

Drake Devlin's Transformative Bane

Chapter 3

“Farm Trip”

Written By

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V1.0

Explain section:

Drake Devlin's Transformative Bane is a multi-chapter TF story focusing on Drake, a Human in his early twenties that undergoes transformations.

The chapters will follow a pattern of adult scenes for the even numbers and non-adult scenes for the uneven numbered chapters. (with the exception of the first chapter)

This is because I want to see if I can write a story that has both adult fun (that we all love, I seen my like count on some stories) and at the same time also progress the story. This means that the even chapters might only contain SFW transformation. or only story/world building.

The aim is to have the average chapter be between 1500 and 2500 words so even if you don't like a chapter you should be able to skip it and not miss too much.

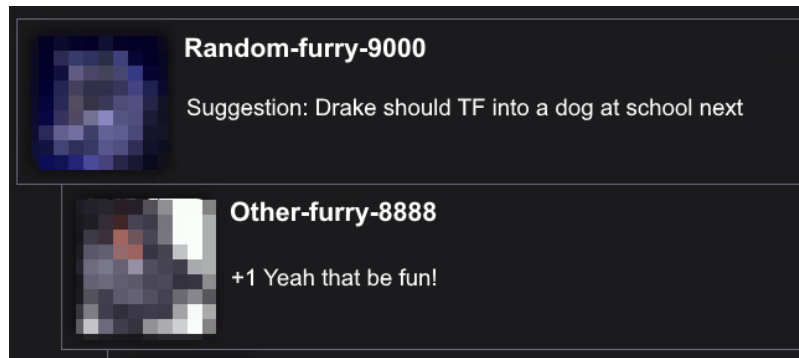
After each chapter there will be a chance for readers to suggest the path the story will take this can be done by posting in the comments, or just send me a note if you prefer to keep your name of the comment page

How does it work?

I upload a chapter on both my Furaffinity and Weasyl, If you got a suggestion for the next chapter you can leave a comment under the upload on either page (I suggest making clear it's a suggestion maybe by starting with "Suggestion:")

If people like your idea they can reply to it and that makes me know more people like to see that specific suggestion.

For example:



Rules:

Not a lot of rules as I'm willing to take the story any direction that gets suggested, however a few rules:

Drake can't be stuck forever, I do want to keep making chapters and use Drake as the main angle, It's fine if we stuck as something for a longer time but he can't be stuck forever

No nsfw minors, pretty simple but I have no interest in writing anything nsfw relating to minors. minors are okay in the story for suggestions that are not sexual, for example if Drake ends up turning into a pony-ride pony at a carnival it's fine if he has to carry minors on his back and have them pull his ears.

Suggestions made for this chapter:

Anonymous (telegram):

Cow transformation, some nice farm life for a while

WolfsI(fa):

I think it'd be fun if he could start understanding dog speech and he makes friends with some street mutt

Mcecny(FA):

I think Drake should start planning ahead and maybe get some new accessories for his place, or maybe some clothes buried in case of a change. Get a new leash and pick up a tag for himself just in case he goes out again and gets lost. He also needs to find an owner

Result:

Since we did a lot of dog stuff the last 2 chapters I decided to focus on the cow tf request that was made to be on telegram, still like the other 2 suggestions as well so will include drake planning and ill try and squeeze in some dog speech but if i can't get it in this chapter i'm sure it will pop up in a future chapter, once again thanks for the suggestions :)

Chapter 3: Farm Trip

Drake rolled himself over bed, an attempt to hide from the light that was starting to enter in through the cracks in between the blinds. He had barely slept last night. The weird stuff that had been happening had been running circles through his brain all night.

He had to accept that indeed he seemed to turn into a dog at times and that had to deal with that. He can't have it happen again that someone mistakes him for a stray dog, this time he was lucky he could have ended up in a dog pound.

With a heavy grunt he got himself out of bed, feeling the tiredness in his legs and arms as he got himself out of bed.

"ugh, I should have slept," he said to himself as he made his way to the bathroom and into the shower. hoping that the water would help with waking up fully. the water ran down his body and for a moment he got nervous when he picked up on that typical wet-dog smell but luckily it seemed to wash off him quickly instead of staying with him.

He didn't want to end up changing again, he was not sure what caused it to trigger but staying away from dog-like things seemed like a good idea, still he had to make sure that he was better prepared next time it happened.

After the shower he made his way back to his room and opened up his laptop. He couldn't believe that he was doing this but after thinking about ways of staying out of trouble all night this was the best idea so far. He searched for a petstore website that had custom collar tags and started typing.

"Drake, "I tend to wander, no need to find my owner, I'll find my way home"

He looked at the screen. It was a clever way of keeping people from locking him up, still it felt weird to order a tag like this for oneself, he sighed and pressed enter to add the tag to his cart.

The website thanked him for his order and suggested that a tag was useless without a collar and suggesting adding one, Drake agreed and started to browse again, the plan was to just pick something quick but after 30 minutes of browsing various collar designs drake realized what he was doing, he just picked something that was on the screen and placed the order, making sure to send it to Floyd instead of his own address but with his name on it.

Better then send it here and have his dad open it or something.

"Drake!, you awake yet kiddo? we are late" He heard coming from down stairs, confused Drake checked his reminders and grunted defeated.

"Almost done, be right now!" he shouted back and put the last pieces of his clothing on, he had completely forgotten that the family had some dumb farm trip today, he just hoped that there were not a farm-dog running around or something.

The drive to the farm was long and Drake was sitting bored in the back of the car while his dad and mom had a whole discussion how good it was to get out of the city and visit the countryside for what seemed like hours

Most of the trip was uneventful though there was one moment of confusion and stress that happened about 15 minutes away from the farm. An old Ford pickup truck had come to a stop next to their car at a traffic stop.

The car itself was nothing special but it was what was laying in the truck bed that got Drake's nerves fired up.

A cute and friendly looking border collie looked up at Drake and wagged its tail, "Hey! new hooman! friend! Hi!" Drake blinked, did that dog just talk to him?

"Can we play? I got a ball! My hooman has it in the car!"

Drake just stared with big eyes as the traffic started moving again.

"Aww. well next time then? bye friend!"

"b.. bye" Drake said softly and confused as the car drove away from each other, once his head had cleared Drake checked his body for fur and other hints that he might be changing but he seemed his human self or at least for now.

"You okay Honey?" you look like you seen a ghost?" Drake's mom asked as he looked in the rear view mirror at him.

"Oh no, I'm fine mom. thanks" he quickly replied.

Once at the farm they were not the only people there, several other families and other people were there waiting for a tour to start, the farm property was huge with lots of animals and fields of crops

Drake kept his eyes open in case of farm dogs but luckily it seemed that no dogs were around at this particular farm or at the very least were busy in some field herding sheep

A middle aged man wearing blue coveralls and a flannel shirt approaches the group of waiting people and introduced him as Farmer Bill

Farmer Bill was a friendly looking guy that had a sort of "santa" look to him, He had a friendly smile, a friendly voice and a gentle demeanor that really helped with getting the group to take a liking to him.

After a quick introduction the tour began and the group was shown the various stables and buildings.

The farm had horses, donkeys, chickens, pigs, cows and even some goats for goat cheese production.

After the tour was done people were invited to explore around, most people just wanted to feed the horses some apples or check to see if they could find any eggs laid by the free roaming chickens.

Drake however found himself mostly alone in one of the large barns exploring a bit, Luckily still no dogs in sight, he was going to get through this day without trouble.

"Mooooo" he suddenly heard loudly coming from nearby, a curious cow had stuck its head over the railing.

Drake smiled and gave the cow a pat over its snout, the farm had provided everyone with some feed to give the animals that was save to use so he dug into his pockets to feed some to the friendly cow.

He held out a handful of feed for the cow to eat but as he did he suddenly felt a familiar feeling around one of his fingers.

"Shit.. no not here, not now.." He didn't want to end up in a dog house with some sheep herding dog.." Those worries were tossed aside and replaced as soon as he felt the cow feed in his hand fall out, his index and middle finger fused together as well as his ring finger and pinkie.

"No.. no... stop" He cursed under his breath as he watched in horror as his hand grew into a hoof that looked quite similar to the one on the cow in front of him.

His other hand was joining quickly and he could feel his sneakers starting to become loose around his reforming feet.

Drake looked around and noticed a dark corner that seemed to have people near it. he had thought about these kind of scenarios a lot last night and seemed saving his clothing from ripping and hiding in a spot was the best approach.

he stumbled towards the dark corner and took his sneakers off, he felt like crying as he was welcomed by the sight of the 2 cow hooves that used to be his feet as he took his socks off and stuffed them into his sneakers.

"Okay.. stay calm.. who knows it might just be 10 minutes.." He took off his pants and decided to keep his underwear on for now.

He let out a deep grunt as his body suddenly seemed to be developing a lot more mass, he leaned forward as he tried to get his shirt off before it ripped.

He felt so heavy, looking down at himself he realized he had really become as big as the bovines that were walking around in the stables around him.

Horns pushed its way through the top of skull as he felt his face push out into a cow muzzle he could feel his nose flattening out and growing larger.

Drake tried to push his discarded clothing as far into the corner as he could before he really could not move his now front legs in that way anymore. he was feeling the changing coming to a end as only his tail and fur was left over he figured.

“okay.. moooo... focus.. moo.. im hooooman..” he tried to say to himself but as the black and white fur grew in and his ropey tail dangled its way over his rear he very quickly realized there was one more thing missing.

His lower gut started to swell up and formed 4 teats on it. “Oh.. no..nooomoooooo!” Drake protested as a heavy udder formed, hanging under him and full of milk.

He felt his underwear snapping off under the pressure and weight of the massive thing, he looked down at it in shock and had not even noticed the farm hand that was walking over towards him.

“What are you doing all alone here girl? how did you get on the other side of the fence huh?” The farmer said as he started to rub over Drake's snout.

“Mooooo!”

“Yeah come along” the farm hand guided drake along and reached down to feel that udder of his, “Oh dear, that's not helping now is it girl, come on we get you taken care of”

Drake was worried where this was going to go but running off and getting shot with a tranq gun didn't seem like a good idea, nervously he followed along as the farm hand guided him onto a walkway, it was not long before another cow stood behind him.

The line of cows slowly moved along, one cow at a time. Drake did not want to think about where he was but as he noticed Farmer Bill coming into the room and talking about the cows he soon got confirmation.

“This here is our milking parlor, cows actually love being milked as having a full udder can cause discomfort so they normally walk into the milking line on their own. the milking robot takes care of it all so they can get milked at each time of the day”

Drake wanted to back away as he realized he was next in line but the cow behind him simply pushed forward.

“Beep” Drake felt something move under him adn with another confirming beep he felt the first of the suckers being plopped onto one of his teats.

It was not long before the other 3 were added and the milk started flowing out of him. He had to admit that feeling the pressure being released did feel good but being watched by a tour group and even having pictures taken was not helping.

After some time had passed another beep was heard and the robot arm removed the milkers from him. Drake was glad this was done and found himself walking out into the fields behind the barn.

Some luck was with him that day because as he was getting worried about his folks leaving without him he felt that familiar feeling of shifting happening. He hurried to a corner of the field and watched in relief as his human shape started to return.

An awkward naked run back into the barn towards his clothing was the last thing he had to face that day as he luckily was back into his clothing minus his underwear a short time later.

"Oh honey there you are, we were looking for you" Drake's mom said as Drake walked back into the main gathering area.

"Sorry mom, I guess we just missed each other then" They headed back home as it was getting late, Drake was lost in his own thoughts as he realized that his changes were not just limited to dogs.

"Honey, did you hear me?..look what i got from the farm" Drake nearly choked on his own breath as he realized his mom was holding a glass bottle of cow milk.

"oh and some eggs, but all super fresh, the farmer said it was produced today, nice huh?"

Drake awkwardly nodded and tried to not think about what time that might have been bottled.