

Brave Moo World

By Abe E Seedy

Claire fell face-first into bed, thankful for the apartment's self-closing door so her neighbours wouldn't see her collapse. She'd hoped by the time she'd finished her classes things would be easier. Her whole life, people had been telling her to 'find her passion!' and 'decide how you want to contribute to the world!' In a weird way, she was starting to envy the society she'd learned about in history class. At least then you could get some mediocre job and just get paid, rather than pretending you were personally thrilled by... delivering the mail or whatever. But now everything simple but useful was automated, and people didn't *need* to work anymore, except they did, because you had to do *something*, and so everyone just looked at you sideways until you figured out the one magic thing that worked for you.

She'd really thought pottery would have been it. It was tactile, it made something real, and you could even make something practical if you thought people really wanted it. But no matter how patiently as the instructor explained things she could never get the fingerprints out of her pots or the clay out from under her nails. Was explaining things to clueless idiots really that teacher's passion either? Eventually Claire decided she couldn't force that on him any longer, and quit with the quiet announcement that her passion lay elsewhere. He'd nodded politely, because of course it did. But where, exactly?

Home waited patiently before speaking up. She knew it would, because she'd told it to, not long after she'd moved in. "You seem to be stressed", it put forward eventually. "Would you like to select an activity to relax?"

After exhaling slowly, Claire decided she didn't have the energy to play the game with herself - the one where she pretended she might do something nice and productive like going for a run or following a knitting pattern. She'd been living on her own for several years now, and the upside of the solitude was that it let you be honest with what you really wanted. "Bring up the body adjustment menu, would you?"

She sat back up as the warm light of the scanner filtered over the room, cataloguing her current settings. It picked up a minor scuff to the back of her elbow - the result of taking a corner slightly too quickly as she left class, as well as a couple of grams of clay still resolutely stuck to her fingers. Beyond that though, she was still the default that she'd selected a few years ago. Tall enough to have long legs, short enough not to stand out, hair that could sway without being distracting, delicate features that were more likely to remind the viewer of someone attractive than to just *be* attractive. At some point, Claire knew she really needed to pick a style and lean into it. She was thirty, you were supposed to know what you liked enough to stand out by then. But, that was her life, wasn't it? Inoffensively medium all the way through, staying out of the way in her small apartment in the big city. She stuck out her jaw, trying not to flinch as that made the projection in front of her cut an unfamiliarly aggressive expression. It was time to simplify.

Her fingers brought up the menu, scrolling rapidly through to the outside options. She jabbed at the 'Animal Mix' selection, then moved down until she hovered over the label 'bovine'. She was almost proud of how briefly she paused before selecting it.

It's not like she was going outside like this, of course. Making yourself a Mix was a statement, and not one Claire could really face. But at home, in the private darkness, there was nothing like it for letting yourself sink into a nice, easy purpose. Cows didn't worry about contributing to society, about making great art that would be worthy of their time. They just ate grass, and made milk. She was allowed to borrow that simplicity for just an afternoon.

Her vision overflowed with submenus, but she'd been down this road enough not to be intimidated. She knew all the sliders she could safely ignore, so she didn't risk making her legs lopsided or her fur distractingly neon. Instead she simply moved the central 'Mix %' setting to roughly halfway, and didn't bother fussing too much around the edges. Although she did make sure to bring up the Extras section and ticking 'Milk Production', shifting that particular slider almost as far as it would go. After all, what would be the point if she didn't embrace her purpose?

The visualisation in front of her flickered, but she waved it away before it could resolve. "Surprise me Home", she said nonchalantly, standing with her legs apart as her clothes undid themselves and fell away. "Just make sure I revert back to default before dinner."

"As you wish Mistress", came the computer's soothing voice in response. "And would you like me to tell you again about your meet and greet options?"

Claire bit her lip. This was a new wrinkle. Apparently it did not breach privacy standards for the computer to inform her that there was a man of her age range in the area who shared her preferences, and that it was possible for the two of them to be connected if they both asked for it. She hadn't yet, but the offer was more and more tempting. "Yes, please do Home."

"Very well", it answered, as the adjustment tubes descended around her.

The initial connection was made swiftly, plugging into her primary port just between her shoulders. A tiny jolt shuddered through her internal circuitry as they accepted the handshake, recognising the permissions she'd granted to Home to make these alterations. A moment later and they dutifully triggered their host nerves, amplifying that spark as it ricocheted down her spine. Her attention was drawn to the secondary connectors that opened up along the arches of her feet, signalling where the show was about to start. Claire closed her eyes briefly, wondering if she wanted to feel it all happen without context, before deciding that no, today she'd rather watch.

Her feet bulked outwards as her toes curled inwards, her biology temporarily overwritten by the nanites Home had programmed for her. The sensations had been carefully dialled in - toned down enough that it wasn't overwhelming, but not so dulled that she couldn't feel anything. They'd gone through this enough that her Home knew just how she liked it, allowing her to feel each satisfying click of the synthetic keratin slotting into place over her

flesh, while her bones reshaped with little more trouble than working out a stiff kink in her back. Before long her heel slanted up and away from the carpet, her weight resting entirely on the thick hooves that had formed over her toes. She tottered just slightly, grateful for the rubber grip handholds she'd been provided for balance. Of course, she thought to herself excitedly, that only worked so long as she still had functioning hands.

The smooth voice of the computer cut in from her brief fantasy, reminding her of the *other* thing she was supposed to be fantasising about.

"It is possible to have you delivered to the apartment of your prospective match", it stated with an exhilarating bluntness. "He has signalled his availability to such an encounter, and you are not required to maintain vocal cohesion to approve."

Claire's heart thumped, seeming like it pulled her whole body forward with its energy. She knew it was just the next round of nanite flooding into her system, throwing off her footing with their small tingling sparks, but it was better to think that prospect was so appealing that her body moved instinctively closer to all fours. Her fingers were digging deep grooves into the dark rubber of the handholds, and as she watched she saw a similar black colouration start to spread over them. It began with her nails, the projections there switching smoothly to a matt black, but the transition rode right over the line of her flesh and kept marching downwards. It wasn't instant, like on her feet she could feel every inch as it was constructed by the nanites and snapped into place, slowly but methodically wrapping up first her fingers then her entire hand in its cool embrace. But that wasn't the best part. You got that already with the feet, Claire thought, almost drunk off the sensations washing over her. With the hands, everything was so much more *sensitive*, you could feel the way it altered how you could feel. There was that synthetic keratin glove between you and the world, adding a firmness to every touch, and robbing you of the dexterity to be truly human. That wasn't even mentioning how her fingers were being welded together, the joints between each set of two sealing up steadily from base to tip, while her thumbs rounded out into thick, inflexible stubs. It took effort just to keep herself steady on the grips, but a half-second later Claire realised that she didn't need the assistance anymore. The details on her hindbrain had been delicately rewritten, making it feel perfectly normal to stand on her bovine hooves.

Once she'd settled her footing, Claire caught sight of something new emerging from the ceiling. It was a cow's tail, fully formed with black splotches on white synthetic skin, already swaying slightly as it descended behind her. There was a pressure as the microscopic bolts whirred into place, the circuitry inside sinking smoothly into her nerves. Then with a jolt that echoed down her spine the whole thing twitched, and suddenly it was alive. Instead of pulling her backwards like a limp weight it felt, reacted and moved, as much a part of her as her arms or the hooves on her feet.

She was given a few moments to indulge in that sensation until another motion from above caught her attention. The printer compartment opened up again, but the space was a lot wider this time - clearly the piece being developed was a lot larger. Even so, she didn't have long to wait before it was ready, and soon this next element was being lowered down in front of her. Claire didn't know exactly what it was at first, half-thinking it was a balloon or something, but when she caught sight of the quartet of teats on the underside she smiled in recognition. She arched her back just a little to give it a smoother space to attach to, and

was rewarded with a warm sensation as it made contact. This time the join was seemingly made with heat, as though instead of a single solid connector the whole addition was being melted slightly into her, sinking into her body like ice into water. Even just the weight of it was enticing, encouraging her to shift her stance once again to accommodate the inhuman mass, but then the feelings inside it reached out and wove into her, leaving her mind reeling at its sheer potency. Milk pumped inside it, flooding in from the tube still connected to the ceiling, but even more exciting were the faint tingling sparks that signalled the development of new tissue. With an pneumatic hiss the tube withdrew, and yet she could still feel the increasing, sloshing weight of her new udder just above her crotch, her own production immediately kicking into overdrive.

With a drunken grin she let that pull her forwards, the grips slowly lowering and guiding her to all fours. She touched down with surprising dexterity, her reshaped hands and strengthened limbs allowing her to rest comfortably in this position. Her tail reared up instinctively as something smooth brushed over her slit, making her moan as she quickly became dripping wet. Except, it wasn't simply stimulating her. Slowly she realised there was something more complicated going on - with dedicated, careful sweeps this brush was sealing one end of her sex, while at the same time the nanites in the liquid were extending the other side. The sensation was maddening, like an itch getting scratched that somehow only made it more demanding, and soon she couldn't help herself from bucking backwards against the mechanism in a desperate effort for some real relief.

Finally it finished its adjustments, and Claire could tell from where it left off that her slit had been shifted up behind her, altering her body so she'd only find satisfaction from being mounted. Her tail slapped at herself impotently, and Home soon answered her wordless moan of animal heat.

"Data indicates the potential suitor enjoys long service sessions, especially with his own modifications. Would you like to communicate your desire with him?"

Claire's mouth was clumsy and full, and before she could even attempt to speak her long, thick tongue fell from her rubbery lips. She strained backwards, and while she didn't consciously recognise that the mechanism was adjusting itself to the next stage of the scenario, she did instinctively realise when her slick pussy started rubbing up against something satisfyingly firm. She managed to signal her approval with a long, low "mooooo!", ending with a blissful grunt as the machine finally pressed inside.

Her whole body rocked back and forwards, driven by the powerful thrusts she was being given. Anything less would barely penetrate her animal body, and she needed every ounce of leverage her hooves provided to avoid collapsing. She came even as the machine continued to work on her, nanites pouring outwards from the lubricated tip to develop and deepen her sex. Every extra inch allowed her to become ever more full, her body straining as the rush of endorphins only heightened the ecstatic production of milk in her udder. Soon even her breasts were streaming, their peaks graced with lengthy teats of their own due to the sheer deluge of nanites flooding her system.

The inferno of body-altering sensations didn't allow her arousal to dip even as the slickness began to pour down her thighs, so Claire barely noticed the armature descending from the

ceiling. At its signal the pressure behind her slowed, and by this point she was groggy enough that her own energy wavered, leaving a pause as they seemingly both caught their breath. Home took advantage of the stillness to fold its mechanical arms around her, and for a moment Claire hazily thought it was simply giving her a comforting hug. Until suddenly there was movement, and a slim metal ring clamped around her wrist. From that point the machine turned to fire a tight fabric up her body, instantly encasing her arm beneath blank and white synthetic cow skin.

The process was repeated three more times, first the anchor then the suit attached to it, with the core of her body wrapped carefully when the movement passed from her left limbs to her right. It was a little loose in the middle while it was being applied, but once it was all in place the whole thing tightened, vacuum-sealing rapidly before sinking soft connections into every part of her. In the end only her head was left completely uncovered, aside from the perfectly-shaped holes left for her crotch, udder and chest.

Releasing her from its grip, Home guided most of the armature up and away, but Claire dimly realised her head was still being softly cradled. A twinkling of pressure against her skull made her think of the world's most delicate sewing machine, except something was being built up out of her rather than simply being stitching on. She lowed softly as her weight shifted once again, until the mirror display finally activated in front of her to show her new drooping ears and short, curved horns. Then the view zoomed outwards to take in her bovine body, lingering voyeuristically on her heavy, swaying udder. As the perspective shifted to her sex the shaft behind her thrust forward, allowing Claire watch as she was serviced once again. This time though Home overlaid a projection of an equally bovine man standing over her, his hooved hands clenching tightly into the fur on her back. With a final delirious "mooo!" she rode through one more shuddering climax, all but slumping to the floor as the machine withdrew and all strength seemed to leave her body.

She lay there for some time, quietly grateful for the intelligent fibres in the carpet as they diligently soaked up and disposed of all the mess.

"Private mode will be disengaged at your command", Home said softly. "As usual, nothing has been transmitted during your relaxation session, so you needn't worry about any repercussions. That said, perhaps you may want to give some more... sober thought to making contact. It may allow you to find a useful way to spend more of your time."

From her position on the floor, Claire rolled her eyes. Now Home was nagging her about what to do with her life? With difficulty, she managed to corral her mouth enough to reply.

"Sure, let me know when 'professional sex cow' is a suitable life path."

"Such approaches are not unheard of", came the answer. Despite all her exhaustion, Claire felt her heart flutter just a little.

"I'll... consider it", she mumbled, pushing her blushing face further into the carpet as she found she couldn't quite *stop* doing that.