

# The Wizard & the Cowgirl (Man to Anthro Cowgirl TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Morfe

Lian is a wizard's apprentice, training to become a great sorcerer. His best friend Sean, on the other hand, is a mere farmer's son. But when Sean loses one of his father's cows during a nap and fears his father's punishment, Lian tries to help him. Unfortunately, his spells do more to transform Sean than bring back a lost cow. But perhaps that's not a bad thing?

## The Wizard & the Cowgirl

Lian could see that his friend was in a panic. The wizard's apprentice had come from the tower he worked at as soon as he was able to, having received word via a magical sending stone he had given to Sean of his friend's trouble. Unfortunately, only a few words could be communicated through the stone, so the young apprentice had arrived in a hurry. He wore his usual navy blue wizard training robes, cinched around the waist with a smart belt, but his dark wavy hair was free. He was originally from the land of Daraghan to the far south, which explained his olive skin tone and slight accent.

Sean, on the other hand, had been born and raised a man of Tragis and never stepped foot outside these lands. It didn't make much sense that the two had become such fast friends given their difference of origin and profession, but they had met each other at a market that Lian's master had sent him to for supplies, and from there kicked up conversation, and from *there* had continued to catch up as firm friends. Sean was down-to-earth and accepting in ways that other Tragians were not, and he did not fear magic, instead being fascinated to find out about it. In turn, Lian admired his friend's ability to wrangle livestock and run a farm, a skillset often overlooked by members of magical skill. Besides, Sean was also in his early twenties like Lian, and the pair of them were often dealing with their mutual anxieties over how their masters - Sean's father, in this case - had high expectations of them.

"Sean! Sean! Is everything okay!"

Lian approached Sean, who was slumped up against the shade of a tree in his father's cow paddock. His ginger hair was bright as ever, his face freckled, his body muscled and large (that was another thing; Sean had been quite forceful when defending Lian from bullies when the apprentice had arrived as a young teenager). But his face was despondent, his normally playful expression dour.

"No, it's a disaster."

"What's happened? Is your father okay?"

"It's awful, Lian. I've lost a cow."

There was a momentary pause, and then Lian couldn't help but laugh. Sean's expression turned to indignant frustration.

"This is no laughing matter! I've been hard at work all morning while my old man's been down with a cold. He told me it was a test. Well, because we spent a lot of last night running pranks against the neighbouring Fosters, I was damn tired, Lian. So I thought I'd just . . . take a quick nap. Well, I didn't mean to take a nap, but I did. And now a cow's gone, and I can't find it anywhere! And Dad'll have my hide if I don't conjure up another one or find it."

Lian thought deeply about this. Sean's father was a stickler for punishment, and his friend's fear wasn't unfounded. Besides, it was Lian's fault that they stayed up late last night trying new magical tricks - or just practical ones in Sean's case.

"Okay, how do we find a cow?"

"I've looked everywhere. I'm sure it'll turn up someday, unless a Foster took it. But it could be gone for good at the same time. And I need a new cow *now*. Can't you just, you know, magic one up?"

Liam smirked and shook his head. "It doesn't quite work like that, Sean. Magic can't make something from nothing, but . . ."

He spied a rat slinking near Sean's foot.

". . . it can change something into something else. I think I've got a solution to your problem. I hope I've got the magic right! *Bovinem transformaca femini!*"

He cast out his hand, focusing on the spell. It shot from his hands as a bright purple beam of light, targeted directly towards the slinking rat that Sean had also noticed.

Well, it was *intended* to hit the rat. Instead, the rat skittered away in terror with time to spare, and Lian's hurried aim caused the magic to strike Sean instead, instantly suffusing him with magic. The young man groaned, doubling over as his entire being glowed purple for just a moment.

"Ughhh! What did you - did you just miss? Did you just bloody well miss?"

"I'm - uhhh . . . I think I did. Wait, there's a counterspell, let me consult my book while-"

But Sean groaned again, this time clutching his head. Two bony points erupted from his skull as he gasped. He clutched his stomach as his ribcage began to expand, mass filling it, tissue and fate and bone all growing at a rapid pace.

"L-Lian! What's h-happening to m-meeee!?! What did you do to moooooo-eee!?"

He paused, eyes widening even as they went from bright blue to a dull brown, expanding slightly on his face and giving him a rather simple look. He held up his hands, horrified as the bones began to change shape, fingers fusing until they formed what could only be a set of hooves. The same was happening to his feet, and as a result the poor young

man tipped forward (just like the cow tipping they'd engaged in last night, the irony), and fell flat on his stomach. This was more painful than expected due to his rapid accumulation of mass, a process which was still ongoing at a lightning pace.

"I - I think I'm turning you into a cow!" Lian exclaimed.

"WHAAAAAT!?" cried Sean, whose tongue was already growing too long, his face distending to become a snout. His speech was already slurring by this point. "TURN ME BAAAACK! NOOWWW!! MOOOOO!!!"

The moo came out of him unbeckoned, a natural reaction to his new body in response to the shock of transformation. His ears flattened and extended, gaining a soft downy fur upon them as they relocated themselves up on top of his head. This was the start of a general furry finish, which extended across his entire body. It was a Holstein patterning: white with black spots, but it was far from Sean's biggest concern, because at that point his clothing was tearing apart from his sheer bulk. His hips expanded enormously, and a tugging at the base of his spine finally released a tail, which practically *exploded* from his backside, long and rope and with the same pattern of fur upon it.

"HURRY!" he boomed, voice nearly unrecognisable. "S-SOMETHING'S HAPPENING D-DOWN THERE! MOOOO!!!"

Lian risked a glance to see, and quickly regretted it. His poor friend's manhood, now visibly as he squirmed a little on his side, was receding. It pulled back between what were now his *hind* legs, shrinking up and then warping into his body, leaving him with what could only be a vagina. But that wasn't all, because with a great bellowing 'MOOOO!' a new organ also formed: a huge bulging suck quickly surged and expanded between those same hind legs, four long teats extending outwards.

"WHAT IS THAT? WHAT IS THAAAAAAT!? MOOO!"

"Um, it's an udder," Lian remarked flatly, too shocked to even form proper emotion.

"GET RID OF IIIIT!"

"Right. Right! Get rid of it! There must be a counterspell here!"

He flicked through his pages, continually distracted by his friend's transformation. Sean's skull changed shape, his teeth flattened, his udder bulged. *Her* udder now, really. Sean groaned and mooed as the final changes set in place, his entire form swelling up to the size of a proper heifer. He gasped, trying to communicate even as his voice box and throat and general skull shape made it impossible.

"T-TUUURN ME BAAAACK! MOOO! MOOO! MOOOO!"

And then he just fell to mooing, kicking his four legs out and righting himself by some strange instinct. The new cow stood, shocked at how bulky it now was. How bulky *she* was. Sean marvelled at the fact that for reasons unknown to her, she had become a *female* cow, and the mental instincts that had come with the transformation were now making her *think* of

herself as female. She tried to say; 'No! I'm not a female cow! I'm a man!' but all it came out as was a series of desperate moos. There was a funny sensation in her udder too. It was weird enough to have an udder at all, but now it was beginning to feel warm and full and flushed, like it was pressurised with something. As soon as she realised what that meant, she began mooing again.

"I'm trying!" Lian said. "I'm trying! I'm nearly there!"

He was going through pages rapidly, trying to figure out how to properly disentangle transformation magic, which was thorny as the nine hells at the best of times. Sweat dripped down his forehead as he panicked over what to do. He'd just turned his best friend into a cow! A heifer, to be precise!

Sean was feeling the panic more than anyone. Her body felt bulky and strange, filled with milk and utterly female. It was humiliating to an absurd degree, and worse were the strange feelings coming over her new bovine femalehood. There was a need there. A stirring desire, and one she desperately wanted to ignore. It didn't take a genius - and certainly not a farmer's son-turned-cow-daughter - to recall that many of the heifers were in estrus around this time. She mooed more furiously, even pushing her head against Lian.

"I'm going as fast as I can!" Lian said. "Don't interrupt me! If I don't do this right the transformation may lock!"

That only made Sean panic more, mooing continually and aching to be milked already. Her udder was practically *pulsing* with need.

"I've got it!" Lian said finally, eliciting an ecstatic moo from Sean this time. "Okay, stand still! This should return you to human form!"

He cast out a hand towards Lian, who had stepped back a little and then held still. Reading carefully from the tome, he began the reversal spell.

*"Reversal bovinem transformatis, humanum returna!"*

The magic flew from his hands once more, another purple beam. This time it hit the target properly, not that Sean could be easily missed given her large bovine size. She mooed as the magic began to work its, well, *magic*. Lian watched on with relief as the transformation back started, and Sean herself breathed a little easier as the first signs of change back began. Her bulk began to reduce fairly quickly, her rib-cage shrinking back to human proportions. To her relief, her leg-bones cracked (still a strange sensation), reshaping to become suited for a bipedal stance, and her front legs likewise altered, shifting. Soon, she had regained a set of arms, though her hands were only changing back slowly, still looking quite hoove-like.

"I think it's working!" Lian declared victoriously.

Sean mooed in relief as her udder shrank back into nothingness, leaving only four teats against the furry skin. Her skull shrank back down, and her horns reduced in size.

Likewise, her snout pushed back subtly, though not as quickly as she would have liked. It was enough to regain her speech, however, her face having become much more humanoid in order to achieve this..

“Thank the Gods!” she declared, only for her eyes to go wide. She clutched her throat, standing up onto her legs and placing a hoof-hand against a tree to right herself. Her legs were still powerful and quite thick, especially in the thighs, and moreover still ended in a pair of hooves. She wasn’t used to balancing on such. “My voice! I sound like a girl!”

Like a woman, really. One who was twenty two years old, just like Sean. It was a light, sweet voice, with just a hint of slight feminine rasp that seemed to match her bovine nature.

“It’s okay!” Lian assured her. “I’m sure it’ll turn back any - oh no!”

“What! What is it!?”

More changes came, and Lian began to panic. The magic was getting out of his control, and already the apprentice could tell that some parts of it were locking, preventing any further change even by the greatest of masters. He tried to work against the tide but it was little use; Sean’s body changed further, but not to become human.

“What happen - ohhhhh! Oh! My ch-chest! Ahhhhh!!”

A strange set of twin pressures built up there, pleasurable and intense. The new cowgirl groaned as her nipples swelled, expanding rapidly. The same was true of her chest in general, which began to surge forth as her udder once had.

“N-not a s-set of t-tits! What in the nine hells! MOOO!!”

She moored several more times as her new breasts blossomed, and blossomed *immensely*. They expanded further and further out, becoming impressively heavy and rounded, the light fur barely disguising their impressive size and shape. Sean cupped them as best as she could, but her hands had finished transforming, and they were not human hands, alas. Instead, she now had hoof-like digits that worked like fingers and a thumb, of which there were only three digits in total! As such, her new tits overflowed her hairy palms with ease, expanding inch by terrible inch until they were easily the size of her own head, if not larger. They were the biggest pair of breasts either had ever laid eyes on, and they were immediately filled with a familiar pressure and warmth.

“Moooo! Lian, what you - ahhhhh!!!”

Her hips cracked wider, and her waist thinned a bit, though it still had some cute chubbiness to it. Her hair grew longer, black with white streaks, spilling down her shoulders. Her face grew much more feminine, her small snout still possessing larger lips, her eyes once again humanoid but possessing womanly eyelashes. Her entire figure became enticingly female, looking much like the Taurans of the Wild East, only more human-like than those strange and rugged people.

“Moooooo!!!” she moaned, voice reaching a strange fit of ecstasy. Sean tried to fight it, but the pleasure was intense, particularly as her breasts grew yet further, and her hips became a real pair of childbearers. Her tail flicked behind her, a new appendage that hadn’t gone away, and it was only when her entire form shook with bliss, her new breasts bouncing, that the changes finally ended, and the purple light faded.

“Ohhhhh, by the Black Mountain,” she said in her strange new female voice. “By the Gods above. What have you - what have you done to moo-ee, Lian?”

The wizard’s apprentice gulped, looking at his friend. She was strangely attractive, a true ‘cowgirl’, busty and curvaceous and enticingly exotic. He didn’t want to be having those feelings, but they were there all the same regardless. He swallowed, taking in her nakedness.

“Um, I’m afraid there’s a problem.”

“What problem!?” Sean demanded, placing her hoof-hands on her wide hips, tail waving angrily. Her breasts continued to feel tense, increasingly full of milk. The thought was strange to her - it should have been disgusting, but instead by instinct she simply yearned to be milked. She tried to ignore that call, but it just gave rise to another; the estrus hadn’t gone away. Her loins were on *fire*, already becoming wet with arousal for no apparent reason.

“Well, the counterspell only partially worked. You’ve transformed back as much as I can get you, but the rest of you is locked, um, *permanently*.”

She breathed heavier, breasts rising and falling like perfectly rounded mountained. Gods, her nipples were tensing, in need of milking. Just as other parts of her needed attending. It was starting to drive her crazy already.

“C-can’t another wizard fix it? Your moo-aster?”

Lian shook his head, trying to hide his attraction to his friend’s new shape. “It’s locked. No one can undo it. I’m s-sorry, Sean, but this is you now. For good.”

The revelation hit Sean like a ton of bricks. Like a set of hooves to the face. She looked down over herself, unable to even see her hooved feet due to her enormous chest. She grunted in discomfort at the sheer fullness of her new breasts. They were incredibly warm, so full of life-giving milk. She squirmed, rubbing her thighs together, feeling the need between her legs also. Instinct was now part of her new anthro-bovine body, and it was impossible to resist. As horrifying as it all should have been, her main attention was now drawing towards her friend in a different way. Not in anger, but in *interest*. She’d never noticed how *cute* he was before. How dashing. How good his hands might be at . . . milking. She sniffed the air, and caught something.

“Y-you’re turned on by me!” she declared.

“No! I’m not! Not at all! I mean-”

“Good!” she said, eyes desperate. She stepped forward on hooved feet, getting used to her new voluptuous stance and its new centre of gravity. “B-because I’m so f-freakin’ horny right now, literally.”

She pointed to her horns, then ran her hoof-hands over her bulging breasts.

“And I’m s-sooooo full of moooo-ilk, Lian, you have no idea!”

Lian was gobsmacked. “Um, is this you, Sean?”

She nodded, pressing herself up against her friend, letting her huge tits practically suffocate him. She could feel his hardness against her, smell his desire to do all sorts of things to her. It was the most arousing thing possible, and it set her estrus off like crazy.

“It’s moo-ee, alright, but I have all these instincts! Please, you n-need to moo-ilk me before I explode, then f-fuck me too!”

“Fuck you? God, Sean, I -”

“You did this to moo-ee! You hold responsibility! I need you s-so fucking bad, Lian! If I’m stuck like this, I’m gonna need you soooo bad everyday. I won’t be able to s-stay here, I’ll have to come to your wizard’s t-tower.”

It was all moving so fast for Lian, but already she was placing his hands on her breasts, and it was glorious. He pulled at her nipples, and twin jets of warm milk poured from them in long rivulets, causing her to moan and moon. His erection was now rock hard, and he couldn’t find himself totally disagreeing with her proposal.

“I think,” Lian said. “I think that’s not a bad idea, Sean.”

The new cowgirl moaned. “C-call me Saoirse. It s-suits me moo-re now.”

Lian tugged on her nipple, causing another stream of milk to erupt. She moaned again, lowering a hoof-hand to play with his cock, teasing it further.

“Saoirse,” he said. “I like it. There is more space at the wizard’s tower. I’m sure my master won’t mind.”

“Good! But f-first I need you to plough my fields, right n-now!”

And with that, the new couple came together in moos and moans, in milky mess and furry fun. It was a very unexpected career change for the new cowgirl, and a very different romantic path for Lian, but the two were convinced already that they could make this strange circumstance of a relationship work. Certainly, as Lian thrust into her womanhood minutes later, sucking on her tits and drinking great gulps of her milk, the two were in absolute ecstasy.

Saoirse soon didn’t regret a thing.

**The End**