didn’t hear a ‘yes’. Tell you what, if you say to me ‘I’m a wonderful and special woman.’ right now, AND MEAN IT, I’ll sing for you. Tomorrow night I’ll also prove to you how special you really are. Deal?”

Esme sat there stunned with her face deeply blushed. With Coba facing her, fully nude, and still maintaining that passionate stare, Esme was powerless to refuse.

“I’m a wonderful and special woman...”

“There, see? That wasn’t so hard. Now, I’ve got some very special rewards for you.”

Coba’s song was enough to nearly bring Esme to tears. Her voice was so melodic and resonant it almost sounded as if there were instruments playing along in perfect tune while she sang. (see Down By The River from Baldur’s Gate 3 for reference). As Coba was finishing her song, she inched closer and closer to Esme.

Once Coba was done she leaned in, and they both locked their lips together. Esme was stunned for a brief instant before letting herself be lost in the ecstasy of Coba’s body. The taste of Coba’s lips and tongue felt like it was

tingling upon her own. She was finally able to touch and feel what she'd only dreamed about with her own two hands.

Coba's hands moved with Esme's, guiding them up her hips and ass, along her sides and ending on her chest. Esme's hands could not stop trembling as she tried to be delicate so as not to accidentally damage the perfection of Coba's form. But still have a firm enough touch to feel as much of it as she possibly could. The kiss lasted for what felt like an eternity before Coba pulled away. A strand of drool being pulled between their tongues as she leaned back.

*"Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah... meet me here tomorrow night, at the same time. Then I'll show you just how special you really are. Sound good?"*

Esme could only weakly nod as she sat there with her vision blurred. Still high on the ecstasy of the full body contact she'd just experienced.

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The next night, Esme was the first one out to the hill. Still wearing her nightgown, she swayed back and forth. Mentally questioning if she should've worn something nicer, or perhaps nothing at all until she was shocked out of her internal debate by Coba's voice.

"Sorry it took me so long. I had to do some preparation for tonight." She held up a bottle of milk she'd been carrying. It shone with the same blue shimmer as her body. A shimmer that was more brilliant than Esme ever thought possible under the light of this full moon.

"O-oh, it's no bother! I-I wasn't waiting long at all... *How is your light even more beautiful tonight?*"

*"My body absorbs light and turns it into mana. Moonlight is exceptionally potent. Hence my 'moonbathing'."* Coba remarked with a flirtatious smirk. *"Now then, are you ready?"*

*"I-is that for me?"* Esme gestured at the luminous bottle.

*"Mhm. If I'm right about this, and I usually am, then drinking this will prove that you definitely are so much more than a regular farm girl."* Coba offered the bottle to Esme as she removed the cap. *"Oh, you'll probably want to lose that gown. This may make you bigger so I don't want to ruin your clothes."*

*“O-oh... a-alright. W-what about me being special is going to make me **bigger?**”* Esme stuttered as she gingerly removed her nightgown to leave herself fully naked.

*“I could tell you now, ooooooooooor, I could keep it a surprise and let you experience it yourself.”*

Coba’s gaze and sultry tone were too much for Esme to resist. Without hesitation she took the bottle and closed her eyes as she began gulping it down. The taste was euphoric. It was the creamiest milk that had ever touched her tongue with a slight tingle of sweetness that resembled a delicate honey.

***\*Pop!\**** Esme pulled the bottle away from her lips as she sucked out the very last drop. Nothing was wasted.

*“Haaaaaaaaaaaah, haaaaaaaaah, haaaaaannnnnnngh... Dear gods Coba... Haaaaaah that was the best thing I’ve ever tasted... Mmmmmmmngh, may I please have some m-m-mooooooooooooo-- EEP!”* Esme clapped her hand to her mouth trying to parse why she’d made a noise that only the cows on their farm made.

As Esme looked down at Coba she wondered why Coba had suddenly gotten shorter. Wait, she’d gotten taller! With Esme looking down she noticed that where her feet once were, there were now bovine hooves. With thin, soft, cow print fur slowly creeping up and covering her calves.

***\*Streeeeeeetch!\****

She didn’t see them for long though as her chest rapidly filled out to the point of totally blocking the view of her lower half. The lines of the veins in her breasts were clear and dark. She’d seen them before, but never this defined. Her entire chest was overwhelmed with a swelling and stretching feeling.

***\*Guuurgle!\*** **\*Streeeeetch!\****

As her breasts distended further down her navel, Esme could feel them getting heavier by the second. Their rapid advance left her awestruck, but even still, they were far too heavy for their size. Esme could feel something fluid within them. Something that sloshed about with every movement she made to try and keep herself standing. Something that was continuing to fill her, fuller and fuller.

*“Coba-- haaaaaaaaaaaahnng... What did you-- haaaaaaah... do to meeeee mmmmmmmnng-- MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”* Esme wobbled under the weight of her transforming body and being unaccustomed to the new hooves that she stood on.

Beneath her shock was a slowly boiling well of pleasure that grew by the second. She could feel the stretching sensation currently filling out her chest within her hips as well. She felt her inner thighs squeeze together around her pussy that had already become hot and slick with her own nectar as they grew. Simply placing her palms upon her expanding top or bottom was enough to elicit intense stimulation for every point of contact.

Esme’s hand on the side of her ass gave her clear indication that her hips had reached at least double the width of her shoulders and were not slowing down. The counterweight of her gargantuan butt aggressively pulled back against the still growing mass of her tits, intent on winning the fight for her center of balance. As the influence of gravity became ever stronger, she became acutely aware of each of her cheeks beginning to rub against the backs of her thighs.

***\*Streeeeeeeeetch!\****

*“C-C-Coooobaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhng... whyyyyyyyyyyy-- mmmmmmmnng haaaaaaah haaaaaaah... whyyyy am I s-soooo-- haaaaaangh... **biiiiiiig?**”*

***\*Thud!\**** She could no longer stand upright on her new hooves and fell backwards onto the grass. Her fall being cushioned by the swelling mass of thigh meat that was her lower half. The tickling of the grass on the underside of her swollen pussy nearly brought her to tears.

Amidst the overwhelming pleasure that was rapidly consuming Esme’s mind she was barely able to make out the sensation of something sprouting out of the sides of her head and base of her back. She didn’t have the mental capability to even consider what was happening to her now, before her new tail sprung out of her. As if on cue, its first action was to whip itself across the cowgirl’s ass, sending a light jiggle through the rest of her hips.

Coba leaned in towards the writhing Esme. Using one hand to gently caress a newly sprouted soft cow ear on the side of Esme’s head, and the other to start massaging Esme’s udders that had grown to fully cover her midriff.

*“Just as I thought, you really are a minotaur. Well, do you feel special now?”*

*“Mmmmmmmnng, haaaaah, haaaaaaaahnnng, y-yes...”*

**\*Guuuuuurple!\*** **\*Splrrrrrtch!\*** Coba’s massaging had awoken Esme’s teets from their dormancy. The resulting spray of milk was akin to undamming a river, and Esme came on the spot.

*“MMMMMMMMMMNGH-- MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”* Esme writhed in euphoric ecstasy. Feeling the gallons of milk mounting within her bust and the grass tickling the flesh of her ass as it spread out beneath her was like a drug. She was hopelessly addicted, and she wanted more.

*“Does my cow enjoy the feeling of being milked?”*

**\*Splrrrrrrrtch!\***

**“MOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! Haaaaah, haaaaah, mmmmmnng MOOOO!...”** Esme’s mind was barely functional beneath the sea of milk and orgasm. All she could hear were Coba’s words further encouraging the wave of pleasure that seemed neverending.

*“Does my cow want... more?”* Coba teased as she moved behind Esme to start nibbling at her neck.

*“Y-yes, haaaaaaaaah... p-please give me-- mmmmmmmnng... moooooooooooooooooore...”* Even though she was already in more ecstasy than she’d ever experienced, Esme could tell her body had stopped growing and desperately longed for it to continue.

From within her shirt, Coba produced another bottle of magic milk. Holding it out in front of Esme as she popped the cap with 2 of her fingers. Esme tried to reach for it, but was unable to muster the strength to stretch her arms past her bloated milk tanks.

*“Don’t worry baby, I’ve got you. You just sit back, relax, and let your goddess take care of you. Just need you to keep those pretty lips open for me.”* Coba lustily whispered into Esme’s ear, making sure that Esme felt the heat of her breath. Allowing Esme to rest against her while still massaging with her other hand, Coba brought the bottle up to Esme’s drooling mouth. Holding the side of her thumb under Esme’s lip to help the contents not spill, Coba gently tilted the second bottle forward.

**\*Gulp!\* \*Gulp!\* \*Gulp!\***

**“Coooooobaaaaahhhh, haaaaaaaaaaaaannnnngh, mmmmmmmmmnnnnngh, GOOOOODDEEEEESSSS! Haaaaaaah haaaaaaah mmmmmmmnnngh...”** Esme greedily gulped down the second bottle. While she eagerly anticipated the return of the swelling, she could’ve never expected the orgasmic force the second round was going to hit with.

**\*STREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!\* \*SPLRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!\***

**“HAAAAAAAAAAH, MMMMMNGH, MOOOOOOOOO!!!”**

Esme’s breasts and butt surged outwards once again with explosive force. Now that her transformation had been fully revealed, the second round of magic milk was totally directed towards further bloating her overstretched curves. She felt her newly doubled milk production slam against the inside of her nipples, forcing itself out of every available opening.

**\*GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!\* \*STREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!\***

Her tits couldn’t swell fast enough, she was making milk at a rate far outpacing the rate her nipples could expand to accommodate. Her breasts were stretching to the point of being painful, and were becoming firm even against the pull of gravity on their own terrifying weight. Just as she thought that the second bottle was a mistake began to enter Esme’s mind, she felt the delicate touch of Coba’s hands.

*“Don’t worry babe. You’re my special cow, I won’t let anything bad happen to you.”* Blue light from Coba’s hands washed over Esme’s mammaries soothing the pain, but further elevating the orgasm and swelling them further.

**“Mmmmmmmmmnnghaaaaah, Coobaaaaah haaaah... touch me, haaaaaaaaaaaaahnnng... pleeeaaaaase...”**

Through Esme’s blurred vision she was able to make out the shapes of feather wings that enveloped her. However they weren’t made of feathers, but that same blue light that Coba washed over her. Calling Coba an angel would’ve been a gross understatement of her glory.

Esme felt herself be lifted off the ground as her and Coba began to hover, wrapped in the embrace of Coba’s wings. Coba kept one of her hands massaging Esme’s still swelling udders that were each greater than a full sack



of grain in size. Her other hand snaked around Esme's tree trunk sized thigh into her groin.

***"I'll give you everything you want babe."*** Cobra whispered into Esme's ear.

***\*STREEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!\* \*SPLRRRRRRRRRTCH!\****

***"HAAAAAAAAHNNGH-- MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"***

Esme's orgasm climbed even higher as she felt Cobra's fingers slide into her throbbing pussy. She felt waves of mana pulse into her with each massage and caress of Cobra's delicate, but strong fingers. Growing her larger with each touch, but newly reinvigorating her through the pleasure.

Mustering all of her strength, Esme brought her leaking breast that wasn't being gripped by Cobra's hand up to her face. The smell of the milk was intoxicating. It was the exact same as she'd drank before. Not a single rational thought was present in her mind as she stuffed her erect nipple into her mouth and began sucking.

***\*Splrrrrrrrtch!\* \*Gulp!\* "Mmmmmmmngh..."***

***\*Splrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrtch!\* \*GULP!\****

***"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMNGH!!!"***

Esme drank until it felt like her belly could contain no more, and still she kept going. Cobra's continued nibbling and fingering made her feel like she was going to explode from the pleasure, with each orgasm getting ever stronger.

Her udder rapidly became too large to be held by a single arm. When it slipped from her mouth and her grip, it was far too heavy for Esme to pick back up even with both arms. Still she tried, desperately grasping at the milky teardrop.

*"Nevermind that now, I've got something faaaaar better. You've been such a perfect cow for me, so I've got a **very** special treat for you."* Still keeping one hand deep within Esme's groin, Cobra reached her other hand up and placed her fingers inside Esme's mouth.

The mana that flowed from Cobra's fingers sent Esme into a climax induced stupor. She could feel Cobra's fingers massaging in unison across her tongue, clit, and along the insides of her pussy. Cobra's skin and the magic that

radiated from it tasted divine, better than the milk, better than she could even comprehend.

Esme's last conscious act was to close her lips around Coba's fingers. Her eyes drooped shut as she continued to weakly suckle, trying to let Coba know to keep going. She went limp in Coba's embrace, and Coba was more than happy to indulge her. Esme let everything else in the world fade from her mind, allowing herself to be lost in the euphoria that Coba had blessed her with.

It felt like it lasted for hours until Coba finally lowered Esme onto the ground, leaving her whimpering and trembling. Her ass and thighs had filled out to each be wider than one of their cows, and each of her breasts eclipsed a large hay bale in size. Still squirting milk and torturing Esme further.

Coba grabbed onto one of the small curved horns that had grown out of Esme's head to once again pull her ear close. Her whispers still held enough power to to send waves of pleasure coursing through Esme's weak body.

*"I'll make sure your father takes good care of you babe. I'll see to it that he takes you somewhere you'll be safe since I doubt he'll be happy leaving you like this. Don't worry though. I'll be waiting here for you when you get back."*

***"Haaaaaaaaaaaaahng, b-but gooddeeesss, nnnnnngh... I-I want-- mmmmmmmmmmmnng, moooooooooooooooooore..."***

*"And I'll give you as much as you want when you return..."*

**Coba will return in future stories!**

**Written by: Co Cobana**