

How Now Mad Cow? – Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

Tyrone didn't sleep the rest of the night. He laid awake, trying in vain to sleep on his stomach and squash down the breasts. Hoping that would somehow stop them developing. That plan barely lasted half an hour before the sensitive skin there became too sore and he was forced to roll over. Perhaps it was his imagination but he swore he could feel them slowly filling with more milk as the sun rose.

When a knock at his door broke the silence, he felt a cold sweat form down his spine. Looking down there was no denying the two round mounds on his chest and as he stood to answer he couldn't help but notice the subtle widening of his hips. He opened the door with eyes downcast in shame, focusing on the shiny black shoes Dr. Brown was wearing as the man let out a soft "ah" of understanding.

"The heifer strain, that is unfortunate for you. I am sorry Tyrone."

"Can't you just cut them off?" He pleaded. "Women get reductions and stuff all the time!"

"They would just grow back I'm afraid." Dr. Brown sighed, "We know from experience. Don't worry, we'll do everything in our power to make this transition easy for you."

"How's Aaron?"

"I was just about to fetch him; we'll take you both down to the examination room and take a look at how your bodies are developing. You may stop here for all we know."

God, he hoped so. Even this was torture, his tits were already starting to feel full and tight. Tyrone was full of envy as they neared Aaron's room, this is what he got for trying to help a brother out? A set of tits full of milk while all he had to deal with were some sick horns? Tyrone cursed the unfairness of it all. By the time they'd walked the short hall to Aarons room Tyrone was fuming. His fury abated in seconds though, blanketed by an entirely new emotion when his friend emerged.

He had grown almost an inch during the night, his muscles bulging and his torso ever so slightly larger than it proportionally should have been. The horns were now fully formed and curved atop his head and Tyrone was sure the beginnings of a snout like mouth similar to a cow was beginning to form on Aarons face. Yet despite this, it wasn't shock or disgust that chased his anger away but lust. Tyrone had never felt such an intense, sudden attraction to anybody in his life and the realisation of that fact had his cheeks burning.

"Tyrone?"

Oh Gods, his voice had dropped an octave too, that deep baritone sending shivers down his spine and coiling deliciously in his lower stomach.

"You look, different." Aaron finished.

"So do you." He croaked, determined to quash the feelings growing stronger with each passing second.

Each step they took down to the medical lab felt like an age. He'd opted to walk away of Aaron, so he wouldn't be tempted to look at him more but having that muscles frame looming over him was almost worse. His dream from the other night, being chased in the field and held down ready to be fucked slammed into him. He tried desperately not to think on it. It was almost a relief to arrive down in the lab to be poked and prodded, at least it would provide some distraction.

Still, humiliation burned through him as he unwrapped the towel he'd been using as a shirt. He could see Aaron across the room having his height and weight taken, he was facing away but Tyrone could see his eyes straining to see. A moan from his own mouth took him by surprise as Dr.Brown gave his right breast a gentle squeeze. He flushed; now the whole room knew how good that felt. Great.

"You're full up." Dr. Brown sighed, "I think it's best we milk you before doing any other tests, for your own comfort."

"No!"

Getting...milked in front of Aaron may well make the humiliation levels actually fatal.

"Relax, we'll just empty you out and you'll be much calmer. Heifers' moods are always at their most docile after a good milking."

He opened his mouth to argue but the words didn't come. Instead, his jaw remained dropped as, just at that moment, Aaron kicked off his sweat pants. A thick, girthy cock, far larger than any normal man's was hanging between his legs. Tyrone couldn't look away, it was as if a fire had been lit inside him, he'd never been so horny in his life. What the hell was wrong with him? His stare must have been obvious, as would be his arousal and yet it was as if all his self-control had evaporated. He could only watch, fascinated as that delicious cock began to harden slightly.

"Don't worry, that's perfectly natural with a heifer in the room." The nurse attending him said, "especially one in need of milking, we've discovered the milk produced by them is a powerful aphrodisiac. Don't judge your friend, with tits so full he's likely swimming in hormones."

The words barely registered, it was as if his mind was full of molasses. His entire focus shrunk down to that cock and how much he hated himself for wanting it. There was a cool feeling on his chest and he glanced down just as the two suction cups there began to squeeze.

"Oh...Oh!"

He couldn't help it, the feeling of his tits being played with, his nipples elongating and that strange yet wonderful sensation of milk leaving him had him in a state of frenzy. A gentle hand on his back pushed him to lean forward on the bed, almost on his hands and knees.

"There we go, let gravity help."

"Oh, oh gods uhmmm."

He couldn't speak, only grunt as the milk was drawn from his breasts. Aaron was being led away, pupils dilated and cock fully hard. Tyrone didn't want him to leave and simultaneously wished he'd move faster.

There was a burning between his legs, a desperate, empty feeling that left him feeling empty and sad. He bit his lip, trying so hard to keep anymore guttural sounds from escaping as the ecstasy built.

"It's quite alright Tyrone, you cum if you need to. There is no shame here." Dr. Brown rubbed his back soothing.

"Fuck, fuck I-I don't want to-"

"Don't hold back, you've nothing to prove here."

He couldn't help it, his whole body shuddered, milk splashing inside the suction cups as he came. Even harder than last night he orgasmed, a deep sound that almost sounded like a bray escaping his mouth. The intensity left him gasping as Dr. Brown gently removed the suction cups. His now empty breasts hanging against his chest.

He became aware of a slick wetness between his legs and for one horrifying moment he thought he'd pissed himself. But no, this fluid was thicker and more viscous, he could tell. Still trembling with aftershocks, he stood and allowed the doctor to remove his slack to reveal a startling discover. Where once he'd had a cock of his own now sat something completely different, a smooth, shaved pussy currently sopping wet.

"I can see you're going to be a very advanced case indeed."

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They had moved him to a new area at the back of the facility; into a special building that housed only other heifers and had rooms with a backdoor into a lovely open field.

"Your milk affects regular humans but for bulls, it's ambrosia." Dr. Brown had explained, "if we don't keep you all separated or supervised this place is likely to turn into an orgy. We're working on neutralizing the effects of the milk while still inside heifer bodies but until we do, this is the next best solution."

As he'd been led to his room a pale woman, though who knew if she had been born one, accosted the good doctor with a desperate need in her eyes.

"Please." She'd begged, "I need another milking. I'm so full, I can't wait another three hours."

The woman wasn't lying, her tits were swollen, twice the size of Tyrone's and an equally full looking udder had formed on her stomach.

"Frank, remember we promised to try and slow your supply." Dr. Brown said calmly, "that means stretching out your milkings. The more often we milk the more your body will create to compensate."

"But I need it." Frank whined, "At least let one of the bulls into the yard, they'll drink it out me or at the very least fuck me as a distraction, please!"

Tyrone felt queasy; Frank didn't seem to care how embarrassing this display was, in front of a stranger no less! Would he become like that? So horny and addicted to milking he'd beg for it in the hallway? Would he grow an udder like his? What would it feel like...

He shook his head to clear the fog; how could things have changed so rapidly? Just yesterday he was basically normal and now he had tits full of milk and a pussy! Not to mention the way he was behaving! Dr. Brown had insisted that he was not to feel embarrassed, the first couple of days were often the hardest as his body was still adjusting to being filled with the aphrodisiac that was his milk. His self-control would strengthen as he got used to it. He'd laughed bitterly when Dr. Brown had followed that up with a cheery smile, insisting that his life would feel normal again in no time; not fucking likely.

His new room was pretty, with polished wooden floors, a single bed and his own bathroom. It was almost like a hotel room, were it not for the barn style door at the back which opened into the open field. Tyrone pushed the top half of the door open and gazed out; several other heifers were walking around, one was bent over, nibbling on the grass like an animal. They were all completely naked. His stomach churned; he didn't want to admit just how tasty that grass looked right now.

"You are welcome to enjoy the common areas and field." Dr. Brown smiled, "But I would not recommend leaving the heifer area, at least not until you are fully transformed and in more control of your faculties."

A second cow girl was joining the first eating at the edge of the field. His stomach growled.

"Yeah sure," He replied absentmindedly, "uh, where can I get food?"

"There is a canteen in the common room."

"Cool."

Tyrone tore himself away from the view and stalked right past the good doctor back to the common room. Once he had some proper, human food in his stomach this little...urge, would go away. He was sure. There were only three other cow women in the common room, all naked just like the others he'd passed. Tyrone had never imagined wearing clothes would make him stick out. There was a little menu written in chalk by the canteen and Tyrone felt his heart sink further as he read it; salad, alfalfa smoothie, milkshake, bran flakes...it was all vegetarian. What was worse, it all sounded appealing! He tried desperately to make himself crave a burger but honestly, the idea of eating meat right now made him want to throw up. Was no part of his mind sacred? Could he not even keep his taste in food?

Suddenly, there were hands on his shoulders and two familiar, soft round things pressing into his back. Long, soft nipples pressing into his shirt made him blush like a schoolgirl and whirl

around. A woman, a cow; her tits and ass were enormous, so big Tyrone couldn't help but wonder how she even moved around normally. She had no udder but a rotund belly and hooves feet and she smiled at him with an almost dreamlike look in her eye.

"Hello dear." She cooed, "First day? You've got the look."

"The look?"

Tyrone was trying so hard not to stare at those tits, never in his life had maintaining eye contact been so difficult.

"That bewildered, confused look all new heifers have. That and you're wearing clothes."

"I seem to be the only one." Tyrone blushed.

For the first time in his life, he didn't feel like the biggest man in the room; he felt small and embarrassed; he hated it. All these other heifers seemed so at home, how could that be? How were they not at war with themselves like he was? The large woman gave him a sympathetic look.

"When your body changes as much as ours, and you're constantly being milked it's just easier. Relax sweetheart. We don't judge each other's bodies here. You've nothing to be worried about."

Judging his own and others' bodies was all he had done in his old life. He was a gym junkie, a personal trainer; body perfection was his entire existence. To his horror, Tyrone felt tears burning behind his eyes and they fell to look down at himself; all that hard work, all those muscles he'd toned to perfection; they were almost gone entirely. A few days and his entire identity was being smoothed over like a rock in the ocean. A warm, naked body pressed against his own; arms encircling him.

"Oh honey," The woman cooed, "It's going to be alright; my name is Maribelle. I'll be your friend here, just tell me what's wrong."

"My name's Tyrone." He mumbled, pulling out of her hold, despite the temptation to stay in that comfortable embrace.

"Ah." Her eyes were alight with understanding, "No wonder you're having such a hard time, men with the heifer strain always do."

"Not much of a man now, am I?" Crying like a little bitch." He swiped at his eyes almost viciously.

"Never call yourself that word." Maribelle ordered sternly, "I know it sounds harsh but Dr.Brown is right, this life isn't so bad. You'll get used to it."

Tyrone prayed she was wrong.

"Is there an, I dunno, exercise room around here?" Tyrone tried, "I just, really want a distraction from all this cow stuff."

The women behind Mirabelle chuckled.

"Good luck with that." One snorted and Mirabelle gave her a sharp look.

"There is a gym..." She said uneasily, "But it's in the Bull section of the facility. It's where they work through their testosterone."

"You mean to tell me, guys with the Bull strain get to hang out at the gym all day while we sit around getting milked?" He gaped; the women nodded.

The unfairness of it all just kept piling up. All he wanted was a single drop of normalcy back and even his beloved gym was now off limits.

"Working out in these bodies is...not easy." Mirabelle added, "Plus being in a room full of bulls is hard enough even for those with very strong wills, a fresh case like you would have no hope, you'd be off the treadmill and on a cock in five minutes flat."

Tyrone's blood began to boil; who the fuck did these people think they were? All treating him like some horny bimbo? His display this morning while being milked was an outlier, he was sure He'd show them, he'd fucking show them all. He was going to that gym whether they liked it or not.