

Sitting alone in his room, James waited for something, anything to happen, wondering when he was going to feel even the slightest it off. Sure, it had only been a few hours since he'd had his appointment, signed stacks of papers with only barely reading them, and was injected with a series of syringes and told to go home at rest. It was sketchy as hell, but on the plus side, it paid enough for James to pay for his entire summer and then some. More than worth the risk for him with the amount he was making, and all he had to do was let them come and check on him at regular intervals, taking notes and monitoring his progress. It should have been a no-brainer, right?

James wasn't sure what about him had allowed him to be picked for such a lucrative venture. He wasn't in contact with his parents, nor had a romantic partner, which felt a little strange to be asked but wasn't sure that was a deciding factor. Maybe this blood type was a match for whatever they needed, but it mattered little since he'd been paid a sizable amount upfront. Enough to set him up with a new gaming system, something he planned to use in the coming days as he waited for them to come by for the next series of tests. Honestly, he wasn't even sure what they were doing, save they were with the agricultural commission and needed to test new vaccines for human trials. At least he wouldn't be contagious and could come and go as he pleased, though with his house out of the city, and his lack of a car, there was little place for him to go.

After he had received the first dose, he was left to his own devices, to be monitored over the coming weeks with new injections they would come to administer in person. All he was told was there might be side effects, but they would mostly be benign, but most certainly present in some form. That left James with the unshakable fear that he would notice some sort of change, almost paranoid to the point he couldn't get his mind off it. James would have never called himself a hypochondriac, but damn he might have been with the level of anxiety he was feeling over just the first day.

Though he'd told his two roommates about it, Baxter and Ralph, the two of them didn't really seem concerned, figuring that any side effects could be sued for, and not really understanding the want to stay home all day besides. Just in case, the two of them were inclined to leave him to his own devices, not thinking there was a chance of being infected but cautious. James got along with them well enough, but they weren't super close, not sharing the same interests. At least they were clean enough and paid their share of the rent and groceries.

Eventually, with nothing happening, James decided to go to bed, trying to put the events out of his mind, and trying to get comfortable against the aches in his body from where he'd been injected. The aches and pains worked their way into his muscles and persisted for the next several days, though James felt comfortable enough that he wasn't bedridden. It was a minor

inconvenience in the grand scheme of things, and he was soon more focused on his newest games and other purchases to pay it much mind.

Over the next few days, a few subtle changes came to James's attention, minor but enough to leave him wondering if they were an effect of the injections or if he was still reaching. His appetite, for one, had been significantly increased to the point he went through a week's worth of groceries in almost three days. It did seem to annoy his roommates, but James assured them that he would be taking care of a larger portion of the grocery bill next time, and they left it at that. But it was the sensation of itching that persisted across the skin of his arm where he'd been injected, as though the skin was trying to reject something. All he could do was hope it went away soon!

However, that was not to be the case. It wasn't until the third day that James noticed the errant hairs that didn't quite match the ones that were across his arm. They were a darker brown, closer together than the follicles he was used to, shorter, as though they were just starting to grow. James put it off at first, thinking it to be a side effect of the first dose he'd been given. And that would have been fine with him, had he not noticed something similar over his thigh. Yet, rather than the same brown hairs were starting to move around his upper arm, a small patch of skin was coated with hairs that were both black and white in tiny splotches, something that didn't really make sense to be a simple side effect. Still, he had to wait for a few more days until the servicemen came to check on him and decided it was best to put it from his mind for now.

The ensuing days brought with them a series of other alterations, one that was so gradual that James didn't notice at first. One day in the shower, his fingers got caught in his hair as he was trying to wash it, as though it was far longer and shaggier than it had been. Looking in the mirror, it seemed to be the case, a little shaggier than his formerly shortcut quaff. Still, James figured there was little else he could do but book an appointment to get a cut the next time he went into town, thinking it had been a little soon since his last one.

Getting out of the shower, James was quick to notice something wrong with his nails, as though they were darker with dirt underneath them. They seemed thicker as well, more stunted, though no amount of scrubbing he could achieve would get the discoloration out. In the end, he left them alone, feeling the weight of them and a bizarre numbness that made him a little worried about what was happening.

Of all the alterations, the one he noticed on the fourth day after his injections was the most concerning. It was first felt when he went to sit down, a pain in his backside as though he'd sat on something sharp. Reaching down to the seat, there didn't seem to be anything there that could have caused the ache, save something on his backside. Seeking fingers discovered a lump there, as though his tailbone had been dislocated. Yet, with no pain from the lump itself, James

was left to wonder what was happening, nothing in Google left to discern any of his ailments. What was happening to him was anyone's guess, and his concern about the alterations only grew with each passing day. Waiting to speak to the company again was becoming maddening!

Throughout it all, James was overcome with a libido that surpassed anything he had felt in recent memory. It started as a once-a-day activity, looking up his favorite transformation-related media, something he preferred to more conventional forms of pornography. Once a day was soon not enough, James going two, three, sometimes four times a day without the usual chafing that such actions might cause. His lust was not softened by the alterations to his form, thinking the errant hairs to be the start of some animalistic transformation. Thinking it was happening to himself in real time was exhilarating, and a bigger turn-on than anything he had experienced since discovering his transformation kink.

Of course, it didn't escape his notice that the alterations, hell, the whole scenario of being injected with strange vaccines was a transformation trigger in and of itself. He had never quite read a story or seen art like this but he was sure that if it wouldn't send him into a masturbatory frenzy, and he had the words for such, it would make for a hot one! Deep down, he of course knew that such was impossible in the world as he knew it, but there was no denying how the tngouth that jerking off as much as he was could be spurring on a change into a more beastly form.

And if he didn't any better, they truly were doing just that to his physique. The effects of his masturbatory efforts did not go unnoticed either as he passed the first week after the trials. James was sure his balls were larger, swollen with enough seed to fuel his frequent jerk-off sessions. It seemed the hair on his body, not just the patches around his arm and hips, but all his hair was getting a little longer, to the point that even if he was inclined to shave, such would have no effect in remitting the hair. It was thicker around his chest and arm, almost wiry, while shorter across his thigh, that strange black blotchy pattern that made him worried for what reaction could cause such.

Naturally, with the added hair and sweat came a strong body odor, one that even several showers a day couldn't completely erase. More than once, his roommates wrinkled their noses around him, as though the stench of his body was rank enough to make them take a step back. They never said anything outright, though with the smells he left in the bathroom as of late, and how much he was eating lately, they were starting to regret their decision to welcome him as their third roommate. James could hardly help it though, needing to eat like a pig, and starting to smell like one too no matter how rigorous his grooming regimen was. He was at least used to the smell, though part of him worried how much it was bothering his roommates, hoping they could understand it was part of the clinical trials, and would pass once he had finished them. At least he could afford to buy them gifts to put up with him and his new habits!

It was more than just the amount he was eating, though that, too had increased. At first, he was fine to eat meat as was a normal part of his diet. But soon the taste seemed to roil in his stomach to the point he was ill and had to give it up. Never being much for fresh greens, the taste of them in a salad was the most delicious thing he'd had to the point he'd cleared out the vegetable crisper within a day or two. Again, his offers of taking on the grocery bill next time were appreciated, though it was obviously troublesome with his need to eat so much more in the past few days. Yet, with how hungry he was, James simply couldn't help himself!

About a week after the trial had begun, the itching of hair against his clothes was starting to get to the point where it was uncomfortable to wear clothing. With how much he was sweating as of late, James was more inclined to wear only his underwear while in his room, donning clothing only when he left to grab food from the fridge or shower. He would go shirtless most of the time, which seemed to bother his roommates, bringing it to his attention more than once. James was left with the awkward task of trying to explain the alterations to his body as part of the trials, and that the payoff was worth it. It held his roommate's distaste at bay for now, but it was obvious they couldn't put up with a whole summer of this. That wasn't enough for James to start wearing shorts again, even shorts annoying against the increased spreading of the black and white fur over his hips and thighs.

Even though he'd been doing little more than eating or lounging, it was in that second week that James started to notice another side effect, albeit one that was more welcome than the hair or dietary alterations. Rather than getting pudgy as he might expect such a lifestyle to inflict, he was bulking up with a decent bit of muscle, his belly larger but firm-packed as well. It was his arms that seemed meaty, not toned, per se, but enough that he was sure he was much larger than he had been without any effort put in. It was enough to make him want to go to the gym, not something that was really advised by the company he was being tested on for, but Ralph made the trip into town to hit the gym a few times a week, and reluctantly agreed to take James with him the next time he went.

Again, the smell rolling off him in waves did give him some stares and wrinkled noses, but James did his best to ignore them, figuring he was hardly the worst-smelling person to go to the gym. The hair was a little off-putting as well, especially with as exposed as he was in his gym clothes. However, with how eager he was to try out his muscles, it was hard for him to focus on anything but that. Trying some of the lower weights first, James was rather shocked that for not having lifted in his life, the weights felt like nothing to his powerful arms. He immediately went up ten pounds, then twenty, hardly enough to hinder him as his arms pumped furiously. Not even caring if he was using the correct posture, James added another twenty pounds to his curls, feeling a sense of pride in his power.

Yet, there was no denying the stench rolling off his body that was even starting to get to him, as used to it as he was. To his embarrassment, he even let out a loud fart at one point, enough to turn heads toward him before the pungent odor nearly made them gag. James felt a rush of shame burning through him. He had been rather gassy of late, to the point that his roommates would not enter his room. But never had the smell gotten to him so badly before to the point that he had to get up and leave. With the changes to his body, even the shower in the locker room did little to clear the smell, and James decided that maybe the gym, or the public in general, would be off limits to him for the time being, at least until his body grew used to the side effects.

Yet, it was only to grow worse moving into the third week, with more unwanted mass, itching hair, and an increased appetite to the point he found himself wondering if the reward money would be enough to cover his grocery bill. Part of him had to wonder what he was thinking to sign up for such when it was obviously a scam, turning him into some kind of...freak. As much as he loves the idea of physical transformation, there was no way that was to be his fate, rather devolving into a disgusting slob rather than an elegant animal. What the hell was happening to him, anyway?!

Thankfully, his benefactors had an appointment for him scheduled the next day, and he was able to ask his questions. Surely, sitting clad in his underwear, the room reeking of BO and flatulence, the one woman coming to see him would be disgusted and leave. Yet, she seemed unbothered by the stench, rather smiling as she gave him a once-over before pulling out her kit. It was unnerving to the point James hardly wanted her to get near him, let alone jab him with a needle, and do lord knew what to him.

Her next words did little to allay his fears, though gave him cause to agree to her terms. The injection series, as she explained, was designed to be seen through to conclusion, even being detrimental to his health should he miss his dose. They needed the long-term data from his blood work, and once the injections were done, he would be normal, comfortable, and well paid, promising a generous increase in his stipend as motivation to continue. In the end, James figured there was nothing else he could do but to allow her to complete her work, hairy arm sore and left him to wonder what the injection could do to him. He was left with the assurance that the next series of side effects might be potentially more enjoyable, if her predictions were correct, and James was left with a mixture of anticipation and dread over what those words meant.

And at first, her words held true. The next few days saw an increase in muscle growth and bulk to the point that even if he was inclined to wear shirts, they would tear from his form from the effort. It was rather impressive even with all he ate that the fat was minimal, as though the injection was converting his diet into muscle. Surely, that was the point of the drug, something that if it worked, would make billions on the health market. James could do with the

hair, the stink, and the flatulence, but it was a small price to pay, he figured. His increased stipend could certainly pay for the food for all three of them now!

That was not the only side effect James was left to enjoy, much as the woman promised him. His masturbation habits had hardly changed in the past few days, turned on by the muscle he possessed and horny besides. Cum watery after the first few times, the swelling of his testicles, thick orbs that pressed almost painfully in his sack, seemed to fuel him with prime seed, enough that his usual array of tissues was not enough to catch his ejaculate. The smell of semen was added to the bouquet of odors wafting from his form, and it was almost impossible to fully clean himself from the drying spunk, annoying and sticky against his hairy groin.

Part of him was disturbed by the alterations, his blackened ball sack so much larger and heavier than anything a human could support. But there was another part of him, the one that used animal transformation to touch himself to, that found the changes arousing on their own. It looked for all the world like he now possessed the sack of a farm beast, a bull or horse as much as his internet searching could dig up. His suspicions were confirmed with a rather bestial bellow that escaped his lips during one such session, one that he could not make in his own intonation.

Though he would never have wanted to be a bull or horse in his own right, or any other animal, there was no denying how much the changes were doing it for him. Perhaps that was part of the serum, to bulk up one's body by infusing DNA from a farm animal. It was bizarre, though the results were as obvious as the sack hanging from his loins. Hell, it was almost so large he couldn't hide in his underwear, much to the chagrin of his roommates. Certainly, it did not belong to a man, and as much as it pleased him to possess such a thing, James was more than a little concerned about the implication.

Yet, calling his benefactors did not answer, as though they could not be reached unless they wanted to be. He didn't want to bring alarm to his roommates, though they were already aware something was up. But they couldn't imagine that he was turning into some sort of animal. Or at least gaining animalistic attributes the likes of which were turning him on almost to the point he couldn't bring himself to worry what that meant for him. At least until the orgasmic sensations died down...

The more the changes encroached over him, the more some of them were starting to make a bizarre sort of sense. It was not only his balls that looked more that of a farm beast, but the fur as well. In fact, the patches on his thighs, obscuring the skin in some places, made it more likely it was the start of a fur coat. The piebald pattern was a dead giveaway, but strangely, it didn't seem to match the coat on his upper arm and belly, leaving it a bit of a puzzle as to what exactly was happening to him. That coat was thicker, almost wooly in some places, which left

him powerfully confused. It itched like mad, but in the end, James became accustomed to it to the point it was forgotten with his frequent masturbation sessions.

Though it was hard to tell what type of attributes he was gaining, Bull seemed to be his best bet, but there were a few other changes that seemed not to match that future. For one, his testicles were much too large for that, even by bovine standards. And then there was his cock. It was getting a little larger with each passing day, thicker, too, with darkening patches that seemed almost splotchy as they started to take shape. Knowing animal anatomy as he did, James was a little more inclined to think he was forming the beginnings of a horse cock. That was even worse, in a sense, becoming some sort of hybrid being that didn't match anything on Earth. How was this whole thing possible, to begin with?

Yet, as much as James told himself he couldn't want this, that he shouldn't want this, there was a growing part of his mind that couldn't deny the truth. It was the fulfillment of every dream for him to change in body and become more like an animal. As much as he didn't want to change, to lose his humanity, there was no denying how much it was doing for him to the point that he could barely stifle his moans or clean up all the cum that shot from his mammoth testicles and cock. The room stank of his male essence, and James reveled in it!

Naturally, he had to leave the room on occasion, his roommates not daring to come near lest they get a whiff or hear the bizarre grunting that signaled he was amid passion. His clothes were so tight at this point that even the sweatpants were a chore to get over his muscled ass and massive flaccid enough. Even his underwear was pulled taut before the girth of his balls, and it was almost a painful endeavor to wear them for the times he needed to eat, or use the bathroom, something that was becoming more and more a frequent occurrence. In his room, he was more inclined to keep naked, loving the scent of his musk and cum, even though it was far overpowering to his sense and something he knew he should be ashamed of. Cum stains were everywhere, the waste basket was full, and his clothes lay soiled and unwashed. Yet, to James's altering psyche, it was heaven!

It was getting harder to think as well, at least in terms that the human him would naturally rationalize. One day, memories of the gym came back to him, and flexing his larger arms, he was powerfully inclined to show off his muscle mass, at least while he still could do so. Finding shirts large enough was a chore, but one he partook in willingly as he used the chance to clean up his room somewhat and shower. Begging Ralph to take him into town required some bribery, but the idea was so fixated in his mind at this point James saw no alternative but to see things through. As much of a disaster awaited him, at least...

The weights were waiting for him, and James immediately started with those that were several tens of pounds larger than what he was able to manage even last time. Though it was

awkward to lift straight with his bulky stature, the weight felt like a feather as he deadlifted like he'd been going to the gym for years. He lifted one, then the other, unsatisfied with his performance as he moved to the bench, hoping for a greater challenge.

With every upward push, it seemed as though his already precariously taut clothing was getting to the point it felt it would pop off from any errant motion. Tears were starting down the cuffs and back of his shirt, and to what would usually be his embarrassment, his cock was powerfully erect in his pants, threatening to tear a hole through on its own. But James could find no fault in what he was doing as he continued to lift with abandon, wanting nothing more than to show off his strength and prowess. And he was doing so, seemingly to bulk up almost in real-time as he lifted. Almost to the point that...

With a loud tearing sound, James felt his clothing give way, tearing all over and filling his nose with the pungent musk of his body. His arms, shoulders, and chest parted his shirt easily, rending it into rags on his form. And, much to his shame, his erection managed to break its way free as well as well, erupting with a stream of cum even though he had not touched himself. It seemed very much that his horse-sized dong needed little stimulation to get off, as erect as showing off made him. And to his embarrassment, it seemed even more engorged than before, the shape of the head a little off, as though it had changed in the interim such he'd last masturbated.

Powerfully embarrassed, James made his way back to the locker room, sure that he wouldn't be able to go back. He wasn't asked outright, but he knew deep down the incident would not be easily forgotten. Worse, perhaps, was having to go to his roommate to drive him, not able to hide his current condition. The pair drove home in silence, Ralph almost seeming to want to leave James on the side of the road. It was clear he knew something was up, but had no idea how to broach the subject. They drove with the windows down, but it was hardly enough as James's body digested, filling the car with the stink of his flatulence.

Upon getting home, James was met with another problem. Despite having just cum, he felt powerfully pent up to the point that leaving his member alone was not an option. Though he was shamed about the changes and the public display they had forced through him, there was no denying how much he needed pleased. And his cock was massive, even larger, with a crown around the head and a darkening shade that marked its conversion to a more equine shape.

Yet, as he grunted, masturbating with the fury of a beast, a pain in the chair started to get to him, as though the lump there was getting larger. Learning to deal with it in the past few weeks, James was still a little stunned when it seemed to surge with growth, as though protruding up above his ass. It was getting a little painful, especially as the growth started to prickle from within, as though something was stabbing the surface from the inside. It was still not enough to



stem his arousal, feeling it passing the breaking ut and cumming all over his massive belly and chest in a spray of semen. It certainly felt worth all the changes at the time!

It wasn't until much later, James having gone to bed without cleaning himself that he was awoken by that pain above his ass again, as though something was crushed under him. Getting up with some panic, a burst of pain ran through him, something ripping the skin and poking its way from his new nub. James felt truly scared for perhaps the first time since the changes began. It was hard to see behind him, given his increased stature, but using his phone camera, he was able to get glimpses of something that shocked him. Not only the triangular nub behind him, that was something he had been expecting, more or less. But it was the several dozen thick quills that stuck out from the surface of it. They almost looked like some sort of feathers, but that made little sense with the rest of the changes. What the hell was happening?!

Despite that, James was able to pass out, though not within his testicles churning out thick spurs of cum several times that night. Surely he should have been spent, and there was a strange sensation, a soreness as though something was engulfed within him. Stranger still, it seemed that his balls were thicker and heavier, and the smell was a little off, sickly sweet, if that was the case. Getting up, it was obvious they were twice the girth they had been, heaving under him as he tried to walk. And they seemed to possess four massive welts, the presence of which he could hardly understand.

His other roommate Baxter, knocked on the door, told him they needed to talk. Not for the first time since he'd started the program, almost a month ago now, James felt a sense of dread hit him. He was turning into a freak, some sort of bizarre mutation, and not only had he allowed it, but he had enjoyed it to boot! No wonder his roommates were fed up with him. Hell, he was fed up with them himself, hating what they were doing to him. Their demands were simple enough, and James was included to agree. He needed to stop the changes, needed to have them reversed, or he was out, regardless of whether he had a place to go. James couldn't blame them for all they had to put up with from his changes. Asked what the hell they were doing to him, to which James had no answer. He didn't really know, not wanting to show them the more extreme changes, his cock, balls, and now his tail, or whatever it was. The latter could not be hidden save for him to keep his back to the wall, and the distance his roommates kept from the smell of his musk and cum.

With all of them in agreement, James went to do everything in his power to try and contact his benefactors and have them reverse this. Still, there was no denying the awkwardness of trying to make it back to his room with the weight of his balls below him. It was as though they were painfully full, though not with cum as he had been used to. They were so large at this point that the fluid within them was sloshing around somewhat if that sensation could be considered accurate. Fuck, he was changing faster now!

Wanting to pull them out, there was something else alarming he was soon privy to, this time with his semi-erect cock. It seemed that a flap of skin had pulled its way up from the base, though he could see the head poking from it, the rest of the shaft pushing out. It wasn't too large, not by this point, but it was likely he was forming an animalistic sheath to match his other bestial traits. It seemed as though the changes were coming a little faster now, perhaps that the serum had altered his DNA in such a way to allow their take over. Fuck, he didn't want this, and he was losing time before he could get in contact with the people responsible for this!

Yet, it was the massively swollen testicles that took precedence now, and rubbing the skin, he was soon aware they were not pained as they should be, as though his balls were absent within. It was strange, though not as much as the warm veiny skin that now pervaded it. It was even covered with a light layer of fuzz, different than either coat of fur he possessed. In fact, rather than pressing in on him, it seemed as though rubbing the growth sent shivers of pleasure through him, in particular the four nubs, surprisingly sensitive. Almost like...

To his surprise, no sooner than he began to rub them than a squirm of fluid came out, that same sickly sweet smell from his morning reminding him of something he couldn't entirely place. The smell was familiar, but certainly not coming out of any orifice that he possessed. They were clearly not his testes anymore, although somehow, James was under the impression he was not without them and had not converted into a female. Rather, this thing was something entirely new, and bizarre, and left him moaning for more. The skin was so sensitive, and touching each of what he was starting to perceive as teats were squirting put drops of...milk? James simply had to taste it!

Yet, a knock at the door caught him off guard, and naked as he was, James went to call out, telling them not to come in. However, it was not his roommates to enter, but rather the woman from before, carrying her kit and smiling at the sight of him, as though eager with the progress he had made. It was unnerving to be seen in such a start, naked and semi-aroused with his animalistic cock on display. But the woman was hardly disturbed, looking more like she expected what was happening to him.

"No...no please, go away..." James said, though only part of his complaint was due to his wanting to be alone to touch himself. He didn't want to be changed anymore, didn't want to have an...udder. It didn't matter to him how good it felt, he simply needed it to stop!

"Doesn't it feel good? Don't stop on my account. I can still give you your injection and take the sample. After all, like I said, there's no going back, and we have to complete the cycle for you in order to compensate for your body being in flux. After all, you're a prized specimen now, and we want to keep you nice and healthy!"

“But I don’t want this!” James bellowed out, only just now noticing how much his voice had been warped over the past few hours.

"You might not want to now, but I assure you the pleasure experiences are only going to heighten from here! There's no going back I'm afraid, there was something in your contract that specifies your understanding of that. I'm sorry that you aren't satisfied now, but in time, you'll come to understand this was all for the best. After all, you'll never have to worry about anything for the rest of your life! You'll be totally cared for, well treated, and have a place in our company as the first trial run of our new formula!" Said the woman, oblivious to his plight or that she had orchestrated the downfall of a human life.

“Whhhhaaat are you doing to me?!” James called out, not really understanding what the whole purpose of. Fuck, he didn’t even really understand what it was he was turning into!

“We’re changing you into the perfect farm animal. Able to produce several kinds of meat, milk, and eggs. No no, we wouldn’t use you for meat, don’t worry! But it will be necessary to change you, and some other volunteers, into our hybrid species. Before we can create one in vitro, we need to study your anatomy and DNA and communicate with us on a variety of subjects. Don’t worry, you won’t lose your mind, not even when the changes complete themselves. As I said, you’ll live a long life of contentment and pleasure, and we’ll help the world's food shortage with the valuable information we get from you!”

James didn’t really know what to say after that. It didn’t seem likely there was any way out of it, or that he could easily escape or return to his body. The woman could easily be lying to him but then did he want to take that chance? And there wasn’t much he could do to fight back, given the state of his body. He didn’t want to change but allowed himself, sadly to feel the prick of the needle going in, altering him the rest of the way to his new form, whatever that would be. A hybrid of various farm beasts, as much as he could tell, but what did that even mean? And did he even want to know, given that these would be the last few weeks of his humanity?

With that, the woman left, and James was left with the difficult task of talking to his roommates about it. He had to go out with a bedsheet wrapped around his bottom, not wanting to show his cock or udder. They were disgusted, though less so with his body and more with what he had been duped into. Hours were spent discussing possibilities, lawyers, media, and the like, but in the end, all options were futile with the power the organization wielded. And it was best to prepare for the worst, to account for James’s new body and its needs.

Since Baxter had grown up on a farm, they were all in agreement that come hell or high water they would keep him here as long as possible, even if their lot in life came down to animal

care. And it wasn't the worst thing, as much as James didn't want them going out of their way on his behalf, he wasn't keen on heading to a care center run by the people who were responsible for his changes if he could help it. Not that they had much choice in the end if it was ruled that James was to be their property! With that, James was left to ruminate on his fate, knowing that within the next several days he might be outside permanently. As much as he liked the idea of changing, of turning into one, he didn't really want to be an animal, damnit! Not that he knew it was a possibility signing up, but still... To lose his freedom, his autonomy, hell even things like his hands going toward an animal form were disturbing, to say the least. And he would be like no animal that ever existed on the planet, a hybrid monster of their making. Hell, he didn't even though what he would look like by the time the changes were done with him!

Something else was starting to creep into his mind the more James contemplated what his future might hold. If what the woman said held true, he would be taken care of by the company for the rest of his life, his existence valuable data for them. All the worries he had held most of his life, student loans, affordable housing, all of it would be handled for the rest of his life. There would be an ease to that, caring only about pleasuring himself and what that would feel like with his increasingly changed body. Even with the fear over the changes and what they would do to him, there was no denying such as appealing, the consequences of which be damned.

For now, James had more pressing concerns. The ache in his still-expanding udder was starting to become persistent, even as he stroked his teats constantly. They were not sore, made of sterner stuff it seemed. But it was the fact that it was continuing to bloat, filling with milk or a milk-like substance that made him concerned. It was a little messy at first, and unlike with his cum, he managed to make it to the bathroom to squeeze his nipples over the toilet, feeling the relief of such immensely each time. Those bathroom trips were becoming so frequent that his roommates could hardly find the opportunity to use it themselves, much to their annoyance!

Milking himself and teasing his udder had another obvious effect on his anatomy, one that had persisted throughout but now seemed to be rising beyond its ability to tend to. His cock was powerfully erect each time he rubbed his nipples, to the point he was often jerking off while teasing one nipple and then the other. His cock was larger, the tip flattened to look more like a mushroom now, with a crown of skin around it. His sheath had fully formed, and the hairy covering kept his cock confined when not in use. And those periods were becoming less and less as he needed to jerk off more and more frequently. It seemed as though each time caused his cock to later, the skin mostly black now as the longer, throbbing length reassembled a horse's cock, though larger in stature than any equine member he'd ever seen. And more sensitive to boot, if his level of pleasure was any indication!

Each time seemed to swell his udder as well, often full of milk as it continued to expand. He could feel the fluid sloshing around inside of it, unnerving though tempting him to play with

his nipples and deplete the load. And it took little time to fill, even as it continued to expand in size. Having it full was powerfully uncomfortable, and James could hardly believe how it was producing so rapidly, even with all he was prompted to eat each day. Still, they had little time to think about it with how often it needed to be emptied and how long it was taking to get out enough milk that he was able to rest. Hell, it was even starting to interfere with his sleep, something that annoyed him to no end.

It was becoming more and more obvious as the days went on and his new udder went into full production, that his fingers were ill-equipped for the task. This time, the company made themselves more available than before, and when he requested the use of a milking machine, they were more than happy to oblige. Eager, perhaps, as though they wanted to start collecting his productions, something that should have been unnerving but was only thankful to get the relief. James was a little nervous about using it the first time and didn't know where he would set it up in his room. But later that same day, he was given a room-sized machine and a fridge they would remove his samples from when needed. Naturally, his roommates were skeptical to let them come in, but in the end, they decided it was for the best for James's comfort.

Nervous as hell, James eventually decided he had no choice but to try it, taking the cool metal tubes and locking them against his nipples, worried they would be too uncomfortable or they would hurt as he tried to suction the milk from them. Yet, the machine was new, and state of the art, and his nipples were easily inserted into the flexible tubes with only a mild amount of discomfort. And when he turned it on to start the machine...it was heaven! Waves of pleasure flowed through his udder like milk into the machine, with no hands needed to work his nipples. And perhaps even better, the warm grips were firm and gentle, allowing maximum efficiency while emptying him in a way that his hands could not manage. It was especially convenient as his cock was so large, needing both hands to work to its fullest potential. The woman was right; it was absolute bliss to experience milking and masturbation in tandem!

The only drawback to the milking was that, in tandem with his recent injection, seemed to speed up the changes just slightly. It started in his nose, widened over his frame as it moved down toward his lips, able to drink in scents in the air more easily, breathing becoming a breeze. It was a little unnerving to be able to see it in front of his face all the time, but he soon got used to it, something minor with everything else he had to contend with. And the scent of himself, his musk, his cum, and even his milk, seemed to do it or his arousal to the point that an already heightened libido was raised to the point he was masturbating at least for times a day. The effect on his body be damned!

Though it had likely happening for the past few days now, James hadn't realized a newer change to his anatomy until Baxter pointed it out, much to his disgust. James had been burping more frequently as of late, but he hadn't realized that such actions were bringing up more than

just gas. When Baxter pointed out he had a mouthful of predigested vegetables as he was talking, chewing it again as though the action was natural. The taste of his dinners had been on his breath in recent days. But James was oblivious to the fact that he'd been chewing cud before it was pointed out to him. He was powerfully embarrassed to have been caught in such an act, though figured it was part of being bovine, perhaps having more stomachs to digest with. It was a sign he had more stomachs, perhaps more efficient than before but certainly no help in dealing with his new bodily functions!

Yet, it was hardly the worst thing to happen to him in the ensuing days, as gross as it was to deal with. At first thinking his ejaculate was making his fingers stickier, James could not deny the fact they were starting to stiffen, as though the joints were starting to pop and dissolve within. Knowing that he was becoming some sort of farm animal, there was a part of James that knew it would happen to him eventually. But it was still unnerving to see the nails thickening a little but each day, pointed tips from two of them reminded him of pig's trotters. It wasn't helped by the fact that his thumbs were being tugged up toward his wrists, still functional for now, but less and less likely each morning he woke up.

And the changes had the potential to become even more bizarre, to reach heights that James could not have prepared for. The next bizarre thing to happen to him in the ensuing days came from within. As though constipated, there seemed to be a steady pressure building up with him, something that he simply could not relieve even while pushing with all he had. It was not his waste, that was regular for his new form, though a bit too frequent and disgusting for even him to contend with. Whatever it was brewing within him was becoming powerfully uncomfortable to the point he was sure it would cause him extreme discomfort soon. Thankfully it was not painful, but he couldn't imagine what fresh hell was causing the irritation.

One afternoon, the pressure came to a head, growing to the point he was sure he had to take a shit. Something he had no trouble with, this bulge felt larger, harder, and circular, and came with a flush of fluids that cleaned him out. Ass precariously over the toilet, James felt his rectal muscles contracting, pushing the orb within and opening him up in a way that made little sense. It was getting so large, making his prostate pound and even bringing him a mild erection, though one he was not inclined to contend with in the middle of whatever it was his body was expelling. Still, it was almost there, almost time, stretching his anus as though conforming it to release whatever it was

A plop in the toilet, not followed by the usual stink, splashed water onto his backside and made him yelp out from surprise. At the same time, orgasmic contractions ran through him, making James feel the need to rub at his horse cock. Not usually jerking off in the bathroom, James was quick to let loose with a jet of cum, blowing his load over the garbage can and wall. The room stank of his bestial essence, and for a moment, James even forgot what it was he was

so concerned about. It was absolute heaven to feel such relief that he could hardly hold onto the absurdity of the scenario.

James could not have prepared for what awaited him as he came down his release. Looking behind him, James was shocked to see what could only be a chicken's egg laying in the toiletry, anus still covered with translucent goo that had eased the laying. It took him some moments to come to terms with what he was looking at, not realizing this was part of what he was to become. In all honesty, James had no idea what to make of the development. At least it wasn't covered in feces or anything, but it was still unnerving to know that the egg had come out of what was his ass. Not sure how he was able to lay such an egg, James reached around awkwardly with his hybrid anatomy, discovering his anus was a little larger, protruding just slightly as though it had altered to make the egg laying process more comfortable. And more orgasmic, which was something James was still coming to terms with. At least it was pleasurable, but did he really want to be an egg laying, milk producing creature? How the hell did all this anatomy work, anyway?

The woman, whose name he never bothered to get, ended up checking on him later that day, and was elated to hear that he was already egg-laying. Part of James wanted to lambast her for not preparing him for such a fate, though in the end figured there was no point. He was going to change into this hybrid monstrosity regardless, and there surely couldn't be many other major surprises. Still, the woman offered to allow him to see what he would become, and figured that it would take a few more weeks to reach that form. Reluctantly, James decided to view the images, tears rolling down his cheeks as he stared upon his fate.

The creature in the documents was already much like what had become of James thus far. It had a full rooster's tail, laid eggs, and had thick, meaty chest muscles like that of a farm bird, likely for the meat. It stood on four legs, ham hocks with pig trotters sat on each to manage the weight of the thing, and porcine tusks stuck out of its muzzle. Its nose was that of a cow, as well as the pair of horns and of course, the massive udder. Thick, wooly hair covered its chest and back, though the skin underneath carried a familiar piebald pattern that was coating his skin. Its mane and cock were that of a horse, and the muzzle was a mix of equine with porcine dentures, able to digest many different foods with its four stomachs. It was the perfect hybrid of various farm beasts, able to produce eggs, milk, some wool, and should he expire, various kinds of meat. That last part, despite what he had been told, sent shivers through him as he realized his eventual fate.

James took some time to himself after that, allowing his blood to be taken and the weight and other measurements while he was in a depressive funk. He would essentially be an animal, and would soon be living as one. A dirty farm yeah beast, pissing and shitting in his pen as he ate and slept, wondering around with nothing to do between feedings. Never again would he be able

to go to school, or play video games, or any of the human tasks that required hands to accomplish. All there would be to do would be to deal with his bodily functions, milk and eggs collected as he was cleaned up after, only to wait to have it happen all over again. Without the ability to clean himself, he would be forever surrounded by his stink, something that was becoming troublesome to get accustomed to. Hardly the life for an aspiring college student, even one that had a secret transformation fetish and found the changes sexually arousing. He wouldn't even be able to cum of his own accord any longer, lacking his hands and human flexibility!

Still, there was a growing part of him that was coming to terms with what was happening to him, to the point it was harder and harder to find the same faults with them. As the woman had said, he would have no finance worries, no longer carrying tens of thousands of student loan debt, or rent, or even food or health care. All his needs would be tended to, not having a care but to produce as a farm animal could. If all went according to plan, he would live many years, his anatomy preventing most types of cancers or conditions through the technology that had changed him. And there was one other facet of the changes that he couldn't deny, one that pleased him to the point that nothing in his human life could compare. Masturbating, egg laying, and being milked were the most pleasurable experiences he had known in his life. And they were only becoming more and more pleasurable as the days passed and his body altered further. The conflict in his mind was troublesome, though the scales were starting to tip in favor of the life he knew was inevitable.

As the days passed and James grew steadily larger, it was obvious his life in the house was soon to come to an end. His fat udder made even wearing underwear impossible, as were his powerful chest muscles and altering feet, forming the same types of pig trotters that were becoming of his hands. It was less jarring to lose his feet, noticing his heels were expanding and his large toes were going the same way as his thumbs were. Walking was a little precarious, feeling his weight on feet that weren't meant to stand erect. And with some persistent aches in his pelvis, James was sure that any day he would be forced down on all fours for the rest of his life. At least he wouldn't need shoes, though it was of small consolation. His roommates were a little unnerved at his nudity at first, his fat puckered dirty anus and partially erect horse's cock on display. At least it meant they didn't view him as an animal, not yet, but such was of little solace.

By this point, James's new biological functions were in full swing, needed to lay an egg a day, milked several times, and chewed cud within half an hour after every meal. Several bowel moments a day were commonplace, and with his larger stature and exposed anus, James had no more ability to wipe, making such a messy affair. Egg laying seemed to clean him out, at least, though he had to bend over to make sure the eggs were not cracked upon being expelled from him. The milking machine, too, was filled after each use to the point the fridge was often full until staff from the cooperation came to take his samples, making sure they were marketable and met the nutritional demands they were hoping for. Regardless of how he might have felt about



doing so, there was no denying that relieving himself in all those different ways felt good to the point he looked forward to the times when he was able to.

One thing his rommantes looked forward to was collecting his creations, milk in the fridge and eggs washed and in a carton. They weren't supposed to, but as they'd been assured there was no danger in consuming them, the pair took to using them in their daily meals. Baxter reported his eggs and milk were the best things he'd ever tasted, even beyond anything from the farm he'd grown up on. James took some pride in that, knowing that he was at least proving a service for all the cleaning up after him they had to do. Any grossness they might have felt over eating things made from James's body was quickly forgotten, Baxter used to it and coming to terms with that being where such food items came from.

Not all of his bodily functions were welcome, however, his four stomachs making gas at both ends to the point it was nauseating. As the days went on, the ability to control his bowels started to wane to the point he could barely make it to the bathroom, let alone clean up after himself. The first time he messed himself, James hadn't realized he'd defecated until the smell hit him, and he was so deeply ashamed that he requested he be moved outside. Not able to control himself like an animal was a point where he could truly feel his downfall, and even a blanket and shelter on the proach was not enough to give him the creature comforts of his room, something he would not experience ever again.

It was likely for the best, given his lack of functional fingers, two of the digits thickened and covered with porcine nails, thick and pointed into pig trotters. A few tears rolled down his cheeks at the loss of his thumbs, the moment he realized that they were functionally vestigial, never to move again. Though with the loss of everything else in his transformation, it was hard to really focus on one thing over all, his entire lifestyle to change forever along with his species. His stiffening fingers were soon to go the same way, the remnants of the others pushed back against his wrists while the other two were to be used for nothing more than holding up his weight.

Still, the loss of functional hands came with it a few embarrassing positions to be left in, aside from the general loss of autonomy. For one, he was no longer able to milk himself, the pressure building up to the point he had to ask Baxter for help. While a little uncomfortable doing so, Baxter at least had the experience necessary, and was able to hook him up and collect the milk at a rather decent pace. James was thankful for the help, though warned he would need help multiple times a day in order to be completely drained. A prospect Baxter was not looking forward to, but something he would have to do in the interim of the company's involvement.

There was one other facet that James could no longer tend to on his own and was even more reluctant to request assistance for. Though his cock was often erect, much to Baxter's

chagrin during their milking sessions, James no longer had a way to jerk off, leaving him high and dry. A few times he was able to cum on his own, slapping his cock against his belly in a desperate plea, or gripping such in his hooves and holding steady, though those times were few and far between. It went unspoken that Baxter would not help in the effects to empty his balls, though as the days passed it was becoming more and more troublesome to content with his swollen internal testicles. The need to cum was indeed maddening!

That was not the only facet that promised to remove him from his humanity. It was also becoming obvious he would no longer be able to articulate his needs with the increasingly animal inflection in his voice. Grunts, squeals, and bellows were coming in his speech to the point it was embarrassing to try to talk to his roommates. It came to the point he did no longer try to speak to them, and they seemed to understand, given his current state. The pair would talk to him about various affairs in their lives to try to lighten the mood as they tended to his care. But James had taken to nodding, not caring about the rolls of fat hanging from his chin as he did so.

To be honest, there wasn't much he wanted to say to them directly, depressed as he was becoming. After all, they were coming to feed him, milk him, pick up his eggs, and, most embarrassing of all, cleaning up his shit after the first couple of days. James was at least able to plan to go in a corner of the yard, but such was difficult with his inability to focus that came from either a changing intellect or a lack of care of such bodily functions. He knew he would not lose his mind, as much as he'd been told by his benefactors. That came with its own challenges, wondering how to live out his days with little to do than eat, shit, and walk to be milked or laying an egg. As good as it felt, that was not the life for a sentient creature. And without the ability to masturbate, it was becoming a despairing existence, one with waning hope as the days passed by.

The rest of the changes, though coming gradually, were making themselves known at a speed for which James was aware. His skin was entirely covered by hide, the itching around his shoulders and chest becoming more noticeable and irritating without the urge to scratch. The hairs were thick, wiry, and becoming more ovine to match the woolen coat of his sheep's DNA. His backside was devoid of them, keeping a traditional bovine pattern, as was his hair, which was growing out into a horse's mane, more equine in configuration and rather fetching, had the other changes not brought him such despair. Hell, his wrists and ankles were even becoming adorned with what looked to be fetlocks, a fetching aesthetic feature but something he found he didn't want with all the baggage that came with it.

As his ears changed each day, canals widening and hairs adorned a mix of horse and cow parts, James found that his ability to hear and soon grown to inhuman levels. It started with smaller things, hearing cars and birds and such from farther away, something he did not think too much of at first. But it was the intensity of the insects, the drone of crickets and cicadas that kept

him up some times that really started to annoy him, until fatigue became so great they no longer mattered. To his dismay, they could pick up sounds from his roommates in the house, as well, reflexively in that direction and catching words of detestation for their lot as his caretakers. Something they would not admit to him directly but something that was impossible to ignore. Again, he wept his lament, not wanting to be a burden on them but thankfully they were determined to keep him here and not whisked off to some lab.

Other senses were enhanced as well, even as his growing cow's nose and expanding muzzle kept limits on his human speech. He was drinking in odors far more readily, the most of which the stench of his own unwashed body, flatulence, and waste. Yet, the more his olfactory abilities enhanced, the less the odors of his body seemed to bother him, to the point he almost found them pleasant. There was an almost relaxing quality about them that sat well with him, knowing he was here, healthy, and virile. It was not only his own odors that he detected, however, smell more acute to detect beyond the overpowering stench of farm beast. Each of his roommates had their own particular scent about them, nothing offensive but still obviously present. It was fascinating for him to be able to pick them out among the other scents, even that of the people that came to collect his eggs and milk.

The changes to his visage were perhaps the most jarring of all, enough that James was prompted to ask for a mirror, more than once with his warped voice and the difficulty they had in interpreting him. The first thing of note were the tiny bumps poking through his shaggy mane of hair, something he could not see right away but something he could feel growing. Though he could not touch them, the sensation of something aching from his temples drew his attention, pushing out more and more with each passing day. They were soon thick enough they pushed away the hair to be seen, thicker than anything but a bull's horns and likely to rest heavily on his head. James had no idea how long it would take to reach their final stature but was still able to take an odd sort of pride in them, a sign of his power and virility.

His teeth, too, had changed, matching a more grinding shape for his vegetarian diet. They had begun to change some time ago, grinding molars able to chew through his cud. But by this point, they were rather large in his mouth, pushing at his thicker lips and making it uncomfortable to keep his mouth closed. There was a gap between his premolars and canines, though such was to be expected for a more equine visage. And his teeth felt dirty, yellowed as he stared in the mirror. Far from enough time to make them filthy, it was likely a facet of bestial dentition making them look ugly and slab like. Worst, perhaps, was the two upper canines that were starting to curve and warp, thicker and pushing out of the sides of his mouth. As gnarled as they became, it was powerfully uncomfortable to have them sitting on his mouth, though like every other aspect of his changes, James forced himself to get used to it, though they did cause him to drool profusely, waiting for the rest of his mouth to catch up.

Still, James couldn't help but notice how easy it was to bite into apples, carrots, lettuce, and celery that he prefers to eat, raw veggies in large quantities the best way to sate in hunger. Either a sign that his taste buds had changed or a natural inclination to each raw veggies, anything cooked or covered in sauces and dressings would not do it for him. His tongue was far too sensitive for such it seemed, and he was fine with boring old foods as much as their tastes seemed to bloom in his mouth. And Baxter was inclined to bring him sugared treats each day, something that almost melted in his mouth and made him salivate for more!

Having not been met with the woman for some time, James was surprised to see her coming one day to meet with him, embarrassed at the fact he was in the midst of defecating as she did so. Still, she seemed not to be bothered, brandishing her familiar briefcase and with it, likely to be the final injection. James had no reason to resist, feeling the fluids entering his system and reshaping his form forever into that of a farm beast. A producer, used only to provide eggs, milk, and meat for his former species. A tragic life, even though there was enough James was growing accustomed to and even finding some facets that he enjoyed.

Having to live outside and sleep on the porch was starting to become tiring, though it was not to be a permanent station. To his surprise, the company was there to start building him an outdoor enclosure, free of charge. It was a little shocking they did not fight to take him away, and were in fact willing to accommodate staying with his roommates. All they required was his milk and eggs and regular vet visits, something all three agreed to. James was thankful that Baxter and Ralph were willing to care for him in the long term, their housing situation also paid for as a form of compensation. And a fair stipend to ensure their silence, being the only ones to see him in such a state. All in all, the best outcome that James could have hoped for, aside from losing his humanity forever.

Thankfully, construction of a habitat for him was only to take a couple of days, which was something he was thankful for. Living on the porch was uncomfortable, and more than once, he had leaked milk or layed a viscus fluid soaked egg, something that caused him immense shame. It was to be a fair place to live, sized for his stature and giving him access to clean food and storage, water, and a milking machine with storage for his secretions. Clean and state of the art, James was almost excited to live there, forgetting it was far from his former room and something he could access with full autonomy.

And not too soon, given the steady onslaught of the remaining changes. With thickening hips, fattening tighs, and a bulbous if not muscled pauch, it was getting harder and harder to stand. James could still move as much as he was able to, but it was becoming more and more troublesome before his spine realigned to put him down on all fours. And as much as he didn't want to lose more of his humanity, the ability to walk comfortably would be more than welcome,

given there was no chance of him getting back on two legs once more. An uncomfortable prospect, given the weight of his udder!

Of all the things that were being granted for his new life, James had not been expecting a breeding stand, something used for farm beasts to collect semen in. As was explained to him, the device could be used for him to rut into whenever he required it to the point that he would not even need anyone to empty it even after multiple uses. It was all James could do not to use it right then and there, though he at least had enough patience to wait until he was alone. Not that he could avoid being heard by his roommates, even with their windows closed, but that was something they would all need to get used to with his hyper-sexuality. It was a moot point with how much he simply needed to cum, to the point it was maddening!

The moment he was alone, James hoisted his much larger body up on the stand, spearing his mammoth horse cock toward the opening and feeling it take him inside with little trouble. As though it was made for him, James felt the stand opening up, then wrapping around his cock like a glove. James was thankful for this, the only current outlet for such an ache, that his grunting and squealing could not be contained. With a mere twenty or so thrusts, he was at the end, blowing his load into the back and feeling the blessed orgasmic relief shuddering over his body. It was almost too much to the point that he collapsed from it, body tingling as though the masturbatory act was enough to accelerate the changes running through him. He couldn't be sure, but either way the process was the most powerfully sensual experience he'd had, rivaling those times even masturbating in his former bedroom to the thought that he was changes.

And it was hardly to be the last time, given his arousal and pent up state without the ability to get off as he wished. It was a little jarring thinking that he might be able to use the stand like an animal, or that the changes were sending more rapid tingles of growth through his being. Still, James was not to be deterred, getting his second wind in such short a time as to get up and eye the breeding stand before mounting it, with more difficulty the second time. It was as though his equine cock was swelling beyond even what it had just moments ago. It mattered little, his member obvious meant to be larger than then average equine, thicker as his swollen testicals pressed against what had become of his prostate and made him shiver all over. It was so sensual, so powerfully visceral it was a wonder he could hold back against the sensations.

Still, having just cum moments before, it took him longer to reach his end, if only by a couple of minutes. It was enough for him to really feel his body for the first time and bask in his masculinity. His cock was massive, almost reaching past his massive belly, throbbing with blood as it engorged impossibly large. Such would have dizzied him if he wasn't already so massive! His awkward hips thrust frantically, sweat pouring off him and making him breathe in his male stink. The huffing breaths as he fucked the stand were all brought to the forefront of his being. If it was to feel like this for the rest of his life to fuck, then...

With a cascading bellow, James came again, feeling just as much pent-up seed if not more blowing from his internal testes and filling the collection bag. James was sure he could hear it sloching around as it settled from the force of his orgasm, and there was some pride in that, seeing then device rather vacuous and able to take more than most draft animals could provide. Not that it was anything he'd done to deserve such a stature. But then again, it was his now, as much his DNA as his human form had been. Why not take pride in it? The smells wafting from his semen were thick and virile, and his sweat spoke volumes of his masculinity. It was enough to bring him to erection again, with the needs to tend to it at the forefront of his heing!

It took an additional three times to fully feel emptied, a stamina that was beyond James's ability to fully fathom. Each time was as explosive as the last, though by the end of it, James felt he was finally spend, tired though satisfied in his release. There was something about the experience more fulfilling than any masturbation had a right to be, as though rutting into the bag was achieving a higher purpose, if such made any sense put into human words. It was almost a bestial desire, one that should have maybe alarmed him but was rather welcome at this stage in his new life.

So became James's life after that, getting used to the new set up and the new functions of his body. To his surprise, James fell into things rather smoothly, finding he already enjoyed how his body needed to expel to the point that it centered on the rest of his world. Laying eggs sent orgasmic quivers through his body, rubbing against his prostate as he laid one to two per day. Though they were not fertile, James was still promoted to sit on them, being given a nest of sort large enough for his massive stature. There was some comfort in that, though, surely, they could never produce offspring no matter what. Still he was tempted to treat them as such, just as any other hen might, enough though the still growing tail feathers from above his ass marked him more a rooster.

Milking, too, took up a good portion of his day, getting used to the fact that his former roommates came down in shifts to milk his sensitive teats. It, too, was almost orgasmic, James almost thankful for the inability to speak lest he give too much away. Of course, his equine cock came to an erection each time, a fact that went unsaid between his two caretakers. Still, there was no way they didn't notice that the moment they were out of eyesight, he immediately went to his breeding stand, needing to rut out the feelings of lust and bellowing his love of the sensations each and every time.

Of course, there were still a few changes to come, and they were to remove his humanity for the rest of his life, as much as James was prepared for. It was almost too much for him to lose his face, to not be able to see his familiar visage in the mirror any longer. But it was his burden to

bear, and there was something fetching about the hybrid form that greeted him in the mornings, a more equine muzzle that was at least able to accommodate his larger teeth and gums. It served to accentuate his smell beyond what he thought possible, though he was already accustomed to the olfactory intensity that came with an animal's form. It was the sight of his muzzle on his face that really changed things for him, but James was determined, and soon it left his mind, even though it obscured his vision.

James was also thankful that, while his eyes grew larger, and more bovine in shape than anything, he was at least granted human levels of clarity and color, if not a wider view from their position on his face. He was a herbivore, after all, and it was part of a prey animal's lot in life to need to see all the way around them in order to detect movement and react in time. Though with the size he was growing, James would be no easy prey, able to trample anything that dared challenge him! Unless they were bringing him sugary treats, at least!

Though he still had some growing to do, the muscle aches of bone shifting were not too troublesome, and he was able to ride through it from frequent masturbation sessions. Within the first week of being outside, he was able to move comfortably on all fours, even able to run with the power his form possessed. There was no desire to get back on his hind legs, rather comfortable being down on the ground. That was where all the best smells were, after all, something he languished in taking in. It was his lot in life, and he was much eager to be milked, to lay, and to fuck the stand as he partook in several times a day, with no obvious effect on his stamina!

The only facet of his new being that kept him from fully enjoying it, perhaps, was the loneliness of not being able to share his existence, at least not with one of his own. His roommates were there with him, of course, but it was not the same. Not yet, at least. There was something else that kept him excited, as much as he was unable to vocalize it to his roommates. He wasn't sure if that was the intention, a sinister machination of the company's design for those who consumed his products. Or a mere unintended side effect, given he was the first of his new species, essentially. Either way, it seemed they were largely unaware of it, given their actions each day. Even if James had the ability to tell them what he was starting to become aware of, he wasn't entirely sure he would.

It started out small, subtle, of course. And much more slowly than his own changes had, something that took him days to experience weeks and months. That was perhaps why they had not noticed it at first. But it was there nonetheless. The patches of hair growth. The bulking up of muscle under the skin. And most of all, the lust, James was able to smell they were masturbating several times a day, as much as James himself did. It was a sure sign that, at least to some degree, they would someday join him out here on the farm. And James was certain he liked the idea of eventually having mates...