

# YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

## COMMISSION STORY

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“So hungry...”

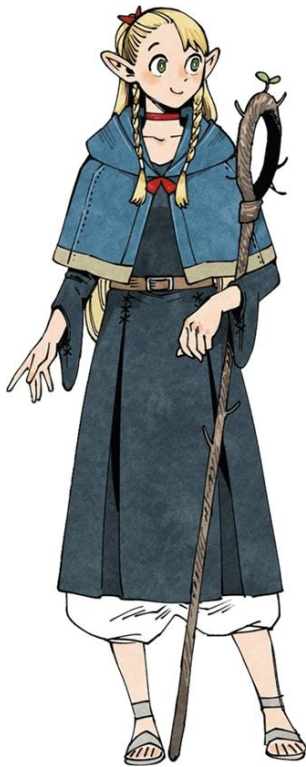
Marcille Donato was almost at wit's end. Realistically? This mentality was because she had spent so much time in the dungeon at this point. It was all for a good cause. She knew this, of course, because she was one of the two party members that had resolved to enter it in the first place. It had all been in the service of saving Falin, Laios's sister and Marcille's best friend. The half-elf would never regret the journey she'd taken, but in that moment? She was just a little... *frustrated*.

She had been left in charge of their party's camp while the others went out to forage and hunt, but she probably would have preferred to join them – it had simply been her shift. At least if she'd been able to journey with the rest of them, then she'd at least have something to keep her mind off of her rumbling tummy. She was *starving*! So, it probably wasn't helping that she was pacing back and forth, burning even more energy that could have been better saved in case a monster stumbled upon their forest camp.

“**If we had any *normal* ingredients left, I wouldn't be in this position!**” Therein lied the *main* issue. If Marcille wanted to fill her belly, then there *were* ingredients in the camp. Senshi had left a pack full of them beside his tent. But their journey into the dungeon had been so sudden, and they'd been so broke, that they had resorted to some rather... *unconventional* dining habits. Namely: they had been *eating monsters*.

This wasn't a common practice, and the half-elf took a great deal of issue with it. She was always freaking out and complaining when she was forced to eat them, and that was when they were *prepared*. The idea of eating monster parts that hadn't been cooked nor cleaned was even *more* disgusting to her, so there wasn't a world where she was going to stoop that low!

Or, at least, that was what Marcille had been telling herself.



**“I’m not eating uncooked monsters, I’m not eating uncooked monsters...”** The fact that *this* was what she was chanting to herself, paired with the fact that she had fallen down intentionally into the fetal position, was not painting a picture of the woman sticking to her guns for *long*. Her tummy felt like it was going to eat itself whole, and... Well, *no*. She was actually just being extremely *dramatic*. She wasn't even really *that* hungry, it was more of an issue with her resolve. When it came to food? Marcille was so, so weak.

She was beginning to delude herself into going against what she had been telling herself, in fact. **“Well... What if there are some ingredients in Senshi’s pack that *aren’t* from monsters? He could have been lying to me, right? Ahaha...”** The dwarf *hadn’t* lied to her, though. Everything inside of that pack came from a monster 100%, and yet she was drawing closer to it with tiny footsteps. Perhaps the logic was that she could trick herself into imagining whatever she ate was *normal*.

But after bending over *to* root through the pack for a moment? **“Ugh...”** If felt like she couldn't even do that! Tentacles, ears, claws... **“HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO IMAGINE ANY OF THIS AS NORMAL FOOD!?”** Marcille definitely wasn't *that* far gone! ...Yet. **“Wait, there’s still half the pack...”** The half-elf eventually *did* remember that there was a secret compartment at the base of the bag. She'd helped Senshi enchant it with a spell that would keep the contents cool, but that was usually just for beverages.

It was there that she discovered a bottle of— **“Milk!”** Well, that was certainly the most obvious conclusion to draw. It was a bottle filled with a thick, creamy, white substance (and no, it definitely wasn't that other creamy, white substance). She couldn't remember when they'd had the time to milk a cow? But she also didn't really *care*. She had deluded

herself into *thinking* it was a cow's milk, even though realistically there was absolutely no chance that it was.

Well, it kind of was? Technically. In a sense.

Calories were calories at this point, and so she wasted no time removing the lid from the bottle and taking a big swig of it. "**Good to know that enchantment is still holding up, but...**" It was cold, and yet the taste was a little *off*? It wasn't as sweet as a cow's milk usually was, but of course there was a reason for that, since it wasn't *actually* the milk from a dairy cow. "**W-Well, it's probably nothing!**" Marcille continued to try and convince herself that this *wasn't* the case, however.

Once she'd had her fill, she resealed the bottle and slipped it back into Senshi's pack. It took her a few minutes to repack everything she'd pulled out, but it was a little easier now that it didn't feel like her stomach was trying to eat itself whole! If anything, she was starting to have the opposite problem. She felt a little bit *bloated*? "**That's... not surprising! I did just consume dairy, after all!**" She reassured herself that there was nothing weird about it, even though it *had* come on a little *too* quickly.

Almost as if to reject Marcille's forced calm about it, however? That sensation *moved*. That feeling of bloat soon pooled within her average-sized bosom, and before she could even properly react to this shifting location? "**AAAAH!?**" There was a *surge*. The woman stumbled forward and the front of her dress tore open all in one sudden *burst* from within, cloth torn to tatters courtesy of that bosom growing *well* past the definition of 'average'.

She almost fell completely forward as her tits grew to surpass even her *head* in size, leaving the woman disoriented as she struggled to correct her posture and stand up straight. At least at first? She just *couldn't*. "**Wh-What the heck just happened!?**" Not only had her breasts growing to *K-cups*, which looked *comically* large upon her body, but they were so big that she couldn't even easily see her nipples... which appeared *unusual*. They had swollen like her tits had, but their shapes lacked the usual humanoid shapes. They were plumper, rubbery, longer, and firmer. Almost like... the teats of some animal?

"**I have huge booooooobs!?**" Marcille *bellowed*, continuing to correct her back but still weighed down by the immense weight of her impossibly large tits that were also impossibly perky considering their size. They *completely* obscured her view of the rest of her body, so she remained utterly aware of another change. That it hadn't *just* been her breasts that had grown, and weight was accumulating *elsewhere* too.

She raised an eyebrow with concern as she heard *and* felt tearing around her belly, and she warily grabbed at her belly to find— “**EEP!?**”

That bellow had been weird enough (tits aside), but now she had a bulging belly too!? “**I-I’m fat!?**” Not *fat*, per se. But her belly *had* developed a bump that distended several inches past her pelvis, demonstrating that gaining weight was a more widespread issue than her breasts alone. In fact, the bright pink that had dyed her cheeks from embarrassment burned redder as she felt a similar discomfort within her traveling dress’s *skirt*. “**N-No mooooore, please!**” ...And she because to hear a familiar tearing sound.

With almost the same cartoonish presentation that her tits had swollen with, her ass *ballooned* out behind her with enough weight and impact that the back of her dress and the white layer underneath was torn through by the heart-shape that developed almost in an instant. Even then, ‘heart-shape’ was underselling it! It grew *so* large that her hips were *forced* to widen, and her knees to buckle, to accommodate the heft while her thighs were fed the fatty scraps. And even then? They nearly *quadrupled* in width, giving Marcille an hourglass figure that looked beyond ridiculous for a girl of her height.

“**What is happening toooooo me!? Is it because of the milk!?**” That was the only thing it *could* be, right? And try as she might, she couldn’t stop herself from mooing like some sort of, well, *cow*! She was actually on the right track with this thinking, although she wasn’t *quite* on the money with it. In fact, her quick wits had actually begun to *dim* a little. If her brain had remained unaltered, she would have realized that she was no longer being forced to lean forward by her giant bosom. Namely because underneath all of this fat that had softened her form? Hardened muscle had grown, bulking her up even more as tatters of her attire were torn off with even the slightest movements from her changing body.

There was also the matter of her *ears*, which had begun to conform to a ship akin to the assumption she had been making. Her elvish ears were *already* long, but they were *thickening* as the cartilage twisted so that the earhole was *underneath* it rather than to the sides. They did grow a *little* bit longer as the tips at their ends rounded, but what tied it all into Marcille’s growing concerns was their *coating*. They were no longer bare, but instead coated with short, brown hairs that were thicker and lighter around the edges. Much more akin to the ears of a—

“**ACHOO!?**” Still too freaked out to raise her hands past her breasts out of fear of touching them and learning just how sensitive they had become, she ended up letting a sudden sneeze loose without even bothering to cover her mouth. The fur that had coated her ears was now

beginning to sprout all *over* her body in patches of varied length. But that wasn't *as* relevant in the moment as the sudden pull she'd felt *when* she had sneeze. Marcille blinked as she looked down at her nose... finding she didn't have to look all that far at all.

She barely caught the tail end of a process that passed by fairly quickly, for her face's front had been undeniably been pulled forward into a rounded snout as her human lips widened, albeit at the cost of her lips becoming thin and leathery. The most rounded element *of* it ended up being her *nose*, because its bridge and tip had broadened and merged into the shape of the snout with a dark tanned color that was similarly *wet*. She *snorted* without meaning to and ended up letting out a "**MOOOO!**" before her tongue instinctively flicked up to lick her nostrils, longer, thicker, and rougher than it had been before.

"**Am I really becoming cow? Becoming cow...? Missing word...?**" And missing another one. At least she was pretty *sure* she had missed a word? That didn't really *sound* right to her, but she couldn't remember *which* word was missing. This was once again a side effect of what was afflicting her mind. Her intelligence was rapidly dropping by this juncture, and while she could still grasp the human language well enough to listen? Her ability to speak it had become slower and muddier the further her body became. Just as her voice had grown *deeper*.

Marcille groaned, though it once again sounded closer to a beast-like bellow than a sound any normal human might make, while what remained of her outfit was forced off of her body, leaving her *completely* naked. "**Getting... big?**" She felt like there was a more complicated term she could have used to describe what she had realized, but it was completely lost on her. She could only help but pulling any loose scrap of cloth off her increasingly fur-covered body as her stature lengthened higher and higher.

The woman wasn't simply growing taller proportionally, however. Her torso and limbs were clearly becoming longer on top of her form getting taller, which meant that her proportions, albeit still *ridiculous*, felt a little better distributed on a lankier form – even if her protruding belly wasn't removed and in fact might have grown a little chubbier. It had been difficult to tell because she looked more like a cow than a person in her face by this point, but she was actually *older* physically. Now a woman well into her adult years by the time she finally stopped growing at an immense *eight feet* tall.

She towered over the camp she had been using all this time, and even Marcille was beginning to realize that she was more far gone than she'd first noted. Her intellect aside, she was thinking about how to make the

camp 'better' with rudimentary tools and facilities. Things someone that wasn't used to living in a normal mortal society would think to build or do. Like she had spent her life living in a dungeon in the first place. In the meantime? The tips of her fingers and toes had *not* been covered by the same brown fur as the rest of her body, and there ended up being a reason for it.

For her fingers? It was just a matter of their thickened lengths hardening into black keratin tips, but it was far more dramatic in her feet. Her heels lifted as her toes *did* harden, but they also fused together and swelled until there were only two *cloves* per foot, clearly the hooves of a bovine rather than a pair of elven feet. The fur of her legs was even longer than elsewhere on her body, not even on the long and ropey tail that emerged from the base of her spine.

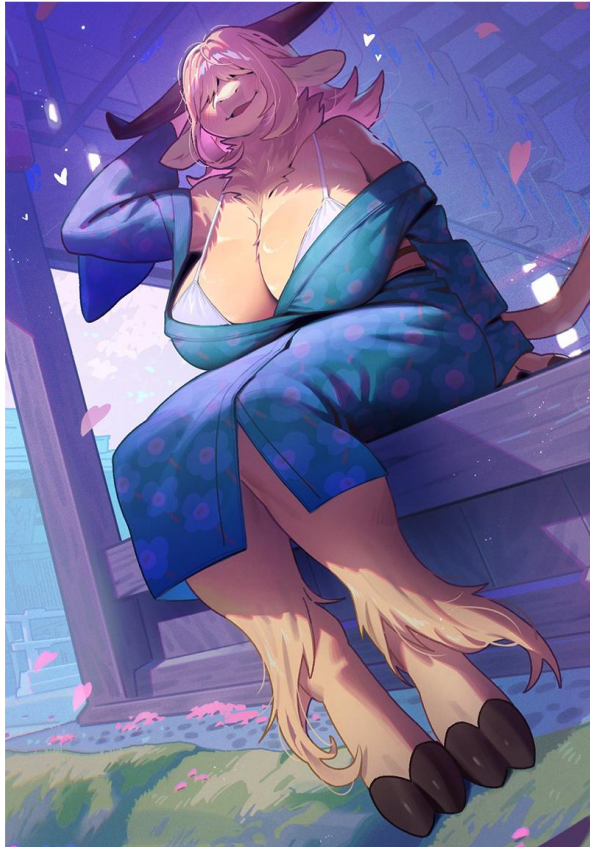
**“Turn... back? How? But... warm.”** The monstrously tall woman's loins *had* begun to ache, but she still had enough sense to not touch herself when *adventurers* could come back at any moment – and she did unintentionally consider that term with disdain despite having been one herself. There was a strange protectiveness she had begun to feel towards the dungeon, no doubt because she was becoming one of its mighty monsters.

Marcille didn't so much as bat an eyelash as her blonde hair, something she had once treasured so incredibly deeply, thickened and became messier in the back, while bangs lengthened to cover her eyes in a different color entirely: a bright pink. She could see vaguely through this veil. It felt... natural enough. Just as the weight of two long, brown horns extending out from the sides of her head did. She looked the part of a monster through and through, and deep down? Her needs reflected what she had become, whether she wanted to admit as much or not.

And then there was the feeling of *fullness*. An ache not within her loins, but within her *breasts*. The rubbery, pink teats upon her breasts had swollen so much that you could see their veins creeping into breasts that grew even heavier in kind, adding *two* additional cup sizes in mass as it felt like both teats were on the verge of *erupting*.

**“MOOOOO!”** In the end, the fluffy-looking woman just couldn't *stop* herself from bellowing after grabbing her own huge, *full-filling* breast. Why were her tits so big and heavy? Well, considering she had felt a little bit *leak out* with that squeeze, the woman could only assume that they were full of *milk*. No, she *knew* they were. Because while Marcille *was* in there and her sense of identity hadn't been compromised at all, she knew *exactly* what she was and what that meant.

She was a *cow*. A *minotaur cow*, more specifically. While they had yet to see a single minotaur during their dungeon crawl thus far, the milk she had consumed must have been mixed in with the supplies they had been given by the orcs the last time they had traded. She understood that she was producing milk, and that milk was important to help feed *her tribe*. “**My tribe? But I no...?**” Belong to one? That was true, but she couldn’t help but think she had one to return to. It was simply instinct.



The cow woman went to sit down on one of the makeshift chairs they were using at the camp, but under her size and weight it immediately crumpled, leaving her to pick herself up once more. At least she was also *incredibly* strong. “**...Need strong mate to make furniture. Er... No! No strong mate?**” She kept slipping. She had to focus! She was, uh... “**Name Mizuki! No! Name not Mizuki, uh...**” Well, the minotaurs in the dungeon *did* have an Eastern feel to them. And that explained her kimono. She was very much *Mizuki*.

“**How explain to others? Must find Falin. Falin mate!**” Wait, was she getting horny? Thinking of *chimera* Falin? Well, she *was* technically a monster now, and Mizuki herself was big enough to take an entire chimera cock if she *wanted* to. No one had dared mention it when Falin had attacked them a few days ago, but there *had* been a sheath beneath her torso. No doubt because the Red Dragon had been male. “**No mate! But... Uu...**” It was getting harder and harder to reject the idea that she really *did* want to mate with her. Of course, the chimera made from best friend and the red dragon was nowhere nearby, so that would have proven to be a little difficult. Unless she went searching, anyways.

“**Me go look! Give milk!**”

She’d probably have to milk herself soon anyways. She was feeling pretty... *full*.