

(Contained within is the Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau session for the user Zarrow. If you're interested in doing the Mad Mansion for yourself, please be warned that there are spoilers ahead! Some details of the "Game" will be redacted for readers, to preserve some of the experience. However, there's still enough here to spoil your own session if you care about plot! If you don't, read ahead.)

(It's also worth noting that the Mad Mansion is a unique experience that is designed as being very Kink-Flexible! The fetish content you see in this run is NOT necessarily what you will experience yourself. If you don't like some specific fetish, please rest assured that you can play this experience without it.)

Chapter 3: Farm Fresh and Unpasteurized

Terinas:

(Roll a 1d6 for me as you go down the stairs. You need above a 3 for good results.)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 4)

Terinas:

(Ok, no random encounter...)

Jane was able to find his way to the Western Stairwell pretty easily. Navigating down the concrete stairs, the only difficulty he faced was that the lights flickered and blinked... if they worked at all. There were sections of stairwell he had to navigate in the dark, simply because the lights refused to light up. Eventually, he reached the ground floor, exiting into the Western Hall. Two doors lined either side of the wall. On the side he exited, there was a "Stairwell" and then also a "Reference Room". On the other side, he saw two other labeled doors. "Restroom" and "Lab C". The latter of which had "do not enter" yellow tape crossing the door in an X-Pattern.

Lastly, on the far end of the hall was a door labeled "Main Hall" and opposite to it, very close to him, was a wood door with the words "Barn Entry" painted on it.

Zarrow:

The reference room did look interesting, but he wanted to see if there was a way to peek into the 'Lab C'. Was there a keyhole to look through or something to otherwise indicate a way to see in, without breaking the 'do-not-enter' rule set in place by that tape?

Terinas:

(Hmm... that's something not entirely unlike perception... Make a Skills roll)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 10)

Terinas:

Jane didn't see an obvious way to look into the lab, but he DID see a keyhole. Peeking inside, he could just barely make out the other room. A light flickered inside. He could see

[REDACTED!]

Whatever was inside, that was not a good place.

Zarrow:

Jane backed away slowly and quietly, the **[REDACTED!]** room causing him to shudder a bit. "Oh god..." He finally uttered out after he'd backed away, turning his attention to the reference room-actually, no, he'd rather get some clothes that fit a bit better first. He moved towards the barn entrance and opened the door, stepping into the barn.

Terinas:

The barn, by comparison, was far more welcoming... if just as dim. There weren't lights installed here, but a sunroof in the ceiling made for enough light to at least see by. The walls were wood and painted red, with white trim. There were several stalls, lined with hay, as if livestock lived there. But while Jane saw the trappings of life: A few magazines in the hay-ridden stalls, or small toys, or personal grooming supplies, he didn't see anyone in the barn. Just heard a persistent whirring sound, and... then a loud moo. Like some animal further down past the stalls was up against a generator or something

Zarrow:

Jane was surprised by the stillness of the barn, taking in the scent of the fresh hay of the place as he looked around. He emptied his mind of that previous room, this was much more cal-

The sudden loud moo kicking in, along with the whirring started him out of his quiet moment of contemplation, driving him to explore further down the barn, walking to the source of that moo. "Hello? Everything alright?"

Terinas:

At the far end of the barn, near two sliding wooden doors with a crack of sunlight leaking through them, Jane saw it. An enormous metal machine, hooked up to an engine. The whole thing had a quiet roar to it, as it worked. Two glass tanks, one on either side of the machine, were filling. One with a pale yellow-white fluid, the other with a pure white fluid. Both tanks were about as large as Jane was, with a small tap at the base of each of them.

Seated on a large cushioned seat on the machine itself, a metal strap along her waist, was what was best described as a cowgirl. Her body was large, bright white fur with pink spots, and she had HOOVES where a human would have feet. Two small curly white horns came out of her forehead, as she mooed loudly, rubbing two hooved fingers against her sensitive bits. She was

entirely naked, a set of clothes folded on a seat nearby the machine. Tubes were hooked up to her e-cup breasts, pulling milk from them in a rhythmic pattern... and matching tubes lined a set of bright pink udders between her legs. Poking out just underneath the udders was a large, throbbing stick of man-meat, a cock that put anything Jane had to shame, with a tube around the head of it. The creature groaned and moaned again, as a jet of spunk came out of that fuckstick, being pulled away through the tubes into one of the larger glass cylinders.

The display was brazen, lewd, and entirely shameless. The creature didn't even seem to know Jane was there.

Zarrow:

Jane first spotted the two tanks, not quite rounding the corner of the stall yet, seeing the two fluids slightly gurgling as more and more of whatever was within was pumped in. He then rounded the corner completely, stopping in his tracks with an audible gasp. The cow person was lost in the throes of pleasure, absolute bliss displayed on her face as he stood and watched for a little bit. The front of his pants was tented with the slight scent of spunk and cream in the air, and the display only made him squirm more, re-adjusting himself some as he watched the cow continue to be milked. He felt it would have been weird to speak up, but it was creepier to just stand there and do nothing. "Hello? Everything...good?" He didn't quite know how to breach the topic, yet tried anyway. "Anyway I can help?" He found himself saying before he stopped himself, covering his mouth as his face flushed even redder than it'd been

Terinas:

"Aaaaah.... ahhhh!" The cowgirl tossed her head, panting and flailing a bit, her forehead caked with sweat. She looked over towards him. "B-be with yah in a second, sugah!" Her voice had a faint hint of a southern accent, as she shuddered, her body going stiff. Jane, if he chose to stay and watch, would wait for several minutes of her convulsing and shuddering, before finally, the machine whirled to a stop once both tanks were filled. The creature flopped over, panting, and reached up with a trembling hand to begin removing the tubes from her body. "Pleasure t-ah-meet you, sugar! Ah'm Bessie, an' you're a new face! What's your name, birdy?"

Zarrow:

Jane was struck for a while watching the cowgirl finish up, not moving from his spot for fear of being...rude? The display certainly had him flustered, and he kept adjusting his shaft in his tight jeans until the cowgirl finished up. He glanced over at the completely full tanks, again a bit awestruck at the amount of fluid that had just left the person in front of him. She was large, sure...but no one could have that muc- She cut off his thoughts with her introduction.

"I..er..I'm Jane. Ilya, sorry, Dr. Moreau sent me down to see if you had any better fitting clothes." To demonstrate the tightness of his current pants, he attempted to shove a hand into a pocket, only managing to get the first knuckles of his fingers in. "And you could help?" He was still a bit awe-struck, and his jilted, slightly-embarrassed speech showed that.

Terinas:

The cowgirl wasn't bashful, tugging the tube off of her shrinking cock as she listened to him. "Shucks, you just wanna pair of overalls and a shirt, then?" She chuckled. "Ain't got no fancy clothes, but anything I've got is stuff for working in. If that's ok, ah reckon ah could give you a pair if you're willing to help me with some chores t'earn 'em."

Zarrow:

He nodded, shaking himself out of his stupor a bit. "Yeah, that would be appreciated. Anything but these..." He gestured again towards himself, still a bit bashful towards the all-too-friendly cowgirl, but she was so sweet, it's not like he could say no. "What kind of chores?"

Terinas:

She turned away from him with a swish of her tail. "Well, how 'bout we discuss that after I shower off some of this sweat!" She turned to wink at him. "Less'n you wanna follow a girl into the shower..." It was a tease, but a sincere one. "otherwise, jess relax. Or have a glass of milk." She pointed at a plastic cup dispenser near the glass cylinder of white fluid, nearby the tap.

Zarrow:

Jane thought back to the warning Ilya gave him, and decided to play it safe, to try to suppress those urges, those changes, for as long as he could. "I'll stay here, I think. Thank you for the offer though?" He moved over to one of the bales of hay nearby, sitting down and taking a few deep breaths to steady himself. He licked his dry and slightly hard lips. Come to think of it, he hadn't had anything to drink since this morning, and Bessie did offer... The changing man reached over and pulled out one of those cups, placing it under the milk tank and filling it halfway, if only to just taste it.

Terinas:

(Make a body roll! You need a minimum of 5 for partial success, 7 for full success.)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 4)

Terinas:

The milk pooled into the cup, filling it halfway, just as Jane intended it to. At the same time, Bessie had sauntered over towards a shower stall, her lower body covered by wood, as she stood in the livestock shower, flipping a switch to have warm, steamy water rushing out over her body. She hummed loudly to herself as Jane took a sip from the cup.

The milk made his tongue tingle ever so slightly as he tasted it. It tasted sweet and slightly warm and deliciously creamy. There was a sort of energy to it. Just tasting it gave him a bit of a rush, as if he had chugged an energy drink. He felt energetic. Revitalized. As if he were a teenager again or something like that. And then, a few moments later, it was gone. Just a sip had had such an intense effect, though...

Zarrow:

"Fuck...that's good." Jane took another sip, then another, gulping down the half-full glass greedily, a satisfied sigh escaping his hardened lips as he licked them free of milk. He'd only had a half of a glass, but another seemed very tempting. One more couldn't hurt. He leaned over and filled his cup to the brim, starting to greedily gulp it again.

Terinas:

(Make another body roll. This one is harder since you failed the last one.)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 6)

Terinas:

(Nopers. Sorry. The effects of this are going to be a bit more pronounced, but make take a bit of time to play out. Specifically... uh... you're going to be more... productive, hormonally. Jane's going to grow a pair of tits. That require milking.)

Zarrow:

(I'm not complaining, though Jane might, heh~)

Terinas:

Jane's whole body tingled. After about a whole glass of milk, the boy felt like he could run a marathon. Bessie was taking a while to get out of the shower, though. He could hear her singing in there. It echoed with a rather beautiful harmonics as she sang "The Devil Went Down To Georgia." He found himself waiting. And waiting. Long enough for the buzz from the milk to die down a bit. He could explore, have another glass of milk, go over to the other glass cylinder and try the yellow-white fluid inside it... or something else. His body was still tingling, but it had mostly concentrated down to his upper chest.

Zarrow:

Jane, after his second glass of milk, felt satiated enough, and decided to look around the barn, checking for anything interesting or otherwise out of the ordinary in the mansion-attached building. He did keep glancing over to the two cylinders, however, and thought back to the absolute bliss Bessie seemed to be having when she was being milked...how productive she was, how amazing it must feel...he started to rub at himself a bit through his jeans as a result. Thus it didn't come as a surprise when he decided to just take a little dollop of the off-white cream out of the tap and onto his finger and lick it off...you know...for research.

Terinas:

(Ok, make a Skills roll to see if there's anything interesting or out of the ordinary you see)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 12)

Terinas:

Looking around the Barn, he could see a few different points of interest. There was what looked like a few crumpled and wadded paper balls left in one stall, laying on top of some hay. In another corner of the room, he saw a large wooden dresser, the wood chipped and worn, any varnish gone. But the device still looked functional. One drawer was slightly ajar, with what looked like blue fabric inside it. Another object of note was a large white unmarked binder attached to the milking machine, hanging by a slender chain. The last object of interest was a tool chest off behind the machine, a large red box with several compartments and wheels on it.

The off-white cream tasted salty and creamy to his taste, definitely not sweet like the other milk... but not bad either.

(Make a body roll for sampling the off-white cream)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 3)

Terinas:

(Welp. That's... gonna be interesting when it kicks in. Ball growth and cum production. Jane's taking the first step towards becoming a milker.)

Zarrow:

(He probably won't go back for...too much more, maybe he'll see that as a bit more dangerous...)

Terinas:

(Well, it's not as if he knows what's going on. The cum just tastes salty and sweet and makes his dick tingle a bit)

Zarrow:

Jane slurped his finger dry, taking the tiniest bit more of the delicious delicacy Bessie's cum was on his two fingers and licking it up while turning his attention to the toolchest, examining the contents of the individual drawers for anything that could be of use in the future. Waiting for Bessie to leave the shower was starting to take a bit, and so he made sure to go through all the drawers, bottom to top.

Terinas:

The tool chest was a craftsman's dream. Screwdrivers in all sorts of sizes and models... wrenches and pliers and vice grips and hammers. Handsaws, hacksaws, clamps, and power tools. Nails, screws, and bolts aplenty. Not only plenty of tools designed to perform upkeep on the barn, but tools to repair or affect the machine in front of it in a number of different ways. The

front of Jane's body was tingling as he looked over the equipment. There were stud finders, levels, and many cans of spray paint.

The water stopped as he was looking over it all. Jane saw the shower stall's flappy door push open, as Bessie sauntered out. And what a sight she was: White fur nearly shimmering, with pink spots along her stomach and back. Her face had a warm smile on it. With every step of her hooves, a pair of pert tits and a plump, pink udder bounced. Her body looked juicy, like a fresh sun-ripened peach. And tucked under her udder was a plump cock, which hung flaccid against her body. She giggled. "Whoo-eee, I needed that! I always wake up needing a milkin' and a washin'. Wakes me up and drains out the pipes!" She looked around. "Oh! There yah are, Janey. Ready for a day of hard work and warm clothes?"

Zarrow:

Jane was leaned over the tool chest, casually browsing at the tools within and occasionally rubbing his chest as he did so, that tingling only seeming to grow in intensity as he looked about. His fingers still held a slight sheen of drool, him contemplating going back for another bit of Bessie's cum. He then looked over and saw her stepping out of the shower, watching her sway some as she sauntered towards him.

"Hi Bessie....don't you need clothes as well? And warm clothes? If I'm going to be working shouldn't I be in clothes that breath a bit more?" He leaned against the drawer, trying to look like he wasn't searching through Bessie's tools

Terinas:

She chuckled. "Shucks! Yeah, they breath." She grinned. "I was just tryin' t'make 'em sound appealing, is all." Bessie trotted over towards the wooden dresser on the other side of the milking machine, opposite to where Jane was. "So take off those tight things you're wearing and come over here! Let's see what fits best on yah... though yah'll be a bit loose in the chest. Most of what ah've got has the seams up there let out real loose. Ah could use some of Midnight's stuff, but you'd be swimmin' in crotch fabric then.

Zarrow:

Jane was a little less hesitant when Bessie told him to undress, her voice was just so unassuming, and so he did as he told. Peeling off those bedazzled jeans for the last time certainly felt freeing, and he let out a deep sigh when he was free of his clothes. The ambient temperature of the barn was a bit chilly, so that must've been the explanation for why his nipples were a bit more perky than normal, but he set that worry aside and reached for the overalls Bessie was offering.

"I'm thinking I'll survive, they have straps to tighten after all, right?"

Terinas:

The cowgirl mooed as she approached, holding up a pair of bright blue overalls, the knees

patched over with bright red fabric, grass stains covering several areas along the lower legs. "Alright! Ah'll hold this open fer yah, can you be a dear and step into 'em? Ah'd let you dress yourself, but they're a bit biiiig, so a second pair a'hand's really help you out!"

The overalls were big. At least two sizes bigger than Jane's body was. There was nothing to the back above the waistline, but in the front there was a large flap of denim material with two pockets sewn onto the sides. Denim straps were designed to flip over the shoulders and clip to hooks on the back of the outfit, just above the butt. It was more modest than the tight pants because Jane would be swimming in fabric, but not very much. And it looked like it was designed for someone with an AMPLE bosom...

Zarrow:

Jane's face flushed some as he stepped his legs into those large overalls, luckily fitting his legs some...to about the thighs, the rest of the fabric starting to ripple with excess cloth by that point. As those straps went on and the front of the overalls hung down in front he went to work cinching the straps as much as he could, trying to get it the slightest bit tight to fit onto his body, not wanting it to chafe or rub on him.

"How's that look? Workable at least?" He looked to Bessie for any hints. "And what are we working on? I don't want to blister myself with the loose fabric on these."

Terinas:

Bessie chuckled. "Those straps are adjustable, leastways a bit. Lemme help you with that!" She pressed her body against the back of his. Jane could feel the pillowy flesh of Bessie's bosom pressing up against his shoulders, her cool, smooth hands reaching down to press against his flesh as she fiddled with the adjusters on the shoulder straps. "Never did quite figure out why they put the lil' metal adjusters on the back of these things. Guess they wanted someone else doin' it fer yah? Dunno." As she worked, Jane could feel her body squirming against his, her breasts rubbing against his shoulders.

It quickly became evident to him that she hadn't given him any panties. Or any underwear at all.

Eventually the shoulder straps were properly adjusted, pressing tight-but-not-too-tight against Jane's body, and Bessie backed off. "Wha are we workin' on? The garden, a'course!" She chuckled. "Lotsa soil turning, potting, an' harvesting veggies. Or if you'd rather, you can get tools fer me an' ah kin do all the messy stuff."

Zarrow:

"Ah~" He grunted a bit with the pressure of Bessie's breasts against his back, feeling the soft, warm, pillowy flesh against his bare back, immediately pushing him to readjust himself some in those loose overalls. Realizing there was no containment for his balls or cock, he pursed his lips together some, jumping on the opportunity to merely bring her tools and act as a helper. "Yeah, I think that second choice may be a good one! You said Midnight also worked out in the

garden?" He tried to make conversation and not draw attention to the tenting of the fabric in those overalls. "And these vegetables are just vegetables right? I don't know much about what's happening to me right now, just that I'm changing..."

"I can just help for a bit though...I've been told I should try to see some other parts of the house as well, Bessie. Doctor's orders!"

Terinas:

The cow girl nodded. "Midnight? Shucks, he an' Blacktail are the groundskeepers 'round here. They help me sometimes in the garden, but mostly they work all up and down the grounds, mowing grass, composting, pruning, and sneaking off to bone each other." She rolled her eyes. "Rare to see 'em apart from one another, but lately ah ain't been seeing much of Blacktail..."

(DM's note: Blacktail is not appearing in your session due to choices made by the player during character creation)

She chuckled. "'es prolly a bit under the weather."

At the question of the vegetables being just vegetables, Bessie shifted, unable to look Zarrow in the eye. "Eh.... heh... well, birdy... um... you see... MOST of them are just vegetables. But there ain't nothing out there that would hurt yah jess by touchin' 'em. Ah mean, marijuana ain't a skin contact thing, you know? And neither are the more exotic fruits an' veggies ah grow. Don't worry, ah kin tell yah which ones are safe t'eat if you want."

The tingling sensation was still occurring around Jane's cock and chest, and the denim fabric against his bare skin didn't help. His body was also starting to change further, as well. Feathers were sprouting out of the changing human's back side, just above his booty...

Zarrow:

Jane rubbed at his chest a bit absentmindedly, that warmth causing a slight amount of sweat to pool on his brow. The talk of the plants didn't bother him, in fact it made him a bit interested in the 'exotic fruits' Bessie was referencing, but he was just feeling a bit off. "E..excuse me, I'm feeling a bit warm, er, weird all of a sudden."

Jane took that moment to sit down on a hay bale nearby, to attempt to steady himself, only to jump back up again with a surprisingly inhuman squawk. "Ow!" He'd sat right on those fresh feathers, and rubbed at the area to try to soothe himself. That's when he discovered the newer growth, teasing his fingers down the edge of the tailfeathers that were coming in. "O..oh.."

Terinas:

Bessie heard his squawk and raced over. "What's wrong?" her eyes were alit with concern. "Overalls off." She said firmly, before reaching up to strip the clothing off of him entirely with a few fluid motions. The straps fell to either side of his body, and without them holding everything

up, it was child's play to tug the whole outfit down to his ankles. As she saw the new feathers, her eyes went wide. "Shucks! Is THIS what the hollerin' was about? You've got some pretty plumage comin' in! Why did you sit on it?" She was right, in a way. The feathers were bright green, with yellow stripes near the tips, and a red crown at the very edges. The pain Jane had felt was a sharp indicator that he could FEEL the new growths. He had felt pain in a way he'd never been able to before. And, what's more, after focusing on it for a moment, Jane found he could even MOVE them. If the outfit wasn't in the way, he could flex to perk the tailfeathers up so he wasn't sitting on them.

It was as if he'd gained a new limb he'd never had before. He could even feel Bessie's fingers running down the length of one of the feathers, rippling the soft down of them. It felt surprisingly good.

After a few moments, Bessie bent down to fuss with the overalls she'd stripped off of him. "Shucks. Had I known you needed 'em, ah'd have made adjustments. All my clothes have a flap in the back that buttons up. Makes fer easy accommodations fer my tail... and has other uses. Ah'll just unbutton the flap 'til we fit your new tailfeathers through it, and then get it buttoned up after that. Ok?"

Zarrow:

Jane nodded sheepishly. "Sorry about the sudden outburst, I wasn't expecting more so soon." He glanced back at his new tailfeathers with a bit of wonder, slightly flicking them this way and that, feeling how Bessie's fingers stroked along the sleek feathers. "A fix would be appreciated!" He ignored her other statement, finding himself a bit warm in the cheeks at that, thinking about just having a flap for easy access to use his hole was....he shook his head and snapped himself out of it, assisting Bessie with rebuttoning the overalls the best he could, wriggling to a bit more comfortable of a position within them.

"How do I look?" He twirled around after Bessie had strapped him back up, his new tailfeathers glistening in the light streaming through some of the slats on the side of the barn. He felt a bit lighter, a bit freer, with this new tail. It was a new experience sure, but might as well start to embrace some of the oddities of this mansion. He bent over to pick up a toolbox full of various gardening implements and looked to Bessie. "Is this what you'll need out there?"

Terinas:

"Some of 'em, sure." She said, nodding. "Fer others ah'll send you off to the Greenhouse or the Garage to grab some stuff." Standing back up she smiled at him. "Yah look amazing, lil' bird. So, do yah wanna go get a bit dirty?"

Zarrow:

"Sure!" He followed Bessie out to the garden, walking behind her and trying not to stare at her swaying ass. It seemed his libido was catching up to him, like Ilya warned. He could keep it

under control right now, but he might have to slip away if things get out of hand... "Just let me know what I can do to help."

Terinas:

Staring at anything other than Bessie's swaying ass was an almost herculean effort. Jane felt blood flowing to parts of him that were seeing a lot of activity recently, feeling them growing firm and rubbing against his new pair of overalls. The changing bird's chest and cock were tingling, which also didn't help. It was like thousands of little tiny fingers were caressing his sensitive bits, as he found himself staring at the button-up flap sewn along the butt of the tightly clinging blue overalls that Bessie was wearing.

"Coo-eeee!" Bessie slid the door to the barn open, bathing Jane's eyes in sunlight for the first time in a while. It was almost blinding. However, eventually his eyes adjusted, and he saw several long rows of black stirred soil, with posts and signs and plants of various shapes and sizes growing out of them. "Come on, Janey!" the cowlady snapped her fingers. "Ah'm gonna work you hard fer those overalls, but ah don't think you'll be complaining."

As if outside his control, Jane felt a bit of precum leaking out of his cock

Zarrow:

The bright sunlight stunned him for a second, tearing his oogling gaze away from Bessie's form-fitting overalls. It was a reset, and pulled him out of his stupor, allowing him to reach back and check if there was a flap at the back of his overalls. He fidgeted with the buttons at the back of his overalls as he started to follow Bessie out from the darkened barn interior.

Every step, however, brought a small jolt of pleasure from his chest and cock, forcing him to readjust himself every few steps to keep the slightly rough fabric from chafing too badly. Then he felt the leaking from his cock, and that tipped him off on his mistake in trying some of Bessie's...fluids. But the cow woman was barking orders, and he was obliged to follow, especially after indulging himself. "Yes ma'am! Just let me know what I need to do!"

Jane wasn't a particularly strong man, and so he could only do so much for the farm, but he made a promise and he was going to stick to that promise.

Terinas:

Jane was greeted to the sight of Bessie on all fours, her butt up in the air, wiggling as she crouched down near a patch of earth with large leafy stalks sprouting out of it. The outfit he'd gotten from her did indeed have a butt flap sewn into it, though thankfully with the oversized clothes his was much looser than the thinly-stretched square of fabric that was pulled so tight against Bessie's womanly bits that Jane could see them outlined through it. For a moment, he felt a lust building in him. "Shucks, ah gotta dig up these potatoes! Janey, can yah bring me a trowel?" She pointed back at the barn door he'd left open. "Ah think ah left the one I was using inside when ah was stampeding off t'get milked."

(Make a Mind roll to resist... temptations)

Zarrow:

(Rolled a 9)

Terinas:

(High enough to succeed.)

Zarrow:

Jane's gaze was drawn back to Bessie's ass as she walked in front of him. Her dropping to all fours to work on the garden didn't help him either, the imprint of her lips on her tight overalls causing him to squirm in place even more, a bright red blush flushing his cheeks. He felt himself leaking more, and shifted himself some in an effort to take the pressure off his aching cocktip. "A..ah trowel? Sure. I can go grab that, give me two seconds!" He rushed back inside, looking around for a trowel and grabbing the closest one, but not before taking a peek down his overalls, to see what was causing all this leakage, this ever-present tingling.

Terinas:

(Is he looking down inside his overalls, or just looking down at the clothing itself?)

Zarrow:

(I'd think both, first at the front of his overalls, to make sure it wasn't obvious, then inside to see how much of a mess he was making. Sorry, should've been more clear)

Terinas:

On the outside of his overalls, Jane couldn't quite see anything unusual. His cock was tenting the front crotch of the outfit, but given the recent stimuli, that wasn't unexpected. Staring down the inside of his overalls, however, did reveal something. His nipples were swollen and puffy, and as he let the fabric rub back against them, they felt extraordinarily sensitive. There was a pressure behind them as well, as if something was just barely being held back. His cock was erect and lazily dribbling precum against the front of his overalls. And the sack hanging below it was bright red and swollen out as well, bigger than he'd ever seen his balls before.

The trowel was embedded into the hay along the floor of the barn, easily retrievable.

Zarrow:

Jane stammered and paced the floor some, before remembering he had to retrieve the trowel for Bessie. "Gosh, what am I going to do...She let me try that, did she know it would do this? I can't leave like this..." He did bend down to grab the trowel, ignoring the more weighty feeling in his chest and crotch. The hot dribble of precum down his cock and over his balls was quite a new sensation, and pleasurable at that, making him bite his tongue some to keep from attempting to 'relieve' himself right then and there. But he'd told Bessie he'd be back, so he

returned to the garden, taking extra care to not go too fast, for fear of his swollen balls and sensitive chest rubbing too hard on the coarse denim. "I found the trowel Bessie. Here you are. Er.. by the way... your milk wouldn't happen to cause anything weird to happen, right?"

Terinas:

Bessie took the trowel, shoving it into the soil and working on digging deep into the earth. "Hm? Shucks, mah milk is entirely safe, 's long as ah'm healthy an' you ain't still changing."

She blinked. "Wait... you ARE fully formed, ain'cha?"

Zarrow:

Jane shifted from foot to foot, kicking at the dirt some. "You didn't give me that caveat! And it did taste really good..." Bessie's stare caused him to crack a bit more under the pressure. "I had a cup and a half...it was just tasty, that's all!" Fidgeting with the straps of his overalls some, he looked at Bessie. "Yeah I should've told you sooner..."

Terinas:

For the first time, Bessie's self-assurance failed. She bit her lower lip. "Shoot, ah ain't the smartest 'bout this stuff, but that's... um, you got a fair bit of cow in yah now. An' that muddles everything. yer becoming." She gave a wide, sheepish grin. "Sorry, ah guess! Yah'll prolly be takin' more after me now? Maybe try givin' a healthy, happy moo an' see how it feels?"

(Dangit, I gotta run for now. Event at 1 pm I gotta go to and it's nearly noon here)

(Be back later today!)

Zarrow:

"A..a moo? Really? I mean, I guess if you think that might feel nice." Jane's libido was clouding his judgement some, so he followed Bessie's instructions, letting out a timid little "moo~", attempting not to make too much sound or cause too much of a ruckus. "How was that? I mean, it didn't hurt..." Jane let out another moo, a bit louder this time, his chest's tingling coming to a bit of a crescendo.

Terinas:

The sound of the moo actually felt almost... right. There was something about it that just felt natural and very easy to do, in spite of the forming beak Jane was getting. The action itself proved impossible for Bessie to keep a straight face through, however. The sight of a changing birdman mooing like a cow made her fall back on the ground, laughing and rolling a bit, her bosom and udder bouncing as she rolled. Wiping a tear from her right eye, she sat back up. "Hee! Ah'm sorry. Ah am. It was jess such a cute thing!" She giggled, patting Jane on the head. "A bird mooing like a cow. Now ah've seen everything!"

At the touch, Jane's cock tingled. There was something about the cow lady that seemed to set him off...

Bessie stood back up, breasts bouncing dangerously close to Jane, threatening to smack him in the face. "Welp, ain't no sense in cryin' or' broken milktanks! Ah still need yah t'help with the garden'n." Picking up the trowel, she knelt back to the tilled soil. "Yah can talk to the Doc later an' get it all untangled. But fer now, kin you fetch me the rake from the greenhouse over there?" She pointed a bit off towards a greenhouse off away from the Mansion proper. Leaves were pressed up against the walls, and what parts of the glass that didn't look overgrown were steamy and impossible to see through.

Zarrow:

Jane himself giggled at the sight of Bessie losing her composure. His predicament, while quite odd, wasn't something he could get angry or nervous about, especially when it felt so nice. The giggle had him relaxing some as well, better to be a bit more relaxed about the situation. He took in a deep breath and stood back upright a bit, after doubling over in his laughing fit.

As Bessie stood back up he had to take a step back to avoid Bessie's bosom smacking him against his face...yet that idea wasn't the worst thing he could think of. He smoothed the front of his overalls, that tingling in his chest and cock causing him to shudder a bit before he brought himself to listen to Bessie's next instructions.

"Rake? I can do that! Though it looks like the greenhouse itself needs some raking. Be right back Bessie!" She was so carefree, it was a relief from the confusion he'd had at the mansion thus far. He started his trek towards the greenhouse, paying attention to his stride as to minimize the amount of rubbing his nipples and balls would do on the slightly rough surface. That sliding of fabric against sensitive flesh did start him flushing with arousal eventually, just as he made his way to the door of the greenhouse. He opened up the door, thinking the rake should just be around the entrance, focused on his own body regardless.

End Chapter 3