

The Madness of Moo Manor
by Violet Kirkwood
Part IV

Cora was torn between an intense desire to see where the secret passage led and a deep sense of foreboding that nothing good came of sneaking around secret passages. Suzie, however, was undeterred and believed the books had been left as a puzzle which meant that finding the secret passage was intended. Cora reminded her that it could have been intended as a trap, but the younger woman didn't listen.

The passage itself wound through the house, moving between rooms and dipping underneath hallways. It didn't start at the study, either, which meant they had a fifty-fifty chance of going in the right direction, if a right direction existed. When Suzie suggested each taking one path, Cora refused. "It's one thing to be wandering around behind the walls, but it's another to be doing it alone. We'll be sticking together." And that was the end of the discussion. They chose to go right since they figured it would lead further toward the interior of the building. Since the corridor curved and almost doubled back, they lost track of which direction was what almost immediately.

The path was clean and well kept. They passed various other doors, but all of them were either padlocked or the method of opening them not visible. Small bulbs ran along the ceiling, giving off enough light to see by while adding a threatening shadow to everything. The bends in the passage prevented them from seeing farther than ten feet most of the time. It felt like walking through a clean, human-sized anthill. But, Suzie kept on believing they were meant to find it. She had a decent argument to back up her theory, and Cora didn't have anything better to do anyway. Neither of them truly doubted the choice to wander until they heard a loud click followed by the sound of something scraping against stone.

They huddled together at the closest bend watching the hallway where the sound came from. Light spilled into the passage and soon a large man followed. The light was behind him, so he was shrouded in darkness, but Cora recognized him anyway, "Anton?"

The man jolted and spun on the spot, "Hello?"

"Found another door, did ya?" Cora asked, popping out from the corner. Suzie followed sheepishly behind. "I've been telling Suzie that some of these others must lead to open rooms. Ours came out of the study. Suzie figured out a little puzzle, so she thinks it's all part of this game. What about you? Going around pulling strange looking books?"

Anton's posture relaxed. He stepped back into the light and both women felt a tug in their chests as they took in his handsome profile. "Not books, but paintings. Come, see."

They followed him into a brightly lit room lined by artwork. He took a few moments to figure out how to get the door to close. Once he did, the wall slid seamlessly back into place, adding another painting to the series. Suzie walked around the room, taking in the different works. They all showed pastoral scenes with different subjects, but neither she nor Cora knew enough about art to tell any of them from each other at a glance. "So, what's the game here?" Suzie asked.

Anton smiled, “You wouldn’t know it to look at me, but I’m a painter myself. Or was. Or wanted to be, anyway. I went to art school, tried my best for a few years, and then took some honest work to put food on the table. Not sure anyone would know that other than Norah, so as I was looking around I passed by this room and felt like it was meant for me. Strange, really. Feels a bit like someone building a shrine to you and never telling you.” He paused and cleared his throat. “All of these are by artists from the Romantic movement. I can’t imagine they’re all originals or this room alone would be worth millions.”

“Romantic? Like love stories?” Suzie asked as she peered at one painting that depicted two blurred figures picnicking in the corner as they surveyed a wild and verdant landscape.

“Not exactly. I believe the name comes from a complicated mix of things, one part being a way of distinguishing from the classical period. However, the Romantics were true believers in emotion being a key component of how we interact with the world.” He drifted along the wall near the two women as he spoke, drinking in the works in a way they found themselves failing to match. For the first time in a long while, Cora found herself actually wanting to attract a man’s attention. Suzie, meanwhile, experienced her own first of understanding the attraction of older men. “This was long ago, of course. Late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It was around that time that the machine grew to prominence. The sciences found purchase in the world, and Logic ruled sophisticated thinking. Being emotional or understanding emotion was a weak thing, something humans should rise above. Of course, allowances were made for children or women, and in dire situations, a few men. The Romantics refused this notion. They saw a world that could not be controlled by Logic alone. Some believed that to try and contain the human spirit inside Logic would doom us. I’ve heard arguments that they were right. That the entirety of the modern era was due to the suppression of the Romantic ideals.”

“Hard to say they were suppressed when we’re still looking at them,” Cora noted.

“Fair enough,” Anton said. “But until then, science and art had been two sides of the same coin throughout human history. All the way back to the ancient philosophers. They mused on human existence, on systems of government, on the physical world, and on poetry or music all at once. Once the Industrial Revolution came along, the coin was struck in half. Only the truly brilliant have managed to piece the two back together in the centuries since. Ah, listen to me ramble.”

“I like it,” Suzie said quickly. “I had art in school, but it never really made sense to me. A minute of you speaking has done more than a year of Mrs. Eldridge’s monotone rambling.”

“So, if they’re all from the same period, what’s the trick?” Cora asked as she compared the others to the painting hiding the door.

“I misspoke earlier. All of these except one are from Romantic painters. That one,” Anton pointed to the hidden door. “That was painted only twenty-three years ago.”

Cora and Suzie stepped closer to examine it. The painting showed a small house,

seemingly abandoned, in a large field. Dark, reddish clouds swirled in the sky while trees shuddered in an unseen wind. “You painted this,” Cora said.

“I did,” Anton said. “One of the only paintings I ever sold. Anonymous buyer. Paid my rent for six months, but probably did as much damage as good. It gave me hope to have made an actual sale. Which meant it stung all the more when I put away my paints a year later. Never knew what happened to it. Didn’t even notice it here for a while. Once I did, I naturally looked to see my name on the plate where all the other artists have theirs. But instead of that, there’s a thumb print. I wonder...try yours.”

Suzie pressed her thumb into the spot. She felt the slight movement of the button, but it didn’t press down. Anton sidled between them and put his thumb on it. With a click, it sank into the frame and the door opened. Cora hummed, “How’d she have your fingerprint?”

Anton shrugged, “Beats me. I’ve been arrested, so the cops have it. Norah was rich enough to buy that kind of thing. She knew the right kind of people. My question is less about how she got it, and why she did this.”

“Because this house is a fucking trap!”

Raul was out of breath and extremely harried. He strode into the room gesturing wildly. “It made them monsters. And they’re going to do the same to us. We need to get out. Now!” He grabbed hold of Suzie’s wrist and pulled. A second later, he winced backward, favoring his stinging cheek. Cora slapped him again.

“How dare you charge in here raving like that and grabbing at people?” she barked as Anton slid between them.

“Your fucking nuts. You slapped me?!”

Anton held up his hands, “You did grab Suzie. And you did say some weird shit before you did it.”

“It’s not weird. It’s happening,” Raul rambled. “Well, it *is* weird, but it’s also happening. Erica and the other guy, Liam, they’re...monsters. Something changed them. I think it was the vodka for Erica.”

Anton stepped closer and gripped Raul’s arm with strength that surprised the hysterical man. Raul didn’t manage to protest as Anton shoved him out into the hallway. “What are you playing at?” Anton said in a severe whisper. “You smell like you took a bath in whiskey and you’ve got a fucking cumstain on your pants.”

Raul looked down, mortified, but an instant later seemed pleased. “See, this is what I’m talking about. Listen, I can explain everything, but we need to get out of the house, now.”

“We can’t. We’re locked in till morning. Even if we weren’t, none of us want to leave. So whatever this disgusting trick is it’s not going —”

“It’s not a trick,” Raul said. He took a deep breath and steadied himself as he watched the far end of the hall. “I’ll level with you. Me and the chick, Erica, were clearly going to spend the night together. That was my plan, and it seemed like hers. You saw as much before you wandered off, right?” He waited for Anton’s nod. When it came, it was reluctant, but bolstered Raul’s tenuous grasp on sanity. “The kid, Liam, left not long after you. Said he was hungry and went to the kitchen. Erica and I drink a little more, then she’s taking off my pants. We’re into it, and it’s...what it is, but then her body changes.”

Anton huffs a laugh. “You’re kidding me with this.”

“No, listen. Her tits get bigger, her ass, her thighs. All of her gets sexier, thicker. She’s got my dick in her mouth so I don’t notice till that’s done, but when I do, her tits are leaking milk. I freak out. Then there’s a yell from upstairs, so I freak out more. I figure someone’s about to barge in and catch me with my limp dick and a naked woman who doesn’t seem able to speak any more. Then Liam shows up.”

“Let me guess, he’s changed, too?”

“Yes, into a fucking hulking monster. I swear he’s seven feet tall. He walks in the room, and Erica goes over to him and presents herself like she’s his to fuck. So they do, and the whole time it’s like I’m in a trance.”

“Buddy, I don’t know why you think confessing to watching two people fuck is going to earn you any sympathy, but right now all I’m hearing is that we’ve got at least one pervert who I don’t particularly want wandering around the house.”

“Goddammit, you’re — just go look! Go back to the common room and see for yourself!”

Anton starts to laugh again, but hesitates. He hears something like desperation in Raul’s voice. He glances down the hall and considers it. “Alright, I’ll go look. But if I come back without having seen a ‘monster’ then you’ll go quietly to your room and not show your face till morning. Deal?”

“Sure, whatever.”

“Don’t move from this spot,” Anton said, entirely unsubtle about what would happen if Raul did move.

Anton walked down the hall. Cora and Suzie crowded in the doorway. They’d been eavesdropping from around the door anyway and no longer saw a reason to remain hidden. They

both eyed Raul, expecting him to elaborate further, but Raul remained silent. Anton disappeared around the corner. The three of them waited, anticipation building in the air. A strange sound disturbed their silence. It drew their eyes up. A scrape followed by a tap, over and over again, growing nearer. Raul took a step back as the sound clicked directly above him. At the same moment, Anton flew around the corner in a sprint. “He’s right. We need to go. We need to hide.”

“You saw them?!” Raul hissed. “Yes! I’m not crazy.”

“Saw who? Liam and Erica?”

“You’re both bluffing aren’t you? Some kind of trick —”

A moo came from the end of the hall. As one, they turned to see Erica’s transformed body crawling toward them. She made slow progress, but her gaze remained fixed on Anton. Cora moved to help the girl, but Anton held her back. Slowly, they took in the rest of her form. Raul stepped nervously back as his body responded to the changed woman’s presence. Anton experienced a similar flush, but held his composure. “My god, what happened to her?” Suzie asked. “Her breasts are enormous! And there’s fucking four of them!”

Erica preened to the side to show off her additional curves. Pressing against her already enlarged breasts, a second pair of teardrop shaped tits swelled on her chest. Four nipples instead of two dragged along the hallway floor, leaving a trail of milk behind her as she moved. Her whole body had grown to accommodate the new udders. Muscles across her back evened out the new weight. Her arms had a feline power to them that allowed her to prowl easily forward on her hands and knees while giving the unsettling impression that she could lunge into a full standing sprint with little effort. Both men found it harder to look away with each passing second.

“Oh god, Liam,” Cora whispered.

The giant stumbled around the corner. He kept his head slightly bent to avoid running into light fixtures. He grunted at Erica, and she obliged by turning her rear to him once again. He didn’t enter her so much as he fell forward into her delicious body and returned his cock to her waiting sheath. Once he was rooted inside her again, they both emitted noises of animalistic pleasure. Then, to the four others’ horror both of the transformed people looked up with the clear intent of desire in their eyes. Erica reached out toward Anton and Raul. Liam didn’t, but he was no less inviting as he slid in and out of Erica’s depths.

“No!” Raul hissed, jerking Anton back. “Don’t watch them!” He forced the two women to turn around. The haze of lust cleared from their eyes. “Watching them draws you in. Believe me, I know. We need to hide.”

“Vanya,” Cora said, trying to push aside the thought of stripping as she ran headlong into the rutting couple. She guessed Erica would have no problem keeping her entertained until Liam was ready to share. “We need to warn her.”

“She went upstairs. I heard her scream earlier,” Raul said. “Maybe something already got her like it did them. We should look out for ourselves.”

“Guys, whatever we do can we get out of this hall?” Suzie asked. “I can hear them.”

They all could. The wet slap of skin against skin coupled with the throaty moans and moos was causing each of the others to prickle with lust. They all knew they should get away, but their feet didn’t move. Even Suzie’s request was a perfunctory expression. She no more wanted to leave than the others. Her underwear was getting wet, and her nipples were aching inside her bra. Fortunately, her request was enough to get Raul’s fear back on top. He gave them all a shove, “This way. There’s another set of stairs. We’ll be better off on the second floor anyway.” None of them moved. Cora even turned back to look again. Raul grabbed her arm and pulled, “NOW!”

“Bathroom is empty, too,” Suzie announced from the adjoining bath’s doorway. “But she was definitely in here. Wet towels and water everywhere.”

It took them an agonizing amount of time to get into Vanya’s room. Suzie kept watch for Liam and Erica, though Raul was certain neither of the two changed people would have enough sense to make it up the stairs even if they managed to stop fucking for long enough. Cora managed to get the lock open, but with the door blocked anyway it came down to the two men breaking through Vanya’s barricade.

They hoped to find her knocked out with a sleeping pill. Instead, the locked room was empty. “So there’s another hidden passage somewhere,” Anton said. “If the others were puzzles for me or Suzie, then maybe this one was for Vanya.”

“Or she’s in on this,” Raul said. “Help me move this.” He waved Anton over and the two pulled a dresser over to barricade the half broken door. Several grunts of effort later, Raul continued, “She’s the only one of us who actively knew Norah right? Socially or whatever. She could be the plant to make sure none of us make it out tomorrow morning.”

“Or you dosed the two humping in the hall, Vanya caught you, and made herself scarce,” Cora said. “No offense, hon, but we have as much reason to trust you as Vanya. Maybe less. Nothing guilty about hiding when there’s sex freaks roaming the halls.”

“Hey guys! I found something.” They followed Suzie’s voice to the bathroom, each of them bracing for something awful. The feeling worsened when Suzie pointed vaguely at the bathtub. “Clothes.”

As a group, they peered into the bathtub. The shirt, shorts, and shoes Vanya had donned to explore the house remained half floating in the slowly draining water. “Well, that’s...not conclusive,” Anton said.

“This isn’t what she had on when we arrived,” Cora said. “Maybe she wanted to go for a run. I’m sure there’s a gym somewhere in this house.”

“And instead of going for a run, she decided to take a bath and dissolved in the water?” Raul said, his voice slightly cracked. They all peered at the water and wondered if it was actually acid. As they did, they once again heard the click and slide of something moving around. But this time it was closer. Their eyes all turned to the door back to the bedroom. “What the fuck is that noise? I’m not the only one hearing it, right?”

“No, you’re not,” Anton said. “Whatever it is, I’m betting it has something to do with what’s going on.” He strode off to investigate. The others followed like chicks desperate to return to the protection of their hen’s feathers. “Shit,” Anton muttered. “There’s your way out.”

On the opposite side of the room, part of the wall had moved away, revealing another hidden passage. “So, that’s a trap,” Suzie said. “Whoever is fucking with us opened it so we would walk in. The study, the art room, whatever Vanya wanted — they’re all tricks to get us into those passages.”

“Right, so we barricade that door, too,” Raul said. “Mattress will make a good —”

“We have to find Vanya,” Anton grumbled. “We can’t leave her wandering around with those two going at it and whatever did it to them still in the house. She could have been lured in just as much as we were. You all can stay here, seal the door once I’m gone if you want.”

“No, we stick together,” Cora said with a wary eye at Raul. “I agree with Anton otherwise. Vanya deserves to be warned, if she’s not involved. If she is, then maybe we can understand what happened to the other two and avoid having the same thing happen to us.”

“Agreed,” Suzie said.

Raul rolled his eyes. “Fine, but when you’re all mooing, don’t expect me to feel sorry for you.”

A few minutes later, they headed into the passage. Cora had found Vanya’s abandoned flashlight, so she walked in front with Anton. Raul and Suzie tagged along behind with Raul sulking and nervously watching behind them. Like the downstairs corridor that Cora and Suzie had explored, this one was lined with locked or sealed doors every few yards. It had fewer lights, though, and it narrowed considerably between the doors. They made it around the first bend and found a bloom of light spilling into the corridor from another open path. Cautiously, they approached, but hesitated when they heard the muffled sounds of a woman moving around. Anton held up a hand for them to wait, peeked around the corner, and lost all the color in his expression. Cora nudged him out of the way and gasped, flinging her hand over her mouth. The others, driven on by curiosity, pushed the group into the room.

No other exits were visible, but on the left hand side of the room was a large viewing window behind which waited two rows of empty stadium seating. The room was painted bright white and illuminated by two recessed cans in the ceiling. These details were taken in by the newcomers' minds and left squatting in their short term memories while their brains struggled to process the creature in the center of the room.

It was Vanya, they realized. Her face had changed, but it was hard to mistake the woman's eyes. Her nose and mouth had reshaped into a short, square muzzle. Bare, pink skin denoted her nose, but a fine layer of short, brown hair started not too far down the muzzle and spread out over her sharp cheeks and curved chin before fanning wildly into thick curls that fell around her shoulders.

The tawny brown coat returned on her neck and spread out over her chest, covering her torso in fur. On her shoulders, it lightened to nearly white, and another diamond of the light color appeared between her breasts. It darkened to a deeper hue at her hips, but it thinned around the lips of her sex. Her tail had it, too. The tail itself emerged from the base of her spine, roughly as thick around as Anton's thumb at the base and narrowing to the size of Cora's pinky at the tip, though that was hidden by a tuft of more brown curls.

Vanya's feet were gone, replaced by dainty hooves which clacked against the ground as she fidgeted in the contraption that held her. The coat on her ankles grew shaggier over her cloven feet like bell-bottoms. Like Erica, Vanya had gained substantial muscle in her new form. Defined lines ran along thighs clearly strong enough to snap two by fours in half with ease. And like Erica, the strength barely matched a tenth of the inviting softness of her curves. Her stomach was flat, but solid. Her hips flared wide to support her juicy posterior, and her breasts stood out proudly from her chest, furred up to aggravated red of her nipples.

"My god," Suzie whispered, "she's a cow-woman. This is insane."

"Vanya? Hon? Do you understand us?"

Vanya's large, brown eyes snapped to focus on Cora. Her jaw worked and garbled noise came out until she kicked her foot hard on the ground in frustration. Raul remained pressed in the doorway, avoiding looking at Vanya. Anton, on the other hand, was already inspecting the machine holding her in the room. Loose, leather cuffs wrapped around Vanya's wrists while her hands rested on handle bars. This put her at an angle that arched her back out so that her butt could remain seated, something she clearly wanted it to be doing. The seat of the contraption wasn't solid, but split in the middle. For a normal woman, it would have been wildly uncomfortable, but it fit Vanya's transformed body perfectly.

The two halves of the seat cupped her furred cheeks such that when she pushed back against it, they spread. Anton saw what they spread for and attempted to swallow the lump stuck in his throat. Two dildos, both pulsating with vibration, were wedged in Vanya. If she pushed back, the levers would shift and the fake cocks would fill both her holes. It explained why she remained tense and kept her weight on her legs, though it had to be strenuous.

The other part of the machine was attached to her magnificent udders. Inside clear suction cups, her nipples had swollen in diameter to the size of nickels. Small beads of milk remained in the cups and more welled around her teats as Anton watched. The tubs ran down to small cannisters hanging in slots, but then continued on spiraling around into a maze of piping that eventually ran up a small, narrow cylinder that rose up from the machine like a flag attached to a bicycle.

Cora and Suzie had stepped closer. The former was talking softly to Vanya, trying to understand the woman. Suzie merely watched, mouth agape and eyes full of wild fascination. Everyone else seemed to be reacting insanely nonchalantly to a woman having been transformed into a human-cow hybrid. Suzie didn't know why none of them were screaming or running for the nearest emergency lever. Why did Cora think this was something that could be solved with an explanation? Why did Anton apparently care more about the machine than the woman strapped into it? Or was that a ruse so that he could get closer to the delightful warmth and scent of Vanya's body. Raul seemed to be the only one acting even remotely rationally as he stood by the door, but when Suzie glanced at him from the corner of her eye, she saw his hand sliding down into his pants as his eyelids drooped with lust. Even seeing him blatantly touch himself didn't offend Suzie. In her gut, she knew something was wrong, but she couldn't overcome it. So, she tried to focus on what she could control. *I won't touch my slippery pussy no matter how much I want it.*

Anton flicked a small pinwheel at the top of the tube running up from the machine. It was a little over his eye level and shaped with curved cups as the petals. It spun easily and kept going from a small nudge. "Odd," he muttered, and went back to tracing the maze of tubing.

"Can't you say something, hon? Come on, you're almost there, stay with us. Don't worry, we're gonna get you out of —"

"MMnnnoo," Vanya blurted out suddenly. She bucked in the machine as if to double check her restraints were still on. "Myou leave." She clenched her teeth together and worked her jaw from side to side. With all her focus, she spoke in a thick tongued voice, "I can't hold it much longer. I don't want to...mmnnghhh." Her eyes slipped out of focus, her body relaxed, and the machine activated.

Anton saw in time. Realizing what the contraption was meant to do, he whirled toward the door, hauling Suzie with him. Raul remained dumbfounded, having crept a few paces closer while toying with his cock inside his pants, but shook from his stupor as Anton's shoulder collided with him. Cora only managed to shift her weight to her back foot as Vanya moaned and slid down onto the two buzzing dildos.

Vanya rolled her hips, her ass and pussy squeezing tightly around in the intruding cocks, and wished they belonged to one of the men. She had been waiting for what felt like hours, but was only minutes. No one had put her in the chair. She had found it and had known it was meant for her. She had climbed into it and drifted off into a blissful nothing as her body changed. In the

haze of her lust and growth, she had given milk and someone had come to tighten the straps. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered more than the pleasure. But, when she heard other voices, she'd resisted. She'd wanted to warn them, to tell them that Norah had plotted against them. Using all her will, she forced herself to resist the divine pleasure of the machine, but she couldn't do it forever.

Anton's closeness had crushed her resistance. He had slipped a hand up her ass, a thumb grazed along her inner lips. Had the others seen? Cora had been no better. While she had cooed and encouraged, her mouth watered for the nipples trapped inside the suction cups. The other girl had rubbed her own breasts, trying to hide the urge to shove her fingers into her pussy. And Raul had plainly been masturbating, the smell of his cum and Erica's milk clinging to his soiled clothes. They hadn't deserved a warning, but still she had given them one. *I did good*, she told herself as the dildos hit the depths of her core. *I was a very good girl*.

Milk surged out of Vanya's swollen udders. The suction pressure drew it all away, funneling it rapidly through the tubing system and into the machine. In seconds, it entered the cannisters and triggered a threshold. Pumps activated, pressure shifted, valves closed, and milk rocketed through the piping. Too late, Cora processed Vanya's words. At the top of the long pipe, the pinwheel started to lazily rotate as the rising pressure forced air out of the tube. Anton and Suzie stumbled as they made it out of the door. Suzie lost her footing and careened toward the wall. Anton rolled his body ahead of her to stop the young woman's head from cracking open. Their feet jumbled together, and they landed in a tangle of limbs.

Cora headed for the door. Raul recovered from the hard knock to his shoulder. Though he didn't know exactly the reason for fleeing the room, he knew enough to run. Vanya's eyes rolled back in her head as another orgasm tore through her body. Her tail twitched as her lips gripped the buzzing cock in her like a vice. Her milk came so freely that it was clogging the suction cups, backing up the system. The pinwheel spun faster. Raul stood in the doorway searching for a method of closing the room. It was roughly eight feet from Cora to the exit. A gleam in his eyes, Raul pressed a button. The door's hidden gears activated. A beep sounded twice, each time coinciding with Cora's awkward, lunging steps. Raul stepped back and a solid pane of glass shunted across the opening. Cora's hands slapped against it as fury lined her face.

The pressure hit its peak. Milk surged up the tube and hit the pinwheel. The turning arms cut the stream, sending small packets of fluid rushing down the curved petals until they flew out across the room. They all heard Vanya's squeal of delight as her milk rained out. Heavy drops splashed against the glass door. They splattered against Cora's neck, trickled down over her shoulders and ran over her exposed cleavage. She turned around for only a second and more of the milk splashed onto her face. Cora shook her head and seemed to be considering stopping the rain somehow, but with every passing second her will crumbled.

"What the fuck, Raul?!" Anton roared as he got to his feet. "You locked her in there, you sniveling bastard!" He grabbed hold of Raul's shoulder and threw a hard punch into Raul's gut. Raul folded in half and teetered backward. Anton's anger ebbed as he saw the man struggle to breathe. His attention went back to the room. "Cora! Hang on. We'll get it open."

“No,” Suzie said, gently stopping Anton as he reached for the door’s controls. “Look.”

Inside the room, Cora dropped to her knees facing the swirling rain of milk. She didn’t look angry any more. Her face was one of beatific acceptance. The thick droplets of milk rolled down her cheeks and streamed through her hair. Yet, little of it reached the ground around her. Her skin was drinking it in whenever it could, but she’d opened her mouth to help. Her head angled back, mouth open and tongue extended. Already, her body swelled. Anton understood. “The milk is going to make her like Vanya?”

“Maybe,” Suzie answered, her voice husky. She was entirely too aware of the heat of Anton’s body. She had not stood, instead kneeling at the door to watch, which put her right at the perfect height to slip her hand into his pants and squeeze his cock. She knew if she opened her mouth and slurped his hard dick into her warmth, he wouldn’t stop her. No, his strong fingers would tangle in her hair as he shoved her mouth down onto his dick. She gave her head a shake, “There’s other stuff on that machine. The other cannisters are marked with formulas or something. I saw stuff like it in Norah’s study.”

Unaware of her audience, Cora pulled her blouse off. She chose her bra, a heavy padded scarlet red, on the off chance that fucking someone might have helped win the night. She had her principals, but ten million was ten million, after all. Besides, it hadn’t been a conscious choice. She’d told herself that she picked the red bra and half thong pairing because it gave her confidence, but she’d also been pleased with her choice when she first saw Anton. Now, her growing titflesh threatened to snap the hooks on the priciest piece of underwear she owned. She didn’t care other than the need to breathe. Her hands clawed at the fastened hooks until they snapped. A rush of air entered her lungs and came out as a manic, wild laugh.

The spectators watched as Cora got to her feet. She turned back to them with her swelling breasts jiggling from the movement. Her nipples thickened by the second. The milk wasn’t being absorbed by her skin any longer, so it beaded and streaked across the burgeoning mountains. She stripped down to her underwear, rubbing the milk into her skin as it continued to rain onto her. Her fingers dug into the supple flesh of her ass, and she moaned as it pulsed with growth under her fingertips. The reasons for avoiding the change faded from Cora’s thoughts. She wanted more of it. If that meant growing fur and a tail, then so be it. She wanted her body to become something entirely irresistible. She wanted Anton to smash through the glass for the chance to fuck her. She wanted her tongue sliding into Suzie’s tight little cunt as the younger woman sucked Vanya’s tits to become another cow like them. Smiling lewdly at the door, Cora shook her hips from side to side for her spectators as she slid her wet underwear down her expanding curves. Completely naked, she turned around and bent at the waist, giving Anton and Suzie a full view of her engorged pussy lips and pulsating asshole. Spreading her feet out to shoulder width, she slid her fingers along the slippery folds, pulling them apart to show off her pink warmth before slipping them inside. Her body shuddered.

Vanya’s moans and moos never stopped. Her body jerked erratically in the machine. Whenever she approached peace, the want for more pleasure overtook her and forced her hips

back to work. Every time she came, it was less intense. She knew why though. A machine could never be as good as the real thing. Rising out of her stupor, she saw another cow in the room. This one wasn't furry like her, but that was to be expected, wasn't it? Someone told her what the next cow would be like in a dream. When had that happened? *Doesn't matter, I want to taste her.*

Cora apparently had the same idea. She dropped to her knees and crawled back to Vanya. With a gentle tug, the suction cup on Vanya's udder came away. A fresh spray of warm milk spattered across Cora's face. She leaned back to let the milk wash down over her own breasts before finally leaning up and suckling the gushing nipple into her mouth. The warm nectar flowed onto her tongue and made her pussy quiver with aching want. She sucked and swallowed and hoped the debaucherous scene would be enough to drag Anton back in the room to roughly grab her hips and fuck her raw.

"We can't keep watching," Suzie whispered. The tent made by Anton's erection was at her eye level. Her mouth watered. Desperate to pull their attention away from the milky spectacle, she looked around for Raul. "He's gone."

"What? Who?" Anton growled. His voice was deeper and it rippled through Suzie's body, putting her already sensitive state into a volatile mess.

"Raul. He ran off. That bastard trapped Cora in there knowing what would happen."

Anton's eyes finally looked away. He shook his head. "Right. Fuck. This is all crazy." He spared a final glance at the door. Cora had both hands squeezing her breasts, milk spraying onto Vanya's thighs. Anton growled with lust. "Come on," he said and grabbed Suzie by the arm, hauling her to her feet. "We're going to find Raul. I'm going to finish kicking his ass. Then we're going to get answers."