

# Chapter Two

## New Employee



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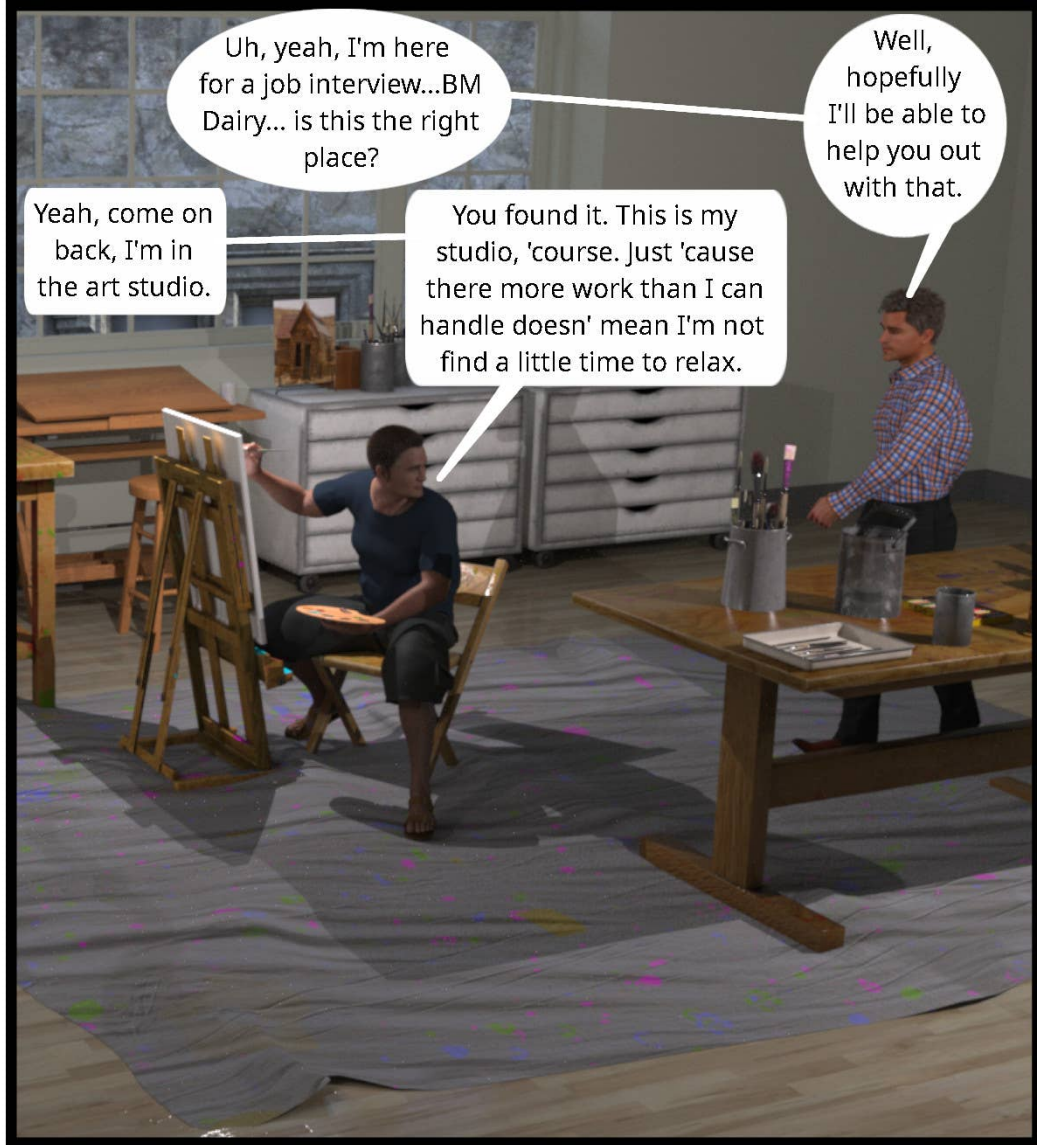


New Employee

It was a beautiful morning at Beauty's Milk Dairy, and Jethro Tully had his second to most recent beauty bound to a pole in his artist studio. He'd been painting for a few years now, and thought he was becoming pretty good. He'd sold a few of his pieces at the art gallery he owned. But mostly he stacked his finished works up in a storage room. Many of them were of his Angel, cow number 36. She was proving to be a very good purchase. She was incredibly photogenic, but he preferred to use live models for his art. There was something about knowing the strain their bodies were under that made the painting process all the more appealing. Sometimes these sessions were all-day affairs, that were frequently interrupted.

**Hello**

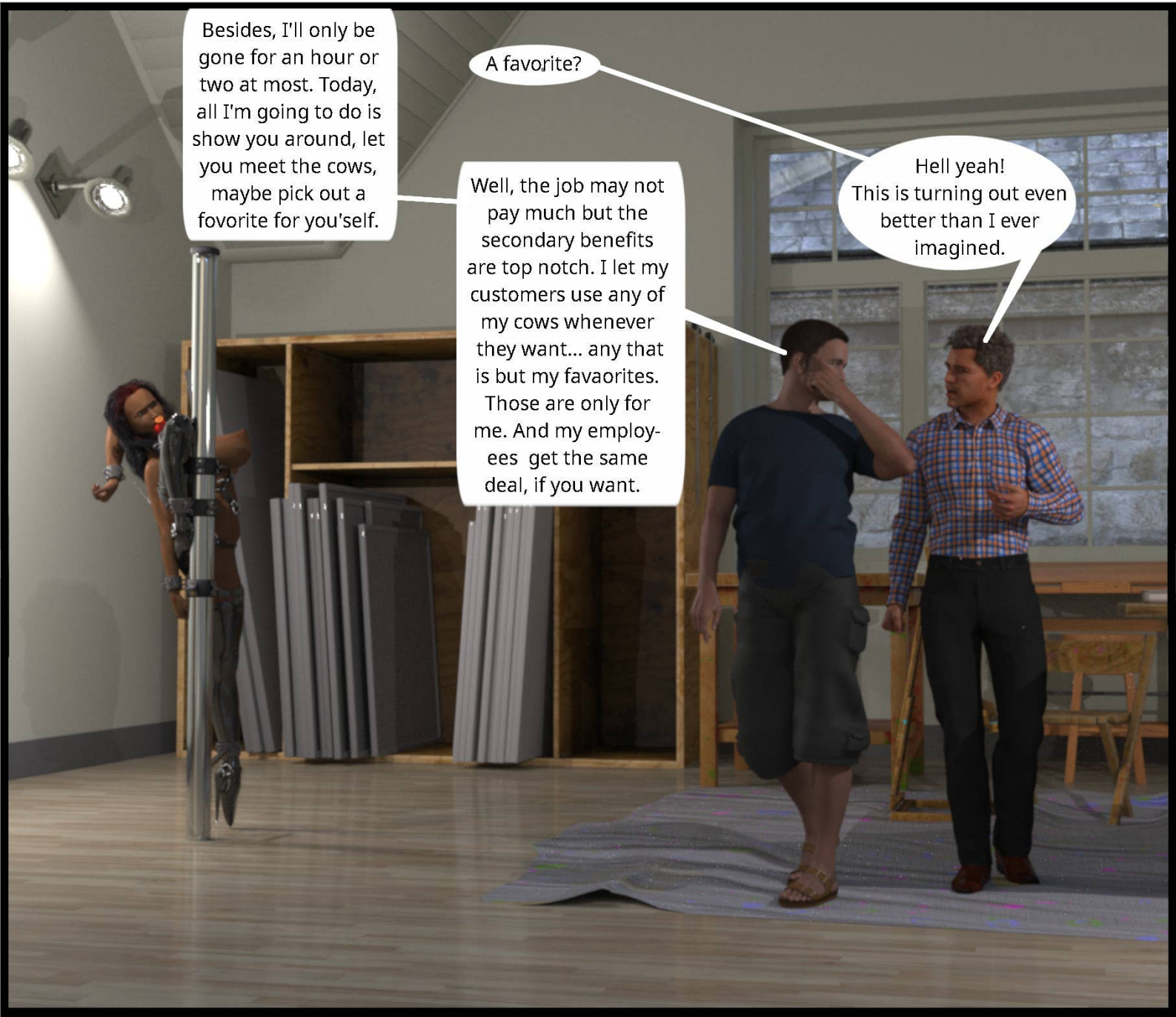






Don't worry about her, son. She's a fucking cow. Standing around in an uncomfortable position is like 90 percent of her job description.

What about her? Aren't you going to...



Besides, I'll only be gone for an hour or two at most. Today, all I'm going to do is show you around, let you meet the cows, maybe pick out a favorite for you'self.

A favorite?

Well, the job may not pay much but the secondary benefits are top notch. I let my customers use any of my cows whenever they want... any that is but my favaorites. Those are only for me. And my employe-es get the same deal, if you want.

Hell yeah! This is turning out even better than I ever imagined.

So, at the risk of endangering my own job, why not just have one of your cows help you out until you're busy enough to hire someone full time.

I'm glad to see that you think like a normal human being, son, but unfortunately, the humilk industry is regulated by the Federal Government. Which means we have to obey laws that are arbitrary and stupid. The PTBs will let me torture my cows all I want. But I can't expect them to help milk themselves! No, that would be inhumane and highly illegal.

PTBs?

Powers That Be, son. I use it as a general reference for any of the idiots over at the SPO, which stands for Slave Protection Organization.

They's just a bunch of corrupt suits running around trying to justify their own jobs. You see when you're stealing Trillions of dollars to pay for your two-days a week job, you have to at least look like you're doing something. So, I can put my cows in neck holders all day and night, but I can't put a rope around their neck, 'cause that might imply I intended to hang them.

I'm telling you son, we thought we'd gotten rid of all the political greed and corruption after the slavery revolution enslaved all the big government tyrants. But here we are a few hundred years later and I'd swear it's the same thing all over again. They're like zombies, they just keep comin'.

The way I see it, the real reason they don't let the cows help their owners is because they're afraid it might complicate things... give a slave an avenue for rising up above their station. It's not about helping them at all. It's about showing both the cows and their owners who's really the boss. They have all the power and we have none.

No offense, but that seems like an odd thought, coming from a man who owns a few dozen cows.

Yeah well, I've learned to work the system. There's always a loop-hole, put there usually for their wealthy donors, and I've learned how to use them. Even so, BMD would be three times larger already, if it weren't for their interference.

Wow! This is so fucking awesome! I can't believe there's really a market for human milk.

Do you mean... you kill these girls?

Anyway, this is the milkroom. It's where you'll be doing most of your work.

There's a surprisingly large market, son. And milk isn't the only thing some people farm. People will pay a lot for human flesh too.

Hell no, son!

First of all, I don't eat no human flesh; and I don't believe in farming anything I won't eat myself.

But some people do?

You can thank the newly revised slave laws for that, son. But don't think they go killing these girls. That's still not legal... not yet, anyway. But with the advances in rejuvenating machines they don't need to. They just cut off a leg, arm, tongue...and in a few weeks they can grow it back, good as new.

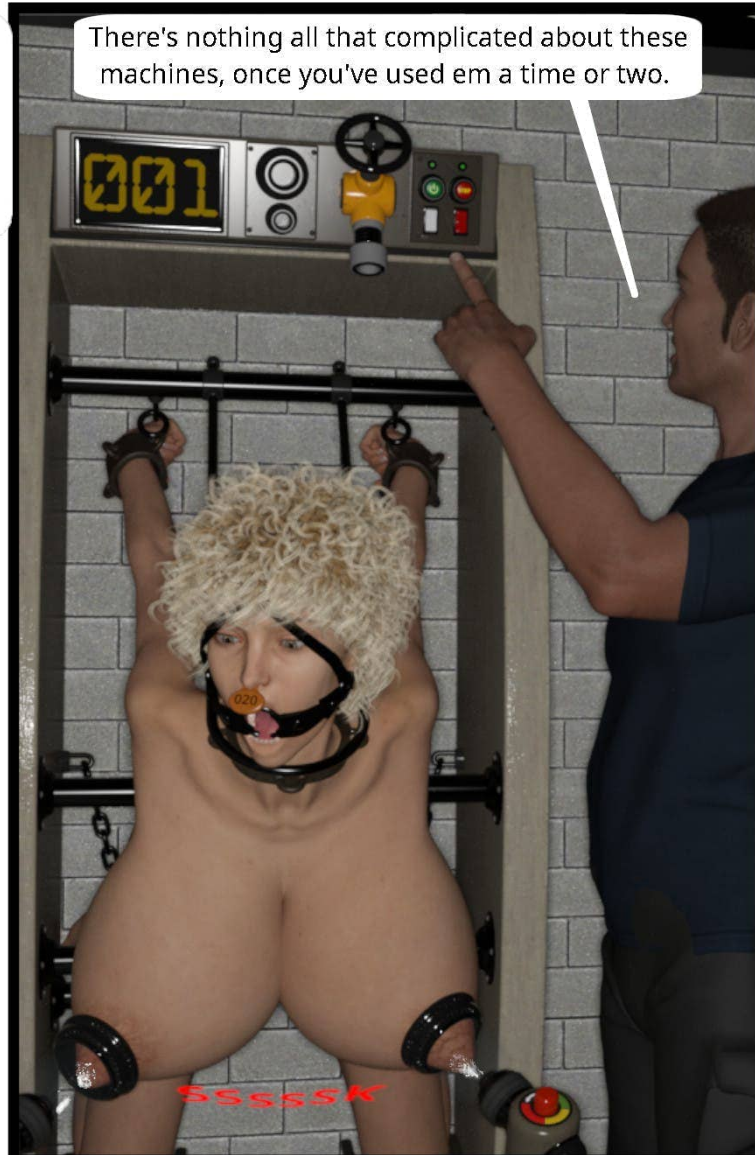
So you don't eat their meat.. but you drink their milk?

Humilk is the milk nature intended! That's why God put it in your mother's tits.

I know it may sound kinda funky, but there are many who think like I do. You should try some before you knock it, especially if you're going to work here. I produce a full line of Silky Milk products. Cheeses, sour cream, yogurt, cottage cheese... My favorite is called Wet and Creamy, which sounds kind of erotic, don't you think?

Tomorrow, If you show up for work, I'll begin to show you how these milkers and some of the other machines work. For today, I think it will be enough to show you my hef-fers and let you pick out a favorite for yourself. There's 37 cows, 16 are clones, I have about five favorites and the customers have about five... which leaves about 11 for you to choose from.

There's nothing all that complicated about these machines, once you've used em a time or two.



I'm constantly developing new products. Our clients are gourmet connoisseurs who expect only the best, so everything we produce has to be top notch... all the time. But the real secret is that I sub-out all the raw processing aspects. I send them the necessary components and they mix it to my formulas and specifications, but I don't actually process anything. That may change eventually but not for a few years at least.

I've been thinking about moving my whole operation to a true working farm. Maybe get me some ponygirls to pull my plows. The whole bit.

Transferring all my inventory, however, would be a bit of a nightmare. I'd have to work from both locations for a while, while I carted everything to the new place, so it's not a plan for soon... But eventually, once I have a full-time worker or two who I can count on to do the work right.



Damn... I wouldn't mind being around for that. It would be a lot of work, but Ponygirls sound fun.



Yeah, strictly in terms of which fetish I like best, I'm actually into huponys more than I am hucows, but first and foremost, even though I'm retired and have enough money to not have to play it safe all the time, I'm still a businessman. And the government isn't paying anyone to farm huponies; but they are on this big push to get humilk into wider production.

Sounds like a paradox, doesn't it? But trust me, son, the government doesn't give you anything for free. Someone always has to pay. In my case, they give me 1 apple and take two, same as most everyone else. If they weren't giving me an apple they'd still be taking two, so I figure I might as well take what they'll give me. But the only way to farm humilk is to join the HFO, which is just another tax too, since they donate to the suits for concessions.

You're getting money from the government? I thought you said you'd be bigger if they weren't involved.



It's all a game, son. I figure, you either play the game or the game plays you. And I for one would rather not be played by those elitist bastards running things.

Better to become one of the elitists yourself, I suppose.

I'm doing alright for my-self but I'm far from an elitist, son. Still, I see it like this. Would you rather be one of these Hucows? Or would you rather be the one playing with them?

No need to convince me

Exactly. I'd rather be a player too. It's human nature, son.

Now, this little beauty is my newest aquisition. Yesterdays, I injected her first round of moo-juice (that's what activates the mammillary glands). It takes about 48 hours for the chemicals to start producing good milk. The teets begin to swell in just a few hour, but it's not good milk. It's chemicals and nanobots building other nanobots and such. They transform her from the inside, then around 48 hours you milk her and throw it away, so you get a clean start, with good milk.

Never drink the Genesis Milk unless you're thinking to transition, because the nanobots could still be active. They'll grow teets on just about any living mammal; and even some things that aren't.



Now, Elsie here is ready for her first milking. I got a special machine for their first time, so we don't have to give it a deep clean after each use.



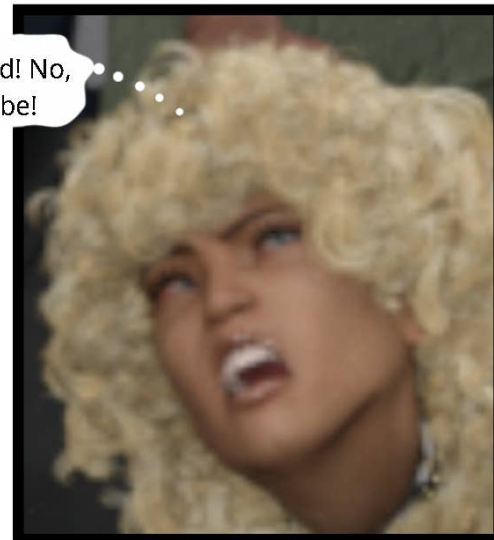
Hot damn! And I thought some of the other girls were fine.

Elsie here has been a bit of a trouble-maker. Quiet as could be when she first arrived, but sometimes they drug the new slaves during transit to keep them docile. Since then, she's had a bit more trouble keeping her mouth shut. I like to deal with the trouble-makers myself, but if you like her and you promise not to go easy on her, you can choose her as your favorite.




Oh my God! No, it can't be!

Oh yeah! I think she'll work just fine.



Holy shit! I know this girl! We used to go to the same high school. She was like the most popular girl in the whole school... a cheerleader; homecoming queen. Geez, I think she was even voted the most likely to marry a millionaire in the school yearbook. Like everyone I had a big crush on her.





And now she's one of the cows you'll be responsible for taking care of every day. That is... assuming you want the job. I mean I've been assuming, but I suppose it's time to make sure you're still all in.

Oh, hell yeah! I definitely want the job... Julie Mays! I can't believe it. If my old school buddies could see me now, they'd flip out.

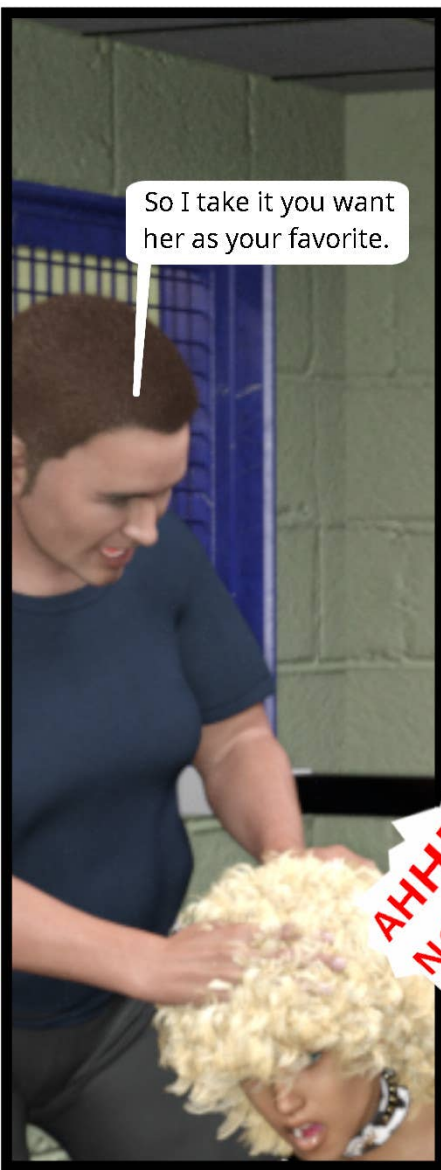
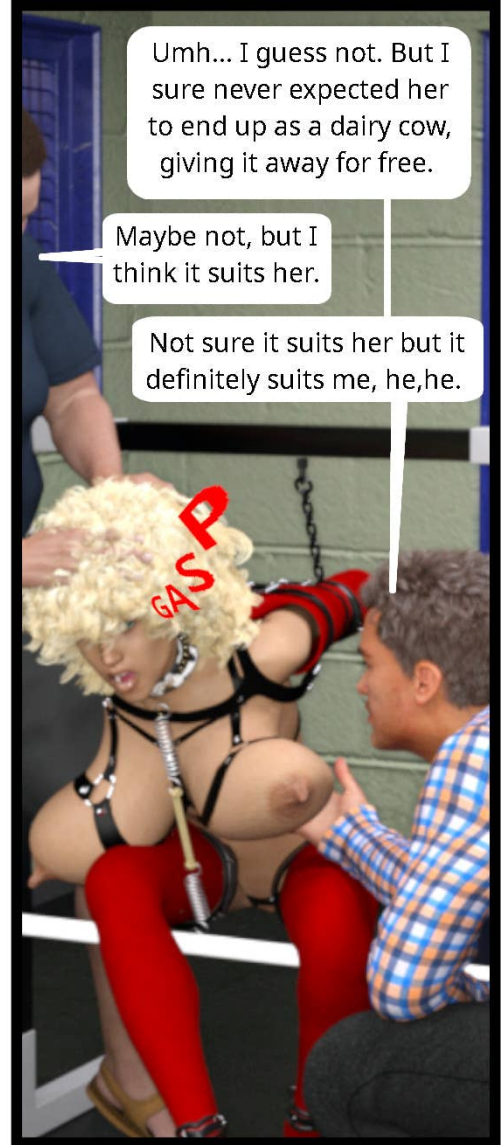
I'm sure they would, but do me a favor... don't use her human-name. Her cow-name is Elsie. Actually, it's a code violation to use her old name, but even if it weren't, I wouldn't want you using it for her. Using her cow-name makes it easier for her to accept her new role in life. Using their old name just confuses a cow, makes them hope that there might be some way to escape their new life.

I treat my cows according to how they act. I'm not sure Elsie qualifies as a good girl yet. She's been temperamental, which is why she's squatting on this bar. So you can use her, but don't be too gentle. I'm still training her. She's not a bad cocksucker, however.

Sure thing, Boss!

Really? When we were in school she had a reputation as a bit of a cockteaser. Guess she's had some practice since then.







That's it, Elsie. Good Job. Just relax your throat a little more and let it slide in. I'm going to teach you how to take it. Don't forget to give me those happy eyes, if you don't want more demerits. Convince me that you really want it!

UMMM...  
MMMPPH!

MMMPPH!

AHGHK!