

The Watches
A Hucow Story
by Violet Kirkwood

Scientists speculated this wasn't so much intended by whatever intelligence created the process and the watches, but that it was a byproduct of the physiological changes. Others, the more directly minded people, suggested that interdimensional magic timepieces with the presumed goal of diversifying genetics would also have the goal of getting the fucking started as soon as possible.

The watches didn't make sense. The leading theory by the most educated scientists in the world boiled down to "aliens". At first, no one even noticed. "Huh, a pocketwatch. Wonder where that came from?" But when they all started to pile up, people noticed. Zelda remembered being a young kid and seeing the news reports on every channel "Have *you* found a pocketwatch that you cannot explain? Millions of other such events are occurring around the world, and it has government officials very worried."

First, law enforcement confiscated them, at least the ones they could. Plenty of people were happy to turn them over. They thought it was some kind of insidious plot to stoke paranoia. They never bothered to explain who would be behind the plot or why they would want the entire world paranoid about time pieces. Two things put a stop to the confiscation program. The first was when a radio message came in from an Antarctic research post. A researcher at the site had found one of the watches. They kept strict inventories. No one had brought a watch to the facility, and no one had arrived or left the site in over seven months. This anomaly was corroborated by other isolated people finding them, long voyage submariners in particular.

After that, law enforcement went off to be befuddled, and scientists took up the issue fully. A few proposed the existence of a particle displacement device being used to deliver the watches. Others said that was impossible. They met in the middle to agree that it wasn't possible such a thing could exist on Earth without everyone else knowing about it. And even if it did, what the hell was it doing with so many watches. How did it know who to send them to? How did it not rip space time apart in a violent blip of the end of existence?

Rather than deal with those complicated and troubling questions, focus turned to the watches themselves. They came in a wide variety. Some were ludicrously large, the size of an adult hand. Others were as small as pennies. Most landed well within the norm for pocket watches, about the size of an old dollar coin. The casings and gears were all made of native earth metals, but the crystal oscillator, usually quartz in man made watches, was made with something otherworldly. Which brought up the issue of what time was being kept. A few months after the recognition of the phenomenon, a graduate student in England pointed out the obvious. The watches weren't all set to different times, but different lengths of time. They were all counting down, minute by minute, to dates in the near future.

This realization caused a fresh wave of panic. People, rather bizarrely, presumed that the watches foretold the date of their deaths. The groups in charge of the study attempted to point out that this seemed unlikely as the watches appeared less frequently as age went up. Additionally, no one had discovered a watch that's timer ended prior to their nineteenth birthday. Those found by people younger than nineteen were extremely rare, and most quickly learned some dark family secret about their formative years that involved an obfuscation of their proper birth date. But, logic didn't appeal to someone holding a ticking clock in their hand. Through a massive search, the watch that would be first to reach the end of its timer was found in Argentina. As soon as it was discovered, another watch with the exact same time was discovered only four miles away. This led to a new cross reference of all the collected data which showed linked pairs when sorted geographically.

While some still held out the belief that this destined the pairs of people to an inevitable fate where one somehow killed the other, the majority of people saw this as a good sign. Bad things might happen to one person, but surely only good things could happen to two. As the majority of watch holders were single, people came to the conclusion that it had something to do with love. Not just any love, but *true love*. Soulmates. Star-crossed. The truth turned out to be odder than anyone expected.

Spontaneous diversification of the genetic pool via unknown intervention came to be official reasoning. That declaration from the committee assigned to solve the issue came after several months of pure insanity. The two Argentinians met as discretely as they could under the circumstances of the entire world watching, not to mention the legion of scientists and various military squads who spent most of the event arguing over whether the watches represented a hostile alien incursion. The timers ticked until the two watches matched the clocks, and then it happened. Diego and Emilia were doing their best to have a normal conversation when Emilia's face grew fur.

Zelda and Marni sat in their door room. Marni lounged in a desk chair while Zelda sat cross-legged on her bed. Marni kept her eyes on her phone, but Zelda continuously scanned the room, memorizing each surface and every object. "You know that's not how it works," Marni said without looking up.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Zelda said, wrapping her arms around a pillow and trying not to sulk. "I don't know how you got through this."

Marni shrugged. She wore a tank top that showed off the stripes running across the tawny fur on her breasts. Thirty years earlier, sitting in a room with an anthropomorphic cat girl would have been shocking. After the pocketwatches, though, cat girls were among the least interesting. "You know how I got through it. I was blackout drunk for the entire day. Woke up with mine in my hand. No one saw me find it either, which is kind of lame. But, I wasn't sitting around like an axe was about to fall on my head." She looked up from her phone, "Offer still stands. Michael will buy us a handle of vodka. We can get plastered."

Zelda shook her head. "You just said you regret it."

"I said it was lame, not that I regret it. I wouldn't do it differently, but I would have had someone sober keep a better eye on me. If I recall correctly, you were among those enlisted to make sure we noticed when I found it."

The night of Marni's nineteenth had gotten out of hand incredibly quickly. It started as an evening of light drinking meant to take the tension away. After an hour of boredom, Michael, Marni's older brother, showed up with a jug of pink sludge that was a mixture of fruit punch and grain alcohol. Eight hours later, Marni woke up with her watch in her hand, and Zelda woke up in bed with a junior earth sciences major who had spent so much time talking about his geode collection that they never got around to more than light hand stuff. Seven weeks later, Marni's

watch started ticking. The idea of it terrified Zelda. “I did my best to keep track of you, but, and I say this with no irony, trying to contain you when you’re drinking is like herding cats.”

Marni wrinkled her nose and held up her middle finger. The long, blond claw that emerged made Zelda giggle at least. Marni turned her hand away and extended the full set. “You shouldn’t be nervous. Statistically, you’re going to draw feline like every other basic bitch in this dorm. You’ll meet your guy or gal and spend a long weekend playing with each others ears and then the rest of your lives together being miserably happy. Just like me and Kyle.”

“Is the ear thing for Kyle or for you?” Zelda asked. She’d heard her friend reference playing with her watchmate’s ears a dozen times over the last few months. Normally, her prudishness prevented her from asking, but her nerves emboldened her.

“Him, mostly,” Marni said. Her cat ears flicked at the memory. “I mean, it feels really good to have someone scratch behind them. But, Kyle *really* likes it. Pretty sure that would be the highest form of cheating for him, if I found him with some other girl scratching behind his ears.” She finally put aside her phone. “He wouldn’t though. That’s how it works.”

“I know how it works,” Zelda said. “That’s why I’m nervous. That’s why people hate the watches. It’s not that they magically appear because of aliens or interventionist gods or whatever. It’s not that they turn us into sex hungry animal people. It’s that they take away our lives. Before the watches, people went out, they met others, and they fell in love. Now you just wait for a watch, wait for it to count down, and then boom, the rest of your life as...a whatever, probably cat girl, plays out for you.”

Her friend sighed. “Shouldn’t that help with your anxiety? No more worrying. All that high school bullshit about who likes who and who promises to find whose watch. The doodles of initials on clocks all over the fucking place. All that is pointless because *something* figures it out for us. Do you know the divorce rate, or hell, the marriage rate before the watches started appearing?”

Zelda rolled her eyes. It was always dangerous to get Marni’s dander up about a sociology issue. “It was high, but that’s not the point. The point is that people were free to make mistakes. What’s the point of living if all the mistakes are taken away from you?”

Marni burst into laughter. It went on for a painfully long time before she managed to recover. “You think having a watch-mate makes you immune to mistakes? I’m constantly fucking up. So is Kyle.” She gestured to her feline form. The clothing industry struggled to keep up with all the new body types and not many people, Marni included, could afford to buy an entire new wardrobe instantaneously. The stop-gap was a variety of plain cotton clothing that looked mostly like slightly more durable underwear. Marni’s furred breasts were covered by a band of bright pink cotton, and her bottom was behind a pair of loose cotton shorts that allowed a loop for her tail. “Do you know the first thing Kyle asked when we were alone together? He wanted to know if this meant we had to use litter boxes. I swear if I hadn’t explained very thoroughly, he would have been shitting in a box for weeks. The watches don’t make you not an

idiot. Fuck, they don't even get rid of jealousy altogether. What I said about the ears? I *know* he would never let another woman scratch them, but I still *think* another woman will. I get all hissy and shit around other cat-bitches sometimes. It's so annoying. Whatever did this to the human race could have used a little more time in working out the bugs."

"Oh god," Zelda said, "what if I turn into a bug person?"

Marni made a quiet mewling noise. "There's a spider-girl up on floor nine. She's hot."

"She has a fucking egg-sac, Marni."

"And that's perfectly normal to her!"

"Fine, you get to be aunt to all my freaky little spider-babies."

"Actually spiders aren't bugs, they're arach—"

"Marni, I swear I will get the squirt bottle if you finish that sentence."

An odd thump in a nearby drawer interrupted them. They both stared at the origin of the sound until Zelda lunged off her bed. The drawer stuck on its rollers twice before she managed to get it open. Inside, nestled between a pair of Marni's underwear, was an ivory backed watch. Heart thumping in her chest, Zelda lifted it out and turned it over in her palm. She knew how to read the strange arrangement of hands and numbers on the watch face, but it still took a few seconds for her mind to catch up with her eyes. From behind her, Marni asked, "When?"

Zelda held up the watch for her friend to see as her face went from mild anxiety to blind panic. "In twenty minutes."

Zelda flung herself into the dorm hallway. She still held the watch in her hand. Marni followed, trying to calm her friend down. Zelda wasn't listening. *Twenty minutes. Twenty fucking minutes from finding my watch?! That such bullshit.* "They have to be here, Marni. It takes twenty minutes to get anywhere else. They have to already be in the building." She moved down the hall to her neighbors and banged on the door.

Sophie, still human, answered. Zelda blurted, "Did you find a watch? Is it your birthday?" However, it all ran together in a panicked burst and sounded more like, "Did find awa-it bird day?!" Sophie shook her head, and Zelda moved on.

She went from door to door, and Marni soon joined in. The other girls of their dorm emerged to join the confusion. Not many had already had their watchday, but those who did seemed to understand the importance of Zelda's search. At least more than the confused humans who ranged from excited about all the commotion to irritated about the interruption of their studies. The menagerie of changed young women completed the loop and found nothing. Zelda

knotted her hands into her hair as she looked up and down the hall. “Is anyone hiding someone in a closet or something?”

“What about the next floor?” someone said.

Sophie, who despite being plainly human had joined in the search, volunteered to take a group of searchers down a floor while Marni and Zelda ran to the stairwell and scrambled up to the next floor. They started again, banging on doors and adding to the chaos. By the time they reached the first turn, Marni made a strange sound that Zelda knew meant surprise. She ran to her friend and found herself looking down the full hall at a young guy holding a watch. “How much left?” Marni asked in a whisper.

“Seven minutes,” Zelda answered. Her feet had turned to lead, and she was considering how strong the window glass was and whether or not a fall from this height would end her humiliation or simply worsen it.

Marni took the initiative. She hooked her arm in Zelda’s and dragged the petrified young woman down the hall. The guy remained locked on the spot. A dog girl, mostly collie inspired, stood at his side with her arms crossed in a worried posture. Marni nearly carried Zelda the last few feet. “Hi, this is Zelda. What’s your name?”

The guy didn’t answer. The dog-girl did, “Tank. He’s called Tank.”

“What? Really?”

The girl’s tail wagged. “It’s a family nickname. His real name is Theo, but everyone calls him Tank. I’m his sister, Lizzy. He was visiting for his birthday. We were just about to go out when he found...” she pointed at the watch dangling from Tank’s hand.

Marni nodded. “Oh, well mine was having a panic attack waiting to find hers. Um, so, should we...”

“Let’s stick them in my room. My roommate already left for the weekend. Us girls can go chat in yours if that’s ok? You’re not one of those anti-dog cat girls are you?”

“What? Is that a real thing?” Marni asked as she nudged Zelda toward the dorm room.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Lizzy said, shoving her brother into motion. “You read about stuff like that sometimes. I like cat-girls, but they can be a little stand-offish. I just really want people to like me. My transition specialist says its part of my new genetics, which kind of sucks but also what’s so terrible about wanting everyone to get along?”

“You must be brand new.” Neither Zelda or Tank wanted to go into the room and confront their future. Tank had relented and gone to pace at the far end, but Zelda had taken a firm grip on Marni’s arm, refusing to let go. Marni guessed at the time before whispering, “Four

minutes left, you should really use this time to chat with your new boyfriend instead of messing up your roommate's fur. You know I have to lick off your scent, right? It's horrid." She pried off Marni's fingers and gave her friend a loving shove into the room. Lizzy quickly shut the door.

"Weird," Lizzy said as they looked at the door. "They're about to fuck on everything in that room. Oh god, I'll smell it for weeks."

Marni patted her new friend on the back. "So, Lizzy sounds a lot like Lassie. Was that..."

"I will bark at you."

Zelda's panic had transcended into some new level of existence that was beyond the capability of her mind to understand. Also, she was in her pajamas. She'd had them for years, and they had little pink moons on them. Tank, meanwhile, had the gall to be absolutely handsome. He was tall, a little over six foot, which made him look stretched out, as though someone had gone on a little too far when making his torso. He clearly spent time in a gym since the black tee showed off biceps and pecs. He had a dark complexion with black hair dotted with streaks of grey and white which Zelda couldn't identify as a dye or the real thing. *Not that it matters because in a few minutes he'll be covered in it.*

"It's just not fair, you know," she said. Suddenly speaking caused Tank to stop his pacing and look at her. "Other people get years of planning. They make this big deal about it. Spend the interim years sowing their wild oats or whatever. Like maybe I wanted to spend some time hooking up with people?"

"Did you want to do that?" Tank asked. To Zelda's horror his voice was a rumbling purr that made her vibrate from head to toe in ways she didn't know were possible without the use of battery powered aides.

"No," she admitted. "But the option would have been nice. And here you are, looking like...that. While I'm in my fucking jammies."

Tank looked down at his own outfit. "These are normal clothes. I wear this to class most days." Remembering that he would most likely no longer be able to wear his favorite shirts, he glanced at his watch. Where Zelda's was ivory backed with gleaming white hands and other doodads, his was all made of an obsidian quartz. "Two minutes."

"Shit, fuck. Is the dog thing genetic? Are your parents dog-people?"

"Do you have something against dogs?"

"Who has a thing against dogs? That's insane. I just want to have an idea."

“No, we have older parents. They never had watches. How about yours?”

“They’re rabbits,” she said, as though this was somehow more embarrassing than the rest of the situation. “Is it genetic, though?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Then why are we talking about it.”

“Because you asked. Do you want to be a rabbit?”

“I don’t know. Do you want to be a dog?”

“I mean, wolves are pretty cool.”

Something about his smirk or maybe his calm took her by surprise. In that moment, she saw a different life play out. One where the watches didn’t exist, but she met Tank out a bar one night. He made dumb jokes and talked about wolves being cool. She fawned on him until something irritated her, leading to her lashing into him with a lecture about the proper way of whatever she was upset about. He took it in good humor, made a point of his own, and then let her run rampant with passionate discourse while listening. Later on, they end up outside with a few drinks keeping them in good spirits. She lets his rumbling voice tell her about some dumb hobby of his while he admits that the sexiest thing he can imagine would be a girl in her comfortable moon pajamas standing on her tip toes to kiss him.

Perhaps, he saw something similar at the same time because he said, “Fate’s a funny thing. We act like it’s always bad, but it’s usually just where we wanted to go anyway.”

“Oh, fuck off,” Zelda said in dismissive angst. She checked her watch. Forty-five seconds. Scanning around the room, she made a few quick decisions. She went to the door and turned the lock. Then, she grabbed the wall mirror from the back and lifted it off. “Which one’s your bed?” She waited for Tank to point. Working out the angle quickly, she moved the mirror to a complimentary position. Once it was fixed in place, she gave it a conciliatory tap to apologize for handling it so roughly.

“You want to watch us fuck?” Tank asked, rather quietly while holding his hands in front of his crotch.

“No,” she answered. “Well, not exactly. We’re gonna change. Figure we’ll want to see what we look like when that —”

The watch in her hand went hot as it made a final metallic tick. A final urge to run screaming out of the room accompanied it, but it didn’t manage to make it to her legs. A bloom of warmth across her midsection stopped it, sending it out into a nervous shaking of her hands. *Oh, here we go*, she thought, before her body surged with change.

Numerous studies had been performed over the years. While the change was not a universal experience, no matter the age or target hybrid species, a few things remained the same. All hybrids reported a feeling of intense heat, even those becoming cold blooded hybrids. Researchers attributed this to a rapid discharge of cellular energy. The body dealt with this excess thermal energy in various ways that no one had been able to quite explain, but it also invoked the natural responses found in both humans and the target hybrids. In a canine hybridization, for example, the human part would initiate perspiration while the canine part would invoke the rapid discharge of heat through panting.

The second universal component was itching. Hair or scales or simply new skin all meant that an intense need to scratch would dominate the mind shortly after the heat. Oddly, though, only certain reptilian hybrids ever left behind any trace element of skin. For all other hybridizations, the process utilized so much of the body's existing mass that it left only nanoscopic particles.

The final component, and the one Zelda was not at all braced against, was sexual arousal. Scientists speculated this wasn't so much intended by whatever intelligence created the process and the watches, but that it was a byproduct of the physiological changes. Others, the more directly minded people, suggested that interdimensional magic timepieces with the presumed goal of diversifying genetics would also have the goal of getting the fucking started as soon as possible.

Zelda had been horny before, but never quite like she felt then. All the other sensations in her body drew to her groin and breasts as though they'd become suddenly magnetized. It didn't help that Tank had decided to take off his shirt, likely as an effort to cool off. Dark, bristle like hair had already appeared across his chest, which she thought a shame since it would hide the sculpted muscle. Her pajamas no longer felt comfortable at all. The fabric raked against her skin like sandpaper, and the waistline was rapidly growing tight. Knowing that it was a safety concern to undress didn't help the fact that she was about to strip in front of a complete stranger. The next burst of arousal dismissed this hesitancy outright. She shucked down her bottoms and looked at her pussy with confusion.

The changes should have been obvious, but deep inside her mind, a flurry of chemicals was creating a new self image to replace the old one. As she half bent to stare at her puffy lips, half her mind remembered the narrow, discrete slit that she'd had ten minutes earlier while the other half fully expected to see a much more aggressively protruded mound of wet snatch covered in a thick matting of fur. While that argument continued, Zelda hurriedly took off her top adding more bodily confusion to the mix as a pair of heavy breasts dropped out of the moon studded cotton. Breast enlargement was normal for the change, but this was bigger than that. She almost toppled over as her newly massive jugs flopped down and wobbled on her small, but changing, chest. She had enough time for her hand to gently push into the newly pliant tissue before a strong, masculine palm crushed against the sensitive skin.

Tank was fully naked. The hair on his torso could no longer be called anything other than

fur. Like his hair before it, it had the same salt and pepper distribution of grey and black. Zelda expected it to feel awkward against her, but it only drew attention to her own lack of fur. He turned her face up to his, and she made a small gasp before pressing her lips against his short, stubby muzzle. Men often changed faster, for reasons no one particularly understood, less to change perhaps. As Zelda grappled with the basics, Tank had already entered full morphological transition. His tongue pressed against hers, a strange wrigglingly excited duel to somehow bring the other further into the madness of lust. Her arms wrapped around him, feeling the strength in his body growing. She opened her eyes to glimpse the mirror behind them. His backside was less thoroughly covered in hair, but his butt had plumped with muscle and a stringy looking nub of flesh stuck out from the top of his ass.

Zelda pulled back as the sensitivity in her breasts grew unbearable. Small patches of white fur covered her chest, slowly linking to one another as the changes multiplied. Her breasts had continued to grow in Tank's groping palms, but so had Zelda. She didn't realize it until she stood back a little from him, but she'd gained a foot or more in height. Her body had grown proportionally to match. Powerful shoulders and back muscles shifted under her new fur to support the weight of the heavy teats on her front. She pushed Tank to the side for a look at herself and suspected what she was becoming. The odd sensations on her skin above her engorged pussy added to the mounting evidence. As did the thing hanging between Tank's legs.

His cock had been concealed due to the blocked light, but at her side, she saw it in full. However big he'd been before, he was gargantuan now. The rod of flesh stood out straight from a thatch of dark hair. The sheath peeled back over a flat head that oozed precum freely. The lust in her moved her before she even thought about it. Her jaw opened as wide as it could, and her lips closed around the glans, earning a sharp intake of breath from Tank. His fingers wove through her hair until his thumb and forefinger took hold of a strange flap of skin. As soon as she thought about it, Zelda realized she couldn't hear. As she pulled back from the throbbing cock, sound popped back into her head as her new ears took over the job.

She worked her hand back and forth along the throbbing cock and wondered if it would actually fit inside of her. *It wouldn't make sense to change him into a massive dicked thing that couldn't fuck me*, she told herself in consolation as a new distraction manifested. Somehow, she'd wound up seated on the bed. It had happened somewhere in their initial lusty collision, but now a wriggling underneath her urged her to move. Without thinking, she toppled forward onto the floor and let her ass stay stuck up in the air. She noted two things about it. First, she had a lot more junk in the trunk than previously. With a small chest, she'd often been forced to draw focus on her ass to remain competitive for boys' attention. She doubted that would ever be a problem again as her new fat cheeks wobbled with the mere shift of her hips. At the base of her spine, a white furred tail twitched as nerves knitted together. She hoped it would be cute.

Tank's grunting shifted from pleasure to discomfort. He shook a shaggy mane of hair to reveal the small and growing nubs of horns. His eyes widened into big pools of black dotted with sparkling intellect. Zelda thought it weird she would find that handsome and alluring, but she did have his massive dick in her hand as well so that probably tinged her impression. She felt the keening emptiness inside of her aching body as another rolling wave of change rippled

through her. Her nipples had grown out into puffed, pink mounds topped with long bulges of crenulated flesh. *Teats*, she thought again, irritated by the accuracy of it. A glance in the mirror confirmed her guess. She could see it in her body, but there was no doubt at all when looking at Tank. *We're turning into cow-people. Oh, he's gonna have a huge fucking bull cock.*

His feet cracked and reformed before stamping a massive divot in his sister's rug. Zelda wondered if her hooves would have the same feeling as her feet. She guessed that was unlikely. Bovine hybrids weren't uncommon like the insect ones, but they were relatively rare and extremely hard to miss in a crowd. The females also came with another confounding feature. Zelda felt hers forming as she fumbled back up to her knees. Her newly swollen ass sat on her haunches as her tail flicked back and forth. She moved her hands down past the flat tummy to the odd bulge of flesh below her naval. Four small dots grew on the bulge. She knew they would turn into long, milkable teats. Behind them, her udder would fill with milk and be an absolute nightmare to conceal in public. Beneath it, her pussy fattened into a cushioned crevice that changed its internals to match the inviting exterior. She wondered if a normal man would find her tight as she sensed her inner walls stretching and expanding to accommodate her mate.

Tank was watching her with brazen lust. The head of his cock dripped precum like a leaky faucet, and she knew from his face what he wanted to do. Zelda enjoyed the sight of his enormous balls swinging as he stepped around in front of her. It was another moment of surreal acceptance of something utterly bizarre, but she found herself wanting to lick the furred, leathery pouch until he shot his load across her face. They would have time for that in the future, but for the moment she wanted him to fuck her until she moaned. Letting herself be picked up, she took one last look at herself in the mirror. Carried in the powerful arms of her bull, she was a gorgeous and voluptuous hucow hybrid, jiggling in all the right places while maintaining an undercurrent of brutal and efficient strength. Tank dropped her on the bed and towered over her as his cock slapped against her burgeoning udder. As it did, she felt the shift in her quaking breasts. Fluid suddenly moving from one point to another and rapidly building to pressure. Grabbing Tank by the hand, she drew him down and guided his mouth to her nipple right before it erupted.

Milk streamed into her mate's mouth. His hand found her other nipple, rubbing around it as small spurts of cream shot out. He drank her down greedily as he hunched closer and closer until she finally felt the blunt head of his cock press against her folds. Her newly cloven feet wrapped around his lower back and pulled against him. The pressure built as he slid down her pussy lips to find the right angle. Then, with amazing ease created by her dripping sex, he slipped inside. She squealed out an animalistic noise as her walls stretched, but she still wanted more. Her legs refused to let him back out, forcing him deeper and deeper inside of her. If Tank was aware of any of this, he didn't show it. All his attention focused on the rich tasting milk flooding into his mouth. His tongue lapped against her nipple, urging out each gush as he struggled to swallow it in time. She gave him another hard pull with her legs, and his hips flexed forward, sheathing his massive cock fully inside of her.

They both realized it at the same time. Zelda, full beyond her comprehension with hot, throbbing cock while its owner sucked her tits dry. Tank, wrapped in the tightest, hottest pussy

he would ever know while its owners enormous tits sprayed milk directly into his mouth. It was too much for either of them. Tank managed two awkward half-thrusts before a firehose level of cum gushed into his new mate. Zelda felt only the beginning of the torrent as the first splash sent her into white nothingness of bliss. Guttural, frantic moos came from her mouth as she bucked against him. She heard his strained, passionate lowing in return as his face pressed between her luscious, leaking breasts.

As their orgasms passed, they ended up with their cheeks pressed together, periodically kissing one another as they maintained their awkward posture. Tank finally composed himself enough to ask, “Was that ok?”

“That was amazing,” she answered. “How, um, do I taste?”

He grinned, “I don’t think I ever want to drink anything else.” They went quiet for a while. He was still inside her and rapidly regaining his vigor. Her udder was filling with milk as it pressed against his hard abs. “Now what?” Tank whispered.

Zelda finally felt in control of something. “Now, I’m going to turn around and bend over. You’re going to hold onto my tail and fuck me while I milk myself like a good heifer.” She felt the impact of her words as his cock swelled inside of her. “Then, we’re going to tell each other our last names.”

