

Could this farm be the right place? Morgan wondered as he fidgeted with his black tie and brushed the dirt off his navy blue suit while he stood on the white wooden porch of the two story farmhouse and looked around. He'd been called to the deep South to help investigate the disappearances of several local heroes by the League in the area. The limited information he gathered led him to the property of a local farm cow named Freya.

He was about to knock on the front door, when he noticed it was already ajar. His eyes darted left and right as he clenched his fists and tensed the muscles in his back. Years of police training had taught the polar bear to be very cautious when something didn't feel right. At that moment, alarm bells were sounding off in his head.

The farmhouse was located roughly three or four miles from the nearest road. The closest neighbor was at least a good twenty to thirty miles away, meaning if something went wrong he would have a hard time getting any kind of help. He closed his blue eyes, took a couple of slow deep breaths, and tried to mentally concentrate to undo the knot in his stomach. *Relax, you big oaf*, he told himself, *this may end up being a wild goose chase*. He opened his eyes and looked at his black rubber boots, which had been covered by mud from his long walk. He walked over to the edge of the porch and lightly tapped the front of each boot against one of the boards to knock the mud off. Once he was satisfied that his boots were clean enough, he returned to the open door.

"Hello," he called, hearing his deep rumbling voice echo through the house. "Miss Freya, my name is Detective Morgan. I need to ask you a few questions. May I come in?" He waited a few minutes for a response before he gently knocked on the wooden frame of the door. "Ma'am? Is anyone home?" *No signs of forced entry*, he thought to himself as he glanced around the door frame. *She could be in trouble*, he considered. Something felt completely wrong about the whole situation, but he couldn't place his paw on what it was. He knocked on the door a little harder and waited. "Anyone home?" he stuck his head tentatively inside the door, glanced around for a second, and stepped inside.

He was about to call out again when he noticed some interesting items on a large round stained oak dining table. He walked over to the table and saw shiny red rubber ball gags of different sizes, with black leather straps on either side to be secured around the back of the wearer's head. He had seen similar items in the kink and sex shops back in the big city. *She must be expecting a lot of kinky company to keep this many gags*, he thought to himself as the knot in his stomach started to build again. *Or, a lot of company to keep really quiet*.

Next to the ball gags were several large locks, each with a brown cow logo stamped onto the brass surface. All of the locks needed a key to open, but he didn't see any keys nearby. He picked one of the locks up and held it in his paw. *Pretty heavy duty lock*, he thought to himself as he turned the lock to examine it. He tried squeezing the lock in his paw to test how durable it was, but nothing budged on it. He glanced around before releasing a small amount of super strength to test the lock. His paw shook from the extra strain. To his amazement the lock retained its original shape when he unclenched his fist. *That's one hell of a lock*, he mused as he put the lock back onto the table. *Why the hell would someone living out in the middle of nowhere need such a damned tough lock for?*

He cocked his head to the side and saw several coils of rope laying on the floor next to the table. He sat on his haunches and picked up one of the ends of the rope. It flopped from side to side like normal hemp rope as he turned it this way and that. Thinking about how strong

the locks were, he coiled a piece of the rope around his paws and pulled with all his strength. He groaned and strained while pulling the rope in different directions to test for a weak spot. He gritted his teeth as all the muscles in his arms ached from the strain. With a huge sigh, he stopped pulling and slowly relaxed his muscles. His shoulders felt like he had just spent three solid hours in a gym lifting as much weight as his super strength could handle. His paws were sore from where the rope had dug into them. He gently laid the rope back onto its original coil. He rubbed his paws together, trying to relieve the soreness.

Damn, I would hate to get tied up with that, he thought to himself as he stood up.
Maybe this wasn't such a wild goose chase after all.

He glanced around the rest of the downstairs area of the large house, looking to see if there was any solid evidence to tie Freya directly with the missing heroes. Finding none, he headed back out the front door. He was surprised no one had heard him snooping around yet. *Maybe Freya was in town getting supplies,* he figured. His thought was interrupted when he heard the distinct sound of chugging machinery coming from the barn.

When the hell did that start? he asked himself as he crept slowly towards the large red livestock barn.

There were several side windows which allowed someone to see inside the barn without being spotted from the front door. Morgan crouched underneath the windows until he judged he was under the furthest one from the door and took a slow deep breath to calm his racing heart. The machine noises were almost deafening. *Explains why no one heard me,* he thought as he scrunched his eyes closed and tried to concentrate on all the sounds coming from inside the barn.

Underneath the loud chugging and churning of a traditional farm's milking equipment, the bear could make out muffled moaning and whining from various voices. He was confused when he heard the squeaking and groaning sounds of rubber, like it was being pulled, stretched and rubbed against itself. His ears twitched as he heard a female speak with a Southern accent.

"Thas it, sweeties. Make momma lots of wonderful milk."

That has to be Freya, Morgan figured as he exhaled slowly. He needed to see what was happening inside the barn. After mentally gathering his fears and nerves, placing them inside a dark metal box inside his head, he turned towards the window and raised his head up slowly until his small round ears and his blue eyes were all that could be seen peeking over the wooden painted window sill and into the barn.

Even through the dirt spattered window, Morgan got a good idea of what was happening. Seated inside a few of the wooden stalls were various farm animals. There was one large horse, two pigs and three cows. All were puffy and looked much larger than the normal farm animals the bear was used to seeing. The animals were also very shiny, with streaks of light reflecting off their skin. Each cow had a set of milkers attached to their bouncy udders while the other animals had a single clear hose leading from the genital area. Something was bothering Morgan about the animals when the horse lurched to the side, giving him a clear view of the back. The bear's eyes widened as he saw the back being stretched and pulled tight by a locked collar around the neck.

Morgan put a paw over his mouth to suppress a gasp. *Those aren't animals, they're SUITS!* He watched as the suits bounced and jiggled with each rhythmic pump of the milker. *What kind of sick mind would do this?*

A louder moan and the screech of an ungreased pulley drew his attention over to the right side of the window. He could just barely see the shiny black hoof and pink latex leg of a pig suit, no matter how close he leaned to the window.

"MMMMPH! GRRRF!" It sounded like someone was trying to fight the suiting process.

Against his better judgment, and the fact that it would bring him right next to the front door, Morgan crouched and moved down three windows to get a better view. His body shook as he lifted his head up to the window. Inside the center of the barn area, there was a large stuffed rubber pig suit without a head. The suit had all the details of a real pig, from the pink colored skin to the black hooves at the end of each limb. The whole suit had a brilliant shine, as if someone had just freshly washed and polished it. A metal ring around the neckline indicated where the head would be locked into place. There was a small metal loop around the center of the back of the ring where the lock would be placed.

Another loud screech drew his attention away from the suit to the struggling figure above. A dog with pointed ears, the bear thought it might be a Corgi but couldn't quite tell due to the mud splatters on the window, had his arms tied above him and was methodically being lowered into the suit by a muscular brown female cow. She had long blond hair, which was tied behind her head in a ponytail. She wore a red plaid shirt with the sleeves rolled up to show off her massive arms, with a pair of blue jean overalls. There was a bright red bandanna tied around her neck.

"Cum on heero," she shouted at the dog, "Git in the dang suit! Tha boss wants another piggy fer his set!" Her muscles showed no signs of struggling or straining to lower the dog, who was doing his best to keep from being planted inside the suit.

Morgan watched, completely mesmerized, as the dog's back paws slid inside the ring of the suit. Inch by inch, Freya lowered the helpless hero into his rubbery plush prison. As each area of the hero was dunked further into the suit, the suit shuddered and shook more and more as if it was making room and welcoming its new 'guest'. Soon, the dog's knees, hips and chest were slid into the suit like he was sinking into quicksand.

Freya stopped just below the dog's armpits and tied the rope around a peg on a nearby column. She sauntered over to the dog, who was trying to mumble some kind of plea through the gag which had been secured in his mouth. She paused and petted the dog on the side of the face.

"Don't worry none, heero." She reached up to the knot which was secured around his wrists. With a simple tug, she undid the knot and the rope unwound like a snake uncoiling after strangling its prey. The dog waived his arms frantically as the rest of his upper body was sucked inside the suit. The cow grabbed one of the dog's flailing arms and shoved it down inside the suit. There was a bulge in one of the suits arms as the cow maneuvered the dog's arm into the correct position. There was an audible CLICK and she pulled her arm back out of the suit.

"GRRRRRRMPH! HRRRRRRMPH!" The dog tried desperately to pull his arm out of the suit, but all he managed to do was make the pink rubber wiggle and contract a little. While the dog was occupied with his trapped arm, Freya grabbed the other and shoved it into the empty arm of the suit. There was another CLICK and all the helpless dog could do was wiggle his head from side to side. His voice alternated between pleas and moans to full on crying and

begging for release or mercy. Even through the mud stains on the window, Morgan could see the hero drooling around the ball gag.

Freya seemed immune to the dog's mumbles and pleas as she walked over to a nearby wooden bench where a rubber pink pig head lay waiting to be reunited with its bottom half. The head looked only slightly bigger than the body it was about to be placed on. There was a whirring noise from the ceiling of the barn as two metal arms descended over to the bench, a pair of pincers on each opened and closed like a crab's claw. The thin claws clamped down on either side of the pig head and lifted it above the suit before slowly beginning the process of completing the suit.

Move, dammit! Why can't I move? Morgan shouted internally at himself. Despite the fact that every fiber of his being demanded to rush in and save the poor dog, he was so transfixed by what was happening that he couldn't move. He watched as the dog tried to struggle free from the rubber plush prison. He could see the veins throbbing on the side of the dog's head, the tensing neck muscles as the canine tried desperately to find any weaknesses in the suit's design.

The bear glanced over and saw Freya leaning against the bench with her arms folded in front of her. She leaned her head to either side which made an audible CRACK as the vertebrae in her neck readjusted. She let out an evil chuckle, which could barely be heard over the other machinery, as the head encased the dog's head and locked into place with a loud CLICK. Once the head was in place, Freya grabbed one of the padlocks from the bench and strolled over to the back of the suit. She tugged on the ring around the neck of the suit, which caused the rubber to pull and stretch tight. Once she was satisfied that the head was good and tight, she took a small metal hinge near the back and closed it leaving the metal ring exposed. The bear winced as the lock was slid into place with a fatalistic CLICK.

Freya tugged on the lock a few times, jerking the head and upper body back violently. Once she confirmed that the lock was firmly in place, She walked around the newly completed suit as if she was inspecting a prized animal. She poked the belly a couple of times, wiggled the arms up and down, and even took a rag out from her back pocket to gently rub and polish certain areas that had scuffs on them. Once she was finished with her inspection, the bear saw her walk further into the barn towards where the other 'animals' were kept. She returned a moment later with a loop of thicker rope, which she placed underneath the armpits of the suit before cinching the rope tight.

"Gotta git ya to yer stall," Freya grunted as she pulled on a length of rope which drooped down from the other side of the barn. The rope went taut and the bear watched, entranced by the shaking of the cow's upper arm muscles as the suit was slowly lifted off the ground. The veins in the cow's arms popped as she hoisted the suit higher into the air. Sweat beads formed on her brow as the suit swung from side to side. Her back hooves dug into a couple of well worn divots in the dust covered wooden floor and supported her efforts. Just when it seemed like the strain was too much for her body, her breathing slowed and a sly grin formed on the cow's muzzle. She began whistling a simple tune as she straightened herself and began walking the taut rope over to the other side of the barn. A loud metal squeaky sound indicated that she was using a pulley system to move her 'animals' to the stalls.

Morgan couldn't help himself. Despite the fact that he had enough evidence to run back to the house and call for help to arrest the cow, he had to see what happened next. He

scrambled down a couple windows, glancing up every once and a while to see where the taut rope was. He glanced up at the second to last window when he didn't hear the metal squeaking anymore.

As he looked through the window, he saw Freya patting her new 'pig' on the rump to steady him. The bear risked being seen by extending his neck a little higher so he could get a better look at the bottom of the stall. The stall had a metal plate with curved edges formed in the shape of the suit rear. Around where the tail hole would be, there was a menacing large metal dildo shining like a missile glistening in the sun. Freya lowered the rope with one hand, as she methodically guided the suit into its resting place with the other. He heard a loud squelching sound as the rubber rear end came into contact with the metal dildo. The upper torso of the suit spasmed and the bear could imagine the poor dog inside crying and screaming as his rear was invaded by the metallic intruder.

After the pig was settled into the stall, Freya removed the lasso from around the chest and hung it on another peg on the wall. She patted the pig on the head as she moved to the other side of the stall and grabbed a single milker from the wall. The translucent hose ran from the end of the metal suction device up into the ceiling.

Probably a tank somewhere else, the bear figured as he watch Freya reach for the groin area of the suit. The cow felt around the puffy groin area until she located a hidden seam in the front, which revealed a thick metal zipper. She undid the zipper and reached her arm inside, all the way up to the elbow. As she did so, the head and upper torso of the suit bounced and jiggled around like jello being sloshed around in a bowl. The bear watched as she paused, before straining her muscles and pulling something forward a little. After about an inch or so, her biceps relaxed and she removed her arm from the hole.

Freya then took the milker by the hose and dangled it in front of the eyes of the suit, as if she was teasing the dog trapped inside with the idea of being nothing more than an animal to be milked. The cow leaned her head back and Morgan could hear her maniacal laughter fill the barn. She crouched down in front of the open zipper hole and shoved the milker inside. She soon removed her hand from the hole and stood up leaving just the tube from the milker protruding from the hole. She patted the pig suit on the head one more time before reaching behind the head and flicking a switch on the wall. Instantly, the pig suit bounced and jiggled faster as the rubber around the crotch area pulsed and stretched with each stroke of the milking device.

Morgan's heart raced as he watched Freya walk away and leave the struggling pig to be milked by the merciless machine. He was transfixed by the entire situation: the puffy glorious rubber encasing the entire body, the helpless feeling of being trapped, the idea of a milker constantly sucking on his cock. Everything appealed to the kinkier side of his psyche, making him horny. He forgot why he was at the farm in the middle of nowhere. Forgot what his duty was. Everything faded into the background as his heart pounded in chest and his dick throbbed in his pants. He wanted, no desired to know what that wonderful suit felt like as it pushed against every area of his furry body. To have the dildo shoved up his ass and to feel the wonderful stroking suction of a milking device. Before his sensible side could wrestle control of his body and mind back from his kinky side, the bear let out a loud moan as his paw gripped his pulsing, throbbing dick.

The bear's mind kicked into laser sharp focus as he heard a female with a strong Southern accent holler "What er ya doin'?"

Morgan snapped his head to the side where the sound was coming from, only to see Freya charging at him with a length of rope clutched in her tan hands. He noticed another coil of rope draped across her right shoulder like a bandolier. He stumbled and flailed his arms as he tried to quickly move away from the barn window. Unable to catch himself, the bear rolled backwards down a small hill. His instincts and training took over his motor functions, using a nearby rock to angle himself so that he completed a second rotation and was on his feet ready to run for the house.

It sounded like Freya was trying to shout something at him as he ran with the precision and speed of a track runner towards the house, but the thundering of his heart in his ears combined with the quick breaths he took drowned out what was being said. He was just putting his left foot forward when a loop of the rope wrapped around his ankles and his legs were yanked backwards quickly, as if the rope had been attached to a bullet train. He windmilled his arms wildly as his momentum carried his upper body forward. He tucked his head against his chest to avoid smashing his nose into the hard, grass covered earth beneath him. Bells rang throughout his brain as his thick skull struck the unforgiving ground with a loud THUNK! The force of the fall was enough to make the bear see stars.

As the stars cleared from the bear's eyes, he felt something strong pull on his ankles. Glancing back he saw the rope was still tightly secured around his ankle. And on the other end, Freya had braced herself against a rock and was reeling him in like a caught fish. As he was being dragged across the ground, he tried reaching for anything that would halt or stall the cow's progress. As he flailed his arms desperately, a lasso snaked out of nowhere, coiled around both his wrists and pulled tight which bound his front paws together. The bear was dragged helplessly through the grass and mud by the unbreakable bonds around his wrists and ankles until he came to a stop in front of the cow's back hooves. Before the ropes could go slack around his wrists, Freya had wrapped an entire length of rope around his chest and waist as well as a small length of rope around his lower legs.

Morgan tried his best to struggle his way out of his partially mummified state but the ropes were unyielding to his attempts.

After securing her intruder, Freya took a moment to straighten her hair. "Well, lookie here. I gots myself a li'l ol' peepin' tom bear." There was a menacing smile on her face as she leaned closer to the trussed up bear. "I gots a way to deal wit snoops." She reached forward and bopped the bear on the nose.

Morgan grunted as he continued to try and fight against his bonds. "You're crazy!" He tried to snap at her fingers after she bopped his nose.

Freya pulled her hand out of the way and cocked it behind her head. "I'll teach ya some manners!" She unleashed a vicious backhand across the side of the bear's head. She pulled a syringe out of her overalls pocket with her other hand. "Time fer a nap, boy!" she said before plunging the needle into the bear's neck.

Morgan could feel his mind go foggy as parts of his lower body began to go limp. "Let me go!" he mumbled as he could feel the drug speeding its icy way through his blood stream. He shook his head to try and loosen the cobwebs but it was no use. He felt like someone had

poured one-hundred-proof alcohol straight into his brain. "Stop...you..." he managed to slur before all the lights went out.

Deep inside his drug induced slumber, Morgan swore he was being levitated off the ground and floated over the land. The tight squeezing pressure around his upper torso and lower legs relaxed as if a giant snake had uncoiled around him after deciding he wasn't worth the fight to be a meal. "You...won't...get...away..." he could hear himself mumble. There was a female voice with a harsh accent he couldn't make out, then came a second needle stick in his neck. Another round of icy liquid inched through every fiber of his being, inviting him further into slumber. It felt like someone was shutting the breakers off to controlling each part of his body. He knew everything was there, but he could feel nothing at the nerve ends. Soon all that was left was his mind, floating in complete darkness. The gelatinous object spitted and sputtered as it tried in vain to restart the vital systems. The chill of darkness crept across each region of the brain until everything was black.

"Mmmmpfh," Morgan weakly moaned as his body slowly regained consciousness. Light slowly entered his world again as his heavy lids forced their way open with herculean effort. With a couple of slow blinks, the foggy drug induced haze began to clear and he saw that he was inside the livestock barn. He tried to move his limbs, but each one of them felt heavier than usual. His lips were parched, so he tried to bring his tongue out to lick them. As his tongue crawled towards the familiar exit of his mouth, it was stopped suddenly by a hard object. *Strange*, Morgan thought to himself, *I don't remember wearing a gag*.

Morgan's mind snapped out of its fog induced stupor as if someone had just given him a full pot of black coffee. He was indeed inside the barn, but he was in a really bad spot. His tongue kept trying to force the intruder out of its way, only to wrinkle and curve around it. "MMMMMPHF!! HRMMMMPHF!" he tried to shout past the rubber ball gag which had been stuffed inside his mouth. He could feel the leather straps as they dug into the flesh around the back of his skull, so he knew there was no way to push the gag out. *Maybe I can crush it*, he hoped as he tried to force his jaws together. Each time the gag would give so much, before the tough rubber sent his aching jaws springing back into a semi-open position. *Maybe I can reach up and pull the gag off before that looney notices*. He tried to move either one of his arms, but they seemed to be stuck and locked fully extended at the elbows.

With a loud gulp, the bear looked down at his arms for the first time since waking up. They had been encased inside the arms of one of the black and white Holstein cow suits. As he tried to pull back, he felt his wrists being squeezed and pulled on by the thick plushy fabric in the black hooves. Without even looking down, the bear could tell that his legs were similarly locked into place by thick, padded plush. He could feel the fabric of the suit tugging and pulling his sweaty fur with each movement. *I'm naked in this thing?* he realized to his horror. His eyes widened as he felt something around his genitals. It felt like his dick was encased in another area of the suit, with a heavy cock ring secured around it so he could not pull out. It was slicker inside the area as well, feeling like there was some kind of extra lubricant coating his dick. His balls were trapped in the same area as his dick, but there was a thin membrane encasing his balls. He was able to crane his head up and over the edge of the suit. Where his dick and balls were trapped was right in the center of the large udder of the cow suit, which already had a full set of milkers attached to the four rubbery teats.

With a series of grunts and screams, Morgan pulled and strained every muscle to find some kind of weakness in his plushy prison. Every time he would get so far before the rubber would snap him right back to where he started again like a sinister spring. He soon devolved into a series of whines, screams and pleas, hoping that anyone could hear him and help him wake up from this nightmare.

A shadow loomed in the entryway of the barn and Freya swaggered into the light. "Scream all ya want, sweetie," she cooed as she stroked the side of the bear's sweaty face. "Ain't nobody gonna hear ya." There was a crazed look in her brown eyes. "Let's find out who we got here." She walked over to the bench, where Morgan's items were laying. She picked the thick black leather wallet up off the bench and felt it in her hands before glaring at the bear. "Genu-wine cow hyde! Y'all must be a rich boy!" She opened the wallet and flipped over to the Detective's badge and identification card. "Well, well. We got a big time city cop tryin' to stop li'l ol' me." She fluttered her eye lids and feigned an innocent smile, despite the acid in her tone.

Morgan's heart sank as the cow continued to rifle through his items. He knew that, in his current predicament, there was no way he could stop her anyways.

Freya eventually unfolded a piece of brown paper and got a gleeful look on her face as she finished reading it. She placed the paper back on the bench, pranced over to the encased bear, and squeezed his cheeks. "A cop, and an unregistered heero as well? Must be my lucky day! I wonder how much the boss will pay fer some new seed?"

Morgan's eyes widened as Freya sauntered over to the bench and got the topping of his new suit, the cow's head, centered and ready. On the side of one of the floppy black ears was a tag which read 'hero 0023'. *So, that's what they were up to here! They brought heroes in and milked them for their seed!* Not that the information was going to do him any good, of course. As he watched the sterile mechanical arms lift the head off the table, Morgan shook his head from side to side. He looked at Freya's brown eyes and tried to beg and plead to be released.

"Oh, I'll bet y'all want me to cut ya loose, right?"

Morgan nodded his head.

"And ya wont tell no one about this place, right?"

Morgan sighed and dipped his head. She knew every trick someone would try to use to get out of the suits. He was a little shocked as she gently caressed the side of his cheek. For the first time since he had seen her, there was a kind, motherly look in the cow's eyes.

"Don't you fret none, sweetie," Freya cooed as she continued to stroke the side of the bear's head. "I takes real good care of my stock." She patted him on the cheek one last time as the head of the suit descended.

Morgan's fur was soaked with sweat as he watched the plush head being slowly lowered over the top of his own. His eyes squeezed shut as the first part of the plush began to fold his ears down against his head. Inch by inch, the bear's face felt smooshed as the head was put into place. His breathing was labored and heavy until his snout slotted into place. He opened his eyes and saw that the world had been covered in an orange haze. He could feel as each ear slid into an appropriate slot with a popping sound. Just as he was getting used to his encasement, he felt the head being tugged back hard around the collar area. A huge knot formed in his stomach as he heard the CLICK of the lock being secured at the back of his neck.

Freya set about preening and cleaning her prized new animal. "Y'all look so precious," she squealed as she hugged the cow around the chest. She looped the roped around the chest

area and leaned close. "Now, don't you struggle none, or I'll turn yer milker on full and leave it fer a few days! Deal?"

Morgan gulped inside the suit. He never considered the fact that he was so helpless that Freya could threaten to torture him so terribly and there was nothing he could do to stop her. He did his best to nod his large head in agreement.

Freya smiled. "Good." She went over and began pulling the rope, which tightened around the bear's chest. Soon, he was a couple feet off the ground and felt like he was on a carnival ride. Remembering the threat, he suppressed the urge to fight and swing. He soon felt the pressure of a hand on his rear as Freya pushed him into position. He jolted inside the confines of the suit as the cold dildo, which had thankfully been lubricated, pushed its way inside his anus. He felt the full weight of the suit on his rear as the rest of the body was lowered onto the platform.

The tightness around Morgan's chest relaxed as Freya untied the rope. There was a pressure around his ears and back of his skull as Freya petted his head.

"Such a good li'l cow y'all are. Now give mamma lots of good milk to sell."

Morgan whimpered and moaned inside the suit as he watched the cow reach for the switch to start the milking device.

Freya leaned close to the suit's ear. "Cum fer me, li'l cow," she whispered coldly as she flipped the switch.

Morgan spasmed inside the suit as the dildo began vibrating inside his anus. The devilish device pulled back a little before slamming into his prostate, sending waves of pleasure up his spinal column to his fragile mind where it exploded into a symphony of pleasure and pain. Just as the dildo slammed into his prostate a second time, the suction around his cock area began. The lubricated plush area surrounding his balls and dick pulsed, undulated and massaged his dick in a rhythmic fashion. The mysterious sack around his balls clenched tight from the suction and thousands of little rubber tendrils rubbed and teased his throbbing ball sacks. He tried to pull his dick away from the stimulation, but was prevented from doing so by the damned cock ring.

With each slam of the dildo and pulse of the udder, Morgan felt himself getting closer and closer to orgasmic release. He strained to keep his body under his command and deny this crazy cow the very thing she wanted.

Freya watched the struggle with a mixture of fascination and frustration. Most trapped heroes would have given into the pleasure, but this stubborn bear was determined to fight her. She shook her head as she grabbed an accordion hose off of the wall behind her newest cow. *Try to play nice girl, an' this is what I git*, she thought to herself as she attached the hose to the front of the cow's head. "Now, breath deep my good little cow." She reached over, turned the valve on a green metal tank, and watched as pink gas filled the hose and crept towards the mask.

Morgan noticed a sweet smell in the air and knew exactly what the cow had done. *Aphrodisiacs! That bitch!* he recognized the smell due to the gas having been used on him before. The effects were immediate. The gas rolled over his will and mind like a steam roller, replacing all thoughts with one need: to breed. All it took was a few good huffs of the gas for him to start giving into the machines and his body's primal needs. The dildo seemed to have been primed for this opportunity and slammed into his enlarged prostate like a male ram

competing for territory with another male. The bear's balls churned faster and his dick spasmed, sending endless ropes of sticky thick cum through the teats and up the hose of the milker.

Freya patted her new cow on the side of his rubber head as he joined the chorus of moaning heroes surrounding him. "Now, be good. Momma's gonna git ready fer the next heero," she said before kissing the rubber cheek as the suit spasmed from another strike by the dildo. She decided to leave the gas connected for another hour or two, in order to show this bear who was in charge, as she turned and walked out of the barn.