

Betrayal
Milktec Industries Presents
by Quixerotic

“Welcome home,” Tiffany said. She sat on the side of the bed entirely naked. Her petite form looked all the more conspicuous due to Cindy behind her.

“What the fuck have you done?” Hugh breathed.

“I turned her into a cow,” Tiffany said.

The bed creaked. Hugh grabbed the iron rail with one hand and steadied himself with the other mashed into the mattress springs. Tiffany craned her neck up, not quite reaching his chest, but getting close enough to feel the scent of his cologne still lingering on his skin. She spread her legs wider, giving him more room to thrust into her. He grunted, head tilting back. She didn't feel much pleasure from the sex. It sated the need inside her, quelling the desire to have his cock spread her open, but it didn't bring pleasure with it. If she managed to get him off fast enough, he might linger. The second time was always better.

"Get on your knees," he rasped. With no other prelude, he rolled off her and stood beside the bed. She responded slowly, mostly from shock of the sudden disconnection. She did as he said, kneeling on the old wooden floors. His wet cock was inches from her face. She offered to suck him off, but he'd yet to take her up on the offer. All of their couplings had been missionary. The change excited her.

She watched him stroke his cock. The head of it looked swollen and red, fascinating her. The opportunity to inspect a cock up close and in the light rarely came around. Instinctively, Tiffany opened her mouth. She'd blown other men before. Well, one other man, and he hadn't given her much feedback. It happened in a car on the way home, quite similar to how she and Hugh started out. Two fumbling, awkward encounters of urgent lust to fuck the babysitter, or in Hugh's case, the dog sitter. Her first employer broke all contact after that night, but Hugh was different.

Tiffany leaned forward, hoping to taste the tip of the cock which had a minute before been shoved in her pussy. As she did, Hugh grunted. A spurt of cum shot out and splashed on her chin. The second splattered on her chest and shoulder. His hand shot out and grabbed her other shoulder, keeping her still as he emptied his balls on her upper chest. It was warm at first, but cooled amazingly quickly. Tiffany's pussy quivered, but she didn't know what to do.

She racked her brain, trying to remember what the men at her day job talked about when they thought she wasn't listening. Construction workers should be a full education in the carnal acts, but other than a few quips about sloppy mouths on their dicks, they had little to say about the etiquette of having your affair partner masturbate on your upper chest. For lack of anything better, she simply scooped up a dollop of the cum rolling down her right breast and brought it to her mouth. She sucked it off her finger while emphasizing a pleased moan. Hugh didn't seem to notice.

His dick shrank as he released his grip on her shoulder. Hugh teetered for a moment before sitting down on the bed. As an afterthought, he pushed the sheet out to Tiffany. "Clean up."

She tried a coy smile, "Do you like having your cum on me?"

"Better than in you," he muttered, missing or ignoring her attempt at drawing him back into arousal. "We need to stop. You could get pregnant. Cindy could find out."

Tiffany felt the pang of worry shoot up through her, pushing aside any remaining sexual feeling in the room. She pulled the sheet from the bed, wrapping it around her. “You said you didn’t love her any more.”

“She’s my wife,” he answered, which wasn’t much of an answer. His attention shifted, looking at her as though he’d only just then noticed her. His hand brushed her hair away from her eyes. “I’m sorry,” he said. “Stress, that’s all. You’re amazing and wonderful, but dealing with this is stressful.”

“Leave your wife,” she blurted, pressing herself against his knee. “What can she do that I can’t?”

He bent and kissed her forehead. “It’s not that simple, Tiff. Besides, this isn’t good for you either. You need a guy of your own. Maybe someone your age.”

“You’re only four years older than me,” she sulked, jerking back from him. “We were in high school at the same time. Besides, all the boys I know got drafted.”

Hugh nodded as he stood up. He grabbed his clothes and dressed. Tiffany didn’t move from the floor. As he fastened his belt, he said, “You have to want more than this, though, right? You can’t make a life living off what we pay you to let a dog out once every two weeks.”

“Cindy doesn’t work,” she said.

His gaze shifted quickly to anger. “She works keeping our house. You could do a bit of that around here, you know.”

“Would you leave her then? If I took care of my apartment better?” She wanted the questions to sound like jabs, but her voice betrayed her, making them sound hopeful.

The anger vanished. He picked his coat up from a chair, stepped close, and kissed her forehead again. “Get dressed. It’s chilly in here. I’ll talk to Mr. Taub about the radiator for you. Just make sure you’re out when he comes round to fix it.” He lingered for a moment, waiting for a response. When none came, he went to the door, “Goodnight, Tiffany.”

Long after the click of the door closing, she replied, “Good night.”

Hugh sat in his parked car inside his garage. *The hell am I doing? First Colleen, now Tiffany. Fuck. I’m such a piece of shit. Cindy deserves better than me.*

Such was the tone of his thoughts as he drove home from Tiffany’s apartment. He complimented this self admonishment with plans of avoiding temptation. He would suggest hiring a different person to watch their house when they went out. It was a do-nothing job. The dog would be fine on its own for a few hours, yet Cindy always insisted. Perhaps he could find a

neighbor's kid to do it. Anything to avoid Tiffany.

Or, at least, he could insist she drive herself or even walk home. No, that wouldn't work either. As far as he knew, Tiffany didn't know how to drive and certainly didn't own a car. Cindy would insist she be escorted back one way or the other. It was maddening how trapped it all made him feel. He even considered the idea that Cindy was setting him up, tempting him with the slightly younger woman so she could divorce him.

She never found out about Colleen, the former assistant at Hugh's job. He spent seven months fucking her at least twice a week at the office. He didn't know why he did it either. The result felt the same as with Tiffany, a hollowness that ate at him until the desires kindled again. Once they stirred in his head, he couldn't resist. It didn't even feel like he was making the decision, but like his body had a mind of its own.

Hugh punched the steering wheel, "You're just a fucking piece of shit."

The garage door opened. Silhouetted by the cloak room light was his wife. Cindy had on an apron. As the light shifted, Hugh saw she had on only an apron. "What're you doing in there, Hugh? I'm lonely."

His stomach twisted into a knot of guilt, but it faded as quickly as it coiled. He hopped out of the car with new energy. "Sorry, hon. Was thinking about work." He crossed the distance to her. She threw her arms around his neck, causing her breasts to peek out over the top of apron. Hugh grinned, "What's this for?"

"You work too much," she answered after a quick kiss. She wiggled her ass as his hand explored down her back. "The world's going to hell in a handbasket, but we have each other. I want to show you how grateful I am for that."

She took him by the hand and led him inside. "You don't have to be grateful that I married you," he said. "Hell, you have it backwards if anything. I should be the one showering you with attention, flowers, chocolates."

Cindy paused halfway to their bedroom. "Don't be silly. You know I don't care about that sort of stuff. I care about you, and you come home at the end of the day. You slave yourself away at the office providing a wonderful life for us." She paused, a look of embarrassment on her face. "And what do I do? Tell a maid where to clean?"

He let his coat slide off, any thought of Tiffany out of his head. "You do what matters," he said. "You make me happy."

The worry in her face vanished. She turned around and bent over to touch her heeled toes. "That's the idea. Now, do you want me here?"

Hugh's world lurched around him. He looked first at the windows on the front of the

house. Anyone passing by would get a full view of his wife bent over in front of him. No one would pass so late, of course, but they could. His gaze drifted back to Cindy, staring at the round, alabaster globes of her ass. She rarely showed off so brazenly, but it was clear she'd been planning it. Her beautifully pink pussy was bald and wet. She must have shaved while he was out and sitting around waiting for him to come home kept her aroused.

The primal itch in Hugh's head grew stronger. *She was waiting for me while I fucked our house-sitter. Tiffany's pussy juice is dried on my cock. Cindy must know or suspect or...I should tell her.* Irrelevant to his thoughts, his hand reached out and grabbed her ass, pulling it slightly apart. The shadows moved, and he saw her tiny, pink asshole wink. Any semblance of control abandoned him.

Hugh wrapped his arms around his wife's midriff, yanking her to the side. They traveled a short distance to their sitting room where he flung her over the back of a sofa. She giggled and kicked her heels playfully as he nearly tore open his pants. Her ass looked perfect, posed on top of the red fabric, presented as enticingly as possible. Cock in hand, he readied to shove himself into his wife, but paused as his mouth watered.

Hugh dropped to his knees, tongue hanging out like a dog. He gripped his wife's ass with both hands before shoving his face into her pussy. She squeaked and tried to pull away, not realizing what was happening. He rarely went down on her by her request. It wasn't something men did, she thought. But that idea seemed foreign to them both as his tongue lapped noisily at her slit. Cindy moaned and rocked her hips side to side while her legs wriggled under Hugh's arms.

Her scent drove him mad. The feeling of her ass pressed against his face made him groan. He could feel the trickle of precum oozing down his cock, dripping on his pants. His fingers greedily crawled inward from her asscheeks, prodding and stroking her supple flesh while giving him more access to lick and slurp at her wet cunt. When he felt her shudders growing closer together, he relinquished his prize with one final lick. He smeared her juices on his arm and stood up.

He paused to look at his wife's engorged and nearly gaping pussy. *I did that to her. I tongue fucked her into a state of pure lust. She'd beg for my cock if I kept it from her.* He gave her ass a hard swat, leaving a bright red print. "What do you want now?" he asked. "Another spank?"

"No," she said, a half moan. "I want you to make love to —"

His hand landed hard on her ass. The *thwack* of the slap cut off her words. "No, tell me what you want. Use that filthy mouth." He grinned as his hand rubbed the tingling skin of her rump.

Cindy looked over her shoulder and smiled. "I want your fat cock in my pussy, Mr. Phillips."

He replied by sheathing himself in her dripping warmth. They both groaned as her walls stretched. His hands moved to her hips, wrapping around her flanks and squeezing as he slowly pushed deeper. When he bottomed out, he stayed still, letting her body twitch in his grip. “Now what?” he asked, finally.

“Fuck me,” she answered.

The next morning, Hugh woke curved against Cindy. Her body was soft in his arms, and his cock responded. She grumbled at him as he moved. He lifted the sheet enough to see his hardening dick wedging itself between her thighs. With a little careful movement, he could slip inside her and wake her up by stretching her pussy again.

Fighting for self control, he kissed her shoulder and rolled out of bed. He grabbed his robe and a fresh pair of boxers before heading to the kitchen. With a pot of water on for coffee, he prepared to walk out for the morning paper. The evening news mentioned a new push in the Stamhauer offensive, which wasn't remarkable at all. General Stamhauer had been in a back and forth with the Soviets near Minsk since 1948. Still, it would be something to chat about if he ran into a neighbor.

Instead, someone knocked at his door. He paused to listen for any sound of Cindy moving before quickly answering the knock. He expected to see one of the local kids. Sometimes they would bring the paper to his door for a nickel. Or, it could have been the milkman. Occasionally, their Milktec delivery would land on a Saturday, and he'd need to pay for the week. Hugh expected any number of other people as well, except for the one who actually waited on the other side of the door.

“Morning Hugh,” Tiffany said. She smiled brightly. The sun shone all around her, giving her a halo as she rocked on her heels on his front door step. She had her hair up in a pony tail, and a shade of ruby lipstick on her lips. She wore a tight fitted blouse which showed more of her meager chest than any woman in the neighborhood would respect, and a skirt that barely reached her knees.

Astonished, Hugh peered back at her with his mouth agape. The first thoughts through his mind were entirely unhelpful. *Cindy's asleep, and Tiffany looks like a ripe cherry ready for plucking. I could take her in the garage. Or, if we're quiet, I could fuck her in the kitchen. Her panties would come off easily in that skirt, and her tight cunt would have me cum in seconds.* As the rest of his mind caught up, he worried about his dick poking out of his robe. Then he worried about someone seeing Tiffany. He grabbed her by the arm and pulled her inside.

“What the hell are you doing here?” he whispered, guiding her roughly through the house to the kitchen. He paused and held his hand over her mouth while he listened for the sound of Cindy moving.

She followed his gaze, “You were upset when you left last night. I came to check on you.” She took his hand. “I was serious. Let’s run away together. I can do anything that Cindy does. And more.” With her free hand, she pulled at her top, drawing it down to flash her nipple at him. It was pink and puffed, begging to be licked, and it taunted the part of his mind which wanted to throw the young woman across the kitchen sink and fuck her raw.

Hugh knocked her hand away, “Stop that. Are you nuts? What’s gotten in to you?”

Tiffany’s face soured. “Have you been leading me on this whole time? There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you, Hugh? What more can you want than a girl who lets you cum all over her? Do you want my ass? I’ll let you, if that’s what it takes. You can fuck my ass until you fill it up with cum.”

Hugh resisted the urge to slap her, but did shove his hand over her mouth. “Don’t say another word, Tiffany. I’ve given you the wrong idea. It’s all been a mistake, but you can’t come around here. Cindy’s my wife, understand?”

“And I’m what? Your whore?”

He gripped her shoulders and jerked her in place. “Enough!” he whispered in a burst of hot air. The woman had lost her mind or something. *Why would she pull a stunt like this? And fuck me why do I still want her. My cock is aching. All it would take is for her to reach in my robe and grab me. A little squeeze and my precum would leak in her hand. That would be the end of it. I’d shove her to the floor and fuck her face until Cindy found us.*

“You’re thinking about it, aren’t you?” she asked, a smile curling up the sides of her mouth.

Hugh adamantly shook his head. “No. This is over. You’re going home. We’re not inviting you back. And you and I will never speak again. If you come here and try to tell Cindy a pack of lies —”

“Oh, Hugh, you don’t understand,” she said. “I love you! And you love me. You really do, I can tell. We’re going to be happy together once —”

He slapped her, hating himself as his hand moved. The blow left a red splotch on her cheek and tears in her eyes. His fingers dug into her shoulder, likely leaving bruises. “Now you listen. I’m telling Cindy everything. I’m telling her how you confessed your love to me. How you tried to ask me into your bed. I’m telling her the awful things you said to try to tempt me. Once that’s settled, she’ll claw your eyes out if she sees you again. And if I see you again, my first call is to the cops, understand? Now go on.” He gave her a push and opened the kitchen door.

Tiffany hesitated, her face flickering between the brink of tears and a wild look. “Fine,” she said and slipped out the door. Her heels clacked on the pavers as she disappeared around the

side of the house.

Hugh shut the door as carefully as possible, but when he turned around Cindy walked into the kitchen tying her robe. “Was someone visiting this early?” She crossed the room and gave her husband a kiss on the cheek.

He cleared his throat, “Tiffany, actually. Forgot her wallet last night apparently.”

“Oh, she should have called. We could have brought it out to her. Have you made coffee?”

“The kettle is on,” he muttered. “Hon, have you noticed anything odd about Tiffany lately?”

His wife shrugged. “Like what?”

“I’m not sure. Something about her seems off. Last night she sort of ranted at me about some romance book she was reading. Made me a little uncomfortable. It’s probably nothing.”

Cindy laughed, “Sounds like she might have a crush on you.”

“Yeah, maybe.”

Hugh and Cindy spent the weekend working in their garden. They invited over some friends Saturday evening and grilled hamburgers. The men discussed their jobs while the women gossiped about the neighborhood. Hugh went to sleep slightly drunk and content with his arm around his wife. They laid about the house reading and sleeping on Sunday. Monday morning, Hugh was up at dawn and off to work.

Cindy went shopping Monday morning, expecting to cook a big dinner that evening. She also needed to restock on Hugh’s favorite beer and some other general provisions in case guests came by. When she returned home, she was slightly alarmed to see Tiffany waiting on their front stoop. The girl looked oddly plump, but Cindy tried not to judge. Perhaps it was Tiffany’s time of the month, and she didn’t know how to dress her body for those puffy days. Cindy parked in the garage and walked around to the front to greet Tiffany. They met halfway, Tiffany holding the week’s delivery of Milktec Milk. “How nice to see you,” Cindy lied. “What’s the occasion?”

“Oh, I wanted to talk to you,” Tiffany said. “I think I’ve got a good idea about something and wanted some friendly womanly advice.” She held up the Milktec basket. Six large bottles of milk rattled in the wire carrier. One of them seemed to be improperly sealed as a drip of milk rolled down the outside. “This was delivered while I was waiting. Can I help with the bags?”

“If you insist,” Cindy said with a laugh. “Come along. I’ll pour us something cold, and we can chat while I put things away.”

Tiffany smiled. “I could actually go for a glass of milk. Guess sitting here with it for so long has made me crave it.”

Cindy nodded, not paying attention, “Sure, sure. Come along!”

Hugh’s brow furrowed as he turned up the radio.

“I’m Walter King and this the news minute. More questions rose today as investigators released a second document provided by a whistle-blower from Milktec Industries. The whistle-blower, referred to in court documents as Coriander, first emerged late last June seeking protection while handing over Milktec’s company secrets. The whistle-blower’s arrival added new fuel to the Department of Justice’s decade long investigations into Milktec. The most recent document alleges extreme mishandling of Milktec’s proprietary serum. The document also suggests the existence of multiple undisclosed facilities.

“While many government officials have praised Coriander’s cooperation, others including Senate Majority Leader Ethridge have been extremely critical of Coriander’s slow pace. In comments to reports at the Hill, Leader Ethridge suggested Coriander’s motivations might be more personal than of public health concern. When asked about the new report, Ethridge dismissed the concerns of a black market of Milktec Serum. The DoJ issued a prompt and rare statement of opposition, citing the arrests of seventy-two individuals for illegal transfer of a controlled substance in the past year across all fifty-three states...In war front news, the Polish minister...”

Hugh dialed the radio down and turned into his driveway. The radio didn’t tell a tenth of the real story. Crates of the stuff went missing from a facility. Pure serum from the rumors flying around over the various news wires. Hugh thought himself to be in the camp of leaving the hucow factories forgotten. He and Cindy drank Milktec, but it was virtually the only option these days. But the milk they sold at shops was highly regulated, nothing like what the horror stories said.

He saw a hucow once. A restaurant where some man thought it proper to bring her out to dinner. She wore a shawl and seemed to be having intelligent conversation while her massive breasts rested on the table. The man was clearly infatuated with her, to the point of milking her right in the restaurant. Hugh saw the glass go off the side of the table and return a minute later filled to the brim with white, pure milk. Hugh mentioned it to the waiter, and the man was asked to take his hucow and leave.

That woman was a normal serum user. The things people said the pure serum could do bordered on abomination. A drop could make a woman grow extra breasts or even an udder. Or it could make her into a nymphomaniac, obsessed with sucking and fucking every cock she could find. Or it could turn them into half cows with hooves and fur and tails. The same for men, but worse in some cases. A few months earlier, the newspaper ran a story about a Milktec bull

transformation resulting in a full minotaur. All of it was science run amok.

Hugh killed the engine and took a deep breath. The encounter with Tiffany ruined most of his weekend. He put on a good front for Cindy and their friends, but he remained frazzled. The intrusive thoughts didn't stop. Now, with news of black market serum, he was paranoid someone had been dosing his milk, slowly driving up his sex drive. He hated such an excuse could even be remotely plausible because it let him wriggle away from the blame.

He slipped in through the garage door and made the short walk to the kitchen. A strange, sweet smell lingered in the air. A bottle of milk was left out on the counter, and nothing seemed to be in the oven. "Cindy?" he called. A noise from the rear of the house answered. He shrugged, picking up the bottle of milk and sniffing. The scent was coming from the milk, smelling almost like a sugar powder. He inhaled deeply, causing his mouth to water. Without thinking, he tilted the bottle up and took a big swig.

It tasted wonderful. So wonderful that he gulped air and finished the bottle. He dropped it on the counter with a loud clink. "Cindy? Is everything all right?" He dropped his coat on the back of the sofa as he walked to the bedroom. "Have a migraine?" He pushed open the door, and his stomach dropped.

"Welcome home," Tiffany said. She sat on the side of the bed entirely naked. Her petite form looked all the more conspicuous due to Cindy behind her.

"What the fuck have you done?" Hugh breathed.

The bed was stripped down to the bottom sheet. Cindy laid on it on her side, but she looked nothing like the beauty Hugh left that morning. Her breasts had swollen to four times their size. They jutted out from her body, one stacked on top of the other while her hand drifted between them. Clear suction cups covered her nipples. The areolas looked to be the size of Hugh's palm while the nipples themselves were thick and dark in color, not the tiny pink buds he remembered.

Cindy's face was unchanged other than the dreamy look of bliss as milk gushed into the suction cups. The rest of her torso looked unchanged, creating a disproportionate slimness of the waist that shocked Hugh. Her hips flared out wider than he remembered. Her ass jiggled as she shifted her weight. She laid with her legs spread open, one foot planted on the bed so she could rub her pussy. It too looked different. Gone was the small flower petal opening. Thick labia glistened with arousal while a small nub, almost strawberry sized, poked out from the top of her opening. She grunted and moaned, sliding fingers into herself while the small milking machine worked its magic.

"I turned her into a cow," Tiffany said, a strange calm in her voice.

Hugh wanted to feel anger. He searched through his thoughts expecting to find outrage competing with horror to drive him into some kind of terrible fury. Instead, he found only the

itch, and it grew stronger every second. He didn't know what he thought of hucows in general, but seeing Cindy, pussy engorged and fat clit bulging while her tits gushed milk, stirred something viciously primal in his head. "How could you..."

"Simple," Tiffany answered. She rolled to her side, wiggling her tiny ass at him as she ran a hand up his wife's body. The machine clicked off, and the suction in the cups died. Tiffany pulled them away with a soft pop. "Want to taste?"

"Explain this," he muttered, the ache in his cock getting worse. His clothes chafed at him, and his vision blurred.

"What's to explain? I met a guy a while ago who was looking for single girls to make his own herd. You know that kind of weirdo? Anyway, I turned him down, but I wanted to know more. I stayed in touch, helped him get a girl or two who was on the fence. He had a whole case of different vials, so I figured he wouldn't miss one. Took it as payment and kept it somewhere safe in case I changed my mind."

As she spoke, she massaged Cindy's breasts, drawing out fresh moans. Tiffany climbed over to spoon the swollen woman while continuing to massage milk out of the dripping breasts. "Once you told me that we couldn't be together, I really did believe you loved your wife. So, I needed to get her out of the way. Figured turning her into our cow would be a good way to kill two birds with one stone. Now we don't have to pay for milk, and Cindy gets to lie around playing with her big tits all day."

At her name, Cindy stirred from her pleasure stupor. She focused on Hugh, "Honey? I'm so glad you're home. Look how fucking big my titties are now! You could suck on them if you want. Can you...fuck me please. I need cock really bad."

Tiffany patted the woman's ass. "See, just a good ol' hucow now. If you get tired of fucking her, we could charge the men in the neighborhood."

"You're psychotic. We need to get her to a hospital, maybe they can reverse it."

"Ok," Tiffany said with a shrug. "If you can turn down both our dripping pussies and run off to the authorities, they might be able to change her back. Not sure though. I don't even know what formula it was." She trailed off to a hum as her fingers danced down Cindy's body. "Wanna see a trick. She cums so easy. Isn't that right, good girl?" Tiffany's hand reached the engorged clit. She pressed the palm of her heel against it. Cindy's whole body bucked, turning into a jiggling mass of breasts and ass as milk squirted across the room.

Hugh's heart thumped, and his cock throbbed. He could feel himself slipping away. "Did you inject her or...?"

"Nope, put it in the milk. Come on, you're not really upset. Fuck me already. Playing with your wife's pussy has been fun and her fingers are great, but I need that stiff cock in me."

She swung herself off the bed and crossed to him. He didn't stop her as she stripped away his clothes.

"The milk..." he muttered. Beside the bed sat a small jug in a puddle of milk. His cock leaped out of his pants as Tiffany jerked them down and turned her attention to his shoes. All of it felt surreal. "This is punishment," he said. "For what I've done. Cindy, I'm sorry."

"You should stop using her name," Tiffany said. "Call her cow or whatever. She likes it." Tiffany smiled up at him as though she'd done nothing wrong or out of the ordinary. Her mouth opened and licked the length of his cock. "Hey, you can fuck her tits since mine are too small!"

At once, the confusion and bizarreness faded from Hugh's thoughts. "I have a better idea. Get up and go lie beside her. I want to look at the two of you again."

A relieved smile on her lips, Tiffany did as he asked. He followed her to the bed, shuffling slowly. She laid down, trying to avoid the more egregious accumulations of milk. Cindy cooed at her, moving her hand to the other woman's body and stroking whatever she could reach. Tiffany looked a little uncomfortable as Hugh joined them. He took hold of her legs, holding her fast in place.

"Oh yeah? Gonna fuck me hard right next to your cow wife?" Tiffany teased.

"Probably," he grunted. "Can't really be accountable for myself once this stuff takes over. I imagine I'll fuck every hole the both of you have. But you don't get to do this to us and get away with it, Tiffany."

Her smile flickered back to the placid, hollow gaze. "What do you mean?"

"Tiffany's thirsty dear," Hugh said. "Maybe she'd like some milk."

Tiffany's mouth was half open to protest as Cindy lurched up with surprising speed. She had been waiting for a warm mouth to suck on her newly enhanced breasts, and it seemed impossible to her that she'd not considered Tiffany all day. Tiffany recoiled, trying to sink down into the bed or slither away, but Hugh held her in place. Even so, he knew the resistance was a fading impulse. The fat nipple was already in Tiffany's mouth and droplets of milk oozed across her chin. A few seconds later, her body was limp as she pressed her face into Cindy's breast and drained it of as much milk as she could swallow.

As she drank, Hugh gave one last burst of willpower to remove himself from between Tiffany's legs. He rolled across the bed and positioned himself behind his wife. His cock's increasing ache manifested in growth. It should have looked tiny compared to his wife's inflated rump, but it seemed designed perfectly to fuck her. He slid in between her puffy, slick lips and easily popped inside her still tight cunt. She moaned happily as more of her milk flowed into the woman who corrupted her.

Hugh knew the rumors better than most. He knew that illegal serum made illegal milk often twice as dangerous. So he guessed the gallons of milk pouring out of Cindy contained a big dose of the stuff that turned her into a cow in the first place. The wide look in Tiffany's eyes was all the confirmation of his theory he needed.

The jolt of change ripping through her snapped Tiffany out of the euphoric drinking. She relinquished the nipple, but gave it one last lick to clean away an errant drop of rich cream. "No...no, this isn't how I wanted it," she whimpered as she pulled away. "But it does feel good..." Her hands moved up to rub her breasts. "God, it feels so fucking —no Tiffany! Focus!"

She managed to get to her feet beside the bed before the wave hit her. Cindy and Hugh watched as his cock slid in and out of the slick tunnel with no urgency. His hands moved from grabbing handfuls of her ass to rubbing her fattened tits. She mewled and arched her head back to meet his lips for a kiss. They kept their eyes open and watched.

Tiffany's entire body throbbed. She turned to face them with her hands pressed into her chest. The small mounds bulged, almost squeezing through her fingers as she tried to hold them back. Her legs shook as she toppled to the bed. A bestial noise rattled out of her throat as milk suddenly sprayed out of her fattening nipples. Hugh watched her tits bulge into heavy milkbags on her chest and smiled.

Pleasure rocketed up and down her body as nerves fired repeatedly. Tiffany shook her hips as a void formed inside her. She had been horny all day waiting for Hugh. Teasing Cindy had been fun, but only worsened the ache. Now, she exploded with need, and the only cock in the room was buried to the hilt in the other hucow. Still, she needed something.

Mania threatening what little remained of her sanity, Tiffany crawled across the bed and raised up on her knees. She straddled Cindy's breasts, rubbing her aching pussy along the outside of the top tit. As her pussy juice mingled with the milk, her clit throbbed and grew. As the sensitive bud raked across the supple titflesh, the ache became too much for Tiffany. Her breasts wobbled, growing another inch around, and she grabbed hold of Cindy's breast.

The heavy tit moved reluctantly, but Tiffany managed to tilt it up enough for the hard nub of Cindy's nipple to align with the dripping snatch in desperate need of something inside it. Tiffany thrust her hips forward, sliding the elongated nipple into her pussy. It did almost nothing to quench the need, but as soon as she felt the teat pulse inside her and spray milk directly into her womb, Tiffany's mind shattered into blissful nothingness.

Hugh watched as the woman responsible for his changing body fucked his wife's enormous nipple. He grunted and gave Cindy's rear a slap. Milk dripped out of Tiffany's pussy, oozing out over the round boob wedged between her thighs. Hugh sighed and embraced the gooey warmth of his wife's pussy wrapped around him. His orgasm came as a soothing relief of pleasure. Cum poured into Cindy as her walls tightened around his growing cock.

He leaned over Cindy and slurped Tiffany's growing nipple into his mouth. He sucked

and swallowed his first taste of fresh milk before taking another mouthful and sharing it with his favorite cow.

Milktec Industries denies all allegations! Company spokesman, Ronald Kent, spent hours speaking with reporters, answering every question they could muster with aplomb and grace:

“No! There is not any missing serum! No! Milktec is not corrupting your wives and daughters! Milktec is keeping us on even footing with the Soviets! Milktec is pushing back the Red Menace! A glass of Milktec is as American as Apple Pie. Why, why not make the pie with Milktec Milk, serve it with a glass of ice cold Milktec Milk on the side, and share a glass with your neighbor. It’s good for you, its good for your neighbor, it’s good for America!

Drink Milktec!”