Elliot Silvestri



A Cow's Tale

Part Two

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Two

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.

End

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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