

Milk Drunk

Beth could scarcely believe her eyes. When she saw the job advertised online, she'd fully expected it to be some kind of scam. She'd sent off her application on a whim, expecting no reply at best and a bunch of spam at worst. Instead, a rather professional email with a number of documents and an online appointment form had appeared in her inbox. Even a few weeks ago she would have dismissed the idea but she was getting desperate and if there was even a chance this was a real job, she had to take it. The risk had paid off so it seemed because here it was;

The Hathor Foundation.

Instead of some crumbling shed out of a slasher flick she was greeted with a grand estate surrounded by rolling fields of green grass. The gilded gateway open and welcoming, they even had pamphlets and a sign directing her up the stone pathway to the entrance. Still uncertain, she took out her phone, opening the original email and rereading the opening lines to ensure she hadn't misunderstood anything.

'The Hathor Foundation is dedicated to the production and promotion of high-quality breast milk for a variety of purposes! In this era of formula costs skyrocketing, we are here to ensure no child will go hungry. Or adult for that matter. As a healthy alternative to cow's milk, we here at Hathor want to destigmatise the consumption of human milk and compensate those women who provide it.'

The pamphlet then went on to discuss the health benefits of breast milk, how it was better for the environment and how their group came to exist but that was of little interest to Beth. What she cared about was the compensation. She'd been out of work for months now, in fact she'd used the last of her pocket change to get a bus out here. Selling breast milk was a little strange but at this point it was either this or becoming a street walker.

She pushed open the door to the opulent building and was met with a reception. In contrast to the stately stone manor the inside looked almost like a doctor's office. Complete with those trashy magazines strewn across the coffee table. The woman behind the desk looked up from her computer and gave her a warm smile.

"Hello there, Beth perchance?"

"Yes, that's me." She was still so bewildered this place was real she almost forgot to reply.

"Did you get our welcome package?" The woman asked, typing away "we sent it to... smittenkitten6969@Ymail.com."

Beth felt her cheeks flush. Instead of her regular email she'd signed up with her old college one, as she did with all sketchy sites. She could hardly change it now though, what was she supposed to say? *'Sorry I used that email because I thought you were a scammer who was going to flood my inbox with spam'?*

That would go over really well, she was sure.

Even after she'd opened the welcome email and selected a day to come in, she'd been too suspicious to open any of the attachments.

"I uh, I booked in my appointment but I didn't see any information about the whole process." She stammered before adding, "I'm not very good with techy things."

A boldfaced lie but it was the sort people always believed from her without question. When they saw a bubbly blonde with big tits giggling about how confusing computers are they just smiled and nodded as if that was exactly what they expected her to say. This woman was no exception, simply handing over several papers with a sympathetic wince.

"Why don't you take a seat and read over them while we wait for one of the doctors to be available?"

Beth almost skipped over to the couch. The fact that this place was real and her money troubles were over, at least for a little while, buoyed her. The documents explained the process and it actually seemed legitimate and fairly scientific. A few days here of controlled diet and hormone shots would stimulate production, then she would spend two weeks being pumped three times a day and paid depending on the output. Her smile widened, not only was she going to get paid for sitting around letting a machine do all the work but she'd get room and board as well!

Interesting part covered she skimmed the rest of the legal documents; pages of tiny font and esoteric words she was too excited to properly comprehend. After flicking through for a few minutes, she felt her eyes beginning to glaze with boredom and she signed the dotted line at the back. Nobody actually read the terms and conditions these days anyway, not even for this sort of thing. There couldn't be anything that important in there anyway, if there were side effects how bad could they possibly be?

~

After a while the receptionist informed her a doctor was ready to see her and she was show down a corridor and ushered into an office. She felt her suspicions return slightly; the man who greeted her looked about as far from a doctor as she could imagine. Tall, muscular and tanned, he looked ready to step onto a runway, if it weren't for the white medical coat around his shoulders Beth would have assumed she'd walked into the wrong room.

"Welcome Beth, I'm Dr. Randall Cranston, but you can call me Randy. I'll be over seeing your stay here."

He held out a hand and she shook it, despite his looks he certainly sounded professional. His bright eyes sparkled, were she a few years younger and less experienced Beth may even have swooned.

"Let's start with your physical exam."

She blushed, somehow, she'd just assumed the doctors conducting anything like that would be female.

"Don't be shy." He gave her a trusting smile, "I'm a professional, women's bodies are my field of study."

Of course, she just had to treat this like a regular doctor's physical. Despite the clinical nature she still felt awkward stripping off her clothes in front of a strange man. Randy had politely turned his back, not that it made any difference as he was going to see everything anyway but Beth appreciated the gesture nonetheless.

Swallowing down her nerves she told him she was ready. True to his word Randy's gaze was professional as he turned, looking her up and down the same way a coach looked at his athletes and she began to relax. At least he wasn't some leech. She stepped forward as he motioned to her, allowed him to take her weight and measurements, doing her best not to blush when he wrapped the tape around her breasts.

"You're just the sort of woman we are looking for," he smiled, "well developed. What's your cup size?"

She stared at him incredulously for a moment before he added.

"For the pumping machines, we need to ensure the suction is secure but not painful."

"Oh," that was so obvious now that she thought about it, "24C."

Randy nodded thoughtfully and Beth felt bad for distrusting him. Who was she to judge somebody on their looks?

"The hormones will increase your bust size fairly significantly. With this is a starting base you'll likely end up in the high Ds, maybe even an E."

"Oh wow, I don't have anything to wear that size." She admitted sheepishly, maybe she should have read over those documents before she came in after all.

"Not to worry." Randy waved off her concern, "when you need a new bra or shirt just let us know. We have a variety to loan you. All new for each client."

After he was done measuring, he went about the rest of her exam; checking her eyes, reflexes and such. If she was honest, Beth thought it was a bit much, checking things like her teeth and ears that had nothing to do with her ability to produce milk. Then again, those brochures and pamphlets had boasted that the foundation cared about producing only the highest quality products. Perhaps her general health would impact the quality of her milk.

"You seem to be in fine health." Randy concluded, "If you are comfortable, I can give you your first hormone shot now and one of the nurses will be glad to show you to where you'll be staying."

"May as well get started!" Beth replied, the sooner they started pumping the sooner she got paid.

Randy gave an affirmative nod and swiftly produced a syringe which he filled with a milky white fluid from a phial in his pocket. One sharp jab into her left breast and it was done. She had expected such a large needle to hurt more but Randy was clearly very skilled at his job. He bade her a good afternoon and called in a new nurse to show her to her temporary quarters.

"My name's Heather." The nurse said, "I'll be your liaison while you're here. If you have any questions or concerns, just ask me!"

Beth couldn't help but cast her eyes over Heather's uniform, if it could even be called that. It looked more like one of those sexy nurse Halloween costumes you saw online, with a short skirt and far too much cleavage to possibly be considered professional. Her considerable bust was almost spilling out of the neckline. Could you even call it a neckline when it descended past the armpits? Her gaze mustn't have been as subtle as she'd intended because Heather gave her a demure smile.

"I occasionally help on during the lean milking days." She smiled, "Getting fully undressed is such a hassle. Come on, let me show you to your room."

Cheeks burning with embarrassment Beth followed on silently. After worrying so much about the doctor being a perv, here she was getting caught staring at a woman's chest. So much for a good impression. They walked the long white halls for a few minutes and the décor changed from the clinical, clean style of a doctor's office into that of a hotel. With long halls filled with numbered rooms.

"Here we are." Heather announced, opening door 15.

Beth wasn't sure what she was expecting her room to look like but it wasn't this. With the rest of the building looking somewhat stately she was shocked to find her room was quaint and rustic in design. It almost looked like some sort of luxury barn, with exposed timber floors and panelling. The plush white bed looked decidedly out of place against the far wall.

"You are free to enjoy the gardens and surrounds while you are here." Heather told her as she placed down her backpack, "So long as you are back here for your meals and milking appointments."

She pointed to the schedule on the wall, she was scheduled for three sessions a day, each taking place right after her various meals.

"Each session will vary in length." Heather informed her, "It will depend on your output. For now, just relax and enjoy yourself."

Beth gave her a cheery wave and closed the door, waiting a few seconds to ensure she was alone before launching herself onto the bed. Bouncing on the plush mattress she giggled. She couldn't believe her luck!

~

A knock at her door a few hours later brought dinner; a nurse holding a silver closh smiled as her and placed it down at the small table in the corner. It was like room service at a five-star hotel!

Beth's excitement diminished somewhat when the nurse lifted the lid though, revealing a fairly bland looking meal: a bowl of what looked like muesli topped with white yogurt, a tall glass of milk and a side of something that looked a lot like grass. It looked more like breakfast for a health nut than any dinner she'd ever had.

"Alfalfa." The nurse provided helpfully pointing to the 'grass', "this diet was specially designed to help with milk production. The yogurt and milk were produced here fresh this morning!"

"This is...breastmilk?" The liquid seemed thicker than the usual supermarket fare.

"Absolutely, we use it in all our dairy here." The nurse smiled, "like our mission statement says, we want to destigmatise the consumption of human milk. So naturally, we serve it ourselves! Enjoy!"

Beth smiled awkwardly, glad the nurse left quickly. With a sigh she sat down to eat her meal, it wasn't what she'd have picked but hey, it was free. She could use some of her hard-earned cash on a double bacon cheeseburger once she left.

With some trepidation she lifted the glass to her mouth, surprised to find that she liked the taste. It was rich, creamy and somewhat sweeter than regular cow's milk and she gulped it down eagerly. The yogurt was much the same and mixed with the muesli the meal managed to go down without hassle. The alfalfa on the other hand not only looked like grass, it tasted like it. She shovelled it into her mouth in one go before quickly forcing it down with the last of the milk. Despite the meals light appearance, she actually found herself feeling full and sleepy. With a content smile she laid down on the soft bed and for the first time in months, fell asleep quickly.

~

The next morning Beth woke with an uncomfortable groan. Her chest felt tight and her feet ached. Pulling back the bedspread she looked down at her body: her breasts were swollen and straining against her nightgown, hard nipples prominent. Randy hasn't been kidding when he said her cup size would increase, though she was surprised at the speed. She winced as her feet touched the floor, they were swollen and tender except for the soles. As she gently massaged them with her fingers, she was shocked to discover the pads of her feet were leathery, almost hard. Was this a side effect of the hormones? Maybe she should have read that disclaimer more closely.

She removed her nightgown with no small amount of struggle to find that it wasn't just her breasts that had grown in the night. Her nipples and the areola surrounding them had nearly doubled in size! No doubt to help with the milk flow, nonetheless she still felt a little embarrassed looking at them. A knock at the door broke her reverie.

"Just a minute!" She shouted, hurried wiggling her hips into a pair of jeans and throwing on a shirt from her bag. The material stretched uncomfortably across her bust but she had no better options.

Heather appeared with yet another closh, Beth's face fell slightly when she saw the same meal as last night presented.

"Is every meal the same?" She asked, heart sinking as Heather nodded.

"This diet is specially designed to react with the hormones to aid in production." She answered, "Speaking of."

She produced a large needle, filled with that same liquid as yesterday. Feeling a little self-conscious of her new and improved breasts Beth reluctantly raised her shirt and allowed Heather to inject her. She was sure now that the skin was so sensitive this needle would hurt more than the last but if anything, it was even less painful. That at least she was thankful for.

"I'll leave you to eat your breakfast." Heather smiled, "The Milking Room is just down the stairs and to the left when you are done."

"I thought it would take a few days before I could be...milked." Beth replied, blushing at the last word.

"It varies, looking at you now, I'd say you're ready for a session."

Beth gave her an affirmative nod as she gulped down the muesli. The sooner she got milked, the sooner she could make money. Idly she wondered if this was a different recipe, the taste was certainly improved from last night.

~

Beth couldn't help but feel it was somewhat degrading to call it a 'Milking Room'. It was accurate, but still, there was a level of degradation to the term she didn't love. Unsure what the protocol was she knocked, waiting until the familiar voice of Randy called out to her. She sighed with relief, Randy she knew was a gentleman at least. Part of her had been concerned she'd find some sweaty technician in charge of the process. As she opened the door the first thing that came to mind for her was a dentist's office. A plush reclining chair was poised in the middle of the room with several machines hooked up to it. Her eyes were immediately drawn to the large suction cups sitting on the medical table on its right.

Randy gave her a welcoming smile.

"Beth, I am so glad you are responding well, take a seat." He waved her over to the chair.

She was about to take a seat when he cleared his throat, eyes shifting to her chest and back.

Oh.

Doing her best to not seem awkward she removed her shirt, she would have to throw it away when she got home, the material was stretched beyond repair. The seat was plush and Randy was the consummate professional as he went about attaching the large silicone suction cups to her swollen breasts.

"Ready?"

She nodded, swallowing down her nerves.

Randy turned his back to her and began twisting a number of dials as the machine rumbled to life. A moment later a gentle pressure began to squeeze her breasts before loosening and tightening again. A moan escaped her mouth, much to her embarrassment, luckily Randy either didn't notice or was too polite to comment.

A few moments later she watched, fascinated, as a stream of milk was pulled from her nipple and into the tubing; the pressure in her breasts instantly lessening and causing pleasure to radiate across her chest. For a few minutes this continued, the steady stream of milk becoming thicker as the machine began to pump more strongly. Beth relaxed, enjoying the wonderful sensation of being milked when she began to realise the pleasure was pooling in her lower stomach. Steadily growing in a way that was making her wet between the legs. She turned her gaze further down, horrified to realise a small patch of said wetness was beginning to appear on the front of her shorts.

Oh God. She was getting turned on by the machine.

She glanced over at Randy, thankfully still looking at the readout on his screen and not at her. What was she going to do? There was nothing she could do nothing to stop the machine now, not when the milk was still flowing from her. Yet that rhythmic squeezing was beginning to make her heart race. With each suck her nipples were tweaked further, sending sparks flying beneath her skin.

She had to resist. Had to just hold on until she was fully milked and then she could excuse herself and deal with the lingering horniness in the nearest bathroom. Or supply closet. Or hell, hallway; at the rate she was going she'd be lucky if she made it out of this room!

Her hips were beginning to buck against her will, desperately seeking friction for her aching pussy. It began to throb with need, matching the squeezes of the machine. Beth bit down on her lip but the pain couldn't distract her. She could feel each drop of milk being drawn out of her aching breasts and made them ever more sensitive. The pleasure, it was too much...

It was building...

Her insides tightening...

So close to the edge...

So close-!

Her whole body shuddered as orgasm overtook her. Unable to hold back a shaky moan escaped despite her attempts to stop it and milk burst forth from both her breasts, filling the tubes completely. The pump continued to work, teasing out the pleasure until finally she stopped shaking and the milk dwindled to a trickle.

Randy gave her a polite smile, turning round and unhooking her as her face burned with humiliation.

"I'm so sorry I just-"

"No need to apologise." He cut in, "it happens a lot and is perfectly natural. The hormones increase breast sensitivity after all."

"Right." Had he mentioned that? She wasn't sure.

"As a matter of fact, we have other machines that can help with such urges during the milking process." He continued, "maybe we will use one if this continues tomorrow, eh?"

She just nodded, feeling heat burn across her face. She left the room in hurry and spent the next few hours mentally preparing for her next session. By the time lunch rolled around she was focused and ready, head full of very unsexy thoughts. Unfortunately, after she gulped down her lunch she began to feel strange, almost tipsy. That warm relaxation soothed her muscles and stresses away but also made it hard to hold any single thought in her mind. The moment the pumps began she was getting wet, this time cumming well before she was finished. She had no choice but to lay back and let the machine continue to pleasure her till it was almost painful.

Randy once again assured her all was well and to not worry about 'making a fool of herself'. He was so nice, she decided to listen to him and during her final session of the day didn't try to hold back. She lost track of her orgasms; choosing to simply revel in the pleasure of being milked and Randy's gentle words of encouragement and praise.

~

Beth slowly started to lose track of the days. She found herself slipping into a relaxed haze, she even began to look forward to her three identical meals a day. Contrary to what she thought the food only seemed to get more appetizing with each serving. She noticed they were getting larger as well yet she never failed to lick the bowl clean. The meals weren't the only thing expanding either.

Her breasts were enormous by now. So swollen with milk she didn't even bother wearing a shirt. Since she spent her time either in her room relaxing after her food or being milked there seemed like little point. Same with pants, the machine made her so wet there was no point wearing anything there. At first, she'd been nervous walking around stark naked all the time but Heather and Randy encouraged her to do whatever she needed to be comfortable.

Today she woke like every other, with a tight chest and sore feet. She groaned as she stood, back protesting the weight of her engorged breasts. If she didn't do something soon, she'd be forced to walk on all fours just to get around. When Heather appeared with her morning meal she eagerly began to eat, enjoying that warm fuzzy feeling in her stomach the food always caused. She didn't even feel Heather slip the needle into her side full of her daily hormones.

"Heather, when I first arrived Randy mentioned something about bras for when I grew?" She asked with a lazy smile. The milk tasted extra sweet today.

"Yes, of course." Heather smiled, "Why don't I fetch you something while you it."

"Thank yooooou." Beth called after her, giggling as the way the word carried on. Something about the sound just felt right coming out of her mouth.

When Heather returned, she was not holding a bra but a bundle of what appeared to be leather straps.

"Sorry, you're developing so fast, we don't have anything traditional that will fit you." Heather gave her an apologetic look, "But this harness will help. Here, I'll help you into it."

Were she not in that pleasant, almost drunk phase her meals always put her in Beth would have felt weird having another lady buckle leather straps around her torso. Currently though, she just wanted the support and there was no way she could handle all those buckles by herself; between the constant ache in her feet and the twinge in her back just standing was an effort. Heather expertly placed the bands around her body, cinching them tight and Beth sighed in relief. The leather straps wrapped under and around her breasts, shoulders and back and supported the weight much more easily.

She stretched, enjoying the tight feeling of that leather digging into her skin slightly. Looking down at her body she noted the harness actually looked quite fetching on her. Then a confused wrinkle formed between her brow.

"Heather, what are these?"

She pointed to the patches of skin; since arriving here she had been getting paler, not in an unhealthy way but rather her skin was taking on a creamy white similar to the milk she was producing. But now she noticed several large patches of brown were beginning to form at random points along her skin. Her swollen feet were almost entirely brown as well.

"A little skin discolouration." Heather waved the concern away, "Nothing to be concerned with I assure you. Come on now, it's time for your milking."

Well, if Heather said it was fine it must be. She'd taken such good care of her here, she and Randy knew what they were doing. Besides, the idea of being milked filled her with excitement, her breasts felt full to bursting and even with the harness she could almost feel the milk swirling around inside her. She allowed the nurse to lead her down to the milking room, somewhat embarrassed to realise she had forgotten the way. As always Randal was waiting for her with a gentle smile when she arrived.

"Goodness, look at you! Got a real pair of udders there." He grinned, Beth blushed. Udders really was the right word.

"Your poor back, let's use the heavy-duty machine today. It'll give you a break." Randy suggested, "Here, get down on all fours and let gravity do some of the work."

That made sense when she thought about it, the milk would flow so much easier that way compared to when she was reclining backwards. She followed Randy to the other side of the room where he'd

placed a soft plastic mat to ensure her knees didn't get sore and positioned herself as instructed, back to the wall as Randy pulled a long horizontal bar from it.

"This should make you feel more comfortable." He soothed, patting her hair and clipping something to the back of her harness.

She realised the bar was supporting her now, were she to relax her arms and legs she wouldn't fall to the ground. How thoughtful of him. Randy attached the biggest cups yet to her aching breasts and she couldn't help but give a low moan in anticipation.

"That'a girl, enjoy yourself. This machine is even better than the other model. I'm sure you'll have fun."

He flicked a switch and instantly the cups began to tighten and pump. Within moments milk was spraying into the tubes and Beth sighed in relief and pleasure. She felt her nipples stretch as the cups milked her and she let her mouth hang open, surrendering to the sensations. She could feel her pussy lips becoming moist and her hips began to shift, thrusting against the open air. Randy placed a strong hand on her ass, pushing it down to hold her in place.

"Easy, I told you this machine will help."

There was a mechanical whir from somewhere behind her and she felt something firm press against her hole. A mechanical dildo, slowly vibrating against her hole and causing her to moan even lower. Slowly, it moved forward, parting her folds and filling her till she was full impaled. Between the harness and her new mechanical lover, she was pinned in place. Slowly, it began to pump in and out of her aching hole in time with cups suction.

"Oh, ooooh..."

She couldn't help herself, it felt so good.

"Don't hold back Beth." Randy whispered, stroking her hair, "If you need to cum you cum, loud as you want."

She did need to cum. She needed to cum so badly. She pushed back against the dildo, groaning as it vibrated against her G spot. She could feel her breasts relaxing as the milk was drawn out, each stream sending shockwaves through her system. With each thrust, each pump, she got closer and her moans became louder and more guttural. A new sound was building inside her, she wanted to let it out but held back. She still had some dignity here didn't she, she shouldn't...

She couldn't...

Oh God, she was unable to stop it-

"Mooooooooo!"

Her insides tightened in orgasm as the sound escaped, a torrent of fresh milk spilled free from her breasts in response and yet more still flowed after. The pumping continued as did the dildo. It was so good; she didn't even notice the burning sensation in her feet as they finally finished their transformation into hooves. Or the stretching of her ears. She just came again, mooing happily as Randy stroked her hair. When her breasts were finally empty, she felt drained, both physically and mentally. That fog that followed each meal seemed to have solidified somehow, a permanent guest in her brain.

"Good girl. That's a good girl." Randy praised, unhooking her and pulling her to her feet.

Or should she say hooves.

"M-my feet?" The words were hard to form, almost like her mouth was the wrong shape.

"Those are your hooves sweetie, all cows have hooves, you know that."

"I...do?"

"Of course." He gave her an almost parental smile. "Why don't you go outside for some fresh air and a snack? Heather!"

Heather entered and clapped her hands together in delight as she looked at Beth.

"Oh, you are coming along splendidly!" She smiled.

"Beth is almost complete now." Randy said to her, Beth found she had trouble comprehending the words, it took a second of thinking before the sounds formed any meaning in her mind.

"Let's get her tagged and collared." He finished, "Then a bit of fresh air in in order, she'll need to stretch her legs."

Heather was saying something else now that, try as she might, Beth couldn't figure out through the brain fog. That haze was mixing with the residual pleasure from the machine and she found herself staring glassy eyed with a soft, docile smile on her face as Heather took her by the hand and lead her out of the room. The nurse walked her out into the garden, there was a large area of open grass that felt calming to look at. Suddenly, her stomach rumbled and she looked to Heather pleadingly.

"Here sweetie." She placed a silver bowl containing her beloved muesli on the ground. "Why don't you sit here and enjoy the weather?"

Beth could only nod, walking on these hooves was hard she was glad to have a break. Plopping herself down on the grass she shivered as the blades tickled her bare ass and pussy. She reached forward, ready to shovel the muesli into her mouth but her hands felt stiff and clumsy.

'I guess I'll just eat from the bowl.' She thought, getting on her hands and knees again and lowering her mouth down. Eating this way was so much more efficient, why didn't she try it sooner?

As she ate, she felt something heavy and leather wrap around her neck, Heather clasped it into place and she looked down in wonder. A thick collar with a golden bell was now fit snugly around her neck and she smiled. What a beautiful gift. The smile faulted a moment later when a sharp pain shot through her left ear and she gave a low groan. Heather patted her rump with an apologetic look.

"Sorry Beth, all done now."

She lifted a stiff hand up to her ear and found a plastic tag hanging from her now large, oval shaped ears. It was a little garish, all bright yellow but it did seem to match her new necklace somehow. She wanted to tell Heather it was alright, she forgave her, but the words didn't come. How did she say that again?

"Moo?"

She blinked but Heather just smiled and gave her another soft pat on the head. She understood.

"What a good girl you are." Heather beamed, "You really took to this. I bet we could even milk you four times a day!"

Just the thought made Beth wet and she mooed enthusiastically. Rump wagging back and forth to show her agreeance. The praise felt good and if it meant an extra milking each day, that was just icing on the cake.

Life was good here at the Hathor Foundation. Beth was so happy.

She spent her days relaxing in the sunshine and playing in the grass; she had no worries, nothing to stress about. Her days became filled with nothing but relaxation and pleasure, the passage of time only brokered by the sound of a tinkling bell that called her to be milked. She'd stopped sleeping in that silly human bed and instead curled up on the floor. It was so much more comfortable and plus, standing on two legs was exhausting, let alone climbing up into that thing.

After a while Heather took her to a knew area of the Foundation, a large barn where there were dozens more cows! She felt her new ropey tail swish back and forth in happiness to see more of her own kind. The other cows were so nice, they played together, mooed together, even got milked together. It was like one big happy family.

She didn't miss her human life at all. How silly she had been, worrying about things like money and work. Now she had everything she needed; food, shelter, companionship and most importantly pleasure. She and the other cows even had special company from time to time. How they enjoyed teasing the bulls in the next field over, running alongside them and flirting in their own way. Beth eagerly awaited breeding day, she'd overheard Randy speaking with one of the nurses about it. Apparently, there were many human women who wanted to be mothers but could not; now the cows at The Hathor Foundation could do more than feed people, they could create families. Beth beamed at the thought of giving a human mother the child they craved.

When the day finally came and Randy opened the gate between the bulls' fields and her own Beth quivered with anticipation. The bulls wandered in, they looked much as she did, their human traits still vaguely visible beneath the horns and nose rings. There was only a handful, compared to the dozens of cows and Beth began to worry. What if she wasn't picked? How long would she have to wait?

Refusing to be swept aside she boldly approached a strapping young bull, she could already see he was well endowed, far larger than any human lover or dildo and her pussy clenched at the thought. This was yet another benefit to her transformation, as a human flirting was so complicated, so drawn out, here it was easy. She rubbed up against him, leaning forward and presenting her ass and tail in the air to show off her wet folds. She wiggled her round hips back and forth in an enticing manner, she knew he couldn't be able to resist.

She brayed as a wet tongue licked her, parting her folds and sending shivers through her system. It has been so long since she'd felt another's warm flesh down there, or such a gentle touch. In a matter of second he had mounted her, thick cock pressing inside with little resistance. His muscled body leaned over hers and they both groaned together as they began to rut. His cock was hitting that bundle of nerves deep inside her with every thrust and she squeezed him tight inside her. He stretched her so badly she worried so might even tear, it felt *so good*.

Low, animalistic sounds were escaping them both now, his thrusts became short and strong, pumping in and out with such speed Beth almost fell over with the force of it. She could feel her heavy udders scrapping against the grass, sending tingles across her sensitive skin. His size was enough to break her and she loved it. She wanted more. Already she could feel her insides coiling, tightening around that cock even more as she started to crest.

She mooed out as she came, the pleasure forcing her whole body to shudder and tighten causing milk to sputter from her full udders. She knew she was squirting, but the bull's cock had filled her so much it couldn't escape. She pushed back against it, drawing out the orgasm and groaning in satisfaction as she felt his own wetness flood her.

They pulled apart and Beth keened with the feeling of emptiness that came with his loss. They both mooed goodbye and went their separate ways. Cows didn't have relationships, only sex. Sated, she settled down on a soft patch of grass and watched her fellow cows couple. It turns out she needn't have worried about not being picked, the bulls went from cow to cow without hesitation, rehardening almost instantly between each round. Eventually, all the cows were mated and the bulls were led back to their own pen; Beth watched them go, revealing in the feeling of the bull's seed leaking out of her. The sound of a bell filled the air and Beth's ears flicked in recognition, obediently made her way back toward the barn.

It was milking time.