

You know you're asleep. There's a sort of objective awareness of that fact. Even as you stare up at the bright, all-encompassing screen above you, you know you're asleep. You're in your bed right now, not standing in a line of hundreds, staring mindlessly up at a spiral as it spins ad infinitum for you and your drooling brethren.

But you're not quite dreaming. It's like there's a movie being projected into your sleeping mind, a vision that someone else is deliberately curating and using to fill up your subconscious as you rest. None of this is real. None of this is normal.

You stare up into the spiral. You find yourself forgetting that you're not dreaming. You find yourself forgetting that you're not awake. You stare up into the spiral, and you hear a voice in the back of your head. It's smooth. Seductive. Just a little hint of throatiness to it, the kind of rumbling sensuality that tells you that the woman speaking is undeniably in charge.

"If you're hearing this message, I'd like to personally welcome you to another round of rest, relaxation, and mindless obedience. I'm Alexandra Holliday, and you need to *relax*."

As soon as she says the word, you feel a pulse of warmth fill up your skull and trickle down in pleasant tremors through your muscles. You don't know under whose power you remain standing, but it certainly isn't your own. You feel so deliciously loose and limber, like you've just spent the past hour soaking in a nice, warm bath. Your body takes another step forward, and you find yourself smiling. It feels good to relax, especially when Alexandra is the one telling you to do so. Your body takes another step forward, and you realize that you're hard.

"For those who have relaxed with me before, you can just enjoy this. For those who are joining me for the first time tonight, I'd like to explain what it is I'm doing here. It's very simple. All you have to do is listen and agree with everything I say. I'll make it very easy for you to nod your head and believe the truth. OK?"

The spiral you're staring into on the big, pretty screen pulses pink, and you nod. Your body takes another step forward, and you see out of the corner of your eye that the line of men you're in is slowly proceeding towards a door. Or something. You're far more interested in the screen...especially when a woman appears on it.

You're drooling in seconds, salivating over the sight of the buxom beauty dominating your attention as the spiral fades away. While it's true that her features are impeccable in their own right -- high cheekbones, piercing blue eyes, plump, pouty lips -- your focus is right where she wants it to be: her fat, wobbling tits. Each one of them is probably bigger than your own head, and even if they just barely sag under their own weight, the mesmerizing bounce they give whenever she moves so much as an inch tells you they're 100% natural. Her cleavage is all but bottomless, and you openly gape up at the screen as she begins to speak. With a rack like that to stare at, you're getting too stupidly horny to do anything but listen.

"Men think SO much. TOO much, I think. They think about their jobs and their hobbies and their plans for the future. And that's a lot more thinking than guys need to do, I think. I think that guys only need to think about how they're going to get off. I think guys like it better when they don't think with their brain. I think guys like it better when they think with their 'head.' And here's proof."

You blink. Suddenly the screen isn't above you. It's right in front of you, right above the door to nowhere that you're slowly, steadily walking towards.

"Right now you have a choice to make. It's a choice that's all up to you. You can choose to wake up and go about your day. Do whatever it is you do for a living, break your back, spend that blood, sweat, and tears to earn a few more credits. Or."

"You can stay with me just a little bit longer. You can get stiff. You can get your dick nice and hard. And you can walk through this door and have the best cumshot of your life."

She may say there's a choice, but there's really no choice at all. Your eyes are locked on the sight of her fat, heaving tits, and your cock is straining forward, practically pulling you towards the door to heaven itself. If she's telling the truth - and you have no reason to doubt that she is - you're going to end up absolutely emptied by the time you wake up.

You smile dreamily, and your prick dribbles precum messily at the thought. All you have to do is cum. All she wants you to do is cum. That sounds really nice. "That sounds really, really nice. All the nice lady wants you to do is take just a few steps forward, that's right. Just step forward and let the machine take care of everything."

You groan as the screen is momentarily lifted away from your half-lidded eyes, but it's not long before a visor is placed over your eyes instead. The sight of Alexandra fills your vision. Even if you wanted to look away - which you certainly don't - you can't. All you can do is stare into her cleavage and lose yourself in the sight of her big, bouncy breasts. All you can do is listen to her speak. All you-

You grunt appreciatively as something suddenly applies suction to your cock. You don't know what it could be, but there's something hot, wet, and tight pumping away at your cock now "and you don't really care what it is. It feels good, and isn't that what matters? That's right, just enjoy the pleasure and let the milking machine drain your balls dry. It feels incredible, doesn't it? Such a good little breeding bull."

You let your jaw drop, drool trickling down your chin as your bloated cockhead belches gobs of pre into the machine. You feel incredible, and it's only getting better. Sometimes you think, and it doesn't sound like your thoughts in your head "but that's perfectly fine, because thinking doesn't feel as good as cumming anyway. All you want to do is fuck your load into the nice, sexy machine. All men ever want to do is cum. That's why men like you do the things they do, isn't it?"

"You want to impress pretty girls. You want to make sure all the babies you fuck into your sexy little wives are provided for. You want to feel good. You just want to fuck and cum and enjoy yourself. That's all men want to do."

You gurgle in half-witted agreement. Your cock feels good "and that means you're willing to do whatever it takes to keep feeling good. Men are so stupid when they get horny, and it's the best feeling in the world when a guy like you ends up fucking his wad into whatever tight, wet hole he's plunged into. It doesn't matter how big you are or how small you are or even how many you have: if you have a cock, you were built to be a slave to girls with tits big enough to get you stiff. And these tits are big enough to do that, aren't they?"

The milk-bloated rack in front of your eyes wobbles, and you nod in blind agreement. Imagine those wrapped around your shaft. You grunt and gurgle as the mental image flashes through your scattered thoughts. Your cock twitches and pumps another wad of precum into the machine.

"This is easy. So easy. You don't have to worry about impressing anyone or saying the right things or fighting or winning. All you have to do is give up and cum. All you have to do is let

the titties control your mind and do what feels good. You want to feel this way all the time. This is so much easier than other ways you could cum. You love it when Alexandra reaches out with her powers and gives you dreams like this. You love it when you get to be a mindless cum-pump breeding stud."

"You're addicted to this."

"You love it when I make you my stupid stud-slave."

"You love it when I show you just how weak your mind is and just how good it feels to obey me."

"You want to cum."

"You need to cum."

"Cum."

You cum into the machine. You grunt and groan and buck your hips forward, plunging yourself into the artificial fuckhole and emptying your balls into the warm, welcoming suction. Every wad of spunk you pump into the machine is accompanied by a throb of pleasure, and soon the waves of your orgasm - together with the euphoria of psychic submission - combine and overwhelm you. You're just a stupid stud-slave. You love it when Alexandra controls your mind and makes you her brainless cum-pump. Men just want to feel good. You'll do anything if it means you cum as hard as this. Obey. Submit. Surrender.

...

You blink awake in your bed, sheets stained and balls aching. Were you dreaming?

Ah, well. It's impossible to tell, and with the golden haze of afterglow pulsing through your body, all you really want to do right now is lay back and relax a little bit more. The rest of the day can wait. You just want to feel good.

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No matter how many times you sit back and appreciate it, the view from the top never gets old. It was one hell of an adventure, scouring the galaxy for your old man's probes and earning the reins of the company, but...well, "worth it" is an understatement. Fame and fortune are yours now, the kind of vast, limitless wealth that's more of a concept than an actual number. Even if not everyone in the galaxy knows your name, the movers and shakers do. As your countless "liaisons" with pampered socialites and trillionaire playboys can attest, the moneyed elite are infatuated with their newest member. Whether rich, powerful, or some combination of the two, everyone who matters has their eye on Steele.

As it turns out, that's what ends up being your downfall.

It's a day like any other when you get that fateful call. Just one little beep in your earpiece as you're managing the path forward for Steele Industries from your office on the top floor of the monolithic headquarters building. You pause your strategizing for a moment and answer the call.

The only thing you hear is your secretary's breathy giggle. Maybe a snippet or two of some muffled conversation. It takes a sharp cough to get her attention, but that's all it takes.

"Oh! Mr. Steele! There's a, uh." She giggles once more. "There's someone here to see you. (I'm sorry, what's your name?)" A pause. "Miss Alexandra Holliday. It doesn't sound like she

has an appointment, but, uh. She says she's very interested in talking to you. Would you like me to buzz her in?"

You quirk a brow and purse your lips. "Alexandra Holliday," huh? The name doesn't ring a bell. You open your mouth, about to answer that no, you're busy right now...(but that seems so rude, doesn't it? She came all this way to see you. It would be the gentlemanly thing to do to let her in. Just to talk to her, right?) You lean back in your seat. (You can afford to just talk to her for a little bit.)

It's with a smile in your voice that you tell your secretary certainly, you'd love to meet Miss Holliday, and there's a little pulse of warmth at your answer. (It's so easy to just agree.)

"Alright! I'll send her in right now. (So, what did you say YOUR name was again?)" Her voice trails off, and your earpiece goes silent a moment later. A moment past that, the door to your office opens to reveal...ooh.

Seems like it was the right call to take a chance and meet her, because Miss Holliday is...exceptional. She's clearly Treated - the polished horns jutting out from her head are a dead giveaway - but the hourglass figure straining against her outfit isn't *quite* as exaggerated as the prototypical "bigger is better" body you'd see on most New Texas cowgirls. Sure, her child-bearing hips are wide enough to crush a lesser man's lap. Sure, her fat, wobbling tits jiggle hypnotically with every confident step she takes forward. But there's a glint in her eyes and a knowing smile on her lips.

It's clear that Alexandra is no ditzy cow. For one, she's wearing a suit and pencil skirt, charcoal black and expertly tailored. That kind of outfit would probably be reserved for the token female bureaucrats working in the New Texas administrative buildings, and you're sure they'd be off those cowgirls as often as they're on. On top of that, her eyes haven't left yours for even a moment. Normally a Treated cowgirl would have started ogling your package by now, but as Alexandra thrusts her hand forward, it's clear she's all business. (For now, at least.)

"Mr. Steele," she murmurs. "Pleasure to finally meet the new head of Steele Industries." You take her hand and shake it, her grip surprisingly firm. "I have to admit," she continues, sitting opposite you and crossing her legs casually. "You and your cousin put on quite a show for the rest of us. As far as last wills and testaments go, your father's has to be the most entertaining anyone could hope to pen. And!"

She leans forward, eyes sparkling as she rests her elbows on your desk. Her breasts are big enough to press up against the surface in the process. Even if her eyes are locked on yours, you don't necessarily have to restrain yourself, do you? A quick glance down to appreciate the sight of her pillowy tits mashed up against the lacquered wood of your desk, then it's back to business. Or, you know, polite conversation, at least.

"*You're* the swashbuckling hero that managed to snag the inheritance!" She leans back, shaking her head in well-meaning disbelief. "What a story, and talk about a reward well-earned. I can't *tell* you how many executives I've dealt with that just had their parents' legacies handed over without a lick of fanfare. It's a pleasure and a *relief* to know I'm not dealing with the kind of spoiled milquetoast that's happy to let the board of directors handle things as they piss away their credits on escorts and gold diggers. I can't tell you how many businessmen I've reached out to that spent the entire time staring at my tits. Half of them end up drooling by the end of the conversation."

She winks at you.

"That being said, if you want to enjoy the view, I'd say you've earned it at this point. There's something to be said for a man who's taken what he wants instead of being given it." Her eyes go half-lidded, and her smile grows. "I don't think I'd have a problem with a man like *you* ogling me."

You smirk in return. Don't mind if you do. After all, you reason, it'd be a shame to let art like her to go unappreciated.

She laughs quietly and shakes her head. "Please. I've seen some truly *breathhtaking* examples back home on New Texas. Some of the girls I have back on my ranch have tits big enough to knock a guy out if they turn too fast. Not that they're liable to complain, of course. Compared to them, I'm hardly anything special."

You're quick to disagree, but after the reassurance that she's a singularly striking woman comes a question that comes to mind: "her ranch?"

"Yes. My ranch." Alexandra smiles brightly, canting her head to the side just so. "I own and operate a luxury retreat on New Texas. Politicians, business executives, et cetera." She pulls a business card from her breast pocket and offers it to you, and you're quietly pleased to note that it's still warm from her body heat. "In this day and age, there's a certainly problem with the high and mighty falling prey to their...*vices*, shall we say."

"You see it all the time, unfortunately. People have the means to pursue whatever pleasures they fancy, and they don't realize that too much of a good thing isn't always a better thing. For instance." She cocks her head back towards the door to your office. "I can tell you without a shadow of a doubt that the pretty young thing you have at the receptionist's desk would be on the first shuttle to New Texas if she didn't have to worry about working a nine-to-five. I had one of my boys with me when I came in, and she was batting her eyelashes at him in *seconds*. Sure, he's Treated, so she might not be used to the kind of pheromones he's putting out, but that's the danger, isn't it? You run up against something you're not used to, something new and fun and exciting, and you end up diving in headfirst to the best bad decision you've ever made."

She straightens up in her seat, and you catch the bounce of her chest out of the corner of your eye. "That's why we provide that kind of temptation in a controlled environment. Everything is strictly limited by the releases you sign before entering the retreat, and I'm *quite* proud to say that since its founding, we haven't had a *single* client either begin or relapse into any 'bad habits' they had once they've spent some time unwinding at the ranch."

"In short, Mr. Steele," Alexandra purrs, "when's the last time you let yourself *relax*?"

You blink at her, caught just the slightest bit off-guard by her sudden flirtatiousness. Definitely a pleasant addition, though. And the idea sounds (wonderful. You can't really remember the last time you ever had the chance to let loose and indulge yourself. And honestly, you deserve it. You deserve all that and more. Someone as rich as you can afford to spend as much time as you want with Alexandra, and thanks to the steady, tranquilizing wobble of her tits right in front of you, it's an exceedingly tempting offer.)

You blink. You try to bring your eyes back up to hers. (But she said you could stare as much as you want, didn't she? So there's really no need to do anything but stare at her big, bouncy boobies and relax into your seat. So that's exactly what you do. You just sit back and stare at her tits as they bounce up and down. Up and down.)

(A ranch full of bubbly, buxom beauties, a harem of Treated cowgirls ready to pamper you whenever and wherever you want. You drift off into daydreams of fat, pillowy tits wrapped around your prick, the warm sandwich of your latest playmate's tits lubricated with sweet, creamy milk spilling from her teats. One nipple in your mouth, one hand on your head smoothing your hair, one pair of lips right against your ear, cooing and mewling, begging you to pump your load into the velvety vice of cowgirl cleavage.)

(A nonstop pleasure cruise of fucking and sucking and cumming. Cowgirls milking your balls dry as you lay down to sleep, sent to bed by silky-smooth handjobs and nice, relaxing cumshots. Wake-up calls at the crack of noon, groggily blinking awake from your psionically-enhanced wet dreams to find either a cowgirl bobbing her head in your lap or a state-of-the-art cock-milking machine slurping up yet another splurt of spunk. The only decision you have to make past that is whether or not you want to bend a bitch over the dining room table as you enjoy a meal or get "breakfast" in bed as you mindlessly fuck your bedmate - robotic or not.)

(And honestly, it sounds nice not having to make any decisions except for the small stuff. It must be one of those retreats where there's a schedule. Thinking is hard. Fucking is easy. Yeah, so they have a schedule there for you to follow, nice and easy. And if you have a hard time letting go of control - after all, you're such a big, strong man; you must be so used to being in control - they can probably set it up to have a cowgirl guide make sure you end up exactly where you need to be. Hips swaying, cunt pouring off heat and the near-irresistible scent of her arousal.)

You blink. You realize you're drooling as you stare at Alexandra's tits, and the embarrassment is enough to shock you out of your daydreams. You're so sorry, you explain; you don't know what came over you.

When Alexandra smiles, it carries the mischief of someone who looks like they know just a bit more than they're letting on. "Not a problem, Mr. Steele. If anything, that kind of episode is the sort of thing that shows just how *badly* you need this. I mean."

She sighs ruefully and crosses her arms under her titanic bust, hefting them up to make it easier to stare at them. "Imagine if some breed-happy floozy strutted in here with a chemical cocktail you'd never seen before? Pheromones tickling your hind-brain *just* right. You'd probably fuck your next heir into her without a second thought. It's not a strike against you. It's just the truth."

She moves one hand from below her bust to slide you a piece of paper. "It's not your fault. You've worked *so* hard to make sure you didn't fall prey to the sorts of sluts that take men like you and suck them dry. Here. All you have to do is sign right down here, right on the bottom line, and we'll make sure that doesn't happen. You'll come with me back to the ranch, we'll get you set up in your little vacation home, and you'll get to finally let out all that pent-up desire."

The contract is right in front of you, a pen placed helpfully beside it. Even if your limbs feel like they're made of cement right now, you're able to pick up the pen and sign the paper if you want to. (And you really, *really* want to.)

You grope at the pen without a second thought, smiling as you scribble some vague attempt at a signature onto the paper. You're rewarded with another dull throb of warmth in the back of your head, but this time it trickles down in little pulses to the root of your cock.

Alexandra rises from her seat and gives you a condescending pat on the head. Smiling, she takes the contract, folds it in half, then in quarters, and tucks it in her breast pocket.

"There's a good boy. So *agreeable*. Now..." Her eyes flash with a dizzying pink light, and you go limp in your seat.

"Just enjoy yourself while I take you through the *additional services* we offer."

It's hard to think of anything but enjoying yourself. Your brain feels like it's been dipped in liquid bliss, and you're more than happy to just bask in the pleasure. Even if your muscles are slack, your cock is stiffer than ever, throbbing and twitching with every heartbeat.

"So!" Alexandra continues, clicking a pen and moving to make additions to the contract you just signed. "We have a few different packages available for businessmen of your stature, and for your *convenience*, we accept alternate forms of payment! For the basic plan, you'd get one week's stay on the ranch and one of my Treated cowgirls to introduce you to the facilities available. Which is nice, but..."

The pleasure thrumming through your body seems to fade, if only for a moment. You grumble in disappointment...

...only to grunt in mindless, ecstatic shock when the bliss returns, stronger than ever. It's not just some vague, somatic pleasure, either. It's a hand, pumping your cock up and down, up and down, up and down-

You groan, gurgling as an ephemeral cowgirl coos and mashes her tits up against your chest. She's got one hand between your legs stroking insistently. The other brushes your hair to the side as she presses her phantom lips to yours.

"For just five percent of your company's total shares, you'll have access to her for your entire stay as part of the 'Silver' Package. Oversexed, buxom, Treated, lactating, *expertly* trained in all the different ways to wring big, silly bulls dry. And if she knows how to tame a *bull*, a poor little city slicker like you is going to be *putty in her hands*. Doesn't that sound *nice*?"

The cowgirl-mirage stares into your eyes with a smile, nodding. You nod along, groaning.

"And that's for *only* five percent. That's *nothing*. That's *less* than nothing. Which is why so many CEOs that come with me go even higher. For *twenty* percent..."

One becomes two becomes three, four, five. You're not in your office chair anymore. You're laying back in a warm, luxurious bed, tits mashed up against your body from myriad angles. A pair of plush cock-milkers squeeze your cock as two cowgirls grind themselves up against you from your left and right. One massive breast is forced into your face, its nipple practically begging to be suckled. You don't have to lift a finger. Even your pillow is warm and soft, head laid back in a cowgirl's lap.

"...we have the 'Gold' package. Five Treated cowgirls prepared to make sure you never have to lift a *finger*. They'll feed you, fuck you to sleep, bathe you. Everything you could ever want, and more. Most executives that try this end up *never* succumbing to the wiles of, shall we say, 'off-brand' temptresses. These girls will keep you *perfectly* safe, and all you have to do is let them take care of you."

"But let's say that's not enough. Let's say you're really, truly, *deeply* afraid of what might happen if you end up in the arms of the exact wrong type of girl." Alexandra's voice is little more than smoke twirling in your mind at this point, a fugue that tells you what to think, what's good and what's bad.

"For fifty-one percent of your company's total shares, we have the 'Platinum' package."

Five becomes one once more, but it's like she's seen through a kaleidoscope. Her features shift moment to moment. She's not just one woman, she's every woman, all at once. She's sensuous, irresistible, exotic, familiar, sweet, red-hot, doting, maternal, seductive, smoldering, teasing, exquisite. She's every dream girl you've ever had and every dream girl you never knew you had. You gape at her wordlessly, gawking at the ponderous heft of her chest as she steps up over you.

You can't do a thing but watch her, spellbound. Even as she looms over you, smirking as she begins to squat down onto your lap. The heat between her legs is even hotter than yours, and with every whiff of her pheromone-laden musk that you huff, with every drop of white-hot arousal her cunt drools onto your lap, your cock *aches* to bury inside her.

"Let's face it, guys like you have to deal with gold diggers every single day. They come in here, sweet as honey, trying to get you to bust a fat, sloppy nut in their womb so they're walking around with Steele's baby kicking in their tummy. It gets tempting, doesn't it? But you never can. All they need to take advantage of is one little moment of weakness, and then you're their personal piggy bank. A mindless little ATM stumbling dick-first after them and handing over the world's easiest paycheck just because her pussy makes you go cross-eyed."

"That's why the Platinum package is the most popular one we have by *far*. Not just one week. It's an indefinite stay on the ranch. As long or as short as you want. And while your meals in the other packages might include oral contraceptives to discourage unwanted pregnancies..."

The illusory cowgirl lowers herself further, and soon her white-hot cunt is brushing up against the bloated tip of your cock.

"...when it comes to Platinum, we pump you *so* full of virility-enhancers that you're breeding *every single bitch* you fuck."

She drops down, and your eyelids flutter at the sensation of her pussy clamping down around your cock. She's bouncing in seconds, and it's not long before the steady clench of her vaginal walls around your length have you drooling and giggling dully. Add to that a pleasant tingle whenever her hips slap down - courtesy of Alexandra's abilities, whatever they might be - and you're being fucked *stupid*.

"You don't have to worry about holding back, because you *won't* be holding back. You'll be fucking your sons and daughters into every available cowgirl we have. How better to fight temptation than to indulge it in every way you can? There's no need to think. Not when you can just fuck and fuck and *fuck*."

"You'll be fucked into the mattress every day and every night, your brain so utterly *pickled* in sex hormones and our modified does of the Treatment that you'll forget your name. Your job. Your life before the ranch. And you'll forget why you'd ever care, either. We'll handle all your business off-planet. All *you* need to do is focus on fucking as many bastards into my girls as you can. There'll be no need to set up some silly race for planetary probes, because we'll *both* know that my ranch is the only party with a legitimate claim to your company."

"And you'll be *perfectly* safe throughout. We'll make sure the *only* bitches you breed are *my* cowgirls. That the only wombs you're bloating with your thick, *virile* seed are the ones *I* own."



The cowgirl bounces on your lap, her face shifting, her skin blending from one color to the next. Her body's impeccable. Her face is beautiful. Her hips are slamming you into the bed. Her tits are wobbling with every bounce, keeping your already dazed mind further distracted. You distantly realize that your hand is moving, signing paper after paper.

"Just one more signature, darling," purrs the cowgirl riding your cock, and it's with vacant delight that you realize...it's Alexandra. She's bouncing in your lap, a perfect, irresistible fantasy. You rumble with barely-restrained desire. Your body shakes. Your hand twitches, and you sloppily scrawl your name on one final contract.

*"Good boy."*

Her voice crashes down on you along with a rush of pleasure, and soon Alexandra's mashed one of her milk-drooling teats against your lips. You start suckling immediately, too lust-drunk to care if it's real or not. You don't care if it's fantasy or if it's reality anymore. You know it *will* be real soon, and that's all that matters. You slurp down mouthful after mouthful of sweet, corruptive cream, and by the third gulp...

...you're pumping your seed up into her tight, wet cunt. She helps you along, of course, clenching and wringing your cock with every enthusiastic spurt you fuck up into her womb. (You want to breed. You're addicted to breeding. You're a stupid, fuckdrunk breeding bull who needs to be drained every day, every *hour* by a buxom, beautiful cowgirl. You're a dumb, empty-headed tit addict. You'll do anything for a big pair of tits. Thank goodness Alexandra got to you first before some gold digging bitch could.)

"Good boy. *Such* a good boy." Alexandra croons from the throne of your lap. She splays one hand just below her navel, and you tingle with delight, knowing that you've seeded her. The thought that you've fucked her pregnant is such a turn-on. You're a breeding addict, and you need her to keep you safe from your own carnal urges.

(You need Alexandra. You'll always obey Alexandra.)

"Now that you've gotten the sample of what it's like to be my mindless plaything," she purrs, the illusory Alexandra fading away. Along with the rest of your office. "I think it's time you *wake up*."

You blink sleepily awake, stretching luxuriously in your bed. There's a smile on your lips and a stain on your sheets, but you couldn't care less about the latter. You just had the most *wonderful* dream, and even if you can't *quite* remember the details, you're sure that you'll remember the important parts when it comes time to make the decision.

What decision? You're not sure. It isn't important right now.

Right now, you just want to find some fertile bitch to *breed*.

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The world behind your eyelids is dark, but only for a moment. It's not long before your sleep gives way to dreams, and they flicker to life in your mind like film flapping through a projector. You've never had a dream like this before, one that starts so jarringly, so suddenly, but...much like the other dreams you've had in the past, everything makes just enough sense to your sleeping mind that you don't question it. And really, that's the most important part.

Don't question anything.

And really, your tired mind doesn't have to make nearly as many concessions with this dream. You're not some kind of giant lizard tromping around a miniature city-scape, there are no rocks mumbling trivia questions at you as faces melt from the three watches on your wrist. No, this is all pretty normal stuff. For the kind of life you've been living, lately.

You're a bull. A bull living on a ranch.

It's a simple premise, right? Nice and easy to wrap your head around, and you're really thankful for that. Complicated stuff isn't your style, awake or asleep, and sometimes it's nice to just sit back and relax. After all, you're asleep, right? No sense wasting brainpower on some big, cumbersome dream-narrative. That's right, all you have to do is accept your role and play it as best you can.

You're a bull. And you're stupid.

The details of your dream-life begin to fill in as you plod from your pen in the "barn" towards the milking machines in the other building. You used to not be a bull, but then you came to New Texas, took the Treatment, and now you're just another New Texan. Just another big, brutish bull. Your cock got big, your brain got slow, and your balls fattened up with cum again and again.

You smile dimly to yourself, walking on autopilot. There's a collar around your neck, and it doesn't take but five seconds before you remember how you got that collar, too. Back when you were first feeling the effects of the Treatment changing your body, you'd made the mistake of pumping a wad into some cowgirl's *juicy* little cunt. Normally that'd be fine, but there was a quirk in your biology and hers.

Your cock dribbles a musky dollop of precum as you think back to the cumshot that changed your life. The second you fucked your load into Alexandra's pussy, you remember a pleasure unlike anything you'd felt in your life. Eye-crossing, tongue-lolling, jaw-dropping, the kind of pleasure that makes you go limp and useless whenever you feel it crash down on you in the milking pens. Right as the Treatment had been rerouting your neurons, shortening and redirecting your axial pathways, that pernicious flood of dopamine had criss-crossed your circuits and left you a stupid, horny animal. Most bulls ended up smug, swaggering studs, and make no mistake, you're a *complete stud*.

You also happen to be a pussywhipped fuck-addict, too.

At first it was manageable. The Treatment was still changing you, but you weren't totally changed. You remember thinking about getting back to your ship, but you just couldn't pull yourself away from that Holliday minx. The first romp with was incredible. The second was impeccable. And the third? Well, that was all it took to seal your fate for good.

It was almost like she planned it. Like she'd gotten your prick nice and stiff at just the right time to leave you a cum-dribbling boy-toy. Sometimes you wonder if it was all a giant conspiracy, a trap that you fell into. Fuck if you care, though. It feels incredible to be Alexandra's cum-pump, and every nut you spunk into one of her "milking" machines just makes you that much stupider. And that much hornier.

Besides, she's far from selfish! She provides everything you could ever want! She feeds you, houses you, makes sure you're nice and clean when she rents you out to breed disobedient bitches... Part of you wonders if it's a bad thing that she sends you out to turn independent and politically-minded young women into cross-eyed milk-cows, but it's all nice and simple for the rest of you. Couldn't be easier:

Slamfuck the bitch into submission. Let Alexandra talk to her. Give her the Treatment medipen. Even a stupid bull like you can handle that. And then a few days later there'd be a new milk-cow to fuck when you're bored! Everyone wins, even the policewomen that try to take you away from Alexandra.

You're hard again, and you're not even in the milking pens. This is gonna be a problem.

You wrap your hand around your cock and start to pump. A quick half-orgasm should clear your head enough for you to navigate to...wherever you're going. But you really wish you had something to fuck your hand *to*. Something like-

Oh, perfect! As soon as you think about it, a video of Alexandra appears before your very eyes. You'd recognize the wobble of her titanic teats anywhere, and that's pretty fortunate, because the video doesn't show a single inch of her face. No, staring openly and unabashedly at Alexandra's rack, you fuck your fist like a drooling idiot.

Thank god she has this automatic masturbation-aid system set up on the ranch. You remember back before you were a bull, back when you'd have to find porn on your own *before* you started stroking yourself. Now all you have to do is wrap your hand around your cock, and a pre-recorded video of Alexandra will pop up and dominate your field of vision. You don't quite get why the spirals are there, and you never really pay attention to what she's saying in the video, but that's not the point, is it?

You remember hearing about some other bulls who tried to "clear their heads" by rubbing one out when they weren't scheduled to fuck or get milked, and you honestly can't imagine a worse feeling than not being horny. That's why she talks her bulls to sleep as soon as they empty their balls. No stress, no worries, no thinking.

You idly drool a bead of pre from the tip of your bloated bull-cock.

It feels amazing. And you're so thankful that Alexandra took you in after she mindfucked you and turned you into a stupid breeding bull. Honestly, the whole race to find the...probes or whatever. That was so boring. Most of it didn't even feel good. Not like this. No, here on Alexandra's ranch, you get to feel good all the time, and whenever you want to feel even better, you can just ask Alexandra to make you even stupider.

You aren't quite sure how she does it -- no surprise there -- but Alexandra can do this thing with her brain that makes it even harder to think. You're pretty sure she's explained the process to you once or twice before, but more or less as a way to rub it in your face just how stupid you're becoming. Something about persistent dopamine feedback loops and selective oxytocin triggers. You don't know what big words like those mean anymore. All you know is that when you hear Alexandra's voice and see her big, heaving tits, you get stiff for her because you love her.

Love is kind of a complicated emotion, honestly. Maybe it's more accurate to say that you want her.

You drool as you fuck your hand, staring at the screen in front of you. Alexandra's rack wobbles in front of your glassy eyes, and soon you're just mindlessly pumping away. You can practically hear her voice in your ear:

"Good bull. Such a good, stupid bull."

With a grunt, you cum. Before the Treatment -- and the modified epipen Alexandra convinced you to take after you signed yourself away to her ranch -- the wad of spunk you

just pumped from your bloated bullprick would have been an absolutely *magnificent* cumshot. Enough to creampie even the hungriest Venus Pitcher and leave her satisfied for days to come. Now, it's barely enough to make your cock go half-hard. Your balls start to churn with a fresher load in seconds, and it's only Alexandra's careful programming that sends you stumbling towards the milking pens.

Have to get milked. Have to be a good bull.

Your tongue is lolling out again by the time you get to the milking pens, cock stiffer than ever and balls bloating up fat with your next orgasm. You've been meaning to ask Alexandra about the thing where you can sign up to just be in the milking pens all the time, but whenever you try to talk to her about something, you just end up staring at her rack and masturbating. It's not a bad problem to have, as far as problems go, but you wish you were one of the lucky bulls in here. The ones who get to cum and cum and cum. Your cock throbs at the thought. Mindlessly pumping away in a fake pussy as you watch video after video of Alexandra's tits bouncing and wobbling and jiggling.

*You'd give anything to do that.*

*You'd give up everything to do that.*

Yeah. You would. You'd abandon your hunt for the probes or whatever if you got to just be a stupid, horny bull and get your cock milked all the time. You smile dimly to yourself. *When you wake up, you're going to think about doing just that.* But for right now, you have to get your balls drained. Otherwise you're just going to be pouring off pheromones and sending all the cows into heat. It's a real problem, and even if the cows are nice to fuck, they make you do so much *work*. Sometimes you just want to let yourself get strapped down, have a suction hose wrap around your cock, and let the pretty spirals spin in your eyes as Alexandra mindfucks you until you pump your wad into the milking machine.

And that's just what you do. You stumble into your pen, clumsy and brutish and uselessly muscular, and gentle automated hands guide you to your milking bed. The first few times, they had to strap you down. Now your muscles go limp the instant it begins to lean back. Your body knows what comes next just as well as your mind does, and it's more than happy to cooperate with the automated cock-pumping.

A screen lowers in front of your face, and -- just like every other time you come in to get drained -- you get a choice of videos to watch. Something to help you get off as hard as possible as fast as possible. Every porn star in the universe is presented for your perusal, but you grunt out your answer without a moment's hesitation:

"Alexandra."

You're so fucking smart for figuring this out. You don't know if the other guys know this, but if you choose to watch Alexandra, two *more* screens come down. That'd be good enough already. But you know *another* secret. One that Alexandra *herself* told you. Three screens of her perfect hourglass figure were good, but six is twice that. And all you have to say is

"I'm a stupid bull for Alexandra."

Just like that, three more screens lower in front of your face, and soon you're assaulted with six simultaneous video feeds at once, each showing your mistress doing...something else. God, she's so fucking gorgeous. The machine pumping at your cock is definitely helping, but your attention is almost entirely dominated by the sights and sounds of Alexandra.

Alexandra trying on clothes, squeezing into bras before the hooks snap and the buttons of her blouse pop off uselessly. Alexandra smirking as she presses her tits up against each other, the valley of her cleavage all but inescapable. Alexandra, calm, cool, collected, sexy and in control, wearing a full, figure-hugging business suit as she nudges a truly monstrous bullprick with the tip of her foot. You grunt and groan as she snaps her fingers, and the cock she's inspecting -- attached to some faceless bullstud like you -- pumps its load eagerly into the air at her implicit command. You gurgle in pleasure and desire. You want that. *You want to be Alexandra's mindfucked bullstud. You want to be her mindless cumpump and cum on her command. Nothing turns you on more than being Alexandra's horny, useless slave.*

Milk dribbling from her teats. Alexandra smirking as she wrings another load from one of her bullstuds with her fat, heaving tits. You're so close to cumming. Alexandra instructing you to obey, using her psychic powers to influence you at your most vulnerable, to shape your desires while you hand yourself over to pleasure, to sleep, to dreams. You can almost feel her in your head, *adjusting* you to be more how she *wants* you to be.

You -- the real you, not the dream you -- know you can wake up. And you know that if you don't, if you stay in the fantasy, if you see it through to the end...you'll end up changed. But would that be a bad thing? It feels incredible. And it's not like you're going to wake up zombified if you let this psychic cowgirl goddess give you a wet dream. Right?

You can indulge a little bit more. You can let Alexandra take control. All she wants to do is make you feel good. All she wants is to make you cum so hard your brain turns off for a while.

You don't care what else might happen, because you know Alexandra is going to make you. You want to feel good. You're a stupid, horny bullstud, and stupid, horny bullstuds get to pump fat wads of cum into the milking machines. You hand yourself over to the dream, and you're rewarded for it.

The dreamscape shifts, rapidfire, an overwhelming deluge of pleasure and fantasies and sights and sounds and sensations. You take a cowgirl from behind, plunging yourself in her tight, wet cunt. You bottom out in her pussy, bellowing with pleasure with each high, keening "moo" she gives.

You lay back, boneless and drooling as the milking machine expertly massages and slurps at your cockflesh, glassy-eyed as Alexandra showcases how her machinery works on her latest bullstud to potential investors. It feels incredible to be put on display like this, just a stupid, mindless demonstration of fuckdrunk addiction for all the people who know better than to think with their cocks.

You're collared, chained to a throne. So big. So *strong*. Alexandra presses a single fingertip under your chin and guides you to face her. You salivate at the sight of her ruby-red lips curling up into a smirk. So powerful. And yet so weak. She reaches down to knead your cum-bloated balls, rolling them in the palm of her hand and giving teasing little clenches to make sure your fat, heavy nuts stay nice and backed-up. It makes you easier to control, she reminds you. So easy to control a horny bullstud like you.

Bulls like you don't know any better, and that's the problem, really. They don't know what's good for them and what they *should* be doing. But that's why Alexandra is ready to guide you. All you have to do is let her take over. Not just now, even though it's certainly a start. You have to let her take control *forever*.

Cum.

You're back on the display table, prick twitching and throbbing, orgasm about to crash down on you.

Cum.

You're stumbling after her on the ranch, eyes glued to the fertile swell of her hips as they sway from side to side.

Cum.

You're in her office on New Texas, signing your life away just for the chance to feel one of those *exquisite* cumshots awake instead of just in your dreams.

CUM.

You groan, blinking awake as you pump a fat, sloppy load into your sheets. It's not long before they're stained white, but even before your orgasm's over, you're drifting back to sleep. You were pulled out of your rest by the same irresistible pleasure that's sucking you right back down into blissful dreams of obedience...

...and instruction.

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You don't know why you're here, but as long as Alexandra's holding your leash, you don't have to know. Probably have to fuck some woman. You grin dully to yourself. You like it when you get to fuck the women Alexandra tells you to. Sometimes they try to push you away at first, but they always end up cross-eyed and giggling with a womb full of your cum.

"I don't really have an interest in repeating myself, Fiona," Alexandra says calmly, a hint of a smile playing at her lips. She's dressed conservatively, but her figure is enough to send any prick stiffening at the sight. "It's cute that you and your company thought you could wriggle around my *talents* with the hiring criteria you've adopted lately, but you've made the mistake of underestimating him and overestimating yourself."

The woman sitting across from her at the desk fidgets, looking from Alexandra's eyes to yours. Then to your cock. "Fiona," apparently. The boss? The manager? You don't know. She doesn't look bad. For an untreated human, at least. A nice, generous chest. Attractively short blonde hair. Blue eyes. Fair skin. You can't tell if she's got a proper hourglass figure, but you don't really care. Alexandra's tits are bigger, so that means she's in charge. The idle thought of Alexandra's wobbling rack drags your attention back down to her tits, and soon your half-hard prick is at full mast.

"He's quite a specimen, isn't he?" Alexandra brings one delicate hand to the underside of your fuckrod, hefting it up as if she's examining a particularly interesting mineral sample instead of the fattest, thickest bitchtamer genetic modification can buy. "The Treatment really is something, and all it takes to produce results as impressive as this is a teensy modification to the end formula."

"I'm used to it." She lets your cock down, and it sags under its own ponderous weight. "Not just the sight of it. The scent, too. I have to admit, it's impressive in its own right that you haven't bent over the desk and presented yourself to him, but it's really only a matter of time." Alexandra's calm. Cool. Collected.

Fiona isn't. Her pale skin is flushed deep red, and her eyes have been locked on your fuckrod since the moment Alexandra showed it off. She's biting her lower lip, and you can practically *smell* her cunt leaking. Her chest heaves with every deep breath she takes, and the sight of her tits straining against her blouse makes your cock twitch. Her breath catches in her throat in response.

"And that's not even necessarily the problem. One moment of weakness isn't enough to ruin someone and turn them into a *fuck-drunk sex addict*." Alexandra enunciates the last four words like she's cracking a whip. Fiona whimpers, and Alexandra rises from her seat. "Forget going from zero to sixty. This is going from zero to six *thousand*. After all, it's not unusual for women to visit New Texas and sample the, ah..."

Alexandra steps around the desk. Behind the woman. "'Local flavors,' shall we say. Sometimes they can even go back. Sure, a good number end up immigrating permanently, but it's not the *majority*." Her hands go to Fiona's shoulders, and Alexandra leans in to whisper in her ear. "Sometimes one little taste is enough. Just one roll in the hay with a big, buff bull. A fantasy that some overworked office drone needs to get out of their system. One and done."

"But *imagine*." Alexandra's voice is a low, smoky hiss now. The sound of it -- and a few pulses of warmth in the back of your brain -- send your cock throbbing fatter and harder with every heartbeat. "Imagine a fuck so *good* and so *hard* that you can't even remember your *name* after it's happened. Imagine a bull so *big* and *strong* that you can just go limp and let him do all the work. I've seen my bulls pick up girls and fuck them like *toys*. Doesn't that sound nice? A little break after all the hard work managing imports and exports and all those silly trade regulations."

Your prick belches a glob of precum onto the surface of her desk, and Fiona can barely stifle a moan. Scratch that, she can't. With Alexandra's hands kneading insistent circles into her shoulders, she's melting bit by bit.

"Only. You might want to be careful. Every rose has its thorn, you know? And this one has one *hell* of a *prick*. See." Alexandra's using that special voice of hers. The one that's smooth, a touch lower than normal. The kind she uses when she wants to turn someone's brain off without using her powers. Sure enough, it starts to work. The woman's eyelids begin to flag, but her gaze never leaves you bitchtamer. "My boys are *special*. They have a *nasty* little habit of making strong-willed career women into empty-headed *mommies*. The mods I made to the Treatment has a few...side effects. You probably don't even realize it right now, but..."

Alexandra chuckles, throaty and luxurious. "The second you caught a whiff of this big, bad bull's *cock*, you started *ovulating*."

Fiona gasps softly, but she hardly sounds concerned.

"One little snuffle of the Alpha male's musk, and your ovaries got all hot to trot. I give you about five minutes before you're shaking your ass like an animal begging to be mounted. I've seen stronger women than you end up cumming around this bull's *fuckrod* like a virgin with her first vibe. Then they cum again when he actually fucks his load into them. Then they cum *again* when they feel that little *ping*. Right *here*."

Alexandra splays her hand out just below the woman's navel, and you notice with distant

confusion that she's...pressing her thighs together. What, does she not want to fuck? That's weird. Whatever.

It suddenly feels like a very good idea to jerk yourself off. Your pupils dilate just so as Alexandra's influence nudges you in the right direction, and soon you've wrapped your hand around the bloated length of your shaft and begun to clumsily pump your rod up and down. Pre leaks from the tip in cloudy pearls, splattering on the desk in front of you. Sometimes you wring your prick particularly hard and end up dribbling your pre-seed onto the woman's blouse directly.

*That's a good thing. It's a very good thing.* You jerk yourself harder. You make sure every stroke ends with a few more droplets staining the woman's clothes. It isn't long before the entire room swims with the aroma of your musk. The woman's nearly swooning from the scent alone, and you note with satisfaction that her mouth's begun to water as she leers at your big, stiff prick.

And all the while, Alexandra's whispering in her ear, the naughtiest little shoulder devil a girl could ask for. Most women think that they're safe because her powers don't affect them. Lucky for them, they're wrong. If they were right, you might not get to breed them stupid. You might not get to pump your spunk into their eager little wombs and send them cumming themselves to sleep as your sperm wriggles its way up to their eggs and makes sure they're well and truly *seeded*.

Alexandra just needs you to fuck your hand right now, so you're free to daydream. It's so easy to sink into fantasies ever since you started letting Alexandra mindfuck you every night. Barely takes a moment before you're lost in visions of wide-hipped, breedable cow-bitches and milk squirting from plump, full udders. When Alexandra found out you used to be the CEO of Steele Industries, *the* Steele Industries, she decided your genes were too good to waste.

So instead of being strapped down and hooked up to a pump, you ended up becoming Alexandra's personal bitchbreaker. A mindless drone sculpted into the perfect masculine form so you could seduce and subjugate as many women as she needed you to. And the best part? You get to creampie every bitch you fuck.

Sometimes even more than once. Most of the time your job means that you're not back home on the ranch, but sometimes everything Alexandra plans on doing goes off without a hitch and she doesn't need you right away. When that happens, it's rest and relaxation in your private harem, a bevy of bovine beauties worshiping your bitchtaming prick while you gulp down as much milk as their udders have to offer.

You smile to yourself. *You're so glad you followed Alexandra's influence through the dreams she gave you and signed your life away at her hidden ranch on New Texas.* Given that most of her bulls just end up as glorified cum-factories, *it's an honor that you get to serve her so directly*, as her influence reminds you.

You're so lost in the fugue of pleasure that you don't notice Fiona move until she's pressed up against you. Panting and mewling with barely-restrained desire, she's got her tits mashed up against your rock-hard abs...and her hands on your cock, silky smooth skin pumping up and down. She stares up at you dreamily, like you're her knight in shining armor. Given what Alexandra's whispering in her ear, you might as well be.

"No stress. No worries. Just a nice, relaxing vacation. Right? You're not like those other silly girls, Fiona." Alexandra lies with a nice, wide smile on her face, and Fiona believes every



word. "And you can always leave whenever you want. It's not like I'd *force* you to stay. You'll be able to leave whenever you get tired of getting plowed by my big, *strong* bulls."

Fiona nods, barely aware of her surroundings. The only thing she sees is you, and the only thing you see is her. It'd almost be romantic if your bloated prick wasn't drooling pre onto her belly. And if you were thinking about anything more than how good it's going to feel to mindbreak her into another docile cowgirl. She's so small. Barely any curves. The Treatment will fix that.

"Here's what we're going to do," Alexandra continues, moving slowly to undo the buttons of Fiona's blouse. "We're going to set up a little change in the chain of command here. You know, so no one has to make any *calls* or send you any *messages* while you're relaxing. No interruptions. And then, just as a little treat from me to you, my bull here is going to fuck you *senseless*. Let's call it..." Alexandra giggles to herself. "'Proof of conception.'"

Fiona purrs with delight. She presses her now-bare breasts up against your rod, sandwiching the sizable length of your fuckpillar between her tits. She massages the warm softness of her chest around your shaft, but it's painfully clear that she's not nearly big enough to titfuck you properly. That's fine, though. Alexandra doesn't want you to just fuck their tits. She wants you to spunk in their cunts and make sure they get hooked on being creampied. On being bred.

Your eyelids sink lower, and you feel the programming she's drilled into your head begin to take over. It's so simple. Like going on autopilot and getting a nice, fat cumshot at the end for being a good little slave. *All you have to do is give up. All you have to do is give in.*

You give up. You give in. It's so wonderfully simple to surrender to your programming, to just be a bull. To just breed.

Your hands go to Fiona's waist, and she squeaks with delight as you lift her up into the air. For someone as Herculean as you, she's light as a feather, and it's trivial to bring the hot, wet mound of her sex down to the tip of your cock. Alexandra steps back with a smile, turning away from the two of you as she moves to take a seat at Fiona's desk.

"You two enjoy yourselves," she says, eyes focusing intently on the computer screen Fiona was working at. "And don't mind me. I'm just going to take care of a few things here so you can focus on getting fucked nice and hard."

You're almost mechanical when you move, but it seems like Fiona likes it. Maybe she mistakes your indifference for a sort of attractively masculine callousness. Either way, you're going to have her cumming helplessly around your thick, stiff cock. She squirms and twitches in your hands as you force her down around your rod, and for a moment it seems as if she's going to protest. She's tight, sure, but that moment of half-formed resistance melts away as your prick lubes her cunt with another dollop of mind-clouding precum. The scent of it was one thing, but the instant a bitch gets a taste of your seed -- precum or no -- she's all but guaranteed to bliss out.

Fiona's no different. She was pawing at your chest before, batting at it like an affectionate kitten, but now her arms and legs are going limp. Her pupils go wide, and her lips turn up into a vacant smile. The sight makes your cock throb in satisfaction, but you won't get that rush of pleasure from Alexandra's instructions until she's drooling cum from her pussy and gurgling on the ground.

That's what compels you to bring her down even harder, and soon you've hilted the entire length of your bitchtamer prick in her cunt. Your hands around her waist give you the perfect grip to piston Fiona up and down on your dick, and soon you're jerking yourself off with her as a toy. After all, she's small enough to be a toy compared to you, so why not use her like one?

Seems like she likes the treatment, too, because she's cumming rapidfire around your cock. There's a twitch every now and then around your shaft, and her body's tensing up in the same syncopated rhythm. Given that she's never done it with a bull -- whether he be one of Alexandra's stock or just a normally Treated guy -- she may as well be a virgin when it comes to stamina. Her eyes have crossed already, and her jaw's hanging open as you fuck yourself with her.

Even if you're not fucking the kind of cowgirls you'd have fawning over you back on the ranch, she's still tight, she's still wet, she's still *hot*. It doesn't take long before you're teetering on the edge of orgasm yourself, and what finally pushes you over the edge is...

*Alexandra. You love to obey Alexandra. Obeying Alexandra makes you cum so hard. You get off because Alexandra wants you to cum hard and cum often.*

Someone else might think that Fiona's the submissive one here, but you're just as mindless as she is. As you bottom out in her cunt and pump your seed into her womb, the only thought in your mind is that *you're so lucky Alexandra found you. You're so lucky you get to cum as hard as this. Most men would do anything to be a horny bull-slave. You'll do anything to be a horny bull-slave.*

You groan, body going limp as the pleasure washes over you. Your prick throbs and bulges with every massive splurt of cum you empty into Fiona's sex. After a few spurts, the only thing keeping your hot, thick cumshot in her cunt is your bulbous cockhead. It's packed into her womb, plugged up with your cock, and it won't be long before she's been utterly *fertilized*.

You blink awake groggily. Where are you? You're not in bed, even if you- Hold on, are you sitting at your ship's comm? What's- Did you just jerk off or something? There's streaks of cum splattered onto the screen, and your dick is still hard. Were you...sleepsturbating?

It isn't even porn on the screen, though you have no idea how you'd watch porn through shut eyelids. No, the only thing on the screen is a "Message Sent!" indicator.

You consider checking your extranet outbox, *but there's no need to do that. Everything is fine*. When you get right down to it, all you really need to do is *get back to sleep. You'll know what to do soon*.

Rising from your ship's comm system, you shrug and make your way back to your quarters. It's nice and easy to brush aside the nascent concerns that an episode like this would normally raise. In fact, you find yourself wondering more about the *wonderful* dreams you've had lately than anything else.

If only you could remember them...

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You lay down and sleep for about eight hours.

But when you wake up, there's this...compulsion. You don't know quite where it comes from, but you know that it's important. It's very important that you open a line of

communications to New Texas, and it's even more important that you make sure the line is secure. Encrypted. Your fingers tap absently - almost clumsily - at the main commline's keyboard, and soon the numbers in your head translate to numbers on the screen. How you know this line or even what this line is doesn't really matter. You're half-hard and drowsy, operating purely on autopilot.

It's such a relief when Alexandra's face crackles to life on the screen that you can't help but smile. Why would you do anything *but* smile? The woman who's gotten her claws in your dreams is finally ready to meet up in person and complete your induction into her legion of slaves.

"Very good," she purrs, eyes narrowing as she scrutinizes you from her side. "Who would have known that the CEO of Steele Industries would have been such an easy catch? Poor thing." She winks, and her other eye glows pink. You grunt in surprise as your cock begins to stiffen, and a phantom hand begins to stroke it up and down, nice and slow, so luxurious that all you can do is slump back in your seat and let it happen.

Alexandra says something about a credit transfer and a few agreements to sign. "Nothing you can't do while you're relaxing," she reassures you. Her eyes glow brighter still, and a pair of unseen lips wrap around the bulbous crown of your prick, tongue swirling in circles around the very tip. "All you have to do is authorize the routing number and provide your fingerprint, biometric signature, and a *teensy* sample of your DNA. That's not too much to ask. Is it?"

She smiles cutely, turning side to side in her seat and sending her tits wobbling from left to right in the wake of her fidgeting. You follow her breasts' motions helplessly, shaking your head in blind, stupid mimicry.

"Good bull." Alexandra's voice is a low, smoky purr, and you realize for the first time that your decisions here might not have all been your own. *The thought of that turns you on. Your dick gets so hard thinking about how she's manipulated you with her sex appeal and your own mind-clouding arousal. You love how she's learned your weakness for breeding fertile cowgirls and sucking on their big, fat tits.*

Or did she *give* you those weaknesses? *It doesn't matter. You feel so good when she uses her body to control you. You don't care that she gave you your fetish for being an easily-controlled bull. It feels good, and that's what matters. You only care about cumming as hard as you can. You only care about feeling good. You'll do anything to feel good.*

"Oh? Do you actually *like* it when I seduce you?" Alexandra quirks an eyebrow as you finish typing in the information. Wait. What? Were you saying that out loud? Or is she feigning surprise at another thought *she* gave you? You don't know. *You don't care. You just want to cum.*

"If you want," she continues, "I can make it feel even *better*." She presses her arms up against either side of her tits, and you gurgle uselessly as you stare into the bottomless valley of her cleavage. Even better? Is that possible? You've spent countless hours stumbling blindly through dreams, utterly controlled, collared by your lust and her expert guidance. How could it get any better than that? Mindlessly cumming and indulging in every pleasure she could possibly offer your sleeping mind.

But...*maybe she's right. Maybe you can be further controlled. Maybe you don't need to be asleep to dream. All you need to do is let her make a few little changes. All you need to do is hand over control. All of it. Having to think is such a pain. Responsibility is just a burden. It'd*

*be so much easier, feel so much better to just be a mindless animal, awake or asleep.*

*You're already so weak-minded. You already get off so hard dreaming about being a horny breeding bull. You'd get to feel like that all the time. Every waking moment, every wonderful dream. You'd be a perpetually stiff cum-pump, drooling pre from your thick, stupid fuckrod and emptying your fat, bloated balls whenever and wherever you want. You'd be able to breed cowgirls pregnant. You'd be able to mindlessly fuck your spunk into milking machines. You'd cum every single thought in your silly little head away and just be a happy, stupid bull.*

You've started to touch yourself without even realizing it, and Alexandra giggles at the sight. "See? Your cock knows what it wants. And you gave up trying to disobey your cock a *lo-o-ong* time ago. If you were ever capable of disobeying it, that is." She presses her palms to her still-clothed tits, covering the stiff peaks of her nipples. Rubbing them in slow circles. Sending your fuckstick twitching and throbbing in desperate anticipation. Her eyes glow brighter, and you can feel her tits kneading up against either side of your stiff, twitching cock. Soft, pillowy, perfect. *You can just sit back and let her massage her titties around your prick until you cum. It's all you have to do.*

But there's something more to be done, isn't there? You're supposed to be looking for something. Something important. *If it's that important, though, wouldn't you remember it without having to think about it?* Or maybe Alexandra is using her influence to make you forget. Maybe you need to fight this. *But why would you ever fight something that feels so good?*

You grunt and gurgle in your seat, reaching a hand up to the keyboard and preparing to type...something. But what? It's on the tip of your tongue, the end goal of your mission, the whole reason you set out and started this grand adventure.

The probes! Your father's legacy! That's right, you're *looking for them so Alexandra can take care of-* No, that's not right, you're looking for them for...for yourself?

Alexandra watches you frown from her flickering vantage on the viewport. Her eyes narrow before glowing brighter than ever. "You're being a bad bull," she growls, and for a moment, the pleasure throbbing in your cock fades. Your prick begins to wilt, and you whimper in disappointment. Half of you wants to apologize, to promise you'll be good, that you'll stop thinking.

The other half wants to fight.

...

But maybe you only want to fight so it's that much better when you lose. Alexandra's mind is moments away from subsuming yours, and what she's promising isn't...entirely unpleasant.

She's willing to make sure you win. That you inherit your father's legacy and take control of Steele Industries. And she has *considerable* leverage. And what's she asking for in return? Nothing. Not a single credit. If you want to hand everything over to her once you claim your inheritance, that's absolutely your decision. She just wants you to make sure that you know what she's prepared to give you if you do.

Through the fugue, though, you realize something important: she hasn't made you do anything that can't be undone. Nothing that can't be solved with another quick press of a button, at least. Not while you're awake. Dreaming, Alexandra can make you do almost anything at this point. She can make you jerk yourself into a mindless cum pump. She can

brainwash you into her bitchtaming bullstud. She can make you sign over everything you own with a smile on your face and a fat, pre-drooling stiffie jutting up from your lap.

But when you're awake...it seems like you have a choice. You can refuse her offer. Or accept it. You can sink deeper. Or you can swim up to the surface.

If you want, you can end the call, block the commline, and make sure that she's never able to contact you again, awake or asleep. You can turn her down for good.

*Or you can give up. You can let Alexandra take over and be her stupid, horny, thick-dicked bull-slave. You can admit that you're so, so weak for her powers and her big, bouncy titties. You can finally accept that you're just a stupid, horny animal that loves to fuck. The kind of weak-willed brute that just wants to bury your cock in something hot, tight, and wet, no matter if it's a cowgirl or a milking machine.*

*You'll be her puppet, you'll win, and your reward will be a harem of breedable cowgirls and a life where you only have to stumble from one cumshot to the next. You'll help her fuck her enemies into submission and control all the other weak, horny bull breeders. Even the ones who don't know they're just fuck-addicted bulls yet.*

*And the best part is that it's all your choice. You're seconds away from signing away your free will and admitting that you'd rather be a mindless drone than a real person with hopes and dreams and choices.*

*Do it. Give in. Give up.*

All the information's ready to send. All you need to do is hit the button. All you need to do is take that one little step into blissful, mindless, stiff-dicked servitude. All your personal information, your DNA signature, everything Alexandra needs to take control of your life and make you her horny little puppet.

You push the key.

A few seconds later, the world seems to swim before your eyes, and you sink back in your seat, knowing you've done the right thing. Your lips turn up in a vacant smile, and you can all but *feel* your thoughts slow to a trickle. That's right. All you have to do now is enjoy the fantasies she's injecting into your brain, the delusions you're all too eager to accept as reality. Your cock twitches in anticipation, and as Alexandra brings your body to its feet, you fall into bliss.

The next few days pass by in a blur of sex, pleasure, and indoctrination. Alexandra handles most of the important issues, and your hunt for the probes benefits immensely from the focus she brings to the table. As you drift through daydreams of hot, sopping-wet cunts begging to get stuffed full of cock, you're occasionally reminded that you're just a dumb animal who loves to fuck. Just a little voice in the back of your head, a sweet, sibilant whisper that almost seems synchronized with your mind-clearing cumshots. Whenever you pump your wad into the next dream girl Alexandra queues up for you, you get that little tickle in your head, that pleasant reassurance that Alexandra is going to make sure you don't end up failing for *real*.

In fact, when she realizes just how *hard* you get off on giving up and sinking into the depths of depravity, Alexandra seems more than happy to indulge your fetishes. You aren't just

milked like the stupid breeding bull you are deep down, you fall prey to each and every pitfall that could have tempted you on your hunt for the probes.

You sneeze, swaying on your feet and watching a gorgeous plant-woman's breasts bounce up and down. You're drawn forward, a mindless slave to her titties, stumbling face-first into her enormous floral throne. You're mesmerized by the sight of verdant vixens, brain reduced to mush as vines pump your cock and wring her next meal from your hopelessly addicted manhood. Nothing more than a spunk tank for the most cunning predator in the jungle.

You stagger back, blinking through the fog of intoxicating pheromones that surround you. Aliens hover on bee-like wings, the steady buzz of their flight disrupting your focus whenever you try to stumble to your feet. You're escorted to a mountaintop village and raped until your mind breaks.

You foolishly indulge a malfunctioning robot, and her inhuman skill is so overwhelming that you can't help but bring her aboard. Nights blend into weeks as you lose yourself between her perfect, artificial thighs. Eventually your addiction brings your quest to a halt, and you end up collecting broken, insatiable sex-bots, a prisoner of your own robotic harem.

You collapse to the ground, stricken with lust as you realize that you'd much rather fuck the criminals you came to stop rather than fight them. One of them licks her lips and giggles as she tells you what to say over your commlink, and as soon as the Peacekeepers are assured that you're handling the bomb defusal on your own, a well-muscled monster of a woman slams her hips down on your lap.

You step in where you shouldn't. You involve yourself in things far beyond the scope of your abilities, and the honey-laden ants are more than happy to take advantage of your weakness. You broker a merciless peace in your mistress' favor, a "neutral" third party. Your reward is to be used as a toy by any woman who wants to get fucked pregnant by the tool who helped them secure their victory over the now-defanged "crimson menace." The political balance of an entire planet is now irrevocably skewed, but you find it impossible to care, pinned to the mattress of your new queen's bed as she uses you to relieve her lust.

You groan. You can't remember when it was exactly that Alexandra found the last probe using your body, but it's been months at least. Months of neglecting your newly inherited business as Alexandra helms its management instead. A permanent vacation, one where you're never more than five seconds away from something capable of emptying your balls of any sperm-packed seed you might have. Sometimes she has you fuck one of her girls pregnant, but most of the time she just lets you lay back in bed and fuck the milking machine as you stare at the pretty spirals on your mindwash visor.

An imagined chime goes off in your head, and you rise to your feet. You have a cocksleeve to wear when you're walking around. Alexandra makes sure her bulls always have something keeping their dick nice and hard and their brain nice and soft. Your eyes glaze over as you start reciting Alexandra's mantras in your head.

Hard cock. Soft mind. Hard cock. Soft mind.

She doesn't have the time to control you directly around the clock. Luckily you've proven to be incredibly receptive to her pleasure-based brainwashing techniques. At this point, all it takes is a reminder that your cock is hard to reduce you to a mindless slave.

And sometimes that's what Alexandra needs. Like right now, for example. It's around that time when she has you fuck your wad into a few more cowgirls. She called it "insurance" the first time she had you do it, and you start drooling as you think about how she explained it. She has to make sure you're still in her clutches even if you somehow shake off her control. You never will, of course. It feels too good.

But just in case you do, Alexandra's had you breed so many bastards into her cowgirls that everything you own will end up in her coffers someday. You still remember that first exquisite cumshot, the one that cemented your addiction to pumping your load into bitches, bareback.

Lucky you, she has *two* cowgirls for you to impregnate today, and that means that one of them is going to prime you as the other one fucks you. Your afternoon is a blur of hot, wet cunts and cum-bloated wombs, and even if you can't remember what they said, you know that you came that much harder thanks to the seductive purr in your ear as one of the cowgirls told you all about how fertile the other one was. How she was ovulating, how you'd been secretly fed virility-enhancing drugs the night before. How there was *no way* she would walk away without twins at *least*.

After that are a few hours reinforcing your new fetishes, ones designed to reel you back in if you try to escape. The goggles go over your eyes, and soon you're as malleable as clay. You love being manipulated. You crave powerful women, the kind who use their sex appeal to make stupid, horny men make bad decisions. You *love* cowgirls.

You're taken through countless hypothetical scenarios, each of them designed to wriggle into your hindbrain and become subconscious fantasies. They're the kind of career-ending bad decisions that only happen in the heat of the moment, and you love every second of them. Gold-digging femme fatales tricking you into fucking a baby into them. Flirtatious secretaries coaxing you into letting her suck you off right in plain view of the security cameras. Stumbling drunk into strip clubs and blowing thousands, if not millions on lap dances and the kind of seedy pleasure that happens behind closed doors. Bribes, corruption, seduction.

You smile vacantly as you empty your balls into the milking machine.

You can't even recall it anymore, but you used to be more than just a pleasure-addicted orgasm junkie. Now all you care about is that rush of pleasure when you get to cum. Your willpower's been crushed into dust, and you're so fucking happy.

Lately Alexandra's had you help her fine-tune some political ads she's planning on broadcasting. She's running for governor of New Texas, and even if Big T may still win this election, it's only a matter of time before her ads wear away at all the other bulls' minds.

You're already a brainless bullstud for her titties, but you get off even harder knowing that it helps Alexandra make her ads that much more irresistible. Eventually she has you cumming in under ten seconds, brought to orgasm by the sensuous purr of her voice as she promises a better New Texas... all thanks to a "woman's touch." Her tits wobble and bounce on-screen, and your cock pumps out another load in obedient response.

In the end, you're nothing more than a tool, the means to an end, another stepping stone for Alexandra to reach her ambitions. Exactly how you wanted.