Sarah Gets Trained

The story of a young woman who is tricked into being slowly converted into a hucow. After her conversion, the story continues with her agreeing to live as a cow along with pony girls and another cow.

**Sarah gets hired as a trainee and agrees to be disciplined Ch. 01**

Sarah was at her wits end. She couldn’t figure it out; she had an MBA from a good school. She’d gone straight to grad school from college, figuring that the recession would be over by the time she got out or at least, that her MBA would get her a good job pretty fast. Boy, did she figure wrong. Only a few recruiters had showed up at school prior to graduation and they were only there because their companies always sent them, no matter whether they were hiring or not.

At this time she’d been out of job for two months now and her meager savings were gone. To top it off, her student loans were coming due. Even with all the scholarships she’d gotten, she owed almost $50,000.

The job she’d had two months ago had only lasted a week. That was a miserable job, waitressing at a bar but it had been the only place that had even called her back after 5 months of looking. She had swallowed her pride when she applied for the job. The “uniform” she was expected to wear would have made a Hooters girl blush. But she put it on and smiled for the customers. She put up with the inevitable hands brushing her bottom. She even let the lecherous manager fondle her 36DDs once through her skimpy tee shirt. But when he demanded she give him a blowjob in his office, she stormed out crying. He yelled after her “No matter, the next one will know her place!”

When she got back to her miserable apartment, all one room of it with a hot plate, she’d flung herself down on her bed and cried some more. She wasn’t sure if she was crying from humiliation, hopelessness, or from the fact that, for a minute, she had actually considered giving in to his demands.

Now, two months later, she wished she had given in to him. At least she’d have something to eat, disgusting as the idea of eating cum was. She’d given a couple of blowjobs in college but never swallowed.

She didn’t have any relatives she could ask for help. Her mother was long dead and her father was a hopeless drunk who just pawed at her every time she came close.

Just then her cell phone rang. She leaped to answer it. “Hello, this is Sarah Porter”

“Ms Porter,” a deep male voice said” you applied for a trainee position with my firm a few weeks back and I was calling to see if you were still available.”

“Yes” she practically shouted into the phone, “I am still available.”

“I’d like to interview you tomorrow morning at 9. The address is 95 Potter St.”

“I can be there and thank you for the opportunity to show you my qualifications.”

“Hehe” he laughed “I think I know your qualifications. I just need to see if you are trainable.”

“Oh, I am sir, I am”

With that, the phone went dead.

Sarah immediately went over her meager wardrobe. Not much was left. She’d pawned everything she could and what was left was rather threadbare. But she pulled together her “interview” outfit. She had worn it out the first couple of months pounding the pavement after graduation but hadn’t worn it in months.

The next morning Sarah arose at 6 am. She knew she had a couple of hours of riding the bus to get to the interview and didn’t want to be late. After a quick shower in the communal bathroom, she ate her last pieces of bread and bologna before setting off.

She arrived at the address she’d been given just before nine. There was no company name on the door, so she rang the doorbell and waited. There was a “click” as the electronic lock was released. She stepped into a very posh anteroom but no one was in sight. She heard someone speaking in another room so she peered in. She spotted a man who looked to be in his mid 30s speaking on the phone. While he didn’t appear to notice her, he waved his hand, pointing to a chair in front of his desk. He continued his conversation for 15 minutes before pushing the mute button. “Get me a cup of coffee, black, no sugar” pointing to a carafe sitting on sideboard. She jumped up and got his coffee, setting it quietly beside him before sitting back down. He continued his conversation for another 20 minutes before hanging up. Then he looked at her and said “Stand up and come over beside me. I want to take a look at you.”

Feeling a little uncomfortable, Sarah stood up and moved toward him. When she was about 3 feet away he said “Stop, now turn around slowly until you’re facing me.” Now, feeling even more uncomfortable, Sarah turned slowly, feeling his eyes on her. She felt more like a side of beef in a window than a professional looking for a job. But she was desperate and obeyed him.

He almost smirked when he saw her turn. Instead he smiled inwardly and thought to himself “She looks even better in person. Definitely nice udders. Yes, she’d do. Let the game begin.”

“Very good. I like the way you obey. You have the potential to be a good trainee. Now return to your seat.” Sarah, feeling relieved she’d passed the first test, sat back down. “I have had a few trainees over the past few years and the successful ones know that unquestioning obedience is the key keeping me happy. They are all out standing in a field now. I hope you are successful.”

While puzzled by the wording of his statement, Sarah replied “Sir, I know I can be successful. I will do anything to keep you happy.”

“Good. Now my name is “John Stone. You will address me as ‘Sir’ or ‘Mister Stone’” Is that clear?”

“Yes, Sir”

“Ok, now let me tell you about what I do. First, I am the only person in my company but that doesn’t mean it’s a small business. In fact, my revenue last year was 78 million and that was a slow year. “ With that statement, Stone proceeded to give Sarah a two hour lecture on his business. Sarah was very impressed with what she heard and very much hoped she was selected to be his trainee.

When he was done, he announced “It’s lunch time, follow me and we’ll continue our conversation while eating. “ With that, he strode out the door, clearly expecting Sarah to follow him. He walked a few doors down to a small but very expensive restaurant. He didn’t even pause when he entered, instead he moved quickly to a small table set up in a private nook where he seated himself. Sarah nervously sat down across from him. Before she could say anything, Stone said “I own this place and this is my table.” A waiter approached greeting Stone with a nod. Stone said “I’ll have a small filet mignon today. She’s have a poached chicken breast, steamed vegetables, and plain rice. I will have some of that nice Cabernet I had yesterday and she’ll have water with lemon.”

Shocked, Sarah just looked at him. He didn’t even let her chose what she wanted. He saw her look and said “I know all about you. You’ve barely had enough to eat for the last month. The last thing I want is to have you order something heavy and then throw it all up. I let a potential trainee do that once and having my lunch ruined by someone throwing up that one time was plenty. “

Their meals arrived quickly but before Sarah could take her first bite, Stone said “You will chew each piece 10 times before swallowing. Start with the vegetables. One bite and then a bite of rice, then the chicken. Do you understand?!”

It seemed his eyes were boring into her soul when he asked that. She looked down before saying “Yes.”

“Yes, What!”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl. Now eat.”

After eating a few minutes in silence, Stone said “Let me tell you about the job. First, the salary for first year is $65,000. That will triple the second year. After that, we’ll see. I am very demanding and will expect you to follow my instructions to the letter. Failure to do so will result in either punishment or immediate dismissal. Some of my instructions will seem odd to you but, rest assured, they are designed to train you to meet my high standards. Those instructions will cover every aspect of your performance and conduct, from what you wear to what documents I expect you to memorize. Do you have any questions?”

Swallowing nervously, Sarah said “You mentioned punishment. What did you mean by that?”

“I was raised in a family that believed in corporal punishment. I follow that belief. Punishment will usually be with a crop but I may use something else if I deem it appropriate.”

“A crop! That’s insane. There is no way I will submit to that.”

“All my trainees said that at first, but the successful ones realized the great opportunity they had and submitted to it in the end. You have until 9 am tomorrow to decide. If you come to the office tomorrow, it will be because you want to be one of the successful ones. You may go now.”

Sarah stood up and numbly walked out of the restaurant.

Stone watched her walk away, even in those clothes, it was clear that she had a very fuckable ass. But that pleasure would have to wait. It was the slow game he loved, knowing that in the end, he’d get what he wanted. He just had to play them like a prize winning marlin, giving them a little lead, then reeling them in a little more, until they were his.

She would be his sixth “trainee”, each coming in proud but desperate. But in the end, each submitted to his demands and gradually let themselves be molded into whatever he wanted to make them. He’d sold the first three and kept the last two. They were now well trained ponygirls, a matched set that regularly won him trophies at exclusive “pony” shows. They hadn’t started out a matched set, but a little cosmetic surgery and hair dye fixed that. But this one, Sarah, was destined to be his first hucow. She just didn’t realize the honor

On the bus home she pondered her situation. She knew she had only two options; homelessness or taking the trainee position. One was to continue to have her life continue its downward spiral. The other, offered so much opportunity, but only if she submitted to the humiliation and pain of corporal punishment. Arriving at her room, she looked around, thinking that she really had no choice. She would take the job and submit to whatever punishment he deemed appropriate. Besides, she was smart and would just avoid mistakes that would earn her punishment.

Arriving at the office the next morning, Sarah walked into Stone’s office while he was on the phone. He gestured her over to the coffee. Realizing he wanted coffee, she immediately got him some and placed it on the desk within his reach, then sat on the edge of one of the chairs in front of his desk. Hanging up the phone, Stone demanded “Well, what is your decision?”

“I’d like to be your trainee.”

“I know that, you’re here. Be explicit.”

Lowering her eyes, Sarah said, “I will submit to any punishment you deem appropriate. Sir”

**Sarah gets her first session with the crop Ch. 02**

“Good. Now you have an appointment for a full physical in 20 minutes. A car is waiting out front to take you to the doctor’s office. It will probably take all morning. You will join me for lunch when you return. Now, leave.”

Shocked, Sarah could do nothing but mutely turn and leave his office. Out front, she saw a black car waiting at the curb. She got in and settled into the leather seat, staring blankly out the window as the car maneuvered through the morning traffic. After about 15 minutes, the car pulled up in front of a 4 story office building and the driver quickly came around to open her door. Thanking the man, Sarah made her way into the office where she was greeted by a receptionist. Within minutes, a nurse took her back to an examining room, instructing her to strip and don a paper gown. What followed over the next three hours was the most intensive physical exam she had ever had. It included a gynecological exam as well as a rectal probe. In some ways, she felt she was livestock being examined for flaws before being purchased. Finally, it ended and she was whisked away by the same driver back to the Mr. Stone’s office.

Stone was on the phone when she entered his office. From what she could hear of his conversation, it was clear he was speaking with the doctor that examined her. Hanging up, he turned to her and said

“Apparently you are a healthy specimen. Good, the coming year will be busy and I’d hate to have interruptions in your training regimen.”

With that, he stood up and began walking from the room, waving at her to follow him. Apparently it was lunch time, as they walked back to the same restaurant, seating themselves at the same table as before. The waiter quickly approached and Stone told him “She’ll have the same as yesterday. I will have broiled scrod with rice and steamed vegetables. Bring me a glass of steel barrel fermented chardonnay with it.”

Turning to her, Stone said “I see you are wearing the same suit as yesterday but with a different blouse. That will not do. I will take you out to buy clothes after lunch. You will pay me back out of your salary over the next few months.”

Sarah stammered “Th-Thank you” before blushing and dropping her eyes to her plate. She knew her clothes were not adequate and had wondered how she was going to afford new ones.

Stone then proceeded to give her an overview of a deal he was currently working on, barely interrupting the flow of words when their food was delivered. It was more like he was getting the details straight in his head than informing her. He continued to speak throughout lunch, finally stopping abruptly, then standing and walking out of the restaurant.

The black car was waiting out front with the driver waiting beside the open door. Stone climbed in, followed closely by Sarah. He then proceeded to make a telephone call. While he was speaking with whoever he called, Sarah pondered the mystery of how the driver knew he was needed. Stone had not called him. Perhaps he had planned this excursion while she was at the doctors.

A few minutes later, the driver stopped outside a small boutique whose front door was being held open by a gorgeous older woman whom Stone addressed at Monique.

Pointing at Sarah, Stone said “She needs a full wardrobe. You know my tastes. I will be back in 3 hours.” With that, Stone got back in the car and was whisked away.

Monique turned to Sarah and said “Come. Let’s get you measured.” She then re-entered the shop, clearly expecting Sarah to follow. Over the next hour, every aspect of Sarah’s body was measured. Sarah had no idea why they measured the length of her slit nor why they measured how long her nipples were. That particular measurement still made her blush since Monique first sucked Sarah’s nipple in to her mouth, sucking on it for a few seconds before letting it go out with an audible “pop.” Monique then proceeded to measure her now erect nipple as though nothing unusual had happened. When the measurements were finally complete, Sarah was then given a variety of clothes to try on.

Finally, it was over. Monique presented her with a large bag, saying “This is your outfit for tomorrow. You must wear everything in that bag and nothing else. The rest of your clothes will be delivered as they are finished over the next week.”

As if alerted, Stone entered the shop, saying to Sarah “It’s time to leave.” Without a word to Monique, Stone turned and left. As they were driving back, Sarah said “Thank you, I’m worried about the cost though. I will barely make enough to live on without paying for such expensive things.”

“You let me worry about that. I am very particular about what my trainees wear. Now, we will return to the office for a couple of hours before dinner. I have some things for you to read in preparation for a client meeting tomorrow. You will probably not say anything in the meeting but I don’t want to take a chance on him asking you something and you not being able to answer correctly. “

So for the next two hours, Sarah poured over various documents describing a very large deal Stone was trying to finalize. During this time, Stone made a series of calls, arranging details for the deal and initiating work on new deals. Finally, Stone hung up the phone and stood up. “Dinner time” he announced and then he strode from the room.

Over dinner at his restaurant, Stone quizzed her in great detail on what she’d read before saying “Good enough. Now I’ll take you home.”

Sarah, aghast at the idea of him seeing the hovel she lived in, stammered “N-N-No, I can take the bus.”

“Nonsense. It will take you two hours and I need you fresh in the morning.” Obviously amused by the look on her face, he said “I know where you live and how rough an area it is. Besides, you will find I take very good care of my employees, my possessions, and my pets.”

Sarah was comforted by his answer, although a little uncertain which category she fit into.

Arriving at her building, Stone emerged from the car holding a walking stick. Sarah was uncertain why he would carry it since he was obviously in very good shape. He then proceeded to walk with her up the three flights of stairs to her floor. Sarah had never been out so late in this neighborhood and so was comforted to have him with her. Even more so when she reached her floor to find two scary looking men standing just outside her door. Spotting her but not Stone, they quickly separated so that one was on each side of her. The one on her left said “What have we here? A little something to make this boring night turn fun?” The other man sniggered but that sound was quickly cut off as Stone grabbed his shoulder from behind, swinging him around where his fist met the man’s jaw. As the man dropped to the floor, the other man pulled a knife out of his pants and waved it at Stone. Sarah hurriedly put her back to the wall, getting out from between the two. Suddenly, Stone struck the man with his walking stick, first in his balls and next on the top of his head. As quickly as it had begun, it was over.

“Sarah, it won’t be safe for you here now. I have a small apartment at my house that I lend to friends. You can stay there for now. Quickly, gather what you need for tonight. I will have someone come get the rest of your things in the morning.”

Still shaking with fright, Sarah scurried into her room and quickly gathered up a few things in a small bag. She then followed Stone back to his car where she huddled up next to him, taking comfort in his commanding presence. She’d never felt so small and helpless in her life.

The ride took almost an hour before they finally arrived at the gates of his estate. It was well outside of town with no nearby neighbors and the places nearby were also owned by wealthy people. The car pulled up in front of the largest house Sarah had ever seen. Upon entering the foyer, it was all Sarah could do not to stare at the sumptuous décor.

Stone immediately led her down a flight of stairs to a door which he opened to show her a small living room with a kitchen off to one side and another door which she assumed led to a bedroom. “Here is where you will stay for now. Get yourself settled in. I expect you to be ready for breakfast at 6:30. You will have showered and put on your undergarments but not your dress. I do not want it to get soiled during breakfast. You will find a robe in the bedroom closet. I expect you to wear the clothes in the bag and nothing else. Failure to do so will result in punishment or dismissal.” With that, he turned and left the apartment.

He mused to himself, “They fall for that every time.” He’d have to give Joe something extra. He hadn’t meant to hit him in the balls. He’d employed them in his barn ever since he started this game. They loved the side benefits. He let them use the ponies and occasional leftover from his other games for sex. Besides, where else could they get a job fondling beautiful women every day?

Sarah set her meager belongings and the bag containing her outfit for tomorrow down. Then she quickly checked out the other rooms. Delighted with what she found, she almost squealed with excitement. Realizing the time, Sarah decided she had better hang her clothes for tomorrow so they wouldn’t be wrinkled. She ran her fingers over the dress, amazed at the softness. Quickly hanging it up, she reached into the bag for the rest of the outfit. She found shoes, black with 4 inch heels. She’d never worn any that high, but figured she would learn. It was when she pulled out the undergarments that she got nervous. The panties were really a very small thong with only enough cloth to cover her slit. The bra was a demi-cup made up of see through mesh. While it would support her large breasts, it would leave her nipples exposed. She knew there was no way she could wear either undergarment, so she resolved to wear her old things.

Awakening the next day, Sarah showered and then put on her old undergarments before looking in the closet for a robe. The only robe in there was make of silk and reached just below her cheeks. Blushing, but not having anything else to wear, she squared her shoulders before leaving the apartment. She followed the smell of coffee to a small dining area where Stone was already seated, reading something on his IPad while sipping a cup of coffee. He looked at her briefly, starting to turn back to his reading when he stopped and looked at her again. “Didn’t I tell you to wear only what was in the bag!”

“But I couldn’t. Those undergarments were too revealing. Please, you must understand that I am a modest woman and those things were inappropriate.”

He just stared at her until she lowered her gaze, tears beginning to leak from her eyes.

“You have disobeyed me. You have a choice. Discipline or dismissal. Which is it?”

“Please, sir, please. Don’t make me wear things like that.”

“I will relent this one time and tell you why I told you to wear them. In business, you must use every asset you have. Your body is an asset as is mine. One of the reasons I work out so much is to appear stronger than those around me. You cannot be stronger, so you must be more desirable. It will put your opponents off.”

“Now, which is it. Discipline or dismissal?”

Sarah’s mind was a morass of thoughts. She’d gone from the high of awaking in the beautiful apartment to having to decide whether to be caned or to return to her hovel. She knew those men Stone had beaten last night would be there and they would take out their anger on her, so she had no choice.

“Discipline, sir.”

“Drop the robe and remove your panties while I get the crop, then bend over the table.”

As Stone walked away, Sarah started untying the robe. She was having difficulty letting it fall to the floor when she heard him coming back. Afraid of angering him further, she quickly let it fall and pulled her panties off before bending over the table.

She was mortified, six months ago she had graduated in the top 10 percent of her class from a very good school with an MBA that should have been her ticket to success. Now she was bent over a table, nude from the waist down, waiting for a man to use a crop on her ass.

“Good to see you can listen. Now, you will count each blow out loud and thank me for taking the time to train you.”

With no other warning, Sarah felt the first blow. It was excruciating, she cried out and grabbed her ass, sure it was bleeding.

“Since you didn’t count that one, we will have to start over.”

This time she was ready for the blow, not that it hurt less. “One sir. Th-thank you for taking the time to train me.”

The blows continued until she sobbed “Ten sir. Thank you for taking the time to train me.”

“Now, I expect you to learn from this. I do not want to have every order ignored. If you show no signs of learning, then you will be dismissed. Now stand up and face me”

Sarah started to object, knowing that he would be able to see her cunt, but quickly realized he would just beat her again until she obeyed. So, blushing and with her eyes lowered, she turned to face him.

“Ugh, what a disgusting bush. You will shave it off immediately. Report back to me when you have shaved it off, this time in the proper undergarments.”

Scooping up her panties and robe, Sarah scurried into her apartment. The first thing she did was look at her ass in the full length mirror. She gasped at the red lines that crisscrossed her beautiful ass. Knowing that she had little time to get ready, she quickly moved into the bathroom and turned on the shower. She rummaged through the drawers until she found a pair of scissors. Taking the scissors, she started cutting her bush as short as possible. Next she got into the shower and squirted shaving cream over what was left of her bush before starting to shave. She had never shaved herself down there, so it took her a few tries to get all the stubble. Rubbing her hand over the newly denuded pussy, she marveled at how different it felt. Not good different, naughty different.

After drying off, she slipped into the undergarments, what there was of them. She had a problem with the thong, her outer lips were very long and there wasn’t much material to tuck them into. But she finally got them so they didn’t hang free, although they did tend to bulge on the sides. Feeling totally exposed, she put on her robe before leaving the apartment. When she arrived back in the dining room, Stone was already dressed.

“Take off the robe. I want to be sure you obeyed me this time.”

“I did, sir. Please trust me.”

“You must earn my trust. Take off the robe.” Saying that, he raised the crop menacingly.

Sarah gulped audibly and let the robe fall from her body. She stood there shaking slightly as he walked around her inspecting her like a piece of meat. Standing in front of her, he stroked the area above her thong where her bush had been.

“Very smooth. From now on, you will not wear a robe in the morning so that I may inspect you. Is that understood?”

Sarah meekly said “Yes sir.”

“Now, eat the eggs. They should still be warm. You have 25 minutes to get ready.”

Scooping up the robe, Stone strode from the room.

Sarah hurriedly gulped down the scrambled eggs and toast before dashing to her apartment to get dressed.

**She starts her exercise regimen Ch. 03**

Once at the office, Stone directed her to review the material from yesterday and do some research online about a company he was thinking of doing business with. The morning was uneventful, as was lunch. Sarah was getting used to him deciding on what she would have and had learned he wanted her to take a bite of each item in turn.

The afternoon was filled with a meeting between Stone and a client. This was the meeting Sarah had spent the last 24 hours preparing for. She listened carefully to what was being said, following along and understanding most of the conversation. Then she heard something Stone said that was incorrect. “Mr. Stone. I believe you got that last figure wrong. It was $24 million, not $23.”

Stone glared at her, his lips growing thin with anger. With a visible effort, he cleared his face and turned to the client saying “My trainee is correct, I should have said $24 million.”

The meeting ended up taking the rest of the afternoon, finally ending at 5:30. After ushering the client out, Stone turns to Sarah. “You will never correct me in front of client! “

Grabbing the crop, he says “Take off the skirt and thong. Then bend over and hold the back of that chair.”

“But…”

“There is no excuse for your behavior. Prepare yourself or leave. You must learn. There is no room for mistakes in this business.”

Resignedly Sarah dropped her eyes in submission and removed her skirt. She folded in neatly and put it on the chair along with her thong before bending over. Sarah could not believe she was doing this the second time today. Surely every day would not find her presenting her naked ass to him for a beating.

She heard the crop whooshing through the air before it cracked on her tender ass.

“One. Thank you for taking the time to train me sir.”

It hurt worse than this morning since each blow crossed a welt left from this morning. But the beating finally ended after the tenth blow. With the end of her ordeal, she fell to the floor. Her face was a mess, her eyes red from crying. Tears and mucus ran down her face, dripping onto the carpet.

“Get up! You are making a mess all over the carpet. Quickly, get some paper towels and clean up that mess.”

Standing up, Sarah started to put her clothes on again when Stone shouted. “What are you doing?! I told you to clean that up.”

Sobbing, Sarah scurried to the closet and grabbed the paper towels. Hurriedly she scrubbed one over her face to keep more from dripping on the carpet. Then she quickly mopped up the mess she’d made on the carpet.

After putting the dirty paper towels in the trash, she turned to Stone and asked “May I get dressed and go the bathroom?”

“You may clean up your face and put the thong on. But leave the skirt off. I need to put some salve on the welts. There are a couple of places that the skin is broken and I don’t want you to get an infection.”

After cleaning up in the bathroom, Sarah returned to Stone’s office to see him pointing at the chair she’d held during her beating. Realizing he wanted to bend over and hold it again, Sarah meekly walked over and bent down again. This time, instead of giving her a beating, Stone carefully rubbed salve on the welts. His touch was gentle and caring, so at odds with his treatment of her not 5 minutes ago. Sarah was confused by this change in behavior but she was grateful for his kindness. She thought to herself “He really does care about me.”

The salve helped but it still hurt when she pulled her skirt over her ass. Stone, noticing the look on her face, said “Don’t worry. I’m sure you’ll learn quickly and won’t often have two beatings in a single day. Besides, you’ll get used to the pain. If you’re ready, let’s get dinner. I’m starved.”

Sarah wasn’t sure how to take what he just said. It sounded like beatings were going to be a regular part of her training. She didn’t think she could bear that. But what choice did she have? Still mulling the situation over, she followed him to his restaurant. Apparently he ate every meal there except for breakfast.

She found a pillow on her seat when they arrived at the restaurant. Once again, she was struck by the dichotomy. He alternated between cruel task master and caring boss.

During dinner he quizzed her on her impressions of the meeting, never once referring to her mistake. He asked probing questions until she felt wrung out. Then he proceeded to give her a 15 minute briefing on his observations, comparing and contrasting what he observed with her observations. All in all, it was a very educational experience.

Sarah dozed off on the ride home. Her first day as a trainee had been an emotional roller coaster, moving from the highs of learning high finance to the lows of being humiliated and beaten. Stone had to wake her up when they arrived at his house.

There were boxes in the foyer that looked like they came from an expensive store. “Ah, those must be the first delivery of your new clothes. Why don’t we take them into your bedroom and you can put them away?” With that, he picked up a stack and went into her apartment. She had no choice but to follow with a stack of her own. With Stone standing there, obviously waiting for her to open the boxes,

Sarah opened the first box. She can see it contains bras. But as she pulled them out, she is shocked to realize bras are all demi or shelf. “Where are the regular bras?” “Remember, your breasts are an asset and in business you use all assets.”

She shuddered at the thought of wearing a shelf bra. Her breasts were not the firm globes that some women had, no hers hung down her chest. She remembered the one time she’d let her boyfriend talk her into having sex doggy style, she’d caught a look at herself in the bedroom mirror. Her large breasts hung down and with her long nipples at the bottom, she’d looked like a cow. Wearing a shelf bra would be like putting them on a platter.

The next small box contained underwear; all thongs except for a few regular panties that he explained were for her periods.

The next two boxes contained blouses and skirts. The blouses were all shear and the skirts much shorter than she was comfortable with. One large box contained some jackets that coordinated with the skirts. She was relieved that she’ll have something to cover her breasts when she wore those shear blouses.

The last box contained what looked like exercise clothes, although they looked very skimpy.

“Ah, good. I was hoping they would come today. I expect you to start exercising tomorrow. I have an exercise regimen all prepared for you. You will exercise for an hour every morning before breakfast. Meet me in the kitchen at 5 am and I will get you started. You may pick your own exercise outfit from the selection in the box. “

“Oh, I believe there is one final box for you in the foyer. It contains your personal belongings from your old place. You may fetch it as soon as you’ve put away these things. Good night.”

She was surprised when she brought the box with her personal possessions in to her room as the box was rather small. Opening it up, she immediately realized that none of her old clothes were in it. In fact, all that was in the box were some mementos of her college years and some pictures of her sister. She supposed that Stone had had all her clothes disposed of since he wanted her dressed in more expensive things. She had planned on having a few things to wear around her apartment, things that weren’t so revealing. But that was not to be.

The next morning she awoke at 4:45 and pulled on her exercise clothes. Just as she thought, they barely covered her privates. They were so tight, it almost didn’t make a difference, everything was visible. Her long nipples were very prominent. The top doubled as an exercise bra, so she didn’t even have that to help hide them.

Stone was already working out on the weight machine when she entered the exercise room. He saw her but didn’t acknowledge her until he finished that set.

“Your workout schedule is posted on the wall by the door. I expect you to follow it exactly. You may take 5 minutes to read it before beginning. You may ask me any questions when you have finished reading over today’s regimen.”

The exercises for this morning seemed pretty normal. But she gasped when she got to the end. He expected her to do Kegel exercises! Not only did he expect her to do them, he expected her to do them in front of him.

“Sir, why do I need to do Kegel exercises?”

“Kegel exercises are good for you. Besides, they will make sex with you more pleasurable.”

“Sex! I’m not having sex with you!”

“I didn’t say with me. Remember, I expect my trainees to be the best at whatever they do. Or do you plan on never having sex again?”

“I, I. Oh. Yes, sir.”

“Now, if there are no more questions, begin.”

Over the next hour, Sarah sweated and strained. It was hard work but it felt good at the same time. Finally, she finished the regular exercises. It was time for the Kegel exercises. Luckily, Stone had finished his workout and left. Sitting down on a bench, she put a finger in her vagina and felt around. She then started squeezing and relaxing her muscles. The instructions said she had to do them 3 times a day. She was pretty sure that, now she had the hang of them, she could them from now on without putting her finger in her vagina.

Sarah jumped into the shower as soon as she finished exercising, letting the hot water ease her muscles. As she stood there, she realized she was feeling horny from having her finger in her pussy a few minutes earlier. Much as she wanted to do something about it right then, she realized she only had a few minutes before Stone expected her in the dining room. But she did take a minute to play with her clit while soaping up. Sighing, she stopped and got out of the shower.

Entering her bedroom with her towel wrapped around her, she realized her clothes were laid out on her bed.

“He must have been in here while I was showering. What if he had looked in the bathroom? She hadn’t closed the door, so he might have seen her playing with her clit!”

The situation was getting out of hand. He came and went in her apartment as if he owned it. Well, he did own it but he gave her use of it. She had no privacy! She’d always been a very private person and having him walk in and out as he pleased made her very uncomfortable.

Realizing there was nothing she could do about it now, but determined to never leave the bathroom door open again, she put her thong and bra on. It was a shelf bra and her breasts with their long nipples were laid out like on a serving platter. Feeling very embarrassed, she left her apartment for the dining room.

“Ah, good. You are here on time. Now, let me inspect you. Stand in front of me. Put your feet shoulder width apart and place your hands behind your head.”

Sarah wanted to protest, she knew that position would thrust her breasts out. But she knew she had no choice, so meekly assumed the inspection position. She was so embarrassed, her blush extended all the way down to the tops of her breasts.

When she was in position, Stone looked her over before saying “Turn 90 degrees to your left.” Once again, he examined her. She felt like a piece of meat being eyed by a butcher.

“Now, another 90 degrees. This time bend over, then reach back and pull your cheeks apart.”

“But..!”

“Not another word. If you had just obeyed me the first time, none of this would be necessary.”

Realizing that he was right, she assumed the demeaning position, fully aware that he could see her most private places.

She felt his finger touch around her asshole, then a sharp sting.

“I told you to shave. That meant back here. I will let this pass today. But tomorrow you’d better not have any hair below your neck. Do you understand?!”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good. Now stand up, hands behind your head. Another 90 degrees”

After she had done that he said “Now, another 90 degrees.”

Now she was facing him again. By this time, tears of humiliation were running down her face. Stone wordlessly handed her a handkerchief and she quickly scrubbed her face. Then, once again, he looked her over. He reached out and gently pinched her left nipple. “These are nice and long. But they could be longer. Some men find long nipples very erotic. But we’ll get to that at some other time. Now, put your hands down and eat your breakfast.”

As she ate, she puzzled over what he said about her nipples. “Could he really mean he wanted to make them longer?” They already were an embarrassment to her since they stuck out even when she wasn’t aroused. It was one thing to have to display her body to him, but to let him modify her body was out of the question!

That night her mind churned as she tossed and turned. The morning’s “inspection” was more like she was being eyed as livestock rather than as a professional being groomed for success. Then there was that comment about her nipples. Despite his promise to make her a business professional and colleague, she was becoming increasingly sure he was grooming her for some more nefarious purpose. She knew that all she had to say was “I quit.” But where could she go? Then it came to her, she could go to a battered women’s shelter. Surely they would help her! Her mind made up, she fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning she marched up to Stone as he was doing his exercises and told him “I quit.”

“Very well, remove your clothes and then I’ll have my driver take you into town.”

“I can’t leave naked. You threw away all my clothes. Surely you have to let me wear one of my outfits.”

“I don’t have to do anything. But I’ll tell you what. One of my playmates left some things here and hasn’t been back to collect them for months. She was a little smaller than you but you can wear them.”

“Thank you.”

“Gather your possessions. I will bring the garments to you after I finish my workout.”

Stone smirked as Sarah walked away. This was not an unexpected event. He knew she’d be back and then she’d be even more submissive.

Later, Stone stepped into her bedroom and dropped two pieces of clothing on the bed. “You may take these. But nothing else. That includes undergarments.”

“But surely you don’t mean to have me leave without panties?”

“Yes, I do. Just be happy I had something lying around that you could take. Now put them on. The driver will have the car out front in 15 minutes.”

With that, Stone turned and left the room.

Sarah sighed and reached down to pick up the garments. The first was a tube top. She’d never worn one. They looked obscene on her with her large, hanging breasts. But now she had no choice. She struggled to pull the top over her breasts but it finally settled into place. As she expected, her breasts hung down even while being covered. Her nipples were prominent bumps sticking out at the bottom.

Next she picked up the skirt. “Skirt, right. More like wide belt. But if it will help get me out of here, I will wear it.”

She put on the skirt and tried to adjust it so it covered her private parts. Finally, she got it so it covered the maximum amount. She turned to look at herself in the mirror and gasped. She looked like a prostitute! The skirt barely covered her bare pussy, while her large breasts hung down like udders on a cow.

But she had to go. So steeling herself, she picked up her small box of possessions and walked to the door.

Stone was standing in front of the door speaking with the driver. Sensing her presence, he turned and said “Why, Sarah. That is an interesting look on you. I am sorry to see you leave. You had so much potential.”

Handing her a card, he said “Here is my number. Call me if you change your mind.”

“Thank you Mr. Stone. But I don’t think I’ll need that.”

“Take it anyway. You never know.”

Sarah put the card in the box and stepped outside. The driver swiftly moved by her and opened the rear door for her.

Sarah got in and when the driver was settled in, said, “Please take me to the women’s shelter on 4th Street.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Sarah barely noticed the outside world as the car glided through the city streets. It wasn’t until they came to a stop that she realized where she was.

“The shelter is across the street. Take care getting out of the car.”

Realizing that he wasn’t going to open the door for her, Sarah fumbled with the door handle while balancing the box. Finally, she was out of the car and starting across the street. She started to look around as she walked along. It was clearly not a good part of town. There was trash in the streets. What were obvious homeless people were squatting in doorways and there were dirty children staring at her with vacant eyes.

She shivered as she realized how far she’d fallen in just an hour. But once again, her natural strength kept her going and she pulled open the door to the shelter. Here she’d be safe.

She looked around and saw a woman behind a desk, so she walked over to her and said “Hi, I’m here to see about getting some help.”

The woman looked up from her paperwork, grimaced and said “Look, we don’t help hookers on the run from their pimps. You got yourself into that profession; you got to take the good with the bad.”

“No, you have me all wrong. I am not a prostitute. These aren’t my clothes. Please, I just need to speak with someone.”

The woman grimaced again before nodding and said “All right. Have a seat.”

Sarah looked around and found a vacant seat. After settling into it, she started looking around. There were three other women in the waiting room. One had a large bruise on the side of her face and black eyes. Another was holding a small boy. Both mother and son had what looked like faded bruises on their legs and arms. The last had no obvious injuries but the obviously frightened look on her face told its own story.

One by one, the other women were admitted into another room. Each came out and were escorted to another part of the building. Finally, it was Sarah’s turn. She entered a small office and sat in the chair beside the small cluttered desk.

The woman at that desk said “Ok, what’s your story?”

With that, Sarah poured out her story. She told about the canning, the inspections, and the revealing clothes. Tears flowed down her cheeks the whole time she spoke. Finally, she ran out of words and looked hopefully at the woman.

“Now, let me get this straight. Mr. Stone took you in when you were on your last dime. Put you up in his own house. Paid you more than I make after 10 years at this job and bought you expensive clothes. Fed you gourmet foods. Started training you in a profession that would make you a millionaire before you turn 30 and you’re complaining about his methods?!”

“I’ve heard of Mr. Stone. He gives money to all sorts of charities. In fact, he’s on the board of at least 5 of them. One thing I’ve heard is that he is extremely tough on himself and others.”

“You’ve got a lot of nerve coming in here. None of the three women I saw before you had had breakfast or dinner. Two of them had been beaten badly and the other’s husband had put out a contract on her. But here you are, a little princess. Crying over a little harsh training designed to make you a millionaire!”

“Get out of here and take your snotty attitude with you. I have people who really need help waiting outside.”

Sobbing, Sarah left the shelter. Her world had crumbled around her. She had been so sure that they would see how bad things were.

Suddenly, she heard some guy say “How much for a blow job”

“I am not a prostitute!”

“Looking like that, what else are you? Shit.”

Sarah scurried away and eventually found a seedy park where she settled on a bench. She sat there is a daze for hours. She had no place to go, no one to turn to for help. She didn’t even have that hovel she used to call home.

After a while she realized that it was getting dark. She looked around and saw some bushes that looked like a place she could hide in overnight. She made her way over to them only to find them already occupied by a couple with 3 small kids.

The man said “Go away, this here is our place. Find your own hiding place.”

“Please, you have to let me stay here with you.”

“Are you kidding? I’ve seen the way that gang over there has been eying you all day. You’ll just bring trouble to us. One word of advice, you’d better get someplace safe in the next half hour or you’ll be their bitch. They’ll rape you until they get tired of you and then they’ll sell you.”

Sarah looked up with alarm and saw a group of seven hard looking men just staring at her.

“Can you at least give me enough money for a phone call?”

The woman said “Honey, that’s the least we can do. We can’t let them have her. You remember what happened to that runaway a couple of months ago? No one should end up like that.”

“All right. Here’s enough for a phone call. But who you gonna call? No cop is going to come around here at this time of night.”

Sarah didn’t have an answer for that right away. But then she remembered the card Stone had given her. Whatever he had planned for her couldn’t be worse than what that gang was planning.

“Thank you! Where’s a phone?”

“There’s one over on that corner. It was working earlier today. But you better hurry. It’s getting dark.”

Sarah almost ran to the phone. She fished around in her box until she found the card. Then, with shaky hands, she inserted the coins and dialed Stone’s number.

“This is Stone.”

“Mr. Stone. It’s Sarah.”

“Ah yes, so you decided to call. Where are you?”

“At a park not far from the shelter. Can you have someone pick me up?”

“I know just the place. “

“Please hurry! There is a gang waiting for dark to rape me.”

“Luckily, I am already in town. We’ll be there shortly.”

Sarah stood shivering by the phone and looked around nervously. The gang was edging toward her. But there was nowhere else for her to go, so she stayed where she was, hoping Stone would get there soon.

The gang surrounded her as night fell.

“Hey babe. Nice tits. Bet they are fun to play with.”

“Man. I’m gonna get titty fucked tonight.”

“Not me. I’m fucking that ass. Look at that, nice and tight. Baby, you ever had a black cock up that fine little white ass?”

“Me, I’m lookin forward to shoving my big cock down her throat. I love it when they gag on my cock.”

Just then, Stone’s limousine pulled up. Stone and his driver jumped out.

Stone said “Just back away from her. She belongs to me.”

“So, bitch. He says you belong to him. That true?”

“Yes, it’s true.”

“Say it!”

“I belong to him.”

“Well, now you belong to us.”

On hearing that, both Stone and his driver pulled out pistols.

Stone said “I think that if you want to live, you’d better just back off.”

The gang took in the pistols, the cold tone of Stone’s voice, and the way both men looked ready for violence.

“Shit, she ain’t worth it. Let’s go guys. We’ll find some other pussy.”

Sarah almost leaped over to Stone and hugged him as tight as she could. “Thank you, thank you. I have never been so frightened. I’m sorry I ever left you. I promise to be good and obey you from now on.”

“It’s all right. Sometimes a little taste of reality is good for training. Now get in the car, I’ll have the driver drop you at the house after he drops me at my dinner engagement. I expect you to get cleaned up and go to sleep. I will see you in the exercise room at the usual time.”

Sarah sat as close to Stone as possible until he was dropped off. Then she sat shivering in exhaustion and shock all the way back to his house.

Once there, she took a long hot shower before climbing wearily into bed.

The next thing she knew, her alarm was going off. She jumped up and slipped into her revealing exercise clothes. As she looked at herself in the mirror, she realized how much worse things could be for her. At least she was safe, even if she was caned frequently. But now she could justify them to herself as being a necessary part of her training. The topic of longer nipples had been wiped from her consciousness, at least for now.

The next few months settled into a routine. Up early every day for exercises. The exercises themselves evolved with more of them focused on strengthening her back muscles. What she didn’t know was that Stone was preparing her to be able to carry her soon to be milk filled breasts without straining her back.

She got used to the morning inspection, even with the demeaning check for stray hairs. She even learned to accept caning as a part of her training. It was a rare week when she wasn’t caned at least 4 or 5 times.

She had decided it was all worth it. She was learning so much! The deals Stone worked on were amazing. In addition, she met some very important people. Some were kind to her, but others looked at her as an interesting specimen.

Then things changed.

**Stone starts lengthening her nipples Ch. 04**

“Ah Sarah, I think it’s time we moved on in your training regimen. Here are some new bras for you to wear. I’ll want you to wear them two hours a day. Put one on now.”

Sarah took the bag from Stone and looked into it curiously. The bras clearly had a lot more material than her normal shelf and demi cup bras. “Finally, I can wear something that doesn’t let my nipples show.” Taking one of the bras out, she is puzzled by their shape. The cups have no underwire support and look more like bags. Then she noticed a small hole in the tips of each cup. The fabric around the holes was reinforced.

Noticing her puzzled face, Stone enlightened her “The holes are for your nipples. It’s time to start lengthening them.”

“But, why? Sir”

“I told you before that some men find long nipples erotic.”

“But mine are already longer than any woman I know.”

“Do you want to be just another woman? In that case, you don’t deserve to be my trainee. I expect my trainees to want to be better than everyone else. Now, put the bra on and be sure your nipples poke out of the holes.”

Blushing, Sarah turned around and removed the shelf bra she was wearing. She wasn’t sure why she turned around. He got to see her breasts every day. She struggled with the strange bra, but eventually got it on. Each cup fit her breasts like a second skin and her nipples just fit through the holes. She glanced at herself in the mirror and realized how obscene the bra was. Her large breasts hung down in their cups with her nipples obviously sticking out.

“Surely you don’t mean for me to wear these out in public? Sir”

“No, they are just for wearing at home. You will wear them for two hours every evening. Now, let’s finish getting you ready. Have you ever worn nipple clamps?”

“N-no!”

“Well, I think you’ll find them rather stimulating after a while. “

With that, he reached out and took her left breast in his hand. It was the first time he’d ever handled her breasts. It was not an erotic touch, rather it was just a man handling something he needed to work on. She gasped as she felt the clamp press her nipple right at the base. He quickly put the clamp on her right breast while she was still dazed by what was happening.

“Oh, god. That hurts! Sir. Please take them off.”

“My dear, you’ll get used to it. Now, let’s put the weights on.”

He quickly attached magnets weighing 2 ounces each to the clamps and stepped back to admire his handiwork.

“We’ll start with 2 ounces for now and build up as your pain tolerance grows.”

“You’re going to put more on? Isn’t this enough? Oh, it hurts so badly.”

“The more weight, the quicker they’ll grow. I want them to be at least an inch and half long. At least for now.”

“An inch and half? But I’ll look like a freak.”

“No you won’t. You’ll be an even more desirable woman.”

Sarah dropped her head in submission. She knew that, once he had made up his mind, there was nothing she could do to change it. She tried to remain still the rest of the evening because every time she moved, the weights swung around, causing excruciating pain. She was almost in tears by the time he finally let her take off the weights and bra. The removal of the clamps did cause her to cry as the blood flowed back into her tortured nipples.

Later, in bed, she massaged her sore nipples and wondered how she’d gotten into this situation. The constant swing between being an up and coming business woman to being almost a slave whose body was being modified was almost overwhelming. But finally she fell asleep.

During her inspection the next morning Stone felt some stubble around her mound. “Seems you have trouble shaving. Well, I guess we’ll have to take care of that problem. Don’t shave for the next few days.”

Thinking that Stone was going to let her grow her bush back, Sarah said “Oh thank you sir.”

“Once it’s grown out a little, we’ll have it permanently removed, along with any other hair below your neck. So, no shaving your pits too.”

Hanging her head in disappointment, Sarah just said “Yes, Sir.”

A week later, after her nipple lengthening session, Stone took out a ruler and, before she could react, stooped down to take her left nipple in his mouth. Sucking on it for a couple of seconds, he released it and placed the ruler beside the now aroused nipple.

“Very good, they are getting longer already. I wasn’t sure if this technique would work or if I would have to work something else out.”

“Tomorrow I’m sending you to the doctor again. He’ll have all your hair below your neck permanently removed. “

“Does that mean you won’t have to inspect me every morning?”

“No, I will continue to inspect you. In fact, from now on, I expect you to only wear your thong and bra when we’re alone.”

“What? Why?”

“I want you to get used to displaying your body. You are much too prudish. Besides, your body is meant to be admired.”

“Oh, and another thing, from now on you’ll only wear shelf bras. I want your new longer nipples on display all the time.”

Sarah blushed and then, knowing there was nothing she could do about it, hung her head in shame and said “Yes, sir.”

As she left to get dressed, Stone smirked. A few months ago she’d have protested and threatened to quit. Now she just accepted the change. Her training was definitely proceeding well. It was getting time to move to the next level in her training.

**Sarah’s submission deepens as learns to give blow jobs Ch. 05**

Another week passed and after, what she now realized was her weekly nipple measurement, Stone said “Tomorrow, instead of going to the office, I’m having you dropped off at the doctors so we can finally get rid of all that hair. You should be finished in time for lunch. Then we have a meeting with Mr. Shields regarding the oil deal you’ve been preparing the presentation on. This will be your first time giving a presentation to one of our clients. I expect you to be concise and limit yourself to the facts. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Sarah could not help wonder about the whole situation once again. In the space of one day, she’d go from having her body modified for a man’s pleasure to giving a presentation on a multimillion dollar deal and then she’d return home to have her body modified even more. At times, it seemed Stone was just trying to keep her off balance as he prepared her for an unknown fate. But then she decided it was all designed to make her the top business executive he had promised he would make her when she began the training program.

In fact, keeping her off balance was just what Stone was trying to do. He loved watching her face as she processed her situation. He almost smiled as he saw her face relax as she decided it was all to make her a better business executive. Little did she realize that over the last few months she’d grown progressively more submissive, now accepting things as normal that would have made her run to the police in her old life.

The next evening, Stone said “You did a good job presenting to Mr. Shields. He’s ready to deal. So the next week will be busy. We’ll need to work some long days. I’ll expect you take care of my needs during that time.”

“Yes, sir. May I ask what needs you’re referring too?”

“As you know, I have a friend over once a week that takes care of my physical needs. Since I won’t have time for her, you’ll have to take over.”

“I am not having sex with you!”

“Did I say sex? All I expect from you is a blow job or two. You have given blow jobs before, haven’t you?”

“That’s none of your business! And I am not giving you a blow job!”

Sarah started to storm away when Stone said in a harsh voice “Stop! Are you quitting? If so, then be prepared to pay me for your clothes before you leave. I also expect you to be out of my house today. Do you understand?”

“You can’t expect me to pay you today. You know how much money I have. I can pay you over time.”

“How? You hadn’t worked in months when I found you. In fact, you were almost completely broke and in danger of being evicted from that hovel you lived in. No, you pay me today. Or you stay on as my trainee and take care of my needs.”

Sarah just stood there stunned. She owed him thousands of dollars for her clothes. She’d been paying him half of her salary plus rent for her apartment. What little she had left after that, she sent to her sister. He was right when he said she was close to being evicted before he hired her. Then she thought back to that greasy manager who wanted her to give him a blow job in order to keep her job. It was the same everywhere. At least Stone was handsome and clean. Realizing she had made up her mind, she turned to Stone and said “Ok, I’ll do it.”

“Do what. Be explicit.”

With her eyes looking at her feet, she almost whispered “I’ll give you a blow job.”

“What, speak up?”

Louder this time, but with her eyes still down cast, Sarah said “I’ll give you a blow job.”

“Good. You can start now. Come here and kneel in front of me.”

Sarah stared at him, shocked. She’d thought she wouldn’t have to do it for a few days. But he just looked at her, pointing to the floor in front of him. Realizing she had no choice, she shuffled over and sank to her knees.

Looking at his crotch, the reality of her situation really hit home. She reached out with trembling hands and pulled down his zipper, then unfastened his pants which allowed his pants to drop. When she pulled down his underwear, his hard cock sprang out, hitting her in face. Then with a sigh, Sarah opened her mouth and took a couple of inches into her mouth. She’d only given a couple of blow jobs in her life, both of them to her long time college boyfriend. She started to suck, just as she’d done with her former boyfriend.

“You really have no idea how to give a blow job, do you? Move it in and out of your mouth. Get more in your mouth and no teeth! Now do it.”

Resigned, Sarah obeyed. After a few minutes, she felt his cock swell and she knew he was about to cum. She started to pull back, but he put a hand behind her head and pushed himself deeper into her mouth. Suddenly, she felt him cum in her mouth. There was so much that she started swallowing it so it wouldn’t erupt from her mouth. She had never swallowed before, considering it to be a disgusting act. But here she was swallowing her boss’s cum. She supposed she’d be expected to do it every time. She also suspected that, while he implied she would just have to give him blow jobs while they were busy, she would be giving them from now on.

It only got worse when Stone informed her that he often enjoyed a blow job when he first went to bed, so she would be moved out of the apartment into a room adjoining his. That way she would be available to him whenever he needed to use her mouth.

The next week was incredibly busy. Pulling the details for the deal together and then ensuring the calculations were correct took at least 12 hours a day. Her other training did not slacken. She exercised every morning and submitted to inspection, in the evenings she was subjected to her nipple lengthening regimen. She only was caned twice that week, something she appreciated. Each night she’d fall into a deep sleep as soon as her head hit the bed. In some ways, it was a satisfying week. She’d never worked on all parts of one of Stone’s deals and this time she was involved in every aspect. It almost made everything else, including the blow jobs, worthwhile.

Then the big day came. Mr. Shields came to the office to hear the final details and, after several hours of negotiation, signed the deal. Stone was very pleased with Sarah’s contribution. It almost made him change his mind about turning her into a hucow. But then he decided that he could always get her assistance once she was producing milk. In fact, it would be a delicious twist to involve her in high finance while milking her like a cow.

Things settled back into the regular routine and for the next few weeks, Sarah came to accept ever increasing weights pulling on her nipples. She even got used to them being measured. It was humiliating, but it had become a part of life. Stone also started putting tight little rings around her nipples, more every few days as the nipples lengthened. Those she wore all the time.

Then one morning Stone announced “It’s time for a change in your training. Have you ever worn a butt plug?”

“What’s a butt plug?”

Holding out a rather cone shaped object, Stone said “This is a butt plug. You’ll wear one from now on.”

“Why? Please don’t make me. Haven’t you done enough to me? “

“Sarah, you need to be prepared in all ways if you are going to succeed. I assume you’ve never been fucked in the ass, so we need to get you used to having something in your ass and also loosen it up some. Can’t have a client unhappy because your ass was too tight.”

“But anal sex is disgusting. I’d never allow a man to fuck my ass.”

“Oh you will. In fact, you will probably allow a woman to do it too. Now, enough arguing. Turn around and bend over the chair. Be a good girl or you’ll be punished.”

Numbly, Sarah moved over to the chair and bent over. She felt Stone push the thong aside to get at her asshole. Then she felt him squirt something oily into her hole. She was mortified, how could this be happening to her. Her life was spiraling out of her control. Then she felt something press against her hole. It quickly started to hurt and she whimpered but knew better than to say anything to Stone. The pain grew worse and then, just when she thought she’d be split in two, it stopped. She could feel something inside her ass. It wasn’t uncomfortable, just strange.

“Stand up and walk around the room. I want you to get used to it before we go to the office today.”

Sarah obediently stood up and walked around the room. The plug felt strange and she felt full, kind of like she had to go. But she knew she would get used to it.

“When can I take it out?”

“You can’t. I will remove it in the morning for your enemas and your shower.”

“Enemas?”

“Yes, from now on I’ll give you an enema in the morning prior to your shower. That will not only clean you out so you are ready in case a client wants to use your ass, but it will also remove the need for you to defecate. “

Tears welled up in Sarah’s eyes as she realized the extent of what he was suggesting. He clearly expected to offer her to a client for his or her pleasure. That realization totally overwhelmed the other part of his statement, the she would not need to defecate on her own.

“Now, get your shower over with and get dressed. We have to get to the office.”

Sarah was constantly aware of the butt plug that morning but gradually got used to it and rarely thought about it by the time the work day was over.

That night was nipple measurement night and when he measured them, he exclaimed “An inch and a half! Very good. At this rate, getting to two inches should be a snap.”

Sarah didn’t say a word. She just stood there absorbing what he said and wondering how long he planned on making her nipples. Already they looked like something in a freak show. What would they look like at two or more inches long?

The next morning after she had exercised, she found herself bent over in the bathroom with Stone pulling the butt plug out. It hurt as much going out as it had going in. But she knew better than to protest. She started to stand up but Stone said “Hold it right there. You need your enema.”

Stone went over to the sink and filled the enema bag up with warm water and a little soap. Next he moved behind Sarah

Sarah felt the tube enter her ass and was aware of it sliding into her ass. The next thing she was aware of was the feeling of the warm water as Stone pumped it out of the enema bag. It was rather comfortable feeling at first, but that changed to discomfort as more water was pumped in. Suddenly, Sarah felt like her stomach was cramping.

“Please stop, it hurts!”

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it. Besides, that’s all of it. Now hold that until I say you can let it go. I want you good and clean in there.”

Sarah could barely keep her legs from collapsing, the pain was so bad. And he wanted her to stay like this for a few minutes? She didn’t know if she could stand it. But she did and finally Stone said “Ok, now, go sit on the toilet and let it all out.

Sarah would have jumped to the toilet but with the pain, all she could do was waddle over to it. It felt so good to release it that she didn’t even think about Stone standing there watching her. Finally it was all out and she started cleaning herself up. She was so involved in her actions, she was startled when Stone said “Now, one more to be sure and we’ll be done.”

“Not another one! Please, it hurt so much.”

“You’ll get used to the discomfort. Now, get a move on. We don’t have all day.”

Numbly, Sarah got back into position and suffered through another enema. Finally the ordeal was finished and Sarah submitted to him putting the butt plug back into her ass.

After two weeks had passed, Sarah had grown to accept the new routine. She no longer felt pain as the butt plug was inserted or extracted. She guessed that her ass hole had loosened up as Stone had predicted. She found it strange not to have to defecate any more but even that had grown routine. It was a Sunday morning that things changed again.

Stone had just finished giving her the second enema and she was bent over to receive her butt plug. She felt it push against her ass hole but then she realized it felt different, softer and not as wide. She thought to herself “Oh, god. He’s fucking my ass.” She didn’t say anything. The realization that she was at his mercy was almost overwhelming. Tears slid down her cheeks as her humiliation was complete when she felt him cum in her ass.

Pulling out of her ass, Stone said “Your ass hole is just right, not too tight, not too loose. I’m going to enjoy using it regularly. Now, get in the shower. I’ll put your plug in when you come for breakfast.”

Sarah just stood up and walked over to the shower. She could feel his cum dripping out of her ass hole and down her leg. Once in the shower, she stood under the water, numb. Then she started frantically scrubbing the cum off of her body, as if to wash away the whole experience. Then she started sobbing and crying. This lasted for almost 5 minutes before she was all cried out. Then she picked up the soap and finished her shower.

As she was putting on her underwear, she wondered how long before he started fucking her pussy. She knew it was only a matter of time.

**Stone modifies her pussy lips and uses them to expand his control over her Ch. 06**

Stone was true to his word. He frequently fucked her ass after her enemas. He also made use of it sometimes in the evening, that is, when he didn’t use her mouth (or both). This too became part of her routine.

One evening after she’d given him a blow job, he had her stand beside him as he sat in his favorite chair.

“As I recall from reading the measurements that Monique took, your outer pussy lips are extraordinarily long.” Then he reached out and pulled them out of her thong. “I expect these to be hanging out at all times. They are an erotic feature and you know you should make use of every tool you have. ”

Of course, Sarah just nodded and accepted another bit of humiliation.

It was clear that he also enjoyed how they felt because, from then on, he would often have her stand beside him in the evening while he pulled and stroked her lips. It was incredibly humiliating but he would also explain the deals he was working on. It was almost surreal, her body being petted like an animal while her mind was engaged with high finance.

One other outcome of his stroking was that he would occasionally bump her clit. This made her extremely horny. A fact that he could not have missed since the thong was often soaked after 15 minutes. She regularly had mini orgasms when he did this. But one time he kept it up for an hour and to her embarrassment, she had an intense orgasm. She tried to smother her cries, but when she opened her eyes after it passed, she saw him looking at her face. He smiled and said “So you are a sexual being. Good. But next time, I want you to ask for permission to cum. Control, remember?”

Mortified, all Sarah could do was say “Yes, sir.”

Stone was pleased with this event. Sarah was becoming very well trained. His pussy lip petting had had two purposes; one was to get her used to be handled like a pet; the other was to get her to orgasm at his touch. He’d deliberately been bumping her clit every few strokes. He’d keep this up for a few weeks to establish orgasm control before moving on to the next stage of modifying her body.

It was the next evening when she had her first real lesson in orgasm control. Stone didn’t even try to hide that he was trying to work her up like he had before with “accidental” bumps on her clit. Tonight he was using one hand to pull on her lips and the forefinger on the other hand was swirling around her clit, tapping it occasionally. It didn’t take long for Sarah to feel an orgasm coming on. Stone knew when it was coming too and said “Remember. Do not cum until I give you permission. I will whip you if you do.”

Sarah forced her body to cool off but that only lasted a minute before she wailed “Please, sir. Let me cum. Please, oh god, please!”

“Not yet.”

Stone let her wait just a little longer. He knew he couldn’t wait too long or she would disobey him. Besides, he was glad she accepted his control over her.

“Sarah, cum for me.”

Upon hearing those words, Sarah had an intense orgasm. So intense, her legs gave way and the only thing holding her up was Stone’s strong hand under her pussy.

Sarah was mortified when she finally recovered. How could she let him control her orgasm? How could she have let herself cum at all? Why did she cum so hard? She had never cum like that before!

Her mind a whirl of conflicting emotions and thoughts, she turned and ran to her room. Totally forgetting to ask permission.

Stone watched her as she ran from the room. Normally he would have called her back and made her ask for his permission. But not tonight. He knew she was in a fragile state and he didn’t want to break her quite yet. No, the game had more time to play.

A week later he told her she had a doctor’s appointment that morning. Used to obeying by now, she just nodded. Upon arriving at the doctor’s office, she was immediately escorted to an examining room where the nurse told her to strip. The nurse stood there until Sarah had removed all her clothes. She gasped when she saw Sarah’s nipples. By now they were well over two and half inches long. Reaching out her hand, the nurse took Sarah’s left nipple in her hand and started stroking it; in fact it was more like pulling on it. The nurse then grabbed the other nipple and her pulling alternated between the two. Sarah felt like she was being milked and, despite the bizarre nature of the act, it turned her on. But, such was her shock and reaction to this blatant action that she just stood there. The nurse kept milking her for a minute more until the doctor came in.

“Lay down on the examining table. “

That was all he said before giving her a shot that soon had her asleep.

Awaking an hour later, she realized she’s wearing her skirt again. Unsure who dressed her, she gingerly got up. Her groin area was a little numb, so whatever was done to her must have been down there. She was going to look when the door opened and a nurse poked her head in to say “Good, you’re awake. Your ride is waiting for you.“ As she was leaving the room, the nurse handed her a small box and said “Give this to Mr. Stone, he’ll know what to do with it.”

Upon arriving home, she inspected her groin only to find out 6 grommets had been punched into each pussy lip in two lines. In addition, there was now a silver ring through her clit with a 3 inch chain hanging from it. On the end of the chain was a little silver bell. Looking at the bell, Sarah realized it looked like a cowbell. She tucked the bell into her thong, leaving her lips to dangle as she had been instructed.

When Stone arrived at home, he motioned her to follow him into the living room. Sitting down, he pointed to a spot in front of him. Realizing that he wanted to inspect her lips, she obediently stood in front of him with her legs spread. He pulled her lips down and around, looking over the changes. “Very nice work. I believe you have a box for me?” Sarah nodded and handed him the box. He opened the box and pulled out a thin chain about 10 inches long with small rings on each end. Leaning close to her pussy, he proceeded to weave the chain through the grommets in a manner similar to lacing up a shoe. Finishing his work, he pulled them tight and put a small lock through the rings. Looking down, Sarah realized he has just laced her pussy lips over her pussy.

“I guess you won’t need these anymore.” With that, Stone took a small knife and cut her thong on each side and slid it out from between her laced up pussy lips.

“You can’t leave me locked up like this! I can’t go to the bathroom.”

“Don’t worry; I’ll unlock you whenever you need to go. Just ask me. I’ll also unlock you when you shower so you that can keep clean.”

“But why are you doing this to me?” she wailed. “Please, this is too much.”

“Nonsense. This is just part of your training regimen. You must learn control whether it comes from within or without. You will learn to control your basic urges and I will help you.”

“Besides, getting rid of the thong will allow your bell to chime as you walk. A pleasant sound.” As he said that, he reached his finger out and gave the bell a little shake.

Hearing the bell ring mortified Sarah. She had lost all control over her body. Stone controlled how her body was displayed, when and what she ate, whether she defecated, whether or not she could cum, and, now, when she urinated. It was too much for her. Her mind just couldn’t process it all and she fainted.

**Sarah wakes up to a new reality Ch. 07**

Sarah stretched as she awoke. She realized that Stone must have put her in her bed. Once again she was struck by his two natures. He alternated between a caring person and a man intent on humiliating her. Feeling her crotch, she was reminded of his new level of control over her body.

But while she realized he had control over this intimate, personal act, she wanted to postpone the inevitable. She refused to ask for him to unlock her vagina for hours until she could no longer stand it. She had to go to the bathroom. She hurriedly went off to find him. Facing him, she struggled to ask him.

“Please, sir, would you unlock my vagina?”

“Sarah, why do you need me to unlock your pussy. And be sure to use the correct term. It is a pussy or a cunt, not a vagina.”

Stone loved watching her struggle. She danced from foot to foot, her need to go was so overwhelming. But he knew he had to further cement his control over her so he said “Stand still! You look like a little kid.”

She visibly struggled to control her movements and was able to almost completely still her movements. With tears in her eyes she asked “Please sir, would you unlock my pussy? I need to urinate.”

“Urinate? Such big words for a little girl. I think the term ‘pee’ is more appropriate for you. Now ask again, and quit squirming. Oh, and I think it’s my pussy, not yours.”

Now her tears were streaming down her face as she tried again, this time with her head down. “Please sir. Would you unlock your pussy? I need to pee.”

With a “Well done,” Stone unlocked the chain and she ran off to the rest room.

Stone smiled as he watched her run off. He was very pleased at her progress. It wouldn’t be long before he could start her producing milk, with her accepting her new status as his hucow. He remembered when his last two “trainees” finally accepted their new status as his pony girls. He had handled the domestication of each girl differently.

In some ways, Wanda had been the easiest. She had not liked to run and so he had had to “encourage” her with a whip. He had her run on a long lead around him while he whipped her ass when she slowed. Since he had emphasized the importance of exercise to her and running was a part of her regimen, she was able to justify in her mind his use of the whip as the motivation she needed. The look on her face the first time he hooked her up to the cart was priceless. But he had merely stated that he wanted her to run longer distances and this way he could ride behind her to “encourage” her when she flagged.

The next girl, Ellen, had been a fighter. She loved to run, in fact, she’d been a long distance runner in college. He had to come up with different methods. One thing he did was have her breasts enlarged. He had explained that large breasts were a distraction to her business opponent and so, an asset in business. Of course, what he was really doing was making them the same size as Wanda’s. It had the added benefit of having her submit control over her body to him. She objected to the cosmetic surgery on her face but he faced her down and she submitted.

Of course, he had done other things to both of them over their year as a “trainee” to get them to accept his ownership. God, he loved this game!

By the time he’d had the rear molars removed from each girl to better accommodate a bit, they were very docile. Essentially, one stage beyond where Sarah was now.

Sarah’s return interrupted his musings. He was pleased that she came to stand before him with her legs spread, docilely waiting for him to lock her up again. Pulling on her lips, he remarked “Good. You are all cleaned up.”

Sarah gradually came to accept this new state of affairs. During her menses, she could use just a tampon most of the time. But during the heaviest flows, she would cut up a pad and put it under the laced up lips. It was just one more humiliation, but she had come to accept that he owned her body. She was proud that she still was in charge of her mind, not realizing the extent her thinking had evolved since she became his “trainee.”

One evening while she was giving Stone a blow job in the living room, he said “Stand up and turn around. Bend forward slightly.”

She felt him pull her butt plug out. She was wondering what this meant when he said “Now, use your ass to get me off.”

This was the first time that she’d ever had to take an active part in his sodomizing her. Previously, she’d just bent over and let him have his way with her ass. This time, she was the one putting his cock in and doing all the work.

She spread her legs so she straddled him and squatted until his cock was lined up. Taking a deep breath, she reached back to hold his cock and sat down on it. She felt the now familiar feeling of it penetrating her. Finally her ass met his pubes and she started to rise off his cock.

“Lean over. I’m trying to go over this report and you’re in the way.”

This just compounded her humiliation. She was nothing but a sex toy. Something to be used, not a person. But she obeyed and bent over till her hands touched the floor. Then she proceeded to move her ass up and down his cock until she felt him cum. The whole time she watched her big breasts sway back and forth. Despite herself, she realized that the whole situation had turned her on and she needed to cum. She fought off the feeling but could not help herself and finally begged Stone to let her cum. But he denied her and she was forced to tamp down her desires until she finally calmed down.

She stayed where she was until he said “Get a washcloth and clean up my cock. Also clean yourself. Then I’ll put your plug back in.”

As she walked away, cum sliding from her asshole, she realized he didn’t compliment or thank her. He just used her. She didn’t know whether to feel like a whore, a slut, or a living sex toy.

Eleven months had passed in her “training” program when Stone told her she had a doctor’s appointment the next morning. While wondering what the doctor would do to her this time. The last two times she’d gone to see him, he’d modified her body. The first time removing all her hair below her neck and the second time putting grommets into her pussy lips. But she just nodded and knew what was going to happen was beyond her control.

Like every other time she went to the doctor since becoming a “trainee,” she was immediately escorted into the examining room as soon as she arrived there the next morning. And once again, the doctor didn’t greet her when he came into the room. He just told her to remove her jacket, blouse, and bra. Once she was naked from the waist up, he started examining her breasts. Sarah wasn’t sure what he was looking for. It was clear he wasn’t checking for lumps. Instead he seemed to be manipulating the insides of her breasts around the milk ducts.

Grunting, he stopped his examination and turned to get something off the counter beside him. When he turned back, she realized it’s a needle. He quickly swabbed her arm and injected her. Finally, he said something to her.

“Among other things, this will prevent you from getting from getting pregnant.”

What he didn’t tell her was that it was primarily designed to stimulate her milk production.

Upon hearing this, she muses “I guess it won’t be long before he starts fucking his pussy.” Realizing what she had just thought, she knew that that she had finally completely accepted that it was no longer her body, it belonged to Stone. But her mind still belonged to her, at least, so she thought.

As she predicted, Stone made use of his pussy a few days later. Instead of sodomizing her after her morning enema, he roughly pushed his cock into his pussy. It was the first cock in that pussy in almost 2 years. Despite herself, Sarah found herself enjoying the sensation as he slid in and out. Soon she realized she was going to cum.

“Please sir, may I cum?”

When he didn’t respond and the urge to cum built even more she once again asked permission.

“Pleeease sir, may I, oh god, may I cum? Aaagg! Please, please?” she begged.

Suddenly she felt him cum inside her. It was almost too much for her but her training held and she waited for him to give her permission.

“Cum!”

With that simple command, Sarah had one of the most intense orgasms of her life. So strong was the orgasm that she fainted. But held up by his still rigid cock and his hands, she did not fall to the ground. Instead, Stone gently picked her up off his cock and placed her on the heated tile floor.

Stone looked down on his possession and smiled. The game was essentially over now. It had been a good run. She was now his to do with as he pleased.

When she awoke a few minutes later, he told her “Now get showered and come for breakfast.”

With that, he turned and walked away. Sarah groggily made her way to the shower. She did not question his right to use her. She did not question that she had cum so hard from his use that she had fainted. No, she accepted it as his right and that she was now a very sexual being.

A few days later Stone started touching her breasts during her morning inspection. It was not a sexual touch; it was more an exam to detect changes. What changes, she did not know. She just accepted his touch, as she was accepting everything he did to her. Her body belonged to him and it was his right to use it as he saw fit.

Then, two weeks after her injection, Sarah noticed her breasts becoming larger and tender to the touch. Stone noticed this immediately during her morning inspection.

“Ah, good. About the right time.”

Noticing the quizzical look on her face, he explained “Your body is getting ready to produce milk. I expect that within a couple of days, you’ll be ready for the milking machine. Of course, you won’t produce much, if any, the first time. But I expect you’ll be a good producer. If my research is right, you’ll be producing two to three quarts a day from each udder at your peak, that is if I milk you four or more times a day.

Even though she had suspected he had some nefarious reason for lengthening her nipples, the concept of being modified to produce milk had never even occurred to her. She had always accepted that one day she would breast feed her child, but clearly this was much different. Her long nipples would never fit in a baby’s mouth and a baby would never need that much milk. So, clearly, he wanted her to produce milk for another reason. Whatever that reason, she would be milked like a cow. Accepting this concept strained her training but it had gone deep into her psyche and, after a minute, she looked at him and asked “Will I still be involved in your business dealings or will I be relegated just to milk production?”

Her question delighted Stone. Clearly, Sarah had learned to compartmentalize her thinking. She accepted that he owned her body but still had a glimmer of her old self, the woman who had been near the top of her class in graduate school. Delicious! None of his earlier trainees had been able to compartmentalize their thinking quite so well. While he knew some of her ability came from her strong mind, it was also clear that his training process was improving.

“Oh, I definitely expect you to continue to be involved in my business dealings. You have a first class mind and I expect you’ll help me make lots of money. Much more than the money I will make from selling your milk.”

“But why? “

“Why, what?”

“Why will you have me produce milk when I am worth so much more as an employee?”

“Why? Because it pleases me. I have always wanted a human cow, now I have one. Besides, I still get the use of your mind.”

On one level, Sarah was shocked at the callousness of his statement. On another level, she was relieved that he valued her mind.

Within days, she found herself, not quite on all fours, but close. The upper half of her body was supported a few inches off the ground. This was to accommodate her growing breasts and the nozzles of the milking machine that were attached to her breasts. It was now clear why he had lengthened her nipples. He was using a goat milking machine and, similar to a cow, they have long “nipples” so the nozzles were several inches deep.

It was totally humiliating experience, watching her breasts jiggle as the machine steadily pumped. But it also turned her on. Her nipples had always been a source of orgasmic pleasure to her but recently it seemed that feeling was strengthened ten-fold.

She was not producing milk yet but that was only a matter of time. Stone milked her four times a day. He even installed a milking machine in a little alcove in his office. It was very unreal the first time she was milked there as Stone started a discussion with her about some interesting developments on the European political front that might open up some great business opportunities.

But that was not as unreal as the next time when he started sodomizing her during her office milking. That time he was asking her opinion on the possibility of a lucrative multi-million dollar deal. She had to interrupt her response to ask permission to cum. He gave it and she had a moderately intense cum, then she continued her response. Such was her new reality that she did not even question this turn of events.

As expected, it was only a few days later that she started producing milk. Once it started it seemed to increase with each milking and soon she was producing two quarts of milk a day from each udder. Yes, she had even learned to consider them to be udders, his udders.

He had taken off the little rings that had played a key part in her nipple lengthening when he started milking her. Looking down at her nipples after a milking session she realized that they were becoming fatter around, expanding to fit the milking nozzles. This made her look even more like a cow, albeit, a cow with only one “nipple” on each udder.

Things continued in this vein for a couple of more weeks until one evening Stone said “Tomorrow marks the last day of your training year. It is time for you to make a decision. Will you continue with me, as my property, or will you leave tomorrow night to forge your own life?”

Sarah was stunned by his question. She’d realized that her training year was almost up and that he would continue to milk her like a cow if she stayed with him. But, with her compartmentalized mind, she’d decided that was a viable situation. But, to be his property, that was something else.

“Will my salary increase as it said in the contract?”

“No. You will be my property. I will own you just like I own my car, my ponies, and my house. Don’t worry, I will continue to use your mind as the sharp tool that it is. You just won’t be paid in cash for it. But I do promise you that you will be taken care of. Your physical needs will be met. You will live comfortably, just not in this house. There will be other girls for you to talk with. “

Sarah tried to process this change in circumstances. She knew enough and had the business skills now to make it on her own. It would be very difficult at first, but she could probably survive. But she also knew she could not live a normal life, not with her long nipples and laced up pussy, until she could afford cosmetic surgery. She was sure it would be years before she had the spare cash for that. And how was she to handle her milk production? Surely, it would take weeks for it to diminish. She was sure she could surmount these difficulties. The alternative was to be his property.

“Will I owe you for my clothes?”

“No, you have paid them off. But you will leave with just them. You have no money.”

She hadn’t realized she was totally broke. Of course, as used to being a sex toy as she was, she was sure she could make some money as a whore.

“What else will you do with me? Will you modify this body more?”

“Why do you care? It will be my property, to do with as I please.”

Since that has been the situation for months, this statement did not particularly faze Sarah.

“May I have tonight to consider my options?”

“Yes, But I will expect an answer in the morning.”

“Thank you.”

**Sarah’s decision Ch. 08**

Sarah spent a restless night. It should have been an easy decision. Who would want to be a slave, no less than slave? She would be a human cow, subject to his whims. On the other hand, she would continue to be involved in his business, working on deals far larger and more exciting than anything she could ever hope to touch otherwise.

But her ability to produce milk would diminish and stop after, perhaps, fifteen years. What would happen to her then? Would he free her or would he keep her, and in what capacity? Her mind would still be sharp, so she would still be useful in his business dealings. But he might want to use her in other, more nefarious ways.

Then there was the matter of being a human cow. Interestingly, that subject didn’t bother her. She supposed it was because she had accepted that her body belonged to him.

Then it occurred to her, if she left, she’d be taking his property with her. Why would he let her do that? Would he really do that? He’d worked for a year to convert her from a free, independent woman into what she was today. Whatever that was, certainly not a free, independent woman.

Where would she stay if she left? She had no money but was too well dressed to stay in a women’s shelter. For that matter, would he give her a ride to town? She supposed he would, he was not a spiteful man, even if he had spent the last year taking her body away from her.

Then there was the matter of prostituting herself. While she had become a sex toy as well as a very sexual being over the last year, it had all been for Stone. Despite occasional comments about needing her holes available for clients, he had been the only one to use her since she met him. Could she have sex with a total stranger? She would not know if she would be safe. Despite all that he had done to her, Stone had always taken care of her. She felt safe with him.

She didn’t realize how far her thinking had come to consider a man who regularly whipped her, used her body for his sole pleasure, and modified her body without her consent as someone she felt safe with. The old Sarah would have been scared of a man such as she now knew Stone to be.

Finally, she fell into an exhausted sleep with no decision made.

Stone, on the other hand, had spent a very restful night. Not that he was confident in her decision. It was that he saw this as a game. It would not be an interesting game if he always won. Of course, if he did win, then he’d have a human cow who’d voluntarily accepted her status.

He’d had one “trainee,” Samantha, that hadn’t agreed to be his property. That was his first “trainee” and his methods had come a long way since then. She’d left the next morning and stumbled along for a few days, selling some of her clothes to get money. He’d had her watched, of course. The game didn’t end just because she’d left.

After a few days, he’d steered a female business associate, Margaret, her way. He made sure they “accidently” bumped into each other. After a couple of hours spent talking over drinks, Margaret offered Samantha a job and, naturally, she accepted. What Samantha didn’t know was that Margaret also kept slaves and was a lesbian.

Well, it wasn’t long before Samantha was on her knees eating Margaret’s pussy in her office. Since then she’d become the office slut by day and collared slave by night.

He remembered her look the time Margaret and he’d both attended the same party. Margaret was leading a very nude Samantha around on a leash. Stone just commented to Samantha that he was glad she’d found her place in the world. Samantha was crushed at first but, feeling the caresses of her mistress, had settled complacently at her mistress’s feet.

Stone realized then that his techniques did work, but some refinements and more “training” time were needed to be totally successful. That was why he had “trainees” sign up for a year rather than 9 months these days.

Sarah awoke at her normal time, groggy from lack of sleep. She had started getting ready for her work out before she realized today was the day of her big decision. The decision that would shape the rest of her life.

She decided to work out, figuring the exercise would help clear her mind and, perhaps, free her mind of all these conflicting thoughts to allow her to make a decision. Luckily, her bladder or her udders were not too full and so she could work out without asking Stone to unlock his pussy or milk her.

She was relieved to find that Stone had left the exercise room to her. He must have realized she needed the time to think. Then, forty-five minutes into her work out, she realized that she had made up her mind. Feeling as though a weight had lifted off her shoulders, she finished her work out.

Once Sarah had completed her exercises, she went in to the bathroom where she bent over awaiting the removal of her butt plug and subsequent enemas. Stone entered the room, not saying a word, and proceeded with the morning routine. One thing he did do differently was to quickly milk her by hand. That relieved some of the pressure that had been building. He did not sodomize her like he normally would have, instead, just left without saying a word.

While showering, Sarah mulled over her decision while rubbing her clit until she had an explosive climax. Refreshed and with renewed determination, she exited the shower and dried herself off. After putting on the shelf bra that Stone had left out for her, she walked into the dining room to find Stone already eating breakfast.

Once again, he said nothing, just nodded at her as he continued to eat his breakfast. Sarah, realizing she would not be able to eat or do anything else until she had informed him of her decision, walked over and stood in front of him. Standing there with her legs slightly spread and hands clasped behind her back, she started to speak.

Holding up his hand, Stone said “You realize this could be the last decision you ever make, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Either way, I want you to know it has been a pleasure molding you over the last year. Now, I find myself short of cream for my coffee. Bend over.”

Sarah was thrown off by his statements. She’d planned on announcing that she would stay on with him as his cow. But he’d taken what little control she had in the situation away from her with that simple request for her to bend over. But her training kicked in and she bent over, making sure the nipple of her left breast hovered over his coffee cup.

Stone reached out and folded his fingers around her nipple, then proceeded to milk her until he had sufficient cream in his cup. Wiping his hand with his napkin, he motioned for her to stand up straight.

Once again, standing with her legs spread to display his pussy and her hands behind her back, she started to speak.

But, once again, Stone held his hand up, this time with the chain that locked her pussy lips together. “Shall I lock you up?”

Sarah realized that Stone would not let her have any control over how she announced her decision. She also realized that how she answered this question would seal her fate, one way or the other. Then, taking a deep breath, she said, “Yes, please lock up your pussy. Sir”

With that, Sarah became a human cow and his property.

Stone was not surprised with her decision. He knew that the year of conditioning would have made any other decision difficult for her. But he wanted her to feel as though she’d made the decision so she could never protest her fate.

He had deliberately kept her off balance since she walked into the room. He wanted her to be absolutely clear that he was in charge and no one else would dictate events. Now he wanted to cement her decision.

“Sarah, I want you to clearly state your decision.”

“Sir, I have decided to remain with you.”

“Be clearer.”

“Sir, I have decided that I will be your cow. “

Stone just looked at her until she realized she needed to say more.

“This body belongs to you to do with it as you will.”

Stone nodded approvingly and said, “You realize that you will be livestock? You will be treated as such.”

“Yes, sir. I know I will be livestock. I have only one question.”

“What is that?”

“What happens to me when I can no longer produce milk? I think I’ll be able to produce milk for 15 years, perhaps a little longer. “

“Good question. I am not sure what I will do with you or any of my other livestock when you can no longer serve your primary function. I could use them for other tasks around the farm. Of course, there is also the possibility that you could be sold. “

“Sold? Why would someone want to buy used up livestock?”

“Well, you’ll still be good for sex or you could perform domestic work. In your case, I may be able to use you for my business dealings.”

“Now, sit down and eat before it gets cold. Then I’ll take you to your new quarters. “

Stone waited patiently until Sarah had finished. She was calmer now that she’d committed herself; in fact her mind was rather blank as it subconsciously processed the magnitude of what had happened.

When she was finished eating, Stone motioned her to follow him as he left the room and walked out a side door. Sarah realized that this was the first time she’d ever been outside his house. She’d always just walked to and from the car, not really looking around. Now she was noticing things that she’d never realized were there before such as the line of trees they were walking toward.

So used to being nude, she didn’t even consider that she should be concerned that someone would see her. She merely followed Stone.

She saw a barn as soon as they emerged through the tree line. It looked like a normal barn from this side but when they came around the side, she noticed some out buildings, the center of which was obviously a work area.

She noticed two women and a man standing in the work area. It wasn’t until they got closer that she realized the women were garbed in some elaborate leather gear with a feather plume on their heads. Then she realized that, other than the leather straps making up the gear, they were nude.

As she got close she saw that the man was holding leather strings that attached to the head gear worn by the women. Finally, she was shocked to realize that the leather strings were actually reins and the head gear were bridles. Then she noticed they had tails! The tails were the same color as their hair. How as this possible? She realized these women must be the ponies Stone said he owned!

“Oh, my god,” Sara thought. Human ponies!

The ponies, no women, looked identical. They must be twins! How could he have done this to twins?

When they were close to the man and the two women/ponies Sarah glanced at the man. He looked familiar but she didn’t know why. Then another man came out of one of the out buildings and she realized the two men were the same ones that had attacked her outside her old room. Stone must have staged the whole attack! That attack was what convinced her to move in with him and made it easier for him to train her.

Sarah didn’t know what to think. She knew she should she be angry at him. She’d been tricked into becoming his cow! Instead, she just felt confused. Finally, her conditioning took over and she calmed down. She was meant to be his cow and these two just helped her find that out.

Now just a few feet from the women/ponies, Sarah noticed a mark on the ass of one of the women/ponies. She wondered what it was until, suddenly, it occurred to her. It was a brand! They were livestock just like her. She then wondered if Stone would brand her too. As soon as she thought of the question, she realized the answer. Of course, he would put his brand on her. He owned her. She was his livestock. She hoped it didn’t hurt too much. Then she wondered if the pain of being branded would affect her milk production. She hoped not, she wanted Stone to get full value out of his cow.

As a business woman, she fully appreciated the value of full production. It was strange that she didn’t consider the fact that it was her body doing the producing. In her mind, it was not her body, it was his. Then she realized that Stone must have taken branding into consideration and would have planned appropriately. With that realization, she dismissed the concern.

As Stone began chatting with the two men, Sarah took the time to look over the two ponies. By this time, she had adjusted her thinking to consider them as livestock, just like her, not women. She noticed the bits seemed to fit very well. It seemed as if it fit behind the teeth rather than between them. She wondered how that worked.

She noticed their heads were bare on the sides with just what looked like a mane starting from the top of their foreheads and extending down their backs, almost to their tails. She first thought their heads were shaved on the sides, but then realized the bare sides were too smooth. Their hair must have been permanently removed, just as all her hair below her neck had been!

She could tell they were runners because their legs were smoothly but noticeably muscled. Looking over their bodies, she noticed they had moderate sized breasts. Nicely rounded but nothing like her large udders. But it made sense that theirs were smaller since they were built for running and large udders such as she had would be very painful if she ran. She also noticed they had what looked like hoofs instead of feet. Looking closely, she realized they a type of boot but they were too short to let their feet lay flat on the ground. The ponies must be on their toes. She wondered how they ran like that.

Turning her attention to Stone, she watched him hand a key to the two men and heard him say, “You’ll have to unlock the pussy before she can pee. This is different from the other two, but her long pussy lips gave me an opportunity that was too good to pass up. Just make sure she asks for permission before you unlock her. Of course, you can unlock her if you want to fuck the pussy. It’s a pretty tight pussy and I want it to stay that way. So no large objects! Same with the ass. Feel free to use it as much as you want, just be sure to put the butt plug back in after you’re done. And she gets two enemas every morning. I want her milked 5 times a day for now. I want to see how much she can produce, so no drinking it until after you’ve measured the quantity and recorded it in the ledger.”

With that, Stone turned to leave. As he passed her, he patted her on her right breast and said, “Welcome to your new life. I expect good things out of you. Be a good cow.”

“I will sir.”

“I know. I trained you.”

**Sarah gets branded Ch. 09**

One of the men approached her holding a leather collar in his hand and a leash in the other.

“Hold your hair up while I put this collar on you.”

Sarah obediently pulled her hair up out of the way while he buckled the collar around her neck and fastened the leash to a large ring on the front. Then, without another word, he led her off toward the barn.

Once inside, he looped the leash around a hook in the wall and stepped around behind her.

“Bend over and place your hands on the wall.”

She heard him unbuckle his belt and drop his pants as she bent over.

He pulled the butt plug out and quickly inserted his cock. It was all very impersonal but that was the way Stone used her too, so she was not surprised. This was only the second cock she’d had up there. It was longer than Stone’s but not as thick.

She could hear him mutter as he fucked her.

“So tight. Lovely ass. Gonna love having this around to use.”

It didn’t take him long to cum. When he’d finished, he withdrew his cock as quickly as he’d inserted it and replaced her plug.

She heard him yell, “Joe! You’ll love this ass. Stone was right, it is tight.”

“I’ll be in there as soon as I finish adjusting this new tack on the ponies. Think I’ll try the pussy, though. No sense getting sloppy seconds with all these lovely holes to use.”

“I’ll leave her tied in here for you. I got to run an errand for Stone. Be back in an hour or so for the noon feeding. Her udders look pretty full. You’d better milk her before you start fucking her.”

Sarah’s udders were very full. She was amazed she hadn’t noticed the discomfort before he said that. She guessed it was all the excitement of the morning events. While Stone had milked her, it was not a full milking. She’d found that only the milking machine really emptied her out.

But she knew that Stone enjoyed the act of milking her by hand. At first it had been very embarrassing but she gradually grown to appreciate the feeling of his hands on her nipples, pulling and squeezing, the milk squirting into a bucket. She often had mini orgasms while being hand milked, not big enough orgasms to have to ask permission though, but enough to make it a pleasurable experience.

He’d often use her milking time to discuss some aspect of business with her. She was able to keep up a conversation despite the quivers from the mini orgasms. This just reinforced her feeling that her body was separate from her mind.

Joe came up to her while she was engrossed in her thoughts. Placing his hand on her right udder, he squeezed gently.

“Ho ee, you are full, girl. Let’s get you milked pronto like.”

He led her into a small room with three milking stations. Tying her leash to a hook at one of the stations, he moved her body around until she was properly situated. Then he quickly sponged her nipples with clean water and inserted them into the milking machine nozzles.

Sarah was so relieved when she heard the throb of the machine and felt it sucking the milk out of her udders. It very quickly eased the discomfort and a warmth began spreading from her groin as the stimulation of her nipples made her horny.

Once again she heard the sound of belt being unbuckled and pants dropping. This time she felt hands unlocking her pussy lips and then a cock was inserted into her pussy. As with her earlier sodomizing, this was the first cock in her pussy other than Stone’s in over a year. It wasn’t as long as the other stable hands nor as thick as Stone’s but it served to stoke her fires.

It wasn’t long before she was begging permission to cum. But he didn’t give it right away, intent as he was on his own pleasure. Finally he came and then gave her permission to cum too.

The orgasm that swept over her felt so good. It made her glad she’d made the last decision of her life, to become Stone’s cow. Before he’d trained her, she’d had orgasms but they were nothing compared to the ones she’d had every day since Stone had begun to use her sexually. She had never realized sex could be so good.

As she recovered from her orgasm, she realized that her milking session was complete. Joe pulled himself out of her and relocked her lips. Then he turned off the milking machine. He measured the quantity of milk she’d produced and typed that information into his smart phone. Sarah guessed there was an app for that too.

He then pulled the nozzles off her nipples and had her stand up beside the milking station while he cleaned the milking machine.

He then led her into what she guessed was her stall. He took the leash off and, with a pat on her ass, walked away. Looking around the room, Sarah took in her surroundings. There was a large bed, a couple of chairs, and a small desk with a computer on it.

She heard a knock on the wall beside the entrance to her stall. Turning, she saw the ponies standing there.

“Hi. So you’re the cow we heard was being trained. We’ve been expecting you for a couple of months now. “

“But I just made up my mind to be his cow this morning. How did you know I was going to decide that way?”

“Look, we’ve both been Stone’s “trainee.” After a year of his “training” it’s hard to decide any other way. Besides, with the modification he’d made to our bodies, fitting into the normal world would have been difficult. “

“What did he do to you? I see your hair has been removed on the sides, but beyond that, you look pretty normal.”

“Well, for one thing, he had our legs and feet modified so we can only stand on our toes”

Looking down, she realized the ponies were wearing shoes with 5 inch heels.

“He also had a couple of our molars removed so he could use a regular horse bit in our mouths. That is much better than when we had these big clunky rubber bits. They made breathing difficult on the long stretches. Before that, he had some plastic surgery done on us to make us look alike. It was just to my face, but Ellen also had breast augmentation so hers were the same size as mine. “

“Why did you let him do those things? I mean, I can understand the cosmetic surgery. But removing the teeth and head hair? How did he justify those things enough that you accepted them?”

“You know how it is. You get used to obeying him and having him do little things to change your looks. He starts with what you eat and then how you dress. I bet he had the guys try to attack you at your place, right? Of course he did. He’s got it down to a science. By the time he makes the big changes to your body, it just seems right to go along with it. Until finally you realize it is not your body any more, it belongs to him and, as his property, he can do whatever he wants.”

Sarah thought back over the last year and realized that is exactly what happened to her.

“So, what did he do to you? I can see the nipples. Pretty impressive. Really makes you look like the cow that you are. I like the way they are laid out on the shelf bra, like they’re being presented for inspection. Maybe I can try some milk straight from the source sometime?”

“Maybe. But not right away. Stone wants to measure my production for a while. “

“As for my other modification, I’ve always had long pussy lips. Stone had grommets put in them so he can lock his pussy up. See?”

Sarah spread her legs and shifted her hips so they could see her laced up lips. For a second, it crossed her mind that she should be embarrassed to show them the source of so much early humiliation. But now, the modification was a part of her. Besides, she was showing Stone’s property, so it didn’t matter to her.

Both ponies knelt in front of her, getting a close look at her lips and the bell hanging from her clit ring.

Ellen reached out had tapped the bell with the nail on her forefinger. “It’s a little cow bell! Neat.”

Wanda said, “Guess someone has to unlock you every time you need to pee. Glad that didn’t happen to us. We sometimes have to pee on the run and if we had to stop to be unlocked, we’d lose the race. Stone wouldn’t like that. Neither would we. We won last year’s tandem derby and Ellen won the single derby.”

“Yeah, I definitely would have lost that one if I couldn’t pee on the run. Funny, I can remember when that would have seemed gross but now. Well, now we’re ponies. Ponies do things the natural way whenever or where ever they need to.”

“Another thing it makes impossible is for someone to get a taste. That’s too bad. Be nice to have another pussy to eat.”

Sarah stammered “Uh, oh, it’s ok. I’m not into girls.”

“Neither were we before we became ponies. Now it’s a fun way to pass the time. Besides, there are usually just the two guys and they can’t give us all the sex we need.”

“But how do you get to cum? I mean, you need someone to give you permission.”

“That’s easy. We ask for permission before we start. The guys love watching us, so they are pretty generous with their permissions.”

A bell rang as Sarah processed that. She looked at the two ponies kneeling in front of her. They stood up, took Sarah’s hand and led her out of her stall down to a room with troughs at various places placed low along the walls. One of the stable hands was there waiting for them.

Wanda and Ellen walked over to what must be their troughs and got down on all fours. They immediately plunged their heads into their troughs and began to eat. The stable hand pointed Sarah to a trough and said “That one will be yours. To drink, just suck on the nipple on the side of your trough. Your food is different from to the ponies. They need more protein since they need more stamina. We’re starting you on more of a grain diet like a bovine for now. We’ll probably change that over time as we figure out what diet makes for the best and sweetest tasting milk production.”

After lunch, one of the men herded the livestock out into a field. Sarah saw the two ponies wander out into the field. This sight brought back Stone’s words from their first meeting. He’d said that some of his other “trainees” were out standing in the field. She remembered being puzzled by those words then but they made a kind of sick sense now.

As she was looking, Wanda spread her legs apart and started pissing in the grass. Sarah knew she too would soon be pissing in the field, but she wanted to delay the inevitable, at least for a little while.

But not more than an hour had passed when Sarah could stand it no longer. So she sought out one of the stable hands and asked, “Please sir, would you unlock Stone’s pussy. His cow needs to pee.”

“Boy, Stone sure did a good job training you. You betcha honey. I’ll unlock that pussy. Might even have some of it when it’s dried off”

The rest of the day went by quickly, she was milked four more times, the last milking being right before bed time. Dinner was essentially the same as lunch. Tasty enough but she figured it would get boring after a while.

Later that night, Sarah heard noises from the stall next to hers. They were clear sounds of arousal. Then she realized she heard two voices, both female. While she’d never had the desire to be with woman, the sounds were turning her on. God, she was turning into such a slut. She’d been fucked 3 times today and she wanted more!

Eventually, she fell into a deep sleep. She awoke the next morning to the feel of her udders throbbing and her bladder full. Scrambling out of bed, she rushed out of her stall only to run into one of the stable hands.

“Whoa there little heifer. Where are you running off too in such a hurry? “

“Please sir. My udders need milking and my bladder is full. Please unlock Stone’s pussy so his cow can pee first!”

“Okey dokey. When you’re done with that, meet me in the milking room.”

He quickly unlocked the pussy chain and she dashed into the field to promptly relieve herself. Once that was done, she became even more aware of her oh so full udders.

Sarah headed back to the barn to get milked, fucked and fed, pretty much in that order. After breakfast and her morning enemas, she headed out to the field with the ponies.

Ellen grumbled at her “You’re getting all the cock around here.”

Sarah knew it as a good natured grumble and figured that the hands would go back to spreading the wealth as soon as they got over the newness of her holes.

Stone walked in to the milking room while Sarah was being milked for the second time that day. Accompanying him was her doctor, making Sarah wonder what was being modified today.

“Well, Stone. Another good job. You really have a knack for taking a high and mighty girl and converting her into livestock. Mind if I fuck her right now?”

“Go right ahead. Which hole do you want to use?”

“Think I’ll use the ass. I’ve been admiring it for a year and am anxious to try it out.”

Sarah soon heard the now familiar sound of a belt being unbuckled and pants dropping to the floor. Then the doctor popped her plug out and slipped his cock into her ass.

While he was sodomizing her, Stone walked around to her head and said “I’ve got a new deal I want your help on. I’ll email you the details in a little while. You can read them over while you’re recovering this afternoon.”

Recovering? Sarah wondered from what. But she just accepted the inevitable and continued to enjoy the feeling of the doctor’s cock as it sawed in and out of her. That, combined with the steady pull on her nipples from the milking machine, soon had her begging to cum.

But Stone denied her that boon saying, “No, I want to keep you on edge right now. I’ll let you cum in a little while.”

Once Sarah was emptied, both in her udders and her ass, Stone took her leash and led her out to the paddock. He tied her to a fence rail and turned to the doctor saying “She’s all yours.”

Sarah watched the doctor approach her. He was holding a syringe, squirting a little liquid out the needle. Then, without slowing, he jabbed it into her left buttock.

“Better tie her down. She won’t feel the brand now but we don’t want her to move around. Might spoil it.”

One of the stable hands then untied her and guided her to a low set of bars. He had her bend over before tying her feet and hands firmly to the bars. He also put a strap around her upper thighs and around her lower back. This effectively immobilized her.

The whole time this was happening, Sarah’s mind was silently alternately between screaming “NO!” and calm acceptance. The part that was screaming “NO!” were the last vestiges of the confident young woman who started as Stone’s trainee a year ago. That woman considered her mind and her body as belonging to her. That woman was horrified at what was happening.

But the part that calmly accepted her pending branding was the new Sarah. She accepted that her body belonged to Stone as his cow and he could do what he wanted with it. Besides, cows are always branded. Otherwise, how would anyone know who owned them?

Gradually, the business woman part of her silenced the part that was screaming “NO!” and mulled over Stone’s solution to the possible decline in milk production that the pain of branding would entail. By numbing the affected spot, she would be spared the intense agony of the brand. She also figured he’d have her new brand lathered in soothing cream to reduce the pain over the next few days.

The whole time the various sides of Sarah were processing what was happening, a stable hand was moving a hot brazier over. Then before she knew it, she smelled burning flesh. She was somewhat sickened to know it was her flesh she smelled burning but then she saw the brand being placed back into the brazier and knew it was over.

The stable hand untied her and helped her to stand. Sarah could tell something had been done to her left buttock but that was all since the anesthetic blocked all the pain.

The doctor stooped to examine the new brand and just grunted. Then he applied some salve to it.

Handing the salve to the stable hand, he said “Put this on every 2-3 hours for the next 4 days. It’s important that we don’t let it get infected. I’ll put a pad over it now. You’ll need to keep it covered for the next two days. Replace the pad every time you put salve on it. Now, let’s get her ready for the next procedure. This time we’ll need to immobilize her head.”

“I got an idea. Let’s put her in the old stock chute, it’s designed to immobilize a normal cow’s head. I think we can make it work for this one too.”

He led Sara over to a narrow path between two fences, walking her down to the end where there were two metal doors that slid together. They had an indentation each that formed a place for the cow’s neck. “Git down on all fours and stick your neck out.”

Sarah got down on her hands and knees with her head sticking out as far as it could. The hand slid the doors together, effectively trapping her by her neck. Then he reached out and grabbed her hair, pulling her head up and back.

The doctor quickly stooped and plunged a tool up inside both sides of her nose. He quickly squeezed the handles on the tool, bringing them together inside her nose. Sarah screamed at the sound of her septum being punctured but it didn’t hurt as much as she thought it might. The doctor pulled the tool out and slid a ring into the hole.

The stable hand released her hair and Sarah tried to see what had been done to her. She could tell there was something hanging from her nose but had no idea what. Then the doors were slid apart and she could bring a hand up to her nose.

It was a ring like you’d see in a cow’s nose. Feeling around, she could tell it was not a solid ring, so it could be removed if her owner so desired.

“Better leave that ring in for a week or two to be sure it heals right. Then you’ll need to put it back in every couple of weeks for the next few months to keep the hole the right size. Just don’t pull on it too much. A human nose isn’t like a bovine’s and will tear out pretty easily.”

Stone approached her and started talking about business as though nothing has happened. The whole time he was speaking, his hand was playing with her clit. This sent shivers up her spine, the feeling overcoming the shock of what had happened to her in last few minutes. It wasn’t long before she begged for permission to cum.

“Cum for me. You’ve been a good cow today. Make it a really big cum. You deserve it.”

His words of praise sent her over the edge and she came so much that only his hand cupping his pussy kept her from falling. A stable hand came over and helped her to her stall, laying her on her bed, rump side up where she promptly fell asleep.

**Sarah experiences new things Ch. 10**

Sarah awoke a couple of hours later to the feeling of a hand rubbing something on to her ass. Her ass ached where the hand was rubbing. But whatever was being rubbed on her, she assumed it was the salve the doctor had prescribed, was helping.

A few minutes after the rubbing stopped, she started becoming aware of the pressure in her udders. She stood, wincing from the pain caused by the, now only hours old, brand. It hurt to move but the pressure in her udders forced her to walk toward the milking room.

“I see our little heifer is up. I bet your udders are real full. Let’s get you hooked up.”

Sarah did something then, completely without thought. She mooed. She was shocked when she heard herself moo, but reasoned that, she was a cow and cows moo. Then she spotted her milking station and hurried over.

The stable hand helped ease her down until she was on all fours and then proceeded to wash off her nipples before slipping them into the nozzles.

Sarah mooed again when she felt the milking machine start sucking milk from her overly full udders.

She did little but eat, sleep, conduct some research for Stone, and get milked for the next few days. But gradually the pain and stiffness receded as she settled into life as a cow.

Stone came to see her a week after her branding, just before she was to start her second morning milking.

“How is my little cow doing this morning? I take it your brand is healing well.”

“Your cow is doing well. It took me a day or so to get used to the nose ring but now I don’t even notice it.”

“Good. I won’t keep it in there a lot. It’s more for when I show you. It’s the kind of traditional touch that wins trophies. As you know, I like to win.”

“Show me?”

“Yes, fairs aren’t just for ponies. There are always cows being shown. I’ve been winning the pony contests. I figured with you, I’d start winning the cow contests too. You’ll be judged on your beauty and milk production.”

Sarah had never considered that she’d be milked in public. The thought warred with her concept of being a business woman. What if she had to sit across a negotiating table from someone who had seen her being milked? Then she realized that Stone would have already considered this. She knew her owner would take care of her.

“But won’t the ring take away from my beauty?”

“Oh, it’s only for the milking event and the parade. I can’t wait for the judges to see the length of your nipples. No one has a cow with nipples that long. With a beauty like you, at minimum, I expect to win the beauty contest.”

“Thank you. I will do whatever I can to see that you win a trophy.”

“I know you will. Now, let’s get you settled at your milking station.”

When the milking machine had started sucking away, Stone said, “I want your opinion on the potential for this deal.”

He then proceeded to discuss the deal with her the whole time she was being milked. He stopped when she was empty.

“I’ll email you more information shortly. I want you to prepare a proposal and email it to me the day after tomorrow. Any questions?”

“No sir. I’ll get right on it.”

“Good cow. Looks like your production has settled at about 3 quarts a day. I may increase your milking to six times a day. One of those sessions will need to be about 2 am. That should prevent your udders from becoming too painful by morning.”

“What about hooking them up all night long? I’m sure my production would increase.”

“Interesting idea. I’ll discuss it with the doctor. Now, I have to go. I have another trainee. She’s going to be my second cow.”

Sarah shuddered at the thought that another innocent woman was being converted into a cow. While she accepted her status as a cow, she did not wish it on someone else.

Stone saw the emotions flash across her face. He wondered what she’d say if she knew who his “trainee” was.

“One more thing, I’ve noticed that you haven’t been keeping up with your exercises. I expect you to keep my property in tip top shape. I didn’t install a gym in the barn for the stable hands; it’s to keep my livestock in good shape.”

“Yes, sir.”

Walking away, he considered her idea of being milked all night. It had real potential.

A few days later, Stone dropped by, once again, before a milking session. He deliberately timed his visits so he could discuss business with his cow while she was being milked. He just loved the incongruity of the situation. He also discussed business with his ponies while they were pulling him around the grounds. It was awkward at first but the ponies gradually learned to speak around their bits. But now they, too, were conditioned to treat their bodies as separate from their minds and their bodies belonged to Stone. Ah, life was good!

“The doctor said your idea might just work. We have to figure out how to keep the nozzles on all night but he thinks he has a way. In the meantime, let’s get you milked. I think today, I’ll milk you by hand. It’s been a while since I’ve done that. What’s the use of having a human cow if you don’t occasionally get to milk her by hand?”

While Sarah settled into her milking station, Stone got a pan to place under her udders. He washed his hands and her nipples, and then proceeded to milk her. They discussed one of the deals they were working on the whole time he was milking her.

By this time, Sarah was not even aware of the incongruity of her situation. It was how things were. Her business woman mind was in the body of a human cow. What did happen though, was that the sensation of being hand milked created electric jolts to her clit and she had a hard time keeping up the discussion.

Finally, she could not take it any longer. “Please sir, let your cow cum! Please?”

“I guess you won’t be any good until after you’ve cum. So, go ahead. Cum!”

“Aaggh! Oh god. Oooooo! I love it when you milk me by hand. It feels so good. The squeezing and pulling makes me so……….. Oh my god!”

Sarah sagged into the milking station, leaning heavily on the bars that kept her udders from dragging on the ground. She was totally spent.

Stone finished milking her and then helped her stand so she could walk to her stable and lay down.

“We’ll start your night milking tonight.”  
  
“Oh, good. I want you to get full value out of your cow. Besides, I want to always be your biggest producer, no matter how many cows you own. I want you to be proud that you own me.”

“I am, little cow. I am.”

When she rose a half hour later, Sarah realized she hadn’t emailed her sister, Vicki, in a few days. She’d tried to keep up regular emails with her despite all that had happened to her over the last year. She deliberately avoided any mention of her physical training. Instead she just focused on her work and the various people she’d met. She’d been pleased when Vicki got a job right after she graduated with her BA. She was an intern with some large multinational. Vicki didn’t give any details about her work, citing a really strict confidentiality agreement she’d had to sign. But it was clear that the work excited her.

Sarah was glad that Vicki had a regular job, not one that is designed to turn her into a human cow.

Now that Sarah had settled into her new role, Stone would often take her to work with him in the office. He amused himself by getting her a delicate nose ring to wear there. He loved the looks on his clients’ faces when she walked in with it on. One time he seemingly playfully put a string through it while meeting with a client and pulled her along as they walked into a meeting. Sarah had a hard time dealing with this at times. She’d learned to sublimate her milking times at the office but the rest of the time she was supposed to a business woman. The ring, and especially, being led around by it, left her confused and a little hurt. Of course, that’s what amused Stone.

The night milking idea worked. Sarah missed awaking to full udders and a fucking but she was pleased that her milk production had gone up as a result. After a couple of weeks of night long sucking, it was now almost up to almost a gallon per udder! The constant sucking at night caused her to have mini-orgasms all night.

She’d wake up feeling sexually sated but was always ready for more by the time of her first of her five times a day milking sessions. Another affect of all the sucking was that her nipples were now larger around than a man’s finger. They now fit the milk machine nozzles fairly snuggly.

One day out in the field, Wanda approached Sarah and asked, “How about letting me have a drink?”

“Sure, Stone is no longer measuring my production. Just not too much. It belongs to Stone, remember?”

“I remember.”

Wanda squatted in front of Sarah and latched onto Sarah’s right nipple. She moved her mouth up and down on the nipple, almost as though she was giving a blowjob. The sensation Sarah was feeling was incredible. It only increased when Wanda’s fingers started playing with her clit ring.

After a couple of minutes, Sarah called out to one of the hands, “Please sir, can this cow cum?”

Glancing over at them he said, “Will you look at that. Sure honey, go ahead and cum.”

Sarah did just that. This was her first time cumming from the hand of a woman. She wasn’t sure how she felt about that, but she knew she had to experience it again.

Life settled into a routine after that with only three changes. One was that she was becoming sexually active with the ponies. That prompted some interspecies jokes from the stable hands but they were good natured jokes. The stable hands loved watching the lesbian action, especially when all three were sexually engaged.

Another change was in the material Stone sent her regarding potential or ongoing deals. Someone had obviously done a lot of prework for her. Sarah guessed it was Stone’s new “trainee.” Sarah hoped the new “trainee” would not get ensnared.

The final change was the removal of her nose ring. Sarah had grown so used to having a ring in her nose that she felt strange without it. It would be put in for an hour or two each week just to keep the hole open but otherwise she would not have it in much.

One day she came into the feeding room and saw Ellen practically jumping with joy.

“A fair! We’re going to be in a fair this weekend! You’ll love it. It’s great to see other ponies and cows. Oh, and it’s so sexy being looked at by all those people. Makes me soo wet.”

Sarah was torn between getting caught up in Ellen’s excitement and apprehension at being shown. This would be the first time she’d be out in public in her new cow persona. But Ellen’s excitement won her over and she started getting excited. The ponies and cow huddled together after being fed, discussing make up and tips for looking especially sexy when nude or in harness.

The next day the ponies were kitted out with their full regalia. They pranced around the grounds for an hour before the stable hands put an end to that. They removed the ponies’ harnesses, tails, and head gear. Then sent the ponies to their stalls. Not that that calmed them down much.

Sarah spent some time pacing in her stall before a stable hand came and led her out on a leash. He didn’t kit her out with a harness. Instead, he reinserted her nose ring, took off her collar, and practiced leading her around by her nose.

Then he said, “We’re going to color your hide in large spots but we won’t do it until right before the fair. It’ll make you look like a Holstein. They’re great milk cows.”

“Perhaps Stone will color my hide permanently. Then I will always look like a Holstein.”

“That’s up to Stone. But I’ll let him know what you said. Bet he gets a kick out of it.”

Then the big day came around. The stable hands woke them up early, got them fed, and loaded them into a trailer. It wasn’t what you would think of as a livestock trailer. For one thing, it was climate controlled with piped in music. The stalls were small, but well padded with a bench and access to a shared indoor restroom, which was just a section of fake grass hiding a receptacle for their urine.

There was also room for the carts, harnesses, and a milking machine. It was the complete human livestock trailer.

The trip only lasted an hour and half. Not long enough for the livestock to calm down much. Instead, they spent the time gossiping about the fairs they’d been shown in and what might happen this time. The ponies were so excited that Stone would finally have a cow to compete with.

Sarah, one the other hand, was apprehensive. She just hoped she’d measure up and give Stone the trophy he deserved. Who else could have converted a free, intelligent, and educated woman into a human cow? He was a great man and she was his cow.

They were left in the trailer for a while after they arrived at the fair. Sarah figured Stone was taking care of some paperwork. Finally, a stable hand entered and led the ponies out, one by one. Then he came back for the cow.

Sarah blinked when she emerged from the trailer. It was a bright, sunny day. There was a hint of morning coolness but it felt like it would be a pleasantly warm later. That was better for her than for the ponies. Unlike the ponies who would be racing, she would mostly be standing or kneeling all day.

She was taken into a large tent and her leash was tied to a pole on one side of the tent. Attendants she didn’t recognize were grooming the ponies and getting them outfitted in their regalia. The ponies were practically shaking with excitement.

Then a woman approached Sarah. She was about Sarah’s age but was clearly not livestock. For one thing, she had a crop in one hand. She was also fully dressed.

“So, you’re Stone’s cow. Impressive. How much milk do you produce a day?”

Sarah proudly answered “Almost a gallon per udder, Ma’am. “

“Really? I’ve got to find out Stone’s secret. I can only get 2-3 quarts per udder at most from my cows.”

Just then Stone entered the tent and said “Now, now, Sylvia. No peeking. I’ll be showing her in a little while. You can wait just like everyone else.”

Sylvia grinned at Stone and said “Are you kidding? You’ve been bragging about this cow for months now. I had to see her as soon as possible. But I must say, you weren’t exaggerating. A gallon per udder! Amazing.”

Stone took Sylvia by the elbow and gently led her out of the tent, chatting with her about non-consequential things the whole time.

A short time later, Stone came back and said “Don’t let her throw you off. She’s been winning the competitions for the last couple of years and knows she’s lost the top spot now. I bet she has a new cow before the next fair, trying to get it back. Not that that will do much good. Part of her problem is how she treats her livestock. Not sure why she thinks a beating will get more milk out of a cow.”

“Now then, we need to get you ready for the opening parade. I want you to be at your best. This is the start of the beauty judging. You’ll be led around by your nose ring during the parade but the judges will be looking for obedience and poise. You are top in both departments, so I know you’ll do very well.”

Sarah beamed at his praise. It put to rest all her apprehension over possibly letting him down. Her reaction also showed that the old Sarah was completely gone. Where there had been a free thinking mildly feminist woman, there was now a domesticated cow.

Stone held out a butt plug for her to see. “I had this made for the parade. As you can see, it’s a creamy white just like your milk. On the end, it has the logo for my business. I never lose an opportunity to advertise to the right audience. I know lots of people will be staring at your lovely ass.”

He handed her the plug and left. A couple of minutes later a pair of attendants came over to start preparing Sarah for the parade. They made up not only her face; they also applied large temporary tattoos that gave her body large black spots. They then colored the rest of her skin white. The only things not black or white were her long nipples. They painted them a deep red. The final step was to put her nose ring and butt plug in.

They led her over to a bank of mirrors like you’d see in a tailor shop. For the first time, Sarah saw what she looked like in her full parade regalia. The black and white made an interesting contrast. One udder was half covered in black while the other was all white. Her deep red nipples stood out obscenely in contrast. At least, it would have been obscene if she was human. As a cow, Sarah was so pleased by how much it highlighted her long nipples. It also highlighted her status as a cow, designed to be milked by her owner.

Finally, Sarah shifted so she could see her ass. It was colored black, so the white butt plug stood out as if under a spotlight. She could see the company logo very clearly. Once again, she was impressed with Stone as a business man. He left no detail to chance.

Then there was her brand. They had left it uncolored. Her natural flesh tone against the black made it very obvious that she was a branded cow. Sarah shivered in pleasure at seeing herself. She knew Stone would win today. He had created a perfect cow and she was it. She was so proud of him!

Suddenly, it was time. Sarah’s nervousness returned as an attendant came up to clip a leash to her nose ring. She was led over behind a cart that was decorated with ribbons and other colorful items. The ponies were harnessed up. They were in their full regalia, shifting around, stomping their hooves, anxious to get started.

Stone walked up just as Sarah’s leash was being attached to the back of the cart.

“My, aren’t you a pretty heifer. No matter what else happens today, I want you to know how pleased I am to own you.”

Sarah blushed and grinned at his statement. Not that you could tell she blushed since her face was also covered in black and white.

Stone jumped into the cart and an attendant handed him a long buggy whip. Another attendant opened the tent in front of the cart and Stone flicked the whip at both ponies’ asses. It wasn’t a hard flick, more symbolic since he knew his biggest problem would be keeping the ponies from going too quick in their excitement.

With that, Sarah was, for the first time, shown in public as his cow. They joined the parade as it made its way down the main street of the fair and into a large ring. It was obvious that this was a regular fairground, probably used for more normal fairs most of the year. Sarah wondered if the fairground owners know what kind of fair was being held here today.

It immediately became obvious that Stone and his new cow were what everyone wanted to see. People craned their necks to get a better look at her. Some pointed at her nose ring, others at her long red nipples, while others were intrigued by her black and white skin. Of course, as she was past the people, she could hear comments about her butt plug and brand. Being at the center of so much attention and conscious of her status as Stone’s first cow, Sarah proudly stood up straight and thrust her large udders out for everyone to admire.

Sarah could see other cows being led around the ring. But none of them, from what she could see, were being led around by the nose. Nor did she see any nipples as long as hers. Of course, it was hard to tell from a distance. But with those thoughts, another wave of pride suffused her.

At the front of the cart, the ponies were prancing with very high steps. It made the cart jerk a little, but there was enough slack in Sarah’s leash that she wasn’t worried about her ring getting pulled on.

Before she knew it, the parade was over. All the participants lined up around the ring and the audience was invited down to examine them. Needless to say, a crowd quickly surrounded Stone’s cart and started pelting him with questions. He started to answer one question but so many were coming his way that he finally stood up in the cart and announced, “Please, everyone, may I have your attention? If you will give me a few minutes, I will bring my new cow over to the stage in the amphitheater. There I will give you some history on my cow and some of her unique features.”

With that, Stone sat back down and flicked the reins, prompting the ponies to move forward. The crowd reluctantly parted to let them pass.

When they got back to their tent, Stone jumped off the cart with a big grin on his face. “Did you see their faces? Everyone wants to know all about my cow! This is great! This makes all the work I put in over the last year worthwhile. “

He wasn’t speaking to anyone in particular. He was just so excited, he could barely contain himself. He calmed down enough to motion to an attendant to unharness the ponies. While they were doing that, he walked over to them and said, “You two were magnificent. You are excellent ponies. If it wasn’t for my new cow, you’d have been the highlight of the parade.”

Both ponies beamed at his words of praise. Like Sarah, they had left their earlier personas of free, intelligent women far behind. Now they were Stone’s livestock and proud of it.

“I’ll be back in a while for the first race. Make sure you rest up. I want to win again this year. I hear that Mr. Burns has a new set of ponies that he thinks can beat you. I want to prove him wrong.”

“Oh, we will, sir. We’ll be the fastest ponies and win that trophy for you. You can bet on that.”

“I know. Now let the attendants get you out of that harness so you can rest.”

Turning, Stone spoke to two attendants, “Please take her milking station and a bucket over to the amphitheater. I will be giving a milking demonstration.”

He then took up Sarah’s leash and led her out of the tent. Sarah looked around curiously as she was led through the fair crowd. It was just like any other country fairs she’d seen except the only livestock here were human. There were booths for fresh produce as well as ones for livestock feed. There were booths with games and booths offering services such as branding, custom leatherwork, and tattoos.

Everywhere they went, people stared at Stone’s cow. Finally, they came to an amphitheater and mounted the stage. There must have been over a hundred people in that amphitheater as well as some livestock. Stone placed Sarah in the center of the stage at the front and stood beside her.

“Now, everyone let me have your attention. This is Sarah. I’ve spent the last year and a half domesticating her. She came to me as a highly educated young woman with a fierce sense of self. As you know, that is just the kind I love to domesticate. I won’t bore you with the details of how I converted her into my cow. Instead, I will show you some of the modifications I’ve made to this cow’s body.”

Sarah was a little shocked to hear his characterization of her when she’d come to him. Sometimes she barely remembered the person she’d been now. And to hear she’d been domesticated. It made her sound like a wild animal that needed his hand to civilize it. From what she remembered of her old self, that was as good a characterization as any. She had been wild; a willful woman who didn’t understand that her true place was under Stone’s control.

“I know you’ve all seen her nipples. She came to me with nipples a half inch long. While that is good enough for some farmers, I wanted nipples long enough to milk with my hands. So I started lengthening them. “

Someone shouted, “How did you lengthen them?”

“I won’t tell you how. But in a few minutes, I will give you a milking demonstration. They are now a little over three inches long and as big around as my forefinger. As you will see, they are perfect for hand milking. They also fit perfectly in a goat milking machine.”

“The other modification I made to this body was getting grommets put in her pussy lips so I could lace them up. Sarah, turn around and bend over so these good people can see the laces.”

Sarah obediently turned and bent over. She reached back and spread her cheeks so they had a clear view of her laced up lips. Showing off Stone’s handiwork started getting her worked up and her juices began to flow.

One guy in the audience noticed this and said, “Looks like she produces liquid from down there too.”

The crowd laughed at that even as they struggled to get a closer look.

“Will you look at that?”

“Stone, did you have to lengthen her lips too?”

“No, fortunately Sarah came to me with extraordinarily long lips. I merely took advantage of the opportunity. It was an invaluable aid in her domestication.”

“But how does she piss?”

“Ah, for that she must ask permission to have my pussy unlocked. You can imagine how well that helped cement her status in her mind.”

Looking through her spread legs, Sarah could see many in the audience nod in agreement at that statement. His statement triggered the memory of her first realization that Stone controlled all her bodily functions. It had been an epiphany for her, one that she had grown to appreciate and enjoy ever since that fateful day.

“Will you be breeding her?”

“I haven’t decided. I don’t believe in turning children into livestock but she has great genes that would be a shame to lose. I believe I mentioned that she came to me well educated. What I didn’t tell you is that she has an MBA from a top school where she was in the top 5 percent. “

“My god, Stone. I am truly impressed with your accomplishment.”

“Thank you. I don’t want you to think I’ve let that great mind go to waste. Sarah is not only my cow, she works actively in my business. “

“Now, Sarah please get into your milking station.”

Once she was in the semi-kneeling position with her udders hanging down, Stone positioned the bucket underneath and announced, “As you can see, my hands are a little larger than her nipples but there is sufficient flesh for me to properly milk her.”

With that, Stone started milking her. She could see looks of lust when she looked out over the audience. She smiled at that and then a vestige of her old self emerged suddenly. She was being milked like a cow in front of all these people! Oh god. How could this be happening! As embarrassed as she felt, she also felt a level of arousal. How could that be?

But as suddenly as it emerged, her old self submerged again and she was content. She looked down at her udders so she could both see and hear the milk squirt into the bucket. It was a sound that she had learned to find quite erotic and it heightened her state of arousal even more. So much so, that she cried out, “Oh sir, please, may I cum. Please!”

“Yes, cum for these good people.”

Sarah started to cum as soon as the words left his mouth but instead of moans, what came out was a series of low moos.

“As I am sure you’ve all noticed, little Sarah is having an orgasm. That is partly due to her training. I’ve worked to ensure she associates being milked with having sex. I assure you, it was not arduous to train her to do this.”

The crowd laughed at that statement. Most of the men and many of the women in the crowd would have loved to help train the lovely Sarah by having sex with her while she was being milked.

“One thing she was not trained to do was moo. She started that spontaneously about a month ago and now uses it as a normal part of her communication.”

After a couple of minutes, Stone ceased milking her even though her udders still had plenty of milk.

“That’s enough milking for now. I need her to be very full for the milking competition after lunch. Just to let you in on a little secret, I will tell you that Sarah produces almost a gallon of milk a day from each udder. So I fully expect to win that competition. Now if you’ll excuse me. I need to take my cow back to the barn.”

Stone led Sarah back to the tent where she was allowed to lay down. It felt like such a relief. Her udders were aching from hanging free all this time. Normally she wore a shelf bra except when she was being milked and that only lasted 20-25 minutes. She’d been without a bra for 2-3 hours and the weight of the milk was really pulling them down.

Before he left her, Sarah asked, “Sir, my nipples are longer than 3 inches. Why are you telling them they are only 3 inches? I thought you were so proud of their length.”

Stone chuckled before responding, “Because I know a lot of them will be lengthening their cows’ nipples before the next fair. I want them to aim low. Not that it will do them any good. I’m changing the nozzles on the milking machine after today. I’m putting deeper ones on. That should lengthen your nipples even more, so next fair they’ll have at least 5 inches to beat.”

“Now, close your eyes for a few minutes.”

Sarah did just that and didn’t stir until she heard the ponies being harnessed again. Lifting her head, she saw them almost dancing with excitement. She guessed it was time for their race. This was the only race they would race that day. It was only 4 miles long. But it was a race of endurance and speed that would wear the ponies out. Not that the distance was too long for Stone’s ponies, it was the fact that they’d be pulling him in a cart on a racetrack that went over some hills, putting different stains on their muscles as they alternated between pulling up the hills and braking on the down slopes, that would tire them out.

An attendant came over and signaled that Sarah was to rise. When she did so, the attendant put a shelf bra on her. While she was relieved her udders were not hanging, she was also concerned that it didn’t show her as the fully domesticated cow that she was. But, as always, she assumed Stone had considered that and decided on the appropriate course of action.

The attendant removed her nose ring and placed her collar around her neck and then fastened a leash to the collar. A stable hand came over and took the leash to lead her outside.

“Stone thought you’d like to watch the race from his box.”

It warmed Sarah to know he’d thought of her. She had been looking forward to the race but thought that, at best, she be tied up at the finish line in case Stone wanted a drink when he finished. So she was very excited to know she’d have a person’s view of the race. What a lucky cow she was!

Stone’s box had a great view of much of the course. The starting line was right below his box and, since it also served as the finish line, she would have a great view of both most exciting parts of the race. She saw the contestants lined up, their ponies moving restlessly as they waited the starting gun.

Then it happened and they were off in a rush. Stone quickly worked his way to the front of the pack, a place he kept for the rest of the race. Sarah strained to catch a glimpse of his cart as he moved along the course. Every time she saw him, she felt her heart quicken with pride.

Finally, someone spotted the lead carts as they neared the finish line. Sarah and the stable hand were clutching the railing, trying to get a better look. But then it became apparent that Stone was in the lead with only one other cart even close to him. Even that one was several cart lengths behind.

Stone ended up winning the race by less than a cart length. The second place cart had a last minute burst of speed that almost worked. It made the race very exciting.

The stable hand led Sarah down to the finish line where Stone was accepting the congratulations from his fellow competitors.

“By god, Stone. I almost had you there.”

“That you did, but we both know I have the best team. “

“I’ll admit they’re good but I’ll keep at it until I beat you.”

“You do that. In the meantime, I’m going to have a drink before lunch.”

Stone walked his cart over to the stable hand and said, “Better walk them out before putting them away. Make sure they get a good feed but not so much they get sleepy. I want them there when Sarah wins the milking contest. Their beauty contest isn’t until just before the awards ceremony, so they’ll have time to get their energy back.”

At that moment, Ellen said, “Sir, I know I can win the single pony race.”

“Ellen, we’ve discussed this already. I will let it go this time but if you forget your place again, I will have to take the crop to your pretty ass. Do you understand?”

Ellen lowered her eyes and replied, “Yes, sir. I understand my place. I’m sorry that I forgot.”

Stone just took Sarah’s leash and led her to an out of way place. Then he leaned over to take one of her nipples in his mouth and proceeded to take a deep drink.

“I expect you to win the milking contest very handily, so a little drink now won’t make much of a difference. Besides, with your being milked all night, you produce milk so much faster than other cows. I would not be surprised if I had to start milking you six times a day to keep up with your production.”

“Not that I could resist a little taste after my victory. Your milk is so tasty these days.”

“Thank you, sir. I know you’ve been adjusting my diet. I’m pleased to hear the milk my udders produce pleases you. If you must know, it is actually a relief to have the pressure lessened. They were getting very full.”

“I could tell. I don’t want to milk you until the contest after lunch. So you’ll have to bear the pressure until then. But that doesn’t mean I can’t lessen the pressure on your other udder.”

Stone then took a deep drink from her other udder.

“Ah, very good. Now, let’s take you back to the tent so you can eat. I have to attend an owner’s luncheon.”

Stone led Sarah back to the tent and handed her off to an attendant. The attendant led her over to a trough. The sight of the food made her realize just how hungry she was. Breakfast had been early today, which combined with all the excitement had really made her hungry. She dove into the food and ate with gusto. The ponies were led in by the stable hand just as she finished.

Sarah jumped up and rushed over to them. “You were magnificent! Stone has trained you so well.”

“Thank you. But now we’re famished.”

“No eating until you’ve been washed down. You need to cool off. Sheesh, you ponies. Good thing I’m around or you’d founder.”

The stable hand then tied them off to one side of the tent. He took off their harnesses before giving them each a sponge bath. Sarah could tell that, despite their desire to eat, both ponies felt much better after being bathed. In fact, Wanda started humping the sponge when he was trying to clean between her legs.

He pulled the sponge away and said “Enough of that! You do too much of that and you’ll be too sleepy to watch Sarah’s competition. “

Wanda looked sheepish when he said that and immediately calmed down. She didn’t do anything else when he toweled her off even though he seemed to spend a long time drying her crotch.

He let them lay down for a few minutes after they’d eaten.

While they were resting, an attendant washed Sarah’s nipples of the last vestiges of the rouge that had colored them a deep red earlier that day. Not that there was much. Between her hand milking and Stone’s drinking, most of it was gone.

The attendant then checked her over to be sure the temporary tattoo was intact. The final step was to reinsert her nose ring and attach a leash to it. She tied Sarah to a pole and walked away.

Sarah just stood there quietly until Stone came in to fetch her. He gently felt her udders causing her to moo in discomfort.

“I know little cow. You need to be milked. It won’t be long now. “

Stone led her along to a long series of small stalls, each of which had a milking station and milking machine. The stations were facing out so the judges could see the cows being milked. Stone brought Sarah into a station and turned her around so she could kneel at her station. After she was in position, he tied her leash to a hook in the wall and then stood outside the stall. The stable hand arrived about that time and tied the ponies up just outside her stall.

He noticed that Sylvia had her cow in the stall across from Sarah’s. Her cow was a big boned woman with extremely large udders. Clearly, Sylvia was going for production not beauty with this one as her face was rather squashed and ugly.

They had just nodded at each other when a judge approached the mike and announced, “We’ll begin the judging in a minute. There are two measures of success in this contest; quantity of milk production and presentation. Your cows will be milked as long as they are producing measurable amounts of milk. In case you didn’t know, there are 32 cows in this contest. A few of them have been with us before but I see some new cows have been added.”

“As soon as I ring this cow bell, you may proceed.” With that, he rang the bell and owners quickly entered the stalls to start the milking process.

As Stone did not usually hook Sarah up to the machine, he fumbled a little but finally got it hooked up. Sarah mooed rather loudly when it started sucking causing Sylvia to look up from where she was watching her cow’s udders wiggle as they were milked.

Now that the contest had started there wasn’t much for the owners to do. So they milled about making small talk with each other. The judges walked around examining the cows, making notes as they went. Three of them congregated in front of Sarah’s stall. Stone heard one of them quietly say to another judge, “Look at that nose ring. Very authentic. And it doesn’t take away from her beauty.”

It didn’t take long for the first cow to be emptied. That seemed to have started something as a string of other cows were also emptied soon thereafter. Then it was just Stone’s and Sylvia’s cows left. By now, it had been 25 minutes and Sylvia’s cow’s production was slowing. Then it stopped. But Sarah’s udders continued to produce milk. It wasn’t long before all the owners and judges were standing around her stall, looking on in awe.

“Stone, I don’t know how you do it. She’s still producing milk! Amazing!”

Finally, after 40 minutes her production stopped. One of the judges stepped up the container with her production in it and gasped.

“There’s almost a gallon in here! That has to be a record!”

By contrast, Sylvia’s cow’s large udders had only produced two and half quarts. It was obvious that Stone had won another contest.

After accepting the congratulations of all the other owners (albeit a rather reluctant one from Sylvia), Stone took Sarah back to the tent.

“You’ll need to be scrubbed down for the beauty contest. For this one, only your permanent markings are allowed.”

“Oh, I’ve grown to like my new colors. Perhaps you can make them permanent before the next fair?”  
  
Stone chuckled and said, “I heard you suggested that earlier. Good cow. I think it’s a splendid idea. I can just see their faces when I bring you out for the beauty contest in Holstein colors. But for now, let’s get you bathed.”

Stone took it upon himself to bathe her, giving special attention to her pussy after he’d unlocked it. So much attention that she was soon asking for permission to cum.

“Not quite yet. I want you in heat for the beauty contest. But I promise you a good cum after it’s done.”

Then the time was upon them and Stone led her out to the arena, this time using her collar rather than her nose ring. There were only 10 cows in this contest; most had dropped out earlier in the day after seeing Stone’s cow. There were two stunning brunette cows with the same owner. But their udders had normal size nipples, so Stone doubted they would win.

The judges asked that each cow be paraded out individually to stand in front of the judges for inspection. Cows were required to place their hands behind their heads and stick out their udders. The judges examined the front of each cow, including their cunts, in a very hands-on fashion. They then had the cow turn 90 degrees to the left for another close inspection. Next, another 90 degree turn. This time the cow was told to drop her hands, bend over, and reach back to spread their cheeks. This was followed by a return to an upright position with hands behind their heads and another 90 degree turn. Finally, each cow was told to face the judges again and bend over and make their udders sway. This was mostly a measure of elasticity and firmness. Besides, the owners found it erotic and knew it humiliated the cows. In fact, one cow broke down at that point when she was being inspected and left the arena. Her owner was very pissed and followed after her. That was a cow due for a whipping.

When Sarah was led up, the judges made a point of fingering her long nipples. Their murmurs sounded very impressed. One of them milked her a few times and was not at all annoyed when milk squirted all over her dress. All in all, the judges were obviously very impressed with the cow.

The contest ended fairly quickly and Stone led her back to the tent. Once there, he handed her leash over to an attendant and took up the ponies’ leads to take them to the arena for their beauty show. Unlike the cows, ponies were supposed to be in all their regalia just as equine ponies would be in a show.

Sarah was milked while the ponies were gone so she would be ready for the final ceremony when the winners were announced.

The pony contest took longer than the cow contest, partly because there were almost 50 ponies in the contest. The other reason was that each pony was required to go through a series of moves much like you’d see in a dressage competition for equine ponies. Dressage, in this case, is considered to be the highest expression of pony training where the pony is expected to perform from memory a series of predetermined movements. Its fundamental purpose is to show a pony's natural athletic ability and willingness to perform.

It was a rather grueling performance for each pony as it was all in high step and involved a series of spins. They also had to kneel a few times and bow their heads to the ground. The ponies had to have perfect posture the whole time.

One of the new training techniques Stone used this year was the inclusion of ballet training. It helped his ponies’ poise and posture immensely.

To no one’s surprise, his two ponies were the stand out performers. In fact, Stone was offered significant sums of money for them after the show. Of course, he turned them down. He loved winning way too much to sell them. Maybe one day, but not today.

Finally the pony contest was over and it was time for the final ceremony. Sarah was led out to stand with Stone and his two ponies. Wanda was still breathing hard from her performance (she’d been last), but she and Ellen were quivering with excitement.

It was no surprise that Stone swept all the categories he’d entered his livestock into. Ellen won the beauty contest but the judges said she’d only beat Wanda by a hair. This was no surprise as the two regularly traded first place in that contest. But what was a surprise was that the judges were so impressed with his entries that they came up with a whole new category for him; Overall Fair Champion.

It was late when the livestock trailer finally pulled up to Stone’s barn and the sleepy livestock were stabled for the night. Each of them had gotten a special food treat on the way home and were given permission to orgasm 3 times on the way home. The three of them spent an hour locked together licking and sucking until they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

**A new cow is introduced into the barn**

“Sir, I’ve made my decision.”

Stone just looked at her over the breakfast table, not saying a word.

She looked down, not meaning to look at her full udders, but also not being able to help it since they were so large and displayed on the shelf bra. The sight of them brought her back to her decision.

“I will be your cow.”

Stone didn’t say a word, just continued to look at her.

“I will belong to you.”

“As what? “

“Your cow. Oh, as your property?”

“As livestock that I own. If that is what you mean, then say it.”

“I will be livestock that you own. You may do what you will with me, with this body.”

“Good. Then let’s take you to your new home.”

With that, he stood up and strode from the room, confident that she would follow him.

She stood up, fidgeted nervously for a minute before rushing to catch up to him. He led her out the door and down a path that led to a barn.

“This will be your new home. You will live here with my other cow and my two ponies.”

She stared at the barn, uncomfortable with the new reality that was confronting her. While she had agreed to be his cow, she hadn’t expected to live in a barn. But she knew it was not her decision, so just nodded mutely.

There was no one around as they approached the barn. Stone opened a door in the side of the barn and ushered her inside. Closing the door, Stone led her through the large barn to a small room where she spotted three milking stations, just like the one she had been milked in at Stone’s house.

Then she got a shock. A woman was lowering herself into a milking station. That was not what shocked her. It was the fact that the woman was black and white. Then she realized that she had markings like one of those dairy cows you see in commercials for Chick Filet. Not that there was much bovine about her body. She was clearly in good shape with well defined back muscles. The next thing she noticed was nipples. They were dark red, at least five inches long and as big around as a man’s thumb. She’d thought her own nipples were long at three inches but they were nothing compared to the other cow’s nipples.

A stable hand quickly washed the nipples and slipped them into the nozzles of the milking machine. Then she had another shock. The woman mooed very loudly once the machine started sucking. It was clearly a contented moo, but it was shocking to hear it coming from her mouth.

It was at that moment that the woman became aware that Stone was standing there. She turned her head to look at him. Her face displayed first happiness at seeing him, and then a look of shock passed over her features.

“Ah, I believe you two know each other.” Stone says with a smile. “Sarah, I told you I was adding a second cow to my small herd. Well, your sister is that cow.”

Stone had been aware of Sarah’s sister, Vicki, from the research done on Sarah’s background before she was offered the “trainee” position. He had also monitored Sarah’s emails to Vicki and only found mentions of the exciting business deals she was involved in. So he had some research done on the sister.

That research showed a woman with large breasts, just like Sarah’s plus the fact that she was going to have so many student loans that she would find it difficult to ever pay off. Since her degree was also in finance, it seemed like life had dropped a very juicy morsel into his hand. So, of course he gobbled it up.

He approached her before she graduated and offered her a job as his “trainee” that would start immediately upon graduation. The only stipulation was that she could not tell Sarah that the job was with Stone. He told her not to tell Sarah so as to not spoil surprise nor distract Sarah from her job.

Vicki was shocked to see Sarah being milked like a cow, even though she had just agreed to the same thing. She’d had this vision of her sister striding the world making multimillion dollar deals. To see her on all fours being milked shook her to her core.

Vicki started to speak but realized she didn’t know what to say. Neither did Sarah. So they just looked at each other for a moment.

Stone stood off to the side, watching the interplay of emotions on his cows’ faces. This was extremely amusing. He remembered when his second pony came to the barn for the first time. The two ponies had not known each other but had immediately taken a liking to each other. They’d taken obvious pleasure in not being the only person who’d been converted into a pony.

This situation was different, much different.

Finally, Sarah spoke.

“I thought you were with a multinational firm? Why didn’t you tell me the truth?”

“Stone wanted to surprise you. Besides, he said it would distract you and you were involved in some transformational activities that required focus.”

“Transformational activities? I guess I was. I was being transformed into a prize winning cow.”

“Prize winning?”

Sarah smiled and said “Yes, I’ve been shown in three fairs since I became a full time cow. I’ve won first place each time in both events.”

“What were the events? “  
  
“Milk production and beauty. I produce more than a gallon per udder a day now. That is way more than any other cow. And with my all over tattoo and nose ring, I am clearly fully converted into a cow, so I always do well in the beauty contest. No other cow has such a complete tattoo but a few have the nose ring now, but I’m sure they are temporary, not permanent like mine.”

That was the first time that Vicki became aware of the ring in Sarah’s nose. Surprising since it was rather prominent. But there was so much to take in that she’d just missed it.

“I guess you’re the one who’s been doing such great research for the proposals I’ve been writing. I should have guessed. You were always so good at ferreting out information.”

“I’ve seen the proposals and contracts you’ve written too. They are amazing! I thought you were out traveling the world making deals. Not, well, you know.”

“Living in a barn producing milk? Being displayed as livestock? Well, I can do both. Stone owns this body and he wants a cow. So, I am a cow. But I also have a mind and use it to work on some fascinating deals. I love both parts of my life. I am very proud to be his cow and I am proud of the work I do for him.”

They spoke for a few minutes more before it becomes obvious that Sarah was distracted. Her eyes gradually became glazed and then she started to moo. The moos started quietly and gradually built up. Vicki realized her sister was building to an orgasm. Stone too noticed her arousal and, at the right moment he said “Cum!”

At hearing the command, Sarah exploded in an orgasm. Her body quivered with what appeared to be waves of orgasmic pleasures, her mouth open as loud moos emerged from her. Vicki was shocked at this turn of events. Sarah had always been somewhat sexually repressed and so sure her intellect would bring her success. However, here she was having a loud orgasm in public from being milked like a cow! To top it off, she did it on command. Vicki knew she was trained to cum on command but her sister…!

Sarah was also shocked to see her sister and to find out she’d agreed to be a cow. But it was obvious that she was since Vicki had three inch long nipples, something Sarah knew was the result of Stone’s nipple lengthening treatment. While Sarah was happy as a cow, she’d never wanted her sister to be one too. She’d been relieved that her sister had found a normal job and would become the successful woman that she never would be.

But she’d rallied and started speaking with Vicki, not even conscious of the fact that she was being milked like a cow in front of her. Her milking had become so normal to her that she didn’t even think about it.

But, seeing her sister’s eyes keep flickering to where the milk machine was sucking the milk from her udders, brought the situation to her mind. Then the thought that she was being milked like a cow in public started to excite her. Between the steady sucking on her sensitive nipples and the humiliation of being milked in front of her sister, she felt an orgasm coming on. By now, she was used to cumming in front of others, so she did nothing to suppress the orgasm. Instead, she became consumed by the idea of cumming.

So when Stone told her to cum, her orgasm swept over her. It was intense and all consuming. One of the biggest changes in her since becoming Stone’s cow was the intensity and frequency of her orgasms. Before her transformation into a cow, she’d rarely had orgasms. Even the ones she’d had were mild compared to the incredible ones she had so frequently now.

“Vicki, I believe it’s time for your milking. Use that station.”

So now the moment of truth. The station he pointed to was next to Sarah’s. She was to join her sister as livestock. Used to obeying, Vicki moved forward and knelt into the station. The stable hand quickly swabbed her nipples and inserted them into the nozzles.

Vicki felt relieved when the machine started sucking. With all that had happened this morning, she’d overlooked the pressure in her udders. But now she was so grateful she was being milked. Like her sister, Vicki’s nipples were very sensitive and it wasn’t long before she felt a warmth build up in her cunt.

“Boss, ok if I fuck the new one?”

“Be my guest. You’ll find her cunt nice and tight. Unfortunately, unlike her sister she didn’t have long pussy lips, so you won’t have to unlock her first.”

For the first time in over a year, Vicki felt a cock other than Stone’s inside her. Despite the callous way she’d been given to him to use, it felt good to have a cock inside her. Right now she just needed to get fucked. Not only because she was horny, but to help distract her from all that had happened.

After a few minutes of intense fucking, Vicki called out “Please sir, may I cum?”

She heard the stable hand give her permission, but she was unsure if he was able to give her permission so she turned to look at Stone with a quizzical look.

“The stable hands are permitted to use any holes and they may give you permission to cum.”

Hearing those words, Vicki gave into the orgasm that she’d been holding back. Unlike her sister, Vicki had always had a very enjoyable sex life. But even she had to admit, it had gotten better since Stone took control of her ability to orgasm. She didn’t understand how relinquishing control over such a personal function could increase her pleasure, but it did.

After the two cows had been milked and cleaned, Stone said to Vicki, “Enjoy your new life. I think your sister will be a big help in getting you accustomed to your new role.”

Then he turned and walked away.

The stable hand snapped his fingers and said “You’ll be in the stall across from Sarah’s. She can show you where it is.”

Then he too walked away, leaving the two cows to themselves.

“Let me show you your stable. Despite the name, it’s actually pretty comfortable. We each have a computer that also functions as a TV, so we at least can keep in touch with the world. Of course, with you here, I don’t have anyone else to exchange emails with. I found that I had little in common with my old classmates as I was becoming more domesticated, so we just stopped communicating.”

“Domesticated?”

“Oh, yes. Before we came to Stone, we were wild cows. Now we’re fully domesticated.”

“I never thought of it that way. But I guess you’re right.”

“I hadn’t either until Stone said it when he was presenting me at the first fair I was competed in. But after thinking about it, I realized how right it is.”

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but I’m sorry you’re here. I know what I am and am content but I had such great hopes for you. I wanted you to be all the things I could never be.”

“I understand. But here I am. A cow, just like you. Well, not just like you. I am more a calf compared to you. You look amazing. I was shocked when I first saw you. But now, wow! I hope to be like you. Maybe even give you a run for your money in the milk production contests.”

Smiling, Sarah said, “I don’t know. I always was bigger on top than you. I bet I can out produce you.”

“Oh, it isn’t the size of the udder that makes a difference. It’s how much the demand for milk is. I’ll bet Stone will do everything to me that he’s done to you and I’ll be producing a gallon an udder before long.”

“We’ll see. I have a head start and plan on keeping my lead.”

With that exchange, the whole issue of Vicki becoming a cow was dropped.

“What was it Stone said about pussy lips?”

“Oh, do you remember how long my pussy lips have always been? Well, one of the ways he established his control over me was to have grommets put in them so he could lace his pussy closed. Here, let me show you.”

With that, Sarah sat down on Vicki’s bed, spread her legs and shifted her hips up to give Vicki the best view of the laced up lips.

Vicki was taken aback by the matter of fact way her sister presented her crotch for viewing. Once again, it went against all she remembered about her sister. She’s always been rather shy about showing her body. In fact, the only way Vicki had known about her long pussy lips was from a vacation long ago when the girls had had to share a bathroom and she’d walked in unannounced as Sarah was getting out of the tub. Her lips had been so obvious and Vicki had teased her about them for at least a year after that. Of course, she’d never done so in front of their father. One thing the two girls shared from an early age was a wariness around him when it came to sexual subjects.

Now, here she was, showing off her most intimate parts. Of course, Vicki realized, they didn’t belong to Sarah. They were Stone’s. Besides, if Sarah had been exhibited, then perhaps hundreds of people had seen every inch of her.

Vicki looked at her crotch, a little embarrassed because she’s always shied away from anything having to do with other women’s sexual organs. But then, despite herself, she became fascinated by what she saw. Sarah’s lips were laced up just like someone had laced a shoe. But instead of a knot, there was a little lock.

Then she noticed the little bell. She too had a little bell hanging from her clit ring, so that was no surprise.

“I guess you have to ask for permission to pee. That must have been hard to take at first.”

“Yes, it was. It was when I really knew I had no control over this body and that it really belonged to Stone. It was devastating at the time but now I know it for the truth that it is. How did he establish control over you?”

“Well, I guess, like you, it was gradual. I moved in with him after I got attacked outside my apartment and he started inspecting me every morning to be sure I wore exactly what he wanted me to wear. That was the first thing.”

“Oh, you weren’t really attacked. Those men work for Stone. In fact, they are the stable hands here. One of them fucked you just a little bit ago.”

“I thought he looked familiar but with all the rest going on, I just didn’t process it. I guess the same thing happened to you, didn’t it?”

“Yes, including the inspections. How long before he started caning you?”

“I got my first caning the first morning I lived at his place. It seemed like a daily occurrence for the first couple of months.”

“Same here. Either we are very similar or that is Stone’s approach to domesticating wild cows. Maybe a little of both.”

“He kept telling me it was for my own good. That I had to accept the things he was doing so I could be like you. I just didn’t realize he meant I could be a cow like you.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t be. I made my own decisions and I am now a cow. I must live with that.”

All of a sudden, there was the clatter of hooves outside in the courtyard.

“Oh, Joe must be back from exercising the ponies. Come, you must meet them. They’ve been anxious to meet you for a couple of months now. We’ve been together by ourselves so long that we know all about each other. So it’ll be good to have someone new.”

“Them? What do you mean? You only mentioned Joe. Who else is here?”

“The ponies, that’s who. Oh, you didn’t think Stone’s livestock was limited to just human cows, did you? He also has human ponies. Just wait till you see them. They are such beautiful ponies.”

It was troubling to hear her sister refer to them so casually as ponies rather than as women but she justified it in her mind as just a figure of speech. Sarah led her outside to a courtyard where two women were standing harnessed to a two person buggy.

A man was fiddling with their harnesses so Vicki couldn’t see the women that well. But as they came closer, it was apparent these women were fully rigged out as ponies. They had boots on that looked like horses hooves. The harness had a wide band around their hips and a complex set of leather bands around their shoulders that allowed them to pull the cart without their hands. Their hands were fastened at their sides to the band around hips.

It wasn’t until she got close that Vicki could tell they had bits in their mouths. The women looked so much alike that Vicki figured they were twins that Stone had converted into human ponies.

Just then the stable hand finished adjusting the harnesses. He took the reins and started leading them over to a door in the side of the barn.

Sarah and Vicki followed them, standing to one side as the stable hand took the harness off the women. As soon as the women were unharnessed, they turned to Vicki and one of them said “Oh, she’s gorgeous! I can’t wait to get her in bed!”

“Wanda, what a way to greet her! I apologize for my fellow pony. I’m Ellen. You must be the new cow. It’s so nice to have you here.”

“Hi, I’m Vicki.”

“Vicki is my sister. For real.”

“Oh, Oh! How did Stone manage that?”

“I guess he tracked my emails and approached her after she graduated, which was about the time I joined you in the barn. As you can guess, I had no idea what he was up to.”

“He always is a step ahead of everyone. Our owner is quite the planner.”

Vicki was a little taken aback by the clear admiration in her voice and the matter of fact way she called him her owner. Clearly things were different in other ways here in the barn that what she expected. While she more or less acknowledged that he owned her, she wasn’t quite ready to say it out loud.

The livestock went into the barn to a central area with some chairs and a table. There they sat around and discussed all sorts of things. The ponies asked Vicki about her college experiences. Vicki asked them about life as livestock. All three of them spoke in a matter of fact tone about their lives. The ponies spoke about their daily training sessions and how they were used to pull carts with various farm tools or produce in them.

Sarah spoke of her nightly milking; how it had improved her milk quantity and the speed at which she replenished her supply of milk. She told Vicki about the continuous mini orgasms she had from being milked all night.

They all spoke of being used sexually by, not just the stable hands, but others working on the farm as well as visitors. The ponies said that visitors frequently asked Stone for permission to have the ponies take them around the property and how male visitors almost always sodomized them while they were in harness. Sarah spoke of when Stone had visitors and having to be available to be milked at the table.

Then it was time for the cows’ second milking of the day. A stable hand led them to their stations and hooked them up. He then sodomized Vicki while she was being milked and she had a great orgasm. Anal sex was not something she particularly enjoyed before becoming a cow and certainly she had never had an orgasm from it. But now it was almost as good as being pussy fucked.

After their milking, the cows rejoined the ponies and the discussion resumed. This time they excitedly talked about the fairs. The ponies were particularly excited when they talked about the races. When they talked about the parade and the dressage events, they were so animated that they had to demonstrate their high steps as well as some of the other moves.

The feeding bell rang just as they finished showing a particularly hard step they were being trained to do. So they broke off their demonstration and filed in to the feeding station for lunch.

Vicki took in the troughs with a frown. But after watching her sister eagerly get down on all fours to eat, she shrugged and dug in too. The food was not what she expected considering it was in a trough. But it wasn’t a normal human meal either. Her trough was filled with cut up fruit, grains, and some dried meat. She could tell it was laced with vitamins and minerals just from the taste. It was strange drinking from the nipple on side of the trough, but she got used to that pretty quickly.

Later, in Sarah’s stall, the two cows spoke quietly about their lives and how they had gotten to where they were today. One thing that Sarah learned is that Stone had moved his office to a high rise before Vicki started. She guessed he’d done that to make it easier for Vicki to hide the truth from her since Vicki often described the office setting and events in the area. Sarah would have immediately caught on if Stone had kept the same office as he had when “training” her.

He’d motivated Vicki by telling her that her sister had done whatever he was demanding at the time and if she wanted to join her sister, then she had to do it. Vicki told Sarah about the first time she’d submitted to the butt plug. She’d had a hard time imagining Sarah allowing someone to control her like that but knew Sarah had passed her “training” year, so she’d submitted. Sarah felt terrible hearing this. She hadn’t realized her decisions while a “trainee” would be used to “train” her sister.

Vicki’s sleep that night was plagued by erotic dreams. It was the first time she’d been hooked up to the milking machine all night and the stimulation was working her up. So she was groggy the next morning, even after her morning fucking.

Stone came by with the doctor who’d treated her over her year as a “trainee.” Sarah was with her at the time and said “Oh. I guess it’s time for your branding. Don’t worry, it won’t affect your milk production much. The doctor will numb the area so you won’t feel any pain when the brand is applied.”

Vicki had seen Stone’s brand on the others and assumed it would happen to her too. But she’d never considered its impact on her milk production. That thought hadn’t even crossed her mind and was still not a concern for her. Her mind was wrapped up in the implications of being branded. It really sealed her fate and would be the last step in her conversion into livestock.

But her sister took her by the hand and led her over to be branded. Vicki was so scared that she was shaking. Sarah stood by her the whole time, stroking her hair and telling her what a good cow she was. Vicki almost threw up when she smelled her flesh burning. But it ended quickly and the next thing was having her nose punched for her nose ring. She went through that in rather a daze.

Then the ordeal was over. Sarah led Vicki back to her stall and had her lay down. She turned off the light and left her there; figuring Vicki would fall asleep as she had done after her branding. Instead, Vicki lay in her bed and quietly cried. It wasn’t the pain that made her cry, it was the loss of her humanity. But eventually she fell asleep and awoke to her sister rubbing ointment onto her brand.

She sat up and hugged her sister, content to just hold her for now. Sarah understood what was going through her mind and just stroked her hair, murmuring soothing words into her ear. Finally, Vicki was ready to get up. Sarah helped her up and led her over to the milking station where a stable hand prepared her to be milked.

Vicki settled into life in the barn fairly quickly. Having another cow around helped her. She got used to seeing the other livestock having sex with each other. But as horny as she was all the time, she wasn’t ready to give in to that temptation.

A couple of weeks later Stone took the two ponies and Vicki into the office with him. He used to take Sarah also but the tattoo on her face was too hard to cover up so he left her in the barn. He was glad to have Vicki now since he’d missed having fresh milk in his coffee at the office. It was such a pleasure having a cow bend over his cup so he could have the milk straight from the udder. He deliberately dressed his cow in dresses with what looked like zippered pockets on the front of their tops. Of course, they weren’t pockets; they were designed to give him quick access to their udders.

Vicki enjoyed being at the office, she felt almost human. But that feeling was shattered when Stone called her over and had her bend over his morning coffee. The feeling of him unzipping and milking her brought tears to her eyes.

Stone noticed her tears and smiled to himself. He so loved the first month or so after a woman agreed to be his livestock. He kept them off balance a lot during that time since it was so much fun to watch them struggle with their new status. Of course, eventually they settled into their new roles and he drew his enjoyment then from just owning them. He felt a sense of accomplishment every time he looked at them, a feeling that was compounded whenever he used them as he’d designed them to be used.

Vicki went straight to her sister when she got back from the office that evening and sat with her on Sarah’s bed. She started to sob and explained how she felt. She spoke and sobbed for quite a while, the whole time Sarah just held her and stroked her hair. Eventually she stopped sobbing but did not leave the comfort of her sister’s arms. Sarah’s strokes gradually started going further down her back and soon reached Vicki’s ass. Vicki was vaguely aware of where her hand was but was enjoying the closeness, so didn’t move away. Sarah’s other hand then bumped into Vicki’s left nipple. That sent a jolt to Vicki’s cunt and got the juices flowing. Sarah started stroking her nipple, the feeling was akin to being milked and that heightened Vicki’s horniness even more.

It wasn’t long before Vicki started moaning quietly and Sarah’s hand on her nipple moved to encompass her whole udder, stroking from the base of the udder to the tip of her nipple. Vicki moved her head up from Sarah’s shoulder and started kissing her neck. Her kisses migrated up her neck to her chin and finally to her lips. Sarah’s hand migrated from her ass to her cunt and she was soon plunging her fingers in and out of Vicki’s cunt. Then, for the first time, Vicki came from the hands of another female.

The ponies looked up from their chess game and smiled at each other when they heard her loud moans. They both knew that meant it wouldn’t be long before they too had another sex partner.

Vicki slumped against her sister as she came down from her orgasm. She felt Sarah take her fingers out of her pussy and then became aware that Sarah was licking her cum off her fingers. Vicki wasn’t sure how she felt about what just occurred but for the moment, she was sated. What made this orgasm even more of a wonder is that it had happened without permission. She’d thought she’d lost that ability.

The two cows fell into a light sleep that lasted until the dinner bell. They arose and walked hand in hand to their feeding troughs and, realizing they were ravenous, dug in. After dinner the cows returned to Sarah’s stall where they had a whispered conversation that lasted until time for their evening milking.

Both cows were very horny after being milked and Sarah asked the stable hand if he would unlock Stone’s pussy. Smiling at what he knew was going to happen, he unlocked her and the patted her ass.

“You two heifers have a good time. Think I’ll watch. Always good to watch a newbie. Oh, and you two can cum as much as you want for now.”

Vicki was uncomfortable with being watched but Sarah just grabbed her hand and pulled her hurriedly toward her stall. Sarah pushed Vicki back on to the bed and dove for her cunt. This was another first for Vicki but she soon got caught up in the wonderful feeling of a female tongue in and on her cunt. She came after only a few minutes and when Sarah’s wet face came up, Vicki grabbed her and gave her a deep, sensual kiss.

Vicki didn’t hesitate to return the favor, pulling Sarah up on to the bed and diving between her sister’s legs. She wasn’t as skilled as her sister at eating pussy but her enthusiasm made up for any lacking in the skill department.

Suddenly she felt a cock slide into her pussy as the stable hand sought relief from his own horniness. Vicki didn’t slow down; instead she raised her ass to give him better access and continued to eat her first pussy.

The two cows spent a lot of time exploring each other’s bodies over the next few days. Then one day, Wanda approached Vicki when they were outside in the field and started stroking one of her long nipples. Vicki just smiled at her and took her other hand. She led Wanda back to the barn, stopping once to ask a stable hand for permission for them both to cum, which he granted.

That started a round of sexual exploration for Vicki, first one on one sex with the ponies and then group sex with two and three partners. After a few weeks of that, the livestock settled into a routine of sharing that kept them all sexually sated.

Stone had come down to speak with the stable hands one day when he spotted his livestock chatting together. He wandered over to them and announced “Looks like I’m going to add two more ponies to the herd in a few months. I found some twins just getting out of community college. They were on the track team in high school and continued to run after they went to college.”

Ellen and Wanda looked shocked. They knew that one day he might sell them but thought they had years before that happened. They were only in their late 20s, so had plenty of service to provide.

Stone saw their looks and was pleased. He had deliberately tried to unsettle them.

“Oh, don’t worry, I’m not selling you or retiring you. I want four ponies. I’m having a larger buggy built and need a four pony team to pull it. I plan on being the hit of the parade in next fall’s fair.”

The ponies were very relieved by that. They had not wanted to be converted into ponies but had adjusted to life as Stone’s livestock and didn’t know what another owner would do to them.

“It’s been fun domesticating two at once. It was getting too easy domesticating one at a time. Vicki wasn’t much of a challenge since I’ve perfected my methods over time. This brings a new level of excitement to my life. Next time, I’m going to domesticate more cows. There’s some real money be made selling human milk.”

With that statement, Stone turned and walked away. What his livestock didn’t see was the smile on his face. He’d just dropped a couple of bombs on their happy lives and he knew they’d be even more anxious to please him now. He was not a cruel man, but he knew he had to be harsh at times to keep them under control. Besides, this would encourage them to think like the herd that they were.

The livestock turned and looked at each other anxiously. They could tell that Vicki was crushed by his callous statement about her being easy to domesticate. She’d taken some pride in thinking she had fought domestication. To hear it had been easy really hurt.

Wanda, being closest to her, wrapped her arm around her shoulders and gave her a hug. Vicki clung to her and cried for a few minutes as the other livestock gently stroked her back. After a few minutes, she calmed down and looked at her fellow livestock and said “Thank you. I don’t know what I’d do without you three.”

A little later that afternoon, the livestock gathered to discuss something that arose out of what Stone had said earlier; their eventual fate. That discussion lasted for days with no resolution. There wasn’t anything that they could do. They had signed their lives away when they made their last decision and their fate was not theirs to decide.

A few days later though, they heard something that swept all these troubling thoughts away. There was going to be another fair in a month! To make it even more exciting, it was to be held at Stone’s farm. That set them to gossiping excitedly.

It also left them with the realization that, life as livestock should be lived in the moment for that is all they had.

**Chapter 12 – Horse Thieves and Cattle Rustlers**

*I know I said the last chapter was the conclusion but a reader sent me a great idea for a new chapter as well as an idea for an earlier chapter. My thanks to Bob for the ideas and motivating me to continue the story a little further. I invite readers to re-read chapter 3 to learn what happened when Sarah quit and why she returned.*

The fair at Stone’s farm was a great success. Vicki was not entered into this fair as her production was still not in the competitive range. But she was allowed to observe the proceedings. She was somewhat dismayed to watch her sister being led around by her nose ring behind Stone’s cart. But she quickly over came that feeling as she observed the envy and lust in the faces of the other owners as they watched Sarah walking so proudly behind her owner. Her heart swelled when she watched her sister once again win the beauty contest.

Stone was sitting on a fence out by the barn watching Joe, one of his stable hands, washing down the ponies after the last of the contestants had packed and left just enjoying the sight. “Joe, you guys did a good job. Everything went off without a hitch.”

“Yeah. It did go off pretty good. Only thing that was an issue was I caught one of Sylvia’s stable hands snooping around the barn”

“You didn’t mention that to me.”

“Sorry boss. We was just so busy all the time, I just plumb forgot till now.”

“That’s ok. What do you think he was looking for?”

“Good question. At first I thought he was looking for whatever we do to make Sarah produce so much. But the more I thought about it, the less likely that seemed. It looked almost like he was casing the place.”

“I can’t imagine even Sylvia would stoop to stealing my livestock. They are all branded and registered. She couldn’t show or sell them. So he must have been looking for our secret to more milk production.”

“Probably right.”

Neither of them thought any more about it and they almost completely forgot about it.

A couple of weeks later, Vicki approached Stone when he came to check her milk production.

“Sir, I’d like to be permanently marked like my sister. I want to be sure you always place first and second in the cow beauty contest and Sarah’s permanent markings always impress the judges.”

Stone stopped what he was he was doing and just looked at her. “You do understand that the process takes quite a few long sessions and can be a little painful?”

“Yes sir. I’ve discussed it with Sarah and she told me all about it. I also know it will affect my milk production but you said you weren’t planning on showing me in the fair six weeks from now. So now seemed the best time to start.”

“You and your sister have turned into such fine cows. I am so proud to own you.”

Vicki preened at his words of praise. She didn’t realize that it was a mark of how far she had changed from the proud young woman she’d been a little over a year ago.

“I want to get your milk production up a little first. We’ll start in a month. The fair after this next one won’t be held for three months after this one ends. That should be plenty of time to get you marked and increase your milk production to competitive levels.”

“Oh, thank you sir. I want to be your best cow.”

“A little competitive with your sister. Huh? Guess that makes sense. You both have good business minds and you need to be competitive to be successful.”

Vicki smiled and looked down.

“Don’t be bashful. I selected you two for more than your milk producing abilities. It would have given me no pleasure domesticating submissive women. I wanted women who were strong and competitive. I take your continued competitiveness as a compliment to my domestication techniques.”

Vicki wasn’t quite sure how to take what he’d just said. But decided in the end to accept it as a compliment. No matter that she’d been a strong independent woman when Stone had started domesticating her. She was now his cow and she was proud of it.

Vicki’s production kept increasing over the next month and had reached three quarts a day before Stone decided to start her marking. He decided to start on her torso first so she could continue to help in the office as long as possible. With that in mind, he told Joe to set it up and have her marked over the next two weeks. That way she would have time for her production to recover before the next fair. He so looked forward to having two cows in the next fair. Granted Vicki’s udders were not as well developed as Sarah’s. Her nipples were almost as big around as Sarah’s, just not as long yet. Still, she was more fully converted than all the competition.

Vicki’s tattooing sessions went well and today was to be her final session. Joe collected her after her morning milking and loaded her into a small livestock trailer. The other stable hand left about the same time to mend a fence that had mysteriously fallen down. It was out on the other side of the farm, so he’d be gone for a few hours.

Before Joe left, he checked to be sure that Sarah had peed since no one would be around for a few hours to unlock her.

“Sir, could you leave it unlocked and give me permission to cum? Ellen promised me a good licking and I really could use a good cum.”

“No, you can wait till I git back. I’m horny too and love fucking her ass while she licks one of you out.”

“Oh”

With that, he jumped into the truck and drove off. The livestock wandered out into the field where the ponies started a complex game of tag that involved some of the special steps they used in competition. That lasted about 30 minutes before both of them threw themselves to the ground to rest.

Sarah wandered off to stand under a tree with her laptop so she could work on a proposal for Stone. There was a standing desk under the tree as she liked to be outside when she could. It just seemed right for her as a cow to be out in a field as much as possible.

The ponies napped for a short while before rising, each spreading their legs to let a long stream of urine out into the grass. That done, they started to walk toward the barn but stopped when they heard the sound of a truck driving toward the field.

Thinking it was one of the hands returning, they turned toward the truck. It wasn’t one they were familiar with so they just stood there. They heard the driver’s side door open but didn’t see anyone until they noticed the top of a man’s head as he leaned over the pickup truck bed. He was holding something long but its shape didn’t register in Ellen’s mind until she felt the sting of needle in her left leg. Then she fell to the ground unconscious.

Wanda screamed when Ellen fell and turned to run. But she too felt the sting of a needle and fell to the ground. Sarah was focused on her proposal writing and hadn’t really registered what was happening until she saw Wanda fall. By then it was too late as she too was shot and knocked unconscious.

As soon as they were down, another man jumped out of the truck and raced over to open a gate so the other man could drive the pickup close to the sleeping livestock. The two men quickly loaded the livestock into the back of the pickup and covered them with a tarp. Then they drove off.

When Joe returned he let Vicki out of the truck and quickly got her settled into her milking station. Then he went to round up Sarah, sure that she’d be anxious to be milked. But she was nowhere to be found. Then he noticed the ponies were gone too.

Thinking that the other hand had returned and decided to exercise the ponies and Sarah. He looked into the tack room and the ponies’ tack was still hanging up. It was as he was coming out of the tack room that he noticed the other pickup truck was gone.

He grabbed his cell phone and called the other hand. “Gary, where you at? You got the livestock with you?”

“What? I don’t have them. Shit, I’m still messing with this fence. Looks like someone wrecked it on purpose. Damn fence post is broken off at the base.”

Joe quickly hung up and called Stone. “Mr. Stone. We might have a problem. Do you have the livestock?”

“No, are they missing?”

“Yes sir.”

“Then someone must have stolen them. There is no way they would have run away. I trained them too well to ever consider that. I’ll be over there as soon as I can.”

Stone immediately cancelled his afternoon meeting and had his driver take him home. Getting out of the car at the barn, he rushed over to the two stable hands.

“Any clues yet?”

“Not a one. Only strange thing I can think of is that guy I caught snooping around during the fair.”

“That’s right! I remember you telling me about it. We thought he was looking for my secret for getting more milk from my cows. Didn’t you say he worked for Sylvia?”

“Yep. I saw them together unloading her livestock trailer in the morning.”

Stone whipped out his cell phone and dialed Sylvia’s number. “Sylvia, I want my livestock returned immediately! I know you’re competitive, but this is ridiculous!”

“Whatever are you talking about? What’s this about your livestock?”

“Look, I know you stole them and I want them back right now!”

“John, I resent your accusation! Why, if you are so sure I stole your livestock, then come over and look in my barn.”

“I’ll do just that! I will be there in an hour. If I find you’ve stolen them, then I’ll put the word out to all the other slave and livestock owners. You’ll be ostracized for life.”

“You better not start spreading any lies about me!”

Stone hung up his phone and jumped back in his car, saying over his shoulder “She won’t have them at her barn. That would be too obvious. But I need to look anyway. She must have another place she’s taken them too. Check with anyone you know and see if they have any idea where it is.”

Stone started doing the same thing as his driver sped down the road. But, after a dozen calls, he had no more clues.

In the meantime, Sarah was just waking up. The first thing she was aware of was that this was not her barn. This one was rather small and dirty. The next thing she was aware of was her urgent need to pee.

She started to stand up but was almost overcome with a wave of dizziness. That passed after a couple of minutes and she was finally able to stand. She shuffled out of the stall she had been sleeping in and spotted a stable hand sitting at a table.

She walked over to him and said “Please sir, would you unlock Stone’s pussy so I may pee?”

“Oh, that’s right, I heard about your cunt being locked up.” He reached over and grabbed the end of the chain lacing up Stone’s pussy. “Rekun I can cut this off.”

“But sir, then how will you lock Stone’s pussy up again?”

“First, it’s not Stone’s pussy anymore. We dun stole you from him. We’re going to sell you. Guess whoever buys you will have to decide whether they want to lock up your cunt or not.”

“Stole me! Sell me? But I belong to Stone. You must return me at once. I am a valuable cow. Stone domesticated me and it is up to him if I am to be sold. Not you!”

The stable hand didn’t say a word. He just grabbed some wire cutters and clipped off the lock on the chain.

Sarah just stood there, unable to say a word. Her mind was in turmoil. She was Stone’s property! She gradually became aware that the stable hand was putting a collar around her neck and fastening a leash to it.

“Come a long. I’ll take you outside to pee.”

This brought her urgent need to pee to mind and she followed meekly. The hand unlocked the door and led her outside to a grassy area.

“Well, go ahead. I got better things to do than stand here waiting for you to piss.”

Sarah spread her legs and let a torrent of pee cascade out. She immediately felt better but now she became aware of the pressure in her udders and mooed.

“Sir, this cow needs to be milked.”

“Dang! He really has you broke well. You really do think you’re a cow.”

“I’m not broken, I am domesticated. And I’ll have you know that I really am a cow. I was a wild cow who didn’t know her true function before Stone found me. But now I am a fully domesticated cow and this cow needs to be milked!”

“Ha! Guess I’ll just have to take care of that.” He said, grinning. He was beginning to like her. He was a little grossed out when he first saw her, what with her being completely marked in black and white and the big red nipples. But now he could tell she had spunk. Maybe he’d fuck her when they got back in the barn.

Back at Stone’s ranch the stable hands and Stone were calling everyone they knew in the business to see if any of them had a clue as to where the stolen livestock had been taken. But their calls were fruitless.

But then Stone got a call from most unexpected source, Samantha, the “trainee” who got away.

“Master Stone. I heard about the theft and remembered something another slave told me during the last fair. She said that Mistress Sylvia had hired some new hands and they were very rough types, not at all the type the Mistress normally hired.”

“Thank you for the information Samantha. I must admit I am a little surprised you called me. Does your owner know you called?”

“Yes, sir. She felt it best if you heard the story directly from me. As to why I said anything, well, I’ve always regretted not submitting to you. Don’t get me wrong, I love my owner. But you were the one who brought out my true nature.”

“It was my fault you left. I learned since that the training period should be 12, not 9 months. But at least you belong to a good owner.”

“My owner told me that I have you to thank for that.”

“Master Stone. Could you tell me what you would have converted me into? My tits aren’t that big, so a cow seems unlikely and I’m not very athletic, so a pony is out.”

Stone chuckled and said “I would have converted you into a puppy. You have this cute growl you make when you’re frustrated. That is what gave me the idea.”

“Oh. Thank you for telling me. I’ve wondered ever since I saw you leading your first pony at a fair.”

The conversation petered out after that and Stone hung up. He immediately dialed the number of a County Commissioner he was friendly with.

“Sonia, this is Stone. I was wondering if you could do me a favor. A business competitor of mine, Sylvia Irwin, has taken some property of mine and I want to know all her real-estate holdings in this state.”

“Why don’t you just take this to the police?”

“Because I can’t prove it. I need to get proof before I go to them.”

“All right, I’ll do it. But I expect a handsome campaign contribution this fall.”

“You can count on me. Thanks.”

It took a couple of days, but Stone ended up getting information on all of her real-estate holdings. It turned out there were a number of them and some of them were in out of the way places. Knowing he didn’t have the manpower to check them all, Stone brought in a security firm with a reputation for keeping their mouths shut. Stone figured he’d need their muscle to get his livestock back, so having them also do the searching meant he would have people in the right place when they were finally located.

But in the meantime he had a fair to attend. He only had one cow and this one not quite at her peak production level. But he figured she was still better than 99% of the competition. Besides, she was beautiful, so at least he would probably win the beauty contest.

“Vicki, looks like I’ll be showing you alone this time. I know you’re worried about the other livestock, particularly your sister. I’ve hired some very good people to get my property back and I expect them to be returned shortly.”

“Oh, I hope so Sir. I miss Sarah and the ponies. I’m also concerned about the loss of your valuable property. You worked hard to domesticate us and it’s unfair for your other livestock to have been stolen from you.”

“I know I’m not at Sarah’s level of production but I will do my best at the fair to make you proud that you own this cow.”

“I know you will. I am proud of you. Now, let’s go in the barn. I feel like milking you by hand.”

“Oh, thank you Master! It always makes me feel special when I feel your hands pulling on my udders.”

Meanwhile, back at the barn where Stone’s stolen livestock were being held, the men were getting antsy.

“That broad told us we’d only have to keep these three here for a couple of days. It’s been longer than that now and I sure don’t want to be found with them.”

“What are they going to do if they catch us? Sure as hell can’t turn us over to the cops. I mean, these girls aren’t just slaves, they been converted to livestock. No, we’ll just be let go.”

“You really are dumb, Hank! Don’t you see? These people are ruthless enough to take people and make them cows and ponies. I sure as hell don’t want to find myself pulling a cart and thinking I’m a fucking horse.”

“Shit! I sure as hell didn’t think of that.”

“Why do you think we’re getting so much money? Sure not for babysitting some babes. Its cause if we get caught, we either get kilt or made into fuckin animals.”

“I say we give her another day to bring in the buyers then we get the fuck out of here.”

“What about our money?”

“Fucking money won’t do us no good if we’re dead or like those girls.”

At that very moment, Stone was leading Vicki onto the fairgrounds for her very first fair. Stone sensed that she was nervous and spoke soothingly but quietly to her. He knew that this was a moment of truth for her, just as it had been for his three other head of livestock. This was the moment people would see her as a cow, not as a person. She was proud of her status as Stone’s cow and reveled in knowing she was fully converted into livestock, but some small ember deep within her still wished to be viewed as a person. Now that small ember would be extinguished.

Stone relished this moment for two reasons. One, he was proud of his accomplishment in converting another intelligent, beautiful woman into livestock and loved the respect it brought him from his peers when they saw her for the first time in her new role as his property. The other reason was that he knew that ember existed in her and enjoyed seeing it extinguished.

The parade went well and soon he was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, eager to get a look at yet another of his fully converted livestock. His good mood was dampened when Sylvia came by and said rather loudly “What, only one this time?”

Stone just looked at her coldly before turning back to the man he’d been speaking with. His agents were quickly narrowing down the possible places his stolen livestock might be being kept at. In fact, he expected a call before the fair ended with the news that his stolen property was safely back.

Since he had no ponies in the races, his morning was spent speaking with other owners about what should be done with the guilty party or parties. So far, all had agreed that the guilty ones should be Stone’s to sell into slavery.

Stone would keep Sylvia for himself. He considered the idea of breaking Sylvia himself but rejected it. Breaking someone like her would require methods he didn’t enjoy. Better to let someone else have that pleasure. He would then happily convert her into livestock. She had big tits, so maybe he could add her to the dairy herd he was building.

Finally it was time for the milking competition. Stone led Vicki to her stall and attached her leash to a hook on the wall.

“Master. I hope I don’t let you down. I know my milk production is not as much as Sarah’s yet.”

“I am not worried about that. You produce more than any of these other cows. But no matter how today comes out, I will always be proud of you. You are an excellent cow.”

“Thank you, Master. I am proud to be owned by you.”

This time the competition was stiffer. Sylvia had obviously been working on getting her cow’s production up. But in the end, Vicki’s milk production was better, although by only a cup.

Stone’s phone rang shortly after receiving the accolades of his peers.

“Mr. Stone, this is Emmitt Short. I am happy to report that we have retrieved your property and will bring it to you within the hour.”

“Excellent! Did you catch the men who took them?”

“Yes, sir. We’ll drop them off at the same time.”

“Let me speak to one of them.”

“Which one?”

“Whichever seems most likely to make a deal.”

Stone heard some muffled words and then heard a man say “Mr. Stone. I hear you want to speak with me.”

“Yes, I have permission to sell everyone involved in this into slavery. I can tell you that it won’t be some nice slave owner I will sell you to. Instead, it will be someone who will use you in a gay brothel that charges by the quarter hour. But, one of you could get off with a much nicer deal if they were willing to publicly say who put you up to this. Do you understand me?”

“I understand you. I’ll do it.”

“Good. You’ll have your chance shortly.”

The cow’s beauty contest was underway when suddenly there was a commotion coming from the audience. Five large men dressed in black with the words Titus Security emblazoned on their backs were leading two ponies, a hucow, and two handcuffed men onto the field. The ponies and the hucow immediately began pulling on their leashes while crying out for their owner.

Stone immediately signaled to the men holding their leashes. Seeing the signal, they dropped the leashes and the livestock ran over to their owner. There, they began crying and babbling their delight at being back with their owner. Somewhere in the morass of feminine voices, Stone clearly heard Sarah say “Master, they cut the chain on your pussy. I’ve been so confused. Please put it back on.”

Stone just let them babble for a couple of minutes before telling them to quiet down. Still sobbing, they backed away as Stone assumed a cold, hard look. He looked at the leader of the men who’d returned his livestock. “Which one?”

The man pushed one of the handcuffed men forward. “Tell me who paid you to steal my livestock.”

The man pointed toward Sylvia who was standing with a shocked expression on her face. “That’s her. She paid us 20 grand each to snatch these girls and hold them until she arranged a buyer.”

Two of the Titus Security men grabbed Sylvia and held her as Stone stalked over to her. “Why did you do it?”

“I’ve always won these fairs. Then you came along with these sluts and took it away from me. I wanted to win again. Besides, do you know what these are worth? I had bids in the millions.”

“Well, you might get a chance to win again. But this time, you will be the one shown. I’ve got permission to enslave you and when you’re broken, I will convert you into a cow.”

“You can’t do that! I’m worth millions. Surely I can just pay a fine and be done with it.”

“Not this time. We don’t have a lot of rules in this game but one of the strongest is that we don’t steal from each other.”

“People will notice if I disappear. My niece Cassandra if right over there. She’ll report you to the police.”

“Actually, Cassandra and I have already spoken about the situation. She understands what has to happen. Besides, she’s your heir. As for how you’ll disappear, you’ll die in a car accident on the way home. Luckily, you drove yourself today so there won’t be any awkward loose ends.”

Stone turned and looked into the crowd before spotting the man he was looking for. “George Jeffers! I think we have mutual interests here.”

“What’s that? Other than the fact that we both hate Sylvia.”

“That is a big part of our mutual interest. I need someone to break her before I start her conversion. You, my man, are very good at that and with your dislike of her; it should give you great pleasure to break her. Are you up for it?”

“Are you kidding? I would love to break this bitch. She’s done everything she could to put me down for years now. It will definitely be my pleasure!”

“Great. One stipulation, no physical damage. I want her in prime condition when I show her.”

“No problem. Physical damage is not a vital part of my breaking process, so I’ll just leave it out.”

The whole time this conversation was taking place, Sylvia was struggling in the arms of the two security men and muttering “This can’t be happening to me, this can’t be happening to me.”

Suddenly she screamed “You can’t do this to me! I have my rights!”

Stone just looked at her and said “Not any longer, slave. A year from now you will back at this fair showing everyone what a good cow you are.”

“Mister Jeffers, she is all yours. How long will you need to break her?”

“I figure three months.”

“Well, then. Take her away and enjoy.”

With that parting remark, Stone gathered up his livestock loaded them into his trailer. Once inside the familiar surroundings, the livestock huddled together, softly sobbing until they fell asleep to gentle rocking of the trailer as it was pulled down the highway.

Stone called ahead to tell his slaves to have things ready for the livestock. He specifically asked to have another light chain ready in the morning so he could lock up his pussy. That part of Sarah’s new normal would comfort her. He remembered her comment after they were returned. He found it interesting that she was so concerned about that loss, especially since she’d fainted upon realizing it took away the last vestige of control she had over what was then her own body.

He wanted to get all of his livestock back into their familiar routine as soon as possible. He figured it was the best therapy he could give them. After all, it was not as though there were crisis counselors for livestock.

The stable hands had to wake the livestock when they pulled up by the barn. Even Vicki was asleep, exhausted from the excitement of the fair and the return of the rest of the herd. Each animal was led to her own stall and put to bed.

That separation didn’t last long as the stable hands found them curled up together before the morning feeding. Stone appeared shortly after they awoke and rather ceremoniously locked up his pussy.

“Oh Master. Thank you for locking up your pussy. I’ve felt naked with my lips hanging down like that and your pussy uncovered. Those men didn’t understand that it is your pussy. They kept telling me it didn’t belong to you. In fact, they said we didn’t belong to you at all anymore. We kept insisting we were your property but they didn’t believe us. They didn’t understand that you had domesticated us. You made us into the livestock we are today and no one should take us away from you unless you sold us.”

Sarah was practically in tears again as she said all that. Stone understood she needed some comforting so he said “Now, now. You are back where you belong again. You will never be taken away from me like that again. Now, it’s time for your first milking of the day. I believe I’ll do that by hand.”

“Oh thank you, thank you. I’ve missed being milked by you. Those awful men didn’t know how to hand milk a cow and made a mess when they tried.”

Turning to the two ponies, Stone said “I will take a spin around the farm after breakfast. So be ready for some exercise.”

Both ponies smiled broadly and Wanda said “Thank you Master. We’ve not been exercised since we were stolen. My legs are stiff from doing nothing for so long.”

The animals quickly settled into their routines and the trauma of their theft passed. Like regular livestock, they lived pretty much in the present. Stone, on the other hand, tightened security around the farm. He knew a lot of people had heard Sylvia’s comment about the worth of his livestock and a few would be tempted to try to make a quick buck.

The next 3 months passed quickly and the day for Stone to pick up his newest cow had arrived. He usually didn’t enjoy this method for procuring livestock, but this case; he relished the opportunity to convert the once haughty woman into a cow. At 32, she was a little older than he preferred since he would get fewer years of milk production but his satisfaction would more than make up for the lost years of production.

He pulled up to Jeffers house and backed the livestock trailer to a side door. Then he got out and knocked on that door. Jeffers quickly opened the door and motioned him inside.

“I think you’ll be pleased by her transformation. I can’t tell you how satisfying it was to break her. She thought she was too strong to be broken. In reality, it took less time to have her begging to suck my cock than most women I get to play with.”

Jeffers led Stone through a door and with a sweep of his arm, said “Here she is.”

Stone saw a naked woman kneeling with her head down in the classic slave position.

“Nice, very nice.”

“Slave, presentation position.”

The slave quickly arose and stood with her hands behind her head, legs spread.

Stone nodded appreciatively and started walking around her. He noted her smooth unblemished skin.

“I see you were able to keep her in prime physical condition.”

“I told you I would.”

“I know. But I thought some discipline would be needed.”

“Oh, I definitely had to discipline her, just not physically.”

“Really? Sometime we’ll have to discuss how you did it.”

Stone reached out with both hands and lifted her breasts, noting their large size. The only downside was her small nipples. But she had large aureoles. He figured he could have a plastic surgeon put something rigid in them to make larger nipples that were better for milking. In fact, he knew just the surgeon to do it. She not only owed him a favor but she also hated Sylvia (lots of people did).

“Well, I best be on my way. I want to thank you for taking the time to break her. I know you enjoyed it, but it was still nice of you to do it. Let me know if I can do something for you sometime.”

“No, you don’t owe me anything. This has been a great experience. I’ve fantasied about breaking her for a long time. You just made it possible. Let’s just call it even.”

“Slave, this is your new owner. You will obey him as you would me.”

“Yes, Master.”

Stone clipped a leash to her collar and led her back out of the house.

“Stone, I can’t wait to see her at the next fair. Will you be coloring her like you have your other cows?”

“Definitely. She will be completely converted.”

Stone loaded her into the trailer and then got out his phone.

“This is Mr. Stone. May I speak with Doctor May?”

Stone waited a couple of minutes before the doctor got on the line.

“Doctor May, Stone here. I was wondering if you would be available to do a private consultation. I have a potential hucow and I want to see about modifying her udders so she has proper nipples for milking.”

“I thought you did it the natural way?”

“This is a special circumstance. Remember Sylvia?”

“Who could forget that bitch? Oh, that’s right. You must have gotten her broken and now you want to start her conversion. My, my. Bring her around to my home at 4. I have a small clinic in the back I use for special jobs.”

“Great. That will give me time to take her home and brand her.”

“Oh, this is going to be so satisfying. Do you know that she once had the gall to try to convince me to become her slave? She was friendly to me until I turned her down. After that, she either ignored me or treated me like trash.”

“See you in a few hours.”

Stone hung up and got into his truck. Back at the farm, he had one of the farm hands unload her and take her over to be branded.

Stone noticed she had a rather vacant expression. He was sure that was going to change in just a few minutes. Unlike his other livestock, he wasn’t going to numb the area where the brand was going. He wanted to cement in her mind that she was his. His other livestock had, with some manipulation, decided to become his. This one had not.

The farm hand got her into position and strapped her down.

“The branding iron is not quite hot enough, boss. It’ll be about 5 more minutes.”

“I guess I’ll just try her ass out while we’re waiting.”

With that, Stone pulled out his cock and drove it in her ass in one forceful motion. She grunted but made no other sounds. Stone was very impressed with Jeffers methods. They may not be Stone’s, but he could appreciate the results, no matter how it was accomplished. He finished up just as the farm hand was bringing over the branding iron.

Stone took the hot iron and quickly pushed it onto her ass. This created the first real reaction he’s seen from her since he picked her up. She screamed and then started to wail. That went on for a few minutes after he’d removed the branding iron. Eventually, it quieted into wracking sobs and eventually into quiet crying.

She was quiet later during the drive to see the plastic surgeon and submitted meekly to the doctor’s examination.

“I see no problems extending the nipples. But I must warn you, given how little there is to work with, I will be lucky to get an inch and half. You’ll have to extend them your normal way if you want them any longer.”

“I expected as much. I just want to have a head start in the process since I expect to show her in 9 months.”

“If you can leave her with me tonight, I should have her ready by this time tomorrow.”

“Sounds good. I’ll see you then.”

The next nine months passed without incident. Even the introduction of the two new ponies went smoothly. As they were only 19, the other livestock took them under their wings and treated them like little sisters. Well, incestuous little sisters. Sarah and Vicki licked them both to orgasm after orgasm their first night in the barn and they were soon part of the herd’s sexual play that characterized so many of their nights.

Stone decided that leaving Sylvia with her pre-livestock name was improper, so renamed her Betsy after an old advertisement he remembered for a milk company. The ad featured a cow named Betsy. It seemed appropriate for his newest hucow.

Now it was time for the fair where he would show his newest hucow to the public. He was very pleased when he led his three hucows into the arena by leashes attached to their nose rings. All three had had their skin tattooed to show the distinctive Holstein black and white patterns.

The audience looked on in pleasure and amazement at seeing the former Sylvia reduced to a compliant hucow. She even managed to come in third in the milking contest, with Vicki and Sarah coming in second and first respectively.

Owners and spectators crowded around all day to gawk at the hucow that had been such a bitch when she was human. Betsy was so conditioned to her new life that she preened at all the attention she was getting, thrusting her udders out for them to fondle.

Six months later, Stone introduced three new hucows to the herd. The others were amazed that he had managed to convert three at once. They were so proud to be owned by such an amazing man.

The new livestock were all 19 years old. Stone had recruited them right out of high school. They were close friends and thought they were going to be trained as Stone’s personal assistants. It is a testament to his conversion program that they all agreed to become his property during the same breakfast session.

One change from his earlier conversions was that he had the three milk each other during their last months as humans, but by hand and with a milking machine. Toward the end, the milking sessions usually devolved into orgies with the three soon-to-be hucows licking each other in a circle on the floor of the milking room.

Over the coming years, the herd grew as expected. Stone decided to breed all his livestock since he only chose the most intelligent women to domesticate and he didn’t want their genes to be lost. But the babies were adopted out to good families immediately upon birth. It would not do for the mothers to become too attached to them and it would not do for children to be raised around human livestock.

Life went on and, all in all, the herd was content with their lot in life.

The end.