

Marna leans over the counter of the shop, bored. Mack can not help but keep glancing over at her bent-over ass wagging back and forth along with her long tail. After a few minutes she glances back as he is staring and their eyes meet. Mack flips up his goggles. "What?"

"Can we go out for a ride?" The Draenei asks nicely. "I'm bored."

"No! I'm busy! I got... Things." Mack explains hastily.

Marna pushes off from the counter, stepping over to Mack's workstation. "What are you working on?"

"Just..."

"Stuff?" She smirks.

"Schematics." He adds.

"Schematics." She repeats, nodding slowly, looking over the schematics he is working. "Doesn't look very pressing."

"Not all work has to be important!" He tries to go back to measuring his lines.

She stands and watches over his shoulder for a little while before finally asking. "Are you avoiding riding me?"

"What kinda question is that? I'm busy."

Marna pouts. "Am I not a good mount?"

Mack rolls his eyes and swivels his chair around. "You are an absolutely SHITTY mount!"

Marna gasps. "W-what?"

"Listen up. Only reason to use one of you ditzzy blue aliens as a mount over literally ANYTHING else is for some type of weird fetish fuel." Marna covers her mouth with both hands, blushing. He continues, listing of reasons on each of his little green digits. "One, You're fucking slow. Two, you get off on it so I gotta deal with that shit while I'm trying to pick up cola. Three, there's no fucking engines! What the hell kinda goblin vehicle doesn't have a freaking engine, or rockets!? Four, you can't even carry that much weight." He holds up his thumb last. "Lastly, I kinda need an assistant in this shop, not a dumb alien pretending to be a horse."

Marna is speechless. She uncovers her mouth, thinking. "But as fetish fuel it is pretty good, right?" She lands on that after a little thought.

Mack slaps his face, but his body betrays his frustration by getting a hard-on at the attractive woman's enthusiasm for being ridden like a mount. "I-I guess?"

Marna claps her hands together happily. "I think so, too! Maybe... A side project? Make it work? I think we could make money. That is what you thought too, right?"

"I guess, at first. But I just don't see anyone really going for it." He looks up into her big, blue, pleading eyes. "But as a side project, I guess. If you wanna spend time on this shit, go ahead. You're just standing around bored, anyway." He waves his hand dismissively. "Show me what you got, kid."

Marna immediately rushes to her own station and begins working. Mack admits to himself that her being bored and bent over the counter was a better look, but this is certainly more conducive to actually getting something done. He continues drawing up schematics for the Snake-Seeking Missile Mk. 2. As he had feared, a mongoose that is trained to pilot the missile will pilot it to safety instead of completing their god-given mission to defeat snakes. 'Am I really gonna have to figure out how to rewire an animal's instincts to get this thing to fly into snakes properly?' He tears the schematic page up and goes back to the drawing board.

A few days later Marna finds Mack in the back looking at the mongoose cage. She watches him talk to it. "Look buddy, you got a suicidal desire to kill snakes. What's the difference if it's in a missile vs in person?" The mongoose chatters at him, tilting its head to one side. "I don't know what that means..."

"Mack?" She asks quietly.

He jumps. "What? Don't startle me! I'm in a meeting with a pilot."

"Sorry! I just wanted to let you know that I am in the testing phase for my new design. I also contracted a friend of mine for a side-side project." She mentions excitedly.

"We're getting into side-side projects?" He sighs, shaking his head. "Marna, I just can't help but feel like we're getting away from our original goal. The MMSSMMk. 2."

She looks down in frustration. "That's a TERRIBLE name. Even if you remove my name, the abbreviation for Mack's Snake-Seeking Missile Mk. 2 is still a mouthful." The draenei rolls her eyes. "Is there some way you could find the words to make it so we can call it the HISS mk.2?"

Mack stares up at her in exasperation. "There's no such thing as a High IMPLOSIVE!" He stops, having an epiphany. "Yet..."

"Hold that thought." Marna resorts to something she does not usually do. She simply picks Mack up and carries him into the other room as he is lost in thought. She places him down gently in front of the machine she had built. "There..."

Mack blinks. "Did you MOVE me?"

"Desperate times call for--"

"Yeah, whatever. Don't do that!" He takes a breath to calm himself, dragging his mind away from high implosives so that he can view the machine that Marna built. He clicks his tongue, seeing a lot of things he does not like. Crystals. Draenei love them and Marna is no exception. As much as she has warmed up to the goblin way of doing things, she still finds ways of infusing magic into machinery. He sees a

thorax base with 8 spider legs. The architecture of the base and the legs looks to be done in the style of the Draenei Vigilants that he's seen examples of. Underneath are a few more arms and devices. "What am I looking at?" He looks up at her smugly. "Also, what do you call it, if you're so good with names?"

"I just call it the Livestalker." She shrugs. "Because it's shaped like a stalker spider, it moves on it's own and then there is the implication of 'Livestock.'" She smiles innocently. "So it's a-

"Double entendre. I know, dammit..." His cheeks flush. "It's a perfect name. That doesn't answer my question of what I'm looking at."

"The basic jist of what it does is it's going to identify a Draenei or Eredar target, stalk towards them and jump on top. After immobilizing, it will assign them a role and then alter them to fill that role."

Mack stares at her with wide eyes. "That fucking metal! What the hell? How are we gonna make money off of this war machine? Also, isn't it dangerous having you around this guy?"

She pats the machine. "No. I follow your one rule."

"Never test on yourself." He repeats it.

"So, I've excluded my information from the Livestalker's programming."

Mack crosses his arms. He knows that Marna's specialty is in these types of autonomous machines. As a hunter, she has several inactive 'pets' in back, so to make something like this by incorporating the armor schematics they received was undoubtedly child's play. "Honestly, it's a good design. How are we gonna test it?"

"Best way would just be to find a willing participant. I actually do not know how this thing is going to function, exactly. I incorporated the set bonus tech with my own and just kind of went wild with it. I am proud of the design but hope it isn't too extreme." She picks up a controller and presses the on button.

"W-woah! Is that a good idea?" The Livestalker comes to life and begins moving around like a real spider in the open space. Even Mack has to admit that the Draenei architecture lends much to it's natural looking movements. It faces Marna.

[PetAggressive: Scanning] Marna leans back, closing one eye. [Draenei not found. Entering Petpassive] She smiles, breathing a sigh of relief. "See? I'm excluded." She announces proudly.

"You weren't sure!?" Mack exclaims. "Were you TRYING to get yourself turned into a mount?"

Marna blushes, scratching her cheek. "Weeell."

"God, you are freaking weird... We'll find another willing Draenei. But that may take a while."

"I agree."

They hear the chime of the public shop entrance and perk up. "Marna? Hello? I brought the things you wanted." It is a slightly accented tone that Mack had come to know as belonging exclusively to

Draenei.

“We're back here!” Marna shouts, pressing the off-switch on the machine. Another Draenei enters the workshop floor. “That's Yaami, my alchemist friend.” The woman begins walking towards them. She is an attractive enough woman with a lithe frame and long, wavy brown hair. She is wearing tradeswoman's clothing, seeming to suggest that, like Marna, she has stopped whatever class-work to chase a real career in a profession.

“Hello Marna.” She smiles, looking down at Mack, as well. “You must be Mack?”

“Yeah, I must be.” He says smoothly, slicking his greasy hair back with one hand while offering the other to shake. Yaami leans down accommodatingly to shake his little hand.

Yaami leans back. “Anyway, I brought the strange supplements you asked f-” She takes another step towards Marna, closer to the Livestalker and is shocked to see it move a little. “Gosh... Is that new?”

Marna hastily presses the off button a few more times. “Y-yes. It is.” She bites her lips, looking at it, then looking at Yaami. “Maybe you should step back, Yaami?”

“Oh, sure?” She takes a few big steps away from the Livestalker, but that does not stop it from whirring to life. “Uhm... Is it looking at me?” [PetAggressive: Scanning.] “What is it saying? Scanning for what?”

“Uhm... Maybe start running, Yaami?” Marni says nervously, now opening up the controller to see what is wrong.

“W-what!?” Yaami turns and begins moving swiftly back towards the entrance. [Draenei detected] With impressive agility it closes the distance over all the junk and other machines, not harming or pushing anything out of place. Both engineers are treated to what is probably the most elegantly programmed movement they have ever seen as it climbs over the helpless draenei alchemist and pins her in place on her hands and knees. “What's it doing!?” Yaami shouts in a panic. As horrified as Marna is to see her baby attacking her friend, she is quite proud of the results.

“What is it doing, Marna!?” Mack asks quickly.

“I-I dunno!” Marna is fiddling with the controls. “It should be off!”

Mack grunts, moving quickly to a big red button. “I'm activating the Machine-Seeking Missile!”

“N-no!” Marna cries out as Mack presses the big button. Out of the floor of the shop on the other side a missile pokes out and begins arming. In the pilot seat is a little pygmy Sand Gnome, well-known for it's hatred of technology. “Go!” The missile fires, aiming at first at the Livestalker before curving abruptly to avoid it and any other obstacles. The rocket is piloted adeptly out the door to freedom.

“FUCK!” Mack kicks the panel with the big red button. A few more missiles filled with different creatures appear and launch all over the shop, each eventually making their way out through different exits. “Noooo! My life's work! Stoop!” He falls to his knees, eyes tearing up.

Meanwhile Yaami is staring down a glassy eye that extended down from the belly of the machine. It scans her face and body with a purple ray. [Status:Bipedal Draenei][Muscle:Low][Intelligence:High] [Mental Status:Anxious][Body fat:Low] “Th-thanks?” Yaami utters, confused at the strange scanning procedure. [You Are Welcome][Initiating cattle procedures] “Initiating WHAT procedures!?” The draenei tries to move out from under the spider construct but the legs are surrounding her, acting as a cage. They seem to move to block her wherever she crawls to.

Eventually the arms lower and work all around her. One clasps something around her neck. She feels it, realizing it is a collar with a bell on it that rings distractingly whenever she moves. “What the-” Before she can feel around some more, four arms grip her wrists and ankles, pulling her onto her hands and hooves and keeping her planted there. Other precise tools slice at her clothing and underwear until she is completely naked. The first thing that happens after she is planted in place and the collar is wrapped around her neck is two arms on either side of her shoulders stuff her hands into two gauntlets, each ending in hooves instead of hands. This forces her to stand more evenly on what are now four hooves. She shifts uncomfortably. “Ah... I can't feel my hands anymore.” After commenting she feels something sharp, like a staple in her shoulders and hips. The bindings keeping her planted release, but when she tries to get up she can only manage to buck a bit. Otherwise, she is forced to walk on all fours, no longer able to raise her arms or legs in any useful way.

“Uh, Marna?” She asks nervously, completely oblivious to what is going on.

“I'm working on it! Don't worry, we still have time before we reach the point of no return!” Marna is rebuilding the control mechanism from the ground up, cutting whatever corners she can to speed up the process.

“P-point of no return?” Yaami gulps. “Hurry?” She is treated to another full-body scan. [Status:Quadrupedal Draenei][Muscle:Low][Intelligence: High][Mental Status:Anxious][Body fat:Low] “Again with this?” [All parameters at unacceptable levels][Begin stage two] An arm extends down and pierces a heavy metal ring through her nose. “Ow!” As that happens she feels several pricks all the way down her spine, followed by the uncomfortable feeling of something being injected through the prick-points. She has no idea what is happening down her back and has no way to turn her head and see. What she is able to see and focus on are two arms moving in on either side, arcing under her to her breasts. The heads of the arms are both little circular suction cups with soft rubber things jutting out all along the inside like soft teeth.

[Applying topical] “Applying-” She gasps as the cups move over her small chest, suctioning over each one. She feels them beginning to spin, the little soft rubber teeth on the inside massaging something cold into her skin and over her nipples especially. [Sensitivity: 10%] “Sensitivity? Marna, what's happening?” Marna no longer answers, too engrossed in what she is doing. Yaami feels the gentle circular massaging a little more, now. [Sensitivity: 40%] “Oh light...” She pants, feeling it now as similar to being penetrated, but instead of the feeling being inside of her, it is all over the skin on her breasts. Her perky nipples, usually fairly sensitive already, now feel maddeningly hard and sensitive, like two large clits on her chest. “S-stop...” [Sensitivity: 100%] She is now hyper aware of every inch of skin over her two breasts. The circular rotating of the rubber cups are slowing down, but it is enough to make her feel something akin to an orgasm inside of her tits, centered around her nipples. The feeling now is intense enough that it affects her nethers as well. Her body tenses and her bare pussy

leaks down her leg and onto the workshop floor. Yaami is smiling unintentionally, because despite her nervousness and fear, what she experienced was the most powerful sexual experience in her life.

She breaths heavily staring straight ahead as she is scanned again. “What now.. Again?” She moans. [Status:Non-functional Cattle][Muscle:None, Stop Scan][Intelligence: High][Mental Status:Aroused][Body fat:Medium] She blinks, looking down. “Wait, medium!?” She sees her tits have grown from their original flat-chest form into a pair of soft looking half-orbs. With that change, she has also grown a bit of a roundish belly and her hips and ass have taken on more body-fat, as well. Yaami is no longer the lithe Draenei that entered the shop and is now more akin to an attractive pin-up in terms of proportions. If it stopped there, she could live quite attractively in the small goblin town. One last thing she notices are her nipples. They are now longer by a few inches, more pink and extremely sensitive. She can feel the breeze of the shop on them. More importantly though, she can feel something pushing out behind them. It is, she thinks, akin to the feeling of holding something in just in both of her breasts. She is able to look down and watch in real time as her tits expand further and her nipples extend more.

“Uugh...” Yaami groans, feeling uncomfortably full in her chest. She doesn't even notice another scan rolling over her face and across her body. [Status: Functional Cattle][Intelligence: High][Mental Status: Desires Milking, stop scan][Body fat: High, Stop scan] “Functional c-cattle?” Yaami complains. “I don't d-desire that!”

Mack bites his finger. “Are we at point of no return yet? Hurry up!”

“We're almost there... I am almost done!” Marna updates, sweating over her machinery.

[Initiating Milking and Training Procedures] An arm drops down, pressing a round, smooth crystal to Yaami's forehead.

“What's it doing!?”

“U-uh... I just need to hurry.” Marna states.

“What is-” Yaami feels a painful vibrating in her brain coming from the point on her forehead. [Unacceptable Speech][Moo to cease punishment cycle] “M-moo?” Yaami utters quickly to stop it. At the same time that she complies, two soft rubber hands grip her large nipples and pull in an alternating pattern, causing her teets to shoot two sharp, powerful and orgasmic streams of pure white milk onto the floor. 'Oh light... That feels so-' She cringes. Not only do the hands stop working but the vibrating returns. [Unacceptable Thoughts][Moo to cease punishment cycle] “Moo! Moo!” She gasps from the pain. 'What do I have to do to s-stop it...!' She keeps thinking and then realizing. She focuses on thinking 'M-mooo?' The vibrating stops and the milking continues.

“Mooo...” She gets lost for a moment, thinking and voicing her one acceptable thought. She snaps out of it. 'W-wait, what am I doing!? I have to-' The pain returns even more intensely. “Mooo.” She thinks and voices to make it stop again. Her eyes roll back from the pleasure of the milking and she even cums once more onto the workshop floor. Yaami gets lost for another couple of seconds, then a thought enters her mind and she is punished until she gives in once more. Gradually in the midst of that cycle, her minds own instincts to avoid pain begin fighting her attempts to last through the training. She stares straight ahead. “Mooo.” She realizes that what she is staring ahead it is the jewel away from her head.

[Intelligence: Low] She decides now would be her time to think and shout and speak, but she is hesitant, even without the punishment cycle going. "I- I..." She gulps, shuddering. "M-mooo." She curses herself internally. 'W-what am I doing? Think... Keep thinking. Not 'low' intelligence...' Yaami whimpers as the crystal is pressed back against her forehead. 'Oh no...' She braces herself. To her surprise, there is no punishment, only a stop to the orgasmic milking that she is receiving. 'W-well this is fine... I can-' Yaami stops, shifting uncomfortably. Her massive tits sway, feeling incredibly full and sensitive. 'Ugh... Come on. Just a bit more?' She looks up. The eye of the Livestalker is still staring straight into her own eyes. [Intelligence: Low] It repeats. She bites her lip. 'Damn it..' Yaami purses her lips and lets out a low, long 'Mooooo.' She lets it fill her mind as well and sighs with relief as the milking continues. She grins happily and lazily into the eye. This goes on for another full minute before the crystal withdraws. [Intelligence: non-functional] Those words send a strange feeling down her spine, but the only thought that comes to her is the singular word that leaves her lips. "Mmmooooo." The machine stops milking her, which normally would allow her to give some thought or response, but instead she merely moos desperately for them to return. Even when the milking ends completely and does not return she can't seem to form a thought. The Livestalker presses an arm down onto her ass, leaving behind a dark M&M brand. The machine then tags her ear with '01.'

The cow moos happily as the Livestalker steps off of her. "I-I don't know what's wrong!? Can you look at it?" Mack quickly takes the remote. [PetAggressive:Scanning][Draenei Located] The Livestalker begins moving skillfully through the small exit into the town proper. The two engineers look at each other and gulp.