

In Space No-one Can Hear You Cream

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Chapter 1

“Property of Starhooves, captains keep out,” Barca read aloud. “Hmph. If you didn’t want your captain seeing your collection of space junk, you shouldn’t have left it in *my* cargo bay.”

Starhooves himself might have argued with that, but then he wasn’t there. With the *Selkie* put in to port, the ragtag bunch of ruffians and misfits which she called a crew were all ashore. That left Captain Hannah Barca alone to clear out the hold. It was better that way, given how troublesome her subordinates could be, Starhooves included. He meant well, or at least better than most space pirates – the rest of her command definitely included – but he was also aptly named. A total space case.

Admittedly, in that particular moment she rather missed the centaur’s muscle.

Grunting with effort, she heaved open the lid of the large metal chest, left tucked away in behind the water tank, and surveyed the detritus within.

“Where did he even *get* this stuff?”

She murmured the words to nobody in particular, as she rifled through the collection of old horseshoes, brushes, random disused mechanical parts, and a number of actual rocks.

“Does he have any idea how much fuel we’re using, hauling this collection?”

Her eye landed upon what looked entirely too much like an onahole, one sized for Starhooves’ immense erection. It had a strangely familiar figure to it, a fat, jiggly ass bulging out at one end, weighty breasts complimenting the curves at the other, a voluptuous form made in two-tone black and purple latex. The pattern on the headless, limbless torso was also one she knew.

Barca shivered as she recognized the shape of the thing.

It was modeled after her own body, colored with the two-tone pattern of the bodysuit she wore while exercising.

“Fucking perv,” she muttered, scrunching her nose.

Yet at the same time, that twisted sight, of a surreal, sexual toy version of herself, was oddly compelling.

Hard to look away from.

She imagined what it must be like when Starhooves used it... the form of her own body, wrapped so lewdly around his immense cock.

A shudder passed through her, and Barca moved on, refusing to acknowledge the unworthy tension in her well-girded loins.

Her hand stuck upon something shiny among a mound of rounded stones, and she pulled it out.

A cowbell gave a dull dong in her hand, hanging from a collar of supple black leather, decorated with markings she didn't recognize.

It looked to be sized to suit her own neck.

"I wonder if he puts this on his onahole," she mused aloud.

A tingle ran through her nethers, and Barca looked around the bay.

There was no-one aboard the ship, and there wouldn't be for at least an hour yet.

She held the strange accessory up to her throat, and regarded herself in the sheen of the metal crate's lid.

Kinky as it was... it really did suit her.

"I wonder what it would feel like... something like this.... Not that I'd ever wear a *collar*, like some sort of *livestock*... but... it would be interesting...."

She checked the time on the nearest screen.

"Just out of curiosity," she assured herself.

With a blushing grin, Barca slipped the collar around her neck.

Buckling the strap shut, she settled it properly in place, and admired the effect on her reflection. It was irritating how *comfortable* it felt... how alluring the look seemed to her eye. It made her skin prickle, with an undignified, tingling excitement.

The sensation intensified rapidly, and Barca's eyes widened, as a current ran through her. Not just one of arousal, but of real energy, setting her nerves crackling as it pervaded her flesh.

Her hands went to the collar at once, but her fingers *clunked* against the buckle.

Staring, she saw that her nails were growing, spreading and thickening, the digits pressing together as they were subsumed into one keratinous sheath, muscle and bone within reflowing like so much solder on circuits as Barca watched her hands transforming.

The digits formed two halves, cloven down the middle to create a shape both alien and familiar.

Hooves.

Intense sensuality engulfed her extremities, hands and feet alike, as her digits degenerated into those hardened, rigid shapes, still sensitive yet totally immobile, not even able to flex to the limited degree of the animal they evoked.

The transformation spread rapidly, her uniform bursting apart into fraying swirls, disintegrated to mere dust as her body was remade, white and black blotching creeping up her limbs. The corruption was flowing over her skin like a liquid, yet it was her own flesh which was changing, becoming smooth, rubbery and delicate, adorned with a perfect cowprint pattern. Her own body was attacking her, clutching at hips and shoulders, and pouring hot erogenous energy into her crotch and bust.

And her skull.

Her head was throbbing, her nose and mouth seeming to *stretch* forwards, pulled out into the form of a bovine snout, lips rounding into a plump 'O', nostrils widening and snorting, while at the sides of her face she felt her ears reshaped, starting to flick and twitch in the air with a manner neither human nor dignified.

But the sensations of her face becoming a muzzle were nothing to the demanding pulse of pleasure in her deforming crotch.

A bump was growing just over the throbbing lips between her loins, bowing out rapidly, but she was more focused on her sex itself. her pussy swelling and shifting into a more bovine configuration as she clenched those twisting muscles. So too did her backside, a tail pushing out over her swollen rear hole, making her shake with the twisted sexuality of feeling something *animal* overtaking her genitals. The gooey, drooling pile of netherlips and the plush, jiggling ring of a donut, aching between the cheeks of her already impressive ass.

As she tried to touch herself Barca felt how her nethers had become so totally corrupted by this surreal cow influence, and she whimpered at the surreal feeling of a hoof instead of a hand on her wrist, failing to grip her skin, brushing against the growing dome up above her crotch.

Against reshaped wrists that new anatomy bulged outwards, expanding into a lewd mammary mound, and Barca made a long, low moan... a sound which stretched out, just like her altered mouth, into a *moo* of pleasure and embarrassment.

Clutching at the changing structures of her hips, her hardened hooves sank into the impossibly plush pillow of a new udder, the teats popping out, short and squat and terribly tender against such rigid surfaces as her former hands.

Her breasts too were growing, not only in size, but number, forming a quartet of generous proportions, their own swollen, leaking nipples a perfect match for the four-pointed udder over her loins.

Staring at her distorted reflection in the metal surface, she groaned... *lowed* with dismay, to see the bovine figure blushing back at her, mouth sitting loosely in a fuckable ring, the new horns among her hair shaped more like handles than weapons.

"I'm a fucking coooooow?!" she mooaned.

It was a challenge to move her mouth and press the words out through that inhuman snout, her vocal cords adding a groaning cattle-call to each note.

"Mmmmmooooo! Mmmh! I- I mean, *who!* Who would make a collar to turn moo into a cow?!"

Each word was a struggle, but not so great as the one presented by her hooves.

All thanks to that accursed bell.

The petrified tips of each clacked unhelpfully against the buckle, and her snort of frustration turned into another long, lustful eruption of bovine lust, as she felt how her altered body was jiggling, those exaggerated curves so soft and sensual, her quartet of breasts and her equally gigantic udder bouncing against her skin to make her animal sex soaking wet.

She had to get the stupid thing off, before her crew came back and saw her.

Before Vale or the others got it into their heads that their captain could be the sort of pervert who might actually *like* this.

Unfortunately, without hands, it was quite impossible for her to open the collar herself.

Staggering on cloven hooves she almost overbalanced.

It was ridiculous, but her body felt wholly unsuited to bipedal locomotion now, lacking as it did feet or toes, or any other mobility in the extremities, with which to balance. Instead, she had to use her arms, waving them about with each step just to try to stay upright.

Steadying herself against the stacked containers, she clopped unsteadily over to the corner of the crate, and pressed her neck to the metal, trying to use the point to pry at the device which had corrupted her form.

She couldn't see what she was doing, or grip anything to anchor herself, but more troublesome was the collar's own design. It seemed to have sealed fast to her skin... that alluring cowprint of smooth, shiny curves, laid so very bare... and it remained stuck fast no matter how as she tried to dislodge it. She felt no sense of hooves or corner actually budging any part of the cowbell.

Barca was also painfully aware that she was, at present, a totally naked bovine creature, in the middle of the cargo bay.

She had to at least get back to her cabin, before anyone found her, or else she'd never live this down.

Walking on a pair of hooves instead of feet felt surreal, like standing on stilts, the undersides of her altered appendages slipping dangerously on the metal, forcing her to plant her legs with care and move painfully slowly, waddling around the vast bulk of her painfully sensitive new udder, which bounced and gurgled between her thighs.

It would surely have been far easier to walk on all fours... more natural even... but Barca refuted the thought viscerally.

She could manage, even if it was a struggle.

The door proved a still greater issue, however.

Her cloven former digits clunked against the control panel, hitting half a dozen buttons at a time with the clumsy movements of her warped limbs.

It wasn't just that she'd lost her fingers – the weight and solidity of everything below her wrists seemed to have robbed her of precision even with her forearms, and her hooves overshot or wavered as she moved them, raking across the buttons with no more accuracy than she would have enjoyed trying to press them with her knee.

“Doooooooooor mmmooooopen!” she commanded.

The voice match flashed red, and the door remained closed.

Barca mooed in irritation at the mutinous metalwork.

“Mmmoooooooo! Mooove! Moooooooo!”

She shivered, as she heard the sounds she was making.

Without the most supreme effort, her words were mere mooing moans.

“Dooor!” she forced out, through her inhuman snout, “mmopen!”

Her tail gave a pleased swish, as the door slid up for her to stagger through.

As she passed through she clipped a trailing lower hoof on the bulkhead as she tried to step over. Wobbling on one leg, she caught herself against the far wall with both non-hands, and felt her face darken again, with a self-conscious blush at her own clumsiness.

And at the ridiculous way that this nonsensical struggle with her own body was making her skin tingle, and sending wetness spreading down her thigh.

She eyed her naked curves anew, and groaned at the sight of those big breasts, pressing together, and the still larger udder occupying the entirety of her crotch.

It was slow progress through the corridors from there – each step made her bodyparts rub sensually, jiggling her fat and vibrating up through her warped womanhood, to make those bovine lips clench and throb with need.

“Mooo cooooourse I’m in heeaaat!” she groaned, as she felt the flow trickling down her legs, udder and loins squishing her sex with every infuriatingly erotic step.

Yet she couldn’t even rub herself with a hoof – unwise as it was to try, the blunt appendage only mashed into her udder to make her shudder with sensation, her bulky former hand too clumsy even to masturbate herself.

She tried again, with both at once, and managed to just barely worm one in under her udder... yet all that accomplished was pressing hard, immobile hoof to her aching delicate cowcrotch.

Her netherlips, so full and fat and terribly tender, rejected outright such a crude attempt at touch, from that alien, brutish stump of keratin.

She tried again, and gave a long, deep ‘moo’ of lustful dismay, as she felt her own helplessness, her inability even to pleasure herself, as she rubbed her hooves against that vast bovine vulva.

Barca shook with the perverse pleasure of it all, only more aroused by her shameful efforts and ineffectual self-abuse.

That made her all the more desperate to get to the relative safety of her room – before the crew saw how... excited she was by all this....

Distracted as she was, making such loud, wanton lows, she heard the steps much too late.

“Okay you horny dogs,” exclaimed Vale. “Who let the fucktoy-cow aboard?”

“Damn, she’s smelling *ripe*,” Leonides growled.

Barca shuddered, as she realized she was caught... and slowly, reluctantly turned to face her returning crew.

She tried to look imposing, stern, but as she brought her hoof around she caught it on her own ankle, and stumbled against the wall with a series of clacks.

“*Captain?!*” gasped the jackal, Vale.

The exclamations as they saw her face burned her cheeks crimson with shame, and she looked away from their eyes.

She didn’t miss the spreading smirks, however.

“Mmmooo!” she moaned, “Mmm! mean.... I.... had mooo accident with this... thing! Geeeeet moo oooooooff mmoooooeee!”

Her hoof clacked against the metal cowbell.

Vale and the rest were grinning from ear to ear by then – or from ear-like anatomical structure to ear-like anatomical structure – and mentally Barca cursed the gang of rogues over which she’d been given charge.

“I dunno, ‘captain’, I think this is a good look for you,” Vale said, her own smile especially malevolent. “And looks like you were kinky enough to put it on in the first place, so you can’t be too unhappy about this.... Doesn’t smell like you’re too upset either! Maybe we should leave you as a horny cow full time, sorta like a ship’s mascot!”

“And pleasure station,” Leonides growled.

“Hey dude, paws off,” Starhooves cut in. “That’s *my* collar she’s wearing you know.”

The others stared at him, and the centaur grinned.

“It’s a tool my people use to reproduce when there’s no ordinary mare around. Turns a member of another species into a form that’s... well compatible, even if it isn’t the same. I thought it would be a fun surprise for you, cap! I bet you love how it feels, all cowed up, big jiggly tits and udder throbbing... body permanently stuck in heat, udder bulging with milk....”

“Mmoooooo bastard!” Barca groaned, even as her tail flicked with the alluring words.

“Hey come on, it’s just a prank! You can take the collar off at any time!” Starhooves insisted. “Or at least... you could if you had hands I guess, and if you knew the combination to the seal. But why bother? You look awesome, *super* fuckable! Why not go all the way and get knocked up? Do that and this becomes your new body forever! A permanent makeover! Rad, right?!”

As he spoke he was gliding forwards on his four legs, openly admiring her nude body while his enormous equine phallus slid eagerly out of the sheath under his second torso.

Barca could only answer with a degrading, lusty 'moo', as she imagined that huge rod... *ruining* her as Starhooves pumped her with cum... made her his toy irreversibly....

"You will, won't you, cap?" Starhooves went on, "I'm super pent up, so I'll probably fill you until you're spewing out both ends! It'll be great!"

It was so wrong, so depraved and *degrading*, yet a part of her – a fearfully large part – was in total agreement with his proposal.

Barca's body was aching to be rammed down that immense dick.

Her hooves groped at her chest and udder at the mere thought, and she shuddered, kneading tender flesh with wrists instead of the hard edges of hooves, feeling her labia's desperate ache, echoed in her twisted, dehumanizing thoughts of how she could make this disgraceful body hers forever.

"Mmmmoooo!" was all she could say.

Her pussy and anus clenched, as a tremor passed through her whole body, the scent of estrus intensifying.

"Oh fuck no," Vale said, "absolutely fucking not!"

The others stared at her, the cow included – it was no secret that the captain's first officer was less than fond of following her orders, and before the jackal spoke Barca had been dangerously close to agreeing to Starhooves' proposition.

"You can turn Barca into your cocksleeve or whatever – in fact you *definitely* should do that, just look at how thirsty that dumb heifer is already, she's desperate to be your onahole – but you are *not* turning *my* new ship into a centaur orgy. You wanna inflate her like a condom around your cock, you do it where I don't have to see it. Or *smell* it."

"What abooooout moooooeee?!" Barca exclaimed, struggling to make the sounds emerge as anything but humiliating lowing, as she gestured at her neck.

"What about you?" Vale asked, looking smugger than ever, "you get to be a lifelong cumdump, helpless to do anything but milk giant dicks, and I get your ship. Everybody wins!"

Barca's glare only made the jackal woman snicker.

"You're the one who put on the collar, Bessie! If you don't wanna get bred I guess that's up to you, but the only other position I have in *my* new crew is dairy supply. Anyway, see you clowns on the bridge, we're taking off in an hour. I feel like celebrating my 'promotion'. Maybe raid a spice freighter or something."

Barca wobbled after the mutinous officer despite her frustration – and despite the supreme difficulty of walking on hooves, waddling around the mass of her udder – if she got too far from Vale who knew what Starhooves might manage to talk her into.