Personal Investment

by Udunie

Summary

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Dr. Wells leaned back in his chair, thinking. It was possible. From one litre of milk, they could make about two centiliters of the medicine available for the public. That meant drinking about one and a half litres of raw milk a day would equal taking the daily dosage.

“Yes, more than,” he said finally.

To his surprise, the president smiled.

“That’s wonderful. I think the company could do with a little side-business of leasing. And I already have a customer in mind.”

Notes

This was written for my anonymous commissioner, who was kind enough to donate for the FUCK 2016 Charity Month over at tumblr!

Thank you so much, hon, I hope you will like!

As always, my undying thanks to the awesome Emma who kept me on track <3
Dr. Wells took a deep breath before entering the President’s office. It was never a pleasant job to report about a failure, but somebody had to do it. Thankfully, he was also Elly’s handler, and he knew that the man loved that particular little cow - and how much she brought to the table - to bits.

“Come in, Wells, what is it?” the old man asked, barely looking up from his papers. He was well over ninety, but didn’t even look seventy, what with his regular consumption of Vitalixir.

“Sir, good morning. I have a… sensitive matter to talk to you about,” he said, sitting down gingerly. The President had an even temper, but he hated investments that didn’t return.

That made the man look up.

“Is that so?”

Dr. Wells nodded, handing over the folder.

The President glanced down at it with a raised eyebrow.

“Victor Chamberlain? He’s barely been with us for a month or two… Are there complications?”

He didn’t look particularly worried.

“I wouldn’t say complications, sir, but his development is not going as scheduled,” Dr. Wells admitted. “He’d been getting the serum, but his output has been way below average.”

The President frowned, opening Victor’s file to look at the last pictures taken of him. The boy was a real beauty with blond hair and sparkly blue eyes, and had developed quite a lovely pair of enormous breasts.

“He seems fine to me. What is the problem?”

Dr. Wells nodded. Victor - Vicky, as he called him - had the looks of a perfect little cow in the making, but looks weren’t everything.

“Yes, he developed fine, but the drugs are not working on him perfectly. He started lactating later than usual, and even with everything I had thrown at him, he still can’t get above four litres a day. He is also… How should I say this? Mostly lucid. Mellowed out a lot, but at this stage most producers can’t hold conversations or are really aware of their situation. He still is.”

The President looked thoughtful, flipping through the pages.

“And how much does our lovely Elly produce?”

Dr. Wells couldn’t help straightening a bit in pride. Elly was a work of art.

“He makes twelve to eighteen litres a day. But that’s a bit unfair comparison. Most of our producers average around ten.”

The President hummed under his breath, but didn’t look too put-out. Not near as much as Dr. Wells feared.

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Wells wasn’t sure what to think of this Mr. Edward Moor. Of course, he’d heard of him - being one of the first and biggest investors of the company - but he never had the fortune to meet him before.

Mr. Moor was a man in his late forties - or maybe in his fifties, you never knew with people who regularly consumed Vitalixir - he had a beard with graying hair and brown eyes. Over all, he looked like a charming man, but Wells couldn’t shake off the feeling that there was something different about him.

They shook hands and went to see Vicky right away. Apparently the man wasn’t fond of small talk.

The boy was waiting for them in his room. Wells let him go without restraints, he was pretty out of it, despite not being as completely stupid as the rest of the cows.

Mr. Moor hummed in satisfaction as soon as they stepped in. Wells wasn’t surprised. Vicky was one of the pretties producers - looks weren’t what they were looking for, only genetical compatibility, but Vicky was really a beauty; his blond hair had grown out a bit in the last two months, giving a fine frame to his cheekbones, and those baby-blue eyes. Then again, his enormous, full breasts were probably more important right now.

“Mr. Moor, this is our Vicky, Vicky, this is…”

Before he could find the right words the man silenced him with a wave of his hand, walking up to the bed. The boy followed his movements sluggishly, and Mr. Moor smiled, all charm and laugh-lines.

“Hello there, darling. Do you remember who I am?” he asked, making Wells raise an eyebrow. Oh, a game already?

Vicky blinked dumbly and slowly shook his head. He was completely naked, but it didn’t seem to bother him.

Mr. Moor hummed.

“Oh, my. I’m your daddy, darling. You are my precious little baby girl.”

He sounded so confident that Wells had to tip his non-existent hat.

Vicky opened his mouth and closed it a few times before even attempting to form words, but the man waited him out patiently.

“‘M… a girl?” he asked finally, making Mr. Moor chuckle. The serum - of course - didn’t just
magically wipe their minds, but it did leave the producers open to suggestions, and it looked like
the man knew exactly how to play that.

“Of course you are, my darling, you are my pretty, pretty girl. Don’t you want to come home with
Daddy? I know you hate this place.”

Ah, letting the boy have a ‘choice,’ what a clever trick. Much easier to manipulate.

Vicky thought about that for a long moment, and then nodded.

“That’s my girl!”

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Vic… Vicky didn’t understand what was happening. Was that really his name? It didn’t… It didn’t
sound right, but everybody kept calling him that, so it had to be, right?

He couldn’t remember this man… but. But he did look like he could be someone’s dad. Maybe his
own? And it wasn’t like he remembered much - everything was jumbled in his head. Had he been
sick? That place looked like it was a hospital, so it must have been that.

The man… his… his daddy was smiling.

“That’s my girl!” he said, and he looked so kind, Vicky couldn’t help smiling back. He was
hurting. His chest mostly. When did his breasts get so big? Were they supposed to be this big?
They hurt.

“I brought you clothes, darling, sit up, I will help you get dressed.”

Vicky sat; even that was painful with all the weight of his tits, he couldn’t even see his lap from
them. His daddy opened the bag with him and pulled out a bra. It was so huge that it was almost
comical for some reason, though he had to wear those before too, didn’t he?

He didn’t have much time to think about it, because his daddy was putting it on him, gently lifting
his tits one-by-one to get them into the lacy baskets. He couldn’t stop himself from whining from
the pain.

His daddy tutted.

“That’s okay, darling. I know you’re uncomfortable, but Daddy will take care of you as soon as we
get home. Would you like that? Would you like Daddy to make your titties feel better?”

Oh, oh, yeah, he wanted that. He wanted that so much. Vicky teared up as he nodded. Yeah, his
daddy would take good care of him. That’s what daddies were for.

It was a bit easier with the bra on - taking some weight off his chest - but still achy.

His daddy made him wear a thong and a little black skirt. At first Vicky thought it was just a wider
belt, but his daddy told him that it wasn’t. Okay.

He also got a pair of shoes - high-heels - and a shirt. The shirt didn’t fit, and his daddy had to leave
it unbuttoned, only tying the tails of it together under his breasts. It left his whole cleavage on
display, and it felt like that shouldn’t be okay. Or was it? He was so confused.

When he was dressed, his daddy pulled him to his feet. It was difficult, like he haven’t stood for a
long time, and the shoes made him wobble, but his daddy was right by his side, feeling warm and
firm, holding him close.

Vicky moaned when his hand bumped into his aching breasts.

“That’s it. Nice and slow, baby girl…” he said, leading him carefully towards the door. “Say bye to the nice doctor.”

Vicky blinked. He almost forgot about the other man in the room. He looked familiar.

“G’ bye,” he slurred, talking was hard.

The doctor smiled, looking awfully amused.

“Bye, Vicky, be a good girl.”

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His daddy had a nice, big flat. Vicky had no idea where it was, because he nodded off in the car, and only woke up a bit during the elevator ride - with the man taking most of his weight.

He didn’t remember this place, but it looked like a cut-out from a magazine, nice and shiny and spotless.

“Well, this is it, baby girl. You want Daddy to take care of you now, or would you rather have a nap first?”

His breasts had been hurting more and more with every moment, and he noticed with confusion that the front of his shirt was wet where his nipples were. He wanted it to stop.

“No… no napping,” he said, clinging to the man beside him. He felt like the only solid thing in this wobbly world that didn’t make any sense.

His dad chuckled.

“Of course, of course. Come on then, Vicky. Let’s get you into bed so you will be a bit more comfortable.”

That sounded good, so he didn’t protest. The bedroom was just as pretty as the rest of the place, and he couldn’t help sighing in relief when he could finally sit down. His dad pushed his shoulder a bit, and Vicky fell back, bouncing on the mattress.

It jostled his tits and the sudden flare of pain made him tear up.

“That’s okay, darling. Just wait a second, Daddy will make it all better,” he said. His palms felt hot and firm as he ran them up the outside of Vicky’s thighs, pushing his skirt out of the way. He didn’t understand what was happening but his cock twitched a bit.
“Oh, you’re already so eager!” his dad said when he noticed. Vicky kind of wanted him to touch his cock, but the man did no such thing, instead he picked up a bottle of lube and squirted some on his fingers.

“Huh?”

His dad shook his head.

“It’s fine, baby girl, you don’t have to worry about anything.”

He wasn’t worried, he was just confused… He remembered… he remembered the doctor in the hospital when he had been putting stuff in his butt, but couldn’t recall if that made him feel better or not.

All of his musings flew out the window the second his dad thumbed the string of his thong out of the way and jabbed two fingers into him. It felt… Vicky didn’t know. He didn’t know how to describe it. Hot. Searing with a lick of pain at the sudden stretch, but at the same time it was comforting. Yeah. Yeah the doctor did this a lot and put stuff in there too…

His mouth opened on a moan and his whole body started trembling with it. So good.

“Oh, you like that, don’t you, darling? I knew having something in your pussy would make you feel better,” he said.

Vicky didn’t know about that. He didn’t know if this - this burning, painful pleasure - was better, but his daddy sounded so confident… it had to be.

The man didn’t waste too much time and quickly pushed in a third finger, barely leaving him enough time to adjust. He had to close his eyes and bite his lips to stop himself from moaning so much.

When the pain ebbed away, his daddy pulled his fingers out, and Vicky blinked his eyes open at the sudden feeling of emptiness. Yeah, yeah that was definitely worse than before.

He made some sort of sound, and his daddy clucked his tongue.

“Impatient, impatient. Such a spoiled little girl you are. But it’s okay, I will stuff you nice and full and you will finally be satisfied.”

The man opened his pants, pulling his cock out, and… Vicky couldn’t remember seeing too many cocks, and he knew - somehow - that his own was very small and not like it should be at all, but. But his daddy’s cock was enormous. It looked scary.

He didn’t notice the way his breath hitched at the sight, but the man did, because he grinned at him, stroking along his length. His fingers didn’t reach around the girth of his dick.

“Oh… that…”

That wasn’t normal. It couldn’t be.

“Oh, yeah. You know, I invested in Vitalixir because I had prostate cancer. It even spread to my testes, but thankfully I was in the first few people it was tested on. Of course, I didn’t expect there to be such… amazing side-effects.”

Oh.
He didn’t know what to do as his daddy fitted the fat, blunt head of his cock to his hole. It felt like it wouldn’t fit. The man kept talking

“Yes, they refined the medicine quite a lot since then, so the side effects are way less severe, but I do have an agreement with the research lab - it was built from my money after all - and they agreed to keep giving me the good stuff…”

He started pushing in slowly, and for a second Vicky couldn’t breathe. Or think. Or do anything other than let his mouth hang open with his eyes wide as his hole was pried apart by his daddy’s giant cock.

He was whining, he was aware of it but couldn’t stop, not when it felt like he was going to be torn apart.

“Push for me, baby girl, you won’t feel better unless you let me in,” the man said. It sounded like a lie, but Vicky wasn’t sure. He wasn’t sure about anything.

He tried though, because he had to, right? The doctor told him to be good, and he was supposed to listen to doctors.

Vicky blacked out for a second when his daddy’s cock finally slipped into his hole, stretching it over the limit. It hurt, sharp and loud in his head, but only for a few seconds. He didn’t understand why, but the front of his shirt was completely soaked as soon as it was in.

His daddy was groaning like he was in pain, but the expression on his face was pure bliss.

“Yes, yeah, that’s it, let me fuck your dirty little cunt,” he said, making Vicky flush. He was so huge, so overwhelming, that it didn’t even hurt anymore, just filled him in a way he’d never been filled before.

Vicky was crying. He didn’t know when he started, but if felt good so he let the tears fall. It felt like his belly had to be distended by that amazing cock, but he couldn’t see his stomach from his tits.

His daddy hitched his hips forward, pushing as deep as he could go and then stilled, panting. Vicky couldn’t decide if he wanted him to move or not. It felt like he was going crazy with only that pressure that just kept on building inside him.

He didn’t think it could get better - or worse, or more - but then his daddy opened his eyes and smiled.

“I promised you something, didn’t I?” he said, undoing the loose knot holding his shirt in place with one hand.

Vicky moaned just from the feeling of the fabric dragging against his sore nipples and then his daddy was leaning over him, tearing the bra away and sucking one into his mouth.

He arched off the bed, jostling the cock lodged into his hole and sending a jolt of pleasure up his spine. He was blinded for a second by the feeling of the man sucking, pulling in big mouthfuls of his milk, his tongue stroking his nipple in a way that had him crying harder.

Daddy groaned. He groaned and swallowed, pearly droplets of milk escaping from the corner of his mouth and running down the side of Vicky’s breast, making him shiver.

He started fucking Vicky then, slowly at first, his cock dragging along his walls and then in at an
agonizing pace. He could have sworn there were sparkles in his vision, and they only grew brighter the harder his daddy sucked on his tit.

His other hand was busy too, grabbing Vicky’s other breast and just squeezing. Milk shot out from his nipple, splattering on his face as he screamed. It was too much.

But his daddy wasn’t finished yet. His hips picked up speed, pistling into his poor, weak hole, making the lube squelch and froth. And his mouth was only getting hungrier too.

When the man finally lifted his head, there was milk around his lips, clinging to his beard in shiny, white droplets.

“Feeling better, darling? You love it when I suck your titty dry, don’t you?”

Vicky shook his head, then nodded, mind clouded with feeling too many things. His daddy laughed, jabbing his cock in roughly and making him cry out.

“Yeah, yeah you do, there’s no sense denying it, baby girl. I know what’s best for you, and what you need is a good fucking and someone to drink up all you delicious milk.”

The man let his elbows take his weight and grabbed both of Vicky’s fat tits, squeezing them together until he could get both of his nipples in his mouth. It hurt. And it was fantastic. Somehow… somehow both.

Vicky didn’t know what to do. His head was starting to feel light with the pleasure. His hole felt soft and accepting, completely submitting to the huge cock hammering into him, and his tits sang with pain and pleasure as the pressure in them slowly decreased, he closed his eyes, fingers clawing the sheets and thighs trembling as he locked them around his daddy’s hips.

Everything was building higher and higher until he had no idea which way was up, if he was still laying there or floating away. He came like that, little cock twitching under his daddy’s hairy belly and mind wiped blank with pleasure.

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Ed noticed when his sweet girl finished, of course he did. Maybe he was just imagining it, but for a second he thought his milk was sweeter, like completion.

It was enough to push him to the edge, and he came, biting down as those delicious nipples just kept squirting into his mouth.

His cock twitched, spurred on by Vicky’s walls pulsing around it. It was heaven. Honestly, as much as he loved having such an enormous cock, he haven’t been able to fuck anyone in a while, even professional prostitutes balked at the size of his penis.

But not his shiny, new little girl.

He sucked once more, swallowing the thick milk and then straightened up, surveying the boy laid out under him.

Vicky was twitching, eyes rolled back. There were dark marks around on his creamy, fat tits where Ed bit them a bit too hard, and his spent cocklet lay limp against his belly. Ed could still see the outline of his cock against his stomach, even though he was growing soft now.

He watched, unable to get enough of the sight until Vicky finally turned his head back towards
him, some sense returning to his eyes.

“Hey there, baby girl, had fun?” he asked, sated and satisfied for once. The boy liked his red lips - the were bitten raw, and Ed couldn’t wait until he could kiss them at his leasure.

Vicky shivered, making a cute little mewling sound. Oh, he couldn’t let that happen.

He stoked his hands up the boy’s arms and smiled.

“Don’t worry, gonna warm you up in a sec,” he said, closing his eyes and concentrating on letting go. It was difficult, with his cock still half-hard, but then he was pissing, filling that pretty belly up with his piss.

Vicky’s eyes widened, and then he started giggling like an idiot, a drop of drool sliding down his chin.

“That’s right. Daddy will warm you up with his nice, hot piss,” he said.

Oh, they were going to have so much. He just had to find a plug big enough to make sure his little girl didn’t start leaking during the night.

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