

Letting out a sigh of contentment, I allowed myself to enjoy that I was standing alone in the open barn. Save the chirping of birds and the lowing of distant cattle, that was. Looking down at my Italian business suit, it was obvious I was far too overdressed for the occasion. Yet, with the tiny glass vial in my hand, it was soon not to be an issue. At least, not for the next several days if all went as promised. And, why wouldn't it? People did this kind of thing all the time, right? There was a whole field of them out there right now!

I still found it hard to believe the clear, blue liquid had cost me well into the six figures. It was of little consequence to my bank account, however, not with my salary. I could certainly afford something at this level, and it was hardly the most I'd ever spent on a vacation. Though, I was quite certain that it would be the most interesting one I'd ever embarked on. Not only would it be a vacation from my work and life but one from my humanity!

The vial contained a solution of tiny robots that would work their way rapidly into my bloodstream once I pressed an injector. I didn't really know the ins and outs of the process, but from what I understood, they would quickly multiply and attach themselves to each of my cells within seconds. From there, they would slowly repurpose my body into another form, one of my choosing based on the programming I'd requested. Within a few minutes of introducing them to my body, I would become a totally, non-human animal in body and partially in mind, though only the instincts. I wanted to be mentally present to experience everything, after all!

Though nanite technology was hardly unique, having been developed for medicinal purposes some years ago, its uses for recreation were only just now being explored. Why only use them to regrow a regular human heart when you could literally give yourself the heart of a lion, so to speak? Well, you'd need lion blood, lion organs, and leonine anatomy for that to work, of course. But, with the right programming, the nanites could do just that!

Though they were available for free worldwide for medical necessities, their price tag was considerably higher for 'less urgent' procedures. They became a frivolity of sorts for only people who could afford them. But, then again, weren't so many things in life?

In this instance, I'd chosen to keep my vacation destination out of the records. It was a modest ranch of sorts, one intended for use by those like me who craved the process to be as authentic as possible. Others to take this vacation were already in the field, moving and grazing together. Though there were several different farms like this around the country, this one played host only to those visiting as bovines. Just as I preferred it to be.

Even though I was nervous as hell, the day finally upon me, I couldn't keep down the child-like sensation of elation. I'd get to live out my fantasy, free from scrutiny and judgment

from my peers. Free from the confines and burdens of my position, my responsibilities, even my humanity. It would only be for a week but even that escape was enough to fill me with deep anticipation.

Ever since I'd been a child, the idea of change had fascinated me. To slip into another shape, to live as that animal, that beast. Though there was a market for simple bodily enhancement and modifications, that simply would not do for me. I did not want this to be a permanent endeavor, but rather something that I could enjoy on my vacation time. The program was mine now, to do with as I pleased. And, for the next week, I intended to use it.

Pushing the device against my skin, I felt the rush of warmth that indicated it was working. The process, as I was told, would be entirely painless. It would last for several minutes, thankfully. I didn't want it to be over too quickly. And I equally didn't want it to feel as painful as such a process should!

I slowly felt warm all over with a heat even stronger than from the humid stale air in the barn. The sensation was soon followed by an intense itching emanating from my chest. It began slowly radiating outward, covering my entire being. My excitement rose to a crescendo. Was it really working?

To my slight embarrassment, I felt a tent in the seat of my pants at the notion. I'd left my designer wardrobe on as a deliberate decision, a symbolic gesture of having my humanity literally ripped away from me. I knew there was a slight risk I'd hurt myself during the transition from the confines of improperly stretched fabric but it was one I was willing to take. The image of tearing off my humanity was strangely liberating and powerfully arousing.

To my delight, my member began to stiffen further as it grew, pressing painfully into the crotch of my pants. It left a visible ever-growing stain on my trousers, one I was tempted to feel. That, in tandem with the heat causing me to sweat profusely, left a strong odor that even my human nose was overwhelmed with. Soon, the barn was filled with a sweet musky smell, an animalistic stench reminiscent of the residual odor left by the barn's regular occupants. My hormones were seemingly working overtime as my body became lathered in a thin layer of sweat, a combination of the heat from the barn and from my changes. Though powerfully pungent, I relished the rank animal redolence reeking from my changing flesh. It was a part of me now, an animalistic smell that stank of my bestial desires.

Slowly I could feel my body begin to expand into proportions more suitable to my desired form. My hips were pressed painfully against the edges of my khakis as I grew steadily larger, seams close to bursting from the pressure. The sheer size was pulling tightly on my pant

legs, revealing bare skin underneath. The buttons on my dress shirt began to strain as my expanding chest proved too much for them. My undershirt began to ride up my chest as the bulge of my belly became too great for them to contain. I was putting on meat and fat at an unprecedented pace, removing the chiseled body I'd worked so hard to sculpt. But, in the moment, nothing could make me happier!

Next, a tingling in my face seemed to denote the next change to befall me as my ears started to burn. I reached up, playing my fingers over them as the skin began to stretch, tugging out into points that were soon accented with what I knew to be black hairs. The edges started to curve in on each other, hollowing out the ear into something that could hear far better than I could ever before. New muscles swelled underneath, writhing under the skin at my touch. I was ecstatic to realize that I could move them, flicking them this way and that as I grew accustomed to having the ears of a bovine.

I was not prepared for the sensation of my hat beginning to lift off my head as though being pushed off from beneath. There was a slight ache in my skull as something seemingly erupted from the skin, pushing upward as they thickened from the base. I reached up past my shifting ears to connect with the hard extensions of bone. The keratin growths under my touch were unmistakably bovine horns. I was really growing horns!

The realization of what was happening made me horny as hell all over again. With my other hand, I groped the damp stain on my crotch, eager to relieve the pointed member within. I knew it was growing, shifting into something meant to breed with the cows in the field. Though, right now, I needed to feel it for myself, to stroke off a cock that was clearly meant for a beast, something that no human should possess.

I could feel a tightening and thickening all over that only left me more and more elated. More excited than disturbed, I realized that I was barely able to work my belt buckle with stiffening fingers. Raising them for inspection, I was in time to see my middle and ring fingers steadily ballooning outwards, while my thumb, fore, and pinkie fingers receded into the flattening remains of my palms. In mere moments, I was likely to possess a set of bovine forehooves!

I wanted desperately to bring myself one last time before change robbed me of human tactile sensation. Still, the notion of breeding my bovine brethren I could now hear more audibly in the field beyond that made me boned as hell. The thoughts of bestial sex and the changes sweeping over me made it impossible for me to muster thoughts of holding back. And that was the point, was it not?

Using the new muscles bugling under the seams of my shirt, I pulled apart the zipper of my pants and proceeded to tear away the confining garment. A pungent wave of musk hit my nose, which I was only now starting to realize had grown larger on my face. I breathed it in deeply, eager to sample my own bestial secretions and in turn raise my lust to new heights. My nostrils flared, seeming to enlarge with each deep breath. Reaching up to brush against them briefly reported a fine coat of velvety hairs the likes of which any full-blooded bull would likely envy. They were a little damp from the snot starting to fall from them, but such was the existence of a bull, as best as I could tell.

Getting back to business, I started rubbing at the wet stain on my freed underwear. It was slick with precum and sweat, causing that musky masculine odor to fill my slowly expanding nostrils. I reached up to grasp the elastic band of my underwear, dipping my much larger nail-covered fingers below to grab the marvelous flesh cocooned within. The touch was heavenly, sending a moan through my lips that was more akin to a bovine bellow than the voice I had before injecting the nanites. It was really happening!

My massive growing bulge swelled out rapidly at my touch and quickly rose over the edge of my elastic band up towards my now paunch of a stomach. I couldn't believe how big I was getting, more in line with something needed to fuck a cow than anything the human me could ever support on my frame. The tip was poking out now, clearly fit for an animal and not the human being that I had been. Nothing I could have seen on my crotch could possibly make me hornier!

A pressure opposite my virile cock signaled what I could only assume was the growth of a new bovine tail. It pushed insistently at the band of my underwear, seeking release. I could feel my spine snapping and extending painlessly, an itching as the skin started to grow its own coat of fur. In particular, the tip was prickling with what I had to assume was a tuft's worth of tail hairs back there.

Looking back, I was in time to see it rise over my underwear, up and to the side as it started swishing of its own accord. I tried moving it myself a few times, sensing the muscles and nerves were present to allow that. It was delightful, moving my tail in the simple joy that I now possessed one. I felt it flop up and down, stretching further out of me like a rope being tugged by invisible hands.

It raised itself once more in response to a sudden trembling in my bowels. I could feel my insides clenching in bizarre ways as I reflexively let out a pungent fart that was more bovine than human. It seemed that even my internal organs were losing their humanity for the more... natural functions of a bull. It would be messy, but that was part of the process that I not only

didn't mind but reveled in. What would it be to be a beast in a herd with no judgment towards bodily functions? I would have to get used to it soon either way! Cattle were not the cleanest of creatures.

A straining in my Italian loafers brought my attention down towards my feet, the next thing to convert to bovine. I pitched forward slightly, my heel raising upwards as the entire surface of my foot expanded. The toes themselves were beginning to tighten and bulge in my black socks, undergoing a transition similar to what I could still perceive happening to my hands. They were so much wider now; soon the expensive shoes would no longer be able to contain the growing hooves within. The shoes had been a pricy gift from a former work colleague who insisted I wear more fashion-trending clothing. The idea of bursting out of them brought me great joy!

The more I changed, the more arousal I felt for the process that was converting me from human to animal. I could barely hold off touching myself and I didn't want to. Soon, I would lose my hands entirely and I needed to feel what it was like to cum from a member that befitted a bovine while I still had a human ability to.

I was soon to get my wish as, though in response to my desires, my member started to shift shape into something befitting this new form. A peeling sensation seemed to erupt from my cockhead as the flesh on my cut cock grew downward. It exposed veiny, pale flesh as it wrapped around the surface of the penis base, feeling like a warm blanket. The skin continued to peel back, melding with the skin around my groin and forcing my bobbing length forward, attaching my new girth to my barreling stomach. A fuzzy growth itched the skin as it was soon enveloped in a thick black fur coat. The same fur soon spread over my groin, covering the already present peppering with a thick black wave.

The tip started to lengthen, sticking from my zipper as the base widened almost painfully against the opening. Though my overall maleness was hardly thicker than its soon-to-be-former equivalent, it was much longer, already seven inches and expensing all the while. The flesh was ripening to red as the tip tapered and the glans shifted into the shaft until there was no separation from the head and the body. It was the perfect facsimile of something that only a barn beast would wear! I stroked rapidly, enjoying the feeling of my musky precum lubing up my hoof hand as I drew ever closer to glorious climax.

All over my body the remains of my humanity were literally being ripped away, revealing what I perceived as my true nature as a simple farm beast. I relished every second of it. I wanted to prove the clothes were meaningless, that their financial worth meant nothing to the life

of a bull. I had no need for human things, save the nanites required to embrace my new future. And, for even a week, that was worth all the money in the world to have this experience.

All the while, my shoes strained further, edges wearing away under the pressure of my hardening hooves. The toes within were solid, the thick nails pressing so tightly that no human stitching could hold them back. Each seam popped away in sequence until I could see the pointed nails of a bull's hoof surrounding stiff toes that were soon covered with a layer of dark skin and bovine fur. With a bellow of triumph, I felt my back hooves finally burst forth from my confining loafers, thin black socks riding up my expanded forelegs.

My designer shirt began to tear down the back as my shoulders rotated forward into my flanks and pressed against the thin fabric. My belt buckle was forced outwards, the notch being ripped away from the force of my new girth. The entire metal clasp popped, providing relief to the tension in my midsection. The buttons and seams of the suit jacket had all popped off, expelling puffs of cotton. The undershirt was pulled up to where my former human pecs had laid. My belly was bulbous, muscular though filled with fat. I could see the veins pulsating under the surface, the skin turning black as fur covered it in a wave.

The sensation of my taut pants, my skin-tight shirt, and my tearing shoes was too much for me to bear. Nothing I could imagine was more arousing as the pleasure in my loins grew. I couldn't help but touch myself, regardless of how much I desired to explore the rest of my form while I still had functional hands. Though my nails were thick around the tips, and the digits stiff and shrinking, I was still able to manage to get them around my member, the slick fluids leaking from the tip more than enough to compensate for their lack of motility.

Stroking myself off was more pleasurable than anything I had ever felt. Whether or not it was an increased sensitivity from my member or the arousal that changing into a bull made me feel, there was no denying the sheer ecstasy of my masturbatory effects. My testicles were swelling in my thick, fuzzy sack, the size of oranges now as they hung heavily below my thickened hips and massive ass. It was nearly impossible to keep them in my underwear as they expanded to bovine size. With the sheer girth of such bulbous balls, it was no wonder that I was about to cum from only a few simple strokes!

With a mighty bellow, I came, spurting thick, gooey jism all over the barn floor and my beefy hoof-like hand. My senses were flooded by the onslaught of my first bovine orgasm. Every fiber of my being shook with ecstasy as the tattered remains of my human life fell away around me, signaling the beginning of the freedom I'd longed for. No human could have such an orgasm. I was an animal now!

The changes came much more quickly now as I came down from my orgasmic high. It was as though my need to transform was influencing the nanites to do their work. I certainly had no complaints about filling out into a more bovine shape!

From the force of my massive posterior's growth, my expensive pants finally tore free of my bugling frame. The separate pieces fell around my hips as my spine cracked, forcing me onto the barn floor. The painless shifting of my pelvis and hips solidified myself into a quadrupedal stance. I couldn't get back on two legs if I wanted to. And to be on all fours was the life of the bull that I was meant to be!

I huffed, pushing the torn remnants of my shoes from my hooves. Removing my socks was a bit tricky as they rose up with my stretched heel, but I managed to get them off from the hide that now swept up my leg. A series of wet cracks resonated through my legs as my thighs grew extra skin to attach them to my bulbous belly. Calves diminished to adjust for my stance as my heels continued to stretch and crack. I felt a little awkward waiting for my front to catch up, but as soon as it did, I would be walking on all fours as though I had done so all my life.

Soon, all that was left on my backside was my underwear, but a sharp snap soon did away with those. Thighs flattened into flanks as my asscheeks swelled with fat and muscle. My eager tail swished away the fabric fragments as it played over my massive rump. Best of all, I could feel my asshole clenching, rotating with my bulbous balls as it became situated under the base of my newest appendage. I could clench it open and closed and was surprised when the action let rip a rather ripe fart, even to my bullish senses. Still, I breathed in, knowing full well the stench was a part of the life of eating grass and chewing cud. I would be smelling that and worse in equal measures for the next week, after all!

My shoulders finally ripped apart the arm sleeves of my undershirt, tearing with a satisfying rip as the fabric rode down my bovine flanks. I could feel my arms expanding, and delighted in watching the muscle ripple underneath as my ribs shoved my sternum forth. With a series of wet cracks, my arms stretched to the same length as my legs, now fully functional forelegs. The tingling of my barreling chest and stretching spine soon abated, making me sure that I was nearly the bull I craved to be. Only my relative tiny head kept me from the bovine visage I yearned for!

There was nothing left of my hands now, save the two pointed hooves that easily held up mammoth bulk. I could not move my fingers any longer, nor did I desire to. My index and pink fingers had rotated to where my palms once lay, simply nubs where the tips had been covered with keratin. My thumbs were only tiny points up my wrists, but soon, nothing remained to even denote their former presence.

My sweaty body was steadily being covered with a thin layer of small black hair atop thickened hide. The scent of my sweat was almost as strong as my flatulence, but I was gradually becoming accustomed to it. By now, my nose had merged with my upper lip, face beginning to bulge out into a distinctly bovine muzzle. Massive sinuses breathed in the heady bovine stink, though were currently more focused on the odor of semen hanging from my groin and sitting on the barn floor, a sign of my maleness and readiness to mate. The only thing that could overpower it was the stench of others that lived in this barn, those I would soon meet and mate with if all went as planned!

Not to be kept from changing any longer, my neck bulged and thickened, better to support the massive bovine visage I now sported. By now, my horns hung heavy on my head, a sign of my virility, a challenge to those who might take my herd. I could feel them parting the skin further, spreading the contours of my skull as they did so. They had looked so unnatural at first, but now they seemed to fit perfectly!

My eyes widened of their own accord, the ovals themselves dull and brown as my thoughts dimmed from the ache of my cranium condensing on my brain. My visual acuity faded as they migrated ever further from each other on my expanding face. They were less able to detect clarity but more aware of movement around me, of vital importance to a newly minted bull. I needed them to see the world around me, threats to my harem in time to respond to them. Though, I knew from my fading human intellect that there were no bulls to challenge me here, that they were as much my potential mates as the cows that were present.

My already-expanded jaw protruded out further, massive black nostrils merging with my upper lip as oozing snot ran uncontrollably over my thick tongue. My teeth ached as they flattened and grew, better able to manage the delectable scents of food from the hay in the barn and the grass out in the field. My skull was massive, my human hair sinking into the top to match my fur coat and leave me with only scraggly fur to top my bovine head.

Though the tinglings of change still persisted here and there, I was certain that the process was done. I was a bull, a beast, an animal, truly free from human morality and care. I bellowed in joy at my new form, ready to embrace a few days of true freedom as a breeding bull.

My heavy bovine scent flooded my nostrils, relaxing me as I took in my surroundings. Nothing was here to threaten me; I could let myself rest and take care of the insistent irritation that was playing over my changed bowels. Without a semblance of control, my massive tail lifted, and I deposited a load of manure onto the barn floor, followed by a heavy stream of piss



that raged from my semi-erect member. I felt no shame in the involuntary acts, knowing they were all part of being a beast and rejoicing in all it had to offer.

My waste fell to cover the fallen tatters of my former wardrobe, a sight I felt was fitting given my distaste for my humanity and my embracing of my bovine self. When I was done, I stomped over them, eager to cover up the lingering human scents. Only those that screamed bull were suited to the being I now was.

As I made my way out into the field, I soon realized the world seemed vastly different to my bovine senses. The warm air, the gentle breeze, and the sounds of insects and birds were made known to me in ways that defied human description. It was a world of smell and sound, though I missed my human eyes for the dull brown ones I now possessed. Still, the odors and auditory stimuli more than made up for it, and I was more than ready to experience the world properly through the bull that I had become.

Still, it was the scents of my peers that came to the forefront of my thoughts. They, like me, were once all human, this being a place where others could come and turn into cattle to experience the life. I could scent ten distinct animals in the field, seven cows and three bulls like myself. I had no idea who they were in the human world. Some might be businessmen like myself, others those who would have to save a lifetime for these experiences. Hell, some of the cows might have been men looking to get milked and fucked, while the bulls could have been women who wished for a penis.

Still, one thing about the cows was soon clear to me as I slowly walked over to my new herd. Even over the stench of manure, piss, flatulence, and sweat, one odor was far more pungent. It made my cock leak from the prospect, the tip crowning my new sheath. It was the scent of heat, of musk from leaking vaginal lips. Each of the cows, through the design of the nanites or sheer luck, was ready and needed to be fucked. Naturally, just like me, others felt the same needs to rut frequently as part of their beastly vacations

From the dim remnants of bull semen I scented from their backsides, it seemed as though they had been bred multiple times this day. Yet, the cunts of cows were evidently made of sturdier stuff, once I got close enough to sniff one. A tail raised, though not just to expel a massive pile of manure that fell in several plops. Once that had been dealt with, the tail stayed held high over a stained backside, sexual fluids leaking from a mammoth cunt that beckoned me forth. I needed to fuck this person, who had turned themselves willingly into a cow. And they evidently needed it just as desperately as I did!

My thick tongue moved of its own accord to lap around the swollen cunt lips that lay before me. The taste was pungent, a little salty, and far different than any woman I'd ever gone down on. But it filled me with a bestial excitement to be doing such a thing, making my mammoth bull cock slap against my belly with vigor. It was the taste of need, my nose and tongue sampling her hormones and letting every fiber of my being know that she was ready to be fucked and filled with my bull sperm. The need to rut was maddening!

Part of me wondered who this person was in the human world. Had they been a woman, or even man, who wished to be bred and milked like a simple beast? Were they here only a week, like myself? Or would they be out here for weeks, months, feeling their belly swell with the prospects of their successful matings? Did it matter? At the time, nothing mattered other than the thought of fucking this cow and spilling my cum.

Soon, my erection slid beyond the confines of my sheath, pulling back the flesh as far as it would go. It ached for fucking. My heavy, swaying balls were underneath me at this point, plump and full of ripe semen. As much as I was getting off on the flavor of this cow's cunt, I needed more. I needed to have my cock stroked off by her insides!

A low lowing coming from her lips and the clenching of her cunt lips on my tongue made me sure that she had gone into orgasm. Her fat body seemed to shake a little, the sensations evidently lasting far longer than a human equivalent. The still-human parts of my mind were proud of my sexual prowess. But the other, bovine part of my mind screamed at me to fuck.

Pulling back, drool dripping from my muzzle, I judged the distance instinctively as I reared up and grasped the massive flanks of the cow with my forehooves. It was a little bit of a struggle but I managed it, pulling myself forward and bracing my hind hooves on the dirty ground. The cow firmed up her stance too as my massive weight settled over her back.

It took me some effort to actually make my mark. Though my instincts were strong, the humanity in me dictated my motions and I was largely inexperienced with this body. I could feel my cock careening over her backside, pressing against the skin and her udder several times. It was the first time I actually lamented the loss of my hands as I gyrated my hips this way and that with my frustrated efforts.

Yet, soon, my efforts were rewarded as my pointy tip caught on the inside of her folds. Feeling my opportunity was near, I started thrusting for the spot I felt my cock to be until it slipped into a hot, moist tunnel. Worried for a moment it might simply be her moist backside, I nonetheless started pounding with all I had to give, hoping that I'd hit the mark. It was only after a few moments as more of my cock pushed forward that I was certain. It was in!

I didn't remember much about that first time. I was all bull in rut; fucking my mind into bestial bliss as I slid my length in and out without any care for my mate's well-being. She did not seem to mind this, matching me thrust for thrust as we fell into our sexual rhythm. I was sure that she came again from the way her cunt lips seemed to clench on my cock all over. But it was of little concern to the beast I was. All I cared about was her heady, feminine stench, the feeling of her vaginal walls stroking me off, and the heavy slapping of my testicles against her moist backside.

My slapping balls brought me closer and closer to what I knew deep down would be that blessed release. I was along for the ride, floating above myself to watch the sexual acts, yet immersed in them all the same. Was this what it felt like to truly be an animal? I couldn't have imagined it would be this way!

After what felt like an eternity of bestial bliss, I could feel a distinct, yet surprisingly familiar pressure build that indicated I would soon reach orgasm. I couldn't hope to last with all the lust that was pounding through me at that moment. And, in truth, even the vague human side of me did not wish to hold back at the onslaught of such pleasures. I was all bull as I fucked this cow. It was the embodiment of all my bestial fantasies. I was going to blow my entire testicular contents into this animal, and nothing could stop the bunching of my balls and the throbbing of my cock as I did so!

“MMMooooooooo!!!”

The cries even roused the animals from all around us as what I perceived to be gallons of semen exploded from my cock and into the cow's willing womb. It buzzed through my elongated penis and filled the cow's insides, ensuring her eventual insemination. That knowledge, incorrect as it likely was, filled my bovine brain with a sense of satisfaction the likes of which should have been impossible. No act before, no amount of money made, no sexual activities, no human achievements could surpass how a bull felt about breeding a willing cow.

I came down off the cow, hitting the ground hard as a string of cum followed my cock. I was inclined to sniff my seed still clinging on her backside and even reached out with my tongue for a taste. It was a little pungent and salty, but not completely unpleasant. I wasn't sure if it was natural bull-like behavior, but I didn't question it at the time. The cow seemed not to care, moving away as she swished her tail over her cunt, seemingly content, then walked over to where the other cows were grazing.

I fell into a pattern after that, eating beside the cows. Again, the simple act allowed my dulled thoughts to sink into satisfaction that I was filling my expansive belly. Bellies, I mentally corrected myself at the realization that I now possessed four stomachs, though such knowledge was useless to the bull I had become. Similar to sex, the act of eating and relieving myself over and over brought with it a sense of peace and fulfillment that made it hard to describe in human terms. I was with needy females, there were no rivals, and no predators, and the grass was green and plentiful. What more did I need?

Once, my tail even raised from the musk of one of the nearby bulls. He didn't seem to mind my dirty backside as he plunged inside without regard for my comfort. But, animal that I was now, I didn't mind the pain as he took his pleasure from me. The massive beast was barely a feather on my back as he pounded me, forcing my cock from its sheath and against my belly in rapid succession. I even came from the action, spraying my semen onto my sheath and belly before my clenching rectal muscles made him fill me with an ample load of bull semen.

The duality of sexual exploration intrigued me as I felt thick plops of bull cream running down my leg and staining my fur. If receiving felt this good, what would it be like to fuck something even tighter than a cow's cunt?

Eventually, one of the other bulls soon raised his tail for my inspection without the usual bout of defecation that came with it. It took much more effort to find my mark on a male, but once I did, the stimulation to my prick from his slick insides hit me full force, doing things to me that were beyond comprehension. I came even faster from fucking one of my fellow males. Though equal still was my lust for cows, I realized. A little later, I found my first friend and gave her another dose of virile bull sperm as soon as my balls were filled again.

Day soon turned into night, and our breeding escapades over, we moved back to the barn to settle for the evening. Humans came to tend to our needs, mostly to milk the poor cows and their swollen udders. They would be left in the machines well into the night from what I understood, but that was the choice they made. Likely every bit as pleasurable as sex to them, though my bull brain cared little at the moment. I was more preoccupied with sleeping in a pile of straw next to my new bullish friends, content that we had fucked the field full of cows and fucked each other in turn. The only cares to well-tended farm animals such as what we had become!

I knew that, far too soon, it would be time to return to my humanity. I would go back to my office job, supervising the profits of our company and making sure stocks and percentiles were high and shareholders were pleased. But for now, for this next week, I grazed in a field,

raising my tail to relieve myself or take the cock of a bull, and mounting many a cow as my instincts dictated. It was a most interesting vacation, indeed!