The silence in the barn was a hostile one. Overbearing. Stifling. Almost insufferable.

I didn't deserve this kind of treatment. I wasn't the one that had decided to finger myself silly to old cartoons. I was the one that had been flashed by a giant cow woman multiple times. I was the victim here, damn it.

The cow I was next to, Blossom, mooed softly at me to get my attention. I sighed and went back to rubbing them down with the cattle brush.

The atmosphere was so oppressive even the cows could sense it. And the last thing anyone needed was super strong, super durable cattle deciding that it would be a good idea to stampede through the nearest wall. That was something they could do, if they put their mind to it. That was a fact.

These were really strong, healthy cows. Brockton Bay would go down as the only city to be destroyed by paracattle...and we'd deserve it.

Sorry, dad, but I was going to be honest. This place was a shithole. There was no saving it.

"It's okay. I'm here. Everything is going to be okay." Slowly, with my words ringing in their flappy little ears, Blossom settled down, the gentle brushes doing their job; I nodded to herself when Blossom started to chew on her cud again. It was amazing what you could get desensitized to. Pretty much anything, really. If someone had told me the nitty gritty that was a cow's digestive process before the whole...everything, I'd have had a hard time having lunch that day.

Now it helped me sleep at night, just knowing that my cows were okay.

… My cows.

I had to reflect on that for a moment. It had only been a week since all of this had started, after I'd been snapped out of a Tinker-induced haze and introduced to the dirty, sordid world and Tinker cosmetics... But I was already acting like I was the one in charge.

Was that me or was that the farmgirl talking?

There were a few possibilities as to what that meant and how it applied to my future. Some big. Some small. Some wayyyyyy out there...and I just chose the one that said I was just a natural at taking care of animals. The least scary option. The one with the least responsibilities attached.

Even if everything went wrong, at least I'd have a bright future in the countryside ahead of me. There was that.

An annoyed snort from the other pen forced me back into cold, oppressive reality. Even as I continued to pamper Blossom, I was forced to shoot a look at the next pen over, where the sound had come from.

Lisa wasn't doing much better, I think.

She'd never struck me as the silent, brooding type. Admittedly, we had only known each other for a week or so, but Lisa had never struck me as the type. I'd thought she was more of the shrill, screeching type actually. One of those that complained to the manager whenever something they got off the rack didn't fit them perfectly. Like that.

Yet, there she was. in her pen, wrapped up in (new) king-sized cow print bedsheets. Moping. With her tail snapping at invisible flies, her face set in a deep frown as her fingers rapidly tapped away at a much too small screen; Size was relative here. In my hands, it might as well have been a brick. In Lisa's, it was comically small.

She couldn't catch a break, could she?

"I can hear you from over here. You're not fooling anyone," Lisa snipped at me, the ticks and tacks of nails on glass put out at the rate of machine gun fire just on the right sort of annoying to make ears bleed. "I don't need your pity."

Right. Of course not.

I took a breath and bit back any retorts I had. Some real doozies...but I had to keep them to myself. Not because I was the bigger person or anything. God no. I just had self control. Also, I'd just gotten over thinking about how the cows were right on the verge of bringing the building down.

Host is suffering from extreme embarrassment due to the actions of her alter ego, witnessed by Host Administrator. Host is also suffering from minor depression.

… That sucked. Yeah. That really sucked… It didn't mean she could take it out on me though. Also, Host? I'd heard that before but I'd never thought to follow up. What was that about?

Silence. Because of course. I should have known better than to think that I'd get a straight answer for a question I actually wanted to know the answer to. Dumb of me.

Correct.

… Excuse me?

More silence. These powers were more trouble than they were worth sometimes. Also, it was kind of an asshole. Just saying.

This explained a lot about Lisa in retrospect, once I thought about it.

Blossom nuzzled against my hand, her soulful black eyes full of hope... Why did cows have to be surprisingly emotional and intelligent? And why did they have to taste so good? Why? … I wasn't going to give up *eating* them. Perish the thought. But I was definitely going to be doing that a lot less.

Chicken was the way to go. We'd got them in yesterday and, I have to say, I didn't know that I had it in me to hate an entire species of animal. They had nails like razors and had shredded my pants like they were made out of paper. The next time I ate chicken, I'd do so with relish.

Revenge, when served hot, was delicious.

Hah. Chicken joke.

A bell dinged through every pen in the warehouse and Blossom couldn't have left me fast enough. It was a little sad, but I couldn't blame them. Not when the massage machine was ready for business. That, and the milking machine right after.

Blossom had her priorities in order. If only people were that easy to… Hmm.

I narrowed my eyes in thought. Stopped and stared at Lisa without a word said from behind her back, watching her tail whip back and forth in aggravation.

I forgot who I was talking about. It really *was* that easy...as long as I was able to get close to her without getting kicked in the head. Or slapped. That was a real concern. Really. Lisa wasn't actually a *cow*, but she had some of their reactions baked in. She identified with the animal some. It was pretty obvious.

Lisa had a tail, horns and big honking leaky breasts. And the urge to kick back at things that walked up behind her. That was cow-like. Her new obsession with cow print was just the cherry on top.

It was close enough that I knew how to handle her. I think.The part of me that knew how to build a barn in a day with four people thought it did and that was almost close enough for bingo. My gradually weakened copy of her power...kind of agreed with this conclusion.

Lisa snorted and snapped her tail some more as the cows around her had their milk drained. The jealousy was palpable and, if I'd been any closer, I bet I would have heard sloshing when her chest bounced; I hadn't milked her today. She hadn't let me.

That was just her being stubborn, even if it hurt her in the end, as was the usual. I'd let her do what she wanted for a while now, but things had to change. For the both of us. I had to put my foot down or forever hold my peace.

I did plenty of the latter at school as it was. For good reason, yeah, but I was sick of it. For once though, in this case, I was the one holding all the cards. She'd created her own weakness for me to take advantage of. It was only Lisa and I here. There was no one else to take sides.

Lisa was as distracted as could be. She was buying more cow print clothing from a custom designer. Her breasts were heavy with milk and her mind was occupied. Lisa needed a reminder of who needed who more and the time for that was now.

Yeah. Let's do this.

==========

Lisa took a moment to consider her life. The moment passed with her not considering much of anything at all as a crushing wave of embarrassment drove her under, only dulled by the discomfort in her chest and the mini tablet in her hand; she'd lost a couple hundred thousand dollars in the couple of days she'd been away from work. A potential couple hundred thousand.

It wasn't the end of the world. She hadn't actually lost anything but it was very distracting. So was the thought that she'd been just short of a week away from defaulting in her payments to her mercenaries. And to the people that ran some of her more legit stock portfolios. That would have been - bad.

She'd shot Coil in the face and took all his stuff, fair and square. His lair, his money, his contacts. All hers. Losing it all to a bunch of looters (some of them with laser guns) would have just been insulting.

None of them even had *powers.* That was where the line ended where she was concerned. She'd already been humiliated enough by someone normal lately, thank you very much.

The door to her pen swung open wide. "Lisa."

Speak of the devil and they shall appear.

"Taylor," Lisa growled, her lips twisting as she felt a twinge in each breast. Taylor's voice tended to make it so that she had to change her bra and her body was a tyrant. "What do you want?"

Lisa held back what she really wanted to say...mostly because nothing would come out that didn't sound stupid. Or too petty, even for her. That really meant something.

"What's best for you," Taylor said simply as she closed the solid steel door behind her. “You need to stop, Lisa.”

Lisa could see where this was going already.

"I don’t have to do shit," Lisa vehemently objected. "I am perfectly fine as I-"

Taylor stepped into Lisa’s personal space, eyes half-lidded and clearly unimpressed as she took a firm grip of Lisa’s right tit, shutting Lisa up.

Taylor had run out of fucks to give. There’d been plenty of warning that that was going to happen. Lots. Lisa just hadn't felt up to moving, was all.

The sound that came out of Lisa's mouth after this was wrong. All wrong and overwhelmingly needful. Lisa swore that she saw her nervous system light up behind her eyes. She saw the electrical signal travel through her nerves, to her spinal cord, to her brain; A bright electric blue arc of sensation that caused her brain to glow white.

Lisa had no idea how much of that was her power overreacting, and how much of that was her imagination. The results were the same either way. She needed to change both parts of her bikini now

"I might not understand exactly what you're going through," Taylor said, sucking in a breath through her teeth as she moved further into Lisa’s space. That had been a partial lie. With Lisa’s power at work, she understood better than most. "But ignoring the problem isn’t going to fix it.”

At that neither one of them made a sound, Taylor because she was thinking on how to continue. Lisa, because she wasn’t confident in making any noises that weren’t moans or moos while Taylor gently kneaded her breast. The only thing breaking the tension of absolute silence was the sound of the mechanical milkers in the other pens.

"You’re not taking care of yourself. So I’ll - do it for you." Taylor said firmly, her voice only hitching once as she did it. “Unless you want to talk it out?”

This left Lisa in a very horrifying situation. The worst possible. She had the choice of having to go through being milked by a girl she barely knew, again... Or she would have to talk about her feelings and her darkest thoughts.

Tough choice.

"... Just hurry up." Lisa went with being milked without much of a fight. For once, ignorance was the better choice.

Taylor just nodded as she expertly undid the tortured string keeping Lisa's bikini on; It was obvious and degrading fetish wear, but it was very durable fetish wear. Very well made. And hand made. Whoever had sewn this together knew what they were doing.

… Lisa didn't want to know who that was. Once again, ignorance was the right choice.

Lisa let out a reluctantly pleased grumble at Taylor's direct touch on her skin, hating every second of it just as much as she loved it... At least Taylor had had the decency to warm her hands first.

That was when, with the utmost care, Taylor lightly pinched a nipple.

Lisa was glad for her new brute rating. Even as everything else existed as a constant reminder that she was now a high priced pinup come to life, she enjoyed being strong and tough. It wasn't worth everything else, but it was nice to have.

If not for that brute rating, she'd have bitten right through her lip. Just that slight touch unleashed a stream from her breast. Even ignoring the literally orgasmic reaction that had been worked into her psyche when she was touched with careful hands, the sheer relief from the slightest release of pressure almost reached the same level.

If she'd been standing her knees would have buckled, the pitter-patter of her milk on the grass like rain on the roof with how calming it was. The rush of endorphins that ran through her was almost worth everything that had happened in the last week.

She hadn't felt this good in *years…* So Lisa was quick to sit back, to chew on her lip and let her eyes cross while Taylor did whatever it was she did to make milking feel so good.

Taylor had a steady hand and wasn't the type to get revenge… Much. Either way she didn't miss a beat, perfectly adjusting her actions to match Lisa's unconscious movements. Not a single drop after the first pull was wasted, lost, or spilled. The bespectacled girl had picked up a bucket from somewhere and was making sure that every yank of the nipple ended exactly how she wanted it to.

It was...pleasant.

Lisa's body swayed when Taylor let go of her for a second, forcing her to compensate for the liquid weight imbalance by leaning to the side. Lisa's eyes then started to roll back into her head as Taylor started in on her *other* nipple… Lisa slapped her face a bit, more of a tap in an attempt to bring her focus back; Not hard enough or fast enough to disturb Taylor of course. Taylor was doing her a favor after all.

Lisa swallowed at that fleeting thought. There, then gone. Being Mastered was always a constant low level threat, even more so if you were a cape. Her going to the Farmer for a tuneup had been - uncharacteristic of her. Hasty. All her anyway.

That hadn't been the best decision she'd ever made.

Feeling her IQ drop while in the middle of a sadly necessary procedure was entirely different. She knew that… Especially when she just had enough left in her tank to remember that wasn't how IQ worked at all.

Tinkers were complete bullshit. Lisa would know, being part cow and all.

… Damn it.

"Okay." Lisa shuddered, her cheeks filled with heat. "That's enough. I'm good." She was still in control. She wouldn't trust herself when it came to giving orders or anything, but she was still herself. **Her** her, and not the absolute mouth breather that was her dumbest self. "I'll live."

She could live at a little less than half-full.

"I've never been one to half ass things Lisa." Taylor replied with a tight grin. Lisa wasn't sure whether she wanted to punch them or not. "And what are you going to do when you fill back after I leave for the night? Explode?"

Lisa...hadn't thought of that. The slight growth of Taylor's smile said that Taylor had heard that. With her power. Lisa's. Hers.

She'd just dipped below a hundred on the IQ chart. It was jarring. Time didn't work the same at that point.

Reality looked very different when you were a mental midget.

"Now, if you could just bend down?" Taylor pleasantly asked with a brand new, and more importantly, empty bucket.

Lisa just nodded and tasted words that didn't come out, mouth moving the whole time. The nice, pleasant buzzing in her head kept her from thinking of any objections... Like that time when she'd started in on draining Coil's wine cellar dry after she'd shot him.

Good times.

"... Okay, this is going to be a little tricky." Taylor said as she climbed onto her back. Lisa was pretty sure that wasn't how you milked someone… But, well, Taylor was the expert...and it was kind of nice. Like a hug. "Try not to move, okay?"

Lisa let out a slow, sensual moan as both of Taylor's hands snaked around and under her arms to grab and knead each breast; Lisa couldn't help but moan again, this time with a slightly distressed bent to it. This was nice. Very nice. But...but she couldn't see Taylor anymore.

Lisa couldn't see Taylor's face. She couldn't nuzzle her. Lisa couldn't return the hug she was getting even if she wanted to...but she was getting milked. She was still getting milked. The pressure was being released and her boobies were getting better.

Lisa had never been so confused when it came to figuring out what to do. Not since the last time she tried counting without her fingers.

"Who's a good cow?" Taylor murmured Lisa's hair, just above her head. In Lisa's hair, just to the side of her neck "Who's a good, good cow?"

"I-I am?" Lisa guessed. "Me?"

"That's right, Lisa. You are. You're a good cow."

"Me? Is it me?" Lisa gasped and quivered in place as both her breasts were pulled down. Her thong gave up the ghost entirely, letting wetness run down her thighs without stop. "I'm a good cow?"

"You're the *best* cow."

That hit Lisa in a gooey place. Like, in her heart, or something. The feels. It was like...like when smart Lisa did something that made her look like the smartest person ever. But *better*. What was the word for it again?

Lisa was the best cow. The best. Taylor had said so. Taylor was her handler, so it must be true.

"You're, like, super sweet. You know?" Lisa giggled and sighed at Taylor's hum and yet another pull, almost the last as she was drained down to drops. "But, uh, yeah. Duh. I am the best cow. Totes."

"You are," Taylor agreed while drawing out the final tug on Lisa's tits. "And the best cow doesn't do silly stuff like run away from milking, right?"

"Nope!"

"And the best cow doesn't say mean things to the person helping them feel better, right?"

Lisa gasped. "I'd never!"

“That’s right, Lisa,” Taylor said, sounding sorta weird as she did. Like she was choking or something as she slid off of Lisa’s back… Cold. It was cold. “You would never do something like that.”

Lisa would never. Because she was the best cow.

“Come here you!” Lisa squealed as, as soon as Taylor turned her back, she grabbed them from behind and pulled them into a hug. “You, like, say the nicest things!”

Taylor squawked and didn’t fight back all that hard.

Smart Lisa was going to be sooooo jealous.