

Interviews Suck

by Maven Treecat

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/maventreecat/>

(Inktober Prompt, Day 7: Exhausted)

Content warning: Sexism, cock-worship, sexual exhaustion, bondage, body modification, breeding, exhaustion hypnosis, and slight wetting.

Deirdre's mother imparted quite a few lessons to her in her childhood. While the chance to expand her horizons at college was beginning to give the heifer an inkling of doubt about whether or not these lessons were the right ones to be following, the freshman girl was still completely and instinctively bound to those early lessons.

"Never question your superiors! Their experience lets them see the best way forward."

"Men need us to take care of their needs so their superior intelligence can shine."

"The best thing you can be is useful and entertaining to your betters."

The very fact she'd gotten into college at all was an astounding and confusing accomplishment in her mother's eyes. "Why would you want to spend money on something like that? All you need to do is find a man," she'd been told. Even if her family had any money to their name whatsoever, Deirdre was sure she wouldn't have helped with her tuition. So, despite her tuition paying for a healthy portion and a decent-size student loan, the cow applied for every job opening the career center told her about. The summer was encroaching, and the dean's list student needed to make enough to ease the coming year's budget.

Strangely, the career center only passed on one job opening. "He is *very* interested in working with you," the counselor had said. "Mr. Uncia has been a pioneer businessman, and his work has made him an honorary professor at the university for a year now. He saw your profile and immediately was interested." Deirdre didn't know why the bear woman had been so enthusiastically selling her on the position; she would have applied to anything!

What the passionately given list of qualifications *had* done, though, was thoroughly intimidate her. Deirdre had severely cut back her grocery budget for two full months in order to afford a suit to wear, leaving her thoroughly broke yet well-dressed as she waited in the small reception room. No other seat was taken, leaving her to whip her thin tail through the opening in the plastic chair's back—the sort she remembered from lower school—while listening to nothing but the beating of her own heart and the *tick-tock* of an analog clock hung on the otherwise blank and unpainted wall. If Mr. Uncia hadn't had such an impressive number of accolades, she would've guessed from the lazy, extremely cheap features in the room that this was some shoddy front for a criminal organization. Even then, she was pretty sure she would've sat down. It wasn't as though the career center had given her any other options, and she didn't know the

first thing about how to apply for a job without their help. So much for high school teaching useful skills.

The heifer had been sitting down and sweating for forty-three minutes. Deirdre knew this for a fact because she had nothing else to do but look at the minute hand make its slow circle, her eyes still locked there as she missed the creak of a misaligned door swinging open.

"You must be Deirdre," someone purred, coaxing the girl to softly squeak and turn towards its source. A young snow leopard stood nearby, and Deirdre's eyes naturally angled up into his confident, steady blue. A purple highlight gave a royal flair to his shoulder-length, wavy hair, and a delighted smile stretched across his muzzle. "I'm Urbanus Uncia."

Deirdre hurriedly stood up extending a hand to the leopard. "Ah! Yes, Mr. Uncia. Deirdre Lyne. It's a pleasure to meet you!"

The leopard looked at Deirdre's hand for a moment, then sighed, smile falling in clear disappointment. "Are you truly Deirdre? Your father and mother both expected you knew a better greeting than that."

Deirdre, in her confusion, looked over the feline. He knew her parents? A sharp collared button-down shirt. She hadn't seen her father since she was a child. It was light blue, slightly lighter than the leopard's eyes. Her mother loved to say how Morgan taught her everything she knew. Mr. Uncia had a gold watch with diamond-studded hands upon his wrist. But she regularly met men at the door naked. It drew attention to his cream-colored fur and the darker spots that ran up the arm's outer edge. Even after Deirdre got in trouble for mimicking her, she greeted them in the same way all throughout the heifer's life. Urbanus wasn't wearing anything else.

The cow stared, a blush rising in her cheeks. Unsheathed, dangling flaccid, was the leopard's cock. Even soft, it hung at least eight or nine inches. Even more awkward was the fact that it glistened with a coating of fluid, clearly fresh from how it shifted. Mr. Uncia didn't seem to notice or care, pondering to himself while her brown eyes remained locked on his shaft.

A...different greeting? Did he...

Never question.

...why would he...

Take care of men's needs.

...it still was gross, and it'd be embarrassing!

Be entertaining. And useful.

Deirdre knelt down at the leopard's feet, much like she'd seen her mother do countless times before. The suited girl took a deep breath, leaning her face into the lewd organ and, much like she'd seen her mother do countless times before, licked. Her tongue dragged up the soft shaft, collecting some of the fresh, bitter fluid. She shivered, flicking her ears in embarrassment

and missing the beginnings of a slight purr above her. The heifer leaned in once more, pink nose nuzzling into a hefty sack, and licked again.

“Oh good, you *are* your mother’s daughter!” Urbanus delighted with a grin, reaching down to rest a paw on the back of Deirdre’s head, claws curling into her brown hair. “She’ll be happy to hear that. Your father probably won’t care, but you knew that, right?”

The suited cow mentally admitted that Urbanus was right, not that it felt good to know. The pressure didn’t release from the back of her head, so she continued to clean the soft male length, swallowing down what she cleaned off of it. Her body twitched and trembled at the awkward, growing arousal she felt; the cock, meanwhile, felt no signs of hardening.

It didn’t seem to reduce the glee of the feline, though, whose tail now flicked behind him in a glee and muzzle locked into a cocky smirk. “Now now, that’s quite enough. You’ve got a job, as far as I’m concerned,” he said, releasing Deirdre’s head.

“Y-you mean it?!” the cow said, popping up to her feet, eyes lit up with just as much excitement as her cheeks were red with awkward feelings.

“Yup! Just a matter of testing you to see what job you’ll have,” he replied, walking away to the door he’d come from and curling a finger to summon Deirdre to follow. The heifer, hooves hurriedly clattering across the stone floor, raced to catch up. Urbanus didn’t bother holding the door open, but the cow, even with her plump body, managed to slip in before it creakingly closed shut.

“So, if you’re going to be my personal assistant,” Urbanus explained, leading Deirdre through the dark room to a strange contraption, “I need you to prove you can keep up.” As they approached, Deirdre marveled at the strange contraption. A metal, curvy object on a metal sheet formed its base, and a leather saddle ran its length. Two large valves were on either side of the metal base, and five or six metal, jointed rods stuck out with various strange metal objects at their ends. Above the seat, Deirdre caught a glimpse of something glinting. It appeared to be the top of a metal crate, at first, but its bottom was nowhere to be seen. Most obvious, though, was the highly detailed cock that extended outwards towards the saddled metal base from a large metal pillar.

“Go ahead and get undressed and lie your cute little cow belly along that saddle there,” Urbanus instructed. Deirdre, having long since brought her mother’s teachings to the forefront of her mind and feeling desperate for the job, began to strip off her freshly-bought suit immediately. “You’ll be going against your mother’s most recent time. Lie there, hands and feet on the ground to either side, and suck on that genuine imitation snow leopard cock over there. You have to suck hard and consistently; too long between sucks or too weak, and you’ll fail. Oh, and sign this paper real quick, if you could.”

“My mother’s time?” Deirdre asked, having just finished slipping her briefs off before taking the offered pen and signing her name on the line of the clipboard-bound document Urbanus handed her. The snow leopard couldn’t help but lick his lips. Well-fed, locally-sourced heifer beef, pudgy without being bloated, large breasts and a young and still small udder, an untouched, pink sex, with bright, hopeful, and potential-laden eyes...such an acquisition would be tasty indeed. And, no matter what he decided to do with it, it was his now. The blind signature confirmed that.

“Yes,” he purred, taking back the clipboard and watching as Deirdre swung a leg over the saddle and began to scoot herself forward. “Just last month your mother spent just under an hour on a seat like that one, passionately guzzling my cock’s image. I rewarded her with some nice panties, a small donation, and an injection of my seed.” He still wondered if she’d started to bloat yet. “So at your age, an hour should be easy. Do that, and you’re worth being my personal assistant with all the benefits that accompany that. Fail, and I’ll put you in the warehouse until your performance improves.”

Deirdre leaned down, her hands and hooves flat against the cool metal sheet below. Her breasts found two small cut-outs in the seat where teats twice her generous size could’ve hung and fit snugly in. Her ass was held up high by the cushioned leather, and her head aimed straight forward to the waiting shaft. “Good girl. Now mouth open, tongue out, and stay,” the voice behind her mumbled. She obeyed, a tiny drop of drool slipping from the tip of her tongue to the floor.

“*Nnf!*” The surprise came from two paws tugging at her udder, positioning each of the four teats to no longer be pinned beneath her body but out to the open air. Then and only then did his flaccid cock, dangling balls, and sweeping tail pass in front of her vision. The snow leopard fiddled with some controls on the pillar, then pushed the metal bar forward. Deirdre watched as the fully erect model slid forward, deeper and deeper into her waiting mouth. Then, it clicked. A green light shone on the bar slightly above her eye-line, and the tip of the rubber shaft’s head tickled the entrance to her throat.

“Have fun, dear,” Urbanus hummed before walking away, leaving the cow in the poorly lit and featureless room as she gave her first suck. Without hearing anything to chastise her for not giving enough pressure, the green light steady, Deirdre continued to suck, mechanically milking the cock for everything her conscious mind knew it didn’t have. With nothing else to focus on but it and the fantasy of doing so for the respected Mr. Uncia himself, the cow gave herself fully to mouth-worshipping the machine.

...an hour. Mr. Uncia had said an hour. It must have been...twenty minutes, minimum? Deirdre continued to suck.

Her jaw began to ache, the sides of her tongue growing slightly dry. She began to try and swish saliva in-between sucks and breaths, eyes crossing at times with her concentration. This must've been...forty minutes? She couldn't imagine it was less than thirty-five.

Surely it had been an hour. Surely. Her arousal had long petered out, the absurdness of the situation sinking in. Her hands and feet had adjusted countless times, and her throat began to ache from all the swallowed drool. Her nose flared, desperate for more of the cold, stale air.

Water. She was sweating from the exertion, eyes welling with tears from finding nothing to focus on. Her mouth's treatments had long turned from passionate to mechanical, and now they were turning from mechanical to sloppy and desperate. Leaked gasps splattered saliva onto the ground, tiny puddles forming from her lost fluids. Deirdre needed water. Any fluid to replace the growing strain in her body.

Mentally, the heifer had run through half of the final from last semester's history class. The rest she'd long forgotten. As academics slipped from her mind, she began trying to mentally construct how her potential employer's real cock would look at full mast. Her tongue began to try feeling around the image imbedded inside her mouth, and her eyes closed as the cow began forming an obsessive image down to the snow leopard's spots.

Her thoughts slurred together, belly aching from having gravity pulling it down into the surprisingly poor cushioning of her saddle. At first it had felt fine, but now it didn't feel much different than uncovered metal. Her mental image of Mr. Uncia now had coated a mental image of herself in cum, left, returned with clones, and begun the slow process of drowning her bovine body in spoooge. She began to forget why she was sucking as her eyes rolled back.

Two or three successful startles back to attention had come and gone. Deirdre didn't know what time it was or why she was here. Eventually, her off-beat suckles began to drift off, melting off into a dream. The cow wondered why her own mind now had countless leopard cocks scrubbing barbs over her flesh, but her arousal had waxed and waned and waxed again. It wouldn't hurt to drift off and let one of them slip from her mouth, right? Maybe to taste the one just dangling out of reach to her...

A green light that had faded into the background suddenly turned red. A harsh electronic horn blared into the empty chamber, echoing between the stony walls, ceiling and floor. A deep, female voice Deirdre's panic-driven mind almost recognized sounded out from deep underneath her, speaking in electronic, pieced-together words.

**FAILURE CONDITION TRIGGERED.
REGISTERING OCCUPANT AS TRASHSLUT.
NOW PREPARING TRASHSLUT AS PROPERTY OF URBANUS UNCIA.**

From out of the sides of the metal seat slammed four cuffs, circling around Deirdre's wrists and ankles and inflating thick air cushions around them to fit. The dildo's barbs shot out, poking into her gums and threatening damage if she pulled back. Where her lips suddenly tightened, two metal rings flared outwards and squeezed into each other; they pinned her lips and began to grind, small needles jabbing and injecting into the flesh where the plates pinched. Her breasts, hanging in those small hollows, similarly felt long metal points shoot forward and sink into the fatty flesh, but the nipples gained an additional sense of suction as two cups locked over their tinder pink circles.

As her lips and breasts began to bloat, the chemicals being pumped into them stimulating rapid tissue growth and blood flow the more those mechanical processes agitated and teased the tender flesh, a searing pain ran through the cow's right buttcheek. One of the arms branded her with a leopard's paw print while the others fixated thick leather straps around her waist and just under her tail. Some other arms attached suction cups and intakes to her exposed udder's teats. Two tubes, their ends coated in glue, were shoved into the girl's nostrils by one mechanical arm. Another two, far wider, stretched her pucker and agonizingly squeezed into her urethra, arms wiggling them in until they too solidly began to adhere to her flesh inside. The assault on the tired body left Deirdre weakly groaning, the hieffer's eyes cast up to the ceiling just in time to see the crate above her lower and enclose her in darkness.

Metal slid against metal, then something clicked. Automatically, a harsh hiss began to fill the chamber, sparks flying within the lower edge. Deirdre watched in a dizzying panic as the crate fused itself shut. Her ass, however, still felt a slight breeze, and soon the hiss of gas and feel of tight cushioning let Deirdre know her rump had been held solidly in place by more to-fit air cushions. Her tits were at least two cup-sizes larger, her nipples and teats now suctioned into long, tender taps ready to be relieved of milk, and her lips felt like mashed pillows. Then, everything simultaneously quieted. Needles remained deep in their flesh, but no alien sensation of serums flowing into her flesh came back. Her tail whipping the sides of the tight metal box provided the only sound for a full minute.

BREATHE.

Deirdre took a breath in through her nose, air flowing in through the tubes.

**GOOD TRASH.
PISS.**

Without a second thought, her tired body let go, yellow liquid spilling out from her pisshole and down the provided tube. It drained with barely a noise.

**GOOD TRASH.
SWALLOW.**

The adrenaline from the sudden assault on her body had subconsciously driven her to suck even harder around the now locked-in dildo, her mind recognizing her own desperate attempt to seemingly beg the machine for forgiveness or a second chance. Not once had she swallowed since that harsh horn that marked her as unfit for the treasured position of Mr. Uncia's assistant, though. So, after eventually collecting enough brain power to will her throat, she began to gulp down large pools of collected saliva. The rubber cock, however, had different plans. It began to drool a thick gunk directly down her throat, her swallows continuing as it slowly slimed down her throat and into her gut. After what seemed like a full sixteen ounces of the sludge had deposited into her gut, it relented.

**GOOD TRASH.
TRASH WILL OBEY.
TRASH WILL SUCK.
TRASH WILL BREED.
MASTER URBANUS WILL DETERMINE TRASH'S FATE.**

Deirdre's mind drunkenly drew in each instruction. Her...fate? Well, it was okay. Her master would know what that was.

Seven hours after he'd left, Urbanus slipped into the chamber, whistling to himself. Looking at the cold metal box's label reminded him of the interview he'd forgotten about. "Deirdre Lyne. #043." he read aloud, knowing there wasn't anybody around to hear. Well, maybe his property could, but she wasn't very much people anymore.

Curious, he checked the readouts on the box's front end. "...oh, huh. I forgot to start the countdown timer," he observed calmly. "Still, five unaided orgasms? Oh well. Any slut can suck a cock. Not too many hype themselves up about being trash breeding stock." If he could hear an exhausted shudder from within, he didn't seem to notice. Well, maybe his tail waved a little faster.

Rounding to the other side, Urbanus unlocked a small case attached to the crate's back side. He pulled out a large syringe and needle. "Well, time to give that signature trash look.

Can't have the workers fucking this and thinking it's a respectable person, no sir." With practiced hands, he sunk the needle into the heifer's tender labia, injecting three times into each side and once directly into her clit. There was noise from within, but what was important was that strange, delightfully upsetting purple-red color that began to fill out the sex and the gush of fluids that sprayed across Urbanus' crotch and the floor.

"And, of course, a little stimulation. And, since it's from good stock, the honor of getting impregnated by me. A compliment to this trash's mother."

Even with her mind crawling slower than it had ever before, Deirdre knew the words she was hearing outside was the truth as soon as she felt ten inches fill her cunt. The shape she felt was surely the same one her imagination and tongue had drawn countless times. With the chemicals pumping through her sex driving her fertility up, her arousal into a constant, painful need, and her flesh into a misshapen, pillowy mockery, the cock fucking into her soaking passage just above where one of the tubes squeezed was both an agitator and the most blissful relief in existence. Never before had Deirdre felt such ecstasy as when the shaft began to twitch, a bulge quickly moving through the leopard's shaft before spilling directly into her womb with incredibly hot spurts.

"Mm. Won't be a heifer much longer with this. Aren't you proud?" he cockily chuckled even as he slammed his hips against her exposed asscheeks. His hand reached down, around the tube his balls rubbed over, and pinched the now thumb-sized clit. The leopard smiled as yellow fluid spilled through the tube in reaction. "Cumming wasn't enough to express your excitement? You'll fit real nice in here, trash."

Once removed, his cock once more had the same splatter of juices Deirdre had cleaned off not eight hours ago. Fucking against a breeder's tube wasn't the most pleasant thing, but he considered it a kindness. Perhaps payback for an ever-so-minor mistake of not enabling a success condition for the girl. His handiwork had left the cunt deeply red, shiny from how harshly the flesh stretched over such swollen tissue, and lumpily shaped. Urbanus would never get over how much it entertained him to make so many sluts look like that.

Putting the syringe he'd been holding back into the case, he brought out a dumbbell-shaped rubber object and locked the case up once more. Thrusting his fist into the gushing mound, arm embraced by newly pillow-thick walls, the snow leopard squeezed the plug into her cervix until the muscle slipped over it with a wet pop. He withdrew, shook his arm out, and began to push the crate through a darkness-concealed passage.

Eventually, Urbanus found the large warehouse chamber, faint lights illuminating rows upon rows of metal crates, each with their own readouts, noises, and numbers. Finding the empty space between #042 and the unoccupied #044, he slid Deirdre in, leaving her climaxing sex and plump, black-splotched cow rump facing towards the walkway. It made it harder for

workers to check the readouts, sure, but sometimes a leopard wanted to walk through his warehouse and see the ruined cunts he'd made.

Clapping his hands, he left the cow behind. The leopard would remember, of course, to tell the passionate fan he had in the local university's career center about the results. Ever since she recorded voice samples for him, the bear had been nothing but happy to hear of his employees. Urbanus would remember to do one more thing, though. Elaine Lyne had to know about her daughter's performance! After all, as the recording from the interview room's camera would eventually show, sucking for four-and-a-half hours was something a cock-worshipping mom could be proud of her daughter for!