Elliot Silvestri



A Cow's Tale

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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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.

To Be Continued…

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.

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