

The Madness of Moo Manor
by Violet Kirkwood

Salutations,

My name is Jack Berne, and I have the honor of representing the estate of the late Ms. Norah Sharpe. Allow me to first express my condolences. I worked as Ms. Sharpe's attorney for the last fifteen years, speaking with her regularly over the phone. I was saddened decline of health and shocked to know it came at such a young age. However, she was a bright woman and knew her time in the world was shortening. As such she took steps to ensure her legacy lives on in her friends and family. Ms. Sharpe shared with me some minor details of her relationships with each of you, and I can say she spoke fondly in every instance.

Now, on to business. At this point, I communicate only that which Ms. Sharpe left in her instructions. Please understand that some of this may be bizarre or unclear to you, but in time everything will make sense.

The seven of you are invited to spend a weekend at Sharpe Manor. All of your travel expenses will be paid. At the end of the weekend, if you choose to leave Sharpe Manor, you will be rewarded ten million dollars from the Sharpe estate. Further details will be provided upon your arrival. Should you choose to accept, of course.

Be warned, though. Ms. Sharpe believed that her fate was sealed the moment she moved into that building. She claimed the house was wicked down to its very foundation, and that it would drive people to troubling acts. She believed it had corrupted her own soul, twisting it into a sinful echo of the woman she might have been. So, this must be said bluntly, your safety for the weekend is not guaranteed. Forces of the arcane unknown or perhaps of mundane jealousy may act against you for being favored by the manor's mistress. The reward is high, but it does come with risk. If you succumb to the manor's will, you may find yourself unable or unwilling to leave.

The weekend begins on October, 19th. I will be present to greet you and go over further instructions. I look forward to meeting any of you who choose to come. For my part, though, I hope you all choose to stay home.

Sincerely,
Jack R. Berne

On the evening of October 19th, seven cars drove along the spiraling drive up the hill to Sharpe Manor. A few of the guests arrived the previous day to take in the local atmosphere before their ominous evening. They'd taken the opportunity to get a look at Sharpe Manor and found it exactly as they expected.

The old house stuck out from the surrounding landscape like a bur that had latched on to the forest top. It sat at the top of the tallest hill for miles, likely built specifically to lord over the surrounding population by some eclectic 19th century millionaire. Three asymmetrical towers rose out of the otherwise blocky structure, giving it silhouette best described as a slightly spiky

brick. At a closer distance, the intricate designs erased that initial impression. Each section had an artist's hand in the masonry. The large bricks of the lower floor and foundation each had a specific design on their face. Many had worn away with age, but some were still discernible. According to the local literature on the manor house, when the house was in its prime, the bricks depicted scenes ranging from Shakespearean vignettes to celebrations of various festivals to scenes of pornographic nature.

Beyond the base floor, the structure took on a more elegant construction. Tall windows lined the side of the house like the many eyes of an arachnid. Little balconies popped out here and there, marked off by ironwork railings designed in large whorls that seemed to flow in some specific pattern that promised many answers if one could merely be bothered to follow them all the way to their ends.

The top floor was circular and set far in the structure, like the top layer of a cake baked smaller than the layers beneath it. Made to look like an actual crown, the very top of the round floor had stones laid in jagged, triangular teeth between which sat grotesques meant to represent the numerous sins of man. Among them, a fat gutted demon with tiny wings for gluttony, a hollow thin sprig of stone with a leering face peering at its neighbor for envy, and a devil with a smile far too broad for its face holding huge bags of coins.

But the most significant of them was the Lust representation, for it was unfair to call it a grotesque at all. Rumor said that for years after its installation, other wealthy men pleaded for the name of the sculptor, but the original owner refused their requests leading to wild rumors that the sculptor had been killed to preserve his brilliance. Other rumors rose as well. One said that three men had died from falls after attempting to climb up to the statue. Another said that the back side of the statue was anatomically correct, meant as a deviant pleasure for the owner where he could ascend to the top of his crown and peer out over the world as he fucked a beautiful statue, though the reality of the materials involved made any power fantasy rather questionable. And inevitably, mysticism was ascribed to the stonework with people claiming it was the owner's wife trapped in stone to preserve her beauty. These ghost stories were aided by the statues remarkable resilience to the elements, more so than its peers. Experts pointed out that the Lust statue, with its vivacious curves, wicked wings, and alluring horns, was made of a different type of stone than the others, but no one liked the experts anyway.

On the whole, Sharpe Manor as it had come to be called, was every bit the Gothic home of ghouls and strangeness that the seven guests imagined. But they didn't see it at all on their drive up. The angle of the drive relative to the house prevented everything but the top floor from being seen, and that, too, was lost in the darkness of a storm unlike any the locals had seen in years. Rain came down in such huge sheets that it comforted the travelers to be going uphill. Lightning flashed behind the clouds, and thunder rattled the windows of their vehicles. They went on, though, crawling up toward their fate little by little.

The cars took them around to the back of the house where the drive bent into a curved and sheltered entry. The drivers parked with precision to allow each of the seven to idle within the entry. As the guests emerged and milled about, their attending drivers unloaded their bags

and brought them to the door. Once everything had been unloaded, the drivers returned to their cars and drove off, disappearing back into the torrential rain while their seven passengers anxiously waited near their bags.

Minutes passed and uneasy tension brewed between the guests. They looked each other over, hoping to see some familiarity or recognition, but each appeared to be a stranger to the other. The gusting wind and constant roar of rain deterred any attempts at friendly conversation. After a long while, the loud click of a turning lock drew their attention to the only door. It opened, and a man stuck his head out. "Nasty weather," he muttered. "Come in! All of you, please."

A few moments of confusion followed as the guests sorted out their bags and filed into the narrow doorway. They formed a line with the man at the far end. He waited until the last of the group closed the door. It clicked audibly, and their greeter smiled with relief. "This way please. We'll have our little talk in the main room. I'm afraid there are stairs, so please help one another navigate bags as needed."

With much scuffling and quiet curses, the party made their way further along the narrow hall and up an even more narrow staircase. Once they escaped that dimly lit spiral, they emerged into a broad hallway lined with elegant artworks and intricate wood paneling. The man waited here again before carrying on through the hallway to a set of double doors which he opened with a flourish to reveal a room larger than most people's homes. It was cluttered with furnishings all oddly crammed together. Wingback chairs sat three in a line. A large dining table occupied the center of the room, and not far from it, a grand piano waited for someone to tickle its keys. Shelves bore a strange variety of books and odd trinkets. One of them seemed to be a jar of fake eyeballs, or at least the guests hoped the eyes were fake. Yet somehow the chaos had order that allowed everyone to move freely and easily as they explored.

"If I might have your attention," the man called from the center of the room. He had a folder laid out on the table and had browsed through it rapidly before calling everyone to gather. "Forgive me for skipping the introduction earlier, but I figured you all wanted to be out of the weather. I'm Jack Berne, the attorney who's been corresponding with you since the start of this affair. I wish to convey the appreciation on Ms. Sharpe's behalf for your willingness to go on this journey."

"But she's dead," said one of the men, a bitter edge in his voice.

"Ah, again, I must remind you that I am not speaking for myself," the lawyer said. "*Everything* since my initial disclaimer in the first letter is as an avatar of Ms. Sharpe."

"Yes, you keep mentioning it," one of the women said. She was middle aged and looked exhausted. "Makes me think this is all some kind of big trick based on wordplay. It's the kind of thing Sharpe was crazy enough to cook up."

The lawyer merely waited with a tight smirk on his face. When no one else spoke, he

continued, “Seven of you have been gathered here, and all seven have come accordingly. I would like to ask everyone now if you know any of your fellow guests.”

They looked from one to the other in the better light, but each shook their head.

“Then please allow me to make some brief introductions. If the additional information brings to light an unknown connection to one another, please inform me. First, we have Suzanne Kent, the youngest of our attendees. Among you, Ms. Kent is perhaps the most closely connected to Ms. Sharpe in a legal sense. Suzanne’s father is Dwayne Kent, Ms. Sharpe’s ex-husband. She married him not long after Mr. Kent’s first wife, Suzanne’s mother, left him and took Suzanne with her. Ms. Kent did you ever meet Ms. Sharpe?”

The young woman had fared the worse in the weather. Her hair was frizzy, and her makeup smeared. Beneath the bedraggled surface, she was a charming, petite woman who was clearly far out of her element. She had soft cheeks and a near trembling lower lip. Three piercings adorned each ear, and the telltale sign of an absent piecing dotted her lower lip. The lips themselves were rosy in color, starkly contrasting her pale skin. Though she was nervous, she glared back at the other gawkers with defiance, “No, I never met her.”

“No family barbecues with the multi-billionaire then?” another of the women asked.

“My father had nothing to do with my life after I was three. Other than the bare minimum of child support he paid my mother. I haven’t been in a room with him since he looked into my crib and decided he didn’t want to bother. Mom spent my whole life hating that man because of how he left her destitute and scraping to get by. The only thing I have in common with Norah Sharpe is that we both think my dad is an asshole.”

“Fair enough,” the woman said with a shrug.

The lawyer cleared his throat, “Good. Moving on. Mr. Raul Pembridge.”

The tallest man of the three straightened his shoulders and stood up with a grin, “Present and accounted for.” He had sandy blonde hair, which looked artificial, as did much of the rest of him. His teeth gleamed with false perfection. The weather had done little to affect his immaculate attire. He looked as though he might swoop into a shadowy diner to offer a woman a palm sized rose.

“Mr. Pembridge, what is your association with Ms. Sharpe?”

Raul shrugged, “I can’t say I ever met her directly, either. But I am familiar with this house. I was the founder of PemTech, a tech security firm that eventually got around to catering to the elite of the elite. This house was my last project before I cashed out. Not a lot of guys can say they managed to be multi-millionaires by thirty, can they?”

“Hey, I know you,” the middle-aged woman said, “er, sorry. I know about you I should

say. Didn't you... I'm not sure I should say anything, actually."

Mr. Berne filled in the blank for her, "Mr. Pembridge made his fortune by the age of twenty-eight when he sold his tech company for one hundred and sixty-five million. Unfortunately, Mr. Pembridge wasn't fond of paying taxes. Between the back sum due, various legal fees, and other undisclosed matters, his fortune has changed entirely." The lawyer seemed to enjoy revealing this information as much as Raul winced to have his embarrassing laundry aired. "Next, why don't we go with you, Mrs. Logan."

The middle aged woman appeared startled to realize that she would be included in the introductions. While she wasn't so far from the other two women in age, Cora Logan looked her thirty-eight years while the others buried theirs underneath false smiles, gobs of makeup, and a more youthful style. Other than the flare of youth, Cora was the one accustomed to drawing the wayward eye of a man. She had the fulsome breasts and wide hips that appealed to men her age, particularly those who had married women who persisted in the belief that their husbands wanted rake thin dolls. "Well, I'm Cora, and I worked for Ms. Sharpe. Nothing fancy like owning a security company. I was in her secretary pool, but around the time Hugh left me, Ms. Sharpe picked me out to be the manager. I think I spoke to the woman maybe ten times over those four years. Most of my interaction was with her personal aide, Lucia. Honestly, getting this invitation, hell being remembered at all by Ms. Sharpe was a surprise."

"Who was Hugh?" the brooding man asked.

For the first time, Cora's expression soured into one of scathing distaste. "My ex-husband. He cheated on *me*, and still the boys wanted to go with him. We have two sons, seventeen and fifteen. Both attempts to save a marriage that didn't need saving. But, everyone's got their baggage."

"Easier to date without the kids around, surely," Raul said, as though this was a high compliment.

Cora laughed, "I haven't been on a 'date' since I was sixteen. That one ended up with my heels behind my ears in the back of Hugh's truck. Can't say I'm keen to get back on that roller coaster again." She nudged Suzanne in the ribs, forcing the younger woman to smile.

Jack continued on, "For the record, Mrs. Logan ended her employment with Ms. Sharpe's company two years ago, leaving on good terms with a good referral to work for Cartwright Industries as an executive assistant." He paused to scan back down his list. "Next, Ms. Vanya Fredrickson."

Vanya was the one who had spoken up about Suzanne's family. Her first action upon getting out of the inclement weather was to reapply her makeup and make certain her hair was exactly as it should have been. Raul was richly dressed in fine clothes, but done so in a manner to advertise their expense. Vanya was much more constrained in her displays of wealth. She wore jewels worth more than cars, but they remained out of sight, tucked under her blouse or

hidden behind her curls. She didn't smile as the others appraised her, but stuck out her chin with a sniff. "I knew Norah socially, to a small degree. Perhaps one or two conversations over the years. We donated heavily to the same endeavors, patronized the same art galleries. Our paths crossed as much as one might expect. She was on the scene longer, so I think she introduced me to a few people in my first years in the city. I moved up to New York after spending my twenties in Washington, not that these details are particularly relevant, but what else is there to say."

"So you're not hurting for money, then?" Raul asked. The others glared at him. "What, I can't be the only one thinking this through, right? We're here cause there's at least ten million on the line. If you're already rich, why bother? C'mon now, seems we're all having to put the cards on the table. If this game involves us competing against each other, it's only fair that we understand where everyone's coming from."

"You know, I have heard of you, too, come to think of it. Upstart hick with a knack for computers let the money go to his head," Vanya said with a mocking lilt.

"There's no need to be nasty," Cora said.

Before Vanya could turn on the newcomer to the bickering, Jack held up his hand, "I'm afraid Mr. Pembridge is correct. I was attempting to do this as softly as possible, but a necessary component of these introductions is to expose your various reasonings for being here. Ms. Fredrickson's reason is a little more straightforward than the rest of you. Would you like to explain?"

Vanya sneered at him, "No, but since my arm is twisted, I will. This is my family's house. My great-great grandfather built it and designed it. The family fell into some financial distress during my grandfather's years, and this is one of the assets that was sold off. It changed hands a few times until it came onto the market again when I could purchase it back for the family legacy. Norah swooped in and paid through the teeth to buy it instead. Last year, I was approached with an offer to *inherit* the house directly, provided I participate in some kind of ridiculous scheme Norah was thinking up." She flicked her hand at the lawyer.

"Ms. Fredrickson is contractually obligated to participate if she wishes to reclaim the house," Jack said. "Otherwise, she and any intermediary acting on her behalf are prohibited from participating in the sale of the house for fifty years." He clapped his hands, "Over halfway."

The lawyer went on to introduce the remaining three guests. First, the final woman, Erica Blake. When attention turned to her, she brimmed with energetic smiles and affectionate touches to the two people flanking her. She smacked a stick of gum which she blamed on having a smoking habit years earlier. She had black, straight hair and wore a tight fitting jumper that hugged her breasts tight enough to show that she lacked a bra. She waggled her hard nipples in the direction of anyone who gave her a moment's attention, clearly hoping for more. "I don't know how I'm connected to this Norah lady," she said with a shrug. "I get around a lot. So maybe I met her in a club or something. I'm three weeks behind on rent though, and batting my

eyes at a guy might get a drink or two out of him, but I'm not sure what I could do to get ten million out of him unless I could physically suck it out through his dick."

Next was the younger of the two men. Liam Rhys. "I worked for the gardening crew here for three summer while I was going through college. Never met the owner," he said. "I don't really have any hard circumstances, either. I mean, I haven't been able to get a job since leaving school. Interviews go well, but I didn't finish my degree, so I don't get many interviews." He said it earnestly and without shame, as though he didn't see the obvious solution to his problem. He was the same height as Raul, who seemed to want to form a bond with the younger man. The difference in the two men's souls were painfully apparent to the others in the room. Beyond that, Liam looked sturdily built with broad, muscular arms and a solid trunk of a torso that belied the muscle hiding underneath. He had bright green eyes and a mop of brown hair that he kept pushed back behind his ears.

Finally, Anton Reed gave a small wave to the others around the table. He was near forty with early gray setting in on his features. Strangely, it made him look younger. The stark white contrasted with the coarse black of his other hair, giving the lines of his face more definition. The streaks in his hair matched the defiant aspect of his character. He smiled easily and warmly at the others. His hands were coarse, his voice deep, and his body fit. For the four women, he was a dream come to life. "Suzanne might have the closest legal relation, but I reckon I knew Norah better than most. At least, I knew her once. We grew up together. I lived across the street. We went to school together. We were friends off and on until the last couple years of high school. We got close, then." The way he said "close" sent a shiver down the back of the four women. "Life went on, though. She moved off. I moved off a different direction. Haven't seen her since. Couldn't believe she remembered me at all."

Anton's tone changed when he turned a discerning eye on the lawyer, "Now, Mr. Berne, why don't you tell us what we're doing here?"

Jack started putting away his files into a leather satchel. "The concept is simple and no different than what has been explained to you. The rules stipulate that all participants must be present inside the house before 11:59pm on October 19th. You will have the opportunity to leave at 9:00am on October 20th. Those of you who leave will receive ten million dollars, and for each of you that doesn't leave their reward will go into a pool to divided amongst the winners. If, for example, only one of you left the house, you would receive the whole seventy million. In the intervening hours, you are prohibited from inflicting severe bodily harm on any other participant, but otherwise you are left to your own devices. The seven bedrooms on the second floor are all prepared. You may choose which you prefer. The kitchen is fully stocked, and you'll find the wine cellar adjacent to the kitchen. Note that all your communication devices are ineffective inside the grounds. For severe emergencies, such as an allergic reaction or tragic accident, there are red phones that dial out to emergency services only. Use of any of those phones unfortunately disqualifies everyone."

The seven guests took a breath as they processed the information. "Hang on, so what's stopping one of us from slugging the others over the head and tying them up?" Raul asked,

earning a dark look from Liam and the women.

“As long as the injury is not life threatening, nothing at all,” Jack answered with an oily smile. “Of course, you will still have the house itself to contend with. Ms. Sharpe grew eccentric in recent years. It’s not unreasonable to believe this house is booby-trapped.” He chuckled, further deepening everyone’s mistrust of him. “You may find some notes to that effect in her study. Down that hall and on the left. Now, unless you have other questions, I will depart and leave you to it.”

“Not staying to see it through with us? Keep an eye on things or be a referee?” Cora asked.

The lawyers unseemly good humor vanished. It was as though the mask had cracked and fallen away in an instant. “No. A night in this house isn’t worth seventy million.” He cleared his throat, grabbed his case, and when he spoke again, resumed the false cheerfulness, “I’ll leave through the back. Once I close the door, I will engage the automated systems. A tone will sound through the house along with a brief flash of green light. After that, you will not be able to leave. I wish all of you a pleasant evening, and I hope to see at least one of you in the morning.”

Erica

“Nightcap anyone?” Erica said as she hauled out a heavy bottle from a cabinet. She looked at the label, “Holy shit, isn’t this stuff like a grand a bottle?”

Raul took it from her and spun it around in his palm. “Roughly. I used to buy it at sixty per pour. Seems a shame for it to be left alone in a cabinet.” He pulled the top off with a loud *thunk*. “Who’s in? We need glasses.”

All the others shook their head. Erica went back to the cabinet and gathered up seven glasses despite everyone’s dismissal of the idea. Vanya huffed at the others, grabbed her bags, and wheeled them to the stairs at the far end of the room. “If you lot start killing each other, leave me out of it. I want the house. If that takes paying you ten million, then so be it. I’ll take the room at the end of the hall upstairs. The door will be locked, and I’ll see whoever is left in the morning.”

“You want some help with your bags?” Liam asked as she started to struggle up the massive staircase. She scowled in response. “Just trying to be neighborly,” he muttered as he returned to the table.

“Aren’t any of you worried?” Suzanne asked.

Anton relented as Erica nudged a glass toward him. He gave her a nod that led to Raul pouring him a drink. “Suzanne, right? Look, no one’s going to get up to any rough business. At least not without going through me, first.”

“And me,” Liam said.

Raul’s eyes narrowed, unhappy that his attempts to befriend the younger man had fallen to Anton’s innate charisma. “Of course not, I was only speculating. It’s good to know the rules, since we don’t know each other. We can fix that though. Care for nip, Suzanne?”

“It’s Suzie,” she answered. “And no thanks. I think I’ll go take a look in the study.”

“I’ll join you,” Cora said. “Maybe I notice something you don’t. You get a knack for seeing stuff the way these rich folk do after a while of working with them.”

The two of them headed off and left the three men with Erica, who seemed pleased by the development. She made a pouting face at Liam until he agreed to take a glass of the whiskey. “Anyone know a toast?” she asked. The older two men looked uninterested, but Liam kept his eyes on Erica’s bouncing tits. “I’ve got one,” she continued, “here’s to women in their pretty little shoes, who will steal all your money and drink all your booze, they may not be virgins, but that’s not a sin, cause each and every one still has the box the cherry came in.”

Liam’s cheeks turned red while Raul snorted with laughter. Anton gave a halfhearted

shrug and swigged down his drink before clacking the glass back onto the table. Erica gave hers a taste before scrunching up her nose. “God, ew, fuck. How do you drink that? It tastes like dirt.”

“Peat,” Anton said. “That’s fancy old dirt. I’m gonna have a look around. You three stay out of trouble.”

Liam looked disappointed as Anton left. The younger man was sipping on his whiskey, attempting to find a way to enjoy it. Raul ended each sip with a satisfied smack of his lips. “It’s an acquired taste,” he said as if that explained it.

“I’ll just acquire something that tastes better,” Erica said. She flitted back to the liquor cabinet and began moving around bottles.

“Not my cup of tea,” Liam said as he gave up. “Think I’ll stick with beer. Maybe there’s some in the kitchen. Reckon which way that would be.”

“I thought you worked here?” Raul asked.

“Outside. Never had a reason to come up to the house itself.”

“Take the left outside of that door and head toward the rear of the house,” he waved the younger man off and turned his attention to the tight ass sticking out from the liquor cabinet.

“Maybe I should hang around,” Liam said, forcing Raul to meet his eye.

Raul leaned in and spoke softly. “Look mate, she’s clearly keen to fuck one of us, and I’m not sure she cares which one. Now, I’d love a good roll in the hay with someone who looks like her, but I’m not going to be the fox in this scenario. If you want her, take her, and I’ll be content with waiting a few hours for my ten million. But, if you’re going to cock block me for the sake of some sense of propriety, then fuck off. As far as I’m concerned, her toast was a poll asking for volunteers to get their dick wet. Hell, I don’t even think its a matter of which of us fucks her so much as which fucks her first. So, you or me?”

Liam’s scowl darkened along with his blush. “Hey, Erica, I’m gonna head to the kitchen and see if I can find some dinner. Want anything?”

“Oh, no thanks, hon,” she answered as she uncorked another bottle, sniffed, and shoved it back. “Actually, if you come back this way in a little while, maybe bring some limes or lemons.” She gave him a little wave as she reached the far end of the line of bottles. “Finally, this looks worthwhile.” She skipped back to the table carrying a bottle of vodka with a label that looked like a postal receipt. “Batch 294. You know it’s good when they name it some generic nonsense. Want a taste?”

“I’ll stick with the whiskey, thanks.”

“Suit yourself. Should have told that guy to bring back some mixers. Not even a jug of tequila mix in there.” She poured half a glass of the clear liquor. Miming Raul’s sophisticated air, she gave it a long sniff while holding out her pinky finger. “Smells like nothing at all. Bottoms up, as they say,” she gave him a roguish wink before tossing back the whole glass.

Raul grinned, “Taste of nothing, too? That’d be high quality vodka. You know, they distill it over and over again to remove the impurities. Cheaper vodka tastes awful because it still has...what’s wrong?”

Erica had gripped the edge of the table. Her eyes were unfocused, and her mouth hung agape. A thin gleam of saliva pooled on her lower lip as her tongue lolled out of her mouth. Right as Raul was about to panic, she slurped her lips and swallowed with a long gulp. “It’s hot,” she said, her voice low and breathy. “Too hot.” Her hands went to the hem of her shirt and pulled. Raul didn’t get a chance to protest before she yanked it over her head and dropped it beside her. “Better,” she sighed as she let her heavy, bulging tits rest on the edge of the table.

Raul was speechless. His cock shot hard, and his mouth went dry. Against his better judgment, he downed the rest of his drink and snagged the one Liam had abandoned to replace it. His eyes roved over Erica’s bare torso, drinking in the spectacle of her panting form as her breasts quivered. She remained positioned at a slope, her rear stuck out enough to suggest ideas that would require her to wriggle back further. “I’ll admit, I didn’t expect you to be this forward,” Raul said. He thought the best tact would be to play the scenario confidently. Though most of the others clearly already thought him a little untrustworthy, he had enough life experience to believe each of them capable of quick and absolute betrayal. Trusting a woman who suddenly took off her top wasn’t wise under ideal circumstances. In a high stakes game for millions, it would be insane to leap at her without making certain he understood the scenario. “I suppose we could find somewhere more private. I know this floor has at least a dozen rooms.”

“Nngh.” Erica’s noise wasn’t a word or even an acknowledgment. It was a noise pushed out of her by something going on inside her body. She wanted to tell Raul that something was happening to her, but her thoughts kept getting shoved aside by thoughts she didn’t recognize as her own. These thoughts told her that the man’s cock had gotten hard when she took out her breasts. They told her that it felt good to have air on her skin, the slight draft in the house caressing over her hard nipples. The thoughts knew that she wouldn’t feel right until she felt a cock spasming inside her pussy, but they also told her that it would take time. It was odd to have two sets of ideas in her head at the same time, both of them being her, and both of them disagreeing about what she should do next. The rational side of her mind wanted to get help, to figure out what had happened to her, and to cover her body. The other half felt the heat on her skin, the wetness growing between her thighs, and the need to get fully naked so the man wouldn’t lose his nerve and run.

Raul waged a similar war inside his head. He didn’t like the scenario where Liam or Anton came back to the main room to find him leering at a half naked Erica. He also didn’t want to spook her away. A sure thing wasn’t a sure thing until he left the next morning. The one thing

both sides of his argument agreed on was that Erica's body was fucking spectacular. Her outfit hadn't been doing her breasts any favors even if it had been advertising them. Free from the clothes, he could see their shape better and found it nearly impossible to stop from reaching over and fondling them. Her nipples looked painfully hard, probably aggravated by the chill in the air as much as by her arousal. He'd never seen a woman literally pant for it, but he wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth. "We can stay here, too," he said as his hand moved to his belt. "If you need something something to take your mind off the taste of vodka, that is..."

She nearly tackled him. They spilled over into the jungle of furniture, frantically and needfully trying to strip off his pants. By the time they arrived on a pair of chaise lounges which faced a bookshelf, other sensations took priority for Erica. The feeling on her skin had progressed from warm tingling to irritating burning. Her pant and panties seem to make it much worse. She kicked away her shoes and pulled off the rest of her clothes until she was scrambling naked over Raul's legs. Meanwhile, he managed to get his dick out of his boxes just in time for her plump lips to close around the head. Both of them let out a groan that was more of relief than pleasure. Erica felt the heat lessen as the crown of his cock pressed against the roof of her mouth. She felt him pulse with need and tasted the salty precum oozing freely from his cock.

Despite his constant need to puff himself up, Raul was an average man in most ways, including his manhood. Though he had never taken a measuring tape to it, he guessed his cock was dead on the statistical average. He'd never had any complaints from his various partners, but that was mainly because he never listened to any of them. If he had, the size of his cock would have been a footnote at the end of a considerable list of other issues. Erica, on the other hand, had a variety of experience with different sizes. The rational part of her thought that Raul's dick was the ideal size, big enough to get her off, small enough not to be an inconvenience while she fucked him. The other part of her mind thought it was pathetically small, barely a mouthful. It didn't stop her from throating the whole of his length and slathering her tongue over his balls. Coincidentally, this prevented either of them noticing the dimming of lights followed by a flash of green.

The sudden feeling of his cock sliding into the tightness of a complete stranger's throat made Raul bleat with surprise. He kept his body low, hidden behind the backs of some nearby chairs, and hoped that if anyone came looking for them they would at least have time to disengage and come up with some ridiculous explanation. Thinking about such things was difficult. He'd never had a more enthusiastic blowjob in his life. She was nearly devouring him, and he could attribute it to only a desperate need to feel him spurting down her throat. He went through his normal efforts at holding back his orgasm, hoping to actually enjoy it for once. As he tried to focus on something mundane, she scooted her body fully between his legs. Her heavy breasts pressed against his thighs. He followed the arch of her back up to the full, roundness of her ass, and his nearing orgasm was momentarily forgotten.

Erica's ass was growing. She could feel it, and now she assumed Raul could see it. It felt wonderful, like little bursts of orgasms localized to her ass. He didn't know or hadn't realized that her ass wasn't the only thing changing. Her rational mind was getting weaker by the second, being lulled to sleep by the steady pulse of his hard cock in her mouth. The other part of her that

had awakened kept slurping up and down his length. She could essentially smell the cum causing his balls to droop. She needed it more than anything. The hint of its taste caused her to moan. She heard Raul's breath catch, so she wiggled her newly plumped rump to tantalize him. She wanted him to imagine grabbing those fat cheeks as he slammed into her dripping pussy over and over again. She looked up him, eyes wide and needful. He met her gaze and lost the little control he had.

Grabbing the top of her head, he came. Thick ropes of cum splattered into her mouth. He bucked with such violence that he slipped free of her lips, shooting a strand of white cum across her cheek and into her hair. Undeterred, she sucked him back into her lips and drank down every drop she could draw. All the while, his hips worked vainly to thrust while his hand held her in place. When the sensitivity finally hit him, he tried to hold her still, but she swirled her tongue around him anyway, pushing into the small opening to lap up the last droplet before relinquishing her prize. Raul was so overwhelmed by sensation that he didn't register the feeling of a hard point underneath her hair.

Grinning, Erica sat back to show off her clean tongue while his cum trickled down to her chin. Raul didn't notice. He was staring at her breasts. They had nearly tripled in size. They'd grown bigger than her petite frame, fat around the bottom and sloped like tear drops. Erica raised her arms underneath them until they pressed against her nipples. They bulged, the skin drawn tight over them as if it was straining to hold in their size. Thick blue veins jutted out across the beautiful expanse of her upper chest while nearer to the nipple, her skin darkened with gooseflesh. The nipples themselves had thickened into inch long nubs that looked slightly wet. She laughed as she let her tits drop. Thin sprays of liquid gushed out, darkening Raul's crumpled pants. His dick rapidly hardened again as he watched the stream dwindle to a trickle of cream colored milk.

“What the fuck is happening?” he whispered.

As if in answer, a squeal of surprise came from somewhere deeper in the house.

Vanya

Vanya reached the second floor and paused to thoroughly curse her luggage for being difficult to carry up a set of stairs. She looked back down the stairs to see if anyone was following her. From the sound of things, the slutty woman had begun pilfering the liquor cabinet. Vanya figured one of the worst outcomes for this idiotic endeavor was to be interred until morning with six belligerent drunks. Not that it made much of a difference to her one way or the other. Raul was the only other person who claimed to have any experience with the house. The others would likely never even find their way to a bedroom. Vanya, though, had studied the manor for most of her adult life, and she knew exactly where she wanted to go.

The top of the staircase didn't lead directly into the second floor hallway. It ended in what appeared to be a small foyer with no other exits. Theodore Fredrickson, Vanya's great-great grandfather, was thought to be a madman. Most thought that the Fredrickson House, a name which Vanya intended to restore as soon as possible, was a testament to Theodore's lunacy. Vanya knew it to be the opposite. It was an eternal legacy of the man's brilliance. The top of the stairs wasn't a dead end. Theodore designed the walls to slightly curve and matched the paneling to create the illusion of a solid wall from every angle except the far side of the stair's landing. It was a trick of immense precision and complexity, and wholly unappreciated by the current owner. Vanya intended to consult with architecture schools, bring in professors and students to study the intricacies of Theodore's designs, to finally bring the long dead man some recognition.

First, she needed to weather a single night. But she saw no reason to deny herself the chance to see up close a few of the things she'd only been able to read about. Making her way around the bent wall, she arrived in the corridor. Each floor of the house was a playground for Theodore's whimsical design. The first floor had plenty of tricks, but they fit easily into what was expected of a mid-19th century manor house. Hidden cupboards, secreted servant stairways and passages, and a few clever ways of lighting rooms with mirrors. The second floor, on the other hand, was a lesson in curves. The perspective trick at the top of the stair was a thesis statement on what to expect beyond. On the other side of the trick wall, Vanya entered the curving corridor that led to the various bedrooms, found the first door on her left, and started counting.

She passed three visible doors before reaching the one she wanted. Her heart fluttered as she clutched the knob, feeling she was doing something scandalous. Red crept into her cheeks as she peered both directions along the hall to make sure no one was seeing her. They wouldn't know the significance of her choice, but she did. The room was the Lust Suite, the east facing bedroom in a set of seven. She slipped inside and closed the door behind her, making certain to turn the latch before breathing out her anxieties.

At a glance, the room was what one would expect. A huge four poster bed occupied the wall directly opposite of the door. Wine-red drapes drooped from the frame while the bedding went with a brighter shade of crimson. The walls bore several different paintings which maintained the color palette. Vanya recognized two of them. The first was purportedly an

original done by John Constable in the waning years of his life. While similarities to Constable's work were evident in the landscape, it bore an overtone of ruddy gloom. Red tinged the sky over a dilapidated structure that hosted deep, troubled shadows. In the corner, a small pond was marred from its placid state by a single ripple in the otherwise ink black water. Vanya had a troubled mingling of respect and envy about Norah's ability to acquire nearly all of the original artworks Theodore had chosen. Though Norah claimed to have no interest in the history of the house, she was fiercely committed to restoring it to its original glory. How and where the woman re-acquired the Constable remained a mystery to Vanya, who had spent an equal amount of time in search of the lost art and furnishings of Theodore Fredrickson.

The second painting had never left the house, though Vanya was under the impression that it had been swathed in cloth and hidden away in the basement for the decades between Fredrickson and Sharpe ownership. *The Red Dancer* by an unknown artist. The massive canvas was hung above the room's fireplace. It depicted a feminine figure dancing at the center of an amphitheater. Her form was entirely shadowed while the audience was a swirl of different shades of red being drawn into her like a vortex. Seeing it in person caused Vanya's pulse to quicken. It was another of Fredrickson's secret commissions, the artist unknown and a sore loss to history for it. Vanya thought she could stare at it for hours, almost feel the cheers of the spectators echoing around her. Men and women who had come to gawk at the dancer only to be entranced and consumed by their lust for her. And yet, an even greater work of art waited above.

Vanya found the false panel beside the fireplace to be certain she wasn't getting her hopes up. Once she confirmed it existed, she decided to pace her exploration. Splaying her suitcase out on a nearby sofa, she changed out of her traveling clothes and into something more suitable for exploring a madman's house in the dead of night. After donning a loose fitted cotton t-shirt, a pair of leggings, and some worn sneakers, she tied back her hair and removed her makeup. With that out of the way, she went back to the bedroom door and dragged a nearby chair in front of it. If someone wanted to break in, they would at least make an awful racket while doing so. Taking a deep breath, she went back to the hidden panel.

Right as she touched it, the lights dimmed and a brief, green flash was emitted from a sensor she hadn't noticed in one ceiling corner. She scowled at it and checked her watch. She thought Raul's damnable security system would be the first thing gutted from the house. But it did alert her to another oddity. Roughly fifteen minutes had passed since Berne had dismissed them from the table, but that was still a suspiciously long time for the man to leave. *One problem at a time, Vanya*, she told herself.

The panel looked like the other sections of the wall, a grooved wood that artfully diffused sound without drawing the eye with some obnoxious design. The trick was that this panel sat beside the fireplace. Obscured from view, in much the same way as the hallway entrance, was a gap in the fireplace's masonry. It took a moment involving an inelegant position of pushing her face against the wall for Vanya to find it again. Her hand flattened against the section next to the gap and gently pushed the wall to the side. It slid aside on well greased tracks to leave a blank spot in the wall's pattern. Most would think this some quirk of the builder, slotting in a final bit of woodwork and hoping it stayed hidden. Vanya knew otherwise. The

square of wall above the vacated space slid down. The one next to that slid over. Another came down, then right, then up, then left three times before going down once more, finally revealing a button. Pushing it made a satisfying click, and the whole section of wall suddenly swayed loose. Grinning triumphantly, Vanya opened the secret door.

Beyond the door was a narrow, spiral staircase. Multiples of them ascended through the house alongside chimneys and other vents like hidden stalks of some parasite deep below the earth. Some were wide enough for servant use, but others, like this one, were narrow and steep. The intent wasn't function, but form, one chosen to keep the very existence of the staircase hidden. Norah, it seemed, had taken a small objection to that goal and installed short metal hand holds every four steps, which would either be a boon to someone keeping their balance or an unpleasant end as they violently gouged at someone unfortunate enough to tumble down the old staircase. Norah had also installed electric lighting since carrying a candle or torch was probably considered an unnecessary risk. A small part of Vanya prickled at the marring of her ancestor's intended design, the sconces and hand holds did obstruct the beautifully curving stonework, but Vanya did see the practicality of the additions.

She found a switch tucked behind the lip of the hidden door, but flipping it appeared to do nothing. The lights didn't turn on which was disappointing, but Vanya had planned to ascend in the dark anyway. From her bag, she collected a small LED flashlight with a strap for her wrist. With a silent push of a button, it flooded the dark stairwell with blue light. She took a firm grip on the first hand rail and began her ascent. The climb went slowly, and her anticipation built with every treacherous step. At the top, she knew she would reach a pocket room situated in the center of the attic just below the roof. Other staircases went to that room as well, a sort of hub that ran between other arbitrary entrances and other hubs throughout the house. Each staircase was capped on either end by a door, though, or at least it had been when Theodore built it. Reportedly, he used the network of passages to spy on guests, sometimes after thoroughly assuring them of their privacy. Vanya didn't linger on the idea of the man being a voyeuristic pervert, but the evidence was rather damning.

The targeted hub room was unique in that it had a stairwell leading up to a particular part of the room. Invisible from the ground and from most angles above was a small sitting area at the very center of the crown story. Theodore would take his tea to the secluded place to relax among the statues, a position from which he could fully embrace the glory of his collection's prize, the statue of Lust. The sitting area was covered to keep it hidden and to keep the elements at bay. Though Vanya wanted to examine every minute inch of the statue work, she would have to content herself with confirming the pass still worked and that Norah hadn't done something awful to the sitting area. The storm and the dark would be a poor way to experience her first up close look at the statue, but it was better than nothing.

Her calves burned as she reached the top of the staircase. As expected, she saw a heavy wood door waiting at the top. What she didn't expect to find was a letter with her name on it resting on the final stair. A jolt of adrenaline backed anxiety shot through her as she tightened her grip on the last handhold. *Did I violate some rule? The lawyer said nothing about other rules. He even said to explore. Did Norah leave this? Did she plan for me to succeed and find*

it? Or to find it tonight? Theodore wasn't insane, but behind the smiling, charitable face, Norah was bat-shit. Cursing, she carefully bent and plucked the letter from the ground, intending to read it in the hub. She tried the door, but it wouldn't budge. No! To be so close to a decade old dream infuriated her. She tore open the letter.

“Dear Vanya, how awfully predicable you are. For the others, random pitfalls and alluring treats are the best I could hope to throw in their path, but since you are currently holding this letter, you are clearly as dogged in your pursuit of this house as I believed. I am certain that you are thinking me cruel even from ‘beyond the grave’, and while this is a temporary cruelty, do not worry. The house will be yours, in a way. At least, you will have free reign of it, even if I cannot assure your interest in architecture and history will be preserved. As you likely suspected — you are somewhat clever after all — I contrived this all with an ulterior motive, but I don't want to spoil the surprise for you. The door is locked. You will not see the statue tonight. Go back down to your room, you will want to be on solid ground when it starts. I timed it with a few minutes of leeway based on your fitness, the number of stairs, et cetera, so lets hope you kept up your cardio or the way down will be troublesome. Let's light the way. Look for a switch at the bottom of the wall to the door's left. — Norah”

Confusion warred with panic as Vanya moved her light to the indicated spot. A light switch was set into the wall as the letter indicated. Hoping it wouldn't cause a massive boulder to roll out of the wall and chase her down the stairwell, Norah flicked it. At first, she thought it did nothing, but then she noted the hue of her flashlight had changed to a different shade. Looking closer at the nearest sconce, she realized it was doing *something*. She clicked off her flashlight and gasped as she understood. *Ultraviolet bulbs*, she realized. *Black lights*. *Then what the hell is that?* The light filling the stairwell illuminated a thin layer of dust that covered both walls from floor to ceiling as well as the handrails. Except for where Vanya's hand had wiped it away. She saw clear hand prints on the interior wall where she had braced herself occasionally. Holding out her hands, she saw the residue coating her skin. It was smeared on her clothes and on her bare arms. On some parts, it had faded. *Absorbed*. “Oh, fuck,” she said, and throwing caution aside, hurried down the stairs.

Under other circumstances, Vanya would have been impressed by her descent through the stairwell. She took the steps three at a time, pinning herself between the walls with her hands to keep her balance. Whatever Norah had dusted the corridor with, Vanya was already covered in the stuff. More of it wouldn't likely make a difference relative to getting as much of it off of her as possible as quickly as possible. Her spider-like scurry down the spiral went wrong right when the bedroom door came into view. She grabbed out for the handhold and missed, landing awkwardly on the side of her foot. She thudded into the wall with her shoulder, sending a shock of pain through her that drew out an unexpected scream of pain. She bounced off the wall and skidded down the last two steps before somehow landing on her feet.

Quickly, she looked around to see if her room had been disturbed. The door was still locked and barred, but it wasn't the only entrance. She'd not bothered finding the other passage before since she doubted anyone else knew where it was. Even if Raul had seen some of the

hidden tunnels when he wired the house, Vanya couldn't reasonably expect for him to remember and navigate enough to find her room. Even Theodore himself occasionally got lost if old stories were to be believed.

Half limping, she moved to the attached bathroom. If someone came looking for her because of the scream, she could tell them something had frightened her, or simply ignore them. If she wanted to spend her night in her room screaming, that was her business. Unless, of course, the powder sent her into spasms of blinding pain, in which case she hoped someone had enough sense to help. *But if they use the outside line, we all lose everything. Fuck.*

The shower hissed before spluttering out a hard stream of frigid water. Vanya turned on the nearby tub as well, letting it fill as she stripped and tossed her clothes and shoes into the pooling water. By the time she stepped into the stream of water in the shower, it was nearly scalding, making her swear and dodge out of the way, causing a fresh spike of pain to radiate out from her shoulder. With the temperature adjusted, she rinsed every part of her body before stepping out of the shower still dripping to grab the only cleaning supplies nearby, a bar of plain soap and a small cloth. Wrapping the soap in the cloth, she started with her hands and arms and worked her way over her whole body, scrubbing until her skin pinkened. All the while, she braced for a shortness of breath or a spasm of pain or a feeling of dizziness. Only the last might have occurred, but that was easily assigned to the hot, frantic showering after sprinting down a staircase and nearly breaking her shoulder.

As the suds washed down the drain, she took a slow, calming breath. The water continued its steady, warm assault on her back as she wondered what to do next. She moved to put the soap on a small ledge and realized she was using the arm she'd injured. Testing her movement, she reached up, then back, and then to the side, all while feeling no pain. *Could be I didn't hit it as hard as I thought, or that it'll bruise like hell come morning. Adrenaline or the hot water might be keeping the pain at bay.* Except, it wasn't only lacking pain. She actually felt good. Now that she'd stopped her mental rush to remove a toxin from her skin and actually accessed what she was feeling, she realized she hadn't felt better in ages.

Closing her eyes and concentrating on the feeling allowed her body to wake. The slight draft whipping down over the shower door breezed against her skin as it warred against the rising steam. Her wet hair clung against her, creating little streams to flow down her back. She felt them rushing across her body. The rivulets poured into each other until a few large trickles rolled over her ass and one streamed down between her cheeks. To her astonishment, she could feel the water sluicing around her asshole. Not the pressure or awareness of something where it shouldn't be, but the conscious appreciation of a slow caress. The sensation spread to the other streams cascading down her back until it felt like a dozen invisible hands were lightly tickling up and down her body. Curious, she turned her front toward the stream of water. The spray from the nozzle thudded across the top of her chest before new rivers formed and rolled down her breasts. As one curved and raced toward her nipple, she braced herself against the shower wall. She knew what was coming only an instant before it arrived. She turned slightly to make sure the water went where she wanted, and welcomed the bloom of warmth spreading out from her core.

The orgasm hit her like a truck. Her knees shook, and her chest heaved as she scrambled to keep her balance. Moving back slightly further allowed the streams to change course, rushing down over her naval and sticking to her enough to wash over her aching clit. A wild noise of pleasure tore free from her. Her eyes wrenched shut, and she gave herself over to the needs thundering through her body. No longer caring about her balance at all, she moved her hands to her breasts and squeezed. Small echoes of her cataclysmic pleasure radiated out from where she touched herself. Her palms gently moved across her nipples, calming the aching need for them to be touched or sucked only slightly. Too far lost in the throes of ecstasy, she didn't comprehend that her fingers were meeting more flesh than she possessed. Vanya didn't pause to consider why her breasts seemed so unfamiliar or why they filled her hands so gratifyingly well. She groped them out of a base need to feel more of the potent pleasure.

As the tsunami of the first orgasm finally passed and her body slowly climbed back to a sense of balance, yanked the spray nozzle free from where it attached to the wall. Pressing her back against the cold tile, she spread her legs and ran her fingers through the slick lips between them. Two of her fingers pressed inside her to be immediately gripped by her inner walls. The other hand guided the nozzle's thudding massage spray directly at the crest of her pussy lips. Once the incessant cascade hit, her body went rigid again. High pitched, breathy laughs squeaked out of her as she curled her own fingers inside her tight pussy. But, it wasn't enough. She slid a third finger into her body, cramming her slit full in an effort to sate a need she didn't understand. She moved the nozzle closer, stretching it to the end of its cord, to increase the pressure thrumming against her clit. She rose higher, but the summit seemed even further away. Frustrated, she let the nozzle fall and grabbed her breast, squeezing it hard while running her thumb over the nipple. All of it felt amazing, but it wasn't *enough*. Not like it had been the first time only seconds earlier. The small orgasm she managed to achieve snapped through her like a bottle rocket rushing up into the night sky. The first orgasm, by comparison, had been like Vesuvius.

Weakened by her exertion, she emerged from the shower and toweled herself dry, a process that only antagonized her further as the soft fibers raked over her skin. She'd entirely forgotten about her eventful climb to the door until she noticed the bathtub full of her floating clothes. Dropping the towel, she moved to the bathroom vanity and used another towel to wipe away the condensation. Her reflection startled her. Vanya didn't recognize herself at first. The image jarred with the memory of self that existed in her mind. The two were similar and with more than a moment's inspection clearly the same person, but for a woman who looked at herself in the mirror dozens of times each day, the reflection was clearly *wrong*. The lines of her face jutted out more, giving her a broader profile. Her nose, usually a slender and upturned thing, was slightly broader with her nostrils more flared than narrow. Her eyebrows and eyelashes, meticulously plucked with alarming regularity, had returned to a bushy state. Her hairline, too, had crept forward near imperceptibly. She wagered that if her hair was dry, it would be thicker and bushier, much closer to the rat's nest of curls that happened on the rare occasion that she allowed it go without her brutal beauty routine.

The changes continued down her body. Seeing them in the mirror, she realized what

she'd felt at the fringes of thought while groping them in the shower. Her breasts had grown. Vanya always had a petite form which more than got the job done when she needed a hard fuck. No man or woman had ever complained about the size of her breasts or the thickness of her hips, but as she stared at the altered version of herself in the mirror, she wondered why they hadn't. Clearly, this was the superior version. She cupped her breasts in her hands, gently caressing her own nipples with her thumbs as she compared their size and weight. Though not an expert on the subject, she figured they had grown from the size of apples to rather large grapefruits. They sat on her chest like swollen drops of honey, their curve sloping to the peak of her nipples before rounding quickly to curve back under to her torso. They were the kind of breasts women did insane things to have. The kind that men started wars over. *If this was your big trick, Norah, then hell, I'd have volunteered.*

With a quirk of her lips, she flicked her thumbs across her nipples again as she wondered whether she should attempt to chase her orgasm again. As she did, her own flesh pulsed in her hand, and her thumbs came away slightly wet. The color rose in her cheeks, but her heart thudded with anxiety. *Something's still wrong*, she thought. Leaning over the sink basin, she focused her gaze on the swollen nipple of her right breast. With care, she let her thumb graze around the circumference of the tiny bud. Before her eyes, tiny droplets of white fluid pressed out through the intricate wrinkles of the sensitive tips. Her breath caught as she realized what was happening. Another pulse caused her to snatch away her hands as though it had burned. Her breasts remained dangling over the sink basin as a feeling of shifting fluid passed through her. "Oh god," she breathed as her pussy clenched and pleasure rocked through her body.

Vanya grabbed hold of the edge of the counter to keep herself upright. While she watched, her breasts gave a final throb and swelled, adding more girth to their already unwieldy size. As the change happened, milk beaded from her nipples. The beading became a drip, and Vanya felt like her whole body was being forced through a keyhole. Whimpering, she leaned her weight on the counter and let her breasts rest on the edge of the raised sink basin. Quickly, she brought her hands to her nipples and pressed her fingers on either side of her nipples. She gasped, and milk sprayed. It came in gushes that synced with the spasms thrumming through her body. Her mind struggled to process through the rising pleasure and the sight of her milk splashing against the basin. More and more of it flowed out of her. The early sprays had been thin and watery, but now it poured forth in the thick, creamy consistency of cow's milk. Vanya grunted as each spurt of milk sent a fresh bloom of warmth through her body. She needed something inside of her, something for her pussy walls to grip, but she didn't want to abandon the wonderful feeling of massaging her swollen breasts.

Her eyes fluttered before she could focus on the reflection. She saw what she had become in a matter of minutes thanks to Norah's mystery powder. Her breasts would no longer fit in anything but custom clothes, and part of Vanya knew they wouldn't ever stop leaking milk. Worse, imagining herself in a gray shirt with the slowly blooming stains of her leaking milk only made her gush even more. She needed a hard cock inside of her. Thinking quickly through her options, she wondered if she could find the younger one before she collapsed in a puddle of her own tits and milk. If not, she guessed Raul would be game for a quick roll in the hay. Vanya mentally readied herself to tear her hands away from the pleasure of the massage before her eyes

caught on something new in the mirror. Small, black dots lining her shoulders and neck. More of them in the deep valley between her gorgeous breasts. Cold forked out from her core, snuffing her desires in a wave of greasy unease. She moved a hand to the dots on her shoulder and grazed her fingers over the hard stubble. “What the fuck?!”

No longer under the spell of her leaking breasts, she lurched back from the basin. In full view, she saw more of the rapidly growing hair spreading up from her shaved pussy. She barely noticed the sway of her plumped ass as she scanned down her legs with horror. On her calves, the hair had already grown out enough to lighten in color. A thin coat of tawny brown covered everything between her knee and ankle.

“Vanya?! Are you in there?” A loud knock came next. Someone, one of the other women, was at the room door.

No, they can't know. They can't see this. She hurried into the bedroom. The doorknob rattled.

“Vanya, open the door,” came another voice. Buttery warm and alluring, it made Vanya’s knees weaken. She wanted to drop on all fours and shove her ass up at the door so that the man — *Anton, I think* — would see her dripping pussy the second he came in the door.

Focus! I can fix this. I need time. Maybe it's temporary. Norah was crazy, but not deform someone forever kind of crazy.

The woman’s voice, Cora, spoke again, “Hon, we’re concerned. Some...weird stuff is happening. The house is booby-trapped. We want to know you’re safe, that’s all.”

Booby-trapped, no fucking kidding. Vanya searched the wall as fast as she could. Concentrating was near impossible before the loud thuds against the door started. Every charge against the door rattled the hinges. Vanya panicked and tried to call out for them to stop, but the words clogged in her mouth, forming into “muhh” sound before she stopped herself from saying it. Finally, her finger pressed in a part of the wall, and a loud click opened the narrow door into a secret passage. Pleased with herself, she almost panicked again when her breasts wouldn’t fit through the narrow gap. Some intricate contortion later, she was in the free space behind the walls. She saw the door crack open right as pulled the passage entrance closed.

Turning into the dim corridor, she took three steps, thought of the sound of Anton’s voice, and imagined him purring with lust behind her as he slammed his cock into her depths. She crouched down to finger herself until she came while milk dribbled down over the short, bristly hair growing on her navel.

Liam

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Did she wrong you in some way?"

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

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

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

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

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

much.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Pardon?”

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

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

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

Nodding, Cora handed back the invoices. “None of those three. The company that paid

me was Sharpe Logistics. Meant to manage the logistics of Ms. Sharpe. All of these other ones have different focuses. Norah spent her fortune on buying up different pieces of the supply chain for some end goal that never coalesced. Or maybe it did, and that was above my pay grade so it never came across my desk.”

“What kind of end goal?”

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

“What was the Nobel prize for?”

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

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

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

“Is he a biologist?”

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

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

A loud whirring sound came from the adjacent wall. The center bookshelf rattled before slowly sliding back until it was entirely recessed into the wall. Then, it slid out of the way.

“Holy shit,” Suzie said. “Secret passage!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

misunderstood the prank. Was it supposed to be done in one breath? He tried to remember, focusing as hard as he could. Yet he kept shoveling food into his mouth as fast as he could swallow and wash it all down with another quart of milk.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His eyes scanned the room, not knowing what to look for, but hoping seeing it would be

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The transformed man and woman moved in harmony. Slowly at first, Liam thrust into

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

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

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

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

Cora

Cora was torn between an intense desire to see where the secret passage led and a deep sense of foreboding that nothing good came of sneaking around secret passages. Suzie, however, was undeterred and believed the books had been left as a puzzle which meant that finding the secret passage was intended. Cora reminded her that it could have been intended as a trap, but the younger woman didn't listen.

The passage itself wound through the house, moving between rooms and dipping underneath hallways. It didn't start at the study, either, which meant they had a fifty-fifty chance of going in the right direction, if a right direction existed. When Suzie suggested each taking one path, Cora refused. "It's one thing to be wandering around behind the walls, but it's another to be doing it alone. We'll be sticking together." And that was the end of the discussion. They chose to go right since they figured it would lead further toward the interior of the building. Since the corridor curved and almost doubled back, they lost track of which direction was what almost immediately.

The path was clean and well kept. They passed various other doors, but all of them were either padlocked or the method of opening them not visible. Small bulbs ran along the ceiling, giving off enough light to see by while adding a threatening shadow to everything. The bends in the passage prevented them from seeing farther than ten feet most of the time. It felt like walking through a clean, human-sized anthill. But, Suzie kept on believing they were meant to find it. She had a decent argument to back up her theory, and Cora didn't have anything better to do anyway. Neither of them truly doubted the choice to wander until they heard a loud click followed by the sound of something scraping against stone.

They huddled together at the closest bend watching the hallway where the sound came from. Light spilled into the passage and soon a large man followed. The light was behind him, so he was shrouded in darkness, but Cora recognized him anyway, "Anton?"

The man jolted and spun on the spot, "Hello?"

"Found another door, did ya?" Cora asked, popping out from the corner. Suzie followed sheepishly behind. "I've been telling Suzie that some of these others must lead to open rooms. Ours came out of the study. Suzie figured out a little puzzle, so she thinks it's all part of this game. What about you? Going around pulling strange looking books?"

Anton's posture relaxed. He stepped back into the light and both women felt a tug in their chests as they took in his handsome profile. "Not books, but paintings. Come, see."

They followed him into a brightly lit room lined by artwork. He took a few moments to figure out how to get the door to close. Once he did, the wall slid seamlessly back into place, adding another painting to the series. Suzie walked around the room, taking in the different works. They all showed pastoral scenes with different subjects, but neither she nor Cora knew enough about art to tell any of them from each other at a glance. "So, what's the game here?"

Suzie asked.

Anton smiled, “You wouldn’t know it to look at me, but I’m a painter myself. Or was. Or wanted to be, anyway. I went to art school, tried my best for a few years, and then took some honest work to put food on the table. Not sure anyone would know that other than Norah, so as I was looking around I passed by this room and felt like it was meant for me. Strange, really. Feels a bit like someone building a shrine to you and never telling you.” He paused and cleared his throat. “All of these are by artists from the Romantic movement. I can’t imagine they’re all originals or this room alone would be worth millions.”

“Romantic? Like love stories?” Suzie asked as she peered at one painting that depicted two blurred figures picnicking in the corner as they surveyed a wild and verdant landscape.

“Not exactly. I believe the name comes from a complicated mix of things, one part being a way of distinguishing from the classical period. However, the Romantics were true believers in emotion being a key component of how we interact with the world.” He drifted along the wall near the two women as he spoke, drinking in the works in a way they found themselves failing to match. For the first time in a long while, Cora found herself actually wanting to attract a man’s attention. Suzie, meanwhile, experienced her own first of understanding the attraction of older men. “This was long ago, of course. Late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It was around that time that the machine grew to prominence. The sciences found purchase in the world, and Logic ruled sophisticated thinking. Being emotional or understanding emotion was a weak thing, something humans should rise above. Of course, allowances were made for children or women, and in dire situations, a few men. The Romantics refused this notion. They saw a world that could not be controlled by Logic alone. Some believed that to try and contain the human spirit inside Logic would doom us. I’ve heard arguments that they were right. That the entirety of the modern era was due to the suppression of the Romantic ideals.”

“Hard to say they were suppressed when we’re still looking at them,” Cora noted.

“Fair enough,” Anton said. “But until then, science and art had been two sides of the same coin throughout human history. All the way back to the ancient philosophers. They mused on human existence, on systems of government, on the physical world, and on poetry or music all at once. Once the Industrial Revolution came along, the coin was struck in half. Only the truly brilliant have managed to piece the two back together in the centuries since. Ah, listen to me ramble.”

“I like it,” Suzie said quickly. “I had art in school, but it never really made sense to me. A minute of you speaking has done more than a year of Mrs. Eldridge’s monotone rambling.”

“So, if they’re all from the same period, what’s the trick?” Cora asked as she compared the others to the painting hiding the door.

“I misspoke earlier. All of these except one are from Romantic painters. That one,” Anton pointed to the hidden door. “That was painted only twenty-three years ago.”

Cora and Suzie stepped closer to examine it. The painting showed a small house, seemingly abandoned, in a large field. Dark, reddish clouds swirled in the sky while trees shuddered in an unseen wind. “You painted this,” Cora said.

“I did,” Anton said. “One of the only paintings I ever sold. Anonymous buyer. Paid my rent for six months, but probably did as much damage as good. It gave me hope to have made an actual sale. Which meant it stung all the more when I put away my paints a year later. Never knew what happened to it. Didn’t even notice it here for a while. Once I did, I naturally looked to see my name on the plate where all the other artists have theirs. But instead of that, there’s a thumb print. I wonder...try yours.”

Suzie pressed her thumb into the spot. She felt the slight movement of the button, but it didn’t press down. Anton sidled between them and put his thumb on it. With a click, it sank into the frame and the door opened. Cora hummed, “How’d she have your fingerprint?”

Anton shrugged, “Beats me. I’ve been arrested, so the cops have it. Norah was rich enough to buy that kind of thing. She knew the right kind of people. My question is less about how she got it, and why she did this.”

“Because this house is a fucking trap!”

Raul was out of breath and extremely harried. He strode into the room gesturing wildly. “It made them monsters. And they’re going to do the same to us. We need to get out. Now!” He grabbed hold of Suzie’s wrist and pulled. A second later, he winced backward, favoring his stinging cheek. Cora slapped him again.

“How dare you charge in here raving like that and grabbing at people?” she barked as Anton slid between them.

“Your fucking nuts. You slapped me?!”

Anton held up his hands, “You did grab Suzie. And you did say some weird shit before you did it.”

“It’s not weird. It’s happening,” Raul rambled. “Well, it *is* weird, but it’s also happening. Erica and the other guy, Liam, they’re...monsters. Something changed them. I think it was the vodka for Erica.”

Anton stepped closer and gripped Raul’s arm with strength that surprised the hysterical man. Raul didn’t manage to protest as Anton shoved him out into the hallway. “What are you playing at?” Anton said in a severe whisper. “You smell like you took a bath in whiskey and you’ve got a fucking cumstain on your pants.”

Raul looked down, mortified, but an instant later seemed pleased. “See, this is what I’m talking about. Listen, I can explain everything, but we need to get out of the house, now.”

“We can’t. We’re locked in till morning. Even if we weren’t, none of us want to leave. So whatever this disgusting trick is it’s not going —”

“It’s not a trick,” Raul said. He took a deep breath and steadied himself as he watched the far end of the hall. “I’ll level with you. Me and the chick, Erica, were clearly going to spend the night together. That was my plan, and it seemed like hers. You saw as much before you wandered off, right?” He waited for Anton’s nod. When it came, it was reluctant, but bolstered Raul’s tenuous grasp on sanity. “The kid, Liam, left not long after you. Said he was hungry and went to the kitchen. Erica and I drink a little more, then she’s taking off my pants. We’re into it, and it’s...what it is, but then her body changes.”

Anton huffs a laugh. “You’re kidding me with this.”

“No, listen. Her tits get bigger, her ass, her thighs. All of her gets sexier, thicker. She’s got my dick in her mouth so I don’t notice till that’s done, but when I do, her tits are leaking milk. I freak out. Then there’s a yell from upstairs, so I freak out more. I figure someone’s about to barge in and catch me with my limp dick and a naked woman who doesn’t seem able to speak any more. Then Liam shows up.”

“Let me guess, he’s changed, too?”

“Yes, into a fucking hulking monster. I swear he’s seven feet tall. He walks in the room, and Erica goes over to him and presents herself like she’s his to fuck. So they do, and the whole time it’s like I’m in a trance.”

“Buddy, I don’t know why you think confessing to watching two people fuck is going to earn you any sympathy, but right now all I’m hearing is that we’ve got at least one pervert who I don’t particularly want wandering around the house.”

“Goddammit, you’re — just go look! Go back to the common room and see for yourself!”

Anton starts to laugh again, but hesitates. He hears something like desperation in Raul’s voice. He glances down the hall and considers it. “Alright, I’ll go look. But if I come back without having seen a ‘monster’ then you’ll go quietly to your room and not show your face till morning. Deal?”

“Sure, whatever.”

“Don’t move from this spot,” Anton said, entirely unsubtle about what would happen if Raul did move.

Anton walked down the hall. Cora and Suzie crowded in the doorway. They'd been eavesdropping from around the door anyway and no longer saw a reason to remain hidden. They both eyed Raul, expecting him to elaborate further, but Raul remained silent. Anton disappeared around the corner. The three of them waited, anticipation building in the air. A strange sound disturbed their silence. It drew their eyes up. A scrape followed by a tap, over and over again, growing nearer. Raul took a step back as the sound clicked directly above him. At the same moment, Anton flew around the corner in a sprint. "He's right. We need to go. We need to hide."

"You saw them?!" Raul hissed. "Yes! I'm not crazy."

"Saw who? Liam and Erica?"

"You're both bluffing aren't you? Some kind of trick —"

A moo came from the end of the hall. As one, they turned to see Erica's transformed body crawling toward them. She made slow progress, but her gaze remained fixed on Anton. Cora moved to help the girl, but Anton held her back. Slowly, they took in the rest of her form. Raul stepped nervously back as his body responded to the changed woman's presence. Anton experienced a similar flush, but held his composure. "My god, what happened to her?" Suzie asked. "Her breasts are enormous! And there's fucking four of them!"

Erica preened to the side to show off her additional curves. Pressing against her already enlarged breasts, a second pair of teardrop shaped tits swelled on her chest. Four nipples instead of two dragged along the hallway floor, leaving a trail of milk behind her as she moved. Her whole body had grown to accommodate the new udders. Muscles across her back evened out the new weight. Her arms had a feline power to them that allowed her to prowl easily forward on her hands and knees while giving the unsettling impression that she could lunge into a full standing sprint with little effort. Both men found it harder to look away with each passing second.

"Oh god, Liam," Cora whispered.

The giant stumbled around the corner. He kept his head slightly bent to avoid running into light fixtures. He grunted at Erica, and she obliged by turning her rear to him once again. He didn't enter her so much as he fell forward into her delicious body and returned his cock to her waiting sheath. Once he was rooted inside her again, they both emitted noises of animalistic pleasure. Then, to the four others' horror both of the transformed people looked up with the clear intent of desire in their eyes. Erica reached out toward Anton and Raul. Liam didn't, but he was no less inviting as he slid in and out of Erica's depths.

"No!" Raul hissed, jerking Anton back. "Don't watch them!" He forced the two women to turn around. The haze of lust cleared from their eyes. "Watching them draws you in. Believe me, I know. We need to hide."

"Vanya," Cora said, trying to push aside the thought of stripping as she ran headlong into

the rutting couple. She guessed Erica would have no problem keeping her entertained until Liam was ready to share. “We need to warn her.”

“She went upstairs. I heard her scream earlier,” Raul said. “Maybe something already got her like it did them. We should look out for ourselves.”

“Guys, whatever we do can we get out of this hall?” Suzie asked. “I can hear them.”

They all could. The wet slap of skin against skin coupled with the throaty moans and moos was causing each of the others to prickle with lust. They all knew they should get away, but their feet didn’t move. Even Suzie’s request was a perfunctory expression. She no more wanted to leave than the others. Her underwear was getting wet, and her nipples were aching inside her bra. Fortunately, her request was enough to get Raul’s fear back on top. He gave them all a shove, “This way. There’s another set of stairs. We’ll be better off on the second floor anyway.” None of them moved. Cora even turned back to look again. Raul grabbed her arm and pulled, “NOW!”

“Bathroom is empty, too,” Suzie announced from the adjoining bath’s doorway. “But she was definitely in here. Wet towels and water everywhere.”

It took them an agonizing amount of time to get into Vanya’s room. Suzie kept watch for Liam and Erica, though Raul was certain neither of the two changed people would have enough sense to make it up the stairs even if they managed to stop fucking for long enough. Cora managed to get the lock open, but with the door blocked anyway it came down to the two men breaking through Vanya’s barricade.

They hoped to find her knocked out with a sleeping pill. Instead, the locked room was empty. “So there’s another hidden passage somewhere,” Anton said. “If the others were puzzles for me or Suzie, then maybe this one was for Vanya.”

“Or she’s in on this,” Raul said. “Help me move this.” He waved Anton over and the two pulled a dresser over to barricade the half broken door. Several grunts of effort later, Raul continued, “She’s the only one of us who actively knew Norah right? Socially or whatever. She could be the plant to make sure none of us make it out tomorrow morning.”

“Or you dosed the two humping in the hall, Vanya caught you, and made herself scarce,” Cora said. “No offense, hon, but we have as much reason to trust you as Vanya. Maybe less. Nothing guilty about hiding when there’s sex freaks roaming the halls.”

“Hey guys! I found something.” They followed Suzie’s voice to the bathroom, each of them bracing for something awful. The feeling worsened when Suzie pointed vaguely at the bathtub. “Clothes.”

As a group, they peered into the bathtub. The shirt, shorts, and shoes Vanya had donned

to explore the house remained half floating in the slowly draining water. “Well, that’s...not conclusive,” Anton said.

“This isn’t what she had on when we arrived,” Cora said. “Maybe she wanted to go for a run. I’m sure there’s a gym somewhere in this house.”

“And instead of going for a run, she decided to take a bath and dissolved in the water?” Raul said, his voice slightly cracked. They all peered at the water and wondered if it was actually acid. As they did, they once again heard the click and slide of something moving around. But this time it was closer. Their eyes all turned to the door back to the bedroom. “What the fuck is that noise? I’m not the only one hearing it, right?”

“No, you’re not,” Anton said. “Whatever it is, I’m betting it has something to do with what’s going on.” He strode off to investigate. The others followed like chicks desperate to return to the protection of their hen’s feathers. “Shit,” Anton muttered. “There’s your way out.”

On the opposite side of the room, part of the wall had moved away, revealing another hidden passage. “So, that’s a trap,” Suzie said. “Whoever is fucking with us opened it so we would walk in. The study, the art room, whatever Vanya wanted — they’re all tricks to get us into those passages.”

“Right, so we barricade that door, too,” Raul said. “Mattress will make a good —”

“We have to find Vanya,” Anton grumbled. “We can’t leave her wandering around with those two going at it and whatever did it to them still in the house. She could have been lured in just as much as we were. You all can stay here, seal the door once I’m gone if you want.”

“No, we stick together,” Cora said with a wary eye at Raul. “I agree with Anton otherwise. Vanya deserves to be warned, if she’s not involved. If she is, then maybe we can understand what happened to the other two and avoid having the same thing happen to us.”

“Agreed,” Suzie said.

Raul rolled his eyes. “Fine, but when you’re all mooing, don’t expect me to feel sorry for you.”

A few minutes later, they headed into the passage. Cora had found Vanya’s abandoned flashlight, so she walked in front with Anton. Raul and Suzie tagged along behind with Raul sulking and nervously watching behind them. Like the downstairs corridor that Cora and Suzie had explored, this one was lined with locked or sealed doors every few yards. It had fewer lights, though, and it narrowed considerably between the doors. They made it around the first bend and found a bloom of light spilling into the corridor from another open path. Cautiously, they approached, but hesitated when they heard the muffled sounds of a woman moving around. Anton held up a hand for them to wait, peeked around the corner, and lost all the color in his expression. Cora nudged him out of the way and gasped, flinging her hand over her mouth. The

others, driven on by curiosity, pushed the group into the room.

No other exits were visible, but on the left hand side of the room was a large viewing window behind which waited two rows of empty stadium seating. The room was painted bright white and illuminated by two recessed cans in the ceiling. These details were taken in by the newcomers' minds and left squatting in their short term memories while their brains struggled to process the creature in the center of the room.

It was Vanya, they realized. Her face had changed, but it was hard to mistake the woman's eyes. Her nose and mouth had reshaped into a short, square muzzle. Bare, pink skin denoted her nose, but a fine layer of short, brown hair started not too far down the muzzle and spread out over her sharp cheeks and curved chin before fanning wildly into thick curls that fell around her shoulders.

The tawny brown coat returned on her neck and spread out over her chest, covering her torso in fur. On her shoulders, it lightened to nearly white, and another diamond of the light color appeared between her breasts. It darkened to a deeper hue at her hips, but it thinned around the lips of her sex. Her tail had it, too. The tail itself emerged from the base of her spine, roughly as thick around as Anton's thumb at the base and narrowing to the size of Cora's pinky at the tip, though that was hidden by a tuft of more brown curls.

Vanya's feet were gone, replaced by dainty hooves which clacked against the ground as she fidgeted in the contraption that held her. The coat on her ankles grew shaggier over her cloven feet like bell-bottoms. Like Erica, Vanya had gained substantial muscle in her new form. Defined lines ran along thighs clearly strong enough to snap two by fours in half with ease. And like Erica, the strength barely matched a tenth of the inviting softness of her curves. Her stomach was flat, but solid. Her hips flared wide to support her juicy posterior, and her breasts stood out proudly from her chest, furred up to aggravated red of her nipples.

"My god," Suzie whispered, "she's a cow-woman. This is insane."

"Vanya? Hon? Do you understand us?"

Vanya's large, brown eyes snapped to focus on Cora. Her jaw worked and garbled noise came out until she kicked her foot hard on the ground in frustration. Raul remained pressed in the doorway, avoiding looking at Vanya. Anton, on the other hand, was already inspecting the machine holding her in the room. Loose, leather cuffs wrapped around Vanya's wrists while her hands rested on handle bars. This put her at an angle that arched her back out so that her butt could remain seated, something she clearly wanted it to be doing. The seat of the contraption wasn't solid, but split in the middle. For a normal woman, it would have been wildly uncomfortable, but it fit Vanya's transformed body perfectly.

The two halves of the seat cupped her furred cheeks such that when she pushed back against it, they spread. Anton saw what they spread for and attempted to swallow the lump stuck in his throat. Two dildos, both pulsating with vibration, were wedged in Vanya. If she pushed

back, the levers would shift and the fake cocks would fill both her holes. It explained why she remained tense and kept her weight on her legs, though it had to be strenuous.

The other part of the machine was attached to her magnificent udders. Inside clear suction cups, her nipples had swollen in diameter to the size of nickels. Small beads of milk remained in the cups and more welled around her teats as Anton watched. The tubs ran down to small cannisters hanging in slots, but then continued on spiraling around into a maze of piping that eventually ran up a small, narrow cylinder that rose up from the machine like a flag attached to a bicycle.

Cora and Suzie had stepped closer. The former was talking softly to Vanya, trying to understand the woman. Suzie merely watched, mouth agape and eyes full of wild fascination. Everyone else seemed to be reacting insanely nonchalantly to a woman having been transformed into a human-cow hybrid. Suzie didn't know why none of them were screaming or running for the nearest emergency lever. Why did Cora think this was something that could be solved with an explanation? Why did Anton apparently care more about the machine than the woman strapped into it? Or was that a ruse so that he could get closer to the delightful warmth and scent of Vanya's body. Raul seemed to be the only one acting even remotely rationally as he stood by the door, but when Suzie glanced at him from the corner of her eye, she saw his hand sliding down into his pants as his eyelids drooped with lust. Even seeing him blatantly touch himself didn't offend Suzie. In her gut, she knew something was wrong, but she couldn't overcome it. So, she tried to focus on what she could control. *I won't touch my slippery pussy no matter how much I want it.*

Anton flicked a small pinwheel at the top of the tube running up from the machine. It was a little over his eye level and shaped with curved cups as the petals. It spun easily and kept going from a small nudge. "Odd," he muttered, and went back to tracing the maze of tubing.

"Can't you say something, hon? Come on, you're almost there, stay with us. Don't worry, we're gonna get you out of —"

"MMnnnoo," Vanya blurted out suddenly. She bucked in the machine as if to double check her restraints were still on. "Myou leave." She clenched her teeth together and worked her jaw from side to side. With all her focus, she spoke in a thick tongued voice, "I can't hold it much longer. I don't want to...mmnngghh." Her eyes slipped out of focus, her body relaxed, and the machine activated.

Anton saw in time. Realizing what the contraption was meant to do, he whirled toward the door, hauling Suzie with him. Raul remained dumbfounded, having crept a few paces closer while toying with his cock inside his pants, but shook from his stupor as Anton's shoulder collided with him. Cora only managed to shift her weight to her back foot as Vanya moaned and slid down onto the two buzzing dildos.

Vanya rolled her hips, her ass and pussy squeezing tightly around in the intruding cocks, and wished they belonged to one of the men. She had been waiting for what felt like hours, but

was only minutes. No one had put her in the chair. She had found it and had known it was meant for her. She had climbed into it and drifted off into a blissful nothing as her body changed. In the haze of her lust and growth, she had given milk and someone had come to tighten the straps. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered more than the pleasure. But, when she heard other voices, she'd resisted. She'd wanted to warn them, to tell them that Norah had plotted against them. Using all her will, she forced herself to resist the divine pleasure of the machine, but she couldn't do it forever.

Anton's closeness had crushed her resistance. He had slipped a hand up her ass, a thumb grazed along her inner lips. Had the others seen? Cora had been no better. While she had cooed and encouraged, her mouth watered for the nipples trapped inside the suction cups. The other girl had rubbed her own breasts, trying to hide the urge to shove her fingers into her pussy. And Raul had plainly been masturbating, the smell of his cum and Erica's milk clinging to his soiled clothes. They hadn't deserved a warning, but still she had given them one. *I did good*, she told herself as the dildos hit the depths of her core. *I was a very good girl*.

Milk surged out of Vanya's swollen udders. The suction pressure drew it all away, funneling it rapidly through the tubing system and into the machine. In seconds, it entered the canisters and triggered a threshold. Pumps activated, pressure shifted, valves closed, and milk rocketed through the piping. Too late, Cora processed Vanya's words. At the top of the long pipe, the pinwheel started to lazily rotate as the rising pressure forced air out of the tube. Anton and Suzie stumbled as they made it out of the door. Suzie lost her footing and careened toward the wall. Anton rolled his body ahead of her to stop the young woman's head from cracking open. Their feet jumbled together, and they landed in a tangle of limbs.

Cora headed for the door. Raul recovered from the hard knock to his shoulder. Though he didn't know exactly the reason for fleeing the room, he knew enough to run. Vanya's eyes rolled back in her head as another orgasm tore through her body. Her tail twitched as her lips gripped the buzzing cock in her like a vice. Her milk came so freely that it was clogging the suction cups, backing up the system. The pinwheel spun faster. Raul stood in the doorway searching for a method of closing the room. It was roughly eight feet from Cora to the exit. A gleam in his eyes, Raul pressed a button. The door's hidden gears activated. A beep sounded twice, each time coinciding with Cora's awkward, lunging steps. Raul stepped back and a solid pane of glass shunted across the opening. Cora's hands slapped against it as fury lined her face.

The pressure hit its peak. Milk surged up the tube and hit the pinwheel. The turning arms cut the stream, sending small packets of fluid rushing down the curved petals until they flew out across the room. They all heard Vanya's squeal of delight as her milk rained out. Heavy drops splashed against the glass door. They splattered against Cora's neck, trickled down over her shoulders and ran over her exposed cleavage. She turned around for only a second and more of the milk splashed onto her face. Cora shook her head and seemed to be considering stopping the rain somehow, but with every passing second her will crumbled.

"What the fuck, Raul?!" Anton roared as he got to his feet. "You locked her in there, you sniveling bastard!" He grabbed hold of Raul's shoulder and threw a hard punch into Raul's gut.

Raul folded in half and teetered backward. Anton's anger ebbed as he saw the man struggle to breath. His attention went back to the room. "Cora! Hang on. We'll get it open."

"No," Suzie said, gently stopping Anton as he reached for the door's controls. "Look."

Inside the room, Cora dropped to her knees facing the swirling rain of milk. She didn't look angry any more. Her face was one of beatific acceptance. The thick droplets of milk rolled down her cheeks and streamed through her hair. Yet, little of it reached the ground around her. Her skin was drinking it in whenever it could, but she'd opened her mouth to help. Her head angled back, mouth open and tongue extended. Already, her body swelled. Anton understood. "The milk is going to make her like Vanya?"

"Maybe," Suzie answered, her voice husky. She was entirely too aware of the heat of Anton's body. She had not stood, instead kneeling at the door to watch, which put her right at the perfect height to slip her hand into his pants and squeeze his cock. She knew if she opened her mouth and slurped his hard dick into her warmth, he wouldn't stop her. No, his strong fingers would tangle in her hair as he shoved her mouth down onto his dick. She gave her head a shake, "There's other stuff on that machine. The other cannisters are marked with formulas or something. I saw stuff like it in Norah's study."

Unaware of her audience, Cora pulled her blouse off. She chose her bra, a heavy padded scarlet red, on the off chance that fucking someone might have helped win the night. She had her principals, but ten million was ten million, after all. Besides, it hadn't been a conscious choice. She'd told herself that she picked the red bra and half thong pairing because it gave her confidence, but she'd also been pleased with her choice when she first saw Anton. Now, her growing titflesh threatened to snap the hooks on the priciest piece of underwear she owned. She didn't care other than the need to breathe. Her hands clawed at the fastened hooks until they snapped. A rush of air entered her lungs and came out as a manic, wild laugh.

The spectators watched as Cora got to her feet. She turned back to them with her swelling breasts jiggling from the movement. Her nipples thickened by the second. The milk wasn't being absorbed by her skin any longer, so it beaded and streaked across the burgeoning mountains. She stripped down to her underwear, rubbing the milk into her skin as it continued to rain onto her. Her fingers dug into the supple flesh of her ass, and she moaned as it pulsed with growth under her fingertips. The reasons for avoiding the change faded from Cora's thoughts. She wanted more of it. If that meant growing fur and a tail, then so be it. She wanted her body to become something entirely irresistible. She wanted Anton to smash through the glass for the chance to fuck her. She wanted her tongue sliding into Suzie's tight little cunt as the younger woman sucked Vanya's tits to become another cow like them. Smiling lewdly at the door, Cora shook her hips from side to side for her spectators as she slid her wet underwear down her expanding curves. Completely naked, she turned around and bent at the waist, giving Anton and Suzie a full view of her engorged pussy lips and pulsating asshole. Spreading her feet out to shoulder width, she slid her fingers along the slippery folds, pulling them apart to show off her pink warmth before slipping them inside. Her body shuddered.

Vanya's moans and moos never stopped. Her body jerked erratically in the machine. Whenever she approached peace, the want for more pleasure overtook her and forced her hips back to work. Every time she came, it was less intense. She knew why though. A machine could never be as good as the real thing. Rising out of her stupor, she saw another cow in the room. This one wasn't furry like her, but that was to be expected, wasn't it? Someone told her what the next cow would be like in a dream. When had that happened? *Doesn't matter, I want to taste her.*

Cora apparently had the same idea. She dropped to her knees and crawled back to Vanya. With a gentle tug, the suction cup on Vanya's udder came away. A fresh spray of warm milk splattered across Cora's face. She leaned back to let the milk wash down over her own breasts before finally leaning up and suckling the gushing nipple into her mouth. The warm nectar flowed onto her tongue and made her pussy quiver with aching want. She sucked and swallowed and hoped the debaucherous scene would be enough to drag Anton back in the room to roughly grab her hips and fuck her raw.

"We can't keep watching," Suzie whispered. The tent made by Anton's erection was at her eye level. Her mouth watered. Desperate to pull their attention away from the milky spectacle, she looked around for Raul. "He's gone."

"What? Who?" Anton growled. His voice was deeper and it rippled through Suzie's body, putting her already sensitive state into a volatile mess.

"Raul. He ran off. That bastard trapped Cora in there knowing what would happen."

Anton's eyes finally looked away. He shook his head. "Right. Fuck. This is all crazy." He spared a final glance at the door. Cora had both hands squeezing her breasts, milk spraying onto Vanya's thighs. Anton growled with lust. "Come on," he said and grabbed Suzie by the arm, hauling her to her feet. "We're going to find Raul. I'm going to finish kicking his ass. Then we're going to get answers."

Raul

Raul's side ached, and his stomach throbbed. He hobbled down the corridor alternating between speed and a desperation to catch his breath. He watched behind him, fully expecting Anton to be stalking after him. *She should have been faster*, he thought. *Cora couldn't have made it out before the milk sprayed all over us. Or it would have splashed all over her, and she would have taken all of us down with her. They should have thanked me, not sucker punched me.*

He came to a T junction. On the left, an opening led to a stairwell, and on the right, a door. He tried the door first, but it was locked. Grumbling and wondering where he was in the house, he went down the stairs. After a steep walk, he arrived at a door and cautiously opened it. Peering out, he saw the downstairs hallway, and as he turned to look the opposite direction, he saw a massive, naked torso.

Raul tried to slip back into the stairwell, but Liam was faster. The transformed man's heavy paw grabbed hold of Raul's neck and hauled him out of the door, nearly launching him into the far wall. Stunned and once again out of breath, Raul looked down the hall to see Erica waiting beside a door. Her lower set of breasts had grown to match her top set. All four of them looked magnificent in the yellow light of the hall. She had her arms pressed together on either side of them as both hands played with her pussy. She whimpered with frustration, and stomped her foot.

The effect on Liam wasn't helping. Raul felt that he'd clearly disturbed the happy couple. He wanted to simply explain that he had no intention of usurping Liam's position and that he would be on his way. Unfortunately, Liam had already snatched Raul up again. The small giant tossed Raul over his shoulder like he weighted nothing. Stooped to avoid hitting his own head, Liam carried Raul down the hall to where Erica waited.

Could be worse, Raul thought. *He could have snapped my neck. Being handed over to the four titted milk factory to be turned into a Greek myth isn't the worst way to go.* His head thudded against the door frame. When the jolt of pain passed, he saw Erica again. She'd given up standing and moved to the wall opposite of the open door. She leaned against the wall with her legs spread and her fingers still plumbing the depth of her cum-soaked pussy. She'd also managed to heft one of her teats up to her mouth to greedily drink her own milk.

Raul's vision sparkled at the edges, but he gave himself a shake right as Liam dropped him into something akin to a dental exam chair. The room was small and looked smaller due to Liam's size. The big man took a belt and wrapped it around Raul's midsection, pulling it secure but not tight. Raul didn't fight. He had no idea what was happening, wooziness kept pushing against his thoughts, and Liam would snap him like a twig anyway.

The giant went to the corner of the room, stretched out his fingers nervously, and then gently lifted a table and moved it sit directly in front of Raul. Being knocked into a wall and toting a full sized man around like a wounded animal fit in line with the mental capacity Raul thought Liam had, mainly that of a lust addled brute. The way he moved things around the

room, though, indicated Liam was nervous and fully aware of what he was doing.

Liam placed a screen in the center of the table, a button to its left, and a small circular thing on its right. The circular thing was attached to a long bit of tubing that ran to the wall. Slightly ahead of that was another round bit of metal which was clearly a cuff. Liam grabbed Raul's right arm and nearly pulled it out of its socket as he pushed Raul's hand through the two circles. The second clamped down on his wrist while the first one whirred to life. It spun around Raul's arm with red lasers scanning the area before it hummed to a stop, clicked twice, and then cinched tight around him. It pinched, and he tried to pull free, but the cuff held him to the table. After a few seconds, the tightened band loosened enough for his comfort. He breathed a sigh of relief, but it turned into a high pitched yelp as he felt something dig into his skin.

Hovering nearby, Liam gave a dull nod and turned to leave. Raul called after him, "Hey, no! Liam! You understand me don't you?"

Liam paused with the door half closed. His head was stooped low to clear the entrance, and his eyes gleamed with intelligence.

"Why are you doing this? What is this thing? I don't deserve to be treated like this!"

"Sure you do," Liam said in a rumbling voice that filled the room and sent an uneasy shiver through Raul's gut. "You're only getting what you deserve." He closed the door despite Raul's yelling. A moment later, Raul heard the sound of wet slurping as Liam returned his cock to Erica's mouth.

Raul thought it to be a strange method of torture that would nonetheless drive him insane until the whole room seemed to hiss and the sound of the hallway vanished. On the table, the screen flickered to life. Suddenly, Norah Sharpe was glaring at him. His breath caught as he tried to process the idea of a dead woman coming back to life, but his tension eased as he saw the date in the bottom corner of the screen. It was a video, filmed months earlier.

On the screen, Norah sat in her study, which was considerably cleaner than when Raul saw it while searching for the others. She looked like he remembered her from their brief interactions. She wore a stern expression as she looked over a small tablet in her hands. She was dressed as immaculately as ever, but she seemed exhausted. Raul wondered if that was due to her mysterious illness. She shifted her gaze to the camera, and despite knowing it was pre-recorded, Raul still squirmed in his chair. "Raul," Norah said with a smirk. "I'm glad you accepted my invitation."

He felt the urge to respond, but held his tongue. Someone was clearly manipulating things in the house. Liam might be in league with that person now, but Raul doubted the giant started off that way. Negotiations to bring in the others who hadn't succumbed were probably quick once the brute had been gifted his own personal cock-sleeve in Erica. Raul strained to hear them outside, but the only sound came from the screen.

“I’m sure you’re curious as to why you would receive this invitation,” Norah continued. “You’re probably shocked that I remember you at all. To be honest, I didn’t. Not until your misfortunes became apparent. At that point, you were a security concern. No one wants their state of the art surveillance equipment to have been installed by a corrupt and bankrupt man. You’d be bought too easily if my enemies ever stopped being terrified of me enough to actually attempt something. Naturally, I enlisted other companies to involve my security, but you remained on my mind. Raul, my life’s work is soon to come to fruition, and I wanted certain people to help me with this final step. I picked you out because I remembered a conversation you had with an employee. Her name was Sarah, and you fucked her in my guest bedroom.”

For a moment, Raul had entertained that his invitation had been benevolent in nature. At the mention of Sarah, those hopes vanished. The cuff on his arm seemed to grow tighter. Strangely, he thought of wolves caught in traps gnawing off their own legs to escape. He didn’t have teeth for it even if he could break his own bone. The table wouldn’t budge, either. Liam had struggled with it, and Raul suspected that freak could bench press a car.

“I spoke with Sarah after I discovered what you’d done. She managed to convince me that it was consensual despite the power dynamic at play. It might puff your ego to know that she thought you a risky fuck, but one worth the risk. Three weeks later, she ended her contract with you and took employment with me. In the interim, you two went out for drinks one time and slept together twice more. The romance didn’t kindle, and Sarah wished for you to be left alone.” Norah leaned back in her chair and folded her hands in her lap to strike a prim, queen-like pose. “I trust the judgment of those who have first hand experience in matters more than my observations whenever I can. As such, I was happy to let you run wild in the world until you pressured the wrong woman. But then you returned to my radar with your financial woes, and I thought you fit the profile of my plan wonderfully.”

“What fucking plan?” Raul growled.

“At this point, you are trapped. Locked on the table within reach of a button. In a moment, this video will end, and you will see a number indicating one million dollars. Two minutes after that, the button will activate. Every time you press the button, that number will double. From one million to two to four to eight, and so on. The table will unlock in thirty minutes, and you will be released from the room. Whatever the sum is at that time will be added to your earnings for the night. However, each press of the button will administer a dose of my experimental formula. Perhaps you have already seen what it does. Be advised that even the first dose will affect your judgment as the effects are nearly instant. The wisest option is to simply wait thirty minutes and walk out of the room. You will have your senses about you and survive the remainder of the night to walk away with at least ten million. More than enough for one evening of restraint.”

Norah’s image went still with her smiling viciously at the camera. The screen went black before a counter reading “2:00” began. As it ticked down, Raul laughed. Relief spread through him. He was uncomfortable, sure, but he wasn’t about to be summarily executed. He also figured that since he was occupied for the next thirty minutes at least, then none of the others

could bother him. The room sealed off from sound likely meant it was sealed from entry as well. For the first time since he'd gotten his dick sucked, he felt a sense of calm. He adjusted his chair enough to relax the pressure on his extended arm, and settled in for the wait. *Maybe I'll nap. It's got to be near enough midnight. Closer to one, I bet. Been running from freaks so long that I didn't even notice.*

The countdown ended. The screen changed to display "\$1,000,000.00" in a green font. At the bottom center of the screen, the clock reset to thirty minutes and started counting down.

Raul smirked at it. "Guess I get the extra million no matter what, right?" he said to the room. He wasn't sure someone was watching him, but, given the clear extent of Norah's paranoia and planning, he figured he was at least being recorded. He kept his hand curled into a fist rather than let his fingers linger near the button. Part of him wondered if he would erratically press the button just out of sheer impulse. He flexed his fingers and contracted them back into the fist. A wave of restlessness seized him. His knees bobbed up and down as his heels tapped on the floor. His free arm ran through his hair and massaged at his neck. Focusing on anything other than the screen was his priority, so he attempted to think back through the events of the night.

"I've seen monsters," he murmured to himself. "What happened to Liam — fuck, even what happened to Erica is one thing. They're still human. Humans built like trucks or with four fucking tits, but still human. Vanya got a raw deal. She's half a beast. If someone can't fix her, she'll never be able to go in public again. But, maybe she won't want to." His words trailed off as he imagined what Vanya's life would be like. He'd seen the look in her eyes right before she sank down on those vibrating cocks. She was giving in to something she desperately wanted. She didn't show any sign of anxiety or disgust about her body. She'd wanted nothing more than for someone or something to fuck her. *Which, thanks to me, Cora is probably tonsils deep in Vanya pussy right now. Will she turn out the same? Will those big MILF titties get all furry and drip?*

Raul suddenly wished his other hand had been bolted to the table instead. He'd not cum so many times in one night, hell in only a few hours, in years. Still, thinking of the things he'd seen was enough to get him rock hard. He rubbed his dick with his free hand, but doubted he could muster enough will power to do anything more than tease himself.

An idea clicked in his head. He looked at the screen. Four minutes had passed, but nothing else had changed. *What does one dose do? Obviously this game is to get me to press the button plenty of times to make me a freak like Liam. But maybe one dose hits me with extra stamina and a faster bounce back. Or it gives me an extra inch. Guys would pay a million to get that.* He gnawed at his bottom lip, stretched out his fingers, and pressed down on the button. The figure on changed to two million. The arm band made a high pitched chirp, and he felt something cold spread into his arm. The lack of pain surprised him.

He waited for it all to go wrong. In seconds, he would morph into the bestial freak of his nightmares. But another three minutes passed with nothing changing. He felt more awake, but

otherwise still himself. A wave of giddiness swept over him. He'd gotten away with it. Men slaved their whole lives for a million dollars, and he'd gotten it in a button press. *Norah was too rich for her own game. She probably thought I'd click ten times just to get up to something she considered pocket change.* Impulsively, he pressed the button again. Four million. His body shook with adrenaline. "Oh fuck, that's insane."

Raul wanted to do somersaults between the walls, but he was stuck in the chair. His eyes glowed as he stared at the number on screen. He felt better than he had in years, like a weight had been lifted off him. His body hummed with energy, but he contented himself to wait. *The first second I know something about me is different, I stop,* he told himself. Meanwhile, his mind spiraled with the possibilities of spending fourteen million, at least. *No, four of them are already out. So seventy million split three ways if the other two make it out. Unlikely. I bet Norah laid a trap for each of us. Except, she underestimated me.*

Twenty minutes remained on the clock. Nothing about Raul had physically changed. He took a deep breath as he looked at the amount on the screen. "Two this time. Can't hurt. Time is part of the game. That's the piece I was missing. She planned on me dithering too long to get the most out of it. A little catch up will get me back on a good schedule. Two minutes and if no effects, I press." He didn't know why he was talking, but it dispelled some of his nerves. He raised his finger over the button and tapped twice.

Again, cold spread through his arm. Sixteen million. His heart raced as he waited. The seconds ticked by and still nothing happened. He held up his hand to inspect it. He thought his skin might look a little better. A scar between his knuckles had vanished. His cuticles weren't cracked and peeling any longer. Nothing worrying. He wasn't packing on an extra hundred pounds of muscle everywhere but his left arm, surely. His heart skipped a beat, *My dick.* He scrambled, flailing at the table as he tried to unbutton and get off his pants. Twisting around and jerking his hips eventually flung down his pants. He settled down in the chair and yanked down his boxers.

His dick hadn't grown. Raul didn't know whether to be disappointed or not. Another two minutes had passed, he pressed the button twice again. "Fuck it," he said, and tapped the button twice more. He watched the number change. "\$256,000,00.00". A quarter of a billion, which meant a billion was another two clicks away. Norah Sharpe could afford it. His heart thundered in his chest. His fingers twitched nervously. He paused to consider the ludicrousness of the moment. Strapped to a table, naked from the waist down, and exhausted from fleeing sex monsters, he was debating calling a dead eccentric's bluff for a billion dollars. His finger tapped the button again, hesitated, and hit it once more.

A burst of cold splintered through his arm as the screen flicked to display the extra digit. He coughed out a noise between relief and despair. Then a second burst hit his arm, not cold, but searing hot. Mouth agape in horror, he stared at his arm as the burning sensation spread up his shoulder before erupting into agony across his chest. He clenched his teeth as sweat broke out across his body. The feeling seemed to spread exponentially through every cell of his body. His vision blurred, and he wondered if he would lose consciousness. But, it stopped. All at once, the

sensation pulled back to nothing more than a buzzing feeling through his body. The sudden shift brought only a sense of impending dread. He opened his mouth to scream for help, and it hit him again.

Muscles locked. He flailed forward in an attempt to stretch out his body, but he remained stuck on the table. The chair kicked out behind him as the edge of the table dug into his chest. In the middle of this new agony, he became aware of the throbbing ache in his cock. *Well, a little pain to look like Liam isn't so bad. Billionaire with a body like that will be fine.* He twisted his arm and felt the dull pressure of the needle in his arm. The cuff beeped twice, and his restraints released. A small drip of blood ran out from the injection spot. It healed over in seconds. Raul would have been relieved if not for the clumps of hair cascading off his head.

He pushed aside the agony enough to reposition himself. Shocked to see his hair falling away in clumps, he reached up and ran a hand through whatever remained only for it all to slough off in one massive clump. "What the fuck," he said, but it came out garbled. His tongue didn't fit in his mouth the way it should, and his teeth crowded together. Something was wrong. Looking down at his lower half, he saw the same phenomenon happening to his leg hair. Inspecting his cock showed the same thing. None of his body hair was attached. Even his eyebrows blew away from the slight movements of his head. He touched the side of his leg and the smoothness of it surprised him. The top of his head wasn't smooth, though. A new crop of short, bristly hair sprouted from his scalp.

New issues appeared as he checked his body. His arms grew slender. His muscled calves turned soft as his feet shrank. The burning in his chest grew unbearable, forcing him to finish stripping for some hope of relief. Unsurprisingly, his chest hair dropped away to rapidly disintegrate into mere motes of dust. Raul spent enough time in the gym to stay fit if not sculpted. Now, his whole torso had formed into a mushy blob. He prodded it with an unusually thin finger before noticing his nipples. They had turned a lighter shade of pink and distended from his body into puffy little hills. Intending to inspect them, he brushed his finger against the flesh and went rigid as an orgasm crashed through his body. His straining cock erupted without so much as a stroke, spewing his cum vainly against his left thigh. The pleasure blindsided him, sending him into a twitching mess on the floor until the last spurt dribbled out.

Recovering from the best orgasm he'd ever experienced, Raul felt his stomach drop. His torso was no longer a blob. Instead, it had reformed into a slim, taut belly that widened into broad hips. At the top of his chest, two small mounds jutted out, each topped by a rose colored bud. *I have breasts. No...* Lurching his body up, he grabbed for his cock. He wanted to take hold of his normal, perfectly average dick. As his fingers closed around the two inch nub with a narrow glans, he wanted to scream in frustration. All that came out was a high pitched, feminine squeak.

The pain had mostly subsided. He got to his feet and immediately tipped forward as vertigo grabbed hold of him and threw everything into chaos. His body didn't make sense any more. The bits meant to be heavy were light and the parts meant to be light were heavy. It took a full minute of fumbling against the table before he righted himself. He snatched up the

overtaken screen and stared into it. “What the fuck did you do to me?”

He hadn't expected the screen to respond. So, when it flickered to life to play another video, he dropped it. Norah's face returned. She wore a different outfit and the time stamp on the video was a day after the first had been recorded. “If this is playing, then you've done the unthinkable. Greed has always been your downfall, though, hasn't it? Why fuck one beautiful woman when you could fuck two? Why have millions when you could have a billion? Well, Raul, because everything has a cost. The first nine injections did nothing. The tenth administered a dose of formula 971. If it hasn't started already, you will soon feel a very unpleasant series of painful spasms as your cells rewrite following new DNA coding. Female DNA coding, Raul. You gambled again and lost it all again. The money, the game, and your cock. Don't worry. You'll still be well taken care of, but what little is left of your brain will be focused on nothing other than how to get the next load of cum in you.” She paused and waggled her fingers at the screen. “Toodles.”

“Fucking bitch!” Raul screamed and limply threw the screen against the wall. The burst of anger set off another wave and dropped him to his knees as his whole body shivered with change. His ass swelled into a smooth bubble. His thighs thickened into trunks of padded muscle, and his new breasts ballooned to twice their size. He dropped to his fours, palms flat on the floor. Ringlets of bright red cascaded into his periphery. “This isn't happening,” he whispered as he pushed back the long, red curls of his new hair. “I won't be some dimwitted cow. That's not fair.” The final peak of the wave hit. He felt the drip of cum that shot out trickle down over his shriveled balls. When he found some control over his body again, he groped between his leg to find nothing more than a bump of nerve endings and a wrinkled patch of skin. “Fuck!”

His balls had vanished, and his dick had shrunk to an oversized clit. The breasts tempted him with their softness as the male part of his brain still hungered for conquests. Sitting back on his heels, his newly fat ass squashed out in the exact pose that he always loved the most. Raul didn't know what to do. His mind reached for some kind of solution and found nothing. At best, he could hope for someone to save him and provide a process to reverse whatever Norah had done to him. This fantasy grew dimmer as new thoughts pushed into his mind. He recalled Liam's massive dick and his mouth watered. Images of Erica's gushing breasts pushed into his mind. He latched onto them in a hope of preserving his masculinity, but instead of wanting to claim her like a trophy, he felt only envy that she should be so lush and milky while his body was small and gangly.

Tendrils of thought crept through his mind. Synapses dissolved and reformed. Hormones flooded his bloodstream. Raul felt like an immense pressure was crowding in around him. The waves of growth hadn't stopped. His chest jiggled gratuitously with even the slightest movement. *Maybe I'll be bigger than Erica even if I only have two tits.* He shook his head, trying to keep the thoughts away. *My ass is thicker anyway. I'll spread my cheeks and let Liam see my tight little hole and that'll be enough to make his cock jerk cum out all over my back.* Grabbing hold of his breasts, he squeezed, sparkles of pleasure erupting everywhere he touched. The pressure worsened. He no longer felt like himself, but like two parts of himself crammed

into one place. It was suffocating and miserable, and he was desperate to make it stop.

A terrible feeling of emptiness suddenly bloomed inside of him. It shifted into a yearning ache as a tearing sensation rippled through his body. Raul knew what it meant. Sliding a hand down between his legs, the fingers slid into the soft, wet folds of a brand new pussy. Without hesitation, Raul pushed into the new carnal depths, squealing with delight as the new walls of his pussy contracted around his fingers. Abandoning pretense, he pushed deeper, stroking the inside of his new cunt with abandon as his body shuddered to new ecstatic heights. As the crest of an enormous wave hit him, he screamed out in pleasure. A sudden shift in his breasts flickered across his consciousness. The feeling of a heavy fluid moving from one place to another preceded an urgent need to press his fingers into the soft flesh of his teats. Moaning wildly, his free hand pressed fingertips into the puffy areola of his left breast. Droplets of milk beaded on the hard nipple. On the second press, thin streams erupted, spraying out from Raul's new udder. Everything built to a feverish intensity as he finger fucked his new pussy and milked himself. The pleasure radiated through his whole being, burning him down to his very essence. The screams and moans became shrieks and wails of mad delight as yet another orgasm crashed over him. When it passed, nothing of Raul was left.

The room's door opened. The new woman turned toward it, pivoting on her plush ass to spread her legs and show off a tight, inviting slit. Milk continued dripping down her fat breasts as her stomach heaved to catch her breath. Liam gawked from the doorway, his cock standing out like a titanium rod while Erica lavished praise on his balls from between his legs. The woman stretched out her free hand and curled a finger to beckon him. "Hi stud. My virgin pussy needs a hard fuck. I hope it's not too tight. If it is, you can fuck my ass while she licks milk out of my tits." She smirked and squeezed her breast for a fresh rain of milk. "Call me Rue."

Anton

Suzie managed to free herself from Anton's grasp halfway down the hall. "Can you calm down a minute?" she shouted at him. It wasn't lost on her that she was trapped in a secret tunnel with a total stranger while they were surrounded by transforming monster people. On the other hand, she didn't see any of that as a reason to lose perspective. "How is hunting down Raul going to help Cora or Vanya?"

Arriving at a T junction in the passage, Anton strained his ears to figure out which direction Raul had fled. Suzie's shouting was keeping him from hearing the sound of the bastard's footsteps. He whirled around to face the younger woman and caught himself before he shouted. "Don't you see? It's been Raul the whole time. He's the one who came and told us about Liam and Erica. All of us have been together, we can't have been responsible for any of this. Not him, though. He knows the house. He's clearly desperate to recover his fortune. So, he tricks Erica and Liam into their changes. While they're going wild, he goes and attacks Vanya. Then he comes looking for us, but instead of finding one of us in isolation, we're already grouped. So, he bides his time, and when he gets the chance, he throws Cora to the wolves."

The junction had a stairwell leading down on the left and an open door on the right. Suzie saw no evidence of which one Raul took, but she was at least relieved that Anton had calmed. But, something he said snagged in her mind. "No. He's not the only one who's been alone. You went off by yourself for the entire time Cora and I were in the study. It's just as likely that you are responsible for Vanya, at least." She knew it wasn't true as she said it. She'd watched him react to how they found Vanya. He'd been just as shocked as her and Cora. A wrinkle of doubt climbed up her thoughts as she realized no one had watched Raul for his reaction to Vanya's condition.

Anton didn't take the accusation lightly. The color drained from his face, and he gazed menacingly at Suzie. "I would never do something like that," he growled.

"I think you wouldn't," she agreed. "However, I don't know you at all. If you can't act reasonably, then I don't see how I'm better off sticking with you than going on my own."

"That's what he wants," Anton said. Frustration teemed out of him as he walked from one side of the junction to the other. Deciding on a path, he faced Suzie, "I know you don't have a reason to trust me, but sticking together is still our best option. Raul, innocent or not, is still a threat so long as we don't know where he is. I'm going down this hall and trying to find him. I think you should come with me. If not, head back into the house and try to find somewhere to hide till morning."

Suzie considered the situation before answering, "I don't think it's Raul. The way the house is laid out, all these little snares meant specifically for us, Raul couldn't do that alone. He's never met either of us before tonight, so how would he know to set up the art puzzle for you? Which means that someone else is in this house pulling the strings."

“Maybe it’s Norah’s ghost,” Anton said with no hint of levity. “Fine. You’re right that I don’t have a reason to suspect Raul is behind everything. Doesn’t mean he’s not a coward that screwed over Cora to save himself. He has to walk out of here to get the reward money, and I intend to prevent that. I’ll do it as passively as he allows, how about that?”

She shrugged, “Why this way? You don’t think he would take the stairs?”

“He’d be worried about running across Liam’s path again. Erica, too, for that matter. If he’s anything like me, seeing either of them is enough to make you rethink things.” He coughed nervously. “Not that, uh, I’d rethink anything.”

Suzie didn’t know why he was bothering to be modest. She’d had the same sort of thoughts when looking at Vanya. The transformed woman should have appeared monstrous or tragic, but Suzie spent the brief time in the room with her heavily considering latching onto one of her luscious nipples and surrendering to whatever pleasure it would incur. If she wound up with fur or six tits, then all the more fun. It wasn’t a rational response, but Vanya had oozed sensuality in a way that was palpable. If it affected her enough to drench her underwear, she imagined it would have turned Anton rock hard. As she considered the size and stiffness of the older man’s cock, she pushed the thoughts aside.

They moved at a quick walk. The tunnel beyond the door curved before sloping downward. The lack of stairs struck both of them as odd, particularly as the wooden flooring stopped and smoothed stone took over. A few minutes later, they arrived at an elevator set into the stone. Though the elevator itself seemed modern, the area around it bore the rustic details of the original house. Anton pointed to the panel of lights beside the call buttons. It showed six different floors, two above them and three below them. The light moved from L1 to L2, the bottom floor. Someone had just ridden down. Anton mashed the call button and stood back as it lit up. They watched the light in silence as it flashed to L2, remained constant for a few seconds, and finally started to climb back up.

“How can there be more house that far down?” Suzie wondered aloud. “We arrived on the bottom floor and walked up. We can’t be four floors up unless this goes further down than the foundation.”

“Would that surprise you?” Anton asked. “This house has secret passages all over the place. Bizarre rooms with milking machines. Secret elevators to a sub-basement shouldn’t be that shocking. Could lead down to an escape tunnel or something. One way to find out.”

The elevator dinged as its doors opened. Anton theatrically gestured for Suzie to enter and followed her inside. He pressed the button for L2. Both of them felt a plunging sense of dread as the doors shut and they began their descent.

With everything that had happened, standing in an elevator together was somehow their most awkward experience thus far. It wasn’t a quick ride, likely the slowest elevator either of

them had ever ridden. Suzie's mind kept working as she watched the light descend from one floor to the next. She was startled from her thoughts when Anton spoke, "All that stuff you saw in Norah's study, did something make you think she planned all of this?"

"Nothing specific," Suzie answered. "But she clearly planned the puzzles as much as she planned inviting all of us here. The thing bothering me is that I don't know why us."

"You really didn't know her, did you?" Anton asked. He stood on the other side of the elevator with a shoulder leaning against the metal wall and his arms folded across his chest. "She and I were fast friends as kids, but she was...beyond me. Everyone knows that now, of course, but when we were kids, people looked over her. Teachers underestimated her because she would struggle to communicate stuff. Then she would blindside them with some display of sheer brilliance. The worst time happened when I was in remedial chemistry. Norah wanted me for something, hell if I remember what, maybe just to drive her home. This happened when we were sixteen or so, before we really started hanging out all the time. I'm sitting in a classroom with a few other dummies trying to grasp chemical equations while Mr. Nesbit glared at us from behind his little podium.

"Norah stormed into the room told Nesbit that she required me. That was the word she used 'required', that always stuck with me. He started to tell her off so she grabbed a marker and went over to the board. We used dry-erase stuff back in my day, if you remember what that is. Norah writes out this gobbledygook equation that I didn't even begin to understand. Then she solved it while Mr. Nesbit watched, pale as a sheet. When she finished, she put the marker down, said that she'd tutor me, and told me to come with her. I was a kid so I wasn't about to make my situation worse by disobeying Nesbit, but he waved at me to leave. Never said a word once she started writing."

"Was it the secret of the universe?" Suzie asked in a poor attempt to sound disinterested.

Anton roused from the memory, "No. It was the basis for Nesbit's master's thesis. As Norah explained it to me, he'd spent two years of his life working on that equation. She solved it during lunch. Nesbit was shaken for the remainder of the term. Moved to a different school after that." He shifted uneasily as the elevator reached the bottom floor. "The point is that Norah always had a way of manipulating people. I think she realized early that if she dedicated her life to learning one subject, she would be the world's authority on it, but incompetent in many other ways. Instead, she learned how to use people. That's how she was truly brilliant. That's how she built an empire."

The doors opened on a hallway of polished stone. Tentatively, the two of them stepped out. "What exactly did her empire do?" Suzie asked.

"A little of everything. Biochemistry, pharmaceuticals, cyberkinetics, robotics."

"That explains the human-cow hybrid, I guess." Ahead of them, they saw brilliant lights flooding a large, open area. The sound of machinery drifted down the corridor.

“You can still go back,” Anton said. She shook her head, and they pressed forward together. As they stepped clear of the corridor, they stared around them in dumbstruck wonder.

They had entered a circular cavern at least ten meters high and fifty meters across. Suzie realized the elevator hadn't been as slow as she thought, but they'd gone much deeper. Enormous floodlights ran along steel beams from one side of the cavern's roof to the other. In the center, a large white platform stood like a boxing ring. It was filled with equipment of varying purposes including computers, lab stations, complex machines, and a sinister looking medical exam table. Other areas of the cavern were dedicated to different functions. One had a mechanical bay that currently supported two strange looking chassis in raised docks while the third dock was empty. Another area had a large stall that resembled the device where they'd found Vanya. All around it, tubing hung down from scaffolding rods like the tangles of a swarm of jellyfish. It troubled both of the new arrivals to gauge the size of the creature which would require the device to be so large.

As they walked further into the cavern, new lights flashed on around the perimeter. While four tunnels, including the one they'd arrived from, dotted the cardinal directions of the cavern's walls, the space between them was filled with massive viewing windows like zoo enclosures. The third one to flash on wasn't empty. Inside it, a woman in the same condition as Erica was strapped into a milking machine. Her eyes were glazed over as her four breasts, each twice the size of Vanya's, hung beneath her almost painfully as the suction cups whisked away gallons of milk per minute.

The fifth chamber had an occupant as well. It took a moment to recognize him, but once Anton said the man's name, it was clear. “That's the lawyer, Berne.” The poor man looked like something out of myth. He prowled from one side of his enclosure to the other, hands sometimes pressing against the side of his head as he seemed to be arguing against falling into madness. It would have been understandable if he failed considering the massive ram's horns curling out from his temples. His chest was muscular and smooth, but starting at his naval, thick black fur covered his lower half. A short tail stuck out over the chiseled muscle of his ass as he paced on cloven hooves. Between his legs, a cock the size of a baseball bat hung mostly limp, though fluid continually beaded at the tip of the dark head and the black, leathery ballsack drooped heavily. Berne stopped pacing for a second and stared at the wall. In that brief pause, his cock twitched to life, rising quickly before he charged the wall and thudded heavily against it with his horns. It didn't make a sound on the cavern's side of the glass, but when he resumed pacing, a dent was left in the steel door keeping him contained.

On the far side of the room, another enclosure lit up to reveal Cora being led into the room by Liam. Suzie covered her mouth as she took in the massive change to Cora's body. The formerly petite woman stood toe to toe with Liam, both of them at least seven feet tall. Cora looked like someone had taken a slider and scaled it all the way to the far end. She'd become a gorgeous Amazon with melon sized breasts hanging like golden teardrops from her powerful frame. Her hair had grown out into thick golden curls while her lips had plumped and somehow dyed or mutated into a shining silver. It added to the unsettling feeling of seeing a statue come to

life. Her wide ass made Anton's breath catch as he watched her move. Cora walked to her side of the glass while Liam lingered in the room, clearly consumed with lust for the new goddess, but Cora didn't give him a moment's interest. She looked at the glass with a tilt of her head before moving her attention to her breasts. Her perfectly shaped nipples stuck out in painful rigidity. Anton thought they looked destined for a studded piercing, but for the moment, a luminescent drop of amber congealed on the left one, as though her milk was honey. Cora scooped it up with a finger and brought it to her silvery lips, shuddering as she tasted her own milk.

Next door to her, another chamber brightened as Erica led in Vanya. No longer lost in lust, at least for the moment, Vanya walked with her former self's severe primness. She strode up to the glass in all her bovine glory and jabbed a finger into the glass, shouting silently as Erica slipped away. "Mirrors on their side," Anton said. "They know they're being watched." He turned around and scanned the room, "So who's watching them."

A whirring noise caught their attention. It approached from the other tunnel. They'd walked nearly to the center of the room, and Anton stepped in front of Suzie as the shape revealed itself. Suzie knew who to expect the moment she heard the whirring step, still it was unreal to see the woman after the hellish night they'd been through.

"She's alive," Anton whispered.

"No shit," Suzie hissed back.

A grim, tight smile plastered unnaturally on her face, Norah Sharpe limped into the cavern.

"Norah?! What the fuck!" Anton bellowed across the hall.

"Nice to see you as well, Anton," the woman replied. Her voice was hoarse and clipped, lacking any of the smooth refinement Norah was known for. She didn't make for them, but crossed the chamber to the raised platform, barely looking at them at all.

"You're supposed to be dead," Anton continued, striding to catch up with her.

Norah moved to a console and placed a hand on a glass surface beside it. It glowed green beneath her hand, and she didn't take it away. "Who told you that? The goat?" she laughed cruelly. Her face twisted rapidly from mirth to concentration, unnaturally so. "Reports of my death were necessary. I needed to continue my work after the incident. To continue without anyone else interfering, that is. I shouldn't be callous about Jack. He was incredibly useful and practical. But, in the end, he didn't accept my terms. So he *volunteered* to test the V-84 formulation. An effort to bolster virility and cross mutagen compatibility at the same time. The results are mixed. Improved physique, incredible stamina, and sexually virile compatible with human eggs. More testing is needed, but he is a good step along the path."

“What path? What the fuck are you talking about?” Anton reached the raised platform. Suzie followed him, but stayed cautiously out of Norah’s direct line of sight.

Norah ignored his questions. “The others have all been successes. Haven’t you enjoyed the game? I picked each of you specifically, of course. If you recall, I always struggle to keep interest in my projects while awaiting results. I could have simply black bagged each of you and let you wake up in the testing pens. What fun would that have been? Besides, I needed to prove it.”

“Prove what?”

She finally whirled to face him. Her hand remained flat against the screen, even though the angle should have popped her shoulder out of its socket. “That humans are broken. We stopped evolving, Anton. The species is stagnant, dwelling in their sins rather than pushing their limits. We have the technology to leave this solar system. We can engineer bodies capable of not just withstanding the moons of Jupiter, but thriving. We breed like rabbits and let our offspring starve so long as they live long enough to make the rich richer. I should know. I’m the richest bitch on the planet.”

Anton apparently found some even ground in arguing with Norah. Suzie got the impression it wasn’t the first time the man had talked Norah back from the edge of madness. He continued, “If you were worried about injustice in the world, why not give back your wealth? Why set up some convoluted test of random people you’ve met.”

“I tried,” she said, her voice clicking with a high pitched electronic tick. “It took too much time. Too much entrenched bureaucracy. They’d have killed me before letting me save the world because I am saving it from them. So, I needed to do something to jolt the system from the ground up.” She waved her free arm at the different enclosures. “I did this. I forced evolution’s hand. Liam’s strain is a breeder variant for the soldier formulation. His children will have skin capable of deflecting high caliber bullets. Physiology capable of withstanding temperature extremes three times the range of a normal human. They can walk through fire without being burned. Strong enough to punch through steel. Imagine a hundred men like that tearing across a battlefield. It shifts the technological paradigm altogether. And that’s before putting them in exosuits.”

“Really?” Anton mocked. “It’s world domination orchestrated from your secret underground lab?”

“Not domination,” she insisted. “Liberation.” Her free hand gestured to a nearby screen. It came alive to display a world map that slowly dotted with points of red light. “Solider serum is one path. The other is a softer approach. Seventy-three percent of adults worldwide take some form of daily pharmaceutical. Three companies control the entirety of that distribution. Mine is the largest. At my order, specific shipments will be replaced with my carrier packages, that is supplies of common pills which have had formula enhanced versions substituted for a

certain percentage. They will go to pharmacies and into the homes of people around the world. A pill that will turn them into a horny cow slut will be sitting in their weekly pill planner, and they won't know until it's too late. By the time anyone figures out what's happening, the mutagen will have reached a critical saturation point. Besides, you've seen my creations. People won't want the government to stop it. They'll be fucking in the streets, milk flowing down the gutters as they gaze up at the stars in incoherent bliss."

"You're insane," he said.

"Insanity is allowing the world to continue in this decadent decline when I have the power to stop it." She regarded him with a disdainful sneer. "You always lacked vision, Anton. It's pathetic."

Suzie realized what was happening too late. *She's baiting him*, she thought as Anton grabbed a nearby chunk of metal. Suzie heard him say something about not letting her destroy the world as he put all his strength behind the weapon and bashed it into Norah's skull. A loud crack echoed through the chamber. Norah's neck bent in half, her head slanting to the side, but she didn't fall. Anton staggered back, shock stunning him as he realized he wasn't looking at Norah at all. Suzie pointed out the obvious, "She's a fucking robot!"

Turning to face them, Norah's face wore an expression of resolved disappointment. "I'm sorry, Anton," the thing said in a crackling mechanical voice. "The girl stopped you earlier. She calmed you down. But you always had a temper. I needed you to be my wrath. Righteous, indignant, but nonetheless...wrath. That's over now. You won't have to worry any more. We will finally be together. Made for each other."

The two humans barely had time to react as the android zipped across the platform. Effortlessly, it took Anton's arm and twisted it to his side as it kicked in his knees. He tried to tell Suzie to run, but she was too stunned to react. The limp headed robot's free hand flew up and brandished a needle. Suzie saw the monster grin before sinking the glint of metal into Anton's neck. With that done, it released him to drop to the floor. The machine stood upright and still as it looked at Suzie. When it spoke, its mouth no longer bothered to move. "Step-daughter, my pride. The last piece of the puzzle. No more need for this mask, I think."

The machine slumped and lost the false life in its bearing even though it remained standing like a puppet dangled on invisible strings. Nearby came hiss of air depressurizing. Suzie considered going to help Anton, but held back, unsure of what the injection would do. Instead, she focused on the opening capsule, readying herself to face whatever horror came out of it. Despite that, like hundreds before her, she was woefully unprepared for the real Norah Sharpe.

Suzie

The pod opened like a clam shell. Presumably for some purpose other than dramatics, a rush of mist flowed out from the opening. Latices of blue lights ran along the top half of the shell, illuminating the figure contained within. Norah tore away diodes and a headset, ripping free of them as she strode into the cavern. Suzie took in the woman's impossible shape slowly, as though the information clogged up somewhere between her eyes and her mind. Slowly, it processed in chunks. First, Norah was a giant, nearly eight feet tall. Next, calling her human was no longer an option. Her body looked as though someone had taken a dozen dolls, ripped them apart, and stitched a single one back together. She would have resembled Frankenstein's monster if she bore any scarring or raised stitches, but it was her body only mutated. She'd become a chimera of the other things Suzie had seen in the mansion.

The closest comparison was Cora's Amazonian physique. However, Norah's legs transformed a quarter of the way down her thigh to become the powerful, shaggy-furred legs of a minotaur. Her breasts, too, had changed in a similar vein as Erica, but bigger even by Norah's scale. With Vanya she shared some of the more animal oriented traits, a slender tail, horns, and long oval ears jutting from the sides of her head, as well as a short crop of silvery fur wrapped around her groin like a chastity belt, though it didn't cover her ass. The bare parts of her had the gold tinged skin that Cora shared. Norah's ass was heavy and pleasantly drooping rather than an artificial bubble shape. It belied the strength required to move around her massive form while also looking incredibly soft. Her arms were the most unchanged, but apparently other issues plagued her new physique.

As she moved out of the pod, she slid her arms into nearby exoskeletal frames. They cinched around her powerful shoulders while her hands gripped a handle a third of the way down. They kept going at a slight curve all the way to the ground, allowing her to lean forward slightly while essentially walking as a quadruped. It brought to mind a very old image of something called a "wheeler" Suzie once saw as part of a nightmare fuel meme. As Norah moved into profile, it became evident why the additional support was necessary. For one, her breasts heaved forward, putting a significant strain on her back, but the more alarming issue was the udder jutting out from her abdomen. A distended bulge of pink flesh with four elongated nipples that stood out, erect and leaking, it wobbled as she prowled forth, leaving behind a trickling trail of milk. It was both horrifying and alluring at the same time. Once Norah turned to climb up the ramp to the center platform, she treated the room to a view of her naked backside. The arm extensions meant her body was in a permanent posture of presentation. Her massive ass cheeks squashed together, but her pussy were swollen and puffy enough to push out anyway.

Norah moved around until she was on the opposite side of Anton. Her latest victim remained prostrate, muscles straining, eyes bulging, and tongue hanging thickly from his open mouth. Norah regarded him with the same curiosity that someone might notice an odd pattern on a wet sidewalk. Suzie couldn't stop the words coming out of her mouth, "Whatever you did to him isn't working! You've killed him."

The changed woman's gaze moved slowly over to Suzie. Her twisted, yet comely face

grinned. “Do you know what Einstein said when he discovered relativity?” With a wide swing of one arm, she whirled around to the nearby console. Clicking a button on her forelegs caused them to compress, lowering her enough to reach computer. “Nothing at all. He didn’t find it at the back of a cupboard. The days of sitting in a bath and yelling ‘eureka’ were left behind with bronze weapons. Everything you’ve seen tonight has come from great work over many long years. Not to mention great sacrifice. Those are the requirements of progress, Suzie.”

“So is he a sacrifice?”

Norah scoffed. “Of course not. Didn’t he tell you how all this started? How I spent my life obsessed with earning his love?” She whirled around to face the both of them. Anton’s body shuddered. He let out an agonized groan as the muscles in his arms writhed around like dying serpents. Suzie took a step back, ready to put as much distance between herself and Norah as possible. The woman looked at Suzie with wildness in her eyes. “Failed to mention it, did he? Of course. For twenty years, he’s pretended to not know me. I wasn’t good enough for him, you see. Surely you can empathize. You’re the right age. Has a boy you loved not broken your heart yet? — If not, you’re lucky, in my world such things won’t happen. — Anton did. I loved him more than anything. I went to him, climbed the window into his room, and stripped naked. Once I was in the bed with him, he woke and had the nerve to shout at me.”

A ripping noise interrupted her. Thick, bristly hair emerged from Anton’s back as his shirt exploded from his body. He leaned back onto his heels and let his head recline back. Already, he was Liam’s size and likely still growing. His chest was as thick around as a boulder, his jaw set out like a jutting rock cliff, and his hips narrowed severely into muscled haunches. His shoes had buckled and split open as his feet warped into hooves as big around as dinner plates. The seams on his slacks failed, too, slowly splitting away from his body. He removed the belt himself with a hard pull, taking away his boxers in the same jerk. Suzie was suddenly staring at the heavy balls of the man who’d tried to protect her as his cock throbbed with growth.

With a pitying look on her face, Norah shuffled over to him. At her current height, the thick protruding teats were right at mouth level with Anton. Though nearly insensate, the proximity of the sweet milk was guidance enough for him to slurp one of the long nipples into his mouth and suckle. Norah freed her hand from the machine to stroke the back of his head as he drank deeply from her. “See? This is what he always wanted. As a young woman, I had nothing. Brilliant, but flat chested. I tried for years to forgive him, but it was impossible to forget the disdain in his eyes as he looked at my scrawny body. So, I did what I do best. I solved it. Plastic surgery wasn’t good enough. They had to be natural, but *more*. I built an empire to give him this, Suzanne.”

A thought clearer and more distinctly certain than any Suzie had ever felt chimed in her head like a clarion bell. *Norah is genuinely insane. She hopped into her neighbor’s bed while naked, got rejected, and spent her life creating evil science to give herself cow sized tits so he would love her. Absolutely fucking nuts. And dangerous as hell for it.*

Anton’s slurping groans grew less frequent. A level of clarity returned to his darkened,

brown eyes. He rose from the ground, towering over the area at an enormous height. His hand pawed at Norah's other wobbling tits before he moved around to her flank. He gave the side of her rump a hard swat that made Norah trill a strange noise. It also kicked off a steadier flow of dripping milk.

As he turned, Suzie saw the full extent of the changes to his manhood, though it was silly to call it such. She'd never seen a bull's dick, but doubted it would hold a candle to the abomination of size and girth jutting out rigidly from Anton's body. As wide around as Suzie's biceps, it was likely as long, if not longer, than her arm. It was a wonder his erection didn't cause him to black out, and Suzie hoped Norah was sure about her anatomic compatibility. Otherwise, Anton would kill her with a single thrust.

With another click of the button on her mechanical arms, Norah's front dropped down leaving her bent in half, resting on her fat breasts and udder, with her rump presented in all its lush glory to the man struggling to come to terms with his hormone fueled body. A wide hand scooped up a handful of Norah's ass as the head of Anton's cock slid between her puffy folds. She moaned, milk puddling out from the squashed mounds of flesh beneath her. The flared glans of Anton's inhuman dick pressed forward and slid along the outer lips to grow slick with their mingled arousal. Rearing back on his powerful hips, he repositioned and shoved inside, sliding into her with a roar.

Suzie wasn't unaffected. The same compulsive lust that she'd experienced in the room with Vanya returned. The sight was magnificent, like two lust gods rutting in a passionate frenzy. With every thrust, Anton's chiseled muscles moved with the fierce fluidity of water rapids while Norah with gratuitous softness. The later moaned incoherently while pawing at herself with her hands. The milk's flow became more pool than puddle, filling the air with the saccharine sweetness of lactose. To her shame, Suzie could no longer resist the impulse. She pushed her fingers down the front of her pants and pressed them into the soaked underwear before sliding around them and rubbing her own pussy.

Anton was lost in the grip of his consort's walls. His eyes clenched shut as his balls slapped audibly against the wet folds of Norah's pussy. He flexed his hips and widened his stance, plunging fully inside of her, and came. The bellow of primal, orgasmic pleasure rippled through the two females. Norah's body shivered wildly as her walls clamped down to milk her stud of every drop. Suzie turned her head away as her free hand squeezed her relatively small breast. She huffed in quick bursts as her orgasm rocked through her and weakened her knees.

A moment passed before Suzie regained her composure, and that was all it took for Anton to resume his near ritualistic thrusting. Norah, however, seemed unbothered by the insistent cock plunging in and out of her. She rose up halfway on her mechanical arm stilts. "You see," she said. "I finally won him over. He'll spend another hour pumping me full of hot, thick cum. When he's tired, he'll suck my teats dry, and that will fill him up to go again. Over and over in a wonderful cycle of love."

Relieved of the sexual need, at least for a while, Suzie felt the creep of panic. She was

trapped by a monster-making lunatic who had at least three titans at her whim. The other women likely wouldn't help her either, and Raul unaccounted for, although Suzie had noticed Liam bring in another woman to an empty enclosure sometime around Norah's emergence from the pod.

One tunnel led back to the elevator which would take her up to the second floor secret corridor. She would then have to make it through the house, but the doors were still locked. *The lawyer said something about an emergency lever. It would end the game and — hang on.* She stood upright and brazenly met Norah's lusty gaze. "You called him your Wrath. You provoked him. Some way of proving something about humanity, right? That we're all inherently sinful?"

"Yes, dear," she answered.

"But you rigged the game," Suzie said. "Cora didn't choose to be trapped in that room. I don't know what happened with the others, but Cora did nothing wrong."

"Oh, the ignorance of youth," Norah said serenely as her ass thudded against the hard body fucking into her. "Cora's sin was Sloth. Her being slow out of Vanya's room was lucky happenstance. More over it was a waste of a lot of planning for another room. I digress. Cora has been languishing in a rut since the day I met her. Abandoned by her husband, she got stuck. Always slow to make decisions or take actions. To hesitant. She suffered for it, but look at her now."

The Amazon woman was currently sitting cross legged on the floor of her prison with one hand fingering herself while the other teased out heavy gushes of honey like nectar from her sumptuous breasts. Suzie tried to ignore the way it made her mouth water. "It's still not a fair test. If it were, we wouldn't have been stuck in an impossible choice between ending the game and not turning into monsters."

"That doesn't sound like an impossible choice," Norah said. "If you truly think of all of us as monsters, that is. If so, you were motivated by sheer greed."

"So, if I pulled the fire alarm, the doors would actually open."

"Of course! How could I change the fate of the whole world if I didn't have the conviction to risk everything in this?" Anger and contempt laced her words. "I was absolutely confident that no one would touch those alarms. Jack said it was madness to hook them up to the incineration protocols, but that old goat was always weak willed and sniveling at heart." She gave a chuckling moan as she laughed at her pun while Anton apparently orgasmed inside of her again.

"Incineration protocols?" Suzie asked. She attempted to keep thoughts of Anton's spurting dick out of her head while she scanned the room for an alarm lever. She spotted one beside the tunnel opposite the one where she entered.

Norah made a sound of exasperation at Suzie as she shook her ass into Anton's crotch to spur him on again. "Didn't Raul tell you? Dumb bitch, always knew he was too self absorbed. I have billions of dollars worth of research stored here. I made a point of keeping everything about my formula on site so that others couldn't steal it and co-opt it into perpetuating the decadence they worship. So, naturally, I had a system installed that would burn the whole building to ash in a chemical fire. In case I lost control of it. I had it rigged into the fire alarms because if tonight failed, I wouldn't be justified in my work any longer. Better to destroy it all if that's the case."

She was talking about creating an inferno of all her work as if she were deciding on what to have for lunch. Suzie thought everything that had occurred was abominable, but the wholesale destruction of Norah's life, not to mention Norah herself, was an immense gamble to put on a group of strangers. Suzie knew it wasn't a bluff either. She didn't think Norah thought enough about her to warrant lying. "You said I was your Pride. How does that fit?"

"I put puzzles for you all over the house. You were meant to keep finding them one after another, a scavenger hunt of clues that lasted until morning. You always considered yourself such a smart little thing. I wager it was your first thought when you saw everyone tonight. That you were the smartest in the room. It's why you came, isn't it? To prove to me that you're smart enough to warrant my atten— Suzanne?"

Out of breath from sprinting, Suzie placed her hand on the fire alarm. She thought to say something clever, but nothing came to mind. She pulled down the lever, and fire filled the sky.

Many things happened at once. Norah screeched out a protest. Pneumatic levers in the walls shifted, alarms went off, and flames rolled down the stone walls like floodwaters. The doors to the enclosures retracted suddenly, freeing their inhabitants who gazed at the bizarre pairing of Norah and Anton against the backdrop of rapidly spreading chemical fire. Beside Suzie, lights flared on in the tunnel, lighting the way to a distant exit promised by the scent of rain. The half goat, Berne, got up to speed the quickest. He clopped over to Suzie and yelled at the others to follow. Cora leapt over a milking machine with Rue held over her shoulder. Liam followed quickly with Erica in tow while Vanya stood watching her life's ambition broiling to ash.

Norah lunged to the console, face no longer bearing any resemblance to humanity. Unmasked rage fueled her as she bludgeoned instructions into the console. Anton pushed her aside and drove his heel into the machinery, causing it to crumple. With eyes like smoldering coals, he pointed at Suzie and then at the tunnel before turning his back to them and scooping Norah into his arms. Her shrieks of protest didn't abate, but they faltered behind the roar of a fresh plume of fire crackling through the tubing toward pressurized cannisters and chemical storage.

Suzie grabbed Vanya by the wrist and hauled her along. They reached the tunnel to find the others waiting with looks of stunned disbelief. Suzie yelled at them to run, and they obeyed,

galloping down the corridor like a spooked herd.

Eventually, they came to a massive door in the process of closing. They cleared it with time to spare and huddled together in the drenched darkness. The storm had finally ended, but a new one raged on the hilltop. The manor home burned with white flame. The hillside buckled and collapsed inward, burying the ashes of a destroyed empire. The transformed strangers watched, saying nothing, and holding one another.

When the hysteria and adrenaline finally abated, Suzie turned to face the band of weirdos that somehow felt like her responsibility. Not knowing what else to say, she offered them an exaggerated shrug. “So, we don’t get millions of dollars, but we kind of saved the world. That’s ok, right?”

“I have four breasts,” Erica said.

“I’m a woman,” Rue agreed.

Berne growled at both of them. “We have antidotes. Norah’s insanity wasn’t a secret. The extent of her plan tonight was, but we had contingencies. We can get everyone back to normal. And, I wager a significant lawsuit will make sure none of you leave empty handed. We should all be very grateful that Ms. Suzie had the wherewithal to save us.” They all looked at her. “So, how can we make it up to you?”

Suzie bit her bottom lip. “This might surprise you, but I could really, really, really use a hard fuck.”

