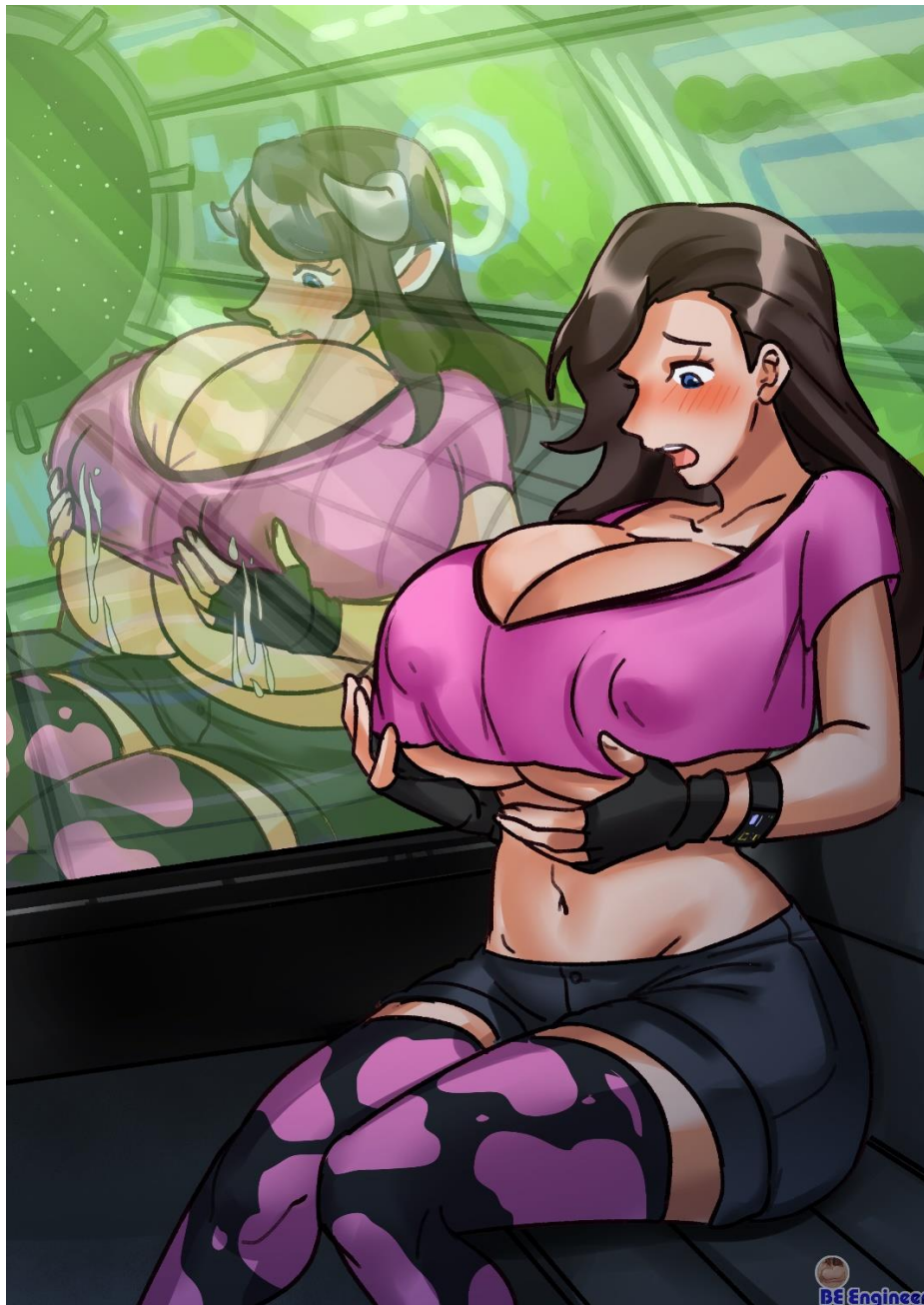


Moostaken Identity

Part 1

By: ThatNewShoeSmell

Standard Disclaimer: *This story contains sexually oriented adult themes, specifically breast expansion. If you are not of legal age to be reading such material or if breast expansion is not your thing, then this story is not for you.*



Chapter 1

The Miracle Worker

It was bizarre how much the waiting room smelled like the grassy plains and fertile fields of Marianne's home world of Mysterra. She sniffed the air experimentally. It didn't seem to be her imagination, not that she minded it all that much. Warm memories of home were just what she needed after how her day had gone. Alas, home was many light-years beyond her reach, along with all her family and their comforting embraces.

A couple other people shared the waiting room with Marianne: A green, two-headed man or men (she wasn't quite sure if they were one person or two) and a mousey old human woman who was idly knitting something that could have been a mitten by some stretch of the imagination. She hoped that they couldn't tell she had been crying, but the dried tears and puffy eyes were probably a dead giveaway. She was too embarrassed to look at them and check.

"Mr. Hughey and Mr. Dewey," called the dainty, blonde haired human woman behind the receptionist counter. "Dr. Dunn will see you now."

The door to the left of the counter slid open and the two-headed person...people got up and walked into the doctor's office before the door closed behind them. As they passed, Marianne was sure she caught one of the heads steal a quick glance at her; or more likely, the swollen, milk-filled watermelons she called her boobs. They jutted out from her unzipped, grey work jumpsuit and nearly rested in her lap, stretching out the pink tank top she wore underneath to the point where she looked just one deep breath away from popping out of it.

Nipples as thick as thimbles tented her overstuffed tank top and white droplets would occasionally form at their tips before dripping onto her lap. The pink fabric was completely soaked through with milk. *Her* milk.

She must have looked like a mess. Her normally wavy, long, brown hair felt like a tangled thicket atop her head with her two, stubby horns sticking out. There were rips in the sides of her nylon jumpsuit and she was pretty sure the zipper was busted. Worst of all was all the damned milk she was leaking all over herself and the waiting room. It didn't feel like she was still producing like she had been earlier, but her breasts were still full and determined to drip whether she wanted them to or not. She felt bad for whoever was going to have to clean up after her.

There it was again. A reminder of the mess...No, *catastrophe* she'd left behind just a short while before. Salty tears tickled her lips and Marianne realized that she was crying again. She choked back a sob and wiped her face with a sleeve, bumping her nose with her communicator bracelet. Her brown, cow-like tail curled into her lap and she anxiously wrung it with her hands. She was struggling to maintain what was left of her composure.

A subtle gurgle emanated from her leaky bosom and a small surge of lactation swelled it larger. Her tank top stretched to contain the prize-winning melons that were fighting to bulge out of it. When the bottoms of her breasts met her thighs, the swelling stopped and a quick spurt of milk sputtered through the thinning fabric and onto the already damp floor. It seemed she was still suffering the aftereffects of her afternoon incident.

The door slid open again and *two* green men strutted out, laughing and hugging each other. They were so jovial that they barely seemed to notice Marianne as they headed outside.

“Ms. Hedgewick,” called the receptionist. “Dr. Dunn will see you now. You can head on in whenever you’re ready.”

The cowgirl gulped nervously and scooted herself out of her seat with one arm draped across her bust to keep it from bouncing too much. She kept ahold of her tail and hugged it close to her chest for comfort. Uncertainty tugged at her heart and she hesitated.

“Go on, deary,” said the old knitting woman with an encouraging smile. Her voice was warm and kind like Marianne’s grandmother’s had been back home. “It’ll be all right.”

Marianne sniffled and gave her a weak smile back. Then she took a deep breath and walked into the office of a certified miracle worker.

The scent of Mysterra’s plains and fields seemed to follow Marianne into the surprisingly cozy doctor’s office. Old photographs of places and people that seemed oddly familiar adorned the walls. Shelves loaded with sports memorabilia reminded her of her father’s...

“No way,” Marianne muttered to herself, suddenly too stunned to be anxious. “That’s a picture of my Pa’s blastball team!”

“Ah, welcome in, Ms. Hedgewick,” said a jolly little humanoid man standing behind a rather nice-looking wood desk. His beady eyes squinted at her as he cleaned his glasses. He was a short, rotund gentleman who seemed to be rather old, but not quite geriatric, wearing a threadbare sweater vest and slacks. The glowing, golden halo hovering above his receded hairline told her that she was most definitely in the right place. “Or would you prefer Mari?”

“Oh, uh...Mari is fine. Thanks,” said Marianne awkwardly, suddenly having second thoughts about bothering a star angel with her problems.

“Mari, it’s a pleasure to meet you!” Dr. Dunn put his glasses on and held a hand out to her. With the round lenses and his plump features, he looked somewhat owlish. With a little hesitation, Mari gingerly took his hand and gave it a weak shake. She felt like she was shaking hands with a celebrity and was nervous beyond rational thought. Dr. Dunn seemed exuberated despite Mari’s limp-wristed handshake and beamed a toothy smile at her that she swore glowed.

“Would you like to have a seat?” He gestured to a comfortable-looking chair with purple velvet cushions in front of his desk. It seemed a little small for Mari’s tall stature and wide hips, but she wasn’t about to turn down an angel’s kindness.

An *actual* star angel. The reality of the situation still hadn’t really settled in yet. What the hell was she thinking coming there?

“Thank you,” Mari said nervously and leaned over to sit down, but her massive melons bumped the doctor’s desk. In one fell swoop, they knocked over pictures, a name plate, and scattered pens everywhere. She narrowly caught his desk lamp before her terrible twosome could knock it to the floor. “Oh dear! I’m so sorry!”

“It’s fine, it’s fine,” said Dr. Dunn calmly. “Please, have a seat. It’s not a problem.”

“Sorry,” Mari said again as she sat down, mortified. Surprisingly, the chair wasn’t as small as she thought. In fact, it seemed to be a perfect fit for her motherly rump. She’d at least halfway expected its arms to poke the sides of her breasts, but it was remarkably comfortable. Something about all of this felt very peculiar.

“So, how can I help such a lovely lady as yourself?” asked Dr. Dunn as he took a seat at his desk across from Mari.

“I-I...uh...” stammered Mari, struggling to form words. She timidly wrung her tail again as her anxiety got the better of her. Beads of sweat formed on her brow and her heart began to pound. “I...I...”

“It’s all right, Mari,” said Dr. Dunn, his warm smile never wavering. “Just take a deep breath and let it all out.”

She took a deep breath...and then her breasts churned again. Her top creaked with tension as her melons ripened into pumpkins from another wave of lactation. Thankfully, it was only a small one like before. Creamy droplets spurted through her oversaturated shirt and pattered on the desk until the surge ended. Mari could feel the sides of her breasts pressing against the arms of the chair now.

“I...I can’t do this,” Mari abruptly got up and turned for the door. “This is stupid. I-I shouldn’t have come here. I’m sorry. I’m getting milk all over-”

“Your problems are not stupid, Mari,” said Dunn, firmly. “And these floors have seen much worse than a little spilt milk, believe me,” he added with a chuckle. “Whatever brought you to my miracle office is clearly very important to you. Are you sure you don’t want help?”

Mari’s hand paused just above the door control panel and she stood there silently for a moment. Slowly, she turned and quietly sat back down with her tail in her hands and her eyes downcast.

“Thank you. I don’t often make it out to this part of the universe, so I’d like nothing more than to help anyone I can while I’m here,” he said before peering at Mari over his glasses. “And you definitely seem like someone I ought to help.”

Mari shifted uncomfortably in her seat, clenching her tail in her hands and holding it close against her leaky bosom. She was used to people shamelessly staring or even gawking at her, but the way Dr. Dunn was looking at her felt uncanny. Almost like he was looking *into* her rather than *at* her.

“So, do you feel comfortable opening up or would you rather we talk about something else for a bit?” asked Dr. Dunn. “Perhaps you have some questions for me? Something tells me you’ve never been up close to someone like me before.”

“N-no,” Mari said meekly. “I’ve never seen a star angel before. I...never really knew you were real until today. I thought it was all just fairy tales.”

“Oh, I get that a lot. Believe me,” Dunn lightly chuckled. “There aren’t a whole lot of us and we’re usually spread pretty thin across the universe, so it’s not surprising that you’ve never seen one until now. We also seldom ever involve ourselves in any major conflicts. The ‘greater good’ and all that can get rather twisted up once enough people get involved. Dealing with more personal, one on one cases suit us much better.”

“I see,” said Mari, loosening up just a little. A moment of awkward silence passed between them before she found her voice again. “Why...why do you have all this blastball stuff? And how do you have stuff from my Pa’s team?”

“I’m a big fan of the Piston Punchers,” said Dr. Dunn. “Your father was a great blaster before he retired.”

“But that’s...”

“An awful big coincidence?” finished Dunn. “What can I say? I’m a big fan of all my patients. It’s hard to help them if I don’t know them.”

“But...how could you possibly know me? I’m nobody,” Mari said quietly.

“Everybody is somebody, Mari,” countered Dr. Dunn. “And to answer your question, I perform miracles. Why couldn’t I know you before you set foot in my office?”

“I guess that makes sense...sort of,” said Mari, not clutching her tail quite as tightly as before. “Does that mean you already know what I want?”

“I know what you need, but you must first ask.”

Mari took a deep breath, gave her tail one quick stroke, and mustered up the courage to speak. “I want...” Shame choked her words and her eyes began to well up again, but she fought through it. “I want to be human.”

She waited for a response. A comeback. Anything. But the angel just smiled at her as if waiting for her to continue.

“Well? Aren’t you going to try and talk me out of it or tell me how stupid that is or something?” asked Mari with a slightly bitter edge to her voice.

“No,” said Dr. Dunn, still smiling.

“Well then what? Can you do it or not?”

“Of course I can do it,” said Dunn. “I just want to hear the rest of it.”

“The rest of what?”

“Your request. Your *story*,” said Dr. Dunn.

“But you just said that you already knew everything about me,” retorted Mari.

“Not exactly my words, but it’s important to hear it from your point of view regardless.”

“I...ugh,” Mari let out an exasperated sigh. She’d been dreading this, but she’d dug herself into this hole. May as well lay down in it. “Okay, fine. Where do you want me to start?”

“From the beginning,” said the angel. “Tell me about what happened today.”

Chapter 2

The Work Shift from Hell

“Shoot! *Shoot-shoot-shoot!!!*” I cursed to myself as I scrambled out of bed this morning. “I forgot to set my alarm again! Oh, darn it! Where’s my work suit?”

There was a loud crash as I stumbled and bumped my lamp off my bedside table. “Darn, there goes another one,” I sighed. “I’ll deal with that later. First, I need to...*Whoa!*”

I nearly stumbled again but caught myself before I could cause any more property damage. Something was off. A quick glance at the full-length mirror across from me revealed what. “Oh dear, you girls were productive last night.”

There I was, staring back at me in my blue panties and pink tank top. And there *they* were. Heavy, round, and fatter than my head were my boo-uh...breasts. They always fill up in my sleep, but they were especially full this morning. They stretched out my top so much that it barely reached down past my bellybutton.

“No wonder I’m off balance. I gotta milk you girls – Ah, shoot!” another look at my clock brought a curse to my lips. “No time! I’ll just have to do it on my break! Now where’s my jumpsuit?”

Quickly adjusting my balance to my fuller chest, I frantically dug through my pile of laundry, tossing tops and underwear behind me like a burrowing dog, my tail whipping the air excitedly. “Aha! There it is!” I pulled my grey, nylon work jumpsuit from the clothes midden. It wasn’t fresh, but at least it didn’t smell of sour milk.

Too short on time to find any cleaner clothes, I immediately stepped into my jumpsuit, having to wiggle it up my thick thighs. My supervisor still hadn’t been able to get me a suit that fit right. The nylon was always a little too tight across my hips and chest. It wasn’t usually too much of an issue getting it to zip up in the front, but with my breasts as swollen as they were, I had to really fight it to get the zipper up over them. I couldn’t zip it up all the way or it would have been so tight that it would be hard to breathe, so I left it open enough to give me some room...and also ended up showing off a lot of tight cleavage.

I elbowed my front door control panel while tugging on my boots. As the door slid open, I awkwardly hopped out of my small studio apartment on one foot, hastily tying my laces on the fly. “*Oof!*” My wide hips collided with one of my neighbors out in the hall and almost sent both of us toppling to the floor.

“Oil! Watch it ya clumsy cow!” squawked my neighbor. She seemed to be some sort of feathered alien.

“Sorry!” I called back, already stumbling away down the hall. “I’m running late!”

Thankfully, the transit station wasn't too far away from my apartment block. Due to the later morning hour, it wasn't very crowded either. I arrived just as a sleek, silver, worm-like tram was boarding and I narrowly managed to slip through the doors as they closed.

"Whew, I made it," I breathed a sigh of relief and plopped down into an empty seat. The tram lurched slightly as its hover drives hummed to life and pushed it forward. My milk shifted subtly inside my chest from the inertia.

"NEXT STOP: ORANGE DISTRICT," buzzed a tinny voice over the tram speakers. I looked out the nearest viewport and watched my view of the transit station slip past to reveal the curved vista of Paraxis Station.

If you're not familiar with it, Paraxis Station was built all along the inside of a giant, miles-wide, metal canister that was found orbiting a red dwarf. It was screwed shut when it was discovered and the can stirred up a ton of news at the time. "Time Capsule from Lost Civilization Found" and all sorts of other headlines. The funny thing is that when someone finally figured out how to open it, all that was inside was a huge, empty, space walnut shell and an alien tablet that, once translated, was pretty much just an IOU.

Since the "Find of the Century" amounted to a big can of air, the canister got auctioned off and eventually became the foundation for the galactic shipping hub we see here today: Paraxis Station. Along the way, they tried making it into something of a tourist trap, too; but it never really caught on. They even went to the effort of gluing the big walnut shell back together and put it on display as "The Big Nut." Not many people wanted to go out of their way to see it, though.

One of my favorite things every day on the way to and from work is watching the curvature of Paraxis Station slowly spin around me as the tram speeds across it. Blocky metal buildings, transit lines, streets, and the occasional park area decorate the cylindrical landscape on all sides but the gaping canister mouth peering out into space. Twinkling trails of starship engines and lights perpetually flow in and out through the opening like fireflies as freighters from across the sector come and go. During the "night" hours, the internal lights of station get dimmed and you can really see all the ships glow.

Growing up back on the rolling plains and lush farmland of my homeworld, Mysterra, I never saw anything like it. I can't believe everyone here finds this place so boring. Most of the time, I feel like I'm the only one who really wants to be here. "No one ever really comes to Paraxis Station, they *end up* here," is what they always tell me.

Too soon, the tram ride ended and I had to hurry off to work. I was dreading having to explain to my supervisor that I'd overslept *again* and hoped that they weren't too far behind because of me. On top of that, I was sure my breasts were already feeling fuller than before, making me question my decision to skip my morning milking.

Stardock B loomed ahead, the only other souls in sight were a handful of people taking smoke breaks outside and the two security officers that usually patrolled the area; one big fat one and a scrawny little bug guy. The docks were always locked up tight from the outside so that no stowaways or thieves could sneak in or out.

A bioscanner was perched above the employee entrance like a large, unblinking eye. When I walked up to it, I held up the communicator bracelet on my wrist and stood still as a wide beam of hazy red light shot out from the eye and scanned over me from my head to my toes. After a few quick passes, the light turned green and the doors slid open.

“ACCESS GRANTED,” coughed a crunchy, metallic voice from the bioscanner. “WELCOME BACK, MARIANNE HEDGEWICK.”

“Thank you!” I replied more cheerfully than I really felt and hurried through the doors.

I speed-walked down the wide main hall to a second set of security doors. Another quick scan later and they parted like curtains to reveal the wide, open docking area. The stardock itself was shaped like a huge donut with a round opening in the center for ships to fly in and out of. Star freighters large and small sat upon landing pads positioned along three levels that staggered downward into the center like enormous stairsteps. Beyond the landing pads, within the enclosed ring section of the dock, were the warehouse areas where cargo would be offloaded to and sorted before being loaded onto different freighters to be shipped off to their next destinations. All around, an army of dock workers, androids, and machinery busied themselves with the seemingly endless flow of crates and cargo pods.

Nobody seemed to notice me yet, so I tried to casually walk over to my zone. My hope was to just slip in and get to work before anyone saw me.

“Mari! There you are!” called the sickeningly sweet voice of Candace, my supervisor. The slim, dark-haired human woman strolled up to me, dashing my hopes. She cradled a tablet in one arm and wore a grey jumpsuit like mine, but it had bright red stripes and fit her much better than mine did. “I was beginning to wonder if you were coming in today.”

“Oh! Hi, Candy,” I said awkwardly, nervously rubbing my tail in my hands. “My...uh...alarm didn’t go off this morning. Sorry.”

“Wow! Again, huh? You know, maybe you ought to think about getting a new one so that you’re not late to work so much,” said Candace, her sweet demeanor making it sound like an honest suggestion rather than the passive aggressive jab that it really was. Despite being a head shorter than me and probably half my weight, she always has a way of putting me on edge.

I let out a nervous chuckle and wrung my tail. “Y-Yeah, I’ve been meaning to do that.”

Candace’s icy blue eyes drifted down to my exposed cleavage and studied the tight crease lines that had formed across my chest. “Forgot to milk yourself this morning too, huh?”

“Oh, uh...yeah. I didn’t have enough time to,” I said, an embarrassed blush spreading across my cheeks. I had been pushing it from my mind, but my jumpsuit felt noticeably tighter than it had when I put it on. My milk was still trickling in. “I-I’ll just do it when I break for lunch!”

“You sure you can hold it until then?” Candace raised an eyebrow.

“Y-Yeah! It’s just a little milk. No biggie.”

“Well, good. Because we need you out there today,” said Candace, turning her attention to her tablet. “We’re busier than usual with all the pirate attacks rerouting supply lines through our sector. We’ve already got a Class II freighter with priority cargo to unload and we’re short-handed with Xak and Tarrant out.”

“Oh no! What happened to them?” I asked with genuine concern. I liked working with both of them.

“Nothing too bad. Xak’s...molting, I think, and I sent Tarrant home after she kept leaking green goo everywhere. Pilt just finished mopping that up a few minutes ago.”

“Oh dear, I hope she doesn’t have that weird allergy to...what was that stuff called again?”

“Florp? No, this place would be a crater by now if that were the case. Besides, she didn’t exactly *look* like she had it, if you know what I mean,” said Candace, snickering and holding her hands out in front of her chest, pantomiming a pair of large breasts. “We’ve got enough trouble keeping eyes off you as it is. We don’t need another terrible twosome bouncing around.”

“Hey! They’re not that bad!”

“Tell that to the crew leads who keep having to patch up their guys every time they walk face-first into something because they’re too busy staring at your boobs.”

“Yeah...I guess you’re right,” I said, a little dejectedly.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a familiar shape walk by. Solidly built and strikingly handsome with short, dark hair, he was like a magnet to my eyes. The standard issue grey jumpsuit looked even better on him. My ears perked up and I couldn’t help but watch him from afar as he helped load up a cargo sled. I’d been feeling butterflies in my stomach whenever he was around ever since he first showed up a month ago. Unfortunately, he worked in a different zone and I rarely got much closer than I was then. I’d only just recently learned that his name was Brand. Just thinking his name sent flutters through my chest, although that might have just been my milk settling.

A sly grin crept onto Candace’s face as she caught me staring. “Alright, let’s go! That Class II isn’t going to unload itself!”

“O-Oh, right!” I snapped out of my trance and joined the others in offloading our assigned ship.

The rest of this morning went by pretty smoothly, I think. By the time we had almost finished offloading that freighter it was lunchtime. My stomach had been growling at me for the past hour. Skipping breakfast in my morning rush had been taking its toll on me, but at least my milk had all but stopped without any food to fuel it.

“Hey, Mari! Wanna have lunch with me?” Candace’s sugar-laced voice called out to me as I carried a heavy, travel trunk-sized crate over to a cargo sled. A couple human men heave-hoed behind me, carrying a crate like mine.

“I forgot to bring mine,” I grunted as I shoved the crate onto the sled. “Was going to go pick up something after I milked-”

“That’s all right! You can split mine with me!” Candace cut in enthusiastically.

The two men with the box grunted and groaned, struggling to haul it onto the sled next to mine. I casually lifted it up there for them and gave the cargo sled’s driver a thumbs up. The fish person in the driver’s seat returned the gesture and switched the spinning yellow lights along the corners of the sled on before hovering it away.

I turned my full attention to Candace. “Well, that’s awful nice of you, but I really need to-”

“Oh come on. Your boss is offering you free lunch and you’re turning it down?”

My stomach gurgled again and I let out an anxious sigh. “Okay...Thanks, Candy.”

“Yay! You’re gonna love it!” she squealed. “Come on, let’s go!”

My supervisor led the way to the nearest breakroom and grabbed her blindingly pink lunchbox from her locker along the way. Many of our coworkers were doing the same or heading out to eat somewhere else. When we sat down, Candace flung open her lunch box and pulled out two halves of a foot-long sandwich.

“Here you go!” she said cheerfully, practically shoving one of the halves at me.

“O-Oh! Thank you,” I said, nearly fumbling the sandwich. “You packed a pretty big sandwich for just yourself.”

“I was gonna save the other half for later, but then I figured you hadn’t eaten yet and decided to give it to you,” she said proudly.

“Oh, that was very thoughtful of you. Thank you,” I said before taking a large bite. It was surprisingly tasty, but my chewing slowed when I recognized a particular flavor. “Does this have cheese on it?”

“Well, yeah. It’s a grilled cheese, silly!”

I gulped nervously. Looking at it then, I could clearly see that the sandwich was loaded with thick, gooey cheese. No wonder it tasted so good. “Candy, you *know* what happens when I have dairy products!”

She slapped her palm to her head dramatically. “Oh no! I wasn’t thinking! Will you be okay?”

“I...think so,” I said uncertainly. My stomach growled again and I was too hungry to really think straight. “I haven’t actually had cheese in a while. Maybe it’s not as bad now.”

“Are you sure? I’d hate for you to have to go home early.”

“It’ll be fine, I think. Besides, I was going to milk myself soon anyways,” I shrugged and took another bite of the sandwich. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Candace smile. Or was it a smirk?

Across from us, on the far side of the break room, I saw Brand sit down with some of his team and dig into his lunch. Butterflies tickled my stomach and I tried to watch him without actually watching him, but my ears perked up to listen for his voice regardless. Anything he might have been saying was drowned out in a sea of voices in the busy lunchroom, though.

Once again, Candace took notice of my interest and smirked. “Whatcha looking at?”

I blushed and looked away from Brand, my ears flattening. “N-Nobody...”

“Nobody, huh?” she craned her neck to see over the other lunch-goers. “Are you sure you’re not maybe staring at *Brand* again?”

“N-No...” My blush deepened and I munched on my sandwich nervously.

“You are, aren’t you!” Candace grinned from ear to ear. “I knew it! You have a crush on Brand!”

“I do not!”

“Yes, you do! Admit it!” she laughed.

“Okay, fine! I might like him a little bit,” I huffed. “But can you blame me? Just look at him!”

“I would if I could see him,” she said, craning her neck some more. “You’re so tall that I bet you could see your apartment from here.”

“Want me to find you a booster seat?” I joked.

Candace gave me a warning squint. “Keep that up and I won’t introduce you to him.”

“You *know* him?” I said, my ears instantly perking up.

“We’ve talked a little bit,” she said coyly.

“What’s he like?” I eagerly asked.

“Well, he’s kind of a loner, but he’s nice once you get him to open up. Doesn’t talk much about where he’s from or how he ended up here. He likes fast machines, starburgers, and is really handy with tools.”

“He sounds fascinating,” I said dreamily. My thoughts drifted away to all the things Brand and I would do together once we met.

Candace seemed to catch onto where my mind was going and smirked again. “Don’t get your hopes up, though. I’m pretty sure he’s into *human* girls.”

That snapped me out of my daydream. “What? How do you know?”

The slim brunette crossed her arms across her modest chest and looked smug. “Because I’ve got a date with him tonight.”

“O-Oh...” My heart sank and my ears drooped. In an instant, my supervisor had squashed all my hopes and dreams of finding happiness.

“Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll find someone around here who’s got a thing for cowgirls,” Candace tried to sound reassuring. “Maybe you’ll even bump into a bull around here who’ll take you with him, away from this dump.”

“Yeah...maybe...” I said forlornly. “I’d need a miracle to find someone at this rate.”

Candace perked up. “Hey! Why don’t you go give that miracle office a try?”

“Miracle office?”

“Yeah, it’s one of those traveling offices where you can ask a star angel for a wish or something. Just landed over in Green District last week.”

“Those are real?” I asked. “I always thought star angels were fairy tales.”

“Oh, they’re real alright. Although I don’t know if this one is. He wouldn’t even see me when I went,” Candace pouted.

“You actually went to one?” my ears perked up. “What was it like?”

“It’s sort of just like a doctor’s office, but like I said, I didn’t really see the angel. Some BS about my wish not being worthy or something.”

“Well, what was your wish?”

“A way out of this can,” Candace said flatly. “And maybe to be rich and famous. You know, the basic stuff.”

I sat and thought for a minute before speaking again. “Do you think he’d help me find love?”

Candace nearly choked on her sandwich and laughed. “I doubt it. If he wouldn’t take my wish, he probably won’t take yours.”

“Oh...” I slumped in my seat. My sandwich sat half-eaten in front of me. Any trace of my appetite seemed to vanish and was replaced with a hollow pit.

Candace munched away happily on hers and pointed to what was left of mine. “Aren’t you gonna finish that?”

“I...I think I’ll save it for later. I guess I wasn’t that hungry after all.”

Solemnly, I got up and walked away with my sandwich in hand. I didn’t even want to turn back to sneak one last peek at Brand anymore. Deciding to deal with it later, I left the partial sandwich in my locker and moped back to my work zone.

Suddenly, I felt a pang of pressure in my stomach followed by a low growl. “Ungh,” I grunted, clutching my stomach. Another wave of pressure hit and my stomach growled louder. Concern gnawed at my mind as my breasts began to feel oddly warmer. “Oh dear...”

A third wave hit and nearly made me double over. I steadied myself on a nearby crate and winced at the sensation of my jumpsuit tightening across my chest. My already *milk-laden* chest. A low gurgle confirmed my fears.

“Oh no...*no no no*,” I stammered. My hands clutched at my chest. I could feel the nylon pulling tighter beneath my fingertips. “Not here! Not now! *Shoot!* I *knew* I shouldn’t have eaten that sandwich!”

I lunged back towards my locker where my milk pump was stored. I was so distraught over Brand that I completely forgot to milk myself. “Pump! I need to pump before I-”

“Hey, Mari! Where ya goin’?” called one of the other dock workers on my team. “We need your help over here! There’re only a few crates left!”

I winced. I couldn’t just leave them, could I? They were so close to finishing and it would probably only take a few minutes, then I’d be free to milk myself at last and they could go on break.

“Darn it,” I muttered under my breath before turning to answer my teammates with a forced smile. “Okay! Let’s knock those crates out!” Another gurgle made me regret my decision, but it was already too late.

“Nice! I think the only things left onboard are some crates with anti-grav units and some big thing that’s labeled ‘Classified’ on the manifest,” said the dock worker as I fell in with

him and the others. All their eyes kept flicking back to my chest. It wobbled and jiggled heavily with each step.

“Classified? Really?” I asked, my interest piqued. Hopefully, the mystery would distract me from the milky reaction I was having. “What is it? A secret weapon or something? *Mmh!*” A surge of milk tested my resolve...and my zipper. It looked like I had a pair of ripe watermelons stuffed in my uniform. The upper curves of my breasts were puffing up through my low neckline and creeping into my periphery.

The coworker looked perplexed by my punctual outburst and gawked as my bosom surged a little larger before his eyes. “Uhh, if I knew that, it wouldn’t be classified, would it? It...uh, just looks like a normal cargo pod to me.”

Dairy churned and I could feel my zipper pop down a few notches, exposing more of my pink tank top. Stress lines furrowed across my chest, the nylon fabric straining to contain my swelling milk jugs as they fought for space. My jumpsuit wasn’t just tight, it was becoming constricting.

Up ahead, the Class II freighter loomed over us. It was moderately sized by freighter standards: Roughly two-hundred feet long, or the length of two large barns backed together, and maybe a quarter as wide with two blocky engines flanking its stern. The hull was a mottled coppery color and decorated with metal plates that made the bow resemble some kind of eagle head with the cockpit viewport where its eyes would be. A wide boarding ramp led up into the belly of the ship where the last of its cargo waited for us.

All things considered, it didn’t seem like the sort of ship I’d imagine carrying official cargo. Then again, that may have been the point. Regardless, I had a job to do and not a whole lot of time left to do it.

We boarded the ship and got to work. The other workers split into groups of two, each pair handling a crate, while I remained solo. When I bent down to pick this first crate up, my breasts pressed firmly against the case and sent them bulging up out of my neckline to engulf my chin in my cleavage. As I lifted it, I could feel my warm chest pillows billow out across torso and up against my arms, even puffing out under my armpits. It was all I could do not to moo right then and there from the milky pressure, but I managed to bite it back, my tail swishing anxiously behind me.

Enduring the pleasurable pressure as best as I could, I hauled my crate down the ramp and towards a nearby cargo sled alongside my coworkers. My body felt hot and my clothes sticky with sweat. My breasts gurgled vigorously as milk surged into them once more. They pressed harder against the side of the crate and spread wider across my torso. Somewhere, I heard a stitch pop.

By the time I reached the end of the ramp, that pop turned into a chorus as the seams along the sides of my jumpsuit began to tear. Bulges of pink fabric from my tank top forced their way through the openings, ripping them wider. I bit my lip and tried to stifle a squeaky moo, hoping no one could hear it. A man piloting a tall, mechanical powerloader suit trudged

past me up the ramp to grab the mysterious cargo pod no doubt. It might have been my imagination, but he seemed to be squinting down at something behind me on the ramp.

I turned my head to see what it might have been and gasped when I saw the twin trails of white fluid leading back up the ramp. I'd sprung a leak. It dawned on me that my clothes weren't slick with sweat, they were soaked with milk. That revelation seemed to trigger a stronger wave of lactation and my breasts leapt forward, shoving the crate out of my arms.

Before I could even react, the crate flipped through the air and slammed down loudly on its side. Momentum carried me forward and I yelped as I tripped over the fallen crate and careened head-first into another worker's back. The impact caused a domino effect of that worker stumbling and falling against the crate he and another were carrying, sending his partner tumbling forwards into the next pair. Within seconds, the entire line of workers collapsed into a jumble of people falling over each other and their crates.

"Oh no! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" I cried and scrambled back onto my feet to help them. As I did, my zipper exploded open and breasts as big around as ripe pumpkins sloshed out from under my tank top and into the open. Their pronounced weight threw me off balance and sent me stumbling tits-first into the man I'd bumped. They mashed around his face like hot pillows, threatening to suffocate him.

"Ge' off me!" his muffled voice yelled through my boobs. He thrashed under me, his arms pushing into my smothering mounds in an attempt to shove me away. Instead, he only stimulated me more.

"Mmh-!" I clamped my hands over my mouth to stifle a moo. His frantic shoving was squeezing a flood of dairy out of my tits, which would have felt amazing if it weren't such a dire situation. *"S-Stop pushing! Y-You're only making it w-worse!"*

He either didn't listen or couldn't hear me and kept on flailing. With some effort, I pushed myself off of him. He gasped for breath, but his reprieve was short as milk sprayed forcefully out of my thumb-sized nipples and blinded the poor man.

"My eyes!" he shrieked, trying to shield his face with his hands.

"Sorry!" I quickly spun away, inadvertently spraying arcs of milk all across the dock before I clasped my hands around my nipples to seal them shut. The leak was reduced to a trickle, but my breasts growled in my grasp as my milk backed up.

Immediately, my chest pumpkins ballooned in my arms, rapidly swelling rounder and wider. My nipples throbbed in my hands, practically begging to be milked and were so sensitive that my attempt to stop the leak only stirred up my lactation more. I whimpered, both from the embarrassing pleasure and how powerless I felt to even stop my body, much less the disaster unfolding around me.

Behind me, the powerloader's heavy footsteps thumped down the ramp. I turned around to see it lugging the cargo pod in its arms. The pilot's face went slack-jawed when he caught

sight of me and the scene. Distracted, he unwittingly stepped one foot off the side of the boarding ramp and toppled over, pod and all. They crashed down onto the dock with such an impact that I could see crews several docks over stop and look to see what the commotion was.

“Oh dear! Are you all right?” I cried out to the powerloader pilot and tried to run over to mangled pile that his suit and the pod had become. Unfortunately, my massively swollen jugs hobbled me. They were fast approaching the size of beach balls and thin streams of milk had started spraying out from between my fingers.

I stepped into a puddle of my own milk and yelped again when my foot slipped out from under me. I would have face-planted the dock if not for my huge knockers cushioning my fall. My hands lost their hold on my nipples and milk erupted from them like twin power washer streams. Creamy white milk sprayed almost all the way up into the ship.

“Moo! MOO!! MOOOO!!!” As I lost myself in a fit of mooing, I glimpsed the control panel on the mysterious pod spark and crackle in my dairy deluge.

Back up on the ship, a couple of straggling workers carried the final crate out of the cargo bay. *“What the fuck!?!”* the leading one blurted out at the scene in front of her just before she herself slipped and fell on the ramp. Her partner fumbled his end of the crate and dropped it on its side hard enough for it to swing open, releasing the cylindrical anti-gravity generator it was carrying.

Time seemed to slow down and, through my blissful haze of release, I saw the generator power on and glow as it rolled down the ramp. The workers who dropped it shouted curses and tried unsuccessfully to chase after it, repeatedly slipping in my milk. It rolled past me, just beyond my reach, and continued down the dock, somehow missing every passing cargo sled and evading every worker. I lost sight of it once it had passed into the warehouse area.

Several long seconds passed and I thought maybe we’d gotten lucky, but then a pit formed in my stomach and the air pressure shifted around me. Sounds of calamity echoed out of the warehouse followed by the sight of crates, pods, and workers floating weightlessly up into the air off in the distance.

Not good.

Everyone came out to investigate, including Candace and Brand. There was nowhere for me to hide. All I could do was lay there on top of my stupid boobs while they emptied themselves. I wanted to crawl into a hole and die.

“What in Sam Hell is going on here!?!” shrieked the last voice I wanted to hear. A stout, middle-aged woman with pink skin, blue hair, and antennas barged through the growing crowd. Big Bertha, the dock boss, had arrived.

“I think Mari had another accident,” said Candace snidely.

“Accident? *Accident!*? When I spill coffee all over the monthly report, *that* is an accident. When someone drops a crate on their foot, *that* is an accident. But *YOU, Marianne,*” Big Bertha stared me down and pointed at me. “*You are a catastrophe!*”

“I-I’m sorry! J-Just please let me explain-”

“No! I have been more than patient with you and your...condition. Leaving puddles everywhere you go is one thing, but *this,*” she waved her hands around, unsure of where to even begin pointing. “This is enough! Do you have any idea how long it’s going to take to sort this whole mess out? I’ve had enough, Marianne. *Enough.*”

“P-Please!” I begged, my voice cracking and my eyes watering up.

“No. Just...no,” Bertha let out an exasperated sigh and pinched the bridge of her nose. “Go home, Mari. You’re done for the day.”

I choked on a sob as tears began to flow down my cheeks. Everyone was staring at me as I sat crying, exposed, swollen, and leaking in a vast puddle of my own creation. Slowly, I pushed myself to my feet, what was left of my clothes dripping with milk. My breasts had thankfully emptied themselves back down to a more manageable size, but they were still too big to fit back in my tank top and certainly wouldn’t go back in my ruined jumpsuit.

Miserable beyond belief, I trudged past all of my coworkers. Not one of them said a word, not even Candace. Worst of all was Brand, who just stared at me in shock with his big brown eyes. He finally noticed me, but for the worst reason possible. I couldn’t bear to look at him back.

I was through with being a clumsy, stupid, fat cow. Through with being Marianne Hedgewick from Mysterra, or “Moosterra” as some of the crueller people here call it.

I was right, I do need a miracle. That’s why I decided to come see you.

Chapter 3

Miracle or Moo-racle?

Dr. Dunn sat quietly across from Marianne, nodding to himself thoughtfully. He kept lightly tapping his fingers together as he processed her story.

“Well?” she asked, nervously. “What do you think?”

He got up and turned away from her. She thought she could hear him mutter something to himself, but he was quiet enough that she wasn’t sure. Suddenly, he turned around and beamed a smile at her.

“I’ll do it,” he said.

“*Really!?*” Mari jolted up in her seat, ears standing straight up.

“Yes. I will turn you into a human,” then he raised a finger. “*IF* that is who you truly want to be.”

“Yes! With all my heart! Yes!” Mari bounced excitedly in her seat, making it squeak. Her breasts bounced with her, slapping her thighs with each rebound.

“Then it shall be done.”

“So, how does this work? What do I have to do? Do I have to sign anything? Pay you?”

“Nothing,” Dunn said with a shrug. “Your happiness at the end of the day is all the payment I need. You won’t see any contracts or invoices here.”

“Really?” said Mari quizzically. “That seems...”

“Too good to be true?” Dr. Dunn finished her thought. “It wouldn’t be a miracle if it didn’t.”

“I guess that makes sense,” she said uncertainly. “So, what happens next?”

“When you’re ready, I’ll grant your wish.”

“Oh...uh, okay. One sec,” Mari shifted in her seat and fiddled with her tail before closing her eyes and letting out a slow breath. “Okay, I’m ready.”

Dr. Dunn snapped his fingers and Mari instantly felt a tingling rush of sensations erupt all over her body. A cozy feeling enveloped her like a warm blanket. In seconds, she felt her tail vanish from her grasp. Her ears morphed small and flat against her head. All of her clothes

loosened and became baggy, the chair seemed to grow around her, and her feet left the floor as she diminished from a towering cowgirl to an average human. Most notably, her breasts quickly shrank and receded into her chest, leaving her feeling almost flat chested by comparison. Even her hips and butt were reduced in size from a wide, heart-shaped cushion to something leaner.

As swiftly as they came, the sensations faded and Mari knew that the transformation was complete. Timidly, she opened her eyes and immediately noticed that her vantage point was significantly lower than before. In fact, the whole room seemed a little bigger. Had she really been that much taller than everyone else?

She looked down at herself and realized that her clothes were practically hanging off her, especially her top which was just one wrong move away from sliding completely down her shoulders. Without a pair of massive melons blocking her field of view, she could see that her thighs had nearly halved in thickness. Down the baggy neckline of her tank top, a pair of perky little breasts with tiny nipples greeted her. Her hands curiously felt them and she marveled at having a pair that could actually fit in her grasp. Breathing was strangely easier without all that sweater meat pulling on her chest and it felt like an actual weight had been lifted from her back.

Nowhere in sight was her tail. She felt behind her and only found a petite bottom. On her head, her human ears felt small and alien. Everything sounded different, almost quieter without her cow ears picking up every little noise. No horns graced her head, either. Her wavy, brown hair even felt slightly softer.

“I’m...I’m human?” she said, almost in disbelief.

“You are,” said Dr. Dunn, beaming at her over his desk. “Have a look.”

He gestured to a full-length mirror that wasn’t there before. Mari got up faster than she intended and wobbled a little without all the extra weight from her curves or tail to counter balance her. Her ruined jumpsuit slipped down her shoulders and she tugged it back up only for it to fall again as she stepped in front of the mirror.

A different person gawked back at her in the mirror. She was still Marianne, but different enough that she almost didn’t recognize herself. Her face, hair, and eyes looked the same, but the rest of her body had completely changed. Gone were her curves and bovine features. She really was just an average looking human being now.

“It...It worked,” she said in awe. “It actually worked!” She turned and smiled at Dr. Dunn, tears of joy welling up in her eyes. “Thank you! *Thank you!*”

“You are very welcome, Ms. Hedgewick,” Dunn said, giving her a polite bow. “Nothing makes me happier than seeing someone walk out of this office with a smile on their face.” His gaze dropped to Mari’s raggedy clothes. “Would you like me to fix your wardrobe for you? I have a feeling you’d have an interesting walk home in your current state.”

“O-Oh! Yes, please,” said Mari, blushing bashfully.

The star angel snapped his fingers again and this time Mari's clothes shimmered and shifted. Before her eyes, her ruined work uniform and the shirt she'd slept in tightened around her body again and changed into an entirely new outfit.

In the blink of an eye, her pink tank top transformed into a loose-fitting top of the same color that came down to just below her ribs with a grey sports bra cradling her humble handfuls underneath. What was left of her jumpsuit disintegrated and reformed as a pair of cute, grey shorts that came down to her mid-thigh and a pair of strawberry pink and grey cow print stockings that left a few inches of exposed thigh between them and the shorts. Finally, a pair of dark grey fingerless gloves adorned her hands and her communicator bracelet had shrunk to fit her smaller wrist.

"Oh! Oh my!" Mari ogled herself in the mirror from every angle. "It's so...me! I love it!"

Dr. Dunn let out a dry chuckle. "That one's on the house. Although you will need to eventually replace the rest of your wardrobe, I'm afraid."

"That's okay," she said, turning to smile at him. "Thank you! Thank you so much! How can I repay you?"

"Again, no payment is necessary. Your happiness at the end of the day is all I need," he said, holding his palms up. "However, there is one very important thing you need to know before you leave."

"What's that?"

"Your physical transformation will only become permanent after midnight," he said sternly. "Until then, it is mutable and will change based upon who you truly want to be. Whatever your heart desires, so you shall become."

"This is who I am now," Mari said confidently. "I'm not going to change."

"We shall see," he said, raising an eyebrow. "Stay true to yourself, Mari, and you will find the happiness you seek."

"I will," she nodded. "Sincerely, thank you."

"My pleasure. Be good, Mari. Try not to get into too much trouble," he said with a wink and extended a stubby hand.

She gave it a gentle shake, noticing that despite her new stature, he was still significantly shorter than her. Afterwards, the office door opened of its own accord and she took that as the cue to leave. On her way out, she paused to blow a kiss at the miraculous doctor and bounded away, bumping into a waiting room chair on the way out.

The door slid shut and Dr. Dunn was left by himself in his office. Gradually, all of the blastball memorabilia faded and was replaced with family photos and items for the next patient.

Without even looking at them, he was already familiar with what each object was and the history behind them. He allowed himself one last lingering thought on Marianne before shifting his focus on the old woman knitting in the waiting room.

“We shall see, indeed,” he mused quietly.

Chapter 4

Mistaken Identity

Mari felt light as a feather. All the weight of her problems had been lifted and even some of her physical weight. She couldn't contain herself, laughing joyously and prancing around outside of the dock the miracle office was parked at.

The office itself was actually a strange, yet gorgeous, starship composed of a luminous material that seemed to be almost ethereal in nature. It cast a golden glow across the buildings and other ships docked around it. Its shape was that of a large orb centered within a thin, flat arrow-shaped disk.

Passersby stared in confusion as Mari squealed with delight and cartwheeled across the plaza. Still clumsy as ever, though, she tripped and tumbled into a large, turtle-like alien. Thankfully, the turtle person only stumbled, but was still far from pleased.

“Hey! What the hell are you doing?” demanded the turtle.

Mari fell back onto her butt, feeling the impact much more than she used to, but laughed all the same. “I'm sorry! I'm just so happy!”

“What in the blazes for?”

“I'm human! Actually human!” she exclaimed. The turtle person looked at her as if she'd lost her mind. “The star angel made me human! I'm not a dumb, clumsy cow anymore!”

“I wouldn't be so sure about that,” said the turtle snidely. “Star angel, huh? How about he grant this wish and stop shining that damned light through my windows all night!” they hollered at the ship. As if it heard the turtle's complaint, the ship's glow suddenly dimmed.

“Huh...Well I'll be,” muttered turtle, not at all expecting their complaint to be heard.

Mari leapt back up to her feet and eagerly shook the bewildered turtle's hand before running off. “I hope you have a great day, whoever you are!”

“Uh, you too, I guess?”

The comms bracelet buzzed and dinged on Mari's wrist with a message. She looked at it and her high spirits suddenly took a hit. “Oh dear. Bertha wants me to come back to work for a chat.”

The implications of that couldn't be good. Thoughts of being yelled at and fired flooded her mind. She tried to shake them away. She was a new person now. Those were problems for

the old her. Still, she needed to tie up that loose end before moving on with her new life. So, she made her way to the tram station.

Boarding the tram was much easier now that Mari could just slip past people through the doors instead of potentially wedging herself with her old curves. Not to mention, she wasn't getting as many stares as she used to. Some of her giddiness returned as she took a seat and watched the tram station slide past the window. Paraxis Station was once again slowly revolving around her.

"NEXT STOP: ORANGE DISTRICT," buzzed the voice over the tram speakers.

Mari's faint reflection stared back at her from the polished window and she smiled back at it. Everyone so far had been looking at her differently than they had before. Even she was looking at herself differently in the window.

"Hello, me," she said quietly to her reflection. "You look good today."

She giggled at looked back out to the artificial world around her. "Just wait till the folks back home see me."

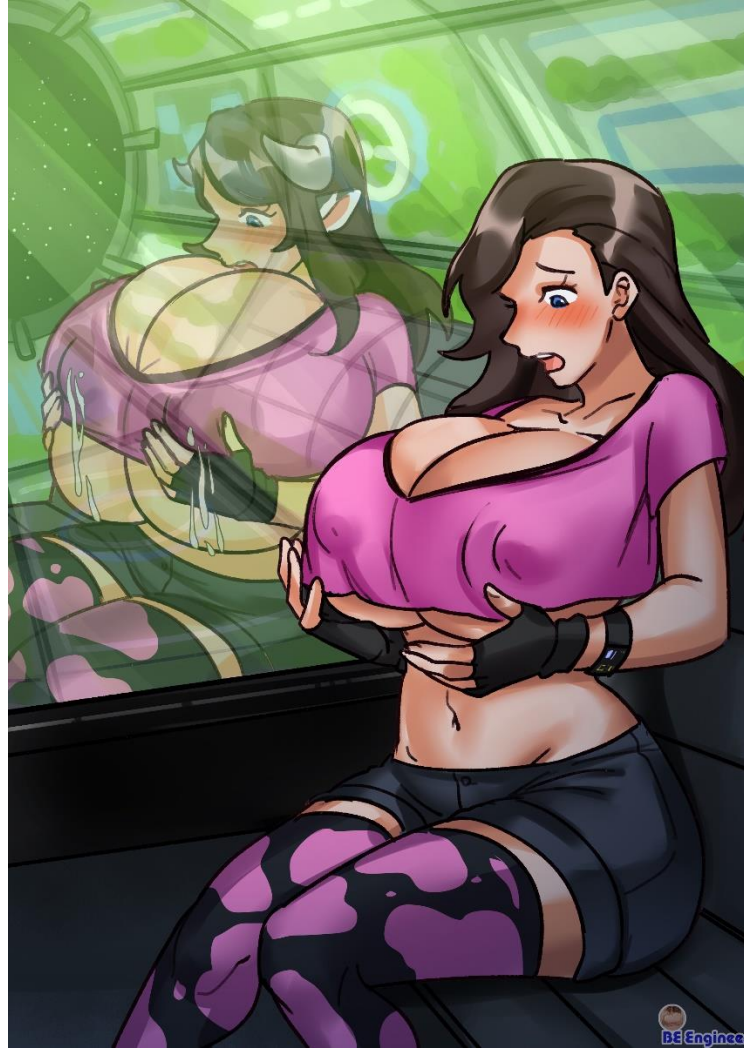
Home.

The thought suddenly kicked her in the chest. How in the galaxy would she explain this to her family? They had always raised her to be herself and be proud of it. Yet there she was, sitting there in a human body.

No. *Her* body. This was who she would be from there on out. Still, she couldn't shake a feeling of homesickness.

A curious tingling tickled her body. Suddenly, she felt herself raising slightly higher in her seat. Her sports bra and leggings seemed to be hugging her gently tighter. She looked down and saw her petite chest pushing slowly outward and she realized that she was growing.

Dr. Dunn's words of warning came echoing back to her: *Whatever your heart desires, so you shall become.*



“No! No-no-no! *This* is who I am now,” Mari said firmly to herself. Several heads turned to look at the strange passenger talking to her boobs, but she paid them no mind. “I’m a human now.”

Mari took a few slow breathes and felt the tingling fade away. When the growth ceased, she took a moment to feel the changes. Her breasts had swollen into plump oranges that filled her hands and her bra, but not enough to outgrow them. Her hips had widened enough to make her shorts feel a little snug, but not tight. Thankfully, her curves were still a far cry from what they were. She wasn’t sure how much taller she’d become, but it couldn’t have been more than an inch or two.

She let out a sigh of relief. “Whew, that wasn’t so bad. Still small enough to be average.”

It hadn’t even been an hour since she left the miracle office and she had already almost reverted herself. She’d have to be more careful from here on out if she wanted the changes to be permanent. One little slip up could undo everything she’d just gotten.

Before she knew it, the tram slid into the next station and the doors opened. Mari got up and quickly measured herself with her surroundings. She was definitely a little taller than when she'd boarded, but thankfully no one seemed to bat an eye at her as she disembarked.

For the second time that day, Mari found herself walking up to the imposing entrance to Stardock B. A few workers she recognized were heading out for the day and glanced at her colorful clothing, but they didn't seem to recognize her. She bit back a giggle. The changes were working.

"Oh, hi there! You must be new!" a familiar, sugary sweet voice called out from behind Mari. A chill ran down her spine and her old ears would have shot straight up as she realized who it was.

Candace walked around her and blocked her path. "I'm Candace, but you can call me Candy for short. Do you know where to go? I can...wait a minute..." Candace paused and studied Mari's face. A shock of realization made her gasp. "*Mari?*"

"Sssh!" Mari pressed a finger to her lips. She didn't want her drawing everyone's attention to her. "Yes, it's me!"

"Wha-what happened? You're...human!"

"I took your advice and went to that miracle office," she said proudly. "The star angel granted my wish. Like what you see?"

Candace looked positively stunned. "I...I was just joking. I didn't think it would actually...hold on. Your wish was to be *human?*"

"Yep!"

"You could have wished for anything in the whole universe and *that* was your wish?" Candace laughed. "Wow! That's so...like you!"

Mari felt her face turning red. "Oh, shut up! At least he granted mine! He wouldn't even listen to yours!"

"Maybe I just made that up to trick you," Candace crossed her arms and stuck her tongue out at her.

"As if!" huffed Mari. "You're...You're just too stuck up to admit that your wish stunk!"

"Oh really?" scoffed Candace. "After everything I've ever done for you. *That's* how you repay me? What are you even doing back here after what you did?"

Mari wasn't a violent person, but it took all her restraint not to hit Candace and *properly* repay her for all that she'd done. She just gritted her teeth and pushed past it. "Bertha wants to see me."

“To fire you, no doubt,” said Candace snidely. “We’re gonna be cleaning up that mess of yours all week.”

Having had enough, Mari stomped past Candace and stood in front of the entrance’s security scanner, holding her comms bracelet up. The mechanical eye lit up and emitted the beam of hazy red light to scan her.

“I bet you would like that, *Candy*,” said Marianne, trying to match her supervisor’s snideness.

“So what if I would? This was never a good place for you, Mari. I’ve been trying to get your reassigned off cargo duty for a while now, but I guess this is out of my hands now.”

“Gee, you’re such a saint. Whatever will I do without you?” Mari said sarcastically.

Suddenly, the scanning ray flashed and an alarm klaxon blared out from the security scanner. “ACCESS DENIED: ID AND BIOLOGY DO NOT MATCH. YOU ARE NOT MARIANNE HEDGEWICK,” croaked the mechanical voice over the speakers.

“Wait! I *am* Marianne Hedgewick!” panic crept into her voice. “Scan me again! There’s been a mistake!”

Candace covered her face and stifled her laughter. “Was this part of your wish?”

“Oh, shut up! Why don’t you do something?” Mari snapped. “Help me!”

“Sorry. This sounds like a *you* problem.”

“INTRUDER ALERT. INTRUDER ALERT. SECURITY PERSONEL HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED,” the voice croaked as alarms continued blasting overhead.

“Stop! Let me explain!” Mari pleaded with the security system, but it seemed to ignore her.

“Hey! What’s going on here?” shouted a new voice. The two station security officers that she’d often see around the area were marching up to investigate all the commotion. The speaker was the big fat one who had mottled blue skin, a short trunk or snout for a nose, and a blue uniform that looked a little undersized for his girth. Perched atop his floppy snout was a pair of dark aviator sunglasses.

Walking alongside him was the short bug man wearing just the uniform’s shirt and an officer’s cap. He had four scrawny little arms, oversized compound eyes, a round beetle-like shell on his back, and couldn’t have been more than three feet tall. The big guy flashed his badge to the security scanner, which quickly scanned it and then deactivated the alarms.

“She failed the security scan,” said Candace, pointing at Mari who glared at her. “Her ID doesn’t match her body.”

“Fraudulent ID, eh? I’m Station Security Officer Cormack and this is my partner, Flitt,” said the big officer, flashing his badge again. Now that he was so close, Mari could see that he was probably about as tall as she used to be and towered over her and Candace. “Do you know this woman?”

Candace chewed her lip and thought for a moment before answering. “Nope. Never seen her before in my life.”

“You lying bit-!”

“Quiet!” Cormack cut her off. “We can do this the easy way or the hard way. Either way, you’re coming back with us to the station for processing.”

“Wait, officer! This is just a big mix-up!” Mari pleaded with her hands up. “I really am Marianne Hedgewick!”

Cormack raised an eyebrow at Candace. “The Marianne I know is a cowgirl,” she said.

Mari sneered at her. “I *was* a cowgirl! I went to that miracle office down in Green District and wished to be human! Tell them, Candace!”

Candace shrugged. “Sorry, Officer. I don’t know what she’s talking about.”

“Okay ma’am, come on. Let’s not make this any harder than it needs to be,” Cormack stepped towards Mari.

“You’re making a mistake! You’ve gotta believe me!” Mari tried to back away, but Cormack’s large hand grabbed her shoulder and held her in place.

Panic clouded her judgement and Mari flailed in the officer’s grasp. Without meaning to, the back of one of her hands slapped Cormack’s face right across the snout. He grunted but held his grip on her. Flitt chittered something she couldn’t understand and pulled out a pair of what looked like nunchucks from under his shell. He flipped a switch and they instantly crackled with blue arcs of electricity.

“Aw shit, Flitt! Not the stunchucks! She’s not a threat!” said Cormack. But the overeager partner chittered again and swung. Another pair of hands yanked Mari back just in the nick of time, causing Flitt’s swing to miss and connect with Cormack instead.

“*G-G-GOD-DAMNIT-F-F-FLITT!!!*” stuttered Cormack as he convulsed from his partner’s hit.

Another yank freed Mari from Cormack’s grip and pulled her away from the security duo. “Come on!” said a man’s voice. Mari turned to see who her mystery savior was and her heart stopped when she recognized his chiseled features, his dark hair, and strong build.

“*Brand?*” gasped Candace. “What are you *doing!?!?*”

“Not now, Candace,” snapped Brand as he hastily led Mari to a parked, baby blue hover scooter. He let go of her and quickly began messing with the scooter’s controls. “Are you all right?”

“Y-yeah,” squeaked Mari, too stunned for words. “W-what are you doing?”

“Saving your ass,” said Brand. He pulled something from his pocket and jammed it into the scooter’s key slot and twisted it. The scooter hummed to life. “Now hop on, unless you’d rather stay with them,” he nodded back to the officers.

Cormack was shouting at Flitt and ripped the stunchucks from his hands. Flitt squawked a complaint at him. “Gimme those, you idiot! That’s the third time this month you’ve zapped me with these things! Now go cuff her before she gets away!”

Heart pounding, Mari hopped onto the scooter seat behind Brand and wrapped her arms tightly around him. “Hang on tight!” he revved up the engine and the hover scooter sped away.

“Brand, wait!” Candace desperately called behind them. “*That’s my scooter!*”

“Damnit, Flitt! You let her get away!” cursed Cormack. He tapped a button on his comms bracelet and a Station Security blue hover bike with a sidecar pulled out from around a corner and drove itself up next to him. The hefty officer climbed into the driver’s seat, making the bike sag to the ground momentarily before its hovercells compensated. A slot opened on the back and a thin metal arm deftly reached up and slapped a conical lamp with spinning red and blue lights atop his hat before retracting back into the slot. “Come on, Flitt! We’re goin’ after them!”

Flitt chittered excitedly and dove head-first into the sidecar as Cormack revved up the engine and sped after Brand and Mari. A moment later, Flitt popped back up wearing an identical spinning lamp on his head.

The chase had begun.

Chapter 5

Milk to Go

Wind whipped Mari's hair and stung her eyes as their pilfered hover scooter sped through the narrow streets of Paraxis. With most of the transportation being rail, the streets were mostly for pedestrian use with single lanes marked for light cargo haulers furthest from the walkways and personal transportation sandwiched in the middle. Mari wasn't sure what the speed limits typically were, but she was pretty certain Brand was blowing past them.

Mari's heart was pounding so hard that she thought it might burst. Surely, Brand could feel it throbbing through her chest with how tightly it was pressed against his back? Everything leading up to that moment felt like a blurred dream. Was she really being whisked away on a stolen scooter by her crush in a police chase?

"You okay back there?" Brand called back over his shoulder.

Mari squeaked, unprepared to actually be talking to Brand, of all people. "Uh...yeah! I think so! Thank you for saving me!"

"Don't sweat it," he said nonchalantly.

"May I ask why you're helping me?" she said, having to raise her voice over the wind and the sound of passing vehicles as they sped by them.

"I don't really know," he shrugged. "Saw another girl get screwed over today and I guess I couldn't stand to see it happen again; you know?"

Mari wondered if he was talking about her incident earlier. If he was, then that meant that he hadn't recognized her either. It also meant that he actually cared about her, even if it was only pity. The thought sent tingles of hope through her body.

No, those were *real* tingles!

The tingling danced across her skin and Mari felt herself beginning to slowly grow again. Like balloons filling with water, she felt her bosom gently swell and press firmer against Brand's back. Her backside became softer beneath her and cushioned her seat just a bit more. Meanwhile, Brand seemed to subtly shrink in her grasp as she grew taller.

"No, not now," Mari muttered to herself, hoping Brand was oblivious to her transformation. Thankfully, he didn't seem to hear her or notice her growth and soon the tingling growth seemed to stop; hopefully for good.

"My name's Brand, by the way!" Mari jumped as he extended a hand over his shoulder to her.

“I’m Mar-uh...Anne! Nice to meet you!” she said, giving his hand a timid shake. She opted to keep her identity a secret for now. After all, this was supposed to be the new her. Maybe she would go by Anne once this was all over. “Where are we going?”

“I haven’t figured that out yet,” he admitted.

“*What?*” she gasped, shocked.

“Well, it’s not like I woke up this morning expecting to rescue anybody!” The sound of wailing sirens closed in from behind and Brand peered over his shoulder. “Shit! And I might be having second thoughts.”

Station security officers Cormack and Flitt were hot on their tails with their red and blue lights spinning on their heads. “Pull over now!” Cormack shouted into a megaphone he held in one hand while steering their hover cycle with the other.

Flitt rummaged through his sidecar and pulled out some sort of rifle that looked as big as him. The bug man pumped the rifle and it lit up with bright blue lights and electric sparks.

“*Shit! Hold on!*” yelled Brand. He jerked the scooter to the side and weaved it between two cargo haulers. Mari yelped and held onto him for dear life.

Flitt fired a crackling arc of lightning at where they were had been. Bolts of electricity fizzled out in the air and sparked on the street’s paved surface.

“Goddamnit, Flitt! Put that thing away before you kill someone!” Cormack yelled at his overeager partner, who responded with a sharp, defiant clack of his mandibles before firing again. This time, his bolts hit the rear of the cargo hauler in front of Brand and Mari. Its tail light exploded into a sparkling cloud of debris and the hauler’s hover cells let out a high-pitched whine as they shorted out.

The rear end of the hauler dropped to the ground and dragged across the pavement. Its speed plummeted and Brand and Mari found themselves at risk of being crushed between it and another hauler close behind. Brand veered the scooter out of the way just as the two haulers collided, but overcompensated and skidded across the street’s side barrier. Skid marks of baby blue paint and metal trailed behind them along the wall.

“Oh god-*DAMNIT!*” Cormack cursed and frantically evaded the colliding haulers as they banked in front of him. The security cycle veered all the way onto the edge of the pedestrian walkway and plowed through a vacant newsstand, scattering pages of the galactic newspaper to the four winds. Several hover cars were not so quick and crashed into the tangled haulers.

“That was close!” said Brand, speeding the scooter up alongside the next hauler while still hugging the wall. Keeping something between them and Flitt’s crosshairs was a top priority.

“Well, there you go! You got to shoot the damned thing! Are you happy now, you lunatic?” Cormack hollered, ripping newspaper pages from his face and uniform. “Now will you put that gun away before you cause another wreck?”

Flitt flailed, tugging papers off his head and gun. Flitt looked around and peered ruefully at the wreckage behind them. He chittered dejectedly before disarming the electro-rifle and stowing it back in the sidecar.

“Now was that so hard, Flitt? Maybe next time try *listening* to me before you go blowing shit up!” Cormack twisted the cycle’s handles and its hovercells hummed louder as it sped up after the errant scooter.

“They’re still after us!” wailed Mari.

“Persistent bastards,” cursed Brand. He looked up at a huge conical building a short way off the street that they were quickly approaching. “Hang on! I’m gonna try something stupid!”

Brand slammed on the brakes, sending the scooter flying back from behind the hauler and both him and Mari lurching against each other into the handlebars. The inertia nosed the scooter down and made it scrape loudly on the pavement. Cormack and Flitt soared past them and let out a rapid-fire stream of curses as Cormack frantically tried to spin the cycle around.

With most of the traffic blocked by the wrecked haulers, the street was clear for Brand to swing the scooter around and zip right off the road and straight through the huge open doors of the would-be-famous Paraxis Mall.

The interior opened up into an enormous space that had a similar donut shape to the big star docks except that instead of tiered platforms, there was one long, avenue that spiraled downward into a lower level with shops and businesses in rows of suites all along it. Standing in the center of it all was a narrow pedestal that towered all the way up to the top level with the notorious, giant, fifty-foot walnut suspended in the air by a glowing anti-gravity field and slowly rotating.

“*Are you crazy?*” shrieked Mari.

“Gotta be crazy to shake these guys!” boasted Brand. “I just hope they’re not crazy enough to – Ah, fuck!”

Sirens wailed behind them as Cormack and Flitt barreled through the entrance after them. “*Goddamn!* This guy puts on a hell of a chase!” roared Cormack.

“Look out!” Mari pointed dead ahead, but Brand turned around a split second too late to react. The scooter crashed right through a big glowing map of the mall, knocking the controls into a fit of wobbling that Brand was fighting to get under control.

They were coming up on the edge of the avenue fast and so Brand desperately jerked the scooter away to avoid careening off into oblivion. Unfortunately, Mari lost her grip and was

flung off into a passing mattress that two deliverymen just happened to be carrying. It broke her impact but she rebounded and landed on her tush with a grunt.

Brand cursed and she saw him start to bring the scooter back around to pick her up, but the security cycle wailed after him in hot pursuit. He had no choice but to ride on down the spiraling avenue without her or risk getting caught. Still, it stung Mari to see him leave her behind.

Then she saw Flitt spin around and spastically point at her. The diminutive bug officer leapt out of the sidecar and skidded on the polished floor on his shell until he hit a bench. His little arms and legs flailed, flipping himself over. Shaking off the landing, his compound eyes focused on Mari again. Reaching under his shell, he pulled out a pair of handcuffs and what looked like a high-tech slingshot and came scrambling towards her.

The two mattress deliverymen helped Mari to her feet and she ran off in a panic with only time to give a hasty nod in thanks. As Brand rode down the slope, Mari was chased up it. Without the usual weight of her cumbersome curves, she was able to run fast enough to keep some distance between her and Flitt for a while. However, her clumsiness eventually caught up with her and she slipped on a discarded napkin in the food court.

Mari let out a sharp yelp as she tumbled to the ground, hitting harder than she was used to without her soft boobs there to act as airbags. It stalled her just long enough for Flitt to catch up and start chittering forcefully at her, waving his handcuffs around.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know what you’re saying,” groaned Mari as she pulled herself up by a table. When she put her hand down, it landed on the tip of a fork in such a way that it catapulted a piece of what looked like spicy meat right into one of Flitt’s eyes. The bug man screeched in surprise and pain as hot sauce stung his many faceted eye.

“Oh dear! I’m sorry!”

Flitt clicked angrily at her and pulled back on his electro-slingshot until it clicked and aimed it at her. Thinking fast, she grabbed a plate off the table and held it up in front of her just as Flitt pulled the trigger. A small ball of glowing energy surrounding a crackling mote of electricity shot straight at Mari’s chest...and was deflected by the plate.

They both watched the ball in stunned amazement as it ricocheted up and over the edge of the avenue...and straight for the pedestal holding up Big Nut. It impacted just below the tip of the pillar and sparked for a few seconds before fading. Mari and Flitt both let out a sigh of relief when nothing seemed to happen.

Just as Flitt reached up to arm his electro-slingshot again, there was a loud pop and the glowing aura of the anti-gravity field beneath Big Nut flickered and vanished. With nothing holding it up, the giant walnut dropped onto the pedestal with enough impact to crumple sections of it like paper. Slowly at first, the pedestal leaned to one side with Big Nut still precariously perched atop it, picking up speed as it fell. It carried the colossal walnut onward until it crashed into the side of the avenue and sent it rolling down the spiraling pathway...coming straight towards them.

As the walnut crashed through displays and crushed tables up ahead, Flitt clicked his mandibles once, twice, and then ran away down the avenue squawking. Common sense called back to Mari and she sprinted after him. Within moments, Big Nut was flattening the food court in its rolling path of destruction and was fast approaching.

Just when Mari thought her luck had run out, Brand sped up alongside her on the scooter and grabbed her by the arm. He tried to pull her onto the seat behind him where she'd been sitting, but overreached and tilted the scooter too far, causing him to practically tackle her instead. The scooter leaned into a wide turn and crashed through the railing along the side of the avenue and careened over the edge, taking Brand and Mari with it.

Miraculously, they only fell a short distance before a cloth awning broke their fall. The scooter was not so fortunate and plummeted down towards the lower levels, crashing noisily down the sloped sides of the avenue.

The two of them lay there atop the awning in each other's arms, stunned silent. The adrenaline of the last few minutes kept their hearts racing, but as they watched Big Nut rolling down the spiraling avenue like a marble on a track, the rush gradually faded. It eventually dawned on Mari that Brand still had his arms around her.

"Uh, Brand," she said, blushing profusely. "You can let go of me now."

"Huh? O-Oh! Yeah, sorry!" Brand stammered and awkwardly released her. "Are you all right, Anne?"

"Yeah, I think so," Mari said, feeling almost dazed. "I don't think I've got a scratch on me. What about you?"

"I'm fine," he said, turning his gaze back to the scene below. "I guess that dumb nut was good for something after all. Did you have anything to do with that?"

"No...well, mostly no," she admitted with a nervous giggle. Brand joined and the giggles grew into elated laughter that lasted for a good long while.

"I don't think those two will be coming after us again for a little while," said Brand, looking for any signs of Cormack or Flitt down below. "Got a much bigger mess than us to clean up for now."

"Yeah," said Mari. She bit her lip and debated saying more but went on anyways. "Thank you again for saving me."

"Don't sweat it."

"No really, thank you!" she said more forcefully. "What you did back there was incredible!"

“Again, don’t sweat it,” Brand insisted. He was starting to sound almost annoyed. “Look, I don’t really know why I did that. I-It was dumb and probably got us into more trouble than you would have been in otherwise.”

“You don’t know that,” said Mari. “Besides, you already said you felt bad about that poor cowgirl earlier. You were just doing what you felt was right.”

“Eh, I guess,” he said, scratching his head. “Wait...I never said she was a cowgirl.”

Mari gulped nervously and grasped for a way out. “I...uh...Candy told me about it!”

Brand eyed her curiously but seemed to buy it. “Okay, I guess that sounds right.” He peered down over the edge again and grunted something. “Well, looks like Candace’s scooter is toast.”

Mari couldn’t help but giggle. “I hope she won’t be too mad.”

“I wouldn’t count on it,” said Brand. He looked around at where they’d landed and pointed at a neon sign with an ice cream cone design nearby. “Wanna get some ice cream while we’ve still got a moment?”

“I’m sorry, I can’t have...” Suddenly, Mari remembered that she wasn’t a cowgirl anymore. She was finally free of her curse to practically explode with milk at even a taste of dairy products! “You know what, sure.”

Chapter 6

Connections and Revelations

“*Mmmhh!!! More!*” Mari squealed with delight.

“Are you sure? You’ve had a lot already,” Brand asked uncertainly.

“*Mmh! Yes! Please!*”

“Okay, sit still. This will just take a minute.”

The handful of other customers in the ice cream parlor were all staring at Mari, but she didn’t pay them any mind. She was in absolute heaven.

“Here’s another round. Last one, okay?” said Brand as he sat down with another vanilla ice cream cone for Mari. “You’re starting to weird me out.”

“*Mmmh! Thank you!*” Mari practically inhaled what was left of her cone before eagerly grabbing Brand’s. “*It’s so good!*”

“Have you never had ice cream before or something?”

“Mmh! Not really, no!” Mari said enthusiastically between mouthfuls. “I haven’t had real ice cream since I was very little. It’s not eaten very much on my home world.”

“And where exactly is that?” asked Brand.

“Mysterra,” she said.

“Mysterra? Isn’t that the cow people planet?” asked Brand. Mari froze, realizing that she’d just slipped up.

“Y-Yeah! I-I...uh...was raised there as an orphan,” Mari said with a nervous giggle before taking another big bite out of her ice cream. “*Nom!*”

“Uh-huh...” Brand watched in what seemed like equal parts fascination and bafflement as Mari ravenously devoured her fourth ice cream cone in a row. “I have never seen someone get so excited for plain old *vanilla* before.”

“Why not?” Mari asked innocently through a mouthful of ice cream.

“Because it’s *plain*,” emphasized Brand. “We’re gonna have to introduce you to some other flavors some time.”

Mari perked up and gulped. "Like...on a date?"

Brand paused and thought for a moment before smiling. "Yeah, like a date."

"B-But...I thought..." Mari stammered, absolutely stunned. "I thought you...that you were dating Candy."

"*Huh?*" he grunted in genuine confusion. "Who told you *that?*"

"Candy did! She said you two had a date tonight!"

"Oh, that lying..." Brand slumped back in his chair and clenched his fists angrily. "Date my ass! I only said I was going to help fix her scooter's tail light, not date her!"

Mari felt completely numb and not just from the brain freeze she'd been ignoring. Candace *lied*. There was no telling what all else she'd lied about. Maybe that meant...that Mari actually had a chance with him after all.

After an awkwardly long silence, Mari cleared her throat. "Well, you sure fixed her scooter all right."

Another moment passed and Brand let out a snort, followed by a laugh. "Yeah, I sure did, didn't I? She kinda deserves that after what she did to that poor girl at work today."

"The cowgirl?"

"Yeah, she works with Candace's crew at the docks. Candace did her dirty today and threw her under the bus. I don't really see her all that often, which is a shame. She seems nice. Wouldn't mind working with her someday," Brand said wistfully.

Mari's heart started pounding in her chest. "A-And w-why is that?"

Brand shrugged. "I've heard she's pretty strong. Can lift a whole crate by herself. I'd love to see that kind of muscle in action."

"S-So, she's just s-strong?" Mari stammered. The ice cream parlor was suddenly feeling very warm.

"Well..." he trailed off. "I'm sure there's more to her than just that. I mean, no one is just one trait; you know?"

"Y-Yeah, I g-get that." The tingling was returning in force. "W-What do you think she's really l-like?"

"Uhhh..." Brand was starting to blush and have trouble keeping eye contact. "She's...she's probably very sweet but...I guess has a hard time making friends. I don't really see her hanging out with anyone outside of work. I need to remember to get her name from

Candace and fix that.” He looked at Mari with a perplexed expression. “Are...you okay? You’re kinda stammering a bit.”

“Y-Yeah, i-it’s just brain freeze,” said Mari. Melting ice cream dribbled down her hand. She absentmindedly slipped her other under her loose shirt and tugged at her sports bra. Brand’s eyes widened as he risked a glance.

“Holy shit,” he said under his breath. “Are you...are you *bigger?*”

“Huh?” Mari finally looked down to discover a fresh valley of cleavage packed tight in her bra, greeting her through the plunging neckline of her top. “O-Oh! Oh my!”

The shock of seeing a pair of coconut-sized breasts sprouting from her chest shook her from her flight of wishful whimsy. The hem of her loose pink top had started rising past her ribs, exposing the underside of her grey sports bra. It also dawned on her that her shorts and stockings were beginning to feel rather tight and that the table was slightly further away than it had been.

“Anne! Y-You’re *growing!*” gasped Brand.

“N-No! I’m not!” Mari pleaded. All at once, the tingling stopped. “I-It’s just a little swelling! See?”

The growth slowed to a halt, leaving Mari noticeably curvier than before. Brand stared, gaping at her enlarged bosom. “B-But...how?”

“I-It’s just something that happens sometimes,” Mari deflected, averting his gaze. “Forget about it.”

“That’s just like what happened to that girl at my work,” he said, awestruck. Mari winced from the memory of it. “I’ve always heard that cowgirls can get pretty...uh, leaky. But that one practically exploded all over the dock! When I got there, her boo-uh...chest was *huge!*”

Mari blushed and shuddered to imagine what he must have thought of seeing her like that earlier. She cleared her throat and found her voice again. “Well, you don’t have to worry about that from me. I don’t have that problem.”

“I was starting to think maybe you did there for a moment,” Brand chuckled awkwardly. “That would have been something, wouldn’t it?”

“Y-Yeah, I guess it would,” muttered Mari. “But then again, I didn’t think you were into girls like that.”

Brand’s face scrunched up in confusion. “What gave you *that* impression?” When Mari opened her mouth to speak, he held up a hand to cut her off. “No, wait. Don’t tell me. It was Candace, wasn’t it?”

Mari frowned and solemnly nodded. Brand shifted his jaw and started clenching and unclenching his fists.

“That woman, I swear,” he grumbled. “She and I need to have a *very* serious talk later.” After a moment, a strange look crossed his face and he suddenly looked long and hard at Mari. “Speaking of which, how is it that Candace told you so much about me when she told the cops that she didn’t know you?”

Mari sat like a deer in headlights. “I...uhh...”

“Come to think of it, you’ve been awful slow to answer a lot of pretty easy questions about yourself. Is there something you’re not telling me?”

“I...I...” Mari had backed herself into a corner. Seeing no easy way out, she let out a strained sigh and gave up. “My name’s not really Anne. Well, it is and it isn’t.”

Brand cocked an eyebrow as she continued. “My whole name is really Marianne, but everyone just calls me Mari. I’m the cowgirl from the dock.”

“What?” Brand lurched forward in disbelief. “But you’re not a -”

“I know, I went to that miracle office after I left and wished to be human so I could be someone else,” she slumped in her chair. “But you can see how well that’s gone.”

“Huh, I guess you are her,” Brand said, finally recognizing her features. “Yeah, I see it now. I can’t believe I didn’t figure it out before. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be, this was kind of the whole point,” Mari sighed and dabbed a napkin at the melted ice cream cone running down her hand. “I just feel so stupid about the whole thing now. But I can’t go back. I mean, I like myself this way. I just wish it hadn’t caused such a mess.”

“Hey, if it weren’t for this mess, I might not have gotten to meet the real you,” Brand said with a smile. “Besides, you’re not the only one trying to bury their past. I changed my name to hide from mine.”

“You did?” Mari perked up slightly.

“Yeah, my real name is Robert. Robert Richmond. But I’d kinda prefer you still call me Brand. I didn’t change my name for nothing.”

“Okay, I can do that,” Mari smiled back. “Besides, I think Brand suits you.”

He blushed and looked away. “Thanks.”

“So, why are you hiding?” she asked.

“I can’t tell you.”

“Can’t or won’t?”

“Both,” Brand said firmly. “Let’s just say that I came here to lay low for a while and slip away somewhere far, far away.”

“Is it something to do with how you knew how to hotwire Candace’s scooter?” Mari chuckled lightly.

“Yeah, something like that,” Brand scratched the back of his head. “But enough about me. How’d you end up here?”

“I didn’t end up here,” Mari said plainly. “I wanted to come here.”

Brand gave her a puzzled look. “Why? Of all the places in the galaxy, why the hell would anyone want to stay here?”

“It seemed fun!” she said brightly.

“And that’s it? You boarded a ship and went to the big Prongle can in the sky for *fun*?”

“Yep!”

He stared blankly at her for several long seconds. “You really are weird. You know that, right?”

The door bell chimed and two familiar figures lumbered in. “Well, that was some shit,” boomed the voice of Cormack the security officer. “It’s gonna take those poor station works bastards weeks to clean all that shit up.”

Flitt chittered something that sounded like an agreement. The two of them lined up in front of the ice cream cabinets and browsed the flavors. Thankfully, they hadn’t seemed to notice Brand or Mari yet.

“Alright, Flitt, what flavor you feeling today? I think I’ll go with some triple nut chunk. Nothing better than something cold and crunchy after a hard day’s work, am I right?”

Flitt clicked at him and tried to peer into the cabinet, but was just a tad too short, so he started hopping to get a better view.

“Need me to get you a stool or something, buddy?” asked Cormack. A disgruntled squawk was all the answer he needed. “Alright, alright. Don’t get your thorax in a twist. Just trying to help.”

“Mari,” whispered Brand. “I don’t think they’ve seen us yet. Let’s just go while we still can.”

“Okay,” Mari whispered back. Together, they stealthily got up and made a break for the exit while the officers stood in line with their backs to them.

“Flitt, would you just decide on something already? My legs are killing me,” said Cormack, impatiently tapping his foot. Flitt chittered something in response. “What do you mean you can’t decide? Just get what you had last time!”

Brand and Mari were almost home free with the exit close at hand. Just as Brand pushed the door opened, the bell dinged and Cormack turned around.

“Excuse me, my idiot partner here needs help deciding,” Cormack tapped Mari on the shoulder. She panicked and spun around to face him with eyes wide with terror. “What flavor would you recom – What the? *YOU!?!?*”

“*Shit! Run!*” Brand grabbed Mari’s arm and pulled her through the door.

“Stop right there!” Cormack hollered after them. “Goddamnit! Flitt, come on!”

Outside, Mari and Brand fled through the ruined avenue, looking for anywhere to hide. Most of the shops were too wide open and others not crowded enough. Remarkably, a few small booths had escaped Big Nut’s path of destruction.

“There! Come on!” Brand led them to a green booth designed to give certain species privacy to deal with whatever biological function “spronking” was. He tugged on the door to find it locked, its occupant yelling alien expletives at their intruder.

“What about this one?” Mari flung open the door to a neighboring white booth that was vacant and pulled Brand inside with her before locking it. Inside, there was a bench and barely enough space for the two of them. Mari fell back onto the bench and Brand was forced to lean over her with less than a foot of space between them.

There they waited with bated breaths, listening for any signs of their pursuers. After about a minute, they heard heavy footsteps come thudding by outside, accompanied by raspy breathing.

“God...damnit!” wheezed Cormack just outside the door. They could hear him pausing to catch his breath. “I am too damn fat for this shit!”

Light footsteps toddled up to him, followed by a mocking chittering. “Oh, shut up! ‘Go order a salad’ my ass. I didn’t see *you* running after them. I bet you didn’t even see which way they went!”

A sharp squawk retorted back. “That way, huh? You sure?” Another chirp. “Alright, let’s go!”

The officers’ footsteps charged off up the avenue and away from the booth. Mari and Brand held their silence a little longer just to be safe. With two warm bodies crammed in such a

tight space, the temperature had quickly risen. Beads of sweat had formed on both their brows and Mari's boobs were starting to stick together.

Mari gazed up at Brand and watched as his chest slowly rose in and out as he controlled his breathing. His sturdy neck glistened with sweat, as did his chiseled face. She could make out a faint shadow of stubble shading his face and took in his mixed aroma of sweat and something woody. Being so close to him now was giving her ideas that she would have scoffed at just a little earlier.

"I think we lost them again," whispered Brand.

"Hey, Brand," Mari said with a hint of spice. "Do you know what we're hiding in?" He shook his head and she grinned. "It's a booth for lactating mothers to nurse."

Brand's breath caught in his throat and his eyes met hers. Mari leaned back what little bit she could and arched her chest out. Several long inches of cleavage pushed up into the low neckline of her top. Brand's left eye twitched.

"When you saw my chest swelling up, you were thinking of me lactating, weren't you?" she asked. Brand swallowed hard, drawing a playful smirk onto Mari's face. "You were remembering just how full and bloated I was on the dock earlier. I bet you were wondering what it would be like to see those up close, right?"

Brand quivered slightly and wet his lips. "Y-Yeah..." he muttered weakly.

Tingling spread over Mari's body, most intensely across her bosom. "What if I told you I could give you a taste of that right now? Would you like that" she asked, her voice becoming wholly sultry.

"Uh-huh," he nodded slightly.

Mari's breasts felt burning hot under her clothes. She felt the band of her sports bra lifting away from her torso as she outgrew it. "I'm sorry, I couldn't hear that," she grinned.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?" Mari's breasts felt packed tight in her bra, approaching the size of cantaloupes. The hem of her pink top was gradually lifting higher and higher up the burgeoning curve of her chest like a curtain, revealing the taut grey fabric of her bra.

"Yes, I want a taste," Brand managed to croak out.

"You don't sound so sure. Maybe I ought to just keep them at this small human size," she teased. But despite her words, her growth was only accelerating. This might have been the first time she actually *wanted* them to grow; and unlike her normal swelling, there was no milk in these breasts. These were pure chest meat.

“No! Keep going!” blurted Brand. He sucked any more words back, blushing with embarrassment.

Mari laughed, sending jiggles through her plump bosom. Like rising dough, her breasts were puffing over and under her overwhelmed sports bra. Gradually, the growth ceased but the tingling remained and she realized that she’d finally returned to her normal empty size as a cowgirl. “Keep going? I wish I could, but it feels like this is as far as these will go for now. I guess we’ll just have to settle for these meager melons,” she said with a wink.

Brand actually looked a little disappointed to see her growth end so soon. She almost wished that she could keep going just to please him. Just then, the tingling sensation intensified in two points atop her head. Brand’s eyes honed in on those spots and went wider as two short cow horns sprouted through her hair.

“Your horns!” he gasped. “They’re back!”

“Are they?” Mari reached up and touched them. Immediately, the tingling ceased and her body seemed to calm down. “Oh, shoot! I went too far!”

“No, no! I like them!”

“What?” Mari looked up at him in surprise.

“Yeah, they’re cute!” Brand smiled.

“You really think so?” Mari asked in astonishment.

“Swear on my life,” Brand said, holding up a hand in a mock vow.

“Well, then maybe you ought to give them a feel, just to be sure – *MMH!*” Mari suddenly doubled over as a loud gurgle rumbled in her belly.

“Whoa! Are you okay?” Brand knelt down to hold her up.

“Mmh! That can’t be good,” Mari said moments before a louder gurgle hit her like a truck.

“What’s happening? Is that your stomach?”

“Oh dear, that’s what – *Mmh!* – happens whenever I have dairy. *Mmmhhh!*” A low rumbling accompanied the gurgling that time and her nipples throbbed in sync with it.

“But, why would you eat all that ice cream if you knew -”

“Because I’m a human now!” Mari cut in. “Or at least, - *Mmh* – I was. I think I might have overdone it and triggered my condition again!”

The rumbling turned into a churning and soon Mari's breasts were growing again. No, not growing...*swelling*.

"Oh dear! Oh shoot! M-My MILK!" she moaned.

Handfuls of flesh bulged over the edges of her bra. Her formerly loose top was stretching over her bloating chest and gradually popping up over its curve in short increments as her bust pushed outwards. Another rumble and her breasts swelled larger than her head from a surge of milk. The stitching on her bra was starting to creak and pop as it grew taut.

"Holy cow!" blurted Brand.

"Hey!" Mari shot back.

"Oh, sorry! What can I do?"

"Stop talking! MMMHH!" Mari threw her head back, bumping it into the back of the booth. The rumbling dairy surges were coming with increasing frequency. Seams were starting to tear and rip open all along her sports bra. Her top finally popped up all the way over her bust and bunched up under chin.

"MMH-MMMHH-MOOO!" she couldn't contain herself any longer and bellowed almost deafeningly in the tiny booth.

With several loud rips, Mari's sports bra split apart across her ballooning bosom, releasing a tidal wave of titty. Breasts as big around as ripe watermelons slapped onto her chest and audibly sloshed. Thin streams of milk were spraying from her thumb-sized nipples. Gone were the dainty tits of Human Anne. Reborn were the gargantuan gazongas of Cowgirl Mari.

"My god! They're *huge!*" Brand said in pure awe at the rapidly expanding curves of her breasts.

"Didn't you hear me? Shut up! Shut up and MILK THEM!" bellowed Mari.

Wasting no time, Brand immediately pressed his hands into her burgeoning bosom. Stronger streams of milk sprayed from her teats, soaking his jumpsuit and the wall behind him. She squirmed and moed in ecstasy as he eagerly massaged her mounds.

Incredibly, they were still gurgling larger in his hands. With each squeeze, her breasts seemed to fill back out larger. He worked his way down to her nipples and began tugging them, milking her like the cow she was becoming. Yet still, no matter how much milk he drew from her jugs, they just kept on filling faster and faster. Before long, they were overflowing Mari's lap and pressing against the sides of the booth.

"MMMoooo! MMHH! I think...I think I'm getting too big, Brand! Milk me faster!"

“I’m trying! It just won’t slow down!” Brand said, milking her as fast as his arms would move. Mari’s breasts bulged up against her face and pushed back against Brand as they ballooned out of control.

Milk pooled at their feet as Mari’s dairy flooded the booth. It didn’t seem like there was much time until her boobs either outgrew the tight space or drowned her and Brand. There had to be some way to get her body under control, but how?

To be continued...