

The Udderly Massive Weight of Life

Day 1 —

It started with a loud, obnoxious, *increasingly* irritating noise. An alarm similar to one on a starcraft in some science fiction show, alerting the two men snoozing together close in a bed with blankets all lopsided and messy. The first male, Saturn, opened his eyes, the right one gray, the other brown, crust deep between the lids. His curled tailed came to attention as he reached over, hitting the bottom of his balled up fist on the digital clock, ceasing its blaring.

Digitigrade legs shuffled and canine paws touched the, a yawn drowned out by the still sleeping Villam, a chimera of many features. The awake scratched the back of his silver mohawk, one that started from a bang between his eyes and all the way around to the center of his back. With a sigh, he stood up, the bed springs creaking and his thoughts turning to work.

Stumbling his way through the low light, Saturn found the doorknob leading to the bathroom, both paws on the edges of the sink as he stared at himself in the mirror. A Hyena-Akita mix gazing straight back. Some ignorant could say it was odd, but that's the way the world worked. People had the choice to decide on who to love and... well, imagine what his parents had to tell their own parents back in the day.

The front of his body was a milky white, shoulders with varying degrees of gray with even darker spots. On the sides of his thighs were similar patterns, but with white dots. The left of his face ashen around the brown eye, with the other half white. Two ears that told off his hyena ancestry with the lower parts marked with circular gauges. A smoky colored nose that sucked in the smells of early morning air, and the scent coming from his roommate. A friend, but... also a roommate.

The shower was quick, a tall rectangle with frosted glass covered in steam. Brushing his pearly teeth, Saturn's white tail with a lead-hued tip had its fur dangling from the bone as hot water warmed him up quickly. Soap liberally applied to a sponge and washed in all the right areas - pits, crotch, careful to avoid his unmentionables, and between his rear cheeks.

Now was the slightly harder part, getting out, getting dry, and getting dressed all within fifteen minutes. Villam really was a bad influence on him, but the half-canine made it work. The fuzz of his fur dried fast with an ancient frantic towel technique passed from person to person – crazily shaking the fabric all over yourself as quickly as you could. A muted yellow dress shirt, beige, nerdy pants, brown loafers, and a black belt. The boring attire of a boring IT position.

Before leaving the bedroom, the more lithe Saturn moved to wake up his rather burly flatmate, an empty pizza box resting on a portly brown-furred gut pushing through an unkempt robe.

Slapping the inside of his thigh, dangerously close to a bulging crotch hiding the well-hung goods of the chimera, the Hyena-Akita mumbled out the words, "wake up. Villam, V-" a yawn interrupted his words, more loud smacks against fattened thighs. "Villam. You can't stay in bed all day man."

The sleeping beauty finally opened his emerald orbs. A chimera in the best sense of the word, Saturn took his previous thoughts about parents and thought it best never to imagine how something like his friend could come into existence. Theories ranging from radioactivity on some farm, others having mutual friends between them place bets on what parts of a farm animal Villam's mom had compared to his dad. To the unfamiliar, it could only look strange. Although, he'd never admit that any one theory was correct. In every other aspect, there were no limits to a life as his species. He was healthy as Saturn... but not in lifestyle.

"It... it can't be noon already." The chimera said with a deep, groggy voice. As he lifted his body to look at the clock on his friend's nightstand, the stained pizza box fell to the floor, now atop a pile of two others. With an annoyed sigh, he craned his thick neck back.

"Really? 7:30?"

Saturn bit his lip. *Yes! 7:30 is the NORMAL time for people who work Villam.* The words he wanted to say, but held back. A chimera is exactly what he was. A hide of cow-like fur with solely a light chocolate brown from the breasts down. Then, on his arms and upper body were white dot-like patterns as seen on such cattle. Donkey ears, boar tusks, the tail of a cock, sorry, *rooster*. Horse hooves and the wool of a sheep around his neck like a hoodie, covering the entire back of his neck with the tip of the fleece hidden behind dark brown hair. As if you elevated a buzzcut up by a whole quarter foot.

While the half-dog did not say those exact words, his next were oozing with resentment. "Yeah Villam, it is. Up... up! Rent's due this month and I don't know if we'll have enough this time. You gotta try harder."

Villam's head had already hit the pillow again, equine ears drooping down to avoid the headboard. "Yeah-yeah. I'll pay you back, I'll cover...I'll... give, give me five more minutes will ya?"

He said it to an empty room, his roommate already dashing to get his car keys in near the kitchen, having left behind he could hear much more.

The pair lived in a townhouse, one floor a single household that went up to four floors, the building rather vertical almost like a trailer. Entering through the front door would open you up to the living room and the entertainment center, moving through that would have an open kitchen on your left and a storage closet to your right. One that doubled as a pantry. Past that, an office area, then in the far back was a door leading to their bedroom. Having to get there required traversing down a slim hallway that Saturn easily fit through, Villam not as so with his wider frame, the arms grinding against the walls whenever he walked through it, sometimes bumping over the side table there. Then, lastly, the bathroom attached to the sole chamber of rest.

Tidy, cramped, and affordable. Whether you liked it or not, you, and the person you lived with, would get well acquainted with one another. The smells, the sights, the... cuddles that'd occasionally become much more intimate. The details die with them.

Running over with his messy mohawk, Saturn started his older electric car, twisting the key as it gave a mild purr, a slight, barely felt rumble as pedals were adjusted with, and off he went. Their home was near the town center, a bustling city famous for its tech industry and full of anthropomorphic beings. Such wealth and progressive management allowed such typical urban zoning to be open, free. Parks were plentiful and traffic jams were rare. It was entirely walkable, but not for the hybrid, who never could seem to get things going on time.

While the Akita-Hyena used his turn signals, paws holding the wheel in a 10 and 2 position, it was an entirely different story for Villam. He had woken up somewhere around 1pm, much later than Saturn's current drive, but how much can be described of a sleeping creature, pot belly rising up and down with each breath. His head always seemed to hurt and the center of balance never wanted to work for him. Again he'd collide with that ornate wooden table, knocking over a third vase this month, promising himself later he'd clean it up.

Saturn... pulled into the drive through of a cafe... carefully. He'd order his common cup of joe, and make sure to tip his server the best he could. Villam, however, would pour himself a bowl of cereal, milk first as it splashed around with his shoddy aim, leaving marks that'd dry and become sticky. This, he would also swear to clean up later. Especially as he dropped several piles of hard grains in donut shapes towards the bowl brimming with dairy, overflowing it with a few curses spouted out, and a few quick wipes of napkin cleaning up around $\frac{3}{4}$'s of the mess. The rest... it'd be gotten later of course.

Back with the Mr. Responsible, he'd cautiously parallel park, overspent 30 minutes more than he'd actually need at the parking meter, and enter with his coffee in hand. A couple sips done with prudence as to not blemish his apparel.

And... Villam. Smearred white streaks of milk were all over his lips as he watched a favorite internet celebrity of his review short clips of the week to decide if they were

“radikal” or “terribl-tacular.” The person or people given a grade of a “ top champ” or a “total lozer.” The spelling was unfortunately intentional.

On one part of the pair, you’d have Saturn, heading from floor to floor of the tech park he worked in, always demanding that someone over the phone in his workplace try restarting their systems or computer. When they’d insist that’d never work, the half-dog would trudge his way through hellfire and brimstone to Shannon in Accounting just to realize she’d somehow unplugged her computer with her elephant trunk. Or Tobias needing help with a printer only to be told he never actually hit the PRINT button, the meerkat confused at the UI, saying “I thought that meant it was printing?”

But most of the time? ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS JUST RESET THE *DAMN* COMPUTER!

Days weren’t so hard for Villam though. He’d slam sour cream and onion crisps into his gullet, specks of triple-fried potato skins flecking everywhere. Ah-ah, he almost touched the mouse connected to the only computer in the house with chip-covered fingers. Like the intelligent good boy the chimera was, he rubbed all that crap on his cargo shorts, letting it crumble to the floor.

Then he’d go to his least favorite website, checking to see no resumes had been accepted, and submitting some file that revolved around his skills as a member of the

“school of hard knocks” towards a service rep job. He felt satisfied with the work, and took his first nap of the day, never to hear back from that... company. Whoever they were called!

Three more tickets left. That’s all Saturn needed. Another computer restart, up three flights of stairs, another quick coffee from the kiosk and... a man who seemed to be sick? It was indeed his next issue to solve, Harold from R&D. A supposed lynx that looked much more like a cow. He was bloated, yellow fur a mix of white and black, and he smelled of... milk. Simply milk. He looked like he was running a fever with how matted her fur was, and the nose of this Harold was not feline, but bovine.

“Are you alright?” The hyena hybrid asked genuinely.

“M-? Yeah, ah-ah. Yeah jezt halp me with the coomputer please?” His words were slurring all over the place, and as he swiveled around, his dress pants had a rather thick bulge. It... was something they all lived with. Some people just had bigger stuff than others. Harold wouldn’t stop licking his nose too, a tongue much longer than Saturn would ever think.

All it took was one glance to figure out the problem. The fans were covered in heavy cream, as if someone... carelessly spilt milk all over the place. “Uh, yeah. Listen, things are already kind of late. You should probably just get home with whatever

sickness you've got going on. I don't even know if I can... fix whatever you've done to it."

Saturn placed his coffee down near the keyboard, leaning over underneath the desk to see so much in terms of stains and other kinds of white messiness. Puddles of pearly liquids half-soaked on the splashed carpet. It would be gross had it not smelled so sweet. It wasn't the other kind of fluid, one much saltier.

With little care at the end of his workday, a coworker he barely knew and having all the stress at home, it was hard for his mind to think much about the problem. Above him, the cowish lynx delivered a fat sneeze all over his work station, the monitor covered in globs of dairy, a single marshmallow-y chunk successfully dunking straight into the open cup of Saturn's coffee. Harold left everything else behind, no warning given, no issue thought of.

"Ah, whatever. It's the milk! I don't know what the hell I could do other than just dry everything down and replace what's broken." The half-canine rested on his knees, a yawn coming out as hand went to cup, and cup to mouth as a significantly sweeter dark roast flowed down his throat. It was like drinking hot chocolate yet someone put in way too much cream. He coughed, gagged even, but when inspecting the drink, nothing looked wrong. Perhaps beans that just weren't brewed right.

As Saturn left with heavy eyes, late around 7 o'clock, Villam would rise from his second nap, feeling rather spirited and alive! Full of vigor and ready to spend the night

with whatever gaming buddies he could wrangle up. Of course, he'd invite his roommate for a good time before the sound of sleep called the overworked Hyena-Akita.

The one driving home would get a call from his cell, the chimera suggesting the idea of another pizza night. Saturn didn't exactly have the money, but it sounded tastier and quicker than cooking at home. The ingredients in their pantry basic, the dishes already piling up, and the IT professional simply did not have the energy to process alternatives.

Arriving home, the most helpful the multi-bodied creature had been all day was when he collected the four large tomato pies with several toppings. Normally, Villam would have one and a half to two pizzas and the rest would be eaten at some point before the following night, or somehow forgotten about. Saturn wouldn't exactly gorge on that much, but... the pounds were gonna add on sooner or later. Hell, he was into his third slice already when he felt his tongue off, belly already bloated.

The two would partake in this same ritual. For roughly the next four hours it'd be eating, drinking, smoking a blunt here or there, all the while they played cooperative single-player games or online multiplayer matches. Sometimes it'd be a movie or a show, but very rarely was it ever a night of silence in their townhouse.

Midnight would come, and soon the need to sleep. Villam, for all his faults, never

let his friend go to bed alone. Saturn would get to enjoy his rear humped by his friend, the first few times a joke, then afterwards a more rhythmic beat they both loved. A large, barreling arm around his body, the little spoon to the chimera's thick one. It was like being smothered by a teddy bear nearly twice your size. It made it easy to sleep. No matter the stench, the experiences he had, Saturn still loved nights like these. Every night, as long as it was with Villam.

When the snooze came was when the unemployed humanoid would head back to his computer to stay up late into the night, crawling back into bed in the later hours after a few more wedges of cheese-upped tomato sauce on toasted dough. This was... the life.

Day 2 –

There it was again. Were they being invaded? Space pirates detected on board? No. It was time for work. It was time to get, and do it all over again.

But as Saturn bopped the button to shut the blaring noise, there was a thick snuffle in his nose. Like both nostrils were clogged full of some kind of liquidy snot. Snorting it down, there was a tinge of sugar to the taste in the back of his throat as the piles of internal mucus were casted into the flames of stomach acid. The hybrid hyena made a deep groan, congestion in his head making it sound all the more profound. Getting up was a chore all on its own, and the mighty Villam in bed with... another

fucking pizza box on his popped and propped up gut could've been equated with a dinosaur from loud and intense the snores were in Saturn's ears. Perhaps a part of that chicken ancestry of his?

But no, looking in the mirror in the bathroom, it was something else. The gray-white furred man staring at his smoke-colored snout, seeing it more pinkish than he last remembered, barely noticeable dribbles of white flowing from his snout, sucking it up with a retch as his tongue lapped at it, moistening it. He always could do that, he just never had to.

Something from that asshole he helped before the day's end. A sickness, or a bug. Whatever. Saturn got into the shower, did his duty, and stepped out. The heat helped with his head, but a part of his dexterity was stripped from him. Walking around the small bathroom in of itself was difficult. It'd be rather difficult to drive his car but with traffic the way it was, surprisingly barren, it shouldn't be too bad as long as he took it slow. There was no chance he could miss work. He had to get there.

Still, Saturn took the time to wake up Villam, not for the reason of yesterday's annoyance that he had stayed up so late, but rather so he could get a good look at his nose.

The chimera gave his own yawn, eyes blurred with dried crumbs of sleep as he stared close to his friend's nose. "Uh, yeah, it's pretty pink?" It didn't seem *that* off. "It did get a little cold here last night."

"Dude, that's not it." He spoke with the cadence of an imbecilic cartoon character made for younger audiences, slow and low. "I feel weird. My head is so stuffed."

Villam made a gasp that stunned the half-dog, throwing up a finger so sausage-like you wouldn't even be able to fit in a bun. "I've seen this."

"You have?"

"Unfortunately so."

Saturn was running late, again. He didn't have time for games. "Just friggin' say it Vill!"

With a deep inhale, he began — "it's something very serious. I've seen it online, it's... the images are terrible. Your body will inflate, the skin ripping open as your blood and guts go *flying* everywhere! The pain is terrible! And you know exactly when you have it. For you can't stop licking your own nose."

Coincidentally timed, Saturn's tongue went in for another saliva coated slap against his snout as the sickly biped gasped. "How did you know?!"

"Uh... because you've licked it like three times since you woke me up. You just did it again."

The Hyena-Akita threw his paws on his muzzle, trying to keep everything shut. In this moment of his dull mind, he believed Villam completely. "How do I stop it? Is there a cure?"

"I know the name all too well. Ligmaparesclerosislepsy." Said without a stutter. "I'm afraid it's terminal."

"Ligma- what?!"

A needle was dropping, Saturn rushing for the door as he grabbed the coat on his bed in the same action, Villam sucking in as much air as he opened his mouth, getting ready to say the words. "LIGMA-"

Despite the disadvantages of this new illness, his will and legs worked together, the door shut and slammed loudly to drown out the chimera's next words. Saturn was

saved. He rushed to his car, sitting down, skipping breakfast as a ping dinged on his phone.

Opening his messages, he saw a sentence from Villam.

‘probably just the flu’

Three dots appeared, then another post shot up from the bottom.

‘BALLS’

Infuriated, the late IT technician started his car, and drove off to work, barreling down the main road, pulling a rolling stop as he continued towards the inner-parts of the city. Another lick, another lap, another wretched and nauseous snort. How was he supposed to work like this?

Villam woke back up around 11AM, his body naturally stirring as he was preparing for the night to come! He wanted a good time with him and his buddy! Using some emergency stash of funds, he’d head out to the grocery store after pumping some gains with hard iron. Dumbbells he used every once in awhile. While his gut said constant beers from 9 to 5, his arms were deceptively body-builder in form. A series of sets with curling and other techniques, he’d soon adorn sweatpants and a gray hoodie

for fatter gentlemen like himself to take a brisk walk to the market. He had a list, and he had a plan. Saturn needed something more than the nights they'd share after work. Rather a *real* evening.

Speaking of Saturn, it was only noon and this was the fifteenth ticket of the day... **so far!** The idea of a big lunch never allured him but as his ass porked up with every step, straddling his work pants as going up stairs was a nightmare, it was the only thing on his mind. He was picky, he could love burgers, various different meats here or there. Vegetarian or vegan dishes. But on his mind — a salad. A nice pile of various heavily dressed greens. His nose was wetted once again.

It is indeed what he enjoyed on his break. Two giant plates of the stuff. Julienned carrots, radishes, cherry tomatoes that *popped* freshness into his mouth. Clearing out all that gunk the pizza gave him the night before. Saturn felt... just right as he crunched into each leaf, the goodness to his heart and soul making his jammed head all the more better.

Something was off with his ass though. Even in his seat as his tail wagged from the pant hole, there was just an aspect about his hind. Saturn never realized how 'plush' it was, how kneadable the cheeks were when grinded into surfaces. There was an addictive quality behind it.

The rest of his day would consist of more tickets, more questions or comments about his sluggish attitude and the appearance of his nose. Looking in the bathroom mirror, it was broader now, wider and just... not his nose. A thick pink, round and...

Bovine? A trapezoid instead of a cute button. The scale of it seemed to double, and it didn't help that it still felt so stuffy. He would've noticed the changes more had this damned head of his not feel so full. So clouded. The buttons of his shirt had a bigger responsibility, but the day passed sooner than he thought, finally reaching his car, specific parts around his body like his thighs, hips, and arms slightly flabbier. As pathetic as one might call him, it was a struggle to even turn the key to start his car, his nostrils constantly smelling that very same scent. Milk. Why was it milk?

With Villam the day was spent in a most productive way, one he hadn't accomplished in some time. Sure, he hadn't applied for any work, and he'd spent around a hundred bucks, but unemployment would be on its way... some time soon... he thought.

The oven was on and the stovetop burners were alight. Crackling oils and sizzling fats drifting their aromas all around their home. Nachos warming up with cheese and jalapeños, shrimp, ready to be dolloped with guac and sour cream. Can't forget the pico as well. Pigs in a blanket, honey barbecue ribs, fried chicken... how he betrayed whatever

ancestors came before him, his cocky tail swinging with excitement at the smells. It was only like, *five percent* cannibalism.

Villam wasn't sure if he wanted to alert his friend to the surprise feast, around five other dishes still being made, but everything had been timed for Saturn's arrival. Picking up the phone, he almost dialed the number before placing it back down. It *would* be better as an awe-filled shock than just straight up telling him about it. Besides, he'd be home here soon.

Parking his car, Saturn experienced weakness in his knees, constantly grunting with snuffles as he wobbled towards the front door. It was not like he had consumed as much food as Villam did on a daily basis. He *dieted!* Or at least attempted to diet! Sure, he was heavier, but the way he walked made the hybrid hyena believe he had accumulated hundreds of pounds.

A knock on the door and the delayed entry allowed for the chimera to stand at attention, hands behind his back, chin up with pride as he smiled seeing his roommate's reaction to the glorious amounts of food. "You surprised?" he said to the most obviously surprised Saturn.

“Damn Villam!” The talked with curdling phlegm in his throat, a froggy hoarseness that squashed his excitement for the situation. “H-how did you afford this?” Saturn’s articulation was slow, subdued.

The remarkably stellar chef gave a clap of his hands like a bullfighter. “Why do you think I’m always so calm whenever you bring up our money problems eh? I have my means.”

“I... I don’t know if I have the stomach for all of this. The illness is getting quite bad.” It was a half-truth. He could admit that for some reason, a hankering for food was deep in his mind. This new nose on his face, one Villam didn’t seem to think was off, could smell each one of these decadent delicacies. All with a hint of milk of course. Even within his mouth did piles of saliva exuded in all the crevices, filling up like a glass tank. The Hyena-Akita’s head still ached, foggy even. It was hard to think, to say no.

And what Villam did next wouldn’t help. “I thought you might say that.” Pulling out a lighter from his shorts, the other pocket a rolled up joint. One flick, one fire, one plume of smoke in the air. “Now are you interested?”

There was more than one type of grass Saturn could detect. But the heavy weight on his head, almost like the chimera’s fat gut, told him what to say. “...sure.”

While drugs and jello shots were not going to help Saturn's sickness, it definitely made everything seem alright. The games were hilarious, the movies most interesting. All of the food, loaded nachos, the amazing cupcakes. It went on and on and he just couldn't stop eating. Villam would give a burp, causing the bovine-nosed hybrid to one-up with a belch of his own. The butt buds enjoying each other's presence to a maximum degree. Dick jokes, ass slaps, the whole nine yards of pleasure and recreation. It was like the old days, when Saturn felt that the relationship was more equal.

There was even some minor flirting, a... conversation about who was better at riding dicks, to which Saturn said his mouth was better than Villam's ass, the latter asking his friend to 'prove it.' They laughed, eyes were stared at, smiles wide with flushed faces. But alas, it didn't go further than that.

While the IT technician didn't feel any better physically, it was still a good night, the duo making out in bed as they both fell asleep while high, arms wrapping around one another, crotches grinding together. It was lovely. Especially the chimera's musk.

Day 3 —

Saturn's whole world was groggy. The way his vision captured his surroundings was like a video as a low framerate. A hangover concoction mixed with marijuana would

do it. His ears did not register the alarm still blaring as he kept a plumper paw on his head, Villam reaching across his body to slam on the digital clock, shutting it up as he rolled over back to bed.

Floundering to the bathroom, Saturn held the sides of the sink with his hands. Every breath he took made him sound like a laggard beast, sedated and confused. His chest having bubbled up in the night, the dress clothes he never took off wet around the nipples. In fact, it was more than just a simple wetness. Huge stains that resembled the size of his breasts darkened the area, soaked with white. While he watched, droplets fell into the sink, a deep need to just... get it all out.

The half-canine gruffed out a wild noise like a farm animal in duress, shocked by how bulbous the orbs on his torso were now. The pair of fake tits were not perky like a woman's bosom, but the moobs of a nerd who hadn't heard of the word exercise since high school gym. When he lifted one up, just to let it fall it jostled, gurgling as a stream came out of extended nipples, things you could pinch and jerk.

Something Saturn instinctively began to do, groaning on in muffled bellows that he wanted to shout out. He was only able to stop himself simply because he was used to keeping quiet once waking up, as to not disturb Villam's sleep until the right moment.

Sweat caked into his fur, adding into the saccharine scent still stuck around his wider nostrils. It was the nose of a cow. There was no need to be cheeky. A canine-hyena muzzle, one that was broadening out, with a cow's end. Pink, moist, another lick that he couldn't stop from doing. One hand was held tight on his breast, the other paw the breast's teat, tugging on it as more and more milk came out.

Squeezing as hard as he could, Saturn desperately wanted to wail, "M-mm-" it was in the back of his throat. It needed to come out, but as the milk in his right moob stopped, almost like a deflated balloon, the Hyena-Akita was given rest.

It didn't last for long, the compulsions carrying his spirit to do the same to the left breast, feeling as if this would be so much easier with some help. As if this was not his job to worry about. Thick cream that could not fit down the drain clung to the sides of white porcelain within the basin similarly to glue. All in all, it was done, but it took longer than Saturn wanted. He did not have a bra, and even *if* it didn't look exactly to a woman's bust, trying to fit a new shirt over him didn't help the new fat settling there. His gut was more pronounced, the backside of his body now layered with mass like rolling hills.

Saturn would have to worry about all that later! So much time was taken up practically milking himself that he was going to be late if he didn't leave at this very moment. Ignoring the obvious need for a shower, he put on whatever was closest in terms of clothing, and ran to his car. With a start, it was on, and he was off.

Villam was still asleep. The remnants of a cheese dip within an aluminum dish held between his arm and thigh like a treasured doll. While he'd always go back to sleep after being woken by his good friend, it'd help to be disturbed just so his chimera body could be acclimated to getting up in... a few hours or so.

Driving was difficult, Saturn's body readjusted again and again as his belly wanted to sag and press into the steering wheel. It was hard to keep in mind what he was doing, where he was supposed to be going. He muttered reassurances in his head, trying to remain in control, to stay composed. The half-canine pulled into the drive-through of his favorite morning establishment. A good coffee always took the edge off and gave him energy.

It was all a haze, the words he spoke, the response giving back etched in static. Despite the high being over, Saturn thought the inebriation dimmed him. Hangover, sickness, post-weed stupor, it was a grand cocktail that didn't even let him register that he hadn't bought a coffee.

A green smoothie was chilled in his hands, the receipt showing an 'XXL Green Deluxe Goddess Shake.' Saturn had never been one for healthier alternatives, but sucking down the straw, getting chunks of spinach, apple, avocado, kiwi, carrot, and much, much more with each dollop of richness on his long, tapered tongue. With a

euphoric expression, he let the pink appendage out from his muzzle, digging the tip into one of his larger nostrils in a behavior he did not understand completely, but was rewarded with more milky notes on his taste buds. The drink was perfect for the Hyena-Akita, like it was... *made* for him. It was nutritious, and a good way to balance out yesterday's baleful foods and habits. Plus, it tasted so damn good. Never once had him and the color green be so close in a most literal wavelength.

Pulling into his parking space, Saturn had to ignore the fact that the mass and fur of his arms were making the sleeves of his shirt bulge out. The buttons struggled to hold on in the same way he did trying to get through the revolving doors into his workplace. Each step forward was accompanied with a groan and a wobble, the folks who say him equating Saturn to a zombie without the rotting skin.

The IT worker didn't show it, but he was happy he had a suit jacket always prepared in his car for emergencies. As one could say this was quite the conundrum.

Meanwhile, Villam unusually stirred in his sleep. His friend was not needed this morning in arousing him, for it was the sweet scent in the air that woke him around eleven. At first, it was the stains in the bedsheets. Dark marks that smelled so nice, his tongue going to suck them up while half-asleep. Only realizing as the flavor hit him of what he was doing. In his mind, it wasn't milk, but perhaps Saturn's sweat. A bit loathsome, naughty even. But... good.

He meandered over to the bathroom, shuffling similarly comparably to his roommate at work until his snout was angled at the cream settled in the pools below. Without warning, a deep desire in the bowels of his gut had him press his tongue forward, lapping at the mouth watering buttery clods, the lumps sticking to his flesh and being brought back into his maw, savored as it all fell to be dissolved within. A noise of admiration was made, and... Villam, for the first time in a long, long while... felt good. Very good. Energetic even. The previous lethargy that put a damper on his mind at the beginning of everyday, the indolence, it was all gone.

It was more than a jog, less than a sprint, but it got the chimera to the computer. The usual job boards that he mucked around on and gave up so soon into the search didn't seem that way anymore. He clicked apply to each one that seemed interesting. Villam tailored his resume to the ones that required it – hell he couldn't believe he was even writing cover letters. This was better than coffee, better than sex. He was *alive*.

Which was the exact opposite of Saturn's spirit. He was happy to have his jacket on, it helped with making his nipples less noticeable. However, the mannish tits the half-dog milked this morning were internally sloshing around again, the fluids inside demanding another go into dumping themselves into the plumbing. It was more than just the *teats* he had now.

Saturn's own cock, to be blunt, was leaking as well. As he paced around from ticket to ticket, helping others with whatever banal bullshit they needed, it was like he was cumming in his pants but without the explicit pleasure that normally such a move would provide. It thickened in the Hyena-Akita's pants, globbing up as each squirt clotting the underwear until even his balls felt as if they were resting in sour cream. The sensation was rather enjoyable if one could ignore the obvious part.

The obvious part being... something was *obviously* wrong. His ass was popping out from the back of his pants, the fluffiness the tail had before dwindling away as a tuft of hair on the end was all that was left. The nails at the ends of his fingers becoming blacker than charcoal, as hard as obsidian, clacking whenever they touched. More and more sweat seeped from his skin up the strands of fur that shifted in texture, matting it, and perfuming Saturn to the point that others were making comments about him.

"Working in a barn recently?" Haha, funny. *Very* funny.

Someone tapped on his gut, the giant thing splashing around like a pool-toy full of water. "Cut back on the milkshakes eh?"

None of them were taking this seriously! And it's not like he could either! His boss wouldn't stop complaining about his performance. He had to keep working, he had to keep moving. Ignore the horns breaching past his fur, ignore how heavy his breaths had

become. Just keep working, just keep going, pay no mind to all the fucking milk everywhere! His cock, it was just so.. Damn...

Saturn was on the 5th floor, between several cubicles. His penis wouldn't stop gushing, the fluids just kept coming and coming and coming and coming and, well, he fell.

The bellow could be heard across the entire floor. All workers stopped to stand, turn, and stare. A noise only equal to a literal farm animal. The moo to end all moos. It started low in his throat, it was impossible to cease. Rising, rising, rising, churning just as much as the milk in his moobs, the sound carried itself through his gullet until his lips pursed, the bovine nose now more like the entire snout as his jawline thickened. A howl of epic proportions.

Dairy shot out of everywhere it could as the trip had him fall directly onto his front. His dick was flaccid, so no harm there, but the balls were full of more than just semen. No pain, yet plenty of gain. The pressure was similar to a juicer, the weight of his back and all around allowing so much cream to escape as the fall did as much work in five seconds than his self-milking did in the morning.

Under Saturn was a giant pool of white. It couldn't soak into the light blue carpet fast enough, and already the people below were wondering why the ceiling leaked.

I have to go home. I have to go home. The half-dog... more so half-dog-cow said as he rushed through the bottom floor, holding his chest like a braless woman lest the things shake like the melons they were. He'd gained more than just pounds in the last few days, and those new pounds in of themselves were in the hundreds.

Before all of this, Villam was double his weight, and now it felt like he *doubled* Villam's own weight. The clothes on him were just so tight, the milk was everywhere! He was like a damned avatar of dairy from everything going on.

Saturn didn't dare leave mid-shift. There were a few stifled laughs but he was able to remove himself from the situation before too many people asked questions. Besides, today was one of the busier stretches simply because of market news he didn't care to listen more about.

It was alarming that he could see his pronounced gut from where he was, having to pull about his moobs first to really notice it. His buttoned shirt was riding up to hide between the belly and chest, creating quite the extended stomach, the gray-white furs there just tickling the rubber of his wheel. Saturn clenched his teeth, ones that were blunting down to lose their canines and adopt ones more flat. Uniform, but useful for one thing. Chewing grass.

He shifted into reverse, trying to follow the speed limit as best as he could, his worried and fracturing mind splitting apart as he was thankfully distracted by a cell phone rumbling in his right-side pocket, reverberating waves of his thigh fat that tickled his genitalia, making him 'moo' in stimulation as he used blocky hand-hooves to reach for the device. When the phone did not recognize his fingerprint, now having a lack of one, he used his face... which it also did not acknowledge. The last choice was voice recognition. It took a couple more tries, but eventually it worked.

It was Villam, and the first thing the cow-dog-savannah-scavenger heard was a wet belch. "Ey man, I'm feeling cows tonight."

"WHAT?!" It was the most scared he'd sounded all day. Almost as if his friend was suggesting to serve him as dinner.

Saturn could nearly hear the movement of the chimera's shrug. "Burgers. I did really good today. Got a lot done. Dishes are still... well, you know. They aren't done. I thought I'd get to them, but trust me man, I did *A LOT* that I can't wait to tell you about. But, you still seem sick. Neither of us feel like cooking. Just get some burgers and fries. You know what I like. Villam out." There was a snap of his fingers and the phone died.

The man in the car winced his eyes. "He *never* says that." With a shake of his thick and dulling head, horns more sharp than his brain, he pulled into a wide drive

through. Big-bottomed people in all their cars ordering the best sludge packed into a meat patty that money could buy.

Saturn practically slapped his car with his keratin-tipped fingers, leaning his neck out the rolled-down car window as if his demands would not be heard, speaking in a frantic and rapid tone. "Fifty-five-

Immediately, the person taking his order interrupted him. "Sir, we stopped doing that meal deal last week. We only do half now, so twenty-seven-

"Twenty-seven burgers, twenty-seven fries, twenty-seven-

"You're only allowed two drinks sir."

"Largest you have. Two 96oz ones."

"Yeah that'll be 75.33."

Saturn pulled ahead, cutting off someone he didn't care to look at. In two short minutes, the credit card nearly maxed out was charged, and the food was given. With a huge bag he didn't care to check was full of steaming burgers on his lap, he floored it home, not sure what to do, other than leak, be milked, and eat.

He wobbled his fat arse out from the car, hobbling over to the passenger side as neighbors passed him in the twilight of night. There were so many bags, just one brown, greasy-bottomed sack after the other, all thankfully held within even bigger containers that had handles on them. Saturn could quite literally feel just how front heavy he was, each round, squashed cheek of his ass bouncing like a bosom in a bikini. The bum swayed back and forth similarly to his tufted tail.

With a grunt, Saturn bent over, smashing his padded, squarish nose against the doorbell. Several dings went off as the heavy chimera knocked over an empty liquor bottle in his drowsy quest to find the doorknob. A serious attempt at pregaming had led to Villam getting a bit too toasted, and a bit too drunk even before their fun night was about to begin. In the brown-furred man's mind, he had saved the day with this job he'd finally secured.

Opening the door, Villam squealed in an unmanly fashion, clapping his hands with a wide smile as the smells of triple-stack heartstopper three-cheese burgers swept into his nose like a broom to its handle. He lolled his tongue, one eye half-shut like his mind was restarting. "Gosh dang Saturn! Good thing I got my-"

The chimera was nearly knocked over as the cowish hybrid squeezed the sides of his plumping rear through the frame of the door, swinging the bags of food left and right

as he sat on the largest of the recliners. The leather squeaked as the flump he made rattled nearby furniture. He breathed heavily, setting down the food on the floor as his hooved hands went for the first burger, not even engaging with unwrapping the oily paper, but devouring it whole in one bite along with the meat, cheese, bacon, and all the other ingredients. Saturn placed his other paw on his stomach, thick neck rumbling like a happy engine. With food between his blunting teeth, the drawling tick in the back of his mind settled slightly.

Villam released several chortles that went both high and low in satisfaction, his multi-inebriated mind also lower in average comprehension did not find this situation to be all that strange. It was funny! Him and his fat buddy, just two chunky guys here to pig out and do whatever the hell they wanted.

The cow-hyena-akita took his right hand, a limb containing now only a thumb and two thick, shiny, black clonkers to take hold of the half-used joint. Using his roommate's help in lighting it up as he brought the rolled-up drug to his lips, sucking in heat and stimuli, breathing in, deeper, deeper, all the way day until he coughed. Villam slapped his jiggly back as his somewhat still developing double chin jostled from the sensation. But he smiled, blinking dumbly, passing over the blunt to the chimera.

Saturn stared down at himself. His work pants were still on, but they were sagging downwards, allowing the large pink milk-nexus he now had instead of genitalia

to just dangle there. When the man moved his body right, it wiggled in that direction, slapping against his inner thigh. Diverting to the left, it trickled milk upon making contact with his other leg. It... felt like cumming in some odd way. That each squirt was another rope puffing out, another thick glob that stained into the already well stained carpet directly below him.

In fact, unbeknownst to the transforming canine he had been leaving a trail of himself wherever he went. The front crotch of his slacks were a dark black, sifting through various white liquids as some had the curdled quality of semen while others flowed like premium grade A milk. Once his pants had soaked all they could, they allowed droplets of what Saturn's udder put out, and he... well, he didn't really mind.

The world was a slow trickle, the lights waving around as the edges of the Akita-Hyena's eyes. All the shapes around the world curved and sagged before blowing up to recreate themselves. The fumes of days-old fryer oil, heavy aroma of marijuana, the caustic taste of liquor, all combined with that intense weight on his head. A fever that still made him hot, mostly from his fluffy fur becoming somehow even *fluffier* as it turned black and white, cow hairs all around. So many concepts were just... hard to think about. Some barbarian with a large axe was running around on the television, hacking into men in very fake looking armors. And for some reason —

This was the funniest fucking thing that Saturn had ever seen. He opened his flat, fat, and wide muzzle to give a great guffaw that boomed around the room. His head was still so warm, so stunted, a giant load like the gut to a marvelous bull resting on his skull. One that had the same grand smile as he did on his stupid jostly face.

As various foods were dumped down his and Villam's gullet, the two just couldn't stop giggling. Everything was too much fun, and over the hours, Saturn's stomach bloated even further, riding his work shirt up more and more until the bottom brim snugly snapped between his watermelon-sized moobs and the top of a round beer belly. One full of hedonistic splendor.

The cowish half-canine found it hard to sit himself up, flaring his nose with tons of air as his head pulsed and his heart beat from the truckloads of inebriations he'd ingested since the start of his great night. Similarly to his hands, the digitigrade toes on his pawed feet split into two halves, combining together as both took on the appearance of a hard shell. Thick hooves that cracked against the wooden ground.

With the added weight, his rapidly morphing feet, Saturn tumbled around, catching himself on the arm of the couch Villam rested his own fat bum on, sending the plush furniture sliding a few inches as a leg thick enough to feed a hundred folks slammed into the side of the chimera's wide seat. As his friend jostled from the impact,

Saturn fell to his padded knees, the literal noise of liquids inside his pink udder sloshing all around.

"Fuck Villam... I don't think..."

The cowish man did not finish his sentence, whether from his slow cadence or having literally forgotten what to say next. Villam spoke over him or took over for him. "Yeah that's right," the brown furred creature slurred out. "You don't t-think. You're like a dumb animal."

Saturn slowly moved his head left and right. "We're all dumb animals man. Just stuuuuupid animals." From his udder spilled out entire cereal bowls full of milk, pooling onto the floor and outwards, getting under the couch and soaking into his already milk-sweat matted shins. "Villam... something's wrong..."

"Nothing i-is wrong you daft bitch!" The chimera gave out a loud belch, specks of spittle hitting Saturn in the face. "You just feel wrong cuz, cuz you know, you're drunk, and high. You're so drunk and h-high, you're just mooing."

"I'M M0000000ING?" Like the most ornery of barn cattle, a great bellow shook the drooping fat of Saturn's several necks.

Villam gave a few quick, sappy nods. "Yep **yURRRRRRRPPP!** Ever since you s-started eating so much, it's like you've gotten as fat as a cow." He readjusted himself, trying to assert if his blurry vision was seriously seeing his friend in a different light. But he only registered the fact that the other porky boy was between his chimeric legs. Pressing his thighs together to scissor his roommate between them, squishing fat against fat as his dick stirred in his pants. He then noticed Saturn's... bulge, the crotch of his pants pushed out so far, still slightly covered, but easily seen from the top like a hypersized cock fully erect, gigantic balls full of seed. "I didn't think you were as hard as I am right now bud!"

Saturn gasped. "I'm, I'm not! It's... it's an udder! I d-don't, don't know what's going on Villam. I-" he looked directly in front of him, noticing a girthy snake in the chimera's pants wrestle with the fabrics. The hybrid canine did not get his usual arousal, instead feeling more milk leave his giant pink mass, the flow outwards more pleasurable than even the best of orgasms in recent memory. His now longer eyelashes fluttered. His cowish transformation had caused his cock and balls to merge into the singular organ that was there now. With only one way to surge out glee.

Saturn licked his wide nose with a long, slithery tongue. Thick and heavy. He huffed, covering Villam's crotch with a fiery hot breath. He wanted to milk something with his muzzle, and it wasn't the one he had.

The chimera took the hint, bringing a hand down to scratch at Saturn's head, rubbing his fingertips against the hard, lengthening nubs of the cow's horns. The white pair looked like ivory, and they were extending out further in real time. "I, I know they look. Does someone want to be a good boy?"

The changed Akita-Hyena quickly bobbed his head akin to a mentally drained farm animal. "I d**ooooooooo!**" Another curdled bray of emotion. It was all coming out without his permission, yet he didn't seem to care at all. He smiled dumbly as Villam unzipped his pants, Saturn excitedly moving like a dumb dog ready for his treat. More fat rustling around and milk staining the fabric of the furniture.

Using a thick thumb, the now second fattest of the two brought down his underwear, allowing the massive log-sized hog to flop out, resting on two brown, fuzzy testicles. "Open wide... get that-"

Villam gave a high pitched shriek as his bovine buddy thrust his muzzle forward, encasing the chimera's cock in his moist maw. Milky saliva coated the uncut shaft throbbing with blood, red and hard as the penis twitched against Saturn's gums. It was bigger than he remembered, and his shorter snort felt as if it was filled in completely. The hybrid gagged as the cocktip tickled his throat, a dollop of precum pistoning out to mark the entrance to his esophagus.

"Jeez, fuck, oh God oh FUCK!" The smaller man yelled as the cow dug deep into his crotch, Saturn's fatty chin pinning Villam's balls to a cushion, getting his drool all over his friend's ballsack. The shifting fur's tongue curling around, stretching and straddling against the meaty cock like blanketing a fat pig.

With the experience of a trained slut, Saturn brought his whole head back, the coiled tongue dragging itself back as each inch of the chimera's penis could feel utter elation. From the smacking of the Hyena-Akita's gums to how he shoved his whole head back into Villam's base, lips against chocolate colored pubes made the man being sucked off cry in over-stimulated tears. He slammed his palm into the arm of the couch, squirming and mewling like a bitch in heat.

All the while Saturn huffed and puffed like an overworked bull, a speckle of deep animalism in his eyes as with each quick glance of how glistened his friend's *red* shaft made the bull in him implore the beastly instincts to keep going. To never stop! To make the dick he slurped shoot all the cum Villam had in those testes right down the cow's precum coated throat!

And cum the chimera did. A bellow that rivaled Saturn's came from the man receiving, both hands grasping Saturn's fully grown horns as Villam thrust in tandem with his own climax, pumping into the Akita-Hyena with thirteen pulsing inches, the tip firing liters of cum down into the IT worker's stomach. By Saturn's own udder, the four prongs

continually dripped almost entire streams of milk, each drop a miniature orgasm in terms of euphoria. Just a constant flood of joy.

The two rested, breathing in each other's scents as well as the aromas of their nightly activity. Each puff hitting the other as the softest noise of trickling milk falling from the udder was the only other sound.

Globs of cum fell from Saturn's maw, an unstoppable flow that couldn't be completely swallowed, much of it descending like a sticky, oozing waterfall that stained his body and Villam's leg. A trifecta of dullness and passivity from the weed, the drinks, and the sickness that to a mind that was once able to think about such topics, would probably view the sickness less as a viral affliction and more of...

A complete rewrite of his entire person. To lose himself completely in the gluttony of his desires. And for Saturn, in this very moment, that sounded like the most amazing thing in the whole wide world.

The Hyena-Akita let out a loud, boisterous, bovine howl. Many ooo's into his majestic moo that had speckles of chimera cum fly out and nail Villam's gut and crotch. To his roommate, who was equally as dull, this had been the best night in recent memory.

No words were exchanged as Villam helped his boy up. It only right seeing how out of it he was. There was a slight modicum of curiosity to the chimera as how his friend got so big, so quickly, along with a few other concerns about the... bloating udder, but those could be worried about another time. Now it was time for rest and for their minds to recuperate.

Saturn was led into the bedroom, the sides of his rear slightly compacted as he went into the narrower hallway, the girth of his body barely able to enter psst the door, flumping where he was told like eager cattle. Villam took the other side and spooned against his roommate, half-chub right against the cow man's bubble butt.

A soft moo of enjoyment was given, and the next was the soft rumble of his throat as he fell fast asleep. Serene, docile, Saturn wasn't sure what he was exactly, but he knew he wanted to be a follower. To do whatever was asked of him, and to do it to the best of his ability.

As the minutes passed, the taste of the milk he had taken in before was at the forefront of his mind. It somehow tasted so natural yet sweet. As if straight from the source but without the impurities. It was still the greatest drink he had in recent memory, and he needed more. The skunk smoke and dampening of his own head had masked the scent, especially from the pleasures of sex.

But now, with him so close to the dairy perspiration matted into Saturn's coarser hide along with the stuff *still* sweating out of him, the sweet smell was wafting right into Villam's nostrils. Yet, that wasn't even the mother of all smells from his buddy.

The udder he had... it definitely was an udder. He should know that better than anyone, especially as his rooster tail swayed from the impulsive allure that tugged at his mind. The idea of crawling over the Akita-Hyena to his crotch and just sucking on one of those squishy tubes... oh fuck how he really wanted to!

No way would Saturn mind, and the need to do it was too much for the chimera to handle. Reaching his hand down to the hybrid's ginormous thigh to pull himself up to it. He looked down to his roommate's body, seeing just how *large* he'd become.

When initially laying on his side, Villam could not look over Saturn from his position, the thickness of his cowish body taller than he last remembered. And then now at this angle, to see so many fat pockets, how far that gut extended off the side of the bed. That wasn't all of it either! The literal circumference of the Akita-Hyena's legs were insane! Thicker than fallen logs, and as the chimera pressed his finger into the closet one, the texture was like a marshmallow. Creamy and pliable.

The wait was enough. Villam threw himself over Saturn and arched his neck down to the closest prong, giving it a quick sniff only to moan like an addict. Without wasting another second, the chimera damn near deep throated the pink appendage.

It was just as soft as he imagined, giving it a quick chew as he heard Saturn emit a low bellow from his lungs, instinctively even in his sleep doing the bovine deed. Villam knew what to do next, and so as he held the flank of his friend tight, he sucked.

Immediately his mouth was rewarded with a thick, heavy, buttery cream. Revitalizing liquids that splashed around the inside of his maw similarly to the roughest of rapids. He swallowed harshly, the exertion made with the pressure of the gulp unintentionally giving Villam even *more* dairy to pump into maw, a cycle forming steadily.

Every suckle came a swallow and every swallow came a suckle. The chimera felt happily trapped in this unending bounty of delicious, free range milk. His belly inflating by a few inches from the massive amount of calories ingested with one guzzle. Every swig nearly double the typical amount of two thousand calories needed in a day. And Villam was on his thirtieth suck and counting.

By the end of it all, the farm chimera was passed out on top of Saturn's leg, mouth still around one of his friend's udder tubes, subconsciously submitted to the taste of the cow man's rich milk. Oh so casually giving it a drink as he slumbered softly. Unaware as

parts of his brown fur took on a pattern of white with black spots around his form. A weight Saturn knew too well pressing against his own head.

Along with it, a deep need to be... domesticated.

Day 4 -

Saturn's eyes opened as he heard a startling noise, almost like a growl which made him convulse with fear. It took him nearly twenty seconds of terror to realize it was his snores as every breath he took in sounded similarly to the fright he had given himself.

He realized quickly that his body was adjacent to the floor, looking behind him with groggy eyes as the other side of the bed was suspended in the air, the cow man's body intersecting with both the bed he was weighing down and the supreme girth that sprawled out along the carpet floor. Villam was still up against him but down by his feet, a feeling of soreness around the udder teat nearest to his friend's lips.

He felt so large and bloated. Coherent enough to understand that if he put his body next to the chimera he'd be almost three or four feet taller and much wider too! Like he could fit two standing Villams between him and still Saturn would be more broad than his friend.

Every inhale was as low pitched as the farthest left key on a piano. The room moved like a blurry image as he sat up, the bed slamming back into position as the wooden planks within it cracked and splintered. Saturn took lumbering steps as his udder kept his legs wide, the organ's teats occasionally brushing their tips against the nearest object. Throwing out an arm to hold onto the entrance to the bathroom revealed to him a huge pocket of fat all across the limb with more mass in that singular appendage from a delicious looking shoulder to the tip of his near useless hoof.

The physical transformation was almost complete. Every canine feature had been replaced with that of a bovine. Not to the sense of anthropomorphism, but as if one had modified a feral cow to be able to walk on two legs. It was a miracle Saturn had something like thumbs even now in his current state. That constant dullness like a fat bull's stomach on his head was more literal. The top of his skull, his puffy cheeks, a neck so thick you could sleep on it if you brought your chin forward. It all made it so difficult to understand where he was.

But that workaholic spirit did not die easily, and so the former Akita-Hyena, gauges still in his floppy ears, thrust himself into the bathroom.

Everything was incredibly small. He let out a small moo as his ass cheeks pressed into each other to slip through the door and his right thigh hit the sink in a way he didn't anticipate. Trying to wash his face of the milk sweating out of him had its issues with

how his ginormous gut not only blocked the line of sight of the sink, but the potbelly covered the object altogether!

"I... I'll try a shower then..." The cow said, opening the door as he dumbly pushed his body in. There was still a part of him that knew when too much was too much, the glass frame on each of the walls bending, curving, their inanimate wails as they nearly exploded into shards given a mercy as Saturn threw himself out from it, nearly falling on his fat rump as he was saved from his body clipping and holding against the edges of the bathroom entrance.

No shower for him, he figured. The smell on the body of the man no longer hybrid was not pungently gross, just sweet.

Oh, oh so sweet.

Saturn plopped his hind down onto the toilet, the butt practically wrapping around the porcelain throne. With one hoof under his udder, he craned his whole body forward, lifting his milk producer up until he could see a beautifully thick teat on an almost literal horizon with his size. Using his free paw, the prong was grasped and pulled up to his flat muzzle.

A hesitation that Villam once had was not shared with Saturn. In the most closed off parts of his mind were false memories of being a calf. Fabricated instincts had overwritten his typical behaviors, and so once something pink, tube-ish, and squishy entered his maw, everything else was taken care of. He was drinking right from the source. Himself.

The cow's throat chugged and chugged, emitting a rumble like a car engine as Saturn drank himself stupid with wild glee. An idiotically grand smile on his well defined lips, completely unable to stop the marvelously attractive action he was doing to himself. Under all that shaggy fur came redness in his cheeks, a blush he couldn't stop just as much as he was unable to stop drinking.

Saturn's saving grace was the alarm in the other room ringing out. Apparently, he hadn't overslept or his body, no matter how changed or altered it had become, was in tune with his schedule. The former Akita-Hyena had no reason to go to work, but with his domesticated mind, there would be nothing else he could even conceive of doing other than following orders. The alarm clock blaring was like a cowbell around his beefy neck signaling a call to the barn... or the office. To him, there would be no difference.

Whatever clothing could be worn in this state was what he had to wear, not that there'd be much nudity to show off. His moobs, his udder and without frontal genitalia, it

would be quite alright by societal standards to walk around. Although, most might expect him to traverse on all fours.

Turning off the alarm, Saturn rushed out of the bedroom and into the hallway to the living room, giving a good sounding knock to his skull as it connected with the ceiling, his horns piercing through the drywall like a wide mouthed vampire had bitten into it. His left inner thigh connected with the side table, sending it skyrocketing as the vase it had flew halfway across the room with it, shattering by the kitchen as the cow popped out into the living room. He was almost as tall as the room, his body never truly stopping its wobble.

With a quick search of his pockets, his pants somehow around him, more stuck than anything, he found the keys to his car. Nothing else was even considered as it became imperative to get to work.

Getting out the front door was a near monumental task, the sides of it cracking as Saturn forced his entire body through. All the pounds and girth compacted as each mound of flab made it through one by one until his whole form popped through to the other side.

The cow man wasn't sure if he could fit into his car but he wouldn't go down without a fight. The aluminum crinkled as it winced, the car door making unnatural noises as his

ass seeped around the driver's seat, parts of it scraping the back seats with black and white fur.

His ears flick as the horn blares from his stomach pressing into it, eventually going hoarse before tiring out and dying completely. Closing the the door with a few screws missing, he pressed the key into the side of his body several times before finding the ignition covered by yet another mound of flesh. Moving it aside, the car came alive. A quick reach under some thigh fat brought the transmission into reverse, and away the swerving car went. The wheel having to be turned with the strength of a ship's helm deep in a storm.

In the event of a car crash, at least the cow man's body was *naturally* protected.

The chimera awoke to the ringing and vibrating sensation in his pocket. The buzzing causing a ripple across his rather revealing gut. The tum almost thrice the size it was post last night's binge.

Reaching past all the fluff and flab, Villam surprisingly answered his phone without too much trouble, speaking an incoherent and slurred "hello?" before getting an earful of someone tearing up on the other side.

“You’ve got to get down here right now! Things are all messed up and I don’t know what to do!”

Villam gave a single blink, parting his lips by a few inches. “Sorry, who is this?”

The person on the other end had such a low pitch to their voice.

“It’s me, Villam! Saturn! You have to get to my work place! Now!!!”

“But,” the chimera looked at his clock. His interview for that new job would be in an hour.

He’d miss it. “Yeah sure. What’s up? What’s going on?”

In his workplace, Saturn rested on a throne of copy paper boxes, the tens of containers full of blank pages keeping their shape as they took the full brunt of the cow’s monumentally sized hind. The supply closet he was hiding in barely fit his form like a cramped orca in a claustrophobic habitat.

The single hour of work had gone horribly. His hands were just not dexterous at all to help with computer issues. His ass destroying more of the office and the occasional desktop than his skills in IT could hope to compete with. He was a liability, but he couldn’t be fired! He had to keep going, to keep working, and so with a deal from his boss, an agreement was made. Bring in an alternative of similar skill to cover for him

and nothing would go wrong. Of course, the former Akita-Hyena had no clue who that could be, but he figured he could bring in Villam, and work over the phone on all issues that'd crop up.

And that's exactly what he told the chimera. "Do you think you can do that? It's so..." a loud belch was heard by Villam over the phone. "...it's easier than you might think..." Saturn's cadence had slowed, and he felt a deep need to take in another teat to drink, his muzzle seeping milky drool the longer he stared at it.

"Gotcha! I know how important this is for you man. I'll be right there!" He hung up just as he heard the noise of someone drinking with reckless abandon, taking no spare second to rest as he flung his hooves onto the floor and stood up.

Immediately Villam raised a hand to his head, one akin to the clackers Saturn had the night before. His head flared with pain, a... *slowness* that captivated him to bring his ass back to the mattress. The chimera's clothes were ripping in different places, thick white fur with black spots now making up most of his fuzzy form. An udder was poking out, having completely replaced his cock from last night. The rooster tail too was transformed, moobs outstretched, and fat all over his body.

He wobbled back to his feet, reaching for a dresser as a single key with a black rubber covering it was found underneath piles of unkempt clothing. Fortunately, thanks

to Saturn's restructuring of their home, Villam no longer had an issue getting outside as his feet took him to a shared alleyway. Underneath a tarp was a rusting motorcycle that actually fit the chimera, back before he wasn't such a bloated cow.

The thing pattered as he turned the key into the ignition, but within a few moments it roared like a lion. Hopping on, ignoring the inanimate cries for help as the vehicle's frame lurched towards the ground with how much weight it now bared, Villam revved the throttle. The snappy wind hit his face immediately as the motorcycle floored forward, the front wheel coming up as the biker forced it back down with a thrust of his two arms.

Taking a crude left, the bike swaying as he did so, it'd only take Villam a few minutes to get to where he needed to be. Damn the job interview and damn the job; his friend was in need!

With his fur flushed in the breeze, he rapidly approached the tech park, breaking as the motorcycle came to a slower stop, Villam jumping off as the already scratched up two-wheeler suffered another blow to the paint. Nothing else was more important right now.

He rang up Saturn, placing the phone to his ear as he nodded at the person attending the front desk. It rang... again... and again, but nobody picked up. With an impatient grumble, Villam tried once more, and finally heard his friend on the other side.

"Sorry about that!" He took in huge breaths as if he had just broken the surface of water, desperate for air. "I got tied up with something!" A loud gulp was then heard.

"Okay! What do I do then man? Which floor?"

"Third one! I'm in a supply closet.... I can't go out there. I look- everything's just so weird right now. I feel so confused." It was Saturn's first time feeling so mentally aware in days, and his eyes were mildly uncomfortable with the size of himself now. Only *mildly* however. His hands had been resting on his gut, playing with the fat, for his entire time inside this closed space. "Listen, just introduce yourself to people, get the tickets from my workstation, and try your best to angle the phone so I can listen to their problems."

"Gotcha." Villam gave a nod as he opened up the door to the third floor, having gone up several flights of stairs, sweating dairy but still chugging along with whooping sucks of air flying into his lungs.

The throng of office workers made the changing chimera feel out of place, his eyes darting around to the people who ran around like deranged beasts. He wasn't

exactly out of place in terms of behavior, but it let nobody stop him. He'd been here once or twice, the rest was all fuzzy. But the memories of Saturn's desk flared into his mind, and indeed there it was... covered in several yellow longslips that told Villam it was going to be a long, long day.

Taking the first scrap of gold-tinted paper, the chimera held the phone with his fatty shoulder, the device pinned between it and one of his several new necks. "Yeah so we got some kind of... ad- admini... it's some kind of issue-"

"Administrator privilege issues. That's really easy to fix."

Villam bobbed his head up and down, the two moobish moons on his chest bouncing with each nod. "Yeah!" He looked around, waiting for an answer. "So how do you fix that?"