

# How Now Mad Cow - Finale

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Tyrone stops fighting and the former alpha male settles down to become a happy heifer with his new bull.*

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Tyrone sighed, stretching out on his side under the warm midday sun. The solid form of Aaron pressed against his back, spooning him as they laid together in the grass. The air was warm despite summer coming to an end soon, or perhaps it was simply that he had grown used to spending most of his time outside naked. His bull hummed, pressing his lips against Tyrone's neck making him shiver.

Below, the regular heifer field was in view; Tyrone could see his fellows watching in jealousy as his bull gently stroked a hand along the curve of his body. It had been several months since he and Arron had been discovered together after their escape attempt. He remembered little of it; he'd been too blissed out to think of anything but being sad he was separated from his lovely bull.

Tyrone did remember he'd been keen to escape this place though for what reason he really couldn't say. Regardless, even if he did want to leave now, it wasn't exactly feasible. Aaron's hand reached around to cup his swollen belly, the little baby inside kicking as if they knew their father was close by.

The scientists were amazed when they discovered Tyrone was pregnant. At first there was panic; who knew what sort of person would be born, if they would be a cow hybrid like its parents or a regular human. There was a great deal of excitement and scientific curiosity though and Dr. Brown insisted they keep him under high surveillance. They'd given him and Aaron their own small field and rooms to share which was more than fine with them.

He couldn't even bring himself to feel ashamed of his actions anymore; Aaron was his bull and no matter who they had been as humans or men, now they were mates and he wanted no other. His cock twitched, resting between the cleft of his ass and Tyrone smiled. Second trimester horniness affected heifers just as much as human women it seemed and lately his days had been spent sleeping in between bouts of wild sex.

He didn't even need to be milked anymore, at least not officially. Every time he started to get full Aaron would drain him dry. The bull was so territorial he wouldn't allow anybody anywhere close to Tyrone's udders, let alone sit still long enough for a machine to milk him.

“Do you think they will let some of the others breed?” Tyrone asked sleepily, “I know Daisy would love some time with a strapping young bull.”

“Maybe, I think we should definitely give this little one a sibling or two. Maybe three or four.”

“They might want me to try breeding with another bull,” Tyrone teased, “Just to see if I can.”

Aaron growled, hugging him tighter and resting his teeth against the curve of Tyrone’s throat. Tyrone just giggled; Aaron was so territorial, the idea that any other bull could look at him was laughable. If one so much as glanced at him over the fence Aaron practically threw himself at them.

Sometimes Tyrone would deliberately try and draw one over just to watch Aaron go feral. It was so hot, watching his bull get so protective and possessive of him. Such outbursts always resulted in a good ravishing afterwards as well as an added bonus.

“Going to remind me why that would be a bad idea?” Tyrone grinned as Aaron began to kiss the nape of his neck and shoulders.

Aaron didn't respond, not in words anyway, instead he rolled over onto his back, taking Tyrone with him and allowing the heifer to climb up and mount him; pregnant belly resting on Aaron’s lower stomach. Even though he was only a few months along, Tyrone's belly was always enormous, big enough to look full term. Apparently mad cow babies were much bigger than regular ones, they could only imagine what his belly would look like at nine months.

Tyrone looked down at his bull with hungry eyes; he could feel arousal swirling in his foggy brain already and his breasts began to fill in response. His tits were always full nowerdays it seemed, though not for long. He lowered his chest, letting the fat udders rest against Aaron’s lips.

“Thirsty?”

“Always.”

Aaron latched on and began to suck and Tyrone groaned in satisfaction, feeling the permanent wetness between his legs increase. Slickness spread and he shuffled up until he

was straddling Aaron's thick cock. He rocked his hips back and forth, feeling the huge member rub against his folds, sliding back and forth. Sometimes he marvelled at the fact he could even fit the whole thing inside him.

Aaron's drinking became more frenzied, he was sucking so hard it almost hurt. The tiny twinge of pain mixing with the pleasure and making Tyrone see stars. He loved it; the feeling of his milk being drained out by Aaron's lips. His rough tongue occasionally rubbed against the teet, coaxing even more bliss and milk out.

Without prompting he moved to the next one as Tyrone shuddered, a small orgasm passing through him. The brain fog that came from being milked and sex happening at the same time left his mind wonderfully blank. He could think of nothing and didn't care to; there was nothing but primal urges; mate, milk.

He raised his hips allowing Aaron's cock to spring upright and free, ready for mounting. Tyrone positioned himself and sunk down with a guttural moo, all semblance of human intelligence gone; replaced with bestial urges. He began to bounce on the cock, shuddering and quivering as the huge length slammed against his G-spot. His insides tightened and he came, stronger this time, enough that the tightening of muscles forced milk to spurt from his tits. Into Aaron's mouth and across his chest.

Tyrone was groaning now, his cock pulsing as it pumped his heifer full of seed. Feeling the splash deep inside him Tyrone wailed, tightening around the length to make sure he absorbed as much of it as possible. The idea of pulling out and losing all that wonderful seed made him sad. He wanted it all.

One of the best parts of their new bovine nature was that things didn't end when Aaron came. No he stayed hard and ready to fuck for multiple bouts. It was only an unknowably time later, after his fifth orgasm when the cum started to leak out of Tyrone's pussy due to its fullness that they finally stopped.

"If you weren't already knocked up you would be now." Aaron joked, Tyrone simply hummed.

Words failed him for a long time after a good tumble. He let Aaron clean them up and lay him down in the soft grass where he sighed and stretched. His body was sore in all the right places, his long ropey tail swishing happily between his legs, When had he grown that? He didn't remember. He didn't remember a lot of things really but that was only because he didn't take much care to notice anything that wasn't milk of his bull these days.

His life was perfect; he was provided for, loved and most importantly, milked. His biggest concern in the world was when his next bout of lovemaking was with Aaron and putting up with the occasional check up for the baby's sake. It was idyllic, so much so that

Tyrone almost let his life before the mad cow disease existed float to the back of his mind. He didn't like to remember the stressful life of being a man or human. He was content in his life as a cow and couldn't remember why he'd ever fought it to begin with.