

Starve a Fever, Feed a Moo

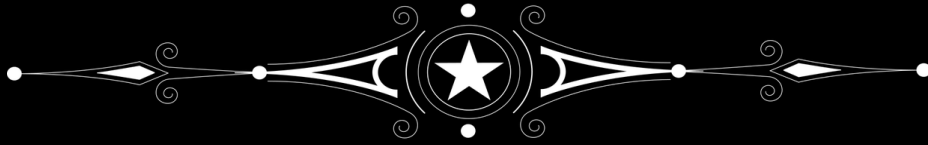
Commission for Nak

By

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The following contains: Human to anthro cow TF, male to female TG, rapid pregnancy, udder growth

Read at your own discretion.



The convention was a trip straight out of heaven.

The return home turned into an experience risen from the deepest circle of hell.

That was two days ago. Nak had gone through the same amount of tissue boxes in that time. He was having to resort to using toilet paper trying to keep up with his body's snot production. Fever had kept him from returning to work. General cramps almost rendered him immobile in bed.

Yet, by some miracle, the young man hadn't caught COVID. Assuming the two tests he'd taken were worth their salt it was the worst case of general cold he'd ever experienced up to this point. Perhaps it just went to show all the preventive measures in the world didn't make one invincible to nature's wrath. Not when you're crammed in a hotel filled with thousands of furies for a weekend. That kind of fun was worth doing again, hands down.

Granted, there wasn't much he could do waiting for things to get better. In between surges of tension in random joints Nak made attempts at distracting himself with video games or a bit of light reading. At least until a knock at the door let him know that his latest meal delivery had arrived.

"Shesh! Did I really order that much!?" he said upon gazing at the half dozen bags of fast food left on his doormat. Despite a severe bloating sensation that never seemed to leave, the sick guy had gotten increasingly hungry since his return home. It was getting to the point his appetite was retching control from his conscious mind. If it wasn't for the receipts on his apps, he almost wouldn't believe making such purchases. There was easily three family value bundles worth in the lot.

Of course, the garbage bags full of discarded wrappings also served as evidence not a crumb was going to waste. Though it was all surely going to Nak's waist instead. He carried the bags into the kitchen before taking a moment to rub both hands along his front. A lot of his body parts were getting swollen lately, and he wasn't the skinniest of people, but somehow in just two days he'd managed to gain a very pronounced stomach bulge. He couldn't wear a single shirt without the hem being lifted over the round curve to expose a slight bit of skin.

"Who the heck ever heard of needing to go on a diet after getting sick? I must be setting a first." He chuckled, swatting at his tummy like a drum. The skin was incredibly taut despite gaining so much fat.

Shame the same couldn't be said for his hips and butt. The gradual squeeze every pair of pants put on Nak made it hard to ignore he was gaining girth in other places. Even his chest was puffy and sore when he took a shower this morning.

"Oof!" Hands ceased their drumming to catch on the countertop as Nak's vision began to wobble. This was the worst part of his whole ordeal. A loud gurgling emanated from inside the man's abdomen, joined by an onslaught of nausea. It was like his organs were constantly ramming into each other trying to change their positions. And it was only getting worse with each occurrence.

Good thing Nak had exactly what was needed to calm down a raging stomach ache. After another minute or so the tumbling circus inside his gassy waistline had calmed enough for him to start unpack the buffet of warm food items. The ailing man had indulged on plenty of burgers that morning, so he switched things up with fried chicken for lunch.

If there was a bright side to being sick there was having a chance to binge some old streaming shows too. Nak got himself comfy on the couch, propping one leg up across the two empty seat cushions while reclining on an arm rest. Things went on autopilot as he tore through one piece of greasy, crispy bird after another, stopping only to switch things up by shoveling bowls of mac n cheese or mashed potatoes.

"Buurp!"

Several episodes later and Nak had added a large pile of picked chicken bones and a stack of empty plastic containers to the mess on his coffee table. There was a pause in his gorging to wipe the grease from his face and fingers. One hand rubbed wide circles around his stomach, helping coerce loud belches in an attempt to alleviate the pressure. It didn't help, adding to his idle concerns. He'd gone through a good sixteen-piece meal without so much as felling the hunger pangs ease a little. There were still two more giant bags worth of edibles, but at the rate he had to order more food with each meal, he was wondering if ordering bulk from warehouses might not be the better option.

"Hurp! Bwwwrp!" Nak tried again to burp away some of the bloating pushing at his middle from the inside to no avail. His insides were starting to feel like a balloon filling with air. Hands pulled up the front of his shirt trying to rub the skin of his tight stomach pudge directly.

The queasiness had returned with a vengeance as well, making the ailing man worry about bringing his meal back up across the carpet. That passed as quickly as any other time, leaving a new feeling that really got him concerned. It was clear through touch that his hands were on his stomach, yet the mesh of hairs on it were all wrong. They were too dense and soft, almost tickling with the gentle massage of his fingers.

Fighting through the fatigue of sickness, he pulled the shirt up to his chest. The sight that revealed sobered him up enough to cry out a few obscenities while bolting into a sitting position on the couch. His belly, scratch that, the man's entire torso was

growing fur. Most of it shimmered with a sandy light brown that was occasionally decorated with large patches of a darker chocolate coloration.

The thing Nak found really alarming was that his belly had grown considerably in the meantime. A once minor beer gut had swollen until it looked like he had eaten a basketball. It's added weight even pushed out his waist into more rounded curves. Both hands came to rest on either side of his belly button trying to comprehend this alien pressure weighing down on his hips. Seconds later came another wave of gurgles from underneath and he gasped as the half sphere slowly, but firmly pushed back against his palms. The damn thing was still growing.

"What the fu-uukh! HRRK!! CHOGK! CHOGK!"

Something chose that moment to tickle at Nak's throat, sending him into a coughing fit. One hand shot up to his mouth trying to block an uncontrollable spray of spit and phlegm. All sense of coherent thought had to be put on pause while his muscles worked on reflex to expel this new symptom of his sickness.

Because of these the man wasn't immediately aware of a lot of things shifting with each labored hack. Such as how his nose puffed larger in rhythm to his motions, growing broad with his cheeks and stretching the nostrils wider. Light brown hair on his head grew in spurts of inches at a time until it swished halfway down his back like a silky veil. But the most subtle change was the way his coughing caused the lump of his Adams apple to recede. The noises he made grew higher in pitch as a result until they hoarse but with a dainty feminine charm.

Nak wasn't given time to notice anything going on with his face even after the mess in his throat cleared. A new bubbling pressure was overtaking his chest, bringing his hand and eyes down to check that area. Most of his shirt had remained pulled up, but his jaw dropped watching the scrunched fabric rise and stretch away from him in two different directions.

Mass of a soft and sloshy nature collected under the tender skin of his pecs, scratching his nipples against the shirts harsh cotton. Nak could see them pushing through the neckline of his shirt in search of more room. Their rapid growth stopped once they'd reached the size of ripe cantaloupes, though pressure still increased as they filled up in different ways. It was clear what was happening before his chest sagged into generously large mounds, though he was having a hard time believing it.

"Why do I have tits!?" he shouted at nothing, promptly yelping at the squeal of his lighter voice. He felt along the smoother front of his neck in bewilderment. "And why do I sound like a girl!? Oh goddess!"

Looking back down helped slam a lot of puzzle pieces into place. Especially since the large globes on his chest were nothing compared to the taut beach ball his belly had inflated into. The lower curve had swelled to a point it was starting to rest in his lap, drawing attention to the fact patchy fur had finished growing over his arms and legs as well. Both of which were looking a lot thicker in a mix of fat and muscles.

Nak leapt to his feet grasping at random parts of his growing, furry body. Everything was getting bigger, softer. The elastic of his shorts was stretched to the point seams were starting to snap and he ran a hand over his butt to find it had really plumped into an enormous hump. It and his widening hips worked in time with the girth of his belly to pull the hem down to his meaty thighs.

"What the hell kind of cold is this?!" I'm starting to look like a...I'm shaped like a..." Hands and eyes ultimately returned right back on his stomach. Nak's middle seemed hell bent on inflating into a hefty sphere without end. The belly button must have been pushed out a good four feet from his waist, blocking almost his entire view of the ground. Though there was a sinking feeling that he wasn't filling up from digestive gas. Whatever cargo was growing within pushed down way too heavily on his hips for that. "No...no way I'm..."

A rush of hysterical energy sprung Nak into a dash towards his bathroom. Instead, he banged both knees on the coffee table, sending day old food waste flying all over his living room. Nothing about his expanding body wanted to move the way he was used to mere hours ago. The weight of milk laden breasts and a filling stomach hindered a lot of his mobility. Adding to that his hips wanted to swing with a harsh bounce with each step like a pendulum.

The hefty man had to take a few deep breaths to ease his thoughts enough for a focused approach. With a bit of slower experimental steps, he managed to relearn walking with reconfigured pelvis. Most of it involved having his legs much closer together, which made his thighs rub their fur together in a way that tickled his member.

Nak ignored the unwitting boner pushing his already strained shorts as he staggered into the bathroom. Gawking back in the mirror was a creature wearing his clothes but was several sizes too large for them. He could barely recognize himself even in the human-like features. Most of his face had broadened around an enormous, flat nose. Their figure was clearly that of a woman in the late stages of pregnancy. The size of their gravid belly seemed to imply there was more than one kid baking in the oven too. A thought that made Nak's fever run cold.

"Hnngh! W-what's happening t-too moo?"

As if waiting for this moment, the configurations on his face decided to progress even further. Nak could only grit his teeth, grasping at the counter with larger, if dainty refined hands to keep himself balanced through the tension in his jaws. Bit by bit he watched his nose inch away from his face with crossed eyes. A wide ridge formed out of his skull forming the base for a muzzle. The jaw underneath gave off quick rapid-fire crunches in its efforts to extend along with it. All the while the teeth within grew several times larger and flattened into powerful plant grinding molars.

"Gah!" Nak gasped watching his face in the mirror morph in real time with the rapt attention of a horror movie. From deep under his mane of rich hair, his human ears stretched out to either side. Lobes widened into ridiculous flat plates over a foot long, developing muscles that along him to twitch them in ways no person should. More and

more he began to resemble a freakish animal person, but it wasn't until he got a mild headache from a pair of small horns sprouting from his scalp that he recognized this one in particular.

"I...I'm a cow!?" His nostrils flared even wider than they'd already gotten with increasingly deeper breaths. No matter how many times he tried shaking out of this crazy cold, fever, hallucination, whatever this thing was, there was still a half-woman, half-bovine person staring back at him. The alien voice coming from its muzzle every time he spoke wasn't helping his nerves any. "This can't be real. It's not possible. Mmm! Mooooo!"

Despite a pinch of humanity behind it, Nak couldn't push back the spontaneous impulse to make a cry that sounded very akin to his new animal half. Especially with a cascade of thunder rolling down his spine right to its base. There was a pop like some invisible hand had struck the center above his swollen butt, sending him falling over the bathroom sink a drooling mess.

"What now?" Nak groaned, unsure why he could feel something flexing between his ass crack and dreading having to look. After a bit of awkward shuffling to present his back to the mirror, his rounder, massive shoulders dropped. "Oh, moo."

He had a cow's tail now. One over two feet long of thin ropy sinew and vertebra ending with a rich tuft of brown hairs matching the ones on his head. Much like his new ears, he found it could be moved about on command, though seemed to have no problem reacting on its own.

"Ugh!" Seeing himself from behind couldn't help getting an exasperated sigh and a scowl that he almost thought made him look cute with such a girlish face. She moved a hand to grope at the right side of her half-exposed rear, finding the fine furry glutes squished like a pillow between his fingers. "I am way too big for this crap. Moo."

Just when he'd dared to think this nightmare of mutations was over, Nak felt a cramp in his shins that dropped like anvils into his feet. Snaps loud enough to be heard throughout his entire house forced the man's heel into a high arch until he was forced to walk on tip toes. 'Toes' being a general term. He couldn't see what was going on, but he could feel the bizarre way his nails were growing faster than his hair had. Joints vanished under the flowing cover of a hard shell that was rapidly darkening to a jet black. Within minutes there were only two large lumps separated by a small cleave down the center of his now digitigrade-shaped feet. Cow's hooves.

"AH MOO! MOO! MOO!"

Nak hadn't meant to unleash several loud shouts the way a bovine might when agitated. The cold had decided to ring its way into his nose, eliciting several sneezes that simply came out that way. He fumbled blindly for something, anything, and accidentally grabbed a bath towel to blow into with more force than his human lungs could dream of.

"...ew!" he blinked at the now ruined towel before letting it flop to the floor. Glancing at the mirror again, he couldn't help giving off a laugh that was both nasally and full of soft moos. "Dang, I look cute and ridiculous. How do I end up sick, a cow woman, and preg...nng!"

He had been trying to avoid thinking about it, but almost uttering that last word reminded him of the full literal and metaphoric gravity of his corpulent bovine form. As if sensing his thoughts, there came a violent shifting from inside the expanded ball of his belly. For a brief second, he could see an area of the round furry surface bulge outward and then recede. The tingle of being pushed at from within caused his surprised moo to escape in a long, airy gasp.

Something was kicking.

Several somethings, actually.

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The other patients in triage were giving Nak a wide space. He did kind of stand out as a six-foot cow looking ready to pop with a heard of kids in their belly. Whatever sickness could cause that, they didn't want it.

That was plenty fine for him at the moment. Just getting to a hospital for a check out had been awkward enough. None of the former human's clothes had a snowballs chance of fitting such a hefty gravid figure anymore. He had to make do tying together bed sheets to serve as undergarments, a toga, and wearing a bathrobe for a coat. Even then the Egyptian cotton clung tight around the enormous spheres of his breasts and belly.

"Mr. Flinthoof?" one of the nurses called out from an exam room, prompting him back onto aching hooves. Even with the feet of a beast the hormones of pregnancy had found a way to make them swollen.

A few new arrivals watched the gravid cow waddle her way over with slack jaws. Granted, a lot of the ones that'd already been waiting examinations were having a hard time not staring. Nak was so grateful when the nurse slid the opaque glass door shut, blocking the room from further ogling.

A doctor was already waiting for him, holding a clipboard thick with papers.

"Hello, Mr. Flinthoof. I'll start with the good news that you and the babies are perfectly fine." He spoke with such energetic enthusiasm unbecoming of a professional. It made Nak feel even more like an exhibit at a zoo.

"Babies!?" he repeated much more somberly. It took a long while just to accept the obvious signs he was carrying, but to hear a plural sent his morale plummeting all over again.

"Yes. The ultrasounds showed you got a pair of twins in there and most likely are very close to term. I'd heard of this rare strand of the pandemic going around, but none of the case studies have shown an advancement like yours."

Nak shifted on the exam table, snorting how much of her butt oozed over the cold surface. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Frankly, you're the first case I know of involving a man. That the Bovid transformation would affect you so thoroughly is groundbreaking news. Even in most women effect they still had to endure three to seven months of gestation before the sickness let them turn back."

Nak's cow ears perked. "But I will turn back?"

"That seems like the highest possibility." The doctor's smile faltered under Nak's bared flat teeth. "This is a lot of new territory. In fact, we need to administer you with a booster shot for safety assurances."

"A booster, huh?" That made about as much sense to Nak as anything else. Whatever got this nightmare over with as soon as possible. It'd be really nice to see his feet again, preferably with human toes.

The nurse silently went about the usual routine of applying a tourniquet and wiping a patch of fur on his bicep before jabbing the syringe in. Nak didn't resist, but wondered if it even helped given the animal nature of his thicker arms. Thankfully, she didn't apply a band aid, giving Nak some cotton to apply to the area until it healed.

"We still need to run some tests on your blood samples, but this should finish things up for you in the meantime."

"What the heck does that mean?" Nak felt an uneasiness passing through his stomach. From the kids or anxiety was anyone's guess.

The question never got answered with the doctor and aid already leaving out the other room entrance into the hospital proper. They closed that door behind them, leaving the cow with little else to do but browse his phone in wait for whatever they'd done to him. Aside from a bit of heat and itching in his hips, not a lot started to happen.

"Hnngh! W-what the?" About eight minutes into Blusky postings the heat started getting too bothersome to ignore. More so when his cock reacted to it by getting incredibly hard. Nak dropped his phone in a mix of embarrassment and shock over the most intense erection of his life pushing up against the underside of his distended belly. "I-is this supposed to ha..aaahh...oh...oh god!"

Things only got worse with the rhythmic clenching of muscles inside his pelvis. Hips undulated against the bed in time with each rocking pulse, filling the cow with pleasure despite himself. All the energy rocked up his shaft, making it throb so damn hard.

Only for the pulling to take over when it relaxed again.

"MmmoooOOOOoooo! What's...happening?!"

There was no way to see or grope down there. Nak's massive body was just too big. His bovine hands could only grip the padded table trying to hold on with each turn of flex and retracting. Bit by bit he could feel his balls tense against the bottom of his hip bone. The males cock tugging deeper inside him over time.

Nak had no idea when it happened. Maybe the process took seconds or whole minutes. His senses got punch drunk off the pleasure during the whole process. All he knew was that the tugging went from external to internal at some point along the way. There didn't seem to be any sensation left in his male genitals, and he had a sinking suspicion that was because they were no longer present. Only the feeling of an empty tunnel of muscled flexed between his thighs, driving its opening deeper towards the back of his rounded stomach.

"Oh...f-fuck me." Nak huffed with the realization he'd become biologically female in every way. A process that left him thoroughly aroused in new ways. "I'm going to...huff...kill that doctor in...huff...somehow. I...nnggh huff...w-what the hell's going on now!?"

Some other kind of pressure pushed out against Nak's furry skin. It didn't seem to be coming from his still throbbing vagina but what little space remained between his crotch and stomach. If anything, the process seemed very similar to when his breasts had first pushed out. Something just as soft was puffing out between his thighs, forcing them and his bed sheets to move for it to have room. Whatever it was continued inflating further away until it was rolling off the edge of the table. The weight shocked Nak until he realized it was filling up with hefty amounts of fluids to the point he could feel it shifting inside.

"No fucking way!" He leapt off the bed, unable to comprehend how far this madness wanted to go. But his swirling mind of emotions had to see it with his own eyes somehow. With a few awkward steps trying to work with a fleshy sack between his legs, the cow woman navigated to face the full body mirror on the office wall and hefted his bed sheet toga.

Dangling from Nak's pelvis was a pink, plump cows udder. Four engorged teats were already showing signs of moisture, eager to be milked. He dropped the sheet back over him staring intently at his hands. It was only a minor relief that after a few minutes of trying to keep his frantic heart in his chest that no other signs of further cowing seemed to take place. The health insurance company might throw a fit if he left this check up on all fours munching grass.

"Oh, good. I see we're all done here." The doctor had returned a short while later, giving Nak enough time to acclimate walking while pregnant and with her new udder. No matter how hard the cow tried to hide it, the blasted milk sack pushed out the sheet cover in a drastic bulge under his belly. "All tests came back normal. The virus has

mutated in you so airborne infection doesn't seem likely, but I'd still recommend remaining home and relaxed until it passes entirely. I'll be prescribing you a few painkillers and vitamins that should help keep blood levels up until then."

"Great. Thanks doc." Nak's sarcasm went unanswered while the doctor sorted out the discharge papers. He yanked them away lamenting how there wasn't enough vacation time at work to be dealing with this kind of sickness. "And how long do you think until I'm cured of this?"

"Hard to say, but with how fast your trimesters progressed, I'd say you might drop your babies in the next week at the soonest."

"Fantastic," Nak said, busy flipping through the papers. Hopefully these prescriptions weren't too expensive. "...wait. Drop my...you mean I have to give birth!?"

"That is how pregnancy usually works, Mr. Flinthoof." The doctor stared up at the cow woman like they should have already known this. "That is why we had to force the completion of your transformation to ensure their healthy passage as well as your own."

The papers fell from Nak's plump furry fingers. His vision became blurry as he staggered into a fall on the room's guest chair. A nurse was promptly at his side offering concerned assistance by checking his temperature.

"Are you going to be okay getting home?" The doctor asked, looking like he'd expected this reaction. "If you need help finding a midwife and adoption agency, there are programs being set up thanks to the increasing occurrence of spontaneous pregnancies."

"Can...can you recommend a good therapist while you're at it?" Nak said between rolling her head in slow circles. Anything to try getting her mind back on straight. "If I wasn't about to be a mom, I'd also want a stiff ass drink or six."

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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