

It's the near future, every human being has their genetic make up filed with the government when they are born. The government will know what you're genetically going to be prone to, diabetes, certain cancers, etc. But the world is facing a new growing crisis.

Humans are quickly losing the ability to digest milk, their bodies were evolving to not handle the substance anymore. Sure there were all the alternatives, almond milk, soy milk, coconut milk, lactose free. But humanity was stubborn and wanted the real deal, refusing to adjust.

The government found a solution to this, humans could no longer process cow milk or any other animal's milk, but tests have revealed that they could still digest and tolerate human milk. Thus the government launched a very lucrative new business venture.

All across the land, dairy farms were being converted to handle a different sort of cattle. People were selected based on their genetic predispositions on how well of a cow they'd be. There was a certain part in the human genome they could look at to ascertain this info.

If you were selected, you didn't have a choice, they could come at you and forcibly remove you from your family and life and cart you off to one of their many farms. It became just another part of life and was practically normalized.

They had developed their own task force to enforce the genetic cow "lottery" as it was known as. The MOO taskforce was the new version of ICE in a way. Didn't matter how old you were niether, if their supercomputers saw you as having genetic potential, you were "chosen".

You hear a knock at the door, you live alone in a dingy studio apartment. You sigh as you get up and answer the door, surprised to see a MOO taskforce of five men outside your door. "Sorry guys, it's just me here, no women live here, you must have the wrong place."

You go to close the door but the prevent it from closing. "Actually sir, we are here for you." You blink in confusion. "I'm a man, I'm not compatible?" The rough looking MOO taskforce captain smirked a little.

"Due to breakthrough research and new technologies..even men can now produce great quantities of milk, you're coming with us, your genetic makeup is perfect for this." You panick as you look for an escape but it's too late, they swarm in and grab you, putting you in restraints.

"No! There's got to be a mistake! I wouldn't make a good cow, you can't!" They just escort you away. "Don't worry, you will be one of the first few male cows and will produce lots of milk." You were blindfolded and taken away to a unknown place where you were restrained, you felt jabs in your pecs as a unknown substance was injected into

them. "This can't be happening! You got the wrong guy!" You struggle but it's pointless.

Over the next few days you watch helplessly as your chest goes from flat and nonexistent to big, to busty to so big they practically drag on the ground as you feel your body chemically changing. It converts everything into milk as you feel your swollen mams fill up with milk. They feed you via a tube that extends down from the ceiling. The team of scientists smile proudly at you as they talk amongst themselves. "This is great, now we don't have to rely solely on women anymore! This will greatly increase our cattle yields!" Another scientists piped in "Look how well it's working for him too, he's gotten bigger than most female cattle even, he really was made for this!"

You whimper pathetically as you feel strong pumps attached to your 8ft long tits somewhere ahead of you suck strongly, draining you of milk. You can't talk because of the tube always being in your mouth. You can't see very well and days become a blur as time fades into obscurity. You never really did go out much or have that much of a social life so people carried on with their lives as normal. As your life devolved into a mix of pleasure, feeding and milking. You were never heard again as you went on to be one of the most productive cows the milk industry has ever had.

