

# How Now Mad Cow - Part 4

By TheSpiralledEye

Condition or no, Tyrone was not the sort of man to be pushed around; and he was a mad, no matter what this strange strain of mad cow said. He didn't care if he had tits and a pussy now, he was going to prove to everybody in this damn facility that he was not some pushover who was content to give up his entire way of life and spend his days being milked like an animal. He marched out of the Heifer building with his head held high; he had learned many years ago that all it took was confidence in your gait and nobody questioned why you were there. It seemed here was no different as he followed the signage to the gym across the courtyard, brushing past the gates and signs labelled "Bull Area" without so much as a second glance.

Walking into the gym felt like coming home, an island of normalcy in the sea of confusion that had been the last few days. The machinery was the same, even the layout, though he did note some of the machines were nearly double the size of his usual haunts. Judging by how huge some of the men affected with the bull strain were, that didn't surprise him and he felt a stab of jealousy. If he had that strain perhaps he would even enjoy this damn affliction.

The room was empty and Tyrone let out the breath he didn't realise he was holding. Not that he was worried about his behaviour around bulls, he could control himself. It was just nice to know he had the space to himself to clear his head is all. He made his way over to the weight press, settling himself down in the familiar chair with a sigh. It felt good to be home. He set his weight and reached forward to grab the handles before straining to move them.

Impossible, he had started easy, normally he lifted almost twice this amount and yet he was struggling to budge the machine at all! He tensed, straining harder only to gasp in pain as his chest muscles tightened. Looking down he could see his shirt straining to contain his breasts, already filling with milk once more. As he strained, dark patches appeared on the front of the fabric and the tightening muscles forced milk out of his growing nipples.

He flushed pink, glad nobody was here to see his weakness or the milk patches, maybe working on his arms without his usual abdominal strength was a mistake. It was unorthodox but maybe he's skip arm day. He hopped off the machine and moved over to the bike only to swiftly regret it. He was so unused to having a pussy that as soon as he leaned forward and pressed it into the stiff seat of the bike saddle he moaned. This machine was

clearly designed for men, the thinnest part of the saddle forced his underwear up into his pussy, instantly soaking them and making him blush even more. The treadmill then, surely this body couldn't be worse on the treadmill?

Thankfully it wasn't, in fact, walking at a nice brisk pace brought back the familiar relaxing burn of exercise back into his muscles and he sighed in relief. He would almost feel normal were it not for all the extra movement his body was making; hips swaying, breasts and ass jiggling, he felt like walking jello. Still, it wasn't like anybody else could see so what was the harm? He upped the speed to a light jog feeling his breasts bounce slightly, though the amount began to diminish as they continued to fill with milk, becoming tight and tauged against his chest. It was getting more and more noticeable as time went on, starting as a slight discomfort and progressing to a tight pain. He didn't want to admit it, but a trip back to the heifer area to be milked might be needed sooner rather than later. Tyrone was doing his best to put it out of his mind and focus on the workout when the sound of the door closing made his ears perk up.

“Woah, a heifer!”

The voice sent a shiver down his spine, it was so deep and sensual it made heat curl in his lower stomach. Tyrone grit his teeth and kept jogging, determined not to turn around even as a second, equally sexy baritone joined the other.

“Wow, look at her ass, gorgeous.”

The other hummed in agreement and Tyrone swore he could feel the vibration of the noise move through the air and into his skin.

“Hey, babe, what's your name?”

“Tyrone.” He replied, trying to make his voice deeper and more masculine, he'd not even realised how much it had changed overnight until now, compared to these bulls.

They stepped into his vision; one was more man than bull; with dusty blonde hair and a muscular body, the only hint of the affliction being his muscular legs which ended in hooves rather than feet. While the other looked like a minotaur of myth, all he was missing was the nose ring. Maybe he was imagining it but Tyrone swore he could smell them, a thick, masculine musk that coiled in his nose in the most delicious way.

“No way, you’re a dude?”

“His face is a little square, it’s really just the tits and ass that are girly, must be a new fella.”

“Yeah, emphasis on ‘fella’,” Tyrone replied, trying to ignore the smell, “As in, I am a guy.”

“Hmmm, I don’t know, are you a guy in the way that counts?” The bull man asked, eyes dipping between his legs at the obvious lack of bulge.

“What’s it to you anyway? What’s between my fucking legs is my business.”

The human man breathed deep, eyes dilating.

“She’s pretty full.” He mused, “What do you say we help each other out, babe?”

Tyrone swallowed, he meant to say no but that scent was making him lightheaded and instead he asked.

“What do you mean?”

The bull man chuckled, leaning in close.

“How about a drink?”

Heat flooded Tyrone’s cheeks and suddenly, ignoring the persistent ache in his breasts was much, much harder.

“You look pretty full.” The man continued, “And the doctors here keep us separated from the heifers so we hardly ever get to drink their milk. It makes us a little...randy if you will.”

“Sounds like a mistake then.” Tyrone said, his voice quivering, he wished it was from fear.

They were both so close now, he could smell them in the air, see every detailed line of their thick corded muscles. He tried to look away and instead his eyes locked onto the minotaur man's horns. Instantly he was imagining how easy it would be to hold onto those thick horns and bounce on his lap, feeling that thick cock inside his arching hole as he let the man drain him.

Slickness began to drip down his legs; he had to get out of here, this was the milk talking, making him horny. He wasn't himself.

"Come on babe." The human man urged, "It doesn't have to mean anything, we're all friends here right, Tyrone? My name's Matt, this here is Victor, we'll make sure it feels good."

There was a hand under his shirt, Victor's strong fingers ran across the underside of his breasts and Tyrone groaned, the skin was so tight and full. He needed release, in more ways than one but he couldn't let this stupid condition rob him of his dignity. He had to fight it...he had to...

Victor's fingers were rising, brushing against his elongated nipples now, taking one gently between his thumb and forefinger. Tyrone was holding his breath, as he had to do was pinch and pull-

"Hey!"

A voice rang out and bleary eyed, Tyrone turned to see a scientist he had not yet met.

"Both of you, away from that poor heifer! For God's sakes control yourselves."

Victor's fingers slipped away and Tyrone moaned, he'd been so close to gratification. Still, despite his lust filled brain he was glad they'd been discovered, humiliating as it was to admit he knew he would not have been able to stop them touching him further. His need was so great.

"What about her?" Matt whinged, "She's the one who came into the bull section!"

"Tyrone is new, I just saw *his* paperwork." The scientist scolded, "And just look at him, about ready to burst, you know heifers can barely control themselves with all those hormones swimming around. Come on, let's get you back to where you belong."

Almost in a daze Tyrone took the scientist's hand, he was male, he smelled good. Not as good as the bulls but Tyrone knew given the option he'd let this man have him too. He did nothing untoward though, simply led him back through the facility to the heifer rooms before gently helping him undress.

"Let's get you sorted out." The man said kindly, "Down on your hands and knees."

Tyrone dropped, his knees felt weak and his chest was aching almost painfully, he couldn't help but desperately whine when the scientist brought out the suction cups. Yes! That's what he needed, once all this milk was out, he'd be able to think straight. But the scientist frowned, fiddling with them before sighing.

"I'm sorry, these wires are frayed. I'll have to go get another from one of the other rooms."

"No! Tyrone cried before he could stop himself, "Please, I just need...I need..."

He couldn't think of the next word, it was too embarrassing.

"Alright, I can milk you by hand if you really need?" The scientist offered, grabbing a bucket from beneath a sink.

The situation was humiliating, Tyrone felt himself flush all over from sheer embarrassment. Here he was, on his hands and knees like an animal, a bucket beneath his chest ready to be milked like an old fashioned dairy cow. All of his trepidation vanished as the man's firm hands found his nipples though; he pulled down, drawing out a thick stream of milk and a moan along with it. Rhythmically he began to squeeze, alternating between each nipple, slowly spraying milk into the metal pail.

"Uh...Uh...Uuuhhhh."

Tyrone's jaw was hanging open, guttural sounds escaping with each pull. Pleasure pooled in his loins and his hips began to buck. His new pussy was burning, it felt painfully empty and he hated how much he wanted it filled. Within only a minute the bucket was half full and the scientist's pulls began to slow.

"D-don't stop." Tyrone begged, "Please."

“I think it would be unprofessional for me to continue.” The man said, his voice slightly more husky, “You are only half done, but I think we can get you to another milking room to finish up.”

The idea of those cold, silicone cups on his tits made him shiver; this scientist's hands were so warm and soft, he never wanted them to stop.

“Just a little more.” He begged, hating himself for it, “Just a few more tugs, pleeeeeease.”

“No.” The man withdrew, picking up the bucket of milk and placing it in one of the large fridges. “Come on, let’s get you to your room.”

Tyrone got to his feet, humiliation at his own actions burning inside him. He was an alpha male and yet, he’d let himself be reduced to a mewling, desperate cow whore. So much for reclaiming himself in the gym. The scientist followed him to his room and left with a small nod of his head, assuring him Dr. Brown would be around to finish his milking the proper way soon.

Feeling drained and defeated, he sat back on the bed, barely acknowledging Dr. Brown as he came and hooked up the suction cups. He tried to hold back as the milking began but it was just so nice. The feeling of the milk draining away left him feeling pleasantly floppy and lightheaded and after all the teasing his body had been through there was no way he could keep himself from cumming quietly, biting down hard on his lip to keep more of those sounds from escaping.

Even after the milking was done and he’d been fully drained that arousal lingered and it took all the self control he had to keep his hands from slipping between his new folds. Eventually though Tyrone fell into an exhausted, fitful sleep with dreams once again filled with open grass plains and strong bulls pressing against him.