Elliot Silvestri



A Cow's Tale

Green Rush Publishing

Elliot Silvestri



A Cow's Tale

Green Rush Publishing

A Cow's Tale

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright ©2015 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you’re the type of person to read copyright notices, why don’t you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing’s eBooks please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Chapter One

“THIS seems just a little insane,” Brenda said.

“What part of it?” The man who liked to be called Farmer John grinned back at her.

Brenda waved her arms around indicating the building and land around them. “This. Everything. All of it. The situation.”

John laughed politely. “I’ve found a niche that works and…well, there’s no reason for me to question it.”

The farm they were on was small, almost too small, to be profitable or even to exist squeezed between industrial development on one side and ever-expanding suburbs on the other. It had been a large dairy farm at one point, but over the years the owner had sold of small parcels of land eventually shrinking it down to little more than a few acres with a traditional farmhouse in one corner and two small red barns on the opposite side of the acreage that served as a pasture. They were walking from one of the barns back across the pasture where they were observed by a pair of cows placidly chewing their cud.

“You still have actual dairy cows here?”

John chuckled again. He was significantly older than Brenda, maybe twice her twenty-five years. “Yes. I like to make it seem like I’m running an actual farm here, even if it is more or a hobby at this point.”

“Except for the actual cows that keep you in business,” Brenda pointed out.

“Yup,” he agreed. “Cows like you keep me in business.”

She shivered with fear and excitement at being called a cow. In middle school it had been an insult, just another way of calling a girl fat. Brenda hadn’t been fat by any means while a teenager, but she had been tall and athletic, so the epithet had been tossed her way more than once especially when she started developing

breasts that had seemed too large for her thin frame. Eventually she grew into her chest and became perfectly proportional, though the barbs of seventh grade still stung. Now, however, it meant something completely different and she was willingly walking into the label.

Barbara stopped walking. John continued on for two steps before stopping and turning around to look at her. “Do you really call them that?” she asked. “Cows?”

Once again John let out his friendly chuckle. She had a good idea how old he was, but he looked and acted younger. Maybe not as young as she was, but close enough. The way he wore his jeans and flannel shirt made him seem very youthful. “Actually, no. I call them ladies. They call themselves cows, at least among each other. I think it’s one of those instances of taking an insult and turning it into a proud label.”

“Oh, like geek or nerd or fag?”

“Yeah, like that.” He nodded toward the farmhouse. “Would you like to meet some of the ladies?”

To her it seemed too early in this whole process to actually meet a woman who wanted to be a cow, but John seemed to think it was a good idea, so Brenda went along with it. “Sure. Are they in the house?” she asked, confused. A glance back at the barn they hadn’t visited seemed to call to her. She figured that would be where the real business of the farm took place. The first barn he had shown her was set up to milk the actual four-legged cows that wandered around the pasture.

“Of course. You think I have them milk in the barn?”

“Um…yes?” She laughed at her own silliness.

“I’ve converted a room in the house for the ladies. It’s very comfortable. It’s also easier to get to the house rather than having to walk across the pasture to get to the barn.”

Brenda looked around and realized what he meant. There was a long driveway up to the white farmhouse where several sedans were parked. The pasture was ringed by a fence with the two barns inside the fencing. Just outside the fence they were surrounded by trees, a thin line of trees around the farm separated it

from suburbia, just thick enough, however, to keep the farm in its own little world.

“They’re in there right now?” she asked nervously. “Won’t they be upset at us interrupting them?”

John shook his head and smiled. “Nope. They’re used to it. You’ll get used to it too. You don’t have any body image problems, do you?”

A firm shake of her head told him no. “Never. Well, maybe growing up, but I’m not that hung up on what I look like.” Then she nervously tossed back her long honey-brown hair. “Except my hair. My one bit of vanity.”

“Good, good,” he murmured. “I’ve got a good feeling about you. You’re the youngest woman I’ve ever had apply but I’m sure you’ll be a good cow.” He looked pointedly at her chest. While Brenda wasn’t ashamed of her bustline, it felt weird having him eye her so explicitly. She stifled the urge to cross her arms over her tits.

“I’m not sure I’ll actually do it or not,” she confessed to him, truly nervous now. Things seemed to be moving too fast.

“You’ll do it,” he nodded and started walking again. Brenda quickly caught up to him.

“I mean,” she continued, “I can’t imagine my tits actually making milk.”

“Udders,” John gently corrected her. “Cows have udders. And that’s why you have them. To make milk. And I thought that’s why you replied to my ad, because you wanted your udders to make milk.”

Once more Brenda shivered at the idea, what she was proposing to do to herself. This was a much more radical body transformation than what her friends had done with tattoos and body piercings. “Well, I do. It’s just a big step.”

They arrived at the back porch and John led the way up the steps. “It sure is,” he agreed. “But come inside and talk to the ladies. They’ll wipe away any concerns you have.”

He opened the back door, took two steps through a short hallway, and opened an

interior door to what looked like a living room. There were three women inside the room. Two on the couch and one in a rocking chair. The one in the rocker was knitting while the other two watched a television that was turned up very loud to cover the noise of the three pumps humming away. All three women were in various states of undress above the waist and all three had soft silicon cups attached to their breasts—no, udders, Brenda reminded herself—as they had their milk extracted.

The three women couldn't have been more different in age and appearance except for one fact: they all had enormous tits.

No, Brenda thought again. Udders. They have udders. Just like I'll have soon.

"Brenda," said John. "Please meet Melinda, Margie, and Mickey. The three Ms."

The woman in the rocking chair set aside her knitting and stood up. She was completely topless but her udders were hidden by the pair of cones pressed to her teats. "I'm Margie," she said holding out her hand. The cones had tubes attached to them where the milk was drawn down to a large collection bottle.

"Oh, please don't get up," Brenda blurted out. "You're…attached."

Margie waved aside Brenda's concern. "Don't worry about these things," she said as Brenda tentatively took her hand. "They aren't coming off easily."

Up close the cups and hoses attached to Margie didn't look any less strange, but the odd thing was she was as covered up as she would have been if she was wearing a bikini top on a beach. The semi-opaque plastic that made up the cups and hoses completely obscured her nipples and hid most of her breast as well. In the background the pump continued to chug along, pulling milk from Margie's, and the other women's, udders.

"Does it…hurt?" Brenda found herself saying.

Right away Margie knew what the younger woman was asking. "No, not at all. The first few times I tried it, there was some some…as the doctor's put it… discomfort as I got used to the pump sucking on me, but that doesn't last long."

John politely interrupted their conversation. "I'll let you ladies talk," he said as he touched his fingers to the brim of his baseball cap and stepped out the door,

leaving the four women alone.

The farmer's departure confused Brenda. "Why did he leave?"

Margie rolled her eyes. "He wants us to convince you that becoming a cow for him is the best life choice you can make."

"Oh."

"It honestly didn't take much convincing for me," said the one on the couch John had identified as Melinda. She scooped a remote control off the coffee table in front of her and turned off the television. Her blouse was open and she was wearing a nursing bra, the sort that mothers actually breastfeeding a baby would wear, while the pump collected her milk. The way she was mostly covered and her udders surrounded by circles of material was in was a high contrast to Margie's appearance. "Once I put the pump on my teats, it felt so good that I couldn't stop. John actually had to take the pump away from me."

"I did it just for the money," admitted the third woman. Her blouse was open displaying her large udders as they were pumped, but she didn't wear a bra at all. She wasn't much older than Brenda. "I needed easy money to help me get through college and well…I never stopped, did I?" She grinned guiltily.

"Is the money good?" Brenda asked.

"It's some extra spending money if you need it," Margie told her, "but you'll never make a career of this. There's no way for a cow to live off just her udders. If she's a stripper, maybe. But not as a cow."

"Don't do it for the money," Mickey told her. "It's a nice little bonus, but you have to want to do this because you enjoy it." She paused. "What's your motivation?"

"I…I don't know," Brenda said.

Margie shook her head. "Uh-uh. We need a real reason or we won't let you into our little club." She sat back down and waited expectantly. The sound of the pump working filled the air with background noise. Only Brenda was on her feet; she felt like a guilty schoolgirl called before a disciplinary committee. She could see the suctions cups gentle pulsing on the three women's udders, shaking

slightly with each pull. They all looked completely calm, serene.

“I…I…I’m curious,” she admitted. “The idea of my breasts…my udders making milk…well, it turns me on.”

“It’s a sexual fetish for you?” Melinda asked.

“Maybe,” Brenda said. “I guess that’s the way to put it.”

“There’s a definite sexual component to having your udders used this way,” said Margie. “Take a baby out of the equation, take even the nourishment of a partner as the motivation away, and what do you have left? Sexual pleasure.”

“Is that…wrong?” Brenda asked.

Melinda shook her head. “It couldn’t be more right. Would you like to try the pump?”

“I…I don’t think I should without John’s approval.”

Margie laughed at her. “We’re the ones who do the approval.”

As they spoke Mickey detached her cups from her udders and moved to the other side of the room where she pulled a set of cups and hoses from a shelf where others were stored. She didn’t bother to close her shirt. Brenda couldn’t look away from her exposed flesh. Her udders were huge, much larger than Brenda’s, and they were topped with teats that were thick, long and red. Surely, Brenda thought, there was no way that was natural. It made her wonder if her much smaller tits would ever grow to match the other women’s …the other cows.

“I think we can give you a trial run,” Margie said as Mickey hooked the hoses up to the pump. “We want to see how you respond to the pump first. Take off your shirt.”

The two cows wearing shirts were ones that buttoned up the front. Margie was topless. Brenda wished she had thought ahead and hadn’t worn a pullover shirt. It was too late for second thoughts now. She pulled her shirt over her head exposing her rather plain and utilitarian bra. The group waited expectantly. In one smooth movement Brenda lifted her bra up over her head as well.

“Very nice,” Margie murmured as Mickey handed the suction cups to Brenda. “Hold these against your tits.”

“I thought you liked to call them udders,” asked Brenda.

“They’re tits until you’re a real cow,” she was informed. “Here’s the suction adjustment.” Mickey turned on the suction and abruptly Brenda found her nipples pulled forward into the cups. It wasn’t painful, just unexpected. She gasped at the sensation. It was different enough from a mouth, like from a lover, but it wasn’t at all unpleasant.

Looking down she saw her nipple pulled all the way forward, further than she could have imagined, into the cups. There was no milk, of course. She wasn’t a cow. Not yet. But the way her nipples distorted was mind-blowing. Without warning the suction abated and her nipples retracted. There was a pause for a second before the pump kicked on again and her nipples were drawn forward.

“Feels good?” Melinda asked.

“Umm…yeah. It’s not painful.”

“Then it’s not turned up high enough,” she said. “You need to have it just to the point of pain for it to really work.”

“You use a pump long enough, a month or two,” added Margie, “and you’ll start lactating on your own. But we’ll give you a dose of Farmer John’s special hormones to jump start you.”

“Okay,” breathed Brenda. Her head was spinning slightly. The new experience was exciting and exhilarating. Mickey dialed up the power on Brenda’s pump and she gasped as the pump pulled fiercely on her tender flesh.

“Wow,” she said as she stumbled a bit.

“Here, let me help you,” Mickey said, guiding her down to the couch. “Losing your balance?”

“Yeah, I didn’t expect that.”

“It doesn’t happen when you do this every day. You’ll get used to it.”

“I’m not sure if I want to get used to it. I like the way it feels,” Brenda admitted. What she didn’t tell Mickey was what she was feeling in her loins. There was no denying that her panties were getting wet and sloppy. She was almost embarrassed. Almost.

“That’s good,” Margie told her. “You’ll do well.” The three cows were watching Brenda intently, something she didn’t immediately notice because she was too enthralled with how her tits were being used by the pump. When she looked up she discovered them studying her. “What?” she asked nervously.

“Enjoying it?” Margie asked.

“Yeah.”

“Do you always watch?”

“It’s exciting to see a new girl start down the path to being a cow.” She paused and licked her lips. “Are you turned on?”

“Uh-huh,” Brenda admitted.

“It happens. Would you like to play with your pussy?”

There was nothing more in the world that Brenda wanted at the moment, but couldn’t admit that. And she knew she couldn’t jill off in front of three near-strangers. She didn’t say anything.

Margie nodded and reached for the button of Brenda’s jeans. “Here, let me help.” Brenda was, unnecessarily, holding the suction cups to her tits and didn’t dare pull her hands away. Apparently it wasn’t the first time Margie had done this and easily opened up Brenda’s jeans to tug them down along with her panties. Brenda found she didn’t mind being so naked and exposed.

“Go ahead,” Margie encouraged her. “You can let go of the cups. They’ll say on.”

Sliding down the couch a bit, Brenda’s jeans were pulled all the way off by Margie. She followed the older woman’s advice and let go of the suction cups. They stayed attached so she put her right hand down to her pussy, seeking out her clit at was already slippery with her juices, while her left and grabbed her

thigh and lifted it up, holding her in place on the edge of the couch while opening up her pussy.

While she masturbated the pump never stopped working on her tits. From Brenda's perspective, it felt like she had two lovers sucking on her nipples while her hands were busy with her pussy. The three cows watched closely as their new recruit quickly found herself building up to an orgasm that was announced with a triumphant cry as Brenda scissored her legs shut around her hands holding her pussy.

The faint sound of applause roused Brenda as she recovered from her orgasm. At first she wasn't sure if the other woman was mocking her or praising her. "That was amazing," she exclaimed. "You came in, like, less than two minutes. When I try to get myself off it usually takes an hour…and that's with a vibrator." The other women laughed.

"Are you feeling better?" Margie asked. Brenda nodded and suddenly felt self-conscious. She was completely naked and had given in to the basest of her needs in front of them, but the cows weren't upset at all. As for herself, she felt elated. The orgasm and the pumping must have released some natural high in her brain. It was like she was a new woman. Or cow. Maybe she had already transformed herself into the cow she desired to be. "Good. Why don't you get dressed and we'll call in John and give him our approval."

Wiping her right hand on her thigh to remove most of her juices, Brenda struggled to stand up. Margie gave her a hand and commented on the moisture still clinging to her fingers. "You get very wet."

"Only when I'm really excited," Brenda told her as she pulled up her panties and jeans. She couldn't believe she was revealing that information to other people. The cups were still clinging in place. Brenda didn't want to remove them yet, if it was possible.

"That's actually a good thing," said Margie. "A woman who gets wet so easily is produces more milk. It's sweeter too."

"How do you know that?" Brenda asked.

Melinda winked at her. "We have out ways. Why don't you put your shirt back on and we'll tell John you're in the club?"

Brenda was a little sad to take the suction cups off her tits, but at this point they weren't doing any good, it was just stimulation in search of a need. After the pump was switched off it was easy enough to release the suction and pull the padded rubber rings from her breasts. Once the cups were off she was surprised at how distorted her nipples were. They were stretched out and enlarged much more than she thought they would be; and they were a darker shade than she remembered, more reddish than her proper dark pink. Finding a bit of confidence in the new direction of her life she eschewed putting her bra back on and simply pulled her shirt back over her head. Once she was done dressing the other women brought John back in and the final bargain was struck.

Chapter Two

THE hardest part was the residency requirement. Farmer John wanted her to stay on his farm for an uninterrupted period of thirty days.

“That’s a lot of time,” she complained.

“I’ve found that it’s the best way to get a cow’s milk to come in. We provide everything for you, of course. It’s necessary because we’ll be milking you six to eight times a day to get you going.”

“Six to eight?” Brenda was stunned.

“Depending on how quickly your udders grow and the amount of milk you start giving.”

“I’m not sure if I can—”

“Sure you can,” he encouraged her. “You won’t be a prisoner here. You’ll be able to leave. We just want you here as much as possible because it’s so easy to slip out of the habit of milking.” He smiled thinly and the skin at the corners of his eyes crinkled just a tiny bit giving evidence of his age and his wisdom on this particular matter. “Is there some specific family or work obligation that you need to attend to?”

Brenda found that she was shaking her head. “No. I suppose I should be honest and tell you that I’m between jobs right now.”

He nodded. “The modern economy. We can help you a bit with that.”

“Thanks.” Eventually she signed the agreement. It was set up like a contract, but John called it an agreement. It was to start the next day. Brenda’s hand shook as she signed her name to the bottom but she wasn’t sure if it was because she was excited by her new job or because she was scared of it.

It was the next day that she arrived at the farm with a bag of clothes and little else. When she knocked on the front door of the farmhouse Margie answered it

while wearing a bathrobe. It was nine o'clock and so her lack of dress confused Brenda…not to mention the fact that she was in the farmhouse in such a state of undress.

"Good morning," Margie greeted her. "Please come in."

"Oh, did I interrupt you from something?" Brenda asked as she followed the other woman into the house.

"No. Why?"

"Your bathrobe."

"Oh, yes. I just got up. I don't generally start work in the office until late in the morning. I have to haul myself out of bed for my six a.m. nursing."

Brenda looked at her blankly.

"Oh," Margie said with a sudden stroke of realization. "You didn't know that I'm married to John."

A blush of embarrassment spread across Brenda's face. "No, I didn't. Okay, I'm an idiot. I'm sorry."

"Don't be. It's not a secret," she said. "I don't keep it from anyone. We just tend not to advertise it either." Setting aside the moment of discomfort, Margie changed the subject. "Let's go back to the kitchen. I'm certain that John has set up and is read for you." She led the way through the house. It was a typical four-square American farm house design with a huge central hall and extra-wide staircase to the second floor. The kitchen was in the back of the house where, as Margie had predicted, John was sitting with a small stack of papers while eating breakfast. He looked up from his papers, smiled, and offered her breakfast.

"No thanks, I ate before I left my place this morning."

He squinted at her. "A proper breakfast? Not just a sip of coffee and some toast?"

"Yes. Why?"

He indicated a small pill bottle on the table next to an empty plate and small glass. “You need to take your first dose of the drug that will help you induce. We don’t use just mechanical suction to get you going. What did you eat?”

“A bagel with cream cheese, some orange juice, and coffee.”

“We’ll wean you off the coffee,” he said as he opened the pill bottle and shook out one pill for her. It was huge, easily twice the size of any pill she had ever swallowed in her life. After passing her the pill he went to the refrigerator and removed a quart-sized glass milk bottle decorated with a grinning cartoon cow. The bottle that was nearly full. Pouring himself, Margie, and Brenda a glass, he sat back down at the table.

“Cheers,” he said raising his glass with the tone that she was expected to follow suit because Margie already had.

“I’m nervous,” she said abruptly.

“Of course you are, dear,” Margie agreed. “But you’ve made your decision and once you take the first step the following ones are much easier. Take your pill and drink your milk, it’s fresh from this morning.”

Brenda nodded and picked up the glass with one slightly trembling hand, the pill already in her other. When she looked at the milk she noticed it didn’t exactly match in color the 2% she was used to. Realization hit her. “You mean…”

“It’s Margie’s,” John confirmed for her. “It’s been chilling for almost three hours. I like it cold or fresh and warm.” He took a swallow of Margie’s chilled breast milk.

“I didn’t think…” was all Brenda could say.

“You don’t need to think, girl,” Margie said after taking a sip of her own milk and running her tongue over her lips. “Just drink and enjoy. Put the pill in your mouth and swallow.”

The other two had already done it—and Margie was drinking her own milk!—so Brenda felt she didn’t have any real means of objection. She placed the pill on the tongue and took a large swallow of the milk.

It was incredibly sweet, so much so that at first she was certain they had simply taken bovine milk and added too much sugar to it, but the texture was different as well. Thinner but it clung to her tongue and refused to give up the sweet taste. The milk easily pushed the pill down her throat. Brenda had never had trouble with swallowing.

Once the pill was down, John and Margie relaxed visibly but Brenda didn't seem to notice the change in their demeanor. "Would you like something to eat while I finish breakfast?" John asked.

Before Brenda could answer, Margie slipped a plate of buttered toast in front of her along with a full glass of juice and a glass of water. "You want to keep your strength up," she said. "And you don't want to get dehydrated, trust me."

Brenda nodded and went along with their instructions, eating slowly and carefully. Her head slowly started to spin even as she felt more relaxed. She had been certain she would feel nervous about the whole operation until she became accustomed to the routine, but even as she was facing the moment of truth she didn't expect her head to feel so fuzzy.

"I think it's starting to work for her," Margie declared as Brenda finished the toast. Somewhere along the line John's wife had disappeared while wearing her robe and returned in jeans and comfortable boots, but was topless, her large udders on display hanging halfway to her navel, not that there was anyone around to see but John and Brenda.

"You don't have a shirt on," Benda commented with a smile.

"I usually go topless," she said. "It's easier when you have to nurse so many times a day." John nodded at her and Margie continued. "Why don't you take off your clothes," she suggested. "It's a little warm and it'll be easier for you start the stimulation process with the milker if we don't need to mess with your clothes."

"Okay," Brenda happily agreed. Margie was right. It was warm in the kitchen. And she didn't mind being naked.

It was easiest to strip standing up and she did so with the married couple watching from the table. As she pulled off each piece of clothing she dropped them haphazardly to the floor, not caring where they landed. First she kicked off

her old sneakers and yanked off her socks, stumbling a bit and losing her balance as she did so. From there it was easier. Today she had worn a button-up shirt, but her fingers fumbled a bit with the buttons before she was able to remove it. Underneath she didn't wear a bra but a soft cotton camisole, just a little something to provide a bit of support, modesty, and comfort. Margie and John smiled when her breasts came into view.

"Those little things will grow into proud udders before you know it," John told her.

Brenda smiled back with confidence. "Thank you," she said and then lowered her zipper and wiggled out of her jeans, kicking them aside. The kitchen had a stone floor and was a bit cold on her feet, but she still felt warm and her panties suddenly felt confining even if they were just her plain white cotton bikinis that were designed entirely for comfort. She pulled these down and dropped them on top of her jeans.

"Isn't that much better?" asked John.

"Oh, yes," Brenda agreed and looked down at her naked body. It struck her that her small nipples were erect and protruding, but that seemed natural.

"It's my time to pump," Margie said, getting up from the table and giving her husband a kiss on the forehead. "I'll see you two later."

"Shouldn't I…" Brenda temporarily lost her train of thought. "Shouldn't I go pump with you?" she asked. She knew she was supposed to be doing something else other than standing naked in the middle of the nice couple's kitchen.

"Not today, girl," Margie said, patting her on the arm as she walked by. "John will take you out to the barn to do your pumping there today."

"Okay," Brenda agreed brightly.

"But first," Margie said taking a quick detour to the cabinet that lined one side of the kitchen. She opened a drawer and pulled out a small canvas bag. "Let me put this on you before you go. You don't want to be completely naked, do you?"

Brenda nodded her head in agreement, and upon seeing that Margie was holding some sort of necklace, her eyes brightened and she turned around while lifting

up her long honey-brown hair. It was nice to get new jewelry. Margie speedily and expertly fastened the necklace into place. It wasn't metal, it was soft leather and Margie slipped the special closure into place so that Brenda could just feel it around her throat, but it didn't interfere with breathing or eating. Her fingers went to the collar and she felt the soft leather and cool metal buckles and ring.

"One more quick thing," murmured Margie as she pulled back Nancy's hair into a soft ponytail, keeping it out of her face but allowing the length to remain as a decorative piece.

"I'll leave you two alone now," Margie said as she handed the bag over to John. It still held other contents. "You be a good girl, Brenda."

"I will," the eager young woman agreed. She didn't know why she said the words so quickly, but it seemed the right thing to do.

"Put the lead on her," Margie said quietly to her husband. "Let's get her well-trained from the start."

"I know what I'm doing, woman," he told her giving her a quick slap to her buttocks as she left the kitchen, a knowing grin on her face. "Let's put these on as well. They'll keep you safe," John said to Brenda as she tried to catch her translucent visage in the reflection of the kitchen window. She easily went along with his plan of buckling leather cuffs around her wrists and ankles. To her eyes they looked like the sort of ornamentation a goth or emo girl would wear while out clubbing, but she didn't want to argue with John. "And one more around you waist, just in case," he said as he buckled the thick leather belt around her belly. For a moment she felt silly, but then realized this was what she was supposed to be doing.

"Put your hands behind your back," he told her. "We don't want you to get hurt and this is for your own protection."

"Okay," she agreed. When she crossed her hands behind her back John linked the cuffs together so she couldn't pull them back.

"Too tight?" he asked when she struggled with the cuffs a bit. They were unlike jewelry because they served a practical purpose and had a great emotional and mental signifier as well.

“No, but I can’t move my hands back,” she complained.

“It’s supposed to be that way,” he told her. “To keep you safe, remember?”

“Oh, right.” She smiled at him. “Thank you.”

“And the final piece,” he said while attaching a six foot long stitched reinforced nylon leash to her collar. It should have been humiliating, wearing a collar and a leash, but Brenda took it in stride. This was what she wanted, she told herself. This was something she had sought out on her own, decided it sounded good to her, and willingly went along with the plan that encompassed both restrictions and benefits. “I’m going to lead you at the barn, okay?”

“Okay.” Now that all the preparations were done, Brenda felt eager for the next part of her training to begin. She wanted her breasts to grow into udders and start lactating.

John led her out of the house’s back entrance and they started across the pasture where a few of the four-legged cows watched them sedately. It was still early enough in the morning for dew to be on the long grass and it quickly made Brenda’s lower legs and feet wet, but she didn’t mind. It felt natural to be led by John across the pasture to the barn, her naked but for her collar and cuffs, him in his flannel shirt, jeans, and boots. She got the impression that flannel shirt, jeans, and boots was all he ever wore. The morning sun felt good on her skin and she smelled the clean air.

He gave her a little tug when she started to go off-course. “This way,” he instructed.

“I thought we were going to the barn,” she said, looking at the place where they had visited the previous day.

“That’s for the four-legged ones,” he said. “You’re going to the training barn.”

“Okay,” she happily agreed.

They stopped a few steps away from their destination. “Everyone has the right to know what’s happening to them, so I’m going to tell you just so you know, okay?”

“Okay,” Brenda brightly agreed.

“You know we drugged you back in the house, right?”

“Yup,” she sounded a little drunk to her ears. It was definitely the drugs.

“The pill was to make you happier and to get your milk flowing. Happy cows give sweeter milk. It also takes away a lot of the anxiety some women have about becoming cows. Everything you do from here on out is perfectly natural, don’t fight it. The drugs don’t make you do anything you don’t want; they just bring out your natural desires and repress your natural inclination to avoid changes in your body, okay.”

“Uh-huh.” Brenda got the idea something was going over her head, but she didn’t care. For the moment, everything seemed perfectly wonderful.

When they arrived at the second barn and John shoved open the large sliding door, what she saw surprised and thrilled her. Brenda wasn’t sure if she should have been excited or scared. Apparently she wasn’t the only cow in training. The barn contained what seemed to be a dozen other cows wearing cuffs and collars just like hers, except they were chained to individual stalls in the barn.

Each of the stalls was filled with a soft, padded mattress along with whatever individual equipment each hucow needed. Most of them were lounging on their side, looking toward the open door. The first thing Brenda noticed was each cow was wonderfully rounded, all curves and softness. They were fleshier than the average human woman and more beautiful as a result. In addition to their cuffs, collars, and belts, and a few had large slings around their chests to hold their massive udders.

This is what surprised Brenda the most. She knew that agreeing to be a hucow her tits would grow, but she didn’t realize the extent. She had seen pictures of strippers and porn stars with fake tits that were as big as basketballs. Some of these cows had udders that were larger still, massive swells of flesh that necessitated the slings around their bodies so they could move around.

“Come along, Brenda,” John said, encouraging her along with a gentle tug on her lead. She stumbled inside the barn and the door slid shut behind them. Inside it was lit by overhead lights and the sound of a fan running brought in fresh air. Over the fan she heard the unmistakable noise of a strong mechanical pump

running. As they walked down the center line of the barn, Brenda glanced at each stall, looking at each cow. None of them spoke to her, but they followed her with their eyes. They looked happy, content, and interested in the newcomer. A few of the stalls were empty and Brenda soon found out why.

At the front of the barn there was a man Brenda hadn't previously seen milking two cows. They were bent over strange devices made of black metal pipes covered with padding. They were really nothing more than a vertical frame with a large base; about three feet off the floor the frame had a horizontal support projecting outward. The cow was made to put her body through the vertical frame while bending forward so her upper body was on the horizontal support. The support was an open rectangle through which the cows' udders hung. Their arms were bound behind their backs and their ankles were secured to the heavy frame by locks to their ankle cuffs.

The cows' udders nearly hung to the floor. The man was in the process of hooking up a pair of suction cups to one of the cows udders. These cups, in actuality wide collection tubes, slipped over the hucows teats and part of the udder and once a switch was activated, it started drawing milk from the cow's udders. Brenda was allowed to watch this process once so she would know what was going to happen to her. At first she was shocked, but when she safe the look of elation on the hucow's face once her milk started to be sucked out, Brenda realized these women, these cows, were doing this willingly and happily.

"Morning, Ted," John said to the man. "How's it going?"

"Just two more to go after these girls," he replied while looking at Brenda. She wasn't the least bit ashamed of her nudity. She smiled at Ted, happy to have him inspect her body. "Is this the new recruit?"

"Yup. I'm going to hook her up and get her going."

Ted nodded. He was younger than John but had seen a few years more than Brenda. A shock of wild blonde hair surrounded his head like a halo.

John led Brenda to one of the free milking stands and helped her get into position. It was awkward at first because she didn't know exactly what to do and her hands were still bound behind her back. A quick glance around the barn showed some of the cows had their hands bound as well, but others, the fatter ones with larger udders, didn't. She had to bend her knees a bit to fit into the

stand, but once John adjusted it for her height, it was comfortable to lean forward and let her tits hand through the frame. They didn't reach anywhere near the floor like the other cows.

A pair of locks firmly attached her ankles to the frame and when John stood up to admire his handiwork, Brenda suddenly realized how vulnerable and exposed she was. Her tits were hanging freely and her pussy was open and exposed for all to see—but then again so were the other cows'. Everyone was naked except the men.

"I think I'll use the hook on her this first time," John commented to Ted. "Just to get her used to it."

"Good thinking."

John moved behind her and she sensed he took a few items down from a shelf near the stands. When he pressed a cold liquid against her anus, Brenda jumped and tried to move away, but she was held firmly by the heavy frame. "Hey!" she protested. "I didn't agree to that!"

Brenda didn't have any moral objections to ass play, but this was different. She hadn't given permission, let alone been asked. It felt odd, though, to complain, as if it wasn't a right she had.

"Should have gagged her first," Ted chortled.

"Rookie mistake," John laughed. He moved around to Brenda's front and displayed a large red rubber ball that had a black leather strap running through it. It almost looked like a dog toy. "Do you know what this is?" he asked Brenda.

It was a trick that wasn't really necessary for dealing with a silly cow. When she opened her mouth to answer he quickly shoved it into her mouth, behind her teeth and fastened it behind her head. A short bit of chain attached it to her neck collar, keeping it in place. Brenda quickly discovered she could make noise, but not really talk. The other cows looked sadly at her. Either they had already learned this lesson or had been smarter in the first place.

John went back to her rump, dabbed some more of the cold lubricant on her anus, and then inserted a smooth stainless steel hook up into her body. She fought the entry at first, but then gave in. Fighting would just make it worse and

John was sure to win the battle regardless of how hard she resisted. There wasn't any pain, but it felt odd to have a hunk of metal up her ass. The hook snugged up against her tailbone and followed the curve of her back. John took the chain that was attached to the hole at the top of the hook and linked it to the D-ring at the back of her collar where the gag was attached. He had to tug a bit up raise up Brenda's ass which also forced her head back.

"Good girl," he complimented her once she was in place. "You take to this like you were born for it."

Brenda briefly wondered if that was a good thing, and then settled on the fact that it was because John already had the suction cups in place under her tits. They were much smaller than the ones being used by the cow next to Brenda which made her a little ashamed, but once he had them in place and turned them on, that was forgotten.

Having her tits sucked on by a mechanical pump was wonderful. And Brenda only had to remind herself what her ultimate goal was. She wanted to lactate and the wanted udders like the other cows.

"You going to stim her as well?" Ted asked.

"Of course," John replied. He ran his hand down Brenda's back, over her ass, around the hook in her ass, to rest on her exposed—and wet—pussy. "She's ready to go."

Ted grunted and Brenda heard the particular sound of jeans being unzipped and unbuckled. She knew what was going to happen and she could have made a big deal of it, but in truth she didn't mind at all. John got in close behind her, he probed between her legs with his cock, and then it was up and into her pussy.

Once he was seated inside her, she realized that getting fucked while being milked wasn't bad at all. She barely knew John, but she trusted him, or at least her body did. Moving her head from side to side she saw that everyone in the barn, all the cows and Ted, were watching at John fucked her. They watched out of curiosity, because they had never seen her fucked before, it was the novelty of the moment. Brenda understood that every cow in the barn had undergone this exact same procedure with John and Ted and probably other assistants as well. Even though she was frightened and wanted to do something to resist, she reasoned that it was better and easier to go along with what they wanted. It was

what she wanted as well.

It was strange and wonderful at the same time. When she was younger she never would have let herself get into a spot like this, but now she realized this was exactly the sort of spot she could be in and be very, very happy for the rest of her life.

As John continued to fuck her she experimented with moving her head around. There wasn't much range of motion available, but she was able to spy Ted next to them, he too had lowered his jeans and was at the moment getting his cock sucked by a pretty and pudgy brunette who was subject to either the anal hook or the ball gag. Even without such special restraints the cow didn't have much in the way of options. Like all the cows she wore a soft leather collar which currently held her head in place on the milking stand, which was the perfect height for Ted to shove his cock between her lips, fucking her mouth like it was a pussy.

Once he was good and hard he withdrew from her mouth and walked around the cow's restrained body, the pump running in the background at it continued to drain milk from her udders. Brenda saw his hard cock bounce up and down with his movement, but once he was halfway around the brunette cow, he was effectively out of her sight. A moment later the cow's eyes went wide and her body shook. Obviously she had just been penetrated by the cock she had helped prepare. Once mounted, her body continued to shake softly with each of Ted's thrusts. The cow turned her head and looked over at Brenda who let her eyes go wide when she realized she had been caught spying on the copulating pair. But the cow didn't mind, she just winked at Brenda and blew her a little kiss before going back to enjoying Ted's cock working in and out of her body.

Without realizing it was happening, Brenda's legs started to shake and she was having trouble standing up. It wasn't a strong orgasm, but it was good enough. She let the stand fully take her weight as John finished fucking her and came deep inside her pussy. He grunted a few times and then pulled out, wiping his cock on her buttock.

"You had to have her on her first day and you had to be first," Brenda heard Margie say. She turned her head and saw John's wife walking down the center of the barn as John pulled his jeans back into place, tucking his cock away. She was wearing her jeans and boots, but no shirt. Her breasts bobbed happily back and

forth as she walked.

“Of course,” John agreed readily. “I couldn’t let a cow start off on the wrong foot. Or feet, I suppose.”

“And you didn’t even offer Ted the opportunity to break her in, did you?” She stopped right in front of her husband and gave him a kiss. Ted looked away, not wanting to stare at the moment of their intimacy.

“You can have her tomorrow, Ted,” John offered his horny assistant.

“Thanks, boss, but I don’t work tomorrow.”

Margie laughed at that, but John quickly corrected his error. “Then you can have her this afternoon while she’s being pumped. Twice in one day won’t hurt her.”

“Such the diplomat,” Margie commented drily. The married pair walked out of the barn hand in hand while Ted knelt down to disconnect the suction tube from her tits. While she was being fucked by John, Ted had finished with the one cow who was already in the stand and brought up the remaining cows as well. They were all being milked.

Now Brenda understood everything, or so she thought. There were four milking stands for the dozen cows in the herd. Each cow took roughly a half hour to milk and that had to be done three or four times a day, by her estimates and what she’d been told. It was an all-day continuous process to keep the cows milked. And pleasured. She had enjoyed being fucked by John when she was being induced, but it would take a small army of men to keep the cows pleasured that way which explained the anal hook she had to wear and the way Ted clamped industrial looking vibrators to the milking stands to sexually gratify each cow to make her milk sweeter. Not one of them complained—and not because they were wearing ball gags like she was. They were calm and happy.

“Ready to get down?” Ted asked her, but she realized he had been talking to the other cows while milking them and none of them had answered. Since it was impossible for her to speak around the ball gag she gave a little nod.

The first thing Ted did after removing the suction cups from her tits was to take the ball gag out of her mouth. That was a great relief to Brenda. The moment it was gone she wanted to spit away the rubber flavor but didn’t dare. He then

disconnected the chain of the anal hook from her collar and carefully extracted the torturous device. Once it was out of her body she was half dismayed at its sudden disappearance and half thrilled because the strange penetration was now gone. From there it was a simple matter to unlock her ankles from the stand and disconnect her hooked wrists. She stood up and stretched awkwardly. Ted kept a firm grip on her leash and pulled her along before she was completely ready. The jerking motion didn't hurt her—Ted was a practiced and accomplished farmhand—but it did put her in her place and allowed her to instinctively trust that Ted knew what was best for her.

There was a stall waiting for her. Brenda knew right away that it was her stall because it was clean and neat and a metal plate with her name had been nailed to the low door that made it her own space. She quickly looked around and noticed the other name plates. Faith. Nancy. Stacy. Melissa. There were more but she couldn't make them out before Ted brought her inside and locked her leash to a bolt set into the wall. It was then she realized her leash was locked to her collar as well and there was no chance of escape.

The leash was just long enough for her to stand up straight—barely. It was easy to go down on her hands and knees. "Good girl," Ted told her, patting her on her rump, a gesture that gave her more pleasure than it should have. "Food trough is over here. Drinking tube here. Lie down and relax while the other girls finish up."

Not knowing what else to do, Brenda nodded and obeyed the order. As she watched in silence Ted repeated much of the same procedure with Willow and Rachel and they were put away into their stalls. She could feel John's cum slowly dripping out of her pussy, but she didn't try to wipe it away. That seemed unnatural. Instead, she just watched.

Rachel was a beauty with long black hair bound back into a thick braid. She had large, fleshy udders along with a plump tummy and fat rump. Ted had to put her udder sling back on her before she could be led back to her stall. Her udders, Brenda realized, were massive, unnaturally so and all the more beautiful because of their enormous size.

Once Ted was done he exited the barn, shutting and locking the door behind him, leaving the cows alone. They waited anxiously a minute, exchanging glances while Brenda remained calm. She was too nervous to do anything so she just

waited along with the cows until one of them said:

“What’s John thinking bringing a new girl in here with such tiny udders?”

“Shut up, Rachel,” the cow behind the door with the nameplate of Faith said. “Yours weren’t any bigger when you started.”

“What’s your story, sweetie?” the cow next to Brenda asked. She remembered her nameplate said Nancy. She was the same cow that Ted had fucked next to her and Brenda tried to remain calm, reminding herself that what had happened was completely normal in the context of this human dairy.

“We’re allowed to talk now?” Brenda asked nervously.

“Of course—but only when we’re alone. The humans don’t like it when their cows talk,” Nancy informed her and the other cows laughed and giggled.

“So spill the beans,” Nancy prompted her. “Why are you here?”

“I guess I was looking for a little more fun to my life,” she said and the cows laughed again.

“Aren’t we all,” Rachel commented drily.

“Ignore her,” Nancy said pertly. There was some obvious conflict between the two that Brenda realized she didn’t want to get in the middle of. “Tell us it all.”

And so she did, when she was done with her short, sad tale most of the other cows had lost interest.

“It’s nothing we haven’t heard before,” Nancy informed her as the herd drew back to their individual stalls. Only then did Brenda realize that most of the cows weren’t chained and locked into their stalls like she was.

“You’re free,” she commented. “You aren’t chained up.” A hint of jealousy bubbled up in her words.

“You’re in training,” Nancy told her with a toss of her head. “You aren’t trusted yet. But we’re all locked in the barn anyway, not that we’d have anywhere to go if we escaped. No clothes and huge udders. We’d be lucky to make it halfway

across the pasture before we were caught. Not that a little run wouldn't be fun…" she trailed off, lost in thought. "Anyway, welcome to the herd. You'll get settled in soon enough. There's a blanket in the corner if you're cold. The mattress is extra comfy, believe it or not. The only other things you'll need are the food and water Ted showed you. I suggest you drink as much water as you can. A dehydrated cow doesn't make milk."

"How do I get to the food and water?" Ted had indicated where it was before he left, but Brenda hadn't been paying close attention.

"Put your head through the whole there," Nancy indicated with a toss of her chin, "and you'll find your food trough and your water nozzle."

It felt silly, crawling over to the hole on the far side of the stall and putting her head through the space as if she were visiting a pre-Revolutionary era New England village where a criminal was being pilloried, but on the opposite side of the wall there was a stainless steel bowl and a rubber nipple.

"It's empty," she said when she saw the bowl.

"Press your forehead against the button on the wall."

It was slightly tricky to hit the large black button Nancy indicated, but once Brenda did so, a small amount of food came flowing down the tube over the bowl. It took Brenda a moment to recognize the smell. "Chocolate?" she marveled.

Nancy laughed, a sound echoed by some of the other cows. "Yes. It's snack time right now, so we get chocolate. Something to fatten us up. And keep us happy."

Brenda realized Nancy wasn't joking about being fattened up. All of the cows, if they had started as average sized women, must have put on more than a few pounds while transforming into hucows. They were all soft, round curves. Chocolate would certainly do that. And it was probably necessary if Farmer John wanted them to reach his stated goal of at least a gallon of milk per cow per day. Most of the cows with their huge udders looked like they would be able to reach that goal.

Once she saw the chunks of chocolate Brenda knew she wanted to sample it, but she was faced with a new problem. Her hand couldn't reach through the hole

while it was occupied by her head. She started to withdraw her head, but Nancy stopped her. “No, don’t!”

“Why not?”

“The bowl will tip down and you’ll lose your snack. Keep doing it and you’re feeding on demand privileges will be taken away.” Her statement made sense when Brenda realized she could just reach through the hole with her hand and press the button, catching the food as it ran down the feeding chute. She saw the hinge the bowl was mounted on. Instead she just lowered her lips to the bowl and gathered up a chunk of chocolate with her lips, drawing it into her mouth to chew and swallow.

It was delicious but it also had a slight aftertaste that at first she thought was just rich, dark chocolate, but then decided it wasn’t quite right. Turning her head she found the rubber nipple with her lips and sucked on it to drink some water. Once she started drinking she realized how thirsty she was and took in enough to slake her thirst and fill her belly, after she sampled the rest of the chocolate in the bowl. There were a few crumbs on the bottom of the bowl, but Brenda didn’t humiliate herself by licking those up. She still had some dignity.

“Oh,” she moaned as she pulled her head back in and settled onto her extra soft mattress. “I think I’m going into a sugar coma.”

Nancy chuckled at her. “Maybe. More likely it’s the drugs.”

“Drugs?” Brenda was only half-alarmed by the suggestion.

“The food is spiked with all sorts of drugs, those to help us lactate, those to help us gain weight, those to help us be more docile, and those to raise our libidos. It’s all about the sweetness of the milk and production standards.”

It all made sense to Brenda, but she wasn’t much for deep thoughts at the moment. “I’m sleepy,” she commented.

“I’m not surprised,” Nancy agreed. “You’ve had a big morning. Why don’t you take a nap?”

Brenda was already asleep.

Chapter Three

IT was mid-afternoon when Brenda was woken by the barn door sliding open. She startled for a moment, then remembered where she was and relaxed. This was what she was supposed to be doing with her life. She was becoming a cow.

It was Ted who had opened the door and he got right to work, leading the cows one by one to the milking stands where he strapped them in, arranged their artificially large udders through the frame, hooked up the suction tubes to their fat teats and turned on the pump. Brenda couldn't comprehend the order in which Ted went about milking them, and he was halfway through the process when John appeared, this time with Melinda at his side. The house cow wore a shirt and loose fitting skirt, but the shirt was unbuttoned all the way to the bottom and it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra underneath.

"Hook her up," John ordered his assistance.

"Aw, boss, you're messing up how I've arranged everything."

"Do it," John ordered, "or you won't get to fuck the new one. Besides, Melinda here's been a bad girl and needs a little discipline this afternoon."

Judging by the look on Melinda's face she was eager for the discipline she was about to endure. She dropped her shirt to the barn floor and Ted helped her into the milking stand, fastening her wrists and ankles to the heavy pipes, making sure her big udders fit nicely into the frame. She gasped with delight when he switched on the pump for the suction tubes that grabbed onto her thick teats and started drawing out her milk right away. John stood behind Melinda and tossed her short skirt up over her hips revealing her bare buttocks; she hadn't bothered with wearing panties.

Brenda wasn't surprised when John opened up his jeans and pulled out his cock, but she did wonder if his wife knew about this little bout of discipline. As they fucked most of the cows took little interest in the proceedings because they were eager to be milked themselves. It was, Brenda realized, because they were making milk in their big udders and they needed the relief. She was amazed at

how easily the milk flowed for them and wished she was in the same position.

It would only take time.

John finished fucking Melinda before it was Brenda's turn on a milking frame, but the bad cow was left there, exposed and nearly naked, his cum dripping from her pussy, as Ted continued through the waiting cows, now assisted by John. Brenda was happy when she was led from her stall by Ted. Following suit of the other cows, she crawled on all fours, to the front of the barn and took her place in the milking stand.

Melinda was still panting after having been fucked by John, but no one took any note of her. Willow and Rachel were the other cows currently being milked, though they were almost all the way through their pumping cycle, having nearly filled their collection canister. All eyes were on Brenda as she was locked in to the milking stand and the anal hook put in place, once again attached to her collar pulling her hips up and altering her stance. Her small tits carefully arranged through the rectangular frame before Ted attached the collection nozzles to them. The strong suction power immediately grabbed on to her tits and started tugged away.

Right away Brenda's already moist pussy reacted. To her shame and delight Brenda arched her back as much as was possible trying to encourage Ted to enter her right away. She knew her tits wouldn't be giving up any milk yet, but she wanted—needed—to be fucked.

Ted laughed at her obvious eagerness. "Look at her," he chortled. "She's ready for the hot beef injection all cows need."

"Ted," John said with just a hint of menace in his voice.

"I know, I know," the assistant agreed. "Don't humiliate the cows."

Brenda's first experience with sex in front of others had been that morning when John had fucked her. She knew she wasn't in her right mind when it had happened, and hadn't really understood everything that was going on. This afternoon, with Ted about to fuck her, she had come to terms with the situation she had placed herself in and was eager to make the most of it. All the other cows were enjoying their time in the barn, why shouldn't she?

Before she knew it, Ted had opened up his jeans and had inserted his cock into her waiting pussy. He hadn't bothered with the ball gag this time, Brenda assumed because they wanted to see if she could keep her tongue still and act like a proper cow. The anal hook served to open up her pussy all the way and allowed Ted to fuck her with ease. Her body reacted like it should, a slow steady need building within her that would eventually result in an orgasm and Brenda happily encouraged the growing energy, she could feel it being stored in her pussy, clit, and nipples. Ted was fucking her the way he wanted, which didn't bother Brenda at all, and it was then she realized that while this was the second time she was being fucking in front of disinterested observers, it was the first time in her life that she was being fucked by two different men on the same day.

A second realization struck her. Brenda had never been a slut; she had never fucked two men in the same month let alone same day. That thought caused her to cum and she let the audience know by letting out a loud moan of pleasure.

Ted laughed and slapped her ass, cumming a minute later, filling her pussy with his thick, sticky cum.

She knew she should have felt used and soiled, but she didn't have any of that sort of emotion. She felt elated, as if she belonged in a barn baring her tits to be milked and to be fucked like an animal.

"Good job," John complimented his assistance when he was done. "Keep her happy and get her milk flowing."

"Yup," Ted agreed.

Brenda was released from the stand and brought back to her stall where she collapsed on the mattress, happy and sated.

She barely remembered being woken up by Nancy for the evening meal. She did remember pressing the black button with her forehead and watching a meal of pressed pellets sliding down the chute to wind up in her bowl. These she ate ravenously, marveling at how famished she was after her day's exertion. She drank just as eagerly from the rubber nipple at the water spout, happy to fill her belly even more. After emptying the bowl of the nutritious pellets and drinking her fill from the spout, there was still an insistent ache in her belly. She wanted

to eat more but she knew she wasn't really hungry. Still, it was her instinct that drove her and just like a well-trained laboratory animal, she pressed the button with her forehead again and was delighted when she was rewarded with another slurry of pellets filling her bowl which she let everyone know by a little shriek of delight.

By now Brenda had no shame in lowering her face to the food dish and gobbling up the pellets. "They'll let you eat as much as you want," Nancy told her.

With her head through the stall's hole, Brenda turned her neck to look at Nancy in the stall next to her, also with her head through the feeding hole. She quickly ground down the pellets with her teeth and washed down the mouthful with a slurp of water. "I suppose John doesn't want us to starve," she commented.

Nancy laughed. "Far from it. The pellets are designed for optimum taste, the right amount of salt and sugar and crunch to make you want more."

Brenda nodded. This made perfect, logical sense.

"And they're laced with drugs to keep your milk production up."

"Of course," she agreed, but that didn't sound ethical to her.

"Plus the hormones to incite your lust and whatever other drugs are needed to make you more compliant."

Now Brenda just stared.

"And don't be worried if you think you're gaining weight. The food is supposed to do that to you as well."

That Brenda had already figured out. By weight she was the smallest in the barn, by far. She supposed she couldn't properly be called a cow if she was thin and muscular.

"How do you know all this?" Brenda asked Nancy.

The cow just laughed at her. "I'm not giving up all my secrets."

After eating her feed Brenda felt very sleepy and she wondered if the pellets

were laced with a sleep-inducer as well. She lay down on her mattress, pulled the blanket over her naked body, and went to sleep.

When Brenda woke up the other cows were milling about and there was a definite air of excitement. “What’s going on?” she asked Nancy.

The mature hucow looked at her with a grin. “Outdoor milking today. Better eat your breakfast before we go outside.”

It made sense, of course. John wouldn’t want to leave them in the barn all the time. It wouldn’t be impossible to hide a dozen or so women acting like cows, but certain logistical barriers quickly presented themselves to Brenda. Instead of brooding about those matters she followed Nancy’s advice and put her head in the feeding slot. The pellets that came down the chute were slightly different than her previous meals, but they amounted to much the same regardless. After she ate she felt better, calmer though with a real need to quench her growing lust. Surreptitiously she felt her tits with her hands, trying to judge if they had grown at all overnight and couldn’t make a real determination one way or another. Regardless, when she was done eating another pressing biological need had to be addressed.

“Nancy,” she half-whispered, “where do I go to the bathroom?”

Her neighbor gave her a half-smirk and said, “Wait until we go outside.”

“What?”

“Hush.”

Somehow she knew that the door was about to be opened and a second later John slid open the barn door, this time accompanied by a new man, very tall, rugged-looking, and handsome. Unconsciously Brenda wiggled her hips in anticipation at what was to happen to her.

“Hobble them girls, Ned,” John said to the new man. “Then get ‘em outside and set up on the milkers.”

“You got it, boss.”

The cows came out of the stalls on their own, already knowing what to do, and they did it in an orderly fashion. There was a prearranged order to who got to go first and Brenda found herself at the back of the herd, but followed by Nancy. She was certain her position at the back was because of her new status and guessed Nancy was bringing up the rear to keep an eye on her. It was weird waiting her turn because all the cows were on hands and knees, as was expected, but that put Brenda's eyes on level with Stacy's buttocks. She could see the cow's sex clearly and took the opportunity to inspect what would have been any other woman's private parts. If Stacy realized that Brenda was staring at her, she didn't let on. Brenda had never looked that closely at a woman's sex before and found it interesting but didn't know what to do with the view.

Her inspection went on for several minutes because of the bottleneck at the barn entrance. When Brenda got to the door she discovered why. John and Ned were attaching chains and weights to the cuffs around the cows' ankles. These hobbled the cows; it didn't prevent an escape from a determined cow, but why would she want to escape, Brenda reasoned.

She happily crawled forward to have her hobbles attached, found the heavy chains slowed her down slightly as she crawled, but that was it. She would have been able to stand up and walk if she wanted, but none of the cows went bipedal so she followed suit.

A minute later she was free in the sunshine. The cows were released into the pasture on the opposite side of the barn where there was soft, lush grass to crawl and lay on. The first half of the herd was already moving into position at a set of milking stands under a shed roof. Nancy sidled up next to her, dragging her chains, and said softly so John and Ned couldn't hear, "Follow me."

The part of the herd that wasn't going to the milking stations headed to a corner of the pasture and right away Brenda realized what they were doing.

"It's okay," Nancy reassured her. "They clean up after us."

The cows were relieving themselves on the ground.

"Haven't you ever been camping?" Nancy asked as she adjusted her legs, tucking them up under her body before releasing a stream of urine. Since it seemed to be the thing to do, Brenda went along with how they were behaving; they were cows after all.

Once she was done, Brenda crawled about the grass, feeling the sun on her naked skin, and watched those being milked. It was much the same routine as the previous day, only outside. John and Ned didn't fuck any of the cows hooked up to the milkers which made her wonder who would be chosen on the second round. Brenda was positive Ned would want her.

While the first half of the group was milked, the other cows crawled about the grass getting exercise while some lying spread out, enjoying the sun. Brenda wasn't sure what to do, so she followed Nancy at a discrete distance watching and waiting. Most of the cows' udders were so huge they needed to have the special slings wrapped around their bodies so their teats wouldn't drag on the ground. Brenda was a bit jealous of those cows, but told herself she would be that way soon enough.

Little sounds of pleasure came from the milking stands and Brenda saw John and Ned placing vibrators clamped to pipe stands between the cows' legs. They were all grinding down on the pleasure devices to varying degrees and Brenda remembered the little mantra she had heard repeated on several occasions. "Happy cows give sweeter milk." Happiness for these women—these cows—equated to full bellies, round bodies, and plenty of orgasms.

It was a little unnerving seeing the other cows up on the platform being milked and reaching orgasm. They didn't have the least bit of shame about their nudity or the fact they were cumming in front of the other cows so Brenda resolved to have the same attitude when her time came. There was nothing she was doing to be ashamed of—it was completely natural.

It took the better part of half an hour for the six cows to have their udders drained and be released back to the pasture. The other cows eagerly took their place, one by one, because their udders were full and they were eager to be drained. Too much milk was painful, Nancy confided in her new friend, but she had already figured that out. She wanted to feel the pain of being swollen and lactating.

Brenda was the last to be locked into the milking station, and had to have the extra small adaptors put on the suction cups before they would properly fit on her nipples. Once they cups were in place Brenda arched her back, ready to receive both the anal hook and Ned's cock. Brenda wanted to be used like a proper cow.

“No need for a hook for her today,” John told Ned. “She’s adapting well. We want to keep her as free range as possible.”

“You sure? She looks like she wants it.” Brenda could hear the laughter in his voice.

“Of course she wants it, but cows don’t always get what they want, do they?”

A few adjustments were made to the pump and a couple of the cows’ cups before John said, “Go ahead and fuck Brenda. She’s waiting for it.”

“You have her. I’ll keep Rachel happy.”

“Why don’t you want to fuck the new one?” John asked as he unbuckled his jeans while getting into position behind Brenda.

“I just like doing Rachel,” Ned said, ducking his head.

John laughed. “It’s because you’re in love with her.”

“No, it’s not,” Ned replied, but his face flushed red, giving away the truth.

“She doesn’t love you, you know. She’s just a dumb cow. Beautiful, but dumb. And a cow.”

Ned didn’t say anything because by that point he had his pants down and was putting his cock into Rachel, who calmly took it—as if she had any choice—and allowed her body to be used and herself to be pleasured.

Brenda took John’s cock for the second time. She liked getting fucked as a cow. His words—even though they weren’t directed at her—should have stung, but they didn’t. She wanted to be a beautiful dumb cow, her body used for pleasure, her udders making milk, and not a care in the world.

John made her cum twice before he finished in her pussy. He checked her pumps when he was done fucking her, making sure she hadn’t produced any milk and did a quick physical inspection of her tits. “No damage,” he said mostly to himself, but Brenda knew he was talking to her. “Let’s see if we can get a quick induction on you.” He produced a tasty morsel for her. Brenda recognized the scent and saw what it was right away. A rich, gooey brownie.

“There’s a pill inside the treat,” he said. “You need to eat the whole thing and swallow the pill, otherwise we’ll have to start doing injections. New cows don’t like to get injections. They’re expensive and they hurt. Can you swallow it for me?”

Brenda eagerly nodded and he held the brownie directly under her chin. She lowered her lips and gobbled it up, chewing and savoring the rich flavor as long as possible. If there was a pill inside the sweet treat she didn’t detect it, but she did see a small puddle of fudge on John’s palm that he was still holding under her chin. She looked up at him with pleading eyes; he nodded back at her.

Extending her tongue Brenda licked the remains from his hand while his cum slowly started to drip out of her pussy.

“Good girl,” he said, stroking her honey-brown hair. “A few hours out in the sun and air will and then we’ll feed ‘em and pump ‘em again.”

When Ned said, “Uh-huh,” in agreement she realized that John wasn’t talking to her. She had to remember that she was a cow, not a person. Any words he spoke to her were those intended for an animal.

“What do we do now?” Brenda asked Nancy when the farmers left the pasture.

“Relax, sleep if you want, sunbathe, there’s food on the other side of the shed, just don’t get up and walk on your feet, okay, they have cameras and watch us.”

Brenda didn’t see the point of watching the cows as the frolicked or whatever in the pasture, but she was a cow and it wasn’t her place to try to understand the motivations of the farmers. Some of the cows were making long, slow circuits of the pasture on all fours, their motions slowed by the hobble chains. Brenda realized it must be good exercise. A pair of cows had slipped off to the edge of the pasture, near the wire fence and were cuddled up close together. Brenda wondered aloud if they were doing.

“Oh, that’s just Stacy and Melissa,” Nancy said dismissively. “They’re lovers.”

Brenda looked closer and realized that Melissa’s face was between Stacy’s legs. The two were having sex. Not wanting to be caught spying on them, Brenda quickly looked away which made Nancy laugh.

“Don’t worry, everyone knows they’re lovers. We’ve seen it all. Sometimes it’s preferable to have a warm body next to you instead of just a vibrator.”

“What do you mean?” Brenda was confused. “All the cows here get plenty of sex, right?”

Nancy laughed again. “Don’t be naïve. You’ve gotten a lot of sex since you got here because you’re new, but sometimes the farmers have to remember we need sex, not just a few orgasms from a vibrator twice a day.”

Only then did it occur to her that Brenda had been well-fucked over the past several days and only Rachel and Nancy had been fucked while on the milking standing, as well as Melinda, the house cow. Everyone else had to make do with the vibrator, which was very nice, but wasn’t exactly the same as a real cock.

“Oh no,” she said softly. “Are the other cows mad at me?”

“It’s to be expected,” Nancy said, sidestepping a direct answer. “But we have a field day coming up soon, so that’ll be good.”

Brenda didn’t ask what a field day was. She was too mortified at having taking pleasure from the other girls.

“You’d better go over to the feeding trough,” Nancy told her. “Eat as much as you can. Don’t forget those pellets have what you need to get your milk flowing. You need to put on weight and start lactating if you want to stay here.”

Brenda nodded and slowly headed toward the back of the shed, her head hanging, and hoped that no one else would be there eating when she arrived.

Chapter Four

ON the third day when the cows were awoken by John and his newest assistant, Fred, opening the barn door, they were accompanied by Margie. The cows weren't immediately hooked up to the pumps to extract their milk, but they were allowed to relieve themselves before Margie made them, one by one, get on a scale in the corner of the barn to check their weights. Everything was recorded on a large chart Margie and John tacked to the wall. None of the cows were disturbed or the least bit upset that their weight was public knowledge, at least among the other cows. While Margie was busy weighing the cows, John and Fred spent their time getting the milking machines ready.

Brenda willingly went along with the procedure because no one else protested. "Very good girl!" Margie complimented her when she crawled onto the scale. "You've put on five pounds." The bare-chested woman ran her hand down Brenda's hair, along her back and down to her rump where she patted the cow a few times.

For the life of her, Brenda couldn't remember when she was weighed when she entered the farm, but she accepted the fact she had gained weight as fact. She had been eating a lot of the food pellets and she could tell that they were designed to make her gain weight because she could taste the salt and fat.

Brenda started to crawl away, but Margie stopped her. "Wait. Let me feel your udders." Since Brenda didn't have large tits, she hadn't given much thought to them as she crawled around on all fours, but now she became hyperaware of how the soft flesh hung from her chest and bounced around as she moved. Margie reached under her body and gently cupped each breast in turn, inspecting them individually and together, ending the inspection with a pinch to each nipple. During the inspection Brenda found out that she didn't mind the physical inspection coming from another woman. She actually enjoyed it.

When Brenda made to crawl away again, Margie stopped her once more, this time by grabbing her hair and tugging the back. "Up on your knees," she said. "Let's get a better look at your teats." Brenda hesitated and then lifted her hands up off the straw-covered floor. She did it slowly, not wanting to make a wrong

motion, and cast her eyes around the barn. None of the other cows seemed the least bit interested in what Margie was doing to her. When her spine was vertical once more Margie told her, “Hands behind your neck. Lace your fingers.”

Doing so, Brenda felt the soft leather collar under her fingertips. She had almost forgotten it was there, it felt so natural to have it around her neck. Once she had assumed the position, Margie again felt her tits, cupping them, feeling their fullness, drawing her nipples forward as far as they would stretch. “Very nice, they’re growing, which is good, of course. You’ll have proper udders soon.”

At these words of praise Brenda couldn’t help but smile. It was exactly what she wanted. Then Margie did something completely unexpected. She slid a stool across the floor, stopping it in front of Brenda. After sitting down she leaned her head forward to Brenda’s chest and clamped her lips around the cow’s growing teat. Brenda was so shocked she didn’t do anything but freeze in place while Brenda sucked on her.

It felt wonderful and arousing.

Her nipple quickly hardened under Margie’s attention, but then softened once more as Margie actually nursed from her. She only did it for a minute and then abruptly switched sides to Brenda’s other breast. Once more her body responded, her nipple hardening and then softening in Margie’s mouth.

The entire process only lasted two minutes and then Margie abruptly backed away. “No milk yet, but that’s fine. Your nipples are almost proper teats. It’ll be soon.” She stroked Brenda’s hair once more, picked up a clipboard from the floor, made and note next to Brenda’s name, and sent her on her way.

Brenda made it back to her stall before she turned around to see that Stacy had assumed her previous position in front of Margie who was nursing from the cow. She caught the sight just as Margie was switching from one side to the other. When she did so milk continued spraying from her teat. It made a little white arc in the air before landing on the floor. The process took much less time with Stacy than with Brenda.

“Still very sweet, very good, Stacy,” Margie complimented her. “Get into your milking stand,” she ordered the cow, slapping Stacy on the ass as she crawled by to the front of the barn. The cows quickly formed up a line in front of Margie. Willow was next and Margie bounced her huge udders a moment before tasting

her milk.

“What is she doing?” Brenda asked Nancy quietly.

After a quick glance toward the front of the barn Nancy replied. “Sampling the milk. She has to grade the sweetness.”

“Oh.” Brenda gave it a moment’s thought. “Why?”

Nancy bit her lip to stop herself from laughing. “Sweeter milk is worth more. What do you think happens to our milk? It gets sold.”

Brenda’s brow furrowed. “To who?”

“Perverts who like to drink human milk. Athletes who think it gives them some special advantage. Crunchy granolas who take the all-natural ideal a little too far.” She shrugged. “Does it matter?”

“I suppose not.”

Most of the cows, Brenda realized, would continue spraying or dribbling milk from their udders after Margie sampled it. They would quickly proceed to the milking stations so as not to lose more milk than necessary. Margie and John had the operation down to almost an exact science. Brenda had to admire what the couple had built. She looked at the hoses and collection tanks and was instantly jealous of the other cows. They had milk to give and she had none. It wasn’t fair.

“When?”

“When what?” Nancy replied.

“When will my milk come in?”

“Soon,” she promised.

On the fifth day Brenda found out what field day meant.

The cows were released to the back pasture again, something Brenda already found to be a great pleasure, just crawling around on the grass and enjoying the

sunshine. All the other cows were milked first, of course, because Brenda didn't have any milk to give. When she went to take her turn, Brenda looked down at the small adaptors pulling on her nipples. The strong suction pulled her flesh forward, stretching them to what was an almost ridiculous length, before letting go. Brenda was confident that her nipples were getting bigger—both longer and thicker—as were her breasts, but they weren't truly udders yet. She hated waiting. Her body was changing, that she knew. Her weight was up, her ass and tummy were definitely bigger and probably her tits as well. But she wanted real results.

After her milking period when she produced absolutely no milk, Brenda crawled to the open pasture to find not just the cows, but a small crowd of men as well. The cows were naked, of course, and the men were half-naked as well. It took her a moment to take in the full scene, but she realized once she did that the men were having sex with the cows.

She didn't know where the men had come from, but they were obviously enjoying themselves, as were the cows. As befitted their role, the cows were mostly on their hands and knees, getting fucked from behind by the men. A few were on their sides, but none were in the traditional missionary position, which made perfect sense to Brenda. They were cows and should fuck like animals, not like humans. Letting her eyes move over the scene she saw that a few of the men were eagerly nursing at the cow's udders, but she couldn't imagine there was much milk left in them after the morning milking. That wasn't her immediate concern. She was momentarily disappointed that none of the men wanted to fuck her.

The herd was spread out across the pasture, none of the men apparently were interested in more than one cow at a time. Brenda only had to come out a few yards from the milking shed before she was noticed by a pair of men waiting their turn with Rachel. Seeing a free cow was all the incentive they needed to give up their place in line.

"Hey," the bigger of the men—both in muscles and size of cock—said to her as he walked over. He was naked but for a pair of boots, his cock already almost fully erect. "You must be the new girl. Head down, ass up," he ordered as he walked around and knelt down behind her.

Since he was on only his feet, he was much quickly, not that Brenda wanted to

run away. But these men were unknown to her, even if they must have been vetted by John and company. Still, she knew her role so it was easy to assume the position the big man wanted. Without even realizing it, Brenda found her pussy to her wet and pulsing. She needed to be fucked as much as the other cows in her herd.

Even though he was a stranger, it felt good to have a new cock in her pussy. Brenda reacted with a low moan as he began thrusting in and out of her. Even if he was a stranger, it was still good to be fucked, and she was glad that everyone in the herd had the opportunity to get fucked as well. The second man didn't just wait for his turn. He knelt down in front of her and presented his cock to her mouth, expecting her to suck it. Brenda didn't mind doing that either.

It had been a long time since Brenda had sucked cock. She had always enjoyed giving head, having the essence of man's sex inside her mouth, controlling him and making him ready for her. Today it was slightly different, she was getting him excited, of course, but she knew it was expected of her. She had to perform for him and was more than willing to, but she had no control over his sexuality. The two men were completely in charge of her.

The one behind, the man with the cock buried in her pussy, didn't take terribly long to cum. She felt the pleasant gushing warmth of his cum filling her and then as he finished off, Brenda found an orgasm washing over her body. It was another change in her body. Before training to be a cow, she always had to work herself up to an orgasm, now they simply took hold of her body when the moment was right. It was as if being a cow had caused her to give up true control of her body.

The big man pumped her a few more times to make sure he was finished, and then he pulled out. The smaller man quickly took his place and started pumping into Brenda. She didn't get more than a moment's respite before she was being used as a pleasure object. She found that she didn't mind at all.

There wasn't any rush to the day. The cows wandered around the pasture being fucked at the men's leisure. It was hard for Brenda to keep track of how many men there were in the pasture. She knew by the time she was taken to the shed for her afternoon milking five different men had fucked her and she had sucked at least as many cocks, maybe more.

After she got done with her milking she wandered over to where Nancy was getting fucked by the man who, Brenda was fairly certain, had fucked her first that morning. She crawled over and nuzzled Nancy's neck and cheek, pretending they were lovers like Stacy and Melissa. "How long does this go on for?" she whispered.

Nancy was just as quiet with her reply. "Until they're done with us." She gave Brenda a little kiss on the lips when she was done speaking.

Brenda froze, but not from the kiss.

Chapter Five

ON her sixth day in the barn, Brenda woke up with her pussy very sore from being fucked by the various men on the field day. The soreness of her pussy was quickly matched by the soreness in her udders once she was hooked up to the milk pump. She knew her tits were growing extraordinarily fast; fast enough for it to be painful. She knew she was putting on weight and now her concern was that she was going to have stretch marks from getting fat so quickly.

All she could do was endure and hope. The other cows didn't complain when they were milked so she didn't feel she had the right to do so either. After her customary half hour on the milking stand, John turned off the pump and spoke to Ted. "Well finally, it's been long enough."

"What?" the farmhand asked as he was coiling up some of the collection tubes.

Brenda was happy that neither man had fucked her that morning. She was too sore for such play. John held up Brenda's small collection bottle and showed off that today, for the first time, it held more than just air. "Looks like our new girl here is finally producing." At the bottom of the bottle was some thin, almost clear milk. It was barely two ounces. Brenda's eyes goggled and she tried to move closer, but she was still firmly attached to the milking stand.

"I'll take it to Margie," John continued. "She'll want to test it. Make sure it's good. It's all front milk right now anyway." He smacked Brenda twice on the ass and sauntered out of the barn, leaving Ted alone with the cows.

If anyone else took any notice of Brenda's accomplishment, they gave no indication. Brenda desperately wanted to follow John and get the little bottle of milk back. What she wanted to do with it even she didn't know, but she knew she wanted it. But John closed the barn door behind him even before Ted started to release her from the stand. The milk was gone forever, but Brenda knew her body was going to be making more. Immediately upon getting back to her stall she stuck her head through the feed hold, drank down as much water as her stomach could hold and then started eating a steady stream of her food pellets. She knew she had to put on more weight and keep hydrated to make the amount

of milk she wanted.

Still, Brenda's head was singing with excitement as she crawled back to her stall. She didn't have tits any longer. She had udders.

It was a head rush to think about. The other cows—and Brenda considered herself a cow now though she hadn't yet produced any real amount of milk—mostly ignored her. She wasn't anything special compared to them. She was just one of the herd.

On the next day Brenda was eager to get on the milking stand, but she had to wait her turn, as the newest member of the herd, she took her place last. Patience was never one of Brenda's virtues, but as a cow she found waiting to be easier. Still, she stayed at the edge of her stall, watching all the other cows go first before Fred finally summoned her up to the milking stand. She was certain her udders had grown overnight, they felt swollen and hard. They even felt a little hot to the touch as well. Once she was hooked up to the suction nozzles almost immediately she felt relief. Just the action on her small teats felt good. It took a minute for everything to start working, and then she started shaking with excitement when she saw the little streams of thin white liquid burst forth from her udders. She could feel the milk flowing and it was wonderful.

Every time the pump pulled at her teats, more milk spilled out and she felt a little thrill of energy run through her body. It was exciting and new. It shouldn't have been something that a person did, but she then realized she wasn't a person, she was a cow. The energy building in her body was hard for her to understand at first, but then she recognized it halfway through the milking process. There was no way to stop it.

She was strapped into the milking stand by her ankles and wrists. It wasn't really necessary for her, or any of the other cows, to be strapped down. They all would go willingly to the stands for the chance to have their udders drained. Brenda had the suspicion that John liked to strap in the cows because it pleased him, and it made them easier to fuck as it amused him. Today he had fucked Stacy, and Fred had fucked Jill. If not for her new milk forming in her tits, Brenda would have been very disappointed at not being chosen to be used. If she had been fucked while being milked she would have missed the sensation that was slowly

overtaking her body.

She was going to cum.

She was going to cum without one bit of stimulation to her pussy. Yes, she had always taken pleasure in having her nipples played with, but this was something new entirely. She wriggled her hips and tried to get some friction on her clit, but the way she was held that was impossible. A new of the other cows looked on with amusement, but most of the herd didn't take any notice of her predicament.

There was no way of stopping it and no way of hurrying it along. Fred and John looked on in amusement as Brenda started making sounds announcing the impending arrival of her climax. She looked at them with pleading eyes, but managed to keep her tongue still—she didn't want to break the rules of the barn—asking them to help her. They only watched impassively. The one small mercy John granted to her was to increase the intensity of the pump pulling at her teats.

Finally, as she neared the end of her milking cycle and her udders had nearly dried up, the orgasm grabbed hold of her body and shook it uncontrollably. It wasn't the most powerful or satisfying orgasm of her life. It was the strangest. Normally her climaxes started in her pussy, usually centered on her clit, and burst out from her body. This was different. There was some centering on her teats, but then it seemed to warm her entire body, making her muscles tremble, until she was exhausted. It wasn't unpleasant, but it was more than passing strange.

When she was done panting and wailing, John unhooked her from the cruel machine and half led, half dragged her by the collar and leash back to her stall where she collapsed. The moment she was left alone in the partial privacy of stall, Brenda put both her hands to her pussy, found it sopping wet, and anxiously frigged herself until she quickly reached another peak of pleasure. That satisfied her for the moment and she lay in her stall panting and sweating and rejoicing in her success.

After coming back to herself, Brenda heard laughter all around her. It wasn't a roaring laughter, but the steady tittering of women—or in this case, cows—who were amused at the foibles of one of their own.

"It's like she has no self-control," Brenda heard. She was positive the voice belonged to Rachel.

“Like you were any different,” commented Faith. Brenda recognized her voice coming from the stall opposite hers.

“Certainly I’ve cum on the milker before, but I had a little more dignity,” Rachel sneered.

“We’ve all been there,” Willow pointed out, but then added, “but I don’t think any of us were as loud as her. And then to jill off the moment she gets back to her stall…”

“Leave off, ladies,” Nancy said, putting an end to the snark. She put her head over the short stall wall to look down at Brenda. “You okay?”

“I’m fine,” Brenda half lied.

“You were noisy,” she said in a whisper. “But I kind of liked listening to you. It turned me on.”

Brenda actually blushed. She didn’t think she had any shame about her body and behavior any longer, but apparently she did. “Thanks…I guess.”

“I have good news for you.”

“What’s that?”

“I heard John and Fred talking before they left.” She paused for dramatic effect and licked her lips, clearly relishing what she was about to tell her sister cow. “You produced over a cup of milk today. That’s incredible!”

“It is?”

“It took me almost two weeks to get to that point. You’re faster than any other cow here.”

“Maybe it’s because I came so hard?”

“Maybe,” pondered Nancy. “Maybe.”

Day number eight of Brenda’s stay in the cow barn brought her morning milking

total up to a quart. Overnight her udders had ballooned to nearly twice the size she remembered. They had gone from athletic in size and shape to that of a cow being well-developed. She inspected them closely for any sign of stretch marks which she didn't want at all, but couldn't detect any untoward disfigurement of her skin. She commented on this to Nancy.

"The drugs they give us help prevent stretch marks," was all she had to say on the issue.

Brenda found that odd, but didn't give it further thought. Even knowing what was going on with her body, she still marveled at the changes. She couldn't keep her hands away from her breasts and found herself constantly touching, holding, and massaging.

"Keep that up and you'll find your teats leaking all the time," Nancy warned her.

"But it feels so good," Brenda whined back as she pulled on her teats, stretching them out and then abruptly letting go, allowing the soft tissue to spring back into place. "I don't want to stop."

"Try jilling off," Nancy suggested. "Udder stimulation is good, but you don't want to over-stimulate either. It's bad for your development.

When John reported to her that her evening milking also produced nearly a quart, he gave her a congratulation clap on her ass and commented, "We'll have you up to full production in no time." That made Brenda wonder what full production meant. Obviously every cow was different, but how much could each one produce and what was the upper limit? She brought her concerns to the cow who had become her confidant, Nancy.

"Full production?" she asked. "Depends on the cow. It'll take some time for you to hit your production plateau, so what it means for you is unknown right now."

"What's your production?" Brenda asked absently. She was looking down at her udders, holding them up just lightly enough to feel their new, increased weight, but not enough to significantly alter their hang. Nancy had her head over the shared stall wall and since Brenda was looking down, she didn't see the look of angst on Nancy's face.

"I do between a quart and two quarts daily," she said. "I vary a lot. I'm

inconsistent.” She paused and cleared her throat. “It annoys John. It’s why I’m almost always milked last.”

“Why?” Brenda asked absently not really paying attention to her question.

“Because we get milked in order of our weekly production.”

“Oh.” Brenda didn’t really care about that.

“If you keep your production up, you’ll be moving up in the herd at the beginning of next week. It’s mostly a status thing.”

“Status?”

“John favors the cows with the biggest udders and highest production. You already knew that, didn’t you?”

Brenda looked up from her udders. She’d been flicking her finger over her teats for the little thrill it gave her. “Um. Yeah, well, I guess I realized it…”

The morning of the ninth day started with Nancy being led out of the barn by Ned. This confused Brenda, but she didn’t give it much thought because her udders were hot and hard. It occurred to her that hot and hard was great for a man’s cock, but less so for a cow’s udders. Once she had that revelation she understood the status arrangement for the cows’ milking order. Whoever had the most milk most likely had the greatest need for their udders to be drained and, of course, whoever was making the most milk was the most valuable to John.

Brenda couldn’t wait for the end of the week so that John would rearrange the milking order. She was positive her udders had already kicked into high production and she could easily vault right into the middle of the herd, even if she was starting from a near-zero point. Still, since she was a cow it was her duty to accept her place at the end of the milking order, but she took great pleasure with every squirt that erupted from her teats because she knew that every little drop was moving her steadily upwards in the pecking order.

This morning she had a little more couth than the previous day and even though the pump felt absolutely incredible on her udders, she kept her body under

control. There was no need to orgasm in front of the entire barn just from the suction on her teats.

It would have been easy to keep that vow if Ned hadn't decided to fuck her during the last portion of her milking. He didn't ask permission—she was a cow and it was understood that permission was always granted—but simply opened up his jeans, grabbed her hips, and slid his cock deep into her pussy. There was no resistance as he went balls deep into her body. The pump had done its job getting her ready and she was in need of a good fucking.

He made her cum, something she resented and loved at the same time. None of the cows paid her any attention. Or, Brenda realized after the fact when Ned was leading her back to the stall with his cum slowly dribbling out of her pussy, they were putting on a good show pretending they were paying no attention to her. On second view of the cows going about their lazy morning routine, she saw quick glances away as she peered around the barn. They were all monitoring her and wanted to make sure that she didn't realize what they were doing. It dawned upon her that they were concerned about where they would wind up in the milking order at the end of the week.

She needed to discuss the situation with Nancy, but Nancy didn't return any time in the morning or the afternoon which led Brenda to wonder what had happened to her friend.

Brenda didn't see Nancy again until the next morning, her tenth day in the barn. She didn't recognize her friend at first because it Nancy walked down the center aisle of the barn wearing a white lab coat along with regular clothing underneath. Her short, fine blonde hair was clipped back, keeping strands from falling into her face. Brenda panicked for a moment, wondering what had happened to the cow, and then she realized Nancy wasn't just a cow. She obviously had some other role at the farm besides being a woman with over-developed tits that were pumped for the pleasure of others.

It was mid-morning and Brenda had just finished being pumped and was proud of the two quarts she had produced. She went right to the feeding hole and had her snack, another bowl of broken chunks of chocolate, when Nancy walked through the barn without a glance at any of the cows. Brenda literally stopped

chewing with her mouth full to stare at Nancy, figure out who the striking blonde was, and then hurriedly finish chewing to swallow. Before she could crawl to the open end of her stall to speak with her friend, Nancy disappeared through the door at the front of the barn where John stored the extra equipment for the milking stands.

Her first instinct was to call out to Nancy, but John and Ned were still in the barn and none of the other cows were at all alarmed with Nancy's strange appearance. She even gave it a second thought, wanting to know what Nancy was doing. It was wrong for a cow to walk on two legs and wear clothing. Then she glanced at the equipment hanging from the barn's front wall. There was only one cattle prod there and Nancy told her that it was powered down, but still gave a nasty shock when a cow misbehaved. If she called out more than likely John or Ned would come over and shove a ball gag into her mouth to remind her of her role. She wouldn't be able to eat during the punishment, but it wouldn't hurt nearly as much as the prod.

But she didn't want any punishment. She wanted to be a good little hucow. She wanted to eat and get fat and make milk. She didn't want to cause trouble. Instead, she chose to be patient and wait.

A few minutes later there were some loud mechanical grinding noises from the equipment room, at least two electric pumps kicked on and off for several cycles, and several other sounds that Brenda couldn't identify filled the barn. She then heard John and Nancy talking in the closed room, but she couldn't make out the words. Shortly after that Nancy marched out of the equipment room, down the aisle and out the door. Brenda was dumbfounded. She didn't understand.

None of the other cows seemed to take an interest.

Five minutes later Nancy was escorted back into the barn by Margie. The moment Brenda spied her friend she let out a sigh of relief. Nancy was on all fours again and she was naked but for her collar. Margie was leading the cow by a metal leash. Everything was right with the world again. There was no problem putting Nancy into her stall and then, almost without a word, Margie, John, and Ned left the barn, locking the door.

Rushing over to her friend, Brenda burst out asking, "What's going on? What's up with that performance?"

Nancy was already in the middle of eating. She shook her head but Brenda kept her face over the stall wall. “Eat your kibble,” Nancy said around her own food.

“Why?”

Rolling her eyes, Nancy said, “I’ll tell you later. Just eat something first.”

Her tone was emphatic enough to convince Brenda to do as she was told. Putting her head back into the feeding slot she pressed the button with her forehead and another snack came rolling down the chute. As usual it was chocolate, the treat the cows desired the most, but it was different from what she had earlier in the morning: darker and richer, with a slightly different smoky flavor.

Only when Nancy was done eating did she speak with Brenda. “Ask,” she all but commanded.

“Ask what?” Brenda replied innocently.

“Ask what you’ve been thinking about since I disappeared yesterday.”

Since she was being given permission and a command at the same time, Brenda felt she had to follow orders. “What’s with the lab coat and not being a cow?” Brenda asked. “Why’d you disappear for a day?”

With a satisfied smile Nancy revealed, “I’m not just a cow, you know. I’ve got degrees in biology and veterinary science.”

“Congratulations?” Brenda said with uncertainty.

“John and Margie run this operation, but I’m the one who is the genius behind it,” she said quite seriously which made Brenda giggle. Nancy gave her a withering glare. “Who do you think came up with the drug combo that makes women’s tits swell into udders plus the inhibitor that makes them happy as a hucow? Me,” she said answering her own question.

That made some sense to Brenda. After all, someone had to come up with the ideas that the farm was founded on. “Okay,” Brenda readily agreed. “But why the lab coat? Where’d you go?”

Nancy’s serious smile thinned. “You were producing milk too quickly and you

weren’t nearly compliant enough. Your body is going through huge changes physically and you were talking to me too much.”

“But I like this,” Brenda protested, indicating her enlarged tits and growing thighs and tummy.

A wave of her hand dismissed Brenda’s words. “I had to look into the drug mix you were receiving and did some adjustments to your feed. You’ll feel better in a day, just keep eating. And we’ll be monitoring you closely. Hucows are supposed to be happy without a care in their heads. You had too many thoughts.”

Something started to click for Brenda. “Are you saying I’m too smart to be a cow?”

“Exactly,” Nancy agreed.

“But if I’m too smart to be a cow, what about you Miss Scientist?”

“The effects of the drugs are short term, that’s why they need to be constantly added to your feed. John pulled me out of the barn so I could detox for a day, I solved the problem and I’ll be a happy hucow again by tomorrow morning.” Nancy gave a brief thought to the pellets that were even at that moment being digested in her stomach along with the drugs she prescribed to herself.

“You want to be a brainless cow?” Brenda asked, marveling at such a contradiction. Why would a smart woman like Nancy put herself into such a situation?

Nancy gave her another withering glare. “Do you know what it’s like to have to be smart all the time? Once I figured out the problems with the farm’s feed…it was like a revelation to me. I needed a little time on vacation where I didn’t have to be thinking all the time. Being a brainless cow that is milked and fucked, both for pleasure and nothing else...that’s a better reward in life than riches and power.”

“How long have you been doing this?” Brenda asked, suddenly intensely curious.

“Eight years. Eight wonderful years.”

Chapter Six

AFTER just over five weeks, Brenda was escorted out of the barn after her morning milking. She was steadily producing over a gallon of milk a day from her massive udders that had to be held up by the special band that circled her torso. Her output placed her in the top three cows for the past two weeks. Fred had the leash clipped to her collar and she steadily crawled across the pasture. It was easy to ignore the conversation Fred was having with John as the little group walked. They were talking about amounts of feed and output production along with unforeseen expenses and shifting economic realities. It was all too complicated for Brenda. She just liked looking at the little flowers growing in the field as they moved along the fence.

Fred had fucked her while she was being milked that morning. She could feel his cum slowly leaking out of her pussy as she moved her hips. It felt good. It was good to be a hucow and not have the concerns of a complicated human life.

She was brought to the white farmhouse, brought upstairs to a human bedroom which made her nervous because it wasn't the stall she was accustomed to. The mattress without the stall walls around it didn't feel safe. John gave her a sweet syrup to drink which made her feel sleepy and he put her to bed without complaint.

Brenda slept most of the day away and awoke in early evening with a clear head and a shocking realization as to what she had done over the past month. She didn't know if she should start crying over what she had been subjected to or if she should beg to go back to the barn. Sometimes clarity of thought was the worst way to live.

There was a dressing gown on the back of the door. She grabbed it, wrapped it around her body which she suddenly realized was now enormous. Brenda wouldn't have been the least bit surprised to realize if she had put on a hundred pounds since crawling into the barn. Rushing downstairs she was almost to the door before she realized she had no idea where she was going or what she was going to do once she went through the door.

“If you’d like to join us for dinner,” Margie’s voice came from behind her, “we’ve already set the table for three.”

Turning around, Brenda saw the woman who had promised her much in the way of pleasure when she chose to become a cow. As was her custom, Margie wasn’t wearing a shirt. Her large tits were on prominent display. They were tiny next to the massive udders that now hung off Brenda’s torso.

“Going to make me eat out of a bowl?” Brenda snapped at her.

“Of course not, we have good manners in the house, though a bowl can be brought in if you like. Or you can go right back to the barn, though usually we give the new girls a night’s rest before they make that decision.”

“Girls? Don’t you mean cows?”

“If you prefer that term, certainly.” Margie paused and cleared her throat. “You can stop staring at my breasts now. My eyes are up here,” she said, pointing to her face. “Usually I only have to say that to boys.”

With a shiver of horror, Brenda realized she had been staring at Margie’s tits. Anger boiled up and she opened up the robe that had been hiding her nudity. “Look what you’ve done to me!”

“You did that to yourself,” Margie said quietly and took a sip of wine from the glass she was holding. Brenda looked back down and saw in her opposite hand the farmer’s wife was holding a sheer blouse.

“I look like a cheap stripper!” she raged, indicating her massive udders.

“You look like a cow,” Margie retorted. “Again, your choice, but I can tell you that we can stop treatment and they’ll shrink up, but not back to your previous size. The milk will stop flowing and you can be a regular woman again. Or…you can keep up the treatments and be a hucow.” She set her wineglass on the table next to the front door and shrugged into the white blouse, carefully buttoning it up showing that it was sleeveless and had a deep V-neck. It was so sheer that Brenda could not only see the outlines of Margie’s nipples, but their dark color as well.

“I’m sure that’s fine for you, but I have to get on with my life.”

“If I could be a fulltime cow,” Margie reveals, “I would be. But I have other obligations. What obligations do you have?”

“Plenty,” Brenda snapped knowing it was a lie.

“Or none,” suggested Margie.

Brenda realized that Margie knew a lot more about her than she let on.

“But,” Margie went on, “if you keep up the treatments—and I hope you do—you will wind up losing a bit of your humanity, but you’ll gain much more. You’ll eventually become a true hucow. Does that appeal to you?”

“Why would that appeal to me?”

“Because you already chose it once. Just chose it again. Accept what we’ve offered. Lose your humanity, become a cow, are you really so important that the world needs you to…do what exactly?” She reached into her pocket and extracted a pair of pills. “Take these and your choice is made. The pleasurable life of a cow or…the struggle of being an assistant manager of a retail clothing store…which has more appeal?”

It was easy for Brenda to take the pills, grab Margie’s wineglass, and wash them down. Once the deed was done, Margie hugged her, gave her a little kiss on the cheek, and said, “Come, sit down and have a proper meal with us before you forget who you are.”

Brenda nodded and went along when Margie took her hand. Despite her anger, the choice had been easy.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Slave

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 3

The Erotic Novels of Elliot Silvestri

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 7

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 8

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity