

Bloodbarn: Chapter 16

Laura blankly stared out the window and watched as they left the town limits. She knew they were on the right track once the scenery changed to endless fields that stretched into the horizon. After spacing out for a few minutes, her nipples throbbed and caused her to wince. “Ugh...” She glanced down at her massive tits, both of which were currently leaking milk. The udder hanging from her abdomen now had functioning teets that also secreted the same creamy fluid.

Brittney’s tail wagged while her paws rested on the window’s edge. She was easily distracted and was happy enough just getting to sightsee. When Laura groaned, she turned to face her. “Is everything okay?” Her dog ears folded down as she spoke.

“Yeah-- I jusht-- thish leaking ish a pain,” Laura mumbled in response, internally cursing her inability to speak properly.

Brittney carefully scanned Laura’s body while pursing her lips. “Ooooooh... I can see where that could be a problem,” she chimed. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

Laura shifted in her seat, her heart rate picking up as adrenaline steadily coursed through her veins. She was too lost in thought to realize she had been addressed. How much longer would she be human? She felt conflicted about whether she should be excited about the prospect of becoming a cow. Her human pride screamed ‘no’, but repressing how strongly she desired a simple life filled with carnal pleasure was impossible. Living as a cow would be any hedonist’s dream-- right? A warm tingle washed through the core of her body and slowly permeated every cell of her body. The initial sense of fear she felt when the physical changes ramped up had tapered off, though. The longer she thought about it, the less appealing human vices and conveniences seemed. *I’m happiest when I’m eating, sleeping, and fucking. Would a life like that be so bad?* She mused. Maybe her life actually would improve from here.

Brittney gave a concerned look. “Laura?”

Laura blinked. “Huh?” She turned to the dog girl and took a moment to process her words. “O-- oh... No... Onleh bein’ milked helpsh,” she mumbled. All six of her tender pink nipples throbbed and ached while warm fluid dribbled down her naked, fur-coated torso. Even though she had just gotten laid under an hour ago, she was once again incredibly horny. The thought of being fucked and milked appealed to her significantly more than going to the mall with her friends or watching Netflix. *If I become*

a cow, will Brock live on the farm with me? She shifted in her seat, wincing as her vulva painfully ached.

“O-- oh, I see... Sorry about that,” cautiously responded Brittney. She opened her mouth and just barely started to speak before stopping herself.

Laura swore Brittney was looking at her chest for a moment, but maybe it was nothing. *I won't overthink it.* She rubbed the side of her tender udder, which resulted in a wave of fuzzy warmth rippling through the soft tissue. Was it swollen to the point of bursting already? She wouldn't say no if anyone offered to milk her this very second. After momentarily getting lost in her head, she decided it was time to distract herself. “Brittneh...” She looked up at her new friend. “What-- what ish your shtory? How did you end up like this?” Every word she spoke was carefully annunciated.

Brittney was taken back by the question. Her mouth was becoming more dog-like as the day went on, with her nose changing in color and shape along with her fangs growing. However, the actual shape of her mouth still allowed for speech. “Okay, I don't mind sharing,” she gently responded. “Those red crystals that have been around. I started hearing a voice when those started showing up and when the water began turning red.” Her eyes darted as she tried to remember every detail. “I don't even know if I want to be a dog. It's still kinda scary.” She let out a slight laugh, making light of her situation.

Laura sympathetically nodded. She completely understood how it felt to be conflicted about the transformation.

“I don't usually talk about myself like this, but I feel strongly connected with you. Like we're the same,” Brittney warmly said, flashing a bright smile. “My life hasn't been what I'd call fun the last couple of years. I took out loans to get a degree that never had a chance of landing me a job. I started my own little business walking and washing dogs.”

Brittney had been looking for someone to talk to and took this opportunity to detail her experiences.

On one particular day, she returned home after a long day at work and barged through her front door with an audible groan. The twenty-three year old college

graduate found herself unable to make ends meet and had resorted to taking jobs on the weekend to get by.

“Come on, Ringo,” she sighed as a small, leashed dog trotted into the apartment with her and let out an energetic bark. She had agreed to watch a well-behaved Shiba dog for a couple of days in order to squeeze out some extra money. Brittney always told herself she would never work a job where she had to take work, but here she was.

She went through the motions of feeding the fluffy, tan dog while lamenting her life choices that led up to this point.

Once the pup was eating, Brittney glanced at the mail scattered on her living room’s coffee table and winced. She lived in a small one-bedroom apartment, so it wasn’t far from the kitchen and dining room. Two of the envelopes clearly read “Red Door Energy,” and “Liberty Bank,” and were labeled with past-due notices. Adrenaline surged through her as she clenched her hands and turned her head away. *I just have to pick up another job... I can lease a smaller place in four months*, she told herself.

She walked over to her worn pleather loveseat and collapsed into it, resting her head back as she stared at the ceiling. Her parents had finally cut her off financially three months ago after expressing their disappointment at her career choices. They wanted her to return home and live like a child and a whole boat-load of restrictive rules. No bringing boys home; no staying out past 9PM on weekdays and 11PM on weekends; no eating snacks late at night or going out to wild parties. There was no way in hell she would ever go back to that.

“I’ll get a studio apartment... That will save a few hundred dollars a month,” she muttered.

“Yip!” Ringo barked, hopping onto the couch next to Brittney and sitting next to her.

“Yeah, good to see you, too,” Brittney gently replied. She couldn’t help but smile as she gave the dog gentle pets and attention. *You have it really good, I hope you realize that*, she thought while staring at the small dog. Her fingers brushed over Ringo’s cheek as a sense of longing welled up within her. To be completely honest, she picked up dog care as a way to make extra money because she simultaneously loved dogs and felt a burning envy toward them.

She grabbed a half-empty, lukewarm water bottle from the floor in front of her and opened it to take a chug. The water had a very slight metallic taste, which caused Brittney to scrunch her face. "Huh?" She held the bottle up and stared at it. It was faint, but she could make out a slight reddish hue. "Oh-- I hope that doesn't kill me," she sighed, putting the closed bottle back down. At this point, maybe that wouldn't be so awful. She didn't pay the peculiar water any more mind, instead deciding to look for more job applications to fill out.

Later that evening, had finished filling out applications and responding to a few emails inquiring about her dog-related services. Now completely exhausted, she stripped naked and collapsed into bed with the lights off. Despite the heat due to lack of proper air conditioning, Brittney passed out and quickly entered her rem cycle.

In the dream world, she was outside and surrounded by nature. *How did I get here?* She mused and started to walk forward. She quickly realized how short she must have been to be seeing from this angle. The calls and cries of various animals both close and far away flowed in through her ears while vivid, potent fragrances assaulted her sinuses. Why could she hear and smell so clearly?

As she slowly walked and took in the scenery of what appeared to be a meadow, she couldn't shake the feeling that her face and body weren't right. She tried to raise a hand to touch herself and immediately found her balance wobbly. *Wait a minute--* all four of her limbs were on the ground and lifting just one from a standing position put her balance off.

How could that be? She tilted her eyes downward and stared in complete awe and confusion at the sight that greeted her. Instead of hands, furry brown paws stood before her. She was now also aware of an additional appendage that stuck out from her tailbone and flicked around, seemingly with a mind of its own.

She opened her mouth to cry out in confusion, but only managed to let out a loud bark. *A dog? I-- I'm a dog?* She thought in complete bewilderment. Was this a dream? She tried to wake herself up but couldn't. This also seemed too vivid to be fake.

Before Brittney could freak out any further, the sun suddenly turned red, creating an unsettling and alien ambience. *"I have been watching you, Brittney. I am glad I was finally able to make contact."* A voice suddenly sounded in Brittney's head.

As any might expect, Brittney was incredibly apprehensive and confused as she spoke with the strange entity. This alien being gave her reassurance that nothing would

be forced upon her. She would ultimately get to have control over her life and she should enjoy her dream.

"I can help bring you peace of mind and alleviate the burden of work that sits upon your shoulders. Just enjoy this dream and go with the flow when you wake back up. I will help guide you, but you can always choose not to follow," the entity insisted.

Brittney couldn't really argue. The entity disappeared and the sun returned to normal, leaving her all alone to explore. If this was just a dream, why not enjoy herself? She had always wondered how dogs experienced life.

She spent what felt like hours in the dream, trotting around and frolicking in nature. Before long, she found a farm up the hill and noticed that some sheep were loose. Her instincts kicked in as she ran over with her tail wagging, barking and maneuvering just right to corral the sheep back into their pens. Pride swelled within her. She was fulfilling a purpose and had complete freedom. No one would ever tell her what to do while she was in this life; she could just feel it. She quickly adjusted to running on all four limbs and even managed to chase off a couple of rabbits that threatened the vegetable crops. Living this way began to feel natural.

Before long, her body started to tingle and feel fuzzy. A burning emptiness saturated her loins and caused her to let out a low whimper while hanging her tail. *Why do I feel like this?* She was quickly consumed by a combination of adrenaline, confusion, and pure frustration. Herding sheep and chasing rabbits brought her less joy by the minute. She had been enjoying her adventures as a dog up until this point, but now she couldn't get her heart rate to calm.

I feel-- empty... She grunted.

Just as she began to think being a dog wasn't as great as initially anticipated, a masculine musk wafted through her nostrils. Her pupils immediately dilated as a surge of nearly uncontrollable arousal took hold. She felt empty because she was horny; it was obvious now. Her symptoms reflected the same arousal she felt as a human, but many magnitudes more intense.

When she turned, she saw a muscular, glossy great dane with an already throbbing cock at the ready. "Awf!" The dog barked, wagging his tail as he approached before leaning forward to sniff around the base of her tail.

Oh god-- no-- no, I shouldn't... She wanted to run away and snap at the male dog for trying to get so close, but couldn't bring herself to. Her body reacted on its own as her tail raised up and her body instinctively readied itself. *What is my body doing?* She lamented with a pang of shame. Brittney couldn't remember ever feeling so excited and wet before.

The great dane mounted Brittney with a triumphant woof and adjusted himself, pressing the tip of his cock through the musty, wet folds.

"Awoo!!" Brittney howled in sheer excitement. This was a dream; it wasn't like she was going to fuck a dog in real life. If it felt good, wasn't it best to enjoy herself? Her hormonal dog body obviously wasn't going to give her a choice, so she might as well embrace her carnal desire.

She felt the massive shaft slide in while pushing her vaginal walls apart. "A--awwooo!" Brittney howled, bracing herself on the ground as she pushed her hips back to meet the thrusts of her mate. It felt so good-- so natural. She was a dog who lived on a farm and frolicked in the meadow. Part of her new lifestyle just happened to involve starting a family and birthing a litter of puppies. *No-- I shouldn't... I shouldn't want puppies-- I--*, "Grrr-ahwoo!" Her thought train cut off as a powerful orgasm rippled through her sensitive body. Her instincts screamed for impregnation at the hands of a powerful stud.

The sex seemed nonstop. Every time Brittney orgasmed, the pressure would gradually build once more. Each time the tension boiled over, she was consumed by increasingly euphoric bursts of ecstasy. It just wouldn't stop and her mate had the stamina of a workhorse.

"Awooo!" Brittney barked and started to pant. She envisioned herself swelling with puppies while her mate nestled her and gave her gentle licks. She saw herself grooming puppies and showing them the ropes as they learned the ropes of hunting and sheep herding. When her climax hit, she found herself thinking how enjoyable this life might actually be.

Just as her mate pulled out of her, the dreamscape swirled around her and she was ejected from her fantasy.

When she finally woke up from her dream, she still vividly remembered most of the details and had a lot to think about.

Back in the real world, Brittney wrapped up her tale “And after that, I started to change just like this... Maybe it’s wrong of me, but I felt a certain kind of happiness when I realized what was happening. The less human I become, the closer I come to living out that dream.”

Laura carefully listened the whole time. Brittney was so much like her; she didn’t expect to meet someone she could relate to this strongly. However, she couldn’t help but feel envious. Brittney seemed to be much more at peace with her desire to become a dog. “I... I hope we can be friends on the farm. If I actually turn into a cow, will you help keep me company?” She asked in a low voice.

Brittney smiled brightly and nodded her head. “Of course! We’re already friends, so we can go on this journey together.”

Laura’s beloved farm appeared on the horizon as the bus approached. It would only be a few minutes before they arrived.