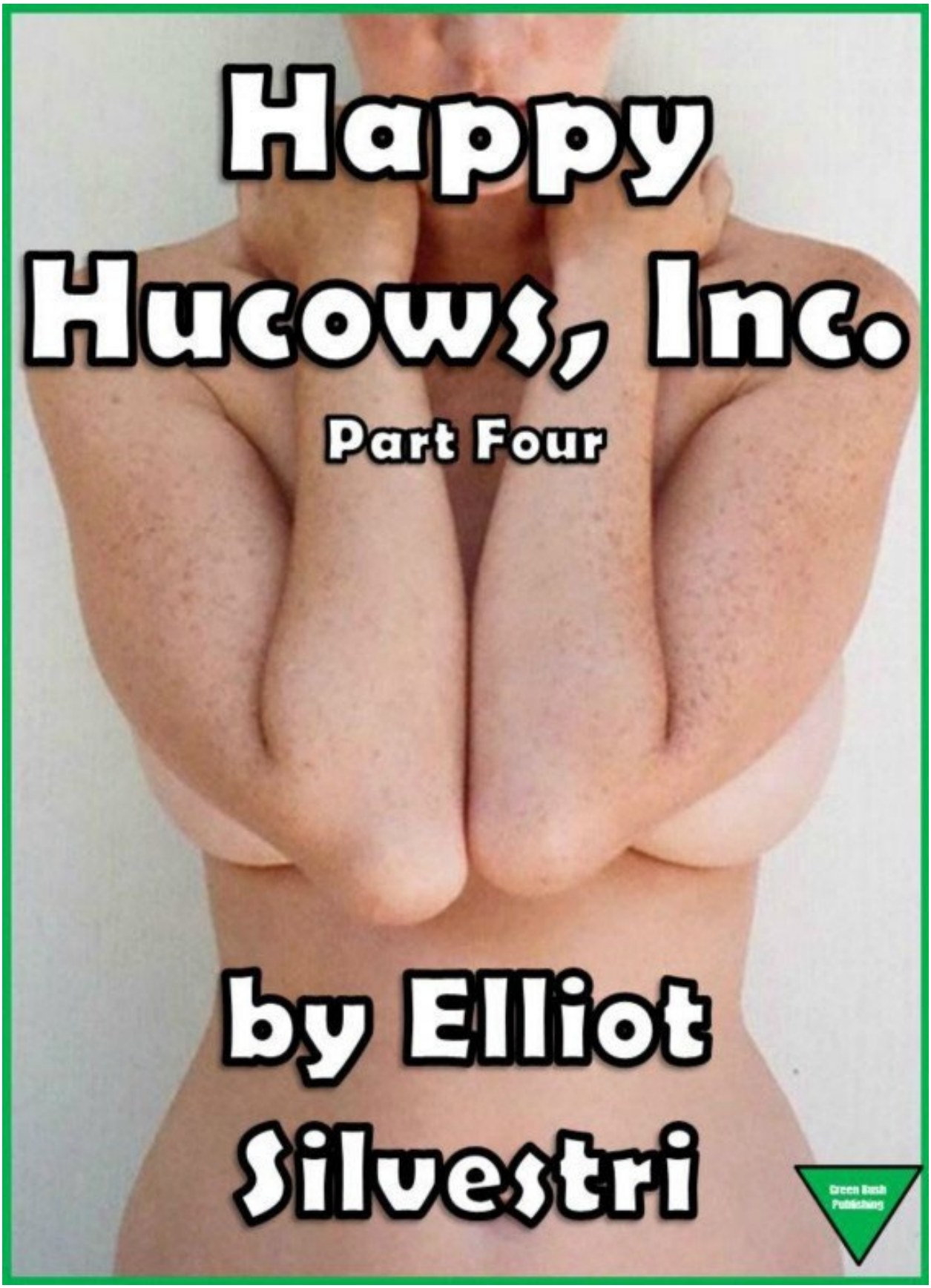
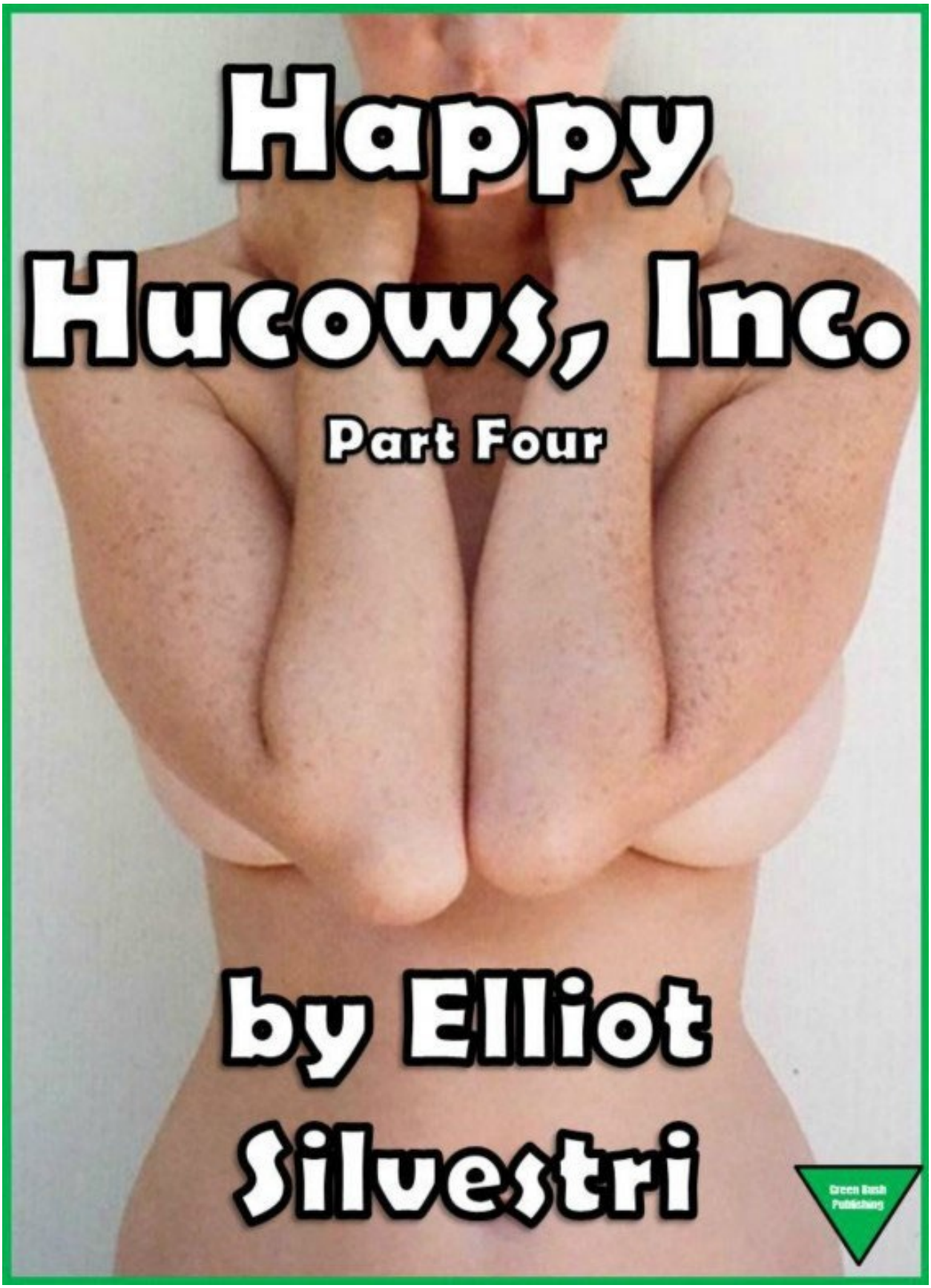

Happy
Hucows, Inc.
Part Four
by Elliot
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Part Four

Chapter Nine

“Why did you reject him like that?” Gena asked. “I know he was acting like a creeper, but I thought you were into him, as much as a nice hucow girl like yourself could be into a normie.”

Gena and Josie were walking back to the dairy residence after ditching Andy to figure out what he was going to do with the rest of his life.

“I was into him,” Josie said with supreme self-confidence. “Was. Past tense. That’s over. I’m moving on with my life. I’ve got better things to do than worry about a self-centered egotistical prick…with a little prick.” She grinned and licked her lips.

“I thought you told me he has a big dick.”

Josie considered that for a minute. “I suppose that is true…for a normie. I’m into bigger cocks now. Bull cocks.”

“Fucking hell, Josie, it was barely a week ago you were shoving his semen ice cubes up your twat trying to have his baby! What changed?” She grabbed her friend’s arm and stopped her from walking. Their pace had been faster than Gena liked, especially since her bulging, pregnant stomach had forced her into the pregnant hucow waddle when she walked.

“I did,” admitted Josie. “It’s probably the hormones talking, but once Hank bred me…I feel like I’m a different person.”

“If you’re pregnant, you’re barely three days pregnant.”

“That’s good enough for me.” She gentle unclasped Gena’s fingers from her arm. “Do you know why I joined the dairy?”

“Yeah, I remember. You said you wanted citizenship and didn’t want to go through the military or other public service routes.”

“About that…it’s only half the truth.”

That intrigued Gena. “So what’s the other half?”

“Most of my family members are full citizens. Most got that through military service. No one did it through the hucow program.”

“Uh-huh?”

“And I didn’t want to do military service.”

“So why not do public service?”

Josie started walking again, this time slower in consideration to Gena’s condition. “My family wanted me to get married.”

“Yeah? Lots of families want their kids to get married.”

“It was a giant fight for them to allow me to go to college. My family was very…controlling. I was expected to get married to Andy the minute after I graduated college. And then I realized I didn’t love him. I was just using him so I wouldn’t have to go back and live with my parents. Everything started falling apart when I broke up with Andy…the only safe place I could think of to run to was here. The dairy.”

“Was your family—?”

Josie immediately cut her off. “I’m not going to talk about them. I’m safe here. I have a life here. I needed to see Andy again because…I don’t know. I wanted to know the dairy was the best choice for me.” She inhaled deeply and resigned herself to the happy fate she had assigned to herself. “And it is. I’m happy here. I was twenty three years old when I ran away from home and now I’m not miserable any longer.”

“That’s fucked up,” Gena said, not knowing what else to say.

“You know what’s even more fucked up? Living a miserable, depressive life. My family thinks the very existence of hucows is against the laws of God. That’s why I’m here and that’s why I’m happy.”

“Wow.”

“If they knew the things Andy had me do while I was in college…” a wicked grin crossed over Josie’s face. “Well, they wouldn’t have been happy with me marrying him either.”

Back in Josie’s room Gena did a quick inspection of her home and first looked at the milker. “You should swap out this saddle for the standard model,” she said as she lightly bounced the semi-rigid dildo that was rising up out of the saddle. “Assuming you’re pregnant, of course.”

“Really? I have to? I mean…it felt really good to use it when I was getting pumped.”

“You don’t want to lose the calf, do you?”

“I thought that was just a myth.”

Gena shrugged. “Do you really want to find out the hard way?”

Together they removed the dildo saddle and replaced it with the stock model. Although she didn’t need the help Gena assisted Josie up on the saddle and moved the suction cups into place. “You’re lucky,” she commented to her friend as the motor kicked on and her milk immediately let down.

“Why is that?”

“You were already an easy milker, weren’t you? You’ve barely been here six months and you’re already producing over a gallon a day.”

“Yeah. So?”

“Your production goes up when you’re pregnant. You might be the first hucow to actually hit the daily two gallon mark.” She curled her fingers around the fleshy udder that was exposed on the outside of the collection nozzles. “Your udders are going to get bigger and bigger. Can you feel it yet?”

Josie slowly shook her head. “No. Not yet.” She closed her eyes and turned on the vibrator to the lowest setting.

“Already? You are a horny little thing, aren’t you?”

“Uh-huh.”

Gena laughed and checked her friend’s production rate. The milk was flowing steadily down the tubes and into the collection tank. “Do you need help cumming?” Gena asked as she ran her fingers along Josie’s spine, feeling the little bumps and enjoying the sensation of the other hucow’s skin under her fingertips. Josie didn’t object and Gena kept moving her fingers downward eventually letting them rest on her angled rump.

“No. This is good. I think I’ll have Hank fuck me later.”

“No. Choose someone else. Don’t let him have any power over you.”

“Okay,” Josie sighed as she snuggled her head down onto the support pad. “Maybe I’ll have Douglas do it.”

To her credit, Gena didn’t flinch away or object to Josie’s suggestion. But she didn’t encourage her friend either.

Chapter Ten

Gena's pregnancy progressed too quickly for Josie to track, partly because she was so distracted by her own growing belly. Before she knew it her friend had gone into labor and within a day presented a brand new calf to Douglas who was thrilled to see his offspring.

When Josie had the opportunity to see Sophia, in the back of her mind she was thinking the baby would immediately have a cow-like appearance. But other than being chubbier than average, Sophia looked exactly like any other baby.

"So is she hucow or a normie?" Josie asked as she rocked the little bundle gently back and forth. Sophia was just about asleep and making little cooing noises.

"Human, of course," Gena snapped. She had become immediately over protective of her calf.

"But she has a hucow for a mother and a bull for a father," Josie pointed out.

"And no one can become a hucow without the full treatment. Don't be stupid. Yes, if she decides to follow in her mother's footsteps she'll have an advantage over all the other girls because she's already genetically predisposed to the treatment. And I bet that she'll hit two gallons a day without being pregnant." She smirked at her friend.

While Gena now had offspring of her own, Josie was still in the middle of her pregnancy. Her udders had ballooned even more—as if that were possible—and were keeping pace with her stomach and her rump. Before Josie had always prided herself on having an athletic body, but now she was all about pleasure and curves and she didn't mind in the least. "I'm not up to two gallons. Not yet anyway."

"Are you getting all the sex you need?" Gena asked. "Is Hank plowing you while you pump?"

Josie looked out the window across the lawn of the dairy. "Occasionally. He

pesters me all the time and I can't get him to stop. I've even gone so far as to have other bulls in my room when I know he's going to visit, but he still doesn't take the hint."

"That's a little cruel, don't you think? I thought you were sweet on Hank."

"I like him, but I'm not going to marry him."

"Does he know that?"

Josie didn't answer.

Just over a week after little Sophia was born, Gena and Douglas were gone. They weren't truly gone, of course, they had just left the residence, having found a place of their own where they could raise their calf. It wasn't far from the dairy, just at the edge of the township, but Josie had become so used to seeing Gena every day that it felt like her best friend had disappeared.

She was…lost.

Like too many people who become lost she turned to something to fill that empty void. She couldn't turn to alcohol or other chemical distractions because of the constant testing of her milk and the contaminants would show up and negatively affect her income. Instead, she turned to sex. Luckily there was plenty of sex available within the diary. She only had to pick the bull of her choice and a few minutes later he would be knocking at her door. Between her twice daily milkings along with the hormones running rampant through her body due to her pregnancy she was almost constantly horny. It wasn't nearly as bad as when she was in heat, but it was a relentless ache that wouldn't go away. Even two different bulls a day did little to dent her lust.

"You'd better slow it down a little," Nurse Barbara warned her after a weekly checkup. "You've got some vaginal tearing. It's minor, but I can tell you've been busy."

"Two a day," Josie admitted as she took her feet down from the stirrups.

"Use more lube or find something else to distract you."

“Like what?”

“I always suggest masturbation,” the nurse said matter-of-factly. “It gets the job done and doesn’t cause as much hard of a bull does when he has sex with you.”

“I like a big cock,” Josie said boldly.

“Yeah, and even with the hucow treatment, your vagina isn’t fully able to handle what they have. Lube or masturbation. You don’t want to do a C-section when your calf is born. Trust me on that.”

“I like having someone with me when I cum.” It sounded like an excuse, but it was the truth for Josie.

“Then find another hucow to masturbate with or watch porn,” Barbara suggested.

Josie was never a big fan of porn in general, not on any moral grounds, but because she found it unfathomably fake. No one talked about it around the dairy, but porn was prevalent on a lot of levels. The open secret was the holding company that owned BioDyne wasn’t investing just in hucow milk; they had other, secondary businesses that were dependent upon the hucow industry.

Porn could be incredibly profitable. Hucows eager for sex—and money—were happy to perform in front of cameras doing the usual variety of sexual activities that had existed since the beginning of time.

It was easy to access porn through the in-room entertainment system. Even with her door locked Josie felt nervous about doing it. What she found when she looked through all the various options available was a world she didn’t know existed, but after a few minutes could easily imagine and understand it all. Not knowing what appealed to her, Josie kept flipping around, looking for something that caught her interest. Josie’s problem, she knew, was that beyond being a hucow, she didn’t have any special kinks. There were hundreds available for her viewing pleasure.

Josie could watch hucows milking with machines, hucows being suckled by other hucows, hucows being suckled by bulls, hucows being suckled by normie

men—and women. Beyond that there were hucows having all manner of sex with bulls, normie men and normie women, and hucows having sex with each other. Some of the porn stressed the farm aspect of being a hucow with them having sex in traditional red-sided barns, on hay, even in barn stalls. Other bits were extraordinarily plain, usually with a normie man having sex with a hucow in the traditional—and forbidden—missionary position.

Those were the ones that amused Josie the most, seeing simple men having sex with hucows and their big rumps and huge udders. It was almost farcical. The hucows weren't that much bigger than the men, in some cases the men were unusually tall and muscular for the specific purpose of trying to look larger than hucows. From what she could tell ordinary men having sex with particularly voluptuous hucows was the most popular scenario. It was one of these bits that caught Josie's attention

"Fuck a duck!" she exclaimed as the scene played for a few seconds and then moved on. She pulled her hand from between her legs—not having realized she was masturbating as she was browsing through the porn—and stopped the preview mode on the screen, backed up, and selected the show that had caught her eye.

A big handsome blond man was enthusiastically fucking a particularly voluptuous hucow who looked vaguely familiar to Josie. She was certain she had seen the actress at some point in the dairy. But it wasn't the hucow that interested Josie, it was the man.

"I should have known you'd find a way to succeed, Andy," she said softly to the screen. Her ex-boyfriend was fucking a hucow named, for the purpose of the narrative, Drusilla. She wasn't offended or upset. She was intrigued. With an excited giggle, Josie selected the show and started it from the beginning.

The story was fairly stupid. Drusilla was a hucow who, for some unknown reason, was married to Andy, a normie man. That would never happen in real life, Josie knew, but she allowed it for sake of the fiction. Since he was just a normie, Andy was unable to satisfy his wife in the bedroom, even though, he complained, he had a huge cock.

"Huge for a man maybe," Drusilla sneered. "But you're nothing compared to a real bull."

“Oh yeah,” Andy said, trying to put on a brave face but his acting was, in a word, terrible. “Let me show you what a real man’s cock can do.” What followed was a fairly ridiculous sequence of Andy fucking Drusilla with all his might, and her pretending—or perhaps actually because she was a hucow after all—to be unimpressed and bored during the sexual encounter. She willingly went along with all the position changes and maneuvers Andy wanted, but she didn’t cum the entire time. He even insisted on putting her on her back and fucking her like a normie woman, but she told him this did absolutely nothing for her.

Andy finished the encounter by pulling his cock out of Drusilla’s pussy and shooting his load on her udders. That didn’t impress Drusilla, even after Andy fell to her teats and sucked on her, drinking her milk.

“There is one thing you can do competently,” Drusilla said. “You do know how to nurse like a calf.” If Andy was properly humiliated he gave no indication.

The next scene had Andy leaving the house for the day to go work, while Drusilla invited a couple of her friends over. Her friends, of course, were a pair of bulls, and they immediately set to fucking. When the bulls took off their kilts Josie sat up in surprise. “Whoa.”

She had seen plenty of bulls’ cock up close and personal, but this pair were sporting huge weapons that made her wonder how they walked. Drusilla gave a couple of game licks to the first bull’s cock, but there was no way she would be able to fit it into her mouth. It didn’t matter because the monster cock was soon erect and she got on her hands and knees, like a proper hucow, and took the cock into her pussy.

Josie was impressed with how easily Drusilla stretched open to get the cock inside her. There might have been some camera trickery going on, but it didn’t diminish the spectacle. While the first bull fucked Drusilla, the second grabbed her udders and stated milking her. It was all for show, of course, and he sprayed the milk on the floor underneath her. The first bull finished by ejaculating his heavy load all over Drusilla’s lower back and rump. The two bulls then changed position so the second could fuck her while the first continued her milking. The second bull finished in exactly the same way as the first, adding his spunk the mess on her rump.

They left her that way, their leavings drying on her rump. Andy returned home after work to find his wife used and satisfied by her encounter. The ending was supposed to be sweet, but Josie found it treacly. “Don’t worry about your little dick,” Drusilla told her ersatz husband, “it took two bull cocks to satisfy me, so you never had a chance. Maybe you’d like to watch when they fuck me again, get some pointers?”

“I could do that,” Andy willingly agreed as he kissed his on-screen wife.

“I’ll even give you a second chance—again,” Drusilla laughed as the show ended.

Josie sat in amazement when it was over. She wasn’t shocked at the bad acting or terrible story; she was shocked that Andy had actually gotten his wish to fuck a hucow again. Curious, she did some quick searches and found that in his short time since he had been given the advice to do hucow porn he had made the best of the situation and been in over a dozen productions.

To her great shame Josie actually watched a few of Andy’s movies. They weren’t particularly good, but it gave her a little thrill that her ex-boyfriend as now doing hucow porn. She would never admit to anyone that she came—several times—while watching Andy doing his pornographic best. To her even greater shame, she actually went about contacting Andy.

Chapter Eleven

They met in the semi-private dining area of the dining hall. Josie was careful to arrive there first so she could wait for Andy. The dining hall provided food to everyone who came, hucow, bull, or normie. The meals were designed for hucows, having a high fat content, but it was perfectly edible to all. There was a tray in front of her filled with food, she had already started eating when her date appeared.

Andy walked into dining hall with a swagger of confidence, not that he truly needed the swagger. Almost everyone in the hall was a hucow. Only two bulls were present and no other humans. In the eyes of the hucows he didn't have anything to prove and the bulls frankly didn't care. The only thing he had to prove was to himself—and Josie.

The moment he had received her invitation, Andy was positive he was being invited to breed her. That thought was partly the reason for his confident swagger. "You're looking good," he said with great confidence as he took the seat opposite hers. He didn't get any food from the serving line. He hadn't come for the food; he was there for something else.

"Thank you," she said, momentarily flattered at his compliment. The hucows, as was their custom inside the residence, were in all states of undress, though full nudity tended to be the rule. In deference to Andy's normie status, Josie had put on a light shawl wrap over her shoulders, but exposed everything else, except what was hidden under the table. He actually did only have eyes for Josie. "I suppose you're wondering why I contacted you." She stabbed her fork in to the salad bowl and took a big bite.

He grinned. "Not really. I assume you just couldn't stay away from my cock."

In response to his flippant remark, Josie smiled thinly. "Hardly. I saw some of the work you've been doing."

Her answer didn't change his attitude. "You've seen my performances? Pretty good, huh? Which ones?"

Josie was put off by his over-confidence and lack of any shame. If he wanted her so badly, he should have reacted just a little differently, showing her that even if he was with other hucows, he only wanted to be with her. He was only human, after all. “I don’t know the titles. I didn’t bother looking. Do you like that work?”

“Fucking hucows? What’s not to like?”

“Hmm,” Josie commented non-committedly. She paused a moment to eat and chew. “And you think that I want you back?”

He nodded. “Why wouldn’t you want me? You know now I can please hucows as well as human women.” He leaned forward. “But you know what I really want.”

“And what’s that?” she asked, playing along with his game.

“You want me to breed you,” he told her, lowering his voice to just above a whisper. “I know hucows are hot for cock all the time and you’re still hung up on me. I know you want bull cock all the time, but human cock—especially mine—is what you really need because you want me to breed you.”

Josie had to pinch her thigh to prevent herself from laughing at Andy. His small human cock would never fully satisfy her. Sure, fucking him again would be a fun novelty, but for long term pleasure it was a waste of time. After waiting a long moment to make sure she wasn’t going to laugh at him, Josie stood up, pushing back her chair to fully reveal her well-rounded belly. “I’ve already been bred, Andy,” she pointed out.

His face froze and then confusion passed over his visage. He didn’t know how to react. “Is that from when we…?”

She shook her head. “No. Definitely not. His name is Hank. He fucked me six times a day when I was in heat and he was one who sired my calf. It’s exceedingly rare for a normie to be able to breed a hucow. You should know that.”

“But it’s not impossible,” he pointed out clinging to some desperate hope.

Sitting back down, Josie drove her fingernails into her thigh again to prevent her

from laughing. She wasn't a hundred percent sure why she had invited him for lunch. Partly because she still felt affection for him. Partly because he was undeniably handsome. Partly because she wanted to humiliate him. All of those were true. And if the truth were told, she wouldn't have minded if Andy had gotten a calf on her. There were worse ways to be bred. "No," she agreed, "not impossible." She paused and tilted her head to the side. "Want to try the impossible?"

Ignoring her question because it disturbed him, Andy asked, "What are you going to do with your baby?" The questioned pivoted the conversation away from what worried him the most at the moment.

"I'm giving my calf up for adoption," she replied immediately using the language of the dairy. "I'm not ready to raise a family yet, but as a hucow, I can't deny my biological imperative. The urge to reproduce and be bred is a hundred times stronger as a hucow than as a normie."

"Maybe next time you want to be bred?" he asked hopefully. His eyes were open and innocent, but Josie wasn't sure if it was an act or not.

"Maybe," she hesitantly agreed. "I'll consider putting you on the list. Don't be surprised if you can't satisfy me."

Andy scoffed. "Not a single woman has complained to me yet," he declared with confidence.

"What about the hucows you've slept with…or have you only been with a hucow while making porn?"

His face fell a tiny bit. "They haven't complained either," he said, but it wasn't the same tone and didn't have the same meaning. "And you certainly enjoyed your time with me."

That was true. It was partly why he was there at the moment. Josie couldn't deny what her loins were telling her. "Want to come back to my place after I finish eating?"

She allowed him to hold her hand as they walked through the corridors to her

room. She was seen by several other hucows, they all just smiled and gave them a little greeting, but no other comments were made. The moment she closed the door to her room, Andy was all over her, hands on her smooth skin and tongue pushing its way into her mouth. She went along with his urgent need for a moment, and then pushed him forcefully away as she dropped her shawl to the floor.

“You’ll have to wait a minute,” she told him. “I need to pump.”

“Pump?”

“Come on,” she said with a laugh. “Certainly you’ve seen this before. I haven’t seen all the movies you done, but you must have fucked a hucow while she was pumping.” She walked over to the milker and got on the saddle. It was a newer saddle, slightly different in padding and shape to help her deal with her pregnancy; she had insisted that it retain the vibrator, that wasn’t negotiable. Andy watched in fascination as she moved her udders into position, switched on the pump’s motor, and allowed them to get sucked in to the deep cups. Josie let out an audible sigh as the nozzles latched on and started sucking away.

Her milk always let down easily and today was no exception even if she wasn’t especially full. She was milking ahead of schedule, but Andy was watching and she wanted him to see her being milked like a proper hucow. On the second cycle of the pump her milk sprayed out, filling the suction cup which was quickly drained away into the hoses. Her big purple-brown teats filled most of the space in the suction nozzles, which was fine, Josie found that comfortable. It even seemed to make her milk flow easier.

“Wow,” Andy commented, watching as she was milked.

“You like that?” Josie asked as she thumbed the vibrator control to her saddle. She adjusted it to the lowest setting, just a bit of stimulation, and arched her hips, bringing her clit down to the saddle and fully exposing her ripe pussy. She knew she was wet and ready. Andy just needed to take the initiative.

“Yeah, of course. I love seeing hucows milked.”

“I can’t let you have any,” she sighed as the vibrator started through its random cycle. “It feels really good to have it sucked away by a mouth instead of a pump.” She sighed, closed her eyes, and wiggled her hips.

“Just a little taste?” Andy begged.

“Uh-uh,” she teased. “No milk for you. But why don’t you fuck my pussy?” She looked meaningfully over her shoulder at him. His pants were already tenting up with his erection. It was big—for a normie. He’d never be as big as a bull.

Andy looked around nervously, as if someone were watching from inside Josie’s room, and then quickly pulled off his shirt and dropped his pants. A moment later he was introducing his cock into her waiting pussy.

He was impressive for a normie, but Josie barely felt any satisfaction as he entered her pussy. She could feel him, but he didn’t stretch her fully like a bull could. Still, it was good enough for the moment. Andy wrapped his arms around her body, one hand on her big belly and the other gripping the flesh of one udder. Through her body he could feel the pulsations from the saddle and he knew he wasn’t going to last very long fucking his ex-girlfriend.

“I’m gonna cum,” he moaned into her back.

“Not yet!” she barked at him. She wasn’t anywhere near ready to climax and she had always hated it when Andy had taken his pleasure before making sure she had peaked as well. He was selfish like that.

“Can’t—” he grunted and then she could feel his cock pumping his cum into her. It felt nice, but it annoyed her at the same time. It was too quick and completely insufficient for a hucow like her.

Josie pushed with all her weight on the vibrating motor in the saddle, pressing her clit directly on it. Andy stayed with her, inside her, stroking her hair and softly telling her, “Good girl. Such a pretty hucow. You did very well. A very good hucow.” A moment later she came, but it wasn’t how she liked it. In her time as a hucow, Josie had come to appreciate what a big cock could do for her and she enjoyed cumming with a bull’s manhood inside her rather than just an easy and elegant clitoral orgasm.

She rested a moment and then shook Andy’s hand off her hair. She half twisted around and pushed him out of her pussy. He stumbled back, stunned at her reaction.

“What’s the matter?”

“Quit being a dick,” she snapped at him.

“What?”

“Don’t treat me like a child. And you need to grow up as well. I’m not some child you can play with when it amuses you. Don’t infantilize me. You need to learn to hold back and not cum the second you stick your dick in a hucow.”

“It’s because it’s you!” Andy protested. “I’m in love with you and that’s what made me cum,” he exclaimed.

For half a second Josie was about to snap off a smart reply to him, and then realized that he was telling the truth. If he could fuck other hucows in front of a camera for as long as she had witnessed, then he could certainly have held off cumming with her—if not for something else going on.

“Oh, Andy,” she said, shaking her head. She was still on the milker. It was still sucking greedily away at her udders and since she had only been on it for less than ten minutes she had at least another twenty to go before she could stop. “You don’t love me.”

“But I do!”

“You love the idea of me,” she told him. “You love the idea of a hucow being in love with you. I don’t love you. I used to, but I changed. And really…you’re too self-centered to truly love anyone but yourself. You love the idea of me more than the actual me.”

“That’s not true!”

She looked at him skeptically. “You love me even though we’ve spent all of an hour together in the last month and a weekend over the past year?”

“Love isn’t about time.”

“Yeah, but it is about knowing the other person. Get your clothes on and leave. I’ll give you two minutes before I call security.”

There was enough stress in her voice that Andy believed her. He scrambled into his clothes and was out the door before she had the chance to change her mind.

It was the tears leaking out of her eyes that hurt the most. Crying hurt more than the realization she had tried to fool herself with Andy and the false happiness he was selling.

Chapter Twelve

“I don’t understand the economics of it.” Josie was sitting in Gena’s living room—it was so odd to be outside the residence and interact with her old friend as if they were ordinary people—as Gena nursed little Sophia. What was even odder than sitting in a living room with a friend was seeing Gena’s udders being used for their original intended purpose rather than seeing them milked by a machine or sucked on by a bull.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, for what we get paid, for both office work and milk, there’s no way BioDyne can be making enough money to support this operation, even for the inflated price of our milk.”

“There are other secrets in the dairy,” Gena said. “BioDyne is an international conglomerate. They have their fingers in lots of pies.”

“Literal and metaphorical?” Josie asked.

Gena rolled her eyes. “Yes.”

“I know about the porn operation, everyone does. But what else?”

“Besides the genetics laboratory and other science research? Why do you think they take blood and milk samples from us all the time? Who knows exactly what they’re cooking up?”

“You mean you don’t know?” The hushed tone that Gena used to describe what BioDyne was doing made her nervous.

“I don’t want to know and neither do you. Just be happy you have a good life and know you’re well paid for your services.”

Josie shifted uncomfortably on the couch. She had heard stories of comparisons from women who had had pregnancies before undergoing the hucow treatment and they said being pregnant as a normie was much more difficult than being

pregnant as a hucow. While Josie delighted in the changes in her body, especially her udders, she couldn't imagine being pregnant as a human.

"Should I be worried?" she asked.

"Not unless BioDyne goes financially bankrupt. From what I understand the board of directors is already morally bankrupt."

"And we work for them."

Gena shrugged. "What are you going to do about it? Fight the power? Good luck. I like being a hucow and I'm willing to live in blissful ignorance if that's what it takes."

"There's got to be more to life than what's between our legs and what comes out of our udders," Josie complained.

"Maybe," Gena conceded, "but is it worth the risk to find out? How many normie humans live their lives in blissful ignorance?"

It seemed to Josie the answer to that question was both hucows and humans were the same on that issue.

"I think after this calf," Josie began hesitantly, shifting the subject as she gently massaged her belly, "I might work another year before I calve again."

"Good plan."

"I wonder if Andy will be around to try and breed me when that happens."

Gena just laughed at Josie's ludicrous thought.

Giving birth was no joy, Josie realized in the middle of her labor. It wasn't terrible, but it was no fun either. A week before she went into labor Sally had told her that getting the calf out wasn't nearly as much fun as getting it in.

She wasn't lying.

Gena had taken the time to be with her during the labor. Hank had no interest

and the doctors and nurses at the clinic were happy to be there and help, but they weren't true friends. They were just doing their job.

"You need to promise me something," Gena said right after Josie went through a particularly intense contraction. Currently she was propped up, nearly sitting upright, though they had put her in all manner of positions while she labored.

"What?" Josie puffed at her.

"Don't let the calf nurse from you."

"What? Why?"

"The nurses will offer, but if you do it…well, you'll bond with the calf and if you don't want that, if you don't want to keep the calf, don't nurse."

"That's crazy."

"It's happened more times than you can imagine."

Josie could see that she wasn't going to win the argument, especially since she was distracted by the pain of labor, so she just agreed.

When Josie finally pushed the calf from her body, the offer was made to have her offspring nurse and Josie found the willpower to say no. As the adoption nurse was making ready to leave Josie managed to ask, "Is it a boy or girl?"

The nurse said nothing and left. It was Gena who said, "She's a perfect little girl. A beautiful calf just like her mother. Before you know it, she'll be a heifer and looking for her mother."

Josie nodded and leaned her head back, the pain and emotion of the day already fading away.

"Is this normal?" Josie asked Gena over the phone two weeks after calving. They had taken to coordinating their milking times. When Josie got on the milker she'd call her friend and they would talk. Little Sophia would nurse from her mother and Josie would have her udders completely drained by the milker.

“Is what normal?” Gena asked, distracted.

“Is it normal to want to fuck and calve again? I mean, it’s only been a week and I think I’m ready to go into heat again.”

Gena laughed. “It’s the drugs and hormones they slip into the food at the dining hall. Of course it’s normal. You’re a hucow. You need to milk. You need to fuck. You need to breed. You need to calve. What else would you want from life? All of those things should make you happy.”

“Okay, I was just checking. I feel like I’m going into heat again.”

“It’s a little early,” Gena told her, “but it’s not unheard of for a hucow to go into heat almost right after giving birth. Has something to do with the hormones rushing in and out of your body. Don’t worry. It’s unlikely you’ll get pregnant again right away.”

“How unlikely?”

“I don’t really know. You could look it up, I suppose. Or you could fuck every bull that strikes your fancy and see what happens.”

“I thought you’d never invite me back,” Andy said to her as she invited him into her room.

“Sometimes a hucow needs to have a little normie cock,” she said, teasing him.

Andy frowned. “Is that supposed to be some kind of insult?” If he was insulted, he barely showed it. She could see his desire pressing against the front of his pants. It was always strange to see a male wearing pants. She had become so accustomed to bulls only wearing their kilts.

“No,” she responded as she fell to her knees in front of him and struggled to remove his clothing. “Not an insult. Just a statement of fact.” She unbuckled his pants and starting pushing them down. Andy didn’t help. He liked the fact a naked hucow was stripping him and he didn’t have to help her. “Of course you have a smaller cock than a bull does. It’s just the way of nature. That doesn’t mean I don’t like variety,” she said as she pushed his underwear down his legs to

reveal his already erect cock. That was a slight disappointment, not the size, but the fact he was already erect. She liked taking a soft cock in her mouth, sucking on it, and magically turning it into a hard tool designed for her pleasure. “And I can’t do this with a bull,” she commented as she licked him from the base of his cock all the way to the head, tasting the salty tang of his precum leaking out.

“You can’t lick a bull’s cock?” he asked skeptically.

“No. This,” she said as she put her lips around his cock’s head and slowly slide her mouth down his length, taking him deeply into the back of her throat, relaxing a second, and coming back up to release his cock. “Their cocks are too big for my mouth. I can’t give them head the way I like.”

“Keep going,” he encouraged her.

She wrapped her lips around his manhood again and started repeating the process he enjoyed so much. It was the one and only thing she would truly change about her life as a hucow. The bulls’ cocks filled her cunt so nicely and made her cum exactly the way she wanted all the time, but she couldn’t give them head properly. It had been too long since she had sucked off a man and had him cum in her mouth.

“Not so fast,” Andy complained. He grasped her face between his hands. Only then did Josie realize she had been bobbing her head back and forth with such enthusiasm that he was already right on the edge. He pulled his cock out of her mouth and shuffled over to the edge of the bed where he sat down. Josie followed, walking on her knees, her big udders shaking back and forth with her every movement. The moment Andy was seated she was on his cock again, sucking for all she was worth, eager to feel the hot splash of his cum on her tongue.

For his part, Andy wanted to fuck Josie, but was more than happy to let her suck his cock and enjoy every moment of it. Only when he was far too close to the edge did he realize there was no way he was going to be able to fuck her at all. With a groan of resignation, he allowed her to finish him off, cumming in her mouth and listening to her audible swallow every drop of his substantial cum.

“Delicious,” she declared when she was done. “It’s been too long since I did that. Almost two years.”

“Has it been that long?” he asked, not really interested in the answer. “I wanted to actually fuck you, I didn’t want a blowjob.”

“You’ll get to fuck me,” she promised him. “Rest a bit and then you can mount me.” She stood up and stretched, going all the way up on her toes, displaying her body to him. She was proud of it. Her once small and respectable tits had ballooned to the standard enormous size of any hucow and they seemed to hand nearly to her bellybutton. Being a hucow had forced her to put on weight, but she wore it well; it rounded out her hips and thighs while turning her ass into a proper hucow rump. The one change that Andy found off-putting was the series of stretch marks on Josie’s belly, rump, and sides. He knew exactly what they were from.

“You look good,” he complimented her. “Except for the stretch marks.”

“The stretch marks are a sign of who exactly I am,” she told him, pertly. “They show I’ve given birth to my first calf and am no longer just a heifer.”

“Okay,” he agreed with her, not wanting to spoil his chances of getting to fuck his ex-girlfriend again. “Where is the baby?”

“The calf is with her adoptive parents,” Josie snapped at him. “Hopefully she’ll want to grow up to be a hucow like her mother—she has the right genetics for it, after all—but if not, that’s fine as well. I’m going to have more calves in my lifetime.”

“Yeah, about that…” Andy began.

Josie tilted her head. “Yes?”

His mouth went dry and he tried to swallow. “I’d…uh…I’d like to try to breed you.” The words would have sounded a hundred times better if he had spoken them with confidence.

Josie did her level best not to laugh at him. “I’m not sure a normie can actually breed a hucow. You might be able to get me pregnant, but I think we’ll leave the breeding talk for the bulls.”

“Fine. I’m going to try and get you pregnant then,” he declared with a little more confidence, but then looked down at his limp cock. “In a few minutes, maybe,”

he added with a weak laugh.

“I can help with that,” said Josie. She went to a cabinet in her kitchen, pulled out a little plastic box, and gave it to Andy.

“What’s this?”

“A little present to me from Gena. It’s a stimulant that some bulls use as they get older.”

He eyes her doubtfully. “I don’t need a pill to get it up,” he informed her. “Just give me a few minutes.”

“Well, first off, it’s not a pill, it’s a powder. Second, it doesn’t just get you hard, it gets you hornier and makes you last longer while you fuck. It’s one of the little things that BioDyne has been working on apparently.”

“A sex drug?” he asked. “Why isn’t it in production already?”

She shrugged. “You tell me what goes on in the pharmaceutical industry. Safety studies, government approval, marketing costs and strategies, all of the above? Anyway, it’s semi-legal and supposedly safe…at least for bulls. If you take it, it’ll get you hard in a few seconds, and you’ll be able to fuck me for an hour before cumming.”

Andy opened the box and found not pills, but a powder. “No pill?”

“Apparently this is from a batch that was, ahem, damaged in production and never put into pill form. Supposedly it’s more effective if you snort it anyway. I was told you can mix it with water and swallow it if you want, but it’s less effective that way.” She handed him a little measuring spoon. “The bulls believe it improves the strength of their sperm.”

That was all the encouragement that Andy needed. He took a dose, inhaling it quickly first up on nostril and then up the other. It had a pleasant sparkling sensation inside his head and then, as if by an unseen hand, his cock quickly rose up and became as rigid as a piece of steel.

“I knew it would work,” Josie declared as she climbed on her ex-boyfriend’s cock and pushed him down to the bed.

They fucked for what seemed to Andy to be hours, though he knew that to be impossible because he would have been completely spent. He didn't try to make himself cum right away; he just relished everything that happened. They switched positions too many times to count. Several times they had to stop briefly for Josie to apply lube to his cock and her cunt so they could keep going. She was making enough of her natural lube in his opinion, but there was no reason to deny her the extra help. When he finally did cum, it was almost painful. He screamed with the release and almost dissolved into a series of heavy sobs he was so drained by the experience.

"That's how a bull properly fucks a hucow," Josie told him. He had collapsed upon her after fucking her in the forbidden missionary position.

"Exhausted," he mumbled into the pillow.

"You only made me cum about ten times," she complained.

"Good, huh?"

"I need more."

"Give me a minute."

"Actually," she said pushing him off her body and casting about for her phone. "I think you're going to need some extra help to satisfy me."

Andy was too exhausted to protest when she called Hank and invited him to her room. Andy listened in on the conversation, too tired to move off the bed. When she disconnected the call he managed to say, "I'd better leave."

"Why?" Josie asked innocently.

"This bull you've got coming over, he's the one who bred you, right?"

"Well, yes."

"I'm sure he won't want to see me here in your bed."

Josie actually giggled, a sound she didn't like to hear coming from her mouth. "He won't care. I'm not in heat right now and the scent of another man—not

even a bull—on me will excite him."

Andy shook his head doubtfully. "I'm going to leave anyway," he said as he started gathering his clothes.

It turned out to be a waste of time because the door chimed and Josie hurried to it to admit Hank into her home. While he didn't cower, Andy did hasten to pull on his underwear before Hank could see he was naked.

It was the first time Andy had got a good look at the bull that Josie was so enamored of. He wasn't bad looking, except perhaps for his overly heavy brow ridge and the distinctive bulges on his forehead that seemed to promise horns about to grow out of his skull. Hank, like most bulls, didn't wear a shirt over his hairy, barrel chest but did wear a kilt around his waist. He looked briefly at Andy, saw he was a normal human, and quickly dismissed him. Sniffing the air deeply he looked at Josie.

"You fucked him?" he asked in his deep, gravelly voice.

"Yes." Josie's answer was blasé; she didn't care if Hank knew she had just had sex with another man.

"Was he any good?" Hank asked as he unwrapped his kilt from his waist to reveal his large cock that, even while soft, was still bigger than Andy's fully erect.

"For a normie, yes," she answered as she got on the bed on her hands and knees, rump in the air. Andy started to scramble away, but Josie caught him by the wrist, restraining him, keeping him on the bed. "Stay with us," she urged. "Watch him fuck me."

She winced once, briefly, as Hank mounted her, his big cock not fully erect but more than enough to spread her pussy wide open, and then her eyes went wide and she gasped as he pushed all the way inside her.

"Is he hurting you?" Andy asked, alarmed despite himself. He had seen bulls fuck hucows right in front of him before, but that was always on the set, a performance for the camera to be turned into porn for those with an interest in such entertainment.

“No,” she panted as Hank started thrusting in and out of her pussy. “He just fills me all the way up. He’s getting harder as he does it.”

Only then did Andy realize what was going on. Before, on the set where he performed with the hucows and bulls, the sex was real enough, but it was also a show, fake for appearance only. Here, in the privacy of Josie’s bedroom, the sex was truly real and she didn’t need to show anything she didn’t actually feel. Sex not in front of a camera was better. As much as he wanted to leave them in peace to fuck in privacy, Andy was too fascinated to pull away. He watched as Hank used Josie’s body, making her pant and sweat and cry out with each little climax until he was done, finishing hard inside her pussy cumming with deep grunts and then collapsing back on his heels.

The burly bull rested a moment and then addressed Andy. “Thanks for warming her up for me,” he grunted.

“Uh…you’re welcome?”

Hank nodded and looked back at Josie. “You’re not in heat, are you?” he asked her.

“No,” she admitted as he pulled his cock out of her wet a thick, wet, plopping sound. “This is just false heat.” It was the term used to describe what many hucows went through right after birth: increased libido but with little chance of conception.

He grunted once more and nodded as well. “At least another couple of months, then,”

“Yes.”

Hank climbed off the bed and headed for the kitchen, filled a large glass with water and drank it down in one quick gulp. “Am I going to breed you again?” he asked with a grin.

“You’ve already had your chance,” she told him. “I’m going to do an open breeding.”

Hank frowned. “I thought—”

Josie cut him off before he could finish his words. “I don’t care what you thought. I’m doing an open breeding.”

The bull’s eyes flicked back to Andy. “You going to give him a chance?”

“I’m going to do more than that. I’m going to let him fuck me every day.”

Hank’s eyes narrowed at that statement. “You want his calf that badly?” His voice was a mixture of anger and disappointment.

Tilting her head to the side Josie replied, “I wouldn’t mind birthing his calf. I just want to give him a better than average chance.”

“I thought you wanted mine again.” Hank was clearly disappointed at how his relationship with Josie was progressing. She wasn’t required by any custom or rule to mate with Hank again, but it was generally assumed that once a bull sired a calf on a hucow, she would automatically give him a second chance at impregnating her.

“I do,” she said honestly. “And I want his as well,” she added, glancing shyly at Andy. “I’m going to give you both equal chances at me until I go into heat again.”

A sharp snort from Hank showed his discontent at her decision. “He doesn’t deserve the same chance as I do at preparing you.”

That in turn angered Andy. “What do you mean I don’t deserve the same chance?” His brow furrowed. “And what do you mean at preparing her?”

Hank laughed at the normie. “When a bull prepares a hucow he fucks her every day, to make her body get used to his cum so that when she goes into heat, it’s easier for him to get her pregnant.”

Josie grinned. “Exactly. That’s why I’m going to fuck both of you every day for the next couple of months.”

“Both of us?” Andy said doubtfully. “You’re going to fuck two men every day for the next two months?”

“Only if you’re both up to it,” Josie said boldly.

Hank snorted. “Easy enough for me. I doubt the normie has it in him.”

“Fuck you,” Andy tossed back at the bull. “I can bang her three times a day.”

“While fucking your porn actresses as well?” Josie asked him.

Her quip caused Hank to laugh and then she turned on him. “And you’ll want to fuck me every day while also servicing all the other hucows in the residence?”

“Bulls tend to get exhausted quickly,” Andy observed.

That insult brought up Hank’s ire. “A normie can barely fill a hucow,” he bristled. “You should fall to her feet and praise her for even allowing you to get near her with your tiny little dick.”

The two males approached each other with the familiar attitude of violence in their eyes and Josie suddenly realized her error. Even if she wasn’t in heat she was enough of a prize for the two of them to fight over—and Andy was no match for the bigger and stronger Hank.

“Boys, boys!” she called to them trying to stop the blood-lust out before it settled on their brains. “If either of you start fighting, I’m not going to fuck either one of you.” Her eyes fell to Hank’s cock. The excitement of the moment had made his cock hard again. “Why don’t you use that on me,” she asked me, crawling up on the bed and getting into position, her rump in the air, “instead of wasting all that time and energy on him.” She waggled her posterior in the air, letting the pheromones escape from her pussy and float through the air into his nostrils.

It was more than Hank needed. He was on her in a flash, mounting her already well-used pussy and fucking her not so much because he wanted to but because he needed to prove to her that he was capable of breeding her on demand, and to keep the normie in his place.

Even as she started moaning with her rising lust, Josie kept her wits about her and reached out to Andy who was watching the blatant display with disdain. “Give me your cock,” she begged him.

“You’ve already got one in your pussy,” he acidly remarked.

“I want to suck on yours,” she told him, reaching out and grabbed his already semi-hard manhood and pulling him toward her. Andy didn’t resist; he didn’t want to resist.

She bent her head and took his warm flesh into her mouth, tasting both the remains of his semen and her cum on his skin. The bull and the man said nothing to each other, they just used Josie for their pleasure—and hers—until Hank grunted out loud announcing he had cum for the second time, planting his seed deep in her pussy. Not to be outdone, Andy also came, but from his perspective his load was wasted down Josie’s throat. He said as much when she let go of him and licked a tiny bit of his semen from her lips that had initially escaped, not wanting to waste a drop.

“It wasn’t wasted,” Josie commented as she staggered off the bed. As long as your spunk gets in me and I get exposed to it, it’s not wasted. It might even be better if I swallow it,” she remarked as she headed for the milker. “Hank’s cum is going to leak out of me, but yours in safe in my tummy.” There was another need that she needed to see to before she could continue on with her lovers. They were exhausted and were no help in getting her on the milker; they both watched, side by side on the bed, as Josie mounted the milker’s saddle, adjusted her udders so the suction cups were properly aligned, and switched on the pump. Hank and Andy had all but ignored her udders with their big, brown teats that projected outward in a fearful manner. That didn’t matter at the moment. The milker could solve that problem.

The moment the suction cups kicked on, drew her thick teats forward to draw out her milk, she sighed in relaxation. This was how she was meant to live as a hucow. Looking over her shoulder at her lovers, she adjusted her position on the saddle, wiggled her rump a bit to show off her round hips and well-used pussy that was wet and inviting, and just barely starting to dribble out Hank’s cum.

“Who’s going to be next?” she asked looking at their soft, spent cocks. She couldn’t wait to get mounted again.

End

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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