

Close Encounters of the Herd Kind

By Abe E Seedy

There was a flash, and suddenly Penny was somewhere else. In an instant everything around her had been replaced, and instead of the barn she was now in some bright, science-fiction-looking... somewhere. Staring back at her from the other side of a big computer-y console were 3 weird little guys; each of them about half as tall as her, completely green, and with blank, impassive faces.

One of them opened what she assumed to be its mouth and said "bip-bip-beep?" Which didn't exactly help clear things up.

"Uh, hello?", Penny tried. "Not sure if maybe one of the cows kicked me and I'm dreaming, but if y'all really are aliens if you could just put me back where you found me, that'd be mighty nice. I've gotta get to milking."

The aliens turned to look at their machine as soon as Penny finished talking, looking excited for some reason. The one that spoke pressed a few buttons, then Penny's own voice played back to her. "Get to milking", it said.

"Cute, y'all got yourselves a recorder. Well yeah. So, what're we doing fellas? Can a girl get back to her work or not?"

More excitement, more buttons. But this time Penny found herself bathed in a pale blue light, a low hum filling her ears as her feet drifted up off the floor. "Okay, cool. Just slide me back down in whatever this beam thing is and we'll be right as r-"

Something was off. Penny felt her weight shift weirdly, her chest thrusting outwards as her back arched. "Woah, hey!", she yelled. "Y'all know what you're doing with this thing or not?"

A picture flickered into existence above the alien computer. It was a little hard to read clearly through the blue haze Penny was trapped in, plus bits of it were covered up by what she had to assume was a ton of technical writing, but she'd be a pretty bad farmer if she couldn't recognise a picture of a cow even despite all of that. "Yeah, that's it. Gotta get back to my herd."

The image flashed and rotated, but Penny lost track of it as a wave of nausea washed over her. "What in the hell... come on guys, let's get a mOO!"

Penny clapped her hands over her mouth. That was not the sort of noise a person made. The aliens still seemed completely thrilled. With conspicuous effort, one of them managed to curl his 3-fingered hand into something approximating a thumbs-up.

"Well butter my biscuits", Penny mumbled to herself. "I'm fucked, ain't I?"

The only response was her body tilting further forwards, bringing her hands down to her knees even as her rising haunches lifted her rear upwards. Her complicated position faded

into the background as one of her buttons pinged off her overalls, revealing that her bra was straining at its seams. Beneath it her chest felt warm and heavy, like it was soaking up all the energy this alien beam was pumping out, curling her body over with its weight.

It was awkward to bring her hand up to her breasts, her elbows taking some coaxing to reluctantly bend that way. Even her hands felt clumsy and stiff, leaving her to give up on unclasping her bra and just tear the fabric out of the way. Making contact with her skin made her gasp - the tips of her fingers were encased in solid black masses, so her touch felt foreign and weird.

She would have dwelt on that problem further, but the weight in her chest wasn't going away. Every second left it feeling more demanding, and given that she was already staring at her hands she was in a perfect position to see her nipples push slowly outwards, like the very pressure in her chest was forcing them to extend. But of course, it wasn't just that. Every farmer knew what teats looked like, Penny had just never expected to have a pair of them hanging down from her own chest. But they were, and the desperate, oversensitive need inside them was driving her mad.

"Fffuuuck", she lowed desperately, her tongue too thick in her mouth for clearer words. "Mm... mmilk mee!"

Some compartment above her opened up and silver tendrils descended down to meet her. Penny's first instinct was to jerk away, but she quickly recognised the clear, plastic cups on the tips, so instead she rocked forwards and pressed her breasts together with her elbows, squirting a tiny bit of milk out into the air before the machine finally made contact. And then, blessedly, it began to suck.

The relief was orgasmic. There was no other word for it. Given that she was still floating in the air there wasn't a lot Penny could do about anything, but when the pumping started she leant into it with as much weight as she could muster, daring what amount of gravity was still there to give her an extra helping hand.

It just felt so *good*. The machine had settled into a simple 1-2 rhythm, squeezing the pressure from her left teat then her right then back again with every beat of her heart. Each pulse sent a dribble of thick, rich milk into the cups, making Penny's eyes roll back in her head as she unconsciously twitched from side to side.

She knew distantly that the rest of her body was changing further, but it was impossible to worry about that. So what if her fingers had fused into single, solid hooves, she didn't need those anymore if the aliens would let her keep this wonderful machine. A tail had coiled out of rear at the same time as her legs had become thick and sturdy, all the better to support the weight that would - she hoped - still keep building up in her even once they let her out from this blue floating beam.

The aliens had been making what she imagined were happy noises this whole time, but now the leader once again started making some adjustments. The image of the cow moved to the side, with a representation of the milking machine and how far it was from full coming into view. Then the picture shifted again to allow for a new element to enter, this one little more

than a simple shaft that appeared at the rear of the cow. It moved forwards, disappearing inside, and instantly the expected volume of milk collected shot upwards.

The farmer in Penny had notes. The creature she was now simply licked her lips in anticipation, spreading her stance as best she could. She felt whatever construction they were using settle into place at her rear lips, and her eyes crossed with how wet she was at its arrival. She mooed eagerly and loudly, and fortunately even these guys didn't need any more instruction than that. When the dildo pressed into her it moved smoothly and swiftly, stretching open her thick animal pussy and filling her with something that she knew needed to be at least 6 inches wide to satisfy her changed anatomy. Her hooves swiped at the air as she flailed against it, but somehow the real pressure wound up concentrating somewhere unexpected.

As she was filled she found her head getting fuzzy, with something new breaking through her blissful haze. Her panted moos became richer and louder, her nose stretching up and out from the bottom of her vision. She shook herself as twin pinpricks of pain yielded small horns up through her hair, while at the same time her ears grew larger and floppier. Even with all of that it was still her mouth that felt weirdest - she could see something of the blunt pink muzzle that had formed on her face, but her black leathery lips tripped over her teeth while she strained to keep mooing, lest the aliens think things weren't going to her expectations and shut it all down. And she couldn't have that, not while her teats were still sloshing with milk, not while the bull behind her was still bearing down so wonderfully, leaving her pussy dripping with slickness while she begged unintelligibly for more. Not while she bit her blunt teeth together and *came*, the fluid from her front and back surging into a torrent for just a moment as she rode that wonderful feeling.

Whatever machine they were using behind her was smart enough to give her a few moments to catch her breath after that, with even the milkers slowing down to let her recover. But then the weight in her chest began to rise once again, and the cups diligently started back up to relieve the pressure. Once the cycle started again Penny felt the tool manoeuvring back into place behind her, and she smiled broadly as she was once again serviced. Why stop, when she could already tell she had so much more in her?

Penny had no idea how long this all went on. It didn't stop on her account or on the initiative of any of the aliens in the room - in the end, they were all startled as a fourth alien entered, this one wearing a fancier uniform than the plain grey shirt the existing ones had on. It looked between Penny and the other aliens in seeming disbelief, then started in on a long rant. Penny had no idea what was being said, but it wasn't hard to tell that these three had fucked up somehow.

It was tough to wrangle her thick tongue around words again, but she managed with some effort. "Hey, I'm good. My cousin was coming by tomorrow to look after the farm for awhile anyway. So long as you've got food and a place for me to sleep when I'm not hooked up to all this."

They looked at the screen, then each other. The new one took over the controls, typing quickly until a single word came back at her. "Good"

Penny took it for a question and nodded. "At least for now. Only thing is - cows are herd animals. I wouldn't want to be alone up here."

After receiving the translation from the screen they all just stared at her. Biting her lip, Penny decided she may as well go for it. "There's a guy, Mark, two farms over. Reckon you could bring him up here and give him the same treatment? Uh, but the bull version, not the cow one."

Mark fucked like an animal already, and had played at milking her once or twice when they last had free time together. She couldn't stop imagining him with a cock so heavy it bent him forwards with its weight, making him rest his changing hands on her flanks as she wafted the encouraging scent of her heat towards him with her tail. He might need a bit of training, but she reckoned he'd make a pretty good bull by the end of the night.

"Mark", the aliens clarified.

"Yep", Penny answered, as the beam around her was finally powered off, feeling for the first time all four of her hooves click against the ground. "And if you could get a *mooo-ve* on", she added with a grin, "I'd be much obliged."