

a Gal-loween tale

FRANKENMILK

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Art by Tail-Blazer

PART 2

II.

Victor's new, large, womanly rump spread out on Amelia Franc's bed like a pair of green yoga pants stuffed with 6 gallons of warm Jell-o. That was her name, Amelia Franc. He had gathered it while walking - well, swaying and wobbling - around her room. Bracelets with her initials, monogrammed purses, and finally: her diary. He had gotten through a page maybe, about her marrying some big pharma millionaire, her thin body having gotten a little too thick for her wedding dress. He tried to delve deeper, but his brain was too drugged, so he tossed it on her bed and sat and waited it out. Little by little, his drug-induced loopiness edged away, and now he was sitting on a giant bed of a woman whose form now belonged to him. That only lasted for a moment before the cool air of the house made his lime colored skin bristle with goosebumps. It was like the chill was taunting him, reminding him that every square inch of this was his, plugged in and nerves firing, from his fat thighs that smashed together and spread out in front of him to the cannon of cleavage made by tits (which, with the right about of dark green paint, would look like wobbly watermelons). He snuggled a blanket around him to try to think less about it, but he wasn't doing as well as he hoped. Now smooshed and buried between his thighs, his womanhood throbbled and dripped, and god - it felt so... empty.

"Come on Victor, breathe... just breathe," *Damn it man*, he thought, *say things in your head, her voice is just so... just too much*. Everything was too much. The swaddled form he had made to ignore his body was now bringing it to light in new ways. For one thing, it was warm. Looking at himself, he wanted to believe it was just some costume. Hardening nipples and tiny delicate hands aside, most of it he felt he could reason away, especially with it being green. *Please, by some miracle, make this a body suit*. But it was too warm. When his manicured fingers bumped up against any of it, it was a cold rubber suit that reported back but flesh. His full tingling bosom, the ass that now spread away and behind him, devouring his maroon panites, even the pooch of his stomach. It was all fleshy and warm and full of every feeling imaginable. It was all his. And under the blanket, it just got worse. He was sweating. Girly sweet sweat, so much different than the tang his old body could build up at the gym. Tiny beads of perspiration rolling down his full, fluffy curves and into his... crevices. And that ache. That constant hungry ache in the pit of his stomach. He needed to get his mind off all of these sensations before he shorted out.

“Okay, maybe if I read her diary, I can at least get some grasp of what this place is... why it has a mad scientist... or at least get my mind off... stuff.” Victor’s hand slid out of the blanket like a garden snake and scooped up his... her... he scooped up the diary of Amelia Franc and dove back into reading. Most of it was dripping with vanity, a trophy wife’s tale of marrying for money, becoming unenthused with her husband, blaming him for her gaining figure even though some pages had fingerprints on them with hint of chocolate. Just the smell made his mouth water, like a drooling mutt wanting a bone. *Great, now I have her cravings, too.* The idea that her body was sending signals to his brain was horrifying. While experiencing her hormones and her body’s needs had made sense, the bottomless pit of how far that could take him made him read faster. “Distractions. I need distractions!” His eyes sped through her pages, noticing a weird lapse in when she was asking for “kids” (in suspicious quotes), to “the kids are here,” and then nothing about them afterwards. *Did she have kids, or not?* His tiny hand rubbed his fluffy feminine tummy, shuddering at the idea it had possibly popped out babies. How painful that would be! But moving forward, there was no evidence she and her husband had kids beyond that - it must have meant something else. Though she definitely had a “mom bod,” there wasn’t a stretch mark to be found to indicate she had a child, let alone multiple. He read even faster, driven by his anxiety. And that’s when he found it: Mrs. Amelia Franc was a freak. A freak and an adultress. Page after page of lewd embraces and groping hands, dripping with detail and horribly graphic. Victor’s green cheeks darkened in hue as his body temperature rose, nipples like throbbing marbles, sensitive to the point of pain. He read further and further, like a woman in a white shirt bounding to get out of the rain, faster and faster with nowhere to hide. He had no memory of anything in the damnable smut rag of a diary, but her body sure did. Every tweak, every penetration, echoed through his wobbling green flesh, reliving all those pornographic moments with a shudder, stretch, or internal throbbing clench. Victor threw the book away like a cursed item and fell backwards onto the bed, body shivering. The man’s heavy bosom bounced up towards his chin, slowly settling back in the horrible lace contraption. One hand covered his lips as the other snaked down his tummy, soft and warm under his petite fingers. It was so sensitive, so needy, his breaths coming faster and faster until-

His hand, was... on his mound. Separated via panties, but still. His palm was wet from his need; just the drag of his silken panties against his... “folds?” kicked up his lust past- twelve! On a scale of one to ten! He ground the flat of his hand reflexively against his womanhood, like someone trying to hold back a dam from gushing, the ball of his hand grinding his snatch more

and more until- “W-what am I doing?” He looked down, but all he could see were these giant, swollen, green breasts. Even flattening from gravity, they were huge. Maybe, maybe, if he couldn’t see that he was... diddling himself... he could separate his mind from the feeling and just- *mmmph* -put this horrible fire in his core out! His exhales were all shudders, all his plumpness quaking in response. So much stimulus, so much more than having his old dick. It was like his entire body was a penis, swollen with blood and ready to blow a load all over the room! Holy shit, he was rubbing himself this whole time! His long thumb nail hooked his panties and slipped underneath. He stopped, like a college kid just walked in on by his mother. This was it, all he had to do... was... slide his hand under, pretend he was fingering some imaginary girlfriend. That’s all it would take to end the... “Fuck! Fuck no! No no no!” He tried to sit up, which was quite the struggle with his new center of gravity. Victor got up off the bed on his fifth try, grasping the bedpost. “Grrrrrrrrrr! So baaaad!” Victor needed to get dressed, to cover up this green Jell-o madness for now so he could think! His eyes drifted to what looked like a large, white wardrobe. He walked gingerly over to it to try to minimize the momentum on his form, but no matter what he tried, his hips still swung like a pendulum each step. His hips were just different now, he would have to deal with it. With shaking hands, he gripped the knobs and opened it. Inside, sex toys. What looked like a hundred sex toys, along with devices and outfits of leather. His body glowed like a fire. He could feel the heat behind his eyes, his breaths becoming slower and deeper, until he felt the overflow of it all trickling down his chubby “Milfy” thighs.

“No! Fuck you!” He slammed the doors shut with a defiant womanly screech, to no one: “I usually go months without sex!” A giant portrait hung in the room. Amelia, in all her vain, judgy aura, staring down at Victor like a morsel ready to devour. She had truly been a MILF for the ages. Untouchable, inaccessible unless she deemed it so, with the most wanton body imaginable. And now, it was fucking his. She had driven like a madwoman out into the rain, had her head popped off by a tree, and now he was the freaking body pilot of a green-as-a-witch, ridiculously hourglass, and insatiably horny body. She was with him, haunting him, teasing him. “You will be mine,” he imagined her saying in a husky *domme* tone, “we will become one... forever and ever.” He backed away from her hungry, painted eyes until he bumped into the bed and plopped down.

“I need to escape, someone can help me... they have to!” He tried to stand up, but it took him a

few times again. His new bed was like quicksand, so soft you could sink down to its depths, and his body felt like it was strapped with water filled weights. Heavy, swaying, he was all plush no muscle. He struggled to stand up straight both from the weight of his bosom and ass, and when he stood up again he was aware of how far everything stuck out. Looking back at himself in the giant boudoir mirror, he saw his back straight, shoulders back, his chest and ass jutting out like an S curve. It was too much. He ran over to his walk-in closet (now not caring about his bouncy house reaction), hoping to find some outfit he could put on for his escape and not some... sex dungeon. Inside, he was happy to see clothes, but finding something he may be comfortable in might be impossible.

Her clothing went on for what seemed like miles, more of an outfit hallway than closet, and everything he saw were overly sexy dresses and outfits. "Don't 'I' own a pair of damn sweatpants?" Even the bras were all lacy, low cut, push up, and every other uncomfortable contraption one could think of. He went into the drawers looking for a sports bra and the only thing he had gained was the information that he was a 34 H cup. Like, what the holy hell!? He would have guessed she had enhancements if it weren't for the fact that he could feel his own tits and they were indeed natural. Shoes didn't fare much better. For 15 minutes he was nervous he would be escaping in heels. Luckily, he found one pair of sneakers (which looked like they had never been used) and he was good to go. Well, good to go on footwear. After throwing about 32 tight stretchy gowns on the ground, Victor opted for a bathrobe. It looked like it would cover him until he tied it at the waist and his figure made itself known. It looked horrible on him, but that thought shook Victor deeply enough to stop contemplating and get moving. He had never once cared how he looked, and he wasn't about to start now.

Victor peeked out his bedroom door; he had gotten used to hearing the grunts of the Gors as they walked the hallways. One had passed a minute ago and seemed to be making its way around the long sprawling hallways of the upstairs. This was his chance. He crept out on his tiny feminine feet, tiptoeing until he was sure the coast was clear. The dark wood walls with red carpets echoed everything, an empty cavern of a house. No wonder she had tried to escape it. He had just made it to the top of her giant staircase when he heard a Gor let out a chimp scream and it sent him running. Boobs combined with quickly descending stairs immediately became Victor's least favorite thing. His heavy H cup breast rose and fell hard with each

bouncing step, sending them down hard on his ribs. Any minute they could pop out of his bra and give him a new experience when he least needed it. He pulled his hand away from the railing and used it to try and contain his giant bouncing bosoms, but the combination of shorter legs and a completely different center of gravity made that the wrong choice. Having forsaken his extra stability for more support, he lost his footing on the last two steps, sending Victor sprawling to the polished tile. His tits exploded with pain: on the one hand helping displace any pleasure they may have been taunting him with, and on the other decidedly reminding him that they were indeed his. His flat male pecs were a thing of the past, replaced by throbbing, sore, overly abundant breast tissue. "How can I be this padded and still get the wind knocked out of me?" he groaned. Victor struggled to get his feet and breath both back in order when he felt someone grab his hand and help him up. Someone with big hairy knuckles. "AAACK!" Victor pulled his tiny manicured hand away from the ugliest Gor he had seen yet. The poor thing recoiled from the scream it had received for trying to help its mistress. Vick crawled as fast as he could, tits swaying wildly on his chest like udders bouncing around under the bathrobe trying to break free. He had been aiming for the door, but instead ran into a pair of tall black boots surrounded by a lab coat.

"Ver are you going, mein herr?" asked Inga, freshly up from the basement. She still had her doctor's mask on, but she had let her hair down.

"I am getting out of here and getting my body back, or fixed," he stuttered.

"You can't go anywhere in your condition," she said, unbothered and matter-of-factly.

"L-like hell I can't!" Victor reached for the doorknob, still taken aback by the slender arm and dainty green hand. But the moment he touched it, he felt the door vibrate, a drilling metallic sound accompanied by the closing gate.

"No, I'm afraid you don't understand. You cannot leave until your body has finished the process!"

"I don't want to let it finish it's process!"

Inga pulled her mask down and showed anger for the first time since he had met her. "It's vat's keeping you alive!" Her face finally revealed, it turned out not to be creepy or maniacal at all. Inga had a soft, womanly face of Asian descent. Her brown eyes looked more lovely and less wild, now not being the only thing revealed.

"I thought you were German?" he said, slightly confused.

"I am German, you dummy!" She watched him shake his head at the insult. "You think because I'm Asian descent, I can't be German?"

"N-no, it's not that- I...I-" He was thrown off as she stomped up to him angrily.

"Listen, when you are healed, you can go back to whatever pitiful life came with zose cheap business clothes, or be queen of zee castle, but for now I kindly ask zat you chill zee fuck out before your head falls zee fuck off!" The Gors had backed away, made nervous by the - Doctor's? Scientist's? - changed demeanor.

"M-my head may fall off?" His tiny womanly voice squeaked.

"And besides, I am not equipped to handle zee children." Inga went to calm down the exceptionally ugly Gor. B-Gor? D-Gor? Who knows.

"Children?" Victor stood up, chest swaying once again; he re-tied his robe to minimize it.

"Oh zorry, I mean your coworkers. Are you okay, AI-Gor?"

"My coworkers?! They're alive?" *Wow, he must really hate them more than he thought, how had they not come up on his mind till now!?* To be fair, he had a few distractions that were new, but he was their driver and they were his passengers and... "Where are they?"

"Say you're sorry to AI-Gor," she growled.

"AI Gore, like the former Vice President?" What was this madness he had fallen into?

“No, vee add a letter to A-Gor everytime we rebuild him. He vas first so vee have had to upgrade him... Ab-Gor, Ac-Gor. He falls apart now and zen. Zay sorry and zen I take you to your friends.” She crossed her arms, boot tapping impatiently.

He gulped, “S-sorry, Al-Gor.”

Al-Gor whimpered in acknowledgement.

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The walk back up the stairs had been filled with anxiety and effort. Victor had never been a fit man, but his jelly-filled body of an older woman was even more egregiously out of shape. By the time he followed Inga and Al-Gor up the stairs and down the twisting corridors, he was finding himself out of breath. Now topside in the mansion in the well-lit corridors (in contrast to the basement lab that was both very dark and intermittently starkly lit), Victor got a good look at her body. She was petite, both short and thin. He realized he must have lost a lot of height, because he was barely taller than his scientific “guardian.” He continued to sashay behind her, his hips involuntarily making him waddle and shake. A stray thought popped into his mind: jealousy of her nice, tight figure. “What are you doing, man?!” he scolded himself. You want YOUR hips... not hers.

When they arrived at the bedroom door, Vick’s heart was in his throat. *What if they were disfigured, dismembered, heads sewn to dogs or something?* His hand went to his queasy tummy, still surprised to find it soft and giving. The door creaked open and Victor gasped. “The children,” he whispered.

In a little nursery, at a tiny table set for tea, sat his coworkers. They were in tiny chairs that their tiny bodies fit into perfectly. Their heads had been attached to children. “You didn’t tell me that children died!” He hissed at Inga.

“No kinder ver killed, calm yourself voman. I mean... man. It’s hard to explain, but trust me. No

kids died. No real children anyway.” That sounded just as ominous as it was supposed to be soothing. His coworkers turned from playing their game.

“Doctor Chen? Can we have some dinn... er- oh my god, Victor?!” Dana covered her mouth. The woman’s head on the smaller body’s eyes bugged out of her head as they drank in Victor’s curvaceous form. He tightened his robe, feeling self conscious, and cleared his throat.

“Yes...” He pitched his voiceit lower, but that made it almost worse... sultry even. “Yes, it’s me.”

“Fuck! And I thought I had it bad,” scoffed Albert.

“Language, children! Vat have I told you?!” scolded Inga.

“I’m not a fucking child!” he screamed, standing up from his seat.

“Then I guess you don’t want anymore fucking ice cream eizer hmmm?” Inga looked down at him and he recoiled. It must be so weird for him to be that short again for him.

“I... I...” He got a little teary. “Yes, ma’am.”

“Good child,” Inga patted him on the head. Victor’s brain lit up all of a sudden. Both the bodies were very young, so it didn’t click at first, but Dana was in pants and a boys polo, while Albert was in a dress. An actual frilly dress.

“What are you staring at?” Albert crossed his tiny girl arms, scowling at Victor. *Wow, they had the voices to match their bodies too.*

“Doctor Chen, why didn’t you give me that body?” Dana asked, pointing up at Vick.

“I told you dear, everyone was matched up vis the body that was most likely to survive, Victor and Lady Amelia were in ze worst shape, so zey were paired together. Honestly, you are all zo lucky that tree just... zipp zap zopped zem so clean. Like grapes popped off zey vine, ya?”

Victor felt sick. "So... how were they not... kids before?"

"They were brain dead clones so these rich people could have their brains moved into younger bodies later in life... or at least that's what this bi-" Albert's girly voice was cut off by a glare from Inga "-that's what the Doctor says."

"And... why aren't they green like me?" Vick tried to look them over.

"Oh we were," Dana said in her little boy voice. "It's mostly in my fingers and toes now, but it did its thing I guess."

"What thing?" Victor asked.

"Look at zere faces, Victor." Inga pointed, and he looked for a moment for something that was right in front of his nose. They... had become younger. Much younger. "You zee! Za bodies become one. Now I must zee what D-Gor iz cooking for dinner." The Doctor began to leave.

"When do we get our phones back?" Albert groused.

"I told you... I von't risk you bringing people here to expose my vork. You get zem when and if you leave." She turned on her heeled boots and was off back down the hall, leaving the wheezing Al-Gor to watch them. Victor's tiny coworkers waited a moment, and then ran up to him.

"I'm so glad you're okay, Victor... how are you holding up?" Dana grabbed his femine hand and rubbed it. *Since when had Dana ever given a crap about him?*

"Holding up?" He squatted, being careful to keep his robe closed.

"You know... being a woman, it's... it's a lot of changes... with erm-" She was trying to be delicate until Albert chimed in.

"She means because you have a porn star body!" he chuckled.

“Albert!” Dana punched him in his arm, clearly stronger than him now.

“Ow... sorry. I meant aging model.” He rubbed his thin bicep, looking for a bruise.

“Well, I wouldn’t laugh too much at, if you’re in a clone of this thing, this is your future if we don’t figure out how to fix this.” It felt good to one-up the ever-snarky Albert, but his youthful face caved in to anxious, tear-glistening eyes, and so did Dana’s. “Hey... hey guys, it’s okay.”

“No! It’s not okay, Victor. We have been made into children. We live in a nursery. We have to figure this out!” Dana put an arm around Albert’s frilly dress, trying to console him. “You’re our only hope getting us out of here!”

“W-why me!?” Victor felt like he had sped past that respect he had always wanted from them and was reeling towards a cliff of complete dependency and responsibility. “Look at me, I’m all tits and fat! And older. I don’t even know when my period is? Why me!?”

“Because,” Albert chimed in through his weepy voice, “we’re only children...”

For now, it seemed at least capability-wise, he was their only hope. Victor looked at the wheezing AI, thinking of the “Doctor” and her research. One way or another, whether by force or convincing her, everything was on Victor, the new lady of the house.