

Victim of the Bovinians

The sound of crickets filled the air as the setting sun gave way to a night sky filled with shimmering stars. As breath taking as the sight was, it was something that Paula had become accustomed to. More importantly for her, she had to keep her attention focused on the farm's cow herd in preparation of catching whoever was responsible for the mysterious disappearance of the cattle in the dead of night.

Laying down in the grass amidst a collection of bushes, Paula kept her emerald green eyes peeled for intruders. She was still dressed in her work attire, a set of blue overalls and a plaid, red shirt giving her a modicum of comfort as she laid across the ground. Brushing her hand against her tanned face made it slide up against the mole on her right cheek in an effort to clear away some of the grime she had acquired during her watch. Biding her time by picking stray leaves out of her ponytail of brown hair, she kept her wits about her as she got ready to put an end to whoever had the nerve to intrude on the farm's precious collection of cattle.

A yawn born from boredom was cut short as Paula took notice of a bright, green light appearing from the sky. Grogginess shaken off in an instant, she traced the beam upwards to find the source. Her eyes went wide as she beheld an oblong, silver object that shimmered with dozens of different colors. The initial shock of seeing an alien spacecraft made her body shiver and triggered her innate instinct to run very far away.

The farm girl's urge to flee was overridden by the sight of the beam focusing on a Jersey cow named Mable. Covered in brown fur mixed with white splotches, the bulky bovine seemed ignorant to the strange occurrence as she continued her night time grazing. Lifting up her head to swallow her mouthful of grass and show off the white marking on the center of her forehead, Mable remained calm even as she began to float up into the air.

Acting without thinking, Paula scrambled to her feet and sprinted after the flying bovine. Leaping into the air just before the cow got out of reach, she clung to Mable's back as they both rose higher and higher into the sky. By the time she was at least a mile into the air, Paula had realized that she didn't really have a way to escape the alien's grasp. As her mind hurried to think of some kind of plan, she and the cow were brought aboard the craft.

The light that had been keeping Paula aloft suddenly cut off to send her plummeting. Moments before she fell back through the hole, a shutter closed to leave her laying down on a floor made up of a strange, silver material. Wincing at the bruise she had acquired from the fall; she swiveled her head back and forth as she surveyed the plethora of strange machinery attached to the purple-tinted walls of the chamber. This search inevitably led her to see the pair of creatures that were shuffling their way towards her.

A first glance it appeared as if she was being approached by a pair of giant spiders. However, this notion was dismissed as she realized that each of their eight legs ended in sets of cloven hooves. The multiple appendages didn't seem to stop the bulging, grey sacks lined with teat like bumps from dragging across the floor. Three, arm-like appendages were attached to each creature's bulbous torso, ending in sets of hoof-like claws that occasionally snapped at the air. Balanced atop this mishmash of cow parts and alien biology were heads lined with dozens of eyes and bovine muzzles flanked by wriggling tendrils. Lost in staring at the shifting colors of the aliens' spire-like horns, Paula merely sat there as they stopped to loom over her.

"Speak human," one of the aliens demanded. "Why are you aboard our ship?"

Paula hesitated at first until she heard Mable let out a low moo. Recalling the reason she had gone out in the middle of the night in the first place, she stood up and brushed the dirt off her

overalls. Replacing her fear with righteous anger, she stared down the aliens in an attempt to appear as intimidating as possible.

“I’ve got a better question for you freaks,” Paula said as she pointed towards the pair.

“Why the hell are you trespassing on my property?”

“Forgive me,” the other alien spoke up, “our understanding of human law is weak at best. However, we are not stepping upon your land. We are flying above it.”

“You’re still somewhere you’re not wanted,” Paula shot back. “Especially since you thieves have been stealing our livelihood.”

“I beg your pardon?” an alien asked.

“Don’t try to play dumb,” Paula accused. “You’ve been going around OUR farm stealing OUR cows for about a month now. Now I don’t know how you do things on whatever backwater planet you came from, but here we work to make a living.”

The aliens turned towards one another before casting their gaze on Paula once more.

“Again apologies for our misunderstanding of your species’ culture,” the alien began, “but from our view, it appears that the cows are doing most of the work on this farm.”

“What my companion says is true,” the other alien added. “These creatures toil away on your farm producing milk, clearing your fields of unwanted vegetation, breeding to increase their numbers, and various other services.”

“That’s just what cows do,” Paula replied. “They have the easy job. Getting to laze about all day while us humans take care of them is a pretty good deal if you ask me.”

“We didn’t,” the alien replied, a hint of aggression clinging to its words. “If it weren’t for these cows, your gathering of humans would not be able to survive.”

“My companion is correct,” the other added, shuffling to the side to flank Paula. “Even worse, you return these creatures’ kindness with enslavement. We have seen the way you treat them, keeping them in cages and forcing them to do your bidding.”

“Not to mention the vile cannibalism you partake in when one becomes too old or too fat.”

“You’ve got this all wrong,” Paula said as she started backing away from the aliens. “Humans and cows are two completely different things. You can’t expect them to build barns to house them in the winter or sell their milk.”

“That is because you have failed to acknowledge them as equals,” an alien replied. “If given the opportunity to live alongside you, they could become just as efficient, if not more, than you humans.”

“That’s not how that works,” Paula said in a fit of rage. “Look, humans are humans and cows are cows. That’s just how it is.”

“Perhaps this failure in logic is due to an ignorance of how the cows live their lives,” an alien suggested.

“An interesting theory,” the other alien replied, rubbing its claws through its tendrils. “If that is the case, it may do the human some good to experience the cow’s point of view.”

“A most excellent idea. Could you hand me the transmogrifier ray?”

“Certainly.”

Reaching into a skin fold located on its back, one of the aliens produced a ray gun that looked straight out of a science fiction movie. Pointing the device at the cow, the alien shot out a beam of clear waves that distorted the air around it. Mable seemed unharmed by the act, but the same could not be said for Paula as she watched the alien point the device towards her.

“Now hold on, let’s not get ahead of ourselves here,” Paula said, holding up her arms as her eyes swiveled back and forth in search of an escape route. “I get what you mean now. There’s so much that the cows do for us, and we’ve been so ungrateful. Please, let me go back to my farm and I’ll make sure they’re given all the chances they want to be as important as humans.”

“We are aware that you are lying,” an alien explained as it tweaked some settings on the ray gun. “You have made it quite clear that the only true way you will understand the plight of cows is to become like them. Please hold still. The process will be mostly painless.”

“I said hold on! You don’t have to do this. Just give me a chance to-“

Paula was knocked off her feet as the alien shot her with a blast of green energy from the ray gun. She rolled across the floor until she bumped right into Mable. Shivering from the sensation of the attack, it took her a few moments before she stood up. Holding onto the cow for support, she turned back towards the aliens. Not feeling any different, she dared to stare them down with a smug grin as she stomped towards them. Her confidence lasted up until she heard her leather boots begin to tear apart.

Trying to ignore the feeling of cool air passing across her feet, Paula threw caution to the wind as she rushed towards the aliens with her fists at the ready. While her attempt was admirable, it fell apart as she was once more sent tumbling to the ground. Landing on the floor with the sound of loud clacks, she was forced to finally acknowledge her lower body.

The farm girl’s eyes went wide as she saw that her toes had been fused together. This amalgamation of her digits ended in sets of hard, cloven hooves. Daring to slide her hand along the surface of a hoof, she flinched as she felt it move at her command. This examination of her new feet came to a halt as she saw a line of thin, brown fur begin to creep its way up her legs.

“What the hell did you do to me!?” Paula asked, trying in vain to physically push away the encroaching fur.

“We implanted bovine DNA into your body,” an alien answered. “Your system will momentarily adapt to this new information and change you accordingly.”

“Why are you doing this?” Paula asked again, not even bothering to look at the aliens as the fur reached just past her knees.

“To allow you to gain a better understanding of your fellow earthling,” the other alien replied. “Us Bovinians do this at all the worlds we visit. Liberating underprivileged creatures and then teaching their captors what it’s like to live as them. We find it is an excellent way of spreading understanding amongst various species. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“I don’t care. Just stop this before I-MOOOOO!”

Paula clamped her fingers over her mouth. Attempting to speak once more brought out a similar bovine cry. No longer able to plea for mercy, she scrambled to get off of the floor. Struggling just to stay standing upon her cloven hooves, she broke out into an awkward run. She only managed to move a few feet before she was brought back down to the floor by her changes yet again.

Paula’s landing was a lot softer than before, a silver lining to the added bulk that had formed around her lower half. This extra heft had begun to strain the limits of her overalls, letting her feel the denim sink into the depths of her enlarging backside. Panic momentarily overridden by discomfort; she reached back in an attempt to give her widened hips some room to breathe.

Paula’s frantic fidgeting led to her fingers pressing up against a bump right above her butt. Feeling the growth continue to increase in size, she could already tell what it was trying to

become. She pressed her palms against the bump, desperately trying to push it back in. Her attempts to stop the inevitable were deemed useless as the lump ripped straight through her overalls and pushed away her hands. Daring to look over her shoulder, she let out another distressed MOO as she watched her newly grown, brown tail lazily swing about with a tuft of black hairs at the very tip.

So busy staring at her new appendage, it took the sound of more fabric being torn apart for her to take notice of yet another growth. Buttons popping off of her overalls turned her attention to a sizable lump that was emerging from betwixt her crotch and mid-section. At first, her mind went wild with ideas of the aliens changing more than just her species. Reaching towards the bulge, she let out a momentary sigh of relief upon realizing she wasn't growing a girthy bull cock. That wasn't to say that the alternative was much better.

The rest of Paula's overalls came undone as the enormous lump of flesh reached the size of an overly ripe pumpkin. Easily pushing away the remains of the denim, the new growth sunk between her legs as if to purposefully show off its distinct pink color. Daring to reach out towards her new growth, she shuddered as she watched four protrusions stretch out across the front of it. As the new additions became plump and round, it finally sunk in what they were. Squeezing one of the teats between her fingers, she let out a bovine cry of distress as she watched a spurt of milk come forth from her newly grown udder.

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the fur continuing to crawl up her mid-section. In a panic she began to furiously tug at her swollen teats. The milk that came out with each pull gave her a sliver of hope that if she emptied herself out, she might be able to stop the transformation. However, all this did was spread a growing puddle of milk around her body and force out a collection of MOOs as her body shuddered with each spritz.

This last ditch effort to escape her fate came to a stop as her fingers seemed to stop listening to her commands. Lifting up her arms to see what the problem was, she stared in terror as the brown fur crept its way up her palms. As the hair reached her fingers, the digits fused together like her toes to become cloven hooves. Though she tried to milk herself again with her forelegs, the most she got was a tight pinching sensation as she constantly clacked her hooves against one another.

Paula was drawn away from her modified limbs by the noise of her flannel shirt being torn apart by her widening torso. Though her belly took on a sizable amount of weight it still wasn't enough to block her view of her constantly leaking udder. What her expanded mid-section did succeed in was showing off the splotches of white that were spread across her pelt of brown fur.

The rest of Paula's torso thickened up to match the lofty proportions of her gut and hindquarters. She tumbled forward as her shirt was finally burst apart by her widening back. Clipping her four legs against the metal floor, she shuddered as she felt her breasts sway about to toss off the remnants of her bra. This discomfort lasted up until her boobs sunk into her body to leave nothing in the way of her prominent udder.

Awkwardly shifting her four-legged form about, she swung around her thickening neck to catch a glimpse at her captors. Even knowing that it was pointless, she let out a string of MOOs in an attempt to get them to stop. That made it all the more astounding when they actually responded.

"I'm afraid it's too late to stop now," an alien said in response to her pleas. "Just hold on a little a longer. You're almost finished."

Paula's awestruck expression was disrupted by her face stretching out into a bovine muzzle. The very tip of her nose became wet to facilitate her new nostril slits. The very same fur that covered her body rapidly spread across her new face to make it match the rest of her. Her added hair made up for the fact that her once beloved brown locks had sunken into her scalp to make way for a new pair of rounded ears to replace her old ones. The finishing touch to her body's drastic makeover came in the form of a splotch of white that spread across the center of her forehead.

Clopping her way across the floor, Paula returned to her puddle of milk to see herself in the reflection. While the view was murky at best, it was still more than enough to show off her new, bovine form. The only thing that remained of her old self were her pair of green eyes, each one watering up with tears the longer she stared at herself. Turning back to the original cow she had chased after in the first place, she found it hard to see anything to differentiate Mable from herself.

"It appears the transition was near perfect," an alien commented. "Excellent work on the transmogrifier ray, Steve."

"Why thank you, Bob," the other alien replied as it leaned down to meet Paula face to face. "We must send you back for now. In time, we will return to check on your progress. For now, please remember to keep an open mind as you experience life through another species' eyes."

Before Paula could have another chance to beg the Bovinians to change her back, a flash of a device in the alien's claws blinded her with a bright, white light.

The chirping of birds in the nearby trees got Paula to awake from her slumber. Slowly opening up her eyes to find herself laying face first in the grass, she winced as she tried to recall what had happened the night before. Momentarily wondering if she had perhaps fallen asleep during her watch, she reached out with her hands to try and ease the strange sensation atop her forehead. Try as she might, her limbs seemed to ignore her orders. Thinking maybe she was still too groggy for her body to work properly, she attempted to stand up and look for something to drink.

Stumbling through the field, her view locked on to a trough that had been recently filled with fresh water. Wondering why one of the farmhands hadn't woken her up, she trudged her way across the field to sate her dry tongue. Still finding it hard to get her hands to listen to her, she threw caution to the wind and dove her head into the trough. As her tongue lapped up the crisp, refreshing water, she could feel her mind start to clear up. The first coherent thought that passed through her head was that she was drinking a lot. It was like she was slurping down enough water for an entire herd of cattle.

This lingering idea in Paula's head made her stop drinking. Pulling her head away from the trough, she watched and waited as the surface settled. As the reflection became clear, she got a good look at her body. Her inability to touch her face and the sluggishness affecting her limbs now made sense to her once she recalled that she had been turned into a cow.

Paula's awestruck gaze at her transformed body was interrupted as several other cattle trotted across the field to get their fill of water. Squeezing her way out from between the cows, she trotted through the field in a haze as she tried to make sense of things. Flashes from the night before appeared in her head, making it clear that what she had seen and what the aliens had done

to her were all too real. Her attempts to vent her panic with a series of shouts only made her mental state worse as all she could let out were a collection of MOOs.

The frantic stomping and calling out got the attention of a certain bovine. Paula had to stop her cries for help as she heard something big approaching her. Awkwardly turning herself to the side, she watched as the farm's bull, Tonton lumbered his way towards her. His intimidating horns, thick body covered in white fur and intimidating gaze had been scary enough when she was a human. Now that she was a cow and could feel a certain series of urges in her morphed biology, she found herself fearing him for a completely different reason.

Moments before Tonton could nuzzle his face against hers, Paula broke out into a run. It was more than a little difficult to move with her four, cloven feet and her hundreds of pounds of extra weight. Even still the adrenaline surging through her body helped her to keep a good pace to avoid the bull catching up to her. Afraid to turn around to see how close Tonton was behind her, she kept her eyes peeled in search of someone that could help.

Paula put on the closest thing to a smile her bovine muzzle could muster upon recognizing a familiar figure in the distance. Pushing her body as hard as she could, she came to a skidding stop as she got to the edge of the fence. Trotting up to the human, she raised her head up towards Emily. The red haired girl was a bit of an air head, but that didn't matter to Paula. All she cared about was the fact that the farmhand's freckled face was looking straight at her.

"Emily, it's me, Paula," she called out. "Last night I got abducted by aliens and they turned me into a cow. Please, you have to tell Mr. Withers and the authorities about this. Maybe there's a government agency somewhere out there that can change me back."

“Awwww,” Emily cooed as she brushed her hand across Paula’s forehead. “You’re so talkative this morning, Mable. Shame I can’t understand a lick of what you’re saying. Oh, but it looks like you have a friend that’s ready to listen.”

Turning her head to the side, Paula watched Tonton as he lumbered towards her. Letting out a frantic cry, she heaved herself up onto the fence. Pushing Emily down in her desperate attempt to escape, a slip of her hooves sent her tumbling back to the ground.

“What’s gotten into you girl?” Emily asked as she brushed the grass off of her overalls. “Are you hungry? Go ahead and get you a mouthful of the green stuff. Can’t function right on an empty stomach. I’ll call you over when it’s your turn in the barn.”

Watching her hope of escape casually walk away from the fence, Paula had to chew on her lip to hold back tears. Her woeful state lasted up until her ears picked up Tonton’s hooves approaching her. Heaving herself back on all fours, she once more broke out into a sprint across the field. Weaving in-between the other cattle, she only stopped running once she was sure she had lost the burly bull.

Trudging her way over to a water trough, she dunked her head back in to sate her parched throat. Breaching the water’s surface once more and getting rid of the moisture with a shake of her head, she tried to get herself to calm down and think. Going over everything that had happened the night before, she tried to come up with a way to either contact the Bovinians or reverse her condition. What stood out were the alien’s intentions behind her transformation. They had repeatedly stated that they were trying to get her to have a better understanding of the world through the eyes of a cow. As much as she hated what this implied, she wasn’t exactly in a position to pick and choose how she got back to her old body.

Walking away from the trough just as a group of cows gathered around it, Paula meandered through the field in the hopes of figuring out what her next step was. Her goal was made obvious as her enlarged body was hit with a series of intense hunger pangs. Turning her gaze towards the blades of grass she was trampling beneath her hooves, she realized what she was craving.

Memories of face planting into the ground and getting a mouthful of the disgusting foliage were plenty enough to get Paula to reconsider what she was about to do. However, her arguments became quieter with each rumble of her belly. In the hopes of settling her appetite and appeasing the aliens, she closed her eyes, lowered her head, and took a small bite.

The taste of grass that hit her tongue wasn't nearly as bad as she had thought. In fact, her bovine taste buds treated the blades as fine cuisine with how they bounced around in her mouth. Daring to swallow the lump of vegetation, Paula opened her eyes again to begin surveying the area for more delectable grass to fill her four stomachs.

Bite after bite Paula made her way across the field in service of her bovine belly. The taste never grew stale, even as she found herself chewing on the same mouthful of grass multiple times. The constant eating put her into a zen state that eased some of her worries about her condition. This relaxed demeanor garnered the attention of the other cows to join her in the impromptu feast. While the cattle weren't much for conversation besides the indecipherable MOOs, Paula did find some comfort in the gathering as she continued to sate her hunger.

Paula's impromptu lunch party was put on hold as a bell rang out across the field. Ears flickering at the familiar noise, she picked up her head to see the other cows making their way back towards the center barn. Still in a bit of a haze from her relaxing meal, she followed after the herd to see what was going on. It was only upon stepping inside the barn and watching the

farmhands carry in numerous buckets that Paula came back to her senses and realized what was about to happen to her.

“Man, why can’t old man Withers just get a milking machine already?” a farm boy named Jeb whined, his complaints doing little to take away from his rugged appearance.

“We’re not exactly rolling in dough right now,” Emily replied as she led the first cow into the milking area. Leaning down, she ran her fingers across the creature’s muzzle to settle it down while Jeb got into position. “Besides, I’m sure they prefer the gentle touch of a person rather than a metal monstrosity.”

“It would still go a lot faster,” Jeb said as he proceeded to tug on the cow’s teats.

“It’ll also go faster if you stop your complaining and focus on your milking,” Emily teased, leaving Jeb to his work as she attended to another cow’s needy udder. “Now come on. We got a lot of ladies here that need our attention.”

Each cow gradually took their turn in the care of the farmworkers’ hands. Paula was unable to stop herself from shivering as she was pushed closer and closer to the milking area by the shifting herd. Not keen on being groped by her former coworkers, she attempted to break back through the horde of cattle in the opposite direction. While she had all the motivation she needed, there was little she could do against the wall of hefty heifers in her way.

Paula’s escape came to a halt as she felt her udder begin to swing between her legs. Feeling the engorged bulge sway back and forth, it almost felt like it was trying to drag her down to the ground. Giving just a fraction of attention to her udder unleashed a series of desires that were hardwired into her bovine body. Though she attempted to fight off these urges as long as possible, her distracted state left her completely open for Emily to grab her by the neck and lead her into the milking area.

“Lively today, aren’t you, Mable?” Emily asked as she got Paula into position. “Must be pretty pent up if you’re acting like this. Don’t worry girl, I’ll take care of you.”

Seeing an opening as Emily retrieved the next bucket, Paula got ready to bolt towards an open door and her hopeful freedom. However, her body seemed to freeze as Emily slid her fingers along one of her teats. Involuntarily she let out a soft moo as the farm girl began to tug. As the first cry petered out, she could hear a trickle of milk drip into the bucket below.

Emily’s steady hands continued to make their way around Paula’s udder to give each teat equal attention. Though at times Paula tried to break away from the embarrassing situation, it was as if she had lost control of her body. Each tug of her teats brought with it a surge of strange pleasure that spread through her body. Looking out into the herd and seeing the countless other cows staring back at her, her feelings of reliefs were undone with the thought of how humiliating it was to have her body used like this.

“Wow, you were really full, weren’t you?” Emily asked, pulling away with a bucket of milk about ready to spill over. “Alright, you go on ahead back to the herd. Let’s see, next up we have-“

Emily paused as she felt something grab her. Though she didn’t intend to, Paula had instinctively leaned forward to gingerly tug on Emily’s shirt with her teeth to stop the farmhand from walking away. The reason was made clear as her still aching udder was far from being emptied out. For lack of a proper way to express her desires, Paula opened her mouth wide to let out string of pleading MOOs as she looked into Emily’s eyes.

“Awww, don’t worry girl,” Emily said as she cradled Paula’s chin. “We’ve got you covered. Hey Jeb, can you come take care of Mable? I think she needs a bit of harder pull to get all of her milk out.”

“You got it,” he replied, taking Emily’s place with an empty bucket in hand.

The shivers that overcame Paula’s body as Jeb got in position fought against her inner desires to run from her humiliation. Being manhandled by Jeb of all people was motivation enough for Paula to charge out the door, yet she remained still as she felt his callused hands grip around her needy teats. Though she tried to console herself with the notion that she was doing it to clear her head, that reasoning went out the window as soon as Jeb began to milk her.

True to Emily’s word, Jeb was a bit stronger when it came to working Paula’s udder. While Paula herself had scolded him beforehand for being so rough with the cows, at that moment his tough pulling was exactly the thing she needed to empty out her swollen teats. Once more her mouth was forced open as she let out a series of euphoric MOOs. The sound of her cries mixed with the deluge of milk filling the bucket helped to drown out her own logical thoughts. No longer caring that she was being watched by her former coworkers and a herd of cattle, she allowed herself to enjoy every second of the milking session until every last drop had been spilled.

“That should do it,” Jeb said, standing back up with two full buckets in hand. “Emily, mind giving me a break? Pretty tired out from working Mable here.”

As Jeb began to stretch out his aching muscles, Paula couldn’t stop herself from staring at the way his shirt strained against his toned pecs. While her udder had been properly emptied out, she could still feel herself wanting for something. Clacking her hooves against the ground in desperation, she tried to figure out what exactly her bovine body wanted next. The answer came to her as she felt a warmth emanate from her backside. Sliding her tail across her hindquarters, she finally paid attention to her transformed womanhood and it’s dire need to be put to good use.

Paula's fight against her body's own libido was carried over as Emily led her back into the holding area with the other cows. As she waited for the rest of the herd to have their turn being milked, she was left to try and find some way to sate herself. Her old method of taking care of pent up lust was absolutely out of the question since she didn't have access to her special "collection" back in her room. Glancing down at her hooves, she highly doubted they had the dexterity or reach to take care of her problem either. At a loss for what to do, she decided to get creative.

Pushing past the other cows, she managed to find a somewhat secluded part of the holding area. Sheepishly backing herself up to a fence post, she carefully pressed her backside up against it. Chewing on her bottom lip, she began to rub herself up against the wood. While the position left much to be desired and she was essentially blind to what she was doing, she eventually managed to get into the groove. Feeling a sense of relief wash over her as she continued to rub against the post, she hazarded to release her grip on her bottom lip. This error led to a loud cry of euphoria echoing from her mouth that could be heard throughout the barn.

Paula froze as she realized that her outburst had garnered the attention of the entire herd. Though her fur covered up most of her face, she could still feel a blush of red seep across her cheeks the longer she stared back at her unwanted audience. For a moment she considered just ignoring them, after all they were just cows. However, what couldn't be ignored was Emily and Jeb as they pushed their way through the herd to get to Paula.

"Now I see why you're so rowdy today," Emily commented as she pulled Paula away from the post. "Must be in heat. Probably a good enough time as any to get you together with your boyfriend."

Continued to be pulled along by Emily, Paula's lust addled brain took her a few moments to figure out exactly what was going on. It was upon seeing a secluded pen outside of the back of the barn did it finally sink in. Once more her logical side was at odds with her body's burning need to get what it desired. This stunned left her in no condition to put up much of a fight as Emily led her into the pen and locked her in.

"I'll go ahead and give you two some privacy," Emily said as she made her way back to the barn. "Have fun!"

Paula's longing gaze for her former friend kept her ignorant to the sound of something coming up behind her. Ears flickering at a familiar sound of something large and bulky staggering towards her, she turned around to see Tonton only a few feet away. Backing her rear end up to the fence, she swiveled her head back and forth for a means of escape. Momentarily she considered leaping over the fence but was unsure if she'd even make it an inch off the ground with her cumbersome form. Charging through the wood wasn't an option, she had built the pen herself and was well aware of its ability to keep even the most aggressive bull at bay. All that was left was for her to do was stand her ground to try and fight off Tonton's advance.

Though she was prepared to bite, kick, and whatever else was necessary to fend off the bull, his causal approach did not bare the same level of aggression. Casually strolling up to her, Tonton lowered his head down a few times as if to gesture for her to look. Keeping one eye locked on the bull, Paula tilted her head ever so slightly to watch as Tonton dragged his forehoof through the dirt.

"You human?" Tonton wrote.

Paula took a moment to understand what she saw in front of her. Turning back to Tonton, she hazarded to give a small nod.

“Me same,” Tonton scribbled out in the dirt. “Alien take and change. Same you?”

Easing up her muscles a bit, Paula trotted forward and began to also write. “Yes. Last night.” Thinking for a moment, she scribbled a last note in the dirt with the word, “Paula.”

Seeing this, Tonton returned the gesture with the word, “Thomas.”

Putting as close as she could to a smile on her muzzle, Paula returned by making a very crude drawing of a smiley face in the dirt. Copying the expression, the newly deemed Thomas continued to drag his hooves through the dirt to continue the discussion. This discussion between fellow victims of the Bovinians was just the thing Paula needed to calm her nerves.

Unfortunately, it did not prevent her body from expressing its dire need to breed.

While the light conversation with Thomas was enjoyable, it couldn't take away from the heat that emanated from Paula's bovine womanhood. Every slight bump against the bull's body reinvigorated a passion inside of her that pushed her towards her baser desires. Finding herself staring at Thomas's body with lustful intent, Paula stopped writing and began to trot off. She only managed to get a few feet away before a tug on her tail got her to turn back.

“What wrong?” Thomas hastily dragged through the dirt.

Paula pondered for a moment. Pushed by her need to settle herself down, she relented and wrote in the dirt, “Me heat.”

Thomas gave a nod of his head before writing down, “Same.”

Daring to peek underneath the bull's body, Paula's eyes went wide as she beheld something that looked just the right size and girth for the depths of her vagina. Turning back towards Thomas's face, she saw no outwards sign of desire. As if reading her thoughts, Thomas began to write once more.

“No have to,” he wrote. “I want, but no force. Not know what do bodies.”

Thomas had made a good point. Though the aliens had transformed them into cows, they had failed to provide a metaphorical manual for how their bodies worked. Left just as clueless was when she woke up in the field that morning, Paula's only option was to stand there in silence and consider her options. What prevailed was a mix of desires mixed with a morbid curiosity brought about by finding someone just like her.

Rather than reply, Paula merely turned herself around to present her backside to Thomas. Turning her head back, she made sure he had a good view as she slid her tail across her needy vagina. Thomas stood there, unsure if what she meant was for real. She put his and her own worries to rest with a simple head nod. Upon feeling Thomas mount her body, Paula allowed herself to fully experience the life of one of her cows in every way possible.

The pleasant afternoon of mindlessly grazing in the field was put on a pause as Paula's ears flickered at the sound of someone walking up to the pen. Over the course of the past month she had become accustomed to the specific way each of the farmhands walked around the farm. This particular skill helped her to figure out who to MOO towards to give her the best treatment when it came to milking her. Though the approaching person's footsteps sounded somewhat familiar, she couldn't quite pinpoint who they belonged to. That was until she lifted up her head to look at their face.

Paula's jaw opened up to let the grass inside tumble out as she beheld her former, human face staring back at her. It was an exact copy of herself, down to her body proportions and the

mole on her cheek. Save for a messy head of hair with an impressive cow lick, the imposter was a near perfect replica. At the very least, it seemed to be enough to fool the other farmhands.

“Paula?” Jeb asked as he walked up the pen. “Where have you been? I haven’t seen you in weeks.”

“I got a little sidetracked trying to hunt down those people wandering onto the property at night,” the false Paula said. Lifting up the leg of her pants, she showed off a series of bandages wrapped around her ankle. “I gave chase to a group of teenagers and ended up spraining my leg. I should be fine to work though.”

Jeb pondered for a moment before shrugging his shoulders. “Alright, just don’t push yourself too hard. I’ll be around to help if you need me.”

“Will do. Thanks, Jebby.”

The nickname momentarily made the farm boy stop in his tracks. Dismissing it with another shrug, he turned on his heels and continued walking towards the milking area. Waiting until Jeb was out of sight, the imposter hung her head over the side of the pen to shoot the real Paula a smile.

“What do you think?” she asked, resting her chin upon her fingers. “I’m still pretty new to the human concept of lying, but I think that was enough to fool him.”

“Who are you and what are you doing with my body?” Paula asked, once more forgetting that her speech only came out in bovine grunts and MOOs. “Why am I even bothering. It’s not like you can understand me.”

“Well of course I can. After all, it’s the language I’ve been using since birth.”

That little hint of information was all Paula needed to guess the copy’s identity. “Mable, is that you?”

“In the flesh, well a lot less of it.” Lifting up her leg, she once more showed off her bandaged ankle. “It still took a while to get used to walking on only two legs. At least it made for a decent excuse for why you weren’t around for so long.”

“How is this even possible? This is absolutely insane.”

Mable let out a laugh. “Is it any more ridiculous than you being changed into a cow by aliens?”

“I...see your point. That still doesn’t explain why you have my body.”

“Same reason you have mine: the Bovinians.”

Paula let out a snort. “Don’t mention those creeps. It’s their fault I’m stuck in this mess.”

“Their hearts are in the right places, but they tend to generalize when it comes to your species,” Mable commented. “That being said, they’re not without reason. Their original intention was to just replace the two of us to let you suffer, but they didn’t realize how well the cows are taken care of on this farm.”

Reaching out over the pen, Mable proceeded to scratch underneath Paula’s chin to help her calm down. “You and the others care so much about us. I spent my first hour after transforming just explaining to the Bovinians how good you were to me. After hearing what I had to say, they were more than willing to admit they were wrong.”

Pulling away from Paula, Mable reached into her pocket to pull out the very same device the aliens had used to change her into a cow. “I’ve been sent down here to give you a second chance. Just say the word and I’ll change you back.”

A hopeful smile formed on Paula’s face, only to be replaced with a huff. “As generous as the offer is, I can’t accept. At least, not yet.”

Mable tilted her head. “But why? I would think you’d want to go back to eating something other than grass.”

Clearing her throat Paula let out a loud MOO that echoed across the field. As the cry petered out, the sound of something large and heavy could be heard rapidly approaching. Nearly ramming his horns into the pen, Thomas was brought to a screeching halt with a wave of Paula’s tail.

“Mable, this is Thomas,” Paula explained. “He’s the same as me.”

“Ah, I see what’s going on,” Mable said. “You want me to change him back as well.”

“Yes, but again, not yet,” Paula explained. “Living life on the farm isn’t so bad. I’m actually enjoying being free of responsibilities. And I will admit, the milking sessions are...pleasurable.”

“That still doesn’t seem like a good reason for both of you to be stuck like this,” Mable said.

“It is when we’re both soon to be parents.”

Mable stood there in silence for a few moments to let the gears in her head make sense of things. “Wait, you mean the two of you...”

Though Mable’s question trailed off, a pair of nods from both Paula and Thomas answered her question.

“I’m not sure what changing back will do to the calf,” Paula said. “Once they’re born, I’d be more than happy to take you up on that offer. Well, as long as you include my entire family at that point.”

Putting on a cheerful smirk, Mable stowed away the ray gun. “I’d be more than happy to oblige. As long as you’re okay with me using your body for a bit. I’m having a lot of fun being human.”

“Knock yourself out. But you might want to take some lessons from me about how to behave around here. Like not calling Jeb by that name. Only his girlfriends call him that.”

“Does he have one right now?”

“Not that I’m aware of.”

Mable put on a wide grin. “Then I suppose I could keep calling him Jebby if I become his new girlfriend then.”

Paula let out a series of snorts that were the rough equivalent to a laugh. “Alright girl, you go ahead. I’ll be waiting here when you get back.”

“Thank you!” Mable shouted out before running after Jeb.

Watching her former body head off in pursuit of her own pleasure, Paula once more turned to Thomas. Giving him a few nudges to his neck, she made her intentions clear. As Thomas got in position and climbed atop her, Paula couldn’t help herself from thanking the Bovinians for allowing her to experience the life of a very happy cow.