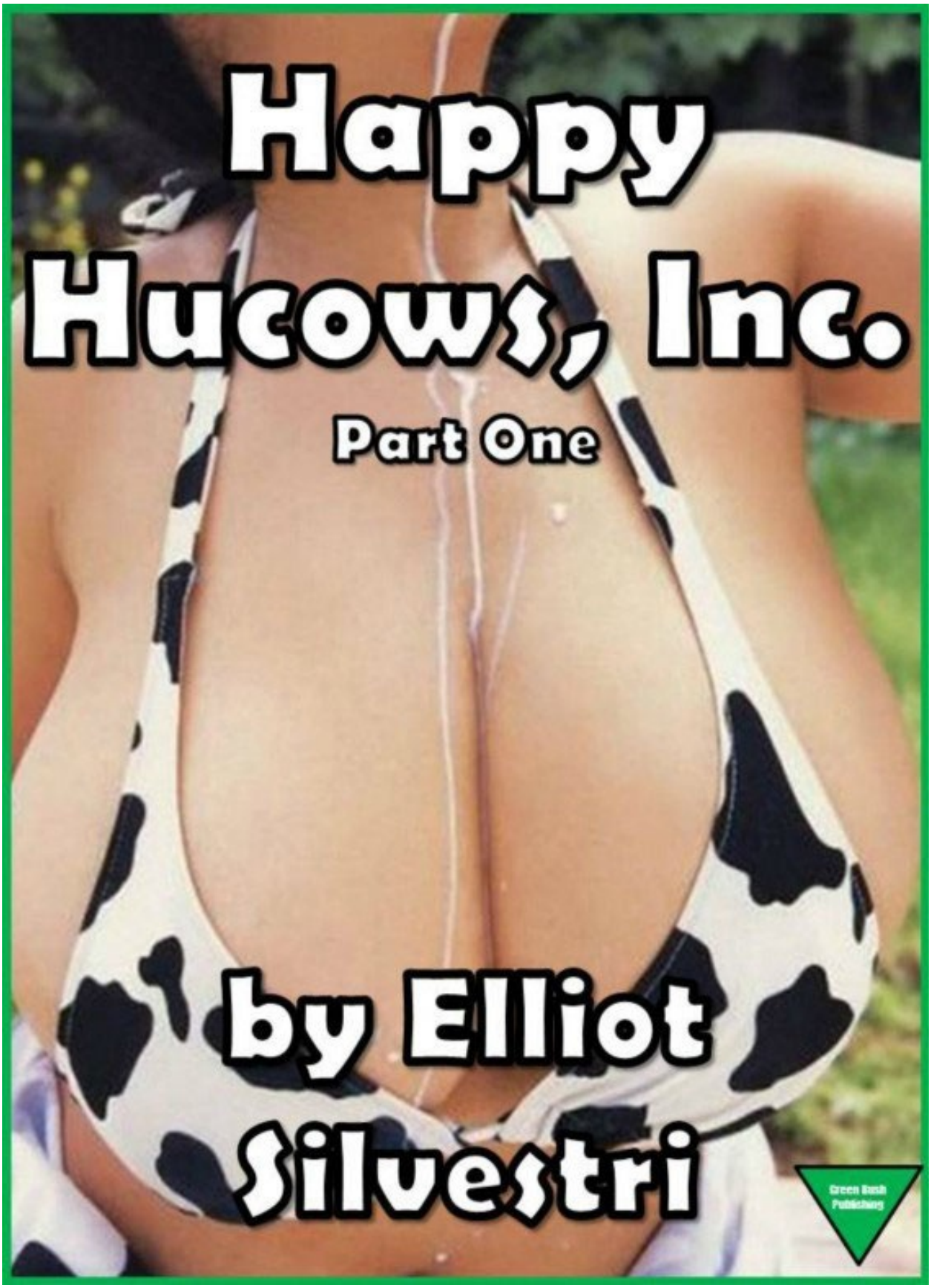
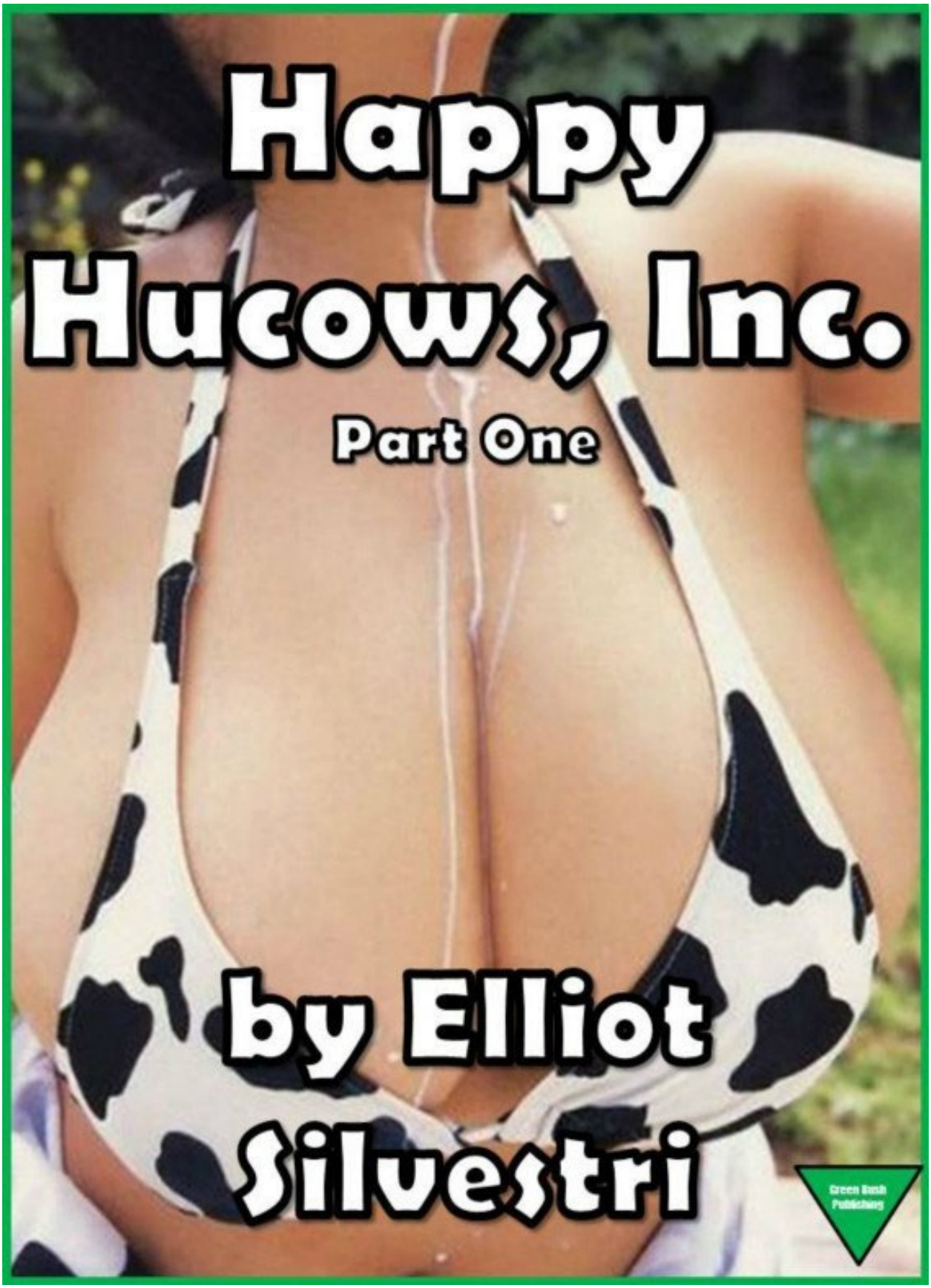

Happy Hucows, Inc.
Part One
by Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Josie flinched slightly as the needle pierced the skin on her hindquarters. “Ouch,” she complained as the nurse pressed the plunger and then withdrew the fine needle.

“Just a pinch,” the nurse said belatedly. “You’ll get used to the injections.”

“You’d think by now someone would have invented a better way of doing injections,” Josie commented.

“Sometimes the old ways are the best ways.”

As she pulled up her pants and underwear Josie nodded, but paused in the middle of the process. “Should I even bother getting dressed? I mean…how quickly do the changes happen?”

The nurse, Barbara her nametag read, smiled. “You can get dressed. It doesn’t happen overnight, though I’ve had some hucows say after the fact that it seemed like it happened that fast.”

“Hucow,” Josie repeated with a shake of her head. “I’m going to have trouble getting used to that term.”

“Lots of the girls use it as a label of pride. It’s only an insult if you let it be one. You watched the orientation vid, didn’t you?”

“Yes, of course.” She finished dressing and paused. “Now what?”

“I’ll get an escort for you,” Barbara said. “She’ll take you to your room. From there, it’s up to you. I’m sure I’ll see you from time to time.” With that comment she was out the door.

Sighing, Josie sat down on the edge of the treatment table and brooding while waiting. It was all history now, but her new employer had somehow managed to put a positive spin on the great bovine flu epidemic that essentially wiped out the world’s entire domestic cattle population. It also devastated most cattle that still

lived in the wild. Not only did this cause a great collapse of the worldwide dairy industry, it also cut off an important meat source for many people.

Luckily the inventiveness of the scientists and farmers came to the rescue. The immediate replacements were goats and sheep, but that industry had trouble completely filling the void. Goat and sheep milk was not the same as cow milk. There was also the resistance of the American consumer and the many animal rights groups that didn't want to see the expansion of more animal use. Add to that the long, strong campaign promoting human breast milk over baby formula and a few clever scientists figured out a way to manipulate human hormones along with some gene therapy to get women to lactate to a previously unimagined degree.

Enter the hucow.

It was strange at first, but the human body had a natural affinity for human breast milk. Suddenly breast milk was in demand like never before. Josie found herself at the edge of the new debate. After college she could get a job for some company and work a steady job, but that didn't interest her. Working physically had always interested her more than typing away at a keyboard in a cube farm all day. Almost on a lark she opted to test to see if she was compatible with the hucow program.

She was. The decision had almost been made for her.

The first question she had asked her recruiter was, "Is the process reversible?"

"Not really. If you stop treatment most of the physical changes are permanent. Some of the changers will decrease to a certain degree, but most are irreversible. You'll stop lactating eventually—every hucow does—but when that happens is up to you."

It wouldn't have changed her mind. She just wanted to know.

Lost in her thoughts Josie barely heard the knock at the door before it opened and the hucow walked in. She had seen hucows before, of course, they were all over the place. But she had never before seen one up close and personal. It was a bit of a shock. Like all hucows she had enormous breasts that bulged up under the white dress she wore. Her hips were wider than average for normal women and Josie couldn't see them yet, but she knew her buttocks were enlarged as

well. Her complexion was pale and clear—not a sign of a blemish—which was something Josie could appreciate after having fought terrible acne from the onset of puberty on. Although she knew it was her imagination, Josie was positive the hucow had enlarged, limpid eyes.

“I’m Gena,” the hucow said extending her hand. Josie shook it, marveling at the softness of the girl’s skin. “You must be Josie.”

“Yes. Good to meet you.”

“Before I take you to your room, I have a question for you,” Gena said shifting her weight back and forth on her feet. Josie noted the hucow wore white sandals.

“Okay. What is it?”

Gena tilted her head to the side “Did your boyfriend leave you or do you want to get your national service in to get your citizenship and start a family?”

The question was quite rude and direct, but Josie found herself answering honestly anyway. “Citizenship. Though I’m not really sure I want to start a family.”

“Why do you want to be a citizen?”

Again it was a private question, but once more Josie answered anyway. “My entire family has their citizenship. Most got it through military service, a few through medical service. My aunt went the educational route.”

“None through the hucow program?”

Josie shook her head. “No.”

“That’s a little odd. Lots of families have inactive hucows who earned citizenship that way. Lots of women enter the program thinking they’ll do their four years of production service and get their citizenship. Did you know over ninety percent of hucows stay in the program over ten years? Mostly because they enjoy it so much.”

“I didn’t realize that.”

Gena smiled. Josie hadn't realized before how neutral the hucow's face was when she entered the nurse's office. "Good. I can't stand the girls who come in here after a traumatic breakup and want to completely change their lives because of a man. It's an irreversible change, not just physically, but mentally as well."

"I've heard that."

"You can't fully appreciate it until you've gone through it." She turned around and headed back to the door. "Follow me."

Josie's eyes went to the hucow's ass. Her rump was enormous; not just fat because her flesh didn't jiggle like an obese person, but strong muscles as well. Josie felt a quick pang of jealousy.

"When did you decide to become a hucow?" Gena asked Josie as they traveled through a maze of office space. The BioDyne Corporation's operation looked much like any other large multinational business.

"A few months ago. I was trying to figure out what I wanted to do with my life." As she looked around the office was staffed by a mix of normal and hucows. It looked exactly like any other office in America, except for the presence of so many hucows. "Um, I thought hucow was a derogatory term."

Gena shrugged. "It is if you let it be one. The official term is human-bovine synthetic transmute. But that's long and ridiculous. You've had your first injection?"

"Yes."

They came to a security door and Gena stood in front of it for a moment before it audibly unlocked. "It has to scan my pass," she explained tapping at the pendant on the necklace she wore. Josie took a closer look and saw the pendant was bell-shaped but non-functional. It would never sound a note. "I'm authorized to bring in one guest. You'll be issued a pass as well. You can't be too careful about security around here. There are all sorts of nutjobs around."

"I'm sure. Are all the passes in the shapes of bells?"

Gena laughed as she hauled the door all the way open for them. "No, there's a variety of styles BioDyne issues. You can pick one of your liking and have it

changed. Most of us wear it as a necklace, but there are other ways as well."

Past the security door the atmosphere changed from one of an efficient office to a more domestic feel, somewhere between a hotel or dormitory and an apartment building.

"This is the residential section. No one is allowed in here except hucow residents, bulls, and authorized staff. When you get it, keep your pass on display at all times; there are scanners and cameras all around to keep us safe."

"Will do."

They marched through a series of hallways, almost all empty though Josie could hear sounds of activity coming from behind—and in some cases open—the doors. "Here we are," Gena said stopping at a door and letting the scanner read her pass. "Let's hope it works otherwise—" She was cut off by the click of the lock opening. "Well, security didn't screw it up this time." She pushed the door open. "Security should reset the lock. It's only supposed to open for my pass just this once."

Inside the door was a small apartment of one large room that was divided between a bedroom space and a kitchenette. A door led to a bathroom. Next to the table were Josie's two bags she had dropped off upon entering the BioDyne building. Gena strode across the room and swept open the window shades. The view wasn't terrible. She saw the edge of the parking lot but mostly faced rolling hills covered with trees. "Small room, but nice view. You can pay to move to a larger space later on." She went back to the table and picked up a necklace that matched her own. "And they left your pass. Finally, no fuckups for once." Proffering the necklace to Josie, she said, "They opted for the bell pendant. Sorry. If you don't like it, you can go to security tomorrow and they'll swap it out for you. Cows and flowers are very popular."

"It's fine," said Josie, taking the necklace and put it around her neck, carefully closing the clasp. As she fiddled with the bit of jewelry, Gena crossed over to the far corner of the room and stood next to a contraption that resembled a stationary exercise bike.

"I call this the centerpiece of every hucow's room, but for some reason it's always in the corner." She grinned. "Why don't you take off your clothes, hop up here, and I'll show you how it works."

Josie hesitated. “Take off my clothes?”

“You can’t do this wearing a shirt and pants,” Gena replied with a bit of disdain at Josie’s choice of clothing. “Once you start the change you’ll want to wear dresses anyway. And lots of the hucows here don’t bother wearing clothing at all unless they’re leaving the residence.”

Although she had heard of this, Josie still found that difficult to believe. “Um… really?”

“You’ll lose your inhibitions soon enough,” Gena informed her. “Don’t be shy and pretend you’re modest.” She paused. “Or are you modest? I’ll take off my dress if it’ll make you more comfortable.” She made a motion to open the dress, but Josie stopped her.

“No, no, that’s not necessary.” In Josie’s mind having Gena naked would be worse. “I just sort of forgot that I need to be topless for this.” She quickly stripped off her shirt and bra. Josie was neither small nor large when it came to breast size. She had always been happily in the middle. She knew that shortly her breasts would be enlarging almost beyond control, but that was a matter for tomorrow. Once she was topless, Gena looked down at Josie’s pants.

“Take them off too,” she instructed.

“Is that really necessary?”

“Yes. You’ll see why in a minute.”

Josie contained her sigh, removed her shoes and then pushed off her slacks and underwear in the same smooth movement. It was the second time in a less than an hour she was removing her clothes she realized.

“You remove your body hair?” Gena asked while looking at the small triangle of dark brown hair resting at the apex of Josie’s legs.

Forcing herself not to cover her nudity Josie said, “Yes. Electro-piliation. I treat about once a month to keep it from growing back.”

“Most hucows go for the natural look. You probably will too.”

Josie looked blankly at her. “How do I…?”

“Oh. Right. The Robo-Milker 5000. Not everyone knows how to use one.” Gena winked. “I just call it the Robo-Milker 5000. I think it’s actually a BioDyne milk extractor model 507.”

“Can you show me?” Josie nervously eyed the contraption. With the stainless steel tubes, glass collection bottles, and padded straps and seat it was intimidating.

“Um…no. I’m not going to get on yours. We hucows are very protective of our milkers. They become very personal. You wouldn’t share your vibrator with just anyone would you? I mean, maybe your lover, but that’s about it, right?”

“Right,” Josie nervously agreed.

“So, you get on it like you’re riding a bicycle. Your feet go here, you sit here in the saddle, and you lean forward so the collection suction cups can reach your udders.”

Josie blinked. “My udders?”

Gena grinned; she was comfortable smashing human perceptions against hucow reality. “Well, you still have breasts, but they’re going to grow. Soon they’ll be as big as mine and then they won’t be human tits, they’ll be udders.”

“Okay…” It was all a little stranger than Josie wanted to think about. She allowed Gena to help her place her feet and adjusted the stirrups to a comfortable setting.

“You aren’t sitting on the saddle correctly,” Gena said grabbing the woman’s hips and tilting them forward while sliding her down the saddle. The position Gena forced her into was an obscene pose. Her thighs were spread apart her hips were tilted forward so that the entrance to her pussy was visible behind the saddle. The majority of her weight rested on her pubic bone while her clit was pressed against the firm but softly yielding surface of the saddle. When she shifted her weight she felt bumps and ridges built into the saddle rubbing against her clit.

“Ohhh.” It came out as more of a moan than she intended.

Gena's grin didn't abate. She loved seeing a hucow-to-be learning how to use a milker for the first time. It was almost as exciting as seeing her with a bull for the first time "That's right, you ride it like a bike or motorcycle. And you're already figured out the saddle is ribbed for your pleasure. It also vibrates and massages." She flicked a switch on one of the handgrips. A wave of pleasure rode through Josie's body, starting at her pussy and emanating outward.

"Oh fuck…" Josie cursed.

"No, not yet. But soon, if you want." She laughed lightly at her joke as she moved Josie's hands to the correct position on the grips. "This is all about pleasure. The happier the hucow is the better and sweeter milk she produces."

"Uh-huh." It was hard to understand everything Gena was saying because her clit was being directly massaged.

"Just remember the milker isn't just for getting yourself off. You're supposed to actually produce milk as well. You won't produce anything right away; it'll take a bit of time."

"Right," Josie vaguely agreed. She was unable to focus being too distracted by the vibrator.

"Vibrator controls are on the left grip, pump controls are on the right. You can figure out what you like later on." She reached over and switched off the vibrator. That caught Josie by surprise and she woke up out of her near-reverie unsatisfied.

"Let's adjust your suction tubes and torso support next." Gena raised up a triangular padded rest that fit between Gena's breasts and extended down to her abdomen. "This is the standard size. You can request different sizes and shapes later on. There should be some samples in the closet."

She forced Josie to lean forward into a forty five degree angle. The position was perfectly comfortable and when all was properly adjusted she brought up the suction tubes to that they precisely met Josie's nipples. Her weight was now on the chest pad along with the knee and shin rests while she balanced on the saddle.

"You don't have teats yet, but you will," Gena said. "The hormones injections

and the gene therapy you'll be getting, combined with this little baby will turn those tiny little nipples into proper hucow teats." Josie could tell Gena was being derisive, but she didn't care. She had always been a bit proud of her small nipples. They were barely the same diameter as her pinky finger, tiny, with the areola perhaps twice that. They were tiny and perfect.

"Okay."

Gena indicated the controls on the right grip. "On/off, speed, intensity. Just like a vibrator. Every hucow is different. You'll figure out what's best for you soon enough. Go ahead and turn it on."

She stepped back and waited expectantly. This was the moment of truth. Gena could always tell when a good milker was brought into the fold and when they had one that was only going to be problems. Nervously Josie licked her lips and thumbed the power button. Immediately the pump came to life. Her breasts were already pressed up against the steel tubes with their rubber padded edges so they immediately latched on and she felt her little nipples being drawn forward almost to the point of pain, and then abruptly released. She let out a little gasp of surprise at the suction and then a little sigh of relief when it abated. A small smile pulled at Josie's lips when the pump kicked in again. It was automatically set to the lowest setting of speed and intensity so as not to punish her tender flesh.

"Turn it up a bit," Gena encouraged her. "Slowly and carefully, go right to the edge of pain." Josie did as she was instructed finding a happy setting no more than a quarter of the way up the scale. "We need to run it for at least fifteen minutes. The clock started running the moment you signed your contract. You've got a month to start lactating otherwise you're out on your skinny little ass."

"Uh-huh." Josie was too distracted by the spreading warmth of pleasure to fully concentrate on Gena's words.

"Let me show you how the straps work."

"Okay." Pleasure made Josie agreeable.

Gena worked quickly to wrap fabric straps around Josie's legs, thighs, waist and torso. When she started placing the straps around her forearms as they rested against the grips she asked, "What are those for? I can't strap my own arms

down."

A broad smile crossed Gena's face. "No, but a bull can do that for you. And trust me; you'll probably want him to. Turn on the saddle vibrator," she said.

Josie didn't need to be told that twice. After she adjusted the speed and intensity to where she liked it, Josie came quick and hard, partly to her shame and partly to her relief. Once the orgasm had passed, she quickly turned off the vibrator and also switched off the pump that was pulling on her tits.

"You should let it go longer," Gena pointed out. "You need to be pumped as long as possible to get your milk flowing."

Ignoring Gena's advice, Josie pulled her tits away from the suction cups with an audible release of air pressure. This left a red ring on them, a good distance away from the areola, but her nipples were swollen as well They throbbed painfully but Josie couldn't deny there was a certain pleasure in the way her body had been used.

"I couldn't last any longer," she panted.

With a grimace of frustration, Gena shrugged. "I can only suggest what to do. I can't make you follow it." She went through the process of unstrapping Josie from the machine.

Guilt and shame started to wash over Josie. "I shouldn't have done that," she muttered.

"Well, it would have been better if you had gone longer, but you'll get used to it soon enough."

Josie covered her face with her hands and Gena worked on removing the straps from her legs. "No. I mean cum like that. I lost myself."

The hucow managed to control herself for a minute but then her giggles overtook her restraint. "Well, I'd have cum a little harder and longer, but you'll get used to that soon enough."

"What…what do you mean?"

She stood the still uncertain woman up from the milker and said, “Come with me to my rooms. I have something to show you.” She grabbed Josie’s hand and started pulling her to the door.

“Wait, I need to put something on.”

Gena didn’t stop leading. “No, you don’t. You’ll see why soon enough. You’re wearing your pass pendants. That’s all you need.”

And so the hucow led her through the corridors of the residence. Most of the doors were closed, but a few were open. Sounds of life came from each one, but Gena didn’t slow down to let Josie peek in which was good because Josie was embarrassing to be running around completely naked. Luckily the didn’t come across anyone on their journey.

“Where is everyone?” Josie asked when they finally arrived at an elevator and got in. She was relieved at the small amount of privacy it afforded.

“Working. Most hucows have second jobs beyond just being milkers, you know.”

“What do they do?” In the back of her mind Josie knew this was the case, but to actually hear it from real hucow was to touch reality.

“Lots of us work for BioDyne and or their associated companies. Some hucows have jobs in the real world, mostly office work and mostly with open-minded companies. They don’t announce they’re hucows but most of those employers know, of course. You don’t get this kind of body naturally.” Gena laughed. “And with our large rumps and udders, we can’t do many physical jobs.”

“Right,” Josie agreed as the elevator doors opened at the top floor. Once more Gena led the way.

“A good number, not huge, but a good number of hucows do porn.”

“What?”

“Hucow porn. Oh come on, you’ve heard of it. Certainly you’ve seen it.”

Josie shook her head. “No. I mean, I’ve heard of it but I’ve never seen it. I don’t

watch porn really all that much."

A smile played at the corner of Gena's mouth. "That might change. The hormones they give us really revs up the libido. Anyway, hucow porn is typical porn, but it features lots of milk spraying and mating with bulls. There's lots of crossover stuff with regular human guys as well, you know, with a norm suddenly becoming a stud enough to satisfy a hucow, which can never happen of course, their things are too small. And of course, they typical trope of a nice human girl getting seduced to be a hucow. It doesn't work that way, does it? To change to a hucow, you have to have the right genetics and be willing. No one gets seduced."

"Right," a wary Josie agreed. "Have you done…porn?"

Finally a flush of an embarrassed reaction came over Gena's face. "Well, a few times when I first started out. You might be able to find my vids if you search long and hard enough." She grinned. "But it wasn't really my thing. Performing porn is all about being an exhibitionist which I'm not. I mean, I'm not overly shy, but I can't scream look at me, look at me more than once. Having sex on camera is actually kind of boring because so much time is wasted setting up and getting the right lighting and camera angles. And it's a tradeoff too. Those who want to see hucow porn want to see milk being sprayed all over the place. I can do that—and you'll be able to do it too—but all that milk is wasted. We get paid by the ounce and fat content. Any milk wasted during sex and porn shoots is lost money."

"But you get paid for the porn."

Gena nodded. "True. But some of us become hucows because it's a calling, proving the best milk for humanity since there really isn't a good substitute." It was obvious Gena believed strongly that being a hucow wasn't just a job or some strange fate; it was a purpose in life for her. "Here we are." They stopped at a door that clicked open when Gena stood in front of the scanner. Once inside Josie was delighted that Gena's home was a huge apartment.

"Once you work here long enough, and you're a good milker, and if you're able to produce a high fat content, you can get one of the nice apartments."

The space was easily twice what Josie had been assigned. It wasn't a dorm room, it was a luxury apartment. The view of the rolling hills was incredible. The entire

place was well-appointed and homey. And Josie didn't see a BioDyne milk extractor anywhere.

"It's gorgeous."

"BioDyne gives bonuses to those who produce volume and fat, I'm good at both," she said proudly. "I'm also a new hire counselor among other things." She calmly unbuttoned her white dress and dropped it to the floor. Underneath she was naked but for the bell necklace. Her breasts were enormous, pendulous and hanging halfway down to her rounded tummy. They were swollen, engorged with milk, topped by large dark red areolas with nipples two inches long and thick as a man's thumb.

Josie couldn't help but let her eyes rake over Gena's body. At the apex of her thick thighs she had a bushy tangle of dark brown pubic hair but even in the middle of that forest Josie could see an enlarged clitoris pushing out from the hucow's pussy. "Follow me," Gena said, turning around to display her ass which was huge as well, which Josie already knew, but when Gena walked it didn't shake frightfully with mounds of fat, but rolled smoothly with firm muscles. She was gorgeous and sexy, with a figure not unlike the fetish that set too many freshman art history classes tittering, the Venus of Willendorf.

Willingly, mesmerized, Josie trailed Gena into a small room that contained her personal milk extractor. It was much like her own, slightly different and modified to accommodate Gena's particular needs, the most obvious difference was that she had a monitor hanging on the wall presumably to watch entertainment while milking. The hucow eagerly scrambled up on the saddle and leaned into the chest pad.

Josie was standing behind her which afforded her a prime view of Gena's pussy and she couldn't help but stare at the hucow's sex. "Sometimes I turn on something to watch," Gena said, "but usually I get too distracted." She turned on the saddle's vibrator and the pump, placing her udders into the waiting suction cups. They grabbed on immediately and it took no time at all for her to let down and the milk to flow. It was easy to see the thin white milk flowing through the plastic tubes and down into the stainless steel collection tank. "Umm," Gena groaned. "I'm not going to lie. Watching you getting milk for the first time and cumming…that got me going as well." She wiggled her hips on the saddle and Josie caught the unmistakable scent of sex in the air. "It'll probably take me half

an hour to empty my udders." She looked over her shoulder at Josie. "You can watch if you like."

It was a performance Josie couldn't have left. She was captivated through the long process. Gena came four times while on the saddle. Josie only came once from her busy fingers between her legs. If Gena knew she was masturbating, the hucow gave no indication. As it was, Gena's eyes were closed through most of the process and the noise of the milker was enough to cover up Josie's little moans of pleasure.

"How do you do it?" Josie asked. "You came four times. Is it like that every time you milk?"

"Sometimes more," Gena said with a wink. She had already dismounted and was in the process of disconnecting the collection tank. "It's important to send your tank to the collection room right away. They like to chill it, and of course measure volume and content." She opened up a cabinet door. Inside was a pneumatic delivery tube. She slotted the collection tank in to the tube and sent it on its way with a push of a button. "Very efficient," she said.

"Why did you show me that?" Josie asked. "I'm not a lesbian."

"To show you how pleasurable it is to be a hucow. And you've only seen the beginning. Wait until you meet the bulls."

Chapter Two

“I think you’ll want a quick tour and then we’ll eat at the dining hall.”

“Dining hall? Like in college?”

“Exactly like that,” Gena said. “Except better food. You can cook in your room, of course, but the meals here are exquisite. Everything you could possibly want and for free. Of course it’s all carefully monitored for nutritional value because BioDyne wants us producing as much milk as possible. Cooking at home is just for fun, a hobby; eating at the dining hall is where you’ll get most of your nutrition. And it is fucking incredible.”

Once more they ventured out into the hallway naked. This time there was a lot more activity and Josie became nervous when they encountered their first other hucow. “Sally, going to dinner?”

The hucow Sally had long blonde hair pulled back into a pony tail that cascaded down her back nearly to her rump. When she turned around her udders bobbled back and forth; Josie was fascinated by their motion.

“Starving. They had me doing data entry all day,” Sally replied. She was older than Josie, but because of her near-perfect complexion it was hard to estimate her exact age. She found herself distracted by the hucow’s nudity. They might be slightly different from normal women, but they were close enough to be distracting. “Who’s the heifer?”

“Our newest hire. This is Josie.”

Josie bristled at the term Sally used. “I’m no heifer!”

Sally fixed her with a knowing glare. “Oh? You’ve already had your first calf? Who was the bull who sired it?”

“A heifer is a hucow who hasn’t had a calf, a baby, yet. We use the term for new hires as well.”

“Oh.”

“And don’t let this old goat bother you,” Gena added, teasing. “She’s just jealous of your small tits.”

“I am not!” It was Sally’s turn to be offended. “Why would I want those tiny things?” The two hucows laughed and Josie nervously joined in. The two continued to tease and taunt each other all the way to the dining hall where Josie saw more naked hucow flesh than she could have imagined. Most of the hucows were naked, but not all. All were wonderfully proportioned with large, heavy udders and prominent, rounded rumps.

But it was the food that now caught Josie’s attention. Gena hadn’t been exaggerating about the quality and the amounts. The hucows were well-fed and as they went to the various buffet stations around the dining hall, they piled their plates high with food. Josie hadn’t realized how hungry she was until the smell hit her. She followed Gena’s lead and loaded up her plate with vegetables, pasta with a rich, creamy sauce, bread, salad and foods she didn’t even recognize.

“This food is incredible,” Josie said as she took her first bite.

Sally and Gena shared a knowing glance. “The hormones are kicking in,” Gena told her.

“What do you mean?”

“The shot they gave you this morning makes you hungrier. Get used to eating a lot. You don’t get this big and beautiful without swallowing a few carrots.”

Josie looked down at her plate and realized she had filled it with more food than she had ever eaten in one meal in her life. “Oh shit, I’m a pig.”

“No,” Sally corrected her. “You’re a hucow…well, you’re on your way to being a hucow.”

Looking around at what the other hucows were eating, she realized she wasn’t out of the ordinary in her appetite. Mentally shrugging, she set aside her misgivings and set into her dinner.

The next morning Josie found her way down to the nurses office for her daily hormone shot. She knew there was more in the shot than just hormones, but it was easier to think of it that way. Nurse Barbara was there and smiled thinly when Josie showed up in a loose fitting dress.

“Lots of girls dispense with clothing on the first day,” she said. “Others hold onto those that human vestiges for a week or so.”

“I wasn’t sure of the protocol.”

“Take it off so I can weigh you.”

Josie did so, trying not to focus on being naked in front of the normal human woman wearing a white nurse’s uniform. She stood on the scale and waited. “Very good. You’ve put on two pounds already since yesterday.”

“Two pounds!” Josie was truly surprised. That seemed like a lot of weight to put on in twenty four hours.

“The weight gain is rapid at first, but you’ll get used to it. It’s easy to get used to almost anything, isn’t it? Now since your clothes are already off, let me give you your injection. Have you started having more sexual thoughts than normal?” She asked the prying question as she prepared the needle.

Josie replied automatically. “No, not more than normal I think.”

“Masturbating more than before?”

“It’s only been one day.”

“Bend over the table a bit. Well, I know how things work back in the residence. Don’t worry when you start to get lusty. It’s normal.” Barbara stuck the needle into Josie’s proffered rump. She winced and then the pain was gone.

“Have you thought about breeding yet?” the nurse asked after dispensing the syringe and picking up Josie’s file.

“Isn’t that a crude way of putting it?” Josie asked, slightly resentful of the nurse’s attitude.

“That’s what we call it, that’s what the hucows call it. No need to dance around the term. You know that within the month you’ll be going into your first heat. If you have sex even once while you’re in heat, you’ll get pregnant…unless there’s something medically wrong with you.”

“Then I just won’t have sex while I’m in heat,” Josie said, copping a blasé attitude.

Barbara remained professional even though she wanted to laugh. “I doubt that will be possible. The hucow treatment regimen is like going through a second puberty only a thousand times more powerful. And with all the bulls wandering around here, it’ll be next to impossible for you not to want to have sex.”

Josie remembered when she was a wild teenager. She wasn’t exactly out of control, but she had taken more risks with boys than she knew, looking back, was wise. “Are the hormones really that powerful?” Josie asked doubtfully.

“You’d be surprised how much I’ve seen and didn’t want to see,” Barbara told her. “If you aren’t a hundred percent sure that you want to get pregnant the first time you go into heat, I’d suggest you get fitted now.”

“Fitted?”

“Fitted with an IUD. Non-hormonal but it keeps you from getting pregnant.”

Josie nodded while her head was clear. “Okay. When do we do it?”

“Now,” Barbara said. “I’ll call the doctor and we’ll do it right now. We’ll have you back in your room in an hour so you can get on your pumping schedule. I’m going to recommend six times a day for twenty minute intervals until you start full volume lactating. The pumping will probably encourage you to go into heat faster, but that’s good, it’ll bring you up to full volume that much quicker.” She nodded once at Josie. “I’ll be back in two minutes with the doctor.” She went out the door and left Josie alone and puzzled on the exam table. She grabbed her dress and hastily wrapped it around her body.

As promised, two minutes later Barbara reappeared with the doctor. Josie tried not to be shocked but she didn’t expect the doctor to be a bull as well. He was tall and burly, barrel chested with abundant hair over his chest and arms. He wore an odd combination of clothing. At first glance he looked like a swarthy

and hirsute man, perhaps of Italian or Greek extraction, wearing a doctor's lab coat over an unbuttoned dress shirt. Instead of pants he wore a Scottish kilt which showed thick, curly hair from knees to the top of his boots. The lab coat sleeves were short enough to show strong and hairy forearms.

"I'm Dr. Berhaupt," he said in a deep bass voice. He had a lantern jaw and thick heavy brow-ridge over his eyes. On his forehead he had bony bulges, the germinal of horns that some bulls developed after their treatments. "Barbara tells me that you want an IUD."

"Yes," Josie said warily.

"You haven't gone into heat yet?" he asked as he washed his hands and got ready to work.

"No," she said. "I didn't know they hired bulls to work in the medical area," she blurted out.

He glanced up from her file with his dark eyes and grinned. "BioDyne likes to keep it in house as much as possible. I went through the bull gene therapy after I earned my medical degree if that makes feel any better."

"I didn't mean—"

"Don't worry about it," he grunted. "Take off your dress and put your feet in the stirrups. Nurse, please help her."

Barbara pulled out the stirrups from the sides of the exam table while Josie removed her dress one more time. She was starting to understand it would be easier just to be naked all the time. The doctor prepared his treatment tray and before Josie knew it she was in the traditional position of a gyno exam, her legs spread and her sex open.

"Everything looks normal down here," Dr. Berhaupt said as he examined her genitals. "Some swelling, but that's normal considering you just started treatment. If you talk to the other hucows, they'll all tell you getting an implant it the best choice you can make for your first year here. You'll enjoy your time, I'm sure."

"I will?" It seemed an incredibly personal conversation to be having, even with a

bull who was a doctor.

“Once your body finishes the changes and your fully lactating…well, the amount of recreational sex around here…” He let his thought trail off as he finished the procedure. And just like that Josie found herself fitted with a protective IUD.

“I hope to see you again soon,” the doctor told her as he left.

After a few instructions from Barbara Josie was sent on her way but barely made it to the residence door before she ran into Gena who was naked which made Josie feel overdressed in her short white dress.

“You must be eager to get back and start pumping,” Gena greeted her.

Josie’s head was still spinning. “I got an IUD,” she blurted out.

Gena’s face lit up with delight. “Congratulations. We’ll have to set you up with a bull soon.”

“What?”

“Why get an implant if you don’t plan on having lots and lots of sex.” Gena grabbed her hands and gave her a peck on the cheek. “You don’t have to, of course, but when the hormones really kick in…and then when you go into heat.” She let go of one of Josie’s hand and quickly pulled her along the corridor to her room. “We have a lot of planning to do.”

Gena helped Josie get settled on her milker and told her she’d be right back. “I have something you need to see.” Josie felt a little odd alone on the contraption, but once the seat started gently vibrating and her nipples were pulled forward into the suction cups, she immediately settled down. It was easy to get used to this treatment.

As promised, Gena reappeared five minutes later with her tablet in her hand. Josie was halfway to paradise when she was interrupted by the door chime. “Can this wait?” she asked Gena. She knew she was going to cum and didn’t want to be distracted by anything that wasn’t important.

“No, you have to pick your first bull while you’re high on lust,” Gena said as she turned the tablet toward Josie. “I’ve got pictures and profiles of every bull who is currently active. I’ve got one who aren’t currently active, but fuck them, if they want a shot at the newest heifer, they should remain active.”

“I can’t read right now!” The suction cups were tugging on her nipples and Josie could feel her orgasm approaching. She knew it wouldn’t be long and there was no way for her to stop it now.”

“You don’t have to read. Just look at the pictures. Go with your first instinct; it has to be a gut reaction, not an intellectual one.

Josie turned her head to look at the names and pictures displayed. She had been expecting head shots and names; those were displayed along with full body shots. Nude full body shots. Josie was no prude but seeing how well-endowed the bulls were was enough of a thrill to push her over the edge. She came before Gena had reached the tenth picture.

Gena paused the tablet on bull number nine. “Ooh. Henry. Good choice. Young and virile, not too experienced. I haven’t had him but I’ve heard good things from other hucows about him.”

“I didn’t choose him,” Josie protested as she turned off the vibrator but kept the pump going.

“You came when you saw his picture. That’s reason enough.”

“I was going to cum anyway!”

“Then it’s just good luck that you chose him to fuck,” Gena smiled.

“What if I don’t want to fuck him?” Josie snapped at her.

Gena’s smile didn’t waver. “By the end of the week you’ll want to fuck every bull you see.”

Even with the vibrator off Josie’s lust didn’t really diminish, mostly, she told herself, because of the active suction cups on her nipples. She didn’t want to think about the fact that maybe her body needed more than just some oscillating pulses on her clit.

“You’re trying to turn me into a slut! Just seeing a bull doesn’t make me want to fuck him.”

Only now did Gena frown. “By your definition, every hucow alive is a slut. Josie, most of my days—and yours shortly as well—consist of milking, thinking about sex, having sex, and wondering when we’ll have sex next. And by sex I mean getting plowed by a bull.”

“Fuck, you are so crude.”

Josie’s overdeveloped sense of decorum didn't turn Gena. “You chose this life, so you should enjoy this life,” she lectured. “Humans depend on us for our milk but they aren’t too keen on us being a part of their society. They prefer us in our gilded ghettos. We’ve taken that traditional prudery and subverted it. I suggest you go along with the ride otherwise your time here will be miserable.”

“I can’t believe this.”

Gena scoffed. “Almost all of us started with your opinion. You’ll soon change and go along with it.”

“I doubt it,” Josie sneered, but even as she did so her thumb flicked the switch that controlled her saddle’s vibrator and she felt the pleasant waves stimulating her once more. Her eyes fluttered shut and she changed the angle of her hips so the vibrator hit the correct piece of flesh.

“Want me to flip through and find you your second lover?” Gena teased.

Josie said nothing but kept her eyes on the tablet. Gena had to cycle through the pictures twice, but Josie’s second orgasm coincided with bull number forty two. “Douglas. He’s an excellent lover. You’ll enjoy getting plowed by him.”

Since she was still coming down from her orgasm, Josie said nothing.

“Want me to set up something for you this afternoon?”

Much to her shame Josie nodded in the affirmative.

Usually after a couple of orgasms from masturbating or sex, Josie would find herself centered and calmer. She could easily go three or four days without the need for another orgasm. When she had boyfriends who wanted sex more often, she'd happily satisfy them and take her own pleasure as well, but she didn't need to have sex.

For her second pumping of the day (she didn't think of it as milking yet since she wasn't lactating) she kept the vibrator off. It didn't stop her lust from rising but she didn't masturbate afterwards either. She tried watching entertainment and reading to distract herself, she was too anxious to risk leaving her room, but none of that took away her need for sexual contact. It was time for her third pumping when the doorbell chimed. Josie wasn't sure if she was relieved or upset.

Gena was at the door with a beautifully rugged bull that Josie recognized as Henry from the pictures of the bulls on Gena's tablet. She wanted to deny it—even to herself—but her pussy immediately got wet at the sight of the bull. "Josie, this is Henry. He goes by Hank. Hank, this is Josie."

Hank inhaled sharply and grinned. "I can smell that you're pleased to meet me."

"What?" Josie was confused.

"Bulls have a very developed sense of smell," Gena explained. "Aren't you going to invite us in?"

At this point Josie was barely aware of her nudity, or Gena's, but noted that Hank was wearing a kilt and nothing else. He was burly chested and just as hairy as Dr. Berhaupt, though a bit shorter, making him not that much taller than Josie, and without the developed horn bulges of older bulls. "Come in," she invited them. Her eyes were unfocused and she was distracted by Hank's presence.

Once Josie had ushered her visitors in and closed the door Gena said, with a grin, "I brought Hank to satisfy your needs."

Josie tried to wet her lips with a dry tongue. "Um, that's very generous of you."

Both Hank and Gena laughed. "Why don't you take her to the bed," suggested Gena. "It's a little early for her for the acrobatics of the milker."

Grabbing her hand, Hank led Josie toward her bed. She resisted, but only half-heartedly. “You can’t just expect me to have sex with a man I literally just met,” she protested, but her words were weak.

Hank turned to her and shot his hand out, reaching between her thighs, grabbing her pussy. “You’re wet,” he informed her, as if she didn’t already know. “You want to get fucked. I can feel it and smell it. Why do you lie about it?”

As good as it felt to have his strong, thick fingers probing at her pussy, she still tried to resist. “It’s not…proper.”

“You might have to just take her,” Gena told Hank.

Turning to Josie Hank said, “You want this, don’t you?”

She wanted to deny it, but she couldn’t. Josie just nodded once. It felt good to admit it, even if she couldn’t say it yet. Taking her assent, Hank pushed her down on the bed and unwrapped his kilt from his hips. Josie stared at his genitals in fascination.

They were huge.

She knew that, of course, before he stripped off. She had seen plenty of pictures of naked bulls, but to see it in person was something else entirely. The way his thick member hung from his body, even if it wasn’t fully erect—yet—made it appear huge, at least the size of her forearm. His balls dangled heavily behind the thick cock were each as large as her fists. Larger, even. Her first thoughts were fascination and admiration. Then she started worrying—how would it fit inside her, not just the length but the thickness as well.

Still, Josie was helpless to resist the urges of her body. Laying on the bed she scooted back, making room for Hank, as she opened up her legs, inviting him to her sex.

In concert, both Gena and Hank shook their heads. “No,” said Gena. “Turn over, get on your hands and knees, like a proper hucow.”

Since Josie didn’t mind getting fucked from behind, she started to turn over, but Hank stopped her. “Wait. I want to taste her first.” Hank went down on her, sticking his face between her legs and tasting her cunt. He licked her with his

broad, rough tongue making Josie shiver at the sensation. It felt wonderful.

Unfortunately it didn't last long. Hank was just getting her ready, he wasn't trying to make her cum; he was just getting her ready.

"Now turn over," he instructed her pulling back from her sex. As she did so she noted his face was shiny with her juices and that his cock was now fully erect, without even being touched.

"Head down, rump up," Gena instructed as Josie got into position. "Down on your elbows, not your hands. You'll find this is the proper position to be taken by a bull. He can go deeper and it's more comfortable when your rump is full-sized." She had forgotten that Gena was there, watching, helping. Never before had she had sex with a third person in the room. The idea was exciting, but it wasn't the sort of thing a nice girl like Josie had been raised to do. It was too late to protest now.

Once she was properly positioned, Hank knelt behind her and introduced the head of his cock into her pussy's entrance. Josie froze, suddenly afraid. She knew the size of his cock and therefore knew it wouldn't fit inside her.

"Relax," said Gena, softly stroking Josie's hair. "Just let it happen. Hank knows what he's doing. He'll get it in there."

Slowly Hank started working his cock into her pussy, a little deeper each time, slowly stretching and spreading her pussy wider. When Josie starts trembling, shaking at the way she was being used, Gena stroked her hand down the trembling woman's back. "Shh, shh, it'll be fine." Josie tried to stop the little noises coming out of her mouth but found it impossible. That was fine with Hank. He didn't need completely silence from a female while he was fucking her.

Finally he was all the way into her, but he was still only able to sink half his length into her cunt. She felt his cock wedged up against her cervix. Hank knew he wasn't going to get any deeper. He grunted letting Gena know he had bottomed out.

"Well then go ahead and fuck her," she encouraged him. "She'll enjoy it."

"Right." And he started fucking her with great abandon.

For just half a moment Josie suffered under his huge cock…and then it felt… wonderful. She panted and groaned as they fucked and she quickly gave in to the moment. It was perfect to get fucked by Hank while Gena watched. After his second or third stroke Josie realized while Gena had called it getting plowed by a bull. He was huge and powerful. She had little control over what was happening and that was perfect. She was nothing more than an animal and she was enjoying every bit of it.

It was easy to cum. With most men Josie had to concentrate and make sure she reached her own climax, but with Hank's cock wedged up in her sex, cumming was easy. She did it twice before Hank finished. When he came he grabbed her hips and drove his cock deep into her cunt, bumping up against her cervix making her call out, before his balls tightened up against his body and he came, flooding her pussy. She was already wet and now he turned her sex into a lake causing her to cum again.

When he pulled out, she started crying. "Did he hurt you," Gena asked when he was fully extracted.

"No," moaned Josie. "I want him back in." Her words came out almost as a whine.

Gena dipped her hand down between Josie's thighs and wiped away the thick white fluid that Hank had left behind. She lifted it up and showed Josie what he had done to her. "You've had enough for the moment," she said licking off her fingers. "Why not share?" She offered her fingers to Josie who caught the ammonia scent and still found herself grabbing Gena's wrist and licking away what remained of Hank's semen.

It tasted wonderful.

"It tastes good, doesn't it?" Gena asked, pulling her hand away when it was clean. "It raises the lust, doesn't it?"

"Yes." Her voice was small, but Josie spoke clearly.

"But you need to rest a little first," Gena informed her as she pushed Josie down to the mattress. When she was fully down, Gena put her hand between the other woman's legs again and wiped away more of the thick semen. She tasted it once more and shivered in anticipation before looking over at Hank. "Are you ready?"

“I need a little help,” he admitted, looking down at his wet and semi-flaccid cock.

Josie rolled to her side to watch the hucow and the bull. Gena went down on her knees and put his cock into her mouth, sucking off the combined remains of his spunk and Josie’s cunt. Hank responded immediately, his cock growing hard under her delicate ministrations. Josie had never before seen such a quick recovery in a man before. No, not a man. A bull. He wasn’t human, not fully, and as such he could do things no man could.

Once he was fully erect, Gena got up off her knees and into the kneeling position next to Josie: head down, rump up on knees and elbows. Just like he had fucked Josie, Hank knelt down behind Gena and prepared to put his cock inside her. However, since Gena was a full-blown hucow, watching them rut was different than having the bull fuck the all too still-human Josie.

Gena’s tits—her udders—were bigger than Josie’s, as were her hips, rump, and thighs. It was easy enough for Hank to enter the experienced hucow and sink his big cock all the way into her. There was no need for him to hold back. Her fleshy body, along with her well-developed pussy, could easily accommodate the bull’s cock, until Josie who had only been able to take half of his length and could barely handle his diameter.

They fucked like animals. No, even better, they rutted like animals. They didn’t speak at all. They were only able to make sounds, not speech. Since he could use his full length Josie saw up close exactly what Gena meant by getting plowed. He cunt was sopping wet. Between each of Hank’s strokes Josie could see the hucow’s pussy juice practically flowing down her labia and onto her thighs. Hank’s cock was slick with her juice making Josie wonder how the two felt any friction.

Their flesh slapped together in a steady rhythm as they rutted. Josie was fascinated but said nothing. However, she couldn’t stop her hand from going between her legs and cupping her pussy. She didn’t masturbate, but she gently massaged her soft flesh, waiting.

It was impossible for Josie to tell when Gena reached her peaks, but it was obvious when Hank did. He let out a bellowing growl before driving Gena into the bed, pinning her down, as he came. Underneath his body, Gena shook in

pleasant satisfaction.

After long moments of silence, Gena laughed lightly and Hank rolled off her. “You plow me so well, Hank,” she told him, half turning so she could kiss him. “I’d call you an artist of the cock, but you don’t care about the compliments, do you?”

“I’ll take the compliment,” Hank grunted.

“How was it fucking her?” Gena asked.

He grunted again. “Not bad.” He half grinned. “She’ll be better when she puts on a few more pounds and finishes her treatment.”

Josie didn’t know if she should be proud she passed muster—barely—or if she should have been ashamed. Gena reached between her legs and scooped up Hank’s leavings which were already leaking out of her pussy because of the huge volume he had deposited. “Taste,” she said, lifting her fingers to Josie’s face. “Swallow some. It’s good, full of protein and sugars that you need.”

The fragrance was strong in Josie’s nostrils. She tried to, but she couldn’t resist. Dipping her head she licked the sticky liquid from Gena’s hand and found herself enjoying the flavor. The taste was divine, a mix of all three people occupying the bed. After the first taste Josie couldn’t help herself. She found herself licking up every little bit from Gena’s fingers.

“How long has she been here?”

“Just two days.”

“So no mate yet.”

Gena laughed. “Of course not yet.

“It’s never too early,” he commented. “When will she calve?”

Although Gena had long dealt with bulls and their one-minded attitude toward hucows and sex, it never failed to exasperate her. “Why don’t you ask her?”

So Hank turned to Josie, who at the moment was contemplating wiping up

Hank's cum from her pussy and tasting it, and asked, "How soon before you go into heat?"

Confused, Josie looked at Gena. "I…I don't know. When?"

"About six weeks. But what he really wants to know is when you intend on getting pregnant."

"I have an implant," Josie told Hank. "I'm not getting pregnant."

"No right away," he grunted.

"It's a competition with the bulls," Gena said. "They like to keep track of how many calves they sire, how many different hucows they breed, and how many they fuck. Being the first to fuck a new heifer, that's extra points, isn't it, Hank?"

"You make it sound so crude. Every shared moment with a hucow is bliss."

"They think they know the right things to say," Gena told Josie. She then turned back to Hank to say, "I'll make sure everyone knows you were her first."

Hank's normally wide eyes narrowed. "So you have someone lined up to be her second."

"You know how it is for new heifers. The change is stressful, lots of need to fuck. And the first heat is just as stressful. She needs to know how to get relief."

"Who is to be her second?"

Gena hesitated and then said, "Douglas."

Hank laughed. "Is that your idea?"

"No. It was her choice."

"Does she—"

"No. And keep your mouth shut."

Josie knew that something was going on, but was smart enough not to say anything either.

With another grunt Hank heaved himself off the bed and picked his kilt up off the floor. “I’ve got to get going,” he said. “Janna thinks she’s going into heat shortly. I have a date with her this afternoon while she pumps her udders.”

“Good luck,” Gena commented as he headed to the door. “This is her second heat. She didn’t calve with her first.”

“Lucky me.”

“I know she has a date with Oscar tomorrow. You’d better be good, more than lucky, if you want to breed her.”

Hank grinned at her and then walked out the door.

“Don’t worry about him,” Gena said noticing Josie’s longing, wistful gaze at the closed door. “You have a date with Douglas this afternoon. He knows how to fuck a hucow. But first,” she glanced at the clock. “It’s time for you next pumping, isn’t it?”

“I’m not sure if…” Josie started to say.

“Don’t worry,” Gena told her. “You don’t have to use the vibrator if you don’t want. But I enjoy it after a pleasant fucking.”

After her pumping, Josie insisted on laying down for a nap. “I’m exhausted,” she claimed.

“Good, go to sleep. Drink some water first. You need water. And sleep is good. It’ll help your transformation. I’ll be back when it’s your time with Douglas.”

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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