

The vanishing act some of Adelaide's stock seems to have pulled is *not* how she wanted to start such a beautiful day. She frowns, doing one last count to confirm her numbers. And sure enough, two meatboys are missing.

She can barely hold back an annoyed sigh as she beckons to one of her newest farmhands. "We're missing two cows," the farm owner tells him, "& right before most of 'em are scheduled to be butchered." It takes her a moment to remember his name—that's right. She gives him a smile that's sweet yet threatening. "What's going on here, Brent?"

Brent, naturally, has nothing to say but a nervous stutter of random syllables. And a nervous gulp. Aaaaand then a few more syllables that don't make up any words whatsoever.

When he finally—finally!—manages to get a few words out, his voice is a panicked shout. "I don't know what's going on!" he protests.

She raises an eyebrow. "You were working last night, yes?" she confirms. "Did you see anything? Hear anything in the barn?"

"N-no!" he answers, though this time, he doesn't meet her eyes. And *that's* what makes her sure. Something's off.

"Alright." She abruptly turns on her heel, knowing Brent won't dare to follow. Her office isn't far from the barn, so hopefully if anything else happens while she's gone, she'll be able to hear it from her office—and do something about it.

When she enters her office she walks straight for the security feed. Such a thing is essential for a farm like Adelaide's, though new hires like Brent aren't privy to the extent of the security system. Even with the "special water" that keeps her stock docile, fat, & compliant, it's always better to be safe than sorry while handling any sort of living meatstock. Still, most of the camera footage, on the few occasions she's given it a look, has been meatboys eating or drooling like bimboified idiots.

But she has a feeling this time will be very different.

So, without any further delay, she starts going through the footage, going all the way back to when Brent came by yesterday night. She'd been around the farm for only about an hour after that, so Adelaide's sure something relevant will be in there. She starts playing the footage back at 5x speed, then at 10x speed, sitting back and waiting.

And sure enough, at just before 2am last night, there's something. The farm owner slows the footage back down, and hits play.

Two meatboys were still awake, and Brent had been refilling their “special water” with a large bucket full of the stuff. Both of the cows, stupefied as they were, had started licking Brent. Brent then jumped almost a foot into the air, splashing “water” absolutely everywhere.

“Idiot...” Adelaide murmurs, wondering where this is going. Spilling a little water is wasteful, sure, but it’s nothing that can’t be fixed with a mop. And every farmhand knows where the supply closets are...

It’s then that Brent turns to the camera. She immediately notices the dead look in his eyes—it’s the same brain-dead look that her stock has.

Adelaide’s brows furrow in confusion. But then, she realizes what happened. “He got the water in his mouth, somehow...”

And sure enough, the next thing her farmhand does is start mooing. She can’t help but laugh, before putting the footage back on 5x speed.

Most of the next bit is just Brent and the cows mooing at each other, licking each other, humping each other...even as Adelaide chuckles in amusement, she wonders how in the world this harmless behavior could have led to missing stock. But *then*, to her shock, she sees the two meatboys start to wander around the barn, towards the door—which is...open?! Yes, it definitely is; Brent must not have closed it after getting the bucket—and he certainly couldn’t do any such thing now. Meanwhile, her cattle seems to be drawn to the starlight outside, like moths to a flame...

Soon after, the two wander out of the barn, out of the camera’s gaze.

Adelaide immediately grabs her phone from her pocket, making a call while still watching the sped-up footage intently. “Jay,” she says into the phone, “looks like two meatboys are still wandering the fields; have been since last night. Check the entire area, all the way up to the fences. Take a golf cart; that’ll make the search faster. If you still can’t find them, call me.”

“Sure,” the farm hand replies. “I’ll keep you posted,” she promises.

That’s what Adelaide loves about Jay: she does her job with no questions asked and *always* does it well. *That* is the type of person the farm owner has kept employed for years and years. Unlike Brent, it seems. Well, depending on what the rest of the footage reveals...

“Thanks,” she says into the phone. “Let me know; bye.”

Then, she hangs up, eyes still glued to the sped-up footage. Brent still has those empty eyes, but depending on how much “water” he swallowed, the farm owner is sure he won’t have ‘em for much longer. After all, he was fine this morning...

A little after 5am last night, the footage finally shows Brent looking like he's back to normal. She puts the footage on 1x speed, observing closely.

He looks around frantically, clearly confused. He paces, rubbing his eyes as if to try and clear his head.

Then, he grabs the empty bucket, and runs out of the barn.

Adelaide's eyes widen. "Is that all of it?" She speeds up the footage one more time, 10x this time, just to make sure Brent never walked back into frame. But Brent never comes back.

So. That idiot Brent is the reason her stock is missing.

Not only that, but when he fucked up he didn't bother to fix a damn iota of his mistakes.

And Adelaide Geraldine Hatcher is *not* the type to let such an offense slide.

She stands up, and leaves her office.

By the time she makes her way back to the barn, Brent has finished his morning feeding of her stock. And Adelaide's turned herself into a perfect picture of relaxed calm.

"Jay's searching for the missing cows," she tells him, voice relaxed and airy, as if nothing is amiss at all. "But it may be some time before she scours the entire property and the surrounding area. In the meantime," she turns to Brent, "I'd appreciate your help cleanin' their bindings. Even if we can't find the missin' two, a number of the others are bein' butchered."

"Oh, sure..." he replies, clearly uncomfortable. Nevertheless, Brent follows the farm owner into the back room of the barn.

He's never been in this room, and as they enter, he instantly gags. The coppery scent of blood is heavy in the air, and a variety of sharp tools—a saw, a sickle, and other types of blades—lie sheathed on the counter in the back. On his left is a table, almost like a large operating table, with metal wrist and ankle cuffs...

It suddenly hits him that *this* must be the "bindings" Adelaide had been talking about. A lump forms in his throat as his heart starts to pound.

"Lie down on the table," he hears her say. "Makes the cleanin' easier."

His head whips around. "What?!" Brent shudders. "I don't want to get..." *blood* "...stuff on my clothes..."

She snorts. "It's cleaned and sanitized after every use. And before—which is why we're here. Go on boy."

Shaking in fear, he slowly lies down on the table. It's easier to pretend he's at a doctor appointment, lying down so he can be examined. Thinking about that, and making sure he doesn't let the sharp blades enter his vision, almost makes him forget where he is.

Though the smell of blood means he can't completely cast that from his mind.

With that thought circling through his mind, he finally fully lies down. "Ok, now what?" he asks, looking up at Adelaide.

But she's not there anymore. "Huh—"

Suddenly, both the ankle and wrist cuffs close around him. A larger metal cuff he didn't see before closes around his neck. And a domed sheet of metal holds his head firmly in place, making it impossible to look around.

"What the hell?!" he shouts.

"Oh Brent..."

It's then that Adelaide walks into view, a small, amused smile on her face. "Your employment contract makes it clear that if you lose our stock, then you need to get a replacement."

"How did you know I lost—"

"Normally, I'd let you offer up a friend of yours, or even family—perhaps a brother, or an uncle." She sighs. "But I don't abide hiring idiots, nor liars. So I think I'll take you instead."

*Oh god, oh fuck.* "C-can't you just fire me?!" Brent squeaks.

"Oh, we're far past that, darlin'." She chuckles. "You let my cattle escape & tried to make me none the wiser! It's only fitting that you pay the price!"

"B-b-but—" He tries desperately to think of something. "I wouldn't make good meat! I-I-I've lived my entire life as a normal person, not a meatboy—"

"And that's why those like you make the best stock! Because of your untapped potential!" Adelaide counters. She smiles sweetly. "After all, if you can't do your job right...why not do this instead?"

Without waiting for an answer, she raises a hand, putting a long, thin cylinder into Brent's mouth. He looks at it in confusion as she forces it past his teeth, onto his tongue, down his

throat. Even then, some of it is still protruding from his mouth. Then he realizes—is it some kind of tube? Is she going to pump him full of supplements to fatten him up?! He struggles, trying to move, but of course escape is impossible.

“It’s a fair exchange, doll. You fucked me over, now I do the same...”

He feels something start to slide down his throat—some sort of liquid. Is it her “special water”?!

But there’s nothing he can do about it now, no way to reject what she’s forcing into his system.

Soon, he feels his mind start to fade away.

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Adelaide squeezes Brent’s belly, loving the dumb smile on his face as she fondles him. “Hmmm. I’m loving how fine you look, meatboy.”

She gave him plenty of water, enough to keep him docile for at least a day. And afterwards, he happily drank everything else she gave him. Heavy cream mixed with butter, ice cream shakes full of sugar, and of course, fatty supplements specially engineered to fill a meatboy with chub. And her newest cow is now over twice as heavy as when they started.

The boy’s belly is a huge round globe of flesh and fat, one that makes Adelaide lick her lips. “You look wonderful,” she murmurs. “I’m sure whoever gets to devour you will certainly enjoy it. Hell, perhaps maybe I’ll enjoy you myself...”

“No matter what, I’m sure you’ll taste *succulent*.”