

Dairy Production

By Abe E Seedy

The hardest part to explain was how long it took. This wasn't a situation where there had been a single, unexplained injection, or she'd been passed out in a tank while the changes drifted by. It wasn't even one single choice that had massive, unexpected consequences. You don't stumble into two extra legs, or wake up one morning with a wholly different body beneath you.

They'd walked her through the setup almost four months ago now. This 'working research ranch' had a very special stall, where they'd like her to strip naked, lean up against a bar, and be serviced by a surprisingly simple machine. It was little more than a tapered tube on a stick, but the thrusts were calibrated just right, and honestly there was something about the industrial nature of it all that made it even better. So she tried it out, biting her lip as she rested her elbows over the bar, and daydreamed about what it could all mean.

There'd been useful data just in that very first session, they told her. Even just that would have been enough for them, the way her body responded to the subtle injections, the lips of her pussy getting just a little more puffy and pronounced in the space of those five minutes. She could have stopped there, but it had been good, *too* good, and she'd signed up for another session almost on the spot.

Over the next week there were three more sessions. It took till the end of the last one for any of the changes to persist, her panties fitting a little less comfortably against her raised slit. The literature they were giving her told her to stop, but even as she was reading it she found herself shifting around in her seat, her clit dragging just a *little* against the fabric, and she barely managed to keep her eyes focused long enough to sign the waiver.

That waiver let them increase the amount of sessions, stepping her up to five days a week. It was on her days off that she *really* felt it, where the need built up uncontrollably, and she was willing to say yes to just about anything to be able to have it properly dealt with. When she was in that stall she could relax and feel only absolute bliss; with enough sessions under her belt now that she had learned to let go of her inhibitions. She'd strip naked the moment she was safely inside, and with every powerful mechanical thrust she'd let out a quiet, happy 'moo'. It felt good, and there was nothing in the stall for her but her own absolute satisfaction.

Two weeks in and there was another development. She'd noticed her breasts growing heavier, and eventually her nipples had grown long enough for the milking machine to be attached and switched on. The first time they'd brought those clear plastic cups forwards her heart had started racing, her pussy almost audibly squelching as she shifted from foot to foot. And then they'd been attached, and the machine pressed into her from behind, and her whole body shuddered

with approval. She all but fell forward over the bar, her mouth hanging open as the mechanism pumped and sucked, her eyes only just able to track the steady stream of thick white milk that poured from her teats.

That could have been it. She'd proved the process possible, a way to stimulate dairy production from entirely eager participants, and produce far more than anyone had thought. In less than a week they'd needed to bring her in every day, otherwise her breasts got so full and tender she'd wake up with dripping wet splotches spreading out over her chest. It would have taken a different regimen to wean her off of it, and maybe she'd always have to deal with a different build than what she'd started with, but at the very least she could have stopped here. She could. She had that option. Absolutely no one was forcing her, but the warmth that built up inside her even while they prepared the next set of forms for her to sign had only one possible outlet. One more stage would be okay, surely. Right?

Even with all her enthusiasm, the changes in the next stage progressed achingly slowly. They soon moved her up to two sessions a day, and for the next month she spent the morning and night staring at herself in the one-way mirror in the front of the stall, hunting out the differences as they appeared. Her ears moved upwards slowly, stretching and growing over several days until they flopped heavily out through her hair. Brown and white fur spread from the inside of her thighs, and whenever she caught a glimpse of her pussy she was always surprised at how thick and leathery her lips had become. Her tailbone protested whenever she had to wear clothes, a growing nub of a tail gaining less than an inch with each passing day.

Then there was a point, something like two and half months after this all started, where something just tipped. Her balance had been feeling off all week, and when she settled into the stall she found herself just naturally resting on the tips of her toes. Except it didn't feel like that anymore, it felt like just how she *should* be standing, the position that her legs and thighs were increasingly designed for. That would have been enough of a surprise, but the shift in her center of gravity somehow made obvious a weird feeling at the front of her hips. There was a pressure there, something else building that she couldn't entirely specify, but that got the whole team around her inordinately excited.

You don't just stumble into having two extra legs. It would take a long, delicate process of adjustment; gentle encouragement and allowances to let it all happen smoothly. The length of the forms tripled, the guidelines going from established practice to entirely theoretical. But at the end of the day, it was still her choice. There was a moment where she forced herself to contemplate saying no, stepping back and walking away while she still had an acceptably human body. But that thought just didn't fit in her head properly. The last thing she had to do before she signed was accept that she couldn't imagine doing anything else.

After another month of three sessions a day and she could finally support herself once again. Her new, hooved legs stamped at the ground happily while the machine pistoned into her, a long series of satisfied 'moo's drifting from her lips. In the last week her udder had gone from an encouraging growth to fully functional, and the day that the next set of four plastic cups had been attached and switched on she'd almost quadrupled her milk production - not to mention that she'd had the best orgasm of her entire life. Finally she was, as they assured her, 'completely done'. A needy, full cow body lay beneath her waist, tail waving away the heat that steamed almost constantly from her thick, heavy pussy.

That left just one more problem. She'd signed up here under the cover of a retreat, and no matter how much she agreed to extend it, at some point that needed to end. At the very least, she had to face her boyfriend, who she'd been keeping up with as best she could with artfully framed video calls. But no, she would have to face it, she'd have to walk into the room with him, have him see *all* of her, and talk him through what had happened. What she'd agreed to, what she'd chosen, again and again with every session, happily trading away more and more of her humanity for the sheer, orgasmic bliss that her new, bovine body allowed her.

And so that was the hardest part, figuring out how to explain just how long it took, how many times she looked at exactly where she was and chose to go even further. To work at it, help the changes along, and sign up willingly for even more. What words would work for something like that?

In the end, the only way she could explain it was to show him. She stood completely naked, facing away as she heard him open the door. There was meant to be an explanation there, something eloquent that could somehow cover everything that had happened, but the heat of his eyes on her made more than just her face blush, and her whole body tinged with heat. There were other words to be said, but the only thing she could make come out was a simple, desperate plea.

"Uhm, will you please *milk* me?"

She said it as she turned, and she caught his grin before anything else. There was the click of hooves on the tiled floor, and it took her half a second to realise the sound wasn't coming from her.

He moved closer, rearing up on his hind legs to let her see beneath his heavy bovine body to his thick bull cock.

"I think that can be arranged..."