

Amy was the first one to spot it, or rather, the crowd surrounding it. They'd parked close to the food court entrance of the mall only to find it was far too popular to be allowed a nook near the same old cookie, pizza and burger. A trip down the Galleria's escalator came first before they spotted the long line, unwieldy for just barely being after 11 in the morning.

"Where is it? This better be the most incredible milkshake to get me out of bed on a weekend..." grumbled her room-mate. Jess wasn't thrilled about being woken, then cajoled into making the 10 minute drive over. She'd even had to forego her morning instant coffee. Amy insisted it would spoil the taste.

The shorter girl pointed over the crowd, to the prominent vending machine made up in Holstein livery. The white with black splotches was tasteful and iconic, promising fresh, wholesome dairy treats in three different flavors. Amy yelped when she saw it, looking just like the photos she'd seen of other installations. There were dozens in Tokyo, a handful in Paris and London, and now they'd finally deigned to put one up in her neck of the woods. Jess tied her blonde hair back in a pony-tail, not having had the energy or coordination to bother with any other style today. She stifled a yawn as she watched her manic room-mate's fingers swishing through photos on her phone, killing time between her and the creamy, sweet concoction the Internet had been raving about.

"I can't decide what to get! They say vanilla uses real Madagascan beans they have to harvest at the peak of their season. You can taste it before you even take a sip... Ooh, or the chocolate. Swiss chocolatiers have to inspect every batch they swirl into the mix, and each one is topped with a bonbon imported fro-"

"Don't care. How much?" The extravagance of the ingredients seemed more than a little out of touch with the practical, much less the affordable. Jess could feel her credit card's edges wilting at the kind of heat this treat threatened to put on it. They'd made significant progress in the line during Amy's fawning, watching pleased patrons of the dairy dispenser pass back down the line.

Amy's bangs bounced as she tried for the answers from her phone. "Well, it depends on what kind of size, if they've got any of the test flavors or special limited editions. Oh, and if you want a collectible mug. That one comes with a free refill on your next visit!"

They were nearing the head of the line now, within earshot of the cute cow-bell that rang each time the machine doled out another gourmet masterpiece. Soon it would be too late to turn back and lose face in the eyes of their fellow consumers. Jess grit her teeth slightly and hissed the question again.

"How much?"

Amy was already stepping up to the sleek touch interface on the front of the oversized vending machine. It was wide enough to serve 3 people at a time, and looked

spotless, even after handling nearly a thousand customers on its opening day so far. “11 dollars.”

The cow-bell rang with new menace.

While her room-mate tapped through the chiming menu, deciding on the special edition Moo Moo Mocha Milkshake, Jess remained in price shock. She shook her head when asked if she wanted to get a StrawVery Sweetness or Chocolate Von Bon Bombardier, eventually being pushed away from the machine by Amy while she sipped on her dessert drink.

“Want to try some? It’s really good. It’s ‘justifies the sacredness of cows in some religions’ good,” the brunette tempted her with the straw.

Jess tried a tentative sip and pursed her lips. “It’s not 11 dollars good.”

Yes it was.

It was so good, Jess offered to take Amy’s cup to the recycling bin just so she could double-check the lid for stray drips of goodness. She didn’t even have any special preference for coffee flavors, but the shake itself was incredible. Thick and creamy, the perfect consistency. Letting the luxurious *lait* convey it perfectly, mixed so well she could taste every sip of the espresso that joined the party before it was served, expertly chilled. And that was from lid run-off after a 10 minute drive home.

“I am a grown woman, entitled to indulge myself every once in a while. Even if paying double digits for any drink not involving alcohol is the height of foodie nonsense,” Jess thought the next day as she held her head high and snuck past the open door of the lab supervisor on her way out early. She tore across the parking lot, yanking open her lab-coat and leaving the sleeves flapping behind her in an OSHA-disapproved manner as she raced to her compact car.

Zippering along the freeway, she couldn’t take her mind off the possibilities awaiting her when she reached the source of that dairy goodness. Her whole day had been spent preoccupied with gleaning data about these machines. Online rumors flew thick and fast about the rotation of flavors, the exotic pedigree of the ingredients, even the sophisticated marketing algorithms that decided when and where to place a new location. She’d stumbled onto one page pleading for the return of Bayside City’s much missed vending machine.

All of these things swirled in her mind like the tutti frutti flavor supposedly only released in Canada during the hottest week of the year. Anticipation carried her from her car to the line inside the Galleria. Much shorter on a weekday, but harder to weather now that Jess knew what would greet her at the end of the queue.

Luckily, no one dawdled and she quickly arrived in front of the screen with the cheery welcoming animation of a kow-towing cow. After selecting a milkshake from the possible options, Jess hesitated for a second between the flavors before deciding crema di limoncello sounded perfect. The cow-bell chime accompanied the delicate candied lemon slice that dropped on top of the perfect portion.

Jess couldn't resist taking a sip before she'd stepped away from the machine. It was a heavenly citrus mix that had her draining half the cup before she cleared the way past the line. Tartness and sweetness balanced so perfectly and enhanced by the creamy, cold richness they cut through.

It was so, so good. And over so quickly as she finally used the provided straw to reach the stubborn drops of dairy that wouldn't follow the vanishing stream of lemony taste. When that proved unsatisfactory, she reached a finger in and wiped the edge clean of that frothy, creamy perfection. Her craving only sated temporarily, Jess could just imagine how a second would go down better than the first as she stepped back in line...

"Jess, are you almost done with the oscilloscope? I still need to test the sensor coils," asked a tired voice at the work-bench next to hers.

The slurping prelude to an answer lasted a few awkward seconds before that stool swiveled to face her. "Just give me a second to check this, okay? I'm getting some really weird results...what are you staring at?"

Sam hesitated, already rethinking the impolitic nature of her question. "Did you get some...uh...enhancements recently?" She squeaked the last few words out, obviously uncomfortable.

Her blonde colleague looked shocked. "What?! Sam, why would you even ask that?" Jess crossed her arms over her chest, instinctively hoping to deflect attention from the area under scrutiny. They did feel slightly larger, but that could be down to her recent switch to a diet high in essential milkshakes. Sam looked puzzled, shaking her head.

"No, no no. I meant, higher up," she said as she gingerly touched at her own hair. Jess followed suit, biting her lip as she found her bangs lifted curiously up by a feature she didn't recognize. It was hard and bony, definitely not something she'd started the week with. She would have noticed the stubby growths crowning her fore-head in the mirror, or after her morning jog, or in the rear-view of her car, or in line for the vended treats, or at work during the ARM processor assembly, or back in the car after her lunch shake...

"Jess? It's kind of cool. I mean, the guys at NASA can do mohawks so I'm sure no one will blink at a little body mod," Sam nonchalantly assured her.

She hefted the coveted piece of lab equipment over to her colleague's work surface. "I have to go now."

"Oh, okay. Hey, can you get me one of those shakes?"

The crowds were missing as Jess stomped into the Galleria, ready to have it out with whoever let such an obviously unsafe and un-tested foodstuff into the mall. For the first time in 2 weeks, she wasn't here to be corralled into line before drinking down a Caramel Dream Drencher or Mint Winter Whiteout.

As she looked around for someone to vent her ire against, she noticed there didn't seem to be anyone wearing so much as a shirt or a hat making them responsible for her state of dairy disgrace. Besides a few stares, poking her head in at the information desk yielded no information about who to contact regarding customer service. Feeling her anger churn into deep annoyance, Jess made her way back to the place where that animated bovine mascot greeted her on the vending machine's screen.

The cartoon heifer wore a construction helmet and bowed above the flashing text.

"Please allow our vendor to rest! New products available beginning 10 AM tomorrow!"

Jess swore as she rounded on the vending machine, looking for anything like an e-mail address or number she could use to complain about the fact she now had miniature horns growing out of her head. The irate engineer finally lashed out at the giant dairy dispenser, banging on it for a solid minute before she noticed her hands weren't really complaining about knocking against the metal enclosure. Jess realized they were looking knobby and the tips of her fingers seemed dark and hard.

"Seriously?! Can you not make a milkshake at home for one freaking day?"

Jess' concern for the fact her hands were rapidly taking on a hooved appearance was momentarily overcome by the concern her guilt over \$11 milkshakes might now have manifest itself as a second personality. The reverberating thuds inside the over-sized machine eased this.

No stranger to byzantine ways in and out of machines, Jess quickly found the catch that let the whole side panel slide open. "Hello?"

The curvy cow-girl seated inside pulled off her headphones, looking straight at her with a raised eyebrow. "You know there's one like a mile from here, right?"

Jess started to reach for her phone. "There is?" *No, focus.* "Look at me! I have horns, lady! What did you put in these milkshakes?"

The dappled bovine looked unimpressed. “Those? And for your information, it’s exactly what it says on the ingredients. Fresh mmm...milk, sugar, then your high quality, frou frou, organic...fixings....”

Emphasizing fresh milk, Jess realized the heavy breasts of that cow-girl were covered by thick plastic cups that were suctioned tight against her chest. The device looked like a left-over bra from a dated sci-fi plot. They kneaded and compressed the cow-girl’s mounds as she looked on.

“Oooh... Just a little *moooooore* like that,” bellowed the cabinet cow-girl as her repeat customer watched open-mouthed. The milking harness played with her breasts slowly, building up the pleasure that made her brush-tipped tail flick behind her contentedly.

“So how many shakes a day were you up to?” she smiled, sighing happily.

“2...”

In the unbelieving silence, the bra sucked audibly against the bovine girl’s breasts.

“4.”

“Wow. Breakfast, elevenses, lunch, and dinner,” said the cow-girl, looking more approving.

Jess couldn’t help but watch, feeling a tingle of jealousy for the kind of treatment her cow counter-part was enjoying. Those thicker, hoof-inclined fingers rubbing at her thighs with a tremble.

“So, can we talk? Is this a bad time?” the blonde asked as she ignored the itch at the top of her head.

The cow-girl’s eyes lost the glimmer of intelligence for a blink as she shivered and moored; utterly lost in the blissful surrender to those bovine instincts as Jess bit her lip, then watched her come back.

“Okay, all done. You want a turn?”

The blonde engineer gawked at the suggestion as the cow-girl grinned. “No one’s around and I know you’re curious. Come on. I’ll set it to low for you.” She stood from the seat inside the vending cabinet, tapping those dark, hooved fingers against the milking cups on her breasts.

She looked radiant, curvy and comfortable in her bovine body. Jess had to know if the dehumanizing device felt as good as she imagined; her thighs clenching as she decided she’d liked everything else the dairy machine provided so far.

The suction made for a satisfying *schupping* noise as the cow-girl pulled both cups off her breasts, leaving her nipples standing up out of the warm black fur that covered her chest. That patch of Holstein cow hair contrasted with the white that reached from her throat to her soft thighs. She beckoned Jess closer, offering her a chance to try being milked for fun.

Something about the rightness of paying in a more tangible way for her slew of shakes and recent over-indulgence made the blonde woman reach for the plastic harness. The awkwardness quickly passed as the cow-girl made room, guiding her to that comfortable seat with the velvet cushion ready. She sat down, opening the buttons of her shirt to expose bare breasts with light freckles. Jess had left her bra out of the equation since the second week of the milkshake regimen, ignoring the size up she'd gone...

The cow-girl smiled as her fingers gently traveled the curves of those breasts, brushing the nipples with her hoofed touch. Jess suppressed a shiver, feeling something flutter at the bovine beauty's attention. Then she felt those cups go over her breasts. The device they attached to seemed to recognize their use automatically, beginning its cycle with light pressure that pulled her skin more closely into the attachments. Each motion seemed to encourage her breasts to grow into those welcoming cups.

Jess gasped, having been fondled inexpertly before and never realizing just how erogenous a zone her chest was meant to be. The stimulation was almost electric, her breasts being sucked on slowly and steadily, then allowed to relax for a moment, with a blissful return to the tingling pull of that pressure as she opened her mouth. She meant to ask the cow-girl to turn it higher, but all that came out was a loud *moo*.

"Oh...that's me," she blushed as she felt the renewed tugs on her swelling, soft breasts warming her for more lowing quickly. Her hair had parted a little more around the graceful growth of small white horns that curved out to the side now. The blonde's chest grew to feel so much heavier and so much more sensitive. Everything about her body felt wonderful now, reminding her of the flicker of similar pleasure she'd derived after chugging down the rich dairy offerings of the same machine that held her in its squeezing, pleasing grip.

Jess felt her chair being turned, facing towards a small shelf that held a few papers, a book, and something green in a curved container. Above that, a flat monitor was set into the wall of the dairy vending cabinet.

The pressure on her breasts increased as she felt them squeezed for longer beats now each time. The rhythm was taking its toll on her body now as she turned to see the cow-girl moving her. "What's that?"

"Just something to keep you entertained while you get milked," she replied with bovine tranquility.

“And all those?”

“Paperwork I’ve got to do.”

“And the weird green thing?”

“My Caesar salad, extra croutons and cucumber,” the vending machine’s occupant said as she lifted those headphones to Jess’ ears. She took care to brush the blonde’s hair out of the way before she plugged them in, then switched the screen on. It quickly filled with a black and white spiral. At the same time, the engineer started to hear a soothing voice whisper to her.

“You are not human. You are a cow.”

No, that’s not true... She wasn’t black and white like the colors swirling in front of her eyes. Drawing her in. Making it so hard to think. *Thinking like a dumb...cow...*

“Your breasts are full and plentiful. You love to be milked.”

Like a bovine bimbo... No thoughts in her head besides how much she loved her chest. Her breasts had gotten bigger...IQ smaller...soft, warm...milkbags...

“You only think about production. You only think about pleasure.”

Heaving, full breasts...sucking and teasing her breasts... Pulling on her nipples, playing with her body... Fingers forgetting all about the phone in her pocket. Only good for reaching between her thighs and making all the human thoughts go away.

“You are not human. You are a cow.”

Horns. Breasts. Milking. Contentment...

“You must be milked. Production is pleasure.”

Milked by that wonderful device, forever and ever and ever...

“Moo if you obey. You cannot disobey, you are a cow.”

Jess mooed as she stared and watched the dairy spiral dance in front of her eyes. Glassy eyed as she slipped into the bovine mind she would need for business hours. Feeling the tug on her breasts ease, slumping forward to find her face so close to the screen. Just finished growing out into a cute muzzle below sloping horns.

“You are not human. You are a cow.”

The milk cow mooed as she felt pressure at the back of her jeans. The flyswatter tail forced its way through as patches of fur erupted across more than her rear. The changes continued as black and white mingled everywhere, leaving her the picture of cow-girl beauty. Jess' ears flicked as they stood out of her hair now, having migrated at the same time her fingers finished fusing into more hoof-like hybrids. She knew she'd always been like this, happy as long as she was kept in blissful stupor by the gentle sucking on her breasts and the endless supply of milk whisked away by that wonderful machine. She gasped as more flowed away, pumped from her body with another lowing moan...

Once she was sure her replacement was settling nicely into her new role, the original dairy dispenser latched the panel back onto the side of the vending machine and slid it home. She reached for the phone in the back of her shorts and dialed.

“Hello? Yeah, it happened again...”