

MOO TIME, ALL THE TIME

Samuel Hoggins was a simple man working a well paying job down at the regional headquarters for one of the world's biggest pharmaceutical firms.

While Samuel might seem like your average Joe with an extroverted personality. There laid within him a strange yearning, a desire of sorts that had only grown much more severe over the years. A trackable trend that had started a few days after his application to work at Bovina had been approved. And while it seemed to be nothing more than a well paying position as an engineer in an unspecified sector of the company, the truth behind Samuel's rising addiction to something unspeakable could be found behind pages of black bars on confidential papers and veiled layers of corporate secrecy. And only something *big* could warrant this much protective measures to ensure it remained hidden from prying eyes. Especially to those looking to leverage anything they could use to one up Bovina and their monopoly of the medical field.

And what better way to topple a company than the unveiling of their trade secrets? The key to their success. The core ingredient that enabled them to manufacture and sell their massively successful line of products without competition...as well as the humanitarian violations alongside a bevy of other charges that could be levied against them should word of Bovina's dirty little secret ever leak. A secret that had driven Samuel into a craze, more than willing to keep his mouth zipped tight if it meant he got to spend more time working with it...emphasis on 'with'...

Because the company's tightly guarded secret was also the object of Samuel's desire, so much so that he'd constantly come to work an hour or two early just to get the labs ready for use, allowing him to meet *Bessie*. The local branch's resident cowgirl who resided in the neighboring 'pen' (the scientist's friendly name for their holding room). Born from genetic tampering and a breakthrough in virology, Bessie's appearance remained mostly unchanged from the time she had been known by another name save for a massive growth spurt in her breasts that needed milking on an hourly basis, a cow's horns jutting out from the sides of her skull and a fully mobile tail sitting just above her rear.

To the eggheads, Bessie was simply a provider of Bovina's critical ingredients to use in their production lines as well as samples for study. With automated machinery tending to her every need alongside the aforementioned milking process, most of not none of the men and women saw a need to enter the pen. Save for Samuel that is. With his obsession for cowgirls burning strong, he would always dutifully clean her holding cell and whenever possible, do the milking himself. Treating the cowgirl like...well...like a cow. Talking to her, feeding her...it was almost comical watching the crazed man with an unhealthy obsession for a fetish go about his day tending to the oblivious woman with a woefully inept mental capacity that left her with the sole ability to vocalize animalistic mooing and groaning. But physical contact with Bovina's cowgirls were A-OK as far as they could tell, so they saw no problem with letting Samuel continue to care for Bessie, coming to know him for his second job as the branch's unofficial 'Rancher' whenever he wasn't busy fixing electronics or supervising installation work.

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Until one fine day when the first researcher to arrive would notice the lights turned off, a first for the workplace seeing as how Bessie's dutiful caretaker would always be there before anyone else. Except the sounds of her mooing signaled to the wary man that she was already in the pen...meaning Samuel would've had to have come by already...so where was he?

As the scientist catches sight of a discarded set of torn pants and men's underwear lying shredded on the floor right next to the door. An echoing bell ringing loud and clear in his ears would be all the notice he would get before a second cowgirl sporting glistening khaki hued skin slick with sweat jumps him from the side, tackling the man to the floor with a ravenous bellow before unintentionally stifling his protests with her breasts, swollen with fat and overloaded with so much milk the erect brown nubs that tipped the flabby melons immediately spray their load all over the lab from just a single slap from her victim's panicked flailing. Stimulating the nerves all across her hypersensitive form as she arches her back in bliss, cooing with a wet tongue hanging in the air, cyan blue eyes, vapid and empty, rolling into her head as a guttural moan flows out of a wanton mouth, followed shortly after by an unrestrained '*Mmmoooo!*' in perfect sync with Bessie's. Almost as if she was aware of her sister's success at finding a mate in the other room as the helpless scientist can do little but lie flat as the oversized cowgirl pins him down with her massive, curvaceous frame. Not even bothering to stop her as she tears off his pants, eager to get at the semen inside as she plunges her fat pussy over the erect rod...

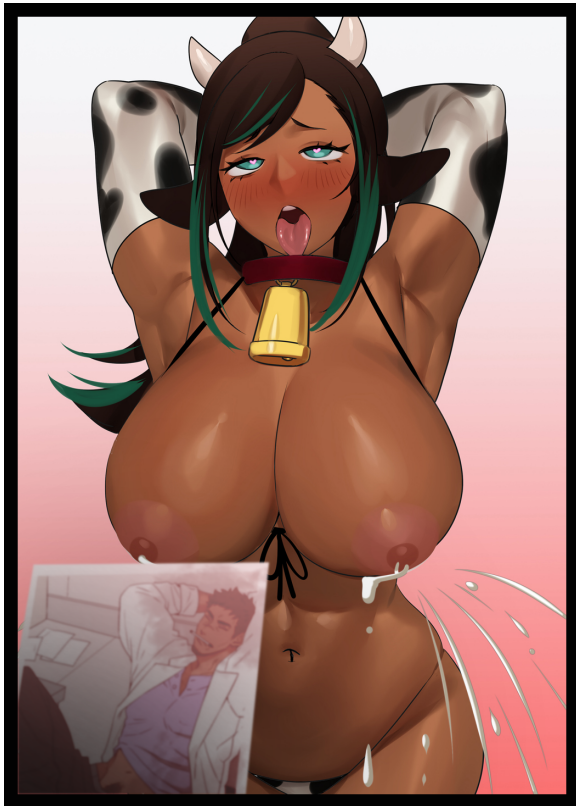
By the time the rest of the crew arrive, they would all be surprised by their drained colleague splayed out on the floor alongside the presence of his captor, wondering what the hell was happening as an uproar ensues in the subterranean facility, quelled once quarantine protocols were enacted, successfully managing to sedate and secure the second cowgirl in her own cell next to Bessie, discovering the cause for her rampage had been induced by overblown estrus due to her breasts being chock full of Bovina's secret sauce with no machine or man to milk her...which begged the question the first man had wondered before getting his pelvis crushed; where was Samuel?

It didn't take long for them to figure out what had happened after discovering the engineer's shredded articles of clothing, realizing why the cowgirl seemed so out of place as they stared at the second one through the two way mirror, blissfully ignorant to her situation as she produces the same sounds Bessie made as her udders were milked by the machines...there, around her body. It was tight, muddled by sweat and rank semen...but the clothes hanging off her bovine form were unmistakably those of Samuel's. Raising so many questions none of them had the answers to...

Over the following days, the hubbub over Samuel's sudden and inexplicable transformation into an empty headed cowgirl would become the subject of research amongst the team of the North American branch. Unwilling to risk contamination and any unforeseen circumstances, Bovina would decide to keep the newly dubbed *Sugar* at the branch alongside Bessie considering how they only had one cowgirl till

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now. The work was hard, with strenuous effort put into reviewing security camera footage with little success as they witness Samuel begin to enter into an epileptic fit, doing his damndest to try and get back to the front door, only to emerge out from a portion of the lab that wasn't covered by the CCTV as Sugar, collared and ready for milking, evidently intelligent enough to plan an ambush for the same man that had ended up naming her after she had force fed him her breast milk on accident in her bid to relieve herself of her body's desire for sexual intercourse...an act that ended with no further drama. Without Bovina's unethical formula, Samuel shouldn't have turned, but the footage was clear...and her body was indeed producing the same fluids as her newfound sister. There were just so many unknowns to provide a clear answer...and her genes, as far as they could tell, were as regular as a cowgirl's could be.



As for Sugar herself? She would earn a new role gleaned from having her first time taken by the researcher she had attacked. Growing intimate with her after experiencing sex with a cowgirl for himself, convincing some of his friends to let her out on occasion with a special outfit they now had her wearing on an almost daily basis, consisting of a lewd ensemble that went well with her ebony complexion and alluring face, growing her hair out until she had lost the boyish cut she once sported on her first day here, something her many mates adored about her as they 'took care of her' just as well as she once did with Bessie...although to a less physical degree than they did her...

Months later, Sugar could not be any happier with her situation. Whether or not Samuel was even in there at this point, many of the staff could only agree that if he was aware, he'd be proud of what he had become; the object of his own desires, a vapid cowgirl who was well

fed, milked by big strong hands on an hourly basis, living cozy with a friend and the best part; getting to lay with a variety of 'bulls' and the occasional female every now and then. It was a life far removed from her old one, but it was one she didn't want to leave. Not when Sugar was as blissfully ignorant as her kin were on the true gravity of the situation, taking her place as Bovina's new subject of interest as they worked day and night to try and reproduce the circumstances that had led to her birth, never once realizing who the funny man they kept showing her in an old photo truly was...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Image Sources

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