

Robert woke up with a pounding headache and a feeling that he was in the middle of a freezing thunderstorm. As he coughed and sputtered to get the water out of his lungs, he realized he was not in a thunderstorm but in an inn's backroom getting a bucket of ice water dumped over his head.

"Awake now, asshole?" a feminine voice said from behind him, and he kept coughing. "Oh, did I go a bit too hard? I'm so very sorry." she deadpanned.

Robert kept sputtering for a few seconds, before managing to reply. "Gah, by the gods woman, whatever happened to sacred hospitality? Ain't I paying for a room or somethin..."

"You might be paying for a room, but you didn't pay for a damn thing else last night!"

That explained the headache. "Is it the booze? I've probably got the cash somewhere..."

"That's part of it. You went through half our kegs celebrating or something. But the bigger, and critically for you, far more expensive, issue is that you snuck into the back room and fucked the cowgirl, then drank half our milk and dumped the other half."

Robert looked around. The broken barrels and milk stains on the ground told the story pretty well. "...Well, I'm an adventurer, and I'll probably be able to pay you back..." She told him a number. His face went white. "What the hell kind of milk do you sell here?"

"Special stuff, and you've screwed with our premium cowgirl's cycle. It'll be months before she's back on track!" The woman walked over to a chair and sat down, "So, sir, I do believe you've got two options. Jail time, or you work it off."

Robert looked her over. She didn't seem tough, and he didn't need *this* city to be his home base...

The woman sighed. "Don't even think about it. Most adventurers don't like it when you mess with the people they know, and you'll never sleep again." she said, "I should know, being that I used to be an adventurer myself."

Robert swallowed hard and settled down. "...Guess I'll work it off then."

The woman snapped a finger, and a contract appeared floating in the air in front of him, along with a quill. "Sign here, then!" the woman said sweetly. Robert did, ignoring the instincts saying it was a bad idea, and the contract rolled up and then burst into flame. "Signed and sealed. My name is Gloria, and I'll be your boss for a while."

"Well... good to meet you then. Am I working the tables for a week or...?" Robert stood up, and stretched.

"You're going to be working on replacing the milk." Gloria said simply.

If Robert hadn't had a hangover or had been given more than twenty seconds to properly wake up after the bucket of water was dumped on him, he might have considered that signing a magical contract without reading the fine print (or even the normal sized print) was probably a terrible idea. But he didn't, so his first notification that something was wrong was an intense feeling of warmth in his body.

"Huh? What's... what's going on...?" Robert stammered. He felt something brush his neck, and when he felt there he discovered it was hair - his hair, growing and growing with no sign of stopping. That wasn't all, as years and years of muscle seemed to fade away to leave smooth skin behind.

"I told you - you're going to help out. And I don't need another adventurer on staff~" Gloria said, reclining in her seat, "Back when I was an adventurer, I was real powerful."

Archmage-type, you know the deal. Runs in the family, given my older sister's the same. She went into politics though - family responsibility and all that."

As Gloria spoke casually, the changes rapidly continued. Robert lost a good foot in height, and his proportions shifted to match - as well as to "fix" his figure, pinching his waist and expanding his hips and bottom, his pants ripping slightly as they struggled to accommodate. He groaned as something pushed out of his chest, straining his shirt. The budding breasts rapidly ballooned from non-existence up to C-cups, and showed no signs of stopping as his shirt started to tear. Gloria sighed and waved a hand, and the clothes tore themselves apart, before reconstructing themselves into a simple bra and panties, slightly bulging around the last remnants of his masculinity.

"Y-You can't do this- What the-" Robert started, but his hand went to his throat at the light, cute voice that came out of his mouth. His face had already started to become more feminine, and his throat was not spared from the feminization. The last to go was his, well, manhood. Robert doubled over as his organ was practically sucked into his body - it didn't *hurt* but it felt really strange. He moaned as his reproductive system rearranged itself, and *she* looked at Gloria with a murderous glare. "Y-You can't just turn me into a woman!" she whined.

"You're right, I can't." Gloria conceded. "I have to go a few steps further, it was in the contract that you didn't read."

Robert gasped as the strange warmth of magic gripped her once again. Her breasts ballooned once again, jumping from C-cups to D, and then even further to E. Her hips flared further while her brown hair, which had stopped at her shoulders, started to lengthen again and to shift in color. "You're going to be helping me get milk," Gloria explained as a tail pushed it's way out of the transforming woman's panties, "And that means you've gotta be a species that can make it more. Don't worry, you'll be back to human when you've replenished all the stocks."

The change approached completion, with Robert's heaving breasts settling and horns poking through the woman's bright blonde hair. "What... what makes you think I'll help?"

"You don't have a choice. Magical contract. But to make you feel a bit better about it..." Gloria stood and approached the cow-woman, who stood defiantly glaring at her even though she was significantly shorter than her.

This was a poor choice.

Gloria's eyes started to glow, and suddenly Robert couldn't look away. Her eyelids drooped and she swayed from side to side as her defiance was snuffed instantly. "You're not a man, you're a woman. Not even a human woman, you're a cowfolk woman."

"I'm... I'm a cow-woman..." Robert repeated dreamily.

"Your name is Bessie. You know how sexy you are, and you love to flaunt it."

Robert giggled. "I'm Bessie, and I'm sexy and love to flaunt it~" she trilled.

Gloria smirked, taking a handful of the woman's breast, eliciting a pleased moo. "You're a bit of a slut, too, but that's good since it means you can work here and sell your milk."

"Ehehe... I'm a slut~ Good thing I can sell my milk~" Bessie said.

"And you're very horny, but thankfully, I know some bulls that would love to meet you." Gloria said, turning off her magic as she completed the spell. Robert wasn't home anymore, completely replaced by Bessie for the duration of the contract, which would probably be about a year.

Bessie started, and moaned softly. "Ehehe, I'm glad you could help Gloria, mmhn, I can't wait~"

Gloria gently patted the cow woman on the head. "Not at all, Bessie. Least I can do for asking on short notice." She inclined her head to the door. "Follow me. The friends I mentioned are in the other room - they're pretty long-term residents."

Bessie licked her lips, and one hand drifted down to her panties. "Oooh, that's real nice... think I can get a room, too~?"

Gloria smirked. "I'm sure we can figure something out."