

Our Change in Perspective

By: TaintedContext

Andy 1

Well I just don't know where to begin, so I guess the catching you up to where we are now would be a good place to start. Things for the both of us, they used to be perfectly fine, and normal, but I guess that is not the case anymore. I should have seen this coming, but I just thought nothing like this could ever happen. I was wrong, dead wrong. However, before I tell you what happened I should tell you where it all began. I'll tell you the story of how we wound up in our current state.

I remember the two days before all this happened, it was a pretty normal week. The weather outside was perfect, and sunny. Funny, given how this all turned out. I guess now is a good time as any to introduce myself. My name is Andrew, I used to own a small store that sold specialty craft goods. The store was never too busy, but it still took a lot to manage. I had only one other staff member helping me run the place, and her name was Jessica. The two of us had known each other from way back. Jess always stuck by my side, helping me with anything I asked her to, and something things I didn't. I didn't realize it till now, but I guess I took that for granted.

It was a slow day at the store, and I was ordering Jess around to do a various small cleaning tasks. She responded promptly with a very nervous "Yes Boss." every time. That was one thing I always liked about her, just how timid she was. I guess you could say it was endearing. I would space out from time to time just watching her perform whatever small task I

would give her with a smile on my face as she did it. I would always be sure to get my act together though, making it look like I was doing something of value.

You could say I was in love with her. My one regret is that before all of this took place I could not tell her just how I felt about her. I guess she would never get to know that, not now at least. That day was one of those days, so I said to Jess, “Hey, it’s been a slow day, let’s close up early for the night.” as I look down at her noticing that she is just about done with the small task I had given her.

Jess 1

Yes, I remember that day. It's hard to forget the day that your entire life was building up to, but that's later on. I was hard at work at Andy's shop that's where you would usually find me.

I heard Andy say, “We should close.” My heart raced, maybe we would go out for dinner! He did that sometimes, treated me; I mean he always treated me well, he was a good boss, but... he was still my boss. He was warm but never really saw me as an equal, or that's how I felt at least.

"Yes, er th-that'd be good if you think so." I stammered out. I had a real problem keeping my cool around Andy. I guess I've kinda always had a thing for that cool, older kid. He always kept me around; he had a soft spot for me too. I never really had romantic feeling for him however. He was more the older brother I never had, than a partner in waiting.

Andy smiled at my reply, his dark hair streaming across his face. “Very well then, start getting ready to close.” as I worked my way to the back room to take care of a few things.

I gave him a fake salute, I did that sometimes, and started counting the cash; a very bad day. I hoped Andy wouldn't decide to just close up for real someday. This was my first, and only job. I couldn't imagine doing anything else; let alone without him...

I push a strand of red hair out of my eyes. I really needed to get a haircut, it was bothering me more, and more. Then again, when we were little I remember Andy saying he liked a girl with longer hair. Longer hair would make him happy, so I kept it; I think that is the reason anyway.

I hid the cash drawer, and started turning off the outside lights. Andy was sure taking a while in the backroom. I just wanted out of there once he said we could close up. It would be rude to leave without saying goodnight to him, or seeing if he wanted to go out for dinner; maybe a taco place, he loved those.

A minute ticked by, and then another. I wanted to say something, but I locked my fingers behind my back instead. I could wait. Andy emerged right after, of COURSE; he knew I was anxious for him. I unlocked my fingers, and asked him, "So, um, what now boss?"

Andy 2

I put my hand on her shoulder, and said, "Let's go someplace nice for a change." I slowly guided her out of the store, and locked the doors behind us. I kept my hand in my pocket feeling the firm paper of a letter that I had received in the mail that day. I had yet to open it, hoping it would just go away.

I led the way as she trailed behind me as to the restaurant. I hear her timidly ask, “So uh, where are we going now?”

I responded, “You’ll see, but I’ll tell you it is one of your favorites.” It was not too much later before we found ourselves outside the door to the restaurant, and when she realized where we were going I saw her eyes light up in joy.

The restaurant was a local place that sold some of Jess’ favorite burgers. It was not your typical burger place as it had a well-constructed retro interior. The food there may have taken a while to get, but it was well worth the wait. The two of us sat down, and waited for the waitress to take our order. We took a cursory glance at the menus, even though we always ordered the same we went there.

Eventually, the waitress stopped by, and asked us, “Do you know what you would like to order?” As if she even needed to ask we always got the same thing. I just nodded at her, and told her, “I’ll have my usual.” The waitress turns to Jess, and she gestured me to order for her. I quietly chuckled to myself, and said, “She will have her usual as well.” The waitress quickly jots it down, and heads into the kitchen.

I looked over to her, and stated, “I’m going to be right back.” I stood up, and walked towards the restroom. I took the letter out of my pocket, and against my better judgement I opened it up. I glanced at the letter’s contents, and it was exactly as I feared. The past few years I had gotten these letters asking for me to sell my store to an expanding food chain, and I had always declined, but it seems that would not work this time.

The letter had contained a warning, saying if we did not give up the store it would be at the risk of everyone who worked there, including myself. When I saw the red stamp that said “Ignore at your own risk.” on it, compared to the others had been sent over the years, I was afraid. I did not want to give up the store I enjoyed how things were. Little did I know that my fate was sealed; Whatever fate that was, I’m not sure yet.

The sad thing is the company who wanted to buy us out was the parent company of this restaurant. They were looking to wanting to expand the franchise. I hadn’t chosen to come here because of it being Jess’s favorite; I came to flatout decline. I thought Jess would never need to know about this. She thought I did all this for her, but she didn’t know I gambled with both of our lives. I went into fit of pure rage, ripped up the letter, then flushed it down the toilet cursing the company's’ name. I waited in the bathroom for a while, maybe longer than needed, to collect myself.

Jess 2

I had been waiting for Andy for an unusually long time. He never kept me waiting like this. I didn't really like to be alone in public; I have a small bit of agoraphobia. He's really helped me with it just by hiring, and forcing me to work with people. It's really helped, and I met my first, and only boyfriend through this job; it meant a lot to me.

I took a few little sips of my Coke, and kept waiting for him. I tried not to make eye contact with anyone at the other tables, but I couldn't help it! Some of them just had interesting faces. They seemed to be watching me too, but that was just me being silly. I always felt like people were watching, and judging me.

My burger arrived, and so did Andy's, but he still wasn't there. The waitress left without even asking if I needed anything else. That wasn't very nice of her, I needed a new ketchup shaker, this one was out. I guess I'll just use their normal toppings, and Andy still wasn't back! I hoped he hadn't fell in!

Should I have gone ahead, and eaten without him? That wouldn't have been very nice of me. I might offend Andy a lot, maybe he'd fire me! No, no that was silly. Also, my burger was going to get cold if I didn't get to it. It's kind of sad how I thought that was torture at the time.

I decided to just start eating, Andy would have to deal with the consequences. I would have apologised, and he would say, it was no big deal. I took a bite, and was really enjoying it. What if he was hurt, and I was being a jerk about it. I looked around the room; the server seemed to be gesturing towards me. What, like one burger will ruin my figure? What a meanie!

I was about halfway through my burger when I noticed Andy coming back. He didn't have a happy look on his face, and I hoped he was ok! I opened my mouth to apologise, but he cut me off.

Andy 3

I walked out of the restroom, and headed back towards the table; I assumed the food would already there. I hoped it was not sitting too long. I noticed that when Jess saw me, a look of relief passed over Jess' face. I saw that she started to say something when I interrupted saying, "I'm sorry about that, my stomach was acting up." as I took my seat in my chair. I looked down at my food, and noticed that it was not the warmest, but at least it was still at a decent temperature.

I thought to myself about telling Jess about this whole mess. I mean this thing affected her too, but I guess I just did not take it seriously enough. I thought just maybe the whole thing was some kind of sick joke, but as I would soon learn it wasn't. I laid my teeth into my burger, and savored each bite of our meal with this awkward silence around us.

The two of us just stared at each other like there was nothing else around us. The meal went on, and by the time we had finished the waitress was already making her rounds. She had given me the bill, and along with an stealthily hidden slip of paper underneath it warning, "Just sign it over now, and things will be much easier for you." Looking back, maybe I should have just stopped it all there, but I guess my own pride got the best of me. I paid with a couple of bills from my wallet, and whispered, "Let's get out of her Jess."

She had no clue as to why we made our expedited exit. Sadly, she never will, well at least until it was too late. We walked down to the local park to sit down a while, and watched the sunset. Little did we know then that it would might have been the last time we were going to see the sunset for quite some time. The next day, despite starting out so normal, was the beginning of the end.

Jess 3

Andy was a perfect gentleman, and walked me home. He was going to be driving by my house tomorrow regardless, so he would give me a ride then. It was a perfect night, the kind I want to remember forever.

Andy seemed nervous as we were walking to my apartment. He probably wanted to close the shop down permanently. I would be unemployed, and who knows if I would ever see him again. It was a big fear of mine; now I have much greater fears.

I wanted to say something, to tell him not to worry, that everything would be alright. I would still be his friend even if he had to fire me, but I couldn't; I was too scared. He gave me a pat on the back when we arrived. Sometimes I would distractedly walk past my place for several blocks; Andy always looked out for me. We said our goodnights, and I locked the door behind me. I took a bath to calm my nerves, and went to bed. The last thing I remember was watching reruns of Friends.

I woke up the next morning a little late. I forgot to set my other alarm clock, I only set the emergency one. Dang! I rushed out of bed, and took an amazingly fast shower. I grabbed a box of Cheerios, and sat on my couch by the front door. I looked through the blinds waiting for him. Nothing yet. I hate it when he's not early! I grabbed a magazine, and flipped through it with one hand, shoveling Cheerios into my mouth with the other. They would have been better with milk, but I didn't want to miss him because I knew that is exactly when he would show up.

Andy 4

I was running a bit late due to not being able to sleep the night before. I just could not get that letter out of my mind. I did as I normally do, quickly get my things together, and walk out the door. I got in my car, and drove my way to Jess' place, and I parked outside her house waiting for her walk out the second she saw my car.

I see her sprint out of the house looking mildly disheveled, and rushed compared to normal. I could tell from the look on her face, it was because I was not here at the same time I always was; Jess always had a thing for being punctual. Nonetheless she worked her way into the car, and I tiredly ask, “How was your morning?” with a bit of a chuckle as I yawn my self.

“Short!” she exclaimed. I chuckle back, “I know the feeling.” It didn’t take us long to get to the shop.

I took the keys out of my pocket, and unlocked the shop. Everything looked, and felt so normal. There was a short period of time before we opened up for the day. I was in the back getting things ready. Jess was in the front getting the register set. I don’t remember what happened next too well, but before I could blink an eye; the power had been shut off, and the back room was pitch black.

Jess 4

I screamed, surprises were never something I enjoyed. “Um, Andy is the power off there too?” I inquired.

I heard him yell out, “Yeah, the power is out as here as well. I have no clue what happened. Did you trip the breaker or something?”

“N-no I didn’t. Do you want me to check it?” I asked. I hated flipping the breakers, I always felt like it would electrocute me, but with this old building it wouldn’t have been the first time I to mess with them. I looked out the window, light was just starting to stream in. It was still early in the day. The sun was just starting to come up.

He hollered back, “Could you be check it out for me. I can’t see shit back here.”

“Uh, ok.” I fumbled around searching against the wall feeling for the breaker box. I felt the cold metal panel against my hands. I reached upwards, and grabbed the latch, swinging it open. I took a deep breath, and swung the half dozen breakers to the left. Nothing. Then I turned them back to the right. Still nothing.

“Um, Andy, that didn’t work.” He didn’t respond. Was he going to try, and scare me? He did that sometimes, because he knew I hated it. He said I had a great, girly scream. I guess, maybe I did, but that was no excuse to keep startling me.

I hadn’t heard any footsteps coming from the backroom. Maybe this was something that was a little more serious? “Andy...?” I asked again, my voice losing some of its composure.

I jumped when I felt the hand on my shoulder. “You will see him again soon, miss.” I heard a deep, gruff voice reply. I screamed, and bolted away from him, running right into a display. It clattered to the floor as I fell on top of it. I screamed again. There was a pressure in my shoulder, right where the man had touched me, then everything was blackness.

Andy 5

I don’t remember what happened to me, it all just went by so fast. I remembered this skull splitting pain in the back of my head like they had knocked me out with a club, or something. The next thing I knew was when I came to I was in what looked like a small cage, naked. I could feel the cold touch of the metal against my skin. Where ever I was, there was not much light so seeing much of anything was a struggle. I called, “Jess, are you there? Jess, what

happened?" I cried out, as I heard the voice just reverberate off of the metal, and the silence returned.

Jess was nowhere near me, or at least not conscious. From what little I could see around me, I figured it was just me back here. I had no clue as to what they were planning to do to us, or where we were going, but I hoped at least Jess is all right. I had looked after her for all these years, and to let something like this happen to her is just... inexcusable.

After a while I quickly got uncomfortable in this cage they had me in. Loaded in what I can only assume is a truck. The whole trip I did nothing, but shift position trying to warm up. That proved to be futile as regardless my skin would touch up against the metal in one way, or another, and it would cause me to jump.

Every now, and then I tried calling out, "What are you going to do to me? Where are you taking me." It was clear they couldn't hear me, or didn't even want to humor me with the vaguest idea of what was in store for us ahead. Only if I would have known this is what they were going to do; I never would have refused their offer. I would not have been in this situation to begin with me; Jess could have found another place to work, and our relationship would have stayed the same. Jess might just have even been able to forget me, maybe one day.

Jess 5

I woke up shocked. I remembered everything; the blackout, the gruff male voice, and then passing out. I tried to move, but I felt myself pressed up against cold metal bars. I let out a gasp, I was naked! That person had taken all my clothes. What now? What was he going to do to me?

“H-hello? If you, um, if you let me go, I promise I won’t tell anyone what you did. Just... let me go.” I heard nothing, there was no reply. I strained my ears, and I picked up the sound of an engine. I noticed that my cage was bumping around. I thought maybe I was in a car. I was surrounded by darkness, and I couldn’t make out any of my surroundings.

I had nothing to do, but worry about my situation. What kind of person would kidnap a someone, strip them, then cage them, and not have the decency to at least explain themselves. I started to worry about the person who had done that to me. They could be some sort of real monster, like the type you see on Lifetime movies. I could hear something, some sort of muffled conversation. It sounded like a radio that wasn’t tuned just right.

My thoughts turned unprompted to Andy, was he alright? Did he know I was gone? Maybe... maybe they got him too!? That was a terrible thought, but at least he would be there to help me; to keep me company. “Is Andy ok?” I asked hopefully. I still only heard the slight radio sounds.

It felt like we were driving for hours, but it was probably only minutes. I felt the car stop, hard; I was thrown against the bars. I could hear doors opening, and closing, and footsteps closing around me. I suddenly remembered I was naked, and tried to cover myself. I laid down on the floor, covering my private parts as best I could.

There was a loud release as the trunk swung open. It went from a lack of light to far too much of it, and I couldn’t see anything still. I forced myself to speak, I had to say something. “Pl-please let me go, I won’t t-tell anyone about this never ever.” There was no reply, I felt stupid. Why did I think words like that would change anyone’s mind? I felt something rough

grab the cage. They were taking me someplace, and I couldn't stop them! Why wouldn't they talk to me! I was carried off into some unknowable fate.

Andy 6

I don't know how long it was, but eventually the truck I was in came to a stop. The cage slid across the floor to the far back of the trailer. I remember it being only seconds between when the truck stopped, and when two men opened it up the trailer, and light quickly flooded my eyes blinding me. I couldn't see anything, but I felt I was being moved to somewhere.

Not too much later I felt my cage hit against something as it was set down, hard, onto only what I could assume was a belt by the point. I never got to see the faces of the two who left me off there, but I wonder if that would have only scared me more. I continued my way down the track, which was mostly passing through these small vent like shafts, as I was carried to wherever they were taking me.

When I finally reached the end of the line, I saw what looked like some kind of spacious cell. It was much larger than the cage I was in now, and I let out a minor sigh of relief thinking at least there is a bit of moving room. I saw out of the corner of my eyes a group of men working to carry me into what I could only assume was a holding cell

I saw Jess in another cage being carried to the same room as me. I let a sigh of relief out, at least I knew she was safe. That soon fades as I realized she was stuck in the same situation. The group of workers quickly threw us in the cell, and lock the door behind us. After they leave the two of us sat there in silence for a while, Jess avoided my gaze, until I decided to speak.

I ask her “Are you alright Jess?” as I looked at her straight in the face.

Her face lit up as she noticed me, “Better now that I know you are ok!” Jess seemed to realize she was naked more so than I, and moved to cover herself up as best she could. It was almost comical if it wasn’t so serious. “Um... can you look away,” she asked.

I quickly turned my head to the other side of the cage realizing myself that I had had not covered myself either. “Sure ... I’m sorry,” I said as I turned away. I sighed, “At least you’re alright.”

I stuttered for a bit, ashamed, “I’m sorry ... this is all my fault.”

“How? You don’t... know these guys do you?” she asked, red faced. I sighed as I told her the story of the letters that I had been getting for years about this company wanting to buy our shop. I ended the story with, “And that is why I assume we are here now. They wanted to take my shop by force it seems. I have no clue what they plan to do to us.”

“S-so just give them what they want. I don’t want to be here anymore,” she said. It sounded like she was on the verge of tears.

“It is... too late... for that. They have us, and they sure as hell won’t let us go now. I just ...” I said pausing a bit “Didn’t want those days to end. Now look where that brought us.”

Jess turned towards me, and I looked away. I didn’t want to her face again, with those glassy eyes. She held her gaze for a minute. “I didn’t want those days to end either,” she said, a tear falling down her cheek.

I felt my eyes start to water as I heard it just hoping she could not see. She had never seen me cry, and I would not want her to see it now, when we are like this. I whispered in a very light voice, "Thank you."

There was an awkward silence between us where I tried to think of the words to say to her. To tell her how I felt, to reassure her, but I had none. A man dressed in a surgical gown arrived, and grabbed Jess by the arm. He roughly pushed her out the door without a word. "Let Jess go you bastard!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. I heard Jess whimper, and started to plead with the man. And just like that, she was gone.

Jess 6

The man had my arm in his vice-like grip. I tried to pull away, but he didn't even seem to notice. I covered my chest with my other hand. He lead me down a cold hallway. I looked up at him; he had a surgical mask, and goggles on, in addition to his scrubs. What was he expecting to do, operate on me?

He pushed me into a room with darker lighting. He closed the door, and disappeared down the hallway. The room had three other identically dressed men. Well, maybe one was a woman, it was hard to tell. The one closest to the door grabbed my other arm, and pushed me down into a chair. The other two people used a series of straps to secure me to the chair. Whatever they were going to do, they were going to do it now.

The three "doctors" turned from me. The first opened a drawer, revealing several large syringes filled with a dark red liquid. I hated needles, had ever since I was a kid. Each doctor

then grabbed a different one, and advanced on me. They had labels on their sides that I couldn't read. There were 3 other needles that they left untouched filled with a light green liquid.

I felt a jab in my arm. I thought doctors were supposed to sterilize first. I couldn't help myself, and I let out a cry. I tried to pull away, but my arm was secured to the chair. My other arm came under assault a moment later. The liquids from each was very slowly pushed into my veins, or into my skin anyway. I could feel it pulsing into me. I had no idea how I stayed awake throughout the entire ordeal. When those two were empty, they were immediately withdrawn, and discarded in the nearby sink.

The third "doctor", the one I thought might be a woman, then advanced on me. I suddenly felt more naked than I ever had in my life like she was judging me. Really she was probably just looking for the right place to jam her needle. She stood in front of me, and then I felt the needle pierce my right thigh. I tried to lash out again, I didn't care if it would rip the needle, and destroy my skin I just wanted it out of me! I was too secure, the straps held. She pumped the fluid into me much faster than the other two. When finished she also discarded her needle in the sink.

I heard the female doctor whisper, "Go clean up, you don't want any of this on you." The other two doctors escaped out a door that I hadn't seen upon entering. The female doctor gave me a last glance before also disappearing.

The door opened minutes later, and the one who escorted me here undid my straps. He grabbed me by the arm again, and lead me further down the sterile hall. I could feel my heart racing, threatening to burst out of my chest, but somehow I kept up with him. I heard him speak,

but I have no idea what he said. I realized we had stopped in front of two different doors, X, and Y. He repeated himself, “You will stay here until it is complete, and then we will come for you.” I nodded, too tired to speak. He opened the right door to Y, and pushed me into the room, where I had no idea what awaits me.

Andy 7

I sat there for what felt like ages worrying about just what they were doing to Jess. Jess, the childhood friend I’d known for years, was gone. I had nearly passed out from just pure exhaustion by the time another man dressed in a surgical get-up came, and retrieved me. Jess was nowhere to be seen. I knew I should have been concerned at the time, but I thought maybe I would have been taken past her on my trip.

Unfortunately, as I should have assumed, that would not have been the case, but for being a pessimist I never could shake some uncalled for optimism. They strapped me down to this chair tightly binding my arms, and legs preventing me from being able to move at all. Regardless of how much I tried to fight against the restraints, they held firm.

I realised just how futile it was wasting what little strength I had on struggling. Not too long after I was strapped down by the man, the other doctors made their way in the room. I could swear one of them looked somewhat like a woman, but there is no way I could tell. The three of them crowded around this small cabinet. Inside the cabinet there are the large needle that contained this strange light greenish liquid.

I watched helpless as each doctor grabbed a needle, and prepared for what I could only assume would be injecting me with whatever it was. The doctor that brought me in jammed the

first injection on the right side of my neck. I yelled in pain, “You mother fucker.” As he slowly, but surely injected the liquid I could feel my skin burning around the injection point. Whatever it was, it clearly was not natural, but I should have assumed that already. There was nothing about this scenario that you could say was normal.

The second doctor took his needle, and rammed it into my left arm. The burning sensation passed over most of my body by this point from the tip of my head to the base of my arms. I felt nothing but the pure sensation of my flesh feeling like it is on fire. If it was not for the fact my arms had been bound I would probably be clawing at my skin just trying to get it to stop, but I couldn’t because my arms were firmly bounded down.

The third, and final doctor, the one who I could not tell if they were a man or a women, took the last injection, and thrust it into my right leg. My whole body was on fire; the sensation had completely spread by this point. I wish I had any clue what it was, but by this point I was not sure what was going to happen to me; where they planning on killing me?

Not too much later the three of them finished injecting all of the fluids into my body, and proceed to throw their needles into the sink. The doctors seemed to be used to the routine, and vanished off into a near by room. The next thing I saw while I was still bound, there in the chair was another goon they had around undid the latches, and dragged me down this hallway that ended in two rooms.

I think I could just barely make out the signs on the door saying X, and Y. The man opened the door, and threw me inside. Did they throw me there just to die? All I know right

know is that I'm alive, and nothing is certain about what is going to happen from here. I'm wondering is Jess "Okay?"

Jess 7

Now here I am, thrown into my new prison. It is a sterile, windowless room, the kind you would see at any doctor's office. There is no furniture though, only a long examining table; No sink, no cupboards, no drawers. There is a large, red, digital clock counting upward on the right wall. It shows it had been 2 minutes, 18 seconds. I guess it is counting how long since I had entered this room. I am still part of some experiment. I'm sitting on the table having trouble processing everything that had happened to me. They injected me with some liquid they didn't want to expose themselves to, and locked me in here until it took effect.

I walk over, and try to reach the clock, I barely touch the bottom of it. Curse my height! It is also so heavy! I was trying to move it, but I'm afraid moving it I would crush me instead! I sit back down on the table.

What was it supposed to do? I notice how hungry I am, was that an effect? Did they give me a flu shot? Did they give me cancer? That, and a hundred other possibilities are running through my mind. I stand up, and pace the room for a few minutes, still feeling a chill from this whole place. I sit back down in the corner, and bring my knees up to my chin. I bury my face, and I have a long cry. Why would anyone do this? What did I do to them? Andy had said it was all his fault, but I would never believe that.

I must have passed out, that or sleep eventually came to me. When I awoke I seeing that the clock had not advanced very much, it read: 1 hour, 24 minutes. I want to rip that stupid clock

off the wall, and break it into a thousand pieces. I stand up. My knees feel a little bit wobbly after my nap. I walk over to the clock and try to take it off the wall. I am able to get my hand under the top of it, but it was bolted to the wall.

I stand there, and listen, maybe I could hear something. I half expect to hear the clock ticking away, but I don't. I notice something strange though. When I turn my head to look at the wall, I don't see strands of red hair cascade onto my face. I see no hair strands at all. I reach up, and feel why; it was gone. Oh, I still have hair, but it is short, like a crew cut or something.

Why would that be a thing that happened? Why do I feel so ravenously hungry?! I feel a burning sensation in my left arm, like it is cramping up. A moment later my right arm also starting to cramp. I stand up, and try to apply pressure from my body weight on it. No good, the cramp spread, from my arms to my shoulders, then down my abdomen. My thighs then starting to cramp up.

I fell to the floor, no longer able to hold myself up. I curl into a ball as best I can, I just want it to end. I want everything to end. I want to wake up, back in my own bed, and end this terrible nightmare.

Just as slowly as it began, it stopped. I stand up weakly. I look down at my body. Everything seems ok I guess. I turn to look at the door. I notice my head is level with the door frame. Had I lowered my head when they pushed me inside? That kinda sounded like me but... Something is wrong, I wasn't always this tall, was I? Maybe they gave me a growth hormone, a tallness gene, or something.

I feel a pressure in my chest, like it is collapsing into itself. I grab my boobs, and I am shocked to be grabbing only muscle. My breasts are collapsing, no had collapsed into my chest. They are gone. I never really hated my body. I never bought into the whole ideal body thing. I was a thin girl, 5'2" with red hair, and green eyes. Anyway, I'm not the prettiest girl, but I'm ok with that. I still have ti-, er boobs. Now... now I didn't anymore. I have nipples that seem out of place on a chiseled chest. My hair is short, like a buzz cut, and I have grown at least a foot! My hair is still red, at least I think it is.

My fit body has been replaced with one that looks more at home in a strongman competition, but I am a woman, I'm not supposed to have grotesque muscles like this!

Out of the corner of my eye, I see my reflection in the clockface. It is very blurred, but it showed enough. I am a guy. I AM A GUY. I have bulging muscles, a crew cut, no breasts, and my....no my crotch is still mine. So I'm even MORE of a freak!

I feel like crying, they are taking myself away from me, bit by bit. I still have my... lady parts though. I doubled check to make sure, still where they should be. I look like a steroid freak! Andy would never want to see me again. That brings the tears back, but I beat them away. I run over to the door, and bang on it. "Let me out of here you... damn people," I scream at them. I have never been one for cursing, but I feel it is called for in this situation.

Silence is my only answer. I pound on the door harder. These muscles have to be good for something right? I turn the knob with all my might, but it would not budge. I bang on the door until I felt my fists would break, but still nothing. I put my shoulder into it, like I had seen

in the movies. Then I got a small running start, and smash into it, but the door held firm. I put both my hands on it, and try to push, straining. No luck.

I hang my head in shame, and that's when I get my biggest surprise. My clit is growing. It is easily an inch long, and rapidly inflating. It looks like a long balloon being inflated. I'm too shocked for action. What the hell is going on?

I watch it in meek fascination. It almost looks like a... like a penis. Which reminds me that I had seen Andy's. My... my clit looks like a penis. I see the head form from the folds of my skin. I'm afraid what is happening beneath it. I don't want to know if my whole vagina is changing into balls or something, it has to be though.

I'm a gross monster. No one will ever love me like this, Andy will despise what I have become. I don't even recognise my blurred image in the clockface. I have some weird fuzz on my face. I feel stupid, realizing it is the start of a scraggly beard. I hate beards!

The clock reads 3:27:31. It appears to have stopped moving. I hear someone fumble with the handle. I offer no resistance as he handcuffs my arms behind me. There is another cold sensation as I feel a metal bracelet cuffed around my wrist. I hang my head, and close my eyes, I don't want to see myself. He tugs on the chain, and leads me to another new room.

Andy 8

The burning sensation has turned into only a mild annoyance by this point as I sit alone in this rather small, enclosed, desolate room. The walls are from what I can tell some kind of stainless steel like material. The cold touch of the stone against my skin is relaxing. It helps make the burning sensation from earlier at least bearable. I look up above the door, and see

digital clock with red numbers that seems to be counting up. I assume it started when they threw me in here given the clock read 00:05:00.

I thought, had it really only been 5 minutes since I have been thrown into this place. It had felt like it had been an eternity by this point, but I assume the worst is yet to come. I still have no clue what they had injected my body with, or what it will do to me. I still have no clue what they have done to Jess or even if she was still alive by now. I wonder if they did the same thing to her? All I know for sure is that I'm here trapped in this room with no way out.

After 30 seconds have passed my body starts feeling strange again. It feel like the bones in my hips were being smashed with a hammer, and being rebuilt again. My hips slowly start to look rounder, and softer... more feminine. I cannot believe my eyes letting out a scream, "WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING?" I look over my hips it is looking so foreign, but before I even get a good look I'm forced to close my eyes.

My whole face was in pain, and it feels like it is shifting, and being reconstructed slowly; starting to become softened, and less rigidly defined. I put my hand on my face, and what I feel is not my face. The skin feels too soft, and just I cannot even recognize it. I cannot even feel a trace of the stubble that used to be on my face. I open my mouth to say, "What is... ", and instantly stop talking. That voice sounding nothing like mine, but yet it came out of my mouth.

I start trying to speak, and say, "H-hello?" as I just confirm my fears. The voice, that girly, high pitched voice was my own. I clench my teeth together, and look down at my body afraid to see what else is changing, and when I look down I notice all of the hair on my body has disappeared. There is nothing there besides this new soft supple skin. I put my hand on my face

just wanting to cry, but as I do I feel my fingers elongating, and becoming more slender. My nails becoming longer, and more pointed.

I take my hand off of my face, and look at the stainless steel walls to get a better look at myself. I see in the blurred image in the steel of what looks like a girl, and that girl is me! I stare at that image, afraid of what is going on. All the while my already rather long hair starts to lengthening even more as I feel it start rubbing against my ass. I try standing up, and knocking against the door yelling, "Please get me out of here. Someone anyone."

I continue to knock on the door, and I notice the top of the door starting to look higher, and higher above me. I know I'm 5'10 when all of this started, but are they somehow taking my height from me as well? I continue beating the door the best I can, but I only continue to shrink as it goes on by the time. By the time I tire out, I can be no taller than 5 foot at best if even that. I say, "So now I'm short just what else is going to happen next," my distraught tone clearly being heard in my voice.

The next thing I know I feel a sharp pain in my chest, by this point there is only one thing this could be, breasts. I feel two heavy lumps start to form on my chest as they expand outward only getting heavier. I say, "Just why, why does this have to be me?" as I cry as my breast slowly stop growing. By the time they are done, they are at least DD cup, and is painful on my back. I never had much in terms of muscle, but is it just me or do I feel even weaker?

I try to stand up to see, and I fall back down onto my ass. The added weight of my breasts seems to have completely changed my center of balance making it harder to stand. I fall down, and ask, "Was my ass always this big?" I notice that indeed my once rather flat ass is now a large

meaty ass. I scream, and say, “Come on I know what’s going to happen next, just do it already. I fucking dare you.” As the words escape my lips, I feel a pain my groin. It feels as if my ballsack is being pulled inside of my body by force, and it hurts like hell.

My respectable cock is also being pulled in as well, but no where near as quickly as my balls. It’s not too much longer before what is left between my legs look like this weird pseudo-vagina with an over enlarged clit. The clit is much shorter than my penis ever was, but it is still too large to be considered a normal clitoris by any standards.

I look over my self in the stainless steel walls, and just cry, and scream, “WHY?” I slowly walk myself into the corner of the room, and start crying. The coldness of the stone floor causes my nipples to harden, causing me to let out a gasp. I think to myself about just how violated I feel. If I ever did see Jess again would she even recognize me? Each continuing thought causes me to get more, and more depressed. I try to wrap some of my long dark brown hair around me to keep warm as I feel my body start to shiver from the cold.

I look up at the clock on the wall from my position on the floor, and notice it has only been an hour. The number burns itself into my brain. It took only an hour to take most of my life from me. I doubt I will ever be able to see my old face again. I just can’t believe it in one hour they took it all from me down to my gender. Just what more do these horrible fiends plan to take from me? I don’t even want to think of what they plan on doing to Jess.

After another five minutes, I passed out just due to shock, and lay there asleep on the floor. I was quickly awoken by a strange man who forces me to quickly stand up, and starts to

dragging me out of the room. I feel a steel bracelet fasten around my wrist but I don't have time to examine it.

I see the path back to the familiar "Operating room" ahead, and another grunt to my side is escorting someone else. I assume it was only some other poor soul that had to go through all of this as well. All I know is I have no clue what is left in store for me. I shiver at the thought what more could they even take from me? I guess I will just have to find out.

Jess 8

I follow my jailor down the hall as we walk I realize there is a third, and fourth set of footsteps just behind me. It's probably the "doctors" coming to inject me again. I realize we have arrived back at the holding cell type area where I last saw Andy, and I freeze. I don't want him to see me like this. I don't want anyone to see me like this.

It occurs to me that I should have resisted them. They made me a big muscled freak, and I should use that to my advantage next time. The door opens in front of me, and I step inside. It's much darker inside than out in the cold halls, and it takes my eyes a moment to adjust. When they do... no one else is here.

The door closes behind me. They trapped me in here again. I whirl around, and see there is a naked woman behind me. She is pressed up against the wall as if trying to retreat into it. She is a very small girl, maybe 5 foot if she's lucky with dark brown hair down to the floor, and big blue eyes. She has tits bigger than my head... my old head anyway, no idea how big my new one is.

She is staring at me. I realize I am still naked, and I cover up my chest, and my crotch. I'm not doing a very good job though, my penis seems to be rising above my hand. The girl must be terrified of me, I would be in her situation. So I try to calm her down, "Don't be scared," I say to her. The voice that comes out is all wrong; gruff, deep, and foreboding. I slap my hands over my mouth, leaving my parts exposed.

I hear a shrill, high-pitched voice manage to squeak out, "Who are you?" She falls to her massive butt, pulls her legs up to her chest, and wraps her arms around them.

I don't know how to reply. Who AM I? I was Jessica Samson, but who am I now? "A freak..." I mumble. I meant to mumble, it still sounds like the roar from a monster. "I'm not sure who I am anymore. These people turned me into a monster." I feel like I should feel like crying, but instead I ball my hands into fists, and punch a cage as hard as I can. It clatters uselessly.

"Well it looks like we are both in the same boat there," she takes a deep breath, and finishes, "I... just don't even know what I am anymore.". She sits up still mildly afraid, and continues, "I, at least, know who I was. I was Andrew Olsen. Now... I don't know..."

Her gaze drifts downwards to a bracelet on her right arm. I have an identical one on my right arm! She holds it up to read it for a moment before announcing, "I guess you can call me Alessia."

I stare at the "woman" who just said she was Andrew. Andy! I took a step towards her... him, and I lift her up by the shoulders. She is surprisingly light. I hug her as hard as I could. Our bodies press into each other, I can feel her breasts against my chest, but I didn't care. Andy is

alright. He is a freak like me, but he is alright! I can feel her trying to get out of my grip. “It’s me... it’s Jess...” I keep Andy in my embrace. I never want to let him go, but eventually I did.

“I’m... I’m so glad you are alright,” I say, emotion staining my gruff voice. I step back, and look at Andy again. He looks nothing like his old self, nothing at all. “I guess I’m more of a... James now...” I say, reading the name off the bracelet off my wrist. They had taken everything from me. Everything except Andy.

I could feel my dick poking me in the chest. I couldn’t control it. The sight of Andy... Alessia, was turning me on. I guess maybe I kinda had feelings for him/her too. I wondered if my face was flushing, or if guys could even do that. My body was attracted to Alessia, but I was not. I could not ever imagine doing anything like that. Especially right now. I try to look away from her, but I can’t.

It is hard to think of Andy as this Alessia in front of me. He is also so... so Andy. He will come up with a way out of here, a way for us to change back. I look up to him still, even though right now I had to look down to see in his eyes. “So what now An-Alessia?” I ask hopefully.

Alessia 9

I’m glad to see that Jess is alright, well James now. Her body looked so foreign to that meek, timid girl I knew. Now she is this walking tower of muscle standing before me..., and a guy at that. I speak to him, and say “I... just don’t know James. I don’t think we are going to be getting out of this one so easily, unless your muscles can beat us a way out of here.”

I look over to him, and see he's looking at me thinking that maybe I can find us a way out of here. I can't help but feel intimidated by his presence. I'm just a small, weak girl now so I guess the feeling is just natural. I'm thankful at least he has not noticed my overly large clit, yet. I would be embarrassed to hell if James got a good look at it.

I notice James start to walk over near the door to the cell, and start trying to force it open. I shout over, "Having any luck James?" After a few moments I hear him reply, "Nope! It's steel or something." I sulk back down after having gotten my hopes that his large muscles would have done something. I watch him walk back from the bars looking a bit defeated. I notice his cock slap against the sides of his legs as he walks. I think that is even bigger than what mine used to be, well before it became this. I shuffle around in place making sure to cover up my monstrous clit as much as possible.

I ask James to try bending the bars at various places along the wall, and once again no luck. I sighed with much disappointment, "It looks like we are stuck here James." I notice his head start to sulk a bit down as well, like he thought he had failed me. Jess always tried to never disappoint me so it was probably killing him now. I try to reassure him by saying, "Don't worry James you did your best. That is all I can ask of you," with a smile to try and console him.

The two of us sit down waiting, to see just what would happen next. After a few moments I hear a loud thunk as I see steel doors start to descend from the ceiling to seal off the room. I looked up at the ceiling looking at the doors, and also noticed several vents scattered across the room. I turn to James, and say, "I don't think our troubles are over yet," as I watch her look around the room curious as to what is happening as well.

“What’s going on? Are they going to trap us in here?” she asked, horrified. It was distressing to see such a big guy so unnerved.

I stand up and walk over to James, and wrap my arms around him, and say, “Don’t worry James at least we are together... for whatever is next.” I don’t even care that my breasts are rubbing against him. I’m afraid for my life as well, and I just don’t want to lose him again.

“When they... were changing me, I was more afraid I’d never see you again,” she cried.

I reply, “I was too, James... I was too.” The two of us hug trying to alleviate our fears, and I hear this faint hissing sound start to begin. The two of us both look up at the vents, and see this green smoke start coming out of the vents. The color eerily reminded me of the injection needles, and I shiver. My body started to feel faint as I let my grip on James loosen as I fell to the ground like a limp doll. Just what is this gas doing to my body?

James 9

I stare in mild fascination at the green gas entering the room. I hold my breath as long as I can, but finally breath it in. Nothing, it just feels like water vapor. I glance over at And - er Alessia. She is on the floor, eyes wide in terror. They are doing something to her again! I rush over, and hold her as best I can. I get a good view of her changed anatomy up close. She has those massive tits still, and her dick is... more like an enlarged clit.

She starts convulsing slightly. I try to hold her still. Thankfully my body is good for something, and I’m able to keep her thrashing mostly under control. She looks at me, wide-eyed, and unblinking. It seems like she is unable to move. Her eyes look to her right, and seemed to widen even more.

I follow her gaze, and am horrified by what I see, her fingers are gone! Her hand ended in a nasty black fist, and it's still changing, growing wider, and more ill-defined. It looks like her hands are hooves, like a horse or something has. I reach over, and hold up her left hand. It's the same story there as well. They can't keep doing this to us!

I hold her more tightly to my chest. I can feel her nipples digging into me again. "No, please not you, Alessia. Don't change on me!" I cry. I feel a pressure between us, and when I broke my embrace, I discovered why. Alessia has a second pair of breasts below her first. Her first pair of breasts is growing, BOTH pairs are growing. It's incredible to see, her titflesh expanding like a balloon. Both pairs stop growing when they are as big as beach balls, if not larger.

Her nipples seem to quiver, and split into four. Each of her four breasts have four nipples! Alessia continue to lay there like a limp noodle. Her eyes still unblinking. Tears seem to be forming in her eyes. I try to reassure her, "It'll... be ok Andy... er... Alessia. We'll... I'll take care of you." She looks into my eyes. I get the feeling something else felt wrong to her.

I sit her down gentle, and take a step back. Her body is huge. She has gained at least a hundred pounds over her whole frame, maybe much more. Her ass is massive, looking like 2 squished bean bags underneath her. Her hips likewise flared out obscenely. Looking with a slight glance at her vagina again I notice her enlarged clit... shrinking down to a more normal size rapidly. My gaze trails down her legs to find that her feet has changed into those hoof-like things as well.

"Oh Andy," I cry. I have forgotten his new name again, I have to stop doing that. Her face... it's also changing. Her face elongates, like a snout, her nose turns big, and black. Her jawline stretches along her new muzzle. I hear a snapping, and twisting of bones, tendons, and ligaments. When it's finished, her face looks similar to that of a cows, but still retains her long brown hair. I'm thankfuly she doesn't look fully animal at least. Her ears stick out, and hang down like an animal's.

I shook her, to try, and get her to do something, anything! I heard Alessia make a sound, it was faint, but it was from her. “Andy, say something, let me know you are alright!”

“Moooo fine,” she replied. She had mooed. Cows mooed, they were turning her into a cow! She tried to speak again, “What’s moo on?” I hear her ask.

“Oh, Alessia... they are turning you into a cow.” I can’t stop the emotion in my voice. I’m terrified. Soon there would be nothing left of the person I had known my entire life!

I ran my hand across her head, and down her hair, stroking her face to reassure her. I feel something on my third stroke. I move the hair out of my way to discover... she has little horns. They don’t appear to be growing, but they were there nonetheless.

I feel Alessia’s muscles start to move, she tried to sit up. I help her. It is a tremendous difficulty for her with all that extra weight on her... everywhere. She moves her eyes around her body, seeing what she could. I can feel her heart racing. She motions for me to help her to her feet. I grab her by the sides, and lift her to her feet. I keep one arm around her, but I reach a little too far, and touch a nipple. I hear a low sound, maybe another moo from her as I did. I withdraw my hand, “Sorry.” I don’t know what else to say. My best friend is now a complete freak, and there is no reason for this.

I feel something brush against my leg, looking down confirms it, she has a tail. A flesh colored tail with a puff of brown hair on the end. I can feel my blood rising, I am getting really angry at them, how dare they do this to her, to me! I start to shake with unused anger. she must have felt it, or something because she implores, “I’m moo James, moo worry about me.” I

assume she means don't 'worry about me', it is going to be hard to get used to her new speech pattern.

I hear a soft moo mixed with a gasp. "James, moo out," I look to the vent, and notice more steam rolling in. It has a different color, more of a darker, almost blood red color. I back away, leaving Alessia standing on her own two legs. She did not last long, and fell down onto all fours, and it looks like she couldn't rise again.

I back into the other corner, not wanting to let it touched me. It is probably too late, but I have to try. I feel the fog coat my body, like harmless mist. Maybe it won't be so bad, but I know it has to be. I can't take it anymore, I take a breath, and fall to the floor, my muscles no longer obeying my command.

Alessia 10

I see James fall on his face as his body goes limp just like mine did. I struggle to walk over to him on all fours, and to reach him to see if he is alright. My breasts weigh a ton, and I can't help but have to rub them against the cold hard ground. I yell out to James, "I'm moo James," finding I'm still unable to even speak properly. I can't seem to control it no matter how hard I try. Just what did those bastards do to me?

I continue my struggle for what feels like ages to walk my way over to James. I keep telling him "I'm on my moo James." as I get closer to reaching him. The second I get next to him, I start nuzzling my face against his arms. I feel that his muscles are even more bulging before. He looks like some freakishly ripped body builder on steroids, it's sickening. I pull my

face away from his arm, and say, “James are you all moo?”. I let out a loud sigh at my inability to effectively communicate at all.

I try to nudge my face against his arm a few time times trying to shake him awake, but I can barely move him at all. I feel something during my last attempt to shove him poke me in the face, and I turn toward it, and find that his cock is now poking me right in the face. His cock feels like a baseball bat poking at me with the tip. I see the veins in his penis pulsating, and throbbing. It looks just so aggressive, so menacing..., so manly. I open my my mouth to say, “When did his moo get that big?” I look below his massive member to see his balls. They look massively swollen compared to what they used to be. His balls are like two massive grapefruits contained in a single sack.

I yell the best I can, “JUST WHAT ARE YOU MOO TO HIM?” I start to sob for my friend who is changing before my very eyes. I stare at the massive abomination that is his cock and balls. I can’t help but for some reason keep staring. I try my best to shake off the feeling, I’m a guy I should not feel anything for a cock, let alone the cock of my one female friend. I force my eyes to start trailing their way up his body.

I start looking away from his cock when I notice that his feet look... different. They look more like my back legs than the human ones he had before. I also spotted a tail clearly falling resting between his legs a little over a foot in length. My eyes trail back down to his feet which I notice have turned in to what looks like a black hard hoof-like substance like the ones on my own hands and feet.

I'm afraid for my friend, and quickly look at his hands to see if they have changed, and as I feared they had. They however were not a pair a pair of hooves like my own, but these strange fat two fingered hands with a thumb that looks primitive. They would be more useful than my own hands, but I don't know how much.

I quickly look over at his face to see if, at least, it had stayed the same. Much to my dismay it had just started shifting on me. It looks painful as it starts to reconstruct itself it to what looks like the face of a bull. I hear James slowly starting to grunt, but the voice is even deeper than the one I knew before. I gasp, "James your moo?" as I feel relieved that she had finally awoken.

"I doooooon't feel right," he rasps.

I gasp, and respond, "You as moo?"

"What did they dooooooo toooooo me?" he asks, having speech troubles of his own.

I let out a sigh as I look up noticing the red mist had stopped leaking of the vents for now, but the doors still remained sealed.

I look over at James who is inspecting the changes that they have done to his body with a mix of fear and disdain in his face. I slowly inch my way over to him in an attempt to console him. I look up from the floor after finally getting over to him, and say, "Are you doing moo James?"

He looks over at me with tears in his eyes, "I... I guess soooo." He stares at me, and puts his arm around my shoulder; he feels so strong.

I look up at his face as he holds me tight, and say, “It is all moo James, I’m still moo for you.” He looks at me inquisitively. He must not have understood me. I clear my throat, and try again, “I’m still moo next to you.”

“Th-thanks. I doon’t knooooow what I’d doooooo withooout yooooooou.” He shakes his head, trying to wash away his speech issues.

“It’s moo James. I couldn’t ever moo of leaving you. I mean we are kinda moo together by this point.” as a tear slowly starts to fall down my cheek.

James holds me tighter. I can hear him sniffing, trying to be brave. I look down, unsure what to say. Then I notice his dangling member hanging there between his legs slightly erecting as it accidentally rubs against my flesh.

“Ooooh, I...I feel weird,” he gasps. He seems to be really noticing his dick for the first time. My face starts to light up red as it continues rubbing against me, and I gasp out “... moo.”

He turns, trying to angle it away from me. I can see it slowly lengthening until it was at full mast, and poking against my side. “Sooooorry I dooooooon’t knoooooow what’s wrong with me...” he trails off.

I let out a light chuckle, and reply “Don’t moo about it. I moo you can’t help it,” as I close my eyes for a second, the length of his rod still fresh in my mind. The thought sends shivers down my spine for some reason. “James would moo like to?” I open my eyes again, and stare at him in the face.

James seems to be staring at his own erection; it was nearly up to his chin. "I'm scared," he confesses. "But, I think I want yooooooooou right noooooow."

I respond, "I've kinda always wanted moo" as my face blushes a bright rose shade of red upon the utterance of that phrase.

"I think I've always wanted yooooooooou toooooooooo," he states. His control over his speech seemed to be getting worse, and was he blushing? I chuckled, and thought to myself that that was the Jess I remembered all right.

I use my head to attempt to gesture James behind me, and whisper, "I want moo, now." He must understand me, he stands up, then seems unsure of himself.

"What doooooo I dooooo?" he asked. "I've never dooooooone this befoooooooooore." It was the cutest thing I've ever heard.

I try to readjust my hooves, and try to lift my body up off the ground, and find my breasts weight me down too much to even get an inch off the ground. I let out a sigh, and think to myself looks like I'm stuck on the ground like a farm animal. I give up trying to stand, and stay on all fours. I simply try to lean myself forward on my breasts, and try to raise my ass up into the air. I say "Just moo it here" using my tail to point to the hole.

I felt James put his three-fingered hands on my back. I then felt something new, I felt my pussy lips spreading as James' tip entered me. I felt myself stretch in a way that I never had before. The feeling was incredible. It was like when I used to rub the tip of my penis, but

magnified over my entire crotch. In fact, I could feel my nipples growing erect, along with something just above my pussy; it must be my clit I realized.

“Alessia, this feels really goooooood. I’m gooooooing tooooooo push,” James said sheepishly.

I gasp out, “Moo James MOO!” trying to tell him how I felt. I’m mooing continuously as I feel James start to pick up speed thrusting inside of me faster and faster. I don’t know what it is about it, but it feels amazing. My mind is starting to go blank from the overloading amount of pleasure. My insides feel so full, and connected to James. After a while I notice I’m starting to thrust myself back against his cock, and start to grind on his rod as much as I can.

I hear James give a grunt of pleasure as he pushes deeper into me. It must be at least quarter of the way in by now. “Yooooooooooooou are making me feel soooo gooooooood.” I feel him grab my hair with his deformed hand, and start to pull me back to him.

I feel him start to try to push his massive cock even deeper, but it’s too fast, and it starts to hurt. I let out a slight yelp, “James moo much!” as he forces over half of his cock inside of me. A tear works its way down my face as cry again “James MOO!” as he keeps thrusting faster, and more inside of me.

“Take it yooooooooo coooooooooow,” he replies, and pulls on my hair harder, forcing even more of himself inside of me.

I whimper, “James it Moo” I have tears running down my face from the pain. I think to myself that I deserve this after bossing Jess around all those years. I feel him force the rest of

himself inside of me, my pussy feels like it is filled to the brim, and ready to explode. I wonder just how much longer is he going to last.

I feel my hair being freed from his grasp. I then feel his rough fingers grab two of my many nipples, and start to tug on them. “I need toooo milk my coooooooow,” he explains.

I feel something start to squirt out of my nipple as he starts tugging on them. I can only assume it’s milk. It feels like my breasts are cumming with each and every squirt. I look back at James, and go, “Yes James moo. Please James moo me more.” My eyes start to roll to the back of my head, and my mind starts to haze over with a thick fog.

James keeps a hold of my nipples, and roughly pulls them towards him. “I’m cloooooooose,” he bellowed. He then rams into me, and holds it. His dick starts to pulsate inside of me as my insides are being filled with his cum. He continues for what feels like ages until his load is spent, and he finally pulls out with a loud plop. It quickly starts to ooze it’s way out of my vagina onto the floor creating a small pool. I feel full, but full in a way I never have before.

James fell to his butt behind me. I hear him breathing deeply. I’m too exhausted to say anything. I feel sore in all my new places. I have a puddle of cum and milk underneath me, and yet, I feel content. I’m in a mental daze and slowly relax myself on top of my monstrous breasts. I somehow pass out comfortably atop them.

JAMES 10

I sit there watching my cock slowly shrink down to a more manageable size. That was incredible, it was a greater feeling than anything else I had ever experienced. It was like when I used to masturbate as a girl, but more concentrated. It was very powerful.

My thoughts turn to An-Alessia. Had I really just done that? Had I really just had sex with my best friend? “I’m soooooo soooooory, Alessia. Are yoooooou alright?”

I watch her head lightly stir like she heard me, but then immediately sink back down again still completely worn out from it all. I reach forward, and put a hand on her backside. I tried to shake her a little bit. “Alessia, Alessia... Andy, are yooooou alright?” I ask growing increasingly concerned. I notice she still did not budge much at all, or even move this time.

I stand up, and find my legs very wobbly. Cumming must have taken a lot out of me. I walk over to her face, and kneel before her. Her eyes are closed, but she is still breathing. Had I hurt her? What had come over me anyway? I was a monster to her, all I cared about was cumming. “Alessia, I’m soooooory I coooooouldn’t coooooontrooooool myself.”

I watch as she slowly starts to raise her head still groggy, and completely out of it. I hear her say, “Moo?” as she looks straight at me.

I wrap my arms around her, so glad she is awake! “I’m sooooooou sooooooorry. Can yoooooou fooooooorgive me?” I ask hopefully.

I watch as she nods her head, and say, “Moo James.” as she puts a smile on her face. “Did you moo it?” as she looks at me curious.

“It felt amazing,” I reply. “I’m soooooory if I hurt yooooooooou.” I watch as she nods yet again, understanding what I meant. I give her a squeeze, and let her go.

I look down, noticing my dick never fully deflated. It’s still somewhat erect, and annoying me. I won’t let it control me again! Is it such a bad thing though? Alessia had enjoyed herself, she must have came harder than I had to pass out like that.

After a time, I am able to catch my breath, it had taken a lot more out of me than I realized. I feel overwhelmingly tired. I look over to Alessia, and see she has her eyes closed. She sways for a moment, then seems to lay down, and roll to her side. Her breasts flop under her so invitingly. I crawl over to her, and lay down, using one of her breasts as a pillow. We spoon together for several hours.

It wasn’t long enough. I awoke to loud banging all around. I see several men in surgical gowns, two of them holding what appears to be oversized cattle prods. Those were for me I realized.

I stand up, ready to defend Alessia, and myself. I let out a grunt, and rush the two taser men. Next thing I know, I am laying on the floor. Those cattle prods must have a bigger kick in them than I realized.

One doctor arrives in the hallway informing us, “Once we pierce, and brand you cows, we will let you go. Thank you for your patience.” He turns, and disappears, leaving us with the other doctors.

I try to rise, but I seem to have zero energy. I spot others as they arrive, carrying a stainless steel case that clatters as they move. They drop it next to me, and open it up. I can’t see

inside, but I know I should fear the contents. They remove a great copperish brass loop. Gold, I realize! A needle appears in a different doctors hands, and is pushed through my enlarged nose. I feel a pressure, and then it's removed, and the gold loop is inserted through my nose. Both of its ends were then bolted on, sealing the nose ring as a part of me.

“Roll on your back, cow,” one of them commands. I hear the voice, but the words don't register. I feel a shock to my thigh, and I instinctively roll onto my back. I feel small, and cold hand grasp my dick just above the base. I then feel a metallic cold above where my dick meets my balls. I glance down, and see they have put some sort of ring around my cock. Why, why would they do that? I know the answer immediately, my dick starts to grow erect, painfully erect. The ring dig into my flesh, yet seems to encourage it to stay hard. Those bastards!

The men withdraw from me, and clutter around Alessia. She is awake, and her eyes are wide with fear. Two of them are holding her down, preventing her from rising. One grabs a long rod, ending in an oval. He steps behind Alessia, and presses it to her flesh. She lets out a scream that hurt my ears, and broke my heart. I try to rise, and the man in front of me gestures to his cattle prod again.

The circle rod withdraws leaving a permanent mark on Alessia backside. The mark is a dark circle with the words “Property of James.”

I see other men crowd around her nose, giving her the same gold ring they had forced upon me. They withdraw, and seem to admire handiwork. There is some gesturing, and the men suddenly have smaller needles in their hands. They advance on Alessia's delicate nipples. They pierce each, and leave a small metal bar in each one. Alessia has tears running down her face.

The men quickly grab what looks like a small collar, and fasten it around Alessia's neck like some kind of animal. The collar has a large bell attached to it with the name "Alessia" etched into the front.

The men pack up their case, and withdraw. One stands in the doorway, and informs us, "You will be released shortly. Please stay patient, cows." The door closes behind him.

My mind is focused on how much my cock ached; demanding attention. I close my eyes trying to shake off this bad dream. I look over to Alessia, she is mooing to herself. She looks like she is in pain. I walk over to her, and wrap my arms around her. I won't let them separate us.

I must have fallen asleep with her in my arms again. I awake face down in some straw. I stand up, and notice my painfully hard cock. It's slightly red, and it hurt. I feel like I have to cum, and soon! Where was Alessia, she would take care of this for me.

I try to shake those thoughts away, but I should find her regardless. I look over my surroundings, I'm in an old looking barn. I woke up in what looks like some kind of stall that used to house horses. I make my way out, and try to find Alessia.

"Alessia?" I call out. I hear no response. I walk a couple feet before I find her. She is in a giant pile of straw. She is snoring peacefully, well snore-mooing really.

I walk over, and shake her. I hear a snorting type sound as she starts to stir. She rolls over to face me, and opens her eyes. "Helloooo Alessia, hooooow are youuuuuu?"

Alessia 11

I respond, "I'm mooing just fine James. How about moo?" I tilt my head to the side confused as to where I am.

I hear him reply, "I guess this is oooooour new hoooooome." He pauses for a moment before adding, "I'll gooooo check oooooout the place."

I nod in acknowledgement as I try to get myself up to follow, but have a hard time moving due to all the weight my body is carrying. My bell starts ringing like crazy with every movement I make as I try to get up. After a while I finally manage to get to my feet, and slowly plod my way behind him around the barn.

I look up at the ceiling, and notice how parts of it seem like the wood has rotted through. I notice a few drops of water plop down from it. I think to myself it must be raining outside. I see James walk over to the barn door, and open it. When he does, a large gush of wind runs through the barn, and confirms my suspicion that it is raining outside. I tell James, "It moo like we are not going to be able to explore outside today."

The two of us look outside our enclosure seem to be a large pasture devoid of any other feature. Just a fenced pasture with our barn in the center of it. I look at him, and say, "We should moo the door before it gets cold."

He seems to agree, and manages to get the doors closed and latched. I hear him yell as he accidentally hits his dick against something, due to it always being erect from the cock ring they had placed on him. I slowly plod my way over to James, and ask, "Are you all moo?" concerned if he had hurt himself.

He takes a moment to respond, “Nooooo, I’m nooooooot. I’m a freaking coooooow person, and I’m hooooorny, and starving.”

I let out a sigh, and look to him tell him “Don’t worry at least we have each moo.” trying to make him feel better about the situation.

“I guess...” he trails off. James walks away from the door, and sits in a decent sized pile of hay nearby.

I slowly walk around the barn, and try to find something to eat. I’m starving as well, but don’t want to mention it to him. It looks like I could afford to miss a few meals after all looking down at my body. I let out a sigh at that thought, and get back to searching. I look around the large, but empty barn for what feels like an hour. I have found nothing at all to eat not even a small portion of food to split.

I call out to James, and yell “... James I couldn’t find anything to moo. I’m... moo,” looking a bit depressed that I had failed him.

“Yooooou cooould at least eat grass,” James suggests. “I doooooon’t think that’ll woook for me. I need soooomething better.”

We sit in silence for a moment, grass did almost sound appealing. It was better than nothing after all. I decide to break the silence, and suggest, “We... could use my moo.” shaking my breasts around a bit.

James licks his nasty cow lips. “Yes... that woould taste great.” He looks around for a minute, “Find a pale, oooooor a bucket.”

I nod my head down in understanding, and start searching around the barn for anything to put my milk in. It's slow going on all fours, but eventually I find something that isn't rusted too badly to put my milk in, and pick it up with my mouth. I plod over to James my bell ringing with each step as I see him focused on something.

I hear James yell, "It woooooon't coooooome ooooooff!"

I look at him, confused putting down the bucket. "Mooo won't?"

"My cooooockring, it's stuck. It really hurts." I take a look at his erection, and notice it looks even larger than the last time I saw it, and much redder.

I gasp, "... moo. That must really moo" feeling sorry that there is nothing I can do to even try to remove it with my hoof-hands. I walk in close to him, and push the bucket close to him saying, "Moo."

I slowly roll my self over onto my side putting my nipples into the air. I wait patiently for James to walk over, and milk me. My breasts have started feeling sore from all the milk inside of them, and I could use the release.

James seems to get the hint. He walks over, and kneels next to my aching tits. He squeezes one, giving himself a taste of my milk. He stops, and wipes his mouth. "Nooooot bad, coooooould use soooome meat," he said, then squeezing a tit for emphasis. "Yooooou coooooould stand tooooo loooooose soooome right, fatty." I feel hurt for a moment before I notice his smile.

I hang my head low, and respond "Yes moo I should." with a bit of a chuckle. James grabs the bucket, and places it beneath my second right tit. His hands grasp two of my many

nipples and starts squeezing, releasing the milk into the pale. It takes him sometime, but eventually he develops a rhythm to it.

Each squeeze of my nipple is electrifying. It's almost like a mini-orgasm. I let out little involuntary moos each time he does. I have to plead with him to switch to a different tit, "Moo other one please."

James lets out an exaggerated sigh, and grabs my other right tit. He milks that one as well, but more forcefully with with less love. This continued as he moved from tit to tit, until he was one the final one. By that point there was no love in the motion, and just pure nipple jerking pain. I tried to tell James, "Please moo it hurts.", but he seemed to get rougher every time I asked. I thought to myself what has gotten into him.

He gives my tit one final squeeze, and releases, moving away from me. "Yooooou are soooo needy," he rasps. "Yooooou should help take care of my needs."

I think to myself for a second. I had always helped Jess with things in the past, so why should I stop now? I'm only one here that could help him take care of that lusty need in his penis, and pacify it. I roll my self onto my breasts, and say, "I guess I moo James."

He doesn't seem to need another invitation. James walks behind me, and grabs my massive ass. I hear him let out a grunt as he thrusts into me. I let out a loud series of moo's as he fill my pussy with his massive cock. I beg him, "James... my moo's feel soo moo... please moo me." He thrusts into me hard, as if in answer.

I say to him, "Moooo not that James. My moo's please moo." He thrusts again, pushing more of himself into me. My breasts sway with each, and every thrust of his massive

overly engorged cock inside of me. I feel his hands recede from my ass as he grabs hold of two of my nipples, and starts tugging on them. One of his fat fingers finds my nipple piercing, and tugs as hard as he can, nearly pulling it off. It hurts, it fucking hurts like hell.

James drops those nipples, and grabs two different nipples, each by the piercing, and pulls them as he thrusts into me. He thrusts his entire length into me, filling me. After that... I just don't remember it is all a blur, and when I came to I could feel nothing, but copious amounts of semen slowly oozing out of my pussy.

It takes me a while to regain my composure before I ask myself, was he always this rough? The first time we had sex he was like this too, but it seems to be getting worse. Can he... no longer control himself? I inquire "James are you feeling all moo? Are you sure you're all moo?"

"Better noooooow," he replies, looking relaxed. After a moment his face darkens, "But my fucking coooooock still hurts."

"I'm moo James. I really moo is there anything I can moo for you?" I respond hoping there is just something I can do to make this easier on him.

"Having sex with yooooou made it feel better foooooor a minute." He goes silent.

I let out a sigh to myself, and say, "May be a useless moo, I can at least moo that much." with a mix of smile, and tears on my face. "James you can moo me as much as you need." I full well know what that meant, but I had caused this whole mess to begin with. I had caused Jess to be stuck like this. The least I can do is try to make this as comfortable as I can for her.

I felt James mount me again, and then everything kinda became a blur of sex, and orgasms. When I woke up, I saw James had collapsed not far from me, breathing deeply. His cock is still so swollen, and red. I hear him snoring, and I wonder if his nose ring is making that worse. I'm slightly startled when I hear a loud knock on the door. It shocks the two of us awake as we both raise our heads in confusion.

A professionally dressed man enters with several assistants, two of which have those cattle prods. He smiles at us, and says, "We are here to offer you a choice. As you can see, your days of being able to function on your own are over." He looks over the both of us carefully, and continues, "You can either stay here, fuck each other until you starve to death, or you can come back with us. We will take care of both of your... individual needs."

I catch James' eye, he is thinking the same thing I am. We have no real choice at all.

James 11

Alessia, and I have been with the company for five months now. True to their word, they do treat us well. Alessia is given a 6,000 calorie diet to help maintain her figure. They milk her breasts empty twice a day.

As for myself, they milk me every four hours, unless I get my milking from Alessia. She is always eager to please me. When she gets milked, she is unbelievably horny. I usually have to come by, and fuck her right then. Life is good.

Sometimes, I notice her get a little sad about her lack of hands, or mobility. A quick fuck, or milking cheers her right up.

I can't seem to take my mind off my cock. It drives my every need. It's always demanding attention. Whether it's being buried in Alessia's cow pussy, or being milked by a milking machine, it is never enough. I know Alessia must feel the same way about her breasts. I asked to get the cockring removed, but they said they would consider my request. I think they like me this way.

I wonder if they keep my ringed so I can't think of escaping, not that I ever would. We made our choice, and we are both happy with it. Sometimes I wonder where our milk goes. They always make sure to keep it cold after harvesting it.

Alessia, and I don't talk much anymore, we don't need to. She knows what I need, the company, and I take care of her needs. We are perfect for each other, each never satisfied. If Alessia still had hands I am sure she would be trying to milk herself with them constantly.

By this point I don't even think about what life would have been like if this had never happened. I have vague memories of before, bits, and fragments of experiences. All I remember for sure is I loved Alessia even then. My lust drives any attempt I have to think back to those times, and brings me away from them like a constant nagging urge that Alessia is willing to satiate.

After that first day, each, and every day was a blur, they all felt the same; a mix of nothing more than me either being milked, or fucking Alessia's brain out as I pleased. Alessia always did it with a pleased look on her face with what looked like a smile underneath it all. I hope she's happy. She's always mooing even when she isn't being milked so it's hard to say for sure.

Last month, I received amazing news; Alessia is pregnant. My cow is going to have calves. Her stomach is already bulging grotesquely on her frame it, and her breasts scrape the ground when she walks. It drives my dick crazy just looking at her now.

They say another few weeks, and she won't even be walking anywhere. Her breasts have grown considerably, her beach ball breasts looking overinflated. She needs to be milked four times a day now. I'm told she will have to be milked 24/7 in the weeks before she gives birth.

I would never have chosen for this to happen to myself, and Alessia, but right now, I wouldn't want it any other way.

THE END