

The Hu-Cow Farm

For Dustin Chen
By TheSpiralledEye

There is a saying that nature has a delicate balance. Remove one creature from the ecosystem and all of a sudden everything is turned on its head and this was the case when the pox wiped out cows across the globe. Almost overnight humanity lost one of its main sources of sustenance, one of the most popular foods in the world was all of a sudden gone; but even bigger than that was the lack of milk. There simply were not enough goats or other milking animals left in the world to keep up with the demand left by the cows' disappearance. Humanity had been at a crossroads until finally a solution was created to not only help with the lack of milk in the world but also tackle unemployment and homelessness.

The Human Milk Farms.

The concept was simply really, human milk had been consumed by infants for hundreds of thousands of years, now it would replace cow's milk for the rest of the world. Scientists worked around the clock to create what came to be known as the Hu-Cow suit. A latex suit which when worn could stimulate oestrogen levels along with other hormones and transform a person into a hybrid of bovine and human. There were side effects of course, the hormones flooding their system had a serious impact on cognitive abilities, leaving those who wore the suit little more than ditzzy, clumsy animals, unable to even remove the suits themselves without help. Despite this though, the human farms were a huge success; providing jobs and milk to the world again. It was considered a noble following and even those who chose to become milking stock were considered heroes for helping humanity. Provided of course, they met their quota.

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“Come on Bill, it's the only way.”

I pleaded with my partner; turning the computer screen around so that he could see the dwindling numbers.

“It’s got to be done, just one more cow and we can meet our quota. The inspector is coming tomorrow and if we are below again he could shut us down and send all our Hu-Cow’s off to other farms. We’ll be ruined.”

Bill looked uncomfortable; he had never truly been on board with my idea to set up our own milking farm but he had always been spineless when it came to risks. If it weren't for me, the poor guy would probably be homeless; he couldn't see opportunity even when it punched him in the face.

“Why does it have to be me?” Bill whined, “I’ve seen what those suits do, I don't want to become a dumb animal.”

“You know it’s considered a noble thing to do, besides, we just need a few buckets and we’re there!”

“Wouldn't it be easier to get a woman, the suits work better on them.”

“We can't afford it.” I shook my head, “We hire another person officially, then our quota just goes up to match it. No, if you put the suit on and let the machine milk you for a night we’ll be all set. I promise I’ll unhook you tomorrow morning once it's done.”

“I...are you sure this is the only way.”

“Positive.”

“Alright, but I don't want to do it now, how about we set up after dinner for the evening milking.”

“Brilliant! Thanks Bill, I know you won't regret this!”

He gave me a shrug and placed the coffee he had bought with him down on the desk, I took a grateful sip of it and sighed; perfect. Bill gave me a quiet farewell, mumbling something about going to get ready but I was barely listening.

My heart was pounding with excitement; I loved watching the transformations take place and the idea that timid old Bill would be the next one made my cock twitch with anticipation. It was the real reason I’d wanted to start this farm in the first place. I vividly remember the first time I saw a Hu-Cow up close as a teenager, visiting a farm with my

highschool class. The glazed looks in their eyes, the giant tits being squeezed by the silicone cups; it had made me so hard I had to run to the bathroom to rub one out right there in the middle of the tour.

When I finally hired my first Hu-Cow I stood there, stroking myself while she transformed on camera. Watching her tits grow and listening to her moan as she was milked; it had been the hottest thing ever. Hu-Cows were so docile, so helpless; unable to fight their own urges as they groaned and mooed all night begging to be milked. Once or twice, I had even done it myself, unhooked the machines and taken those swollen nipples in my hand and pulled the milk free. The cow had moaned and shuddered while I did it, no doubt cumming at the touch. A wicked grin formed on my face imagining Bill in that position, on his hands and knees and the latex fused into his skin and his eyes glazed over as his chest swelled into milk filled udders. Maybe I would even milk him by hand as well. Just thinking about it was getting me hard; I was tempted to turn on the monitor and watch one of the Hu-Cows while I got myself off but resisted, couldn't risk getting caught by Bill when he was set to come back at any moment. Instead I settled down at my desk and closed my eyes; a power nap would do me good. I wanted to be well rested to watch my friend transform and get milked.

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When I wake, I can instantly tell something is different. I feel sluggish, there is a strange taste on my tongue, the lingering flavour of coffee and...something else. There was also something scratching at my face. Groggily I open my eyes and find myself laying on...hay? There is a strange sound behind my head and I turn just in time to see Bill zipping the latex suit closed on my back. All of a sudden I am away and try to get to my feet only to find myself stuck. I'm pinned in place, a leather band around my stomach suspended from either side of a pen keeps me on my hands and knees. I'm in one of the milking stalls!

I look up as Bill walks out to face me, a wide smile on his face and I realise with horror that I am wearing one of the latex suits that make Hu-Cows!

"What the hell!?" I cry, "Bill what the fuck are you doing?"

"You said we just need one more," He shrugged, "I figured it should be you for once. I'm sick of being the one you order around."

"B-But-! No! I can't be a Hu-Cow! Let me out of this before it starts to take effect!"

“It’s just for one night.” Bill teases, copying my words from earlier, “I’m sure you’ll enjoy it. Looks like it’s already starting to take effect.”

He was right, I could feel the latex melting into my skin slightly, releasing the flood of drugs and hormones that would transform me into a helpless, needy Hu-Cow. It made my whole body get hot and flushed and I felt the hard plastic tits at the front of the suit begin to soften as they melded with my skin. I try to fight, yanking against the leather strap but it’s just too strong and with each passing second I start to feel weaker. Not in the sense that my muscles are fading but it’s just getting harder and harder to motivate myself to move. My body feels heavy, yet my head feels light; I can feel myself entering an almost dreamlike state. I tried to fight it; I wasn’t a Hu-Cow, I didn’t get turned on thinking about having giant, milk filled tits that got milked. I didn’t think about the pleasure that would bring. It didn’t make me hard thinking about that wonderful stretching feeling starting to form around my chest...

“Feel that?” Bill knelt down so that he could meet my eyes, “Those are your new tits, can you feel them?”

“No I...I don’t...wha?”

It was getting harder to think. My tongue felt fuzzy and heavy in my mouth and my brain couldn’t find the words. Bill was right though, the suit was now fully melded with my body, including the tits. I could feel my chest starting to stretch and inflate, round heavy breasts forming as I shifted in the hay. My nipples poked through the front of the suit as they grew, I could feel them getting long and large, like the teets of udders.

I tried to reach around my back, if I could just get the zipper and move it, even an inch, the change would start to reverse then maybe I could think straight. Maybe I could think about something other than my chest getting heavier and heavier as my new udders grew. They felt so nice, so sensitive, I swore I could feel the gentle breeze passing through the barn brushing against them. They were so tight, swelling as milk rapidly filled them. My hand fell uselessly back to my sides. With confused fascination I stared down at them, looking at the strange appendages; those were called fingers right? Couldn’t I control them before? How did I do that? I simply couldn’t think of how to make them move.

“That’s a good Hu-Cow,” Bill patted me on the head, “Get nice and full for me.”

Oh, that felt lovely. I couldn't help but hum with contentment as he ran his fingers through my hair. I liked being a good Hu-Cow, it felt nice to please my farmer. I was a good little Hu-Cow, I always obeyed my farmer.

No wait! That was Bill! He was my business partner, I wasn't some animal I was...was...what was I again? My tits were still swelling, the skin was getting so tight I couldn't think straight, I was so full of milk it almost hurt. I needed to be milked, I needed it so badly. There was a little voice inside my mind screaming, telling me that I didn't want to be milked but I ignored it. That voice was silly, of course I wanted to be milked, it was my purpose and I was just so full. If I didn't get milked soon I felt as though I might explode.

The farmer was still kneeling before me. I swear he had a name but I couldn't think of it. I opened my mouth to ask to be milked but all that came out was a low groan. I swear I could talk once but now the task seems impossible. I mooed, desperately, pulling on my restraint and the farmer made a face.

“What's wrong?” He asked, “Do you need something?”

“Moooooo!!”

Why wasn't he milking me? Couldn't he see how badly I needed it? That voice in my mind was still shouting, telling me to resist. That's right, that's my own voice, but why? Why was I fighting? I mooed again, more desperately but the farmer ignored my pleas.

“Let's get the evening milking started shall we?”

My head is so foggy I can only understand one word; milking. Yes! That's what I needed! I bray and moo in excitement as he hits a switch on a wall and the hiss of machinery begins. I hear other cows in the next stalls begin to moo with satisfaction. Pips leading from the stalls begin to fill with creamy white milk and I look on in envy. Why wasn't I hooked up to the machine as well? My huge tits brush the hay floor of my stall, naked and oh so full. I moo, crying out for release until finally, the farmer returns.

“What a noisy Hu-Cow you are. We'd better deal with that before I milk you.”

I look up at him with glazed eyes as he reaches down and presses something against my mouth. A rubber ball parts my lips and a cord fastened behind my head, gagging me. I continue to moan, the sounds muffled by the gag. My tits are stretched so tight they hurt. I'm

so full. The need is so strong I can think of nothing else. A hand caresses my udders, gliding over the hot, smooth skin.

“Oh, poor thing, look how full you are. I’d better milk you by hand to get started, you’re too big for the suction cups!”

His hands send a shiver of arousal through me, the touch is so nice. I want more. The want is outweighed by need though as the farmer hefts my tits over a bucket and uses some sort of machine to raise me up slightly so that my tits no longer brush against the ground. He places one hand on my fat rump, patting me gently while whispering soothing words I don’t understand. Then, finally, he takes my teets between his fingers and pulls. The relief is instant, warm milk sprays out of the tip and into the bucket and I wail in pleasure. He continued, alternating with each teet, squeezing and pulling to draw the milk out. With each tug my insides tighten, I can feel myself getting close. Vaguely, I am aware of my cock and balls. The former is hard and trembling, the latter tightening as I get closer and closer to orgasm. I can’t help it. I am a slave to my new baser instincts. I moaned loudly, even the ball gag cannot keep it totally at bay. My balls tighten and my cock pumps hot seed down my legs and onto the stall floor. The farmer clicks his tongue in disappointment.

“Look at the mess you made, and with so much milk still left to go.”

He stops his ministrations and I moo in confusion. I still have so much milk in me, I need him to finish! I try to turn to see where he goes when he walks away but I cannot. I am left alone in my stall, tits already refilling as I pump my hips back and forth thanks to the residual pleasure of the orgasm. When the farmer returns he has something small in his hands shaped like a ring, he moves behind me so that I cannot see what he is doing and I moo in confusion. He says something, more soothing words I do not understand before slipping the ring around the base of my cock. I shiver, I am still hard somehow and I feel guilty. I am a bad Hu-cow, making a mess like that but it felt so good I could not help it. I wanted to tell the farmer that I am sorry, that I will try not to in the future so long as he milks me again but any sound I make is muffled by the gag. Then he returns, with two large suction cups in hand which he gently lifts my sore udders into. Instant they adhere to the skin and the slight squeeze makes milk dribble from my nipples. He pats my head again and I keen at the touch. It feels so good to please him. I will be a good Hu-Cow, I promise.

There is a rumbling as he hits the switch beside my stall and suddenly the suction cups begin to squeeze harder, alternating left to right the pull not only on my teets but my whole udder. It feels so good, instantly I am turned on again. I try to hold back but as a

Hu-Cow I have no self control, I can only moo and shudder as my insides begin to tighten with each pump. I watch as the milk flows up the pipes beside me, creamy and sweet. I wish I could taste it. I can feel orgasm building, I get closer and closer to the edge and with a shudder leisure washes over me but not to the same degree as last time. I can feel the ring, tight around the base of my cock. It stops me from cumming and I groan in desperation. I don't want to make a mess again and disappoint my farmer, but the milking feels so good I can't help but give in to the pleasure. Thanks to the cock ring, there is no release though, I am stuck, swimming in my own lust unable to find release.

The machine continues to tease me, milking out every last drop and yet, I never seem to empty. My tits seem to be refilling just as fast; the cycle is endless. Endless pleasure; my mind is a fog. I can think of nothing but milk and cumming. Milk and cumming. Milk and-!

It's too much, not even the cock ring can hold me back as I finally cum again. I feel the hot seed shoot out of me as my cock pumps. I almost collapsed, held up only by the milking machine and the leather strap as my whole body shudders and convulses in pleasure. Milk sprays from my tits with each wave of orgasm, I can hear it hitting the plastic cups with ferocity, more than that, I can feel it being drawn out. The orgasm is euphoric, I have never felt anything quite like it in my life. Even as it finally ends and the machine keeps pumping my mind can only think of two things; milk and wanting more.

Somewhere, deep in what remains of my waking mind I remember that I was once human, that I fought against this change but for the life of me, I cannot remember why. Being a Hu-Cow is wonderful, it's the best thing that ever happened to me. I hope the farmer never takes this suit off.