

# Shifting Production

By FoxFaceStories

## *Commission for Spacebanana*

*Mark is an ordinary paper pusher at his company, until a merger sees him and his co-workers remade to better serve their farmer clients by 'increasing production.'*

It all started when the manager announced: "There's going to be some changes."

Everyone had groaned, including me. That was what they *always* said when staff cuts were about to be announced. Especially given that our business, an office hub that helped organise transportation of equipment to rural farm areas, had been snapped up in a merger by Maxadine, the largest agriculturally-based corporation in the country, we were feeling under the pump alright.

If only we knew then just how 'under the pump' we'd truly be in just a few weeks.

You see, I was just an ordinary paper pusher. Mark the nine-to-five man working to make sure his wife was fed and we could eventually have those two kids and a boat we always wanted. I made reports, filed them, and made new reports. It was boring work, but I was damn good at it, and it paid pretty well. So you can imagine I was pretty afraid of being let go; good, solid work like that is hard to come by in today's world.

My coworker Betty was similarly concerned. She was another paper filer with a cubicle adjacent to mine. She was around my age, heading to mid-30's or so, and was addicted to chocolate. We joked about being 'office husband and wife' but it was all just for a laugh, nothing ever happened between us even though she was a cute slim little thing. Maybe it said something about me that I never let Lacey know Betty even existed. Still, we shared a devilish sense of humour among the boredom of our office, and so I took to bringing her a chocolate each day, as thanks for the fact that she always brought me a coffee. She remembered how I liked it; plenty of milk.

Again, the stuff you just have to laugh about now. Hell, I *still* have coffee in my milk, and these days I *know* how the sausage gets made.

My point is, we had an office environment. Betty and I had our jokes-by-email and our personal snark against our manager - the ever insufferable Percy - and we liked to make fun of the office

gossip Nancy by feeding her false intel all the time. She knew it was us, but like a farm animal she kept coming back for more feed.

I'm just saying this stuff deliberately now. I've had a lot of time to come up with this material.

Anyway, so we'd been acquired by Maxadine, which immediately set to work merging our little company into their corporatocracy with all the efficiency of a finely tuned, well-oiled, and utterly impersonal machine. Half the staff were gone in a week, their offices and cubicles already empty. The rest of us were kept on, given new stamps and watermarks for our documents, and moved three hours west, closer to the actual farmland

I won't lie, it put a strain on my marriage with Lacey. She didn't like the long hours without me, and was prone to snapping when I couldn't help with the chores. Looking back, it's pretty small compared to the bigger changes that came later.

Once we'd moved into our new offices, we met our new supervisor; Margarie. She was a middle-aged woman with dyed red hair and a rakish figure who smiled just a little too widely. She was the one *above* our manager - unfortunately that was still Percy. Evidently, our new corporate overlords *liked* to reward incompetence, as he'd taken a pay raise.

"Okay people," Margarie said, our first morning when we were assembled before her. "This is not just our workspace anymore, this is our home. Remember, Maxadine is a family company; we care about you, and we want you to see the company as an extended relationship."

Betty and I looked at each other and rolled our eyes. We'd both had to drive through hours of farmland just to reach our new headquarters, which meant getting up at the crack of dawn. Thank God for coffee. The supervisor failed to notice, and gestured instead out the open windows to that very farmland, and the complex of large agricultural stations beyond.

"See those farms there? *Those* are the people who we support. They're the ones who need us. Not a lot of people realise how expensive it is to run a good cattle farm these days. They're not as profitable as they used to be: there's a lot of overhead, pesky animal rights groups, and cows may make the milk, but there's not a lot they do to contribute otherwise. We're here to innovate. We're here to shift production, and skyrocket profits. We're here, to make change."

She gave a knowing grin that seemed a little off to me. My, if only I had realised just who would be doing all the real changing. At the time, Betty and I just laughed.

"Typical corporate robot," she said, imitating the classic robot arm movement. "Must Make Profit. Corporate Overlord Good."

I laughed, and I won't lie; I checked her out a little as she swivelled from side-to-side. Betty was flat as a board and let everyone know how much she hated that fact, but she had a nice set of hips. Sue me, I'm a man. I looked away from her before Nancy saw me; that woman could smell an office romance rumour a mile off, and somehow she'd also been able to maintain her job.

“Yeah, I don’t get it. So we can see the farms now. I don’t see how them knowing we’re pushing paper a little closer is going to help their profits.”

Betty shrugged.

“By the way,” she said, “have you tried the new drinks yet? The Nutri-Good ones for free in the vending machines?”

I hadn’t, but it was only a matter of time; the drinks were everywhere, and the company was pushing them, big time. Apparently some new product they were proud of, and we were the first to get unfettered access. It was whitish in colour, and the staff were starting to rave over it.

“Not yet. I’m a coffee man. Which, by the way, the coffee *is* at least the one saving grace around here.”

Betty chuckled. “Oh, then you’ve *definitely* tried it! Nutri-Good is in all the milk-based products. Even the chocolates! No offence, but I don’t even eat the ones you bring me now. This stuff is too good.”

She picked up a chocolate slice in the green packaging used by Maxadine and ate it, moaning slightly at the taste. As she did, I experimentally raised my cup and smelled it. Indeed, I don’t know how I didn’t notice it before; there was a kind of . . . musk to the coffee that you didn’t find elsewhere. I sipped, sampling the taste. I thought I’d just been putting more milk in my coffee, but it was definitely this new Nutri-Good stuff; it tasted heavenly, leaving a light foam on my lip.

“Well, to Nutri-Good!” I declared, holding up my cup.

“To Nutri-Good!” she returned, clinking her chocolate against its side.

We both ducked immediately as Percy returned on his inspection, his weaselly face on the lookout for anyone lazing on the job. I couldn’t help but notice that even he had taken to this substance; he was dipping his cracker biscuits into a Nutri-Good labeled cheese sauce.

◇◇◇

A week later, we were settling further into our roles. The Nutri-Good craze continued, and we were all drinking it now. In fact, the stuff was quite addictive; I was starting to have trouble fitting into my pants, and my rear was starting to look a little ungainly. Betty made some ribbing jokes at my expense, but was not a fan when I pointed out that the same was true of her; she had some more ‘junk in her trunk’ than usual, and her breasts looked a little bigger in her top than usual, but it was a little odd that only our lower halves seemed to have altered.

It wouldn’t be a mystery for long.

Later that day, the intercom sounded, and all employees listened in.

*'Attention workers, this is your supervisor Margerie speaking. I have an incredibly important announcement. First of all, I want to thank each and every one of you for your loyal service to Maxadine these past two weeks. We have been proud to welcome you into our family, helping the farmers of our nation. However, in the past few years, our profit margins have been less than desirable. Our ruling board has decided that some changes must be implemented to boost profits, and that your original company would be acquired for a test run, by moving you to a rural agricultural area, and doubling your productivity! Because, as we all know, productivity is everything! For the last fortnight, you have been consuming our wonderful Nutri-Good, which contains some strong mutagens in its milk. Due to some contracts you have signed with some . . . particular details you might have missed, we are within our rights to perform the following clinical trial. Please remain in place as the gas is pumped in to trigger the mutagenic changes. Do not be alarmed - we are simply shifting production numbers!'*

The intercom ended, and Betty and I looked at one another.

"Okay, that was a really weird prank," I said.

But Betty looked more concerned than I was, her eyes shifting side to side.

"I don't know, Margerie is not a comedian, Mark. And that Nutri-Good stuff is really addictive. Why would they move us out here? I think we should go."

I rolled my eyes. "Betty, c'mon. You wouldn't leave your work husband would you?"

"I'm not joking at the moment Mark, something is up. I'm going to start moving."

She walked away, looking a little nervous, and ignoring the yells from Percy to pay attention, despite his own self looking quite nervous. And it was at that moment that the ventilation fans ramped up, becoming audibly loud, and great clouds of green-coloured gas flooded through the office.

"Oh God, she wasn't lying!" I called out to no one in particular."

The gas overwhelmed me immediately before I could even take two steps, and I flailed, confused and coughing as the strange, foul-tasting gas entered my lungs. It tasted horrible, and I doubled over as more and more of it entered my system. It was difficult to see, and I clung to the nearest desk, wiping my eyes and trying to find something to hold over my mouth to at least filter some of it out.

Others around me were coughing and groaning, and I could swear I heard fabric tearing for some reason, and others screaming. I remember thinking, what was happening?

The change of a lifetime, was what.

I coughed once more, and felt a sudden lurch within my gut. I clutched my stomach, and felt a pressure building up inside of it. It was growing in intensity with every passing second, and

lowering to my pelvis and legs. My ass, already a little rounded by the Nutri-Good, ached with soreness, and I clutched it. The pressure extended there also: it felt as if my lower body was actually expanding. I moaned awfully: “MMnnHhgn! OOHHH!”

And then my pants ripped.

I yelped as my body literally expanded. My hips swelled, the bones cracking and widening and enlarging, and I fell onto my backside in a painful attempt to maintain my footing. My ass fattened, expanding and stretching, the flesh *pulsating* beneath the skin, writhing and expanding inch by inch. I gripped my ass, unbelieving that it was now free of its pants and expanding backwards, widening, lengthening, and thickening. I gasped, clutching my penis as it began to shift back also, moving back with the enormous tide of flesh that was thickening, taking on a barrel-like shape behind me.

“H-help! Help me! I’m ch-changing - UUGGGGHH!”

I moaned, this time in response to my skin all over, including the large tumour-like growth extending behind me. A painful tingly rippled across my skin, and I hurriedly scratched at it like an insane man, so great was the irritation. It felt like a million pin pricks all over my lower half, even as my feet began to cramp while I attempted to stand. It was almost maddening, until finally my skin broke out all over in patches of white and black hairs. They pushed through the gaps between my fingers, extending out like cow’s hairs - no, they *were* cow’s hairs - over my changing body. The hair covered my entire lower half, ending just below my belly button; I had already ripped open my shirt - casting aside the buttons keeping it together - to check.

“C-cow’s fur? COW’S FUR? WHAT THE HELL?”

But the changes weren’t nearly over. Already I could hear more clothing ripping apart and other voices screaming in the distance. I had managed to rise to my feet, but those very feet were already changing; they were cramping heavily and painfully, and within moments my work shoes simply fell from my feet. I looked in horror as my toes lost their feeling and began to push together, fusing and hardening to become bovine hooves. I lost my balance and fell once more as my ankle cracked, the joint rising to form a longer pad, a little dew claw pushing through the flesh near the joint.

The enormous mass behind me was still expanding, becoming a great barrel that was taking up the width of the cubicle aisle. Even worse, it was developing its own, new growths. I reached back to touch my ass and found it beyond my reach by this point; my rectum was far behind me, and my manhood resting uncomfortably beneath the mass. It was numb by this point, and I was deathly afraid of damaging it.

Oh, if only I had to worry about just ‘damaging it.’

I grunted, like the very animal I was becoming, as the growths at the end of my extended lower half began to gain feeling. Began to gain *motion*. I gasped as I could suddenly not only experience these extensions, but actually move the muscles within them. A looked behind me,

wobbling awkwardly on my massive form to try to see what was happening. I wasn't stupid; I could see immediately that I was growing what had to be *another set of legs*. They pushed out from my flesh, forming bone and muscle and tissue and joints, the alien sensations of new limbs suddenly attached to a larger body overwhelming me. An immense pressure began just above my ass, and I gripped what I could of my new cow's body behind me.

"Ah, ah, ah, AAHH!"

In a single great spurt, a long ropy tail burst from my backside, at least three or four feet in length, and already with a life of its own as it flicked from side to side. My rear legs finished developing, feeling strong and capable of carrying my enlarged body, and the rest of that bovine half appeared almost done. I quivered, overcome with pain and an embarrassing hint of pleasure, while a general 'softening' occurred across my new flesh; my body filled in, fat deposits forming all over, making my lower body appear like a healthy adult cow that had been well-fed and nourished.

I experimentally stood, four legs acting at once to lift me, but it was a hard thing given my new centre of balance and inexperience with so many limbs at once. My pants were completely destroyed, and the gas was beginning to dissipate. I panted, overcome with shock.

But there was still one major change left to go. One that would define my 'productivity' going forwards for the rest of my life.

"Betty? Betty, are you okay? Something's happened? I think - I think Margerie's turned us into - UGHN!"

I clutched my stomach, but the alien sensations of shifting, of growth, of something being sucked back into me did not come from there. It was behind what I was coming to think of as my rear or hind legs, where my penis was now located. It was expanding rapidly, as were my balls. I could feel it. I shifted awkwardly on all fours, trying to find a mirrored surface to see what was happening. I accidentally knocked half a cubicle wall in, and almost barrelled through another before I found what I wanted; a mirror in Betty's cubicle angled just low enough that I could observe the changes.

"No. No no no no not that!"

My penis had swollen, balls too, and they all appeared to be conjoining, forming a large, increasingly pink mass between my hind legs. It swells, and I felt it fill, my rear half squirming as the bulging sac becoming increasingly a single large organ, hanging in a dome beneath me. The tip of my penis altered, becoming rubbery, and four more other rubbery points just like it pushed out from the sac also. They drooped, sensitive to the air and flopping about in response to my panicked movements. But they were not extra penises.

They were nipples. They were an *udder*.

The udder expanded, contents being pumped into it as it grew and grew and grew, pressing my thighs apart at my rear, becoming round and heavy. And behind them, below my asshole, I whimpered as a new hole formed. One that I had never experienced, but I knew instantly what it was.

I had not only a cow's udder, but a cow's vagina as well. My lower half was 100% a bovine female.

The gas cleared away, and I could see the other two dozen employees had experienced much the same; Percy had a brown coat as compared to my black-and-white Holstein's, and the pathetic had-been manager screamed for help from the supervisor. Nancy was crying, long rivers of tears falling down to splash upon her hooves. Her furry half was black, and her udder looked huge, though mine no doubt was just as large. Her chest had increased in size too, much to her embarrassment also. There was no sign of Betty, and before I could look, the intercom played again.

*'Congratulations, employees! The clinical trial was a successful one!'*

"What the hell have you done to us!"

"We're cows! We're not even human!"

"Change us back!"

But Margerie either couldn't hear us or wouldn't. She simply continued:

*'You are now twice, perhaps even thrice as productive as before! From now on, you will serve Maxadine not just as our valued office personnel, but as valued milk producers for our nearby farms, allowing for maximum production and efficiency to company profits! In a moment, you'll be escorted to your new work stations to give you the relief you need.'*

I turned to another coworker, Max, whose lower half was also a Holstein's, and was just as female. We didn't typically get along, but in times like these, old grudges meant nothing.

"Max, what does she mean relief? What the hell do you think she means?"

But Max was shell-shocked, and could only shrug. I tried to find Betty, and began to move forward on my four hooves while I still had the time. We had all - every one of us - been turned into some kind of cow-centaurs. Cowtaurs, I suppose. And for some insane reason Margerie and the board was convinced this would make us more productive.

I had no idea how right they would turn out to be.

I began to get the hang of my four hooves, even as they had so little feeling compared to my feet. My new body was heavy, and I could feel its powerful heft as I trotted forwards; and worse, the flopping, jostling feeling of my udder bouncing with every step. But as I moved past crying

co-workers and angry peers, walking became harder and harder. A pressure was building again, only this time it was located entirely within my cow's udder.

"Oh nooo," I groaned, as the pressure slowly expanded, the contents of my new milk bag producing steady, and at an increasing rate. I looked to see other members of the office experiencing the same struggle; Nancy was in tears trying to reach her udder, which was almost *visibly* swelling, hanging lower and more heavily to the ground by the second. Percy was in fits of exasperation, screaming out loud:

"Someone milk me! Someone just hurry up and milk me already! This is your manager speaking! Agh, I'm about to explode!"

I was too in shock to say much, and all I could try to do was get a handle on the overwhelming mass that was my new bovine half, with its heavy belly, swishing tail, and still-expanding udder. I could feel the sheer amount of meat and fat on my form, and the immense organs that had grown within my altered form. My stomach growled: all four or five of them, depending on if I still had a stomach in my human abdomen.

I had to find Betty, but shifting about on four hooves was easier said than done; my hooves impacted heavily upon the carpeted floor, and with each step my humanoid half wobbled awkwardly, and my bovine ass shook to each side.

"Betty? Betty! Are you here? Did you change?"

All I could see were the other cowtaurs, all of them in various states of denial, grief, horror, and even manic laughter. One was desperately lowering himself on his front legs in order to milk his needy coworker. She was even more engorged than me and him put together; her hind legs looked so pushed apart it must have been difficult to stand. With each tug of her great teats, thick streams of milk streamed out to soak the carpet, and she moaned and gasped with each release.

"Yes! Don't s-stop! T-too much pressure!"

"So long as g-get me n-next!" cried her milker. "You too Mark? What the h-hell's happened to us!?"

At that moment, amongst all the moans of new cowtaurs needing to be milked, the intercom buttoned sounded, and the room fell near silent. Well, near silent but for the occasional grunt of discomfort as an udder swelled suddenly.

*'Hello Maxadine workers. We are pleased to announce that our trial has been a success, and each of you has now been transformed via mutagens into a fully functioning 'cow-taur' - a bovine-human hybrid. We apologise for your current discomfort, but you should be pleased to know that this is because your bodies are capable of producing twice as much milk as even the most productive farm cow, and you are also still able to commit to your work duties. We will be*

*successfully doubling our potential profits in your sector, and your new, permanent bodies will see to that.*”

“Did she . . . did she just say permanent?”

“You can’t d-do this t-to us!”

“We have rights!”

“That - that udder behind m-me! It’s so full! You’re telling me I have that for the r-rest of my life?”

“I’m the manager dammit! I deserve special privileges not to be transformed!”

If Margerie could hear us, she wasn’t indicating. Instead there was a loud buzz as various black-clad security men we’d never seen before entered the office, each of them carrying . . . you guess it, *cattle prods*. They immediately began to shout and corral us in a line, as if we were nothing more than a herd of cattle, and shift our bloated, furred bodies to the exit. I was helpless, caught up in the procession, feeling utterly naked. I noticed that a number of the women were even worse off: while my upper half was largely unchanged, they had become more ‘forward’ than they used to be. A lot more. Nancy alone had a set of milkers that were easily DD-cups in size, and from the wet surface of her white office shirt it was clear they were producing as happily as the milk bag between her hind legs. My own chest was a little sore, and had swelled somewhat to form little ‘manboobs’, but at the very least I didn’t have the top-heavy aspect they did. Though I suppose, given what our sizes had become, even the biggest-chested woman could not reasonably be top-heavy ever again. Not with their bovine lower-halves, and certainly not with the bloated udders swinging between their - and all of our - legs.

We were pushed forwards, still barely-clothed and getting used to our new limbs, unable to believe how rapidly our lives had changed in mere moments. I looked to Percy, screeching furiously as he was prodded and poked and pushed at the back of the building, and we all looked on in shock as he was loaded up onto a transport truck, already packed with other members of our office. I still couldn’t see Betty, and could only hope she could get out of there.

I bet she wished she had too.

I ended up getting shoved against Larry, a fellow paper pusher, and we both simply looked to one another grimly. The girls had it bad, but, as our painful udders were constantly reminding us, we were functionally no longer male. As far as we could tell, none of the boys of the office were; the large lips of a cow’s vagina were obvious beneath Larry’s swishing tail, and I could feel my own absence, like a hole in my being.

“Alright, Bessy, you’re turn!”

“I am not ‘Bessy’! I’m Mark, and I have rights!” I declared.

The cattle prod disagreed. When I refused further, the angry security officer simply walked around to my bovine backside, squatted, and placed a grip around one of my descended teats. I twisted my spine sharply to see what he was doing, and caught him just in time to see him smile, and pull at the udder.

“Hey, don’t you fu - AAHH!”

I felt a long, relieving stream of milk pour from my udder and splash upon the ground. He gave another jerk, and I almost went weak at the knees - all four of them. More milk, and the pressure relieved itself, just a little. He gave another jerk as I tried to say something, and again I grunted, my swollen mammary expended its plentiful produce in such a way that my whole body shuddered, almost like a cow’s in heat. He gave one more tuck, and stopped.

Truth be told, I almost begged him to continue.

“Look like a Bessy to me,” he said with a grin. Then, for added humiliation, he slapped me on my bulbous ass, and sending me hoofing it forward automatically onto the truck.

Several more joined us, including Nancy the gossip. She was miserably, but even in her cow-like state, she couldn’t stop theorising on what was happening, what every person knew, what was happening to Percy, did anyone see Betty, and so on. It was maddening; the journey only lasted an hour at most, and I was thankful when her udder became too swollen for her to talk properly, though it affected me also.

“Mooo!”

I gasped, putting a hand to my mouth.

“Moo!”

“Moo!”

“What are we MOOing!”

We looked to each other with shame and embarrassment; it was obvious that the more encumbered with milky produce we became, the more difficult it was to stop mooing. Even I joined, and soon the whole truck was mooing and moaning, trying to move to milk one another but failing utterly.

We almost trampled each other out of the truck, desperate for relief. A farmer was present, a smirk on his face as we were unloaded. A large bull was circling a paddock adjacent to ours, sniffing the air.

“All right, then! This looks like a productive lot of heifers! Okay, girls, follow me - you can get better acquainted with the bull a little later, heh. I’ll show you to your new workstations.”

We had no choice but to follow, and at this point I simply wanted to find my work wife. I mean, my friend. Well, it wasn't like my regular wife wanted to see me like this.

The farmer and a set of security guards moved us to a farm stable, though not like any farm stable we'd ever seen. It was more modern, with neater wooden furnishings, and a number of powerpoints and modern amenities, such as a computer screen and coffee machine. In each stable, a computer desk was rigged up, including space for photos, files, as well as drawers and desks. They looked like -

"Our workstations," I breathed, unbelieving.

We could recognise each one, all of them ready for us. I even had a photo space for my wife in the same location. The only thing is there were no chairs, and the desks were higher. And, of course, the ominous hose devices with four to six suction cups at the end that hung from the roof of each stall.

"Oh God," I heard a woman cry, "they're going to milk us!"

The security men moved us forward, and the farmer moved to a raised dais where our former supervisor Margerie was already waiting. We each moaned as we were placed at our new farm-desks, and various experienced farmhands moved capably around us, fitting the suction cups of the milking machines to our overtaxed teats.

"Welcome to your new office spaces, everyone," Margerie declared through a microphone. We gave a series of moos and bellows in anger, but otherwise were too 'topped up' to speak. "I hope you find them comfortable, because they will be yours for a long time. Maxadine is looking forward to selling your produce, and don't have any thoughts about running away; those udders will keep producing until they burst! It's our way of ensuring you are hooked up daily and fed well. Meanwhile, your regular work schedule remains as it was, and we expect even better results now that a lot of you will no longer have to go as far for the toilet. Lunch breaks remain, and the field will be yours for discussion, feeding, and . . . other things, we'll get to that later. Any questions?"

We looked at each other, astonished. All at once, we began to moo even more heavily, some of us managing some quaking words in anger and bewilderment. Margerie just smiled.

"None? No? Okay, then, you're on the clock people. You can start the milking, boys!"

Somewhere, someone flicked a switch. Instantly, a sucking was felt on each of my four overburdened teats, and instantly I could feel the litres of milk that I had produced begin to be drained from my bulging udders. There was a collective sigh, even a series of moans, from the regular staff, and I couldn't help but join them.

"Oooohhhh . . . that's good. That's soooo much better!"

I looked to the source of the voice, trying to ignore the wonderful release of the immense amount of milk I had stored. It was like the blissful feeling after sex, only it went on and on and on and on. I couldn't help but swish my tail.

I snapped out of it.

"Betty? Betty if that you?"

"M-Mark? Where are you?"

I turned to my side, and saw that the wall of my cubical-stable could be pulled to the side like a sliding door. Betty was right next door, just as she had been back at the office. I pulled it, and gasped when I saw her.

"Betty, no, n-not you t-too!"

She smiled weakly. I had thought that I was a prime producer of milk. Hell, Nancy looked quite full herself. But it seemed that Betty had not, in fact, gotten away.

"I tried to r-run," she said between the moans of the suction, "b-but I began coughing, and fell against a v-ventilator. I got a b-big b-breath."

My jaw hung. A big breath was an understatement. Betty had a dappled brown and white coat, and her lower half was even larger than mine. Between her legs, an enormous mammary the size of a beach ball descended, so full with milk it was visibly *pulsating*. It was so big, her teats were nearly dragging on the ground, and a set of larger nozzles than mine were working furiously to sap her incredibly rate of production. But that wasn't all.

Betty had always been cute, but she often complained of being flat chested. "I wish I was a little bigger," she had said. Well, she had finally gotten her wish and then some. Her upper half was now almost naked, her work shirt torn to shreds by the most mammoth mammaries I'd ever seen on a woman; they were easily twice the size of her own head, with swollen areola and nipples that throbbed. Milk poured from them into the nozzles that had been attached, and a light sheen of sweat adorned her upper half, so overcome with her own rate of milk production.

"Holy shit," I said.

She gave another weak smile, leaning her back up in response to the heavy weights upon her chest, and clutching her incredible breasts as more milk jetted out from them. It almost momentarily distracted me from my own milking.

"Y-yeah," she said, "h-holy shit. And th-this is before calving."

I looked at her, confused. "Calving?"

She nodded, looking exhausted. "They wanted us to be more productive, didn't they? Margerie t-told m-me I'm her prize cow - OH! - but that we'd all b-be good producers when we were

'properly b-bred'. So I h-hope you still like me as your work w-fie Mark, b-because I've got a f-feeling we're going to b-be on this farm for a long, long time."

I looked around in horror at our stalls, at the blissful and fearful looks of my coworkers, and behind me, back into the paddock, where a large and powerful bull was kept in his own field, for reasons that were now oh-so-very clear. The one we would be 'acquainted with later.'

"And still no pay raise," I complained.

Betty laughed, just like old times, and then we both sighed despite ourselves, as the pumps continued to relieve our milky burdens. As they would do, for years and years to come.

**The End**