

*Mother Russia*  
*Milktec Industries Presents!*  
*by Quixerotic*

*The First Drop*

*He took a moment to admire her beauty. His rough, dry hand grazed over her plumping ass, feeling its heat and quivering growth beneath his palm. She mewled and pushed back against him. Her breasts ballooned out on either side of her frame already, and Reshkin knew they would keep growing. He spread her ass apart, giving himself a view of her drenched pussy before he shoved his cock inside her.*

Two guards stood beside their ward, a forty inch thick steel door. The door did never opened so far as either guard knew. They knew it could open, but it had not opened under their watch. Comrade Reshkin told them to guard the door, and so they guarded the door. From what? They didn't know that either. For fifty miles in any direction stretched freezing desert. Fifty miles beyond the desert, a hundred miles of thick forest blocked the path back to civilization or the path to desolation from civilization. Perhaps an American spy could be hiding in the forest waiting to slip inside the door which never opened if either guard suffered a brief lapse of vigilance. It had not happened yet, but perhaps it could.

The guard on the left checked his watch. He looked over to his partner who stood on the right. Right shrugged. Left slung his rifle onto his shoulder and trotted out to a nearby snowbank. After a few minutes of digging, he pulled out a large bottle of vodka. Comrade Reshkin knew they drank. Everyone drank. Drinking was encouraged. Vodka was cheaper than bread. Left uncorked the bottle and took a long swig. He passed it to Right who did the same.

They didn't start drinking until the last hour of their watch. They viewed this as a great sacrifice for Mother Russia. The cold bit into their fingers and toes for seven straight hours, but in the eighth, they could drive it back with an icy bottle of liquid warmth. The next set of watchmen would come to find them both tilting slightly, but the door would still be closed and safe from sneaky American spies. Right and Left would descend through the nearby hidden tunnel into a small box where a different pair of guards would offer the daily jokes and commentaries on the ball-shrinking cold. As further reward for the great sacrifice of wind burn and frostbite, Right and Left would be rewarded with half a bowl of hot soup and a piece of stale bread. While consuming this great feast, they would gossip, the real sustaining force at the unnamed base.

Right and Left, or the other rights and lefts which made up the garrison, did not associate with the rest of the base staff. The eggheads stayed down in the bunker, somewhere behind the steel door. Right and Left did not mind this. Secrets were the way of the Soviet Union. Right kept secrets from Left, and Left kept secrets from Right. This kept things balanced and safe. Knowing too much only caused trouble. Knowing too much would attract Comrade Reshkin's attention. Speculating was not knowing, though. And speculation was one of the few other things to do on the god forsaken base other than drink.

Left thought the eggheads made biological weapons in the bowels of the earth. Something worse than the mustard gas their grandfathers told them about. Right disagreed. He thought a biological weapons facility would have more hazard suits lying around, or at least a fire station. No, Right thought the scientists had captured strange creatures in the depths of Siberia. Demons or aliens or something not natural. The Great Red Army would find a way to harness these beasts into weapons of war to finally end the dispute with America, a dispute which neither Right nor Left knew the origin of. Others in the barracks thought enslaved Nazi scientists had opened a gate to hell. Others than those believed the portal did not lead to hell, but to a place in America which would become the staging ground for a surprise attack. Everyone came up with a new idea each week, but if pressed on the issue, none of them wanted

to know. They all thought the door better closed than open.

“Someone is coming,” Right said, wiping the liquor from his lips. He stowed the bottle in the snow at his feet, trying to stand up straight. Left smoothed out his tattered uniform and fumbled his weapon. The figure approaching did not look like an American spy. It looked like Comrade Alexi Reshkin, but Right and Left hoped it was anyone else.

The leader of the base approached with long strides, attempting to step over the snow drifts. Occasionally, Reshkin would look over his shoulder before pulling his overcoat tighter. “Comrades,” he said, dismissing their salutes as he arrived in the meager shelter of the door’s entry. Reshkin looked a few years older than the two soldiers, but wore it more heavily, even if he didn’t spend his days exposed to the frigid wasteland. “We have a transport arriving. Inspectors from Moscow.” He looked up and down at the men. “They won’t stop to survey the gate, I wager. Damn this cold. Where’s your vodka?”

Right and Left exchanged a nervous look.

“You can be at ease, men. Your head isn’t on the line today any more than mine. Now, I could use a bloody drink.”

The guards exchanged another worried glance, but knew better than to refuse a superior twice. Left pulled the bottle out of the snow and handed it to Reshkin. “Apologies, Comrade.”

Reshkin wiped the lip of the bottle and brought it to his lips, draining a third of it before stopping. He let out a wet cough as his cheeks flushed. Handing the bottle back, “I accept your apology, Comrade. I would have much preferred a Scotch.”

A moment later, they all turned to look out at the bleak world beyond. In the distance, they could see a blocky shape growing closer. On the wind, they heard the sound of engines. The three watched in silence, passing the bottle back and forth between them as the trucks grew closer and closer. Right and Left knew a road lurked beneath the snow under their feet, but no vehicle had ever driven on it so far as they knew. Now, inspectors from Moscow barreled down on them. Right and Left did not have nearly the experience with the Party as Reshkin, but they knew what happened when the KGB came calling. The lucky ones would disappear to another remote base somewhere in Siberia. The unlucky would never leave.

Reshkin moved over to the alcove near the door, he opened a panel to reveal a phone. “Yes, yes. They’re here. Codeword Livery, Alpha Zed Six-Six-Four.”

A blaring alarm started sounding, filling the guards with a new and different sort of chill. Deep inside the doors, gears and locks started to shift. After a few minutes, a great hiss accompanied the doors starting to move. Inch by slow inch, the cavern opened. A group of men in lab coats waited on the other side. They looked out at the world with as much curiosity as Right and Left looked down into the cavern. Reshkin moved over to one of the scientists and spoke briefly. The roar of the trucks approached with amazing speed. Before the guards

realized what was happening, the small convoy drove past them into the bunker. Reshkin directed the scientists to greet the parked vehicles while he made his way over to Right and Left.

“You saw what I did to open the door, yes? I gave my code, put in this key, and pushed the red button. Remember my code, write it down if you have to. Livery, Alpha Zed Six-Six-Four.” Reshkin handed Right his key. Once we’re inside, put the key in the lock and press the button. The doors will seal. Stay on guard until I return. Do not open the door for anyone but myself. Only I will tell you those words, and only then will you open the door. Understand?”

‘Yes, Comrade,’ the two guards answered in unison.

Reshkin started to walk away, but stopped. He looked at his watch. “They’re pressured to have a result, you see. That makes men do dangerous and stupid things. Three hours. If I have not returned in three hours, throw the key into the snow. Go to my quarters in the barracks. You will find orders in a blue folder under my cot. Deliver those to Andre Patronovich. He will evacuate the base.” He clapped them both on the shoulder. “Thank you for the drink, comrades. I hope we get to have another.”

They watched him descend into the bunker. He approached the men from the trucks and spoke jovially. Left slapped Right’s arm to stir him from his stupor. Together, they went over to the small box and pressed the red button. The door sealed itself as slowly as it had opened. They once more stood alone in the wasteland.

“Comrade Director Reshkin, a pleasure to see you again.”

“Comrade Chenkov,” Reshkin said, offering his hand. The man’s hand was dry, cold, and steely. Chenkov paraded around as a lowly party member. Reshkin did the same as commander of an isolated garrison. In reality, they had been rivals since the day the KGB recruited them into the deep science division. Chenkov enjoyed dabbling in all the nasty little projects he could, finding ways to twist about anything into a way to make himself richer and more powerful. Reshkin looked past his old enemy to the woman standing in his shadow. “And who is this?”

“Anastasia Petrovna,” she said. She spoke with a clipped accent which passed for Russian to someone without a keen ear, but Reshkin knew better. Ukranian, maybe Latvian. She did have a Russian build, though, a broad woman who had trouble hiding her curves even beneath the large overcoat.

“Yes,” Chenkov said, with a small sneer on his face. “An associate of ours under the tutelage of Comrade Tabokov. As I’m sure you’re aware, he is very keen to have a workable product out of this facility. He wanted to send an associate of his own to see the work, even if I could assure him that I would certainly suffice for a first hand report.”

Anastasia smirked, “Comrade Tabokov is under a great deal of pressure, my friends. We have good Soviet soldiers starving in the trenches while the Westerners eat fresh bread and... milk. Solving the Milktec formula has become a priority to Comrade Tabokov. You should be relieved he did not decide to attend this inspection himself. I don’t know if he would be as easy to please.”

Reshkin nodded. The power squabbles of Moscow were not something he missed. “Comrade Tabokov is undoubtedly familiar with our security protocols, then? I will not seek to stop you from descending into the facility, but the only females on site are those here for testing. Our earliest work here proved how volatile the work can be. It is of particular danger to women.” From behind them came a loud scoff. Reshkin knew who had made the noise without looking. Weissman, a German. *Should have had my men drag that monster out into the snow months ago.*

“Do you have something to add?” Chenkov asked, ears pricking at the sound of disloyalty.

“Yes, Comrade,” Weissman said, his accent immediately losing him favor with the visiting inspectors. “We are not being nearly as aggressive with testing as we could be. We have not even pushed the parameters of normal operation safety. When Comrade Reshkin says it is of danger to women, that only includes direct exposure to pure serum. Even then, I wouldn’t call the result a danger. The incident which he is referring was our closest attempt to an exact replication.”

“Herr Weissman, that’s enough,” Reshkin said. *This is what was always going to*

*happen. You can't keep sins buried. Not even under cold earth.*

“Incident?” Anastasia asked. “You’ve made no mention of an incident in your reports.”

“Perhaps we have this discussion after you see what we’ve actually accomplished.”

“He’s right,” Chenkov agreed. “No use coming all this bloody way to argue in the motor pool. Lead on.”

Reshkin waved at the gaggle of scientists who scurried on in front of them. He walked alongside the two inspectors while their escort remained at the vehicles. Weissman attempted to linger near Anastasia, but Reshkin could still make the man’s life miserable so far as Weissman knew. He was not Russian or even Soviet. He did not understand.

They went through another pair of security doors and descended a short spiral of stairs into a long hallway. They passed exam rooms until Reshkin called for them to stop in front of one. “Subject Twenty-Seven is an ideal specimen. Let’s have a look at her.” He gave a nod to one of the scientists to open the door. “I don’t think we need forty men in one room,” he snapped as the scientists crowded forward. He waved for the two visitors to enter and followed them inside before slamming the door in Weissman’s face.

On the bed laid subject Twenty Seven. The sight made Anastasia look even more resolutely cold while Chenkov struggled to suppress a blush. “You get accustomed to them,” Reshkin said. The subject wore no clothes, which in itself wasn’t terribly remarkable. Her breasts drew out the shock and severity of the inspectors. The woman’s breasts sat on top of her chest like immense melons, supported by a bizarre cushioning system. They were inhuman in size, but also in shape. A second and third nipple bulged forth around the natural nipple. Each of them oozed a steady stream of watery, white fluid. “As you can see, subject twenty-seven has experienced the rapid tissue development associated with the formula. That’s about the extent of our success. The extraneous nipples aren’t intended. Nor have we been able to replicate the biological, structural improvements seen in the accurate formula. Without the cushions, her chest cavity might collapse under the weight of her own breasts.”

Chenkov managed to overcome his horror as he saw his rival’s failures laid out before him. “Is she at least producing milk? I see something…”

“It’s milk by technicality,” Reshkin answered. “It lacks the nutritional value of actual Milktec Milk. It’s worse than normal breast milk, actually.”

“She seems miserable,” Anastasia said. “Certainly not a happy cow. Could her environment be affecting her milk quality?”

“Possibly. But our cellular extractions indicate lack of development in certain areas. I can bring in Dr. Ulanov to explain the science, if you like.”

Chenkov waved him off. “This is the best you can do? It’s been eighteen months, Alexi. Eighteen months and millions of rubles. What happened to the stolen formula? Could you not at least create one cow?”

“We now suspect that the formula recovered by our agents was either an experimental batch or a purposely tainted batch meant to throw us off.”

Anastasia laughed, “Do you think our superiors will believe that? Even if its true, they’d never admit to making a mistake in acquiring it. You’ll be blamed.”

“I’m aware of my precarious position,” Reshkin said. “We have made great strides, despite our many setbacks. We’re three quarters of the way to a viable serum. To interrupt us now would be a huge setback to the research.”

“The German,” Chenkov said. “What was he talking about? Speak plainly, Alexi.”

Reshkin sighed. “I’ll show you.”

They left room twenty-seven. Reshkin ordered the other scientists to return to work. He told Wiessman to follow.

They made their way through the corridors of the base passing laboratories and living facilities crammed in every imaginable space. Reshkin hated living in the barracks, but knew the bunker was worse. They came to a door sealed by an archaic keypad of switches and buttons. Weissman entered a sequence, and the door unlocked. They stepped into a larger room. Anastasia's cold demeanor finally broke into a full gasp. "We call her Bessie," Weissman said with his sadistic tone eeking into his poor Russian.

Bessie looked human in only the vaguest form. Her body had grown to obscene proportions, at least nine feet tall if she were to stand. She laid across a makeshift, cushioned platform which raised her hindquarters while allowing her front to rest forward. Two enormous breasts hung down from a cutout of the platform. Tree trunk sized legs led up to a immense, naked ass. Muscle rippled across her pale back leading up to powerful shoulders and arms. Her head rested on a wide pillow. Her eyes remained closed in an expression of absent bliss. Beneath the platform, a pair of pumps attached to either of her nipples, draining pints of milk every few seconds. The rich, white fluid rushed away through tubing to disappear into the wall. At her other end, the madmen had erected an automatic fucking device running off a small engine. The thick, metal phallus slid in and out of her foot wide pussy as another part of the device capped with rubber buzzed against her clit.

"What in the ever loving fuck have you done?" Chenkov said.

Weissman's proud smirk faltered. "After we discovered what we thought were trace compounds within the stolen formula, we managed to isolate most of them. With the newly purified formula on hand, we tried to fill in the gaps with our own research. The effects were, as you can see, quite profound. This was once Katarina Georgievna, one of our most brilliant minds. She became inadvertently exposed to the serum and lost to its effects within moments. Without constant stimulation, she becomes...let's say irritable. The constant fucking helps suppress her hormones as well. She has quite the profound effect on people when she doesn't have that metal cock in her. Additionally, her milk production is so high, she needs to be constantly pumped or risks extreme discomfort and possibly internal damage."

"Have you tried to reverse this?" Anastasia asked.

"Why would we do that?" Weissman said. "Bessie presents our greatest research opportunities. Contained within her is the blueprint for the formula you're pursuing. Her milk alone has the transformative properties we've been unable to —"

"Her milk is dangerous," Reshkin said. "We lost Katarina, yes. But she infected four others before we could contain it. One drop of her milk is enough to change you into a sex addled pair of tits like her."

"Actually, most of the secondary exposures had higher levels of mutagen exposure. It was quite fascinating what became of my colleagues." Weissman's tone dripped with cruelty. "If we had some more risk oriented leadership, I have no doubt that I could produce a safe formula within as little as three months. Casualties are a necessary part of progress, comrades.



I'm not the only one here frustrated by the strictures Comrade Reshkin levies on us. I do not wish to speak out of turn, but I think he may have come to value the lives of his men over the greater good of the Union."

Chenkov spun on Weissman. "You're pretty fucking far out of turn, you disgusting little worm." With a quick jerk, he struck the scientist across the face, sending him sprawling to the floor. Weissman sniveled, but didn't get up. "Alexi, I had my orders before I arrived as you well know. We're to decommission this site, recover any worthwhile resources, and bury this whole facility in the snow. I won't lie. I looked forward to your humiliation, but I didn't understand how far things had come. The rest of my team will want to recover this...woman. Anastasia, how do you think we should proceed?"

Anastasia's stoic demeanor had recovered. "Destroy her, clearly. The milk is contained somewhere safe, I assume. Destroy that, too. We take back the vials used on twenty-seven. It's grotesque enough to satisfy the Party without actually giving them anything dangerous. I don't take any pleasure in — what's he doing?"

Weissman raised up near a panel. He pressed a button, and the whirring which had filled the room since their arrival spun down. The pistoning cock at the Bessie's pussy slowed and stopped. For the first time, Bessie looked around and noticed the others standing at the far side of the room. Reshkin made a dash for the door, but Chenkov beat him to it, slamming the door behind him and allowing the mechanical locks to whir into place. "No, you damn fool!" A loud crack drew his attention. Bessie broke out of her restraints and rolled onto her side, spreading her legs wide as her hand moved down to rub her well fucked pussy. Anastasia looked on, entirely enthralled by the display. Reshkin ran over to Weissman, yanking him away from the control panel, but the damage had been done. "You madman."

"I couldn't let you destroy her," Weissman said. "Even if I had to doom myself. I can feel it already, can't you?"

He gave Weissman a hard kick to the jaw, sending him sprawling. "Anastasia, we need to get out of here now. Come away."

The inspector's cold stare changed into a manic smile. Tears ran down her cheeks. "I see now. We have the embodiment of Mother Russia before us, Alexi. And she wants us to embrace her!" As she spoke, Anastasia pulled away her clothes. In short order, she stood before Bessie completely naked. The transformed woman grunted at the approaching female, clearly displeased to see such a puny form.

Reshkin watched with horror as Anastasia started to unhook the milk pumps. Desperate, he moved to the door and tried to get it open any way he could. He took his side arm out and started firing at the lock, but achieved nothing except partial deafness. He found some metal equipment and bashed it against the door, barely scratching the metal. Behind him, he heard the wet smack of the pump coming free from Bessie's gushing nipple. Turning to look, he saw the giant woman squeezing her breast. The milk sprayed forward, coating Anastasia from head to

toe. With each gentle squeeze, another gush splattered across the woman's body, bathing her in milk.

A wonderful scent caught Reshkin's attention. He abandoned his efforts to escape, dropping the twisted metal from his hands. Anastasia called to him. Her words came out gurgled and thick, but Reshkin heard his name. He stepped across the room, growing closer to the wonderful scent and the voluptuous women. Anastasia had begun to change. Her already substantial body wriggled and grew before Reshkin's eyes. Bessie watched her new daughter with a proud, lustful gaze as she continued to masturbate and milk herself. Reshkin's mouth watered at the sight of the thick, creamy substance rolling down over the massive mounds. His cock ached in his pants, and his heart thudded in his chest. He didn't know what effect the milk would have on men, but would not have been disappointed to die of a heart attack so long as he could feel the embrace of Bessie's warm flesh.

Anastasia rolled over to her hands and knees, raising her growing ass up in the air. "Fuck me, Alexi. Please, god, fuck me." Her fingers shoved into her fattened pussy, attempting to give herself pleasure. Reshkin hadn't seen any women other than the experiments in six months, since his last visit to the city. The experiments were strictly off limits, but Anastasia wasn't one of those. Not that it mattered any longer. He fumbled with his clothes, stripping down to the waist in order to get his pants undone. His cock sprang out, painfully erect as he knelt down behind Anastasia.

He took a moment to admire her beauty. His rough, dry hand grazed over her plumping ass, feeling its heat and quivering growth beneath his palm. She mewled and pushed back against him. Her breasts ballooned out on either side of her frame already, and Reshkin knew they would keep growing. He spread her ass apart, giving himself a view of her drenched pussy before he shoved his cock inside her. She screamed with ecstatic joy as her warmth enveloped him. Bessie grunted and another spray of milk shot forward, splattering across the rutting pair. Some of it hit Reshkin's lips. The taste made his cock throb twice as hard, and he wanted more.

Anastasia rolled over onto her back, grumbling about the sudden lack of cock in her. Reshkin didn't stay out for long, sheathing himself inside her again as he pinned her down. Her wobbling tits sat on top of her chest, pulsing with new growth every second. Reshkin lowered his mouth to her nipple and sucked hard. Milk gushed into his mouth. Anastasia's pussy spasmed, clenching tight on his cock as he drained her first drops. The milk spurred him on. He flexed his hips and thrust into her with new vigor. The wet slap of their bodies filled the room, almost drowning out Anastasia's and Bessie's moans. Reshkin's body tingled all over, even inside. His rational mind faded a little more every second he spent drinking the mutagen rich milk and fucking the mutagen changed slut who had moments before been a high ranking intelligence officer. Now she would be like Bessie, maddened by the lack of cock in her.

He pushed in to the root and erupted. He groaned as he came inside of Anastasia, emptying his balls deep within her. She gurgled, and one hand gently stroked her stomach. Reshkin looked down at his milk covered conquest and noticed something strange about her stomach. Her breasts had stopped growing, but beneath them, her skin had puckered and started

to grow out. His hand reached down and flicked the strange nub as he realized what was happening. *Second set of breasts. Like extra teats on a cow.* He grinned and lowered his mouth to the smaller buds. The angry nipple slipped into his lips, and he sucked. A richer, sweeter flavor greeted him and Anastasia groaned in sheer pleasure. Her hands moved up to Reshkin's chest, and he felt a strange twinge of pleasure as her hand moved across his pectoral.

Looking down at his own body, he understood. His lean muscle disappeared under fatty tissue. Small, pointless nipples bloomed into long, thick nubs ready to give their milk. Anastasia's hand toyed at them, pulling on them to encourage their growth. The slightest touch caused Reshkin's mind to bubble with delight. His cock throbbed back to life, but as he slipped back inside of Anastasia, he knew it was smaller. He didn't care. He would enjoy his cock while it lasted. When it regressed into an exposed clit, he would enjoy Anastasia's tongue on it as well. He would happily return the favor. His chest heaved as his new breasts started growing faster.

A bizarre noise drew his attention. Weissman had heard the call of his research experiment, and Bessie welcomed the man with open legs. Weissman's small cock did nothing for Bessie, but she seemed to appreciate his efforts. After emptying his load on the outer folds of her pussy, Weissman received a full dose of milk directly from the source, and the effect was dramatic. Reshkin kept sliding in and out of Anastasia's drenched pussy as Weissman's body seized with transformation. His figure plumped out as breasts took over his chest, ripping through his shirt and gushing milk as they popped into being. Beneath the first set of tits came a second and beneath the second came a third. Each set quickly swelled to the size of cantaloupes with thick nipples emerging to spray milk onto the floor beneath the convulsing Weissman.

Anastasia's gleeful giggle faded as her mouth slurped Reshkin's new, puffy nipple into her mouth and sucked. Her body pressed against him, wriggling and warm. He let her bury herself in his flesh and yearned to do the same for her. As they writhed against one another, Bessie struggled to her feet. She stooped in order to walk, but made her way over to the door. With one hand, she gripped the small knob and started to pull. The sound of twisting metal briefly interrupted Reshkin's copulation and even gave pause to Weissman's erratic euphoria. The door's hinges cracked. The metal gave way, and the path to the rest of the bunker opened.

Reshkin grunted and came for the last time as his balls withdrew into him. A new pussy opened up as his cock shrank down to a small nub. Anastasia's lips found Reshkin's. "Dear Lexi," she whispered, her fingers trailing down between the new cow's legs. "Happy cows give more milk," Anastasia said as she shoved her hand into Lexi's new pussy. From the hall beyond, they could hear the panic of the scientists, and hoped at least one of them would get to keep his cock.

The phone rang on the other side of the great steel door. Right picked it up. “Hello?”

“Open the god damned door, now. This is Sergei Chenkov, and I order you to open this door.”

In the background, Right could hear a commotion. He held the receiver out for Left to listen. “Comrade Chenkov, we were given very specific orders to not open the door for anyone without Comrade Reshkin’s pass code.”

“I outrank Comrade Reshkin, now open the door you sniveling grunt. You have no idea what’s happening in here.”

Right looked at Left, and Left shrugged. “Do you have the pass code, Comrade Chenkov?”

“You stupid fucking —” A noise caused a burst of static. When it cleared, the two guards could hear strange noises. After listening for a few moments, Right hung up the receiver.

Left checked his watch. The bottle was empty. “I don’t think Reshkin is coming.”

“No,” Right agreed.

They waited a few more minutes, checked their watches, and shrugged. Left hurled the key into the snowdrifts, and they walked over to the garrison entrance. Looking back, they wondered how many bunkers were buried under the Siberian snow and what would happen if any of those doors ever opened.