

The Madness of Moo Manor
by Violet Kirkwood
Part III

Cora went to the door and listened as Erica made her toast. The younger woman was trouble, Cora knew, but she had once been that type of flirt. Satisfied the others weren't plotting against her, she went back to rummaging through the study.

Across the room, Suzie sat at a large oak desk shuffling through papers and stacks of books. Unlike the rest of the house which was immaculately clean, Norah Sharpe's study resembled an exploded library. Initially Cora and Suzie both worried that someone might be upset if they went through everything, but they quickly realized that the place already looked like it had been ransacked. Neither of them knew exactly what they were looking for, but wagered they'd know it when they saw it. The only issue was where to begin siphoning through the sprawl of Norah Sharpe's scattered notes. Cora focused on a reading table, unearthing what looked like schematics for a machine that looked like an over engineered exoskeleton.

"Why do you think we're here?" Suzie asked as she shuffled another set of papers. "Like, why us?"

"How'd you mean, hon?" Cora had the same question, but learned long ago that being friendly and letting others figure things out often got her much farther than trying to grab the bull by the horns.

Suzie considered her own question for a while. "I think what I don't know is why Norah wanted us here. Is this meant to be a punishment or a reward? If so, why? I never did anything to her or for her. I barely knew her at all."

"But she did something negative to you, maybe," Cora suggested. "Perhaps this is how she makes up for it."

"Did she wrong you in some way?"

Cora shrugged and sat down primly on the edge of the nearest chair. "Not that I know of, but that doesn't mean she didn't have a lot of chances to do so. Maybe I was underpaid or passed over for a promotion somewhere along the way."

"Something significant enough to gift you millions? Or to punish you with a night in the weirdo house?"

Cora sighed, "I think that Norah Sharpe was an eccentric woman, and this might be the best way she knows of trying to make amends for what she perceived as a wrong."

Suzie's face tilted into a wry smirk, "You don't actually think she's dead, do you?"

"If she is, then there's no reason to speak ill of her. If she isn't, well, then we're trapped in her homemade laboratory for the next twelve hours, so probably not wise to criticize her too much."

The both looked around at the walls filled with bookshelves as though Norah might be lurking in the slim shadows between them. “Eccentric how?” Suzie asked as she moved on to gathering and putting aside the books on the desk.

Cora leaned back into the chair. It wasn’t comfortable, but she’d been known to sit just about anywhere if it meant she could gossip. Live crazy woman or ghost with a grudge be damned, Cora had made her best effort at being nice already. “Everyone that rich has some strangeness about them. People always want something from them, so they stop hanging around people. They insulate themselves to the point that they start losing their humanity. Norah wasn’t too bad from what I heard. She had a few quirks, though. Wouldn’t take something out of a person’s hand. Anything she needed to hold had to be put down first, then picked up by her. Oh, and I remember one time she came through the office, and her aide came ahead of her handing out these shawls to the women who’d worn low cut tops that day. Apparently, she was on the warpath about big boobs. Figured it had something to do with a man. Some rich fool she was knocking boots with probably told her she’d look better with implants, and so goes out the royal decree that no woman will be visibly bustier than the queen.”

Suzie looked at her own diminutive chest and compared it to the shelf like forward thrust of Cora’s cleavage. “You didn’t get written up for being too blessed that day?” she asked.

“No, I never put the girls on display in the office if I could manage it,” Cora said with a huff. “You work in an office for a while, particularly one in a male industry, and you’ll cover up right quick. It’s always nice at first, to get all the attention, but then it’s the kind of attention that doesn’t stop. Then harassment. Then lawsuits. It’s a mess. If I’d known in high school how much trouble these things would end up causing in the world, I never would have wished so hard to have them.”

They resumed their browsing for a few minutes until Suzie asked another question. “Who did you actually work for?”

“Pardon?”

Suzie held up a trio of invoices with different letterheads and offered them to Cora as she approached. “Which company, I mean,” she clarified. “Can’t imagine how many accountants it takes to keep track of everything Norah owned. Shell companies owning shell companies.”

Taking the invoices, Cora looked them over. Each seemed to be for shipping services paid out from three separate companies. “You’re brighter than most girls your age I’ve known,” Cora mused.

“I read a lot,” Suzie answered with a shrug.

Nodding, Cora handed back the invoices. “None of those three. The company that paid me was Sharpe Logistics. Meant to manage the logistics of Ms. Sharpe. All of these other ones have different focuses. Norah spent her fortune on buying up different pieces of the supply chain

for some end goal that never coalesced. Or maybe it did, and that was above my pay grade so it never came across my desk.”

“What kind of end goal?”

“Well, it’s hard to say. I knew about defense contract funding. Private investment firms with pharmaceutical backing. Things like that which bring a lot of money and end up closing a lot of doors. Who knows what they were cooking up. As I understand it, Norah was brilliant, but her true skill was in collecting people. One of the major projects while I was working for her was the recruitment of Qin Meirong. She’s a Chinese scientist that won the Nobel prize for biology. Norah planned this whole big meeting, spent millions on it, and ended up recruiting the scientist while fully funding the woman’s research. I worked on that one directly, but probably five others were brought onto Norah’s team while I was working for her.”

“What was the Nobel prize for?”

Cora shrugged. “I don’t remember. Genetics, I think? Probably, considering that was Qin’s specialty. She was a geneticist. Meirong’s? You know, I could tell you that woman’s schedule for the whole three days she visited with Norah, but I can’t remember which was her first name. Funny how the mind works. I waited tables for two years in high school, and sometimes I still think about orders I forgot.”

Suzie didn’t seem to be listening any longer. She’d stopped looking at the various papers on the desk and turned her attention to the stack of books. Cora watched as Suzie shuffled them around organizing them based on something Cora couldn’t discern. When asked, Suzie explained, “Almost all of them are biographies of scientists. Maybe biologists. Darwin, Fleming, Hilleman, Mendell. But then this one is in French.”

“*Mémoire sur la fermentation appelée lactique,*” Cora read. She noticed Suzie gawk. “I speak French. Well, I can read it, anyway. That’s a paper by Louis Pasteur.”

“Is he a biologist?”

Cora shrugged, “He figured out why milk would spoil and made a way to keep it fresh. With that, I have exhausted my knowledge on Mr. Pasteur. Where are you going?”

Suzie was up and moving across the room, scanning the shelves. She didn’t answer until she pulled a book out and held it up. It was a biography on Louie Pasteur. She opened it and her jaw dropped with exaggerated shock. Turning it to Cora, she showed the false inside of the book containing a button. Unable to contain her excitement, Suzie pressed it.

A loud whirring sound came from the adjacent wall. The center bookshelf rattled before slowly sliding back until it was entirely recessed into the wall. Then, it slid out of the way. “Holy shit,” Suzie said. “Secret passage!”

Liam found the kitchen and spent a few minutes gawking at the size of the place. He lived in an apartment half of its size where the stove was crammed into a sectioned off space with the laundry. The stove in Sharpe Manor was almost as big as his bed. When he came to his senses, he nervously began a search through the cabinets, hoping to find something to snack on. The cabinets all contained different types of pans, platters, and dishes. He didn't know why people would need so much. Giving up on the cabinets, he moved on to the fridge and added to his confusion.

The fridge contained nothing but milk. Not in the usual plastic gallons he got from the grocery store or the cardboard cartons the local farm fresh places sold. Liam always figured that was the kind of milk a rich person would drink, but apparently not. Dozens of quart sized bottles filled to the brim stocked the fridge. Though it didn't have labels of any corporation, each bottle did have a small sticker on the cap that said "Sharp" followed by a number. Liam figured Ms. Sharpe must have had it brought in specifically from a farm she owned or something. Curiosity winning him over, he snagged a bottle out and resumed his search for something to eat.

Leaving the bottle on the bar counter that ran perpendicular to a large food preparation area, he assessed the room more carefully. He was, if nothing else, practically minded. While the elite might want to keep everything out of sight, their employees still needed things close in order to do their jobs. He'd experienced the same thing with the garden stations scattered around the hill grounds. Entirely invisible from afar and difficult to discern even up close, the little stations hid away unsightly things like controls for irrigation systems or tool depots for the benefit of the groundskeepers. Bearing that in mind, the plethora of serving and cooking dishes filling the cabinets above and around the ovens made sense. By the same logic, he figured the dry goods must be kept close to the food preparation table.

Scanning along the wall of cabinets, he noted one set sat very slightly further to the left than it should. The cabinet contained spices held in a row by elastic bands. Looking closer, he found a button tucked into the side of the cabinet. At its press, the off pattern cabinets hissed and rolled outward before sliding open on a hydraulic arm until it was flush with the wall. The backside of the cabinet opened as well, making the elastic bands necessary to hold the spices in place on the off chance someone opened both doors at the same time. He thought it clever, but lost his interest in the mechanics as his attention turned to the hidden pantry.

The room was separated by shelves stocked with nearly everything a kitchen might need. Unfortunately, none of it helped Liam's hunger. He didn't want to cook a seven course meal. Stepping into the pantry, he saw it continued further than he expected, almost running the full length of the kitchen. At the far end, he saw a section labeled as "Miscellaneous" and realized he'd hit jackpot as he approached. Chips, candy bars, cookies, whole cakes sealed in strange plastic boxes, every brand he could think of, every type of guilty pleasure he knew, and many he didn't. Overwhelmed by choice, he figured the best option would be something to go with his beverage. He grabbed an unopened package of cookies and returned to the bar.

A few minutes later, Liam felt like an enormous child, not for the first time in his adult

life. The others were exploring or already bunkered in for the or getting drunk down the hall. He was sitting on a stool that was far too small for him and eating milk and cookies. They did taste great, at least. The milk, particularly. It was sweeter than he was accustomed to, but he guessed that it had a higher sugar content due to being less processed. He wondered whether or not it might make him sick. Unpasteurized milk could be dangerous, he knew, though the details of why eluded him. He also didn't like the odds of it mixing well the small amount of fancy whiskey in his belly. By the time half of the bottle was gone, he was too obsessed with the taste to worry about anything else.

He drank. He ate. Little by little, his control slipped. He finished three bottles before his hunger overtook his thirst. Liam prowled back to the snacks and returned with his arms laden with salty and sweet things. He felt giddy. He marveled at how quickly he'd gone through the whole package of cookies. He'd not done anything like that since sneaking home in the dead of the night on his eighteenth birthday, drunker than he'd ever been. His parents found him the following morning, passed out with an empty chip bag in one hand and a half eaten pack of cookies held affectionately against his chest. The memory rose up in his head, bubbled up by the one beneath it.

Earlier on that night, he'd experienced his first blowjob. A classmate, Julie Reynolds, who had been essentially begging to suck his dick since the preceding Christmas, crowded into his car, stripped off her top, and pulled out his dick before he had much of an opportunity to question it. He later learned that Julie wasn't good at giving blowjobs when a woman took him home from a bar two years later and showed him what a blowjob was supposed to feel like. These memories rose like bubbles from the deepening pool of his thoughts and floated into his consciousness before popping, leaving their disparate pieces to be linked together into new ideas.

Liam swigged down his fifth bottle of milk while thinking about two things. First, he regretted leaving Erica alone to get drunk with Raul. The more he thought about it, the more obvious it was that she, much like Julie Reynolds, wanted to suck his dick. At least that, but probably more. The longer he considered it, the more certain he grew that he had been Erica's first choice to fuck her. Like the clueless lout that he always was, he had wandered off to eat instead of seeing it through. She'd been bouncing her tits at him, hadn't she? She'd done everything but hold up a sign with an arrow pointing between her legs that read "insert cock here". This line of thoughts made Liam unconsciously grumble as his teeth mashed through whatever his hand grabbed from the bounty he'd spread out.

The second thing he thought on, with considerably less success, was the clock on the oven. If he was right, then only seven minutes had passed since he arrived in the kitchen. The clock had definitely moved seven minutes, but he didn't fully believe it. Thinking back to when he first found the snacks seemed like an eternity ago. Hours, if not more. Liam didn't think he could drink six — no, seven, quarts of milk in less than eight minutes. Wasn't that supposed to be impossible? That was the whole point of the milk gallon prank, he thought. He considered other explanations. Perhaps he remembered his units of measurement wrong, or perhaps he misunderstood the prank. Was it supposed to be done in one breath? He tried to remember,

focusing as hard as he could. Yet he kept shoveling food into his mouth as fast as he could swallow and wash it all down with another quart of milk.

Dimly, he heard a sound of cloth tearing. He was uncomfortable. The stool was far too small for him. Looking down, he saw the spindly legs bending under his weight. If his top half hadn't been leaning heavily on the stone slab counter, the seat would have snapped. When he shifted to his feet, the thin metal made a high pitched squeal as it dragged back into its former position. Liam grunted at it and kicked, meaning only to nudge it further away. Instead, it flew across the room and thudded into a wall. He shrank down into his shoulders as he waited for someone to yell at him to be quiet. Nothing happened except another sound of cloth ripping.

Looking down to find the source of the noise, a spike of anxiety cut through the haze plaguing his mind. He was different. His body was massive. *When did that happen?* His thoughts moved like molasses as he answered himself. *When I came to the kitchen, I guess.* The answer didn't satisfy the small ember of his rational thought, but that part of him could do nothing about the trollish brute now in control of Liam's changed body. He moved off to the slightly reflective surface of the refrigerator door, helping himself to another jug of milk before attempting to use the surface as a mirror. It only provided a blurred blob of an image, and he chugged down the bottle while wondering where he could find a mirror. When he set the bottle down on top of the fridge, he realized he'd grown at least a foot in height.

Liam was tired of the constricted feeling around his waist. The leather belt was cutting into his changing body. With some effort, he unfastened it and dragged it through the loops to free his hips. To his surprise, this barely affected the feeling of confinement. Focusing on it, he realized the problem wasn't only his hips and thighs, but his genitals. Unable to reach in his pants due to their tightness, he took hold of the front waist with the intent of pulling them down. Instead, he pulled the pants completely off his body. The pant legs tore around his knees, leaving the bottom half of the legs to crumple comically at his ankles. He struggled ineffectually to get off his shoes and the tatters of his pants until frustration boiled to anger.

Sitting down with a thud on the kitchen floor, he tore off his shoes with feral intensity. When he rested, barefoot and wearing only his boxers, he grew aware of how different his body had become. Not only had he grown taller, but he was corded with muscle. The bulge of his quads had been the death blow to his pants. Swollen pectorals and biceps put an end to his shirt. He peeled off the few bits of fabric still stuck to his body before leaning back onto his palms and stretching. The hundred pounds of new muscle rippled up and down his body. Washboard abs pressed out from his stomach as he strained. When he relaxed, only his boxers still clung to his body. They stretched to their limit over his newly massive thighs, but still they stretched further around the growth between his legs.

A dark blotch of fluid seeped through the fabric where the head of his cock pressed out. He wasn't erect. If he were, the constraint of the fabric would be unbearably painful. His eyes gawked at his hidden manhood, both amazed and terrified by what he was seeing. The thing's outline was clear, and he ached to touch himself. Sliding a hand underneath the waist, he pulled down while keeping his eyes on the thatch of pubic hair at the top of his groin. With some effort,

he managed to get the underwear down to the base of his cock. It was nearly double the size around as when he last saw it. The air rushing over his exposed skin, and the slow reveal of his own nakedness took effect and caused a swell to course through the flaccid cock, stirring it from its troubled slumber. Liam knew immediately that he no longer had the luxury of a slow reveal.

Yanking and tearing, he managed to get the boxers down to his knees where the strength of his legs took over. Spreading his knees wide ripped the fabric at its seams, freeing him from this final stitch of clothing while simultaneously giving his new cock and balls a chance to breathe. His shaft rose quickly while his balls rested on the cool floor. In the past, noticing his testicles was something that only happened when they announced their discomfort or gave him pleasure when touched by groping hand. Now, though, they felt heavy and full. The sensation wasn't painful, but it was distracting and promised to grow into a problem if not addressed. The rest of his cock put porn stars to shame. Nearly as thick around as a soda can, it rose out from his body at least nine inches. The head flared angrily into a shade near to dark purple while the rest of his shaft had darkened to a robust, hale coloring replacing the pallid hue brought on from a lifetime of never seeing the sun.

Unable to resist, Liam gripped his cock at the root. He had never once moaned during sex, and certainly never when masturbating. But one stroke of his new length caused a sound to rattle around in his chest until he let it out, groaning to celebrate the new pleasure. He lost any control he had left as his hand gripped tighter, squeezing his cock as he stroked up and down. His hand grew slick as precum flowed easily from the slit at the tip. His balls contracted, pulling against him, and pleasure built at the root of his newly engorged dick. His body lurched, scrambling to dispel the kinetic energy created by a drive to thrust. His hips bucked up from the floor as he erupted. Thick streams of cum shot out, arcing up nearly three feet before falling back to splatter on his heaving abs. His hand didn't stop stroking, and his hips never stopped their vain thrusting. More cum pumped out of his balls, spraying wildly into the air until he was covered in the stuff. The wild thrill of it seared his mind, blinding him to everything but the pleasure, until he was holding his half erect cock in a slumped posture.

He sat for a moment in the reverie of his orgasm, but a fresh sense of pressure called him back. Already, his balls ached again. Something about his massive ejaculation hadn't been enough. It had felt wasteful and pointless, leaving an itch in his thoughts to correct that mistake. He climbed to his feet, the streaks of his own cum sliding into the grooves of his muscled body. He grabbed a towel from nearby and wiped himself clean as best he could as the need for some other type of resolution built to a maddening drive.

Liam's ears perked up as he heard the quiet hum of machinery combining with a strange metallic tap. He looked around, but saw nothing other than the mess he made. A voice, however, tilted through the room. "The girl, Erica. She's ready for you. She needs you," said a voice. "You're winning. She needs more. Much more. Bring her here if you like. She will lick the floor clean and beg you for more."

His eyes scanned the room, not knowing what to look for, but hoping seeing it would be enough to suppress the wild part of his mind that was eager to masturbate again. He heard the

whirring sound again, but it faded. The metallic clicks, too, grew fainter. They were moving, headed down the hall in the direction of the common room. Liam followed. At the door of the kitchen, his nostrils flared as he caught the scent of something his rational mind didn't understand. The primal force guiding him understood it, though. *Wet pussy. Needing a hard fuck.*

He followed the scent as the last shreds of his true self railed in silent protest.

Raul tried to explain to Erica that someone had shouted. Erica didn't care. She remained naked, fingers toying with her breasts, urging out thick droplets of milk that splashed down with the others in the growing puddle in front of her. Raul had never been so aroused in his life. His dick throbbed with need as he stuffed it back into his pants. He thought the very cells of his body were against him in protest, sending random surges of pain through him as he tried to put more distance between himself and the transformed woman. "Erica, what the fuck is wrong with you? Is this some kind of trippy mind game thing? Part of Norah's plan? Erica?!"

He looked up the stairs, fully expecting to see Vanya glaring down at him in contempt. Or, he thought Liam or Anton would wander back into the room, hands stuck in their pockets like yokels as they took in the scene and condemned him with righteous indignation. Or, and perhaps worst of all, he thought Cora would come back. The other men might whip him in a fight, but he had a sense that Cora would do something far worse. "Erica, please. Say something. Quit acting like a fucking cow." He tried and failed to keep the panic from his voice. "You're freaking me out. It's disgusting," he lied. His mouth watered as he watched another thick stream of milk flow over her fingers. Erica didn't hear him anyway. Her eyes were half closed, naked hips rocking against nothing causing the supple flesh of her newly round ass to jiggle enticingly. Raul's body punished him again, physically tormenting him to return to the rutting woman and give her more of what she so desperately needed.

A whirring sound caused a fresh surge of panic. *Click. Click. Click.* Raul crouched between the forest of furniture as he looked around for the source of the noise. He'd heard it distinctly, but it stopped too quickly for him to know where it came from. He was sure it had been the sound of something heavy, something metal hitting the floor with the rhythm of steps. Before he could think more about it, he heard other steps. Heavy, awkward thuds approached from the hallway. *One of the other men*, he thought as his mind scrambled for a way to explain Erica. He thought that maybe hiding her would be the best option for the moment, but when he looked back at her, she had stood. *Holy god, I've never seen a woman so fucking hot.*

Erica glided through the maze of furniture to the open space before the stairs. She paid no attention to Raul while he drank in her supple body. His tongue ached to swirl around her nipples and drink down her milk. He wanted to sink his hands into the softness of her hips, her ass. He wanted to feel her mouth again, or better, feel the blazing warmth of her cunt wrapped around his aching dick. But all these thoughts faded into sheer horror as he saw Liam enter the room. Unable to stop himself, he said, "What in the name of Christ!?"

The lumbering giant that Liam had become looked over at him with heavy lidded eyes,

sniffed, and turned his head slowly toward Erica. The woman didn't approach Liam. Instead, she dropped down to her knees and turned away from him. She leaned forward onto her arms and let her breasts press against the ground. Her head cocked to the side as she let her cheek rest on the floor. She arched her back and spread out her knees, raising her naked ass and exposed pussy to Liam's shambling form. The newcomer's enormous cock stood out from his body like a steel rod, but it pulsed as he took in the sight of the offered woman in front of him. He moved then with such sudden speed and power that Raul shrank back into the shadows. One second, Liam was an uncoordinated mass of muscle, and the next his eyes were wide and awake while his body seized the object of his desire.

Liam took her by the hips. His touch alone seemed to send her into an ecstatic orgasm. From Raul's perspective, he could see everything. Worse, he thought Liam positioned Erica to force Raul to see everything. The enormous dick pressed against juicy, gleaming folds. Liam held his manhood by the root, sliding the glans along Erica's engorged pussy while she tried to jerk her hips onto his length. His other hand held her in place, and when she didn't stop her mewling attempts, he cracked his palm against her ass. The sound caused Raul's heart to skip a beat, but if it hurt Erica at all, the pleasure it gave her far outweighed the pain.

Raul watched as Liam slowly fed his cock into the woman. Inch after inch slid into her without resistance. Raul imagined how divine it must feel and knew his imagination to be correct by the look on Liam's face. The intensity of Liam's lust dimmed to a dull, mechanical need. His mouth hung open while his herculean body remained tense. He let go of his cock at the halfway mark and squared himself behind his prize. His meaty paws gripped the plush hips and stopped Erica from sheathing him inside her in one thrust. Raul couldn't help himself. He was watching something beyond porn. His hand snaked into his pants and gripped himself. He saw how the two of them joined. He heard them both sigh with contentment, if only momentarily, as Liam filled Erica completely. Her ass pressed against his hard body, his hands held her delicious curves, and his godlike form curved around her protectively.

Liam and Erica were both in heaven. They did not think. Conscious thought was banished to the dim recesses of their mind, but they did feel. Liam felt the walls of his conquest's pussy clenching around him. He felt the heat of her core radiating into him through his cock. He felt the body of a fertility goddess, one designed to match his completely. Erica felt a fullness, a completeness that she had never known possible. It supplanted every sexual experience she had ever had, making them all look small and pathetic, the pointless ruttings of inexperienced fools. She felt the certainty of her position in the world, kneeling with her ass up for the bull behind her to fill her womb with his cum. She felt the pressure of her milk building even as she continued to leak. She was making more for him. When he came, he would want to drink. With his cum leaking from her ravished pussy, she would roll over and let him crawl on top of her. He would sheath himself inside her again, not to fuck — not right away — but to feel connected and claimed, and he would drink. All of this swirled in their minds as they simultaneously shifted their hips.

The transformed man and woman moved in harmony. Slowly at first, Liam thrust into Erica as she rocked back to meet his momentum. They built speed. The sound of their bodies

clapping together grew louder and louder. They moaned, uninhibited and wild. Liam's touch grew frantic, as though he would starve if he did not touch more of her. Erica's throaty moans grew deeper. The leaking puddle beneath her breasts spread out further. Then, as quickly as they had built speed, they slowed into long, slow strokes that punctuated with sudden thrust. Liam's breath tightened in his chest, but Erica lost to the feeling of his cock pulsating inside of her. The air rushed out of her in a wild noise as her body went into a twitching mass of pleasure. Liam hooked his arm around her stomach and pulled her tight against him as he groaned. Raul saw it happen. He saw the cock stuffed fully inside of the woman who had blown him only minutes ago. He saw the swollen sack of Liam's balls contract followed by the twitch at the base of Liam's cock as cum erupted inside of Erica.

She rose up with a squeal of delight. Her tits bounced together before giving over to their own type of orgasmic expression. Thick streams of milk shot out in four or five different directions. Grunting, Liam's hand palmed one breast, allowing the spray to splatter against his palm before pressing it against Erica's gushing teat. As he rubbed, more milk flowed, and Erica lost some battle inside her. A noise rumbled up from deep inside her as he peered back and met the bull's eye. "Mmmnm...mmmoooo!"

Raul lost his own battle then. His cum, thin and dribbling, made a mess of his pants. With the lust dispersed, sickly panic returned to fill the void. Liam was spent. His hands rested on the rump of his cow. Erica was still quivering in the after shocks of her orgasm as she laid, still impaled, before her bull. *They're abominations*, Raul thought. *I need to warn the others*. Mortified, he crept along the edge of the room. Liam paid him no mind. The oversized man eventually spun Erica to her back, just as she predicted. Liam's gorilla like knuckles slammed down on either side of her body as he lowered a mouth to her leaking teat. Raul resisted the urge to watch the other man drink, but as he reached the hall he saw that Erica's eyes were on him. Glittering with lust and conquest, they stared at one another as she silently beckoned for him to join them. Raul even took a step in their direction, but stopped when he noticed the dark spots on Erica's naked chest below her swollen breasts.

Liam saw them too, made a chuffing sound of approval and lowered his mouth from one nipple to another directly below it. He licked lovingly at the growing bud as his hands came up to massage the changing tissue. Raul knew it for what it was, *She's growing more breasts. Like goddamn udders*. He turned and sprinted away down the hall. Lust clawed at him to go back, and he grimly understood the danger of being locked in the house.