

Milky Madness



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ONE

Those big, beautiful brown eyes changed my life the moment they gave me a sassy wink, “Hey hon, you want that milk in the raw?” That combined with a not-so-subtle lift of her breast by a two-fingered hand spelled my doom.

“That’d be...” It took effort to pull my eyes up from the deep V of her shirt that provided a window between the implied sources of milk and gaze into her friendly smile. “...very nice of you.”

Her big fuzzy ears flicked, and the smile grew to a grin as she picked up one of mugs and sashayed into the back of the coffee shop, her long tasseled tail swinging with her hips.

It would be fine. I told myself as she ducked beyond the curtain. I’d been careful all my life to avoid magical products and how magical could a cow Morph be? Not like that time I wound up trading drunken riddles with a Sphinx and going home with her. The tail went away after a month, although I still haven’t shaken off the crossword addiction. This was just a single coffee. One time couldn’t hurt me. Besides, the heat of the coffee would almost be like pasteurizing it right?

She slipped back through the doorway with a sated look, mug in one hand and a reusable jug in the other. The shirt she wore looked decidedly less strained. The jug disappeared beneath the counter and she filled the mug with the blackest brew they served. When she placed it in front of me it had the rich color of chocolate milk. “My fav is Spanish style, half and half, but let me know if that’s too much for ya.” Resting on an elbow, she waited, her tail swishing anxiously behind her.

I flashed her a grin that may or not have shown my own nervousness as I brought the mug to my lips and sipped. As soon as that creamy mix of earthen bitterness and roasted tones washed over my tongue a little voice in my head went *uh-oh*. The same voice I had heard when that Sphinx leaned against me and asked, “Hey, what walks on two legs and has a fantastic ass?” And just like last time, I ignored it.

Taking another sip, more of a gulp, I declared it the best coffee I’d ever had. She gave this adorable little moo, and slapped her hand over her short muzzle, big eyes searching to see if anyone of the half dozen customers had heard. Her fur hid the blush except for inside of her ears. “Have a great day sir!” She winked again and retreated back to clean the machines even though she had no more customers at the moment. The whole sequence melted my heart, and I went to find a seat feeling lighter than I had in weeks.

Then as if to melt my insides into a chocolate fountain, she started singing along with the corporate radio, “You’re beaaaautiful! You’re Beaaaautiful to me!” And I think I caught her glancing in my direction. Right back at you, I thought.

I didn’t wake up the next morning with a tail or horns or even hooves. Still every bit as human as I had started.

So I went back. Not every day at first. She didn’t work many mornings, favoring the lunch to close shift. “Your usual, Joe?” She’d ask me with the same sly wink. I didn’t always get

the show. Sometimes she made my special blend with the jug. And I wasn't the only one she did it for. Conversations happened when it was slow. I learned her name was Tricia Montgomery or Beu to her friends. She opened up when I mentioned I played the drums and countered with her lost love of the piano, which she'd replaced with a bass guitar. We both did the daily crossword.

Six months sidled on by and everything was good. Life had settled into an easy rhythm. My crush on her faded just a little. The trouble started with an odd sort of pressure in my chest. It wasn't constant, a twinge of almost pain if I spun around too fast. As if something heavy ached behind my nipples.. I caught myself occasionally clutching and massaging my pecs. It was so gradual I didn't put two and two together until I noticed small wet spots over my nipples.

I stopped going to the cafe, stopped drinking Beu's special blend. I missed her terribly, but this would go away, just like the tail had. All I had to do was wait. Yet I had drunk a lot of milk over those months. The swelling didn't get worse, if I took off my shirt and stared into the mirror you wouldn't really call the small mounds beneath my definitely thickened nipples breasts. Yet every day I woke up with an increasing sense of pressure. And no matter how I pulled, squeezed or pressed I couldn't get more than a drop of milk at a time. They were like massive pimples that refused to pop.

I didn't call my doctor. I knew what he'd say. I'd had enough of him after the Sphinx incident. But I needed something. Maybe Beu would know what to do. She must have gone through this. After another night of tortured nipples and dreams of twin jets of white fluid erupting from my chest, I went back to the cafe.

"Hi Joe!" Beu beamed at me. "Did you go on vacation? Usual today?"

“Uh black today.” I managed to say, heated spiders crawling up neck.

Worry wilted her ears. “Something wrong?”

“I-I,” My voice dropped a whisper as my hand strayed up and squeezed what was now definitely a breast. Small but very, very full. “Need to ask you about something personal.”

Her nostrils flared, “It wasn’t me!” A stamp of her hoof. “I’m triple-A certified as not contagious.”

“I have a condition. It really hurts, it won’t come out.” I whispered. “Please, I won’t go to the docs.”

She chewed her thick bottom lip; worry watering her eyes. “I close tonight at 7. Meet me in the back at 7:10.”

I gave her a little nod, took the coffee, and trudged back to work. I never touch the beverage; my mind was entirely centered on getting relief. All I could do was watch the clock. Everyone left at five, but I didn’t want to hang around the cafe’s back door for two hours. So I stared at my email for a bit longer before going to the cafe and waiting besides the gray metal door in the back. She opened the door precisely at ten past seven.

“Come on in Joe,” She growled. I’d never heard a cow growl before. “I don’t understand how this could happen!”

The back was cramped, with overstuffed shelves of food, coffee and supplies threatening to topple down on our heads. In the far corner sat a three-legged stool and milking machine with two long silver teat suckers. My eyes bolted themselves to it. My nipples seemed to warm by ten degrees.

She jabbed a thick finger at the stool. “Sit down and take off your shirt.”

I did so, hanging my shirt and hoodie on a hook. “It’s not your fault. I’m morphologically unstable. I can’t even use most first aid kits without coming down with lycanthropy.”

“So you thought it was a good idea to have a daily dose of

my milk!?” She snorted as she pawed at something I couldn’t see. “Just want exactly are you drumming on? Your head?”

“I thought I was fine! And you’re really hard to say no to and, I love the coffee and have I mentioned you’re completely adorable?” It all spilled out.

“Adorable?” She huffed, ears flicking, “I’m six-foot one, almost three hundred pounds and I’m a cow.”

“Do you prefer beautiful? Elegant? Hot? It all works.” I said.

“I get it, you like cows.” She gave me a hard stare, “Lots of humans do.”

It was my turn to redden and look away. “Cows and cats for me. Forbidden fruit ya know. Sorry.”

She grinned suddenly, her warmth returning as if she’d turned on a sun lamp. “Forbidden fruit that you just had to taste. Every day for the last three months at least.” Flipping what looked like a massive syringe with a suction cup on the end in her hand, she approached me.

I shrugged, “Never said I was smart.” Asking her out had been on the tip of my tongue so many times, but I couldn’t risk that. My job only employed humans. Mundane as possible humans. The government’s cold war against magic saw to that.

With a sigh she inspected my almost spherical breasts, my red angry nipples straining as if to leap off them. “Oh hon, that’s gotta hurt.” Sympathy flooding her voice. “Listen hon, I came down with the Salmoolia when I was sixteen. Got it from a girlfriend back when the Fey Queen decided Chicago should be her own farm.” She positioned the suction cup over my nipple. “It can be a nasty one. Kinda damned if you do and damned if you don’t. If you don’t milk yourself, your capacity increases. If you do, your production increases. So you gotta tread a middle road, right. Keep it to once per day and you can dry yourself out.”

“How’d that work out for you?” I asked.

She shrugs. “I miss having five fingers. Now this is gonna hurt at first.” And she pulled the plunger.

A sharp pain made me gasp as the suction pulled at my nipple. After a moment something gave way, and I watched white splash into the empty the barrel of the syringe. The painful stretch eased, and I gave a sigh of relief. A pleasant warmth radiating from the little breast as it shrunk back against my chest. *It’s empty.* My thought muddled with a strange euphoria

Beu squirted my milk at a drain beneath the stool.

“Heeeey,” I protested at the waste of my milk.

“Sssh.” She pressed the cup over my other breast and pulled.

The bite of the suction was followed with the pleasure of release. My body went limp, and I fell back against the wall as a “moooo” escaped my lips.

A shiver went through Beu. “Don’t do that.”

“Dooo what?” I blinked through a sudden wooziness.

“Moo.” Beu said, her broad shoulders heaving as if she had run a mile, nostrils flaring. “It will make it worse.” She stood suddenly, towering over me and shoved the still full syringe into my hands. “Here. Once a day. No more. Bore the magic to death on that.”

I took the syringe. There was barely an eighth of a cup in it. Surely it had been more? Why did that matter? I shook myself and focused on Beu, her hands on her hips, wearing a stern frown. “Okay. Yes Ma’am, once a day.”

Her eyes flick to my deflated breasts. “Those are gonna leak more now and they’ll probably get bigger before they start to dry up. If you work for the Guv, better bind them.”

“Yeah.” I agree and rubbed them self-consciously. *Empty.* It



felt so good to be empty of all that. “Thanks.” I get up unsteadily and pull on my shirt.

She walked me to the door. Her shoed hooves clacking on the tiled floor. “Joe?” She asked as I stepped out onto the street.

I turned, she stood in the doorway, face shadowed, dark wet spots plastering her shirt to her breasts. Tail flicking at nonexistent flies. She started. “If you...” she stopped. “I’m not a good person to help you with this.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, blinking, not sure what she meant by that.

“Good night Joe.” She grabbed the door and pulled it closed, leaving me standing there.

I waited a moment before putting on my hoodie and tromping back to my car. An image of myself as a large bull man like the one who came into the cafe occasionally for coffee and to flirt with Beu. Would that be so bad?

Tossing the still un-emptied syringe on the seat next to me put a brick through that fantasy. Bulls didn’t lactate. Salmoolia made cows, and only cows. I perhaps wasn’t the most manly of men, but I enjoyed being male. It seemed less complicated. If I didn’t get a hold of this, then my enjoyment of peeing while stand up was gonna disappear along with my nice cushy Guv job.

When I got home it was too early for bed and, not feeling like banging on my drum pads, I booted up a stupid farming simulation on my phone and played until I fell asleep.

I woke up full. Not painfully full, simply full and my nipples ached to feel that suction again. I got through breakfast and the morning crossword before they started dribbling; soaking through a dress shirt before I gave up and went to change into a t-shirt and a sweatshirt. Meeting today, one I usually dressed up for, but nobody would notice if I slumped it for a week or two. Pretend I had a cold. I soaked though that

half way through the commute. I ducked into a Ross' near work and milked myself in the changing room. I mooed with relief and let myself marinate in the afterglow for a little bit. I finally made it to work with a clean dress shirt and no problem. Milking myself in the morning: definitely the way to do it.

It's odd to feel yourself filling. I made it through the noon meeting but afterwards I made sure that I faced my computer to hide my chest, which seemed to be gaining perkiness by the minute. The fullness feeling hit me as I was on my way out the door. Traffic did me absolutely no favors. Blasting metal and white knuckling the steering wheel to prevent myself from grabbing my tits, I felt as if I was about to blow as I flung the door open to my apartment.

My nipples screamed and ached for attention all evening. I distracted myself with a frenzy of activity; managing to pound away the pain into the drums for over an hour, until I clipped a nipple with my stick. After some amount of cursing the wall blue, I cooked up some food for the rest of the week: a beef stir-fry. That would teach them. But then it was bedtime and I couldn't deny the girls any longer. The discomfort was every bit as bad it had been before Beu had popped the seal, with the added bonus of dribbling milk every time I so much as shifted. Masturbation helped, picturing Beu's lips clamped over my thick nipples and drinking me dry brought me to climax almost too fast.

I did sleep some. I remember being asleep when the alarm went off. Although it felt like seconds since I had closed my eyes. Hauling myself out of bed I felt my breast sag with the weight of the milk in them. Staggering to the bathroom, my breasts didn't swing, they instead *sloshed* from side to side. Swearing to myself I grabbed them. They weren't quite handfuls, but they were very definitely breasts that were beyond the help of a training bra. I

grabbed the syringe and milked myself for every drop. Yielding more than enough to fill the entire syringe between the pair of them. Panting with relief I stared at myself in the mirror, asking myself questions. Has my nose always been that broad? Were my lips fuller today? I definitely needed a haircut.

I tossed that away. I needed to focus on the biggest problem: I had breasts. Breasts that would probably start leaking at work. A sweatshirt would be the order of the day and even then I needed help. Grabbing some ace bandages and two kitchen sponges I strapped the girls down, hopping the sponge would at least provide some buffer. It looked ridiculous, pink sponges poking out through the bandages as my nipples protesting their scratchy dry surface, but if got me through the day, I'd herald myself as a genius.

By the time I got into the car it felt tight. As I walked into the work and joined the early morning meeting the bandages were slicing into my flesh. The pressure on my chest kept increasing as I sat. So tight. So full. Every breath felt more constrictive than the last. I caught myself groaning under my breath. My boss looked directly at me at one point. "You okay Joey boy?"

It was as if I could feel myself swelling beneath his gaze. "Yeah, fine. Boss." I managed to say.

He shrugged.

I hurried for the bathroom as fast as I could shuffle, flung myself into a stall and ripped off the bandages. As my tortured breasts fell free I sucked a full breath of air and moored with pure relief, not caring as my intestines gave a hard twitch. I fit my fat nipple in the suction cup and pulled out the heavy liquid and then sat on the toilet seat, massaging my tender breasts. They were definitely bruised, and I had to milk myself twice more before I left for the day. Otherwise the pain

had me blinking back tears. Only being empty made me feel like I had control over it.

I had completely planned to go back to the one milking a day plan. The black splotch across my stomach provided extra motivation as did the way my pants were hugging my hips. But emptying myself in the morning and tying the bandages much looser didn't work. Two streams of warmth were running down my belly by eleven and I gave up. I had to pump every other hour or they would strain against my sweatshirt. I knew I had totally blown it on my way home; I chewed at thick black nails and pondered my options. One sick day and a long weekend. I had to get this beat.

The girls had other plans. I awakened to find them sitting like two slightly squished grapefruit on my chest, each sporting a nipple two inches long. Teats. I had teats. "Fuck!" I rolled to the side, and they sloshed, smacking into each other like a pair of water balloons. The rippling of my flesh made me let out a long moo of surprise and second MOOoooo?! as I stood and felt their incredible weight on my chest. Like a full half gallon hanging on me. How the hell did Beu walk? They swung as I maneuvered to the bathroom, to the syringe.

I managed to keep a third moo at bay by swearing a blue streak as I attempted to jam my teats into the suction cup in every way imaginable. But I couldn't get a tight seal. The goddamn teats were too thick and too long. I felt so full and heavy. I needed to get the milk out. I tried every thing I could think of, stroking down the length of the teat, squeezing my breasts like pastry bags and even sucking it out myself! My milk tasted so foul and bitter it had me gagging.

Beu. I had to ask her for help. She was my only hope at this point. I called the cafe but she wasn't in yet. So I had to wait. Hunger hit me and I cooked myself up bacon and pancakes. I called in sick, feeling my breasts get heavier, I could almost

hear them stretching as I waited for the hours to pass by. Finally it was two, my usual time. I called the cafe.

“Can I speak with Beu?” I asked.

“Hang on. Hey cowgirl! It’s for you!” The speaker said.

I heard grumbling. “This is Tricia.” The soft voice announced.

“Hi Beu, It’s Joe.” I said.

“Joe! How you doing, Hon?” She asked.

“Beu. I-I need- to be milked.” I had meant to say, “I need help”. “And help. The fucking teats are too fat. Please? Do you have a bigger cup?”

“Shiit. Hang on.” Muffled voices. “You should be drying out by now.” Her voice was a hushed whisper.

“Look, hiding these isn’t compatible with not milking frequently. Alright?” My voice was tight. “And they hurt!”

“Well, if you’re beyond the help of the syringe then the best thing for ya is a milking machine. And I suppose you’ll be wanting to use mine.” She said.

“What, no way. I saw that thing in the back. It looked industrial.” That thing at the cafe had an expensive look to it. I didn’t need that. I wasn’t a cow. “I just need a bigger syringe Beu.”

“You can use a milker,” her voice shifted to a playful tone, “ooooo you can find someone to suck you dry. But your milk is probably super nasty tasting because your diet is shit. Do you have an S.O.? One that loves you very much?”

“An S.O.?” It took me a moment for my muddled brain to puzzle out her meaning. “No! Not for a while now.” I had an unfortunate habit of crushing on women I couldn’t touch, like Beu.

“How bout friends who would help you with this? Any one you could trust?” She asked.

I thought about it, I taken the job and moved here a year

and a half ago. I had a few casual friends; both from work and in a band I moonlighted in, but no one I was close enough to ask for help with this... Nobody who'd keep this quiet. "nnn-Nooooo." I moaned as my sense of social failure rouse up inside of me.

"Shh it's okay. Last question, am I your friend Joe?" She asked, a trace of vulnerability wavering of her voice.

"What?" I asked, confused and surprised by the question. "I uhh really wanted to ask you out Beu. This is what I was afraid of! I can't promise friends after this Beu but I will owe you a huge favor. And you can call that due anytime. If I can keep my job at the Guv that can be some big strings for a Morph to pull on."

A long pause, "Okay Joe... I'll help you through this. Give me your address."

I gave it to her. She hung up.

Five hours. I had to endure five more hours. They were so heavy. I rigged up a bra with the bandages. It didn't work. I drummed. At least I hit the pads with sticks and turned up the volume in my headphones until my ears rang with the beat. In between songs I beat out MILK ME! MILK ME! MILK MEEEEEE PPPLLLLLEEEAAASE! And the cymbal crashed over and over. I could still feel them stretching as they slapped against me. I itched too, a pale, bristly stubble coated my cleavage before it was time.

Seven came, I ran to the front door and started to pace, just holding my breasts. They were taunt.

The intercom buzzed, and I pounced on the button. Then began a long anxious wait for the knock on the door. Only when I threw the door open did I remember I that I was completely naked. Beu's eyes widen as she looked me up and down. Her dazzling smile lighting up her face. "Now there's a

welcome I could get used to!" She wore her work clothes and carried a black duffle bag.

"Hi..." I squeaked, quickly turning around. "Please... come in." I wanted to shout MILK ME at the top of my lungs, but I bit my lip and meekly scurried out of the way. I grabbed a towel and tied it around my waist.

She shut the door behind her and looked around the apartment. I lived in one of those "luxury" buildings, which meant marble countertops and a tiny gym that smelled of sweat that only one guy named Bob actually used. It was a simple two-bedroom layout with one as my bedroom and the other with my music studio/office. Beu's eyes were traveling over my various books and electronic toys with unconcealed envy.

"Beu. Please! This really hurts!" I pleaded.

"Sorry hon." She blinked and scratched at the base of her horn. "It's just all carpet in here and this could be messy. At least the couch is leather."

"Messy?" I asked, edging closer to her.

"The nozzles can leak." She unzipped the duffle and pulled out a milking machine. It was the same one I'd seen in the back of the cafe. A metal and glass cylinder sat on a motor, with two hoses that ended in long silver tubes. She turned and put her hands on her hips, tail swinging behind her. "Some ground rules Joe. This here is my machine. You only get to use this while I supervise. Without it, I can't work. I milk myself every four hours. So you need to do exactly what I say or you don't get milked. Understand me hon?"

I clutched my tits to myself as I stared at the sleek machine. I'd seen the pics from the Fey farms, twenty cow women blissed out attached to machines like that. The TV interviews where they gushed about how much better off they were as animals. Rumors in the office was that all the milk machines were magic

mind control. “Come on. There’s gotta be a different way than that. It’s for cows. It will turn me inside out.”

“It’s just a machine. Steel, iron. You can’t enchant steel. Stop spouting Guv propaganda and get those tits over here.” She patted the couch beside her.

I shook my head, fear rooting me to the spot. This seemed wrong. This seemed like a step away from back to normal.

With a shrug she stood. “Fine then. I’ll wait. I bet those hurt though. They get much more full, you’re gonna get full drunk.” She shed her clothing, displaying a body that couldn’t make up its mind whether to be plump or muscular and did both at once. Her frame bore her massive breasts without effort and she sported thick long four-inch teats. A pink, underdeveloped udder with four tiny teats protruded above her large pussy. As she settled back on to the couch she grinned, “There now we’re both naked. Fair is fair. Let me know when you’re ready to be empty.”

I stood there, marinating in the discomfort, the pressure growing still. I went to the kitchen and rubbed at my turgid nipples. I paced a little but that only made them bounce. Adding insult to injury, my cock responded to Beu’s cool gaze by getting uncomfortably hard. The woman I’d been lusting after for months lounged naked on my couch. And here I was cowering from a machine that was little more than a vacuum and a tank. Once wouldn’t hurt, would it?

I lasted maybe five minutes before shuffling over the couch. “Empty me please.”

She pulled me into her lap without effort and positioned me between her thighs. The warmth of her breasts press against my back as she slipped a tube over each of my teats with a soft *thoop*. The pressure on my breasts immediately slackened and I let out a low moo of relief as the suction pulled on my teats.

“What did I tell you about MOOOOOOOOOOing.” She chided, her voice transitioning into an animal low.

“I know I shouldn’t muh-muh-MOOOOOOO!” My head dropped back as the animal sound forced itself from my lungs as something flexed at the base of my spine.

“Oh gawwd, that sound hits me right between the legs. Every you time you moooooo, you make it worse.” She stuck her nose into my thick hair and gave a long sniff. “Bet that’s where this new hairstyle came from, or this cute fuzz on your ears got.” She reached between my legs and ran a fingertip up the length of my rigid cock. “You’re really tempting me here Joe. Got this hard dick begging for a little attention, little more milking. If you Muooooooo one more time I don’t think I’ll be able to control myself.”

“Muh,” I tried to hold it back.

“Don’t do it Joe.” Her whisper tickled my ear. “Don’t moo. Unless you want it.”

“Mu-mu-muh” My lips flapped around clenched teeth as the forbidden syllables swelled into my mind and I lost my grip. The sound using all the air in my lungs: a loud, proud, “MOOOOOOO!” while a tail slid out between my buttocks.

“Yes!” Her hand closed around my cock and the smooth hardness of her hoof nail began to circle the tip of my cock. “Say it again Joe!” She urged as she pressed herself against my back.

“Beeuuu!” I grabbed onto her hairy thighs and arched my back against her.

“I tried sooo hard to be good. To help you fight this off.” She reached up, pulling off one the tubes. The milk came pouring out of my teat and she let it saturate her hand’s fur before putting the tube back. Her hand thus lubed with warm milk, she start pumping up and down my cock. “Then you insult my machine. Use cow like it’s a four-letter word after I’ve come all



the way over here to help. I'm entitled to a little extra tonight. Now I want to hear it again Joe."

"Muh-muh-muh." I found myself utterly helpless against the rapid churn of pressure in my balls as her other hand cupped them. "Muh-Muuuoooooo!" A solid stream of cum arched out across the floor, striking the silver skin of the milking machine as my hips pressed outward.

She kept stroking, "Again. Muh-"

"MoooooOOO!" We called out together. The orgasm shot up through me and I felt it ripple through the remaining milk in my breasts and down my teats. The suction redoubled as they expanded to fill the tubes. My vision flickered as the transparent tubing filled with solid white. "Beu, please!" I begged, but she kept pumping. Her hips grinding against my backside as she rubbed herself against the leather cushions.

"One more time." She cooed. "I want every last drop."

A crushing seized my jewels this time; its pleasure wrapped with a thread of pain as she levered me up, stroking the skin behind my sac. Each touch added a new wave of pressure to the base of my cock. I could almost feel myself swelling.

"mAh-mAh-mah," I heard myself distantly.

The machine clicked. *Empty.*

"Almost." She whispered and gave my balls the tiniest squeeze and tipped me over the edge.

"MAH - MOOOOOOOO!" I bucked in her grip as thick white shot up and kept going. My balls squeezed under the immense pressure, contracting in on themselves. My cock too began to whither, sacrificing its length to the sustained stream. Only as the arc finally lost strength did my neck muscle relax enough for me to look down. My penis had shrunken down to a third of its former glory, flanked by folds of flesh that were pussy lips in waiting. My sac had gone completely smooth. My

balls if that's what they still were, were no bigger than marbles. "My..." I started but couldn't find the words. Any words.

"Sssshh." Two strong arms enveloped me and I couldn't do anything but fall back against her.

I felt empty, blissfully empty of everything. Beu whispered calming words and hugged me tight, but I couldn't hold onto anything but the soothing murmurs of her voice. I dimly remember my shower, Beu's thick fingers threading along my scalp, and being tucked into bed like a little girl.

TWO

I woke feeling more rested than I had in a long time. It took awhile for the memories of Beu to come back. I finally found some of the rage I had been looking for when I slipped a hand between my legs. And my eyes flew open as a shock of pleasure rammed up into my torso, nearly coming as I screamed “BEU!”

“I’m making breakfast Hon! You hungry?” She called back through the door.

My stomach answered with a loud gurgling sound. Fuck. I wasn’t sure if I was more terrified that she was still in the apartment or relieved I wasn’t alone. Only after I got out of bed did I remember about the tail and the new full ass it was attached to. My hips had flared out dramatically into a definite feminine figure, accented with a black and white cow tail, its paintbrush-like tip hanging down to my calves. The Holstein pattern covered my legs and belly; mostly naked skin but the black patches were fuzzy. The changes hadn’t gotten my face much. The slightly fuller lips, didn’t lessen the masculine quality of my sharp chin. However, the long thick mass of black curls that reached the small of my back didn’t scream

manly. It did hide the tips of my longer ears though. My breasts only felt about half full, but the long four-inch teats didn't leave much room for interpretation. They were still edging into the grapefruit level and my back ached with their weight.

No horns, no muzzle, no hooves. I wasn't a drool drone seeking to spread the infection. I could still beat this, I told my very stern reflection.

Clothing options were few; I managed to squeeze into a pair of flannel pajama bottoms but even my largest sweatshirt stretched taunt over my girls. At least my socks and sneakers still fit. Properly covered this time, I opened the door to face Beu and the mess from last night.

Beu beamed me a smile as she chopped the latter half of a cucumber into a mixing bowl. "Morning Hon!" I looked around the room to see a pile of suitcases by the couch, along with a huge amp and a guitar case. "I bet you're feeling better. Have some breakfast. Talk after." She gestured to a luxuriously green salad heaped in my serving bowl, my serving fork and spoon besides as if it were a normal helping of food.

I felt a blush coming on. "Thanks but I'm not really a salad person."

"I bet you are now. Try it." She urged with unyielding pleasantness.

Feeling ridiculous I bellied up to breakfast bar and speared some lettuce on the serving fork. I bit into it and my entire body shivered with delight. It tasted like lettuce but like the ambrosia of lettuce, the ideal of lettuce, crisp, moist and deliciously filling. Beyond the lettuce lurked explosions of sweetness, berries and orange sections, peppered with crunchy grains. I didn't manage to say another word until the entire contents of the bowl had been transferred to my stomach. Stomachs? Would I chew cud? Was I that far gone?

Beu had also polished off her meal and watched me with approval. Maybe pride.

Stomach full, I found it difficult to be furious with her but a sense of volition yawned. Which co-existed with a desire to beg her to do it again, to make me feel that wonderful emptiness. My tits started to ache just looking at her. "About last night..." I started

Her big fuzzy ears wilted, and her eyes took on the character of a kicked puppy. "I'm sorry Hon. I got a little excited. You were naked and mooing." Her wide nostrils flared. "And have this great scent. You enjoyed it didn't cha?"

"No!" I snapped, "I don't know." My tail whipped against my hip. "I have a tail because of you. I asked you for help Beu! And you shoved me down this..." I gestured at my body, "Road I guess."

"It's more like a tank and you're swimming in it." She grinned, all sunshine again. "I told you I'm not a good person to help you. Go to your friends in the Guv."

"They won't help." I tried to cross my arms, found my breasts in the way and had to reposition them beneath. "Being metaphorically unstable is a disqualification! When I slept with a Sphinx two years ago my doctor laughed at me. Laughed at me! Told me he lost more patients that way. I had to lock myself in my apartment for two weeks before I got the riddles out of my head. And that obviously isn't working here."

She laughed, a rich sound that filled the room. "You'd pop."

I swallowed, "What do you want then? I need you not to do that again." I looked down at my breasts. "No matter what I say in the moment."

She leaned over the counter, letting her breasts hang down as she gave me that sly smile. "I think I showed you what I want last night." She let out a low, lusty moo and my little traitor of a cock went rock hard. "That's what I want. I'm tired of not

having a herd Joe.” Her eyes were so big I could slip into them. “Would that be so bad?”

A pause settles on us both. I battled a fierce blush as I pictured that. No. I told myself. That wasn’t where I wanted life to go. Right?

Beu walks her fingers across the counter. “You got mixed feelings I see, how bout we play a game Hon? Beating Salmoolia just takes a bit of willpower right? If you want to dry out, you’re going to have to milk no more than once and maximum twice a day. Order your milker today and I’ll let you use mine once a day until it gets here for free.”

I swallowed, “And if I need to use it twice?”

“Well,” she batted her eyelashes and posed as if she were the picture of bovine innocence. “Then you gotta do something for me.”

“Like what?” I asked.

She shrugged as that mischievous smirk played at the corners of her mouth. “Something fun and cowy maybe.”

“And if I need three?”

She hefted one of her breasts out of her shirt and flicked a white droplet off the teat. “You’re gonna put your lips here and suck until I’m empty. An evil grin split her face, “After that I’m gonna have a pretty heifer in my herd.”

“And none of your... somethings can require me to touch you. Eating you out would be as bad as milking you with my mouth.” I said, remembering the sweet taste of Sphinx pussy.

“Deal.” Her tail swished behind her. “As a bonus, meals are on me. I won’t have nobody in my herd not eating right.”

“I’m not in your herd Beu.”

“Potential herd mates.” She corrected herself. “So you’re starting to look a little full there, Joe. It’s Saturday and I gotta leave for work soon. You want your no strings attached milking now? Or after my shift?”

I gave myself an experimental heft. Almost full already. If I didn't do it now then my entire day would be uncomfortable. If it took me going for 24 hours to reverse this I'd have to get used to sleeping with a gallon of milk on my chest. "Now." I told her.

Being empty was such a lovely feeling, and I managed to nurse the euphoria for a good hour after Beu left. Then I had to get busy. I ordered a milker, Beu's same model, it was still nearly ten grand. Allow for a full two weeks for delivery. Two weeks of playing this little game. Two weeks of having a roommate who could do whatever she did to me the night before. As soon as she left my parts ached to masturbate. I had to distract myself. I did a little work, chatted on friend-book, ordered a few larger clothes and tried not to think about the trickle of milk in the reservoirs that were my breasts. When they started leaking about an hour before the end of Beu's shift, the only things that took my mind off them were the angriest drum solos I could remember. I attempted to drum myself to sleep, but it never works like that.

Another salad was waiting for me as I sloshed out of the studio. My back was killing me.

"Want to know what we have to do for you to get milked tonight?" Beu asked.

"No." I said, keeping one arm beneath the milk bags on my chest.

"Go shopping for bras and clothes. You're going to hurt yourself. You clearly are hurting yourself." She said.

I shoved in another mouthful of salad. "You want me to turn into a sex-crazed cow."

"Hope springs hon." She grinned. "I'm not much into ferals. They're not great at conversations."

"I already ordered clothes." I said, feeling a bit like a stubborn donkey. "I'll just lie down."

"Suit yourself."

And I did, until about 2 in morning when I couldn't take it anymore. Just feeling myself slowly stretching. I hobbled out to the living room where Beu sprawled out across my couch. She had the machine on her teats and it gave an occasional hiss as she snored. Damn thing was more than 2 gallons full. I forgot the pain for moment, just watching her breathe. Moo for me, I recalled her whispering in my ear. I shook it off.

"Beu?" I started with a whisper and she woke up instantly, big eyes fluttering open. A smile crept across her muzzle.

"Little late for shopping." Her voice soft.

"Pick something else. Please. I'll do it, afterwards." I hated the pleading tone in my voice. So pathetic.

"Kay." She pushed herself up and checked her phone. "2 AM. I think that's a private dance session and then we go get you some slings for those poor things."

"Yes." I didn't have the mental fortitude to argue. She wanted to see how badly I danced then sure. Whatever.

I sat myself and my aching breasts down next to her as she readied the machine and turned it up. *Thoop Thoop*. They went over my teats and pulled so damn hard that a little moo passed my lips. Something in my toes cracked and popped as the machine pulled the milk from me so fast that I felt like an open fire hydrant. Then just like that I was *empty*. Not even a minute. The tubes made tiny burping noises around my nipples as I slowly pulled them off, revealing red and swollen teats.

"Not quite an orgasm when it's turned up that high but it's pretty close eh hon?" Beu plucked at her bass guitar as the afterglow spread through me. "Now get up and swing a bit."

"Really? I feel like this is a bad sitcom." I protested, really wanting to sit there with my emptiness.

"Get up and move." She began to strum a low beat as I threw myself up onto my feet.

"Fine." I stood there, mashing my breasts against my chest

as I let the rhythm sink in. It took to my hands first, my fingers drumming against my naked flesh as I feebly wiggled. Fuck. I had totally come out of my room butt naked.

“Mooove that bum!” Beu called out. “Put your hands on your head and rock your hips to it. Your boobs ain’t drums. And drumming don’t count as dancing.”

My blush probably glowed in the dark but I did it. I thread my fingers through my thick hair, trapping them close to my scalp and like magic the beat slid down into my hips. They swung wildly at first before I found a pattern in the simple tribal beat. Boom-swish-swish-turn. Moving my tail felt good. New muscles introducing themselves to me. The rhythm sped up. Boomswishaswish-turn.

Boomswishaswish-turn. A giggle sneaked out. The beat swung into every bit of my body. I’d gotten sooo thick. I added a stomp. Within two cycles somebody from below stomped back up from the floor.

Both Beu and I filled the room with a peal of laughter. Her ears flicked with amusement as I dropped onto my coffee table breathing hard. I only just kept myself from flinging myself at Beu. Something about when she laughed made her look eminently kissable.

“Fun?” She ask, eyes a twinkle.

“Maybe a little.” I looked away to hide my own grin. Too much fun... At least I hadn’t mooded or anything. The sound had been building there in my chest.

“Good night Hon.” Beu said as she put her guitar aside.

“Good night.” I murmured before I slept like the dead.

THREE

“This will make you feel better. I promise.” Beu parked her van in front of a store called B&B’s. The store had dark windows but the lacy design around the name said it all. My breasts were edging toward full again and my back ached from the weight every time we hit a pothole. Beu had made a goddamn show of milking herself before we left and I ached for my own machine.

I wanted to be *empty*. And I wasn’t even full yet. Rather I had the next 12 hours of being achingly full and dripping if I wanted to have a shot at sleeping. So of course I was a little grumpy when I walked into the bra shop.

Beu intercepted the clerk, a feline with a triple rack and a tabby fur pattern. They withdrew into a hushed conversation. I stood awkwardly in my pajama pants and one of Beu’s shirts, one arm under my breasts to support them.

“Rrrrrright!” The cat woman declared and looked at me. “No magic. No contact. We can assist you. We do have a human on staff to do measurements. Wait in the fitting room. So began a long process.

A perky woman introduced herself to me after what felt

like a small eternity. “Hi...” Her eyes dipped to my cleavage and back to my face. “uh Joe?”

I had a strange moment of uncertainty until I glance back in the mirror, my angular features and broad shoulders. Still me there, below appeared to be an entirely different body, with my thighs, my waist looked far slimmer. “Yeah, I’m Joe.”

“Okay! Let me take some measurements.” She brought out a little yellow tape and welded it without mercy. Looping that length of plastic around every part of me outside my underwear. At first I got a tiny little hard on but then got used to her calm instructions, lift this, turn that, breath in. Finally after I had been measured more thoroughly than a 3d scan she put the tape away. “Okay Joe. One last part. This might be uncomfortable. I need to touch you briefly.”

“What for?” A sudden squeak in my voice.

“Heft, weight and elasticity. You can refuse but we’ll be able to give you a much better fit if you consent. It will be brief.” Her face stayed professionally neutral, but her eyes sparkled.

I breathed out and closed my eyes. “Okay.”

Her small hands lifted me, and my skin bulged. “Are you full now?”

“Almost.” I whisper, her hands felt so good on my skin. I hadn’t been touched since the first night Beu arrived and this clinical palming sparked a need deep in my chest.

“That feels good?” She asked.

“Yes.” I breathed.

“Call that a three then.” She said and then squeezed me.

“Aaah!” I cried out in surprise, lifting up onto my toes.

“With a ten being an orgasm, what’s this Joe?” She asked.

“Uh, uh ah mu- “I swallowed back the moo, “A six?”

She continued to explore, shifting closer to my nipples and testing before nearly knocking me over by twisting my teats.

“Nine!” I nearly screamed as she pinched the very tips of my teats.

“Very good! All done Joe.” She said with a very lightly sadistic grin. My little cock strained hard against my over-stretched boxer shorts and milk dribbling from my now thoroughly teased nipples. The weight of my breasts was forgotten while my entire body hungered for more of that clinical touch. “You’re pretty high on both the density side which is typical for this stage of the change. Sensitivity should dull a little with time and stability. But for now our heavy support line should fit your needs.”

What followed was a bewildering presentation of bras and corsets where the words teat pockets, spider silk ribbing and stretch limits. I vetoed anything with a hint of lace and selected a flesh tone contraption with thick straps that crossed my back. I put it on, settle my breasts into it and gasped.

“What? Something wrong?” The clerk asked with a worried frown.

“Pain’s gone.” Well there was still the pull of the stretch, which was edging into the uncomfortable territory but the feeling of their weight on my ribs and muscles vanished.

“Well of course you silly heifer.” Beu walked into the display room with a grin. “You’ve been walking around unsupported for a week! You gotta take better care of yourself hon! Now what do you think of these?” She hefted her breasts in my direction, they were barely contained in a red trimmed black lace bra done up bows. My protests died in my throat as she winked and gestured downwards, letting my eyes feast on her matching panties that framed her small pink utter within a heart. She turned, showing a heart shaped window framing the base of her spine, allowing her tail to escape. “Good?” She swished her brown tail and waited.

“Y-yeah.” I managed after a moment after finding my tongue hanging out of my mouth.

“Heifer approved!” Beu sang and pulled a credit card from between her breasts. “I’ll wear this out and I’ll take care of Joe’s structural engineering too, two of those.”

She paid, fended off more offers from the cat woman, and I found myself the owner of six hundred dollars worth of industrial strength booby corrals.

“You didn’t need to do that.” I said as she started the car.

“Would you have dropped that sort of money on two high end custom bras?” She asked.

“Uh.”

“No you would have cheaped out, bought something made for humans and then complained about how your back hurts. Now we can actually have some fun together on my day off. But first lets get you something other than PJs so I don’t die of embarrassment. The things those women were whispering... oof.” She waggled her big ears and set it into drive.

Shopping proved to be easier than expected. Beu simply insisted that I got clothes that fit. She didn’t fight me on the jeans and baggy hoodies combos. Simply smugly demonstrated that men’s clothing did not handle double dangs well, no matter how baggy. I got the basics, two zip-up hoodies, three pairs of jeans, a collection of unadorned t-shirts and a pack of extra large boxers. It was nice. Even as the uncomfortable ache of fullness settled in, I couldn’t find any of the foul mood I’d walked into B&B with. She was simply too chipper, talking about bands and traveling. Over lunch it felt like we were back in the coffee shop again. My tail swished happily over the lip of my new low riding pants as we finished our jumbo-sized salads.

“Shall we head back?” I asked, adjusting myself.

That slyness came back into her eyes and she was the woman who wasn’t made of stone again. “Does the heifer need

a milking? I thought you were waiting today. I can smell you leaking over there.”

“Not for me. I’m waiting till at least seven,” I smiled bitterly. “Don’t you need...”

She pouted and waved me off. “Oh I took care of myself at B&B’s. I’ve got a few hours yet.”

“B&B’s have a machine?” My tail tip slapped against my thigh.

Beu studied her hoof nails. “Most places that serve cow Morphs do, but they’re all in the part of town you probably shouldn’t go. Besides you never know what might have used a public machine. You could wind up like the greeter. She was cute.” She flashed a bashful grin.

“But it doesn’t come with conditions.” I said, wondering what else she hadn’t told me.

“You still gotta keep the milking down. And since you need a distraction, let’s go see a movie. Then I’ll take you home and give you a goooood milking.” Her voice dropping into a sultry tone that made me shiver.

I don’t remember the movie well. It was long. Way too long. Without the muscle ache, my brain adhered itself to the aching fullness. Tension drove me from the movie’s story and into a blurry medley of daydreams. I keep seeing Beu in her new lingerie strumming her guitar on my couch. Telling me to dance. Then back with my cock in her fist and her commanding me to moo. Is that what she meant by a good milking. Wouldn’t that break our rules?

And then tomorrow. She’d have to go to work and I’d have to call in sick. Alone in the house again, just me and these cursed breasts. Alone. The thought made me reach out and grab her hand. Her thick fingers closed around mine. I knew I should let go, pull away. But... then I’d be alone. I liked her warmth. We walked out of the movie theater arm and arm. The

tension in my chest made the risks seem distant. I needed a good milking. She did too. I could hear the soft sloshing sound with every of her heavy steps.

“Holy corn suckle,” She giggled as we made it out the door, “I ain’t been this full in a long time.”

“What the hell is a Holy corn suckle?” I snorted, leaning up against her.

“It’s when the corn pope sucks milk from his cow on Christmas.” She said.

I didn’t giggle. I tittered. “That’s plain corny, nothing holy about it.”

“Hey don’t knock it, I can make sucking milk feel religious.” She slung her arm around my waist and held me to her side. She had a couple inches of height on me and I swung around to her front, pushed myself up on tiptoe and did the thing I’d been wanting to do since I met her, planted a kiss on her lips.

The kiss turned long, lingering, her rough tongue flirting with mine until I felt the tingles of change spread across my face and pulled away. To be greeted with her wide eyes. “What was that for?!”

“A nice day.” Why had I done that? “I, uh, needed to do that once. Testing purposes, you know. Gotta do that once. Before I beat this.”

She brushed an errant lock of hair out of my eyes. “Oh heifer, you’re not going to beat this. Give it up. You’re way too far gone now.”

“It just the breasts,” I insisted.

“And?” Her hand tugged on my tail and I let out a little moo of surprise, the tingling spread up into my ears.

“Muh,” I bit down on my tongue. “Doesn’t matter, after today I’ll keep to a strict schedule. I’ve got plenty of sick time saved up. I’ll... order an iron pill or something. I’ll have a friend

tie me up.” My mind grasping at ways I could have this moment with her and not give anything else up.

She smiled dreamily at me. “You’re so badly stretched you can’t even think straight. We need to drain you right away, take some pressure off that little brain of yours.” She pulled me from the pillar we stood by, not towards the car but down a little alleyway along the side of the theater.

“But... Machine?” I protested as she pushed me against the brick wall, unzipped my hoody, pulled up my shirt and popped me out my bra before I could even react. Or maybe I didn’t want to. “That’s. Cheeeeeeting!” I mewled as she squeezed me, as if testing my breasts for firmness. Giving me the touch I’d been aching for since this morning. She lifted me, letting me feel the fluid inside me shift and flow.

“Cheating?” She asked innocently. “You touched me first. A manual milking works best if you’re all warmed up. It won’t get you empty like the machines, but it will take the edge off.” She eased off the massage to open her own hoodie, revealing her new red bra and nothing else before pushing herself up against me. Our tits mashing together as she rubbed the silken lace over my teats. The pleasure welled up inside and I gritted my teeth against it. “Tell me no. Tell me to stop.” She pressed her hips into mine and began grind against my shrunken bump of a cock.

I opened my mouth to deny it, but all that came out was a desperate, needy *Mooooooooo!* Milk surged into my breasts, ballooning them against hers until they matched their pressure.

“Oh wow. Big as mine now. You’re going to be such a productive heifer; maybe we can open a creamery. Nothing like fresh dairy to make cheese with.” Her grinding increased, my body seized as I creamed my brand new pants with a gasp to her breathy, “Oh gods.”

Stepping back she looked up the alleyway and called out, “Enjoy the show boys! We’re almost done.

“Whaaat?” I turned my head and sure enough, a trio of human teens watched us with eyes that looked a moment away from becoming projectiles. “Beu?” I made to cover myself up, but she had already seized each of my teats between her velvet-covered fingers and pulled.

SQUIRT! Two streams of heavy cream hit the pavement as a wave of euphoria fell on me like a leaden blanket. I fell back against the wall, my vision losing focus as she fell into a steady rhythm. *Left Squirt! Right Squirt! Left Squirt! Right Squirt!* The tension in me slowly eased with each pull.

“Like that hon?” She spoke with her heavy twang. “I love doing this. Been ages since I had a herd mate to play with. And you’re a wonderful toy. You have any idea how hot it is to watch you change? I could make you moo so hard but I want you to see your face first.” The *Left Squirt! Right Squirt!* continued.

“Muh face?” I managed to stir myself somewhat, only to be entranced by the dance of Beu’s breasts. Her teats had popped free and were leaking drops of her creamy milk onto the pavement. It had been so long since I’d tasted her. I could smell my own milk. It had a nasty sour note in it. Nobody would miss my milk but hers, hers shouldn’t be wasted like that. As my flow lessened I leaned forward and captured her teat with my mouth.

She let out a bellow of surprise and her arms clapped around my head and held me there as I sucked down her sweet cream. Rocking in place. I drank and drank until my stomach began to slosh with the gentle back and forth of our bodies.

“Mmmm.” She rumbled in satisfaction as she let go. “You’re so much fun when you’re feeling full.”

I fell down to my knees, hands clinging to her waist. The warmth of the milk in my stomach spreading out, running



down into my hips, sweeping through my bones and pooling in my feet. A nervous bleat escaped me as my mind replayed the bliss soaked memory of what I'd just done. Warmth spread along the soles of my feet as my sneakers constricted.

"Hope you all enjoyed the show! No tips required. We're just two crazy cows having fun." Beu hauled me up to my feet as the warmth turned to fire.

I clung to Beu's shoulder like a drunken child, gasping as the skin of my legs crawled with invisible ants with needles for legs. "Muh fet!" My voice, a painful gasp.

"This wasn't the best time to decide you were ready to go all the way Hon. If they think I'm contagious, they'll call the MDA." Beu whispered out of the side of her muzzle. "Start walking. And smile!"

I managed a grimace as I stumbled beside Beu and looked up at the crowd, smaller than I had imagined but a cluster of teenagers watched us with a potent mix of disgust, awe and lust. The oldest girl of the bunch looked hungry. Beu kept up a patter until we were past them; her total lack of shame gave me the strength to keep going. We made it almost back to van when the backs of my sneakers burst and fell off my feet, revealing long, two-toed feet with curved black toe nails. I moomed in distress as Beu threw me into the passenger seat.

"Take off your pants." She instructed as she closed the door on me. I tried to obey as my legs swelled with the muscles needed for hoofed life. Too slow. The cheap jeans were splitting along the seams as Beu started the car. I sounded like a pregnant woman giving birth in the back of a taxi as Beu drove.

"You are something else." Beu talked with admiration in her voice. "I'm gonna beat this! One milking a day!" Her normally deep voice climbing up to imitate mine. "And then you go and drain my entire tit! You know you sucked nearly a

gallon of milk out of me?” She massaged her somewhat deflated breast, the other was still taut with milk.

All I could do was watch helplessly as my toes pulled back to make room for the thick cloven hooves at the end of my legs and black and white patterns marched up my skin. Everything about my body thickened by the second. As the fuzz of fur slid over my knees I called out, “Booooooo! It’s moooooo stooooopping!”

“I don’t know what you’re complaining about, that’s a lovely pattern developing there. You can definitely milk that at the clubs. How the hell do you wind up a Holstein on my milk? Couple weeks ago I had somebody asked me if I was an Ox. Total Bless your heart moment there.”

As she talked, a circular area right above my confused sex turned from the pale white to bright pink, four bumps rose from it.

“Beu! Is that?!” I screamed

She looked and huffed. “Oh that’s gorgeous! You just have to one up me in every way.” As we stopped at a light, she reached over and traced a circle around the swelling udder. My traitorous hips pushed right up into her fingers as my throat released a deep moan of pleasure. The teats continued to push upwards like fingers through a latex barrier. “I will have to order some new attachments for my machine if that proves productive.”

“Not helping!”

Someone beeped behind us and she stopped her teasing to drive. “Nothing to help ya with. You choose this. Drinking fresh from the tap seals it. Tomorrow night I’ll take you out for the best green grub you’ve ever had. I think Heidi is a splendid name. What do you think?”

The fire ants in my lower half finally slackened. I was cow from the waist down. Complete with a four-teat udder right

below my naval. It only slightly bowed out beyond my stomach, but I could feel the trickling within that pink flesh. I sat up as we pulled into the parking garage below my apartment building. My breasts *sloshed*. Despair washed over me as I hefted them to test their weight, confirming that they were nearly full already.

I checked the time and groaned. We'd been in the car for only 25 minutes. "I... just want to be empty now." Sooo tired.

"Alright." Beu stroked my ear. It flicked in response. "We'll go hook you up. You can even use the machine tonight for almost free.

"Hrrng." was all I had to say to that. I zipped up my hoodie, collected my torn up pants and went up to my apartment, not giving a fuck about the neighbors. Which is good because they definitely stared. We had a few Morphs in the building, but they generally wore pants.

Beu hooked me up without any more teasing although she still radiated smug. She turned on the pump at a low speed and flipped it so it alternated between each breast. I closed my eyes, leaned back and as the tension eased I imagined myself as an ocean with two giant, many breasted sphinxes slowly lapping me away. Taking not just this milk, but all the thoughts of the day, all the tensions, all the pain, everything scooped up by their rough, curling tongues. Leaving me empty and at peace. I drifted away.

FOUR

Laughter floated into me. Not anyone's in particular, but a familiar bubbling of a crowd, friendly and good natured. Then came the smell, filling my mind with images of golden fields waving in a late autumn breeze. A rhythmic stroke along the length of my ear. Soft warmth against my cheek.

I opened my eyes to a blurry movement of light that slowly resolved into smiling faces on my TV as they clustered around a bar and traded outdated one-liners. My pillow wobbled along with the ancient laugh track. "Muh?" I murmured as I swallowed. My tongue felt dry.

"Morning hon!" Beu's said, the idle stroking on my ears grew more deliberate, a soft grind between her fingers. I snuggled deeper into my pillow, inhaling that scent, her scent, rubbing my cheek on the soft bristles of her skin.

Her still contagious skin. I realized with a jolt and flung myself upright. Something caught my head and the sudden movement yanked hard on my chest, breasts following my ribs with reluctance.

"Ow!" Beu cried, "Watch those horns missy!" She sat next

to me on the couch, a bag of hay crisps beside her as she rubbed her inner thigh. A red line was visible through the thin hair there.

“Horns?” My hands went up to the side of my head and sure enough, my fingers found horns, not big ones but two inch hooks of bone protrude from the sides of my head, right above my ears. “Ah shit!” I declared, “You shouldn’t be touching me! You’re making it worse!”

“I think we’re past that stage,” she smirked, “If a full tank of this,” she patted her breast, “didn’t finish you off then cuddling won’t do nothing.” She smiled and offered me her bag. It smelled of hay and made my stomach rumble.

I eyed her suspiciously. “Then how’d I get the horns?”

“Somewhere between laying that kiss on me and MOOOOOOOOO!” She threw her head back as if she were a howling wolf. She grinned wickedly.

I felt my ears heat. Along with things below. My ears flicked, and I turned away. My udder shifted in my lap, it had swelled some.

“You are adorable!” She squeed. “That pout! You’re making my heart hurt girl!”

“I’m not a girl.” My voice sounded sulky.

“You sure?” She teased back.

I opened my legs and moved my udder to check. Still here, not very large and looking like it was about to be swallowed by vulva lips, but there. With a slit, I could still pee out of it. My very sad looking sack still hung there. “See! Still got it!” I proclaimed.

“MmmHmmm,” She nodded.

“And gender’s not about the equipment.” That sulk coming right back into my voice.

“You telling me you feel like a Bull?” She smirked.

I gave my own snort and crunched on a chip. Without a

word Beu got up, went to the kitchen, got two more bags of the stuff, put them between us.

We watched TV and ate chips. Beu was on the pre-Fey channel from the time when humans were the only game in town. They thought they were so funny. I ran out chips and yet I still chewed on a wad of something that tasted vaguely like the chips. Cud.

Swallowing it back down I broke the silence that had become comfortable." Beu? How far does this go usually?"

She swallowed, "We're both pretty far down the line of the usual case of Mi-Salmoolia. Lots of girls never even get hooves. Big breasts, horns and a tail. The lust hits them and they apply the universal stop. Males always go much further since the universal stop don't work until they get the right equipment."

The universal stop for a fey magic? A massive wad of cud came up as my stomach twisted. "I have to get knocked up!?" My voice climbed up several octaves.

"You don't want to?" Beu blinked, "U-usually by this stage it's all we can think about. Even me and I'm- I'm pretty gay."

"Not unless you're the bull! I don't want anyone else!" I said.

Her eyes got real wide and then mine did as well as I realized what had come out of my mouth.

"Dammit!" I stood up. Angry at myself, angry at her. She was doing this to me. Making me into a huge titted cow and I just... wanted more. I felt my nostrils flare at the injustice of it. I couldn't win. The milking machine was just an excuse for her to stay close. I had to get away from her. Before I got full again and wanted what I really wanted.

I stamped up to the door. I had to get out. I had to go. Where? My parents' place? No. Spinning, I stomped into my studio and slammed the door.

After a few minutes of beating on things and my breasts

beating on me, I stormed back out, put on my bra and stormed back to my drum set. Beu watched me with a bemused expression that nearly melted the anger away.

The herd mentality. That's what this was. That's what it had to be. A magically induced instinct to stick with my herd. I didn't want to be her heifer. I wanted to be back in that alley tit to tit. I wanted to sink down to my knees and bury my face in her pussy. I wanted those thick fingers up inside me. I wanted...

Wrenching my mind out of that path I thought of a colossal bull dick. I imagined it pumping up into me. I imagined my belly swelling and just no. No NO NO! I had my rage back, had my rhythm. Unfair that I had to do that to myself. Damn this condition, damn it all. When Beu had first offered me the raw milk in my coffee, I had secretly only wanted her. Not that. This was a fucked up wrinkle.

I stopped when my breasts became too full to slosh anymore. The nipples of my udder had grown stiff and kept brushing the shockingly cold metal of my snare stand. I was tired, full and serenely calm about what had to happen next.

After properly stowing my gear, I stepped out into the living area. Beu looked up from her phone, a glass of wine cupped in her two-fingered hand. "Feel better hon?" She set the glass down and stood.

I drifted over and we enfolded each other into our arms, lips meeting in a tender kiss. Arousal flickered in me, but faded against her warmth. Parting, I let my head rest on her chest and stood there, warm and loved until the weight hanging between my legs muscled in on the moment.

"Can I use your milking machine now? Please?" I looked up into her big brown eyes.

"Got to do something for me first." She whispered.

I gave a little moo of annoyance as my tail swatted a nonexistent fly. "Come on Beu, why keep playing the game? You

win. I love you, alright? I... wanted this. If this is what I had to do to get you then it's- "

She grabbed my horns and kissed me so hard she sucked the breath right out of my lungs. The kind of kiss that makes your legs shake afterwards. I had to cling to her for support.

Her hand petted my ear, and I leaned it to the sensation. "We still gotta finish the game Luv." The L word there made my nethers pulse. "Tell me you're my heifer."

"I'm... uh..." I blushed, stumbling over the words. Why was that hard?

"Sssh, we'll get there. Now I want you to go look in the mirror, then you get milked." She steered me towards the bedroom.

"That's it?" That seemed way too easy, but she made an affirmative noise as we enter my bedroom and close the door. A full-length mirror hung on the back. My reflection swung up to meet me and I gasped. A woman starred back at me. Where at B&B's I had still been recognizable, all my features had softened and rounded. Any hint of masculinity or my family's angular attributes were gone, full cheeks, full pouty lips and a wide bovine nose. Tiny horns poked out of a wild mane of black hair. My ears however were huge, long fuzzy ovals, patterned with splotches of black. "I'm cute!" I squeaked.

Beu moved behind me and squeezed my breasts, making me squirm. "A cute and sexy cow. My favorite type."

"Milk me," I moaned, "Like you did in the back alley!"

A broad tongue licked the length my ear, and I shivered. "Nooo, we have to finish you off delicately. Do you want hands like mine? Or worse?"

She held up her large, two-fingered hand against mine, which other than sporting very thick black nails, looked mostly human with Holstein patterned skin. "That would make it difficult to type." I conceded.

“Try playing guitar. Now let’s get you settled. I got a lot of work for you to do tomorrow.”

She led me back into the living room. I almost resisted, knowing that as soon as I went empty the doubts would come flooding back. Empty was nice, but everything seemed so much clearer when I was full. I loved her. I’d admitted it and that was enough when your tits ache for release. Life is simple when you’re full. You wanted love, and you wanted to be milked. No room for anything else.

I pondered this paradox as the milker drained me dry. My philosophizing proved half-baked however; even empty I invited her into my bed. Empty with the warm arm of my dommy girlfriend wrapped around my waist made me happy too. Go figure.

FIVE

Morning brought clarity as I woke to the sound of Beu talking on her phone. I had my own calls to make... Resigning my job. And then... getting bred. I did some reading on the subject of Milking Madness and the Universal Stop. It didn't ease my fears at all. I hadn't thought this through, clearly. But you're not thinking things through when you spend six months flirting with a cow Morph while morphologically unstable. Any risk assessment had been done and discarded.

Also what happened after the universal stop? I'd still be unstable? Wouldn't I? Would Beu's affection infect me again? I'd heard all sorts of horror stories and terrible statistics with our survival rates.

I got up when I realize I was dribbling into the bed again. I wondered what Beu did for that at home. There was a wet spot on her side. The whole apartment probably smelled of sour milk.

As I sat down in front of the milking machine, Beu sampled each of my teats before sliding a tube over it. I spread my legs for her with an eager moo.

She moed back but shook her head. “Tonight. I promise. Gotta get some things all lined up before work.”

“What things?” I protested, before struggling to sit up. My fingers were tingling.

“Do you trust me?” She asked.

“Isss that a trrrrick question?” I asked lazily as the euphoria from the milking started washing over me. I squeeze one of my breasts to increase the flow.

“No. You don’t want to be bred right?” She asked, dumping brightly colored objects into a bowl.

“Deeefintinly nooooooot.” I moaned as my udder edged towards empty. The top two teats drying up before the bottom, giving me an entirely new delicious sensation. “No kids. Or calves.” I pulled two tubes off the empty teats with a pop and registered an odd stretch in my fingers.

“Then I have to do a little magic. And you can’t know about it or it won’t work.” She said I observed that each of my fingers had adhered to its partner.

“Ah fuck. I thought a moo wouldn’t do it anymore?” I said waving my hand.

A slight grimace flashed over her muzzle before she hid it with a dazzling smile. “Your getting milked Luv. There’s always magic in getting milked.” She put out more tupperware from the fridge, containing a variety of berries. It looked like she had robbed a farmer’s market. “You are to eat all of this today. And I need you to go to B&B’s at one to pick up two packages. You can use their milker while you’re there. You might need to hit again in the afternoon. I’ll be back here to pick you up at seven. Be dressed.”

“Dressed in what?” I asked, idly attempting to pry my fingers apart.

“The package addressed to you. Don’t open the other one. That’s for me.” She said.

I blinked, “Yes Ma’am.” then shrugged, although my tail gave a twitch beneath me, trying to single my growing anxiety.

I got a kiss good bye and did as instructed. The eating wasn’t hard. I had grazed through all the food before I realized it. The B&B staff remembered me, complimented my appearance, and let me use their milker without a fuss. That was an experience, three times the size of Beu’s, it sucked the milk out of me so fast that my teats were screaming for an hour. Somebody had left it all the way up. Who had used it last? An elephant?

Then it was just waiting. I submitted my resignation and as I searched the web for a new, more Morph-friendly employer, I got increasingly distracted by the slow stretching of my udder. It wasn’t painful like my breasts as it grew. Its weight had a comfortable quality to it.

Of the two packages, mine was the smaller. A sleek blue dress that seemed all business waited inside alongside some very pink underwear. It had a sling for my udder attached to a woven harness that passed between my legs and clipped to a belt. It took me some doing to get it on and then a lot of futz until I realized that the holes in the underwear were for my teats to stick out of. “You are such an exhibitionist Beu!” I marveled at the way the blue dress parted around my udder and cascaded down my hips, pulling the eye directly to it, the pink of the sling so matched the tone that you could mistake the teats for decorations until you got close. Also there was a hard plastic bit that sat right against my cock that made it both uncomfortable and pleasant to sit.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this.” I muttered at the mirror, adjusting my cleavage. I could probably hide an entire backpack in it. I had no idea what to do with my hair, so I left it wild. The entire outfit, with my teats hanging out where anyone could use me as a drink dispenser, felt soooo, vulnerable

and sexy at the same time. Were all cows this kinky? Or was the fact that I was edging towards full making me calm and compliant?

Beu arrived with a knock and when I opened the door we spent a long moment admiring each other. I'd halfway expected she'd show up in a suit for the full gender reverse experience, but no she'd gone full fem, a backless red dress that let her tail swing free. Matching red lipstick and a little rectangular tag in her ear, red rimmed with gold. She accented the scrap of cloth with a cascade of jewelry, silver and gold looped around her neck and thick bracelets around her wrists. Horns capped with silver balls. It all blended together into a sense of elegance that lent her an almost predatory air. If you encountered the legendary Minotaur at a ball, she might look like Beu.

My cock strained against that plastic bit.

She finished drinking me up with her eyes and smiled. "How do you feel?"

"Like a petty girl whose invited a lion for dinner." I squeaked.

She grinned, reached down and palmed my udder, "Odd there's nothing little about you girl." As she said girl that little bit against my cock sprang to life. Not quite a vibration but pleasure hit me like a brick between the legs.

"Moo!" I cried out in alarm as moisture flooded in between my legs. "You kinky fuck!" I cried, unsure if I wanted to kick her or kiss her. Beu offered her arm, and I took it.

"No idea what you're talking about Luv," She bowed down and took a pull from my teat.

"Fuuuck," I gasped, mostly to avoid the M sound.

"Mmmmm. Much better, you ate all those fruits like a good girl," She said and hit me with the buzzer again. I nearly fell over.

"What the hell Beu?" I scolded, after I got my tongue

working again. We were halfway to the elevator. “You planning on using that as some sort of training clicker?” My words floating a half octave higher than before.

“Don’t know what you’re talking about.” She said, giving me a slight bump with her hip. “We’re just two girls,” she gave me tap of a buzz, “going to Meti’s for the best salads in the city.”

I ground my teeth together, trying to decide if I objected to this new game or not, but my hooves continued to clomp around right besides her. Maybe it wouldn’t bother me if she hadn’t decided to train me on the word girl. I was definitely older than a girl. And yet here I was, with her dressed like a bovine cougar and my udder decorated with lace. I ruminated on whether or not I needed to lay down some ground rules, but that only managed making all my bits tingly.

Even I knew Meti’s, the werewolf run ballroom/restaurant with food so good that humans considered it worth the trip. It would be the definition of off limits for an unstable like me. Yet I heard the sound of my hooves on the sidewalk for the first time walking up to its glitzed out rotation doors.

The maître d’/bouncer towered over us, a nine-foot tall werewolf in his full warform wearing a tiny little vest and bowtie mounted on a chain collar. “Reservation?” He growled.

“Hiya Hon.” Beu slipped right into her cafe persona. “Reservations for Beu and Heidi.”

She buzzed me, *HARD*. I clamped my teeth together to keep from screaming as the huge canine head squinted at a clipboard held in his paw. The pleasure climbed up into my ribs.

“Table six,” he rumbled, “Enjoy your meal.”

And only then did it stop. I nearly melted and as I sucked in a breath, my cock shrank a little.

“Thank you sir.” Beu smoothly pulled me into the restaurant.

We barely got six steps before a call of “Beu!” stopped us short.

I turned to find a snow leopard Morph slipping off a barstool. She wore a small scrap of fabric around her four small breasts, a white bikini bottom that nearly disappeared into her plush spotted fur. To her, the dead of winter here was probably summer weather. She had shouted Beu’s name, but her hungry eyes fixed on my teats.

“Hello Claire, Meet Heidi.” I was ready for the buzz this time, but it had no less effect. My balls seized.

“P-leased to muh-mooooo you” I managed as I squirted into my underwear. The cat licked her lips as her nostrils flared. Had she smelled that?

“Always happy to meet a warm glass of milk,” She purred, “See you later Heidi,” She turned around as Beu buzzed me yet again.

Unsteadily I followed Beu towards a table way in the back but we didn’t make much progress before, “Long time no ssssee Beu,” A cobra Morph’s slid out from her table and wrapped her coils around my herd mate and hugged her with patchily scaled arms.

“Desire!” Beu hugged back hard enough the snake woman’s slitted eyes bugged slightly.

The eyes spotted me and I knew what was coming, “Ooooh? Who’s the *girl*?”

Bzzzzzt!

It happened three more times before we got to our table. A willowy woman with five fox tails, a harpy with beautiful golden wings and a polar bear woman who was titanic in every way. Each buzz shrank me further and by the time I sat down I couldn’t be sure if it had completely disappeared or I had simply gone numb down there.

“Hope that was educational, seeing all my old friends.” Beu said as she sat down.

I flopped in the seat opposite her, hard enough to jar my sloshing udder. “Uh huh,” was all I could manage.

“Here comes your test.” Beu whispered as the waitress swept up to the table a werewolf in human form judging by the yellow eyes.

“Hello Ladies, Welcome to Mati’s. Been a long time Beu.” She looked directly at me, “Name’s Zelda. What brings you here?”

“Hi, I’m Heidi.” I said, as natural as flowing water. “We’re... girl friends now.” I blinked as my balls slipped up inside me.

“We’ll have two of the vegetarian specials.” Beu said as the werewolf watched me squirm with an arched eyebrow.

“Of course. You two have a mooving good time. Room’s all ready when you are Beu.” She closed her little notepad and left.

I could feel them moving up inside my hips, swelling as they went. “W-what did you do?” I managed to gasp, as things twisted to make room.

“You were stuck. I gave you a little wiggle.” Beu said. “Heidi.”

New muscles clenched, trembled and released. The trickle into my udder became a babbling brook and the pressure in my breasts was forcing a trickle of liquid down the long teats. I was minutes from becoming a wet mess of warm fluids and Beu sat across from me, smiling with slightly unfocused eyes.

I forced myself to breathe through my nose. Her scent saturated the air, but not a gentle breeze over wheat. Instead it was a wild and wet storm of arousal. Her hips were moving; she was grinding herself against the seat. And beyond her I smelled the predators, musky feral notes that sparked little screams of *danger!* in my mind.

Something grabbed my shoulder and I let out a “MOOOO!” of an alarm. This is it! They were going to eat me!

“Aw, sorry startle you Heidi.” Zelda said, “Big pred crowd got you a little on edge tonight?”

“Yes, aaah little.” An unfamiliar sensation had begun in my cleft, a something wriggling up into me. “Beu’s, great at keeping, me, on the, edge.” My breaths stayed shallow and soft, only allowing me to speak a word or two at time.

I twisted to see Zelda carrying an enormous platter with one thin arm. “Beu’s a performer. Anyone who dates her is getting pulled on stage with her. Here’s your specials,” She hefted a platter down in front of me with a solid thump. On it sat a six inch thick green cake that slammed the scent of delicious fresh cut grass down my nostrils along with sweet floral tones that made my guts bellow with hunger. I reached for it before she her hands were fully out of the way. I didn’t hear her explanations. Already contending pressing ache of my milk, and growing need between my legs, this new hunger pushed me out entirely. I still remember it. The taste of pungent grass mixed with sweet berries and tart apples, but I wasn’t there. My body shoveled the food into itself as fast as my still too small teeth could chew it. I moored and bleated my delight, feeling but not caring as my fingers fused into clumsy hoof hands. The wiggling sensation grew from a tadpole to goldfish to what had to be an entire salmon pressing up inside of me as my pussy enlarged to take full advantage of my bovine hips. An earthquake of an orgasm rolled up through me as I swallowed the last of the meal. The spark of awareness returning to me in the middle of an animal bellow that pushed my lips out to the end of a muzzle.

Beu beamed at me, her muzzle resting on the palms of her hands, elbows on the table. “Did you like that Heidi?”

Like? I sat in a puddle of my lust with my breasts and udder

threatening to burst. No “like” existed in this equation, only need. “Milk, Fuck, Now.” I whined.

“Come my pretty heifer and I’ll take care of you.” Beu said as she rose and offered her hand to me. I took it as if it were a lifeline in the middle of the ocean and she hauled me from the seat. “Downstairs.”

Not ten feet from our table stood a stairway down the back wall of the building. Two signs hung over it, one indicating restrooms and the other declared private rooms. Hanging from the restroom sign was a small white M on a blue background. Milking machine? My mind fixed on that with the intensity of a parched man in a desert seeing an oasis on the horizon. Both of us sloshed audibly as we waddled toward the stairs. My sling strained to contain my udder and we were both leaking so bad that we left drippings in our wake. Swollen pussy lips pressed against my underwear and somehow that little plastic nub brushed against my new clit with every step I took. By the time I reached the bottom of the stairs my legs threatened to give out, trembling on the edge of orgasm.

Neon lettering shined like a beacon in the night at the end of the hall. RESTROOM. Relief, milking and then no force on earth would stop me from shoving Beu’s muzzle deep into my hungry sex. We shuffled toward it as fast as we could, my udder swinging in tandem with my breasts like lewd pendulums. Beu got ahead of me, one strap of her dress had come free and she had to steady the escaped mammary with one hand.

A door opened and a lithe form slithered out in front of Beu, blocking her way. “Looks like you need ssssssome assssistance.”

“Desire,” Beu panted, “Not ye-“

-Ssssss” The naga struck with a blur of movement, wrapping her long body around Beu’s hips and swallowing down her



exposed teat. The shock in Beu's eyes drained away to a dreamy bliss as Desire drank from her.

Claire stepped out of the shadows, her impossibly long tail lashing behind her, "Really Beu, you think we'd let you simply tease us after all this time? To think we'd all stand by and be your plan B? Oh no." The snow leopardess turned her hungry eyes on me.

"Moooooo!" Beu moaned as a Claire moved toward me with hypnotic slowness. She'd discarded her bikini and her four pert breasts displayed short black teats that poked through her plush fur.

"You were a man weren't you Heidi? I can tell from the way you're looking at me. I bet you had a bright future and now look at you. She's turned you into such a dirty mess of a cow. Leaking everywhere. You know what happens to messy cows at Mati's Heidi?"

I opened my mouth to respond and her huge paw-like hands shoved a bar between my teeth. Straps tightened around my head. "Nurrrrh" was all I could manage in protest.

"I know, I know." She purred. "You didn't know, and she didn't tell you. You're too full to think." So close now; her softness teased against the tight skin of my teats. Then her two paw-hands reached inside my sling and gave me a squeeze. I moaned, hips grinding against empty air, "Too full to be anything but a big, dumb cow. And you love it don't you Heidi? I can smell the joy in your scent. You're going to be wonderful addition to the menu."

A tiny voice inside me screamed in terror, but it was drowned out by the press of so many parts of me screaming with need. Claire's rough tongue pressed deep into my cleavage, ran up my neck and over my nose. Tasting me. She pulled back, licking her chops. "Mmmm, I don't know if you'd be better as meat or dairy."

“Mmmmmoooooo!” Beu cried. She had an additional figure nursing at her breast, while a huge golden furred wolf collected her tip from between Beu’s legs.

“Beu’s always dairy. I’m sure you know why. Heidi.” Claire pulled out something circular from her purse and held it up to my nose.

It bit me. A nose ring. I barely registered the piercing until she hooked the ring with a wicked claw and tugged. I stumbled forward with a bleat of surprise. My body moved before my brain could get a hold of it. So compelled she pulled me into a room.

“We’ll let the other jurists finish up with your herd mate.” she said, continuing to lead me by the nose. My hooves clomped on concrete towards a large metal X in the center of the room, cuffs at the end of each arm. I outweigh her by at least a hundred pounds, but resistance didn’t even cross my mind as she pushed me up against the cold metal. The manacles closed around my wrists and ankles with metallic clacks. Only then did the fear rise to the point I remembered to struggle. She tsked. “Relax, you’re a cow. Nothing’s up to you anymore.”

A deft movement of her claws and my sling came undone. The full weight of my udder hit me like a sack of bricks. I mooed against my gag and pulled hard at the bindings. She backed away, letting me struggle but nothing gave a millimeter as she feasted with her eyes, tail lashing behind her. So heavy, the milk weighed on me. I couldn’t struggle long. I fell against the metal, sucking in air through my nose. The room had no scents in it except hers. Her musky, predatory scent, spiced with her own arousal. She fell to all fours and approached me with her tail held high.

Would she eat me after she fucked me? Was this a game? Questions niggled in my mind and were immediately flushed

away as she batted at my udder. She giggled as she made it ripple, pawing it playfully from side to side. Each touch made me gurgle with additional pressure.

“Claire! Stop playing and get her ready for the judging.” A sharp voice called from the doorway.

A soft rowl exited Claire and she licked the sensitive skin between my teats. “I want to taste you so bad!” With a snarl, her claws ripped my dress open and tore my breasts free of my overburdened bra.

“No biting her yet Claire.” A fox woman stood in the doorway, her shockingly red tails fanning out behind her. “We milk her first.”

I tilted back. Panic hit me anew; I pulled against the bonds in absolute futility for a moment before the aching fullness weighed me back down. *Milk me.* The Kitsuné’s words flowed across my mind. They were going to Milk me! Milk me! The thought bounced around my head, echoing as I stilled. I’d be a good cow, the best cow. If I just waited a little longer. Suspended above the frame was a lattice of steel bars for attaching lights or equipment. The Kitsuné approached, carrying a stool in each hand. Claire mirrored her and the pair of them set up six seats on either side of me four clustered around my udder and one at each of my breasts.

Once the places were set, the rest of Beu’s “friends” filed in, Desire, the harpy, the polar bear and our waitress Zelda.

“Has someone checked to see if she is a proper heifer?” Zelda asked as she took a seat on the stool near my left breast, wearing just enough wolf to have a dusting of fur over her pale skin.

“I think thatsss what Beu wassss going to check.” Desire curled around her stool opposite Zelda and gave my right breast a flick. I moaned through my gag as it wobbled like a water balloon.

“I bet she is now.” Claire purred, “She had a Venus stone in her panties. I’ll check.”

“Use the measure, not your paw, you dirty minded snep.” The Kitsune snapped. “You’ll pollute her. She’s an unstable.”

“If I can fist her, she’s deep!” Claire protested. What little space I had left for thinking imagined that paw pushing up inside me. I whimpered with want. There was fiddling and then something entered me. Pleasure rolled up inside of me. My back arched as the flesh of my womanhood parted for the very first time. “Up to the handle!” Claire declared. “That’s a proper heifer.”

“Then the only question is,” Zelda intoned, “Is she good enough to be a proper dairy cow?”

“Let usss begin.” Desire hissed as she bowed her head toward my udder.

For the first time, six mouths closed over my teats and pulled hard. The painful tension throughout my body gave rise to the shocking absence of pain, followed by a rush of warm bliss as my tortured flesh relaxed. They were milking me! I was such a good heifer. I bellowed with pleasure.

They each took two heavy gulps before sitting back, each topping off their teat with a finger, except for the harpy who had none, Desire did it for her.

“Not as creamy as Beu.” The Kitsuné sniffed and a voice inside me wailed in shame.

“It is sweeter.” The harpy declared.

“Has, ah, nice spice to it.” Claire panted, “I want more.”

“Another sample.” Zelda commanded.

And they drank again. Pulling from me far more than the last time. My reservoirs deflated some, as each pull, each swallow, brought more warm satisfaction washing over me.

Zelda broke off with a gasp and clutching at her own breast.

“Definitely, has that warmth between the legs bit that Beu does.”

“Active Milk Madness.” The Kitsune adjusted her top, her nipples straining through the gauzy silk.

“Bonusssss.” Desire already wrapping her thin tongue around her teat.

“More!” The bear growled.

They drank, gulping audibly with each mouthful. The emptiness had just yawned open inside of me as Claire broke off from her teat. I cracked open my eyes to spy her wiping her muzzle with the back of a paw.

“Time to taste the meat.” She gasped, but she didn’t bite me. Instead she disappeared beneath the table. Plush softness lifted against the underside of my udder and a rough tongue rasped over the length of my pussy.

The lick was a lightning bolt on the horizon and the thunder of orgasm rolled through a moment later, pushing my awareness back into the very edge of my mind. The emptiness making each pass of her tongue reverberate through me, adding to the heady bliss while reawaking an ember deep inside. An ember I needed her to reach. I shoved my hips into her with a desperate grunt. She fell back licking her chops and showed me her paw. “You want this cow?” She taunted, “You want this all up inside of you?”

“MMFF!” I screamed.

“Hey! Let everyone get a taste before-” Someone protested, but the paw was already sliding in. And in. And in, and in past her elbow. A new place inside me screamed out. A space in me that hadn’t existed an hour ago filled, quivering around this thing inside me. Every muscle went taut; lifting me in the restraints. Her fingers brushing that ember of need, reaching past it, into the emptiness left by the milking, and pieces of her

dropped into it. Then she wriggled, and I came in a blast that shattered the very concept of myself.

I became pleasure; giving it, receiving it, I did not care. My legs floofed into thick spotted fur before Desire hauled Claire out of me, only to replace the cat's hand with her thick scaly tail, stretching me even wider than before. As scales spread up my stomach, the Kitsuné attacked me from underneath, rimming across my back door with her canine tongue.

The gag ripped out of my mouth and I finally gave voice to the orgasms ripping around inside of me with a thunderous, "MMOOOOOOO!" as the end of my spine split into three tails.

Beu loomed over me, tossing the gag away, but she didn't undo my restraints. Instead she grabbed onto the latticework and hoisted herself over me. Straddling my shoulders, she presented her wide, dribbling sex. With a bellow of animal joy I buried my nose into her, forcing my tongue deep. She threw her head back and sung. I backed off when my lungs began to burn and focused all my attention on her huge clit, rubbing it back and forth with my tongue. A flush of fluids rewarded me as her moo shook the room. I savored her flavors as new milk rushed into my breasts and udders.

Time dissolved for me as I swelled. A chorus of animal screams and responses. They consumed me, their long textured tongues finding every hidden crevasse, every new spot on my shifting body. Each one leaving me a gift as my hungry body supped at their magic.

Yet as one by one they succumbed to their exhaustion, I remained Heidi. And very happy to be a cow.

Beu freed me as the last of the jury settled down on thick camping mattresses that had appeared on the floor. I eagerly slumped into her arms as we bedded down against the far wall. She snuggled into my soft dense fur. Thanks to the bear, I was



M70

bigger than my herd mate now, although my build had shifted to be more lithe. They had all marked my bovine frame.

“The plan was to keep you for myself.” she whispered in my ear. “Get you full drunk and so lusty you really were an animal. Then with the aid of glamor and a strap-on convince you that you really were pregnant.”

“And them?” I looked over the beautiful assortment of females, with all their breasts leaking milk as they slumbered. Only Claire’s eyes were open, watching us from where she lay in the arms of the Kitsuné.

“Plan B. Chimera effect, infect you with so many different Morphs that they all cancel each other out. You won’t shift further.” Beu said.

“So they weren’t going to eat me?” I asked.

“No more than they did. Although Claire over there has a nasty habit of biting during sex.” Beu nuzzled my still empty breast.

“Sooo, any chance any of them will join our herd?” I asked, looking at Claire and imagining her with an udder.

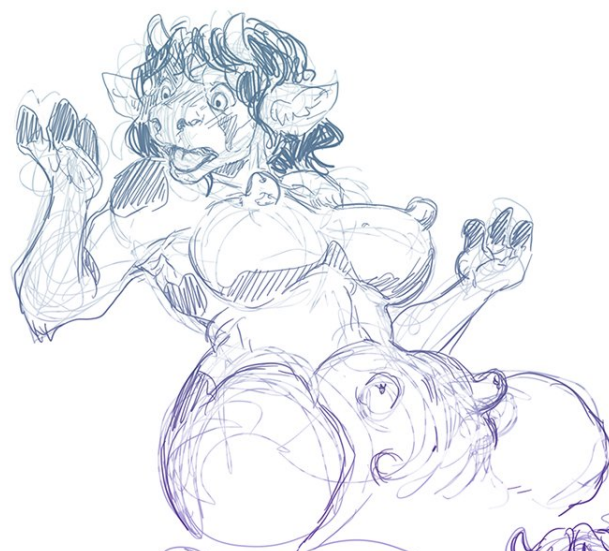
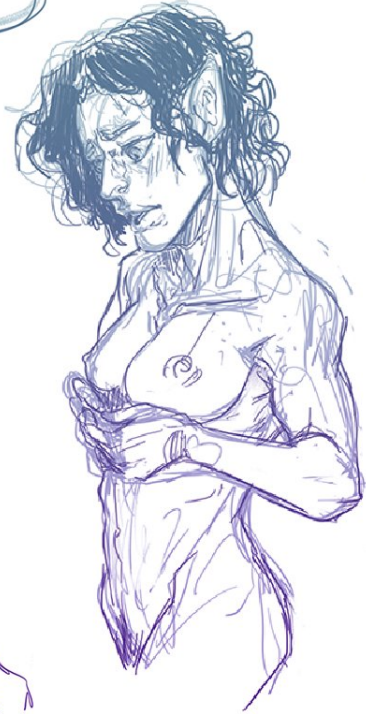
Claire yawned. “It’s just a little Milk Madness. You rent a milker for a day and you milk yourself over night. Dries right you out.”

Beu tensed as I looked back to her. “You said you had SalMoooolia! The one you had to limit your milking to stop. You lied from the very start!”

“Does it matter?” That sly smile coupled with her fluttering lashes squelched any hint of anger. Then she took her thick finger and slid it up inside me.

I let out a soft moo of pleasure as my head fell back against the wall. “My name is Heidi and I’m a cow.”

“That’s my good heifer.” Beu said, and we sealed my new direction in life with a kiss.



I'M ONLY USING
A BRA FOR
SUPPORT UNTIL
WE FIX THU

YOU
LIKE
IT?





