

Vaught
A Milktec Story
By Quixerotic
Work in Progress
Chapter 18-20

Chapter 18

The others, even Abby, seemed shocked. Greg moved while the others tried to process what was happening. He crossed the room and caught Lydia as she fell into his arms. The heat on her nearly burned him, but he didn't let go. Her eyes lost focus and rolled back into her head. He looked to his wife. She spoke, but her voice was dull. Her frantic gesture got the point across, though. He carried the limp form across the hall to another room similar to Melanie's. Unlike the other rooms along Abby's planned tour, it was only partially converted, but it did have a massive bed. One of the conjugal rooms rather than a dorm.

Greg put Lydia out on the bed, but remained pressed against her, climbing into the bed to cradle her against his body. Her skin might have sizzled water, but he could withstand the heat. It sank into him and caused sweat to coat his back and brow. The others crammed into the room. The carefully woven spell of debauchery had been fully broken. Abby came around to the bedside and started examining Lydia. In a surreal turn, Elizabeth and Benny stood close beside each other, their hands clasped together as both avoided the uncomfortable lack of attire on anyone.

Abby's quick evaluation left her peering down at Greg and Lydia. Greg waited for her to solve whatever was wrong, but Abby only watched, gnawed at her bottom lip, and drummed her fingers thoughtfully on her crossed arm. "Abby?" he said.

"Catalytic Bottleneck Syndrome. If it resolves, we'll know in a minute or so."

"If?" Benny said.

Abby climbed onto the bed and curved her body against Lydia's other side. The half-conscious young woman was cradled between them, boiling with heat, and taking shallow breaths. Greg felt her heart thundering in her chest. This wasn't supposed to happen. He should have paid more attention to what Abby was getting up to. Genius and infallible rarely go hand in hand. He didn't think the twins would be creative in their requests. God, what had she given Lydia that could cause this?

A peel of euphoric laughter belted out from the suddenly animated body between them. With surprising strength, Lydia pushed Greg back and knocked Abby entirely off the bed. Her back arched up, thrusting her breasts out sweat trickled out over her body. From a sprawl beside the bed, Abby announced, "There, it worked!" with more relief in her voice than Greg usually heard. He didn't have time to lecture her though. Lydia turned to him with a look of keen hunger.

She grabbed hold of him and pulled his lips to hers. Her tongue pushed into his mouth, thrashing about with effective inexperience. They separated with a loud *mwah*, and Greg instantly felt the shift in mood reverse. He was lying in bed with a nubile, eager woman whose body teemed with vivacity. She gasped as she felt him growing hard against her side. Her hand moved to him, sliding along the side of his swelling length. "Are you going to fuck me?" she

whispered.

The question surprised him. His other conquests had been too lost in lust to speak. “Is that what you want?”

She cocked her head at him with a leering grin, “My pussy is so tight and virginal. Will you be able to fit all this big, thick cock in me?”

The roaring need inside of Greg raged against his control. He glanced at Abby who shrugged. They didn’t know the twins well. Greg barely knew them at all. He simply assumed them both to be prudish waifs because of the way their mother acted. Nothing about the woman pressed against him reconciled with that image. Her fingertips moved along his length with more and more determination. She might tease him, but he knew she craved what he would give her.

His hand moved across her chest, sliding down her sternum before sweeping out to the side to cup her breast. As his hand closed around the soft, petite mound he felt the strange energy in her body. The skin moved under his fingertips as she grew, swelling as much from desire as from the serum’s effects. He guided her back down to the bed and lowered his mouth to her other nipple. He went gently, plying her with kisses and avoid her nipples until she curved toward his mouth, only for him to pull back. In such a short time, her breasts had nearly doubled in size. With him clear, she realized it, too. She groped them herself, “Huge, fucking tits. Make them all cum in their pants.” She sighed out the words as her fingertips massaged her changing body.

Greg moved to help, sliding his hand down across her stomach toward her spread legs. Before he even reached her sex, she bucked and pressed upward, whimpering out a needful moan. Greg didn’t stop. His hand reached her and pressed his fingers against her swollen lips. He didn’t know if she was truly a virgin or not, but he knew as he slid a finger inside of her that she hadn’t been toying with him about her tightness. He groaned into her breast as he felt her walls squeezing around a single finger. The idea of such tight warmth wrapped around his cock caused him to pulse in sympathy, wetting her thigh with his precum.

As the latest wave of euphoria passed, Lydia let her hand move against him again. When she held it up to show him the sticky fluid coating her fingers, she teased, “You’re making such a mess, dripping all over the place. You’ve cum so much already.” She leaned in closer to him, nibbling at his ear while her hand continued to stroke his shaft. She whispered, “You put all that hot sticky spunk in my sister’s pussy. Did you save enough for me? Or are you saving up for my mommy? When you’re done making us scream like you did Amanda, you can tell Aunt Abby which of us Vaught women has the best pussy to fuck.”

Greg’s eyes flared, and he pushed her back to the bed. She spread her legs wide, bucking her hips up enough the he could see the full curve of her ample ass. Her breasts had grown to more than a handful, but the rest of her changed, too. Her entire body filled out with toned muscle. She looked stronger than any woman he’d seen. She remained soft in the hips and across the chest, but when she tensed to shift her weight, powerful muscle defined itself through

her abs and thighs. He knew she was tempting him, trying to make him fuck her as ruthlessly and needfully as he could. He knew she would succeed, too, except for the next wave of change shaking her from her goal.

She pulled at him, drawing him on top of her. He obliged, settling himself between her strong thighs as her chest heaved. Her hands moved to his chest, fingertips moving across the taut muscle and through the ringlets of coarse, thin hair. Her palms flattened out as she gazed up at him. She pressed fully against his chest as though to appreciate the marvel of having a man on top of her. She shifted her hips, causing his cock to slide closer to her wetness. It took more will power than he knew he had to remain still. The heat of her sex was magnetic and maddening, but he waited.

“You didn’t fuck the others like this,” she whispered. Somehow they had left behind the room and their audience. She spoke as though they were alone, her voice low with husky lust. “You fucked them like animals. Christie, who’d never felt a cock before in her life, had you down her throat. Amanda with that wicked tongue of hers flapping while you slapped against her backside. I wonder if we have twin cunts, if you’ll be able to tell. We could make a game of it. Blindfold you and let you fuck us until we both scream, cumming all over your fat cock. But then you have to tell which is which. Wouldn’t that be fun? You standing in the dark with your spunk running out of the gaping lips of two freshly fucked pussies guessing which one is which? And if you guess right, well, we can just play again. How much of us is the same? Our mouths? Our tight little assholes? Which of us opens easier for you? Which one has the hotter cunt? Which one moans the best when you fuck her senseless?”

He tried to ignore her. Not because he feared he might lose control and fuck her into oblivion, but because he didn’t want to lose control and cum without her so much as touching him. Not even Abby had done that, yet something about the way Lydia spoke drove him to new wilds. Her supple body didn’t hurt either. The touch of her drew him. Everywhere his hand moved seemed to respond in a way the others hadn’t. He knew this was some new trick of his wife’s mad witchery, but he loved it all the same.

Wrapping his arms around her, he hugged her close to him, enjoying the feeling of her breasts pressed hard against his chest. He nuzzled into her neck using his lips and tongue to taste the salt on her skin. She smelled heavenly, so wonderful that it could be dangerous. The pleasure came without emotion or connection. It was wild and uninhibited, a siren’s song of intoxicating passion. A few seconds of this with a woman, and Greg knew wars would be fought to feel it again. And for the moment, it was his to enjoy.

Lydia moved her hips again. Every time his manhood slid along her inner thigh, she tensed and waited, her whole being anticipating the thrust that would complete her seduction. Time and again, Greg managed to deny her. As they pressed together, he felt the bizarre heat return to her body where her mound attempted to grind against his abs. Appealing to his sanity, he moved back far enough to look between them. She tried to catch his eye. “You’ll spoil my surprise with all that peeking,” she said. She made a nasal grunt from an unexpected punch of pleasure. Before his eyes, he saw her breasts go from pliable cushions to taut, distended tits.

Happy to turn the cruelty against her for a while, he lowered his mouth to her nipple and closed his lips around it. He applied no suction, and she writhed in desperate need of relief. The pure heat between their loins wasn't subsiding, though. It grew worse, and Greg soon felt the strange stretching of skin against his own. He slid his hand down between them, reaching for her waiting slit and wondering if he'd find the same engorged clit he'd seen on her sister. A few inches below her naval, she hissed and shuddered as his fingers collided with a raised mound. *No, she wouldn't. Fuck, Abby wouldn't. God. Liz might go berserk about this.*

His hand searched further until he found the swollen tips he expected. Lydia's smile widened into mischievous glee. "Careful, you're going to make me gush."

Deciding to play her game, he let his fingers fondled around the puffed patch of flesh. "Maybe that's what I want. To press your button and watch you go off like a fire hydrant." He craned his body over her and met her gaze. "All that milk squirting out of your teats. All...how many do you have again? There's this one..." His mouth lowered to her right breast, but he only hovered near her nipple and let out hot, wet breath against the aching bud. "And this one..." He moved to the other breast and let his tongue circle around her taut areola. He stayed away from her nipple as best he could, but still he caught the sweet taste of milk as a few minuscule droplets expressed.

Lydia's breath was ragged, and her gaze had dimmed to a lusty glare. "Stop that and fuck me," she hissed.

"I'm not done yet," he answered. His hand moved away from the mound above her groin. He pulled away from her as quickly as he could, denying her the chance to wrap around him and hold him close. Sitting back on his haunches, he paused to look at her impossible body. Muscled and lean with the exact right amount of padding. Breasts begging to be sucked and milked. A flat stomach heaving with needful, desperate lust. A plump and swollen pussy that he guessed would be fully capable of taking his full length and more. But, strangest, and the most enticing of all. The udder jutting out from her lower abdomen dotted by four nipples as desperate for touch as her natural ones. From behind him he heard a gasp as well as a proud squeak from Abby. His hand moved to the top left of her four extra nipples. He brushed it gently, "And this one makes three."

Lydia was reduced to a statue by the teasing. Her body pressed back against the bed as a compulsion to remain at his mercy held her tight. He recognized it as the same compulsion that ruled Elizabeth through the defiling of her family. A desire to please him that was so intense that she didn't want to move for fear of losing his attention. His hand moved to the top right. He gently pushed the nipple between his thumb and forefinger, rolling it very slightly between them. He pulled away as he felt the rush of milk fill behind it. "Four," he growled, unsure if he could maintain his own course.

"Do it, fuck me. Fuck me and make me cum. Make me gush. Please."

“Five,” he said, but barely touched the bottom left. “And six...” He gripped the bottom of his shaft. The head of his cock still dripped with precum as he pressed it against Lydia’s sixth nipple. Though over stimulated and half maddened, he still felt the heat of her as his cock head smeared glistening fluid across her udder. The first drops of milk oozed forth. He smirked at his victory, let his cock slide down in the cleavage between her udder’s small mounds, and used his hands to press the flesh up and around his shaft.

Lydia’s body buckled. Her legs kicked out wildly as her hands scrambled to do anything with the sudden surge of pleased energy. She moaned frantically as her hips bucked up against him, his balls sliding along her slit and his cock fucking between her lower teats. Her milk came, in a jittering flow at first, but then her hands found something better to occupy them. Squeezing her engorged tits caused thick sprays of the white to shoot up before splattering on back on her reddened skin. Meanwhile, Greg’s hands did all the milking required for her burgeoning udder. The milk was less overall, but still copious, providing a warm lubricant to slide his cock in.

The sight and feel was too much. His shoulder’s hunched as he pushed down hard on her with his cock, desperate for more friction as the first gout of cum splashed across her udder’s nipples. It evoked an inhuman response from Lydia which resolved into, “FUCK ME GODDAMMIT”.

He angled his hips farther back, shifted his position and slid inside her as the next wave of cum flowed out of him. She opened easily for him, walls cinching him with the infernal heat that had driven her changes. He shifted his weight to his hands, pressing into the bed above her head as his hips worked wildly, thrusting into her as his balls emptied. His teasing might have made her spray milk, but she managed to build his anticipation enough to cause his damn to break.

Once his seed was flowing out of her on every thrust, the rushing flow from him tapered. At the same time, Lydia’s body finally exhausted itself. He pulled out of her and rolled to his back, staring at the dark ceiling as his heart slowed down. The vague sound of moment let him know that the others left the room. He appreciated the moment to recover. Lydia rolled to her side and wriggled her ass into his crotch, stirring him, but then promptly snored.

Extricating himself from the bed delicately, he took a look at Lydia’s gorgeous form. *She’s different, alright.* Greg stepped out into the hall and listened. He peaked in on Melanie to find Benny sitting behind the hucow gently cleaning her with a rag and bucket. Melanie didn’t seem terribly aware, but they looked peaceful enough. It also put him in mind of the state of himself, covering in multiple women’s milk, cum, and sweat. He figured the Vaught sisters had gone back upstairs, so he went in search of a quick shower.

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Elizabeth had been led back upstairs on her leash by her sister. Abigail sat her down and offered to make drinks, promising the bottles weren’t tainted. Elizabeth agreed, primarily because she’d just seen one of her daughters transformed into some kind of mutated *thing*.

And Elizabeth had been *jealous*.

Abigail sat down at the far end of the sofa, which wasn't nearly far enough considering their lack of clothing. Elizabeth still had on her collar with the leash draped beside her on the couch. She cradled the whiskey in her hands, not drinking it but still finding comfort in holding the glass. Away from Gregory, her thoughts cleared. She still felt the pull of him since his intoxicating scent lingered everywhere in the house, but it wasn't strong enough to sway her.

"Something on your mind?" Abigail asked.

Elizabeth glared back at her, but didn't speak.

"Come on, Liz. You can't be having fun with all that bitter anger all bottled up. Here's your chance. Get it all out. Shout at me. Call me a tramp, a lowlife, an insult to the family name. Where are all the classics?"

Elizabeth stiffened her jaw and tilted her head slightly. Naked was no excuse for bad posture, if anything, the opposite. "Of all the things you've done to shame this family, I never thought you would stoop to something like this."

Abigail smiled. "I knew it was still in there somewhere. Even now, after everything you've seen and heard tonight, you still care about the Vaught family name. Don't worry, by the way. It will live on through the twins at least. Hucow calves take the mother's surname. Keeps all thirty of the little brats from being called Smith or Johnson." She noted Elizabeth's fresh scowl. "What? Did you forget how it works? None of them have contraceptive in their serum. I'd be surprised if they're not pregnant already."

"This is abominable!" Elizabeth snapped. "You're a monster. Insane, twisted, maligned. Cruel."

"Maybe," Abigail answered. "We Vaught gals have never been ones for introspection. We have to have things hit us in the head over and over again before it clicks. Like this still hasn't for you, Liz." She paused and reclined into a regal pose, adjusting the straps of her strange harness to compliment her curves. "I bought one of these for you, too. I thought we could be red and black. Give Greg a night he really wouldn't forget."

Elizabeth huffed a sound of derision, but didn't know if she hid the blip of excitement she felt at the idea.

"When we moved back, I thought things would be different. You were mad that I went to school rather than...I don't know, follow in your footsteps. Stay here and be miserable. Find a stuffy husband and be miserable with him. Take care of Father together. Toss him in the grave and then share everything while gossiping about god knows what sort of mundanity the locals cooked up."

“We stopped getting along well before you left,” Elizabeth said.

“When? Why?”

“I don’t know. But you never cared about things here. You hated it and made that clear. You wanted everyone to know how smart you were, and how you wouldn’t be like me. Why should I have spared a thought for you? And when you finally did come back, I expected you to act like a Vaught. Not like this.”

“You didn’t have to, you know.”

“Didn’t have to what?”

“Act like a Vaught. You could have told Father to go fuck himself. Still can. You think tonight is all about getting revenge or belittling you or humiliating you, and yes, partly because you’ve been a massive cunt to us for years. But we’re doing this for another reason. So that we have a future. The world is changing, Elizabeth. The things I can do...the things Milktec will be capable of in just a few years. It’s frightening, frankly. The best way I can fight it is to insulate my family from it. So, we’re selling to Milktec. They will give us a bubble to live happily for the rest of our many days. Once you agree, of course.”

Elizabeth laughed. “You expect me to suddenly buy that the past hours of torment, all the things you’ve done to my daughters and even to that slut Melanie, are altruistic?”

“No, of course not. It’s selfish. But the twins, you and Benny, and Greg and I are all part of the same self whether you like it or not. The Vaught Family. And because of your cheating husband, the changing times, a nosy reporter, and a good bit of rotten luck, we’re left between a rock and a hard place. Greg laid it all out for you. So, you can reject all this and...I don’t know what happens then, honestly. Nothing good. Or, you can accept who you’ve always been and stop pretending to be Father’s precious daughter. Be the scary bitch who likes huge dick between her fat milky tits. Be that *all the time*. Stop worrying about who you’ll impress at the club and start having big fat milky tits *all the time*. I know you want to because deep down we’re not that different, and I honestly can’t think of anything I’d rather do with my time than sit around and play with my big fat —”

“Enough, Abby,” she said. She held up a hand to silence her sister. Something had cracked in her thoughts. She didn’t know when or what exactly did it, but something that had always been wrong and safely ignored was now glaring and in danger of spilling out into everything. “Think about what you’re asking us to become. Common sluts. Fucked constantly. What about conversation or art or...normalcy? You’re demanding I absolve myself of my whole personality, everything I’ve been for the whole of my life because bad things might happen otherwise? That’s not a choice, Abby, that’s two paths to the same end, the oblivion of everything we are. It’s chaos.”

Abigail held up two fingers. “One,” she said, “nothing about us will be common. And

two, yes, that's where the Vaught Plantation and the *Vaught Family* as it was ends one way or the other, oblivion. In one, you're disgraced, thrown out of society, and homeless. In the other, you live here with a man who will die protecting us, another who despite all my best efforts to make suffer seems very content to be around us, and your daughters with their weirdly freaky ideas. And me, your sister who forewent several Nobel prizes."

Abigail leaned back and sipped her drink. "Whichever you pick, I'd do it soon. Greg's wanted to fuck you for years and size queen or not, that things not fitting in anywhere without one of my serums. Well, maybe up your ass."

Chapter 19

“What do I get?” Elizabeth asked.

“Get?”

“I’m giving up my home, my reputation, and my marriage, for whatever that’s worth. Not to mention my daughters and at least one member of my staff. Do I get nothing out of all of this?”

Abigail propped her head up with one arm and gave Elizabeth a searching look. “You’re not in a strong bargaining position, Liz. We do have the option of dosing you with the same stuff we gave Melanie. It would be an irritant, but hu cows are the legal responsibility of their dairy first and their first of kin second. Both of which are me since your husband and daughters are all part of my dairy, too. At that point, I can just sign over your half myself.”

“But it would be an irritant,” Elizabeth reminded her. “I would rather not spend my time strapped in a milking harness, thank you. You say that I should be who I really am, so let me do that. I’ve been running the club’s activities for years. Every socialite in this town knows what I offer. Their husbands, too. If Milktec is capable of doing this to my family, I can’t imagine they would frown on a little social intermingling between the locals and your *research subjects*. In fact, if what you say about them is true, then they must be desperate to see how the barriers between hu cow and citizen hold when in closer proximity.” Elizabeth stole a glance at Abigail and saw the gears turning in her sister’s head. Letting her think, Elizabeth finally sipped her drink. “I can think of no one better to manage the social aspects of such an approach than myself.”

“Obviously,” Abigail said with derision. “However, you may have overlooked the fact that we’re both naked. Hu cows like Melanie only care about being milked. The twins, while still themselves, would rather suck cock than spend five seconds dancing. And god, Greg hated those parties when he was normal. Now, he’d have every hu cow in the room fingering themselves and any unaltered women soaking their panties. That would be before he got irritated and bent over someone to fuck.”

“That’s no way for humans to exist, though,” Elizabeth said. “You have to find some way to integrate these two societies. Hu cow and Human. I don’t imagine chit-chat over cocktails, but I can see the ballroom filled with those of us who have been enhanced, but not debilitated. Imagine the curiosity of the people as they come to gawk at you in that slutty outfit while you find their regard pathetically plebeian. Changing the scientific world is one thing, but changing society is another. We could have presidents and their wives here. Elegant evenings where we parade your finest work out for the world to see, for them to envy. And if Greg happens to make the first lady cream herself, then that only further proves our point.”

Abigail was smiling. “You’ve made up your mind,” she said. “That’s twice you’ve let our names slip. Not Abigail and Gregory, but Abby and Greg. You’re warming up to the idea.”

She hid a scowl. “I don’t have much choice, do I?”

“No, but still, I know you better than you think. And you’re as excited as you are horny. Which is very.” Abby scooted back to the edge of the sofa and clapped her hands. “So, you’ll be our matron in charge of personnel and public relations. Let’s get on with your serum. The movers set up a small working station in the antechamber. If you want some of the more advanced features like Lydia’s udder, then I’ll need to skip down to the lab for the other base formulas. The tongue thing is less complex, but I don’t know how much you like eating out women.”

Elizabeth blanched to hear speculation about her sapphic tendencies from her sister. “None of that, thank you.” She paused to consider the ideas bouncing around in her head. That one of her top priorities was to find a form that Greg would see as pleasing still irked her, but she ignored it in favor of the excitement. “If I am to be an ambassador of sorts, then I should make a considerable physical impression. Since I don’t have to worry about my tits knocking over vials of acid in a lab, I can go bigger than you. Lydia’s sturdiness was appealing. The thing you did to Amanda’s clitoris. Christie’s overall fulsomeness. Not quite the production level of Melanie, but it would be terrible embarrassing to have a congressman ask for a refill and have my tits run dry.”

Abby waved her off as she gracefully strode out of the room. “Wait there. I’ll go pick your cherries for you.”

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Less than a minute after Abby put the vial in her hand, Elizabeth sensed Greg’s approach. Eager to get it over with, Elizabeth downed the serum in a gulp. She made certain her collar was straight and sat poised on the edge of the sofa. Warmth struck out through her veins. Abby promised it would work quickly, but Elizabeth remained mortified that she would be a half transformed mess when Greg saw her again.

How did I come to this? she wondered for the millionth time that evening. *Waiting with an ache inside me to be fucked by the man I’ve detested for years.* Abby put away the glassware and returned to lounge beside her. Elizabeth thought she might be left alone with Greg, but knew that was her old way of thinking. *He’s not mine, but I’ll be his. Like he is hers. The lot of us fools.*

Another pulse went through the air triggered by invisible motes of chemical compounds, like catching the scent of roses downwind. They radiated off the male in waves, spreading out and filling the air around him with a cloud of attraction that would make the most stalwart woman weak in the knees. A woman on the Milktec serum would bend over and pull apart her cheeks for him. Elizabeth let herself enjoy the rolling pleasure that came with his approaching presence. It was a reward to wait for him, to pose beside her sister like this. She knew it with

certainty, so her body did, too, releasing a fresh wave of pleasure hormones to encourage her to keep doing things a good girl would.

He appeared in the doorway, and both women gasped. Elizabeth had forgotten how much he'd changed. For as long as she'd known him, Gregory had been handsome and alluring, but the menace and lowness of him outweighed any attractive qualities. He appeared to be an entirely new man as he strode into the room. He held his shoulders back and chin out, the posture of a regal conquerer with the body to match. Muscle rippled with the slightest of movement. He'd added another inch in height, having to stoop slightly to get in the door. He needed to lean in one shoulder first as well leading to a second gasp when he stood fully.

His normally cropped hair had added length, becoming a shaggy, half-wet mop that he'd brushed away from his eyes. Across the breadth of his chest, the dark hairs stood out against his pale as milk skin. His tanned skin faded with the changes, but Elizabeth could easily imagine him basking in the sun until he was nearly golden and luminescent. The hair on his chest thickened at his solar plexus before becoming a solid line to his naval and further until it reached the thatch above his manhood.

Her mouth went dry, and she knew Abby felt the same. Elizabeth had seen the serum used on many men, some growing to unwieldy proportions. Greg's cock was the epitome of perfection, to the point that Elizabeth wanted to stop and compliment her sister. The shaft stood out from his body with absolute rigidity, hardened to the point just shy of discomfort. She thought then that too few in the world took appreciation of the male form. The tip of it glistened with the early signs of pre-cum. The glans flared with angry anticipation. Below, at the far end of the long, throbbing shaft, his testicles undulated inside the heavy pouch that contained them. The hair on them had either faded or washed away in his shower, leaving them smooth but with a thickened skin. They matched his body, but still crammed awkwardly between his muscled thighs as they were swollen with enough cum to drown both women.

His eyes went from one sister to the next. Whenever they raked over Elizabeth's body, she flushed with a fresh wave of heat. The changes had started. The feeling was familiar enough to be comforting. Abby might believe that Elizabeth had been hiding who she was, but that wasn't true. Elizabeth had been both people. The social butterfly tossing out compliments like crumbs to lesser mortals on one night, and the harlot, stalking bars for a man who might measure up for her. Unlike most people who lived double lives, Abby's serum gave Elizabeth the chance to dedicate one body to each. The restrained and prim version for the days, and the voluptuous mound of eager, jiggling flesh for the nights. No, Abby wouldn't understand that she wasn't destroying a version of herself.

The changes, permanent unless Abby created a counteragent, would combine Elizabeth's two halves. Elizabeth understood this innately, and she was more than happy to ascend to her true self. She would finally be the woman deserving of her family name. Vaught would be whispered with reverence among the social elite not of just Farris Post, but of the Capitol and likely the world beyond. The Sisters Vaught, wicked and beautiful, reigning a world of mad delights.

And still, she knew that one person would always hold sway over her. Elizabeth swallowed with some difficulty as Greg stepped closer to them. To her disappointment, his eyes stayed on Abby at this range, at least until she gave him a nod. Then, his feral gaze swept over her with a fresh appraisal of possession. She did not tilt her head up to look at him, but craned her eyes up so that he would see her long lashes. Sitting on the sofa with him standing in front of her, his cock rose to just below her chin. Otherwise, he was a sequoia of muscled flesh radiating intoxicating heat.

His shoulders bent enough to roughly take her chin into his palm. He turned her face up to him, pushing on her cheeks and forcing her to pucker. His lips parted with hungry, heaving breath. “What will you do for me?”

“Anything,” she answered, terrified by how much she meant it.

“Are you better than me?” he growled.

Her head shook gently in his powerful grip. “No.”

“Tell me what you want.”

“To be yours,” she curled into his hand, the vestiges of her hate scratching at her mind to resist his draw.

“How I want, when I want? No matter where. If I took you to the middle of your club, stripped you naked, and told you to finger yourself, what would you do?”

“Obey, and hope it excites you,” she answered.

He released her and gripped the base of his cock. With an unspoken order to remain still, he moved until the head pressed against her lips. As she opened, he pulled back. “No, stay closed.” Elizabeth did as he said, but did let her lips pucker for him. The head glided between the soft cushions, smearing the now steady flow of precum across them in a glossy layer. “Now, with my cum on your lips, tell me your name.”

Her chest fluttered. “Liz.”

She vaguely heard the praise he said as her body thumped. Her heart raced in her chest. She felt the blood pounding in her ears and wrists, but that faded quickly behind the aching throb coming from between her legs. Greg said something else, and she cursed her changes from distracting her. She couldn't lose his attention, not when she was this close. *On my knees? Yes, that's what he said.* His hand already pressed on her shoulder, guiding her back to her knees. She caught the glimmer of victory in her sister's eye as they both understood this is how it would always be. Abby, the brilliant mind who ruled the beast, and Elizabeth, the one on her knees for him.

“Suck,” he grunted.

Greg seemed nearly debilitated with need. Elizabeth detected no sense of the cunning that usually lurked behind his words. Not that it mattered. She was not too far from the same state and rapidly approaching it by the second. The tingling in her breasts grew, and the nervous energy in her limbs doubled. She took his command with eagerness as both a preliminary treat and a way to work through the uneasy stage of her changes.

Taking a moment to loosen her jaw, she opened wide and moved her mouth over the head of his cock. She met his wild gaze as the head of his dick pressed down onto her tongue. As slowly as she could restrain herself, she closed her lips around him. The sensation was heavenly. The warmth of his cock spread through her head, creating the buzzing euphoria as a shot of strong liquor. Except this was alive and powerful and needful. She let her tongue move languidly, rubbing against the underside of his glans while her hands came up to marvel at his length. Wrapping her fingers around him made her ache. *So thick, so long.* She pushed further, but as Abby had warned, he was simply too big for her mouth.

Letting him slip from her lips was surprisingly difficult and took a concentration of will. She compensated this loss by pressing his girth against her cheek while running her tongue along the side. The closer to his root, the stronger his scent became. She drank it in, letting it wash over her. She wanted to be his, to carry his smell on her skin, to let every other woman know what kind of man was worthy of fucking her.

Her tongue licked at his balls, earning his first grunt of approval that she could actually discern. Lifting his cock out of the way, she lavished attention on his engorged testicles, all while knowing she was increasing their need for release. Her hands worked ceaselessly. They glided up and down his length, hurried on by his free-flowing precum and her saliva. She heard his breath catch and felt the uneven throb. She returned her mouth to the head and abandoned any pretense of elegance.

She crammed him into her as best she could, letting him feel the inside of mouth. She met his gaze at every chance wanting him to recognize what was happening. She, Elizabeth, his Liz, was sucking his cock for all her worth. She was begging for him to cum. She wanted to taste his hot seed splashing into her mouth, feel it arc across her face.

His hand moved to her hair, fingers taking hold at her roots and holding her. She closed her lips around the head of his cock and let her tongue trace along the outline of his glans. She felt it coming and braced for the oblivion of bliss. He grunted, and the hot, salty taste flooded into her mouth. The first eruption was enough to coat her tongue fully, but he kept going. Another gout caused her to nearly choke as it rolled down her throat. She didn't mind, every speck of the stuff was lighting up her brain with new levels of pleasure. She barely noticed when he pulled back and aimed at her face, but clued in when the next stream draped across her nose and cheek. Her eyes rolled back, and she shuddered.

The orgasm triggered something in her that set off a cascade. Her breasts heaved, swelling rapidly with new flesh. Her hips grew wider, almost ludicrous, while the plush cushions of her ass wobbled with newfound gravity. Strength surged through her body. She didn't know that she'd been so weak until she felt what it was like to have muscle and innate poise. Given the chance, she thought she could climb a wall or hurl a boulder, but for the moment she was content to let her small tremors delight her.

Greg's cum was dripping from her chin as she noticed the swelling heat in her groin. She pushed her knees out and sank down in time to feel a final spurt splash onto her upper back. Greg shuffled back as she sank her chest to the floor and let her ass rise behind her. Her shaking orgasm continued, giving him the few of her wide, mountable cheeks quaking with her pleasure. Beneath them, though was the real prize. Her sex had engorged, puffed into a pillow unto itself. A plumped slit dripping with anticipation, engineered to accept one cock above all others. The inside of her body shifted to accommodate the changes while her clit swelled into a thumb sized lump nestled in the fat cushions of her pussy lips. The slightest movement caused them to slide against one another, evoking a hypersensitive feeling of ecstasy.

She looked up at Greg and begged him, "*Fuck me, please.*"

Her head sank back to the ground. She rested her cheek on the cushion beneath her, smearing his cum into a damp spot, while swaying her hips enticingly for him. Greg knelt behind her, taking the heavy orbs of her ass into his powerful hands and squeezing. He pulled them apart to peek at her pink asshole and to run a finger along her wanton slit. *Inspecting his cow before he breeds her*, she thought. "Do it, fuck me," she moaned. "I want all of you. In to the root. I want your fat, bull cock inside me until you pump me full of cum."

One hand moved from her ass to her hip, raising her angle slightly. Then she felt the head, still slick with his last orgasm. The heat of her greedy lower lips overwhelmed any teasing he might have entertained. She opened for him hungrily, envious that he could see the fattened labia wrapping around the head of his magnificent cock. She wanted to see his recognition that she was made to be his perfect pussy. The flared head popped inside of her, and the full heat was too much for him to resist. He thrust, stuffing himself into her in a fluid movement. She felt her walls stretching to accept him, welcoming him, and gripping him tight should he attempt to leave before she enjoyed each inch in turn. Though she couldn't see his face clearly, she heard the ragged breathing of a man on the verge of losing himself entirely.

His thumbs pressed hard into the center of her ass cheeks while his fingers gripped her hips, probably leaving indents and bruises in her soft flesh. She knew he didn't mean to hurt her, but her heat was driving him to a wildness that he likely thought was dangerous. She needed to dissuade him of that idea. Without warning, she lurched back, taking him in her until her ass slapped audible against his hard body. The gratified groan was unearthly, but her own rivaled it in intensity.

She was *full*. For the first time in her long history of bizarre escapades, she was overwhelmed by the size of a man. She felt all of it at the same time. Each inch as it throbbed

and her muscles squeezed back against it, the slippery glide as he gently moved against her slit, the heavy pouch of his balls pressed against her oversized clit. It wasn't even the cock inside her that pushed her over the edge. His balls drew up, tightening as they prepared to empty their next load, and the shifting orbs moved against her specialized bundle of nerves. Small electric sparks bloomed into a crackling storm of energy that exploded through her body.

Liz screamed with joy as she came. A sheen of sweat glistened on her back as she wrenched her eyes closed. Her mouth opened in a long, joyous tone, but sound faded as she expended the air in her lungs. She needed more, though, and her hips rocked, fucking back against him while he tried to retain control. "Greg," she hissed, "fuck me like the cow I am. Fuck me like you promised. Fuck me until I scream for more. Claim me."

His grip on her tightened, and she braced with a mischievous grin. She felt his strength build as he slid out of her. She wiggled her hips, forcing him to watch as his cock wiggled along with them. The next thrust pushed the breath out of her. He allowed her a moment to suck in another before he lost his mercy.

The sensations became a blur of tortuous delight. She could no longer define the moments of stretching or throbbing, but they remained, conjured together in a tsunami of exponential pleasure. He dragged her back to meet each thrust. Their bodies collided with hard, wet slaps. She felt him hit her deepest point, somehow changed to be so far inside of her. This moment struck through with clarity before disappearing into all the others as he pulled back and pushed in again. Arms enveloped her, lifting her up with ease such that she was suspended above the floor. Her legs wrapped back around him, adding stability as his hips did all the work sawing into her over and over again. The orgasms came one after the other, thundering through her pleasure addled brain. Her mouth hung slack, her tongue lolling out in a pant brought on by sheer discombobulation.

Finally, his thrusts slowed. A deep, growling moan accompanied each. He no longer pulled all the way back, but remained half inside her using the other half to fuck her. He felt even larger now, fully engorged on the verge of his largest orgasm, about to bathe her insides with his gushing cum. She shivered as he thrust fully into her and went still. Both of them remained in pure tension for half a second. The bellowing roar that followed likely made the other women in the house stop and finger themselves to cumming. Liz merely rode the wave as best she could as her thoughts vanished into the haze.

As she returned to earth, she realized she was on the ground with some of his weight still pressed against her. He was rooted inside her and not much softer than he had been on the first thrust. Thick globs of cum ran down her thighs where it had overflowed the tightness of her pussy. She had time to process this before a new blaze of heat made her slide off him.

Liz moved a few feet to the center of the room, a leaking trail of cum following her. She rolled onto her back as the milk came in fully. Her breasts had grown to their full potential. She had the body of an Amazonian queen while her tits were that of an Amazonian slut. They matched her toned and fit form in their size and volume. They rested on her chest tipped with

cherry red nipples that hardened under Greg's fascinated gaze.

He moved to her immediately, and she spread her legs again to welcome him. His still hard cock slotted into her like a key fitting a lock as his mouth descended on her breasts. His lips closed tight around her nipple and sucked. She gasped from the pleased release as milk flowed into his mouth. His cock hardened inside of her, stretching back to its full glory as he drained one breast and then moved to the other. Greg moved his hands up and down her body, seeking out the pliant curves and relishing the softness of her ass and thighs. She stroked his hair, sighing as his hips went to work thrusting. *This is what I wanted*, she thought. *A dedicated man drinking my milk and loving it.*

When he'd had his fill, he pulled out of her, much to her disappointment. He moved quickly, positioning himself astride her, and she understood his plan. The slick cock fit exactly between her gorgeous breasts. She pushed them together for him, pressing in with her fingers to create a steady leak of milk dripping down into her cleavage. His cock moved slowly, gliding between the soft orbs. He put his hands behind his head, showing off his balance and strength while trying to appear like he wasn't on the verge of splattering her face again.

"I like you like this," he said. "Fat tits wrapped around my cock. My cum dripping from your pussy. Should have done this years ago."

It was a familiar refrain which she usually met with indignant revulsion. As she felt him twitching between her sensitive breasts, she grinned and said, "Yes, you fucking should have."

Chapter 20

Maddock's House, August 5th, 8:21 a.m.

Greg had never thought about how rarely he visited Maddock's home. He supposed he never had much of a reason to considering Maddock's tendency to be wherever Greg expected him. He knocked on the front door, hoping his oldest friend wouldn't come to the door with a drawn gun. While waiting, Greg looked at the well kept flower beds, still blooming despite the heat. The door opened, and the two men had a tense moment of sizing one another up. "Maddy," Greg said, the long unused nickname not succeeding in softening the moment.

"Boss," Maddock answered, his face grim and set. He was half dressed, suspenders pulled on over a tight undershirt. It served as a reminder of the physical difference between other men, even Greg, and the mountain he used as an enforcer. "Did you need something?"

"To talk. Some things are happening. I'll need your help. Can I come in?"

Maddock looked back over his shoulder, but then stood aside and jerked his head for Greg to enter. The house, like always, was spartan. A wireless and a large, cushioned chair acted as the centerpieces of the living room. On the side of the chair opposite the radio were stacks of books, most of them well creased along the spine. Conspicuously, a second chair had been brought in since Greg's last visit. Maddock offered it to Greg before asking, "Drink?"

"It's a quarter eight in the morning," Greg said.

Maddock shrugged.

"Yeah, alright then. Splash some orange juice in it if you've got some."

Greg waited as Maddock went off to the kitchen. He spent his time glancing through the piles of books. Mostly mysteries and horror novels, but a fair amount of romance, some of which didn't sound romantic so much as filthy. He picked up one called *The Hucow Harlot of Orleans Parish*. The cover depicted a woman with enormous breasts dressed in a gauzy robe leaning in a doorway. Thumbing open the cover, he wasn't surprised to see "Milktec Industries Presents" in the publication.

Maddock returned with two tumblers filled with murky liquid. Greg sipped his and found the taste surprisingly good. "Orange juice?"

"And pineapple," Maddock said as he settled down with his own. "Comes in cans."

"Not bad," Greg said. He tossed the book back onto the pile and winced as Maddock leaned over to straighten it back to its exact position. As he did, Greg heard movement in the back of the house. Maddock kept his focus on the books to intently to not have heard. "Right, so some news. Last night, Cunningham got wind of Benny and his daughter. He's already on the

warpath, so we're taking some extra steps to make sure we don't get left out in the cold. Abby's come up with some interesting new ideas about her work that she thinks will secure our place under Milktec's protection. But that's going to require a larger commitment on our end."

"Sure," Maddock said, nodding along.

"We're meeting with Flensing later today to iron out the details, but he's already sent us a preliminary plan."

"Have you slept?"

"Not much," Greg admitted. "I took Benny to the basement at the office. He stayed there overnight. Flensing will need to talk with him after he's done with us. Picked up Melanie, too. She's at our house. Both of them are going to sign up. I'll need you to look after Benny till Flensing shows up. He's probably hungry. Those two solve our Cunningham problem." He met Maddock's eyes, "And *only* those two."

Maddock shrugged.

Greg paused and sipped his drink while the tension eased out of the room. He and Maddock had been through some tough scrapes in their younger days. They'd had hard conversations, some of which ended in contentious agreement. But, neither of them saw much point in fostering a hate for the only family they'd ever had. *Well, before the women.* "Abby's also bringing her sister into this. Seems only right as she's the one who kicked it all off. On that front, I'd like to enlist the reporter, Alice, for a little phone call later. Nothing that will make trouble, but we need to nudge Elizabeth to come home at the appropriate time. Milktec will officially buy out the plantation and the surrounding land, but with a perpetual lease so long as the bloodline remains in residence."

Maddock raised an eyebrow.

"I get the impression that Abby's full cooperation is more valuable to them than we ever thought," Greg answered. "Now, this next bit is a little awkward. The plantation will be transitioned into a full dairy with a heavy research component. All the details will come in time, but Abby's keen on me being the resident...bull. Other recruits include the rest of the Vaught family as well as Benny's mistress. For now."

"When?"

"Officially, at 12:01a.m. tomorrow. I expect Abby will get to work on some of the new employees before then. I'd like you to help with getting the moving teams in order. Liz will be out of the house at another of her private events. The twins will be home, but they can be left in their rooms. The staff is to be dismissed and — actually, I have all this written down. Abby definitely didn't sleep cause she was up all night putting this plan together." He pulled a small bundle of folded pages from his pocket and handed it over. Maddock opened them up and read

through them with an occasional nod. “No problem then?”

“No problem.”

“Good. Which leaves the matter of our business. Since I’ll be occupied, you’re in charge now. I don’t think many people will even notice, but I’ll send word out through the normal talkers. Let everyone know that I’m retired and if they have an issue to take it up with you. A few financial details to go over and some things to sign, but we can worry about that stuff in a week or so. All that sound good?”

Greg could read most emotions in people’s faces. Maddock’s remained the same as he looked up from the notes. He’d just been told that he was now the head of half a dozen companies and countless shell subsidiaries which operated a logistics network of shipping and smuggling that would embarrass most countries. And it had been done in a conversation between friends while the Hucow of Orleans Parish leered at them from the cover of her book. Maddock simply nodded.

Downing the last of the whiskey and juice mixture, Greg hopped to his feet and handed the glass back. “I’ll be on my way then. When you’re ready, head to the house. Look after Benny and the girl while we’re getting the rest of our ducks in a row. Oh, and once things kick off at the house tonight, you’ll want to steer clear for a few days. The stuff Abby’s got for me is gonna make it awkward to be around me. For you, an inconvenience, but for any women it would be...well, just steer clear for a few days. I’ll ring you once things are stable.”

“Sure thing, boss,” he said.

They walked to the door, shook hands, and Greg hurried off to his car. He had a long day of strange conversations ahead of him, but he felt better knowing this one was out of the way.

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Maddock’s House, 8:33am, August 5th

Alice heard the door shut and breathed a sigh of relief. She had been with Maddock for two days. After the fiasco with Elizabeth, she’d found him waiting at her apartment. When she explained what had happened to her, it took a great deal of consoling to get him to not go burn down the Vaught plantation. At that point, she thought she’d somehow found stray feral dog that might like her a little too much. He then explained who he was, and why he’d been at the bar the night they met. Alice expected herself to be furious, but after being milked for the sole purpose of making an enormous mess to spite a husband, she lacked the energy.

Claiming it was for her own good, Maddock had secreted her away. On the car ride, she had imagined a dark cabin in the woods where he lived like a hermit. She was shocked to find his home to be so quaint and cozy. The interior lacked a woman’s touch, but it was clean and well kept. He offered her his bed the first night, and though she spent most of it with her fingers between her legs on the verge of calling out for him, he remained chastely in the living room,

though he would later admit he was passing the time in a similar manner.

In the intervening two days, Maddock came and went, but they spent any time he was at home talking. At first the man didn't say much, but Alice was a quick study of human nature. She learned many of his shrugs had different meanings. After a few hours of talking, he started speaking in full sentences, eloquently even. She uncovered a brilliant, sharp mind underneath his gruff act. She also discovered that he was absolutely enthralled by her. It was odd and exhilarating. She'd never been entralling to anyone. By then, the effects of the serum had faded to their minimum, so it wasn't that. He actually seemed to like *her*. And though she was hesitant to admit it, she quite liked him as well.

Emerging from the back of the house, she found Maddock reading through a set of papers. He looked up at her and smiled, "It's alright. Greg's given you the all clear."

"And that's good?" she asked. He'd explained how everything connected together, the full extent of Elizabeth's brother-in-law's reputation, and why she needed to stay out of the loop for a while.

He shrugged a yes. "He wants you to give Elizabeth a call later. Something to get her to come home from a party. I'll get you a script later."

"She's not going to be hurt, is she?"

Maddock shook his head.

"What's that you've got, if you don't mind me asking?"

He handed it to her, and she read through it feeling as though it really wasn't meant to be read by anyone other than Maddock. When she looked up at him, he said, "Greg wasn't always like he is now. He's mellowed over the years. When we were kids, he would break a man's nose for looking at him funny. And if the guy looked at me funny, he'd break something worse. When he met Abby, that changed. She kept him focused, made him smarter." He held up a massive hand and pointed at the pages she held. "Would you mind helping with this?"

Alice sensed the gravity behind the question. The certainty of the answer in her chest surprised her even as she said it, "I would love to help."

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The Usual Place, August 7th, 11:15am

Alice didn't know which man looked most likely to strangle someone. Cunningham's calm was skin deep. Beneath it, she knew boiling rage was about to burst out of him. He looked at the two new arrivals with a glinting malice and little patience. "Who the fuck is this? Where's Greg?"

The other man ready to strangle someone certainly looked more capable of doing so. Maddock didn't stand directly in front of her, but he did make certain to keep at least one step between her and the other men in the room. She appreciated his dogged protectiveness, but at the moment she needed to be the assertive one. "Greg isn't coming," she said.

"Again, who the fuck is this Maddock and why is she running her —"

"Greg isn't coming because he's likely fucking your daughter's gaping cunt," she suppressed her wince as she spoke. The idea occurred to her on the drive up. She knew Cunningham would need to be shocked into listening to her, and such language would, and obviously did, work. Even Maddock's head cocked slightly to the side, surprised that the woman he'd taken in could speak so brazenly, at least outside of their bed. "Now, let's try this again. Hello, Senator Cunningham, my name is Alice."

The senator adjusted his hateful gaze to her instead of Maddock. "Alice? The goddamn reporter? Is she meant to be a peace offering because if so you're starting on the wrong fucking foot."

"No, Senator, I'm not an 'offering'. Quite the opposite. As I said, Greg is indisposed for the foreseeable future. In the interim, he has turned over his business obligations to Maddock and myself. We're here to resolve your complaints."

"My complaints?" the senator spluttered. "My kidnapped daughter is a complaint?"

"She was not kidnapped or strong armed or coerced in any fashion. She came willingly," Alice answered in a clipped, neutral voice. "And as far as I am aware, she has been cumming ever since."

The senator's face turned purple. "You disgusting bitch!"

Maddock's speed surprised most people, including Senator Cunningham, but not Alice. She'd seen his dexterity in a variety of ways over the past week. The bodyguards dumbly drew their revolvers, but it seemed largely pointless with their boss dangling a foot off the ground with his neck in the hands of a man who could crush his windpipe before a bullet reached him. Alice walked closer, "I think you haven't understood the change in dynamic, senator. Allow me to explain while you catch your breath." Maddock flung the man down, sending him staggering back and gasping for air. "Until recently, you had been a key component of Greg's distribution and supply operation. However, a recent change has resulted in you shifting more heavily into the liability column. As such, it is appropriate that we reduce your involvement. Your position on the review board for Milktec serum distribution will be lessened with Senator Paul Oglesby being elevated to the role of chairman. This change was brought about by an impromptu and unanimous vote by the committee which demonstrated a conflict of interest with the sitting chair, that is you if you're following along, once it was revealed that your daughter had enrolled in Milktec's hucow program. The committee's decision obviously requires your abstention, and it will be submitted to the senate majority leader for rote approval by the end of the day. While you will retain your seat on the committee, your role has been reduced to a non-voting member.

“Further, as your usefulness is no longer existent to our side of the operation, our business relationship will be terminated with the final payments into your accounts, along with a generous final gift, today. At the top of the hour, in fact. Now, I have been advised that such sudden and dramatic changes in the circumstances of our contacts can result in hard feelings, which is why we have reserved a great deal of damaging information. Including these.”

She paused and held out her hand. Maddock pulled a small folder from his coat and handed it to her. She tossed it at the senator, scattering the contained photographs across the floor. It took a few moments for Cunningham to realize what he was looking at, but when he did, he scrambled to cover them from the eyes of his bodyguards. “Melanie is being well taken care of and currently the new dairy’s lead producer. She will be up for a visit in roughly five months. Of course, if you somehow think to liberate her from a very binding contract in an attempt to discredit or attack us or our benefactors, remember that we have an extensive history of your activities which can easily be viewed as corrupt and, in some cases, outright illegal behavior. As we ourselves have quickly learned, Milktec Industries is not an entity you want as an enemy.

The rage bled out of the senator’s face. “How can you do this? I don’t even fucking know who you are. She’s my daughter. She can’t be treated like livestock.”

“Senator Cunningham, the first thing Melanie would tell you is that being your daughter doesn’t make her your property. She’s her own woman, and she chose to be treated like livestock. It’s unclear how your opinion comes into it at all. Oh, but if you contact the dairy’s office, you can arrange to send her a care package when her initial serum state has passed. I’ve been told the gals really appreciate those.”

She wiggled her fingers at the senator and left the way she came. Before padding softly behind her, Maddock made sure all her words remained clear by giving each man in the room a steady glare that left no question of the consequence if Alice’s words weren’t heeded. Once they were back in the car, Alice’s adrenaline fueled state of calm gave way to the heart fluttering anxiety of having done something incredibly out of her comfort zone. She’d threatened a sitting senator. “How’d I do? Come off as ice cold enough?” she asked.

Maddock shrugged, but with a smile. The expression Alice had come to recognize as meaning, “You did amazing.”

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The Vaught Plantation, August 12th, 1:00pm

Alice was nervous. It didn’t help that Maddock was uneasy. They had been receiving instructions and advice for the past week through phone calls and other messages sent down from the plantation house. The people who did go in were all Milktec, and they wore gas masks and full hazardous material suits. Yet, Alice and Maddock had finally been summoned with no indication of wearing similar protection being required.

They came to the door and found a small box sitting on the ground in front of it. Attached was a note, “Drink these and wait six minutes. They contain a neutral serum derivative that will make you immune to the effects of Greg and the hucows. Don’t mix up the bottles as they’re mixed by weight. God knows what that would cause. — Abby.”

Neither of them particularly trusted random boxes of chemicals left on doorsteps by a woman who was at best unhinged. However, Greg had also signed the back of the card with “Trust me.”

Alice drank hers first, and Maddock followed. He stuck out his watch and noted the time. Part of Alice hoped it would be a trick and that she would be hauled inside as her body ballooned into its voluptuous glory. She’d not had any further serum since the incident with Liz. Maddock had confiscated the extra vial’s she’d had on her at the time, promising to return them once she was up to handling the effects. Since then, he’d suggested asking Abby for some of the more moderate versions to give Alice a chance to build up a tolerance. She hoped that would come up during their lunch, but only because of how the serum heightened things for her. She didn’t need it for her body to change, not any more. Maddock loved every inch of her no matter the size or shape, it seemed.

She’d thought a lot about the suddenness of their relationship, and yet she couldn’t find any flaw in it. He was kind, patient, intelligent, and loving. Outside of that, whatever he did mattered little so long as he stayed safe. She’d quit her job at the paper and taken on the task of unraveling all of Greg’s myriad business relationships. With guidance from him, albeit limited to an hour or two a day, they’d been able to get all the appropriate people on the same page. Even in that hour of Greg’s attention, Alice had a sneaking suspicion that something else was going on at the other end of the line.

The six minutes went by quickly. Neither of them felt any sort of change. With a shrug, Maddock knocked on the door.

Liz answered, and Alice immediately regretted coming. Whatever spell the mistress of Vaught Plantation had woven was clearly still in tact, vial of strange chemicals or not. Liz had on what Alice thought of as a “nightie”. It was made of black lace that flowed down over her body and pooled at her feet. It was entirely see through where it covered her. It was meant to tie around the front, but Liz had left it open, giving a full view of her entire front to both of them. “Alice! Maddock!” She cast a glance over her shoulder before scurrying out and closing the door behind her. Seeing her in broad daylight was even more astounding. There was so *much* of her, that Alice wouldn’t have blamed Maddock for scooping her up and running off to a cave somewhere. Liz noted the confused looks on their faces, “You drank the antidotes, didn’t you?”

They both nodded, dumbstruck.

“Oh, then I suppose you’re just the regular type of astonished.” She looked at herself and realized her state of undress. She pulled the folds of the robe over one another. “Sorry, you forget in there. Honestly, putting on clothes at all is rather exciting. Um, listen. I know this

won't mean very much, but I'm glad I got to you before the others noticed. I owe you both an apology. Alice, for manipulating you and attempting to corrupt you. Maddock for...well, for a few decades of disdain and disregard, I suppose. I'd love to make it up to both of you any way I can, but at the moment most of those ways involve outfits like this."

Alice thought that might be a perfectly suitable way of making nice, but she and Maddock had agreed not to get too involved in the dairy's activities. "Thanks, Elizabeth. Apologizing isn't for nothing."

Maddock looked at Alice and then back to Liz before shrugging. Alice didn't know how he could so easily dismiss what had apparently been decades of mistreatment, but she knew his shrugs better than anyone except maybe Greg. He'd just given Elizabeth Vaught a full pardon. She seemed to know it on some level as well.

"It's just Liz now," she said opening up the door. "Come on in. We all have a lot to talk about. You have to see everyone. Lydia will blow your mind. Oh, and I should get drink orders for the meal so I can tell Christie. Don't give me that look. No, she's not still working for us. We all pitch in. She's simply the only one who knows where things like silverware are kept. We try to learn, but you'll probably notice we all get easily distracted. I should try to see if I can get Greg to put on a kilt or something. Oh, the drinks. We still have a full bar, some juices, and very fresh milk."