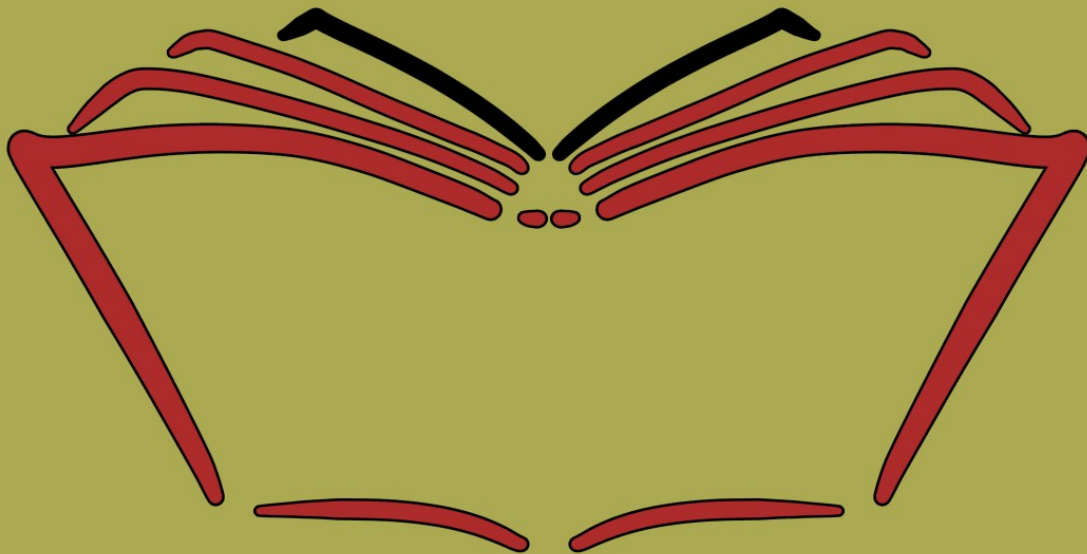


Changing Fields



A Novella
for Adult Readers

Victor Waite

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Changing Fields

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A Commission for Ransom
Villam Belongs to Ransom

A story of karma and comeuppance! A trio of thieves descend on Villam's farm, determined to pilfer its secrets to success. The chimera is more than capable of dealing with such nefarious actors however, and he has quite the reputation because of it. Will this band of bandits succeed where others failed, or will they meet the same fate as those before them?

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Adult, Novella, Commission, (Ransom), Male, Bear, Lion, Wolf, Transformation, Blueberry, Berry TF, Growth, Juicing, Quadruped, Horse, Force Feeding, Feeding, Weight Gain, Gluttony, M/M Sex, Oral Sex, Anal Sex, Muscle Growth

A warm breeze blew across the open fields, carrying with it the scents of early spring. Blooming flowers filled the air with their aroma, adding to the signatures of newly-cut grass and harvested hay. The sounds of the distant city faded in favor of quiet country noises, the trilling songs of birds and the gentle churns of running streams. There wasn't a more idyllic scene for miles around, and Villam knew that fact well. Though the location of his farm was only part of its secret to success, it was one of the most critical aspects. The fertile and picturesque land not only supported fruits and livestock, but enticed visitors from far-flung places. After several requests from practicing landscape painters and curious animal lovers, Villam created a guided tour that would go on to become his farm's most successful features.

Not everyone sought to wander his sprawling grounds in good faith, however. With popularity and fortune came interlopers and imitators, both intimately interested in his business's secret. A trio of figures approached the farm's main gate not with wonder and eagerness, but subterfuge and greed. Rumors of failed heists and vanished thieves permeated the local underground community,

lending the farm a legendary reputation. No one was quite sure what secrets the chimera hid, though there was no question of its value. Bruce, the largest of the group, clasped his paws together and popped his knuckles. A grin spread across the chubby bear's muzzle, and he surveyed the gate. Not a camera in sight nor sign of other security. Perhaps the farm's rumors were exaggerated.

A lion stepped up to his side and looked over the place similarly. Where Bruce focused the detective and preventive measures, Reggie concerned himself with physical barriers. A toothy grin split his muzzle and his tail lashed with anticipation. The muscular farmhands that roamed the grounds rivaled his own physique, a detail that brought a fluttering thrill to his chest. More importantly, none of them appeared armed. Should their cover be blown, Reggie and his comrades could rely on his physical strength to see them out. His chest swelled with the potential promise of contest, and his biceps tested the limits of his shirt with a subconscious flex. A small part of him dreamt of blowing their covering and proving his prowess.

Finally, a slender wolf joined his partners. Average in stature, he appeared scrawny in the shadow of his peers. What he lacked in strength or intimidation, Luke made up for in wit and strategy. His gaze pierced the complex while he scanned the horizon, swiftly building a mental map of the grounds. The lupine took note of every building, from greenhouses to stables and everything in between, narrowing down points of interest. The office building at the farm's center, the brain of the complex, drew his deepest attention. Whatever they hoped to find would almost certainly be there, and in the slim chance it wasn't, they'd find clues to its location instead. Before he could relay those thoughts to his team, however, their tour guide arrived.

"Gentlemen," Villam called out. "I hope you haven't been waiting long. I had to tend to a quick matter before I could join you."

“We just got here ourselves,” Bruce rumbled. “Nothing to worry about.”

“Ahh, I’m glad to hear that.” The chimera straightened his posture and bowed, gesturing to his farm in the same motion. “Welcome to my humble farm. Ordinarily I start the tour with an explanation of our history, but I sense you three are eager to begin. Besides, you look like a sharp lot, I’m sure you’ll catch on quickly.”

Luke looked to Bruce, slightly unnerved by that comment, and Reggie gave a silent grin.

“That sounds good to us,” Bruce answered. “Lead the way.”

Despite the crew’s less-than-pure intentions, the tour quickly captivated them. An agricultural theme park of sorts, the complex was themed and decorated with great attention to detail. The paths between buildings were clean and well kept, paved with decorative tiles depicting the splendor of nature. The shrubs and bushing lining the route were trimmed to perfection, not a single leaf or branch out of place. Beyond the path bloomed fertile fields and lush plains, home to wondrous crops and livestock alike. The veggies that bloomed in those flawless rows could win any competition, and the size of Villam’s horses and cows seemed an optical illusion. The spectacle enraptured Reggie and Luke with ease, though Bruce was not so easily won over. The corners of his muzzle curled down in a growing scowl, and his arms folded in against his soft chest.

The perfection and scale of the scene simply didn’t sit right with him, and it was only a matter of time before he voiced that concern. While the chubby chimera led them deeper into the tranquil grounds, the bear’s dissatisfaction grew. He mumbled to the contrary of Villam under his breath, quietly calling out apparent paper mache and projection. While the farmer’s donkey ears never

turned his direction, he inevitably earned the attention of his peers. Reggie simply brushed his complaints off and watched the muscular farmhands, though Luke leant him an ear.

“Something the matter Bruce,” he asked, half with concern half with irritation.

“I’ve never seen anything so fake in my life,” he muttered. “This guy thinks he’s Dalt Wisney or something.”

“Is that such a bad thing? Look at what he’s been able to do.”

Bruce shot a withering glare. “Nothing is ever this perfect,” he spat. “This is skin deep at best and kept up constantly to look good, to draw eyes away from the cracks.”

The wolf’s tail drooped. “If that’s true, then what do you think we’ll find here?”

“At best, maybe some dirt to hold against him. Any secret he doesn’t want out, it doesn’t really matter if its a business secret or something he’d rather keep buried.”

“So you’re not at all curious about how he managed this? The prize-winning cows? The two-ton pumpkins?”

“There’s nothing to be curious about,” Bruce whisper-shouted. “It’s all smoke and mirrors. You take ten steps off this path and the illusion falls apart, watch.”

Despite Luke’s quiet protests, the heavy-set bear stepped off the grass. Villam’s rounded ears flicked at the sound of grassing crunching underfoot, but he paid it no mind otherwise. Bruce stomped off precisely ten steps, counting them off in his head, then turned and faced his partner. The farm remained just as

picturesque, though the bear staunchly ignored that fact. Instead he gestured at a green house with furious energy, as if it was the ugliest thing in creation.

“See,” Bruce asserted. “It’s all for presentation. Hell, I’ll bet they don’t even grow real food here.”

Luke tried to call Bruce back and calm him down, but that fell on deaf ears. Nothing the wolf said or did could stop the bear from plucking a blueberry from the nearest bush and popping it into his mouth.

The fury in Bruce’s eyes extinguished in an instant and his expression went slack. Briefly, Luke worried his boss bit into something poisonous by mistake, but those fears vanished swiftly. A look of disbelief crept across the bear’s muzzle, followed by a shot of doubt. That was by far the finest berry he’d ever tasted, and it simply couldn’t be. The explosion of its flavor across his tongue lingered in his mouth and stirred his appetite, though that must have been manufactured as well. Such immaculate sweetness wasn’t possible, and its potency drove the bear to taste another. Luke called out again and motioned for Bruce to stop, and the bear answered with an invitation for the others to join him.

“There will be free samples further into the tour,” Villam replied, “But I’d prefer you not eat them off the bush.”

“I’m allergic, actually,” Reggie answered. “I swell up real bad if I even look at them too close.”

“I really don’t think that’s a good idea,” Luke muttered.

Regardless of those replies and inputs, Bruce went back for more. A flicker of defiance glinted across his eye in a glance to Villam, a gesture he followed up by swiping at the blueberry bush.

That quick motion filled his palm with an indigo bounty. He gave a shrug of “suit yourself” and brought it to his jaw. Where one berry was an outburst of deliciousness, a whole handful brought a juicy apocalypse to Bruce’s tongue. The cynicism in his eyes washed away as he bit down, flooding his maw and bulging his cheeks with juice. Villam shrugged knowingly and called a pair of farm hands with a motion of his wrist, while Reggie and Luke watched with shock. A trickle of blue juice leaked from his lips as a smug grin showed his fangs, daring anyone to stop his improvised fest. Reggie and Luke glanced to Villam, who seemed content to watch Bruce’s argument play out.

It didn’t take long for the basis of Villam’s quiet confidence to show.

The bear finished off that first handful with ease and reached for the next, only to stop halfway. Bruce’s muscles hitched and his balance staggered, leaving him to teeter for just an instant. Luke gasped when Bruce dropped to his knees, and Reggie took a step back when the bear threw himself into those bountiful bushes. He ate like an ursine starved, plucking berries from their branches with all the speed he could muster. Leaves and twigs fell into his jaws as well, where they mixed in with sprays of juices. Bruce swallowed them down without notice or heed, clearing his tongue for the next set of berries. The bear’s manners fell further by the wayside as he moved to the next bush, crawling along his hands and knees to get there. The hammock of his belly swayed and bounced with those driven motions, dragging a growing detail into the light. With that bouncing gradually came sloshing, and with that came his changing color.

It started in the center of his chest, where his stomach subtly bulged with its sweet payload. A patch of indigo took root in his pelt, blooming between his pelt and spreading outward. Between Bruce’s feral posture and his distance from the path, no one quite noticed at first. The sloshing of his middle rang only in his own ears,

and the bear completely failed to concern himself with the noise. Instead he continued with his gluttonous gorging, crawling across the small garden from bush to bush. The bear made a spectacle of himself in doing so, drawing the attention of more and more farmhands in the process. Every eye in the nearby greenhouses fell upon him in short order, bringing Luke to ponder why no one stopped him. The wolf glanced to Villam for a clue, who gave a subtle command to his farmhands.

Luke and Reggie turned back to their boss, each expecting a worker to intervene. Their expectations would remain unanswered however, and the reason for that quickly became apparent. In the short seconds the pair looked away, Bruce's transformation accelerated at an alarming pace. Every consumed berry pushed him deeper and deeper into its likeness and swelled his juice production, compounding the already run-away change. The bear's belly bulged forth and dragged across the ground, the only hindrance to his unhinged feasting. That sloshing purple dome drove his shirt up his chest and forced down his belt, asserting itself as the dominant feature of his figure. A furrow in the dirt traced his path between the bushes, until it lifted his arms and legs from the ground. Momentum rolled his head closer to the ground, where mobility left him entirely.

The pops and cracks of snapping threads filled the air, noises that briefly overpowered Bruce's quiet whining. Singularly focused on the berries before him, the bear's tongue snaked from his mouth and coiled around everything it could. He dragged them back into his maw while his arms and legs swelled, reducing their flexibility with thickening pockets of juice. The bear's brown pelt melted into blue while his belly continued to round, growing and swelling into a sphere that absorbed his other features. His limbs seemed to recede while his middle billowed outward, shredding his clothes and leaving nothing to the imagination. Bruce's arousal bucked and throbbed against the dominating globe of his middle, spitting its

taught surface with blue spurts. Similar juices leaked from his chest and the corners of his mouth, a testament to his obvious ripeness.

Reggie rolled his eyes at the sight, though Luke took enough interest in Bruce's change for the both of them. Villam simply gave another nod to his employees.

With that motion, a pair of farmhands leapt into action. A bull and a pig dashed to Bruce's bare side, clad in nothing but overalls and straw hats. Their muscles flexed with care while they explored Bruce's form, rendered nearly spherical by his transformation. Sunken arms and legs were the only features to break that near-perfect curve, rising as flat domes across its surface. Even his head retreated into the sloshing globe of his body, tinted deep blue by the juices that coursed through him. Thin trickles of that fluid leaked from the corners of his muzzle, flowing through the valley between cheek and muzzle. The bull at his side dabbed a droplet of that bounty onto his finger and sampled its flavor, though his porcine companion directed his attention lower. Bruce's shaft throbbed with lustful need and bounced against his rounded hips, spurting tempting jets of juice across his rounded hips.

As the pig leaned in to take Bruce's spigot into his snout however, Villam interrupted and cleared his throat.

"Why don't yall take him to the juicing room before you really get into it? Less waste and easier cleanup that way."

The farmhands grinned and agreed, then circled to one of Bruce's sides. With a coordinated push, they rolled the bear into sloshing motion. The sounds of tumbling fluids filled the air as they tipped him end over end, bringing him back to the path and eventually beyond the scope of the tour. Luke caught a glimpse of his boss's eyes, glossed over with bliss, a quick exchange that sent a shiver up his spine. That paled in comparison to the smoldering

look from the farmhands, however. The drank Luke from head to toe and rumbled with satisfaction. He only acted on that appraisal with a teasing wink, however, just enough to fluster the wolf. Luke felt the tug of temptation to follow the trio, but thought better of it. The lupine restored his resolve and composure with a deep breath, just in time for Reggie's comment.

"Huh. I didn't know Bruce was allergic too. Probably not the best idea to dive in like that."

Luke had yet to gather his thoughts, though Villam knew just what to say.

"It was destine to happen with an attitude like that," he sighed. "He wasn't the first, and I doubt he'll be the last."

Reggie looked to the chimera with a hint of confusion and unease, while Luke shuddered with possibilities.

"Shall we continue the tour? I'm sure you two will love the stables."

"Sounds good to me. I'm very interested to see what you've got going on behind the scenes."

"I'm sure you are," Villam smirked. He then turned to Luke. "And you?"

The wolf swallowed his 'interest' and nodded.

"Then without further ado, let us continue!"

A smirk graced the chimera's snout as he brushed by the two, a subtle gesture that escaped Reggie's notice. It snagged Luke's focus with intent however, so much so that it gave him pause. He fell a safe distance behind the farm owner and beckoned Reggie

closer, who rolled his eyes and reluctantly indulged. The feline slowed his stride until he fell to the wolf's side, then bent an ear down toward his shorter comrade. Luke's gaze flickered between his partner and his guide, helping him gauge the volume of his voice. Not much more than a whisper, he stated his concern.

"I've got a bad feeling," the lupine admitted. "I think he knows."

"He doesn't know anything," Reggie scoffed. "What happened to Bruce was self-inflicted."

"Maybe, but no one tried to stop it. Doesn't that seem weird?"

The lion shrugged. "Not really. He talked a lot of smack before he got rounded out."

"But Bruce could still sue over that."

Reggie laughed loud enough to flick Villam's ears. "Are you kidding? Bruce would burst into flames if he stepped into a court."

"What if he knew that too?"

The lion blinked with realization, then shrugged it off. "Whatever. He got himself caught, and that means a bigger cut for us."

Luke opened his mouth to protest, only for Reggie to stop those words with a killing glare.

"Stick to the plan, Luke," the lion rumbled. "We can handle this, just the two of us. I'm not leaving empty handed."

The wolf's tail sank between his legs with a quiet whimper. With his point made, Reggie turned his head forward and set his focus on the building ahead. Mercifully, their quick arrival cut the awkward

walk short. Villam threw open the doors of the stable and ushered them in, introducing them to a large, open chamber. Wooden rafters wove a dusty lattice under dark ceilings, interspersed with simple, steel-shaded lights. The floor beneath was basic concrete coated with a durable finish, then painted with decorative and guiding marks. From the entrance branched several paths, marked as branches of a leafy tree. The animal pins marked the end of one, while employee rooms and a warehouse filled the others. Luke stood at the center of the junction, content to follow Villam through the building, until Reggie nudged his shoulder. The lion tipped his head toward the employee area. The wolf nodded and kept watch, allowing the lion to slink off unnoticed.

Until an ill-timed sneeze drew the attention of everyone.

The lion froze in place, guilty as sin, waiting for Villam to comment on his attempted departure. Instead, the chimera blessed him without turning around. Knowing better than to question such luck, Reggie thanked the tour guide and continued his split from the group. He gave Luke a parting look of command, then spun on his heel and slunk down the empty hall. The bulky lion moved with a grace befitting his species, sneaking across the concrete without sound. Had there been anyone watching the passage, he would have slipped by them with ease. His only stumbling block came in the form of a persistent snuffle, which spurred him to wipe the end of his snout. He held his muzzle shut and suppressed another sneeze, derailing his train of thought until reached a door marked 'warehouse.' A glance from side to side confirmed his solitude, and he cracked the door to slip inside.

Back turned to ease the door shut, Reggie didn't notice the scale of the space until he turned around. Seemingly larger on the inside, the expansive space stretched upward and onward into darkness. Hay bales filled a fraction of void between columns and rafters, though they couldn't hope to conquer the physics-breaking

building. The lion weighed his options for an instant, pondering the potential worth of the area until another sneeze snuck up on him. It struck without warning and sent him into a fit, chaining several together and blowing what little cover he might have had. Panic panged in his chest by the time he recovered, though he didn't dwell on it long. A bizarre bump at the bottom of his vision stole his attention and spurred him to reach for it. He tapped the end of its brown length, then jumped when he felt it on the tip of his muzzle.

It only took him a moment to connect the dots, though he still didn't believe it. Reggie grasped it with both hands and tugged, a gesture that only coaxed out another sneeze. That budding transformation raced up his snout in the instant his eyes shut, sweeping over his head and down his neck. A whinny of shock leapt from his chest as his fingers explored his feral muzzle, brushing along lengthened ears and a shifting mane. His tawny pelt retracted to a narrow band down the back of his neck, gathering in a distinct stripe while his head rose higher above his chest. Reggie's voice warbled as his chest rounded out, bringing his broad shoulders in and pushing his middle out. The changing lion stumbled forward with a shifting center of balance, sending him staggering a few steps. Unsteady clacks filled the air as his toes fused into solid hooves, followed by a much louder crack when he finally fell. The former lion caught himself on arms narrowed into forelegs, which thankfully retained the strength to support him.

Reggie took a second to compose himself, to gather his thoughts and reject his equine reality, then bowed his front legs and pushed his feral form up. Regret took him as he rose on his hind legs, leaving him to kick at the air until his balance failed. A startled whinny belted from his chest as he tumbled, echoed by a heavy thud when he landed. The notion of stealth abandoned, Reggie scrabbled against the ground until he got his feet beneath him. The scrape of hooves against stone echoed through the open space and faded to silence, until a pair of footsteps emerged on the sound-

scape. Panic lanced through the lion-turned-horse, jerking him into noisy motion. Reggie's coordination failed once more, sapping his hope of escape. A farmhand rounded the corner and met the horse's gaze, giving rise to an empty, stunned moment.

In that silence, a grin spread across the farmhand's muzzle. The goat reached out and placed a paw on the side of Reggie's muzzle, a gesture that strangely relaxed the horse. The former feline lost himself in that touch, until a low, gentle laugh rumbled in the goat's chest. When Reggie next opened his eyes, he found a knowing glint in the goat's eyes. Reflex commanded him to recoil, but a palm on the back of his head kept him near. Confusion crossed Reggie's eyes, but a handful of hay resolved it. He opened his mouth on reflex and pulled the bundle into his maw, only for the farmhand to fetch him another.

"Aww, you must have gotten hungry and wandered in," the goat murmured.

"Actually I was with the tour group," Reggie explained. "I got lost an-"

The farmhand shoved a bushel of grass into his muzzle, muffling his words with fluffy fibers. He waited for Reggie to clear his muzzle, then introduced another and another. "Shhh, it's gonna be alright. We'll get that empty belly of yours taken care of."

Reggie tried to explain his situation once more, though the goat silenced him equally swiftly. After a few repetitions, the former lion finally realized the farmhand knew what he was doing. He looked away and started toward the exit, but by then he had no chance of escape. Somewhere between feedings the goat slipped a harness around his neck, binding Reggie to a nearby column. A quick tug confirmed its strength, and every successive pull afterward failed to weaken it. While the horse came to terms with that tie, the

goat gathered a bale of hay. Hey laid it out before the occupied equine, then another and another. By the time Reggie noticed the stack, it towered higher than his head. Its implications rooted him in place, giving the goat an easy opportunity to deal with the intruder.

Taken by shock, Reggie offered no resistance to the feeding. The goat dug his fist into the bale and retrieved all he could, then stuffed it into Reggie's mouth. That offering didn't quite fill his muzzle on its own, though the one that followed bulged his cheeks. The third finally spurred the horse to swallow, urged on by the pressure in his jaw. The horse wrapped his tongue around the dry mass and reeled it to the entrance of his throat, then gulped it down. He winced as the rough grass tickled his throat, spurring swallow after swallow. By the time he worked it down and cleared his gullet, the goat was ready with the next bunch. Reggie mustered another round of resistance, a few more futile tugs against his binds, but when those failed his fight faltered. The goat noticed that submission and capitalized upon it.

"That's a good stallion," the farmhand murmured. "You'll fit right in with that attitude, and we treat each other well here."

The forced bundle of hay that followed undercut that point, giving Reggie considerable pause. Another fistful followed in that interlude, though something about it piqued his interest. A flavor Reggie initially failed to notice rushed forth, rewriting his perceptions. A strange sweetness washed across his tongue, and his mouth dropped open on its own accord. The goat cooed in approval and offered another serving of grass, simply lifting the first bale to Reggie's muzzle. A instant of hesitation hanged in the air, until he reached out and chomped down. What reservations remained vanished in that moment of acceptance, a shift that brought a grin to the goat's muzzle. Reggie snatched the rest of the bail before the farmhand could offer it, spurring the worker to reach

for another. The horse attacked that bundle with building ferocity, claiming bite after bite until the goat had nothing left.

While the goat gathered another stack of bales, Reggie simply helped himself to the towering stacks. His filling stomach swayed between his legs with each step, swinging his balance from side to side. A few heavy clicks announced each of those occasions, though he reached the pile without issue. Reggie opened his jaw wide and buried his head in the stack, filling his mouth and throat in a single motion. The horse relaxed his throat and lunged in, swallowing as much hay as possible in that single motion. Reggie's gullet bulged with that delicious grass, and every swallow rippled it deeper toward his rounded chest. His belly sagged with his prize, dropping in a soft swell that filled the space between his legs. His hide pulled tighter as he approached his capacity, though his appetite showed no signs of waiting.

The goat returned to find their newest stallion helping himself, and he saw no reason to interfere. Instead, he sat down on bale out of Reggie's reach and watched the show. For better or worse, his proved to be a fast paced feast. The horse chomped and swallowed gulp after gulp, filling his belly well beyond its normal volume. Instead of stretching further however, his metabolism picked up the slack. Gurgles and churns filled the air while his stomach clenched and contracted, mashing the grass down and adding it to his form. It wasn't long before the neat globe of Reggie's middle gave way to a soft layer of pudge, which only grew with his continued gorging. Between the enchanting flavor of the hay and the raw thrill of heedless eating, the thought of stopping never crossed his mind.

That notion would never arrive on its own. Reggie ate and gorged and feasted and stuffed, setting off avalanche after avalanche of hay to keep the courses coming. The goat grinned and chuckled while he watched, imagining the sizes their latest addition would reach. While the former lion never quite reached those lofty

heights, he came close. By the time Reggie ate himself from the hay-slide, he was more flab than horse. The flab of his middle reached the floor and smooshed around his legs, eclipsing his hooves and rooting him in place. Pillows of flab gathered on his flanks and wobbled with every little motion, creating the perfect image of equine obesity. The rolls of Reggie's rear swallowed his tail, leaving nothing but a paint-brush tip exposed. Still, swaddled in the consequences of his awakened gluttony, Reggie reached out for more.

Rather than watch the horse suffer in hunger, the goat stood from his grassy seat and planted his hands on Reggie's side. His fingers sank into that soft flab with ease, and the horse's world turned as the farmhand rolled him away. A pitiful whine keened in his chest, a sound that earned a chuckle from the farmhand. "Don't worry now. We're gonna get you some more hay that's even better. Can't have our stallions going hungry."

Luke's breath caught in his throat as when the farmhand rolled Reggie away. He recoiled from the door's window and slammed his back to the wall, then placed a paw on his chest and collected his breath. The wolf focused on his diaphragm and eased his racing heart, recollecting his wit. Bruce's incident could have been a fluke, but combined with Reggie's fate, the canine couldn't help but feel in over his head. Villam knew, and his fate awaited next. A pang of panic deep in his chest, and something unexpected lingered in its echo. As he recalled the passed moments, Luke's tail began to wag. The wolf didn't notice until it brushed across the wall, and that realization brought with it an intense blush. His consciousness admitted what his subconscious already knew, spurring his tail to sweep faster. A blush kindled in his muzzle, and he came to terms with a jealousy. One that was not for his former comrades.

Faint footsteps echoed down the hall and reality returned. His hackles raised as they approached, and a bolt of panic lanced down

his spine. A rush of adrenaline demanded he flee, but the warehouse seemed his only option. Indecision rooted him in place, and by the time he resolved that inner conflict, Villam stepped to his back. Though not exactly an intimidating figure, the chimera loomed over him with a with just a hint of menacing flavor. The light at his back cut a frightful silhouette, concealing the softness of his expression in harsh contrast. Luke worried that the farm owner might simply strike him down on the spot, until a paw reached out and clasped his shoulder. The shadows fled from Villam's face, revealing a knowing smirk in their place.

"It looks like your friend decided to go on his own tour," Villam remarked. "It's about time we continue with ours, I think."

An instant of hesitation hanged in the air, and the last flickers of conflict played across the wolf's eyes. With a sigh, it gave way to resignation. "Villam, I need to confess something before we go on."

The chimera clearly knew, but still wanted to hear it. He arched his brow in question.

"My friends and I weren't here for just a tour. We were casing the farm to figure out why you're so successful."

"You're not the first, and you probably won't be the last," Villam chuckled. "Did you find it?"

Luke gave a perplexed look, unsure if the question contained a threat. The glint of light off his small boarish tusks didn't help either.

"I'll give you a hint. Bruce and Reggie found it."

That did little to relax the wolf, and his persisting confusion spurred Villam to spell it out.

“Everyone who works here, wants to. Enthusiastically. From our animals and orchards to our farmhands.”

“So Bruce and Reggie wanted that?”

“They might not have realized it at first, but yes.”

“Will it happen to me too?”

Villam grinned. “Would you like it too?”

“I think so, but since I’m already confessing, I think I’d rather be a worker than one of the livestock.”

“I think we have an opening. Let’s get you to one of my managers and we can see what positions they have for you.”

With that, Villam turned on his heel and led the way. Luke lagged behind for just a moment before following, still not sure of what waited for him at the end of the walk. There was the chance the chimera was simply saying what was needed in order to deal with the underhanded wolf, but it was a chance he was willing to take. If the farm owner was genuine, the chance to work in such a unique place was reward in itself. The wolf’s thoughts turned to what role he might fill as he caught up to Villam, falling into line in the chimera’s shadow. For better or worse, he didn’t have long to consider his options. A break-room waited just passed the hall where Reggie made his fateful turn, and the farm owner wasted no time capitalizing on the wolf’s cooperation.

Villam opened the door to reveal a modest space, complete with a small table and a stocked refrigerator. A pair of bulls took ate their lunch at the diminutive surface, one far more muscular than the other. They both turned to the chimera when he entered, and grins of anticipation grew across their snouts when the wolf followed

in his wake. Luke's heart pounded in his chest when those hungry eyes fell upon him. His tail wagged with undeniable anticipation, and the front of his pants tightened with obvious desire. The bulls responded in kind, tenting their overalls with reciprocated lust. Still, no one acted until Villam spoke up.

"Good morning Callum, Caleb. I've got a special task for you two."

"I think we're interested, but let's hear it." Though Callum spoke to Villam, his eyes never left Luke.

"We have a new addition to the farm. Originally I was gonna let fate take its course, but it seems our friend had a change of heart. Can yall give him a proper introduction?"

Both bulls grinned broadly. "That sounds like something we can do," Caleb affirmed.

"Excellent. I'll leave you both to do your thing."

The bovine pair sized Luke up while Villam returned to his office, then descended on the wolf. Callum, distinguished by his rounded belly, sauntered to the wolf's back. Caleb, the more muscular of the two, approached their new coworker head-on. Luke watched with baited breath, up to the instant they sandwiched him between them. A delighted whine keened in the wolf's chest as they bore down, fitting soft belly to his back and chiseled abs to his front. The two bulls rolled their hips and ground down on the dog, overpowering Luke and indulging in his desires. With a lithe wolf wedged against their chests, it wasn't long before their own desires manifested. It started as a twitch deep in their half-removed overalls, a pair of throbs that gradually gave way to two towers of need. The first followed the cleft of Luke's modest ass, and the second rose with his own growing need.

As bulls on the clock, their foreplay didn't last long. Luke melted into putty between them, and the pair began inducting him into the herd. The wolf swooned as Callum and Caleb tore his clothes away, lifting his shirt and dropping his pants. Those garments fluttered into a heap on the floor, leaving his desire and need fully exposed. Caleb took a step back and appraised the new employee while his heftier counterpart explored Luke's sender form. The wolf squirmed in Callum's gentle hold and basked in whispered praises, though Caleb was not as satisfied.

"I don't think he's cut out for this position," the muscular bull remarked.

"He is a touch scrawny, but that's what we're here for," Callum added.

"You take his ass, I take his mouth?"

Callum gave Luke's ass an appraising squeeze and hummed. "I think he can handle it. Deal."

Luke quickly realized he had little say in the matter and also realized he didn't care. His tail swept across Callum's chest as the pair hoisted him into the air, carrying him to the table with ease. The wolf's world spun as they laid him out on his back, sending magazines fluttering to the floor around him. Callum clasped his ankles in one hand and dropped his overalls with the other, granting Luke a perfect view of his figure. That plush belly squished against his thighs as the bull took a step to the side, then slipped a pair of fingers into his snout. While he soaked his digits, Caleb made his own move. The sound of a rushing zipper was Luke's only warning, a hasty prelude to the cock that flopped down on his face. The wolf's chest fluttered in its presence, and his tongue reached out to glide across its underside. A hearty throb encouraged him to

continue, until a pair of eager fingers at his back door derailed his rhythm.

The wolf jerked and his muscles locked with that touch, a consequence of nerves and reflexes. His tail battered the table while he forced himself to relax, soon giving himself to his coworker's ministrations. Callum took his time at first, gingerly spreading Luke in preparation for his girth, though patience was only a virtue among one of them. The canine's back arched when the bull introduced a third digit, then once more when a fourth followed. Luke reveled in the smoldering pleasure of surrender for just an instant, before Caleb brought those sensations to his muzzle. While Luke's jaw needed no such warm up, the muscular bull tested the limits of his flexibility. The submissive canine opened his mouth wide and rolled out his tongue for that throbbing pillar, and a muffled moan sounded out when Caleb slid in to his root.

While Luke adjusted to that lustful intrusion, Callum added another. He brought the slick, blunt head of his member to the wolf's ass and gave a testing thrust, gaging his new coworker's stretch. Satisfied, he rolled his hips and popped into Luke's heated depths, pressing a long, needy whine from his chest. The chubby bull leaned forward and spread Luke's clenching walls, until his toned thighs met the wolf's ass. The plush overhang of his belly settled and smooshed over the canine's emerging cock, where it bounced up and down his length with every thrust. Caleb matched his counterpart's pace, starting slow and accelerating as Luke acclimated. The table bounced and creaked as they gained momentum, a sound soon overpowered by bovine grunts of lust. Their copious pre filled the wolf from both ends, ensuring smooth glides while they put him through orientation.

The purpose of his carnal introduction became clear while the bulls pumped away. Based on Villam's speech, Luke didn't fully expect to leave the farm as a wolf. His transformation still caught

him off guard, however. It began with a dull ache at the sides of his head, a sensation that sharpened along with his growing horns. They spread out from his changing ears and curved up above his scalp, arriving at a dull point that framed Caleb's hips. The bull wasted no time latching onto them as handle bars. Luke's own hips widened and thickened, first with slabs of muscles, then with mounds of flab. Callum sank his grip deep into those plush love handles as they swelled forth, only to be overtaken by a firm globe of fat. Luke's legs bulged with strength, enough to support his new, weighty frame, and the pointed claws of his toes gave way to blunt hooves. His arms similarly thickened, and the waves of change met in the middle of his figure.

As those two fronts met on his belly, Luke's transformation finished. A final wave rippled across his figure, bulging the muscles of his arms and legs until they matched the bull's. His bones subtly creaked as he gained several inches in height, pushing his head and hips over the edge of the table. That overloaded piece of furniture creaked and groaned under his swelling weight, its surface deeply bowed. Every climactic shiver and tremble from the trio added to its protests, only for those sounds to vanish under bovine huffing and puffing. Callum and Caleb caught their breath and came down from their climactic high while Luke processed his new form, rising from his trance to survey his body. The former wolf's arousal throbbed under Callum's belly, sandwiched between plush, generous pillows. The slightest roll of his hips ground his need between soft belly folds, and repeated rolls swiftly sent him over the edge.

Luke moaned around Caleb's cock as climax crashed down on him, unleashing a lustful tide from his loins. His back arched and his muscles locked in carnal bliss, and his indulgent groans nearly brought Caleb to his next peak. The muscular bull clung to his stamina long enough to withdraw however, allowing the new employee's moans and grunts to fill the break room. The walls

echoed with the sounds of his release, and the sight of his writhing bliss rekindled his coworker's lusts as well. Despite that refreshed need, they refrained from descending on the former wolf again. Instead, they gave him a moment of respite to properly drink himself in. Luke's chest heaved with post-climax bliss while he came down from his high, and once higher thought returned, his hands roamed his altered figure.

Luke's breath caught in his throat when his fingers grazed his pecs, unprepared for their size and sensitivity. Their size and the strength behind them would make any body builder jealous, though they retained a sensitivity that made teasing them irresistible. His bovine shaft throbbed while he delicately circled their peaks, and he only just mustered the will to continue his self-guided tour. The round boulder of his belly claimed his attention next, offering an enticing curve to feel and explore. Its softness proved shallow for its size, allowing any teasing squeeze to glimpse the muscle beneath. The power of his frame proved undeniable, and that trend continued to his toned ass and broad hips. His thighs flexed with that strength as he swung his legs down and stood on freshly-formed hooves, where he wavered only slightly in his balance. Callum and Caleb looked him up and down, and a flex of their shafts denoted their approval.

"He turned out well," the rounded bull remarked.

"I'll say," Caleb added. "We should get you down to the locker room before too long though. Those old clothes aren't gonna fit, and we can't have you walkin' around naked."

"Not all the time, at least," Callum continued. "That goes on casual Fridays, but not tour days."

The thought of that flustered Luke passed the point of speaking, though the other bulls didn't mind. They shared a chuckle and

escorted him to the locker room, taking teasing and appraising gropes along the way.

Across the farm, its primary caretaker and owner returned to his office. A set of double doors opened to a modest waiting room, where a a cow sat at her broad desk. The compound clacks of hardened nails against keys filled their air, their rhythm only slightly disrupted by Villam's return. She peeked over her glasses and smiled at the chimera, noting his early return.

"That tour didn't last very long," she laughed. "Finally get tired of playing along and sic the farmhands on them?"

"I'm not that tactless," Villam chuckled. "But it feels like that's what happened. The first two ran right away, and then that wolf had a change of heart and decided to join up himself."

"Ohh, I'll have to give him a visit and show him how we do things around here~"

"I doubt he's still a wolf, but that does mean he can probably handle you now" Villam grinned.

"Oh?"

"Callum and Caleb are handling his orientation."

"Maybe I'll give him a few days to recover then," she mused. A few clicks of her keyboard filled the following silence, until a question arrived. "It seems your next tour group is going to be a little early. Would you like to move them up?"

Villam considered that option for a moment. "Hmm, nah. They can hang out in the waiting area for a little while. I'd like to see how our new additions are adjusting."

“I’ll let them know~”

With that, the chimera retired to his office. A modest room furnished with an executive desk, it fit Villam’s tastes well. A comfortable chair quietly creaked as he took his seat, and a monitor flashed to life at his touch. A spread of camera feeds filled the digital space, displaying the farm’s facilities at every possible angle. A quick search narrowed those windows to the gardens and stables, and another brought up the trio of would-be thieves. Villam leaned back in his seat and smiled broadly, satisfied with the success of their work. Whether or not the next tour proved as fruitful as that, he looked forward to it.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

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a few places to find it

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