

Elsie the Cow



Trysti

Prolog

Arrival



It was an early spring morning. The air was cool but not cold, with a crisp tang that smelled like recent rain.

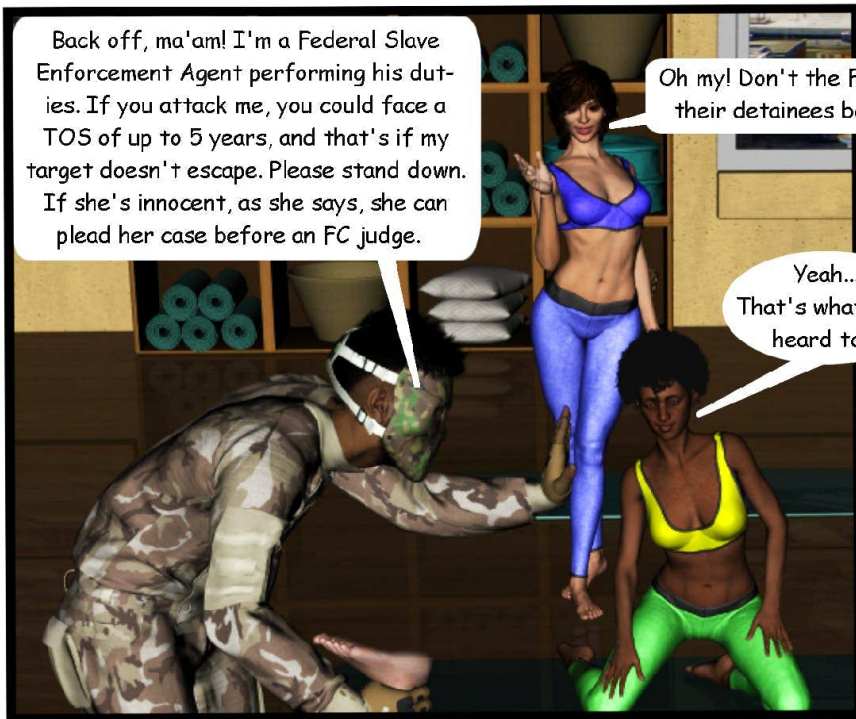
Julie Mays (a young woman, 21 years of age) was being taken by an FC agent to the business of her new owner. FC was short for F-SEA, which stood for the Federal Slave Enforcement Agency. She'd spent her interlocutory period being trained at one of the government's local pens. But her greatest embarrassment she'd suffered was being taken into custody in front of people she'd thought were her friends.

Honestly, I just don't understand girls like you. You're pretty, you're educated, you come from a good family... It would seem that you had everything going for you! Yet somehow, you managed to fuck things up so badly that they put a charging order out on you. I mean, really! You have to really fuck things up to mess up your life that badly. And then, you get yourself bought by a human dairy farmer--okay, so that's not totally your fault, I mean it's not like your breasts are huge, but seriously! Talk about screwing the pooch... which, from what I've heard of those places, may be more literal than you think. How did you fuck up so badly?

Ironically, Julie had been asking herself that very same question, over and over, for the past several weeks now.

She was attending a yoga class, along with several of her 'friends' from college. She'd known them for months. In fact, she was the one who convinced them to take the class with her. They were all-too-eager, because she was smart and popular.





Back off, ma'am! I'm a Federal Slave Enforcement Agent performing his duties. If you attack me, you could face a TOS of up to 5 years, and that's if my target doesn't escape. Please stand down. If she's innocent, as she says, she can plead her case before an FC judge.

Oh my! Don't the FC officers usually strip their detainees before taking them in?

Yeah... That's what I've heard too.



GRRR.



No, no, no! Leave me alone!

During her life, there have been certain moments when Julie knew, without any doubt that thing had just changed-- For good or bad. But she'd never felt that feeling stronger than she did right now.

As a duly appointed FC officer, I have full discretion to bring her in however I want. Her struggling gives me cause to make things hard, but she's already been found guilty, so she's already a legal slave. Since you ladies have been so cooperative, I'll let you decide.



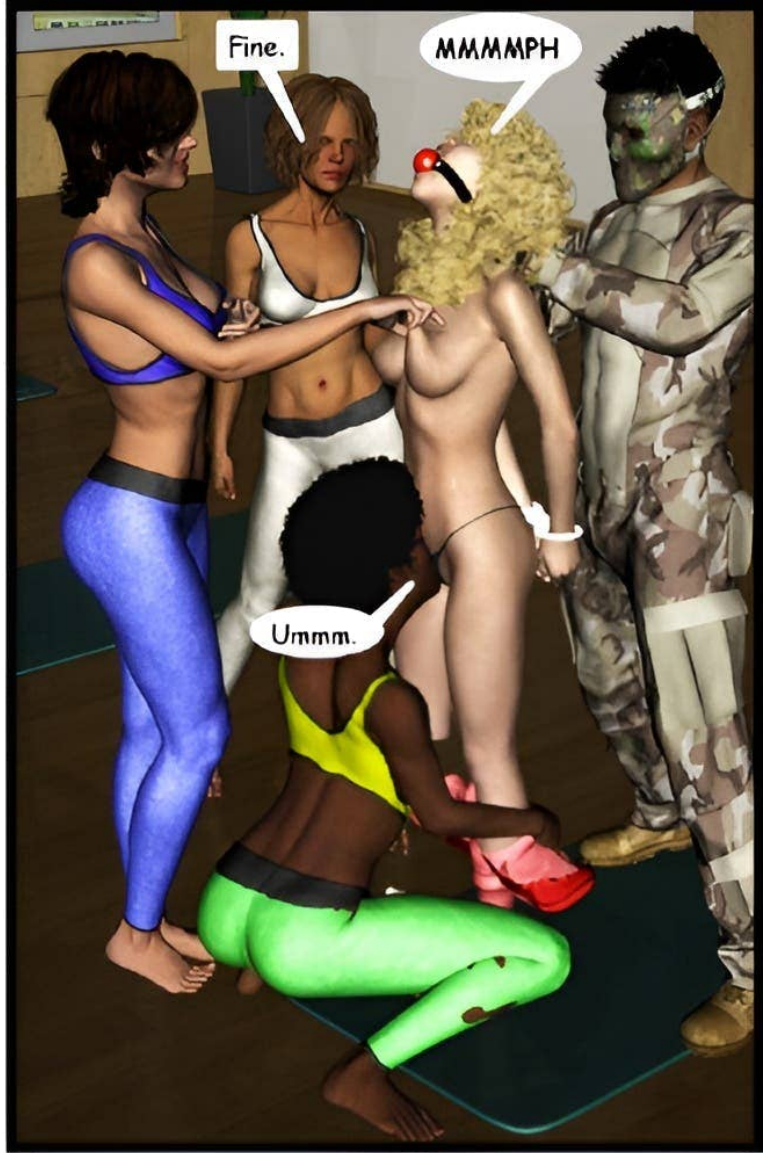
I vote for clothes off!

Me too!

That's good enough for me.

What about me? She still hasn't paid me for any of my classes. Will I get paid?

Umph!

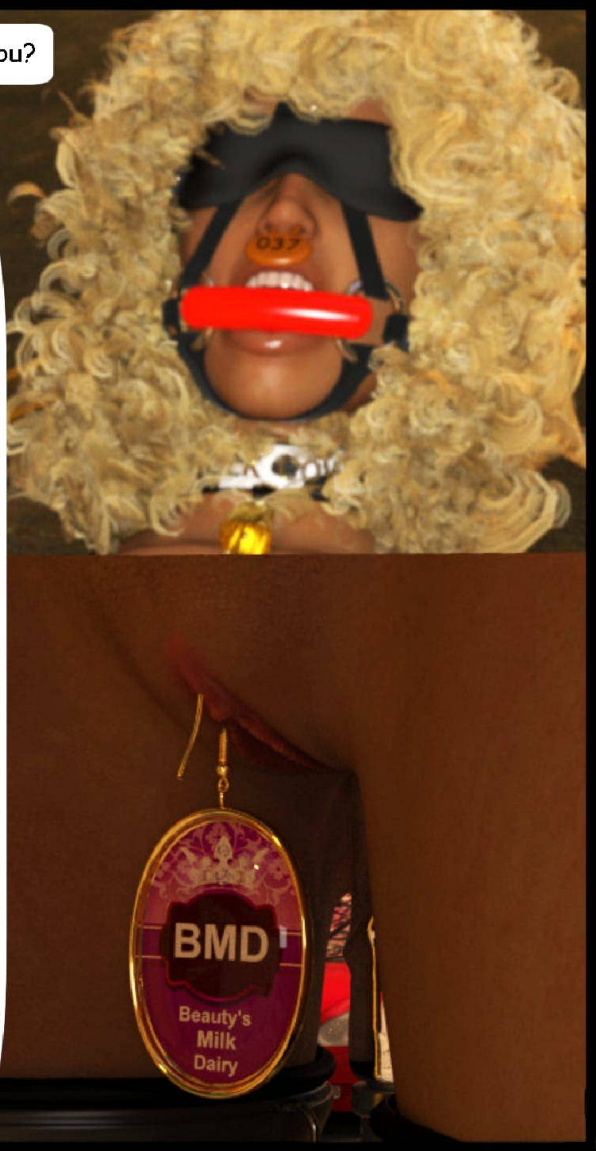




You know what that means, don't you?

Nngh!

I'd say it means a cute little cow like you'd better use every ounce of her beauty, charm and skill to please her new owner, unless of course you want to essentially become his torture pet. You may think things are as bad as they can get, but things can always get worse. You are chattel. literally cattle, in this case. A part of his herd. He can do what he wants with you and you have no legal recourse. Remember that, and perhaps your life will suck a little less.

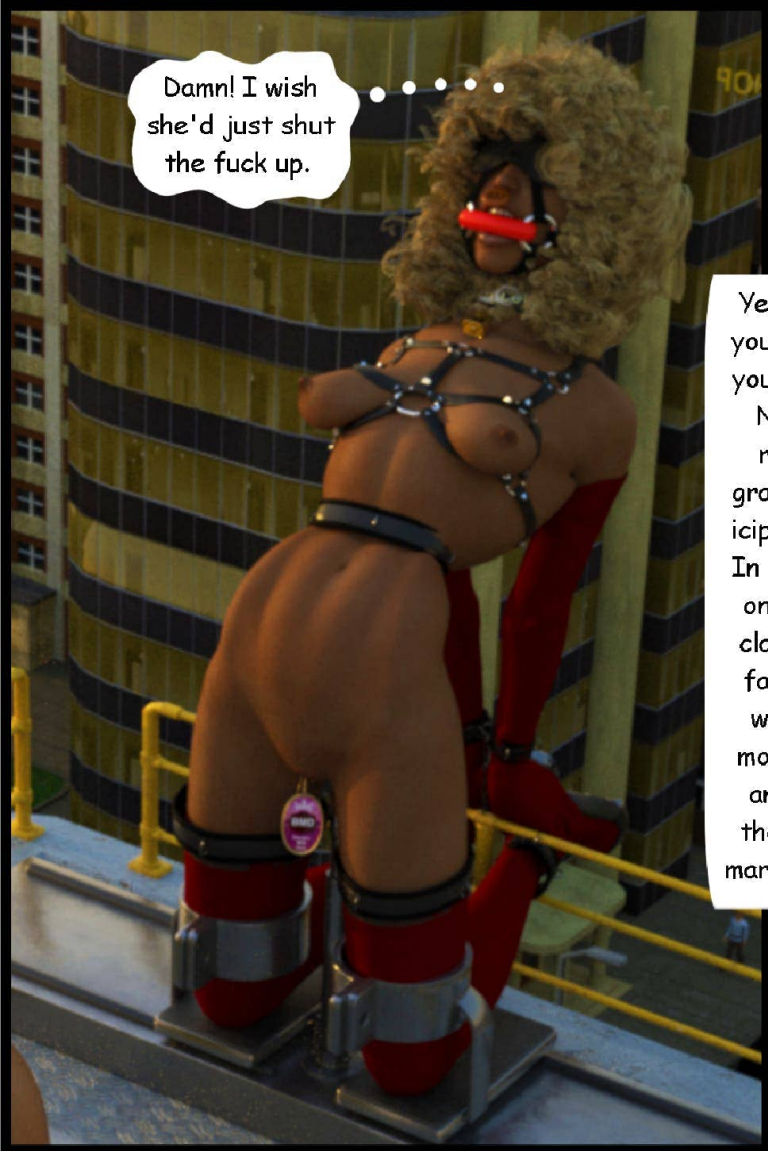


Ah!
Mmmm...
Uhg!

Oh, look at you! Pleasuring yourself on my fixing stick! Disgusting. You're nothing but a stupid little slut. You deserve what's happening to you. You let it happen. Girls like you deserve to be slavels.

All you care about is enjoying the turbulence as it bounces you up and down. Maybe you're one of those masochists? Hum? I'll bet you'll just love being bound and tortured and humiliated. Well, if so I'd say you've done pretty well for yourself.

Damn! I wish she'd just shut the fuck up.



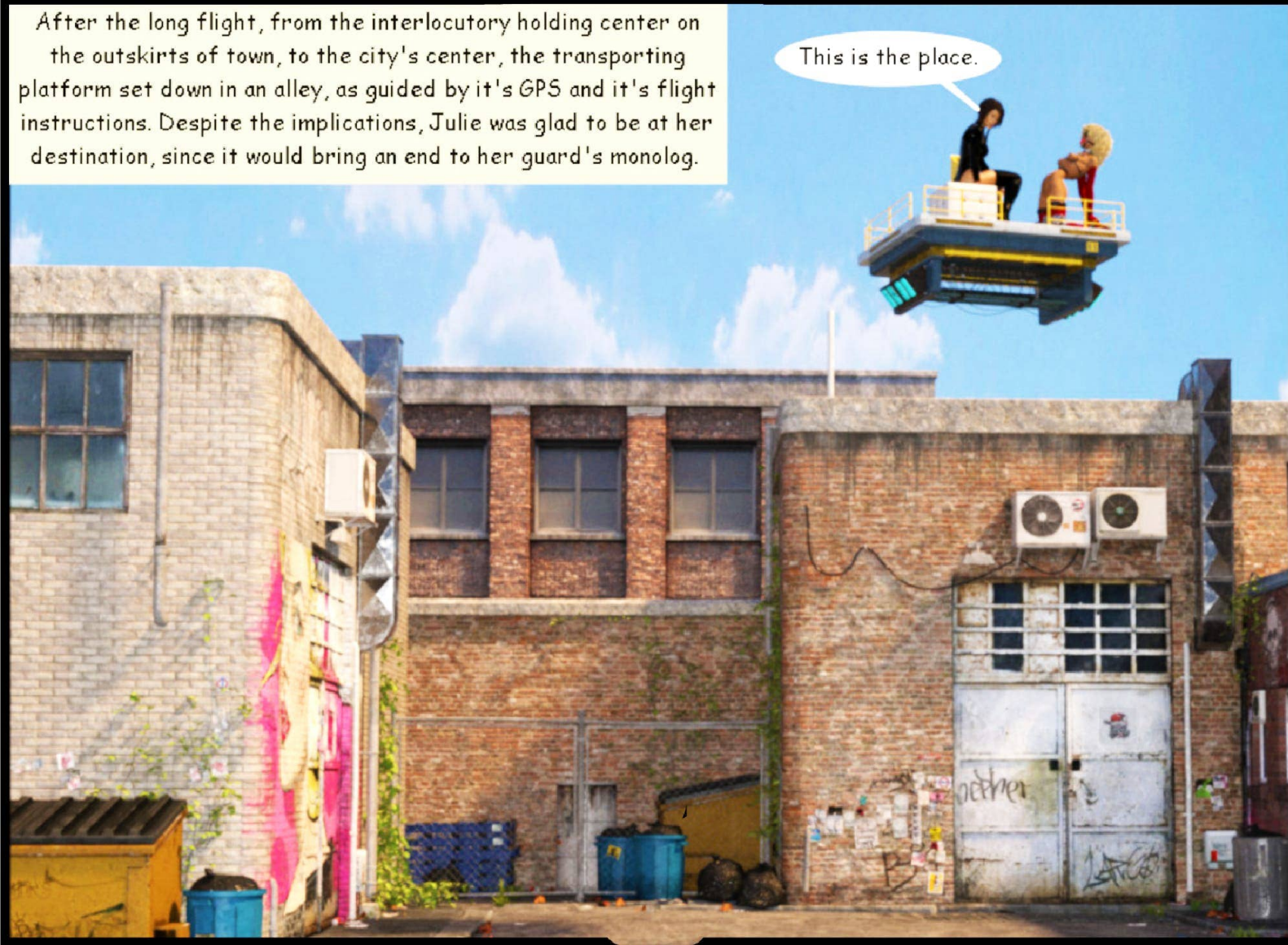
Yeah, so I looked you up too, in case you're interested. Not much of a resume... poor grades, zero participation in sports. In fact, about the only worth while claim you have to fame is that you were voted the most popular girl and (ironically) the most likely to marry a millionaire.

And look at you now, riding on your high-horse all the way to the home of your new owner, who I believe is actually a millionaire, or close enough. and the two of you will be joined for life, in sickness and health, til death do you part.



After the long flight, from the interlocutory holding center on the outskirts of town, to the city's center, the transporting platform set down in an alley, as guided by it's GPS and it's flight instructions. Despite the implications, Julie was glad to be at her destination, since it would bring an end to her guard's monolog.

This is the place.





You the one I'm looking for?

I am if you're looking for Farmer Jones... My real name is Jethro Tully, but I go by Farmer Jones, because I've got a real Jones for my cow girls.



I'm glad you finally got her here. I was expecting delivery yesterday.

Sorry to hear that, but if you want to complain you'll need to call the office. I don't have anything to do with scheduling.



Although, if you don't mind my saying, if you were worried about your milk production, maybe you should have bought a cow with bigger teats.



Don't worry your pretty little head about being late... or about my new cow's ability to produce milk. I'm a retired bio-chemical engineer, so I don't really have to worry about schedules any more. I just do this farming thing for the fun of it. And my patented Moo-Juice will make even a flat-chested cow fat with milk in a matter of hours. So I don't worry about buying heffers for their teats... I buy them because I think their fuckable. And I think this little beauty is definitely fuckable.

Look at that response to a little stimulation! This heffer was born to be a cow.

Ummmph!

Damn!

Why don't you let me yank on your nipple and see how you like it, you muther fucker!.

It didn't take the two of them long to prepare Julie for being released.

Oh, you are a pretty heffer. I'm going to have so much fun playing with you, you silly little cow.

Up you go, Elsie. Time for you to do a little of the work. AFTER all, you're the beast of burden.

Oh my God! This job is so cool.

UNGH!



Ahhhhgh!

There's a psychology to getting slaves to do what you want. It's almost as interesting as the chemical science of manipulating their bodies... which is a bit like creating a sculpture: chiseling something beautiful out of the coarse clay starting material.

Fuck yeah!

You're right, I definitely enjoy my job. How could I not? I have complete control over literally dozens of cute little heffers, just like Elsie, here. I can use one of them sexually every day for a month and not have to choose the same girl twice. Now, tell me that's not every man's dream. Right?

Mmmm! Ah, ah!
Mmmm! Ahggh!

Damn! This is almost enough to make me want to buy some of your milk, it really is.

But, honestly, it's more than that. I get to take a beauty like this... a girl who's proven she doesn't have anything to offer society, other than blowjobs and recklessly running up her debt... and I get to turn her into something new. Something that provides a valuable service to the community, while earning me enough money to offset most of my costs for running this dairy. I haven't actually turned a profit yet, mind you, but I haven't had to dip too deeply into my pockets either. Which, for something like this, which is more play than work... well... And it's a growing business. I'd already be turning a nice profit if I wasn't buying so many new toys and experimental gadgets to try out on my heffers. Like I said, it's more play than work. But even with all that, I've still expanded so much that I'm close to turning a profit now. In a few more years, I may go state wide... maybe even national. But I suspect I'll always keep my start up... to play with.



Well, while I'm build up my customer base, one of the benefits for my BM Dairy customers is that they're welcome to drop by any time, to play with my cows. I use extreme measures, like relentless pleasuring, to flavor my milk. And with 37 cows, now, I can't possibly keep up with pleasuring them all, so offering them to my customers is win-win all the way around. Now, Elsie, I know you're really enjoying your slut-self... and you don't want me to stop when you take a step back. But if you don't do it right now, it's going to anger me... and you'll be punished. You really don't want to get off to such a bad start on your first day.

Ah! Ah!
Mmgh!
Nnnhh!
Ummm!
Ah!





So, if you don't need anything else, I guess I'll get going .

That's my good girl, Elsie. Back yourself right up now.

No, I think Elsie is docile enough to handle on my own... And I'll send your 5% tip along with the bill.

Alright then, well, if you're sure...



I really will check out your dairy products. So hopefully I'll see you again.

My heffers will be here waiting for you when you do. Oh, and don't forget to check out my referral program. Beauty's milk dairy dot DOM. I'll bet my visitation program will be a big hit with all your friends.

As the large outer doors closed behind Elsie and her new owner, the veteran FC agent was left feeling something that she hadn't felt for a long time.

Damn, what I wouldn't give to see what happens to her next. Umm.

I definitely need to become one of his customers.

After entering the return flight codes, the FC agent un-snapped the flap at the bottom of her uniform--the one intended to let her relieve herself. Then she slid down on the same dildo her cargo had ridden on during the ride over here. She could feel the cow's juices on the rod as she let it slide deep inside her. Hopefully the ride home would be a turbulent one.

