

The Hu-Cow Farm - Part 2

For Dustin Chen

By TheSpiralledEye

After tricking his colleague into becoming a hu-cow Bill is in for a shock when the security system mistakes him for a runaway and begins transforming him as well.

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The sound of guttural moos and moans echoed through the barn; it was milking time and that always meant a lot of noise. I looked down from the observation window in the head office, waiting for the inspector to arrive; he was due any minute and we had just hit our quota for the month. Well, I say we, but I was the sole owner of this establishment now at least while Pete was...helping out on the floor.

I looked at him, shuddering as yet another orgasm shocked his system. His eyes were glazed over and unseeing as the machine pumped. That is the fate he had planned for me. Pete thought he was so smart, he always had. He thought himself above everybody. When I was younger I'd followed him like a loyal dog because nobody would mess with you if Pete was your friend. As we got older I convinced myself we were best friends, equals but over the years I realised I had been kidding myself.

Pete always saw himself as the leader of our little duo. It was his business, I was just his helper. At least in his mind even if legally things were always fifty fifty. I grit my teeth and snarled under my breath watching him be milked. How had I stayed in his shadow for so long? When he'd bought up the idea of me putting on one of those suits something had snapped and I wish it had done so earlier.

Pete thought his little fetish for milking was a secret. The worst kept secret in history perhaps. I'd seen the way he looked at hu-cows getting milked, the way he would squirm at his desk sometimes watching the security footage. I understood the fetish of course, even shared it to a certain degree but not quite so sadistically as he did. I didn't get off on how horny and blank the hu-cows looked as they desperately begged to be milked each day. AT least I hadn't until I snuck those sleeping pills into his coffee and zipped one of those suits around him. They were crotchless and had to be worn skin to skin so of course getting him into one had been slightly awkward, but it had all been worth it when he woke up and realised what was happening.

Watching him turn into a milk drunk hu-cow before my very eyes had been incredible. Watching his body mould and warp to fit the new suit, his breasts expanding as they filled with milk and he went doe eyed.

I turned back to face my monitor and switched the security footage on my computer with a click of the keys. I tabbed through all the footage until I landed on the close up of Pete's stall. His cock was already shrinking, a side effect of the suits. They were designed for women naturally but with milk being so scarce it soon became apparent that some men would need to volunteer. Their milk yields were always lower at first but after twenty four hours or so their udders were just as large and full as natural woman's. The side effect being that their junk changed to match. Within the next few hours Pete's cock would be completely gone, replaced with a pussy. Served him right, his pride needed the hit.

I couldn't wait to tease him, we had machines and even a few hand dildos for just that. When it became obvious that increased arousal was a side effect of becoming a hu-cow the government had decided the least these brave volunteers were owed was release now and then. A loud groan echoed up the walls into the office; Pete was cumming again and a grin spread across my lips. Even with that cock ring he couldn't hold back, the man had been such a degenerate. Now that he was being teased near constantly he was an orgasm machine.

Of course I was going to change him back in a few days. I knew full well I couldn't trust him to do the same for me if I had done as he asked. But I wasn't like Pete. I'd take the suit off in a few days and let him change back and now that he had been sufficiently humbled, perhaps he would think twice before messing with me again.

There was a buzz and the outside camera view turned on showing the inspector with his clipboard. With a smile I strode down to the main barn floor to meet him, holding out my hand to shake immediately.

"Welcome, my name's bill. Feel free to look around. I think you'll find everything in order."

"We'll see."

Terrance, as his name turned out to be, was a consummate professional. He spoke little and didn't care for idle chatter, focusing on the task at hand. He inspected the equipment, looked over our charts and then began inspecting each stall's occupant one by one. Ensuring each one looked well cared for, fed and happy.

“Small businesses like yours are rife with issues most of the time.” He admitted, “Small business owners hooking up unwilling people or using the equipment for their own pleasure. I am glad to see that’s not the case here.”

As if on cue Pete moaned.

“Odd to see a male hu-cow though.” He noted, “Especially such a fresh one so close to the inspection date.”

“That’s Pete.” I said honestly, “He wanted to do his part. I have his paperwork upstairs if you want to go over it.”

They were perfect forgeries of course, Pete’s signature was laughably easy to forge. Terrance looked over it all without a single sign of suspicion. In the camera feed I watched as Pete shuddered, his cock fully disappearing as his new pussy formed. I had to bite down on my tongue to keep my cock from hardening at the sight.

It was a good thing Terrance was busy inspecting our security systems because otherwise he almost certainly would have seen the look on my face and asked questions.

“Very well, everything seems to be in order here.” Terrance said after several hours of looking around. “I look forward to speaking with Pete when I come again in six weeks time for a follow up.”

“Of course,” I smiled, “He only signed up for a week. You’ll likely hear from him yourself before then.”

‘Provided he can be convinced not to snitch on me.’ He added silently as he waved goodbye.

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The sun was low and the evening milking had just finished. For everybody but Pete. He was there on his hands and knees, keening in the hay. Struggling against the leather belt that kept him in place in a desperate attempt to start up his pumps. His breasts were so full and heavy they dragged on the ground. His eyes were glazed with want, his now useless fingers curled into hoof like fists banging on the floor. I couldn’t help but wonder how it felt to be in

his position and I shivered at it. I knew it was wrong but the idea of being helpless and horny had always turned me on. Being a submissive was not sexy as a man, I knew that.

In fact my secret status as a sub is probably what let Pete control me for so long. I'd always been able to keep it in check but something about watching a man like Pete, so domineering and in charge, reduced to a hu-cow stamping her feet because she was too horny to think was...hot, to say the least.

“Mooooo!” He moaned desperately, rocking back and forth on his knees.

His udders were so full they barely jiggled anymore. The skin was stretched tight to the point that both breasts were practically solid, saying just slightly with the jerky movement of the rest of Pete's body. His nipples were long and stiff as well, likely filled with milk that had nowhere else to go. I reached out and ran my fingertips across the smooth, hot skin and Pete whimpered, trying to lean into it more.

The hu-cow looked up at the large silicone cups that normally milked him. I'd unhooked them right before the milking and he mooed, thrusting his head toward them. I chuckled, he seriously thought I didn't know what was wrong, that he was being helpful trying to tell me. Poor, pathetic thing.

He looked at me with those big, innocent eyes and I had to wonder; did he know who I was? Did he even know who he was anymore? All our Hu-cows had signed up for a full year of milking so I was yet to dismiss any. I had actually been disappointed, I really wanted to know what it felt like to 'go under' as it were. A whole year of nothing but dumb bliss; it was oddly tempting.

Not that I could ever do it myself. I knew personally, my secret love of submission. If I ever went that deep...I likely wouldn't have the strength to resist it again. There was no way Pete or anybody else I know would let me forget it. Then again, I'd be a dumb hu-cow, I wouldn't know or care what other people thought. That alone made me sigh with want. Pete mooed again, this time more desperately and I took pity on him.

“Alright, I'll milk you. I think you've learned your lesson, ass.”

I grabbed hold of one of the elongated nipples and pulled. The sound that Pete made was indescribable. It was primal, beasial and yet conveyed nothing but pleasure. It completely blocked out the sound of the milk splashing against the metal pail and my cock jumped with the intensity. I pulled and again, that sound went straight to my crotch as it repeated.

Pete groaned and I watched as slickness spread down his legs as I continued to milk. Working double time with both hands sent him over the edge in seconds and soon he was a quivering mess, cumming so hard and often I was losing count.

The sight was too much. My cock went rigid in my pants watching such a submissive, sexy sight. Without wanting to, my mind imagined me in his place and I couldn't resist moving one hand from its job milking to palm at the front of my pants.

Once I'd started I couldn't stop, pressing harder and harder into my length until it turned painful straining against my zipper and I was forced to free it. I knelt beside Pete, milking him furiously with one hand and jacking off with the other. Without realising it, timing my tugs on each one to be in sync. I let my eyes flutter closed as I came, imagining it was a stranger's hand on my cock; a strapping young farmer who was milking me for every last drop and that image is what pushed me over the edge.

The intensity of the orgasm surprised me, it made my whole body shudder and I was forced to lean on Pete in order to catch my breath. The hu-cow made confused noises; he was still half full and needed milking. Clearly he was so far gone right now he didn't even realise what had been happening right next to him.

As if in some sort of trance I tugged down on his teet again. Letting the cycle begin anew. Unlike my former colleague though. I was not flooded with hormones right now and my cock remained soft; still recovering from the first orgasm. Still, it was so hot watching him squirm and moan as I continued to drain him.

My eyes floated over to the dildos we kept for hu-cow pleasure. Standard procedure was to hook them up to a machine and let them work while the machines were pumping, to help satisfy those urges more easily. This time though, I couldn't help but do something more taboo. I continued to squeeze his teet with one hand while the other stroked down his back. The very same hand I had been touching myself with a few moments ago.

I felt along the gentle slope of his back and up his ballooning rump. It was now peachy and feminine in shape. In fact, the only thing that clued you into the fact that Pete was a man was his haircut. The rest of him had already been fully transformed by the suit. Including his lovely new pussy.

I'd watched it form right before my eyes and knowing I would be the first, I let my finger slip between those folds. The reaction was instant and Pete pushed back against me, trying to force my fingers into his tight hole. He was too dumb to even know how to touch himself, if he wanted pleasure I would have to give it to him.

“Fuck.”

The realisation made my cock twitch. He was so helpless, so horny for me he didn't have a single shred of willpower left to resist. I began to pump my fingers in and out in time with my pulls to his nipples. The milk was coming out as a dribble now, I had almost milked him dry but I desperately wanted one more orgasm from him. I wanted Pete to know the best ecstasy he had felt in his life had come from me. It was the perfect blackmail material to ensure he never ratted me out for doing this to him. Hell, maybe I'd even made him like me. Program his soft little brain with enough pleasure that he would even willingly put the suit back on in the future.

The pussy tightened around my fingers and a gush of juices flowed over them as Pete moaned one last time. The tightening of his muscles forced out the final little drop of milk before the hu-cow collapsed into an exhausted sleep. What a life.

I withdrew my fingers and breathed heavily. That was the hottest thing I had ever done in my life. Fuck. Maybe I did have a dominant side. Indulging it this last day has been incredible. Maybe I could fully get rid of my submission fetish this way. For a moment I let myself daydream of a world in which Pete was my meek little sub, always begging for another go in the suit while I dangled the carrot in front of him. Always in control, always in charge of his pleasure. Yes, that was what I wanted more than anything.

Reality crashed down on me like ice water though and my eyes snapped open. Coming face to face with the security camera. I had forgotten to turn it off in my excitement! Fortunately, the footage was only on our local system but I had to deal with that now! Idiot, Turning off the camera was one thing, an easy thing to explain and easy enough to create a loop with the last few seconds of footage to fill in the missing time. But actually deleting video footage was much harder. For obvious reasons, our security system didn't even allow for that. Now in order to protect myself from being slammed with the book and likely jail time I was going to have to fiddle with the security AI's internal workings. Fuck.

I stumbled to my feet and rezippered my fly, hurrying over to the security panel by the entrance to the barn. The security AI was fairly simple really. It monitored all hu-cows and the environment to ensure enough food and water was supplied and ensured all hu-cows hooked into the system were milked enough times a day. I'd already disabled the link to Pete's stall so I could tease him so to be safe, I re-enabled that first. Now I just needed to figure out how to sever the link the AI had with our video storage system and I would be home free.

Luckily, each plug and wire had a little label so it was easy enough to locate the one that said 'footage recording and storage'. Without a second thought I pulled the plug and an alarm began to blare. That hadn't happened when I was fiddling around here before! I must have tripped some extra security measure Terrance installed while I was distracted watching Pete. Crap.

I had seconds before the security team back in town got a message, I had to think fast. In a panic I saw my salvation; the reset button. I slammed my finger down and breathed a sigh of relief as the alarm stopped and things seemed to calm while the system rebooted itself. I swiftly plugged the video connection back in and sagged with relief when the alarm didn't start up again.

'SYSTEM RESTART: COMPLETE'

A robotic voice announced as the lights flickered slightly.

'MINOR INTERNAL ERROR. BEGINNING NEW ASSIMILATION PROTOCOL.'

Wait, what?

'ESCAPED HU-COW DETECTED. IT IS ILLEGAL TO LEAVE WITHOUT PROPER PROTOCOL. IF YOU NO LONGER WISH TO VOLUNTEER PLEASE SUMMON YOUR BARN LEADER TO RENEGOTIATE. ESCAPES WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.'

What the hell was going on? I didn't even realise we had an escape protocol programmed in. Unless...Pete. That degenerate fucker, he must have put it in here for his own amusement. Did he plan on freeing one of the volunteers early just to watch them be changed back again? Sick fuck.

"I'm one of the barn leaders." I announced, "I say stop this now."

'VOICE NOT RECOGNIZED. BEGINNING REASSIMILATION.'

"Wha-AGH!"

The little robotic arms had appeared from nowhere. How could all this tech have been installed without my knowledge? I wriggled and squirmed but it was no good, the robotic arms held me fast, lifting me through the air past all the doe eyed, dumb looking hu-cows who looked on with mildly bored expressions.

"Help me you idiots! Pete!"

Pete was still fast asleep, curled up like an animal in his stall. Ass in the air. Useless. I struggled as the arms hover over an empty stall, tiny lasers appearing out of metallic tendrils to cut away at my clothes. The lasers are hot but for some reason do not burn my skin. Instead melting through the seams of my clothes like butter until they all fell away to the ground where another tendril swept them up.

I'd always been turned on by the idea of being helpless but this was not remotely what I'd had in mind! I had to get out of here!

"Let me go! My name is Bill, I run this place, fucking-Pete what the fuck have you done you degenerate perv!"

'STAY CALM. THIS PROCESS WILL BE ENJOYABLE FOR YOU.'

Somehow those words appearing from speakers in that cold, robotic voice didn't make me feel better. I kicked and struggled until more tendrils appeared, winding their way around my ankles and wrists before forcing me to spread starfish style in the air. A fifth robotic arm appeared holding the item I so loved and dreaded. A hu-cow suit.

The latex was smooth and shiny under the light and I could see every detail. The fake silicone breasts which were filled with the secret selection of hormones. They would be pumped through the skin on my chest and into my system, then the suit would stimulate growth until it melted into me and became my new, naturally grown tits.

In a panic I looked around at the other hu-cows. Their suits were so melded with them the only way you could tell this wasn't their natural state was the zipper at their back. That was about to happen to me if I didn't do something. Yet no matter how hard I struggled I was no match for the strength of those robotic arms.

The suit looked closer and the coiled tendrils held me in place as my foot was slipped inside. The tendrils moved slowly, pushing one leg up before manoeuvring the second into place. I could feel the cold latex being smoothly pushed up my body. I couldn't help but feel like I was being coated in a cow print condom and humiliation flooded my system.

The crotchless hole meant my cock hung free even as the suit was pushed up my waist and for that I was grateful. I had always known these were tight but design but I felt as though I were being squeezed at every point. Perhaps this suit was too small? If it didn't fit would the AI stop?

No such luck. The suit forced my arms into place and began zipping up my back. The heavy fake tits pressed against my chest and I sucked in a breath, I had seconds before it started! My brain was blank, I couldn't think of a single thing to stop this rogue AI from turning me into a hu-cow. My shame doubled when I began to wonder if that was intentional.

Was the subconscious, sub part of my brain rejoicing right now? Maybe I was the pathetic one.

“Please!” I beg, “I’m not a volunteer, I don’t want to be a hu-cow! Stop! I’m n-ot....not ooooooh.”

There was a tingling in my chest as I felt the hormones and drugs being forced inside me. Soaked up by my pores as the suit vibrated slightly to stimulate the skin. I felt strange, like the sudden burst of lightheadedness that occurs after drinking too much too fast. Black spots danced on my vision for a moment as it blurred from the sheen intensity and I realised the arms were slowly putting me down. Weakly I kicked my legs as they released but my hands, the things I needed to undo the zipper at the nape of my neck, remained pinned in the air, spread apart above my head.

‘GOOD GIRL. YOU WILL ENJOY THIS.’

“No!” I protested weakly, “I don’t...I’m not...”

‘RESISTANCE DETECTED, USING ADDITIONAL SAFETY MEASURES. THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. YOU WILL THANK ME LATER.’

The very same leather strap which pinned Pete in place appeared, secured tightly around my waist and then tied to either side of the stall. It forced me into the kneeling position while I breathed heavily, trying hard not to think about the nice, tingly sensation in my chest and how relaxing it was.

The drugs were flooding my system, making me feel light headed and made my thoughts flow slowly like they were passing through molasses. I’d seen this very same thing happen to Pete yesterday and I remembered the look on his face; the dumb, happy smile he tried so desperately to keep off his face. At that moment I felt it, the uptick on my lips and I forced it away. The same thing was happening to me and I couldn’t fight it...didn’t want to fight it. God I had dreamed of this so many times I...why was I so worried a moment ago?

‘YOU MUST BE FED AND WATERED. DRINK.’

A nozzle-like appendage descended from the ceiling. Similar in shape to a bottle with a plastic teet. In my foggy mind I recognised it; hu-cows always struggled to eat neatly, they were too caught up in the milkings so we had created a nutrition drink, like a milkshake. It

had all the vitamins and minerals a human needed to survive, but also the drugs to help the hu-cows produce richer milk at higher rates.

I knew I shouldn't drink it even though a primal part of my brain really wanted to for some reason. I turned my head away as the nozzle was pressed forward. It kept coming, slowly advancing until I couldn't move back any further. The leather strap was holding me in place and I had no choice but to let my lips part.

It was fine. None of the drink appeared to be forced down my throat, I had to suck to get it. So as long as I resisted that strange urge I would be fine. I had plenty to distract me after all, like the swelling in my chest. The wonderful stretching feeling as milk began to form in my new tits. It felt so strange...so good.

I wished I could see it but the nozzle kept my head up and vision straight ahead. I could feel it though, liquid swirling in my chest as it continued to balloon. My nipples stretched and I couldn't help but moan at the sensation; it was like having my cock tickled by the feather light touch of a lover. I sucked in a breath in shock as the sensations got stronger and without meaning to, liquid sprayed into my mouth. It was sweet and creamy, not unlike the hu-cow milk I had been drinking these last few years. It dripped down my throat and added to the dizziness.

It tasted so good I moaned. But...I couldn't have more, I knew that. There was a reason I wasn't supposed to suck but...but I wanted to. I wanted to so badly. It would make my milk even better and that was a good thing. I wanted to be milked, I was starting to feel tight and full and that was bad. I didn't want to be bad...but part of me did? I was so confused. Maybe if I drank just a little more I would be able to think clearly.

I sucked at the nozzle, more delicious liquid flowed into my mouth so I did it again. Then again. Soon I was suckling obediently, and I felt my eyes glaze over. It was so tasty. I continued to suckle while my new teets grew. A warm pressure began to form at my crotch and I realised I was painfully hard.

The nozzle was pulled from my mouth and I couldn't help but whine; I had wanted more. Though part of me was glad, I still had some ability left to think and that was...good? Though I wasn't sure why.

Now free to move my head I swung my neck down to look at my hanging breasts; they were large and full, skin tight as more and more milk swelled inside me. It filled me with a sense of primal pleasure, my heavy breasts. Soon I would be milked and do my part to help humanity.

'NOURISHMENT COMPLETE, PROCEEDING WITH MILKING.'

Something about that harsh robotic voice snapped me out of my strange reverie and I remembered what was happening. Humiliation washed over me when I realised how turned on I was. My cock was still hard between my legs and my new nipples were stiff and hard. I could not believe I had let this happen. Another horrifying thought occurred to me. Nobody was due to visit for days, if I didn't escape now my brain would be pleased mush in a few hours. Luckily the farm was automated, we weren't going to starve but the idea that somebody could find both Pete and I hooked up to the milk machines as horny little hu-cows was just too embarrassing to comprehend. I would never live it down; hell, they might even take away their farm and give it to somebody else? Then what would we do?

I struggled, moving from side to side in a vain attempt to break the buckles holding my strap in place. My fingers were reacting sluggishly and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't remember how to use them! If I could just reach up and undo the buckle I would be free but such fine motor skills were beyond me now. My mind was growing foggy and within a moment or two I was finding it hard to remember why I was struggling in the first place.

My chest hurt. Was that why? Yes, that was definitely part of it. The tightness there was slowly becoming unbearable. That is why I had to escape to...to...do something about it.

A moment later the weight there decreased and I groaned in relief, something hard and plastic was cupping my breasts, taking the weight off my poor back which was struggling with their heft. Yes, that is why I had been fighting. I needed milking! The robotic voice above me said something but I couldn't quite make out what it was saying. I recognised the word 'milk' but that was it. What was being said didn't matter though, all that mattered was the bliss that washed over me as the cups began to squeeze and my new milk began to flow out.

It felt wondrous and a deep, guttural sound, a moo, escaped me. I liked that sound, it felt right; I could hear other hu-cows making it around me. They were jealous; they wanted to be milked too but only I was receiving this special treatment. I felt smug; I must be a special cow to be milked before all the others.

The cups continued to squeeze and with each pulse my insides began to tighten. I could feel something strange happening between my legs, almost as if something was being sucked up inside my body. A little voice in my mind told me that was wrong; it shouldn't be happening already but I ignored it. That little voice sounded stressed and I didn't want that. Stressed hu-cows made sour milk and nobody wanted that. I wanted to be a good little hu-cow and make sweet, creamy milk. Just like I was doing now. I could see it flowing through the pipes, white and frothy. I wonder if some of it will be in my next meal; I hope so.

That tightness was getting stronger now, the bliss growing with each drop of milk pulled from my udders. A shudder moved through my body as I came, warm wetness, thick

and viscous moved down my legs as I did and I shivered. My mind was blank, there was nothing but the pleasure I was feeling and the smell of milk in the air; the two becoming linked in my dumbed down brain. I could think of nothing else but making more milk so this would never have to end.

I felt a cool breeze pass over my open legs, there was a wetness there that was unfamiliar. As I continued to be milked I swayed my hips from side to side and realised something was missing. Normally my cock and balls would be there but I could no longer feel them. Instead there was a simple, wet emptiness that left me feeling hollow and incomplete. I moaned; I didn't like it. I felt empty and that was *bad*.

The residual pleasure from my orgasm was building again but there was no way I could cum with that horrible empty feeling. More slickness flowed from my hole and I realised for the first time what it was. A pussy, I had a wet, wanting pussy. I should have felt shocked, I know but perhaps I was beyond such things now. Negative emotions were but a distant memory to me now as the milk continued to flow. All I knew was gratification and contentment.

And need.

Right now that need was growing, I moaned, trying to explain to whoever could hear me what I needed. That robotic voice spoke again but I couldn't understand the words. It didn't matter though because a moment later my salvation arrived. Something stiff pressed against my hole and I moaned. Yes! This is what I wanted. I tried to push back on it to further impale myself but the leather strap forced me to stay in place. I whined with impatience.

Perhaps my horniness was making me produce more because the milk was still streaming out of me in thick bursts. Each second a new burst of pleasure as the cups tightened around my heavy udders. Further programming me into ignorant bliss. The dildo slowly, far too slowly, pressed into me. Spreading my new inner walls and making me quiver with the intensity. I could feel my inner walls burning as they stretched and it gave me satisfaction in a way nothing else could. That empty feeling slowly left me as I was steadily filled with the fake cock. The feeling could only be better if it were a real man's cock inside me.

Finally, I was fully impaled and I moaned a thank you to whomever was listening. The pleasure grew instantly as it drew out with a mechanical whir only to slam back in again. Perfectly in time with my milking machine the dildo began to fuck me. The tip of it slamming against the deepest part of my new pussy and sending bolts of ecstasy through my body like lightning. My eyes slipped closed and there was nothing but the pleasurable sensations.

It did not take long for my body to start building toward another orgasm. This time the pleasure built more slowly. Each thrust was as much a tease as it was gratification until finally, just as I was beginning to crest the dildo began to vibrate. Holding me on the edge while I thrashed and wailed before finally pushing me over it into the biggest and hardest orgasm I had ever experienced.

There was nothing but the machine; milking me, fucking me through the orgasm as I came and came. I moaned, I wailed; not a single part of me wanted to fight back anymore. That scared little voice in my head evaporated into nothing as I came again, and again.

Time began to move strangely and it was either seconds or hours later when my milking finally finished. I was exhausted, the energy of cumming so much had totally drained me. Both physically and milk wise. It felt strange, to be empty. My udders hanging off my body uselessly. At least, they did for a few minutes before I felt the telltale sign of them refilling once more. It would be hours before they were full enough to milk and that was torture to me.

I groaned impatiently, settling down on my soft hay bed to get some much needed sleep to pass the time. From across the barn another hu-cow moaned at me. There was something familiar about its face; perhaps I knew him when I was human myself. I didn't care now, being human was overrated. Now that I knew the pleasure of life as a hu-cow I hoped I was never changed back.

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"We've got another, Terrance."

"You're kidding."

"Two actually, Bill and Pete from the little place down south."

"Fuck me, I knew something was off when I went down there. Oh well. Are they producing well?"

"Yeah, real well, Bill especially."

"May as well leave them to it then. I swear, we have got to get better security systems in place. This is the fourth farm this month where the farms have hooked themselves in!"

“Well, you have to admit, it’s a pretty appealing life...cumming all day while being lauded as a hero for volunteering.”

“Oh geez, not you too.”

“I signed up for six months, just to see what it’s like. After that I’ll be back working in inspection.”

“No you won’t. Everybody who volunteers just asks to be put right back when they’re unzipped.”

“Maybe I’ll be different.”

“You’d be the first! Oh well, go on then, enjoy yourself. I’ll organise new owners for Pete and Bill’s farm. Something tells me even if we asked them they won’t be going back into management.”

