



Milking His Lass

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Category: Romance, Adult, Paranormal

Description: When you make a living exposing corporate espionage, you're bound to make some enemies.

So it only makes sense that you might, some day, end up kidnapped and forced to endure some very painful interrogations.

What does not make sense is ending up kidnapped by giant blue aliens who happen to have an insatiable thirst for milk.

Human milk.

Logic says I should be looking for an escape, looking for a way back to my home planet. Back to my work, my family.

Back to being human.

But nothing about this experience is logical. Least of all the pleasure I find in being reduced from a brilliant hacker to an animal whose sole purpose is to be milked and bred by my new Master.

And when an old feud threatens my new way of life, those who tried to take me from my Master will find that this little heifer has horns—and I'm not afraid to use them.

Milking His Lass is a Dark HuCow romance featuring themes not appropriate for all readers. Please read the author's note to determine if this story is too much for you.

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Chapter 1

Fiona

Bright lights assault my eyes, sending sharp pain pounding through my skull. The shards fan out in a brilliant display, like starbursts. Ugh. How much did I drink last night? Normally, I'm the sober one, especially at work.

It's the running joke amongst all my coworkers—wee Fiona cannae handle her spirits like a true Scottish lass. It's nauseating, really. It's not as if I choose to get sick every time I drink.

Groaning, I tip my head to the side and force air in and out of my lungs. Someone must have slipped me something. Spiked a drink. If I find out who, there will be hell to pay.

Not only will I get HR involved, but I will personally make their life a living hell. A sigh ripples through my body at that thought. Wishful thinking. Granted, HR is a given, but I can't be mean even if my life depended on it.

Unease slithers through my gut as the pain morphs into a dull ache. Again, that niggling feeling of concern slams against my rational thoughts, rendering them nearly useless. I've been hungover before, but this feels different. I go to clutch my stomach as bile rises in my throat.

If I do imbibe too much, I usually have a pounding headache and sensitivity to light. Never nausea or disorientation. A slight groan slips past my lips as I turn my head.

Something cool and metallic kisses my cheek, sending a wave of relief through my system.

It's so nice, soothing even. Until now, I didn't realize just how feverish I felt. Fucking alcohol sensitivity. How in all the world am I the only Scot unable to hold her liquor?

Maybe the American swill is just subpar? That's a thought. But then, it's not like I can handle a good Scottish ale either. So that can't be it.

Again, my stomach tenses as everything churns. Another thought, one far more horrific nags at the back of my brain, going off like the loud, annoying sirens Americans turn on the first Wednesday of the month. Did someone spike my drink with something other than alcohol?

Not that I truly think anyone I work with would do that... but it's not like I actually know anyone here. I keep my distance for a good reason. There's no way I can allow myself to become enmeshed with them. Not when so much is on the line.

Again, that odd cramp twists my stomach until it's hard to breathe. Did someone find out why I was there? Are they trying to pull information out of me? Granted, I just got started with my investigation, so no one should know anything about me, but that doesn't mean something didn't get leaked.

To my coworkers, I'm just a systems analyst, simply another cog in their well-oiled machine. However, to the man who hired me, I'm there for far more than that. My primary job, the one I get paid for, is to ferret out those set on sabotaging the company.

I hack into their computers and systems, looking for anything that might cause alarm. Thankfully, I haven't found anything yet, but it doesn't mean it's not there. And

that's why cold sweat beads on my skin as the nausea rises in my throat, threatening to choke me.

But it's silly. Who would actually try to drug me to get me to talk? It's preposterous. The more I think about it, the more idiotic it becomes. More than likely someone slipped me a roofie to try to get lucky.

"State your name."

My blood runs cold as the stern voice vibrates through my skull. It doesn't sound like anyone I know. There's a hardened edge to it, a rough quality that I've never heard before.

Is it an accent? No. Not really. I can't place what's off about the voice, but it doesn't sound American, that's for sure. In fact, it doesn't sound like any country I've visited. Perhaps whoever is speaking is disguising their voice?

That would explain that hint of metallic reverberation as he repeats the question. I lick my lips as I think through what he's saying. It's a simple question, yet loaded with numerous unspoken facets. If he wants to know my name, then he's certainly not here to fuck me.

Though roofies don't necessarily have to be administered by a known partner, I'm sure someone wanting sex would have fucked first and asked for my name later... That is, unless they've already raped me and now want to make small talk.

A frisson of fear slithers up my spine, freezing me in place. Nothing feels sore or abused. In fact, besides the splitting headache and aural disturbance when I open my eyes, I feel better than I have in a long time. Again, I open my eyes, snapping them shut as the bright light assaults me.

“Can you understand the words I’m saying?”

Yes, I think inside my head. But I don’t want to respond. Especially not if this is, in fact, an interrogation. Strong fingers brush the side of my head, causing a knee-jerk reaction.

I wrench my neck to the side to escape this foreign, unasked-for touch, but the person is insistent. They probe their fingers over a spot just above the back of my ear, causing a dull ache to run down my neck and into my shoulder.

“It seems to be functioning correctly. Check the systems.”

I understand the words floating around me, hovering just in the ether, but I can’t seem to comprehend the meaning. Systems. Functioning. Correctly. All these words seem to correlate to a computer. But what does that have to do with the man constantly touching the side of my head?

And that’s when I hear the faint beeping noise off to the side. It’s a rhythmic pulse, fast but steady. My heart rate. I’ll bet anything. That’s when a new fear settles into my gut, threatening to make me hurl.

Am I in the hospital? What the hell happened to me? Two voices now murmur beside me, so low I can barely catch the words. But a few stand out. Metal snake? Translator malfunction?

What the actual hell is going on? Now, instead of shying away from the pain, I force my eyes to open. The glaring light sears my optic nerves, but I fight past the discomfort until blurry shapes begin to appear.

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A massive round light, like the type you see in operating rooms in movies and shows, looms above me. My fingers dig into the table below, and I'm dismayed to feel metal beneath my fingertips. So I am in the hospital then.

"W- what happened to me?" I finally croak out, my lips, tongue, and throat parched and barely working.

"Can you understand me?" The maddening voice growls again.

"Yes, I can fucking well understand ye," I snap out, my Scottish lilt taking over as irritation slithers up my spine. "Ye dinnae have to shout."

My head aches and throbs as pain zips through me. Granted, the longer I force my eyes to stay open, the quicker the discomfort seems to dissipate. Turning, I look over toward the voice, desperately needing to see the man who's holding me captive.

Will it be a doctor? Or will it be someone far more nefarious? However, as I open my eyes again, everything freezes. I must be hallucinating. Granted, without my glasses, it's not like I can see details or anything, but I certainly don't need those to make out the blue, man-shaped being next to me.

As if my brain catches up to my eyes, I jerk back, unsure of what I'm seeing. It must be some good drugs; a new one I've never heard of before. I blink, squinting a little so I can improve my vision.

It's not much, but I can now make out dark blue eyes and jet-black hair. The man has a strong jaw and a stern expression. Normally, he'd be the type of guy I'd go home

with, but there's something wrong with his face. That or whatever is in my system is causing me to freak the fuck out.

Unease drips into my veins like a drug, making me wooden and unable to move. But soon, the need to actually get a good look shakes me out of this panic state. Because, honestly, there's no way in hell I'm seeing what I think I'm seeing.

Perhaps a visit to the eye doctor will be in order. That or a neurological exam. There's no reason why his face should be a big, blue blob. No rational reason, at least.

I reach down to grab my glasses, but find my hands and arms refuse to move. They're not paralyzed, just pinned down. Thrashing about, I jerk on my restraints, realizing with a ball of dread gathering in my gut, that I'm completely immobile.

Hysteria bubbles up my throat as the man just stands there. I can't see his expression, but his body language tells me he doesn't give a shit that I'm panicking. Off in the distance, the heart monitor beeps out even faster, matching the fight-or-flight adrenaline dump coursing through my body.

"State your name." His voice is smooth, devoid of any named emotion.

It's as if he doesn't care at all what's going on inside my mind and body. Somehow, that's even scarier than anything else currently happening. I want him to express something, show some sort of emotion. Anything.

"Why?" My voice is small, whispered, and tenuous.

Not at all the strong, capable woman I wish to present, but what can I do? I'm unsure of anything at this point. Despite being lashed down onto this immovable surface, I feel as if I'm free-floating, about to escape my skin.

He turns, presumably to look over at the other voice I heard. They exchange a low, murmured conversation not meant for me to hear. Again, the other approaches, his face clearing as he gets nearby.

“What is ailing you?”

“You mean besides a galoot like you being all demanding while I’m pinned down, scaring me nearly half to death?” Sighing, I bring my hand up to rub my forehead, but just a moment too late remember I can’t move. “My head hurts.”

“Where?”

“Unlatch me, and I’ll show you.”

His lips widen into a feral grin, showing off snow-white teeth. “Nice try, little human. You will not be released until we are done with you.”

My body tenses at his words. Something is very much wrong. Again, I jerk against my restraints, the need to flee coursing through me. The man walks over and places his hand over my breastbone, pushing me further down into the hard, metallic surface.

He leans in, his face a hair’s breadth from mine. “You will do well to settle, little cow. Do not make me hurt you.”

I blink at him, unable to form any words. My mind is a jumble, threatening to fracture and crumble at the slightest pressure. Am I truly kidnapped then?

‘Little cow.’ That phrase bounces about my mind, seeking purchase, but finding none. It makes no sense to me. If anything, I’m far skinnier than I should be. I can eat anything, and my metabolism will gobble it right up.

More than that, compared to this behemoth above me, I'm tiny, insignificant, a speck. There's nothing bovine about me.

"Please," I murmur, not even knowing what it is I'm asking for.

At my soft plea, the man smiles, a touch gentler now. "That's better. Be obedient and compliant, and we will not hurt you. Now then, state your name."

"Fiona." My name drips from my lips, soft, nearly inaudible, but he hears it.

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“Fiona. It suits you.”

“Glad you think so. My parents did as well.”

“And feisty too,” he chuckles, pulling away.

Again, I squint, not willing to allow my nearsightedness to make me miss any detail of what’s happening.

“What’s causing you pain?”

“Nothing.” I spit out, horrified I even admitted to any discomfort a few moments ago.

It’s a sign of weakness, something these strange men can use against me. I suck my lips into my mouth to keep from speaking again. Thankfully, my churning stomach remains silent and doesn’t give anything else away.

“Then why is your brow furrowing?” He places his thumb in between my eyebrows and pushes until my muscles give way, relaxing my face.

Sighing, I give in. Besides, what exactly can they do to me if I admit the truth? “I can’t see. If you’ll return my glasses, I won’t squint as much.” The conversation is absurd, as if this stranger gives one fuck about my ability to see or not.

With a snap of his fingers, another blue monster comes into view. Well, fuck me. These drugs must be better than I thought. Now there’s two of them. What in the bloody hell did they slip me?

They put their heads together and speak for a moment before turning back to me. Without saying a word, this new man comes around to the top of the table and grabs my head in his firm grip.

Panic rushes through me as the heart monitor beeps out in a rapid staccato. My breath catches in my throat, unable to fully fill my lungs. The more I'm unable to breathe, the worse it gets until I'm nearly dry heaving on the table.

"Sedate her," the first stranger barks out, his eyes darting over to the side.

I follow his gaze and watch as symbols fly across the screen. They could be numbers. They could be letters. Hell, they could be fucking hieroglyphics for all I know. Without my glasses, I have no clue what any of it means.

But I do know body language. It's something I can read even without my glasses to aid me. The man is concerned. Worried for the first time since I've seen him. The lines of his body are tight and rigid.

Soon, however, I don't care. The one holding my head slides an odd device down the side of my neck, distracting me. One sharp puncture later, and all cares and worries drift from me like steam off of hot asphalt.

Forget the drugs making these men blue. I want whatever this is bottled up and available for use at any time. My body is languid, floating as the first one hovers near.

I don't even flinch as he pries my eyes open, flooding them with that horrific light. Besides, it's not like I actually feel any discomfort. It's as if my body and mind are split in two.

Though I can feel every sensation, I can't bring myself to care. It's blissful, relaxing,

a spa for my mind. I want to stay here forever, cocooned away from all the worries that bombard me on a regular basis.

The man grips my head again. I can feel the sensation of his fingers digging into my scalp. Pinpricks of discomfort skitter over my skin, but that's as far as it goes. There's no fear beating at my chest. No fight or flight begging me to run.

Even the monitor beeps at a slower cadence, lulling me almost. The first one relaxes a touch, his body sagging ever so slightly as he leans forward and runs an odd cylinder over my face.

"Mid-ranged nearsightedness with astigmatism in both eyes," he murmurs, peering down into my eye socket. "Everything else seems healthy."

"Well, I could have told you that," I slur, giggling at how drunk I sound.

He doesn't answer, but instead smirks at the other man. Shaking his head, he looks back down at me and runs his fingers across my cheek. "This is going to sting. Would you like me to put you to sleep?"

"Heck no," I laugh. "I might never wake up. Besides, I've handled my fair share of scrapes. Only girl with a family full of brothers. You do that math."

His face draws down into a frown. "I am unable to math without the rest of the equation. Unless the equation is to solve for the number of brothers you have? But even then, there is not enough to go by. The number of offspring to Earthlings is vastly different from none at all to far more than the body should produce. You must give me another variable."

I cannot control the laugh bubbling up from my lips. It sounds crazed, deranged even. "No, silly. Not that math. Just... It's an expression."

Again, he nods, but something tells me he doesn't quite understand. But then, I cannot bring myself to care. It must be a language thing. Goodness knows how many idioms I didn't understand when I first came to America.

When he leans in once more, he holds an odd tool in his hand. It looks similar to a scalpel, but duller somehow. Not that I've seen that many scalpels. He drags it over my eye, and for a moment, searing pain floods my body.

I want to scream, to thrash about, but the drugs they gave me keep me locked in this perpetual loop of disinterest, even as my body threatens to fall apart. To his credit, however, the pain doesn't last for long.

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Soon, it gives way to no sensation at all. In fact, I would worry he severed the nerves completely, rendering me blind, but that's not the case at all. With my right eye, I can see just as clearly as if I had my glasses on.

He leans in to do the left eye, but this time, I can brace for the pain. It's a familiar agony, one I know will disappear before I drown in it. Under my breath, I count out, reaching ten seconds before the discomfort leaves and gives way to perfect vision.

I blink, unable to comprehend what it is that's happening. "Is it some sort of LASIK?"

Though I had been meaning to get the procedure done, I always held back, not wishing to mess with my eyes. They were functional with glasses, and I didn't wish to ruin them permanently. It doesn't matter that the success stories are abundant. I didn't want to be the one bad procedure.

"For you, that will be the closest approximation. However, our technology is far more advanced than your rudimentary procedures." There's a smug note of pride in his voice as he pulls away.

Now that I can clearly see, I take in the space around me. The entire room is metal, as if dipped in stainless steel and chrome. Monitors line the walls, many showing a screen with symbols on it that have no meaning.

Glancing up at the man at the head of the table, I watch as he takes the wand over to my neck again. Once more, there's a sharp prick and everything crashes in as my mind and body combine once more.

Frantic, I tug at my arms, looking down to see what's holding me in place. And that's when I realize I'm not only restrained, but I'm also naked. What the hell is happening to me?

Chapter 2

Fiona

So far, this is unlike any sort of corporate kidnapping I've ever heard of, but what other explanation is there? I don't know anyone here well enough to anger them. Unless these are some sort of madmen who like to play doctor with their victims.

It doesn't explain the blue, though. That unfortunately brings other thoughts into my mind, thoughts that don't belong. Alien. As much as I try to keep it from popping up into my head, it slithers through my synapses, filling me with an odd sense of calm.

How is it I'd rather be at the mercy of aliens than corporate goons? I must have cracked for sure. That's the only rational explanation in a sea of irrationality. Looking over at the monitor again, I watch as the numbers climb.

This time, I can see well enough to know it's my heart rate. No doubt about it, now. 120. 130. 140. 150. Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. My pulse has never been this high before. Watching the numbers only seems to make it climb faster.

Odd flutters zip up and down my body as my vision swims. Is something wrong with my eyes? All that thought does is make my pulse rise even higher until I'm shaking and gasping for breath.

The two men dash over to my side, their harsh, strident voices falling on deaf ears. A loud ringing is all I hear as my brain buzzes. My stomach flips as the room dips and sways. One more pinprick, and I'm free-floating back into that oblivion.

Off in the distance, I listen as the beeps start to slow. I turn my head, the movement languid and unhurried. By the time I'm looking at the screen, my pulse is back down to a reasonable rate.

With a soft sigh, I lie there as the other two move about. Now that blind panic no longer stirs up my emotions, I find I can think rationally again. Not that it's doing me any good.

I still can't make any sense of what's happening. Or maybe it's that I don't want to. Aliens kidnapping me or saboteurs kidnapping me. Neither prospect is one I wish to contemplate.

Blue blurs race about as they gather items I have no names for. I long to laugh, to allow the hysterical sound to leave my body, but I don't dare. The last thing I want is their attention turned back onto me as I process what's happening.

Unfortunately, the only thing I can come back to is alien. As preposterous as it sounds in my own head, nothing else makes sense. Why would someone trying to sabotage a security firm want to fix my vision?

More importantly, how would they have access to technology that's somehow better than LASIK? From my research, my eyes should start burning at some point, and yet, that's one area that feels no sort of discomfort.

What shocks me more than that, however, is the fact that my vision is perfect. Even better than what I remember as a teenager. In fact, I find that I can read the tiny print on a bottle all the way across the room.

Granted, I can't make out the words, seeing as they must be in some other language, but I can see the shapes and follow them with ease. LASIK can't do that. At least not the procedures I've studied up on.

As I understand it, it takes days, sometimes a month or so, for the eyes to adjust to twenty-twenty vision. Not like this. Not instant. But then that brings me back to why. It always comes back to why.

“Why?” I finally allow the question to leave my brain and flit through the air.

The two men stop what they’re doing and look over at me, their faces gentle despite the harsh planes. “You must be more specific, little cow,” the stranger I saw when I first opened my eyes murmurs.

Again, my brow furrows as my lips curl. “Let’s start with that one. Why do you keep calling me cow? There is nothing cow like about me.”

He chuckles and leaves the other, coming closer to me. “You are a bit on the skinnier side, but still as lovely as any human we’ve ever had on board. My systems show you have a higher rate of metabolism than others. We will have to keep an eye on that during the transition.”

Any pleasure I might have found at his backhanded praise soon vanishes as I mull over the use of the word human. More and more, things add up to alien, and I’m not sure whether to be terrified, fascinated, or some odd melding of both.

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“Why do you call me human?”

This time, it’s his turn to frown. Pausing, he looks over at the other, his face mirroring the confusion. “Is that not what you are? We gathered you from Earth. You have no other markings, gills, or appendages that would mark you as from one of the various planets.”

“So you are aliens then,” I manage to whisper.

They remain silent, but nod, affirming what my brain and heart refuse to believe. The only thing keeping me calm right now is whatever they injected me with. Otherwise, I might just dissolve into a puddle of hysterics right there.

“We are from Icora. Light years past the planet you know as Pluto.”

My lips turn down into a scowl. “Shows how much you know. According to our scientists, Pluto is no longer a planet.”

He chuckles and shakes his head. “I never claimed they were intelligent.”

Unease and fear give way as curiosity takes hold. Once more, I look around the space, but this time with a more intellectual mind. If I just allow myself to believe they’re aliens, everything else makes sense.

Somehow, it calms me. Part of me always hoped we were never alone, but I never dreamed I’d see a celestial being face-to-face. My fingers flex as I reach out, remembering far too late that I’m restrained... and naked.

“Are you going to probe me?”

My question seems to catch the alien off guard, because the laugh that erupts from his lips bounces off the walls. “Is that your burning question, little cow? I thought you had something far more intellectual on your mind.”

“What good is intellect if all thoughts flee while you stick a metal rod up my arse?”

“Fair point.” Again, he chuckles as he turns to the other alien and gathers some things. “I will be probing you, yes. But it will be like nothing you’ve ever seen on those so-called documentary trash shows you humans like to watch.”

“Hey now,” I bark out, straining against my bonds. “How do you know it’s trash? Do you watch them too?” For some reason, I have the irrational need to defend my species from these accusations.

He crosses his arms and raises an eyebrow. “We intercept your transmissions on occasion. It’s good to keep up with what Earth is consuming. It allows us to know your expectations.”

“Well, I never expected blue,” I grumble, turning my head to the side.

So many emotions swell through me, all tempered by the drugs keeping me lulled. This time, when he walks back over with the little wand, I’m excited to have him take away the effects. I want to actually feel everything coursing through me.

How sad would it be to go back to Earth and have experienced all this through a foggy lens? My fingers twitch as I rock back and forth, quivering in elation. The smile he gives me is indulgent, but I don’t care.

“If I reverse the drug, will you be able to keep your heart rate down? I refuse to allow

you to die on board this ship.”

“Now that I know what you are, I should be able to handle it better.”

He nods and pricks my neck. This time, when the emotions flood back in, the terror stays behind. I look over at the screen, watching my heart rate. Both of us study the numbers as they swell up for a moment before coming back down and evening out.

Something akin to relief passes over his face as he puts the tool down and walks back over to a metal tray. “This part of the procedure will be uncomfortable, but don’t worry. Kanaes and I will ensure the transition is a pleasurable one.”

“Transition?” The sound of that word is ominous to my ears. “You’re just going to fuck my ass then send me home, right? Maybe rearrange my guts with your alien cocks then put me back to bed?” Horror shifts through me, making me rigid. “Oh. Oh God. You’re not going to implant some egg into me that will have to eat its way out or burst from me, right?”

At the slight hysteria in my voice, the alien turns back to me, his lips thinned into a line of displeasure. “As I’ve said. Trash shows and films. Besides, the only aliens capable of such atrocities are located on the prison planets far away from Earth.”

“Y- you’re joking. Right? Tell me you’re just kidding.”

It’s bad enough I have to come face to face with the fact that an alien being is about to fuck me. Being burdened with the knowledge that such horrific aliens exist is almost too much.

“I never joke about matters such as these. As for fucking your ass and rearranging your guts, I can certainly relay your anal fetish to your Rancher, but your inner organs will stay just as they are. We are not so reprehensible as all that.”

Again, the urge to laugh beats at my chest, but it's not out of humor. Oh no. This goes way beyond that and into the realm of madness. "I don't mean rearrange my guts literally. It's an expression. You know, like fuck me, Daddy. Rearrange my guts with that massive cock of yours."

His brows furrow again as he looks over at Kanaes. The other alien does his best to smother a laugh, but is unable to hold it in.

"If you've looked over the transmissions regarding sexual intercourse, you will find all sorts of expressions. I can't fathom what half of them mean, but they're titillating to hear. Much like, 'Help me, stepbrother. I'm stuck.'"

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My eyes nearly bulge out of my sockets. “Porn? Are you talking about watching porn?” Somehow, I thought alien lifeforms would be above all of that, but it seems their needs might align with ours more than I originally thought.

Arousal swirls in my veins as I watch the two go back to work, their thoughts back on the task at hand and not some horny step siblings in compromising situations. Squirming on the table, I finally look at them with something other than either fear or curiosity.

Their broad shoulders fill the space, and yet, somehow, their movements are nimble and agile despite their massive size. Shiny suits stretch across taut muscles that bulge and ripple with every twitch. On Earth, I was lucky to catch a glimpse of a specimen as fine as one of them, but here, there are two waiting to pleasure me. At least, that’s what the other alien promised.

“What’s your name?” I manage to say as the arousal thickens my words.

He looms over me, his lips splitting into a wide grin. “And what would you do with it, little cow?”

“Scream it out in ecstasy?” The coy flirt feels foreign on my lips.

I’m no stranger to finding pleasure in a man’s arms, but it always felt like an itch to be scratched, a mutual transaction. I never had to flirt. All I had to do was let a man do all the talking and sweep me up into his arms and into his bed. Now that I’m face to face with two hot aliens, I find I have no clue what’s even expected of me.

“Nice offer, but that pleasure will not be mine. That will be your Rancher’s. My name is Tirayasu, but to you, I will be referred to as Medical Rancher, as will Kanaes.”

Rancher. Cow. My body chills as my brain tries to make sense of it all. I feel like there’s a piece of the puzzle I’m missing, but nothing makes itself apparent. If only I were back at work.

I understand code and computers better than men. If I’m being honest, humans in general seem to escape me. Perhaps it’s because I can read them with ease, and that makes them fallible in my eyes.

Try as I might, I can’t seem to understand these aliens, and for the first time in a long time, I feel off-kilter. Nothing makes sense, and the more I try to make it make sense, the worse it becomes. All I can do is lie helpless on the table as he brings over a large syringe.

Before I can ask what it’s for, he plunges it into my arm. The sting is immense, but no worse than all the vaccines I’ve gotten before traveling the world with my work. In fact, the burning feels almost familiar, almost like home.

Both bustle about, their movements hurried, frantic almost. Medical Rancher Tirayasu comes down toward the foot of the gurney and fiddles with something I’m unable to see. Soon, however, he spreads my legs wide, opening my pussy up to his hungry gaze.

I can’t help the small moan that slips from my lips as he runs his fingers along my inner thighs. This shouldn’t be a turn on. I should be out of my mind with fear. These aliens are going to rape me, and I’m just letting it happen.

Technically, they can’t rape the willing. And I become more willing with the time that passes. My breaths come in haggard pants as fire races through my system,

burning me from the inside out.

I'm vaguely aware of his hand pressing down against my mound as he digs the heel of his palm into my bladder. The rim of a glass grinds against my inner lips, but I can't seem to understand what is required of me. The pleasure rolling through me is far too great.

Soon, Medical Rancher Kanaes comes up to the head of the table and jerks my face toward his. "We need a urine sample. Pee."

It must be for their experiments. At least they're not impregnating me. Closing my eyes, I will the mortification to go away as I force myself to pee for these otherworldly beings. All of this is still so strange, but I can't deny the carnal need flowing through me as I empty myself into the glass.

Fuck me, but if this ends up being a dream, I will need to have myself committed.

Chapter 3

Fiona

The beings stare at me, watching for something. What, I cannot even fathom. I suck at reading human minds. I'm sure aliens' minds aren't any easier. Off to the side, Medical Rancher Tirayasu taps the glass of piss and mutters to himself.

Though I should be able to understand him, his words are far too low for me to discern what's being said. The only thing keeping my breathing at a steady rhythm is that he doesn't look to be concerned. But then, are they capable of that?

The soft blip of my pulse amps up as worry niggles at my brain. Medical Rancher Kanaes looks over, his brows pulling down into a fierce frown. So they can emote

displeasure after all.

“She panics. Fix it.” His growled words wash over my skin, making me shiver. The other lumbers over and places his beefy hand against my breastbone. Unfortunately, all it does is make those beeps fire off even more rapidly. “You make it worse,” he snarls at Medical Rancher Tirayasu.

“Don’t you think I see that?” Looking down at me, he locks his gaze with mine. “Breathe, cow. I cannot deliver you asphyxiated. My salary cannot cover the loss of one as precious as you. Be a good little heifer and breathe.”

Of all the ridiculousness. Hysterical laughter bubbles up my throat, causing the Medical Rancher looming above me to tilt his head. He looks like a giant blue puppy. So much so that the laughter continues, taking on a wheeze as my body tries to come to terms with the sensations flowing over me.

“Enough,” Medical Rancher Kanaes spits out, coming over with a large needle.

If their end goal was to make me feel safe and calm, this is the opposite way of doing it. Before I can protest, however, he sets the tip to my skin and plunges it in. My scream cuts off as everything goes dark, sending me hurtling into blessed relief.

Something is wrong. The moment I open my eyes, a heaviness weighs upon me. It’s not the aliens. They stand off to the side looking at readouts I’ll never hope to understand. It’s something else, something from deep inside of me.

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My body aches from my head to my toes. Unable to help myself, a soft moan drifts from my lips. However, instead of the pained exclamation I'm expecting, it's a lilting noise that sounds more like a woman in the heat of passion than one who's being defiled against her will. Have I ever made such a sound before?

I try to think back to previous sensual encounters, but my memories escape me. Nothing seems to matter except the here and now. Shifting on the gurney, I writhe against my bonds. I need something, anything, to take away the pressure building inside of me.

Try as I might to rub my thighs together, they're spread too far apart. Rocking my hips back and forth, I hump the air, groaning as the cool breeze flutters over my fevered skin. Something is wrong. It has to be.

"Please. Medical Ranchers. Something's wrong," I manage to rasp out, my voice deep and husky, so unlike the normal light timber.

Medical Rancher Tirayasu shuffles over to the screen and looks at my vitals before smiling. "Not to worry, little cow. Everything is as it should be." He turns to Kanaes. "She is compatible. Push the rest of the serum."

"Serum? What are you doing to me?" This time, fear overrides all rational thought as I buck against my restraints.

They both seem bothered as they loom over me, their teeth blinding behind their cerulean lips. Instead of being comforting, they look more like wolves set to devour me. The thought should make me repulsed, force me into fight or flight.

Unfortunately, it does the complete opposite. As Kanaes plunges some unknown liquid into me, my pussy spasms. I tremble on the table while hot, insistent need courses through me. It causes me to thrash about for a completely different reason.

Moans flit from my lips as my arousal drips from my pussy. I feel it keenly, every bit of it as it slides down my ass crack and onto the table below. Right or wrong, I don't care anymore. I need to be filled, consumed, and completely overwhelmed.

Next to me, Tirayasu grabs a shiny metal tab at the top of his suit and pulls it down, revealing a lighter blue expanse of skin. I want to follow the zipper down, licking every inch of him. I don't care if it's insane or irrational.

"Please," I beg, jerking my wrists.

The restraints hold firm. Exasperation floods my being as I arch up, desperate to be closer to the man inflicting these sensations on me. But he doesn't move. He just stands there, taunting me with his state of half-undress. The smirk he gives me is the only indication he knows exactly what he's doing.

Between my legs, Kanaes trails his fingers up the delicate skin of my inner thighs, stopping as he gets to my pussy. "Just one taste?" he groans, leaning down until his hot breath washes over me.

"No. You know the rules. That right is for the Ranchers only."

"It's so unfair," Kanaes murmurs, sliding a finger over my clit.

I bow up, a desperate cry clogging my throat.

"Stop your whining," Tirayasu barks out, fiddling with the restraint just below my breasts. "While on this ship, those are the rules. You want to fuck a cow, get one at

auction. Or better yet, sign on to a ranch. You'll have your pick."

Kanaes continues to stroke my clit in an absent, almost petting manner, driving me to distraction. It's a sensation I can feel, but it's not enough. It's as if I'm not even here as they continue their argument, uncaring that my body melts under his touch.

Their words fly over my head, and though I understand what they're saying, I don't get the meaning behind them. Everything else is far too demanding. I angle my hips up, hoping to deepen his touch, to scratch the itch myself, but he pulls it away and swats me instead. Shock rocks me to the core, rooting me to the spot.

It should have hurt. With an area that delicate, I should feel some sort of pain. I lie still, waiting for the agony that never comes.

How did it not hurt? More arousal gathers at my opening and drips down. By this point, it feels as if there's a puddle beneath my ass. A puddle of need and want.

"You are not in control here, sweet little heifer," Kanaes croons, resuming his petting. "Any pleasure you receive will be at the hands of an Icorian and not from anything you do. You will be wise to remember that."

"Then fuck me," I scream out, all pretense of propriety gone.

What's the point? I have needs. If they're the only ones allowed to see to them, then they fucking bloody well see to them. Instead of answering my plea, they both just laugh.

The sound grates on my nerves, sending frissons of irritation down my spine. My heart pounds in my chest as I look between the two, trying to figure out what the point to all of this is. Do they just kidnap women and edge them to death?

“Such disrespect,” Tirayasu chuckles, sliding a finger across my lips. “Your Rancher will have his work cut out for him. I suggest you keep your words to yourself for now. The last thing you want to do is anger us.”

“Or what?” I snap out. “You’ll send me back to Earth unsatisfied? News flash, you’re already doing a great job.”

Tirayasu doesn’t answer. Instead, his lips turn down into a ferocious scowl. “We have been lenient with you, human. Allowed you to have far more freedom than we should have. Now, it’s time you learn your place.”

He snaps his fingers, bringing Kanaes up from between my thighs. They don’t exchange a word, and yet, he seems to know exactly what to do. My eyes follow his movements, unease dripping through my veins.

Seems I’ve gone a bit too far. But how was I supposed to know? It’s not like I’ve ever been abducted before. I open my mouth to apologize, but the moment my lips part, Tirayasu grabs an object from Kanaes and shoves it past my teeth.

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The small dildo-like object expands in my mouth, filling it until I can barely move my jaw. All I can do is bite down into it, but even that proves ineffective. The only saving grace is it soaks up my saliva, keeping me from choking.

“Now then, you will lie here in silence as we finish your preparations,” Tirayasu croons as he fastens the straps behind my head. “Contemplate what it means to be a cow, an animal, nothing but a vessel for our purposes.”

The words should be vile to me. As someone who’s made it her mission to be more than just a pretty face and a long pair of legs, I should be repulsed. And yet, as he skims his hands down my neck, I can’t help but want him to stroke me somewhere lower.

In the back of my brain, the small rational part that’s still firing knows it has to be something in the serum they gave me. There’s no other explanation than that. But honestly, I don’t care.

His words promise me a reprieve, a moment where I don’t have to think. I can just feel. Back on Earth, my duties and responsibilities eat at me, keep me up at night. Here, I can just let them do whatever the hell they want to me.

Perhaps, if I’m lucky, they’ll keep me for a few days. Like an extended spa vacation where they massage and lubricate alllllll of me. Every. Fucking. Inch. But that line of thinking is obviously the wrong one.

My body ripples at the thought of their alien hands roving all over my body, bringing me to orgasm again and again as they probe each and every hole. God, when did I

become so sex obsessed? I certainly never felt this horny on Earth.

I suck on the dildo, my pussy clenching on air as Kanaes pulls away from me. Though his absent-minded petting was almost irritating in its ineffectiveness, it was at least a sensation. Maybe I could have gotten off from it, eventually.

He stands up between my thighs and grabs a pair of gloves from off of the metal tray. "Ready when you are."

Tirayasu plants his hands on either side of my head, his breathing quick and heavy. At least I'm not the only one affected by all of this. My blood runs thick through my veins as he leans over me, the warm expanse of his skin brushing against my forehead.

Though I long to reach up and run my lips across him, I'm impeded by the restraints and gag in my mouth. He doesn't stay there for long. Just enough to adjust the strap under my breasts again.

As he pulls away, his fingers brush against my nipples, sending lightning bolts through my body. Pleasure so intense it borders on pain ricochets through me, short-circuiting my thoughts for a moment. My nipples have always been sensitive, but damn, it was never anything like this.

Plaintive wails squeak out from behind the gag, barely audible. But they hear it. Both aliens look over at me, their blue eyes darkening as they watch the reactions play over my skin. Lust blazes in their eyes, but they hold back.

Fuck these Ranchers. Why do we have to wait for them? Why can't they just relieve the ache flowing through me? Again, I shift, doing my best to convey the level of need I have without using any words, but they remain steadfast in their desire to keep their hands to themselves.

“I’ll monitor her vitals and take notes while you do the examination,” Tirayasu grumbles, pulling out an odd, nearly see-through device.

His fingers fly over the screen as he looks my body up and down, acting every inch the dedicated alien scientist about to explore me. Kanaes grins as he brings his hand back down to my aching pussy. Planting the heel of his palm against the lower part of my mound, he pushes up, stretching my pussy out tight.

He runs the pad of his finger across my exposed clit, drawing an anguished moan from around the gag. My thighs tremble as he continues to study me, his touch clinical and detached. But Oh. My. God. Does it feel exquisite.

“She’s responding even more. Barely touching her and she’s bouncing around,” Kanaes says, his voice sounding smug with satisfaction to my ears.

“Excellent. Her breasts are swelling nicely. Check her nipples.”

Swelling? My breasts are swelling? Sure enough, as I look down, I notice the normally average mounds are big enough they’re blocking my view of Kanaes. Holy hell. I was a b-cup on a good day, and now... Now I can’t even tell what size I would be.

All my life, I waited and prayed for my boobs to get big. All I wanted was to be just like Jenny, the popular girl in school. She blossomed out around sixth grade while I was still flat as a pancake. Even as I got older, they didn’t match hers.

I had made myself okay with my diminutive size. Besides, there were things I could do and wear that other, more buxom women couldn’t. More than that, I didn’t have to deal with the backaches a lot of them complained about.

My soul was at peace. And now, here I am, larger than anything I could have

imagined. It makes my heart flutter to think about. Unfortunately, my analytical mind can't help but ponder the ramifications.

If I could talk, I'd ask them how this is possible. Is it saline? Something else? My mind splits for a moment. Part of it goes to the over-the-top, daytime 'reality' shows that come on. How many botched plastic surgery people did they have on there?

Granted, with the aliens possessing better technology, I can only hope I won't end up like those women with breasts so big they need specialty clothing just to go out in public. Or worse, have them pop.

My mind can no longer drift, however, because soon, a dull ache fills my breasts, making my mind wander with frantic ideations. Off in the distance, the sound of my heart beeps in a rapid staccato, bringing a frown to Tirayasu's lips. He hunches down next to me, so that his eyes are level with mine.

Tears blur my vision as he reaches out to cup the top of my head with his massive hand. "No need to panic, little cow. Your body is doing what it's supposed to. Even now, your breasts are filling with milk. That's the pressure you feel. Your body will grow accustomed to it. Just breathe for me."

It's easier said than done. If the heart rate monitor is any indication, instead of calming, my body goes into overdrive. Milk. Cow. And just like that, it all makes sense. I'm not here for some pleased-filled getaway.

I'm going to be a cow for them. My body erupts into a flurry of movement. Behind my gag, frenetic wails fill the space with muffled grunts. With a sigh, he glances down at Kanaes and nods.

Pleasure explodes through me, turning off the panic. It's as if a switch is flipped, transforming me from a frantic mess to a needy wanton. Kanaes teases my clit with

his fingers, purposefully amping up my need. White-hot desire fills my core, taking my mind off the pain in my breasts.

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Tirayasu looms over me and grabs them, dragging a ragged moan from my throat. It hurts. Dear God, it hurts. However, it's tempered with a bite of pleasure, morphing it from hurts so bad to fucking hurts so damn good. As uncomfortable as it is, I need more. I crave more.

"That's a good little cow," he groans, shifting his hips back and forth behind my head. "Moan for us."

His fingers pluck at my nipples, and everything just melts away. All there is in that moment is pleasure and pain in equal measure. He milks me, tugging on my nipples from the base and pulling up.

After a few moments of his ministrations, a bit of wetness coats my skin. He pulls away and comes into view, forcing me to watch as he drags his finger around my areola, gathering my milk before easing his thick digit into his mouth. His eyes flutter close as a groan stutters past his lips.

"Celestials," he grinds out. "She tastes so fucking good."

Kanaes comes out from in between my thighs, leaving me wet, wanting, and desperate. I pray he'll lean down and take my milk directly from the source, but he does no such thing. Like Tirayasu, he plays with my nipple until more milk beads at the surface. Instead of licking it off as I so desperately want him to do, he gathers it with his finger and tastes me.

"Fuck. Her Rancher will be a lucky man. Maybe I'll bid this time."

Tirayasu chuckles and pulls away. “Right. With what income? You won’t have enough to beat any of them out. Not for a beauty like her. Stop dreaming and help me finish the exam. We’re getting close to Icora, and she still needs to be prepped for auction.”

Auction. Just like the cow I am. Instead of anger or fear, it sends a ripple of need through me. I can only hope whoever buys me is nice and kind. Hell, what am I saying? If my body’s reaction to their treatment is any indication, I want it rough, hard, and fulfilling.

Again, Kanaes goes between my thighs, but this time, he pulls out a tool that looks similar to a speculum. Only... when he puts it in, it stretches me far more than any tool at the OB/GYN. I want to scream, to jerk away from the discomfort, but Tirayasu is there, once again, distracting me as he plays with my nipples.

“She stretches nicely,” Kanaes murmurs, his hot breath washing over my clit until I’m squirming with need again. “It won’t take her long to accommodate to her new owner.”

That’s a relief, I guess. Turning my head to the side, I watch with dawning horror as Tirayasu lowers the zipper all the way, revealing a massive cock jutting from his hips. There’s big, and then there’s impossible. If he’s an average male of his species, then I’m fucked.

Chapter 4

Antroli

Groaning, I blink up at the rising suns and stretch, unwilling to start my day. Logically, I knew working on a ranch meant early days and late nights, but knowing it and living it are two completely different things. Even after years of doing this, of

rising through the ranks until I'm second only to Vrokjan, the owner, waking up is difficult.

I'd much rather lie in bed and work late into the night. But our ranch doesn't work that way. By the time I'm wired and ready to go, the cows are settling down for the evening. Granted, I could be cruel and avail myself to them whenever I wished, but my heart and soul don't want that.

With a weary sigh, I plop my head in my hands and stare at my feet. It's easier in some ways for Vrokjan. Though his cows leave him at the end of each Earth year, as is their right, he still has someone with him. Someone to nourish his body and soul.

Every auction, I think I'll find my cow, the one I wish to share my bed and life with. But each auction comes and goes, and I find myself growing more and more despondent. Perhaps I should just take an Icorian bride and settle down.

Even as I think about it, my stomach recoils. It's not that the women of my planet aren't lovely in their own way, they're just not who I want. Some call us Ranchers insane for our obsession with Earthlings, but for me, it's more than that.

Women on Icora do not produce milk. Even when they have children of their own, it's the cows who provide those children with nourishment. No doubt there's a high amount of jealousy among the Icorian women, but they cannot deny the benefits our cows give.

It's that milk, and thus the women who provide it, that drives my obsession. Nothing has ever tasted sweeter to me. Nothing else has ever proven to be as desirable as a cow on all fours, her teats hooked up to the machine, mooing softly as I take her with wild abandon.

I should be able to find solace within our herd, but for some reason, once I empty my

seed into their bellies, all those pleasant feelings evaporate. Perhaps it's because I know deep down they're not mine. They belong to the ranch. They belong to Vrokjan.

I could start my own ranch and gather a herd that's solely mine. However, that requires money, far more than I'll be able to accumulate. Besides, there is no better coworker than Vrokjan. His ideals match mine regarding the keeping and comfort of cows.

Not wishing to waste the day in idle, morose thoughts, I slide into my work suit and begin my day. The other ranch hands gather at the table, their eyes bleary as they sit down. With Vrokjan's cow back on Earth, we have no one to give us our morning milk.

A twinge of regret slams into me as I stare across the table at his empty spot. With him away on the ship gathering humans for this impromptu auction, all the duties of head Rancher fall to me. And that includes gathering milk for the men.

As they take their places, I rise once more and head out to the barns. Already, the cows shuffle about, waking for the day. Soon, they'll be milked, fed, and tended to, but for now, the Ranchers need to be satisfied. Looking over the herd, sorrow lances my chest.

Why can't I find one? Am I just that picky? Every time Vrokjan takes a cow for his own, he says his soul sings. It's as if it aligns with the celestials themselves, giving him divine purpose. I've never felt that.

There's been no spark, no life. Nothing. The cows who still remain are ones with nothing left back on Earth for them. They're not here because they want to be here. They're here because there's no alternative.

I want a cow to want me, to choose me, and to stay here despite everything back on Earth. But that seems to be a dream easily blown away like bits of Ovibrosia fluff in the wind.

Grabbing a lead from off of the wall, I walk over to the cow who looks most alert. Becky, I believe she's called. I snap it onto her collar and drag her up onto all fours. The others moo around her, soft sounds of distress that should tug at my heart. But they don't.

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They chose to be here. They know what being a cow entails. At this point, it seems to be all show and no substance. Gritting my teeth, I tug her along. Though she doesn't resist, she doesn't eagerly follow either. There's a hesitation in her steps, a faltering I can feel quiver through the leash tethering us.

She probably is a bit concerned with my actions, seeing as I don't normally take a cow out of the barn at this time of the morning. And when I do see to my needs, it's in the milking stalls. Not one of these cows has ever graced my room with their presence.

Not wishing for her to get anxious and affect the taste of her milk, I stop and hunch down until my face is closer to hers. "You are to feed the men this morning. You will be our centerpiece at breakfast."

She sags in what I can only presume is relief, making my chest burn with indignation. Am I so odious that knowing she isn't going to be taken as my personal cow makes her relieved? In truth, there are far worse Icorians out there, ones who cause pain for nothing more than pain's sake.

I at least try to temper it, blend it with pleasure. For a cow, discomfort is inevitable, but I at least try to make it worthwhile. Shaking my head, I stand again and lead her inside. The men stand at the table, their lips splitting into a smile as they watch this morning's offering shuffling in behind me.

They gather their bowls and cups as I help her onto the massive wooden altar and lie her down. Normally, Vrokjan will pleasure his cow while she provides us sustenance, but I just can't bring myself to do it. Not with the mood I'm in.

Instead, I motion for Hanrion to sit at the head of the table, taking Vrokjan's spot for the duration of our meal. Once she's settled in place, I bow my head and wait for the others to follow suit.

"Celestials," I murmur, reciting the prayer Vrokjan does every morning. "We gather at this table to partake in the milk so graciously provided to us. May we drink it with the reverence in which it is given. Allow it to nourish us and strengthen us."

The others give their own soft words of assent, but otherwise remain quiet. Most mornings, we tease each other and laugh, tossing ribald jokes about, but not today. Something feels different about today, and I can't put my finger on it.

There's something in the air, something that calls to me, but I don't dare give in to it. Today's human harvest and subsequent auction are new and unprecedented, a holiday gift of sorts to the other cows. Christmas, I believe they call it. To hear the other ranchers relay their cow's thoughts, they say it's a time of gifts and miracles. Perhaps there's a cow on that ship destined for me. That certainly would be a miracle.

Driving the wishful thought out of my head, I latch the tubes onto Becky's nipples and start the machine. Her soft moos as milk drains from her engorged breasts go straight to my balls, making them clench with need. At some point, I'll need to avail myself. I've gone far too long between visits to the milking shed.

I glance over at the others as they pour her milk onto their cereals and into their coffee, a wondrous bean we gather from Earth whenever we visit. At the head, Hanrion tastes Becky's pussy, all thoughts of breakfast forgotten.

Perhaps soon, that will be me, eschewing all desire for food as I fill myself up on my own personal cow. A shiver of longing races down my side as I content myself with my meal and the smatterings of conversation going around me. Soon, I'll meet Vrokjan at the auction house, but there's still far more to do before that time comes.

The auction house is packed, far more than what Vrokjan anticipated. I glance over at his stiff form, watching as his gaze darts over the other Ranchers in attendance. Based on private communication between him and I, it was made clear there's a heifer in this lot who's bound to be his.

I drive that niggles of jealousy away and stare up at the stage. How many times have we been here, bidding on cows to join our farm, and yet, not once have any enticed me the way this new cow has entranced him? He's besotted. That much is clear.

For the first time since I've worked with him, he has a grit of determination about him. He will not lose this woman. Even if it bankrupts us, he will have her. Off to the side and to the back, I watch as Jakroon and Ratainio take their places, their haughty sneers turning their faces evil.

Or maybe that's just the red light from their buzzer shining up, lighting them from underneath. They'll be the ones to watch. As Ranchers who live alongside us, they've been nothing but trouble. Granted, they've never done anything to force us to get the government involved, but they're a thorn in the side, nonetheless.

Jealousy, pure and simple. Though Vrokjan hasn't been a Rancher as long as they have, he's flourished where they've maintained the status quo. Pride blossoms in my chest as I watch them scowl our way. It's Vrokjan's kind manner and smart business sense that make him a good Rancher.

It's something they'll never understand. To them, cows are just a means to an end. They go through them yearly, rarely keeping any on after the term. The few who do stay are broken shells of women. Granted, that's just what I see. It's not as if I know the inner workings of their ranch.

A hum rises from the Ranchers, forcing my gaze back to the stage. Again, that tingle of awareness, that niggles of pure, unadulterated excitement, races through me. I sit up

in the chair, ignoring Vrokjan's soft chuckle. He already knows the cow he wants. I'm seeing them all for the first time.

When the auctioneer takes the stage, I find myself growing irritated at his tirade. It's the same as all other auctions. All sales are final. All cows must be paid for before taking them from the premises. None of this is new.

Eventually, he leaves, and the auction house descends into darkness. Smatterings of red fill the space, bringing another wave of anticipation racing through me. My cock lurches up as the muffled sounds of the cows being brought to the backstage slither into the audience.

After several moments, the stage lights up. This way, the cows will be illuminated and not be able to see us. They'll have no clue who's purchasing them until we collect them at the end of the auction. It's supposed to help keep them calm, but I've always wondered about that.

When we get them, they're always hysterical. I'm not sure something as insignificant as lighting makes much of a difference. However, this time, I'm grateful for the darkness.

It will hide me, allowing me to gaze upon the cows as they're brought out without them knowing who it is buying them. For the first time since attending these auctions, I want to be one with the shadow, to study the women and find my own. The cloak of darkness will make our first meeting all the more eventful.

Enough is enough. If Vrokjan will allow me, I'll finally have a heifer to call mine. Insidious thoughts worm their way into my mind, trying to convince me I'll die alone, but I shove them away. If these humans think today is a day of miracles, then who am I to deny myself the gift of love?

I settle back into my chair, keeping my body loose, limber, and ready to bid. Love or not, I have a job to do. I help fatten the herd with good cows, and I aim to do my job. However, the moment the handler walks out, her easy glide denoting a cow giving no resistance, my heart stops.

There, behind her, is the most beautiful cow I have ever seen. My cock pulses as her tentative steps follow the handler. She's compliant, obedient, shy even. To this point, I didn't think I had a type, but I now know I do. It's her.

I want her. I crave her. I have to have her. Glancing over at Vrokjan, I take in his amused smile. He can be smug all he wants. He has chosen his cow. It's time I get mine.

Normally, when bidding, I'm calm, calculated. This time, however, I don't wait. Amidst the musical tones denoting bids, the deeper sound of my buzzer rings out. Vrokjan raises an eyebrow but says nothing.

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As his grin turns indulgent, I know he's willing to let me do what it takes to win her. Every now and then, I glance behind me, fury racing through my veins as Jakroon and Ratainio put their heads together, whispering as they outbid me.

The look of lust on their faces is enough for me to see red. Someone that gentle has no business belonging to violent assholes like them. I can't allow it. I won't allow it.

Again, I slam my hand on the buzzer, grateful to hear the other plinks peter out. Now it's just the sadistic brothers and myself. The amount on the screen changes so rapidly, I can't keep up. All I know is I must win her.

To further stoke the fires and continue raising bids, the handler turns her around and puts her on all fours. Again, the heifer obeys without resistance. What would it be like to put her on all fours in front of me and bury myself within that tight pussy of hers?

It drips with arousal, making her pale pink flesh glisten in the light. I want to taste her, to devour her. Just like the rest of her, she's delicate, small, and fragile. The need to break her, to split her open with my cock, beats at my brain until all rational thought is gone. With a groan, I hit the button again and wait for my nemesis to do the same.

Everything is silent. The auctioneer looks about the room, waiting for anyone else to bid. When my buzzer turns green, I nearly collapse in relief. She's mine. All mine.

With a sheepish grin, I look up at the numbers and then back at Vrokjan. Thankfully, he doesn't say anything, despite the fact that she costs nearly triple what we normally

pay. I take his silence as consent and breathe as the handler takes her off the stage.

Now that I no longer have a distraction, I can concentrate on the rest of the auction. Since I'll be keeping that pretty little Highland to myself, I'll need to help procure at least three other heifers to keep our production up.

Reaching down, I rub my palm across my cock as relief floods my system. Day of miracles indeed. Now, all that's left to do is have Vrokjan win his prize, and it will be a day of celebration for sure.

Chapter 5

Fiona

My limbs tremble as they lead me away. Since I was the first, the pens look empty, solitary. And just like when I woke up on the strange ship, I feel very much alone.

Honestly, I should enjoy these precious moments away from the other women. Who knows when I'll have another chance to be by myself? But then, my mind drifts back to the other one who held hands with me while we were still on the ship. Though I don't know her, I hope to God she's okay.

As my mind drifts, my steps falter. There's far too much to see, too much to take in. The stalls look just like the ones on Earth. At least, the ones in Scotland. I didn't take much time to go to farms while working in the States.

The alien continues to tug me forward with hard jerks of his hand, as if he doesn't care that I'm doing my best. Exhaustion lines every inch of my body as I sway forward, wishing I could move as fast as his pace commands.

But he's far too tall, and my legs are far too short. I would have to turn this stroll into

a speed walk or a mild jog to keep up with him. A laugh threatens to bubble up inside my chest as I picture those older women at the malls, racing about while keeping their movements to the gentle glide of a walk.

Would I look as ridiculous as them? Probably more so since none of them had gags in their mouths or leashes around their neck. And just as quickly as the flash of humor came, it leaches out, leaving me deplete and exhausted. Again, the alien jerks me forward, nearly sending me sprawling on the floor.

The need to grab the leash in my hands and tug back races through me, flaring as hot as my temper usually spikes, but there's no use. As much as I want to, I don't dare fight the hand leading me to my new place. I saw what they did to the other girl when she fought back, and I refuse to allow that to be me.

I can't allow my desires to get the better of me. At least like this, I can have full body autonomy. I can walk on my own, and if needed, protect myself. Strapped to that contraption, she was vulnerable. More than I am right now.

Just as my steps begin to falter again, we reach an enclosed area. From the looks of it, it's a bit bigger than the others. Does that mean there will be far more cows?

I don't know much about auctions and even less about their currency and how far it goes. If the beeps were any indication, however, it seemed like a lot of Ranchers wanted me. Can they afford many more?

But more importantly, will I like the women I'll be forced to share this humiliating life with? It seems so petty to think like that, but if we're all in this hellacious ordeal together, then I'd at least want it to be with people I like and can possibly confide in.

The alien shoves me inside, scattering my thoughts as I almost fall to the ground. Thankfully, my quick reflexes and obliging pen post allows me to catch myself

before any actual damage is done. Tears prick my eyes as I huddle into the back and wrap my arms around my naked body.

Arousal drips from my pussy unbidden, making my inner thighs sticky and damp. Nothing about this rough treatment or humiliation should cause such a reaction, and yet, I can't seem to stop it. Fucking serum.

While I'm still alone, I skim my hands over my breasts, groaning at how hot and fevered my skin feels. Each brush of my fingers feels like lightning shooting through my body. It's an exquisite agony that knows no words, but my body seems to understand and accept it.

Soon, noises fill the area as the aliens bring others in. Going to the front of the pen, I crane my neck around, watching as they're all carted off into different sections. Soon, however, another one comes to join me, shuffling to the back where she thinks she might be safe. None of the other people being led into this space are the woman from earlier, though.

My heart pounds in my chest as I continue to watch, feeling an obligation to this stranger. She found me in the midst of torment. We had a bond, her and me. Even though we weren't able to speak to each other, we could be a show of force in this mad situation.

Eventually, I see her off in the distance. My heart pounds in my chest as she gets closer and closer. Will she be with us? Or has someone else purchased her? My fingers wrap around the cool metal as I stand there, doing my best to be inconspicuous.

"Get back now," the alien barks. "Go with the others of your herd. I won't have you escaping."

The thought never even enters my mind, but then, he doesn't know that. Instead of causing a scene, I choose to obey him rather than fight. Ducking my head, I slink back toward the other cow and stand there, waiting with bated breath as he opens the pen. Again, just like with me, he shoves her forward before locking it behind him.

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The stranger looks up at me, her eyes wide and dull with either exhaustion, fear, or both. Soft whimpers drift from her lips as she hobbles over to me, clutching her breasts. Unlike me, her nipples stand out in angry points with pearly milk dripping from the tips.

Though mine are sore enough, they don't look quite as engorged. My heart goes out to her as she shuffles to me, her whines just soft enough so I can hear. Unable to do much more, I reach out my hand again and grab hers, holding it tight.

I tilt my head to hers, offering what little comfort I can, when a shrill whistle cuts through the din of the woman moaning around their gags. My eyes fly up to a large alien. He stands there, exuding control.

The woman I cling to stiffens for a moment before easing me behind her. She thinks to protect me when every inch of her body quivers in what looks to be abject exhaustion? It makes no sense. As much as I want to push her out of the way, the alien comes over and grabs her lead.

How badly I want to insert myself, to throw myself at the mercy of this other being, but I can't protect her if I make a target of myself. With each step, the poor woman sways, her body pitching back and forth like a dinghy on tumultuous waters.

Thankfully, the alien has enough sense to catch her and scoop her up into his arms. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear there was a spark of tenderness in his dark gaze. He clutches her close as other cows follow in behind, practically ignoring them as he whispers to the woman in his arms.

Three other cows besides us. Five women ripped from their homes to be milked and fucked by these aliens. If you'd told me this was my future, I'd call you a daft loon. Probably even say, 'yer bum's oot the windae.' But there's no denying the reality as it continues to slam into me, one arousing moment at a time.

Eventually, the alien draws his gaze away from the woman filling his arms and back at us. "You may lie down," he intones, his voice rough and thick. "You don't have to keep standing. The hay is soft, designed for your delicate skin. Rest now, because you will have little chance when you get to the farm."

His words pummel my brain as he stares us down, waiting for obedience. The farm. It makes sense though, even if I detest the very idea of going to yet some other new place. When the others hesitate, I decide to settle down first.

It's not because I have the desire to just be ultra submissive or anything. Honestly, it would be far easier if that were the case. Somehow, I feel this deep-seated need to keep the others safe. As if it's my responsibility even though I know nothing about them.

Thankfully, when I get down to the hay, I find it is indeed as soft as he claimed. But then, so far, no one has actually lied to me about anything. They've been upfront with every scandalous detail.

My brain aches trying to make sense of it all. In their own way, they don't seem to be monsters. In fact, I'm sure if you ask them, they'll say they are doing it for this benefit or that benefit. I'm sure they have their reasons. But just because they're not actively harming us or causing us massive amounts of pain doesn't mean any of it is okay.

The only reason I'm not fighting back more is because of whatever drugs they put into my system. Even now, my pussy spasms every time I move. My body feels

primed for sex even though my mind can't even fathom such an action with a stranger, let alone someone who's a completely different species than me.

A shuffle of movement draws my attention back to the gate. Though I can't see anyone, a panicked tone pricks my ears. It's so low I can't hear what's being said, but it doesn't sound good. Behind me, the other women cower together, no doubt sensing the same electricity in the air, the same dread sweeping over us.

Soon, the voice changes, and I find myself sagging in relief. Only, the moment I'm comfortable again, another alien is at the gate. He gazes over at me, his eyes dark, almost disappearing into his blue skin. He looks so human, so normal. Apart from the blue, that is. If I close my eyes and touch him, I'm sure I can convince myself he's like me.

His strong, lightly bearded jaw clenches as he continues to stare, making my insides squirm. No one else has been this attentive, this bold in how they look at me. Part of me, some sick, twisted portion that wants to feel the burn of his admiration, wants to rise and pose, showing off my newly engorged breasts. But that's ridiculous.

Just because this jailer is sexy as sin doesn't mean I need to fan the flames of hell. They'll consume me soon enough. Besides, he's probably just some gawker taking in his fill of the woman corralled here like animals. He'll pass by once he's satisfied. But he doesn't.

My breath stills in my throat as he opens the gate to the pen and steps in. The others tremble with every step forward he takes. I feel it vibrate against me, threatening to spark my own fear. However, my lust seems to outweigh any terror wishing to sink its claws into me and drag me into the huddle with the rest of them.

A searing pain, bordering pleasure, races through me as he hunches down, bringing his face in line with mine. I want him to touch me, to help me, to satisfy me.

Something. While it was just me and the other women, I was able to put my urges out of my mind. For the most part. They were always there, just more muted.

Now, they roar to life. My pulse floods my ears and makes my body throb. I tremble before this specimen of an alien, but not with fear. Dear God, I wish it was fear. Soft whimpers claw at my throat as he slides his hand up my lead, all the way until his knuckles rest against my skin.

“Those three in the back need to be milked and loaded onto the transport. This cow is mine.”

I blink up at the behemoth. Did I really just hear that? Did this alien say I was his? Behind me, the other three let out distressed sounds from around their gags, but I don’t find it in me to be afraid.

Mother always said my curiosity would be the death of me, but fuck. What a way to go. Unable to help myself, I bring my fingers up and brush them against his beard, marveling at just how human he feels to me. What if I was right the first time, and all of this is just some weird way to get me to spill my secrets?

But then, nothing that’s happened so far is simple enough for me to explain away. There is no neat and tidy bow to tie everything together. No box to fit it all in. Honestly, it truly does make more sense for there to be a planet so close to ours, yet so different in these small but fundamental ways.

“So many questions burn in your eyes,” he murmurs, sliding his thumbs over the front of the gag. “From the little display I saw on stage, I thought you would be pliant, submissive. But you’re going to be a handful for me, aren’t you?”

I don’t know why I nod, but I do. I submit when it’s for the greater good, but not for me. Never for me. It’s not in me to just give in without at least some sort of scuffle.

My kin would never let me live it down. That is, if I ever make it home.

At that thought, something in me breaks. Until now, it's the one thing I never allowed my mind to settle on. How in the hell am I getting home? Surely, it's not going to be as simple as me asking and them taking another hop over to Earth. Though they seem, for the most part, like benevolent overlords, they're our new masters, nonetheless.

I can't see any of them just magnanimously allowing us to go home.

It would be too easy. Too simple. Too much of a fairytale for me to allow my brain to think in those terms. And so, I shut that part of me off. Right now, it's about surviving.

That means if I have to take a probe up the arse in order to get home, then that's what I'll do. I can only hope it will be a pleasant experience and not as horrific as what's described in those trashy magazines. At least he's far better looking than what I've seen described.

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My pussy clenches at the thought of this alien having his wicked way with me. Yeah... forget going home. My brain is already too far gone to keep my sanity if they do take me back.

Chapter 6

Fiona

His soft sigh flutters against my face as he takes the lead from between my breasts. With each gentle caress of his fingers, more arousal gathers at my lower lips. It was never this way back on Earth.

Even at my most aroused, I was never dripping. There certainly was never any need for either buckets or mops, but then, I don't remember burning this fiercely in the arms of another. The cynical part of my brain wants to claim it was because no one ever turned me on like this on Earth.

But I know better.

It's this damned serum making me pant after this alien like he's the only dick available, and I must have sex, or I'll die. Honestly, I can't help but wonder if I'd be attracted to him without their potions making every cell in me quiver.

I want to sigh at my turn of thoughts. So pedantic. So predictable. I feel just like those women in the romance novels I've read in the past when I got so lonely I needed something to take the ache away.

How many times did I make fun of the heroines for spreading their legs for any dick that swung around them? Granted, I still stroked myself to the lurid words, not really caring about how stupid they were being. Not when there was a skilled dick to be had. Yet here I am fighting tooth and nail not to fall to my knees and beg this alien to relieve the pressure in my breasts, the ache between my thighs, and worse, the loneliness gathering in my heart.

As if he senses the turmoil weighing me down, he runs his hands along the crown on my head, stroking me, soothing me, as if I'm nothing more than a distressed pet to him. And that's what I am. His pet. His plaything.

Fuck. Even more arousal slickens my inner thighs as I squeeze them together, hoping for even a frisson of relief from this maddening affliction. Just one orgasm and I'll be able to think straight. I'll be that cool, level-headed show of force once more.

It's the lie I tell myself as he wraps his warm hands around my chilled waist. It's the falsehood that bounces around in my brain as those fingers skim up to cup my aching breasts and weigh them in his palms. It's the manic deception that cries out as he leans forward to kiss the engorged mounds yet ignores my nipples.

If this gag wasn't in my mouth, I'd probably beg him. Just like those women I scoffed at while touching myself as I read. Would begging even work on one such as him? If only he'd allow me use of my mouth to try.

"Let's get you a bit more comfortable," he groans against my skin before tugging on the lead. "Be a good little cow for me and I'll make you feel so fucking good. It's a promise."

My mind melts, refusing to allow any sort of rational thoughts to enter as I trot after him like some love-sick calf. It's insanity, pure and simple. Shaking my head, I do my best to dispel the lust coiling around me, cutting off my air supply.

Around me the soft sounds of women being touched, inspected, and ordered around coalesce into one lurid symphony until I nearly sway with the imagined beat. Heat infuses my body, driving away the chill from earlier. It doesn't seem to matter that I'm naked. My body accommodates to the climate to keep me comfortable.

Bright light assaults my eyes as he leads me down a long corridor. Squinting, I look up at the windows, noting the blue overcast of the sun and marvel. All this messy cow business aside, I feel truly in awe of the experience I'm lucky to have. How many others have wanted to travel outside the bounds of the Earth, and here I am breathing alien air.

Unfortunately, my happy feelings dissipate as he drags me into a room filled with strange equipment. As much as the analytical part of my mind wants to revel and explore, the foreign nature of the buttons and sounds drives a shaft of fear into my heart. It's as if the moment I forget the ramifications of being on this planet, something comes in to remind me.

Once I'm fully inside, the alien closes the door behind us with an ominous click. "Now then, my beautiful cow. We are finally alone." He saunters over to me, his lips quirking up into a dastardly smile. "Time to inspect my prize."

His fingers are gentle as he reaches up to remove my gag. The moment the large phallus is out of my mouth, I groan and rub my poor stretched out lips. The alien simply watches in fascination yet says nothing.

Heat infuses my cheeks as I watch his pupils dilate. My mouth twitches as I start to speak, but in an instant, his hand is there, cutting off my words.

"Here on Icora, you are not allowed to speak in front of us. You are only allowed to moo. However, since you are my cow, I will allow it. But only in my presence or if you are given permission by another Rancher. Do you understand?"

With his hand in the way, I still can't say anything. And so I nod. "Good little cow," he murmurs before drawing his hand back. "You may now speak."

"Thank you ever so much." The sarcasm drips from my lips as I attempt a bow.

Unfortunately, my breasts are far too large and sore to allow me to be graceful. With what sounds like a grunt of frustration, the alien wraps his hand around my arm and helps me up as I begin to wobble.

"You are most welcome."

The sincerity in his tone nearly cuts me to the core. "Oh. No," I mumble. "That was sarcasm. I'm sorry. I-"

He cuts me off with a wave of his hand as he tilts his head to the side in a similar fashion to the Medical Rancher. For a moment, it seems as if he's listening to something, but I can't hear anything. However, the moment his lips turn down into a frown, I realize he must only now understand what I said.

"Sarcasm? I now comprehend this word. Why is it you meet me with sarcasm when I have been nothing but gracious to you?"

My insides clench as he looks down at me with such arousing ferocity. Unable to control the words fleeing my lips, I meet his stare and say the first thing that comes to mind. "Maybe I'm a masochist?"

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In an instant, I bring my hands to my lips, covering my mouth. It's as if my brain thinks that my actions will somehow take back the words once spoken out loud. The serum must be mucking up things there as well, and not just my arousal.

Again, the alien pauses. "Masochist." He sounds out each syllable, drawing them out, somehow making the word both erotic and terrifying at the same time. "Hmmm. One who enjoys pain." In an instant, his gaze turns feral as he looks me up and down. "We do not have such a word, but I find I like it. Masochist." He steps forward to pull me closer. "Masochist mine."

"I- I-. Sarcasm?" I stammer weakly, wishing to pull myself from his grasp.

It's impossible to move. Not because of the physical hold on me, but because his touch just feels so fucking good. Touch-starved little masochist. Apparently, that's what I am.

"I see what you're playing at," he growls, gripping my breast in his implacable grip. "I know of this word, sarcasm. You wish to sarcasm me into giving you the pain you require. All one has to do is simply ask. Respectfully, of course."

As his fingers tighten against my engorged skin, I cannot help the ragged moan ripping from my throat. The pain is immense, but God, it feels so fucking good.

"On your knees, little cow. Beg me to hurt you."

Without thinking, I drop to the floor. My breath comes in haggard pants as I heave for a moment, doing my best to process the sensations swirling through my body.

“Please,” I whimper, no longer sure what I’m begging for.

The discomfort in my breasts grows as I remain there on all fours. My nipples tighten as they become swollen with milk. Fluid gathers at the tip and slides down the curve of my breasts before dripping down onto the floor.

The alien walks around me, tscking at my pitiful display. “This won’t do at all. Wasting precious milk like that. Perhaps you were begging for a punishment? Is that what my little masochist wants?”

Words refuse to form in my brain. I shake my head. “Please,” I beg again. “I- I need-”

“Oh, yes. I know what you need. You need so many things right now. You need my lips around your nipples, easing the aching pressure of your milk as it engorges you. You need my cock inside that pretty little pussy of yours. And you need that bite of pain to finally make you come.”

Well... when he puts it so succinctly... Somehow, it’s exactly what I need. All without me even asking for it. How many times did I scroll through internet posts wondering how it felt for those women to be one of God’s favorites? And now, here I am, on all fours, about to get fucked within an inch of my life.

Granted, I wish I could have gotten all of this without being kidnapped by a strange alien species, but right now, I’ll take what I can get.

The blue behemoth continues to circle, only to stop when he comes back behind me. His fingers tease my lower lips, allowing me to feel his touch but refusing to give me the relief I need. It’s maddening, infuriating. Grunting in frustration, I rock back, desperate to grind myself against him.

With a dark chuckle, he dances out of reach. “Such a responsive little cow,” he croons, running his hand up and down my lower back. “Don’t worry. With me, you’ll be well fed, well fucked, well milked, and well bred.”

Fear shoots down my spine as I jerk away from his touch. As much as my full, swollen breasts protest the rapid movement, I shuffle away and turn over onto my back, where I can watch his movements. With a laugh, he stands and brushes his hands against the shiny pants of his suit.

“Fear not, my skittish heifer. The serum that makes your breasts engorge with sweet, sweet milk is the same that will keep you from being pregnant. But make no mistake. I plan on filling you up with my seed every chance I get.”

“You can’t be serious,” I manage to whisper, my pussy spasming at his threat.

His lips turn down into a fierce scowl. “Oh, I’m deadly serious. I’ve waited far too long for my own personal cow. Now that I have you, I can finally satisfy myself the way Ranchers have before me and will after I’m one with the stars.”

“But- but surely you have other things to do than simply fuck me. Right? I mean, even us humans take a break every now and then. Refractory period and all that.”

In what I’m understanding is his processing expression, I watch as he tries to understand what I’m saying to him. “Ahhh. The Poor males of your species. If we willed it, we would fuck all day and all night. But, as you say, we have many other things to do. Especially us Ranchers.”

The sigh drifting from my lips brings a frown to his. He doesn’t understand, and I haven’t the energy to explain it to him. Though the idea of sex all day and all night sounds heavenly in theory, in practice, I worry about the condition of my body.

“Make no mistake, my little masocow,” he grins at his little word mashup. “I will drip from your pretty little cunt as you crawl around on all fours, mooing for relief. Even when I’m not there to satisfy you, you’ll feel me sliding between your thighs and coating your clit until you’re nearly feral to have me inside you again.”

Unfortunately, my body seems to like his threats. Fuck. I should be looking for a way to escape, to somehow get back to planet Earth. But no. My traitorous pussy wants to see just how much sex we can have before it gives out.

Chapter 7

Antroli

I study my new little cow, desperate to know what she’s thinking. So many expressions flit across her face, but they’re gone before I can figure it out. One thing that’s very clear, however, is the scent of arousal wafting off of her.

Her body screams in need even if her lips remain silent. Circling around her, I note the rigidity in her stance. Despite being aroused by me, she’s also wary. Common enough. Most cows are skittish and frightened at first.

In fact, I’ve come to understand that the ones who aren’t afraid of us and try to fight their captives are the ones who merely accept their fate, do not stay long in our world. Whether by their own hand or natural causes, they drift up to the celestials in the sky.

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My skin crawls as memories burst through my mind. Though I try my hardest to forget, my brain is always there to remind me. Closing my eyes, I do my absolute best to shove out the images of the small burial plot we have for the cows who no longer wish to live.

It was only my first year as a Rancher, and I knew nothing about the temperament of humans. It took one death. Just one. After that, I knew what signs to look for. Even now, I worry about the few who caught my eye.

If only the transport did a better job at weeding out the humans based on emotional stability and not just viability of our serums. What good is it to have these cows if they're absolutely miserable?

Shaking my head, I dispel these morose thoughts. The cow in front of me is not like them. She could never be like them. Fear sizzles through my veins as I look deep into her brown eyes.

"I want you to be truthful with me." Fear makes my mouth dry and my voice hoarse. But it cannot be helped. "Are you well adjusted?"

She hesitates for a bit and simply stares at me. For half a second, I worry that her translator is no longer working. A bark of laughter erupts from her lips, but there's not a trace of humor in it.

"Well adjusted? You kidnapped me, put some unknown serum in me to make me leak from every orifice and you have the nerve to ask me if I'm well adjusted?"

Crossing my arms, I bite down on my inner cheek to keep from smiling. She's certainly a spitfire, far more than any cow I've tended to before. It's her spark that allows me to take in a deep breath.

"To be fair, it's the Medical Ranchers who did all that. I'm just reaping the benefits."

"Are ye aff yer heid?" she snarls, her accent becoming thick. "I've no went tonto if that's what yer askin'. I'm no a wee headcase. But I'm soon to become one if ye don't stop yappin' and get to the boabing' that ye promised."

I should be angry with her show of force. In fact, not one cow has ever spoken to me with such disrespect. It's something we drill into our heifers from the moment they're brought on board our ships.

Unfortunately, all it does is make my cock hard. I have no idea how the arousal at her show of submission has shifted to this, but I crave the acidity in her words. It makes me want to force her to submit instead of enjoying the woman I thought she was. Somehow, it's better this way, far more erotic.

Besides, she's already admitted she likes a bite of pain with her pleasure. How much of this venom is because of this desire and how much is actual disrespect? Either way, in my mind, she's just given me carte blanche to have my way with her and not hold back.

Grabbing the lead in my hand, I wind it around, bringing her ever closer with each rotation of my wrist. Her eyes widen as I force her to step forward, filling the gap until she's so close I can almost taste her breath in the air.

"Let's get one thing straight, my little masocow. I am the one in charge. I will always be the one in charge. If you beg me like a good, sweet, demure little cow, I might make you see stars. Continue with that attitude, and you'll taste my hand in a far, less

pleasurable way.”

She sways for a moment, her eyes dilating a touch further. “Please,” she whispers, her voice barely audible. “I- I need.”

“Yes, my little one. I know exactly what you need.” Gathering her hand in mine, I place it over my heart. “When we are alone, you may call me by my given name. To you, I will always be Master Antroli. If allowed to speak in front of others, it will be Master Rancher. What is your name?”

“Do you really want to know it?” There’s a tinge of emotion there, vulnerability maybe?

“I do. I want to know what name I’m crying out as I stroke myself.”

Red tinges her cheeks as she ducks away for a moment. “Fiona.”

“Fiona.” I sound out each syllable as if I’m already tasting her decadent milk. “Such a pretty name for such a pretty cow.”

“I really wish you’d stop calling me that. I’m not big enough to be a cow.”

Chuckling, I loosen my grip a touch on her lead. “It’s not your size that makes you a cow. It’s your function. Soon, you’ll be providing milk to nourish me, to allow me to do my job, and do it well. You are integral to my way of life. My own, personal cow.”

I refuse to tone down the reverence in my voice. To me, it’s important that she knows just what she is in my life. What she means to me. Though my little pet might not think of me in such an adoring way now, it is my goal that she’ll become just as besotted with me as I am with her.

“Come. I must attend to you before you engorge to the point of damage.”

All it takes is a gentle tug for her to trot after me like an obedient little bovine. My balls clench at the idea of putting her into her cow items after we're done. She'll be the most adorable one on our farm. I just know it.

Leading her over to the milking bench, I help her sit astride. For a moment, as I lift her breasts, she jerks ever so slightly, as if she wants to flee, but then stills. It's quite fascinating watching her mind and body work.

Fiona groans as the metal cups her breasts, taking the extra weight off of her. She sags forward in relief and doesn't fight me as I push, pull, and tug her into position. Humans are so easy to please. Or is it Fiona who's easy?

Milk dots the tips of her nipples, drawing a hungered groan from my lips. How badly I wish to take what's so freely offered. Not yet. It pains us both to have me sit across from her and not touch her.

“Before I attend to you, you must know the rules. I do not wish to gag you or punish you, but I will. You are mine to keep, mine to own, and mine to control. As stated earlier, outside of the ranch house, you are not allowed to speak. No cow is allowed to let an Icorian hear their words. Now that your mouth is free, I will listen to you. Do you understand?”

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Her eyes widen as she nods, slamming her hands over her mouth as if to keep her from speaking out. A soft chuckle buzzes in my chest as I pull them down. “While you’re around me, you may speak. But the moment another is in our presence, you will remain silent.”

After a moment or two, she raises her hand in the air, palm facing me. Silence stretches between us as I watch it, curiosity burning in my mind. Is this how humans show their obedience? Time continues to tick forward, and yet she still does not speak.

Her hand begins to quiver with the effort of keeping it aloft. “I do not understand,” I finally growl. “If you agree with me, then just say that.”

“I- No. I have a question. I didn’t want to speak out of turn. Do you not do this? Not even in school? Wait. Do you even have school?”

Irritation wriggles down my spine a moment at her line of inquiry, but I soon quell it since her voice doesn’t give off the tone of impertinence. “We do indeed have education here. Both Master Vrokjan and I have also completed the additional courses to become certified Ranchers. He actually has even more education than I do. It’s how we’re able to sell our milk intergalactically. “

“Forgive me. I did not mean to assume.”

I ignore her apology. She didn’t do anything wrong, and so there is no need to further address it. “What’s your question?” I counter.

“If I’m not allowed to speak, how do I get your attention?”

A soft smile curves my lips. “Why, you moo, of course. In all your years of education, you cannot tell me you didn’t learn the simple lesson of a cow goes moo. In fact, I’m quite sure there’s a little song about it.”

Again, red tinges her lovely cheeks, and I find myself smitten. I love the color as it travels down her neck to flush her full breasts.

“Now who’s a wee headcase?” she mutters, her eyes refusing to meet mine.

Shaking my head, I grip her cheeks. “I’ve been so lenient with you thus far, and yet you continue to defy me. Moo, cow, or I’ll let the machine attend to you first and not my mouth.”

Fiona shudders under my unrelenting gasp. “Please, Master Antroli. I- I can’t.”

“Can’t,” I growl, my cock pulsing with each flutter of her heartbeat in her throat. “Or won’t.”

“It’s too humiliating. I- I can’t.”

Scooting closer, I slide my hand over her pussy. “Celestials,” I groan, easing a thick digit inside her. “You’re fucking soaked. Tell me again that you don’t want to moo for me.”

Even without her answering, her inner walls clamp down around my finger. A soft moan flits through the air. Not quite a moo, but close enough I can almost imagine it. Celestials, but to hear that sound fall from her lips for the first time.

“Come, my little masocow. You know deep down you want to please me. Let me

hear it. Just once and I'll bring you so much pleasure you won't know what to do with it."

She pulls her lips in and clamps down, refusing to obey me. "The hard way it is, then. Will it be like this in every interaction?" Part of me hopes so.

The only Ranchers I knew of who are rough with their cows for the sake of sexual pleasure are the two who tried to take Fiona away from me. Though I don't want to be cast in with the likes of them, I have always wondered what the cows got out of such feral, primal urges.

Grabbing the suction cups, I hold them in one hand as I smooth some salve over her engorged nipples. Her sighs go straight to my dick, making me so fucking hard my vision threatens to cross. Once I have her hooked up to the machine, I watch her face as I switch it on.

Pleasure and pain seem to oscillate with neither fully winning. Strangled sounds of pleasure drip from her lips just as steadily as the milk going into the tubes. Standing in front of her, I unzip my suit, groaning as the air kisses my skin.

Despite the suction pulling milk out of her in a slow but steady pace, her sounds die down as she watches me strip for her. "Do you want me? Do you want to see the cock that will force cum into every hole you own?" She nods, her breath coming out in haggard gasps. "Then fucking moo. I will not ask you again."

Once more, she bites down on her bottom lip and looks away. Redness tinges her entire face, turning her creamy pale skin a lovely shade of strawberry.

"Moo," she finally says, so soft I almost can't hear it.

Oh, but I do. It goes straight through me like lightning. Every hair stands on end as

arousal thrums through my body in an endless refrain. There's a soft lilt to the sound, very similar to her accent when she speaks.

It draws out the sound, softening it in a way I never thought possible. The sound has always been erotic to me, but hearing it fall from her lips like soft rain crashing against the beautiful Ovibrosia is downright spiritual.

"That's my good little cow," I groan, sliding the zipper all the way down.

My cock pops out from the tight fabric, granting me instant relief. Cupping my balls, I run my hand up and down my shaft, lurid sounds dripping from my lips as I watch Fiona's expression. Her eyes widen as she looks me up and down.

"Y- you're fucking massive," she gasps, her fingers gripping the milking bench.

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“That I am. Far too massive for a little thing such as yourself. That’s why I’m going to prepare you to take me. In the meantime, I want you to get just a small taste of me, that bite of painful pleasure you seem to crave.”

Her skin goes white as I turn off the machine and remove the suction cups. They weren’t on there long enough to drain her, allowing me to finally taste what my money won. Sliding behind her on the bench, I rock against her, grinding my cock against her back.

At first, her body is rigid against me. This won’t do at all. Wrapping my arms around her, I slide my hands under her breasts and knead the swollen tissue. Soon, she sways backward as if all the fight drains from her body.

With gentle movements, I urge her to face me. Her pupils dilate until nearly fully blown. An odd twinge of tenderness beats at my heart as I lean down, capturing her lips with mine. Fiona is so soft and pliant as I mold her to me, drinking from her lips like a man starving.

Enough games. Soon, I’ll need to bring her back to the transport so we can go to the farm. Once there, I can have my wicked way with her. Leaning back against the bench, I help her on top of me. Her slim thighs part, falling on either side of my hips.

She’s so small, so tiny, so fragile, but most importantly, so mine.

Chapter 8

Fiona

My lips part as another moan slips past. Or is it a moo? I honestly can't tell anymore. All I know is an all-consuming need as it ripples across my body. I need this alien like I need air, like I need the milk fully drained from my still-engorged breasts, but most importantly, like I need his body against mine.

I've never known such desperation before, and in my mind, what small, rational part remains, I wonder if it's all the serum, or if part of me craves this stranger's possession? It's nearly unfathomable as I stretch out my body over his. Yet, it somehow feels so fucking right.

His massive, bulbous head prods my entrance, but based on what I saw earlier, there's no way he's going to fit. Granted, I've had my fair share of large cocks before, but this one takes the piss. Quite literally. Or do they even piss?

My mind is frantic, bursting from one thought to the next, like glow worms lighting up for their mates across the Scottish moors. Try as I might, I can't get it to settle on one thought. Perhaps I'm just too afraid of the agony his cock will cause and so I use mental humor as a defense mechanism.

Such insight while I'm mere moments away from being torn in two by a dick the size of a large man's forearm, with odd ridges and bulges to boot. Mum always did want me to go into the medical field as opposed to technology. What would she think if she saw me now? Counseling myself while resting upon this behemoth of an alien instead of a quack's bench?

The mental image alone is enough to drive out the fear for a moment. I resist the urge to snort, knowing my captor will have no clue why my turn of thought is so hysterical. Honestly, I don't think I can even explain it without either confusing or offending him.

Probably both.

“How do you Earthlings do it?” he grumbles, his chest vibrating against me with every syllable.

And just like that, my mind snaps back to where I am and who I’m on. But more importantly, the pulse of Master Antroli’s massive cock pulsing against the crack of my arse.

“Do what?” There’s a plaintive sound in my question, one I’m not used to hearing.

“Drift off into your mind, far away from reality. It’s a phenomenon I’ve never understood.”

He wants to talk about psychiatry now? His cock jerks against me as his hands slide down my back. And yet he has the coherency to talk about this? If I were in a far more coherent frame of mind, I’d be more than happy to counter his question with a few of my own.

But the words escape me. They’ve fled from my lips and brain the moment I first woke up on that ship, disoriented and out of my mind with sheer need. But now is not the time to talk. That can wait.

With a groan, I wriggle back and forth, shuddering at the heat radiating off of him. It coils through me, filling me up from the inside out. Unable to help myself, I drop my head against his chest and nuzzle his skin.

So right. Yet so wrong.

I should be fighting him and these feelings. I should be clawing at his skin as I scream like a banshee. But I don’t want any of that. In some twisted way, I want him.

Though I don’t even know the bastard, I want to feel his hands on my body, owning

me, mastering me, and giving me those things I've desired in secret but never spoken out loud.

It's as if he's known me from the moment I existed. My own fucking wet dream come to life. Granted, in my fantasies, he wasn't blue and had a more manageable cock. But that doesn't diminish the god I've created with every smutty book I've read and every swipe of my fingers as I sought my pleasure.

God, I've been so lonely for so fucking long. It feels nice to have someone want me like this. He seems just as desperate, just as obsessed. At least I hope he is. Lifting my head, I look over at him.

His eyes darken as his fingers wrap around my arms, anchoring me to him. The sliver of restraint he holds in place seems to wear thin as he continues to look at me. How I wish he'd let whatever noble intentions fall by the wayside and just fuck me. Hell, death by sex sounds so good right now.

"Tell me, human," he groans. "What thoughts lurk behind those pretty brown eyes of yours? I can do many things, but reading your mind is not one of them."

Without thinking of self-preservation, I crawl up his body and thread my fingers through his hair. This time, I'm the one in control as I slant my lips over his, kissing him with all the desire I possess welling up within me.

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Another growl vibrates the air around us as he holds me tightly against his chest. With an agility I've never before witnessed, he clutches me tighter against his body as he turns us over. In a flash, we're no longer on the bench. Instead, he somehow managed to roll us over and onto the floor so that my back rests against the soft hay.

Still, he holds himself aloft, so he doesn't squish or harm me. Such strength. Such virility. All it does is amp up the arousal until it drips from me, coating our bodies until every movement causes him to slide against me.

Pulling back for a moment, he stares down at me, his lips an angry slash against his face. "I know I have been lenient with you, my precious little Highland, but you are not in control here. You will never be in control."

His hand grabs my wrists and pulls them up, stretching me out beneath him. He looms over me, his breath coming in harsh gasps that scrape his chest against my aching nipples. Again, that soft sound drips from my lips, disappearing into the wind to join the others around me.

Perhaps if I lie to myself, I can pretend it's others mooing in desperation, and not me. But then... he hears everything and misses nothing. At the delicate sound, his lips curl into a devastating grin.

"Oh, my sweet, little heifer. Breaking you will be the most enjoyable thing I ever do in this lifetime."

His dark words shouldn't entice me. They shouldn't call to me, begging me to let him do whatever he wants. But I'm far past caring. "Please," I whimper, the sensations

overwhelming me to the point of begging. “Master, I beg of you.”

“Oh, I hear you. Trust me on this. I know just what you need, and I plan to give it to you.” He notches his fingers at my entrance. “Every fucking inch.” With each word, he slides in just a touch further, filling me up with his thick digits. “And when I’m done, I’ll stuff your pretty little pussy full of my cock until you’re so full, you won’t be able to breathe.”

“God, yes!” I cry out, my core spasming around his intrusion.

He pulls out, then presumably adds another finger. It’s the only explanation as to why I somehow feel even more full. It certainly can’t be his dick. Each glide in and out is aided by the arousal just pouring out of me with each brutal thrust.

Gone is the nice, kind, and compassionate Rancher who was so gentle with me. In his place is a ravenous beast set to devour me. Each jerk of his wrist moves me against the hay, scraping my back against the floor.

The bite of pain, however, only drives my need even higher. He leans his head down and captures my nipple between his teeth, his lips curving against my breast. I hold my breath, every inch of me tightening as I wait for him to drink from me.

But he doesn’t. The bastard simply tortures me with his lips, teeth, and tongue, teasing me but not giving me relief. His fingers tighten against my wrist, holding me still as his other slams into me harder, drawing ragged yelps from my lips.

“Please!” I cry out, everything in me screaming for release. “Please, Master!”

He lifts his head only high enough to speak. “Moo for me again, my willful little Highland. Let this whole barn hear just how much you crave me.”

My mind splinters as he lowers his lips and sucks, drawing milk out of my breast and into his mouth. “Moo!” I scream out, no longer caring who hears me.

It’s not as if anyone actually cares. It’s what I’m here for. It’s what we’re here for. There’s no use pretending things to be different. Not when it grants me the most exquisite pleasure I’ve ever experienced in my life.

Master Antroli pulls away from my nipple. “That’s my good girl,” he groans, making lazy circles on my clit with his thumb.

Such a simple sentence, and yet, it means the world to me. He might never say it again, and God knows he’ll never say it in front of another Rancher. In that moment, however, I’m not just his cow. I’m his woman. His human woman.

My inner walls clamp down around his fingers as I moo again, the sound filled with desperation and longing. Switching to the other breast, he sucks from me again, forcing me to ride that razor-sharp line between pain, pleasure, and relief. I can no longer process what’s happening to me.

No thoughts flit in and out of my brain, disrupting my orgasm as with other men. The physical sensations are far too much for me to drift. I feel everything with such aching clarity, I want to sob.

Tears gather in my eyes as I arch up against him, groaning as his fingers curl, hitting that spot I love. He rams into it over and over, making me see stars with every stroke.

“I’m going to let you go now. Don’t you dare move, or I’ll deny you your orgasm. You will no doubt test me in many ways, but in this instance, do so at your peril.”

The moment his hand leaves my wrist, the temptation to bring them back down slams into me. It’s not out of the need to be disobedient, but to keep from being so open, so

vulnerable. Biting down on my lower lip, I press the back of my hands against the hay, clutching the strands to keep me grounded.

For a few moments, Master Antroli watches me, seeing what I'll do. His fingers remain still inside my pussy, giving me only sensation but no pleasure. It's miserable. God only knows how worse it would be for me if I actually did disobey him.

Strands of desire weave around us, tying me to him as successfully as any captor who convinces their prey to fall in love with them. Only, for me, all it took was a fingerbang to surpass all other finger bangs. It wasn't days, weeks, months, or even years of fighting him before I succumbed.

It was a matter of minutes.

I should be horrified with myself that I could give in so quickly, but in my heart, I know I've found the one I want to be with. It makes no logical sense, and honestly, it's why I trust it. All my life, I've been governed by facts and numbers.

Master Antroli and I just fit.

"It must be so hard for you," he croons, running his fingers down my breastbone. "I see the war in your eyes, the conflict in the way you twitch. Shall I reward you then for being so obedient?"

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“Please, Master Rancher. My body is yours.”

For a moment, he freezes. Everything goes ramrod as he looks down at me. “You can’t possibly mean what you say. It must be some delirium that affects humans. I’ll have Master Nagán check on you when we’re back at the ranch.”

A smile curls my lips as I lie there underneath him. “There is no need. I can tell you right now, I am not ill. I just want you. It’s as simple as that. You complete something in me I never knew was missing.”

Master Antroli bends low, caging my head with his hand. “Then allow me to complete you further, my most precious possession.” One kiss is all he gives me before pulling away and walking over to the milking bench. “Come,” he barks out.

Confused, I go to stand, but he shakes his head. “Crawl to me. Soon, you’ll not only be my cow, but look it as well. I want to see you crawl as you are, as a human wishing to please her alien master.”

Heat floods my body at his humiliating request. Unfortunately, I cannot find it in me to disobey. Something twists in my gut at the idea of debasing myself for this alien, and all it does is make me burn even hotter. I want his admiration. I want those approving smiles and praises. More than that, however, I want the orgasm promised in his words.

Rolling over onto my hands and feet, I crawl. Thankfully, the soft hay cushions my movements. It seems as if they’ve thought of everything. Craning my neck up, I watch Master Antroli.

His chest heaves with each deep breath as his eyes darken. The massive cock twitches with each crawl forward, a show of approval if I've ever seen one. I take my time, dragging out this moment for as long as I dare, but soon, I kneel at his feet, feeling nothing but satisfaction.

"Master Rancher. I have a request if you please?"

My alien's lips twitch as he gazes down at me. "You may request. I will decide whether or not to grant it."

"I would like to taste you."

Chapter 9

Antroli

I couldn't have heard her correctly. In all my years training cows and getting them used to their new role, I've never had one ask to pleasure me in this way. They were all far too afraid of me and my cock to even ask. Everything about this human is a surprise, and I can't wait to unravel even more mysteries about her.

Resting my hand against her head, I pat my pretty little cow. "I will grant your wish, but after I've given you such pleasure you can't see straight."

I don't want the spell to break between us. Everything right now feels far too tenuous for my liking. Though her words sound sure enough, I want her so completely enthralled with me she can't think of anything else but the pleasure of my touch and body.

Gripping her hair, I grant her that bite of pain she seems to crave. With each curl of my fingers, I feel that same need flowing through me. I want to hurt her, to make her

pretty little eyes well up with tears, only to kiss them away as I send her screaming into the heavens. She's the only one I ever wanted to be violent with, and deep down, I know she'll be the last.

When I first bid on her, it was lust driving me, pure and simple. But now, it's so much more than that. The primal urge to rip apart the others who bid on her races through me, turning me nearly feral. No one is safe. Not even Vrokjan.

Forcing myself to pull away, I once more grab the suction cups. Though I drank a good bit from her, there's still far more that needs to be drained from her luscious body. Just because I want nothing more than to fuck her every second of the day, I can't neglect my duties.

The instant her milk flows from her again, she sighs and sags against me. Fiona is such a natural, taking to being my cow with such a grace I never thought possible. If any of the other Ranchers knew—namely Jakroon and Ratainio—they would do whatever they legally could to take her from me.

Shoving those thoughts to the side, I kneel in front of Fiona. “You will sit on my face so I can feast upon you as the machine collects the rest of your milk.”

With a soft moan that sounds so close to her lilting moo, she crawls over my body, taking great care not to tangle the hoses. She spreads her knees on either side of my face and hovers there for a moment, not fully sitting.

“Out of everything I've commanded you to do, this is what you have a problem with?” I growl against her slick pussy.

“N- no, Master. Not exactly. I... I've never ridden a face before. I've read about it, but I've never done it. I don't want to do it wrong and suffocate you.”

I curl my fingers around her thighs and dig in until she cries out with a soft yelp. “If I die, I die. Now obey your Master and sit on my face.” Yanking her down, I breathe in her intoxicating scent.

Her soft moans go straight to my cock as I slide a finger inside her once more. Grunting against her slick skin, I impale her over and over, dreaming of the day when she’s stretched out enough to take me. All of me. The thin shafts of skin at my base quiver as I indulge myself in the thought of them stimulating her as I bottom out.

Arching my neck, I lap at her clit, giving her the pleasure she so desperately seeks. I’m instantly rewarded with loud moos as she rocks back and forth, grinding against me as I pound my fingers deep into her pussy. Her inner walls spasm around me, gripping me as I surge in and out.

Celestials, but she’s close. Judging by the weight of her breasts, the milking should be done soon as well. Enough playing around. Dragging my thick finger out of her, I stuff her full with two. From this angle, she’s even tighter than before.

I groan against her sensitive skin as I graze her clit with my teeth. Her sudden yelp as she jerks forward brings a smile to my face. Sliding my other hand back around her thigh, I hold her in place so I can devour her, feasting from her body as if she’s my last meal.

Though she squirms, she cannot get away. Eventually, her body goes stiff above me as her inner walls clamp down around my fingers. A loud moo explodes from her mouth as she trembles above me. It’s so loud it reverberates through the walls, no doubt stimulating the cows on either side.

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Her body explodes into movements as I continue to thrust into her, dragging out her orgasm. My fingers slide through her slick channel as arousal coats my digits, easing my movements. With a ragged groan, I give her sensitive bundle of nerves one last lick before forcing myself away.

I can't contain myself any longer. I must come inside her if it's the last thing I do. Pushing her forward, I ease her onto all fours, just like the little cow she is. My cock pulses at the visual of her ass in the air, showing off her perfect little cunt and pretty little asshole. The puckered hole clenches as I look at, as if it's just begging me to defile it.

"Fuck me, but you're simply perfection." At my words, Fiona turns around and bats her lashes at me, the picture of innocence.

It does irrational things to my sense of calm and wellbeing. Sliding my hand along her slick pussy, I gather her arousal and drag it up. "Have you ever been fucked in the ass? Or is that something new for you as well?"

That pretty little blush fans across her face as she ducks her head away from my inquisitive gaze. "I've had guys play back there, but I've never had full on anal or anything."

"Perfect," I growl, gripping her cheeks. "I can't wait to take this virginal hole, making you mine completely. But first, you're a tad bit underdressed. Crawl to the bench."

She shuffles over the short way without any fuss. Watching the tubes, I grip my cock,

sliding my hand up and down, my movements eased by her arousal. Soon, the last bit of milk flows through. With a disappointed sigh, I unhook her and help her up onto the bench.

I could stand there forever just watching milk drip from her tits. But it doesn't matter. She'll need to be milked again tonight, and I can watch that pearly fluid leak from her body and dampen her skin once more. Perhaps I'll even squeeze those perfect, engorged breasts of hers just to watch the milk coat her body so I can lap it off of her.

Precum rises to the top of my slit as I continue to stroke myself to her gaze. I know what she wants, and this way, I'll be able to mark her with my cum in some way that won't damage her. Reluctantly, I drop my hand and make my way over to the small cabinet.

But as much as I can't wait to have her lips stretched wide around my thick head, I need to tend to her in other ways first. That's the one downside to all of this. No matter what, duty and work will always come first.

Grabbing a small jar of salve, I set it next to her before pulling out her new attire. Two hooves, two knee pads, a cow tail and some ears go right next to the jar where she can see it and contemplate what's about to happen.

Hunching down, I study her nipples, noting how angry and red they already are. Perhaps Highland cows are just a bit more sensitive to our milking methods? Something to talk over with Nagán whenever we get back to the ranch. That is, if he doesn't already have his hands full with Vrokjan's new cow.

At least with Fiona, her issues seem to be on the surface, things that can be easily corrected. With Vrokjan's little heifer, she seemed a bit weaker than what either of us was expecting. Driving that thought out of my head, I concentrate on my own cow. Vrokjan is more than capable of taking care of his.

Dragging out a dollop of the salve, I tease Fiona's nipples as I smear it on. Soft, distressed sounds drift from her lips, but my cow remains as still as possible, allowing me to work.

"Such a good little masocow for me," I murmur, going to the other nipple. "This will help ease any discomfort you might have from being milked. It will also keep you from chapping."

Once I'm done, I screw the cap back on and head over to wash my hands. From the corner of my eye, I watch Fiona as she reaches out to touch her new outfit. Each graze of her fingertips is tentative, gentle.

Smirking, I dry my hands and stride back over. "What do you think?"

Her gaze flies up to mine. "I think I'm going to be freezing if this is all I have to wear."

A chuckle rumbles in my throat as I sit next to her on the bench. "Trust me. You will be quite comfortable."

Grabbing her wrist, I ease her hand into the hoof. Without me even having to instruct her, she grabs onto the metal bar inside and wraps her slim fingers around it. Such an intelligent little heifer. That or her lack of fear allows her wits to be far more easily accessed.

Once the other is on, I help her stand up so I can ease her legs into the knee pads. So close to being done, but so far away. Already my balls clench at the sight of her, the brown of the hooves and pads matching her lovely eyes.

Such a perfect shade. One I could have never even hoped for. But then, everything about my cow is pure perfection. With a lopsided smile, I put her little ears on, my

heart swelling with just how adorable she looks. Not all cows get ears, but mine does.

Grabbing her about the waist, I assist her back down to all fours on the bench. I run my hand along her spine, soaking in the feeling of her soft skin beneath my fingertips.

“I understand your needs, my little cow,” I murmur, my throat clogging with emotions. “But you must understand my reticence. It’s not for lack of giving you what you need or want. I simply do not have it in me to be cruel.”

Pausing, I grab the tail from off of the bench and hold the metal plug in front of her face. “Make no mistake, my precious little Fiona. I can deliver all the pain your body, heart, and mind desires, but I will not be cruel. For me to be a good Rancher, to be competent at my job, I must always put your physical needs first.”

I glide around to the back of the bench and stare at the arousal dripping from her pussy. “Some Ranchers can be mean to their cows, but I never understood the end goal. At the end of the day, even though you are my personal cow, your function is to provide milk. The better I am at seeing to your needs, the happier you will be. The happier you are, the more milk you will produce. It’s simple science.”

“Simple?” She cocks her head at me for a moment. “There is nothing simple about any of this. I may not have medical science as my knowledge base, but I know enough about humans to say that nothing is ever simple with us.”

“Ahh. You do have a point there, my intelligent little pet. Perhaps simple was the wrong word to use. However, there is proven cause and effect. So yes, I will hurt you, my precious plaything, but my job as a Rancher, as your Rancher, comes before any desires you may think you have. Are we in agreement?”

“Do I have a choice?” Her words threaten to cut me, but her smile shows the humor

behind them.

“I suppose not. Now then, your outfit is almost complete.” Again, I dangle the plug in front of her. “This will be uncomfortable but necessary to you becoming a cow.”

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Gritting my teeth, I dip the metal plug into her pussy, coating it with her arousal. For me, this is torture. I want nothing more than to shove this thing in her so she can suck my cock.

It's only for the fragility of her body that I take this slowly. Right now, it has nothing to do with supplying pain or not. "Lean forward for me, pet. I want your ass high up in the air."

Her breath stutters for a moment as she obeys me. Bumps explode over her skin as she quivers beneath me. Dipping my finger into her pussy, I gather more arousal and smear it across her back hole.

The soft moans pouring from her lips go straight to my balls, making them clench up to the point of pain. I'll need to get off soon if I want any chance of walking straight. Grinning, I watch the blush fan across her face as I play with her back entrance, teasing her until she's just as painfully aroused again as I am.

Without warning, I slip my finger deep inside, groaning as she moans. So tight. So hot. So naughty. Dragging my digit out, I replace it with the blunt tip of the plug. A soft mewl of need flits from her lips as her hooves scrape across the bench.

Whines pepper the air as she strains toward me, attempting to impale herself onto the metal. Normally, I'd quell any show of defiance in my cow, but for Fiona, I find her need to be alluring.

She's not like the others where she just takes what I do to her and tries not to make a fuss. She truly craves the depravity between us, the interactions of Rancher and his

cow. Obliging her, I push the plug forward, my cock pulsing as I watch her bottom hole open up and swallow it.

Celestials, how I can't wait until I can slide my cock back there. It will no doubt take even more training than her pussy, but I'm up for the challenge. Once the plug is fully seated, I tug on the tail, earning a needy moan from my little masocow.

With a chuckle, I smack her ass just as I would any other type of livestock. "Looks to me like I'll need to go up a size the next time I plug you."

"I- if that is your wish, Master Rancher."

"Right. As if that's not your wish as well." Laughing, I leave her there for a moment to wash my hands again before grabbing her around the waist and setting her on the ground.

"It's nearly time for us to head to the Ranch. Before we do, I need to make sure you can move about in your new hooves." Drawing the lead up, I give it a firm tug. "That's my good little cow. Prance for me."

It's agony to watch her move about. The need to fuck her mouth nearly short circuits my brain. If only I hadn't spent so much time on everything else. But then, I'll never apologize for giving her pleasure. Not when she's been such a good cow for me.

I take my time, leading her about the stall a few rounds before stopping at the door. She's as ready as she'll ever be. My heart clenches as I rest my hand on the doorknob, hesitating before we go outside.

Inside the stall, she was sheltered, hidden away from the other Ranchers. Now, we both have to face reality. Jakroon and Ratanio still lurk about, their anger an unseen force circling about. They were so determined to have her, and even more so for

Vrokjan's.

I will have to keep my wits about me when we get back to the Ranch. With our land bordering theirs, it opens us up to all manner of issues. Granted, we've been at peace up until now, but that's two cows they've lost in one day.

Hopefully, they'll calm down by the time we arrive, and it will be a moot point. Still though... Winding the lead around my hand, I tighten my grip. It won't do Fiona any good to feel my discomfort. The last thing I need on my hands is a skittish calf.

Chapter 10

Antroli

Ducking out into the main hallway, I glance back and forth. I can handle anything they throw at me, but can Fiona? If it were only me, I'd stride out with my shoulders held back, daring them to do their worst.

With her at the end of my lead, I find I'm burdened even more with keeping her safe. The only thing that helps is knowing they'd have to be insane to try something here. Hell, being in this milking barn is probably the safest she'll ever be.

My fist tightens around the lead, coiling it around as my anger edges out rational thinking. It's not like me to get so worked up. I know this. But I also know Fiona's protection will always be paramount in my mind. I wish I could just speed things along and crack their jaws before they even finish formulating any ideas they might have.

A sigh flits through my list as I force my muscles to loosen. Unfortunately, until they act first, we have nothing in our favor to bring before the government. Knowing them, they'll spout whatever nonsense they can to get out from under their suspicious

eye. We've already had to go to the courts to defend ourselves from accusations of causing a monopoly.

And so I stand there, defenseless for now. Irritation crawls up my spine as I keep Fiona close to me. I won her fair and square. The only way they're getting her from me is with my death. Even then, I'm sure Vrokjan will be willing to take full custody.

Just the thought of my boss taking Fiona's milk as his own, pleasuring her in the barn, is enough to make my vision blur and tinge with red. This obsession is a sickness. It pervades my limbs with every step, with every brush of her body against mine, and with every whiff of her intoxicating scent.

Let someone try to take her from me. They will rue the day they crossed my path. Next to me, Fiona lets out a soft, distressed moo, so faint, I almost don't hear it. Shoving the murderous thoughts from my mind, I focus on her.

"It's okay, my pet. Soon we will be at the Ranch. I know it's all so overwhelming right now." Leaning down, I brush my hand against her head and smile when she leans into my touch.

Soon, however, the feelings dissipate as another concern niggles its way to the forefront. Glancing down at the communicator on my wrist, I note the time. It's not like Vrokjan to be late. Perhaps his heifer is far more than he can manage? But then, I've never known him to face such a challenge.

Fiona shuffles back and forth, wriggling about as I continue to watch the stalls on either side. No sounds come from within, so he should be done soon. Eventually, Nagán steps out, his lips twisted in concerned thought. That's also rather strange.

Normally, he waits for us back at the Ranch to do final inspections. What has him over here now? When Vrokjan steps through the door, lead dangling from his hand, I

let out my breath in a whoosh. His cow seems well enough.

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Her eyes are glassy, and her gait is unsteady. That doesn't surprise me, though. I've watched my boss break in cows before. If she was as much trouble for him as she was on board the ship, he set her straight. Still though, there's something not quite right.

It's as if there's an electrical charge in the air, making the hairs on the back on my neck stand on end. As much as I'd like to chalk it up to nerves, I know better. Something is coming. Something that none of us will like.

Straightening my shoulders, I tug Fiona along, praying to all the Celestials that she'll behave. I don't mind her strong-willed antics in private where I can indulge them how I wish. If I have to discipline her in public, however, neither of us will like the end result.

At first, she hesitates, not following my lead. My lips turn down into a frown as I jerk a bit harder, forcing her to move. Down the way, Vrokjan seems to have the same problem with his cow. Great. There's two of them.

Once Fiona's head lifts and she sees the other, her entire demeanor changes. No longer does she pause at my prodding. She quickens her crawl, racing over to the other cow. They bump heads but remain silent.

Seeing them together sets a glow in my heart. With Vrokjan and I having to run the farm and dairy, we won't be able to keep them company for most of the day. It makes me feel a lot better knowing my little Highland has a friend to watch over her.

In an instant, the air changes. Instead of crackling with apprehension, it sizzles with possibility. The grin on my face widens as I meet Vrokjan's gaze. He feels it too. He

must.

As I run my hand down Fiona's back, Vrokjan touches his cow's face. We both seem to want to foster this friendship, especially since we will all be under one roof. For the first time since I won my prize, I feel at peace.

Chuckling, we lead the cows over to the truck, where the other three already wait. Their fear sours the air as they huddle together, looking beyond pitiful. It couldn't have been the Handlers. They know better than to cause any sort of disruption.

Still though, I might petition the auction house to allow us to watch the feed just in case. Once Fiona and her friend settle down in the back, I reach through the bars to pat their heads. All three jerk back, their eyes whitening with terror.

When I bid on them, I truly thought they would be an asset. Now, I'm not so sure. With a soft sigh, I pull my hand back and touch Fiona instead, allowing my hand to roam over her perfect breasts. The other three look on, curiosity burning in their gazes, but it's not enough to make them cry out, mooing or otherwise.

With a shake of my head, I smack the back of the transport and head up to the front to sit with Vrokjan. His grin nearly splits his face as I climb in. Honestly, this is the happiest I've seen him ever. Then again, I can't remember the last time I also felt this content with a cow.

"What do you think? Did we make good purchases or what?" Vrokjan smiles over at me as he puts the transport in drive.

Glancing at the mirror, I watch the cows in the back. "I can't speak for yours, but mine certainly exceeds all expectations."

"And her milk?"

Groaning, I tip my head back and close my eyes. “Perfection. We’re certainly going to make back what we spent on my little Fiona.”

“I feel the same way about Jessica. Her milk is the best I’ve tasted. Between the two of them, we can certainly bolster our supply in case the others don’t produce well.”

“Right.” Sitting back up, I turn to Vrokjan. “What do you think has them so spooked?”

For a moment, he just stares at me, his eyes wide. “You’re joking... Right? This isn’t your first auction. You know how humans can be.”

“I suppose you’re right.” With a sigh, I stare out into the beautiful waving Ovibrosia. “I guess I’m already spoiled with Fiona. She’s taking to being a cow as if she was born for this role. I’ve never had a heifer so eager to please and explore.”

Vrokjan grits his teeth as his hand grip the steering wheel. “I think Jessica will fall into her role after a bit. She’s just not adjusting to the serum like I wanted.”

“Is that why Nagán was there? I was concerned.”

“He says she’ll be fine. She just needs extra protein.”

With a smirk, I glance down at his crotch. “I’m sure you’ll have no problem filling up her belly.”

Vrokjan tilts his head back and roars with laughter. “If only my cum were the proper protein. I’d have my cock stuffed between those pretty little lips of hers morning, noon, and night.”

My own cock pulses at the idea of getting Fiona home and settled into our room.

Things were left rather unfinished in the barn, and I plan to have my seed inside her before it's time for dinner. Out of respect for my boss, I refrain from stroking myself as we drive on.

Eventually, we settle into a companionable silence. That is until I hear a faint sound from the back of the transport. Vrokjan narrows his eyes and looks at the screen. Nothing seems amiss. Shrugging, we ignore it and continue on.

Again, the sound buzzes through the screen, a touch louder this time. But there's no mistaking it. It's certainly a moo. Based on the pitch and lack of musical lilt, I know it's not Fiona. Vrokjan's face, however, gets that pinched, concerned look to it.

“Do you think Jessica is okay?”

“That's what I'm worried about. She was so damned reluctant to moo for me in the stall by herself. The fact that she's doing so now in front of others has me fucking scared shitless.”

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He jerks over to the side and slams on the brakes, sending the cows skittering to and fro in the back. If Vrokjan wasn't so concerned, I'd find the whole ordeal amusing. As it is, I know he would not appreciate the humor in this moment.

Once he hops out of the transport, he races to the back. I follow as swiftly as I can, just in case he needs another set of hands for whatever is wrong. As he opens up the doors, we both take a moment to glance over the other cows, just in case she's distressed on their behalf.

To my eyes, they look fine, but then again, I'm not a Medical Rancher. Now, more than ever, I wish Nagán just rode in the back with them. Knowing him, however, he probably has many other cows to attend to.

Leveling my gaze at Fiona, I take in her flushed face and trembling lips. Nothing seems wrong with her either, but I know I won't rest until my hands are back on her. The intense need to touch her, to see for myself that she's okay, eats at my brain.

Shuffling over, I pull out the ramp, allowing Vrokjan to lead Jessica out and into the pasture, away from the others. I shut the doors behind to give them a bit of privacy, but the cows just race toward the bars and look out, their faces smushed against the metal.

From what little I've seen of Earth culture and their transmissions, I'm sure there'd be some sad song going on in the background while a plaintive voice intones that you too can save a cow in need for some paltry amount of money per day. Little do they understand that our cows are treated far better than even the most doted upon pets on Earth. That is, with the good Ranchers.

I shudder to think about the bad ones. We do our best to weed them out, but Icorians like Jakroon and Ratainio continue to thrive because they remain just inside the lines. One of these days, though, I'm going to catch them in something they cannot wriggle their way out of.

Reaching through the bars, I run my fingers over Fiona's hair, sighing as relief washes over me. Just touching her allows me to breathe again. Off to the side, however, Vrokjan's expression still looks rather concerned. With great reluctance, I pull away and walk about halfway in between.

"You can speak," he growls. "What's wrong?"

I strain in the silence, hoping to know what issues are going on so we can correct them. His cow, however, remains silent. I just can't tell if it's out of fear or stubbornness.

"Well?" he demands again, his stance going rigid.

"I have to pee," she eventually cries out.

"For the love of all Celestials," I groan under my breath, nearly dizzy as the fear drains from me.

Vrokjan rolls his eyes and jerks his head over toward the vehicle. I might as well make sure no one else has to go. Shaking my head, I trot back over to where the other cows wait and watch.

"Anyone here need to relieve themselves?"

The trio stare at me with their enormous eyes and rapidly shake their heads. Their moos sound frantic, as if the very idea of going to the bathroom is a fate worse than

death. Fiona, however, gives her soft moo as she nods her head.

Resisting the urge to roll my eyes, I drop the ramp down and help her out. Instead of heading to the grass, she looks over to the other side to where Vrokjan and Jessica stand by to see what else is going on. In the harsh light of day, Fiona looks weak and tired.

Dark circles stand out against her porcelain skin, making my heart thunder in my chest. Before I can say anything, Jessica makes her way over, swaying a touch with each bit she crawls. Without saying a word, she runs her hoof down Fiona's face, concern shining in her eyes.

Unable to help myself, I jerk Fiona backward, away from Jessica and her prying touch. My lips curl up into a snarl at even the idea that I'd abuse my cow like that. Just what type of Rancher does this heifer take me for?

Hunching down, I snarl at the woman. "Are you trying to insinuate something, cow?"

Vrokjan stands between us, his stance rigid as strength and anger flow off of him. "I know you're possessive of your Highland, but you will not threaten my heifer. If we're going to live together, you will need to respect my property, as I will respect yours."

Jessica slides around Vrokjan's leg and shoots Fiona a wide grin. Looking back, I watch as my cow returns in kind. Her eyes soften as her body relaxes. In kind, I allow my guard to come back down as I rise.

Vrokjan chuckles. "At least they like each other and seem protective over one another. That will certainly make things easier."

Reaching down, I run my hand over Fiona's head, needing my touchstone to ground

me once more. “My apologies for snapping at your cow. Please understand that I take my job as Rancher very seriously. I will do my utmost to make sure no harm comes to her.” Taking a deep breath, I turn to Jessica, puzzled at how two very different cows could be acquainted, especially when not allowed to talk to each other. “By the way, how do you two know each other?”

Before answering, she glances up Vrokjan. Questions burn in her eyes, but it makes sense. She’s already been punished once. This could be a trap for all she knows.

“When you’re in either of our presence, as long as no other cows are able to hear, you may speak.”

Again, Jessica seems to sag as relief hits her. “We met each other on the ship,” she whispers, keeping her voice low. “She was kind and offered me comfort. I didn’t feel so alone.”

Next to me, Fiona shuffles back and forth, impatience dripping from her body. I do my best to stifle a laugh, but a soft chuckle comes out, nonetheless. Nodding, I cross my arms as she perks up.

“Fiona,” she whispers, her Scottish lilt making her voice sound musical. “And I’m glad to have a friend.”

I cannot keep the smile from my face. It’s as if the Celestials themselves planned everything. Looking at Vrokjan, I note the same wide grin. His eyes nearly crinkle with how big it is.

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“Now then,” he interjects, cutting off the slight merriment. “You said you have to pee.”

Chapter 11

Fiona

As he leads me over to the side, my stomach lurches. Will I really have to pee in front of him? It was already bad enough doing it in front of the Medical Ranchers.

The very idea makes my body burn with humiliation. And yet, for some reason, it also makes my clit pulse as I think about it. How much of this depravity is me and how much is the serum? I’ll never know.

It’s not as if I made it a habit to pee in front of my lovers. I never got off on the violence I crave from Master Antroli. Maybe it’s him that has this effect on me and not the drugs.

“Well? I suggest you go and be quick about it.”

Heat fans my face as I part my knees and squat the best I can. But nothing comes out. It’s not just the degradation of the moment keeping me from peeing, but the fact that I simply don’t have to go.

After several moments, Master Antroli hunches down and runs his fingers over my exposed pussy, gliding through the arousal gathered on my lower lips. A soft moan, so eerily like a moo, flits past my lips as I rock into his touch.

“What are you two playing at? Hmmm? Is this all a ploy to get me to touch you? I’m flattered but had full intention of using your body as my personal fuck toy the moment we got home.”

The heat buzzes in my ears as I duck my head. “This wasn’t planned or anything like that. She—Jessica—seemed distressed. She’s been through so much already. I didn’t want her to be alone.”

His lips tilt up into a soft smile. “I guess I can’t fault you for that. But be warned, lying has consequences. Lie to me again, and you’ll have to face them.”

Before he can clarify just what those punishments are, he jerks on the lead, tugging me forward. Off to the side, Jessica and her Rancher come out of the grasses. Her breasts hang so perilously low to the ground, and I feel for her.

Mine feel heavy enough, but they’re nowhere as engorged as hers. Ducking my head, I avert my gaze away from her nipples where milk already dots the surface. I shouldn’t want to taste her to see what it’s like. I sure as hell shouldn’t want to taste myself.

“Antroli. Did your cow relieve herself?”

Again, that swath of humiliation climbs my cheeks. They don’t have to talk about it, do they?

“No,” Master Antroli chuckles, tugging on the lead once more. “She didn’t want your cow out here alone. I have a feeling these two will be trouble.”

Trouble... Right... That’s exactly what we’ll be.

Without any extra humiliation, they pull us forward, only pausing to lower the ramp.

Jessica's Rancher climbs in after us as soon as we settle in, his lips pressed into a thin line.

"I'm sure by now you've been informed of the rules concerning speaking and mooing. I will not go over them again. But I do wish to clarify that you may speak with each other as long as another Rancher cannot hear you. Though we are more lax than other Ranchers, we will not budge on this. Jessica has already demonstrated the volume at which we will hear you."

Even though we now have permission to speak to each other, we all remain silent. But honestly, what is there really to talk about? Hi. How are you? Oh, you know, the usual. Kidnapped by aliens and turned into a milky mess for them. You? Same. Same.

Still though, it's a relief knowing we can if we want to. Shifting around in the hay, I push my tail up in a way so that it doesn't bother me as much and curl around myself. Jessica struggles as she moves about, twisting and turning, taking forever to find peace.

Eventually, we both manage to settle. The heat from the suns above beat down on the metal surrounding us, creating a warm cocoon that wraps me in its arms. The longer I lie there, it seems to soothe away any lingering discomfort. For my first time being abducted, it's certainly not as bad as I was expecting.

Exhaustion creeps up on me as I burrow my head into the hay, creating a makeshift pillow. No longer can I find it within me to keep my eyes open. With a soft sigh flitting past my lips, I fall fast asleep.

A sharp jolt jerks me awake. For a moment, I blink, looking around at the strange sights. Fear slashes through my heart as I look at the strange women staring at me. But then, as if the fragmented shards of reality piece themselves together, I remember who and what I am.

I am a cow.

Fiona the Highland.

Glancing over at Jessica, concern beats at my brain. She doesn't look good at all. Shuffling over, I do my best to comfort her. I paw at her with my hoof, silently cursing the lack of foresight these fucking aliens have.

What if I needed my hands? I can't just depend on them twenty-four-seven while I'm here, can I? Knowing what little I do of Master Antroli, I have a sneaking suspicion that's exactly what he wants.

Growling under my breath, I ease my way over to my new friend and look her over. Her eyes are glassy as she stares up, unseeing into my face. I've never seen death before, but my stomach churns as I worry. I can't be here alone.

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It's selfish of me, yes, but I can't have her leave me here. I'm not as traumatized as the others huddled behind their bars, but I'm still human enough to want someone to commiserate with.

"Are you okay?" I whisper, keeping my voice so low even I can barely hear it over the hum of the engines.

"I- I think so," she stammers, turning onto her side. "I just feel a little dizzy."

"I'm sure this alien planet is messing with your equilibrium. It's not as if we were born here."

Jessica gives me a soft smile at my pathetic attempt at a joke before closing her eyes. Perhaps if she can sleep some more, she'll be okay. Staring out at the blue fields, I watch the sea of endless waving grasses. It would be stunning if I wasn't so concerned.

Even though I can't feel her through the hoof, just touching her brings me a bit of comfort. If I can just keep this connection, I'm sure she'll be okay. Biting down on my lower lip, I turn toward the front of the transport through a small window where my Rancher cranes his neck to see me.

For a brief moment, I catch Master Antroli's gaze. Thankfully, he doesn't seem as concerned. In fact, he looks a little relieved. Maybe everything will be okay after all? We continue to sway back and forth as the road becomes a bit bumpier. Jessica groans and clutches her midsection, but that's it.

It has to be motion sickness. Pure and simple. Honestly, it's the easiest explanation there is. When we finally jerk to a halt, she takes in a deep breath. The paleness wanes until she's almost back to a normal color.

Once the back doors open, her Rancher instantly seeks her out. Master Antroli does the same with me. My heart stutters in my chest for a moment at the intensity of his gaze. When has anyone, man or woman, looked at me like that before?

First, they open the side gates and wait for the three to climb down. Off in the distance, other aliens stand guard, as if to help with the new acquisitions. Jessica's Rancher doesn't join them. Instead, he comes over to us.

"You might as well get out, too. You'll need to see where you'll be when not servicing us or the house."

Grabbing the ramp, he slides it over, his gaze never leaving Jessica. It makes sense, though. I'd want my Rancher to be concerned about me if I wasn't feeling well. For a moment, I worry she isn't able to move, but soon she's on all fours, heading down the ramp.

Her body quivers a bit as she moves, more so than any of us. But then, I don't know what her normal day to day is like. Perhaps she's just not an outgoing sort of person? I'm pretty sure the only reason I'm taking all this so well is because I play fight and spar with my brothers every chance I get.

When I'm not doing it with them, I do it at a local dojo. Well... I guess not so local anymore. What would Master Antroli think if he knew I could kick arse and take names? What does it mean that I'm choosing to allow him to do this to me and not fighting him because I want this?

My Master's tug on my lead draws my attention back to Jessica as she wobbles down

the ramp. My heart goes out to her as she sways a bit before regaining her ground.

Clearing his throat, her Rancher turns to us and motions toward the massive buildings behind him. “The barns are open to free use during the day. On Icora, the days become blistering hot, and the nights are cold. Every morning after being milked, you will be rubbed down with a cream to protect you from the elements. Your bodies will acclimate to many things, but not the suns.”

Next to me, the others shuffle a bit, apprehension in their eyes. I, on the other hand, tremble with a touch of excitement. It’s certainly a new adventure to be sure.

“These stalls are where you sleep,” he continues. “They fit up to four cows. We will not be doing room assignments, so it will be up to you to figure out who is sleeping with whom. If there are any issues such as bullying or cliques, my Ranch Hands will ferret it out and mete out punishments as needed.”

At his words, my heart plummets. Does this mean we won’t be in the main house like I thought? How could I misunderstand him so completely? As I glance up, Master Antroli gives me a soft smile and shakes his head.

“No cow is above the other. Take that to heart. Though I am a kind Rancher, I will not hesitate to nip signs of aggression at the first instance. Do not test me on this. If you prove to be a difficult cow and not easily curbed, I know of several Ranchers who have no issues providing pain as their motivation. I will sell you to them in a heartbeat.”

A shudder goes through us as a collective group. Already we’ve faced endless humiliation and discomfort. The very idea of going to someone who wants to make it worse is just reprehensible. Yes, I like the idea of pain, but only at the hand of a Rancher who knows how to temper it with kindness.

The Rancher strides forward as we follow behind. “You will be milked every twelve hours. Our Ranch Hands are skilled in this department. Sexual gratification by one of them is not a guarantee. There are tasks at this farm that don’t include fucking you. You will, however, find relief by either their hand or a machine. Sexually satisfied cows are happy cows. Happy cows produce sweet, sweet milk for me.”

This time, there’s less of a rustle of apprehension. In its place is a thrum of arousal. Even I can’t stop thinking about the sexual promises Master Antroli made to me. Squeezing my thighs together, I do my best to shove it out of my mind so I can concentrate on what’s being said.

The alien leads us out into the pasture, stopping a moment to hunch down and run his fingers through the pretty, blue plants waving in the breeze. When he crooks his fingers, gesturing us to come forward, I wait for my Master’s okay before heading over with the rest.

Clearing his throat, he plucks a blue stem topped with pale, fluffy bits on the top and holds it in front of us. “As a cow, you will no longer eat any meat.”

The fuck? I glance around at the other cows, noting the distress in their moos. I, too, long to join in, but don’t dare upset my Rancher. It’s bad enough I can’t have any more meat, but to be punished on top of that?

“Meat changes the flavor of your milk. For us to have the best quality, strict veganism is to be observed. If your concern is about your nutrient intake, this plant, Ovibrosia, has been created to meet all essential vitamins and minerals your body needs.”

This time, when he motions toward the other humans already grazing in the fields, I find that I don’t care. For the first time since arriving, I feel the need to scream, to rant, and to rave. It wells up inside me, shutting out everything else.

It's as if a tidal wave slams into me. No meat. No privacy. Probably no television. No coffee? How exactly am I supposed to survive?

Master Antroli nudges me, frowning at my lack of attention. I do my best not to sneer as I turn toward the other women.

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“Some of our cows have been here for years, and as you can see, they’re still plump, healthy, and happy. The hardest part will be the yearning for meat, but that will pass.”

Standing, he brushes his hands on his pants. “Ovibrosia is also supplemented with other fruits and vegetables grown on the farm. So don’t think this is all you’ll eat. Think of Ovibrosia as more of a snack than anything else. If you get hungry during the day, you can come out here and snack until your heart’s content. For water, there will be a fresh stream in the trough over by the entrance. Any questions?”

We look at each other, questions burning in our eyes, but I don’t dare speak. To do so would be to snarl at the man taking away my freedoms. Eventually, a woman with brown hair and green eyes raises her hoof.

“I am giving you permission to speak.”

“What about the bathroom? I’m unable to clean with these hooves on.” I stare at her face, doing my best to place her accent, Norwegian?

“Excellent question. Every morning, before milking, you will be brought to a room to do your business. The plugs will be removed so you can evacuate your bowels. After you’re cleaned off and done with morning or nightly inspections, it will be reinserted so you can go about your day. At other times, if you have need, approach any Ranch Hand, and they will assist you. During the evening, hooves are removed, so you can take care of any business you might have. However, tails are to be promptly put back in. If you are found without your tail, the punishment will be severe.”

He pauses for a moment, waiting for us to speak again. “One last thing before I go. I

want to reiterate that you are allowed to speak to each other as long as it's not in earshot of a Rancher or an Icorian. The moment you see anyone from this planet, you are to remain silent and moo unless permitted to speak."

That's a relief, I guess. To think I'd be that grateful for such small favors. Hanging my head low, I head back to the ramp. This is my life now, but it doesn't mean I have to like it.

Hopefully, once I have Master Antroli alone, I can negotiate. Even if meat is completely off the menu, I can't survive without coffee. If he wants me to be a good productive cow for him, he'll need to see to my needs. And this one is non-negotiable.

Chapter 12

Antroli

My little heifer is upset. That much is clear. Luckily for her, she keeps her thoughts to herself. Those who haven't spent any time with her might only think she's distressed like the other cows.

But I know differently. We've only been together for a fraction of time, and yet, I find it easier to tell her shifting moods as we grow closer. Perhaps it's because I have an affinity for her I've never experienced with other cows. Or maybe it's because, to me at least, her face is so expressive.

Try as she might, she cannot seem to keep her thoughts off of her face. It's refreshing, really, not having to guess as much. But then, it wouldn't take a Medical Rancher to know any cow who's used to eating meat will find the shift abhorrent.

A smile teases my lips as I let down the ramp so Fiona and Jessica can climb inside

and ride up to the main house. She spears me one of her hot glares as she crawls forward. Such impertinence, such insolence, such a delicious demand for me to take her in hand.

Next to her, however, Jessica strains for each step. She seems far too occupied with keeping herself upright to even care about things such as meat and grass toilets. A wave of concern washes over me as I watch her struggle.

Her breasts sway low to the ground, round and swollen, as if already engorged with milk again. But that's impossible. She was milked at the same time as Fiona, and I know my cow is not ready for milking again.

For a moment, Fiona pauses and bumps into Jessica before giving her an encouraging grin. They stare at each other, silently communicating somehow. I do so envy humans and their almost telepathic way of getting their thoughts across. It creates a bond that we Icorians can never seem to replicate.

After several pained moments, my lovely heifer slides in front of her. Fiona trots up the ramp as if it's as natural as breathing. The pride burning in my chest nearly chokes me, but is soon doused when Jessica goes to make the trek. She stands there, staring at the thing as if it's the highest peak on the planet.

The agonizing moo she lets out rips my heart from my chest. I have no clue what's going on with Vrokjan's cow, but it can't be good. No cow has ever had this much difficulty with the basic tasks commanded of them.

Without so much as a word, my boss scoops her up and takes her to the front of the transport. Questions burn in Fiona's eyes as we watch them leave. No doubt they are the same that churns my gut. It would kill Vrokjan to lose this cow.

I've never seen him so worked up over a new member to the herd. There's an

excitement there that defies everything I know about the stern, grumpy Ranch Owner. For him to lose her this soon... No. I cannot even contemplate that.

Instead, I close Fiona in the back and head up to join them. As I go to wrench the door open, Vrokjan is there, heifer back in his arms. "I'll be taking her back on foot. I wish to show her the wonders of her new home."

I hide a snort as I wink at the poor cow. Wonders indeed. It will be a wonder if she comes back home without his 'protein' all over her, her hair in an unkempt, tousled, and unruly mess. Still though, he doesn't seem as concerned as earlier, so perhaps all is well?

Climbing in, I angle the camera so I can watch Fiona. She looks so sad and alone in the back with no others to keep her company. It's not only for Vrokjan's sake that I hope his cow remains well. My heifer seems to thrive on their friendship.

I grit my teeth as I tighten my fingers around the wheel. She has to be okay. There is no other choice. Planting my foot on the peddle, I race us to the main house. Once Vrokjan is done pleasuring his cow, it will be time for work again. By the time that happens, I want Fiona fully sated and filled with my cum.

My cock pulses behind the confines of my suit, driving out all thoughts of Vrokjan and his cow. He's certainly equipped to handle her without me. I should be pouring all my thoughts out onto my own little prize.

When we arrive, I yank the door open to the back, nearly tearing it off the hinges. Fiona gasps as she stares at me, her chocolate eyes turning molten as they drift down my body to where the outline of my cock presses against the stretchy fabric. Though her lips say nothing, her expression says it all.

With a demure smile, she gets on all fours and lowers herself, putting her ass high in

the air. Celestials, she's a vision. Snatching up the lead, I yank her toward me, precum pearling at my tip as her hips sway with each movement forward.

Some unknown expression glints in her eyes, and I cannot wait to get to the bottom of it. Leading her into the house, I pause long enough to acknowledge Nagán. He sits in the main foyer as he studies his nails, his brows pulled down into a bored pout.

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“Where’s Vrokjan? I thought there was an emergency?”

“He’s tending to Jessica at the moment. I’m sure he’ll be along shortly.”

“And your cow? How does she fare?”

Next to me, Fiona’s lips twist into a scowl, but she remains silent.

“As far as I know, she’s well. Thank you for inquiring.”

He waves his hand, motioning for us to leave. It’s obvious he’s done with this conversation. “Do not thank me. It’s not as if I actually care. I just want to make sure my services are not needed outside of Vrokjan’s ‘emergency’.”

When he does those stupid quotation marks in the air, the urge to punch him nearly overrides my rational thought. If not for Fiona by my side, watching the interaction with a hint of fear tightening her features, I would tell him which orifice he can shove his assumptions up.

As it is, we clearly need him. If Vrokjan thought it was important enough to call his brother away from the clinic, then he’s here for a purpose. Pissing him off won’t aid in that endeavor.

Tugging on Fiona’s lead, I take her down the hall and into my bedroom. With a sigh, I drop the length of rope to the floor and walk over to the side wall. “Do you need to use the bathroom?”

She leans back, nearly sitting on her tail. “Yes, Master.”

“Come.” I motion for her to crawl to me.

In this house, she can walk as one of us if she likes, but there’s just something so erotic about watching her ass move back and forth as she does my bidding. Once she’s closer, I unhook the lead and hang it from a small hook.

“The rules in the house are a little different from the rules out in the field. Here, you do not have to wear your hooves. Only your tail.”

“And the ears?”

My lips widen into a grin. “Those are for me. You are to wear them unless I take them off.”

Again, she slides backward, the motion lifting her breasts high in the air. “And this?” her slim fingers dance up her sternum to slide under the collar around her neck.

Her actions highlight the curve of her breasts as she twitches back and forth, making them sway. Celestials, but this little heifer will be the death of me. My balls clench as I watch this little show she puts on, my mind churning.

Until now, she’s never been this forward. Well, except that moment where she kissed me. Is it because we’re away from the others and she thinks she’s free to do whatever she pleases? Crossing my arms, I look her up and down, drinking in her curves.

“That won’t come off until you choose to leave me.”

Her actions still. “I- can leave?”

Pain drills into my heart at her breathless words. “Wishing to be free of me so quickly?” Acid drips from my lips as I turn from her to walk inside the bathroom.

I should have known this was too good to be true. My perfect cow only thinks of going back to her home planet. But then, wouldn’t I if the roles were reversed? The idea of her not being in my life, even after only being with her for a few hours, cuts like a knife slicing through my gut.

“You misunderstand, Master,” she murmurs, sliding her hand over my arm in a caress so soft I almost don’t feel it. “It’s not a wish to go home right now. I just didn’t realize I had the option.”

“You weren’t told?” My brow furrows as I turn to look at her, desperate to find the lie in her words. “All cows brought on board are supposed to be made aware that all modifications done to your body are reverted back at the end of three hundred and sixty-five Earth solar rotations. That is, if you choose to go home.”

“Damn,” she mutters under her breath. “I wonder if any of the changes are negotiable. I’d love to continue seeing without the need of glasses.”

My lips twitch as I look at her face, imagining what she looks like with them on. Adorable, most likely. But then, I’m sure anything she’d wear would look that way to me.

Shrugging, I look away from her, wishing to end this line of inquiry. “That, I don’t know. When cows choose to leave at the end of their cycle, they are no longer in our control.”

“Sorry,” she murmurs, running her finger over the collar with absent strokes. “If something was said to me, then I did not comprehend it. A lot happened on that ship. It could have been said in passing, and my brain never processed it.”

“That does seem a bit more likely. As I understand it, those who attend the cows before the auction are tasked with explaining how the world works.”

“Ah. Yes. I remember the... attending.” Her face flushes as she looks away. “They were poking, prodding, touching, and massaging me. Between that and the effects of the serum, I definitely wasn’t paying any attention to what they were saying.”

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Though I know the attendants are clinical in their performance, I cannot help the flash of jealousy that spears through me. Grabbing Fiona by the arms, I pull her close to me. “How did they touch you? Was it like this?” I cup her breast, nearly moaning at the feel of her soft skin beneath my fingers.

“No, Master.” Her voice is harsh with need as she leans into my touch. “It was far more detached. More like an examination.”

“I see. And what about this? Did they touch you like this?” I lower my hand to slide against her pussy lips. “Celestials, but you’re soaking wet. Did you get wet for them too?”

“I- I cannot say, Master,” she moans, grinding against my fingers. “I was too delirious and trying to figure out if this was a hoax or not. But they didn’t turn me on, if that’s what you’re asking. Not like you.”

I straighten my shoulders, a smile hovering on my lips. It’s not in my nature to preen, but knowing she prefers my touch to theirs makes my stomach clench and my mouth water with need. If only it were closer to dinnertime.

The need to taste her milk thrums through me with every pulse of my heartbeat. If I drank from her now, there won’t be enough to serve the others. As much as I wish to indulge myself, the needs of the many will always outweigh the needs of me.

Pulling myself away, I lead her over to a side wall. “I have much I wish to do to you before dinner. Best you go to the bathroom so I can pleasure myself with your body.”

“About that,” she hedges, running her hands over her breasts. “I was hoping we could make a deal?”

Again, I cross my arms and stare her down. The nerve of this human to think she has any say in what happens to her. However, since I must be obviously high on whatever hormone bonds Icorians to their cows, I decide to entertain it.

“I will humor you. What is it you want?”

“Well... I know we can't have meat.”

“Out of the question. Nothing you do or say will have me break that rule. It is forbidden on Icora.”

“Then you're in luck,” she quips, her face brightening. “I'm not looking for you to slip me meat on the side. That is, unless it's your meat.”

When she bats her eyes at me, I find myself even more confused. “I just said you will not receive any meat. Not mine, not Vrokjan's, nor any of the Ranch Hands. It's not as if meat is rationed out and no one will miss it. I'll know with just one taste of your milk. Everyone will know.”

Her burst of laughter grates on my nerves. It's as if I'm some joke to her. “You will cease this sound,” I growl, sliding my hand around her throat. “I have been lenient with you. Far too lenient. If you think-”

“No, Master,” she wheezes out, tears of mirth wetting her eyes. “You misunderstand!”

I release her and step away, giving her space to explain. “Then make it clear and make it fast. My patience is wearing thin, and my cock yearns for your mouth. The

longer this takes, the rougher it will be for you.”

“On Earth,” she chuckles, “Meat can be slang for cock. So no, I’m not asking for illicit meat, but I’m certainly open to having your dick.”

“Good,” I growl. “Because your timeline to me shoving it into your mouth draws nigh.” Shaking my head, I allow a small bark of laughter. “You humans and your turn of phrases. Even with the translator in place, I feel as if I have no hope to ever fully understand your species. Now tell me, sweet cow. What is it you want?”

Chapter 13

Fiona

I gaze into his blue eyes as I run my fingers over my throat. He meant to intimidate me. That much is obvious. All it does is make me burn even hotter. My words falter as I try to grab them again.

Now that our witty banter is over, and he’s looking at me with such intensity, I find myself at a loss as to what to say. Is coffee worth the potential loss of the heat of his touch?

Though, surely, such a simple request shouldn’t warrant such an outburst. It’s not meat, at least. His boss said nothing about coffee. I snake my tongue out to wet my bottom lip, my pulse pounding in my ears.

It’s not just nervousness. No. It’s something else. It’s the pure, unadulterated need running through my veins that makes my limbs quake like a fawn on ice.

He slides in closer, his hands skimming my ribcage. Again, just like clockwork, my heart picks up speed. With a smirk that turns my knees to jelly, he leans in and runs

his lips over mine.

A kiss.

A simple kiss.

Chaste at that, considering everything else we've done thus far. It's brief, quick, almost a peck, but not quite. It leaves me wanting more, longing for a deeper, far more ferocious touch. Pulling back, he winks, as if he knows the effect he has on me.

Hell, he doesn't have to be psychic to know that. Even now, arousal trickles down my inner thigh in shameful rivulets. I duck my head as heat fans over my face, but he doesn't allow me to escape.

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“My, my. It must be something dreadfully erotic for you to hide from me after being so bold. What is it, my delightful cow? Want me to get you off in some depraved way? Want me to lick your asshole as my fingers stuff you cunt so full you can barely move?”

“Well... I didn’t,” I manage to squeak, doing my best to straighten my shoulders. “But now that you mentioned it.”

He tilts his head back and laughs, the guttural sound washing over my skin, causing goosebumps to explode over my body. Such a decadent noise, one that sounds a tad rusty. It’s as if he hasn’t had occasion to use his throat in such a way before now.

“Then what is it? Come. You’re about to do what I can only imagine, one of the most humiliating things of your life thus far. It can’t be worse than what’s planned for you.”

My eyes nearly cross as his voice drops into a purr. I didn’t think a man was capable of making such a sound. But then, he’s not exactly a man, is he? Groaning, I pitch forward.

“Maybe I should do the embarrassing thing first and get it over with?”

“Your choice. Come.” He walks over to a bare spot next to an enormous tub and presses a button.

From the tile, small blades of grass appear. Fuck me. My own bit of earth to piss on. The technical side of my brain, the one that never fully shuts up, finds the process

fascinating. Where did it come from? How can it look so soft yet penetrate stone?

Drifting away from Master Antroli's side, I hunch down and touch the blueish blades, marveling at how soft they are. Just like the grasses on the side of the road. Enchanting! It's insane, really, to find such a thing enthralling, yet I can't seem to stop finding such joy and wonder in these small moments.

I sit there for countless seconds, just touching and admiring until my Master clears his throat. "I thought you needed to pee. Or are you lying just like earlier?"

"No," I manage to squeak out. "I have to go. I- I'm just waiting for you to leave."

He crosses his arms and looks down his nose at me. "Not happening."

"I- You want to watch me pee? Didn't know that was your kink, but okay."

Again, he tilts his head to the side for a moment before smiling. "Not fetish. Well, not exactly. More like it's a different one. I don't care if you're peeing or doing some other humanly function. What I crave is control in every aspect."

"Just my luck to end up with a control freak," I mutter under my breath.

"My hearing is far more acute than you give me credit for. Now pee, or I'll make you hold it."

"For how long?"

He gives me a predatory smile. "For as long as it takes for you to wet yourself."

"You wouldn't!" My voice is soft, lost as I stare at the madman.

“Try me if you like. What is it you humans say? Attempt at your leisure? The result will not be what you want. Or something like that.”

“I think you’re looking for fuck around and find out.”

“Ah. That does sound a bit more succinct. Now then, care to find out?”

“No, Master.” I detest the sullen, almost pouty note to my voice.

I’m a woman, dammit. Yet, in a matter of sentences, he’s reduced me to such an infantile state. I stare at the grass, narrowing my eyes as I take in my mortal enemy. It would be so easy to fuck around. Unfortunately, the longer we’ve been talking, the more my bladder screams at me, demanding I empty it.

My lips turn up into a grimace as I crawl over, hunching so that my backside just barely grazes the grass. Of all the humiliating things. It was bad enough when the Medical Ranchers made me do it in a cup, but that was more for medical purposes. This is all for his sadistic pleasure.

Biting my bottom lip, I hunch down a little further so he won’t actually be able to see me. Unfortunately, the arsehole squats down beside me and lifts my tail. Heat infuses my face as I turn away, determined to not let him see just how his degradation is affecting me.

His fingers seek out my chin, forcing my gaze to his. “Come on, my pretty little cow. You can do it. Just relax and let yourself go.”

“Easy for you to say,” I grind out. “No one is watching you take a piss in a patch of unnatural grass.”

“Oh? Is that what’s holding you back? By all means then. Allow me to help alleviate

your concern.”

He lets go of me and stands in front, sliding his zipper down in a slow, unhurried stroke. My mouth dries as I take in his toned abs. For a moment, I actually forget why he’s undressing.

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It's not until he drops to his knees and clutches his cock, angling it between my splayed thighs. "I'll make a deal with you. Pee first, and I'll grant you whatever request is bouncing around in that head of yours. That is, if it's within my power to give it."

Before I can open my mouth, he gives me a stern frown. "Except leaving me. I will never honor that request until your three hundred and sixty-five days are up. And even then, I might not let you go."

My jaw drops as I note the intensity in his gaze. "You're serious. Aren't you?"

"Like a human heart affliction."

I would chuckle at his incorrect phrasing, but all humor dries up when something warm splashes against my pussy. This time, his lips widen into a large grin as he aims the hot stream to hit my clit. My brain stops as I try desperately to both process and reject what's happening all at the same time.

The heat spreads over me, sending warmth through my body. Unfortunately, it also means my body hums with undesired arousal, the sensation spurred on by the goddamn serum. I shouldn't like this. I don't like this. And yet, my body continues to betray me.

Mortified, I try to jump back, but his free hand wraps around my arm, anchoring me in place. "Seems like it's a moot point, after all. And look at that. Not only did I win, but I also got to mark my territory all in one piss. Now, are you able to go? Or do I need to assist you?"

The absolute last thing I want is for him to help me with this. Even if it's as mundane as the Medical Ranchers pressing on my bladder, I'm sure Master Antroli will find another way to make it even more humiliating. Gritting my teeth, I close my eyes and think of any aquatic feature I can.

Waterfalls. That's a good one. Lakes. Rivers. Fjords. The epic Fairy Pools of the Isle of Skye. Loch Coruisk. Loch Shiel. After naming a few more places, my bladder finally gets over its fucking shyness and lets go.

Groaning, I sway a touch and lean against the wall, letting the cool tile chill my fevered cheek. Pissing shouldn't feel so damned good, and yet, the relief thrums through me just as potent as an orgasm. Mary, Joseph, and the wee baby Jesus, but I better not start coming from visiting the loo.

Once I'm done, I look around for the toilet paper but find none. Of course there's not. That would ruin him having to humiliate me further by cleaning me himself. His infuriating chuckle zips down my spine as he removes the rest of his suit and drops it on the floor.

"Normally, I'd hose you down, but since I'm in need of cleaning as well, shower it is." With deft movements, he grips the base of my tail and pulls. The sensation is intense. Soft moans slide out of my throat, filling the air. "You're going to be a good little anal slut for me, aren't you, my darling Highland?"

The plug slides out with a nearly audible pop. Shivers race down my spine as need turns my insides into mush. To answer him, I lift my ass in the air, desperate for his touch. It almost makes me forget the humiliation of him peeing on me... Almost.

With a dark chuckle, he teases my back entrance with his fingers. "Celestials," he bites out. "I'm going to have to ask the Medical Ranchers to make me a device to stretch out your ass. That is, if human asses can even take something as large as my

cock up them. I haven't studied that particular effect with other cows."

My heart glows at his words. Not only would he be my first, but I'd be his as well. Unfortunately, no nice words or lovely sentiments come out of my mouth. It opens, and out pops the little analytical person sitting at the desk.

"I've heard a human rectum can take up to seven inches before risking permanent damage. Or nearly two full-sized racoons."

Behind me, I can feel Master Antroli pause. "Racoons? Do humans have a habit of shoving vermin up their backsides?"

"No, that's not-" He slides a finger deep inside, scattering my thoughts.

"But you said racoons. From what I can gather, they are furry bastards that eat out of the garbage. And your species just shoves them up their asses? Is Earth okay?"

The situation would be hilarious if I wasn't so fucking horny and desperate for him to stimulate me more. "No. We're not. But that's beside the point." Mother fucking serum. What I would do if I ever got my hands on those Medical Ranchers.

Again, he stops and pulls out, leaving me bereft. "I have genuine concerns-"

"Can we just forget about it?" I whine, rocking my hips side to side.

Before I can think about any further retort, he grabs me by the midsection and hauls me up against him. "Just answer me this. You said that men have only played with this pretty little asshole. Please tell me that doesn't mean raccoons have been there."

Chapter 14

Fiona

This isn't going the way I thought it would. Instead of me offering my body in exchange for coffee, not that I'd really deny him anyway, we're talking about racoons and arses. Fuck. This is not the time for my mind to get away from me.

"Nothing, human or animal, has been up this exit only," I grunt, doing my best to get away.

It only makes him hold me tighter. The tight band of his arm squeezes so deliciously until I'm completely helpless. No amount of squirming will allow me to get away. I know that much, at least.

The only way I'm breaking free is to use some dirty tips I picked up in the local dojo. That's certainly not a tactic I want to use. Not yet anyway. Let him think of me as a helpless female. Let all of Icora think I'm without any form of defense. I'm sure it will somehow serve me later.

"My dear little cow," he groans against my ear, his breath hot and heavy. "How you tempt me." I twist again, but this time, it's not to get away. Arousal swamps my senses at his sound of pure, unadulterated need. "Let's get cleaned up so I can finally use your body as my personal fucktoy."

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That sounds far more heavenly than it should. Pinning me to his side, carrying me like I'm nothing more than a sack to be hefted under his arm, he walks over to a moderate sized square off in the corner of the bathroom. The instant he touches the door, the glass clears.

No longer is it opaque, blending in with the surrounding walls. Craning my neck up, I find I can now see inside it. Though clearly alien, like everything else on this planet, it's familiar enough to pass for a shower. Just with far more buttons than I'd ever use.

He sets me down and reaches in, fiddles with a few knobs, then steps back. After a moment or two, a robot voice commands us to step inside. Unease drips down my spine as I follow. It's not the technology, exactly, but it feels far more fancy than I'm used to.

Even with my modest income, I never indulged in nice things, like a state-of-the-art shower. Most of my money went to my parents. I wanted them to be comfortable in Scotland while I wasn't there.

And that's when I realize my current priorities are all wrong. Instead of asking for coffee, I should be doing my best to find a way to make sure they'll still be okay while I'm here. Of all the people this planet kidnapped, I might be one of the worst. It's not like I'm a nobody.

People will miss me. Others will wonder. When I don't call Mum on Sunday to chat, she'll wonder. She'll worry. Tears gather in my eyes as I stand there, staring at Master Antroli's blue chest.

Will I ever see them again? These are the thoughts I didn't let myself think of before, but now it's all I can focus on. Even when his hot hands skim my body to smear me with what I can only assume is their version of soap, I feel no joy in his touch.

"You're far away, little cow. What worries you?"

Again, I shake my head, unable to formulate the words. Would he even understand? Do they even have family? "Do you know your mum?"

His hands freeze, holding onto my arms for a moment before resuming his task of washing me down. "She passed several years ago. Why do you ask?"

"My mum is still very much alive."

"I see." His voice is tense and tight.

Glancing up, I notice the clench in his jaw. "Sorry. I shouldn't have asked."

"It's fine. How would you know without asking?"

Silence descends upon us as he turns me around and slathers some unscented goo into my hair. His fingers dig into my scalp, drawing a soft moan from my lips. He shouldn't feel so good. None of this should feel so damned good.

"She was a kind woman," he eventually says, his fingers never stopping. "Always treated me with fairness. Raised me to be the Icorian I am. Father was always away on intergalactic work, leaving her and me alone for weeks at a time."

His heavy sigh tugs at my heart, and I find myself feeling for the boy who was forced to watch his family part for long swaths of time. "When I told her I wanted to be a Rancher, she wasn't enthusiastic, but she didn't stop me, either. I think she was

worried I'd fall for an Earthling at best or catch some incurable disease at worst."

I can't help the chuckle slipping past my lips. Try as I might, I can't hold it in until I'm nearly doubled over laughing. "And here you are, in a showering contraption with one. Whatever would she say?"

Turning me in his arms, he looks at me for a moment before giving me a soft smile. "I think she would have liked you. You have tenacity like her. A strength that cannot be taught, only born with."

"Ye are a wee daft," I tease, hot flames licking up the side of my face.

"No daft," he murmurs, mimicking my accent with a precision that's a touch unsettling. "Well, maybe a wee bit daft. But only for you. Always for you."

A lump forms in my throat as I try to push him away. "You don't even know me. You can't claim always to a perfect stranger. Only psychopaths do that."

He frowns for a moment, his gaze softening as if deep in thought. "I'll make a deal with you. Give me the full earth rotation cycle. I will show you how perfect you are for me. Who knows? I might even give in to your negotiation as a show of good faith. You never did tell me what you wanted."

"I- I can't have it. So just forget about it."

His lips screw up into a scowl. "I thought you said it wasn't meat."

"It's not. But it's such a longshot that I don't even dare-"

"Dare. Try me."

“And find out at your leisure?” Even as I say those words, a slice of pain sears through my heart.

I can’t allow myself to hope. I can’t dare to dream. Not when I’m completely at his mercy.

With a heavy sigh, he pulls away and opens his arms as wide as possible in the small space. “The worst I will do is say no. Try me.”

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“I want to see my mum,” I blurt out. “And I want money to go to her in my absence.”

He stands there, dumfounded for several moments. He simply blinks at me with his jaw slack. “And here I was thinking you were going to ask for some special food or treat. Like coffee or something.”

“Well. I was actually but- Wait. You know coffee? Oh, God. I can have coffee?”

Reaching past me, he turns off the shower without saying a word. Once more, silence descends upon us as he steps out and holds a towel. Did I fuck up somehow? I knew my mouth was going to get me into trouble. Maybe it’s for the best. Maybe this means he’ll just send me back to Earth since I’m so much of a hassle.

My heart squeezes at that thought until I find myself struggling for breath. This is what I want. Right? I want to go back home. I don’t want to be a cow. But then, I’m not just a cow here, am I? I’m his cow. Master Antroli’s.

Fuck. Why does everything have to be so complicated? He walks away from me and steps out into the bedroom, leaving me to dry off by myself. Tears burn my eyes as I wrap the cloth around my hair and twist it into a turban.

Naked, I follow him, stopping short as he pulls up a small screen off on the far wall. His fingers fly over the keyboard, sending symbols I don’t recognize up on the monitor. Makes sense though. I have a translator for their speech, but not for my eyes.

Can’t let us have that much power. Slinking by him, I try to go over to the bed when

his hand snakes out and grabs my arm. “And just where do you think you’re going?”

“The bed? I figured you’d want to use me after you’re done.”

“Is that how Earthlings normally communicate with their parents?”

I stand there, shock rooting me to the floor. “I- You’re letting me speak with her?”

“I had to check the regulations first, but there is no mention of communication off this planet. Neither is there anything about sending money intergalactically either on my behalf or on the behalf of a cow. But there will be stipulations put in place if I allow you to do this.”

“Naturally,” I bark out with a humorous laugh. “I don’t ever expect anything less from you lot.”

“Careful,” he warns, his eyes darkening as he turns fully toward me. “I’m only allowing this because you please me. I expect you to continue if you wish to keep communicating. Make no mistake, little cow. I hold all the...” he pauses for a moment, as if searching for the right word. “Cards. As generous as I am, I can turn it off in a second.”

“Yes, Master. I apologize for my impertinence.” I do my best to infuse some sort of respect into my tone, but he and I both know it’s not as genuine as it can be.

“This is mostly to make sure no one comes looking for you while you’re here. I don’t want a manhunt on your behalf from your family. When you call her, you need to tell your mother you’re being sent to another location. One where reception is not guaranteed. You will do your best to get in touch as much as you can, but she should not worry about you.”

A relieved sigh flits through my lips as I nod. “Yes, Master. I can certainly do that.”

“Now, as far as money goes. How much do you send and when?”

“I usually do about three hundred pounds every two weeks. Just to help her and Father with bills and such.”

He turns from me, a frown slashing across his face. After several moments, he smiles. “Certainly doable on my salary. This does mean more of your milk will need to be sold to compensate. I know some others who are willing to be private buyers. While I don’t like the idea of them sampling your milk, they won’t have to know which cow it comes from.”

“Anything, Master.” This time, I’m certainly in earnest.

If he’s willing to do this for me, I’ll be willing to do almost anything for him in return.

“Anything?” This time, his eyes take on a darker sheen.

“I- Well, I guess that depends. What nefarious plan do you have?” His bark of laughter startles me, but soon, he’s back to paying attention to the screen. “Wait. They’re not going to drink from me, are they? Like you do?”

When he turns around, all humor is gone. “No one will ever drink from you like I do.” Well, that’s a relief at least. “Remove the cloth from your hair and climb onto the bed. You will be on all fours. Understand?”

“Yes, Master. But my hair will still be wet.”

He gives me a wink and motions toward the bathroom. I guess he likes wet hair. At

this point, nothing will surprise me. But then, As usual, I'm wrong. The moment I take the towel away, my hair tumbles down bone dry.

Though I'm not one to even take complimentary soaps from a hotel, I definitely will need to swipe this when I go back to Earth. If. If I go back to Earth. Turning back to the open door, I watch Antroli, studying his fingers as they fly across the screen. But I have to go back to Earth. I can't just stay here. Can I?

My pussy spasms at the thought of leaving all cares and responsibilities behind. It certainly would be nice to put the messy business of corporate espionage behind me. True, being a cow for an alien race could be seen as demeaning. What other chance will I get to actually live on another planet and experience life?

Besides, if Master Antroli remains true to his word and doesn't share me, it's the closest I'll ever come to cohabitating with a male for longer than a few weeks to a month or so. Mum always did want me to settle down. Granted, I'm sure she would have rather seen me marry one of the McMurry twins than degrade myself as a human cow.

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Closing my eyes, a ghost of a smile teases the edges of my lips. Even now, I can hear her spouting their attributes: strong, hard-working, honest, kind. But honestly, hasn't Master Antroli exhibited these things as well?

Laughably, he's also a Rancher just like they are. Only, he farms humans where they tend to actual cattle. Mighty difference, but still the same where it counts.

Thing is, they've never sparked my interest. I've never wanted to debase myself for their pleasure. Yes, they're good and kind, but they're too good. I can't even come close to imagining getting an all fours and mooing for them, much less pissing on fake grass.

Master Antroli pulls things out of me the McMurry twins never would, and no doubt, never will. While it's true, the serum has amplified every sensation to the point of almost exquisite pain, I'd like to think my body only responds to Antroli. I'd like to think the hidden desires he brings to the surface are all because of him.

"I'm waiting, heifer."

Chapter 15

Fiona

Unsure of what to do with the towel, I clutch it to my midsection and walk back into the room. All thoughts of the McMurry twins flee my brain as I watch Master Antroli stroke himself next to the bed. His fingers glide down the round, bulbous sections of his cock until his hand stretches out so wide near his hips that he can't even close it

around the girth.

He groans as bits of skin quiver at the base, dancing along his skin in a way my brain can't fully comprehend. It doesn't matter though. The lurid sound dripping from his lips makes my body tingle from head to toe as arousal gathers at my pussy.

"Why do you still have that infernal cloth? I told you to remove it."

"I- Well- You see... I wasn't sure where to put it. And I didn't want to mess up your lovely bathroom."

A smile teases the edges of his lips as he strides forward and plucks the towel from my grasp. "I have been remiss in my education. I apologize." Turning, he motions for me to follow him back into the bathroom.

There, on the wall just behind the door, he places his hand over a decorative circle. At least, I think it's decorative. That is, until his hand suctions onto it. When he holds the towel in front, it's sucked out of his hand without any hesitation.

Fascinated, I walk over and wave my hand in front, giggling as I feel the pull of the air dragging through it. So simple, yet so genius. I feel as though I've seen something similar on Earth in one of those late-night infomercials. However, being on Icora, it seems far more advanced.

"All dirty items are sucked up in here and taken down to the washroom. Sometime during the day, it will be replaced by the workers. Now then, on the bed. You've delayed the inevitable long enough."

My knees quake as I follow him to the bed. Nothing he's done so far has been just horrendous. Unfortunately, my brain isn't wanting to dwell on the pleasurable sensations delivered by his hand. Now, it wants to conjure up every sci-fi horror

movie I've ever seen.

Is this when implantation happens? I'm being ridiculous. I know it. In my heart, I know he wouldn't harm me on purpose. But that still doesn't mean he can't harm me by accident. I'm not a short woman by any means. Yet, this behemoth overshadows me by at least half a foot or more.

He stops short and turns, his mouth turned down into a fierce frown. "Why are you frightened? I have no raccoons here."

A hysterical laugh slips from my lips as I contemplate the utter ridiculousness of that sentence. "It's not the raccoons I'm worried about. Then again, I'm not sure if I even want to think about what an Icorian raccoon would look like or act like. I'm sure it would be huge and unhinged."

"Then what frightens you, sweet cow?"

Sliding past, I climb onto the bed and pull my knees into my chest so I can rest my head on them as best as my new boobs will let me. When that doesn't work, I turn to my side and curl up that way. Master Antroli frowns, his brows dipping a bit as he sits on the edge.

"I'm worried you'll hurt me."

His smile returns full force, showing off a row of blinding white teeth. "But you like it when I hurt you. I plan to cause you such delicious agony that you can't help but shake the ranch with the force of your moo."

My lips quiver into a weak smile. "That's not what I mean. I mean... maybe hurt isn't the word. Harm? You're so big, and I'm not allowed to fight you or say no."

His eyes darken a touch as he stands up and paces back and forth. His lips tilt down as he rubs his finger underneath, presumably in thought. “No,” he eventually sighs. “You can’t say no to me or any other Rancher for that matter. It’s a concern to be sure. But understand this, I never fully break my pets. I’m not like other Icorians who dominate by sheer will and force. I want you to submit to me. I want you to crave my ownership.”

Pausing, he kneels down and reaches out to run his fingers down the side of my face. “I cannot predict the future. I cannot tell you I will never harm you. Accidents happen. But I can tell you I will try my damndest to mitigate any risk. You are the most precious thing I own. I will burn all of Icora down to keep you safe.”

My heart pounds in my chest at his words. But at the end of the day, I’ll always be his cow and he’ll always be my Master and Owner. Closing my eyes, I lean into his touch, allowing myself to feel the affection flowing from him. I don’t dare think of it in childish terms as love.

He hasn’t known me long enough for that. Lust, most definitely. But love? Can a Rancher even feel such a thing towards something he considers an animal? It’s hard to think he doesn’t when he touches me with such tenderness, such reverence.

It heals something in my heart, pieces together broken, jagged edges I didn’t even know were there. Though forever seems so absurd, so far away, I can certainly indulge in the here and now. With Master Antroli, I feel far less alone.

“Your mind is so far away, Fiona,” he murmurs, running his thumb over my bottom lip. “Where does it go?”

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I drag in a ragged breath and force myself to chuckle. “Places I’m sure aliens know nothing about.”

“Try me. Icora might have a different way of interacting than Earth, but I guarantee you, core needs are the same no matter where you travel.”

“Even on the prison planets and savage ones?”

His fingers stiffen as something akin to rage flashes behind his eyes. “I cannot even begin to fathom what their needs are. Besides, we are not speaking of those who commit atrocities for the sadistic fun of it. We’re talking about you.”

“I was just thinking of my life back on Earth. That’s all.”

Again, he stiffens for a moment before pulling away. “I see.”

“No, Master. You really don’t.” Sliding over, I turn his face toward mine. “I was so lonely on Earth. Yes, I had my family, and they certainly helped fill the void, but that was only when I was home. Which, let’s be honest, was rare. I soothed myself by sending money, thinking monetary gifts would make up for me being so far away all the time. It eased my conscience a bit. My brothers were expected to go out and do great things. But not me. Never me.”

Taking in a shuddery breath, I do my best to keep my tears at bay. “Mum always thought I’d be by her side until I settled down and married someone local. When I took my job, she gave me her blessing. But I saw the hurt in her eyes. Her wee bairn dinnae want to be by her side, a homemaker making wee bairns of her own.”

Master Antroli tilts his head to the side for a moment before grinning. “It’s never too late. Granted, I can’t reverse the part of the serum allowing you to conceive. Not yet, anyway, but we can still practice.”

His devilish smile makes my stomach flip as he crawls on top of me, pinning me to the bed. Unbidden, my thighs part, allowing him full access to my body. My breasts feel heavy again. Not quite as full as earlier, but I know I’ll need to be milked again soon.

Just thinking of his lips on my nipples, pulling my milk from me, makes my core spasm with need. Master Antroli smiles down, his grin wolfish and predatory. Spreading my thighs even more, he kneels between them.

The thick head of his cock brushes my slit, drawing a ragged cry from my lips. “So needy,” he murmurs, bringing his fingers down to my clit. “So very needy. But you’ve already been satisfied today. Now, it’s my turn.”

My eyes roll back into my skull as he drags his thumbs up and down my lower lips, spreading me out to accommodate him. There’s no way he’ll fit. I saw how big he was. Granted, I don’t know just how much of him he can stuff into me without causing damage, but I know, no matter how relaxed I am, no matter how turned on I am, his massive cock just isn’t going in.

Instead of fear, an intense arousal swamps my senses. Not that I want him to harm me or anything. But the very idea of him stretching me so full I can’t take anymore has a certain charm and allure. I’ve never been stuffed to the point where I can’t take one more inch, and part of me wants to see just what my limit is.

Glancing back up at him, I note the pinched expression on his face as he studies my pussy. “It’s not going to bite,” I tease, hoping to ease some of the anxiety souring the air.

“And here I thought Earth girls devoured their mates. Like female mantises biting the heads off their sexual partners.”

I dissolve into a pile of giggles at that thought. “Well. I mean. There was that one movie. But no. No teeth. I can promise you.”

Master Antroli slides his hand under my ass cheek and grips the tender flesh until I cry out. Once I’m distracted by the discomfort of his hand, he guides his tip forward, pushing into me with slow, easy movements.

Fuck me. Just his head is enough to make me gasp as it stretches me out. Groaning, I writhe on the bed, needing more of him, needing him to send me back to the heavens so I can forget about my duties and responsibilities. I want only to feel and no longer be able to think.

He can do that. I know he can. He’s done it before. I just need him to do it again and again until I forget all about Earth and the people on it. Biting down on my lower lip, I rock my hips, desperate to take him in even deeper.

The sharp sting of his hand on my inner thigh rings out in my ears moments before I actually feel it. “Settle,” he barks out. “I do not wish to tear you.”

My eyes widen as I look at him, noting the intensity of his gaze. “You’re serious?”

“Deadly. You’re the first I’ve attempted this with. Normally, I don’t enter a cow until they’ve been properly stretched out. Now, cease your movements or I’ll tie you down to the bed.”

A wicked smile curves my lips as I move my hips once more. Gently this time to make sure I don’t hurt myself. As he pulls out, I contemplate the intelligence of my actions. I miss the feel of him already. I miss the warmth of his body, the stretch of

his cock, but most importantly, the feel of his skin against mine.

Thankfully, there was no hint of malice in his eyes as he leaves me and heads over to a nearby wall. He presses his hand against the smooth surface, and I watch in fascination as a light runs down his palm before a door opens up. Inside resides so many things I don't have a name for, but before I can fully figure it out, he grabs a few items and closes it back up.

"Hands above your head," he barks out.

"And if I don't?" I tease, my insides clenching at that look of delicious retribution in his gaze.

"If you don't, I won't allow you pleasure while I milk you before dinner. Choose your next actions carefully, my rebellious cow." Not wishing to deny myself the ecstasy I know he can provide, I lift my hands above me. "That's my good girl," he croons, lashing me to the headboard.

With swift movements, he spreads my legs wide and ties my ankles to the opposite posts until I'm spread eagle in front of him.

"So fucking wet for me," he groans, coming back to kneel between my splayed thighs. He takes in a deep breath and grunts as he strokes himself. "Celestials, an Icorian can get addicted to your scent."

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Bringing his cock back down to my entrance, he teases my opening with his thick head, spreading me open for him before sliding it up to bump against my clit. Strangled moans fill the room as pleasure arcs through me like summer lightning across the moors.

I'm delirious, unthinking as I try to jut my hips back up in the air. But I'm stuck, forced to endure this endless pleasure at his hands. Desperation tightens everything as my lips round out to form a pleading moo.

But all he does is chuckle as he pushes into me. It's far too slow for my needs. I want him to fuck me with wild abandon. I want him to take me with the passion I see simmering in his eyes as he stares down at me in wonder.

He doesn't.

He fucking takes his fucking time, sliding into me one agonizing millimeter after another until I'm stuffed so full, yet still so fucking empty.

"Please tell me you're in already," I moan, thrashing about as best as I can within my bonds.

"Not even close, sweetheart." Again, he pulls out, dragging a string of curses from my lips.

"Now, now, such language is unbecoming of a cow," he chides, chuckling under his breath. "Look down."

His cock shines from my arousal dripping from him, but only from like the first fourth or so of his cock. Only his head is completely wet. The rest simply has a line from where it dripped down.

“Fucking hell,” I mutter under my breath.

“To be honest, you’ve taken a bit more than I expected. Let’s try for the next knot, shall we?”

Again, I look down at his massive cock and gulp. “And if I can’t?”

With a grin, he holds up a shiny object. “That’s what this is for. It will help your body accommodate me. Don’t worry, my greedy little minx. I’ll fully fuck you as soon as your body will let me.”

Dropping the metal thing onto my breastbone, he eases his cock back in. This time, he strokes my clit, making my mind drift with the pleasure coursing through my body. He rocks back and forth, teasing me with his head, giving me just enough to want even more.

Soon, I feel the shifting of his muscles against my inner thighs as he pushes in a little further. My moans take on a fevered pitch, tinged with a thin wail of discomfort. It hurts, but by god it feels so fucking good.

“That’s it, my precious little cow,” he groans. “You’re doing so well. You’re taking me so fucking well. Just relax for me. Let me stretch you wide. Celestials,” he bites out. “You drive me fucking crazy. Your scent, your taste, the way your pussy clenches with each push into you. You make me fucking feral.”

Chapter 16

Antroli

I stare down at where we're joined in wonder. She's already taken my head and is slowly stretching to accommodate the second bulge just underneath. My breath stills in my throat as I force myself to go slowly. Even now, the pale pink flesh of her pussy turns nearly white as she struggles to open for me.

A light sheen of sweat beads on her skin as she undulates on the bed. She tosses her head back and forth, the sounds pouring from her lips an erotic cacophony filling the room. If only the walls weren't soundproofed, then all the Ranch Hands would know just how well I can satisfy my cow.

With my free hand, I continue to stroke her clit, coaxing her to relax for me. Her inner walls ripple around my tip, driving me to distraction. I know I can't force my massive girth all the way into her yet, but hopefully soon, the machine will allow me to impale her, shoving my cock all the way into her sweet pussy as I drink her milk.

Groaning, I stop before I can injure her. As much as I like tormenting my newest possession, this isn't the way I want to break her. I hold as still as I can, stroking her clit as my other hand grips my cock. All this teasing and tormenting causes my balls to clench to the point of pain.

It aches deep in my bones, a relentless agony tinged with madness. My thighs tremble from the effort of keeping myself still for the sake of keeping her safe. I reach down to cup myself, groaning as the clenching, gnawing sensation gathers between my thighs and shoots down my legs.

I'll need to relieve myself soon. Thankfully, with the way her pretty pussy milks my head, it won't be that long before my cum fills her up. Groaning, I rock back and forth, keeping my movements small, just enough so she feels the friction rocking through me and into her.

Her soft moans of pleasure pelt my skin, raining down on me until it's all I can hear. "That's my good girl," I grind out, stroking myself far more furiously, desperate for release. "My good, fucking little heifer."

"Please," she whimpers. "Please. I ache. I- I-" she trails off, her face turning bright red.

"You what?" Dragging my hand from her clit, I rise over her, pressing in just a touch more until she cries out.

"Milk me. Please. I want to feel you drink from me."

I grip her breast, groaning as the pearly fluid dots her pretty nipple. Leaning down, I swipe it away with my tongue, her taste making me see stars behind my eyes. Oh yes. Such a pretty little addiction.

My breath fans over her delicate skin, making her nipple tighten even more, crinkling the soft skin of her areola until it puckers tight, just as tightly as my balls. Latching on, I wrap my lips around the taut peak and suck, dragging her milk into my mouth.

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I need to be careful and not milk her too much. As much as I want to consume her, drowning in the taste of her, I need to keep some for our coffers. At the end of the day, as much as I want to drink her dry, I have to think of the business.

It's a sobering thought that has no place right now. Squeezing my eyes shut, I force out all thoughts of work and the farm. Right here, right now, it's all about Fiona and the erotism of her pussy clenching around me with every drag of milk from her perfect breasts.

Gripping my cock, I glide my fist up and down, using her arousal to lubricate my movements. It drips from her, coating my fingers with every graze of my knuckles against her engorged flesh. She quivers beneath me, crying out in ecstasy as I give her that bite of pain with each minute rock of my hips.

Close. So fucking close.

Wrenching my mouth away, I go to her other nipple, lapping at the celestial fluid beading from her skin. I suckle her as my balls clench even tighter, sending pinpricks of agony bursting through my body. My cock swells as I near completion, stretching my pretty cow even further.

Fiona cries out. The sounds dripping from her lips are delirious, nonsensical words that only spur my orgasm on faster. Grunting, I pull away from her breasts and stare down at her as I continue to stroke myself faster and faster.

She lies there, hair tousled and unkempt, fanned around her face. Her lips, stained dark red from the blood flowing through them, part as she looks up at me with such

longing, such need. No longer are her eyes a simple brown. They're wide and dark as her pupils fill them, edging out the color of her irises.

Though I've thought this before, I can't deny that at this moment, she's never looked lovelier. Just seeing the stark need filling her as she strains against me is enough to send me over the edge. With a loud shout, I grip my base, roaring my release as my cum surges into her, filling her pretty little cunt with my seed.

I reach down and stroke her clit, desperate for her to reach the stars with me. I touch her, play with her, toy with her body until she shudders beneath me, her soft cries intermingling my darker, masculine grunts. She ripples around me, forcing my balls to clench again, sending more cum into her.

At this rate, it will leak from her body, just as I promised. I slip from her, ignoring her whimpers at my departure. She'll be full again soon enough. Grabbing the metal stretcher, I slide it in as deeply as it will go.

Fiona squeals in shock and tries to get away, but my ropes hold her snugly enough. I continue pushing it into place, waiting until it locks in before removing my fingers. After a moment or two, it begins to pulse inside her, stretching her open in a way that's safe for her body.

I know this because her face goes from placid relief to shock. Her eyes widen as her breath comes in pants. "Wh-what are you doing to me?"

"Making your body ready to accommodate me. All of me." With another groan, I force myself from the bed so I can get dressed again while she lies there, quivering with each swell and shrink of the machine.

She watches in fascination as I wrestle with my suit, leaving my cock out. Cum still gathers at my tip as it softens. Threading my hand through her hair, I pull her head

over to me.

“Clean me up so I can get ready for work.”

“Work? But I thought you were done for the day?”

I give her a soft smile. “A Rancher’s job is never done. Now, I will not ask you again. Take that pretty mouth of yours and clean me up. The quicker you do that, the sooner you can talk to your mother.”

Her lips screw up into a disgusted frown. “I’d rather not think about my mum with your cock in my face.”

“Fair enough,” I chuckle, running the pads of my fingers down her downy cheek.

I don’t think I’ll ever tire of touching her, of tasting her, of simply talking to her. She’s not like the other cows we’ve purchased. I never saw forever in their eyes. But with Fiona, I can’t see myself living without her.

Even now, as she widens her mouth to take my tip between her pretty lips, I can’t help the pang of sorrow for the future. Can I convince her to stay with me here? What would forever even look like between us?

She clearly loves her family. Is there enough room for me? Normally, the cows who stay have no one else. We are their family. But with Fiona, it’s different. She’ll have to want to stay. She’ll have to choose me. Can I make it worth it to her?

Tilting my head back, I groan softly as her tongue swipes at my tip. It’s a tentative motion, one that has me stirring back to attention. I cradle her head in my hands and push my cock further into her mouth. Though she won’t be able to take all of me, she’ll be able to take a bit more than her pussy right now.

My bulbous, thick head slips in without issue, filling her mouth and pressing down against her tongue. She tugs against her restraints as she does her best to pleasure me with her mouth. Pulling away, I make quick work of the ropes and motion for her to climb down off of the bed and kneel at my feet.

So pliant, so obedient, but still simmering with that mouthy impertinence I know lurks behind her sparkling gaze. When she wraps her lips around me again, I see stars behind my eyes. Gripping her hair, I force the next knot into her mouth, hissing as her teeth scrape my sensitive flesh.

Perhaps her mouth isn't as big as I thought. No matter. It's still enough to satisfy me. She's enough to satisfy me. Groaning, I slip in and out, keeping my thrusts shallow.

She laps at the underside of my head where I'm most sensitive, drawing a ragged groan from my lips. Already I'm rock hard and wanting to fuck her again. Each thrust is punctuated with a loud grunt as my balls tighten once more.

Looking out the large bay window to the side, I smile as I watch the Ovibrosia wave in the wind. Such a tranquil scene while I'm defiling my willing little cow. Thankfully, no one can see it. The pleasure Fiona provides for me is mine and mine alone.

My vision wavers as pleasure courses through my veins, hot and thick. Unfortunately, as my body clenches, a sight stops me short. Vrokjan races toward the ranch house, Jessica in his arms. From what little I can see of him, his face is pale and pinched with concern.

Pulling Fiona away, I yank my cock from her questing lips and tuck it into my suit. "Later, my sweet cow. Something is wrong."

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“Is it Jessica?” She hops up from the floor, swaying for a moment as she gathers her equilibrium.

“I think so. But Nagán is here. Whatever is happening, he’ll make sure she’s okay.” Racing toward the wall, I open it back up to see what I can possibly have her wear when she speaks with her mother.

Since cows aren’t typically allowed to be dressed, we don’t keep clothing on hand for them. Frowning, I sift through until I find something akin to loungewear. It will be big on her, but it will be a lot more comfortable than the suit.

“Up on the bed. Mind me. I don’t have time to argue.”

She nods, her expression serious. Thankfully, she seems to understand the urgency and obeys me without hesitation. Grabbing the tail, I do my best to ease it into her awaiting bottom. I’m sure Vrokjan can spare the few minutes it takes to not harm my precious cow.

Her soft moan as I push the metal tip into her ass has my cock pulsing once more. Soon, I promise myself. Soon. Once I know Vrokjan and Jessica are okay, I’ll prepare my lovely Highland for dinner.

Pulling away, I give her a soft kiss on top of her head and race over to the communicator. All it takes is a few strokes of keys and the monitor transforms into something similar to what she would have access to on Earth.

“I’m not sure which program you communicate with, but all should be here.

Remember what you're supposed to tell her. All transmissions will be recorded, so I'll know if you say something you shouldn't."

Fiona rolls her eyes at me. "Like what? Hey Mum, I've actually been kidnapped by aliens. They're big blue fuckers who like to drink my milk while they fuck my pussy. Oh, by the way. Did I mention I'm a cow now? The poor woman would try to have me committed. Don't worry. Your salacious, dirty secrets are safe with me."

Her face falls as she looks out at the empty field. "Please make sure Jessica is okay. I worry about her."

The kindness she shows tears at my heart. Holding her close, I kiss her head once more before pulling away. Hopefully, whatever is happening is only affecting Jessica. I don't know what I would do if I lost Fiona.

Chapter 17

Fiona

My heart pounds in my chest as I watch Master Antroli finish getting dressed. He must have a lot of trust in me to allow me access to his communication device. Pulling myself up into as tight a ball as I can, I will my pulse to slow.

I'm still not sure how much they can hear, see, or sense, so there's no point in allowing him to know the anxiety racing through me. Dragging in a deep breath, I count to five, hold it for five, then release it for five. After a few rounds of square breathing, I find I'm able to breathe again without terror zipping down my spine.

"Don't worry, my sweet pet," he reassures me, kissing me once more on top of my head. "With Nagán here, she will be well. I know it. He's a master at his profession."

“Before you leave...” Master Antroli pauses, his lips quirking up into a soft smile. It really would be cruel to break his trust like I’m planning. “I have no idea what time it is there. I don’t want to wake my parents.”

“Ahhh. Yes.” Walking over to the machine, he hits several buttons.

Soon, the screen fills with stars, planets, and other things I can’t identify. He flips through them so fast, I cannot see all the names, but I know they’re nowhere near the milky way. Eventually, they slow down until Earth comes into view. My heart pounds again, but for a far different reason.

Homesickness nearly swamps my senses, making me sway a touch on the bed. Or maybe it’s hunger? Who knows? It could be arousal. At this point, I can’t tell anything with my body anymore. Nothing acts as it should.

Wrapping my arms around my waist, I watch as he zooms in, turning the planet until he’s on Scotland. If the numbers are correct, it’s noon there. The day after Christmas. I missed Christmas.

Was it just a few hours ago I was celebrating with my coworkers? It feels like weeks have gone by. But no. It’s been a day. One day on Earth. Thankfully, I called my family before all this. I would have been devastated to know I missed seeing them on Christmas.

“Does this work for you?” His deep voice startles me out of my thoughts, drawing my eyes to him.

“I don’t normally call her this often, but she would want to know sooner rather than later.”

“I understand.” Again, he clicks on some keys and the world disappears, leaving just

Scotland up on the screen. “Now, we’ll know what time it is with just a simple glance. Everything else should be set up for you.”

“Thank you. I certainly know my way around social media. I should be fine. Please go. You’re needed there more than here.”

“You truly are one-of-a-kind, my pet.”

I give him a weak smile, allowing him to continue to think it’s worry for Jessica that has my stomach in knots. Granted, it’s part of the panic threatening to eat away at me, but it’s far more than that.

“I’ll be back as soon as I can. You’ll need to be milked before dinner.”

Heat tinges my face as he slips out into the house, leaving me alone with my devious thoughts. Craning my neck, I stare at the door for several moments before sliding off the bed to put on the clothes he left out for me. Who knows how much time I truly have?

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Grabbing the beige shirt, I pull it over my head, covering my body for the first time since I've been abducted. Already it feels odd, as if I should be naked. The desire to rip the soft fabric from my body eats at me, but it's insanity. I shouldn't want this.

I stand up straight, a soft sigh flitting through my lips as I tug on the material. Not quite enough to cover my ass. Thankfully, my mum won't be seeing the lower half of me. Pulling my hair to the side, I put it into a quick braid, giving the appearance of someone merely lounging about.

As much as I want to snoop around the system, I must contact my mother first. I can't chance missing out or having to answer to him as to why it didn't happen. This would all be so much easier with coffee.

In all the excitement and eroticism between us, I completely forgot. I certainly won't do that again. Tucking a few stray strands behind my ears, I run my finger across the screen, similar to what he did. Soon, another screen pops up, eerily similar to a search engine on Earth.

Unfortunately, the keys are all in a language I don't understand. How am I supposed to type when they aren't in the Roman Alphabet? Hell, I'd even settle for Gaelic letters. Something I'd recognize.

Dragging in a deep breath, I press my finger against the search bar and let it out when a normal alphanumeric keyboard pops up on the screen. With a sigh of relief, I type in what I'm looking for.

It takes only a matter of minutes before I'm looking at my mother's soft, kind face on

the screen. Tears threaten to dot my eyes as she squints down, pressing all sorts of things. She always was technologically challenged. How I became a hacker, I'll never know.

For several minutes, we exchange pleasantries. Normal conversation about the holidays and what we did. As usual, she brings up the fucking McMurphy twins. Apparently, some of their cows were naughty and fucked around at the wrong time.

Christmas calves. A bloody miracle. Meanwhile, the thick, metal tail wedged up my arse continues to remind me that I too am a Christmas cow. But this wasn't my choice. Squeezing my thighs together, I glance behind me, looking at the door. Still nothing.

With a deep breath, I relay to my mother everything Master Antroli demanded I tell her. Granted, I put it in my own words. But the message is still the same. The sweet, guileless woman never questions it. And why would she?

I haven't lied to her since I was a wee babe. It pains me to do so now. Unfortunately, the alternative is far worse. I can't take a chance on anything happening to my family because I'm feeling nostalgic.

Besides, with the nature of my job, it's not like I've been able to really tell her anything. I just omitted what she didn't need to know. In my mind, that was far kinder than outright telling a falsehood.

Before I end the call, I run my fingers over the screen, committing my mother's face to memory. Not that I need to. It just feels like the correct, sentimental thing to do. However, instead of simply hanging up, it records her face and puts it on the screen.

Will Master Antroli be upset to find my mother on his screen like this? Even though I know he might not let me keep it there, it does make my heart happy knowing I have

her likeness until he removes it. Giving her a soft smile, I say my goodbyes and wait for her to end the call.

A weary sigh flits through my lips as I undo the braid, allowing the hair to spill out over me again. For some reason, it feels freeing, feral even, to have my wild mane untamed and unruly. It will at least be one less thing to cause me tension.

Glancing over my shoulder, I again look at the door. Still no movement. With a deep breath, I pull up the search bar again. This time, instead of typing on the screen, I hit the keys on the keyboard. Instead of Icorian letters, alphanumeric characters pop up.

The layout is completely different to what I'm used to, but each key seems to correspond to a letter in my alphabet. Giddiness surges through me as I puzzle it out, desperate to know their language. With knowledge comes power.

At this point, I don't plan on using it against Master Antroli, but I will never pass up a chance to get the upper hand. Searching the room, I pull out drawers and look in cubby holes, desperate to find some sort of writing utensil. Shoved all the way in the back is something similar to pen and paper.

Deus ex machina indeed. Hazarding another glance at the door, I do a rough sketch of the keyboard. One by one, I hit a key and write the corresponding roman alphabet character onto the space on the paper. Soon, all are done leaving me with keys that seem to have no direct translation.

Thankfully, all the letters I'm used to are accounted for. With this, I might be able to teach myself the basics. Or at least enough to know the scribbles around me. Taking two fingers, I do my best to imitate the movement he did to get me to the human screen.

No such luck. Everything goes blank, making my heart stutter in fear. Did I somehow

break it? Will he punish me for this? Biting my lower lip, I hit the keys in a sequence that would spell out mainframe if it were in English.

Soon, the entire screen illuminates, sending random bursts of light across. It looks similar to data going across wires, only it's far faster. Once it settles down, words appear on the screen.

Of course, they're in Icorian. Doing my best, I take the characters and translate them to the corresponding letters I know. Still, the words don't make sense. As I say them out loud, however, my translator turns it into a word I understand.

Financials. Interesting. Not that I really care what they make, seeing as their money won't make sense with what I know and use. But at least now I have a backdoor way to know what I'm seeing and reading.

Unfortunately, the more my curiosity burns, the more I'm aware of the time passing. Heavy footsteps tread closer, sending my heartbeat into a rapid staccato. Sliding my fingers across, I manage to get it back to the black screen of doom.

Just as I toss the paper under the bed, the door opens. Master Antroli strides in, his brows drawn together, his expression stormy. Fuck. Does he know? Rising, I make my way over, dropping to my hands and knees.

"I'm sorry," I babble. "I don't know what happened. I tried to end the call by swiping, and things just went black. I hope I didn't break it. I'll try to make it up to you somehow." The lie feels oily dripping from my lips, but I need a way to explain the rapid heartbeat.

I need something plausible that won't cause me to get into further trouble or have him cut my time with my family. Accidentally breaking a piece of alien technology is a perfect cover. That and it keeps him in the dark about my expertise on Earth.

Based on what he's said, it seems as if they don't do any research on us before stealing us away. If they did, he'd know about my family. He'd know I wasn't a great candidate for their cow program. Deep in my soul, I pray I'm right. I pray I didn't just fuck up everything by being nosy.

"Come here, Fiona." His words wash over me, sending tendrils of both pleasure and anxiety through me. "You need not hide away from me. I doubt a sweet little cow like you could break anything made here on Icora."

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For once, the innate sense of misogyny that seems to run through these aliens will work in my favor. All I have to do is pretend to be that sweet, innocent, dumb woman he thinks I am, and I'll get away with almost anything! My stomach clenches at that thought.

I detest being something I'm not. More than that, I hate lying. It's a guilt that eats at me with every inch I crawl toward him. Granted, with the way the tail lies heavy in my ass and the machine whirrs to life every so often, stretching me in the most deliciously agonizing way, I'm sure I can consider this penance.

Besides, there's nothing saying I can't throw in a few Hail Mary's and Our Father's while he delivers the pain I know will be coming. I crawl into his lap, allowing the heat of his body to envelop me. He feels so good wrapped around me, as if sheltering me from everything and everyone.

"How is Jessica?"

Master Antroli rests his chin against the top of my head. "She seems to be fine now. She just needs far more protein than the rest of you. Don't you worry your pretty little head about her. Now then." He shifts me in his arms. "Let's see how the meeting went with your mother."

This time, when he makes the pattern across the screen, I watch him, studying him behind slitted lids. Maybe if he thinks I'm drifting to sleep or not really paying attention, he'll let his guard down. Once the main screen is up, I burrow into his arms while he watches the interaction.

Only one thing remains unclear. Will he also have a record of everything else I did? I hold my breath, watching as the transmission ends. I stare at the screen, waiting to see if my antics show back up, but nothing ever does. It seems as if I'm safe for now.

"Now then," he grumbles, his voice vibrating against me. "Exactly who are the McMurry twins and what are they to you?"

Chapter 18

Antroli

A flash of jealousy races through me so hot I can barely contain it. My arms tighten around my cow for a moment, but I let go as I feel her squirm against me. As much as I want to rip these humans limb from limb, it won't do any good.

She's here now. She's mine for at least a year. It doesn't matter who she fucked or has been with before me. The only thing we take into account before removing them from Earth is if they have a spouse. Fiona isn't married to them. This isn't just evidenced by the fact that she's here with me, but also because her mother seems insistent that Fiona give either of them a chance.

Snuggling back into my arms, my beautiful Highland chuckles it off, but there's something tight in the sound. It isn't as carefree as it had been earlier. "They're nobodies. Farmers, ironically, that live near my parents. The only reason Mum wants me to settle down with one of them is because she thinks it will keep me close to her. She still doesn't understand the need to roam about thick and hot in my blood."

"And that's it? There's nothing else between you and them?"

"Why, Master Rancher," she laughs. "Are you jealous?"

“Extremely.” It feels odd admitting it out loud, but it’s the truth.

“You don’t need to worry about them. I’ve never fancied them in any sort of capacity. Certainly not like I fancy you.” Fiona leans up and tries to kiss me, but I pull her away.

“Then explain your tone. There’s something not right here, and I would like to know the truth.”

“The truth?” she hedges. “I- You wouldn’t understand.”

“Try me.”

With a sigh, she hangs her head. “I’m still worried I messed up your computer thingy. Usually, on Earth, when a screen goes black, it’s not a good thing. At least, it hasn’t been when it happened on my laptops.”

I give my poor pet an indulgent smile. “And how often would that happen?”

Again, she hedges, no doubt not wanting to admit how inept she is with technology. Not that she will ever know this, but I find her lack of skill endearing in a way. Yet one more facet she’ll need to depend on me with.

“Let’s just say no computer is safe around me.”

Laughing, I swipe my fingers across the screen in the familiar pattern until my portion of the drive pops up. “There. You see? Good as new.”

“Ahhh. I think I see. So it’s password protected. That makes sense.”

My brows furrow a bit as I puzzle through her words. “No. There is no password

given. This is just how these machines operate.”

She pushes back against me, her eyes wide. “Then how do you keep your data safe? How do you keep sensitive information away from prying eyes?”

“Don’t look so horrified, little heifer. Here on Icora, that need is simply not there. We respect each other and their boundaries. No one would ever dare touch another’s machine. It’s just not something we do. Now then, I must prepare you for dinner. No doubt your breasts are heavy with milk.”

“Yes,” she murmurs, as if deep in thought. “Very.”

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Shaking my head, I help her out of my shirt and bring it over to the laundry hole. I'll never understand humans and their inquisitive minds. If I ever have a question, I need only ask. Nothing is kept from each other on Icora. We don't have secrets.

Well... I guess that's not entirely true. I didn't keep secrets until Fiona came into my life. Not that allowing her to speak to her family is against the rules. But I don't dare bring that up to anyone else. They might misconstrue my actions and call my mental faculties into question. Best if I just keep this information to myself.

I motion for her to crawl over to the spanking bench. Without any fuss or fight, she does what she's told. Her fiery red hair splays around her face like a curtain, covering her breasts as she crawls. When she sits back on her heels, her stiff nipples poke out from between the strands, making my cock hard.

"Now then, I recall you asking about coffee."

The way her eyes light up nearly takes my breath away. She's so happy, so content to be my cow. It seems as if there are only a few more things needed for her to be truly at peace here. Unfortunately, as much as I want to, I can't give her all her heart desires.

"Yes, Master? I promise if I could have a cup a day, I'll be the best cow ever for you."

A dark chuckle rumbles through my chest. "No. You'll be a good cow regardless, or you'll get punished." She shivers at my threat, making my cock pulse behind the confines of my suit.

“Yes, Master,” she grumbles, her tone petulant.

“I wish I could give you some, but that is not one of the allotted things cows are allowed to have.” When her face crumples, my heart goes out to her.

So many things have changed in such a short span of time. I can understand and sympathize with how devastating this must be. When I help her up to the milking stand, she doesn’t resist. But then, she doesn’t exactly go with enthusiasm.

“I can’t give you coffee, but I can possibly give you an alternative?” Her face perks up, but the smile doesn’t go all the way to her eyes. “Unfortunately, your addicting bean also alters the flavor of the milk. However, I have, in my possession, a plant with the same mind-altering chemical compounds, but it doesn’t taint the taste.”

“I see,” she murmurs, her tone skeptical. “What’s the catch?”

“Catch?” I repeat, confusion fuzzing my brain for a moment. “It is a plant. No need to catch it. It’s there in the ground for the plucking.”

Finally, that soft smile returns to her lips. “No, Master,” she chuckles. “Let me try again. “What do I have to do to get this magical plant elixir?”

“Ahhh. For that, all you have to do is to be a good cow for me.”

I slide her hair away from her chest, letting it fall down her back like a copper waterfall. Her nipples jut out, stiff and swollen. Her poor breasts are so engorged, so painfully full. Urging her forward, I attach the suction cups.

For a moment, there’s a wince of pain on her face as they pull the milk from her, but when it finally flows, she sags against the metal, relief etched on her face. She looks so serene, so content.

Unzipping my suit, I stroke myself to the sight of her. She rests there while I pleasure myself, gliding my hand up and down as I stare at her swollen breasts and arousal trickling onto the seat.

“Touch yourself,” I rasp out, gripping the metal.

With a soft moan, she parts her pussy lips and strokes her clit. When she leans back, I can see the tight bundle of nerves peeking out, just as stiff as her nipples jutting up from her. Such a needy little cow.

I bite down on my lower lip as pleasure surges through me. This is what she does to me. This is the need she pulls from my body with every breathy moan and needy whine.

With my free hand, I fumble about in my pocket, doing my best to grab the small baggie containing my planet’s version of caffeine, all while keeping my suit perched around my hips. With my cum and this substance, my little heifer will have the caffeine she so desperately desires.

“Turn your face toward me.”

I thread my fingers through her hair, anchoring her face as I bring the tip up to her lips. Without hesitation, she opens her mouth and swallows me inside. Groaning, I rock back and forth, filling her as much as her jaw will widen to allow me.

She wraps her lips around me, sucking in earnest. My balls draw up in response, sending frissons of sensation racing up and down my spine. Though I was depleted not that long ago, everything aches as if I haven’t come in days.

Gripping her hair, I hold her head in place as I piston in and out of her mouth. Her soft moans as she laps at my tip thrum through my brain, turning everything to mush.

All I can think about is her.

“Celestials,” I bite out. “I’m so fucking close. Keep licking me like that. You’re such a good girl for me. Here, grip the base of my cock. It’s going to take both hands, my pet. That’s it. Just like that. Squeeze me. Milk my cock the way the machine milks your breasts.”

“Yes, Master,” she whimpers, as she pulls her mouth away, squirming on the bench.

Her hips rock back and forth with the same insistence as mine. The machine must be tormenting her dearly. Pulling away, I smile at the pout gracing her lovely face. Hunching down, I move her hips so that she’s back on all fours.

After a moment or two of fiddling with the machine deep in her pussy, a small piece comes out and latches onto her clit. It must have a sentience of its own. Unerringly, it massages her insistent bundle of nerves until she’s quivering on the bench, begging for more.

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“You want your coffee, yes?”

“Yes, Master,” she cries out.

“Then bring your pretty lips back over here and finish the job.”

Fiona sucks me in earnest, making my eyes cross from the pleasure of her mouth. Her nimble fingers wrap around my base, gliding up and down, twisting this way and that as she does her best to please me.

This leaves my hands free to knead her breasts, allowing me to feel the soft skin under my fingertips. The machine continues to milk her as I force more of that precious fluid to drain into the tubes.

She cries out around my tip, her body tightening as an orgasm rips through. Until this moment, I didn’t realize I could fall even deeper for this human. Seeing and feeling her fall apart as she fucks me with her mouth is a pleasure I’ve never known before.

Since most humans require this coffee at the start of their day, I plan to start every morning just like this. It will be our own little ritual. Groaning, I pull the cups away from her nipples and take her hands away from me.

“Such a good little pet,” I moan, taking matters into my own hands. “Open wide for your Master.”

When she cranes her jaw open, I aim my tip at her mouth. Soon, thick, hot cum spurts onto her tongue. With a loud shout, I continue to empty myself into her, using her

parted lips as my disposal. As I pull away, I shake the baggie, bringing all the particles to the front.

I press my thumb onto her bottom lip, keeping her mouth open as I sprinkle it onto the bits of cum coating her tongue. “Now swallow.”

Her eyes widen as the flavors combine in her mouth. I watch in fascination as her jaw and throat move as she tries to swallow me down. After several moments, she wipes her lips and slides her fingers into her mouth as she moans.

“Just like that heavenly brew,” she sighs. “But I don’t understand. How?”

I give her a quick shrug as I pull my suit back on. “I’ve been told by other Ranchers that their humans either love or hate the taste of our essence. Those who crave coffee seem to derive great pleasure in the taste. Those who don’t imbibe seem to abhor it.”

“I’m certainly not in the second category.”

“Good. Because this will be your morning ritual. From now on, I will be your morning coffee. It’s time to prepare you for dinner.”

I look her over, noting the flush on her cheeks. Though she will always look lovely to me, she’s so fucking pretty after she’s been fucked. Reaching between her thighs, I take the attachment off so she can move without issue.

“You said I’m not allowed to have meat. Does this mean I’m going out into the pasture?”

“No. You will eat by my side. There will be a bowl for you with everything you need for your nutrition. Now come. The others are hungry, and I know I could use a decent meal after everything we’ve done today.”

“But my hair-”

“Leave it. I want everyone to know just how satisfied you are.”

“Yes, Master,” she murmurs, dropping her gaze to the floor.

Clicking the lead back on her collar, I urge her out and into the hallway. Voices drift down from the kitchen, alerting me that we will, in fact, be the last ones there. Thankfully, no one pays us any mind as we slip in.

Everyone is far more fascinated by the lurid display to even notice us. Vrokjan and Jessica put on a show for the other Ranch Hands, but I find no delight in seeing her pale, slick flesh being toyed with. I have my own cow to see to those needs.

Motioning to a pillow, I watch as Fiona kneels, her body sinking down into the soft, downy square. It’s as if we’re already of one mind and heart. I don’t even have to speak to her. She knows exactly what I want and how I want it.

Who knew I could ever be this happy? Smiling down at my pet, I almost miss the bits of conversation around me, but soon, Vrokjan’s voice booms above the rest.

“Fiona has already been prepared for tonight’s dinner. I guess it’s time I do the same for you.” He grabs the lead and takes her away.

Off to the side, Fiona watches in fascination, but says nothing. The others stroke themselves as they watch my boss and his cow leave, but soon turn their gazes to mine. Let them look. Let them touch themselves.

At the end of the day, they know she’s mine and will only be satisfied by me. Still though, my little pet leans against me, her eyes trained to the floor. Soon, she’ll get used to their stares. Just like she’ll get used to everything else here on Icora.

Chapter 19

Fiona

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Fevered touches race over my skin, drawing a soft moan from my lips. My brain tries to make sense of it all, but all I can see is a set of light blue eyes and darker blue skin. Blue. Why blue?

I continue to struggle to wake, doing my best to understand exactly who is touching me and why. Did I leave the party with someone? No. That's not possible. I'm not the type to drink and fuck. Not really.

The fingers continue to brush over my skin. So familiar, yet so alien. Alien. Oh. Oh God! My eyes fly open, my gaze taking in the sterile yet somehow comforting room. Icora. Aliens. Blue motherfuckers who transformed me into some milky cow.

Craning my neck, I watch as Master Antroli strokes his massive cock. His free hand drifts over my body, touching me with a reverence I don't expect from someone like him. Thankfully, he doesn't seem to realize I'm awake yet. This allows me to watch him, study him, and drink him in.

I suppose as far as Master and Owner goes, I could do a lot worse. Despite his domineering demeanor, he really is quite generous. Glancing over at the blank screen, I give a soft sigh.

Would any other Rancher be willing to let me speak with my family? I suppose if it's in their best interest, maybe. But the fact that he left and allowed me to be alone with his technology speaks to someone either really trusting or just really fucking naïve.

In all the ways that they seem superior to us, they really do have a blind spot when it comes to things like corporate espionage. The fact that someone not from their planet

can access what should be confidential data with such ease is rather alarming.

Granted, it gives me an upper hand if I ever need to use it. Not that I'm planning on betraying Master Antroli. But these other blue fuckers? I don't trust them as far as I can shove their big, blue arses.

His hands become more insistent, driving all thoughts from me. Perhaps this is how they continue to maintain control. The need he brings out of me renders me nearly unintelligent. I can't think, speak, or even form a coherent thought when he runs the pads of his fingers over my clit.

A soft moan drifts from his lips, drawing his gaze to mine. "Good morning, my beautiful Highland."

"Morning," I mumble, squirming under the onslaught of his hand. "Though beautiful remains to be seen. I normally look a wee bit frightening in the morning."

He grins and eases two thick digits into me. "Well, to me, you're stunning. The way your coppery hair fans about your face. You look well fucked, my little pet."

Heat licks up the sides of my face as I turn from his adoring gaze. "It's far too early in the morning for all this."

"Ahh. I forgot. Humans and their need for caffeine."

"Well, this human specifically," I chuckle.

With a wicked glint in his eyes, he crawls over my body, dragging his stiff, heavy erection over my mound. The moan flitting from my lips is downright decadent, an erotic sound so close to a moo, but not quite. Without him having to ask, I part my lips, allowing him access to my mouth.

Morning coffee indeed. I have no clue how he manages it, but with the dark, bitter taste of his cum mixed with the lighter, milkier taste of the caffeine additive, it's almost as good as a cup of black coffee with a splash of creamer.

Almost.

There's still that pang of homesickness that washes over me as he jerks himself off into my mouth. As good as his cum tastes, it will never be coffee. It will never be home. Closing my eyes, I force the tears to remain at bay.

No use getting all sentimental now. Not when the potential good outweighs the bad. With my eyes closed, I can pretend I'm back at home. That this sexual encounter is just like any other.

Only, the insistent pressure in my breasts reminds me it's not. Reaching down, Master Antroli uses his free hand to grip the tender, swollen flesh, forcing a cry out from around his cock as it stuffs my face. I wish I could say it was only pain, but I can't.

Pleasure burns in its wake, waking up my nerves far more efficiently than coffee ever did. But maybe that's the point to all of this. By the time the year is up, I'll be far more dependent on his touch than coffee beans.

"Celestials," he grinds out. "You're so fucking ready to be milked, aren't you? That's right, my perfect pet. Such delicious milk for me. I can't wait to taste you. Like nectar straight from the celestial beings."

He continues to wax poetic as he strokes himself, bringing his release even closer. His cock swells in my mouth. He's so close. I run my hands over his balls, stimulating him even further, desperate for that hit of caffeine I know is coming.

With a loud roar, he empties himself into my mouth. “Now hold it in there like a good little cow,” he groans, squeezing the base so every last drop comes out.

His cum is warm in my mouth, like coffee set to cool. Keeping my mouth open, I look up at him, waiting as he opens the little packet and sprinkles it over my coated tongue.

“That’s a good pet. Swallow every drop. Get that energy you need to get through the day.”

I swallow, moaning softly as I feel him sliding down my throat and into my gut. With a smile, he urges me to lie back as he fondles my breasts, squeezing and feeling them. It’s torture unlike any I’ve felt before.

Desperation flutters through my gut as I lie beneath him, waiting for him to relieve the pressure. My nipples throb as he runs his thumbs around the taut peaks, refusing to tend to them.

“Moo for me, my little Highland. Let me hear how badly you want me to drink from you.”

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Frantic, I let out the infernal sound, allowing it to bounce around the walls. Satisfied, he bends forward and laps at my taut peaks, driving me to distraction. “Please, Master,” I whimper. “I ache. I-”

“Oh, I know, little cow. I’ll tend to you soon.” Reaching between my thighs, he slides the machine back into place. After a moment or two, it pulses to life, stretching me out as he teases my clit. “I’m not going to get you off yet. You’ll need to wait until breakfast.”

Pulling away, he turns his attention back to my aching breasts. His breath is hot, scalding, as he breathes over me. I squirm beneath him, mooing with all that I have. When his lips wrap around my nipple, stars shoot out from behind my eyelids.

The relief is immense as he drinks from me, groaning as my milk splashes into his mouth. “Divine,” he murmurs against my skin.

He turns to the other nipple, drinking just a little, the same as the other. It’s enough to take the edge off, but not so much to allow me relief. Again, I moo as he pulls away, hoping that if I’m obedient enough, he’ll drain me completely.

But he doesn’t.

Tisking softly, he takes the machine out from my pussy and helps me up. “Time to go to the bathroom. Then you’ll be drained for breakfast.”

My bladder clenches, alerting me that I certainly do have to go. Hobbling after him, I wait until the grass comes up from out of the tile before squatting down. This time,

it's not nearly as hard to piss. I'm not sure if it's because my bladder is basically screaming at me or if it's because I'm succumbing to my new role incredibly fast.

And here I thought I'd never end up a victim of Stockholm Syndrome. Seems to me like I just need enough orgasms to keep me on edge, and I'll be the good little pet Master Antroli wants me to be. Shaking my head, I relieve myself, grateful that he doesn't seem to be paying me any attention.

Once I'm done, he hoses me down, dries me off, then brings the tail. This time, the plug looks a bit larger than before. My pussy spasms in need as I watch the metal glinting in the light. Never thought I'd have anal play while pretending to be a cow on my new year's bingo card, yet here I am.

My pussy drips as he saunters over, his lopsided grin making my insides flip. Why does he have to be so damned sexy with everything he does? Kneeling behind me, he runs his fingers over my clit, drawing a soft sigh from my lips.

I burn for him. I ache for him. I need him with a desperation that borders on madness. And it's not just for the pleasure he provides. If only. That would be simple. I'd refuse to let myself feel. But it goes deeper than that.

Even after just one day, I feel as if I found where I belong. Such clarity for it being so early the suns are just at the point of rising. Was I really so miserable back on Earth?

Yes.

The answer is yes.

No one understood me on a fundamental level. Not like Master Antroli. He awakens those darker needs and urges I've tamped down over the years to be more acceptable to men. But maybe it's just that I hadn't found the right one.

Could it really be this easy?

“Your mind is far away again, my precious cow. Where does it wander?”

“Stupid sentimentality is all. I keep wondering if I’d ever find someone like you on Earth.” His features freeze as he stares at me, shocked hurt shining in his eyes. “You misunderstand. I’m not looking to leave you,” I quickly amend. “Not really. More like marveling at the difference an intergalactic trip makes.”

He cocks his head to the side, his expression not changing all that much. “I still don’t understand.”

“Don’t worry about it, big guy. I’m not planning on leaving anytime soon. That’s all you need to know.”

His gaze drifts over my body for a moment as the tension drains from him. “You could be happy here with me. Yes?”

As much as I want to torment him, I find it would be just as bad as kicking a puppy. For all the strength and command he shows, he’s vulnerable here. I’d be a right bitch to exploit it.

“I think I can be. Just as long as I can keep in communication with my family and maybe make a trip or two? Just so I can see them every now and then?”

“Let’s discuss that after your year is up. There would be a lot of planning involved. But perhaps I can manage to get us on the vessel when they do their gathering. I’d very much like to see Earth during your festivities.”

With a soft chuckle, I lower my upper half to stick my ass out fully for him. “I’m not sure you’d be able to blend in. Big and blue are kinda hard to miss.”

“For you, I’d find a way.”

And that’s exactly why I’m falling for him little by little. With the same mouth that degrades me and makes my pussy spasm, he also says the sweetest, most generous things. With a sigh, I force myself to relax as he works the blunt end of the plug into my bottom hole.

“That’s it, my pretty girl,” he croons. “Relax for me. It’s bigger than the last one, but you can take it. Can’t you? That’s it.”

A sharp pressure fills my insides as he forces his way in. Every so often, he gathers my arousal and slides it around my back hole, lubricating this invasion.

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“Celestials, but you’re taking it so well. Almost in, my pet. Such a good little cow for your Rancher. Just wait until it’s my cock stretching you out, filling your ass up with my thick, hot cum.”

My pussy spasms at his filthy words, and again, I moan. Funny how each minute that passes by on this planet, it’s sounding less like a human moan and more like the cow he’s training me to be.

Minutes stretch by as he works in the plug, taking his time so as to not harm me. The stretch is immense. My fingers score the tile floor as he pushes in, his actions relentless. After a bit, the large part pops in, allowing my bottom hole to clench around the base.

Groaning, I rock back and forth, reveling in the heavy weight deep inside me. I clench around the metal as I desperately seek my orgasm. Soon. I just have to make it to breakfast. Rising onto my heels, I wait as patiently as I can for him to latch the lead onto my collar and help me up.

The dining room bustles with men preparing for their day. However, the moment we step further in, they stop and stare at my breasts. The hunger in their gazes only stirs up my arousal even more. I know Master Antroli won’t let them touch me, so I can revel in their admiration without fear of molestation.

As he helps me down onto the plush pillow next to his chair, I groan as my breasts bounce with the movement. So heavy. So full. The little he drank earlier seems to have done nothing. Now, they jut out, swollen, tender, and bordering on painful.

“Soon, my beautiful lass,” he murmurs, stroking my hair. “Once Vrokjan and Jessica get here, we will get you milked.”

I sit there as calmly as possible, but in my head, I count out the seconds. Thankfully, I don’t have to wait too much longer before they both enter. The poor girl looks even more miserable than I feel. Her breasts are at least double my size and just as swollen.

Next to me, Master Antroli lets out a sigh of relief. “I was getting worried. Fiona is desperate to be milked, but I didn’t want to start without you.”

Vrokjan walks over and claps his hand on his shoulder. “Next time, don’t make her suffer. I will understand. Just like if you’re ever running behind, I’ll take care of my own.”

They speak as if this is a normal, everyday occurrence. Which, to them, it certainly is. To me, however, it takes a bit to get used to. With another smile in my direction, Master Vrokjan looks over at the other Ranchers gathering around.

“Celestials,” Vrokjan cries out, making me jolt a touch at the tenor of his voice. “We gather at this table to partake in the milk so graciously provided to us. May we drink it with the reverence in which it is given. Allow it to nourish us and strengthen us.”

Not being a stranger to religion myself, it feels almost comforting to have him offer a blessing over our milk—even if the nature of retrieving it is probably looked down upon by any minister you might ask.

Off to the side, another Rancher speaks up, his lips curling up into a mischievous grin. “And make us more money than we know what to do with,” he cackles, earning jabs and smiles from the others, including the stoic Vrokjan.

My eyes widen as I take in the scene, a laugh hovering on my lips. It dies down when

I look over at Jessica. She looks like a deer, or cow rather, caught in the headlights. For her sake, I try to be a show of force as Master Antroli helps me onto the table.

Her breath is haggard as I lay my head next to hers. Poor thing is shaking in fear. I too tremble, but mine is from the need to be milked, the need to be pleased, but more so the need to please my Rancher. I don't dare say so to her.

Instead, I let her think I'm just as frightened. When she offers me her hand, I take it, grabbing on tightly. Right now, she needs a friend. She needs to not feel so alone. I know nothing of Master Vrokjan, but if he's anything like Master Antroli, he will be a kind owner while she's here for the year.

Her fingers tighten around mine as the others draw near. Fear is palpable in the air. Did Master Vrokjan not give her the same reassurances? Or is she to be shared since he's the Owner of this ranch?

"Shhh, my pretty cow," Master Vrokjan murmurs. "I've told you they will not drink from you. Trust my words. I have not deceived you thus far."

Closing my eyes, I continue to offer what little strength I can. Unfortunately, the sensations washing over my body refuse to allow me to lie there still. I squirm next to Jessica, desperation replacing fear. Thankfully, after her Master's words, she calms down a touch. I so wish she'd be able to enjoy the process like I am.

Master Antroli's hand grazes my hip, his touch full of promise. Looking into his light blue eyes, I find myself nearly giddy as the men surround us with their bowls and cups. I never thought of myself as an exhibitionist before now, but seeing the lust on their faces causes arousal to drip from my pussy and onto the table.

Soon. Master Antroli will let me orgasm soon. He has to, or I'll fucking combust.

Chapter 20

Antroli

Fiona's pussy drips as she lays there, her breathing haggard as she tries her best to remain still. Poor little cow. The need on her face is evident as she stares down at me from between her thighs.

Rising, I make my way to the milking machine and grab the thin tubes. Around us, the men shuffle about, their bowls and mugs clinking a bit as they get into position. On the table, both cows jolt a touch with each sound.

I can tell Fiona's actions are more akin to anticipation, but poor Jessica seems petrified. If she can't calm down, I'm sure her milk will taste just awful. Thankfully, Vrokjan, as usual, has things well in hand. As soon as he puts the little machine in her hungry pussy, she settles right back down.

With an indulgent grin, I stare down at my heifer. Her lips tremble as I place the suction cups on her nipples. Once the milk starts flowing, she arches up, the soft sounds of pleasure rising from her parted lips to fill the room.

The Ranch Hands take their bowls and mugs to the small spout and get their fill, their eyes wide as saucers as they lick their lips. They can't even imagine how good Fiona is going to taste. Granted, with both sets of milks going into one spot, it will be hard to tell one flavor from the other.

Vrokjan and I get ours last and take a seat at the opposite ends of the table. Once I'm in place, I, too, slide the small machine into my cow. Her moans turn to soft moos as the little attachment attends to her clit, leaving Vrokjan and I free to converse with the others.

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Though our conversation is normal—milk production costs and income, harvest numbers, pest control, and the like—it feels far more intimate than any breakfast before. It's all because of Fiona. Before her, I was the same as the Ranch Hands, drinking my fill from the boss's heifer.

Now, I can contribute to the household. Such a small thing, but it means so much. If they want, the men can now go for seconds, even thirds. Though none of them would dare indulge that much. Too much milk makes working in the heat that much harder.

But still... The ability is there where it wasn't before. Looking over the table, I smile at Vrokjan, noting the ease in which he handles his cow. It's like second nature to him. Even now, as he talks to us, he wraps his hand around Jessica's ankle, calming her as only he can.

I hope to be that show of strength and force to Fiona, but honestly, she doesn't seem to need it. It's as if she and Jessica are complete opposites. As much as I love being a Rancher Icorian, I do so find the Earthling's minds fascinating.

If I hadn't craved milk so much, I might have been a Medical Personnel or even a Medical Rancher... But I find I'm far happier here. Having my own cow just solidified everything, as if the last puzzle piece clicked into place.

Mimicking my boss, I ease my hand around Fiona's ankle, smiling when she looks down at me with that flushed, breathless expression of hers. I love that I can do that to her. I can take this formidable human and turn her into a quivering mess of need and mooing.

Both cows rock back and forth on the table, their cries shattering through the soft din. All of us take a moment and watch, appreciating the beauty of their release as it unfolds. It's a sight we will never tire of, and more than likely why many of us went into this field in the first place.

Glancing at the tubes, I note Fiona's production slowing down. She's very nearly drained. Jessica's looks the same despite having far much more milk than she does. With a sigh, I finish my cereal and set the bowl to the side before unhooking Fiona from the tubes.

Vrokjan does the same and we help our cows off of the table and to the soft pillow beside our chairs. Like a good little pet, Fiona makes no noise over the greens I place in her bowl. She does, however, look over at Jessica, her head tilted as she watches Vrokjan tap some white powder on top.

Protein, but she doesn't know that. When I went back to get her for dinner last night, we didn't discuss anything dealing with Jessica. I watch as my pet's mouth twitches, and I know she longs to ask, but remains quiet. Such a good little human.

As much as she likes pain, she seems to really dislike punishment. Which, honestly, works well for me, seeing as I detest having to dish out retribution of any kind. I guess this is another way in which we are perfect for each other.

Until now, I really didn't believe in nonsense such as perfect mates or predestined lovers sent by the Celestials. However, the more time I spend in Fiona's presence, the more I'm starting to question my ways of thinking. Clearly someone looked out for me as they created her.

Tenderness gathers in my chest as I watch her eat, her delicate neck bending as she takes the greens from the bowl like a house-trained calf. Her fiery hair cascades in front, impeding her vision. For a moment, I watch, amused, as she pushes it back,

until frustration causes her frame to vibrate.

That won't do. Hunching down beside her, I urge her to sit up so I can braid her hair. It's something I learned while helping with my sisters, but I never imagined doing it for a lover of mine. Fiona leans into my touch, a soft sigh slipping from her lips as I brush my fingers through her hair.

With practiced skill, I put her hair into a tight braid, pulling it all away from her face. With no tie to hold it in place, I simply twist the rest into a bun and slide the end of a fork through the knot. It looks ridiculous, but does the job.

Across the way, Vrokjan does the same until two braids go down Jessica's back. With both cows attended to, they eat while the rest of us finalize our plans. So much needs to be done now that the cows have been acquired. While the Ranch Hands attend to the rest of the herd, Vrokjan and I need to make plans for the rest of the ranch.

Though Fiona already has her plug in for the day, Jessica is nowhere near ready. Once everyone is done, I take my cow back to the room to get her hooves and kneepads. As with every time I've taken her somewhere, she leaves without a fuss.

Once we get to the room, however, she sits back as best as her tail will allow her and tilts her head. "What is my task for the day, then?"

"Task?"

"Yes. Am I to haul hay? Do I ferret around in the dirt to help you plant crops?"

I chuckle as I gather her things and motion for her to go to the bed. "No, sweet pet. Nothing like that. You are going to lounge about outside with the other cows while the men and I work."

“Wait. So nothing? I have nothing?”

“Is that so abhorrent to you?”

For a moment, she sits there, her brow furrowing as if deep in thought. “Well. Not really. I just don’t usually do nothing unless it’s a day off or I’m sick.” Shaking her head, she climbs up to the bed and holds out her hands.

“Then I suggest you pretend to be ill. Think of this as a...” I pause for a moment, riffling through my lexicon for the correct word. “Vacation?”

“Yes,” she murmurs. “But a year-long vacation? Maybe even longer? I’m not sure I can do that.”

I pause and cup her breast, giving her a tender kiss just on the tip of her nipple. “Think of it this way. Your body is working hard to provide us with milk. Additionally, your milk is going to be sold to others for their nourishment. Not just enjoyment only. The children of Icora depend on what you offer. If that isn’t worth taking your rest while your body does the hard part, then I don’t know what is.”

Her lips turn down for a moment as she turns her wrists about, looking at her hooves. “That does nothing for my mind. I’m not used to not having my mind working. I’m worried I’ll lose my mental edge.”

A frown pulls down my lips as I lean back. “What was your job on Earth?”

For a moment, she hedges, as if she really doesn’t want to say. “I was a systems analyst. Basically, I created programs to help others with their tasks.”

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I can't help the smile threatening to twitch my lips even as my stomach flips for a moment. Perhaps she's not nearly as simple as I thought. "My little cow is smart then."

"Of course I am," she snorts, her tone bordering on disrespectful, but not quite crossing the line. "Do you think all Earthlings are stupid?"

"Nothing of the sort, my pet. But most Earthlings we procured weren't into things like computers. For them, it seemed far easier to assimilate to our way of life. At least easier than it seems for you. I'm not sure what I can say or do to assist. I have nothing to occupy your mind. But I will think on this. Surely Vrokjan will have a solution."

She snarls at me. Just a soft, near silent baring of her lips, but I see and hear it all the same. "I'm not some animal in need of enrichment. I'll figure something out on my own."

Grabbing the lead, I haul her to me, putting my face close to hers. "I would hate to send you out into the fields with a blazing backside, but continue to push me, and I will. I detest the idea of punishing you, but if you continue to back me into a corner, I will lash out."

She jerks back, but barely budes. The grip I have on the lead does not allow her to move much at all. "You should have considered this before you started kidnapping humans to keep them as your little science project. We have thoughts, feelings, and a mind of our own. Great sex helps keep the need to rebel at bay, but only for so long."

"Ahh. So this is your way of telling me you need to be fucked hard before being

turned out into the field. I hear you, heifer.”

“No,” she screams. “That’s not what I’m saying.”

Before I allow her to cause a further ruckus, I whirl her about and plant her face into the bed. I watch her back, knowing just how long I can hold her there before she runs completely out of air. After about ten seconds, I bring her back up.

She sputters and drags in gulp after gulp of air but seems a bit calmer. “Listen to me. I have told you that I’ll be indulgent with you. Make a stir like that again where others can hear, and I cannot be held responsible for their or my actions. I hear you, little cow. There’s just nothing I can do about it.”

“Can’t,” she spits out, her voice a low hiss. “Or won’t.”

With a sigh, I sit down on the bed and haul her over my lap. At first, she thrashes about, trying to dislodge herself, but the hooves keep her from gaining any ground. I let her fight me. It will only tire her out in the end.

Once she finally slumps over, her body heaving as she takes in her breaths in deep gulps, I run my fingers down her spine in as soothing of a manner as I can.

“Can’t, sweet girl. I really wish things were different. But if we give you leeway, we’ll have to give the others the same.”

“And would that really be so bad?”

“Chaos is never a good thing. If we allow the cows to do what they want, we can’t keep control over them.”

“So I’m just a cog in your machine. Just another nameless face with tits and arse?”

With a soft sigh, I drape my body over hers. “Never to me, my dear one. Never to me.”

There’s a vibration under her skin, a quiver of tamped down fury, but she keeps it well within herself. If only she can understand that I truly wish for what’s best. Unfortunately, there is no recourse, there is no meeting in the middle.

She will either submit or suffer the consequences.

Chapter 21

Fiona

Two Earth Weeks Later

I sit there in Antroli’s room, staring down at the paper in front of me. Over these last couple of weeks, it’s been hard to sneak in times to look at it and learn the written language of these people. If only I had my hands available to me out in the fields.

It would be so much easier to write and learn if I could continue to draw it out, even if it was just with my fingers in the dirt. Unfortunately, no amount of begging seems to do anything but get me plugged and stuffed with his fingers. Not that it’s a horrible response for me being sassy, but after a while, it does get a little old.

Squinting down at the paper, I compare it to the keyboard and frown. Each letter and symbol have so many variations that it’s difficult to remember it all, much less put them into words I can understand. Other languages haven’t been so difficult.

Perhaps it’s because I have so many of them flying about in my head that it’s even harder to keep this one straight. Or maybe it’s also because nothing about these ‘letters’ seems natural. Alien in all ways. Shaking my head, I look out into the field,

watching for any sign of my Owner.

Though it's only been two weeks, it feels like I've been here an eternity. We've found our rhythm somehow. It works for us even if it doesn't completely work for me. Furrowing my brows, I swipe my fingers across the screen, pulling up the alien mainframe.

So much about their system makes sense but doesn't at the same time. It's as if I know how to manipulate it, but then find myself wrong. Thankfully, I haven't seemed to trip off any alarms or things like that. Each time I fool around in their programs, I half expect it.

It's so bizarre to me that they're so advanced, and yet have nothing in place to keep people out. I know Master Antroli explained it to me, but it doesn't mean it makes sense. On Earth, my job as a hacker was perilous. Just one wrong keystroke, and I was done for.

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On Icora, I can go in and out with an ease that still makes my gut churn. Perhaps it's just the adage of old habits die hard. It's what made my job exhilarating. I knew at every turn it could be my last. Here, the anxiety is different.

No longer is it the government or a client finding out I'm in their system. Now, it's also getting caught by the Ranchers. Thankfully, none of them seem to come back to the house until the end of day. But that doesn't mean I can't be caught unawares.

Master Vrokjan comes back every half day to milk Jessica, but never seems to check in on me. I'm invisible to him. Or is that what he wants me to think? So many thoughts spin in my head, making my heart pound in my chest.

And so, I stay tense until I'm done and out. My mind and body wait for the inevitable that never happens. Not even Master Antroli seems to have any idea that I've done something without his knowledge. That, or maybe he's just too tired to care.

Each night I see him, he looks far more haggard and worse for wear. He doesn't confide in me, but I know something is wrong. With another sigh, I look out toward the other cows, looking for Jessica, but I don't see her either. Perhaps she's like me and can't tolerate the heat as well as the others?

That's one good thing about my Scottish heritage—it allows me more time indoors than the others. At first, Master Antroli just had me sitting in the barn, but even that heat was too much. I'm not weak like Jessica. Not even close.

But the heat saps me, makes me feel woozy and lightheaded. Maybe after a bit more time here, I'll get used to it. That, or after their Medical Rancher finally figures out

how to make Jessica better, he'll turn his attention to me. Either way, the sense of impending doom looms deep within my chest.

I know my time is limited, and yet, there's still so much I wish to learn. Though I detest having to hide it this way, I do find I'm gathering more and more intel on how their systems work. The numbers begin to make sense to me somehow. Probably because I'm immersing myself in their written language.

Once more, I pick through the keys, my typing a touch faster than it was even last week. Not only do I have access to their financials, but I can also see the cows who had been brought, who have left, and who have stayed. Next to the names are figures and words.

It takes me several agonizing minutes, but I can finally piece out it's how much their milk sells for and approximate taste. Curious, I go up to my name. Two gallons. It makes sense now that my chest hurts all the time while I'm waiting to be milked.

I wonder if that's per milking or total through the day. Next time Master Antroli milks me, I'll have to watch. Unfortunately, when it's the morning milking, he takes a fair bit. Afterward, the rest travels to the other men. So there's no good way to tell. At night, though, he takes none of it.

As far as taste goes, I can piece together the letters, but still don't understand the meaning. I mumble it out loud, letting the translator do its job. Even then, it takes a bit to make sense. Nectar of the Celestials is the best it can do.

Though I feel flattered, it's not really a taste. Not the same as the others. They have far more generic descriptors like nutty, fruity, honeyed, or caramel. The numbers next to them seem about the same, all ranging from two-hundred and fifty to four hundred. Mine, however, ranges from one thousand to twelve hundred.

He wasn't exaggerating when he said my milk would sell for a good price. It's the same as Jessica, only her production is more in the four-gallon range. Poor girl. I hurt for her as I continue to read the descriptors. Same as me—Nectar of the Celestials.

Could it be that it's their descriptors encouraging the disparity in money? Or are these descriptors given by those buying it? So many questions that I cannot ask. For the most part, Master Antroli seems very outgoing with the information I ask of him.

But I'm sure he'll get suspicious if I ask him something that specific. He'd certainly want to know where I got the information. Not that I can tell him. Pushing those thoughts out of my mind, I look at another set of data off to the side. It continues to scroll and change, resembling the Stock Exchange.

What little bits I can gather, seem to correspond with the different planets he's mentioned, both in this galaxy and beyond. Since they have additional licensure, they can sell anywhere. Others can only sell on Icora and within the few surrounding planets. Quality control or some such nonsense.

I will never understand it. To me, milk is milk. But who am I to question it? Unfortunately, as I continue to stare, a set of symbols jumps out to me. It's the first word I made sure to memorize. Earth. Who the fuck is buying our milk on Earth?

Before I can fully process the ramifications, a blur of movement catches my eyes. Master Vrokjan races across the field, his face pinched. Have I really been at this that long? I curse myself for not keeping better track of the suns' positioning.

Squinting up into the sky, I note the suns hang a bit differently than when he normally comes home. It's not like him to be late. I swipe my fingers across the screen and sigh in relief as it goes blank. Even though it's not likely Master Vrokjan will come in to find me at the communication system, I still don't want to take that chance.

I tiptoe across the room and place my ear against the door. His thunderous steps ring out across the floor as he heads to the opposite stairs. Thank God. I'm still safe. Curling up into a ball on the bed, I continue to study the characters on the paper and make notes, doing my best to keep my mind sharp.

Even when I'm forced out into the field, it gives me something to think about when Jessica is not there or too uncomfortable to hold up her end of the conversation. My gaze drifts about the letters, allowing the symbols to merge in my brain. It lulls me somehow, making me feel warm and comfortable. Or maybe that's just the lazy urge to sleep and eat grass.

Suddenly, a flurry of noise slams into me, jolting me from the bed. I hide my sheet under a stack of papers in the far bottom drawer and whirl back to face the door, dread dripping through my veins. Something is wrong. I can feel it in my bones.

But again, nothing happens. No door opening, no Master Antroli storming in, demanding to know what I'm up to. Nothing. The house remains silent as I stand there shaking. Looking out the window, I watch as Master Vrokjan and the Medical Rancher take Jessica away in what looks like a highly modified stretcher.

Slamming my palms against the glass, I watch in dread as my only Earth friend and ally is taken away to God knows where. Tears gather in my eyes as I study her face. Normally, it's pale, but now it's flushed red. She's feverish. I'll bet every bit of my income on it.

In the silence, I scream out my frustration to the heavens. If only they'd left us on Earth where we belonged. Who knows what alien sickness she contracted? Am I next? Am I going to be sick as well?

I pace about, my pulse pounding in my ears. Time slips by in unknown increments until I'm nearly mad with terror. I want to leave this place, to run away, but where

will I go? Where can I run? There's nowhere for me to hide on Icora.

Hell. I haven't even traveled far enough in the pasture to know just how far it stretches out. Besides, without the proper equipment on, I'm sure to be punished. I've kept myself quiet and unnoticeable, earning Master Antroli's praise.

But it's not for lack of wanting to be punished. I wanted him to see me as a good girl, not one to stir up much trouble. That way, he wouldn't be suspicious of what I do in the room all day. Unfortunately, the side consequence of that is I don't know what a punishment would even look like.

Again, I pace, needing to break free. Jessica is no longer in my field of vision, and so I am truly alone. I tug on my tail, needing that small bite of pain as I move the enormous plug back and forth to ground me. My, what a deviant I've become.

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Before, on earth, I'd simply find another way to self-soothe. Here, my options are limited. Fuck. Consequences be damned. Storming over to the door, I stride out into the main hall. No one is around to see me. Where is everyone?

I know most of the Ranchers and Ranch Hands have their hands full with running the farm, but there's no one? Not one person here? Balling my hands into fists, I tilt my head up and scream to the heavens.

The sound rings about my ears, bouncing off of the rafters. In that moment, it sounds as if a chorus of us scream together, blending into one sound of immense sorrow. In that moment, I feel less alone. Dropping to my knees, I allow the tears I've held back these few weeks to fall hot on my cheeks.

I need someone, anyone... I need Master Antroli. As much as I hate to admit it, I need him now more than ever.

Chapter 22

Fiona

Sobs wrack my body as I lie there curled up as best I can. My asshole aches as the tail presses against the opening, threatening to pop out as I lean over. I can't bring myself to care.

Everything hurts. My heart, my head, my throat, my spine, every fucking inch hurts. I can't tell how long I lay there screaming before someone hears me. Soon, however, warm arms scoop me up.

I don't even have to look to know it's Master Antroli carrying me back to our bedroom. His scent invades my nostrils, filling my lungs, giving me comfort. Turning into his chest, I breathe in that heady aroma of sweat, Ovibrosia, and strong, virile male.

"Shhhhh, my pet," he murmurs, rocking me back and forth.

He comforts me but doesn't force me to stop crying. My owner simply allows me this space to purge myself. Soft hiccups catch in my throat as I finally pull away and look into his eyes. We say nothing for several minutes, simply staring, drinking each other in.

"Is she going to be okay?" I manage to whisper, my throat hoarse and scratchy.

"I don't know, love. I simply don't know."

For some reason, his term of endearment strikes a chord deep inside my soul. It unleashes the floodgates once more until I'm again sobbing in his arms. He holds me, allowing me to straddle his hips and lie my head against his chest so I can hear his heartbeat.

It thunders in my ears, a soothing cadence that threatens to override the hurt and pain until there's nothing but him. Pulling back, I look into his eyes again, desperate for him to understand the words of my heart.

"Please," I croak out. "I need you."

"I hear you, love. I hear you."

Grabbing me about the waist, he puts me on all fours. With gentle, yet insistent movements, he rocks the tail back and forth, easing the plug out of me. But I don't

want gentle. I don't want easy. I want rough, hard, and fast.

I want to forget everything and only feel. With a gut-wrenching cry, I pull forward, forcing the plug out with a nearly audible pop. A strangled moan rips from my throat as the burning, searing pain short-circuits my brain until all I can do is feel.

Master Antroli grips my hips, his hands digging into my skin. "Never," he growls, his breath hot against my spine. "Never do that again. You are not allowed to harm yourself. Ever. If pain is what you seek, I will provide it. Am I understood?"

There's a raw tone to his words, a desperation I've never heard before. Pulling myself out of his grasp, I look at his face, gutted by the expression darkening his eyes.

"I'm sorry. I-"

"No," he roars, stalking forward. "I will have your understanding before any other word passes through your lips. You are too fucking precious to me. Do. You. Understand?"

"Y- yes, Master," I whimper, my heart cracking under the intensity of his gaze.

"Do you need me to hurt you?"

"Please," I wail, my own desperation coloring my voice, making it thick with unrequited need.

"Then you shall have it."

His fingers grip my thighs, digging in until I cry out from the discomfort. My pussy spasms as pain flutters up my body, making me a twisting, quivering mass of need. With one fluid motion, he yanks my legs open, prying me apart, forcing my pussy to

be unobstructed to his hungry gaze.

I yelp as he continues to stretch me out until my joints scream. Only when he meets resistance does he stop. “Do you like this?” he growls as he rubs himself against me.

The fabric of his suit grinds against my pussy, abrading my sensitive flesh. I cry out in need as the sensations overwhelm me, swamping me until all I can think of is his fingers deep inside my pussy. Gone are all the morose thoughts threatening to drag me under.

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All I can think about is him—my Master, my Owner, the Rancher who possesses me so completely it hurts to be without him. “Please. I want to hear you speak to me in your own language. I’m so sick of these barriers between us. There has to be something. I just... I want... Please.”

At this point, I know I’m babbling. Hysteria tinges my tone as I claw at his chest. The need to be skin-to-skin eats at me until it’s a feral madness driving me forward. He grips my wrists in his hand and hauls me up the bed.

“Do not move. One inch, and you will suffer in your erotic misery.”

Tears stream down my cheeks again as I watch him move about the room. Can’t he see the agony? Can’t he hear the need in my voice? See it in my body? How can he be so fucking unfeeling?

Coming back by my side, he holds a hank of rope taut in his hands. “If we are going to do this, we will do it my way.” I open my mouth to rebut him, but he shakes his head. “I am in charge, my little cow. You have forgotten this along the way. Not to worry. I will make sure you do not forget.”

Gripping one wrist in his meaty paw, he slams it down on the pillow above my head. Same with the other wrist. He lashes them together before attaching the rope to the headboard. His eyes glint, darkening as he stares down at me. After a moment or two of his lustful gazes, he leaves again, this time ducking into the bathroom.

Rage and arousal mingle until I cannot tell one apart from the other. Again, I shriek to the heavens, thrashing about. It’s not that I wish to be free. Far from it. For some

reason, it just feels so fucking good to purge all of this from my system.

From day one since I was abducted, I've never let myself truly feel. Now that I've let some of the steam off, it's like a volcano raging inside, bubbling up with no end in sight. Master Antroli saunters in, his lips twisted up into a sadistic smirk.

"Scream all you want, human. No one will save you. You're not a communal cow to be tended to by the Ranch Hands. You are mine. No one will stop me from taking you in hand." Tilting his head back, he too cries out, the sound of his voice far more guttural and raspier than my own.

Moments go by where there's nothing but a cacophony of sound as we both pour out our frustrations until there's nothing left. It's healing, somehow, freeing to finally let the rage drown me, consuming me.

"Feel better, human?"

"I could ask the same of you."

He shakes his head as he walks over to me. "Nothing will be better until I've seen to your need. I can feel it welling up inside you, desperate to come out."

"I'm scared for Jessica."

With a heavy sigh, he leans down, resting his forehead against mine. "As am I, little one. As am I. Mostly, I worry for Vrokjan. He's simply besotted with his cow."

"And you?" I dare to ask, my heart stuttering as I wait for his words.

Internally, I know he is, but he has yet to really say it. It's obvious he has an obsession for me, but that's not the same as love and being cherished. It might be

foolish, but I want what my parents have, what their parents had before them. I grew up knowing love. True love. The love that people only write about in sonnets and the like.

With a soft smile, he holds up a small wand. For a moment, a loud, piercing sound slams into my ears, bringing a cry from my lips. Leaning down, he kisses away the tears in a way that's so gentle, so achingly sweet that it causes me to cry some more.

“Aw qekyaa eeb bnaws qepaw kliizat we aw uj’,” he rasps out, the strange words flowing over my body like rain sluicing off the rooftops of the Scottish hutches. “Bnaws qepaw lwab we aw zmoopro.”

After a moment, he waves the wand back over my head. This time, I can brace for the pain I know is coming. I cling to my Rancher, riding out the wave as my pussy spasms around the machine pulsing inside of me. Once it subsides, he pulls back and looks deep in my eyes.

“I love you with every breath of my body, with every fiber of my being. How is that for expressing how I feel?”

For a moment, I'm stunned. Speechless. I knew he had strong feelings, but I didn't expect him to be so poetic with it. Unable to speak, I close my eyes and tip up my chin. Thankfully, he knows exactly what I need.

His lips slant over mine in a strong, possessive kiss. It's the type that makes your head spin and your knees weak. Since I'm already on the bed, I'm able to just lie there and enjoy it.

When he pulls back, we're both breathless. “But just because of my milk. Right?”

Deep inside, I have to know this. I need to know exactly what I am to him and what

he is to me.

“Love. I don’t give two shits about your milk.” A loud ping interrupts him.

Dragging himself away from my body, he frowns down at his wrist. His brows furrow as he presses a few buttons and pulls out a thin piece of glass. “Looks like Jessica is going to be okay. Her body is reacting to the serum, but she’s going to live.”

For a moment, relief flows through me hard and fast, leaving me a touch dizzy. “Am I going to have the same reaction?”

“Most probably not. It’s an issue she’s been dealing with since she first got injected. It’s what made her produce so much milk.”

“What are they going to do?” My voice is soft, barely a whisper.

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For a moment, Master Antroli doesn't answer me. He doesn't have to. She's not coming back. Tears begin anew, wetting my cheeks as he puts the glass away. Sorrow lances off of him, but not for Jessica. No doubt it's for his boss. In a way, my heart goes out to him too, but these tears are selfishly for me.

With her gone, I'll be alone. It was inevitable, really. The moment I saw her on that gurney, I knew. It's why my heart shattered as hard as it did. My gut knew all along. I just didn't want to believe it. Without saying a word, Master Antroli eases his zipper down, revealing his naked body to my gaze.

Even in the midst of my sorrow, I cannot deny just how fucking sexy he is. Tilting his head to the side, he thinks for a moment. Though why, I cannot say. I haven't said anything yet.

"I cannae take this pain from ye, lass," he says with a thick Scottish brogue. "But I can give ye sometin' else to think about."

In that moment, I don't think I can love him more than I already do. He bares himself to me, standing aloft so I can drink him in. His massive cock pulses as I stare at it, bouncing a bit as the hunger in me grows. His lips twist into a wicked smirk as he slides his fingers into my pussy and pulls out the device, tossing it onto the bed.

"Ye willnae be needing this anymore, methinks. Let's see just how well you can take me. All of me." His hand lowers to cup his balls.

The groan that pours from his mouth is pure decadence and need. Hot, heady, desperate for me as I am for him. He's right. Nothing will ease the sorrow of losing

my friend, but I'll be damned if his body can't distract me long enough for my heart to knit back together.

Chapter 23

Antroli

My pretty cow's face is red and blotchy, streaked with tears. Though I have no feelings for Jessica, I can certainly commiserate with Vrokjan. If I had to send Fiona back to Earth, it would devastate me. With a soft sigh, I run my fingers down her cheek, hoping to infuse all the tenderness and love I have for her in that gesture.

It's a silly notion. Sentimental. Wholly human. But the things I feel for her, I've never felt for any other Icorian. She is my match, my mate, and I'll be damned if I lose her, too. Thankfully, Nagán doesn't worry for her safety. After Jessica's ordeal, he made sure to inspect the other cows we purchased just in case.

From what I can tell, she's healthy. Maybe not completely happy. But she's healthy. Right now, that's all that fucking matters. Leaning down, I score my teeth over her nipples, taking care not to suck from her. I need her milk production up so I can sell off any extra milk to cover the money I'm sending to her family.

It's not a matter of affordability. It's more like I don't want to draw any undue attention to the money going out. I've never been one to keep secrets from anyone, mostly Vrokjan, but making sure my cow is happy is priority one. If having a bit of side income keeps her well, then that's what I'll do.

Just seeing her lying here, her face screwed up in what looks like abject misery, tears at my heart. Especially because I cannot fix this. There's nothing I can do to make the pain go away. It's not like I can bring Jessica back. No human can stay on Icora unless they are a cow.

Reading between the lines of Vrokjan's simple message, it's not hard to connect the dots. The serum is making her sick. The only way for her to survive is to reverse the properties. Basically, make her human again. She will have to leave.

I know it. Vrokjan knows it. Fiona knows it.

I wish I could give my precious pet her friend back. I wish I could find a better, easier way to keep her in touch with her family. I wish... I wish we could keep humans for something other than milk production. But the government is steadfast. The population of humans must remain minimal, and they must remain manageable.

They fear an overthrow. And honestly, based on Earth's history, they have a right to be afraid. Humans are tenacious, innovative, and possess a wealth of ingenuity. The only thing holding them back from conquering the galaxies is their lack of technology.

If they ever manage to reach our level, Celestials help us. Smiling down at my little human, I do my best to keep the shifting expressions off of my face. She's different than most. She's so uncomplicated, a gentle soul that seems content just curling up in my lap and letting me pet her.

Granted, she seems to have a thirst for knowledge, but that died out as I gave her more and more pleasure. There's nothing nefarious lurking behind those lovely brown eyes of hers. Only sorrow. My heart pounds in my chest as I slide my tongue around her taut nipple, earning a whimpered gasp from her lips.

The sorrow will fade. I'll do my damndest to make sure of it. Sliding my hand up her ribcage, I cup her other breast, feeling the growing weight in my palm. How I wish to drink from her, to suck her milk into my mouth. It's a torture beyond all reason.

Tearing my mouth away, I drift lower, distracting myself with the sweet taste of her

pussy. She's so fucking wet and needy for me. My cock pulses, driving away all errant thoughts. All I can think about, all I can see, hear, taste, smell, is her. Though I'm pleasuring her to drive away the sadness twisting her about, it's for me, too.

She needs this. I need this. We both need this moment together. In the midst of great sorrow, pleasure blooms all the more potent. There's an urgency to her need that's not normally there, a desperation that feeds my own. Groaning against her slick flesh, I slide a finger inside.

The machine has certainly been doing its job. She clenches around my thick digit, her body hungry for mine. Pulling out, I slide in three. Fiona whimpers and bucks against me, her movements frenetic as she twists about. Can she take four?

I pump in and out a few times, drawing those delicious moans from her lips. This time, I angle my fingers, tenting them a little as I tuck my thumb underneath. If she can take my fist, she can take my cock. It will still be a tight fit, but then she begged me for that bite of pain.

I study her face, noting the glassy look to her eyes. She's far away, drifting off on a wave of pleasure. Gritting my teeth, I force myself to go slowly. I don't want to break her. Not like this. The tips of my fingers slide in with little resistance, allowing me to breathe a little bit freer.

When I get to my knuckles, she freezes, her body going rigid. Her face seems unsure as she looks down at me, her eyes wide and wild.

"Relax for me, love," I soothe, pulling out just a touch. "You can take my fist. I know you can. Just breathe for me. That's my good girl. In and out. That's all you have to do. Just lie there and breathe for me. Can you do that? Can you show me how well you take my fist?"

Fiona nods, her teeth worrying her bottom lip as she lies back against the pillows. Her hair splays over the fabrics like a coppery, shimmery curtain as she tosses her head back and forth. But she's breathing now. That's the important part. Easing my way back in, I lean up so I can rest my palm against her breastbone.

"I'm going to fuck you today, my little cow," I rasp. "It is inevitable. Whether you enjoy it or not depends on you. Look at me." She turns her head and stares deep into my soul. "Now match my breathing. That's my good girl. I'm going slide my fist into your pussy, and you're going to take it for me. Is that right?"

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“Y- yes, Master,” she whimpers, her core tightening around my fingers as she moans.

“That’s my good fucking girl. Just keep breathing for me.”

She settles under the weight of my palm as her body opens for me. Just a bit more. Slowly, I inch myself in. Once more, my knuckles rest at her entrance. “Look at me, my precious pet. Don’t stop looking at me.”

Taking a deep breath, I twist my hand this way and that, working my fist into her. Though there’s a bit of resistance, I still manage to work my way inside. With a feral grin, I curl my fingers, making a proper fist.

“It’s in there, love,” I murmur against her lips. “You have my fist deep inside your cunt. Such a good little pet for me. Now, let me reward you.”

Keeping my movements small, I rock my fist back and forth, pressing against that spot I know drives humans wild. Fiona tips her head back as shrieks of pleasure fall from her lips. Her body undulates under mine, gyrating as she impales herself on my fist.

Soft words fill the air, pleas on muttered breaths. “Don’t worry,” I answer. “I’m not stopping. My fist will not leave your body until your orgasm washes over you. Come for me, my pet. Let go of everything. Give it all to me. All your fears, your cares, your worries. They’re mine now. Come.”

Fiona’s body stiffens as her mouth drops into a rounded ‘O’. Nothing passes her lips as she shudders around my fist, her release slamming into her hard. Soon, however,

the loud cries of her pleasure ring out into the room, shattering the silence for anyone to hear.

My heart swells with pride as I soften my hand and pull it out. Now, she's ready. Without giving her a moment to overthink things, I line up the tip of my cock with her entrance. Though I know it will still be a snug fit, my cock won't damage her. She's dilated enough that I can finally have my way with her.

Surging in, I fill her completely, groaning as her inner walls clamp around my various knots and ridges. She feels like I've finally arrived home to the stars above. A groan reverberates through my throat as I force my way past her tight ring of muscles, so I sit fully inside.

Her legs splay out around my hips, barely able to wrap around my torso. I grip her hips, helping her out as I bend low, allowing the stiff, small bits of skin around my base to tease her clit. It's pleasure and agony wrapped in one tiny little human as she grinds against them, sending shafts of pleasure through my body.

Humming my approval, I rock back and forth, allowing her to accommodate to my girth before I slam into her. My fingers dig into the delicate skin of her inner thighs as I revel in the arousal dripping from her body. As I pull out, she whimpers, the sound raw and needy as she gazes up at me with such desperation.

"Mine," I roar, slamming hard into her.

Fiona's body slides up the bed, her head almost hitting the back. But I don't allow it. Any pain she receives will be at my hand. Holding her in place, I use her as my personal fucktoy. Just as I promised I would. I piston in and out, filling her up with my massive cock, only to drag it from her body, leaving her wanting.

My balls tighten up the closer I get. Pinpricks of pleasurable agony skitter down my

spine and travel up my shaft. As much as I want to draw this out, torturing us both, I know I can't hold out much longer. She's far too enticing. I want nothing more than my cum to drip from her body.

With that thought, I slam in one last time, roaring as my seed shoots into her. Holding her close, I continue to torment myself as the shafts tremble over her slick skin, urging her toward another orgasm. Her body bows up as micro spasms ripple through her core. A long, loud groan slices through the air as her body milks me, forcing out every last bit of cum.

Reaching between her thighs, I stroke her clit, giving her the pressure she needs to finally go over the edge one more time with me. Her release is a thing of beauty. Fiona thrashes about on the bed as she screams again, her voice raw as emotions drip from her body.

Sobs fill the air as she continues to shudder on my cock. Again, I rest my palm over her breastbone, giving her the only comfort I know how.

“Let it out, my pet. Don't stop until every bit is out.”

With my free hand, I release her bonds and gather her into my arms. With my cock still buried deep inside, I turn us both over so she can lie on top. This new position stretches her out a bit more, despite the fact that I'm softening just a touch.

Her soft whimpers of discomfort make me stir once more. But she needs rest. She needs to purge. She needs space to grieve. It's my job to give her that. After she is well again, I'll take her. Over and over, I'll fuck her senseless until all she can think about is my lips taking milk from her body as my cock forces cum into her pussy and ass.

Wrapping my arms around her, I hold my precious cow close to me. It may be her

loss that she mourns, but it's my worry for the future that has me clutching onto her and gluing her to my side. I cannot even think what would happen if I lost her. I honestly don't know how Vrokjan will manage. I would go feral without my pet by my side.

Chapter 24

Antroli

Ragged cries turn to soft moans, which turn into sniffles so quiet I barely hear them. Fiona lies there on my chest, her body quivering as she pours out all the agony she's been holding in. Granted, I'm sure not all of it is over the loss of her friend being with her on Icora.

From the very beginning, it struck me as odd that she never gave into hysterics, never had that much of a moment of weakness. Now, I wonder if most of it had been stuck deep inside her where she couldn't let it out. Running my hand over her soft hair, I comfort her as best as I can.

In the end, it will be no use. Whether or not she wants to go back to Earth, I can't let her. I won't let her. She's irrevocably tied to me in a way I cannot sever. I'm a selfish Icorian. I know this. But deep inside, I don't give a damn. All my life I've served Icora, went without so others could have.

Now, it's my turn. Cradling my little human in my arms, I hum to her, droning on with a soft lullaby my mother sang to me when I was a small child. In my times of fear and worry, my mother held me in her arms and let her voice fly to the heavens.

It feels so right to do the same for Fiona. Granted, my voice is rusty from lack of use in this way, but she doesn't seem to mind. Her body settles on top of me, her sniffles changing to soft snores. Once I know she's asleep, I ease myself out of her and roll

her over onto the bed.

My cum spills out of her pretty pussy, making me hard once more. Shaking my head, I walk over to the bathroom and turn the water on in the large tub. As that fills up, I step into the shower and rinse off. It feels almost like sacrilege to remove her scent and the proof of her arousal as it dries on my thighs and lower abs. But it will be back on me soon enough.

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Once I'm clean, I gather my sleeping cow into my arms and take her into the large tub. Her eyes flutter open as I step into the warm water, but she soon settles back against me, letting the water lap at her skin. Fiona moans, the soft sound going straight to my cock.

But this is about her. Not me. Taking some unscented soap, I run it down her body, cleaning her from all the bits of lovemaking coating her skin. She groans and stretches out against me, remaining silent as I knead her skin. Neither of us says anything, but then, what is there to say?

It's a comforting silence filled only with our breathing and small sounds of contentment. Tipping her head back, I take a pitcher and pour water over her hair before taking a cake of soap and washing it out. She hums under my touch, the contented sounds not sexual, but erotic to me all the same.

When I'm done, I pull her out and lead her to the shower so we can both rinse off. Finally, she looks up at me with her teary, swollen eyes. "She's really gone then?"

"I have not had any further communication with Vrokjan. But no human can remain if they're not a cow. I'm afraid, unless I'm informed differently, that she is currently on a ship headed to Earth."

Fiona bites down on her lower lip and wraps her arms around my waist. "I will miss her. She was my only friend here."

Hurt stings my chest as I tip her face up to meet my gaze. "Not your only friend. You still have me."

“Yes,” she sighs. “But it’s not the same. What I feel for you is different than the kinship and camaraderie of having someone else to talk to. We were both kidnapped by you guys. It bonds us in a way you and I will never have.”

“I see.” My tone is tight as I do my best to keep the pain out of my voice.

“Please don’t misunderstand,” she rushes to say. “It’s not bad. Just different. I’m bonded to you in a sexual way. She and I would never have that. But you must think about this logically. If the roles were reversed, would you not wish to have an Icorian you could commiserate with?”

“You make very valid points, little cow,” I indulge. “But I had hoped at some point you’d find our arrangement to be more palatable than just a mere kidnapping.”

“What do you want me to say? You did kidnap me. Dress it up in all the eroticism we share. You still stole me away from my planet. My home.”

“I see. And I suppose it is your wish to join Jessica? To be on a ship to your home?” My heart pounds in my chest as my vision blurs.

Pain blossoms through my chest as I force myself to keep my touch light and not shake her to make her see reason. After all of this, I thought we were the same. That she enjoyed being here with me as much as I loved having her. But I guess that’s not the case.

With a sigh, she drops her head to my chest. “You misunderstand.”

“Then please enlighten me.”

“I’m not saying I want to leave. I’m just saying, without Jessica here, I feel alone. No matter what, you’ll never fully understand me. You don’t have the same life

experiences we do. I can talk to you until I'm blue in the face, and you'll never fully grasp our jokes, innuendo, or way of saying things."

My lips turn down into a frown. "If you were blue in the face, I'd take you to see Nagán. I'm not sure what a fellow human could do to help unless they were a doctor. From what I understand, Jessica is not."

"That's exactly what I mean. It's an expression. An idiom... An Earthism I guess. While I do find it amusing, every now and then I want to be able to converse with someone who understands me on a fundamental level. That's all."

"We have other cows..."

"Yes," she says, her words flitting out on a sigh. "You have other cows. There are certainly other Earthlings I can make a connection with. You're right."

Though she tells me I'm correct, something in my gut says I'm very much wrong. But I just don't understand. I can't fully comprehend what else I can do to make her happy. I can't bring Jessica back, and I can't let her go back to Earth.

That's a lie. I have the capacity and the ability to send her home. I just lack the willpower. Easing her out of the shower, I wrap her up in the moisture-wicking cloths and dry her off. Without me saying a word, she walks over to the bed and climbs on all fours, her ass sticking high into the air.

"I'm not going to plug you tonight. You have more than enough to worry about."

"Thank you. In that case, may I sleep before dinner?"

"Of course. I'll let you rest while I see to the rest of the chores."

“Thank you, Master.”

Something is wrong. Gone is the playful tone, the teasing that had been between us just earlier today. There's a wall there now, a gulf that I cannot span. It's something more than just Jessica leaving. Somehow, I fucked up. Unfortunately, the one Icorian I'd want to talk to about it, is no doubt mourning the loss of his cow.

I can't bring my problems to Vrokjan. It wouldn't be fair. It wouldn't be right.

Fiona kneels beside me, her hair braided, ass full, and breasts emptied. When I milked her, she came, as usual, but the passion was missing. It's as if she were simply going through the motions, trying to make me happy, but not caring herself. Her eyes blink back tears as she stares over at the empty spot at the head of the table.

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Vrokjan and Jessica's absence is felt by all of us as we go through the motions of giving blessing to the Celestials for the food and settling down to eat. I put the bowl of food in front of her, and for a moment, I'm tempted to slide a piece of fish over to her, a treat for everything she's gone through.

Not with all these eyes watching. Besides, come breakfast tomorrow morning, they'll know. With Vrokjan out of commission, I'm in charge. It wouldn't look well to abuse my power. And that's not saying what the government will do. Probably imprisonment for me and shipping Fiona back to Earth.

Definitely not ideal. It also doesn't help knowing that me offering some fish is just my way of trying desperately to make things good between us again, to somehow lessen the gulf. It's no use. She'll just have to warm back up to me, I suppose.

Hunching down over my meal, we all eat in silence. For the first time in several years, there are no jokes flying across the table, no ribald retellings of tales from the milking barns. Nothing. The only sound is that of chewing. Even Fiona makes quick work with her greens and sits up, waiting for further instructions.

"You may be excused. Remove your tail and get some sleep."

"Yes, Master."

With a lithe, graceful air, she rises and leaves the room, drawing jealous, lustful gazes from some of the Ranch Hands. If they only knew. What they think they're seeing is a cow in complete submission to her Master. But I know better. That's not Fiona. That's not my fiery little Highland.

Morning breakfast is another somber affair as I hook Fiona up to the tubes so the men can enjoy their morning meals. This time, I don't even try to give her an orgasm as they fill up their bowls and greedily dig into their food. She lies there, allowing all of this to happen without a fuss, but I know she's not in it. Her mind is somewhere far away.

Instead, I go through the motions of checking in with the Ranch Hands about production and numbers, which planets we're shipping to and when. For the first time in about a day, Fiona seems to perk up. Her eyes dart back and forth as information flies across the table.

Such an odd reaction. But then, as she's so succinctly put several times, I just don't understand. Perhaps it's the animation with which they relay things. Either way, she seems a bit more like herself. Maybe I just need to get her back into a normal routine.

Glancing out the large windows, I note how overcast the skies look. It doesn't seem like rain. Not for a bit, at least. It would do Fiona some good to get out in the air and talk with the other cows. Determined to get her happy once more, I dismiss the men and help her off the table so she can eat.

After, I dress her up in all the strappings of a cow and lead her outside. "Now then, go make friends with some of the other heifers. Enjoy the beautiful day. I'll collect you at lunch and check in on you."

"Yes, Master," she intones, the same sullen note back into her voice.

Hopefully, that will all soon change. Shooing her out to mix with the others, I watch, seeing if she'll obey me. After a few moments, she settles down with a group of cows who have served us for many years. Though I can't hear her, I see her lips moving.

"Good girl," I whisper, even though I know she can't hear me.

With her settled, I set out to attend to the chores. It's something to take my mind off of her. Being out here is good for both of us.

After about a few hours of toiling in the suns, Vrokjan strides up to me, his face gaping wide with a smile. My heart pounds in my chest as he comes near. This isn't the look of a man who's just lost his most prized possession.

"How goes it, boss?" I hedge, unease dripping down my spine.

"First off, I apologize for leaving you to do all the work. It was a stressful chunk of time."

"Don't worry about it. You trained me for this very reason. But... you look happy. I don't understand."

"Nagán found a way to keep Jessica here. She won't be milked like the rest of the herd, but she'll produce enough to be my own personal cow."

I nearly drop as relief soars through me. "Fiona will be so relieved. My pet was rather distraught at the idea of losing her best friend."

"Trust me, my little Jessica wants to connect back up with her. But for now, I'm keeping her in my room until I know she's strong enough to be with the rest of the cows." For a moment, he pauses and runs his hand over his mouth. "You do realize Fiona will be the only one feeding the men, then. Does that bother you?"

Chuckling, I shake my head. "They're not drinking straight from her tits. So no. It doesn't bother me. I'll be honored to keep the men of our household fed."

Vrokjan slaps me on the shoulder. "Good man. Now then, it's nearly lunchtime. I suppose you'd like to tell Fiona the good news?"

If this doesn't perk her up, then I don't know what will. Grinning from ear to ear, I head back to the barns where I last left her. Glancing about, I notice she's not there. Again, I look over the herd, searching out that bright, coppery mane of hers, but not seeing it.

Fear crawls up my spine, nearly freezing me as I stride over to the group. Their hushed conversations stop the moment I draw near.

"You, Becky. Where is Fiona?" Her eyes widen as she looks about, her lips curling in. Resisting the urge to shout at the heifer, I sigh and shake my head. "You have permission to speak. Where is Fiona?"

"F- forgive me, Master Rancher. I cannot say. She mentioned needing some space to think. She should be back soon, though. She hasn't had anything to drink for a while."

I nod, giving them a show of strength, but inside, I quiver. As I scan the horizon, I see no sign of her or any cow, for that matter. How could she have gotten so far on just her hands and knees? Following the fence line, I take off into a run.

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No one here would hurt her, but that doesn't mean she hasn't succumbed to the elements or something else. My breaths come in haggard pants as I make my way across our property. When I find her, I will tan her hide, then fuck her senseless. She'll learn to never scare me like this again.

Chapter 25

Fiona

The sun beats down on me, making my movements wooden and heavy. Groaning, I lean against the fence for a moment and catch my breath. Here, there's nothing but silence. No tittering of other women, no idle gossip that means nothing to me.

Peace.

Looking over my shoulder, I realize just how far I've gone. The ranch house is no longer visible. Neither are the other cows. It should frighten me. Instead, I feel free. Gazing along the fence, I look at the property line. At least, I assume it's the property line. Why else would there be fences here if not to keep others in or out?

Not much further until I reach the very end. Gritting my teeth, I force myself to continue crawling. My very core longs to be as far away from everything as possible. At least until the pain dies down. Knowing Master Antroli, he'll come gather me before too much longer.

I squint up into the sky, doing my best to judge the time. With three suns, it's a bit disorienting. At home, I had no problem making educated guesses. Here, I'm just

doing my best. Maybe it's not nearly as long as I thought. If I hurry, I'll be able to huddle into the corner of the fence and allow my heart to bleed.

Yes, I'm being dramatic. No, I don't give a fuck. It's one thing to know there are differences between an alien race and my own, but being at the brunt of it is a far different thing. It's not his fault. I know that. My mind knows it. My heart, fickle fucker it is, wants to rant and rail about how unfair it is.

I keep thinking he'll relate to me like a human. But he's not. He'll never be. It's a pipe dream, a longing that will never happen. Deep in my soul, I thought I accepted him for what he was, but now I'm not so sure. Can I really make a life with someone so fundamentally different than me?

It was different when I knew I'd have a best friend to talk to and commiserate with. Now that she's gone... Fat tears roll down my cheeks, blurring my vision as I put one hoof in front of the other. I foolishly thought I cried everything out. Boy, was I wrong.

My shoulders burn with every inch I gain. My thighs scream at me as I force one knee in front of the other. But it's a good pain. It's a pain I'm used to, one I'd experience when working at the dojo. Sweat drips down my spine as I push myself, reminding my body of what I once was.

On Earth, I wasn't a pampered house pet. I was a force to be reckoned with. In this small way, I can reclaim a little bit of what was lost. My breath comes out in panted gasps as I scream on the inside. Just one more foot. That's it. You can do it. Almost there.

At the corner where the fences meet, I collapse in the dirt. A little ways down, there's a gate, but I pay it no mind. No doubt that's where Master Antroli is going to come in his alien craft to force me home. My arms and legs twitch as my muscles try to spasm

up.

It was stupid of me to make this journey with no water around. Foolishly, I thought there would be troughs or something along the way. But then, what cow would actually venture out this far without a Master or Ranch Hand? The other humans seemed far more content to stay near the barns, just lounging in the sun.

Not me though. I can't let myself get like that. I refuse to exist only to be milked and fucked. Just because it's good enough for them doesn't mean I can be satisfied in the same way. I wasn't on Earth, and I won't be here.

Once things get back to normal, I'll have to make sure I do something to push my body daily. I can't allow myself to get so weak and complacent. Perhaps I can do kata while I'm learning the language. I certainly can't do much more than crawl about while confined to my hands and knees.

With a groan, I curl up on my side and rest my cheek against the ground. It's warm and comforting, soothing me until I fall into a doze. I'm not asleep, exactly, but I'm not awake. I lie there in that liminal space between consciousness and sleep, listening to the sounds around me.

Here, it's not so different from back home. The bugs buzz about, sounding just like the ones that flew around me while I laid out in the tall grasses. Off in the distance, a light sound of water babbling reaches my ears. If I just let myself drift, I'd be right back at home.

A loud creak permeates the haze surrounding me, sending a shaft of sorrow to my heart. Master Antroli has found me. How I wish I could have stayed here for just a few minutes more. Squeezing my eyes shut, I try to hang onto the little noises surrounding me as his hands engulf my body and haul me up.

His chest is warm, even hotter than the dirt. With a groan, I turn into his body and breathe in his scent. There's an undercurrent I don't recognize, a slightly sour note that's not usually there. Granted, I never see him straight from the fields. He must clean up at least a little before coming inside to milk and pleasure me.

My pussy clenches as his hands tighten around me in a painful grip. Perhaps it's time to put all our petty squabbling to the side. Being at odds with him will never bring back Jessica. I try to speak to him, to tell him I'm sorry, but the words stick in my throat.

I can tell him later. For now, all I want to do is sleep in the safety of his arms.

Pain lances through my body, forcing my eyes to open. My breasts ache, telling me it's time to be milked. Somehow, it hurts worse than usual. How late is it? Did taking me back home take longer than I thought?

I open my eyes to gauge the suns as best as I can, but I see nothing. Darkness greets my gaze, sending a shaft of fear through my heart. Am I in the barns? Did something happen to me? To Master Antroli?

Fear spurs me on, forcing me to move, but my arms stop short. A searing burn travels up my limbs and into my shoulders as I strain against this invisible force holding me back. With each infinitesimal movement, a soft clink thunders throughout the space. My pulse pounds in my ears, shoving away the dredges of sleepiness until I'm wide awake.

Why am I chained up? It doesn't make any sense. Again, I jerk against the restraint, my breath coming in short, quick pants. I can't move. I can't see. I can't hear anything. Something's not right. However, my brain does its best to stay rational. There has to be an explanation.

“M- Master?” I cry out into the darkness, tugging on the chains to no avail. “P- please. Master Antroli. I’m awake now.”

A dark chuckle fills the strange room, setting the hairs on the back of my neck on edge. That’s not him. At least, not any version of him I’ve heard before. My limbs tremble as I struggle against my bonds.

“Am I being punished?” It’s the only thing that makes sense to my brain, but then, he did warn me I wouldn’t enjoy being punished by him.

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“Why?” a strange voice calls out. “Do you want to be punished?”

“Of course not,” I counter, doing my best to put on a brave voice. “Who would want to get punished?”

A thin shaft of light pierces my skull, bringing tears to my eyes. The shadow that walks in is tall, monstrous, but is a bit wider than Master Antroli. Where he’s lean lines of smooth muscle, this man looks stocky and wide. A metallic taste coats my mouth as bile rises in my throat.

Fear thrums through me until my body feels like a live wire. I wish to defend myself, but chained up like I am, I have no leverage. Balling my hands into fists, I bide my time, waiting for an opportunity to free myself. If I don’t pose as a threat, I have a better chance at him letting his guard down.

Thick, meaty fingers graze my face, the caress rough and possessive. “Oh, I think a cow like you wants to taste the leather from a real Icorian. Don’t you think?” Before I can come up with a witty reply, his hands skim down the column of my throat, hovering just over my pulse. “Poor thing. So frightened. I simply love feeling the fear waft off of you.”

“Y- you misunderstand,” I lie, my brain desperately trying to find coherent words. “It’s not fear you feel, but arousal. I suppose you are right. I do want to be punished.”

As the words leave my mouth, I feel sick to my stomach. Whoever this man is, I shouldn’t be entertaining their delusional ideals. Before I can say anything else, his hand jerks away from my throat, allowing me a breath of relieved air. All too soon,

his hand comes back down, crashing across my cheek with such force that my neck wrenches to the side and my ears begin to ring.

Though I can't see all that much in the dim lighting, what little vision I have blurs for a moment as darkness threatens to overtake me. A low ring buzzes in my ears, distorting the other sounds around me. Nausea bubbles up as everything clenches to the point of pain.

"Haven't you been taught to never speak to an Icorian?" the stranger growls out. "My, my, but they are lax over at the neighboring ranch. To think you were allowed to speak with such conviction. Such impertinence. Don't worry, cow. We will cure you of that soon enough."

As he pulls away, he releases some of the tightness of the restraints until I double over, slumping to the floor. My breath sounds raspy to my ears as I suck in as much air as I can. In my breasts, the pressure begins to build again as my weight smashes against them. I long to cry out, to beg this alien for mercy, but I don't dare.

Biting down on my lower lip, I let my mind wander to Master Antroli. I picture him there, next to me, reassuring me as to what a good little cow I am for him. Not like this man. This monster. The pain Master Antroli gave me was tempered with pleasure. This man seems to only want me to suffer.

But why? What did I do that was so wrong? Did Master Antroli discover my deception with his terminal? Am I in Icora's version of jail? So many questions bounce around my skull, but never land. I dare not ask the man these things. He'll only hurt me more.

Bringing my hands up to my chest, I cup my breasts, nearly groaning as I take off some of the pressure. Wetness coats my fingers as milk drips from me and covers the floor. The stranger growls and yanks at the chains, allowing me to move just a bit

more.

It does nothing to help my situation. Soon, he snaps a lead onto my collar and jerks me onto my hands and feet. “Such insolence,” he snarls, yanking forward again. “Wasting your milk like that. I’ll teach you the consequences of your actions. You must be a glutton for punishment to allow yourself to drip all over my floors like that.”

I long to cry out, to tell him it’s not my fault. If only he’d milk me, then I wouldn’t have any leaking from my body. Helpless, I follow the stranger, groaning as he drags me into the bright hallway. Unlike Master Antroli’s ranch house, everything here is bright and sterile. The white walls go on and on with no end in sight.

He continues to drag me forward, not caring how my body screams at me with each movement. I have to keep moving. I can’t let him see he’s getting the better of me. Biting down on my lower lip, I resist the urge to cry out. If only I realized just how good I had it with Master Antroli and Master Rancher Vrokjan.

Neither of them would ever have treated me like this. True, there were petty disagreements, but he never resorted to violence to solve them. Not like this monster. He keeps a fast pace, forcing my burning thighs and arms to keep pumping as I follow. It’s either that or he’ll end up dragging me.

Either way, we press forward to the door looming at the end. What’s behind it, I don’t know. In my gut, I know I don’t want to find out.

Chapter 26

Fiona

He shoves it open with a loud bang and turns on the light, revealing a large room. It’s

similar in size to Master Antroli's, but not nearly as comfortable. Large windows overlook the blue grasses and Ovivrosia, just like Master Antroli's, but the view is different. It's similar enough to back up what he said earlier about it being a neighboring farm.

Was I stolen then? Is this not a jailer? Anger burns in my gut as he leads me to the side room—a bathroom—and shoves me into a freezing shower. His hands are rough, digging into my skin as he removes my kneepads. When his fingers skim around the tail, I stop in fear.

He shouldn't be touching me there. Only Master Antroli attends to me until I have to go to the bathroom. I jerk forward, but his arm wraps around my waist, pinning me down to the floor. He takes no care as he pulls the plug from me, yanking it out as I scream out in agony.

"My, this is certainly larger than the plugs my cows tolerate. Seems I've been gifted with an anal slut." He turns me over, allowing me to see his face for the first time.

Terror coats my insides as I recognize him from the pens at the auction house. This can't be. Master Antroli won me fair and square. How does this man have me? The man my owner swore would never touch me.

"Tell me, cow, has your owner taken your ass yet?"

"N- no." The instant the word leaves my mouth, he strikes me again.

Unable to hold back, I choke out a sob, turning so I can spit blood into the flowing, frigid water. The taste of copper churns my gut as he grips my jaw and forces my face back to his. "What did I say about speaking to me?"

This time, instead of falling for his tricks, I shake my head. Seemingly satisfied, he

takes off the hooves and tosses them to floor. “Such a filthy heifer,” he sneers. “Time to clean you up.”

His fingers yank at the snarls in my hair, bringing tears to my eyes. Each touch is rough and demanding, making my skin feel sore and bruised. I can’t break down in front of him. To cry would be to show weakness. This monster would only get off on it.

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The soap he pumps onto my body stings like rubbing alcohol or astringent. The sharp smell burns my nose as he smears it all over me, somehow finding every cut, scrape and abrasion. Unable to keep it back any longer, I cry out as the sensation washes over me like thousands of needles piercing my skin.

“That’s right now,” the man grunts, rubbing his cock through his suit. “Cry for me. Let me hear how badly it hurts.”

Unbidden, he reaches out and grabs my breast, squeezing hard enough to for milk to spray out. A loud scream rips from my throat, filling the small space. It echoes back to me, as if I’m shattered into a million pieces, each of them crying out at once.

“The longer I take to milk you, the more grateful you’ll be to empty yourself into my mouth.” Yanking me out of the shower, he drags me over to the bed. “Well, cow? Are you ready? Beg me.”

I stay silent, not sure what to do. If I obey him, he’ll punish me. If I disobey him, he might still punish me. Which will be worse though?

“Beg me,” he roars, his face taking on a tinge of red, turning him a slight purple.

He’s unhinged, a madman raving above me. “P- please-”

I barely get the word out before he pinches my nipple hard, wrenching it between his finger and thumb. Again, I cry out, unable to take the pain. I want to pass out. I want so desperately to slip into oblivion where I can’t feel the things he does to me. But I stay painfully awake.

When he bends down to lap at my tender flesh, I can't help the moan slipping past my lips. It's only from relief that he's not hurting me, but I feel vile nonetheless. I don't want to enjoy this. I can't enjoy this. And I don't. I only enjoy the respite from the pain.

His mouth latches on, sucking hard as he drains me. I arch into him, my cries gurgling in my throat. Tears stream down the sides of my face as I lie there, helpless as he assaults me.

"Celestials," he growls, pinching my other nipple until I scream again. "You really do taste as good as I hoped. You'll make me so much money, my little milk whore."

Again, he latches onto the nipple he just abused, sucking until I can't help but sob in relief. Once he's drunk his fill, he pulls away and wipes at his mouth, sneering as he looks down at me. "I would take you back to your little cage, but I rather like the idea of keeping you in my bed where I can drink from you at will. Get some rest, heifer. Tomorrow, I will not be so gentle."

The fear must show in my eyes because the monster gives a bloodcurdling smile before kissing the top of my head and walking out the door. The unmistakable sound of the door locking shut thunders in the room. Soon, the clack of his footsteps fades away until there's nothing.

Despite the pain wracking my body, I look over at the communication system so similar to Master Antroli's. Maybe I can get a message to him somehow? At the very least, I can see the names of who they have in their herd.

Desperation coats my insides until I taste it on my lips. If I can somehow make an ally... It's a stretch, but it's all I've got. Hobbling over to the screen, I pray to any god who might be listening that Master Antroli is right, and all terminals work the same.

Gritting my teeth to remain quiet, I force my arms up to swipe across the screen. For a moment, it remains dark, causing my heart to sink. Just as I about give up hope, it whirs to life, looking similar to what is at the other ranch. Sending a silent cheer of thanks, my fingers fly over the keys in the one pattern I can remember.

Names pop up with the same stats as us, only there's not nearly as many of them. Several are crossed out, making me wonder if they're back on Earth or just dead. As I go to back out, I stop short as I look beside the last few. In Master Antroli's database, several names and symbols popped up, but that made sense. According to him, they were one of only three who could sell milk off of the planet.

Why, then, does this man have some of the same names and symbols? It doesn't make sense. I tuck the knowledge away for future reference before swiping again and typing what I hope is his name. Nothing. I type in other words and symbols, but still nothing. Frustrated, I back out of everything, swipe the screen off and climb back into bed before he can discover what I'm up to.

Curling in on myself, I grip the sheets and rock back and forth. I don't dare go to sleep, not when this monster can assault me at any moment. Stars and shadows shift outside as I stare out the windows, watching as darkness falls upon this part of Icora. I keep thinking Master Antroli will show up at any moment and rescue me, but he doesn't.

Not that I blame him. He probably doesn't even know where I am. And with no way to tell him, it looks like I'm going to have to rescue myself.

My breasts ache as I lie there, not fully drained as I usually am before bed. Will the Rancher come back and finish the job? Time slips by in infinitesimal increments until I'm far too tired to keep my eyes open any longer.

Pain explodes over my skin, dragging me out of my sleep. Sunlight slams into my

skull, making my eyes water as I try to escape the pain. The monster hovers over me, his cock thick and heavy on my hip. I can't let him fuck me. He's already taken far too many liberties.

Again, he bites down on my nipple, hard enough I'll be shocked if he doesn't break the skin. A scream bubbles up from my throat, only making him laugh against my poor, abused flesh.

"Scream all you want, cow. Everyone is out in the fields working. It's just us. You're all alone with no one to save you."

I thrash about, pleased to find I can move a little bit. My arms remain free, so I can use them if needed. As I push against his shoulder, my training kicks into gear. He doesn't budge at my gentle prodding. Not surprising, but I'm not trying to get him off of me. Not yet.

His cock pulses against me as he straddles my body and wrenches my arms up above my head, holding them with just one hand. The stupid alien doesn't even grip them, merely places weight on me as he goes back down to feed from my breast. Keeping my breathing shallow so I don't hurl, I lie still, not wanting to put him on edge.

When he raises his head to look at me, I jump into action. Yanking my left hand out of his grasp, I rake my nails down his face, catching his eyes on the way down. He roars and rears back, keeping me from fully poking them out. With his torso out of the way, his cock bobs up in front of me.

Zeroing in on my target, I grip his cock with one hand as I curl my fingers into a fist and slam them into his balls with the other. His howl of rage and pain is shrill and unholy as he tips off to the side and curls into the fetal position. Not yet satisfied, I twist to the side and ram my knee into where I think his floating ribs would be if he were a human.

As he slides down the other side of the bed, I run. Thankfully, the door isn't locked. Even though every inch of my body screams at me to stop, I force myself to keep running. One hall looks just like another. How will I get out? Picking a path, I turn to the right and keep going right any time a fork comes.

The monster trails after me, slowly, but gaining with every stretch of his long legs. Adrenaline spurs me forward, making each stride lengthen. The pounding of my feet sends shocks of pain up my legs, making me cry out, but I don't stop.

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Eventually, I see light up ahead. This has to be an opening. Glass. A door. Freedom. I fling it open, spilling out into the outside when men in dark uniforms storm up the steps. Their faces are covered, concealing their identity, making them even more intimidating and scary.

In their hands, they hold odd weapons, ironically, something you'd see in a science fiction movie. I stumble back, not sure if they mean me harm or not. Behind me, the monster bursts from the doors, stopping short when he sees the others.

“Don’t let my cow get away!” he screams. “She assaulted a Rancher.”

From behind the men, Master Antroli steps forward, his face contorted into a mask of fury and horror. “What have you done to her?”

Chapter 27

Antroli

I stand there, shock flooding my system as I look at my pretty Highland. Bruises and scratches cover her skin, mottling the pale flesh until it stands out angry and abused. Her nipples are swollen and cracked, dark and angry. Tears blur my vision as I look upon the atrocities visited upon her at the hands of Jakroon.

My fingers curl into fists as I push my way through, prepared to knock the bastard out. Vrokjan grabs me, keeping me by his side. His eyes blaze with mirroring fury as he shakes his head.

“She will pay for this,” Jakroon howls, shoving my pet into the arms of the enforcers.

Fiona cries out as she stumbles forward, her movements jerky and stilted. Agony lines her face as she looks at me, her eyes wet with unshed tears. Stepping forward, I try to reason with the enforcers.

“She was obviously defending herself. Take the bastard into custody for stealing my cow and abusing her like this.”

The Icorian in question thunders down the stairs. “An assault on one of us is a far greater crime than anything you’re accusing me of.”

“He is correct,” the enforcer intones. “This matter will have to be settled by the courts.” He curls his hand around Fiona’s arm and drags her away.

The soft, desperate cries tear at my heart. “Don’t fight them, my pet. They will not hurt you.”

“Moouoooo,” she cries out, straining toward me.

“Please,” Vrokjan interjects. “Allow her one moment with her Master. Whatever crime she is accused of, you can see she’s distraught. The loss of a cow is tantamount to treason,” he grinds out. “You do not wish to be accused of such, do you?”

The two look at each other for a moment before handing her over to me. I catch her in my arms as she collapses forward and hold her tightly against my chest.

“You may bring her to the courts. I will lead and he will follow. Any deviance from the course will result in termination of your position as Ranchers. Are we clear?”

“Crystal,” Vrokjan answers for me. “And Jakroon?”

“He will remain in our custody until the courts decide the outcome.”

“This is outrageous,” he snarls. “She attacked me. Her crime is one that should result in her being put down, not coddled like some damned pet.”

Fiona flinches in my arms at the vitriol spilling from his lips. I simply hold her close as I remain silent, allowing Vrokjan to do the talking for both of us. He’s far more level-headed than I can ever hope to be right now.

“And you are accused of stealing said cow,” the enforcer retorts. “A serious crime indeed. You may come peacefully, or we will restrain you.”

A smile teases the edges of my lips as he storms after the men, still naked and dripping blood. Though her injuries far outweigh his, it fills me with a sense of pride to know she hurt him to the best of her ability. Ushering her to the transport, I put her into the front with us, sandwiching her between Vrokjan and me.

“We haven’t much time, my pet. Tell me everything. Vrokjan will allow you to speak.”

She looks up at my boss and trembles for a moment before looking back at me. “He hit me for speaking. Even after asking me a question.”

Vrokjan’s fingers grip the wheel as he keeps the transport where it’s supposed to go. The fury washing off of him is the same as my own. If I could rip the man apart with my bare hands, I would. Keeping my expression as tender as possible, I run my fingers down the bruises on her cheeks.

“You will not be punished for anything you say.”

“Promise?” The look in her eyes speaks to guilt, but guilt of what? What could she

possibly have done?

“Promise.”

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Glancing out the window, she ducks down a bit. “Can they hear what we’re saying?”

“No,” Vrokjan growls out. “My transport has not been tampered with in a way that others can listen in. I have it checked every day.”

“Good. Don’t worry about me then. How can we get this Jakroon asshole thrown in jail?”

I look over at Vrokjan, noting the grim expression on his face. “Unfortunately,” I hedge, “as an Icorian, he has far more rights than you. He might get a minor sentence, but you will be judged far more harshly.”

“Yeah, yeah. I get that,” she dismisses with a wave of her hand.

Her words and actions do not make any sense. Where is the terrified cow from earlier? Where is the sweet heifer that was stolen from me? In her place sits a human I barely recognize.

“What if we had dirt on him?”

“Dirt?” I ask, confusion furrowing my brows. Vrokjan looks over at me and shrugs, just as clueless as I am. “There is dirt everywhere. We are in a farming sector.”

“Ugh,” she groans, rubbing her temples. “Not literal. Ummm. Fuck. I can’t think. My head hurts too much.”

Gripping the back of her neck, I massage the tight muscles, my stomach clenching

with worry. “Better? He didn’t break anything, did he?”

“I’m banged up a bit, but nothing I can’t heal from. What’s more important is that Jakroon has been breaking the law. Like in a big way. At least, I think. I don’t know how the legal system works here. Is it possible that an even bigger crime can make them forget mine?” Her words pour from her lips in a frenzied babble.

“That depends,” I hesitate, leaning back. “What could you, a human, possibly know?”

When she ducks her head, that sense of dread comes back in full force. “I kinda hacked your systems. He’s delivering milk off planet.”

The transport screeches to a halt as Vrokjan turns and looks over at my pet. “You what?”

An enforcer raps on the window, startling all three of us. “What seems to be the problem?”

As if on cue, Fiona doubles over and clutches her stomach, feigning an illness. She makes horrible sounds as if she is sick. Has my heifer been a charlatan this whole time?

“Forgive us,” I tell the enforcer, not wishing to make things worse for us. “My cow is sick. I need to take her to the grasses.”

“Move. I’ll follow.”

“What now?” I growl at my pet, furious that she’s putting herself at risk.

Instead of being the quiet, demure human I know she can be, she gives me a wink before mooing in such a horrible fashion it has me feeling ill as well. As I take her to

the edge of the road, she drops to her knees and puts her hands over her mouth.

Where the guard can't see, she sticks a finger down her throat until she gags. Vomit splashes on the grass, forcing the enforcer to turn away. I guess those in the capitol don't have the same fortitude we do. Still though, as I watch her mind working in action, I can't help but feel both admiration and dread.

Has she been capable of this the entire time? Why hasn't she said or done anything until now? I choose to keep my questions to myself as I make a great show of attending to Fiona.

"Cow," the enforcer barks out. "What do you need?"

She doesn't speak, but instead looks to me as if waiting for my permission. Something tells me it's all a show, and she doesn't actually care about our protocols.

"Answer him, heifer."

She swallows and winces before whispering to him. "I'm not sure when I've had anything to drink last. Might I please have some water?" Her tone is soft and demure, nothing like the hellion who fought against an Icorian and won.

With a swift nod, he turns back to his transport and rummages around for a bit.

"Have you truly not had water? When was the last time you drank?"

She closes her eyes for a moment and sways. Exhaustion lines her features as she stands there and thinks. "I can't honestly say. I took a swallow or two before walking the fence. I- I fell asleep. I don't think the monster gave me anything. If he did, I was unconscious."

My heart stutters in my chest. Based on the footage we reviewed, Jakroon took her about twenty-four Earth hours ago. She started crawling along the fence about two hours before that. The asshole could have killed her. Gathering her into my arms, I walk her over to the enforcer's transport.

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“I demand Nagán, or an equally competent Medical Rancher, meet us at the courts. Based on my calculations, she’s gone at least one Earth day without water. Humans cannot survive under such conditions. I will make sure she’s safe before she’s interrogated.”

With his mask in place, I cannot see his expression, but his body tightens. “And you have proof?”

“As best as I can. I know when she was taken, but no proof of treatment after leaving our fields.”

Nodding, the enforcer pulls the bottle back against his chest and looks down at Fiona. “Can you hold on for just a bit longer? The Medical Rancher on staff can tell when you last drank.”

Instead of answering, she lowers her head and lets out a soft moo. Satisfied, he motions for us to go back to our transport. The instant we get inside, Vrokjan spears us with a dark look.

“You will tell me everything, and you will tell me now. What do you mean hacked? And how do you know about Jakroon’s activities? Did he tell you?”

Next to me, Fiona makes herself very small. “Back on Earth, I had an important job. I went into the terminals of businesses and spied on their workers. I got into their personal computers and looked up everything they had. If they were innocent, no harm, no foul. If they were trading insider secrets or sabotaging the company, I took that information to the boss.”

“But how did you access our terminals?” I ask, my mind slowly clicking into place.
“No. Don’t tell me...”

“Don’t have her tell you what? If you two don’t start talking, I’m of a mind to kick both of you off my Ranch.”

“Please,” Fiona wails. “Don’t take it out on him. He has no knowledge of anything. He let me talk to my mum and I-”

“He. Did. What?” Vrokjan’s voice takes on a dangerous edge. Until this moment, I’ve never seen him so furious.

“To be fair, boss. I looked through all the records and laws. There’s nothing in there against such an action.”

“It was for your safety,” she amends, nodding for a moment before wincing. “I have a set schedule to speak with my parents. If I didn’t call, they would have come looking. People would miss me.”

With a heavy sigh, Vrokjan rubs his hand on the back of his neck. “Continue. I don’t like this one bit, but as you say, no laws were broken.”

“When he left to help you with Jessica...” Fiona trails off, her voice cracking.

Looking over at Vrokjan, I take her hand in mine. “Jessica is fine. She’s staying on Icora as Master Vrokjan’s personal cow. So do not allow that to cloud things.”

The look of surprise and happiness on her face tears at my heart. I may not get it, as she claims, but I understand loss. I understand thinking someone is gone, only to find them again. I felt that the moment I saw my prized human on Jakroon’s steps.

“She’s- she’s here? Oh. Oh thank God!” Wiping at her eyes, she beams at both of us before clearing her throat. “Anyway, when he went to help you, I messed around on his terminal. In my defense, you do not have any safeguards in place whatsoever. The only thing keeping me from getting further into your terminal is that I’m still struggling to understand your written language.”

I stare at my cow, pride burning in my heart. What she did was dangerous and stupid, but she still manages to surprise me at every turn.

“I’ll be damned,” Vrokjan mutters under his breath. “And Jakroon?”

She snorts. “Jack-ass has the same terminal swipes as you do. As everyone does. It really is very small-minded of you to not have any passwords. I mean, even my grannie, bless her resting soul, had a basic passcode on her phone. You’d think aliens would be more advanced.”

At the look of shock on Vrokjan’s face, I can’t help the laugh bubbling from deep inside. It’s part humor, part relief, and part incredulity, all wrapped up in one long, loud laugh. Eventually, Vrokjan relaxes enough to join in. However, it’s all cut short the moment the capitol looms into view.

“Even if it’s true, how do we get the proof?”

Fiona looks between us and shrugs. “Can’t your government acquire records?”

“I supposed,” I hedge. “To my knowledge, nothing like this has ever been done before.”

“Well, I know you didn’t ask me, but if I were you, I’d ask to see whoever is presiding over this case to meet with you in private. Lay out the facts I’ve told you and see if they can find a way to procure it on their end. The last thing you need is

Jakroon getting any hint of this and destroying the records.”

“I- I never would have thought to do that,” Vrokjan mutters next to us. “How is it this human has more acumen than me?”

“Shocking,” she scoffs. “Isn’t it?”

“Careful,” he growls, leaning in. “I still run the ranch. I’ve been merciful for now, but Antroli knows I rule with an iron fist. Do not push your luck.”

I wrap my hands around Fiona’s arms and draw her close. “Now is certainly not the time to test him. Be a good little cow. Please. I don’t wish to punish you on top of everything else.”

“Yes, Master.”

Chapter 28

Fiona

I stare up into Master Antroli’s eyes, my gut churning as he looks off into the distance. Tall buildings rise out of the ground, crowding the sky. Already I miss the wide-open freedom of the ranch. Though the air seems clean and clear, it has all the claustrophobia of New York City.

Crawling over my Master, I peer outside, my eyes widening as I take in all the various life forms. Most look humanoid, with varying colors of skin, but others seem far more at home in a horror film. Pulling back, I hide my face in his shoulder, the enormity of my fate crashing in on me.

Sooner or later, I’m going to have to come face-to-face with the consequences of my actions. Will the courts force me to go home? Is that what I want? Digging my fingers into Master Antroli’s arm, I breathe in his unique scent. Unlike Jakroon, there’s nothing sour underneath—just pure masculinity and wide-open fields.

“You seem far away, little human. Where are you?”

“I don’t want to leave.” My mind whirls about as I feel out the words as they leave me.

It’s the truth, though. Yes, I have family back on Earth, but also the day-to-day grind.

Here, I may have moments of boredom, but I also have a fierce love I don't think I'll ever find back home.

"Nor I you, little human."

"You do love me. Yes?" My heart thumps in my chest as I wait for his words.

"You know I do, Fiona."

"I need to hear it. I need to believe it. If I'm going to give up everything, there cannot be a question in my mind."

Leaning down, he cups my face with his hand. The heat of his palm stings my bruised, abraded flesh, but I don't care. The tenderness flowing through him surrounds me, easing away the hurt.

"I love you, my human, my Fiona, my stubborn little Highland cow. I would be lost without you."

"Even if I'm disobedient?"

"Especially so. It will give me a chance to take you in hand." He reaches over and grips my arse. "And I do so love taking you in hand."

"Enough already," Master Vrokjan grinds out. "Save that for your room. We are here. The enforcers will be here soon."

My heart stops for a moment as I stare up at the tall, white, imposing building. Enforcers pour out from the doors and surround us, their weapons pointed at the door. Terror infuses my limbs as Master Antroli gives my hand a squeeze before allowing them to open up the transport.

I'm glad he's so calm. Maybe it will help me be stronger. Rough hands grab me, tearing me away from my Master. In my distress, I moo as loud as I can so he can hear me. But he doesn't come to my aid. He can't. Masked men stand between us, keeping us apart.

"This cow belongs to my right-hand man," Master Vrokjan informs them. "He and I are to be with her in trial."

After a moment, they part, allowing them to come near. "Do not touch or speak to the prisoner unless directed by the judge."

Master Antroli nods then gives me a reassuring smile. Off to the side, Jakroon walks of his own free will, head held high. Thankfully, he doesn't seem to know about the plot awaiting him.

The enforcers lead us down a myriad of hallways until I'm so turned around, I cannot think. Eventually, they lead us to a set of double doors. When they part, I cannot help the gasp that rips from my throat. There, on a dais, an older Icorian sits with the world swirling behind him.

It's like we're back on the ship that took us from Earth. Again, I have the urge to reach out and touch the universe, just to see if it's real. Before I can marvel too much, rough hands tear me away and drag me toward the older man. There, at the base, Master Nagán stands, his lips twisted into a frown.

"Seems as if you're a bit worse for wear," he says, waving a wand over me. "This will sting a bit." He thrusts a large needle into my biceps, drawing a ragged cry from my lips.

Master Antroli fights against Master Vrokjan's grip as he tries to get to my side. I cannot hear what he says, but soon, my Master calms down. His eyes blaze with fury,

but he no longer struggles against his boss. Master Nagán thrusts the needle into a metal device before handing all of it over to the enforcer.

Once he walks away, they put me down on all fours and step back. Only the enforcer carrying the metal rides up with me as the dais rises to meet the older man who holds my fate. He does not address me at first. Instead, he looks at the metal object then bangs a gavel against the stone.

“You, cow, are hereby accused of attacking a Rancher, causing injury to his person.” He pauses for a moment and looks over at me, raising an eyebrow. “Rise. I wish to see you.”

My legs quake as I force myself to stand. Up close, he seems like a perfectly charming male of his species. I could see him as a loving and doting grandpappy. To someone of his species, that is. To me, I doubt it very much.

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He looks me over, his lips turning down into a disapproving frown. “Turn.” Heat licks up my face as I rotate, allowing him to see all of me, naked as the day I was born. “This slip of a human is who you accuse of attacking you?”

I turn, following his gaze. Jakroon’s skin is splotched with blood and bruises. Nowhere near as bad as mine must be, but I do take satisfaction in seeing the havoc I’ve etched into his face.

“I was caught unawares, magnificent judge. She used Earth tricks on me that I had no defense for.”

He snorts and motions for him to sit back down. “Tell me, cow. Is what he says true?” I turn to Master Antroli, not sure if I’m actually allowed to speak or not. “Don’t look at him,” the judge barks out. “Obey me.”

“Forgive me, your honor. I was not sure I was allowed to speak.”

“I commanded it. Why would you question my order?”

“Master Jakroon asked me questions after he kidnapped me. He trapped me with his words and hurt me when I obeyed him. I am still learning the ways of Icora and do not wish to be hurt for doing things wrong.”

Around the room, harsh words and hissed conversations flit about.

“Silence,” the judge cries. “I will have silence in this room.” Turning to me, he frowns. “I will not mislead you, cow. If I ask you a question, you are to speak. Did

you cause these injuries to this Rancher?"

"I did, your honor."

"Then why am I here? She did it. She faces the punishment. You are hereby ordered to--"

I fall to my hands and knees, the action jarring my head until it throbs. As I kneel there, I moo as earnestly as I have ever mooed before. The man stops and smacks his hand against the stone.

"Stop this incessant noise. Speak."

"Please. It was in defense of my person. He hurt me, drank from me, left me without water. I--"

"Yes. I see the evidence plain as day. That does not mitigate your actions in all of this. He will be dealt with as the law demands, just as you are."

"Please, your honor. If you are to send me away, I have one final plea, if you will grant it."

"And that is?"

I turn to look at Master Antroli and Master Vrokjan, my lips trembling as I give them both a watery smile. "What I have to ask of you is for your ears alone."

He leans back in his chair and strokes his chin. "An odd request. An odd request indeed. If your proposition is of a sexual nature, I am in no need of your services. I am happily mated and get my milk from any number of Ranchers who sell it."

“I promise you, your honor. It is nothing of the sort. It is, in fact, a revelation of corruption. One that resides under your very nose.”

Soft titters race about the room until the judge holds up his hand. I refuse to look over at Jakroon for fear of tipping him off to what I know. To the whole assembly, save Master Vrokjan and Master Antroli, I’m just a human, a cow, no one of importance. For now, I’d like it to stay that way.

“Such an odd statement from one who lazes about in the fields all day, but I will entertain it. Do not waste my time, cow, or you will wish Earth was your only punishment.”

Waving his hand, he lowers us both to the floor. The enforcers flank me on either side, leading me into a room in the back. Once in there, they stand guard at the door as the judge sits behind a large desk.

“My patience is known throughout all of Icora, but it does have a limit. Speak quickly and plainly. What corruption do you speak of?”

“Master Jakroon is only licensed to sell milk on Icora and nowhere else. Is that correct?”

Without saying a word, he uses the same damned finger motions to turn on his terminal. After a few moments of typing, he turns back to me. “Correct.”

“What if I were to tell you he sells intergalactically?”

He leans back and steeples his fingers. “I would say it is impossible for you to know the transactions of a Rancher. But let’s go on this little journey and pretend you do. It is still impossible. For him to sell outside of his jurisdiction would mean someone within the capitol aids him. You are not accusing the capital of corruption, I hope.”

I hang my head. “No, your honor. I know nothing of this capitol or how the milk is shipped. But I have proof-”

“Proof, hah. You are a cow. A human woman made to give milk. I tire of this stalling.”

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“I require only a moment of your indulgence to prove it.”

“Make it quick.”

Sliding over to the terminal, I inch past the judge, humiliation crawling over my skin as I brush against him. Mimicking his finger strokes, I open up the screen and wait for the lights to flash. The enforcers shift behind me, their gasps flooding my ears.

“I have not learned as much of your written language as I would like. But I know the basics.” Typing into the bar, I pull up a record of his financials.

With a strangled cry, he shoves me away and hits a few keys to back out of it. “This information is private. How do you have access to it?”

Taking a deep breath, I give him a shortened version, leaving out Master Antroli allowing me to speak to my mum. He certainly doesn’t need to know that much. I do, however, impress upon him how vulnerable their information is. If I, a human, can hack into their databases with only a couple weeks of studying their language, how much more could someone with ill intent create havoc?

“Call in the Ranchers. Send enforcers to stand by Jakroon, but do not spook him. This human is right. If he knows what we seek, he can destroy it all. Confiscate his terminal at once.”

“If I may, your honor, if you can program your side of things to where I can access it in my language, I can find what you need.”

“And how will I know you are not planting information?”

“If you can allow me access to my language, I can talk you through how to find it yourself.”

Master Vrokjan and Master Antroli stand by, their expressions a mixture of pride and amusement as I give my instructions. No doubt none of them actually believe me. Soon, however, everything changes. The more he digs around at my command, the more tense the room becomes.

Minutes go by as I coach this older man. Thankfully, he’s far more intuitive than I gave him credit for. Soon, the same screen I saw in Jakroon’s room pops up, complete with all the information still intact. Curses fly under his breath as he hits a few buttons to print out the reports.

“Take Jakroon into custody. He will await his own trial and punishment. As for this human...” He taps his long finger against his lips. “Whatever shall I do with you? You’re far too valuable to send back to Earth, but you’re too much of a liability to stay here.”

“Judge,” Master Antroli calls out. “I will make her my mate. With my brand, she will stay by my side as my personal cow.”

“That could work. But she still has to atone for her actions against Jakroon.”

This time, it’s Master Vrokjan’s turn to speak. “Judge. The evidence of his mistreatment is in your hands. You need only gaze upon her flesh to see the horrors visited upon her.”

He raises his hand to silence him. “There is no law dictating the treatment of cows. There is, however, a law against cows rising up against their Masters. However, I

have seen where we've been remiss in our treatment of humans. What he did was foul and against the spirit of the laws, even if they didn't break them. I wish to have this human at my disposal. She will assist me in finding these vulnerabilities and shoring them up."

"Your wish is my command, judge," Master Antroli murmurs, his lips twitching into a smile.

"We are known throughout the galaxies for our speed and efficiency with transportation, and of course, the quality of our milk. But that is all for nothing if we can be laid low by a species as mentally inept as Earthlings."

I bite down on my lower lip, not wishing to incur any additional punishment or wrath. The fact that he still thinks I'm beneath him galls me, but if it means staying by Master Antroli's side, I will take any verbal punishment he throws at me.

Master Vrokjan and Master Antroli bow and motion for me to stand with them. "My cow is at your disposal whenever it is required. She is milked both morning and night but is available between then."

He shakes his head and waves his hand. "No. She is no longer a mere cow. I will have a Medical Rancher adjust her serum. I will not leave you without milk, but she has far more important jobs than that."

"Yes, judge. I hear and obey."

"Very well. Next time I see her, she must bear your mark, or there will be consequences to pay."

As he motions for us to leave, my heart soars as Master Antroli wraps his arm around my waist. "You're mine now, my beautiful Highland. And I will make it so no one

can take you away from me again.”

Chapter 29

Antroli

Vrokjan and I stand by as one of the Medical Personnel pulls her into the small, sterile room. Tears shine in my little heifer’s eyes as they lay her down on the table and bustle about, preparing the new serum. Love pounds in my chest as I lean over and touch her cheek with as much tenderness as I can manage.

Anger still thrums through my body, even as Jakroon’s rage-filled howls fill the halls. He will suffer greatly. Yet, it still enrages me to know it’s not because of his treatment toward Fiona, but his actions against the capital that have him awaiting punishment.

Looking back down at my cow, my heart swells as she whimpers, the adrenaline finally falling from her system. She jerks about as shivers and spasms race through her, bringing concerned glances from the other Medical Personnel.

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“Where is Nagán,” Vrokjan snarls. “I want him to be the one to attend her. Not you three.”

“I assure you-”

“I’m here,” Nagán calls out, shoving himself into the room. “I heard what was going on.” With a snap of his fingers, he motions for them to leave. They seem reticent, but soon drift out, leaving us alone. “As if they think they know better than a Medical Rancher,” he grumbles under his breath, looking Fiona over.

“What’s wrong with her?” I cry out, my throat nearly closing as panic assails me. There’s no way I can lose her now.

“Celestials,” Nagán spits out. “Just as dramatic as Vrokjan. I’m here now, so let me do my job.” Turning to Fiona, he gives her a tight smile. “Things will be uncomfortable for you for a bit, but I will do my best to keep the discomfort to a minimum.”

“I’m here, my precious pet,” I murmur, running my hand over her hair.

“About that,” Nagán sighs. “It will be better if you leave. She’s badly injured, and I need my full attention to attend to her. She’ll only be distracted with you here. Both of you leave. She is not in any danger of dying. I can assure you of that.”

“Now listen-” I cry out as Vrokjan places his hand on my chest and pushes me backward.

“I trust my brother with my life,” he murmurs, doing his best to console me. “He’s the only one I would trust with Jessica. He will take care of your cow.”

Wrenching away from my boss, I slide over to Fiona and slide my hand around the back of her head to pull her up for a kiss. She quivers in my arms, but not from arousal. Her body continues to shake as I infuse all the love I have into this one kiss.

“Yes, yes,” Nagán mutters. “You love her. She loves you. It’s all so touching. Her blood pressure is dropping if either of you cares enough to notice.”

I pull back, not wishing to harm my human. “You’re so cold and callus, Nagán. May the Celestials one day give you a cow, so you understand how this all feels.”

“If the Celestials dare, then that shows they are not nearly as astute as you think they are. Hallway. Now.”

Vrokjan grabs my arm and leads me out, knowing full well I will never leave on my own. She looks so small on that table, so tiny and helpless. Despite all the ferocity in her, the will to live and survive, she’s still just a human.

Aliens come and go, passing in front of us without so much as a glance. It’s not until a member of the Rulov sector slides by that I bring my attention away from Fiona. To think she was so close to being in his clutches.

Such a ruthless race, perfect for containing and punishing criminals. Perhaps, if we’re lucky, he’s on his way to apprehend Jakroon even as we speak. Being sent to a prison planet would only ease just a hint of the rage I feel toward him for harming what’s mine.

Glancing over at Vrokjan, I can’t help but worry for my boss. Dark circles line under his eyes, showing the exhaustion of the last few days. It’s not been easier for either of

us. Then again, I don't think any other Rancher has ever dealt with such humans before.

"Is Jessica really going to be okay?"

For the first time since we've recovered Fiona, he smiles. "Better than okay. Your human will be too. Nagán will see to that."

A heavy sigh flits through my lips as I look over at the closed door. I cannot hear any sounds coming from within, but that doesn't mean anything. No doubt each room is soundproofed on the inside.

Eventually, the Medical Rancher pops out, his face weary. Again, fear clenches my insides as I push off the wall and make my way to him.

"Is she okay?"

"She's sleeping. I've drained her and stored her milk for the capital." He rolls his eyes. "Payment to the courts, apparently. Her serum is altered, so I'm sure she'll feel far more comfortable when she wakes. I've also infused her with two bags of saline, so her hydration level is back where it needs to be."

"With this new serum..."

"She will still produce milk. Like Jessica, it will be enough for you to enjoy and enough that she is still considered a cow. Her body is still sexually primed and able to take whatever you wish to bestow. If that is all, I have other duties to attend to. Apparently, we are set to raid Jakroon and Ratainio's compound to see to their cows. If they caused harm to Fiona, there's no telling what they've done to their own herd."

I don't envy the Icorian as he steps out into the hall. Even now, my gut clenches at

the very thought of others suffering as Fiona did. Stepping into the room, the band around my heart loosens as I watch her sleep.

Already the bruises are fading. The dark, abused flesh of her nipples appears mended with only a bit of abrasion showing anything happened at all. Vrokjan is right. Nagán is sent from the Celestials.

Gathering my human into my arms, I finally take in a full breath. She feels so right there, like she belongs. All that stands in the way of our happiness is the branding ceremony. Again, that tinge of nausea churns in my gut.

She can always say no. But then, I hope she doesn't.

Vrokjan and I are silent as we carry her out of the building. Curious glances look our way, no doubt wanting to see the human who bested an Icorian. Hopefully, news doesn't travel too far.

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As the central hub of trade, we need to keep a strong front. Though I'm proud of my little human and in awe of her, we can't look weak to the other planets. More importantly, I can't have her at risk.

I continue to hold her as I climb into the car, not giving one thought to the cramped discomfort. Until she finally opens her eyes and assures me she's well, she's not leaving my arms. Vrokjan looks over at us every now and then, shaking his head as mulls over today's events.

"She's a liability," he finally says.

"I know. Trust me. I know. But right now, she's also one of our biggest assets. Besides, having the capitol beholden to us is not necessarily a bad thing."

"No." He mulls over the words for a bit. "No, it's not. But I detest having them in our affairs. We've worked too hard to have it all come crashing down."

A soft smile curves my lips as I look down at my sleeping cow. "Something tells me she won't let that happen."

It's odd being able to sleep through the night without having to milk my cow, but Fiona still lies next to me, her face serene as soft snores drift through the air. Unable to resist the allure of her body any longer, I roll her over onto her back and run my fingers down the soft skin of her breasts.

She looks even better today than she did yesterday. Granted, I was also in a panic as I called Nagán, worried because she was still asleep. Apparently, it's normal for

humans to take longer to recover than us.

Now, in the burgeoning light of day, she looks almost back to her old self. The heavier bruising on her face and nipples seems to be the last to fade completely, but now, they look more like shadows as opposed to angry purple marks.

Dipping my head down low, I run my tongue along her areola, stimulating her nipple. Her soft moans race over my skin, making everything tighten as lusts pours through me. White dots the stiff peak, beckoning me for a taste.

She's still just as sweet as I remember. Nectar of the Celestials indeed. I drink from her, famished with how long it's been since I've tasted her sweet milk.

Beneath me, Fiona squirms and writhes as she grinds up against my body. Unable to resist, I slide my hand between her thighs as touch her pussy. Everything finally lets go as slick coats my fingertips.

He didn't break her. It was the last fear I had to her wellbeing. Pulling her nipple deeper between into my mouth, I suck hard, earning a gasp of pleasure from between her lips.

Arousal drips from her body as I continue to bestow my pleasure, needing to see her twist and contort as an Icorian-shattering orgasm washes over her. This time, it's about my cow. It's about Fiona. I'll get mine later.

Cries pour from her lips as she rocks against my hand, grinding her body against my fingers. Switching to the other nipple, I drink from her, draining what little milk she still possesses. All of it is mine.

No longer do I have to share her with anyone else. Every drop of precious, white, milky fluid belongs to me. I take it in like a medicinal balm to my soul, another way

to bind us together.

I pull away from her breasts and slide down between her thighs, tasting the honeyed warmth of her pussy. Three fingers slide into her with ease, and she moans at the invasion. She's like the vast heavens on my lips, perfection, as I drink her in.

Lapping at her clit, I pump my fingers in and out, pounding into her as possessive need leaves my brain riddled with holes of anguish. One day. She was only away from me for one fucking day.

Never again. Even if I have to quit the ranch and be by her side whenever she goes to the capital, I'll make it happen. Any sacrifice is worth it to keep her next to me. She's the air in my lungs, the heartbeat in my chest.

Pouring all my emotions into her, I slam my fingers home, impaling her with long, deep strokes. Each thrust has her crying out with desperation, and I long to answer that call. Unable to wait for her to wake up, I pull her forward and notch my tip at her entrance.

In one long stroke, I fill her, groaning as her inner walls clamp down around me. Perfection. I will never find another fit for me, another match so perfectly made. As I fuck my cow, I tip my head up to the heavens to thank the Celestials for giving her to me and bringing her back safely into my arms.

Her eyes flutter as I continue to pound into her, claiming her with my body with each punishing stroke. I empty all my emotions into her—fear, relief, anger at Jakroon, and rage that she was almost lost to me. As she looks up at me, her eyes clearing, her face contorts as pleasure races through her body.

Wedging my hand between us, I continue to stroke her clit. "That's it, my beautiful Highland lass. Give me your pleasure. I demand it."

Her mouth parts as a loud moo erupts from her lips. My perfect little cow cries out to the skies, flooding the room with the erotic sounds of her pleasure. Ripples slide up and down my shaft as her inner walls clench and release.

Celestials, but I'm close to joining her. But not yet. I have one more place to claim. Turning her over onto her stomach, I pull her hips up, exposing her asshole to my gaze. The area looks untouched, but I have no idea what that monster could have done to her.

"Did he harm you here?" I ask, grazing the sensitive ring with my finger.

Fiona looks over her shoulder at me and grins. "No. Not even a racoon was there."

For a moment, I look at her, stunned at the joke she made. The fact that she can laugh about something so dire. Leaning forward, I rest my cheek against her low back and laugh hard and long as the rest of my emotions pour out of me.

"I may not be a racoon, lass, but I will defile your back entrance. Take me like a good little cow. Take my massive cock up your ass. I guarantee it's smaller than two racoons put together, but I doubt it's by very much."

The air shift as she looks at me, breathless and wanting. Sliding my fingers across her pussy, I gather her copious arousal and use it to lubricate her back hole. The sphincter spasms at my touch as she moans and buries her head in the pillow.

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“That’s it, my precious pet,” I purr, easing two fingers past her tight ring.

Though it’s been a while since the plug was in her, she still opens up for me, letting me invade her forbidden entrance. I push her slick into her body, smearing it deep inside. All that’s left is my cock up her ass.

Gripping her hip, I breathe for a moment, waiting for her to match me. Minute by minute, she relaxes, pulling air deep in her lungs as she lies there like the perfect vessel for my cum. I stroke myself to the sight of her complete submission, searing the image into my brain.

I tease her back entrance with my tip, sliding it just past her ring then pulling out. The muscle clenches as a lurid moan drips from her lips.

“That’s my good little anal whore,” I breathe. “Stroke yourself. Touch your needy little pussy as I fill you up with my cock.”

Fiona does as she’s commanded, and the moment her fingers touch her clit, I ease in a bit more. Her tight ring fights me, clenching around girth as I force my way in. Sweat beads on my forehead as I take my time, refusing to harm her.

With each inch I slide in, it feels like it takes hours. But she takes me. Her body sucks me in, swallowing me up until the ring is pure white, straining against my shaft. Moans turn to whimpers, which turn into soft, needy cries.

Her fingers brush over her clit with fast movements as she strains toward another orgasm. I know I certainly won’t last long. Her ass is hot and tight, squeezing me

until my eyes nearly cross. Almost there. Almost all the way seated.

The shafts of skin at my base lick her sensitive flesh, drawing another gasp from her flushed lips. She strains against me, rocking back on my cock as she drives me deeper into her body until we're one.

Holding her there, I breathe for a moment, not wanting this time to pass by so quickly. Unfortunately, my body has other plans. Pleasure thrums through me, forcing me to move. I pull out of her and ease back in, still tempering my movements.

After a few thrusts, she looks back over her shoulder, pinning me with a desperate look. "Please, Master," she whimpers, wriggling under me. "Please, just fucking fuck me, ya fucker!"

A grin slides up my lips as I wrap my arm around her waist, holding her in place as I surge back in, slamming into her. Dropping kisses along her spine, I thread my other hand through her hair and pull back, making her arch against me.

"Is that any way to talk to your Master Rancher?" I rasp, fucking her with hard strokes.

"No, Master," she wails, her body tightening as I finally give her what she wants, what she truly needs.

"And will you speak to me with more respect next time?" I growl as my balls clench painfully hard.

"Not at all, Master." That little bit of snark, that sass that I've come to love and crave, pours out of her, washing over me.

"Didn't think so." Chuckling, I push her back down against the bed and dig both

hands into her hips.

It's one thing I feared might have been beaten out of her at Jakroon's hands. Though no one else will ever hear her talk this way, I welcome it. It makes her my sassy little Highland lass.

Her body calls to me, milking me in a way no human cow ever has before. There's no way I'll last. A few more strokes, and I pour myself into her body. The pleasure and relief zips through me as I shout out to the skies, feeling complete and whole as she spasms around me.

Soon, her cries intermingle with mine as her orgasm races through her, causing everything to tighten up. As she squeezes my cock, my vision blurs as agonizing pleasure races over me.

Eventually, I loosen my grip and ease out of her, already missing the heat of her body, the intimacy of her embrace. Gathering her into my arms, I kiss the back of her head and hold her tightly against me. There's nowhere else I'd rather be than here in bed with my perfect cow in my arms.

Soon, she drifts back off to sleep, and I let her. Her human body is still healing, after all. Besides, she'll need all her strength for the branding ceremony. Technically, I'm only doing this for the capital. To me, she's mine, whether she's branded or not.

She will always be my Highland lass.

Epilogue

Antroli

I stare down at my cow, taking in her quivering flesh as I strap her down to the

branding table. Off to the side, Vrokjan does the same. It's only fitting that both cows be branded together when they seem so intertwined with each other. Fiona reaches out for Jessica, her arm stretching across to take her hand.

It's sweet, really seeing how they both care for each other. It warms my heart to know neither will ever truly be alone. And after this branding, everyone will know exactly who they belong to. Looking up at Vrokjan, I smile for a moment before worry sizzles its way across my synapses.

I've heard of Ranchers branding their cows before, but to my knowledge, no one on our Ranch has done so. Not even Vrokjan. He smirks, his confidence soothing my unease. Walking over to the fire, he pokes the metal around, putting it close to the center.

Both cows quiver as they watch him, the fear palpable in the air. I wish I could do something, say something, reassure them in some way. But no words will ever be enough. I know it won't. It's the unknown that eats at us both until it gnaws at my brain.

If only there was a way to travel in time, then it would all be over with. Fiona would already have the brand, and she'd be healthy and happy. With a sigh, I trail my fingers down her spine, my cock pulsing as she shivers beneath my touch. Still such a responsive little thing.

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The bruises Jakroon gave her are gone, leaving her body a pristine canvas for our mark. Off to the side, Nagán saunters over, his expression seemingly bored with the entire affair. Having him here makes me feel so much better, though.

Not that I think anything will go wrong, but having a medical professional sets my mind at ease. I know Vrokjan prefers it that way as well. Pulling out a needle, he runs the tip over Fiona's biceps and plunges it in before she can struggle too much.

"This is the last injection she will need to reformulate the new serum. After what happened with Jessica, I'm taking further precautions. It won't diminish her supply any further, but now she'll just stay slightly engorged. You won't need to feed from her except once a day if you'd rather. The discomfort should be minimal."

Fiona turns to me, her eyes full of questions, reminding me that she's been asleep for most of these changes. A soft moo flits from her lips as she silently pleads with me.

"Yes, my pet. You may speak."

"Does this mean I cannot feed the Ranchers in the morning?"

Nagán heaves a sigh and squats down. "Just like with Jessica, you will produce milk about on par with a human. Instead of the gallon, or in her case, three gallons you produce per feeding, it will be more like a pint or so. If your Ranchers wish to have you feed the men, by all means, you'll have enough to do so. Hell, if you enjoy being milked, you can even save about two or three bottles at a time. But you will no longer function as a dairy cow. Does that answer your question?"

“Yes, Medical Rancher. Thank you.”

A niggle of jealousy worms its way into my heart as I run my fingers over her hair.

“Do you still wish to feed the men instead of me?”

“No, Master Antroli. You misunderstand. I still want to be useful here. It hurts to know I cannot contribute.”

“Ahhh, my little minx. You keep your Master happy and sated. That is useful enough. Besides, you will have other duties as well.” We both exchange a look but refuse to clarify in case Jessica is not privy to what happened at the capital.

Again, she gives a soft sigh, and I worry I’m misunderstanding her again. I hope, in time, we will be as one. As it is, I feel so keenly enmeshed with her, like we’re one soul residing in two bodies.

“You will also be useful to me by teaching me Earthling idioms. I do not like it when we cannot communicate.”

She giggles, the sound tripping over my skin like soft rain falling to the ground. “I will do my best, but it’s not as easy as you think.”

“Try me.”

Vrokjan steps forward, his lips turned down into a frown. “It is time.”

Fiona bucks under my touch, her eyes nearly feral as fear seeps from her pores. Hunching next to her, I stroke her thigh and murmur soft words of encouragement.

“Settle, my pet. You can do this for me. I know you can. You are strong and formidable. Just a quick bite of pain then I’ll shower you with all the pleasure you

can imagine. Can you do that for me? Can you be my good little cow and take it?”

“Y- yes, Master.”

Reaching over to Vrokjan, I grab the brand and level at her hip. Before either of us can overthink it, I press the white-hot poker to her skin, my stomach churning as it sears her flesh. Since I know it’s only momentary pain and I’m not actually harming her, her cries go straight to my cock, making it rock hard.

Next to me, my boss strokes himself as he does the same to Jessica. Both cows cry out their pain to the heavens as their tears fall to wet the dirt. Pulling the brand away, I set it off to the side and fall to my knees, taking Fiona’s face in my hand.

“Such a good girl for me,” I croon, showering her face with kisses.

Her tears taste like salt and sorrow, making precum well to the tip of my cock. With a disgruntled sound, Nagán walks over to her and wipes her down, forcing another cry to flee her throat.

“Such dramatics,” he growls. “It’s not even hurting any more. Stop this needless display.”

As he walks over to Jessica to do the same thing, Fiona looks up at me in wonder. I glance down at her hip, marveling as her skin knits together before my very eyes. Whatever magic the Medical Ranchers have, it sure is a thing of wonder.

A pale pink scar stands out against her skin in the shape of a constellation. As I remember it, it’s the one that was right above Vrokjan’s crib as he was born. His mother said it was a good omen, a sign of good fortune. With a reverence I didn’t know I possessed, I lean down and kiss the spot, thanking the Celestials again for allowing me to find my perfect match.

Dragging Fiona off the branding stand, I put her on all fours so she can look at Jessica. Vrokjan does the same, grinning as he undoes his suit. As one, we both slide into our cows, groaning as their pussies clamp down around us. Their soft moos fill the space, ringing out to the heavens for all to hear.

Off to the side, the other cows go in for their milking, and soon, I'll need to drink from Fiona. It's not a matter of milking her anymore. I just find I crave the taste more and more each day. It's an addiction I cannot resist.

A loud grunt rips from my lips as I piston in and out, driving into my lovely cow, impaling her as I touch the brand on her hip. She cries out for me, her body dripping with the desire flowing through her body.

Holding her close, I kiss down her spine, smiling as her pussy spasms around my cock. I slide out, my body missing the warmth of hers keenly. Turning onto my back, I help her straddle me, my shaft twitching as she lowers herself down.

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Her moans rise to a fever pitch as she eases up and down, taking her time to get settled. With a soft growl, I pull her forward and run my tongue along her nipple. I take extreme care to tease her gently, refusing to have her equate my fucking her with Jakroon.

At her pained, erotic sigh, I see red. The fact that he dared to touch what is mine. Whatever punishment they gave him, it won't be enough. Even if the Warden of Rulov himself tortured him, I'd still want more. I'd want his blood. But then, my bonnie lass already drew blood from him, didn't she?

Gripping her hips, I continue to torture her in the most delicious way, teasing her with my lips and tongue until she wriggles about on top of me.

"Please," she cries, scoring my chest with her nails.

"Please what?"

"I- I need."

I nip at her breast, earning a needy whimper from her lips. "What do you need?"

"Drink from me, Master," she begs, her pussy spasming around mine.

"Well, since you asked so sweetly."

Sucking her nipple into my mouth, I groan as her creamy milk splashes against my tongue. Nectar from the heavens, my own personal wet dream come to life. Even

now, her breasts seem to shrink a bit as pull more milk from her, but that doesn't matter to me. Even if she had no milk left to give, I'd still worship her body.

The milk is just an added bonus that makes me go absolutely feral for her. Reaching up, I glide my finger around her other nipple, preparing for my lips. She rocks her hips back and forth, riding me as I drink her up, taking as much as I can without sucking her completely dry.

Though there's not as much to give, it satisfies me, filling that craving that gnaws at me. Switching to the other nipple, my cock pulses inside her as she reaches down to grip my hair, screaming her pleasure as she takes it from me, one swivel of her hips at a time. From this angle, the shafts of skin around my base brush against her clit, pleasuring her just as much as it does me.

Pulling away, I ease her back, watching her body undulate on top of mine. She's perfection. My perfection. Her inner walls milk my cock, dragging me ever closer to release. Vrokjan stares down at his cow, his face screwed up in concentration.

It's clear to me that we're both irrevocably screwed when it comes to our cows. As much as we want to hold out, their bodies just seem made to make us falter. Determined to have her come before me, I wedge my hand between us and tease her clit, giving her firmer stimulation than the bits of skin at my base can do.

Her pussy clenches again as her cries intermingle with Jessica's. So close. They're both so fucking close. Her cunt hugs every curve of my cock, stimulating me as if she were designed for my pleasure. My eyes roll back into my skull as my balls draw up. So close.

"Come for me, my beautiful cow. Let me see you shatter on my cock."

I pinch her clit, giving her that bite of pain I know she needs to fall apart. Her cries

fly from her lips as she continues to buck up and down, riding out her orgasm. Gripping her hips, I turn us over, slamming her back into the dirt. No longer needing to worry about holding out, I piston in and out, invading her, impaling her over and over until she's a babbling mess of mooing and moaning.

With a roar, Vrokjan and I both shout at the same time. My balls clench as I empty myself into my cow, my delightful little vixen. Leaning forward, I capture her lips with mine, infusing our kiss with all the love I can pour into her. Fiona's fingers dig into my scalp as she rocks up into me, returning the ferocity with passion of her own.

Panting, I pull away and look down at my prize. She lies there, blissed out. Her lovely brown eyes take on a soft haze as she stares up at me, her finger making swirls on my chest.

"You are my greatest treasure," I murmur, stroking her brow.

"Oh, I know," she sighs, a happy smile dancing on her lips. "And I'll make sure you never forget it."

"Minx," I growl, giving the hip without the brand a playful swat. "You're just looking for a punishment, aren't you?"

"With you, always."

With a large grin on my face, I lean down and nip at her lips. "Then I shall endeavor to make each one creative and unique so as not to bore my highly intelligent Highland."

"Just like I'll make each infraction more creative than the last."

"I could always take away your morning coffee."

She pouts, her eyes dancing with mirth as her lips quiver in a false frown.

“Wait,” Jessica cries out. “You get coffee?”

Vrokjan chuckles and gathers his cow into his arms. “Shall I give you a taste?”

This time Fiona laughs at the joke as Jessica looks at us in bewilderment. “This time, it’s a human who doesn’t get it.”

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Shaking my head, I, too, take my cow into my arms. “Even if I don’t always ‘get it’ as long as I get you, I’m content.”

“You have me, my strong, Master Rancher.”

“And I you, my stubborn lass. Forever.”

“Ever ever?”

“Until there are no more stars left shining in the sky. I refuse to be in a world where I can no longer see your beauty.”

Her eyes mist up as she burrows into my arms, a contented sigh dancing on her lips. I hold her tightly against my chest, knowing just how close I came to losing her. I will never make that mistake again. If I have to atone my whole life to make up for the time she spent in Jakroon’s clutches, it will still never be enough.

Taking her into the house, I ease her into the shower. There are still chores to be done, but for now, I can simply breathe in her scent and know everything is right in my world. With my lovely lass by my side, I have everything I will ever need.

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