

Life on the Farm

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | March 26, 2002



By CaitSara and Meaghead with assistance from Conaire

Synopsis: This is the culmination of a mixture of real life practices spiced with a healthy dose of fantasy. The stories deals with a woman who owns a human cow farm and how some of the “cows” came to be in their particular situation.

The Legend of Cow Cunt 1

I am the current Owner of a very highly specialized farm. Our main products, milk and babies, are “manufactured” by human cattle. The females that provide the products do so, for the most part, willingly. They are extraordinarily submissive, and extremely masochistic.

Some come on their own volition and others come for the parties we have, for an extremely select group, and end up staying out of some strange fascination in what we do. Once in a very rare while, we actually purchase another Master, or Mistress’, slave. On rare occasions, one may be procured through less...voluntary means.

I am the third Owner of this farm. The first was an extremely strong Domme who’s name I never learned. I do believe that she is now deceased. The second Owner was

a man. He had attended a dinner party for a very select group of wealthy individuals with a taste for the bizarre. It was after the dinner was served that he first became aware of the farm with human (male and female) cattle.

Alongside the coffee, tea, and desserts was what can only be described as a live human milking cow. She was absolutely magnificent (as he told it). She had the owner's brand on her fleshy thigh. There was a number tattooed on her inner lip and again on her other thigh. Her breasts were very full and hard from clamping (to prevent let down before the main event), and a low voltage current was being sent through each. There were also wires attached to her clit, labia, and butt plug (replete with tail).

At the first pull on her nipple, the milk shot out hard enough to splash the coffee! A glass flute rested beneath each breast so that not one precious drop would be wasted. What was the most amazing aspect of this display, and the one act that changed his lifestyle forever, was the feed tube entered the cow's mouth, and the huge feed bag that poured a concoction down her gullet and into her stomach without her having trouble breathing! He said he could actually see her belly expand and drop from its normal hanging of about six inches from the floor to when it eventually touched the floor from the volume of what was being consumed and the sear weight of the fluid.

He ran his hand along her belly and she made a sound that was almost a mow. No doubt the tube in her gullet interfered with her speaking. However, she certainly didn't seem to care. She looked back at him from her hand-knee stance and smiled. He said she had a very blissful and serene stare. He continued to rub her belly only expanding the range of his motion. The cow's owner came up to him and with a Cheshire smile said: "Why don't you squeeze her belly. Use two hands if you need to." He thanked her for her suggestion and grabbed the flesh about her navel. He yanked it down as hard as he could and with a sudden swiftness pushed his way nearly halfway into her belly. He then began to press her sides in toward each other. This had the effect of forcing her belly even lower.

The cow was exhibiting signs of a good deal of pain but none-the-less the fluid in the bag finally finished emptying into her. He pushed up on her huge belly and watched,

as the fluid would flow back up the tube and into the feedbag.

The cow maintained her position the entire time, only occasionally raising either an arm or a leg to somewhat ease the strain on her hands and knees. She was very flushed, leaking profusely from her vagina, and on the edge of orgasm. Her owner said to watch carefully. She began to rub the cow's belly in a circular motion. She rubbed around the circumference, making smaller circles, till the owner's hand was gently rubbing ground zero, her navel area.

She then dropped her hand to just above the pubic mound and began to rub and gently press inward and forward. Suddenly the cow shuttered, and, with a single undulating motion from head to ass, much as in the motion of a bullwhip, orgasmed. But this was no mere orgasm! A stream of fluid shot out her pussy as if it were a water tap turned on full and she nipples splashed milk into the flutes. The room exploded with applause.

Her owner next exhibited the catheter in her urethra. This was swiftly attached to the feed tube via an extension tube. She opened the valve and a stream of urine burst through the tube with such speed that the color change to yellow in the clear tubing was nearly instantaneous. A second round of applause came from the guests.

The man promptly offered to buy her for one hundred thousand dollars. She declined the offer but stated that the cow was available for those "very special" dinner parties. In spite of some intense, on the spot, negotiations with her, she still would not sell. He finally offered her six thousand dollars to spend a weekend on her "farm" (as she called it). After seeing the estate's fifteen hundred secluded acres and the one hundred acre manicured lawns surrounding the manor house, and the stables, he knew he had to own the place.

Shortly after his purchase of the farm, Cow Cunt arrived and became his first acquisition. She was a mere twenty years old and a former exotic dancer. She had married a man in his early fifties who promised her a life of luxury and ease if she would bear him children. She consented to the arrangement and all was well until after they were married.

She was a most glorious creature indeed! Her shoulder length auburn colored hair

was quite thick and most plentiful. It shone in the sun as brightly as a fire during the night. Her eyes were a pale green and her skin had a pale luminescence that bespoke that glow of beauty that only comes with youth.

Sans makeup, a band of very pale freckles dotted her face from her right cheek bone, across the bridge of her pert and slightly upturned nose, and down across the left cheek bone. Her face was broad and her lips, with their naturally dark ruddy complexion, were thick and French-arched. Her smile was absolutely dazzling and could melt the ice of the arctic.

All this sat perched upon a long, gracefully curved, neck. This, in turn sat upon a fairly large framed body. Cow Cunt was five-feet and ten-inches tall. She had long arms and her legs went on for miles. Although one could not call her petite by any means, she was rather well portion-ed.

Her hips were full and wide, fleshy, but far from overly so. Her entire body had a layer of lushness that fell quite short of being chubby, but none-the-less bespoke of comfort. She had a slight belly that in the future might turn to a pot, but in the height of her youth screamed of fertility and child bearing ability.

Her breasts were, to say the least, magnificent. They were quite full and firm. There is no doubt that one day they would become overly so and begin to sag and stretch. But now, in her youth, they were still able to defy gravity.

Her aureoles and nipples were, in contrast to the paleness of her ample body, were quite ruddy. Her nipples were most obtrusive and projected at least one-half inch, each sitting like a jewel upon the peak of its respective crown. Pale freckles adorned her upper chest where the breast meets to body. Another band of the delightful markings ran across her upper back.

Her ass was a perfect inverted heart, with soft lush globes that seemed to melt into her thighs without a trace of border or sag. Her pussy was an incredible work of art. The lips puffy and well defined even in a non -aroused state. Her clit hood barely poked its lovely ruddy head though at the top of those pursed lips.

Were it not for her lushness, she would have been a high fashion model. The due to

her stature, exotic dancing became her vocation. It was in this venue that she met her future husband. He had come to the club with some of his friends to enjoy an evening of ribald entertainment. They were married within two months of that fateful meeting. Then things went awry.

He had discovered, quite by accident, and after he had begun to think her infertile, her birth control pills. He was absolutely livid and decided to exact a terrible price for her deception. She would bear him many children: One per year.

And she would become a lower than a cow. He contacted the former owner, who had remained on for one year to acquaint the new one with the proper operation schedule and procedures. She in turn referred the man to the new owner for an honorarium.

She accompanied her husband to the farm under the pretext of attending a very private, and a very special, weekend party.

Cow Cunt had been at the farm for twenty years now. She no longer resembled the exotic dancer that first came in. She is five feet and ten inches tall and over three hundred pounds. Her entire body is a mass of stretch marks highlighted by her olive skin. Her pendulous breasts hung down to where her navel once was, and her navel was now a good five inches lower.

Her areolas were at least three inches in diameter. Her nipples were nearly one-half inch in diameter and extended more than an inch and one-half. The years of vacuum stretching coupled with her four daily milkings assured that they would never return to their original size. When she was lactating, they stood erect like small penises and when she was emptied, they flopped over like some unused appendage.

Her stomach ballooned out to such an extent that it formed a mighty geographical landmark when she lay on her back. Her navel could no longer be seen without an intensive search in the cavern of its origin.

When she stood, an apron of fat descended to a point about four inches below her crotch. When she sat, her bloated impregnated belly extended out almost to her knees and her enormous breasts, now bloated with milk, rested on top and down the

front and resembled two enormous eggplants.

But the most amazing view of all was the picture provided when she was on her hands and knees (a quite common one for her). Two giant ham-like thighs joined her enormous ass. Each ass cheek bore a tattoo. One cheek had “dog fucking whore” written on it and the other stated “horse fucking whore”.

Her rectum was permanently gaped to a four-inch diameter and housed a plug that served two purposes. Firstly the plug would prevent any unwanted accidents (she hadn't continent in many years). Secondly she could be “feed”, or cleaned out, through the two one-inch hoses running through the center of the inflatable plug.

Her vagina was also permanently stretched out from the constant use of huge dildos, and other large objects, and the continuing fucking by the horses and other livestock. She could accommodate both hands of a large adult male up to the elbows without even flinching. During birth, the main problem is preventing the babies from all trying to exit at once! Her labia were stretched down nearly five inches from the remains of her pussy. Her number was tattooed on the inside of one lip and “animals only” inside the other.

There were two brands on her thigh, his, and now mine. There were the obligatory number tattoos inside her lip and on the outer side of her labia. There was one on the left side of her head as well as the right side. Across her forehead the name “Cow Cunt” was printed. Down her left thigh were the names, or numbers, of the thirty-eight babies she has spawned to date.

Originally her pregnancies were induced in the old fashion way: Gang fucks by the staff and whomever else might wish the pleasure. She was often taken to biker bars and chained to a stall or urinal and sold for five dollars a suck and ten a fuck.

Once the Aids virus became a common fact of life, and with the advent of artificial insemination, and fertility drugs, the sex with human beings was discontinued. For the past fourteen years, her only sex partners have been animals. Both the livestock on the farm, the horses and the dogs, as well as the livestock of a select group, were pleased by Cow Cunt.

There were obscenities tattooed on the inside of her thighs and on her pubic mound. There were tattooed drawings of her fucking and sucking animals (including female animals) all over her back and arms. Across one breast was tattooed “grade A cow’s milk” and across the other, “cow whore produce”.

She had piercings all over her body. Each ear had four piercings in the lower fleshy part and housed four large loops. In the early days of her “training” these were used as finger grips to either pull her back against a human cock, or forward when she was giving a blow job. The upper portion of each ear contained five piercings and housed simple studs.

Her nose had a reinforced hole through the septum that contained a large diameter silver ring. Although there was a mighty temptation to pierce her tongue, this was never done because she has had many meals consisting of feces and urine from both humans and animals. This was one of the first humiliations she encountered at the farm.

Her widowed husband (she was declared dead from an accidental drowning at sea) would often visit in the early years for the distinct pleasure of urinating and defecating into her mouth. He would pay for the pleasure of filming some of her “adventures” in humiliation and depravity. In recent years he has ceased coming to visit due to declining health and must now settle for whatever videos are made at the farm.

There was two piercings in each nipple. Currently she has a ring at what was once the nipple just where it joined the areola and now was a good half-inch away. The other was once a quarter of the way from the tip and is now nearly one-half inch from the tip. These are removed for milkings. On any given day there are two eight ounce silver bells that hang down further stretching them out.

But the one true masterpiece of her body would have to be her vaginal area. There are currently nine piercings in each of her labia. Housed there are a total of eighteen three-quarter inch sterling silver rings from which weights were often hung. When she was servicing animals, these piercings also assisted in keeping her grotesquely elongated lips out of the way and prevented tearing. After all, why would one want to destroy the work of art that had taken years to create (although

the creative process was still on going)? Her greatly distended clit and clit hood had three piercings. Two were currently barbells and the one just above her clit was, yet again, a silver ring. These piercings also would carry weights when her cunt was not in use servicing her stud lovers.

Her urethra bears the obligatory catheter and is so distended that I have her currently plugged with 50 gauge Foley. It is quite possible to extend one's pinkie all the way into her canal. One time one of my assistants forgot to replace the indwelling device and she was put outside for the afternoon. She fell asleep only to be awakened by a group of ants that had crawled up her urethra and decided to have lunch! I do not know what Cow Cunt's actual name is. I never asked for truly it was of no interest to me. I don't even know if the original owner of the farm was aware of her name. It is very doubtful that Cow Cunt even remembers her name after so many years of farm life.

I do know that when I purchased the estate, Cow Cunt had three large pictures in her stall. One was of her nude in her stripping prime. Another was of her in her wedding gown (sans groom). And the last was a large composite of her in the varying stages of her life here at the farm.

I do not know, or care what thoughts might enter the mind of this cow whore, but I do know that she sometimes is heard crying in her stall during the evening. On occasion there seems to still be a very small spark of awareness of her fate in her eyes, though she does not seem to manifest this in any concrete manner.

I do know that she fears me, and yet loves me, more than anything else on this earth. She recognizes that her entire existence, everything she does, and everything done to and with her, is at my whim. She cannot eat, sleep, shit, or piss without my approval.

These days her existence is far better than her earlier days. Firstly, she is so incredibly docile and submissive that punishment is rarely called for (as if an excuse is needed). Secondly, there is nothing else in the way of torture or humiliation that can be done to her for she has weathered that harshest and most brutal treatment possible without rendering her reproductive, and milk producing, abilities inoperable.

I use her to perform the mundane tasks around the dairy for it seems the more complex jobs are no longer within her abilities to remember or perform. She accomplished most of her own care regiment including the changing of her catheter and the insertion of her feeding tube down her throat. She even “milks” the dogs, horses and pigs for their sperm. She learned this early on in her training along with several other interesting tricks.

She is also quite popular with our pack of great danes that roam freely about the estate. We bath her only once a week or week and a half so she is in constant demand for their rutting and she gets to enjoy their snack when she sucks their penises. She learned about the dogs on her first night at the farm.

During the day she had apparently called the owner a son of a bitch. This was the remark that triggered the initiation of her training in this area. This training was eventually used on all the cows, although not nearly to the extent of Cow Cunt. She was to be part of the weekend’s entertainment at a gathering of the owner’s “friends” and fellow enthusiasts.

The owner went to her stall on Friday afternoon, after his guests had arrived, and told her that she would learn what the phrase “son of a bitch” really meant. She was taken, trembled and shaking and crying, to the solarium area. When she saw the guests, and the five huge animals lurking outside the solarium doors, she immediately knew what was going to occur. Needless to say she started, much to everyone’s delight, to scream and plead for mercy. When she physically began to struggle, she was hit with a stun gun. She fell to the floor, wetting herself.

She was placed in the solarium on the manor house. She was tied over a bolstered leather ottoman. Her knees were widely spread and rope secured them to the legs. Her arms were tied behind her back Secured at both the wrists and elbows. A leather band was placed around her forehead and rope ties secured that to her elbow ropes.

A ring gag was placed and secured to her. The ring was three and one-half inches in diameter. A device of steel was secured around her neck that had an apron extending down her back. A short length of rope led from a pad lock eye (to lock the collar shut) to an eyelet at the base of the ottoman. The rope was secured in such a

manner that her mouth was now the approximate height of her vagina. Foam was fitted inside to take up some slack and the front place was closed around her neck. She could only move her head a mere fraction of an inch once the device was in place.

At this point the owner brought over a jar of mating scent cream used when the dogs were mated, but not interested. This cream utilized the hormonal secretions of the bitch in heat. He rubbed the cream all over her anus and vagina (as well as inside both orifices) and around the exposed sections of her mouth. Then the dogs were let in for the weekend!!! Needless to say, she was the star attraction, and was almost never without at least two suitors at any given time. Fortunately the neck brace's apron saved her back from the dogs' nails for by the end of the weekend, the bright stainless finish was a very marred and scratched matte.

When the dogs were busy with licking themselves, or sleeping, or eating, she was given only enough freedom to relieve herself. She was only fed after they were and it was essentially the same processed food watered down enough with beer to flow through the feed hose forced down her gullet.

The alpha male of the pack immediately went for her rear and began to sniff and lick at her. Another caught the aroma at her mouth and began to lick her there. There was so little play in the ropes that she didn't stand a chance of fighting any attention off.

The alpha knew his role in this little passion play having played this role many times to both willing, and unwilling, partners. He was unrelent-ing with his tongue and within several minutes had forced her to add her own feral scent to the brew. It would seem that he was trying to shove his tongue up into her uterus with his near frenzy. When his tongue found her ass hole, she bolted in her confines and once again wet herself a bit. This excited the beast even more.

The one at her head was busily trying to shove his tongue down her throat. He sought out even bit on flesh available round her mouth. He was absolutely slobbering her entire face with his open arbor. The entire time she was crying and trembling and realizing that what was about to occur was inevitable.

No one was going to help her. No one was going to stop this obscene-it. They were laughing and applauding the scene before them. This was even being photographed. Her newly “widowed” husband was taking photographs and laughing hysterically. Some of the attendees had brought their submissives and slaves with them. Not one of them didn’t fear this sort treatment happening to them, right there, and right now.

Gang fucks and multiple gender partners of the human form were generally acceptable, especially if the upkeep of maintaining full time “properties” could be offset by an accompanying honorarium for the use of said property. But to see such a blatant, and open, exhibition of pure “animal” lust was positively.....delicious!!! The alpha dog wasted little time after the initial “kisses”. He raised his front paws onto the apron on her back and immediately began to furiously pump away at the air. As his paws slid down to embrace her waist, he sidled up closer and in a flashing instant, found her receptive cunt. In the blink of an eye he had pushed his eight-inch penis into her, his ever-swelling knot banging away at her cunt lips and clit.

She undoubtedly would have screamed but at nearly the same instant, the dog at her mouth suddenly jammed his cock up into her mouth and was trying to fit his knot through the o-ring. All our poor little Cow Cunt could do was moan her extreme disapproval and shed tears of shame, pain and rage at what was being done to her.

It is always a tricky proposition when dogs are mating. With two of them trying at once, with the same bitch, total chaos can break out. But these were reasonably seasoned, and extremely well trained animals so our poor Cow Cunt had to endure this unholy, well choreographed, double penetration.

The animals created a natural staccato. Their heads were side by side as they pounded into their bitch with reckless abandon. Cow Cunt’s body shook with the pounding as each animal attempted to tie with her and then reach climax. The other dogs circled and watched, yapping and drooling and awaiting their turn. All their bitch could do was moan into the dog cock in her mouth and cry.

The slave who had put the mating scent on Cow Cunt came close to the coupling trio and rubbed more of the substance on Cow Cunt’s breasts and nipples, thighs and exposed flanks. The remaining dogs instantly raced to those areas and began to lick

at the maddening scent.

Suddenly the alpha's knot rammed through Cow Cunt's vaginal lips and plowed completely into her, adding another three inches of dog cock in human cunt. Poor little Cow Cunt. Her eyes told the entire tale of her pain at this tying. They opened wider than one could believe possible. What sounded like an elongated mouse's squeaking was her scream of utter debasement.

What was even worse was the fact that the dog's huge knot continued to grow inside of her. The dog was now humping her with blinding speed and with each stroke the knot pounded the inside of her cunt. She felt as though the tip of the animal's cock was worming its way up into her uterus to plant its seed.

The dog at her mouth was becoming frustrated at his inability to knot with this new bitch. He began to whine and yelp. Fortunately the dog knotted with her suddenly tensed and began to shoot his sperm into her. He almost completely stopped his pounding and merely held onto her with his paws. The sperm felt boiling hot to Cow Cunt as it flooded into her tightly cramped cunt stretching the already stretched walls even more.

The sperm was so copious that it began to leak out and drip into the bowl beneath her. Cow Cunt simply closed her eyes, thankful that this particular indignity had ended. The dog at her mouth was pulled off of her and she was thankful that she could now breathe more easily. It was when she saw the face of her "bereaved" husband that she knew this torment was truly only beginning.

The dog behind her then began to try to pull out of her causing a wail, and then a scream, to emanate from her. He could go nowhere because he was tied and the struggling of the animal tortured her already raw and chaffed cunt. After pulling both her and the footstool several torturous inches, the dog simply stepped over her and now stood ass to ass with his tied bitch.

Her husband laughed at this particular predicament and he squatted in front of her. "Now, calling you a bitch is no longer an insult. It's a statement of fact!" He laughed heartily as he began to undo the ring gag. "You do know what to do now, don't you", he said as he brought the beta dog back toward her. "If you so much as make him

uncomfortable, I will have your tits sliced off one strip at a time and feed them to the dogs. And heaven help you if you bite him you whore!" The dog instinctively knew what was coming and hopped back up on her shoulders with his paws. Before she could even recover enough to plead, the animal rammed his cock into her mouth and down toward the back of her throat. Her husband reached under her and grabbed hold of her clit hood. He pinched it quite mightily and said: "Do what you were born to do whore!" Having no say in the matter coupled with an intensely honed will to survive, our little Cow Cunt indeed began to give what could be considered one of her famous world class blow jobs to the animal. Unfortunately, the animal could not gain purchase of his knot in her mouth and began to become frustrated yet again.

The servicing slave suddenly grabbed hold of the animal's knot and held it tightly. Suddenly, our little doggy whore was rewarded with an abundance of dog sperm flooding down her throat and into her stomach. The volume and rate of sperm flowing into her proved to be too much to handle and she began to choke. Sperm began to dribble from her mouth and into the bowl beneath her face.

She began to cough as the dog's cock withdrew from her mouth, bathing her face in dog cum. Sperm even began to flow from her congested nose. She was a mess. Then she vomited up some of the sperm in a reflexive manner to clear her blocked wind passages. Fortunately, the bowl again caught almost all the refuse.

It was at this point in time that the alpha, with one mighty pull, viciously yanked himself free from his bitch. He then went off to rest and lick himself clean. She let out with a scream that brought one of the Mistress' present to orgasm. The dog's cum literally poured from her now gaping cunt into the bowl between her legs.

To her horror, the next dog in line jumped up onto her back and began to work his way into her cunt. Another was brought around to her face and the entire process began yet again. However, she knew that this new hell was indeed simply that: A hell! An electrical transformer was wheeled over toward her and from the corner of her eye she could see that many red and white wires ran from it, terminating in vicious looking alligator clamps.

In spite of her predicament of being unable to really move, Cow Cunt struggled and

tried to free herself unsuccessfully. He husband was given the honors of attaching the to clamps destined for her nipples. She screamed and wailed as best she could, hindered with her mouth full of dog cock.

The Owner had the pleasure of inserting a small inflatable anal probe tipped with a metal strip, and then inflating it merely enough to insure that it would not be forced out. He then attached a clamp to her now engorged clit, causing her to jump hard enough to actually move the stool with her upon it.

A low voltage current was started, stimulating her pleasure points. This is where she would truly start her journey into the depths of debase-ment and degradation. Her own body would be used to betray, and deliver, her soul to her new Owner. More of the scent was rubbed on her exposed body parts and the dogs not busy fucking her began to lick.

The dog at her rear forced his knot up into her now stretched cunt and was humping her furiously as the one in her mouth did the same. He was not yet being held by the servicing slave and humped quite furiously.

Every few moments the current passing into her nipples, clit, and ass was increased to try and present a stimulus corresponding to the intensity of the dogs fucking her. In spite of her situation, she began to flush and react to this new stimulation. Her husband knelt beside her. He was smiling profusely yet his eyes were a reflection of the ice-cold hatred of her that he held in his badly wounded heart.

“You like this, don’t you”, he stated rather then asked. “Welcome to the rest of your life whore!” He stood up and walked to the control panel of the transformer. He upped the current three more notches to the accompaniment of a long, loud, and very throaty moan from Cow Cunt. At that moment the dog in her cunt came, flooding her again with his sperm.

Her body was now having spasms from both the current and the building lust. Her pelvis was still rocking against the now tied animal trying to draw yet more pleasure from him. Maybe, she thought, if she could cum, she might be able to again regain some measure of control over her body, and soul. She moaned as the dog stepped over himself and rested, tied ass to ass.

The service slave again grasped the dog's knot and she felt him increase the intensity of his pounding into her mouth. In short order he orgasm-ed and flood her mouth and throat with another load of protein rich doggy cum; so good for a girl on a high protein low fat diet. As this was happening the dog in her cunt yanked himself out and she had her first uncontrolled orgasm of her new life.

Her husband had seen enough for this evening and pursued his entertainment in one of the Owner's playrooms. To Cow Cunt, the rest of the evening became a blur of orgasming dogs and electro-stimulation. After several hours of fucking and sucking, the dogs simply found comfortable places in the solarium and rested. But Cow Cunt's evening was far from being over.

She looked the most sorry sight. Dog cum leaked from her now de-formed pussy into the bowl beneath. Her thighs and legs were coated with the scum. Her face leaked cum from her nose and mouth. Her entire face resembled frosted sweet bread. Her hair was soaked and matted with the stuff. Both bowls had been emptied several times.

Her body was scratched and rubbed raw from paws and dog tongues. Her nipples and her clit leaked droplets of blood from the teeth of the alligator clamps. She stunk from the entire ordeal and had her head not been secured to remain upright, it would've fallen down against the footstool.

Her mind was a mess to rival her body. It had long since shut down to what was being done with her body. Her eyes were shut and her mouth hung open. There was little, or nothing, left in her this evening. The only thought going was the picture of her husband's face smiling as he said: "Welcome to the rest of your life!" Well cummed more likely. And the iciness of his eyes: The totally unabashed hatred, and heated desire, to see all that she was, and represented, destroyed forever.

Two slaves were charged with the removal of the bondage devices, and the clamps. Even as the blood rushed back to her nipples and clit, and the blinding flash of pain that exploded with kilo-force inside her brain, she barely flinched. They removed the anal probe and cut her bonds. When they removed her collar and apron, her head and entire body went completely limp.

What an excellent sight. What an outstanding image to behold: A beautiful young woman, lying over a stool in a pool of dog sperm. She Immediately fell into a beleaguered sleep. The Owner felt that the most Could be gotten from her only after a few hours of sleep. But first she must be fed, watered, collared, and deviced. This would be overseen by the Owner and her “bereaved” husband, and accomplished by two of the slaves in attendance.

The two slaves worked with a professional aplomb that was yet to be exceeded by any others currently in residence. They flopped Cow Cunt, or what remained of her, onto her back on the tiled floor of the solar-ium. A stainless steel collar was placed around her neck and snapped shut. It was three inches in height and one-eighth inch thick save where it locked shut. That was one-half inch thick.

Matching bracelets where placed on her wrists and ankles. There were no keyholes for no keys would ever be needed. These were never being removed. There was barely enough room between skin and bracelet to wash beneath them. All of the edges were rounded smooth to prevent them from cutting into the skin, as if that really was a matter of con-cern.

Next, a number ten Foley catheter was lubricated and pasted up into her urethra. No longer would the simple act of peeing be under her control. In fact, this was just the beginning of a series of ever-larger diameter Foleys that would eventually destroy all urinary continence.

She had peed several times during her ordeal yet a small stream of urine flowed from her when the catheter pasted the sphincter and entered her bladder. A saline solution was injected into the piping that led to a small balloon at the tip of the catheter. It could not be removed now.

Now came the butt plug. This rather common model was six inches long. The retention ring above the base was a modest two inches in diameter. This too would be increased in size until her sphincter would no longer be functional. Total control of all bodily waste functions, and complete incontinenes, were one of the short-term goals.

This butt plug was the inflatable kind with a one-way valve control similar to the

Foley. It too was lubed with a topical anesthetic and forced into our all-but-unconscious Cow Cunt. Though she didn't stir when it was inserted, she did moan a bit after the fourth pumping of the inflator was administered. The inflator was then removed, leaving the plug firmly in its place.

At the base of the plug was a turning collar valve to which a one-inch diameter hose could be attached. There was a one-way valve further in that would doubly secure whatever might be injected into Cow Cunt. In this manner she could be fed, or cleaned out, or forced to retain. There was only one more procedure to perform and total physical control would be achieved.

Fortunately for the two slaves, Cow Cunt was done in. Trying to get a three-eighths inch feeding tube down into the stomach of a lively piece of property was not an easy accomplishment. It often took two or more attempts to feed the tubing up the nasal passages, down the back of the throat, and into the stomach. Even with a very cooperative slave this could be a most trying endeavor.

However, to quote another source, "The difficult we do right anyway. The impossible takes a little longer." On the third attempt the tubing did enter her stomach and the catheter end, attached through the back of her throat, was also inflated to prevent it being pulled out or vomited up. Now all of her bodily functions could be totally controlled and she was totally dependent upon whoever owned her for her very life.

The two slaves lifted her up, carried her through the French doors of the solarium, and around the grounds into the enclosed kennel area next to the stables, which had been converted into a human cowshed. The dogs, resting calmly in their cages, suddenly perked up and began to bark when they smelled their favorite bitch.

She was placed onto a rolling ob/gyn exam table in a semi reclining position. Her legs were strapped into the stirrups and spread apart offering a clear view, or target, of her cum coated cunt. Her arms were secured to a railing beneath her head in a palms-up position. One of the slaves began to once again strategically rub the mating scent on her body while the other disappeared into an adjoining room. It was now feeding time.

The second slave appeared with two one-gallon bags full of the dog sperm captured

by the bowls. He hung them both from hooks in the ceiling over her head. Though she felt the stirring around her, Cow Cunt kept her eyes blissfully closed and remained oblivious to the actions around her. She was just over the edge of being asleep.

Each bag contained nearly three-quarters of a gallon of sperm and was enclosed at the top. One-inch diameter hosing ran from one of the bags and three-eighths from the other. The one-inch hose was attached into Cow Cunt's butt plug. The three-eighths inch hose ran into her nasal feeding tube.

The transformer cart was brought up next. A butterfly clamp was placed on each of Cow Cunt's turgid nipples and tightened just enough to retain a firm purchase. A wire was then wound around the ring in the clamp. Another small butterfly clamp was applied onto her clit hood. Once again, it was given enough tension to assure that it would not fall away easily. A single wire was attached to the ring. A final wire was run to her butt plug connection. A light gauge chain was now passed through the rings of all three clamps and the slack drawn out. Any movement would cause the clamps to tighten around the respective nubbin.

Now came the fun part! Each slave took side and armed with a hand, a very large hand at that, full of circular tape-bottomed electrodes, and began to place them in an oval that started with one on either side of her sternum, terminating at her pubic mound. The entire outline of Cum Cow's belly was done.

The slaves then took two cloth strips and began to feed the pointed, heavy gauge wire through the strip. Next came small rubber sleeves to retain the electrodes to the strip. These strips, as well as the two strips that now ran down the center of Cow Cunt's belly, could be placed quite a number of times with the proper distance between each consistently maintained.

From this date forward, Cow Cunt would be fed every six hours. Each of these meals would be of a different mixture. This feeding of dog sperm would be her only high protein meal. The others would be one mostly consisting of fat, one of carbohydrates, and the final one of high carbohydrates combined with the daily doses of anti-cholesterol, anti-hypertension, vitamins, and whatever else might be called for from time to time.

The electrical strips served two important functions: Firstly to provide the proper muscle stimuli to aid the digestive processes, and to provide sexual stimuli to make every feeding a powerfully blissful experience.

After all, the most powerful tool in body modification is the body itself! Body builders consider themselves to be sculptors. Their sexual reward comes in the form of endorphins. Submissive whores, who call them-selves feeders, shape their bodies in a fashion that pleases them. Their sexual reward is fucking themselves full of food till they push them-selves into a carbohydrate orgasm. Then they lay there, rubbing their most ample bellies, massaging, and awaiting their next meal.

Then you have the everyday folks who need to drop and few, or add a few. Their reward, for the most part, is merely getting laid. How droll. Then you come to us insane few, us precious few, who need to have the control. We make the fashion model fat and the plumper skinny. And that is merely the start! After this is begun, we then turn to our arsenals of weaponry. There is piercing, branding, tattooing, chemical injections of various sorts, weights to stretch, vacuum suction for the same result, hormones, hypnotics, psychedelics, scarring and we haven't even touched upon toys or bondage! It was the wish of the whore's husband that she be destroyed in every way possible. For the amount of money paid by her husband, and the possibility of a far greater amount of money in return, who was the Owner to complain about what was to be done.

At this point the owner was called. He and the husband strode into the room. Cow Cunt, still barely conscious, turned her head toward them as they walked up to the head of the table. They both looked down at her with very broad grins on their faces. The Owner said; "Let's wake her up. It's feeding time." While one slave released the clamps on the feedbags, the other carefully turned on the current and raised the juice just to the point of being uncomfortable. Once this was determined by the grimace on her face, the electricity was lowered slightly till one could see the muscles gently spasm.

"Oh my god", was all she could manage to say as the sperm began to enter her belly and rectum. The flow was also slightly slowed to a steady trickle. Speaking was quite difficult with the tubing running down her throat. None-the-less she still managed to

say, "What are you doing to me?" Her eyes were wide open now and she certainly was far from being asleep.

"We are starting the process of destroying all that you are and this is just the beginning", said the Owner with a laugh. "And not only that, my dearest wife", added her husband, "you are going to not only enjoy your own destruction, you are also going to look forward to it, you're going to need it, and you're going to die one-thousand deaths without it, someday." "We'll be back shortly to see how our little whore is fairing", the Owner stated and they both went back to their festivities. The flow continued relentlessly onward as the slaves went to the dog cages and began to release the animals. They immediately ran over to their scented favorite bitch and began to lick her entire exposed body.

"Oh please god, no more", she wailed. "'Somebody please help me!" The slaves merely smiled at her and the taller one looked over his shoulder saying, "Bye bye sweet cakes. We'll be back later". And they left Cow Cunt to the unrelenting tongues of her newly found lovers. "Try and get some rest honey, if you can. You'll be needing it." The flow of dog sperm into her pert body was having its desired affects. Her belly was beginning to expand and pump up. The electrical charges coursing through her body, coupled with the dogs licking the scent, and the dried sperm, off of her body were beginning to turn her on.

She lay on the table bitterly weeping, and bemoaning her fate. The words of her husband began, once again, to ring in her ears. "Welcome to the rest of your life!" Now that the topical anesthetic had worn off the surfaces of her rectum and plug, she began to feel the distension of her sphincter. The electrical current amplified the sensation for it caused her asshole to contract and relax at a steady rate of once every second or two. The current also caused her nipples and clit to engorge with blood and tingle as though they were being gently bitten and nuzzled. And the current coursing through her inflating abdominal cavity feel as though she was being gently massaged with one thousand vibrators. And the dogs tongues, oh god the tongues, were licking every unexposed nook and cranny driving her rapidly toward the point of not caring what was happening.

About ten minutes had passed since the slaves departed. Her belly had risen

dramatically and she was feeling more than stuffed. She could no longer see the head on the dog trying to shoot his tongue up into the depths of her cunt. She appeared to be several months pregnant and the bags had only emptied half their contents.

Cow Cunt was moaning and asking for absolution from all of her sins starting from her first lie at the age of four. A river of tears flowed almost unending from her eyes. Every time she opened her mouth, a dog would try to stick his tongue down her throat.

One of the slaves reappeared in her line of vision. He adjusted the electrical current slightly upward causing her body to reflex. The flex-ing in turn caused the chain attaching the clamps to tighten. This in turn caused the clamps to contract their jaws a bit. She yelped as a jolt of pain caused by this action shot through her nipples a clit.

“Enjoy darling. It doesn’t get better than this. And you really have no choice anyway” he said smiling evilly. He then slightly increased the flow of sperm through the tubing and, pushing her “lovers” aside, rub some scent once again on some of her more sensitive areas.

He gave special attention to her face, armpits, ribs, and the soles of her feet. He knew this would cause she to move her body in an effort to avoid the tickling sensation. He also knew that this movement would cause further tightening of the clamps. “No rest for the wicked sweetie”, the slave said as he smiled and again walked out of her view.

All that she had been feeling intensified and she was rapidly approaching a much-unwanted orgasm. She was fighting for her sanity. She had known women who lived for intensely painful orgasms. She had known women who lived for the debasement brought about by their relentless defilement. And she knew that this was to be her fate if she gave in to the pleasure willing.

Now a new terrible torment began to rear its ugly head. With her intestines and stomach filling up, she was beginning to experience nausea. Unfortunately for Cow Cunt, her stomach could not expel the inflated ball that held the hellish feeding tube

in place. When the pressure became too great, her stomach and intestines tried to force the sperm back through the feed tubes in her ass.

This seesawing motion caused severe cramps in her belly as the peristaltic actions of her lower tract fought back. Poor Cow Cunt's body was fighting a losing battle. Added to this was the action of all those tongues licking her most sensitive body parts. And her own avoiding convulsions kept punishing her poor nearly flattened nipples and clit.

It was now a full twenty minutes since her ordeal commenced and she was a mass of horribly conflicting sensations. The pain, as well as the pleasure, had been escalated dramatically. The flow from the bags had since ceased. There was only about a quart of sperm left between the two bags, and the level of each bag ebbed and flowed with the cramping.

Now a new problem reared its very ugly head. As her body digested and absorbed the sperm being fed to it, her kidneys had worked fiercely to send urine to her bladder. And once in the bladder, the urine had nowhere to go because of the blocked Foley catheter inside her urethra. She began a new chant, hoping that someone would be near enough to answer her pitiful plea.

"Help me! Please! I have to pee! Please, someone! Help! I'll do anything! Help me PLEASE!" Of course, any unbeknownst to her, the two slaves were ever present and in the next room out of sight. Both suddenly appeared in her line of sight.

"Oh, poor baby. Have to go potty?" They giggled at her condition, knowing from their own personal past experiences with intrusive consumption and blockage tubes. "We'll have to ask Master if you can go potty dearie. But, in the meantime," said one. "In between time", said the other. "Ain't we got fun", they sang together.

"But before we go and search for him, we have a special surprise for you." One of them went and retrieved two small paddles and wired them into two of the transformers empty slots. The paddles were then lubricated and placed at the approximate opposite ends of her bladder. The current was switched on and she screamed a scream unlike any that had come from her that evening (as if she were given the opportunity to scream with all the dog cock and tongue in her mouth). The

other swiftly left to fetch the Owner and the husband.

In the mean time, the remaining slave, staring intently into her eyes the entire time the shock was being administered, smiled and said, "What! No thank you? I'll have to remember that for the next time, and there WILL be a next time sweet meat." She screamed once again, realizing that, to her horror, she had absolutely no control over her life anymore.

After luring the dogs back to their cages with the treat of fresh meat, the slave put lubrication on his hands and began to massage the under-side of her abdomen under her kidneys. It was a firm, yet gentle, motion. Then he moved his hands to her ample breasts and again firmly, but gently, letting the exposed flesh slide through his hands.

This had a somewhat calming affect on Cow Cunt and in spite of over- taxed physical and mental condition, she began to relax. "That's my baby. That's my girl. Give into it slut. This is all you have left in this life." She had become somewhat inure to the stimulation provided by the electricity and her needs to evacuate her urine and over-burdened bowels.

The slave had returned after ten minutes with the Owner and her husband. They stood out of her greatly impaired line of sight for her belly was now fairly ample. They smiled at her condition. The Owner said, in a whisper, to her husband, "At least the dogs cleaned her up although they didn't do much for her smell." Her husband laughed And replied, "Well, you know what they say. Lay down with dogs....." "I think we'll have her orgasm now" he said to the slaves. They then proceeded to stand next to her and she immediately began to plea for relief. "Please, let my go. Let me come back to you. I'll give you a dozen children if you want. I'll do anything you want. Please make this end. Make this stop!" "There is no reason to have this stop whore. You will give ME more than a dozen children and you WILL do anything I want!" The Owner was laughing as he spoke these chilling words to her. "I OWN you now whore. I have chosen, at least for now, to make a present of you to my dogs. They know exactly what a bitch like you needs and they know how to treat a bitch as well. Maybe, someday, should you please me beyond belief, I will give you to a crack dealer so that you may whore for him." "But until that time has come. You will do

anything, and everything, I command. If you don't, I will have to really show you what pain is. For now, if you want to pee, you will have to orgasm. But make sure you look into the camera," he said pointing to a corner of the ceiling, "and be sure to smile and thank me for you orgasm!" Her husband went and adjusted the electricity slightly upward again. This caused her to begin to convulse with muscle spasms. Her clamps began to tighten even more! Now the slaves were at each end of her with a single dog in hand. They rubbed scent along her mouth and along her vagina. "Keep your mouth open whore and do not hurt him." The dogs went to work with their tongues once again. The Master and the husband then each took one of the feedbags in hand and waited for the inevitable to happen. It took no more than several minutes. Her mouth opened wide of it's own accord and her body buck upward from her belly toward the ceiling.

"Look at the camera whore!", the Owner shouted. Suddenly a noise unlike any her husband had ever heard came from her mouth, or, to be more precise, her soul: "Aaaaahhhhhhhhh. Oh GAAAAAAA-WWWWWWWDDDDDDDDDD!!!" "Squeeze the bag empty now", the Owner said to her husband. And at her peak, all that remained in the bags, including whatever air was present, was sent rocketing into Cow Cunt.

She continued to quake, shutter, and make unintelligible sounds as the slaves closed the valves shut and disconnected the hoses. "You forgot to smile at the Camera and thank us whore! You will have to pay for that." Cow Cunt heard what the Owner said, but was still shuttering through the after shocks of the most intense orgasm of her young life. Her pelvis was still rotating to a giant invisible cock as her husband once again, and finally, upped the electrical current to try and wring the most out of her orgasm. Finally, a totally spent and lifeless, Cow Cunt Returned to reality and once again began to plea for relief.

"Please", she said, tears once again rolling down her face, "I am sooo sorry. Please just let me pee. I'll follow every command that you ask if you let me pee. I am dying. Please!" "Are you still nauseous?" asked the Owner. "No", was her reply. "No what you filthy dog fucking whore!" "No sir...please..." I am your Owner and your Master you dog fucking whore!" "No Master." She now began to realize that her very existence depended upon her willingness to degrade and debase herself to a man

she didn't even know.

After the current was returned to a far more bearable level, the Owner had one of the slaves attach an extension onto the Foley after the dogs were again returned to their respective cages. The other slave very slowly deflated the feeding tubes retention balloon, but left the tube in place. The Owner then had the slave approach Cow Cunt, Foley extension in hand.

"Now you listen whore. The only way your pissing will be allowed is if it is into your own mouth. Do you understand?" She nodded with a very sincere look on her face, brow fretted with the need to pee. "You are a very stupid whore, aren't you? It is of little wonder that you wind up spending the rest of your existence on this Earth here." She suddenly remembered and said emphatically, "Yes Master. I understand." "If you spill one drop of this, we will start this entire process again. And maybe, if your bladder doesn't explode in the interim, I'll give you another opportunity. Do you understand?" The reply was a simple, barely animated at this point, "Yes Master." The tube was placed in her mouth and the valve near her cunt was opened. Her urine rocketed through the tube, turning it's clear plastic immediately yellow.

The stream entered her mouth so rapidly that she coughed with her mouth closed and some leaked from her nose. She quickly recovered and with her tongue blocking the tube, managed to drain herself without further incident. The Owner smiled at her husband and said, "Well, she will need to be punished but that can wait till later. After all, this was her first offense." He turned to the slaves and said, "When this whore is finished, remove her bindings and place her in the empty kennel by the big dog. Then seal off the Foley, re-inflate the feeder tube, and attach the butt tube to the feeder tube. I also want her hands to be gloved in a padded fist mitt and her knees to have protective pads put on them. She will be on her hands and knees when not in use." " "Should she attempt to disconnect anything, call me and we will begin this all again. Otherwise, let her rest and feed her again in five hours. We will void any remaining sperm at that time. Let the Foley drain into a feedbag while she sleeps. After all, she will be thirsty later and we are not unfeeling, are we?" The Owner laughed, as he and the husband existed, leaving poor Cow Cunt to her unenviable state.

The two slaves complied with the Owner's requests and then wheeled her, still on the table, over to an empty kennel cage. The cage was a barred construction that was elevated off the floor about six inches. Beneath the barred floor was a plastic tray to trap any droppings and uric waste. It was seven feet long, five feet wide and four and one-half feet tall.

These cages were used to separate the males from one-another when there was a female bitch in heat present. If they were not kept apart, they would fight until the formal mating began. These were well trained beasts knew that their needs would eventually be fulfilled but why take chances with such fine, and valuable, animals. Cow Cunt was removed from the table and placed in the cage. Her hands and feet were secured to the cage corners and she instantly fell asleep.

Part 2 Cow Cunt's sleep was most fitful and troubled. Her bowels and her belly fought a continual battle with the dog sperm they contained. Every-so-often an enormously painful cramp would awaken her and she would feel her stomach muscles spasm with the pressure of the volume.

The same would occur when a very strong peristaltic wave would envelope her bowel. And she would lie quietly weeping with her lower intestine in spasm trying to force all the fluid out. But these waves would pass and she would fall off to sleep once again.

Eventually, all of the spasms ceased as an uneasy equilibrium was reached. The urine catch bag began to fill as her body digested the unholy meal and her stomach began to return to its former shape.

When she did waken to the spasms, she could still taste, and smell, the sperm. She knew that her breath as well must have contained the scent.

During the intervening hours, the dogs were removed from the kennel area and were permitted to roam the grounds freely. It was nearly noon when one of the "bulls" came in the kennel to awaken Cow Cunt and prepare her for her next meal. It had been six hours since she was fed the dog sperm.

When her eyes opened she didn't immediately remember where she was, or what

had occurred during the night. She suddenly recalled the entire ordeal and screamed with the knowledge that this was not merely a bad dream.

She tried to move her arms and legs, but the bonds held fast. Her screams quickly settled down to an open weeping with the realization that nothing in her life was under her control any more. She shook with tears and despair.

"Time to get up ho'. I must clean you out and tend to your feeding and I don't have all day." She looked at him for the first time. He was a huge black man, at least six and one-half feet tall. His entire body was hairless and well muscled.

Her screams and subsequent tears caused his penis to become erect and it stood away from his body at a forty-five degree angle pointing toward the ceiling. It was a huge cock, at least ten inches long and nearly five inches in circumference. "Look", he said, "you woke up my Johnson with yo' bitch yappin'." He grasped his cock and waved it at her.

"Maybe, if you're a good little ho, you and Johnson will dance. It sure as shit beats fuckin' dogs. And you won't stink like a bitch in heat!" "Now you behave yo'self and I'll put in a good word with the Master. Mebbe he won't beat you too bad fo' yo' fuck-ups last night." He laughed as he unlocked the cage door and began to release her hands and feet.

Cow Cunt felt that now might be her chance! She would be alone with him and if she was quick..... She saw him close the valve of her Foley and detach it from the catch bag. "Okay ho', out you go", he snarled as he stood waiting for her to roll over, get to her hands and knees, and crawl out of the cage, "You have a busy day lined up and I have cows to fuck. Time be awastin'".

As she rolled to her side, she felt whatever remained of the dog cum roll with her. Although her belly had shrunk quite a bit, there was still a telltale new bulge where no existed before. She then started to get to her hands and knees when she felt the butt plug shift. She grimaced as she felt the pain. Her asshole throbbed as though her sphincter had a life of its own.

Once on her hands and knees, she noticed that her belly drooped a bit. She also

noted the mitts on her hands and the kneepads on her legs. "Come on out ho' an git your white bitch, dog fuckin', ass on this here table." When she noticed the ob/gyn table from last night, all she made a sound that was a low moan and tears began again. "Oh god no! Please, not again!" The bull laughed and patted his huge hand on the table and said, "Up bitch! Come on girl. Up here." She put her hands on the table top and began to pull herself up. She instantly felt a cramp hit her upper bowel and stomach. "Don't fret whore. Ole' Landslide will clean you out and then feed you. Now get up here!" She finally got onto the table and let him bind her yet again to the instrument of her debasement. "Now listen ho'. No more talkin' lest the Master axes you sumpin", Landslide said, "udderwise you will regret it serious." He closed the valve at the end of the butt plug and the one at the end of her feeding tube. He then removed the tubing in between the two and tossed it in the garbage.

"Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo you stink ho'. You smell jes' like a dawg", he laughed. "No wonda da dam dawgs won't leave the kennel dis mornin'." He then went back to the cage and retrieved the urine catch bag. Cow Cunt laid on the table weeping yet again. She might have had a chance but she was too weak, too tired, and too sore to do anything other than what she was told. "Wanna drink ho'?" She closed her eyes and nodded her head.

"Ah gots a special drink fo' you ho'". He then attached an intravenous stand to the side of the table near her head and hung the urine filled catch bag from it. She instantly knew what would follow. He ran the tubing from the bag into the feed tube and opened the valves. Her urine slowly trickled down the tube.

"Yo' tubin' mus be blocked by some of yo' shit ho'". He then grabbed the grab in his mighty hands and gave it a strong squeeze. After several moments the urine suddenly rocketed into her belly and she began to fill. One could see her belly actually begin to rise as the last six hours worth of pee rapidly filled her. There was nearly two quarts accumulated in the bag from the last evening's activities.

"You gonna look great when dey knock you up bitch. You gonna get a nice fat belly. Mebbe it be full of my babies ho", he said laughingly. He then closed the valves and removed the empty bag but left the stand attached to the table. "Mebbe that belly be full of pups from de dawgs".

He then wheeled her out of the kennel and into what appeared to be a medical preparatory room of some sort. The floors and the walls were tiled in white. Everything that wasn't white was stainless steel and glass. He left her laying on the table and disappeared behind her out of her field of view.

She heard him fussing behind her. Then she heard water flow. She was very tired and simply wanted whatever was to be done with her over with. Maybe then she could get some sleep before the next obscenity was to be performed on her body. She closed her eyes and moaned softly. At this point there were no more tears left in her body and with her luck, when there were tears again, they would probably smell like her pee.

"Open yo' mouth ho'". She opening her eyes to see him standing at her side, his massive cock pointed directly at her face. She hesitated just long enough for him to grab her nipple and give it a solid pinch, twisting it severely as he applied pressure.

She opened her mouth to cry out and he swiftly thrust a huge ring gag into her, forcing the solid rubber under her tongue and wedging the top of the ring behind her teeth. Now her mouth was wedged open and there was no way she could dislodge the ring.

He then gently ran his huge, heavily calloused hand over her belly and smiled directly into her eyes. "Here be de deal ho'. I gonna clean you out real good. It kin be easy o' it kin be hard. It be up to you." He then displayed the one gallon, closed top, enema syringe with its one-inch diameter hose.

Her eyes widened when she understood what was to happen to her. She could only pray that it would be swift. Fortunately, she could see that the bag was not completely full. He hung the bag from the stand and coupled the hose to her butt plug. Landslide then went and retrieved a butterfly vibrator from out of her line of sight. He placed the vibrator on her pussy, taking great care that the business end of it rested directly on her clit.

He then opened the valve of the syringe and watched as the warm, and very soapy, water flowed down the tube and into her. He then thrust his erect penis through the tight fitting ring gag and said, "Suck ho' or suffa!" She began to cough and choke

but still managed to massage the bottom of his cock with her tongue, showing him that she was trying to cooperate. "Das my momma bitch ho".

He reached over and turned on the vibrator causing her to suddenly quake. As she felt the water begin to enter her, she thought that it felt pretty nice, at first. Her belly began to rise yet again as the water flooded her bowels. Suddenly she felt a red hot sting in her rectum as the soap began to have its desired affect. She would have screamed but for the cock in her mouth and all that could be heard was her very stifled wailing and moaning. It was then that she noticed the camera at the corner of the ceiling. She was yet again being recorded for posterity.

It took less than three minutes for the bag to empty. Landslide merely left it hanging on the stand as her belly puffed up. He began to massage her belly with one hand, and play with her nipples with the other. Between the massaging of her belly, the rubbing and tugging of her nipples, and the intense vibrations of the butterfly, and, in spite of the intense pain of her enema, she began to get turned on.

Landslide kept this treatment up for another five minutes and then removed his cock from her mouth, almost pulling the ring, and her front teeth, out with him. He closed the butt plug valve and detached the hose from the bag.

He then bent below her line of sight, running the hose end into a drain in the center of floor just below her feet. He opened the valve once again and applied pressure with his hands onto her navel. The water rocketed out of her and down the drain. She could hear the splashing and smell the fecal odor as she emptied.

As the vibrator continued to play it lightening fast staccato on her clit, She watched her belly return almost to its normal shape. "One down and three mo' to go ho". She groaned with the thought of having to undergo this procedure three more times. Her belly, rectum and asshole were ablaze from the soap and the stinging brought tears to her eyes.

Landslide then retrieved two more bags and hung them both on the stand. "Yo ho", he said. "You want to do me right an' I'll make these go real quick and easy". She nodded her head in ascent and he removed the ring gag from her mouth. "You bite and yo' dawg fuckin' life will be a worse hell then it already is." She nodded that she

understood.

He once again placed his huge cock in her mouth and started the next enema. And as promised, this one went fairly quickly. She was rapidly approaching a sexual zenith as the third one finish and was emptying into the drain. At this point Landslide shut off the vibrator. He looked at her and laughed as she continued to bounce her ass off the table as if rising to meet his imaginary thrusting into her.

“De Massa don’ want you cummin’ before yo’ meal ho’”, he said as he once again slipped from her view to ready the fourth and final bag of this cleansing. “An’ I don’ wan’ you cummin’ befor’ I does”. He was now filling the one-gallon bag to this brim, mixing in three tablespoons of salt for good measure.

He knew that she might not yet have the ability to take the entire gallon of fluid but he also knew that the Master wanted stretched enough to do so in short order. He once again hung the bag and attached the hose. He then placed his rock hard cock in her face, which she then obediently took into her mouth.

He started his massaging of her nipples and belly as he gently rocked his hips back and forth. Then he opened the valve of the bag and watched the warm salty water gently flow down the clear tubing and into her belly. “I gonna tell you a secret dawg fucker. If ya breathes slowly and deeply, yo’ will do betta at dis. An’ iffin’ ya’ cramps...breathe short puffy breathes till it be gone. You betta learn quick bitch cause de Massa got plans fo’ ya’ ho’”.

She listened as best she could with the torment of warm water flowing into her. And now she had to pee again. Her kidneys were rapidly filtering out all the water absorbed through her intestines. As the flow continued and her belly once again rose, Landslide turned on the butterfly. Cow Cunt would’ve jumped clear off the tabletop had she not been bound.

Landslide was rapidly reaching his climax as he deflated the retention balloon of her feeding tube. “You betta drink dis stuff down an’ down ya dare miss a drop ho’”. He suddenly tensed his ass cheeks and roared a mighty groan as his huge cock began to empty into her mouth. He shoved the monster down her already partially block throat and pumped his scum directly into her belly.

Cow Cunt began to cough and choke and turn blue as her air supply suddenly became block with Landslide's mighty thrust. His sperm began to trickle out of her one unobstructed nasal passage. He laughed at the sight of this gorgeous white whore leaking his sperm from her nose. "I usually sees my cum drip from de pussy. Dis be de firs' time I sees it drip from a white bitch's nose." He withdrew his still engorged cock from her mouth allowing her to breathe. Cow Cunt closed her eyes briefly, never before realizing how wonderful it could be to simply draw air into one's lungs. Her short panting breathes were just what was called for. The enema bag had drained to a point, but still contained about one quart of water.

As she began to take the rapid short breathes, her lower belly muscles relaxed, allowing the water already flooding her to move even further up her intestine. This enabled the flow of water to continue. Every-so-slowly, but insisently, the bag continued to empty.

Cow Cunt was close, ever so close. Her passion had steadily risen since the vibrating butterfly continued its attack on her clit. As Landslide continued to massage her belly and play with her nipples, she began to mutter softly to herself. "Come on baby, come on baby, fuck me, do it Do it do it. Make me cum goddamit. Just a little further baby. Just a little more." Her mantra did not go unheeded. Landslide watched her as she started to peak. He smiled and rubbed the head of his shrinking cock across her lips, lubricated with the remains of his first cum of the day. She instinctively sucked the massive head into her mouth and started to suck on it as if her life depended on it.

He loved watching these white trash whores give in to the feeling of being fucked not just by a hard cock, but by the totally stuffed feeling of a gallon of water, or whatever, in their whoring bellies. Just as she was about to climax and explode he shut off the vibrator and firmly pressed his hand on the area just above her pubic mound.

She screamed as her urine engorged bladder sent a blinding missile of pain exploding into her brain. She then began to wail and cry and bemoan the fact that not even her orgasms were her own any longer. Landslide simply stood there and laughed as she wormed and struggled against all the forces now at work in her

overtaxed body. "Yo ho'. You beginin' to learn who be the boss." He detached the hose from the syringe after closing the valve and once again, as poor Cow Cunt lay on the table softy and bitterly weeping, letting the water drain from her once again. Once the pressure had been relieved, the urgency of her peeing lessened greatly.

Her body was covered in shiny film of perspiration from her latest or-deal. Landslide loved this time the most. This was when the whores were so beaten down by their total lack of control, and their exhaustion, no request made of them laid beyond the bounds sanity. All one had to do was to promise a mere moment of peace.

As Cow Cunt rested, and drained, Landslide existed the room. He has more than adequately fulfilled the Master's orders. Now it was time for the next shift of devils to be let loose to torment her. It was feeding time. She was sooo tired, sooo tired. In no time at all, she was asleep. And as she slept, the videotapes were already being retrieved and prepared for editing, and then distribution.

The Owner and the husband had finished their lunch and were enjoying the warm Saturday afternoon's weather when word had come that the new acquisition had been prepared for her first feeding of the new day. They proceeded to the prep room where Cow Cunt was sleeping.

When they cast their gaze upon her exhausted form, they both smiled like children looking at their newest toy. "She really is beginning to smell ferocious", the husband said to the Owner. "We have only just begun on this project", replied the Owner, not relaying his thought of how much money he would make off of her suffering, humiliation, and debasement.

"I think it's time to introduce her to a cow for my herd". The Owner motioned to the ever-present servant. He approached and the Owner asked that "Butter Ball" be brought in. The servant rushed off to fetch her. "We are going to begin several treatments today. The first, of course, will be the weight gain and hormone feeding. She will receive this feeding once a day for the next several weeks." "This meal will consist of seventy-two ounces of stout beer, thirty-six ounces of heavy cream, and thirty-six ounces of our special cow's milk. The cow's milk comes from the udders of the ones that have recently given birth. This is our most valuable milk product. It is extremely rich in fat as well as having a very high hormonal content." "The six

quarts will be served chilled. Half will be administered orally and the other half will go in anally. They will be given simultaneously. It will be placed on a reasonably slow flow so that the entire mixture will take nearly hour to deliver. We should see results rather swiftly for the digestion time is far more rapid, and complete, than a simple oral administration." The husband then inquired when the estrogen and prolactin be injected. "One step at a time my friend. We must start this feeding now if we hope to have her available for the evening's festivities". At that moment, Butter Ball came lumbering into the prep room. "And here comes our latest little bovine super star." She moved slowly and with a quite distinct waddle. Her huge belly preceded her into the room followed by her huge and greatly distended nipples. The line of her pendulous breasts followed next. Were this scene filmed and played in slow motion, the viewer would have to wonder if indeed the belly and breasts ever ended, and if the rest of the body would ever appear.

Butter Ball started her life at the farm at the tender age of sixteen. She was a runaway found wandering through the village some ten miles away. Needing a safe place to sleep, a shower, and a good meal, she gladly accepted the invitation to spend several days at the farm. The woman who had accosted her on the street was the first owner of the farm (and an openly predatory lesbian). Butter Ball's original name was Jennifer.

After having spent a week in residence as a guest and sexual partner of the woman, Jennifer knew the direction her road in life would take. She would do anything to please her new benefactor, especially after being introduced to the 'herd' of cows. The woman could spot talent, and knew that this chubby little teenager had the potential for being one of her most prized cows. At five feet and four inches tall, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds of sixteen-year old baby fat, the Mistress of the manor foresaw the future of this gorgeous little girl.

After five years of captivity, this little cow had not only gained over one hundred pounds, but had produced eight children. She was the first cow to reap the benefits of the latest fertility drugs and techniques. She was currently pregnant and four little fetuses have been detected.

The most startling thing about Butter Ball was her new markings. Butter Ball was in

the process of having her entire body tattooed with black patches to simulate the markings of a cow. Now Butter Ball, who had long ago cast aside her Jennifer persona, had also cast aside any remote chance of ever returning to the world she had come from.

This didn't concern her because she would, and often did, anything she could to bask in the presence of her Mistress, her lover, her Owner, her all. At this point in time, merely the thought of modifying her body to please her Mistress would cause her now quite stretched vagina to moisten and flow a river down her thigh.

She knew the farm was sold to a new owner and that her Mistress was leaving her at the farm for a one-year period. Her Mistress hoped that she would adjust to the new Owner while she assisted the new owner in becoming acquainted with the farm's procedures.

If not, Butter Ball would be permitted to join her only if she proved herself capable of assisting, and even anticipating, her Mistress' wishes and desires. She would assist now with the making, and training of Cow Cunt. If she did well, all would be right. If not, well, she was only her Mistress' whore anyway.

She strode up to Cow Cunt and smiled an impish smile that, with the cold twinkle in her eye, let Cow Cunt know that she was in for a serving most foul. Upon spotting Butter Ball's quite huge and grotesquely tat-tooled body, Cow Cunt let out with what could only be called a howl of complete disbelief and horror at the inflexibility her situation.

"Don't worry whore. I am quite sure you will be marked, and then some. We all get marked, and from what I understand, yours will be quite different and special". She ran her hand along the flank of Cow Cunt, as though appraising a piece of canvas that was to be painted on.

"I chose these markings because I knew it would please my Mistress", she said, bring her tattooed face within a few inches of Cow Cunt. "I wanted to completely become my Mistress' desired work of art." Cow Cunt, still whining softly looked at the huge black spot that covered one-quarter of Butter Ball's face from her fore head hair line down the side of her nose to her cheek bone and back toward her ear.

There was another huge blot of black covering her right breast and another over the left side of her huge belly. "I know that the Master has something special planned for you. Then you will be just as beautiful as me", she added with a smile.

Cow Cunt howled again and laid her head back on the table with her eyes closed, another step closer to complete resignation. Just the very thought of a tattoo permanently marking her smooth pale skin was repellent enough to keep her from having a rose tattooed on her ankle.

But this.....a pronounced deforming of her entire physical being, was too much. Once it was done, she was finished. She could never again Travel the sun lighted roads of normal every day life in society. She would be consigned to the dark corners of a life no longer under her control, shunned by all those who she so desperately sought to be among as an extravagant ornament on a successful, and rich, man's arm.

However, poor Cow Cunt had more immediate problems to worry about. She is to be left in the charge of this grotesquely marked "cow" And at her complete mercy. "Master says you must be punished as well as tended to. And I must perform my duty well so that my Mistress will want me with her again." "That is enough talking for now Butter Ball", said the Owner. "Come over here for a moment. I want this gentleman to have a better look at you." Butter Ball turned toward them and waddled over to stand facing the two. "Assume your position cow." Butter Ball immediately placed her hands beneath her pendulous breasts and raised them toward the Owner. Her eyes were cast downward as she held them away from her body, in effect offering them to the two men for a taste of what she had to offer.

The Owner bent his head down toward her left breast and with a smile wrapped his lips around a nipple. He began to suck the pronounced little length of flesh, drawing out her sweet, though somewhat watery, milk. As he did this, Butter Ball closed her eyes and relished the sensation.

The Owner then placed his hand upon her immense belly and began to stroke it. He lifted his head up and turned toward the husband saying, "Have a taste. She is a month from being due and the milk is a bit thin, but truly sweet." The husband bent his head and joined the Owner, suckling on the other breast.

With both men suckling, and rubbing her belly and rump, Butter Ball was becoming, to say the least, excited. She knew that her moisture was gathering inside her gapping maw of a cunt and would soon begin to flow down and out of her.

She began to flush and even tremble with this continued assault on her breasts. Holding up the huge milk makers was becoming a task, her concentration beginning to wane. She knew she was a whore, anybody's whore, and the thought excited her even more.

She had been milked earlier and they quickly drained what had been produced in the last hour. "Let me show you something", the Owner said to the husband as he handed the man a latex glove. "Put this on and gently rub your fist along this cow's cunt".

The husband swiped his knuckles along her huge elongated gash and observed the flow of lubrication that had accumulated on her lips. He ran his fingers along the slit again and it flowered open. As he did so, his hand suddenly entered Butter Ball's now gaping maw. He was so surprised at the occurrence that he swiftly withdrew his hand and stared at the Owner.

The Owner laughed heartily and said, "It tried to eat you, didn't it? Butter Ball is so stretched at this point that when she is fully excited, and in heat, you can put your fist completely into her and not even tax the muscles." As a demonstration, the Owner swiftly pushed his gloved hand into her and proceeded to push upward till he had nearly his entire forearm engulfed in her flesh.

Butter Ball uttered a deep throaty moan and raised her head, eyes closed, skyward. She was bathing in the glow of being stuffed with the arm of the Owner. The Owner rapidly withdrew his arm bringing a flow of vaginal fluid with him. He walked behind her and with nearly as much speed, and only slightly more resistance, thrust his lubricated hand up into her rectum.

"Oh my god", immediately came from Butter Ball's lips. She smiled broadly and said, "That is sooo good". The husband was more than impressed. "Now put your hand back into her cunt", said the Owner. The husband silently complied and slipped his hand back into her somewhat more confined maw. "Now let's shake hands", said the

owner laughingly as Butter Ball came very close to orgasm.

Both withdrew their respective arms and shed the gloves. "I want you to do this to that filthy whore", said the husband. "I want her cunt destroyed for human use. I want it to become the size of a sleeping bag. I want her ass hole to be destroyed as well." The vehemence and hatred simply flowed from him like a tidal wave rising to crash onto the shore.

Poor Cow Cunt not only witnessed this bizarre demonstration, but also heard her fate being sealed. Her eyes were reddened from all the tears thus far and she lay on the table bemoaning her inevitable fate. She shook from head to toe from the shock of what she had witnessed and began to pray for it all to end.

"I've already begun the distention on her ass hole and urethra. We will start on her cunt soon enough." Turning toward Butter Ball, who was still trembling from her minor brush with an orgasm, the Owner said: "I want this whore punished for her failures yesterday. I also want her to be fed. I leave both up to your imagination. But be fore warned cow, if you fail to please me with her punishment, I will tend to yours, personally." "Yes Master", said Butter Ball. "May I please use two assistants? I cannot physical do what might be called for and I do want to punish her in a proper way." "Good point my little cow whore. I will provide you with some help. By the way, I do believe that this whore needs to have her bladder drained. Show this gentleman how we drain our whores and cows. But do not touch her flesh in that area Butter Ball." Butter Ball knew exactly what her Master expected of her. She walked to Cow Cunt's spread legs and smiled at her. "Hold on for this one sweetness", she said as she kneeled and grasped the end of the Foley. Her Master did not want any part of Cow Cunt's vagina touched, as Butter Ball is sometimes want to do during a draining.

She placed the end of the Foley in her mouth and turned the flow on. The yellow flow instantly turned the clear tubing yellow. However, Butter Ball stopped the end in her mouth with her tongue thus preventing relief for the poor suffering Cow Cunt.

Butter Ball then blew air into the tubing forcing the urine back up into Cow Cunt. Thus caused her to utter a throaty low moan. Butter Ball again let the flow rocket toward her mouth only to again force it back into Cow Cunt's bladder. She did this

yet again, only this time she blew some air back in with the urine causing Cow Cunt to endure a bubbling sensation inside of her tortured bladder.

The bubbling caused a fit of uncontrolled spasms of Cow Cunt's tortured sphincter around the base of the butt plug. She also felt the unnerving sensation of the bubbling inside her navel. In spite of this unspeakable treatment, Cow Cunt felt herself beginning to turn on.

After doing this three or four more times, Butter Ball, to she great pleasure found that Cow Cunt was beginning to flush around her throat and breasts. Now, if she could simply time everything properly, she could blow this lovely whore's mind.

Cow Cunt was rocking her pelvis toward an imaginary cock. She just wanted a little stimulation. Merely one little rub on her clit, maybe two, would do the trick. She could not believe that the freakish Butter Ball could do this to her so quickly, and without even touching her. She wanted to simply die. She could not stand another betrayal by her own baser instincts.

Butter Ball now saw that she had raised a swelling just beneath Cow Cunt's belly. The air, plus the additional urine her body had manu-factured, had caused this occurrence. Cow Cunt was awash with the pain emanating from her bladder but the sensual torture of the bubbling had done something so very unexpected to her.

As she rocked her pelvis, driving the butt plug up toward her spine and back toward her cunt, Cow Cunt's labia began to flower. A line of moisture began to develop along the edges still sealed, but slowly opening. I personally thought, upon viewing the tapes, that the sight reminded me of dew on the petals of a flower in the early chilled morning air.

Butter Ball felt the time was right and now she took in a huge mouthful of urine and spat it back up the tubing. The fluid rocketing into Cow Cunt completely arched her back and bottom off the table. It elicited a cry from somewhere deep in her soul as a small part of who she was disappeared, forever.

At this moment she was a slab of meat, a non-thinking biomass, with the one basic, instinctive, impulse to orgasm! Butter Ball suddenly began to drink the urine down,

as rapidly as she could. Within three huge gulps she had managed to collapse Cow Cunt's bladder.

That was all that the whore needed as her entire body tensed with such force that Butter Ball thought she would break into two pieces. Cow Cunt's orgasm was so terribly strong and overwhelming that she managed to crack a molar! She groaned rather than cried out and the groan was from the most guttural center of her soul. Butter Ball closed the valve and sat on her haunches and, with lowered eyes, gave her brightest Cheshire smile.

Trembling still with the strength of her orgasm, Cow Cunt began to weep softly and almost inaudibly. They had her now. They could cause her to orgasm at their pleasure and with no regard to her circumstance. The Owner and her husband walked up along side of her and, with radiant smiles and ice-cold glares, laughed into her face, and at her tears. "You are such and whore", said the Owner. "Any foul and perverse act will get you off. Isn't that true whore?" The Owner turned and left the room with the husband. "Butter Ball is such an incredible masochist that she actually looks forward to being punished. The only saving grace is that she does want to be with her Mistress after the year is up and she will want to please. I fear I am too lenient with that one. None-the-less, she will do justice to this situation" Shortly after the two men exited the room, two of the farm's assistants entered the room. Both worked full time at the farm and their services were paid for with money and use of the facilities. One, the black one, was a former member of a street gang. He was hired for his viciousness, his great strength, and his ability to learn and follow commands.

The second man, a local resident who now resided at the farm, was quite knowledgeable in medical procedures of various sorts. He originally trained, and worked, as a nurse practitioner for a doctor of internal medicine. He currently assisted the doctor that oversaw the health of the herd, and the administration of extreme punishment, or torture, of the cows in residence, and the slaves in attendance.

They were both aware of Butter Ball's unusual status on the farm and they greeted her casually, almost as a colleague. "We are beginning the hi-cal weight gain

formula now. And I want to add a few new twists for this whore. My Master wants her punished and I have a few ideas. Anyone want to play?”, asked Butter Ball.

They smiled and began to make ready the preparations. The black man, who’s name was Carl, brought in the formula. The stout, hormone-laden human cows milk, and heavy cream was freshly prepared and placed into a portable refrigerator of unique design. The refrigerator was top loading and the door was clamped tightly shut to maintain the pressurization of the beer. There were two spigot outlets at the bottom of the unit that adapted to the one-inch diameter of the hosing.

The entire unit was seated atop a four-foot tall rolling cart. The refrigeration compressor also fed into the top to insure that the liquid contained within would flow in spite of lack of height. This unit was placed alongside of Cow Cunt and the electrical cord was plugged into the wall.

The hoses were quickly connected to the unit and in turn to our little Cow Cunt. The pressure was allowed to build up just enough to allow for a slow and steady flow. The whore was clean inside so that no obstacles would be encountered. The estimated time till pressure equalization (the pressure to fill would be equal to the pressure to expel) Would occur in about fifteen to twenty minutes.

After all, six quarts would be quite a first meal and nobody expected her to take such a volume the first time out. What would happen is that the pressure equalization would keep a constant inflowing force to event-ually occur, especially as the stout worked its magic and forced her muscles to relax.

Next, the electrodes were attached to her nipples and clit using the butterflies. The butt plug wire was fastened in place. The belly grid was taped back onto her abdomen using care to place the right strips where indicated. The transformer cart was brought over and the wiring was attached to the proper outlets. All of this occurred in less then five minutes.

And now for the moment of truth: Little Butter Ball powered the unit up and set the level by observing the reaction Cow Cunt had to the current. The butterfly vibrator was set in place although that was not turned on. Butter Ball then walked up to Cow Cunt’s head and brought her face close enough to whisper in her ear.

“You are going to learn to love this whore. We all learn to love this. We learn to live for this sweetie.” With that said, Butter Ball opened the clamps to the hoses and watch the dark brown creamy mixture begin to rocket into Cow Cunt.

Cow Cunt’s entire body seemed to almost levitate as the cold thirty-three degree entered her. She moaned as she felt the tingle of the carbonated beer flow into her belly and bowels simultaneously. Her belly and bowels were already beginning to spasm from the current running though, and the ice-cold mixture beginning to flood.

“Please band her breasts Carl”, said Butter Ball. “I want her teats to learn about saline. No sense prolonging what will occur anyway.” Carl immediately pulled two two-inch wide, black, rubber bands from out of a drawer and proceeded to place them around the base of each breast after temporarily removing the nipple clamps.

The bands were only had a diameter of three inches. Once they were opened enough to fit down the breast, with Rod (the other assistant) holding the breast up by its nipple, they were snapped tightly around the base. This brought more than an abbreviated yelp from our whore.

Rod then went to a glass doored cabinet and retrieved several vials of an eight-percent saline solution and a five hundred cubic centimeter hypo-dermic syringe topped with a sizable eighteen gauge, three and one-half inch epidural spike. She would certainly feel this one. Rod proceeded to fill the hypodermic with an entire vial of the saline. He then turned toward Cow Cunt and let her eyes cast upon the ominous looking device.

“Uuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhh.....”, Suddenly came from the throat of Cow Cunt. “She must be starting to feel the beer!”, exclaimed Butter Ball with a broad smile. “Feel all that bubbly going into you baby? Wait till your belly warms it up and the gases start expanding. You’ll love that. You’ll be sooo full and bloated and you’ll look sooo preggers.” “In the meantime, to keep you awake and on top of things, we have something very special for you.” Butter Ball gave Rod a nod to begin injecting the saline solution into Cow Cunt. Rod approached Cow Cunt’s prone body and brought the needle to her breast.

Cow Cunt barely noticed. Her head was being to swim as the alcohol began to enter

her blood stream. She began to have the taste of the beer in her mouth along with the creaminess of the milk and cream. Suddenly she felt a sting in her right teat as the needle punctured the skin and began its journey into her breast meat.

Her mind continued to cloud even as she felt several more stings at various locations as Rod injected small amounts of saline into her now swollen and red colored breasts. The constriction of the blood flow to the mounds caused her great pain at first, but now the alcohol was beginning to dull that aching.

Rod had emptied the contents of the first vial and now loaded the second in preparation for his attack on her left mound. As he began that assault, Cow Cunt began to moan in pain. The salt was beginning to cause enough pain to break through her alcoholic stupor. Rod swiftly executed the same pattern of injections into Cow Cunt's left breast and in short order, the syringe was again emptied.

The saline irritant was beginning to cause her right breast to swell and the pain was increasing almost geometrically. Cow Cunt managed to utter a somewhat stifled scream as the breast began to swell and turn a light shade of purple. "I thought that would wake you up a bit sweetie. After all, we wouldn't want you to miss the effects of all the hard work Mr. Rod is putting into your punishment", offered Butter Ball.

Rod refilled the syringe and now approached Cow Cunt's nipples. He loved this part the most. The pain would be excruciating and continuous as the salt burnt the raw flesh beneath the skin. The best part was that the swelling could last for two or three days and the pain would continue, in ever lessening degrees, for the duration of the swelling.

Rod now plunged the needle through the center of Cow Cunt's right nipple and injected several small amounts as he withdrew that painful spike. He added a small amount directly into the nipple itself for good measure. He then performed the same procedure to her left nipple.

Cow Cunt was now fully aware of the ever-growing fires starting to generate from her breasts. She began to struggle against her bonds. Had her hands been free she would have attempted to tear the two mounds from her chest.

She cried and screamed as best she could hoping that these monsters would have mercy upon her and give her some antidote to this hellish fire growing deep within her amply flesh. Of course, there was no antidote and, of course, she would have to bear the pain to its conclusion.

Through her still swimming vision, she could actually see her teats swell before her very eyes. And now her belly was rapidly catching up, swelling not simply from the mixture being flowed into her, but from the expanding carbonation of the stout.

Rod went and refilled the syringe a third time. This dosage was ear marked for her other end. Fortunately for him, her labia began to flower as the alcohol took affect. He asked Butter Ball to gently pull at the flushed fleshy lips to further stimulate them into blossoming.

Rod then began to inject her labia, inner and outer, with the saline solution. Cow Cunt felt as though a colony of fire ants were now attacking her cunt. In no time at all, her lips were swollen to such and extent that one now had trouble viewing her slit.

“You can smell the beer from her cunt”, he said with a laugh. She really smells the same at both ends now.” Saving the best for last, Rod then pierced Cow Cunts clit with the needle and injected a healthy dosage of saline into it.

Cow Cunt had never felt such pain before in her life. Even the alpha dog, when he pulled his swollen knot from her pussy, didn't cause such pain. And she thought he tore her delicate flesh causing such pain. She now felt as though someone had pored hot grease onto, and into, the most sensitive, and delicate, flesh on her body.

She screamed and screamed as her body continued to burn and swell from the service given her by this hellish trio of monsters. What she could see of herself no longer was recognizable. Her breasts, and nipples, had already swollen to such an extent that she feared they would burst open like over-ripened fruit.

Her “meal” continued to flow into her causing the skin on her greatly enlarged belly to shine with tautness. The flow was rapidly beginning to approach equilibrium and waves to cramps began to wash over her as though her belly, and bowels, were

being punched in the most tender of places. The pain in her breasts and pussy made it impossible to control her breathing to relieve the cramping. She had no idea what her pussy must look like, but she prayed that they would excise the offending flesh from her body. Her mind was nothing but a massive ball of exploding white flashes of pain.

The only saving grace was that the electrical current still flowed through her, helping her muscles accommodate the massive feeding. But even this minor accommodation was not to last. As the equilibrium pressure point was reached, the electrode strips were pulled from her belly. Now only the wiring leading to her butt plug was attached. But his was to change. Butter Ball had other plans in mind.

“What’s the problem whore? Are you not feeling well?” Butter Ball spoke with a mock sincerity as she frowned and made a saddened face at Cow Cunt. “Don’t worry sweet heart. We haven’t even started having fun yet.” She laughed as she approached Cow Cunt with a sewing needle used to bind and mend leather. “You are gonna love this whore.” With that, Butter Ball reached out toward Cow Cunts grotesquely swollen pussy and grasping the now exposed clit, plunged the needle through its side. Cow Cunt howled in pain and bucked upward against her bonds, as the salt seared little nubbin, now clearly one-half inch in length, was speared completely through.

Now Butter Ball did the same to both of Cow Cunts nipples. This again set off a barrage of screams and tears. Her nipples no longer even resembled nipples. They looked more like small purple colored plums; over-ripened and ready to burst. Butter Ball then attached wires to the ends of the three needles and started the flow of electricity through them.

Cow Cunt’s body no longer looked human. Her breasts had swollen tremendously, along with her belly and her pussy. She looked like some cartoonist’s idea of what a pregnant woman in her tenth month should look like. She had cried so profusely from all of the unrelenting pain that her tears had puddle on the tabletop.

Butter Ball had disappeared into the adjoining room and quickly returned holding three leather straps. She handed a strap to each of the assistants and kept the third for herself. The straps were one-quarter inch thick and one and one-half inches wide.

“Okay sweetums, punish-ment time!” The current was turned up until Cow Cunt’s body began to spasm un-controllably. Butter Ball stood between Cow Cunt’s outstretched legs and the assistants stood on either side of the prone Cow Cunt. Butter Ball smiled, giggled a bit, and then said to Cow Cunt: “May a wish whore.” Butter Ball drew her arm back and swung the strap overhead and downward.

The strap fell squarely on poor Cow Cunts swollen labia and clit. Cow Cunt’s mouth opened wide but no sound developed. She was no longer able to scream. Her throat had become hoarse and raw from her treatment up to this point. The pain overwhelmed her and flooded her entire being. Every nerve in her body, every inch of flesh, every part of her soul, was on fire and the fire continued to burn hotter and hotter.

Butter Ball’s stoke signaled the onslaught of strokes to the whore’s still bound and horribly swollen breasts and her now ever expanding belly. Cow Cunt screamed and screamed as blow after blow fell. As soon as her felt the horrible slap to one part of her body, another, and yet another blow, would fall to other parts.

Her breasts, now a reddish purple, began to mark with strips from the belt’s edge as Rod wailed away at her. Her belly, taught and shiny with distention from being feed through both ends, began to criss-cross with bright red marks. When her pussy had charred to an almost desen-sitized aching, Butter Ball then began to strike the soft and tender flesh of her inner thighs.

Cow Cunt became hoarse after several minutes of the strapping and yet it continued. Her face was swollen from her tears and her forehead became a mask of pain-etched furrows. Mucus ran from her nose and she was now sweating profusely. Within a very short time, our whore had managed to age ten years, and the day was still very young.

The beating continued and the trio began to tire. Cow Cunt no longer made any noise. She stared wide-eyed and with mouth agape and merely flinched as the belts struck. Butter Ball thought it best that they rest for a while before continuing with the punishment. She turned the current back down to a level that would relax the stomach and bowel muscles and provide some pleasurable stimulus to the whore’s nipples, clit, and anus. Cow Cunt shut her eyes and let the alcohol take her away

from this hell, for now.

When Butter Ball noticed that she was even more than asleep and in a totally unconscious state, she decided that a change of position was in order. Carl and Rod were dripping sweat and flushed. Certainly a bit of a break was in order. When she announced to the two men that she wanted to change the position, Carl came up to her and grasped a handful of the short cropped blond hair on Butter Ball's head.

"A change of position is fine you fat bitch whore", said Rod. "How about you on your hands and knees and our cocks in your mouth." He smiled most wickedly. Butter Ball smiled broadly and laughed as she got down on all fours and said, "All ya need to do is ask sweet heart." Both men knew that they would barely feel anything in this cow's stretched, and nearly, for human use, ruined cunt and ass hole. But the cock sucking abilities of the cowherd was the stuff of legends. While Carl partook first, Rod was content to pull on her nipples and play with her quite ample ass and fat cunt.

While the "break" was in session, the fluid continued to slowly, and unrelentingly, flow into Cow Cunt. Her belly was huge. The last three enemas had cleared her out fairly thoroughly and permitted the liquid to enter her intestines so deeply that had she been conscious, she would have tasted the beer and creams.

As it was, her stomach was truly feeling the strain of not simply the mixture flowing in from her nose tubing, but also from the stuff flowing up from her ass hole. The only open valve to any relief was her bladder, which was rapidly filling again with urine.

She lay there and filled till an uneasy equilibrium was achieved between her stomach and her intestines. There was barely a quart and one-half of the mixture left in the cooler. Her belly had her appear to be eight months pregnant and her breathing was most shallow as her belly ate up all the room in her abdomen and began to infringe on her dia-phragm. Butter Ball sucked off each of the assistants twice and in the interim managed to taste their ass holes as well. But she figured that happy help would happily help her please all involved. And anyway, she had become so enamored with the taste of sperm that it would be hard to tell who was doing whom a favor.

As luck would have it, Rod suddenly became creative. "Watch this folks", he said as he retrieved additional tubing and a large one-gallon collapsed, clear plastic feedbag. He attached the tubing to the end of Cow Cunt's Foley and ran it to the feedbag. He then put the feedbag on the floor and opened the flow valve. Urine shot through the tubing and began to slowly expand the feedbag.

"Now that I have your attention, watch this!" He then placed the bag up into the cooler and left the top ever so slightly ajar. "When the bag begins to fill, and the liquid begins to chill, we can have so real fun waking her up", he said with a wicked smile.

"Can we change her position now", asked Butter Ball. "Wacha gots in mind baby", said Carl. "I want to suspend her so that everything hangs down. Let's really give her a stretching. Just image what that belly and those teats will look like with a little help from gravity", Butter Ball laughed.

The two men laughed as well and begin to arrange this for their pregnant cow whore. For all they knew, either one of them could be the father. What's nice about the knocked up whores at the farm is that nobody really cares about civilities such as that. Carl undid Cow Cunt's bonds as Rod brought over two harnesses he remembered were in the cow shed next door.

The first harness, made of saddle leather and pieced together by brass buckles, was made to fit between the breasts and over the shoulders. The breasts fit through the two very tight circles that comprised the front. The other harness consisted of two leather loops, one for each leg, and a strap connecting the two loops that would run across the small of the back.

These harnesses were used to properly place whores such as Cow Cunt beneath the belly of a bull, or a horse, when the amusement of the day would be animal fucking. They would serve quite well for Butter Ball's purposes. Once in place, Cow Cunt could, and was attached to two hooks in the ceiling using rope to suspend her at nearly the same level as the table had her.

Once suspended, the table was taken out from under her and set off to the side. Just as Butter Ball expected, Cow Cunt's belly and teats now plunged downward several

additional inches. This was just the position needed to drain the final quart and one-half of mixture from the cooler.

When Rod heard the gurgling of the hose emptying, he swiftly shut the valve on the butt plug after pinching and sliding his fingers down the length to push the last few drops in. She had finally taken the entire mixture. Though most of the fluid went into her ass hole, her belly was quite full. He then took down the cooler and watched as addition urine quickly drained from the unconscious whore.

Cow Cunt's head drooped and Rod, being a bit worried about her air passage being cut off, decided to open her mouth and run the rope between her teeth and up to one of the many hooks in the ceiling. He could not understand the attraction of such high maintenance pro-perties. He much preferred the tie 'em up and put 'em in the closet during the day and then take 'em out at night and fuck with them.

What Rod and Carl, and some of the others, didn't understand is that a cow such as Butter Ball would produce, especially with today's advanced fertility techniques, and drugs, thirty babies or more. Each white baby could sell for as much as thirty thousand dollars. Each pint of fresh mothers best milk could sell for up to twenty-five dollars (still warm in the container. Then there were significant rental fees, the videos, and now DVDs, specialty impregnations (for the infertile who wanted "instant family" without all the mess and hassle).

One can see that the significant amount of time put into the development, and now breeding, of the human cow pays off most handsomely. Cow Cunt, unbeknownst to her, and those around her, would one day set the record for the most multiple births with three sets on quintuplets and four sets of quadruplets as well as triplets and twin births.

The trio let Cow Cunt rest for about an hour suspended the way she was. Then Butter Ball checked the feedbag in the cooler and saw that there was nearly two pints of urine in the bag. Her belly had grown a bit more, even as the fluid drained through her body. This was due to all of the carbonated gas that was released as the stout warmed in her bowels and belly.

Sweat was running off of her body as the digestive systems swung into their highest

gear. This was also the reason that she was producing urine so much more rapidly than with a usual high volume water enema. The fact that there was no other outlet from her body than sweating and peeing.

Suddenly, the unthinkable nearly happened. They heard her groan through her unconsciousness and suddenly there was a release of pent up gas from the beer. One could hear her pass the gas through the side of the butt plug. There was a very minor lease of fluid accompanying the flatulence but that was quickly taken care of with a single piece of paper toweling.

Though the seal on her ass hole was still holding, it was now suspect. To prevent a major accident, and the same treatment being given to Butter Ball, she quickly reattached and inflation bulb and gave the plug three more squeezes of air. Only a small moan was elicited from Cow Cunt. "After today, she will certainly be ready for the next size up. Her Foley can stay in a while longer", commented Rod.

Carl checked to make sure that the needles in Cow Cunt's nipples and clit were rewired and connected properly. "Ah guess we should be givin' de ho' a wake up call." He laughed as he raised the near frozen feedbag with urine over his head to be hung from the ceiling. "Just make sure that she gets no more than a pint and one-half. We don't want to burst her bladder", said Rod.

The trio gathered around Cow Cunt, straps in hand, and prepared for the upcoming screams. Butter Ball upped the electrical current running into Cow Cunt till she heard a low throaty moan. She thought how lovely it would be to have the whore orgasm in the midst of her pain and she knew that at its current level, the electricity could do just that.

Rod opened the valve to the Foley after bleeding the air out of the bag and tubing. The ice-cold urine rocketed into the supine whore at amazing speed. As soon as the frigid urine hit her bladder, Cow Cunt's eyes opened wide and she let out with the most lovely scream imagin-able. After approximately six hundred cubic centimeters of urine ran into Cow Cunt's already abused bladder, the valve was closed.

Cow Cunt felt as though an explosion in her bladder occurred. The pain from the freezing pee was overwhelming and needle sharp. She yelled and begged as best she

could with the rope between her teeth. The tears began again and fell to the floor in a puddle. One thing about excess hydration in the body is that tears never cease to fall.

There was a noticeable bulge from her bladder forming just below her belly's ending and her pubic mound's beginning. If one looked closely, the spasms of her bladder and the surrounding tissues could be observed. It was at this point that Butter Ball began to strap Cow Cunt on her ass. Carl and Rod followed suit as their straps fell across the whore's back.

Cow Cunt screamed again and again as the strapping continued. As her back began to redden, and then turn crimson, the trio stopped briefly as Rod took the feedbag down and let the warmed urine drain back. Once it mixed with the still chilled urine, he re-hung the bag and let it flow into the whore's bladder again.

They repeated this cycle until Cow Cunt's entire back, ass, and legs were criss-crossed with stripes. Then Butter Ball noticed that the whore was indeed feeling the overwhelming effects of the electricity and her cunt was indeed becoming juicy again.

Cow Cunt was in hell at the moment. The pain in her bladder was unspeakably torturous and the renewed beating had caused her bowels to begin cramping again. Spittle fell on the floor to puddle along with her tears. Her cries of pain and mercy where of no avail as the strapping continued. All she seemed to be doing is exciting the trio into more of frenzy.

When they found no place on her once pristine back unmarked, Butter Ball began to up stroke with her strap. She hit the area where Cow Cunt's over filled bladder was in spasm and the poor tortured whore managed to make her body bounce up from its position at least three inches. The second blow fell on her still horribly swollen and burning labia and clit. The men set their marks on her bloated belly and saline filled breasts. The poor whore screamed herself hoarse yet again.

Will there be no end to the pain thought Cow Cunt. Her entire body was now ablaze with the never-ending pain being inflicted upon her. She suddenly began to succumb to the buzzing, tickling, and teasing feeling in her nipples and her clit.

She had gone to that secret place that people go to when the stimulation of pain becomes over whelming. She no longer felt the pain of the straps as she had earlier. The striking belts now felt almost like kisses to her body as she concentrated on the heat developing in her body.

Though still in an alcoholic stupor, which was beginning to lessen, Cow Cunt suddenly had a moment of clarity. She escape exit had been found and she ran for it with reckless abandon. She began to become aroused as never before. Her body was over stimulated and the only escape route was to orgasm.

Butter Ball knew that the whore was very close to peaking. The moist-ure from her vagina was starting to run down her thighs and drip onto the floor. As I stated before, over hydration can be fun (if one remains aware of electrolyte levels).

Cow Cunt was covered again in sweat. It seemed to her that her entire body was a sponge and these evil monsters were wringing every drop of moisture out of her. But the moisture never ended and it seems that the more they wrung from her, the more there was to replace that loss.

She was so very close now. The buzzing feeling in her clit and nipples was very strong. She had been able to finally focus in on the waves of pleasure as the strapping of her belly and teats continued without abatement. Her body was trembling and vibrating like a tuning fork struck against another metal surface.

“Just a little more, just a little closer, please...make me cum...please!!!” This was her new mental mantra. She was at the edge now and struggling to fall into the blissful abyss of orgasm. Butter Ball sensed this and, with one mighty upward stroke, hit the whore squarely on her swollen bladder, labia, and clit. Rod upped the current running into Cow Cunt, which instantly caused her sphincter to begin spasming around the butt plug.

That was all Cow Cunt needed as she rocketed over the edge into an orgasm of monumental proportions. Her body shook and rocked as the sweat flew off of her and onto the floor, and the administering trio. She made a noise, not quite a scream because of her hoarseness, which seemed to come from somewhere deep inside of her soul.

She rocked and rolled in the suspension that held her body and wave after mighty wave of orgasm swept over her. The trio stood there and laughed as they watched, and indeed envied, the powerful series of orgasms that jolted and racked her body. Finally, exhausted from the ordeal served her, Cow Cunt slipped back into blissful unconsciousness.

Part 3 As Cow Cunt's wracked body continued to twitch and spasm from the series of orgasms torn from her helpless body, the trio began to dis-engage the suspension. Carl rolled the table back beneath the quivering form of the unconscious whore. Rod reopened the valve to her Foley allowing the urine to drain from her. Butter Ball removed the wiring from the needles still residing in the whore's nipples and clit, and then removed the needles.

They then undid the harnesses and placed the sleeping form of Cow Cunt onto the table, face up this time. Rod and Carl reattached the electrode harness to her belly, rebound her arms and legs, and reattached the clit and nipple wirings with taped back electrodes. The wiring for her butt plug remained in place. They would now let her rest and digest whatever remained of her massive, high caloric, meal.

The rubber bands constricting Cow Cunt's severely swollen breasts were removed, allowing the blood to rush into the spectacularly colored orbs. This did bring a moan from the whore, who felt the pain of the blood rush through the clouds of blackness.

Butter Ball thanked Carl and Rod for their able assistance by dropping to her knees and with her mouth and hands, manipulating them to two more orgasms each, after which they exited the prep room to continue with their other duties. She then picked up the intercom phone and notified the Owner that she had accomplished his desires and was awaiting his further instructions. The Owner told her to remain fast by Cow Cunt and wait for his arrival.

Butter Ball stood between Cow Cunt's feet and observed the results of her efforts. There was not a single area of Cow Cunt's body that did not bare the fruits of Carl, Rod, and her labor. The bruising was now beginning to become multi-colored. There were hues of purple, red, green, blue, and yellow. In some areas, the flesh had already begun to swell from the bruising.

Her teats, which had regained some coloration with the removal of the constricting bands, were extremely swollen with a few rivulets of blood appearing. The whore's nipples were now grotesquely huge from both the saline injected and the beatings. The mounds would sit high upon her chest for the next day or two, and the pain from the saline would lessen over the period as her body absorbed the noxious invader.

Her belly, also a mass of discoloration from the beatings, was still swollen from the feeding, and would remain so for some time. It did seem to settle somewhat from its zenith of distention to almost puddle around her waist. Although her body was digesting and absorbing the meal, her belly would never resume its original shape.

The high caloric meal, combined with the lack of movement, assured that the meal would now become a permanent part of her anatomy. It was too early to tell where the fat would settle, but Butter Ball could swear she saw a somewhat expanded waist. "This one will plump up nicely", she thought to herself as she swore she could actually see fat being added. "I hope she becomes all belly and teats", she muttered softly to herself.

Her inspection continued downward toward Cow Cunt's horribly disfigured pussy. Her labial lips were puffed up and swollen to what appeared to be a bursting point. Her clit looked like a baby's thumb as it seemed to quiver and throb from the abuse and the pain of the saline. It leaked blood where the needle was placed. And the coloration was absolutely glorious.

The inside of Cow Cunt's thighs, as well as the tops, sides, and unexposed backs, were badly striped. The discoloration seemed to follow the pattern exhibited of the entire surface of the whore's body. "Better her than me", she giggled as she then took in the entire scene spread before her.

"Yes my little cow whore", the Owner said as he walked in trailed by Cow Cunt's husband. "And I really need no reason to replace her with you my dear whore. But you have truly done well and so I will reward you, for now. Take position one cow!" "My god!" The husband simply stood and observed the prone body of his wife. "My god!" He wore a smile from ear to ear as he surveyed the damage to his wife's once pristine unblemished body. "Is she still alive? I can't believe I'm seeing this!" The Owner laughed and told him that she was quite alive, and would remain so for many

years to come. "This is merely an introduction to her new way of life. I am sure that before this weekend is over you will see a marked change in her personality and physique." "My god", was all he could say.

"Come now my friend. I'm sure that you've already begun to get into the swing of things around here. In fact, we even have the tapes to prove that true", smile the Owner. There was a certain tacit threat. "You've got tapes? With me?" "Don't worry my friend. They are not meant for general distribution. And after all, this is kidnapping, and in for a penny, in for a pound says I!" The Owner smiled as he spoke. Making sure that the husband had as much, if not more, to lose as the Owner did was crucial to the success of this project. There would be no coming back with wild accusations or stories of ill doings from the husband years after the fact.

"I suppose you are right", the husband conceded. "What is next on the agenda?" "You are taking to this like a fish to water. Who would have guessed that you had this streak of malevolence. We will let the whore rest and finish digesting her meal. She will need her strength for this evening." "I didn't until last week. It's amazing what a whore can bring out in one's psyche." The Owner, and then the husband, turned toward the prostrate Butter Ball. She was on her knees, eyes downcast, mouth agape, and hands cradling her huge teats, offering them forth to whom ever might want to play with, or taste, them. Her knees were spread wide to reveal her flowering pussy. Moisture already began to gather in the folds of her labia and drip onto the floor.

Humiliation was oh so exciting to many of these whores. I do not know why they should become so very excited by being abused in this manner. There is obviously something quite amiss in their emotional makeup that demands they be belittled, and shown to be worthless as human beings.

Fortunately there are such people in this life, such as the Owner, and myself, that are quite willing to help these poor unfortunate souls realize their true worthlessness and place in life. A doormat does need dirty shoes to become utile. ;) "The Doctor has arrived cow whore. I have asked him to inspect the damage to this dog whore. You will assist him and do all he asks, as usual. For this evenings entertainment, you will also assist." Having said this, the Owner opened the buttons

of his tight fitting leather pants and pulled out his unusually thick seven-inch cock. "Suck", was all he said and Butter Ball immediately went to work.

The Doctor was a life long devotee to the lifestyle. He was an eminent internist in the city and often spent his weekends up at the farm. The Doctor was another inheritance from the Mistress, who he had met at one of those special dinner parties in the city. After sampling the wares that the Mistress had to offer in the way of human cattle, he offered to provide free medical advice and assistance in exchange for the privilege of spending unrestricted weekends in the country.

The Doctor walked in as Butter Ball was finishing up with the husband. "Hullo Butter Ball. Busy at work I see", he laughed as she tried to acknowledge him. "Don't speak with your mouth full whore. You might choke, or worse yet, spill some of that precious seed." His gaze then went to the sleeping Cow Cunt. "She won't be much good for this evening", he stated, almost disappointed with the thought of not being able to watch her perform some dog fucking. "Her cunt lips are too swollen to safely accommodate the dogs' knots without possibly tearing. "Although blow jobs for my little beastly friends would not be out of the question. And there is always her ass for fucking." "I really have something else in mind Doc. This cow whore will be assisting her Mistress tonight. I have no idea what is planned but knowing her Mistress, I am sure it will be a fun filled evening of entertainment." The Doctor was quite aware of exactly how cruel the Mistress could be. He had to more than once sew up the remnants of her viciousness. The Mistress was living proof that only a woman knows how to truly inflict pain, suffering, and debasement on another woman.

The Doctor suddenly made a signal to Butter Ball by pointing his index finger down toward his sandal-clad feet. Butter Ball instantly hopped up and rushed to his feet assuming the position. The Doctor simply said suck, and she reached out to unzip his pants, remove his cock from its confinement, and wrap her lips around the head, slowly sucking the length of it into her mouth.

He groaned as her quite knowledgeable tongue began its swirling motion, washing around the girth. When the initial rush of sensation abated enough, the Doctor told the Owner what he would do to insure getting the most out of the alcohol stupored Cow Cunt.

"I will tend to her nipples and clit. We certainly don't want any infection there. The cow whore will make sure that this bitch receives a good internal cleaning with plain warm water spiced with some table salt and coffee. No sense in having the whore too hung over to feel the full effects of whatever is planned." "I will also", he added as he paused to sensate to Butter Ball's flagellating tongue, "oh yeah whore, suck it! I will also remove her current feeding tube and replace it with a three-eighths inch nozzle that will be feed down her throat. She won't have much to say while it is in place but it will speed up the feeding process." "If we can get a dentist in to work on her, I would remove one of the whore's back molars. The nozzle feeding end can nestle in the space left by the tooth. Or we can simply punch a hole through the flesh of her cheek and feed the tube out through that. It won't be pretty but who really cares anyway." They all laughed at the creativity of the Doctor and the Owner certainly would consider the last suggestion seriously. If the tube was put through the hole, she could be fed at anytime without having to spend too much time on setting up.

The Doctor was getting close to his orgasm and having enough work cut out for him between tending to the dog whore and the regular stock of cows, and slaves, he decided to forgo a long, drawn out blowjob. He reached down toward Butter Balls massive orbs and grabbed hold of one in each of his hands. Or at least as much of each that he could hold.

He began to pressure his thick fingers into the flesh, digging and drawing his fingers toward the center. As he squeezed, Butter Ball began to moan, and then whine, and then scream through her closed mouth. To the credit of Butter Ball, who personally knew the reward for failure at an assigned task, she kept her concentration and never opened her mouth to scream.

She squirmed and pleaded with her now watering eyes for some relief, but none was forthcoming. Both she, and the Doctor were veterans of the farm and each knew that this was no pantheon of exhibitionistic sadism. The Doc merely wanted a little music to ease the way.

At the point of nearly having his finger tips meet at the center of Butter Balls teats, he came, shoving his cock to the back of her throat. He was rewarded with the

spasms of her throat muscles milking his sperm from him. He doubled over the top of Butter Ball and continued to hold onto her, though with much less strength as his orgasm abated.

Finally, after several moments, he straightened up, his cock gently falling from her mouth, and released the tortured orbs of flesh. Each teat had the imprints of his fingers around the thickest part of their circumference. "That will bruise up nicely", he thought as she moved slightly forward to kiss the head of his cock. He liked to sign his work.

"I think we'll enlarge the size of the Foley catheter when we wake the whore up. I am sure that we can get her up to at least a twenty gauge Foley by the week's end. It should be snug for whatever awaits her at any time. I think that the new ones that have come in, the ones that have the gold sleeves on the outside, should be initiated on her." The good Doctor had gold leaf bonded to the latex surgical grade tubing so that an electrical charge could be passed through her urethra. Never at a loss of creativity made the Doctor not only a good guest, but also one whose presence was ever being sought out for these types of activities.

As the Doctor went to work on Cow Cunt, the Owner and the husband left the room to continue their day's activities. He had Butter Ball tend to the wounds in the dog whore's nipples and clit as he delicately, and gently removed the feed tubing from her nostrils. He then went over to his locked cabinet to retrieve a nozzle, with extra tubing, and a bottle of topical anesthetic. After clamping Cow Cunt's mouth open, he coated the back of her throat, and the nozzle, with the anesthetic. This nozzle had a five hundred c.c. balloon at the business end. There was no way this would ever come up the whore's gullet in an unwanted fashion. He carefully fed the tubing down the supine whore's throat and into her stomach on the first attempt. He knew it was properly placed when he smelled the beer's aroma emanate from inside her still bloated belly and out his end of the tube.

"Yes", he thought, "I must punch a one-half inch hole in her cheek soon." He was at a loss of how to secure his end of the tubing. Butter Ball, sipping her own urine from out of her Foley, suddenly had an idea. "Sir, if you put a ring gag into her mouth, you could run the tube through the center of the gag and secure the tubing with a

rubber band. Just loop it around the tubing and tie it to the metal ring of the gag.” The Doctor laughed and said; “It would seem that you are good for something other than blow jobs cow whore. Why don’t you do that after you finish your drink? In fact, I give you permission to collapse your bladder.” This was music to the cow whore’s ears. She loved the feeling of having her urine drained so rapidly that her bladder collapsed in on itself. The feeling was extraordinary and it never failed to produce a powerful orgasm. She was not sure whether the tickling, sucking feeling behind her navel caused the orgasm, or if it was the sucking feeling of the rest of her inner organs being pulled toward the collapsing bladder, or merely the depravity of the entire situation that caused her to orgasm so intensely and so quickly.

Within seconds, the fat pregnant little cow was wiggling around on the floor moaning and trembling with her first orgasm of the day. Orgasm was her reward for pleasing, or at times, her punishment for disobeying whoever was using her at the time.

After she finished wallowing on the floor, Butter Ball secured the tubing and attached a turn valve to the end of the nozzle. The Doctor inquired whether the butt plug was still effective. Butter Ball informed him that there was a very minor accident. The Doctor decided that the whore could wait for a larger replacement. In the event the cunt stretching was on this evening’s menu, he didn’t want too large a butt plug to prevent the initial stretching from being as effective as it could be.

The Doctor looked down at Butter Ball, who still couldn’t take her eyes off of Cow Cunt’s beaten and bloated body, and noticed that she was beginning to let down. “Milking time whore. Be back here in two hours, and be fed first.” Butter Ball got up and with one last look at Cow Cunt; she waddled off to the milking room to be relieved of her ever-present bounty of fresh human teat juice.

The Doctor then went to Cow Cunt’s pussy and inspected the Foley. He tugged on the tubing till he heard a low moan from the dog whore. “Still good”, he muttered to himself. He took a moment to look at her body and thought to himself that he would certainly love to use the strap on this one.

“You are certainly going to plump up nicely as well”, he said softly. “I wonder what you did to wind up here looking like this.” He saw that there was no prior scarring

on her. As he lightly stroked the discolored skin of her breasts, and the rest of her body, he did not feel the tiny, minute, scarring caused by needles, or the whip.

This one was a virgin to the life and they were taking great pains to see that she was spared none. No tattoos, no brands, no piercing, no apparent misuse, or abuse, of any kind. He laughed to himself as he remembered an old proverb: A blank wall is the devil's playground. But none of this was his business anyway, and he enjoyed his time spent at the farm to start asking stupid questions at this point.

"My god you do stink whore", he muttered quietly. She still smelled of the dogs, and her own sweat, and of the sperm and the stout. It would be some time before they would bathe her, he thought. Too bad she wasn't his whore.

Butter Ball went to milking stalls to relieve herself of the never-ending supply of milk she seemed to develop. She currently was one of the farms finest producers. Her milk was most rich in fat content and would sometimes butter as it hit the glass of her collection jar. Just after giving birth, she could produce as much as sixty-four ounces a day! She could keep this level of production up for as much as several months after dropping her whelps. Her production would eventually taper off to about two quarts a day, but by that time she would be "in season" again and ready to repeat the cycle.

As she lumbered up to an open spot near a window, she looked for a moment to see which other cows were being milked. She was lucky to have a name. Many of the others merely had numbers and she could see the numbers tattooed on their fat haunches. Next to her was number four forty nine.

Four forty nine was approximately forty-two years old. She was apparently the former wife of her present Owner. He had met someone much prettier, and much younger. Having been a participant in the lifestyle for many years, along with four forty nine, it wasn't much of a reach to enslave the whore, but to also turn a buck with the whore's still operational reproductive systems.

He had heard of a special farm and the Mistress who ran the secretive operation. He brought the whore to the farm with the original intent of training her to be a first rate whore. He would then sell her outside the states where non-drug addicted white

whores were of great value.

After the Mistress showed him the operation, he offered to board her at the farm and he would retain a percentage of whatever she earned with the fruit of her body. She had been at the farm for ten years now, and the life of being a cow had taken its toll.

She was no longer the slender, young, beautiful wife of a successful businessman, destined to live a life of luxury and repose. She looked at least fifteen years older than her actual age. Her body looked as though someone had molded a woman out of dough. The dough had risen from the yeast and the risen dough slid down the front of her body.

She was well over three hundred and fifty pounds and at five feet and six inches tall, this made her nearly as wide as she was tall. Her once blond hair was silvery and greatly thinned (constant never-ending lactation does that to ones hair). Her teeth have been gone for many years for all the calcium in her body went into the milk she produced.

Her teats looked more like huge flattened eggplants and hung over the top of her immensely grotesque belly to stop at a point just below her navel. Her belly flowed down past her waist, with its apron of fat ending just above her knees. Her entire body was an absolutely horrid topography of rut-like stretch marks. Butter Ball liked to watch her sweat after a feeding because the beads of sweat would gather in the ruts, and tiny rivers would form, as gravity would pull them down the small ravines to pool on her bedding.

But the features that struck Butter Ball as being the most pronounced were four forty nine's nether orifices. Her vaginal cavity was so enlarged and stretched from its original shape that one could fit both hands and feet inside! When Butter Ball had first come to the farm, she was punished for some long forgotten sin by having her entire head forced up into the cow. She could only breathe through a tube placed in her mouth.

Then the cow was masturbated to orgasm and poor Butter Ball's entire head and shoulder area was drenched in the putrid vaginal discharge that occurred. Another time, when some indiscretion occurred, her head was forced up four forty nine's

asshole, also greatly distended from many years of abuse. The fat cow was given eight ounces of castor oil and an entire two-quart can of fiber. Poor Butter Ball had to wear her fecal head ornamentation for an entire day.

The huge cow's urethra was so distended that a regular nozzle had to be used to seal the cow whole shut. Continence was a word that had left any discussion of the huge fat cow whole years before. She was also given to high blood pressure, high cholesterol, circulation problems, heart problems, liver and kidney problems, diabetes, and numerous other situations that accompany dramatic body abuse.

Butter Ball knew that the cow's time on the farm was running short. Her last two attempts at impregnation had failed and her milk production had fallen off dramatically. Rental fees had dropped off and those that did come were from the practitioners of the extreme. Often the medical care required afterward negated the fees earned.

It was rumored among the inhabitants of the cow shed that when a cow's productive days were over, they were taken to a motel a great distance from the farm. There they were left with twenty dollars for food, the phone number of the local welfare agency, and absolutely nothing else. All catheters were removed as well as the clothing worn during the trip, and they were left to fend for themselves.

One could image the utter despair of one a cow awaking up, in a pool of her own waste, in a place totally unfamiliar to her, to have to fend for herself after so many years of care...such as it may be. Four forty nine had heard these stories and prayed to god that she might conceive one last time.

Butter Ball actually admired the damage done to four forty nine. She loved to cast her eyes upon the heavily scarred and tattooed body of the cow. She loved to watch the sweat river down the stretch marks. She loved to see her struggle to do any kind of physical activity.

But most of all she loved to envision herself in ten, or even twenty, years being as totally used up as the huge, blubbery, scarred, tattooed, burnt out, cow was. She kept remembering the old adage that the candle that burns from both ends burns twice as bright, but only half as long.

Butter Ball watched the watery translucent milk trickle out of the cow's teats. She watched the feedbag, a two-gallon container, empty rapidly in the cow's belly and asshole, forcing the sides of that massive expanse to flow out beneath her as it filled. The cow was so huge that she could barely rest on her knees when her belly was empty.

Butter Ball came up behind her and began to rub the cow's massive ass. The butt plug in four forty nine's asshole was nearly seven inches across in girth. The inflation balloon at the business end was better than two liters in volume and barely held at that.

The one-half inch inside diameter feed hose was placed in a hole cut into her throat just where the massive head was attached to the body. She was so huge at this point that there was no really distinctive neck. Butter Ball began to massage the sides of the cow's ballooning stomach as it began to stretch across the padded platform she knelt on. Though the young cow whore could not reach low enough, for her arms length was nowhere near long enough, she let her hands ply over the bounteous flesh near the cow's kidneys (or what was left of them).

The cow slowly moved her head to look behind and see who was touching her so gently and saw it was the young one. Butter Ball smiled at her and the cow returned a toothless, wrinkled, smile in return. It was a long time since anyone really bothered with her other than the daily mandatory care. Only Butter Ball would occasionally do so.

As the meal quickly drained into the cow, Butter Ball had decided to do her a favor. She got down off the cow's expansive back and started to slide under her rear end. The odor of the cow's crotch area was, to say the least, overwhelmingly pungent. The aides in the shed didn't bother to clean her well, or often, these days. And the poor cow had no facility to even attempt to clean herself.

The aroma of urine, feces, and vaginal discharges was overwhelming. But to Butter Ball, this was better than to walk among the late spring flowers and bathe in their perfume. She immediately had that heady feeling hit her and was rapidly becoming turned on.

The cow felt Butter Ball beneath her and looked to see what was happening. Butter Ball wormed her way forward, pushing aside the massive belly with her head, and trying to spread those massive, leathery, inner thighs with her hands. The cow complied with her movements and suddenly spread her thighs, completely engulfing the young cow whore's head in flesh.

Now Butter Ball was in total darkness. She couldn't see, hear, or even breathe as the huge cow's flesh enveloped her. The huge cow raised herself up off of her forearms and onto her hands, realizing what the little one wanted to do. While she still couldn't see or hear anything, at least a small channel for air became available for Butter Ball.

The channel formed when the huge cow's grossly distended labia gaped slightly with her raising onto her hands. "This is gonna be real good", thought the cow whore as she nuzzled in the dark, dank, odorous cavern of four forty nine. She felt the nozzle at her fore head and knew that if she followed it "north", she would find the massive thumb of a clit to suck on.

Butter Ball began to sweat as the huge cow digested her meal and rivulets began to run down her face, into her eyes, and down her neck onto the musky pad of the milking platform. She suddenly felt the huge cow rear up and all air was again shut off. She suddenly felt hands on her as her legs were spread wide. Someone had seen her and caught her performing a cardinal sin: Pleasuring another cow without permission.

This would be bad. Her head began to spin from the lack of air as she then felt a huge plug being inserted into her asshole. The plug was rapidly pumped up as her knees were being secured to a three-foot spreader bar. The huge cow now moved slightly, raising her massive legs one at a time to trap the arms of the young cow whore. Now there was no escaping for sure.

Adequate punishment for Butter Ball, in her present condition was quite difficult. She loved pain, torture and humiliation as if this was as important as food, water and air. However, with her being in a "family" way, with three small embryos growing in her fat belly, what could be done physically was greatly limited. There were, however, sev-eral reasonably safe practices that would provide the proper

motivation for the cow whore to keep her mind on what her place in life truly was.

The milking room was quite similar to that of a “professional” dairy farm’s. The operation was based on a compressed air vacuum system that provided a pulsing suction at ten stations. The stations consisted of a cubicle cordoned off by four-foot high partitions. A raised platform the size of a double bed dominated the cubicle space. The platform was topped with a one-inch thick, closed cell, foam pad for the cow to kneel on.

On the partition at the head of the cubicle were two suction pipes, one for each teat. A glass collection bottle sat between the two pipes. The bottle had three rubber hoses at the top and one at the bottom. Two provided intake for the milk and the third provided outlet for the vacuum suction. The hose at the bottom, upon finishing the milking, would suction the milk into a great holding tank. There was a spigot at the bottom of the glass jar to allow a particular cow’s milk to be removed and not sucked into the general holding tank.

This milk was removed from specific cows that had very recently given birth to insure that the young would receive nothing but fresh, warm, pure, mommy’s milk prior to departure to their new situations. After all, we are not totally unfeeling and we believe in having the mother bond with her spawn in a proper, and healthy (let’s pass on those anti-bodies) way. This would occur for approximately two to three weeks after birthing. After this time, the young would be disposed of in a fitting manner and go on to their respective “new” lives.

Once the surgical rubber, silver banded, cups were suctioned onto the front of the teat, the milk would begin to flow into the jar. A supervisor would walk around the stalls observing which cow was milking and which was done. Upon completion of the milking cycle, the supervisor would cut the vacuum to the cups, which would immediately drop off the teat, and either cycle the milk into the main holding tank, or remove the milk to feed the young.

Once the smaller collection jar was emptied, warm water would be flushed through the system to clean off any residue from the prior milking cycle. This helped to prevent various diseases such as mastitis from spreading throughout the entire herd. Each nipple is then wiped off with an antiseptic, coated with nipple cream, and the

job is done.

To assure that this procedure occurred in the most optimal fashion, opposite electrical charges were run through the silver bands in the suction cups. This stimulated milk flow and provided sexual release. The cows also had their nether regions stimulated by electrical charge, anal feedings, as well as oral intakes, and, sometimes, manual manipulation.

The more pleasant and stimulating the experience became, the more milk production increased and the more each cow looked forward to being milked. We do want our cows to be happy, and productive, at least three to four times a day. In that their lives would be rather boring else wise, we are really providing a public, make that public, service. □ The supervisor decided that the only proper way to discipline Butter Ball was by excessive sexual stimulation during her milking. If the little whore went through a dozen or more orgasms during her milking, she would no have the strength to even think about playing with the other cows. A portable vacuum pump was brought over to the stall where four forty nine and Butter Ball remained occupants. The pump was plugged into the outlet on the opposing wall.

Four forty nine was busy rubbing that enormous open wound of a cunt across Butter Ball's face as her milking cups were removed. Her milk, no longer of any real value, was drained out of the glass jar and dumped down the drain at the head of the stall. The poor whore was really only producing a milky colored water at this point in time. The rinsing cycle was activated and, upon its completion, the cups were attached to Butter Ball's milk engorged teats.

At the same time, an assistant was attaching the vacuum pump to a small air hose that, in turn, was connected to a small silver tube of one-half inch diameter. The vacuum pump was activated and the tube's open end was placed directly over Butter Ball's swollen clit. The vacuum sucked her clit up into the tube with enough force to cause the young cow whore to scream into the ever widening, ever secreting, cunt of the old cow.

Next came a glass tube of some three inches in diameter. This two foot long tube had a silver band around the interior at the bottom. This was then attached to the pump using a reduction fitting that the clit tube hose ran through, at the top. A small

wire ran from the silver clit tube. This was placed alongside the silver band coating the inside of the larger tube and the entire glass tube was then placed over the distended labia of the little cow whore. The valve to the pump was activated and instantly the little whore's labia were sucked a good three inches up the glass tube.

The vacuum suction was increased until the little whore again screamed out in pain. It was quite an amusing sight to see; this little fat whore having her nether lips sucked up along the insides of the glass tubing. Only two more operations to be done and the process would be complete. Firstly, the electrical lead from the butt plug was attached to the ever-present transformer (each stall having one fitted to the partition and the foot of the stall). Lastly, the feedbag was brought in for the whore.

This was only a one-gallon feeding of mixed animal sperm because of her prone position. Nobody wanted any more weight than necessary resting on the young developing in her belly. Two hoses were run from the bag; one to her butt plug access valve, and the second to the nozzle hose that was just forced down her throat and inflated.

Butter Ball had already begun letting down and lactating. Once the current was turned on and feedbag valves opened, she flowed a strong and steady river of milk into the collection jar. In spite of her bonds, the spreader bar and four forty nine's legs, Butter Ball was beside herself in the throes of sexual over-stimulation. Her tongue was actively seeking out the old cow's clit. She was already sweating profusely as her body began to shutter and shake from the intense waves of pain and pleasure being thrust upon her supine body.

Meanwhile, the old cow whore loved every minute of the attention being shown her by Butter Ball. She began to secrete a flow of vaginal discharge that enveloped Butter Ball's face. It began to puddle under Butter Ball's head and to soak her cropped hair. When the moans of the cow whore began to heat with flooding passion, the supervisor turned up the electrical current and the vacuum force to elicit more screams from her.

Now Butter Ball had hold of the huge old cow whore's clit with her lips. She tugged at the appendage compressing her lips as hard as she could. She squeezed it and sucked on it and swirled her tongue around its base. She then began a sucking in

and out motion, rubbing the very tip with her tongue. Suddenly four forty nine humped her back upward and put her sweaty fore head to the ground. The wave was building! Butter Ball felt the huge old cow shift and with that, felt the inside of that vast canyon of a cunt start to contract in what was promising to be a great, mighty, spasm. She felt the velvety inner tissue rub up against her secretion soaked chin, as the huge old whore was getting ready to cum, as she hasn't in quite some time.

Then the dam broke, flooding the valley and all of its inhabitants! Four forty nine came with one giant tidal wave of an orgasm that rapidly filled Butter Ball's mouth and flooded onto the pad. It was as though some great inner toilet has just flushed and the secretions flooded down and out of the drain. Butter Ball gagged and choked on the volume of fluid that flowed from the old whore's cunt. She began to cough and had trouble swallowing the putrid fluid. Some ran out of her nose and her ears were filled with it.

The supervisor noted the huge old whore's orgasm and at that very moment upped the voltage and the vacuum pressure yet one more time causing the young cow whore to cum as well. He then touched the anus of the old whore with his cattle prod and hit the switch, jolting her off of Butter Ball and causing her to slam her head into the partition's wall. She slow arose (four forty nine could do nothing quickly any more), stepped over the young cow and onto the floor. Her head was cut from hitting the wall and a trickle of blood ran from it.

"Go to your stall and some one will eventually tend to your cut", the man told her. And so, off she padded, still dripping her noxious fluid from the open maw of a cunt leaving Butter Ball laying in a pool of the foul vaginal fluid. He then went and got the next cow to finish, another squirting heavy weight, and had her replace four forty nine. The after-noon was young and Butter Ball had many, many, more orgasms to go.

By the time early evening had come around, poor little Butter Ball was one sorry looking sight. She was not only frosted from head to toe in the secretions of several cows, some fortunately not nearly as noxious as four forty nine. She was also at her end after some eight consecutive earth-quaking orgasms, not counting the multitude of after shocks.

The poor little whore had to walk in a bow legged fashion because the great distention of her cunt lips and clit caused them to rub repeatedly, and now quite painfully against her inner thighs. The vacuum treatment had caused the lips to bloat and fill with blood and fluid and totally blocked the opening to her vagina. Her clit had greatly bloated as well and now stood a proud guard over the cow whore's reproductive orifice.

She walked into the prep room just in time to begin preparing Cow Cunt for the evenings activities. Cow Cunt had been asleep the entire time that Butter Ball was under going her ordeal in the milking room. It was Butter Ball's job to not simply awaken, but to revive, the prone figure stretched out on the table. Butter Ball checked the urine collection bag on the floor at the feet of Cow Cunt and recorded the volume. The dog whore had passed a quart and one-half of fluid through her kidneys. She then opened the valve to the butt plug and observed that only a small trickle of fluid remained in her rectum. "Yummy", she thought, "the bitch absorbed almost four and one-half quarts of the mixture (or roughly eight and one half pounds).

The dog whore's stomach had nearly returned to its original shape, although one could observe, with less than a skilled eye, that the present shape seemed to be slightly more padded than the old shape. It was still impossible to see whether her breasts had grown any because of the still present swelling caused by the saline solution. The swelling, and the accompanying pain, would slowly disappear over the next two or three days, providing the whore "lasts through the evening", thought Butter Ball with a giggle.

As Butter Ball was getting the appropriate mixings ready for Cow Cunt's "awakening", the former Mistress of the manor entered the prep room. Butter Ball instantly dropped to her knees; legs spread shoulder width, and hands cupping her huge teats in an offering position.

"Fresh meat", she commented, not even acknowledging Butter Ball's presence. Through ice-cold, light blue eyes, the kind of eyes that can pin a submissive to the spot as though they were butterflies being mounted, she appraised Cow Cunt. The Mistress ran her hand up over Cow Cunt's still prone form starting from her pubic

mound and slowly traveling the distance up over her navel to her supple left breast.

“This one will do quite nicely”, she said. She gazed for several more moments and then turned toward Butter Ball, whose eyes were cast downward, mouth slightly opened. The Mistress looked down at Butter Ball and smiled. “She smells like dog and you smell like cunt. The two of you are bookends. Look at me whore”, she said as she placed the toe of her black leather boot beneath Butter Ball’s chin and raised her head till the cow whore’s eyes met her gaze.

Butter Ball looked upon her former owner, and still Mistress, for the first time that day. Mistress was dressed in her trademark black leather apparel. The pants and vest were tight fitting and displayed her somewhat stocky physique.

Mistress was fifty years old but looked a good ten or more years younger. Her close-cropped hair was a (dyed) jet black, which dramatically set off her pale complexion and her light blue eyes.

Her lips were quite full and lush and set in their traditional smirk of a smile. Her face was chiseled and quite severe dominated by her most pronounced cheekbones and her square jaw. Her make-up was simple, but very dramatic. Her blood red lips were moist and very enticing. The dark blue eye shadow and black mascara set off her penetrating eyes.

Mistress’s frame was large boned and suggested someone who could easily turn chubby if a strict regime of dieting were not observed. Her vest barely concealed the two fleshy treasures beneath. Her nipples were quite pronounced and were attempting to poke their way through the leather to daylight.

Her exposed arms denoted one who was quite at home in a gym, with well-defined biceps. Her forearms were nearly as large as her biceps and, were it not for the layer of body fat common to most women, she would have passed for a baseball pitcher.

The black leather accentuated her quite curvy body and her muscular thighs seemed to want to burst through her leather pants. Mistress, when feeling her oats, could easily crush the rib cage of most slaves, and cows, with their power. All of this was

set upon an imposing six-foot tall frame.

“I want this whore’s ass to be well cleaned out. I want her to be hydrated and completely alert.” Her Mistress then frowned and said: “I had a good report on your actions earlier from the Owner. But then you had to fuck up by playing with that old cow whore. What am I to do with you?” Butter Ball felt her Mistress’s displeasure. “You had better shape up and do what you are told, and no more, if you want to be my property after this year is up. Otherwise, you might go the route of four forty nine, whose time is very limited now.” Butter Ball hung her head in shame. Her entire being, with rare lapses, was dedicated to pleasing her Mistress and her Mistress was now quite angry with her. The very thought of winding up in a strange, unknown, place, physically used up, burnt out, incontinent, and unable to tend to her needs, although somewhat enticing, was also quite frightening. “Now get to work whore”, Mistress said as she turned on her heels and left the room, trailing her Chanel number 19 in her wake.

Butter Ball, with a new added determination, got to work. She prepared the first enema, a three-quart solution of frigid water, and immediately set it high on the intra-venous stand. She connected the hose to the butt plug and opened the valves, one on the bag hose and the other for the new butt plug.

The solution began to race into the still prone Cow Cunt. As soon as the frigid water hit her bowels, Cow Cunt’s eyes opened wide and a strangled cry arose from her throat. “Good morning sweetness”, laughed Butter Ball as she looked directly into Cow Cunt’s eyes. Wherever Cow Cunt was in her dreams, this wake up call brought directly back to the hell into which she had stumbled.

As the bag drained into her, Cow Cunt’s belly began to rise with a rapidity not seen before. She immediately began to cramp as the water chilled her insides and started the muscles spasming. Within only several swift minutes, the bag was emptied into the dog whore resulting in a nice, tight, shiny, expanded belly.

All the Cow Cunt could do at this moment was moan and pray for unconsciousness, or death. Although mild compared to her earlier treatments, the suddenness and unyielding execution of this flushing brought back the main point of this entire exercise: Her life, and her body, was no longer her own.

Without the benefit of the electrical charges to “ease” the cramps and spasms of her muscles, Cow Cunt was in utter agony as Butter Ball let her lay in spasms on the table. Her pelvis was bouncing up and down, as much as she could move it, on the table and she struggled to control her breathing in an attempt to ease her pain.

Butter Ball let her lay in this fashion for ten minutes before she disconnected the hose from the bag and opened the valve to drain the poor whore. As the water flowed out of her, Butter Ball pressed down on Cow Cunt’s belly, causing the water to shoot out and down into the drain. Very little refuse was in the water indicating that the digestion of the high calorie mixture was quite complete.

Butter Ball began to massage the dog whore’s intestines to ease the water trapped in her upper bowel into exiting. After several minutes, Butter Ball closed the butt plug’s valve and prepared the next bag. This one was to be of warm water laced with salt to balance Cow Cunt’s electrolytes. She again let the valves go and the dog whore filled rapidly.

This time Butter Ball massaged the dog whore’s bowels to facilitate the water’s entry high into the small intestine. The three quarts entered the dog whore at a far quicker rate than the last bag. Butter Ball let the mixture settle inside of Cow Cunt for several minutes and she massaged the dog whore’s belly the entire time.

“If you take short, shallow breaths, it’ll be much easier to hold”, she offered, showing a bit of mercy to the suffering whore. Cow Cunt followed the suggestion as best she could and she began to overcome the terrible cramping and spasms. “Don’t worry sweet meat, one day soon the cramping and the spasms will no longer be a problem. “In fact, the problem will soon be to create spasms to help you shit stuff out”, she added with a giggle.

The third flushing, one gallon this time, went in easily, stayed in with greater facility, and exited clear of any refuse. The three flushings had tired Cow Cunt out a bit, but she was alert enough to hear what Butter Ball said next.

“My former Owner and Mistress will be dealing with you this evening. She has no tolerance for disobedience and she knows terrible ways to punish. You’d best do whatever she tells you to cause you do not want to piss her off at all.” This was said

with a complete seriousness that was more frightening than anything said to her up to this point.

The three flushings had hydrated Cow Cunt to the point that she now had to pee very badly. She mumbled to Butter Ball, the new feeding tube making speech most difficult, and tried to motion with her head toward her Foley. "What's that sweet heart? You have to pee? Let me help you." With that, Butter Ball got the extension tubing and attached one end to the Foley while putting the other into Cow Cunt's mouth.

"Here, let me deflate the bulb and shift the gag so all that bad piss can go into your stomach. Waste not, want not is our motto", she added with a smile. Cow Cunt placed her tongue at the hole of the tubing blocking the entry of the urine and when Butter Ball released the valve of the Foley, nothing flowed out.

"Let's not play games sweetness, we can do this the hard way as well. And you will become quite use to being a toilet anyway so you might as well start with your own waste." Butter Ball noted the resignation in Cow Cunt's eyes as she slowly began to let the urine flow into her mouth. "And don't you dare spill a drop! If I tell them that you did...it will really go hard on you babe. Anyway, I like the taste of your piss, so just do it." Cow Cunt remembered the draining that Butter Ball served up the last time and so she sipped herself till she emptied and managed to swallow every drop. In spite of the difficulty swallowing with the feed tube going down her throat, by the time she had totally drained, she was far more at ease with the catheter. Butter Ball re-inflated the bulb and re-arranged the gag.

Two male slaves that she had never seen before walked into the prep room. They told Butter Ball that all was ready and the dog whore was wanted in the solarium. New male slaves indicated that there would be at least one "new" mistress present. Butter Ball looked at the dog whore and told her that a leash would now be attached to her collar. Her hands would be temporarily released and then tethered to the collar as well.

They released Cow Cunt and, after attaching the leash and her hands to the collar, walked her to the house. This was the first time Cow Cunt had been on her feet in what seemed like weeks (but in reality, which was rapidly fleeting, twenty four

hours). She was a bit unsteady and had to be assisted by the two males, one at each arm. Her head still ached from the alcoholic mixture fed her and she seemed to detect a certain lethargy in her body's response to her desire to move. She felt as though she had a padded suit on and that she was walking through gelatin.

Half way across the expanse of lawn, she notice that the pack of dogs was loose and heading toward her at a flat out ran. "Oh my god", she tried to mutter as they caught up to the group and began to sniff and lick at her ass. She jumped with a start as the first cold wet nose went for her crotch from behind and the long sopping tongue shot out to whip her still distended pussy lips.

Tears began to run down her face at the thought of a repeat of last night's dog rape. Butter Ball laughed at her reaction and continued to lead her by the leash toward the open French doors of the solarium. "What'sa matter sweetness? You lovers are here to make you feel good. Look how excited they are and how much they missed you." With tear filled eyes, Cow Cunt looked down at the five beasts and saw that each one's penis had come out of its sheath. They were beginning to jump up on her naked body, trying to knock her down. "My, my sweetness. Look how much they love you!" In spite of herself, Cow Cunt began to moisten from the constant at-tacking of the animals' tongues. The house loomed closer as the pro-cession walked onward. The dogs, also smelling the aroma of female cunt on Butter Ball, began to lick at her as well. When they did start to jump up on her, the Owner called to them from inside the solarium. He certainly couldn't have them damaging the yet unborn merchandize by knocking down the very pregnant young cow whore.

Knowing the hand that feeds them, the pack ran to their Master and acknowledging his great love of them by licking his hands. He fed them, cared for them, and saw that they were well fucked on a daily basis. And, after all is said and done, what else is there in a dog's life? The procession entered the solarium and Cow Cunt found herself in the midst of the group in attendance last night augmented by several new, and female faces. She absent mindedly tried to cover her nudity with her hands, but only succeeded in jerking her own neck about. She blushed a beet red as all eyes were on her. "She smells like a dog in heat", said one of the Mistresses. Her gaze pierced through Cow Cunt and held her fast. "She is so filthy, how do you stand the stink?" The Owner, now standing along side the husband, laughed at the sight of

Cow Cunt and said; "It's a dog thing you know." The Owner then stood apart from the groups and announced that the former Owner of the farm was to conduct this evening's entertainment. Butter Ball then led the dog whore by her leash up to the Mistress. Butter Ball immediately dropped to her knees and handed the leash to her Mistress.

Her Mistress smiled down at the little cow whore and took hold the leash. She then, with the same smile looked Cow Cunt directly in the eyes, pinning her soul to the floor with her gaze. Cow Cunt trembled with fear as she noticed the Mistress pointing toward the floor with her index finger.

The Owner said to all; "She has not begun her dog training yet. We will be blessed with having our dear friend exhibit her techniques of animal training. Dog training, animal training: The very words cut into Cow Cunt's soul. Suddenly there was a yanking of the leash downward that coincided with the pointing finger. Still Cow Cunt was unsure of what was expected of her. With a swiftness that startled even the Owner, the Mistress struck out with the flat of her hand and caught Cow Cunt squarely on the right side of her face. The slap was quite loud and snapped the dog whore's head about.

Cow Cunt's eyes watered not just from the strength of the blow, but also from the fact that nobody has slapped her since she was in high school. She looked at Mistress pleadingly and tried, through the ring gag and the feed tube in her throat, ask what was wanted. That only drew a slap from the other hand on the other side of her face.

Again the Mistress pointed toward the floor and yanked on the leash. Cow Cunt suddenly realized that the Mistress wanted her on her knees, and down she went. Quickly observing the posture of the other slaves in attendance, Cow Cunt tried to copy their knelling stance. She spread her knees about shoulder's distance apart and with eyes toward the floor, kneeled, thrusting her still swollen breast outward.

The Mistress smiled down at her charge. "There may be some hope for this one. Perhaps she will get off easy this evening with only a slight maiming." "A slight maiming" rang in her ears as she realized that she was the evening's entertainment. These monsters were going to torture her and disfigure her for no other reason than

their desire to do so.

Now her Mistress gave the leash a slight tug and pointed downward yet again, this time toward her slightly upturned boot toe. Cow Cunt wasted no time in putting her fore head directly onto the toe of her black, silver tipped, high heel boot. The Mistress then moved her boot toe downward until it rested directly beneath the dog whore's mouth.

She then pointed her index figure, nail up, directly at Cow Cunt and curved it inward on itself. She repeated the gesture two more times and Cow Cunt, with a sudden flash of intuition, extended her tongue and licked at the silver toecap.

"This one really might have some potential", she said to the Owner. "I might, with your permission, take a special interest in her training." Her eyes were glazed with the power she had just exhibited over this gorgeous piece of meat now administering to her boot tip. This, of course, was not lost on Butter Ball who promised herself to be far more creative in her punishments of the dog whore.

The Mistress then motioned to one of her former charges, the alpha, to approach. The huge animal quickly walked up to her and sat attentively gazing at her. She then lifted her boot cap upward indicating that Cow Cunt's ministrations were sufficient. Mistress then pointed her index finger, nail up, at Cow Cunt, and then at the dog's still engorged cock and curled her finger in on itself again.

"Oh my god NO!!! Not again", thought Cow Cunt as her tears began anew. She suddenly fell off her knees and tumbled to her side, totally beset by her crying and shaking. This monster of a woman wanted her to suck on the animal's cock. They were going to have the dogs rape her again.

The poor dog whore shook with tears as she tried to speak the words, "Please no, not again. Please, no more." Nothing came out of her mouth that was intelligible, but the look of rage upon the Mistress' face was enough to freeze hell over several times. Even Butter Ball, who now considered Cow Cunt to be a rival, and who had spent five years as the property of the Mistress, had never seen her as outraged and angry as she was at this moment.

The Owner, to further enrage the Mistress, commented, "Perhaps you are losing your touch my dear." Several of the others in the room snick-ered at the dog whore's faux pas, which angered the Mistress beyond the limits of reason, as they observed the now quaking figure curled on her side in a fetal position.

The Mistress reached down and grabbed the collar around Cow Cunt's neck, wrapping her fingers around the silver band, and hauled the dog whore to her feet. She brought her face very close to that of Cow Cunt and stared into her eyes. "For the next few hours you will do nothing but scream. Then and ONLY then, will your punishment begin!" The Mistress then threw her back to the ground and, with hand signals, Called for two of the male slaves to come and assist her. "Bind her breasts! And bring her next feeding!" She then turned to Butter Ball. The little cow whore was much too afraid of her Mistress' wrath to face her, so she simply looked at the ground. "You were to have given her the basic rule of life here. Obviously, you have failed to do so. You are becoming more worthless the longer you stay here. Maybe it is time to sell you off to the Mexicans." Butter Ball suddenly needed to pee rather badly. She quaked with the thought of being sold and she knew her Mistress all too well to believe the threat to be an idle one. The Mexicans used whores sold to them until they were no longer desirable by men. Then they used them to make animal fucking films until the market was saturated with the films. After that, the whore made one final film; a snuff film.

Butter Ball also knew better than to try and tell her Mistress that she indeed had spoken to Cow Cunt, and that she indeed told Cow Cunt that she must do all that was asked of her or suffer the consequences. All that was left for her to do now was to suffer the punishment her Mistress will administer and pray for its end.

The two males had bound Cow Cunt's breasts tightly and in their already swollen condition, the pain flared up into a raging fire again. They also had managed to place a spreader bar between her knees and secured it to her in spite of her attempting to fight them off by kicking out at them.

She was already near being hysterical when another Mistress stepped forward with a length of Dacron rope. Sometimes I am amazed at how similarly we think about certain things. I once was told that only a wo-man knows how to properly punish

another woman and I believe this to be true.

A footstool was brought over and Cow Cunt was made to stand on it (as best she could with her knees spread so far apart). The rope was then tied to that of her two bound teats and fed through a small, but strong, block and tackle secured to the ceiling.

It suddenly occurred to Cow Cunt that she was going to be hung by her teats and she began to try a physically fight this most stern decree. As she began to try a fidget her way out of the situation (which was all the movement allowed after being bound), the Mistress grabbed hold of both still swollen, and very tender, nipples and dug her finger nails into them.

Cow Cunt opened her mouth wide enough to nearly dislocate her jaw but not a single sound could be heard. The pain exploded with a blinding white burst of light as every nerve in her body caught fire. The shattering pain burst its way down her front and finally settled in her cunt area. Had her bladder not been cathetered, and her asshole sealed with the butt plug, she would have peed and shit at the same time. She began to quake and had trouble standing still on the now teetering footstool.

As the two male slaves held her erect, Mistress looked directly into her eyes and said, "Try that again and I will cut these off." She let go the two now very bruised nubbins of flesh. The imprint of her fingernails was now very apparent in the form of a crescent crossing the base of each nipple.

Her "meal" was now brought in to the solarium and raised to the ceiling to provide the quickest flow. This meal consisted of three and one-half quarts of animal sperm laced with one half of a quart of Jamaican pep-per sauce.

The pepper sauce served two purposes: Firstly, it would cause great pain in her belly, and secondly, after repeated use it tended to cause a thickening of the stomach lining. With the stretching that this part of her anatomy would receive, the thicker the lining, the more the stretch.

The next items brought were wheeled over on a cart and laid hidden be-neath a

white clothe. The hose from the feedbag was attached to the tubing in her mouth. Mistress stood back and smiled as a cat does when the mouse has been batted about enough and is ready to be eaten. "This will be the last time you ever fail to obey a command. Do you understand whore?" The poor dog whore simply stood there with a tear-stained face and looked pleadingly at her tormentor.

The Mistress checked to make sure that the rope running to Cow Cunt's breasts was tightly secured before she removed the clothe from the top of the cart to reveal the last two horrors: There were four straps made of top saddle leather of one-quarter inch thick, and one and one-half inch wide. Also revealed, to Cow Cunt's horror, was more of the cursed saline solution with two huge hypodermics with needles.

This horrified her more than anything else at the moment. She did not think that her poor bruised and swollen body could withstand another treatment of that sort. Her already purple breasts shivered with the fear that now permeated her mind. Asking for the assistance of two of the other Mistress' present, Mistress was now ready to begin administering Cow Cunt's punishment.

Part 4 ----- We wish to announce a new member of our team. Her name is Siobhan and she will be assisting us with this continuing tale. As usual, we wish to thank our kinsman Conaire for his help.

----- "Just a moment, if you please", was suddenly heard coming from off on the side, and behind, those anxiously gathered to observe, and hopefully partake, of the festivities about to occur. All heads turned toward the personage of the commanding female voice that froze all in their tracks. "I wish to speak to the whore before you begin." The Mistress stepped back for a moment with a quite surprised look on her face. She recognized the steel cold quality of the voice, and sensed that all were being told that She would speak to whomever She chose to regardless of what the answer might be. "Of course Mistress Anne, be my guest", she responded with a polite smile.

A path cleared for the silver haired woman dressed, unlike the others, in a floor length black silk gown. Mistress Anne, sometimes referred to as the Lady Anne, was the most senior member of the circle of people in-vited for the weekend. She was a tall, thin, woman of sixty years of age. Her features belied her age and were it not

for her silver gray hair, one could easily take her for at least fifteen years younger.

It was quite apparent to all that she wore nothing beneath her silken sheath and though high heels adorned her feet, she wore no stockings. Her features were of a chiseled nature and people described her as being handsome, rather than beautiful. Her steel blue eyes were nearly always devoid of emotion and offset by a high cheekbone structure.

Her lips were thin, but well arched, and painted the darkest red. Other than mascara and a bit of lip color, she was completely devoid of decoration. She wore no jewelry, carried no purse, and did not paint her nails.

Yet all present knew, or had heard, of her. She abject cruelty knew no limits, and was totally without mercy. Yet she rarely raised her hand, or her voice. As she walked forward toward the poor dog whore and Em, with Butter Ball kneeling at her side, those she past took a step back. She was not beyond turning upon a fellow dominant for enter-tainment and her two ever present, burly, footmen attended her every wish.

She strode up to the dog whore and stared into her terrified eyes. "The object of this lesson is to learn not to move. The more you struggle, the greater your pain. If you dance about, you will not only suffer greatly, but you might tear some muscle tissue and that would be most unfort-unate." She laughed as she backed away and returned to her vantage point.

All were somewhat mystified at her statements to the whore because Mistress Anne was truly a sadist. Her only pleasure came from the pain of others and her constant search for "fresh meat" was never ending. Only Mistress Em knew the true meaning of she statement. This was a challenge to Em. "Get the whore to dance, or I will" was the implied test.

With that, Mistress Em kicked the stool out from under Cow Cunt. She instantly dropped about two inches as her skin stretched and, in spite of the feed tube going down her throat, managed to scream a steady howl that went on for what seemed like ages. Her eyes were opened wide as the pain surged through the core of her being.

She gently swung to and fro as she voiced her pain. Her eyes bulged wide as she watched her purple breasts become even deeper in color-ation. Her areolas and nipples began to melt into the exposed portion of her teats as the bindings ever so slightly edged toward the bulging ends of her breasts.

Cow Cunt tried to study herself as she gently swung, remembering, through her pain clouded mind, what Mistress Anne had said. She felt as though her teats were being pulled from her chest, and she couldn't even begin to realize what they might look like upon completion of this punishment. They were still bruised from the strapping, and swollen and on fire from the saline, from the treatment she was served only a few hours previously.

She finally managed to halt the swinging motion when Mistress Em opened the valves to the feedbag and the tubing in her mouth. The animal sperm began to flow into her. She moaned as she felt the ice cold mixture hit her stomach and chill her belly. Only her toes, and her moaning told of the severe nature of her portion this evening. They spread wide and curled and wiggled slightly as she hung.

Mistress Em then began to distribute the straps she had on the cart. The Owner, the dog whore's husband, another male guest, and Mistress Em then positioned themselves; two at the hanging whore's rear, and the Owner and Mistress Em in the front.

"Let the games begin", said Mistress Em and they began to swing, arms fully extended, at the helpless suffering Cow Cunt. The Owner swung wildly at her ever filling belly and breasts, Mistress Em swung at her lower belly, thighs, and legs, the husband swung at her ass and the rear of her legs, and the guest swung madly at her back.

Instantly poor Cow Cunt began to dance and bob, and swing, from the force of the blows hitting her already bruised skin. Her moaning be-came a stifled wailing and tears flowed freely down her cheeks and onto the floor beneath her feet. Her body began to quake and tremble and, had her nether holes not been plugged, she would have shit and peed on the floor.

There were very few patches of pink skin to discolor, but what did remain not

bruised from the first strapping was now bright red. The dog whore was swinging in a circular motion at this point giving the four strappers and chance to mark all sides of her body. Sweat flew off of the bodies of the four as they beat her and the wildness, and near out of control exertions of their bodies, created an almost electrically charged atmosphere in the room.

The strapping continued for ten minutes. There were rivulets of blood where the straps had cut the skin and patches of rawness in many areas. Her belly was huge from the meal she was forced to consume and she appeared to be pregnant from the great distention. She stopped her crying about seven minutes into the strapping and now merely hung moaning softly, and totally motionless.

Only her eyes moved about, trying vainly to discern what would be served up next. She had given into the pain and somehow transcended it. Toward the end of the strapping, she simply hung loosely and only winched with each heated kiss. In spite of the pain and the whipping, She found herself to be turned on. There was no place else for her mind to go except to concentrate on the straps hitting her nipples and clit.

“This is quite boring”, Mistress Anne stated flatly. “Can’t we move on to the feast? I think that enough of an appetizer has been served up.” With that, Mistress Em, sensing a challenge, turned back toward the cart and picked up the hypodermic syringe. Upon the dog whore’s seeing the cursed implement, she became quite agitated and began to struggle, in spite of her swinging by her beasts.

“Bring down the feedbag and place another two quarts of sperm in it. Then raise it to equilibrium”, said Mistress Em. Let’s see whether we can get her to take the rest over time.” Mistress Em was grinning from ear to ear as she filled the one thousand cubic millimeter syringe with the dreaded saline solution. She turned to the terrified Cow Cunt and approached her breasts with the spike of a needle.

Cow Cunt began to try and swing herself away from the pointed tip. This played directly into Mistress Em’s hand as she placed the point at the half point of the swing and let the dog whore impale herself as she swung back into it. Each time the needle pierced the skin of her breast, Mistress Em depressed the plunger and delivered some saline into the already swollen and pained flesh.

Within minutes, Cow Cunt's breasts were again on fire with the fury of a hellish burning damnation. She cursed the very existence of her teats as they swelled to even a greater extent. She cursed her own very existence and she cursed her beauty body that had provided so well for her since she was fifteen. She prayed for a surgical amputation of her glorious mounds as the needle penetrated her flesh again and again.

Finally the syringe was emptied into each breast, and nipple, and all that remained was the pain. She had almost gotten to that special place where the pain no longer mattered, but this new insult to the body had ripped her away from that place and brought her back to this hell.

To her great horror, Mistress Em refilled the syringe and now bent to re-inject her labia and clit. Cow Cunt began to swing her legs in a vain attempt to keep what was inevitable from occurring. She couldn't swing very well because of her knees being bound apart by the spreader bar between them. Mistress Anne again left her vantage point and walked right up to the swinging whore and said, in a very low voice, as if she were relating the secret to all life, "Give into it whore. This will happen anyway and if you rip a muscle in your teats, you will suffer for weeks." She smiled as she saw the resignation in Cow Cunt's eyes.

Cow Cunt stopped her movements and began to feel the pricking of the needle as it deposited its burning poison into the most tender of all exposed flesh. The nether lips of the dog whore were still quite swollen providing a large and convenient target for Mistress Em. She felt twelve pricks in to her labia and three to her clit and hood.

The initial stinging soon burst into blinding pain, exploding in the dog whore's head like an atomic bomb. The swelling of her lips and clit now completely concealed her pussy and appeared to be a massive, mis-shaped, blooming orchid from hell. She could no longer control her body for the pain had totally separated her mind from her body. She twitch-ed, kicked, twisted, and screamed (as best she could). Her tears had long since ceased and even the re-hydration of her body from the feed-ing could not affect her tear ducts because she now sweated profusely.

Mistress Em, looking quite self-satisfied, turned her head toward Mis-tress Anne and

said, "How's that for entertainment dear?" Mistress Anne now settled back in her armchair, looked at someone's slave standing nearby, and motioned toward her crotch. The slave immediately got down between Mistress Anne's shapely legs, fearing what might evolve from a moment's hesitation.

Mistress Anne lifted her dress just enough for the slave to bring her head toward that sacred pussy, and let the hem go, enveloping the slave's head. "That is so much better dear", she smiled as she closed her eyes for a moment, savoring the muted screams from Cow Cunt.

Mistress Em now began to run her fingernails very lightly over the bruised and discolored skin of poor Cow Cunt. The dog whore's entire body was a screaming mass of raw and enflamed flesh and the trailing of Mistress Em's fingernails felt as though her very flesh was being rip-ped from her, strip by agonizing strip.

Mistress Em was smiling and aglow from the heating up of her own passions. She was very close to having an orgasm without even touching, or having someone else touch, her body. But close was not enough. Everyone in the solarium was engaged in some form of sexual activity with the sight, and sounds, of the dog whore providing a very strong stimulus.

Mistress Anne used the slave for only a few moments. Her orgasm was quite shattering as the slave busily used her tongue to please the woman. It was rumored that Mistress Anne, not pleased with a particular slave's use of the tongue, had that slave's tongue cut out right there on the spot and came with the screams of the mutilation.

Mistress Anne kicked the slave out from beneath her dress and rose to her feet. She whispered to one of her male slaves and walked over to the ever-present supply of latex gloves. She donned a pair of the gloves and then covered her fingers with a water-based lubricant.

She then walked up to Mistress Em and said; "Dear Em, you have done quite well with this worthless whore and provided us with a lovely symphony of sight and sound." Mistress Em smiled and blushed with the compliment paid her. "Allow me to return the favor." "That would be quite an accomplishment." Mistress Em said this

as she looked at the totally drained Cow Cunt. The poor whore was hanging limply. She was bathed in her own sweat. But even the stinging from her sweat failed to elicit any movement from her. Her eyes were closed as she once again began to give into the pain and travel to that special place where she could cross over into another world: That of pleasure.

Mistress Anne stepped up to the dog whore and gazed at her as though she were some nearly finished work of art that only needed a stoke or two from the brush for completion. The male slave she had spoken to came to her side and kneeled, head down, and holding forth a small dish.

Mistress Anne reached out toward the dog whore's greatly swollen pussy, and with her gloved and lubricated fingers, began to trace a line up the center of the vastly puffed up lips. Her eyes never left Cow Cunt's face as she continued to gently trace that line, over and over again. Cow Cunt stirred from where ever her mind had gone. This felt good. The lubrication was cool and soothing and the movement across her misshaped genitalia brought great relief.

"You like this, don't you whore." Mistress Anne said, more than asked, to Cow Cunt. Cow Cunt merely hung there, trying, concentrating, to get every last drop of soothing and pleasure from this interlude from the never-ending pain. Mistress Anne grasped the dog whore's clit between her two fingers and gave it a sound squeeze. Cow Cunt's eyes bulged open and a scream tried to exit her now very hoarse throat.

"I asked you a question whore, answer it." Mistress Anne had very little patience with untrained whores. Cow Cunt nodded in the affirmative. Mistress Anne once again grasped the greatly swollen nubbin and squeezed even harder this time. After a longer stifled scream, Cow Cunt managed to say, "Yes Mistress. I do love this." Tears once again began to flow.

Mistress Anne continued to gently stroke the swollen areas and even managed to raise a moan of pleasure from the tortured whore. "Let's try to cool off that burning cunt, shall we?" She then gently parted the swollen lips with one hand while reaching into the bowl with the other.

She then found the hidden, and moist entrance to Cow Cunt's vagina and began to

coax it open with two fingers. Now Cow Cunt was beginning to lubricate from the stimulation she was receiving. "Yesssss. You do like what I am doing. And you will like what I am about to do even more I assure you." Mistress Anne laughed as she spoke.

Now Mistress Anne spread the dog whore's cunt open with three fingers and swiftly brought a wad of cotton up to the orifice with her other hand. The cotton was dripping with a clear fluid. She swiftly jammed the cotton up into Cow Cunt's vagina and pushed it up toward her cervix.

Mistress Anne swiftly repeated this procedure several times until the dog whore's entire vaginal cavity was stuffed with the dripping cotton. She then, as a final ministrations, wiped Cow Cunt's swollen labia and clit with the clear fluid soaked cotton and stood back for a moment. Cow Cunt felt the cooling effects of the cotton jammed into her vagina. Then suddenly, her entire being exploded into the worst pain she had felt yet. The cotton was soaked in grain alcohol and now the alcohol began to sting and burn her very sensitive inner tissues.

She screamed and bucked against her bindings yet again. But this time, her screams emanated from a new place, the very last place to resort in her being. She bucked frantically trying to void herself of the cotton as she danced in the air.

Mistress Anne laughed with glee as she stroked Cow Cunt's vagina with her gloved hands. She then had her slave re-lubricate her fingers and she attacked Cow Cunt's clit. Mistress Anne then gently, at least as gently as she could with a bucking body in front of her, began to stroke the dog whore's clit. Mistress Anne was not just waiting for Mistress Em to orgasm; in fact this was an excuse to work her evil magic upon the helpless form hanging before her.

The stroking of her clit, in spite of its swollen, enflamed, and very tender, condition felt good to Cow Cunt. Amidst all the pain in her well-racked body, this stimulation was something to dwell upon, envelope and rush toward for some minor relief.

And in spite of the fire in her vagina that burned every inch of tender flesh, she felt herself actually rushing toward an orgasm. But this was not just any orgasm; this would be one that would free her completely from the hell she was presently in. She

knew that if she could simply realize it...

Then suddenly Mistress Anne stopped the stroking of Cow Cunt's clit. "You must beg me for it whore! You must promise me all that you are for this one." Cow Cunt was beside herself in agony and sexual need. Her body was ablaze with both the fire of pain and that of passion. And this evil, wicked woman with the ice-cold smile and the piercing gaze held the key.

Cow Cunt began to beg as best she could. Her words were unintelligible and garbled because of the tubing in her throat, but there was no doubt that she indeed was frantically begging, complete with tears. She would have done whatever was necessary to end this all. After several minutes of begging and pleading, now in a hushed, and whispered voice, egged on by an occasional stroke to her bloated clit, Mistress Anne commenced her attentions. It did not take very long at all for the explosion to occur. Cow Cunt began to curl her legs up and under herself. Her neck arched back and her entire body undulated as the massive orgasm hit her.

This was the strongest orgasm she ever experienced. Her entire body tensed with such strong muscle contractions that amidst the silence of this obscene exhibition the participants could hear her animal scum meal partially force its way back into the feedbag in spite of the equilibrium reached.

As our dog whore quaked and spasmed in the throws of her orgasm, Mistress Anne continued to stroke the swollen finger of a clit. Mistress Em then looked toward Butter Ball who was still prostrate on the floor. "Go over there and drain the whore." With that, the little cow whore crawled over to rest in front of the still convulsing dog whore and, after placing the shut Foley into her mouth, opened the valve and sucked the accumulated urine out of Cow Cunt as quickly as she could, collapsing the bladder. Cow Cunt screamed her mighty aria one last time and fainted dead away.

"There...I think we've gotten it all." Mistress Anne looked at the enthralled group with a smirk. "Waste not, want not says I." She removed her gloves and tossed them onto Butter Balls back.

The room exploded in a round of applause for Mistress Anne. Mistress Anne, in turn,

made an open waving motion toward Mistress Em and politely applauded as though saying, "At least you warmed her up for me." The Owner stepped forward applauding the excellent entertainment and then held up his hands to quiet the group. "Thank you both for a most enjoyable display of your respective talents." He then ordered that Cow Cunt, and her feedbag, be lowered and the restraints removed from the now unconscious whore.

Once on a gurney that a slave brought in, the spreader bar was removed from between her knees. Her wrists were detached from her silver collar and her breasts were freed from the ropes that bound them. The Doctor stepped over to quickly examine her. "Hold that bag at equilibrium! We don't want to burst her stomach...yet." Cow Cunt was a mess. Her entire body, save her face, was bruised deep purple and black. She was swollen with all the fluids that accumulate when one receives a bruising. Her breasts were especially swollen and bruised from not simply the beating, but also from the saline injected into them and the effects of being hung by the ropes. Her nipples appeared as though they were about to explode.

Her nether areas fared no better. Her vaginal lips were swollen tightly shut together. During her powerful orgasm, her vagina had contracted enough to force out some of the cotton wadding with a surge of vaginal fluid that sprayed onto Butter Ball, as well as the floor. Her clitoris now stood a proud guard over the swollen lips and was painted a deep blood red.

Topping the entire picture off was her now massively bloated stomach; full of the animal sperm fed her. Her belly was tight and multi-stripped with the effects of the strapping. It barely moved as she breathed. "Let's get her slightly raised", said the Doctor. "We don't want her to suffocate from her feeding", he laughed. The feedbag was hung from the intravenous pole and she was wheeled off to the kennel area.

"Will she survive?" The husband asked the Owner, genuinely concerned that he would not get his money's worth. "Of course she will survive", answered the Doctor. "With a few days rest, and some minor first aid attention, she will be ready for this, and much, much more." "Now", said the Owner, "it's time to deal with the cow whore." Butter Ball shuttered. She had hoped that the torturous punishment of Cow Cunt had distracted the group into forgetting about her, but such was not the case.

“How are we to deal with you, whore?” Being pregnant had its advantages in that most of the extreme practices of the group could not be used for fear of ruining her “litter”. Her breasts could not be tortured because blood in her milk would render that batch worthless, and the hemorrhaging might continue for several days if the beating was severe.

Saline was out as well. So was teat hanging the cow whore. She couldn't be force fed, or given unusually large enemas at this stage, because she was too far along. Eating or drinking waste was no longer unpleasant to her. “I have a solution to your problem”, Mistress Anne said to the Owner as he discussed options with his guests. “But it will cost you dear”, she added with a chilling smile.

“And what is your price Anne?” The Owner was quite aware that agreeing with Anne without prior knowledge of the cost could be very dangerous. Mistress Anne was quite accustomed to play without limits.

“Well, at the moment I have no need for anyone's soul...” This brought a laugh from the other guests, most of who were acquainted with how extreme Mistress Anne could become. “When the proper time comes, I wish to assist the good Doctor with enlarging the opening of the whore's urethra. I could use the russsshhhhh!” This procedure was quite painful and was normally done with the cow heavily sedated. With the urethra enlarged, the amount of sperm getting to the fallopian tubes was greatly increased, therefore increasing the chance of a successful impregnation.

The Owner, realizing that this was a relatively small price for Mistress Anne to be asking, and having a group of guests growing bored, the Owner gave his assent after a quick look at the Doctor. “You've got a deal Anne.” Mistress Anne then stepped up to the kneeling Butter Ball and, looking down at the cow whore, said, “Get on the footstool whore and lay on your back.” Butter Ball instantly complied with the request. “Now raise your legs so that the soles of your feet are facing out.” Again the little bloated cow whore complied.

Mistress Anne then had her ankles tied to a three-foot wide spreader bar and had the bar secured in position to the same block that they had hung Cow Cunt from. Now her ass and the soles of her feet were exposed. Next, the cow whore's wrists were secured to the collar around her neck. Mistress Anne then picked up one of the

straps used on Cow Cunt, drew back her arm, and swung the strap to fall squarely on the sole of one of Butter Balls little feet.

Her shriek pierced the air totally uninhibited by any obstructions in her throat. Mistress Anne then struck out at the other foot. Another shriek from the very depths of her soul came out. "I think I've given you the idea. Why not spread the wealth so that I am enjoy this", said Mistress Anne to the Owner.

The Owner selected two of his other guests to administer the punishment. Both were large strong men quite capable of delivering "good parsons" to the cow whore's feet. The shrieking was absolute music to Mistress Anne's ears as she squatted over Butter Ball's mouth and settled down to feel the screams' effect on her cunt. In spite of Mistress Anne resting on her face, Butter Ball managed to scream loud enough to be heard.

After a short time, the two men began to deliver the blows to the cow whore's ass. They continued for several minutes and then returned to her feet. This strapping went on for fifteen minutes before the Owner called a halt to the display. There was no sense in traumatizing the whore enough to risk her pregnancy.

By the time they were done, poor Butter Balls feet and ass were a mass of anger red and purple stripes. Her soles were definitely swollen and several small rivulets of blood seeped from her battered plump ass. Mistress Anne, having achieved her several climaxes at the expense to the cow whore, finally arose from Butter Ball's now frosted face and said; "Do not let her stand on her feet. Keep her down and the pain will last for several days. There is little sense in these lessons if the punishment does not make the proper impression." The Owner knew that Butter Ball would be on her hands and knees for several days once the swelling had reached it's maximum. It would be quite the abject lesson for disobedience and it would encourage the others cows to remember their place in this life.

The prone form of Cow Cunt was back in the prep room. Two young cows were attending her. Both were in their second trimester of pregnancy and had developed quite nice fat bellies. That is the lovely thing about multiple fetuses. They were quite well padded to begin with and this paid off in the quality of their fat heavy milk. Both were just out of their teens and had been through pregnancy before.

They bathed her beaten body with sponges and warm water. They applied antiseptic ointment to the wounds. As one of the cows, the young blond the multiple piercings in her ears, nose, lips, and tongue, gently parted Cow Cunt's labia to retrieve what cotton wadding still remained jammed up her vagina, the other cow attached a collection bag to the Foley catheter.

Once the tending of Cow Cunt was completed, Rod and Carl entered the prep room and wheeled the gurney into the kennel. The dogs were out roaming the grounds at the moment, which allowed Cow Cunt to sleep as they placed her into her cage. A bedding mat had been placed into the cage for comfort and the men laid her onto her back.

Cow Cunt's wrists and ankles were securely bound to the cage bars. She had enough slack to modestly change her position, but not enough to detach the feedbag that still hung from the intravenous stand. There was still a fair amount of sperm left in the bag so that her belly would stay full while she slept.

Dawn broke over the expanse of lawn to find all the dogs back in their respective kennels. They were more than interested in their new kennel mate. Her smell was familiar to them and they yapped repeatedly till they managed to rouse Cow Cunt. As was to be the case for many days, and weeks, to come, she woke up screaming.

Cow Cunt began to take stock of her condition. Everything hurt! There wasn't a single part of her that didn't throb, or sting, or ache. She raised her head slightly to observe her still massively swollen breasts. She began to wail upon seeing the vast blotches of discoloration that covered both for as much as she could see. Her nipples resembled huge red hard candies and appeared as though they were about to split like overly ripe fruit.

She saw the bruises on her arms and legs and what she couldn't see, she felt. She saw her still sperm stuffed belly covered with welts and purple strips. The dog whore then laid her head back down on the mat and wept bitterly, damning herself for her stupidity and deception.

Her self-recriminations were interrupted when she heard someone say; "So you're the new bitch." Cow Cunt looked up to see a tall, sinewy black man about fifty years

of age. In a soft, well-articulated manner, he explained who he was. "My name is Mr. Jones. I tend to the animals on the farm: The horses, dogs, non-human cattle, and any game on the property. I will be tending you as well. I don't want any shit from you. A white bitch is still just a bitch. I don't want to hear you're yapping or jawing at me." He looked down at her with emotionless eyes as he spoke and she merely nodded her head, signaling that she understood him. He removed her feedbag, which was now empty, and plugged the feeding tube. He then released her wrists and ankles from their bonds and opened the gate of the kennel cage.

He instructed her to get out and stand up. As she did so, she doubled over with a massive cramp that stuck her lower intestines. "You gotta shit, don't you bitch? Well, come over this way", he said as he handed her the urine collection bag. Because her hands were still mitts, she couldn't grasp the bag so she held it under her arm.

As she did so, the urine within the bag began to drain back into her but there was nothing to be done for that now. It felt very uncomfortable, but not painful. She held the lower part of her stomach with her other hand and tried to massage the cramping away.

Mr. Jones walked into the prep room and motioned for her to follow. "You'd better listen to every word I say and do exactly what I tell you or the Owner will hear about it." Not wanting to incur the wrath of the Owner, or anybody else at this point, she meekly, and quickly followed him.

He motioned for her to get up on the table and lay on her back. She swiftly complied. He secured her ankles to the stirrups and her wrists to the side rails of the table. He then relieved her of the urine bag and removed the bag from its tubing. He threw the bag into the stainless steel sink against the wall and put the end of the tubing into the floor drain. Mr. Jones then prepared the hosing to clean the dog whore out. "They sure did a good job on you bitch. I haven't seen such coloration in several months. You must've fucked with the wrong dude." She nodded her head in the affirmative as several tears left the corner of her eyes. "That shit don't play here so quit your crying whore." He then connected the inlet hose to the faucet of the sink and ran the hose to connect to her butt plug. He then ran the outlet hose from the other butt plug connection to the drain in the floor. He then turned the levels for the

hot and cold water to a warm gentle flow and opened the valve on her butt plug.

She had totally forgotten about the plug in her ass. Her preoccupation with her pain had made that fact disappear from her mind. At first, she felt nothing happening at all as she clenched her sphincter around the plug, awaiting the surge of the water. The dog whore wondered why she didn't feel anything.

"You must have shit clogging the inlet", said Mr. Jones as he increased the water pressure slightly. Suddenly, she felt the spurt of water entering her ass. It was pleasantly warm and somehow soothing (though after last evening, anything would be soothing to her just as long as it didn't hurt terribly).

Mr. Jones watched and waited for the water to build up enough back-pressure to start flowing out the other hose and into the drain. Her belly began to rise from the gentle flow of the water and she did begin to feel some cramping, but no water flowed out.

"You must've clogged the outlet as well. That's okay bitch. Mr. Jones got the cure for that." Mr. Jones then waited for the cramping to become unbearable for Cow Cunt and when he felt her stomach was big enough, he placed his hands on both sides of her belly and began to press down and slide his hands toward her waist.

Cow Cunt's eyes opened wide from this additional pressure and she moaned as the cramps increased their force. Suddenly, Mr. Jones watched a two-inch long plug of feces shoot out of the hosing and into the drain, quickly followed by a stream of brownish water. "There we go whore. Now we'll clean you out really good." Mr. Jones smiled for the first time as he watched the water exit from her distended belly. Cow Cunt felt a sudden great relief, both from the cramps dissipating and from the flow of water into and out of her belly. She laid her head back down and closed her eyes.

"This almost feels good", she thought to herself. She then shed several more tears at her situation. How could she have come to this point so quickly? This abuse was beginning to feel good! She let her mind drift and suddenly found herself becoming aroused as the water flowed into, and out of, her.

Mr. Jones had gone into the kennel area for a few minutes as Cow Cunt gave into the sensations. When he returned, he firstly noticed that the water was finally draining out totally devoid of feces. He went to the levels and turned the water off. He then went over to Cow Cunt and began to deeply massage her belly as the remaining water drained from her.

It was then that he noticed the trace of vaginal lubrication that dewed itself along her still swollen pussy lips. He smiled and said; "I see you like this, don't you whore!" Remembering her lesson from the previous evening, Cow Cunt didn't even try to pretend she didn't. She simply closed her eyes and nodded yes.

Mr. Jones laughed as he continued to massage her belly, now letting his hands work lower as the water drained. "I bet you'd just love for me to touch that big throbbing clitty of yours, wouldn't you?" Again, she nodded; yes. Mr. Jones then moved his skilled fingers lower on her belly towards her pubic mound.

He began to concentrate his ministrations on the area over her bladder. His fingers were beginning to drive her wild with sexual sensations that rivaled any that she had experienced willingly. Mr. Jones could now smell her scent as her dewing moisture began to leak from her badly served labia.

Mr. Jones suddenly stopped his massaging and went over to a small stainless steel refrigerator. He opened the door and peered inside. He retrieved a sterile saline bladder wash contained in a soft plastic bag and returned of Cow Cunt. He then affixed the five hundred c.c. bag to her Foley and, after closing the valve on her tubing, placed it on the stand next to the table. He then placed a clip on the tubing running from the bag to the Foley and re-opened the valve.

Mr. Jones then began to massage Cow Cunt again, this time concent-rating exclusively on her bladder area. "You gonna love this bitch", he said as he opened the clamp, allowing the chilled saline to enter her bladder. Cow Cunt nearly broke her wrists as the water entered her bladder. She was so taken by surprise that her entire body jerked with a massive spasm.

She was not prepared for this sensation. Nor was she prepared for the sensation coupled with Mr. Jones skilled fingers. The dog whore closed her eyes and

concentrated on all the feelings that were traveling to and from her nerve centers located in her lower belly and crotch.

The bag rapidly emptied and Mr. Jones removed it from the stand and placed it onto the floor. As the saline flowed back into the bag, he pressed down on her bladder forcing it to rocket back into the bag. He then picked the bag up with one hand, while still rubbing her pubic mound with the other, and squeezed the bag with a good deal of force. This caused the fluid to race back into Cow Cunt.

Mr. Jones did this several times, laughing as she became more and more turned on. Poor dog whore: So turned on, but not enough to force her over the edge into the abyss of orgasm. She was now rocking her pelvis up and down, trying to receive her lover that only existed in her imagin-ation. Her frustration, as well as her vaginal follow, was building to a peak level.

Suddenly, Mr. Jones pulled the hosing from the bag and let the fluid run out into the drain. He also ceased his massaging and watched her wither about in her bonds, on the edge of climax, but denied any satis-faction. "Sorry whore. The Owner left very detailed instructions and giving you a cum was not one of them", he said with a laugh. She lay there and cried.

Mr. Jones left her on the table with both outlet hoses, the one from her plug and the one from her Foley, open to drain. He noticed that her pleasure had turned into bitter frustration and at this point he once again massaged her belly to assure that all the fluid had drained from her. "You'd best rest while you can bitch. The Owner has plans for you today. And anyway, it's getting on toward your feeding time." Cow Cunt groaned at the thought of being stuffed yet again. Why were they doing this? The strappings she could understand, but this feeding thing totally escape her ability to reason. She continued to lay on the table and finally finished draining. Mr. Jones then released her from her bonds, removed the hosing, and motioned for her to get back into her kennel cage in the next room.

As she kneeled down, she felt her stomach against the top of her thighs. She never noticed that before. She began to crawl into her cage when Mr. Jones spoke; "Aren't you going to thank me for cleaning you out whore?" She turned her head toward him to thank him, but he sudden-ly pointed at the tips of his shoes. "Kiss them you white

whore!" With tears beginning to fill her eyes, she bent low to reach his shoe tops and, pursing her lips, kissed the tops of both shoes.

"Now lick them bitch!" She complied without a moment's hesitation. "Now kiss my ass whore." Again she complied amidst his laughter. She hated him for this humiliation, but was totally powerless to even voice her disgust. "That's my good bitch", he said patting her on the head, "now into your cage whore." She crawled in and settled herself onto the pad. She fell asleep.

The Owner was having his brunch accompanied by Mistress Em. They talked as they dined and the topic of discussion was their new dog bitch. "The whore will take at least two or three days to work all the saline out of her system and the swelling won't dissipate till then", said Mistress Em.

"Yes. Well, we can certainly start her on hormones and we can also begin the sensory deprivation sessions. I think that doing this, coupled with a few extra high calorie meals will make the time spent worth while." The Owner hated to have a property out of action for more than two days, but the treatment of the dog whore last evening warranted additional rest.

"Your man Mr. Jones has just informed me that she is certainly quite docile and compliant this morning", laughed Mistress Em. "I think that we should hold a demonstration for the others when they do arise." "I agree with you my dear. A lesson goes wasted unless there is some sort of reinforcement, or at least a performance of the act not done." The Owner sipped his coffee and furled his brow. At this point in time, the husband walked into the solarium. "Coffee? Something to eat my friend", asked the Owner.

"Just some juice and coffee please. Quite a night's entertainment." The husband smiled as he briefly relived the strapping he had administered. "I never thought that this...lifestyle could appeal so much to me." "I guess venting one's displeasure with another via a strap is somewhat empowering?" The husband smiled at Mistress Em's statement. "Not to mention the physical benefits of a good aerobic workout", she added. "I think you'll find today's activities most interesting. We are going to start the dog whore on hormones..." "And steroids", added the Owner.

“And increase the high caloric feedings from one per day to two. She will also be spending some time in our sensory deprivation tank so we can implant some very strong subconscious suggestions. Any ideas for us? What are her fears, her hates, and her loves. What new buttons can we put into her psyche?” Mistress Em’s face was aglow with the thought of playing with the dog whore’s mental make-up. She had been using “the tank” for several years with great success. She had originally heard about the tank from another Mistress who had seen it in practice at a university out in California. In fact, smaller forms of the tank had been manufactured and sold as a form of relaxation. Go into the tank for an hour or two and clear one’s mind of all thought and simply relax in the warm, chest deep water.

The tank on the farm was a much more serious affair that rivaled the one’s used for research at various institutions studying the mind. Her tank, or shall we say the Owner’s tank, was seven feet cubed. A computer operated its controlling system. The water was kept at a constant temperature of ninety-two degrees. The saline content was carefully monitored to prevent over, or under, hydration of the subject. The room was very dimly lighted and completely sound proofed. Once placed into the tank, and wired up with the appropriate telemetry, the subject would be totally cut off from any stimuli.

Mistress Em had used it on all of the cows at one time or another. She was able to instill the proper degree of docility and the proper attitude toward child bearing. She had her cows thinking (?) like real cows might. Their only concern was to produce milk, and spawn young. On occasion, the tank was used to program slaves in various ways. And today, it would be used to program Cow Cunt.

The deprivation process generally takes twenty-four hours to begin. There are definitive stages that the subject passes through before any programming can be attempted. The first major stage is characterized by total boredom and restlessness. The second stage is filled with the terror of being forgotten and the nightmares created by a mind in short circuit because of the lack of stimulus. The third stage is a nearly coma-tose like state in which the mind finally shuts down. At this point, one can begin to make the suggestions.

“I wish I had known about this prior to taking the vows”, said the husband. “I really

didn't know her long enough to determine what her likes or dislikes are. I know she loves money, and the things money provides her with. She is extremely vain about her appearance. She obviously didn't want to deal with children and perhaps didn't care for them. And she does hate all ethnic types, and anyone not physically perfect, or rich. Is this of any help?" Mistress Em sat silent for a while as she mulled over what the husband had just related. "You've been of some help. Actually, not knowing too much about the whore is an advantage to us. There is an old saying that a blank wall is the Devil's playground. We can put in whatever we want now. We can certainly change it later." "Indeed", said the Owner. "I can assure you that whatever Mistress Em has in mind will be devilishly delightful." The Owner then picked up the nearby phone and called the kennel. When Mr. Jones picked up the phone, the Owner asked that Cow Cunt and the big alpha dog be brought over to the solarium in one hour, and that they both be on lead. "I think we need to examine the whore's learning capabilities as soon as possible." With the exception of Mistress Anne, the other guests gathered in the solarium over the course of the next hour. There was some discussion of the prior night's activities and some suggested planning of the day's final events. With the exception of the slaves situated nearby to attend their Owners, the group might have been mistaken for a typical Sunday, late morning, brunch club discussing their gardens.

At this juncture, Mr. Jones entered the room with Cow Cunt and the large alpha. The alpha was to Mr. Jones' left and the dog whore to his right. Both had leads attached to their respective collars and upon halting before the gathered group, the dog sat and Cow Cunt kneeled, eyes downcast, and hands gingerly cupping her discolored and still swollen breasts. She was holding them away from her bruised and battered chest as though offering them to be sampled by the esteemed group.

"Have the whore stand Mr. Jones", said the Owner. Mr. Jones gave a sharp tug on the lead and the dog whore stood, still cupping her breasts and with her eyes still downcast. Cow Cunt's body had continued to change hues. Now yellows and greens had appeared in various places to augment the blacks, blues, purples, reds and oranges.

"Walk the whore Mr. Jones. Let's let our guests review the work of our Mistress Em." Mr. Jones gave the alpha the hand signal to the alpha to remain in place. He then

dropped the animal's lead and began to walk the dog whore around the table at which the group sat. He would occasionally tug the lead toward himself to pull her in, or back to keep her a step behind his pace. He exhibited her as he would a dog.

Cow Cunt managed to keep his pace and understood in short order what she needed to do. She kept her eyes focused on Mr. Jones' feet and tried, with some good success, to anticipate his movements. Her mouth was still held open by the "o" ring and the feeding tube was still in place. She continued to hold her breasts out as an offering as she walked.

Mr. Jones made one complete circuit of the table and then halted. Cow Cunt started to kneel and Mr. Jones tugged smartly on her lead, signaling her to remain standing. She arose and awaited the next order from him. "You seem to have a way with the dogs Mr. Jones. Especially the bitch dogs", stated the Owner.

"She is a bit stupid, but she seems to learn with the proper incentives." Mr. Jones then gave the signal to sit by tugging downward on the lead. Cow Cunt squatted on her haunches and sat as best she could. Mr. Jones patted her on her head, as he would do to any dog that had obeyed a command in a proper fashion.

"I see that I'm just in time for the festivities." Mistress Anne entered the room and walked up to the seated group. "Have the bitch roll over Jones." Mr. Jones stared at her for a moment and then turned toward the Owner who nodded his consent. But before he could turn his head completely toward the Owner, the dog whore rolled over. "You are quite right Jones, as usual. She is very stupid." Cow Cunt shuttered at the realization of her error. She was to play the dog bitch and had to await the command from Mr. Jones. She remembered the treatment served by Mistress Anne and the ungodly pain she felt. She began to tremble and roll back again when Mistress Anne once again spoke to the group. "Look at this stupid whore." Turning to look down at the quaking dog whore, she said flatly; "No one told you to roll back over." Cow Cunt ceased her rolling and settled on her back again. "Spread your cunt open whore", ordered Mistress Anne. Cow Cunt carefully traced her finger down the center of her swollen, abused, lips and started to carefully spread them apart. "I DON'T HAVE ALL DAY WHORE", Mistress Anne shouted at poor Cow Cunt.

The dog whore was so startled at her change of voice that she quickly grasped the

lips with her hands and, with a grimace, and a slight groan, opened up the entrance to her cunt. "Wider! I want to see your tonsils through that filthy hole." Cow Cunt tried to comply as best she could but her lips were still so swollen, and her vaginal cavity as well from the alcohol, that she simply couldn't get more than two fingers of each hand inside. "Really George", she said to the Owner, "you simply must do something about this whore. She is absolutely useless." The Owner stared at Mistress Anne for a moment, thinking how impossibly arrogant she was. "Well Anne", said the Owner purposely leaving off the Mistress title, "she has only been here two days. We will begin the intensive training later today, if you would care to remain." "But let's see how really far she has come." The Owner looked at Cow Cunt lying on the floor with her fingers jammed up her cunt. He could see the embarrassment written on her face, and in her eyes, which had already begun to water with the fear of what these monsters held in store for her. "Mr. Jones, take charge of your bitch, if you please." Mr. Jones took hold of her lead again and tugged her collar, signaling her to return to her former position. Her eyes returned to his shoes, and her hands to cup the undersides of her breasts, presenting them again. He bent over and grasped her hands, pulling them away from her teats. He then balled her hands into fists and planted them on the floor in front of her knees matching her position to that of the alpha dog as best he could. "This is the way you will sit when you are on lead." Mr. Jones straightened up and took the lead of the alpha. He then turned toward the Owner. "Mr. Jones, let them mate." Mr. Jones looked down at his dog whore and said, "Suck him hard whore, and be good and gentle with him. If you're nice to him, he just may give you a cum, and a belly full of pups as well." This time Cow Cunt did not hesitate very long at all. She crawled around Mr. Jones' legs and taking hold of the animal's flanks, lowered her head toward his cock, which was still shielded by his sheath. "Grab hold of the sheath and gently massage it till the one eyed monster pokes his head out." She did as he instructed, nearly vomiting at what she was now doing. The dog whore could smell the animal and she was nauseated. Within short order, the dog's cock began to exit its hiding place. This was her worst nightmare, and she knew it would only end with her death. She also knew that these monsters would do everything in their power to see that she lived a very long time. Cow Cunt once again bowed toward the tip of the animals cock and touched her tongue to its tip. It felt slimy and had a strong pungent scent. She nearly gagged as her tongue swirled about the bulberous head. As she licked, the cock grew and

swelled.

“Feel for his knot whore”, instructed Mr. Jones. “When you feel it, grab him firmly, but gently, behind his knot.” He smiled as she traced her fingers along the sheath until she felt the protrusion. She then did as instructed, thinking that at least they weren’t hurting her.

The animal’s cock continued to grow and it grew into her mouth. But his cock couldn’t penetrate further than the ring gag in her mouth. Noticing that fact prompted Mr. Jones to request that the gag be re-moved. “I don’t want to frustrate the dog”, he commented.

The Owner nodded toward Mistress Em and she rose to undo the feeding tube from the gag, and the gag from the dog whore’s mouth. Mr. Jones jerked up on the lead and Cow Cunt brought her head out from beneath the dog. She resumed the stance learned from Mr. Jones.

When Mistress Em had finished undoing the device, she raised her gaze to look at Cow Cunt’s eyes. “Look at me whore.” Cow Cunt looked up at her. Mistress Em stared deeply into her eyes for several long moments, searching for the further debasement of her soul, and, having found it, smiled like a Cheshire cat. Then she rose up and returned to her chair.

“Continue bitch.” She was brought back to the present situation by the sound of Mr. Jones’ voice. She bowed back down and once again took the dog’s cock into her mouth, this time with the ability to take him deeply. The dog began to stir and he rolled over onto his back. This brought several chuckles from the assembled group.

Tears began once again to fall from her eyes. She tasted something salty and slightly noxious in her mouth. It was the pre-cum fluid seeping from the cock. The appendage had finally grown to its full length of nine inches long and several in circumference. She couldn’t take the entire thing in her mouth (blow jobs were never her forte).

But she did use her lips, hoping to end this nightmare by making the animal climax. Cow Cunt worked harder on the dog’s cock than on any she ever sucked. She even

began to rub the animal's belly, as she held the knot firmly and sucked, her head bobbing up and down. She suddenly swung her hips over the animal's head, hoping that the scent of her cunt would create the over-stimulation that would make the dog squirt his seed into her mouth.

Just as the huge alpha dog swiped his tongue across her swollen labia, the Owner said; "Mr. Jones, please have her service the animal..." Mr. Jones then tugged firmly on the lead and Cow Cunt raised her head from the dog, letting the cock slide from her mouth. She realized what they wanted and she let Mr. Jones again tug on her lead before getting on her hands and knees.

She sobbed knowing that if they let him mount, and penetrate, her swollen and dry vaginal, she would probably cry out and move from her position. She simply couldn't let them punish her again. She suddenly felt something cool and soothing being rubbed on her nether lips. It was the mating scent! The dog literally attacked her with his tongue. She nearly bolted when that tongue whipped her lips, sending a shiver up her spine to explode in her brain with a starburst of sexual sensation. The next several tongue lashes slapped she clit with nearly the force of the strap. She yelped at each one.

The gathered group left the table and settled on the love seats and chairs that lined the room. They all had a slightly glazed look in their eyes. They were partaking in their particular drug and the high was quite exhilarating. This bitch would get turned on in spite of her revulsion to what she was doing.

As the dog continued his attack she raised her rear to give the animal better access. She then dropped to her elbows and rested her forehead on her hands. "Raise your head bitch", said Mr. Jones. "Let the people see your face. Keep your eyes open whore. And your mouth." It took a moment for her to conform to Mr. Jones' commands. She had become lost in her own sexual arousal as the dog assaulted her cunt. As the animal hit it's next mark and parted her now dewy labia, she yelped and gasped as her eyes rolled up into her lids. She was breathing hard through her mouth and moaning as she exhaled. When the dog shot his tongue up into her pussy, she groaned and nearly fell forward on her face.

The dog finally felt that he had gotten his bitch wet enough so he raised his front

paws onto her back and, letting his paws slide down around her waist, scratching her sides as he slid. He began to pump out at her and she felt him striking the butt plug. She tried raising her rear a bit more and within three thrusts, he sank six inches of his cock's length into her.

She nearly screamed as the dog's cock stretched the sides of her swollen, and raw, vaginal canal. He gripped her tightly as he rapidly thrust into her. Her mouth was open and her tongue extended as though she was screaming, but no sound came out. Her eyes shut tightly as she was overwhelmed with the incredible sensation on the dog's cock in her. It was very warm; in fact it felt red hot, as it rammed its way in and out of her at an eye blurring speed.

Suddenly, she felt the dog's knot slam up against her cunt lips. It was as though someone was smacking her lips with a bristled brush. It actually stung her raw flesh but this only added to the sensory overload that was rapidly building up within her. She was nearly completely lost in her passion when she heard Mistress Anne say; "He'll never get his knot in that tight cunt with the butt plug up the whore's ass. She turned toward the Owner and said; "George, if you would...". As she turned her attention back to the dog whore.

"Mr. Jones, please remove the whore's plug." Cow Cunt was ripped from the safety of her passion as the dog was pulled from her and his cock slid out of her cunt. Mr. Jones got between the dog and the dog whore. He held his hand in front of the dog's face and the animal sat anxiously watching his trainer, and his bitch.

Mr. Jones released the valve and with a hiss on compressed air being released, the plug deflated. Mr. Jones had no trouble pulling the device from her for it was now smaller than her stretched ass hole. She stayed down in her position with Mr. Jones' hand pressing into her back between her shoulder blades. Her sphincter remained opened even though the plug was no longer in place. It would soon begin to return to its original tightness although the muscle would remain loose and pliable for a while.

Mr. Jones then raised himself from his knees and as soon as he cleared her rear end, the alpha swiftly sprang at Cow Cunt and put his paws up onto her back. He jabbed twice in rapid succession and buried his cock and knot completely into the dilated

hole. "That's my boy. Any port in a storm", said Mr. Jones to the laughs of those gathered.

Cow Cunt's eyes opened wide as she felt the massive organ ram into her ass. She yelped as the dog instantly began to pound into her. The first several times the animal entered and rapidly withdrew, his knot did the same, exiting with almost a plopping sound as it began to enlarge. Soon, his knot grew too large to exit easily and, as he withdrew, the pain of it trying to exit elicited yelps from the dog bitch.

Now the animal was fucking Cow Cunt at a blazing speed. Although the thrusts were not long, they were frantic, and impossibly deep. "Play with her clit", Mistress Anne said to nobody in particular. One of her slaves immediately left his knees and went over to the coupled pair and knelt along side of Cow Cunt. He began to rub and pinch her still swoll-en clit as the dog jackhammered her pussy.

Cow Cunt's eyes rolled upward into her head as the sensation of having her clit stroked flooded her body like a flash flood rushing through a canyon. She began to instinctively rock back against the animal as though she would be able to force the dog's cock even deeper. The animal suddenly grasped her waist with even a greater strength as he started to cum. Cow Cunt could feel the sperm start to shoot deeply into her ass as the huge dog emitted spurt after spurt.

She was very close to cumming herself when she heard Mistress Anne tell her slave to stop. She groaned with frustration knowing that if she attempted to touch herself, she would be severely punished. Tears rolled down her eyes as she continued to rock her pelvis back against the animal. The dog had finally finished his ejaculation into the dog whore and now began to step over her back to rest ass to ass with his bitch. As he did so, the turning of his organ within Cow Cunt's dog sperm filled ass hole triggered a mighty orgasm within her. She cried out her pleasure as her body fell slightly forward. This action caused the dog's knot to bump up against the inside of her sphincter triggering another orgasm in her.

She now rested with her fore head resting on her fore arms. She was covered in sweat and was breathing heavily. The dog tried to move away nearly dragging the tied dog bitch with him. Each time he did this, she had another mini-orgasm.

The guests, including Mistress Anne, applauded her little show. Mr. Jones took hold of the dog's collar and kept him in place. Cow Cunt, still on all fours, kept feeling the after shocks of her orgasm as her tears dripped down her cheeks and onto the floor. Mr. Jones gave her collar a tug indicating that she should resume her prior position. She lifted her head and raised herself up onto her hands. "Let them see your face bitch." Finally, the dog's knot shrunk enough for him to break loose, causing Cow Cunt to squeal. Immediately, Mr. Jones replaced the dog's cock with the butt plug, thus preventing the dog cum from leaking out. He pumped the plug back up to its original size, and then gave the squeeze bulb two more pumps causing the dog whore to groan.

The dog was led a few feet away where he proceeded to roll onto his side and start to lick himself clean of this human bitch. "Let her do it" said her husband. "Now that is getting into the spirit of the thing," count-ered the Owner.

Mr. Jones tugged at Cow Cunt's lead and she crawled over to the ani-mal. She could smell her scent on the dog. With tear filled eyes, she bent her head down and took the dog's cock into her mouth. She could smell, and taste, her ass hole on him as she began to lick and suck the beast clean.

The animal, in turn, smelled her scent emanating from her pussy and began to try and move around to taste her. Mr. Jones told her to move her body around so that the dog could get a good taste of her "white trash" cunt. Cow Cunt now placed her cunt over the head of the huge dog who began to lash her cunt with his tongue. "Isn't this simply adorable. We should take pictures of these two lover pleasuring each other", said Mistress Em.

"But we are dear Em", said the Owner. Cow Cunt began to moan as the dog's attentions were beginning to turn her on. In spite of her revoltion at her actions, and her seemingly never ending tears, the dog whore felt the tingling of an impending orgasm building as she continued to suck on the dog's huge dripping penis.

The gathered group observed the perverse show, making comments as to her technique and her seemingly passionate response to the dog's attentions. "Look," said the husband, "he's becoming fully erect again! Bless his stamina." "This animal is quite strong and capable of achieving an erection very quickly after first mating,"

said the Owner. "We do look for the strong-est animals to train and I do know that this whore will be more that up to the task." Mr. Jones kept his well trained eye on the mating pair, making sure that the animal didn't become to frustrated at not being able to couple with his bitch. He certainly didn't want the dog to began to nip at the dog whore's flowering labia.

Cow Cunt began to taste a healthy discharge of the dog's pre-ejacul-ation fluids as they leaked into her mouth. The bitter saltiness of the fluid made her quite aware of the possibility that the animal cumming in her mouth.

When the animal began to softly whine and growl, he knew that the dog was ready for the "main event". He bent his head toward Cow Cunt and softly said in her ear; "Grasp his knot from the rear and hold it firmly. And you'd better not spill a single drop when he shoots his load into your mouth whore. Don't' swallow it either. They are going to want to see what present your lover has given you before you swallow it all." Cow Cunt felt his knot really begin to swell as she gently, but firmly grasped it and held it. His cock also began to swell in her mouth as she continued to assault the organ with her lips and tongue. She had to concentrate deeply on what was occurring because she was nearly driven to total distraction by the dog as he lapped not just the folds of her blossomed lips and clit, but as he strove to shove his tongue as far up her cunt has he could.

As the dog whore began to moan again, she was stopped in the midst by the animal suddenly beginning to unload his sperm into her mouth. Al-though he had cum just a short while ago, the animal still emptied a volume of sperm into her mouth. She began to choke with the volume of the dog's sperm but remembered Mr. Jones' warning.

Fortunately, the dog didn't quite emit the volume of sperm that his first orgasm spurted into her. But none-the-less, it was a goodly amount. As she coughed with her mouth closed, sperm began to trickle out her nose. It took all of her concentration to keep her mouth closed and the volume of fluid in.

Mr. Jones then tugged on her collar indicating that she should rise off the animal and stand. He led her over to where the group sat and then signaled her to kneel by his side. "Open your mouth whore," he order-ed. She did so to expose the milky

viscous fluid in her mouth. The group applauded and laughed as she sat there, tears streaming down her cheeks, and mouth full of dog cum.

Mr. Jones looked at the Owner, who then nodded his head. "Swallow it whore," he commanded. And she did. After swallowing, she gave out a loud burp and a small bit of sperm came up and trickled down the side of her mouth. "There is nothing like the sight of a sperm burping whore," commented the Owner. "Lick it off whore." And she did.

Part 5 After she had swallowed the sperm, and burped up the air that accompanied the fluid down into her stomach, Mr. Jones was asked to return the pair to their respective kennel cages. Cow Cunt crawled into hers and sat with her arm across her knee. She began to weep softly and lowered her head onto her forearm. The big alpha leaped up and clawed at the cage bars, trying to get at his bitch again. He yapped and whined, sensing her sadness. He wanted to crawl up with her and sleep.

Cow Cunt cried and bemoaned what she had fallen into becoming. She was a slave not simply to this horrible animal, but to the Owner, and anyone the Owner chose to loan her to. She could smell the dog's odor on her again. She could also smell the dog's sperm, and her own scent of sexual arousal as well.

Thankfully, Mr. Jones had not replaced the o-ring gag in her mouth. He had also removed the mitts that had prevented her from using her fingers. He had strongly warned her not to tamper with her butt plug, her Foley catheter, or her feeding tube, which was promptly re-inflated after her "snack" of dog sperm. His ominous tone of voice indicated that she would be severely punished for doing so. She had grown some-what accustomed to the intrusive devices anyway.

Finally, after about ten minutes, she stretched out on the pad and closed her eyes. She realized that whatever they had planned for her would probably occur during her next feeding. That was only a few hours away and she knew she would need her strength for whatever lay ahead.

The Owner had given instructions to Carl and Rod to prepare all for Cow Cunt's first session with the sensory deprivation tank. They immediately went to the tank room and began to start up and test the various devices that controlled the entire system.

They next went and readied the special wet suit that (they suspected) Cow Cunt would wear.

The neoprene suit would cover her body except for her chest, which left her breasts fully exposed, and her crotch and ass crack. A flap of neo-prene hung down from the rear, ready to be snapped to the front once the pants were put on. There were two holes in the flap; one was located where the hoses would attach to her butt plug and the other to where her soon to be installed dildo would be seated.

There was specialized facemask that would fit entirely over her face. The various tubes (breathing and feeding) would run through the front of the mask. The breathing tubes would run down her nose and into her lungs and the feeding tube would be attached to the one running down her throat. The glass of the mask was painted black and no light would penetrate at all.

Mr. Jones roused cow Cunt from her slumber. It took but a moment for her to recognize her situation and she instantly got on all fours in her cage. Mr. Jones opened the cage door and motioned, with his hands, for her to get up on the ever-present gyn table. She got onto the table and placed her feet into the stirrups. Mr. Jones secured her feet, and her wrists, to the table and awaited the arrival of the Owner and guests.

The forty-eight hours Cow Cunt had thus far spent at the farm seemed to be an eternity. There was a never-ending regimen established for her and in was constantly being executed. She wept softly with the know-ledge that she no longer had any control over her life. She was merely a toy, some one else's toy, to be played with and then put away till the next play session.

Rod and Carl soon joined Mr. Jones in the prep room. They wheeled in a cart the teemed with the apparatus that she would be wearing while in the tank. Mr. Jones readied the various devices that would be her only life support while submerged. Cow Cunt viewed the items, not really knowing their purpose, but guessing that all this was expressly gathered for her.

The Owner soon walked into the prep room with the husband and Mist-ress' Em and Anne. They gathered around the splayed whore with hun-ger in their eyes. The dog

whore stared back at them knowing that whatever their hunger was for; she certainly would represent the main course.

“I think it is time to remove all of her hair Mr. Jones,” said Mistress Em. Start with her head please.” Cow Cunt groaned as she heard these words. Her hair had been one of her more beautiful physical aspects and now they were taking it from her. Mr. Jones brought over his grooming clippers and began to remove her hair. He ran the clippers from the back of her hair to the front, letting the hair drop off in front of her eyes. Each lock of hair was exhibited to her after it's cutting.

After shearing her hair down to stubble, Mr. Jones then took an electric razor and completed the job of total hair removal. He finished the job by lathering up her scalp and shaving what little remained. He then repeated the operation on her pubic hair. Cow Cunt felt the coolness of the air passing over her bald head and mourned the loss her last personal possession.

Mr. Jones then wiped her scalp with alcohol to close the pores on her head. He was about to wipe her crotch down with a soothing cream to prevent any razor burn from arising when Mistress Anne intervened. “Please allow me,” she said in a tone that was more a command than a request.

Mr. Jones stepped back from the prone whore to allow Mistress Anne access. Mistress Anne, in true to form fashion, grabbed for some cotton and the alcohol. She wet the cotton and swiftly wiped the newly shaved area with the alcohol. Within a second or two, Cow Cunt screamed and arched her back. Her entire crotch area exploded into a burning, searing pain, as the alcohol attacked the opened pores and the soft sensitive skin of her crotch. Mistress Anne simply closed her eyes and smiled the smile of a woman on the verge of great pleasure.

After wiping the dog whore down several times with the alcohol, Mistress Anne was satisfied that Cow Cunt's pores were closed and would no longer provide her with the music she so longed to hear. The Owner then had the three men proceed to put the wet suit on Cow Cunt. They loosened her ankles and slipped the long legged pants up the whore's body. The pants were large in the waist to allow ample room for her belly to expand during the feedings she would receive.

Once the pants were on, Cow Cunt felt the coolness of her exposed, and now hairless, pussy. Her ankles were refastened to the table and now her wrists were freed to allow the jacket to be placed on her. This was done and the zipper was pulled up to the top of her collar. Neoprene mitts were placed on her hands and booties on her feet.

The last piece of the suit to be put on was the hood. This slipped on quite easily without having to deal with her hair. The hood collar overlapped the collar of her jacket forming a fairly good seal. There were earphones inside the hood that were placed over the whore's ears. Now she would only be able to hear what her captors wanted her to hear. Her wrists were re-secured to the table.

The Owner now let Mistress Em, with the help of Mr. Jones, complete the installation of the devices that would complete Cow Cunt's attire for at least the next twenty-four hours. Mistress Em put on a pair of latex gloves and then deflated the butt plug in the dog whore's ass, removing it with an unceremonious plopping sound. She tossed it across the room and into the sink. Mr. Jones handed her a new plug, one that was cap-able of expanding to a far greater diameter. She inserted the plug, but did not inflate it.

Next came the inflatable dildo. This device was capable of expanding to nearly six inches in diameter. Mistress Em lubricated the eight-inch long device and inserted in into the whore, making sure that the clitoris stimulator was properly placed atop of her clit and clit hood. Cow Cunt groaned as she felt the huge dildo slide into her cunt, which was already cramped by the butt plug being in place.

Mistress Em now asked for the glass vacuum tube for the whore's clit. She placed the tube over the dog whore's clit and attached the vacuum pump's hose to the glass. She turned on the pump and watched through delighted eyes as the nubbin of flesh was sucked up into the glass tube.

Cow Cunt moaned as the stimulation of her clit being sucked hit her like a high voltage electrical current. Mistress Em then closed the outlet valve when the dog whore's clit and hood was full sucked up into the tube. She then placed the tube under the dildo's clit stimulator and attached the electrical wire to the tube, which had a silver band around the base.

She could feel the butt plug rubbing against the dildo through her perineum. She hadn't felt this stuffed since she fucked two roommates at a local college and they decided to sandwich her between them. She remembered that the sensations of her orgasm, with the two strong cocks in her, was unbelievable. Both her ass hole and her cunt spasmed so greatly that she didn't even need to move to bring them both to a screaming orgasm at the same time.

The dog whore knew that today this was certainly not being done for her pleasure, but for that of these monsters. The one-half inch in flow and out flow hoses were run through the flap on the back of her suit and attached to the butt plug. Also attached to the plug were the electrical connections for the built in vibrator and the silver shock strip around the neck of the plug. These connections were sealed with rubber cement. The inflator hose was also attached to the plug and bound together with the other hoses and wirings with duct tape.

The same was done for the dildo. The inflation hose, the current wiring, and the vibrator wiring were passed through the flap hole and attached to the huge rubber device in her cunt. The last device to be put on her was the electrode harness. Mistress Em unzipped the jacket and rolled down the top portion of the pants that the dog whore now had on to reveal her entire abdomen.

The electrodes were placed on, and around, her belly and pubic mound after having adhesive put onto the cups. The wiring was harnessed using duct tape and run through the hole in the flap alongside the dildo attachments, and the Foley catheter. Now the jacket was re-zipped and the flap pulled up and snapped into place to retain the butt plug and dildo.

The suit was heavy and our poor Cow Cunt began to sweat. She felt herself being constricted by the apparel and had no idea of what was yet to come. Mistress Em wasted no time in readying the next set of devices to be placed into the dog whore. The facemask, and its various tubing was next to be put on.

The feed tubing that ran through the mask was first. The gag ring was replaced and the feed tube connected through it. Next came the air hoses. These were fed up the dog whore's sinuses and back down her throat alongside the feed tube. In the event that her crying swelled her sinuses closed, she could still breathe through her nose.

She could also still take air down her throat. The mask would be placed on the whore's face just before being put into the tank.

The last items to be attached to the dog whore were now brought out and placed on the cart next to the table. These were the vacuum devices for Cow Cunt's nipples and breasts. Once again the nipple tubes were attached and set tightly by the vacuum pump. The electrical wires ran up through the top of the breast cups. Her nipples were sucked up an inch and one-half into the tubes before the valves were closed.

Next the breast cups were placed on her chest and they too were attached to the vacuum pump. Mistress Anne smiled as the flesh of each breast suddenly began to fill out to the sides of the cups, and began to creep up the sides to completely stretch out her fleshy orbs. Once her teats were fully stretched, the valves were closed off, the tubing detached, and the wiring lay out to her sides.

Mistress Em then looked at the Owner and said; "I think we should first test the various systems before we place her." The Owner nodded his approval. He realized that his wisdom in retaining Mistress Em for a year would handsomely pay off for she could show the others how to properly ready a slave for the tank.

Carl and Rod began to attach the various wires and hoses to their proper connections on the transformer and air pump. Once all the connections were made, the testing began. Mistress Em would turn a dial and flip a switch and watch to see whether the dog whore would react. She certainly reacted as sharply as she could within her bondage as the butt plug and the dildo were inflated. She quaked again when the various electrodes were activated. And she nearly came when the dildo's built in vibrator was set off. The clit stimulator vibrated against the glass tube containing her clit nearly causing her to shit out her plug. "I do believe that all systems are a go", she pronounced upon testing everything. "Time for the tank." "I assume you will give the whore her hormone injections prior to being placed in the tank", asked Mistress Anne. "Absolutely", responded Mistress Em. "Then I do believe that a special cocktail might be in order", Mistress Anne said with her characteristic evil smile.

"Whatever do you have in mind", the Owner asked.

"I do believe that if she is placed in the tank in a sleeping state, her arousal into nothingness will be a great deal of fun to observe. It will take some time before panic sets in if she goes in conscious." "Indeed Mistress Anne. It can take up to twelve hours for that to occur." The Owner had a gleam in his eye. He knew how this evil woman's mind worked.

"Why not have the good Doctor give her a sodium penthanol and morphine cocktail. Put the bitch to sleep for a few hours, even more than a few hours. Let her awaken totally disoriented. I also think that in lieu of her scheduled hourly feedings, we should make this one continuous feeding. With her asleep, it should all go to her body." "Mistress Anne, you are a genius", laughed the Owner. "We can also see if any of the stimulation we apply to her produces a reaction while she is in never-never land." "The thing of it is, George, that we shouldn't put her to sleep. Simply give her enough to get her to a semi-conscious state. After all, we wouldn't want her to miss too much of the fun." The Doctor was called for. He entered the prep room rubbing his hands together as though he were about to sit down for a fine meal. "I see our little whore is nearly ready for her trip", he said.

"Mistress Anne suggested giving her a special cocktail of sodium penthanol and morphine along with the hormones", whispered the Owner to the Doctor.

"That should be quite a bit of fun. She'll wake up not knowing that she's even awake. Consider it done." The Doctor went to his cabinet and removed the appropriate syringes. He then went to his refrigerator and, after unlocking it, removed vials of prolactin, estrogen, sodium penthanol, and morphine. The Doctor, out of the line of sight of Cow Cunt, mixed both injections and placed the hypodermics on a tray. He then covered the tray with a cloth and brought it over to the cart by the dog whore's side.

"Hello again dear. Doctor Feelgood is here with your vitamins." Cow Cunt learned one thing for sure; if the Doctor was around, she was in trouble. She began to quake as fear filled her heart and mind. "Don't worry baby. Here's a little something that will help you on to your new life." The Doctor raised up the hypodermic full of the hormone concoction and, after expelling the air inside, injected her in the base of each breast just where the glass vacuum jar ended and her flesh began. "There, that

wasn't so bad now, was it?" He then dabbed the spot with an alcohol swab. The Doctor then raised up the second hypodermic and, with a broad smile, said; "Enjoy your trip Dorothy cause Kansas is going bye bye." He walked toward her feet and unsnapped the crotch flap of her suit. The Doctor then pierced a vein in the dog whore's leg and slowly, so very slowly, depressed the plunger of the hypodermic. Almost immediately Cow Cunt felt a warm glowing throughout her body. She felt a slight nausea begin to rise from the pit of her stomach. And then she began to float as if she were a boat at sea. She closed her eyes and gave herself over to the drugs.

Now the last piece of Cow Cunt's garb could be affixed to her person. The mask was raised up and slowly the tubing was pulled through the watertight washers. Once the mask was tight against her face, the re-taining strap was slipped back over her head. The mask covered all of her exposed face and overlapped the wet suit hood by one-half an inch. The rubber cement was used to create a final barrier against any water entering the mask and drowning the dog whore.

Now poor Cow Cunt was completely sealed off from the world, and any stimulation not provided by her tormenters. Her crotch flap was snapped back into place and her ankles and wrists were released from their bondage. Carl and Rod then began to wheel the cart to the tank room. The dog whore made quite a sight as she was pushed through the doors leading out of the prep room and kennel area. She was completely covered in black neoprene except for the two glass vacuum jars affixed to her chest.

As she was wheeled through the area where the cows resided, followed by the Doctor, the two Mistresses, and the Owner, the cows stared with the knowledge of what was about to happen to the dog whore. Some of them smiled and others had tears in their eyes. Still others looked the other way and tried to disappear from the view of the party lest they be selected next.

Each of the resident cows had been subjected to the tank. And each had experienced a different programming depending upon what their Owners had requested. Some had been turned into the most depraved of sex slaves and others felt they would die if they weren't perpetually pregnant. Some had even had their former personalities completely destroyed and replaced by a new one. All of them had nightmares for

some time after being subjected to the tank.

The procession moved on through the cow stall area and again through a set of double doors. Once inside the double doors, the lock was set. They would not be disturbed by anything until the whore was placed in the tank. One last door was opened and they all now stood in the dimly lighted tank room.

The tank itself occupied most of the area in the room. Along one side of the tank was a table upon which rested the electronic monitoring, and device activating, equipment. Two people were required to operate the tank and its equipment. One would monitor the systems and the other would activate the devices as needed. Two people present also cut down on the possibility of an “accident” occurring.

Cow Cunt was wheeled to the side of the tank opposite the table. There was a winch and pulley system affixed to the wall and ceiling to hoist the subject into the tank. Along the base of the tank lay the various harness connections to mate with the ones that were already in place on Cow Cunt.

Two one-gallon, closable top, plastic feed cans were brought into the room by Carl. Each contained the high caloric mixture and their hoses were hooked up to the feeding tube in Cow Cunt’s mouth, and the one in her butt plug. The valves remained, for the moment, closed.

The hooking up took several minutes and once it was accomplished, the semi conscious, dreaming pleasantly, Cow Cunt was hoisted up, turned over to face the bottom of the tank, and suspended. Carl and Rod went up on the walkway surrounding the tank and secured the dog whore’s wrists and ankles to rubber lines that were secured to plastic rings on poles that ran inside the tank to the bottom.

The rubber would have very limited stretch so that her arms and legs could move, but not very much at all. And should she try to move, her arms and legs would return to their original position once her strength waned.

Now she was lowered into the tank. As she began to sink below the level of the water, the plastic rings submerged as well. She would remain splayed out for her duration in the tank. She sank down to the halfway mark. In this position, no matter

how hard she might try, she would not be able to feel the sides, the bottom, or the water's surface.

Mistress Em and the Doctor, overseen by the Owner and Mistress Anne, began the hook-up and telemetry tests on the splayed out dog whore. Once they were assured that all the systems were working properly, they placed the final piece of their performance art piece into place. The urine collection bag, a collapsed one-gallon container, was weighted and dropped into the tank after the valve was opened. Instantly, urine began to color the clear plastic tubing as it flowed into the bag.

The feeding cans were next on the list of to-dos. Their valves were opened and two quarts were allowed to freely flow into the dog whore. As her belly began to fill out the wet suit, she again started to sink down into the water. Once the two quarts were in her, the bags were lowered in their position so that equilibrium was reached where only a slow trickle of fluid would continuously flow. The height of the bag and the external water pressure would assure that the flow would be very slow.

Cow Cunt was to be continuous feed for her duration in the tank. As each can would empty, more of either the calorie mixture or the animal sperm mixture would be added. Along with the initiation of the feeding, the electrical current was turned onto a level that would not only stimulate her sexually, but also ease any cramping and assist in the digestion process.

They assembled group watched Cow Cunt's performance as she flowed and bloated. Her belly would be stretched for the next full day as she was fed. Anabolic steroids would also be added to the mix every twelve hours. The steroids, combined with the inactivity of the dog whore, would assure a solid weight gain.

Whenever the flow of "food" halted, the bags could be raised just enough to restart the flow. The electricity's flow would also be altered to increase and cause spasming of the muscles affected, or to cause even greater sexual stimulation to all of the wired points. Or the current could be decreased to where it would simply cause a "tickle".

After observing Cow Cunt for some time, and reaping pleasure from watching various parts of her body twitch as current was applied, the group dispersed. Only

Carl and Rod, the first watch, remained to monitor and attend the dog whore.

Cow Cunt had been floating in the tank for six hours. There had been very little movement from her. Only an occasional spasm indicating a probable orgasm, and the slight breathing movements in between her orgasms, indicated that she was alive at all.

The urine collection bag had been retrieved and emptied once. This would be added to the food given to the other cows. Her feed cans had been refilled several times each and her rectum and intestines “cleaned” out once.

Her insides had been stretched to the point where she could now easily handle six quarts of food. She appeared to be in her middle to late tri-semester of pregnancy as she continued to float submerged. Although there had been some movement to stretch her arms and legs several times, she spent most of her time thus far almost totally physically inactive.

On occasion, and usually due to a change in electrical stimulation, she would rock her pelvis as though desperately trying to orgasm atop the cock of some invisible lover. But essentially, the drugs were still having their effect, and she floated motionless in the tank. All remained quiet until the ninth hour of Cow Cunt’s submersion. Suddenly, the two assistants watching the dog whore noted a rise in the pulse rate, blood pressure and breathing. “Looks like sleeping beauty has woken up”, said Rod. “Time to get the boss.” By the time that Mistress Em and the Owner walked into the room, Cow Cunt was visibly agitated. Her arms and legs were struggling against their bindings as she tried to move. Her agitation was so great that the surface of the water in the tank was actually rippling to her movements.

Cow Cunt awoke with a scream that nobody could hear. She opened her eyes and saw nothing but the darkness. She couldn’t feel anything at all. No floor, no walls, nothing at all. She could not even touch her-self to feel her body. She felt full though, very full. She shouted again and tried to move her arms and legs. “Am I asleep? Where am I? What is going on?” She shouted various things, all of which went unheard.

She began to panic and thinking herself still asleep, and in the midst of some

horrible nightmare, call out for her mother, her (former) husband, and anyone else she could think of. She felt as though she was being crushed on all sides (from the water pressure) and could do nothing to relieve the sensation.

“Look dearest”, Mistress Em said to the Owner, “our little darling has arisen from her sleep. I think it is time we took over.” From past experience, Mistress Em knew that this stage would not last more than an hour or two. “And look how big her belly has gotten! I believe that she has significantly stretched out during her slumber.” Rod and Carl exited the tank room leaving the two dominants in charge of their latest project. “Let’s start with the dog whore tape. I think that if we can show an almost instant success at the re-programming of this whore, we can certainly opened up a new avenue of revenue.” Mistress Em always was watching for new ways to turn a dollar.

The Owner and Mistress Anne then took their respective seats and waited. They waited for the deprivation overload to shut down the dog whore’s mind and leave it ready for the tape. Poor Cow Cunt continued her struggle for some time. She began to have ‘nightmares’. She was being blown up with food until she exploded. Then the various parts strewn about would come back together and the process would start again.

Then she dreamed that she was being beaten people with straps. As they beat her, pieces of her flesh would fall away until there was nothing left of her body. As soon as her body parts fell completely apart, the people would then beat the parts until they were reunited. This dream repeated over and over again.

Other horrors besieged Cow Cunt as she suffered from the lack of mental stimulation. This went on and on for almost three hours. Then, as suddenly as they began, the dreams stopped. All of her gyrations and attempts at movement stopped as well. Her mind had shut down. She could no longer tolerate the absence of stimulation and the onslaught of the horrid dreams. She had been in the tank a total of eleven and one-half hours.

Mistress Em got up and went to a stainless steel cabinet against the wall behind their chairs. She removed her set of keys from her white lab jacket and opened the cabinet. She sought out the dog whore tape and relocked the cabinet after removing

the tape. She then went back to her seat and input the tape into the cassette player.

The dog whore tape was actually a one and one-half minute tape loop. The loop would play and repeat itself as long as the play button re-mained depressed. Mistress Em had used her most seductive and sooth-ing bedroom voice to record the tape.

“When I begin the tape, we must up the electrical current to all of her stimulators. I also want the vibrators turned on, not fully, but about half way, to stimulate her while the message plays. She must associate the actions described with having an orgasm”, she said to the Owner.

Mistress Em then picked up the microphone and turned on its switch. In her sternest voice, she said, “Listen and repeat!” She then turned on the tape.

“My name is dog whore. I am a dog whore. I am not complete without a dog cock in my mouth. I am not complete without a dog cock in my ass. I am not complete without a dog cock in my cunt. I love the taste and feel of dog cum. I cannot live without the taste and feel of dog cum. My whole life is to service all dogs, any dogs. I hate myself and detest what I do with them. But I cannot resist their cocks. I want to bear their litters of pups. I am a dog whore.” This was said slowly and distinctly and repeatedly. And as it was being said, the two dominants began to adjust all the settings to the various parts of her body, and the various devices within. In short order, Cow Cunt was beginning to feel the effects of the physical stimulation. As the message played, slowly and inexorably, she began to chant the mantra.

“A few hours of this and she will have the message ingrained in her psyche forever, or at least until we remove it or change it.” Mistress Em smiled at the thought. She has seen this technique work time and time again.

Mistress Em could see from the telemetry that her latest project was becoming very stimulated indeed. All of Cow Cunt’s vital signs were up. “Let’s increase the vacuum pressure”, she said to the Owner. They both started up the pumps and, after opening the valves to her nipples, breasts, clit, and labia, watched as even more flesh was sucked up the various glass jars.

Once a maximum of flesh in the jars was reached, the valves were closed and the pumps shut off. In the interim, a slave came in to refill the feeding cans to a new equilibrium and to empty the once again filled urine collection bag.

“I think we’re finished for the moment. Let’s get the next monitoring team in here. When she reaches her limits and passes out from the stimulation, we can stop the tape and think about what comes next”, said Mistress Em.

The husband and another visiting Master entered the room to observe and monitor the festivities. Mistress Em gave them a full briefing of what was happening and advised them at what point she should be summons again. The husband, with a wicked smile on his face, had a difficult time listening for the sight of his wife, and her condition, fascinated him.

He watched her food-bloated form twitch and undulate as the tape play-ed on and on. He could see her try and rock her pelvis toward some unseen cock as the various stimuli attacked her senses, which had been under utilized for so many hours.

Mistress Em, noticing his total absorption with the sight of his wife, offered to let him give the dildo and the butt plug several more pumps to expand them to even a greater size. He did so rapidly and happily as a child given permission to play with another’s toy might.

Cow Cunt heard the familiar voice of Mistress Em. But this time it was pleasing and not at all ominous. Thank god somebody finally was speaking to her. She may be asleep and dreaming, but at least she finally heard something other than the sounds of her own moans and screams in the silence.

She also felt the tingling in her body begin. It was most pleasant. At least she could concentrate of the very pleasant tingling that she had come to associate with sexual release. Dogs...she liked dogs. She began to repeat the message without even thinking about it. Why did she want to taste the dog cocks? She remembered doing that before. Was it last week? She really didn’t remember.

Cow Cunt remembered that their sperm did taste good to her. She thought she might want to taste it again. “Oh my god! I’m having an orgasm”, she thought to

herself. They were very satisfying animals as she recalled. The tape played on and on and she began to have orgasm after orgasm.

After another three hours in the tank, she finally passed out from exhaustion brought about by the many orgasms she sustained. She floated limply in the tank as her vital signs once again dropped off to a normal rest pattern. The husband notified Mistress Em of the current state of the dog whore and awaited her entry into the tank room.

While the two waited, a slave entered the tank room and once again flushed out Cow Cunt's ass with salted water. What little waste did exist and build up quickly flowed out of the outlet tube in her butt plug. Once this flushing was completed, the slave then washed out her bladder, which had been filling and emptying non-stop since she entered the tank.

Butter Ball knelt on her hands and knees at her milking station. Tears flowed freely from her eyes in spite of the vigorous fucking she was receiving as she gave forth her milk. Not only were her feet still swollen from the beating they had received, but her lips and tongue were in pain as well. She had just received five piercings in her upper and lower lips. The holes now bore gold locking rings. Her tongue now had a gold barbell stud in place.

Mistress Em had decided that Butter Ball's ego had become too big to befit a cow slave and new duties were in order. Now Butter Ball would become a service cow to be used by all of the others. Although the tongue piercing would preclude her from eating the feces of others without a thorough cleansing afterward, it surely would provide amusement as now, rings locked to the piercings of a huge old cow called Elsie.

Elsie belonged to another Owner but was being boarded and worked at the farm. She was the second oldest cow on the farm at forty-two years. She had come to the farm late in her life (for a cow) and so far has only given birth four times. She was, however, the heaviest cow on the farm weighing in at nearly five hundred and fifty pounds.

Elsie was also on her hands and knees, but she knelt on four blocks. Her belly and

breasts were so huge that if she were only on the pad, her entire weight would crush those parts into the ground making milking an impossibility. As it was now, her breasts hung so low, even whilst on the blocks, that her nipples were a merely three inches from the floor.

Fortunately for Butter Ball, having Elsie up on the blocks was a god- send. Her face was tightly affixed to Elsie's cunt lips by her new rings. Her tongue was linked to the huge cow's ring in her clit hood. One could barely see the little cow whore's head for it was nearly crushed, and mostly hidden in between the huge cow's ass cheeks. At least with the huge fat cow up on the blocks, Butter Ball's head was not in too uncomfortable a position.

However, the huge fat cow did not have her butt plug in and a steady stream of liquefied feces dribbled, and sometimes flooded, out of her ass. Within only several minutes of the commencement of the milking, Butter Balls blond haired head was covered in the putrid fluid. To make matters even worst, the huge cow whore's Foley had been re-moved so that a steady trickle of urine flowed into Butter Ball's mouth.

Elsie had also not been washed in several days and one could smell her cunt from quite some distance. She was constantly been fucked, or at the least, fucking herself. The accumulation of sperm and other bodily fluids built up around the folds of the fat layers and stank as it aerated.

Elsie had not been continent in many years, for longer than she had been at the farm, and the only way she could evacuate her bowels and bladder was from the pressure build up of being fed. A huge two-gallon feedbag hung at her head and flowed freely into her now quite cavern-ous stomach. The pressure of the expanding stomach continuously forced the stream of shit onto Butter Ball's head, and the urine into her mouth.

Poor Butter Ball cried almost continuously as she was giving her milk. She was so deeply imbedded into Elsie's ass cheeks that the flesh cover-ed her ears. She actually vomited twice but had to immediately swallow what came up. Her mouth was so close to the huge cow's cunt, and her nose spent a good deal of time in the maw of Elsie's ass hole leaving her with a severe breathing problem.

And every time that Elsie shifted or moved, poor Butter Balls lips and tongue were pulled along. When Elsie would near orgasm from the stimulation, she would try to back up further on Butter Ball, as if she was going to envelope the little cow whore's head with her cavernous, putrid cunt.

To make matters even worst for poor Butter Ball, this cow whore was known as a 'flooder'. Upon achieving an orgasm, she would forcefully squirt a stream of vaginal fluid as far as two feet! At the moment, Elsie was completely lost in her favorite past times. She was being feed via her nasal-gastric tubes and she did love the feeling of her belly filling with whatever Mistress Em had decided upon. She was being milked, a process that could take up to one half-hour, which provided her with immense sexual stimulation and relief from the pressure in her massive breasts.

And she could definitely feel the forced ministrations of Butter Ball. Every time she jiggles her body, even slightly, she could feel Butter Ball's tongue ring tug at her clit hood. Elsie simply could not get enough of that tugging so she jiggled and rocked as much as she could.

With her very distended cunt lips being locked to Butter Ball's mouth by their respective rings, she certainly didn't have to worry about hurting herself. And with her clit and hood so distended as well, a good tugging is just what was needed to get her off.

Every once in a while she would rear up and off of her hands. Elsie loved to run her hands over her belly as it slowly filled to capacity. And if she pleased her Owner, sometimes she would be filled to beyond capacity. She loved this the most of all. She loved to be able to feel through all of her fat to her massively bloated belly and massage it.

This did not do Butter Ball any good because each time Elsie reared upward her head would be forced down and into an odd and painful position. But there was absolutely nothing that Butter Ball could do, and certainly nothing she could say to waylay the movement from occurring.

When the huge cow whore finally did achieve her anxiously sought orgasm, she flooded poor Butter Ball's mouth with her discharges. The force of the flow was so

great that the first initial squirt powered it's way down the little cow whore's throat causing her to begin to choke. She coughed several times which forced several mini orgasms from Elsie. The little cow whore also coughed some of the fluid up and out of her nose, clearing some of the liquefied shit out of her nostrils.

Elsie squirted several more times and managed to wash some of the putrid feces off of Butter Ball's face and hair. It was not enough to fully clean her off, but it certainly helped change the horrible aroma that permeated Butter Ball's senses, as well as the senses of the others being milked along side them in the adjoining stalls.

Also not helping the poor little cow whore was one of Mistress Anne's slaves. He was happily pounding his enormous cock into her cunt at lightening speed. Mistress Anne had one quarter-inch silver beads imbedded beneath the surface of the skin on his cock. As he banged his cock in and out of her cunt, bashing her cervix with each plunge, the imbedded beads, although normally stimulating, did nothing to really distract her from this current hell.

In fact, these beads caused her more pain because they did bump against the butt plug in her ass hole through which she was being fed. His great length also pushed her face further into the canyon of Elsie's rear end. He pounded her so vibrantly that she thought her face from her nose to her forehead would be pushed completely up Elsie's ass hole (which could probably accommodate the size).

The slave was having a good time. Between the friction created by the butt plug, the sloshing of the little cow whore's food in her bowels, and the shortening of her vagina because of the plug and her rapidly filling bowel, he was having the ride of his week. Of course he was wearing his cock ring and ball spreader that helped prolonged his ability to put off his climax.

As he rode her ass, he slapped the fleshy cheeks and squeezed her thighs with all of his considerable hand strength. He did massage her belly and breasts though. After all, Mistress Anne had told him not to damage the product in any way. He also gave her clit a thorough working out with his pulling and pinching of the elongated organ.

Mistress Anne had left him explicit instructions not to come before the milking was finished. She had also left instruction for the slave to notify the attending assistant

when the milking of both cows was completed, and before he was permitted to spew his sperm up into the womb of the little cow whore.

What the slave didn't know was that Mistress Anne also left instructions with the attendant to shove a cattle prod up the male slave's ass and to jolt him as he came. After all, why miss an opportunity to inflict pain in absentia.

Finally, after twenty-five minutes and numerous orgasms later, Elsie had given all of her milk. When the swelling of her teats was relieved, they hung limply and deflated, almost like a long balloon with only a little bit of air inside. And, as ordered, the slave called the attendant to the stall.

As he concentrated on his long awaited and earned orgasm, the attendant unsnapped the cock ring the slave wore. As he started to cum, the attendant shoved the pre-lubricated cattle prod up the slave's ass with one swift powerful motion and hit the button. The intrusion of the prod triggered the orgasm when the slave's prostate was nudged.

The electrical charge sent out caused the slave to bang heavily into the little cow whore. This in turn sent her nose, eyes, and forehead up into Elsie's gaping maw of an ass hole. The slave screamed in pain as he came, which, in turn, caused Butter Ball to scream into the huge cow's cunt. This in turn caused Elsie to experience one final orgasm and fall forward off of the blocks nearly breaking Butter Ball's neck in the process.

The slave was pulled off of the prostrate Butter Ball and she and Elsie were rounded onto their sides to release the silver chains linking their rings together. The huge old cow arose and went to the cleaning station in an adjoining room to be washed down, re-plugged and cathetered, and sent on her way back to her stall.

Butter Ball remained on her side huddled into a fetal position (as much as she could with her huge belly in the way) and wept bitterly. She had never been treated in such a vile and humiliating manner by her Mistress (Em). Her entire face and breasts were coated in the various fluids given out by Elsie and she was sure that she would never get the smells off of her body.

Mistress Anne walked into the milking room, just having left the tank room where Cow Cunt was now engrossed in listening to the breeding tape. She walked up to Butter Ball and, looking down at the unrecognizable figure covered in drying shit, piss, and vaginal secretions, laughed quite heartily. "It would seem that we now have found another use for you in this life whore. I must made the suggestion to your new Owner and Em that this be your job every day, all day, for the rest of your miserable life." Butter Ball barely noticed her appearance. She had to keep her eyes closed because they stung from the vicious assault of the fluids. But she did hear the words Mistress Anne uttered and let out a wail of despair at what was said.

"You are property whore. You are here to produce product and pay for all the trouble your Owner goes through to keep you in working order. I will recommend to Em that she forget you, get a new whore, and start from scratch. Maybe I will buy you. Then you will learn how easy you have had it so far. Then you will learn how ungrateful a whore you really are." With those chilling words, Mistress Anne turned on her heel and walked out of the room laughing a cruel, evil, chilling laugh. Poor Butter Ball gave up all hope of ever having her life be what it once was, and of ever being owned solely by Mistress Em.

The attendant left Butter Ball where she was, laying in a puddle of the filth that had come out of the huge old cow. Every time he passed her prone body, he snickered at the sight she made. After some time, he relented and brought over a hose. He first washed the pad and the area around Butter Ball and, almost as an after thought, washed her as well. In spite of the wash down, she still stank. He then prodded her with the toe of his shoe and told her to return to her stall.

Cow Cunt had spent the last three hours listening to the virtues of breeding, an act, and state of being, that she would accustomed to over the years to come. She learned that her only true purpose in life was to breed and produce litter after litter of young. She learned that if her belly wasn't full of developing embryos, she wouldn't feel complete as a female.

She had once again falling into unconsciousness from the exertion of having another number of orgasms ripped from her body. During this rest period, she once again had her breasts, clit, and labia sucked even further into the glass enclosures. Her

dildo and butt plug were now pumped up to their maximum thickness causing her ass hole and vaginal openings to be expanded to three inches in diameter.

After eighteen hours in the tank, the Owner and Mistress Em decided that the dog whore should be given another sodium penthanol and mor-phine cocktail. Once the drug had worn off, and she was again cons-cious, she would have no real knowledge of what had happened and assume that whatever happened was indeed a dream, a very bad dream. "What am I to do with you? You embarrassed me in front of all the other Masters, and especially the Owner. How am I to trust you and rely upon you to do what I ask?" Mistress Em was looking down at Butter Ball, who was prostrated at her feet, kissing her toes.

"And now, because of Mistress Anne, who I let deal with you out of curtsey, you are to be trained as a toilet slave. If you though drinking piss was no big deal, just you wait till you have to do your turn at the toilet this evening in the cow shed. I have been too lenient with you and now you must pay." Mistress Em raised her toe lifting the little cow whore's face upward so that their eyes met. "I am considering an offer from Mistress Anne to purchase you once my year here is finished. If the Owner consents, I just might agree to sell you to her before then." Tears filled Butter Balls eyes as she began to realize the implications of belonging to Mistress Anne. Mistress Anne derived her pleasure strictly from the pain and screaming of her slaves. She has been known to orgasm from only that kind of stimulation. It was known that most of Mistress Anne's slaves eventually wound up in either hospitals or mental institutions by the time she had her fill of their bodies and minds.

"Your ONLY chance of redemption is to become the most obedient whore the world has ever seen. And you must be everyone's whore, at any time, any place, and whenever you are ordered. Do you understand me whore?" Butter Ball answered yes and once again began to kiss Mistress Em's shoe. "Now get away from my foot. You stink." Mistress Em then turned and left Butter Ball to ponder what she was just told, and to pray that she not be left in the hands of Mistress Anne.

Cow Cunt had just finished listening to the feeding tape. Imbedded deep within her psyche, along with the other poisonous messages, was the dictum that she would forever need to be full of food. The dog whore would forever be hungry and need to

feel her belly hard from being stuffed.

When she once again passed out from the continuous sexual stimulation, she was once again injected with the drug 'cocktail' and left along for the final two hours of her twenty-six hour stay in the tank. When the attending viewers were sure that she was in her drug induced dream-state, she was hauled out of the tank and the job of detaching the many wires and tubes began.

Once the suit was removed, and all the electrode patches, all present were greatly surprised at what they saw. Cow Cunt had put on weight at an unprecedented rate. She had the beginnings of a potbelly as well as additional flesh on her thighs. But the biggest surprise was her teats. They had undoubtedly grown at least one and one half cup sizes and, between the early effects of the prolactin/estrogen and the vacuum treatments, were quite stretched out of shape.

Her clit and labia were also greatly enlarged from the vacuum treatments. Now all that needed to be done was to continue with the injections over the next few days and the repeated vacuum attacks on the organs. After giving her another injection of anabolic steroids, she was once again connected to two feedbags and placed in her cage alongside that of the alpha dog.

She would continue to dream for at least another six hours or so but her hands were none the less left in the fingerless mitts. As her belly once again began to bloat with the high caloric concoction at one end and the sperm concoction at the other. She moaned as her body once again began to swell, but this time her moan was one of pleasure.

Mistress Anne sat in the armchair with her long dress pulled up over her knees, and her legs draped over the arms. Her hairy cunt was exposed and glistening as she gently ran her fingertips over her labia and clit. Her eyes were tightly shut and her expression was grim. If she were not so exposed, one might think that she was concentrating on some important decision.

But such was not the case. Her male slave, the one that had serviced Butter Ball earlier, was bent over a chair. His arms were tied to the front legs on the chair and his legs were tied to the rear legs. His scrotum, sporting its usual ball spreader and

stretcher, had a fifteen- pound weight hanging from it.

His ringed nipples had five-pound weights hanging from them as well. And the stretched out nipple flesh was bound tightly with Dacron. A line of blood trickled from his exposed ass hole and ran down the inside of his thigh onto the floor. His ass hole was stretched wide by a rectal speculum and capped shut with a massive cork.

Mistress Anne had felt a bit randy after viewing Cow Cunt several times over the course of her submersion. And after her brief visit with Butter Ball, she knew she needed to get off. So she had the other slaves present tie her slave to the chair.

After being tied, and the weights being attached to the appropriate appendages, she had her other male slave insert the speculum and begin to ratchet the device open. While all of her slaves were quite accustomed to having a fist up their orifices, they still all had their limits and this slave was no exception.

Once the slave began to scream in earnest, she told the attending slave to ratchet the device three more times, causing tears to begin to flow. At this point Mistress Anne threw her legs over the arms of the chair exposing herself to those present. As any Mistress or Domme knows, their cunt truly is the seat of all power and a slave will do anything to be able to simply see or smell the sacred organ, let alone touch it in any way.

As she began to touch herself, she asked that a steel brush, a box of salt, and a wide cork or plug to be brought to the room. The slaves present swiftly went in search of the object re-quested. One slave returned quickly with a steel scrub brush used in the dairy to clean the collection jars. The bristles encompassed a steel rod in the center and extended out three inches making a most formidable weapon.

Mistress Anne smiled at the enterprising slave and told him to insert the brush up the bound slave's ass hole a scrub until the brush was coated with blood, which he promptly did. The screams were absolute music to her ears as they echoed off of the wood paneled walls. The others present, and kneeling, watched the horrible torture of one of their fellow slaves and thanked an unseen god for it not being one of them bound to the chair.

Once the brush was dripping with the bright red blood of the poor wretch, Mistress Anne then commanded that the slave's ass be packed with the salt until no more could be forced in and plugged with the speculum still in place.

As the slave's ass was being packed with the salt, his screams resumed with a new found vigor. Handful after handful or course salt was shoved between the speculum's jaws and up into the slave's rectum. His eyes bulged and the weights attached to his nipples and balls swung wildly as the substance continued to be implanted.

"Make sure that his nipples remain tightly coiled. Use more Dacron if there are any gapes where you can see flesh. I want those fuckers to stretch out at least two inches today", she said to the one female slave present. She promptly went to the poor slave and upon seeing that indeed his nipples had stretched from the wildly swinging weights, bound more Dacron around them where the flesh showed through.

"You!" Mistress Anne was now looking at another male slave on loan from another Mistress. "Get over there and start sucking his cock. I want to see him cum, and not to quickly either." Knowing this slave to be basically heterosexual, Mistress Anne knew that upon seeing the treatment of her personal property, he better do what was requested. "Just remember that you can take his place if you do not perform to my satisfaction whore." The slave jumped up off of his knees and ran to the chair bound slave. He got to his knees and squeezed his head between the bent over body of the bound slave and the seat of the chair. The poor bound slave could not get an erection on his own in his present state of extreme pain if he wanted to. The slave took the other's flaccid cock into his mouth and gently sucked the organ while running his tongue around its head.

Once the salt had been shoved into the slaves ass hole till only white shone out between the speculum's jaws, Mistress Anne commanded that one more additional handful of salt be placed upon the jaws and that the slave punch it up into the other's ass. The slave complied and with one strong punch, forced this one last handful up into the distended ass.

The slave howled again and again as the salt burned into his tender raw flesh. The

tightly packed in salt had stemmed the blood flow from his rectum. Thankfully, the salt also acted to sanitize the wounds. However, the pain was absolutely overwhelming. The slave howled and screamed and cried as he twisted and shook. This, of course, only caused the weights to swing even more wildly.

The only way out of this woman made hell was to lose consciousness and that was not likely to happen until Mistress Anne had achieved her own sexual release. The slave sucking the cock of the poor devil tied to the chair was having his problems as well. No matter how hard he tried, the tied slave just wouldn't become aroused. The slave thought of every mouth motion used on him, as well as what he knew felt good. But nothing would work. He knew that Mistress Anne could, and would, make them switch places if he failed to perform his duty to her liking.

The tied slave was certainly leaking pre-cum into the sucking slave's mouth and after ten minutes or so, began to become turgid. But the pain was still too overwhelming for the tied slave to break through. He simply couldn't get past it and into that special place where pain dissolved into pleasure and pleasure exploded into release.

Mistress Anne now looked at the other female slave and pointed toward her chair. The female immediately raced the few paces to the chair and fell to her knees, assuming the position. Mistress Anne then pointed toward her cunt and the female dove between Mistress Anne's outstretched thighs and began to gently run her tongue over the swollen lips before her.

Mistress Anne handed her leather strap to the last remaining un-utilized slave and ordered him to beat the ass and thighs of the tied up slave. With the knowledge that Mistress Anne could have him take the tied up slave's place, the huge male began to whip the salt packed slave's ass with all of his strength.

The poor slave, already nearly hoarse from the terrible punishment being dealt him (for no other reason than to provide Mistress Anne with pleasure), screamed and cried with renewed vigor. He even was so bold as to begin to beg for mercy. Mistress Anne merely smiled and pulled her dress over the head of the female licking her cunt, completely tenting the whore.

The salt began to dissolve in the slave's ass from the seepage of blood, and from drawing the water out of the slave's body. He soon went completely hoarse and whispered his mantra of pain. He was now begging for death as the big male behind him began to flail away at the thighs.

This pleading brought Mistress Anne closer to her climax. She grasp the female under her dress by the back of her head and pulled her closer to her cunt. She could feel the sweat on the female's head from the heat building up under the dress. Mistress Anne's eyes were closed as she carefully listened to the repeated begging and pleading of the tied slave.

Suddenly the mantra halted and the slave merely moaned. He was get-ting past the pain and becoming aroused by the actions of the male sucking on his cock. He actually became hard. Now the sucking male slave could feel the beads implanted under the tied slave's penis skin on the roof of his mouth and on his tongue. The cock was expanding till it completely filled his mouth. He began to gag.

This was all that Mistress Anne needed. She now removed her legs from the arm of the chair and wrapped them around the female under her dress, pulling her as tightly as possible into her cunt. Mistress Anne rocked her pelvis and hips as she came. She cried out her pleasure while trying to force the female's entire face up into her juicing cunt.

The tied male was deeply seeking his own release as the strapping began to draw blood from his thighs and ass cheeks. The slave sucking his cock managed to withdraw most of the length from his mouth and be-gan to manipulate the long bumpy shaft with his hands. He wanted this slave to cum so that he might avoid a later session with the she-devil that orchestrated this terrible situation.

Mistress Anne was suffocating the whore between her thighs as she rub herself to several additional orgasms. Finally, just as the whore was going limp from the lack of air, Mistress Anne released the death grip of her thighs and kicked the female back onto her ass.

"What? You haven't made him cum yet? Release my whore from the chair and take him up your ass!" Mistress Anne was in mock anger. She laughed as she spoke to

the slave. The poor slave was released from his position and he tried to stand but couldn't. He was in too much pain and when his cock came out of the other slave's mouth, he was ripped from his place in that other world.

As he continued to try and straighten enough to push his cock up the ass of the other, the weights, still linked to his balls and nipples, once again danced and further pulled the already terribly stretched flesh. Tears once again began to flow from his eyes as he found that he had not the strength to force himself into the slave.

"Well? Back up onto him. Hurry up", said Mistress Anne, now beginning to display impatience. The slave to be impaled immediately grasped the huge bumpy cock and, knowing that he was not in the least prepared for what was about to occur, guided the member toward his ass.

Not being one of Mistress Anne's possessions, he was unaccustomed to having such a large object thrust up his ass, even when it was lubricated. But he realized that whatever pain he encountered from the enormous cock, it was a mere tickle compared to what Mistress Anne was capable of inflicting.

Fortunately, the slave had done a good job in wetting the other's huge cock with saliva because as soon as the tortured slave felt the other's anus at his cock head, he lunged into it with a vengeance. The impaled slave screamed with all of his might and tears quickly came to his eyes as a white-hot bolt of pain shot completely through his body.

As Mistress Anne's slave began to withdraw his awesome, bumpy, weapon from the ass hole of the other slave, the female behind him began to beat his ass cheeks with the strap. She could hold nothing back for fear of punishment from Mistress Anne and she struck his ass cheeks with total abandon.

As the slave's cock withdrew from the torn and battered ass hole of the other, one could see, amidst the liberal covering of blood, bits of feces. As soon as the very tip of his cock reached the ruptured sphincter, he suddenly, and with greater force than his first lunge, rocketed his cock back into the poor soul in front of him.

The poor slave was not only in tears, but was wailing quite loudly as thrust after

thrust was inflicted upon him. He was completely unpre-pared for the assault he now was subject to. None-the-less, each time the mammoth cock hit, and then passed, his prostate, his limp cock would leak some pre-cum fluid.

And so the trio began to develop a rhythm as their unholy act continued unabated. After several minutes Mistress Anne motioned toward the female slave. She told the slave to begin to suck on the leaking limp cock of the poor devil whose ass hole would never be the same again. "Suck his cock whore. I want him to cum for me, and you'd better do it properly." Again, after several minutes, a rhythm was established as the trio per-formed their "dance" for Mistress Anne. Calling to her slave, Mistress Anne said; "I want you to cum now slut. And I want the other slut to cum as well". Under the best of circumstances, this would have been possible, but as her slave began to cum, he reinforced the strength of his plunging and the poor slave being sucked by the female simply could not achieve his orgasm.

Mistress Anne smiled at his failure, and that of the female to help him along. "I see more training is in order for you both. Obviously, you need to have that ass hole of yours stretched so that you can accommo-date any cock, or object, put in it. And you, you filthy whore, need to learn how to properly get an orgasm out of a male." Mistress Anne's slave finally withdrew his cock from the ass of the other, and the female slave removed her mouth from the slave's cock. The torn slave fell to his knees, and then onto his side. He curled up into a fetal position and wept silently. "You had better make sure none of my slave's cum reaches these lovely wooden floors whore or your punishment will be most fearsome!" The female dove toward the slave's ruptured ass hole and began to lick and clean the wounded tissue. "And when you're done with him, make sure my slave's cock is clean as well. And help him wash all the salt out of his ass." Mistress Anne arose from her chair and on her way out of the room; she stopped for a moment alongside of her slave, and with one swift motion, tore the anal speculum out of his ass eliciting merely a closed mouthed moan. "Good slut", she said as she left the room.

Cow Cunt awoke with her usual scream. She looked about and realized that she was still in her dog cage. Then it truly was all a bad nightmare. Her head hurt, her mouth was dry, and the light hurt her eyes. She began to inspect herself and noticed that her breasts and belly were hugely inflated as though someone had pumped her full

of air. Much of the bruising and inflammation had disappeared. "Nothing like a bad night's sleep", she thought.

She began to move about a bit, testing to see how she was bound. To her surprise, her bindings had been loosened during the night. She rolled onto her side and felt the butt plug in its place. She also observed the Foley still in its place. She felt the inflated dildo in her cunt and noticed that her hands were still gloved in the mitts. Still, thank-fully, she was relatively free to move about in the limited space of her cage.

She looked at her body again and noticed that her belly actually flowed away from her body and onto the mat in her cage. They must have just fed her she thought. Then he caught her eye. The big alpha dog was in his cage alongside of hers. He was wide-awake and glazing at her in-tently. And then she saw his long cock sheath and thought about the huge cock it contained. She smiled and thought about how wicked it would be to taste it.