

Prime, Lab Grown, Milk-Fed Beef  
by Quixerotic

The car rolled to a stop at the end of a long, dirt driveway. Nico shook his head, attempting to dispel the strange haze that nagged at him. “We’re here,” he grunted.

From his lap, his wife only moaned followed by a wet sound from inside her throat. Nico realized his free hand had returned to Lydia’s breasts, fondling them for comfort as much as pleasure. It helped keep his head clear, but if he really wanted to be sharp then he only had one solution. He moved his hand to the back of Lydia’s head, pushing her down on his swollen girth. She moaned louder, and his cock pumped her mouth full for the third or fourth time that day.

A few moments of heavy breathing later, Lydia sat up and wiped her mouth. She pulled down her shirt. Both she and Nico noted that it barely fit over her breasts any more. “I’m not sure all your cum is helping,” she said. “It might be making it worse.”

Nico thought so, too. A damnable part of him wanted that to be true. “There’s no way we could have made the drive otherwise. We’d have either veered off the road or stopped to fuck and never crawled off one another.” They’d made an effort at first, but once Lydia had pulled up her top and started playing with her nipples while her other hand worked eagerly between her legs, Nico thought he might pass out from lack of blood getting to his head.

“I know, sweetie,” she said while patting his arm. Her touch lingered to feel the new muscle before snatching back as though she’d burned herself. Too much of her touch would start the cycle up again. With a fresh load in her belly, her pussy still ached for its own attention, but she could control herself. Nico was the one with the hair trigger. She’d done her best to empty his balls and buy them enough time to figure things out. “So, do we just go knock on the door?”

“Seems the best way to get started. Don’t worry. Getting here was the hard part. Everything’s gonna work out.” He slid his hand around her thigh and squeezed, a dangerous method of reassurance. “Come on.”

They emerged from the car. Nico spent a moment stuffing his dick back into his sweat pants. Lydia noticed a small sign hanging on the white picket fence marking the start of the house’s lawn. Panic threatened to creep over her as she struggled to make out the letters. They didn’t fit right in her head so she had to silently mouth out a few of the letters to get them to go into her thoughts right. “The Henderson Family Farm,” she read and felt a thrill of satisfaction.

Nico’s hand settled on her ass and gave her a small push toward the house.

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Lydia was happily admiring her husband from a few feet away when she remembered that the last time she let him wander off, he came back with a chicken under each arm. Nico had a penchant for enthusiastically committing to new ideas without considering their practicality. While endearing, it meant leaving him alone for too long at a place like the Farmer’s Expo was dangerous.

She slid up beside Nico as he husband agreed emphatically with something the man

behind the stall had just said. He was in high spirits as he put his arm around Lydia and introduced her, “Dale, this is my wife, Lydia.”

Dale tilted his head deferentially. He was a gangly man, the type that Lydia considered all knees and elbows. Unlike the majority of the vendors, Dale had a farmer’s tan which he seemed to wear proudly. He left one button too many open on his shirt and kept his sleeves up a few inches higher than his normal work clothes. A well groomed and close cut beard of salt and pepper coloring protected his face, but the top of his bald head bore a faint ring that started above his brow, dividing his tan from the pale pate on top. He looked to be in his early forties and boldly confident — Nico’s kryptonite for hare brained ideas.

“Nice to meet you, Dale,” she said while glancing around at the booth. Lydia saw nothing to indicate what Dale was doing at a Farming Expo. “Are you one of the vendors?”

“Yes,” he said while stepping back and affectionately patting a large refrigeration box. “Uh, I don’t have the signage or anything of that bit, but I thought the lack of it and a friendly face might entice people to a few conversations.”

“It certainly worked on my husband,” Lydia said with a jab in Nico’s ribs. “Did he agree to buy out your stock without knowing what it was?”

“Almost,” Dale answered. “Can’t say I would be one to blame him, though. I personally think it’s a very exciting product, and the price is hard to argue with.”

“He’s got synthetic meat,” Nico said. “Giving out free samples.”

To add to the explanation, Dale opened up the box and pulled out a carefully packaged slab of red meat. It had the vague shape of a sirloin, but looked unnervingly smooth. “Petri dish to table,” Dale said with a grin.

“Isn’t that somewhat against the spirit of this event?” she asked. Nico flushed as though his wife had said something insulting, but Lydia’s curiosity and her tactfulness rarely shared control.

“Fair question,” Dale said. “I suppose it is a bit hard to say that something is farm fresh when it came out of a lab. But the lab is on a farm. My own, that is. We grow the crops that feed the meat. The water comes from our on site well. All the labor is done by myself and my lab assistant, Skye. Other than the initial enzyme development, it’s as farm fresh as an egg straight from the chicken.”

Nico chuckled, “And it’s definitely not some weird lab grown monster chicken, right?” At his wife’s raised eyebrow, he made an embarrassed shrug. “Uh, I mean...we were talking about taste right before you got here. Cause that’s the thing, right? Like with the improbable burger —”

“Impossible,” Dale corrected.

“ — Right, that one. They can get it really close, right? Like beef flavored, but it’s still not *exactly* beef is it?”

“It’s not beef it all,” Dale said emphatically. “It’s a mush of soy protein and different plant oils. What I have here is the holy grail. True beef grown in a lab.”

“Then why are you at a regional farm expo,” Lydia said before stopping herself. She didn’t mean to rain on everyone’s parade, but she didn’t want her husband to hand over their life savings to Dale, no matter how nice the man seemed. “I apologize, that was —”

“No, no need to apologize,” Dale insisted. “It’s a more than fair question. The answer is probably longer than you care to listen. The short version is that I’ve gone a bit rogue from the traditional path on this sort of thing. My wife would be the first to tell you that she married a reckless lunatic. She — Julie is her name — loved New York, but she followed me out here anyway. I quit my job, uprooted my family, and bought a farm because...well, I worked for Umbright Pharmaceuticals. Ever heard of them?”

Nico answered, “I think I’ve seen that name on a poster at the doctor’s office.”

“That’s likely. They tend to keep a low profile, but they’re behind most of the new medications hitting the market these days. The whole idea of a trusted name in pharmaceuticals went out the window after the opioid epidemic. Anyway, they do good work at Umbright. But they can be pretty controlling on where you put your focus. Once...well, that’s the long part. Umbright and I disagreed on how to proceed with my research, so I took the opportunity to ripcord out. Set up shop for myself, recruited a little help, and called in every favor I had to get supplies. It’s worked out, but I can’t do anything with it because of the non-compete.”

“But you’re in the clear on intellectual property? It sounds like you came up with most of this idea while under Umbright’s payroll. Even if you got over the non-compete, you’d still run into a swarm of lawyers alleging you stole company property by leaving with thoughts in your head.” Lydia rattled it off in a stern voice while staring off into the middle distance.

“Lydia’s legal practice just happens to focus on corporate contract law,” Nico explained. “In case you have any concerns in that arena coming up.”

Dale grinned, “Ah, then it would be absolutely foolhardy of me not to endear myself to you further. However, I think the best argument I can make at this point is in the pudding, so to speak. Let me gift you a sample pack. Take it home, cook it how you like, and give it a taste. If that doesn’t convince you that petri dish to table is the way of the future, then nothing will.”

Happy to see a way out of the conversation Lydia made a small noise of agreement. “I was a starving college student for too long to turn down free food.”

She pretended to look at her phone. Nico chatted with Dale about the weather or something else mundane while the ex-pharmaceutical researched assembled a package of his artificial meat. He piled six different packages wrapped in butcher paper on top of one another before tying them together with twine. Finally, he slid his card underneath the knot. "Sorry the card's out of date. Getting new business cards hasn't been on the top of my list. One way or the other, you let me know what you think. Won't you?"

Nico and Lydia thanked him. The former shook his hand while Lydia made a show of dragging her husband off to other ventures. Finally far enough away, she whispered to her husband, "We're pretty sure that Dale hasn't murdered someone and just disposed of the body by gifting it to a couple of rubes, right?"

Looking at the bundle in horror, Nico said, "But...I was going to try it with that garlic sauce."

She patted him on the arm, "I'm sure it's fine. Definitely not the thigh meat of that lab assistant he mentioned."

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"Something smells good," Lydia said as she drifted into the kitchen. Nico didn't hear her as he hummed along to the music piping through his earbuds. She noted the bottle of wine sitting at the far end of the counter beside one half full glass and one empty. Gently, she stepped closer to him and touched his shoulder. He nearly jumped out of his skin anyway.

"I don't know why you walk around like a Navy Seal," he grumbled.

"How loud is that music?" she retorted. She could hear the synth noise emanating out from his ears. Nico smiled sardonically and pressed a button on the ear piece before popping them out. Meanwhile, Lydia peeked around him at the stove top, curious to know what was bubbling and sizzling. After their jaunt out that morning, she'd squirreled herself in her office to answer emails which couldn't wait for her return from vacation. Nico had brought her a sandwich for lunch and lingered long enough to let her know his displeasure about seeing her work during her time off. While the sandwich hadn't held up, apparently Nico's irritability had.

His large frame stepped around to block her view from his cooking. "Ah-ah, you can have your wine and wait for the chef to finish."

She circled her arms around his waist, "But I'm hungry *now*." She emphasized the last word like a bratty teenager complaining about being bored.

Nico pointed at the door with a spatula, "Out!"

Whining dramatically, Lydia retreated from the kitchen while her husband smirked over his shoulder. She took the bottle of wine and her glass to the dining table, which she was surprised to find already set. With a bewildering feeling of not knowing what to do with herself,

she flopped down at the table and began to scroll through her phone.

When Nico found out that she was taking two full weeks of vacation, he immediately started planning nine different trips. She had to disappoint him by saying that she didn't want to leave town in case the firm needed her. It wasn't a real vacation, but the necessity of a job with high stress forcing its employees to use their vacation days in lieu of having nervous breakdowns in their offices. As such, she didn't want to be on a beach when some case negotiation collapsed and everyone called her in a panic.

Undeterred, Nico changed tactics. Instead of tripping to exotic locals, he cooked up different plans for local events. The city didn't lack for distraction, and they rarely had the time or inclination to go out. On the average day, Nico preferred to stay at home, and Lydia was too exhausted from work anyway. But, trips to things like the Farming Expo could still fill their itinerary. And, Nico made a plan of cooking for her every night. It was something he did anyway, but usually it was something quick to sate her appetite once she got in from the office. From the way he'd stuffed the fridge with fresh produce, she guessed Nico had planned twelve course meals for the whole week. She wasn't looking forward to the food as much as she was glad Nico was finally getting an outlet for all the cooking skills he'd been drumming up for the past year. She hoped it might lessen the vast amount of cooking videos he watched.

A while later, Nico swept into the dining room carrying two plates. He placed Lydia's with a flourish, twisting the plate to an exact position before taking back his hand. The smell made her mouth water. Mashed potatoes just the way she liked them, an artful arrangement of green beans, something yellow that was probably a bad recipe for squash, and a perfectly seared and seasoned cut of fillet mignon. Nico grinned at her as he scooted his chair up to the table, but his face fell as he noted her odd expression, "What?"

"This is that stuff from the Expo isn't it? The fake meat?"

Nico rolled his eyes, "Taste it. If you don't like it, I'll throw the whole lot of it in the trash."

"Have *you* tasted it?"

With mild embarrassment, Nico turned his plate so that the far side of his own steak was visible. Though it was hard to see the difference since the meat lacked the normal striation of beef, it was clear enough that he'd already cut away and presumably eaten a portion.

With a sigh, Lydia picked up her knife and fork. The meat sliced with bizarre ease, leaving her wondering if she needed the knife at all. She sectioned off a tiny morsel before jabbing it with her fork. Nico continued to smirk at her with his arms folded as she stuck it in her mouth and pulled it from the tines with the back of her teeth. Flavor hit her tongue, so intense that she could almost map the neurons as they fired one after the other. Tension fled from her shoulders as her eyes eased shut. As she chewed, the burst of neurochemical delight was renewed over and over again until finally diminished entirely by a gratifying swallow. When she

finally emerged from the joyous sensory overload, she looked at her husband's knowing grin and said, "Shut the fuck up, no way."

They devoured the meal, down to sopping up the juices with pieces of loaf bread quickly fetched from the pantry. Once the last morsel was gone, Lydia asked Nico for more. She didn't care how much, another whole steak would barely whet her appetite. Every bite of the strange and perfect meat seemed to make her even hungrier. Though Nico agreed with her enthusiasm, he begged off cooking any further. "I started seasoning what we just ate four hours ago. If I burn something in a pan for us now, it'll just ruin the memory."

Reluctantly, Lydia agreed. They went about cleaning up the kitchen and addressed their lingering appetites with a bevy of snacks. As they cleaned, they flirted. Even with the heavy meal and tiring day, Lydia felt peculiarly alert. In still moments, she noticed her heart pumping. She attributed it to the red meat and the heavy garlic in the potatoes. Whatever the cause, it made her flushed and brimming with energy. Nico was feeling a similar effect, but rather than be introspective about its cause, he simply went with the feelings. His gaze lingered on his wife's chest. He patted her on the butt as they passed one another. When he needed to reach behind her to put away a dish, he guided her to the side with a strong hand placed against her back. When the kitchen was back to a functional state, they flicked off the lights and paused to give one another a hug. Each pulled the other tight against them. Lydia buried her face in Nico's chest, inhaling the smoky scent left over from cooking. Nico nuzzled into his wife's hair, but paid more attention to his hands wrapped about her waist.

They broke off and headed to the living room, settling down on the sofa to watch television. Lydia sat closer than usual, cuddling up to her husband as he huffed and grunted to get her into a comfortable position. With her head on his chest, he absent-mindedly ran his hands down her ribs. In turn, she rested a hand on his thigh, fingers touching his bare skin where his shorts bunched high up on his leg.

As they watched the screen, glass eyed, their hands moved with minds of their own. Nico's fingers tugged at his wife's shirt, slowly exposing her upper hip which soon attracted the drifting touches of his fingers. Lydia moved her hand further up until she repositioned it entirely, grazing against the bulge in Nico's shorts. Finally, unable to resist any longer, she sent her husband the very obvious hint of grabbing his cock and squeezing.

The television flicked off as Nico hoisted his wife up and into his lap. She beat him to her shirt, flinging it away as his hands yanked down her bra. All of her buzzed with heat and need, his mouth met hers in a frenetic kiss as her hands dove down to pull at his shorts. Realizing the practical limitations, she backed off of him, dragging his shorts down his legs as she moved. Her own shorts joined his on the floor, but she lingered with her underwear long enough to appreciate the size and rigidity of her man's cock. Nico pulled off his own shirt before taking his manhood in a firm grip and stroking it for her, "Can't fuck you with those on."

Turning around, she slowly bent and pulled down her underwear as she said, "What makes you think you're the one who's going to be doing the fucking?"

Seconds later, his hands scooped around her ass, angling her into the proper position. She hissed with pleasure as his mouth closed on her nipple and sank down onto his length. They paused a moment as her inner walls adjusted to his size. Nico concentrated with all his willpower to not cum right away. She'd been sopping wet as he slid into her, and her pussy sheathed around him with unusual tightness anyway. When she bucked her hips, he knew it wouldn't last long.

Ninety seconds passed as they licked, kissed, and sucked anything in reach. Lydia's moans grew in pitch each second while Nico's grip on her hips rose in pressure. He pawed at her like a wild animal, every touch of her body flooding his own with carnal pleasure. As she licked at his ear, his precarious balance between pleasure and control spiraled away. With a roar clipped only by Lydia's screech of orgasm, he pushed as deep as possible and came.

Minutes later, they both giggled as they waddled to the bedroom to get cleaned up. Both wanted to question what caused the sudden burst of sex, but they kept silent in fear of spoiling it ever happening again.

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Lydia was roused from strange dreams a quarter after two in the morning. She reached over to Nico, but found his spot cold and empty. As the sleep fled, gnawing hunger drove her to her feet. When she opened the bedroom door, the delicious scent of cooking meat flooded over her. She noticed the dampness in her underwear, but thought no further on it.

She found Nico in the kitchen hard at work. He wasn't surprised to see her and quickly slapped her hand as she tried to lift one of the thin slices of meat from a plate. He pointed at a bar stool with his knife, grabbed a fresh pan, and went to work. A few minutes later, a plate of eggs and steaming steak clattered in front of Lydia. She gobbled it down without question. The experience was no different, each bite exquisite. Only when she finished the plate did she realize they'd not said a word.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Couldn't sleep," Nico said. "Thought I'd go ahead and prep some stuff for tomorrow... well, today. Once I got started, I realized I had a ton of ideas. And I figured we didn't want to freeze any of this meat in case that ruins it. We didn't ask how to take care of it."

Lydia thought it strange to hear him talk about the meat like it was a new puppy, but she let it pass, in part because she agreed with him. Already, she was calculating up how many meals their supply would last. "We could always call up the meat guy. Maybe talk to him about ordering some more."

Nico laughed, "I think this is going to be one of those 'first hit is free' kind of deals. Like you were talking about, this stuff has to be worth a fortune. Which means it probably takes a fortune to make. I'm not saying we couldn't pay a premium, but I don't think we should dip into



retirement for a nice steak.” He dropped the slices of meat into a glass container and patted on the lid. His eyes flashed up at his wife, “You can’t sleep either?”

“I could go try, but I doubt it. Also not great to eat a whole steak and eggs before dawn.”

“Maybe if you burned off some excess energy,” he suggested.

Her mind went back to the dampness between her legs. The condition quickly escalated. “You have time?” she asked with a gesture at the kitchen.

“It won’t take that long.” He pulled off his apron to show a rapidly swelling cock caught inside his boxers. Scurrying around the bar, he caught her as she hopped into his arms.

They went back to the bed and fucked in a frenzied hurry. When they finished, Nico went back to his cutting and packing and cooking of the meat. Lydia laid in the bed feeling the strange buzz of contentment as she tried to think back to the last time they’d had sex more than once in twenty-four hours. By the time she remembered, she’d stuffed three fingers into her cum soaked pussy.

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On the second day, they had thinly sliced portions of the meat with heavy gravy lathered over southern style biscuits for breakfast. For lunch, two sandwiches each, one with swiss and peppers and the other with provolone and onions. At dinner, Nico presented a roasted slab which he’d meant to halve, saving the latter part for the next day. Between the two of them, they ate the whole thing along with a full sack of potatoes and a large number of carrots.

That night, Lydia decided to continue their saucy adventures. She’d managed to make it the whole day without pouncing on her husband, despite the fact that she knew he was as horny as she was. She’d even overheard him masturbating after lunch. She would have joined him, but the idea of Nico pleasuring himself had left her masturbating as well. Rather than get stuck in that loop again, she showered and donned some lacy lingerie which she bought Nico for his birthday, but never got around to wearing. It fit a little more snug than she expected, but she doubted Nico would mind.

He didn’t. Coming to the same conclusion that they had denied the urge long enough, he emerged from his shower still steaming from the hot water and sporting a throbbing erection. He dropped the towel he’d been drying with when he saw Lydia reclined on their bed. She’d already pulled the underwear aside to play with her pussy, and the bustier was proving ineffective at holding in her breasts. He climbed on top of her and gave her a kiss as his cock pressed immediately against her wet lips.

Lydia’s only response was to spread her legs wider.

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On the third day, Lydia again woke to find herself alone in the bed, but at half past noon. She'd not slept past eight since undergrad. Groggy and starving, she fumbled her way to the kitchen. She was happy to find a freshly restocked pantry. Nico went out hours earlier and loaded two carts worth of chips, cookies, cakes, and candies. Nico was back at work dividing out the day's portions.

Lydia grabbed a box of chocolate cookies and went over to sneak bites of the meat. She caught Nico's eye and only then realized she was still naked. "Bend over the sink," he told her.

Without a thought of hesitation, she did.

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The meat lasted another three days. Until the last shred of it was gulped down, neither Nico or Lydia stopped to consider their behavior. When Nico finally brought up their bizarre binging and rampant sex, Lydia wrote it off as "being on vacation." She was willing to fully ignore how that explained nothing of their dramatic change in behavior, but it was enough to put a pin in the issue for a while.

As they ate the last morsels, Lydia realized she couldn't fathom a day to day life without more of the meat. Nico wasn't ready to give up a horny wife or an unending appetite that seemed to have no effect on their bodies either. In fact, he thought he might have trimmed down somehow. He kept in shape, but that meant staying thin and showing off a biceps after a night of heavy drinking. It didn't mean gorging on four packages of cookies in addition to three full sized portions of steak in a single day only to somehow have visible abs the next morning.

Lydia had changed, too, but her differences at least made sense. She'd not realized how thin she'd gotten from the stress of work. Eating well and relaxing at home naturally put some meat back on her bones. As for the plumping of her breasts, hips, and ass, she assumed it had something to do with a biological imperative of fertility asserting itself now that she wasn't in a starvation state. None of her clothes fit right anymore, though. Bras in particular were extremely uncomfortable. That was half the reason she'd not worn one in two days. The other half was the surety that Nico's hands would find their way to fondling her tits given the slightest chance. As the possibility loomed of returning to her withered, overworked state, she latched on to the idea that the meat was at the root of the revolution of mood around their home.

"Maybe it's like MSG," she blurted out randomly as they stared at empty plates. Nico gawked at her questioningly. "The stuff in Chinese food."

"I know what it is," he said, rather harshly. He shook his head as though dodging a fly. "Sorry, brain is a bit fuzzy today. Not sure we've slept well. But, what do you mean about MSG?"

"It makes you hungry after eating it, right? Maybe that's what's going on with this fake meat stuff. For all we know we've been eating slabs of MSG for five days."

Nico leaned back in his chair. When Lydia started going braless, he started going shirtless. The scruff of hair on his chest was darker and helped draw definition around his pectorals. Seeing his body recline was enough to make Lydia squirm in her chair. Unconsciously, she shifted her own position to better show off how her breasts were snug inside the shirt she'd borrowed from his closet. "No," he said, "that's a myth. Could even be a xenowhatzit...xeno...ugh, stupid word...racist myth. Er, not racist but...anti-Chinese? It's not true, that's what's important. You get hungry after eating Chinese food cause it's all rice and noodles. Protein makes you not hungry."

"But we've eaten tons of protein," she said. "One of us more than the other," she added with a wink. Her foot moved over to graze against his leg.

"Not now," he grumbled. Pushing away from the table, he stomped out of the room and returned with his laptop. "I emailed Dale two days ago. He hasn't replied."

"You have his email?"

"It was on the card," Nico said. The card itself was balanced on the laptop. Nico slid it over to Lydia. "Called this morning, too. No answer."

"What'd you say in the email?"

"That we loved the meat. Wanted to buy some more. I'll send another from a different address. The first might have been spam blocked."

Looking at the card, Lydia had a thought, "This is his old job. The number might be out of date. Sometimes companies will have forwarding contact information for ex-employees. I could try calling Umbright's main office."

"If it might work, go for it."

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For two more days, they tried to find Dale Henderson. Lydia's calls to Umbright never made it past the second level of human resources. Even when she played her corporate lawyer card, they shut her down. Umbright had no interest in discussing Dale Henderson's existence beyond confirming he no longer worked at the company. Nico's numerous emails and phone calls fared no better.

Complicating the matter was the brain fog. Though they refused to acknowledge the reason for it, they knew the solution simply enough. They needed to cum, preferably from the efforts of their partner. Nico's masturbation would give him an hour or two of clarity, but a blowjob would stave off the muddled thoughts for nearly five. Lydia found her solution even more troubling. Cumming worked to keep her head clear for longer, but she also knew swallowing a mouthful of Nico's cum would work in a pinch. Since having sex tended to side track them for an hour anyway, blowjobs were the best option to keep them focused.

It was during a particularly enthusiastic throating that Lydia's idea occurred to her. Once she licked the cum off her lips, she relayed it to Nico, "The Farming Expo. To have a booth, you probably have to give some kind of contact information. They're mostly for marketing, so I bet whoever runs it would give out that kind of information all the time."

"Aw, hon, that's a good idea," Nico purred. His hand snaked into her hair at the base of her neck. His strong fingers gently massaged. "Go fetch my phone and laptop."

The praise caused a ripple of pleasure, even as being told to "fetch" something struck her as odd. She did as she was told, though. It took another load of cum splashed on her tits before they found the contact information for the Farming Expo. One awkward conversation with the event organizer later, they had an address for Dale Henderson. It was too late in the day to make the journey, and they wanted to be as clear headed as possible to make sure Dale understood how much they needed the meat. In preparation, they went to bed early, fucked every way possible for three hours, and got a decent night's sleep. Lydia set her alarm to get her up an hour before Nico so she could start emptying his balls in time for them to be on the road by nine.

They managed to get on the road at half past eleven.

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"Cows," Lydia said, pointing across the lawn. Three cows and one horse milled about, munching on the grass.

Nico frowned. They'd hopped a gate after leaving the car behind, otherwise the cattle could have wandered off into the road. The paddock gate at the far edge of the lawn swung loosely on its hinges. More of the herd congregated nearby, grazing while keeping a wary eye on the squeaky gate. "Something's wrong," Nico announced.

Ahead of them, the house was dark and lifeless. Cars were parked under a shed attached to the side of the house, but no one had come out to greet them or address the errant livestock. Taking Lydia by the hand, Nico moved up to the porch. They peered in through the windows and saw nothing. Lydia moved off to the front door and knocked. After a few minutes, she tried the handle, and the door swung open. She went to step inside, but Nico yanked her back and nudged her behind him. Broad chested, he swaggered into the house and bellowed, "Hello?"

"Should we call for help?" Lydia asked.

"Help with what? So far, we've trespassed. The help would be to remove us from someone else's home. Come on, let's have a look around."

The house was old and groaned as they walked through. They passed through a living room. Lydia grabbed a picture from the top of a shelf. "Definitely him," she muttered as she looked at the family photo. It seemed to have been taken near the time the Hendersons moved into the farm. Dale stood with his arms around his family while his wife and son both looked

reluctant. They were a handsome family, but she noted the lack of vitality in Dale. When they met briefly, he'd been energetic, but the man in the photo was wan and pale. A year of working on the farm had apparently restored some life to Dale Henderson. She put the photo back and followed Nico.

They arrived in the kitchen to a familiar scene of devastation. Every cabinet and drawer had been ransacked. Empty food packages littered the floor. Pizza boxes stacked on top of each other in one corner. "Someone was hungry," Nico said. "Maybe the same thing happened to them that's been happening to us."

Lydia quickly pictured Dale and Helen humping like rabbits. It was a pleasant thought. Helen was an attractive woman. A few seconds later, she wondered about the son. The meat had made her husband insatiable in his thirties. An eighteen-year-old's sex drive turned up ten notches might cause heart failure. "At least we threw our empty packages out," she grabbed a receipt from the pile of pizza boxes. "This is dated the day before yesterday. Oh, and this is one order. So, someone's been here recently and did something with...about thirty pizzas."

Nico wasn't listening. He could smell something over the nauseating scent of stale grease. "Stay here, I'm going to check upstairs."

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The scent grew stronger as Nico followed it through the house. It was a sweet, sugary smell, but mixed with something else. He passed the staircase and caught a full whiff of the alluring scent. His blood quickened, and his newly indefatigable cock stiffened. Intrigued, he followed his nose up the stairs.

Nico knew something weird had been happening to him since the first taste of meat. In his more clear headed moments, he wrestled with the awareness of the strange condition. By every sensible thought, he should have hauled Lydia off to a doctor on the second day, but he didn't know if the changes were something he wanted cured. Even that was phrasing it diplomatically. He definitely didn't want his new body to go away. Part of him knew it would be a shame to lose himself into animal sexuality. That part failed to make a good argument whenever Lydia slid him inside of her.

The second floor was a long hallway with several doors on either side. A few pieces of clothing had been dropped on the ground. Nico picked up a shirt and held it out to see it had been torn along the seams. The scent on it was strong and heady, but still not the source. It dropped out of his hand as he explored further.

The room on the left was filled with boxes, apparently still packed from the move. Some had been opened to liberate a required item. The room on the right was an office, and the first room in the house to have any sign of life. A computer fan whirred underneath a desk. Nico moved around and nudged the mouse. To his surprise, the computer woke without prompting him for a password. The open email client showed over two hundred unread for Dale's address. Nico grumbled knowing his own pleas for attention were in amongst the batch.

As he snooped around the desk, he noticed a spiral bound notebook. The top page was covered in illegible writing. Nico flipped back a few pages and realized the notebook contained Dale's day to day notes. He noticed a sequence of numbers which he first thought were the date. Instead, he figured it must be some kind of personal notation. He pushed aside the mounting head fog and focused.

“83 | 17 - Skye's condition has significantly advanced during my absence. Her features are becoming extreme, but while she is aware of this, it does not seem to trouble her. Her mind is still sharp, indeed sharper than my own. The exposure may have pulled away the safety rails confining her thoughts. At this juncture, I am awed by her brilliance, however fleeting it may be. She is building something. Who knew she had such a mechanical mind behind her bookish personality? Helen suspects something. Embarrassingly, I believe she thinks I'm having an affair. I will talk with her tonight.”

The rest of the page was filled with sentences Nico didn't understand. Science gibberish that apparently excited Dale at the time. On the back side, another entry caught his eye.

“83 | 24 - Oh God, what have I done. Helen is compromised. My hand shakes as I write, from bewilderment, yes, but from exhaustion as well. She has finally gone to sleep, but for the last three hours, she's been screaming in ecstasy. I didn't mean to go through with it. Skye and I were merely discussing the possibilities, but while I dealt in theory, Skye somehow managed to bring it to reality. The speed of self-replication in the meat can be manipulated by the nutrient feed now, and she's devised a way to supplement it in order to produce certain qualities. She put the damn thing in my hand and told me to give it to Helen, if that's what I wanted. I lectured Skye on responsibility and decency, so she ripped off her coat and showed me her body. I couldn't resist. No, I didn't want to resist. The taste of her, how it filled me with purpose! I took the damnable thing, cooked it, and set it down before my wife. — Skye told me one bite would be enough. I made Helen eat the whole thing. I have no idea what it will do.”

Nico took the notebook with him. He flipped through the pages as he drifted toward the source of the scent. It was coming from the final bedroom. Nico cautiously pushed open the door. The wonderful scent made his knees weaken. His dick strained painfully for attention, but the curiosity of the room demanded priority. Most of the furniture had been removed. Boxes and a desk had been shoved to one corner while a bed occupied the other wall. A tri-pod camera had been set up facing the bed. A red light on the top of it blinked slowly as Nico moved to the bed. He dropped to his knees and shoved his face into the tangle of sheets, drinking in the mind numbing scent.

“85 | 03 - It is hard now to know this was Helen at all. I don't think of her as my wife any more than I think of Skye as my assistant. I went back to the start of the video diaries, to when it was Helen. Helen with fatter tits and a constantly wet pussy, but still Helen. Watching it back, I should be ashamed to see what happens to her, but that isn't what I feel. Instead, I feel that *this* is how it should have always been. The blankness in her eyes, the willingness to accept my cock no matter what. And the taste of her! I know it puts me dangerously close to the

delirium, but what man could refute such manna from heaven? — My own body is much changed as well. It's a necessity. To keep up with Helen I need to be stronger, bigger. She is yet still fertile..."

Leaving the notebook on the stained bed, Nico grabbed the camera off its stand. He carried it over to the bed and fiddled with it until he found a way to scroll through the saved video files. He clicked the first, and his eyes widened. With a cautious glance back toward the dark hallway, he leaned further back onto the bed, letting the delicious scent wrap around him. He pulled down the sweat pants until his throbbing erection sprang free. It didn't alarm him to see how much it had grown. The concern existed, like a worm buried deep in his thoughts, but it came to nothing. His hand wrapped around his cock as he gazed at Helen Henderson on the small screen.

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Downstairs, Lydia grew anxious the moment Nico left her sight. She spent a few minutes browsing through the cabinets in hopes of finding some small, overlooked snack. The ache of hunger was starting to return, which meant she'd soon be lost in a complete brain fog while shuffling around on her knees to find Nico's cock. She spun around in the kitchen looking for the refrigerator and realized there wasn't one.

At the end of one of the counters was a vacant, dirty space with several gouges in the floor around it. The marks grew fainter toward the hallway before renewing. With nothing better to do, she followed the trail. Two holes had been punched through the wall. One was a chunk knocked out by something big and clumsy. The other was right at the edge of the ceiling, a clean circular puncture that had gone in at an angle. Finally, the door frame of the master bedroom had been shattered on one side. Lydia heard the hum of a compressor in the dark room.

Flipping on the lights, she saw the fridge sitting awkwardly out from the wall. The rest of the room was a mess. The bed frame was shattered, and the mattress was significantly dented. A small table had been set up near the door at one point, but it had since been overturned, possibly due to the fridge's arrival. Papers were strewn across the floor, and among them was a laptop. Lydia scooped it up, and the screen flared to life while flashing a battery warning. She found the charger, plugged it in, and sat down on the floor. A few folders were open, one containing video files.

The first she clicked showed an awkward over the shoulder angle of the refrigerator. The door opened, and she heard Dale's voice talking as his hand held up a mason jar. "Sample one-three-seven from subject number three." The jar pulled back and Dale's other arm came into the frame, writing out the number on the jar's label. He moved to put it inside the fridge, which brought the contents into focus. The jar slid in beside, presumably one hundred and thirty-six, similar ones. They clinked as the newest sample joined the bunch, several showing a slosh of the white contents. Dale spoke again, "Subject Three has reached the point of requiring constant milking. Subject two required four days from exposure. Even with the more significant changes, Subject Three has reached a similar level of production in only two."

He grunted and splayed out his fingers, unaware they were still visible on the camera. It took Lydia a moment to see what was off about the hand. The fingers were thicker, and the hand itself had dwarfed the jar. Neither aspect surprised her. She'd noted Nico's hands undergoing a similar change. Prior to the meat, they'd been able to cup the bottom half of her ass cheeks, but now, even with the additional cheek to be cupped, Nico could hold her entire ass between his two hands. The shocking thing, once she realized it, was that the hand in the video was missing a finger. The video ended.

She scrolled back through the files to the first one and clicked.

The video wasn't in the bedroom, but in the kitchen. The camera was positioned high up and angled down, but still gave a full view of the young man sitting at the table. Ezra Henderson, fresh faced and skinny, had his elbows propped up on the table and looked entirely disinterested in the world around him. The bottom two thirds of a man, Dale, passed around the table before putting a plate down in front of his son. The audio was faint. "Go ahead, eat up," Dale said.

"Is this some of your weird fake meat?" Ezra asked. The guy was handsome, Lydia thought. She certainly wouldn't mind if he shoved his cock into her throat and came a bucket-load. Upon quick reconsideration, she thought that she should mind that, even if she didn't feel like it.

Dale spoke on the video, "Yep, but with some improvements. You said when you came in that it looked like I'd been working out. Nope. Just a diet of that stuff. It'll fill you out."

"So, steroids?"

"No, not steroids," Dale hesitated. "Just trust your father, alright?"

Ezra rolled his eyes, picked up the burger, and took a big bite. Lydia's mouth watered at the idea of that wonderful taste washing over her. She saw Ezra experiencing it for the first time and pure envy shot through her body. On screen, Ezra devoured the meat, shoveling it into his mouth, unable to swallow it fast enough. Once it was gone, his head dropped to the plate and wildly licked up the drippings. He finally looked up at his father who was out of the camera angle. "More?" Ezra asked.

In a whisper that barely registered, Lydia heard Dale's answer. "Yes, of course..."

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Nico was cumming again. Thick ropes of cum joined the others splattered across his hand and pants. He'd watched half of the videos on the camera with rapturous attention while stroking himself to completion. In the early videos, Helen reminded him of Lydia's newly voluptuous figure. Blonde with a pixie cut, Helen wasn't bad looking to begin with. Dale had married well above his own grade, and Helen had taken care of herself. If Nico had seen her in



public, he would have guessed her to be in her late twenties. Certainly not in her mid forties with a kid.

In the first few videos, Helen grew a little softer and a little sexier. They each played out the same. Helen would walk into frame and take her place on the bed. Dale would come in with a tape measure. While he went about taking down her bust size, hip size, and whatever else, Helen grew increasingly impatient. She would rub her naked pussy to pass the time before eventually moving her hand to Dale's crotch. He would push her hand away —*the madman*, Nico thought — until he'd finished his work. As a reward, he allowed her to take out his cock and do with it as she pleased. Dale, too, it seemed had sampled his own product. At least, Nico had a hard time believing Dale had such a large dick in the first place. Though that might have helped explain how he'd landed Helen.

While watching a bombshell suck or jerk off her husband's cock for science was enough to keep Nico interested, the real fascinating stuff came later on. Helen's changes didn't stop with a little extra cushioning. Her breasts grew more each video. They swelled faster than her petite frame, leaving them as obscenely bulbous growths jutting out from her narrow chest. Wide circles of melanin rich color spread out from peaks where thick nipples rose, each nearly the circumference of Nico's pinky finger. He knew for a certain because he watched Dale measure them.

In the video that sent Nico into his second orgasm, the scene had slightly changed. The camera moved, carried by Dale to get a full shot of his wife. He had moved her into the doggy position, shoving pillows and bunched up bedding underneath her stomach to help hold her up. The camera moved to her ass, and Nico's heart skipped a few beats. Dale's hand gave his wife's rump a hard swat to demonstrate its jiggle. The massive globes were pale and round, each half of her ass bigger than her head. The cheeks held a firm position that spread open toward her thighs revealing the puffy, needy lips between them. Nico imagined sliding between those soft, tight lips and nearly came from lightly brushing his cock, but he held back knowing there was more to see.

It was clear Helen no longer left the bed. She wiggled her hips with need, murmuring something indecipherable. "Yes, dear, of course," Dale answered. The camera shook as his hand slid against her sex and came away coated with her juices. Her shaking hips grew more impatient, and Nico finally saw what she wanted. A thick, purple dildo, now coated with the juices from Dale's hand, pressed into her. Dale gave her another wet smack on the ass before moving the camera along her body.

He showed her face next. Streaks of dried cum covered her cheeks and chin. He spoke to her softly, but her eyes remained unfocused and distant. The camera moved on, panning down the bulge of her breasts. Dale reached between the bed and his wife's tit and fumbled around until he freed her nipple to the air. It required a shift of the weight and left the one breast askew, yet she moaned with delight the entire time. Dale pressed his fingers hard against the dark area around her nipple and grunted in frustration. "You have to. You'll pop if you don't. Do I have to *tell* you to do it? Then fucking cum, you stupid cow. Cum all over that fake cock and soak my

fingers with your —”

Dale stopped as Helen’s whole body heaved. Her moans turned into a throaty gurgle of bass. Hips bucking wildly, the gurgle became a shriek, and milk erupted from her breast. It gushed over Dale’s hand as he hooted with delight. Nico lost control of himself, spattering his body as Helen’s massive jugs emptied everywhere. *The smell*, Nico realized. *Her goddamn milk*. The camera had been dropped onto its side focused on the underside of the bed. The video went on for another ten minutes with the grunts and moans of the rutting couple fully captured. Nico scrolled to the end in case he got another glimpse of the cow in full gushing glory, but he only saw milk beginning to drip through the mattress.

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Lydia heard a noise coming from upstairs which sounded suspiciously like her husband moaning. She guessed he’d taken a break from searching to jerk himself off and felt a little guilty that she hadn’t been present to offer herself to him instead. She closed the video of Ezra wolfing down the burger and scanned through the others. Most had a black square as an icon, but one had Dale’s face.

He sat in the kitchen, but with the camera directly in front of him. Dale looked different than she remembered. His features looked bigger, particularly his nose. He had a very short, close beard, and he worked his jaw continually as though it ached him. The odd, three fingered hand jabbed at the keyboard as he gawked. He spoke, “My record keeping has become difficult. The changes to my body have progressed. I believe I have arrested the mental deterioration. Sanity...is another matter. My grasp of time is tenuous at best. I believe two days have passed since Ezra returned. I moved them to the lab. Skye was happy to have the company. The thing she built for herself, she made plans for a smaller version. She underestimated the effect of the meat, though. And she had no idea about the milk. I believe I can scale the design appropriately for the other two. — Unimportant. My needs are growing more intense. I have such terrible ideas. They come to me unwanted. Ways of procuring more subjects, not for further experimentation, but for my own herd. The milk would make it even easier. A few drops in someone’s tea. I could take a stopper of the stuff to a coffee shop and cause havoc!— But part of me still thinks of myself as a man. I can’t cling to my humanity because it is the thing that will drive me insane. Thinking about Helen. Fuck, thinking about Ezra! That’s the path to self torture. I deserve better. *I earned* better. The suppressants are delaying the inevitable. Delaying my glorious new form and weighing me down with guilt. I dumped them down the drain. Skye told me everything she’d done was to buy time for a solution. I’m not sure I believe her, but it doesn’t matter now. This isn’t a problem that needs solving. And if it did, why would I listen to a cow’s idea on how to solve it.”

The video ended with Dale’s bizarre hand slapping the keyboard. Lydia didn’t see it. Not long after the man on the computer screen started talking, she’d gotten bored and dumped the device out of her lap. She went over to the fridge and opened it, gasping to see so many jars crammed into the space. Still ravenous, she unscrewed the top of the closest jar and started to drink.

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Nico's exploration upstairs left him equal parts ashamed and afraid. His third orgasm, brought about by watching a dark, out of focus Dale ruthlessly fuck his wife — *or at least the thing his wife had become* — finally cleared Nico's head. He hadn't even noticed when the fog returned. The scent did it, the intoxicating sweetness of milk from Helen's massive breasts. Even the thought was enough to conjure up wisps that clouded his mind. He pushed it all aside and realized how insane they'd been acting. He needed to get them out of the house and find someone sane who could help them. He abandoned the camera and notebook and rushed downstairs.

He heard the sound of clinking glass from the kitchen. Anger flared in him that Lydia would disobey his order. Little, long silenced parts of his mind woke up and whispered things to him. *She's your woman. She must obey. For her own good. You protect her, but she must listen.* Irritated by his own thoughts, he followed the noise and found her in the master bedroom. As soon as he entered the door, he felt his feeble grasp on self control slipping away.

Lydia had taken off her shirt for a perfectly good reason. She'd spilled milk all over it. The already tight fabric had stuck to her titties and bothered her. So naturally, she shucked off the offending garment and immediately felt better. Nico looked at his wife with his full, clear thoughts for only a few seconds. In that span of clarity, he realized they were much farther gone than he thought. Lydia's breasts had long since swollen past any normal fluctuation. They were dripping milk due to her sloppy drinking from the jars. Glistening wet with taut skin and diamond hard nipples popped out of their peaks, they swayed as she moved to grab another jar from the fridge. She was on her knees with at least a dozen empty jars scattered around her. Leaning forward to reach, her ass rose up before Nico right as she noticed her husband's arrival. Lydia smiled, "See something you like?" She let her big, round ass and swollen pussy sway back and forth, tantalizing him.

Nico's cock returned to its full stature. He pushed down his sweatpants and left them behind, only then realizing that he'd left his shirt upstairs anyway. Naked, he knelt down behind his wife and pulled her overstretched shorts off. Catching the scent of her pussy made his throbbing painful, but he still took the time to lower his mouth to the swollen mound and probe it lovingly with his tongue while nestling his face between the plush softness of her ass. She moaned and let her nipples drag over the floor. Nico didn't stop until she was squirming in his hands and a puddle of precum had formed beneath his aching cock. Finally, he released her hips for long enough to prod her sopping pussy with his cock. He slid in with ease before her walls cinched tight around him. The wet slap of primal rutting took over. Nico's better sense lingered, protesting this fall into carnal distraction, but it was a futile resistance as his brain flooded with chemicals and alluring thoughts of breeding his slutty wife.

Even as he slammed into her, she opened another jar of milk. She positioned it in front of her and lowered her mouth, lapping it up as his cock bottomed out in her over and over. At some point, Nico pushed her forward enough to reach the jars for himself. He opened the first and poured it over her ass, admiring the way the milk contrasted with her skin as it ran over the glistening and expanding rump. He was certain it had grown since he first slid inside of her. For

that matter, he thought his cock had gotten longer, too. Every time he pulled out, it seemed to have added a little length and girth. The visual of his hard, chiseled body connected to her soft, delicious pussy by his fat dick excited him. Her puffy pussy lips held onto him for dear life, relinquishing every inch of him resentfully. He poured more of the milk over his cock, fucking it into Lydia as he put the jar to his mouth and guzzled down a stranger's breast milk.

Nico wondered how long he could keep it up without cumming. At the same time, a new type of emptiness drove Lydia to reach back with both her hands and pull her ass cheeks. Though he'd seen glimpses of her asshole, she'd never put it on display for him. The winking, needy hole spurred his mind to new possibilities. He went to press his thumb into her, but his control slipped. He grabbed her hips and pushed deep into her before releasing a fresh torrent of cum.

Pulling out of her caused a rush of cum, which Lydia apparently didn't want to go to waste. Abandoning her milk jars, she scooped the fleeing cum onto her fingers and brought it to her mouth, savoring the wonderful taste of her husband's spunk. Nico's orgasm once again pushed down the lust enough for him to be aware of his surroundings. He noticed the overturned laptop and heard its tinny speakers. The video Lydia had started was playing on a loop. Mouth agape, Nico watched until Dale mentioned a lab. He flung the laptop down and grabbed Lydia by the arm, hauling her to her feet. They almost fell back into a rutting blur as her swollen boobs squashed against him and her hand went immediately to his cock. He shook his head, "No. We have to focus. We're...changing. Need help." She wrung up her face to pout, but he ignored her and dragged her along as he headed outside.

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Lydia wanted to stop and open the jar she'd brought along, but Nico was insistent they keep moving. Halfway across the yard, though, he lost confidence in his direction. She didn't know why he wanted to leave the milk fridge. They'd come to the farm to get more of the meat, but the milk was good, too. Unless he'd figured out where the rest of the meat was being kept, but he wouldn't talk to her. It was almost like he didn't want to look at her, but she still saw his eyes lingering on her big boobs. They were a problem for her at the moment since she couldn't get used to maneuvering her arms around them to get both hands on the jar while still seeing it. She didn't want to spill any, so opening it with her tits blocking the view was a no go. "Nico, can you open for me?"

He shot a glare at her, but took the jar and easily twisted off the top before handing it back to her. She took a sip, and the warm feeling returned. Her own eyes kept looking at the half hard dick and massive balls hanging off her hunky husband's body. The milk was good, but his cum was even better. Surely he wouldn't mind if she gave him a quick blowjob. They'd been doing it all day. It helped him think, and sometimes he patted her head and called her a good girl. Before she could get to him, he barked out a frustrated noise. "What's the matter babe?"

"I can't think," he said. "We were coming out here for something, but I can't —"

"The lab? You wanted to go to the lab?" She was going to twirl some of her hair when he

yanked her onward, nearly causing her to dump out the whole jar of milk. They tromped across the yard, not stopping once for her to pet any of the wandering livestock, not even the pony. The barn wasn't what either of them expected once they took a full look at it. It didn't have much barn-ishness about it. It was metal gray, not bright red. It didn't have big swinging doors that latched with a two by four. Instead, it had a roll down door like a big garage. It was generally barn shaped though in that it was a long building that was higher in the middle than at the edges. Then again, Lydia figured that's how most buildings looked.

They went in a small door to the left of the big garage door and found that the inside didn't look much like they expected either. It smelled like cleaning fluid. Other than a few strands of hay along the corners, it was a bare slab of concrete from one end to the other. In between were strange rows of boxes that looked similar to retail jewelry cases. Tubing ran down from the rafters and across the floor, plugging into the boxes. A mechanical hum came from underneath their feet as they approached and looked inside the containers. "Meat," Nico growled. Lydia peered around him after sipping her milk, and her mouth watered as she remembered the divine taste that had started everything.

Inside the boxes, blobs of red meat rested on raised mesh. Each blob was skewered by a needle attached to one of the numerous hoses running to and fro around the barn. The smaller blobs on the left side of the room had only the one needle, but as they explored further, they saw the larger blobs taking three or four of the implements. It gave the impression of a robot's idea of a watermelon vine. Fluid moved subtly through the tubes, feeding into the meat through the needle. The meat never moved, at least not perceptibly, but neither of them could shake the feeling that the entire room was pulsing with unseen growth.

"Hey! Psst!" a voice came from behind them. They turned to see a figure in one of the cow pens. On closer inspection, it was a young man, but little of his manhood was visible. He looked caught between genders with hips being too round and too narrow at the same time. His cock was perhaps two inches long and his balls withered to a saggy bit of skin. When he met their eyes, he clapped excitedly, "I knew I heard a car. You gotta help me." His voice faltered and stopped as they approached. The trapped man's eyes went first to Lydia's bouncing tits and then to the dormant cock between Nico's legs. He shook his head, "No, can't think about that. Sshh."

Nico lost interest in the captive and instead looked at state of the cow pen. It wasn't locked, and even if it were, anyone with two legs would have no difficulty scaling out of it. Along the back was a neat pile of clothing, and a pile of hay that had been pressed down into a bed. Nearby, one of the tubes ended in a large, plastic nipple making essentially a human sized hamster feeder. "Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Marc. I live down the road a bit. You can get me out, and we can leave, right? That's what I should do. I should leave."

"Then why haven't you?" Nico asked.

Marc rubbed at the side of his head as if in pain. “Can’t. Can’t disobey. The doc told me to try this...burger. Said it was something he’d worked on. God, I’d kill for another bite, but it did something to me. It made me look like this! Look at my dick, look how small it is. It wasn’t always like this! I think...The doc...he’s —” The man’s eye twitched as he saw the jar of milk in Lydia’s hand. “Is that...yours?”

Lydia shrugged, “Not from my boobs. I think this one was a Helen jar. Do you want it?” She shoved the half full glass through the wide bars. Marc took it and greedily drank it down.

“Where’s Dale?” Nico asked.

In answer, Marc pointed to his right. Nico stuck his head around the corner and saw a stairwell. He grabbed Lydia as she waved goodbye to Marc. She fumbled against Nico as they descended. “Can we fuck again yet?” she asked. “I’m getting super horny and now I gave away my milk.”

“No, we can’t fuck. When we fuck, it does something to our bodies. We have to find Dale and get a cure.”

“What if he doesn’t want to give us one?”

Nico vaguely remembered something from the video he watched. Lydia might be right. Dale might not want to help them at all. He was already clearly doing something to Marc. What if they wound up stuck in the barn like that?

His worries faded as he opened the door at the bottom of the stairwell. Before them stretched the underground floor of the barn, the space Dale had turned into his laboratory. In it, Nico saw the source of the whirring machine noise and nearly passed out as blood rushed to his cock.

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Lydia giggled, gave the stiff rod a squeeze, and bent over in front of her husband. She didn’t even finish wiggling her ass before the fat head of Nico’s cock spread her open. From ahead of them came several guttural noises of approval. The married couple looked ahead at the raised platforms and beheld what they understood to be their own doomed future.

Three figures were suspended in complex harness rigs across cushioned platforms. Nico knew the woman, or what had been a woman, on one side to be the transformed Helen. Her entire form had grown. Standing, she would measure nine feet from toe to the tip of the horns curving out of the top of her head — bovine horns, gleaming black as though polished. The hair encroached on her features more than it should, covering her chin and halfway towards her nose on her cheeks. Except it wasn’t a nose so much as a blunted, square snout. Her eyes were full brown orbs glazed over in unfocused bliss except for the quick flicker to see the newcomers.

Her shoulders were hunks of solid muscle that continued down through her forearms.

Her index and middle finger as well as her ring and pinky had coalesced into thick fingers capped by black, hard keratin. The thumb, too, had grown larger and lost a knuckle to match the other two digits. Her feet showed no sign of hybridization. Humanity had fled those extremities entirely, leaving her with wide set hooves at the end of powerful haunches.

The bulk of her body stretched across the small platform that held her. Her core was round and solid. It's chubby outside belied the brick of muscle underneath. Her breasts dangled from her front side. Huge, sagging tits that narrowed near her chest simply due to the weight of the bottom half. Thick, two inch nipples stuck out from the heavy sacs, but they hid behind the murky glass of the suction cups draining thick sprays of milk every second.

Her back half had the return of short pile fur at the small of her back where a slender column of bone and flesh stuck out roughly a foot and a half. Beneath this burgeoning tail was an ass big enough to put Lydia to shame. Despite the size of her cheeks, the flesh remained taut and perky, held up easily by the powerful muscle tissue beneath. Between them, her engorged sex was being subjected to an automated dildo the size and shape of a particularly well endowed horse cock. Her swollen pussy lips slurped the unending thrusts into her with ease as a frothing gush of pussy juice kept her ever ready. At the top, pushed out from the plump folds was a thick nub slightly bigger than a wine cork. Periodically, a small, silicone pad levered against the swollen clit, allowing her to buck wildly against it and bring herself to a higher plane of orgasm.

Between her taut ass cheeks, her anus had puckered into thick, sensitive folds of dark skin that oozed a continual lubricant. This, too, was given ample attention by the bizarre machine. While the horse cock seemed to never cease, a separate dildo, several times larger than humanly possible, pushed into her ass roughly every ten minutes, maintaining the assault on her different erogenous zones without cease.

Yet still, the most bizarre feature was between her haunches and the raised platform that held her core. A bulging sac, an udder strained taut with milk, sported four teats, each attached to a narrow glass suction cup. Padded armatures pressed in a seesaw motion on either side of the udder, massaging out more milk while Helen moaned in gratitude for the relief in pressure.

Both Nico and Lydia thought she was gorgeous even as a small part of them wanted to scream in horror of what had happened to the woman. They might have managed it if not for the creature beside Helen dumbfounding them further.

The center position was occupied by a woman they didn't know, but assumed to be the research assistant, Skye. No automated machine was fucking her, but she still seemed roughly incoherent as numerous tubes attached to her body drained away gallons of milk. The remnants of humanity clung to her flanks, but the rest of her had been turned over to abomination. Dark black fur ran down her back and spread out toward her ribs before thinning. Like Helen, Skye sported a transformed lower half, the only notable difference being the size of her clit which was like a narrow plum. The principle difference, however, was in the multiple udders lining Skye's torso.

Four pairs of breasts, though neither of the two looking thought of them as breasts, squashed together along Skye's body. Each set, even the ones they assumed to be her originals, had four long teats. As Lydia and Nico watched, a wave rolled down Skye's body as each set of suction cups fired off, slurping down a fresh gush of milk from each distended teat. The padded straps of her harness rested in the furry valleys between each set, giving them distinction which made them all the more surreal to see. Skye's face was elongated into the bovine snout like Helen's, but entirely covered in the short crop of dark hair. Her wide, flat nose flared open with each heavy breath while a long purple tongue lolled out of the side of her mouth. Another wave rolled through. A long, whip like tail flicked behind her as she made a deep lowing sound that turned into a moo as her pleasure reached a peak. Floppy, bovine ears flicked autonomously from within the mass of hair where her horns began.

As the twisted fertility goddess shuddered again, Nico watched the swirl of milk pour down the thirty-two thin tubes and into a large pipe where her milk rushed off to a reservoir. His mouth watered as he pictured himself diving into a massive pool of titty milk. The clang of something heavy on a metal grate stopped his fantasy and cut off their chance to give Ezra a proper look. Another clang revealed the source.

A monster carrying a flat tray of red meat stomped on massive hooves toward them. Black horns emerged from short brown fur. Thick, square teeth showed from underneath the frothing jowls of the beast's snout. Black, vacant eyes roved over the newcomers with unreadable emotion. A body of rippling muscle capable of snapping a lead pipe in half should have terrified them, but Nico and Lydia both found their attention fixed on the truly impossible aspect of the monster. Stuffed awkwardly between its legs, the thick, leathery pouch of his scrotum held testicles the size of grapefruits. On top of it, rested a log of flesh tipped by a flat cockhead. It oozed a trail of precum and quivered to life as the monster looked at Lydia's petite form. The sight hit them like blunt force, causing Lydia to crawl a few feet forward while Nico cringed back.

"Ungh, I remember you," the minotaur said. It's voice was a rumble, and the words stuck together in a garble of sound. "Lucky, you're here for feeding time." He set down a tray contained three slabs of meat and pointed at Nico. "Feed them. I need cunt. Balls ache. Can't think." His brutal visage looked at Lydia, "Too small. Not ready yet." He snatched one of the hoses out from where it ran into the main pipe and flicked it toward Lydia as it streamed milk straight from Skye's middle left udder. "Drink. Grow. Doctor's orders."

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Nico let out a breath he hadn't been aware he was holding. Upstairs, he'd felt in control, strong, and commanding, but seeing the thing Dale had become stole away all that confidence. Nico had been happy to imagine that he'd walked into the underworld and came to face a monster left to guard the gateway. The surreality swam over him as Dale walked back to position himself behind Skye's upturned rump. Nearby, Lydia was gurgling down milk, warm and fresh from the udders of the mad doctor's creation. Nico didn't know what to do, but the order Dale had given lodged in his head. The larger male's baleful gaze had withered his erection to a soft nub, so even as he watched his wife's body quiver with need, he couldn't take



advantage of her offered and dripping slit. With no other choice, he went to the tray, picked up the slab of meat marked for Helen, and carried it over to her. As he walked past Skye, she made another loud moo, the sign that Dale had thrust into her.

The doctor's black eyes lost their glossy haze and focused. He had slotted into the only pussy that could truly fit him. Skye's pussy muscles massaged his impossible girth lovingly. He didn't even need to thrust. Whatever his lab assistant had done to herself that set them on this path, she'd somehow made her pussy fully capable of milking cocks, or at least his, with very little external movement. Dale's scientific mind clicked awake and remembered that he wanted to figure out how Skye had done that. Then as his hands groped along her closest set of tits, he remembered the others in the room. "You," he called with a much clearer voice. "From the farm thing, right?" He boomed with laughter, "What'd you think of the meat?"

Nico didn't know what to say. Lydia couldn't say much with the tube in her mouth continually filling her up with milk.

"Nico, that's it, isn't it? And Lydia, the skeptical lawyer! Still skeptic? Hah, mnng. What a perfect time, that's subject three's tipping point. You're in for a show, but I have to decide what to do with you." He tried to keep talking, but a wiggle from Skye quieted him as her unceasing draw compelled his orgasm. From Lydia's position, she could see the heavy, cum-laden sac pull up between Dale's thighs as a river splattered into the hybrid woman.

Trying to ignore the grunting of the minotaur's orgasm, Nico held out the slab of meat to Helen. Her eyes didn't focus, but they brightened as she caught the scent. Her long, probing tongue found the offering before she nipped it out of Nico's hands. The whole thing slid into her mouth, gnashed into nothing more than proteins in her frenzied need for its taste.

"She has a healthy appetite, doesn't she?" Dale asked, resuming his casual, slow rut. "Skye here figured it out before we shipped out the first batch. Clever cow made sure I had a taste of it and that I spread around the samples before letting me know. The early stuff, what I gave you two, had little of the active agent in it. What Helen just ate was a high concentration of meat fed only from Skye's milk. Sixty percent, I think. Sorry, it's hard to stay focused on the science when you have sloppy pussy sucking cum out of your balls."

Moving mindlessly, Nico carried the next slab of fake beef and offered it to Skye. The same nip and ravenous swallowing occurred. It struck him as unsettling that they knew how to manipulate their tongues and snouts so well. "You did this to yourself," Nico managed to say. "To your family."

Dale's body rumbled with a low noise that was either irritation or lust. He pushed deep into Skye and came again, knowing the sight of his cum dripping down his balls was making the other female in the room finger herself while she drank milk. "Skye wanted me to be happy. To get what I deserved for my brilliance. Helen wanted that, too. They knew I could elevate our existence."

Nico scooped up the last slab of meat and carried it over to Ezra. The doctor's son looked human other than being slightly swollen and lumpy, like clay waiting to be shaped. "What will this do to him?"

"Worried about what it will do to you?" Dale asked, a mocking rattle in his booming voice. "I can smell the jealousy on you, so don't go pretending you give a damn what happens to that boy. He wanted to follow in his old man's footsteps. Got himself into Harvard. Course it helped being the son of a wealthy donor alumnus. Believe me, Nico, this is a mercy. I am giving him a life of notoriety with none of the work. Hold it out to him and get ready for the show. That one's loaded with the catalytic. My boy's going to go off like a firecracker."

A strong urge to throw the meat away and run screaming from the lab clawed at the back of Nico's mind. He had no idea how things had gone so far off the rails. He glanced at Lydia and saw the milk's effect taking hold. Her breasts quivered with subtle changes, swelling larger by the second. If he grabbed her now and ran, they could live in blissful sexual fog. He could fall asleep on those engorged pillows every night. And yet, a subtle desire to see what would happen overruled him. He raised the slab of meat to Ezra's lips and watched the young man eat his own future bite by bite.

For a few minutes, nothing happened. Ezra's eyes fluttered open as he roused from the dormant state. He scanned the room, looking with confusion at the two naked strangers and then in horror at his mother and Skye. Whatever his eyes would tell of Dale never escaped Ezra's thoughts. A wave of change rolled through the young man, violently shaking him in the harness that held him upright. The seizing aside, his flesh crawled and warped while the others watched. Ezra endured it all without making a sound.

Long seconds ticked by before the changes took any sort of shape. What little masculinity had been in the young man's face faded away in favor of a snub snout with puffed, pink lips and a pale pink nose. Small white horns dotted his forehead and thick hairs crowded each other as they formed into fur along along the underside of his muzzle and up to his eyes. The facial bovine features ended there, leaving him looking more like a devil than a cow.

The warping ripples on Ezra's body slowed as sweat dripped from his dangling fingertips. The fatty tissue melted away as muscle grew. Bones shifted and reinforced with quiet creaks. Definition appeared in his limbs and torso as his body's overall size increased adding a foot in height and a proportional shift to his features. Other than the shape of his face, nothing changed in the initial wave that wouldn't have been sought after by any young man. As if in answer to Nico realizing this, Ezra's chest bubbled and rose.

The breasts formed rapidly from nothingness, drooping prettily from his broad chest. In seconds, from a flat formless chest, his new tits gained the same heft and gravity as what Lydia's unchanged form had boasted, enough to make most girls envious. But their swelling didn't slow. They strained forward against the skin containing them, stretching their confines to a shining, vein marked distention. The new breasts became bulbous, painfully swollen boulders affixed to Ezra's body. Nipples poked out like angrily tied knots holding back a force too strong to be

contained, but they too began to grow. Painfully slowly relative to the avalanche of new flesh pressing behind them, the nipples grew out in a fractal pattern. Ridges, curves, and wrinkles formed along the fleshy core, each subtle change massively increasing the surface area on which microscopic outlets formed and brand new nerves flickered to life. The strange stalks reached four inches before the ducts connected to the tsunami churning in the gargantuan breasts. Milk let down into the cores, flowed into the myriad of channels, and erupted in a torrent of hissing pressure before slowly slightly to a steady, thick stream. Dumbfounded, Nico felt his stomach rumble and envied his wife's milk hose until another rippling of skin drew his attention.

Minds drenched in lust, Lydia and Nico expected Ezra's body to balloon with multiple udders and join his mother in a harness to be milked around the clock. Ezra's pelvis had moved back leaving his torso inhumanly long and supported by powerful, hooped hindquarters. But no udder formed above his cock. His balls grew considerably, passing tennis balls but falling short of Dale's grapefruits. His scrotum stretched as the heavy testes weighed it down, but then the slack left behind swelled up. Another set of testes grew into being, joining the originals in the heavy sac. They united in purpose with his original set and immediately joined in the manufacture of cum while sending a fresh wave of hormones cascading through Ezra's body. Above them, the root of his cock moved as the cock itself grew to match Nico's enhanced size. At the same time, a new shaft bloomed beside his original dick. Like a time lapsed photo of a seed germinating, the small nub rose out until it was the same length.

Finally, Ezra grunted, making his first noise of the change. It was both pleased and pained. His center of gravity shifted and the harness accommodated as his front pitched forward. Milk flowed freely from the breasts while Nico and Lydia saw a full view of his upturned backside. His ass was covered in fur and a tail was adding inch after inch in length. The two cocks stuck out akimbo between his legs, and the pleased sound won out as a spurt of thick cum shot out of the newly grown appendage. The noise grew to a screamed moan as two more full sized cocks sprang almost violently out from his body.

Yet still the bizarre changes continued. The hair stayed clear of the smooth patch of skin that had formed beneath the wide set ass and the bulge of Ezra's new cocks. The familiar seam running along the underside of his balls seemed to be pulling up by an invisible thread. Skin bunched around it, layering upon itself until it looked much like plump, dark lips. Ezra moaned and came from every squirting part of him as his new pussy opened up.

Exhausted by the strain, Ezra sagged in his harness while Dale, who had moved closer during the changes, looked down upon what he'd done. The black gleam crept back into Dale's eyes. His hand moved across Ezra's body like a rancher appraising a newborn calf. Dale pawed at the spraying tits, explored Ezra's mouth with probing fingers, and gently stroked across the ridges of muscle running down Ezra's back. "A fine effort," Dale said. "Not perfect. Room to improve." His massive cock stirred to its full length as he moved around behind Ezra. With his broad palm, he hefted the sac between Ezra's legs and gave it a testing squeeze. Ezra squirmed, and each of his four cocks oozed a little stream of precum. Apparently satisfied with that test, Dale moved on.

He pushed the flicking tail out of the way and ran a thumb greedily down between the cheeks until he reached the pucker of skin and subsequent soft folds of the impossible pussy. Reacting to the touch, Ezra's gait shifted opening his legs wider. Dale began with a thumb, but quickly switched to his two fingers. The hungry cunt slurped his hand as quickly as it was offered. The outer lips grew with a rush of blood. The interior walls opened eagerly as the four phalluses beneath strained to full attention. Dale's whole hand slipped easily inside the abomination that had once been his son. As he withdrew his hand and positioned himself behind the new member of his herd, he thought nothing of the mind trapped inside the transformed body. His inhuman cock nudged into the tight walls, and Dale reminded himself that this was his destiny. With a hard thrust, he took the new cow's pussy virginity and felt no sense of regret.

As his claiming went on, he took note of the other remaining female. Hooking his arm underneath Ezra's torso, Dale raised his conquest's front half up and exposed the multiple cocks straining desperately for release. Dale's swollen sac slapped into the four bunched testicles of his new toy, driving them to produce more and more cum with each deep stroke. Dale's blank gaze fixed on Lydia. "See something you like?" he growled.

Lydia, the respected legal mind, had stopped suckling from her hose watch dumbly at the massive creature deflowered the thing that had been his son. "Suck cock?" she asked, tantalized by the four fleshy rods. She only had one mouth, but she would use her whole body if necessary.

Dale laughed. "As many as you can fit."

With sheer eagerness, Lydia crawled across the milky floor and positioned herself between Ezra's legs. She let her face rise between the four wagging dicks, relishing the feeling of each slapping against her face and shoulders. Glancing back at Nico, she wanted to see him share her excitement. She'd not had a chance to suck anyone other than her husband in years and now she had a terrible choice between which of the four to start with. Nico looked paralyzed and unsure, so she chose the left set. Opening her mouth as wide as she could, she engulfed the head of the top left cock and hummed at the feeling of the warm, throbbing head pressing against the back of her throat. The one below it pressed into the wet, warm crevice of her ballooning tits. Another jabbed against the outside of her right breast, smearing her skin with precum as she enthusiastically slurped and writhed against the wonderful set of thick dicks.

Nico watched his wife debase herself underneath the pair of rutting impossibilities. His rational thoughts clawed at the back of his mind telling him to run, but those ideas were weak and distant. He couldn't trust himself to think clearly, but as he looked at Ezra, and at the strapped in cows, and at the minotaur, and at his slowly changing wife, he did not feel horror. The roars and wet squelches of orgasm did not offend him. The four erupting cocks joining the cascade of milk across his wife's body did not insult him. The tree trunk of dick pumping into Ezra's pussy didn't mortify him. He took it all in and could coalesce no emotion other than envy.

Dale slid out of his newest cow's spread pussy. His release once again blessed him with some clarity of thought. Enough to note the withered male standing watch over Ezra's favorite new cum dump. Lydia abandoned the use of her mouth and tits as she raised her ass up for

Ezra's probing efforts. She'd already managed to somehow fit two of the dicks into her pussy while another was pressing insistently against her ass. Dale stopped watching so he could focus on the new ideas popping into his head. *She'll be the first fully changed by cum and milk. That leaves me two more test subjects. At least until the other free samples I sent out come home.* He grinned at the husband while considering the possibilities. "Nico, how would you feel about having a burger? I have a whole new recipe I want to try."



*Written on commission for Anonymous.*