

# Milk Farm (Women to Anthro-Cowgirls TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Fisht14

*Kathy, Tegan, and Molly are all regular college girls in need of extra cash. It's a miracle for them when all three are offered a job at a new milk factory at the edge of town, one that pays a generous wage. But after their first shift where they are given a mandatory 'cow virus injection,' the three begin to experience strange arousals and sensations. Soon all three are beginning not only to lactate, but to transform into anthro-cowgirls destined to be productive for the milk farm!*

## Milk Farm

The offer was too good to be true: female workers wanted in their early twenties, no prior experience needed, for casual work that was three times the minimum wage with double rates on weekends and holidays. Tegan and Molly couldn't believe it as Kathy showed them the flyer for the *Maher Milk Farm*, situated on the edge of town.

"No way, this is really real?" asked Tegan. She was a studious girl, with a bookish appearance and quite a tomboy's taste in clothing. She had short hair that was dyed blue, and rounded glasses that were quite stylish. Her alternative chic fit the college campus lifestyle, but the one who fit the college *party* lifestyle was the other woman who grabbed the flyer; Molly. She was a ginger-haired girl with strong Irish heritage, and a pale, freckled, and curvaceous body that all the guys loved. She was a slut and proud of it, always dragging her two friends to parties.

"No way, I could definitely use that money!" she declared. "Imagine all the hot dresses I could buy! Not to mention saving up for a killer car."

"Trust you to spend it all on parties and rides," Tegan teased.

"Oh, you'll just buy more books and a better skateboard, I'm sure!"

"Better those than wasted. No offence, Molly, but shouldn't I have this job? I can at least get my hands dirty."

"Oh, I can be dirty, alright. Dirty and *naughty*."

Kathy grinned, sitting down on the couch between the girls. She was a dark-skinned woman with mixed heritage from three different continents, and was sort of the 'team leader' for the three friends, and her stature added to this: she was tall and athletic, being a star track runner as well as one of the cheerleaders for their college's football team. Like the other two, she was quite attractive, though where Tegan had a kind of alternative nerd look

going on, and Molly the party girl look, she favoured appearing fit and healthy and confident as all hell. It certainly scored her boyfriends when she wanted them.

“Calm girls, calm. Look at the flyer; there’s multiple spots available, and I’ve already put our names down.”

“Fuck yeah,” Tegan said.

“You’re the best, Kath!” Molly cheered. “Do we have an interview?”

Kathy’s grin grew wider. “That’s the best part; they already asked me in and asked about you guys. I passed, and apparently so did you without being there. They’re gonna pay triple just to see how we go on a training shift.”

The other two women gasped, looked at each other, then beamed.

“Can’t lose for trying!” Molly declared. “The Maher Milk Farm it is! I bet they’ve not seen an employee with udders as fine as ours, girls,” she added, cupping her D-cup breasts and giggling.

Tegan just rolled her eyes, though Kathy chuckled with her.

Of course, Molly had no idea just how true that statement would prove to be.

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The manager at the milk farm was, appropriately enough, Mrs Danielle Maher. She was a kindly, almost motherly woman in her early fifties, with short brown hair and a set of overalls that made her look like a classic farmer.

“Welcome back Kathy!” she said in a chirpy southern accent. “And I see you’ve brought Tegan and Molly as well! I’m guessing our ginger-haired beauty here is Molly? Which would mean this tomboy cutie is Tegan, no doubt!”

Tegan raised a suspicious eyebrow, but Molly just flushed with pride at the description.

“Is it true we’re getting paid triple rates just for initiation?” Tegan asked, still not entirely sure on the whole enterprise.

“Of course!” Mrs Maher said. “Come this way and we’ll sort out the bank details, and I’ll shoot through an advanced payment right now. Then we can get you prepped to start making that milk!”

The girls all shrugged and followed the woman into the factory, eager for quick and easy money. It was a surprisingly vast complex, and after sending them money for their first day - an amount that eliminated even Tegan’s paranoia - Mrs Maher gave them a quick tour. There were the bottling presses, the pasteurisation vats, the delivery centre, along with the offices and sales areas, the museum for visitors and school excursions, and the backroom

areas for employees, of which there were just a few, mostly men. They looked at the three girls with curiosity, some smirking at each other.

“Milk farm? More like a sausage factory,” Tegan remarked, but Molly was simply keen to get to know some of the more handsome men. Kathy kept them hurried along, but she couldn’t help but noticing that there was an entire large section of the farm they hadn’t visited, marked off with ‘RESTRICTED AREA’ upon the sealed doors.

“What’s in there?” she asked Mrs Maher.

“Oh, that? Just where we keep the cows. You haven’t met them yet, but you will . . . down the line. Once the milk starts flowing, one might say. Now that I’ve given you the tour, the only thing left is a quick medical check; because you’re working with unpasteurised milk and will occasionally have to work with the, erm, cows, we need to vaccinate you against any bovine diseases. Do you have a problem with this?”

None of them did. In fact, Kathy was eager to get it done so she could show how devoted they were to this job, mainly for the money it would bring in. They were led to a small medical room where one by one their health was checked over one by one, and then they were given a quick injection.

“Healthy lot of girls,” the doctor remarked, smiling at Mrs Maher. “I reckon they’ll be quite productive for the farm. Very productive indeed; especially that one.”

He gestured to Molly, who just grinned smugly at Tegan and Kathy, obviously proud to be thought of as the best worker already. Kathy was annoyed at that; *she* had been the one to involve herself in this job first!

Looking back, perhaps they should have read quite differently into the doctor’s words . . .

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It was the next day, and the three women were excited. The money was in their bank accounts, and they wouldn’t have to start until Friday, where their shifts were already organised, including some bonus rates for their Saturday shifts. Even better, they were all set to be on shifts together.

The only strange thing, however, was that each of them had experienced some quite vibrant and . . . *enticing* dreams, and not the usual kind.

“It was super duper weird,” Molly said, ready to overshare as always. “I had big boobs - I’m talking huge knockers - and they were leaking milk everywhere. And this guy was fucking me and he had this huge bull cock. It sounds crazy but it was hot as fuck, especially when he pulled my tail. I had a tail, by the way.”

“So did I, in my dream!” Kathy said. “In my dream, I was also, erm, getting intimate, just after a track run. I was bigger, though, and couldn’t run as fast. I had something between my legs that was really heavy, and it was leaking milk. Kind of like an udder . . .”

“Ugh, that injection did a number on me too, then,” Tegan added. “I had freakin’ fur. And cow horns. And I was riding this guy and fucking pregnant. As I wanted kids, ugh.”

The three women chuckled at this strange coincidence, though Kathy and Tegan were a bit weirded out by it. They went on with their day, going to their usual lectures and studying in their spare time; mid-year exams were coming up, after all. They also had their own respective activities and interests. And yet, as the day progressed, something strange began to happen. Each of the three women, regardless of where they were and what they were doing, started to feel more and more aroused throughout the day, lost in daydreams of sex at the oddest of times and feeling a burning need to have sex as soon as they could.

For Kathy, it became impossible to ignore when she was doing cheerleading training. Despite being hypercompetent, she couldn’t stop biting her lip when she saw the footballers watching them practice, cheering at the pretty girls in their revealing outfits. Not even a track run afterwards could get the feelings out of her mind; it was like her body was *demanding* her to breed.

Molly didn’t notice as much of a change, only a lack of inhibitions. She was already spending her time between lectures to flirt with some of the guys and order some cute clothing online with her new funds. But for the first time ever she had to run to the ladies room just to masturbate, because her eagerness to fuck simply couldn’t wait. She moaned as she tried to ‘flick the bean’ and get over it, but instead the need only returned stronger. She knew then that she needed a man; *right now*.

Tegan was the most changed by the experience. She was cute in her alternative way, but relationships were few and far between for her, as was sex. But while in the library, she began rubbing her thighs together, finding it impossible to concentrate on her books at all. She kept thinking of how good it would be to let off some steam, and the nerdy boys in the study bay were looking very, very cute by that point. She began to breathe more heavily, and when she began snapping pencils in sexual frustration, she knew she simply couldn’t study. Not until this overwhelming desire to breed was satisfied.

And *breed* was the right way to put it. That word seared itself into Kathy’s mind as she wailed in please, getting banged against the change room lockers by Todd Freeman, the alpha male of the football team. It reverberated through Molly’s brain as she fucked not one but two college peers, one after another, in the closet they’d managed to find access to. She cried out more than she ever had when both men came inside her.

Tegan grabbed the first nerd who looked her way with interest and practically *dragged* him to a library study bay. She closed the door, locked it, lowered the blinds, and

gave him a very private 'study session.' She was far more animalistic than she had ever been, panting with pleasure as the surprised but enthusiastic nerd too her from behind.

"Yesssss," she moaned. "B-breed m-me! Breeeed meeeee! I need it s-so fucking bad! Breed meeeee!!"

None of the three young women used condoms or birth control or any kind of protection. Molly, who made sure both were used due to her constant sex life, practically *shunned* them. Something about going all natural with no protection whatsoever was just too hot to resist for all of them, including the endlessly practical Kathy and the always cautious Tegan. To make matters even more extreme, all three went several rounds due to their strange heat, stopping only after something seemed to 'switch' in their bodies, finally letting their desires down to a low hum of buzzing arousal.

It had been one crazy day, but things were only going to get crazier from here on out.

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"I still can't believe how crazy horny I was yesterday," Molly said the next morning as all three got up to have breakfast. "I seriously had such a weird breeding kink all of sudden."

"Same!" Kathy said, perking up. She felt sore that morning and strangely bloated. "I don't know what came over me. I slept with Todd Freeman, and more than once. Ugh, he's such a jerk, but I couldn't stop wanting him to fuck me."

Tegan blushed heavily. "Um, I also was really horny for some reason. I had, uh, sexy in the library."

Molly giggled, and Tegan threw, appropriately enough, a throw pillow from the couch at her. It didn't stop the ginger-haired girl from laughing. That was, until another ache began in her prodigious chest.

"Ngh!" she whined.

"Are you okay?" Kathy asked.

"Y-yeah. I think maybe that horniness yesterday was my last gasp before my period came on. It's super early, but my boobs are getting sore, and they feel bigger."

"They look bigger," Tegan said, though she winced at her own chest.

"Speak for yourself," Molly said, going wide-eyed as she stared back at Tegan in her plain black tee. "Your own tits have grown. As in, you actually have tits now."

"I always had tits!" Tegan said. "Just because I wasn't a frickin' cow with big - oof! Ohh, but you're not wrong. They f-feel bigger now. Sensitive."

Kathy swallowed. "Something is weird here. Mine are bigger too. They feel heavier, and kind of sore. And sensitive. Is anyone getting strange pressure in their hips?"

The other two agreed. There were a few odd pressures, including at the base of their spines and some throbbing in their heads.

"Mrs Maher did say there would be temporary side effects to the vaccine?" Molly offered.

"For once," Tegan said, brushing her fingers over her lower stomach and wincing at the strange reddened skin that was underneath her pyjamas, "Molly actually said something smart."

"Agreed," Kathy said, much to Molly's eye rolling. "Which means we'll just have to ride this out. Oh, and probably avoid going into crazy horny hormone time."

They agreed. But it wouldn't do them any good, even if their libidos were back to normal. Over the course of the day each of the women struggled to pay attention to their college courses, largely due to the constant growth in their chests. At a D-cup already, Molly's own breasts had jumped up a full cup size, and yet seemed to still be growing. She squirmed in her chair, feeling as if her thighs were bigger as well, and her hips continued to widen slowly, making her denim shorts tighter, not that she realised that was happening yet. Tegan's own A-cup breasts were coming out of hiding, advancing past B's and almost towards C territory by the end of the day. Guys were looking at her more, and girls were whispering that she was stuffing her bra. She was intensely embarrassed, and every time she rubbed her forehead she felt a strange set of twin pressures there, and the same at the base of her spine. Kathy tried to get her mind off of her now C-cup breasts by running, but they bounced around too much. Worse, her lower stomach was bulging oddly, and she kept rubbing her butt, feeling a greater sensitivity.

People looked their way, and it was hard to hide their changes, especially the weird bulges on their lower stomachs and the bumps on their tailbones. Molly even took to covering up more, but it was hard to focus on one's studies when even the professor was looking at you with curiosity and concern, and your own body was experiencing bizarre pressures.

"This is really weird!" she said when they were all back together later that night. "How can a vaccine do all of this! I was a B-cup yesterday, and now my boobs are almost as big as Molly's were before she changed!"

"And I've got serious melons now!" Molly said, though she was less agitated. "I'm not complaining though. From D's to E's, and F-cups on the way! And I swear my hips are wider; I've got a total hourglass figure now!"

Tegan huffed. "I'm glad someone is enjoying it. I never asked for big boobs!"

"They're not *that* big," Molly teased. "Pretty small, still."

"They're twice as big as they were! And my head has this p-pressure. My tailbone too. Ugh, something is weird as shit about this."

Kathy mused on this as the group turned to her. She was scratching her lower stomach - they all were at different points - and feeling the small little blisters or bumps or whatever that had formed there. Four of them in total.

"Let's see how we go tomorrow," she said. "If we still feel weird and it doesn't stabilise, we go to the doctor. For now, I'll call Mrs Maher - she can tell us more."

Tegan approved this plan, and so Kathy called Mrs Maher. The kindly woman apologised on the phone.

*"Oh, bless your hearts, dears! I'm so darn sorry. I should have told you that this is a potentially normal side effect. It's temporary, don't worry, but if it's worse tomorrow, you come round say, one o'clock in the afternoon? We'll sort you out then. God bless!"*

"There, does that sort things?" Kathy asked. "Now we've got a plan if things keep getting weirder."

They all put the subject aside, not wanting to talk about it as much. Not feeling up for cooking, the trio ordered takeaway. And then some more takeaway. And then even more. For reasons unknown to them yet, their bodies were just insatiable for food, needing excess calories to pack on the pounds in all the right places. Kathy, normally the one with the biggest intake due to her athletic hobbies, was consuming over four times as much as she would normally have for dinner, if not five times as much, and yet Molly was eating even more, with Tegan right behind them. The three women groaned as they scoffed down the food, panting as their breasts began to surge forward *visibly*, overflowing and even snapping their bras. They had to shuffle out of their pants due to their expanding hips, and something was pushing out of their tailbones, extending and growing vertebrae. Tegan clutched her head while Kathy clutched her lower stomach; one feeling two points push out, the other a bulge expanding above her womanhood. Molly squirmed, cupping her breasts as they overflowed her hands easily, getting bigger and bigger and *bigger*.

"Ohhhhhh, wh-what's happening to ussssss!?" she begged. "These are t-too b-big!"

"S-so much p-pressure! What the f-fuck am I growing!?" Kathy cried, holding the sensitive sac that was getting heavier and heavier on her lower waist.

Tegan cringed, wincing as what looked like *cow horns* extended from her scalp. "Nggghh! I'm g-growing horns! F-fucking horns and a - oh God, is that a t-tail!?"

It was long and ropey and hairy just like a cow's, extending out from her backside longer and longer until it was over four feet in length and swishing about. The other two screamed, feeling their own tails starting to develop, their own udders, their own bulging breasts. Their rears were expanding to match their widened and very fertile hips, and their bodies took on a great softness and thickness, a maternal shape that only enhanced the bovine appearance they were taking on more and more with each passing second.

"This c-can't be real!" Kathy cried. "S-someone call the - call an ambul - ohhhh . . ."

She collapsed, unconscious, both from shock and the changes. Tegan followed immediately after as she held her tail, realising it was *hers*, full of sensation and movement. Molly lasted the longest, struggling to the door, her enormous breasts now each the side of her own head or *larger*, flopping about as she staggered forward. But then the pressure was all too much: she looked down to see her breasts obscuring everything, her nipples the size of soft drink caps, and they were . . .

They were *leaking*. White pearly fluid was all the way down her top.

“What the f-f-f . . .”

She collapsed down, falling to her side, disappearing into dreams alongside the others; dreams of being milked like a good cow and moaning with pleasure as it occurred.

The changes continued overnight, guiding them towards that very fate.

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“Oh God! Oh God! I’m a monster! I’m a freak! Wake up, you guys!”

It was Tegan, and she was panicking. She shook the others, causing a great deal of shaking and wobbling on her own body, but it managed to rouse the pair from their sleep on the living room floor of the apartment. Kathy tried to get up, only to struggle due to a series of bulges that she should not have had. She blinked, remembering the events of the previous night, then gasped in terror.

“What the fuck!?” she cried, and Molly followed right after with the same expression.

“We’ve changed!” Tegan continued, standing over them as they slowly manoeuvred upright. “That vaccine has turned us into fucking freaks! We’ve mutated!”

Mutated was right, because there was no denying that the trio were no longer ordinary human women, and perhaps not human at all. Tegan had covered herself in a bathrobe as best as she could, but the other two were naked but for their underwear, their bras not nearly enough for their prodigious body parts and new endowments. It gave them a good look at their changes, the pair of them gasping and panicking as they felt just how real they were.

The first thing they all noticed were their huge mammaries, including the new one between their thickened thighs. Kathy’s breasts had once been a B-cup, but now she had what could only be F-cups or bigger, almost the size of her own head and topped with large pink nipples that throbbed. She was leaking milk, and the pressure in her breasts told her that she was storing a lot. The thing that gurgling and wobbled heavily between her legs could only be an udder, pink just like a cows and with four teats. It repulsed her, and yet she felt a burning need to pull her teats, causing hot milk to spray from them.

“Oh my God! I’ve got a frickin’ udder, and it’s full of milk!”



“How do you think I feel then?” Molly said, gesturing to her. If Kathy’s breasts were F-cups or G-cups, then hers had extended to a realm that was beyond regular sizing and right into the custom range. Her boobs were *twice* the size of her own head and fully equal to actual watermelons. And yet as massive as they were, they were pert and rounded and flushed on her chest, immensely full of what could only be milk. Her udder was the size of an actual beach ball, compared to the basketballs that Kathy and Tegan were sporting, and it was dribbling milk everywhere, demanding she half support its weight with one hand.

“Ohhhhhh, it’s t-too much. I need to b-be milked! I’ll be back!”

She darted - well, *waddled* - to the bathroom to relieve the pressures, pulling her teats and nipples and sending long, hot streams of milk into the bathtub and over the floor.

“At least she doesn’t have cow horns,” Tegan whined. She was the only one with them, and they were impossible to hide, being curved and roughly eight inches long. Her tail was also the largest, and that was the other thing the girls were noticing; that they had grown an extra limb back there. Kathy had the plumpest rear but Tegan beat her in tail length, and it seemed the tails behaved with their moods, because they were swinging about in agitation, Tegan petting hers as if to calm it.

In all the insanity of it the new pressures and growths and bovine alterations, Kathy almost didn’t notice another change unique to her. She went to move to the bathroom, feeling an almost instinctual urge to milk herself, when she slipped and barely caught herself.

“Hooves!? I have fucking *cow hooves*!?”

Indeed, her ankles had developed cow fur, and then her feet - trained for athletic track running - now ended in cow hooves that clopped loudly upon the floor. All three of the girls had unique traits in this way: Tegan had her cow horns and longer tail, Molly the largest mammaries and a pair of furry cow ears, and Kathy her hooves and very breedable hips. They compared notes, trying to make sense of it as they took turns going to the bathroom to ‘relieve’ themselves. Even so, their new hungers meant they devoured everything in the kitchen even during this time of panic, which only made their udders and breasts make *more* milk. It was going to be a vicious cycle, but none of them wanted to be the ones to call an ambulance and end up on national - or even international - news.

“We have to go to the Milk Farm,” Kathy said, trying to hide her body in the baggiest clothing she could find. Even then, she had to wear loose track pants so that her udder could bulge within them. “It’s the only way. Mrs Maher will have to turn us back somehow.”

“What if she wanted this?” Tegan asked, gesturing to the way her own breasts - which were easily E-cups and *somehow* the smallest of the group - were leaking milk down her tight top.

"Then we demand she change us back!" Molly said. "C'mon, my stomach is gurgling, and my belly is weird and pressurised."

Each of them paused. They all felt the same, and it didn't seem like it was just from the food that this latest change was occurring either. Something else was going on, and they didn't want to find out.

"Let's get out of here," Kathy said.

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They arrived at the Maher Milk Farm after an awkward and humiliating run across campus to the carpark. Their shared apartment was on college grounds, which was convenient normally, but not when onlookers were laughing at the 'strange costumes' the girls were wearing, or pointing out Tegan's horns or the obvious fake udder that kept falling out of Molly's overalls. Tegan had to drive despite it being Molly's care: she was the only one 'small' enough, despite being mega-busty and big in the udder by that point, to actually fit in the seat without her boobs honking the horn and getting in the way. She honked the horn anyway as she overtook traffic to reach the farm.

When they managed to squeeze out of the car and approach the farm entrance, they were already leaking everywhere, their boobs and udders even larger due to the overproduction of milk. Tegan kept rubbing her belly, and Molly's was looking even more domed. Kathy too joined in, hoping against hope that it was not a sign of another change.

It was nearly one o'clock, and so when they entered the lobby Mrs Maher was already there, grinning from ear to ear.

"My, my, don't you all look lovely! What big udders you have - very productive!"

Kathy gasped as her nipples squeezed out yet more milk. It was warm and there was so much of it, and yet her body was urging her to make more, *even more*.

"You d-did this t-too us!" she accused, jabbing out a finger. Well, it would have been a finger, but alongside her hooves, she now also had hands that were quite hoof-like too, with three digits each that looked like manipulable hoof-fingers.

"Yes, this was part of the contract you signed; to be productive members of the farm!"

"I didn't want to grow a frickin' udder!" Molly said. "And even for me, these tits are too big! Way too big!"

As she gestured, her massive mammaries bounced and jiggled about, emphasising their hugeness. She couldn't even close half the buttons on her top.

"Get rid of my horns!" Tegan said. "Get rid of this tail! I may be alternative but I'm not meant to be a freak!"

Mrs Maher sighed. "Very well, I'm disappointed to hear this. I suppose, if you don't want to continue with the job, we'll have to turn you back. Right this way then."

Surprised but relieved at her backing down, the trio followed the milk farm owner to one of the 'RESTRICTED AREA' doors. She opened it with a car key and gestured for them to come in. One they did, the doors shut behind them, and the three gasped at what they saw.

Cowgirls. Dozens of them. All in their own comfortable pens, all being professional milked by machines. Some of them had multiple pairs of breasts, others had snouts, others still were much more human but with bean bag-sized udders that would make moving practically impossible. But all were mooing and gasping and moaning in pleasure as milk was continually extracted from them.

"Mhhmmmmm," a nearby one moaned, a woman in her mid-twenties by the looks of it. She was stroking her breasts, clearly on break. Her belly was enormous; she was clearly pregnant, but with *what* was another question, because something like a *hoof* pressed against her belly from the inside, making her grunt. "Looks like we have some new arrivals. I'm Denise. Trust me, it's weird at first, but you get used to it eventually."

"What the fuck is this?" Kathy said, turning to face Mrs Maher. But now the woman had two security guards suddenly beside her, and they were already moving forwards to place a collar around each of the girl's necks, but like what all the other cowgirls had in here. It was a cowbell collar, with a little hanging plate that gave their name, as if they were a pet.

"This is your new job for life," Mrs Maher said proudly. "Denise is right, you'll get used to it. There's comfortable accommodation, wonderful food, and lots of free time and amenities. And all you have to do is produce what comes naturally, bottle by bottle."

She gestured to three pens that were close by, each with a set of milking machines for breasts and udders respectively. Just looking at them made the girls leak a little more. The need to find relief was becoming unbearable.

"M-moo!" Kathy managed.

"Exactly," Mrs Maher said, herding the trio towards their pens, as the epiphany of their new life came over them. "Embrace your new cowgirl lives."

They all tried to protest, Tegan especially, but when the machines were fitted, they each moaned in ecstasy as the pumps turned on and their milk was extracted from their engorged mammarys.

"Moooooooo!!" they moaned, barely capable of words as the process began.

"Good girls," Mrs Maher said. "I love employees who know just what to do. And I bet the calves growing in your bellies will be just as good when they're grown!"

"Wh-what!?" Kathy managed, trying to pull away from the pumps but unable to thanks to the sweet relief they offered.

“Oh, didn’t you know? That breeding instinct the injection gave was quite potent. You’re all quite obviously pregnant. I’d say in a few months you’ll be ready to become true mother heifers!”

For all three women, their jaws hit the floor. The pumping continued.

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Life wasn’t all bad, Kathy supposed. Sure, Tegan was still frustrated, but Molly was getting a lot more used to it and so was she. At least pregnancy and birth was over for now, though they still had to feed their little cowbabies from the udder and breast; all girls, of course. Becoming a pregnant cowgirl and then giving birth to a little hybrid hadn’t exactly been Kathy’s plan for life, but Mrs Maher wasn’t wrong: the farm at least had excellent accommodations, lots of ‘free range’ fields for them to enjoy, and plenty of amenities. It was the only place to be able to service their endless milk production too, which had shot up since they had given birth. Now they were prime producers according to the staff, with Molly being literally number two in the whole farm and gunning for number one. She was so voluptuous at this point that it took her time to stand, though even Tegan had to hold her udder when she walked sometimes. Maybe it was just Stockholm Syndrome, but Kathy was starting to think she could get used to it, even if being athletic was something that required a lot more effort and preparation for her these days. It wasn’t like Tegan couldn’t still study and be a nerd, after all, and Molly still had a lot of fun meeting up with the bull boys who were there to breed them.

Yes, that was the other thing that she was going to have to come to terms with. Mrs Maher said that they might be able to work off their contract and change back - *might* being the operative word, even if she was telling the truth. The trio simply had to go on to produce ten little cowgirl babies for the farm. Which, even given their accelerated gestational cycle, could potentially be a long, long time. Half a decade, potentially. Perhaps longer. Perhaps it would be a lifetime commitment because it was just another lie. Still, it was something to cling to, and remember, and to justify what came next.

Because lately, all three had started feeling quite aroused.

Their heat had started again, and it was time to be good cowgirls and *breed*.

**The End**