

Broken and Entered

Written by Fuego, art commissioned from Soty

Ming's hands shook as she positioned the unwieldy milking cups, chest tight with anticipation. It wasn't the first time she'd done it. In fact she'd been there every night since Friday. Each night, the cups began as impossible to maneuver, frustrating things. They required being set in place, kept still while the machine was started, moved when they pulled too much to one side or the other, held while the machine was turned off, repositioned... Every night, the first hour went to regaining the hang of it, positioning them perfectly. She never regained the calm.

Her heart began beating more quickly even as she pulled up to the place. Never mind that technically she was engaging in misdemeanor breaking and entering; the tightness in her chest, the shortness of breath, the slight dizzy feeling of hyperventilation were all due to the act she'd perform when the crime was already committed. She reached over with her elbow and pushed the switch of the pump attached to the cow milker awkwardly. The cup on her left breast tugged to the right, sucking her flesh into it. She switched the machine off again and took a deep breath. She was already soaked through her panties.

The idea had been growing in her for quite some time. Stories, online forums, and masturbatory fantasy had nurtured it until it became an obsession for her. The notion that she could live her life not as a human being but as a farm animal, as a cow, consumed her. She dreamed that instead of being valued for her mind or her looks or her disposition, her value would come from production. She'd be prized for the milk flowing from her teats, and expected to produce calves. Gone would be the worries and fears and insecurities that dogged her throughout the day. She consumed websites, experimented with inducing lactation, and engaged in some animal roleplay with like minded partners, but the activities had only strengthened the obsession. She'd desperately wanted to be properly milked, but the devices were too expensive to fathom, and too loud to keep in an apartment.

The idea to actually break into someone else's farm to make use of a milker came to her rather stupidly. She'd taken to driving the long way home from the office, through the farmland outside the limits of the cities and towns in the area. She came to know the families that held weekend sales of produce and goods, or at least the ones that kept cows. She enjoyed watching them graze, imagining what kind of life they must lead, all the while telling herself what an idiot she was.

When a slim woman in her 30s noticed this preoccupation with the animals, and offered a tour of her farm, it was all Ming could do to speak in full proper sentences. Ming followed the farm owner in a daze, listening idly as she talked about leaving her life in the city to pursue farming; something that had been in her family for quite some time. The woman lived in the suburbs, not far from Ming, but commuted into the farm she'd purchased to feed and care for livestock and work the produce stall. Someday she'd sell the home in the suburbs, but the market was just too low for it now, and really, the farmhouse did need quite a lot of work. For instance, all the wiring needed to be replaced, and she'd spent so much upgrading the barn that honestly it was quite a bit more homey in there, and didn't Ming agree? Ming nodded and asked small, interested questions as the farmer continued, leading her from pasture to barn. The woman's voice was soothing and Ming felt

comfortable with her, but found it quite hard to concentrate on anything more complicated than her footsteps. When her eyes fell on the idle milker in the barn however, she was entranced. Images of her body, thickened and changed, on all fours, the milker drawing from each of four teats hanging between her hind legs flooded her mind. The woman continued to speak as Ming gawked before coming back to herself, realizing she'd missed a good deal of conversation and was being pressed for a response. "I...I'm sorry. What did you ask?"

"I asked if you had any experience with animals yourself" the woman replied pleasantly, seemingly unfazed by Ming's inattention.

"Oh, ah no. None. I'm just interested..." Ming managed to reply, flushing as though the images in her head were written across her face. She fumbled in her purse for her cellphone, hoping to conjure a likely reason for escape and settling, not altogether convincingly, on the possibility of bad weather and a dog that needed to be walked. As the gravel crunched beneath her boots on the way back to her car, heart hammering in her chest, she knew she'd be returning to the farm.

That was 4 nights ago. She'd gone to the farm that very night and found the barn door unlocked and the inside heated and comfortable. In the company of four fellow cows, several sheep, and two ornery goats, she'd found her first success with the machine. The suction was uncomfortable at first, but she'd found that the cow milker drew easily four times the amount of milk from her breasts on that first night as the products designed for humans that she'd tried. In addition, the effect on her nipples was breathtaking. After a single 20 minute session, they no longer looked like a woman's. Thicker and longer, they looked far more like the teats of an animal. The effect wore off within the hour, but seeing it that one time solidified her need for the milker. She hadn't originally planned to return, but the next day her every thought turned to the sight of those teats attached to her body, and by dusk she was shivering with need. She'd returned every night since.

Holding the two cups against her breasts, she once again switched on the pump, this time succeeding at creating an even seal. She could tell she was bigger than she had been, even after just these few nights of pumping herself dry. She'd felt almost sore tonight with milk, and the release of it caused her to gasp as it began to flow. Her hand rushed to her pussy, sneaking beneath her panties to rub her swollen lips before her eyes fell on the remaining two cups that she had left dormant. She took a deep breath, pulling her damp fingers out of her clothes and the thought made her shudder. Just because she didn't have an udder didn't mean she couldn't pretend...

It took a bit of maneuvering to adjust the other two cups into place where she imagined her udder teats ought to be. Luckily, her breasts and nipples were stretched enough to maintain some kind of seal while she placed the other two. As they attached, they pulled her skin into the cups eagerly. There was some pain, some redness, but the pleasure of it won out quickly and the pain subsided. She closed her eyes as the feeling of the milk pulled from her breasts clouded any discomfort and her hand found her pussy again. As she stroked slowly along her lips and over her hood, using her own wetness to her advantage, the image of her as a cow girl crept in, helped along by the suction at her imaginary udder. Carefully, she leaned forward, nervous that her motion might disturb the seal of the cups, finding a comfortable position on knees and elbow. With her face on the floor of the barn she stroked herself with torturous slowness. She was already so aroused that it took all of her will to delay her orgasm. She tried to let it come naturally and slowly, changing techniques when she felt close, trying to stay in the moment. The smell of hay, the hum of the pump, and her

very real transgression all drew her towards a climax which removed any hope of resisting the farm. That night she stayed for 3 milking sessions, barely finding her bed before the sun crept over the horizon.



She continued to visit the farm each night, every time connecting all four cups to her body. She marveled as her breasts swelled with milk, producing ever more each night. Over time, the welts on her abdomen created by the cups developed to small bumps, and Ming began to alternate between two upper and two lower spots, creating for herself four faux teats below her belly button. While she loved the small bumps on her stomach, she'd expected them to fade before the following evening, just as the warping effect on her breasts had. Over time, however, it seemed like the elasticity of her body couldn't keep up with the abuse she was subjecting it to. It was to be expected, she rationalized. She went every night, and really, hadn't she been staying longer and longer? Hadn't it taken longer each night to empty her breasts of milk? She'd stay for two or three sessions per night now, sleeping in the hay between them, never making it to bed in her home, but only showing up to shower before a groggy, distracted day at the office.

The shower was her time for exploration. As she shed her hay strewn clothes onto the bathroom floor and turned the faucet to its accustomed place, she began to explore her body. She began with fingers and eyes, looking at herself in the mirror while she cupped and hoisted her growing breasts, caressing the teat-like nipples before tugging on them as one would milk a cow. Even after her triple session of milking her actions were rewarded with a dribble of milk over her hands. She could feel her pussy tingling again now, lips swelling with arousal at the sight of her milky teats. She left her breasts behind then, one hand finding her pussy and gasping at the wetness of it as the other sought out the nubs on her belly. They were small but certainly there, four of them. "My udder," she thought wildly as she caressed what she thought of as nipples, squeezing and tugging at them to her furthered arousal. They were mostly numb, as her nipples sometimes were, but they didn't hurt like she expected after such abuse to her skin, and her mind was able to attribute plenty of pleasure to the act. Her eyes closed and she imagined that udder swelling with milk as her breasts had, as her fingers ran frantic circles first over her hood, then directly on her clit as she neared her release. The image of her body's changes drove her, breath short and gasping as she leaned on the sink, letting the bathroom fog around her. As she reached the edge, a compulsion pushed its way into her head and by herself, in the steamy bathroom, she gave into it. As the waves of orgasms shot through her she lowed, deep and long. Not the moo sound children are taught, but the true tone of a cow, or as best as she could copy it. As she lay slumped over the sink regaining herself on shaky legs, she laughed at herself for such ridiculous behavior, but... hadn't it felt good? She couldn't repeat the sound now if she tried, but in the moment it felt so good to let it out. She took a deep breath, and slid into the shower, thin slick juices sliding down her thighs.

Work, of course, was an exercise in tedium. It was all she could do to stare blankly at the spreadsheet fts in front of her instead of surfing dairy farm websites or taking unnecessary walks to the coffee break room, or water cooler, or bathroom. She barely made it to 11:30, checking the clock like a fiend before escaping to an early (and quite possibly long) lunch. It wasn't simply that she was tired, though she certainly was that, but also that the work she'd once cared about seemed meaningless next to the secret life she'd been leading at night. At lunch she ate slowly, glued to the pictures and websites on her phone. She daydreamed about the nubs on her stomach and the images that flowed through her head that morning before her shower. When she returned to the office, she fidgeted and sighed, checked the clock obsessively again, made sure her co-workers were all at their desks, then took a walk to the restrooms on the far side of the building and one floor away. Settling into the handicapped stall with her imagination, she stroked along her lips and teased her new nipples, attempting to take a long as possible. When she finished, she made her way to the sink to wash her hands and prepare herself for another, she checked her watch, three hours of sitting. As she left, the thought flitted through her head that there was something off about her reflection, but the subtlety of the feeling let her write it off as a product of her orgasm and the images that brought her to it.

She left early that day. It was all she could do to put up with sitting in that sterile box until 4:25 rolled around, but when it did she was already in the elevator, headed to the garage. As she strode almost too quickly toward her car the thought came to her that it might be nearly as unbearable to sit fidgeting in her apartment and waiting for dusk. Instead, she pulled out of the lot and turned onto the back roads headed out of the city and towards the gridded farmland to the west. She wasn't quite sure what she'd do when she reached the

farm, but several fanciful daydreams flitted through her head as she drove. She'd go to the farm and ask the owner for a job tending the livestock. She'd go to the farm and ask the owner for a job as livestock. She'd ask the owner to sell her the farm and produce milk for herself. She'd admit the whole thing to owner who would take her in. In the end, she pulled in to a small roadhouse bar and grill and asked for a menu while she let her daydreams continue. Though she didn't really like them, she ordered a large garden salad because the idea was slightly arousing when coupled with her daydreams. She ate it slowly, while planning her evening, wondering if it might be possible for her to sleep "standing up"; bent over at the waist, with her chest and shoulders propped on the barn stall. She dismissed the idea. The hay was comfortable and warm, and the smell of it had genuinely become a turn on for her. She left her table for the restroom, and upon finishing checked herself in the mirror. Blinking momentarily at her reflection, that feeling of unease came to her once more. This time, she studied herself thoroughly. It still took her a few seconds to place the discrepancy, but when she finally did, her breath caught in her chest.

A thick streak of light brown ran from from the lower left hand corner of her grey left eye to the pupil. Quickly she pressed herself close to the mirror. A check of her other eye showed no changes, and staring at her left eye once again she examined the new color. It was so dark that she could see none of the features of her cornea that were so visible in her light grey eyes. "Brain cancer," she thought stupidly. At some point, some high school teacher had forced her to read some terribly depressing book featuring it. Weren't eye changes a symptom? She sighed closing her eyes, then turned on the faucet, washing her hands and splashing a bit of the cold water over her face. She didn't have brain cancer. Tomorrow, she'd call the eye doctor. He'd examine her and tell her it was caused by stress, or fluoride, or lack of flossing, or something inconsequential, and not to worry about it. She'd have a talking point at suffocatingly boring cocktail parties.

She picked at her salad and milked her drink until a bit past dusk, annoyed at the long late-Summer days, then paid her check, tipped well, and pulled her car out of the gravel lot. She was vaguely worried that the farm might still be occupied by more than livestock at the early hour, so she made a pass by the house to look for vehicles and signs of life. Finding the gravel lot out front to be empty, she pulled her own car in behind the barn and out of sight. She slipped into the warmth of the barn, lightheaded with anticipation. Her fingers fumbled with the buttons of her shirt as she opened the front and reached back to unhook her bra. It took her a good three to four tries to unlatch it, but she slipped one arm out of her shirt and through the strap, and replaced it before doing the same with the other and letting it fall to the floor with a sigh. The straps had dug into her shoulders and the band left an angry red impression beneath her breasts. It was becoming much too small for her, and, though it didn't readily strike her as odd, in both the cups and band. She squatted in the hay, tugging the waistband of her skirt below the growing nubs of her new teats and with the usual amount of frustration and failure managed a latch on both her breasts and the top teats of, god, her udder.

She let herself come to all fours beside the milking machine. The hum of the pump, punctuated with the hiss of the pulsator formed a mantra in her mind, and she closed her eyes focusing on it. Each pulse of pressure on her breasts and udder pulled her further into the visions in her head. In the visions, her body swelled and changed rapidly. She could nearly feel the muscles in her face ripple first but the wave of ecstasy forced its way across her body, pulling out her muzzle and furred spoon ears, pushing the bone of her skull

through her skin. Neck thickening as fingers and toes fused to hooves, her entire torso swelled to a barrel shape. Lastly, those perfect pink nubs pushed out from her body as her lower stomach swelled with milk. She could hear lowing suddenly, and it shocked her from her vision. She had a finger buried in her pussy, covered to her wrist in juices thicker than normal. The moos were her own.

She slumped onto her side, breathing heavily through her mouth as her chest pounded and her head swam. The dust and hay of the barn rose around her body in a cloud, settling on her face and lips. The scent and feeling of it comforted her. She desperately wanted to sleep, but instead she reached out and switched off the pump, and pulled the cups gently from her body. Reaching gingerly to touch her new nipples, she marveled that her fingertips came back wet. She examined the slightly sticky, transparent amber colored liquid on her fingertips before placing them in her mouth in disbelief. It couldn't possibly be what she imagined it was. The damage to her skin must have been to blame, but... everything about it was so similar. She shook her head groggily, set a timer for four hours on her cellphone, and closed her eyes, still on her side in the hay. The vision from her milking session flowed back into her mind as she dozed.

She woke up to her alarm, and milked herself twice more that night. Each time she thought she was too tired to touch herself, until the pump began. Each time, the hum of the machine worked on her body like Pavlov's bell. Her fingers would find her pussy swollen and soaking, and gentle strokes would become frenzied probing, and again she'd find herself panting in the straw bedding. As she lay there following her third session, light began to creep through the windows of the barn and she groaned. She wanted nothing more than to doze again in the hay, but she knew staying any longer would become very dangerous, and the thought of a hot shower and something soothing for her teats was attractive as well.

The skin on her lower stomach near her new "teats" was pink, raw, and swollen. She picked up her bra from the dusty floor and sighed, wanting nothing to do with it. Instead, she dropped it once again and hoisted her breasts and examined her udder gingerly. She winced a bit at the touch and noted that the ends of her upper teats welled with milk as she lifted her breasts. She began to button her shirt slowly as the idea of work began to seep into her head, knowing it would be another intolerable day. She was sore, and the front of her shirt darkened as the milk from her teats seeped into the fabric. Wrapping her skirt around her waist above her udder, she limped to her car in a daze. Ming slumped into the car and rubbed her eyes before starting the car and pulling slowly from the gravel lot. On the way home, she stopped at a tractor supply store, open early.

Undressing in her bathroom, she once again took the opportunity to examine herself in the mirror. The streak of brown seemed to her to have expanded slightly since the night before, but not appreciably. She spent a fair amount of time with her face quite close to the mirror, trying to decide if it had grown at all or if she was imagining it. As she pulled back, the feeling of oddness from the night before remained. She let her eyes un-focus a bit as she stared at herself, daydreams of the night before taking over. She imagined herself shifting, becoming more cow-like. As she did, her hands strayed to her raw skin of her udder. Fingers found budding teats and she winced, returning to herself. Suddenly, she realized why her image seemed so odd. It wasn't quite as different from her daydreams as she was used to. Turning her head to the side it was plain to her. Her ears stuck out just slightly more than they had. Their shape was slightly altered as well. They had lengthened just slightly and, perhaps they curved more? They didn't look terribly out of place. The

impression was quite subtle, but she knew her ears. What would be imperceptible to strangers was perfectly obvious to her.

Frantically, she examined her face with eyes and fingers. She was sure now that the brown had spread. At the end of her examination she sat slumped on the cold tile in front of the sink. Her hands probed at her thickened lips, and wider nose. Again, it was too subtle for even coworkers to notice, but for her, now that she knew what seemed off, it was perfectly obvious. Her heart beat a million miles an hour, but her quivering hands found the brown paper bag from the tractor supply store. She pulled a green square tin from the bag and opened it, then dipped her fingers in to collect some of the balm inside. She began to stroke her teats. First the upper set, then the four growing below, and the rest of her raw udder. As she stroked them, emotionally numb, she tried to tell herself what she knew now. Her eyes were turning brown. Her ears were lengthening and changing shape. Her lips and nose were thickening and widening. Her nipples were elongating. She had four small nubs on her swollen lower stomach. She was growing an udder.

There was nothing she could possibly have wanted more than for this to be true. It represented her greatest, most personal, and most terrifying fantasy. It was something she wanted in the way that one is compelled to the edge of a cliff. Her need was comprised of equal parts lustful desire and utter terror. She found it hard for the idea to sink in. In fantasy, the feelings of want and fear combined readily. She'd been to that place in her mind so many times. Now, when faced with the reality of it, she found that she couldn't make herself believe, viscerally, what was being presented to her. There was no way it could be true; that was what made the fantasy so perfect. It was out of the question to pursue, too drastic and final, and also impossible. It was humiliating and terrible, and also perfectly safe. But she knew it was coming true. And soon enough, she thought, she would feel it too.

She sat at her desk failing to work, and as she sat she traversed a number of distinct thought processes. Firstly, she decided that she would have to call her doctor. Maybe a psychiatrist too. Her eyes were definitely turning brown, and that needed to be looked at. The rest, she assured herself, was in her head. She would call the doctor immediately after lunch. And she'd look for a counselor, or possibly a support group for perverts.

After this decision was firmly made, she returned to her thoughts from the bathroom floor, that what was happening wasn't in her head, but was very real. At this point she really was convinced that it was in her head, but the lack of a satisfying reaction to the idea had irked her, and she wanted to be quite sure she hadn't ruined her fantasy with a taste of reality. The falsity of her changes reaffirmed, her self-teasing quickly struck gold. She imagined herself forced to choose between her nights at the farm and her continued humanity. In her mind her willpower would certainly fail her. One night would flow to the next until it was quite too late for her to turn back; until she was just another cow in the pasture. She slid from her desk awkwardly, the wetness between her thighs obvious to her as she made her way to the bathroom on the far side of the building and one floor away. By the time she reached the handicapped stall, she was nearly panting.

She stood over the toilet and lifted her shirt to free her compressed breasts and teats from her bra. The first tug at her elongated nipple produced a shot of milk that would make any holstein proud, and she shuddered as it happened. Alternating teats, she reached under her skirt to rub herself through her panties, as she moaned under her breath. As the pressure lessened in her breasts she tugged her skirt and panties over her hips and down her legs, nearly tripping as she stepped out of them and hung them on the bar of the stall. She looked

down at herself imagining how far her changes might go. She stroked her budding udder as she thought. Would it become a real udder, hanging low between her thighs, as swollen with milk as her breasts had become? She began to stroke and tug at those nubs in the same way that she milked her breasts. She was certainly swollen in the area and her skin was pink with abuse, but the pain had gone. She moved a hand back to her pussy as she milked, eyes closed, head thrown back. She ran two fingers around her opening, then along the inside of her lips before teasing at her hood, then returning to tease her opening again. Her lips felt enormous to her; both with her fingers and squeezed between her thighs. She pushed those two fingers inside herself and they felt like nothing at all. She pushed in a third easily and would have a fourth if the angle weren't so awkward. Still, she managed to find the right spots with her inadequate fingers and shudder and moo out her pleasure in the empty bathroom. She took what seemed like quite some time to come down from her orgasm, clinging to the bar beside her, taking long slow breaths. Her head continued to buzz as she opened her eyes to a view of a floor covered in milk. Milk she had drawn from her real, functional udder. She never did call the doctor that afternoon.

That evening she left her office and stopped at the butcher, where she purchased a New York strip steak, and continued straight to her apartment. She put on the a record, then seasoned the steak, and started her grill. Her heartbeat had not yet slowed significantly from the rate it assumed in the bathroom at work. The sight of milk dripping from what was now undoubtedly her udder had shocked her. She wouldn't return to the farm. She would forget about this fantasy of hers. She'd wait a week, then call a doctor if the changes didn't begin to reverse. She put her steak on the grill. She sat on the floor of her kitchen, picking at her nails as she waited for the steak to cook. Pacing in front of the grill impatiently before pulling the meat off the fire and onto a plate, she placed the plate on the countertop then set a ten minute timer on the stove before sliding back down to the floor to sit, leaning against the dishwasher. She held her udder gently with both hands, and her pussy pulsed very much against her will. She whimpered as her will power fought against the feeling of her swollen lips and the warmth of the new tissue in her hands. She knew there'd been other changes. She knew her skirts were riding higher because her hips and ass were widening to accommodate that new udder, and she wondered if anyone else had noticed and thought her immodest. The fingers of her left hand slid under the now appreciable curve of her udder, hoisting the warm soft pink undeniable flesh. She shivered, naming it aloud.

"My udder...", and her hand moved instantly to her pussy, tracing her outer lips, feeling them engorged with blood, thicker than they'd ever felt and ready for, she paused briefly in her thoughts, a bull. She hesitated a moment, heart skipping a beat, then leaned forward to look at herself. Gasping, she realized her udder fully obscured her view of her vagina now, and she was forced to scrabble to her feet and make her way to her bedroom to find a mirror she could use. Hoisting her udder and positioning the mirror she found a good angle with some work, and promptly dropped the mirror in revulsion. She shook as she reached for the mirror once more, and had to pause for a few deep breaths, and sit on the edge of the bed before she could find the angle again and really examine herself. When she looked again, the words fell from her mouth tonelessly.

"I have a cow's pussy."

It wasn't entirely true, quite yet. It was the dark color and the difference in the shape of her lips that really struck her. The skin of her outer labia and hood had changed considerably, thickening and pushing out away from her body, darkening. Her skin still felt

human; the texture had yet to change, but she knew it would. Exploring it with her fingers, she found herself no less sensitive. Sliding her fingers inside, she found her inner labia gone, merged more or less with her outer lips, but more shocking was the amount of lubrication her body was producing. It was thinner than she used to generate, but it covered her hand and slid hotly down her thickening thighs. As she spread her lips she knew it would be obvious to any lover. Between her legs was an animal's vagina, and as it struck her suddenly, she had no idea if stopping her nightly visits would do anything to change her back. In this moment of complete fear she could feel blood rush to her thick lips. The idea thrilled her. The idea that she'd have to confess to every lover she'd ever have that making love to her would feel the same as fucking livestock, and that when they fucked her she would see the superiority in their eyes forever after, thinking of her only as livestock was unbearable. The mirror fell from her hand hastily and she squatted over it, one hand in her pussy while the other rubbed frantically at her seemingly larger clit.

"Please... fuck my cow pussy...", she begged to her imaginary mate. She knew soon her womanhood would swell further, move farther back, the skin would soon thicken to cow hide, and it'd grow with the rest of her frame to accept a bull on her back. His weight on her withers, his warm moist breath on her flicking ears as he drove his long, thick, hot, throbbing...

beep beep beep

The sound of the alarm pulled her from her fantasies, four fingers pushed awkwardly into her obviously enlarging hole. Making her way back to the kitchen, she leaned over her dinner to smell it and nearly retched. With tears in her eyes, she pitched her dinner in the trash and foraged through her refrigerator for a hasty salad. As she ate it she penned a short e-mail to her boss explaining she'd contracted a rather bad flu and would be out, most likely for the rest of the week. She then finished two more bowls of salad and one entire bag of kale, before packing a blanket, her mirror, and a few other items in a duffel bag.

In her car, parked out behind the barn, she examined her face in the rear view mirror by the glow of the dome light. She winced as she touched her ears. Their shape was clearly no longer human, closer to an herbivore's of some variety by the look of them. She of course knew which. Soft, fine, buff fur covered them, and with some effort she found that she could move them independently when she wanted to. She suspected that they moved independently of their own accord as well. Moving to her nose she found it wider, and further, closer to her upper lip? Or perhaps her lip had pushed forward to meet her nose? Turning her head she found the latter to be the case... A muzzle? Is that what you call it on a cow? At this point, her eye color was emphatically dark brown. A hoodie and an antisocial attitude would cover it all, she told herself, but it was clear that the changes were increasing more rapidly than they had in previous weeks.

When she entered the barn, there was already a space heater running, fighting against the cooling fall air with appreciable success. It didn't take her long to get situated, this time finding another milking bucket to place under her quite sore tits. She pulled off her bra and pulled up her shirt to free them before pulling off her panties and getting to all fours, skirt hiked up over her hips. Securing the cups of the milker to what were now clearly the teats of her udder was little fuss. The cups attached to them in a heartbeat and pulled comfortably now in a way they never did on her breasts. She'd taken to using the udder cream on them after every session, and she'd become a milking champ. The feeling of the cup easily grabbing each teat both comforted her and sent chills down her spine. The feeling was one

she'd fantasized about since her adolescence and it didn't disappoint in its reality. Each teat had the sensitivity of a nipple, and the mere sound of the milker's pump brought her pussy and teats to attention. The cups were always cold at first, but the heat from her body remedied this issue quickly and it never bothered her. She took her time with this, savoring the sensation of suction as well as the delicious feeling of her milk beginning to flow. The feeling of all four teats pulsing and gushing, relieving the fullness of her udder, consumed her.

As the milker worked on her udder, so did her right hand work on each breast teat in turn, sending shots of creamy milk into the extra canister she'd placed beneath her. The pressure there was no less great when she'd started and the relief of release was palpable. She mused out her pleasure experimentally at first, then properly after. On all fours as she was, she wondered what she must look like from behind, and the thought sent a shiver through her pussy. She closed her eyes, imagining the view of her thickening ass playing host to what she imagined was a pucker as dark and pronounced as the skin of her new cowpussy, and just below it spanning the distance from that pucker to her udder she imagined a sex every bit a cow's. In her head its transformation was complete. Moist, leathery, pronounced, it stood out as the feature of her back side, utterly animal. Perfectly inviting to a bull, and just as perfectly repulsive to any human lover. She imagined lovers turning her away in disgust, pushing her from their beds, a story too unreal and disgusting to even joke about with close friends. They would never speak about her, certainly never see her again. Those desperate enough to fuck her cow pussy would later find themselves too guilty and disgusted to return her calls. Her estrus would be unlivable, with bouts of self-conscious fear about her anatomy mixed with desperate attempts for sex. And estrus is what it would be. In her mind her womb and reproductive organs had changed with her sex, making her body primed and fertile for the bull she'd eventually seek out.

She imagined herself seeking him out. Scouring the countryside for her match, sobbing in resignation as she presented herself to him, lips swollen and pulsing, wet with hunger, smelling for all the world but especially her bull like any other cow in season. In her fantasy her body hadn't changed more than her current state but as her fantasy bull's thick member spread her waiting pussy it seemed to magically seal her fate. Her body changed radically as he thrust inside her, pouring seed into her waiting womb. Each pulse of his seed brought more changes and more bulk to her frame until lowing beneath the bull was a cow like any other waiting to bear his calf. Her hand left her breast's teat now to find her pussy, pressing her hand flat over her lips which pushed out from her body more now to rub herself in tight frantic circles. She'd never fantasized previously about this bull, or heaven forbid, being heavy with a calf, but now it seemed perfect to her. She conjured the feeling of an animal growing inside her frame. She imagined her body changed by the pregnancy, made more perfect to birth and rear the young calf each day until she was indistinguishable from an animal when her calf first pushed at her udder for a meal.

She came in a shuddering, gushing wave as her juices spilled out over her hand which she shoved, as well as she could considering the awkward angle, nearly entirely into her hole. From her new muzzle came the perfect low of a young cow, and it sounded glorious in her flicking ears. She laid on her side there, with the milker still attached, pulling sweet milk from her body, still shaking from her orgasm, while tears rolled down her cheeks. Bringing a hand to her face she could tell the skin of her nose was changing now, and her face, pushing out further. With the terrible need of her lust gone, reality washed over her as though

someone had thrown a bucket of cold water in her face. She would never again be a human woman. This had gone much much too far. She reached over to the pump and switched it off, then pulled the cups bitterly from her teats before sliding into sleep, tears still rolling down her cheeks.



She awoke with the first light pushing its way into the barn with an intolerable itching at the top of her head towards the front. As she moaned-- an inhuman sound --and blinked at the offending light, she reached up involuntarily to the burning area above her forehead. The shock of what met her fingertips was met with complete silence, and after a pause, she retrieved her clothing and collected herself a bit before retreating to her car some ways down the down off a side street. She covered her head with the blanket she'd brought to block out the dawn and promptly fell asleep again, her dreams filled with the realization of what her fingers had discovered. Beneath her lightening hair, two cones of hot bone had begun to push their way through her scalp, which itched and burned around their base. Her horns had begun to come in.

When she managed to awaken before dawn, or more rarely when she didn't find herself exhausted on the barn floor, she'd drive awkwardly back to her apartment and sneak inside to shower and sleep. On the days where she failed to make it back to her car before the sun crested the horizon, she slept in her car; sometimes for days at a time before need for food or some other supply sent her back to her apartment. Fewer and fewer of her outfits seemed to fit themselves over her ever increasing frame. Her hips and thickening thighs

made the idea of wearing anything but a loose skirt or dress inconceivable. Standing in front of her bedroom mirror, she held a pair of jeans (which fit her quite well not more than a month ago) up to her waist and scoffed, dropping them to the floor with contempt. As she stared at her naked reflection in that mirror she turned slowly, examining her ever widening ass. Her hips and thighs remained human at a cursory glance, but as she turned more she could tell that her rear was becoming less human. Her calves ached regularly and she found it easier to wear a pair of forgiving wedges than go barefoot. Now she simply stood on her toes as she surveyed her body. Her ass cheeks had certainly spread, and looking over her shoulder at the mirror she could see that her dark pucker and pussy were quite on display now.

Her sex hadn't changed significantly in the past few days, but it had migrated somewhat to nestle below her asshole, making it obvious in what position her body would now prefer to be taken. Above that dark pucker, her spine pushed out at an angle and she winced as she touched the protruding area. A tail. She observed all this with the detachment of someone who is certain she is dreaming. She would weave in and out of this disassociative haze, periods of observing without emotion could intersperse with intense bouts of frantic arousal followed then by horror, depression, and sobbing. She had given up on the illusion that she might stop returning to the farm of her own volition and had begun to hope that should would be caught and arrested and perhaps sent to prison where she could in some sense detox and be saved.

Three days after her pussy changed, she lost her first top tooth. It fell into her hands as she finished the last of the bags of spinach she'd purchased the week prior, and it hardly surprised her at all. In her detached times she'd done plenty of research on bovines and in some sense had anticipated this. She placed it beside her plate and finished her lunch and at the time was more concerned about the fact that she'd run out of food than the latest of her inevitable changes. Later that day, after losing what she counted to be 4 more teeth, she broke down again. Staring in the mirror at her reflection, mouth opened to examine the damage she could only admit to herself that with her thickening tongue, elongating muzzle, and flattening bottom teeth that she looked more like livestock than a human.

It was impossible to deny that the image in the mirror would never be seen as a person. The thought caught in her throat as a terrible heat rushed to her pussy. With each heart beat her lips thickened and swelled between her thighs. She squirmed. "That's me," the words formed in her mind, but she couldn't voice them aloud. She could feel her desire slicken her thighs. "I'm not human." Her knees threatened to give out with a shudder. "I'm a fucking cow..." She braced herself on the countertop, standing on the balls of her feet and toes alone, as she reached between her legs to find her thick cow clit with the other hand. She stared at her own reflection as she rubbed and fucked herself. The new position of her pussy made self penetration difficult, but she could tease herself now simply by pushing her thighs together and squirming, pressing her thick, protruding cow pussy's lips together. The colored portion of her eyes had begun to spread, overtaking the whites and she knew how they'd look soon enough. Her upper lip and nose had nearly merged and opening her mouth she could see the texture of her newly shaped thickening tongue. The face in the mirror moved obediently with her will, flicking ears, waving lips and tongue, blinking lushly lashed brown eyes. She lowed as she came, and the words formed themselves in her mind. "I'm an animal and I will never be human again."

As she pulled onto the gravel beside the road, the sound of it crunching beneath her tires set her udder to throbbing. Every sensation of the place was comfortable and familiar to her now, from the sounds of the birds at dusk to the scent of the pasture and barn. The day had been a flurry of confusion and arousal. How had she allowed things to get so out of hand? How could she still find any of it pleasing or arousing? It was no longer a sexy game; it was consuming her very identity. It had made it hard to sleep at all, but she managed a few fitful naps in her bed and on the couch between sessions of grazing on salad and a bit of bothering stomach issues. Now though, all of that was forgotten with the sights and smells of the farm. She found herself slipping into an easy, pleasant frame of mind. Sliding from her car in a haze, she made her way to the warmth of the barn and began her nightly ritual.

The woman must have been watching since she'd pulled in, but she didn't make her presence known until the milker was attached and the milk was flowing, once she was sure the pleasure of it had rendered Ming helpless and docile. It took a moment for the sound of the cow bell to enter her consciousness. At first it seemed ridiculous, a childish thing to do, taunting a cow with a cowbell, but after a second it seemed as though the floor of the barn had fallen away beneath her. Her heart pounded in her ears and she found herself frozen in place with terror. It took what seemed like an eternity to regain control of herself enough to turn her head. When she did she was greeted with the image of the friendly farm owner, and a large engraved brass cowbell hanging from a thick leather collar. The woman looked a fair bit less innocent than during their prior interaction, and considerably more amused. She spoke to Ming in the same manner she spoke to all her livestock as she edged closer, slowly but confidently, and slid the collar around her neck. "It's okay girl... you're okay... c'mere..."



While the collar fully removed her ability to speak, the woman who claimed the title of her owner didn't seem to have any reservations doing so. "Of course I knew what you wanted the first time you showed up at my farm. That's why I showed it all to you, to ensure you'd return to me. Are you happy now that you've got it?" Ming lowed fearfully, shifting on her hooves in her stall. "I'm sure you're frightened, but you do enjoy it. Wouldn't it be best to simply let nature take its course?" With a firm hand, she fixed the new cow's collar to a hitch, and took hold of her muzzle, collecting a thick hinged brass ring, and heavy gauge needle from outside of view. As it came into her field of vision and she realized what was about to occur, once again her body felt locked in place as if by some cow-magnetic field. She'd later learn that "freezing" was a standard bovine reaction to fear, and one that came quite in handy for a farm hand. The sensation of the needle forcing it's way through the thick leathery skin of her new bovine nose felt like she'd been hit in the face with a bat. She choked out a slight sound of fear and pain through her frozen state as flashes of white light, colored shapes, and geometric patterns swam through her vision. Before the tunnel vision

was over, the impossibly heavy ring was fixed through her snout, and closed with an allen key forever.

Her captor kept her in bondage easily with this new ring, tying her by it to hitches which forced the rapidly changing girl to all fours more often than not. At first this new posture made her back, neck, and wrists ache and she spent most of her time concerned only with shifting positions in the hay to relieve the pressure on her joints, waiting for food and milkings (which were necessary!) and rubbing her head against the posts of her barn stall. The horns pushing their way from her head itched something fierce. Her day was broken up into simple sections. Water, hay, and grain shortly after sun up. Maybe 6:30 she'd guessed. First milking was an hour and a half or so later. Subsequent milkings occurred at 2 or 3 hour intervals during the day. Dinner and more water in the evening. If she'd thought she needed milking previously, it was nothing compared to her current state. She'd milked at most three times an evening before, but now, the constant emptying of both her breasts as well as her udder had pushed her production into overdrive, and the pressure in her udder and it's growth reflected this increase. Despite the utter horror of her capture, and the reality of her fate, the idea of this drastic increase never failed to cause that familiar feeling of blood rushing to her thick cow lips, and the vibrant scent of her bovine arousal to fill her stall. It was probably good that she was never allowed into the pasture...

As time passed, the aches in her back, neck, and wrist subsided, and she could tell her fingers and toes had undergone significant changes. For her toes, there was hardly anything left to distinguish them from a cow's hooves. Her toes had blunted and thickened, darkening and hardening while they fused with the ball of her foot, her heel and ankle becoming a thick hock. As she examined what must be her hind legs now, and no longer simply her legs, she realized that her hips must have widened as well, because her udder was substantially larger; nearly as large as that of a prize dairy cow. Her tail had lengthened too, and to her embarrassment it was a very calming and satisfying thing to swish it across her thickening flanks, feeling its furred end on her toughening hide. This examination became less and less frequent as time passed though, as with the decrease in the soreness of her neck, she realized must have come a change in it's angle and a thickening of her neck. No longer was her default posture compelling her to look downward as a human on all fours would, but she was now looking forward, as any other cow might. Soon after her captor fixed a wide mirror to the back of her stall with a grin, patted her on the rump, and left without a word.

Using the new addition to her stall allowed her the first real view of her body since her capture, which she'd calculated to be just over two weeks ago. She of course began with her face, standing close to the mirror. Her eyes were a uniform dark brown, her lashes long and full; the eyes of any dairy cow. They were thoroughly inhuman... She blinked slowly, and the image in the mirror matched her. It was almost impossible to recognize the eyes as her own. She imagined how she must look to others, and knew no one could find empathy there with her. She'd always be viewed as livestock with these eyes. Next, she opened her mouth, and though she could feel it with her tongue was shocked again to see her lack of a row of top front teeth. Her bottom teeth were large and flat, her tongue long and thick, covered in short velcro-like hair. Her nose was broad, flat, and wet now, and several long, coarse hairs pushed their way from it. Her white-tipped ears moved easily, fully those of a cow. Oddly, her hair remained, but it looked like the fur of her tail, and had darkened to a

glossy black. Her captor had braided it on the first day of her new life and redid the braid every morning to keep it out of the water bucket and hay.

Her arms had both thickened and lengthened, along with her wrists allowing her new comfort in the odd position that she found herself more often. Her fingers had fused though, darkening and hardening into three portions that she could move a bit, but not in any significant fashion. Their new toughness allowed her to walk on them easily as fore-hooves.

By the time the witch came to milk her that day and brought her suitor, she'd already anticipated the introduction with increasingly desperate need. By this point, her imagination had given her any number of enthusiastic bull partners, to her initial revulsion. This continuous stream of subconscious specific need had worn her down in the same manner as each of her fantasies had, pulling her inexorably toward their realization. Despite the regularity of bovine partners in her estrus-fueled imagination, and her desire for his presence in reality, revulsion and need mixed in equal measure in her mind as he stood snorting before her. The difference in their relative consciousness startled her. She looked into his eyes and saw only an animal, and realized with sorrow that the same would be thought of her at this point. Perhaps he had the same emotional range as she did? How much did she really have anymore. Her life had become routine. Wake up, chew, be milked, low with need. With no way to sate her feminine needs, she'd taken to rubbing her thick lips against the side of her stall greedily. How must her behavior appear to any human onlooker? Did the witch even know she was more than any other cow at this point? What if she wasn't?

A long, moaning low left her lips as, even mid-contemplation she realized that her cow's pussy had begun winking, leaking. Her tail flagged of its own volition while she shuffled her hind hooves, heavy, un milked udder swaying almost painfully with her movements. She blinked slowly and the momentary darkness filled itself with a vision of his long utterly animal member sliding into the humiliatingly needy entrance that graced her backside.

The witch led him in and hooked him by the nose ring to the stall rack with a small length of rope before edging around her to kneel, petting her face.

"Moment of truth, huh girl? How long have you wanted this?" The new herd member lowed quietly, an almost pleading sound, both need and resignation voiced clearly.

"I know honey. It'll be okay. This is what you wanted." The witch lead her backward easily, slowly, with small movements, coaxing and shushing. She stroked the cow's face caringly, until the bull snorted, pushing his wide, wet nose against her inhuman slit.

In this moment Ming's resistance fled, her mind embracing the cow. The unvoicable terror at the loss of her humanity and the utter humiliation of being fucked and bred by an animal was driven out completely by the desire for this hot bovine cock to relieve the pressure that was building as blood rushed unbidden to her fat, weeping sex.

She lowered her head, eyes lidding as he finally reared up, and his weight settled on her back. Her heart was beating every bit as hard as the first day she'd trespassed, and for the very same reason. With her last bit of will she struggled to reclaim that fled humiliation, her final thought as he slid ever so deeply inside of her newly cowlike passage, "This is the first time I've ever been present while being fucked."

When he finally came a short time later, she'd already been clutching desperately at his member and lowing out her pleasure from innumerable waves of orgasm. She didn't need fantasy any longer.



She shuffled on her hooves, shifting weight from left to right, front to back. She'd found she could relieve the pressure from her thickening joints by lifting one hoof at a time. Since her breeding, the changes had continued, and to some degree it was comforting. The increased bulk of her engorged udder, breasts, and heavily pregnant belly conspired to make standing on two legs an impossibility. At first, her captor had kept her tied by her nose ring even for her multiple daily exercise sessions consisting of walks on all fours around the farm, but as the calf grew inside her and her milk production continued to increase, it became no longer necessary. It had come as a relief when the witch had finally untied her, but as she tried to move to an upright position she'd found it both uncomfortable and difficult. The woman had laughed a bit as she remarked dryly, "Don't rear up, girl. Think of your calf!" Walking like a human wasn't remotely possible. Rear up, she'd said, not stand. She felt as though her panic and confusion were easily read on her face, and hated herself for it. A part of her still wanted to refuse her captor the satisfaction of her fear, but this realization had gotten the better of her. She wasn't sure if her inability to stand was a condition of her pregnant state, or a permanent status, but she assumed her changes weren't finished anyhow.

On all fours, she'd found she could manage a fair pace for a cow, but nothing that would allow for escape, and once it was well established that she was relegated to this cow-like gait, she was allowed unsupervised time in the pasture. The bulls paid her little

mind given her condition, and she had relative peace between milkings. She found it easy and comfortable to lose large spans of time in the simple acts of pacing the pasture and chewing. Honestly, with her increasing size, eating comprised the lion's share of her daily desires. The only thing that took precedence was the need to be milked. At first she'd resented the tolling of the bell that rang out over the pasture to tell her milking time had come. It was painfully obvious how bovine the pavlovian act of responding to it was when the witch had used it first. When she'd refused to respond though, she was not milked. The resultant aching of her overfull udder swaying side to side with her gait had taught her the only lesson necessary. When the bell tolled next, she came willingly and eagerly.

Soon her days had taken on a haze of comfort and familiarity. The only shocks to her would come at milking time and in the evening when she'd return to the stall with her full length mirror. The sight of her own body was still not familiar and the stark inhumanity of her pregnant bovine form never failed to cause that mixture of horror, regret, and complete arousal that accompanied her old milking fantasies. The mixture of these old feelings was always accompanied by the suction and drone of the milker that had become her relief, forever linking the two in her mind.

One morning, after her first milking, she heard an unfamiliar shuffling outside her stall. Routine had become a companion to her simplifying mind, and any deviation from it had begun to stir panic in the pit of her stomach. She found that in this state of fear, moving was impossible, as though her entire body had locked up until her owner, noticing this, would stroke her flank or neck and coo something reassuring allowing her to relax. While her mind had changed, allowing her simple schedule to feel fulfilling and calm rather than boring, she never managed to shake the feelings that brought her to that point. If she tried, she could easily recall her former life, and the thoughts never failed to make her leak with arousal.

As she felt the hand on her hip, freeing her from her frozen state, she turned her head, noticing a metal table just beyond the opened door of her stall. The witch shushed her, running a hand along her flank slowly, speaking soft words of encouragement. While this style of speaking was undeniably effective at bringing her from her fear state, she had to wonder if the continued use of it was a patronizing activity, or if the woman honestly believed she was nothing but an animal and could understand no more than that. It would be an easy thing to believe. Even she had to admit, when staring at her reflection, that no sign of human intellect stared back.

The new cow shifted, mooing with alarm as her tail was lifted and a shockingly cold fluid was applied to her thick cow pussy. Shortly after, the shock was compounded as the woman easily pushed her hand inside, spreading those lips and coating them with a thick viscous lubricant. She continued her probing easily to the elbow and elicited another low of protest as fingers probed her cervix. As quickly as the intrusion had begun it was over, arm retracted. Her head was lowered as the witch stroked her neck with one hand while discarding the long rubber gloves with the other. "Your body is ready, and it won't be long until you're a heifer no longer. Congratulations, girl. You've got everything you've ever wanted."

