

The Madness of Moo Manor  
by Violet Kirkwood  
Part V

Raul's side ached, and his stomach throbbed. He hobbled down the corridor alternating between speed and a desperation to catch his breath. He watched behind him, fully expecting Anton to be stalking after him. *She should have been faster*, he thought. *Cora couldn't have made it out before the milk sprayed all over us. Or it would have splashed all over her, and she would have taken all of us down with her. They should have thanked me, not sucker punched me.*

He came to a T junction. On the left, an opening led to a stairwell, and on the right, a door. He tried the door first, but it was locked. Grumbling and wondering where he was in the house, he went down the stairs. After a steep walk, he arrived at a door and cautiously opened it. Peering out, he saw the downstairs hallway, and as he turned to look the opposite direction, he saw a massive, naked torso.

Raul tried to slip back into the stairwell, but Liam was faster. The transformed man's heavy paw grabbed hold of Raul's neck and hauled him out of the door, nearly launching him into the far wall. Stunned and once again out of breath, Raul looked down the hall to see Erica waiting beside a door. Her lower set of breasts had grown to match her top set. All four of them looked magnificent in the yellow light of the hall. She had her arms pressed together on either side of them as both hands played with her pussy. She whimpered with frustration, and stomped her foot.

The effect on Liam wasn't helping. Raul felt that he'd clearly disturbed the happy couple. He wanted to simply explain that he had no intention of usurping Liam's position and that he would be on his way. Unfortunately, Liam had already snatched Raul up again. The small giant tossed Raul over his shoulder like he weighted nothing. Stooped to avoid hitting his own head, Liam carried Raul down the hall to where Erica waited.

*Could be worse*, Raul thought. *He could have snapped my neck. Being handed over to the four titted milk factory to be turned into a Greek myth isn't the worst way to go.* His head thudded against the door frame. When the jolt of pain passed, he saw Erica again. She'd given up standing and moved to the wall opposite of the open door. She leaned against the wall with her legs spread and her fingers still plumb the depth of her cum-soaked pussy. She'd also managed to heft one of her teats up to her mouth to greedily drink her own milk.

Raul's vision sparkled at the edges, but he gave himself a shake right as Liam dropped him into something akin to a dental exam chair. The room was small and looked smaller due to Liam's size. The big man took a belt and wrapped it around Raul's midsection, pulling it secure but not tight. Raul didn't fight. He had no idea what was happening, wooziness kept pushing against his thoughts, and Liam would snap him like a twig anyway.

The giant went to the corner of the room, stretched out his fingers nervously, and then gently lifted a table and moved it sit directly in front of Raul. Being knocked into a wall and toting a full sized man around like a wounded animal fit in line with the mental capacity Raul thought Liam had, mainly that of a lust addled brute. The way he moved things around the room, though, indicated Liam was nervous and fully aware of what he was doing.

Liam placed a screen in the center of the table, a button to its left, and a small circular thing on its right. The circular thing was attached to a long bit of tubing that ran to the wall. Slightly ahead of that was another round bit of metal which was clearly a cuff. Liam grabbed Raul's right arm and nearly pulled it out of its socket as he pushed Raul's hand through the two circles. The second clamped down on his wrist while the first one whirred to life. It spun around Raul's arm with red lasers scanning the area before it hummed to a stop, clicked twice, and then cinched tight around him. It pinched, and he tried to pull free, but the cuff held him to the table. After a few seconds, the tightened band loosened enough for his comfort. He breathed a sigh of relief, but it turned into a high pitched yelp as he felt something dig into his skin.

Hovering nearby, Liam gave a dull nod and turned to leave. Raul called after him, "Hey, no! Liam! You understand me don't you?"

Liam paused with the door half closed. His head was stooped low to clear the entrance, and his eyes gleamed with intelligence.

"Why are you doing this? What is this thing? I don't deserve to be treated like this!"

"Sure you do," Liam said in a rumbling voice that filled the room and sent an uneasy shiver through Raul's gut. "You're only getting what you deserve." He closed the door despite Raul's yelling. A moment later, Raul heard the sound of wet slurping as Liam returned his cock to Erica's mouth.

Raul thought it to be a strange method of torture that would nonetheless drive him insane until the whole room seemed to hiss and the sound of the hallway vanished. On the table, the screen flickered to life. Suddenly, Norah Sharpe was glaring at him. His breath caught as he tried to process the idea of a dead woman coming back to life, but his tension eased as he saw the date in the bottom corner of the screen. It was a video, filmed months earlier.

On the screen, Norah sat in her study, which was considerably cleaner than when Raul saw it while searching for the others. She looked like he remembered her from their brief interactions. She wore a stern expression as she looked over a small tablet in her hands. She was dressed as immaculately as ever, but she seemed exhausted. Raul wondered if that was due to her mysterious illness. She shifted her gaze to the camera, and despite knowing it was pre-recorded, Raul still squirmed in his chair. "Raul," Norah said with a smirk. "I'm glad you accepted my invitation."

He felt the urge to respond, but held his tongue. Someone was clearly manipulating things in the house. Liam might be in league with that person now, but Raul doubted the giant started off that way. Negotiations to bring in the others who hadn't succumbed were probably quick once the brute had been gifted his own personal cock-sleeve in Erica. Raul strained to hear them outside, but the only sound came from the screen.

"I'm sure you're curious as to why you would receive this invitation," Norah continued. "You're probably shocked that I remember you at all. To be honest, I didn't. Not until your

misfortunes became apparent. At that point, you were a security concern. No one wants their state of the art surveillance equipment to have been installed by a corrupt and bankrupt man. You'd be bought too easily if my enemies ever stopped being terrified of me enough to actually attempt something. Naturally, I enlisted other companies to involve my security, but you remained on my mind. Raul, my life's work is soon to come to fruition, and I wanted certain people to help me with this final step. I picked you out because I remembered a conversation you had with an employee. Her name was Sarah, and you fucked her in my guest bedroom."

For a moment, Raul had entertained that his invitation had been benevolent in nature. At the mention of Sarah, those hopes vanished. The cuff on his arm seemed to grow tighter. Strangely, he thought of wolves caught in traps gnawing off their own legs to escape. He didn't have teeth for it even if he could break his own bone. The table wouldn't budge, either. Liam had struggled with it, and Raul suspected that freak could bench press a car.

"I spoke with Sarah after I discovered what you'd done. She managed to convince me that it was consensual despite the power dynamic at play. It might puff your ego to know that she thought you a risky fuck, but one worth the risk. Three weeks later, she ended her contract with you and took employment with me. In the interim, you two went out for drinks one time and slept together twice more. The romance didn't kindle, and Sarah wished for you to be left alone." Norah leaned back in her chair and folded her hands in her lap to strike a prim, queen-like pose. "I trust the judgment of those who have first hand experience in matters more than my observations whenever I can. As such, I was happy to let you run wild in the world until you pressured the wrong woman. But then you returned to my radar with your financial woes, and I thought you fit the profile of my plan wonderfully."

"What fucking plan?" Raul growled.

"At this point, you are trapped. Locked on the table within reach of a button. In a moment, this video will end, and you will see a number indicating one million dollars. Two minutes after that, the button will activate. Every time you press the button, that number will double. From one million to two to four to eight, and so on. The table will unlock in thirty minutes, and you will be released from the room. Whatever the sum is at that time will be added to your earnings for the night. However, each press of the button will administer a dose of my experimental formula. Perhaps you have already seen what it does. Be advised that even the first dose will affect your judgment as the effects are nearly instant. The wisest option is to simply wait thirty minutes and walk out of the room. You will have your senses about you and survive the remainder of the night to walk away with at least ten million. More than enough for one evening of restraint."

Norah's image went still with her smiling viciously at the camera. The screen went black before a counter reading "2:00" began. As it ticked down, Raul laughed. Relief spread through him. He was uncomfortable, sure, but he wasn't about to be summarily executed. He also figured that since he was occupied for the next thirty minutes at least, then none of the others could bother him. The room sealed off from sound likely meant it was sealed from entry as well. For the first time since he'd gotten his dick sucked, he felt a sense of calm. He adjusted his chair

enough to relax the pressure on his extended arm, and settled in for the wait. *Maybe I'll nap. It's got to be near enough midnight. Closer to one, I bet. Been running from freaks so long that I didn't even notice.*

The countdown ended. The screen changed to display "\$1,000,000.00" in a green font. At the bottom center of the screen, the clock reset to thirty minutes and started counting down.

Raul smirked at it. "Guess I get the extra million no matter what, right?" he said to the room. He wasn't sure someone was watching him, but, given the clear extent of Norah's paranoia and planning, he figured he was at least being recorded. He kept his hand curled into a fist rather than let his fingers linger near the button. Part of him wondered if he would erratically press the button just out of sheer impulse. He flexed his fingers and contracted them back into the fist. A wave of restlessness seized him. His knees bobbed up and down as his heels tapped on the floor. His free arm ran through his hair and massaged at his neck. Focusing on anything other than the screen was his priority, so he attempted to think back through the events of the night.

"I've seen monsters," he murmured to himself. "What happened to Liam — fuck, even what happened to Erica is one thing. They're still human. Humans built like trucks or with four fucking tits, but still human. Vanya got a raw deal. She's half a beast. If someone can't fix her, she'll never be able to go in public again. But, maybe she won't want to." His words trailed off as he imagined what Vanya's life would be like. He'd seen the look in her eyes right before she sank down on those vibrating cocks. She was giving in to something she desperately wanted. She didn't show any sign of anxiety or disgust about her body. She'd wanted nothing more than for someone or something to fuck her. *Which, thanks to me, Cora is probably tonsils deep in Vanya pussy right now. Will she turn out the same? Will those big MILF titties get all furry and drip?*

Raul suddenly wished his other hand had been bolted to the table instead. He'd not cum so many times in one night, hell in only a few hours, in years. Still, thinking of the things he'd seen was enough to get him rock hard. He rubbed his dick with his free hand, but doubted he could muster enough will power to do anything more than tease himself.

An idea clicked in his head. He looked at the screen. Four minutes had passed, but nothing else had changed. *What does one dose do? Obviously this game is to get me to press the button plenty of times to make me a freak like Liam. But maybe one dose hits me with extra stamina and a faster bounce back. Or it gives me an extra inch. Guys would pay a million to get that.* He gnawed at his bottom lip, stretched out his fingers, and pressed down on the button. The figure on changed to two million. The arm band made a high pitched chirp, and he felt something cold spread into his arm. The lack of pain surprised him.

He waited for it all to go wrong. In seconds, he would morph into the bestial freak of his nightmares. But another three minutes passed with nothing changing. He felt more awake, but otherwise still himself. A wave of giddiness swept over him. He'd gotten away with it. Men slaved their whole lives for a million dollars, and he'd gotten it in a button press. *Norah was too*

*rich for her own game. She probably thought I'd click ten times just to get up to something she considered pocket change. Impulsively, he pressed the button again. Four million. His body shook with adrenaline. "Oh fuck, that's insane."*

Raul wanted to do somersaults between the walls, but he was stuck in the chair. His eyes glowed as he stared at the number on screen. He felt better than he had in years, like a weight had been lifted off him. His body hummed with energy, but he contented himself to wait. *The first second I know something about me is different, I stop*, he told himself. Meanwhile, his mind spiraled with the possibilities of spending fourteen million, at least. *No, four of them are already out. So seventy million split three ways if the other two make it out. Unlikely. I bet Norah laid a trap for each of us. Except, she underestimated me.*

Twenty minutes remained on the clock. Nothing about Raul had physically changed. He took a deep breath as he looked at the amount on the screen. "Two this time. Can't hurt. Time is part of the game. That's the piece I was missing. She planned on me dithering too long to get the most out of it. A little catch up will get me back on a good schedule. Two minutes and if no effects, I press." He didn't know why he was talking, but it dispelled some of his nerves. He raised his finger over the button and tapped twice.

Again, cold spread through his arm. Sixteen million. His heart raced as he waited. The seconds ticked by and still nothing happened. He held up his hand to inspect it. He thought his skin might look a little better. A scar between his knuckles had vanished. His cuticles weren't cracked and peeling any longer. Nothing worrying. He wasn't packing on an extra hundred pounds of muscle everywhere but his left arm, surely. His heart skipped a beat, *My dick*. He scrambled, flailing at the table as he tried to unbutton and get off his pants. Twisting around and jerking his hips eventually flung down his pants. He settled down in the chair and yanked down his boxers.

His dick hadn't grown. Raul didn't know whether to be disappointed or not. Another two minutes had passed, he pressed the button twice again. "Fuck it," he said, and tapped the button twice more. He watched the number change. "\$256,000,00.00". A quarter of a billion, which meant a billion was another two clicks away. Norah Sharpe could afford it. His heart thundered in his chest. His fingers twitched nervously. He paused to consider the ludicrousness of the moment. Strapped to a table, naked from the waist down, and exhausted from fleeing sex monsters, he was debating calling a dead eccentric's bluff for a billion dollars. His finger tapped the button again, hesitated, and hit it once more.

A burst of cold splintered through his arm as the screen flicked to display the extra digit. He coughed out a noise between relief and despair. Then a second burst hit his arm, not cold, but searing hot. Mouth agape in horror, he stared at his arm as the burning sensation spread up his shoulder before erupting into agony across his chest. He clenched his teeth as sweat broke out across his body. The feeling seemed to spread exponentially through every cell of his body. His vision blurred, and he wondered if he would lose consciousness. But, it stopped. All at once, the sensation pulled back to nothing more than a buzzing feeling through his body. The sudden shift brought only a sense of impending dread. He opened his mouth to scream for help, and it hit him

again.

Muscles locked. He flailed forward in an attempt to stretch out his body, but he remained stuck on the table. The chair kicked out behind him as the edge of the table dug into his chest. In the middle of this new agony, he became aware of the throbbing ache in his cock. *Well, a little pain to look like Liam isn't so bad. Billionaire with a body like that will be fine.* He twisted his arm and felt the dull pressure of the needle in his arm. The cuff beeped twice, and his restraints released. A small drip of blood ran out from the injection spot. It healed over in seconds. Raul would have been relieved if not for the clumps of hair cascading off his head.

He pushed aside the agony enough to reposition himself. Shocked to see his hair falling away in clumps, he reached up and ran a hand through whatever remained only for it all to slough off in one massive clump. "What the fuck," he said, but it came out garbled. His tongue didn't fit in his mouth the way it should, and his teeth crowded together. Something was wrong. Looking down at his lower half, he saw the same phenomenon happening to his leg hair. Inspecting his cock showed the same thing. None of his body hair was attached. Even his eyebrows blew away from the slight movements of his head. He touched the side of his leg and the smoothness of it surprised him. The top of his head wasn't smooth, though. A new crop of short, bristly hair sprouted from his scalp.

New issues appeared as he checked his body. His arms grew slender. His muscled calves turned soft as his feet shrank. The burning in his chest grew unbearable, forcing him to finish stripping for some hope of relief. Unsurprisingly, his chest hair dropped away to rapidly disintegrate into mere motes of dust. Raul spent enough time in the gym to stay fit if not sculpted. Now, his whole torso had formed into a mushy blob. He prodded it with an unusually thin finger before noticing his nipples. They had turned a lighter shade of pink and distended from his body into puffy little hills. Intending to inspect them, he brushed his finger against the flesh and went rigid as an orgasm crashed through his body. His straining cock erupted without so much as a stroke, spewing his cum vainly against his left thigh. The pleasure blindsided him, sending him into a twitching mess on the floor until the last spurt dribbled out.

Recovering from the best orgasm he'd ever experienced, Raul felt his stomach drop. His torso was no longer a blob. Instead, it had reformed into a slim, taut belly that widened into broad hips. At the top of his chest, two small mounds jutted out, each topped by a rose colored bud. *I have breasts. No...* Lurching his body up, he grabbed for his cock. He wanted to take hold of his normal, perfectly average dick. As his fingers closed around the two inch nub with a narrow glans, he wanted to scream in frustration. All that came out was a high pitched, feminine squeak.

The pain had mostly subsided. He got to his feet and immediately tipped forward as vertigo grabbed hold of him and threw everything into chaos. His body didn't make sense any more. The bits meant to be heavy were light and the parts meant to be light were heavy. It took a full minute of fumbling against the table before he righted himself. He snatched up the overturned screen and stared into it. "What the fuck did you do to me?"

He hadn't expected the screen to respond. So, when it flickered to life to play another video, he dropped it. Norah's face returned. She wore a different outfit and the time stamp on the video was a day after the first had been recorded. "If this is playing, then you've done the unthinkable. Greed has always been your downfall, though, hasn't it? Why fuck one beautiful woman when you could fuck two? Why have millions when you could have a billion? Well, Raul, because everything has a cost. The first nine injections did nothing. The tenth administered a dose of formula 971. If it hasn't started already, you will soon feel a very unpleasant series of painful spasms as your cells rewrite following new DNA coding. Female DNA coding, Raul. You gambled again and lost it all again. The money, the game, and your cock. Don't worry. You'll still be well taken care of, but what little is left of your brain will be focused on nothing other than how to get the next load of cum in you." She paused and waggled her fingers at the screen. "Toodles."

"Fucking bitch!" Raul screamed and limply threw the screen against the wall. The burst of anger set off another wave and dropped him to his knees as his whole body shivered with change. His ass swelled into a smooth bubble. His thighs thickened into trunks of padded muscle, and his new breasts ballooned to twice their size. He dropped to his fours, palms flat on the floor. Ringlets of bright red cascaded into his periphery. "This isn't happening," he whispered as he pushed back the long, red curls of his new hair. "I won't be some dimwitted cow. That's not fair." The final peak of the wave hit. He felt the drip of cum that shot out trickle down over his shriveled balls. When he found some control over his body again, he groped between his leg to find nothing more than a bump of nerve endings and a wrinkled patch of skin. "Fuck!"

His balls had vanished, and his dick had shrunk to an oversized clit. The breasts tempted him with their softness as the male part of his brain still hungered for conquests. Sitting back on his heels, his newly fat ass squashed out in the exact pose that he always loved the most. Raul didn't know what to do. His mind reached for some kind of solution and found nothing. At best, he could hope for someone to save him and provide a process to reverse whatever Norah had done to him. This fantasy grew dimmer as new thoughts pushed into his mind. He recalled Liam's massive dick and his mouth watered. Images of Erica's gushing breasts pushed into his mind. He latched onto them in a hope of preserving his masculinity, but instead of wanting to claim her like a trophy, he felt only envy that she should be so lush and milky while his body was small and gangly.

Tendrils of thought crept through his mind. Synapses dissolved and reformed. Hormones flooded his bloodstream. Raul felt like an immense pressure was crowding in around him. The waves of growth hadn't stopped. His chest jiggled gratuitously with even the slightest movement. *Maybe I'll be bigger than Erica even if I only have two tits.* He shook his head, trying to keep the thoughts away. *My ass is thicker anyway. I'll spread my cheeks and let Liam see my tight little hole and that'll be enough to make his cock jerk cum out all over my back.* Grabbing hold of his breasts, he squeezed, sparkles of pleasure erupting everywhere he touched. The pressure worsened. He no longer felt like himself, but like two parts of himself crammed into one place. It was suffocating and miserable, and he was desperate to make it stop.



A terrible feeling of emptiness suddenly bloomed inside of him. It shifted into a yearning ache as a tearing sensation rippled through his body. Raul knew what it meant. Sliding a hand down between his legs, the fingers slid into the soft, wet folds of a brand new pussy. Without hesitation, Raul pushed into the new carnal depths, squealing with delight as the new walls of his pussy contracted around his fingers. Abandoning pretense, he pushed deeper, stroking the inside of his new cunt with abandon as his body shuddered to new ecstatic heights. As the crest of an enormous wave hit him, he screamed out in pleasure. A sudden shift in his breasts flickered across his consciousness. The feeling of a heavy fluid moving from one place to another preceded an urgent need to press his fingers into the soft flesh of his teats. Moaning wildly, his free hand pressed fingertips into the puffy areola of his left breast. Droplets of milk beaded on the hard nipple. On the second press, thin streams erupted, spraying out from Raul's new udder. Everything built to a feverish intensity as he finger fucked his new pussy and milked himself. The pleasure radiated through his whole being, burning him down to his very essence. The screams and moans became shrieks and wails of mad delight as yet another orgasm crashed over him. When it passed, nothing of Raul was left.

The room's door opened. The new woman turned toward it, pivoting on her plush ass to spread her legs and show off a tight, inviting slit. Milk continued dripping down her fat breasts as her stomach heaved to catch her breath. Liam gawked from the doorway, his cock standing out like a titanium rod while Erica lavished praise on his balls from between his legs. The woman stretched out her free hand and curled a finger to beckon him. "Hi stud. My virgin pussy needs a hard fuck. I hope it's not too tight. If it is, you can fuck my ass while she licks milk out of my tits." She smirked and squeezed her breast for a fresh rain of milk. "Call me Rue."