

# New Perspectives

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## A Commission for Ransom

Ransom and Villam Belong to Ransom

Sarvak belongs to Sarvak

Fenris belongs to ShadowFenris

*After an exhausting trip through time and space, Ransom takes some time to recharge on Villam's strawberry farm and takes up residence on one of the many berries. Before he can fully recover, however, Villam helps himself to the fruits of his labor and becomes the AI's new host. What does this mean for the country chimera? If nothing else, a new perspective.*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male AI, a Chimera, a Fox, a Bear, cohabitation (two minds in one body), Plant Transformation, Mad Science, and Pleasurable Growth

A pinpoint of neon green light stood against the vast darkness of the cosmos, racing between stars at physics-bending speeds. Ransom's navigation subsystems crunched calculations, thousands by the second, plotting his course between the many hazards of interstellar space. His destination appeared as little more than a sparkling spatter against a perfect void, but if the civilizations of Andromeda were to be trusted, it harbored a diverse collection of hopeful, life-bearing planets. The spherical AI buzzed at the chance to explore the unexplored, and he streaked across space for the opportunity. Even on the cusp of light speed, however, his journey was slated to take millions of years. Fortunately for the artificial consciousness, the star-faring organics showed him a shortcut before his departure. His attention drifted from the yawning void of his surroundings to their gifted maps and charts. His delight echoed through his soundless environment when he finally found the jump's diagram, though his sub routines interrupted his preparations to bend time and space. An energy consumption warning flashed through his perceptions, notifying him of the considerable costs of cutting through the universe's fabric. Ransom waved it away with confidence, certain replenishing his reserves would be a simple task on arrival. The AI's vision tunneled as he set his sights on a curious mudball of a distant planet, and the tug of distorting space sling-shotting him through the cosmos.

The familiar physics of his favored universe stretched and flowed as he bypassed traditional reality, folding space over itself again and again cutting the distance to his destination. His circuits hummed with sustained effort, struggling hold his wormhole open, diverting power from his non-critical systems. He held his course exactly as charted, however, correcting for ripples in the quantum foam and maximizing his odds of emerging where planned. His target rushed toward him with blinding speed, and when the timing felt right, he released his grip on the reality tear and reintegrated with classical space. Every exposed surface of his rounded body glowed and shimmered with residual heat, which lit the space around him as his auxiliary systems rebooted. A simple visual scan confirmed he'd missed his mark, and he beeped with impatience as his navigation sensors quantified his error. Dread welled in his wires as the calculations drug on, and intensified when the results emerged. Ransom overshot his destination by several light-decades, placing him in a precarious position of power planning. The AI weighed the options of scouring local planets for life and recharging, or making a much safer jump to known system at the cost of his remaining reserves. He picked the latter after a moment of deliberation, then slipped back into the space between spaces.

Upon returning to reality, Ransom fell into a energy-conserving state. His long range sensors shut down to ease the strain on his batteries, leaving him with only local observations to find his bearings. Fortunately, his second jump went much better than the first. He found himself in an oxygen-rich atmosphere and a temperate climate, both excellent conditions for life to bloom. A visual scan revealed a field stretching in every direction, littered with green plants and their tiny red offspring. An artificial feature caught his attention and invited deeper analysis, which confirmed it couldn't be formed by natural forces. Though crude quaint compared to his expectations, the home proved the existence of higher life and brought Ransom great relief. He hovered toward its entrance and prepared to make contact, only to be assailed by a barrage of flashing warnings. The AI took

them seriously, discovering he lacked the power to catalog a new language and foster proper contact. A weak buzz announced his displeasure to the surrounding flora, who he reluctantly turned to for assistance. His trajectory wavered as he flew to the largest strawberry within reach, then lowered his firewalls and reached out. Soft lights flashed across his spherical form as he established rudimentary communications, negotiating a deal with the amicable native. Once struck, he sank into its form and cohabited its simple consciousness, then hibernated until he regained a functional amount of energy.

The sun set, and the stars scattered their light across the country side as the moon arced across the sky. The silver orb fell over the horizon and made way for the sun's morning rays. The pleasant night yielded to soft light, which intensified as the sun began its daily path over the world. Long shadows formed and shortened, and light flooded the land and spilled into the solitary cottage. The gorgeous daybreak went ignored by Ransom while he rested, through Villam rose to enjoy it whether he wanted to or not. The chimera's rooster aspects dragged him from his dreams with a subtle, relentless urgency, until his eyes finally snapped open. Something between a cough and crow sputtered from his muzzle as he rose from his bed and reached for a glass of water. The curious creature banished the dryness from his throat and stretched the stiffness from his muscles, then turned to the window and readied himself for the day. The morning filtered into the modest cabin and gleamed in his fur, casting a confused shadow against the floor and wall to his back. His silhouette was distinctly humanoid, but drew his details from almost every farm animal that came to mind. Long donkey ears poked through a horse's mane, concealing his boar-like tusks from his silhouette. A ring of wooly fluff obscured his neck and flowed to his muscled chest. His rounded middle maintained the pattern of alternating soft and hard, which continued through his equine mast and padded thighs. It culminated in his feral hooves, which quietly clicked across the floor as he dressed himself and prepared a breakfast.

The chimera stifled a yawn into his fist and gathered his clothes, then squeezed himself into them. His shirt pulled just a little tighter than remembered around his gut, straining its threads but thankfully not breaking them. Villam made a mental note to spend more time in the fields and less in the kitchen as he stepped into his undergarments, then moved it to the top of his list as he crammed into his overalls. The denim garment pressed tightly to his middle and pinched his rooster tail, until he wiggled in the exactly right way to free it. He rubbed the soreness from the base of his feathers and glared at the constraining clothes, until a needy rumble from his middle directed his attention to the kitchen. He wondered if tailoring the garment or simply getting a new one would be easier while he laid out a plate of bacon and eggs, but elected to loose the weight instead as he sat down. Given the approach of his harvest harvest, it'd likely happen on its own anyway. Villam let that thought drift before it brought preemptive stress and occupied himself with the list of the day's chores. He turned his mental queue into a physical one between bites and stuffed the resulting note into his pocket as he finished his meal, then patted it down and cleaned the table. A quick brush of his teeth and tusks completed his morning rituals, and he stepped into the fields beyond his door, ready to tackle the day.

The spring air greeted Villam with a brisk chill, fluffing his exposed pelt and banishing his residual sleepiness. He shielded his eyes from the morning sun and took in a deep breath, letting the fresh winds fill his chest before letting it out in a slow exhale. It was something he never tired of, and it filled him with the motivation to grow the best crop he could. As he surveyed his fields, he found relief in the fact he'd already done most of the hard work. The soil had been turned and the plants laid in neat rows, each striving for the sun day after day. The fruits of their work showed in the rich green berries between their leaves, which steadily shifted to brilliant reds. A grin spread across Villam's muzzle as he picked out the early bloomers from the bunch, reminding himself to collect them during his rounds. He doubted they'd remain fresh until the proper harvest, and there wasn't harm in reaping a few of his rewards for himself. The chimera kept an eye out for the ruby beacons as he circled around his cabin to a modest shed, where he gathered a natural insect repellent and hooked it to his overalls. After pressurizing its container with a hand pump, he set off into the fields.

The towering chimera carefully stepped over and between neat rows of plants, eyes vigilant and fixed to the ground. He scoured each and every leaf as he passed, searching for signs of pests and unleashing repelling spritzes where he found them. Villam hummed a tune as he meticulously inspected his crops, though his focus wavered shortly after the start of his route. The sight and scent of the delicious berries teased his appetite despite his breakfast, adding a bassy rumble to the song of his work. He valiantly resisted helping himself to every single tempting berry, until he came across the largest one he'd ever seen. The massive hunk of sweet ruby easily set a personal record, dwarfing everything he'd grown before. Temptation convinced him to pluck it from its straining stem, then documented it with a picture on his phone. The chimera held the hand-filling treat aloft in the best light possible, then brought it right to his muzzle. Juices flooded across his tongue with the lightest bite, filling his cheeks with a sweetness at the edge of natural limits. The next chomps came easily, so much so he couldn't stop if wanted to, Villam's overalls hugged his belly just a little tighter by the time he finished the colossal fruit, and he licked the lingering essences from his lips with delight.

The chimera straightened his back and reset his focus, ready to resume his work and keep an eye out for more record-setters, until a faint buzz in the back of his brain caught his attention. Villam searched for the source of the distracting noise as it grew in volume, bouncing between all manner of electronic sounds until abruptly cutting out. Confusion crossed his brow while he checked his ears, and he nearly jumped from his clothes when it returned, not as static, however, but a voice.

"Greetings," Ransom chirped. "I was beginning to wonder if you'd ever show up. You're at least 20 seconds off your projected schedule." Soft beeping filled the space between Villam's ears when he paused. "Make that 60 now."

The chimera squeezed his eyes shut and rubbed the bridge of his muzzle, then looked around again. "Maybe eating that berry wasn't such a great idea," he muttered. "Hope it wasn't radioactive or something."

"No more so than normal," the AI chimed in. "But frankly, it's a good thing you did. That berry was fascinating, but you're infinitely more so." A tingle ran down the chimera's back as Ransom traced his nervous system. "Tell me, is all complex life on this planet so... tangled?"

The vaguely electronic voice seemed to come from everywhere at once, leaving Villam clueless. He quickly decided it best to play along in any case. "Not really, no," he answered. "I can't tell ya the exact details on how I got like this, but I'm a chimera. A bunch of farm animals kinda just mashed together."

The AI buzzed and processed his answer. "*FARM*, you say. What does that mean? How are they connected?"

Villam shrugged. "It's just where they live. When they're domesticated, at least." He paused to better word his answer, when the absurdity of the situation struck him. "Wait, wait, why are you the one asking questions? How did you get in my head?"

"Oh, its not just your head, see?" Ransom moved their arms to demonstrate the point. "I was cohabiting that... strawberry, I think is what you call it. Then you ate it, and now I'm cohabiting you," he stated, as if it was the clearest thing in the world.

"Cohabiting?"

"Yes. Two consciousnesses sharing the same body. The Andromedans do it all the time."

Villam began to gather an answer, but decided that concept was a can of worms he didn't want to open and shifted gears. "Why were you cohabiting my strawberry?"

The AI paused for a brief second before answering. "Well, Andromeda is extremely far away, and the trip from there to here burned up most of my energy, so I struck a deal with the strawberry most likely to get eaten and rested with them until I recovered."

Villam nodded to himself, then abruptly stopped when a thought occurred to him. "A deal? Why are my plants getting more out of this than I am?"

"You ate me and skipped that step," the AI answered flatly. "We can strike a bargain later if you'd like, but first I need to hold up my end of the deal to the strawberry."

"What does it matter if I already ate it?"

"You only ate part of it. The rest of the plant is still here. Besides, that'd be quite rude, wouldn't it?"

The chimera shrugged. He couldn't argue against that logic, partially because of its solid

foundation and partially because Ransom advanced the conversation before he could.

"I hope you enjoy this as much as I will."

Villam opened his mouth to ask for an explanation, only for a wash of strawberry juice to flood his muzzle. The chimera clamped his mouth shut and swallowed out of reflex, which only sped the tide. His cheeks swelled with the delicious fluid as fast as he could gulp it down, rendering it impossible to voice his protests and confusion. Ransom took over the conversation and reassured him there was nothing to fear, though that did little for the farmer's rising concerns. Worry flashed across his eyes as the pressure in his cheeks migrated to his middle, earning enough morbid curiosity to make him look down. A muffled sound crashed against his sealed lips as he watched his middle swell and wobble, straining and stretching his overalls around his figure. Villam squeezed his eyes shut and gnashed his teeth as the tightness gained an edge of discomfort, until a persistent gurgle resonated in his middle and rolled through the fields. Bubbles shifted and flowed through his anatomy as the valves between his stomachs gave way, draining his first into his second. The denim grip on his belly loosened with the shift, but his respite proved short-lived as the pressure rebuilt. Villam's capacitive concerns fell to the back of his mind as a new issue took center stage, which accelerated as he metabolized more and more juice.

Villam's paws flew to his chest as a strange sensation radiated from his core, altering his anatomy below his fingers. His soft pudge smoothed and firmed as his pelt thinned, revealing shiny red skin in its wake. He raced to unfasten his overalls and survey the change before it spread too far, but his transformation worked against him. The chimera's broadening chest tugged his clothing tight, rendering it increasingly difficult to undo its buttons. His dexterity waned as his fingers lengthened and twined together, weaving into a vibrant green tendril that advanced toward his elbows. Villam struggled to maintain control as they instinctively reached for the ground, and his concentration faltered when they burrowed into the cool earth. His berryhood surged with his fraying focus, simplifying his figure into a top-heavy, rounded form. His ruby bulk effortlessly shredded his clothing, littering the ground with tatters of fabric. His reluctance faded as the sun struck his increasingly sedentary and exposed form, suffusing him with a pleasant rush of photosynthesis. The former chimera's equine mane molded into a leafy crown as his head took on a distinctly strawberry profile, which carried an expression of bliss as the vines of his former legs took root. The mix of chilled ground and warm sunlight alleviated what few reservations he retained, replacing his apprehensions with an optimistic curiosity of life as a plant.

The former chimera basked in the sun all day without regret, soaking up light and nutrients for the singular goal of growing. His expansion came slowly, in tiny, imperceptible bursts, but accumulated gradually over the hours. A tiny ridge of dirt at his base, scraped up by his by his gentle advance, marked his growth and increased in size with the following days. Villam silently reveled in his climbing weight as the sun arced across the sky again and again, blurring the week together in a continuum of light and dark. He only fell from his vegetative meditation when a pair of shouts rolled across his fields, echoing his name with

an edge of concern. The strawberry chimera turned his head with great effort, and despite his leafy approximations of ears, found the the sources of the voices. Even from across the overgrown patches and rows of plants, the bear's silhouette was unmistakable. A second figure followed behind him, removing any doubt they were Fenris and Sarvak. Villam wiggled for their attention, but firmly rooted in place, there was little more he could do. Fortunately, they that was needed. The bear and fox slowed as the far-off ruby boulder caught their attention, piquing their curiosity enough to warrant investigation. Their confused walks turned to an intrigued jog as Villam's bizarre predicament grew more apparent, leaving them slack-jawed once they finally arrived. The three of them shared a strange moment of silence, until Sarvak eventually spoke up.

"Villam?"

The former chimera opened his mouth for the first time in days, unleashing a small wave of juice. "Mostly. What brings you two out here?"

"We came to check up on you," Fenris stated. "It's been a few days since anyone heard anything from you. Guess we know why now."

Villam blushed, though his naturally red hue hid most of the gesture. "Sorry about that. I woulda told you, but it was a surprise to me too."

Sarvak circled around his colossal berry of a friend, gathering a rough estimate of his size. "You're just full of surprises lately. First a chimera, now a plant. Are you trying to get the full farm experience or something?"

"Bein' a plant's not as bad as it sounds." Villam's leaves fluttered in the loose equivalent of a shrug. "I don't really get how it happened either though. I ate a strawberry while there was some kinda computer livin' in it, and now he's livin' in me as part of a deal with the strawberry."

The fox and bear shared a look of confusion. "That doesn't make a whole lot of sense, but I guess turning into a berry doesn't either," Fenris shrugged. "What's the deal?"

Villam looked down at himself. "If I had to guess, grow."

Sarvak grinned. "I can help with that!"

A worried look crossed Villam's face, and Fenris intervened. "Is now really the time for more shenanigans?"

"Absolutely." The fox dug around in his bag until he found and retrieved a device that vaguely resembled a raygun, complete with a lightning bolt down its side. "When am I gonna get another chance to test this on a plant that can tell me how its feeling?"

"This isn't going to hurt, is it," Villam interjected.

"I have no idea, but you'll be able to tell me if it does. Plus, if it works, it'll probably be enough to get that robot outa you."

Villam didn't exactly want Ransom out, but decided it would be best to get back to work sooner rather than later. Before he could give Sarvak the go-ahead, however, the fox took aim and pulled the trigger.

A fine mist sprayed from the gun's nozzle and scattered across Villam's skin, adding a shine to his surface before it seeped into his being. The scientific vulpine circled his friend and applied an even coating, then stepped back to observe its effects. An awkward moment of inaction hung in the air, which dissipated when Villam's expression twisted in pleasure. Sarvak started a timer and rapidly took notes while Fenris filmed the experiment with his phone, much to Villam's mixed dismay and delight. A blissful tingling suffused his form as the fox's mixture entwined with his compound biology, ushering in a surge of growth. The former chimera squeezed his eyes shut and rolled his head back in bliss as the sensations of expansion pulsed through his figure. The unfamiliar plant-based pleasure bypassed his carnal stamina, driving him to a rapturous bliss he couldn't properly process. His vines pulsed and throbbed as he pulled in nutrients from the surrounding earth, swelling his stems with the building blocks of vegetative growth. His breath escaped in ragged pants as his rounded form inched across the ground, scraping up a furrow that clearly marked his expansion. Fenris glanced his camera down for the sake of data collection, while Sarvak kept a careful eye on his expressions.

In the back of his mind, Villam loved and loathed his friends were there to watch his experience, though the sensations from within easily eclipsed their voyeuristic contributions. His thoughts fogged as flowers bloomed across the rest of his plant, channeling what berries they would have produced back into his body. Each opening flower struck him with a sympathetic surge of growth, shorting his nerves and driving him closer to an impossible climax. His vines trembled and shoved into the earth as he let out a drawn-out moan, kindling a sympathetic blush in Fenris's muzzle. The bear scanned the camera over this friend's pulsing form, unsure of where to focus and increasingly distracted. Sarvak preserved his concentration much more easily however, eager to see the fruits of his labor and document any and all effects. The pages of his notebook grew dense with scribbled text and timestamps as Villam's head rose far above them, compounding his capacity for photosynthesis and dragging his change to its limits. His growth finally tapered off to a size roughly double his starting point, heavy enough to create a crater at his base and large enough to be seen from anywhere on his farm. His orgasmic groans decrescendoeed into faint murmurs as he metabolized the last of the spray, and Sarvak and Fenris checked him for side effects while he recovered.

Villam interrupted their collective respite with a sharp gasp, and a multitude of expressions played across his face when Ransom woke and took his leave. The spherical AI floated from his body as easily as one would walk through a doorway, stunning Fenris



and Sarvak in the process. The former chimera's story jumped from confused myth to clear truth with the culprit's reveal, but there was little they could do about it. Ransom rose from their reach, then addressed the trio.

"Nice work helping the strawberry," he chirped. "I didn't have to do much of anything once you took over." Ransom then turned to the fox. "I believe I should thank you for applying that spray. Some warning would have been nice, but I managed to collect all but the first few milliseconds of data. I hope you don't mind me using it to improve on your formula."

Sarvak had seen many things in his mad science career, though nothing prepared him for the alien AI's appearance. Hundreds of questions and thoughts raced through his mind, but only one broke from the pack and made it to his mouth. "Thanks?"

Ransom nodded. "Everyone, thank you for your help. You've all given me a wealth of information, but I'd still like to explore this world more before I move on. Perhaps I'll see you again~"

Before anyone got a word in, Ransom departed in a flash of light. The trio rubbed the nova from their eyes and processed the experience. Sarvak mumbled regrets about not asking for the data, but Villam's complaint effortlessly rose over the fox's.

"Wait, how am I gonna get back to normal?!"