

Cowtagious II
A Hucow Story
by Violet Kirkwood

Marie jabbed her finger into Jude's chest again. "Bull." His thoughts lulled into the gauzy trance of lust as Marie's hand rose to point at her step-sister. "Cow." She pulled him down into a long, passionate kiss before sliding her lips along his cheek and licking his ear. "Bull fucks cow. Simple."

Each morning, for only a few moments, Jude knew absolute happiness and contentment. As sleep faded, he would wake spooning against the most gorgeous woman he could imagine. Marie would still be asleep, a gentle purr of a snore the only disruption to her serenity. Her naked body curved back into Jude's, the softness of her backside warm and soft against him. The echoes of his dreams left him half erect, his cock wedged between her supple thighs and swelling as his mind caught up with the sensation of having Marie's body so close. The scent of her ignited his latent urges. It was a mingled aroma of her milk that inevitably stained the sheets as she slept, her sex which was as subject to dreams as Jude's manhood, and her skin which spoke with the complex palette of her life. Before he could act on this alluring call, a deep sense of familial obligation, pride, and satisfaction cut through the haze of lust when his thoughts remembered the hand resting on Marie's swollen belly.

Unfortunately, this also opened the gate holding back an avalanche of worry. His hand jerked back from Marie's baby bump as though he'd touched a hot stove. He played it off with a quick roll out of the bed while his brain scrambled through the panic of his existence. With a longing look over his shoulder at the naked backside of his girlfriend, he lurched out of bed and hurried to get started on his morning.

His first step was the loathsome cornerstone of his new life post virus. Every morning, presumably for the rest of his life or at least until the eggheads came up with something better, he had to take his daily dosage of M0-05 antigen. It came in a small bottle with a dropper. Like every morning, he let the two drops of bitter tasting fluid splash on the back of his throat before washing it down with a cup of water. One heavy sigh later, he went about getting ready for another long day.

Five months earlier, he and Marie had been roommates with the utmost intention of remaining platonic on all fronts. A few sneezes and a fever later, Jude barricaded himself in his room to spare Marie. The memory of his slow descent into a grunting, milk-chugging, lunk of sex meat was still fresh. Jude's body served as a constant reminder as did the letter of test results he kept tacked to the bathroom wall.

Congratulations! Your test results indicate a state of remission for the M0-05 virus. While this is certainly good news, it is the official position of the Department of Pathogen Control to bluntly advise that your life will not return to its pre-infection state. First, the virus's effect on your body will be reduced, but not reverted. For males, this will entail the proliferation of any new musculature developed during infection, the enlargement of sexual organs will not be reduced, and the high metabolism that accompanies a body with a high muscle to fat ratio will continue to drive individuals in remission to seek out high caloric food, preferably with high concentrations of lactose. Secondly, though in remission, the virus remains active within your body. To prevent a resurgence of the virus, you will be prescribed Ultigen, a drug that contains antigens for the M0-05 virus. Taken daily, Ultigen will ensure the virus remains in remission and allow you to resume a relatively normal life.

Standing back from the mirror, Jude stared grimly at his post-virus body. It was the physique of a Greek god. Clearly defined pectorals, bulging biceps, and the indentions that

Marie affectionately called his “cum gutters” after one of their intense rubbing sessions resulting in her aiming his cock at his stomach and causing a flood of cum to run down between his abs before sluicing into the belt of Adonis. Every angle of his new muscles seemed to point in the same direction, directly at the monster hanging between his legs. As thick in girth as a slim soda can and nine inches in length, the pole that was his cock stirred even when given only the most passing thought. Beneath it, his oversized testicles worked round the clock to swell even further with seminal fluid. The form letter didn’t mention that he would need to cum several times a day, whether he wanted to or not, or risk the worst case of aching blue balls imaginable. Luckily it wasn’t a hard task, though it horrified him to think of it as part of his routine.

He stepped into the warm shower and let the liquid wash over him while his thoughts turned back to the feeling of Marie pressed against him. As he did, he turned his back to the cascade of water, grabbed a bottle of lotion from the shower caddy, and started working on his first ejaculation of the day. In two strokes, he was at his full length, pulsing as his slick hand worked back and forth along the shaft. He summoned up memories of Marie’s taste. Every night, their fucking ended with a long, slow drink from her ever-full udders. He imagined his hand snaking around her swollen belly to stroke her pussy as he drank. The memory of her small gasps urged him on. The visuals shifted to more heated moments. His favorites were from the days after they both succumbed. He remembered guzzling down her milk while spraying cum into her womb. It took little more for him to finish, splattering his heavy load against the shower wall. He spent a few moment enjoying the elation of orgasm before cleaning things up and proceeding to clean himself.

Marie’s pregnancy had the same effect as *Ultigen*. Apparently, it was how they discovered the stuff in the first place. The talking heads on the different news channels guessed that it was a byproduct of the virus combining with a woman’s pregnancy hormones. Whatever it came from, it gave the infected back their sanity. Five months had passed since Jude and Marie succumbed and complicated their friendship. The first two months after infection had been a frenzy of rampant fucking. Jude could remember a little of it, but mostly it was a large splotch of blank memory that, if pressed, would rapidly fill with different fragments of their rutting. In the third month, Marie’s mind came back to her, and she learned about *Ultigen*. Others had been using it since before Jude’s infection, but with no mental clarity, the only contact with the outside world that Jude and Marie managed was to greedily pull inside the weekly grocery delivery.

It had also been a battle to get the first dose into Jude. He was more than happy to continue his rampage of sex, going so far as to attempt to break quarantine a few times once Marie’s libido lessened from constant to near constant. She tricked him into it by making him close his eyes and open his mouth with the promise of milking herself right onto his tongue. The first two drops left him disoriented and grouchy, but willing to take the medicine. Over a week, his mind came back in full, and he was forced to cope with what had happened. Right up to the day he’d received his infection notice, Jude believed Marie to be only his friend. Sure, he’d had ideas from time to time, but he figured that was just something left over in the male brain. Then came the blur of the wild sex settling over his life like a dream, and when he woke up, their friendship was gone, replaced by something else. A confusing sort of something else that

included a two month pregnancy.

Marie didn't want to talk about a relationship, and Jude had been happy to hear it. Once he was back to his old self in mind if not in body, she had laid out the current situation for him with pretty clear instructions. "We're in remission," she told him, "but that only means we're not actively contagious and sex drunk. We're still going to be super horny all the time. Mine may even get worse as the pregnancy goes on. So, we put our lives back together as best we can, and keep fucking as much as we need."

Jude figured that when a gorgeous woman carrying his child offered to fuck him whenever he needed it, he should agree. So, he did.

As the months went by, pressure coalesced and pushed down on him. The government gave them some stimulus money to cover the gap left by their infection, but it was running out. Jude wasn't in a position to support a family. He was a part time college student who worked at a restaurant, both of which closed due to the virus. He had no money and no real career path. The provisions sent out to keep everyone afloat during the virus wouldn't last forever. Rent would eventually be due. Food would eventually start costing them again. And babies cost a fortune. It was that last thought that pushed Jude's mood from anxious worry to outright despair.

Luckily, plenty of work was available. Jude didn't know the first thing about construction, but he could follow instructions and had the strength to lift hundred pound bags of concrete mix with ease so he fit in well enough. They paid well, too, but it didn't seem like enough. So, he took a late half-shift at a local distribution center. With the virus going on, everyone stayed at home and shopped, not to mention the DPC's need for supplies. New distribution centers popped up all over the place, and they needed people to help move goods from one conveyor belt to another. Easy, light work relative to the eight hours of construction, and it paid well, too. Working fourteen hours a day left him enough time to get home, gorge on Marie's milk while they fucked, and pass out to repeat it all again the next day. The routine helped keep the worry at bay, but each day continued the inevitable march toward an ambiguous deadline.

With a t-shirt and a pair of jeans on, he emerged from their bedroom. While he showered, Marie had gotten up and put on a silky gown that failed entirely at reducing her attractiveness. It did, however, protect her from the spatter of bacon grease. She smiled at him, "Almost ready. Get your boots on."

Ignoring the familiar pulse of lust, he grabbed the boots from beside the door and set about working them onto his feet. The sun hadn't risen yet, but the sky was coloring pink. Fully dressed, he dropped down at the dining table as Marie put down a massive plate of food along with a pitcher of milk. "Thanks," he grunted.

She put a hand on his shoulder and leaned in to kiss his forehead, "You're working too hard. We never have time to hang out any more." She padded back to the stove and returned with a stack of pancakes. She touched him again, pushing some of his wet hair back behind his

ear. “You’re going to collapse at some point, you know.”

“We need the money,” he said with a mouthful of eggs and sausage.

“I will be able to help once the baby’s here. Hell, I could have a job now if you weren’t so —” She cut off at his glare.

Jude knew he was territorial. Every man was territorial even before having a virus turn have their brain into instinct driven pudding. “You’re gonna finish school when it starts back up. Then I can cut back on the hours.”

“What about when there’s a baby? Think you can keep eating and working like this when you get one hour of sleep every night?”

He dropped his silverware on the plate with a loud clatter. “Why are you bugging me about this right now?” He instantly felt a wave of shame as he heard the tone of his voice. Marie watched him with one raised eyebrow, daring him to continue. It was one of the few looks that was the same as before the virus. When they’d been dumb and innocent and she’d had no issue calling him on his periodic idiocy. He picked up his fork and went back to eating while trying to look as sullen as possible.

Marie sat down, one hand pressed against her belly as she did. Her body had remained plump and sensual after the virus. They’d both expected the pregnancy to cause her to gain weight, but thus far she’d merely filled out into a heartier build. The doctors said it was normal and would make the birth easier which took a little of the worry off of Jude’s shoulders. “It doesn’t have to be like this,” she said. “You’re thinking about things in the old way. The pre-virus way.”

“Cause that’s what we’re going back to,” he answered. “It’s always on the news. How to get back to the way things were. That’s what people want.”

“That’s what the news says, not what people actually want. Is that what you want? To go back to how we were before?”

His mood darkened further. *If not for the virus, we’d still be friends. Just friends. We’d be sitting around talking shit about other people we know while we got drunk. Teasing each other about the one time we tried to date. Telling embarrassing stories about each other from high school. Then we’d go to our separate rooms and sleep in our separate beds instead of fucking like animals in heat.* He gestured vaguely in the direction of the outside world, “It’s still chaos out there. Of course people want it to go back.”

“Wanting the trains to run on time isn’t the same as wanting everything to go back to the way it was. And even if people want it to go back, that doesn’t mean it will. We’re different now.” She looked at him intently, but he kept his attention on cleaning his plate. She added softly, “I like that we’re different.”

Jude felt a spike of adrenaline that luckily offset the surge of lust the simple comment caused. *This isn't what we agreed to*, he thought. *We agreed to not talk about our...whatever it is. We agreed to get on with life. To help each other deal with the consequences. So that things could go back to normal.* He raised his head to meet her gaze. Words rattled around in his head as if arguing with each other about which ones got to be said. In that chaos, the simplest one slipped out, “Thanks for the breakfast. You should go back to bed. You need the rest.”

Marie sighed, “Hey, dummy. I’m trying to talk to you about this.”

“I know, but I’ll be late for work.”

“Ugh, fine. Lily’s coming to stay with us for a while.”

Jude was halfway to the kitchen sink and froze. He whirled around hoping to see a joking smirk on Marie’s face. He didn’t. Her expression was flat. “You’re kidding?”

“Nope. I told you that we’d been reconnecting.”

“Yeah, but why would she come stay with us? Where’s she going to sleep?”

Marie laughed. “That would be the first thing you worry about. She’ll sleep in my room. I sleep with you now, you know.”

He wanted to point out that they needed to start converting the spare bedroom into a nursery, but felt like he might pop a blood vessel if he added that to the conversation. “Ok, but *why?*”

“Because I want to spend time with my sister. And she can help. You make a lot of dirty laundry and dishes, you know. I may have more stamina than a regular preggo, but I still get tired.”

“We can’t afford another —”

“She will be paying us rent and buying her own food,” Marie said. “I had hoped to ease you into this idea a little more gracefully.”

Jude’s mouth opened and closed a few times as he searched for something to say. He could feel the clock on the wall ticking. If he didn’t get out of the door soon, he’d be late to the site. “Marie, I don’t know if this is a good idea. We’re better, but I don’t think we’re...decent. How many times have you been waiting on your knees to suck my dick when I got home? How are you going to do that with Lily around?”

“Don’t worry about that stuff,” she said as she got up and walked over to him. She put her hands on his chest and some of the tension eased out from his shoulders. “I need you to

worry less. It's not good for the baby to have a big ape with anxiety issues prowling around. Really, it's going to work out." She slid a hand up to his cheek and pulled him down into a kiss. "Different doesn't mean worse," she added. "Grab your lunch."

Caught in a torrent of conflicting emotions, Jude did what she said. He grabbed the rest of his kit and headed for the door where he hesitated. He wanted to say something comforting or something to cut the tension between them, but instead asked, "When? Lily, I mean."

"Oh, today. She'll be here when you get home. I promise it won't be weird. Now, have a good day!"

Feeling more overwhelmed than he understood, Jude gave her a curt nod and disappeared out the door.

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Jude traded his shift at the distribution center that evening. He wanted to be home early enough to have a talk with Marie, but he'd failed to factor in that Lily would already be sitting in his living room. Seeing Marie sitting beside Lily as they both beamed at him with faces full of emotions Jude didn't understand. Rather than any of the eloquent thoughts he'd formed throughout the day, he blurted out, "Hey, you're here."

"I am," Lily answered. She brushed her blonde hair away from her eyes as she smiled at him. "You rough up nice, Jude."

The familiar petulance in her tone made him scowl. He took off his boots and, without thinking, stripped out of his shirt. Only when it was dangling from his fingertips did he realize the two women had gone silent. Lily gawked at his sculpted body as her cheeks blushed dark red. Marie watched with the familiar daze of lust in her eyes before snapping out of it. "In the laundry," she said. "Food will be ready in few minutes. Casserole."

The smell of simmering potatoes and cheese calmed his ire enough to hurry him on to the bedroom. He could hear the women chatting as he stripped and hopped in the shower. It hadn't been a particularly rough day, but he was coated in dust, which probably worked in his favor by subduing his pheromones enough to prevent Marie jumping him the second he walked in the door. She called for him as soon as he finished toweling off, and he went out to face them.

It went awkwardly. Marie had made a casserole for him and a second one for herself and Lily. Marie took half while Lily took a normal sized serving which looked insane next to the pounds of calories being vacuumed up by the post virus male and the considerably pregnant female. No one spoke until Jude had scarfed down two thirds of the meal, enough to sate the ravenous hunger for a while. He picked up the pitcher of milk and drained most of it before glancing around at the table. Marie and Lily seemed to be suppressing giggles. "What's funny?"

"Nothing," Marie answered. "I told her you ate like a starving bear. She didn't believe

me.”

“How are you not five hundred pounds?” Lily asked as she smirked and delicately speared a cubed potato onto her fork. She pointedly nibbled at it.

“High metabolism,” he grunted. “Besides, I weigh two-eighty.”

Lily’s eyes flicked up and down his body, “You don’t look it.” She nibbled some more. “But, I don’t really know what weights look like. You know how driver’s licenses list weight as if everyone knows what a man who weighs two hundred pounds looks like. I have no idea. Is two-eighty a lot?”

Jude glared, so Marie answered, “It’s muscle, so yes.”

A few more minutes of strained silence went by while Jude watched Lily nudge her food around instead of eating it. “If you’re not hungry, put it back. Food is a bit of a high need around here.”

In answer, she scooped up a full mouthful. Once she chewed through it and swallowed, she said, “I thought that maybe the virus had mellowed you out some, like it did for Marie. But you’re still a grouch, just more meat-headed.”

“Only to entitled brats, and you wouldn’t believe how few of them I see around here until recently. Why are you here, Lily?”

“To help my sister, dummy.”

“She’s not your sister,” he shot back.

Marie’s placid face shifted instantly to severe, “Hey. I call her my sister. You can do it, too.”

“She stole your home, Marie,” Jude protested.

“No, she didn’t. I was a bitchy teenager who resented my mom for remarrying. I left before they kicked me out. And it’s a good thing for everyone that I did. Lily got the chance to have a family she needed, and I got to be with my best friend.”

“You needed a fami—”

“And I had one. Yours!” Marie jabbed her fork into the pile of casserole with the clear intent of ending the discussion. Lily had stopped smirking at least.

Jude could feel his anger thumping inside his head. He didn’t understand how years of resentment could be tossed out in so little time and with seemingly so little contact. Marie’s

family history was complicated. Her parents, Wanda and Leon, divorced, bitterly, and Leon disappeared. Marie imagined her dad would send for her eventually, but that was only because she didn't know of his addictions. Those eventually put Leon behind bars, but Marie had moved on from wanting her father back well before she learned about his incarceration.

Her mother had not clung to any hope of reconnecting with her father. Wanda remarried, connecting with her new husband, Derrick, through a shared sense of trauma. Derrick's wife was wrapped up in amphetamines and had turned abusive. Derrick's divorce was more contentious than Wanda's, and Lily had been caught in the middle of the battle. In all the drama, Jude and his parents offered to take Marie in. Wanda agreed, for reasons both Jude and Marie were too young to understand. But, it appeared like Marie had been cast off for a new daughter. Lily took over Marie's room, slept in Marie's bed, and even wore some clothes Marie left behind. It made Christmas a dangerous time of year. And if Marie wanted to magically forgive Lily, that was one thing. Jude would happily continue the grudge for her, partially because working through the complexity of familial drama was not something that came easily to him even before his brain got slow roasted by hormones.

As he finished his plate, Jude knew what would come next. Or at least what normally came next. Every night he came home, he would eat whatever meal Marie had for him and then turn his ravenous appetites to her. With the gnaw of hunger gone, his blood quickened as he looked at Marie's body. She was dressed in a maternity blouse and a pair of loose fitted shorts for Lily's sake. She might have on an apron when he got home, but usually nothing else. Her efforts to hide away her curves had somehow caused the opposite effect. The forbidden called to him, and Jude's hand moved possessively to her thigh. She tutted at him and push him away as she got up to clear the table. Lily, to his surprise, moved to help.

Denied of Marie, his mind wandered to the other woman in the room. Jude realized that Lily might be the only woman he'd seen up close other than Marie since before their infection. Lily looked exactly as he remembered, but he'd once begrudgingly thought of her as attractive whereas now she seemed gaunt and bony, like a starved fish. Blue eyes, blonde hair, light complexion, and an even smile that looked either bemused or irritated depending on the angle. She wore a yellow sun dress that flared out whenever she turned too sharply. Beneath it, her silhouette looked too fragile to be up and moving around. At best, it made Jude think of the women of old Hollywood who would often be grabbed by a leading man and squeezed roughly as they mashed their lips together in what was meant to be a passionate kiss.

Ultimately, though, Lily was still a woman, frail or otherwise, and seeing hints of her lithe body underneath the thin dress stoked Jude's building need. He'd only cum twice that day, having emptied his second load during lunch. It was an awkward arrangement, but his employer was aware of the needs of a post infection male. (In fact, Jude's boss had been in the next stall over. For some bonus awkwardness, his boss never turned off the sound for the porn he watched. The others were only bothered in an academic sense. It helped all of them in the end.) Normally, he could make it the rest of the day before needing to cum again, which he would do safely into the sopping pussy of the woman who had waited all day for his load. But that didn't account for a house guest prohibiting him and Marie fucking the second he walked in the door. And the

presence of another woman exacerbated the issue.

A not pregnant woman. Fertile, young, sexy, and not pregnant. The thoughts surprised Jude as he finished the pitcher of milk and wiped his mouth. It was the same distracting and intrusive thought that he'd experienced while in the full heat of his infection. He let the pitch hit the table with a loud clunk. "Uh, Marie, could we go to the bedroom? To...talk?"

The two women gave each other a glance, but Marie put a dishtowel in Lily's hand. "Sure. Lily just volunteered to finish up the dishes."

Marie took his hand and gave her sister a wink as they left the room. No sooner had the door shut than Jude dropped to his knees and yanked the blouse off of Marie's shoulders. Her hands snaked into his hair as she pulled his mouth to her breast. "I milked twice already, and they're about to pop," she purred as his lips closed around her fattened nipple. Jude groaned as he suckled, fresh spurts of warm milk flooding his mouth and setting off fireworks in his head. She let him drink for a full minute before pushing him back to move them over to the bed.

Jude stripped out of the clothes he'd put on for Lily's sake while Marie peeled away the shorts that covered her lower half. She bent slightly as she stepped out of them, showing Jude the profile of her pregnant body. Beautifully smooth and round, her ass still popped out like a mountable rump while her breasts remained swollen to the point of distention from her milk. The curve of her belly, slowly swelling with their child, added something that Jude considered unquantifiable to her beauty. The something was wrapped up in feelings of protection and ownership and a base level of biological reproduction. It was the thing that made humans around the world want to feel the belly of a pregnant woman despite all obstacles of propriety. It was the feeling inspired by the one absolute directive for biological life in an entropic reality, to reproduce. It complicated every other emotion in Jude's head, but it spared him those conflicting ideas by also supercharging his body with lust.

Sliding back onto the bed, Marie spread her legs wide and let them dangle at the edge. Jude took his position between them and knelt. He nuzzled his face into her sex, lapping at her wet slit and taking great breaths of her delicious scent. Once his face was as glistening with her arousal as her pussy, he prowled up her body. His swollen cock went to her core like an iron rod pulled toward a magnet. No matter how many times he felt the first touch of those soft, wet lips on the head of his cock, it was still exquisite. He groaned against her breast as he slipped inside of her in one long, slow thrust until his balls pressed against the underside of her ass.

Marie's hands gently pulled at his back, urging him to move deeper and faster. He resisted as long as he could, but her need overwhelmed him. A hard thrust later, he felt her body shiver against him. Since their changes, she came easily and quickly. Her breath caught as she suppressed a moan, and he was suddenly aware of a distinct and different scent in the air. It passed by him in a flash as Marie's convulsing walls gripped and massaged his cock. Her nipple slipped free of his lips as he swirled his tongue around the hard nub one last time. She bucked against him, both of her teats spurting streams of milk against his chest as he planted his hands on either side of her shoulders. Mercilessly, he thrust in and out of her as she bit back her

squeals of intense pleasure. When she opened her eyes long enough to look at his, she smiled and snaked her hands around her hips. He could see words forming on her lips, but his control was already slipping.

His body pressed against hers, burying him to the hilt, and he erupted. Whatever she was about to say vanished as another thunderous orgasm rocked through her body. He remained inside her while he caught his breath and she recovered. Again he caught a strange scent. It made him throb back to full, needy erection as it swirled in his thoughts. His ears caught the slight thump of movement outside their bedroom door. Looking over his shoulder, he whispered, “I think she was listening to us.”

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you,” Marie said. She scooted further onto the bed so she could prop herself up. He whimpered as his cock slipped out of her and bobbed vainly in the chill air. “Lily went out to get a delivery from my mom’s porch. The delivery guy was still there and they talked for a while. Two days ago, she got the call and had to get out of the house before anything happened. She called me from one of the recovery centers, and we talked all day.”

The panic was thumping in his head again. The same thump in his cock was distracting him, but some glimmer of understanding was threatening to break out. “What are you…”

Marie’s hand slid around his cock and squeezed. “Lily started running a fever about three hours ago.”

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Ultigen Warnings: While Ultigen protects the user from all normal flare ups and maintains remission of M0-05, under certain circumstances the effectiveness of Ultigen can be lessened. These include but are not limited to: abnormally high concentrations of zinc in the body, prolonged exposure to UV light (more than four hours per day over a period of eight weeks), and exposure to certain M0-05 variants during infection phase. While normal diet and activity will preclude the occurrence of the first two circumstances, the third can happen by chance if quarantining precautions are not observed. However, if you have unusual eating habits that might include a high zinc content, consult your advising physician. Additionally, wear sunscreen when in direct sunlight, particularly if it is a prolonged exposure. Avoid tanning beds. Finally, if you are exposed to an active M0-05 variant during infection phase, the resulting flare up of your infection will coincide with the length of exposure to the variant infected individual.

Jude’s temper was dangling by a thread. He could feel his control slipping away with every passing second. His erection wouldn’t go away no matter how much cum he pumped onto the shower wall or Marie’s pregnant tits. He was actually managing to drink all of Marie’s milk as well. His body was seething with restless energy and a thin sheen of sweat coated his body day and night. *They trapped me like a fucking feral animal. And I can smell the heat coming off the other cow trapped in here with me.*

The morning after Lily’s arrival, Jude decided he would leave and crash at his boss’s

house or one of the recovery centers. It was a plan that fell apart immediately as DPC agents sealed off their apartment for the second time. Marie had called in the infection as soon as Lily had arrived. Unable to leave and unable to face Marie without risk of flying into a rage, he went back to their bedroom and refused to come out. He knew what would happen if he did.

Marie hadn't known about *Ultigen's* potential flaw. Jude doubted she would have changed course even if she did. After she told him about Lily's infection, he'd flown into a series of questions that went unanswered. The core of them was "why?" Through the heated discussion, Jude bit back the bitterness as much as he could, but a tone of wildness took over in the absence. Marie's answers never satisfied him. She said that Lily didn't have a choice. Jude pointed out that the recovery centers were a perfectly viable option. Marie volleyed back with the idea that family should take care of family. To which, Jude dug up the old hatchet of "she's not your real family" which ended the discussion since Marie took that moment to abandon him for the night.

None of them talked much in the three subsequent days. The first day, Jude wanted to keep to himself as an act of defiance. But even with jerking off, he quickly grew agitated as his own virus stirred out of remission. Thinking grew more difficult, and by the time Marie returned, he was ready to punch his way through a wall to fuck whichever one of them he found first. Since then, Marie had made a point of servicing him on a regular schedule. It irritated him that she was enjoying it, but the alternative was worse. Every time she entered their bedroom, his lust raged and control fled. Time started to jump past him in blips of masturbation or fucking. It had clearly happened again, he realized as his cognition surfaced while he hovered over Marie's cum basted face and tits. The sight wasn't something that should have inspired his temper, but with his libido at its weakest, the remaining sense in his head seized the reins.

"What the fuck were you thinking, Marie?" he blurted out as she scooped the thick goo off her cheek. "You brought her here knowing she was about to have a full blowout of the fucking virus that got us into this mess in the first place! Did you think it through at all? Cause we tried this once already, remember? We had a great plan of keeping ourselves separate. Except it failed completely. We made it a few days before you were four fingers deep in your pussy while I chugged your milk out of the fridge. Then you spent months stuffed full of cum and spraying milk all over the damn apartment! Which only stopped because I knocked you up. Saved from insanity by creampieing you enough, I guess. So what do you think is going to happen when you trap Lily in the same scenario?"

His tone withered as he ran out of breath. Marie withstood the rant without flinching. She also left the cum on her tits, presumably as a way of proving some point. "I think the same thing will happen," she answered calmly.

"But I don't love her, I love you!" The words jumped out of him before he could think. Jude staggered back from what he'd said even as it coalesced in his mind as a full truth. He expected Marie to laugh at him. Or worse, give him that encouraging smile and pat him on the knee. It would shatter him, but at least the guillotine would finally fall. They'd danced around their relationship to an impossible degree for months. And now he'd thrown it out while his dick

was still achingly hard and he could smell Lily's dripping cunt from two doors away.

Marie grabbed a towel and wiped off her chest. She stepped close to him as Jude hung his head and avoided her eyes. She placed her hands on either side of his face and forced him to look at her. "The world changed, Jude. We changed. Before, we were best friends who couldn't get past an awkward kiss. The virus...it was like immersion therapy, and now I can't think of anyone else's lips I want to feel against mine." She stepped closer so that his cock pressed against her thigh, "Or anyone else who I want fucking me. I love you, too, Jude. Though, we really should have had this conversation at a different moment."

Emotions that he couldn't process on a good day rattled around in Jude's chest. He wrapped Marie in a gentle hug, "Then why did you bring Lily here? Why make this even more complicated?"

"That's what you're not seeing," she said. "It's not complicated." She pushed her finger against his chest. "Bull." She turned her hand and pointed at her own chest, "Cow. Bull fucks cow. Simple, see?"

"No that's —"

She cut him off with a finger pushed to his lips. She grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the bedroom door. He resisted, remaining flat footed as his hormones warred. Marie tilted her head in appeal, so he followed. They stepped through the hall and into the living room. Jude's nostrils flared as he caught a full wave of scent. His mouth gaped open and precum flowed from his cock like an open faucet.

Lily was on the couch, naked with a vibrator pressed against her pussy. Her hips rocked to the tantalizing rhythm as she mewled and kneaded her breasts. The intervening days had been less forgiving to her than they had been to Jude. He didn't know what the old Lily looked like naked, but he'd seen her in a bikini years earlier. She'd always been a skinny girl. That was a thing of the past. Her body was *thick*. Lily's hips had widened and soft thighs squashed against the couch as she frantically opened her legs wider to better fuck herself. Behind the thighs, her ass carved out a deep crater in the cushions. The rest of her had broadened out with muscle and soft padding. But the clearest improvement jutted out from her chest. Her tits had at least doubled in size, not yet a match for Marie's hanging udders, but well on their way. Each of the jiggling mountains of supple flesh was topped by a vibrant pink cone that peaked in a hard nipple. Rapidly developing flesh and milk ducts that would soon be flush with the rich, sweet nectar.

Marie jabbed her finger into Jude's chest again. "Bull." His thoughts lulled into the gauzy trance of lust as Marie's hand rose to point at her step-sister. "Cow." She pulled him down into a long, passionate kiss before sliding her lips along his cheek and licking his ear. "Bull fucks cow. Simple."

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“Oh my gawd, it’s fuckin huge,” Lily droned as she scrambled up to a half seated position on the couch. The vibrator fell beside her and shuddered until its erratic hopping knocked the switch on the side. Lily’s face was elongated in a gawking stare directly at Jude’s cock, which lacked the small iota of hesitancy Jude still desperately nurtured. His cock wanted nothing to do with decency or social norms. Precum dripped in quick, viscous drops as he shuffled closer to the pungent heat exuding from every pore on Lily’s body.

As he towered over her, Lily’s swollen breasts heaved with each gasp of breath, making it seem like they were growing more each second. Slowly succumbing to his ape brain, Jude’s mouth watered as he watched the minute jiggle of her pink nipples. His body tensed to lunge onto her but hesitated as he saw Marie walk around the back of the couch. She smirked, “What do you think us girls have been doing when I wasn’t slurping you down my throat?”

To his astonishment, Marie reached down and gently squeezed Lily’s breast. Jude’s cracked mind grabbed desperately for sense in the maddening world. The taboo of their relationship aside, the two women had hated each other for years. Now, Marie casually rubbed her thumb around Lily’s nipple and earned a slight twitch of eagerness from Lily’s body. Most of the infected woman’s attention remained on the pillar of masculinity that had started dripping on her inner thigh. “She was always jealous of me,” Marie said. “She thought you and I were fuck buddies, but little Lily had a big crush on you. Full blown heart doodles with your names in her school notebooks. Drove her nuts that you hated her. She thought I turned you against her. I didn’t. You hated her for me even though I never asked you to. But…”

Marie leaned over the couch’s back, letting her heavy breasts droop over the side while her ass wiggled out behind her. Her heavy tits rested on top of Lily’s left breast as the two women met for a kiss. Jude watched, unable to be more astonished, as their tongues twined together before disappearing behind their locked lips. Lily’s hand went to Marie’s udder and squeezed out a spray of milk across her body. Jude, unable to not participate in some fashion, gripped himself and stroked as he watched. They parted with a wet slurp of their lips before Marie continued, “...we’ve kissed and made up. Now we’re besties. Lily knew she wasn’t going to make it through the infection without some guy’s baby juice knocking her up. So, she and I talked about it, and she asked permission for you to do the honor.”

Lily’s focus had returned to the cock being stroked inches away from her agonizingly empty pussy. With a nod from Marie, Lily rose from her position and turned around. As expected, her ass had filled out into a fat cushion of softness that seemed to yearn for a face to crush between its cheeks. She parted her knees as she assumed the position. Jude watched as her engorged lips spread open. Lily’s fattened boobs swung wildly as she moved. With the shift of her body, her milk was pulling down and causing her breasts to tightened with pressure. She reached back with one hand and pulled at her thigh, giving Jude a better view.

His mind flashed back to the vague memory of when he and Marie had fallen completely to the virus’s spell. That same chaotic abandon snatched at his thoughts, ready to pull him back into an animalistic frenzy. His senses assaulted him and commanded him to claim the offered female. Miraculously, he kept himself in check and looked at Marie. “You’re sure?”

Marie bit her lower lip as she smiled. Her hand caressed her plumped belly. “They’ll be siblings. And the three of us will be a happy set of parents. Besides, this way you’ll have an extra set of udders to drink from every night. Now, mount her stud, and fuck her pregnant.”

With a groan torn from his body by sheer desire, Jude lurched to close the distance to Lily’s upthrust ass. He grabbed hold of her wide bubble butt and yanked her into the right place. She moved her hips with a ecstatic giggle that cut off as the head of his dick pushed against her pussy. “Do it,” she purred. “Fill me up with your thick cream so I get tits like hers!”

Jude flexed his hips and sank into her tight pussy. She wasn’t fully transitioned to take the whole of his length, but what she could easily fit was enough to sear Jude with wild pleasure. Her pussy walls cinched around him with a feeling of ruthless possession, almost pulling him deeper of their own accord. He let out a seething breath as he tried to control himself, which forced Lily to take matters into her own hands. She pushed back onto him, spearing herself on his length. She yelped, but the pain vanished instantly and was replaced by a radiating sense of pleasurable fullness. As soon as she grew comfortable with it, Jude shifted back. In the void left behind by his cock, waves of spasming pleasure erupted and spread through her body.

Lily gasped and jerked as Jude fucked her. He hadn’t noticed when Marie went to the kitchen, but he watched her return carrying a metal bowl. Lily’s fat ass smacked against his chiseled torso. She even growled at him slightly as she reached underneath them to grab his balls. “God they’re so full already. Cum in me, Jude. Please,” she begged before lapsing into incoherent moans.

Feeling somewhat in control again, Jude grinned at his pregnant girlfriend and gave Lily’s ass a soft smack. His voice came out in a low, gravelly tone when he said, “Milk her for me. Milk her while she cums on my cock. Make her fill up that bowl while I pump cum into her slutty cunt.”

Marie knelt down beside the couch and slid the bowl under Lily’s wobbling tits. She grabbed the closer one and gave it a fondling squeeze before moving her hand down to the swollen nipple. She leaned close to Lily and whispered, “Ready, sis?”

Lily answered with something that sounded like “nngahd-myehs-pleasemilk-mahfat-titties”.

Fingers expertly positioned, Marie pushed against the sensitive flesh right as Jude slammed fully inside Lily. Milk splattered on the bottom of the bowl as Lily’s moans rose to shrieks. Jude felt the tide about to sweep him up but still held back, grunting and hissing as the pressure in his balls surged. He lasted until he watched Marie lift the bowl to her mouth and pour the other woman’s milk directly into her mouth, letting a little spill over her lips and run down her tits.

With a roar, Jude came. Despite all the times he’d been drained by Marie that day, it was

his biggest orgasm in months. By the third pump, cum splattered out of Lily's tight grip, spraying almost violently back onto Jude's body as his balls emptied their full load. All the while, his mind churned with intrusive ideas. *Breed the bitch. Fuck her fat cow pussy. Pump her up with milk. Make her grow, make her your slut. Make her beg for your cum.* Each thought accompanied a hard thrust against Lily's perfect ass until finally the tide of cum slowed and stopped.

Marie gave Lily a gentle kiss on the cheek before moving over and grabbing Jude's cock. "Don't worry, Daddy, I'll get you cleaned up so you can fuck her naughty pussy again."

Jude slipped away into oblivion as Marie's words alone coaxed out a spurt of cum that splashed on the pregnant woman's belly.

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Two months later, Jude woke up and waited for the sensation of panic, but it didn't come. On one side, the seven month along Marie continued to sleep with her soft snore. On the other, Lily's soft breasts pressed against his side. His hand slid down her back and cupped the her ass. She'd already begun to show. The slight bulge of her belly caused him to brim with pride.

It still didn't make sense to him on some level. He'd come out of the sex haze a week after Lily and he first coupled. It was a clear sign that she'd gotten pregnant and that the *Ultigen* was working again. At that point, Marie laid out everything for him without the emotional or sexual angst getting in the way of discussion. Apparently, the two women had been researching their plan since they reconnected right after Marie's remission. Post-viral males with a single partner tended to have complications whereas those with two or more partners reported ideal health and happiness. By the same token, post viral females needed more down time for childcare. Those without support reported higher frustrations along with being at higher risk for medical and psychological issues related to pregnancy. For Marie, the solution was obvious, and she only needed someone she could trust to fuck her man. As odd as it seemed with their contentious relationship, her step-sister fit the bill.

The money issue was tackled by the government. While Jude had kept his nose to the grindstone and earned a small fortune in doing so, economists around the world had been running the math on the upcoming population boom to come up with a formula. While most thought it would be a pittance thrown to the unwashed masses, it turned out that plenty of rich people were also getting sick and fucking everything in sight. It was also likely that someone thought ahead to the idea of millions of extra people on the wrong side of the wealth gap might cause problems of a revolutionary nature. Whatever the reason, the dole came in buckets rather than thimbles. Between the three of them and two more on the way, Jude couldn't foresee a time where money was the main issue.

Unbelievably, it had worked out better than he'd ever imagined. A woman he loved, a second woman that he was falling in love with, and all his worries addressed. It only left his physiological issue as a bother, but Marie and Lily were adept at handling that, too. It was this

comfort that met him at the start of each day. As he relaxed back into the pillows with the warmth of each woman beside him, he felt their hands meet as they wrapped around his cock. He smirked as he readied himself for the first discussion of the day — who got to fuck him first?

