

Chapter one



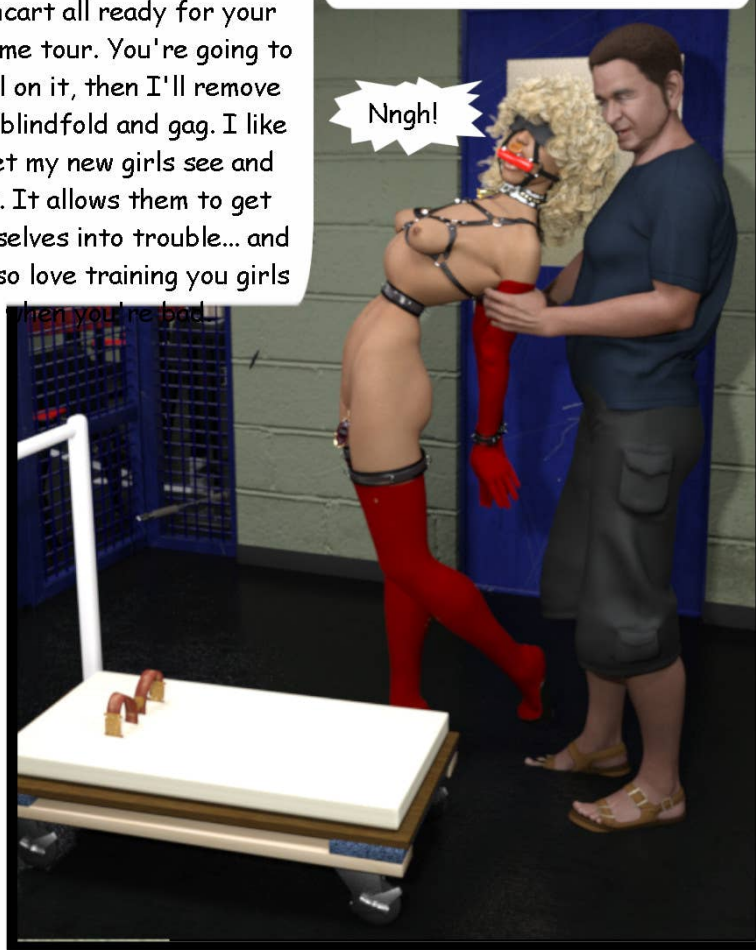
New Acquisition

Jeth led Julie down a long hall, pulling down on her arms as he pushed her ahead of him; occasionally pulling back to keep her off balance. Watching her stumble about seemed to amuse him, but it was effective enough at forcing her to go where he wanted her to go.



Alright, Elsie, my number 37... this is the supply office, where I keep the toys I'll use to amuse myself or punish you when you're bad. I've got a pushcart all ready for your welcome tour. You're going to kneel on it, then I'll remove your blindfold and gag. I like to let my new girls see and talk. It allows them to get themselves into trouble... and I do so love training you girls

Once you're strapped in, I'll give you the tour. Introduce you to your new home. I find this helps your new helpers understand your new role in life. And it will be for life, Elsie.



Stop fighting me on this, Elsie! We both know you're going on the cart, one way or the other. Here, let me give you a little incentive. There you go! See, that wasn't so hard, was it?

Now, lift your other leg up onto the cart too. I'll keep you balanced so you don't fall over; but I'm not letting go of your nipple until you do as I say.



You must learn to do what you're told, Elsie. Otherwise, your life will be much harder.

For instance, as punishment for your misbehavior, I could force you to take the whole tour with your arms draped over this push-bar, like this. Instead, because it's your first day, I'm going to go easy on you. I'll leave you like this while I'm prepping you, but then I'll let you get more comfortable for the actual tour.

Unggh!

If you want to please me, you should put a little more moo into your moans.

There you go again... forcing me to do something to discipline you. Don't get me wrong, I love disciplining you silly cows... Sometimes I have a hard time restraining myself from doing it just for the fun of it. But then it would just be work, work, work. So I have to reward you heffers for being good. Still, most of you can't help yourself. You act up from time to time and I give you demerits that let me punish enough to satisfy my inclinations. And if you're really bad I can always make you one of my torture pets.

NNN shooph!

ARRGGGH

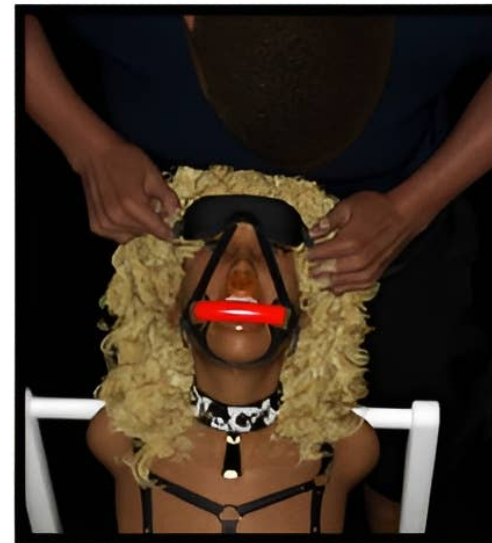
If it weren't for my other cows, I could do this to you all day and be happy. How about you? You enjoying yourself, my silly little cow? If you are I can hang some nipple clamps and weights on your teats.



Well now, that was pretty pathetic, even for your first try. Come on, you can do it. Let your inner cow out.



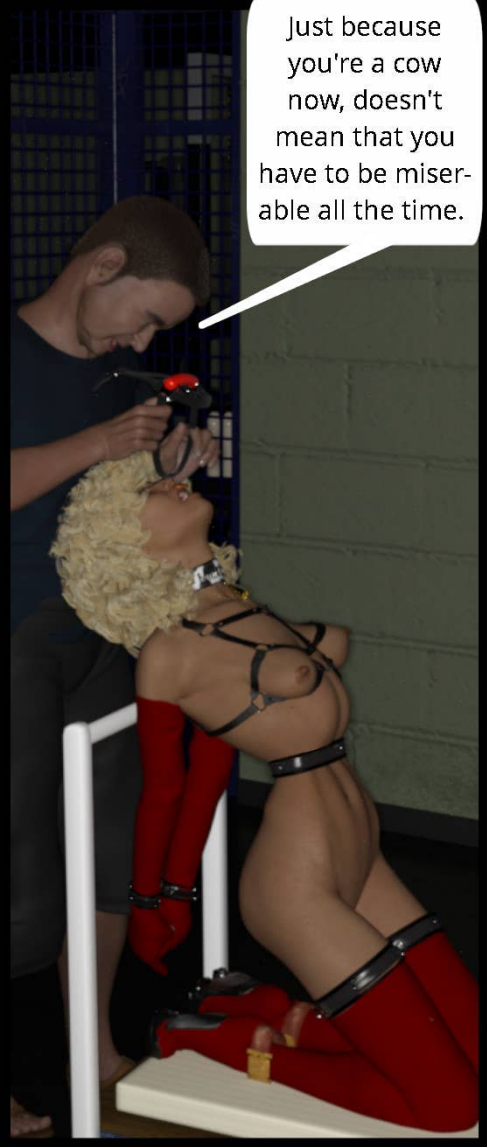
That one sounded like a sick cow, but at least it was a cow.



See there? Isn't this nicer?



Just because you're a cow now, doesn't mean that you have to be miserable all the time.



Of course, you ARE a cow, so you're bound to be miserable some of the time. That's just part of your job. It comes along with having moojuice needles stuck into your nipples and carrying around teets that weight 10 or 15 pounds each. Not to mention that I like to use you girls for my own personal pleasure.



But there are my pleasure cows and there are my torture pets. The cows who prove they know how to give me pleasure tend to get pleasure in return.



Those without such skills, or those who are discipline problems find themselves in less desirable roles around here.

You'll get to see some of each during this tour. I find that helps motivate you new girls to be the best cows you can be.



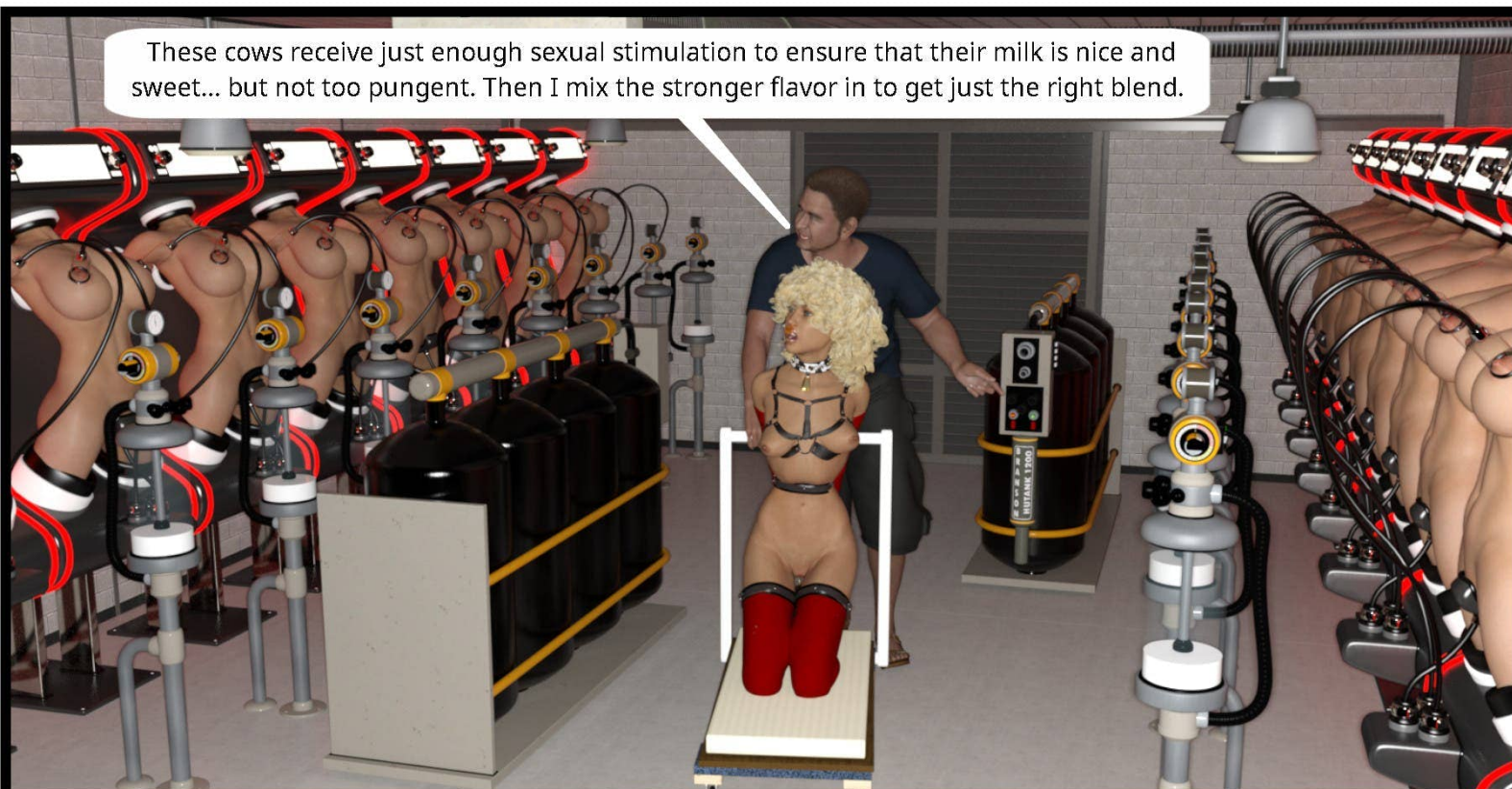
Just don't take too long figuring out which role you want to fill, because once I've slotted you into your new role, the chances aren't very good that you'll be changed over time. I've got customer quotas to fill, after all. Now, this is what I call the clone room. The reason should be obvious. These sixteen cows are all pedigree clones. They're the first sixteen cows I purchased and they form the foundation of my milk production. I rarely take them out of their pods, and when I do, they're like brain-dead invalids. They've never known anything else, but their life in their pods. Their bodies never get any exercise, so they can't live outside the pods for long anymore. Occasionally I give them pleasure, to make their lives bareable.



It's hard to tell, but I think they appreciate it. That's not why I do it, however. I find that the most potent flavors are produced by pain and prolonged simulation. So I have to limit my cows who receive those protocols.



These cows receive just enough sexual stimulation to ensure that their milk is nice and sweet... but not too pungent. Then I mix the stronger flavor in to get just the right blend.



Now, I call this room my holding room. It's where I keep my cows that are waiting for their teets to fill, or who need a washing or feeding. Even though I'm expanding, I'm a little behind. So some of these cows have udders that are a bit too full... which isn't good. Not only is it unpleasant for the cows, but if they go without milking for too long, they can dry up. Fortunately, all I have to do is inject them with moojuice again and they're good to go within 48 hours or so. So, sometimes, when a cow's bad, I'll leave them without milking until they go dry on purpose. It's an unpleasant process; and so is priming the pump to get them going again.



And the milk, when you finally do harvest it, has a rather distinctive flavor. It's strong, so it only takes a little. And right now I'm producing a bit more of it than I'd like, but until I find my new helper, I'm afraid it's unavoidable. Fortunately, I've patented a flavor extraction process that allows me to store up the stronger flavors for up to five years so I can use them as needed. This allows me to keep my quality control high, despite having occasional overages and underages. Of course, each heffer produces her own unique flavor too, so there's only so much I can do. But it's enough to satisfy most humilk aficionados.



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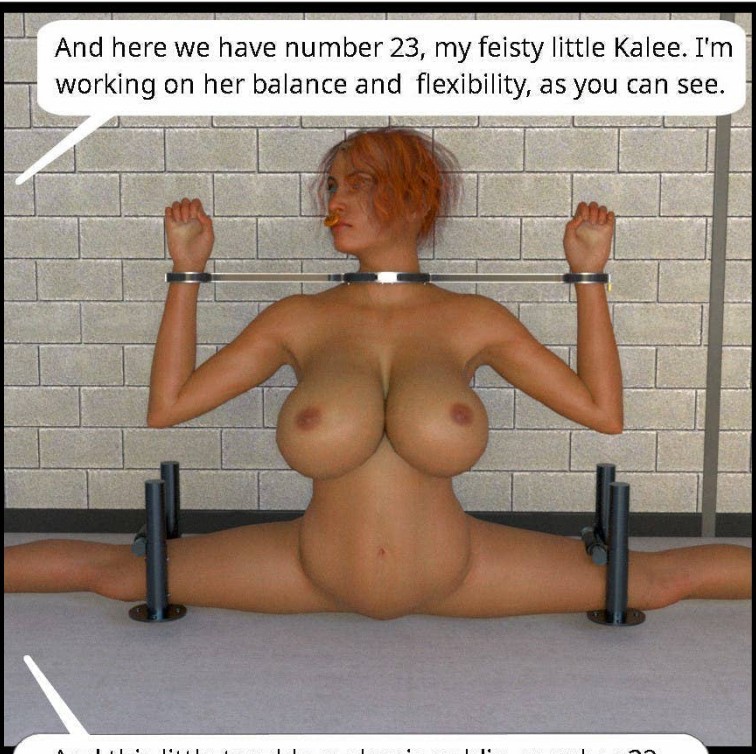
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And this is what I like to call theFun room. I like to keep half a dozen or so cows in here (on any given week) for the paying customers to play with. I like to experiment with different toys. And you'll notice they all have full udders. That's because they're all being punished. Trust me, you slap around a swollen teet and they'll feel it good.



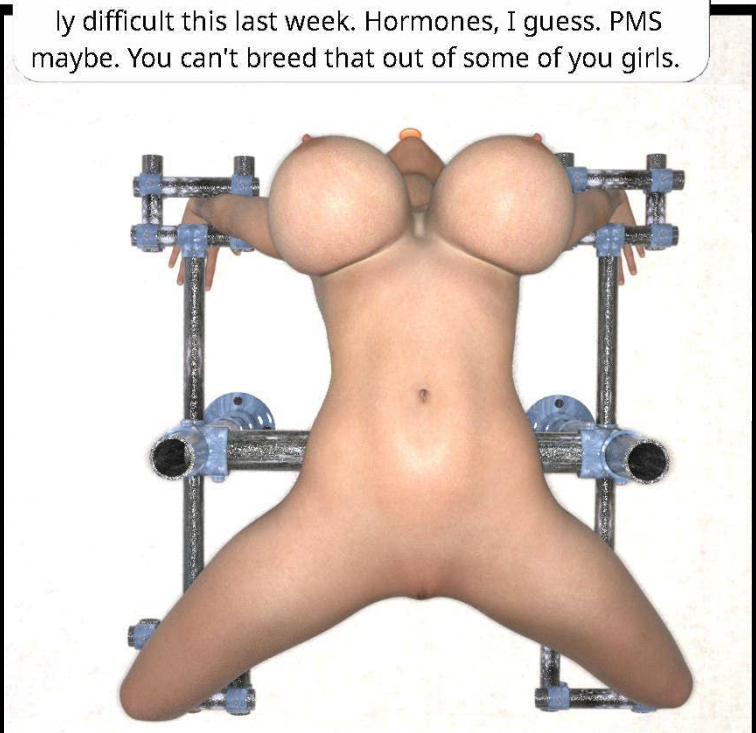
And here we have number 23, my feisty little Kalee. I'm working on her balance and flexibility, as you can see.



And this little beauty is Flo, number 17. She was the first heffer I bought after the clones. She used to be a model, in her former life. And she has the tightest little pussy you've ever seen. Definitely one of my customers favorites and a regular in this room.



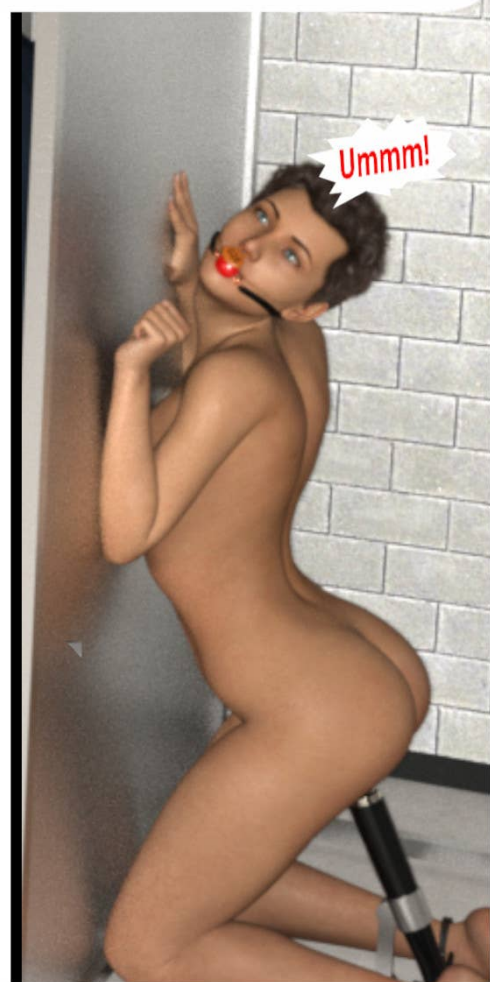
And this little trouble maker is goldie, number 32. She's on the back breaker because she was particularly difficult this last week. Hormones, I guess. PMS maybe. You can't breed that out of some of you girls.



And finally there's number 28, my little Yummy. Poor thing used to be flat chested, but I gave her a surface morph and filled her out. Now she's got the largest udders of any of my cows. Those things are barely half full at the moment.



Before we go, however, I want to show you that Yummy's not just an object lesson. She also has a practical purpose: as a chair. From the way she's squirming, you might guess that me sitting on her isn't all that comfortable.... but you should see her when her teets are completely full. The poor girl dances on her toy like a banshee, wailing so much I can't tell if she likes it or not.



As you can see, sitting on Yummy puts me at just the right height to work on Godie.



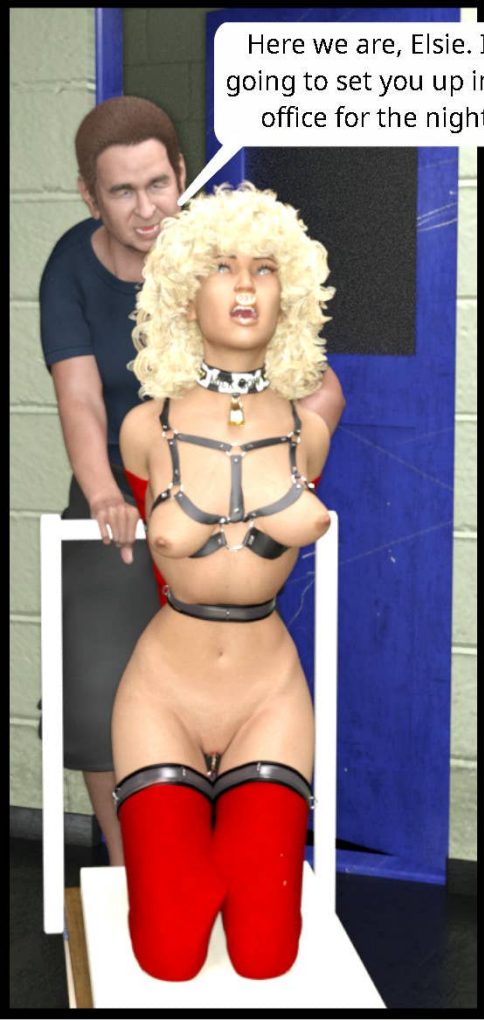
For a busy man like me, it's a nice way to get two birds with one stone, so to speak, all while allowing me to do my work in comfort. Allow me to give you a quick demonstration with this toilet brush. I like to push it inside Goldie after I've tenderized her out-sides with the paddle. I've cut the spines on the brush shorter than normal, but they still fan out and cause her discomfort when you go from pushing to pulling and back again. Goldie's not a screamer thought. Wringing a cry from her is hard work.



It took about twenty minutes, but finally the tour was over and Jeth returned to the main office.

Here we are, Elsie. I'm going to set you up in my office for the night.

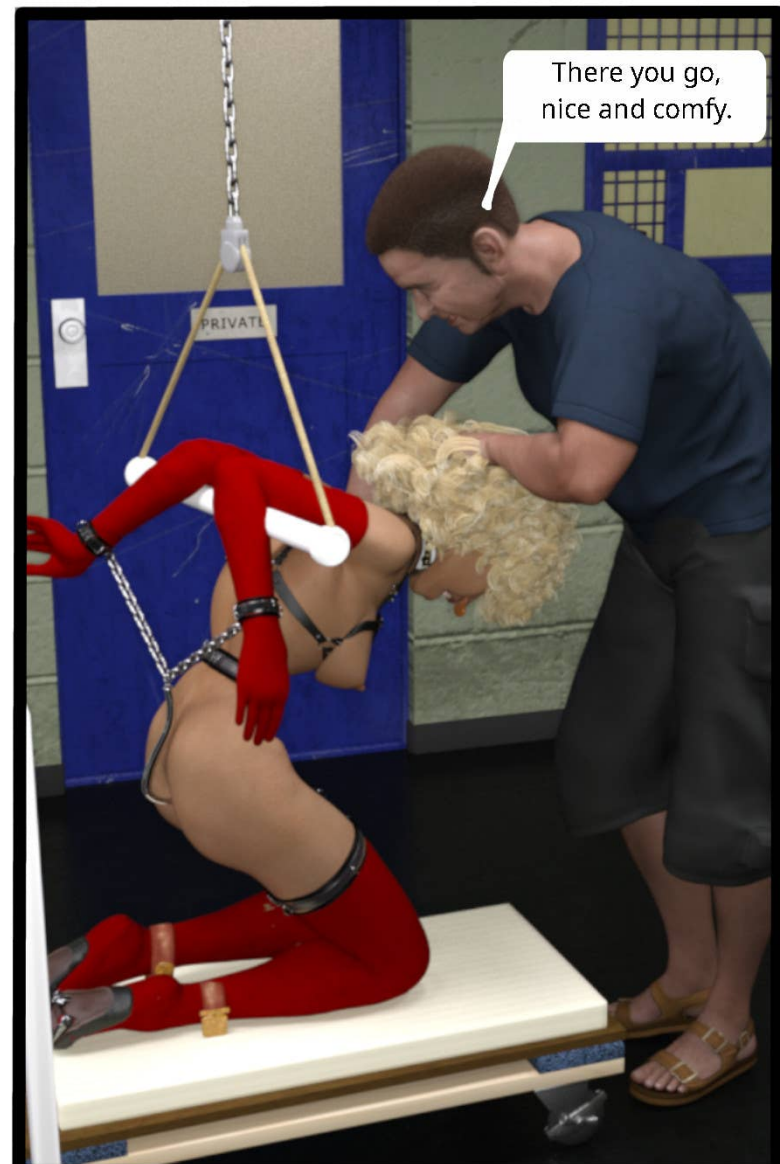
I'm going to give you a little something. An original concoction that I designed, called Moo-Juice. By morning, your teets should be well on their way to being all plumped up.



Now to raise the bar a little. Not too much, because you were a pretty good during the tour. So just enough so you can't work the hook free should do it.



There you go, nice and comfy.



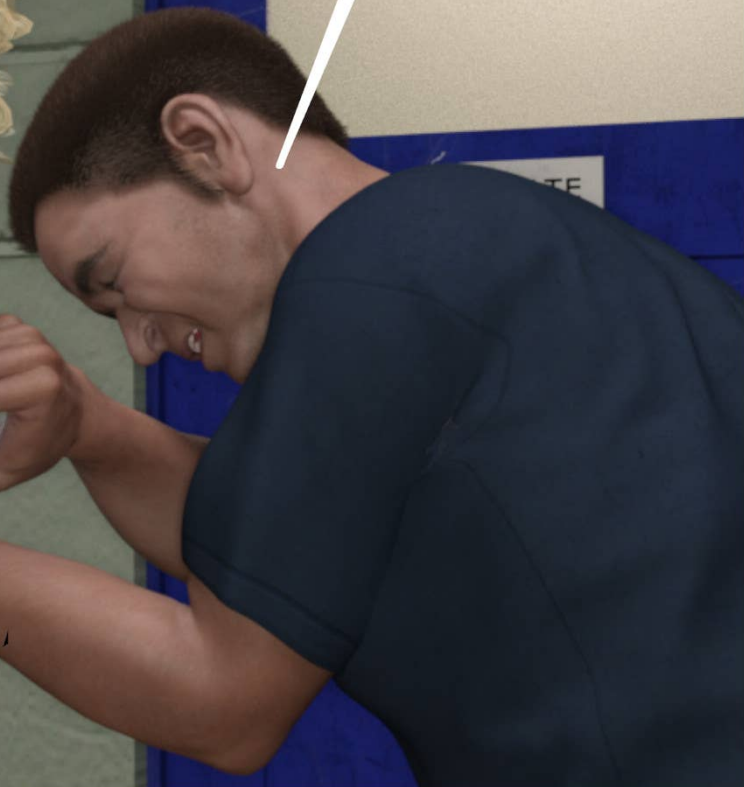


And just the right height for working on.



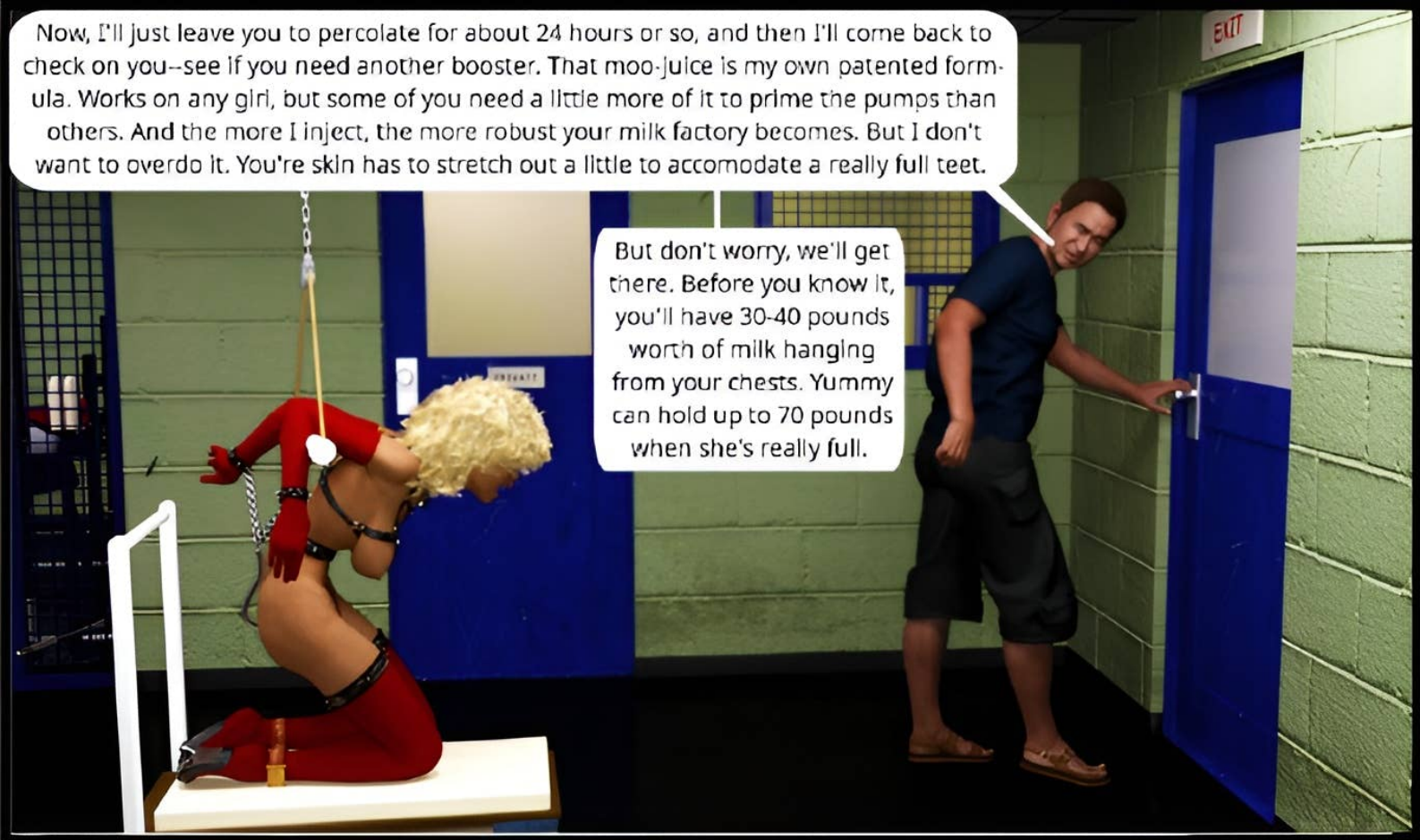
Now, I'll just use your nipple to inject a little moo-juice. I don't have to use your nipple, of course, but I find it makes your teets nice and tender once they start producing milk, which keeps you heffers on our toes, so to speak.

Now for the second one... that's it, Elsie. Good girl. You didn't even scream. Most of my cows scream or moo (if that's all they can do). I don't let the talkers and screamers keep their natural voice if they can't demonstrate that they know when to use it. But I think you're one of those who I'll have to wring your responses. I like that. It makes it more of a challenge; and it's also easier to tell when you're actually in pain instead of just faking it. Some of you silly little cows will carry on about every little thing I do to you.



Now, I'll just leave you to percolate for about 24 hours or so, and then I'll come back to check on you--see if you need another booster. That moo-juice is my own patented formula. Works on any girl, but some of you need a little more of it to prime the pumps than others. And the more I inject, the more robust your milk factory becomes. But I don't want to overdo it. You're skin has to stretch out a little to accommodate a really full teet.

But don't worry, we'll get there. Before you know it, you'll have 30-40 pounds worth of milk hanging from your chests. Yummy can hold up to 70 pounds when she's really full.



Even though she was glad that he was finally gone, there was something lonely and final sounding about the door clicking closed behind Farmer Jones.

Click

Whatever else happened, she knew that she was in for a long and uncomfortable wait for his return.

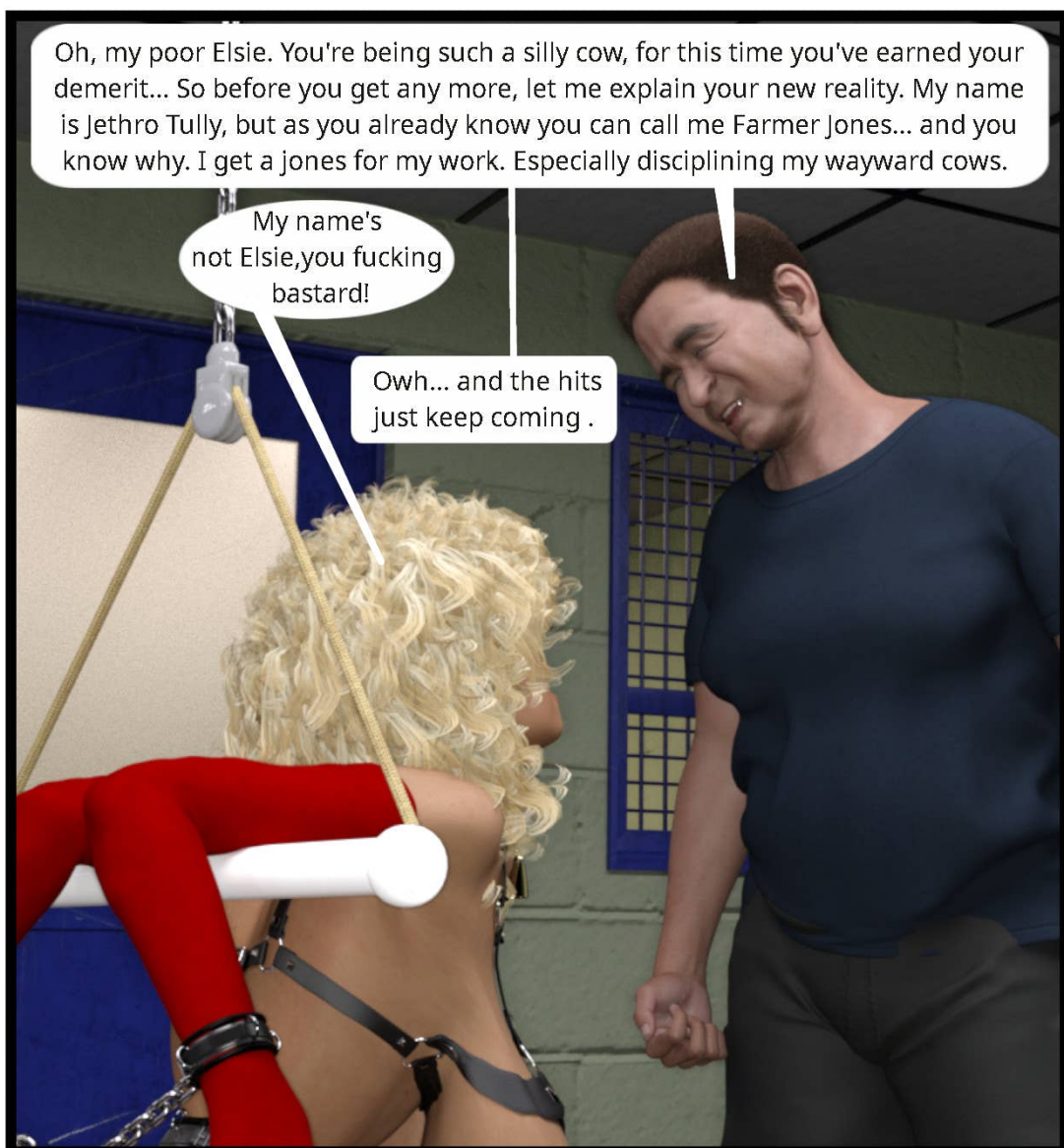
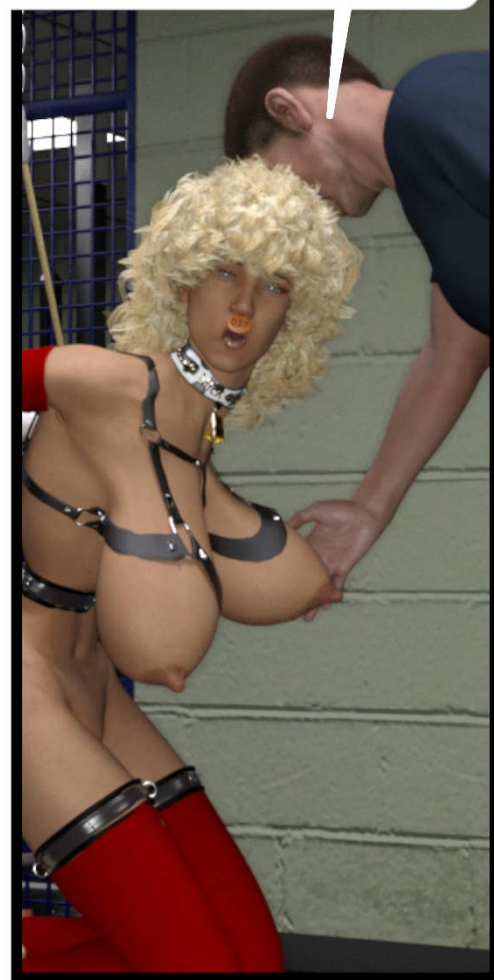


Several very long hours later.





Since this is your first day, I'll forgive you. A new cow's teets are more sensitive the first few times she gets juiced. And the formula makes you more emotional I'm told.



Your human name may have been something else, but your milking name is Elsie. Do you know how I know this, my sweet little cow? It's because that's the name I registered you under when I bought you at the slave market. You'll learn this, like all my other cows. Or I'll litterall have your name brand-ed on your face. So settle downgirlYou don't want to get on my bad side.

Why not? It's not like things could get any worse.

Oh, Elsie! Never doubt that things can always get worse. They many never get any better, but you'll soon learn how much worse they can get as you keep earning demerits.

You may not appreciate just how lucky you are. Trust me, you could have been sold to a far worse owner. Farmer James, for instance, likes to keep his cows gagged at all times. He finds it disturbing when his animals speak. But I seem to recall a little story in the bible about animals talking... I figure if it's good enough for God, it's good enough for me too.

So you want me to talk... you just don't want me to say what I'm thinking.

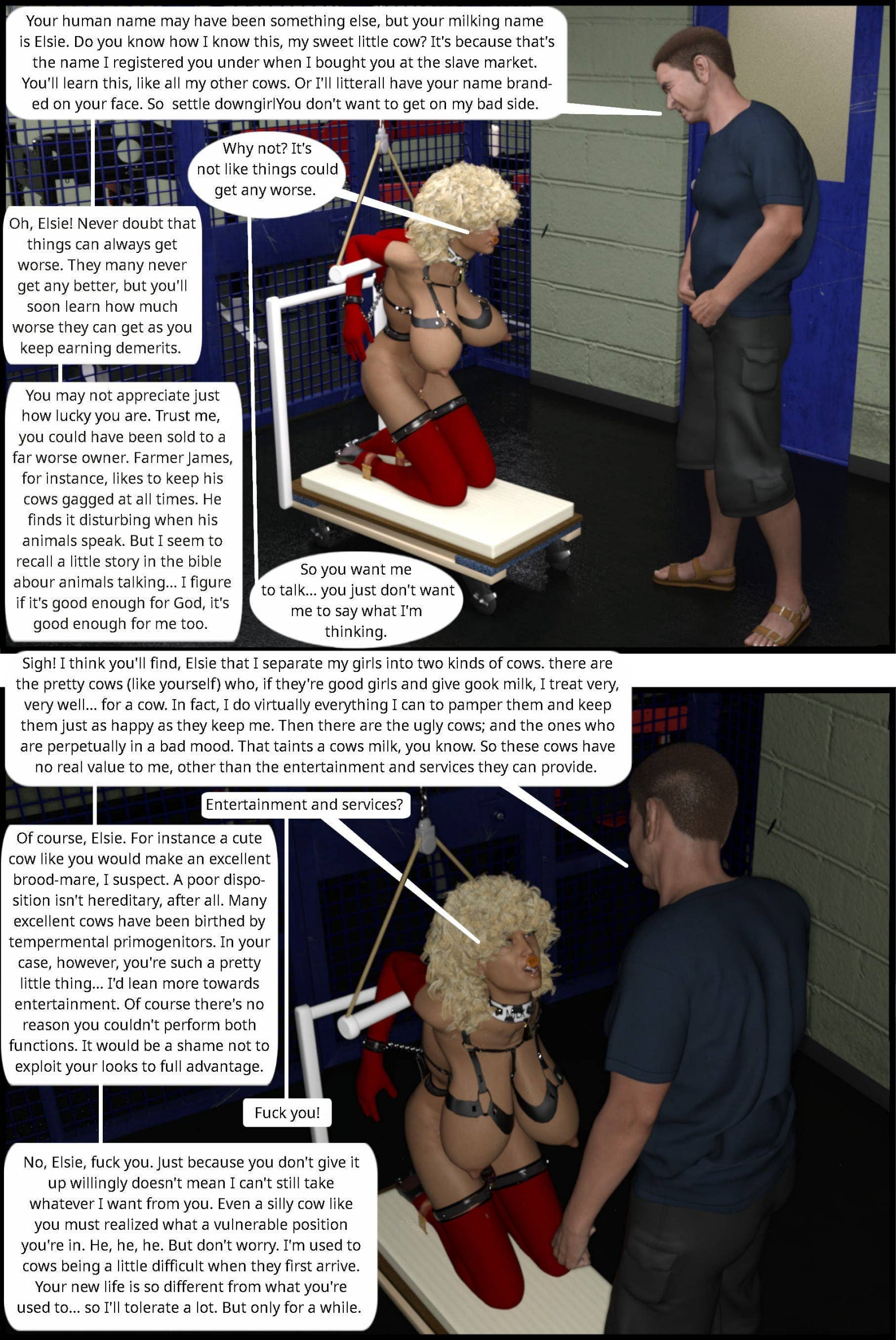
Sigh! I think you'll find, Elsie that I separate my girls into two kinds of cows. there are the pretty cows (like yourself) who, if they're good girls and give gook milk, I treat very, very well... for a cow. In fact, I do virtually everything I can to pamper them and keep them just as happy as they keep me. Then there are the ugly cows; and the ones who are perpetually in a bad mood. That taints a cows milk, you know. So these cows have no real value to me, other than the entertainment and services they can provide.

Entertainment and services?

Of course, Elsie. For instance a cute cow like you would make an excellent brood-mare, I suspect. A poor disposition isn't hereditary, after all. Many excellent cows have been birthed by tempermental primogenitors. In your case, however, you're such a pretty little thing... I'd lean more towards entertainment. Of course there's no reason you couldn't perform both functions. It would be a shame not to exploit your looks to full advantage.

Fuck you!

No, Elsie, fuck you. Just because you don't give it up willingly doesn't mean I can't still take whatever I want from you. Even a silly cow like you must realized what a vulnerable position you're in. He, he, he. But don't worry. I'm used to cows being a little difficult when they first arrive. Your new life is so different from what you're used to... so I'll tolerate a lot. But only for a while.



In fact, Elsie, I think that last little outburst will be your last free pass. I know you're feeling emotional, but think hard before you test me again. You do not want to get on my bad side. You may think your teets hurt now, but it's nothing compared to what they'll feel like after not being milked for another five or six hours.

As you know, I don't need to worry that you'll dry up on me. I can always prime your pump agin with moo-juice. I can even prime you when you're still producing... to stretch your teets out more.

And that's just the unimaginative parts of what I can do to you. I can use the wrong size suction cups when milking you. Or set the pump on the wrong setting. I could clamp your nipples during your renewal phase, to make sure your nippls are at their most sensitive during your milking. Oh yes, Elsie. There are so many ways to make your life less pleasant. How do you think your knees would feel by now if you were kneeling on the wood instead of that soft cushion?



So now, my precious little cow... would you like to try getting your greeting right? How are you this morning?

Uh... Fine I guess... except... well, my uh... my nipples hurt. Can you please milk me, farmer Jones?

Of course, Elsie, but first let's get you fed and watered.

See this bit of flesh sticking from my trousers? If you suck on it, it will provide a small but nutritious meal. Better get started, girl.

