

Mack sits quietly, drawing blueprints for his next rocket. He leans his chin onto his palm, having to carefully consider the next pilot after the last couple of mishaps. After a few minutes he scraps the entire page out of frustration. "Gah! This is never gonna work! Maybe things just are naturally averted to blowing up?" He turns around to look at the moping Marna in the corner at her own desk. "Hey, hon, you're unexpectedly really good at creating weapons of mass destruction. Any ideas for a guidance system that'll explode specific animals... Snakes for example?"

She lifts her head and snaps back at him. "Don't rub it in!"

"I'm serious! You unintentionally created the biggest threat to your own race since the burning legion, so I'm just wondering if you can replicate that for... let's say... Snakes?" He asks seriously.

"You're right, Mac." She stands up and begins pacing back and forth behind her desk. "We can't just ignore the problem we created."

"We? Also, that's not what I'm saying."

"Look. I can read the subtext in what you're saying. It's my fault that the Livestalker is on the loose and more powerful than ever. If I had just pulled those wires a little sooner..."

"Uhh, no. Let's just build intelligent missiles here. Who cares what happens with that thing. It's not our problem and nobody cares."

She places her head in her hands and groans. "Your sarcasm is not appreciated, but duly noted, Mack."

"It wasn't sarcasm!"

"No one cares and I'm the only draenei that isn't on it's list of targets. So, if we don't stop that thing, nobody will."

Mac stares at her in disbelief. "She is not listening at all." He turns around and begins working on a blank blueprint page. "Whatever, hon, good luck."

"Mac!"

"What?" He looks back to see her looming over his shoulder, a determined gleam in her eye.

"We need to make missiles. Lots of them."

"Finally! that's what I was saying we should've done from the start." Mack comments, completely exasperated.

"I just need to tool the missile's intelligence to target the Livestalker specifically. That way, when we go to fight and destroy it, it will avoid the innocents that got caught up in all this."

Mack throws his hands up in surrender. "Alright, fine! You win. But when this is done, we're retooling those things to target snakes, instead."

"Deal!"

Omuura watches over the goblin technician closely as he performs the finishing touches on the Livestalker's joints. "Limbs operating with an acceptable range of movement." It flexes its new legs. "Though, the workmanship of my creator is preferable to that of these inferior mechanics."

Omuura nods in the affirmative. "Of course. Do you want us to go get her so that she can fix you properly?"

"Come on! I'm standin' right here... Jeeze." The goblin mechanic complains.

The Livestalker and Omuura regard him for just a moment before completely ignoring his presence. "I must respect my creator's desire to abstain from performing repairs. Her status is unique among your kind."

"Even if 'mom' wants you dead?" The monk responds harshly.

The Livestalker pauses, looking down in thought. "It is not certain what my creator's objective was with my control panel. It is incomprehensible to me that the one who gave me my purpose would wish to end me after so much progress has been made in achieving our goals."

"I don't get it, either." Omuura admits. "It would be like you punishing us for protecting you. I'm sure she'll come around, though." She pats the livestalker affectionately.

"We got company." Quora announces, stepping into the small make-shift garage. Kaatra's negotiating, but I don't think they're gonna go for it. How's the big guy?" She asks with a concerned look.

"Operational." The Livestalker responds. They all step aside as it exits the garage slowly. The two draenei walk beside it. "Explain the failings of this negotiation."

Quora shrugs. "I just don't think most other draenei would agree willingly to being cows or mounts."

"Well, we've never been opposed to using force to solve problems." Omuura adds, cracking her knuckles. The Livestalker stops. "What is it?" The monk asks, stopping as well to check on it. She looks for any sign of faulty joints.

"Calculating... Force provides opportunities for destruction. Loss. High percentage chance. High chance of aiding negotiations when using Servant Kaatra as a proxy." The Livestalker plants itself in place and lifts a broadcasting antenna with a crystal on the end. "Go forward and ensure peaceful negotiation." The two nod and immediately move out.

The force of four draenei was alerted to the problem after the Gadgetzan incident and naturally came to track down the machine responsible. Vaalla, the group's warrior, looks on disapprovingly as Sierna, the mage of the group, tries to negotiate with the odd Priestess. Her demeanor is uncomfortable and just slightly off to the assembled women.

"This is ridiculous." Haana whispers to Vaalla. "She's either messing with us or she's stalling." The paladin had heard the whole spiel from the priestess, who proposed that at least three of them are fit to become mounts while one should probably become a cow.

The one that is supposedly fit to become a cow, the priest of their group, keeps a calm air. "She's one of us. Something's obviously happened to her to make her like this. Worst comes to worse, I'll get a read on her mind to give us more information."

"We may need that sooner, rather than later, Mae." Valla advises. "You should get it done while she's distracted talking with Sierna. We'll cover you." On that cue, the warrior and paladin stand around the priest.

"Good point." Mae smiles confidently and concentrates on the mind of the opposing priest to try and glean anything she can. 'Best case scenario, I can simply mind control her into telling us everything.'

Kaatra stops the mage mid sentence. "I apologize. A few things are happening that I need to address." She closes her eyes, the white gem embedded in her head glowing. The mage stops and observes closely. "No, they are not receptive. One of them is- Of course. Yes, I can do that. With your help it would be even easier. Thank you." She opens her eyes and smiles at the mage, her gem still glowing. "I am ready to continue our talks."

Sierna chuckles nervously. "Oh? Uhm... Who were you talking to?"

"Don't worry about that just yet." Between words and within pauses, Kaatra concentrates on the priest that is trying to infiltrate her mind. Normally such an attack would be successful, but her mind is something of a maze after what happened. As Mae quickly realizes, it is something of a minefield, as well.

Mae flinches. She lifts a hand to stop the two from helping her. "I'm fine. It was a hiccup, but I think I'm in. Her mind is open. I just need to look around." She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. 'Okay, here we go.' She opens her eyes into a blank mindscape. 'Thought there would be more here.' She comments, looking around for any memories or thoughts.

"Hey!"

She is startled by a small male voice and looks down. In the blank space is an average looking goblin. "Yes?" She asks, looking around. He is extremely out of place in the mind of a draenei priest.

He plants his face in his palm, visibly annoyed. "Jeeze, okay. You're gonna need a lot of work. Good thing we got lots of time."

"Time? What do you mean?"

“This is a mental space, right? So time passes differently. It's the difference between perceiving events and experiencing them. You should know this if you're into mental magic.” The goblin says derisively.

“I mean... I haven't gotten that far into it. All that sounds like theory.” Mae shakes her head, slapping herself on the cheek a few times. “Wait wait wait. Why am I talking to you about this? Is this the priest's memory?”

“Don't worry about that, doll. Cows shouldn't have to worry about anything. Just worry about getting pampered and milked, alright?” He chuckles.

“No... No, I don't think so. I am leaving.” She closes her eyes, trying to concentrate on leaving the mindscape. When she opens, rather than seeing her friends and the familiar landscape she is closed in on all sides by what appears to be stable walls. “W-what? Hey! Hey!” The door swings open, revealing an unimpressed goblin.

“Listen, I know you're eager for training, doll, but you haven't even found your moo, yet.”

“My what? Listen, I don't know what is happening. Why am I here?” She gulps. 'It feels so real.'

The goblin looks confused. “What do you mean? You're the one who signed up for this. As we explained, we need to train you until you're ready for a permanent breeding/milking cycle.”

“I wouldn't sign up for that I-” She cringes as her consciousness feels like it is being sent back into a different memory. She is now in an office, in front of a goblin clerk.

“How can I help you, miss?” He asks politely.

Mae steps forward, leaning over the desk. “Hi! I really, really, really just want to become cattle.” She feels herself smiling widely and her heart is beating excitedly. On the other hand, however, all she can think is. 'Wait... This didn't happen. Right? Why does this feel so real? Why am I saying that?'

“Not every day we get requests.” The goblin shrugs and pulls out a bundle of paperwork. “Do you understand what you're signing up for?” He asks. 'I don't! Obviously not, this isn't real.'

It feels incredibly real as she says giddily. “I know that the procedure is to erode my intelligence over time until I'm just a braindead cow!”

“Huh. There's more to it than that, but you at least know what you're getting yourself into. Sign on the line, please.” The goblin offers up the page. 'Don't sign.' Mae feels herself grabbing a pen. 'Stop.' Her hand moves across the page, perfectly signing the form with what she knows is her signature. 'This isn't real... This-'

She wakes up in the stable, aroused and panting. “You okay? Do I need to call psych?” The goblin asks, staring up at her with a curious expression. Mae looks down at her hands, sweating. 'Is this real? I have memories of how I got here... Then what was I doing before and why is that fuzzier than-' She gulps. Thinking back, all she can remember, ever since she was young, is wanting to be cattle. Of course she would jump on the opportunity when the goblins provided a method to make it happen. 'So... Why was I so confused?' The goblin seems to almost know what she is thinking and offers. “You're such a good

cow, Bessy. You're responding so well to the training.” He stops, thinking. “Hmm. You might be ready.”

“R-ready? For what?” She almost doesn't know what he is talking about, but she feels excited.

“Come on! You know what.” The goblin guides her down onto all fours. Instead of hands, she realizes she is sporting two hooves below her wrists. 'Were those always there?' She wonders as he wraps a leather collar with a bell around her neck. “You're not braindead yet, but you're so into it. So how about we hook you up with a bull and get you pumped full of hormones a little early?”

“Yes!” She answers instantly. 'S-seriously!?’

Her memory jumps ahead. She is in a line of cattle being milked by machine. She looks down. 'Uuh...! She feels her belly swollen. 'A-at least nine... Moo...! Looking up she sees the same goblin in front of her with a device. “Hey, Bessy. I'm here to measure your brain activity! You know the drill.” She takes a deep breath in on reflex, like a trained animal. “Goood. Now let it out.” She exhales while projecting the most natural 'Mooooo' She's ever heard. While she is exhaling the moo she feels the cup being pressed to her forehead. He looks at the reading. “Such a good job! You're almost completely gone, Bessy.” He scratches her head near the horns.

She smiles. “Mooo.” She adds, musing to herself. 'Such a relief. Finally... Just... Stupid cow...! Mae's eyes widen. 'Wait... That's not right! I was... S-' She shakes her head. 'S-somewhere else?'

“Bessy!” The goblin snaps in front of her face, drawing her attention. “Dumb cow, I was calling you! It's important.” She looks at him to show that she is listening. “Your favorite bull is in, but only braindead cows get to fuck after their already pregnant.” She gasps as, far too quickly for any of this to be real, she feels the Bull's massive cock rubbing between her ass-cheeks. She can not look back and see it, but she can feel it's thickness and can tell how engorged and ready he is just by the amount of pre that is leaking onto her back. Her tail wags rapidly. She shakes with need. The goblin grabs her chin and directs her to look into his eyes. “Show me your head is empty, cow.” Even if none of it feels real, she can't think straight. Mae is living completely in the moment, except for bit and pieces of her internal monologue. 'How am I supposed to-' He gives her cheek a slap. That and the bull's cock poised to enter her serve to overstimulate her senses. “That! You dumb cow. Who's talking in your head?” He asks. 'How can he know that I'm talking in my head.' The goblin clicks his tongue. “Yeah, you need to kill that voice, or no bull cock for you, hon.”

She flashes back to the pure white room. She searches it quickly, noticing this time that she holds two perspectives. She is both looking down at herself and looking up at herself as she is being straddled and straddling. 'W-what is this?' Another Draenei appears beside them. She knees down, smiling. “Your person-hood versus your ID.” Mae blinks. 'Y-you're that priest that I was...! She feels her head begin to hurt. 'I know I was doing... Something.' Kaatra smiles and points up. “You should not be worried about me.”

Mae stares up into her own eyes. The version of her that is above is a salivating, dumb mess, but she is strong and she is still her. Slowly, she feels her hands wrap around her own neck. 'W-wait! Don't do this!' The version of her that represents her ID seems to stop for just a moment until Kaatra adds. “Milking, Relaxation, Bull cock.” Bessy salivates at the perfect trifecta and strangles the last remnants of her intelligence and thought. She finds herself back in the row of cows, completely empty. That feeling does not remain for very long, however, as the bull's cock slowly and rewarding pushes inside

of her. She grins widely, her eyes rolling back. Everything else fades until the only two things in the world are her and the bull fucking her.

“Mooooo!” She moans, feeling it's thick, long member stretch out her insides even more than it already has. “Mooo.” She lets out, no more thought to interrupt her animalistic groaning.

“Mooo...” She begins moaning outside. The two Draenei are trying to pat her awake.

“Mae! Mae! What happened!?” Valla let's her go, allowing the former priest to collapse on the ground into a pool of her own juices.

Sierna looks back. “W-what? What's going on back there!” The conversation had only progressed a few sentences from when the priest's gem began to glow.

Haana kneels down beside the priest-turned-cow. “I dunno, she was doing...” She stops, seeing the satisfied expression of Kaatra observing the chaos. “She must've done something! Mae was under for a minute, then she just started mooing!”

Kaatra sighs. “Please relax everyone. The negotiations are not finished.”