

a Gal-loween tale

# FRANKENMILK

by Jessie Star



Art by Tail-Blazer

PART 6.

## VI.

Victor's body tensed, preparing himself, as the angry Franken-chimp E-Gor charged down the dining hall at him. Part of him, a small part, was slightly happy he was no longer going to be the FrankenMilf Nymphomaniac he had become. The larger part? Very nervous about how painful being torn apart by apes would be. Even if he wanted to run, how the hell would he? Wobbling and bobbling in his 3 inch heels? Tits and ass bouncing as he screeched for his life like a horror movie scream queen? Nope. The drooling, scared, roaring monstrosity that was E-Gor was less than ten feet away, coming full speed. All Victor could do was slam his eyes shut and wait....

And... wait?

"Nein! Nein, back E-Gor, back!" He heard Inga chastising E-gor and the Zombmonkies with him. One heavy-lashed eye slowly opened to see that they had been surrounded by the chimps, but they had all heeled and slumped over at her command, like ashamed children. "I am very sorry, I am vorking hard to train zat out of zem.Zey are just very protective." She said back to Victor, "She iz zee Lady of zee house! You respect! You hear Inga?" All of them shook their heads yes, though E-Gor seemed less enthused. He was their alpha, after all. Inga turned back to Victor. "I alzo don't know how to explain you are not Amelia to zem... So I say Lady of zee ho-" Victor shoved by her, causing E-Gor to grunt, but Inga grabbed the apes arm to soothe him. Victor was done. He stomped away in his heels, swishing and jiggling out of the room, a sight of womanly fury.

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"Lady of the house, Lady of the goddamn house!" he growled, pacing back and forth in his bedroom. His dress slumped down slightly from all the action, showing the top of the bra cups and no longer holding his tits in a death squeeze. Every turn, stomp and action he made had an equal and opposite reaction in the tittiesphere. "I can't even leave MY house. I can't even have a day without wanting sex! Or if I'm to get it under control without HAVING sex!" He opened his bedroom door. "Thank you oh so very very much... INGAAA!" He slammed it again. His blood

was boiling. It was making him sweat. That old saying, “women don’t sweat, they glow”? Lies. This body was always sweaty, and right now he was a human Slip-n-Slide, splotches beginning to show through on his red silk gown. His eyes drifted to the painting of Amelia Franc, who in truth had caused his problems more than Inga. She was the one that had her libido turned up higher than a rabbit babymaker. She was the one that had hit his car. And even now he heard her in his brain.

“Oh poor Vicky. Being such a bitch because she’s too nervous to touch herself,” the voice cackled.

“Shut up, you dead hag!” he hissed. “You’re not real! And I’m gonna find someone who can fix this. This isn’t my problem!”

“For not being real, all my choices seem to be lingering in you. What are you going to do, Vicky? Run down the mountain pass, soaked with rain and your own juices? It will be the shower all over again!” He heard her slithering in his mind.

“I’m... I will find someone!” He started to get overheated. He needed more air. Unable to get to his zipper, Victor hiked the gown up, inch by inch... trying to reach the laces on his corset.

“You will find no one, and you just ruined everything with the one person who might be able to help you... one day. If only you had been a good girl and taken that dick... you would have cooled down. I told you, you needed to give in.” For being his imagination, oh how he pleaded for this to be his imagination, she sure was a witch. With a final tug, he got the dress over his bottom and found the lower laces of the corset. “That being said, maybe she’ll forgive you. I think you could get anyone to do anything with an ass like ours.” Victor tugged and tugged at the laces, to no avail. Finally, he grabbed some scissors off of a side desk and began snipping at the laces from the bottom up. “Especially if you keep making it bigger, Vicky. I only had a tiny piece a day... naughty gi-”

“Gah!” With enough cutting and tugging he was able to pull the corset apart, eventually getting it off. A huge sigh of relief came out of him as his tiny belly bulged back into freedom, hugged tightly by his silk gown, but not nearly as tightly as the corset. “Do... you ever shut up!?”

“Though I can tell you from experience, both with my dead husband’s dick and her scrawny body, we can do much better. There are phone numbers in my diary that could get us sandwiched between two Adonises in a heartbeat.” Her words placed that image in his head, one man pounding his slit while another went to town on his ass, him screaming and wriggling between them!

“Um, there is no we! And I will sleep with whoever I want to!” he huffed... unable to get the dress back down over his pale and bountiful bum.

“No dear, we have standards... in time you’ll see-”

“That would really break you, wouldn’t it?” He turned to her oil painting.

“Excuse me?” she asked with an annoyed edge.

“If I just... slept with whoever. Inga, the guys at the mailroom at my old job? Nerds from my college campus!” He smirked, hands on his hips.

“We are a billionaire, and a Lady of class... we have stan-”

“I don’t have any standards. Not one fuckin’ standard. I was a virgin, and If I’m gonna be saddled with your insecure alterations to make you get excited-” he was starting to feel that empowered heat in his loins again.

“I was not insecure!” she bellowed.

“Oh... right. A woman comfortable with her sex life gets injected with god knows what to become a sex-craved, desperate woman in a loveless marriage.” He pointed the scissors at her as he gave his best “gotcha face.”

“Of all the insidious lies and-”

“Lies? Lies?!” He grabbed her diary. “You were the one who told me! You know what? Knowing how much sex I’m going to need, I’m probably going to become a slut with no standards whatsoever.”

“How dare you... after all I’ve built!” Her voice grew higher and screechier by the moment.

“What... your reputation? Your sexual prowess? Your mountains of money... yeah, Inga and your dead husband’s cock can keep that. This body, I’m cutting you off!” He took the scissors and started snipping her diary.

“You can’t! It belongs to me! It’s mine!” She was howling as page after page became confetti.

“That’s what I’m trying to tell you... Amelia... you fucked up! You were a waste when you were alive, filling some hole in your life with cringy requests and encounters and meaningless things, thinking you could keep it going with some freaking clone swap, and look at you. You are nothing,” he said, dropping the diary in front of her painting. Oh, he was on fire, he was powerful and heated and loving putting this imaginary bitch in her place. He was in a cat fight with his own mind and winning. What a crazy frickin’ world.

“I will live on in our body!” Amelia growled, now some evil, sinister, desperate creature clawing to survive.

“You mean, my body?” He looked down and groped his own breast. “Feels like my body to me.” Oh that sent some tingles, not as much as when Inga touched it, but right now he didn’t want anyone having this body but him. “No, Amelia... you are just a head that Inga buried on the property.” He thrust the scissors into the painting and dragged it over her throat, hearing her scream. “This is my body and I’ll do what I want!” Another stab to her face!

“No, no! You need me! You don’t know how to take care of your needs.” He stabbed the painting in the eye.

“I’m pretty sure I’ll figure it out!” he shouted as her wailing turned to gargles.

“Please! Please I must continue! I must...” He didn’t let her finish, he ripped the painting off the wall and slammed down the torn art at the foot of the bed, cracking the frame. She was silent. Only the rain on his window, and distant thunder. He was alone in his room, with his body, and he was tired. Tired of being horny.

“You know what Amelia? Can you hear me?” He marched over to that wardrobe-looking cabinet that had become so feared and opened it like a diva parting the curtains. “I’m going to borrow something, and let you watch while I take ownership of this body for good!” Shit, there were so many toys. His body flinched for only a second, until he took a deep breath and plunged in. With eyes closed he allowed his hand to move forward towards the vibrators and dildos and multiple leather-contraption-looking outfit pieces. His hands wrapped around something rubbery and thick. He opened his eyes to see a very large purple dildo in his tiny feminine hand. “Well... go big or go home, hmm?” He climbed up on the bed, turning it over in his hand, seeing it had some kind of base or stand? It was also very firm, yet still had some bend to it, it swayed around, making him think of the giant bulge in Inga’s trousers. Funny, none of this made him think of his own lost dick. Maybe he wasn’t very attached. He certainly wasn’t now, he giggled. Trying to figure out a good position, he bumped something and the device began to squirm and buzz in his hand as it came to life. He dropped it and squeaked. Okay, that was unexpected... but he wasn’t going to back down. This was the night he lost his... virginity? Did a dildo count? Ugh, so many weird questions just... get on with it, Vick. He gripped the pumping, buzzing dick-shaped item and paused. The feelings from his dripping mound had not dissipated. They were stronger than ever, as if the feel of cock in his hand had woken up the town, some tiny town crier on a box in his body screaming “We’re about to get fucked! Everyone awake, the screwing is nigh!” and yet he was still at the edge of his pleasure-filled pool, afraid to jump. The cabinet was supposed to be the jump, how many jumps were there!? Maybe... maybe if he eased in on the shallow end? Victor’s free hand hooked his gown and bra in one go and tugged till his wobbly breast flopped free into the cold air. Yup, those were his aroused nipples. He looked up into the mirror in the room and there she was. Him. With his giant tits swaying in the breeze. She was beautiful. He was beautiful. For the first time he thought, maybe I’m a she. He turned off the pumping motion switch held the buzzing tip up to his hard nipple and pressed it to him, sinking into his puffy breast.

“Oh... mmmmm okay. Okay good start.” His other hand massaged his breast as he circled the

other nipple with the vibrator, his eyes never leaving his body in the mirror. *I'm a woman tonight, I'm a woman tonight, I'm... a woman*, she thought. She lowered the buzzing instrument down her abs, sitting up so she could position it underneath her. Vick's other hand let go of her tit and snaked under the voluminous curtain of red silk to find her panties and slide them to the side; her finger grazing her folds, she almost buckled and fell right there. "Easy, Vicky... easy," she said. No... no, Vicky was Amelia's dumb pet name. Fuck that. She was... she was Victoria! Hell yes. Way more regal. The thunder clapped and the lights of the room flickered. "You hear that Amelia? I'm Victoria! This is my body and I'm...mmph!" She had started to slowly lower herself, but when she made contact, her body didn't part like the Red Sea and suck it in as she expected. Was it too big?

The buzzing was definitely making everything tingle and throb; she could feel her juices dripping on the shaft and her fingers holding it in place. Was it not lined up right? Victoria ground her hips back and forth trying to get it to go in, but it just pushed on her entrance, parting her lips slightly and sending buzzing up into her core. She covered her mouth as she let out a moan, the other hand still trying to find the best angle. The buzzing was just... shaking everything up. She assumed that was her clit she finally located at the top: the thing was so damn sensitive she was afraid to even draw near it. She heard a snide giggle and looked to the painting next to him on the bed, the giant tears making her look like her own Frankenstein monster. "I told you you couldn't do it," she sneered.

She tilted her head, thighs shaking and eyes having a hard time focusing. All she could see was that beautiful topless woman in the mirror hovering over the thing between her legs. That was her for sure. He turned back to the painting and in her own powerful female voice declared. "Bitch.. Watch me" And she bounced up like a trampoline, body coming down while the thick vibrating toy thrustled up and her eyes went wide and she-

As the power went out the scream could be heard throughout the house, but the thunder dulled it a bit. Not much as the sounds from the master bedroom competed with the storm. Albert was too far away in the nursery while Dan realized he should, and would pick a room on the other side of the house, scooping up his blanket and pillow and heading into the hallway. The Gors, Al through E were a little on edge from the howls of a woman getting pleasure in the house once

more, but Inga looked up from her book for only a moment, nodded in approval and returned to reading, in the dark, with her glowing goggles.

Back in the room though, Victoria was realizing she was screaming over very little. She felt the rubbery dildo push her open and apart, it's bulbous tip stretching her wide and sending electrical jolts all over her body. It caused her head to snap back and eyes roll as scream after scream eked out from the vibration on the pulled-tight walls of her pussy. But it got stuck right there in the entrance. On future attempts, Victoria would remember to use lube, but tonight she was frantically rubbing her own dripping juices all over the dildo to make it work. "Hnnng sooo big," she shuddered, not knowing what to do. Maybe... maybe get a smaller toy? One that- OOOOoooooh mmmmp," she moaned as she slid down another inch. It was so surreal, having something work its way up inside of her body. Something so thick, filling and stretching her tight. Her body instinctively began to grind on the impaling shaft, the rocking motion encouraging it in, bit by bit. "Yeah... yeah please, yes!" she begged. It was like she was on fire and the tip would put her out. She just had to get the tip in... deep ennnnooughhhffuck! Her body shuddered and trembled as she sank the rest of the way in. So full. A hand went to her lower abdomen, knowing under her palm there was a buzzing appendage inside. "Okay, okay... what now?" Her head swam with ideas. "My tits," she said in the dark. "Those... in the shower. Really good." She brought her dripping finger to her bare, cold breast, enjoying the warmth, not caring that her tits were made slick now by her own juices. She raised a tiny bit off her folded legs and would slowly drop back down, hands massaging her chest to the rhythm and lightning of the thunderstorm. This felt way better than just the shower, a slower but stronger build. When this one popped, her head might blow off her shoulder. Every time she raised, she could feel her vagina clench on the toy, making it drag over every spasming nerve. Muscle memory was good; she gurgled as the bubble of pleasure began to build and grow inside of her. "Mmmm, I have such lovely fat tities!" She let out more guttural moans, tweaking her hard nipples. "Eeeee!" It was painful, so much of this was on the edge of pain but her body liked it, no- her body craved it. Not... abuse, but just that edge between too much and so good. She rose up two inches as her twat tightened on the rod again, tugging her nipples until it was too much, sending her down again on the buzzing pleasure pole. There was a click and the toy went back to its pumping motions. She didn't even have to raise up to feel it moving up and down inside of her. She just sat there and tried to enjoy the moment without slipping into pleasure-fueled daydreams of the shaft inside of her becoming real hot flesh. "Soooooo... sooo good..."



Her eyes had adjusted a bit; she could see her form in the mirror, and she got an idea. Her right hand let go of her nipple; it snapped like rubber back into shape, and she raised her large right boob up to her mouth. Victoria gave her nipple a little lick and giggled between her moans. She was right. Her tits were big enough she could suck on them if she wanted to! And why not? Her plump lips wrapped around her pink nipple, sucking and lashing it with her tongue. More and more jolts of pleasure zapped through her breasts and collected in her belly like a bank. The balloon that had been building had a second surge. She felt her entire form being filled with it. Her chest cavity, her hips, inside her tits to the nipples, flowing and filling anywhere, trying to get out. There was no shrinking it, only bursting it to make it stop. Victoria began to bounce harder and harder on the thrusting dildo, until her tit was shaken loose from her mouth. Both of her tits were bouncing wildly from the force as that pleasure balloon filled her thighs and made her toes curl. She went to steady her chest but she was gone, her hands kneading her mature bountiful bosom, her giant MILF-y ass bouncing on her heels, faster and harder and-

“AAAAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!” It popped. It popped and sent her into the white for real this time. Maybe a bolt of lightning had flown through the window and had blown her Franken-body apart. She just knew it felt good. Like she was nothing and everything all at once, a thousand pinballs of pleasure ricocheting around her hourglass body until they lost momentum and tumbled down her tunnel where a mechanized dildo knocked them back up again. Coming off of an orgasm like this was surreal. Like feeling her body slowly being drawn back together. Was Inga putting Victor back together again? *Silly Inga, you said you can't do that twice*, Victoria giggled in her fuck-drunk state. She fell over, drooling on Amelia. Hmmm. “Nothing to say now? How interest... Interestttaaaah.” Even having fallen over, Victoria realized the toy was still active, buzzing and thrusting, and her body was revving up again. A second orgasm?! But she hadn't even recovered yet. I mean, good to know her body could... could recover so... q-quickly oh..OH GOD OOOH YES YEEES YEEES! She convulsed in joy and ecstasy.

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Four times. Victoria had orgasmed four times. Three by dildo, and one from just an after shock after she yanked it out. She felt like she had been hit by a truck of pleasure, and had survived.

Mumbling to herself, she climbed over her soaked comforter and got underneath on its dry side. She blinked a few times, unsure if this was real or a dream or whatever. But suddenly, her sex drive didn't seem like... the worst thing in the world. It was amazing. Mind blowing, and now she would fall asl... ee...

"Victor?" A girly voice called in the dark. *Amelia? No, she was dead - or only in my head. Inga? No, not German enough... that left...*

"Albert?" Victoria called back. Hearing the name "Victor" had shook her from the high that made her feel girly and great. Now a former co-worker (that seemed to hate women) was walking into her room while she remained stained and smelling of sex from her wild female orgasms under the sheets. She could see Albert shake his head yes. "Wh-what do you want?" she asked him, a distant clap of thunder crackling somewhere.

"I'm sorry... I'm... I'm scared," he whimpered.

Victoria squinted, then groaned. "Wait in the hall, I'll be right there."

"But I'm-

"Hall, Albert," she said firmly, and he went back into the hall. Victoria snuck to her bathroom quickly, her dress bunched around her waist like a curtain turned into a belt, large ass and tits wobbling everywhere. Suddenly, she felt less at home in her body again. It wasn't until she got out of the dress and underwear set and into her clean (but far less supportive) nightie that she realized she still had the heels on. She kept fumbling with them in the dark until she heard Albert squeak another "Victor" at her. If she had walked so easily in heels, might as well keep it going for now. "I'm coming Al, I'm coming," she said, tugging the silky pink nighty down some more. She should have worn underwear.

Albert it turned out, was afraid of being alone. In her mind Victoria wanted to say, "Well, when you're a dick to everyone, you end up alone," but... she did not. "Okay, let's get you to sleep," though that was not happening in her room. It was... not child-appropriate. So she offered to hang with him back in the nursery for a while. Midway through the house, a large lightning bolt

hit in the forest nearby and it made them both jump, Albert gripping Victoria's hand and not letting go. Looking down, Albert looked more like a scared little girl than ever. Or little boy. Gender was both meaning more, and less, than it ever had. More in how people felt they were, and less on what they seemed to be. Dan seemed to embrace it, Victoria was on a weird teeter-totter of finally finding the perks, but feeling shaken now that the high was over, and Al... poor little Al. They were a mess. They made it back to the nursery and Victoria tucked her into bed.

"Now, I'm not trying to tease you or anything Al, but I'm kind of shocked a storm scared you," she said as she pushed the blanket into the creases of the bed.

"I'm not scared of the storm," his voice quivered.

"Then what... *hun?*" Victoria forced that last word to try and be more... soothing?

"I messed up, I messed everything up!" He began to tear up.

"Messed what up?" Victoria asked calmly.

"Getting us out, and fixed!" His hand untucked his comforter and grabbed Victoria's wrist.

"Now, Albert.." She rubbed his hand.

"I can't do it! I can't be a woman! I can't have your body! I was horrible to women. I always felt unwanted, even by the ones in my family! I'm just going to be depressed and a lonely drunk and get knocked up at sixteen just like my mother!"

Victoria felt this was unlikely, though she didn't know if the clone was made before or after Amelia's... alteration. Al could have a very hard puberty ahead of him. "I think... this is all way too far down the road to fret about, Al. Do you see yourself as a boy?"

"Y-yeah, I think so.." he said, tears running down his face.

“And are you gay? Like, did you like men when you were an adult? Or when you went through puberty the first time?” God this felt weird. Best to wrap this up.

“No. Not at all!” he said.

“Then I doubt you will get pregnant on accident at sixteen. And if you’re really, really sure you are male and want to stay, or be, or become a guy again, we can get you blockers or hormones or whatever. Block your puberty as we figure this out.” She stroked his lengthening curly hair. “Okay?” Al didn’t answer. “Is there anything else?”

Al looked around. “We’re not safe here...” he whispered.

“Albert, come on now...”

“The Gors smashed the owner of this house to death, and I heard Inga screaming at them for almost killing you. I opened my big mouth and now I’m not safe here,” he sniffled. The color drained from her face. How had she let her sex high blur out the image of charging E-Gor. She had almost died. He was going to make her Dimitrie 2.0!

“I’m... I’m sure she won’t let them hurt us. She’s talked to them.”

“Just because she won’t ask them to hurt us, doesn’t mean they won’t act on their own. And there are five of them, she can’t be around them all the time and... and... now I pissed her off!” His crying got louder and louder. Victoria gave him calming shushes and stroked his head.

“W-we... we can’t leave though, we-” Gosh, now Victoria was the stuttering mess.

“Victor! You have to protect me... I don’t know what to do, or if we’re safe.” He held her hand so tightly. That last “Victor” really shook her. Not into seeing herself as a man again per se, but this weird in-between. She dove in to conquer the damn lust and rid herself of Amelia... and had forgotten everything else for a moment. Lightning lit up the room and Victoria saw her face in the mirror, makeup smeared and smudged, curly weave of hair extensions hanging down all sides of her head. This was not her. Doubt about owning her body and being proud, feeling

comfortable about the constant needs, about their safety. Everything was in the air. Everything. The damn rollercoaster of knowing and uncertainty had taken another sharp turn. “Victor, are we safe?”

“Do you want to leave?” Victoria asked.

“I don’t know! What would we do out there? I’m a little girl!” she whined.

“Do you think we’re safe?” Victoria pressed.

“Vick, I don’t know. I’m just scared, very scared.” he shuddered. That was that then.

“In fifteen minutes, get your shoes. We’re going,” she said in a whispered but commanding tone.

“G-going? But what about Dana?” Albert asked.

“Dan doesn’t want to go, and I can’t make him. But I do know... things could be dangerous, and you think so too. It’s time we took our chances outside.”

“But... I...” Al looked conflicted and scared.

“Fifteen minutes,” said Vic, and she stepped into the hall.

She would need something better than a nightie, and her sneakers for sure. Running in heels was a no-no. She should have told Al to grab some clothes. Oh well, he wasn’t a fan of all those frilly poofy dresses and anyways. She would get out of here and maybe to his family, or... some state protection or something. What mattered was- wait, what was that sound? A low breathing. A panting? She looked back and froze and fell against the wall like she had been struck dead. In the unlit parts of the hallway there were reflective, glowing eyes, at the height of a child. It only took a flash of lightning to reveal the rest of the powerful stitched monstrosity known as E-Gor. Even in his butler outfit, the scars on his body and twisted face of a chimpanzee made it impossible to forget the moment in the dining room. There was no running from him. She had one choice.

“Oh, E-Gor, you’re up!” She tried to stand tall and confident (you weren’t supposed to show animals you were scared, right?), but as he got within feet of her, she squealed and jumped a bit when he let out a sneeze. “Oh... oh my, storms are scary, eh E-Gor? I was just putting Al to bed. Are you going to bed?” He had been so friendly towards her when he had helped her get ready for dinner, but getting forceful with Inga had changed that. He was uncertain if she was a danger now, or worse, very certain- but in a bad way. “I-I-I” Thunder cracked hard with a flash and the sound of a tree falling over was so close it was a wonder it didn’t land on the house. “I was just going to my room,” she blurted out and turned, only to be stopped dead in her tracks by the paw of a great ape closing around her hand. She turned back to see his unblinking eyes piercing right into her soul. His grip like iron: if he wanted to rip off her arm and beat her to death with it he would. “E-Gor...” she gulped, “w-would you like to help the Lady of the house back to her room? Would you like to help me, the Lady of the house?” she said, her voice feeling hoarse from just how tense her throat was.

He squinted and grunted.. and began walking. They were walking now. “Thank you for helping me get ready for dinner tonight. I looked ever so pretty with your help.” More walking, with just the white noise of the rain on the roof. “I’m sorry it didn’t end well, Inga and I just had a disagreement is all. I hope you can forgive me.” Her voice went up in pitch; at the mention of the fight after dinner, his grip tightened until her hand gave a little pop. Nothing painful, just a knuckle crack, but startling all the same. *Shut your damn mouth, Victoria*, she grumbled in her own mind. Her room was coming up, but he wasn’t slowing. Please stop at the room. Please stop at the room. He was passing it! He was- oof! He stopped and let go. “The L-lady of the House is p-p-pleased, thank you d-dear,” she stuttered. God, she sounded like a cartoon pig! She back into her room, his eyes never leaving her. When Victoria stepped inside, she quickly blocked his view. The painting had fallen off the bed, and she did not need him to see a portrait of the “Lady of the House” sitting atop a pile of red, stained gown. She waved at him through the crack, and when he didn’t go she just nervously closed the door and locked it.

“Oh shit. Holy shit, what the hell?” She rubbed the hand he had grasped. “I need to get us out of here, I need to get us far the hell away from here!”

*To be continued...*