

Mutated! (Mutant-Taur TFTG)

### **An Anonymous Commission**

*Bracka is a merciless bandit in the Red Wastes, the apocalyptic ruins of a post-Nuclear earth. Escaping from a township he has recently raided for gasoline and supplies, he attempts to escape across the Yellow Zone, a radioactive region containing mutant monsters. Despite his wariness, he soon discovers that his body is mutating into not just another gender, but into another type of life entirely.*

### **Mutated!**

Bracka drove across the Red Wastes, his desert gear protecting him from the worst of the burning sun and the whipping wind that coursed through the broken windshield. Despite the scorching weather in the beaten-up hotrod, he was smiling, the full bag in the backseat a testament to he and his partner Chopper's skills.

"We did it, Bracka! We fuckin' did it, mate!" He laughed. It was practically a cackle.

"Poor buggers never even knew we were coming!"

"Shoulda let me knife the poor bastards. They're just gonna starve out like a pair of dead possums anyway."

Bracka shrugged. "No use wasting bullets on a little tribe like that. Let the Wastes and the half-life do 'em in."

Chopper giggled in the passenger seat. He was a thin-looking man with burned skin and wild eyes, and was deceptively muscular despite his looks. He pulled a large bowie knife from his belt and let it glint under the red sun's gaze.

"No bullets needed, mate. Could'a skinned them like they was a snake fit for making boots."

Bracka gave a smirk, but otherwise continued to drive across the broken landscape in their jury-rigged off-roader. Sometimes his partner gave him the creeps; he had a bloodlust that seemed to wax and wane unpredictably, and had an undeniably meaner streak than Bracka. Still, the knife nut knew who was boss. Bracka was a black-haired brawler who could put the other man in an unbreakable headlock should it ever come to it, and he was always the one with the plan: he had developed an uncanny ability to track survivor's settlements across the wastes, and also how to avoid areas of Half-Life, particularly the Yellow Zone. He was the tempering influence to Chopper, and he couldn't deny that the other man also had his own talent at sniffing out opportunity, like their most recent catch.

Chopper leaned back to the rear set and checked over their contents.

"Fuuuuck yeah," he drawled, "clean water. Med supplies that'll last us months. Motherfuckin' painkillers, woo! We hit the jackpot, Bracka. Even got enough rations to cart our asses through the Wastes a whole damn year."

Brack couldn't help but laugh with his partner. It hadn't been the most . . . kind of hauls. No brutal slugfest with other raiders. No hotrod cruise control nitro'd up rally race with flameheads. And - thank the Dead Gods of the Old World - there'd been no tangle with mutants who'd crossed over from the Yellow Zone.

No, instead it was just a small survivor's camp built into the hollow rock. An old military bunker, barely defended, and manned by men and women claiming they'd learned the ancient arts of the Snake that Winds the Staff. Who claimed they could heal most injuries, and even cross the Yellow Zone safely with their strange pills. It had been all nonsense to Bracka, but what had really seized his gears was the fact that their sunbaked brains had actually *let* he and Chopper in. Had healed their wounds. Given them fresh aqua, even. It was madness. They hadn't learned the true lesson of the Red Wastes, the lesson that was taught from the crumbling Grey Spires to the Poison Sea.

Don't trust anyone outside your tribe.

They'd paid for it, alright. Bracka's beaten up rifle only had one round of ammunition remaining, but the small tribe didn't know that. Besides, Chopper had barely been controllable; he'd taken the right ear of one of their elders, and left a gut wound on one of their women.

"Heal that with your snake magic!" he'd screeched, giggling in a manner that disconcerted Bracka. Still, it wasn't worth thinking about. Not when they'd gotten away with a stash of aqua and rations that would mean they wouldn't have to chew boiled lizard for many a moon yet. It was reason enough to overlook Chopper's violence. After all, the whole world was violent, ever since the Great Fall, and those who couldn't learn to defend themselves were destined to die. And for Bracka, it was much easier to take than to make. That too was the way of the raider.

Bracka pulled to a stop. Something had glinted in the side of his mirror. He checked it, and then again.

"What's the matter?" Chopper asked, already greedily chewing at a greying ration packet.

"Dunno, there's a cloud behind us. Might be company."

Chopper grabbed the binoculars. "I think it is company, chief."

He passed them to Bracka, who raised them to his eyes. Churning over the horizon was a black horde of vehicles that chilled his previously hot veins. For a moment, his heart seemed to stop.

"Shit, that looks like a fleet alright. Damn, that's a lot of gasoline burning. I count four charcoal burners, three flash-pans, and - fucking hell - the centre rig's got a mount."

It was a war convoy, the biggest he'd ever seen. And that mean only one thing; Lord Hunger, the Racer Eraser. The mad fucker was the biggest raiding force this side of the Fallen Breach, and he wasn't a forgiving sort when it came to rivals. Or to people who'd killed his best driver.

"Shit, he's fanging it too, burning right to our tail. How the hell did he find us? There's nothing around for hours."

"Cause I told 'im, Bracka."

Bracka shifted to see Chopper wearing a mad grin and holding a knife out in a none too nice manner. There was a mad gleam in his eye, even madder than usual.

"The hell is this, Chopper? What do you mean you told him?"

A coarse laugh, but his knife was held steady. "Hunger's been running round these parts more recent than you think. That squatter job a month back? I met one of his drivers. He's the one that gave me the info on those crazy snake staff people, and offered a place as one of his lieutenants. All I had to do was hand you over. You must've really ticked him off when you killed Clarity the Jackal."

She'd tried to kill Bracka first, but that argument would hold no aqua to Lord Hunger. The warlord would sooner string him on the grill of his rig and flay him on the desert sandstorms.

"We been partners a while," Bracka said. In the corner of his eye, the fleet drew nearer.

"Maybe so, maybe so," Chopper said, the grin still on his face. "But as you're so fond of saying; don't trust anyone outside your tribe. I got a new fuckin' tribe now, Bracka, and you ain't in it. So why don't you get your hands off the wheel and -"

Bracka kicked the accelerator into high gear and twisted the wheel to the hard right. Chopper fell hard, slashing his knife against Bracka's arm and spilling blood across the seat. The car began to tear across the desert, kicking up dust in its wake. Chopper screeched, eyes mad as he made to slash at Bracka again, but Bracka had always been a survivor, and had instincts to match. He grabbed part of the roll cage and reoriented himself, dodging the first knife and allowing the second to only slice across his forearm. With a mighty kick he launched Chopper out of the vehicle, leaving him to roll in the dust.

Bracka wasted no time. The heavysset man shifted back into the driver's seat and snapped on the seatbelt. Chopper had always laughed at it, but who was laughing now? He checked the mirrors, and saw something that made him wince; Lord Hunger's forces were already spreading out in a wide flank, cutting off his escape by the red mountain pass. His flash-pan racers were streaming across the sand on two wheels, nearly twice as fast as his own vehicle.

"Shit. Fuck shit fuck!"

He hit the fuel injectors, causing flames to launch from the exhaust. The hotrod accelerated, enough to jolt him back into his seat. But it wasn't enough, and Lord Hunger wouldn't give up, especially not when Chopper managed to snag a lift and confirmed all the medical haul sitting in the backseat.

"Damn it, I'll have to snake around," he said.

Bracka rotated the wheel, but immediately arrived at a complication: the crazed drivers were not alone; there was a second fleet arriving from the south. Hunger had been prepared, but then that's what you get, he supposed, when you get so mutated by half-life that you end up growing a brain in your stomach. Brack turned back, assessing his options, even as numerous vehicles closed in. Some were so close, in fact, that he could see their driver's and free-standing javelin launchers in his rear-mirrors. They were all mutants in some way or another. One had croc-skin, all green scales. Another was holding three javelins - a third arm jutted from their chest. A third appeared to be a woman with four legs, like the old legends of centaurs. Regardless of their looks, they were all fierce, and readying their weapons against him.

Bracka assessed his options. There were no possible routes. On the horizon, the odorous haze of the Yellow Zone was visible, a sickly mist of half-life from which the most horrific of mutants spawned from. It was the ultimate no-go, the place not even Lord Hunger's mad forces would dare to go. The only thing a mutant feared worse than death, was getting mutated even further.

"Damn it, damnit!"

A shot hit the hotrod, and a second damaged the rear left tire. A javelin crashed into the side of the vehicle, nearly striking him. A side-cycle pulled alongside him, and he barely had time to veer into it, knocking both riders off. The passenger had come dangerously close to shooting him down. With every moment the chase continued, he was more and more surrounded. They weren't letting up, and every direction was certain death.

Every direction, that was, except one.

Bracka stared at the acrid sight of the Yellow Zone ahead. The worst rumours escaped from it, and legends spoke of men that tried to cross it, and were not men anymore if they ever made it out. It held the very real potential of a fate just as twisted as death. But right now, with death staring him in the face, Bracka was more than happy to choose any fate over death.

"Fuck it!" he yelled, intentionally trying to psych himself up. He hit the injectors one last time, and surged ahead a little, aiming straight for the Yellow Zone and all its half-life air. The other racers kept pace, still firing at his vehicle, trying to overturn it without damaging the cargo. He was counting on that; the Yellow Zone was just a few hundred metres away.

"See if you can keep up with me, mates!" he roared, laughing madly. He couldn't believe he was doing this, but while the blood was up and the fuel was burning, the full



Bracka woke coughing up his lungs, or at least that's what it felt like. There was the sting of acidic air in his eyes, and his skin felt strange, like a fine powder had settled on it. His muscles ached, and his limbs were fire. He was on his stomach, and strange yellow clouds were around him.

"Fuck," he muttered to himself. He moved his arm, and a lightning surge of agony coursed down its length. He groaned in pain, but refused to clench his eyes shut, no matter how much it hurt. The muscle-bound survivor needed to get his bearings.

"Wh-where . . ."

It didn't take long for it all to come back to him. Chopper's betrayal. The chase. The crash into the Yellow Zone down a mountainous, hazardous incline he had no way of getting back up. It was a miracle he'd survived, but survival was a fraught thing. And now he was stuck in a land full of half-life. A land of horrendous mutants.

Just then Bracka felt something coarse and wet against his leg. For a moment, he thought it was nothing more than the aftershock of pain from the crash, but then it happened again, and again. It set the hair on his arms on end.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Bracka looked behind him, still lying on his stomach. There, looming over his body silently, was a huge mutant creature. It was vaguely cow-like, with two horns and a humungous udder swinging between its hind legs. It had long shaggy red fur, and its front legs did not end in hooves, but a set of large paws. It was licking him with a long green tongue that was more of a tentacle, lapping at a wound in his leg and leaving a slightly-glowing trail of green slime in its wake.

Brack's heart thumped in his chest, but he didn't want to anger the creature. It was perhaps fifty percent larger than a regular Waste cow. But then he felt another strange sensation at his hip, and he shifted to see four small mutant creatures that looked like wallabies licking at a wound there as well. No, not *four* creatures. *Two* of them, each with two heads. They shifted to look at him as he gazed back.

Bracka leapt to his feet, falling over again and squealing. The two-headed little critters took off in bounces, one so startled it quickly ejected a couple of eggs. The cow-thing pulled back, but otherwise didn't become hostile, which was a good thing; those horns looked sharp.

"Fuckin' oath," Bracka said. His entire body ached, and he'd just been pawed over by weird mutant creatures. "Need to find a way out of this place."

He backed away from the procession, coughing as more of the half-life mist entered his lungs. It tasted foul, and looking over his body he could see it was settling on his skin, making him appear as yellowed as his surroundings.

"Damn stuff. Gotta find the hotrod."

It didn't take long, though he couldn't manage more than a slow pace with his painful gait. The machine was smashed up, and there was no hope of recovering it. It looked to have been picked over by scavengers; he'd had to shoo away several blob-like tentacled things that were leeching at the metal. Some of the rations had been gotten into, and there was no way he was eating something that mutant creatures had touched; that was how you got mutated yourself. Still, much of the haul was intact, particularly the medical supplies. He spent the next half-hour simply patching his wounds best as he was able, cursing Chopper and the blasted Yellow Zone he was now trapped in. The steep mountainous incline was even bigger than he'd thought it would be, and there was no going back there; Lord Hunger was probably still waiting for him to return. No, the only way out of this damned mess would be to do the unthinkable and get to the other side of the Yellow Zone, before he ended up too much of a half-life himself. Already he was troubled by the raised bumps on his skin; a common sign of minor mutation. Most people in the Wastes had some, but Bracka had been born fairly lucky, with just a few little bumps of flesh on his back. Now, there were spots on his arms, along his buttocks, and a larger marble-sized growth to the side of his neck that had him worried. There was nothing to be done to deal with them other than to get out before they could grow further.

There was just one problem: his leg still radiated pain. He chuckled at the word. Radiated. It was appropriate, given his location. The Yellow Zone was fairly vast, but not impossibly so. It was simply a no-go for anyone who wasn't crazy or desperate. But he was starting to suspect he'd broken his leg, or at least fractured it, judging from the pain. Which meant he'd need to bring the supplies. He patched up the last of the wounds and set about removing the sandstorm sleeve from the car's boot. He placed the bag of loot on it, and took his rifle to use as a crutch. He'd need it, after all. Only one bullet, but it could make a heck of a difference. Or be handy in the event that things got too worse to handle. When he was done he idly scratched at the parts of his body affected by the half-life in the air, particularly his chest and around his hips, and then he set off slowly, trudging forward and dragging the bag along the ground by the tarp.

"Gotta survive. Gotta get out. Not turning into a damn mutant."

Something strange and warbling echoed out through the mists, and he jolted a little. There were uncanny creatures here. The cow-thing was probably just the beginning. He turned to it, repulsed by its immense udder and swollen form, and continued on.

"Gotta survive. Gotta get out. Not ending up like you, mate."

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The next day Bracka woke, the itching and growths had only continued. His body was most certainly mutating, there was no doubt about it now. The yellow dust caked his flesh, and despite his best precautions with sleeping under the tarp and placing a

handkerchief over his mouth and nose, it wasn't enough. His arms and chest itched, and his chest was damned sore. His hips were swollen, fattening up somehow, and it was accompanied by a growing hunger that he was forced to sate by eating more of the ration packs than he would have liked.

"Fuckin' Chopper. I'll gut him like a fish if I see him again," he said as he scoffed down another ration pack.

God, he was hungry. The growth on the side of his neck was larger again, already the size of a golf ball. It pulsed a little, and at times it was like he could *feel* it growing. He didn't even want to think about why his nipples were aching. All he wanted to focus upon was getting out of the Yellow Zone. He grabbed his gear, swilled some of the pure aqua in the hopes that it would stave off further changes, and trudged onwards.

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Bracka pressed at the flesh on his neck and winced. He couldn't stop scratching it or attempting to push it down, anything to make it and the other swellings go away. But he was fighting a losing battle and he knew it.

"Damn, that stings," he said as he brushed a hand against his hip, where another growth was occurring.

It had been another three days of travelling, and he was getting desperate and more than a little mad. The dangers of the Yellow Zone had presented itself in the form of several packs of strange dogs, each spewing a strange acidic substance as they chased down a fattened wombat-like critter with eight legs and bulbous protrusions along its back. It was mere good fortune they'd left him alone in preference for the better meal, but it meant his movements were increasingly cautious, slowing down his progress.

Which only gave more time for the mutations to continue. Already, Bracka's spine was feeling strange. He felt at it several times, and it seemed to be widening somehow, or perhaps even splitting apart to form *two* spines where his shoulder blades met. His shoulders themselves had widened slightly, and this was accompanied also by a swelling in his hips as his pelvis expanded. He felt like a freak, a parody of human proportions, but that wasn't all; two other growths were pushing out from his hips, just in front of his thighs. They were large and fat, rounded like the end of a kickball. And he could swear they were developing *bone* as well. He wasn't sure what to make of that, just as he wasn't sure what to make of his expanding chest. His nipples occasionally stung, and they had expanded, the flesh behind them pooling forth, almost like they were becoming . . . no, he couldn't even think of that.

One good thing, at least, was that his leg was starting to heal, somehow on its own. The area where the cow-thing had licked him had closed the wound in an unnatural time, and a similar effect had occurred where the two-headed wallaby things had lapped at

his side and arm. In fact, he strongly suspected the cow had licked at his knife wounds too, since there was caked green slime that had gradually absorbed into his skin and healed it over.

"Thank you mutant cow," he muttered. "You fuckin' infect me, but you also save me from biting the big one."

He groaned, feeling another growth coming on in his hips, and sat down awkwardly due to his growths. He panted as his ass swelled a little, swearing like the sailors of the Poison Sea were said to. His breaths came ragged.

"G-guess this is that karma the Staff and Snake people spoke about, hey?" he said to a small tortoise-like critter that shifted on a trail of slime. "What was it that elder said, before Chopper took his ear? Something like 'we'll never rebuild if we don't stop taking and start making.'" He chuckled. "Yeah, like I ever knew how to make anything. Taking is what the Waste is about. It's the only way to survive. There ain't enough food or drink to keep us all. The strong live, and weak die. That's all it is."

He stopped talking, and whimpered as a strange new pressure began in his groin, before receding.

"Okay, I *really* hope that doesn't signal anything."

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"Damn the Wastes! What the hell is happening to my friggin' cock?"

Another three days, and the changes were getting worse. Bracka was beginning to panic. Already, supplies were running low. His horrid mutations were taking a toll on his body, sucking away his protein, and so he was hit by a relentless hunger that seemed to never leave him. Rations that could have lasted an ordinary man for a year were now almost entirely gone, and several others thanks to several lizard-like critters with numerous eyes along their backs scurrying off with them. He'd tried to give chase, but his increasingly warped body was gaining weight at an astounding rate. His lower half was swelling in particular, and it was an effort to keep balanced with the way the growths from his hip joints had swollen out. He was still in the late stages of denial, but it was starting to look like he was developing a second pair of legs; his 'regular' pair had shifted back a little with his expanding ass.

Wore, the itching along his body had revealed itself to be a precursor to hair growth. Or more accurately, given the softness of it, *fur* growth. It was, appropriately enough, a yellow-cream colour, much like his half-life surroundings, and it was coming out thick and fast all over his body, from his legs to his stomach to even the side of his neck. It was in patches now, but as it spread, he was afraid it would cover him entirely.

Of course, there were other changes he was more immediately concerned about, ones that were far more traditionally emasculating. For one, he could no longer deny that his mutating body was developing what seemed to be a very female pair of breasts. His nipples had tripled in size, becoming a dark shade and developing a wide areola around them. But more than that, his breasts had 'come out of hiding', and were now easily a solid B-cup. They possessed a slight weight to them, and to his immense irritation they had a habit of bouncing slightly with each step, unrestrained by a chest wrapping that most sheilas chose to wear. They were still sore, and at times he could feel them pulse. He would groan, clutching them and trying to ignore their sensitivity as they expanded slightly.

But even that was nothing compared to the loss of his cock. Well, it wasn't completely gone, but while everything else was growing and expanding, it was visibly shrinking. It was going numb, pulling back into his body, and when he went to relieve himself he was shocked to feel that while his dick had reduced in size, his balls were swelling, the sac easily double the size it had been before, which made it all the harder to sit.

"I'm a fuckin' freak!" he whined. His stomach growled, and he reached to take yet another ration pack from the pack. There were so few left, but he needed them. The rifle lay in the bottom of the pack, and he eyed it longer than was comfortable.

"No, not yet. I can still get out of here. Still get a shave. Hell, burn the fur off if that's what it takes. Get back to them Snake and Staff people, make 'em do their surgery on me. I'll survive. I'm not fucking dying here."

He rose once more, drank some aqua, the supply of which was also diminishing, and began dragging the tarp, his movements slow and awkward.

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The changes continued as the days passed, and soon even the concept of 'days' seemed to have no meaning; the glowstones that radiated half-life in their sunken pits provided a strange luminescence to the air that made it difficult to discern night from day. All Bracka knew was that he had to get out as quickly as possible, before he was lost to his mutations completely. The ration packs were now completely finished, the last of them devoured in an epic eating spree that left him clutching his stomach and grunting, his body pressuring as the protein and other nutrients were absorbed into his body to accommodate the changes to his body that the half-life demanded.

"Uuhhhnn . . . ahhhh . . . t-too m-much," he whined, rubbing his furred stomach, which had begun to bloat up recently.

He'd woken to yet another creature investigating him, this one a pregnant rat-like thing that rolled like a ball where it may. It had sunk its teeth into his arm, and he'd tried to bat

it away, but it choofed off quick as anything, leaving him to ponder if it would lead to yet another infection. Yet another change. There were so many already.

Bracka stood, which was an effort now, given he was unused to possessing four legs. The front two were 'unfinished', but had developed enough of a circulatory and muscle system, along with hard bone, in order to function. They were awkward, and had ensured that he was all but naked from the waist down, his ass having pulled back further to separate his two pairs of legs. Unlike his usual pair, these had paws, much like the thing that had licked him.

"Damn legs," he said, stumbling forward. "S-still not used to this. Or - ughn . . . these!"

He looked down at the sweaty cleavage that was prominently displayed in his top. He'd had to loose the top three buttons just to accommodate his widened shoulders, but it would have been necessary even if it weren't for his enhanced bulk; his formerly muscular chest was now adorned with two heavy DD-cups that weighed heavily on him. They were large, with fat nipples that were almost permanently semi-erect, and occasionally throbbing with further change. They were not done growing, somehow he knew it, and it shamed him.

"So f-fucking big already," he whinged. He touched one idly, massaging it. He was beginning to suspect that was only stimulating further growth, but he couldn't help it; they were sore, and squeezing them helped, even if it turned him on.

That was another change he didn't like. Being 'turned on' was coming more constantly to him now, an almost animalistic lust that was accompanying his other changes. It was all the worse because his jump started libido was accompanied by a slickness between his rear pair of thighs: a vaginal passage that had finally opened fully during his previous waking period. A second tunnel, he suspected, was developing between his front legs, as if he were an ordinary human woman. His dick was totally gone, as far as he could tell, and his balls were only getting larger; they were easily the size of a kickball, and not a small one either. His sac had reddened, and it was incredibly sensitive, pushing his rear legs apart, outpacing the widening of his second pair of hips. There was so much change going on back there it was hard to keep track of. His spine had lengthened, creating a fleshy protuberance that was increasingly resembling a furred tail, albeit one that was far more flexible and tentacle-like than a tail should be, almost like a fifth limb.

Bracka winced. Not a *fifth* limb. A *seventh* limb now. And that wasn't even counting what was happening on top of his shoulders. Even as his body was swelling, his belly bloating bit by bit, what was happening with his shoulders was increasingly troubling him. For one, his neck had moved, and his head with it, shifting to the side. His spine had indeed split, much like that of the two-headed mutant snake he'd had to flee from several days ago. His head had pulled to the left, and beside it the growth was now nearly a head in size of its own, a heavy rounded blob of flesh that he could feel forming bone and all sorts of unfamiliar strangeness within it. He wasn't sure what to make of it, especially since his own face was changing as well. He'd caught a look at himself in a black,

brackish pond, and been shocked to see that his nose had broadened and extended, like a snout. Fine hair was beginning to spread there, and his ears were becoming floppy and covered in hair also. Now, he had also developed small horns that had pierced through the skin of his scalp, and the thinner mat of that same fur was spreading over the bump next to his head. He was looking almost a little cow-like.

"Must be close," he muttered, his madness now a mantra, "must be close. Gotta survive. Gotta get out."

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Bracka grabbed the little lizard thing in his hand and quickly stuck it with the knife. He grinned, twitching a little, as he raised it up to his mouth. His second mouth. It chewed down the lizard with ease, and both mouths belched.

"That tasted good," he said, his voice now a little higher than it had been. Ever since he'd lost his dick, his voice had been raising slowly in octave, becoming almost feminine. The change had accelerated when he woke to find that he was indeed developing a second head.

"Shit's fucked," he muttered, feeding another portion to the second mouth. During his sleep, it had developed further, looking almost like a dummy's head. It lacked eyes or ears, but was certainly developing a snout of some kind. But a functioning mouth and throat it did have. He'd broken down in tears when he'd first fed it, and then the tears had descended into manic laughter.

"A second head! I'm so lonely I'm growing a second fucking head! Haha!"

The weirdest part had been learning how to operate it. At times - and this was the scary part - it seemed to be moving all on its own, like it had its own mind or something. It was perhaps the strangest change yet, and it made him wonder what his life would even be like once he escaped the Yellow Zone. *If* he ever escaped.

Certainly, the rest of his body was faring no better. His balls ached every moment, having swelled larger than two kickballs put together. Several strange throbbing points - four in total - had developed along the underside of his heavy save, which continued to make movement awkward. With every step of his four-legged gait, they swung heavily, making an unpleasant sloshing noise. He couldn't even touch them with his hands anymore; he had become a full fucking quadraped by that point, a large second barrel-like chest and set of ribs having formed between his two sets of legs. The only thing that could massage the soreness was his tentacle-like tail, but even that was not fully developed enough to make it easy; its end was developing something, he wasn't sure what yet, but it was sensitive. In the dark puddles that littered the landscape he passed through, the murky resemblance was to that of a horse, or a cow, and the resemblance only became more obvious the more he ate and swelled.

Of course, it would have been days, if not a week since he last ate a ration pack. In his desperation for food, to fill that aching void of hunger, he'd finally resorted to consuming the local flora and fauna to meet his needs. Some of it was toxic, and initially he ate it assuming death would come. But it didn't. In fact, the strange pungent plants and plump mutant creatures that littered the landscape tasted oddly wonderful. Almost . . . natural.

"I'm fucking mutating to eat this shit," he said, feeding both mouths with plump veined berries. "I'll kill you Chopper. That's what I'm living for. To find and kill you!"

His top barely managed to fit on his larger humanoid torso now.

"These stupid tits. God, I've got a bigger pair of melons than Lacy the Maid, and she had three of 'em!"

Lacy indeed had. She'd been a girl back in his village, long ago, before he'd left to be a raider. Her husband was considered the luckiest man alive; married to a lass with the best mutation there was; three big tits in a row. Now, Bracka's own pair were the size of his own head. He didn't know what cup size that made him, just that they were heavy, and felt full of pressure. He would rub them idly with his fingers, of which only three remained on each hand if you counted the thumb. They almost looked like hooves, hard and greyed, only still able to be manipulated. It was enough to continue to keep himself aroused however; it wasn't enough that his mutated body had all these female parts, now his weird weird - both pussies - were more wet than not, an animalistic heat constantly upon him.

"S-so b-bloated," he moaned. Even his lower half had ballooned, looking a little like a pregnant cow who was a few months along. Too tight to be a beer gut. Could one even get a beer gut down there? He could only hope nothing else was developing there as well. Surely, he was close to the end?

It was just at that moment there was a loud, high pitched wail from something feral in the mist. Bracka stood, hauling his heavy centaur-like body up, and tried to gaze around.

"Wh-what is that? The shit is out there?"

A dark shadow appeared in the mist, some distance away, followed by another, and another, and another. They were small; smaller than him, but they had the profile of wolves. Another wail, and he stepped backwards, his pawed feet scrabbling over rock, his large ball sack pressing painfully against his rear thighs. The creatures scuttled forward, and 'scuttle' was appropriate; they had orange, crab-like shells over their vulpine bodies, and large claws on extended arms. One by one, they opened their mouths, and that dreadful siren started again. They had no teeth, but the jawshell itself looked plenty sharp enough to rip his skin to shreds.

"Damn," he said, and he ran as fast as he could, his large breasts and sac wobbling, his side-head twisting as if confused as to what was happening.

The creatures wailed, and they gave chase. Bracka's heart pounded - both of them, he'd developed a second deep within his lower abdomen - as he raced across the poisoned plain. He breathed heavily, still unused to moving with such alacrity, and hoping against hope that the pack of dwindling supplies he'd strapped around his larger waist wouldn't slow him down.

The creatures were gaining, but he found reserves of energy he didn't know he had in order to keep just out of their reach.

"I'm not dying like this!" he screamed, his voice raising yet another octave to sound more like a determined maiden fleeing male raiders. His tail coiled about, trying to avoid the creatures, and by sheer happenstance or a mind of its own it managed to smack one across its shelled face, sending it tumbling back. But there were two others forming a pincer movement against him.

"S-same as b-before!" his other mouth stammered.

Even amidst the chase, Bracka was briefly shocked. The mouth had never talked before, but it had managed to echo his own thoughts. He'd just been making that very same epiphany. Ironic, to escape one flank by raiders only to die as a mutant flanked again. He bounded forth, body heaving, stomach growling for more food. He had almost nothing left in the tank, nothing but rage at Chopper and a desire to kill him. Hatred of his body, and a desire to take what he could to make it right. There had to be a way.

He passed through a crevice into a canyon, forcing the creatures into a single file. They gave chase, but one tumbled against the rock and split its shell, wailing in pain.

"Just one left n-now," the other mouth said.

"Stop talking!" he yelled at his own right head, "you're using up my bloomin' air!"

He turned to look ahead, and skidded to a stop. There was a passage, but it was far too thin to fit him in his mutated, swollen body. His stomach gurgled, his strange sac too, and Bracka realised he was going to die, eaten alive as a revolting mutant. He remembered his parents back in his tribe, and wished he had never left. Wished he had learned to make, instead of always taking. After all, look how it had turned out for him.

Bracka reared on his hind legs, operating on instinct and full of terror, and cracked his head on a rock shelf. The last thing he saw before he fell unconscious was a red-coloured figure bounding through the crevice he'd just tried to enter and leaping over him, right in the direction of the leaping shell-wolf.

And then everything went dark.

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"Oi mate! Yeah you sheila! Or both of you, I dunno, wake up!"

Bracka woke with two pairs of eyes. For a moment he experienced utter confusion; he was not dead, but in a crude cabin with a corrugated iron roofing. He was staring at the ceiling, but at the same time, he was staring at the floor. He was taking in both views at once, and he could feel his brains absorbing both pieces of information at once.

*Brains.*

"Oh, shit," he said in two voices. One was lower, an almost husby female voice. The other was a high feminine lilt.

"Don't worry, girls, calm down. Everything's okay. You're safe now."

Girls? Who did this person think Brack was? His mind flared with anger, and he felt two lips pull into a snarl. He tried to shift his body, and felt something strange pass over face. It was hair. Long, rather impressively luxurious white hair. He turned to look to his right, and gasped as his view shifted, his other head turning as well.

He stared into his own eyes, horrified. However long he'd been out, it had been long enough for his second head to finish developing and take on its own strange aspect. From his 'normal head', he could see the new one that had formed. It had a broad, flat nose, which housed a set of wide nostrils. Large horns jutted from its scalp, curving slightly. It was mottled with fur, and possessed a large tongue that idly licked a nostril. It was, in fact, pretty much identical to a cow's head, albeit small enough to fit alongside his own.

"The fuck are you?" he said, trying to ignore his soprano voice.

"Me? I'm you!" he said.

"You can't be me, I'm me!"

"You stupid drongo, I asked who you are?"

"I'm Bracka!" he said, and both heads paused. Something didn't make sense. He'd said both parts of that conversation, and both said the last words together. It was then that he realised the other head had finished developed, and this was the result. A fully functioning additional head under his control. He'd just talked to himself, thinking each head was another person.

"Shit, I've got a cowhead."

"And one that looks halfway between," the other head finished his sentence.

It was true. He could see the face of what appeared to be a very bovine woman. She had a wide snout that accommodated a broad nose, and her eyes were larger and doleful, almost a little exaggerated. Patches of creamy-coloured fur broke up the yellow, making the face look like it had makeup on, and it had a set of oddly feminine eyelashes. A small pair of horns grew from the left head's skull also, and the yellow fur that covered her head turned to white at the top, becoming longer to mimic human hair a little.

Both of them were bovine, but one was an oddly beautiful bovine head - even if a little goofy in its half-human state, while the other was simply fully a cow's head. And most alien of all, the fact that Bracka could see through both eyes, hear through both sets of floppy cow ears, could smell with two different sense ranges, and even *think* two trains of thought at once. He had one mind, but was performing double duty behind the steering wheel. He was a true freak now.

"Oi! Girls! You listening?"

Someone snapped their fingers, and both of Bracka's heads looked up to their saviour. She was a gorgeous woman with bright red hair and impossibly violet eyes. She wore a classic flannelette shirt with chequered black and red.

"Who - who are you?" Bracka asked. His right head looked around the room, investigating. Already, he was having trouble working with two heads. The woman was standing over them, her lower half obscured by a wooden bench. Bracka realised he - they - were in a stable of some kind, not just a cabin.

"I'm your bloody saviour," she said with a wink. She extended a hand. "G'day, I'm Sheila. Yeah, it's my actual name."

"Did you move us here?" Bracka said. Left Bracka.

She smiled. "I had some help. What's your name?"

"Bracka," both heads responded. They turned to look at each other, annoyed. This was going to take a while to figure out how to control one head at a time.

"I was here first!" the left head said. "You're new, you mangy fucker!"

"Look, we're both me anyway!"

Sheila just laughed. "Okay, okay. For now, I'll just call you both Bracka, does that work? Since apparently you're not a merged mutant. I take it you two - uh, one - are new to being mutated?"

He had both heads nodding, feeling that embarrassment again. And the perpetual feeling of bloat.

"You'll get used to it," she said. "Can't be avoided, travelling through the Yellow Zone like that. Fleeing from something, I bet. Well, I'm not gonna pry. Trust me, it's not all bad. It's a new start for some, like me."

Bracka raised two eyebrows on two different faces. He was still lying on his side, heavy body against the dirt. It was more comfortable than out in the Zone, and he got the distinct sense he'd been pulled out of it; after all, there was no yellow mist in the air.

"You don't look like a mutie," Bracka said.

She giggled, before moving to the side and opening the gate, revealing her lower half. No that wasn't true; she'd *hopped* to the side, because her entire lower half appeared to be that of a full grown red kangaroo.

"Ta da!" she said, beaming with a pose. Her top half was of a beautiful, shapely woman. Her lower half was that of a flyer, for certain. She even had a pouch.

"Fuckin' hell."

"You're one to talk," she said, still grinning. Her large tail kept her balance as she rocked. She gave a light shrug. "I'm used to it. The whole camp is. I made a dumb mistake when I was eighteen, but I'm used to it now. You will be too, even if your changes are a bit more . . . significant than mine. Sounded like you were male, too."

"I am male," Bracka said. His other head was about to say it, but managed to pull it back successfully. Perhaps it wouldn't be that hard to work it out? They were both two parts of the same mind, after all.

"Well, not anymore, you ain't. You might still be changing too, judging from the tail. Still, we should get you up and at 'em. Ha, atom! Get it?"

Bracka was not amused, but she just waved him off. "C'mon. You must be starving. We've got meals."

He was starving, the desperation now flooding two brains, but as they tried to lift their quadrupedal body, a tightening sensation in their breasts and balls caused them to fall back down. It was a shame; just seconds before they'd been experiencing a wonderful arousal looking at her spectacular upper half.

"Oh bloody hell . . . I can't. My balls . . . they're t-too big. They're f-fucking painful. They're about to burst."

"Your balls?" She gave a quizzical look, before her eyes widened. "Oh, bloody hell, looks are a bit deceptive with you, hey? I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news mate, but your balls aren't balls anymore, and they're not about to burst. You've just got the same problem as those sweet tittes of yours, I'd say. You're engorged."

"En-gorged?"

"She means your udder's full, and you're gonna have a hard time unless we get you milked."

The voice came from a large, handsome man with bronzed skin and hair as red as Sheila. He was clearly her brother, the family resemblance was obvious, but unlike her, he was not visibly mutated. He stepped forward, and the more bovine of Bracka's heads sniffed in his masculine scent, shuddering a little. That flush of horniness returned, lubricating both his tunnels.

"This is Jacoby, my brother," Sheila said. She hopped over to him on her red-furred kangaroo legs and hugged him, kissing him on the cheek. "He's the strongman who helped me pull you to safety once you were over the Yellow Zone line."

"Uh, thanks," Bracka's cow head said, thankful he had enough fur on her face to disguise the blush. He had his other head turn away.

"No worries, mate. But like I said, you've got an udder problem we've got to sort out."

"Wait wait wait," Bracka cut in. "An udder? I do not have a fuckin' udder?"

At that very moment his ball sack seemed to squirm, growing even larger. It felt so utterly full it was about to burst. Something hot briefly escaped it, trickling down its size. Both heads groaned, high and husky, and both obviously female.

"Looks like an udder to me. Your, well, your chest is looking pretty full too, judging from your headlights."

That was enough to make the blush come through. He folded his arms over his chest, and then immediately winced, regretting it. Bracka's womanly rack was far too pressurised. He had one head look down to take in the busty view, while keeping the other more dignified.

"M-maybe the tits, but I don't have an udder."

"I'm afraid you do love," Sheila said with a sympathetic grin. "Trust us, Jacoby and I grew up milking heffers. You're not the first mutant to grow one, I'd say, though you're the first I've seen."

Another bout of pressure, another groan. Jacoby stepped forward.

"Look, I'm not gonna let you rile around in pain there. I mean, streuth, you look like you're fit to burst all right. Let me just show you—"

Bracka moved to kick him, no matter how much both mouths panted release. His pawed rear foot batted him back, but not before the man's hand clasped around one of the throbbing, distended points on the sac and pulled, causing a long stream of white milk to spray across the stable floor.

"Ooohhhhhhh," his two heads moaned together, overcome by the sense of release.

"Jeez, you got a kick to you," Jacoby said, scuffing himself as he stood. "But you see? Milk. Probably got half-life in it, but your body is making it. By the gallon, I'd say."

"F-fuck! This is bullshit, man!" Bracka said. He was so agitated that both mouths were saying it together. He tried to stand, but collapsed beneath the weight.

"We need milking, moron."

"I'm not being milked!"

The two heads shuddered for a moment. For a moment Bracka feared his second head was developing his own personality, but then he realised it was even weirder; the addition of a second mouth and entire head to manage made it that much easier to accidentally blurt out his second thoughts. He'd somehow managed to say his intended words from his left head, while betraying his inner thoughts through his right.

The cow head managed to roll its eyes at the stupidity. Bracka's tail whipped around, longer and more tentacle-like than it had been. It ended with a fleshy protuberance, and

its colouring darker across its length. Bracka extended it around to the udder, and idly pulled one of the large teats. He whimpered as another jet of milk released, the second head joining the moaning.

“Oohhh . . . damn.”

The only problem was, using the tail took effort, and its tip was strangely sensitive. He tried two more times, alternating which head exercised conscious control, though it was all him, really. By that point he was blushing at the sheer shame of it, until he gave up, and spoke to Jacoby and Sheila in a wearied voice.

“Will you please help milk me?”

Jacoby nodded assent, and stepped more cautiously towards the mutated former man. He reached out his coarse hands, grabbing a hold with two hands. Bracka whimpered out both mouths, and his bovine head looked down. He felt strangely submissive to the mans' touch. Once again, having two heads meant he was accidentally revealing his interior feelings. He pulled up the other head.

“It's okay,” he said, “I do this all the time with our other cow.”

He began to pull, and more and more milk began to jet from the udder. By the Red Wastes, it was so damn full. How could he not have figured out it had become an udder? He must have been in denial. Turned into a fucking herd animal. The thought rankled Bracka, but even as he made the thought, there was the sweetness of the sensation. His cow head panted more deliriously. Or at least, its more bovine appearance made it more obvious.

“How many cows do you have?” he said, gasping a little as more of the milk was drained into a bucket. He was shocked at how much he was producing, and was trying to avoid moaning with how much it was turning his ridiculous body on.

“Just the one, mate. It's been a struggle, I can tell you. Hard to find a producer with an udder not full of half-life. I'm sorry to say this milk will be all spoiled, since you're a mutie.”

“H-how many in your tribe?”

“Fifty three!” Sheila exclaimed with pride, hopping a little closer. “I'm the only mutant of the bunch, of course. Well, the only one *this* mutated. We got some little muties: tails, ears, a frill-neck, the usual. I'm the only one over half way there till you came along and hopped past me.”

She seemed to say it with a little amusement, as if proud of her own form, even jealous that he'd gone further. Her brother just gave an amused chuckle as he pulled on Bracka's teats. The soothing release was comforting, almost sensual. His right head panted, her husky voice coming in quick spurts of breath. It was an odd sight, and Bracka was trying to ignore how turned on his cow-like body was. At least having two heads meant he could still talk, letting the other head do all the grunting.

"Where - ahhh, that's a big fucking spurt, be gentle mate!"

"Sorry. You're pretty full."

"Well I know that now, don't I? Streuth! Where is your t-tribe?"

Sheila beamed. She turned, nearly knocking her brother over with her tail, and bounded to the stable's corrugated iron door. She pushed it open, and through the gap, Bracka could perceive from his left perspective several others outside talking, cooking meals, even children playing games. It reminded him of his old tribe, before he'd walked away. It was oddly comforting.

And then he saw an old man with a missing ear. It was still bandaged over, but he moved through the crowd, checking on each person. It was the very same man who'd led the Snake and Staff tribe in the bunker.

"Ahh . . . impossible," he said.

He pulled the long tongue back into his cow head's mouth. He'd have to watch that; the thing was long.

"Not impossible!" Sheila announced. "We're the Scavvies. We go from place to place, finding old world tech and trading what we can to survive. Never stay in one place too long, and we pick up interesting new people like yourself all the time, though usually not quite so . . . changed."

Bracka couldn't reply, he was still staring at the other members of the tribe, a number of whom he'd encountered at the bunker when he and Chopper had stolen from them. While his right head closed its eyes, relishing the near-sexual feeling of having spurts of warm milk pulled from their sensitiveteats, his original head stared in shock. How could they have come so far? But then, perhaps the question was how *long* had he been in the Yellow Zone? He'd guessed two, maybe two and a half weeks. By the end it had been so hard to tell. Now he was getting worried he'd been there over a month.

Jacoby gave a particularly big pull on his teat, and both heads squealed in an embarrassingly female fashion. It was painful, but it inadvertently sent him over the edge, a powerful orgasm rolling through his body. They seized, heavy tentacle tail smacking against the floor as something hot and sticky gurgled out of it. A sudden pressure struck their lower stomach as they tried to avoid moaning too loudly.

"Damn, sorry! Didn't mean to go that hard and hurt you."

"I don't think you hurt her, big brother."

Bracka flushed, waving them away with a hoofed hand. "Look away, fuckin' look away will ya?"

They did so, Sheila bounding forth to turn her brother back as the pleasure continued. He began clutching the heavy breast on his right side, teasing at the nipple and letting it squirt jets of milk out as well. The pressure rose in their bloated stomach, and in the

strange heat they were caught in, their tail seemed to have a mind of its own. It coiled around, its thickened, fleshy end softly probing at Bracka's own rear pussy.

"Ohhh - oh f-fuuuuck!" he moaned. "S-stop that - nngggghh!"

It was horror and bliss at once. The many mutated parts of his new body overwhelmed him, and having two brains - even if they were the one mind in practice - being fed the ecstasy only made it more powerful. The pressure reached its peak, and suddenly both of them felt the urge to push.

"Oh streuth! Is that-"

"It is!" declared his more bovine half. "We need to push together!"

"Can we help?" Sheila asked.

"NO!" both of them shouted together, emphasising his caution. With his udder reduced in size it was easier to raise a rear leg. The two heads grunted in ubison, finding a rhythm as he focused. Something large and heavy and rounded was inside his body, working its way through his stomach towards his rear. It parted his passage as it reached the end of its journey, requiring a great effort of pushing as it squeezed through his feminine shaft.

"Ohhhhhh . . . dammit! Bad enough that I'm stuck as a two-headed cow freak with an udder, now THIISSSSS!"

Bovine Bracka simply bellowed a loud moo as their lubricated passage swelled to accommodate the objects passage. It was a compulsion, and Bracka's human head joined in. Both heads grunted, a mix of discomfort and pleasure, though thankfully not pain, as it reached Bracka's rear lips, and pressed them wide apart.

"S-so big."

"Sure you don't need help Brack? Brackas?" Jacoby asked, still turned away but occasionally sneaking a look.

"Sh-shut it Jacoby!" he yelled. "I'm s-still one person! J-just too many damned heads! And turn your flamin' back - Arrgghhhh!"

The egg - and it was most certainly a large, brown-white egg - exited his body, causing him to give a moan of relief. It plopped on the ground, his tail nestling around it protectively as both of their horned heads breathed in relief. It was large - the size of a human head. The size of a kickball. It had been heavy.

A thought from his right head also bubbled up to his left. His stomach still felt oddly full, and it churned a little, the obvious womb inside it clearly not finished.

"Fuck," Bracka said.

"Double fuck," his other head added. There were benefits to two heads; it let you confirm your own assessments of the situation rather accurately.

"Fuckin' oath," he continued. "I just laid an egg. A big, fucking, rounded egg, with a shell and everything. Holy shit, that formed inside me."

It was all there was to say. It was all that could be said. Sheila turned to see it, eyes wide.

"I'm okay to turn now?" asked Jacoby.

"Yeah, whatever. Come gawk at the fuckin' freak already."

Jacoby turned, and his expression said it all. "Wow, okay. You just laid an egg."

"I'm bloody aware."

"Did you know that was going to happen?"

Bracka managed to haul himself up onto his pawed feet while he used his other head to check his coat. It was matted in dirt, so he used his strangely aroused tail to dust off the shaggy coat.

"I don't know anything about this crazy bleeding body. A month ago I was just a bloke on the run who made a stupid decision to nick off into the Yellow Zone. Now I've got two bloody heads, a cow body, a fuckin' udder where my balls used to be, not just one but two pussies, and a tail that has half a mind of its own."

"Not to mention I'm really damn horny all the time," his right head chipped in.

"Shut up, me!" he said. "Look, I'm not used to having my thoughts projected like this. I'm babbling out the shit I don't want to say. It'll take getting used to. And now I'm apparently laying fucking half-life eggs."

Sheila's eyebrows raised.

"Well, sounds like you need an orientation. Best thing when overwhelmed by mutation is to get your bearings, and even more to have a good meal."

Bracka's stomachs growled. "Damn, you're not wrong. I'm definitely hungry. Especially the head on my left; its tastebuds are fuckin' ravenous, especially."

Jacoby moved back and indicated to the wide doorway. "Then let's get this bloke - or sheila, or whatever you are - fed. I'll introduce you to the folk round here, while my sister rounds up some tucker."

"I'll take the milk and egg too," she said, gesturing to the overflowing pail and rounded object that Bracka was trying desperately to ignore. "Maybe Elder Pace can figure out what to do with 'em."

Both heads nodded assent.

"Did you want help with your pack?" Jacoby asked. "We didn't take a look out of respect for your privacy."

A chill went down both of Bracka's spines. If they discovered the stolen med supplies, and the Snake-Staff people recognised him . . .

"Thanks, but we're good," he said. He positioned his other head to always keep an eye out for the bag. He picked up the pack and slung it over his torso so it hung over his front.

"I'll be right. But if I could get something to cover these bloody tits, that'd be appreciated.

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Sheila was apologetic, and had quickly hopped off to find a wrap for, in her words, "those big milkers of yours." It grated Bracka, but he could be good-humoured about it. A loose top managed to go over his furry humanoid torso, though it did remain a little tight around what Bracka was starting to think of as his bust. It trailed enough to cover his front pussy too, which was a relief. There was nothing for his lower half though, and so he'd have to go nude for now, much to his embarrassment. That shame was reduced a little by the strange instinctive freedom in having her lower half go 'natural.' He chalked it up to the fact that he had mutated to take on a herd animal's traits. He still wasn't used to controlling two heads, nor having his vision split several ways. Still, he'd have to get used to it, and for now, it at least let him chat to himself without feeling like a freak. Which was damned ironic, really.

The Scavvie Tribe, as they called themselves, were not particularly large, nor their supplies impressive. They had more than the fifty three Sheila had spoken of; it appeared the Staff-Snake newcomers with their fancy medicinal knowledge were not yet fully integrated into the tribe, though they had achieved the trust of the Scavvies. They were indeed mostly human, with only five or so members with off mutations, and only Sheila with anything truly approaching their own level of change. As such, there were many eyes upon Bracka's form as the multiheaded cowtaur mutant moved through the camp. It was enough to make Bracka snarl, but to keep a diplomatic front he assigned that role to his cow head.

"We're such a bloody freak," he whispered to himself.

"I know, but what are we gonna do? We're dependent on these people for now."

"Easy to say. I'm used to riding roughshod over people. Taking what I want."

"True, but have you noticed this weird submissiveness we're both feeling? The mutation is making us more docile or something."

"Damn."

"More peaceful, I think. I remember what it was like back home, before I became a raider."

It hit Bracka hard, especially because it was coming from himself. He tried to hide it, but it was pointless, and that seed of shame over who he had been was only taking further root as he gazed over the squalid conditions of the people he'd stolen from.

The camp was small, mainly consisting of pitched tents, a few track vehicles, and temporary settlements, like the one he'd just stepped out of. There was a single cow and several sheep, along with a mare and stallion, but little else. It was clear that the Scavvies were dependent upon trade and the whims of the Red Wastes; many of them were malnourished or thin in some way, though healthier than most in the wastes. But despite their poverty, they were a community; the bickering between them seemed even jovial at times, and unlike raiding culture, they took care of their elders; the presence of a number of men and women in their late sixties or older was evidence of this. These grandchildren of the Great Fall were given equal rations. It had been a long time since Bracka had seen a custom like that.

"It's nice," his cow head said idly as they trotted across the camp, being introduced to too many names to remember, though at least having a backup memory bank helped. Sheila led the way, happily introducing Bracka to everyone in camp despite his own red-faced mood. She hopped on her powerful kangaroo legs gracefully, and it made him jealous that her mutation was so graceful while his was bloated and ridiculous.

As the day passed on, his first while conscious out of the Yellow Zone, and as he met the dozens of Scavvies, he slowly felt his udder filling once more with milk, a heated flush growing in the large sac. It was a feeling mimicked by his head-sized breasts, which ached constantly, as they had not been milked enough. Worse, it was putting a strain on his enlarged body, making him all the hungrier, and desperate for food to be served up.

"Food . . . now," he groaned with both heads as Sheila was regaling him with how their tribe had travelled the wastes. The enthusiastic woman apologised, pulling him towards the central tent where Jacoby was.

"Sorry, sorry, we've got lizard soup ready for you!"

It tasted disgusting, to both their taste buds; especially his bovine mouth. Which was all wrong, because Bracka *loved* lizard stew. Now, he couldn't keep it down. Both heads chucked it up, and he trotted away from the tent coughing.

"Fuckin' oath, can't have one good thing, can we?" he cried, gathering the attention of some of the Scavvies. They turned to look at their newest addition, still unused to such a strange being. It made Bracka feel more like a freak.

"Bracka, you could eat lizard stew before, couldn't you?" Jacoby asked, approaching. Several segments of the Scavvy leadership were gathering now, finally seeing an opening to examine the extreme mutant.

"I could," Bracka said. "Favourite dish, even. Now it tastes like curried dogshit."

"What did you eat to survive in the Zone? Like, when you grew the extra legs and udder and everything?" Sheila asked.

Bracka doubted he could ever get used to someone referring to 'his' udder.

"Plants. Fruit. I was - we both were - fucking starving. I had these black berries which I ate like mad. They were bloody delicious, especially in my right mouth here. Kept me going and stopped me from collapsing while I changed."

"Those were what we call Geiger Berries," an older voice said. It was Elder Pace. He had a kind voice, but it still made Bracka highly nervous. "They're exceedingly radioactive. Not fit for human consumption. The fact that your body has mutated to digest them safely is incredible."

Bracka patted his body. Her body, really, though he didn't want to think of himself as female. "You mean this fuckin' mutated body I've got can eat half-life?"

The man nodded. "It's a blessing, in a way. We'll have to test it. I have a number of specimens in my tent if you wish to try."

Another gurgle of a stomach.

"Yes, please!" his right head said..

"And hurry up!" Bracka added to the plea, words slightly overlapping. That was actually a cool effect, he considered. He wondered if it was possible to carry out two conversations at the same time. He did have double the thinking power now, after all.

It didn't take long for the berries to arrive, along with a variety of other half-life vegetation and food. Not just stuff from the Yellow Zone either, but a bevy of weeds, plants, tufts, and fruit from all across the Wastes. And pretty much all of it was delicious, especially for his more animalistic head, which chewed and devoured the grassy stuff especially with great relish. It was like being treated to the best food ever salivated over, except it was the stuff that humans were never meant to eat. Safe to be near, not safe to eat. And yet for Bracka's new mutated cowtaur body, immense and swollen and already feeling full in the belly once more, the taste of it came naturally. It was a good thing that Elder Pace's people had a large collection of the stuff. They were being used, apparently, for the Staff-Snake tribes own medical experiments, at least according to the Elder.

"I just wish we had not been forced to move," he muttered sadly. "We were hoping to find a way to purify the natural food of the waste, for safe consumption. Alas."

Again, that knot of guilt in Bracka's heart. Both hearts. Just like it causing a sinking feeling in his stomach, of which he was beginning to suspect he had more than just one. Even more than two, potentially. He instead ate largely in silence, giving little information about himself out, and the community seemed to respect that, even if he nearly spilled the beans several times with his second head. It was already a nuisance, and the worst part was how it was just a part of him. It was getting easier to control two heads, at least.

The sun began to dim over the horizon, numerous figures gathered around fires, and Bracka continued to feed. All that time his belly began to bloat, and his various milky bits became further pressurised. Worse, these growths were accompanied by an increasing horniness, a heat that seemed to rise just by being in the presence of others. In particular, both Sheila and Jacoby caught their eyes. It was repulsive to Bracka to be turned on by a man, and feel that revulsion, but simultaneously the wetness in two passages desired his entrance.

In the end, Bracka turned in, and it was Sheila who bounded to show them back to the makeshift stable. The other cow had been herded in - Joyful was her name - but there was room for Bracka in there. Apologies were made for having to sleep near an animal, but Bracka waved it off. She was in a different stable of the makeshift shed, and he'd slept near worse. And besides, he was a freak now.

Sheila left him in the dark, bidding him goodnight, and the two heads took a moment to orient themselves. He lowered his heavy body to the ground, and he couldn't help but be astonished by the sheer size of what he was now; a robust cowtaur with two heads, a large udder, paws for feet, and a prehensile tail that was quite sensitive at the tip.

"I'm a fuckin' freak for life," Bracka muttered, and tears began to form in his eyes. Both sets of them.

"It'll be okay," he said to himself, acting as if it were a conversation between two parties. "You'll figure it out."

He fell to sleep, tears still matting his fur, but strangely comforted by the therapeutic approach of talking to himself, quite literally. The last thing he thought of before he slipped into unconsciousness was how he could ever find his way back. If this was a punishment, or a great turning point, if his days of banditry were over, what could he possibly provide now if he was to belong?

That night, he dreamed of when he was a young bloke, about to set off to become a raider, and leave his dusty town behind. His mother implored him not to go.

In the dream, he chose to stay, and was happier for it.

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Bracka woke up feeling extraordinarily full. His body was swollen, far more than even the preceding morning, and not just in the udder and breasts, but in the bloated lower stomach as well. Bracka grunted in his soft, feminine voices. He couldn't help but fondle his tits, urging them to expel their excess milk, and he pinched his respective nipples, tugging them. Great jets of his lactating produce spurted out in thick streams, and he double-moaned in combined relief and pleasure. But his udder was far more swollen, and was positively overheated and fit to burst with warm milk.

"Oohh f-fuck," he whimpered, "th-thought you were a d-dream."

"N-no, stuck with m-me," he said with his other head, forming a smile. "I'm f-full today, huh?"

"No shit, me."

With conscious thought, he worked his brains in unison, their single mind curling their long prehensile tail around to tug upon a teat of the udder.

"Mmhmhhhm!" the heads groaned together, as a far thicker stream of milk ejected in a long stream. "Oooohhhhhh."

"That's g-good," the bovine head said.

"Y-yeah. Let's keep that between y-you and me," Bracka said, under no illusion that the conversation was anything but self-organisation. It ended quickly, as he was feeling a build of ecstasy. He tugged again with the tail; it was awkward, but it worked. More milk expelled from the great sac, lessening the immensity of pressure. Once again, he couldn't help but begin to grope and squeeze his own tits, unable to stop his two womanly passages from becoming sopping wet with arousal. Images of being penetrated overwhelmed his mind, and Sheila as well. Bracka gasped as he realised that with two minds, he could experience and indulge in two fantasies at once.

"Mmmhmm . . . ahhh- ahh, not b-bad!"

"Yeah, f-fuck, I c-can think about two hot things at once!"

In one fantasy, the more traditional one, Sheila licked and groped and suckled at his breasts, drinking deep of his milk even as he spurted it from his chest in reality. She hopped up to kiss him, pressing her own pert breasts against his.

In the second, much more alien fantasy, Jacoby was naked, a large cock hardening between his legs. He was tall enough to position it between the folds of Bracka's more humanoid vagina, and he thrust into him, making the cowtaur a woman. A deeply pleased woman.

He gave a little squeal in response to the renewed pressure. It came from what Bracka had given in to admitting was his womb. Once more, a large egg was making its way through his body.

"R-really h-hoped that was a one - ahhh - time thing! Fuck!"

"J-just gotta push. L-like I did before. Nngghh!"

Both heads said it at the same time. He pushed, still milking his udder with his pleurably sensitive tail, and still squeezing those sloshing milky tits. The large, kickball-sized object pressed against his rear tunnel, and he gritted both jaws, grunted together, pushing in sync. But it was not just one egg; two more shifted as well.

"Ooohhh, looks like we're - mmhhmm - good producers!" his cow head said to himself. The more humanoid one just clenched his teeth and tried to avoid slapping his own other half.

"J-just push! And let's not s-stop milking!"

He felt that strange sense of purpose again, the desire to not just push these eggs out, but to make more of them. To make even more milk. To be full and bloated and pregnant and -

"The fuck! Pregnant? Get these thoughts out of my he-aaaaahhhhhh!"

The first egg squeezed out from his vagina, but the next was not far behind, and then the third. Each gave rise to an orgasm that rocked through his large bovine body, but it somehow only increased Bracka's arousal. He dipped a hand down, but couldn't quite reach the feminine opening between his forelegs. But something could definitely reach the opening between his back ones.

After coming down from the experience, largely emptied of milk and empty of eggs - for now - the need still remained. The animalistic urge. The *heat*. The two heads looked at each, as if they weren't just representatives of the same mind. And they nodded.

Bracka's tail twisted, turning about onto itself. "Just - fuck, let's be gentle about this."

"We're the boss!"

The tail probed at his own rear tunnel, pressing against its sensitive folds. And then, as both of the heads shuddered, it plunged in. Bracka whimpered a little as its incredible girth parted the walls of his cowtaur vagina. It was incredibly sensitive, and the experience of being both filled was utterly alien to him. Yet he couldn't deny the pleasure, and he allowed his bovine head to bask in it. His slick pussy squeezed tight against his tail cock, hugging it for all the sensations it was worth, and soon the tail, carefully directed, began to slide in and out, thrusting.

"OOhhhhhhh . . . that's f-fucking g-good," he moaned.

"Yeah, nghghh!" he responded to himself, slightly overlapping his own speech. Bracka was astonished at how heavily both sets of lungs were working to keep up with his excitement. "It isss!"

The tail was long, and thick, and its head especially so. It felt so much like the dick he had lost, except larger and even more needy for loving. It pressed so deeply into his body that he was worried it would hurt, but it only sent further jolts of pleasure, and he quickly lost himself in the rhythm. Bracka took the initiative, speeding up its thrusts, hitting his own internal G-spot, causing him to hug his own fat breasts. Another jolt of ecstasy, and the tits began to leak milk continuously, dribbling onto the floor. The udder followed, mostly emptied but not entirely, and the feelings of relief only added to the blissful release of the act.

"C-can't believe I'm - mhhmmm - doing this!" Bracka stammered, thrusting once more, even further. He could almost feel his womb bubbling anticipation for what was to come.

"But I am! S-see, Bracka? See, me? It's n-not all bad!"

He grunted, not wanting to admit it outright, and too lost in pleasure to mount a face-saving argument anyway. Instead, he worked to probe his own depths as the pleasure rose to a crescendo. A fullness reached his belly again, a firmness of yet another egg, but he ignored it for now as the feelings rose and rose and rose. He was both penetrator and penetrated, and while each head groaned and grunted in its particular way, the feedback loop of playing both at once was beyond any description, something he couldn't communicate properly even with both heads moaning in unison.

"S-so close, I'm gonna cum!"

"Hell yes I am!" he yelled with his other head, abandoning all attempts at subtlety.

One final thrust, and both vagina and tail penis seized, the former clamping its muscles against the latter and clinging on for dear life. At the base of his tail a pressure that had been mounting finally erupted, and what felt like literal gallons of semen shot out of its sensitive head in thick, warm spurts, into his own womb. It pulsed, each throb coursing with ecstasy, and in turn the multiple orgasms rippled from their feminine passage as it accepted the tail's seed. These feminine orgasms accompanied the male one in a perfect symphony, and it only raised his pleasure higher.

Bracka couldn't help it. Both heads wailed, and he fell to squeezing his magnificent breasts as the pleasure became too much. Several more spurts of milk followed, release following release, and the pleasure lasting longer than he could have imagined.

The door slammed open, Jacoby and Sheila at the head of a small procession that included Elder Pace.

"Bracka, are you alright - oh!"

"Don't fuckin' look!" Bracka said.

"Yeah, don't you knock!" he said also.

The tail pulled out, causing both mouths to gasp. And then, before he could stop it, a stirring in his belly came faster than he predicted.

"Ooohhh . . . nnnngngghhh!" the heads groaned together. He rose, taking a wider stance and lifting his tail, and pushed.

Two larger, rounded eggs exited his wet cavity, plopping on the floor and causing both heads to clench their eyes shut in response to both the discomfort, and little aftershocks of orgasm they caused.

"F-fuck," Bracka said. He moved his head, the other top, and saw that the crowd was still there. "Sorry about the racket, I couldn't help it. It's - it's a bloody mutant thing, alright?"

A woman he recognised as Marta dropped the half-life fruit she'd been carrying.

"I'll say."

His more cow-like head sniffed, its better sense of smell picking up the gift of half-life vegetation and fruit. He looked at Marta, and tried to avoid Elder Pace's fascinated gaze, and Jacoby's red-face embarrassment.

"Um, that took a lot out of me. Could you bring that over here?"

It was Sheila who picked them up, placing them in her pouch and bounding over.

"Nothing to see here people," she said, "ordinary mutant sheila stuff! C'mon, give the girls some privacy!"

She practically corralled them out of the stable, until it was just her, Bracka, and the cow Joyful, who Bravka had forgotten about.

"Don't worry," she said, "us mutant birds girls have gotta stick together. Now, let's clean you up."

"It's embarrassing."

She snorted, adjusting the flannelette cropped shirt around her bosom. "Bracka, I'm pretty certain this roo half of mine can keep three pregnancies on the go, just like a real one. I've had a wee little roo baby on pause for two years now, after a fling between the sheets I shoulda put more thought into. I'll have the kid when I'm good and ready. So we mutants have all got weird stuff going on."

Bracka smiled a little. His new body was shameful, he couldn't escape that feeling. But strangely, the other mutant's optimism, along with the pleasure of his new form, made it a little easier.

"Yeah, okay, whatever. Let's get up and atom, as you say. Figure out what the fuck is up with these eggs. They better not have little babies in 'em."

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They did not, in fact. They had something far, far more valuable; clean protein. Elder Pace was amazed.

"It's like your body absorbs the half-life of the natural vegetation, and creates eggs that are utterly safe for ordinary consumption. And the same for your milk?"

"Uh, what's that mean?" Bracka asked.

"It means we can drink your milk," he said, running his hand over one of the eggs, which had been split on top. The interior was white with a large yellow yolk.

"And eat our eggs," Bracka's other head said.

“What the - the hell?” he followed up with the other. “You’re gonna eat those damned things that came out of me?”

Elder Pace gave a reassuring nod, and patted his flank. It was oddly soothing, especially towards the rear. His tail flicked idly. “If you’ll allow it. This - this is a miracle. After all we’d lost, the lack of safety where we thought we had some, it’s like you’ve been sent as our answer. A mutant who can eat what we can’t eat, and produce what we can. The amount of nutrients in your produce, milk and eggs both, is astonishing.”

Bracka rolled his more human-like eyes, scratching at his small horns. “Great, I’ve turned into a fuckin’ cattle.”

“You’ve turned into much more than that. Are you still making eggs?”

The other head nodded. “Several.”

“Five overnight, in fact.”

“What?” Bracka said the astonished man’s expression. “We are! And - mhhm - if you don’t mind me adding mate, myudder’s getting pretty full too.”

There was a murmur among both the Scavvies and the more malnourished Snake-Staff tribe, who apparently called themselves The Children of Hippocrates.

“Would you consider staying with us, a while?” someone said. It was Kallisthus, one of the leaders of the Scavvies, an elderly woman with dark skin and dreadlocks. The community of fifty three Scavvies and roughly thirty odd Children turned to Bracka. He didn’t know what to say, or to do. He’d only been in this ‘finished’ mutant body a couple of days, and was still grappling with all of its bizarre changes, not to mention already having another person trying to play partner in Sheila.

“She’s a lot better than Chopper though,” he murmured to himself. He felt a flush of pride and warm feeling towards the roo woman. She was one of a kind, and seemed drawn to Bracka. She was at the edge of the crowd, and her simple grin and bounce of anticipation made him consider.

“I think - I think this could be a new start for us,” he whispered in his own ear, snout practically pressing against it. It was a nice self-assurance. “Maybe a chance to be better, mate.”

Bracka sighed, and turned a little to address the crowd.

“Look, it’s not a yes, alright? We’ll give it a couple of weeks or so, and see how we feel. I’m not - we’re not all used to this weird shit yet.”

“Not to mention being horny all the time,” his right head added. Bracka slapped his little snout with his hand.

“Damn, I’ve got to stop blurting everything out through that big mouth of your - of mine.”

The community seemed to kindly ignore that last bit, though some eyes went to the prehensile, penile tail they shared, drawing conclusions of their own.

“Okay people!” Jacoby shouted, raising his hands, “Bracka has made a decision! Now leave off and give ‘em space, okay! We’ve got pack up to organise, and roaming to do! Gotta get plenty of tucker for our new friend here before we head out.”

The Scavvies and Children dispersed, though several gave sincere thank yous to Bracka, including a number of children who seemed to look at him like he were a god showering gifts, instead of awkwardly birthing and expelling them. A few even addressed his other head as if it were a separate person, a woman.

“Ah, you’re welcome, I guess,” Bracka said to one child at their left.

“No worries,” said the other to an enthusiastic girl on the right.

Despite the awkwardness, there was a certain pride to be had in their adoration. Without meaning to, he began sticking out his rather prodigious chest, which was straining against his top.

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The next week was the biggest adjustment period of Bracka’s life. The Scavvies and Children moved together, effectively becoming a single community as they travelled across the Red Wastes. Bracka went with them, feeling somewhat of an outsider, but always looked on with kindness, especially by Sheila. The kangaroo woman hopped alongside him, peppering both heads with discussions on any topic under the sun, and seemingly able to keep up with two conversations at once. The woman didn’t seem to have a single negative bone in her body, and seemed to delight in tormenting her brother with her boundless energy.

The Children’s hypothesis was true; Bracka could eat the abundant half-life vegetation, and his large cowtaur body cleansed it, absorbing the half-life and converting the mass into massive eggs and flavourful milk, enough for over half the tribe to life on; *that’s* how prodigious his production was. It was borderline exhausting! All day long, the former human man felt his immense udder fill with milk, their mammoth tiys as well. Leaking was an issue if they were left unattended, and nipples and teats alike throbbed visibly, demanding attention. Much to Bracka's chagrin, he was forced to begin asking others for aid, as his tail was only serviceable at stemming the overflow, not emptying it, though at least it finally meant relief when Jacoby, Sheila, Oscar the Roid, or Pennybarn came over to milk them. Sometimes others joined, as well, though Bracka insisted only Sheila be able to help him with his tits. It seemed more . . . acceptable, that way, conducted privately. What couldn't be helped was the gasping and moaning in pleasure in his high, lilting voices when his udder was relieved.

But not enough that his damned body had a heavy, jostling udder, there was also the egg laying. That too was constant. Constant and irregular. The group would be walking, heading across the sandblasted plains, when suddenly the cowtaur would have to

pause, grit both mouths, and raise a tail simply to expel an egg. Each was followed by cheers and waves of thanks from the community, which somehow only enhanced the embarrassment. After all, each egg was by all accounts utterly delicious, just as his milk was sweet and nourishing, but it didn't make it any less weird to suddenly be a talking herd animal. The eggs were constantly forming within him, just like the milk, and it felt like any food that didn't go towards keeping his energy intake intact went towards creating ever larger quantities of milk and eggs.

By the second week, Bracka was allowing others to milk him at their whim.

"Go on, take a squirt," he said, rolling his eyes at the ridiculousness of his mutant body, but happy to give a young mother or child a free drink. "I'll put it on your tab, heh. The tap's always running."

After all, the udder filled with milk so constantly that by morning he was aching to be emptied, and readily accepted any help. Soon, the community recognised this, and began appointing an individual each night to milk them while they slept. When there was a particularly large egg laying, they too helped, giving both heads words of encouragement, passing food, and readying their hands to catch the large produce that was expelled.

"Uuuggghh . . . get ready, it's a big one c-coming!"

And slowly, over time, he became used to that role. There was a joy of sorts to be had in helping a tribe, in maintaining its survival, and not just in feeding them either. In fact, one good thing Bracka found about his body was that he truly was a strong beast of burden. When it came to setting up camps, or chasing off mutant wild-life, and even intimidating other raiders, their tall and broad shape, with enough muscle to wrangle a wild stallion, was essential. It was something he'd been proud of as a human man, and he maintained pride in it now.

"Least that's something about being a mutant," Sheila said.

"Yeah, too bad when I do all this exercise my tits get all sweaty and leaky," he moaned, while he worked away at expelling their produce.

But by that point, which was in his third week, he had reached an equilibrium. A new peace with himself, and his new life. Being a mutant, especially one so utterly - and udderly - changed, would possibly take years to be completely accustomed to, but for now, Bracka felt like he'd achieved a piece of redemption. Certainly, the constant horniness was often sated by their large tentacle tail, which was its own delight. And secretly, he had a lot of fun using it on Sheila as well, who drank deep from their breasts while they penetrated her, and she played with their pussy.

By the time a month had rolled around, their flings were a fairly common occurrence, though the intense arousal also drew other individuals. To most, Bracka was a beloved member of the community, but too far changed to imagine a relationship. And so it was to both their utter surprise when Jacoby entered their stable at night, instead of their

sister. He smiled, rubbing their flank and causing them to become even more moist in their feminine parts.

"I've been around my sister my whole life," he said. "I'm used to mutants. Even dated a sexy snake lady a while ago. Sheila tells me you're insatiable. Well, how does a root around in the stable sound?"

It was a different pleasure altogether to be penetrated, to be filled, by another, especially in their frontal opening. Marcus suckled at Bracka's prodigious milk reserves, pressing his face against his chest and kissing both his snouts, sharing them equally. And finally he came, and he with him. He came hard enough, in fact, to lay three eggs right then and there, and orgasm even harder.

From that day on, Bracka had several community members on rotation, especially when it was learned that continual fucking made him even more productive. The bliss was needed, almost on a chemical level, but the enjoyment derived from it only heightened his shared guilt over their past actions.

It was after a community meeting that he decided something had to be done. Elder Pace had discussed the need to find the City of Fallen Steel for supplies. When the decision was made, one head turned to the other.

"No need to say it," Bracka said, "I'm already thinking the same thing. Need to rip off the bandaid before it turns sour."

The other head nodded. By now, the entire tribe accepted Bracka's strange way of talking to himself, but oddly it gave him peace, and made him his own best sounding board.

He shifted forwards, heavy udder swaying between his rear legs, and heavy boobs wobbling. His tail shifted behind him, and he used it to reach out and tap Elder Pace on the shoulder.

"Pace, if you can give me jus' a minute," Bracka said, finding the words hard to say. "We need to talk."

They walked together to Elder Pace's tent. Well, the Elder was. Bracka was too big to fit, so he was lying on his slightly bulging belly, his humanoid half sticking into the tent. Bracka hoped not too many people were using the time to 'tap' the udder, so he occasionally had his other head swivel to check out the crowd as they packed for travel. After all, it was his story to tell. His shame to face. And he did tell it, all the things he'd done as a human, right up to taking Pace's supplies and even allowing Chopper to take his ear. The man listened quietly, never interrupting, never showing any emotion. By the end, Bracka was in tears, wiping them away as he bared his soul as he never had before. He finally finished, scratching idly at his furry cow ears as he waited for Pace to respond, both hearts beating quickly.

"It was you," the old man finally said.

"It was."

The man nodded. "I should be furious."

"You got every right, mate."

A small, sad smile. "And yet, I am not."

That took them him by surprise. "Why not? I fucked over your tribe. Your people. Put them on the run."

The man spread his arms. "And yet we are here. And the supplies are returned to us, sans the rations. And you have changed too, become the very thing we sort. I am a man of science, but perhaps there's a bit of the work of something else behind this as well. The miracle of half-life, perhaps."

Bracka chuckled awkwardly. "Maybe. I never thought I'd ended up an egg-laying dairy cow."

"With a second head," Bovine pitched in.

"Or that."

"Nor could I imagine the man who robbed us, stole our hopes, would one day become our salvation." Elder Pace stood and extended not just one hand but two; one for each head. It was not to shake, but to place his palms upon their snouts. "I am glad that we suffered that tribulation, Bracka. For it led to this. I am glad you ran into the Yellow Zone and changed there."

Bracka laughed, slapping his flank. "Yeah, got real furry in there, for sure."

The man shook his head. "That is not the change I am talking about. You are a good man, Bracka. We are blessed to know the person you have become."

"But I did such horr-"

"And that is all I have to say on the matter. Now, you better head out. You look rather engorged."

Bracka became red-faced at that, and Pace just grinned.

"Well, I didn't say I couldn't occasionally embarrass you as a bit of light-hearted revenge, did I?"

"Ah, fuck me, if I don't deserve it."

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It was a year later, and they had travelled halfway across the continent, and were verging close to the City of Fallen Steel. The Children were now fully integrated into the Scavvies, and Elder Pace part of their leadership. Bracka still occasionally complained of his state, but the truth was he had come to relish being needed by others. Besides,

his production had only increased since; his udder constantly leaking, his breasts ever full. He went naked now, and thanks to Sheila's endless pushes, he'd finally allowed community members to drink milk 'directly from the tap' when they desired it, though a few of the men were a bit too okay about this.

Sheila and he were not exactly a couple, and the same with Jacoby, but the two siblings continually slept with the cowtaur, and even shared their pleasures at the same time, on several particularly memorable occasions. The results were obvious; Bracka's belly was now full and bloated. His human half's belly. It was accompanied by a general swelling of his breasts to be even more massive, constantly squirting even more milk. They sat heavily upon his rounded dome of a stomach, which was bloated up to be easily equal to that of a woman six months pregnant with twins, and showing no sign of stopping. Occasionally, life rippled within it, kicking and shifting, and causing his heads to alternate between grunting and giggling.

He was soon going to be mother and father, though to what, he had no idea. Or even if the baby was a result of his own tail self-impregnating him or Jacoby's ministrations, or even from Sheila's genetic material. No matter what, the baby was destined to be one strange little tacker. Certainly, if it wasn't Sheila's, then one baby at least was going to be; the roo woman herself was also rounding out, her already spectacular breasts filling up. Her boundless energy was a little sapped with the twins inside her, a result of being a little too careless with Bracka's penile tail. But it didn't stop her optimism; after all, it simply meant she'd finally stopped pressing 'pause' on her previous pregnancy. Little Skippy hopped alongside her these days, and she couldn't wait to introduce him to his younger siblings, whatever they looked like.

Their community had grown in number, and many of them were still sustained by Bracka's produce. The two heads now readily enjoyed each other's company, shooting the shit and stirring each other up. Bracka had no illusions that he was only chatting to himself, but it led to a few more ridiculous pranks on others, and the running joke that he'd always blame 'the other head' for any stuff ups.

Of course, things were going to change when he finally had to contend with childbirth. It was a nervous prospect, but then so had being mutated, and growing a second head, and being milked, and laying eggs. And now each of these things were part of who he was. And occasionally Bracka caressed his swollen stomach and imagined what it would be like to be called mother or father, and found he didn't much care which it was, so long as he raised them right. So long as he knew how to make, and not take. It was a daunting task, but he wouldn't be alone. He never would be.

"After all, she'll be right," he said aloud, as he fed a tribe member his produce.

"Fuckin' oath," his other head said in agreement.

And for all the trials the Red Wastes would bring, he knew it would be.

**The End**