

Milking the Profits (Cowtaur TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Spacebanana

Anthony is a 28-year old nerdy programmer on his last legs. Desperate for a job after being sacked by his previously secure company, he decides to accept the incredible offer of a new life working for Maxadine, an expanding agricultural company based in a secluded rural area. However, not all is as it seems, and soon Anthony and his new coworkers will find themselves 'udderly' changed by the company's expectations of 'production.'

Milking the Profits

"Dammit!" Anthony said. He sighed as he read yet another polite yet firm letter indicating that a company was 'not currently interested in someone of your expertise.' It was a classic statement big corporations put out when they were clearly mandated to advertise a position to the outside world, but someone in upper management already had a clear idea of someone in-house who 'deserved it.' This left the little guy, once again, twisting in the wind.

Not that Anthony was a little guy. In fact, in many ways he was the classic image of a tech programmer: the overweight kind, not the skinny kind, though he did still need glasses. He had been managing to work from home the last few months, ever since he'd been canned from his old job due to a damn company merger, and it had meant his walking time had been cut right down, and his ease of snacking tripled. It . . . hadn't been the best thing for his already unfit body, and while he loves his collection of anime and fantasy figurines on his shelves, he was cognisant of the fact that he was beginning to feel like 'that loser working from his bedroom.' Hell, he even had Cheeto dust on his keyboard.

"Fuck," he sighed, once again cursing the email. "I just need one break. A fresh start, and then I can get all this sorted out."

All 'this' was the mess that was his wider apartment. Anthony didn't blame himself fully; anyone who had been an extended time without steady work, desperately filling for numerous positions only to be kicked back, could sympathise with the apathy and borderline depression that followed. Still, it made him embarrassed. He's managed to score a date with a rather kindly, if similarly overweight, woman named Sarah just a week ago. She was a fellow programmer, and for once he hadn't managed to stick his foot in it, until she saw his apartment and practically blanched at the smell. He hadn't realised it had been so bad, but he'd only had the energy to clean it once since.

“Just one offer, just one fucking offer,” he groaned, taking a swill of his Mountain Dew. He sat back in his uncomfortable computer chair, staring at his email, waiting in vain for some chance to be sent from the heavens to give him an opportunity. He was already struggling with the rent, and if he had to move back to his parents’ basement he might as well give in, become a basement troll, and never come out.

He waited, sighed, went to the kitchen with the aim of grabbing something healthier for once, and returned with last night’s Subway sandwich. Close enough. He went to take a bite of the cold salami-stuffed sandwich, when he suddenly paused.

There was a new email on his screen. And it wasn’t an ad.

*Full-time employees needed for Maxadine Corp.
Jobs listed with payscale summaries and further details. Reply soon.*

Anthony coughed in surprise, and set his sandwich down. He clicked on the link, which came from a jobsearch website he was a member of, one that was meant to regularly connect him to job offers that met his specialty. As he read through the email, his face drew closer to the screen, and he began to mumble the details of the positions offered.

“Two secretaries working under managerial positions . . . call receptionists with social media management skills . . . forklift operators and heavy labour intensive duties at double pay . . . programmers! Programmers!”

He read over the specific description given to the job position he was well-suited for, and as he read, his eyes lit up and a smile flowered into being upon his face.

“Fifty percent above standard salary at starting hire, pay scales that rise on a six-month basis, paid accommodation, employee benefits including free cafeteria, free food and drink during work hours, social benefits, the works. Holy shit! Is this real?”

He grew suspicious.

“It can’t be real.”

Anthony conducted some internet sleuthing, but every result seemed more and more to bolster the advertisement’s legitimacy. Maxadine was not an old company, but one that apparently held an increasing share over the agricultural and dairy markets. Its employee benefits packages were second to none, and they were attracting talent from other agencies who were tired of being treated as cogs in a giant machine. There were just a few mentions of unfortunate accidents at older sites and supposed over-secrecy about their production facilities that made some people worried, but that didn’t make Anthony too concerned. Privacy agreements and NDAs were not uncommon for those working programming jobs for major companies, and what kind of workplace accident could he get into as a freakin’ programmer?

“Holy shit, this is actually real.”

He read further, delighted, until he reached the final paragraph. It listed the location of the position. He’d assumed it was local, maybe just outside the city limits, as that was what most of the job search sites sent him. But this was interstate, and out in a remote rural region. He was no country boy by nature, no cowboy.

And yet . . .

He couldn’t deny that he needed a job. And besides, hadn’t he just been thinking about having a fresh start?

Anthony looked around his room, at the numerous figurine collections, the *Cowboy Bebop* posters, the first edition prints of numerous comicbooks and manga. He looked at the cabinets with their heavy layering of dust, the stains on the floor he’d never bothered to clean, and the overflowing trash can.

“God, I’ve become such a stereotype,” he said, scratching his chin. He paused, cringing at the hairs on his neck. “I’ve even got a neckbeard.”

The offer was so enticing, and yet it would be so far from the city, from the stores and diners and fast food places he loved and trusted. Away from comfort. But was he really comfortable now? He was living in a sty, and felt like a pig. It was time to stop living like an animal. It was time for a new change.

He clicked on the Application link on the email, and began working on his submission.

One thing you could say about Maxadine: they were very, very quick in processing applicants. Already, Anthony had started lodging other applications, checking for other work, all while taking bit parts of contractor work online, all with the expectation that even if he did make it to the next round of the application it would be several weeks away, at least

It only took one

Anthony was shocked to receive a call from a Maxadine employee, informing him that he was invited for an interview just three days later at one of their minor city offices, which was used for hiring. Anthony felt he was perhaps a little *too* overenthusiastic on the call, and hoped he hadn’t sounded too desperate.

“Yes, yes! I’ll absolutely be there. I’m very excited by the possibility of getting this job, I promise you!”

After the phone call, he slapped his forehead.

“You could practically smell the desperation,” he moaned.

But still, the kernel of excitement that had first begun to lodge itself in his chest had started to sprout. He went out, got a shave, spent some of his saved-away money to hire a good suit, even had his hair styled. He knew he was no pretty picture, but it was amazing what a professional look did for even the most irregular appearances. He even went to work cleaning his room, letting the fresh air in. He didn't want to smell like a cow when he got there, after all.

The three days to the interview passed with anxious excitement, when it finally rolled around, Anthony could barely eat, despite his usual large hunger. He made his way to the office on the third floor of a large building in the city center, and tried to ignore the fact that he was fifteen minutes early. A receptionist motioned for him to give his name, and he was instructed to wait "along with the others" in the adjacent room until he was called. To his surprise and a little dismay, there were a number of other applicants there, including some programmers. Not knowing where to sit in the room with its many seats and tables, he sat at one in the far corner, twiddling his thumbs while he waited for his name to be called.

"So, what are you jockeying for?" a voice asked.

Anthony looked up, and his eyebrows raised at the figure standing near him. She was beautiful, and way out of his league. He knew that shouldn't be his first impression of a woman he could potentially be working with, but it was true: she had a gorgeous dark olive skin and set of facial features that were ethnically ambiguous, and a set of grey-green eyes that radiated confidence and a charm. She wore her hair in a neat ponytail, and was adorned in a slim business suit that didn't exactly show off her enticing figure, but didn't exactly hide it either.

"Um, hello," he said, weakly. "My names-"

"Anthony, yeah, I know."

"How did you-"

"It's on your name badge."

Anthony looked down at the name badge stickied to his suit, the one he'd been given when told to wait. It even had a *'Hi, I'm ANTHONY'* message. He gave a nervous chuckle.

"Oh, huh, so it is! I'd forgotten I had this. And you are?"

She gave an amused smirk, and he realised his mistake immediately as she raised a finger and tapped it against her own name badge.

"Hi! I'm MEG!" she said in an artificial, overly-corporatised speech pattern. "I'm a programmer."

Anthony's blood ran cold briefly, until he remembers the advertisement, which advertised *programmers*. Plural.

"Oh, that's awesome. Me too. I don't know many programmers who are-"

“Women?” she cut in. “Yeah, the frequency of that particular question may be part of the reason for that.”

His cheeks flushed. “Oh, I’m sorry. So sorry! I didn’t mean it like that. Sorry. I’m just - I’ve been real desperate for a job and this interview means everything. I feel like I’m putting my foot in my mouth already and I haven’t even gotten in there.”

Meg took a seat, and gave a gesture of pushing the problem to one side.

“Relax, Anthony, relax. I’m just shooting the shit, I’m not offended. Okay, a little offended, but us girl programmers are used to it. But you never answered my question, what job are you going for?”

“Uh, programmer too.”

“Ha! I guess that makes us competition.”

“Well, there’s more than one job going . . .”

“So here’s hoping we can both get it, yeah. I can tell you Anthony, I’m just as desperate. All these fucking temp start ups and big corpos either asking for unpaid intern work or turfing us out as soon as we’ve set up their security prompts. We’re unappreciated.”

Anthony nodded. “I hope this job is different. It certainly sounded different.”

“I know, right? Unlimited food and drink on the job, paid-for accommodation. It’s a real sweet deal. I’m a bit of a city girl, but I’d be crazy not to go for it. Isn’t that right Ken?”

Anthony thought she was insulting him, until he realised she was talking to someone behind him. He turned, and was immediately intimidated by the appearance of a tall, handsome, and very fit man in a smart shirt and slacks walking over to them. He had black hair that was slicked back expertly with gel, and had a kind of ‘nineteen eighties businessman type’ look about him.

“Meg! What a surprise to see you here? Especially after you got the kick from Zenocorp!”

“And what a surprise to see *you* here, Ken. Especially after you were all set to be the next big hotshot at Dynamarine.”

His eye twitched a little. Meg stuck out his tongue. Anthony sensed some history there.

“Well, things didn’t work out as planned, but that’s there loss,” Ken said, recovering a little. “Anyway, I’m set to be in finance at Maxadine, so I guess we’ll see each other a bit.”

“Hopefully not,” she said, winking.

Ken walked away.

“Who was that?”

“Oh, just a guy I used to have a ton of sex with.”

Anthony almost coughed he was so surprised. Meg just gave a cool shrug. “What? Zenocorp had that energy. He was my boss, but I’m pretty sure I seduced him. Just you wait,

we'll probably be at it again when we arrive at Maxadine, provided we both get in. We have a like-hate thing going on."

"Yeah, I, uh, sorta noticed."

Another shrug. "Office politics. In the end, we're all animals, in any environment."

It was a line that struck a chord with Anthony, and he was about to respond when suddenly he was interrupted.

"ANTHONY HALTON."

"Looks like you're up," Meg said with a smile.

Anthony straightened his tie, awkwardly checked that his shirt was tucked in, and made his way into the interview room. He took a deep breath, focused, and stepped inside.

The interviewer was perhaps the blandest person Anthony had ever met. He was a gray-haired man in a gray suit with a gray demeanour, and even the walls of the room were a little grayed. He quizzed Anthony on various aspects of his skillset, ranging from setting up privacy on user accounts, configuring company web pages, uploading updates without error, and troubleshooting internet problems. This on top of a series of other questions related to his hiring history, reasons for being let go from his previous company employment, and why he wanted the job. It was the last answer he had prepared an answer for.

"Well, the offer Maxadine put forward was simply too good not to take," he recited. "I saw the offer, and knew that if I wanted the job I'd have to prove I'm willing to give the hundred and ten percent necessary to show I'm the best candidate for the job. It's the kind of job a programmer like me dreams of, especially since it makes me incentivised to be loyal and hardworking to a company that rewards its employees."

He gave a strained smile upon finishing, and the gray man simply ticked a box on his clipboard.

"Very well," he monotoned, and it made Anthony's enthusiasm go down like a lead balloon. "And what do you think of farm animals?"

"F-farm animals?"

He was thrown for a bit of a loop.

"Yes. Cows particularly."

"Um I guess they're okay. I mean, I like milk a lot! And especially cheese!"

The man ticked another box. "Good answer. How much do you weigh, Anthony?"

Anthony remained still, not sure the relevance of the question and yet intimidated into answering. "Um, two hundred pounds. But I'm planning to lose some weight!"

The man shook his head as he ticked another box. "Well, that's your business. I don't care about that. So you like milk. What about paddocks, Anthony? Do you have any allergies to long grass or spring pollen?"

"Not that I know of. No, definitely not."

"A-hah. Good. One last thing, do you have any close family relations you'll need to contact on a regular basis?"

Anthony shrugged. These questions were all over the place, and he couldn't quite understand their relevance. "Uh, not really. There's my aunt on my mother's side, but my folks died a while back, and I don't have siblings, or a girlfriend or anything."

The man gave the briefest of smirks, and ticked a final box.

"Good," he said.

Anthony was about to report that being without immediate family could hardly be called 'good' when suddenly the other man stood and extended a gray hand unexpectedly.

"Congratulations, Mr Halton. You've got the job."

Anthony could hardly believe it. It took him almost five seconds to realise he had to shake the other man's hand.

It took even longer to realise, in his excitement, that he probably should let it go.

It was a long flight, during which Anthony got to know some of the others a little more. Maxadine was a fast-growing company, and it was seemingly intent on recruiting its new employees as soon as possible. As such, once the actual paperwork was all signed on the same day as he was hired, he was given another week to finish up his affairs before he was flown halfway across the country to assume his new title. He spent that time working out which figurines and books and items of nerdery he wished to take, as well as organising for his personal computer to be shipped carefully to his new location. But instead of needing to organise his own flights, or to take ordinary commercial flights on the company dime, Anthony was shocked to find out that Maxadine had organised for a privately own company jet to take them there.

And so he and others were bundled up with one another, seated in rows and buckled in tight as they were sped across the runway and up into the air towards their new lives. During that time, they were each mandated to watch an in-flight documentary on Maxadine. It was, as Anthony had researched, a growing agricultural, livestock, and dairy corporation, specialising not just in exports, but also in using cutting edge science to develop new and increasingly effective means of producing foodstuffs for the country. Their major focus, the documentary said, was currently on milk production and nutrients within milk. Maxadine was

very interested in maximising milk production and the good it could do for consumers, all while beating their competitors in pricing.

It was, to be honest, fairly boring to Anthony. He didn't particularly like or care for cows, he just liked the food and milk they helped produce. He wasn't alone in that boredom: Ken several aisle seats ahead was already asleep, the large, confident man uncaring as to how he'd be seen. Meg, on the other hand, rolled her eyes at every new Maxadine revelation.

"Yeah, yeah," she said. "I'm just here for the money."

"You don't like cows?" another woman asked. Her name was Janice, and she wasn't well-liked among the future staff already. A porky woman with straight blonde hair, she had a habit of butting in on conversations she wasn't invited to.

"Hate 'em," Meg replied. "Big, fat, farting machines shooting methane into the atmosphere. Not to mention I don't eat meat. I'm a vegetarian."

"Oh, good for you!" the woman said, a little over cheerfully, Anthony thought. "But I've always thought cows were such *adorable* creatures! Their fluffy long ears, their beautiful furs - particularly Holsteins, and of course, their-

"Big, gross udders?" asked Meg, looking behind her. She was situated next to Anthony, allowing the two programmers to get to know each other. "Their endless pooping and farting? Or their dull minds?"

"Rude," Janice said. "Especially since we'll be working with them."

"Maybe you," Meg said with a smile, "since you're going to be on maintenance. But we're programmers," she said, shaking Anthony by the arm, "and we're above that sort of thing. We get cosy offices and unlimited drinks, and we don't have to worry about getting gross unpasteurised milk squirted on us."

Janice frowned, but said no more.

"You didn't have to be that mean," Anthony said.

Meg just relaxed back into her chair. "Please, she's the weird one. Just because we're working for a livestock and dairy company doesn't mean I actually like the animals."

"But you're a vegetarian?"

"Yeah, because I like animals and hate cows."

"I - whah?"

"Think of it this way: livestock requires space. Wildlife loses their space when livestock expands, right? But livestock only expands if?"

Anthony realised. "If people eat it."

"Exactly. Or drink the milk."

"Then why work for Maxadine?"

“Who says I am? Maybe I’m sabotaging it from within. Or maybe I’m just that damn desperate for work that I’m willing to sell my morals up the creek.”

She relaxed again into the chair, and closed her eyes. Anthony decided to watch some anime on his screen, no longer embarrassed now that she was falling asleep beside him, and others as well.

The Maxadine building was futuristic and immense, its various wings and bases distributed across a large series of plains and fields in the middle of nowhere. Internet reception was seemingly non-existent, but they were assured it was a temporary issue by their guide, who took them on a broad overview of the corporate headquarters. His name was Samuel Beckers, and he had a real slick corporate vibe to him. He was pretty high up, this much was clear, which made it all the odder that he was giving the tour. Nevertheless, the several hundred employees were quite excited.

“Welcome to our Maxadine family!” he said. “I’m so excited to show you your new living spaces, where hopefully you’ll be with us for a long, long time. We have so much to offer the world at Maxadine, and we know that progress and profit only comes through sacrifice and will. Our employees are given all the food and drink they need, their own living quarters, as well as generous pay. It’s a bit investment, and one we expect a lot of return on. Think of this place as one giant cow device, and you each as the teats of the udder. We’re milking you for the profit!”

“The hell kind of fucking up metaphor is that?” Meg whispered, causing Anthony to chuckle.

But Anthony had no time to think of a witty response, as the group was then shuffled around via a slick monorail system that circled the entire complex. There was the large cafeteria, the great series of milking sheds - “currently off limits for security reasons,” Becker explained - and large fields of genetically modified wheat. In addition there was also the central highrise building, sticking out like a sore thumb, where the main offices and financial floors were located, as well as the senior partners at the very top. Several complexes that were erected for their living spaces were at the end of the tour, and each employee was given their room. Anthony was ecstatic over his; it was easily three times as big as his apartment, and already had a mass of furniture, shelves, modern tech (including a large OLED television screen and Smartfridge), and even a full-stocked pantry with various essentials and quickmeals, just to get him sorted. There was also a menu for ordering food, which was fairly cheap in price, to be delivered to the doorstep.

“Holy shit,” this place had everything, he said to himself. “I can’t believe it!”

They'd been given the night to get used to their quarters, and enjoy themselves. The next day was their proper orientation, where they'd be acclimated to their new roles and expected to begin working, with their full duties to become regular by the following week. Anthony found himself nervous but excited, and decided to wind down by watching some sci-fi movies and checking out the PS5 games available to play. He couldn't believe he had access to such a modern gaming device. It was like Maxadine knew exactly who they were hiring! Maybe it was a breach of privacy in some way, but he didn't care. As far as he was concerned, any little bit of sketchiness in the company's past was not his concern; they were good, as far as he was concerned. No company that treated their employees like they already were could be that bad.

Right?

The only nuisance was the lack of internet. For some reason, it was impossible to connect to the outside world, and no service worked, not on his mobile, not on any computers, not even on the Smart TV. As a very internet focused individual, Anthony was a bit disappointed. Still, it gave him jitters of excitement, too. He was, after all, a programmer. If anyone could fix it, he could, and would it just score some great brownie points if he did it on his first day?

Anthony woke in the middle of the night to a series of intense moos. His quarters was located at the end of the large building block, closest towards the distant cow sheds. He wasn't exactly near them, but with the window open to allow the cool air in, their endless moaning and mooing penetrated into the room.

"What the? What's got into them, I wonder?"

He stood out of bed a little sluggishly, annoyed to be feeling a bit cow-like himself due to his weight. He made his way to the window in the dark, using his mobile phone's light to guide him through his uncertain environment. After all, it was just about the only thing the phone was good for at the moment. He rolled up the blinds of the window, and opened it further.

"MOOOO!"

"MMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOO!"

"MOO! MOO! MMMOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

He cringed, touching his ears briefly in response to the racket. Despite being so far away, he was shocked at how loud they were. It was an odd mooing as well. He wasn't an expert on cows, but Anthony was pretty sure their voices sounded more like bellowing. These sounded like a series of people *imitating* mooing. Like they were pretending to be

cows or something. He shrugged, a little put off by the noise but knowing it would be shut out by the closed window, when suddenly there was a stirring in the dark. A shadowy figure appeared below, impossible to discern among the shrubbery and bushes.

“You there!” the figure shouted, it’s figure vaguely humanoid shaped, if a bit odd.
“Can you hear me!”

It was a man’s voice, in a sort of ‘shout whisper.’

“Yes!” Anthony said back, a little astonished. “What - who are you? Are you one of the security guards or something? I promise I was only trying to filter out the cow noises.”

“They aren’t cows!” the man shouted back. “I saw the light of your phone. Please, you need to call for help! I need to get out of here. I need to escape. I’ve been here a year and it’s horrible. They won’t stop milking us for all we’re worth, and I’m one of the lucky ones. Some of the others are already expected to deliver soon, whereas at least I still have some - NGH! - some time! P-please, I’m just s-so full. I need you to call someone for me.”

“Who?”

“Someone! Anyone! You have to tell them what they’re - AHH OHHH - what they’re d-doing to us! It’s not f-fair! P-please!”

Anthony was about to ask another question, when suddenly there was another series of shouts. Various security figures with flashlights out were running towards the mysterious stranger, who turned. A large bulk that couldn’t possibly have been the man - perhaps a large backpack of some kind - swayed behind him in the darkness.

“Shit!” he said, before grunting again. “P-please! My name is J-John! Get the word out! And get out of h-here too!”

He moved, oddly tall among the bushes, at least compared to the security personnel who chased him. Anthony hurriedly shut his window as a flashlight moved towards it. He closed the blind, and moved back into the living area of his quarters.

“Holy shit, what the fuck was that?”

“Just a loonie bin, don’t worry about it,” Becker explained to Anthony the next day. The man himself had visited Anthony, and was all smiles and slick charm. “We get them occasionally: crazy conspiracy types who think we’re breeding super cows or making killer wheat or something. It’s all bullshit. This particularly individual - John - has been reported to the police a number of times.”

“I thought there was a regular explanation,” Anthony replied.

The man nodded eagerly. “Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Now why don’t you come with me Anthony. We’ve still got this internet problem, and we don’t want you late for orientation.

We've got you set up with Meg in the IT department building, and I look forward to seeing your smart in action."

"Yes sir, Mr Becker."

Anthony moved with haste back to the group as they were assigned to their work stations. He caught up with Meg, who was making some insult at Ken, who was a little too smug about being in the floor above them. Unfortunately, while Janice helped with maintenance, she was in a cubicle not far from their department, and already spinning out gossip over why Anthony was late.

"Good to have you back," Meg said, grinning at Anthony. "What did the new boss man want?"

"Just about what kept me up last night. Crazy cows and crazier conspiracy theorists."

"Sounds fun. Tell me all about it while we try to debug this internet problem."

Anthony smirked, feeling at home at his new desk and with his new programmer-partner. He took a sip of his freely available coffee, and got to work, already thinking of what he might get from the cafeteria for lunch from their sterling menu.

Yes, things were going well. He'd already almost forgotten about the strange incident of the mooing and the man the previous night. The only thing that remained a little odd was the sleepy holdover he had, presumably from the interruption. He felt tired, a little more sluggish, and occasionally coughed as if he'd inhaled something. It wasn't until he noticed that Meg and several others were doing the same that he wondered if perhaps a common cold had swept through the new employees.

"Seems we've caught something," Ken said, as he sat down with them at lunch. "What a great start we've had. Already sick."

"Please, this isn't sick," Meg said.

"Oh yeah? Your new boyfriend is looking under the weather."

"Firstly, he's not my boyfriend, he's far more important than that. He's my programmer partner. Isn't that right, Anthony?"

He spluttered a moment, but felt utterly chuffed. "Absolutely, it is, partner!"

"See? And secondly, we're IT nerds. We can't all be big hulking gym nut managers like yourself, Ken."

The man shrugged, still in his fine business suit. "Spoken like a poet as always, Meg. Still, I'm pretty impressed with the place. What do you think, Anthony?"

Anthony smiled. "I think it's amazing. Sure, it sucks to be feeling a little off the first day, but how good are the facilities? The living quarters? Even the free food?"

Ken chuckled. "Yeah, I'd watch the consumption there buddy, or you might end up in the cowpens yourself."

“You’re such a fucking asshole, Ken,” Meg said. “You know you’re not getting any from me, right?”

“I know, Meg. You always say that, though.”

“Yeah, well I mean it. The only date I have is with a wonderful salad.”

“You and your salads. What are you getting Anthony?”

“I was going to get steak, but I didn’t quite feel like it for some reason,” Anthony said. It was true. He loved beef and steak and all things cow, but it just seemed . . . not right, today. So instead he’d ordered some lamb, unbelieving that it was free. He told this to Ken.

“You know, it’s funny, I had the same experience. No one here has ordered the beef, in fact. Not even Janice.”

Meg snorted. “Yeah, well, she was never going to eat beef. That woman is practically married to cows. Thinks they’re cute.”

“It is a bit weird,” mused Anthony.

“Fucking crazy,” Ken added. “Ah well, It is pretty nice here. Better than Dyna, at least. Fuckers let me go just because a small drop in a percentage point, despite the fact we were still profiting! Bastards. They’ll regret letting me go. I’m going to be big here, I can tell it. Say, is anyone else feeling a little overheated?”

Anthony and Meg looked at each other, then nodded. It was indeed warm in the building, in all parts of it, in fact. Each of the heat pumps were on, and the room had almost a slight haze of heat to it that caused them to go a bit flushed. To his embarrassment, Anthony felt a bit sweaty, as he was breathing in the heat. The ventilation systems even had a subtle undercurrent of noise to them, as if dealing with the flow of oxygen in a strained manner, or like they were pumping something into the air.

It was probably scented freshener. Companies were always doing that, despite the fact that it was a stupid idea that only cost them money in the long run. So long as they thought it increased productivity, they’d do anything.

Yeah, Anthony mused, as he coughed again on the slightly too-thick air, companies would indeed do anything for money. Anything to ‘milk for profits.’

He scratched his stomach idly, where it felt a little sore.

He hoped they would solve the air problem the next day. Goodness knows, he and Meg were having a struggle with the internet and cell reception problem.

They didn’t end up having a chance to solve it after lunch. An alert went out that there was a problem with ventilation that needed sorting. The entire staff were relieved: they were all feeling hot and flushed and more than a little sweaty, and even gorgeous Meg looked a little out of it. They were let go early with full pay still promised, and Anthony retreated home to play some more video games, though he still couldn’t connect to his PSN account.

Maybe he would find a way to fix it tomorrow.

The internet was not fixed the next day, or the day after that, or even the day after that. In fact, it continued to be a source of astonishment and frustration to the two IT professionals, both of whom were overwhelmed with tech issues and demands for the company, while simultaneously having to deal with the issue. Maxadine was still a wonderful company, but a little of the veneer had been stripped away with the realisation that they relied on outmoded telecommunications systems, and were in a location that was not covered in a good satellite reception, though their secrecy meant that the exact location was not revealed either, much to his and Meg's frustration.

What he and Meg did not notice, at least, was the spacious design of the office area. The doorways were impressively vast, and the ceilings taller than ordinary office cubicle stations would have. It gave a far more open, enjoyable feeling to the setting, and the bright murals depicting large fields were something Anthony found very pleasant indeed, though Meg couldn't stand the fact that the murals were often populated by cows and pigs.

"Gross," she said, "a celebration of meat consumerism."

"You're *literally* working for the meat producers, you realise?" Anthony asked.

"Whatever, I - ughn!"

She grasped her head suddenly, swaying a little on both feet. Anthony considered whether or not to stand and help steady her, but decided against it. It was a little awkward considering her obvious beauty and his obvious . . . not-thatness. Instead, he got to his feet and approached.

"Meg, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I just - nnngh - have got the most infuriating headache today."

"Damn, me too. It comes and goes. Do you need an aspirin?"

"I don't take that fake garbage, I - nnnghn - actually never mind my morals, yeah, that'd be great."

Anthony went to fetch her one. To his surprise, several other employees were also complaining of headaches, almost as if it had spread among them. His own had been worse the previous day, but it still felt quite present. It manifested as two points of aching soreness at the top of his scalp, above each temple. He found himself scratching at rubbing at the skin there, which was a little irritated, likely due to his constant touching it. As he

retrieved the aspirin from Maria, the lovely older receptionist, he noticed she too was scratching at her scalp, where two red bumps had developed on the skin.

“Maria,” he ventured, “have you noticed the fact that everyone seems to be getting headaches at the moment, all in the same place?”

The dark-haired woman in her forties looked at him with an expression of frustration. “I know, just bizarre, isn’t it? I’ve talked to Mr Becker, and he’s going to make an announcement in a few days concerning health protocols if it keeps up. Apparently, it’s just a byproduct of the ventilation problem they had the other day, and should go away in a few days.

Anthony nodded, satisfied with the answer, but not with the knowledge that he’d simply have to wait it out. He brought the aspirin back to Meg, only to find her chatting back and forth with Ken. The tall, handsome man was boasting about his latest figures, and was clearly dancing around the possibility of inviting Meg to one of the local staff restaurants which was open on Fridays and Saturdays.

“I just think there’s a lot of lovely dishes on the menu,” the man said. “A lot of those vegan dishes you like.”

“Vegetarian,” she corrected, “not vegan. I still like eggs.”

“Whatever, same difference. I’m thinking we could have a meal like old times, and maybe do a few other things like old times too?”

Anthony entered at just the wrong moment. Both figures turned to him, and Meg flushed a little red on her dark olive cheeks. The overweight programmer noticed that Ken also had a couple of sore points on his scalp, but had clearly applied some foundation or something to cover it up a little more, and styled his hair to compensate.

“Oh, hey there Andrew.”

“Anthony,” both he and Meg corrected.

“Anthony, that’s right. Meg and I were just having a private conversation.”

“Oh, uh, I’ll go elsewhere then. Um.”

He turned a little awkwardly, wondering where to go, when suddenly Meg flocked to his side. “Nonsense, Anthony, you don’t have to go anywhere! After all, you’re the man who brought me my aspirin, not this - oohhh, damn headache! - not Ken, I mean. Plus, this is your workstation. Ken and I were just discussing arrangements.”

“I see.”

“And how I can’t meet them. I’m already, uh, catching up with Anthony on Friday night, to try and solve this internet problem.”

“We are?” asked Anthony, a little shocked.

She gave him a glare that said *Yes we damn well are, play along you oaf!*

“I mean, of course we are!” he declared.

Ken frowned. "Well, Saturday night may work even better -"

"Sorry! I'm already booked then as well, Ken. Anthony and I are catching up for dinner to discuss the same issue."

Anthony did play along this time. "That's right! Definitely. Lots of issues to support. Technical issues. Of a technical nature and all that. You in finance just wouldn't understand."

He was a little surprised at how bold he was being. Ken just shrugged, clearly annoyed but trying to play it off.

"Fine, another time Meg. My door is always open."

"I'm very aware."

He walked away, a little stiff-legged, and it was clear he was trying to hold back from doing something. Just before he rounded the corner, the man couldn't resist: he scratched at a point above his ass almost vigorously.

Meg and Anthony laughed together at the sight, but both laughed perhaps a little too forcefully. Anthony already felt a strange itching soreness in the same spot, and he had noticed that Meg, too, was beginning to walk a little stiff-legged as well.

Maybe he needed something stronger than an aspirin.

Over the next few days, the strange symptoms only got worse, not better. Anthony was eager and nervous for Friday and Saturday, not sure how to approach Meg about it. Was it genuine interest on her part? Likely not, but he still wanted to come off well in front of her, and make sure his living space wasn't terrible. But his attempts to neatening and impress her with his technical wizardry were frustrated by those increasing symptoms.

On Monday, it had merely been the two sore points and that slight itchiness above his ass. But in the days leading up to Friday, other strange symptoms revealed themselves, the biggest of which was *hunger*. Anthony had been trying to eat better, he really had. Losing weight was an honest goal for him in this new life. It was a new start after all. But for some reason, his appetite was surging forth in leaps and bounds, and nothing he could do could stop it. At first, he attributed it to the fact that he was eating less meat and enjoying the delicious vegetarian options available at the cafeteria and in-house grocery store. But then he noticed others were eating much more prodigiously as well. Meg, who had a slim, healthy figure, was taking salads back to her workstation to constantly peck at. Ken, who prided himself on his large meals that he would work off, was a little aghast that he was perhaps being a little too indulgent on the cheese lately. Janice was already a bit plump, but a few people had to tell her to slow down; she was almost being a big piggish!

Once again, a memo came down stating that it was simply related to the ventilation issue, but had no serious health effects. It was backed by a statement from a number of doctors and medical professionals, but still people were getting worried: the bumps on their foreheads were becoming increasingly pronounced, and there was a larger bump beginning to develop upon everyone's backsides. Increasingly, there was talk of quitting, of leaving and getting out of there, though the enticements of bonus pay for the trouble as well as continued internet issues contacting the outside world made doing so virtually impossible. It led to further discontent with Meg and Anthony, who could not for the life of them figure out why the internet wasn't working: it was almost like it was being *blocked* somehow, but that was ridiculous, right?

On Wednesday, staff had to submit to bloodwork. This was a standard procedure, the slick Samuel Becker explained, in order to maintain everyone's health, though Anthony could have sworn he'd never had so much blood taken in his life for such a routine check. Still, it *had* been part of the contract, so he submitted. Meg complained viciously, but in the end capitulated. They were all feeling quite cranky and hungry, and just wanted it done. The itching, by that point, had extended down over their legs.

On Thursday, Anthony woke up with the need to scratch his legs only further increased. He was voraciously hungry, and had ordered numerous salads to sate his hunger; for some reason, salads were now the dish he desired the most. Perhaps it was part of his desire to impress Meg and lose weight?

He got out of bed, walked a little tiredly over to the shower, idly scratching at the bump on his tailbone. It was becoming frighteningly big. Already, a number of employees were gossiping that something had been put in the ventilation shafts that accidentally gave them cancer. A couple had even tried to run away, only for security to return them: they were still under contract, and had to wait for the bus on Sunday to take them out before their resignations could be accepted. Anthony thought about that idly as he rubbed at the strange growth, which was now half the size of an apple. The bumps on his head were even stranger: they were becoming a little pointed, stretching the skin painfully.

But the next shock occurred when he had his shower and afterwards began to dry himself off in front of the mirror.

"What the fuck?" he gasped, looking over himself.

The hair on his legs - and he had always been a bit hairy - had turned white. More than that, his legs were hairier than they ordinarily would be. He brushed his fingers over them, feeling the sensitive skin. God, there must have been twice or more hairs than he usually had there! Some of it was still black, but only in splotches and strips. The rest was white, and turning in the mirror he saw that the hair also sprouted from his ass as well.

"What the hell is happening to us?"

He just hoped it wouldn't spread any further. Something had to be done about this, but for now, his thoughts were mainly on his 'date' the following night with Meg. He just hoped she wasn't experiencing the same changes.

The staff were discontent. While none had been forced to spend money yet, they hadn't been able to confirm they'd been paid either, due to the net outage. What's more, it was clear the weird symptoms were only increasing, and affecting nearly everyone. The incredible appetites, the endless itching, even a few of the men were willing to admit the strange hairs they'd been developing, though the women were more quiet on that front. Only Maria, the older receptionist, seemed able to admit it, as she was worried it might be a, "symptom of early menopause or something." Samuel Becker and the senior staffers, as well as the security team, seemed oddly unaffected however. It built further resentment.

In response, Becker organised a 'Trust Exercise Experiment for the following morning on Friday, one in which the entire team of new employees would be placed together to 'rebuild the confidence of Maxadine mission!'

"Fucking corporate jargon," grunted Meg, rubbing at her ass. Already, in just a few days, she'd noticeably put on more weight, as had many others. Anthony couldn't help but admire it had at least gone to the right places. "Something fucky is going on here," she continued, "and if we don't find out after this so-called 'Trust Exercise Experiment,' then I am fucking out of here. I don't care if I have to fucking *run* to a public hospital, I am getting these weird growths checked out."

Anthony had to agree. His headaches were more constant, and it felt like the hard bumps were about to split the skin. The growth on his backside visibly dented the back of his pants now as well, and it was sensitive to the touch. Sometimes, he could feel a strange pressure behind it, as if it was not finished growing. Not nearly so. But he decided to wait until Becker's announcement or experiment or whatever it was finished, and potentially an explanation from there, before he considered quitting.

He was too desperate for a stable job for him to consider otherwise.

"Welcome everyone! Come and take a seat, all of you! Pick a seat anywhere, and grab one of the black watches as you enter. That's very important! A team member will be there to help fix it properly to your wrist. It's part of the experiment!"

Becker's slick, corporate voice boomed from the mic at the front of the auditorium. He was wearing his black suit and red tie, as usual, and was obviously unaffected by the strange changes of everyone else. The crowd of new employees - Maria, Meg, Ken and Janice included - flooded into the room, all of them looking and probably feeling as sluggish as Anthony was. He had noticed further weight gains that morning: his thighs seemed even thicker than usual, and his ass - already large - had expanded further. His stomach had actually, miraculously, receded a little, but his lower half was growing from all his overeating. The white hairs on his legs and ass continued to dominate, and his penis was feeling a little numb too. He tried to ignore that particular discomfort. Instead, his main irritation was just above it, where the rash that had begun slowly developing was turning a slight pinkish colour, and made him wince each time he touched it. Even the feeling of his pants against the rash made him shiver in discomfort, it was so sensitive.

He caught Meg scratching idly at her pants, looking embarrassed, and he decided to take a chance to talk with her as he sat down.

"You too?" he asked.

She snapped her head up, causing her perfect hair to bounce a little. Was there a slightly faded strip in it now?

"What? What are you talking about?"

Anthony paused, then decided to commit. "I have a rash . . . down there. Above, well, you know."

She blushed again. "You too? Fuck! I mean, good to be in the same boat, but shit. Do other people have it?"

"I think so. Ken tries not to scratch but I noticed him before."

"Jesus, that explains Cynthia earlier as well. She was acting real odd. What the hell is happening to us? We better fucking find out or I'm going to skewer Becker right up his asshole."

They were interrupted by a member of the security team coming past to make sure the strange black watches were affixed correctly to their wrists. They were quite bulky, as far as watches went, and there was a little display that showed a heartbeat monitor, as well as some technical information Anthony didn't understand.

"Weird things," Meg said. "What's the bet this is them trying to figure out what's wrong with us before we launch a class action suit? Did you see Debbie's petition? It's pretty big."

Anthony hadn't, but pretended he had. He felt out of his depth, and was only saved from the conversation when the watches were all set, the doors at the back of the auditorium shut, and Becker motioned for people to listen up.

"Hello everyone, how are we this wonderful morning?"

“What’s wrong with us!?” someone shouted.

“We deserve answers!” another yelled.

The rumble of the crowd grew, and a couple of the security personnel stepped a little closer. It was intimidating, and the crowd’s anger subsided, if only enough for Becker’s voice to be heard.

“I know you have questions! I know you have concerns! But trust me, this morning you will get the answers you deserve. This is a trust exercise, and one you have all already passed! Give yourselves a round of applause everyone!”

There were only a few minor claps.

“Okay, something definitely funky is going on,” Meg said.

“You see,” Becker continued, “simply by putting on that watch, you have made the final - well, second-to-final commitment to Maxadine’s new profit incentives! These watches are very special, everyone, and they connect to the strange changes you’ve been experiencing. Now I need you all to listen closely as I explain this, because I imagine it’s going to be quite a strange thing to hear, but trust me when I say you’re not the first to go through this!

“A year ago, Maxadine scientists developed a powerful aerosol compound that, when vented through an office space, could transform the human body in mere minutes, making them into something that was beyond human. I’m sure you’ve all heard of our wonderful dairy products and nutrients, and the good they’ve done for the world and our business. But I bet you didn’t know that all that milk - along with the cheese and dairy products to match - all came not from cows but from humans who had been genetically engineered to be half-cows!”

There was a stunned silence in the room. Meg and Anthony looked at each other, and then around at the other employees. Everyone was waiting for the joke to land, the punchline, the stupid set up before the real business began. But Becker’s face gave no indication of a joke. He continued.

“I know, I know, you don’t believe me, but the truth is, these changes were very real. Our CEO, Margerie Wilkins had declared the trial program over, and we can finally unveil to you - under the privacy of a prohibited internet space-”

Meg and Anthony exchanged another glance. So that’s why they couldn’t connect! They were using advanced tech to block the net!

“-the new cowtaur employees who are making massive profits for our company! Come on out Betty and Mark!”

He gave a whoop and a cheer as the curtain behind him opened, and several of the security personnel gave a polite clap as well. The rest of the room simply dropped their jaws,

astonished at the sight of the two new entrants before them. Becker hadn't been lying; they *were* genetically enhanced. They *were* part-cow.

A woman and a man were led out, but they didn't have the shape of a woman and man anymore, at least not entirely. Their lower halves were not those of humans, but of large dairy cows, entirely naked, with immense, throbbing udders. They had long, ropy tails, and hooves, and patterned fur and everything. There was no penis as far as Anthony could see; which meant, alarmingly, that the one named 'Mark', with his nondescript brown hair and male-size button shirt, was in fact technically female. As further evidence of this, his cow half was more bloated than even a usual bovine specimen, and not just in the massive udder that leaked continually on the floor.

Mark was *pregnant*. The shifting inside his womb that made him grunt inaudibly only gave further evidence of this.

The woman was even more bloated than him, and her pregnancy was perhaps large enough to contain twin calves. She had the largest pair of tits Anthony had ever seen on a woman, utterly straining her blouse and revealing an enormous and deep line of cleavage. They must have each been the size of her head. And her udder! It was so large it was almost dragging upon the ground, spurts of milk gurgling out of the immense milk bag.

Both the centaur cows - the cowtaurs, Anthony supposed - looked incredibly embarrassed to be present and on display. The entire auditorium gasped, and a series of murmurs, shouts, and angry tirades ripped through the room.

"What hell is this!?" Meg joined in. "You're going to make us like them?"

Becker just smirked. "We already have! It's in your contracts that you would be expected to take on new roles and accept transformative therapies."

"We thought that was just - just like corporate jargon!" Anthony shouted.

"Ah, but it wasn't, I'm afraid. By accepting a job at Maxadine, you have accepted a dual role to be producers of office work, as well as prodigious suppliers of milk. Whereas Mark and Betty and the rest of their floor were transformed in minutes though, you will be transformed over a series of weeks to come as part of our new test. Our CEO Margerie Wilkins has been told by our scientists that this will have the benefit of greater milk production, and even greater amounts of health-providing nutrients for the human race!"

"We are the fucking human race!" Ken shouted. "We have our rights. I'm quitting, and getting rid of this stupid fucking watch."

"I wouldn't do that," Becker said, "or the consequences will be dire."

The two cowtaurs were eerily silent, their faces without emotion, but giving off a sense of despair. This was clearly not the first time they had been trotted out.

"Please, don't do it," the one called Mark cautioned. "I've seen what happens to you if you do!"

“The change will be instantaneous!” Betty added, gesturing at her freakish bovine body.

“Only you will be a full cow, with just your mind remaining,” Becker finished with a smile.

There was a brief silence as these words were taken in.

“As if!” a woman screamed. To their collective surprise, it was Janice, the maintenance worker. “I may love cows, but I certainly ain’t becoming one! I’m calling your ridiculous bluff mister!”

She grabbed her watch and began to undo it. A security guard moved to intercept her as she stepped into the auditorium aisle, but Becker motioned for him to stop.

“Wait! Let her demonstrate the capabilities of Maxadine’s technology, and the value of our word. You may proceed, Miss?”

“Janice! I thought I’d like working here, but all this is unacceptable. I’m going to tear this thing off, walk out those doors, and when I’m out I’m going to see *your* manager, Mister, and I’m going to sue your ass!”

“Very well. Take off the watch.”

She unbuckled it, and the light of the watch shone a bright red suddenly. She began to slide it off her wrist, and it shrieked an awful tone. The tension in the room heightened, and then she tore it off entirely, squeaking a little as it seemed to stab her on removal.

And then it happened all at once.

Suddenly Janice froze, clutching her abdomen. She grunted, breathing heavily and staggering against a group of people, who immediately pushed her away, as if terrified that what was about to happen might be contagious.

“Wh-what the - what’s h-happening to MOOOOOO!”

She grabbed her mouth, shocked at what she’d just yelled, but even as she did there was an audible cracking of bone, and her face suddenly jutted further forwards, becoming a snout. The collective employees stood, many pressing back to take in the horrifying sight. Janice’s figure expanded, her bones altering, her arms cracking to take on a new configuration.

“WHAT’S HAPPENING TO MOOOOOO!” she screamed

Fur erupted from her skin, and the two points on her head burst forth, splitting the skin and revealing two bovine horns that jutting from her increasingly cow-like face. Her eyes expanded, her neck thickened, and as her weight redistributed she fell to the ground, trying desperately to push back in her expanding stomach with her increasingly hoof-like hands.

“Oh my God,” Anthony said.

“That’s not fucking possible,” Meg added.

Janice continued to moan and groan, but her words simply became the moos of a cow as her changes continued. Her body became barrel-like, and she was no longer capable of standing on her two feet, instead falling to 'all fours' now that her arms were more akin to another set of legs. Her clothing ripped away, her glasses fell off, but her human hair remained, increasingly the only clue to her once-human identity. A thick, ropy tail much like the cowtaurs onstage burst from her backside, and she let forth an even larger moo in response to the final change to come.

“MMMMOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

A large, fleshy udder, not nearly rival to those onstage but large all the same, expanded between her hind legs, completing the changes.

Before the entire shocked crowd was now a female cow, one that looked a little undernourished, no doubt due to not having enough mass to fully support the change. The creature was terrified, its red human hair flicking about with each movement, its eyes near-identical to Janice's. The security team quickly pounced upon her, placing a leash upon her, and the terrified cow was led from the auditorium, its stomachs gurgling. For a moment, the crowd moved hurriedly to the doors.

“Nobody leave!” Becker declared. “We can trigger the change remotely. Besides, the guards will be locking them now. We need to explain ourselves.”

“You just killed that woman!”

“Nonsense, nonsense,” Becker said, the very image of calmness in the face of the furious and terrified crowd. “As I said just previously, none of our transformative science eliminates the human mind; we're not monsters! Now, Miss Janice will likely experience some new . . . instincts, as a cow, but I assure you her thinking mind is intact. She will simply spend her days as a productive cow from now on, providing twice as much milk as a regular cow once she is fed properly, and even more once she has been bred.”

“BRED!?” someone shouted.

Becker just looked amused. “Yes, of course she'll be bred. After all, it's not a charity we run here! Miss Janice's new role in the company will provide many fine calves for us, particularly since the chemicals that transformed her have made her new bovine body *extra* fertile.”

Meg reached out her hand and grabbed Anthony's. He clutched it back. She was terrified, no doubt, and to be honest so was he.

“What - why are you doing this?” Ken called out. His sentiment was echoed by others. The macho finance man was clearly overwhelmed by the horror of becoming a half human-half cow hybrid.

Becker turned to Mark and Betty, gesturing for them to trot forward. They did so, their heavy udders wobbling between their rear legs, almost pressing them apart they appeared so full of milky produce.

“Why don’t you tell them, Mark and Betty? Better to get the source straight from the cow after all, ha!”

They both gave him a look of irritation, but Mark stepped up to the mic.

“Ah, hello everyone. My name is Mike. I was once human like you. I was one of the first test subjects for Maxadin’s formula. Ever since, they’ve kept me here, working for them. My body - God, they made me mate with a bull, and -”

“Keep to the script Mark,” Becker chided.

Mark regained himself. His large bovine belly trembled with the movement of the calf within. Anthony found himself grabbing his own stomach, terrified of the prospect of the same happening to him.

“Well, basically, you’ve each signed your contracts, and so have made the same agreement I did, even if no one quite realised it. As per the contract, you’ll be turned into cow centaurs - cowtaurs - much like ourselves. For the men, I’m sorry to say that like me you will become biological women. Some of you will change . . . completely. Others will still look like men from the stomach up. But all of you will be female cows where it counts. Your regular duties will remain: programmers, finance experts, marketing, etcetera. But you will now also have ‘production’ schedules to keep, as we have had the last year. These include milk production quotes - you will each find you’re already developing udders just above your crotches.”

A murmur rolled through the crowd, unbelieving and yet realising exactly what that rash was becoming.

“It will also include, um, *calving*,” Betty said, trotting forward, her immense bosom wobbling. There were a couple of wet patches slowly growing in her top. “It is expected that each cowtaur employee is continually impregnated with calves. Thanks - Jesus - *thanks* to our altered biology and increased fertility, our pregnancies last only five to six months instead of nine to ten, and we are more likely to carry twins, particularly for women. Also, women - and men whose human halves become female - will find that their breast growth will be extreme, and they will also produce milk that way too.”

“You’ll have time to adjust,” Mark continued, “but you will need to be milked constantly. Trust me. It’s *agony* if you don’t.”

“Particularly if you also have breasts, as I do,” Betty finished.

“Your workstations will be altered to accommodate you, allowing you to be milked and even impregnated where you - Nghh! Sorry, the calf is moving - where you stand.”

In the stunned silence, Becker clapped his hands, the only one giving applause apart from several enthusiastic security guards.

“Thank you Betty! Thank you Mark! You two can head back now, I know you have full shifts today, and even fuller udders! I bet you can’t wait to give birth soon either!”

Mark took a heavy breath. “Yeah, Sam, sure.”

“Just can’t wait,” Betty said, wearily.

“Well, hopefully it all goes smooth, because it certainly won’t be the last time for either of you! All the best!”

The overly full, utterly pregnant cowtaurs were escorted back behind the curtain.

“So,” Becker said, clasping his hands together, “that’s the deal. The ventilation was successfully - your blood work has all revealed a one hundred percent success rate for genetic alteration. Your new roles are mandatory, they can’t be avoided, and attempting to do so will result in immediate transformation into a full cow, much like Miss Janice. Don’t worry - there’s still plenty of benefits, though as you’ll see in your contracts, non-human employees get a much smaller rate. Still, I think that just about explains it. Any questions?”

Every hand shot up, and the room became a cacophony of confusion.

Anthony and Meg didn’t catch up that night. In fact, everyone had likely cut their social plans. The revelation that they were becoming those grotesque . . . *things* on stage was simply too much! And while the cowtaurs they had seen did not have them, it was obvious now what those sore, increasingly large points on their scalps were.

They were growing cow horns.

Anthony could barely sleep the first night, hoping it was all a dream. His body continued to itch even as he tried to sleep. It was as if he could *feel* the individual cow’s hairs forcing their way through his skin. It was only worsened by his ravenous hunger, a hunger he now knew was a result of the chemicals that had been ventilated into the building, the ones that were slowly changing him to become a damned female cow-man of sorts.

Tears brimmed in his eyes as he clutched his growling stomach late that night, wanting nothing more than to be elsewhere. Why had he taken this job? He should have known it was going to be too good to be true! But it was far worse than he could have predicted, and whether he kept the wristwatch on or not, he was destined to be turned into some kind of bovine, his body used to produce milk and calves and programmer work all at once. He shuddered at the thought of it, and then his stomach shuddered with it.

He rose to get more food. He didn’t want to fuel the changes, but his appetite was insatiable. The fridge, he’d found upon return to his quarters, was stuffed full of vegetables,

salads, and leafy greens of all varieties. He had never, ever been a vegetarian, and had spent far too much of his time eating greasy foods, but now that he was changing, his diet was too, and he found the taste of baby spinach and carrots to be the best in the world.

In the darkness outside his windows, the mooing in the cowsheds continued. Perhaps everyone had heard it now. It wasn't hard to put two and two together. The 'cows' in those sheds were once people, being milked round the clock.

In a few weeks, it would be him too.

"This is fucking ridiculous, why in the flying fuck did we even come here, Anthony?"

The programmer gave a sad smile and shrug to his friend, before tucking into his mountain of salad. It was the next night, and Meg and Anthony had actually followed through on their 'date' of sorts. He knew she wasn't actually angry at him: her anger was at Maxadine, and herself for taking the job, and the corporate world for being so damned greedy.

"It's fucking ridiculous. Did you see that cow lady up there? Can you imagine me with tits that big?"

Anthony paused, his fork midway into the act of shoving leafy greens into his mouth. He could, in fact, imagine *exactly* that. It was quite the arousing thought, really. Meg caught his look and scoffed, rolling her eyes.

"*Men*," she said. "Always big tits with you lot. Jesus, I'm perfectly happy with my tits, and now I learn they're going to supersize, unless I decide to go full cow and just rip this bloody watch off."

"Don't!" Anthony warned.

She rolled her eyes. "Of course I'm not going to do it, dumb dumb. I'm just appreciating the thin fucking string keeping us from going full cow here, holy shit."

They ate for a few minutes. Neither said anything, but it was obvious that they were both feeling utterly famished, and more hungry each day. The pounds were packing on, and now that they knew the reason, even the act of eating had taken on an ominous feeling. As if every bite taken would be converted to the mass of their new cow limbs, their horns, the rashes that were swiftly becoming udders.

"What can we even do about this?" Meg asked.

Anthony shook his head. "I don't know, but we've got to think of something. I think - I think I'm developing a tail."

"Me too. We all are. Ken claims he isn't but that bastard is only good for his body, trust me."

“I’ll . . . I’ll trust you on that.”

Meg gave a cheeky grin. “God, about the only good thing about this is the knowledge that he’s going to end up with a big ole cow vagina, and pregnant with calves to boot. Ha! The look on his face: I think he was more terrified than any of us. What do you think happens to us when we get old, if we go full taur? Are they just going to take us out back, use the bolt pistol, and carve up all the steak bits for food?”

Anthony just about retched. He would say he’d lose his appetite, but he was sure nothing could do that now. It made him wonder if he’d already grown an extra stomach. If so, there were still two more to go.

“I don’t want to even think about that,” he said, as much to himself as Meg.

“Yeah, I’m sorry. That was too dark, even for me,” she said.

Another pause, during which both of them scratched at various itches on their lower halves. The skin on their scalps were just about at breaking point, and it almost made Anthony impatient to hurry up and grow a set of cow horns already.

“I guess Maxadine has us by the balls,” he said.

“For as long as you have them.”

“Yeah. Damn it. Maybe the best thing to do is just continue working, read over our contracts, and pay attention to anything that may get us out of here.”

“Good notion,” Meg said, raising a glass. “To not becoming big heifers!”

“To *not* that!” Anthony agreed.

They clinked glasses, and both downed their spirits with a bit too much alacrity. Meg winced as she set the glass down, and clutched her left breast.

“Nngh!”

“You okay?”

“Yeah, it’s just . . . I think they’re growing already.”

John looked down to his crotch, hoping Meg wouldn’t notice. If breasts were growing to alarm her, he thought, then how much more frightened should he be that he’d noticed his penis was shrinking that morning?

The following week brought continual changes that made the Maxadine employees’ eventual futures feel horrifyingly real. For one, Anthony’s horns came through. It happened as he came out of the shower. Suddenly there was a sharp pain in his temple, a feeling of pressure that pushed out and out of his scalp.

“AGHGGH!”

Suddenly, the horns finally erupted from his scalp, extending outwards several inches long. He stood there, gasping, viewing himself in the mirror. Just as he expected, and yet still surprising anyway, he now had a set of solid bone horns extending from his skull.

“Oh God, it’s really happening,” he moaned.

He touched them, astonished at how big they already were. There was a slight bleed, and he dabbed at the blood with a spare tissue, but otherwise the break was clean. They jutted up from his skull, slightly curved, as if they had always been there. In fact, they felt somewhat natural; the pressure and the headache was gone.

“Somehow, I think that’s worse,” he said to himself, before setting out to work.

The rest of the employees were just as glum, and for many over that first week, it was a time of denial. Anthony himself was swept up in it; this was something out of one of the crazier mangas or weird animes he’d watched. At any moment, someone would reveal this was all a prank show, right?

But the horns were the tipping point, really. Anthony was the first, but Meg’s came in the following morning, slightly longer and daintier than his own, and with a bit more of a sort of ‘stylish’ curve to them, but horns all the same. Soon everyone had them; the office over those three to four days was filled with the occasional wailing and even accidental mooing of cubicle workers having their horns come in. The women hid them beneath their hairstyle as best they could, and some of the men wore hats, like Ken. Anthony and Meg didn’t even try to hide their own, and Debbie at the front reception was mandated to have hers on display: apparently her job as a receptionist meant the unaffected CEOs who arrived in the morning liked to see “their employees changing for the better.”

“It’s not fair!” Debbie moaned, “they’re even making me wear a Holstein pattern. One even told me I should wear a cowgirl outfit for Casual Friday. It’s demeaning!”

“Maybe this is it,” Anthony said. “Just a little weight gain and some horns. It sucks, but hopefully we don’t become like those . . . those cowtaurs.”

Debbie nodded, and so did Meg.

“So long as we don’t all grow fucking udders,” the female programmer added.

But the changes kept coming, and they were increasingly obvious not just on his own body, but on everyone else’s. The slowly growing tails, for instance, now jutting above the waist band of every pair of slacks or pencil skirt in the office. To her invective-laden embarrassment, Meg’s was developing even faster than everyone else’s.

As was her bust.

Anthony found it hard not to stare at her slowly swelling bosom. She had been a beautiful petite woman already, her dark olive skin still was perfect, though no doubt she was hairier downstairs than she had been a week ago. But where she had been slim in the chest,

with just a subtle suggestion of breasts, now they were more obvious dents in her white work blouse, B-cups at least.

“I have to get new fucking bras, and of course Maxadine won't foot the bill! We're becoming fucking wage slaves. No, worse! Wage cattle! Literal animal farm here!”

She grabbed another salad from the trays that were available to all, and began stress eating. Anthony joined her.

They were not alone: everyone was stress eating, despite knowing what the act of doing so would cause. They were all ballooning in size, though some clearly reacted a bit differently to the serum than others. For instance, Anthony's obese stomach had actually deflated a little, whereas poor Maria in her early forties was gaining wait around her middle quite prodigiously, in a manner that made her incredibly embarrassed. It had taken threats of making her 'go full cow,' as the saying went, just to get her into the office a few days prior. Ken was utterly pale, and it was clear why: despite his best attempts to hide it, his skin was softening, his hair glistening, his formerly square jaw becoming a lot more rounded and feminine.

And, of course, his chest was pressing against the fabric of his shirt in an altogether less muscular way, and much more womanly one these days.

“Good. At least he gets stuck with a pair of tits too,” Meg snapped after he demanded a report filing from her on time. It was clear he was on edge and lashing out. “Too bad the situation is what it is, I would have liked to have ridden his dick one last time.”

As usual, Anthony chose not to comment. The dynamic between his programmer partner and Ken was a mystery, but it was clearly a love-hate thing. He, on the other hand, had always been much more of a loner. Now, he was just thankful he had her to talk to as they went through this.

“God, I better not get tits as big as that Betty girl,” Meg mumbled, adjusting her chest for what must have been the twelfth or thirteenth time that day. Fuck, they're so damn sore. You should see my nipples man, they're seriously like twice as big already, and don't get me started on my areola.”

“Uh, I um, I won't then.”

She gave him an amused look. “Don't get nervous and be weird about this, Andy,” she said. “After all, we're all girls here.”

“I don't really see what you mean by that.”

“C'mon. You know *exactly* what I mean, you just don't want to hear it: if what Maxadine and Becker said is true, and that Mark is any evidence, then in just a few weeks you won't be a guy at all, at least not in any way that matters.”

Anthony considered his shrunken penis. It was not too small - in fact, it didn't look too dissimilar from how it was on a too-cold day. But the weather was warm at the moment, and

still it was smaller. Sadder. And not to mention that it felt somewhat numb, as if losing feeling. In fact, his toes had begun feeling that way recently.

“Hello, Andy? Earth to Andy? Are you with us?”

He looked to Meg.

“Sorry, I spaced out.

“Yeah, I’m sorry I brought it up. I know how much guys place value on their dicks. It was . . . it was shitty of me to bring it up.”

“No, it’s not you, it’s this place. We’re changing and we can’t do anything about it.” He gestured to his watch, still tracking his life signs, making sure it was attached. “At least, not that I can see.”

Meg gave a smile, and this time it wasn’t a sad one. In fact, there was a degree of mirth in it. “That’s why I keep Ken close, despite him being not good for much beyond a nice lay. He’s more desperate than me to avoid becoming a knocked up cowtaur, and he works in finance. Knows a lot of weird contract jargon and shit.”

Anthony’s stomach grumbled, desperate for more food. “You - you think he can find a loophole?”

She just sighed, and looked at her large plate of leafy greens. “God, I hope so. Frankly, I’ll be happy to renounce vegetarianism if I ever get out of this.”

At that, both their stomachs growled audibly. They exchanged one last glance before returning to their respective desks. After all, it was the easiest place to eat and keep the work up: Eric on floor three had already ‘gone full cow’ for refusing to meet his quotas. It was another monstrous reminder of what was happening to them, but also the far worse fate in store if they didn’t follow the company instructions and work their required hours.

“Mmhmm, f-fuck,” Meg groaned, as she swallowed down some more salad. She was leaning back in her chair, squirming slightly, and for a moment Anthony wasn’t sure what was wrong, and that’s when he realised she was going through a growth spurt.

“Shit, Meg, are you, uh, okay?”

“I’m f-fine, Andy, I just - oh God! - I j-just feel s-such a pressure in my f-fucking tits!”

He winced, feeling a little awkward, but couldn’t help but look at her as she shifted her shoulders from side to side, gritting her teeth. He recognised that face; it was the same one he made every time the changes accelerated. Only on Meg, the look was partly erotic, at least in his male mind.

“God, it feels like there’s s-such a p-pressure, like they’re going to - OHHHHH!!!”

Suddenly arched her back, thrusting out her chest. Anthony’s eyes widened as he saw her modest breasts *visibly* expand within her tight blouse. They rose, pushing out against the fabric, swelling to become sizable mounds that any man would instantly notice and be attracted to.

“OOHHHhhhh NNggghgh!!! S-so b-big!”

Several other figures in the office paused, and a few even stood up to look over the cubicle walls.

“F-fucking look elsewhere d-dammit!” she groaned.

Anthony felt himself harden within his pants, and for once was grateful for his reduced dick size; it meant it wasn't totally obvious how turned on he was by her expanding bustline.

“It's t-too much!” she exclaimed, and despite how embarrassing it was for her, without doubt, she clutched her breasts as they became clearly far too big for her bra. Diamonds of skin showed between her buttons, and a line of perfect cleavage came into being as her orbs expanded, finally stopping around the DD-cup range, if not bigger.

Her breasts had easily tripled in size in mere moments. Meg gave ragged breaths, which only made her perfect new boobs rise and fall all the more noticeably. Anthony's eyes were glued to them, to the perfect dark-skinned cleavage and contours of her enlarged breasts.

“Hey,” his friend said wearily, grabbing his attention back. She gave a wan smile, tired and overwhelmed and embarrassed. “My eyes are up here, Andy.”

Meg's new bustline was the talk of the office. It was the fastest change to occur to anyone that hadn't gone 'full cow', and already rumours were spreading that she would be 'the first to finish.' Some were even going so far as to say that because of her breast growth, she was going to end up 'with bigger tits than that Betty freak.'

“Those absolute fuckers,” Meg said a few days later. She was having a cup of coffee over at Anthony's place. He felt a little awkward about that: on one hand, it felt really wonderful to be able to have a 'friend over', even if that friend lived just down the hall. And he couldn't deny, even among all the other changes, his attraction to her, especially now that she was denting out all her tops with her prodigious bustline. On the other hand, they weren't dating, and who would date in this scenario anyway? He'd always been a little awkward around girls.

“What do you think Andy, should I just strut in there tomorrow morning and crack Cynthia's skull? That bitch is claiming I'm going to be fucking leaking milk out of these ridiculous funbags at any moment.”

Anthony paused for a just a moment too long, and Meg's eyes widened in response. Shit.

“You dickhead! You think I might do just that, don't you?”

He gave a sheepish grin. "It had crossed my mind. Betty, she said most women will likely become quite, uh, productive. In that place. The chestal, region."

"You mean my tits are going to fill up with milk."

"Um, yeah."

"God, you are such a fucking poet, Andy."

He knew she was sarcastic, but it still made him grin. He went to his fridge and brought out a platter for both of them, stacked full of greens and veggies and fruit for them to enjoy. It was their third each that night, but neither could bring themselves to stop eating. They'd tried several times, and each time had been an embarrassing failure, particularly for Andy. He had problems with overindulging on his appetite long before he'd ever ingested a bovine transformation serum.

"Have you had any other changes?" she asked.

Anthony sighed. He had been scared about this point. He wasn't sure he was ready to talk about it, but he'd seen her eyeing his bright red beanie that was placed upon his head. He wasn't a hat person, and besides, it was warm this season, and he was indoors. There was no reason to wear it, but for all of Meg's bluster and invectives, she was clearly a woman who allowed some patience for her friends.

"Yeah, there's been some other changes," Anthony admitted. "I - uugh!"

Meg stood. "Right now?"

He put up a hand. "N-no, n-not yet. I think there's another - oohhh - another ch-change coming soon though. A g-growth spurt. But I've had other changes too. The rash has gotten bigger."

Meg nodded. No one in the office was willing to call the rashes what they obviously were: growing udders. This was despite the fact that they were beginning to swell half an inch out from the level of the skin, and taking on a more doughy, yet textured consistency.

"Mine too," she admitted. "It scares the shit out of me."

"Me too. But other stuff too."

He stood and dropped his pants a little, just enough for his tail to fall over the waistband.

"Holy shit, that's longer than mine!" she exclaimed.

It was indeed getting longer. It was nearly a foot now, and covered in the white and black hairs that now coated his ass, hips, and legs. That too was thickening: he was wearing trousers, but when he stepped it wasn't hard to see the 'fur' between the cuff of his trouser leg and his warped socks. Warped, of course, from the bulging bones of his foot as they rearranged.

"Does it move yet?"

“Not yet, but it will. I can - I can feel muscles and nerves forming, sometimes, when I focus.”

“Fuck, man.”

“Yeah. But . . . this is embarrassing.”

“As embarrassing as the hat?”

“More.”

Anthony gave a sad smile and removed it, allowing his ears to flow down to the sides of his head. He'd woken up that way, cringing and scratching at the last little extensions. His ears were now identical to that of a cow's ears, complete with fine, soft white and black hairs. With every movement of his head they shifted and swung. Annoyingly, his hearing had only minorly improved, so he saw little benefit in it. Meg was fascinated.

“Can - can I feel them?”

He nodded, a little taken aback by her request. She stood and reached out gingerly to take one. Her fingers were still slender and perfect, and he shivered a little as she lifted his floppy ears in each hand and admired them, feeling their soft texture. Her chest was practically against his, her gorgeous bosom hard not to stare at.

“God, they're so soft. They actually feel really nice.”

“You're welcome to have them.”

“I think it's one change I might be doing without. All that energy is going . . . elsewhere.”

They both looked at her expanded chest.

“Ah.”

“Yeah, I don't blame you for constantly sneaking glances.”

Anthony blushed heavily. “Oh, I didn't mean - I'm sorry, I just-”

She drew closer, allowing her chest to press against his.

“It's okay,” she said, her gorgeous face right before his. “I don't mind. The changes - it's weird. I think they're making me kind of . . . bestial. I'm glad I've at least got another non-jerk, nerdy programmer to go through this with.”

Anthony tried to think of something cool to say, but his mind-short circuited. Meg leaned in closer, and pressed her soft lips against his. He was so astonished that he barely had time to kiss her back before she parted.

“See you tomorrow, Anthony,” she said.

She turned, heading to leave. Anthony could see her growing tail over her skirt, and oddly found it rather attractive looking, especially on her expanded behind.

“Um, yeah. Wow. Goodnight.”

She chuckled as she opened the door, and then she was gone.

Anthony scratched idly at his udder rash, wondering just what that all meant.

Meg didn't speak of the kiss the next day, or the day after, or at all, really. She gave a few knowing smiles to Anthony, but otherwise they continued their work, and continued to shoot emails to anyone working in finance and Human Resources (what an ironic name now) about the possibility of finding a loophole in their contracts. There was no success, but Ken had promised that he was still going through the records when he could get away with it: the man now looked more feminine than masculine, and his hair growth was out of control. Meg was already laughing about how he was increasingly looking like the kind of sex pot he always wanted her to be.

"Especially since you're growing your own fine set of tits," she said once, in Anthony's presence.

The feminising cowtaur to-be looked furious. "Yeah, well Meg, at least I don't have huge hooters like you do! Those things must weigh a ton!"

"They do!" she said, "and that would normally insult me, but it's impossible to take you seriously Ken, when your voice sounds like a teenage girl's!"

"I'm trying to help you here! Help all of us!"

"Please, you're just trying to not turn into a cowtaur, like all of us here. It's not out of the spirit of generosity."

Anthony intervened. "Meg, maybe we should leave him alone. He is still helping."

"Fine!" she declared, throwing up her hands and causing her heavy bosom to wobble in a very noticeable way. "I guess I'll just finish debugging Ken's laptop, play nice, and then go back to my office and sit on my *increasingly massive ass*."

She pointed at her derriere as she left, and Anthony couldn't tell if she was deliberately putting on a show for him or now. Her ass had indeed expanded, but then so had everyone's - Anthony's especially. Around midday each day he seized up after his massive lunch, clutching his behind as it pushed and pushed in response to the immense pressures. He would groan loudly, almost erotically much to his shame, as his backside swelled outward, his tail extending vertebrae by vertebrae with it.

"NNGGGHNN!!!" he moaned, the following day as it happened again. "It j-just w-won't s-stop!"

"I kn-knoowwww!" moaned Meg in response, afflicted by the same changes.

They had both eaten more than they should have. Anthony had known it. Meg had known it. Whoever was the third person mooing and moaning several cubicles away on the same floor had probably also known it. But it didn't matter: his appetite was positively

insatiable, and his stomach (or stomachs, he was beginning to suspect that, like a cow, he now had more than one) were gurgling audibly, growling for food.

And so they had eaten, uncaring how much food they shared.

And now they were paying the price.

“Ah - ah - ahhhhh!! F-fuck!” Meg moaned. She had gotten out of her chair and was leaning over her desk, giving Anthony a wonderful view of her slowly expanding backside. He could see it too: it was *visibly* swelling in real time, and the fabric of her panties and skirt were audibly straining to contain her growth. He would have appreciated it even more were it not for his own growing pains and strings.

“Eeruruugggh! M-M-M-MOOOOOOO!!!”

Several employees looked his way, and all he could do was shrug. They had all experiencing the mooing at times, and it was almost impossible to stop. It was becoming instinctive, and now always accompanied the freak growth spurts.

“I c-can’t help iiiiiiit!” he called out to one.

He grabbed the cheeks of his already large ass, and his fingers sunk into the flesh of his ass as if they were great pillows. He could feel fat and tissue forming there, his body working overtime to use the food to fuel the changes. His hips stretched too, and for the first time he gasped in response to a new sensation: the sensation of the bones of his pelvis somehow cracking wider.

“Oh God! Oh shit Meg! I think my hips are!”

“M-me tooo!” she squealed.

The third figure far away also made a loud, keening wail. “Me th-three!”

“Is that you Dale?”

“Yes! I’m f-fucking growing tits t-too!”

“Get in line!” Meg called back, clutching her chest. Anthony could see that was also expanding, though his hips and ass were much bigger than hers. Were they all going to be slightly different? Only a few people had cow ears like he did? A few even had only tiny horns. Maria at reception had a small, almost cute snout. Anthony prayed he didn’t end up with a bigger than normal udder or even more fertile or something.

The thought was ripped from him as more and more hairs sprouted. His belt strained to contain his thickening hips, and he worked feverishly to remove them, even as the rash above his shrinking dick bulged out a bit further.

“D-don’t w-want that!” he stammered. He pulled away the belly and scrambled to unzip his trousers. He sighed heavily in relief: he was not a moment too soon, as his hips suddenly cracked out even further to match his ballooning ass, causing the material to stretch beyond belief.

“F-fuuuuuck!” Meg yelled. There was a loud ripping noise, and to both of their astonishment, her pencil skirt exploded apart, unable to contain her swollen ass and widened hips. “N-no! God, this is f-fucking embarrassing!”

Anthony managed to hurriedly remove his trousers, terrified of the same happening to him, but in doing so realised just how cow-like his legs had become. The thousand little pinpricks across them was a result of even more hairs pushing their way through his skin, and how there was no skin left to see: they were black and white covered, the fur thick and pattern like that of a Holstein cow. The fur went right around his hips, upon his ass, and increasingly around his shrinking member, and that was only hidden by his underwear which had thankfully stretched to still contain him.

Meg was not so lucky: her tight panties had ripped, exposing her ass entirely, which was now too big for her to clutch easily. Anthony stared even as his changes continued. There was another loud rip, and once again his partner cried out in disbelief; this time it was her blouse, which ripped apart entirely as her breasts swelled to become larger than even a set of cantaloupes.

“The fuck? They’re huge! They’re - they’re - MMMMOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

She leaned back, turning slightly to reveal her breasts which were tremendous, easily the size of a porn star’s, if not larger. It was an embarrassing sight for her, no doubt, particularly since her bra had snapped off completely, revealing her enormous dark areola and swollen nipples which were almost the size of small thimbles.

In fact, it was so arousing that it seemed to trigger yet more change in Anthony. He clutched the rash as it expanded, and he found himself unable to stop rubbing it. It rose another inch, like a slow, disgusting souffle, and it only stopped as it hung slightly over his underwear, soft and with a slight weight and unbelievably sensitive.

“MMHHHM . . . NNGHHH . . . UUGGGHHH!!!”

And then the impossible happened. The thing he’d been dreading. Anthony felt a new pressure, the sensation of bone developing, expanding outwards from his hips, facing forwards. He rubbed at the edges of his hips, pressing his large ass against his office desk and knocking some files over accidentally.

“No, no, no, n-nooooo!!”

But there was no stopping it. Slowly, but surely, two new appendages began to rise from his hips, pressing out from his front. Flesh and bone expanded, becoming two rounded knobby growths roughly the length of a set of children’s shoes. They shifted slightly, as if possessing a mind of their own, but within moments Anthony could feel enough muscle and nerves connect to allow him some control. They thickened, causing him to almost drool in response, overwhelmed by the feelings of new limbs forming.

And they were new limbs. Small, barely formed, more like rounded growths than legs. But he wasn't stupid. They were going to be legs. The front pair, while his 'normal' pair reconfigured to become hind legs.

"OOhhhhhhh," he continued to moan, even as they slowed. He fell to simple panting, just as Meg was, both of them overwhelmed in response to the changes. Other staff members stared: they were all changing, but Anthony and his partner had talked about their increasing awareness that they were further along than anybody, with only Ken close to them.

"We need - ahhhh - we need to figure out how to stop this," Anthony managed. He was trying, and failing, not to stare at Meg's overwhelming cleavage, her sweaty boobs huge, rising and falling with each tremulous breath.

"Agreed," she said, holding them, their flesh overflowing her palms. "Before it's too fucking late."

"Me three!" Dale called from across the room. "I think - ahhh - I think my changes are getting kinda weird."

Dale's changes were getting weird. Apparently, according to the biospecialists who invented or administered the ventilated compound, his genes had experienced a funny reaction to it. Unlike everyone else, who just had *one* udder rash, the poor man with his thin frame, nerdy glasses, and put-upon demeanour was seemingly growing not one or even two but *three* rashes, and x-rays were showing signs that he was developing as many pairs of legs. Like a cowtaur *train*.

"Poor man," Anthony remarked.

"At least he isn't growing tits like mine," Meg said.

"Or becoming a fucking woman," Ken replied.

The three of them were at Ken's living quarters, packed in on the couch and struggling to fit, due to their larger sizes. It meant that Anthony's increased girth rubbed against Meg's, making him feel a little awkward. After all, he barely had a dick to speak of now, and his 'front legs' were developing further. He was the farthest thing from attractive, and yet he couldn't stop looking at her. Maybe the changes *were* making him horny.

Of course, it was getting a little weird now that he also found *Ken* quite attractive. He was unrecognisable as a man now: his features were soft and feminine, with poutier lips, big blue eyes, and long blonde hair that fell around his soft shoulders. Unlike many, Ken's body had actually slimmed, at least in his humanoid half. He was shaping up to be a rather attractive looking woman, with an ample pair of C-cup breasts, apparently: he'd had to

borrow bras from Hannah, since he was too big for Meg's original cups. She in turn had no support left to turn to.

"Let's get down to business then," she said, leaning forward to where the documents Ken had managed to steal lay. "What's all this ridiculous corporate jargon even mean Ken?"

The former male coughed, sounding utterly petite. "Well, it's actually pretty sensible, especially given that in finance-

"I don't give a shit," she snapped.

"Just hear him about, Meg," Anthony said.

She shot him a look, but relented. He couldn't help but notice she was scratching her pants. Ordinarily it would be a vulgar look, but they all did it now: turns out growing a fresh udder was an itchy affair.

"Fine," she said, rolling her eyes dramatically. "Just get to the point then Ken, before my tail gets any fucking longer.

Ken raised an amused eyebrow, eyeing her cleavage.

"And stop staring at my fucking tits too."

"Hard not to, they're the size of a large fruit each! God, imagine how wonderful things would have been if they were that big when we were enjoying our nights together."

"Fuck you."

"My points exactly."

Anthony's temple flared. "Can we, look, can we just get to the point?"

Ken leaned forward, showing the papers. "Very well, very well. Keep it in your pants, Anthony, not that either of us are packing much there anymore."

"Don't remind me."

"Okay, so things look pretty dire. Even if we take into account the fact that this is all *definitely* illegal, Maxadine has invested enough lawyers and corporate jargon and hidden clauses into this contract that courts could potentially drag it out for years. Not to mention all the fucking NDAs they've had us sign. It means - uuugggghh!" He paused, rubbing his hips. "S-sorry. I'm still, uh, growing."

Meg and Anthony gave a sympathetic look. They were all growing. In fact, the changes were speeding up lately.

"Anyway - oof! Damned rash - anyway, what I'm saying is that legally speaking, we're boned. They targeted us as potential employees for a reason, and it wasn't *just* our skills. They wanted skilled people who were desperate for money, who couldn't resist their strange offer. So they know we're fucked if we try to go the route of retaining a class action lawyer or fund a court. And by the time we were even ready to do such a thing, even if we could, well . . ."

"We'd all be cowtaurs anyway," Anthony finished.

“Or worse, just cows,” Meg added, gesturing to her wristwatch.

“Exactly,” Ken continued in his soft, almost soprano voice. He coughed, trying to sound deeper, and failing. “And sneaking off the property is almost impossible: with our increasing . . . largesse, we’d have trouble anyway, but the place is crawling with security guards and electric fences and the like. Besides, we don’t even know where we are.”

“So that’s - Ugh! - so that’s it then!” Meg said, throwing up her arms. “We’re just fucked, is that what you’re saying? Destined to turn into fucking milking machines while we’re stuck working at Maxadine forever? Are you forgetting they’re going to make us get fucking impregnated by bulls and force us to give birth to calves, all so the cushy execs can make an extra point of a percentage of damned profit!?”

Ken waited until she was done. Meg relaxed back into her seat, clearly irritated. She tried to fold her arms, only to wince as she compressed her overly-ample chest.

“Not to mention I’m already growing my second set of legs,” Anthony mused. He pointed to his trousers, which were just a pair of track pants that allows him to have the new ‘additions’ sit over the waistband. It had the effect of making them sit far too low upon his large body.

“We all are, you’re just ahead, but we’re getting off topic again. I think there’s one area we can win this fight in: social media.”

There was a second of pause, and then Anthony realised what the man meant.

“You mean . . . we win the public over?”

“Exactly!” Ken announced. “Think about it; even the biggest of companies hate bad publicity. If we can get our narrative out before they do, reveal what they’ve done to us, how they’ve made me change my damn sex, turned Meg’s tits into stripper tits-”

“Fuck you.”

“-then we can make enough waves that they’ll *have* to change us back.”

Anthony and Meg looked at each other, both realising the other implication of Ken’s plan.

“We need to start filming.”

“Secretly. We can still record videos, since they’re confident we can’t get them out. They’ll only take our phones if they think we’re being too suspicious.”

“We’ll also have to fix the internet connection,” Anthony said.

“I leave that to you and sugar tits here.”

“No, seriously, fuck you!” Meg said. Even her forward movement to emphasise the statement led to her immense bosom trembling.

“Fine, fine. Milk tits. Cow tits, even better. I can say this now: I’m practically a woman too, remember? Anyway, you tow lovers work it out.”

“We’re not, um, we’re not-”

“I don’t care what you are Anthony. Get us the internet, and I’ll get us the world. For now, no one else needs to know.”

They formed the agreement then and there. A last ditch effort to avoid their terrible fate.

It had to work.

It simply *had* to.

“OOHhhhhh GGGo-ooooodd!”

Anthony grunted, practically wheezing as his second set of legs slowly forced themselves further out of his body. The pressure was immense, and it was only exacerbated by the growth of his udder. Four teats were coming into existence at that very moment, just two days after the meeting with Ken and Meg, and there was no sign of stopping. He knew he shouldn’t have drunk the Nutri-Good formula that was now being made available in the cafeteria. It was just too addictive! But it was clear that the formula was advancing the changes even further, as evidenced by the fact that he was currently writhing on his bed as a new set of limbs extended inch by inch from his body in agonising pain, and a strange amount of pleasure.

“M-m-MooooOOOOOOOO!!!”

He bellowed uncontrollably, the need to do so borderline instinctive. He grasped the legs pushing out from his hips, overwhelmed by the intense feeling of joints forming, of tissue connecting to give them further movement. He kicked his normal human legs, and gritted his teeth as his toes began to slowly fused together.

“N-noo! D-don’t want d-damn hooves!”

But hooves were forming regardless of whether he wanted them or not. He tried to stand, as if running in his living quarters would somehow prevent the change to come, but it only caused him to collapse on the ground upon his heavy belly, grunting as his sore feet continued to alter.

“I j-just w-woke up!” he groaned. There was so much changing, it was impossible to keep track of it all. His ass continued to move backwards, expanding and bulking out, his ‘rear’ legs shifting with it. He gasped as what felt like the first of new ribs forming began. The alien sensation of hooves developing at the ends of his new dangling limbs made him almost scream in confusion. But it was his penis was pulling back inside of his body that made him begin to hyperventilate. Slowly, and almost sensually, his genitals retreated back into his body. They were already pulling backwards, moving with his ‘rear’ legs to be slightly behind his back, and now they were disappearing entirely. He reached back to grab them,

desperately hoping to keep his balls and dick from sucking up inside himself, but it was impossible. He twitched as they absorbed inwards, his testicles becoming briefly stuck. He gulped once, then a second time as they sort of 'popped' back into his body, leaving a feminine slit behind.

"Oohohhhhhhhhhhh," he moaned, delirious with unwanted pleasure, as a bovine-like vagina formed around the white fur that covered the area between his rear thighs.
"N-n-nooooo - I didn't want this to - MOOOOOO!!!"

He had barely been able to mourn his lost member when suddenly another, altogether different pressure came over him. The rash that had become a flat udder began to burst with pressure, causing him to rub the affected area. The skin tightened, and it began to pull downwards, the udder shifting slowly but surely to situate itself in the same position as his new vagina - well, just ahead of it. It dangled now beneath him, and dangle was the correct word, as to his astonishment it began to blow up like a balloon.

"F-f-fuuuuck!"

The pressure grew. He tried to hold it in, grasping at his udder with both hands despite its enormous sensitivity.

"D-don't you freakin' d-dare! I don't want any MOO of you!"

But his genetic changes gave him no choice. Soon the pressure was too much, and his udder began to *swell*. It expanded, rounding out, becoming ever larger. It felt huge as it overwhelmed his hands, like some sort of four-nippled boobs growing near his crotch, which, he supposed on some biological level, was exactly what it was. It began to take on a real, definable weight, and as he grabbed it, he began to salivate in reluctant pleasure. Strange desires to have it *tugged upon* entered his mind, an odd, almost instinctual need to have his growing teats *pulled*.

"Mmmhmhhhhm," he moaned, "OOohhhhh."

He couldn't help himself. He began to tug at those teats, and with each tug they expanded, elongating to no longer be nipple-sized but far more cow-like in girth and length, albeit incredibly receptive to his own touch. Even as his body bulked up, as his lower half became increasingly cow-like, and as his tail pushed out from his further-back tailbone, becoming ropy and long, he continued to moan. The pleasure, the unwanted pleasure, was too much.

He orgasmed, crying out loud in a mighty great "MOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

He wasn't the only one that morning to do so, but his was certainly the longest. For a good number of minutes, he lay panting on his bed, barely able to fit on it anymore. His stomachs growled, all four of them ravenous for more food, and while he knew it would only signal further change, his will to fight the hunger had never been strong, and was only waning.

“G-god,” he stammered, as he awkwardly pulled himself out of the bed. His ‘front’ legs were not fully grown yet, but he could feel all parts of them apart from the hooves, and was able to make them adjust their positioning, even support his weight for a bit, though they were still weak. His rear legs, as he was increasingly thinking of his original human pair, had become far bulkier and stronger in the meantime. It put him at an odd in-between stage, where movement was difficult and slow, requiring careful balance, particularly since his udder swayed. There was no clothing that could fit his lower half now.

He walked, awkwardly, on his four legs across the room, at an odd lean and having to use the wall to prop himself. The mere sensation of having two extra limbs was kind of fascinating and horrifying at once. No, scratch that, he had *three* extra limbs. His tail was now several feet long, and it whipped from side to side automatically, though he could control it somewhat.

He dragged himself to the fridge, and used the kitchen mirror to view himself over.
“F-freak,” he managed.

It was true. In some ways, he was even less appealing than the enormous milk machines that had been Mark and Betty, the resident cowtaurs. This was because he was awkwardly developed, looking more like a misshapen mutant than a bovine version of a centaur. He breathed heavily, still coming down from the delirium that had been his change. There was a strange stinging sensation in his udder, brief but certainly there, and it was followed by a kind of series of pinpricks.

“That b-better not be f-fucking milk,” he said to himself.

It was milk. Not a lot of it, but milk indeed. It began the following day when Ken and Meg and he were set to meet again, and the other two cancelled. He couldn’t believe it: they too were getting further and further along in their changes. Hell, Meg’s boobs had gone up another two cup sizes! They were now half the size of her own head, and to her incredible frustration were busting out of her clothing, constantly wobbling and jiggling. And that wasn’t even counting the extra legs: while Anthony was more advanced in that area, being the only one able to move on all fours at the present, everyone else in the offices had the clear signs of developing extra limbs. Poor Dale was growing several sets, and the marks of several udders were clear too.

“It’s just so much!” the poor man whined. “They keep sending people to study me! They think - oh Jesus, Anthony - they think my body has mutated the serum, and I’m gonna become some sort of cowtaur centipede or some shit! Like, as many as eight to ten legs and five udders, Jesus!”

It probably didn't help that poor Dale was also feminising, and growing what looked like six entire engorged breasts upon his chest. Anthony couldn't even console the poor man: with all that was going on, what possible advice or aid could he even give? He was changing fast ahead of everyone else, but they were becoming cowtaurs, one and all.

"Why the f-fuck did they cancel?" he asked himself. He never used to swear much, but between the neverending pangs of hunger, the constant pressure to grow and transform, and the strange tingling growing in his increasingly big udder, he was finding his timidity beginning to recede. After working hard as he could to work out the internet troubles that day, he'd ended up deciding to jury rig an existing set of equipment to try and make his own receiver. He could boost as much meagre reception as he could, overcoming the block that the company had put over the area. Meg gave some cursory help, but she seemed distracted by something else. She kept looking at Anthony in a weird way, and was constantly having to adjust her breasts, even asking for help with her clothing several times, not that she could barely fit in any of it: her judges were so big that her shirt was now tied together like she was entering a wet t-shirt competition, revealing her slim, dark belly. And, of course, her lower half was white and black furred, with extra limbs growing, and an increasingly cow-like ass.

So why was she acting so damn weird? She kept having to duck off to the toilets for some reason, and changed her shirts several times, despite each being just as strange as the last. It was a mystery to Anthony. But the answer came that night.

He had just eaten, just expanded further. His front legs were much better at walking now, though because his cow half had not fully developed, with only a few ribs along his lower belly, it meant that his feet often collided with those behind or in front of them. Fed up with waiting around, sick of changing further, and the increasing ache in his increasingly heavy udder, he decided to take the initiative for once in his life and visit Meg himself. Moving awkwardly, and avoiding the way various moos echoed from some of the living quarters around them, he shuffled on half-developed hooves towards Meg's door. Hooves were difficult, he'd found. He couldn't wear shoes, obviously, but the real issue was that they had very little feeling. That was all well and good for four feet, where stability was easier, but given that quadrupedal movement came awkwardly to him, it meant his ability to judge his foot placement was terrible, and he had to hold the wall for support. This had the effect of making his udder sway against his rear thighs, causing him to wince. Several times he ended up scraping his horns accidentally against the wall, damaging it.

"Ah well, who cares?" he said with an amused smirk. "Maxadine can p-pay for it."

He made his way to Meg's room, and knocked.

No one answered.

He knocked again.

This time a loud 'MMOOOOO' resounded, followed by another of a higher register, Panic filled Anthony's mind. Had they gone full cow? Were they in the middle of changing? Who was the second person? He decided to use his greater weight to barge on through, his mind ablaze with fear and concern. He smashed against the door, and with his greater weight and musculature (cows, after all, may have fat but they also have a *lot* of muscle) he burst through the door easily, before crashing onto the ground after tripping over his own legs. His udder pressed painfully against the ground, making him wince, and he felt something squirt out of it, resulting in a squeak.

"Andy what the fuck?"

He looked up, and saw, to his shock, Meg and very embarrassed Ken standing together, her leaning over to tug at Ken's distended udder. A plastic bucket was on the ground beneath it. She made a tug, and a jet of white liquid that could only be milk burst from Ken's udder.

"MMOOOO!" she moaned

"Oh, oh," Anthony said. "You were . . . milking Ken."

"It's not what it looks like," Meg said. "It's not sexual. He literally can't reach it anymore."

"It's f-fucking embarrassing," Ken bemoaned. "I started - oohhh - producing this m-morning! Moo!"

Another jet of milk expelled from his udder.

"You - you're making milk?" Anthony said, aghast.

Ken groaned as Meg pulled at his udder. "What does it - ooohhhh - fucking look like? Of course I'm making fucking milk! My udder's been agony, agony!"

"We both are," Meg said. She turned slightly, shifting awkwardly on her legs due to her feeble, still-developing front ones. Her behind was immense, swollen and increasingly bovine in size, much to her detriment, as the movement was difficult. Anthony's jaw fell as he saw her swollen udder between her legs. Small droplets of milk seeped forth from her four teats. It was bigger than Ken's udder, nearly half again as big in fact, and a large vein visibly *throbbed* in demonstration of her fullness.

But that wasn't all: her breasts were clearly engorged as well. It was clear from the way she gingerly touched her chest, adjusting it while wincing, as well as the slight stains at the front that revealed her large nipples. They dented out the fabric, and even as Anthony looked at their immense size and heft, he noticed one of the wet patches on her top grow just that little big. Some small droplets of milk sprayed through the fabric, causing her to grunt.

"I'm moooo-making milk in m-more places, too," she said, clearly humiliated.

"Holy shit," Anthony said. "Is that why you skipped out moo-meeting?"

They nodded, and Ken gasped as a steaming stream of warm milk was spent from his udder, a result of Meg's administrations. Just seeing it made Anthony's own udder tremble a little bit between his rear legs. It was increasingly heavy, and that constant pinprick of discomfort continued, the same pressure he had assumed was growth. Not for the first time, the volleyball-sized udder gurgled loudly, its teats extending, *tensing*.

"EEugggh," Anthony moaned, biting his lip lightly in response to the strange, continual sensations.

"Holy sh-shit," Ken said. "How are you standing?"

"What - what are you talking about?" Anthony asked.

"Your udder," Meg said, her eyes wide, "it's fully fucking engorged, Andy. Seriously, it looks twice as big as mine, and mine's fucking moooooo - I mean huge!"

Anthony reached back and patted what he could of his udder. Between his heavy belly, his increasing new midsection (of the cow variety), and the fact that his rear legs were shifting further and further away from his humanoid torso, he could only barely touch it. It was warm, quite warm, and just the act of touching it made the bloated surface indent a little. It reacted like a water bed, wobbling slightly, the pressure of the contents within distributing elsewhere, stretching the skin that contained it.

"Mmmooooo," he moaned. "Oh God, I d-didn't realise. I thought it was still growing!"

"It *is* still growing," Meg said, folding her arms over her massive melons and causing them to seep even more. "I can feel my tits still going up another fucking cup size, and Ken's little udder here is nothing compared to mine, and I can tell it isn't finished. Yours is on another level though, Andy."

"Shit," he said. "Fuck! No wonder it's been s-so hard to walk. And the p-pressure."

"Do you want me to take care of it? I'm finishing up with Ken here."

Ken went to say something snarky, but Meg pulled at his teat hard enough to expel the last of his milk, causing him to groan almost orgasmically.

"Oh Go-oooooooood, MOOOOOO!!!"

He sank to the ground, his much smaller breasts wobbling. Meg looked at them pointedly while Ken was distracted, then gave a knowing look to Anthony, as if to say, *'he' is a 'she' now, and I bet those lovely C-cups will be making milk soon as well.'*

Anthony had to agree, but in truth, he was finding it difficult not to stare at Meg either. She was becoming, to her obvious embarrassment, one of the prime milkers of the bunch. The prime 'heifers', as Becker so disgustingly put it. He grunted as another tremor of discomfort passed through his udder, reminding him of its larger size. So if Meg was becoming a prime milker, what was he, with an udder almost twice her own size?

"Oh, crap," he said to himself.

"Yeah," Meg replied. "It's looking bad."

"I - I think I found a way for us to get the internet running. To get Ken's video out."

Every word was difficult to get out, but he managed. God, how had he not realised his body was now producing fucking cow's milk?

"What? You got us the internet?" Ken asked in his feminine voice. *Her* feminine voice, now, given that she was fully female.

"How? We couldn't fix the block?" Meg said.

"I've got a - urghh - a work around, I think. I've managed to cobble together some of the spare equipment. Management thinks we've given up, so I figure if we can boost the signal, we can overcome the jammer, and get some videos and evidence out there."

Meg hobbled over to him, uncaring how her enormous boobs wobbled heavily. She hugged him, her heaving chest pressing very comfortably against him.

"My God, Andy, you're a fucking genius!"

Anthony didn't know what to say, particularly since he was starting to feel a very strange sensation between his rear legs. He could no longer reach his genitals - his vagina - anymore, but he was able to feel it, and it was becoming oddly wet. Oddly *aroused*.

"Oh God," he said.

She pulled away, and her dark cheeks went a little red. "Oh God, I'm sorry! These fucking megatits are such a damned pain, and now all this leakage!"

Anthony looked down. Indeed, there were now two large wet patches on his t-shirt, courtesy of her large, leaking nipples.

"You, uhh, you didn't milk yourself?"

She sighed. "It's fucking hard to do from this angle, and there's no way fucking Ken is doing it."

"Hey! I let you do me!"

"Yeah, I don't trust you with my tits, even if you are a girl now."

The beautiful blonde former male - at least, beautiful from the waist up - simply rolled her eyes, standing awkwardly. "Fine, whatever Meg. It was fun while it lasted. What do we have to do to get out of this situation? I can record a video."

Anthony shook his head, again trying to ignore the pain in his udder. "It has to be live. I won't be able to upload a completed video, but we can make a livestream. But there's a problem-"

"Of course there fucking is," Meg moaned. She was grasping her breasts in discomfort, clearly no longer caring as much about appearance so much as the feelings it produced.

"We, well, we're going to get caught when we - oohoh - when we do it."

She furrowed her brow. "Shit, you're right. They'll notice the bypass pretty quickly."

"So we won't have much time. But if Ken can make a statement."

The woman that had been Ken nodded wearily. "It'll be embarrassing as shit to go from a total stud to . . . this. But I'll do it if it means I can be a fucking man again. So I can get my dick back."

The group fell into silence.

"When can we do it?" Meg asked.

"I think in a week's time."

"We might be full cowtaurs by then!" Ken whined, sounding quite girlish.

"I know, but it's all I can m-m-moooooOOOOOO!!!"

Suddenly it happened: a squirt of something warm and wet came shooting out of one of Anthony's tensing teats. He shuddered, his whole large body wobbling heavily, and another teat tensed, causing the same effect. God, it felt like they were stinging, overwhelmed by the pressure behind them.

"F-fuck," he managed, not a big swearer but certainly feeling like cussing now.

Meg drew closer, grabbing his arm and settling him against a couch, where his four legs flopped awkwardly. He had to 'sit' on his side, as doing so on his ass was no longer a possibility given the increasingly centaur-like proportions of his body.

"Here, let me. Ken, beat it. We'll discuss this tomorrow."

The blonde cowtaur-to-be gave an annoyed, then slightly amused look.

"Oh, I see how it is. You two enjoy yourselves then. Try not to milk her *too* much, Anthony. I hear it only stimulates further production, if you know what I mean."

"I said fuck off Ken! Go work on whatever speech you think we should give, okay?"

He waved her off. "I would have been happy to milk you, Meg, but I guess Anthony here is more your type now."

She just about kicked him/her with a hoofed feet before Ken left. She shut the door, sighed heavily, and in response another button pinged off her top, exposing her cleavage even further. It was incredible, just how large her breasts had expanded in mere days. They were now almost the size of her head, a pair of massive melons that audibly sloshed with milk. Her nipples dented through the fabric, proud and pert, with large dark areola. Anthony licked his lips without even realising.

"Okay, Andy, let's do this."

He wiped his forehead. "Um, let's do this?"

She drew closer. It occurred to Anthony that her movements would have been quite sensual, a gentle swaying of the hips, had she not had four cow-like legs and a ropy tail and a huge, bulky lower half. As it was, her top half looked fabulous, bobbing with each movement.

"Let's fucking milk each other. We both need it."

He nodded slowly, understanding, but feeling awkward. Awkward, and heavily aroused.

“Okay, that would be, um, good.”

Meg smirked a little, her face a bit flushed and strained by her prodigious production.

“I can’t help it, you know. Something changed, when I ch-changed. It’s like ordinary men d-don’t appeal to me anymore. I n-need someone nice, and kind, and *big*. And you’re so, s-so big, Andy.”

He looked over himself, and couldn’t disagree. He hadn’t grown breasts like Ken had, but his bovine half was easily the biggest of the transforming staff, and his udder was much larger than Meg’s, who herself was easily second place.

“You - you want me?” he said, astonished.

Meg removed her glasses, placing them a little awkwardly on the nearby table. Her udder gurgled, followed by her breasts. She turned, showing off the way her mammoth mammaries strained her top, which was in an improvised tie that exposed her beautiful stomach.

“Don’t you want me too, big boy?” she said, in a voice that oozed sex.

And with that, she placed her soft lips against his.

They kissed for what felt like minutes to Anthony. Her enormous, heavy, soft and wonderful tits pressed against his chest, and in moments they were bare, Meg flinging the remains of her wet shirt to the far corner of the room. Her overly-ample features were even more generous and sexy when freed, and they squashed against him as she embraced him a second time.

“I w-want you to milk meeoooooooo!” she declared, and for reasons he couldn’t understand, the mooing only turned him on more. She took his hands and placed them on her breasts. It was unbelievable, *they* were unbelievable. His fingers sunk into the soft flesh, causing her to moan heavily.

“F-fucking moooo-ilk me!” she begged, leaning over the couch. She grabbed one of the spare buckets awkwardly and pulled it over between them, then placed her heavy tits over the lip. Anthony felt his udder tremble.

“O-only if you d-do me t-toooo,” he gasped. He then grabbed a bucket and placed it at the foot of the couch, where his udder trembled overhead.

“Deal, sexy,” she said, kissing him a third time, moaning sensually in his mouth as he fondled her gigantic bosom. She reached out and rubbed the leathery skin of his udder eliciting a moan from him, and slowly drew her hand down towards the teats.

“C-careful,” he said, “they’re s-sensitive.”

“So are *these*,” she said, shaking her shoulders back and forth deliberately to produce a heavy tremble of her chest. “Why don’t you show me how sensitive they can be? Why don’t we see how sensitive we can make each other?”

Anthony didn’t need any more permission than that. He grasped her breasts, making his partner’s eyes go wide with shock.

“OOohhhhh, that f-feels so f-fucking good!”

She in turn gripped two of his teats and *pulled*. He groaned as two enormous spurts of milk erupted from his udder, spilling out in warm dreams into the bucket. There was so much in there, so much milk, and he needed it out not just for comfort, but on a bestial, instinctual level too.

“M-Mmmooooooooo!!!” he moaned. He squeezed Meg’s large, fat, throbbing nipples, pulling them. She too expelled milk, and she cried out in pleasure as he did so.

“F-fuck yes! Milk meeeeeeee!”

He tugged, getting into a rhythm that matches her own. His cow-like vagina continued to moisten and wet itself, and no doubt Meg’s was doing the same.

“This is s-so f-fucking good,” he breathed, as yet another series of milk streams spurted from his full udder.

“I knnnnnooooow!”

He groped and squeezed her tits, and then, on a whim, he pulled forward and placed his mouth right over them.

“What are you do-ooooohhhhhHHH!!”

He began to suck on her wonderfully delicious nipple, and equally delicious milk flowed into his mouth. There was so much of it that he had to swallow immediately, and then again, and again. It was luxurious, it was sweet, it was packed with nutrition. The hunger that had been slowly rising in his four stomachs began to abate as he suckled at her, pressing his face right into the soft comfort of her great boob. She grabbed his head and pulled him even closer into her chest, clearly overcome with pleasure as drank from her.

“The - ooohh, God Andy! The other one! I need you to do the other one t-too!”

He obliged after another great sip, and began to alternate between them, allowing her large nipple to fill his mouth. She never stopped tugging at his udder, and with each touch of her soft hands he was brought to ever closer heights of please. The pressures of more change to come were growing, the urge to develop further, to become a full cowtaur, but he didn’t care. He simply wanted to make love to Meg, and drink his fill from her.

She tugged his udder, and more and more milk spilled forth in what were now continual streams, the pressure rising as it was squeezed out from him. More hairs erupts across his body, and he could feel more and more muscle packing on, developing and growing and adding to his generous bulk.

“It f-feels soooo MMMOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!”

“MMMMOOOOOOOOOOO!!!” Meg replied.

The orgasms rolled through both of them, and they collapsed against each other. Anthony did not want to say it, but as the overwhelming bliss of his first cowtaur orgasm continued to cascade through his body, he was aware that it was, somehow, the best he'd ever had. Meg panted heavily next to him, the sweaty sheen of her bountiful bosom jiggling with each little movement. They had grown even larger, despite being emptied moments ago. Clearly, the change had come through them.

“What - what was that?” Anthony asked.

“Instinct,” Meg replied. She pulled closer and kissed him. “And consolation. If we get stuck like this. At least we have each other, partner.”

“Yeah,” Anthony replied.

It was certainly some kind of consolation.

The following week was tense. Meg and Anthony continued to work on their signal booster. They tried to be clever, borrowing tech and radio equipment under the veiled excuse of needing it to run diagnostics checks, firmware upgrades, as well as basic physical maintenance of the archival floor. Doing so required subterfuge and cleverness, and a boatload of excuses. Leaning on technical language that others didn't understand helped, and Anthony got the distinct impression that the abrasive Meg enjoyed lording her tech cred over other people.

Not that people had much chance to pay attention to firmware upgrades anyway. Apart from Becker, who prowled the office floors with his security team like a cat, searching for any attempt of the workers to rebel, everyone was too distracted by their own changes. They were in the final stage of becoming full cowtaurs: Anthony was practically finished, with just some extra weight to pool into his bovine belly and haunches. His pairs of legs were now fully separated, and after some trial and error, he was able to walk 'ordinarily' with them. Clothing for his lower half was now entirely out of the question, and even more embarrassingly, he was expected - along with others who were 'further along' to go into the fields outside the offices to 'deal with his business', instead of the toilets. It was humiliating, but a strange part of him also found it kind of natural.

Others were developing prominently as well. Dale had the worst - or at last the *weirdest* - of it. It turns out that he had an undiagnosed rare genetic condition prior to being ventilated with the transformative gas. The condition was manageable, but the conflict with the gas indeed had caused him to develop several cow-like segments as his lower body. The

poor paper pusher was like some sort of cow-centipede, or cow-train, possessing now eight legs across three bovine bodies, each of which possessed an udder. Three pairs of large, F-cup breasts constantly lactated from his chest, requiring numerous milkings daily.

“Why me?” he said, exasperated, “this is unfair! I’m even starting to look like a fucking woman. I’ve got long hair, my face is going soft! They can’t do this to me, I’m an even bigger freak than the rest of you!”

He was not the only odd change among the cowtaur victims

To her embarrassment, Maria the receptionist had a unique brown patterning of fur that didn’t just cover her lower half, but had spread to her humanoid half too. Her snout had become a full-blown bovine face, albeit still human enough as to not look ridiculous, but she definitely had a cute snout, larger eyes, and flat teeth. Her breasts had expanded considerably, not to the size of Meg’s at all, but large enough that Samuel Becker made her wear revealing tops that showed off her furry cleavage for investors that visited. She was openly milked in front of them, and some visiting CEOs, important shareholders, and investors actually paid extra to milk her as they entered and left the building: some for fun, and others for much more . . . sleazy reasons.

It left the poor woman humiliated, especially since her body had reduced in age to something much more ‘fertile.’ Rumour was already spreading that one shareholder was planning to pay for the privilege of potentially impregnating her with his own sperm, just ‘to see if it is possible.’ Other, somewhat substantiated rumours, claimed that it had already happened, hence why poor Maria was looking a little bloated around her cow belly lately.

But there was one member of the Maxadine victims whose pregnancy rumours were most certainly substantiated, and this was because everyone had seen it happen. Janice, the annoying self-important woman who had ‘gone full cow’ that very first day when the reality of Maxadine’s plans had been revealed, had become the centre of attention once more. After several lags in work performance, Becker had taken the initiative of taking everyone out of the building one morning and out into the paddocks. There, dozens of cows, they were informed, were the result of the successful calvings already resulted from the original cowtaurs a year ago.

“And in the distance, you can even see our Mark in the corner of the field, currently in labour.”

The various work victims looked in astonishment in the far distance, where a solitary cowtaur was surrounded by several workers. The poor man was completely naked, grabbing onto the railing of the fence and spreading his rear legs wide as he struggled to birth the calf or calves within him. He looked briefly at the crowd, and even from that distance it was easy to tell his shame and humiliation, reduced to breeding stock. He wailed, mooing above the

other cows, and Anthony, Meg, and all the rest gasped as a set of legs and a cow's face, slick with juices of the womb, began to descend from his distended bovine passage.

"Ugghh," Meg moaned. "They want us to do fucking that? You're out of your mind, Becker!"

Their manager simply smirked, despite being dwarfed by the near-finished cowtaurs.

"It's not his fate you should be worried about, Meg, but her's."

He indicated a large Holstein heifer being led out by several farmhands. She was large, with a significant udder - though to Anthony's irritation he noticed that his own was already larger, and in need of further expressing.

"Holy fuck, that's Janice!" someone yelled. "I recognise the fur pattern!"

They all gaped as she was led out. The poor cow moaned pathetically, obviously embarrassed by her state. Indeed, as she was led closer, her human-like hair was much more obvious, as were her human eyes. They were doleful and sad, betraying their human intelligence.

"Janice has been a fine milker," Becker said, "but milk dries up for heifers unless certainty . . . actions are taken. Once mated, a heifer will produce milk for a lifetime so long as she is continually stimulated for further production, though we expect Janice to be a fine producer of heifers and bulls in the future."

He clicked his fingers, and another series of whispers and rumours swept across the crowd, as a powerful bull was led forward. The cow that had been Janice went rigid before the crowd, her eyes wide and shamed, but her body operating on clear instinct. She widened her rear legs as he was led forth, and Anthony watched in horror as the bull sniffed at his former coworker's backside. Even more shocking was the way she put her tail to one side.

"The fuck is she doing that for?" Ken said. She crossed her arms over her breasts, which were now a pair of leaking D-cups.

"She can't help herself," Meg said, arms hefting her much large GG-cups. "She's running on instinct, like we do . . . sometimes."

At that, she gave a meaningful glance to Anthony.

"Don't worry, I can assure you that she wants this," Becker announced, as the bull was let loose. "See how she spreads her legs? Our scans indicate that though she is still adjusting to her new body and life, that Janice's pleasure instincts are most certainly triggered by the milking. And now, look and see how good the mating can be. It will be illustrative for when your turns come!"

More murmurs, more gasps, more hushed whispers of horror. None dared speak against Becker, knowing he had the power to turn any of them into full cows there and then. Instead, they simply watched, captive to the sight of the bull raising up on its hind legs and pressing its heavy body over the cow that had once been Janice.

“Oh God!” cried Maria. “That’s gonna happen to us!”

“To use maybe,” someone else said, “not to you. We know you’ve got a ‘trust fund baby,’ ha!”

“Everyone shut up!” Meg called.

The bull began to buck, and Janice the cow moaned, overcome by the sensation of being ploughed by a great bull. The process lasted just over a minute, and the murmurs of the crowd dimmed to silence as the guttural growls of the two beasts continued. Finally, the bull bucked one final time, and its body tensed. Janice’s human eyes widened in realisation, just as the flood hit. She mooed more loudly than any of them had, and when the bull finally pulled off, what seemed like gallons of cow semen dripped out of her bovine opening.

“And that, my dear employees,” Becker said, “is why I brought you out here. To witness what will happen if work productivity falls too low. You are each expected to produce milk and calve - which is why we shall be unveiling the no-doubt much wanted milking pumps for you all this week - but remember that you have contracts to keep. Or else, you might end up a full cow like Janice here, and pregnant even earlier. And yes, she is indeed pregnant: the transformation leaves you all extraordinarily fertile and one ‘dosing’ of bull semen will be all it takes - except maybe you Maria, since you’re spoken for!”

Poor Maria would have blushed deep red, were she not furry all over, including her face.

“But my point remains. Still, we usually organise a couple of visits from our wonderful bull here, just in case. Don’t forget that. Just. In. Case.”

There was a malicious gleam in his eyes, and they were each allowed to trot back to their office floors, their hooves clacking on the tile entrance back in.

“Holy fuck,” Meg said, looking back. Mark had seemingly birthed his calf, and was panting a little as it began to suckle at his enormous udder. That was the future that awaited all of them. “We need to send that video, fast.”

“Agreed,” Anthony replied.

The milking machines were available at every workstation, but it was clear it was a temporary measure: no doubt soon their accommodations would be moved to the cowpens, where they would be expected to continue working in much more . . . animal conditions. For now, at least, they offered some much-needed relief for their constantly refilling udders and breasts. Ken was quite in need of them: her human breasts had stopped at large Double-Ds and were now leaking constantly, much to the former male’s dismay. Her udder was also full

constantly, and the former alpha male was continually emasculated by the need to beg the security staff to affix the milking pumps.

Meg had it even harder. Her enormous breasts were now even bigger than Betty the cowtaur's were. They were huge, drooping down to her belly button and yet quite pert at the same time; they were simply that large. Each was nearly twice the size of her own head, and her nipples were enormous. She no longer even wore clothes, simply a loose poncho that did her figure no favours. She had to continually use the pumping machine all while trying to type, a skill she had to relearn due to her breasts constantly hitting the keys. Her udder was likewise overdeveloped, the second largest out of everyone. The only good thing about either of them - particularly her breasts - was that the supposedly 'one-time' milking experience they had shared at Meg's living quarters had continued daily following the Janice incident.

"Now I know why I keep wanting you to suck on this huge, head-sized tits," Meg moaned as he did exactly that. "It's because you're my big bull, Andy. My big strong mighty bull. I don't care if you've got an udder and vagina, if we don't end up making it out of here, I'm going to think of *you* when that bull gets me knocked up. God, such a terrible fate, but it makes me so fucking aroused to think of it."

"Mmmhmm, me too," Anthony said as he withdrew from her sensitive nipple, drinking in the milk. "I don't know why, but it makes this - this pussy of mine moist!"

"Mmmm, I love it when you talk dirty, my bull."

And so she shifted around, having orgasmed from just her breasts alone, and moved to milk him."

And Anthony needed milking. More than Ken. More than Maria. More than even Meg with her massive blimps that were her breasts. His udder had swollen beyond belief, so large it was almost dragging on the ground when it was overladen. So big that it pushed his thighs apart, making walking difficult. It was like being obese again in all the worst ways. He was obese, really, with his large, swollen bovine body that was nearly half again as large as anyone else's. It made his movement almost as difficult as Dale's, though the cowtaur-train of a man had his own issues. The only enjoyment he got out of it was when he had his nighttime pleasures with Meg, and when his udder was wonderfully drained. Though it was never fully drained: somehow, it always filled up, his constant consumption of salads fuelling the process.

"We need to do this," he said to Meg, after they had enjoyed their strange bodies together once more. It was becoming near impossible to reach each other's udders: they were full cowtaurs now, really, and it was difficult to kneel down properly to reach the other. It made the pleasure lopsided, in Meg's favour, though Anthony didn't mind. He loved squeezing and groping her breasts.

"I agree," she said, "this fucking nightmare has to end. We have to pull the trigger. I don't give a shit if I end up like Janice now. Well, actually I do. But I refuse to fucking stop trying to escape. We can't be scared."

"Exactly. We have to do this. We're already full cowtaurs. There's only a few left who aren't cowtaurs fully. Once they're done transforming—"

"We'll be in the fucking cowpens too," Meg finished. "Fine, tomorrow."

A pause.

"But first, I need you to drain my huge, milky tits again, big guy."

Anthony chuckled. He was a lot more confident, oddly, now that he was a big cowtaur. Meg's affections had that effect on him. "Already? Didn't I just drain you twenty minutes ago?"

She smirked, pressing her chest against his, allowing her dripping nipples to rub against him.

"Sorry, my bull. They just refill up that fast. Besides, don't you want some protein?"

He did. He very much did. It made him feel wonderfully moist.

Everything was set. It had taken some crafty convincing on Meg's part to make sure Ken finally agreed to act. The man had been holding out, fearing becoming like Janice. In the end, reason had won out, though only after Meg had bit the bullet and allowed Ken to grope her huge tits and milk them.

"You are such a fucking pig, Ken," she remarked as she removed her poncho, causing her heavy tits to flop about.

"Yeah, well, if I'm going to be on livestream video as a blond bimbo cowtaur girl, then at least I can have the comfort of sucking on your big titties just before it, Meg."

He, or rather she, gave a cunning grin.

Anthony hadn't minded too much, though he did feel a little possessive. Meg could make her own choices, and they weren't exactly dating so much as fulfilling a need. Besides, she had promised to make it up to him by saving 'enough milk to make her squirm when you suck on my huge swollen, milky tits.' So as far as he was concerned, letting Ken get a little bit of fun time was a minor grievance compared to getting their bodies back, and maybe even forming a relationship with Meg.

A part of him even hoped she would keep the tits, as selfish as that thought was.

"Okay," Ken said afterwards, adjusting her own milky chest, "that was fucking fantastic. You've got as much milk in those as I do in my udder."

“Yeah, and don’t I fucking know it. And between my tits and my udder, I still don’t have as much as Anthony in just his one milk bag.”

Anthony blushed, aware of how utterly - and *udderly* - swollen his own ‘milk bag’ was. It was getting bigger each passing day, and recently it had taken less than an hour to refill, instead of several of them. It was getting to the point where he needed a milking pump attached to it permanently, rendering his movement heavily reduced. This had the side effect of making his body further recognise its new role, packing on more weight to fuel his milk production. It was a never ending cycle, one that left him gasping and shuddering from the constant pressure. Sometimes he even fantasised about actually being treated like a cow; hooked up and left in a stall, free to eat and be impregnated and milked over and over again.

It was a thought he had to pull away from now, as Meg clicked her fingers in front of his eyes. He refocused on her breasts.

“Hey, eyes up here, perv.”

“See, he does it!”

“Shut up Ken, I like it when he does it. He’s not creepy like you. And at least it makes me feel a little better about these damned melons. Can you hear me, Andy?”

He grinned sheepishly. Or perhaps cow-ishly. “Yeah, sorry, I was thinking of other things. What’s the plan?”

Meg indicated to Ken. “Our ‘friend’ here thinks the third floor is best. There’s a large janitorial space we can just squeeze into, and it won’t be in use. There, we’ll quickly turn on our signal booster, record Ken and maybe you and me on video - I’ll even show these stupid tits if I have to - and broadcast it out to every human rights group we can think of, and some labor rights groups too. They might be even better.”

“And then we hope.”

“And then we hope.”

Anthony took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. He whipped at his haunch with his tail, where a fly had settled. He was not exactly used to his giant bovine body, but his new instincts helped drive it, and it scared him. He was so bulky, and the fact that he couldn’t reach his udder and required others to help him drove him mad. Even fitting into his living quarters was an issue now. He moored more than the rest put together, even more than Maria, who was definitely confirmed pregnant with some hybrid now, the poor woman. As much release as the milking gave, it was a constant cycle of filling up and becoming overpressurised.

He didn’t want to be this. He wasn’t meant to be this.

“Let’s do it then,” he said. “And let’s do it now.”

“Agreed.”

“Same,” said Ken. “I’ve got a speech ready, but you two chip in where natural. It will even help. After all, I was in marketing before finance, and that’s where I’m a real pro.”

“Jesus Ken, even as a fucking cowtaur you’re insufferable.”

The blonde woman shrugged, turning her large cow lower half to trot towards the elevator - after all, the stairs were not an option anymore.

“Maybe, but I can be good for the camera!”

They made their way as sneakily as three fully developed cowtaurs could. Ken went a little separate, while Anthony and Meg kept together. With every step, Anthony’s udder slapped against the thighs of his hind legs, irritating him. He had allowed himself to be milked before going up, and yet it was already becoming heavy and refilled.

“Soo f-full,” he moaned.

“Tell me about it,” Meg replied. “I refuse to make milk like this forever.”

“Especially since we’ll make even more if we get impregnated.”

“God, don’t even mention that.”

Becker was on the other side of the office, and when he descended down a floor, the three moved quickly into the storage space, which thankfully was large enough just barely to contain them: after all, Michel was the janitor, and he too was a cowtaur now.

“God, this a d-damn tight squeeze!” Ken whined. “Can’t you give a girl some s-space Anthony?”

“Oh, you’re a girl now, are you?” he replied.

“Have you seen these Double-Ds? They’re not exactly manboobs. Seriously, I look like a porn star from the navel upwards.”

“Just shut up until we get this ready,” Meg said. “Andy, can you do it?”

He nodded, and opened the little backpack he’d brought with him. Instead of containing routine tech repair gear, it had only one item: the signal booster he’d cobbled together.

“Will it work?” Ken asked, trying to push Meg a little to the side to get some space.

“I hope so,” Anthony responded, as he set the device up and hooked it to a nearby powerpoint. “It’s our last - ughhh - chance.”

They each exchanged a glance. Even in the short time they’d been away from their desks, they were already filling up with milk. Ken appeared a little discomforted, placing her slender arms over her new chest to hide the fact that she was obviously leaking again. Meg, on the other hand had no way of hiding her own dripping nipples, which were bulging and clearly engorged, her udder as well. Anthony, despite trying to focus on the signal booster and getting it set up, was almost in agony. He was having to spread his hind legs wider and wider just to avoid squishing his massive udder between them. It was larger than a

beachball, and when he sagged a little, his sensitive teats rubbed against the flooring, causing him to groan audibly.

“MMooooo,” he said, before Meg clasped her hands over his mouth. Her movements caused milk to spill from her breasts over his person, but they were beyond caring at this point. Soon they would just be milking and birthing and working machines, enslaved to Maxadine. A little spillage didn’t matter compared to that.

“Shhh,” she whispered. “Don’t be so loud.”

“C-can’t - oooh - help it.”

“Then I’ll help.”

She leaned down on her four legs as much as she could, and gently began to milk him. He groaned, though was able to keep it in, savouring the sweet relief. It was wonderful enough for his ropey tail to move from side to side, like a dog’s, and with each spurt of warm milk onto the ground he felt just that little bit more able to concentrate.

“Mmmhmmmm,” he grunted and moaned, suppressing yet another loud moo.

“Better?” she said.

“Moo-much better,” he stammered.

“Good. I want you to do the same for these damned tits once this is over. Let’s get it prepped.”

With his udder having space for more milk, even if just for half an hour at best, they were able to ready the device. Ken took a position with a phone as best she could, in order to record their collective plea. She was clearly discomfited, though at least she was able to put on a fresh shirt just before the video rolled, though already it was developing two leaky points. The tension was running high, and they could be discovered at any moment.

“Are you ready?” Anthony asked.

“As much as I’ll ever be,” Ken responded.

“Okay, then 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . Go!”

The signal booster was on, and at the same moment Ken rapidly worked to connect to the internet.

“It’s worked! It’s fucking worked!”

“Act quickly you idiot,” Meg snapped. She had practiced her typing, her ability to connect as quickly as possible using her knowledge and memory. She quickly formed a livestream for him, connecting it to several major websites, including news and activist groups.

“You can start filming now!”

Ken coughed, positioned himself, and put his phone in the selfie position.

“Hello everyone, my name is Ken Waters. I was an employee at Dynacorp, and I used to be a man. As you can see, I’m filming from inside a janitor’s closet at a Maxadine facility, the location of which I do not know.”

He shifted the phone to close up on a Maxadine logo.

“Less than two months ago, I accepted a position to work as a financial analyst for Maxadine, on an impressive offer that gave double salary and excellent benefits. We believed we were heading for a rural area just outside of . . .”

Ken continued to give information on the job offer and the deception, the strange circumstances they experienced early on, the gas, the names Betty and Mark. He adjusted the camera, revealing his swollen form.

“But as you can see, the company has experimented on us. It’s not enough for us to be wage slaves, they’re making us livestock too. The chemical has turned me fully female, with a bovine lower half and functioning udder. With me are my friends . . .”

He introduced them, rotating the camera so that it focused first on Meg - who tried in vain to cover her impossibly large boobs as much as possible - and then on Anthony, who gave his best despondent look while gesturing to his swollen udder.

“This is not fake!” he said. “They’re transformed us. We need to be rescued.”

“Please! I never agreed to have a - a body like this!” Meg pleaded. “You must investigate Maxadine now!”

Ken put the camera back on herself. “Anyone that can investigate Maxadine, that has the power to end this cruel experiment, needs to act now. I repeat, this is not a joke or viral video, we are real people who are being turned into real cowtaurs.”

“Please, save us!” Meg added, perhaps a little too dramatically, though the hurt in her voice was real. Anthony did his best to place an arm around her dark, naked waist, and she accepted it, giving him an expression of thanks.

It was a small tender moment before the internet cut out entirely.

“Shit,” Meg said.

The door burst open mere moments later, and the security team herded them out before a furious Samuel Becker. The man was in his usual bespoke suit with its black suit and red tie, but he was flustered and clearly enraged.

“What the hell have you done? You were contacting the outside world? You know this is a breach of your contract!”

“We don’t care,” Anthony said. “You can’t keep us like this. We demand to be changed back. We don’t want to spend the rest of our lives as cowtaur employees, being milked and bred.”

“Yeah, fuck you! Now the people know!” Meg shouted.

Ken was a bit more silent. His fear of becoming 'full cow' had clearly returned. There was a moment of silence, and Anthony could feel his enlarged heart beating nervously. No doubt Meg was the same.

"You'll have to be punished," Becker said, regaining some calm as he realised other employees were watching. "You know this."

Anthony nodded. Meg too. He reached out a hand to her, and their fingers intertwined. Already that need to express milk was returning, his body and hers likely as well requiring further pumping.

"You can turn us into full cows, but we managed to get the message out," Anthony said. "It was worth it just for the chance to stop Maxadine."

He stepped forward a little, and to his surprise, Becker actually stepped back before realising what he was doing. Strange to think that it took becoming a cowtaur to get confidence, as well as the affections of a beautiful (and now ludicrously busty) woman.

"This is poor employee performance, Anthony," Samuel replied. "And you as well Meg, and you Ken. I'm afraid an example must be set so that the others recognise the need to maintain adherence to our strict non-disclosure agreements."

"Don't hide behind corporate jargonspeak, you fucker," Meg said. "Just tell us you're turning us full cow already."

Becker flashed a smile as he looked up at her. "Very well then, Meg, I'm going to make you a full cow. A shame, those extra tits of yours were producing so wonderfully. A shame to lose them."

"Please don't turn me!" Ken whimpered, "I can do better!"

"Too late," Becker said. He took the device from his pocket, the one that allowed him to override the watch on each employee's wrist and make the change instantaneous and irreversible, into a complete cow.

"Any last words before you can only moo?" he said.

"Yeah," Anthony said, "you can go MOOO yourself."

The corporate manager chuckled at the accidental bovine slip, and again when a stream of leaking milk spurt from not just Anthony's full udder, but Meg's right breast.

"Well, a bit cliché, but I like the twist. Enjoy full cowdom!"

He clicked the button on the device, and Anthony clenched his eyes shut.

For a moment, nothing happened.

Then, after a while, nothing had still happened.

The three terrified cowtaurs opened their eyes, and to Anthony's astonishment, none of them had changed.

"What - what's happening?" Becker said, clearly confused.

It was then that a loud *HISS* echoed across the office floor from many different sources. It took a moment for Anthony to realise it was coming from his wristwatch. It was opening automatically, unclasping from his arm and displaying a bright green light with a thumbs up symbol. One by one, all across the office floor, the watches fell from people's wrists and onto the ground.

"Was . . . was that us?" Meg asked in astonishment. "Did someone hack Maxadine already?"

"I don't think so," Anthony said.

Becker sighed. "Damn it, I was very much looking forward to making you three full cows. You are very, *very* lucky that the office transformations are now completely, one hundred percent complete, or I would have done it. Sadly, you are now only stuck as cowtaurs for life."

It wasn't the best news, but not the worst news either. Anthony didn't know how to feel; at least the worst punishment was no longer possible for him or Meg, or even Ken.

"What's going to happen to us?"

"Well, that little stunt of yours is something I have to explain to the board now. Nothing better come of it, or there'll be hell to pay, I can assure you. You idiots have upset the delicate ecosystem that is Maxadine's workspace, and you may have cost me my future promotion!"

"Who gives a shit," Meg spat.

The man narrowed his eyes. "You should. Oh, you absolutely should Meg. Because Maxadine will weather this, that is if something even comes of it. And they have long memories. But since I can't turn you into cows anymore, then I had best administer another punishment to set employee morale at acceptable levels."

He clicked his fingers, and the security team moved around the cowtaurs.

"Come with me," he said, "and everyone else come too. It's time to full introduce you to your new lives."

Anthony and Meg continued to hold hands as they were led out.

"What do you think this is about?" she asked.

"I have an idea," Anthony replied. "Remember when you talked about being mounted, how if it happens, you'll think of me?"

Her eyes widened, tears brimming a little in them. "I do."

Anthony gave a sad smile. "I promise I'll think of you too, Meg."

The paddock came into view. Becker snapped several orders, and farmhands moved quickly to retrieve three separate bulls. The manager had a sadistic gleam in his eye as the numerous 'finished' cowtaurs were gathered in a wider semicircle. They encompassed everyone: from maintenance, to tech, to finance, to marketing, even secretaries. Now, they

were cowtaurs one and all. Some had different features: a couple, for instance, had furry cow ears like Anthony, others had larger udders, one had a set of human front legs despite the rest of their lower half being bovine in nature. And, of course, there were the occasional aberrations: Maria was there in her full furry form, holding her snout in concern of what was to happen next. Dale was near the back, his five sets of legs now supporting four large udders. Several of his friends were helping the poor man deal with the excess by draining him - though he was more of a poor woman now, with his beauty model face and three pairs of E-cup breasts that were also leaking. But whatever freakshow was behind and among them, all eyes were on Anthony, Meg, and Ken, and the three bulls being readied by the farmhands on the other side of the gates. Three separate pens for each of them.

“Oh fuck,” Ken said, “we’re about to be bred! We’re going to get fucked by bulls!”

“Yep,” Anthony said. He was surprised to feel that he was already resigned to this moment.

“Jesus,” Meg said, “they’ve got such big . . . dicks.”

“Yeah,” Anthony repeated, unable to look away. “Really big.”

The bulls smelled the air, and Anthony felt his bovine vagina begin the process of arousal, growing damp and ready to receive a large cock into its waiting depths.

“Ohhhhh,” he moaned, “sh-shit.”

“Yeah, shit,” Ken said, also transfixed. Through her shirt it was easy to see her large nipples tenting out the fabric, becoming even further erect. Her tail lifted to the side automatically, and Anthony realised his own was doing the same. It was a cow’s instinct all right; getting the tail out of the way so as not to impede ‘entrance.’

“Fuck, this is fucking awful,” Meg cursed, rubbing her enormous breasts without shame, she began to pinch and tease at her nipples, and the sight of it only turned Anthony on all the more. “Why am I getting so horny? I feel so fucking horny in the presence of them.”

“That’s because you’re genetically predisposed to be,” Becker said, chuckling. “In the presence of a large, well-muscled, virile bull, you are all going to go weak in the knees - figuratively speaking of course, you’ll certainly be able to bear the weight. And as punishment for going against the company policy and trying to embarrass me, your manager, you can be the first new heifers to be impregnated, nice and *up close*.”

“N-nooo,” Meg said, though she had not stop kneading and squeezing her melons, causing milk to spurt onto the grass. “You c-can’t make us . . . I don’t want that big, sexy cock inside me!”

Becker laughed. “I told you that you’d be hungry for it. Don’t worry, you won’t lose your minds or anything, but instinct will render you helpless, just like with Janice. She couldn’t stop the bull from mounting her, and neither will you. Your biology just wants to start calving too bad.”

Anthony bit his lip, wincing. Not only was his udder beginning to strain, but the words Becker was saying had the effect of flooding his body with greater need. The thought of taking that massive bull penis inside him was terrifying, and yet at the same time he was flushed with arousal, his bovine passage dripping wet with desire. He felt a bestial need to be filled, to be flooded with bull semen, to become *pregnant*. To *mate*.

“Ohhhhhh Go-oooood,” he groaned, “MMOOOOOO!!!”

“That’s the spirit,” Becker said. “No matter what you sent out, no matter if you embarrass the company in the short term, I want everyone to know that the company always wins.”

He turned to one of the farmhands. “Get them mounted. I want these heifers bred.”

The gates were opened, and the bulls within pens just on the other side. Anthony knew that if he stepped through the gate, Becker would have it closed, and then the pen door opened, and then everyone in the office would see first hand a bull fuck him.

Fuck him pregnant with a calf. Or maybe even *calves*.

It was a sickening, terrifying thought, especially since - as Becker had said - it would only lead to further milk production never ending.

But his body wanted that. His body *craved* that.

And so without wanting to, his hooved legs began to trot forward, despite all his willpower desiring otherwise.

“M-mooove!” he demanded of his body, but it steered him straight ahead. He wasn’t without control, it was just like holding off on one last rub when masburbating: it was practically impossible when you were on the cusp of orgasm.

“I - I can’t help myself!” he called.

“Mooo-eee either,” Meg moaned, trotting alongside him to her own gate.

Ken also began to move. She too was rubbing her breasts. “Oh God, oh God this is insane. I’m meant to be a man. I’m meant to fuck hot chicks, not get fucked by a damned bull! I don’t want to give birth to calves, this is insanity!”

“It doesn’t matter what you want,” Becker said, “you should have thought of that before you decided to cross the company. I hope this is a good lesson to the rest of you to think twice about breaching contract!”

The assembled employees were silent, but captivated by the horror - Anthony gave a look back as he trotted forth, and he could see their shocked expressions. He had tried his best to help them, and he could see from the faces of figures like Dale and Maria that they were sympathetic, but it was clear the intimidation was working. He simply put on his best brave face and turned to face the bull on the other side of the pen. He could smell it now, its passion, its own arousal, its desire to mate with him.

Or perhaps that was simply himself. His own heavy, wobbling body had the scent of a heifer in heat, and perhaps he truly was. Yes, it made sense; the company had ensured that his genetically engineered body would remain in endlessly arousing estrus when not pregnant, ensuring a never ending supply of calves. God, what would it be like to grow an entire damn calf inside his womb? What it feel like, to have it move and shift inside him? And God, what would *birth* be like? Would he feed the calf milk from his udder? Would he feel like a mother?

It was too much to consider, and it was too far into the future. For now, he only knew that he had to be bred. He simply had to. His vagina was dripping wet, juices slick down his furry thighs.

"M-m-m-moooo," he groaned, turning around to face the crowd. He didn't want to face that way, to have their looks right in his vision, but it was the right angle to have his backside to the bull. To his left and right were Meg and Ken. Both were rubbing their breasts, and in his unbearable estrus he found himself jealous of them: they had extra sources of milk, and extra sources of erogenous pleasure they could actually reach with their hands.

The hell was wrong with him?"

"A-Andy," Meg groaned, "I'll th-think of you."

"M-me too," he replied.

Ken just grunted. "God, just let it fuck me already. It's unbearable!"

Becker smiled, and signalled to the farmhands. They opened the pens.

And the bulls rushed out.

Anthony braced himself, closing his eyes. He widened his stance automatically, his dangling udder wobbling heavily between them, oh-so-full with milk. He lifted his tail to one side, preparing himself for the bull's entrance. He wanted this more than anything at that moment, but still he pictured in his mind's eye that somehow it was Meg doing this to him. That she was filling him, entering him, playing with him, and that at any moment he could turn and shove his face into those ungodly large tits of hers like they were pillows.

He felt the bull sniffing at his vagina, and it made him shiver in anticipation.

"H-hurry up!" he whined.

The bully didn't need much encouragement. It licked at his bovine genitalia, again causing small ripples of ecstasy and a squeak from Anthony. And then it stood on its hind legs and pressed its massive weight upon Anthony's body. The programmer shuddered, surprised by its weight, but he was able to bear it. The bull shifted its rear several times before it found good purchase, and Anthony groaned as he felt the enormous head of the creature's cock pressing at his entrance.

"Oh f-fuck, here it - MOOOOO!!!"

The bull inserted itself inside him. Its cock was huge, massive, rigid, hard. It strained the walls of Anthony's female passage, and slowly but surely slid deep inside him, filling him up. He gasped, shaking a little. His eyes rolled into the back of his head, unbelieving what was happening. In the corner of his eye, Meg was moaning in a gorgeous feminine lilt, Ken too, as they too were invaded by their respective bulls. His lover grasped her breasts, rubbing and squeezing her nipples, expelling milk as the creature bucked.

Anthony's own bull began to buck, and he wordlessly fell into a series of moans, groans, grunts, and whimpers as it thrust in and out of him, in and out. He had never experienced anything like this before, could never have, but despite his revulsion towards the situation he was only getting more and more turned on, and closer and closer to orgasm.

The bull thrust deeply, and Anthony found himself shifting his rear hips in time to the bull's impatient rhythm.

"Ohhhhh G-gooood, I want you to cum inside m-meeeOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

His body quaked in orgasm, his various rolls of bovine and human fat jiggling as the bull shot its load deep inside him. It felt like gallons of the stuff was pouring into him, into his *womb*. It was wonderfully warm and sticky. His shrieks of pleasure were quickly accompanied by Meg, and then Ken, who were also fucked by their bulls into massive orgasms.

Each of the bulls removed themselves, and Anthony grunted as the creature's seed spilled out of his vagina and onto the ground. So much was still trapped inside. He turned as best as he could, still weak, to look directly at Meg. Both were still panting, both were in the aftermath of pleasure.

Both had just been fucked by virile bulls.

"A good recommitment to the company goals," Becker said, clasping his hands together. "Now all three of you are undoubtedly pregnant. But just in case . . . why don't we bring in three more bulls before the crowd and make sure?"

Four Months Later . . .

Anthony grunted as his calves shifted around inside his womb. Becker had been right; the pregnancy had taken immediately, and more than that, the extra fucking had caused him to become pregnant with twins. Meg and Ken had gotten off luckier, though Becker had taken the initiative of feeding all three of them extra fertility drugs to ensure they were regularly pregnant from now on, and would never have "less than two," a prospect that frightened Anthony to the core. Particularly since even without them, he had managed to get knocked up with twin calves.

“C-calm down you two,” he mumbled, patting what he could of his massively rounded cow belly. Like with many cows, it didn’t just dip lower towards the ground, but was almost comically widened, giving his bovine half a blimp-like shape. And just like Becker had threatened, it had caused his milk production to go into overdrive: he now had to be almost permanently affixed to a pumping machine, and nearly several trays of lettuce and greens, in order to deal with his seemingly never-ending supply.

“Ridiculous,” he said, as he eyed the pump behind him. It was huge, and yet already three fourths full. In just fifteen minutes he’d have to press the button to get a farmhand to switch it out *yet again*. The fifth time that morning alone; it was like he was producing more each passing day! And every time there would be a snarky comment from the farm hands too: they loved their ‘big producer,’ as they called him.

Anthony sighed, ignoring how bloated everything about his heavy cowtaur body was. The calves continued to shift a little inside him, slowing down his pace of work, but he was able to run the system update and debug the necessary software as requested, before getting ready to deal with the various IT service requests that had come in that morning.

“Hey Anthony, want to go to the corner of the p-paddock and enjoy ourselves?” came a voice.

He didn’t have the turning ability to move on the spot anymore, but he was able to twist his neck to see that it was Meg behind him, smiling softly. Her breasts had expanded even larger than they had been during their mating experience. They now fell to her navel, instead of just above it, and wobbled heavily. Their enormous size was ludicrous, and yet it always turned Anthony on. She was completely naked these days, and half the time her nipples had suction cups on them, attached to a pumping machine. They so now, but through the transparent plastic material he could see those lovely dark nipples.

“I’d love that, Meg. Seriously, all this debugging nonsense has got me so -
MmhhmmmMOOO!!”

He gasped, regaining his breathing.

“The calves?”

He nodded. “The calves.”

“Jesus fucking Christ, I can’t imagine what it’s like to have two in there. Though I guess in a few months I’ll probably be finding out, won’t I?”

She was referring, of course, to the fact that their cowtaur bodies could gestate and deliver calves in a mere four to five months, instead of nine to ten. Both of them, and Ken, were at near term, and could give birth in ten to twenty days or so. A frightening prospect, especially since they were expected to rear them for several months as well. ‘Rear’ simply meaning ‘feed them with your own damn udders, not on the company dime.

“Who knows,” Anthony said, rubbing what he could of his distended belly, “maybe it’ll just be one again. Or moo-aybe we’ll be rescued.”

Meg sighed, groping her tits habitually. She did it all the time now. She often complained aloud that she had never imagined she would be caught dead doing something like that before she changed, but now she couldn’t help herself.

“I doubt,” she said, squeezing her chest udders together. “We may have cost Maxadine a pretty penny, but we didn’t win altogether either.”

The fallout from their livestream had apparently been strange and confused and vast. Numerous figures online simply believed it was fake, others came out of the woodworks to claim that Maxadine was in fact experimenting with genetic engineering. They had given enough real names to get private investigators and human and animal rights groups involved, as well as several labour unions. In the end, Maxadine had struck a number of deals to keep as much of their operation as hush-hush as possible, and the media kept away. Enough figures were bribed, cajoled, or outright hired to prevent the cowtaurs from gaining freedom, particularly since, as it turned out, there truly was no known way to turn them back.

What they had received, at least, was better conditions, of a sort. Instead of being stuck working in damp cowpens, they were allowed to continue to use their office facilities. Mark and Betty and the first experimentees were given the same benefits, and the two had become fast friends with Anthony and Meg (though Meg often complained, to Anthony’s amusement, that Betty was obviously jealous of her bust line. This despite the fact that Betty’s breasts were still colossal beyond belief, and that Meg hated her breasts, or at least claimed to).

In addition, their promised initial pay was secured; the double rate that had enticed so many. And while they could not connect directly to the internet, still bound by ironclad NDAs, they were at least able to order amenities, make their living quarters more spacious and comfortable, and even negotiate certain hours.

All of this, of course, was blamed upon Samual Becker. His cruel treatment of Anthony, Meg, and Ken was seen by some of the upper board members as appropriate, but ultimately he had to be the fall guy. His last action as employee manager had been to order that the three of them were regularly fed their fertility hormones to make their milk production far beyond any other employee, and to ensure regular ongoing pregnancies with numerous calves.

The bastard.

But he’d had his, in the end. There was a heifer who herself was expected, out in the paddock, with a strange set of slicked back black hair. She was called Sammie now, and had gone ‘full cow’, much to her horror when the moment came. Maria in particular was pleased,

since he had been the one that made her into a shareholder's plaything. In fact, they all liked to pass her occasionally, enjoying the sight of their former boss being mounted regularly. After all, she was the bull's favourite, except perhaps for the three of them, due to the fertility drugs.

Other changes were also accommodated, though the company still had great power. Dale was given his own larger office to help contain his serpentine cow body. He even had his own staff of helpers that answered to him, milking away his four udders and even expressing his breasts. Her breasts, actually. She went by Danielle now, and while she couldn't stand her form, she at least could enjoy her new position as the office manager to replace Becker.

Maria wasn't staying with the company much longer. The mid-forties woman had been reduced back to her early twenties in biological age, and had given birth a month ago to the first ever 'natural' cowtaur: a perfect blend of her body and that of the shareholder who enjoyed fucking her. The man, it turned out, was incredibly wealthy and powerful, and had organised with Maxadine to have her become his private cowtaur wife on their own secluded island paradise. The receptionist was initially terrified, but saw no other choice, especially since he was evidently already excited to raise more cowtaurs with her. In the end, while it was not love, she could at least accept the life of a 'trophy cowtaur wife.' There was a goodbye party for her next weekend. Her husband-to-be planned to have the entire staff flown over for the actual wedding in four months' time. Evidently, he was important enough to Maxadine that he always got his way. At least he kept Maria drained, Anthony thought.

Ken was still having a hard time of it. The loss of her manhood, permanently, had made life difficult to swallow. She still alternated between male and female pronouns, and pregnancy had caused her breasts and udder to swell further. She was still beautiful, and had several farmhands make compliments and even flirtatious actions towards her, and it clearly made the former alpha male confused, horny, and morose. Maybe one day she would get used to it, but Anthony reckoned it would take a few more pregnancies and matings yet before that happened. She was stubborn to the core.

Anthony heaved his body in the present, noticing the time.

"G-good, break time," he said. His milk was swapped out, his udder briefly drained, allowing just thirty minutes before he'd need to return, his udder full all over again.

Meg took his arm as they exited the building down the supersized elevator.

"Mmhm, you're looking even bigger today," she said.

He smirked. "Fat, you mean."

"I like my bull fat. It makes him a big strong man."

"I think we both know I'm not exactly a man, Meg. I've got a set of calves kicking in my womb to prove it. Hell, I have a womb!"

She linked her hand in his. “Who the fuck cares? We’re damn cowtaurs, the rules don’t apply to us. We’re both nerdy and clever and fucking horny and milky as hell, so we might as well celebrate it, right?”

“Mhmoo, that sounds nice. Besides, even if we’re both very pregnant, we can still have some fun.”

“Exactly,” she breathed, taking on a breathy, sensual quality to her voice. “And I know you just can’t get enough of these fucking massive tits of mine.”

Anthony laughed as they trotted slowly, their heavy bodies wobbling, their calves shifting.

“What? What’s so funny?”

“It’s just . . . you hated the fact that your boobs were getting bigger when the changes started, and now you can’t stop showing them off, even though they’re the size of actual watermelons.”

Meg chuckled as well, brushing her dark hair behind her ear.

“Yeah, well, might as well fucking enjoy them, right? Besides, they’re bigger than even Betty’s. Biggest of the whole cowtaur herd, I’d say.”

“Oh, you can admit you know it. You’ve *checked*, Meg. You’re damn proud of those huge boobs.”

She wobbled her shoulders suggestively, and it took some minutes for them to calm down, by which time they’d reached the paddock. Several other cowtaurs were there, mingling and even helping each other milk parts of themselves the machines had failed to extract from.

“You know,” she said, “I might as well admit it. If I am to be a cowtaur, then I might as well be the bustiest, sexiest one there is, right?”

“You are exactly that, my dear.”

“Just like you’re my big, sexy bull.”

Anthony didn’t always feel sexy, but he supposed with their new instincts, simply being so large was dominating and appealing in its own way. Just being attractive to his girlfriend made him *feel* attractive anyway, and perhaps, in a way, that would be enough to see his new cowtaur life through.

His calves shifted within him, and he squirmed briefly, making a small grunt.

“Babies?”

“Yep. But let’s focus on us.”

“No,” she said, drawing him into a kiss. She pressed her breasts against him. “Let’s focus on *these*,” she said, then pointed to their udders, “and *those*. Let’s milk each other until we fucking orgasm.”

Anthony got to work immediately, and soon there were two loud pairs of moos echoing across the paddock, accompanying each other to ever greater heights.

The End