



Milking Mina (Submissives of Rawhide Ranch #18)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Rawhide Ranch, where dreams come true. No matter how dirty or... milky they might be.

Ever since that first filthy book Mina Kim picked up about human cows, her daydreams have been filled with thoughts of auctions and milking and rough, filthy pleasure.

So when she learns about Rawhide Ranch, a place where she might finally be able to live out all her hucow dreams, she makes a plan.

Go to the Ranch. Get Milked. Return to her regularly scheduled life.

But then she meets gorgeous, commanding Patrick Ranello, the Dom assigned to help her live out her fantasies on the Ranch. And now that Mina's had a taste of what it's like to be his good little cow, she's not sure how she's supposed to go back to the life she knew before she met him...

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Mina

“Rawhide Ranch?” Mina asked incredulously. Alliterative and catchy, but until this moment she’d never heard of it. The idea that it might be the answer to all her needs (and not-so-secret desires now that she’d outted herself to her friends) was what made her incredulous.

On the computer screen, Vicky nodded.

It was Mina’s weekly video chat with her four besties—Vicky, Layne, Penelope, and Amanda.

They were all spread out geographically, their friendship having started in an online chat room for kinksters, but they’d become her best friends.

Which was saying something, because Mina didn’t make friends easily, but now she had four and they talked on a weekly basis.

Though, technically Layne was her cousin, but still.

The fact that they’d never met in person didn’t matter (other than Layne of course), they were there for her and she was there for them. The friendships were real. No matter what her older sister Esther said.

They were all as different as could be.

Vicky was beautiful, blonde, and lived in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, working as a chef

with her hot Daddy husband.

They belonged to a BDSM club called the Outlands, and though they didn't go often, at least they had the option.

She was the only one of them who'd been to the Ranch, though she'd never mentioned it before today.

She was hilariously adorable, super outspoken, and seemed to know a little bit about everything.

Amanda was a brunette living just outside Detroit in Michigan. She had a vicious sense of humor and a sadistic streak she liked to take out on the male submissives who worshipped at her feet. She helped run Prestige, which sounded like a super fancy, elite club from her descriptions.

Neither Layne nor Penelope were in the US.

Penelope was their UK contingent. She had a gorgeous Domme named Miss Rachel, which made her and Vicky the only two who were actually in a dynamic.

Another blonde, though her hair was more honey colored than Vicky's and she had curves for days that made Mina wildly jealous.

Layne and Mina looked alike though Mina's dad was White, and her hair was lighter brown and had more of a curl to it, like his, rather than being as straight or as dark as Layne's.

Layne's skin had always been a shade or two darker than Mina's, even before she'd moved to an island and gotten a glorious year-round tan.

They were both short and petite in every way though, looking more like sisters than Mina's actual sister Esther.

Esther had curves to rival Penelope's and she was tall enough that she didn't have to climb onto counters to get into the upper cabinets, unlike Mina.

When it came to personality, Layne and Mina were as different as Esther and Mina.

The only thing they had in common was their lack of ability to make friends, which was probably why they'd ended up bonding at family gatherings growing up.

But Layne liked physical work, getting her hands dirty, and figuring out mechanical stuff, while Mina was all about tech, computers, gadgets and cyber puzzles.

Mina talked more than Layne did and was a glass-half-full person while Layne tended towards the Debbie Downer side of things, though she claimed she was just down-to-earth.

Layne now lived on Hideaway Island, a fabulous kink resort on a private island, where she worked on the maintenance crew.

Basically, everyone except Mina had access to amazing BDSM clubs, which didn't seem fair at all. Why weren't there BDSM clubs anywhere near her?

Because I live in Alabama. Duh.

She couldn't even buy a sex toy without filling out a form confirming that it was definitely not being purchased for the stimulation of sexual organs and that it was for some kind of medical, scientific, educational, legislative, judicial, or law enforcement purposes.

Educating my vagina on what an orgasm feels like.

Stupid obscenity laws. Freaking ridiculous.

Why certain people had such an obsession with controlling other people's sex lives and sexual pleasure, she would never understand.

She knew she was kinky. She'd just never gotten to experience it with a real Dom, though a few of her ex-boyfriends had been willing to try a bit of spanking.

"I've heard of it too," Layne said seriously, pushing her glasses higher onto her nose. To absolutely no one's surprise, she didn't elaborate. Layne was not one to offer more than what she thought was absolutely necessary to a conversation.

"I have too but I'm even more curious now," Amanda said, leaning forward on her computer desk and propping her chin on her hand.

Why had everyone heard of this place except Mina? She huffed, but she did it quietly so that she didn't interrupt Amanda.

"What makes you think they can help Mina with her hu-cow fantasy? I thought the ranch was just for Littles."

"No, not at all. The Ranch caters to kinksters of all kinds. Big, Little, Dominant or submissive, it's the kind of place where fantasies come true," Vicky explained, waving one of her hands as if that explained everything.

"Rawhide Ranch is just magical. I'm sure if you write them and tell them what you want, they'll find a way to make it happen."

"You think they can re-create me committing some kind of crime and being

sentenced to being a huCow?” Mina asked, teasing, because she knew that wasn’t what Vicky meant.

Vicky rolled her eyes.

“I mean that they can probably make the huCow thing happen. Maybe even the auction.”

Mina gasped, gripping the sides of her desk as she leaned forward. There was only one way Vicky could know about the auction.

“You finally read it!”

“I finally read it,” Vicky confirmed, ducking her head as her cheeks turned pink. “It was hotter than I thought it would be. One of those... ‘I’m definitely not into this, oh wait, shit am I into this?’ situations.”

“I read it too,” Penelope admitted, blushing as she raised her hand. “It was hot. I didn’t expect to be as into it as I was.”

Both Amanda and Layne stared in fascination.

Ever since Mina had read *His Favorite HuCow*, she’d been obsessed with the idea of huCows and she’d gone down a rabbit hole of books but they hadn’t been enough to fill the craving that had welled up inside her.

She’d tried to get her friends to read it so that she would at least be able to talk to them about the book or that maybe they’d start to understand why she was so fascinated at the idea of being milked.

They’d been supportive but very confused when she’d started waxing poetic about

hucows.

“See? I told you!” Mina was jubilant. It was so nice to just be understood.

“I’m not saying I’m interested in doing it, though if Saul and I ever have a baby he says he wants to taste the milk.” Vicky covered her face with her hands, shaking her head. “I think I might die, but I’m not as against it as I thought I would be.”

Amanda crossed her arms over her boobs. “I might try reading the book, but there’s no way I’d let anyone milk me.”

“I wouldn’t expect you to,” Mina said, snickering. “There’s a lot of things the rest of us do that you wouldn’t. That’s what happens when you make besties with a bunch of subbies.”

“Yeah well... someone’s got to keep an eye on you all,” Amanda replied with a laugh.

“Hey, I resemble that remark,” Mina joked, making them all laugh. “Okay, I mean... I’ll take what I can get. I’ve already been looking into ways to make myself lactate.”

“Did you find anything?” Penelope asked, obviously intrigued.

“Of course you have,” Layne muttered at the same time, shaking her head.

“I did, I can share it with anyone who’s interested.” Everyone except Penelope shook their heads. Penelope gave her a teeny nod.

There was nothing Mina liked more than a good research project.

What she didn’t tell them was that she’d already gone far beyond looking up the ways

to help her produce milk.

She'd been taking the supplements that were supposed to help and her pump had arrived yesterday.

She'd already used it once while simultaneously educating her vagina.

It was the hottest education she'd ever given herself.

But she wasn't ready to admit that to them yet. As supportive as they were, they just didn't get it. Except maybe Penelope, but she'd just started down the rabbit hole. Who knew if she'd end up feeling the same way as Mina did.

She wanted to go somewhere that people got it. Was Rawhide Ranch that place?

Patrick

Rawhide Ranch was quickly becoming one of Patrick's favorite stops, which was unfortunate for him because they didn't actually need him that often.

There was only one dairy cow's hooves to trim, though he'd also taken on the goats that were part of the petting zoo.

Today he'd be doing the first trim for two younger cows that they'd added to the menagerie.

Though he wasn't a Daddy Dom, there was something special about the Ranch.

Maybe it was just that kink was so clearly and openly accepted there, no matter what the kink was.

His truck ambled down the drive, his chute securely riding in the trailer behind him, until he reached the point where he could see the buildings.

Coming onto the Ranch always felt like stepping outside of the real world and into a dream. A really fucking good dream.

Pulling his truck around to the barn, he waved at Arlo who was standing outside the pen where they'd herded Stella. The two young heifers were in there with her, bumping up against her sides as they looked out of the fence at the new arrival.

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“Hey there,” Patrick said, jumping out of his truck as Arlo came up to help him.

The other man was a few years older than Patrick, his hair starting to go a little gray at the temples, with a neatly kept brown beard.

They’d gotten to know each other when Master Derek had hired Patrick to start coming out and trimming Stella’s hooves after she’d gotten a bad sole ulcer and no one on the Ranch had had the specialty knowledge to deal with it.

Now he came out for maintenance trims... and sometimes just to visit.

Hang out. Be with other Dominants, like Arlo. “How’s it going?”

“Pretty good. When you’re done here, Master Derek wants to talk to you—nothing bad I promise.”

Patrick nodded in understanding. He appreciated the reassurance since his immediate thought was that Derek had decided they didn’t need a hoof trimmer for just three cows and a few goats.

“Thanks. So, let’s get started then,” he said, moving around to the back of his truck so they could get the chute out of the trailer.

Arlo moved to help him. It was easier with two people, though Patrick had enough bulky muscle that he could move it on his own in a pinch.

The large metal chute was what allowed him to do the trims without getting kicked or

trampled.

“I figure I’ll do Stella first so that the other two can see what’s about to happen to them. What are their names again?”

“Anna and Elsa,” Arlo replied, chuckling at Patrick’s expression. “Don’t worry, we’re pretty sure Elsa can’t actually control the weather.”

“Well, that’s a relief,” Patrick muttered, shaking his head and smiling. Stella seemed like a much more sensible name for a cow than magical cartoon princesses, but what did he know? He just trimmed hooves; he didn’t own any cows so there was no need to name any.

Stella knew the drill and went amiably into the chute.

Patrick put everything in place and then lifted the strap around her chest. Just as she had the last time, she leaned into it, letting it take the majority of her weight so that she could get a rest. Chuckling, Patrick patted her side before getting her first hoof into place, starting with the front left.

Anna and Elsa let out a series of moos as they watched from the fence, craning their necks and trying to see what was going on. Stella ignored them as Patrick moved around to each of her feet in turn.

“How’s she looking?” Arlo asked after Patrick finished up on her last hoof and had pulled his earmuffs and eye protection off.

“Good, no signs of any problems,” Patrick replied. “Keep up with the dip as she goes in and out of the barn and that’ll help.” He released Stella’s leg, letting it drop back down into position and smiled as he looked at the two back hooves next to each other. They looked nicely balanced.

“Let’s do the other two.”

Elsa went into the chute easily enough, taking a moment to look around and sniff at things as she went in.

Patrick waited patiently until she poked her head through the other side and then he used the hydraulics to close around her neck and hold her in place.

She mooed unhappily but then relaxed, making a little huffing sound that was so human, he had to laugh.

Trimming her up was easy work and then he released her and went to get Anna.

She was more reluctant to make her way into the chute, but he and Arlo got her in there after a few minutes.

The band around her chest lifted her up and she protested.

Patrick got her leg into position and she protested.

Then protested again when he put it back down.

And the next leg. By the last one she seemed to realize that it didn’t hurt and she was perfectly fine and settled into her trim.

“Good girl,” he said, patting her shoulder as she came out of the chute. She made a snorting noise at him and then minced off to rejoin her sister and Stella. Then he and Arlo got his chute back into the trailer and he headed up to the main building.

It was the one he was the most familiar with.

Three stories rose above the ground with a huge porch across the front.

Multiple basket chairs and rockers decorated the length of the porch, creating little sitting areas where people could gather or could stop to sit and relax on their own.

Flowerbeds lined the front of it, giving the whole thing a farmhouse feel, even though it was bigger than any farmhouse Patrick had ever seen.

There were two wings tucked behind it, going back to make a u-shape, but that wasn't visible from the front.

He jogged up the six steps to the front door of the building and walked into the lobby.

As he went through the door, he pulled off his Stetson.

Straight ahead of him was a double-sided fireplace and two restaurants for the Ranch.

On the left was the check-in desk and the store where guests of the Ranch had access to the regular convenience items found in any hotel along with a selection of sex toys, clothing, and treats for good Littles.

Behind the front desk stood Erika, Derek's personal assistant who spent as much time behind the front desk as she did in her office, a pixie-like woman with short brown hair and eyes.

She smiled at him, recognizing him immediately, and he gave her a wave as he headed to the right, which was where Master Derek's office was located.

The fact that she was smiling seemed like a good sign.

He already had Arlo's reassurance that there was nothing bad to worry about, but

confirmation felt even better. If there was something wrong, Erika would know and she wouldn't have been smiling like that.

There were benches on either side of the entrance of Derek's office, currently empty, where misbehaving Littles from Rawhide's Little program sat before being admitted to face the consequences of their actions.

The door to Derek's office was partly opened, but Patrick gave the wooden doorframe a knock anyway, just to let the other man know someone was there, before peeking his head in.

Derek was behind his desk, which was set in the middle of the office, dominating the space.

Off to the side was a straight-backed armless chair, which Patrick knew was used for discipline.

A couch with some throw pillows took up one corner, and a giant armoire that was filled with whatever one might need while sitting in the armless chair.

It was straight out of someone's Headmaster fantasy.

"Patrick. Good, just the man I wanted to see today." Master Derek stood as Patrick came into the room. He was tall and leanly muscled, rangy, and with an air of confidence that even Patrick envied. Though, it probably didn't hurt that they were in his home territory. "Go ahead and close the door."

Closing the door behind him, Patrick went up to the desk and shook Derek's hand in a firm grip.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked, mindful of the fact that they were in Derek's

office and the man was currently one of his clients.

Derek waved at him to sit in one of the leather chairs that faced his desk before he moved around it to take the second chair. Raising one eyebrow, Patrick went with him, sitting down and making himself comfortable. Apparently, they were going to have a more informal conversation.

Once he was in place, Master Derek cleared his throat, looking slightly uncomfortable.

“I need to talk to you as a Dom, not as my hoof trimmer.”

Slowly, Patrick nodded, a bit of excitement starting to stir within him. If Derek wanted to talk to him as a Dom, not as his contractor, that sounded like he needed him for something on this side of the Ranch.

“Alright then.” Patrick looked at Derek. Master Derek looked back at him.

“What do you know about hucows?”

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Patrick

Staring at Master Derek, Patrick wasn't sure he'd heard the other man correctly.

"Hu... what? What kind of cows?"

"HuCow as in human cow," Master Derek explained. "Similar to a pet play fetish but with lactation and pumping."

Patrick stared at him. Whatever he'd been expecting Master Derek to say, it wasn't that.

"I've never heard of it before this moment, so I don't really know anything about it," he said slowly.

"I'm familiar with pet play, of course." There were several submissives who enjoyed being pets running around the Ranch at any given time.

The first one to spring to mind was Hayleigh, who was both the wife and Little of the Ranch's head chef as well as often playing the part of a very cute kitty.

"We have a submissive who's applied to come here with a very particular fantasy involving becoming a huCow while she's here." Master Derek spread his hands. "There's a lot we can do to accommodate her, but when it comes to pairing her with someone, I was at a loss until you came to mind."

Raising his eyebrow, Patrick felt his lips quirk with amusement. "Because I work

with the cows? I've never thought about them in a sexual manner."

"Just like no Daddy here has thought about an actual child in that way," Master Derek pointed out reprovably.

"Point taken." Kinks like this didn't have anything to do with wanting the real deal, it was about acting out a fantasy. "Why me then?"

"In part because you seem like you want to spend more time here," Master Derek replied, a slow grin spreading across his face.

"The fact that you hang around here and Rawhide Ridge in your free time has not gone unnoticed." Rawhide Ridge being the adjacent ranch that had been turned into a little town where most everyone was involved in the lifestyle.

Though it wasn't as obvious as when on the Ranch as there were children and visitors on the Ridge who weren't subjected to overt kinkiness.

It was more of an "if you know you know" sort of atmosphere.

"I do like being around the places where everyone is practicing the lifestyle openly," he admitted. "It feels like an escape from all the judgments and strictures of the real world."

"Exactly why I leave the Ranch as little as possible," Derek agreed.

"Also, Sadie told me that she's been keeping an eye on you, and while you seem to enjoy being a voyeur to just about any kink, there's nothing that has really made you light up.

She thought perhaps something more out of the norm from our usual might interest

you.”

She wasn't wrong.

It wasn't that Patrick was bored by the regular kinks, not at all, but he'd seen the way Daddies played with their Littles or Dommies tortured a cock or Tops spanked the butts of those submissives taking on the role of their Bottoms...

they all lit up in a way that he never had with any of his partners.

While he thoroughly enjoyed what he was doing, there seemed to be some sense of higher satisfaction that everyone else seemed to get that he couldn't quite catch.

Though he wasn't sure lactation was the thing that would do it.

On the other hand, he wasn't opposed to trying.

He'd been breastfed as a baby and probably hadn't given a thought about it then or since. But now actually having Derek discuss the possibility of suckling a woman's nipples and drinking what came from it... well, Patrick found he was more intrigued than he would have thought.

“What would I need to do?” he asked, because he didn't like to get into things without knowing what was expected of him.

Especially something as delicate as fulfilling a guest's fantasy.

Though he would like more time on the Ranch, he wanted it to be time spent in the right kind of way.

If he couldn't give the guest what she needed, the kind of experience that she

deserved, then he wasn't interested.

“Well, a lot of that would be up to you. There's a book that she referenced in her application that basically details her fantasy.

” Derek got up and walked over to the armoire, opening one of the doors and pulling a slim black book out from the interior before closing it up and returning to hand the book to Patrick.

Taking it, Patrick inspected the cover. It was black with a gold frame and the title His Favorite Hucow . There was a cowbell on the front cover.

His lips twitched in amusement as he took in the bell.

“It's a darker romance, according to Sadie.

I haven't read the whole thing, just the beginning because that seemed to be the most pertinent part of it.

” Derek cleared his throat. “The guest is only here for five days, and not five full days. One of those days will be her arrival and she'll be leaving on the fifth morning.

Re-creating the book is impossible but there are things in it that we can certainly do, including the ‘auction’ that she requested.

Though we'll be skipping the ride on the spaceship and the sadistic doctor. ”

One of Patrick's eyebrows rose as he flipped through the pages, only catching a few words here and there.

“My recommendation, take the book. Read some of it tonight and get back to me

tomorrow with whether or not you think it's something you'd be interested in. If not, you can return the book to me and I'll keep asking around."

"She wants one Dom for the whole time?" Patrick asked.

"Yes, that's part of the book as well. Though the hero has an entire herd of hucows, she ends up as his house cow and he shares her milk with others, but they only have sex with each other.

"Derek shrugged sheepishly when Patrick looked at him.

"I might have read a little beyond just the beginning. It's not my kink, but it was an interesting read. "

"Huh." Patrick had to admit, he was interested. It wasn't something he'd ever thought about before, but he wasn't against it. He eyed Derek. "You swear this isn't just because I'm your cow guy?"

Derek held his hands up in front of him and then turned one to place over his heart.

"Cross my heart and hope to die."

Patrick snorted. "You've been spending too much time around the Littles."

A ghost of a smile wafted over Derek's lips. "Not possible, my friend."

Taking the book with him, Patrick headed to his next stop, another ranch that was about forty-five minutes away from Rawhide.

It was an easy day for the most part, basic maintenance trims with only one white line defect to handle out of the herd.

After that he headed home, the hucow book feeling like it was staring at him from the passenger seat.

It had been in his head all afternoon, especially since he'd been trimming dairy cows. Udders. Breasts. Milk.

Sexy?

He wasn't sure.

When he got home, he put his equipment away and went inside, stamping the mud and other things off his work boots before leaving them on his porch.

It was hot enough right now that he could do that.

Eventually, things would get cold enough that he'd bring them into the mudroom, but he preferred leaving them on the porch when he could.

He didn't feel the urge to clean dirt off the porch nearly as often as he did out of the mudroom.

Only once he'd heated up his dinner and settled himself down at the table, did he finally open the book.

To tell the truth, he wasn't really expecting much.

The kink might intrigue him, but his preferred book genres were non-fiction and anything by Michael Connelly, though he had taken a detour to read The Meg books by Steve Alten after he'd watched the first movie.

He'd liked the books better than the films and had been pretty fascinated by the

science.

So a hucow romance novel that was a little “dark” (whatever that meant) with a sadistic doctor and a herd of hucows and some guy who fell in love with them wasn’t something he expected to be overly engaged in.

He was wrong.

Though the sadistic doctor didn’t do much for him—he’d never been into medical play—it didn’t matter. He was caught up in the story of Margaret’s (renamed Meggie when she became a hucow) redemption and then the love story. Plus, all the milking and incredibly hot sex.

Did he stop to jerk off?

Yes he did.

Did he imagine himself as the owner of a herd of sexy, busty women who were bent over in their stalls, being plowed from behind by ranch hands while a milking machine tugged at their swollen breasts?

Yes he did.

And he imagined himself fucking his own sweet little hucow. Not just while she was being milked, but while he milked her... with his mouth.

But it wasn’t just the hot sex that pulled him in, because as soon as he got off, he immediately picked the book back up. Because he needed to know what happened next.

When he finally finished, way past his normal bedtime (which he was probably going

to regret in the morning), he didn't bother waiting to tell Derek. He sent off an email immediately, with just two words.

I'm in.

Mina

Weekly dinners with her family were always a little fraught for Mina, but this one was especially so because Esther was there.

What made it a little different was that Esther wasn't behaving like...

well, she wasn't behaving like Esther. In fact, Mina was kind of worried about her.

Esther looked tired. Defeated. Not at all like her successful, bubbly self.

Their mother kept shooting worried looks at Esther as well.

Nobody had the courage to ask, not even Oma, their mom's mom. Though, it was possible she hadn't noticed as she was very distracted by her first great-grandchild, the son of Mina's cousin Paula.

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Finally, after dinner, Esther went out to sit on the front porch and Mina followed.

She wasn't sure how she'd be received, but she knew she'd kick herself if she didn't at least try.

If Esther pushed her away, then that was her sister's decision, Mina had done the right thing.

At least, she knew that's what her therapist would say if she'd had the opportunity to ask ahead of time.

"Hey, how are you doing?" she asked, sitting down on the front stoop next to her sister, keeping a few inches of space between them.

They'd never been the touchy-feely type, even though it seemed like Esther was that way with all her actual friends. Just not her sister.

"I got fired," Esther said bluntly, staring at the sky, which was just starting to dim as the sun began to go down.

Mina sucked in a shocked breath. Fired? Esther? "What? Why?"

"Downsizing. They'd rather have AI do my job, even though it fucks up half the time." Esther shook her head. "At least it's fucking up for basically free."

"That's insane."

“I’m not going to argue with you.” Esther shook her head. “I should have gone into cyber security like you. Now there’s job security.” Esther sighed, dropping her head down.

“It’s not too late.” Mina’s hand settled down in the space between them.

An offering. In case Esther wanted to take it.

Though she doubted her sister would. But she was wrong.

Maybe Esther was just in such a bad spot that she didn’t care it was Mina’s hand, because she reached down to take it and give it a squeeze.

Mina’s next words came out in a rush, trying to pretend Esther hadn’t just shaken her to her core with worry.

“You’re smart. I bet you could learn it and I could help. ”

“Thanks, but I’m not sure that’s what I want to do. Hey, can I ask you a question?”

“Sure.” Her sister still hadn’t let go of her hand. Whatever Esther needed right now, Mina was going to give it to her, because she was obviously in a very bad spot.

“Why did you stay here? Why didn’t you leave? You could work from anywhere.” Esther waved the hand that wasn’t holding Mina’s, the gesture encompassing their childhood home and the street that they’d grown up on, the city they’d lived in for Mina’s whole life.

Esther had been the success story who had gotten out of their small town, working a better job. No one knew that Mina was a success. She didn’t really talk about her job, she didn’t have any friends from school who’d stayed around, and she still lived in

town.

But she could have left.

She shrugged.

“I don’t like change.” Which was an understatement. It wasn’t the whole reason either. “I don’t know where I’d go.”

It wasn’t so much that she was dedicated to living here, she just didn’t know where else she’d want to go.

She’d traveled some. Cities were fun to visit, but she couldn’t imagine living in one.

Her brain would explode from overstimulation.

She could only handle three nights in New York City at most before all the lights and noise got to her.

Suburbs... maybe she was being judgmental but she just didn’t see the point.

If she was going to have space, she wanted space. Not a teensy bit of lawn while still being able to peer in the next door neighbor’s window. And the cookie cutter developments gave her the creeps. Too Stepford.

Moving to a different small town... well, what was the point of that? Especially since her family was here.

So she’d stayed.

Plus, the cost of living elsewhere compared to her income was crazy.

She maxed out her 401k and IRA every year, she had an emergency fund that she'd never touched just racking up interest in a high-yield savings account, and she'd started investing on her own as well for fun.

She was on track to retire in her early thirties if she wanted to.

There was no good reason for her to move, so why would she uproot herself?

But Esther had always wanted to move to something bigger and better, so Mina wasn't sure her sister would understand any of that and she didn't want to break this odd sisterly moment by trying to explain.

Plus, if Esther had gotten fired, Mina wasn't sure what her sister's finances looked like at the moment, and Mina didn't want to seem like she was bragging.

Esther had moved to a city for her job, and Mina knew it had to have been expensive to live there. Especially since Esther liked clothes, socializing, and going out with friends.

"I have to move back here. I'm moving back in with mom," Esther said glumly. "I'm a failure."

"You are not! You're just... having a setback," Mina said firmly, nodding her head.

Esther looked at her. Mina looked back. And then Esther snorted and started laughing. She did let go of Mina's hand then, because Esther was reaching up to cover her face, but Mina didn't mind. She'd made her sister laugh. And she couldn't remember the last time that had happened.

"Just a setback," Esther said, laughing hard enough that she had to wipe some tears away from her eyes. "Thanks, I needed that."

“Any time.”

“I think I’m just freaking out because I’m thirty and I haven’t done any of the things I thought I would do by now. Have a successful job. Get married. Have a kid. Buy a house.” Esther sighed regretfully.

“If it helps, real estate isn’t the investment it used to be,” Mina said. “And men kind of suck. You did have the successful job, and I fully believe you’ll get another one. Probably a better one.”

“Here’s hoping.” Esther turned her head, smiling at her. “Thanks. I appreciate that.” She sighed. “I’ve got to go to the bathroom, I swear I’m not just running away.”

Mina laughed. “Go, I don’t want you to pee yourself on top of everything else.”

She’d made her sister laugh again. It was a good day.

It got even better a few minutes later when her notifications dinged with the email she’d been waiting for. Her heart jumped in her chest as she opened it and read it faster than she’d ever read anything in her life – and that was saying something.

Rawhide Ranch, here I come.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:15 am

Mina

Rawhide Ranch was real, and it was even more impressive than she'd realized, even after poring over all the information she'd been given access to once her application had been accepted.

She'd been a good girl and hadn't tried to go beyond that access, even though she was pretty sure she could hack through if she really wanted to.

But it seemed rude. Especially after Vicky had vouched for them, plus Amanda and Layne would have spoken up if they'd heard anything bad, so she couldn't even claim safety concerns.

"Wow," she muttered under her breath as the taxi drove up the drive. The gate and guardhouse she'd had to pass to get to this part had given her reassurance that she was safe here. That or it was a way to keep people in.

On the plane, she'd been practically bouncing in her seat in excitement the entire flight. Now that the moment was here, she was feeling a little more trepidation.

What if this was all a big joke?

What if she walked in and they thought she'd been joking?

What if everything was real but the Dom they'd chosen for her was a dickhead?

Though, as far as she could tell, it was all real.

People came to Rawhide to get what they needed.

Period. And she'd been sent the name of the Dom she was going to be paired with after the initial pre-auction scene.

Patrick Ranallo. She'd looked him up, of course.

He trimmed cow hooves, which had sent her down another rabbit hole of research because she hadn't known that was a thing.

She watched the many videos he had uploaded online about the subject and she'd learned more about cows and their hooves in the past week than she had in her entire life.

From his videos she knew that his voice was deep, soothing, and kind of sexy, but she didn't have a clue what he looked like.

Even on his social media pages, pictures of him were just of the back of his shoulders and head, which were covered with a flannel shirt and a cowboy hat.

The most she got to see was his hands in the videos as he was doing knifework to deal with some of the more delicate procedures that the cow hooves needed. Sometimes he took the gloves off.

And then she lusted over his hands like he was some kind of Victorian lord in a historical romance novel where he got to unbutton a lady's glove (yeah, that was her second favorite scene in *Lord of Scoundrels*, so what?).

Who knew that hands could be so sexy?

Hopefully, it was an indication that there would be some kind of chemistry between

them. Obviously not like, relationship chemistry, but like yes, I'm happy to hop on your dick chemistry.

Though, if there wasn't, she was pretty sure she'd be turned on enough by the situation that she'd make it work. She could always close her eyes and picture Thor, God of Thunder, milking his hot little hucow, just like she did with her vibrator.

She did understand there wouldn't necessarily be sex.

It wasn't like Rawhide Ranch provided sex on demand, but she still had her fingers mentally crossed that sex would be had.

It would be nice to have an actual dick instead of her well-used educational tools.

Maybe she could stock up on some sex toys while she was here.

It would be fun to buy something in person without having to fill out a form or waiting for a parcel wrapped in plain brown paper to arrive on her doorstep.

The taxi pulled to a stop in front of the main building—easily recognizable because it was the first building she saw and it was gigantic.

Like, when they said “main building” they meant main building.

She pressed a hand against her stomach to settle her nerves, which were jumping up and down inside her belly.

Was it her imagination or did her breasts tingle?

She had her pumping equipment in her suitcase, which was the main reason she'd checked her baggage because she would have died if they'd searched her carryon and

found it.

So far she hadn't produced even a drop of milk, but she hadn't given up yet.

At least, that's what she told herself. But she was also starting to accept that if it never happened, it never happened.

Getting out of the car, she took a deep breath.

Wow. Even though it was hot, the air felt really different from Alabama.

So much less humid for one. She'd noticed it at the airport, but it was an even starker difference out here on the Ranch.

The air felt a little cooler too, though maybe it was just because she didn't feel like she was trying to swim through a swamp.

It was quieter as well without the screaming buzz of cicadas filling her ears.

Peaceful. That's what it was.

She could hear a cow mooing, birdsong, and laughter coming from somewhere, all of it faint but audible as the taxi driver pulled her suitcases out of the trunk.

Thanking him, she grabbed the handles and headed for the steps that led up to a porch.

As she moved, the front door of the building opened and a big, blond man came trotting down the stairs to greet her.

"Hello, welcome to Rawhide. Miss Kim, right?"

“That’s me.” She smiled at him, wondering if he was going to be her Dom for her stay. He was pretty hot. Kinda Thor-ish.

“I’m Tiago. I’m on the security team. Here, let me help you with your bags.”

“Thanks.” She could have handled them herself, but who was she to stand in the way of chivalry?

Besides, he definitely had what she thought of as a “bossy Dom” vibe and she didn’t want to get in trouble before she’d even stepped through the front door.

“So, security team huh? Do you guys have a lot of problems?”

“Definitely nothing you should worry about,” he replied cheerfully, manfully carrying her bags as if they weighed nothing. “Unless you’ve got someone following you, in which case, you still don’t have to worry; we’ll handle it.”

He said it with such confidence that Mina kind of felt like if she ever did have trouble following her, this would be the place to come to for refuge. Which was nice to know.

Despite carrying her two bags, Tiago managed to hold the door open for her when they reached it, tucking her carry-on under his arm to manage the feat. Damn. Color her impressed.

“Thank you.” She beamed at him as she went inside and then immediately started looking around.

“Over here,” he said, escorting her to the front desk on the left.

Two women were standing behind it, one who was built like Mina—petite and pretty,

though her dark brown hair was much shorter than Mina's wavy black.

The other was taller than Mina, though probably not considered "tall" to most people.

Her brown hair was up in pigtails and she wore a dress with pink bunnies printed on it.

Between Vicky's description and the information Mina had read, she understood that there was an impressive Little presence here at the Ranch, but she was fascinated to see one of them behind the front desk. Was it her job? How did that work?

Both of the women brightened when they looked up and saw Tiago and Mina. He was already moving to greet them, so Mina quickly caught up, though it took two of her steps to match one of his so she practically jogging by the time they'd reached the counter.

"Hello! Mina Kim, right? I'm Erika—"

"She basically runs the Ranch," said the Little with a mischievous glint in her eye, interrupting her, but Erika continued without missing a bit.

"And this is Sadie, our Ranch hostess. If it's okay, Tiago will take your bags and Sadie will take you to see Master Derek to talk over a few things before you get started." Erika smiled reassuringly, as if she could see how nervous Mina was.

The fact that the women were obviously cheerful and relaxed made Mina feel a lot better about the place.

"Sure, that sounds good." Though she didn't let go of her purse, and no one asked her to give it over.

“We’ll take you to your cabin eventually,” Sadie said, coming out from behind the desk, which was when Mina saw that she had on bunny slippers that matched her dress. That decided it right then and there—she liked this place. “You know, after the auction.”

She winked at Mina, but it felt like a truly friendly wink, like she got it even though she was clearly a Little and not a huco. Then again, being a Little and being able to just be herself here versus how she would have to present herself in the rest of the world, she probably did really get it.

Mina relaxed even more.

“Are you supposed to tell me about that?” Mina teased. “Should I consider you my Warden?”

Sadie cracked up into infectious giggles that echoed around the big room as they walked across it. There was so much to see just in here, Mina hoped she got to explore later. Especially the store that had been behind the front desk. That looked super interesting.

“Warden Sadie. Oh, I like that. By the way, thank you for the book recommendation. It’s not something I think I’d want to try in real life, but I am loving reading about it.”

“I get that. I feel the same way about Daddy Doms. I love reading the books, but I never wanted to try it like I wanted to actually try being a huco,” Mina admitted, feeling like she could since Sadie had basically done the same but in reverse.

“I hope it’s everything you’ve dreamed it would be,” Sadie replied, twirling right before they got to the office, the skirt of her dress fluttering around her. “I know my dreams came true here.”

Very similar to what Vicky had said about her visits. There was just something magical about Rawhide. Mina hoped that it wasn't just for the Littles.

Sadie knocked on the heavy wooden door and then opened it without waiting for an answer, prancing inside.

"Mina's here!" she announced, practically skipping over to the huge desk, behind which sat a handsome older man.

Dark hair with some gray sprinkled in, stern eyes that softened when he looked at Sadie, and broad shoulders that filled out his button-down shirt, he looked like he'd stepped out of a cowboy romance novel.

The only thing he was missing was the Stetson.

He looked at Mina, his gaze turning considering. She felt oddly naked, like he could see right through her down to her very bones.

Sadie was obviously very comfortable with him, she perched right on the edge of his desk like a cute little bunny-bird, beaming happily. That helped Mina feel a little less intimidated.

"Hello, Mina, welcome to the Ranch."

The rush that went through her when he said those words... there really was something kind of magical about the place.

The next little bit of conversation was about what she would have expected, though made slightly surreal by Sadie's interjections and her perch on the desk corner.

Master Derek wanted to go over exactly what she wanted, especially since there was

a bit of consenting non-consent play happening with her fantasy.

He also made sure to reassure her about all of the safety measures in place.

She could say “red” at any time and stop everything.

If she wanted to return to “human” at any time, all she had to do was say so.

He did request that she use the human bathroom facilities, regardless of which headspace she was in, which Mina was happy to agree to. She hadn’t even thought about that for some reason, maybe just assuming that it was a given... so she appreciated that he was so detail oriented.

“If, at any point, you decide you want a different Dom to scene with, you can come speak to me about that, though I think the one I’ve picked out will suit your needs.

” His lips twitched, almost like he was about to smile.

“Matching people has been a pastime of mine, though it’s been a bit since I’ve gotten to practice. ”

“He’s very good at it,” Sadie chimed in, swinging her bunny-covered feet as she beamed at him. She turned her sunny look to Mina. “I think you’re going to have a great time.”

Her confidence was infectious and Mina found herself smiling back. She really hoped so. The fact that Master Derek and Sadie had both read the book and weren’t judging her had made her feel a lot better. She was going to owe Vicky big for this recommendation.

“Okay then.” Master Derek looked at Sadie. “Get the blindfold, angel, it’s time to get

this sweet little cow to auction.”

Holy shitballs. It was actually happening.

Gulping, Mina closed her eyes before Sadie gently wrapped the blindfold around her head and then felt her purse being taken from her as she was stripped down by gentle hands. She really hoped she wasn't making a massive mistake.

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Patrick

“Shit,” Patrick muttered under his breath. Arlo slanted a glance at him.

“What’s wrong?”

Nothing. Everything.

Patrick was getting his first real good look at Mina and he wasn’t sure how he felt. They’d dressed her in nothing but the tail hanging from her bottom, a little headband with cow ears and horns on them, and a cow-patterned blindfold over her eyes. He could see every last bit of her, head to toe.

The picture that had come with her file had been a headshot. Even though he probably could have gone and looked her up online, that had felt weird and smacked of stalkery, so he hadn’t. Which meant that he hadn’t known how tall—or, in this case, short—she was.

She was tiny.

Small in every way.

For some reason, when he’d thought “hu-cow” he’d thought a big voluptuous girl. Busty, yes, but also curvy all over.

Not someone the size of Erika.

Mina looked like a little pixie and her curves were minimal at best.

He didn't have a problem with that second part. Patrick appreciated the female body in all its many forms and he wasn't really focused on how large a woman's breasts or ass were.

But the first part...

"I'm going to snap her like a twig," he said, horrified.

Had Derek known how small she was? He couldn't have, or he wouldn't have asked Patrick to be the one to partner with her.

Arlo glanced at him and looked back at the woman they were currently getting into position in a stockade.

Several of the unpartnered ranch hands and employees at the Ranch had offered to help out with the auction.

Not just the Dominants either. There were a few submissives who had thought it sounded fun.

With the whole crowd around her, it was obvious that she was the most petite out of the entire group.

"Huh. She is pretty tiny." Arlo eyed him. "You'll just have to be careful and not put all your weight on her."

For fuck's sake.

Patrick lifted his hat so he could rub at his hair underneath, consternation flowing

through him as he watched the blindfolded woman put her head and hands into place. The top of the wooden stockade lowered, closing around her wrists and neck.

Fuck that was hot.

That was the worst part.

He was attracted to her. Wildly. Had been from the moment he saw her. He could imagine milking her. He just wished she was maybe half a foot taller and with some bulk to go with that so that he didn't have to worry about crushing her. Arlo's comment did not help.

"Maybe this is a bad idea," Patrick muttered.

"Do you want me to go talk to Derek for you?" Arlo offered. "I can tell him that you can't do it now that you've seen her. It's not like she's physically met you yet."

"No."

Because he still wanted her. Yes, he was intrigued by the fantasy and wanted to try it, but he also just wanted... her.

In his head, she was already his . At least for the next few days.

Watching others putting their hands on her while getting her into place was making him feel antsy.

Giving her up entirely? Out of the question now that he'd seen her.

And yet seeing her was what made him feel like he shouldn't touch her, especially not the way he wanted to, in case he accidentally broke her.

While he appreciated women in all their shapes and sizes, he'd never been with anyone as small as her.

Fuck.

He was just going to have to suck it up unless he was okay with handing her over to someone else.

Nope.

He was not okay with that. Which meant he was just going to have to suck it up. He'd be really, really careful not to crush or damage his little cow just because she was so much smaller than him.

"Oh..."

The gasp of surprise immediately drew his attention to her, shaking him out of his reverie. His cock twitched in reaction to the noise, and he scowled as he looked over to where one of the ranch hands was now cupping Mina's breasts and squeezing them.

Patrick really did not like seeing another man touch her.

However this was part of her fantasy.

He wasn't going to interrupt her fantasy.

But it was going to be a struggle to be patient enough to get through this part to the part where he got to claim her as his.

Mina

The stockade was not comfortable. Not that she'd expected it to be, but she hadn't expected it to be as uncomfortable as it was.

And it wasn't that she was too short for it.

They'd gotten it at the exact right height for her, but being bent over and held in place by hard wood around her neck and wrists was... kinda ouchie.

The plug in her bottom wasn't anything new.

She'd been plugging herself regularly ever since reading the book, though she hadn't had a tail attached to it.

The way the tail brushed against the backs of her thighs made her hyperaware of its presence, but the plug wasn't so big that it demanded her attention—not when so much else was going on.

Thankfully, she was very quickly distracted by the feeling of unknown hands cupping her breasts, making her gasp.

The low murmur of voices around her as she'd been put in place meant she knew there were others in the room—how many she couldn't tell.

She still hadn't been ready for the touch and had jerked up a bit.

Thankfully the openings in the stockade were padded so she didn't bang against the hard wood when she was startled.

“Oh!”

Immediate arousal flushed through her, helping to distract her from the discomfort of

her position. A hot blush heated her cheeks, and she pressed her legs together as need pulsed through her pussy.

“What pretty little teats,” a man’s voice rumbled, the hands on her breasts squeezing and kneading. “Nice nipples for milking.” Fingers pinched the little buds in question and she gasped again, going up on her tiptoes and bouncing in place as the pressure on her sensitive buds increased.

“Why don’t we taste it?” another man asked.

Oh god.

This was so wrong and so hot at the same time.

No one was mocking her. They were acting like she really was a little hucow, ready to be milked, even though her milk hadn’t come in despite the daily herbs and supplements she was taking and the twice-a-day pumping. God, she wished she had real milk for them to taste.

But it didn’t matter that she didn’t. They were acting as though she did, acting as if it was real. As if she really was a hucow and had milk.

And it was turning her on even more than she thought it would, especially when the first person removed their hands and someone else replaced them with theirs. Being blindfolded, being able to hear them but not see them, made the sensations so much more intense.

The second person tugged on her nipples, pinching and pulling as if they really could draw milk from them. She gasped, shuddering, her muscles clenching in reaction. She could feel the tail brushing against the backs of her thighs as her muscles made the plug bob inside her.

“I want to try.”

The hands moved away and then she felt it—someone had crouched beneath her and put their lips on her nipple.

“Oh God,” she whispered as the pleasure flushed through her. Then someone else came to her other side, doing the same, mouths suckling on both of her little buds. Her breasts tingled as if there actually was milk inside them, she could almost imagine it flowing through her.

It felt so damn good.

She whimpered as the mouths moved away and were replaced by more hands, more mouths. They crowded in around her, touching more than her breasts now, commenting on how sweet her milk was, how soft her skin was, how pretty her pussy was. Someone lifted her tail and announced that she was soaking wet.

Part of her felt like it should be humiliating, but she was too turned on to be embarrassed. This was everything she’d wanted.

Almost everything.

“My turn,” a deep voice growled, sending a shiver straight down her spine.

The soft tail fell back into place, brushing teasingly against her plump pussy lips and tickling the inside of her thighs. The hands moved away, replaced by a single hand that cupped one of her breasts. She knew her breasts weren’t that big, but this hand completely engulfed one.

Even blindfolded, the presence beside her felt huge. Intimidating. Maybe just because everyone had moved away so quickly the moment he’d spoken.

This had to be her Dom, her partner for the week.

Considering how just his touch made her go weak in the knees, even more so than all the hands that had been caressing her combined, she really hoped he was her partner and that she hadn't just imagined she recognized his voice from the videos she'd watched.

"Good girl," he murmured. She felt him shift beside her and then slide carefully under her. His body brushed against hers as he did so, like he was too big to move beneath her. Just how big was he?

Both hands cupped her breasts, squeezing them, leaving her nipples free in between his fingers.

His hot mouth closed around one stiff bud, and she cried out with pleasure as his tongue laved over it.

His fingers squeezed again, massaging her already sensitized breasts, and then he released her nipple with a pop, moving over to the other and suckling hard.

Her nipples felt sore, used, and yet she didn't want him to stop.

God, if only she had some real milk to fill his mouth with.

She hadn't even seen his face in the videos, but it didn't matter. She felt the connection between them, the way he was leaning into the part the same way as her. This was the man she wanted to be a little hucow for.

Patrick

With his erection threatening to split his jeans, Patrick sucked harder on the stiff

nipple between his lips, dragging his teeth over it.

He imagined the little buds must be sore after so many people touching them, suckling them, but he wanted to leave his mark on her.

To make sure she remembered him the most, despite how many others had been touching her.

Several of them were still watching, obviously enjoying the show. Some looked a little disappointed that their roles were already over. Well, too bad. He was going to “buy” her now and then she was his hucow, and he wasn’t planning on sharing.

Well, there had been that one scene in the book that she might want to re-enact... but he’d cross that bridge when he came to it.

Releasing her nipple with a little pop from his mouth, he ran his hands appreciatively over her breasts again.

Her nipples had turned into stiff little pencil erasers, dark pink from all the stimulation.

Though it was probably just his imagination, he could almost swear he’d tasted something extra sweet as he’d been sucking on them.

“Sweetest milk I’ve ever tasted,” he declared. “I’ll take her.”

They hadn’t discussed lines or anything, and he knew that wasn’t quite how it had happened in the book, but he figured he was allowed to take some liberties with the source material... and he didn’t want to have to watch anyone else touching her again.

“She’s all yours,” Master Derek said, a smile flashing quickly on his lips before it disappeared again. His arm was around Sadie, who was bouncing in place, beaming with wide approval at Patrick.

At least the Ranch owners were happy with his performance, and Mina certainly didn’t seem like she objected as Patrick eased his way out from underneath her.

With how small she was, it had been a tight fit for him, but he’d managed it.

He had a feeling that dichotomy was going to define the entirety of their time together.

Mina

Holy fuck, holy fuck, holy fuck.

She’d recognized Master Derek’s voice even though he’d only said three words.

The man touching her was Patrick and her entire body felt like it had lit up with interest. She really, really, really hoped he wasn’t against having sex with her, because she was more turned on that she’d ever been in her life.

Not that she was going to get to do anything about it right now.

The stockade was lifted up, but she immediately felt a collar being put around her neck with a little bell on it that chimed softly with the movement.

They didn’t take the blindfold off.

Which, she wasn’t sure they would.

Something was slipped over her hands and feet and she could feel straps being pulled and hear buckles being fastened into place.

The sheaths felt like leather and they had joints on them so she could bend her wrists, elbows, and knees.

While the things weren't entirely uncomfortable, she wondered if they'd be more comfortable if she got down on all fours.

She had a feeling the answer was yes.

"All done," someone said, and patted her on the bottom.

There was an odd growling noise, and she got the feeling that the person who had just touched her was the one who giggled and hurried away in response.

Strange.

"All right then, let me take a look at you." The deep growly voice belonged to her partner for the next few days.

The blindfold was gently lifted from her eyes and Mina blinked several times as they readjusted to the light. The fuzzy outline of a very large man came into focus.

Cowboy hat, check. Handsome, check. Broad shouldered, check, check, check.

Broad everything.

As he straightened up, Mina frankly stared. She was used to being shorter than ninety percent of the people she met, but holy Brawny Cowboy, Batman, Patrick was huge. She wouldn't have to get on her knees if she wanted to give him a blowjob, she could

just bend forward.

He was inspecting her just as intently as she was him, almost like he was waiting for her reaction to him.

Mina blinked.

She wanted to climb him like a jungle gym on a playground, but with the things that had just been put on her arms and legs, she didn't think she would be able to. It was tempting to try anyway.

Holy shit... is he proportional?

Mina couldn't help it. Even though he was staring directly at her, watching every nuance of the changes in her facial expression, she looked at his dick. Or, at least, what she could see of it. There was a very, very, very big bulge at the front of his jeans.

Oh my.

Her pussy clenched, and her bottom tightened around the plug at the same time. The plug which suddenly seemed inadequate for stretching her appropriately.

His deep chuckle made her look up again, her cheeks feeling like they were on fire, because he obviously knew that she'd been checking out his package.

Yet, under the circumstances, even though she was a little embarrassed, she didn't feel like melting into the floor or anything...

nope, she'd much rather just get his jeans off and start exploring.

But it wasn't up to her.

Which just made her even hotter.

“Okay, little hucow. Let's get you to the barn.”

Mina whimpered, pressing her thighs together as her clit ached for relief that didn't seem like it was going to appear any time soon.

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Mina

The ride to the barn wasn't comfortable for a multitude of reasons, and it took a lot longer than she expected. After the first few minutes, she started to suspect that maybe her Brawny Cowboy was purposefully taking a more circuitous route. Maybe to make it seem more like her book fantasy.

Though, riding in the truck to get to the barn hadn't really featured heavily into her fantasy. And she didn't have anyone to talk to. But she wasn't bored either.

Just incredibly, incredibly horny.

Looking down at the coverings on her legs and arms, which had an adorable black-and-white cow pattern on them, she'd been fascinated by the lengths to which the Ranch had gone to in order to fully fulfill her fantasy.

The sheaths went over her knees and her elbows, which meant she'd be able to crawl if she needed to, but she could walk upright pretty comfortably as well.

She was otherwise naked, but she didn't mind that.

It had been exciting to be naked in front of so many people. To not even know how many people were there. How many had seen her. Touched her.

And then he'd come along.

Looking down, she couldn't miss how dark red her nipples were. They still stood out

from her chest, tightly budded from all the pinching and pulling and suckling. Just thinking about it made her press her thighs together.

The bench she was sitting on pressed her tail plug firmly into her bottom. That part wasn't too bad, except when they hit a bump, and that felt as good as it did uncomfortable.

The worst part was how aroused she was and how utterly unable she was to do anything about it.

The arm covers went all the way down to her hands.

There were pads for her palms – and her knees on the leg covers – so that she would be able to easily crawl on all fours if she wanted to.

Or if her Brawny Cowboy required her to.

Just thinking about that made her feel even more aroused. It didn't help that she was imagining crawling in front of him, her tail swishing back and forth in her bottom, her breasts hanging down beneath her.

But because they were meant to help her crawl on the ground, the pads were not something she wanted to touch her pussy with. The side that touched her palm was padded with soft cushioning, the side that would be touching the ground reminded her of blunted soccer cleats.

Despite that, there was a part of her that was tempted to try, though she wasn't sure how it would work.

The amount that she'd have to spread her legs open just to get her hand between them...

and then she wasn't even sure how it would feel.

She was starting to become more desperate from her increasing arousal when the truck and trailer finally came to a stop.

Mina sat up, the little bell around her neck clanging softly.

She was strapped to the side of the trailer around her waist, which was acting like a seatbelt.

She couldn't get up, but she did her best to crane her neck to try and see out the slits that served as windows.

They were so high up that even if she wasn't so damn short, she probably wouldn't have been able to see out of them.

Now that they were here, she didn't have to wait long.

The double doors at the back of the trailer opened and there he was, her big, brawny mountain of a cowboy.

"Hey, little hucow," he said, seeming to relish the words. As endearments went, some women might object, but for Mina it just felt like he was really there with her in the fantasy. "Let's get you unstrapped."

The trailer rocked slightly as he hoisted himself up and in, coming over to crouch down and undo the strap around her. She lifted her arms up to help him see better.

"Moo," she said mischievously, making him chuckle.

She liked it when he chuckled.

Was she allowed to talk? She honestly wasn't sure.

Crap. That was one thing they hadn't addressed during all the prep and discussion prior.

While she knew she could say "red" to stop everything, for some reason she hadn't thought about just having a regular conversation, and she hadn't thought to ask.

"Hey, Patrick."

Another man appeared at the opening of the trailer just as her brawny cowboy finished getting her free. Patrick lifted his head and turned to look over his shoulder as the man added, "Well, now, that's a fine-looking heifer you have there."

This man was extremely attractive, though she preferred her brawny boy. Yeah, yeah, she knew his name, but there was something fun about calling him her brawny cowboy in her head, even though Patrick was a perfectly nice name.

"Arlo." He nodded his head in greeting. "Thanks. Is her spot in the barn set up?"

"All ready for you." The other man grinned. "I think she's going to be very pleased."

Mina's heart started beating triple time again because she didn't know exactly what it was going to be like.

Yes, she could choose to not sleep there tonight but...

well... she wanted to spend at least one night in the barn.

She couldn't even define why. A therapist would probably have a field day with her head.

Turning, Patrick pulled something off his belt. It took Mina a minute to realize that it was a leash. Wait, no it would be called a lead rope which became evident when he clipped it onto her collar.

“Come on, little hucow,” he said, his dark eye gleaming with anticipation as they met hers. “It’s time for your first milking.”

Fuck. Mina felt like she was going to spontaneously combust from being so turned on.

Her breasts throbbed as she got to her feet. Unlike her brawny cowboy, who had to duck his head to move about inside the trailer, she could stand easily.

“Uh uh,” he said immediately, shaking his head, and Mina squealed when his big hand reached out and popped her on the bottom. It wasn’t a hard slap, but it did sting like the dickens, and it had surprised her as well. “On all fours like a good little hucow.”

Mina dropped down immediately, her right cheek still tingling from where he’d spanked her. His hand was so big it had practically covered the entire cheek. God, what would a spanking from him be like?

Did she really want to find out?

Yes, maybe, whispered a traitorous little voice inside her head.

But not right now.

Mina crawled out of the trailer in front of him.

Arlo, the other man, lowered a ramp for her to use before they reached the edge.

She could feel her tail swishing against the backs of her legs and knew that the fantasy she'd had of her brawny cowboy watching her from behind as she crawled was now coming true.

Her breasts jiggled as she moved and she felt more aware of them than ever.

She could feel Arlo's eyes on her too, though he was watching with a more distant interest, not the heat that she could feel coming from Patrick.

They'd parked on hardpacked dirt, thankfully, so she wasn't going to have to go through mud or anything. Even with the arm and leg covers to protect her limbs, she wouldn't have wanted to do that.

The sounds of actual animals nearby had her lifting her head and looking around.

Two pigs, two goats, and a llama were lined up at the fence of a nearby pen, watching her being unloaded. Mina couldn't help but giggle at the unusual audience.

"That's our petting zoo," Arlo said, seeing where she was looking. "There's a few cows in there too, but you have your own private space in the barn."

Should she say thank you?

"Moo." She settled for trying to make it sound like a thank you, which made both of the men chuckle.

"You can talk if you want to," Patrick said, reaching down to pat her bottom. The side that he hadn't spanked. Was it her imagination or had he also just given it a little caress?

At least his comment cleared up the question of conversing. "Thank you," Mina said

softly.

“You’re welcome, sweetheart, just let any of us know if you need anything. Or tell Patrick and he’ll let us know.” Arlo clapped Patrick on the shoulder. “You two go have fun, I’ve got work to do.”

Yes, please.

Patrick

Being on Rawhide Ranch like this, instead of for his usual job, was completely different.

Watching Mina crawl on the ground, one cheek still a little pinkish from where he’d spanked her, her tail moving back and forth from her plugged bottom, plump pussy lips glistening at him... fuck yeah. That flat-out did it for him. It was fucking hot as hell.

He couldn’t wait to get her hooked up to the milking machine.

Watch her reactions.

Sometimes reality didn’t match a person’s fantasies or they discovered that they’d rather have kept it a fantasy...

that wasn’t the case right now. From what he’d witnessed of her reactions, not for Mina and definitely not for him.

They were both turned on as hell. He’d managed to get slightly better control over himself while taking his time driving to the barn.

It had only taken about ten minutes even though he'd circled a few times to make it a longer than normal drive, but it had been enough.

He felt like he had a permanent erection and there was only one cure... but they'd just met.

And she was so tiny.

It would probably be better to start things off with his hand or a toy.

No matter how much he wanted to plunge in and fuck the holy hell out of her...

that was just more of a reason not to. Because he wasn't sure he could control himself enough to keep from hurting her.

Though he'd read over her file several times since he'd accepted the assignment, he wasn't positive what her limits were yet.

What she could actually take vs what she might fantasize about.

From what he'd read, she hadn't had a ton of experience with kink though she had a lot of knowledge about it.

The barn door was open and he already knew where she'd been assigned.

It was a corner of the barn where the other animals did not stay during the night, which had been set up just for her.

There was everything she could need. An actual bed and nightstand had been brought in.

The bathroom was nearby, but there was hay and a thick blanket if she wanted to try to sleep on that.

There was a milking bench which was a spanking bench with some alterations.

All her things had already been brought there and he saw her perk up when she recognized her luggage and purse waiting for her.

But that was for later if she wanted some time off from the fantasy.

Right now, it was time for her first milking, and he had to admit that he was incredibly excited to try the setup for the first time.

He didn't care whether or not she produced.

From her reactions to everything that had happened so far, she was going to love it, and that's what was important.

According to her file, he knew she'd been trying to coax her body into actually lactating, and he would happily try her milk if it happened.

If not, just acting as though she was turned him on more than he would have thought possible.

She gasped when she saw the milking bench.

It was very much like a normal spanking bench, padded along its length with spaces for her knees, but there was a gap where her breasts would go.

More padded wood would support her collarbone and arms. From what Patrick understood, the design wasn't all that unique.

It was meant to allow for breast play, but he doubted many people used it for milking.

Next to the bench was a large machine with a long tube coming from it that split into two tubes before it reached the bench where they connected to two suction cups. The cups were from a real breast pump and would be removed, cleaned, and sanitized between uses.

“Let’s get you in position, little hu-cow.” He’d noticed the way Mina shivered every time he called her that. It emphasized what they were doing and why she was here. She liked being reminded.

He liked reminding her.

It didn’t take much to get her up and into position, which was what made him realize that yes, Derek had known exactly how petite she was. The bench was already adjusted to her height so that she fit easily onto it, her small breasts hanging down from the open space.

Patrick couldn’t help but bend down to cup the little mounds again, giving them a good kneading and squeeze, rolling her hard nipples between his fingers. She whimpered, the sound going straight to his cock, wriggling against the bench as he did so.

“You’re going to make such sweet milk for me, aren’t you little hu-cow?” he murmured, tugging as he spoke.

She moaned, and then at the last second turned it into a moo, which made him chuckle again.

Releasing her breasts, he knelt down beside her to get the suction cups in place for her first milking.

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Mina

This was better than her fantasies. Patrick's big hands cupping her breasts, playing with her while her pussy got wetter and wetter, knowing that he was going to be milking her. She hoped he fucked her while he did. She wanted it.

Did that make her a slut?

No, I just came here for a specific thing. It's fine.

Besides, there's no such thing as sluts, that's patriarchal bullshit.

If he wouldn't be a slut for fucking me after just meeting me, then the same is true the other way round.

"Oh..." She let out a little gasp as the suction cups attached and then he flipped a switch on the large machine beside them and they started pulling.

Her already well-pinned, pulled, and suckled nipples were far sorer than they'd ever been when she'd pumped in the past and this...

well it felt different. Because she was in a barn.

Because she was on an apparatus obviously intended for a woman to be put into a certain position to be milked.

Because she wasn't the one in control of the machine... not it starting, and not it

stopping.

“Well, isn’t that a nice sight,” he murmured, and she wasn’t sure if it was to her or if he was talking to himself. He seemed to be as into having a little hucow as she was into being one and that turned her on even more.

Moving around behind her, he swept her tail out of the way, laying it over her hips rather than down between her legs to bare her pussy to him.

Mina whimpered. She could only imagine how slick and wet she was.

It felt like she must be dripping down onto the padded leather as the pump pulled again. . and again... and again...

The rhythmic sucking was so different from the fingers and mouths at the auction, and yet just as arousing in a completely different way. The relentless mechanical pulling made her feel more vulnerable, more submissive... less human and more hucow.

“What a pretty pussy, my little hucow has,” he said, cupping his big hand over the cleft between her legs. Mina moaned, lifting her hips back towards him, trying to rub her clit against the pads of his fingers.

After being inadvertently edged for so long, she was so aroused that she felt a little spark, like a little mini-orgasm, almost immediately. Her body quivered and she gasped, the machine tugging on her nipples as she shuddered through the shot of ecstasy.

“Good girl,” he crooned, pressing his finger pads against her clit, rubbing, and sending her into another paroxysm of pleasure.

Mina bucked as the hot bliss wrapped around her, his fingers moving in time with the rhythmic sucking of her nipples, sending her absolutely over the moon.

She couldn't grip anything because of the pads on her hands, but her toes curled, and she cried out as the pleasure washed over her body in hot waves of pure rapture.

"Please," she begged, forgetting that she was trying to be a good huco and speak as little as possible. "Please, fuck me."

His fingers slowed their movements, though the pressure on her clit remained.

Was he hesitating?

Did he not want to?

Or was he just worried that she didn't really mean it?

"Please," she said again, breathless from her need. If he turned her down, that would be that, but Mina wanted what she wanted and she'd never been the person to shy away from expressing it. "I only have a few days here... I want it all. Unless you don't want to."

His fingers swirled on her clit, making her shudder again.

"I want to, little huco, never doubt that," he said softly.

There was another pause, and Mina's ears felt like they were straining, waiting for some kind of movement, something to indicate what he was going to decide.

Please just put your cock in me.

The hands moved away and she heard the rustle of clothing. Mina wiggled her hips. Her nipples felt so swollen, her breasts so tight as the pump continued to work on them. She wasn't sure how much more stimulation she could take, but she didn't want this to end until he'd fucked her.

She'd signed all the paperwork. Submitted all the medical tests. Knew that he had done so as well.

She wanted his dick.

And she got it.

Mina moaned as his big hands settled on her hips, covering almost the entirety of her lower back as the tip of his cock rubbed up against the slick folds of her pussy. Then he gripped her hips and started to slide in.

She was so wet, so needy, and even then the size of him made her feel like she was being stretched beyond belief.

Mina didn't need to see his cock to know it was the biggest she'd ever experienced.

Moaning, she gasped, lifting her hips, her muscles clenching and unclenching as her body worked to adjust to the monster cock slowly pushing into her.

The plug with her tail made her even tighter, fuller, and she wasn't sure there was space enough for both the toy and his dick.

For a moment he retreated, and she thought maybe that had been the full length, but then he thrust back in, going deeper yet again.

Shuddering, moaning, Mina panted for breath as the tug and pull on her nipples

combined with the long, thick invasion of her body sent her into another mini-orgasm.

She felt so stuffed, so full, and yet still his cock kept going deeper and deeper inside her.

The plug felt like it was in a tighter and tighter space, rubbing alongside the length of his cock as he slid deeper.

By the time she felt his groin coming to rest against her bottom, his cock fully embedded inside her, she felt sure that it must be in her chest. She felt like she couldn't get enough air because there was no room in her body for it.

His thumbs massaged her lower back as her pussy spasmed around his massive cock, trying to adjust to the thickness impaling it.

“That’s it, good little hucow. Take my cock while I milk you.”

Mina whimpered as he drew back and then thrust in again, rocking her on the bench despite his hands holding her in place.

Oh fuck.

The relentless tugging on her nipples kept going, sucking and pulling, as his cock began to move inside her.

The slickness of her pussy helped him thrust in and then retreat out about halfway before burying himself inside her again.

He groaned, his hands tightening around her as she had another mini-orgasm, each wave of pleasure pushing her erotic bliss higher and higher.

It was everything she'd dreamed of.

The need pounding through her swirled, tightened.

And then exploded.

She cried out as she came all over his dick, felt his hands gripping her hips tighter as he started riding her harder, faster, sending her ecstasy spiraling.

It was the most intense orgasm of her entire life.

Patrick

Never let it be said that he didn't give a lady what she wanted.

The fact that he wanted to get his cock inside her had nothing to do with it. He'd been planning on using his fingers, which she'd obviously been enjoying, but when she'd started begging for his cock... well, he couldn't deny her. Especially when it was what he wanted too.

And she was just as hot, as slick, as needy as she'd looked and felt against his fingers.

He could feel the tremors of her pussy around him, enjoying her whimpers as he moved inside her, stretching her open.

As tiny as she was, she'd still managed to take his whole cock.

The sight of it slowly sliding into her wet, shaved pussy, the slickness of her juices coating its length when he'd pulled partway out, had been hot as hell.

So when she started to cream herself all over his cock, crying out in ecstasy as she

climaxed, Patrick was already close to orgasm himself.

He groaned, holding her tightly in place so that he could pound into her without mercy.

And she took all of him, again and again, moaning and whimpering with pleasure the whole time.

“Fuck.”

He slammed into her, holding himself still as her quivering pussy spasmed around him, clenching and pulling at his dick as his own orgasm spurted inside her. The muscles of her body milked every last drop of cum from him until he was gasping and empty.

Relaxing his grip on her, he panted for breath, coming down from the high to the rhythmic sound of the pump.

Fuck! The pump.

He retained enough brainpower to reach over and flip the switch to turn it off, not sure how long he'd actually kept it running. He hadn't meant for it to be very long, since he figured her nipples had already gotten a lot of stimulation from the “auction,” but he'd kind of lost track of time.

Immediately, her muscles relaxed and she let out a long breath of air that wasn't quite a moan.

Patrick ran his hands up the sides of her body and back down, massaging her gently as he did so.

His cock was still lodged inside her, slowly wilting, but he was loath to have to leave the warm haven of her pussy until he absolutely had to.

Instead, he caressed her, letting them both come down from the orgasmic high while he caught his breath and his cock deflated.

He hadn't even gotten fully undressed.

Just undone the front of his jeans and thrust in.

"That was amazing," she whispered.

At least, he thought that's what she whispered.

It was under her breath and he got the impression she was talking to herself, not to him.

But he was glad to hear it. Giving her one last caress up and down her back, he reluctantly pulled back, letting his dick slip free from her body.

There were plenty of wipes and other hygiene necessities on a table nearby so he got himself cleaned up quickly and closed his jeans back up so he could attend to her.

She was smiling happily, blissfully content with her head turned to the side and resting on the bench.

With her legs spread, he could see her puffy, reddened pussy lips with his cum slowly leaking from between them down onto the red leather of the bench, and his damn dick twitched again. Fuck, that was hot.

Even hotter when he got around to get a good look at her breasts.

Her nipples looked longer than before, darker red, more swollen. Compared to the rest of her skin, her breasts had turned pinker too. Why that turned him on he didn't know, but it did.

“Good little hucow,” he murmured again, and her smile widened. Her eyes were closed.

Patrick couldn't help himself. He leaned forward to brush a kiss over her lips.

Immediately, her eyes popped open, and she stared at him with surprise. Had there been kissing in the book? Suddenly, he couldn't remember.

But it didn't matter. The fantasy was that she was his hucow and he could do what he wanted with her, and he'd wanted to kiss her. Yes, they were doing their best to recreate some of the scenes from the book, but everyone understood that it wasn't going to be exact.

“Good girl,” he said gruffly, getting back to his feet to take care of the pump equipment.

He wasn't sure what she'd thought about the kiss, but it didn't matter. Patrick liked to kiss, and he planned on doing it again. Preferably while holding her. Or while she was on his lap. Or bouncing on his cock.

Probably not today though. Once she became his “house hucow”.

Once she was all cleaned up, Patrick looked around.

“Do you want to stay in here for now?” he asked her. “Or do you want to go outside?”

Yes, he was in charge, but he did want her to have what she needed. If she was feeling shy about going out or if she wanted to rest... well, she'd had a long day.

“Can I see the animals?” she asked, peeking up at him. “Although... I don't know if naked is the best way to do that... but...”

Guessing that she wasn't sure she wanted to relinquish her hu-cow role for the day yet, Patrick grinned. “I've got something you can wear.”

Master Derek and Sadie had provided clothing for her, and he was very much looking forward to seeing her in it.

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Mina

They'd made her a hu-cow outfit. Or gotten it from somewhere.

Mina wondered if they'd let her buy it when she left because she loved it.

The top was just a bikini top, strings with two tiny triangles to cover her breasts.

And was it her imagination or had her breasts gotten bigger?

Because it seemed like they were spilling out the sides just a little.

The bottom was a short skirt that barely covered her ass with a thong underneath it with a g-string that easily tucked beside her tail plug.

All of it was black-and-white cow patterned to match her ears and the coverings on her arms and legs.

It was buttery soft, especially the inside material on the bikini top, which was a relief for her poor nipples.

The buds were extra sore and swollen after the "milking" and they were still stiffly hard.

The soft material felt really good against them.

Crawling on her lead, brawny cowboy beside her, she listened to the little bell that

clanged as she moved. She liked the sound.

There were workers around the pens with the animals, and she watched in fascination as two little goats tumbled over each other, capering. They were so cute!

“Here, you can stand,” Patrick said when they got to the fence, holding out his hand to help her to her feet so she could get a better view.

“During the day, this operates as a petting zoo for the Ranch guests, but right now they’re shutting down for the day.

We can go in tomorrow if you want to pet—or play with—the other animals. ”

Mina nodded, wondering if she could be part of the petting zoo... but that might be too weird for other people. Everyone had been really accepting so far, but she’d only been meeting the staff, not the other guests, and she assumed the people she’d met had been briefed on how to interact with her.

A low mooing made her turn her head. Three cows were headed their way. Real cows.

Funny enough, she wasn’t a cow lover or anything just because she wanted to be a hu-cow.

She didn’t dislike cows, but she’d always been indifferent to them.

They didn’t do anything for her and she definitely had never thought about them in a sexualized way.

Wanting to be a hu-cow was more like pet play. But with milk.

The cows came trotting straight for her and Patrick, and he chuckled, reaching over the fence to greet each of them with a rub on the head or a pat. Mina watched. Clearly, the cows knew and responded to him.

Seeing her watching him, her brawny cowboy smiled.

“I’m a hoof trimmer, so they know me. I make sure to give them treats when I come, that way they’re used to me and don’t give me a hard time when I need to get them in the chute. No, Elsa, I don’t have a treat this time, you’re just going to have to deal,” he said sternly to one of the cows.

Elsa snorted, as if she understood what he’d said.

The biggest of the cows shoved Elsa out of the way, thrusting her head under Patrick’s hand for a head scratch and making Mina giggle.

“Do you work with them a lot?” she asked.

“Not with these cows, though I try to visit the Ranch regularly anyway.” He grinned, turning his head slightly so he could wink at her. “I like it here. But I trim them every few months. This is Stella, she’s used to me. Elsa and Anna got their first trims recently.”

“Does it hurt them?”

“No, it’s just like clipping your nails.” He shrugged one shoulder. “Sometimes there can be problems with their hooves, which is why it’s important to do regular trimmings, but even then I get to relieve their pain for the most part, not cause them more.”

“Then why do you need to bribe them with treats?”

A slow smile spread over his lips.

“Like I said, I like to visit. There’s something nice about being somewhere that everyone understands you and accepts you.”

His gaze caught hers and Mina nodded, because that was exactly how she was feeling right now.

As he turned his attention back to the cows, she couldn’t help but wonder how many other Ranch guests he’d been nice with. Jealousy spurted through her, and she tamped down on it immediately. They’d just met today. She was only going to be here for a few days.

There was no reason to be jealous.

She should just be grateful that she was with someone who really got her... and her fantasy. And who had a monster cock and knew what to do with it.

Jealousy was not a productive emotion, especially under these circumstances.

It wasn’t like they were going to have a real relationship.

“We should get you some dinner,” Patrick said. “You must be starving.”

As if her stomach had heard him, it immediately grumbled, loud enough that Mina blushed and put her hand over her abdomen. Of course, because her hand was in the special pad, that meant that the hard rubber bottoms poked against her soft skin and she immediately pulled her hand away.

“Um, yeah, a little.”

He chuckled.

“Back down on all fours, little hu-cow.”

Damn, she shouldn't like that so much. But as she dropped to all fours, crawling in front of him, bell chiming, knowing that he was able to see just about all of her under the short hem of the skirt...

she was getting turned on again. It didn't matter that she'd had the best orgasm of her life less than an hour ago, her body wanted more.

Because I only have a few days and might as well make the most of them.

Mina wanted to eat in the barn. At least tonight. She'd be happy to become a house hu-cow tomorrow and maybe get to know a little bit more of the Ranch, but right now she wanted to fulfill the fantasy. She didn't want to go home regretting anything.

Understanding, Patrick went to get their dinner... not her dinner, theirs. He ate with her and they actually talked. She wanted to know more about hoof trimming and cows and she ended up telling him about what it was like to work cyber security and how she'd gotten into that.

They'd set aside their roles for the meal, and yet she was still wearing her outfit and still hyperaware of him in every way.

After they'd finished eating, she went to take care of her needs in the bathroom. He helpfully removed the plug before she went. When she got back, he'd not only cleaned it, but he was inspecting it.

“You're going to need a bigger one tomorrow,” he said thoughtfully.

Mina's eyes widened. "A bigger one?"

"If you're going to take my cock in your ass—and you are—then yes, I want you stretched out more first."

Holy fuck. Mina's knees threatened to buckle. Granted, she'd had the idea that anal sex would be fun to try when she was a hucow, especially because she'd gotten used to the plug and enjoyed using it, but taking his cock up her ass...

She whimpered and he looked up.

A smile flashed across his face. Not a reassuring one. This one was darker, a little sadistic even.

"Don't worry, little hucow, you'll be able to take me." He tilted his head at her. "I'd been worried about how small you are, but if your pussy can take me, your ass can too."

Mina wasn't so sure about that, but she wasn't going to argue.

Part of her thrilled to the idea of being stretched so big, of having to take his thick cock up her ass even though she was unsure about it.

It was her lack of surety that turned her on even more.

Knowing that she "didn't" have a choice unless she was willing to end the fantasy.

But she wanted to live the fantasy to the fullest, and if that meant taking his giant cock up her ass... god, this time at the Ranch was going to live rent-free in her head for the rest of her life.

She didn't know what to say to that, so she just ducked her head and mooed softly, which made him chuckle again.

Being able to moo instead of trying to find the words for what she was feeling was actually really nice. Sometimes she felt awkward when she couldn't find the right thing to say. Now she could just moo instead.

"I'm going to clear this away and then I'll come back and we can figure out your sleeping arrangements," he said, picking up their plates and putting them on the tray he'd brought their meal in with.

Mina didn't bother to tell him that she'd already figured it out.

He didn't need to do everything for her.

She didn't want to sleep in the bed, she wanted to sleep on the hay.

So while he was taking care of their dishes, she got the big blanket that was obviously supposed to go over the hay and got it into place before grabbing some of the other blankets and sheets.

By the time her brawny cowboy returned, she'd made herself a nice little nest in the hay.

His eyebrows went up as the bag he was now carrying thumped to the ground at his feet. He closed the stall door behind him, frowning.

"I, uh, decided I wanted to sleep over here," she said, gesturing, suddenly nervous. She shifted her weight back and forth on her feet.

"I'm starting to regret taking your sleeves off," he replied, still frowning as he moved

toward her, making her heart start to beat a little faster. “You were supposed to wait for me.”

“To be fair, you didn’t specifically say that.”

“No, but I did specifically say that we’d figure out your sleeping arrangements.”

Now he was so close to her that he was looming over her, forcing her to tilt her head back to keep his gaze. He stared down at her, still frowning. It wasn’t threatening, exactly, nor was it disappointed but... she couldn’t read what he was thinking.

Couldn’t even begin to guess.

“Sorry.” She shifted nervously again, tucking her hands behind her back and twisting her fingers together. “I didn’t think it would be that big a deal... it wasn’t that hard for me to put together.”

“No, but there’s no room for me there.”

“What?” Suddenly she felt totally breathless as the surprise hit her. “You want to sleep here?”

He shrugged his shoulders.

“This is where you are, this is where I’m going to be.”

That wasn’t how it was in the book. But the sudden relief that Mina felt rush through her made her realize that she didn’t want this part to be just like the book. She did want to sleep on the hay and not on a mattress tonight. She did want to sleep in the barn.

But she was happy to hear that she wasn't going to be doing it alone.

Happy that he was going to stay.

“Oh... that's good. I mean, I'm glad. I just didn't realize.” The way he was looking at her was making her feel like a naughty little schoolgirl.

Or a naughty little hucow.

“That's all right, little hucow. You're going to learn your lesson about listening more closely now.”

Mina squeaked in surprise as he reached out and picked her up.

One thing about their size difference was that it was incredibly easy for him to manhandle her to exactly where he wanted her.

Which was hot as hell and also a little terrifying, especially when where he wanted her was apparently over his lap with his hand on her butt.

He'd sat back down in the chair he'd used while eating.

“Wait!” she squeaked.

“You have a safeword, little hucow,” he rumbled. “If you don't want a spanking, use it, otherwise I'm going to make sure that next time you remember to listen to my instructions.”

Oh god.

Her pussy was getting wet again as he tugged up the hem of her skirt, baring her

buttocks to him. She stared at the hay-strewn floor beneath them, her hands going out trying to reach for it to help steady her, but she couldn't quite make it. She was literally hanging over his lap.

But she didn't say her safeword.

She wasn't sure she wanted a spanking, but she knew she didn't want to use her safeword.

He was in charge. Of everything. Which was what she wanted.

Then his hand came crashing down on her upturned bottom and she shrieked at the shocking sting.

"Ow! That hurts!"

Another rumble from him, this time of laughter.

"It's supposed to, little hucow. Now, next time, remember to do as you're told."

His hand came down again, and again, peppering her backside with short, sharp smacks that had her gasping and writhing. It hurt and it felt good at the same time.

She'd read about spankings before. She'd experimented with past boyfriends.

None of it had ever been like this.

Firm, crisp swats moved all around the curves of her bottom while she gasped and kicked, squirming on his lap. His free arm came down like a bar along her spine, holding her in place while his hand moved lower to slap against her sit-spots.

“Ow!!!! I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’ll be a good little hucow, I promise!”

Patrick

Having a writhing submissive over his lap was always a pleasant experience, but he found he was enjoying it even more when she was wearing a cute little cow outfit.

The leg and arm sheaths had been taken off so she could eat, and he'd unplugged her tail, because he didn't want her sleeping in it overnight.

Her muscles needed a break, but she was still in the rest of the attire.

Which meant he had the pleasure of flipping up her skirt and admiring the way the thin g-string split her cute little cheeks before he started laying into her bottom.

Not that he was laying in all that hard.

After the way she'd taken the pounding from his cock, he wasn't quite as concerned about breaking her as he had been before, but he was still gauging her responses.

"Ow!!!! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll be a good little hucow, I promise!"

"That's right, you will," he responded immediately, slapping his hand against her sit spot.

It made her cry out and buck on his lap, but she wasn't using her safeword or even asking him to stop. He was fairly certain she'd been angling for a spanking—or at least testing her boundaries. Which was why he was taking the opportunity to enforce them.

Day one was going to dictate how the rest of her trip was going to go.

According to her fantasy, he was supposed to be completely in charge of her while she was here.

Her hands moved back to try and cover her bottom, and he caught them with his, taking her wrists and pulling them together so he could hold them in place on the small of her back. Mina let out a little wail as he kept spanking her, turning her cheeks from tanned cream to bright pink.

His dick was hard as a rock as she wriggled against it, moaning and whimpering as he spanked her.

Considering how much noise she was making, he didn't plan to go any harsher than that, but he was intent on turning both cheeks and her upper thighs that pretty pink color.

She really didn't like it when he spanked her thighs, squirming and crying out even louder, but she still didn't say her safeword.

Finally, Patrick laid down the final swat, his big hand covering as much of both cheeks as he could, and she jerked on his lap before flopping down and panting for breath as he began to rub her hot bottom.

“Good girl,” he said approvingly, trying to ignore the demands of his erection, at least for the moment. “You took your punishment very well, and now you’ll remember to follow my directions in the future.”

Mina whimpered.

“Yes, Master Patrick,” she replied, shuddering as he gave her cheek a firm squeeze.

“Just Patrick,” he corrected. “Or Sir. Master Patrick always sounded too formal for me.”

“Yes, Sir,” she repeated, and then moaned as he rubbed her butt again.

“Good little hucow. Now let’s get settled down for the night.”

Even with all the cameras and ranch hands around, he hadn’t wanted to leave her alone the whole night in the barn.

She was his responsibility. Thankfully, he always carried a change of clothes with him in his truck.

Granted, he didn’t have anything to sleep in, but considering the circumstances, he wasn’t planning on needing it.

They rearranged the hay so that the nest she’d made would fit him as well. Patrick stripped down, ignoring his bobbing erection which hadn’t gone down yet, though he didn’t miss Mina’s wide-eyed stare.

“Get into the bed, little hucow,” he ordered. Mina obeyed with alacrity, which made him smile.

He got everything set and the lights turned off before coming over to settle down next to her. He could feel her hesitation when he climbed in beside her, like she wasn’t sure what to do.

Patrick solved the problem by hauling her back against him so he was spooned around her.

Reaching down between her legs, he pulled one up, hooking his arm around her knee

to spread them far enough apart that he could get his cock between them.

Adjusting her thong only took a moment and then he rocked his hips, pushing his cock into her from behind for the second time that day.

Mina whimpered, moaning, as he started to thrust into her, pressing his lips to the back of her neck as he did so.

In this position he couldn't pound into her the way he had before, and he didn't want to.

This time he was able to take his time, pushing his arm under Mina's head for her to use as a pillow while his hands roamed over her body. She whimpered, wriggling her hot bottom against his groin as he thrust, slow and steady, palming her breasts and sore nipples as he did so.

Every little movement of hers just brought him more pleasure and he moved his lips over the back of her neck, enjoying her little gasps and moans filling the intimate cocoon of their passion.

Mina

Patrick's slow, easy thrusts back and forth in her sore pussy were driving her wild.

Once she'd seen the size of his cock, she was shocked it had fit inside her but now she was impaled on it again.

She knew she was going to be sore in the morning but it felt so good she didn't care. She wanted to be sore.

It had been way too long since she'd had good sex, and even though this was entirely

different than their first time, it was incredibly hot.

She could feel her orgasm growing with every slide of his cock.

Moaning, she wriggled, pushing back against him.

The heat of her spanking had mutated, turning into pleasure.

His big hands moved over her breasts, squeezing, rubbing her sore nipples through the soft material of the bikini, which added an extra sensation to the stimulation.

Without the tail she felt a little emptier, but that didn't stop the growing ecstasy.

She was still extremely full, her pussy stretched around his huge girth, taking his length over and over again.

The idea that he wanted to put it in her ass eventually...

Just the thought turned her on even as it terrified her.

But she wanted to be his good little hucow.

She could picture it— her bent over the milking bench, the suction cups pulling at her nipples, crying out and biting her lip in discomfort as he slowly fucked her ass for his pleasure, his hands gripping her hips and holding her in place just like they had today.

Her clit throbbed in eager response to the vision filling her mind, and if she could have pressed her legs together to put some pressure on the little bud, she would have.

But her hands were free now.

She reached down, getting them against the wet thong where her clit was for just a moment before she felt his fingers grip her wrist, pulling her hand away. Mina whimpered in disappointment.

“Wrap your arms around my neck, little hucow,” he murmured, nuzzling the back of her head. “I’ll be the only one touching you tonight. Your pleasure, your orgasms, are mine.”

Mina moaned.

He was too good to be real and yet here she was, getting fucked senseless by a brawny cowboy in a barn. One that had spanked her and milked her. Reaching up, she put her arms around his neck. It was a slightly awkward angle for her but she did love how it exposed her entire body to his touch.

One of his big hands slid inside her bikini top, his fingers seeking out her sore nipple, while the other moved down under her skirt and into her thong.

She moaned, shuddering, as his finger circled the little bud, his cock still moving, going in deep and sliding away before filling her all over again.

“Please,” she begged, shuddering. He pinched her nipple, tugging, and she moaned, her pussy clamping down around him. “Please, I need to come again.”

“You’ll come when I tell you to, little hucow,” he said, a hint of sadistic enjoyment in his voice.

He was clearly getting off on controlling her orgasm, on making her wait. Which just turned her on even more.

Mina was helpless against his hands and cock, her body caged in by his as he

spooned her, his fingers tormenting her with stimulation without pushing her over the edge. She gripped her hands tighter, feeling his hair brushing against the sides of her palms as she held herself in place for him.

As hard and fast as he'd taken her before, he was now as slow and steady. It was about elongating the experience rather than rushing for the finish line, his cock moving relentlessly, filling her over and over again, making her senses clamor for the peak that remained just out of reach.

"Please," she begged over and over again, unable to do anything else to try and urge him onward. "Please, please, please..."

But he was moving at his own pace, his skillful fingers playing her like an instrument and he was the maestro, fully in control of her senses.

She wasn't sure how long he fucked her, teased her, tormented her, before his pace finally began to pick up. His cock moved, slick and fast and hard, picking up speed as his fingers finally pressed firmly against her clit.

"Now!"

Mina cried out, shuddering, as the long-awaited orgasm slammed into her.

Her pussy clenched down around him, squeezing and pulsing, as wave after wave of ecstasy ran through her.

She felt tears slide from her eyes, wetting her cheeks as the onslaught of sensations overwhelmed her, leaving her writhing and breathless as his fingers relentlessly circled and pressed while he buried his cock inside her.

The pleasure went on and on, becoming almost too much to bear. Her clit throbbed,

swollen and overstimulated, and she couldn't help but reach down to try to stop him, her fingers clutching at his wrist where his hand was buried between her legs. It didn't matter. He didn't stop.

The thick cock inside her felt like it was expanding, hardening, and then it began pulsing along with the waves rocking through her. Mina shuddered, digging her fingers into his wrist as another paroxysm of hot bliss rushed through her, so strong it was almost painful.

She felt like she was shattering apart as he groaned, his arms tightening around her. Wet heat spilled inside her as he rocked against her, wringing several more shivering, shuddering gasps of pleasure from her before they both went limp, panting for breath.

Mina moaned, turning her head to nestle it against his bicep. He was still hot and hard inside her even though she knew he'd just cum. She'd felt it. His breathing was returning to normal now and his hand slid away from her pussy, moving back up to curl around one small breast.

It didn't feel sexual now, just intimate. Like he was holding her as closely as he could, holding himself inside her because he didn't want them to be apart.

Or maybe that was just her and she was projecting.

Yawning, Mina knew it didn't matter. She was so exhausted, so wrung out, sleep was already coming to claim her. She fell asleep, a happy little hucow, wrapped in her brawny cowboy's arms and filled with his cock.

When she woke up, it was the morning of her first full day as a hucow.

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Mina

Waking up in Patrick's arms was far nicer than it should have been.

At some point in the middle of the night, his cock must have slipped out of her and she'd turned over to face him because her face was buried in his chest when she woke up.

His very hard, very muscular chest, the curly hairs tickling her nose.

It had been way too long since she'd woken up in a man's arms and she was enjoying it probably more than she should when he finally stirred as well. The sun's light was already brightening the inside of the barn and she could hear ranch hands moving around, doing their early morning jobs.

"Good morning," Patrick said, stroking her long hair, which felt very nice.

"Good morning." She nuzzled into his chest, not quite ready to get up yet. He chuckled, but he didn't move her.

Mina could feel his monster cock twitch against her stomach. He was hard again. Her pussy was sore as hell, but it twinged in response. Her vagina didn't know what was good for it sometimes.

Or maybe it was just happy to be getting an education from something other than her vibrator.

It was a hell of an education it was getting here. Grad school at least.

Not that he seemed to be moving to do anything about it yet.

She didn't know if she was disappointed or relieved when he got them up and got himself dressed, sending her to the bathroom to take care of her needs while he took care of everything else.

By the time she came out again, there was a new little hu-cow outfit, almost the same as yesterday's, but this one was white with a brown cow pattern and there was a headband with matching ears and little horns.

He put the headband and skirt on her, frowning as he inspected the rest of her.

"Your nipples look a little chafed," he said. "I'm not sure I should put you on the pump again."

Oh no! Mina didn't want to miss out on more pumping. She only had a few days for it.

"I have a balm I use," she said quickly. "I just forgot to do it last night because... well. I was a little distracted." She grinned up at him and he laughed, his shoulders relaxing. "Let me get it."

It only took her a moment to fish it out of her bag, thankfully it was in an outside pocket. She should have put it with her toiletries because then she would have had a better chance of remembering.

"Here, let me." Patrick held out his hand and she gave him the little tin. It was completely dwarfed by the size of his hand even though it looked totally normal in hers. He opened it and scooped some up then set the container to the side.

Mina found herself blushing furiously, tipping her head back to watch him as he began massaging the ointment into her stiff nipples.

It was slick and shiny and felt so good as he rubbed it in.

Despite how gentle he was, having someone else doing it for her meant that she felt it all the way to her core, unlike when she did it for herself.

She moaned, shuddering and pressing her legs together as he rubbed her nipples between his fingers, her hands gripping the sides of the little skirt.

Patrick's gaze moved from her breasts to her lips and then his mouth came down on hers, muffling her moan as he kissed her.

He held her in place with her nipples, still pinching and rubbing, his tongue sliding into her mouth to dance with hers.

Mina moaned, going up on her tiptoes to meet his kiss while he rubbed the balm into her skin.

Eventually he ended the kiss and lifted his head, his dark eyes gleaming as he looked down at her.

“Okay, little hucow. Let's get your breakfast and then it's time for your morning milking and plug.”

Mina shivered, pressing her legs together again. Her body was already aching for another orgasm. Her pussy was a needy bitch once it started getting some cock, apparently.

Or maybe it was just the effect of being a hucow.

Or maybe it was Patrick.

Probably some combination of all three.

During breakfast, she got to be Mina again. Topless Mina with her nipples out, but still Mina.

In her head, she'd kind of thought she'd be a hucow the entire time she was here, but now that she was living it, she was appreciating these moments just as much as the others.

Patrick was so easy to talk to. Plus, he had great stories about the Ranch, some of which he was passing off after he'd heard them, but also plenty about the animals that he saw when he came to work with the cows.

Just listening about how so many of them had been rescued had Mina's heart hurting. She was so glad they'd found good homes here too.

But as soon as breakfast was done, it was like a switch flipped in him and he was back to being a hucow owner... with his favorite hucow.

In short order, she found herself back on the bench, sheaths on her arms and legs so she couldn't use her hands, her excitement rising already just from getting in position, knowing what was about to happen.

Her pussy was wet and needy, and apparently didn't care how sore it was from having been fucked twice the day before.

"Good girl," Patrick murmured as he got the pump attached to her breasts and flicked it on.

Mina moaned at the sensation of the suction.

Maybe it was because this pump was stronger than the one she used at home, but she could almost swear that she could feel something moving through her breasts, like she actually had milk that was going to spurt.

Even if it was all in her head, she didn't care, it felt real.

Moving around behind her, Patrick didn't take very long to prep the plug before she felt it at the entrance of her bottom, hard and slick from the lubricant that had been slathered over it.

“This one is bigger than yesterday's. Tomorrow we'll use the biggest one and that will ensure you're ready for my cock during tomorrow's evening milking.”

He said it so matter-of-factly, as if he was discussing what they were going to be having for dinner tomorrow, and Mina thought her pussy might just explode.

But then he started to push the plug into her bottom.

The twin sensations of being milked while the plug began to push inside her, stretching her tight little bottom open, was enough to make her brain blank out for a moment.

The plug was tapered, just like yesterday's, but from the immediate way her entrance began to stretch, she knew the bulb was thicker than the one her tail had previously been attached to.

Rhythmic pulls at her nipples couldn't distract her from the ache as her rear entrance was stretched wider and wider. Patrick didn't just shove the plug in, he was working it into her. Pulling back, adding a bit more lube, twisting it as he pushed it deeper,

stretching her wider.

Mina moaned and panted at the discomfort of her bottom being opened, her muscles squeezing and protesting and trying to push the invader out. It hurt. It cramped. But she didn't ask him to stop.

The whole point was to take the discomfort for him because it pleased him. Because it was what he wanted to do to her. And the deeper the plug went as she whimpered and cried out and he didn't stop, the more turned on she got.

When the bulb reached the widest part, she let out a cry, tears springing to her eyes at the sharp ache as her hole stretched to accommodate it, and then it slid fully inside her while she panted for breath.

The narrower stem between the base and the bulb allowed her poor, stretched opening a little break, though she could still feel the thick length of the toy deep in her.

That was definitely bigger than yesterday's.

And he thinks I need one size bigger before taking his cock tomorrow.

Mina didn't know whether to cry or moan at the thought. Maybe both.

It ended up being a moan as Patrick gripped her hips and began to thrust his cock into her pussy.

He must have added some of the lube that he'd used on the plug to help ease his entry, because she was wet, but he still slid in much faster and easier than he should have with just her natural lubrication.

The first thrust buried his cock in her to the hilt. Even though her pussy had adjusted

to his proportions yesterday, she could feel her muscles stretching, straining, because of how fast and hard he filled her... but her body reveled in it.

“Oh fuck... you feel so damn good, my little Mina,” he said with a groan, and hearing her name as if he was using it in place of “hucow” made her pussy clench around him even tighter. The movement made her bottom ache as her muscles were forced to squeeze the toy inside her as well.

She was so damn full.

Yesterday she hadn’t thought she could get any fuller, and yet here she was, with an even bigger plug in her ass and her brawny cowboy’s cunt-destroying cock buried in her pussy again.

There couldn’t possibly be room for a bigger plug tomorrow.

Patrick started fucking her, riding her, using the rhythm of the pump to time his movements. His hands gripped her hips, holding her in place while he pounded into her from behind.

All the control and restraint that he’d shown last night was gone now that she was hooked up to the milking machine, and her body gloried in his rough need.

Patrick

Ignoring his morning erection for as long as he had, plus hooking Mina up to the pump, and then slowly filling her tight little ass with the big plug had shredded all of Patrick’s restraint.

He liked to think that he was in charge of his baser needs, but something about this particular kink, something about Mina, completely undid him.

It didn't help that he knew he only had a few days with her before she had to go back to Alabama. If he could keep his dick inside her for the entire time, letting her up only to eat and use the bathroom, he probably would. He was that hungry for her.

And she sure as hell wasn't going to stop him.

She took every hard thrust with an impassioned moan, unbothered by the way it rattled the bench she was on, lifting her hips as if begging for more. Despite the tight fit of the plug, she'd done nothing more than whimper and squirm while he'd inserted it.

The idea of fitting his cock into that tight channel had his balls aching. But it didn't matter their size difference, she was fucking made for him.

Made to take his cock.

Made to meet his passions.

Made to be his little hucow.

Fuck.

"Oh please," she started to beg, the way she did when she was getting close to orgasm. "Oh please, oh please, oh please..."

Groaning, he fucked her harder, moving faster, pounding into her as the pump continued to pull and tug at her nipples.

Her pussy clenched around him, squeezing the fuck out of his dick as he impaled her on it over and over again.

The thick curve of the bulb of the plug rubbed against the top of his cock with every thrust, the thin lining separating his dick from the toy not enough to keep him from feeling it.

“Come for me, little huco,” he ordered. “Cream yourself all over my cock.”

That was all it took. Mina’s wail of ecstasy was immediate, loud, and accompanied by her pussy spasming around his dick.

Oh fuck.

The sensations of her pussy pulling at him sent him over the edge too, and he thrust hard, burying himself inside her and filling her needy pussy with his cum.

Mina

Once he got her cleaned up from her milking and their fuck-fest, Patrick put her in the petting zoo with the other animals, which Mina had no problem with. The animals were all just as interested in her as she was in them. She liked animals and she enjoyed watching their antics.

Patrick introduced her to all of them. She just about lost it giggling when he told her the duck was named Howard. Then there was the goose, Ryan Goosling. The pigs named Wilbur and Babe. The tortoise named Michelangelo.

She wasn't sure she understood why the llama was named Sherlock, but the way he eyed her with puzzlement did remind her of Benedict Cumberbatch, so there was that.

Someone definitely had a sense of humor.

Her favorite was the African grey parrot, who had come out on Arlo's shoulder and immediately announced, "I'm the boss."

That had cracked her up, especially when Arlo introduced the bird as "Bossy P" and the parrot had given Patrick a suspicious look before immediately repeating his pronouncement that he was the boss.

"He doesn't like most men," Arlo explained, as the bird hopped to Arlo's other shoulder, which was farther away from Patrick.

Mina giggled again because Patrick was eying Bossy P with the same suspicion that

the bird was giving him.

Chuckling, Arlo returned to the barn with the parrot still riding on his shoulder.

It was a beautiful day out and she felt perfectly comfortable prancing around in her little hucow outfit, playing with the animals.

Who didn't want to spend all day in a petting zoo?

(Well, it was mostly comfortable. Sometimes the big plug that he'd shoved up her butt gave her a twinge of discomfort, but not enough to ruin her enjoyment).

She cooed over the bunnies, got to help toss some corn to the chickens, and somehow ended up playing a game of tag with the two goats—Clara and Clancy. Anna and Elsa came over to romp a little too, but Stella hung back, apparently too mature to join in the games. Mina didn't mind.

The whole while, Patrick hung out at the edge of the pen, leaning against the top rail, watching and smiling as she enjoyed herself. She also felt very safe because he was there. Not that she thought she'd feel unsafe on the Ranch if he wasn't... she just felt extra safe.

That's all.

It was starting to get close to lunchtime, according to the way her stomach felt, when she heard it.

Giggling.

Immediately, Mina lifted her head, looking around. Her stomach had done a little flip flop because she wasn't sure where the giggling was coming from or why it was

happening. The thought that someone might be laughing at her...

She shouldn't care what strangers thought, but she still hated it.

Her gaze met Sadie's, and she recognized the other woman right away, relaxing as she beamed at her through the fence.

Sadie and two other Littles were hiding as best they could at one of the corners of the pen, though they weren't being very quiet about it.

Something about the way they were standing made Mina think they weren't supposed to be there.

She wasn't sure if she should draw attention to them or not, but then Sadie made a silent "come here" motion.

So that answered that question.

Glancing over her shoulder at Patrick, who was talking to one of the ranch hands who Mina hadn't been introduced to yet, she sidled over to where Sadie and the other two Littles were.

All of them were dressed in cute clothes that emphasized their kinky preferences, just like Mina's cow outfit did for her.

"Hi again!" Sadie beamed at her. "How is it going? Do you like being a hu-cow?"

"I love it," Mina said immediately. It was so nice to be able to admit that and to say it to someone who might not understand why this was what she wanted, but who understood that she wanted something a little different from most people. "It's everything I hoped it would be and more."

“Good. This is Hayleigh and this is Wren, by the way,” Sadie said, gesturing to the other two.

Both of them smiled warmly at her. Like Sadie, Wren was wearing a lot of pink, including pink boots that Mina couldn’t help but envy.

She had bouncy red ringlets framing her face and the cutest peach-colored freckles scattered across her nose and the tops of her cheeks.

She was as thin as Mina, but had curves in all the right places, which made Mina sigh inwardly with envy.

Beside her, Hayleigh was even more cutely curvaceous, which didn’t seem fair.

She was tall and voluptuous with warm brown eyes and hair that glowed like rich mahogany in the sunshine.

Her curves were packed into a cute black dress and she was wearing black kitty cat ears on her head, kind of like Mina’s cow ears and horns.

“Wren works down here at the stables and Hayleigh’s Daddy runs the kitchen. She has something for you.”

“You’re not supposed to get it until tonight, but I wanted to make sure you actually liked it before they gave you a full meal of it,” Hayleigh said, holding up a little plastic container.

She popped the lid off and held up something that looked an awful lot like grass and at the same time didn’t.

It was uncanny how much it resembled valley grass.

“My Daddy is the chef and he came up with this in case you wanted to try doing the grass thing. I don’t think it’s quite like the stuff in the book, and you’ll still need to eat some other food, but it’s close and I think it tastes pretty good. ”

She spoke really quickly, like she was nervous—either about what Mina would think or possibly about getting caught, it could be either. Mina was just touched at the lengths Rawhide was willing to go to help her fantasy come true.

“That is amazing, thank you,” Mina said, reaching for the container before she remembered her arm sheaths, but Hayleigh beat her to it anyway, reaching in and picking up several of the long, thin green strands.

She twirled them between her fingers before offering them to Mina.

Feeling a little silly but also happy, Mina opened her mouth and took her first bite.

It was kind of like taffy, kind of like licorice... not exactly like a gummy. It did taste good. Sweet, without being so sugary that it seemed like candy. There was also a faint hint of fruit flavoring.

“Strawberry?” Mina guessed.

“Yes!” Hayleigh beamed at her.

“We all tried it,” Wren said, leaning on the fence. “It’s amazing what Chef Connor can do when he puts his mind to it.”

“It really is,” Mina enthused, accepting a few more strands.

“So... can I ask you a question?” Hayleigh asked, watching her.

She looked nervous but she'd been really nice so far, so Mina didn't hesitate to nod.

"Why a cow?"

Mina eyed Hayleigh's ears. "Do you know what pet play is?" she asked. She would have assumed from the kitty ears, but sometimes making assumptions was where people went wrong.

"Yeah, but like... why a cow? A cow isn't usually a pet. Why not something like a puppy? Or a kitty?"

Hayleigh sounded genuinely curious, like she was trying to understand, not like she was judging, which helped.

"Hayleigh's afraid of cows," Sadie whispered.

"I'm not afraid of them," Hayleigh said, scowling.

"Uh huh. That's why you avoid Stella, Ana, and Elsa," Wren chimed in. "You pet all the other animals."

"I'm not afraid of them, they're just not my favorite," Hayleigh insisted. "Although, I do want to point out that cows kill more people than sharks every year, so if I were afraid of them, I'd have good reason to be."

All of them laughed, and then jumped when Patrick's deep voice interrupted them. The trio on the other side of the pen immediately looked guilty and Hayleigh clutched the container to her stomach like it could protect her.

"What are you three doing here?"

He was standing only a few feet away, arms crossed over his broad chest, one eyebrow raised at the three miscreants.

Mina was glad she wasn't the one in trouble.

How a man that big could move so quietly and sneak up on them so easily, she had no idea, but she made a mental note not to forget that in the future.

"We're just visiting the petting zoo," Sadie said breezily. "Chef managed to make some grass he was happy with, so Hayleigh brought it down for Mina to try."

"And I work here, remember?" Wren said, straightening up and smiling sunnily, looking like the very picture of innocence.

"Uh huh. And are you working here right now? And did Chef tell Hayleigh to bring the grass down for Mina to try? And none of that explains what you're doing here, Sadie."

"Oh look at that," Sadie said, twisting her bare wrist toward her face as if there was a watch on it. "We've gotta get back or we'll be late... we'll see you later, Mina!"

All three of them dashed off, leaving Patrick shaking his head at them. Mina shot him a worried look.

"Moo?" she asked plaintively, hoping to make him smile or even laugh.

The ends of his lips curved up and he came over to the edge of the pen, reaching in to run his hand over her head and cup the back of her neck.

"Don't worry, little hucow, I won't get your new friends in trouble. Though whether or not they manage to sneak back to where they're supposed to be is their problem."

Fair enough. Mina beamed up at him.

“The grass really is good,” she whispered, and now he did chuckle.

“Chef will be happy to hear that.”

Patrick

Watching Mina in the petting zoo was a joy.

He could have watched her all day long, but after lunch she was tired so he left her in the barn for a nap while he ran home to get his things.

Since he hadn't been planning on spending last night at the Ranch, he hadn't had anything but his change of clothes and the toiletries he always kept in his truck for just in case.

That wasn't going to cut it for spending the next few nights.

Thankfully, he already had his bag packed since he'd known she was going to be moving to the cabin tonight.

He'd planned on sleeping there with her, since she was going to be his “house hucow” after the move.

Only staying with her last night in the barn had been unplanned.

Even knowing everyone anywhere near or in the barn was keeping an eye out for Mina waking up in case she needed anything, Patrick found himself rushing to get back to the Ranch. He wanted to be there when she woke up. Or even before.

Curling up in a blanket in the hay with her for a bit sounded like a perfect way to spend the afternoon. He just wanted to spend as much time with her as possible.

Before she has to leave.

Patrick shoved the thought away. It was her first full day at the Ranch. He didn't need to get maudlin over her leaving already. Or at all, really, considering that they'd just met.

But he already knew he was going to miss her when she was gone.

Maybe she'd want to come back.

Maybe he needed to get his head out of his ass and focus on the here and now instead of future possibilities that he wasn't sure Mina would even be interested in.

When he returned to the Ranch, Mina was still sleeping peacefully, which allowed him to relax. He'd made it. And she looked so damn sweet and little like that, nestled into the much larger space that they'd made to accommodate him as well.

Rather than risk waking her up by sliding in with her, he and Arlo took her stuff and everything Patrick would need to keep milking her and got it all moved to the cabin while she slept.

She'd still be spending time in the petting zoo tomorrow, but he planned on taking her to Rawhide Ridge the day after that, and then the day after that... she'd be leaving.

Patrick refocused himself again as he strode back into her stall. He really had to stop thinking about that.

Since she was still asleep, Patrick decided to slide in beside her. He'd removed the plug again before her nap and when she woke up she'd be able to take care of her needs before he reinserted it.

He wasn't entirely surprised when she woke up to him settling in next to her.

"Mmmm... how long did I sleep?" she asked sleepily, turning and opening her eyes, yawning.

"A couple of hours," he answered, running his hand up and down her side. "You can keep sleeping if you want."

She stretched, thrusting her breasts up, and Patrick took the opportunity to slide his hand under the fabric of her triangle top, making her squeak. He did like the little noises she made while he played with her.

"I think I'm awake now," she teased, wrinkling her nose at him. "What's next on the agenda?"

"Well, I moved all of our stuff to the cabin, so next would be to show you where that is." Propped up on his side, he tilted his head. "Although, I think maybe we can take a quick detour for this... I want to taste my little hucow's milk."

Tugging her triangle bikini to the side, he dipped his head to take one hard bud between his lips.

She gasped and slid her fingers into his hair, holding him at her breast as he suckled on her nipple, moaning and squirming beneath him.

Not that he was putting his full weight on her.

While she could take a pounding from his cock, he was still being careful with her, including making sure that he didn't accidentally crush her.

But since he was propped on his side, he could indulge in sucking on her nipples, squeezing her breasts, going back and forth between the two while she writhed and panted for him.

Only when he'd had his fill of teasing her and both of them were highly aroused, did he pull away.

And then he got to enjoy Mina pouting through getting re-plugged, exploring the cabin, their private dinnertime, all the way up until he finally bent her over her milking bench and fucked her until she was screaming with pleasure while the pump worked her breasts.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:15 am

Mina

Mina woke to the sensation of someone suckling on her right breast while the left was being massaged and kneaded. She moaned, arching her back and thrusting her breasts upward into Patrick's mouth and hands. Her shameless pussy pulsed with needy reaction.

"Mmmm..." He lifted his head so he could meet her gaze. "Mina... I think I taste something."

"What?"

He licked his lips, his fingers still stroking, caressing her breast. "I think I taste something. I think you have some milk, sweetheart."

It didn't sound like he was playing the game or indulging her in her fantasy. He sounded completely sincere. Excitement and hope rose up inside her, along with wariness because she didn't want to get her hopes up only to have them dashed.

"Really?"

Patrick nodded, taking her by the waist and rolling so that she was on top of him and he was propped up against the headboard of the bed.

The cabin was luxurious to the extreme, which made the whole "house hucow" thing feel very real.

She almost missed the barn, but she couldn't deny that she'd slept a lot better in the bed...

and there was something to be said for privacy.

"Lean forward. I want to suck your nipples while you ride my cock. See if I can get any more milk from my sweet little hucow." His expression was utterly serious. He meant it.

Mina found herself sinking down onto his cock as his lips wrapped around one of her nipples, pulling and suckling.

Maybe it was his claim, maybe it was reality, but she swore she could feel her breasts tingling, something moving inside them, as he sucked hard on the little buds.

She moaned, her thighs working as she bounced up and down on his massive cock, rubbing her clit against his groin every time she impaled herself.

It felt so damn good having his mouth on her nipples, his hands squeezing her breasts, while she filled herself with him over and over again.

A completely different experience than having him behind her, the way he had been every other time.

She rode herself to a rocking orgasm, shuddering and crying out as he continued to suckle her nipples throughout, his cock spurting hot fluid inside her until they were both spent.

Breathlessly, she fell down on his chest, resting her head against his damp skin, hearing his rapid heartbeat in her ear slowing down while they lay there.

His hand rubbed up and down her back until finally he gave her butt a little pat.

“Time to get up, sweetheart. We need to do your morning milking. If the pump is helping that much, I want to keep it up, and we’ll see what we end up with by your evening milking.”

Mina shivered with excitement. She wanted to see too.

Would she actually get milk? Had he actually tasted some? Or had it been his hopeful imagination? She’d gone through that a few times already, thinking that maybe something was happening, only to be disappointed again.

The pumping machine had been moved to the cabin.

With his cum slowly dripping from her pussy, Mina got into place and Patrick attached the suction cups. She moaned as it started pulling on her nipples which were already extra sensitive for having been worked over by his mouth... or maybe it was because there had been actual milk.

As the machine pumped and pulled, Patrick got behind her, and it was only then that she remembered he was using a bigger plug today.

The first few inches went in easily enough and then she was crying out and squirming again, trying to adjust as the thickness increased, stretching her wider than ever before.

She shuddered in place, a few tears sliding from her eyes at the intensity of the sensation as Patrick worked the huge toy back and forth, retreating to give her a rest before advancing again and pushing her to her limits.

It seemed like it took forever before the toy finally settled into place, and she heaved

a little sob as her anus gratefully snapped closed around the stem.

Even that felt thicker than yesterday's had been, but at least it wasn't as thick as the bulb.

Mina panted for breath, as aroused as she was uncomfortable, but she didn't have time to ask Patrick to get her off before she felt his hands on her hips.

Filling her ass with the huge plug must have turned him on as much as it had her, because he thrust in hard and fast, easily sliding in with the extra lubrication of his cum from their first fuck.

Her pussy was so slick, so full of their combined orgasms, that she felt like she sloshed when he impaled her.

He pounded into her hard, without mercy, sending her already sensitized senses soaring into the stratosphere.

Mina screamed out her pleasure, her body filled to the utter limit, her most sensitive organs buzzing from the stimulation.

She was his little fucktoy, his personal little hucow, and it was everything she'd ever wanted.

There were little streaks of milky fluid in the clear tubes. Not much, but enough to make her incredibly excited.

He really had tasted her milk.

It was like coming to Rawhide had sprinkled a little bit of magic on her fantasies and made them come true.

Patrick

They spent the morning exploring the Ranch. For their tour, he'd decided to have her walk because otherwise they'd take forever getting around to see everything she wanted to see. She was fascinated by the classrooms, the nursery, and the Dungeon. Everything was met with wide-eyed enjoyment.

Watching Mina's little mincing steps made Patrick grin and his cock twitch.

He was very much looking forward to the evening milking when he was finally going to fuck her tight little ass.

He was pretty sure that she was too, since she kept giving him sidelong looks, like she was measuring him... or possibly questioning her sanity.

Patrick wasn't too worried about it.

The more time they spent together, the more he'd realized he didn't need to be quite as concerned as he'd been when he'd first seen her.

While walking around with her, rather than having her crawl, did tend to emphasize how much smaller she was than him, making love to her and knowing she could take the plug, assured him she could take him in her ass.

He was no longer as worried about breaking her as he had been.

He thought she was cute as hell, in her little cow outfit.

Today she was back in the black and white outfit from day one, her tail swishing as she walked.

Her mincing steps were evidence of the way the huge plug was having an impact on her movements.

Which turned him on when thinking about the upcoming evening milking...

especially since she'd produced some milk during the morning.

She'd been so excited to see the streaks in the tubes after pumping that he almost felt bad about taking the majority of it.

There hadn't been much, but he knew he'd felt and tasted the sweet fluid on his tongue...

and he'd wanted more of it. But tonight he'd let the pump do its job so she could see the evidence.

"Oh, look, there's Hayleigh!" Mina waved enthusiastically, and Hayleigh waved back, which seemed to make Mina even happier, even though Hayleigh was headed through a doorway and couldn't come over to say hi.

"I believe there's going to be a visit to the petting zoo this afternoon, if you want to be there for that," Patrick told her. Mina looked up at him.

"As one of the visitors or as part of the zoo?" Her lips twitched with amusement, though she was being completely serious with her question.

"Whichever you prefer. It's your fantasy."

She nibbled on her lower lip for a moment, clearly thinking.

"Can I be part of the zoo? And can we arrange a signal in case I change my mind?"

Mina squirmed in place, obviously both excited and uncomfortable with the idea.

Patrick thought it would be good for her. No one at the Ranch was going to make her feel bad for being part of the zoo, and she'd probably enjoy it.

"Of course." He ran his hand down her back, curving it over her bottom and giving her a little pat. She wouldn't feel it much through the soft material of her skirt, but that wasn't the point.

They ate lunch just the two of them, conversation flowing easily as she asked a bunch of questions about the Ranch's operation.

Patrick had spent enough time there to know the answer to most of them.

He wondered if she'd want to come back to try out the Littles wing or the Dungeon...

though he thought the latter was more likely than the former.

She'd been interested in the Littles, but not in a way that made him think she envied them.

The Dungeon on the other hand...

His little huco had a bit of a masochistic streak. Which was perfect for his bit of a sadistic one.

This trip was about her huco fantasy though.

Deep down, he was hoping that the Dungeon might be enough to bring her back to the Ranch. Because he already didn't want her to go.

So he refused to think about how little time they had left before she would.

Instead, he focused on watching her romping with the animals and the Littles who came to visit the petting zoo that afternoon.

He was unsurprised when a lot of them were far more intrigued by the newest addition to the petting zoo rather than the actual animals.

It didn't hurt that Sadie, Hayleigh, and Wren made an immediately beeline for her.

"Hey, Hayleigh, I thought you didn't like cows," Reese teased, walking up with Bossy P on her shoulder.

Patrick had explained Reese was the owner of several of the animals in the petting zoo.

The parrot was bobbing his head happily up and down, clearly thrilled to be with his favorite person even though it meant leaving the barn.

Mina had also learned that Reese and Arlo were the only ones Bossy P would go outside for.

"I like Mina. Mina's my favorite cow," Hayleigh said, stroking one of Mina's "horns" and making her giggle. Hayleigh held out a handful of the special grass that Chef Connor had come up with for Mina. All the Littles had some and were taking turns feeding her, to all of their great enjoyment.

"Does that mean you'll be drinking her milk?" Sadie asked. Hayleigh wrinkled her nose, but didn't answer, probably because she didn't want to hurt Mina's feelings by saying no.

One of the other Littles, whom Patrick hadn't met but he assumed was from the nursery by the way she was dressed, perked up.

"Milk? She has milk?" The Little had an adorable lisp that he wasn't sure was real or an affectation, but her interest was clear enough.

"Milk?" Another Little popped up his head over the side of a hay bale to peer at the group gathered around Mina. "Can we try?"

Mina looked uncertain, which Patrick took as his cue to intervene.

"She just started producing some today so we haven't had a chance to talk about what she'll do with it," he said, stepping up to the side of the group. Mina looked over at him with relief, appreciation shining in her eyes.

"That's so cool! I didn't realize you'd actually started producing!" Sadie squealed. "Are you so excited?"

"I am, but... I don't know how much there will actually be," Mina said apologetically.

Ah, that explained some of her trepidation.

"There wasn't really all that much this morning, just a few drops.

" She cupped her hands around her breasts.

"Though, I do think my boobs feel bigger. But that might just be wishful thinking."

"Well, whatever you have, obviously you have some takers, if Patrick doesn't drink it all," Wren said, giving him a look. She seemed to suspect him of being a glutton.

When it came to Mina's milk, she wasn't wrong.

But if it made Mina happy to be able to provide some to the Rawhide Littles, he wasn't going to stand in the way of that. Whatever she wanted.

And if his feelings were becoming more wrapped up in his temporary hucow than he'd intended... well. That was a problem for another day.

A day that was coming far too soon.

Mina

Having the massive plug removed from her bottom should have been all relief, but knowing what was coming next filled Mina with trepidation. She knew exactly how big Patrick's cunt destroyer was and she wasn't sure it was going to fit in her butt.

Her butt didn't have as much of an education as her vagina did and even with the huge plug she'd had in all day, she didn't feel ready.

But part of her was turned on by the uncertainty and the anxiety. The fear. Knowing that it would hurt. She kind of wanted it to hurt. And she wanted Patrick. Sure, maybe her first time anal with the biggest cock she'd ever encountered wasn't the best choice, but she knew that he was her choice.

She trusted him.

More than that, she wanted it to be him.

Wanted that memory. Wanted him to be her first.

Even if the size of his dick did scare her a little.

"Good girl," Patrick said, patting her buttock.

The milking bench was starting to become a very comfortable place for her. She was going to be sad to give it up when she went back home.

I'll just have to come back. As often as possible.

The thought flitted through her head as Patrick attached the pumps to her nipples, which distracted her from the maudlin reminder that she only had one more full day on the Ranch.

Maybe it was her imagination after this morning, but her breasts really did feel swollen and tighter than usual. Like they were full and needed release.

Patrick flipped the switch on the pump and the suction immediately tugged hard on her nipples, making her moan. Her pussy spasmed. It felt like something was coming out of her. She swore she could hear it spraying.

"Holy shit," he said, staring below her. "You definitely have milk, Mina."

"I do?" She craned her neck, trying to see, and her mouth dropped open in surprise. There was white, pearly fluid traveling through the pump. Not a ton of it, but a little bit with each suctioning tug on her nipples. Her pussy clenched again.

Holy fuck, holy fuck... I'm a hucow!

It felt like she might cum just from feeling the pump tugging more milk from her breasts.

Her clit pulsed in response and she wriggled her lower body, trying to rub it against the leather beneath her.

The movement attracted Patrick's attention, pulling it from where he'd been watching in fascination as milk was pulled from her breasts.

"Fuck," he muttered, giving himself a shake. "The Littles can have this, but tomorrow

morning I get first taste again.”

Mina moaned at his words and the image that flashed through her mind in response to them. She wanted him suckling from her again. Wanted him drinking her milk. If she was bouncing on his cock again while he did so, even better.

Then he moved around behind her, out of her sight, and a shiver went down her spine because she knew what was coming next.

The sound of his jeans unzipping was both exciting and threatening, all at once.

The bench shifted as he straddled it, a momentary pause and she knew that he was lubing up his cock.

Then the tip pressed against her opening, already stretched and a little sore from the plug. His hands gripped her hips, holding her in place, and he began the slow insertion of his massive cock into her bottom.

It was thicker than the tip of the plug, widening her hole immediately as the mushroom head pushed its way into her body.

Mina cried out, pressing her forehead against the leather padding, unsure of which sensation was more intense—that of her virgin bottom being opened for his cock, or the suction on her nipples as milk was pulled from her breasts.

Both hurt in a way and both felt good in another way.

“That’s it, little huco,” Patrick murmured, just barely audible over the noise of the pump. His hand smoothed over her lower back. “You can take me. I’m going to fuck this sweet little ass while I milk you, until you’re coming with my cock filling your bottom.”

Mina whimpered. How did he always know exactly what filthy thing to say to make her even more aroused than she already was?

Both hands gripped her hips again and he thrust in, going deeper, and making her cry out.

Unlike the plug, he didn't get bigger as he went deeper—thankfully, since he started off thick enough already to make her poor little hole feel strained.

And the strain didn't go away, since there was no bulb for her to get past, no narrow section for her hole to clamp down on.

It was just a thick meaty length, all the way down, and after the first few inches, she could swear he really was getting thicker at the base.

Not the same way the plug did, but enough that she could feel her opening straining to take him, stretching more than she would have thought possible to accommodate the relentless insertion.

He just kept sliding in, deeper and deeper, her narrow channel stretched to the upmost of its ability, her inner muscles clenching and trying to push the invader back out.

But he kept coming.

It hurt.

It felt good.

All of it turned her on.

Because no matter how much it hurt, she was doing it for him.

And she could hear his moans. His groans.

His pleasure. Which was what she wanted.

She would take the discomfort, take the strain, take the cramps that quivered through her muscles, because she knew it was giving him what he wanted.

The fact that she was whimpering and squirming beneath him, and he wasn't stopping, made her feel all the more submissive, all the more like his little pleasure toy.

Then his body finally settled against hers, her backside fully impaled by his thick length, and her hole automatically tightened around him, her muscles rippling along his length.

Patrick groaned, flexing his fingers on her hips.

With him embedded inside her, unmoving, the rhythmic pulling on her nipples from the pump tried to gain her attention again... but then he began to move.

Mina gasped, her fingers curling against the pads of her arm sheaths, at the intense sensation of him drawing out. To be honest, she hadn't expected it to be all that different from having her plug removed, but it was completely different.

Partly because he was about the same thickness all the way down, though she did swear he was a little thicker at the base of his cock, and partly because he didn't retreat all the way.

His cock slid back, the receding sensation making her weak in the knees, and then he thrust in again, filling her back up.

Mina cried out as he buried himself inside her again, her body quivering from the new sensation.

“Oh god...” She shuddered, writhing under his hands, the pull on her nipples feeling increasingly sensitive as Patrick began to fuck her ass with long, slow strokes. He was taking his time, holding her firmly in place, while he pleased himself in her bottom.

His low groans of pleasure made it clear that he was thoroughly enjoying this new aspect of her milking.

It was starting to feel good to Mina too as her muscles adjusted to their new proportions, the nerve endings around her opening lighting up as his cock smoothly slid through it.

She could feel her arousal coiling inside her, winding around and around her core, tightening like a ball of wire about to snap.

Patrick’s thrusts were gaining in strength and speed, plowing into her, sending her senses climbing higher and higher.

“Oh please... oh please, oh please, oh please...” The chants were coming out, almost like his cock was forcing them out of her along with the breath in her lungs.

One of his hands slipped underneath her, fingers curving over her mound to press against her clit as his other gripped her while he kept up the hard ride.

Mina screamed with passion as her orgasm slammed into her, her ass clamping down on his thrusting cock, her pussy spasming emptily in pure ecstasy as he pillaged her backside.

She felt like she couldn't get enough air, tears sliding down her cheeks at the intensity of the sensations rolling through her... she felt like she was drowning in them.

His fingers moved on her clit, rubbing and circling, drawing wave after wave of erotic rapture through her body as his cock slammed into her, filling her with hard, needy thrusts.

Finally she felt him slam home, his fingers curling tighter than before, pressing hard on her overstimulated little nub, and she cried out as she felt him begin to spurt.

She could feel the cum moving through him, forcing its way past the tight ring of her entrance, ending in a hot splash deep inside her.

Shuddering and moaning, she went limp beneath him as his fingers slowly relaxed their grip on her and she heard him sigh with satisfied relief.

Turning her head to rest her cheek against the leather, she closed her eyes, still panting for breath.

That had been... amazing.

Intimate in the filthiest way possible.

Definitely an experience that she would never forget.

She didn't regret at all giving up her anal virginity to Patrick. The only thing she regretted was that she was going to have to leave him soon.

It wasn't her vagina or her ass that was going to be destroyed by the end of this trip, she realized, it was her heart.

Patrick

The urge to fall atop Mina and rest his cheek against her back was nearly overwhelming, but Patrick made himself remain upright. He'd just fucked her ass even harder than he'd meant to, he didn't want to crush her between him and the bench as well.

Groaning, he reluctantly slid from the warmth of her body and turned off the pump so that he could get both of them cleaned up. It didn't take him too long as the cabin had much better facilities than the barn for it.

Only then did he take the time to check the milk she'd produced.

"Hey now, look at that." He smiled, turning to show her. The pump had always been hooked up to a baby bottle, just in case she'd started producing anything, and there was enough milk in it to cover the bottom of the bottle.

"Oh! Oh..." She went from delighted to seeing the milk to her face falling within half a second of the first reaction. "It's not very much though."

"But it's there. And it's more than there was this morning, I'm sure of it." He wasn't sure of it, since he hadn't been able to measure, but he was pretty sure. He didn't like the sad look on her face. "You made milk, Mina. That's incredible."

The expression cleared and she brightened again.

"That's true. I didn't have any yesterday or for weeks before." Her smile grew wider. "I made milk!"

"Damn right, little hucow." He reached out and curled his arm around her back, lifting her off her feet as he pulled her up against him for a kiss.

She giggled, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him back.

When he lifted his head and let her slide down his side, she winced a little as her sore nipples brushed against him.

“Come on, let’s get you in the bath and then I’ll rub the ointment into your nipples before bed. ”

It was an intimate little ritual that he’d taken over for her while she was here. He liked doing it. Hell, he was going to miss doing it.

Stop thinking about that.

“Okay. I just... I need to take care of some things in the bathroom first.”

“Go on, I’ll get the pump cleaned up and put away.

” She’d gone to the bathroom and he’d cleaned up every time she’d been milked, but it was still new enough to them that she must have wanted to make sure they were still following what had become the routine.

Or maybe it was because he’d fucked her ass instead of her pussy this time.

Patrick deliberately gave her five extra minutes in the bathroom to take care of her needs before he followed her in and ran their bath.

They settled into the big soaker tub, which was actually large enough to fit him and her—someone had thought ahead to ensuring guests’ comfort no matter how big they were—and cuddled in the warm water.

“Mmmm, this is nice,” she said, turning her head to nuzzle it against his chest. She

was warm and slick with water and soap, so he kept a firm grip on her by curving his hand around her bottom to keep her in place.

“A lot nicer than my baths at home. I could get used to this.”

She giggled.

“Me too. I don’t take a lot of baths at home. I don’t know why. It’s just quicker and more efficient to shower, I guess,” she admitted.

“Same. Plus, after I get home from a day of work, I usually don’t want to sit in the stuff that’s gotten on me during the day, I just want to rinse it off.

Besides, there’s no cute little hucow to snuggle there.

” He grinned when she giggled again, shifting against his chest. The warm water sloshed around them with her movement and Patrick dipped his head down to give the top of her head a kiss.

Yeah, he could get used to this real fast. Maybe too fast.

“I’m so glad it was you,” she mumbled against his chest.

“Me?” he asked, unsure of what she meant. That she’d been paired with him? Because he was glad of that too, but he wasn’t sure why it had come up for her in this exact moment.

“My first.”

Okay, now he was officially confused.

“First what?”

“First time anal sex.” She yawned as if she hadn’t just exploded his world with her words.

Fuck.

Patrick had never held much stock with the whole possessiveness thing about virgins and being the only man to be with a woman... but suddenly, knowing that Mina had trusted him that much, that she’d wanted him to be the first... especially considering the size of his cock and the circumstances...

She’d indicated interest in anal on her intake form. Somehow he hadn’t realized that she was an anal virgin.

The sudden desire to make sure that she never had another man in her ass but him wasn’t about being her first, he suddenly realized.

It was about wanting to be her last.

Mina

Her last full day at Rawhide. Which was exactly what she was determined not to think about, because she didn't want to make herself sad, she just wanted to make the most of it.

Patrick seemed to be on the same wavelength.

She woke to his mouth on her nipples, suckling her milk.

Her breasts were sorer than usual, achy, and they felt swollen and tight.

She could feel her milk flowing into his mouth, the hard suction pulling it from her body, and it made her horny as hell.

As soon as he realized she was awake, he pulled her on top of him again so that she could ride his cock while he suckled from her breasts.

Folgers had nothing on this kind of wake-up call. Better than coffee any day of the week. Though she was happy to drink some coffee afterward while they ate a real breakfast.

“Is there anything in particular you want to do today?” Patrick asked while they ate.

Mina hesitated, but only for a moment. Even though the fantasy was doing whatever Patrick wanted her to do, she knew that she was the one actually in charge.

She hadn't had a plan for the week, but after listening to the Littles at the petting zoo yesterday, there was one place she wanted to visit that she hadn't seen yet.

"Could we go to Rawhide Ridge?" she asked.

She hadn't really paid attention to the description on the website, but after listening to the others talk about it, her curiosity had been piqued.

Master Derek had purchased a neighboring ranch and turned it into a gated community, including housing and a main street with businesses.

She thought it sounded amazing. Another place that she could go as a hu-cow and no one would stare.

Hopefully. But she felt a lot more comfortable with the idea of going out after yesterday when everyone had been super welcoming and no one had blinked twice at a girl in a cow outfit. If Rawhide Ridge was more of the same, she wanted to visit.

Plus, apparently there was a really good bakery, and if she was a sucker for anything, it was a bakery.

"Sure," Patrick said, "but there's a different dress code on the Ridge.

Don't get me wrong, everyone there is just as nonjudgmental as they are on the Ranch proper, but there are children living there as well as vanilla guests who often stay at the Nest—that's Robyn's Nest, a B&B.

Derek told me that sometimes visiting family stays there. "

"Oh..."

Seeing the disappointment on her face, he grinned.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got an idea.” He stood and went to the closet where he’d unpacked the clothing from her suitcase.

Finding what he was looking for, he returned to her and held a brown-checkered dress up.

“My little hucow just needs a bit more ‘hide’ so to speak.”

Patrick didn’t give her a chance to think.

Instead, he drew her up and slipped the dress over her head.

Chuckling, he bent down a bit to capture the tail as the tip of it peeked out from beneath the dress’ hem.

He tucked it up into the waistband of the tiny skirt she still wore and then winked at her.

“No matter how you look to others, we will both know you’re my sweet little hucow beneath.

Oh, and be a little careful about how you bend over if you want to look at anything lower than your waist.”

“With as short as I am, that can’t be much,” she joked, making him laugh and letting him know she was okay with the quick change of clothing.

As soon as they were done eating, Patrick made a quick call and confirmed that she could still wear her headband. “If people all around the globe can wear cat, bunny, or

big mouse ears, I can't see how a cute pair of ears and horns would be a problem. Ready?"

"Yes!" His solution was ingenious in that it felt almost as if she was wearing another hucow outfit.

Mina practically pranced out to Patrick's truck.

Was it a little humiliating to need help getting up into it?

Sure, but she was used to being short. It was a lot of fun to be driving so high up.

Almost made a girl want to get a truck herself.

Except it wouldn't be the same without him.

Nothing would.

Mina shunted those thoughts to the side.

"I've got a picnic from Chef Connor, so we can spend the whole day out there if we want to, or we can always come back and have the picnic somewhere here on the Ranch if you want," Patrick said as he got into the other side of the truck.

"Sounds great!" It did sound great, but her smile felt fake because she'd had the thought of how much she was going to miss him and now she was feeling sad but she didn't want him to know that. She wanted the melancholy feeling to go away.

But it was hard when she knew that she was leaving tomorrow.

Stop it.

“So, tell me more about the Ridge. Have you been there before?” Talking about it should help distract her.

“Yeah, I live about half an hour from here so I can visit pretty regularly. The Ridge is fairly new, but the Ranch has been here as long as I can remember.” He kept talking as they went along the road.

And it was always nice to listen to Patrick talk.

He had such a deep, smooth voice, she could listen to him talk for hours, and it wasn't nearly that far to the Ridge.

Really just down a few streets over once they got past the gate into Rawhide Ranch, it was less than five minutes before Patrick was turning onto another street and it wasn't far past the turn that they stopped at another gate that hadn't been visible from the main road.

Next to the gate was a large wooden sign that read The Ridge .

Mina couldn't see much other than the sign and the gate. The road went up a rise that blocked the view of whatever was beyond it. Patrick punched in the gate code and they headed up the rise.

Her initial impression of the Ridge was that it was sprawling. The first building she saw was a huge three-story, yellow Victorian gingerbread-style house with a sign in front that said Robyn's Nest .

“Ooo, oh my gosh it's so pretty,” Mina cooed. “I've always loved Victorians.”

“Yeah? I live in a Victorian.” Patrick wasn't looking at her, he was looking out the window when he said it, but her heart did a little flip in her chest. Was he telling her

to make conversation or because he wanted her to know that he lived in the kind of house she loved?

And how crazy was she going to make herself today psychoanalyzing everything?

“Is it haunted?” she asked. “It’s not a real Victorian unless it’s haunted.”

“Not as far as I know, but I’ve never really believed in that sort of thing,” he said with a shrug.

Somehow that didn’t surprise her. So he could totally be haunted and just not realize it because he would explain the happenstances in some other, completely logical and much more boring way.

They drove around for a few minutes just so Mina could see the community. She loved how unique each house was. No cookie cutter homes here. Some people might find that chaotic, but it really spoke to her.

Eventually he brought them back to Main Street. Unfortunately, Mina was so excited to visit Angel’s Heavenly Bakery and Chocolate Shoppe that she fell getting out of the truck and hurt her ankle... so their first stop ended up being the Urgent Care Center instead.

Patrick

“She’s fine,” Dr. Nelson reassured Patrick, looking like he was trying not to appear amused. “It’s just a little twist. Some rest, some ice, and some Ibuprofen to help with the inflammation and she’ll be right as rain.”

“I told him that,” Mina muttered, giving Patrick a baleful look. He gave her one right back. She was going the right way for a spanking with that attitude. She’d hurt her

ankle, not her butt, when she'd tripped her way out of his truck.

Twisting her head to the side, she twiddled her thumbs, apparently going to pretend she hadn't seen his look. Little brat.

When they left the office, Patrick insisted on carrying her. Which she wouldn't agree to until he finally said he was putting her up on his shoulders.

"I'm so tall!" she squealed, throwing her hands up in the air. "Okay, if I could get shoulder rides all day, I think I'd be more interested in being a Little."

"I'll give you a shoulder ride," he muttered. If he just twisted her around so that she was riding on his shoulders from the other direction...

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

He took her to a park where they could eat their picnic before hoisting her back up on his shoulders to go to the bakery for dessert.

It wasn't a long walk to the bakery, but Patrick wished it had been twice as long because Mina was enjoying it so much. Being taller than everyone on the street was clearly a new experience for her and one that she was thoroughly enjoying... and Patrick enjoyed her enjoyment.

He liked hearing her laugh. Seeing her smile. And he was really going to miss it after tomorrow.

After picking out a piece of cake for her and a cookie for himself, they sat down at one of the little tables in the shop.

He felt a bit big for the chairs, which were more delicate than the ones at the Ranch, but they seemed sturdy enough.

Before he settled in, he made sure that Mina's foot was elevated on another nearby chair, the ice pack that Dr. Nelson had given them still securely wrapped and taped around her ankle.

"Mmmm, this is good."

"It is. Do you have any bakeries like this back home?" He couldn't help it. He didn't want to talk about her going home, but it was happening tomorrow whether he liked it or not and he felt compelled to ask.

"Not where I could be dressed like this, well, you know what I mean. But there's a pretty good bakery." She took a bite of her cake, moaning the same way she did when he was sucking her nipples. "Oh my God, this cake is so moist."

"Can I try a bite?"

"Sure. I'll trade you for a bite of your cookie." She held it up with her fork and fed it to him, and then he held out the cookie for her to take a bite.

Behind the counter, the workers were watching them and giggling, whispering back and forth to each other. Patrick ignored them, along with the funny rush that went through his chest. He was pretty sure it was because they thought he and Mina were a cute couple.

But they weren't really.

"It's a great cake," he said, smiling at her, doing his best to hide the ache that wouldn't go away.

“And a great cookie.” She smiled back at him.

Was he just imagining things or was he seeing his own sadness reflected in her eyes?

Even if he was, was she sad because her fantasy was almost over?

Or because she felt the same connection he did?

“So, what are you going to do when you get back home? About the milk, I mean,” he added hastily. “Now that it’s come in.”

The hand not holding a fork drifted up to her breasts and her gaze averted from his.

“Probably donate it. I did a little bit of research back at the beginning when I was still hopeful it would happen, but it’s been a while since I’ve looked at it since I was starting to think it never would.

There’s a lot of mothers who donate excess breast milk.

I figure it’s basically the same thing.” She shrugged one shoulder.

“I can’t imagine why it would be different. It’s still breastmilk.”

“Yeah, but I don’t have a kid. People can get weird when someone or something is different.”

“That’s too true,” he acknowledged, giving her a rueful smile. “So, you’re going to keep up... um... production?”

“Yeah, I think so.” She shook her head, finally returning her gaze to meet his. “I hadn’t really expected it to happen at this point but now that it has, I think I’d be

afraid to stop. What if it didn't come back?"

"I would say that you've done it once, so you can probably do it again," he teased gently. He didn't like the idea of her feeling trapped into something that she'd fantasized about now that it was a reality.

"That's true too."

Looking at her like this, both of them smiling, felt almost aching intimate. Just as intimate as everything else they'd shared over the past few days.

"Do you think it'll affect your dating life?" He couldn't help himself. He just had to keep shoving that stake into his chest. Maybe he was more of a masochist than he'd realized.

Mina laughed. "What dating life?" she joked. "Honestly, it's been so long since I've had a boyfriend, I be surprised if your dick didn't clear cobwebs out of my vagina."

Now it was Patrick's turn to laugh, but he'd been taking a bite of cookie while he tried to think of how to respond to Mina's first question, and he ended up choking on it. It took him a few seconds to get himself under control, shaking his head as he cleared the cookie from his airways.

"Oops." She smiled impishly at him. "Sorry."

"Not your fault, I just wasn't expecting that." He shook his head.

"Yeah, sorry." She didn't look particularly sorry though. More amused than anything else. "There's just not a lot of options around me."

"How do you feel about long-distance relationships?"

Stupid, dumbass, don't be ridiculous.

It was an impulsive question. One that he hadn't meant to ask. Because he didn't do long-distance relationships. They never worked out. Not that he'd ever been in one but that's because he couldn't even imagine doing the work that would be needed to maintain one.

Until now.

“Well, considering where I live, most of my relationships could count as long-distance, one way or another.” She was still joking, but now she was looking at him with such a hopeful expression that it made his chest squeeze.

“Or are you talking long-distance like the distance from the Ranch to Alabama?”

Her bravery, her openness, helped spur him forward.

“That's exactly what I'm talking about.”

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Mina

She had a boyfriend.

Patrick was her boyfriend.

About to be her long-distance boyfriend, but hey... she was going home from the Ranch with a boyfriend. Talk about unexpected and unintended consequences.

But she felt so damn happy. And sad. At the same time.

Happy because he felt the same way she did, like he didn't want their time together to end, and sad because tomorrow it was going to.

At least being long-distance gave her some hope.

Plus, she could come back out and visit.

Maybe he could come visit her too, although he'd already taken time off for her this week.

They'd figure it out though.

Mina hadn't ever done quite this long distance of a relationship before, but no one had ever made her feel like Patrick before either.

Not just the hucoo stuff, but the way they'd been outside of the fantasy.

She liked talking to him and making him laugh, or choke on a cookie.

Listening to him talk about his cows and his job was fascinating.

He made her feel good, in every way.

If she didn't have to give that up, why would she?

Especially when he was a brawny cowboy who let her ride on his shoulders because she'd twisted her ankle.

Watching him freak out had been pretty cute.

She'd been more surprised and annoyed with herself than hurt, but he'd rushed her to urgent care anyway and then acted like she might have broken her leg or something.

However, she wasn't going to protest getting to ride around on his shoulders. It was incredibly fun and the view was great.

Unfortunately, as the day went on, she was becoming less and less comfortable until she finally had to tell him that her boobs were starting to hurt. They were actually feeling kind of hard when she touched them with her fingers.

"Damn," Patrick said with a low whistle when he curved his hands around them. He'd taken her down from his shoulders the second she'd asked. "They do feel hard."

"I think I need to be milked." She looked up at him pleadingly, the need already growing between her legs.

Tonight was their last night together for a while. She intentionally tacked on that "for a while" because she fully intended to return soon.

His eyes glowed, like he was thinking the same thing. “Let’s get you back to the Ranch.”

In the cabin, he didn’t put her on the machine.

He milked her with his mouth, sitting in a chair while she moved up and down on his cock, his lips going back and forth between her needy breasts.

Some of it spilled over, trickling down her stomach, sliding between her legs and adding extra lubrication to the wet heat between them.

Mina moaned as she rubbed her clit against him, the slickness giving her even more stimulation to the little bud.

They moaned as they moved together in unison, his big hands cupping her ass, helping her up and down on his cock as pleasure exploded through her and made her weak.

She fell asleep wrapped up in his arms, one arm under her head as a pillow, the other wrapped around her body just under her breasts.

At some point in the middle of the night, she woke up to his cock insistently nudging its way into her pussy.

She wriggled, moaning, as he filled her all over again while they were both still half asleep, but instead of actually fucking her, once he was fully embedded he held still.

Like he just wanted to stay inside her, joined with her, and didn’t want the moment to end.

Mina didn’t either.

Somehow she managed to fall back asleep, despite being stuffed with cock. Her pussy was going to be so sore when she got home, but it was worth it.

When she woke up, it was Patrick's tongue buried in her pussy, not his cock. Her breasts were achingly full of milk, the discomfort adding to the assault of sensations on her senses. He licked her to a screaming orgasm before taking her over to the pump.

Mina moaned as he attached the suction cups.

Her body felt so exquisitely sensitive, so needy, and the swollen mounds of her breasts ached to be relieved.

Considering that she'd just had an orgasm, it wasn't like she needed another one, but the rush of sensation as her milk let down almost felt as good as.

She could feel the milk moving through her, hear it hitting the tubes in a steady stream with each rhythmic pull.

Patrick settled in behind her, sliding into her for one last milking fuck.

She was slick and wet from her previous orgasm, her nerve endings extra sensitive, and she cried out as he filled her.

He moved with the same rhythm as the pump, a relentless thrusting deep inside her while the pump worked on her breasts, pulling milk from her in bursts.

Shuddering, Mina bucked her hips back at him, gasping when his hands shifted on her, his thumb dipping into her wetness and then pressing against her anus.

"Oh please..." She squealed as his thumb pushed inside the little hole, adding an

extra dollop of sensation that brought the total to a sum so intense she could barely stand it. “Oh please, oh please, oh please, Patrick! ”

He started moving faster, harder, pounding into her from behind at double time the pump and she cried out as her ecstasy spiraled.

Pure pleasure rushed through her, her body clamping down around his cock as he slammed home as deep as he could, his thick length pulsing inside her as he joined her at the peak.

Patrick

Packing everything up for Mina was what made it finally feel real.

He’d known it was coming, but some part of him had still been moving like normal through the routine they’d established.

“I definitely made more milk,” she said, holding up the bottle that had been collected this morning. “Do you think the Littles might want it?”

“Some of them were definitely interested,” he said, smiling at her as he finished cleaning up the pump for the last time. “We can pass it off to Derek on our way out.”

Mina nodded, a tremulous smile on her lips, like she was trying to put on a good face to hide the sadness in her eyes.

“Right. Sounds good.” She huffed a breath, more like a sigh than anything else. “I guess I just need to get my clothes packed up and then I’ll be ready to go.”

Patrick wasn’t ready to let her go. But he didn’t have a choice.

“Right.”

He'd already told Derek that he'd be taking her to the airport. Anything he could do to prolong his time with her.

They finished packing up her things. She'd decided to purchase both of the little cow outfits, including the arm and leg sheaths even though she didn't know what she'd do with them at home.

“But I can bring them out when I come to visit next,” she said, which made him smile.

They were already talking about her coming out again in a couple of months, to stay with him at his place.

It would be different because he'd probably still have to work, but they'd be together and that was the important thing.

Long distance relationships, man. Who'd have ever thought he'd be willing to put himself through one?

But Mina was worth it.

Seeing her in regular clothes while knowing there was no cute hucow outfit beneath the jeans and a t-shirt was almost a shock. Though the t-shirt did give him a chuckle because it displayed a drawing of a cow wearing a flower garland around her head. It was very Mina.

“This doesn't fit right anymore,” she complained, twisting it back and forth as she stared down at her chest. “My boobs are too big.”

“I like your boobs,” he replied easily as he picked up her bag.

“Of course you do, you’re a man. They’re boobs and they got bigger. What’s not to like? From your perspective I mean.”

“I liked your boobs the first time I saw them too.” He walked over to put his arm around her and pull her against him. “I just like you.”

“Oh well.” She smiled up at him. “I like you too.”

Lowering his head, Patrick captured her lips with a kiss. It couldn’t be a very long one because they had to get going, but he couldn’t help himself. He needed a little something.

They broke apart reluctantly.

“We’ve got to get you going,” he said gently.

“I know.” She sighed. “I know.”

They left the cabin hand in hand.

Stopping by Master Derek’s office didn’t make things any easier, especially when Sadie jumped up and threw her arms around Mina!

“I’m so glad I got to meet you and so sorry you’re already leaving. Please tell me you will come back.”

Mina felt touched and hugged the Little back. “I promise I will. Thank you for, well, for everything and please tell Hayleigh and Wren goodbye for me.”

She didn't say anything about the change in her and Patrick's relationship, so Patrick kept quiet too for now.

Something about the look in Master Derek's eyes made him think that the Ranch owner knew, or at least suspected, but he just graciously accepted Mina's gratitude without asking about it and assured her he'd hand over the donated bottle of milk to Nanny J.

Then it was time to go out to his truck and get on the road. She was walking completely normally today, thankfully, but he still kept a hand on her ass as she got into his truck. Mina shot him an amused look when he shut the door behind her, but he wasn't taking any chances.

Though he'd had the thought that if she injured herself, maybe she'd have to stay longer... then he'd felt guilty for thinking that because it would mean that she'd injured herself. So he wasn't taking any chances.

They were both quiet on the way to the airport.

They tried to talk, to joke, but it kept lapsing into silences and he knew they were both thinking about the same thing—what was it going to be like from here?

He didn't know. Falling for a woman in a matter of days had not been his plan.

If anyone had told him it was possible, he would have scoffed at them and said love at first sight was for movies.

Though, to be fair, it hadn't been love at first sight. Lust, certainly. Attraction. Desire. But over the past few days he'd started to feel a hell of a lot more than that and he didn't know what to do about it except try to hold on to it. Even if she did live halfway across the country.

Mina let out a long breath as they neared the airport.

“Wait, that was the exit for departures,” she said, pointing at the road that had gone off to the side.

“I know, I’m going to park and walk you in.”

“You don’t have to do that. You won’t be able to go past the first room anyway, it’s not like you can take me to the gate.”

“I know, but I’m going to take you to get your bag checked at least. You hurt your ankle yesterday, you don’t want to make it worse.” That was his excuse and he was sticking to it.

Was it a little ridiculous to want that extra five minutes with her? Maybe. But it was what he wanted, so it was what he was getting.

Settling back into her seat, Mina looked out the window again, but not before he saw her smile. He gave her hand a little squeeze.

After he parked, he dashed around his truck to make sure he was the one to open the door for her and help her out. No more falling out of his truck and hurting herself. The amusement on her face didn’t deter him either. And he wouldn’t let her take either of her bags to the terminal.

Once she was all checked in and he’d been relieved of her checked bag, there were no more excuses. It was time for her to go.

“I know this sounds dumb, because it’s not like we’ve known each other for that long, but I’m going to miss you,” she said wistfully, looking up at him.

“It’s not dumb. I’m going to miss you too.” He shook his head. “I just hope things don’t get weird when I’m back at work tomorrow.”

That cracked her up, which was much better than the sadness that had been settling into her expression.

“Are all those udders going to make you think of me?” she teased.

“Probably not, but you never know.” He grinned down at her. The truth was, he was pretty sure everything was going to make him think of her.

Bending down, he kissed her good and hard. She wrapped her arms around his neck and he lifted her up so she was fully flush against him. Someone hooted at them, and Patrick ignored them. Like he cared what some asshole thought.

But eventually he had to put her down and let her go.

She took hold of her carryon and dragged it behind her to the door into the main part of the airport. Turning, she smiled sadly and waved. Patrick waved back.

And then she was through the door and gone.

Mina

“Spoiler alert: long-distance relationships suck,” Mina announced. It had been a month since she’d left Rawhide Ranch. A whole freaking month. Four times the amount of time that she and Patrick had actually spent together.

She missed him so much.

“Aw, I’m sorry, honey,” Vicky said sympathetically. “I thought the regular calls were helping.”

“Yes and no.” Mina sighed, rubbing her hands over her face. “I mean, it’s wonderful getting to see him every night. But it also sucks because I can’t touch him. I think my vagina is getting over educated.”

Her friends snorted. All of them had been horrified and fascinated when she’d explained about the sex toy form that she had to fill out when she purchased a toy in Alabama.

They’d also been highly amused when she told them that she chose to consider hers educational, out of all the options on the form.

Upon her return from the Ranch, she’d shared the fact she’d circumvented Alabama’s puritanical laws by bringing in a few toys along with her new outfits all the way from Montana.

Layne hadn’t been the least bit surprised and Penelope had clapped then had asked to

see the outfits Sadie and Master Derek had provided,

Amanda was far more interested in seeing the sex toys and when Mina held her newest acquisition up for inspection, Amanda whistled and said, “Good for you,” as she gave a nod of admiration.

Unfortunately, even with her vagina’s new teacher, one that was closer to Patrick’s actual size, Mina had discovered the side effect of its use was making her miss him even more.

Life had hit a bad place when you were crying over a massive dildo because it made you miss your boyfriend. She was so not admitting to her friends that she’d cried over a dildo though.

“It doesn’t help that my boobs hurt all the time now. I’m making tons of milk and I’ve gone up like a whole cup size, but it just makes me miss him even more.” She sniffed a little.

“But you like donating the milk, right?” Penelope asked. “You said that makes you feel good.”

“It does.” It did. But it didn’t make up for missing Patrick. Going from being with him all day every day to absolutely nothing had given her the worst withdrawal, and it didn’t seem to be going away.

“I still don’t understand why you can’t just move out there,” Amanda said. She shrugged when Layne made a derogatory noise.

“She can’t uproot her whole life and move across country for a guy,” Layne replied, shaking her head. “Especially one she’s barely known for a month. What if it doesn’t work out?”

“What if it does?” Penelope countered. “Besides, with her job, it’s not like she has to be in a specific location. She’s one of the few people who can just up and move if she decides to.”

Which was something Mina’s own sister had said to her multiple times. But Mina had never had wanderlust like Esther. She’d always been the down-to-earth one, the stay-at-home one, the one who didn’t need to make waves or big sweeping changes to be happy.

Except...

Maybe now she did.

“We don’t even know if Patrick would want her to do that,” Vicky said, coming in as the voice of reason. “Mina, has he said anything to you like that?”

“No... I mean, we talk about me visiting. I know he’d like to come here, but it’s harder for him to arrange his schedule.” Whereas Mina could work from anywhere. Even for a visit, she could keep working while he was at work. “I’ll stay at his place when I do.”

“So why haven’t you gone out yet?” Amanda asked ruthlessly, somehow managing to give the camera such a hard stare that Mina felt like the Domme was looking directly at her.

“Because it feels like too soon? I practically just got back. I don’t want him to think I’m some scary stalker chick who’s going to invade his home because I can’t live without him.” She could live without him. She’d proven it over the past few weeks. It just made her sad.

Sad enough to cry over dildos.

“Okay, so I should go visit him soon. Sooner than planned,” Mina said firmly. “I’ll bring it up with him when we talk tonight. If he wants to see me.”

“Good,” Amanda said. “It’s okay if he does feel like it’s too soon, but there’s nothing wrong with letting him know what you want. Normally, you aren’t the one who needs this pep talk.”

Mina made a face.

“There’s nothing wrong with it unless he freaks out and dumps me because I’m a Stage Five Clinger.”

“Do you think he would actually do that?” challenged Layne.

Well, no.

Mina huffed rather than answering.

It still felt scary. Probably because she’d never felt this strongly about a guy before. She’d definitely never had the urge to up and move herself from her hometown.

But her friends were right.

She could work from anywhere. She could always fly home to visit her family when she wanted to. Esther had done it for a long time. Everyone had always been happy to see her, no one had been upset with her for leaving.

The only thing stopping Mina was herself.

And what Patrick wanted.

Except she didn't know what he wanted because she hadn't brought it up.

Which wasn't like her. It just went to show how afraid she was that he might not want the same things she did.

Although, if he didn't, that was okay too.

It might hurt a bit, but she'd live, and she'd understand why. They could just take things slower.

He had said he wished he could see her sooner.

A hard knock on the door made her jump and she twisted around in her seat before glancing back at her computer screen when the knock came again.

"Hold on, someone's at the door," she said, hopping up from her chair.

"What if it's a serial killer?" asked Layne, only half-joking.

"Then make sure to record the call so you can avenge me," Mina quipped back, making all of them laugh even though she was only half-joking too.

She opened the door a crack and her eyes widened as her head tipped back and back and back to see the man on the other side.

Patrick frowned down at her.

"Did you even look to see who it was before you opened the door?" he demanded to know as Mina's jaw dropped open.

"What are you doing here?" Her voice was about ten times higher than normal and

ended on a squeak.

“Who is it?” Amanda called from behind her, making the computer speakers crackle.

“Open the door, we can’t see.”

Still frowning, Patrick put his hand on the door and pushed it all the way open when Mina didn’t move.

She was still too flabbergasted. Looking over her head, he must have seen her computer, and her friends definitely saw him because there was a small chorus of gasps before they all started speaking at once.

“Crap on a cracker, is that him?” Vicky squealed.

“It is! It is! It has to be!” Penelope was just as excited as Vicky, and Mina imagined they were both bouncing in their seats.

“Holy shit that’s a big boy.” That was Amanda.

“Okay, well, now I understand why you called him a cunt destroyer.”

Thank you, Layne, definitely that was what Mina wanted him to know. Still staring at his face, because she couldn’t believe she was seeing it in person and not on a video screen, Mina saw his mouth twitch.

“What are you doing here?” she asked again, since he hadn’t answered the first time she’d asked.

“I’m here for you.” He cleared his throat, turning his attention back to her as if they didn’t have an on-screen audience behind her. “You can work from anywhere. I miss you. You miss me. I want you to come back to Montana with me. But in the

meantime, I figured I could take a day to come see you.”

“Awww.” The Greek chorus behind her wasn’t even trying to pretend like they weren’t being nosy as fuck and listening to every word he said.

“See? He wants you! Move to Montana!” Vicky called out. “You can do it! I believe in you!”

Mina groaned and leaned forward to bury her face against Patrick’s stomach as she wrapped her arms around him and his came around her.

“I’m going to murder her,” she said, her voice muffled by his body. She felt, as much as heard, him laugh. “I can’t believe you’re here.”

“Believe it,” he said, right as he lifted her into the air, and she squeaked as he easily tossed her over his shoulder like a sack of flour.

Her friends all cheered as he palmed her ass, simultaneously kicking her front door shut behind him. Traitors.

“Excuse us, ladies, Mina and I need to have a talk about our future and about checking to see who is at the door before opening it.”

“She could also use a milking,” Penelope yelled as Patrick walked through Mina’s living room, headed for the staircase that was visible at the back, obviously assuming that her bedroom was upstairs. He wasn’t wrong.

“Noted,” he said, giving Mina’s bottom a squeeze.

“I hate you guys,” Mina yelled as they walked by her computer setup.

“No, you don’t,” Layne replied, and all of her friends fell to giggling.

Jerks.

But she was too happy to be angry.

Patrick was really here and was carrying her upstairs.

Patrick

Thankfully, Mina had been happy to see him. He hadn’t been sure she would be, but he’d also wanted to surprise her.

He was here tonight and tomorrow and he’d have to leave early as hell the morning after that, but it was worth it just to be with her again. The video chats had been nice, in some ways, but they’d just made things worse in others. Seeing her but not being with her had been hellish.

And she’d seemed to miss him just as much.

He’d started thinking—why couldn’t she come out for some long visits?

His work prevented him from returning the favor, but he could pay for her trips to see him.

He’d even had the thought... why couldn’t she just move in with him?

His house, which had been perfectly fine before he’d met her, had suddenly started feeling too big for one person.

He couldn’t help but think about how she’d fit in there.

There was a room that he could turn into an office for her. Another room where the milking bench and pump could go. It was the perfect setup.

If she was willing.

So he'd come in person to present the idea to her.

But first things first.

When they reached the top of the stairs, he paused, because there were several doors he could go through. The whole caveman thing wouldn't work as well if he had to try every single one of them to find the bedroom.

Thankfully, Mina was as on board as he was.

"That one," she said, pointing, her hand coming out far enough from behind him that he could see where she was indicating.

First impression of her room – combination of feminine and practical.

Everything was in creams and sage green, but her bed had a canopy of thin mesh draped around it and there were ruffles on the pillows that adorned the matching comforter on the neatly-made bed.

Matching ruffled curtains bracketed the two windows as well.

The furniture was cherry wood, adding warmth to the room.

Her walls were painted cream and covered in an array of posters about computers and tech that he found intimidating just glancing at them.

A small desk at one of the windows had a laptop sitting on it, in case she wanted to get away from the massive multi-screen display she had set up in her main room.

Everything about it screamed “Mina” to him.

But he wasn’t going to take a whole lot of time to look around. He was far more interested in doing a close-up examination of the woman over his shoulder than he was of her room. Her room could wait, his dick could not.

Patrick tossed her onto the middle of her bed, crawling on after her to cage her with his arms. Not that she was trying to get away.

“So you need to be milked?” he asked, raising his eyebrow.

“Yes, please,” she replied, reaching up to wreath her fingers around the back of his head and pull him down for a kiss.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:15 am

Mina

Patrick was here. In her bed. With her. It still felt slightly surreal, even as he pushed up the hem of her shirt and bared her breasts to him. Her nipples were already hard, long before he tugged down the tops of her bra cups, her breasts tingling as if they recognized she was about to be milked.

“Fuck, I’ve missed you,” he murmured, and even though he’d just exposed her breasts he wasn’t looking at them... he was looking at her.

“I’ve missed you too,” she whispered back, sliding her fingers through his hair for no other reason than she wanted to touch him.

Then he lowered his mouth to one of her nipples and sucked hard. Mina moaned as she felt her milk let down, her other nipple starting to leak as he drank from the right.

“Oh fuck...” She arched beneath him, her lower body trapped under his bulk, her legs too short to be able to wrap around him, but she could thrust her breasts up into his mouth and palm.

It felt so good to have him be the one drinking from her again.

The pumping had still been hot sometimes, with her doing it under his direction while he watched from the computer, fisting his huge cock, but it hadn’t been the same. And he hadn’t been able to be there for every pumping, which had made it feel far more impersonal than it had before Rawhide.

Now he was here, his mouth on her, her milk streaming across his tongue, and her pussy was spasming as she writhed underneath him.

It didn't matter that they were both basically fully clothed, she was so sensitive, so ready to explode in his presence, that she was pretty sure she was going to be able to rub herself to orgasm just like this.

The pressure of his body against hers was immense, giving her almost exactly the right stimulation she needed.

"Fuck," he muttered under his breath as he switched nipples, evening out the pressure behind her swollen mounds.

Moaning, Mina wriggled, managing to pull her shirt off completely, reaching for his to unbutton it. They managed to shuck their clothes off, his mouth returning to her breasts again and again as he suckled and drank like a starving man.

Lifting his head, he groaned as he thrust forward, impaling her on his cock.

Mina cried out.

He felt so good.

So right.

So much better than any educational tool ever could.

"Oh fuck..." She writhed as he went deeper inside her, reaching up to rub her hands across his furry chest, digging her nails into his pectorals. Patrick groaned in response, his cock jerking inside her, and he pulled back to thrust in hard again, burying himself to the hilt. "Patrick! Oh fuck!"

“That’s it, little hucow... take my cock. Fuck I’ve missed your pussy. Missed your milk. Missed you.” He thrust with every sentence, punctuating his declarations with pleasure that sizzled along her nerve endings.

“Oh please... oh please, oh please.” She was splintering apart.

Every thrust of his dick had his body slamming up against her clit, rubbing her in exactly the right way.

Feeling the milk trickling from her breasts, only for him to lean down to lap up the rivulets with his tongue, made her even hotter, wetter, needier.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Cream yourself for me. Come all over my cock.”

She cried out as she did exactly that, her pussy clamping down around him.

Not that it stopped him.

Patrick kept moving, kept riding her, thrusting into her, sending her senses soaring through her climax and climbing even higher.

He was pounding into her without mercy and she couldn’t stop coming, couldn’t stop the ecstasy that was swirling through her and exploding into fireworks of sensual bliss.

Finally, he slammed home, thrusting all the way deep inside her, and groaning as his cock pulsed within her. Mina whimpered, her muscles squeezing the thick length, milking him of every last ounce of cum until he collapsed on top of her.

For one long, glorious moment, she was crushed underneath his weight, feeling him all around her and inside her. Then she realized she couldn’t breathe.

Squeaking, she smacked his shoulder.

“Air!” She managed to get out.

Immediately, he rolled, nearly taking them right off the bed since he kept his hold on her, his cock still inside her.

“Fuck.” He stared up at her from where she was now perched, straddling his hips. “Sorry... sorry... I... I shouldn’t have gotten on top.”

“Yes, you should have.” Mina hadn’t realized it until this moment, but he’d never been on top before.

He’d always done doggy style or spooning or put her on top.

“I liked it. We’ll just need to make sure you don’t totally collapse on me for more than a few seconds afterward.” She grinned down at him.

Slowly, his shoulders relaxed as he realized the truth of her words and that she was okay. “Sorry for interrupting your call,” he said finally, changing the topic entirely.

Mina laughed. “You do not have to apologize for that, ever. I hope you know that they’re probably still on it, trying to hear us.”

Now it was his turn to laugh, but she wasn’t kidding. Nasty perverts. Maybe Layne wouldn’t be trying to hear them, since they were cousins.

Maybe.

Reaching up, Patrick ran the back of his knuckles along her jawline, and Mina turned her head to give them a kiss.

“I know it’s probably too soon to say this, but I’ve fallen in love with you, Mina. I think I fell in love with you before you even left the Ranch, I just didn’t realize it.”

She flopped down on top of him. Because she could. And because she wanted to kiss his lips.

“Then maybe it can’t be too soon to be together because I love you too. My friends have been trying to convince me that I should just move out to Montana with you, and I was having trouble coming up with good reasons not to, other than it’s too soon.” If he could be vulnerable, she could too.

“Why don’t we do a trial run?” he suggested, running his hands up and down her body. “You come and live with me for a year and we’ll re-evaluate after that, by which I mean unless something absolutely crazy happens, you’ll agree to stay for the rest of your life.”

Laughing, Mina pressed her lips against his, and he wrapped his arms tightly around her, holding her close as he kissed her back, holding her like he was never going to let her go.

And that was exactly what happened.

The End