

I love milk. Seriously, between me, my dad, and my sister, we go through 4 gallons a week, easy. I've never broken a bone. I had to have several baby teeth removed by the dentist because they were too strong to be pushed out by my adult teeth. It's reached the point where I'd rather lose a foot than become lactose intolerant. Well, no, realistically, that's not really true. But I consume copious amounts of dairy every day, and I don't plan on stopping. So, I'd like to thank all of the dairy cows in the world for producing milk. Did you know that dairy cows produce milk even if they don't have calves to take care of? And if they aren't milked, their udders get bloated and it hurts them? Milking cows is actually beneficial to their health. Those who have read my other works can probably already guess exactly where this is going. Let's begin.

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It was around 9:00 in the morning when Arvin got off the plane in Oregon. He'd gone down to Mexico for the week to visit his family for his birthday, and it had been a very enjoyable trip. His mama had fretted over how little he was eating, his papa had been very interested in the girls he was meeting at college, his little brothers had asked him to pick them up and carry them, his dad's old friend Fynn had dropped by to say hello, and his dear, sweet *abuela* had asked him about his garden. He'd been concerned about whether or not he'd see his *abuela*, because she had been sick recently, so he was overjoyed to learn that she was well again. She was a florist before she retired, and spending afternoons in her wildly, yet purposefully, overgrown garden was what had caused him to fall in love with plants. Being able to talk with her about flowers and herbs and even the stranger plants that he was growing, such as mandrakes, was a really relaxing experience.

The week had been overall a great escape from the busywork of college life, but he was still happy to get back to school. He had entrusted the care of his greenhouse to Leonard with the explicit instruction not to experiment, and he was anxious to get back and make sure that if something had gone wrong, he could fix it. His *abuela* had given him a lot of seeds that he'd never grown before, and he wanted to see what they grew into. They were probably some strange hybrid of two plants, like a carrot and a hyacinth. His *abuela* was really, really good at hybridizing.

He had received plenty of other gifts, although the seeds were his favorite. His mama had given him a cookbook for vegetarian recipes, which was ironic because even though he grew vegetables, he was garbage at cooking. His papa had given him some brand new shears, although he'd said that he was going to get him an axe, but it didn't arrive in time. And his older sister, who hadn't been there in person but had sent a gift ahead anyway, had somehow gotten a signed copy of José José's album *Secretos*, which he was excited to show Nigel.

More than anything, though, he wanted to get back to Mina. There had been so many things in Mexico that had made him think of her, but he'd been unable to call her while he was away, because his papa distrusted technology and there was no service at the house. He longed to see her again, to tell her about his trip, about the antics of his brothers, and how his mama had screamed when they caught a scorpion in a shoebox and left it on the kitchen table. He wanted to tell her about his *abuela*, and how she wanted to meet her, and how he couldn't wait until he could bring her to Mexico to meet his family. And then they would get dinner, and

watch a movie together on the couch, and fall asleep together. There would be no better birthday present than getting to spend the evening with Mina, just enjoying her company. Maybe tomorrow he'd show her the special surprise he'd brought back for her.

But when he got to the campus, stopped by his dorm, checked his greenhouse, and went to the east quad, where his friends greeted him and asked a ton of questions about his trip, Mina wasn't there. He wasn't concerned; she probably had some kind of other engagement, and he didn't question it. But when it reached 4:00 and she still hadn't shown up, he started to worry. This was definitely unusual.

Malvory caught the look in his eye. "You know, I'm surprised you didn't ask earlier, Arv," she said. "It's been hours."

"Well, I just figured she was doing something important. Where is she?"

His friends shared a concerned look. "In her dorm," said Ted after a while. "She called us this morning saying that she wouldn't be leaving, and to send you over when you got here."

"What?!" Arvin was deeply concerned. "What's wrong?! Is she sick? Hurt? What happened?"

"We don't know," said Leonard. "She didn't give any details, just said to send you over."

"No use asking questions, mate," Nigel said. "We don't have answers. You better just get over there and find out what she wants."

Arvin nodded and was just about to run off when Simon walked up. (You may remember him from *Circus Freak*.) He tossed his hair over his shoulder and looked at Arvin strangely.

"Hey, man. You got a little something waiting for you over that-a-ways." He motioned behind him, in the general direction of Mina's dorm. "You should hustle over posthaste. You're pretty needed, I'd say."

Arvin didn't think much about the strangeness of this interaction. He just ran in the direction Simon indicated. His friends watched him go.

"Simon, what the bloody fuck are you talking about?" Nigel asked.

Simon smiled. "You'll see. Hey, you guys like milk?"

Nobody knew how to answer this question. "You think Arvin was mad?" Leonard asked slightly nervously. "I mean, we did delay for a while before telling him..."

Malvory nodded. "Yup, but ah reckon he was too concerned about Mina to really be angry at us. We'll see how he feels when he gets back."

Simon started laughing, and everyone stared at him. He laughed in a strange way that revealed his long, shiny pink tongue. "Oh, he's not going to be mad, that's for darn sure," he chuckled. "Mina's just having some trouble with his birthday present, that's all."

"And how exactly do you know all of this, you fucking brownie?" Nigel asked him.

"You just answered your own question, my sweet summer child!" Simon bowed and skipped off towards the dining hall.

"What was that all about?" Ted asked.

"Well, we've known Simon since we were kids," Leonard responded. "It's kind of a long story, but saying he's weird doesn't even begin to cover it. For now, I'll put it this way: he may not have Malvory's command of magic, but he's from a more magical background than any human you'll ever meet in your life."

(But come now, let's move away from this conversation. Simon O'Haron is not the subject of our concern. This story is about Arvin and Mina, so let's get back to them.)

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Arvin knocked on Mina's door a bit more heavily than he usually did. Generally a guy of his size doesn't need to knock on doors very hard, because he'll be heard anyway. But he was in a hurry, and wasn't really in the mood for niceties. It turned out to be all for the better, however, because the door swung open from the force of his knock. Apparently Mina had neglected to lock the door.

"Mina? Are you here?" Arvin called out, quickly walking inside and closing the door. Her dorm seemed totally in order - lights on, windows closed, furniture where it should be - but it smelled unusual. It was a heavy, musky smell that Arvin had smelled many times before. Without meaning to, he stopped and breathed in deeply. He felt his pants tighten considerably, and he tried to pull himself together. No, he wasn't here to smell the air in Mina's apartment, he was here to find Mina and figure out what was wrong.

Still, the situation was very, very worrisome. He'd been away for a week, and never once had Mina indicated being in trouble. She had known he would be back this morning, but her message had been delayed by several hours. What could Mina need his help with that only he could do, and not someone else large, like Geno or Hurley? It must be pretty serious. She usually wasn't this quiet, either. Maybe she was hurt, or sick, or both! What if something really terrible had happened, something insane? What if she'd broken her arm? What if she got kidnapped? There's no telling what could have happened while he was away!

Just as Arvin was about to panic, Mina's voice called out from another room. "Arvin? Is... ooh... is that you?" Based on her voice, something was clearly wrong. Her breathing was labored, and it sounded as though she was in pain. She also sounded strangely excited, as though something she had been waiting for for a long time had finally arrived. Arvin felt a very complicated rush of emotions, but the primary one was a powerful, almost primal joy: Mina was here!

"Mina!!" Arvin yelled, running through the dorm to the location of her voice. He threw open the door to her bedroom and stopped dead in his tracks. Mina was lying indeed here, lying on the bed, but he had never seen her like this before. She was completely naked, and sweating profusely, which partially explained why the bed was completely soaked, especially around her waist. Her lower body was bovine, complete with udders, hooves, and a weakly swishing tail. She also had horns on her head. But all of that was familiar to Arvin. What wasn't normal was her tits.

Every time Mina transformed, her already generous F-cup breasts increased in size to a full G-cup to accommodate the milk she produced. That was normal. But now her tits were far beyond anything Arvin had ever seen. In her current position, they reached her belly button and covered almost all of her torso. They were quite round and clearly full of milk. Her udders, too, were much bigger than he'd ever seen them, bulging out from above her crotch like a huge, round, fleshy pillow. Milk leaked slowly from her teats and nipples onto the bed, contributing further to her overall wetness. Arvin found the whole scene incredibly arousing.

Mina pushed herself up slowly, causing more milk to flow from her nipples. Her eyes were dim and she clearly wasn't thinking straight, but she smiled widely when she saw Arvin.

"Arvin!" she said happily. "I thought you'd never come back."

Arvin could feel himself almost losing his grip, but he managed to keep himself in check as he walked over to Mina. The sight of seeing her (mostly) safe had solved some of his earlier worries, and he was feeling much more rational. He sat on the bed next to her and put a hand on one of her breasts. It was soft, wet, and completely full of liquid. Mina moaned softly as he felt her.

"Mina, I thought we had a plan," he said in a concerned tone. "You told me you'd use the dildo if you got too horny." Knowing that Mina was subject to exceptionally strong hormones if she went too long without sexual release, they had bought a very large dildo online for her to use on occasions such as this one, where Arvin went away for a week. She'd tried it and said it worked fine, although it didn't hold a candle to an actual cock, and especially not to Arvin's.

Mina shook her head at him. "I... uh... I was going to, but it's just not as good as you, Arvie."

"So you just let all of this build up for a week?" Arvin asked.

Mina smiled dumbly at him. "Well, um, maybe? Really just since yesterday. I was good for the rest of the week. I went to class even if I was horny. But yesterday it was too much, so I stayed back. And today too."

"Now look at you. You're a mess. You're all sweaty, you've got milk oozing out of you, and the bed is totally soaked."

Mina batted her eyelashes. "The bed isn't all that's soaked, Arv."

Arvin sighed and rubbed Mina on the head, something he knew she secretly enjoyed. Mina closed her eyes and leaned into his hand, making a low, contented rumbling sound.

"Are you thirsty?" Arvin asked. Doing nothing but lactating, ovulating, and sweating for two days was pretty dehydrating.

"**Yes.**" Mina responded firmly, then blinked slowly and said, "Uh, well, I had water." She gestured to her bedside table, where at least a dozen water bottles were lined up. A couple of them were still full.

Arvin reached down and squeezed her udder. Mina yelped. "Ouch! Hey!"

"Oh, geez, you must be really full. Do you feel sore?"

Mina nodded. "All over, but mostly my tits."

Arvin stood up and said, "Ok, don't move."

Mina looked up at him worriedly. "You're not leaving me, are you? Don't leave, Arvie!"

Arvin leaned over and rubbed her head again. "Don't worry, I'm just going into the other room for a bit. I need to set up some buckets. And I've got an extra special something that I brought with me."

Mina tilted her head, confused. "Buckets? Special something? Why?"

"Well, we have to milk you."

Mina blinked, and smiled at him excitedly. "Ooh, really? Please!"

Roughly 20 minutes later, everything was set up in the living room, and his special surprise was in place. Arvin came back into the bedroom. Mina had done as he'd asked and not moved, although she had drank some more water. She pushed herself up again to look at him, spending a particularly long time eyeing his crotch. Arvin knew that Mina was horny at the best of times, but this was a new level of horny. If he didn't get her some relief soon, she'd probably rip his clothes off herself.

"Do you think you can stand?" Arvin asked her.

Mina furrowed her brow and moved her body around to have her hooves on the ground. Slowly, she stood up, but wobbled fiercely on her bovine legs. She took a step and almost immediately fell over sideways onto the bed with a wet *splot*. She landed on her tits and groaned loudly from the pain. Lying there naked, with her torso on the bed, she looked pitifully up at Arvin and shook her head.

"I'm too heavy," she wailed. "Arvie, I'm too heavy!"

Arvin sighed. The effect that being in heat had on Mina's brain was intense. Admittedly, he found it really cute and lovable. But it sure did make her a dummy.

He walked over to her and tried to lift her up, but she was too heavy for him. He was usually able to pick Mina up, but due to her already increased size and her massively overinflated breasts, she must have weighed at least 270 pounds; more than double her usual weight. Not to mention her body was highly unwieldy and very slippery.

Arvin wiped his forehead and said, "Alright, I have an idea. Do you think you can roll over?"

Mina rolled over so that she was lying on her back. She looked up at Arvin dully, but still quite happy. He wasn't sure how it was even possible, but she seemed to be getting even hornier, and it was fogging her mind even more.

"Hi, Arvie," she said cheerfully. "Do you like my boobies?"

Arvin didn't answer. Instead, he leaned over her, put his hand on her left teat, and kissed her square on the lips. She squeaked lightly, and returned his kiss whole-heartedly, wrapping her arms around his back and pulling him into her chest.

Arvin's shirt, soaked from his embrace with Mina, groaned and ripped as his upper body swelled with muscle. His buttons popped one by one and the seams burst as his torso became too much for his shirt to bear. The same thing happened as his legs thickened, growing more tan hair and shifting upwards to an unguligrade shape. His feet became hooves, and his legs bulged with muscle, much in the same way his chest did. Two long, sharp horns sprouted from his head, and a long, swishing tail grew from just above his ass. His shoes ripped and his pants fell apart to accommodate his new legs, which were markedly more bovine than his old ones. He gained several inches in height as well, until he was easily seven feet tall.

Additionally, and most interestingly to Mina, who could feel all of these changes happening to her man, his cock swelled and thickened. It abandoned its old, human shape to become thick, pink, and flat at the end. He gained a few inches in length, going from his usual impressive 9 inches to an incredible 12. His balls grew, becoming the size of oranges, and if you listened really closely, you could almost hear them filling with semen. Tan hair grew all over the base of his dick and covered his balls. Mina moved one of her hands downwards searchingly, and feeling his shaft in her hand, marveled at how heavy it was. It was even bigger than usual.

When Arvin pulled away from Mina's embrace, he was much larger, more muscular, and considerably more well endowed. Mina was literally drooling at the sight of him. Arvin examined himself in the mirror.

"Hm. I guess I've been feeling pretty pent up as well," he remarked, lifting up his still flaccid cock. "This thing doesn't usually get this big."

Mina couldn't speak for gasping. The last remaining pieces of rational thought were threatening to ebb away as Arvin stood over her, exuding testosterone and pure manly sexual energy. She took a deep breath in to calm herself just a little, and her nose filled with his musk. It did not help her remain stable.

Arvin bent down over her, put his arms under her and around her back, and lifted her up over his shoulder with ease. As he carried her into the living room, he caught a glimpse of her pussy, which had been obscured by her bulging udder. To say she was wet would be an incredible understatement. It was like watching a waterfall. Juices cascaded out of her rapidly, and glancing back, Arvin saw that there was a clear trail from the bedroom. Not just drops on the floor, either; it looked as though someone had dragged a wet towel across the floor a few times.

"Mina, next time, please use the dildo," he said. "We're going to have to clean all this up later."

Mina mumbled a half-conscious response, clearly lost in a dense fog of horniness.

When they reached the living room, Arvin put Mina down on the floor as he organized a few more things. Mina was covering her eyes, and giggled something about loving surprises. Arvin chuckled lightly and moved her hands away from her eyes. Mina gasped. Set up in her living room was an industrial strength, state-of-the-art cow milking machine, complete with four two-gallon jugs. It had a harness to keep the cow in place and 4 extra suction cups, all made of the softest possible material, to provide maximum comfort.

"Arvie, is this for me?!" Mina squealed, trying and failing to stand up.

"I ordered it while I was in Mexico," Arvin explained, plugging the machine into the wall. The generators at Ellsdale are extremely powerful, due to being reinforced with magic. Even something like a milking machine wouldn't put a significant amount of strain on them. "My dad's friend Fynn works in the dairy business, and he showed it to me. I figured we could do with one of those, and I guess I was right."

Mina was barely listening. She had caught sight of Arvin's cock again, and it had completely derailed her train of thought. She was entirely focused on masturbating now, furiously jamming her fingers into her needy cunt.

Arvin sighed again and picked her up. "Here, *cariña*. Let's get you in place before you pop."

He put Mina in the harness and strapped her in so that she was lying down with her arms up. He locked her legs in place and secured the harness on her back, rendering Mina completely unable to move her limbs. Usually this would be to prevent the cow from hurting itself, but in this case it was more to make sure Mina wouldn't accidentally disconnect the tubes. Mina hung there, limp, and looked frustratedly at Arvin as he fiddled with the suction cups.

"Awwh, do I hafta be roped up?" she complained as he attached the cups to her nipples.

"Yes, baby, you do," Arvin responded, moving around behind her. "If you aren't, the machine wouldn't turn on."

"But I can't move! How can I touch myself if I can't move?"

Arvin laughed and finished putting the suction cups on Mina's udders. "You're really horny today."

Mina glared at him as best she could, since he was still behind her. "Yeah! And you aren't helping me out! I did this for you!"

Arvin stopped and moved around to her front. "What?"

Mina pouted and looked away. "I saved up all week! It's your birthday present, and you don't even want me." She looked up at him, and Arvin was surprised to see tears in her eyes. "Do you even like me anymore?"

Arvin felt like his heart was melting. He knelt down and rubbed her head. "Why would you ask that? Of course I love you! Why are you crying?"

"I - I don't know," Mina sniffled. "I thought - maybe - I don't know - thought you didn't like me anymore... and wouldn't be with me..."

"All because I didn't fuck you as soon as I got home?"

Mina swallowed and smiled. "It sounds kinda dumb."

Arvin laughed and wiped the tears from Mina's face. "You know what, I think you're too horny and it's messing with your feelings. Let's turn this thing on and get you sorted out."

He moved around to the side and flicked a lever. The machine hummed to life, and Mina could feel the tubes vibrating slightly.

"What happens - *ooah!*" The suction started, and Mina felt a surge of pleasure as the machine began to siphon the milk from her body. The cups stimulated her teats and areolae to cause faster lactation, and milk very quickly began to pour from all of her nipples. Moaning, she rocked her body gently back and forth as the machine did its job. Arvin smiled happily and sat down on the couch to watch, putting his feet up on the couch-length footrest that Mina had gotten for Christmas last year.

It was a pretty arousing sight. Mina, unable to move, her kitty as wet as an ocean trench, moaning and being milked. It was the kind of situation men dream of seeing. But Arvin wasn't turned on by it. He was just happy that he was able to help Mina with her problem. That was his job, after all, to protect her and help her with anything she needed.

After about 20 minutes, the machine beeped to signal that one of its 2 gallon jugs was full. But the milk showed no signs of slowing down, and Mina, despite the constant stimulation from the suction cups, showed no signs of being less horny. If anything, her sexual appetite had only been whetted.

Mina looked over at Arvin longingly and said between her moans, "Arvie - mmh - please help - aah - I need - ooh - need your - aamh - your cock - oh - I need - uuah - " She bit her lower lip and gazed directly into his eyes. She seemed to be fighting the urge to say something, but that urge was quickly overpowering her.

Finally, she took a deep breath, and said, "I need my - uooh - my mate!"

It was as though she had said a magic word. Arvin felt an immense rush of feelings: love, lust, loyalty, and even some that didn't start with L. His cock hardened instantly, harder than it had ever been, and some precum leaked out. The fur on his legs got shaggier, and he

could have sworn his balls filled up a bit more. He looked at Mina, breathing hard, and wondered at how he'd failed to see it before. There was his mate, deep in heat, and he wasn't helping her? What the *fuck* was he doing?!

Arvin leapt up from the couch and rushed over to Mina. He stood in front of her, dick twitching with anticipation. Mina felt the last pieces of her consciousness fade as the heat completely overtook her. She tried to move forward, towards Arvin's shaft, but she couldn't. She whimpered sadly. It was right there! All she needed, right in front of her, and she couldn't reach it. Luckily for her, Arvin took the hint, and brought his dick over to her mouth. She kissed the tip, savoring the flavor of his precum, before wrapping her lips around the head.

While Mina blew him, the machine kept going, sucking milk from her teats. Arvin bucked his hips, pushing all 12 inches of his rod down Mina's (thankfully) enlarged throat. Mina's tongue wrapped around him inside her mouth, and she marveled at the flavor. He tasted incredible; far better than she had ever expected a dick to taste. She wondered if she had ever had anything better in her mouth. As his cock pulsed in her throat, she sprayed out a bit more milk than before.

Sensing that he was about to cum, Arvin pulled his dick out of Mina's mouth with a slurping sound. Mina whined longingly and craned her neck to look at Arvin as he moved around behind her. He rubbed his dick between her asscheeks, and some cum leaked out onto her back.

"Are you ready, *mi amor*?" he said, teasing her pussy lips with the flat head of his dick. "My balls are full, and every last drop of it is for you."

Mina tried her best to look back at Arvin, but she couldn't move far enough to see him. It made her sad not to be able to look at him, but as she felt his cock on her soaked cunt, she managed to moan, "FILL ME UP."

Arvin inserted just the tip into her pussy, and she quivered with pleasure. She felt him tense up, and then thrust deep into her. The head of his dick kissed her cervix, and he wasn't even all the way in yet. Her eyes rolled and she almost passed out from the pleasure. This was it, this was what she wanted! Finally, she truly felt together with her mate. It was hard to tell what was better, the sexual pleasure or the immense happiness in her heart.

Arvin leaned over her and grabbed her horns, pulling her back as he continued to thrust in and out. The milk kept flowing, the pleasure kept coming, and both Arvin and Mina were basically on autopilot. There was nothing on their minds anymore except the other's body. The machine beeped again, signalling that the second jug was full. If either of them had been conscious enough to see it, the small readout on the side of the milking machine would have told them that it had calculated that approximately 3.8 more gallons of milk remained in Mina's body.

The deeper Arvin went, the better both of them felt. As he kept going, Arvin could sense a few different things. One, Mina's body was perfect for childbearing, but it wasn't going to happen today. Two, he had an absurd amount of cum built up; a gallon at least, although it was tough to say for sure. Three, all of it was going to come out in one climax, so when he wanted to cum, he would have to choose his location carefully. And four, there was no way Mina was going to let him pull out once he was ready to go. So Arvin made his choice.

He quickly removed himself from Mina and dragged the footrest underneath Mina. He lay down on top of it, positioning himself so as to be face-to-face with Mina as he kept pounding her slit. The tubes were a little bit in the way, but nothing too troublesome. As Arvin got himself into position, Mina squealed with joy at being able to see her mate right up close. He pushed into her once more, bringing her head down to kiss her as he did so. He could feel himself nearing his climax, while Mina could feel herself nearing her sixth.

"Aahh - Mina - are you ready? - ooh! - I'm close!" he moaned, rubbing her udder with his hand as he bucked his hips.

"Mmh - oooah - yes - mmooh - cum in me - aaaoooh!" Mina cried. "Now! Aah! Fill me!"

Arvin gave one last deep, shuddering thrust, and the head of his dick pushed past her cervix and entered her uterus. All 12 of his thick, stiff inches were inside her, and Mina moored with shock and pleasure as she felt him twitch violently. He brought her face down again and kissed her passionately as he came, blasting huge amounts of thick cum deep into her, the flat head of his dick expanding to trap it all inside. The force of his climax brought about her own, and the last of her milk shot from her teats as she came on his cock. They lowed together, a deep, guttural noise, as her stomach distended from the quantity of jizz being put into her uterus.

The machine, sensing that its job was complete, turned off the suction and retracted the cups. Mina's tits were now much smaller, though still above the normal human average, and her udder hung limp between her legs. The last vestiges of milk leaked from her teats, and Arvin put his mouth to them and drank. The milk was silky, creamy, and easily the best milk he'd ever tasted.

As his erection subsided and his dick shrunk, he pulled out of her, and lay limp on the footrest beneath Mina, both of them gasping for air and mooing softly under their breath. He craned his neck upwards and nuzzled Mina's face lovingly. Her belly was massively inflated, and the milk jugs were full.

Mina blinked, her senses slowly coming back to her for the first time since yesterday morning. She saw Arvin beneath her, and her heart was filled with joy again at the sight of her man. Feeling her stomach and piecing together what had happened, she leaned down and kissed him again.

"Happy birthday, big guy," she said.

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"I was an idiot?" Mina asked.

"A total buffoon," Arvin affirmed. "You thought me not wanting to fuck you meant I didn't like you anymore, and you almost cried when your tits were too heavy to stand with."

It was the next day, and they were sitting in the grass on the northern quad. Both of them had fallen asleep soon after freeing Mina from the machine, and they had spent the morning cleaning the dorm. Now it was a little after lunch, and they were just relaxing together on the lawn.

The main question was, what to do with the eight gallons of milk that Mina had produced? After much deliberation, they decided to donate it to the school cafeteria. Nobody

needed to know where it came from, and besides, it was basically normal cow's milk, just much better and from a more uncomfortable source.

Mina had endured a long series of concerned texts from their friends. Malvory had been concerned about side effects of her old potion, Ted wanted to make sure she wasn't hurt, and Anaïs had sent a very long, stern message to the whole group, chiding them for not sending Arvin along sooner, and apologizing profusely to both him and Mina. But Mina wasn't angry in the slightest; in fact, ever since she and Arvin had fucked the night before, she had felt extremely content and satisfied just to be with him. Arvin felt similarly.

They sat there on the grass for a while, talking about all kinds of things. Arvin told her all about his trip, and how he wanted her to meet his mother, and Fynn, his dad's friend, and most of all his *abuela*. Mina mostly listened, but sometimes asked questions.

Sometime around 3, Nigel and Leonard stopped by, followed shortly by the rest of their group. They were all glad to see that Mina was alright after all, although Malvory seemed most relieved. They all sat around together, talking about this and that.

"Hey, did you guys try the new milk they have in the cafeteria?" Leonard asked.

Mina and Arvin exchanged significant looks.

"New milk?" Ted asked.

"Yeah, apparently somebody dropped off a few boxes of milk in glass bottles," Leonard explained, pulling a few out of his bag. "It's not a brand I've heard of before, but it's really good!"

"Ooh, let me have some!" Malvory said, grabbing a bottle.

"What's up with you?" Nigel asked Mina, who was trying very hard not to laugh.

"N-nothing. Drink your milk," she sputtered.

Nigel looked at his brother and shrugged, then took a long sip. "Excellent stuff," he said.

At that moment, Simon walked by, holding his own bottle. He saw Arvin sitting against the tree with Mina's head in his lap, and his face lit up. He walked over to them and raised his bottle in a toast.

"Yo, Mina, this stuff is top notch," he said, taking another drink. "Let me know next time you make more, alright? I'll be needing more for sure."

Mina sat bolt upright. "Wh-what? What are you talking about?"

Simon tipped her a huge wink. "What am I ever talking about indeed, my cow-eyed lass?" Then he turned to Arvin and said, "Don't ever let this one escape you, ya hear?"

Instinctively, Arvin drew Mina close to him, and Mina wrapped her arms around his chest tightly. "I wouldn't dream of it," he said.

Simon laughed. "Now that's what daddy likes to hear! Good things come to those who *mate*, eh? Well, I'll be seeing you." He pushed back his jacket to reveal another bottle of milk in a holster on his waist, and pulling it out, he skipped away. The group stared after him in confusion.

Suddenly, Nigel choked and spat out the milk. "MINA!! WHAT THE FUCK?!"