

# Minnie: The Minotaur

## Milky Madness

### Part 1

Margarette Maclintock sat patiently in the sterile grey waiting room. She resisted the urge to tap her foot or to check her phone. They wanted her to feel ignored, but she knew that her every action was being watched, scrutinised, judged.. She glanced at the small closed-circuit camera in the corner and grimaced. She'd been invited for a tour of Daedalus Dairy Farms after reaching out to them about a tip she'd received... A tip which hinted at unethical business practices. To call the factory a "farm" was a bit rich. If the Daedalus website was to be believed, over one thousand dairy cows and two hundred employees were accommodated on the multiple acre Daedalus complex..

The door at the far end of the room swung open and a tall man wearing a business suit and a hardhat entered. He was ruddy with a nervous expression and no chin to speak of and no neck. He extended a hand to Margarette and when she took it his palms felt dry and papery. The guy reeked of middle management.

"You must be Minnie. Sorry to keep you waiting. I'm Robert. I'm glad you accepted our invitation."

"Margarette." She corrected. "Only my friends call me Minnie."

"I see." She watched his eyes as they slid their way up and down her figure, transparently sizing her up. It wasn't unexpected, but she did find the brazenness of his staring a bit disappointing. When she met with a corporate spokesperson, she wore business professional outfits in dark colors. The only hint of her normal punkish style was her auburn hair styled into a messy bob and her flawless eyeliner.

Robert seemed satisfied and beckoned her back into the factory with him. This section of the facility seemed to be mostly offices with the occasional set of cubicles or conference rooms breaking up the long monochrome hallways. Finally, they reached a large metal door with a digital keypad above the handle.

"This is a rare treat. We don't often allow members of the press back here."

"Well, I can understand how the accusations leveled against the company might have forced your hand."

Robert didn't respond right away. Instead, he blocked Minnie's view of the keypad with his body and typed in a code. He turned the handle and there was a loud metallic thud as the heavy lock disengaged.

"I assume you had our products tested. Did the tests say that our milk came from cows?"

"Those tests were inconclusive."

Robert nodded and pushed the door open, revealing a long catwalk. Below them were several enormous machines which churned and rumbled beneath them.

"This is our processing section." Robert had to raise his voice to be heard over the mechanical rumbling rising from beneath their feet. "Each of those machines turns our milk into a different product. Ice-Cream, butter; you name it!"

Minnie took a firm hold of the railing and looked down at the dozens of workers in white clean-suits who scurried about, checking gauges and adjusting levers. Robert led her to the end of the catwalk where they reached another, even larger door. This one had a palm scanner rather than a number pad.

Robert pressed his palm to the pad and the door slid open unassisted.

"Here's what you're here to see. You should consider yourself lucky. Most of our employees never get to visit the Pasture."

He led her inside a tiny, dark room and it wasn't until the door behind them had sealed that another opened in front of them. Minnie had to stifle a gasp.

Unlike the drab grey rooms behind them, this section of the factory was all chrome and blue strip lighting. In contrast with the linear hallways and catwalks behind them, this area was set up with a grid of large glass cubes surrounded by electronics and machinery. Each of the cells contained a single cow and their milking equipment. Most of them had long translucent rubber hoses hanging from the ceiling or glass cylinders attached to their teats.

The room would have felt alien and foreboding even if it were normal cows in the cells, but these cows were women. Hundreds of obese women were stuffed into glass prisons and hooked up to machines. Most of them were too big to move, but none of them were small enough to easily fit in a sedan.

They either sat or laid down depending on their size, barely noticing the workers in white lab coats that surrounded them or the machines which milked them dry. However, there was something even more upsetting than the captivity and enormous size of these women...

Most of them did appear to be cows!

Some women had horns, others additional breasts, others with udders which hung beneath great, sagging bellies. Most of them had bare, soft skin but some were covered in fur with spots or patterns. One of the women had legs ending in hooves and another had a tail that swished lazily behind her.

“These are our cows! They all arrived in different ways. Most of them volunteered, believe it or not. We offer generous compensation to the families of those that join our herd willingly.”

“This is insane! Human? Human milk?”

“No, not human. Cows’ milk. Each of these ladies has had their bodies softened through genetic engineering and their minds softened by the bleeding edge of virtual reality conditioning. They’re quite content to provide milk for us.”

Minnie’s brain was buzzing with shock and horror, but she pushed that aside. They wouldn’t have brought her here if they intended to let her leave. Even now, she could see guards approaching wearing riot gear and brandishing cattle prods. The entrance to the Pasture had closed behind them. She had nowhere to run.

Minnie approached one of the tanks and pressed her palm to the glass. The woman inside, a particularly large heifer with floppy ears and spots opened her eyes and stared at her with groggy unfocused attention.

“Can she hear me?”

“She can hear you. Though I’m not sure she can understand you.”

“Do you want to get out of here?” Minnie asked.

“Mwrroo?” the cow woman blinked and then let her head dip as she continued her milking.

Minnie spun to face Robert. The security had arrived and four faceless guards surrounded the man who Minnie now viewed as a monster. Anger swelled in her chest, but she pushed it down with practiced control. She couldn’t fight four armed men and rash action wouldn’t save these women.

“\$5,000” She said flatly.

Robert blinked.

“Beg your pardon?”

“That’s my price to cover this up for you. I write one article and you don’t have to worry about your secret getting out ever again.”

“I don’t think that you’re in a position to negotiate.”

“And I don’t think that *you* are. You have a leak. You’re going to look pretty suspicious when the next reporter finds out that I went missing here.”

“We can handle a leak.”

“Maybe, but why take that risk when you can make this all go away for a few thousand dollars?”

Robert paused. Finally he smiled and extended a hand to her. Minnie felt relief wash over her as she reached out to accept the offered hand, but Robert grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her towards him, shoving one hand into her coat. At first Minnie thought that he was trying to cop a feel, but when he withdrew the hand he saw his real aim. Clenched in his dry ashen fist was her still running tape recorder.

“You’ll make an excellent cow, Ms. Maclintock. Welcome to the herd.” He pushed her away and the guards descended upon her. One of them brandished a sparking prod and stabbed it into her gut. Minnie heard a crackling sound as she felt a flash of pain and then nothing.

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Minnie was dragged through the Pasture in a blur, only catching flashes of blue light and bloated figures as she was led past dozens of captive women. She was on an elevator, surrounded by more guards with cattle prods and Robert was giving them orders which she could barely understand.

The elevator opened and she was led into a room that reminded her of a police interrogation room, with a glass partition and a large leather chair with restraints. Minnie was forced into the chair and her wrists and ankles were tied down with leather straps. She tried to resist, but her motions were sluggish and ineffective.

Next, one of the guards grabbed her by the chin and another strap tied her forehead to the headrest.

“Hold still or this will sting.”

There was a sharp pain in the back of her neck and a shiver passed through her body as a cold fluid was pumped into her spinal cord.

“Relax. It’s just an anesthetic.” Robert’s face filled her vision and she managed to focus enough to make out the burst capillaries crisscrossing his nose. “ We wouldn’t want you going into shock, now would we?”

Guards began cutting away her clothes with utility knives and peeling them away to reveal her unblemished pale skin. Her chest rose and fell with frantic breaths and the pink nipples capping her small breasts grew erect when exposed to the cold stagnant air.

“You can close your eyes for this next part. Most of them do.”

Faceless guards grabbed surgical tubes tipped with long, evil needles, and plunged them into her wrist and ankles. She tried to cry out, but her body wouldn’t obey her. One final needle, thicker than the others was plunged into her navel. There was the sound of a pump being switched on as a white viscous fluid was slowly pumped up through the tubes and into her body.

“Everyone reacts differently to the treatment... Some get hooves, others get horns. I’m hoping that you get a nice, fat udder. The ones with udders always make the best milk.”

Minnie starred in silent panic as she watched herself pumped full of the milky mutagen. Could she see herself getting bigger?

“Not yet,” Robert responded as if reading her mind. “There are two things you need to become the perfect cow. The first is lots of calories.” A hose descended from the ceiling and Robert guided it into her mouth. As soon as it was past her teeth, the nozzle inflated, securing it in place so that she couldn’t spit it out.

“The second thing you need is a haircut.” There was the sound of electric clippers being turned on and Minnie could feel someone grab her face and shave the hair on the left side of her head down to a few centimeters. Once that was completed a large set of VR goggles was placed over her face, displaying an image of a peaceful green pasture.

The image was in 3D and the quality was perfect, but the illusion wasn’t complete until she felt a jolt of electricity on the left side of her head. Suddenly, the lab, the guards, and the factory all seemed incidental... Why should she care about any of that? After all, she was only a cow.

## Part 2

A diminutive figure moved around the lab quick enough to stir up a stiff breeze in whatever direction she was headed. She could just barely be tracked by the stray bits of frizzled

red hair lingering in her wake, or the trace of a neon green turtleneck vanishing from sight. The girl was an absolute whirlwind, because she needed to be.

“Science waits for no one!” The squeaky exclamation was aimed at no one in particular, though the wrench she held aloft would make one think otherwise. It was an impulsive cry, almost like a primal shout to spur more energy throughout her tiny body. That, and probably a bit of anxiety given the current state of affairs.

There wasn't too much time left, but she wasn't quite done toying with her new concoction. Grabbing a beaker brimming with sludgy purple liquid, she rushed across the tiled floor, thick droplets splashing against the ground as a mechanical minion even smaller than her trailed along. Very briefly reminded of its presence, she fumbled with her phone for a moment and bonked it on the head with her wrench, sending it on its way.

Turning, it whirled out of the room, through an open door and past the looming figure that had just entered. Robert wrung his ashy hands idly, waiting for any sort of acknowledgement, which of course, would not come. A few moments passed before he started tapping his foot, loudly clearing his throat a short while after. He may have spoken a few times, but the short scientist couldn't tell. Either that, or she didn't care to listen. So, of course, the cretin resorted to yelling.

“**EFFIE!** I need you to pay attention for literally a se-”

“Calm yourself Robert. I'm listening, as I have been for the last few moments. You just haven't said or done anything worth a response.” She declined any eye contact, focusing instead on prepping her travel pack, corking various test tubes and phials.

“Ok yeah, well the new 'hire' is in, we need you to go check her out and finish up treatment.”

'*Fuck.*' This was a bit quicker than expected. Or maybe it wasn't, and she had just spent too much time toying with that potion. It was probably fine though. She could stall for a moment. Probably. “Hire? I didn't get any word of a new hire. I don't really see how it'd relate to me either way.”

“The cow, Effie. The journalist, she's in the prep room, she's got the headset on, we need you to get your tests over with and have her on-”

“No shit, Robert. I know you're talking about the cow. I was remarking on your tired use of humor. They're cows - not hires. Speak plainly, you waste my time too often with unremarkable humor.”

His brow furrowed, arms now crossed in a meager attempt to add a bit more intimidation. "I'm not sure you want to take that tone of voice with me. You remember what management said last week?"

She ignored the comment and continued her busywork, shoving the last bits of necessities into her pack before turning and corking the most important potion, haphazardly dropping it into a pocket.

"You're spending too much time tinkering, using too many resources on pointless experiments. How many cows are under quota because you haven't spent enough time with them? Your numbers are slipping, you're not as efficient as you used to be. Would be a shame if the only way to boost those numbers was by making some milk of your own..."

Throwing the leather band over her shoulder, she turned on a heel and finally regarded Robert for the first time since he entered the room. She adjusted her spectacles as she approached him, stopping a few steps in front of him. He towered over her 5'2ish, but she didn't bother to look up at him when responding. "Hah! No."

Reaching into her coat, she produced a prod similar to those the guards owned, with a few minor differences. In one swift motion, she turned it on and pressed it up into his sternum. His eyes went wide, and one breathless groan later he laid in a heap on the floor, some smoke rising from the smoldering hole in his suit.

Effie stepped up and over his back, making her way out of the lab and into the hall. Her footsteps slowly transitioned from firm thuds on the ground to a light *splish splish splish*. Seconds later, her bot rejoined her side, claw-like appendages a bit scuffed, covered in some oil and milk.

Giving it a little smirk, she offered a reaffirming head pat before the two continued down the hall, paying no mind to the countless panicked people rushing past them.

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Things in the factory had actually begun to calm down. Effie had guessed she wouldn't have much time before the busy bot's sabotage was undone, but this was certainly quicker than she had expected. Staff must've been extra caffeinated today, or perhaps someone was onto her? Shaking the notion from her head, she hastened her step down the hall.

Making her way towards the rehabilitation chambers, or as they were more commonly called, prep rooms, she waved off the guard posted on duty and checked her phone, scrolling through digital heaps of notation. Unexplored formulae, semi-coherent ramblings, attempted dream journaling, and the occasional relevant scrap of information. This virtual voyage had her searching for her breakthrough-to-be's prep room number.

After flipping past hypothetical plans for a city mounted on a whale's back and a collection of links to cute kigurumis she had her eye on, she finally found the room number. Waltzing her way over, she grabbed the knob and casually tossed the door open, knowing her bot bud would close it after her.

Setting her bag on a very clinical looking metallic table, she removed the key concoction from her pocket and set it on the table. She scrunched her face and stuck her tongue out, realizing a bit of it had leaked as she wiped the unexpected sticky substance from her hand. It was only then that she had finally looked over the prep room's occupant.

A freshly shaved young woman sat, strapped to the chair and hooked up to her headset proper. A tube fed into her mouth from the ceiling, Effie's own calorie-dense formula flowing into the girl's mouth, finding its way onto her body in the form of a soft layer of pudge. A gentle pillowy fat coated every bit of her body. Biceps had softened and were beginning to squish against their leathery restraints, as a plainly obvious paunch spilled over her crotch into an ever-widening lap, and there was even a hint of a double chin starting to come in.

The bovine injections looked like they were working as well. Auburn fuzz had sprouted in the most common of locations, creeping up from her pubis and crawling up the lower half of her tum to reach her belly button. Taking a moment to adjust the woman's arm, Effie nodded in affirmation as she found messy tangles of hair growing from the pits of her arm as well, making a mental note to jot down some adjustments to the formula later on.

Her hand found its way to the captive cow's head, searching through what was left of her scattered locks with a wandering thumb. She soon ran it over a small, hardened nub, and then found a second, confirming that her horn growth was proceeding along at a healthy rate as well.

Sauntering around the seat with her phone in hand, she abandoned the notion of keeping mental notes and decided to actively jot them down as she completed her preliminary exam. Losing herself in the screen for a moment, she gazed back up towards a noticeably chubbier specimen. She could see rolls starting to form in her back already through the clear back of the chair, love handles deepening by the second. 'Fucking hired hands can't get their head out of the clouds for even a second to funnel the right amount of my mixture, are you kidding me?'

Hastening her exam, she found a protrusion pushing out of the base of the woman's spine, showing the tail was coming in fine, same as the horns. Nodding and hitting all the important checkboxes, she began to beam. She was so excited! Such a new and promising specimen, nothing visibly wrong, and a brand new concoction that would likely prove a success and breakthrough, in more ways than one.

Realizing if she took much longer her subject may not be able to move, she began undoing the leather straps, puffy flesh rising like dough, marked by the oppressive straps that had held it back. Flashing over to her pack, she readied a syringe with a neutralizing agent to



counteract the usual bovine formula, since she'd be feeding the girl a more potent, experimental mixture.

Effie prepped her monologue for a second, and took another quick second to dumb it down, knowing she'd have limited time to explain things to the woman before her hypno-addled brain would start to get agitated. She'd return her to a much more befitting virtual realm in due time, but this Margarett person was owed an explanation, she supposed. Taking a deep breath, she administered the injection and then removed the headset, waving a hand in front of Minnie's face.

Minnie grazed lazily from the field, enjoying the sun and cool air. It was so nice being a cow. Why had she ever wanted to be anything else. Suddenly she was ripped violently from her pasture and found herself back in the prep room. Had she really been thinking of herself as a cow? She tried to get the phantom taste of grass out of her mouth, but was unable to spit out the nozzle lodged behind her teeth.

"Hi! Hello! There's not toooooo much time to explain things, but I've done my research properly, so I know you'll be able to follow along more or less." She continued waving for a moment to confirm she had Minnie's attention, and continued along her tirade.

Minnie was hyperventilating through the tube. She was more or less lucid but that didn't make her situation any less confusing. She remembered being strapped to the chair and she had the vague idea that someone was trying to brainwash her, but who was the hipster who was yelling at her now?

Her attention drifted away from the tiny woman and down to her own body and she let out a strained moan around her feeding tube as she took in her new flabbier form. Minnie had been the same weight since highschool and yet she had more than doubled in size. Also she was... hairy? How long had she been out?

"...and at this point you're probably just starting to realize your shape may be a little bit...squishier than it was an hour or so ago. Yes you have only been here for an hour or so, no it has not been days or weeks, yes it is possible to gain weight that fast, no I will not explain how."

An hour? How could she have gotten this fat in an hour? Millie wasn't able to speak, but muffled sounds of protest. She'd always taken her size for granted. She hadn't been the type to count calories or deny herself the occasional treat. Now those years of fitness seemed wasted when she contemplated living the rest of her life as a bloated heifer.

Brandishing a self-defense knife from her coat pocket with a flourish, Effie reached and sliced clean through the feeding tube. There was a final spray of goo, splattering across the floor like vanilla pudding before the pump automatically shut off. She gently, but quickly, pulled

the nozzle from her specimen's mouth and tossed it aside, replacing it instead with the lip of her concoction.

"Drink. It'll undo the worst parts of the damage to your body, and rebuild it into something better." She technically wasn't lying. **Minnie was impatient to have her slim body back and sucked eagerly on the tube** . "I'm going to put the headset back on you and feed you details on how to disrupt the operation here, as well as escape without any consequences. Yes?" She held the bottle to Minnie's lips, not giving her much of a choice, but still waiting for a confirmation nonetheless.

Minnie tried to lift her arms but only succeeded in making her pillowy biceps jiggle. Her mind was her own but her body didn't seem to be cooperating. Part of her was screaming to get up and run away, but the cow part just wanted to lie back and go with the flow, and the cow part of her seemed to be in control of her limbs.

She managed a nod, allowing herself to relax despite her situation.

"Good! Very good!"

Effie let the rest of the concoction drain before casually tossing the glass back into her pocket. She was practically beaming, giddy with excitement of what was to come. A subject so promising too! And she'd finally be free from this efficiency obsessed dump!

Dancing a few steps back, she punched a few commands into her phone, and placed it back in her pocket, straining up onto her tippie toes to grab the VR headset that had retracted upwards.

"See you on the flip-side, we'll be in touch! Don't worry, you're gonna do great~" She gave an uncharacteristically flirty wink, the excitement of it all preventing her from realizing the wink was hidden behind her spectacles. Lowering the headset back onto Minnie, she gave her bot another pat on the head and turned on a heel, rushing out of the room.

Minnie's mind slipped away again but instead of a peaceful pasture she was met with darkness. She wasn't sure what to expect. Maybe a VR classroom filling in the finer points of the shorter girl's plan or maybe a virtual recreation of the factory.

A spotlight shone on her and she held up a hand to shield her eyes, only to find her arms wrapped in athletic tape.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" A booming voice called out from the darkness. "Welcome to the Bovine Bash!"

## Part 3

Uproarious applause boomed through the audience, countless people screaming and cheering at the top of their lungs. “Tonight we have the reigning *heavy* heavyweight champ and crowd favorite, Minnie the...Minotaur!” Inside Minnie’s virtual world she found herself standing in a wrestling ring surrounded by hundreds of screaming fans. This was the escape plan?

Sitting back in a cushy computer chair, Effie kicked her feet up on the desk, watching the simulation play out on her phone, occasionally glancing up at the wall of camera feeds to make sure nothing was amiss.

Back in the simulation, the lights went out, obnoxiously loud horns sounding out for her opposition's intro.

“And now for her opposition...” An obnoxious amount of pyrotechnics were set off as a seven foot something amazon strut down the walkway in naught but a drab gray two-piece. “The one, the only, Jannet... THE GRANITE JOHNSON!!!!!!” Effie was screaming into her phone now, standing up on the desk. Realizing what she was doing, she blushed and sat back down, eyes peeled on the screen to see how Margaret would progress.

Minnie only had a moment to gawk in confusion before the inertia of hypnotic suggestion fully pulled her under. A smile curled at the edges of her lips as she raised her fists. Jannet the Granite raised an eyebrow and beckoned her over and Minnie the Minotaur was only too happy to oblige.

Effie just couldn’t wipe the smile off her face! It was rare to find her in such a fantastic mood, only the brightest of breakthroughs had her this ecstatic. But being able to put on a mock wrestling show, getting to taze that complete ass Robert, trying out her new potion; it was so much!

Too much, as a matter of fact. Her tiny frame just wasn’t used to this much excitement. Stifling a yawn, she reclined in her chair and watched the match unfold, punching in a few encouraging suggestions here and there. A little dash of confidence, a pinch of righteousness, a few flecks of ironic bull-headed stubbornness, voila. She’d have her most stupendous success soon enough.

Choking back another yawn, she wriggled a little bit in her chair, curling up to get cozy. Regarding the cameras one last time, she saw little movement, and guessed she had some time to doze off... Probably.

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The sound of a slamming door and a frantically beeping bot sent Effie shooting straight up. Her nap had been cut short by a squad of thuggish looking oafs lined up just inside the door,

parting way for- ugh - Robert. She snickered at the ruined suit, a tattered hole burned in the chest where she had shocked him flat with the cattle prod.

“Do you have *any* idea how fucked you are? You’re some sort of brainiac, right? Tell me you had any sort of inkling of the shit you just waded into. There’s no way some big shot scientist could be this dense.”

She ignored him per usual, swiftly punching some final commands into her phone. Robert stomped to her chair, grabbing her by the collar and lifting her in some cheap two-bit intimidation tactic.

“Don’t you have *ANYTHING* to say for yourself?”

“Oh plenty. But you should probably deal with that first.” She pointed past Robert’s shoulder with a smirk, just about ready for the fireworks.

Robert looked over at the sleeping cow at the other end of the room. Minnie had reached the end of her transformation. She was nearing a quarter ton with most of her weight being in her belly and ripened breasts, each easily larger than her head. There were a variety of obvious cow traits. Her upper body was still mostly human aside from the long black horns sticking out from her unruly red hair. There was no udder, but her lower body now sported hooves and digitigrade legs covered in a thick red fur which ran up to her hips and ended in a happy trail just below her cavernous navel.

As far as he could tell the transformation had gone perfectly, but he couldn’t help but notice the broken feeding tube and Minnie’s unrestrained limbs. He ordered one of the guards to re-secure the subject before turning back to Effie.

“If you’ve tampered with one of my cows so help me, I’ll--”

He was cut short by a choked scream, and spun to see the guard being held aloft by his neck. Minnie tossed him aside as if he were made of rags as she pulled the VR goggles off of her face to reveal an expression of pure unrelenting rage.

When she stood, it was clear that her new legs provided at least a foot of extra height. And Robert could practically see steam erupting from her nostrils like a cartoon bull as her hooves scraped at the linoleum. Most of his cows were docile and about as threatening as a marshmallow, but this one was different. Despite weighing in near a quarter ton it was obvious that all of that soft chub covered muscles that could bend iron.

“Well? Stop staring and restrain her!” he yelled, voice cracking.

Two of the guards rushed forward, prods raised. Minnie managed to grab one before it made contact but the other jabbed her under her left breast and she let out a ferocious roar before knocking the guard aside with a swing of her free arm.

Adrenaline and fury coursing through her veins, she yanked the other cattle prod out of the guard's arm, pitching it past Robert into the surveillance room. Setting her sights on the other guard who'd tried to prod her, she utilized the newfound strength in her hooves and leapt into the air, jiggly body going completely horizontal as she catapulted into the man, dropkicking him quite a few feet down the hall.

Robert turned to run, momentarily forgetting about the delinquent geneticist, but Minnie wasn't far behind. Her powerful legs carried her in long strides. Each vault left hoof prints in the floor and sent her massive body into motion, doughy gut rippling and bouncing along with furious momentum.

The terrified middle manager reached the elevator and frantically began hitting the "shut" button as Minnie charged down the hallway towards him, reaching speeds that no school crossing would allow.

The doors finally slid closed. Robert gave a short sigh of relief...that was inevitably cut short by a pair of wicked sharp horns piercing the door.. Powerful fingers pulled the door open and he was greeted by Minnie's burning eyes and gritted teeth.

He reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a canister of pepper spray and let loose on the mad cow. Minnie shrieked and let go of the door allowing it to slam shut. Mercifully the elevator lurched into motion.

Ducking back into the surveillance room, Effie slammed the door shut behind her and hopped back into the computer chair. Grabbing a tablet and microphone, she twiddled for a moment before clearing her throat.

"One-two one-two. This thing on? Of course it's on. Hey! Margarett! You wanna get him, you've gotta go down!"

Minnie paused, startled out of her berserker state. Nearly jumping down an elevator shaft on instinct hadn't ever happened before. That seemed like a red flag. Her head twitched as she looked up at the intercom. She was fairly certain that she couldn't just ask for clarification.

She stood to her full height and had to grip the elevator door for support. She felt dizzy. Had she always been this tall? Looking down proved to be the wrong choice. Her usual view of her own body was replaced with something bloated and monstrous.

She let out a choking gasp as she came to understand what had become of her. Breasts were enormous with bright pink nipples sitting high on her chest. Beneath that was a ring of flab so wide that her view of her feet was entirely obscured and when she lifted that foot up... was that her leg?

Now Minnie screamed for real, loud and confused.

“Nononono! No! Now’s *really* not the time. I can explain everything later!” Effie fumbled with the tablet and her mic, panicking just a tad. She had ~~accidentally~~ successfully and very purposefully created a beast capable of tearing the factory down! Now she just had to wrangle control, tame the bull so to speak.

“Remember that asshole? That smug, nearly completely insignificant Robert guy? Yeah, well he’s getting away, and the only way you’ll get him is down that shaft. Remember your training! The ring! The stone!”

Minnie’s initial reaction to her body had been “Someone get me to a hospital.” but the scientist’s words inspired a new thought in her: “Robert is responsible for this.”

She bared her teeth and dove down the elevator shaft.

Robert had been catching his breath as the elevator descended. He could handle this. He just needed to collect himself.

Minnie’s elbow dropped through the roof of the cab.

Robert narrowly avoided being turned into a red mist as he suddenly found himself sharing an elevator meant for three passengers with a woman the size of a small automobile.

Now it was his turn to begin shrieking.

A loud ding matched his high pitched shrieking, indicating it was time to start sprinting again. Turning tail, he squeezed through the doors as they were opening, narrowly avoiding the Minnie’s frantically grasping hand.

Sprinting past the shocked denizens of their Operations & Financial department, he elbowed his way through aisles and weaved through cubicles, too scared to hazard a look behind him.

The room had erupted into panic on first sight of Minnie’s monstrous form. Papers were flung into the air as secretaries and actuaries ditched all responsibilities in favor of survival and fear. A particularly panicked lad pulled on the fire alarm, the whine of a loud siren ringing out as water began to douse the chaotic crowd.

Effie slammed her fist on the table and swore. They were on a timer again, and despite her newfound height, the crowd was doing Minnie no favors for finding Robert.

“Minnie! Go! Straight through the room, make a right at the end of the hall! Don't worry about the cubicles or people, they'll be fine!”

Effie's orders had a way of cutting through the fog of her brain and recognizing the absurdity of her situation. The people around her were screaming. They barely viewed her as human. She wanted to stop and reason this out. She should be able to explain herself. But their reaction made sense. She had just crashed through a door frame. Their reaction seemed reasonable.

What was she?

What had he turned her into?

That ignited the rage again and sent her sprinting down the hall following the scientist's instructions. She would tear this building to the ground before letting him get away.

The swearing turned to maniacal laughter rather quickly, as Minnie started a war path. Effie could see the mad cow's nostrils flaring, her whole body like an angry bowl of jello and muscle, flabby bits jiggling as furiously as her crusade.

There was something more about this rampage, too. It wasn't just angry, it wasn't just focused; it was destructive. Minnie had already maimed an elevator, now here she was turning the majority of this floor to rubble. Her hooves left massive craters in the dainty, carpeted floor. Her pillowy arms flailed out and bashed against doors and walls, reducing them to splinters of wood and plaster. She'd even lower her head and gore the occasional potted plant on her sharpened horns.

It was pure, wanton destruction. Minnie was tearing this building apart, a one cow wrecking crew. And honestly? It was kind of hot.

Effie found herself inadvertently blushing and twirling a strand of hair around her finger, practically drooling over the obliteration of this hellhole. Shaking her head to restore some clarity, she leaned over to the mic once more.

"Just keep going straight! I know he turned left but you can get to him faster if you go straight! Trust me, I'm never wrong!"

Minnie lowered her head and kept running. The voice hadn't led her wrong yet, but she tried to map out the older man's potential route in her head. She'd make that pip squeak regret it if this so-called shortcut led to her losing her prey.

Effie barked orders through localized intercoms for a few more moments, relying on her memory of the building rather than a map. She could use a map, but then that'd be admitting she needed help. And she didn't. She knew exactly where she'd lead Minnie, and she was more than a thousand percent sure that the insignificant oaf would be right where she expected.

“STOP! There! Right there, on your left! See that door? Bash through it! And then just keep going! Bash through the wall too!”

Leaning back in her chair, she only wished she had a bag of popcorn to go with the just desserts.

Minnie's hooves skidded, tearing up the finish on the floor as she came to a stop. The harder parts of her body came to rest long before the softer parts; her legs and calves still like stone, while her behind, belly and wrecking-ball breasts were left in a jiggly fit

She lowered her head again and charged, slowly at first but accelerating steadily as she smashed through, door after door, then drywall, then copy machine. She crashed through layers of the complex leaving progressively greater destruction as she bulldozed through a half dozen rooms. The last door was made of real wood, protecting a cozy, carpeted office. Minnie identified the wood from the desk as mahogany by smell as splinters of it crashed against her face. A picture of Robbert holding a sea-bass shattered as it fell to the floor.

There was another crash of glass as Minnie burst through the window behind the desk and went plummeting like a cannonball onto the factory floor. She punched through the side of one massive drum and into twelve thousand gallons of ice cream.

“Oh fuck, Minnie!”

She shouted without even turning the intercom on, standing up on her chair in shock and slight panic. Effie's eyes went wide, not having expected her bovine battering ram to smash directly into one of the cream vats. She was certain her subject would drink some of the cream on instinct, but this may be a situation where primal panic could override instinct, which could make Minnie possibly choke or-

Her frantic train of thought was cut short by a fist punching through the other side of the vat on-screen. Melting back into her chair once more, Effie let out a sigh of relief as a second hand appeared, a hole being torn through pure steel as Minnie ripped her way out of the pasteurized prison.

Cream gushed from both sides of the vat and began to pool on the factory floor, people once again sent into a frenzy. Stomping her way out and onto the concrete, which cracked under her hoof, Minnie's tail swished with annoyance as her eyes narrowed, scanning the grounds for her prey.



“There! He’s on the walkway, ice his ass!” Effie’s voice squeaked out into the factory, echoing amongst the chaos. She could only hope Minnie would be able to parse her words through the fray.

Robert, meanwhile, had broken into a full sprint on the elevated breezeway. Having witnessed both an elevator and megaton steel vat fall victim to Minnie’s brute strength, he was sure his bones were akin to putty to her. Racing over the tops of carton assembly lines and containers of cream and milk, he could only pray he’d make it back inside before the beast got to him.

Minnie ran beneath him, picking up speed. She was moving faster than any human could run. She was two vats away... Now one! And then she overtook him.

Robert kept running. Too confused to break his life-or-death sprint. Minnie put some distance between them, stopped in front of one of the supports for the walkway and delivered a hefty forward kick. The metal buckled. Robert’s footing disappeared from beneath him. The scaffolding fell and the ground beneath his feet became a trap leading to the factory floor. He tumbled end over end until he covered his face and rolled down the rest of the way on his side.

He came to rest at Minnie’s hooves and looked up at the mass of tangled red fur and underbelly hovering over him. Minnie bent down and lifted him by the back of his collar. She bared her teeth and for a moment he thought she might bite his head off.

“You’re in a lot of trouble here, Robert. My guess is that you’re going to prison for a long time.”

“Wh-what?” He sputtered.

“Kidnaping? Not properly labeling human milk? Genetic tampering? I’m not sure there are even laws for that yet. You are so fucked! I doubt that Daedalus Farms is going to help. They’ll throw you under the bus.”

“You’re not going to kill me?”

“Kill you? You’re the criminal, not me! I’m a victim in all this!”

But Robert was barely listening. For a moment he actually thought he was going to live. Then he noticed the pressure warnings flashing on all of the tanks around them.

In a matter of moments the factory floor was flooded with millions of gallons of fresh cream.

Effie didn't need to see the monitors to know what had happened; the *BANG* was more than enough indication that her heifer's havoc had created a fault in the pressure valves, leading to a milky eruption.

What Effie hadn't expected though, was to hear the high pitch whine of pressure inconsistency as well. She had issued a complaint to the management about the routing of their pipes months ago, so surely that couldn't be the issue. The neanderthals were so obsessed with red tape and efficiency that they must've taken care of the glaring safety issue these criss crossed milk pipes posed, right?

Wrong.

Effie scooped her bot up into her lap as the pipes burst, a high pressure spout quickly turning into a ravine of dairy that washed her out the door and down the hall. She winced, not expecting to be conscious for much longer.

To her surprise, and joy, the computer chair acted as a life raft of sorts, keeping her afloat as she was washed through the wreckage Minnie left behind. A smile cracked across her face as she threw her arms up in the air, cheering as the makeshift riptide carried her through holes in the wall, over collapsed cubicles, and down stairwells and slopes of smashed flooring.

Out on the lawn, emergency vehicles were already starting to arrive. Employees and cows alike laid out in the grass in front of the building like beached whales. Minnie staggered to her feet, dazed from being at the epicenter of the eruption. Robert was a mess, but has survived thanks to being shielded by Minnie's titanic bulk.

The sheriff, an older man who still looked fit despite his beer gut and who wore a white cowboy hat exited his vehicle with his bullhorn.

"Now, I suppose someone here is going to offer an explanation for all this?" His voice was accented and authoritative, if not a bit confused.

"I think I can answer that!" Minnie spoke up, climbing to her hooves and dragging Robert behind her like a sack of potatoes. "Margarette Maclintock, investigative reporter. Officer, you are not going to believe this scoop!"

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Steam dispersed in the air as Effie stepped from her bathroom. Body *finally* purged of all dairy and dairy-related scents after a week of intense scrubbing. Clearing condensation from her specs, she grabbed a towel from a punctual petite helper bot. It gave a cheery chirp as the cloth was accepted, and whirred off to assist it's more culinary inclined siblings.

Sighing, she ran the towel through her hair a bit lazily. She was finally free of the Daedalus Dairy Farm dickheads, and it was pretty relieving. Effie no longer felt like a stifled Atlas, trying to hold up an entire company she didn't really give a shit about. It was nice. Freeing, and relaxing.

But boring. Extremely boring. She didn't need freeing, she didn't need relaxing. She needed breakthroughs, she wanted the thrill of discovery and furthering scientific progress! For all the tinkering she'd been doing in her lab, for all the improvements she was designing for her bot buddies, it just wasn't as exciting as the last week had been. She missed the obscene destruction, the invigorating anxiety of (in-directly) fighting against a veritable army of corporate oafs, and most importantly, she missed her biggest breakthrough in recent memory.

Not that there was anything to be done about that, it was probably for the better. She wasn't really well versed in social interactions, but she had a feeling that her cowified companion wouldn't really have kind words to say had they ever come face to face again.

The sound of a wrestling bell being struck rung out, indicating someone was at her door. Which was weird, because Effie hadn't been expecting anyone. Maybe it was a delivery she had forgotten about, probably something from Blamazon.

Needless to say, she was shocked speechless when she opened the door and found a 6' something blubber-bodied bull-girl staring back at her.

"We need to talk!" Minnie announced pushing the door open with one hand with more force than was in Effie's entire body. She stepped through the doorway and glowered down at her. Last time Effie had seen Minnie in person she had been completely nude and drenched in cream. Now, she wore a biker jacket which had to have been custom fitted and a dark T-shirt and leggings combo that exposed nearly six inches of tummy flesh as well as a tuft of red hair below her belly button.

"Let me tell you how awful this past week has been. First, you turn me into a monster, then my landlord kicks me out for 'excessive structural damage' to my apartment, and Effie, how the fuck am I supposed to find pants that fit these legs?" She shook one hooved digitigrade leg at Effie. The leggings only reached midway below her knee leaving the lower joint exposed as well as lots of messy red hair and Minnie's hooves. Effie gulped audibly, backing away as the cow-woman advanced.

"Every inconvenience that I've faced. Every time something mundane nearly made me lose my temper, I thought of what you did."

Maybe if Effie stopped moving and played dead Minnie would lose interest mid-way through the upcoming beating. Effie quickly ranked which bones she could afford to have broken.

“Things could have seen so much worse.” Minnie sighed.

Effie blinked. That hadn't been the payoff she'd been expecting. Minnie turned and slumped onto Effie's couch. There was an audible cracking sound, but Minnie didn't seem to notice, and Effie wasn't about to bring it up.

“I could have ended up another one of those dairy cows. Barely able to think and reduced to making milk for the rest of my life. I just wanted you to know that I appreciate what you did.”

Noticing the splintering support on the couch, a small procession of bots sped between Minnie's legs and under the failing furniture, bracing the structure as best they could.

“Gonna be honest, this is definitely *not* what I expected.” Effie gave a sigh as audible as her nervous squeak had been moments ago, shoulders dropping a bit as she realized she wouldn't have to part with any of her limbs. Hands darting into her lab coat hoodie's pockets, she casually leaned against her coffee table across from Minnie.

“And that's rare, I usually expect everything. But yeah. Really it should be me thanking you. You're easily the best specimen I've had in, well, forever. The rest of those girls were good but eh, a little lacking.” She shrugged nonchalantly, trying her best to stifle a smirk.

“Glad you approve.” Minnie's voice was dripping with sarcasm and she grabbed a roll of her belly, giving it a violent little shake of disapproval. “I'm hoping it's not too tough for you to change me back.”

Effie's expression dropped for a moment, brows furrowing.

“For me to...what?” She was even more confused than she had been a bit ago. Surely she had made it clear this was permanent.

“There's uh, I'm not really sure how to - you see there wasn't an uhm--”

Minnie held up a hand.

“I get it. Can't put the toothpaste back in the tube. Except here's the thing.” Minnie stood to her full height. “There's a few hundred ladies out there who are having to relearn how to spell their name because of you. I lost my apartment because of you, and let's not talk about how your little transformation has me personally contributing a non-zero percentage to the obesity crisis in America.”

She placed one massive hand gently on Effie's shoulder and smiled, her soft feminine features looking almost devilish. There were still scabs on her knuckles from her rampage at the factory.

“I’m not sure if you can ‘fix’ this, but I’ve decided to make it my personal mission to make sure you help.” She glanced around the living room, taking in the advanced tech and the massive home theatre system.

“This is a nice place. Does it have a spare bedroom?”