

## How Now Mad Cow - Part 5

**By TheSpiralledEye**

Tyrone felt like he was on a swinging pendulum between Heaven and Hell. Every day he woke up to find his breasts had swelled further, requiring even more milkings. It was so humiliating and what was worse, he was starting to look forward to them. By the time his breasts were full the aphrodisiac quality of his milk had him horny and desperate and he started to get that same dopey look of delight when the scientists wheeled in the machine, just like all the other women. His hips had started to widen as well and just this morning, as he had woken to find a small bump at the base of his spine.

“A tail.” Dr. Brown said seriously, scribbling something down on his ever present clipboard of notes. “Very few heifers develop them, this is quite fascinating. It seems your hair is growing at twice the human rate as well.”

Tyrone’s hand moved to his face, feeling the soft black hair that had once been tight black curls. He whimpered, feeling feeble and stupid. His clothes were sitting on the chair, already stretched and damaged beyond repair. With a sigh, he walked over and put them in the bin, what was even the point?

Dr. Brown gave him a comforting pat on the shoulder and Tyrone resisted the urge to lean into it.

“It’s alright, most heifers here feel more comfortable naked anyway as you’ve seen.” He gave Tyrone a warm smile, “Now, let’s get you milked before breakfast, you’ll feel much better.”

A little rush of dopamine flashed through his brain; his tits were tight and full, his enlarged nipples hard and sticking up straight into the air. Tyrone grit his teeth.

“No.”

Dr. Brown looked bewildered.

“What do you mean-”

“I mean, no.” Tyrone growled, “If...If I just put up with it for a few days I’ll stop producing, that’s how this works, then I can work on getting the rest of these stupid changes fixed.”

“I’m afraid this strain of mad cow stops that natural process.” Dr. Brown said sadly, “All you will do by avoiding your milkings is cause you more discomfort.”

“Says who? You?” Tyrone hissed, “How do I know this isn’t some elaborate lie? Huh? No, I refuse. Don’t bring that machine anywhere near me.”

Dr. Brown yelled after him as he stormed from his room, right out the back door into the open field where many of the Heifer Sections residents spent their days lazing in the soft grass. The other thing that had been driving him crazy was the sheer boredom of this place; there was no gym, nothing to do; most of the residents simply walked around, ate, slept or sat around talking while waiting for their next milking. He desperately wanted to go back to the gym again but did not trust himself around the bulls. What if that scientist hadn’t come and found him, what if he had let those bulls...fuck him? With their big, girthy bull cocks, pressing him into the ground with those strong muscles, feeling their swollen balls pressing against him-No!

Tyrone shook his head from side to side; such say dreams were becoming more common and he hated it. He hated losing control of himself like this, in a matter of days he had been reduced to nothing more than a horny cow woman and this new lust for bull cock was the nail in the coffin of his humiliation. He wondered how Aaron was doing, how he was feeling about their new situation. He didn’t dare ask or go to visit. Of the two of them, he had always been the leader, the idea that now, in this compromised condition he might let Aaron...well, it was best not to go down that mental path.

His thoughts of the gym suddenly gave Tyrone an idea; jogging, he could still do that! And push ups and squats, basically all mat exercises! He could go for a good run around the field and that would tire him out enough to forget about the tightness in his chest. He stretched out his legs, looking down with disgust at his thick thighs. He had a lot of work to do. The field was mostly flat with a few rolling hills and trees to break it up, nothing to really do any inclined training but it was better than nothing.

He took a deep, calming breath and set off only to immediately feel the difference between this body and his old one. Where he used to enjoy the feel of his corded muscle burning as he started to push himself now all he could think about was the way his ass kept bouncing. It was rising and falling so rapidly it almost hurt and Tyrone blushed as he moved past a woman lounging in the sun; she raised an eyebrow but said nothing. His thighs were

now so thick they rubbed together, as did his pussy lips and already he was beginning to feel sweaty and out of breath. He had only been going for a minute before he was forced to stop, his tits were so sore and tight it hurt too much to move faster than a brisk walk.

“Damn it!”

He punched a nearby tree in frustration only to jump when he realised there were two women sitting beneath it eating their lunch. They eyed him, gaze inevitably moving up to his full chest.

“If you’re pent up darl’ I am sure they can milk ya early.” The blonde one with curls and freckles smiled kindly, her southern drawl grating on his ears.

“I just want to go to the damn gym or go for a jog but this stupid body won’t let me!” He pouted, stamping a foot before flopping down onto the grass with them in defeat. “The bulls get a gym! Why don’t we?”

“You just answered the question.” The brunette replied, “These bodies, they just don’t exercise well.”

“Besides, who wants to get all worked up and smelly, not me. Right, Sheila?” The blonde smiled. “What’s your name, hun?”

“Tyrone.” He replied through grit teeth, the women shared a look but said nothing.

“Well, Ah’m Daisy.” The blonde smiled, “I changed my name when I got here ‘cause of this!”

She rolled to the side, showing off what appeared to be a splotchy birthmark, not unlike the patchwork of cow hide. If he squinted it did look a bit like a flower he supposed.

“So, why are ya so full?”

Shield smacked Daisy across the shoulder.

“Don’t be rude.”

“Wha? It’s a normal question ‘round here, don’t see many girls so full they leak!”

Tyrone looked down and to his horror, saw she was right. His nipples were beginning to steadily drip with milk; his tits were so full it had nowhere else to go. Just when he thought this situation couldn’t get any more uncomfortable and humiliating, the universe decided to double down.

“Ya know...” Daisy said in a hushed tone, “We could...help you out.”

“Daisy!” Sheila hissed, “You know that’s not allowed.”

Tyrone felt his cheeks beginning to heat.

“You mean...drink from me?”

“Yeah!” Daisy ignored Sheila’s warning. “We’re not supposed to, since the milk makes us so horny, y’know? So the scientists don’t like it when we all start going at it but out here with nobody around...it would be nice. We can taste a little of the ambrosia and ya get to feel more comfy.”

Tyrone swallowed, heart beating beneath his stiff chest. There were women...that was better than indulging his fantasies of bulls, at least then he could confirm to himself he was straight. After all, he wasn’t really a woman, no matter what he looked like. His pussy throbbed with want and he found himself nodding.

“Just a little.” He said finally, thrusting his chest forward slightly.

For all her admonishments Sheila’s eyes were wide and eager, clearly it didn’t take that much convincing. Did their milk really taste that good? Tyrone didn’t have long to wonder as both women closed their full lips around each of his teats and began to eagerly suck. The relief was immediate and he sighed in contentment, feeling the pain in his tits turn to a dull ache, his stretched skin finally being given mercy. He threw back his head and just enjoyed the sensation of being emptied once more; the woman’s pursed lips feeling so much better than the suction cups of the machine. The relaxing relief soon turned to a primal pleasure though as they continued to suckle hard and fast. Tyrone’s pussy began to pulse in time with the sucks and he felt a familiar pressure start to build in his loins.

It was fine, he told himself, there was nothing wrong with this, hell, he'd had two women at once before, if anything this should make him feel better about his dwindling masculinity. Oh God it felt so good.

He was moaning, feeling them draw the milk from his tits with eagerness, each groan that they made sending vibration up his tits. Orgasm was fast approaching and for the first time, Tyrone did not have the willpower to fight it. With a loud, guttural sound he came, flooding each woman's mouth with creamy milk in a giant wave. Sheila and Daisy lapped up every drop and continued to suck, despite their voracious thirst he was still not empty. Tyrone was tempted, so very tempted to let them keep going. The sight of both of them at his chest sucking him dry was the hottest thing he had ever witnessed. But he could feel his control beginning to slip again and he could not risk it. He grabbed hold of his heavy breasts and pulled them back, Daisy groaning with frustration as the nipple left her mouth. Both women leaned back, revealing slick wet patches of grass where their pussies had sat, their eyes were blown wide with lust and Daisy's large teets were leaking themselves.

"Oh God, I'd forgotten how good that tasted." Sheila shuddered, "Fuck, I can feel myself filling up, ugh, I-I have to go get milked!"

She was up on stumbling feet, heading back to their rooms with slickness and milk running down her body. Tyrone watched her go as if in a trance, watching her heavy ass bounce with each step; fuck she was hot. Then her words registered.

"The milk makes us...?"

"Produce more? Yeah." Daisy sighed, tweaking her nipples so that white liquid began to dribble down her chest. "Wanna try?"

He did, he really did, already his mouth was salivating but the idea that it would make him produce even more, turn him into even more of a cow woman...no he couldn't risk it. He pressed his lips together, shaking his head and Daisy just laughed.

"Don't knock it till you try it." She teased, pointing her nipple right at him and squeezing.

The jet of milk hit him straight in the face and despite all his reservations his jaw dropped in sheer shock. He slammed it closed again but not before a few drops of milk made their way onto his tongue. It was sweet, closer to a milkshake than plain milk and just those few drops

had him salivating. Daisy was creeping closer and she scrambled back, right up against the tree with nowhere to go as she pressed the nipple closer.

“Please?” She begged, “I am so tired of those machines, I want to feel something warm on my teets.”

The fact that she even called them that made Tyrone shiver; perhaps it was the lingering horniness from his orgasm or perhaps he was just too shocked to think clearly but he made the mistake of opening his mouth to reply. He never got the chance to make a sound as Daisy immediately pressed her nipple inside and squeezed, sending jets of creamy liquid down his throat. He swallowed instinctively, a warm, fuzzy feeling settling in his stomach as the milk settled there. He tried to fight the urge, really he did, but the taste, the smell...it really was ambrosia just like she said.

He sucked, pulling more of it into his mouth and letting it run over his tongue. Then again, and again, soon he was suckling with gusto, eagerly swallowing down the milk as Daisy moaned. His pussy began to throb again and he felt his breasts beginning to fill. It felt wonderful, feeling his heavy tits stretch and fill once more felt like ecstasy and he moaned, eagerly sucking down more milk as Daisy shuddered and came. He almost choked as milk flooded his mouth, he couldn't swallow fast enough and some dribbled down his chin and onto his body. He could feel himself getting closer again himself, the taste of the milk was enough to bring him to the edge, he sucked and sucked, so ready for another orgasm when-

“Hey! You two! Stop that!”

Suddenly the nipple was gone, along with its delicious bounty. Tyrone moaned, eyes fluttering open; when had he even closed them? He felt light headed, almost dizzy with lust and brain fog as the scientists appeared and separated them. He could barely understand what they were saying, only that their tone was admonishing. Tyrone just giggled, he felt...drunk? Milk drunk, was that something that happened. Somebody took his hand and he followed obediently, feeling almost as though he was in a dream.

“This one's completely milk drunk.” Somebody said, “We should get her emptied and put her to bed, who knows what the effects of drinking so much before the change is complete are.”

Somebody was pressing him down onto his hands and knees now and attaching those suction cups. He groaned, low and guttural as he came and his breasts continued to empty.

Somewhere, beneath the haze he knew he should be feeling...something, something that was not blissfully, horny happiness but he couldn't bring himself to do anything but enjoy his milking. It would not be until the next morning, when he woke and remembered everything that transpired that the humiliation would make him want to curl up under the covers and never come out.