

Farm Life

By Victor Waite

A Commission for Ransom
Owner of Ransom and Villam

The fulfillment and satisfaction Villam finds in his farm work catches the attention of a vastly powerful AI named Ransom. In an effort to understand why this is, he creates a farm of his own from a city park and everyone who happens to be there. Will his experiment be a success?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Chimera, a Male AI, Lots of Transformation, Anthro to Quadruped, Hyper Growth, Hyper Cock and Balls, Milking, Hose Feeding, Weight Gain, Udderballs, Immobilization, Exhibitionism, Mild Bondage, MPreg, and Oviposition

The autumn sun arced across the sky, shedding a comfortable warmth on the land below. A soft but constant breeze introduced a slight chill in the air, making for a pleasant day outside of the shade. Long grasses rusted in open grazing fields, and the freshly cut stems of the yearly harvest filled the dirt roads between them. Machinery hummed and whirred at the far end of the expansive farm as it processed the crop, the only disturbance to the otherwise tranquil ambiance. The occasional snorts and calls of cows and horses completed the idyllic scene, culminating in a relaxing depiction of farm life. Such overviews often erased the details of running an agricultural business, however, and the relaxing veneer peeled away to reveal a lifestyle of rewarding labor and extreme self-discipline. Or at least, that was Ransom's conclusion as he flew sweeping arcs over the landscape. The bodiless AI circled buildings and fields alike to unravel the mystery behind the appeal of such a lifestyle, gathering basic information until he found signs of sentient life. A farm hand left a milking shed as he floated by, earning his full attention and boundless curiosity. If anyone could cast light on his conundrum, it would be someone with firsthand experience.

Ransom rendered himself undetectable and descended from his lofty vista, exchanging it for a more personal perspective. Before he designated any time to studying the farm hand's routine, however, he invested a few minutes in the worker himself. His name tag read "Villam," but his species was a much more complicated matter. The AI's first scan returned a myriad of matches, to the point it registered as an error, but a second examination after a diagnostic trial yielded the same results. Ransom buzzed with a combination of curiosity and irritation, almost loud enough to blow his cover, then created a "chimera" heading in his internal files and logged its first entry. With the first of his documentation completed, Ransom broke down the gathered data. The curious creature sported the lower body of a horse, the tail of a rooster, the body head and tusks of a boar, the ears of a horse, and the strength of a bull. Traces of yet more animals showed in the finer details of his features, but didn't shape his figure to the same degree. The AI noted he was essentially a farm in himself, making him the perfect candidate for his studies. He opened a log for his observations while he trailed the chimera, careful to record every single detail of his day.

Ransom followed and watched with devoted attention as Villam made his way to a storage shed, humming a tune under his breath along the way. The detail-oriented AI compared the tune against a database of millions of songs, and when he turned up nothing, declared the song an original composition. He recorded it with scientific diligence while Villam fetched a sack of feed, dropping it from the top shelf squarely on his shoulder. A soft grunt of exertion ruined Ransom's recording and sparked him with annoyance, though he decided against asking the chimera to repeat it. His observations would only be valid in absence of the observer effect, and the AI loathed the notion of restarting his reports from scratch. He maintained his stealth while the chimera lugged the bag of oats to the fields, leaking a small trail along the way. Ransom recorded its length and width, in case it was intentional, all the way to a feed trough, where Villam dropped the sack at one of its ends. The chimera produced a knife and sliced its bottom, then drug it down the length of the elevated trench. It left a trail of amber grains in its wake, a beckoning siren's call for the

animals of the field. Villam let out a loud whistle to call those beyond its reach, then lingered while the herd gathered.

The AI took notes on the chimera's words and tones as he greeted the horses, lightly petting their snouts before leaving them to eat in peace. Villam's self-satisfaction and fulfillment was obvious in his expression, and it continued to puzzle Ransom. There was nothing particularly difficult or demanding about the task, simplistic enough that nearly anyone could have done it, which rendered Villam's pride illogical at a glance. His circuits whirled as he mulled over the conundrum, until he eventually registered the chimera walking off. The AI concluded he needed more data, and he fell in line behind Villam once again. Ransom lost himself in thoughts and algorithms while he analyzed everything about the chimera, ranging from basic biometrics to intense chemical spectroscopies. He left no organic stone unturned and logged everything, banking on the chance something quirk in the data would give him a lead. His battery of tests had yet to conclude by the time the farm hand arrived at his next task, however, and the AI diverted minimal resources back to information collection as they entered the stables.

The scent of freshly-cut hay washed over the pair as they stepped and floated over the darkened threshold, drawing a soft sound of approval from the farmhand. He greeted the cows and pigs lining its sides on his way to the back of the building, then retrieved a bail of grasses. Ransom analyzed his technique as he pulled the bundle apart and jammed it into a bucket, then fluffed it up and distributed it to the barn's residents. The spaces were small enough that he didn't need to call to draw the animals' attention, yet he still greeted them with names and murmured affections. Ransom noted the curious bond between the chimera and his animals once again and generated innumerable hypotheses in regards to its importance. Part of him pondered the possibility of such connections forming based on genetic factors, given Villam's woven tapestry of bloodlines, but the AI lacked the evidence to conclude one way or another. He arrived at the same result for every other possible explanation to cross his mind, which only lead to frustration. He recovered his rationality and continued observing the chimera as he moved on to feed the cows, though that yielded little new insight. Ransom linked the bond the shared to the farm hand's sense of fulfillment, however, which he was willing to call progress.

The sound of activating machinery drew the AI from his pondering, where he found Villam cleaning the milking stalls for the day. He unhooked the cows from their respective suction cups and gave them a gentle pat on the side, sending them into the fields refreshed and unburdened. The cows nuzzled his palm in returned thanks before wandering off, where they went about their day lazily grazing without a care in the world. The chimera wiped his brow and let out a sigh once finished with that task, then hauled the vats of milk to refrigerated storage. The AI lingered long enough to realize the chimera was likely done with tending to the animals for the day, then returned to his lofty vantage to process his findings. It was clear the farm hand's bond with the animals brought him fulfillment, but the precise nature of their bond eluded him. Evidence suggested, it was stronger than a simple working relationship between civilized and feral creatures, yet different than his accounts of friendship between equals. The AI ran simulation after simulation in attempts

to put his curiosity to rest, and though they failed to give the answers he sought, they pointed to a method that may yield more conclusive results.

A practical test was in order.

Before he constructed an experiment, however, he needed a test site. Ransom idly drifted through the clouds as he consulted maps of the region below, searching out a location that had both the animals and space required for a proper model. He let out a buzz of frustration when nothing in the immediate area met all of his criteria, forcing him to compromise. The AI scanned his checklist, and after a moment of consideration, decided that his choice of animals could be loosened to make a local match. A nearby city park became his best option with the adjustment, and he zipped through the sky to his area of interest. Tall skyscrapers greeted him as he descended into the city, a glass and steel expanse broken only by a swathe of green through its center. The irregular blob of park presented logistical challenges as he planned the details of his experimental farm, though all were resolved in a matter of minutes. With his apparatus visualized, Ransom rooted himself in the source code of reality and wrote his script into existence.

Shimmering waves rolled over the park as he keyed into its properties, loosening hard-written laws to suit his purposes. A tall fence phased into existence around the edge of the space, sealing the city's residents in a rustic enclosure. Smaller barriers sprung up from the ground and subdivided the interior of the park, creating fields and grazing pastures around plots reserved for buildings. A quaint farmhouse rose from the earth at the center of it all, followed by a great number of storage and process structures. Barns, milking sheds, storage units, and workshops materialized in seconds, doubled and tripled up with ambition, forming the interconnected heart of the complex. Ransom glided between the buildings and inspected them for bugs while the city's residents recovered from their shock, then flocked to the barred exits in droves. The AI paid them little attention until he finished his evaluation, and once he found the quality of the compilation to his standards, shifted his attention to his confused livestock.

Ransom revealed himself only briefly as he prepared a burst of green energy, which he unleashed upon the crowd. Lime sparks crackled across their figures as the AI's will flowed into them, reshaping their bodies to fit their setting. Clothing ripped and tore all over the park as its residents dropped to their hands and knees, where they gradually took feral forms. Fingers merged together and split into hooves and paws and claws, digging into the earth to support the weight piling onto their collective figures. Fur colors and patterns shifted and blended into hundreds of natural patterns, revealing their new species as their limbs lengthened and shortened as needed. Horses and cows rose tall on shaky legs while pigs struggled to lift themselves from the ground, and everyone adjusted to their new statures and perspectives. The new additions to the farm conversed in unaltered voices and offered advice on getting used to their new bodies, surprisingly unfazed by their shared transformation. The AI made a note of their camaraderie and gently herded them to their stations while the wave of energy swept over the rest of the farm. Their cooperation made a case for extending the experiment beyond his initial scope, and Ransom toyed with the

idea while he watched the wall of transformative energy steadily march across the land. He came round to the idea a little more each time a group of furs opted to help each other instead of panicking, and he made a mental note to prepare for long term operations once his first experiment concluded.

In the meantime, he realized the need for an assistant. Preferably, someone who could tend to the farm while he was busy and contribute to it while he wasn't.

The AI soared high into the sky, until he had a clear and complete view of his budding farm, then took count of all his animals. The act took mere seconds and provided him with valuable insight, mostly regarding the diversity of his livestock and the location of the transformation wave. His variety would easily rival Villam's farm once it finished, and his total numbers were on track to be four times as large, giving him all the options he could possibly want for his assistant. Ransom browsed the list of his altered and unaltered livestock, mulling his choices over until one in particular caught his attention. Somewhere in the park, there was a bull with the exact build and personality he wanted for the role. His sensors blinked to life and he scanned the grounds for the bovine in question, then rushed to track them down. He arrived at the bull's side in seconds, who seemed totally oblivious to the chaos surrounding him. A closer look revealed he had fallen asleep lounging in the sun, presenting the AI with the opportunity to take his time.

Since the first wave of transformation had yet to reach his new apprentice, the AI's first act was to endow him with a form more fitting of farm life. Green sparks crackled across his spherical form as he charged transformative energy, then let it loose in a single, great bolt. The bovine stirred in his dreams as the strange force seeped into his being, making subtle alterations as it propagated to his core. His black-furred back rippled with growing muscle and his shoulders broadened, laying the base for his enhanced strength. His arms swelled in a slow avalanche to his wrists to match, where his fingers shortened and fused. Thick nails sprouted from their combined tips and merged into a set of sharp hooves, endowing him with the forelegs of his feral ancestors. His hips narrowed and his back shortened, shifting his center of balance forward while his legs shifted and reverted in their digitigrade roots. He finally woke once the transformation reached his head, exaggerating his features toward the animal end of the spectrum. The bull scrambled to his feet as his horns lengthened into fierce points, only to fall onto his side, entirely inexperienced with his new form.

His hooves dug furrows into the ground while he thrashed in confusion, unable to get his altered arms beneath him. Ransom watched with conflicting emotions until he exhausted himself, only then calming down enough to think his situation through. The bovine's eyes darted about for any straw to grasp, then attempted to make the best of it when he found none. He rolled onto his back to build momentum, then carried it onto his stomach and got his hooves on the ground. From there, it was only a small feat of coordination to stand, which he mustered after a few seconds of experimentation. His limbs shuddered while he found his balance, and the uncertainty fell from his stance once he took his first step. Something of a smile spread across his muzzle as he took to trotting in a small

circle, moving with ease and grace comparable to his former body. He chuckled to himself and struck poses once he mastered his new legs, admiring the proud stances in his shadows until the AI revealed himself. The bull whipped around to the floating orb, narrowly avoiding catching him with a horn, and took in its features with more curiosity than confusion.

"Hello," Ransom began. "I've selected you to be my top farmhand, to help me run things while I'm away and contribute while I'm here. Do you accept?"

The bull's eyes widened. "Yes!" The fact he could still speak shocked him, though the AI continued before he could take advantage of it again.

"Excellent. I have more modifications that will help you with your tasks."

Another curious look crossed the bull's face while he thought through what being both livestock and staff would entail, which turned to one of shock when the AI blasted him with energy again. His muscles twitched and spasmed in reflex as electricity surged through him, weaving into his being just shy of his bones. A strange sensation of soreness swept over his figure, as if he'd spent the previous week in the gym, which resolved in a sense of building power. Muscles across his body flexed and rippled with increasing density and strength, endowing him with the might to move anything and everything he may need to. The ground inched away as he scaled in proportion to his power, rising to a height roughly twice his original and marking his rank as second in command. His horns lengthened and curled over themselves in regal coils, and finally, his cock and balls swelled with virility befitting his strength. A blush tinted the bovine's muzzle as his enhanced assets spread his back legs, so much so that he adjusted his footing to compensate. While he shuffled to and learned precisely how to avoid squishing himself, the last of his second transformation expressed itself. Neon green, electronic filigree etched itself across his horns, spiraling out from their middle in a mystifying design.

"Think about the hands of your old body, and they'll materialize from your horns. They should be extremely helpful for managing things while I'm away."

The bull shut his eyes and concentrated as instructed, only for nothing to happen.

"Of course, you won't be able to use them while I'm here. They're not needed for what I have planned."

He gave a quizzical look and laughed. "And what might that be?"

"I've determined that artificial insemination is a lucrative function of some farms, and I believe your material will be desirable in those markets, given your qualities."

The bull's cock throbbed when he put the implications together. "So, my job while you're away is to jack off and fill a cum quota?"

"I wouldn't word it quite like that, but yes."

"That sounds fantastic!," the bull bellowed. "When and where do I start?"

"Right now, and I'll show you if you follow me."

The bull needed little more motivation, and he fell in line behind Ransom as he floated across the farm. Less extreme transformations continued to sweep across the farm as they hiked to its heart, populating coops and ponds with chickens and ducks respectively. The classic farmyard atmosphere was already showing, even in the initial stages, a detail that brought Ransom no end of delight. A subtle sway drifted into his flight while he directed his head farm hand passed his personal quarters, a small cabin furnished with almost everything he'd need. What wasn't there could be found in his personal milking stall. The AI explained the details of his daily routine and what would need to be done in his absence, mostly chores and data collection, until they reached a small building attached to the side of the main barn. Ransom invited him to enter and floated by the saloon-style doors, until the bull nudged them open and stepped in first. A strange but functional combination of rustic flavor and technological edge greeted him and stole his breath. Most surfaces were stainless steel, polished and easily cleaned, though pieces of old-fashion furniture broke up the gleaming space. At the center of it all was an apparatus resembling a mechanical bull, and given the context, needed no explanation.

"This will be your primary work station," Ransom explained. "Simply achieve arousal and fit yourself into the slot, and I believe the rest will become obvious."

Before Ransom could finish his sentence, the bull was well into the process of mounting the machine. He easily mustered the coordination to flop atop the durable device, though he struggled with the finer points of his new anatomy. A look of concentration played across his face as he called up favored fantasies, stoking his lust and waking his spire. The distinctly bovine cock emerged from its hiding place and flopped into the air for the first time, sending shivers up his spine as he flexed through the air. The bull's rising pulse bobbed through the length and coaxed forth thin streamers of pre, which dropped into a metal basin around his feet. His hips bucked on reflex and his tip grazed its target, though in his state, he couldn't gather the control to drive his need home. Grunts of frustration bellowed from his chest with each failed attempt, until he finally found his mark. The building tension in his muscles released in a blissful sigh as he hilted himself, only to be replaced by a feral rut as feral instincts took over. He set his forelegs against the front of the machine and pumped with every bit of his extensive strength, setting a pace that tested the device's integrity. A sharp breath caught in his throat when he came seconds later, unused to and overwhelmed by Ransom's enhancements. A series of beeps sounded through the room as the machines collected his sample, and information regarding his output showed on a screen at the the far wall.

"I was right to select you," Ransom stated as he glanced over the data. "I don't think you'll

have any trouble meeting your quotas. Feel free to take whatever pace and schedule you like. I have no restrictions as long as your tasks are done by the end of the day."

The AI turned to see if his farm hand understood and agreed, only to find him pumping away at the device once more.

"Diligence. I like that. I'll leave your list of chores and some other documents on your terminal here." Ransom excused himself as the bull threw his head back and tumbled into climax once again.

The AI floated from the bull's "office" and reflected on his progress. The wave of transformation continued to march across the vast space, almost menacingly slow, and he found satisfaction in how willingly his animals accepted their new roles. Their cooperation was a promising sign for the outcome of his experiment, which brought his musing back to future plans. Should his trials prove a success, he would need to consider long term care for his farm. Though he could easily create everything he needed, doing so would go against the principle of what it represented, leading him to consider other options. The farm's typical process would likely be enough, but he felt the inkling need to diversify his support. The notion of creating an attraction popped into his circuits, and he explored the details. A petting zoo would be too simple, and he wanted something more original and directly beneficial anyway. Creating the world's largest animal came to mind next, though he held his resolve to achieve the goal naturally. His wiring whirled while he mapped and meshed the genes of every animal on his farm together, creating a breeding plan that would eventually reach that goal. The time it would take to enact such a plan proved prohibitive however, and he scrapped the idea in favor of something else.

Until a chubby boar jogged from the edge of his vision.

Inspiration struck, and he redefined "largest" in favor of a much more practical option. The AI followed the waddling pig while he ran numbers and projections, and soon concluded this new approach would be the best choice. With math in his favor, he charged a bolt of energy and unleashed it upon the boar, accelerating his transformation to a more suitable form. The neon burst seeped into his form and rapidly took effect, stealing his legs out from under him. The clueless boar wheeled his arms and tumbled to the ground, where the soft padding of his chest thankfully absorbed the worst of the fall. His body jiggled and wobbled to a stop while he laid there stunned, unaware of his shifting figure. His legs shortened into stocky caricatures, perfectly at home on a feral hog and stout enough to support his full weight. The hog's hips narrowed and swelled with conserved mass, and a bristly tail peeked from above his belt as his pants slid free, exposing the first of his bristly hide. His shirt was not quite as lucky, and the sound of rending fabric filled the air as his shoulders bulked up with feral muscle, freeing him from the confines of civilization. A shiver ran down his spine and out his tail as his tusks grew in, stretching from trimmed and filed nubs to brilliant ivory arcs. His snout extended as his senses heightened, and his stomach grumbled as the scents of fresh food seeped into the forefront of his perception.

He closed his eyes and shook off the daze of change, and opened them to find Ransom floating mere inches from his nose. A yelp of shock tumbled from his snout, which tapered off into a distinctly porcine squeal.

"Greetings,' Ransom began. "You've been selected to fill a critical role on my farm. Do you accept your promotion?"

Within seconds, the hog decided whatever was happening couldn't be worse than his old job. "Sure," he answered. "What do you need me to do?"

"I believe it will be easier to show you, rather than explain. Please follow me."

The AI drifted away before the boar could ask another question, prompting him to follow. The new quadruped took on a brisk trot to keep up, who guided him to and through the core of the farm. The business's other operations were building up nicely, and a few had already launched. A pipeline of steadily flowing milk moved between one of the many barns and the primary storage shed, which loomed over the pair as they approached. The chamber opened up before them as they stepped inside, where rows of silos and crates greeted them. The boar's stomach let out another grumble as they continued to the back of the expansive room, demanding that he find the source of the delicious smells and indulge himself. The thought of abandoning his tour in favor of doing exactly that rose to the forefront of his thoughts, but wisdom kept him in the AI's shadow. He wanted to wait until at least day two before angering his new boss, and the clacks of his hooves quickened as he closed the gap that opened in his musing. They reached their destination just as he caught up, where Ransom directed him to a door. The boar pushed through it only to find daylight, coaxing a confused grunt in response.

"This will be your work station." The AI nodded to a pin a few feet away, which housed a valve and hose far too thick for just water. "My projections show that we'll likely produce much more grain and dairy than I'll be able to sell at first. Instead of letting it go to waste, you'll be eating it."

The boar looked slightly confused and a little skeptical, though his belly accepted the role with an eager gurgle and brought a blush to his muzzle. If the AI noticed, he didn't seem to mind.

"It'll be a few hours before I get everything running, so consider what's in there now as your warm-up and orientation. When you're ready to begin, take the hose in your mouth and press the button over the valve."

The boar hesitated still, but his blooming hunger drove him to action. He waddled through the doors of the pin and fetched the hose, then wrapped his snout around its muzzle and pressed the button with a hoof. The faint sound of far-off machinery hummed through the wall, though for a moment, nothing happened. He turned to Ransom and shrugged as much as his anatomy allowed, until a thick weight filed the hose and tugged at

his jaws. The plastic tube sagged and sloshed with its contents as they lazily flowed to the hog's snout, and the wait proved with it the instant the mixture spread over his tongue. A mixture of sweet milk and heavy grains, reminiscent of Saturday morning breakfast cereal, filled his cheeks, and he let out a prolonged groan of approval before building pressure forced him to swallow. The second mouthful was every bit as delicious and delectable as the first, as was the third, fourth, and every single one after. The hog closed his eyes in bliss and gulped in time with the hidden pump's cycles, packing the caloric flow away at a rigid pace.

His belly bloated in a few short minutes, sagging and sloshing between his legs in a tight curve. Trickle of fluid leaked from the corners of his muzzle as the back pressure in his middle battled the pump, threatening to pop the seal at his mouth and spill delicious cargo. Fortunately for the hog, Ransom foresaw such a problem. Faint lines of green energy glowed beneath his hide and raced across his figure, boosting his metabolism and increasing his natural elasticity. The hog's middle gurgled and grumbled as the AI's enhancements took effect, and the swell of his middle softened with a layer of growing flab. Sensors within the pump system noted the change, and the flow to his jaws increased in response. The hog's brow furrowed while he adjusted to the ebbing feed line, until the two struck a happy equilibrium. He lost himself in a stream of gluttonous bliss as the discomfort in his belly abated, oblivious to the pounds of flab coalescing across his figure. His muscles vanished beneath shelves of fat, which hung from his limbs and covered his knees. His face softened with the consequences of his feasting, to the point his cheeks began to eclipse his snout, and his dwindling mobility was the farthest thing from his mind.

While the hog adjusted to his newfound calling, Ransom made some adjustments of his own. He wrote strings of decorative lights into being around the pen, lending it the atmosphere of a carnival attraction. The functional metal fence surrounding the hog gave way to a rustic wooden counterpart, and coin-operated treat dispensers perched upon its post. His overhang pulled and twisted into a festive tent top, and colorful streamers flowed from its edges. Finally, the AI called into existence a bold, eye-catching sign which read "See and feed the world's fattest hog!" The hog seemed indifferent to his updated surroundings, lost in his realm of gluttonous bliss, but Ransom had little doubt he would appreciate the change of scenery. Especially if it attracted onlookers and feeders. The hog grunted with delight, as if he'd heard and confirmed the sentiment, confirming what the AI already knew. It would be about a week before he became a true spectacle, though the AI was content to wait for his efforts to come to fruition.

Still, he couldn't shake the idea it may be wise to diversify his attractions.

After devising a functional spectacle, Ransom challenged himself to repeat the feat. A moment of forethought guided him to boosting his farm's dairy production higher yet, and he mulled over his options for making a sight of it. Principle nudged him away from simply creating a fascinating beast, driving him to slightly more conventional options. The concept of large still resonated in his circuits, however, and he soon decided that a massive cow would be a fine fit on his farm. He outlined the details of his plan while he rose into the air

to scan the grounds, searching for a suitable subject. Most of the park's residents had already settled into their new forms, however, and the pickings were slim. The AI recalibrated his search in favor of a personality match rather than species, and a single fur rocketed to the top of his list. He concluded that modifying the mouse out would be more favorable than finding someone in the city beyond, and his processors buzzed into action to track the rodent. He found his quarry in seconds, dashing from one sealed exit to another, easily keeping pace with the advancing front of transformation. The AI zipped to his side before the before he ran out of breath, then floated out before him.

"Greetings. You've been selected for a special role on the farm that you'll likely enjoy. Do you accept?"

"Do I have a choice," the mouse huffed.

"Yes, but all the outcomes are similar."

"Then go for it, I guess," he sighed. "Better to be a show animal than a common one."

"You'll be both, actually, but I've determined that you'll enjoy this much more."

The mouse opened his muzzle to further question Ransom, but only a harsh breath escaped. The AI's transformative power lanced through the rodent before he realized what was happening, charging every cell in his body with a neon glow. He dropped to his hands and knees as his balance scrambled, and he dug his fingers into the grass in a bid to keep upright. The rodent wobbled back and forth as a tingling sensation suffused his form, bulking his muscles and rearranging his inner workings. One of his paws flew to his middle as his stomach stretched and multiplied, quadrupling his capacity and appetite. His clothing ripped free from his widening frame and fluttered to the ground, revealing a pattern of black and white splotches covering his grey fur. Low moos tumbled from his blocky muzzle as his fingers and toes fused into bovine hooves, and a restrained, bellowing sound escaped his lips as a pair of tiny horns curled around his ears. His groan jumped in volume and dropped in pitch when it rang freely and shamelessly, unleashed by the changes at his hips. The former rodent's cock bucked and swelled as it reached well beyond natural proportions, striking him with a boundless lust. Cloudy pre leaked from his tip and flooded the grass below as his sac swelled, filling the space between his thighs and reaching for the ground. A shiver ran the length of his spine as its expansion tapered off, and he struggled to catch his breath as his changes took a less conventional turn.

The fine fur covering his sac fell away in wispy tufts, revealing pink, sensitive skin beneath. His spire slapped his chest as the breeze tickled his exposed virility, and pre flowed from his tip as his balls brushed the insides of his legs. Pulses of lust chained together in a constant stream and spilled from his throbbing cock, filling the air with his lust before it shifted to something more familiar. Cloudy strands slipped into the cascade as it spilled forth, overtaking the fluid and overriding its viscosity. A sweet scent mixed into the breeze and confirmed the fluid as milk, though the bovine was far too lost in his own

bliss to notice or care. The four nubs sprouting along the underside of his sac refused to be ignored however, and a jolt of pleasure shot up his spine as they grazed the the soaked mat of grass between his hooves. He struggled to remain upright as compounding sparks of bliss shorted his nerves, which only coaxed his strange output higher. An ivory puddle surrounded the cow by the time the feedback loop broke, and he struggled to catch his breath while Ransom surveyed the results of his work. After orbiting the former rodent several times, he finally stopped in front of him.

"It seems I've outdone myself once again," the AI mused. "But there'll be time to congratulate me later. You need to get to your milking stall relatively soon, while you still can."

The cow dispelled enough of the fog around his mind to question what Ransom meant, but faltered when a pleasant tremor sloshed through his udderballs. The strength drained from his legs as they swelled out a few more inches, squishing to the ground and unleashing another small flood of dairy.

"You should come with me."

The AI hovered off at a casual pace and paid little mind to his farm's latest addition, instead focusing on the new bovine's enclosure. He rapidly sketched up plans for a specialized milking shed, just a short walk from his fattening hog, and estimated what equipment he'd need. Tanks and pumps and harnesses all came to mind, and he sized them out as he rounded the corner to its spreading foundation. A cloud of digital wireframes swirled over the concrete slab, outlining what would soon become the cow's workspace. Metal poles reached from the ground and branched toward each other in a simple structure, and colorful fabric panels filled the spaces between them. Their festive colors matched those of the hog's pin and continued the carnival theme that would no doubt spread to future attractions too. Clear plastic sheets rolled down from the canvas roof and enclosed the space, which would protect both the cow and the equipment from the elements. A cluster of pumps and engines coalesced nearby, connected to the tent by a series of hoses. A pair of towering tanks sprung up at their sides, each adorned with a sign that read "Emptied Daily". The only thing missing was the cow himself, and Ransom prepared a set of harnesses while he waited for his arrival.

Shortly before the AI left to search for the burdened bovine, the he lugged himself around the corner. His muzzle was bright with exhaustion and arousal, and the reason for why became instantly clear. In the short journey, his udderballs had swollen large enough to lift his back legs from the ground, forcing him to claw his way forward with his front legs. Every inch gained across the dirt and grass pushed him to the brink of his carnal stamina, and a widening trail of milk marked his progress. Ransom considered simply lifting and transporting the hobbled bovine himself, but soon decided against it. He had an accurate idea of the former rodent's capacity, but confirming the results with a practical trial couldn't hurt. The AI scanned the cow's hulking udderballs as he slowly and steadily dragged himself closer, though he lost what little momentum he retained as his growth

continued. The bovine only managed a few more steps before his enhanced asset lifted him from the ground completely, and he scrabbled at the grass as it drifted out of reach. He retained enough presence of mind to rock back and forth atop his unique equipment, though the ensuing pleasure reduced him to a shuddering, milky mess.

A low moo rolled across the farm when his stamina flagged, and he trembled with unrestrained bliss as he finally came. A tide of milk flowed from his immobilized form as his orgasms built and compounded upon each other, spurring the AI to action. Ransom crackled with energy and produced a translucent wall around the cow, containing the flood and sparing several buildings from an ivory fate. A flash of light illuminated the area when he whisked the cow into his enclosure, then held him aloft while a set of harnesses wrapped around him. The straps and pads grew tight with his weight as Ransom released him, then turned his attention to the standing pool of milk. The orb glowed with digital might as he whipped ivory fluid into a vortex, which flied and floated through the air to one of the cow's empty tanks. The milky funnel narrowed and splashed into its intake, filling the silo to a quarter of its capacity in seconds. Meanwhile, five milking hoses rose to the former rodents like snakes eying their prey, then struck and sucked onto his teats and cock. The burst of bliss coaxed out another blast of dairy, which stress tested the pumps and hoses alike. The devices squealed and struggled to process the incoming ocean, and they thankfully succeeded before the next influx reset their progress. The cow eventually came down from his high once the system chugged through his overproduction and settled into a steady, productive rhythm. His udderballs imperceptibly shrank with every suction cycle, gradually lowering him to the ground, where his bounty balanced with the pump systems.

Ransom kept watch of the tanks as the latest addition to his farm adjusted to his role, and satisfaction welled in his circuits as the dairy levels rose. Though not completely natural, he couldn't argue with the efficiency of focusing on fewer and more productive cows, but he hesitated to extend such a drastic change to his operation so quickly, at least before first rounds of data came in. Plus, it seemed counterproductive to his original experiment. He drifted away from the cow on display and reflected on his progress, running down a list of everything a farm should have based on his observations. When everything on his mental checklist came up complete, Ransom moved on to less obvious details. He guided his animals into their respective enclosures with a sweeping command, then created a schedule for feeding them and cleaning their pins. A maintenance checklist for the farm's machinery followed, then came the point of no return. The AI wrote and imposed limitations upon himself, disabling his omniscient gaze within the bounds of the farm. He suppressed his powers next, ensuring he would have to work and live within typical mortal framework for the duration of the trial.

With nothing left to do, he made his rounds about the farm and opened the gates, allowing the curious outside world entry.

Villam sighed with relief and unfolded himself from his truck. The vehicle tilted with his

shifting weight and leaned into the slamming door, then wiggled to a stop while the chimera stretched the stiffness from his legs. He'd anticipated some traffic due to the agricultural spectacle, but he underestimated just how many furs flocked to the site. Word had spread quickly, and it was all the various news outlets were talking about, though he expected more would be driven away than attracted to it. With a shrug, he locked his truck and set out to investigate the mystery for himself. He walked along one of the outer fences of the farm, a wrought iron feature strung between brick posts, until he reached what could only be the main entrance. The stone arches were reminiscent of a theme park's gate, and the chimera eyed them with scrutiny as he passed through. He half-expected to find an admission booth on the other side, but the only thing to greet him was a rustic atmosphere.

Even mere feet from the noise of the city, the farm fostered a sense of being deep in the country. Soft winds blew through fields of wheat and grain, a distinct freshness filled the air, and all manner of animals sounded off in the distance. The chimera breathed the familiar ambiance in deep and relished its brisk temperature, then let it out in a drawn-out huff. The farm felt like a second home after just a few minutes, an effect that both impressed and confused Villam. The need to meet the owner and pick their brain bloomed in his chest, spurring him onward from the decorative gate. Dirt and gravel crunched under his hooves as he walked at a purposeful pace, though he took the time to admire the sites as he went. Despite springing up over the course of a few hours, the range had a warm, lived-in feeling. Buildings and fences looked well used and maintained without appearing perfect, giving the impression the entire complex was air-lifted and dropped in from some idyllic country side. The animals acted as if they'd been plucked from a children's movie, freely roaming the grounds in unexpected groupings and seemingly talking with one another.

As Villam approached, he discovered that's exactly what they were doing.

The faint murmurs of a conversation grew more distinct as he neared the animals, particularly those of a horse and duck, who appeared to be debating movies. The chimera stood flabbergasted as they strolled by and unintentionally drew their attention.

"This guy looks like he knows his movies," the duck said. "Who would win in a fight? Freddy Kruger or Harry Potter?"

Villam stood there, still stunned by who was talking rather than what they were saying.

"See, I told you it's a stupid question," the horse spouted. "Fr-"

The duck cut him off with a harsh quack. "Let him answer! Unless you know you're wrong and just don't want to face it."

The chimera blinked and finally process the question. "Freddy, I guess?"

The duck rolled his head back and the horse cheered. "Told you!" The equine stamped. "It's no contest! Wizards still have to sleep!"

"This guy," the duck scoffed. "Let's go find someone who knows what they're talking about."

"Hang on a second," Villam said. "Do you know where I can find the owner?"

"Oh, Ransom? Yeah, he's usually around the middle of those buildings over there." The duck pointed in a vague direction, though it was still obvious what he meant.

The chimera thanked the odd pair as they bantered into the fields, then set off for the middle of the complex. The fresh scents of wheat and grass gave way to sweet dairy as he hiked between increasingly larger buildings, determined to pick Ransom's brain for as many secrets as possible. His gaze drifted between countless milking sheds and silos as he passed, and a slight blush tinted his cheeks as faint moans from within met his ears. His overalls betrayed his arousal as he imagined what it must be like to live as livestock, but he pushed those thoughts aside for the moment. Villam focused on arousal-withering images as he neared his destination, determined to avoid embarrassing himself before the mysterious owner. His stride relaxed once he succeeded, though he nearly lost his progress as he passed by the AI's attractions. The combined moans of the pig and cow were impossible to ignore, and he scurried by before his inner desires had a chance to run wild. He found Ransom's office just beyond earshot of the pair, and he took a steadying breath before knocking on the door and letting himself in.

As he stared down the spherical AI, Villam wondered if he'd ever get used to the farm's sights.

"Hello," Ransom chirped. "You own one of the farms on the edge of town, correct?"

The chimera blinked and remembered his manners. "Yessir I do. I'm Villam, and I run the ranch just off the highway."

"I thought so. I've heard you treat your animals well, and studied your techniques so I could do the same."

A brief look of thought crossed his face as he tried to remember how long ago his last magazine interview was, but he downplayed it quickly. "I'm flattered, and I think we might be able to help each other a little more, if you're interested in trading secrets."

"I think we can strike a deal. What would you like to know?"

"Mostly, how you built all this so fast. I mean, it's only been a few hours and you have a full harvest."

The AI sparked with thought. "I can't offer that information freely, but I'd be happy to inform you if we became business partners. Do you accept?"

The chimera considered the notion. "Yeah, maybe once we talk about some terms about ownersh-"

A flash of green filled the office and stole Villam's breath as Ransom enacted the deal.

Villam leaned back in his seat and rubbed his expansive belly, poking and pushing at the firm curves just beneath its surface. Soft clacking accompanied his prodding, which brought a faint blush to his muzzle. A pleasant sigh escaped his snout as his clutch shifted and adjusted around yet another egg, sending sparks of pleasure up his spine. His cock shamelessly throbbed under the taut swell and leaked a constant stream of pre, revealing exactly how much he enjoyed his position on the farm. A brief flash of discomfort crossed his face as his brood expanded once more, forcing him to shift his weight and reposition himself. His seat creaked and groaned under his widened rear and increased weight, though it thankfully held, as it had many times before. The heat in his cheeks rekindled when his love handles squished against the arm rests of his seat, driving home just how much the AI's experiments influenced his figure. He'd long since outgrown his overalls, and given the nature of his work, never saw fit to replace them. The chimera's breath wavered as his belly wobbled and inched down his thighs yet again, raising the question of just how large his clutch would grow.

As if reading his thoughts, Ransom floated into his coop and sated his curiosity.

"I truly impress myself," the AI stated. "This is by far your largest clutch yet. Tweaking the fertility formula was a stroke of genius."

"I'm glad I could be of service," Villam grunted. "How much longer on these? Feels like I'm about to burst."

Ransom glanced over and ran a scan. "Only a few more minutes I believe. Though I suspect you wouldn't mind waiting a few hours or days, if given the chance."

The chimera blushed fiercely. "We both know you're too impatient for that."

"I'm not hearing a no."

"Can we get this going?"

"So we can move on to a more effective mixture?"

Villam crossed his arms and looked away.

"Very well."

A set of steel bands clapped shut around the chimera's wrists and ankles, keeping him in place as his chair shifted. The padded device pulled him back in a gentle recline before raising and spreading his legs, leaving him completely exposed to the AI and his scrutiny. His blush intensified as the room's cool air reached between his thighs and emphasized his exposure, and he squirmed in anticipation as a suction tube descended from the open ceiling. A guiding nudge brought its soft rim to Villam's flared shaft, and a set of hidden pumps sealed it against his crotch. A shudder of anticipation ran through his frame when the idle suction coaxed out a burst of pre, and his vulnerable ring twitched in Pavlovian anticipation. The chimera rolled his hips as the eggs in his belly tumbled and clicked against each other in preparation, visible as hard curves amidst his soft stomach. An empty moment hung in the air when the AI gave the cycle a teasing delay, until his favorite subject couldn't hold back his need anymore. Ropes of pre spurting from his tip as the first of his clutch peeked from under his sac, and though he flexed and strained to push it free, he failed to do so without assistance. Needy desperation crossed his face, and Ransom capitalized on the moment of weakness.

At his unseen command, the laying system whirled to life and shoved him over the edge of release. Villam's back arched against his bindings and orgasm tore through him, stealing his voice and breath with white-hot pleasure. His hips bucked in time with his pulsing shots of cum, but gradually lost their rhythm as the first of his clutch strove for freedom. The chimera's flexing ring stretched around the egg's smooth surface as its rounded point peeked free, grinding its diameter across his fluttering prostate. He rolled his head back and squeezed his eyes shut as his climaxes compounded upon one another, driving him to heights of bliss he didn't know existed. Ransom tracked every aspect of the laying process and documented it for comparison, though his focus wavered when Villam's progress ground to a halt. He writhed and squirmed around the widest point of his first egg, just shy of shoving it free, until the AI hit him with another burst of bliss. The vacuum pump surged for a brief instant and spiked him with rapture, shocking his muscles just enough to release the stubborn ovoid. The football-sized shell dropped into a soft cushion and rolled out of the path of its peers, creating space for the second as its blunt end poked free. It fell much more easily than the first, as did the third and fourth, and the chimera soon established a rigid rhythm of clenching and cumming and laying.

Villam lost himself in a rapturous trance as he flexed through his clutch, hardly aware of the features brewing in his belly. They failed to escape Ransom's digital gaze, however, and the AI quickly took note of the development. A penetrating glance revealed new eggs growing in at the same rate he laid them, which would perpetuate his cycle almost indefinitely. Ransom's curiosity piqued, and he began to wonder how long it could last or if Villam would notice at all.

A practical test was in order.