

Fieldwork 3 (Woman to Anthro-Bull FtM)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Cowboy Royal

John's ex-girlfriend continued to taunt him for being a cowtaur, often in sexual ways. But when a new cosmic storm ripples across the sky, Maggie finds herself affected due to her proximity to John's milk. Soon she'll find herself as his perfect mate, and perhaps that won't be a bad thing, in the end?

Fieldwork 3

Maggie smirked as she listened to John's increasingly distressed bellowing. He needed milking yet again. It was the third time today, and it wasn't even midday yet. She yawned and settled back on her porch seat with her book for a moment - she was right near the end of one nailbiter of a chapter - and simply hummed to herself. In the distance, her farmstead's trucks were shipping bottles of John's addictive milk out for lucrative sale, and she always loved to watch them go.

"P-please moooo-ilk moooo-eeee, Moo-aggie! I'm soooo f-fuuulll!"

With a sigh, she put down the book. The poor thing really was desperate, wasn't he? The beautiful young farm owner put down her book and traipsed over to the milking station where John spent more and more time these days. Ever since that cosmic storm had turned him into a living cowtaur, she'd been the best thing in her life. Far better than he had been as a boyfriend years ago. No, she liked him much better now that he had an enormous, milk-filled udder, a gorgeous pelt of cow fur upon his bovine half, a swaying ropey tail and cow-ears - not to mention those cow horns that had grown in - and even a set of massive titties that were always dripping milk of their own from his mostly-human torso. This was the sight she was presented with as she went to the milking station. All the pumps were attached to John's overstuffed udder, not to mention his chest, each boob of which was bigger than a human head, but something was wrong.

"It's j-jammmmed! MOOOO!" he cried, pointing to the machine. "C-CLOGGED! MOOO!"

Maggie just giggled. "Looks like we'll need an upgrade soon! You just produce too much, John! She got to the point where the various hoses joined and massaged it, working out the thick milk that had clotted there. Instantly, the machine whirred back to life. John moored in something like ecstasy as his body began to drain once more of its never-ending nectar. Maggie grinned at this, a little turned on by how much she could tease her 'pet.' She caressed him along his flanks.

“You seem to look even more feminine in the face lately, John,” she noted. “Perhaps you’re transforming fully into a woman? Maybe even a pretty cowtaur lady?”

“I - ohhhhh - don’t want to th-think about that right now!” he groaned, chest wobbling from the way his shoulders trembled. “Just want to l-lose this milk, and get rid of this h-heat! It’s s-so strong! Can’t even p-play with myself!”

At this, Maggie licked her lips. She moved to his cowtaur backside, and noticed the swelling, seeping nature of his bovine sex.

“Well, well, well, this is new. I mean, I know I could tease you and make you moo in ecstasy from my ministrations, John, but to see you this aroused even without the prior milking? Without me playing with your udder and tits? I’d say you’re in a proper bovine heat. You know what that means, don’t you?”

He shook his head, his longer hair shaking. It did look quite luscious lately. Maggie reached into her satchel and pulled out her compact laptop. She sat it on the end of a stall in his field of view and began searching.

“B-bulls?” John stammered, the milk draining ever so fast.

“Of course!” she taunted. “I need some good, well-endowed bulls to bring to the farm. Clearly you need to get ‘sorted out’ by one. Perhaps even get you knocked up with some beautiful half-human calves - or would they be quarter human? Either way, they’d be quite the addition to the farm, and your milk would flow all the more while you were calving.”

John turned a deep shade of red in his cheeks, and his hind left hoof stamped on the ground in agitation. A wind swept through the milking station from outside, and it added to the drama of the moment. Maggie grinned at her tormented little pet, enjoying the dance of arousal and horror on his cute cowtaur face.

“You wouldn’t!” he cried, voice cracking up an octave. “That’d b-be wrong, Maggie! I know you like to tease me and play with my body, and I can’t help it sometimes! But this would be moo-onstrous and you know it! Ohhh!”

Another milk pump clog, and she cleared it quickly, enjoying the relief that showed on his face. The wind continued to rip through the room, causing the rafters to shake and the doors to slam open and shut. Maggie was about to lay down another victorious taunt to her ex, but the sudden weather was starting to make her concerned; it was growing dark, and quickly at that. The beautiful young woman rushed outside, her cowboy hat flinging from her curly brown hair as she took in the sudden appearance of a strange storm. It crackled with alien energies, and spread across the sky rapidly on what should have been a fine day.

“Oh God,” she muttered, eyes wide. “It’s the same storm that hit John! The one that transformed him!”

She *ran* to get back into the barn, but it was too late: a crackle of energy jolted her in the backside as she made it back into the milking station and locked the wooden doors shut.

Rain poured down immediately, and peals of thunder sounded from the distance, but Maggie was only concerned with herself. She felt at her backside but found no burns, and no seeming changes.

“Thank God for that,” she said to herself. She took a deep breath in, calming herself, only to notice the smells in the milk station far more acutely than she ever had before. It was like being hyperaware: the farmgirl took in the sweet taste of John’s spilt milk in the air, the delicious scent of wheat and cowfeed, and the strangely attractive smell of John’s sex. It was incredibly powerful, almost hypnotically so. She breathed it in again, not even noticing that her nostrils swelled with each intake, her nose widening considerably. A pressure began to grow at the base of her spine, and her hands trembled. She took this to be mere nervousness, and the same was true when her toes began cramping. John was around the corner, still mooing as he was being milked, so she sat down on a bench to calm itself. It creaked slightly more than usual; why did she feel suddenly heavier as well?

“Just calm down,” she muttered. “Don’t let him see you nervous. You’re always in control, Maggie. He’s just your money-making pet that you like to play with.”

But that scent. Oh God, that magnificent scent. Despite her teasing about it, she’d never truly appreciated just how *fertile* John was now. It was making her aroused, her nipples tensing, her loins tingling. Unbeknownst to the woman, it was causing a transformation to manifest, one linked to that very scent. Her spine pushed out just a little further from her tail bone, a tail desiring to form. Her stomach cramped, the muscles singeing a little as they tensed again and again, growing stronger. She stood up, unable to take the strange need that had overcome her. As she did so, her spine clicked and her tied flannel shirt strained a bit more against her shoulders; she’d grown over an inch in mere seconds.

“J-John!” she called. “I’m back! It was just a storm.”

“Good!” he moaned, voice cracking again. “Why do you smell strange?”

“*You* smell wonderful,” she replied, emerging from around the corner to come up behind him. He was still being milked by the pumping machines, and so couldn’t turn his torso to get a good look at her. Maggie found herself licking her lips and even fondling her breasts a little as she approached. Her toes continued to cramp and seize up, and her fingers shook. They were thicker than they should have been, but she couldn’t notice that now. With another intake of breath through her swollen nostrils she sampled the air, taking in the pheromones emanating from the cowtaur before her. It was the purest aphrodisiac imaginable, and it seemed to swirl within her *mind* as much as her body. It was like seeing John in a new light.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned in a sultry manner, stepping closer to him, her muscles still slowly expanding, her biceps swelling. “You’re so fucking sexy, John. Such a hot bovine bessie.”

“M-moo!” he moaned. “Stop teasing me like that! I was overburdened for an hour! Please, just leave me alone!”

“But I’m not teasing,” she said, but her voice said otherwise, she realised in that moment that she actually *wasn’t*. For months she’d been having fun caressing his udder and getting him off all to humiliate him. Yes, it turned her on, but what did that was having power over him. Now, for the first time, she was seeing him as a gorgeously sexual and fertile creature. She could *taste* his estrus in the air.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned, going down on her knees. Her shoes popped out a little, stretching against her growing feet. Two points at the top of her forehead made her wince, but nothing could take Maggie’s attention away from the swollen udder spreading John’s bovine hind legs apart. “Oh, John. So full. So milky. So fucking sexy. I need some of your milk *straight from the source*. Mhmm!”

“M-moo! What are you doing back there? You sound different. Deeper. Look, if you really have to do this can you at least wait until - mmmooo!”

Too late. She yanked off one of the four pumps and freed a single teat. Within moments she was drawing that two-inch long teat deep into her mouth, practically to the back of her throat as she guzzled down the endless stream of sweet milk that flowed from him. It awakened something further in the woman, accelerating her transformation and setting a fire in her heart. It beat rapidly, sending signals up to her brain and causing new neurons to fire and connect. Instincts roared within the farmgirl; instincts to protect, to grow, to be powerful and manly, to be John’s *bull*.

“Wha-!?” she cried, pulling back. The thoughts were alien to her, but in the exact moment she fell on her back, her shirt ripped open, exposing her breasts. It was then that Maggie realised something was very, very wrong.

“Mwahh!” she cried in an oddly bovine fashion. “What the fuck is going on!? What the fuck is - NGGHH!”

Something *exploded* out from her tailbone, surging forth and causing her to go on all fours, rearing her ass in the air like some girl in a porn video. It was humiliating, and even more so because it startled John, who finally turned his cowtaur body, wrenching loose some pumps and spilling milk everywhere. He cradled his enormous HH-cup chest (Maggie had never let him have a proper bra for those enormous beauties) and gasped at the sight of Maggie.

“What - Maggie! You’re changing! How!?”

“It’s the s-storm!” she gasped, the changes flowing through her blood and sending new signals to her altered brain. “I lied! It wasn’t normal and now I’m ch-changing because of your stupid sexy scent and your fucking tasty milk, goddamnit!”

She roared, her voice lowering. The shape surging from her tailbone continued to extend, and soon it was *part of her*, flesh and bone and *fur*. It was a rich brown fur, the same colour as her curly hair, and it was attached to a freakin’ *cowtail*.

“Fuck no!” she cried. “No! NOOOOO!!!”

She stood upon her feet just in time for her shoes to explode. The woman had to clutch onto John’s cow half just to avoid toppling over, all while her toes fused together to become a set of powerful hooves. Her fingers began to melt together, leaving her with three digits on each including her thumb. Each was black and lacked some feeling, as if they were hoof-hands of a sort.

“MOOO!” she boomed, only to clasp her new hands over her mouth in shock.

At this, John actually laughed. “Looks like you’re finally getting what you deserve, Maggie! Soon you’ll be in here with me, it seems!”

Maggie could imagine no worse fate, and yet for some reason her brain lit up with pleasure at becoming more bovine. There was a connection between her and John, one that was only growing as she grew. Her spine extended further, and her entire form began to swell mightily. She bellowed in response to the ache in her muscles, and each became mightier than any woman could possibly achieve. Her shorts ripped away as her stature grew, and that was followed by her underwear shortly after. It left a full view of what looked to be a full *eight-pack* of powerful abdominal muscles. Her breasts, to her despair, began to flatten like a pair of balloons, only to be replaced by a set of incredibly impressive pecs. She wanted to hate this, but something about her mind was finding it exhilarating at the same time. She was growing and growing and becoming more powerful, and that *power* raced through her mind, filling her with a strange need to keep becoming all the more muscular.

“Yessss!” she groaned. “I mean, no! I mean - John! You’re changing too!”

John was already mooing as he clutched himself. He too could obviously feel more changes racing through him. Something of a spark had passed between Maggie and him while she’d sucked from his udder, and clearly she’d transferred the last portion of change he needed to finally go fully female, because his hair became voluminous and full, while his face completed its transition. Eyelashes extended, lips became pouty, skin blemishes dissipated, and his face even gained a heart-shaped structure, complete with a button cute nose and beautiful cheeks to round out her features.

“Ohhhhhh! I f-feel like a woman!” she cried, stamping her feet and causing her breasts and udder to sway. “Mhmm! It’s ch-changing my identity!”

Maggie had to pause, even as thick brown fur with white patches began to push out in an itchy manner across her skin. Even the twin pressures in her forehead weren't enough to distract her, she was so focused on John. The man-turned-woman cowtaur now had the sexiest damn voice she'd ever heard, and it was doing things to her loins.

"John," she muttered, cringing as her face widened and her own features lost their femininity. "You sound - you look - *beautiful*."

It was the first time she'd really seen him that way, and it amazed her as much as the power still flowing into her form.

"Oh God, I'm becoming into cowtaurs! Into female cowtaurs! I'm turning gay - or, am I turning . . . ?"

She got her answer as she looked down. Horns began to push out from her skull, tall and mighty, and her shoulders spread ever wider to contain her muscular might, but the pressure between her legs was unavoidable. She knew the scent of bovine womanhood, but she smelled something far different on her own figure.

"No! No, you can't make me - ahhh! You can't give me a - nnggh! John, I can't help but want you, and I need a *goddamn penis to do what I want to do with you!*"

It was maddening, but the changes wrought by the storm were affecting her mind. She needed to fuck him. His hot, seeping, *hungry* bovine vagina was right *fucking there*, but she lacked the equipment needed. Her tail whipped against a nearby wooden door, dislodging a bar with its strength. She rose yet further, easily ascending past six feet in height with no sign of stopping. John's gorgeous new jaw dropped at this sight.

"Maggie," she said, nipples tensing. She didn't even realise she was starting to fondle her milky tits. It only turned on Maggie all the more.

"I shouldn't - I can't - I'm holding it off! No! I refuse to give in! I'm not an animal, I'm a - a - FUUUUCK!"

Her last mental resort was to think of something sexy from her proper female life. An exciting fling she'd had with a sexy cowboy in the rafters of her barn, secretly so that her Daddy couldn't notice. It had been so risky and sexy, but now she wanted to *be* like the cowboy who had fucked her. She wanted his equipment.

"Goddamn it!" she boomed, voice now fully male, and deeper than the darkest pit in tone. "Just do it, then!"

She let go of the last of her defences. She needed to be a big bull with a big bull dick. Her instincts were raging for this to be the case, and her willpower was blown to the wind. Brutish horniness took over. She no longer had a desire to ride cowboys, but to ride *literal* cowgirls instead. To *mount* them.

With that acceptance came the biggest change yet in many ways. Maggie flexed every enormous muscle she had, even as new ones formed and old ones ached with

accelerated expansion. From between her muscular thighs came a bulge, her vagina filling up with flesh as a great new protuberance formed. It became massive, a throbbing vein upon its length, and a pair of heavy balls plopped out, already filling up with what felt like gallons of semen. It was all wrong. It was all *right*.

Maggie licked her lips. Her desire for milk was growing; it was almost a raging addiction. She crawled over to reach John's udder, the fully changed cow woman now mooing, her pussy seeping.

"Maggie! You're - my body!"

"I know!" she boomed. No, *he* boomed. Maggie's form was now entirely covered with fur, but it only made her animalistic needs all the more justified in her altered mind. She couldn't get access to John's milk though, no matter how wonderful the whiffs of its milky scent were: John - or was it now Jane? - was so overcome with milk production that her udder was literally pressing against the floor.

"Moo-ilk mee! Moooo-ount me!" Jane cried, clutching her lovely blonde hair and pouring milk from her breasts. "It needs you!"

"Easily fixed," Maggie declared in a brassy tone. Summoning his new strength, he lifted Jane's hind legs with ease, his Adonis-like strength allowing him to rotate Jane over so that her upper half were pressed against the ground hay. Milk poured everywhere, but that dominance of what he'd just done was astounding.

"My muscles," he declared, looking down at himself. "My bones. I'm more powerful than any man! My own horns are enough to scrape the ceiling! I must be over eight feet tall!"

"Please!" Jane whined, and Maggie caught himself again. "Please, Maggie!"

"Call me Matthew," he boomed.

"Moo-athew! Whatever you are! I don't care anymore, just moo-ilk and moo-ount me!"

There was no returning to his previous sexual identity, not with that magnificent udder before his face, or the scent of that vagina in estrus. Matthew took in the sight and smell of it all, sampling it. He was experiencing his first ever erection, and it was with a mighty bullcock that rubbed against that huge pink sac.

"Jane, you have the best tits and udder I've ever seen."

Jane looked up, now practically upside down. Her breasts spilled to either side of her, overripe and leaking milk everywhere. Her cheeks burned red, and Matthew knew in that moment that Jane was just as attracted to the new him as he was to her.

"And your curves are all mine to enjoy now!" he boomed.

He dove headfirst into that overinflated pink sac, motorboating its terrific expanse, milking it with his three-digit hands, and suckling from her teats. He licked one throbbing vein, and it seemed like a G-spot to Jane, who wailed and thrashed her enormous body. This only made Matthew harder. He blew a hickie on the udder, and discovered he had an

elongated bull's tongue when he wrapped it around one teat and milked a hot stream of produce directly into his mouth. With so much power in his mighty body, he was taking in literal gallons, swallowing them whole and coming back for more. It was shrinking the udder, and Jane was in the throes of passion, her juices sliding down from her passage and onto the udder, making everything taste so much more carnal.

"You're d-draining moo-e so f-fast!" she cried, breasts bouncing against her face with the movements and her upside down posture. "Faster than any moo-achine! Ohhh, I love it! I can't h-help but love it!"

It was the relief she'd been begging for, for months, and it splashed all over Matthew's face in a full facial of enlivening milk. This act only caused the last, most permanent change in the new anthro-bull. He'd thought his cock was big, but now it lengthened and fattened to seemingly impossible proportions, big enough to easily fill the passage of a massive cowtaur like Jane. Never before had Matthew felt so dominant, not as a farm owner, not even while taunting John. Now she was a true alpha male, her incredible dick throbbing, a vein visibly doing so just like on Jane's udder.

"Ohhhhh, yessss," he groaned in his bestial voice. "This is what I'm meant to be. No more submissiveness. No more bedrooms. Just you and me, here in the milking station."

Jane whimpered with need. They had totally swapped positions now, and it was clear Matthew was revelling in it. His cock and balls strained, yearning for release. Now Matthew knew how Jane felt about her overly engorged assets; a bit of poetic justice, he realised with a smirk.

"So primal," he marvelled as he lowered Jane's body. The woman exhaled, glad to be back on her four feet. She was still clutching and milking her massive mammaries, which were swollen from her overeager body. She looked back and gasped.

"Oh God! Will - will that even fit inside moo-ee?"

"Only one way to find out. You want this, don't you?"

Jane was clearly humiliated at her final change, and at everything, and yet her desires were clear. She nodded rapidly, biting her lip to avoid cooing just at the sight of the enormous bull-man, who was like a great minotaur, still on two feet. Well, hooves, to be precise. She flicked her tail up and to the side, and widened the stance of her legs, obeying her mating instinct. It was all the permission Matthew needed. The gigantic bull man gripped her rear thighs and pressed the girthy head of his bestial cock against her moist opening.

"I've never wanted something so bad before," he muttered, and then he slid his immensity deep inside of her.

Jane wailed, her voice going up even higher so that it was almost as sweet as her milk. She began rubbing her nipples and playing with her tits even more furiously. She'd never been penetrated before, but then neither had Matthew penetrated anyone before. He

grit his flattened teeth, focusing on the incredible feeling of dominance that was flowing through him.

“Take it!” he declared. “Take all of it!”

He reached his zenith, what felt like well over a foot and a half of cock, and then began to thrust. This was even better; he was rendering Jane submissive to his manhood, gripping her cowtaur body and ramming his dick all the way in and out, in and out. Jane moaned and mooed, spilling yet more milk, and he couldn't imagine a hotter sight. Her vaginal passage was wet as a storm, and yet it gripped to his member expertly, milking it (ha!, he thought) for all it was worth. Was this how he had felt to men before, when he'd been a mere human woman? No, there was no way. Jane's bovine vagina was *meant* for him, just as he was meant to enter her. Already, this was the best sex he'd ever had, and the idea of going back to men was anathema to his changed mind. He would only fuck, thrust, penetrate, *enter*, from now on. And only with Jane, his appointed mate. His fertile, breedable, mountable, milkable mate.

“Yesssss!” he cried again, fucking her with wild abandon. “I've never known any - ahh! - thing like this! John - *Jane* - you're fucking perfect! I should have appreciated your beautiful bovine body so much sooner! Nghh! I never want to stop mounting it!”

Jane wailed. She was pressing her humanoid half up against a post, clutching it for dear life while Matthew fucked her enormous vagina. His entire length was huge, extending almost all the way to her cervix, and with each thrust it was obvious she was getting closer to orgasm. They both were. Finally, it was too much for her, and Matthew soon knew it.

“C-cum in moo-eeee!” she cried. “Cum in moo-eee! I need it inside moo-ee! I need your hot, sticky cum! My body wants it so fucking bad, Matthew!”

Her body was overcharged, and more milk splattered onto the ground. She began to milk her nipples, causing spray everywhere, and thanks to Matthew's immense height, the anthro-bull was easily able to lean forward as he continued to buck into her, wrap his huge hands around her tits, and squeeze them with relish. They overflowed his palms, still so damn big, but it brought them further pleasure. Matthew wanted this act to last forever, but he was thrusting harder and faster, faster and harder. Jane's tail whipped against his fur, and his own tail cracked more wooden boards from the force of its excitement. Another thrust, then another, then another all the way into her tunnel, and finally it was too much. He squeezed Jane's bovine ass and bellowed like the bull in heat that he was. It was so animalistic that he wasn't even capable of human speech for a moment. For the first time ever, he experienced the foreign sensation of a huge pair of balls *tightening*, then shooting their thick, creamy contents all the way up his enormous dick, which then fired like a cannon deep into Jane's body. It throbbed inside of her, pouring what felt like entire gallons of hot, virile bull semen into her. It left Jane in a state of shock; her enormous cowtaur body quaked,

and soon both udder and breasts were pouring rivulets of milk while she cried out again and again in her new female voice.

“Oh God! Oh God! It feels - it feels amazing! This feels - aaaahhhh - amazing! I need it! I need all of it! Yes, yes, yes, YESSSSSS!!!”

More of his powerful bull seed flowed into her, and it felt like he was cumming for an entire minute, filling up his mate until her fertile womb was flooded with his issue. He thrust one last time, expending one final stream of his massive bull load, enough to rival Jane's own milk production. Then, and only then, did the anthro-bull collapse against Jane's cow-back, caressing the fur and breathing heavily. Jane managed to reach back and pat his head, herself overcome by it all.

Both of them stayed in that position for several minutes, until Matthew finally pulled his incredible member from Jane's vagina. The woman gasped, feeling the aftermath of pleasure, not to mention the litres of seed that poured from her bestial entrance.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned. “S-so much.”

“I didn't expect it either,” Matthew admitted. He shifted, crouching over to help a shocked and weary Jane lie down. She pressed herself against a stack of hay, lying on her side so that her human half was posed rather erotically to the side as well, her blonde hair splashing across the hay, her massive, lactating breasts barely covered by a trembling arm. By instinct, Matthew lay up against her, dwarfing her in many ways despite the fact that she was a taur and he was not. He rubbed her fur in a surprisingly gentle manner, stroking her hair as well. When he reached to cup her breast again, she hesitated for just a moment, then moved to allow him.

“What's happening?” she whispered, and Matthew could hear John's old male hesitancy and neurotic manner in her voice.

“I don't really know,” Matthew admitted. “But . . . do you mind it?”

“I . . . no. Maggie-”

“Matthew.”

“Matthew . . . you're changed. Um, a lot. You're a guy now. And I'm a woman.”

“I noticed. And you did too. Otherwise we couldn't do what we just did, you sexy cow woman.”

She blushed and looked away. “Is this your way of teasing me again? Shit, is this my life now? You get turned and now you get to mock me even more?”

But Matthew pulled her head to face him, and summoned kindness in her bullish face. “No more teasing, except for when it's fun. I've got a new perspective, Jane. Our dynamic has changed again, and maybe it's what it should have always been, my pet. If I said I was sorry for being so horrible to you, would you like for us to try again? Me the protector, and you my beautiful woman.”

Jane bit her lip and blushed yet further, still clearly embarrassed. Matthew wasn't, though. She felt more powerful than he ever had, and more than willing to make things right for the both of them.

Besides, he could already smell Jane's answer before she spoke the words.

By the time the storm dissipated, he was mounting her all over again, and this time there were no regrets or hesitation from either of them.

Matthew continued to work the fields with a lightning pace. He didn't even need a modern tractor for his work; not with his enormous body pulling the plough with such wild strength and enthusiasm, not to mention Jane's milk supercharging his energy. The same was true, albeit on a smaller scale, with his many human workers. They all partook of *Maggie & Jane's Bestselling Milk*, and it made them a formidable and very profitable workforce. Who would have thought that embracing change, rather than mocking it, would make Matthew happier and more successful than ever? He was glad the storm had changed him, empowering him and humbling him at the same time. He was an innovative farm owner, not just someone who inherited the place and took advantage of a former boyfriend-turned-cowtaur.

Of course, Jane wasn't his *boyfriend* any longer. Girlfriend, certainly. Lover, definitely. And one other thing too. He could smell this last one on the air, even as he took a break to march into the milking station, where Jane was moaning pleasurably from having some of her endless milk pumped. She was naked as always, her beautiful female cowtaur form on full display for him, and judging from the pure smile on her face as she saw him, he knew they'd she'd forgiven Matthew for his cruelty, especially thanks to all the ways he made her feel. Speaking of . . .

"Mind if I take over 'pumping' duties, my sexy cowgirl?" he asked.

Jane licked her lips and blushed. Her life still embarrassed her a little, Matthew knew, but it was an earnest and fun embarrassment. One where she struggled to admit how much she loved her new life as his mate. Or perhaps it was just the fact that they'd mated a little *too* well, and that that smell in the air, and the obvious swell in her lower belly, made it clear that soon she would be not just his girlfriend, but his *babymama* as well.

"M-moo," she moaned, chest rising and falling dramatically. "Yes please. Moo-ilk me!"

Matthew was more than happy to do so. She was his mate, after all.

The End