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


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Smashwords Edition

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Part Two

Chapter Three

Much to her astonishment Josie woke up before Gena returned. She was famished and thirsty. Water was easy and Josie surprised herself when she drank almost two liters by herself. Food was a little more difficult, but she found some energy bars in the kitchen cabinets. As she ate she wandered around her apartment, eventually finding herself looking into the floor length mirror behind the closet door. It had only been two days but she was certain she saw a change in her tits. They were bigger than before. Not a huge change, but definitely bigger. She tried not to focus on the slight rounding of her tummy and the enlargement of her buttocks.

But she wasn't displeased with the change either.

A chime announced Gena's arrival. When Josie opened the door the hucow pushed in, instantly busy. "You need to be pumped soon, don't you?"

"Yes, soon."

"Wait until Douglas gets here. We'll get you on the milker and he'll fuck you while you pump."

Josie blinked. "Is that even possible?"

Gena laughed. "Of course it's possible. Many hucows actually prefer it. The milkers were designed to accommodate this need. It just takes a bit of practice. And don't forget it's best to be taken from behind by a bull, more pleasure for you both, trust me. No hucow in her right mind wants to be fucked on her back."

"If you say so."

"Douglas is a much more experienced bull than Hank. You'll do fine."

While they waited Gena showed Josie the correct way to use the milker while being fucked by a bull. In the back of her mind Josie was certain it was ridiculous, but said nothing because she had been surprised at every turn since

starting her transformation.

“Let me strap you in,” Gena said.

“Is that necessary?” Josie asked as the straps went around her limbs and torso.

“You’ll want it, this first time at least.”

She was almost fully strapped in when the door chimed again. Gena grinned, more excited than Josie. “He’s here. You’re going to love his cock.”

Josie didn’t know what to say so she remained silent. When Douglas was admitted she immediately saw that he was more handsome than his picture. Gena gave him a peck on the cheek. “I’ve gotten her ready for you.”

Douglas grunted and unwrapped the kilt from his waist. Just like Hank—just like all bulls—he was incredibly well endowed. Gena had told her that human men went through a treatment to become bulls that was similar to the one women went through to become hucows. It made them hairier, gave them the bumps on their forehead, and enlarged their cock and balls. While she wasn’t certain of the exact biology, but Josie knew that they needed to produce more sperm and more powerful sperm in order to impregnate the hucows. In an odd twist of the same biology, hucows weren’t able to be impregnated by normal men any longer, but bulls could impregnate human women. It was difficult, but not impossible.

Unlike the dark-haired Hank, Douglas was fair-haired, almost blond. His chest hair was sparser than most other bulls, but it might have just seemed that way because of the light color. His cock was still huge, along with his balls, and he had massive forearms and thick, muscular thighs and at this moment his cock, though large, was flaccid. He reached under Josie, right behind the saddle where she was seated, and ran his fingers along her labia before pushing his thick index finger up into her pussy.

“She’s wet,” he said in a deep bass voice. “Ready. But I’m not.” He pulled his finger out of her and Josie gasped lightly as he tasted her cunt. Gena fell to her knees and started sucking on Douglas’s cock. It took little time for him to get hard. Josie wasn’t sure if he just wanted the attention or actually needed a bit of stimulation to get ready for a new hucow.

Once he was fully erect it was an impressive display and Josie found herself

ready to be fucked.

“She doesn’t have a proper rump.”

“No, not yet,” agreed Gena. “This is only her second day. But don’t you want her first?”

Douglas grunted as he bent his knees, taking his cock in hand, and searched for Josie’s opening. “I know that Hank has already had her this morning. I’m her second.”

“There’s no fooling you, is there?”

“Never.”

“Turn on the pump, Josie,” Gena instructed her protégé. “You can feel his cock at your pussy, can’t you?”

Josie just nodded and flipped the switch, activating the pump that sucked at her tits. They were already sore but she was distracted by Hank’s cock pushing into her. The pain in her tits faded away as she was fucked for the second time that day.

“Ooh,” she moaned.

“When is she going to breed?” Douglas asked as he started fucking her. Like Hank his cock couldn’t fit all the way in Josie’s still too-human pussy, but he still knew how to fuck. He reached over her body and activated the switch that turned on the saddle’s vibrator. The pump was already working on her tits, trying to draw out milk that wasn’t yet present.

“Soon enough. Let her go into heat first,” Gena said. “Hell, let her finish her transformation first.”

Josie found that the power of speech had failed her once again as she was speared by the bull’s powerful cock. Looking over at Gena, naked and sexy as a hucow could be watching Douglas fuck her, a realization came of Josie. The two knew each other in some way outside of the dairy. Somehow Gena had tricked her into choosing Douglas so the hucow could see the bull fuck her on the milking machine. It was a strange and overly elaborate fantasy, but Gena was

clever and knew how to control Josie.

Not that Josie minded. Getting plowed by Douglas's exquisite cock wasn't a punishment, it wasn't work, it wasn't an ordeal to survive—it was a pleasure in life.

The fucking was much shorter than Josie wanted—not that she didn't take great satisfaction in it. As he fucked her, Douglas made her cum several times. Each orgasm seemed to blend into the next one. When he came, he came hard with several loud grunts and digging his fingers into her fleshy hips to hold her in place exactly where he needed.

"Oh, I could get used to this," Josie groaned as Douglas pulled his dripping cock out of her.

"Don't get too used to it," Gena cautioned her. "You don't want it to become routine. You want a little thrill, don't you?"

"Yes," Josie agreed as she shut down the pump. Her tits were sore but satisfied. "Oh! Shit! What about Hank?" she asked, alarmed. She already could feel his cum dripping out of her pussy. Neither Gena nor Douglas looked terribly concerned at her question. He was wiping his dick dry with a small towel and she was watching him, how his muscles played across his chest as he moved. Gena briefly glanced at Josie

"What about him?" Certainly Douglas heard the question but was unconcerned.

Silently Josie indicated Douglas who finished drying his cock and walked to the kitchenette for a drink of water. "Oh, he doesn't care," Gena told her, indicating Douglas with a wave of her hand. "All the bulls share the hucows. It's the way it is around here. It's extremely rare for a bull and hucow to actually form a permanent relationship."

Josie wondered about that, but didn't ask any more questions, she was still new to the dairy and the residence.

The next day was much the same as the previous: Josie went to the nurse for her injection, found she gained three pounds, had a nap, and was woken up by Gena

checking in on her. “You can’t sleep the day away,” Gena said. She was wearing a loose fitting dress that did little to hide her massive udders. “You need to get up and exercise.”

“Do you mean pump my tits or get fucked by a bull?” The question came out with more anger than Josie intended but Gena wasn’t surprised by it.

“Either is good. And call them udders, not tits, you’re a hucow now—or close enough to one. If you don’t want to pump you can go for a walk. We go have an exercise room here as well. Is it time for your pumping?”

“In an hour.”

“Do you want to get fucked?” Gena asked with a hint of leer.

It was tempting, but Josie answered, “Not right now. My pussy is sore from yesterday.”

“That often happens after your first time with a bull.” Gena grinned. “Is the urge still there?”

“Yes,” Josie admitted with a blush of shame.

“Good. That means the treatment is working. Here, let me show you how to browse the bulls and call one when you have the need.” She pulled a tablet from a drawer in the kitchenette and activated it, logging into the dairy’s house system.

“Why is this even necessary?” Josie asked. She recognized the system Gena was showing her. It was the one she had used to pick Hank and Douglas.

“To keep us happy,” Gena told her. “Happy hucows produce sweeter milk.”

“That’s crazy.”

“It’s true,” she said with a shrug. “If you have an hour until your pumping, let’s go for a walk. It’s a beautiful day outside and I’ll show you the grounds.

“What should I wear?” Josie asked, heading to the closet where she had her scant collection of clothing.

“Nothing…well, shoes,” she said indicating her own practical sandals.

Outside the sun felt wonderful on her skin. Josie was still a bit embarrassed when they encountered other hucows, but not because she was naked. She was already over that and the other hucows were also naked. It was because she had such small tits—udders—compared to the other hucows. Likewise, her ass—her rump—didn’t compare to the other hucows living and working in the dairy.

“They know I’m new, don’t they?” Josie asked as they passed a hucow walking the opposite way.

“Of course they do, but they were new once as well.”

“I feel out of place.”

“You’ll fit in soon enough.”

The walking path started along the edge of the main building of the dairy, then across the lawn to the woods where it wound back and forth in and out of the pine forest providing a mix of shade and sun as they walked. When the path went deeply into the forest Josie heard the unmistakable sounds of people up ahead. She wasn’t sure what they were doing as she caught a glimpse of several figures in between the trees.

“Stop,” Gena whispered suddenly, pulling Josie behind a small clump of trees. “Looks like we caught a few bulls playing.”

“Playing?” Her words were much louder than Gena’s.

“Shh. I can’t see who the hucow is. Let’s watch.”

“Watch?” Josie was unsure if such a thing was right, spying on bulls and hucows playing.

And what exactly did Gena mean by playing? Josie crept forward to get a better view. Gena didn’t stop her; she sat back and watched Josie.

As she pushed aside a bit of overgrown hedge, Josie gasped at what she was seeing. Three bulls, all big and burly with their hairy chests and huge cocks dangling between their legs, had a hucow on her hands and knees. They had

driven four stakes into the earth, tied ropes to each of the stakes and had tied the ropes to the hucows wrists and ankles. Actually, they were in the process of tying the last rope to her right ankle.

All the bulls were laughing, having a good time, as the hucow struggled to keep her leg free. Josie couldn't see the female's face, she was oriented in the opposite direction from Josie, but she did have a good view of the hucows rump and cunt which was red with desire. Her massive udders were hanging down to the ground. The hucow was struggling, but it was a pointless effort because the bulls already had her almost fully restrained and she stood no chance against three bulls who were all muscle. It made Josie wonder how the hucow was lured out into the forest by the three of them. Had she been tricked? Had they bulls been waiting and simply waylaid her at the right moment?

Despite the turmoil of the moment Josie found herself exited by what she was watching. It was obvious what the bulls were going to do. To her shame, Josie dropped her hand between her thighs and cupped her pussy. She didn't want to masturbate because it was the wrong tableau to masturbate to and she was spying and her pussy was sore, but she couldn't help but gently rub her clit with her middle finger.

When one of the bulls grabbed her free leg so the other could tie it down, the third knelt in front of the hucow and held the back of her neck while shoving his cock into her mouth. That was a step too far for Josie. She started to get up to protest what was going on, but she was quickly pulled back down by Gena.

"What are you doing?" Gena hissed at her.

"They're going to rape her!" Josie was shocked that Gena didn't want to do something. At the very least run back to the administration building and call the authorities.

Gena rolled her eyes. "They're playing. Look at her pussy. It's red! She's in heat. This was probably her idea, if I know Carolyn at all. She probably couldn't choose who she wanted to breed with so she's making it into a game.

One the bull that had tied Carolyn's right leg down now knelt behind her, inserted his cock into her open pussy, and started vigorously fucking. From where Josie crouched she could now tell that Carolyn wasn't resisting at all. In fact, she was eagerly bobbing her head up and down on the first bull's cock

while getting plowed by the second. The third waited off to the side, stroking his cock, slowly bringing it to full erection.

“That just…wrong,” was all that Josie could say.

Turning her gaze from the rutting quartet, Gena said, “Who are you to say what’s right and wrong for someone’s private sex life?”

“I…” Josie didn’t have a response.

After an interminable delay, Gena said, “That’s what I thought.” She sighed. “You don’t know everything yet, so you’re going to make mistakes. But this is a safe place for hucows and bulls. You might think you know what it’s like, you’ve read all the literature and gone through the basic orientation, but you can’t really know until you’ve lived it. No bull would risk attacking a hucow like this. True, leave a bull alone with a hucow in heat and he’ll do everything he can to convince her to mate—not that it would take much effort—but that’s an extreme circumstance.”

“So why is Carolyn tied up like that?” questioned Josie.

“Probably because she was big into bondage before she became a hucow. Maybe she’s reliving those days.” The first bull pulled his cock out of her mouth. It was huge and dripping wet. He had forced her mouth wide open to accommodate it and now Carolyn was moaning—lowing—as she was plowed by the second bull.

“Finish up, Mickey,” the first bull said. “I almost wasted my load down her throat.”

“The more bulls a hucow mates with,” Gena whispered to Josie, “the higher probability she’ll conceive.”

“Well, yeah. That just makes sense.”

Gena shook her head. “No. If you mate with just one bull to try to conceive, he’ll have to cum in you a dozen times for a better than even chance of getting knocked up. But if you fuck just three or four bulls in a short time span, you’ll definitely calve.”

Mickey, either encouraged by the words of his friend or because he was already

on the edge, suddenly shifted his pace and cried out as he came. “All yours, Davey,” Mickey panted as he pulled back. His cock came out of Josie’s cunt wet and sticky.

As Davey took Mickey’s place, the third bull got in front of Carolyn and pushed his big cock between her lips. As Carolyn turned her head to the side Josie was able to get a good look at her face. She was smiling, grinning even, as she accepted the big cock into her mouth. She wasn’t being coerced into this. Davey sat down on the grass and watched his companions.

“I don’t get it. Why does fucking more bulls equal a greater chance of getting pregnant?”

“Sperm competition.”

“What’s that?” Even as she carried on the conversation with Gena, Josie couldn’t help but watch the abused hucow get plowed by Davey and half wish it was her in the other hucow’s position. Her hand hadn’t left her pussy even if she wasn’t actively jilling off at the moment.

“If you get more than one bull’s cum in you at the same time, their sperm fight to fertilize the egg. Some swim forward to find the egg, other swim backward or side-to-side patterns to block other foreign sperm. It’s a war inside your cunt.” She actually giggled. “More troops equals more effort on each sperms part. Apparently sensing another bull’s cum activates them. But one bull’s semen alone, nothing gets activated and the sperm just swim lazily until they chance across the egg or run out of energy.”

“Weird.”

“I think of it as sexy. Bulls will vie for a hucow’s attention and so will their sperm.” She paused and licked her lips. “Davey’s finishing up. Looks like it’s Timmy’s turn.”

The final bull got in place behind Carolyn and entered her, at this point, well-used pussy. He slipped right in and started pounding away at Carolyn while talking to his friend. They were laughing at the sounds that Carolyn was making. Maybe they were laughing because that’s what bulls did when fucking hucows, but Josie found Carolyn’s moans of pleasure to be arousing.

All too quickly Timmy finished with a series of exaggerated grunts and Josie was certain the show was over. She started to rise again, but once more Gena held her in place. “Where are you going now?”

“Aren’t they done? I don’t want to get caught.”

Gena shook her head. “They aren’t done, not by a long shot. And if they didn’t want to get caught, they should have done this in her room.”

“What the fuck?”

“You don’t find this exciting to watch?”

Josie just looked at her guide who then, unexpectedly, pulled Josie’s hand away from her pussy and felt the neophyte’s pussy for herself. “You’re wet, sopping,” Gena whispered, showing Josie her slick fingers. “You do find this exciting to watch.”

“So?”

“So then so do other people. If another bull hears the four of them rutting, he’ll come along and join the party—if the happy trio there let him.”

“This is crazy,” Josie said even as she watched Mickey exchange places with Timmy and put his newly hard cock back into Carolyn.

“Wait until you try it,” said Gena, taking her friend by the hand. “You’ll enjoy it just as much as Carolyn. Come on, now. It’s almost time for your next pumping.”

Reluctantly, Josie allowed herself to be dragged away from the hucow gangbang and realized that Gena was probably right: getting fucked by three or four different bulls all in the same session sounded delicious.

After her pumping session that Gena supervised, Josie considered her options of bulls she could invite to her room for a little physical relief. “I’d suggest Bryce or Isaac,” said Gena. “They aren’t so well-endowed as the other bulls and they tend to go gentler as well.”

“I could try both,” Josie pondered out loud.

“I wouldn’t. Truly, you don’t want to wear yourself out before you start lactating and go into heat. You might want to choose three or four bulls to familiarized yourself with and then go wild when its time. Don’t worry, none of the bulls will refuse you.”

“Why is that?”

“You’re new, none of them can resist playing with a new hucow. And you’re very pretty, that always helps. Plus, they’ll all think that if they can impress you with the talents of their cocks, you’ll want to choose them as a permanent partner. “

“And I won’t?”

Gena laughed at the notion. “I’ve bedded over a hundred bulls since I’ve been here. All were temping in their own way, but none to the point where I’d want to be exclusive. But they’ll ask, they’ll ask. It’s like a source of pride for them.”

“But surely some hucows have said yes, haven’t they? Otherwise why would the bulls even ask?”

“Or sure, a few have said yes…and it lasts for a couple of months, six at the outside, and then both bull and hucow start sneaking around on each other.” Gena sighed and pushed her hair back from her wide, broad forehead. “Look, it might seem like this is a big community, but it’s not. Everything gets around. Don’t try to keep secrets from just one person. If you’re going to keep a secret, keep it from everyone.” Glancing down at the tablet in Josie’s hand, Gena abruptly reached out and pressed a few buttons before Josie saw what she was doing and pulled the device away. “There. I’ve invited Oscar to service you at three this afternoon. Enjoy it.”

And with that she marched out the door.

Josie knew she could cancel the request at any moment, but she didn’t. She just put aside the tablet, made herself a midday snack, drank what seemed to be a gallon of water, and waited for Oscar’s arrival.

Chapter Four

Josie found satisfaction in her work, such as it was. She did try a new bull every day for the first week at BioDyne, even if Gena did disapprove. The amount of weight she put on was shocking, but she was pleased to see it all went right to her tits and ass, which made the small amount of clothing she had brought along all but impossible to wear.

“Udders and rump,” Gena told her as she lent her a loose-fitting dress for a shopping trip where she acquired a dress like Gena’s and a pair of sturdy sandals. They also acquired more than a few leering and admiring glances from normal men as they shopped. “Ignore them,” Gena reminded her. “Their little cocks won’t satisfy you like the bulls’ can.”

And that was true. In addition to her rapid weight gain, Josie was certain her hips were shifting around, making them wider. She knew her pussy was being stretched by the many cocks of the bulls she was bedding, but that was a happy consequence. Not being able to take satisfaction in a normal human man’s cock was a disappointment she could brush off. The one truly disturbing part of her bodily changes was the sudden prominence of her enlarged clit.

“Completely normal,” both Gena and Nurse Barbara agreed. Even so, it was strange to look down between her legs and see her pleasure button sticking out all the time, not just when she was aroused, though she was so often aroused it was hard to tell the difference between normal and lusty now. Wearing underwear was as best distracting because the way it stimulated her clit, and at worse just slightly painful way to have a hands-free orgasm, so she dispensed with them entirely.

It was on her eighth day at the dairy that the promised miracle occurred. Her milk let down and she started to truly lactate.

“Very good,” Gena complimented her on the few ounces that had filled the collection tank connected to her milk extractor. “You’ll be producing like a normal hucow in no time.”

Nurse Barbara and Dr. Berhaupt were less enthusiastic. “You’re almost a week early to start lactating,” he said after glancing at Josie’s file.

“I’ve always been a quick study,” she joked.

That comment made the doctor frown. “Individual variation abounds but I don’t like such vast variation,” he stated flatly in the tone doctors used when they were trying to keep their patient calm, but only succeeded in making them nervous.

“Should I be worried?”

The bull shook his head. “No. We’ll just monitor your output for the next month, tracking every day closely. And we’ll test your milk as well, make sure everything is as expected. We careful that none of your partners suckles directly from your udders. We want a close accounting of your production.”

“Yes, doctor. I’ll do that.” All the bulls already knew the hucows didn’t want their milk consumed during sex, so Josie realized that following the doctor’s order would be relatively easy.

“And drink more water,” he told her after looking at her milk analysis. “Your milk is very sweet, but too thick. The company likes it thin.”

“Fine.” Josie hated the amount of water she needed to drink. It made her get up several times in the middle of the night to pee.

As her milk fully came in, Josie’s udder ballooned to four times their previous size. At certain times it felt like she was carrying around watermelons on her chest, but other than the exhaustion from the effort, she didn’t feel any pain. She had been expecting to deal with back and spine issues as she put on weight and her chest grew.

“Actually, that’s a myth for hucows, but not for norms,” Gena told her. “Part of the gene therapy treatment you get strengthens the muscles in your back, shoulders, and rump to make carrying these massive milkers around.” She playfully swatted at Josie’s udders. The new hucow shied away.

“I didn’t realize that.”

“Scientists are crazy, but smart. And those scientists have given you a big

beautiful, round rump."

Josie admired her new posterior in the mirror and wiggled it a bit. Yes, there was a bit of jiggle to her flesh now that she hadn't had before, but there was just as much firmness from the muscles underneath. It was an easy exchange to live with. "I can get used to this," she told her reflection.

"Only one thing to look forward to now," Gena told her.

"What's that?" Josie absently asked as she half turned and took in her expanded udders and rump in profile.

"Your first heat."

The words made Josie shiver. "Don't say that."

"Why not?"

"You make it seem like…I don't know…you make it seem exciting, but it's scary at the same time."

"Scary exciting," Gena corrected her. "Just imagine what it's like to want to fuck every bull you see, and they want to fuck you because they can smell your pheromones, and there's no reason to say no, and so you spend a week in your bed with a cock in your pussy, or on the milker getting fucked while you pump, or maybe you venture into the bulls' stables and you get used by each and every one of them." While she talked Gena's eyes glazed over and her hands went to her udders, squeezing and pinching the elongated teats, making some milk dribble out. Eventually her words drifted off and Josie just watched her fingers actively wasting her milk.

"You sure you want to do that?" Josie asked, knowing how valuable the milk was.

"Get plowed by every bull on staff?" Gena asked. "Hell yes."

"No, I mean waste your milk like that, squeezing your tits."

"Udders," Gena corrected her and immediately stopped playing with her teats. "And no I don't, but sometimes the moment strikes you." She shook her head,

trying to clear it. “I’ve got to check my calendar. I might be going into heat as well.”

“Really? You can tell?”

“Of course you can tell. You get hornier. I know that’s already happening to you, but it gets a hundred times stronger when your heat comes in.”

“It’s not like your period?”

Gena had to suppress a giggle. “That’s one of the bonuses of becoming a hucow. No more monthly period. Even better, it’s replaced by you going into heat every eight weeks or so where you’re super-susceptible to getting knocked up. But the sex….”

All this talk made Josie nervous. She knew what she was getting into, but to actually go through it was another thing entirely. “I think I need to pump now,” she said, walking to her milker.

“You can stop doing it every few hours, you know,” Gena informed her. “Most of us try for a twice a day schedule, that way you have more freedom during your day to do other things other than be attached to a Robo-Milker.”

Josie just nodded and mounted the milker, got her udders into place, and activated the pump. Once the cups grabbed onto her teats it pulled them forward, stretching them out to an almost obscene length, before letting go. The cycle repeated three times before the first squirt of milk shot out and was sucked down to the collection tank.

“Do you want some privacy?” Gena asked when Josie turned on the saddle vibrator.

“No,” Josie sighed. “You can stay, if you want.” She leaned into the chest pad and wiggled her hips. They moved obscenely on the saddle and Gena licked her lips. It was a tempting sight.

But Gena told herself that she wasn’t that type of hucow. It was tempting—so very tempting—but she couldn’t make herself take advantage of Josie. Instead she looked down at the hoses and collection tank. It was filling up nicely.

“You need to go to a twice a day schedule,” Gena flatly informed Josie. It wasn’t time to be talking about production and scheduling; that was why Gena did it. “You’re udders will swell up more. They’ll be beautiful, and you will make so much more milk.”

“Uh-huh,” Josie vaguely agreed.

“I’ll put you on that schedule,” Gena decided for her. “You’ll love it.”

“Uh-huh,” Josie repeated. Gena walked out the door as Josie reached her first peak. It would take her the better part of a half hour for her udders to be completely drained.

As it was, Josie had been listening to what Gena said. She had taken her initial six times a day pumping schedule down to three times a day once her milk had come in. Heeding Josie’s advice, she skipped her early afternoon pumping and endured the pain and swelling in her udders until early evening when it would be easiest to pump on a regular basis.

When she pumped in the evening, her milk flowed like a river, but she didn’t turn on the vibrator. She wanted to feel the isolated effect of the pump alone. She only came once, but it was satisfying. After she was done, she decided to visit Gena in her fancy apartments. Because of their fast friendship Gena had set up Josie’s security pass to open her door. Josie didn’t even bother with the chime when she admitted herself. The moment the door closed Josie heard the unmistakable sounds of vigorous sexual activity coming from the bedroom.

Josie grinned. Obviously the moment had struck Gena and she must have invited up one of the bulls on call. During her short time at the dairy Josie had become accustomed to seeing and hearing sex all the time. She had never before been much of a consumer of pornography, but now watching a hucow and bull—or more than one bull—mate never failed to excite her. She decided to indulge in this little urge and spy on Gena.

When she peered around the corner, Josie actually found herself shocked. She had started to pride herself on accepting the sexual hijinks that went on in the dairy, but it was Gena who had always insisted that hucows be taken properly during sex. That is to say, from behind, preferably on hands and knees, but on a milker was perfectly acceptable. The very traditional and all-too-human missionary position (woman on her back, man on top) was supposed to be

strictly verboten, not just because it was advocated by too many human sexuality experts, but because it was often uncomfortable for hucows with their enlarged rumps and udders. Strangely, it was much more comfortable to be taken on hands and knees as a hucow than it was to be on her back. The bulls agreed.

So Josie was well within her rights to gasp in shock and a bit of betrayal when she found Gena and Douglas on the bed in the missionary position, which his cock buried deep in her quim. To top it all off, they were kissing as well. There was nothing wrong, per se, with kissing, but to do it while pretending to be humans…well, it actually turned Josie's stomach a bit.

Her gasp caught the attention of Gena and Douglas who both turned to look at her. Everyone stared at one another in shock, saying nothing. Josie spun around and all but sprinted for the front room, heading for the door. Before she could reach it, she became lightheaded and managed to collapse on the couch in the living room.

Gena shoved Douglas off her body and race after her friend, relieved to find her on the couch instead of running down the hallway. "I'm so sorry," Josie apologized as if she was the one doing the spying. "You weren't supposed to see that."

To her horror, Josie realized tears were streaming down her face. "You said we weren't supposed to do that, fuck like humans."

"It's not illegal…" Gena said, fumbling for words.

"But it's not proper!"

"Sometimes it fun to do things that are supposed to be wrong," Gena insisted vehemently.

The intensity of her reply surprised Josie and she remembered her manners. "Douglas is your boyfriend, isn't he?" she asked, having now connected the dots.

"Hucows don't have boyfriends. We have bulls that breed us. If an agreement is reached, then a marriage contract is sighed.

"He's your boyfriend, isn't he?" Josie repeated.

“We really don’t use that term around here…”

“Stop avoiding the question!”

“Yes, he’s my boyfriend. And we’ve talked about the marriage contract, but haven’t come to an agreement yet.”

“Why not? Is it because he fucked me?”

Gena laughed. “Hardly. Well, I can see why you might think that. No, he’s a bull and I’m a hucow, but even so, it’s hard to set aside old human prejudices and behaviors. It’s his job to breed as many hucows as he can. And it’s my job to choose the best bull for me when I’m in heat. When you start trying to build a relationship…things become difficult.” She sighed. “It’s the primary reason hucows leave the dairy, you fall in love with a bull and you can’t deal with all the emotions any longer.”

“I didn’t know that. But you can still pump your milk. I know they collect from outside sources.”

Gena nodded. “Yes, the money’s less, but the autonomy is greater. Still, no hucow pumps forever. It’s the dirty little secret of our society, isn’t it?”

“Are you going to marry him?”

There was a long pause before Gena answered, which made Josie nervous and she started to wonder why Douglas was hiding in the bedroom. “Eventually, yeah, I think so. We just need to work out the details. There are hucow settlements all around here, so we can be with our own kind, but it won’t be the same. I love working here.”

“Umm…can I still fuck him?” Josie asked shyly.

Laughing at the question, Gena gave her friend a quick peck on the cheek and said, “Yes, of course. I’m not a prude. But I wouldn’t bother trying that right now. We’ve been at it all afternoon.”

It took Josie a moment to understand what Gena was saying. “Are you in heat?” Just the idea made Josie’s pussy flutter in excitement.

With a nod Gena said, “I called him the moment I left your rooms. He’s trying to breed me. If I can calve, we’ll marry.”

Wiping away the last of her tears Josie stood up and said, “I’ll leave you two alone then. He needs to fill your belly.”

Chapter Five

Every week BioDyne posted production results along with quality analysis. The first full week of Josie's production put her near the top of the volume and fat quantity lists. Josie shrieked with delight when Gena presented her with the lists.

"Don't get too excited," Gena cautioned her as Josie pranced around her rooms, her udders bouncing in time with her small leaps. "This often happens with new heifers as they start producing. And it happens to everyone when we are about to go into heat."

"I'm about to go into heat?" Josie marveled at the idea. She was euphoric at the changes in her body and the way she was producing.

"Soon, soon. You've been here a good month now. It might be a while still. The first heat is hardest to predict. Once you get through that, you'll settle into a steady schedule…until you're pregnant."

Josie gasped. "Right! And what about you? Are you?"

Gena smiled coyly. "It's too early to tell."

"Bullshit!" Josie giggled at her slightly inappropriate word choice. "It's been almost two weeks since you were in heat and Douglas practically moved into your apartments when you were in heat."

Always wanting to be clever, Gena demurely smiled. "I said it was too early to tell. I didn't say it was too early for me to know."

Josie glared at the hucow who had given her so much instruction and help since coming to the dairy. "Be that way then!"

"But I will say that Douglas and I are planning a June wedding."

Shrieking with delight, Josie hugged her friend, then gave her a kiss on the cheek, and then touched her slightly rounded belly that was sure to get rounder as her pregnancy progressed. "So you're waiting until the baby is born?"

“Until I calve,” Gena corrected her. “Hucows have calves. And yes, it’s the best way. If we have a calf to raise, there will be something to bind us together. Hucows and bulls have an exclusivity and infidelity problem.”

“It’s not really infidelity if the two of you know about it, right?” Josie asked.

“Well, sort of. A good healthy calf will make me want to breed with Douglas again and he’ll want me again. I’m less likely to look to other bulls to breed me and he’ll be all the more eager to breed me again.” She sighed contentedly. “It’s good to give in to your animalistic nature. The norms try to deny it, but it’s so much less stressful to just go along with it.”

“I thought having a baby…or a calf…to save a marriage was a terrible idea.”

Gena fixed her friend with a disappointed gaze. “For norms, yes. For hucows, no. Anyway, we need to set up your bull list for when you do go into heat. You’re going for quantity, aren’t you?”

“Well, yes. I’m not trying to get pregnant. Not yet.” A thought occurred to her. “Aren’t the bulls going to know I have an IUD, that I’m not allowing them to breed me?”

“Hell, don’t bother telling them. A few will probably figure it out, but in the end they won’t care. The ones you haven’t bedded yet will be thrilled to be plowing a new heifer, the others will chalk it up to putting in the necessary time before you choose who will breed you.”

“You make it sounds so…clinical.”s

“Animalistic,” Gena corrected her again. “And give into your nature. It’s really for the best.”

They spent most of the rest of the day going through the dairy’s extensive list of active bulls. Gena showed Josie the list of inactive bulls—“Most of them either got married or too old, believe it or not. They couldn’t produce enough sperm for them to be kept on the active list. You think it’s bad for us getting our milk tested every day? Most bulls get their sperm tested just as often.”—and pointed out the ones she had bedded. Josie marveled at the sheer quantity.

“Don’t be so impressed. After a couple of years here, you’ll have the same

numbers as me."

Josie indicated the short list of bulls that Gena hadn't recommended. "What's wrong with this group?"

She just shrugged. "This bunch is new, I haven't gotten around to sampling them yet. New bulls are like new heifers, in high demand until they become a known quantity. I'd suggest you put a few of them on your list. They'll accept the invitation just to try to breed a new heifer. You'll have a few new ones that I haven't had." She laughed.

After they arranged the invite list, making everything conditional upon the commencement of Josie's heat, she suddenly became nervous. "This is crazy," she blurted out. "There's twice as many bulls on that list than the total number of men I've actually slept with my entire life!"

"So you'll be tripling your lifetime number," said Gena. "Congratulations."

"You're making me sound like a slut," she complained.

"No, I'm making you sound like a hucow."

It came on suddenly, without any true warning. Josie did her evening milking setting the vibrator to low for just a touch of pleasure and not an exhausting orgasm , nodded with satisfaction as she noted her volume for the day once again exceeded a gallon, went to dinner with Gena and Sally, and turned into bed with great satisfaction. She woke up early, before sunrise, with an urgent need to pee and masturbate.

Neither of those needs was unusual for her in the morning. When she looked down at her pussy when she was done using the toilet, immediately it occurred to her that her labia was red and inflamed, but it wasn't painful to touch. She was aroused and when she probed at her clit, her entire body shuddered with pleasure. This brought her out of her fuzzy-headed morning confusion but for a minute she couldn't decide if she wanted to go to the milking machine and pump her breasts, or go right back to bed and masturbate.

She opted for the bed. It was still too early for her to pump and she didn't want

to vary her schedule. After rolling back onto the mattress she shoved her hand to her swollen pussy and started rubbing. It only took her two minutes before her body shook with an orgasm. It gave her a moment's respite from her need, but then it came back just as strongly as when she had woken up.

Only now id it occur to her what was happening. With fumbling fingers, she grabbed her phone and called Gena, not caring if she woke her friend from a dead sleep. "It's happening," she whined when Gena answered. "What do I do?"

"I'll be there in a minute." True to her word it only took her a minute to appear at Josie's door, letting herself in with the pass, and coming to the other woman's bed. "Did you make yourself cum yet?" she asked. Unusually Gena was wearing a loose robe to ward off the morning chill. Normally she went naked all the time.

"Yes, it didn't help!" Josie was ashamed she was whining her answer.

"Not at all?"

"Maybe for a minute."

"That's good. You're in heat, but you know that. A little jilling can take the edge off, but it won't stop the process or the need. Time to activate the list." Gena grabbed Josie's tablet off the edge of the bedside stand and had her log in, and initiated the bull list that they had created. "Hank should be here in a few minutes." She shook her head. "You shouldn't have chosen the bull you have a crush on to be the first one you bed in your heat."

"I'm not getting pregnant," Josie insisted.

"That's actually a smart choice," Gena reminded her. "Who wants to get pregnant on her first heat?"

Josie lay on her side, her beefy thighs pressing together around her swollen pussy, trying to get a respite from the need while waiting for Hank to appear. Gena gently rubbed her back and made soothing noises as they waited together.

When the door chimed, Gena jumped to her feet to admit Hank. He glanced at her a moment and inhaled deeply through her nose but didn't pick up the invisible musk of heat from her. "Where is she?" he grunted at Gena.

“In the bed, where else?” she snapped back. That was the problem with a bull who had scented a hucow’s heat musk. He was focused on that smell and nothing else. But bull’s let out a pheromone of their own when they detected a hucow in heat. That pheromone helped ready the hucow about to be mounted—and every other hucow in the vicinity. Gena would have stolen Hank away from Josie given half a chance. Luckily she was already pregnant and her desires were somewhat muted at the moment.

Knowing that Hank was in the tiny apartment, Josie rolled to her elbows and knees, raising her rump up in the air, presenting for the bull. He was excited, almost wild with desire, and stripped off his kilt before he reached the bed. His massive cock was already erect but that didn’t stop him from kneeling down and shoving his face into Josie’s swollen cunt. He needed to taste her, to make sure she truly was ready, to get her scent into his nostrils and mouth.

“Ooohhh,” Josie moaned as Hank licked her from her engorged clit, along her moist labia, and up to her puckered anus. He approved of her smell and taste. There was no need to excite her further, so he stood up and summarily shoved his hard cock into her soppy cunt, mounting her from behind like a proper hucow.

“Fuck,” she grunted. Their flesh slapped together as he vigorously plowed her. There was no need to fine lovemaking techniques. She simply wanted to be filled with cock and then be filled with his cum. That was all she needed. All that Hank wanted was to fill her and breed her.

Gena watched as they fucked. She discretely faded into the background, sat down on a chair, spread her legs, and masturbated while the other couple fucked. She knew better than to get involved with them during their rutting. The sight alone was enough to get her juices flowing and her lust to rise, but she still barely had enough time to get herself off one time before Hank bellowed, the sound coming from deep inside his hair, burly chest, and came, burying his cock all the way into Josie’s cunt, driving her swollen udders to the bed, landing heavily on her bulbous rump.

“I needed that,” Josie declared when she was able to regain her breath.

Hank just grunted and shifted his position slightly.

“You’re heavy, get off,” Josie complained.

“Can’t,” Hank replied, though he did put most of his weight on his elbows and knees in response to her complaint.

“What do you mean you can’t?”

“We’re tied together. It’ll be a few minutes.”

“What?” Josie was confused.

“Oh, you’re very lucky on your first proper mounting,” Gena said, getting up from her chair and discretely wiping her fingers off on her thigh before walking over to the pair. “The head of his cock was swollen inside you making it almost impossible to remove, essentially tied you two together until he’s done breeding you. It only happens under the right circumstances.”

“What are those?” Josie panted. Now that she knew what was going on, she could feel Hank’s cock large and pulsing in her pussy. It wasn’t painful, but it was a new experience to go through.

“The last time the bull has ejaculated, the relative need of the hucow to breed, the amount of pheromones the two put out and absorb from each other, factors like that,” Gena explained.

“Gotta rut again,” Hank abruptly said as he pulled Josie back up to her knees b grabbing her hips and bodily yanking her pelvis. His strokes this time were shorter and faster because he couldn’t fully withdraw his cock. The flesh of Josie’s body shook with every thrust.

Unable to help herself, Gena reached between Hank’s legs and held his heavy balls that were larger than grapefruits. “The bull’s cock head gets lodged behind the pubic bone,” Josie further explained. “And your bull has very full balls right now. I bet he’s going to cum at least three, maybe four more times before he can withdraw.” She stroked his balls a few more times than was necessary. She was certain she’d have to call Douglas to service her before she would be able to have a normal day.

Josie said nothing. She couldn’t, her body was completely under the control of Hank. She didn’t mind. This was what she was created for.

As it turned out, Gena was wrong. Hank had to cum five times before he cock

was able to detumesce enough to pull out of Josie's cunt. When he did so, there was a small flood of cum and Hank grabbed her hand, pressing it to her pussy. "Hold it in as long as you can," he encouraged her. "I want my leavings on you."

She did so, too tired to move more than necessary because he had thoroughly exhausted her. If not for her implant, she was certain she would already be pregnant.

"You'd better leave," Gena said to him as he staggered off the mattress. "I'm calling the next bull." She had Josie's tablet in her hand and tapped a few keys to emphasize her statement.

"Who is it?" he grunted as he wrapped his kilt around his hips and Josie was sorry to see the beautiful sight of his cock hidden away. He moved slowly and she realized that he was nearly as exhausted as her.

"You know I'm not going to tell you that," Gena snapped. "It's not smart, for either of you. Now go." She practically shoved him out the door.

"What if he runs into—" Josie started to say.

Gena brushed aside her concern. "He's not going to make a fuss. He wouldn't be up to fighting another bull right now. If anything, he's slinking back to his stable on the back stairs. He doesn't want to run into a bull ready to fuck."

That brought Josie to a new thought. "I'm not going to be ready for him," she said. Her body felt overly used, completely exhausted. There was no way her pussy could take another bull's huge cock. "I can't get fucked again today."

Her protests caused Gena to laugh. "Your body is in overdrive. Give it ten minutes and you'll be ready again. Trust me." She glanced at the time. "Your next paramour isn't supposed to arrive for another twenty minutes. That's plenty of time."

As she rested on the bed, Gena brought her water to drink. As always, Gena's promises came true. By the time the door chimed Josie felt her lust rising again. She knew she would be helpless to resist the overtures from David and his magical cock.

"Are you ready for you next lover?" Gena said, dragging the bull into the

bedroom. Automatically Josie had been getting herself into position so she could be fucked.

“Hello—” Josie started to say, but the words caught in her throat. “Hello, Douglas.”

The bull barely heard the words as he threw his kilt to the ground. He saw and smelled another bull’s scent on Josie which simultaneously enraged and excited him. “She’s been fucked already.”

“All the better for you to prove your masculinity,” Gena cooed in her boyfriend’s ear.

He didn’t bother to stick his face between Josie’s legs. His cock was ready, was oozing precum, and so he mounted Josie without any preliminaries.

“I love watching you fuck other hucows,” Gena sighed as she settled to the floor and put her hand to her pussy.

Josie was surprised at how easily her pussy took Douglas’s big cock…and without any pain. But not just a lack of pain, it felt good to be filled up again. She let out a low grunt of satisfaction as Douglas started thrusting into her. It was the proper thing to do, to mate with as many bulls and offer them her body. It was animalistic, but at that moment Josie realized she was now living in that hazy area between being fully human and little more than an animal. She loved it.

“Very good,” complimented Gena. She got up from the floor, her pussy temporarily satisfied by her busy fingers, and went to Josie, stroking back her hair, brushing it out of the heifer’s face as she was plowed by Douglas’s big cock, her body shaking with each impact. She kissed her friend on the cheek. “Very good girl.”

Josie took more pride in the compliment than she should have. It was a type of diminishing praise, making her seem happy to take pleasure in simple or childish bodily pleasure. Still, the words were beautiful in her ears and she had an orgasm that made her thighs quiver and forced Douglas to keep a firm grip on her hips in order for her to remain upright. He came shortly after she did, filling her still soaking pussy with his semen. She let out another low groan and let him force her down to the mattress. His weight stayed on her for a minute and then she

rolled off.

“No tie?” she asked, disappointed.

A laugh from Josie broke up her disappointment. “Ties are rare between bull and hucow.”

“Who tied her?” demanded Douglas. He remained kneeling between Josie’s spread legs. His long, thick cock laid wetly on her rump.

Waggling her finger at him, Gena said, “Uh-uh. I’m not telling. Besides, does it matter? She’s not going to get pregged by you.”

He snorted once more. “Why not?”

“She protected.”

Douglas lowered his face to Josie’s sex and inhaled deeply, pulling her scent into his nostrils. “No she’s not!” he declared.

“You just keep thinking that,” Gena assured him.

“I’ll breed her,” he declared with the supreme confidence of someone who is lacking certain facts. He looked down at his partially limp cock. “I just need to get hard again.”

“With that I can help you,” said Gena, bending low, taking him into her mouth to suck off the combination of his spunk and Josie’s slippery juices.

“More,” moaned Josie as she waited for Douglas to get hard again. It only took a few minutes, but to her mind it seemed to be forever. When Gena had finally done her duty, he yanked the heifer back up on her knees and inserted his cock into her well-used pussy.

“Oh, yes,” sighed Josie as he pushed all the way into her depths. “More, more.”

Gena laughed at her friend. “You can tell it’s her first heat.”

Douglas said nothing. He was already too distracted by the young heifer’s cunt and the sensations it sent up his thick cock.

“I love watching a bull use a new heifer,” she said mostly to herself. The other two were too involved in their rutting to pay her any attention. They didn’t notice at all when Gena started masturbating next to them. She would only have been a distraction anyway.

By the time Douglas had mounted her three times, both were completely exhausted. He left Josie’s rooms with a promise to Gena that he would see her later in the evening.

“Will he be able to mount you?” Josie asked, curious at the love life of a long-time hucow.

She shrugged. “Probably, but he’ll be thinking about you, not me.”

That worried Josie. “I’m sorry. He shouldn’t be doing that.”

Her concern caused Gena to laugh. “Oh, don’t worry. I’d do the same thing if I was in his place. But from my perspective, there’s nothing like having a new bull servicing you. They have such enthusiasm and pride right after they go through the change.” She shook away the though with a shake of her head. “Anyway, it’s getting late. We should probably milk you before your next bull.”

“Next one? I’m feeling pretty sated right now…”

“Yeah, at the moment. Wait until you’ve been milked, sitting in that saddle for half and hour, it vibrating on your clit while your teats are being pulled and teased.”

She helped Josie get into position on the milker. Even an experienced hucow like Gena was surprised at Josie’s level of exhaustion, but once the milker was powered up, everything fell together like clockwork. Her pussy might have been tender, but being in heat quickly made that the least of her worries. By the time she had produced her customary half gallon from her udders, she was ready for her next bull.

“I think some food first,” Gena said. “We’ll order in from the cafeteria. They’re happy to do that for hucows in heat. Who’s next on your list.”

“David.” Josie had committed her list of temporary paramours to memory.

“Oh, very nice. He’ll keep you happy.”

“You’ve had him?”

“Of course.”

“How do you deal with the jealousy?”

“What jealousy? Over sharing bulls with the other hucows who live here? No such thing. Jealousy is a human emotion; it’s not for hucows.”

Josie wished that was the case because she wanted to keep Douglas away from Gena. But she also felt the same for Hank, which was unreasonable she knew. Maybe she wasn’t fully hucow. Not just yet. She glanced at the list of bulls on her tablet. There were two dozen. She wondered how many she’d be jealous over sharing. She smiled. She wondered how many would be thrilled to try to breed her.

After the milking, a bit of a rest, and something to eat, Josie was ready to call David. Her pussy was throbbing, not in soreness but in anticipation.

“Is it always like this?” she asked Gena.

“Being in heat? Yes. But the first time is always the best. At least that’s how I remember it.”

As it was

Her first heat lasted a week. Three or four bulls mounted her every day, something under the watchful eye of Gena, but not always. Josie became quick friends with all the bulls who serviced her, but she knew at the end of the week she wasn’t going to remember half their names or faces. She’d remember their cocks, however. That she wouldn’t forget.

On the seventh day she begged Gena to invite three bulls into her place at once, she wanted to be used in quick succession like she had seen Carolyn do.

“Absolutely not!”

“Why?”

“In your first heat? You barely have control over the singles you’ve mated with. There’s no way you’ll be able to do that with three.”

“But I’m not controlling anyone…”

“Exactly,” Gena agreed, and only then did she explain. “Your pheromones keep the bull focused on you, on your pussy. He’d go into a wild rage of anger if he couldn’t have you when he wanted you. Put a second or third bull in the mix and they’ll be fighting each other instead of fucking you. Ever see bulls fight? It’s ugly. Violent. You don’t want that.”

“But…how did Carolyn control three bulls when they had her tied up?”

“She’s experienced. She didn’t use just her pussy, she used her mouth. It was probably her idea for them to tie her down. Those three are into bondage, that I know. She probably promised them each a little something if they went along with her plan. This was most like a month’s worth of prep work for her to get fucked the way she wanted while she was in heat. She knew how to speak to each bull and use her body language—and her pheromones—to control the situation. A lot of it is instinctive, but a lot is also learned. You don’t have that skill yet.”

“Then when?”

“Soon,” Gena promised. “You’ll have to go through heat a few times, but it’ll be quicker than you can imagine.”

So Josie sated herself with the attentions of over thirty bulls in her first week in heat. Even as her moment of need passed, she looked forward to her next breeding opportunity.

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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