

Vaught  
A Milktec Story  
By Quixerotic  
\*Work in Progress\*  
Chapter 13-14

## Chapter 13

*The Vaught Plantation. August 5th, 11:49 p.m.*

“Cunningham didn’t know.” Elizabeth said.

Greg’s hand shifted out of the shadows again and set the empty glass on the table. “One more should be enough. If you don’t mind, Liz.”

She prickled, but after this much of his painful presence, she didn’t see the point in arguing. *Besides, it’ll give me the chance to get closer to him.* She crossed the room and picked up his glass. This time, she was mindful of the effect stepping closer to him had. *Could Abigail really make a serum that effected a compelling aura? It wouldn’t shock me. For her to use it though? On a man like Gregory? No, not even she would truly do that. It’s a game, meant to scare me back into my place.*

She refilled his glass and carried it back to him. So close, her conviction of her sister’s moral compass preventing the use of such a serum wavered. The air felt charged. She couldn’t see him, not more than a shadow, but she knew his body was a seething mass of muscle ready to spring out of the chair and sweep her into his arms. She would naturally protest, feign disinterest as she pounded her fists on his chest while at the same time wrapping her legs around him and drawing him closer to her. *Stop.* She turned to go back to her seat.

“No,” he growled. “Kneel down.”

Her knees weakened. She tried to keep herself upright, but deep down, she wanted nothing more than to obey. It wasn’t some trick of chemicals in the air or whatever other hogwash he had been tricked into Abigail to believe. No, Elizabeth wanted to kneel for him because she knew it would be worth it, even if she hated herself and him all the more. Turning back to him, she lightly pressed a hand into her waist before easing down to her knees. She rested her ass on her heels, remaining tense and waiting.

At this angle, the light hit Greg’s face with more relief. She saw his chiseled jaw, his strong neck, and eyes dark with intent. She wanted to press her hands onto his thighs, slide them up to where a magnificent bulge waited for her. *Me, not Abigail,* she thought with some bitterness. *What could I have done if I’d had a husband who loved me like he loves Abigail?* She heard him sip as he tasted the drink, and she recalled what he’d said when asking for it. “Enough for what?”

She didn’t see his smile, but saw his cheeks and eyes curl up enough to know he was grinning. “It dulls the effect. The body processes the alcohol first, and the serum second. Don’t worry. We’ll get to it in time. Only one more box to check, after all. Last night.”

Elizabeth frowned. It wasn’t a pleasant memory. She’d hosted one of her usual events at the club, the legitimate kind, not the ones that ended in the basement with milk everywhere.

She'd agreed to it weeks before in a hope that it would be a safe and easy scene to introduce her daughters around. The usual problems presented themselves in the lead up. The twins remained mad at her over the treatment of their father. Benjamin was absolutely furious over the state of his bed, to the point where she didn't even expect him to attend. And worst of all, Gregory and Abigail showed up. Then — *oh*.

Her posture slumped, and she sensed Gregory's smug glare. She stared down at the ground wondering for the millionth time why her life hadn't gone the way it should have. She gasped as rough fingers slid against her cheek and under her chin. Gently, they nudged her gaze up to look at the looming shadow that hid her brother-in-law's face. "Tell me what you did," he said. "Tell me how you sealed us to this fate."

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*August 4th, 8:12 p.m., Farris Post*

Elizabeth smiled at the Connors, a local family of moderate wealth. Recent additions to the club's membership. Not particularly worth her time. However, their son, Emmanuel, was the popular sort of young man who tended to draw in the others his age in to a charismatic confidence. Not entirely unlike Benjamin once had. For that reason, Elizabeth debated giving Mr. and Mrs. Connors more than a polite hello. Introducing them to one of the other prestigious families would ingratiate her enough to inquire about their son at least. Before she could decide, Benjamin decided for her.

Her husband looked as dashing as ever as he entered the club. He looked around with the bewildered air of someone unexpectedly finding themselves in a place where they most likely were not wanted. Elizabeth had technically wanted him to attend. It wouldn't do to have the twins' father be mysteriously absent, especially if rumors of his more serious affair started to spread. As much as she loathed her husband, he had his uses. Benjamin was easy to like. People opened up to him with nearly no prompt. It was the lack of guard about him that did it, she knew. The same lack of guard which got his father and uncle swindled out of the family fortune.

He crossed to her with vague hesitation. Elizabeth brightened into a flurry of smiles as she pulled him close and offered her cheek. He planted a small peck, making sure to avoid her light makeup. She pushed him back and made a show of straightening his jacket or his tie or something about him that might have been off and was a wife's duty to correct. "You decided to join us."

"Of course," Benjamin said. "I care about the twins' future as much as you. I would like to see them happy and cared for. You seem to think this helps in that regard." He gestured around at the upper crust of Farris Post society. "Besides, they asked me to attend. Where are they?"

She smoothed down the front of his clothes before hooking her arm into his and gliding them easily to an out of the way section of the room. It was easy to be lost in the club's main ballroom. Though Elizabeth hadn't chosen the interior's gaudy design, when given the choice to

change it, she left it alone. Not for tradition or taste, but because the overpowering ridiculous of it created enough confusion in the room to hide the little moments people so desired to find in crowds. The majority of the room buzzed with frivolous talk as people drank and snatched things from the trays hovering past them. The women's overwrought dresses created a base level of shuffling fabric that everyone's voice rose to speak over. At the far end of the room, a quintet played light pieces to keep the mood up for conversation.

Benjamin went along with her like a faithful dog, but she figured he thought to be going to his daughters. When they wound up isolated, he looked to his wife with confusion. "Are they even here, Elizabeth? Surely they didn't conspire with you to get us in the same place."

"Of course not," she said, dropping her smile enough to convey her seriousness while still looking happily married if anyone happened to glance over. "You've all but turned them against me, not the other way around. They're dancing, I presume. I left them with Richard and Sophia. Sophia owes me. She'll take them around to speak with anyone she can find that's worth their time."

He flagged down a waiter and ordered a drink. Elizabeth waggled her fingers at the waiter. Every employee of the club knew her, her choices in alcohol, and her choices in strapping, young bucks to dose serum with. The latter fact helped keep the service prompt and motivated. While they waited for him to return, Benjamin grinned and waved at the few people who looked their direction. Elizabeth wanted people to see them together, cloistered off from the pack like a married couple often was from time to time. She could feel her husband's restlessness. That wasn't new. But, she noticed he avoided her touch when he could. She thought it due to his not subtle anger with her, but when she saw Carey Lewis walk in with his new wife, his junior by fifteen years, Elizabeth realized why her husband didn't want her to touch him. It made him feel disloyal to his slut of a mistress. "Did you enjoy the surprise I left for you?"

His charming aura faltered into a goonish sneer. "Was it yours then? Didn't think you'd lower yourself to being a squirting cow just to get a little revenge on me."

"I lower myself as a squirting cow all the time, dear. Right onto the hard cocks of all the men who can satisfy me like you can't. But no, I had a guest provide the decoration of your bed. I figured if you wanted to share it with some whore, there's no reason I shouldn't join in on the fun."

Benjamin opened his mouth, but snapped it shut as the waiter returned. They lifted their drinks off his tray and sent him off. She thought he would lash out at her again, but he simply sighed. "I have nothing to gain by fighting with you, Elizabeth. You wanted me here to show a good face to your friends for our daughters' sake. So here I am. Needling me with your insults won't help them, so why do it?" He took a sip of his drink before adding, "Unless of course, it's never been about them for you, but another way of getting attention for yourself."

The nerve of him shocked her. Worse, it frightened her. She liked having him whipped, even if he got the occasional barb back at her. This defeated acceptance, though, was unheard of.

He didn't value her enough to fight back. *Because he values someone else more.* "Go on then. Find our daughters some husbands unless you want them signing Milktec contracts. Perhaps you do. We could have grandchildren sired by some hulking freak. I think they rely on the family to raise those whelps, you know. We could rotate weeks. I keep them one, and you and your whore the next. Seems appropriate that you'd be raising the bastard children of some fat dicked fool who fucked your daughters while they screamed for it, since I presume your whore is screaming for your cock in a round about way to humiliate her father. Tell me, dearest, do you resemble the man? Her father that is? It's an old story. A young woman never gets her father's approval, and so she spends her life trying to hurt him by fucking some old man who subconsciously reminds her of him. The cruel irony of it being that since her father never cared about her in the first place, he naturally doesn't care about who she fucks."

She sipped her drink with a malicious grin only to find him staring at her with a blank, weary expression. "You're sick," he said. "Your mind has become twisted. I won't say I didn't help us along that path, but you sprinted where I stumbled. You chained others to you and dragged them along." He let out a short huff of laughter. "You hate your sister so much for marrying beneath herself. Well, what did you do? Married me. You think other women have to fuck older men to win their father's approval, but to win Emmanuel Vaught's approval you whored yourself to me. And you're still trying, with the man dead and rotting. You'd marry your daughters off to misery to try and please him, as well. You're a pathetic tragedy, Elizabeth. Striding around that old house as if it isn't crumbling around you. Not from the weathering of time, but from a rot that has grown up from its roots since the first stone was laid down." He gulped the rest of his whiskey and snapped the glass down onto the table. "If you'll excuse me, I'm going to go search this crowd of hypocrites for someone who might actually care for Lydia or Amanda. We may be ruined, but they don't have to be."

Benjamin strode off, leaving behind his words with the same dispassionate regard he'd given the glass. Elizabeth was furious, embarrassed, and idiotically aroused. The withered part of her that survived her periodic cynic scouring of the soul spoke up. It told her that she'd had a man worth loving, one who had the capacity and depth to love back, and she'd wasted it on misplaced ideals. A moment longer, and she would have at least been forced to grapple with her life choices up to that moment. Instead, her gaze went to the door where her sister and Gregory had just walked in.

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Abigail wore a ridiculously sinister dress that hugged her body tightly before flaring out into sharp angles. She'd already struck up a conversation with Hubert London, one of the wealthier men in Farris Post. Elizabeth didn't know Abigail had ever met the man. Maybe this was the first time, the old philanderer's gaze drawn to the provocative dress. Or, Hubert was as deep in Milktec's pocket as everyone else and simply saying hello to a colleague.

Beside Abigail, Gregory had on a suit that cut closer to him than his usual fare. His dark eyes scanned the room with hostility and gave Hubert no more than a passing glance. Clearly it wasn't his idea to be here. When his gaze landed on Elizabeth, he tilted his head slightly and curled up the corners of his mouth. It was less than a second's glance and still refreshed her fury,

both for him acknowledging her and for not cowering for her approval. Of course they sometimes came to these parties, but usually after passing word along so that Elizabeth could find herself elsewhere for the occasion. For them to appear on this night, when she was bringing out Lydia and Amanda, was clearly revenge for something.

Elizabeth didn't go straight to them. That would be demeaning. Instead, she drifted back into the fold of society, striking up conversation with the least insufferable person she could find. It happened to be an older woman, Leonora Wicker, who came to the social club with the same attitude of a passing penitent attending church on a Sunday. She'd been a member since before Elizabeth was born. "You haven't been progressive enough, Elizabeth," Leonora said. "These sorts of spaces will die out if you don't allow things to loosen up a bit."

Placating a fossil on the subject of remaining progressive being Elizabeth's best option for conversation wasn't lost on her. "I'm certainly open to insights, Leonora."

The woman was unaccustomed to people actually listening to her. Her wrinkled brow furrowed, "Well, then I think it about time you brought some color into this place. Mark my words, war shifts the floor underneath us. Good ones rip it up and demand new carpet be put down. These old, cloudy-eyed fools will damn the whole country if they keep clinging to their backward thinking. Your father, for example. The man terrified me with the way he would speak. I have no hesitation to tell you that I breathed a sigh of relief the day he went into the ground."

Elizabeth's attention had been primarily on her brother-in-law. "Leonora what on earth are you talking about?"

"Racists, my dear. Your father was cut from a long white sheet, as they say. Did you care for him at all?"

The old woman asked it so blithely. *Why would people keep bringing up my father? What the hell does this old witch know about it anyway? Of course I cared for him. He raised us. Taught us to survive in this world. Took care of us.* Her thoughts must have shown on her face. Leonora touched her arm, "I hated my father, too. And my mother. Still do all these years later. Your girls seem right as rain though. Sending them off for school was smart, but you and Abigail have always been brilliant. Of different types, but brilliant both. A shame about the marriage is all. Oh, there's Bertie. Scoundrel owes me ten dollars, and I'll have it off him before one of us drops dead." She gave Elizabeth's arm another consoling pat. "And remember what I said, dear. Open membership. If you have trouble selling the idea to the others, remind them of how variety would improve your little private arrangement." She gave a saucy wink and scuttled off across the room, hailing down a bewildered old man who seemed desperate for an exit.

Elizabeth remained in the center of the room, entirely bewildered. She'd been tongue lashed by her husband, blindsided by her sister, and then lost in some senile woman's ramblings about her father and racism. *He didn't take care of us. He made me this.* The thoughts forced their way into her head right as she caught the flash of black cloth in the corner of her eye. She

turned and smiled warmly, “Abigail, I’m so pleased you could come.” She didn’t acknowledge the brooding *thing* standing beside her sister. She took her sister’s hands in and pulled close for a feigned embrace only to whisper, “Why in fuck are you here?”

“Don’t get your panties twisted, sister,” Abigail answered. “Nothing to do with you. We’re simply celebrating. I’ve had a wonderful breakthrough in my work. Oh, I suppose it does have a little to do with you. You gave me the idea in the first place.” Abigail laced her arm into Elizabeth’s and sidled close. To the outside world they appeared as devoted siblings, but Elizabeth wanted to wrench her arm free and throw her sister to the ground.

“What idea could I have possibly given you?” she asked through a smile. “We don’t brainstorm together, after all.”

“Never you mind. You might find out one day. But, rest assured, we’re here to be dilligent Vaughts. Promoting the family name, strengthening the bloodline, and all that.” She leaned closer to Elizabeth’s ear again, speaking in nothing more than a whisper, “Really, its just fun to go out wearing no panties. Imagining Greg’s fingers sliding against my bare ass as we dance.”

Elizabeth jerked back, and Abigail didn’t hold her, merely giggled. She glared at Abigail before striding across the room. She spotted Benjamin with the twins and a young man she knew as Jacob Kelly, son of Margo Kelly. Margo’s husband died in the war. Elizabeth wasn’t sure which one. Jacob had served, leaving as a captain to pursue a career in law. He came from good breeding, had a solid career, and a successful future ahead of him. Which only left one significant problem. Jacob had taken up his father’s membership at the club, and Elizabeth had fucked him at least seven times. The last time, she’d taken a heavier than usual dose and spent an hour nearly drowning him in her milk while drawing out a steady fountain of cum.

Jacob spotted the woman who’d made him moan her name, and immediately made the connection between the twins and their mother. Rather than politely excuse himself from the conversation, he looked at both of them with a new hunger. Instantaneously, the foolish young man made an enemy. *I won’t be having family dinners with a son-in-law whose cock has used my milk as lube to fuck my tits.* She scanned the room for a diversion and found one.

“Senator,” she said with all her charm. “I didn’t see you come in.”

Senator Cunningham met her suggestive gaze with one of his own. “Elizabeth, so lovely as always. Why I was in town just yesterday and stopped in to visit some constituents. They were kind enough to invite me out to this little soiree. Never a bad time to grease palms, and it is nice to get away from the District. Company towns can drive you mad if you let them.” He distractedly looked to his side where the young woman with him was wrapping up a conversation they’d been in before Elizabeth interrupted. “You remember my daughter, I’m sure.” He paused to address the other couple with the gladhanding but firm goodbye perfected by politicians. When they’d gone off, he wheeled his daughter around like a prize pony. “Melanie, this is Mrs. Elizabeth Vaught, remember?”

Elizabeth met the young woman's gaze and saw something odd in it. Color rose to Melanie's cheeks, and she was quick to look at anything other than Elizabeth's eyes. Still, they politely shook hands. "Of course. Why, William, you can't have raised this beautiful young woman. Melanie the last time I saw you, you were a wisp of a thing. I was out your first coming out ball. Ah, I remember that beautiful dress. I remember thinking at the time that I wanted something similar for my own girls."

Melanie didn't get a chance to speak as her father boomed over her, "Oh, yes, we saw them earlier. I didn't realize they were so close to Mel in age. I told Mel that she would be wise to make friends." He leaned closer, but didn't alter the volume of his voice and ignored his daughter's half panicked tug on his arm. "She's a bit shy, honestly. Spends all her time off spending my money." He grinned at his daughter as though he'd said some clever joke. "I tell her, it's no way to win a husband. Every man loves a little aloofness to his woman, but you can't catch a husband if none of them can find you to start the chase."

"Ah, but we're of a different generation, senator," Elizabeth said. "The youth these days are consumed by romance. Young women want to find themselves, see the world, and be swept off their feet by Prince Charming. It's our own fault, really, too many fairy tales. But it would be too cruel to tell such precious young girls the butcher's trade that marriage truly is." She cast a glance over at her family and saw with horror as Jacob put a hand on Lydia's arm. "Speaking of which, you're absolutely correct, Senator. It's long past time for our girls to meet."

She feigned looking around and took the chance to pull Cunningham's ear arm to her. "The young man talking to my twins. He's not right for our girls. Could you get rid of him?"

"Jacob?" he asked before giving a confident nod.

Elizabeth took Melanie by the hand. The younger woman made a small protest and looked to her father to somehow intervene, but the senator had already started toward the other group. To Elizabeth's irritation, she saw Abigail in florid conversation with Amanda while Benjamin and Gregory seemed to be in an intense conversation. Jacob had pulled Lydia slightly further from the group, and that alone urged Elizabeth on.

The senator reached Jacob and pulled the young man back as Elizabeth walked by. She heard Cunningham say something akin to "why don't you go fuck off" before giving the young man a broad smile and handshake. Elizabeth drew herself up and spoke to Lydia directly while also angling for Amanda's attention, "Girls, I'd like you to meet Melanie Cunningham. She's a city girl who comes from a respectable family, on her mother's side." Elizabeth tried to infuse it with bland humor, but the semicircle of people all looked like she'd ripped off her clothes. She held on to Elizabeth's hand while looking at her daughters for the expect cordial greeting. Lydia finally said something right before the senator joined them.

"Ah, Benjamin. Greg, they drag you out to these things after all. And Abigail, god help the man who has to pick out the prettier of the Vaught sisters," Cunningham made sure to give



Elizabeth a wink. The man was oblivious to the odd tension in the air, not that Elizabeth felt any better off. She looked at Abigail and saw that even she was on edge, as though they'd unwittingly tread onto a land mine. Finally feeling the lack of enthusiasm in the group, Cunningham eased his bravado as he greeted the twins.

Elizabeth found herself looking at her husband. He had lost all his loose charisma. He stood rigid, a tendon in his neck straining. The color had left his face, and he was pointedly looking in the middle distance to Elizabeth's side. *Of course, they all have to act strangely. Can they not put aside all their grievances for one goddamn moment?* She flared her own smile across at her husband and in-laws. It was enough to snatch Benjamin's attention for half a moment, except his gaze locked not on his wife, but to Melanie.

*Something happened*, Elizabeth knew, but not what. She realized the senator had stopped talking. Cunningham's face was a tangle of indiscriminate rage. Without another word, he snatched Melanie's hand up and pulled her away. They stormed through the party, leaving whispers and speculation in their wake. Confused, Elizabeth turned back to demand an explanation, but saw Gregory strong arming Benjamin away from the room. Elizabeth took a step to follow, but was cut off by her sister. "Abigail —"

The younger Vaught sister looked like a storm about to break as she shook her head, daring Elizabeth to challenge her. Abigail didn't care what others thought of her, and she knew Elizabeth did, for her sake and for the twins. Abigail spoke with stern civility, "You don't know what you've done. The girls are tired take them home. I'll play the hostess in your stead."

Elizabeth prepared to mount her protest, but she saw Amanda and Lydia. The former looked bored, and the other looked far too fascinated with the quickly dismissed bastard who obviously wanted to tally the daughter up beside the mother. Elizabeth knew she'd missed something. It gnawed at her and made her uneasy. She feigned a smile. "Well, your aunt says you're tired. Understandable. I'm sorry girls, I thought the crowd would be a little more vivacious. We'll certainly do better on your official debuts. Come along then. I'll have the car called up, and we'll get back in time for a late supper."

The twins looked at their mother with surprised relief. Elizabeth couldn't leave without getting in one last grab at superiority, though. As she sent off her daughters, she turned back to Abigail. "This is my world," she said. "Whatever melodrama you've brought into it, I will find out." She whirled on her heel and headed for the door.

Behind her, Abigail laughed.

## Chapter 14

*The Vaught Plantation. August 5th, 11:55 p.m.*

Elizabeth could feel Gregory's leer grow intense as she knelt beside him. She'd forgotten the previous night's strangeness, buried it under the debauchery she'd enjoyed before coming home to be humiliated. "Melanie was with me," she said. "I was holding the hand of the woman who's been fucking my husband. I wanted her to be friends with my daughters."

"You did," Gregory agreed. "Because you were in such a rush to get your daughter away from a guy whose dick you happily fuck, you brought your husband and his mistress face to face with his whole family between them. What else?"

A wrenching feeling of guilt weighed her down. "Cunningham knew."

"He did. All it took was seeing that look in Benny's face, and he put it together. The senator isn't a fool, or wasn't until we made one of him. One domino into the next. Because do you know what happened today?" His hand came out and tilted her chin up to look at his shadowed figure. "Today, because of you, Abby and I had to make a deal with the devil."

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*Vaught Plantation, August 5th, 1:42 p.m.*

Greg paced uneasily back and forth across the lab. Abby sat in serene contemplation, a small folder in front of her on an otherwise clean worktop. His wife's calm normally reassured him, but the past day had seen her acting strangely. Not the middle of the day fuck frenzy, but the uneasy fear she'd expressed over her own work. Then, the fiasco the previous night. Greg thought his wife had known it would happen, somehow. She had a preternatural sense for those kinds of things, a latent societal deftness that left him in the dark most of the time. This time, it had landed him in the frying pan.

He'd had two calls from Cunningham that morning. The first was a terse insistence to speak. The second demanded, "that fucking cad's castrated balls nailed to the wall of the Capitol building". Luckily, the senator had gone back to the District. His daughter had absconded during the night, revealing a shrewd bit of foresight on her behalf to prepare an exit route in the apparently inevitable scenario of her father locking her up. Obviously, she intended to meet up with Benny, but that wasn't likely to happen. Benny had come home with Greg and currently waited in the basement of the warehouse, comfortable but confined.

"We could do it a different way," Greg said for roughly the fifteenth time since Abby woke him up with her plan. Well, she woke him up with her mouth on his cock, but once she'd resolved that issue she explained her idea.

Abby smiled at her husband, riding the line between patient understanding and condescending annoyance. "We could, but the result would be the same in the end. This is our

best option.”

“It’s an insane option, Abby. You’re the only woman I need.”

“And I’m the only *woman* you’ll have,” she answered. “Greg, we’ve never lied to each other or held anything back. You know I’m being honest about this. The others won’t bother me. I’m not afraid of losing you because I have absolute faith that you’ll always put me first.” She shrugged. “Besides, if you don’t I can always shackle you to a wall and fuck you when I feel like it.”

The idea piqued his interest. Perhaps that was the better ending for them, Greg reduced to a brute that never had to think about the fragile egos of senators and hypocritical southern belles. He wouldn’t mind the part where he was kept chained to a bed to be ridden whenever Abby got an urge. That part at least wouldn’t be terribly different. He did believe her when she said it wouldn’t bother her to see him fuck other women, but the particular women she had in mind seemed wrong, even to his degraded moral sensibilities. “But, your sister and —”

“Tell me with a straight face that you’ve never thought about bending her over and teaching her a lesson,” Abby said with a coy grin. “My sister for all her flaws is beautiful, and we’ve heard plenty of stories about her sexual enthusiasm. What makes her cunt so special? A hundred years ago, hell even today, if a man’s wife dies it’s nearly assumed that the wife’s unmarried sister would take her place.”

He grumbled. “And the others?”

She shrugged. “We barely know them. They apparently want the life of a hucow, so why not give them one in a brand new dairy house. Frankly, if my serum formula works correctly, you’ll need all the help you can get over the next week. I alone certainly won’t be enough, and I do insist on evaluating new candidates for our little project.” She tapped the folder.

Greg resumed pacing. A few minutes later, a knock at the door preceded Maddock’s entrance. “Ready, boss?” he asked. When Greg nodded, Maddock opened the door wide and stepped through, holding out a hand for their guest to enter.

Ehrlich Flensing never looked smug or pleased or anything other than vaguely alive. Still, Greg sensed a small measure of eagerness about him that made the man’s otherwise void personality much more off putting. “Greg, Abby, a pleasure to see you,” he said as he stepped inside. Abby stood up on her side of the worktop, and Greg went to join her. Maddock shut the door and stood in front of it. Most men would have been disturbed to be suddenly confined by the looming bulk, but Flensing walked unhurriedly to stand opposite of Abby. His eyes focused on the folder. “Your notes?” he asked.

“The summary of my theory with two practical applications and the associated data. Enough to prove its viable, but not to replicate it.”

“May I?” he asked holding out a thin hand. Abby slid the folder to him. He picked it up and scanned through the contents. Flensing wasn’t a chemist or a scientist at all, so he might as well have been reading ancient Sumerian as far as Abby or Greg were concerned. “The protein coding algorithm responding to hormonal level changes has been several of your contemporaries’ white whale. You found it with seeming ease.”

“Epiphanies can be reliably rote if you spend decades of your life searching for them, I guess,” Abby said.

“These practicals do not demonstrate a control for negative hormonal response. If a positive invokes an increase in milk production, is the converse not true?”

Abby folded her arms. She didn’t like to be questioned. If one thing could put her off the deal, it was being doubted by a man who didn’t match a drop of her intellect. “Potentially,” she answered, “but highly unlikely. The baseline of Milktec serum creates a positive hormonal response, increases relaxation, lowers inhibitions, and raises sexual receptiveness. Unless you altered the serum to specifically avoid that, thereby neutering its purpose altogether, the baseline of hormonal feedback will always be high enough to read as positive. The huco will always be at least a little happy. The presence of the bull, even if he were cruel to her, would still cause a spike in levels to produce the corresponding production increase. Similarly, for males, the serum can increase the desire to nurture, protect, and so on.”

The folder closed. “You sound as though you can simply engineer thought.”

She smiled, “Then we both understand my value to Milktec’s future.”

“Very well,” Flensing said. He left the folder on the table as he reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a folded set of papers. “This is the contract. It will provide all the things you requested. We can have them here within the hour. The additional funding will cover the costs associated with operation. Your lab will be expanded and staff offerings will be made, although any additional staff you bring on will be strictly monitored for serum abuse. As discussed, we will set up barrier protocols between test environment and lab environment, but otherwise we will remain off the property. And, obviously, you are both exempt from regulatory oversight including the barrier protocols. Otherwise, we continue on as we have these past years. Onward to a brighter future together. If you would both sign, that is.” He produced a gaudy pen and offered it to Abby.

“What about the others?” Greg asked. “Our first...enlistments.”

“Individual contracts are prepared for them. Their official tenure will begin after they sign. I’m sure you’re aware that these contracts have never failed to protect Milktec or its contracted employees, regardless of the circumstance of their signing.” He said it with no inflection, but the meaning was clear enough. Greg had seen it many times in his line of work. Get the huco first and the signature later was Milktec’s official policy.

Abby scrawled her signature on the appropriate pages before sliding it over to her husband. Greg, with one final hesitation, added his name to the contract, noting grimly that Flensing's pen used red ink. The man took the contract back in a quick motion. "Welcome to the Milktec Family."

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*The Vaught Plantation. August 5th, 11:57 p.m.*

"We are now owned lock, stock, and barrel, by Milktec Industries," Gregory said.

"No," Elizabeth said weakly. The plantation isn't Abigail's to sell. I won't allow..." The scent of him suddenly grew overwhelming. He'd done something, moved somehow. Elizabeth's body flashed hot. She wanted her clothes off, needed them off, or she might suffocate. "What have you done to me?"

"Nothing, yet," he answered. "But, I did something to myself." She heard him move followed by a click. Another light came on behind his chair, and for the first time since she'd arrived, she saw him in full.

Elizabeth's body shuddered. Despite her protests, Gregory had always had a dark handsomeness about him. Now, his features seemed stamped harder on reality. His jaw was a little firmer, his hair a little darker, and his eyes a little more piercing. His chest bulged with muscle. The shirt he'd had on had ripped in several places. Both sleeves had split around his biceps. Broad shoulders narrowed rapidly into a muscular waist that drew in slow, deep breaths. His pants, too, strained to contain his changing body, but for this he'd taken a subtle moment to loosen the waist. Now, she knew, with their story all laid out, he no longer needed to hold back his enhanced body. He'd drawn out his cock from the confines of his clothes letting it stand out from his body in its thick, girthy glory.

She gazed at the size of the thing wondering how it would feel in her. A sticky sheen of precum had been smeared over the wide glans, and she wanted to lick it clean, bad enough that her mouth watered for the taste of it. And still, she realized, he was restraining himself. His body seethed with the same tension that kept his manhood rigid and waiting. What had he told her? Get the hucow first, then the signature? How could he do this? How would Abby allow it? Elizabeth wanted to demand answers of them both, but her mouth lolled open and a small trickle of wanton drool wet the corners of her mouth.

He brought his hand to his shaft and lazily stroked. Though his hands were wide and strong, they looked dwarfed by the throbbing erection. He looked at Elizabeth with a glare of mingled distaste, arousal, and restraint. "Undress," he said. "I have a gift for you."

The idea of being given his cock, of spreading open her pussy to let him push inside of her, cause her body to twitch with need. Mechanically, she moved to undress fully while remaining at his feet. It took time, slowed by her intense desire to touch herself. When she took off her final stitches of clothing, she heard him hiss with want and yearned for him to take from

her. Her breasts remained sensitive from serum, swollen and aching to be touched. The room's warm air moved across her bare nipples as they stood out hard and needing. *Could simply being so close to him cause me to give milk? Would sucking his cock cause me to gush?*

“Not as good as your sister,” he said, but he gave his cock another hard squeeze. “But you’ll do, I suppose.” He stood up, towering over her such that his near-dripping cock hovered above her head. She craned her neck back to look up at him, mesmerized by the dark eyes in the background as she hungrily watched the sway of his manhood. “All these years, and look what came of it. Should have told you to kneel and suck my cock the first day we met. Might have saved some time.”

Elizabeth barely heard him. Her gaze had moved to his balls. They looked heavy squashed between his legs. He couldn't spread out enough due to the pants still clinging to his lower thighs. Compelled to assuage his discomfort, she reached out and yanked on them, moving them down. As more of him was revealed, his scent threatened to overwhelm her. She leaned closer and let her cheek press against the hard muscle of his legs. It only drove her to a worse level of need and forced her back to focusing on undressing him.

The dim part of her mind was filled with rage. Not only was she naked and kneeling in front of her hated brother-in-law, but taking off his shoes like a doting, slavish wife. She even made sure to set them aside in a neat pair before looking up again at his straining hardness. A bead of precum swelled at the tip, and her whole body ached to take him into her mouth. His hand stroke against her hair, causing her to lean into his touch. *Get hold of yourself, for Christ's sake.*

“I knew you could be a good pet if you put your mind to it. So, time for your present.”

To her surprise, and disappointment, he didn't grab her head with both hands and shove his cock into her throat. He reached back to the chair and pulled out a small, flat box. He showed it to her before removing the lid to reveal a black leather collar with a bright silver clasp. It jingled as he tossed aside the box and held it up while gazing at her neck. Unable to resist, Elizabeth pulled her hair to the side. He gently curled the leather around her throat and pulled it to a snug fit before latching it. As he pulled his hand away, she felt a cold metal hit her chest. She touched it with her hand, feeling a bit of thin metal that had been stamped with words. “It's got your name on it,” he said. “And a serial number in case you wander off. Or maybe we loan you out. Abby's idea. The others have one, too, don't worry. You'll fit right in.”

The various clocks throughout the house started chiming. Midnight. Mustering all her resistance, she cut through the haze of lust plaguing her. “This isn't...you fucking monster. What have you done to me?”

“Stand up,” he ordered, and she obeyed. She came up only to his chest. The serum had apparently given him extra height as well. Somehow standing up beside him was worse than kneeling. At least on her knees, she could have the illusion of standing to regain control. Inches away from his powerful body, she felt, for the first time in her life, small and terribly exposed.

She wanted to press her body into his and let his cock press against her. It took a constant focus to resist moving her hand to the throbbing shaft. It was so close and would be so easy to wrap her delicate fingers around it. Her thoughts stopped as Gregory's hand came to her breast and roughly ran his thumb over her nipple.

Her body sizzled with lust, her legs weakened, and she melted against him. He held her up with one hand while the other continued to paw and prod at one breast and then the other. He rubbed incessantly in a set pattern until finally his thumb came away slightly wet. This seemed to please him based on the rumbling purr in his chest, so it pleased her, too. She nuzzled against him, licking and kissing at his muscles, praying silently he would fuck her and end this madness. "A few more things before we get to play," he said, his voice heavy with lust.

She heard a new metallic clink before feeling a slight tug on her neck. He'd fixed a leash to her collar. She squeaked an objection right before he pulled away from her. It was only a few feet, but the absence of his scent left a void in her mind that was desperate to be refilled, leading to her nearly dropping to her hands and knees from loss. The leash was about five feet of braided leather from where it hooked to her collar to where Gregory held it in his hand. He moved back to the full length to display how little freedom she had left. *No, Elizabeth. Snap out of it. That's Gregory, not some divine man who you must obey.* It was a hard argument to make considering what Gregory now looked like. His hair was longer, she noted, giving him a bushier, wilder look. With every passing second, he seemed to be *more* even if his physical body had not changed at all. He filled up the study in a way that no natural man should. Elizabeth imagined his mouth taking her nipple between his lips, those hands lifting her hips into him just like how he'd described fucking her sister. From the look on his face, he was having an equally difficult time imagining the same scenario.

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Greg had come this far. He had his sister-in-law completely naked on a leash. He could see visible wetness between her legs, and her body was nearly buzzing to be touched. He had wanted to take it slowly, to draw out her final humiliation as long as possible. He needed to do it just to pay her back for the decades of slights and verbal abuse. *You're not better than me now, are you Liz? If I wanted, I could have your legs spread open for me with nothing more than a tug on your leash.* Abby had warned him the feeling of control would be intoxicating, but he'd foolishly doubted her. It wasn't until he had Elizabeth undress that he understood the gift his wife had given him. No woman would ever resist him if he wished it. None except his wife, who'd modified her own serum to make her immune. A small part of Greg resented Abby for it. A taste of true control made him desire a monopoly of it. *No, Abby's way is better. If I want the Vaught sisters kneeling side by side waiting to swallow my cum, I can order Liz if I have to. Abby will kneel willingly.*

From the look on Liz's face, she would be as willing if not outright desperate. Standing back from her gave him the chance to finally admire her naked body. The lasting effects of long term serum usage were evident in the ample size of her breasts, but her natural shape still shone through. The sloped out from her chest to the hard, dark tips of her nipples that remained wet from his toying. When was the last time she'd taken a serum that would cause her to give milk?

The night with the boot camp kid at the bar? Four days ago, and he'd only teased her for a few seconds before she started to leak. He wanted to taste her, but she'd need the full serum to make more than a little leak.

His eyes trailed further down. Her hips flared out wider than Abby's. She stood indelicately, her long years of strict proper training being dimmed behind her lust. Her knees were far enough apart for him to glimpse the wet lips between her thighs, and to see the fleshy globes of her ass from the front. She would thicken further once in full production changing from fat bottom to fuckable rump. He found himself looking forward to the sight more than he expected. To the point that he had to look away from her delicious slit unless he lose control entirely. He had always hated how his sister-in-law wielded her body's voluptuousness, but now he had it for himself.

Stepping closer to her, he listened to the sharp intake of breath. In her eyes, he saw a small kernel of anger, but she had no idea what was waiting. His free hand moved to her side. The backs of his fingers grazed along the curve of her breast and then down her ribs. Everywhere he touched, her body responded, her skin turning to gooseflesh as her breath quickened. "It's remarkable you have started fingering yourself yet, I think," he taunted. Her hand was so close to his cock, a few inches of movement and her thumb could rub over the head. That minor touch would be more than enough to cause him to gush onto her heaving breasts. *No, not yet. Make her come down from her ivory tower.*

He gave a small tug on the leash and turned toward the door at the far side of the room. She followed him obediently, and her eyes stayed on his body. "I know it's hard to focus on anything other than how much you want to ride me, but you need to remember, Liz. This is all your fault. Not because you were ashamed to have your daughter talking to one of your boy toys. Not because you got jealous of Melanie Cunningham or Benny. No, your original sin is all the way back when you and I met, and you declared that I wasn't good enough for your sister. Even knowing that she was leagues beyond you in mind, you thought yourself better than her. You ignored all your flaws, rationalized them as being irrelevant. You threw whoever you need to onto the train tracks of your ever important social status. Whatever happens, I want you to remember that you brought this on yourself. *Because I wasn't good enough for your family.*"

They stood in front of the library door. She peered at him with resentful fascination and curiosity. From the other side of the door, he heard playful giggles. Incensed by the knowledge of what waited for them, he opened the door and dragged Elizabeth along behind him. He relished the sound of her confused anger as she took in the scene before them. "Here they are Liz. Your family. Exactly where you led them."