

A bright white light blinded Robin's vision. The world around her melted away, as the scenery and even her fellow companions were encompassed into a sea of nothingness. Robin felt short of breath, like her very being was being stretched and pulled to its limit. Her grasp on her current universe waned. She was being transported to a new world! But... For some reason, Robin felt no sort of fear or dread. In an instant, her mind was filled with all the knowledge she needed to understand her situation. Askar, the Order of Heroes, their fight for the forces of good and multiversal stability. All of these strange concepts she never would have even dreamt of filled Robin's brain in the blink of an eye.

Just as fast as Robin was pulled out of her universe, she was already materializing in a new one. Robin's feet slowly descended until they met the ground. The brilliant light that surrounded the summoning altar began to dim, as thick clouds of smoke drifted and sank downwards. Though her vision hadn't completely cleared, Robin instinctively knew that the shadowy figure before her was the person who'd summoned her to this world. It was a tactician of high regard just as her, a person who Robin would be happy to work under in order to help defeat the forces of evil. Wanting to leave a good first impression, Robin wasted no time introducing herself.

"My name is Robin, the tactician for Chrom's Shepherds. I'm sure you'll-"

CLANG!!!

Before Robin could even finish, a loud metallic bang rang in her head. Robin wondered where the sound had come from, but as pain arose from the back of her cranium, she had to think about it no further. Someone had viciously clubbed her on the back of her head. Robin's eyes flickered, her limbs felt flimsy. Complete darkness came over her vision before Robin found her consciousness slipping out cold.

Softness. Fluffiness. Comfort. These were all the wonderful feelings Robin experienced as her mind wandered the land of dreams. Robin's body instinctively nuzzled around the incredibly cozy bedding that surrounded her. It was much softer than any of Robin's bed, its warm plush caressing her entire form. Robin almost felt like she was about to sink into accommodations around her, letting all its comfort inundate her entirely. In a way, it almost reminded Robin of the day she met Chrom. The serenity and security of that breezy grass plane were hard to beat. It made her curious to know if there was also a Chrom in this world she could meet...

...

...

Like the crack of a whip, Robin's upper body sharply bolted upwards in a single, swift motion. That was right! She'd just been summoned to a brand new world! Yet for some reason, she was knocked out without even being able to finish her introduction! The back of Robin's head throbbed, still sore from when she was struck. It was such an odd situation... From all the information that had been planted in her mind, the Order of Heroes was supposed to be a reputable and honorable organization. So why would they do something like that to her...?

In an attempt to figure out what was going on, Robin scanned the room around her. At first glance, it didn't seem like she was in any sort of prison at least. All four walls around her were made entirely

of thick, rugged blocks of wood, save for the one in front of Robin which also had a wooden gate that lead in and out. These walls were about as tall as a person, but didn't quite reach the top of the roof, which was sloped upwards in a triangular shape. Below her, the floor was made of earthy dirt, though it was covered in a light layer of hay that made it softer than usual. In fact, there was plenty of hay all over the room! Robin herself seemed to have been resting on a huge pair of hay bales that were incredibly comfy.

It seemed Robin was in some sort of barn. Though the reason why she found herself in this barn still eluded her. With nowhere else to turn, Robin decided the only course of action was to leave this little stable in search for some answers. Planting both hands firmly on the haybale she sat on, Robin grunted and gasped as she tried to rise to her feet. In most cases it would be an effortless task, but for some reason Robin's feet felt very strange at the moment. Her limbs were much weightier and more sluggish than she ever remembered. They moved in a very unnatural way. Even standing in place felt strange.

Only when Robin looked down upon her own form did she realize the reason for it all. Instead of a pair of normal human legs, Robin now bore an incredibly dumpy and thick equine bottom. Flat, digit-less hooves had replaced her feet. A thick layer of brown fur covered her skin from her toes to her thighs, which had become quite thick and muscular. Robin's new ass was absolutely enormous, with two big wobbly cheeks of muscle and fat that felt like they were her new center of gravity. An absolutely girthy rear that was accompanied by a thick, rounded horse anus that could fit her hole arm. And to top it all off, she even had a thin, flicking horse tail that was the same white color as her hair.

But perhaps the worst change of it all had to be the *thing* that was currently nestled between both of her thick equine legs. Robin's pussy was nowhere to be found. In its stead, Robin could only see a *massive girthy, dark brown sheath* which Robin could only assume housed an equally gargantuan horse cock. The sheath drooped forward with a sag, at least four inches of length that were accompanied by plenty of thickness. Its tip was so wide, it looked like a brand-new hole in it of itself. Further below, two massive, rounded horse balls hung down from her crotch. Each nut was easily the size of an orange, permeating with copious amounts of warmth and fullness. Even the slightest of breaths caused them to wobble and press against her thighs, a pair of mighty yet delicate additions.

Thankfully, for Robin, that is where all of the changes started and ended. Around the area of Robin's hips, her furry equine legs seamlessly transitioned into a completely normal and hairless human torso. Robin's arms were completely human, her five-fingered hand as slim and dexterous as before. She could look down upon her chest and see her modest C-Cup breasts remained, eliciting the slightest sensation of relief at the thought that she was at least still somewhat female. There was the issue that Robin's torso was currently devoid of clothes, leaving her pert pink nipples exposed to the open air. But compared to what had happened to the rest of her body, it was not that big of a problem in the grand scheme of things.

"What is going on here?!" With mounting frustrations, Robin couldn't help but yell out into the ether. Her voice echoed through the barn, a symbol of her solitude.

At least it gave her enough time to explore a bit of her new body... It was so odd, despite seeing it attached to herself, Robin still had a hard time believing those equine legs belonged to her. Her hand slowly rubbed the edge of her thick furry thighs, a touch that felt almost exactly the same as if she had touched her normal legs before. She could feel the fur between her fingertips, the warmth in

her hand. The amount of control and sensation she held over these limbs was pretty much complete. Though this was the first time she'd ever had a tail, swishing it around was a completely natural and intuitive process. The one part Robin dared not touch was the incredibly dormant package between her legs. She had no intention of finding out whether it worked correctly or not...

"Who goes there?!?!"

Robin jolted in place as a sudden voice rocked back at her. The woman's hands sharply returned to her sides, as if she'd been ashamed to be caught touching her new form. As the shock and surprise died down however, Robin realized something important. Another person! It seemed there was another person in here with her! Excitement filled Robin. Perhaps this other person could help her out, tell her why she was here and why her body had been transformed in this way. Not to mention how any sort of companionship was more than welcome in such a strange situation.

Turning towards the gate of her room, Robin began wobbling forth with her equine legs as best as she was able to manage. It was a very clumsy and extraneous effort at first. The balance of Robin's horse limbs was completely different than that of her human legs, even the most normal motions had different rotations and inclinations to them. Thankfully, after a couple of steps, Robin seemed to have gotten the hang of things. As she reached the gate of her room, Robin tugged the door open with her hands. And much to her surprise, the gate wasn't even locked in the first place!

"H-Hello there! My name is Robin, commander of the Shepherds!" Pushing through the gate and into the middle of the room with an ecstatic jump, Robin eagerly presented herself to her companion. "Would you happen to know what- uh ummmm..."

As Robin pierced into the barn house before her however, she found no trace of a single human. Or... At least she didn't think it was a human...? Standing a couple of feet in front of Robin's very eyes, was a big, corpulent cow. The cow was as hefty and bulky as any other cow. Its fur was a healthy, shimmering white color, with a large note of black furred patches decorating its girthy form. Except, in the place where its regular cow head should have been placed, Robin instead found the head of a very cute and stern young woman.

The woman's hair was jet black the same color as her spots, styled in the form of a bob cut with spiky bangs. It was a very serious type of cut, which matched the woman's equally as serious and firm gaze. Her dark brown eyes glimmered with Robin with distrust, brows furrowed and mouth pouting. Save for her golden nose ring and the two wide cow ears that rose from each side of her head, it was honestly amazing how perfectly human her head looked on the body of an enormous cow that was surely twice as long as Robin.

Well... That wasn't the only strange detail that Robin found with the woman's body actually. For directly below the chest of her cow torso, Robin could see an absolutely gargantuan pair of completely round, saggy, human tits. The two heaving breasts were covered in the same black and white fur as the rest of her body, except for her areolas and nipples which were colored a delightfully bright pink. Each one of them was far larger than that of any human, reaching all the way down to her cow knees while her pulsating nipples scrapped against the hay filled floor. They wobbled left and right with each little step that she took, a strangely sexual addition to what seemed like a mostly normal cow body.

"Shephard...?" The woman repeated with a doubtful expression. "But you're no sheep. You're..." She closed her eyes and stepped closer to Robin, nostrils flaring open as she niffed intensely. "You're a horse."

“U-Um- Y-Yeah...!” Robin stuttered awkwardly, feeling utter bewilderment at this cow/woman’s figure. “A-And who might you be...?”

“Me? I am Olwen! I am a proud mage *COW* who dutifully serves the Farmhouse of Heroes!” Olwen spoke with might and pride, turning her head upwards as if to denote her superiority. “I work to produce lots of milk for all of our allies to enjoy. But I also protect those who I care for with my magic. Which is why I must ask once again. Why are you here Robin? What is your purpose?!”

“I... Uhhh....” Robin was completely and entirely speechless. She had no idea how to respond. Part of it was that she was very unsure how to react to Olwen’s strange form and the odd prime she carried with her. Did Olwen not realize she was a cow? Had she always been this way? But the main reason Robin had no idea how to respond was because, well... She really *didn’t* know how she’d got here, nor why she was here! Seeing this aggressive, cow-person was certainly not helping things either.

“Hold...” Olwen’s expression suddenly softened, eyebrows furrowing to more thoughtful expression. “I might remember why you’re here actually...” A spark of excitement swelled within knowledge. Could she really?!? In an instant, Olwen’s eyes lit up with glee, all of that wariness replaced with enthusiasm. “Yes, you must be the new stud that Miss Rancher promised us! Oh Miss~ You treat us all so well~”

Unfortunately for Robin, the ‘answer’ she’d received wasn’t as clear as she had hoped for. In fact, it didn’t answer any of her questions at all. “Excuse me...” Robin slowly stepped closer to Olwen in a very tender and non-threatening manner. “I’m a little bit confused. What do you mean by the new ‘stud’ ...? And who is this ‘Miss Rancher’?”

“A stud is a virile animal that helps take care of all of the other animals’ needs. We Heroes can get pent up pretty easily during our daily activities, so it’s important for us to have some well-earned relief.” Olwen spoke with a very matter-of-factly tone. “As for Miss Rancher, she’s only our most beloved mistress who always makes sure to take care of our ever need! She’s the greatest and most beautiful person in the entire world! If not for her, the Farmhouse of Heroes wouldn’t exist! Honestly, how uninformed must you be?!”

There it was again. The ‘Farmhouse of Heroes’. Wasn’t this supposed to be the Order of Heroes...? Though Robin couldn’t quite tell what was going on here yet, she most definitely knew there was something wrong. Unfortunately, Olwen didn’t seem like she’d be of much help. As far as Olwen was concerned, this entire Farmhouse business was the way things had always been. If Robin had to get to the bottom of this, she’d have to find the person at the top. She needed to meet this so called ‘Miss Rancher’...

“Very well, that’s enough dilly dallying now.” Olwen suddenly blurted out with a succinct tone. “Let’s see what we’re working with.”

Commandingly stepping towards Robin, Olwen gave the white-haired girl no sort of warning as she pushed her face directly against Robin’s sheath. Olwen cooed happily as she rubbed her face left and right. She took in several whiffs of Robin’s musky scent, causing her cow tail behind to twirl left and right in excitement. Eyes closed and mouth shifted into a smirk, it almost looked like she was enjoying herself a nice, nutritious treat.

“Woah! Hey! H-Hold on there!” Robin instinctively jumped back in surprise. Her heart began to thump, mostly out of surprise but she could also feel a slowly rising heat. Slowly she began to back

away from Olwen until her back was against one of the stall walls. “W-W-What do you think you’re doing?”

“Is it not plentily obvious?” Olwen rolled her eyes, clicking her tongue loudly to denote her utter annoyance. “You are our newest stud, and I am in need of release. That is why I will now be using you. Could that be any simpler to understand?”

Soon, Robin’s new sexualized animal body started to make a lot more sense in her mind. But just because she had the equipment, it didn’t mean she really wanted to play the part of this ‘stud’ Olwen was talking about!

“W-W-Wait!!!” Robin pleaded desperately, though it did little to dissuade Olwen, who continued approaching her with lecherous eyes. “T-There must be some sort of misunderstanding here! I-I’m not the stud you’ve been waiting for! I-I’m not even a man, I’m a woman!”

“*Sniff Sniff...*” Olwen closed her eyes and gave a couple of deep whiffs in response. As her eyes opened once more however, she only shot Robin a look of pure arousal. “You are surely mistaken. Your scent is that of a very virile and fertile *male*~”

For some reason, the way that Olwen uttered that last word sent a litany of shivers down Robin’s spine. The idea of breeding as a powerful, girthy male was intoxicating. It cost tremendous amounts of effort from her not to groan there on the spot. She wasn’t sure if it was all this commotion or the stuffiness of the room, but Robin could feel herself becoming heated. A faint scent of soft, vanilla cream filled her nostrils, one which only grew stronger as Olwen walked closer. Her cock began to pulsate in its sheath, balls squelching rapidly. Even Olwen was starting to look more enticing by the second...

“It is alright, stud. I understand the reason you are so nervous is that you’ve never been with a cow of my caliber.” Olwen spoke completely full of confidence, lust oozing from her every word. Her quadrupedal movement was like that of a cow, yet she still moved her body left and right with the grace of a dancer, heavy tits flopping with divine serene motions. “But do not worry. I promise to take good care of you. We can’t have you breaking on the first day now, can we~?”

Eyes glimmering with devious desire, Olwen did not even wait for confirmation before she once again pushed her human face against Robin’s musky cock. This time however, there was nowhere for Robin to back off. With her back firmly planted against the wooden wall behind her, Robin was left completely helpless as Olwen began to lusciously snort and slobber on her sheath. Robin could feel Olwen’s tongue delving into the depths of the sheath, caressing and slurping the tip of her fat, dormant cock as if it was a delicious desert. She didn’t seem to mind the thick, equine scent of Robin’s biology. In fact, it only made her want to lick harder and harder.

As Robin’s legs spread far apart and her body tensed up, the tactician tried her best to resist against Olwen’s teasing. She had absolutely no intention of giving in to any animalistic urges, no desire to explore the intricacies of her new form. The last thing Robin wanted was to become aroused in this body. But... The way Olwen shoved her entire face into Robin’s sheathe, showering with pleasure and affection so intensely... It was making it impossible for Robin to resist. Olwen’s little moans and kisses caused Robin’s cock to rumble in its sheathe. The pure scent of sex and milk that oozed from her form was sending shivers down Robin’s spine. Robin felt her fat, heaving balls start to pulsate, puckered horse anus twitching eagerly. She wanted to resist. She wanted to resist so bad, but-!!!

Unable to hold back against all of Olwen’s attacks, Robin let out a troubled moan and thrust her hips forward. A thick, mighty pole of meat pushed past the lips of her sheath, growing larger and thicker

by the second. Olwen stepped aside and let it grow past her face, watching the thick totem with a proud expression. The fat protrusion was colored a rich brown color, the same as her fur. Its girth was covered with several corpulent, throbbing veins as thick as Robin's fingers. Its tip was rounded and flat, with a circular urethra that pulsated with need. Only once it had stretched out to a mighty 20-inches did the cock stop growing, its length throbbing up with feral desire. Despite never wanting to see it, here it was. Robin's fat horse cock.

"Oh my~ You really *are* a stud~" Olwen cooed in a seductive tone, rubbing her cheeks against the massive pole beside her. "Very well, *big boy*~ Let us give this massive pecker of yours a test run, shall we~?"

Though Robin had no real desire to follow Olwen's lead, she found her body eagerly moving along to her whims. With only her mouth and head, Olwen gently pulled Robin down until she was sitting down on the floor. Robin's large, horse ass pushed down against the hay below, her massive equine erection reaching up to the sky. Once Robin was nestled below her, Olwen gazed down at Robin with a smirk of superiority. Her shadow loomed over Robin menacingly, obscuring the tactician from any light. Then, bouncing forth on top of Robin's lap, Olwen wrapped both of her enormous, furry cow titties around Robin's pulsating shaft.

Instantly, Robin let out a groan of arousal, her eyes rolling to the back of her head while her body trembled in place. Olwen took Robin's pleasure with pride, smirk growing even more confident as she began to jostle her breasts up and down Robin's cock. The two gigantic balls of fur felt absolutely heavenly to Robin's fresh horse penis. They jostled about with copious amounts of inertia, the soft patchy softness of Olwen's tits causing Robin's cock to tremble with bliss. Each breasts was so large and fat, they were able to constrict Robin's cock without much effort at all.

"So, how do you like my cow tits, stud?" Olwen commented cockily, quite ecstatic that her sexualized body was having such an effect on Robin. "They are very incredible, are they not? I did say I was one of the top cows here at the Farmhouse of Heroes."

From the way Olwen's sloshy tits moved around Robin's cock, it was a completely believable statement. But the best part of it all was their incredible slushiness and malleability. Deep within Olwen's tits, Robin could feel copious amounts of hot, fresh milk just soaking in there waiting to be released. The thick amounts of milk made Olwen's breasts incredibly warm, a comforting sensation made Robin's cock feel right at home. It also made the breasts move about with increased weight and inertia, sweet, heavy motions that were perfect for pleasuring Robin's monster cock.

"Can you feel how heavy and full of milk my breasts are~?" Olwen continued taunting Robin, her own arousal climbing as her twits swung up and down Robin's shaft. "I am one of the most productive cows here in the order, so they must feel amazing. It's thanks to me that so many of our comrades get to enjoy milk, so you should be thankful I'm taking the time with you. Understand, stud?"

Honestly, Robin was barely paying attention to the world around her, much less to the words Olwen was saying. Mouth open and tongue hanging low, Robin felt herself getting overpowered by her new throbbing penis. Though she was only half horse, equine virility was occupying the entirety of her mind. The woman's brown horsecock throbbed in glee between Olwen's soft pillows, pulsating up and down with imperative stiffness. Its urethra pulsated needily, balls gurgling and plumping up with fresh jizz. The entire tool was so massive, it pushed right by Olwen's massive titties as its head barely poked up above Olwen's cleavage. The amount of sheer virility and desire was second to none.

Gazing down upon Robin with a smug expression, Olwen enjoyed every second of Robin's helpless writhing. She was taking some serious pleasure from the sight of such a potent stud crumbling under the pressure of her titties, her fat cow pussy pulsating in dominating excitement. It really vindicated her as one of the top animals at the Farmhouse of Heroes. As her eyes slowly drifted downwards though, Olwen was met with an even more delectable sight. That of Robin's beautiful, glistening cockhead throbbing before her very eyes. Olwen bit her lip as she observed the tip of Robin's urethra blinking incessantly, as if it was inviting her. The powerful horse musk of Robin's penis drifted directly into her nose, sending warm shivers throughout her entire form. Being presented with such a favorable position, there was only one thing Olwen could realistically do~

Head darting downwards with the speed of lightning, Olwen's mouth almost instantly wrapped around the entire tip of Robin's cock. Her lower jaw distended in order to fit the whole girth in, lips stretching as far as they could possibly stretch. Even Olwen's tongue got in on the action, lovingly rolling around the flat tip of Robin's cock and pushing inside of Robin's urethra. Saliva began to ooze down the length of Robin's dick as Olwen's head started rapidly bobbing on its shaft. The sounds of sloppy slurping and desperate sucking echoed through the room, Olwen's attempt to sear that masculine tang into her tastebuds. It wasn't often that Olwen got to enjoy the delicacy of stud cock, so she was going to make the most of this.

In response to all of this sudden stimulation, Robin didn't just groan. She whinnied. Robin made an actual, audible horse whiny that surged from the depths of her core. The sensation of Olwen's compressed suction was driving Robin inside. The way she bobbed her head up and down so madly also caused Olwen's breasts to pump up and down Robin's cock with increased frenzy and intensity. As more and more of Robin's faculties were slowly eradicated, there was nothing to keep her animalistic side from going berserk. Hips instinctively thrusting up into Olwen's mouth, Robin continued to whiny at the mercy of her throbbing penis. Her fattening horse balls with more intensity, pleasure rising and rising throughout her body until-

SPUUUUURTTTTT~~~

The way cum erupted from Robin's tip could only be likened to the explosion of a long dormant mega volcano. Jizz rapidly surged from the depths of her balls and blasted out of her tip in thick, powerful spurts. Olwen's mouth was inundated with Robin's creamy batter in seconds, causing her lips to stretch and cum to splutter out of her nose and lips. With a pleased expression, Olwen drank and drank all that fresh cum to her hearts content. But even an experienced cow like her could not keep up with the sheer amount of jizz that was coming out of Robin's cock.

As Olwen's head pulled back and her lips released Robin's dick, the mighty horse cock continued expelling cum as if it was pulling from an endless source. A thick splurt of jizz hit Olwen right in the face, dripping down from her hair with sexual warmth. Even more cum gracelessly splashed back down after rising to the top, slathering onto Olwen's cow tits and Robin's shaft. Throughout it all, Robin's mind was completely blank. Eyes gazing off into the distance, she could do nothing but endure the absolute mindbending force of her first ever horse orgasm.

Little by little, each one of Robin's consecutive spurts grew weaker and smaller, until her cumtanks had been completely emptied and her cock was covered in a thick layer of goopy heat. Olwen's plumped up cheeks swiveled Robin's cum with a smile. She savored every little one of Robin's sperms, tongue swirling around in a bath of white, until finally swallowing it out in a single go. Letting her mouth droop open with a huge satisfied sigh, Olwen looked upon Robin approvingly.

“Not bad for your first time.” The cow seemed to have actually complimented Robin with sincerity. “I Guess you really are a stud.”

The comment brought Robin a small bit of relief. As disinterested as she was with this whole ‘stud’ business, she was at least happy to have met Olwen’s expectations. This way, Robin would hopefully be freed of the cow’s horny grasp and be able to investigate her situation a bit more. If only things were so easy...

“Don’t think I’m just done with you yet though~” As soon as Robin thought she was out of the waters, the woman saw a dominating smirk emerge on Olwen’s face. It send shivers down her spine... Though it also caused her dick to twitch just a little.

While Robin was still stuck on the floor with her back against the wall, Olwen pushed herself even closer to the stunned tactician. Both of Olwen’s breasts swayed left and right until they were pressed right against Robin’s face. They squeezed her tightly, a warm and fuzzy sensation that filled her with both arousal and comfort. Olwen looked down at Robin and giggled as she saw the woman struggled to pop out of Olwen’s cleavage. Robin’s still fully erect cock continued to rub against the underside of Olwen’s body until it pushed against Olwen’s udders. That was right! In addition to Olwen’s human breasts on her cow chest, it seemed like she still had a set of cow udders with four nipples. Robin hadn’t even thought of the possibility until now.

But the real action awaited her further back. Robin’s cock rubbed and pushed against the soft, fleshy mass of Olwen’s udders a for a couple of seconds. Dribbles of milk oozed from the tips of her nipples, a soft plushy sensation that sent reverberations of bliss through them both. As Olwen continued forward though, Robin’s cock passed between Olwen’s hind legs. There, Olwen was able to lower her butt just well enough so that her fat, dripping cow pussy pressed against the tip of Robin’s throbbing horse cock. Robin’s eyes opened wide in horror, finally understanding Olwen’s true intentions.

“I already helped out your big guy down there so...” Olwen licked her lips lustfully, her malicious, perverted intent perfectly visible in her eyes. “It’s only fair that you return the favor, don’t you think~?”

The question was, of course, completely rhetorical in nature. Before giving Robin any time to even react to Olwen’s words, she’d already slammed her fat cow ass on top of Robin’s crotch, shoving the entirety of Robin’s cock into her gaping, soppy, bovine pussy. The room around them echoed with a loud sloppy slap. Olwen teasingly twisted her ass left and right with a perverted smile, making sure she dug that fat cock into the depths of her pussy. It sent a sensation of stomping static electricity through Robin’s entire body that made her feel as if she’d been struck by lightning. Goosebumps formed everywhere, hair standing on ends and body stiffening up completely. For a few seconds, even the passage of time stood still.

Then, in the blink of an eye, all of those incredible sensations came crashing back into Robin’s mind at the same time. A huge, empowering neigh roared out of Robin’s mouth, her mind completely overwhelmed by the sheer amount of pleasure permeating through her body. Robin could feel every inch of her gargantuan horse cock pulsating inside of Olwen’s warm cavern. Olwen’s pussy was so much tighter and meatier than her breasts had been. A slick dampness slathered the entirety of Robin’s fat shaft, whilst the bumpy, slimy walls of Olwen’s cunt wrapped and meshed around Robin’s length. Even just being inside Olwen was driving Robin mad, as the warm pulsating mass of Olwen’s cow cunt caused Robin’s dick to incessantly twitch.

Not one to give up any advantage, Olwen decided to keep pushing Robin by viciously slamming her ass up and down onto Robin's cock. Each one of the twerks was incredibly weighty and firm. Olwen made sure to put the entire weight of her heavy cow body into her motions, causing thrusts that only shook the ground around them, but even rattled Robin to her very bones. It was a series of completely brutal and merciless movements that would have grounded anyone to a pulp. But feeling Robin's cock eagerly throb inside her, Olwen knew she was doing things perfectly.

"So- Ungghhh~ How do you like my- Mffff~ Fat cow pussy~?" Olwen asked between thrusts, her body continuously smashing onto Robin's crotch with serious force. "It truly is Grade-A meat, is it not?"

Robin didn't even have the mental faculties to respond in any sort of coherent manner. Instead, she merely gave a powerless whimper as she felt her cock happily quiver inside of Olwen's pussy. Despite being treated with so much roughness, Robin's equine body seemed to be enjoying every second of this. Her fat shaft happily pushed through the insides of Olwen's pussy as she moved about, pulsating with desire as those stretchy walls wrapped and rubbed its whole length. The amount of warmth and slickness with which Robin's cock was tenderly rubbed was simply unmatched. Robin's crotch did not seem the slightest concerned with the weighty heft of Olwen's continuous slams, in fact it actually seemed excited to take the full force of Olwen's fat ass! Even her balls gurgled and inflated in glee, each one of the balls plopping onto the ground and growing thicker as arousal filled them with fresh jizz.

And Robin was far from the only one with climbing arousal either. As Olwen continued to slide her ass up and down Robin's cock, her arousal only kept growing and growing. At first, Olwen had expected to feel pleasure from dominating such a whimpering horse. But soon it became clear that Robin's cock was the real deal. No matter how much punishment Olwen delivered to the firm penis, it would always remain completely hard and sturdy throughout. Its iron-stiff length pierced through the tightest spots of Olwen's pussy with absolute ease. The whole thing was also much larger than Olwen had expected. Whenever Olwen pushed the entirety of Robin's cock into her hole, she could feel its throbbing kiss lovingly making out with her cervix, a delirious sensation which sent shivers down her spine.

All of this rising pleasure was causing the previously cold and calculated Olwen to slowly lose her edge. Olwen's face became flushed, her breathing heating up as it turned erratic. The very motion of her body became clunkier, as her body and limbs quivered uncontrollably from pleasure. But perhaps the part that was under the most pressure was Olwen's udders and her enormous titties, which sloshed about with copious amounts of milk. The last time Olwen had been milked was yesterday, and all this pleasure was shifting her milk production into overdrive. Letting out an unwitting moo, Olwen felt her breasts start to grow thicker and wobblier. Her udders grew too, teats becoming erect and ready to spray.

As Olwen slammed into Robin's crotch, her udder became squished, causing fresh, warm milk to spray all over the floor. Worst of all, the nipples of the fat human breasts on her cow chest became erect. A thick dribble of white milk started to flow from the tips of her nipples, and every time that she slammed the tip of Robin's cock against her womb, an extra spurt with spray out. It felt so good that Olwen couldn't help but moo in response. But she also felt incredibly embarrassed at the same time.

“Oh nyooooo~ My moooooolk is spraying!!!” Olwen turned to Robin. But for the first time, she didn’t look at the stud with superiority. Instead, Olwen’s expression was that of desperate, hungering need. “Please don’t let my precious milk go to waste!!! Drink my moooooolk~~!!!”

Head shifting towards the two leaking nipples before her, Robin gazed upon the gallons of milk that were dribbling out of Olwen’s chest. The fat, furry tits were absolutely astounding, each one of them easily as big as Robin’s human torso. Their nipples were so huge and imposing, as was the thick stream of white running down the curve of Olwen’s tits. A part of Robin felt vindicated to see Olwen suffering from her bodily functions, just as she’d forced Robin to endure.

But another part of Robin, a deep animalistic spirit at the core of her soul, it roared with desire for Olwen’s fresh sustenance. Her cock throbbed from the potent smell of warm, creamy milk. Her mouth watered, an infernal thirst drying up her throat. At the back of Robin’s mind, a little logical voice told her that succumbing to these desires was a bad idea. Giving in to any more of these animalistic tendencies that were surging from inside her would surely lead to a path of no return. But at the same time... Olwen’s milk smelled so nice... It was just at Robin’s fingertips, it’s liquid gold a mere breath away from her lips. Robin had to stay determined! She had to stay strong! And yet...

In a move that surprised even Robin herself, the woman found strength returning to her arms as she lifted Olwen’s heavy right breasts and brought its nipple towards her face. Without even thinking twice about it, Robin’s mouth eagerly wrapped around the leaking tit. Her lips lovingly pushed against the areola, whilst her teeth viciously clenched down on the erect nipple, causing a powerful jet of milk to blast directly into Robin’s mouth. Olwen’s eyes rolled to the back of her head, yet another pleased moo escaping from her mouth. But there was no sort of pain or discomfort in her expression, only bliss.

“Moooooo~~~ That’s it~ Please milk moooo just like thaaaat~~~!!!” Gone was the dominant, sadistic cow that had tortured Robin with her sexual body. Olwen had quickly become just as much of a victim of her body as Robin had. “I’m soooooorry I ever doubted moooooo~ Moooooo really are the best stud~~~!!!!”

Though Robin felt she should have been insulted or even perhaps worried at Olwen’s statement, for some reason it seemed to revitalize her pride and arousal. The more Robin drank from Olwen’s tits, the stronger and hornier she became. Robin eagerly squeezed onto the furry breast with both hands, mouth sucking and slurping on its tip uncontrollably. Its rich creamy flavor was more delicious than anything she’d ever tasted before. Robin just couldn’t get enough! It made her want to squeeze more and more of that incredible liquid into her mouth~

Further down below in her horse parts, this increased vigor translated into improved sexual prowess. Whereas before Robin had been completely still, letting Olwen do all the work, now her hips were violently thrusting up against Olwen’s ass. Robin’s cock throbbed inside of Olwen’s pussy, its hardened length absolutely unbendable. No matter how much Olwen’s insides tightened or where she twisted, Robin’s rock hard penis would mold the shape of her tunnel to fit its imperative length. The tip of her cockhead banged against Olwen’s cervix again and again, sending a series of shockwaves throughout her entire pussy that were overpowering Olwen’s brain.

Between Robin’s incessant pounding, her powerful sucking, and the thorough overflowing of Olwen’s milk, the cow felt like it was reaching its absolute limits. Her pussy submissively tightening around Robin’s cock, legs giving out as her ass lovingly planted itself against Robin’s crotch. As tears streamed down her face and drool dripped down her quivering lips, Olwen knew her fate was sealed.

“I’M COOOOOOOOMING~~~!!!” Mouth twisting into a perverted smile, Olwen moored happily at the top of her lungs as her pussy tightened up and squirted onto Robin’s cock/

The sound of Olwen’s moos was like music to Robin’s ear. She commandingly pulled and tugged on Olwen’s nipple, causing it to spray even more of that delicious milk into her mouth. At the same time, Robin’s horse hips gyrated firmly in order to keep messing up Olwen’s pussy as much as she could. Robin couldn’t help but pridefully snort at the orgasming cow. It was hard for her to put in concrete terms, but somehow it just felt *right*. The disconnect between her horse and human parts became ever smaller, the lines of her true self blurring away. Robin felt strangely happy to breed Olwen. As if she was meant to be... A stud.

With a final push of her hips, Robin’s cock finally gave way and started releasing thick blast after blast of hot jizz directly into Olwen’s cow pussy. Robin’s eyes rolled to the back of her head, her mind growing blank between the tasty milk she was drinking and the copious amounts of stud milk she was shooting inside of Olwen. Her thick, donut-shaped urethra blinked several times as cum splurged forth, coating the inner walls of Olwen’s pussy and dripping onto Robin’s own shaft. Her balls tightened and clenched, providing plenty of seed for Robin to implant into her mate. It was as if Robin’s very brain was being blinded in a flash of pure white.

Soon enough, Robin lost track of time itself. The world around her became an ethereal mist. Robin had no idea how many times her cock shot out in ecstasy, overflowing Olwen’s insides with her genetic material. She lost track of the amount of milk that she drank, as the creamy liquid endlessly poured down her throat. The feelings of pleasure became incredibly nebulous, combining together until Robin didn’t know where they came from. All that Robin had for certain in her mind was that it felt good. That breeding felt good...

...

...

It took perhaps ten minutes for Robin’s consciousness to return, though it could have easily been half an hour to an entire hour for all she knew. When her senses were back to normal, Robin still found herself sitting on the ground, with the enormous cow known as Olwen sitting on top of her. Robin’s cock was no longer erect, but it was most certainly buried deep inside of Olwen. She could feel the combination of hot cum and cow arousal dripping onto her crotch. Robin’s face had a bunch of dried up milk, and she was still buried deep in Olwen’s cow cleavage. With a tired expression, she looked up to Olwen.

“Mmhhh~ That was excellent~” Olwen cooed happily, she seemed to be cleaning her face up with her tongue, her long cow ears flipping every now and again. “I can say with certainty that you’ll fit in here just right~”

Robin let out a sigh of relief. That was a certainly arduous experience. But knowing at least it was over now. With Olwen satisfied, Robin should be able to slip out and find that ‘Miss Rancher’ Olwen had been talking about. All she needed to do was wait for Olwen to get up, and Robin could be on her way. So, she waited... And waited... And waited... But Olwen never got up. In fact, as Robin looked into Olwen’s eyes, she could see a nefarious glint that sent shivers down her spine. No... The two of them had just done it. There was no way that she...

“You can’t possibly think we’re done here, right?” Olwen spoke in a haughty tone, just as demanding and confident as she had been before. “It’s been incredibly long since I last bred with a mighty stud like you. I’m still *quite* pent up. Not to mention that once the rest of the Farmhouse hears we have a

new stud, the rest of the animals will be all over you. It's going to become so hard to get some private time for us two..." She stopped, looking at Robin almost sentimentally. "No... I'm going to milk you *AT LEAST* four or five more times before I even think about letting you go. So just take my breast and drink a little bit more partner, you'll want to be hydrated for the next couple of hours~"

Robin gulped. It seems her plans to find out what was going on in this place would take a lot more than she could have ever imagined. Both in terms of time *and* effort...