

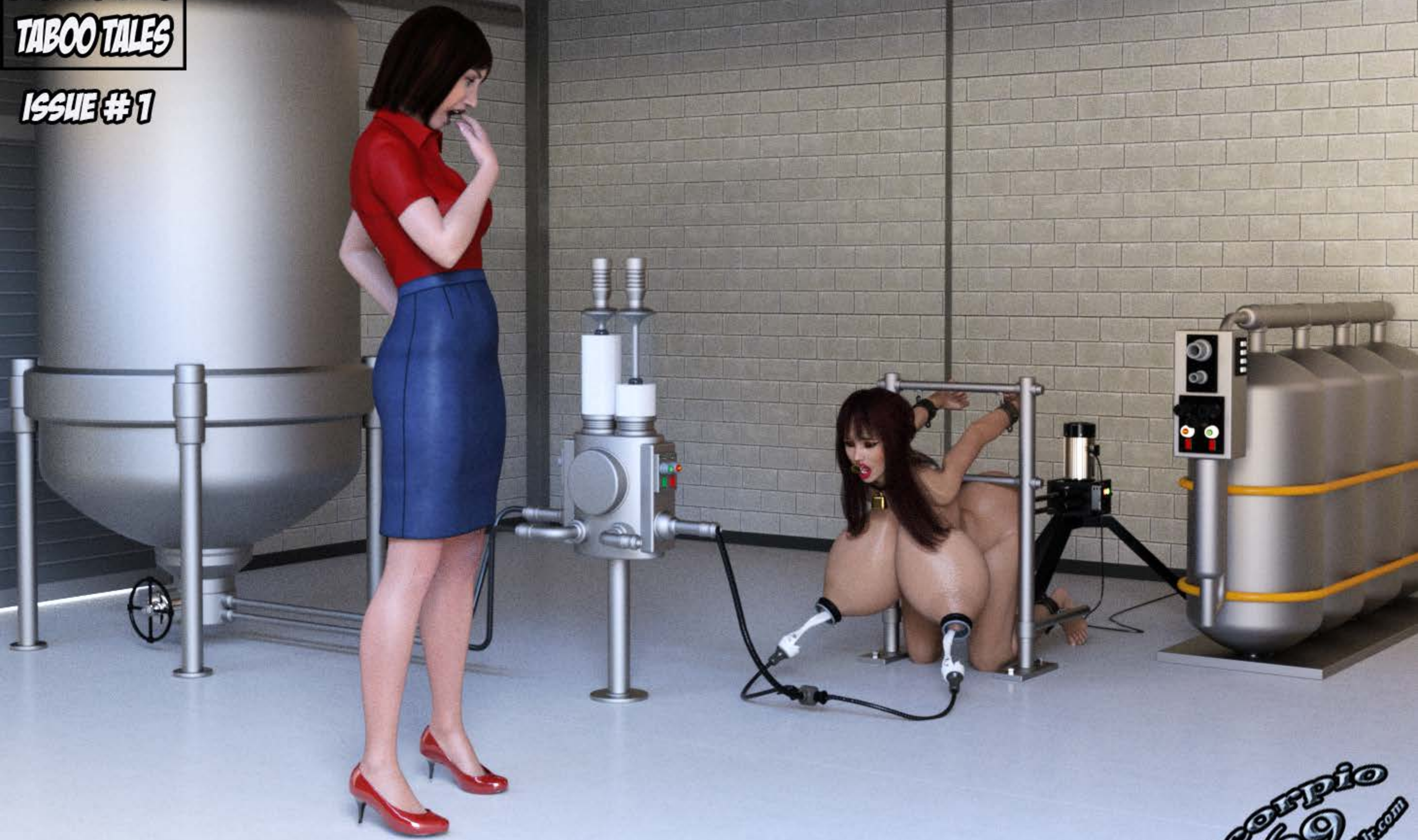


**SCORPIO 69'S  
TABOO TALES**

**ISSUE #1**

# HUCOW FARMS

**FEATURING KARI WERNERS**



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69**  
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## **Mature Content Warning:**

**This graphic novel is a work of fiction, featuring graphic sexual content. It is intended for mature audiences only, and is not intended to be viewed or distributed to minors.**

## **18 U.S.C. 2257 Compliance Statement**

**All Characters visually depicted in this work, whether of actual sexually explicit conduct, simulated sexual content or otherwise, were at least 18 years of age when the visual depictions were created.**

## **Plain English**

**For adults, by adults, featuring adults. Perverted, kinky likely to offend someone. If you're still interested, then keep reading, otherwise you should stop here. Thanks.**



**Dr Kari Werners was an accomplished Medical Researcher. Two years ago she opened her own firm - The Werners Group. She was a happy and successful professional until HuCow Farms opened last year. HuCow Farms turned women into HuCows and sold their milk at high class "Milk Bars" around the city. Dr Werners was outraged by the obscenity of it all, and the fact that no one seemed to mind. She became the leading HuCow Rights Activist, and committed all her spare time to shutting them down. Today was her big day. The CEO of HuCow Farms had agreed to meet with her and talk about the future of the company. She wanted them to close and release all of the HuCows to her for therapy and rehabilitation. All of her hard work was starting to pay off. She had a good feeling about today.**





I love this new outfit. It makes me feel so strong and professional. It's perfect for my meeting. I'm glad the HuCow Farms CEO agreed to meet me without Dr Mertens being there. There is something about the way that woman looks at me, like she owns me. It makes me uncomfortable. Besides I don't think I could be in the same room with her after that embarrassing interview.; and I don't even want to think about that horrible Report. The things she did were so unprofessional!





That's a great question Aiko.

Dr Werners is being no different from some man telling women how they should define their own lives. I believe every woman has the Right to live her life on her own terms. Some will choose to be professionals like the three of us. Others will choose to be stay at home moms. Both choices are equally authentic. My women choose the path of total submission and become My HuCows.

Um...uh...I...  
I guess I never thought  
about it like that.

Dr Mertens and Dr Werners  
thank you both for coming on my show.  
Dr Werners you'd like to ban HuCows. As a  
Feminist, don't you think you're being sexist? Don't  
women have the right to live their lives as  
they choose without being defined  
by a man, or in this case, by  
another woman?

The interview went from bad to worse. Dr Werners thought she was prepared, but she didn't anticipate the line of questioning. Although that was bad, it wasn't why she flopped. Dr Mertens' presence was intimidating. Dr Mertens was tall and statuesque. She breathed slowly and deeply like an athlete; her huge breasts rising and falling with each breath. Kari could smell the coconut oil on her skin mixed with her musky natural scent. On top of it all, Dr Mertens looked at everyone with arrogance and disdain. Kari was confused how it made her feel. To make matter worse, the Reporter wasn't wearing panties or a bra and kept flashing her. Kari could see everything!





The interview only got worse from there. When the subject was science, Dr Mertens made her sound like the village idiot. When the subject was Feminism, Dr Mertens made her sound like some knuckle dragging male chauvinist pig. Kari couldn't win. The longer the interview went on, the harder it was to even think clearly. Dr Mertens' intoxicating natural scent filled the air and mingled with the smell of sex coming from Aiko. Whenever the camera turned to Dr Werners, the Reporter would open her legs wide. As the interview went on, Kari could see a large wet spot on the couch growing between Aiko's legs. She was getting turned on by this little game she was playing. Kari had never been attracted to women; not even in College. For some reason this erotically charged atmosphere was affecting her. Kari felt something stirring deep inside her that she didn't understand. It made her feel confused and unsettled. Although she tried to tell herself it was only sweat from the hot lights, Kari could feel an uncomfortable dampness growing between her legs.

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Yes my pet, you did well. I'm pleased with you. You've earned a reward.

You serve me best as a reporter. You will be my Toilet Slave. You're welcome.

Did I do well Mistress? Did I follow your commands?

Can I become one of your HuCows now?

Thank you Mistress.



The sight of the Secretary's breasts so exposed unsettled Kari. Being so close to those breasts combined with Champagne so early in the morning was causing Kari to have those strange feelings again. That uncomfortable dampness was starting to spread. She needed to focus on her meeting with the CEO, but all she could think about was those breasts. They must be so soft. What would it feel like to be smothered by them? She had to snap out of it!

Dr Werners I'm so excited to meet you. I loved your interview with Dr Mertens. The sexual energy between you and that Reporter was so intense. Champagne?

Oh my mistake would you prefer Bourbon instead?

Champagne? It's 10 o'clock in the morning.

What? No! I... I guess I'll take Champagne.

I can't believe she's wearing that blouse at work. Her breasts are completely exposed. They are so large and full. I can't stop staring. I hope she doesn't notice.



Kari knew she was rushing down a dark path. She had to stop before she became lost to this depravity. She could feel it enticing her, pulling her in deeper, and part of her didn't want to resist. She had to find the strength. She had to save the HuCows from this den of iniquity. Who knew what depravities the HuCows were subjected to. She had to be strong.

I've seen you staring at my breasts since you came in. Your attention excites me. Take a good look.

Thank you Dr Werners. It pleases me to know that someone as intelligent as you finds me attractive.

Oh My God! I can't believe you did that. Your breasts... they're magnificent.



Mr Wouters' Secretary gave a playful squeeze of Kari's ass while she was introducing her. She caressed and fondled Kari's ass, while acting as though nothing was happening. Although Kari regained her composure, she could feel her face flush and nipples hardening. She wondered if Mr Wouters noticed the erotic scene unfolding right in front of him, but he acted like he somehow didn't see a thing. Kari couldn't wait to get into Axel's office and away from this woman. everything about her was distracting and unsettling.

Mr Wouters, this is Dr Wertens of the Wertens Group.

OOOH! I mean Hello Mr Wouters. I'm glad you agreed to meet me to discuss HuCow Rights.

Dr Wertens, it's an honor to meet you. I've heard great things about your work. Welcome to HuCow Farms and please call me Axel.

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Why did the Women at HuCow Farms have such magnificent breasts? Kari wanted to maintain eye contact, but felt her gaze constantly returning to Dr Mertens' beautiful breasts. She felt hot from Dr Mertens' withering gaze. Kari was a mouse in the presence of a feral cat. She was helpless and too afraid to run. Part of her wondered what it would feel like to be caught. The thought made her face go flush. Kari tried in vain to push the bad thoughts out, but she was being pulled inexorably down a dark path. She was losing her will to resist.

**This is My Office Dr Werners!  
Where else should I be?. Mr Woutens is a figure  
head. Investors like an old white man in charge. It makes  
them feel comfortable. I own HuCow Farms and everything  
in it including Mr Woutens. I took the liberty of pouring  
you a Bourbon. Have a drink while my slave  
Woutens shows you who is in charge  
here at HuCow Farms.**

**Dr Mertens?! What are  
you doing here? I thought  
my meeting was with  
Mr Woutens?**

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This is all so obscene. She's humiliated this poor man. I should feel sorry for him, but I feel jealous. How can I feel jealous of this man's debasement? What's happening to me?

I'm sorry Dr Wertens. Mistress Mertens commanded me to get naked after you arrived. This is very embarrassing, but I have to obey my Mistress. I'll leave you now.

Oh My God! Mr Woutens why are you naked? Is that a chastity cage on your penis? What is the meaning of this? [...I think I need to leave.

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Dr Werners you're being very rude and I've had enough of it! You will behave yourself in my presence from now on! You will stop staring at my breasts without permission and finish your drink! I said stop staring at my breasts!

That's a good girl. Now finish your drink and I'll take you to see my newest HuCow. I know that's what you really want.

This is so humiliating. She talks to me like she owns me. Why can't I just leave? What's wrong with me?

Yes Ma'am

Yes Ma'am

Sorry Ma'am

Thank You Ma'am



Dr Mertens pressed herself closely against Dr Werners. She held Kari tightly by the waist, allowing the sexual tension to build between them. Kari couldn't tell if it was the naked HuCow in front of her, or Dr Mertens pressed so tightly behind her, but she was having difficulty thinking. She felt uncertain. Doubt was clouding her mind. Was it really so bad for a woman to become a HuCow? She had to talk with this HuCow and know the truth.

I can't believe she's standing so close to me. I can feel her breasts pushing against my back. I'd better not say anything. I don't want her to get angry with me.

Don't be nervous dear. This is your first time so close to a HuCow. Take your time. When you're ready get closer to her. Just kneel down beside her.





"PROPERTY OF HUCO FARMS" Could I ever submit myself to someone so completely? How would it feel? Would I feel "true freedom" like this HuCow?

Yes I've wanted this for so long.

It's true freedom.

Do you really want to be here?

Why do you want this?

Dr Werners' senses were completely overwhelmed. The smell of sex filled the room as the Sex Machine plunged its dildos into the HuCow. Her moaning, the electric hum of the Sex Machine, and the constant sucking sound of the Milking Machine filled her ears. She could see the sweat glistening on the HuCow's skin and inhuman amounts of milk squirting into the teets of the Milker. Kari ached to remove a teet and drink her fill from the swollen breast. The most jaring part of this torrid scene was the fresh tattoo: "PROPERTY OF HUCOW FARMS" The tattoo seared itself into her consciousness.





No one is coming to help you.  
I own everyone in this building, and they all  
know what I'm doing to you. You can't resist me. No  
one can. Breathe deeply and let the chloroform work it's  
magic. We both know it's what you really want. Don't  
fear little one. You'll be my most prized possession  
I've waited a long time for someone as  
special as you.

AAAHHH!!! SOMEBODY HELP ME!!!



That's a good girl.  
You're mine now. Accept  
your fate. Breathe  
deeply.

Dr Mertens' soothing voice weakened Kari's resolve.  
that woman had complete control over her. Kari couldn't  
resist and stoped trying. She breathed deeply and let the  
chloroform take her away.

MMPH



Sleep tight little baby,  
mommy's got got you now.  
you're safe with me. When  
you wake, your journey  
will continue.

Kari felt the strength drain from her body. Her arms  
dangled uselessly at her sides. Her legs were noodles,  
incapable of bearing her weight. As the lights faded  
into the distance, Kari wondered what Dr Mertens  
would do to her. Would she be allowed to leave this  
place? Would she want to?



Some days it's  
just good to be alive.  
don't you agree  
No. 68?



AAAAHHH!  
Yes Mistress.

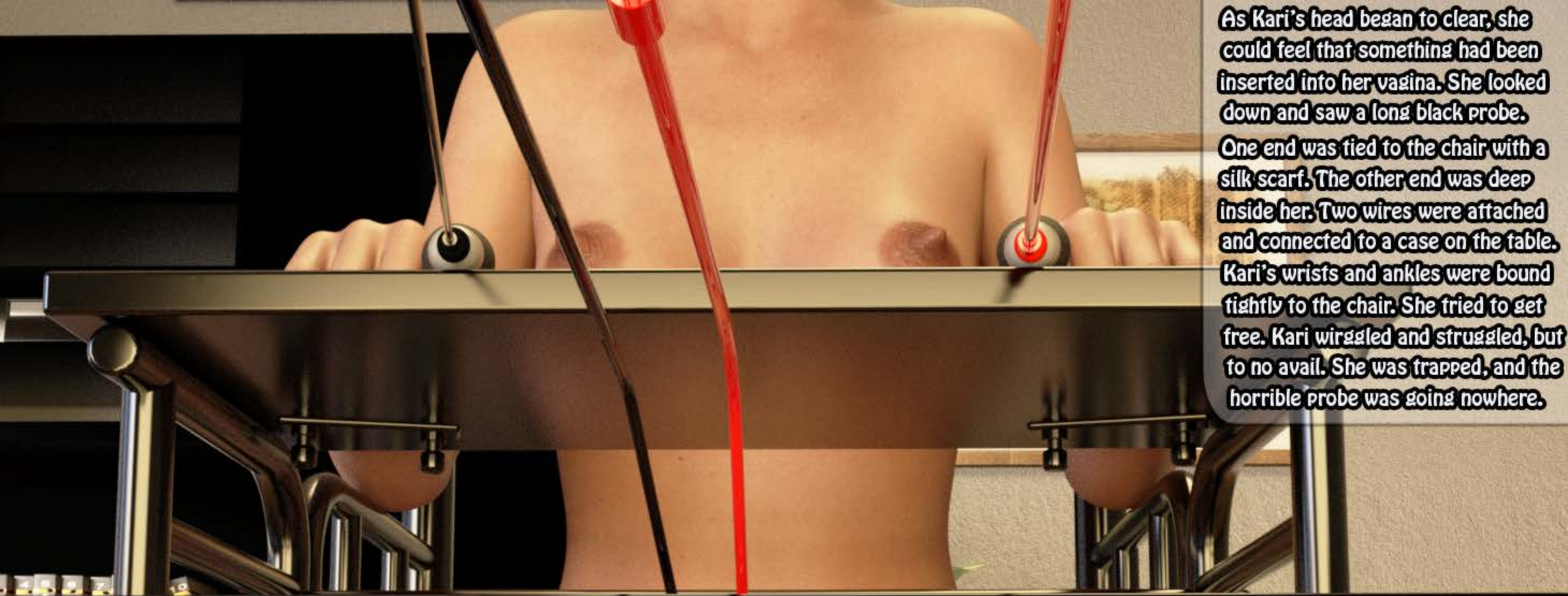




Sleep tight  
Dr Werners. When you  
wake you'll begin the first  
day of the rest of your  
of your life.







As Kari's head began to clear, she could feel that something had been inserted into her vagina. She looked down and saw a long black probe. One end was tied to the chair with a silk scarf. The other end was deep inside her. Two wires were attached and connected to a case on the table. Kari's wrists and ankles were bound tightly to the chair. She tried to get free. Kari wiggled and struggled, but to no avail. She was trapped, and the horrible probe was going nowhere.



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As Kari looked around the room, she was confused and terrified. There was some type of Medieval bondage device on one side of the room and a delicious looking meal on the other. There was even a box of chocolates on the table. The sight and smells of all this food made her stomach grumble. Kari was so nervous about her meeting, that she didn't eat breakfast that morning - a decision she deeply regretted now. The rich aroma of the Belgian Coffee teased her. It was all so close yet out of reach. What was Dr Mertens going to do to her?







Kari, I'm glad you're finally awake.  
I sure you don't mind me calling you Kari. I apologize for starting without you but I was so hungry. You should try the Roast Beef, it's wonderful. I didn't know what you liked for desert, so I had them bring a variety. Oh but where are my manners, you're all tied up. If you're a good girl during our therapy session, I'll release you and let you eat something.



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What is the meaning of this?! Are you insane?!  
I demand you release me at once! I'll report you to the police!  
I'll have you stripped of your Medical License! Are you  
listening to me? Release me at once!

You're a fisty little kitten. I  
like that. The probe in your vagina is custom made  
for me by a Bulgarian Scientist - a brilliantly fiendish man.  
It measures your state of arousal by analyzing your  
secretions. It also delivers 10 levels of electric  
shock. Here's level 5.





The initial shock from the probe was overwhelming. The intensity caused her vision to go white with a blinding pain. Dr Mertens worked the controls - low, then high, low, then high. Waves of pain rolled over Kari. Her most tender parts were aflame. She couldn't bear it. The pain was so intense, she didn't notice she was getting wet from the sensation.

**AAAAHHH!!!**  
**Please Stop! PLEASE!!!**



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**I'm sorry Dr Mertens.  
Please let me go. I promise I won't say  
say anything to anyone. Just let me go and  
I won't tell anyone. You'll never hear  
from me again. I swear!**

**You still don't understand  
your situation. You're in no position to  
demand or even beg anything. I'll release you  
when I feel like it. Now once you learn to  
address me with respect, we'll begin your  
Therapy Session. For now, sit back  
and enjoy the probe.**



AAAAHH!!! Have Mercy!

I'm Sorry Mistress!

Forgive Me! PLEASE!!!

Sing for me little bird!  
Sing! Your cries are music. Your  
desperation poetry. I've waited so long  
for this moment. This is the best first  
date I've had. Sing for me!

This chocolate is divine. You  
must try some before you leave.  
For now try level 8.

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OH God! OH God! DON'T STOP!  
I'M CUMMING! OH GOD I'M CUMMING!

♡♡♡ AAAHHH ♡♡♡

The dam burst when Dr Mertens turned the probe up to level 8. Something snapped in Kari. She had been transformed into someone new. Dr Mertens was a modern day Alchemist. She knew how to transmute agony into ecstasy. The world faded into the distance. Kari felt a massive release as she squirted for the first time. The trickle became a flood, splashing onto the floor. She was so overcome by the power of her orgasm she didn't notice one of her breast had begun lactating.



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Mistr... Dr Mertens, what happened to me? I was getting shocked by that probe and then everything went blank. I feel funny now. I'm all tingly.

Squirting? That's not possible. I can barely have an orgasm. I've always been that way. No one can make me cum.

I can't lactate. I'm not pregnant. Nothing you're saying makes any sense. I'm so confused.

Well Kari that was amazing. You took the Bulgarian Probe all the way to level 8 on your first session. You squirted all over my floor when you you orgasmed! You show real potential.

According to the data, your arousal levels increased with the pain level. As your arousal levels peaked you began lactating.

My dear, the milk is still dripping from your nipples. I'd say you can lactate. I think you're ready for some questions.



It was weird. I've never thought about other women sexually. It was confusing. Her flitafion made it hard to think.

During our TV Interview, the Reporter was flirting wih you. She exposed herself to you. How did it make you feel?

I don't know. I'd never thought about it. For some reason I felt jealous of him. I wondered what it'd be like to be him.

When you were in my office, I made Mr Wouters expose himself. How do you feel about being controlled?

When I was a child I secretly liked being spanked. It made me feel ...tingly.

You squirted from from the pain of the electric shock to your vagina. Have you fantasized about being punished?



After her initial questions, Dr Mertens decided to test Kari's arousal response to pain. The severe paddling had its desired effect. Kari's resistance began to falter. Her sense of what's right and proper became confused. She wanted to hate this, she wanted to hate Dr Mertens; but she didn't. She felt it deep down. She needed this, more than she had ever needed anything. That awareness disgusted her, but she couldn't deny it. Her breasts were now leaking obscenely. The harder Dr Mertens paddled her, the more Kari's breasts lactated. She grabbed hold of the table in a futile effort to steady herself, but the blows were too strong. They sent shock waves through her delicate body and shook the table. Her ass was on fire. The pain kept building with each blow, until it was all too much and she squirted again all over the floor. Kari felt her sense of self slipping away, and merging with the dominant presence of Dr Mertens.

Trust me dear, I'm a Doctor. I know what I'm doing. You'll thank me.

Please Dr Mertens have mercy! It's too much! It's wrong!  
I'm sorry Mistress, please don't make me do it again!  
Oh No! Not again! PLEASE MISTRESS!!!♥♥♥AAAHHH♥♥♥



Was I good Mistress? Did I please you?  
I won't resist you anymore. Do what you want with me.  
Just hold me please.

You're learning my pet.  
That's good, but I'm not finished with you.  
You still have more to learn about your  
deepest desires. If you trust me,  
I will teach you.

Kari had been shattered by the hard paddling. The assault on her tender bottom was comprehensive. Kari trembled from the after shocks of her powerful orgasms. She felt vulnerable and needed to be held, to be comforted. Dr Mertens had broken her, and she didn't care. She had experienced new and unfamiliar feelings. Kari didn't know what had happened to her, and she didn't care. She didn't want to fight any more. For some strange reason, she just wanted to please Dr Mertens. Dr Mertens' affirmation was food and drink for her soul.



Kari must have fainted in Dr Mertens' arms. The sharp sting of the whip brought her to her senses. Kari tried to move only to discover that she was bound by the neck and wrists to the pillary she noticed earlier. At first Kari was gripped with terror; she was helpless. The sharp sting of the whip quickly transformed that terror into arousal. With each crack of the whip, her arousal grew. Soon Kari 's breasts responded by lactating heavily. The pressure built until they started to spurt milk. The feeling was overwealming in its intensity. Each spurt felt like a little orgasm coming from her breasts. Kari finally understood the HuCows. She tried to control herself, but the powerful lactation combined with the stinging whip caused Kari to squirt again.


That's it my pet.  
Learn the joys of submission. Give yourself to me. Surrender! Learn to trust me completely.

Harder! Harder Mistress!  
Make me cum again! I need it!  
♥♥♥AAAHH♥♥♥





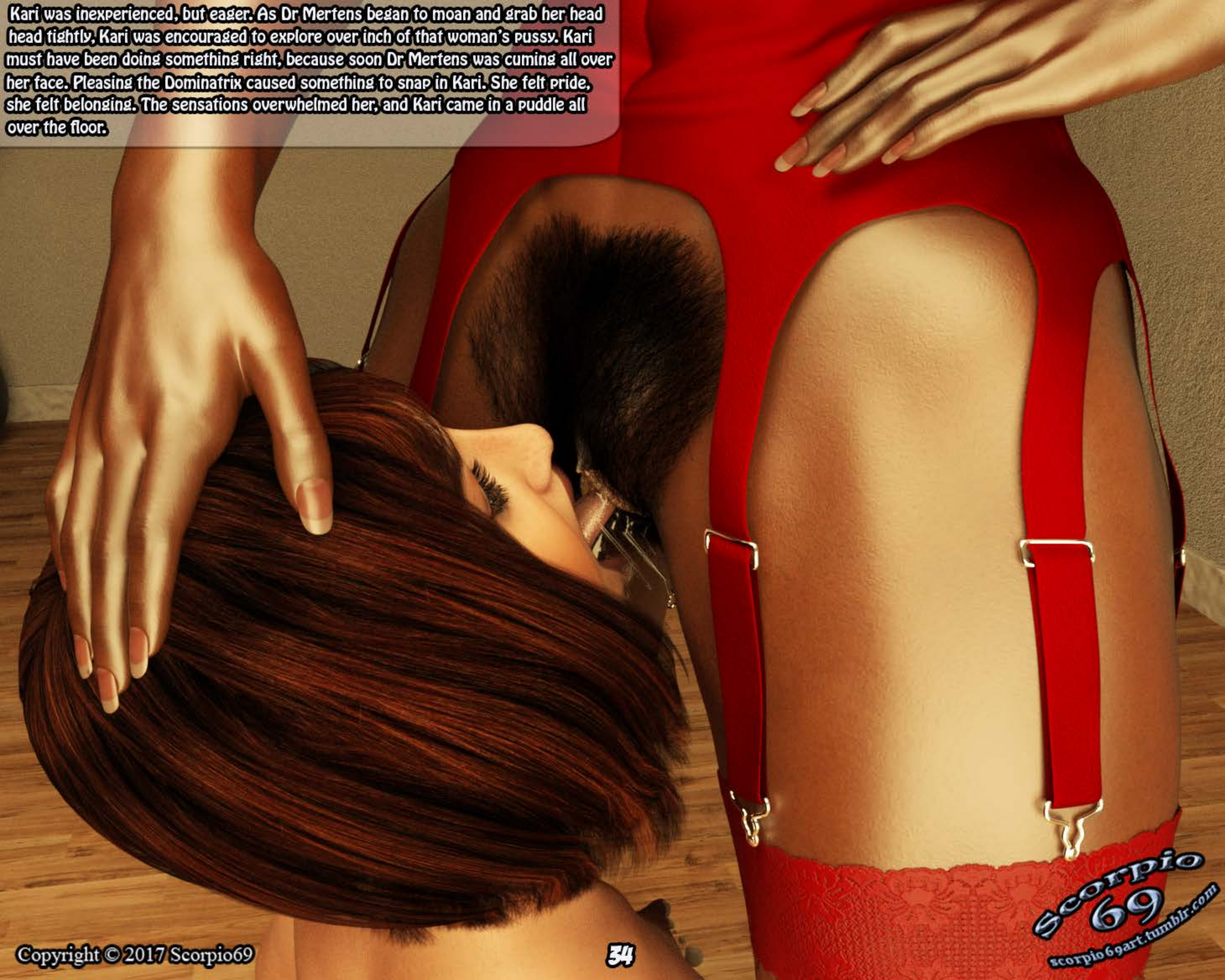




After a thorough flogging, Dr Mertens dumped Kari on the floor. Her limbs were sore from the bondage; her ass aflame from the whipping. Kari trembled as Dr Mertens forced her down on to her knees, and positioned Kari's face right between her legs. Without saying a word Kari knew what Dr Mertens wanted, and was determined to resist. She had been broken, but she wouldn't do this. Oroal sex was too far. Kari pursed her lips tightly and steeled her will. Dr Mertens didn't shave her pubic hair. It was lush and curly. It tickled Kari's nose. The whippings had affected Dr Mertens too. She was sweaty. She was aroused. The smells of sweat and sex filled Kari's nose. She couldn't help but breath deeply. Kari's resolve crumbled, her jaws relaxed. Slowly she began to explore Dr Mertens with her tongue. Dr Mertens just laughed and ground her pussy into Kari's face.



Kari was inexperienced, but eager. As Dr Mertens began to moan and grab her head tightly, Kari was encouraged to explore over inch of that woman's pussy. Kari must have been doing something right, because soon Dr Mertens was cuming all over her face. Pleasing the Dominatrix caused something to snap in Kari. She felt pride, she felt belonging. The sensations overwhelmed her, and Kari came in a puddle all over the floor.



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Dr Mertens wouldn't let Kari wash up. Her cum had dried on Kari's face. As Kari dressed, she burned with shame. Dr Mertens had taken everything from her; no worse, she had given Dr Mertens everything. Which each breath, she smelled Dr Mertens scent. It aroused her, and that made the shame worse. She needed a shower. She needed to be clean.

You can go now, I'm done with you. You were adequate, but I have no further need of you.

Thank you Mistr... Dr Mertens. I won't bother you any more.

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Kari reaked of sex. Dr Mertens' scent was so strong, surely everyone she passed could smell it. They must think she is a slut going out in public like this. The thought of strangers knowing what she had just done made her feel flushed. Her body felt strange. Her face burned and her breasts ached. Between her legs she felt a growing dampness. At first a mild tingle, but soon it became overpowering. She had to get off the train, she had to touch herself. What was happening to her?

I'm just feeling a little cramped that's all. I'll be o.k. when I get home.

You don't look to good young lady. Are you feeling o.k.? Is there anything I can do?

Oh female issues. I've been married 52 years. I understand.



Kari didn't understand what was happening. It was like her body was betraying her. The wetness between her legs kept growing. She could feel it running down her thighs. It was so strong, she could smell it now. She could feel everyone's eyes on her. Surely they all knew. The thought of being watched, being humiliated, just made the feelings more intense. She wasn't going to make it home. She had to find the Women's Room. She had to get some relief.

# CENTRAL DISTRICT SUBWAY

Oh my god, what's happening to me? All these people looking at me, smelling me. They must know. Why does that excite me?





Kari rushed into a bathroom stall and tore her skirt off. She didn't even close the door before she started frantically masturbating. Anyone could walk by and see her. Would they scream? Would they call the police? The thought of being caught turned a spark into an inferno. Her fingers made obscene sloshing sounds as she worked them in. First one, then two, then three. She began to cry out when she heard it! There was someone in the next stall. They were trying to stay quiet, but their breathing was getting heavier. She could hear faint moans. They were listening to her and it excited them. Were they masturbating too? The thought of this stranger (this voyeur) made her breasts begin to lactate.

♥♥♥♥♥ AAAHHH ♥♥♥♥♥

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The whispered words of encouragement from the voyeur pushed Kari over the top. Milk spurted out from her breast and she came hard. She cried out loud as she squirted.

♥♥♥Oh God! I'm Cumming! AAAHHH!!!♥♥♥


Don't stop honey. I'm so close. I need to hear you cum.

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A woman with dark hair styled in a bun, wearing red-rimmed glasses and a teal, short-sleeved, button-up dress. She is standing on a tiled floor, looking down with a slight smile.

That was an unexpected bit of fun. Thanks for making this the best commute ever.

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a red, short-sleeved, button-up shirt and a dark skirt. She is standing on a tiled floor, looking down and touching her hair.

You're welcome. I don't know what came over me, I've never done anything like that before. It felt great!



**A MONTH LATER**

The marks on Kari's ass had healed, but she wasn't the same woman who had walked into Dr Mertens' office a month ago. Her body had changed. At first she tried to ignore it, but her breasts were getting bigger - they were definitely getting bigger! They also had become very sensitive. The slightest touch aroused her. The worst part was the lactation. At first she only lactated when sexually aroused. Now it was daily. She started having "accidents". It was so embarrassing when the milk leaked through her shirt. Last week she had to start milking herself in the morning. Her daily ritual started by caressing her breasts in the shower. As her arousal built, her breasts would start leaking.







♥♥♥AAAHHH♥♥♥

Once her breasts were stimulated, Kari would sit back on the ledge and massage them. When the flow of milk was steady, she would masturbate. Kari told herself she was only masturbating to help the breast milking. She was a good girl and good girls didn't masturbate - that was naughty. Yet somehow she found a "medical need" to masturbate at least twice a day. Soon the milk was spurting out. Each time it felt like an orgasm in her breasts. The sensation was so intense, it would leave her shaking and convulsing for minutes until the feelings subsided.

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Wow I never noticed how sexy sexy Trish is. Her breasts are huge. I just want to bury my face in them. I'd better stop thinking about her. If I get too aroused I'll start lactating. Oh no! I can feel it starting I need to get out of here.

Kari! Where have you been. I haven't seen you in weeks. you look awesome! Something looks different. Have you changed your hair?

Hi Trish. I've just been really busy. I'm trying to get back to my normal routine. I haven't done anything special. Maybe just gained a little weight.

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Oh my God Trish!  
This is so embarrassing. I  
can explain. I...

Kari why didn't you tell me  
you're pregnant? That's wonderful! It explains  
your glow and why your breasts are bigger. Don't be  
embarrassed about leaking. It happened to me when  
I was pregnant. Putting silicon pads in your bra  
will stop that. Also get a good breast pump.  
HuCow Farms makes the best ones.



♥♥♥♥ Oh God! Oh God! AAAHHH ♥♥♥♥

Thank God for Hucow Farms! Their breast pump was amazing. The suction was so powerful it caused her lactation to increase. She was producing so much milk now. The milking was so intense, it made her breast orgasms almost too much to bear. At first doing just one breast left her a shattered drooling mess. Now she could do both, but it pushed her beyond the edge of sanity. She had to take a short nap after her morning ritual. The best part was the HuCow Farms "Milking Assister". It aided milking by raising arousal levels. It didn't just vibrate at variable speeds, it also delivered electric shocks like the Bulgarian Probe. She could only take it up to the medium setting. Even that was so intense she had difficulty thinking clearly for hours afterward. She had to thank Trish for the advice.



**BUZZZZZZ**

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This was a mistake. I shouldn't have come here. Kaitlyn is so sexy. I don't think I can control myself around her. I hope I pumped enough this morning. If I can just make it through this session, I'll go home and pump again.

Um... ah... no I didn't get implants. The girls are all natural. I had... kind of a growth spurt. They've been attracting a lot of attention.

Wow Kari! Your tits are huge. Did you get implants? I see why you wanted a private session. You'd distract the whole class with those tits!



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As Kari stared at her nubile trainer, she felt those familiar sensations arising. Her breasts began to feel tight and heavy. She ached to be milked. Between her legs she could feel a gentle tingling and dampness. The session was just getting started and she was in trouble. Maybe she could go to the bathroom and "release" herself. What kind of excuse could she make?

Focus on your form Kari. Don't think about anything else. Bend deeply into your stretch. After this we'll begin.

I hope Kaitlyn doesn't notice me staring. She's so fit, so sexy. Oh God I'm not going to make it through this. My breasts are feeling so heavy.



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Oh God! I'm starting to lactate. I hope Kaitlyn doesn't notice. My pussy is getting so wet. I just need to touch myself for a few seconds.

Stop squirming Kari. We'll hold this pose for ten more seconds.

Her nipples are so big and thick. They're getting really wet. It must be sweat. Pull it together, Kaitlyn and stop staring at Kari's big sweaty tits.



As Kaitlyn helped Kari with a difficult pose, she got an eyeful of Kari's huge breasts. Her heartbeat sped up as she "accidentally" touched Kari's breast. She couldn't believe her eyes as Kari began lactating. Milk seeped through her shirt and dripped onto the floor. Kaitlyn was emboldened when Kari pretended not to notice. She began to squeeze and caress one of the massive breasts. Kari tried to hide her growing arousal, but a soft moan escaped her lips.

You're doing great Kari. I want you to hold this pose. Don't worry, I'll help hold you. If you feel unsteady, just lean into my hand.

OOOH~~~~~



Oh my God  
Kari, your breasts are  
magnificent. I can't believe how  
much milk you produce. This might  
get me fired, but I have to milk  
you like the dirty cow you  
are.

Please Kaitlyn don't squeeze it!  
♥♥♥ AAAHHH ♥♥♥



Kaitlyn continued to make Kari perform her yoga poses while she moved behind her. As Kari tried her best to keep posing, Kaitlyn began milking her like a cow. The feeling was intense. Being milked by someone else was even better than using her pump. Kari felt degraded; she felt dehumanized. Kaitlyn was treating her like a cow and she loved it. Being milked was an exultant sensation. Kari's breast orgasms were mind blowing. The wetness between her legs soaked through her pants. Her mind grew numb, thinking became difficult. Kari no longer fought it, but surrendered to the freedom of not thinking. Surely this was heaven. She needed more, much more!

Oh God Yes! Make me your dirty cow!  
Milk me Kaitlyn! I need it so bad! Use me!

♥♥♥ AAAAAHH♥♥♥

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When Kari awoke, her head was still cloudy. Her body was still gently trembling from her powerful orgasm. She soon realized she was naked on the floor in Kaitlyn's arms. It was a good feeling. She could no longer deny she was attracted to other women.

You fainted when came. You were shaking and convulsing. It was intense.

Kaitlyn what happened? Why are we laying on the floor naked?

You were so out of of it you couldn't talk. I just wanted to hold you.

That's been happening recently since my breasts started growing.

You dirty little slut! If you like it rough, I'm happy to oblige you.

It felt good with you holding me. Next time you can be rougher with with me.



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As the two women kissed, Kari was in heaven. The room was filled with the smells of sex, and Kaitlyn still wanted more. She devoured Kari with hungry, eager kisses. Kari loved being ravished by this woman, but desired more. Despite Kaitlyn's passion, there was something missing.





Kari had never had another woman eat her pussy. As Kaitlyn feasted, Kari cursed herself for wasted years. She needed more of this. She needed this everyday.

Don't stop! Please don't stop!





You like this don't you! You want it deeper you little slut? I'll make you take my whole fist in your ass!

When Kari told Kaitlyn she could be rougher, she had no idea what she was getting into. Kari's pussy was making obscene sounds as Kaitlyn worked her fist in and out; each thrust going deeper. Kari should have made her stop, but she had lost control. It was like someone else's voice was coming out of her mouth. As the orgasms rippled through her body, she felt something big was about to happen.

SCHLOPP  
SCHLOPP  
SCHLOPP

Deeper! Deeper! Make me take it!

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♥♥♥ AAAHHH ♥♥♥

SCHLURP

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The combined vaginal and anal fisting was the most intense orgasm Kari had ever experienced. She collapsed in Kaitlyn's arms; convulsing and unable to speak. She had lost all control of her body. She couldn't stop squirting or lactating as the orgasmic aftershocks rippled through her body.. She could hear Kaitlyn's soothing words and feel her gentle touch. It made Kari feel safe. She didn't need thoughts as long as she had these feelings. Her humanity was drifting away and she didn't care.



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After about 30 minutes, Kari regained her composure. Kaitlyn held her the entire time. When Kari could speak again, Kaitlyn meekly confessed a fantasy. She loved Kari's growing breast and her massive lactation. Kaitlyn had long fantasized about breast feeding. She confessed this to Kari expecting to be rejected. To her surprise Kari practically glowed with joy. She hugged Kaitlyn and confessed her new own recent fantasies about being milked; how proud she was about the quantity of milk she was now producing. She told Kaitlyn nothing would make her happier than being the young woman's wet nurse. The two got themselves comfortable and Kaitlyn suckled at a Kari's massive teats until she was full.



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Buying a second breast pump was the best investment Kari had made in years. Milking one breast at a time no longer stimulated her enough. Kari had become addicted to her powerful orgasms. As her breasts grew, she needed more powerful stimulation to get the same rush. Even on its maximum setting, the "Milking Assister" was no longer enough. After being fisted by Kaitlyn, she was thinking about getting a second device. Perhaps using two together will satisfy her need.

♡♡♡AAAHHH♡♡♡

BUZZZ



It took a little over an hour for Kari's thoughts to return to normal. As her orgasms became more powerful, it seemed to take longer and longer to return to normal. Although it was becoming inconvenient, she didn't seem to mind. She actually enjoyed her thoughtless moments more each day. She longed for those moments more and more. The only downside of her recent breast growth was that her clothes no longer fit. She had to go shopping today.





You came to the right store. We specialize in large breasted and full figured women. I'll need to size you correctly. I'll lock the store so we won't be disturbed.

Um .. I wonder if you can help me. My breasts have grown a lot, and I need to buy new clothes.

Oh God her breasts are so beautiful. I just want to touch them. Get it together Kari, you're here to buy clothes.

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Um... I've stopped wearing underwear. Is it really necessary to get naked? I've had some ... um... issues recently.

No underwear! Baby this your lucky day! Look at those tits just starring at me. I'm gonna have some fun with her.

Now baby I need you to take all your clothes off, that includes underwear. I need you naked to get your size.

Don't be nervous baby. You have to trust me. I'm a professional.



This was a huge mistake. She's so sexy! I just want to bury my face in those breasts. I'm already soaking wet, and I'm starting to lactate.

I appreciate your wanting to help me, but I don't think I should be naked.

Well that might help.

Oh yes baby! You've got some magnificent breasts. I'll have to touch them to get your size.

You're just shy. Would it help if I was naked too?



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I'm sorry. This is so embarrassing. When I get too excited, I start lactating.

Don't be embarrassed baby. Let me get my clothes off and I'll take good care of you. These udders just need a good milking.



Tell me what you need baby. I'll take care of you.

I've been a very naughty cow. I need to be punished. Spank me.

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You're making a mess  
all over my floor you dirty cow. I  
don't think this is punishment. I'll  
have to try something else.

Harder! Spank Me Harder!

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This is no virgin ass! You're taking all four fingers. You really are a naughty little cow.

♥♥♥♥Make Me Take It♥♥♥♥





♥♥♥ MORE! I NEED MORE! ♥♥♥

Oh you're such a naughty little cow. I've fisted a few women before, but none of them could take this. I bet you could take it up to the elbow. You want more? I'm in love!

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My God! She's magnificent!  
I've never met anyone like her. No matter  
how hard I push her, she wants more. Her  
breasts are getting fuller by the minute.  
I have to milk her.

AAAHHH





Kari was shattered by the deep double fisting. She was humiliated by having her legs spread wide so a stranger could stare at her obscenely gaping vagina and anus. Her breasts had become over stimulated by the rough treatment and humiliation. They felts so full to bursting that they hurt. She couldn't speak, couldn't ask to be milked. All she could do was moan like a cow in the barn, and hope the farmer came to do her duty.

MMMMMMMMMMMM

Look at those nasty gaping holes. You're something special. Your breasts look even bigger and full of milk than when you came in. They won't stop spurting.



Kari was in a state of pure bliss. She sat there docilely, like a cow, while she was milked. That joyous feeling returned where she was beyond conscious thought. She couldn't form words or ideas. She lived in the world of sensation, the world of feeling. For so long there had been a void in her life, a chasm. She spent a life trying to fill it with accomplishments. That only made it bigger. Being dominated, being milked like a cow filled that hole. For the first time she was complete. Her destiny frightened her, but it also compelled her. She had to go forward.

♥♥♥ AAAHHH ♥♥♥

That's it you naughty little cow. Give me your milk. This is so sexy! You produce so much you could bottle it.





Thanks for being so helpful. I love my new outfits. What do I owe you?

Oh your so sweet. I'll be sure to come back.

You don't owe me me anything baby. It was my pleasure.

Don't make me wait too long baby.



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Remember you? I'll never forget you. Please call me Camille. How can I help you?

I'm honored you'd call me. I can see you today. What time is good for you?

Of course Kari. My office closes a 6. You can see me then. Everyone will be gone.

Dr Jacobs, I don't know if you remember me, this is Dr Werners. We met in the train station restroom.

Thanks Camille, please call me Kari. I've been having some issues and I'd like a consultation.

It's a very sensitive matter. Could you see me after hours?



**Oh My God Kari!  
Your breasts are huge! Did  
you get implants? They  
look so real.**

**Such rapid breast  
growth should be impossible.  
have you had any other  
issues?**

**Have you had  
any changes in diet or appetite  
recently?**

**They are real Camille.  
They've grown this big over  
the last few months.**

**Extreme lactation.  
I lactate a few gallons a day.  
I'm also in a constant state  
of arousal all day.**

**I can't eat regular  
food anymore. The only thing  
I eat now is a mixture of grains  
and my breast milk.**



**Kari, tell me about this constant state of arousal you are experiencing. Why do you think it is tied to your massive breast growth and lactation. Make sure to tell me everything.**

**Every morning when I wake up, I have to milk myself. The process arouses me, and my orgasms are mind-shattering. After every orgasm my mind goes blank for up to an hour. During that time, I can't form cognitive thought, only emotions. The more aroused I get, the more I lactate. The more I lactate, the more aroused I get. Camille, do you know what is happening to me?**





Your nipples are the size of tangerines. Does my touch make you aroused?

You've started lactating from my touch. Does this always happen?

Your vagina is very wet. When I touch you like this how does it make you feel?

I have an idea what is happening, but I need you to undress for me.

- ♥ **AAAH!!** Y...Yes it does. ♥
- ♥ **A...** All the time. Oh God Camille don't! ♥
- ♥ **Camille Please!** I can't... ♥
- ♥ **Anything for science.** ♥







Hold on Kari. Let me get ready. I'll help you. I need you to get on the table, while I get my speculum.

Camille you have to help me! My body is on fire! It gets worse everyday. I think I'll go mad from pleasure!





♥MMMMMMMMMM♥

Oh my! Kari you're such a naughty girl. It's a good thing I took my clothes off. You're making a mess of me. Just hold on a little longer dear. Your squirt is so powerful.

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~AAAAHH~

Kari, be a dear and try to stop squirting in my face. It makes it hard to cncentrate. Your clitoris has grown to epic proportions. It is the size of a fingertip, with sensitivity to match. Hold on dear, I'm almost done.

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Nipples are the size of tangerines, with extreme sensitivity. Powerful lactation - explosive in nature. The milk has a sweet pleasing aroma. Subject has orgasms when nipples are manipulated. One more test to go dear. Try to hold on a little longer.

Oh God! Camille!!!♥

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♥Dear God! AAAHHH♥

Taste is sweet and rich. Creates a feeling of mild euphoria and warmth. Oh God I could become addicted to this! I must remain objective. The subject appears to have powerful orgasms when nursing. There is only one conclusion.






♡MMMMMM♡

This must be what heaven feels like. Her breasts are so soft and full. I can feel her milk leaking out and running all over me. I could stay like this all night, but I have to be professional.

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A woman with a large, hairy chest is being examined by a woman with glasses. The woman with glasses is holding a device that is attached to the hairy chest. The woman with the hairy chest is looking at the woman with glasses.

**B...But Camille, how is that even possible? I know I've been going through some changes, but a Hucow? A Hucow?**

**Kari based on all the data. You are transforming into a Hucow. Your breast and nipple growth; extreme lactation; heightened and persistent arousal levels; and vaginal growth.**



**Kari, no one but Dr Mertens of HuCow Farms seems to know why some women become hucows.**

**Kari, from everything I've seen, you are that type of person. You're happy as a hucow.**

**Well there's an experimental pill from HuCow Farms. It's supposed to reverse the hucow process.**

**Keri, this is an experimental medication. It doesn't always work. Some women remain hucows permanently.**

**Camille, how is it possible that I'm becoming a hucow? I'm a Doctor! It's not possible.**

**But I don't want to be a hucow. I'm not that type of person. I'm a smart woman.**

**There must be something you can do. Is there any medication that can make it stop?**

**I'll take it Camille! I can't become a hucow! I'm willing to try anything. Give it to me.**



Kari stared at the pills in her hand. One dose. She had to take them all and in the morning she'd start going back to normal. All she had to do was take them, but for some reason she was hesitating. She didn't want to be a huco did she? No that was impossible. She had to take the pills. She had to get her old life back. Why was she hesitating? She subconsciously caressed one of her huge nipples. Did she want to be a huco?





Oh my God! I can't believe this!  
The pills were supposed to turn me back to  
normal. My breasts are even bigger  
than ever!



I have to see Dr Mertens! It's an emergency. Please let her know I'm here. I have to see her as soon as possible.

Oh my Dr Werners! You've changed. For the better I might add. Your breasts are absolutely magnificent. Here to see me?

Please you have to have mercy on me! Can't you see that it's an emergency! You can't turn me away! I'm begging you!

I'm afraid that's not going to be possible. Dr Mertens left strict instructions that you were not to be allowed in to see her.





Please you have  
to let me in to see Dr Mertens!  
You can see what's happened to me.  
I just need a few minufes.

I'm sorry Dr Werners.  
I can't disobey Dr Mertens. Why  
don't you stay here with me? I'll  
make you feel better.

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I'm so sorry Dr Mertens. I told Dr Werners that she wasn't allowed to see you, but she seems desperate.

What's all the commotion out here?! Why is she in my office? Didn't I make myself clear!



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How dare you burst into my office you half naked huco. Have you no decency?

I'm not a huco! I tried to get dressed, but none of my clothes fit. I tried my best.

All I see is a filthy half naked huco with her obscene udders leaking all over my floor.

Their not udders, their breasts. They've just grown so big I don't know what to do.

I won't stand here and be insulted by your presence. Cover yourself huco!

I'm trying, but my robe won't close. Stop calling me a huco. I'm a woman!



**These aren't breasts!  
Their udders, filthy, obscene udders!  
Only a hucow would have such obscene  
udders as these! You disgust me!**

**Only hucows need to  
be milked! You're making a mess you  
you filthy hucow! Now admit these are  
udders! Admit you are a hucow!**

**You're learning my little  
hucow. Now hucows don't wear clothes.  
Clothes are for humans like me. Take that  
robe off and stand naked before me!**

**AAAHHH! Please don't  
squeeze them like that. I forgot to  
milk this morning. If you squeeze them  
like that, I'll start lactating.**

**Please stop squeezing!  
I admit it. I have udders. I'm a filthy  
hucow. I'm sorry Mistress. Please help  
me. I'll do whatever you want.**



Kari burned with shame as she stood naked before Dr Mertens. Admitting she was a hucow with obscene udders wasn't the worst. She was humiliated because debasing herself before the Mistress excited her. She was getting wet between her legs; her breasts had started to swell and ache. She needed to be milked. She needed the Mistress to milk her. She felt the Mistress' haughty gaze, and withered before it. Slowly she was admitting to herself that she wanted to be a hucow.





I've had enough of this! Come over here and milk this filthy hucow! When you're done send her into my office.

The humiliation and degradation Dr Mertens was subjecting her to overwhelmed Kari. The slap didn't really hurt, but it was degrading. The more Dr Mertens debased her, the more aroused Kari became. She needed to be milked desperately. She became even more aroused at the prospect of getting milked by the secretary.

SLAP!

AAAAHHH!

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Try to relax  
Dr Werners. I'm going to take  
good care of you. You've been through  
so much, but I'm here for you now.  
I'll milk you.

Please you have  
to help me! If I don't get milked  
soon I'll go mad! SOB!



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That's it Dear, let me take care of you. Don't try to think. Just be a good little hucow and let me milk you. It feels so good. This is what you need.

Oh God yes! This is so good! Her hands are magical. Milk Me! Milk Me! I need this so bad!

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Oh God that feels so good!. Squeeze my filthy udders. I needed this so bad. Please let me nurse you. I want to breast feed you.

You're truely magnificent. I've never seen a hucow so impressive. I promise I'll always take care of you. Nothing would please me more than to nurse from you.

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YAAAAHHH!

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Shhh. Don't try to talk. I understand your condition. just sit here and let me hold you until it passes. When you're ready I'll send you in to the Mistress.

looolooo

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Now my little hucow, are you ready to give yourself over to me, to accept me as your Mistress?

I gave you a shot of my LE-42 formula, but that didn't make you a hucow. Hucows are born not made. I specialize in recognizing women with the hucow trait and activating it through my "special" methods. LE-42 merely increases lactation to a commercial level. You were always a hucow my dear. I just activated what was always within you.

Yes Mistress. Will you answer one question? How did you you turn me into a hucow?



The pills were a placebo. When taken by a woman who truly doesn't want to be a hucow, her will reverses the transformation. In your case, your will completed the transformation. Now get down on your knees.

But...but what about the pills I took? Why didn't they turn me back?



Who is your Mistress?

Whose will do you serve?

Do you give yourself over  
to me body and soul?

You're home now.

You are my Mistress.

I serve your will Mistress.

I do Mistrss.


Thank you Mistress.



I don't know why I tried to deny my true feelings. This is where I belong, serving my Mistress.







Yes I think you'll do nicely. I'll have my secretary prepare you to join my stable.

Kari knew she should be appalled at the thought of joining a stable, but she was elated. The Mistress desired her. Kari was not just her possession, she was the Mistress' prized possession. Her mind raced with the thought of what was involved in "being prepared" for the stable. She was wet with anticipation.



Kari couldn't take her eyes off her new laser branding. She was now the official property of the Mistress. The feeling was intoxicating. Her breasts had begun to swell and leak again. They were so full they ached. She was giddy with excitement for her new life.

This has all been very stimulating. Could you milk me again?

I'd love to milk those big beautiful breasts dear, but the Mistress left very strict instructions that you were not to be milked again, until we lock you in to the milker. Try to hang on.



You're doing well  
Dear. I know this hurts, but I'm  
almost done. You're really leaking  
a lot aren't you. We'll milk you  
soon.





Kari marveled at her new tattoo: "PROPERTY OF HUCOW FARMS". She thought back to when she saw her first hucow with the same tattoo. She was almost complete now. The thought of being the Mistress' prize hucow filled her with pride. She wasn't just another hucow in the heard. She was special

You're special to the Mistress. As her prize hucow you won't stay with the rest of the herd. This room has been set aside for you. I'll be able to visit you often.





You've received your laser brand and tattoo: are you ready for the final step in your new life?

Yes Mistress. I'm ready to give myself to you completely.



The pain was excruciating as her Mistress pierced her nose. She would bear the pain for her Mistress. The last of her humanity slipped away as her nose tag was inserted. She was a hucow now. She belonged to the Mistress. She was property.







Yes my Mistress.  
Thank you for accepting me. I  
will do my best to serve you.

You've taken the last  
step. You are no longer Dr Kari  
Werners. You are now Number "69". I  
will keep you and cherish you; you will  
serve me without question.

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You're glorious "69".  
I've never had a hucow that was  
as magnificent as you. You are the  
pride of my herd. In time I will  
have to breed you.

The shackles bit into "69's" ankles and wrists. The milking harness  
forced her arms and legs into uncomfortable positions. The feeling  
went from discomfort through pain into agony. Her agony was a  
badge of devotion to her Mistress and she wore it with pride. The  
vibrating sex machine plunged deeply into her ass triggering  
multiple orgasms and stimulating her lactation. She was happy that  
the Mistress in her wisdom delayed her milking. Being hooked up to  
milker was glorious.

♡AAAAHHH!♡

PROPERTY OF  
SCORPIO 69



Orgasms racked "69's" body. New orgasms overwhelmed her before the aftershocks of the last orgasm had subsided. With each orgasm her mind dimmed. She wanted to thank her Mistress, to declare her love and devotion, but the words wouldn't come. Her transformation into a hucow was almost complete. Soon she would lose the capacity for speech.

♡ AAAHHH! ♡



**THE END**

♡M000000!♡

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HUMAN CATTLE VAC 825 SERIES

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