

Script created December 28th 2023

Cowgirl Wrangling - Upper Hand 📄

About this Document:

1. 🚫 This is a document intended for people aged 18+. NSFW. It discusses sex and topics that may upset you.
2. This document relates to the files at eSuccubus.com, created as a result of the eSuccubus Patreon and [eSuccubus:Fantasy](#)

ELENA MCIVOR:

Your foot touches down on soft grass, well maintained. Here at Whitney's farm, there are no actual animals. Every entity here is sentient and quite intelligent and generally calm and peaceful. There is the centaur herd at the far side of the farm. They're allowed to remain there along with Kelt because he helps in the defense of the farm against anything that might try to encroach from the nearby lake or forest.

But the lactobovines that live here on the farm have huge lactating udders from which Whitney, with the help of the local machinery, manages to get. Massive quantities of milk which can be shipped to

market. Furthermore, the produce grown here, the crops, are often transformative or interesting. But today, the owner of the farm is away.

The canine morph was stuck in Taladra, a city some distance away. When something happened, you'd been minding the farm, but usually this is merely a matter of ensuring that there are clean sheets and pillows for any new arrivals, and also that diplomatic matters between the cowgirls and the centaur herd are kept separate.

Kelt is required by the rules to keep his hands off of the lactobovines. Which makes sense, as creatures so full of delicious and addictive milk, they are often prone to libidinous urges, especially if somebody offers to massage their breasts. Your role as responsible party here is to keep things from getting too far out of hand.

Something Whitney only really allowed because you've been around a fair bit and you seem interested in the farm's welfare and not too out of control. Accordingly, today your responsibilities have come to a head. The forest is nearby, the lake is nearby, but the mountain, that's the issue. Near the summit of the mountain, or one of the peaks in the range anyway, are the Minotaurs.

There's some kind of relationship between Minotaurs and Lactobovines. So much so that if they are in each other's presence, they inevitably engage in a coupling that is almost always fertile. The Lactobovines are all too willing and able to accommodate the addictive, flared cocks of the Bull men on the mountain, and the Minotaurs are all too pleased to get a meal from the huge milky tits of the cowgirls in question.

But, if the cowgirls from the farm wind up there, they would inevitably lead the Minotaurs back, and end up as breeding stock stuck on the mountain. Normally this would be a non issue. The cowgirls on the farm regard the Minotaurs as savage brutes, and would never want to go near them. But a particularly intense rutting session on the mountain has sent the pheromonal musk of the Minotaurs down, and it's washing over the farm presently.

To ordinary people, it does nothing more than make them a little hot under the collar. Quite manageable. Not even as potent as the scent of the b girls in the forest. But for cowgirls, there is some special additional effect. Some switch in their brain gets tripped. All morning, various farmhands and assistants have been running around

the place getting the cowgirls barricaded in their rooms with some sex toys and occasionally a bottle of minotaur pheromones.

Once in that position, they would never think of leaving the presence of what their brain tells them they should be making out with, and fucking anyway. But now, there are still three gone rogue, and all of the assistants are stuck elsewhere. Well, all but one. Standing there, we look around. The farm is large.

It is difficult to see the furthest reaches, or at least to make out the details of the buildings. Kelt has been banned from the area because there's just too much temptation for the brutish centaur. When the cowgirls are doing what they're doing now. Three of them are not in their pen. You are standing at the front gate.

The gate has a large wooden fence that runs around the farm. Too high for someone to climb. Especially in the state the girls are in now.

There's Whitney's small farm cottage, near the entrance, a raw wood building, currently during farm renovation. There's a barn, although it's really just a hotel. It has a room for every cowgirl, complete with lighting and books and a comfortable bed, a personal milking machine.

And that's where they're barricaded now. Ugh, faint groans can be heard emanating from this building, and the occasional orgasmic, ugh. There are crop fields off in the distance, but they're not exactly the center of your attentions. The area is a wide, grassy, open space. It's held out as the lawn for events if they're held here, and it's also where the wagons marshal at the end of the day.

It is kept scrupulously clean. There's a dirt road that goes all the way from the lake up to the supply sheds, and it is this road that the girls are crawling toward. The first of the three, who is still outside of her room, is a busty blonde. Her breasts are unusually large, putting even prize cowgirl Marble to shame.

They are huge, and move most of the way down her chest, hanging toward her stomach. But their mass is still perky, and almost inflated with the milk within. Her eyes are vacant. Her nose is cute, small, her lips are pink and spread as if they wanted to wrap around something. A faint trickle of drool can be seen coming from the corner of her mouth.

Her shoulders are white, pale, she's completely nude from head to toe. Small ears can be seen protruding from under her mass of blonde hair, a mane which falls past her shoulders and goes down her back almost to

her buttocks, and she has two long braids which fall in front of her breasts, occasionally coyly concealing the nipples.

However, she is disheveled, the hair is a mess, her body is sweating faintly. And it's on its knees, as your gaze moves downward to inspect her state, you notice one hand is firmly fastened between her legs, constantly working her clit, it creates a melody, she

moans constantly, a kind of gasping vacancy, the drool still runs, her body, she is slightly plump, wonderfully warm from the look of it, flushing under the skin. Her fingers, on the one hand that is not buried between her legs, are planted on the ground. She's on her knees, crawling. Something about the heat she has gone into is telling her that being on her hands and knees is the right place to be.

And she would be planted four square hands and knees if it weren't for the fact That one hand has to be between her legs, to bank the fires and keep her even passably sane. She's using the one hand that is planted on the ground, to crawl her way toward the gate, making very slow progress, and giving you a long time to consider the situation.

It is necessary to keep them here, not because they would make it to the mountain. They probably wouldn't, getting bogged down in the lake or the forest, or being brought by helpful neighbors back to the farm. But to avoid troubling everyone, and risking injury in their desperation, the girls really do have to be confined.

You turn your eye to the second one. Of the three, she is the youngest. Her hair is short, a pixie cut. Brown, with those ears poking out, each of them brown furred and hanging down against her head. The first sign that this is something other than a normal human. Her breasts are in the ordinary human range.

A D cup, maybe a little larger. Unusually small for one of the cowgirls, she must be new. Her features lack even the basic intelligence that the blonde is using to get toward the gate. Her eyes are vacant. And she's not crawling. She's lying back presently. Unlike the slowly crawling older girl, this one's position lets you see her eyes, which are blue, and have pupils that are dilated.

Her nose is sniffing the air constantly trying to get more of that scent into her head. Her hair bobs from side to side because she's moving her head back and forth, looking for a source, looking for where to go.

She really must be inexperienced. Her shoulders are slumped. Her body is trying to move.

She's trying to get on hands and knees. The problem is that her pert high breasts, which are perfect, And almost seem to defy gravity, holding themselves up. Oh, the nipples are poking outward, rigid and dribbling a few drops of milk. It had been difficult to see the nipples of the one a moment ago, with the way her breasts were hanging down under her body as she crawled.

The second one looks up. Seemingly panicked, her eyes almost try to fix on you. But as you go down her body and find her taut stomach, her wet pussy comes into view. Her hand is not diving in and out like the older one. She just has two fingers right on her clit. Her legs are spread to maximum distance and she's sitting back on her butt.

Her body is simply wreathing and twitching, it's shaking from the core. Milk is beginning to dribble uselessly down her chest and onto her thighs, because she's directing it there, steering her breasts with one hand, rather than lean back on it. As you watch, she even falls on her back completely, and the fingers between her legs begin moving on her clit.

which is distended and engorged. Her eyes are rolled back in her head, and she has the biggest grin on her face as she rears and shakes. Her toes are curling, and she has proper toes. Her body is sweated. At that moment, the sun comes from behind a cloud, and you see the trailed juices between her legs. She had been walking before, allowing gravity to carry her fluids down her throat.

Thighs, where they've dribbled a trail practically to her ankles, but now she's lying on her back helpless, and the grass is becoming dappled with her juice. The third girl is managing to walk very, very slowly, but she keeps stopping. The middle one, with her pert high breasts, is lying there, and she reaches out mindlessly, grabbing the arm of the blonde.

The blonde stops, as if the mere contact of the brunette was too unbearably sensual, and she leans down to nuzzle her head gently against the breast of the fallen one. But then, remembering herself, she begins crawling to the gate. There's still some distance off, but you're trying to assess. The third one, she is walking.

Her hair is long, black, falling past her shoulders a little. Not as long as the blonde. Her breasts are middle sized, between the D cup and the extended, massive breasts of the blonde. The raven haired one stops when she sees you. and smiles faintly. She brings both hands up, tossing her hair and running her fingers through it.

She displays her breasts, placing her hands underneath them, squeezing them and letting a jet of milk fly onto the ground halfway between you. Her pussy is dripping freely, but she's not touching it. She's just running her fingers over her nipples, tweaking them. She beckons you near with one finger, stopping in place and rotating her hips.

Her lips are red, deeply red and upturned. Her ears are a mottled white and brown hue coming from beneath the black hair, cow ears bent down slightly. Her face is awash with sweat, her forehead sheening, her bangs falling across it disheveled, but she still manages to look proud and sensual as she turns, displaying her buttocks, perfect, pert, squeezing them, spreading, leaning forward, showing you her pussy, her ass, everything about her, and then turning to look over her shoulder and wink.

The kind of, do you like what you see, thing. She has very long eyelashes, and perhaps you are tempted before assessing and remembering yourself. One of the firm hands has freed herself up, a red head in simple blue denim overalls. Running over, she has freckles. She's wearing a straw hat, and she looks every bit the firm hand that you would have imagined.

As she arrives, she hands you a small satchel, brown, tied with string. A few objects clink inside, and some feel long. You open it and find inside a few vials, marked with the word *Minotaur*. The clear liquid inside is some kind of pheromonal extract. Where Whitney got it, it's best not to ask. Also inside are three long rubber toys, each of them with a flared head in just the right shape.

Also in the bag is some simple Soft silk rope. Underneath that there are a number of smaller accoutrements, specifically nipple clamps. The simplest thing to do is to distract them and then try to coax or break them to get them up to their rooms. You'd been given a crash course in case this happened, since it's happened before, a couple of times a year.

Still, having them all go berserk like this at the same time was rarer. Usually you've just gotta wrangle one. You're gonna have your hands full. And of course, merely using your own body to pleasure them would be Inappropriate. After all, they are under the influence. But, the only way to really get them under control without using force and risking hurting them is to tempt, cajole, or break, temporarily, their lust filled minds.

And so, you prepare to set to work. You send the farmhand off with a gesture, and she returns in a moment with some of the mats from the milking room. They are thick, comfortable mats, all of them scrupulously clean. It is a dairy, after all. But they can be sterilized again later. She lays them on the ground, a kind of barrier, halfway between you and the girls, laying them over where the raven haired ones milk had landed.

The girls are mostly okay left to their own devices, but you know that eventually the pheromones will reach a critical mass, and they'll cease pleasuring themselves and become blank, puppeted robots walking toward their destination. To save them from such a fate is going to require a lot of cleanup later.

Accordingly. You set to work. You slide your comfortable clothing from your form, leaving you bare in the light breeze. The sun, which emerged from behind its cloud before, is now slightly cast over, with midday cloud formations. But there's still enough light to see the dapples on their flesh from sweat and juices.

The raven haired one is still showing off, doing an extended and tempting tease, which sends arousal thrilling through you. But you must stay focused and responsible. The light from above, the scent of the fresh grass. The place is clean and calm. As your clothing falls, the oh so helpful firm hand rushes over, gathers it, and moves it out of the way.

She makes sure the mats are in place, and the cowgirls crawl onto them. Well, one crawls. The blonde is industriously moving. She pauses to rest her knees and her hand on the soft mats, even as to the right of her. The brunette pauses, her buttocks sliding onto the mats, and she's been scooting along on her rear.

The hand on her clit never ceasing its two fingered waltz around her distended nub. The other hand is now in her mouth, and she's sucking on her index finger, her lips smacking obscenely. Pale, warm by the look

of it. Shaking off the temptation, noticing the way her hair falls across her eyes. She sits there, her juices pooling on the mat.

And then to her right, the raven one moves closer. Her flesh, tanned in the light. And although she's tanned all over, your eyes are then drawn to the nearby farmhand. She removes her hat, revealing that the red hair in its ponytail has been loosened, the band thrown aside with your clothing. She slowly strips off her button down shirt and pulls her denim overalls out of the way.

You shoot her a quizzical look and she explains, I'm not gonna let you do it all yourself. Just tell me what to do, boss. And then she falls silent, letting you focus. Your hand delves into the bag of tools, pulling out the three dildos. Your other hand slides into a glove, holding the bag alongside the dildos.

And then, you slide the glove on, grasp the three rubber appendages, and pull out one of the bottles. Letting the sack fall to the ground, you uncork the bottle. The scent inside is not particularly affecting. Mostly normal people are affected by minotaur cum and these are just the pheromones. But the three cowgirls instantly look up.

Their hands stop. They sit up attentively as you pour the bottle over the toys. And then, quickly, roll one toward each of the girls. They dive on them. The blonde is fastest, grabbing one for herself, sliding it home in her pussy in one practiced gesture. You can see from the way she dove her buttocks and her molten sex up in the air.

And then the toy with its flared head moves in seamlessly, her sheer wetness sending a gush of fluid under it. And she stops. She gasps and looks over her shoulder at you. Her eyes have regained some clarity for a moment, but her mouth is frozen open as if she were trying to cry out but unable. A strangled sound escapes her, and then her body falls over in shuddering, gasping convulsions.

The grin on her face is every bit as potent as the second girl's. Speaking of the brunette, as the blonde flails on the mat, immobilized by need and ache, by her brain telling her that a minotaur cock has come home in her pussy. You have by now discarded the emptied bottle, and placed your bag to one side, moving a little closer.

The middle girl, though. Her hair is even more disheveled. She has the toy, but she's not bringing it to her pussy. She's holding it up and looking at it reverently. Her eyes are glazed. Her mouth, her chin are

coated in saliva. She stares and leans in, sniffing the toy for a moment. Her eyes roll back and she comes with no physical stimulation, because both hands are grasping the massive toy.

Her pussy squirts a little and you see her gasp and roll her hips. Then she brings the toy down. And, begins ineffectually trying to push it inside. She's too tight to even get the flared head in. She just grunts and the weakness of her arms and her own hesitation keep her from truly penetrating. But at least she's occupied.

The third one, she has taken the toy, placed it between her legs, closed her thighs, and is rubbing it up and down the outside of her vulva, facing you the entire time. Every now and then she'll rub the pheromonal liquid from the shaft of it over her clit, and gasp, and thrust her hips out, her shoulders back, perfectly poised to tempt and tease.

But the show seems to be on automatic pilot now, because she's drooling as surely as the youngest one was, and staring straight at you. She just keeps turning to follow you, but she doesn't look like she's going to move from that spot. The periodic orgasms induced by the

closeness to the substance she was chasing have led her to simply stand there.

Every now and then she seems to forget what she's doing, drop the toy, get down on her knees and grab it. But she never quite forgets that you're there, always orienting her buttocks and pussy toward you, always gripping the toy in her mouth or between her hands and then rising. They're all reacting a little more slowly, sluggishly, as if they were being made docile by the presence.

It doesn't really do anything for you, luckily. But now you have to figure out a way to get them to their rooms. The simplest method is the quickest. Walking over to the oldest one, and gripping her wrist. The farmhand comes along and she helps, and you get your first really good look at her. Her hair is red, in that ponytail.

It was cute, but now it spreads around her shoulders, giving a coquettish look and falls along one half of her face. Her eyes are green, and they look back at you questioningly, looking up to you almost. Her form is petite, but there's corded muscle along her arms. Her taut stomach, her breasts are small, barely an A cup.

She moves with a leith grace. Her buttocks are taut, tiny. Her entire form is more like a swimmer's or an athlete's or, well, you suppose, a farmhand. She's slipped out of her boots as well and is barefoot on the grass. But her hands are strong as they grasp the other arm of the girl. Of course, the oldest of the cowgirls, her blonde hair disheveled around her face, doesn't particularly want to go.

Even with the toy in her pussy, she has enough presence of mind to look toward the gate and shake her head and resume trying to crawl a little bit. But she's too slow. Every one or two paces, she almost comes. She's also strong. Even stronger than your assistant, whose breasts with their pert, large, areolate nipples begin to sway in the presence of the girl.

You see, each of the cowgirls is by now dripping her juices so copiously that their scent is getting you excited. And unlike the minotaurs who are very far away, they're right there. But Professional and calm. You reach out to steady her, touching her shoulder. She flushes and gasps, moves away a little.

She's still smiling encouragingly. She lets go. Your assistant points to the brunette who's lying on the ground again, pumping the toy against

her clit, unable to get it inside herself, looking disappointed and wanton. The brunette cowgirl looks up at you questioningly. I think she's the easiest. We could carry her, but she'd flail around.

Maybe we ought to try and convince her? She points to the toy, and then points to you. I'll watch the other two and make sure they don't go crawling off. You take care of her, and your firm hand stays true to her word. Keeping the blonde from escaping. Keeping the raven haired one there. The freckles extend all over her body, something you see when she bends over to simply grasp the blonde by the hindquarters and drag her a few feet backward, which is sure to slow her crawl, especially since the firm hand makes sure to keep the toy inside of the blonde matron cowgirl's pussy, which leads to much clenching and gushing.

The whole thing is very professional, though, when she lets go afterward. And then goes over to try and lure the Raven haired one backward, too. But she's having trouble getting the Raven haired one to even fixate on her. Luckily, she's not walking, just swaying in place, filling herself and coming. Now, the brunette.

Her inexperience, or apparent inexperience, and the fact that she is perhaps experiencing this heat for the first time, have combined to mean she doesn't really know what's going on. She isn't trying particularly hard to escape. Leaning down you look into her eyes and see they're blank and vacant. You attempt to take her by the arm, take one of her hands off of the toy, and lead her away.

Uh, Uh, she says, making a sound of denial. She points to the toy, and then to her soaked, wanton, aching sex. You see the look on her face, her nipples are steeply pointed and they're almost an inch long. Milk is still dripping down her stomach, a white trail from the nipples all the way down. She's groaning constantly.

Gently, using your gloved hand, you reach for the toy. She seems to try and push you away until you realize what you need to do, angling it downward and pointing the tip into her pussy. Your firm hand is still keeping the other two back and separated in case they hurt one another in their vigor and arousal.

Meanwhile, as you Briefly look aside to see her freckled breasts moving against one arm of the blonde who is trying to fondle her but failing as she is nimble and the blonde is still bucking herself constantly with the

toy. The one you're dealing with was afraid you were going to take her dildo away, so instead you angle it down and place the flared head against her entrance.

She nods her head vigorously. At the same time, Whimpering faintly, she moves her hands away, completely allowing you to control the flow of the experience. You feel a little resistance, realizing she's very tight. You look at her, asking, is this your first time? And she nods, again vigorously, but she tries to push your hand to force it in.

She'd been unable herself, it appears. Maybe something psychological stopped her, or she just knew she'd stop halfway and end up unsatisfied. Sighing, you decide you're going to have to do something. Taking a second vial out of the nearby bag, snaring it with your hand and then dragging it closer. You pull out the cork, and then pour the liquid between her legs, first ensuring that you've parted her clit with your other hand, setting the dildo down in contact with her thigh.

As the flared equine head of the toy sits there, you pour the clear pheromone right onto her clit. The other two cowgirls look over, but they are restrained. By the fact that your firm hand has freshly

slathered their toys with one of those bottles. Meanwhile, your brunette charge rolls her eyes and falls backward.

She enters into convulsions, her stomach pushing upward, her breasts pulsing milk, gushing out and down onto her own chest, over her shoulders, onto the mat beneath her. She moans as you rub with your gloved hand the pheromones into her clit. which engorges even more. She grasps at you, reaching one hand out between your legs, grabbing, fumbling, but still managing to instinctively begin pleasuring you, masturbating you with her hand.

She's moaning and grunting. Her clit is standing, seeming as engorged as it can get. And her entrance is now parted slightly, as if the musculature in her hips had forcibly relaxed somewhere between the first shuddering, gasping movement and the second. You can feel the pleasure flowing up into your head, but it's so much more important to get her docile, to stop her flailing, and if the way to do that is to pleasure her to true orgasm after true orgasm, more than the mere reflections she's getting from her exposure to the minotaur pheromones.

The toy begins to enter slowly at first, and yes, you feel some resistance, but the moment the flared head went inside her pussy, oh, juices gushed out of her, and she smiled broadly, tongue lolling out, her hair disheveled, the brunette Pixie cut washing on the mat behind her, splayed in all directions, pushed upward by her wreathing rubbing of her head against the surface beneath her.

Her hands, one between your legs, the other milking her breasts. You can smell the pleasant scent of the pheromones inherent in her milk as it gushes, but it's not as thick and potent as the other two girls would be, so the brunette cowgirl is slowly penetrated. Then You tell her kindly, brace yourself, using your gloved hand to rub her clit and circles.

She's lost in the shuddering pleasure, and when you push the toy in and feel the pressure against it give, feel it slide in, it instantly hilts itself half of the way. Oh, and then the rest. Sliding inside of her as if her body were made to accommodate that toy, that shape. She wreathes and clenches her thighs around your hand.

As the toy is pushed further in, she squeezes between your legs, finding your most sensitive spots and splaying all five fingers against

you, desperately grabbing, instinctively fumbling. You moan too, giving into it a little, but you have to stay professional and so you begin to pull the toy out. Her juices are dappling it.

And you do think her hymen was probably broken just now, but rather than inspect, you grab a towel from nearby, graciously provided by your assistant, who is now busily wrangling the other two, taking it and rubbing it over the lower body of your brunette friend. You dry her off sufficiently, then, hilding the toy inside of her.

You take her gently by the hand and order, Up, while keeping your hand on the toy. She recalcitrantly looks toward the gate, beginning to squirm toward it. Now that the toy's in her, maybe she thinks she can crawl. So, speedily. You begin to massage some of the wet fluid off of her clit, wiping away the pheromone.

She groans as some part of her recognizes something important is being removed, but that's nothing compared to the anguished cry when you pull the toy out of her pussy. It comes out with a wet pop sound, as if her already tight muscles were clinging to it even tighter still, but when it does come out you hold it up, and she looks at it, groaning.

But she still seems torn between the gate and the pheromones in much smaller amounts present on the dildo. So you slide it back inside. She groans, gasping and rolling her hips against your hand. She falls back flat on the mat. And you begin pumping the toy in and out, watching her abdomen for the telltale signs of clenching desire.

It only takes moments, but she's breathing quickly. And she's right on edge. She's about to come. You see her hips roll up into the air, her butt lifting off the mat. And then you pull the toy out. She slumps back onto the mat. A long, almost weeping groan escapes her, and she dives for your hand, only to have you hold the toy out of reach.

She follows it. She now wants the pleasure of it inside of her, more than she wants to crawl toward the hard fucking that awaits her on the mountain. And so you return the toy to her pussy. And she stands when you beckon her up with one finger, saying up. She stands and as you take hold of the toy, you bring her over, intending to walk her back to the farmhouse.

And then up to her hotel room, simply holding her, using the toy to steer her, as if you had hold of some kind of override button for her brain. Her nipples are still standing, and every time you twist the toy,

what you do now and then to turn the flared head inside of her, still surprised that she took the whole thing, but her body was made for it.

Her nipples gush every time you turn or move it, but your partner interrupts you. Looking up the firm hand bustles over, her small breast still pert and standing, juices dappling her thighs. A bit of cowgirl milk having speckled her shoulders from trying to hold the blonde one back. I'll take her up. You should stay here.

After all, you're in charge. Taking the toy from your hand, another brief brush of contact between you and the flushed farm girl. She leads the horny cowgirl away, bringing the lactobovine back to her accommodations. You are left alone with the raven haired one. And the blonde. You watch your pretty partner leave, but then drag your attention back.

You're still turned on, where the brunette was fondling you. And the dappled mess of her corrupted juices and milk are nearby. Your feet may have brushed against it without noticing. Cause you're almost as hot under the collar as she was. Now. Attention turned to the next one. The blonde, still industriously crawling, has been set back

somewhat by the fact that she's been freshly soaked in Minotaur pheromone.

In fact, the raven haired one seems to be getting drawn to the blonde a little. You get between them, letting the blonde lie there in her own blissed and drugged out haze. Your partner thought of everything. She's still pumping the toy in and out of herself. So the blonde is occupied. The black haired one turns to you, still striking an enticing posture.

But then she does something else. She lies on the ground, right next to the pool of the brunette's fluids, and she beckons to you. She parts her legs and you see her wet, pink, puffy lips. Her smooth, wanton pussy is drooling its aching juice. She has one foot high up in the air, the other flat along the ground, exposing and opening her legs as she lies on her side, completely at ease.

Her massive breasts over one arm, but the hand extended alongside the lower breast as she lays on her side and looks at you. Her black hair falls behind her, settling to the ground. Her other arm is moving between her legs. It still has the toy, but she's never once penetrated

herself with it. She's instead just rubbing the Minotaur pheromones over her clit and pussy.

The lips are parted. She pushes the toy aside, shaking her head and beckoning. Maybe this one doesn't particularly like Minotaurs. Or maybe there's something about penetration. Because she isn't beckoning you in, she's rolling her hips forward and back. You try to grip her arm, gently, moving your other hand between her legs and playing with her clit or pushing the toy toward her, but she shakes her head.

The toy remains resolutely discarded onto the ground each time she sees it or it's pushed toward her. Instead, she tries to pull you down, and she's stronger, finding yourself displaced onto the mat, gently. First your buttocks pushing down, then your arm, she pulling you by the arm you were using to push against her, and try to bring her toward her room.

Instead, you find yourself lying there, and she pushes your legs apart, forcefully, and yet courteously. Then she insinuates her body against yours. Bringing her pussy between your legs, and simply rubbing her

lips against your thighs, against the exterior, all over you. Simply moving her exterior, wet labia, against your flesh.

Rubbing between your legs, and then she locks her thighs around you. You can see her massive breasts. She brings them up. She pushes one nipple toward your mouth, even as she begins to roll her pussy between your legs, rubbing the exterior against you. She seems to need no other stimulation as her large engorged clit rubs, and she tosses her dark hair from side to side, her huge brown nipples.

One is moving toward your mouth, oh the tip. The tip of the nipple is an inch long, maybe more, enough to fill your mouth and really squirt down it. But, at the last moment, you think, regaining your senses, pushing her breast aside. She gasps and whimpers, having touched it, and you feel a little bit of the pheromones she was rubbing into her pussy rub onto your skin as her juices dapple you, corrupted and aphrodisiac in their own way, but she just tries to keep Pushing the nipple toward you, rolling her hips, uh, uh, uh, uh.

Suddenly, with a series of little gasps, she comes, and you feel her juices really gush. But she's rubbing so skillfully. This must be her preferred way to have sex. It explains why she didn't put a toy into

herself. She'd rather be rubbing against you, another person. You feel her full buttocks pressing against yours, because she's Pulling your thighs toward her, putting the two of you at an angle, crisscrossing, scissoring your legs and her legs are around you.

You won't take her nipple because you remember, Whitney did warn you. If you drink a cowgirl's milk, you'll become docile and want to drink more of it. Once you've taken one mouthful, you'll just find yourself taking another. Gradually drinking milk from one of them directly leads a person to feel so utterly docile and obedient that they'll drink until the cowgirl is empty or they're too full.

It's quite addictive and pleasurable, and therefore, in order to remain professional, you avoid taking any drink, instead settling for letting her head nestle over your shoulder. She assents to do so with an audible sigh, nestling her head against your shoulder. But now it's almost impossible to disengage from her, and you can feel the milk dribbling from her breasts and running down your body.

So, you do what you have to, moving a hand between the two of you. You slide it down, find her clit protruding as it is, and while letting her continue to rub the wet hole beneath against you, feeling how much she

tingles with the stimulation, you isolate the nub, and begin rubbing it in forceful circles.

Pressing in firmly enough to stimulate her to her core, she shudders and presses her hips against you, rolling again, and again, groaning, and your fingers withdraw after a moment. She makes a whimpering sound and begins rubbing more forcefully. Angling herself down. Even as her legs cling to your back, pushing your thighs against hers, interlocking the two of you.

But it's not quite enough. And she grips your hand with one of hers. Her other hand now on her breast. Milking them, gushing her milk against you. Your hand slides back between her legs and you begin to work furiously. It doesn't take much, but she's not coming yet, and you want to get her really distracted so you can send her back to her room.

Then you notice it. You're wearing a glove on one hand, and nearby is the puddle of juices, pheromones, and milk that the last horny cowgirl left there. Carefully dabbing some on the middle finger of your glove, by reaching just slightly to your side, you surreptitiously move that hand down between you, find her clit, and dab the mixture on.

Mm, mm, mm, mm. The sound she makes is a kind of protracted groan, or whine, as if she can't get enough breath. And then her head lolls back, her hair tossing. She's no longer leaning over your shoulder. She's now leaning back. Her hands behind her, supporting her. Her buttocks on the ground, on the mat. Rubbing her pussy upward again and again.

So forcefully her hips are smack, smack. Smacking against yours over and over. Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah. And then the tension leaves her body. She falls backward. She seems comfortable. Her eyes are closed. Her nipples spurred a few times, leaving the milk to run down her sides and over her massive breasts, which she managed to rub against you quite a bit.

Now, her nipples still erect, you manage to lift her up. You see your farmhand assistant returning, even as you feel the pneumatic warmth of the surprisingly light figure. In your arms, she lets out a faint snoring sound, and you set her aside then, gently laying her off to one side on the mat where she'll be out of the way.

If she wakes up, you can deal with her again, but, from the trembling way her thighs clenched around your hand when you were rubbing those

juices into her clit, she's gonna be like that for a while. Now attention returns to the blonde. She's got the toy inside of her still, and, given that she's doused in those pheromones from before, she's quite happy with the situation.

But she's begun to crawl toward the gate once more, now using both hands, holding the long flared shaft of the toy inside of her with muscular power alone, her clenching pussy squeezing it. You meet up then with your assistant, who gives what sounds like an exasperated sigh. I don't know what we're gonna do.

She's usually reasonable. This gives you an idea. Going over to the girl. And kneeling next to the wanton lactobovine crawling her way toward the source of that, to her, wonderful scent. You simply ask, come on, what can we do? There must be something you want instead. You don't want to go up there, it's such a long way.

Come on, coaxingly. She looks up at you, a somewhat critical gaze on her face, but her eyes are focused. She does seem to know you're there, and so she lays back. And, she raises her huge udders. This is the first time you really see them in the light, and they are glistening,

warm, slick with milk, and with sweat, and apparently with her own saliva where she'd been licking them.

Why was she licking them? Oh, well if you look at the tip you'll see it's not just one simple nipple. But four small spurting nipples, each quite long, over an inch and a half. Reaching up, she squeezes each breast in hand, and you see four droplets of milk pour from each of the massive udders. An E cup, maybe larger, it covers most of her chest.

Certainly all of her upper body is weighed down by those breasts, and she's just sitting there now. She crosses her legs and takes a lotus position, holding each breast up. You notice that they're red and swollen around the nipples. Right, cowgirls have to be milked, and the larger their breasts, the more often.

She must have been distraught like this all day, in addition to having full, milky breasts. But getting them into the milker is an exercise of will in the first place. All the girls find it a little harsh. So, getting her there now is probably out of the question. That's when she opens her mouth. Points to it.

Points to you. Words seem beyond her, but she wants you to drink. Your freckled cohort walks over and looks down at her skeptically. The blonde's pussy is dotted with wanton sexual juice, glistening like a peach spread between her legs, wanting it. But she's focused on her breasts, they do need to be emptied, and she's suggesting she wants you to drink.

Considering that every cowgirl on the farm except her is now sufficiently subdued, your assignment is over. Sighing, you consider it. And then kneel down, she smiles a broad grin, and as if as a show of good faith, she moves back a few feet, onto the mat and away from the entrance to the farm. That's when a hand falls on your shoulder, the dainty hand of the farm girl assistant, she shakes her head.

Nah, you're in charge. I'll take care of this. Guess it's time to take one for the team. Whitney's gonna owe me bonus pay, you make sure you tell her. And that's when she gets on her knees and begins crawling. Now, this is a small, petite girl. And something is aroused in the cowgirl. The blonde reaches out for the freckled shoulders of the redhead and lays her across her lap, leaning back to get her breasts out of the way.

The redhead looks a little distraught, but, her nipples perk up, and her pussy. A swatch of red pubic hair above it, her legs a little bit parted, creamy thighs dotted only occasionally with freckles. Looks like she doesn't know what to do. Still, the nipple descends toward her face. You see the blonde looking down, gazing on the prize laid in her lap.

But then she shifts her back more. Nestling her assistant on her belly, the blonde lays on her back completely, spreading her legs now, her large thighs in between the toy buried in her cunt, which quivers and oozes constantly. She points at the toy, then points at you, indicating that you better start fucking her immediately.

There's a wantonness in her face and she can't get around the imperative to do something with her pussy. take your eyes off your assistant, bravely allowing herself to be subjected to the unnatural lusts of a full cowgirl in heat. More than that, it's your job to supervise now. The girl seems to have a moment of forethought and thinks, wait maybe ya better not tell Whitney about at that point, the nipple is pressed into her mouth.

There is a sound like something being unplugged. And slowly, The face of the girl who's being held in the lap of the blonde, while it was

distraught and a little wandering, slackens. A dreamy smile crosses her features, so wide that it's visible even as you see her throat working to gulp down all the milk.

From the moment it touched her tongue until it entered her stomach. The girl being fed sucks now. Instead of merely having it enter her mouth, she's actively suckling the quad nipples of the blonde. The massive breast is becoming slightly less so, but it's pressed against her face. You can still see her eyes above it, though.

Her nose nestled against the huge teat, as if the girl with the freckles were breathing it in, trying to suck it in. Absorb everything about the large blonde who's holding her, laid across the cowgirl's lap. The redhead slides her own hand between her legs, and begins to touch her pussy gently, tenderly, laying her palm against the hair there and plunging two fingers into herself, her thumb finding her clit, which has begun to protrude surprisingly rapidly.

For the professional little redhead who was just drinking to pacify the blonde to be in such a state so quickly. How potent must that milk be? She's moaning and gasping, fingers working away. But you can barely

hear it around the nipple and the breast seems to be getting smaller, even as the girl's belly seems to be getting fuller.

She's so small nestled in the lap of that lactobovine woman who's been Ooh, full of milk all day, the relief on her face is palpable, but there's something else there, a hunger, a hunger to feed the girl she's grasping. You reach out, thinking hard of Whitney and her responsibility placed on you. The trust placed in you blonde points once more between her legs to where the toy is lodged in her pussy.

A little muscular work pushes out from between her labia, making half of the shaft move out of her. She beckons for you to push it in, and she dislodges the red head from her first nipple, seemingly regain her senses for a moment. The farm girl says No. No, too much. Her belly does seem to be visibly bulging.

Slowly, the girl is moved toward the other breast. But, the blonde does not insert it between her lips. Whew, there's a relieved sigh from the girl lying on the blonde cowgirl's lap. Yep, the farm assistant. Simply Lies there. But then, she licks her lips. You see it happen, even as you take hold of the dildo, and begin moving it in and out of the blonde.

The redhead, despite visibly coming to her senses once she was dislodged from the constantly flowing nipple, Which even now you can see has dapples of white droplets on the tip of each of the four nipple protrusions. The redhead is still rubbing herself. Oh, she shudders in the lap of the blonde, and you feel the vibration from said shuddering, said tensing of the freckled girl's hips move through the flesh of the blonde.

And then, you begin moving the toy in and out with an audible smacking sound. The blonde groans, and she seems to be resisting an urge to shove her nipple into the girl's mouth. Instead, one hand under the untouched E cup breast, she begins swaying it back and forth. The four nipples move hypnotically in front of the redhead's face, the redhead who is still licking her lips.

The cowgirl even pushes in on her breast, moving the nipple further away from the redhead, but also causing droplets of milk to appear on the tip of each of the four nipples, centered inside the giant areola on the massive breast. The redhead's unable to take it. She makes a strangled whimper and then her lips are around the nipple.

Willingly, she's fastened both arms around the blonde's neck. And the blonde just giggles and watches. The redhead manages to separate herself long enough to say, Oh, I'm sorry, but I need it. And then her lips are once more there, sucking constantly. You imagine you can see the nipple and the breast visibly deflating, even as the redhead's stomach fills, almost protruding.

Her eyes go sleepy again. The giant smile is there. One arm disentangles itself from around the neck of the blonde and moves between the redhead's legs. The huge breasted cowgirl grabs both of the redhead's buttocks and begins kneading them, rubbing them back and forth, squeezing her closer, even as she scoots her butt down to bring her pussy further on to the toy.

Her hips are shuddering, but the blonde seems unconcerned with her wanton Drooling lips. You watch the way the sunlight dapples off the dew all over her lower body. But instead she's focused on feeding the girl laid across her lap, the redhead. Her breasts seem to be growing from an A cup to something a little larger.

And certainly her nipples are erect. Fluids are running from between her legs uncontrollably. And you see every couple of seconds her hips

jerking in something like an orgasm. Or an aftershock, or simply the ultimate insatisfaction, as the milk filling her body tells her that right there sucking is where she needs to be.

That she needs it, as she said. Eventually, the blonde rolls her eyes, her head throwing back. The otherwise composed cowgirl matron suddenly gripping her hands into the buttocks of the small girl on her lap. The firm hand groans and presses herself further against the breast, deforming it with the pressure of her cheeks, sucking.

You can hear the fluid gushing in her mouth, see her throat gulping. She needs every drop. Eventually it stops. Aaaaah! And the blonde falls back, spent. You feel a gush of fluid flow from her pussy over the toy onto the ground. And a second cowgirl collapses, twitching every so often to show that she's too satiated to move.

The redhead is still suckling at a nipple that's no longer giving milk. You gently pull her off of it. She looks up at you, shocked, dismayed. She seems incredibly upset. A single word makes its way out of her. Milk? she asks. But you gently pick her up and lead her by the hand. Don't worry, we'll get you some after you're settled down.

It's at that moment that a wagon comes in through the front gate. You see Whitney waving with a knowing smile from the front, the dogmorph looking more amused than anything else. They're back from town. She approaches and waves to you, pointing you toward the quarters belonging to her and her farmhands in the large, temporary house nearby.

The rough logged building smells nice inside. Fragrant herbs are distributed throughout. There's a doorway, and you can see inside. And you slowly walk from where you currently are. Inside of the building, remembering it. Holding the redhead who has slowly stood. Is dripping sweat, utterly nude. Her nipples are leaking milk.

Oh, you're gonna have to see to that later. You look back at the blonde, pledging that you'll look her up when she's more herself, and see what you can do with her then. Maybe she'll even be grateful. Walking to the house, the redhead's legs are shaky and she throws one arm over your shoulder. She leans close and you can smell the juices and the aching desire flowing from her.

But you lead her toward the building. A slow walk along the edge of the fence, Whitney coming up behind to take care of the raven haired

victim of your ministrations, and the blonde who's slowly regaining herself, but will be more easily wrangled by her usual friend, the dog morph. When you get to the building, the open door leads into a warm room, but not unseasonably warm.

There's a breeze moving through. There always is here. There's a bed in the corner, for people who have to sack out and can't make their way upstairs. You have the foresight to grab a towel from next to the door, off of the rack in front of the oven, and throw it across the bed. Making sure to lay her buttocks and pussy across it.

You have no milk to presently give her that would satisfy her, and so instead you simply lay there, resting one hand on the freckled redhead's forehead, feeling how it's burning up. You do nothing to stop her as she slides one hand between her legs, and one hand under her between her buttocks, rubbing both holes constantly.

Uh, Uh. She makes little helpless gasps. You'll sit with her. Until everything's done, then, collect your payment, mostly taken in the form of favors, and head home. Even with the breeze, she's sweating more completely. And so, you take a nearby pitcher of milk, and, pouring some of it in a glass, bring it to her lips.

She greedily grasps it. Pours it down her throat. You're careful to mediate what she drinks, but nevertheless, when the last drop from the glass enters her throat, her legs clench together. Her eyes roll back, showing only the whites. Her lips turn into the giant, goofy grin she was wearing outside. She pinches her own nipples, and a little spurt of milk flows down her belly.

Another casualty of war. And, given her satisfaction, probably another cowgirl soon. You sigh and bring another towel up to polish her stomach off, wiping it away so the milk won't stain. She smiles faintly, holds up one of her small, now B cup breasts. She simply says, Drink, please, wanting you to do what she just had.

But you refrain, saying, Not today, and then turning away, perhaps regretfully. But you'll visit her, another time.

This is a set of descriptions with tags for every eSuccubus audio, allowing you to ctrl+f the fulltext of my descriptions of the audio catalogue. I kind of suck at descriptions, and tagging, so this is the least I could do. Let me know where you find inaccuracies or omissions so I can fix them, please?

Elena McIvor

For the style guide used to create this dyslexia-friendly formatted script, credit to Christina [Torbrook whose original guide is here.](#)