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


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Smashwords Edition

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Part Three

Chapter Six

Josie watched as Douglas lovingly plowed Gena. The hucow's body was fully ripe now, with large, wide hips and enormous udders topped by her long, fat teats. This was normal for a hucow, Josie knew, but her friend was even more beautiful at the moment because her belly was fully rounded with her growing pregnancy.

Gena was on her hands and knees at the edge of her bed while Douglas stood on the floor behind her, his big cock buried deep in the hucow's pussy. Every time he thrusted forward there was the audible sound of flesh slapping on flesh and a little ripple passed through Gena's body. The wave was just barely visible under her skin, her flesh the perfect combination of fat and muscle. Every time Douglas bottomed out in her cunt, Gena let out a satisfied little moan of pleasure.

They had invited Josie to watch though she wasn't entirely sure why the invitation had been extended. It was no secret that Douglas had sired a calf on Gena, nor was it a secret that the two were planning on marriage after their calf was brought into the world. The only secret that Josie was carrying for the two was that they occasionally would fuck in the traditional missionary position. Doing so wasn't illegal or prohibited in any way, but it was discouraged by the community because hucows considered themselves separate and different from ordinary humans.

Still, Josie was flattered to be involved in their sex life. Gena encouraged Douglas to fuck her on a regular basis, even if she was implanted with an IUD and stood no chance of getting pregnant, because Gena was certain Josie would want her boyfriend to impregnate her friend when she was ready to calve. Just watching them fuck always made Josie want to masturbate and she was usually mounted by Douglas when he was done with Gena, which was always a nice bonus.

Just after she squeaked out a little announcement of an orgasm Douglas finished and planted a load of his cum into Gena. It struck Josie at that moment the sex they were having was all for pleasure; she was already pregnant. He couldn't get

her any more pregnant. He managed to maintain his erection for another minute as he continued thrusting a little. It was just enough to bring Gena over the edge giving her a small orgasm.

Gena let out a long, slow groan as she came, shuffled forward, and fell to her side on the bed, protecting her rounded belly. Already she could feel Douglas's cum starting to trickle out of her pussy.

"You're beautiful," Josie said after she licked her wetness from her fingers.

A grunt of agreement came from Douglas as Gena said, "Thank you." She inhaled deeply, savoring the last lingering effects of her orgasm.

"You're also leaking," she pointed out to Gena indicating her udders. Twin dribbles were trickling out of her teats, running down flesh, and soaking into the bedclothes.

"I can fix that," Douglas said, laying down next to his girlfriend an attaching his mouth to one teat and started sucking.

Josie's eyelids fluttered under the attention. She couldn't deny how good it felt to have Douglas drink her milk directly from the teat. She was a hucow; her entire existence was to produce milk and feed others. Still, she also knew the value of her milk and couldn't let him drink away good money.

She pushed him away. "Buy it off the shelf like everyone else," she teased.

"But it tastes so good right from the source," he complained.

Gena rolled away from her boyfriend but continued her conversation with Josie.

"When are you going to let a bull breed you? Douglas is eager to sire a calf on you. If he did, they'd be half-sibs. It would be like we were almost sisters." She grinned eagerly at her friend.

"Soon," Josie said without commitment.

"I know you're supposed to go into heat in a couple of weeks," Gena continued.

Abruptly Josie changed the subject. "I can leave the residence for a few days,

can’t I?”

Caught by the unexpected question, Gena could only hem and haw. “Um, uh, yeah. It’s allowed, of course. Uh…you aren’t a prisoner here. Most of us hucows stay here because it’s convenient. Why? Do you need to go somewhere?”

“I was thinking about it.”

“You’d have to take a pump with you.”

“I know. That’s not a problem.”

“Where are you going?”

“I need to see someone.”

Josie had visited stores and restaurants in the area surrounding the dairy many times, usually accompanying Gena. They wore what was the de facto uniform for hucows out in public: a loose fitting dress, often white or yellow. Neither wore a bra, they were too uncomfortable. Josie would don underwear; she could still hear her mother whispering in her ear that a proper lady would never be caught out in public incorrectly dressed. Even if she had given herself over completely to being a hucow, she hadn’t shaken off all her old perceptions.

In those stores, since hucows were a common sight, they were treated like any other person, hardly noteworthy. However, the moment she stepped out of her car and started walking to the café to meet Andy, she could feel the eyes of every person in the shopping district on her. Yes, she knew her body looked to the untrained eye like she was simply overweight, but that was inaccurate. Her rump and hips were larger compared to a norm woman giving her a fat appearance, especially under the billowy dress, but that was necessary to hide her huge udders. She couldn’t wear a bra, she was well past that. Bras were for normie women, not hucows like her. Still, she walked with pride, keeping her chin up. It wasn’t like these people hadn’t seen hucows before. The immature ones would gawk, but that was because they didn’t have manners.

Andy was already waiting for her. His eyes lit up when she came into view, but then confusion crossed his face. From the time she had joined the dairy Josie had

put on over fifty pounds, most of it in her udders and rump, but some of the weight had gone to her face. The last time Andy had seen her she was slim, athletic and now she was completely different. She, literally, was not the same person she had been.

That didn't change anything for the moment. She screwed on her confidence and walked with complete self-confidence to Andy's table. Automatically he stood up and started to give her a hug, but hesitated, unsure of how to deal with her body, and instead gave her a quick peck on the cheek.

"It's good to see you," he said not knowing how else to open the conversation.

"Thank you," she said as she sat down.

"You look good."

She smiled at him as she picked up the menu. "I look different," she corrected him.

"You still look good."

Her smile wavered. "You always were a good liar."

The man who had been her boyfriend longer than anyone else had held that title held up his hand and feigned complete innocence. "I'm not lying." With his gray-green eyes, auburn hair, and the smattering of freckles across his cheeks and nose, Andy always had the look of a fresh-faced and innocent boy. He was handsome and he knew it. Few women could resist him. His innate charisma was working on her now; Josie was able to resist. She was no normie human.

"You were always good at mouthing half-truths and shading the facts to your advantage."

Once more he employed the lop-sided grin that won over far too many hearts. "Well, that might be true. I've always been told I'm a charming young man."

Josie tempered her smile and put down the menu dropping all pretext that she was actually reading it. "How many women have you fucked since we broke up?" she asked flatly.

“Hey,” he protested. “We didn’t break up. You dumped me.” And he let some of that emotional sting into his voice. Andy had never been dumped before. He was too handsome and charming for women to leave him. He was always the one ending relationships. More often than not, however, he was the one informing the women that they were just a one-night stand or a week-long fling and nothing else to him. When Josie had told him in no uncertain terms that she was ending their relationship, he was truly stunned and puzzled. That had never happened to him before.

“True. But answer the question.”

“People get so hung up on numbers…”

“Answer the question, Andy. If you don’t, I promise you there’s no chance you get to sleep with me.”

“And if I do answer…?”

She let one corner of her mouth curl upwards. “Then you have a good chance.”

“Nine,” he answered quickly.

It wasn’t worse than she expected, if he was telling the truth. That was the problem with Andy. She could never tell when he was lying. “One a month. Such restraint.”

“I’m starting to settle down.”

“I doubt that. We were together for how long? Three years, maybe longer if you start counting from our first date. How many other women did you fuck during those three years? And be very careful, Andy, because I have a number in my head and if it doesn’t match what you tell me...” she looked pointedly at the café’s door.

“I can’t say for certain,” he said slowly.

Josie started to rise.

“But I’d guess around twenty,” he quickly added. “Four of those women were three-ways, though. So sixteen singles and two times with a pair of women.” It

was hard to tell if he was trying to be accurate or was bragging. It was probably both, Josie realized.

“So, roughly one a month.”

“Um…yeah.”

“Same rate as you just told me after we broke up.”

Andy’s smile quavered. “Um…yeah.”

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked as if she were asking if he wanted to grocery shopping.

“Hell yes.”

“Do you want to fuck me for old time’s sake, or because you still love me, or because you’ve never fucked a hucow before.”

Josie couldn’t tell when Andy was lying, but she could tell when he was speaking the truth. “A little of all of those.”

Something she missed while in the dairy was sucking cock. Josie enjoyed giving head. To kneel before a man, take the most sensitive bit of his anatomy in her mouth, give it life and at the same time control the man to which it was attached was a minor miracle. She didn’t suck much cock in the dairy; most bulls’ cocks were so big, long and thick, that they were hard to get into her mouth.

Andy was standing in front of her now, already naked while she still wore her dress. He liked getting head as much as she liked giving it. Although his cock was larger compared to most men’s, it was nothing compared to a bull’s. There was no reason to mention this, so she didn’t; Josie just took him between her lips, sucked and licked, teased his balls with her fingers, until he rose up like a man from the dead.

“You haven’t lost your talent,” he complimented her as she licked him from the base of his velvety sack all the way up to the tip of his cock which was slowly oozing out a bit of slippery precum.

“Thank you,” she said politely, “but I didn’t come here to suck your cock. You need to fuck me.”

He pulled her up to her feet and struggled a bit trying to figure out how to remove her dress. Taking pity on her ex-boyfriend, Josie loosened the ties and pulled the garment up over her head to expose her naked udders.

“Holy shit those are huge!” Surprising him like that pleased Josie. The last time he had seen her naked breasts, they were small and firm, now her breasts were gone, replaced by huge udders. She wasn’t as big as some hucows whose udders hung down to their waists, but hers were still low on her chest and looked like enormous balloons projecting outward. They weren’t full, not yet, but she’d have to pump soon.

“Of course they are,” she told him primly. “I’m a hucow. They have to be big to produce milk.”

“Uh-huh,” Andy absently agreed, mesmerized by every movement of her udders. Taking the opportunity while he was distracted, she stripped off her unsexy underwear. “Lay down on the bed,” he told her. His apartment—the one she had shared with him for a year—was exactly as she remembered it. Although she told herself not to do it, Josie still found herself looking for signs of another woman living with Andy. If there was another woman, he was hiding it well. There wasn’t one piece of clothing, jewelry, personal papers, clothing, anything. Either he was living alone or he had cleaned up very well. But then again, she didn’t have the chance to actually search the apartment.

“Nope,” Josie answered as she crawled onto the mattress, hand and knees, to present him her ass—her rump—and a direct view of her pussy. “Fuck me like a hucow,” she told him. “Let’s see if you measure up to the bulls I’ve been fucking.”

Andy was always up to a challenge, but in one respect he had already failed to measure up to the dairy’s bulls. His cock, though impressive, was nothing compared to any of the bulls. When he actually entered her, Josie wanted to say she barely felt it. That was untrue, of course. Her pussy enclosed on his shaft and she could feel him moving back and forth, but he didn’t fill her the way he used to. Her pussy had grown from her hucow treatment and she had been stretched out by being fucked by so many different bulls. Andy couldn’t match what the

dairy offered. He wasn't tiny by any means, but even in her memories he didn't measure up to the bulls she now bedded.

Still, it was pleasant to be fucked by her old boyfriend. He put a lot of effort into his fucking. It wasn't all about size; Andy did know how to fuck. He did make her cum before he came as well, but, in all honesty, she had had better. Many times.

As a big finishing move he used all his strength to thrust into her and force her face down to the bed, collapsing on top of her. They rested together a moment, his cock slipping out of her pussy as it shrank away, before he rolled off her body.

"How many of those hu-guys have you fucked since we broke up?" Andy asked. He had that self-satisfied expression on his face that said he believed he was the world's greatest lover.

Josie noted that Andy was now making the end of their relationship a mutual decision and not something she did to him. "They're called bulls," she corrected him. "And the answer is fifty seven."

Andy gagged. "What the fuck!"

A shrug indicated that his surprise didn't upset her. "It's a different world, being a hucow."

All he could do was stare at her and wonder how much his former girlfriend had changed. Obviously her body was different. She was bigger and rounder, not necessary fatter, but the physical changes were obvious. Going along with the physical changes were the mental and emotional ones as well. He wasn't sure what to make of Josie now. "That's more than I've been with," he breathed.

"I didn't know you even bedded one bull," she teased.

He grimaced. "You know what I mean." Andy didn't like to be teased about homosexual play. It was the one hang-up that made his soul ugly.

"Well I wasn't aware I was in a contest you with you."

"Sorry," he apologized as he gaze wandered down her body. Her tits—no, udders

she called them—hung down from her body and were enormous. As a teenager he was incredibly attracted to women with huge boobs, but nothing like this. It was a distortion of the human body and should have turned him off. But instead the opposite occurred. He was fascinated.

“What does it taste like?” he asked.

“My milk? It tastes like any milk you’d buy from the store.”

He shook his head again. “No. You know what I mean. Fresh and warm.” His cock quivered a little bit as it started to get hard again. He was incredibly easy to control, Josie realized—and she wasn’t even in heat yet.

“Why don’t you try some?” she suggested and put her hand under one udder to offer it to him.

Andy was a slave to his desires. He leaned in and took her long, fat teat in his mouth and sucked. He told himself he preferred women with large breasts and small nipples with areolas just slightly larger in diameter to the nipple. In truth he enjoyed variety. And Josie now offered him the extreme difference in variety: teats thicker than his thumb and almost as long topping huge udders. The moment he started sucking her milk sprayed forth into his mouth and he swallowed the warm, rich liquid.

It was better than the hucow milk sold in stores. It was ambrosia for mortals. He quickly fell into nursing from her, sucking and swallowing the milk in a steady rhythm. It was pleasant for them both and Andy felt his cock rising, which was a strange response to something that was little more than the simple act of drinking.

Abruptly Josie pulled her teat from his mouth. “Too much,” she informed him.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

She shook her head. “It didn’t hurt. You were stealing my milk. I’m expected to produce a certain amount every day. You just can’t have as much as you want.” She heaved her curvy body off the bed and walked, slightly unsteadily, to the travel bag she had brought into Andy’s apartment. “Which reminds me, I need to pump now.”

“Now?” Andy asked nervously. “Don’t you need some special place to do that?”

“We have purpose built machines back at the dairy,” she told him as she pulled out her portable unit, “but this is good enough for a day or two.” The portable was little more than two suction/collection nozzles attached with one set short hoses to the collection tank and another set to the pump motor. She seated herself on the edge of the bed, feet on the floor, switched on the motor, held the nozzles to her teats until the grabbed on and started extracting her milk. She didn’t need to hold the nozzles in place—they were strong enough to stay on of their own volition—but they shook back and forth terribly to the point of annoyance. Josie knew now that being upset, stressed, or annoyed would lower her production.

Watching her every move in fascination, Andy seated himself where he could watch exactly what was happening. The hoses to the collection tank, and the tank itself, were clear plastic so he could see the milk steadily flowing. Each time the pump suction kicked in there was a small geyser of milk from Josie’s teats. This milk would drip and flow down the hose to the collection tank. It wasn’t fast, but it was steady. The tank steadily filled with her rich milk.

“That’s incredible,” he breathed after a few minutes of witnessing her pumping.

She laughed at him. “A minor, everyday miracle. Twice a day, in fact.”

“How does it feel?” he asked.

“It feels good. My udders are always making milk, so when I’m full it feels good for it to come out. Plus, I’ve always liked it to have my nipples played with and sucked on. This feels good. It turns me on.”

He couldn’t help but grin at her. “Do you ever cum when you pump.”

When she didn’t answer right away Andy looked up from her udders. She was waiting to catch his eye. “All the time,” she told him. “But I have my special setup with a vibrator. That helps.”

“Oh.”

“Pumping’s easier when I’m turned on,” she continued. “If you can make me cum while I pump…” she hinted as she slowly opened up her thighs to reveal

her pussy. Unable to help himself, Andy slid off his chair and crawled forward to press his face between her legs. Josie lay back on the bed and bent her knees, lifting up her legs, giving him easy access to her pussy and clit so eat could eat her out.

It wasn't as good as her vibrator or a bull fucking her while she pumped, but it was better than nothing. His tongue was constantly busy, licking and teasing her engorged clit, making her squirm from the attention. Josie laid back and moaned, her hands lightly holding the suction nozzles in place, enjoying what Andy was doing to her. They had plenty of time. Normally it took a good half hour for her udders to be drained and today was no exception. A few times Andy paused in his oral attentions and she encouraged him forward until she came. Her thighs shook from the little orgasm and she cried out a little for his benefit.

"Can I fuck you again?" Andy asked, standing up as he wiped her juices from his face with the back of his hand. His cock was jutting out from his body, eager to be buried into her pussy again.

She sighed, feigning a bit of annoyance. "Give me a second so I can turn over."

"No! I want to fuck you like this, on your back."

"That's not how hucows do it."

"I'm not a hucow or a bull," he reminded her and moved atop her body.

She knew she could have resist and pushed him away, but she really didn't want to. No one would know exactly what was going on in his apartment and how she fucked him. "Don't disturb the nozzles."

Andy buried his cock in her pussy while holding his body up above hers, his hands planted on the mattress just above her shoulders. He fucked her hard and fast, using no technique, just trying to get him off. When he came, emptying the last of his semen into her, he groaned loudly, painfully. It was enough to give Josie another orgasm, even if it wasn't earth shattering. He managed to keep himself upright and pulled out before collapsing on the bed next to her.

A minute later she switched off the pump and detached the nozzles. It took her a minute to gather the equipment and take it to the kitchen where she rinsed the nozzles and hoses after putting the collection tank in the refrigerator to preserve

the milk.

“I don’t know how you do this,” Andy told her after she rejoined him on the bed. Her body was softer than he remembered. When they had been a couple, she had been firm, athletic, and full of angles. Now she was soft and curvy, a pleasure to hold.

“I like my new life,” she told him. “You don’t have anything else planned for the next few days, do you?”

“No. Why?”

“You’re going to fuck me all weekend while I pump.”

And they did little more than that for the next day and a half. They would fuck, eat, rest, and Josie would pump her udders. Andy became alarmed when she filled the collection tank completely, but she retrieved two more from her car. It was a process they repeated several times.

“And this is what you do all day at the dairy?” Andy asked as she was pumping her udders for the third time.

“It’s not all I do,” she told him. “I work in the offices as well. Scheduling and receiving work. Generic office job.”

“You know you could get your old job back if you wanted,” he hinted.

“But I don’t want it. I’m much happier now.”

“I’d take you in a minute,” he declared.

“That’s your cock talking.”

“I know you were expecting me to be a better person, not sleep around so much. I can change. I won’t do that any longer.”

She held up her hand. “It doesn’t matter. Even if I left the dairy, I wouldn’t change my behavior. I’d have sex with other men and bulls besides you.”

“What?”

“It’s my nature now. Once a woman goes through the hucow change, it’s permanent. The hormones and gene therapy don’t just make physiological changes, but make mental and emotional changes as well. I need sex now more than ever.”

“Oh.”

“Sorry to disappoint you.”

“Could I watch you fuck those other guys and bulls?” he asked.

She laughed and kissed him on the forehead. “Certainly you could, but I’m not coming back to you. This is a one-time thing. I wanted to see you to make sure I made the right decision. And I did. I’m happier now.”

“I’d have you back in a minute!” Andy declared. “What can I do to convince you to come back?”

She laughed, not cruelly, but because she was being put into a position she had never envisioned. Months ago she could have seen herself begging Andy to take her back, but this was the reverse. And she didn’t want him. “It’s the pheromones talking,” she informed him. “Hucows give off pheromones that affect human men and bulls alike. You want to fuck me because of them.”

“I want to fuck you because I love you!”

All Josie could do was shake her head sadly. “You lust after me. I know your nature, Andy. And being closed in here with me putting out all sorts of pheromones, it’s driving you wild. A few hours after I leave, you’ll forget all about me and you’ll be hunting down some other piece of ass you can fuck.”

“No, it’s not like that,” Andy declared. “I’ll do whatever it takes!”

She raised her eyebrows at him. “Now you’re making me nervous.” She sighed. “There is one thing you can do…”

“What? What is it?”

“Go apply for bull transformation. I know me now, and I’d only be happy with a bull as my partner.”

The idea stopped Andy short a moment. He knew enough about hucows and bulls to know what she was proposing. “That’s what you need from me?”

She nodded. “Yes. Any if you undergo bull transformation, you might not want me in the same way again.”

He shook his head. “I’ve decided and I won’t change my mind. Monday morning, I’m going to make the application.”

“They don’t take everyone, you know.”

“They’ll take me.”

Chapter Seven

After dropping off her bags in her room and depositing her milk with collection services, Josie let herself into Gena's apartment using the bell-shaped pendant on her necklace. She knew she was always welcome at Gena's. However, Gena probably wasn't expecting her back at that exact moment. She was on her milker, the pump set to its highest setting sucking away at her udders, while she was being fucked by a bull. Josie watched for a moment, happy that her friend was happily being plowed by her Douglas, the bull who had impregnated Josie. Neither hucow nor bull realized Josie had walked in.

And then Josie realized that it wasn't Douglas fucking Gena. It was Hank. She gasped in surprise, not knowing exactly what about the moment staggered her. She stood stock still a moment and considered retreating before the pair realized she was there, but her gasp and the sudden change of motion to stillness caught their attention.

"Josie," was all Gena could say. She was right on the edge of orgasm and couldn't think clearly.

Hank turned his head and looked at her. His cock was deeply buried in Gena's pussy and his arms were around her body holding her belly. She could see his heavy balls abruptly pulled up to his body as he started cumming. This made Josie wonder if he had already been on the edge of orgasm or if her sudden appearance made him cum. The heavy shot of his spunk made Gena cum as well.

Josie stood politely to the side as they finished.

"Sorry," Hank apologized when he was done and pulled out of Gena. She settled her head down on support rest and closed her eyes, savoring the last waves of his orgasm and the pleasant suction on her teats.

"Sorry for what?" Josie asked.

"I should have let you know ahead of time that Gena invited me." He actually looked guilty of committing some crime.

“You didn’t do anything wrong,” Josie said magnanimously, which is how she actually felt. “We don’t own each other. We haven’t made any commitments.”

“I have,” Gena said. “Douglas and I are getting married.” She didn’t open her eyes while she spoke. “But I can’t live with just his cock for the rest of my life.”

“That’s between the three of you,” Josie said. “As for me, I was fucking an ex-boyfriend this weekend.”

Gena’s eyes snapped open and she switched off her pump. “Do tell!”

Now it was Hank’s turn to look upset, but he said nothing.

Josie was actually embarrassed to reveal what she had done. Not because she had fucked a normal man, but because of her motives. “I made a dirty weekend date with the guy I dumped before coming here,” she revealed.

“Why’d you dump him?” Gena asked. She already knew why Josie had fucked him. That was obvious for any hucow. She disengaged herself from the pump and stood up.

“He was sleeping around on me.” She laughed nervously. “Odd thing is that, looking back on it now, it doesn’t bother me like it had before my transformation.”

“Being a hucow will do that.”

“I wanted him to get me pregnant,” Josie abruptly declared.

Gena laughed. “You’re not even in heat.”

“I saved some of his…samples.”

Her plan caused Gena to gasp. “Does he know that?”

“No.”

“You play a dangerous game, girl.”

“I know.”

“But it probably doesn’t matter. Humans are unlikely to get a hucow pregnant. That’s what we need bulls for.” She reached out and fondled Hank’s cock. He had been standing politely to the side while the hucows talked.

Then Josie dropped the bomb. “Well, if I can’t get myself pregnant from his sperm in my next heat, I just might wait for my next cycle.”

“Wait a second,” Gena said. She continued to hold Hank’s cock, not letting him walk away. The three of them knew she was purposely controlling him, to see how much of the talk excited Hank, but no one mentioned it. “Why would you want a normie to knock you up when you’ve got plenty of bulls here to do the job?”

“I could ask you why you’re fucking Hank when you’re already pregnant.”

Gena shook her head. “The two have nothing to do with one another. This one is just a distraction. Your ex-boyfriend and your plan…that’s perverted.”

A deep sigh revealed Josie’s thoughts. “Part of me is still in love with Andy. He’s incredibly handsome and…I thought at least…self-confident and sexy. His cock doesn’t compare now to what I’m used to but…I wouldn’t mind calving with him.”

“Yeah, but does he want to calve with you?” asked Gena.

“He said he’s going to apply to become a bull.”

“Interesting.”

“When did you have your IUD removed?”

“Last week.”

“And you didn’t tell me?”

Josie smiled thinly. “I don’t tell you everything.” While they had been talking Gena hadn’t released her grip on Hank’s cock. He wasn’t complaining; he was growing hard. “I think you should fuck Hank right here and now. He’s ready for you.”

“Why should I fuck him?” Josie asked but was already sorely tempted.

“Because you want proper bull semen in your pussy to get your pregnant, none of that normie stuff you’ve been binging on this weekend.”

Josie waited a few days, storing Andy’s frozen sperm in her freezer until she was about to go into heat. She now knew her body well enough to know what it was going to happen. She also knew that when her heat was upon her, she wouldn’t be able to resist wanting to fuck every bull within fifty miles. A vibrator and some reconstituted human sperm weren’t going to see her through the week. At the same time, she didn’t want to become a depository for the contents of every bull’s leavings either. She wasn’t a completely animalistic hucow—not yet anyway. She wanted to control her breeding and was doing it her way.

There wasn’t much time and she needed to set things in motion. The first step was to speak with Hank. She needed his willing participation. It shouldn’t be hard, she knew, but she needed his consent.

There wasn’t a big plan on her part. She simply called him to her room for what he assumed to be a normal stimulation time prior to her pumping. Since they already had a good relationship, Josie was confident he would tell her yes.

She greeted him at the door to her room in an open robe and nothing else. In the back of her mind she needed to seduce Hank, and lingerie seemed like the correct way to go about doing that, but lingerie was something hucows didn’t use or wear. So she wore her robe. Hank barely noticed the robe when she opened the door. “Do you want me to fuck you while you’re on the milker, or do you want to fuck on the bed?” he said getting straight to the point.

“Are you hungry or thirsty?” she asked, half ignoring his question. “I have some things in the kitchen.”

He shook his head. “Not necessary.” Hank unwrapped his kilt from his hips, exposing his large cock which was still soft. He sniffed the air. “You aren’t in heat yet,” he commented as he looked at the bed.

“Soon,” she said uncertain as to how to proceed. Josie knew she was always terrible at flirting and seduction. “Can we talk for a minute?”

“About what?” His hand was on his cock now, fondling himself, getting prepared. It generally didn’t take a bull much effort at getting going.

“I’m going into heat soon,” she told him unnecessarily.

“I know.”

“And I’m considering calving…”

“Good idea,” he agreed.

“I was wondering if you’d like to breed me?” It came out as a question and Josie felt embarrassed at having asked.

Hank nodded once. “Sure.”

His quick, one word answer caught her by surprise. She was expecting a long discussion and debate interspersed with persuasion and possibly even a touch of physical seduction if necessary. “Oh. Okay. You made that decision quickly.”

He shrugged. His hand still busy at his crotch. “It’s what I’m here for. Keep the hucows happy and breed them when they want.”

“Have you bred other hucows?” she asked, uncertainly.

“Sure. You know what it’s like when you go into heat. Hucows want every bull they see when they’re in heat. I’ve done a bunch that way.” He grinned and glanced down at his cock which was steadily rising now, perhaps at the physical stimulation, perhaps at the thoughts of fucking other hucows.

“So…you’ve always serviced hucows in heat as part of a group? You’ve never been specially chosen before?”

Slowly it dawned upon Hank what she was actually asking. “Oh. No.”

“And so you don’t know if you have any calves with other hucows,” Josie pointed out.

“I haven’t been told, but I’m guessing no. Most hucows choose to get genetic testing so they know who the sire is.”

“I’m choosing just you,” Josie said, feeling like her knees were going to give out and her stomach wanted to sink through the floor. “Do you think you can fuck me three or four times a day for a week straight?”

Hank stiffened his spine has his cock stiffened. “Of course I can.”

“Then I’d like you to fuck me on the bed, for practice,” she said as she shed her robe. “I’m not quite ready to pump yet.” She lay down on her back, her rump on the edge of the mattress, knees up to the ceiling, thighs spread, and her pussy open to him.

Assuming a kneeling position on the floor between her legs, Hank licked her cunt from bottom to top, sucking strongly on her clit, getting the full impact of her flavor and scent in his mouth and nose.

The oral sex didn’t last very long. Hank’s large cock quickly stiffened and he pulled back from her sex. “Turn over,” he said with a slap to her meaty thigh.

Josie shook her head back and forth. “Fuck me the wrong way,” she insisted. “Fuck me like a human.”

After a quick, nervous look around her room, Hank nodded. What he was looking for she wasn’t certain. Another hucow or bull monitoring their sexual activity? A hidden camera? God’s avatar? Josie scooted back on the bed as he climbed atop her body. It was easier as hucow and bull for him to fuck her from behind. Her rump was rounded in just the right way to accept his big cock deeply into her pussy. Depending on how she angled her upper body her udders were either soft cushions on which to rest her weight, or would be pleasantly stimulated when her teats were pawed by his hands or rubbed on the sheets. Fucking as humans, her on her back and him atop her, was odd. Her enlarged rump forced her sex up at a strange angle. Her tits were basically in the way as he brought his body down to hers. The worst part, though, was Hank was unable to sink his cock all the way into her pussy. The angle made her sex too shallow.

It should have been a terrible encounter. But it was, to Josie’s pleasant surprise, completely satisfying. The intimacy of him fucking her like she would have bedded a boyfriend before her change—the kisses and locked eyes—pushed her over the edge to orgasm.

“Don’t tell anyone we fucked like that,” Hank said as he made ready to leave.

“I wouldn’t dream of it.”

He grunted once as he settled his kilt into place. “How long?”

She knew right away what he meant. “I should be in heat in a couple of days.”

After another grunt he said, “I’ll wait for your call.”

Once he was gone, Josie went right to her milker and quickly removed the saddle she had been using since arriving at the dairy. She replaced it with a new saddle, gifted to her by Gena, which had one great improvement over the original. It sported a large phallus jutting upward. It was a little more difficult to mount than the old saddle, but once she found the right angle and allowed the thick, artificial cock to worm its way into her pussy, she found the vibrations from it were much more pleasant than the stock saddle. She came three times while pumping her udders.

It was a good afternoon.

Chapter Eight

She could tell the exact moment her heat came on. It wasn't hard to know that it was rapidly approaching. Her lust had grown and her milk was flowing almost violently. All she had to do was get her teats near the milker's collection nozzles and they would start spraying milk. It was a neat trick, but when it happened Josie felt like she was throwing money away. Right after her morning milking after riding her phallus modified Robo-Milker 5000 to two pleasant and distracting orgasms, she found her hand worrying between her thighs, rubbing at her clit.

It was then she noticed that while her udders were drained—empty—the need to be milked hadn't gone away. And the two orgasms she had given herself had done little to abate the need that was in the pit of her stomach. She needed more. Much more.

But Josie didn't call Hank right away. She called Gena. Since it was early in the morning and Gena was in the middle of her pregnancy the older hucow hadn't yet fully woken. "What?" she mumbled from her bed. Josie knew her friend was still in bed because she didn't even bother to turn on the screen to her phone, she just activated the voice service.

"It's time!" Josie announced.

"Time for what?" Gena was still in the middle of her dreams.

"I'm in heat," Josie all but panted.

That woke up Gena. "You're crazy to call Hank alone," she said again. She had warned her friend away from choosing just one bull to breed her on the first heat where she could truly get pregnant. "No sane hucow chooses just one bull to breed her the first time. It's better not to know the sire. Everyone adopts out their first calf."

This had been a long, ongoing discussion between Gena and Josie once the latter had made her decision on how she wanted to calve for the first time. And it was

true, most hucows were bulk-bred their first time and the resulting calf was adopted out. It was a tradition most hucows honored. Hucow calves were always in demand for adoption because of the many tax breaks the adoptive parents were entitled to for their service. Josie hadn't thought that far ahead. She just knew she was taken with the concept of calving and needed to do it. More importantly, she wanted to do it with Hank.

When Josie had confronted Gena about it, pointing out that Gena was calving with Douglas and planned on keeping their offspring, Gena snapped back. "This is my second."

"Oh. I didn't know."

"You should probably follow the unspoken rules a little more closely."

But she didn't. A run of bulls wasn't going to happen for her. Josie knew she was going to have Hank breed her even if she didn't know if she was going to keep the calf.

"I'm not sane," Josie pointed out. "I'm in heat. And I'm calling Hank." She hung up and sent a message to her bull. Hank appeared five minutes later. He was dependable.

"Ready?" she asked him. Hank just grunted once in reply, grabbed her body and spun her around while he practically carried her to the bed. He was much stronger than her and she had no reason to resist. Josie went along with his rough treatment. It was what she had been looking forward to.

He all but threw her on the bed, her big udders bouncing off the mattress while she struggled to get her knees under her body. Hank wasted no time in removing his kilt, he just hiked it up to allow his already erect cock the freedom it needed. Foreplay was not needed, the moment he had scented her pheromones his tool automatically rose up for use. Since Josie was already naked and her pussy was moist with the strength of her heat, it was simplicity itself for Hank to slide his cock deep into her cunt.

Although he had fucked her before and she was ready for him, it still felt like he was splitting her in half as his cock skewered her pussy, opening her up and making her cry out in passion. The fucking was hard—intense and fast and without remorse. Josie wasn't even sure if she came before she realized that

Hank was already depositing his first load. She could feel the hot semen pumping out to be lapped up by her eager cervix. Maybe it was some strange internal orgasm, a sensation she had never felt before? It didn't matter. It sated her—temporarily.

"Fuck that was good," Hank declared when he pulled out.

"The first of many?" Josie asked him. She didn't know why. He was a bull and would easily be controlled by her pheromones.

"Yeah," he agreed as he moved around the bed to her face, presenting his semi-rigid cock to her face. It took her a moment to realize what he wanted. Only when he nudged her lips with his wet flesh did she understand and opened her mouth to lick and suck the remains of his spunk and her juices from his sex. As she did so he asked. "When do you pump your udders next?"

"Late afternoon," she said between licks on his soft skin.

He grunted again. "Good. I'm going to taste some before you pump. I'm entitled."

Josie wanted to tell him that he was not entitled to her milk, but the lust of her heat stopped that question. "When will you fuck me again?" she asked as she smacked her lips. His taste was bitter and salty, but not unpleasant. "I want to be filled by you constantly."

"Give me a few hours. I don't want to exhaust myself too soon."

She nodded and continued to clean him off.

And that is how it proceeded for the next few days. Sex, pumping, sleeping, and eating. Hank all but moved into her room, fucking her whenever the mood struck him. Josie never had a reason to object. Occasionally Hank would want to fuck her and she wasn't instantly responsive, but once he started, she found her body always reacted in the way they both expected. Sex didn't so much become a chore, but it became part of their lives as much as breathing. They needed to do it to survive.

Gena had warned Josie on multiple occasions that when she was in heat the amount of pheromones she was putting out was dangerous. Every bull within

scenting distance would want to take her and plow her. She was safe enough in her room and within the hucow residence, but she knew better than to leave the area without an escort. Hank, however, could come and go as he pleased. That morning he had briefly left to go back to his room when Gena appeared for a visit. She had been checking in by phone to see how the heifer was doing for her first real breeding, but decided to make an in-person visit.

“Hi, hon,” Gena greeted her with a kiss as she strode into the room. “You look exhausted.”

Only when she said the words did Josie feel the extent of her fatigue. “I am,” she replied without thinking. “I feel good, but I’m so tired.”

Dumping a pair of grocery bags on the kitchen counter, she said, “Getting fucked every few hours will do that to you. Be sure to use some lube if you feel yourself getting the least bit dry. The last thing you want is to start chafing in the middle of heat.”

“Yeah. That makes sense.”

“Drink water. Stay hydrated.” She pulled some food from the bags and started putting it into the cabinets. “Where’s Hank?”

“He went back to his room for a bit.”

Gena’s normally sunny expression dropped. “Oh. Drat. I was hoping he would be here. I was going to give you a little break if you needed it. He could get high on your pheromones and fuck me while you rested.”

“Trying to steal my bull?”

“Trying to get you through this with your pussy intact.”

“He’ll be back shortly,” Josie said and glanced down at her friend’s naked and bulging belly. “I’m not sure if he’s into fucking pregnant hucows.”

“He’s a bull, dear. He’s into fucking hucows regardless of their status.”

Before Josie could reply, the door chimed. “That must be Hank,” she said, thumbing the control to open the door. Instead of revealing Hank, it was Douglas

at the door.

“What are you doing here?” Gena asked, concerned that he was essentially out of bounds.

“We were supposed to meet an hour ago.”

“No,” she said nervously. “We’re supposed to meet in an hour.” While it wasn’t strictly against their agreement for her not to fuck other bulls, she hadn’t cleared permission from Douglas on this particular issue.

A short argument ensued. Josie didn’t have enough energy to try to get them to stop. They only paused in their bickering when the door chimed again and Josie automatically thumbed the entry button, admitting Hank. The moment he stepped inside the room he caught sight of Douglas. The two bulls locked eyes. Hank was already inebriated on Josie’s pheromones which were also beginning to affect Douglas. Falling to their primal instincts they growled—actually growled—at each other. They were nothing more than two rival bulls vying for an available heifer and would do so with violence if need be.

“Douglas!” Gena called out to her boyfriend before he lost all control of his brain. “Get out of here!” The problem was that Douglas occupied the middle of the room and Hank was blocking the exit. Intellectually he knew that leaving was the best option, but there was only one way out. Stepping forward Douglas thought he was trying to show he was leaving. Hank took his motion as a sign of aggression and puffed up his chest and continued to growl. Douglas saw Hank’s actions as further aggression and responded in kind. He charged forward and crashed into Hank, propelling the pair into the hallway.

The two were roughly the same size, Douglas being slightly taller, but leaner, Hank having a burlier chest. Normally they’d be evenly matched, but Hank was nearly as exhausted as Josie from fucking on a regular schedule. He was bowled over almost immediately and Douglas got the upper hand, landing atop the other bull and immediately started raining blows down on him. Hank defended himself admirably, but was too taken by surprise and was already spent going into the fight that he would have found himself battered to unconsciousness if not for Gena’s quick actions.

“Fucking dumbass bulls!” she cried out and waddled with her bulging, pregnant stomach, over to where Douglas was beating Hank. She reached down behind

her boyfriend, went up under his kilt, and grabbed his huge, heavy balls with one hand. Douglas briefly paused while she did this, trying to figure out what was going on, and then she yanked, firmly but with full intention of doing him great harm if he didn't relent in his attack. He let out a strangled yelp of surprise and pain as Gena lifted him to his feet to stop his attack.

Hank, not under Gena's control like Douglas was, managed to snap out two quick punches, bloodying Douglas's nose before Josie, following her friend's lead, stepped around Douglas's body and put her foot on her paramour's cock and balls, all but pinning him to the ground.

"Stop it both of you!" she cried out, practically crying.

"If I release your nuts," Gena said to Douglas, "will you leave or will you just start fighting again?"

"I'll leave," he chuffed.

"See that you do," she barked at him. "If you don't," and here she squeezed firmly, "my pussy will be closed to you for the rest of your life."

He huffed one more time and stepped, carefully, away from Hank. Only then did Gena release his balls. He staggered to the side, gave everyone an angry look, and then trotted down the hall, his nose dripping blood as he retreated.

"Are you okay?" Josie asked Hank.

"He'll be fine," Gena declared. "Just some bruises. No damage. Fucking mindless bulls!" Hank firmly pushed Josie's foot off his balls and jumped up to his feet, his minor injuries already forgotten. There was a moment's uncertainty when he glared down the hallway where Douglas had gone, but Gena pulled him back to reality. "Chase after him and get arrested for assault," she told him. "You're better off taking Josie into to bed and fucking her to work off that energy."

Unable to speak, Hank nodded just once, grabbed Josie's hand and pulled her back into the small apartment. "What are you going to do?" Josie asked her friend as Hank moved her into position where he could properly fuck her from behind.

“I’ve got to go find Douglas and fuck him now. Otherwise he’ll be looking for a fight.” She sighed and looked longingly as Hank’s already hard cock pushed into Josie’s wet pussy. “The good think is he’ll be energized by the fight and will want to fuck.” With a grin she added, “And maybe the fight will be enough for Hank to knock you up.” Josie barely heard her; she was too focused on what Hank’s cock was doing to her. Gena waddled out the door hunting for the sire of her calf. “If he’s not sated when he’s done with you, call me. I’ll finish wearing him out.”

After Gena closed the door Hank completely focused on the hucow underneath him. He fucked her hard, taking out all his anger and leftover aggression on Josie’s most sensitive anatomy. For her part, Josie arched her back and accepted every little bit of abuse that Hank heaped upon her. He was worse than an animal; he was anger and lust personified. It actually hurt to be fucked by him. Each time his cock thrust into her she grunted, not in satisfaction, but in pain. And strangely enough, it was a good pain, the sort of pain that could be joyfully experienced. When he finished, Hank bellowed announcing to everyone in this wing of the residence, exactly what he had done to Josie.

She didn’t mind. Josie was covered in their combined sweat, and full of Hank’s cum. It was a good way to be bred.

On the fifth day Josie could feel her heat fading. She knew what her normal libido level was for her as a human and what was normal for her after she had gone through the initial hucow treatment. Those were nothing compared to her libido while in heat. She wanted to be fucked all the time. Literally after she had been plowed by a bull and had cum several times, she only wanted to wait long enough to eat and drink before getting a cock inside her again. Waking up on the fifth day that feeling was not there like it should have been. Her udders were full and she pumped herself empty before Hank woke up. Usually pumping got her excited, but that morning it did little to elevate her lust.

Still, she happily let Hank fuck her. It felt good. “I need a new kilt…and a shower,” he muttered when he was done using her body. “I’ll be back in a few hours.”

The moment he was out the door, Josie called Gena to report on what had happened.

“But he still fucked you, right?”

“Yes, but he seemed almost bored by it. And…I’m not all that excited at being plowed by him now.”

“Familiarity breeds contempt…among other things,” Gena giggled.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Josie asked angrily. “I know the thrill wouldn’t last forever, but I was hoping Hank would still want to breed me through my heat.”

Gena giggled again. “You don’t get it, do you? You’re pretty much over your heat.”

“Heat lasts a week or longer. How would you know that I’m over my heat?”

“Lower libido, lack of his interest. Honey, you’re not a simple heifer anymore.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Josie, dear. I’m not a veterinarian, but I’m pretty sure you’re pregnant.”

“Oh.” Josie didn’t know what to say.

“He probably knocked you up the first day. Heat only fades after the fertilized egg implants, and that usually takes a couple of days. You made a good choice with Hank. He’s very fertile.”

“Wow. I’m going to have a calf,” Josie said.

“Let me take you shopping,” Gena offered. “You’re going to need some supplies that I can’t offer.”

The town at the edge of the dairy campus welcomed hucows because they were an essential part of the economy. The hucows and bulls would put on additional clothing when they went to town as a sign of respect, not because they had to, but because the locals treated them with respect. Josie didn’t want to wear the tent-like white dress that was the de facto uniform of hucows out for a day of shopping.

“Why can’t I go naked like we’re supposed to?” she all but whined to Gena.

“You were singing a different tune a few months ago,” Gena reminded her as she adjusted her dress to show off her cleavage and bulging belly to maximum effect. She didn’t expect to find a bull or human in town that would want to fuck her, but it was always best to be prepared. “You don’t have to wear panties or a bra. Be happy with that.”

Part of the training of being a hucow was safety awareness. There were always normal humans who were obsessed with fucking hucows. For the most part they were harmless, if somewhat rude and obnoxious. They were easy to spot and the hucows knew how to avoid them. The local law enforcement service knew how to keep track of the hucow creepers and was happy to respond to assistance calls.

“Fucking hell, not today,” Gena muttered under her breath.

“What?”

“A creeper’s been following us for ten minutes now. I’m calling the cops.”

As she pulled out her phone Josie turned around and saw who was following them. “Wait. Don’t. I need to talk to him.”

“Don’t be stupid,” Gena said as she thumbed the dial pad.

Josie pulled the phone from her friend’s hand. “It’s my ex-boyfriend.”

Gena snorted. It was a very unladylike noise. “All the better reason to call the cops. But if you need to,” she sighed, “go ahead. Just give me the phone back just in case.”

Andy was taken by surprise when Josie abruptly whirled around and marched up to him. He briefly looked like he was about to bolt, but swallowed his fear and waited for the confrontation.

“Why are you following me, Andy?” Josie tried not to sneer, but he was behaving like the worst kind of hucow creeper.

“I…uh…I wanted to speak with you,” he told her, carefully looking around at those walking by who were watching the scene.

“Then call me or write me a letter,” she said flatly. “Don’t follow me like some third-rate detective.”

“You blocked my number. I couldn’t call you,” he told her a fact she remembered the instant he reminded her. “And I didn’t want anyone reading a letter I mailed to you.”

Slowed down by her belly, Gena finally waddled up. “Fuck, it’s a hucow dairy residence, asshole, not a prison. No one is going to read your fucking letters,” she spat at him.

Andy was confused by the Gena’s presence and looked questioningly at Josie. “She’s my friend,” Josie explained. “Now tell me what you want and then get out of here.”

“I…uh…I…”

“Tits and tiaras,” Gena muttered, “was he always this well-spoken?”

“He’s flustered,” Josie explained unnecessarily. “Get on with it, Andy.”

“They rejected me from the bull program. I’m not genetically compatible with the transformation process.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Josie said formally, not really meaning the words. Mating with a bull that used to be Andy didn’t appeal to her.

“Did you tell them to do that?”

Gena answered for her. “Of course not, asshole. We don’t get to do stuff like that. We’re just hucows.”

“Is there anything you could do to help me out?” he pleaded. “Can you put in a good word and have them reconsider me?”

“No,” Gena answered again. “No beat it.”

Josie shrugged. “Sorry, Andy. You’ll have to go back to your fantabulous life. No hucows for you.”

“That’s…not what I wanted.”

“We don’t always get what we want.”

“Is there anything you can say at all?”

“No.” Josie’s answer was flat and definitive.

“Do you know what they suggested to me?”

“Nope.” Josie was bored with the conversation.

“And we don’t care either,” Gena added.

“They said if I was really obsessed with bedding a hucow again, I should do hucow porn. Can you imagine?”

“Yes,” Josie sighed. “But I wouldn’t if I were you. And whoever gave you that advice is right. No hucow around here would fuck you willingly, even out of the goodness of her heart. I’ve already told all my friends to stay away from you.” That was a lie, but Josie knew Andy had little chance of bedding hucow in the first place, being a creeper didn’t help, and one bad word put into gossip would keep the vast major of hucows away from him.

“It’s like the world hates me,” Andy complained.

Josie just shook her head. “You’ve got a great job, Andy, and you get to fuck any woman you set your eyes on. Hucows aren’t for you. Get over it.”

“I’ll do it,” Andy vowed. “I’ll do hucow porn.”

“You’ll regret it.”

To Be Concluded…

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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