

How Now Mad Cow?

By TheSpiralledEye

“Come on man, you’ve been in the damn shower half the morning!”

When Tyrone had returned, empty milk carton in hand, Aaron still hadn’t come out of the bathroom. Typical, he was finally ready to talk and now Aaron was giving him the cold shoulder, every time he’d just yell at him to go away. Well, turns out sculling a litre of milk wasn’t so great for your bladder and now it was becoming much more important that Aaron get his ass out of the bathroom sooner rather than later.

“Come on man, I’m getting desperate here!” Tyrone pounded on the door once again before sighing, “Dude, if you’re in there for personal time, I ain’t judging but I need to go.”

The sound of the latch unlocking was like music to his ears. He was about to barge right in when Aaron finally stepped out and Tyrone found himself temporarily forgetting his bladder. Aaron’s dark skin was flushed with embarrassment, head awkwardly tilted to the side where two small horns could be seen poking through his dark hair. They were solid, curved bone structures that darkened to black at the tips; Tyrone gaped incredulously at them unable to form any sort of response.

“I had a bad headache.” Aaron explained, “I thought maybe a shower would help and well, when I was getting undressed I...saw them.”

“Are those...bulls’ horns?” Tyrone asked eventually, Aaron nodded.

“I told you, I think Dr. Brown is legit.”

Tyrone swallowed and, to his shame felt a small amount of relief, he’d had no such symptoms; perhaps his libido and fondness for grass and milk was just his subconscious getting out of hand. Now wasn’t the time for that though, his bro was clearly freaking out and who could blame him?

“Why don’t I take you up to that facility you mentioned?” Tyrone offered, “If he is legit maybe they have something that can help you. If all you get is a pair of sick horns you could probably just get them removed and that’ll be the end of it!”

“You think they’re cool?” Aaron asked bashfully.

Tyrone looked at them again, it was strange but to be honest, they weren’t an eyesore. They sort of gave Aaron a bit of flair.

“Yeah, I bet you could find some chicks who are super into that. Just pretend they’re a costume or something and you’re good to go.” He gave him a friendly punch on the arm and was gratified to see his friend smile.

He had to admit, he felt pretty crappy. It was him who convinced Aaron to keep the reservation and to eat steak instead of salad. Now his friend was turning into some sort of cow-man and he’d managed to escape the same fate, the least he could do was try and make this as easy for him as possible. Unsure as to whether he should pack a bag, Aaron threw a handful of clothes and necessities into a backpack and dumped it in the car. Poor Aaron looked miserable; his horns stuffed under a woolly hat that was far too warm for the current weather.

Tyrone couldn’t help but notice that alongside the horns, Aaron was looking good. Whatever this mad cow strain was, it was certainly helping him bulk up. He could see the shirt his roommate was wearing straining to contain the muscles beneath. At first, he felt a stab of jealousy, then hunger and he forced his eyes ahead to the road. That little incident at the gym was a one time affair; he was certainly not going to be indulging any further...attraction to men. Especially not his roommate!

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Dr. Browns facility, The Barnway according to the paperwork, was located a good hour out of town; seemingly in the middle of nowhere. They had to double check the address when they finally arrived, seeing nothing but a long hedge fence stretching for almost a mile broken up with a high, metal gate.

“If we end up in some weird serial killers house, I blame you.” Aaron half joked, leaning out the window and hitting the intercom.

There was a crackle of static then a bored female voice.

“Yes?”

“Uh, Hi. I’m Aaron, Dr.Brown came to see me yesterday-“

“Ah yes, we’ve been expecting you. Come on in.”

A harsh buzz cut off her off and the gate eased open allowing them to continue up the driveway. On the other side of the fence were open fields of grass, broken up by the occasional white brick structures dotted across them, all surrounding one larger, central building. Lacking any signage or direction they parked outside the main structure and got out just as Dr. Brown appeared at the front door with a welcoming smile.

“Aaron, Tyrone. So glad you both decided to come. I know this must be a trying time.”

Aaron said nothing, simply removing his hat and staring at the ground; Tyrone swore the horns had gotten bigger in just the few hours it had taken them to get here. Something about them made Aaron look even more buff; Tyrone felt a twinge of jealousy, remembering the extra weight he’d somehow put on. Dr. Brown on the other hand, studied them with a clinical gaze and nodded solemnly.

“Yes, there is no denying it now, you’re most definitely infected.” He sighed, “Luckily for you it’s the Bull Variant, so your changes are likely to be far less intense than they could have been.”

He waved them up the stairs and into the building which appeared almost like a strange mix between a laboratory, hospital and hotel all rolled into one. A plush lobby gave way to long corridors lined with rooms with viewing windows. Some inhabited by what appeared to be doctors and others ordinary people. Then Dr. Brown let them past a room that made them both stop in shock. A man was sitting on a bench with his legs up in stirrups while a woman examined them. The sight would have been shocking enough on its own but the surreal factor came from the legs themselves; thick with muscle and hair and ending not with human feet but hooves.

“Are my feet going to turn into those?” Aaron breathed.

“We can’t be sure, each person manifests their changes differently.” Dr. Brown answered, “Bull Variant victims always seem to grow horns and become more muscular at the very least. Some stop there while others take on many more bovine features and traits.”

“Such as?” Tyrone asked.

“Hooves, as you see here. Some have a cow’s head, a few have even grown tails. We’ve taken to nicknaming them minotaur’s, since that is the most well-known equivalent.”

Aaron swore under his breath and hurried down the corridor, overtaking Dr. Brown for a moment in his haste before blushing and waiting for them to catch up.

“It’ll be fine, bro. Maybe you’ll just get some sick horns and that’s it?”

Aaron shot him a grateful smile, but didn’t look like he believed him at all.

“Hey, if you end up having to stay here, I promise I’ll come visit all the time.”

“Oh, I think it’s best we get you a room too, Tyrone.” Dr. Brown cut in, “I see several signs that you are infected as well. As I stated the other day, you do seem to be putting on weight in very...specific locations.”

“I’ve just been drinking too much full fat dairy.” Tyrone argued, “I really don’t need-“

“It’s best we keep you in for observation anyway. I insist.”

Tyrone wanted to argue further but then memories of the last few days made him stop. He had been feeling strange, he just prayed he wouldn’t end up like that man on the bench back there. They stepped out into a courtyard as Dr. Brown continued to explain the facilities purpose in assisting people through their change as well as giving them a safe, comfortable place to live if re-entering society wasn’t an option. They were just passing a small garden when something caught his eye and Tyrone stopped still.

There was a woman bending over at the hips, her long legs straight and patterned with mottled brown spots. Her ass was huge and bouncy, jiggling as her long rope like tail swayed in the breeze. A moment later she righted, turning partially to face them looking bored as she chewed at a piece of grass. Tyrone couldn't help but ogle her breasts, they were bigger than any he'd ever seen, the nipples twice their usual size and bright pink against the surrounding skin. They were so distracting it took him a moment to even notice the udder and flat nose. She brayed at them, a sound somewhere between a moo and a moan. Despite himself, Tyrone felt something akin to arousal swirl in his gut.

"Don't worry it's quite natural." Dr Brown said and immediately Tyrone snapped to attention, ready to make an excuse when he realised the doctor was addressing Aaron.

His friend was staring at the cow woman, raging hard on obvious to all even through his trousers. Aaron's face was red, he looked as though he were trying to look away from the woman but wasn't ever able to make his eyes stray far.

"That's Joel," Dr. Brown explained, "His is the strongest case of the Heifer Variant we have seen yet. Not only is his body obviously not fit for regular society but his brain functions are severely diminished. We've done our best to make him comfortable. He's quite happy, so long as he has his daily milking and ample time with the bulls."

Tyrone almost choked on his own spit.

"T-that's a man?"

"Was, really. Those with the Heifer strain tend to prefer identifying as men despite being physically female but Joel seems happy being called either."

Tyrone's insides clenched nervously, thinking out his recent weight gain. He was suddenly aware of his pecs, swollen and slightly sore against his chest. His eyes flew to Aaron and his horns and for the first time, wished such growths would appear on his own skull.

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Tyrone tossed in the sheets, trying desperately to get comfortable. Both he and Aaron have been given small, private rooms at the back of the facilities main building. They weren't much, but at least they resembled small hotel rooms rather than the medical nightmare he'd been envisioning. The starched fabric itched, even the soft pyjamas he'd been provided irritated his skin constantly. After what felt like hours, he kicked off the blankets and stripped off completely, sighing in relief as his bare skin was touched by the cool night air. With the scratchy fabric dealt with he was able to drift off to sleep only fall into a familiar dream.

He was in that endless field as usual but this time, there was so mysterious creature chasing him. Instead, there was Dr. Brown, he was saying something but Tyrone couldn't understand the words, as if they were in a foreign language. His confusion doubled as the good doctor pushed him down to his hands and knees, placing a bucket underneath his chest. Only then did Tyrone realise it was heavy, so very heavy and sore. Before he could stop him the doctor had hold of his nipple and pulled, Tyrone threw back his head, mooing in pleasure before suddenly startling awake; his chest in agony.

In the gloom he could make out his pecs, even more swollen than they had been earlier, the skin was stretched so tight he swore he could see it straining in the moonlight. With a groan he sat, pressing a hand to the skin and finding it rock hard. His nipple felt so tight it was painful, and in a desperate attempt to massage out the pressure he rubbed at the skin around it. Without meaning to he moaned, quickly covering his mouth with his free hand before repeating the gesture with his other. The skin there was so sensitive, it felt wonderful, or at least it would, were it not for that infernal tightness. Already horny and in great discomfort Tyrone pinched the nipple between his thumb and forefinger, pulling gently to try and stretch the tight skin out. His vision whited out for a

moment as the most intense bolt of pleasure he'd even felt struck him. When it returned a moment later, he saw a stream of white fluid leaking from his nipple and his mouth went dry.

Milk.

Only female cows made milk! His mind went back to the vision of Joel in the yard. No, no, no, he couldn't be a heifer, he just couldn't.

Mind clouded with panic and lust he ran to the bathroom, standing over the sink cupping his developing breast. He had to get rid of the evidence, if he got rid of all the milk, the swelling would go down and nobody would be the wiser, right? He gripped both his nipples and began to pull, biting down on his lip to keep from moaning. He could feel the liquid flowing out of his teats in a steady stream, his muscles relaxing as his breasts steadily emptied. It felt so good, Tyrone didn't think he could stop even if he wanted to, each pull he felt his nipples getting longer and the pleasure increased. As the stream began to slow to a dribble, he threw his head back and groaned; orgasm making him weak at the knees and ejecting the last of his milk into the sink. The aftershocks sent him gasping for breath and despite the strength of the orgasm, he found himself still desperately horny. But at least now, the tightness was gone and he could relax somewhat.

Doing his best to ignore the new instinct to keep pumping he switched the shower on to cold. It took almost twenty minutes under the icy spray for the feeling to totally fade.