

Wedded Bovine Bliss
Incursions III
by Quixerotic

[The Brave New World Estates were nicer than I expected, though that might show my own prejudice. However, my concern about the namesake was verified by the receptionist at the main office, a young woman with cat ears and a tail. Apparently, the original developer chose to view the Huxley novel through a much more optimistic lens than most. Misguidings about literature aside, the founder of the Estates took his task seriously. Joseph Collins shared a dream often conjured by people seeking an alternative way to survive underneath a monolithic societal structure. He was a real estate developer prior to February 8th, and he had been left with a money sink in the form of an abandoned nursing home complex. Fresh off his life altering incursion, Collins drew up plans for a new type of communal living, even before the scientific advances in genewriting would allow it to properly exist.

Collins went into extreme debt in order to pay for the new construction. By the sixth year, he was out of money and out of credit. The Estates seemed doomed before ever being completed. However, others like Collins found out about it. They poured their money into the project with no expectation other than one of the houses when it all came together. Urged on by the influx of cash and the early trials of genewriting, Collins took his advocacy for the Estates to a much more public arena. He promised a community built around acceptance and understanding where people could find others who shared their interest. Even though moral opposition groups targeted him with, somewhat accurate, claims that he was building a sex commune, it did nothing to deter others with Collins point of view. Hundreds of thousands of people around the world had been involved in an incursion similar to Collins. In the coming years, genewriting would provide the opportunity for people to pick and choose characteristics leading to a whole generation, like the receptionist, who wanted to experiment with the lifestyle Collins championed.

Joseph Collins retired from public life in 2038 with a wish to enjoy the community he worked for fifteen years to build. While most of the management of the Estates is handled by an elected board, the overall enterprise is left in the care of Collins's successor, Carson Monroe. It is, perhaps, not coincidental then that Kelly Monroe, Carson's wife, is the current president of the Estates Board. The two work in tandem to keep operations running smoothly, but they are an odd pair in that their incursion happened subsequent to February 8th.

I met with the Monroes in a meeting room between their respective offices. Carson is an impressive figure with a genial attitude and a booming voice. His size has led to a few alterations to the chairs and doorways inside the administration building, and still he seems out of place in a world meant for smaller men. His left horn is adorned with two gold rings and a silver ring between them. The jewelry pattern has been adopted by the bovine-genewritten as a way to show special commitment, not unlike marriage rings. Kelly has the same pattern on her smaller, ivory horns. Also bovine-genewritten, Kelly shares many similarities with her husband. They both have blunt noses at the end of short muzzles, long and oval shaped ears sticking out from the sides of their heads, and strong if thin tails. Carson's fur is black like his horns, but a sprinkling of gray can be seen here and there, giving him a shimmering quality when he moves in the light. Kelly's coat is yellowish-blond. While the administration building requires clothing, the Estates have an *au natural* policy that would normally allow any furred individual to socialize without any additional clothes. It is clear then that neither of the Monroes enjoy the

confines of their clothes. Kelly wears a specially tailored sun dress that allows room for all her breasts while Carson endures a full suit, though he does drop the jacket not long after our introduction.]

So, let's start with a little overview of your respective roles here at the estate.

Carson - I handle the administration of the property. The purchase and sale of the homes, taxes, and the legal side of everything...ordinances and such.

Kelly - My role is community focused. Overseeing the group functions, facility rentals, interviews, resolving resident concerns, and anything that falls more in the line of community than business. But, as you can imagine, we work hand in hand.

Interviews?

Kelly - Prior to the sale of a home, we interview the buyers to make sure they fit in with our lifestyle. Similar to a condo board.

What kind of qualities do you look for in those interviews? Does it include some level of genewriting?

Kelly - Not necessarily. We have...oh, I've lost count.

Carson - Five gene-standard residences, I think.

Kelly - Right, the Wilsons make five. So, no, genewriting isn't required, but obviously it's a major component of the Estate's mission. The interviews are screening for acceptance and open-mindedness more than anything else. Joe always wanted this place to be like a sanctuary for people like us. It was such a short time ago that genewriting became legal and even shorter since a genewritten person would be called all sorts of names. We've come a long way very quickly, but we haven't fully shaken off certain groups.

Carson - We implemented the interviews after an unpleasant issue with a resident who essentially faked his way into the community apparently to harass people. It was a nightmare to get him evicted and didn't really get traction until he'd attacked someone.

Oh, I'm sorry, I had no idea.

Kelly - It ran on national news for a week or so. The troubled individual attacked a young woman genewritten as feline. The man was stopped before any real harm was done and it gave us the clear to get him booted. He came back with an escort and apologized. Seemed genuine.

Carson - Poor guy had cooked up a lot of nasty ideas in his head with the help of the New Covenant.

Since you bring them up, I know that, at least, has been a public battle over the past years. Mr. Collins was locked in a battle of wills with the New Covenant since they broke ground on this facility. You two have taken up the standard since he retired. I don't want to press on the matter too much, but it does reflect on the nature of how this community's incursions have rippled into the world. So, how do you deal with that type of bigotry that specifically targets your community?

Carson - The easy answer is that we keep going on our journey and do our best to ignore the type of people trying to drag us back into the stone ages. Things haven't ever been that easy. As a nation, we've pushed through a lot of boundaries since the turn of the century. Not fifty years ago, same sex couples couldn't marry. Now, one of our residences is occupied by a pair of married, equine-genewritten men. We're aware of how that can give people's sensibilities whiplash, and we're happy to engage in the conversation. That said, it's pretty clear when someone wants to learn and when someone wants to judge. The people in the judging category can get fucked.

Thanks for humoring me. Honestly, as soon as I'm done with this project, I want to pitch a whole story on the Estates to my editor. In the meantime, let's change direction a little bit here. You two are a little rare, at least in my research. First, your incursion didn't happen on February 8th but in a small wave in November of 2033. Second, you were already married!

Kelly - Newlyweds, even. God, we had no idea what we were getting into.

Carson - We always talk about how flabbergasted our younger selves would be if they could see us now.

Kelly - The real shock was learning that married people still have so much to learn about one another. The incursion cracked open our relationship in a way that might not have ever happened otherwise. Not that we wouldn't have been happy together without it, but it let us skip probably years of slowly peeling back each other's layers.

Carson - Yeah, it would have taken me a while to admit I wanted her boobs to be three times as big, with nipples as thick as my thumb, and overflowing with milk.

Kelly - Ignore him, he's trying to make you blush. She's doing a retrospective on incursions, babe. I doubt anything we have to say will shock her. Oh, but do you mind if I milk while we do this? If I don't, the pressure gets a little out of control.

Carson glared at the boxes. They had been the bane of their existence for two months. No one told him that moving into a house would be so difficult. He'd imagined it like he saw in the movies. Smiling movers patiently asking where each item would go while he and Kelly

acted as conductors to the circus. Instead, a number of earnest if gruff men had handed him a sheaf of inventory papers and asked him to mark off things in conjunction with the crew foreman. He got the big pieces of furniture in the right rooms at least, but the movers had other jobs and needed their truck empty. Everything else went into a large pile in the living room, which had seemed considerably bigger before the tide of cardboard cubes invaded.

Nor was that the first problem with the boxes. The plan had been to close the deal on the house on Tuesday morning, then have the movers arrive Tuesday evening. Some minor issue caused a two day delay on the closing, though. Which meant the boxes had to stay on the truck, and the truck charged by the day. So rather than half a day's rate, he'd been obliged to three full days. When he complained to his realtor about the delay's additional cost, he was given a shrug and the explanation of "these things happen".

Two days later, he and Kelly had managed to move all the boxes to their appropriate rooms. The kitchen had been unpacked, the living room mostly reclaimed, and their bedroom settled in a livable state. Yet, the spare room was still crammed full of boxes that did not magically unpack themselves no matter how much Carson glared at them. Worse, he had the creeping feeling that, as demonstrated by the boxes remaining unopened, they didn't need anything that was inside them. One on the outside of the pile was marked as "Carson's school books". Required reading that accumulated through his college years. When he packed them, the idea of proudly displaying his slightly scuffed copies of *The Peloponnesian War* and *As I Lay Dying* appealed to him as something a sophisticated homeowner would do. Now, they had been consumed by the boxes, turned to traitorous dead weight and clutter.

He sighed. *At least we won't have to move again for a long time*, he thought. He went to close the door and thought for a second that the boxes had been placed to show a strange grin. *Need sleep*, he remembered. The past week had been exhausting both physically and emotionally. The refrain that kept them sane was saying back and forth to one another that "this is almost over". Though he hadn't said it, he'd begun to add, "and we're finally beginning our lives together" to the commiseration. Even with the boxes mocking him, Carson smiled as he headed to the bedroom.

Kelly had a box open on the bed when he entered. She'd adopted a more pragmatic approach of unpacking one box any time she left a room for the day. Turning in for the night counted as leaving the room, apparently. Or, she was looking for a shirt to sleep in. She smiled at him and held up a red lace teddy. "What do you think?"

"I don't remember that from the honeymoon," he said as he headed into the bathroom.

"I wore it for you on our first Valentine's Day," she said as she draped it over her chest. "You're telling me you don't remember."

With a toothbrush drooping from the corner of his mouth, Carson cast a look back at her, "First Valentine's Day? Wasn't that the one where we went on the bar crawl? Shit, hon, I don't remember you even being there."

“Oh yeah...I wasn’t. Me and the girls did our own thing, but you called to come over late. I got all dressed up and you passed out face first on the couch. I was furious for a week.”

Carson finished up his nightly routine with a few sounds of rushing water. “Oh, did you ever forgive me?”

“I suppose,” she said with a grin. “It still fits, you know. We haven’t done it in the new house yet.”

“Done it? You want to do it? Gosh, Kelly, but what if my parents get home?”

“Smart, bring up your parents when your wife is offering to have sex.”

“Have sex? Gee willickers, ‘*have sex*’! Now you’ve added in dirty talk. A man could get ideas about a lady who talks like that.” He prowled across the bed and wrapped an arm around her waist. Dragging her to him, he nuzzled against her hip while she lightly slapped the back of his head. “It’ll take more than that to assuage my inflamed lusts, woman.”

She giggled and drew him up for a kiss. He immediately took the chance to slide his hand around under her shirt. His kisses moved along her neck. She feigned a weak protest, “Do you want to see me in the sexy outfit or not?”

“You held it in front of you,” he said. “That’s enough to get me going. I’m ready to skip to the bit where we’re taking it off of you.” He rose up on his knees and pulled her directly in front of him. She looped her arms around the back of his neck until her thighs dragged against the tented part of his boxers. Her smile turned seductive as one hand slid down his body. She flatted out her palm and rubbed against his confined dick. “Keep that up, and christening this house will be a solo number.”

Wiggling away from him, she headed to the bathroom to change. Begrudgingly, Carson cleared off the bed. When he turned around to watch her, Kelly was still standing in front of the bathroom door. Everything started to slow down when Carson saw where she was looking. Above the door, a small slug was pointed directly downward. Kelly’s voice sounded partially slurred as she asked, “Do you see it?”

Her, not me, Carson thought. The slug snapped away from the wall and hung in mid air. Carson tried to scream at it with his mind, *Her, not me!* It didn’t work. The slug zipped through the air and crammed itself into Carson’s head.

Like everyone else in the world, Carson had been mildly obsessed with incursions since February 8th. It had been nearly ten years, but though the bizarre slugs continued to appear here and there, nothing to the scale of the first wave. Still, Carson hoped. He hoped because half of

the world believed the incursions showed an absolute truth about a person. The other half thought the slugs were literal demons sent to outright steal souls away from the righteous path, but that half of the world was nuts anyway. Carson, subscribing to the hopeful half of the world's view, meandered in uncertainty of who he was all the way to the day he met Kelly. Things started making sense to him after that. He loved his wife, and he didn't need a slug to dredge up some bizarre fetish from his subconscious and ruin his life right when it was getting started. To this end, he wished he could have had the chance to smash the slug with one of the many boxes.

Since he could already feel the slug's presence pushing into his mind, he took the battle to a mental landscape. Ignoring the strange properties of the world around him, the look of surprise and possibly disappointment on Kelly's face, and the pesky intrusive thoughts that had existed in his head long before a slug, Carson pictured the thing in his head exactly as he'd seen it. He didn't imagine it somehow slithering up through his physical brain, but pictured it existing inside the mental space where his inner dialogue resided. He created a table with the slug on it. Then, he conjured up a cardboard box with "SALT" written on the side of it. He raised the box with the intent of slamming it down on the slug believing with all his heart, the belief being equally important to the mental imagery, that smashing the slug would banish it from his mind.

Carson would have been less disappointed if the imagined slug on his imagined table hadn't looked right at him as it said, *No, it doesn't work like that.*

"But, if anything, seeing you respond in my own imagined scenario is evidence that it would," Carson replied.

You are welcome to try, the slug said. But, it's really not necessary. If you want me to leave, you could simply ask. The thing is, you don't actually want me to go. You know that, and I know that. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here in the first place.

Carson hadn't expected some kind of logic trap, and his arms were growing tired from holding the box of salt. Which was odd because he wasn't holding anything. Just in case, he imaged putting it gently to the side. "Fine, you're right. I know that the proper thing to do is to tell you to fuck off, but it's the temptation of forbidden knowledge isn't it? Take a man who is absolutely satisfied with everything in his life and show him a door. Tell him that behind the door is the one thing that will make him truly happy. The man goes nuts and starts to hate his family, his friends, his riches, and only want what is behind that door. So, he loses all those things and goes back to the door, yanks it open, and finds nothing."

The slug didn't sigh, but Carson felt suddenly bored. *And you think that proves that you should ignore me? If the man in your story opened the door right away, he would have lost nothing and gained some measure of wisdom.*

"But you're not going to show me nothing. You're going to make my dick five times bigger and strap me into a leather harness to fuck the neighbor or something."

Why would that happen? I see your thoughts, and I see nothing like that in them. Because you see nothing like that in them. We see this.

Carson knew what he would be shown before it came because it had been plucked from the recesses of his own mind. The various women he'd known in his life appeared in random flashes. Each time, they changed. Their breasts swelled, their hips widened, and their clothes disappeared. His thoughts raced through coworkers, friends, and acquaintances until he landed on a face he barely remembered, Lucy, his first real girlfriend. They'd dated for half of his freshman year in college. She'd been a short girl with apple sized breasts and a decently plump ass. The scene of a box, table, and slug disappeared as Lucy took center stage. Her body stretched out as she gained height to keep her in proportion as her breasts grew. They shoved out from the bottom of her shirt, drooping out from her chest until her nipples popped free of the now tiny shirt. Long and thick enough to be considered teats, their tiny ridges flared as they swelled and milk beaded out of them. Lucy's face slackened into a vacant, drunken grin as her fingers pawed mindlessly in an attempt to squeeze her gargantuan tits.

The image faded, and Kelly appeared in Lucy's place. The more fulsome figure of his wife ignited other parts of his mind but Carson went cold. "No," he thought. "I don't want her twisted like that."

But you do. It is here. All of it etched into the biological structures that you call a mind. It is among your greatest desires. It is a door you may choose to open.

Carson tried to think. Two ideas smashed together like titans warring over his will. First, to indulge his fantasy. Second, that the indulgence would cost him his reality. Bitterly, he realized that it was a damned choice. Either option would be the destruction of one part of his world. He couldn't lose Kelly, but he worried that he couldn't stand to lose his chance at living a fantasy either. Carson sensed that even the slugs couldn't stretch time forever. He had to come to a decision, so he thought back to his life before Kelly. He remembered the two ways of looking at the world and, in particular, the slugs. One, that they offered a universal truth. Or two, they were demons.

"Fine," he thought, allowing the slug to proceed with whatever it wanted to do with his wife that would likely bring Carson his ultimate fantasy made flesh even while destroying his marriage.

The strange realm of his inner thoughts dissipated, and he was once more looking Kelly's face contorted in a mix of shock and worry. Time jerked back into motion as a tight feeling formed across Carson's waist. Looking down, a type of vertigo rocked him as his brain scrambled to interpret the thick slab of muscle and wiry hair as what should have been his reasonably slim if out of shape body. He looked at his arms and saw the muscles moving underneath his skin as they corded into thick masses. More of the bristle like hair appeared as his pale skin darkened.

Carson didn't understand, and the cinching pain across his middle made it hard to

concentrate. Returning his attention to the issue, he saw the hem of his boxers fraying as his enlarged body pushed the elastic to its limits. His thighs looked like tree trunks, and he could feel their strength as he fumbled to stand beside the bed. He reached to pull away the boxers, but stopped as he noticed the bulge forming between his legs. He never wore boxer briefs, but he suddenly thought he might have mistakenly put on a pair due to how they clung to his body. He thought that a snug fit might be flattering to his cock in the right lighting. Normally, the head of his dick would sit against the buttoned flap to cause a slight bump in the otherwise flat front. And now, those same boxers failed to contain his thighs or the breadth of his pelvis or the impossibly large bull cock as it swelled to a full erection.

He came to terms with what was happening to him right as the slug's control over reality whisked away the remnant of his clothes. Carson gawked at the twelve inch long cock. It held his attention so firmly that he didn't notice he was no longer standing on feet, but on wide, black hooves. Nor did he notice the thin tail ending in a tuft of black hair as it wound out from his spine. His tongue finally tipped him off as it ran along several suspiciously large and flat teeth. The loud pop of new ears opening also helped. Sound rushed into his head as he took stock of his body, an effort that was cut short as he recalled having a wife that would likely react to seeing her husband turn into a monstrous bovine-man hybrid.

Their bedroom had somehow grown larger to compensate for Carson's own increased size. Otherwise, his horns would have jammed into the ceiling and caused more than one type of headache as he looked up from his own dick to see his wife still entirely human and suddenly very, very small. Carson guessed that his cock was roughly the size of her forearm. It was where her eyeline was focused, but he didn't know if any of the changes had processed through her mind.

Time jerked again. Carson felt like he'd been knocked backward into an infinite pool of syrup. Everything slowed, even his heartbeats, but his thoughts kept up with the rest of the room as the stasis wore off of Kelly. Her expression finally resolved from one of surprise to one of fascination. Her eyes moved up and down Carson's body, and the shock faded entirely into the same smile that she'd had on when she pulled the teddy out of its box. Carson didn't understand. He assumed her apparent interest and happiness to be another twist in the slug's machinations. The alternative, that she still wanted to fuck him even as this transformed half-beast, was too insidiously tempting to be true.

What little she had on evaporated into nothingness. Her gorgeous body was on full display and caused a distinct throb in Carson's dick even with his time locked existence. Kelly's hungry gaze didn't look away until a wave of heat rushed over her. Then, her hands moved up to her breasts, kneading the sensitive flesh while knowing how much Carson loved touching them. Her nipples ached as the tissue around them changed becoming puffier and more pliant. Each time she pressed against her flesh, she found more of it. Pulling her hands away, she giggled as she realized she'd filled out two cup sizes in mere seconds. It didn't yet compare to the extent of Carson's changes, but it was a matter of time.

Carson watched and felt an ache of yearning spreading through his new body. He wanted

to feel his wife close to him, to know the heat fueling her changes. Her lovely hips grew wider as her ass filled out, doubling in size twice over. She grew taller to compensate for her new bottom. Her shoulders gained definition along with her abdomen's core. The lean muscle would help support her new weight, but it was seductive in its own right. Carson didn't think his wife could be more ravishingly attractive, but now he saw a version of her taken to the extreme. He loved it as much as the original. Still, the slug wasn't done.

The first signs of fur dotted along her shoulders. It scattered across her neckline and ran down her sternum. Another swell of her tits distracted them both from the hair's erratic growth up and down her body. Her luscious curves added soft fuzz before the full coat took over. She gained her own hooves, tail, and horns in between the jerks of time or the gaps of memory. One second, the bare, plump ass of a woman and the next, the fat, luscious rump of a hybrid heifer complete with a strangely dainty tail swishing from one cheek to the next. Her breasts reached a new size that left them bulging even on her new frame. Each came to roughly the size of a small beach ball or perhaps slightly bigger than a basketball. They lacked the pure roundness of those measurements, though. Instead, they held a steady curve down and out from her neck to where they peaked, the thick suckable nipples ready and eager to let her milk gush. Already, it edged its way out, riding on the back of her increasing arousal to add the color of pure milk to the palette of her new body.

While he absorbed all these changes, Carson pushed against the force holding him back with all his will. He'd never wanted anything nearly as much as he wanted to throw his wife to the bed and fuck her senseless. The only thing that kept him in check was the fascination of the changes. He noticed that the fur thinned around her lower abdomen in much the same way that it spared the perfect peaks of her tits. Beneath the bare patch of pinkened skin the fur returned before once again tapering to show off her pussy. Kelly's lips had darkened in color and puffed up either from the overall changes or more simply from her need to have something hard and long shoved between them. They glistened with her need and sent a clear message to her husband that despite his inhuman length and girth, she was eager to have every inch of him inside her. Adding extra emphasis to this message was the small nub peaking its way out from the crest of her lips. Both of them imagined Carson's long tongue grazing over her swollen clit with eager anticipation.

Another flicker of change drew his attention. The curves of her cheekbones shifted. Her face elongated into a short muzzle like his own. In all his fantasies, he'd never considered much about changes to the face of his objects of lust. As it happened to Kelly, he feared for a moment that he was losing something important in the debauchery of fantasy. The moment resolved, and she still had the same eyes and the same smile, changed and yet paradoxically still the loving and admiring smile of his new wife.

Kelly moved her hands down, and Carson expected to watch his wife's fingers dip into her pussy. Instead, she gently stroked the bare patch of skin. Her body twitched as though she'd grabbed hold of an electric wire. She repeated the motion again with the same result, but she didn't stop. As her fingers swirled and touched and flicked and rubbed, her body responded. That part of her grew outward, slowly at first, but after a while it changed with the same rapid

flashes as the rest of her had. One minute it was an odd pooch of her body, the next it evoked the idea of a jellyfish birthing its way directly out of her middle, and then the next gave it some definition, dividing the growth into four parts by way of gentle indentions in the tissue. Only when each of the four was crowned by a dot of elongating flesh did Carson's brain catch up with his eyes. "An udder," he thought, and nearly came from the sight.

The new teats grew to the size of fingers, and as soon as they did, Kelly's hands wrapped around the top two. She slid her closed fist around them gently, imagining them to be her husband's cock. The first stroke gave her a thrill of pleasure. The second caused her to feel fullness in the heavy sac behind them. And the third caused a spray of milk to shoot out and scatter down the throbbing length of her husband's enormous cock.

As he felt the hot splash of milk along his length, Carson realized his heartbeat was thumping normally, or at least rapidly in the normal passing of time. The world once again had forward momentum, and his naked, transformed goddess of a wife was mere inches away dripping with need so strong that he could scent it. His nostrils flared as he drank in the mingled scent of her needy pussy and the distinct notes of her dripping milk. Unable to resist, he swooped her up in his arms and held her with ease as she wrapped her legs around his torso. Her hooves met with a clack somewhere behind his taut ass, but he didn't notice since he was entirely too distracted by the feeling of her breasts and udder squashing against him. He pulled her tighter and nuzzle into her as milk sprayed against his chest.

They twirled around. He dropped her on the bed and stayed on top of her. His new lips and mouth learned quickly as he spread kisses and licks along her neck and shoulders. She returned the favor, adding in a quick nip at his ear to get his attention back on the task at hand. He turned it back around on her as he pressed his snout between her heavy tits and ran his lips along the soft fur until his tongue lapped against bare areola. With amazing dexterity, he skirted around the nipple. Kelly's body vibrated with anticipation, but he didn't give in. It was a type of exquisite torture for both of them as he swirled around her bud again and again before infuriatingly moving away entirely. An instant later, his lips pressed around the other nipple.

Milk erupted from both. One gushed up vainly in the air with only a few drops landing on Carson's ear, but the other emptied into Carson's hungry mouth. Thick streams of it splashed along the full length of his tongue over and over again. He tasted every drop of it. Briefly, he wondered if he might go mad for the taste of it. The idea of a world where he could drink the ambrosia from Kelly's tits seemed horrifying. Then the idea winked out entirely as his cock brushed against the sensual warmth of her pussy. She saw his eyes dilate as his body went still. Kelly's hands took a gentle hold of his face and pulled him closer. She craned her head close enough to whisper in a desperate, needy voice, "Please."

A quick snort was his answer. He rose over her, planting his hands on either side of her intoxicating body as he stared down into her eyes. The head of his cock pressed into her soft outer folds. With as much patience as he could find, he flexed his hips forward. The head slipped into her with a tight pop. He waited, she sighed, and then she pulled at his body. Groaning, Carson pushed into her, teetering on delirium as her walls squeezed each inch of him. Finding it

impossible to resist, he paused a halfway and drew himself back out until only the crown remain wedged inside of her. Then he pushed hard into her again, sparing her nothing. To his astonishment, she took every inch with the same gripping, maddening heat. As his balls slapped against the underside of her ass, he lost the reins of control.

They became a huffing fury of motion. Her leg propped against his shoulder as he fucked into her. Every time he bottomed out, his hard body slammed close enough to send a shock of dizzying ecstasy through her swollen clit. Time stopped having meaning again. Carson growled as they fucked, pulling himself as deep into her as he could. Kelly moaned and writhed under him, parting her hands from his body only to squeeze more milk out of her aching full breasts. In between her third and fourth orgasm, he flipped her over to her knees, yanked hard on her tail, and mounted her upturned rump. As soon as he slipped fully inside of her, she pushed hard back against him, forcing him to feel the pliant press of her ass against his body. She moaned, and he erupted.

Carson's vision blurred as his balls emptied in torrents. Every twitch of his cock caused a reciprocating tremor of pleasure in Kelly's jiggling body which rippled back into him and teased out another spurt of cum into her overflowing womb. When it all finally subsided, Kelly, leaned forward onto her elbows to catch her breath. She didn't get the chance before she was flipped onto her back yet again. Carson paused to admire his wife's body one more time, including the thick cream oozing from between her pussy lips, before diving onto her udder. She squeaked out a giggling, joyous laugh as his mouth closed on her teat and started to drink.

Carson, did you consider that you were the auxiliary and not the primary for the incursion?

Carson - We talked about it, eventually. I guess there's not really a way to know since it's all...cerebral or whatever. We did both see it go into my head though.

Kelly - Once we'd come out of the wildness of all of it, we had a long talk. Hard not to address things when you're covered in fur and trying not to sit on each other's tail.

And you decided together that he was the primary? Or was it not relevant at that point?

Kelly - Probably not relevant. (*laugh*) After the incursion, we were eager to clear the air. He didn't want me to be objectified, and I didn't want him to be self-conscious. Once we started talking, we realized pretty quickly what we'd known all along.

Carson - Which is that we'd gotten married for a reason. There was nothing behind the door, so to speak.

Were you disappointed when the changes reverted? Sorry, I'm assuming...

Carson - Sure, took about a week, but we slowly changed back to our old selves. And, uh, disappointed wasn't the right word. Even if we were back to normal on the outside, it was better knowing what was going on in each other's heads.

Kelly - He's trying to be sweet. We fucked like crazy all that week. Every morning I woke up a little less cow and a little more bald pink ape and tried not to feel like I was losing the real me. Luckily, genewriting was right around the corner. We went to the clinic as soon as it was open. Bovine package. Started small. Got some cute little horns. And he got his cock first. Which in retrospect was a little bit of a backfire since I couldn't have much fun with it until I caught up.

Carson - She more than caught up though. Talk about that New Covenant nonsense, they say people who go through genewriting are all losing their minds to get it reversed. Bullshit. We've never been happier.

How long after did you link up with Mr. Collins?

Carson - Oh, not that long. We started at the clinic in April of...that'd have been '34? I think we first met Joe at a Christmas party that year. We were new on the scene, hell most people were, but we'd been hearing stuff. Lo and behold, there's Joe Collins, the leader of this whole movement. We hit it off and for whatever reason he took us under his wing. Liked our enthusiasm.

Just a coincidence that you two are well suited for taking over his empire?

Kelly - Not entirely. At his heart, Joe is a political animal, but we did become friends even if we had to be allies first. He wanted someone with a good photo to take over after him, and Carson cuts a mean profile when you get him in a suit. Joe had a theory that groups like the New Covenant would think twice before locking horns with an actual bull.

Has it worked out like that?

Carson - A few times, yeah. They're all wind and no rain. I'm not really proud of how it works, but that kind of person puts a lot more stock in looks than they should. I'd sooner kick myself in the head than get in a fist fight, but they don't see that. They back down, though. Truth is, they're better off having to humble themselves in front of me than trying to scream their hate at other genewritten folks who may not be that physically imposing but will put their claws or teeth to use much faster than I'd dirty my horns.

Have you found any one else with a story similar to yours? A married couple learning they share a deep desire through an incursion? From what I've researched, it's pretty rare.

Kelly - Not specifically. We've met other genewritten couples who knew each other before the incursion, but weren't in relationship. I'm sure they're out there if not as forthcoming

as some of us.

(Carson makes a disapproving noise)

I'm guessing you disagree?

Carson - Disagree? No, not that. It's just that, I'm thinking it's probably pretty rare like you said. See, the way I look at it, the incursions give you an insight like we talked about at the start. Other couples have to go the long way around while we got a hard push in the right direction. So, folks who've been married for ten years don't need that push, do they? If they're still holding back after that long, they might not make it at all. Those probably show up in your cheating fetishes and what have you — not that I'm judging. Anyway, we happened to be right at the spot where learning the lesson did us the most good. We were lucky, that's all.

What about the other way around? In your story, you compared it to opening up that door to see what was behind it. What about the people who faced the same choice and didn't open the door?

Carson - *(shrugs)* Neither choice is right or wrong. The mistake is the regret you feel over which you choose. But, what do I know. I'm just a bull headed property manager who could really use a glass of milk.