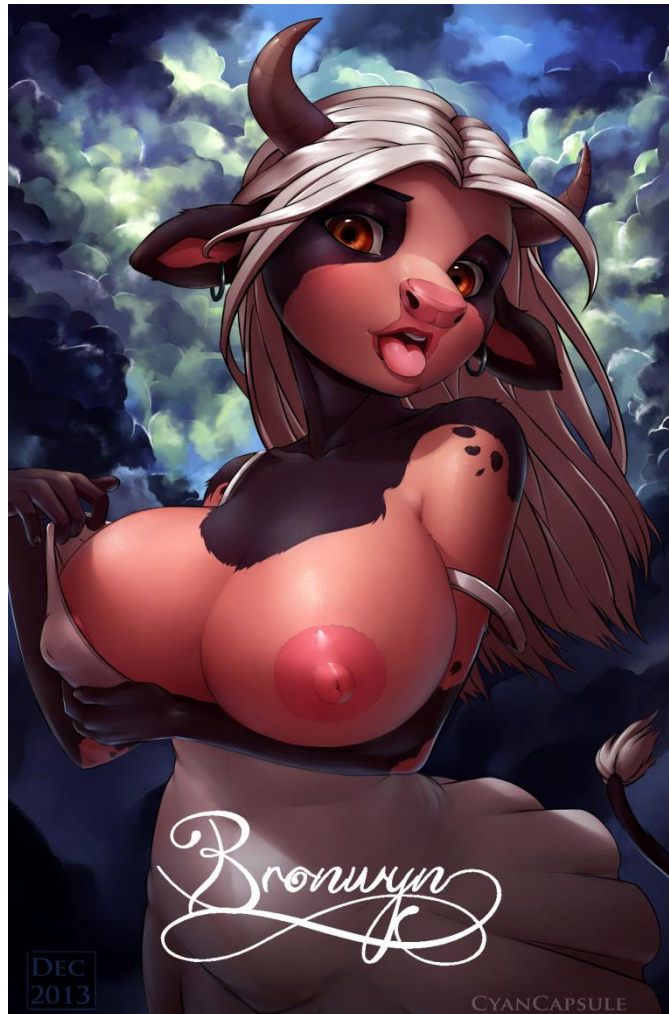


Bronwyn



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-o-O-o-

Bronwyn

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It was rarely ever easy being the new guy. But as far as Arthur was concerned, a job was a job, and if it helped him get his life moving in the right direction then it was all going to be well worth it in the end.

When he'd first stumbled across the vacancy, advertised in some obscure part of the local newspaper, it had seemed almost too perfect for him at first. Stock control for a large distribution business, everything it listed in its duties and requirements matched his experience and qualifications almost perfectly – he was the right man for the job. But most importantly, it was also a step up! A better wage, a bigger company and a more important role. That meant more prestige to be gained, or at least as far as his resume was concerned.

Anything with prospects would get him out of the rut.

The application process had been smooth enough, and the interview had felt fairly laid back and easy going. So, he'd pretty much aced it. And now, first day on the job, he found himself being led through a large industrial-sized warehouse type building, heading for what he could see was a cluster of smaller, internal-located buildings right at the back of the giant hangar space, marked out as some sort of miniature office complex. All around him a small army of men shifted and located pallets and roll cages of assorted goods here and there, ranging in nature from grocery items to top-end electrical. Forklifts and dollies worked back and forth in practiced manoeuvres, loading and unloading trucks, and making sure everything was kept moving.

The whole process seemed to be elegantly choreographed, and yet simultaneously quite wonderfully spontaneous in its execution.

Arthur was led through the teeming beehive of activity by a particularly burly, balding man, seemingly in his late 50s but with a pleasant enough demeanour and an outward mien that made him seem serious but still approachable. He had been resolutely silent since the senior manager had asked him to show the "newbie" to his assigned department.

"Think you'll like it 'ere, kid." The man spoke at last, almost making Arthur jump with surprise.

For a moment the younger man wasn't sure whether it was a statement or a question, uncertainty hindering any response, so he simply remained silent.

"Got a good team here." The man went on, Arthur's silence clearly not a hindrance, "'s long as yer hard workin' an' don't take yerself too seriously, ye'll fit in jus' fine 'ere."

"It looks... Busy." Arthur replied cautiously, taking in the various sights and activities going on around him.

"Yer in stock control, right?"

Arthur nodded slowly.

"Nothin' ta worry about then! Most of what you'll be doin' is behind the scenes anyways. Paperwork an' all that boring bureaucratic crap."

Arthur let out a little scoff. He happened to be quite fond of all the "boring bureaucratic crap". Well, most of it.

"So..." he changed the subject, "What's my supervisor like?"

The way the man raised his eyebrow piqued Arthur's curiosity, though he couldn't tell whether it was a promising gesture or whether it was something he should be worried about.

"She's... Different."

Arthur frowned. The description was unsatisfyingly vague, and the way the man kept his tone deliberately level meant he just couldn't get a read on things. When they reached the door that led into one of the internal office buildings the burly man held the door open and ushered Arthur

through into the fore. A quick flick of his thumb told Arthur they were supposed to follow the corridor to the right, and it wasn't long before they were once again in step side by side.

"What do you mean, different?"

"You'll see." The man wore a wry, knowing smirk as he pulled a little way ahead, reaching for the handle of the nearest door. Before he pushed it open Arthur had a moment to read the information plaque mounted on the wall beside it; *Stock Control Main office*.

The "main office", once they were inside proved to be little more than a short, separate side-corridor that at first looked like it led absolutely nowhere. It quickly became apparent that there were two more doors within, tight closed and each distinctly marked. One read *Records*, the other, *Stock Control Supervisor*.

No name.

Only a title.

Arthur was escorted to the office.

This time, Arthur's guide didn't simply open the door. He knocked respectfully and waited.

"Come in!" a chirpy, mellifluous female voice beckoned from the other side.

The man didn't even hesitate after that, turning the handle and stepping straight through the door.

"Got yer new *greenhorn*." He declared as Arthur entered the room behind him.

Arthur put on his best "I'm nervous, but I'm nice and I want to make a good impression, so I'm trying not to show it!" smile. The sight that greeted him caught him completely off-guard.

There was a woman standing over a filing cabinet, her back to the door, so thankfully she couldn't see Arthur's surprise. She was short, but only about a head shorter than he was, with a length of platinum white fronded hair that ran down her back, ending a little way beyond her shoulder blades. It matched the colour of her dress almost perfectly, out by maybe a small number of tones and holding a sheen that the delicate fabric lacked, the white ensemble seemingly tailored to her very form, judging by the way it hugged her waist, flaring off her hips and into cascading pleats that seemed to settle a respectable length of the way down the back of her thighs.

The part that caught him off-guard was the unexpected tail moving lazily behind her, the articulated dark brown shaft of fur ending in a small tuft of platinum that perfectly matched the hair on her head. The horns and ears were something of an obvious indication that she wasn't human as well.

When she turned to greet her guests, Arthur couldn't mistake the disparate colour scheme that made up the rest of her visible fur. The base colour of her coat seemed to be a pale, borderline cream tan – he was loathe to use the term beige, even if it was only a few shades more vibrant than Tuscan – broken by the same darkened bistre that marked the length of her tail, giving rise to a patched effect that shaded her neck, shoulders and part of an extremely generous décolletage.

The dark tones also traced down from around her elbows to her fingertips, creating the illusion that she was wearing an elegant pair of long gloves. Rising from her collar, up her neck, Arthur could see the colour follow the contour of her cheeks, staying above them to create a dark pair of patches around her eyes, creating a stark contrast to the bright amber orbs contained within and leaving them looking cutely large and deep-set.

Her pink little bovine nose was the only other contrast in colour.

She was an Anthromorph. Clearly bovine.

And she was... She was... He simply couldn't find an adequate word to complete that sentence.

Arthur quickly realised he'd been staring.

"Um... Hi." He stepped forwards and offered his hand, trying to regain at least the illusion of respectful propriety, "I'm Arthur Pendragon."

The woman was smiling softly when she accepted his hand. The short fur of her small hand was soft to the touch, but still bristly enough to tickle Arthur's palm, "Isn't that the same name as...?"

"King Arthur." He nodded with a sigh. It was something he'd gotten used to, the Arthurian legend that trailed his name, since people so often liked to point it out. Though, he had to admit, this was the first time an Anthromorph had taken note, "Yes. You're familiar with human mythology?"

"Humans fascinate me." She replied simply.

"I'll leave Miss Rosabella here to show you the ropes." The other man turned to leave the room. For a moment, Arthur had actually forgotten that he was still there. The door slammed shut firmly behind him, leaving the *greenhorn* alone with his new boss.

Miss Rosabella? Arthur couldn't work out whether that was supposed to be her first or last name.

"You can call me Bronwyn." She seemed to pluck the very thought from his mind, settling it before she released him from the handshake.

A moment of seemingly awkward silence fell.

"I know you probably aren't used to this." Bronwyn began quietly, moving back to perch lightly on the edge of what was obviously her desk, "Working under an Anthromorph."

"I... Erm... Well, I've never done it before." He felt his cheeks redden at his unintentional double entendre. She didn't seem to notice, though, or else she simply ignored it, "But it's not like I have a problem with it!" he added quickly for clarification. He'd never had one as a boss. But he'd met them before, and worked with a couple of canids in a previous job.

Bronwyn let out a soft cheery chuckle, the mirth making the light in her eyes dance, "Then I think we'll do just fine." She waved him across to the desk, its surface covered with what seemed like several very important documents, "Take a seat, and we'll go over the basics."

As it turned out pretty much everything Bronwyn had laid out on her desk had been in preparation for Arthur's arrival. Most of it was just company-specific policy and procedure; training manuals and associated documentation. A few others were regards to the use of equipment – health and safety, and all that; don't go using fork lifts if you weren't trained; don't walk into the delivery yard without your high-vis vest, and so on. The same old dreary stuff every company practically beat into its employees to cover itself in case their staff did something stupid, did themselves an injury, and tried to sue.

"Hey, we warned them about it. Not our fault."

Just the same old regurgitated crap.

And finally, not forgetting the one rather thick user manual for the little electronic scanner/PDA device he'd been issued to let him use the company's stock records system. What was it Bronwyn had called it again? It had only been a few minutes ago, and already it had gotten lost in the deep sea of acronyms and corporate jargon he'd been forced to try and assimilate.

Oh well...

"And if I'm ever not around, I'm usually in my office. Door's always open. Just... Knock first, okay?"

Bronwyn seemed to have something of a nervous edge to her voice and demeanour as she said that. Arthur wondered why, but readily let it slide. He didn't know her all that well, and it was possible he was just misreading her body language.

Picking up the routine of the job itself proved to be a fairly trifling matter once he threw himself into it. Bronwyn seemed to take the hands-on approach with training up Arthur, demonstrating and letting him pick his way through their tasks, learning on the job. For most things that seemed to work out fairly well. Their stock control duties pretty much consisted of keeping the company's bookstock records accurate and in order, accounting for any discrepancies, and dealing with any supply and delivery issues as, when and if they arose.

It was all just numbers. And Arthur was *good* with numbers.

By the end of the first week, he found himself slipping into the role with ease.

There were a couple of other little things he noticed about the warehouse, too, as he got to know the place a little better. Or at least, he noticed a few things about his co-workers. Bronwyn was the only non-human who worked there. Sure, there was the occasional driver or rep that came on site, dropping off a delivery or dealing with a specific product line or issue, but that was all an external affair.

It wasn't particularly unusual to find a company that was exclusively human staffed. However a warehouse of that size, with that many employees... It struck Arthur as a little unusual. Then again, the anthros did seem to have their own specific niche lines of work. There were always exceptions, of course, but perhaps distribution and logistical processing simply wasn't something that appealed to them?

He hadn't exactly expected to find a bovine working the numbers, after all.

It was a definite point of curiosity for him. But Arthur was able to bury it at the back of his mind easily enough. He'd probably find out if there was a reason sooner or later, anyway.

The one thing about the job that he did have some concern over, though, was the sheer volume of work he and Bronwyn were expected to get through each day. It didn't take Arthur more than a couple of days to take note of the fact that they were regularly pushing their deadlines to the limit. There was almost no room for error.

He found himself wondering just how on earth his bovine supervisor had managed to get through it all before the company had taken him on to assist her.

It was his second Tuesday there before he thought to bring it up, Bronwyn and himself in the middle of a stock count of the higher end imported wines at the time.

"Isn't this job a bit much for two people?" Arthur asked as Bronwyn passed him another crate of bottles filled with sparkling Asti. He placed it carefully on the shelf of a nearby rollcage before turning back to his supervisor to await the next.

Bronwyn, for her part, didn't even break her attention away from what she was doing. Leaning over the next crate to locate its barcode, the little PDA in her hand beeped affirmatively to let her know its scanner had registered yet another box, before the cowgirl hefted the crate up and handed it across to Arthur. She made it look so easy; it betrayed a strength much beyond that which her petite frame implied, "If we keep at it we'll get this all done in no time."

"No, that's not what I mean..." he carefully accepted the crate from her again and placed it atop the previous one, the tinkling clink of glass bottles colliding ringing out for a moment.

"Oh?" Bronwyn raised an eyebrow. Arthur had to admit, she looked cute when she did that.

"I mean, this job; your department." He picked up his own PDA and moved up to help her scan the next column of wine crates, "Doesn't it need more than two people? We always seem so busy. So close to the deadlines."

"Oh, that." Bronwyn picked up her paperwork, checking off the reference number of the last cage full of stock they'd counted, ticking a few checkboxes along the way, "Well, yes. We're understaffed, but only by one according to company guidelines."

To Arthur's mind that seemed about right. It explained why the workload was so heavy, but still just about manageable, if they were only one worker down, "Still, why don't they take somebody on?"

"It's me."

That stopped Arthur dead in his tracks. She seemed so sure of herself when she said that, "You?"

The cowgirl paused and turned to face him, "Most people aren't comfortable working under an Anthromorph." Arthur winced. By people, he knew she meant *humans*. The Anthromorphs had been around for decades, but still there were people who outright refused to treat them as equals; far more people than Arthur would've liked to admit, "Much less a dairy cow."

"You're in dairy?"

Bronwyn's arms crossed beneath her bosom, one of her eyebrows piquing in that curious little way that it often seemed to, "You didn't notice?"

Arthur couldn't help but steal a glance at her bust-line; her typical white dress with its low cut displaying a generous cleavage that he'd noticed seemed to draw regular glances from more than a fair share of the warehouse staff. To say her breasts were full-shaped would have been a gross understatement. The way they rose and fell as she breathed was almost soothingly rhythmic. They looked smooth, lightly furred, the dark bistre of her neck and collar giving way a few inches below her clavicle to the paler tan fur that he'd often wondered possibly covered the rest of her body. Firm, soft, yielding.

Far too many words began to run through his mind.

"Erm..." he blushed, feeling the obvious heat pool in his cheeks, "I'm not sure how to answer that."

"Honestly." The smirk she wore spoke volumes.

"Then... Yes." Arthur gestured vaguely towards her, "They're hard to miss."

"The breasts come with the genes." Bronwyn added matter-of-factly, though her voice retained a playful edge, "And that's the problem."

"They look fine to me..."

"No, you nitwit." she chuckled with a shake of her head, "I mean, they give away that I'm *dairy stock*."

"Oh..." Arthur's cheeks were a heated crimson.

"Most dairy cows tend to stick to one job." Bronwyn made a milking gesture in front of her chest that was impossible to mistake, "And that sort of thing doesn't exactly have a high IQ rep with you humans."

Arthur nodded. "So... They stereotype you?"

Bronwyn returned the gesture. He sympathised with her for that much, but he knew such stereotyping probably wasn't something strictly limited to bovine Anthromorphs. He knew that there were plenty of people who stereotyped human women the same way, although he found himself unable to recall any ladies he'd ever known that were quite as well built as the petite cowgirl that stood before him.

But just because there was a precedent, that didn't make it right. Not by a long shot. And Bronwyn was definitely no mental slouch; a five minute conversation with her would reveal that to just about anybody, "That's just wrong."

"That's life." She seemed rather cavalier about it as she shrugged it off. But then, Arthur supposed she'd simply gotten used to dealing with it. A part of him knew that it was tragic that *anybody* should have to get used to it. But that was the nature of the world.

"So how come you're not... You know, still on a farm being..." he trailed off, unable to finish the sentence, bashfulness getting the better of him as he tried to keep his train of thought from derailing into the gutter.

"Milked? Meh." Bronwyn waved a hand dismissively, "It's easy work, and the pay is alright. But it's so damn boring."

She turned back to the rollcage that came next on their list; unclipping the latch and swinging the front of it wide open, earning a creak of protest from its plastic hinges.

"I wanted a job that let me think, kept me feeling challenged. So I came here. Got a job in admin, worked my way up, and now here I am." She scanned the box that was easiest to get at.

"In charge of your own section." Arthur lifted the wine from the shelf for her, setting it out of the way to one side. He had to admit, working against that degree of stereotyping – prejudice, if he were truly honest – really was a testament to her will and determination. Ending up one rung of the ladder beneath senior team in a large distribution warehouse... All credit to her.

"Yep."

"And one subordinate." Arthur added with a smirk.

Bronwyn nodded sagely, "He's unruly. But somebody has to keep him in line."

The pair shared a chuckle. The way mirth seemed to dance across Bronwyn's features when she smiled and laughed was a joy-inspiring sight. The pair returned to the task at hand after only a moment, cracking on with their work as a comfortable silence fell between them.

Arthur couldn't help but think about everything they'd just discussed.

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Days turn into weeks so very easily, especially when the day-to-day toil of life actually becomes something you relish rather than loathe. Arthur was definitely beginning to feel that way about his work. It was straightforward enough to fully immerse himself in his tasks, and even if the routine was almost the same from one week to the next – stock counting, delivery processing, shrinkage, and all the paperwork in between – the nature of the place and the minutiae of the tasks meant that no two days were ever quite the same.

It was an unusual but not at all unpleasant thing. A healthy dose of unpredictability punctuated and affirmed by the comfort of routine.

And the company he kept whilst on the clock made it all the more worthwhile.

Bronwyn was a delight to be around. As his boss, she was easy-going, as driven to succeed as anyone he'd ever worked with before, but at the same time not the kind of supervising manager who was afraid to muck in and help to get the work done. Arthur supposed that was because she'd been the sole member of her team for some time before his arrival, she'd become accustomed to digging in and making sure it was all in order. As a colleague she was agreeable, fun, and a pleasure to work with.

As a woman, she was beautiful, captivating, and so enthralling that Arthur quickly became smitten. Every day, he felt it overpower him just a little bit more...

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Fridays were always so busy. Towards the end of the day, after all the scheduled stock counts were complete, all that was left to do was the mop-up bureaucracy and any specific requests that the depot manager or head office happened to send down.

And boy, did head office enjoy denying them even the slightest reprieve at the end of the week!

The depot manager had bumped into him out on the main warehouse floor, handing over a printed memo asking for a few key records to be double-checked, amended, and then actioned and confirmed before the day's end, in the apparent hopes of rectifying what appeared to be a glitch. It was something Arthur could've handled by him self, but that would've taken him well beyond the end of his shift. A little help would've been more than welcome.

He'd paced quickly off towards Bronwyn's office, note in hand.

Flinging open the door, Arthur entered without as much as a second thought.

"Wyn, do you have a moment to..." Words fell to nothing on his lips as he regarded the sight that greeted him.

Bronwyn was sitting at her desk, sideways on to the door, leaning over and filling out some paperwork. What caught Arthur's eye was the fact that the shoulder straps of her dress were down around her elbows, the top half of the garment bunched around her waist, leaving the entirety of her hefty bosom completely exposed. She had some kind of mechanical pump attached to her breasts, the mechanical whirl the most prominent background noise in the room, and Arthur could clearly see the fact that it was milking her, the white liquid collecting in transparent tubes to be pumped off under her desk and completely out of sight.

Bronwyn turned her head, looking straight at him.

"I... I..." Arthur was at an utter loss for words.

The bovine femme rolled her eyes before asking simply, "In or out?"

"Erm... I'll just..." without any further ado he turned and left the room, closing the door carefully behind him.

In the little hallway that separated the office from the record room, the hapless male simply stood, mind locked and replaying the sight he'd just seen. He breathed in silence.

Then fled for the men's room.

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Arthur returned a little while later, feeling a bit more relaxed and better in himself, to find that Bronwyn had left her office and was dealing with some things in the records room. She had her back

to him when he entered, but he took note as he closed the door and her ears twitched, and he knew she'd heard him enter.

When she turned around she was once again decent, modesty secured, though she seemed to look Arthur up and down intently for a moment. Finally, she spoke, "You're looking a little red in the cheeks."

There was a teasing edge to her words, and Arthur felt whatever redness *was* in his cheeks turn into a full-on thermonuclear blush of embarrassment. Did she know what he'd just gone off to do in the men's room?

The best defence was a good offence, "So are you."

It was true, too. And it lingered.

"Well, as you saw," she crossed her arms under her chest, taking an almost defensive stance, "I've just been milked."

And then she stuck out her tongue playfully.

Bronwyn clearly didn't miss a beat.

"I can relate..." Arthur replied drily.

"Remember when I said you should knock?"

Arthur simply nodded.

"That's why."

Arthur wasn't sure what to say to that. So he offered the first thing that came into his head, "So... You still do dairy work?"

Pointing out the obvious was an excellent way to avoid awkward situations. Obviously.

"Dairy cow." Bronwyn stated simply, gesturing to herself.

"Touché." He couldn't help but eye her briefly from head to toe, "Sorry."

"Don't worry." She waved her hand dismissively, "Doesn't bother me."

"Really?" Arthur was somewhat dubious regarding that. Surely being caught exposed in such a way caused her at least a little embarrassment? He knew he would've been absolutely mortified, their roles reversed. Not that they ever could be, of course – he just wasn't built for it!

His mind began to wander down a dangerous road...

"It's just milking." She shrugged, "I warned you to knock because I do it a couple of times per day, and company policy states that I have to do it behind closed door."

"Oh..." Arthur was surprised that the company knew. But, the more he thought about it, the more it seemed to make sense. If they expected her to work there then they'd obviously have to

accommodate her *unique* physical needs. It obviously wasn't something she was in control of, any more than he could control his kidneys or liver.

"Yep. Sexual harassment and all that." Bronwyn explained.

Of course, that made perfect sense too. Best off for her and everybody else on-site if she were permitted her own private place of seclusion for such things.

"So..." Arthur changed the topic, "You done?"

"Freshly squeezed." She winked.

Arthur blinked. He was forced yet again to shake several rather *vivid* imaginings from his mind. But some... Some refused to do anything but linger on...

It was Bronwyn who finally managed to derail his thoughts, "So, what did you want?"

"Oh, right." He remembered the sheet of paper in his hand, now a bit of a neglected crumpled mess, but still serviceable, "Shrink details." He held it out to her.

"Ah." Bronwyn accepted the sheet from him, eyeing it briefly before ushering him forwards, "Come back into my office."

The pair left the records room and headed across the way.

-o-O-o-

Arthur made sure to take more care after that. He soon picked up on Bronwyn's milking schedule now that he knew what was going on. At set points in the day she'd vanish for a little while, never more than half an hour or so, and he deigned to grant her the privacy she needed. Besides, he really didn't want to embarrass himself again! Making it a habit definitely wouldn't build him a decent reputation...

On any occasion that he was left with no choice but to disturb her, he was extra careful to knock and wait until she was willing to let him in.

It was actually some time before he found himself in that position again, though, but he'd kept in mind that it would be thoroughly inevitable. An urgent missive from a regional director regarding issues with a high-turnover product line... Though something Arthur was capable of handling himself, it fell well outside the purview of his responsibility, so he was left with no choice but to take it to Bronwyn.

Through the doorway to her office, if he stood in silence, he could just about make out the gentle whir of her milking machine. All he could do was knock, and then patiently wait.

"Wyn, do you have a moment?"

"*I'm fine if you are.*" Came the surprisingly neutral riposte from the other side of the door. He realised that meant that she wasn't going to stop the pump for him, the sound of it doing its job still making its way to his ear. Arthur supposed that made sense, if she were only half-way done or

something. And Bronwyn would know that after the last incident, he would only interrupt if it were important, right?

Arthur felt butterflies begin to stir deep down in his gut, rising in time with a pressing wave of nervous apprehension. A part of his mind vaguely registered that it was strange he'd feel nervous or anxious about it. *Knowing* what was taking place just the other side of the door, shouldn't his natural response have been eagerness? Some degree of enthusiasm?

The thought was lost amidst a myriad of angst and uncertainty.

But he swallowed his doubts and reached for the handle, letting himself into the room.

There she was, dress around her elbows and midsection once again, leaving her exposed and naked from the midriff up. She had her arms crossed in a way that they obscured the suction cups from view, translucent as they were, and largely protect her modesty. But there was so much they didn't hide. So much they simply *couldn't*.

Arthur tried to avoid staring. But his eyes lingered on her décolletage perhaps a bit longer than was polite, and it took a concerted effort to keep them level.

"Close the door."

He didn't even realise he was still holding it open.

"Right." Arthur slowly nodded. With a firm shove, the door was closed, leaving them with a little more privacy.

"What you got?"

Arthur handed the note over to her, across the desk, trying to remain as professional as he could, "Data request from Head Office."

Bronwyn took it from him, inspecting it closely.

Arthur did his best to avoid staring at her, but his eyes were constantly being drawn back to the bovine girl's bosom, stealing fleeting glances before catching himself and forcing his eyes away once more. Never had he been so conflicted!

She became the full focus of his attention when she gave off a sharp gasp, and he watched as one of Bronwyn's fingers absentmindedly pressed down into the soft flesh of one of her breasts, sliding under one of the cups to break its suction, a protesting vacuum hiss escaping from it in reply. She adjusted it slowly.

Arthur watched as her finger was removed, the cup once again forming a tight seal around her areola, and after only a couple of sucks it was drawing out milk again.

Something about the scene was just overly arousing to the helpless male.

"Okay." she shifted in her seat as she read, leaning back in her chair and holding the report in one hand. The other absently traced the contour of her breast, running from her collarbone and down her cleavage, "Seems simple enough. I'm almost done here anyway."

With that, she reached down and fumbled with whatever was under the desk. It was out of Arthur's field of vision, but he could hear the distinctive sound of a switch being flicked, and the mechanical background noise of the pump completely died away.

When the sound of escaping air vanished too Arthur watched her reach down with both hands to remove the suction cups. There was a wet pop as the last of the suction was broken. A single bead of milk trailed a meandering cream rivulet down her breast. With an absent swipe of her finger, Bronwyn collected it up and lifted it to her lips, licking it off without really thinking.

She heard Arthur give off a gasp. When she looked to him, he was eying her up intently. A hungry glint smouldered in his eyes.

"Oh, sorry." She apologised meekly, as if only just realising she was completely bare to him, "I forgot."

Before anything more could be made of it, the cowgirl slid the straps of her dress back up onto her shoulders and pulled the front up and over the arc of her bosom. A few minor adjustments and all the little bunches it had accumulated were more or less smoothed out and everything was comfortably seated.

"I... Erm..." She heard Arthur mumble. There was an uncomfortable yet curious expression on his face.

"What is it?"

The redness in Arthur's cheeks only seemed to deepen, and for a moment Bronwyn thought he'd changed his mind about speaking. But after a few moments, he finally asked, "How did it taste?"

A thick, awkward silence descended between them. That wasn't what Bronwyn had been expecting to discuss in the slightest, and as she simply blinked at the man Arthur seemed unable or unwilling to fully meet her gaze, perhaps thinking he'd crossed a line that he couldn't now uncross.

But in all honesty, it wasn't that it was a taboo subject for Bronwyn. Asking a dairy cow about her milk struck her as no different to asking an author about their book, or a painter about their art. It was simply a by-product of what she did; of what she *was*. It was just not a topic that anybody had ever really asked her about before. Certainly, no human ever had.

She hadn't been expecting it. But eventually, she replied with a question of her own, "You've had milk before, right?"

"Well, yes..."

Of course he had. Most humans had. So, that was where her milk went?

"It's like that. A bit creamier," a by-product of her breed, she added mentally, "and warm."

"W-warm?"

"Sure." she chuckled as if he were missing the obvious, "Body temperature."

She let the thought linger with him for a moment. A hearty chuckle parted her lips when the penny seemed to drop, realisation obviously dawning on the man. Whilst Arthur would be the first to admit his mind was less than focused on actual *thinking* at that particular point, he'd never admit to being pleased at missing the obvious. Mentally, he face-palmed.

Of course it was warm. It was as fresh as it could possibly be.

"Never had warm milk before?" Bronwyn teased him.

"Yes..." memories of warm milk before bed surfaced in his mind, buried somewhere amongst the distant remembrances of his childhood, "But never fresh."

Now it was Bronwyn's turn to hesitate, "Would... you like to taste some?"

Arthur's eyes went so wide that for a moment Bronwyn thought they were on the verge of falling out of his head. And for a brief moment, she wondered precisely what it was that had surprised him about the offer.

Not that the man could've fully articulated his thoughts, anyway. He had mental images of her sitting on the desk, liberating her breasts, and having him suckle until the figurative cows came home. The thoughts stirred something within him, and frankly his body wasn't leaving much blood behind for his brain to function properly on.

When Bronwyn leaned over and produced a near-full milk container from somewhere beneath her desk, that particular fantasy promptly evaporated into empty nothingness, "Plenty to spare."

Of course she hadn't meant it the way his mind had interpreted it...

Slowly, Arthur nodded. Bronwyn took the top off the container, pouring a small quantity of its contents into an empty mug on her desk. The fluted edge ensured no spillage, but she was still taking extra care to not drop any of it. There was almost a full day's worth of production in there, and most of it was already promised to the dairy processing company. They wouldn't miss a few drops – production varied from one day to the next anyway – but a completely unfulfilled quota would certainly cost her recompense pay.

When she handed over the cup, Arthur was slow to take it from her. But take it he did, lifting it to his lips cautiously and taking a brief moment to inhale. Unsurprisingly, it smelled like milk. Of course it did. What was he expecting, a fine sparkling wine?

Tilting the mug, he allowed the creamy fluid to pass his lips in a small sip. It was cooler upon his tongue than he'd expected it to be, given what she'd said about body temperature. But it was sweeter, richer and creamier than he'd anticipated. And if he was truly honest, just a little bit moreish...

"Goes well with cornflakes." Bronwyn chimed in with a smirk as Arthur seemed to relish it. His embarrassment was obvious, but neither of them deigned to make an issue of it.

"Well, that was... Nice." He complimented vaguely, placing the mug down carefully atop Bronwyn's desk, "I'll be back shortly."

He turned to leave the room.

"Not going to action this report with me?" she raised an eyebrow, looking and sounding a bit nonplussed, almost miffed at the idea that he'd abandon her to do all the work.

"Sure. Just..." he looked back at her apologetically, "Give me ten minutes."

"Alright." The bistre bovine belle rose from her chair again, heading towards the door. One of her shoulder straps slid down off her shoulder as she walked by Arthur, deepening her cleavage to a degree that the defenceless young man just couldn't ignore, giving him a complete and seemingly oblivious eyeful.

"Actually, it'll probably only take five..." He corrected as she opened the door.

He dashed through it making a beeline for the men's room.

Bronwyn blinked in confusion.

-o-O-o-

Days turned to weeks as they slipped quickly by, and Arthur found himself increasingly distracted by thoughts of Bronwyn. He wasn't sure precisely what it was he was feeling; a crush; lust; infatuation. Perhaps something more? Whatever it was, he tried to keep it out of his mind as much as possible. He didn't want to be too distracted.

But it was very hard work. The more he thought about it, the more he began to realise he was completely smitten. And it was getting harder and harder to keep it from affecting his work whenever he was around the bovine belle.

He was heading into the records room when he heard a faint groan from behind the closed door of Bronwyn's office. There was a pained edge to it, and Arthur felt a pang of concern rise to the fore.

Pressing his ear to the door, he heard it again, but he couldn't make out anything else. He rapped lightly with his knuckles, "Bronwyn? You okay in there?"

"Just a second!" Came a strained reply, followed by the obvious sound of the frantic shuffling of papers, "Alright, come in!"

When he pressed into the room all he found was a slightly dishevelled-looking Bronwyn sitting at her desk. The usually organised workspace was in a state of mild disarray, paper and organisers seemingly strewn haphazardly across its surface. Even the cowgirl herself appeared a little out of sorts, her hair in need of a run-through with a comb or brush, some of the rest of the fur around her neck and shoulders looking as if it had been harshly rubbed the wrong way, angular tufts sticking out here and there. Her dress had a few creases across her torso, like it had been sitting bunched up at odd angles.

And he couldn't help but notice Bronwyn's erect nipples poking prominently through the fine white fabric.

"Everything alright?" Arthur asked with genuine concern.

"Just a few *technical* difficulties." She still sounded strained. A brief sharp but not overly harsh kick against the pumping machine beneath her desk punctuated the thought, "Having to do things the old-fashioned way."

So, her machine was broken? "Old fashioned?"

"By hand." She placed her palms flat atop her chest, taking a few deep breaths, as if she was uncomfortable, "Did you need something?" Bronwyn's impatience seemed slightly out of character, to the point where she came across almost agitated. It made Arthur wonder what was going on.

"Oh, erm... No. It just..." he tried to figure her out, but she was proving unreadable, "Sounded like you were in pain."

"Oh..." A very distinctive blush lit up her cheeks, "No..." she went on at barely a whisper, "Quite the opposite, actually..."

"Oh..." And then the penny dropped. Flushed expression, fur and hair a mess, erect nipples, seemingly agitated, "Oh!"

She'd actually been *enjoying* the old fashioned milking method!

The oppressive silence that descended was extremely uncomfortable and awkward, so Arthur did the only thing he could, think of; offer to help in some way, "I could... Have a go at fixing the machine for you. I'm quite mechanically-minded."

Tinkering and toying was one of his favourite pass-times.

"Really?" One of Bronwyn's eyebrows raised in that delightfully adorable way it always did when she was genuinely intrigued by something. The tension in the room seemed to decrease by a few degrees of magnitude, though it still lingered somewhere in the background.

"Sure. Can't be any more complex than a car, right?" He knew how to handle cars, or at least his clapped-out old banger, and a few other mechanical devices that made up his personal mod cons. And a breast pump really couldn't have been all that different, right?

"If you could, I'd be grateful." She seemed genuinely enthused by the prospect, though a little reticence lingered as her words trailed off, "But..."

"But?"

"I need to finish this." The bovinous woman gestured towards her chest with reluctant embarrassment, as if elaborating any further was truly beyond her capability. Arthur still had the distinct impression that she was actually in some discomfort.

"Don't let me stop you. I'll be down here." He turned towards her desk, ready to kneel down and inspect the wayward device underneath.

Bronwyn nodded and pushed both her chair and herself back a bit to make room for him to work, granting Arthur unrestricted access to the front of the unruly machine. He had his back to her when he descended to his knees. A quick inspection of the contraption showed it to be an apparently very basic affair. The entirety of the device seemed to be little more than a pump, container and series of tubing mounted in what looked very much like a personal computer tower. The container took up most of the space therein, and it appeared to be currently about half full. The pump itself he found by following the tubing lines, locating it towards the top rear of the case, where a power supply unit ought to have been if it were a PC.

The switch on the front of the whole assembly was in the off position. Arthur gave it a couple of testing flicks, and a little green light on the pump housing illuminated to confirm it was receiving power, but the device itself remained resolutely inactive.

So, whatever's wrong with it must be in the actual pump itself.

The sound of clothing rustling behind him caught Arthur's ear. He knew what it meant – Bronwyn getting ready to resume her prior activity – but he tried to ignore it regardless.

When he heard the sound of milk spraying against the bottom of a glass container he did his best to not imagine what was going on behind him.

A rigorous shake of his head found Arthur's attention focused back on the pump.

Reaching inside, he found that the pump could be slid forwards and out of the assembly with markedly little effort. Once freed, there was easy access to the actual motor housing simply by sliding the plastic backing cover off to reveal its uncomplicated inner workings.

What he found was an electric motor that showed no obvious signs of damage or wear. He gave the power switch a couple of on-off flicks, and noted as the whole thing rotated, moving barely a mil or two before it binded. So, it was trying, but getting stuck on something. It was only seized.

Upon closer inspection, he realised that he could actually see that dust had accumulated in the lubricating grease, and the added friction was stopping the whole thing from turning freely.

"Ah, that'd do it."

"What?" he heard from behind him.

Arthur didn't dare turn around, "Did this thing come with a service kit?"

"In the box, behind it." Bronwyn directed, sounding a little breathless.

Sure enough behind the pump casing, in a little box, he found a small kit. It contained a few basic parts – spare tubes, puncture repairs, washers, spare set of cups, and enough spare motor parts and bushings to practically build one complete new unit. But, most importantly, a sachet of lubrication grease.

"Fantastic!" He removed the grease sachet and then set about working at the pump itself, wiping off the old contaminated lubrication, "Won't take too long."

"No hurry..." he heard Bronwyn barely over a whisper, her comment punctuated with a very breathy moo.

Arthur could barely bring himself to think, much less actually turn and look.

Instead, he just set about applying the grease back into the motor. He made sure to be overly generous in the application.

A light gasp from behind him and the distinct creak of Bronwyn's chair did their best to distract him, but with enough willpower he kept right on track, placing the backing on the motor and sealing it shut.

"Finished!" Arthur enthused, "It's ready for you, if you want..." he turned around, "you want..."

Words fell to dust on his lips, throat constricting as a lump rose.

Bronwyn was no longer milking herself. She was openly massaging one of her breasts, a nipple pinched between a thumb and forefinger, whilst another hand ran below the hiked-up lower hem of her skirt-like dress, disappearing into her underwear and yet visibly moving against her.

She was masturbating.

"Wyn..." Arthur couldn't divert his gaze from the enrapturing vision before him.

"Mooooo..." she cooed softly, looking back at him.

He just stood there and watched her intently as she worked to please herself. Arthur's mind began to swim, a distant rational part trying to work out whether this was actually happening, or if he'd somehow fallen asleep and slipped deep into one of his own fantasies.

His own arousal rapidly grew, and he absently found himself rubbing at the crotch of his trousers as it became increasingly uncomfortable.

None of this escaped Bronwyn's notice as she slowly pressed on.

"I don't mind if you want to..." she trailed off, cheeks flushed, giving her a sultry yet strangely bashful mien, Arthur would've done anything she asked at that point, anything at all.

To Bronwyn's delight the human male unzipped his trousers, adjusting himself so that his pulsing girth was finally freed. He didn't hesitate to begin stroking it, each of them taking in and relishing the sight of the other.

Arthur drank in the vision of raw sexuality before him; the bovine belle reclining in her chair, dress bunched around her midriff. Her chest rose and fell as her every breath deepened, one breast being firmly handled in her own fingers. The other hand, buried from sight in her underwear, worked in determined little circles behind their obscuring lace screen, clearly pleasing Bronwyn no end. A hungry look smouldered intently within her eyes, and even beneath the pale and bistre fur the tell-

tale signs of heated excitement bore through. Arthur could even taste her scent on the air, a strong and unmistakable arousal that eagerly urged him on.

She looked like a goddess in that pose, every curve carefully sculpted, carved from purest lust and beauty to his eyes. Seeing the expression on her face, and the way her legs flexed and toes began to straighten and curl in time with her increasing rate of self-stimulation, he couldn't help but take note of how readily her body was reacting.

And he knew from his own that if they kept this up there was no way he was going to last – all the built up tension spread across those many weeks was rising towards a peak of much-needed release.

His eyes fell upon the breast that Bronwyn fondled, and the thin trickle of milk she had unintentionally drawn from herself as it meandered its way from the bare pink skin of her nipple and down through her soft fur.

Arthur really was reaching his limits, "Bronwyn, I-I'm going to..."

She stopped completely, looking at him intently and withdrawing her hands from herself. He stopped a moment later, thoroughly confused, though his eager length still pulsed in his hand. Had the cowgirl suddenly changed her mind?

Without so much as a word Bronwyn rose to her feet, closed the gap between them, and came to stand before him.

Arthur was about to ask her something when she suddenly fell to her knees, brushing aside his hand and quickly taking his entire length between her lips. There was a sudden fierce suction, and an errant swipe of her tongue across the tip of his manhood, and Arthur felt himself erupt into both confusion and ecstasy. His knees trembled and failed to lock, and as his first throb turned into a forceful pulse, he found himself holding onto Bronwyn's horns in order to support himself.

He looked down into her eyes as he filled her mouth with his seed.

She looked back, and swallowed – actually swallowed! – he rode out his orgasm, each pulse diminishing until at last the spasms stopped. Arthur's head swam as he struggled to rationalise what had just happened, not entirely sure he was willing to believe it.

Bronwyn let him fall from her mouth, giving her lips a lick, before rising to her feet. She seemed to read his baffled expression.

"Couldn't have you messing up the floor..." she explained, as if it were the most innocent excuse in the world.

"I... We..." but he just couldn't bring himself to think straight.

"I'm sorry about all this." It was odd to hear her apologising, "It's just... I can't *not* be milked. And doing it by hand is so stimulating. That's why I normally use the machine at work..."

So, the machine wasn't just a matter of convenience for her. It was so she didn't turn herself on every time she had to be milked? Arthur hadn't realise she'd enjoy it quite so much. And the "at

work" at the end... Was this a regular thing when she wasn't at work? *That* would be a mental image his mind would relish from now until the day he died.

But then something else came to mind.

"Did you... Did you finish?" He'd meant the milking. It was only after the words left his mouth that he realised the double entendre, the smirk tugging at the corner of Bronwyn's lips telling him she'd not missed it either.

"Yes and no..."

Arthur looked Bronwyn over head to toe. Her hair was a complete mess of tangles and loose ends, her fur even more ruffled than before, and now holding what appeared to be a fine sheen of pleasure-induced exertion. Her dress, little more than a barely noticed inconvenience, bunched around her waist just above the flare of her hips, the top part of it held in place between the underside of her breasts and her torso.

Her cheeks remained lightly flushed, and her blushing pink areola sported erect nipples that clearly flagged her continued arousal. The way her eyes danced and a lopsided smirk of mischievous intent played upon her lips just completed the look.

Arthur couldn't help himself, "Gods, you're beautiful."

Bronwyn blushed profusely. It was amusing, in a way - exposing herself to him hadn't really left her bashful in itself, it had seemed. But being complimented had managed to do it.

He closed the gap between them to almost nothing, and she met his downward gaze by looking up into his eyes. One of his hands found its way to her cheek, fingertips imparting the lightest possible caress. He had no more words for her. So, leaning in, he placed a delicately tender kiss upon her lips. She returned it with neither question nor hesitation.

When they parted Arthur's hands found their way to Bronwyn's hips, resting upon the soft fur left exposed as her dress had migrated northwards. Her own arms found their way around him, meeting so that her fingers could entwine high on his back, right between his shoulder blades. They pulled one-another chest to chest, so close he could feel her every breath and she could feel his very heart thunder against her breast.

Their next kiss began much akin to the last, though a breathy moan escaped from Bronwyn and into Arthur's lips as they held one-another close. He felt her nipples draw across the fabric of his shirt with every breath they shared, and it was clear the stimulation was well received by Bronwyn. She seemed to almost tremble in anticipation at his touch.

Their lips eventually parted by a fraction, and Bronwyn felt his warm breath upon her lips as he whispered.

"Sensitive, huh?"

Before she could respond Arthur had reached up between them, one of his fingers managing to seek out the point of her breast and encircle the textured skin of an areola. Her groan was pleased and

drawn, his touch all the more invigorating than even her own had been mere minutes before, and it was all she could do to put a voice to her appreciation.

She quickly took his other hand, placing it in turn over her other breast, and using her own fingers to encourage him to give it a firm yet much desired squeeze. Soon after, to her approval, he was intently caressing both.

Their lips met as she basked in the sensation, but almost immediately one of his hands broke away to trace down over her stomach, across the bunched fabric of her dress, coming to rest between her thighs and sliding daringly beneath her underwear.

When his fingers sought out that sensitive little nub, brushing across it and earning a grateful moan, Bronwyn's knees began to tremble in earnest. Arthur could feel her whimper into his lips, and he returned it hungrily as her fingers sought out and caressed the still sensitive flesh of his length, urging it back to life.

Arthur was caught by surprise when Bronwyn broke their kiss and took a step back. His look of confusion was reciprocated by the most devilishly alluring lopsided grin he'd ever seen, before she hooked her fingers under the band of her lingerie and slid the undergarments off her hips and down her thighs. They pooled unceremoniously around her ankles before she simply kicked them off to the side with two simple flicks of her feet.

Bronwyn offered Arthur a sultry wink before turning around to face her desk. Placing her palms flat atop its surface, she leaned forwards, looking back over her shoulder. The way she bit her lip as she looked him up and down, then lifted her tail, raising the pleats of her dress to fully expose herself to him drove Arthur all the way from desire to insanity.

She beckoned him with her eyes.

He was powerless to resist.

Arthur stepped up behind her, the cowgirl's rump ending up flush against his lower stomach, the head of his erection teasing the full length of her eager sex, though he didn't yet enter her. Bronwyn relished the touch of his fingers as they sank into the fur about her hip bones. She was eager to get things started.

Reaching down between her thighs her fingers made a grasp at Arthur's length, directing him so that the head came to rest right between the lips to her entrance. All it would take was for him to push forwards, or her to push back, and then they'd be joined.

Instead, they moved together, and in one long, deep, slow thrust Bronwyn found herself completely sheathing him intimately within herself. That first penetration, the sensation as he sunk into her for the very first time, was something she truly savoured. Being full, when before she didn't realise just how empty she had been... It was like the first drink of sweet, crystal water after a long, long thirst; it simply hit all the right spots, and left her wanting more.

Arthur was inside her. But still her body craved more.

Arthur's pace began tantalisingly slow at first, the torturous way he slowly drew out of her, then pushed in again. It earned a whimper of frustration from Bronwyn, and though she didn't see it, Arthur smirked knowingly. He could tell from the way she tried to push back to meet his inwards thrusts that she wanted him to pick things up a bit. But he used the hands at her waist to slow her down, just to prolong the torture.

When her eyes found his, though, with wide amber fire burning, pleading for him to cease the torment and just take her, he simply didn't have it in him to deny her.

Leaning over his bovine lover from behind, his lips recaptured her own, his hands moving up her flanks to caress the sides of her breasts, before seeking out each nipple and offering her an appreciative squeeze. Bronwyn's tongue flicked against his lips as she lightly arched her back against him.

When the kiss passed, Arthur returned his hands to her hips and without any further delay began to rut the bovine belle the way her body pleaded with him to.

Bronwyn's elbows gave out as she groaned, her torso falling to the surface of her desk as she let off a deep, throaty moo of approval, sharpening the angle between herself and her human lover to the point of divine perfection.

Laying her head on the desk she could look back at him far more easily, the mixture of determined intent and thorough enjoyment that played across Arthur's face only fuelling her own lusty smile. They were both thoroughly enjoying it. With her backside raised up higher than her body, her tail stood straight up behind her. She used the platinum brush at the tip of it to flick playfully at Arthur's nose.

He looked at her with a smirk, shaking his head. His fingers seemed to sink deeper into the fur and flesh of her hips, and Bronwyn felt the intensity of his thrusts increase to the point that at the peak of every hilted plunge into her core she could hear the lewd sounds of his pelvis impacting her buttocks.

Arthur pushed in with such eagerness that Bronwyn let out a fresh moan each and every time, her thighs repeatedly impacting the edge of the desk and making the whole thing shake.

The pleasure began to rise in the very core of her being.

"Arthur..." she moaned in warning as it rapidly began to rise to a crescendo.

Bronwyn's knees gave out with a series of quick whimpers, but Arthur's hands supported her completely all the while. One of her hands reached across her desk to grasp at the furthest edge, offering a little support, whilst the other sought out one of her breasts, giving it the attention it so eagerly needed.

One of Arthur's hands reached around her too, his fingertips seeking out that most sensitive of nubs between her thighs. They made contact when he was at the deepest point of his thrust.

Bronwyn could take no more. With a long, pleased moo, her climax crashed through her like a wave.

Arthur didn't let up for an instant, continuing to thrust even as Bronwyn's orgasm coursed through every fibre of her body and began to recede, leaving her whimpering helplessly beneath him.

When her low moans became a contented gurgle, he stopped and slowly withdrew. Bronwyn, feeling suddenly and distressingly empty, was about to protest. But Arthur had her upright and turned around to face him before the words managed to find form. One of his hands caressed her cheek tenderly, and the cowgirl was about to ask him why he'd stopped before finishing when unexpectedly both his hands took her about the waist and lifted her back onto the desk, rump perched comfortably at its edge.

With a well-placed kiss upon her lips, Arthur encouraged Bronwyn gently down onto her back, and she realised what he was planning to do. He loomed above her as her back touched the top of the desk, their lips never parting. The obliging bovine moved her legs so they were around Arthur's waist, locking behind him, and she used them to pull him towards her.

They both moaned into one-another's lips as Arthur's length once again found its way to her core, and Arthur was forced to break the kiss just to recapture his breath.

Bronwyn wouldn't abide the separation for long, reaching up and slipping her arms around his neck to pull him back down to her. Their lips didn't meet this time, though, Bronwyn instead finding herself in the crook of his neck. Arthur's heated breath assaulted her ear, giving rise to a tantalising shiver that ran the full length of her spine. When his lips began to tease the dark fur of her neck, she felt him begin to move within her, pace quickly rising back to a thrilling, eager fervour.

His pace quickly grew more erratic, and Bronwyn could feel the intensity of his breath upon her neck and collar. His enthusiasm spurred her pleasure on.

When one of his hands took a hold of a breast, massaging and groping it firmly, Bronwyn gasped as her entire body tensed and a startlingly rapid orgasm began to rise to the fore within her. There was little she could do to slow it, pinned between the desk and her eager human lover, so she simply allowed herself to surrender to it in a fit of moans and groans.

Arthur in turn only grew more insistent.

It was all happening so fast.

With a loud moan every muscle in Bronwyn's body was thrown into another orgasmic spasm. The force of her thighs and calves taking on a will of their own, pulled Arthur forcefully in to the hilt, the waves of heated passion flushing through her womanhood proved to be much more than he could handle.

With his lips pressed firmly into her neck, just behind her ear, Arthur gave off his own grunt, the throbbing want of his length pulsing his seed forcefully deep into Bronwyn's very core.

She moo'd softly, fingers raking into his back as she felt all his want and need fill her, hot and sticky and extremely fulfilling.

Arthur panted for breath as his orgasm faded, a slick sheen of sweat across his brow. He held himself inside his bovine lover, but lifted his torso so that he could see her. Hair a complete mess, fur

ruffled, a cool sweat as noticeable as his own and her chest rising and falling as she too caught back up with herself.

There was no way she could've ever looked more beautiful in his eyes.

They smiled contentedly at one-another, Bronwyn reaching up to trace the line of his jaw affectionately with her soft furred finger tips. She owed him her thanks for all of this; it had been something she badly needed. Though, she was certain she'd made that quite clear to him anyway, buried as he was inside her.

"Shame I fixed that machine..." Arthur panted softly.

Bronwyn allowed herself a soft chuckle. Arthur slowly withdrew himself from inside her, letting her sit upright on the edge of her desk. It didn't take either of them long to adjust their clothes and make themselves more or less presentable, though a few deep creases remained across the front of her dress, stubbornly refusing to budge. Running her fingers through her hair a few times, she managed to improvise a little tidiness, but it would need to be properly combed at some point.

She tried to stand, but her knees were still unsteady, so she opted to simply lean back against the desk and allow herself a few moments to recover.

Arthur offered her a knowing wink even as he collected himself together. Bronwyn shook her head with a smile and a roll of her eyes.

Looking around, the young man noticed Bronwyn's underwear on the floor by one of the walls. He did the gentlemanly thing and picked them up for her, holding the garment out to her. The bovine femme extended her own hand and took them from him. But, instead of putting them on, she simply scrunched them up and slipped them into one of Arthur's pockets.

He was confused by the unusual gesture, unsure as to what it was supposed to mean.

Bronwyn's smile was warm and radiant. Ignoring the uncertain sway in her knees, she stood up, and gave an almost imperceptibly soft, chaste kiss to his cheek.

"Don't worry." She assured him by whispering into his ear, stepping back again so she could look him straight in the eye, "This won't be the last time."

Arthur felt his heart leap within his chest.

-o-O-o-

Bronwyn

-o-O-o-

By Sval

Author's Note: This work was inspired entirely by a cowgirl picture by CyanCapsule ([click here](#) for the original work), and her image is used with full consent. Admittedly I was quite taken with the picture when I saw it, and several different story ideas began to take root. I

quickly sought out CyanCapsule's permission to name her and pen her into a story, and I'm pleased to say said permission was enthusiastically granted.

If you enjoyed the story then let me know what you think. My first published work aimed at an adult audience. Be gentle with me...

Dedicated to [CyanCapsule](#)

Proofread by [Wolfie Steve](#)