

How Now Mad Cow - Part 7

By TheSpiralledEye

Tyrone decides to try and find Aaron and escape the facility, however being around such a virile bull proves far too tempting.

Tyrone had fallen into a rhythm. Wake up, get milked, lay in the sun, get milked again, go to the lab for a few tests, milked a third time, sleep. His days were all blurring together in a mixture of pleasure and monotony. He felt as though his mind were permanently fogged; thoughts of sex or being milked always present in some capacity. He hated how excited he felt when the milking machine was wheeled in each morning; every session ending with him in a pile of shame with juices running down his legs from multiple orgasms. He'd experienced more pleasure than he knew what to do with as a heifer and yet...part of him wanted to escape.

He had become comfortable; his shame slowly diminishing at his behaviour. One morning he caught sight of a particularly voluptuous heifer and it took him several long moments to realise he was looking at a mirror. There were no signs of Tyrone the titan left; his strong body had been replaced with huge curves and breasts so large he struggled to stand upright for long as all. In fact, he'd taken to crawling whenever possible. He felt so much more comfortable on his hands and knees, or even better, his hands and feet with his ass pressed into the air. He only ever did it in private to help with the strain but it was getting hard to resist walking around the facility like that. He was sure if he didn't do something soon he would become a milk obsessed bimbo. The scientists had been quite clear that nobody was to leave the facility, for their own safety they insisted; the outside world was not ready for them yet. He just needed to get his head clear so he could think of a plan, unfortunately these days that was easier said than done. If his breasts were full, his mind was fogged with arousal and when they were empty he was in a state of post orgasm haze for hours, by the time one cleared, the other was starting.

He knew if he didn't escape soon, he would lose the strength of will to leave. Even now, as he sat in his room steeling himself to take the plunge a soft voice was whispering in the back of his mind to stay. Let the cow take over, and spend his days in bliss as little more than an animal. He shut that temptation down as best he could and bit down hard on his lip. There was no choice, he had to escape.

There was just one problem. Aaron; his bro was in here somewhere and he couldn't just leave him behind. Of course, that would mean sneaking into the Bull section of the

facility, just thinking about it made him quiver. He made his plan slowly over a few days; he would wait until his final milking of the day was complete, that way he was exhausted from all the orgasms and as empty as possible. He would be tired, but at least after a full day of milkings he should be sexually satisfied enough not to be tempted by any Bulls who may cross his path. He'd find Aaron, a bull he could never be attracted to as his old friend, then they would hop the fence and run. After that, he wasn't sure, right now he was sure if he could just get out of the facility the rest would flow naturally. He hoped.

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The night came and quiet descended upon his rooms, the last heifer having been milked half an hour ago, the only sounds now were the gentle snores from adjacent rooms. Most of the scientists had gone home for the night and those who were still present were likely down in the labs working late. Silently as he could manage he rose from his bed and slipped out into the field through the back door in his room. It was not unusual for restless heifers to go for late night walks so even if somebody did happen to see him it shouldn't raise the alarm. With one last look over his shoulder, he ran, dashing over to the hedge that separated his yard from the Bull's. He'd been working on cutting through the wire between them for days using a knife he'd taken from the canteen. It had taken a while but finally he could push the wire back enough to squeeze himself through. Gently he lifted his heavy tits through to ensure they didn't catch on the sharp edges and wiggled his way through. The scent of bull was on the grass but he ignored it, focusing on freedom. It was so close he could taste it-

Then he realised he was stuck. His fat rump was too wide to fit through the hole! The wire bowed, so at least it wasn't sticking into him, but he couldn't move forward or back, he was trapped.

"You've come too far to fail now!" He hissed, grabbing fistfuls of grass and desperately dragging himself forward, wiggling his hips to slowly inched his way through.

He could not get stuck here, he could only imagine the embarrassment of being found like this, not to mention what the bulls might do to him if they came out for a morning stroll and realised they had a pair of full heifer udders within reach. By that point he would be full up and horny, he might even get in and let them drink from him. The thought made moisture drip down his legs and suddenly, the extra lubricant slicked his legs and he was falling forward right onto his chest. Tyrone winced, rubbing at the sensitive flesh and he pulled himself up to full height, wiping away the juices on the grass with a small blush. Not the most...dignified entrance but he was here.

Now to find Aaron.

The back of the Bull's dormitory was made in much the same way the heifer's was; with backdoors leading into each bedroom, a small window in the top middle of each one. Quietly he began to tiptoe along the side of the building, peering inside to try and get a look at the various occupants. The first bull was sleeping completely naked, eagle spread across his bed and snoring heavily. His thighs were thick with corded muscle and hair, a pair of strong hooves in place of feet. Tyrone couldn't help himself, he had to look between the man's legs, he was practically displaying himself. His whole body shivered looking at the cock and balls there, twice the size of a regular human's. If he'd still been a man Tyrone himself would have felt inadequate.

It took an embarrassingly long time to peel himself away from the window; and again at the second. Each time he checked a room he found himself lingering, looking over the various different bull bodies and wanting each of them. Their smell was stronger here; was his sense of smell getting stronger or was their musk just that pungent? Either way he could feel his breasts beginning to fill twice as fast as normal.

"Focus, Tyrone, focus."

Finally, he reached a room where the occupant was mostly shrouded in darkness. He could see bulging muscles and a ropey tail peeking out from beneath the thin sheets and a pair of familiar horns.

"Aaron!" He hissed, knocking as loudly as he dared on the window, "Hey! Psssst! Wake up!"

The bull stirred and sat up, allowing the moonlight to fall over his face. It was Aaron, but he was even more buff than before. Tyrone felt his body shiver as the bull stood up; he was so tall and broad, with a thick layer of hair across his thighs; he was the sexiest bull he'd seen yet and for the first time Tyrone realised that perhaps he had been wrong about finding Aaron unattractive because of their history. The bull opened his door and gaped down at him; he was standing so close Tyrone could feel the warmth of his body heat and smell his musk wafting off his skin.

"Tyrone? Dude is that...holy shit."

“I know.” Tyrone bit his lip and blushed, “It’s bad...but if we can get out of here, I know we can fix it.”

“They have a full team here working on a cure.” Tyrone argued quietly, “Aren't we better off staying?”

“You don't know what it's like over there!” Tyrone insisted, “Every day they milk me and it feel s-so good. It's addictive and I can feel myself slipping; all the heifers, their dumb bimbo's who don't know anything but pleasure and I can feel myself becoming one.”

His insides were starting to ache, as was his chest. The proximity to so many bulls had his hormones racing and as a result, his tits were starting to feel tight. The familiar pressure of milk pressing against his skin made his head spin.

“But where will we go? We don't even have any clothes that fit us anymore!”

“I don't care.” Tyrone was starting to feel panicked, “I just need to get out, come on let's go!”

He grabbed Aaron's wrist and began walking toward the back of the field as he explained his plan to climb over the back fence; which was brick rather than wire and hedge. As they went though it was getting harder and harder to explain, his mind kept wandering, Aaron's delicious smell distracting him, along with the full feeling in his udders. They no longer hung, but rather stayed up pert and round thanks to the sheer amount of milk. A small dribble escaped and ran down his chest and he felt Aaron shiver as he breathed in deep.

“Here.” Tyrone mumbled as they reached the wall, “We just need to climb and...uh...”

“Uh, Tyrone? This is the hedge?”

“What?”

He blinked and realised...Aaron was right, he'd been so distracted somehow they'd veered off and walked in a semi circle toward the side of the field rather than the back.

“S-sorry, I'm a little uh, distracted. It's hard to think when I'm so full.”

Without thickening Tyrone cupped his full breasts, groaning as he felt how tight and hot the skin felt ; if he could just get milked...

“If I...let some out maybe I could think straighter.”

Aaron was staring hungrily at his chest and a fire lit inside Tyrone's lower stomach. He hated how much he loved that look. He forced himself to look away, at the ground, staunchly avoiding the area near Aaron's legs. The hair there made it hard to see in the dim night light but Tyrone was sure a girth to rival the other bulls was there and no longer trusted himself to take even the slightest peak. Without giving Aaron time to respond he moved his hands to his nipples and pulled, a thick stream of milk shooting out and onto the grass. Tyrone let out a low moan of satisfaction feeling the pressure lessen slightly and kept pumping.

“I just need...need...”

Large hands covered his own and stopped the movements and Tyrone quivered, forcing himself to look up at Aaron's handsome face.

“That's a waste...” Aaron muttered, “People will find it...t-the smell is so strong. If you really need to be emptied I could...”

It was such a bad idea, somewhere, that tiny logical part of his brain was screaming at Tyrone to say no. But the voice was drowned out; he was a heifer and there was a strong, virile bull before him offering to drink his milk. How could he say no? With a sigh he fell into Aaron's arms and went limp, arching his back so that his teets were easy to access. A warm mouth descended upon them and sucked; Tyrone saw white. Within seconds Aaron was drinking heavily, sucking hard and fast to get as much milk as possible. The two of them fell to the ground, Tyrone in Aaron's lap with his legs spread either side of him, shivering and moaning as the bull drank.

He'd taken enough from the first breast now but Tyrone couldn't bring himself to push the bull away, it just felt too damn good. Just a little more, just a little more.

“I can't stop.” Aaron moaned after a moment as he switched to the other breast, “I'm sorry man, I'm s-sorry but so good mmmmpff.”

He was already sucking on the second one and Tyrone just pulled him closer. It felt so good, having a bull drinking straight from him; better than anything he'd ever felt. Gasps and

moans were coming in short bursts now as his insides began to tighten as the first, inevitable orgasm washed over him; his pussy pulsing with slickness as their hips came together. He could feel it, that thick girth between Aaron's legs. It was even bigger than the first bulls and his whole body ached to have it. Not that he could make a move; he was at Aaron's mercy, the idea of pushing him away was unthinkable; so all Tyrone could do was let the bull hold him and keep sucking. When he did finally break away Tyrone found himself whimpering with need. It was so cold, without the bulls' heat to keep him warm, the grass felt so lonely. He didn't hesitate to turn onto his hands and knees and lower his front to the ground; present his round ass and open pussy to the bull to take.

“Oh f-fuck, I shouldn't I really shouldn't but oh god, you look so good and I...I...”

Hands were at his hips and Tyrone moaned in approval; his words were gone, as was much of his mind. All he could think about was the aching need inside him and how the bull could provide him with what was needed.

“I can't help myself.”

A large tip began to press against his hole and Tyrone pushed back gratefully, revelling in the stretch and burn as his pussy lips parted. Once given an inch the bull took a mile and plunged in deep and hard making Tyrone wail in pleasure. He could feel the bulls' large balls slapping against his ass, they were hard and round as his tits had been a few minutes ago. The knowledge that there was so much seed there ready to be pumped inside excited him more than he could have possibly imagined. The thought had him cumming again, squirting even, though the bull filled him so much the juices could barely escape. Deep guttural sounds were coming from the bull now, ones that only made the fire inside Tyrone burn hotter. He loved them; those were the sounds of a bull he was satisfying; there was no greater praise. Despite his great size, his cock slid in and out of Tyrone with ease; they were made for each other.

Tyrone lost count of all of the orgasms after a while, it seemed he was in a constant state of build and release until finally the bull began to groan louder. The thrusts became shallow and hard and Tyrone swore he could feel the balls pressing against him start to pulse and tighten. A moment later there was a deep groan and he felt something hot and wet splash inside him that pushed him over the edge one final time. The bull kept cumming and Tyrone's pussy quivered and clenched, keeping the seed deep inside him as they both finally finished.

The bulls cock softened inside him but neither of them moved. They didn't want to be separated again; not now that they knew how good it felt to be joined. An exhausted, post coital haze descended over Tyrone and he was vaguely aware of lights and voices coming toward them. They had been quite loud, it was no surprise. He didn't have the energy to care though. He lowered himself down into the grass, bringing the bull with him and letting that strong body cover his own. It felt good; He felt like he was where he belonged.