

OF BARNS AND BEACHES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Aww maaaaaan!” Almost like she was playing the role of a ‘dumb friend’ character in an old 90s movie, Hisa the Nekomata let out this exasperated sound as she closed the PDF file she had been reading through. **“Is this really the end of this series? That sucks, I wanted more!”** While kicking back in her own pocket dimension, she had finally been working through the backlog of stories written by her ‘father’, Axel.

She was a being who had been created *to* transform, so it was only natural that she would have an interest in content along those same lines. **“I hate that sometimes he has better ideas than me, though. Taking characters and trapping them in an MMO during a summer event? That’s pretty smart... Then again, the MMO Summer series was commissioned, right? Was he the commissioner? Still...”**

The MMO Summer series of stories had been based around the women of Persona 5 being sucked into the MMORPG that Futaba had been playing, where they were assimilated into the game during a summer event. **“But there was room for improvement! What if I put my own spin on things? Hmm... I guess I’ll have until next summer to figure it out.”**

“Huh? When did I download *this* game?” The better part of a year came and went, and before long it was already the following June. Summer was fast approaching, and the above average temperatures that had been running rampant since approximately *April* had more or less driven that point home. But Joseph? He wasn’t really concerned about

any of that. Life simply came and went as it normally did. **“Don’t tell me I have a virus...?”**

Still, the appearance of what looked like a game shortcut on his desktop that he had no recollection of downloading had put a negative spin on his day. Viruses weren’t as easy to accidentally get these days so long as you knew how to avoid them, but the odd ones that slipped through could be a lot more difficult to *remove* instead. **“Farm Tales Online: Beach Event Edition? Even if that was a real game...”** Weren’t farming simulators way too commonplace these days? Most MMOs had elements of the genre in them anyways.

But as he’d gone to right click the icon to get rid of it? **“H-Hey! I didn’t want to open it!”** The program had begun to run, turning his screen black. No, it wasn’t *just* his screen. *Everything* went dark *including* his vision. It was as if he’d been sucked up by the void itself. And the next thing that Joseph knew?

He was standing on a beach. One with rolling fields and a farm behind him, barn and all. **“...Huh?”** How was he *supposed* to react to this situation? It became even *more* alarming when he realized there were people on the beach. No, was that *right*? They were certainly humanoid, but birds, dogs, cats; basically, animals that you would find on a farm... They all looked like *animals*? Anthropomorphized ones, but animals, nonetheless.

There were *bulls* too. Joseph didn’t know *why* they stood out to him more than anything else considering this was *all* bizarre, but they were so big and strong and *handsome*. **“I-I’m not bisexual!”** Where had that impulse even come from? He’d been straight his whole life, but the scent of a bull... The man shook his head. He had more important things to worry about! He still didn’t know *where* he was or why there were even animal people on the beach in the first place! It didn’t matter how *sexy* they were!

“I feel like I’m burning up, too. Is it because of the heat?” It really *was* sweltering out, making the sparkling water on the beach appear incredibly appealing. But a good chunk of that warmth *was* radiating from within. In fact, it was doing *a lot more* than that, but because he was sweating and his clothes were sticking to his body, he didn’t really notice it. The fact that his body was becoming a *little* smaller, that was. Not in the weight sense, but more in the *shape* sense.

It was like the very architecture of his frame was being warped, his waistline pinching in while his hips flared out. Truth be told? It gave the man’s body shape a much more *effeminate* silhouette. Something that was built upon in various ways, like in how his face was subtly softening

or his hair growing just a *little* bit longer. “**I don’t see any other...?**” *Humans?* That was what he had wanted to say, but a softer, higher pitch to his voice hit his ear wrong. “**Why do I sound a little like a woman?**”

Was it really a matter of just *sounding* like one, though? Joseph’s body *already* had the shape, it just needed the— “**Huh?**” He looked down at his *chest*, a region that should have been relatively *flat* but there was a *weight* there now. Not amply so, but there was a B-cup pair of breasts that, in a tizzy, he briefly grabbed before remembering he was in public. “**I have tits!? But does that mean that— AHN!?**” And speaking of inappropriate things you shouldn’t do in public...

A hand jumped down to the front of *her* pants, pressing not against a bulge like she had hoped to find, but a flat arch that presumably opened into a slit between thighs that seemed a little plusher, just as her ass did. “**Why did I turn into a woman!?**” For now she just resembled *Joseph*, but if she’d been born a woman more than looking like a different person entirely. It was alarming, but it *could* have been worse.

Unfortunately for the new woman, that ‘worse’ came a lot sooner than she would have liked. She didn’t even manage to look over how her hands and feet had become smaller before she suddenly felt *overburdened*. “**What else is happening to me?**” Joseph couldn’t really place it at *first*, but he felt *heavier* somehow? The initial signs weren’t easy to see, namely because it was her own *bones* hardening beneath her flesh. But they *had* to. Because they had to support...

...the woman’s *size*.

The human hadn’t noticed because she had only been watching them from afar, but the animal people she had been observing were a little *larger* than normal people in terms of height. And on a related note? Her shirt and pants began to rise on her already almost six foot figure... because she was growing *taller*. All of the way up to 6’5”, in fact. “**E-Eh!?**” It certainly wasn’t like her to stutter at times like this either, but perhaps the shock of it all was just getting to her?

On top of growing so *tall*, that heavier feeling she had been feeling previously was granted a more apparent explanation; something that she could really *notice*. Because her body? It was *bloating*, and it was more than a mere digestive feeling. Her flesh was swelling up, all the while her olive skin was being gradually consumed by white with black spots courtesy of a thin, fine fur that was erupting from her pores.

“**A-Ah!? What if someone sees me!?**” Was that really the primary concern she should have had as her stomach both pushed forward and

forced her hips to part wider and wider. The weight she gained had her tummy lip over the hem of her pants and push about six inches past it, rolls jiggling with each heaving breath she took as her body attempted to adjust. And yet this weight gain was hardly *only* observed in her tummy.

Her arms thickened with fat, as did her palms and fingers. Although, as the latter thickened into plump sausage shapes? Her pinkies seemed to merge into the fingers beside them, leaving her with only three fingers and a thumb on either hand. But even then, her hands had it *much* better than her feet. They *crunched* inward within her socks, what was once flesh and blood hardening into a raised, black chitin that reached up to her ankles. The next time she stumbled? It would have been on a pair of bovine *hooves*.

“MOOOO!?! M-Moo!?! Am I mooing like a cow!?” Joseph had bellowed out that moo as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do when upset, and she really *did* feel upset! Even now she could feel her teeth grinding away until they were all *perfect* for consuming vegetation and her tongue growing a little *too* big for her mouth. **“Blep!”** It eventually popped out of her mouth, said tongue coarser than it had been prior, but her face, now fur covered, *caught up*. It pushed out into a snout with her nose pinkening into something more bovine.

It looked like a strange middle ground between the face of a human and the face of a *cow*. **“A-Are those bulls staring at me...?”** They *weren't*, but why did she kind of *want* them to be? Furred, brown ears peeked out from behind hair that was lengthening, a white weaving among the brunette as it was all tied into a braid that reached her... *tail*? A long and ropey extension that had protruded from above her ass – related to the short, triangular horns that peeked out from above her new cow ears.

“I’m so unsteady!” And Joseph could hardly bear the tightness of her clothing. Her body hadn’t *stopped* swelling, and everything above and below her already bulbous tummy had it harder than that belly even did. If she was becoming *part cow*, then cows usually had *udders*, right? The woman’s own didn’t manifest in the way one might traditionally on the animal, but she still ended up with a pair of *udders*.

The tits she’d already grown were filling with *milk*. A pathetic noise escaped her now leathery lips as it sloshed around inside and forced her bosom to grow larger and larger. Nipples inevitably stretched into cow-like teats instead, and eventually? The heft of this bosom tore *right* through her shirt, leaving tatters to the wind as breasts that were larger than her head spilled out and slapped against her belly. **“MOOOOOO!”**

It wasn't like her *pants* fared any better in the end, however. Her broadened body had already torn them at the edges, but once her furred ass and thighs fattened it was more or less over for their last remaining integrity. Cloth tore and peeled, meaty curves jiggling to attention once freed. And in the end she was *just* as bottom heavy as she was top heavy, with all of her rolls of fat, whether in her tummy, her teats, or her ass rippling with each step. **"I'm... a cow?"**

But haven't I always been a cow? What else could she have been? A sheep like Annabelle? A chicken? She hadn't even realized her body was no longer naked, as she was dressed in a purple bikini that hardly hid her teats and loins. Well she'd come all this way. She kind of wanted those bulls to notice her... but they didn't.

It would have been difficult to say that *Jenna* didn't fit in with her surroundings *now*. She was just as much an animal as anyone else, with a fuzzy body that was both full figured and *full* in general, her chubby heft surely owed to the fact that she was an anthropomorphic *cow*, or what would quickly be referred to as a *furry* online. **"MOOOOO WAY!"** And yet while her appearance and personality were dramatically different from what they had once been, and memories of a new life in this world had rooted themselves deeply, she could still remember being Joseph; at least vaguely.



"I'm not supposed to be a cow! I'm supposed to be an, um... Something without fur or feathers or scales? B-But...?" Why was it that she couldn't remember? Were there people like that? Maybe those 'humans' spoken of in legends, but they were like fairytales! Jenna was shy and quick to worry, plus she was wearing a swimsuit for the beach event, so she felt a little more *sheepish* than normal. But perhaps not as sheepish as the *other* victim that had been brought into this world.

Although *they* were experiencing it in a much more *literal* way.

“It’s so hot, and... Eh?” Had I fallen asleep? I definitely *had*, but not for the night. I had almost pulled an all-nighter thanks to how unseasonably hot it had been for June, paired with not having had the time to set up my air conditioning unit just yet. It was something I had definitely *planned* on doing once I had woken up, but fate possessed different plans for me, apparently. **“Where... Where am I!?”**

Namely because I, Axel, had not woken up in my room. I had woken up on a bed within a bedroom that looked suspicious like a stall in a barn; one that had been fashioned for human use? But it was still *extremely* hot. I immediately shot out of bed, trying to recall what might have triggered this change in location. Had I been drugged? No, that was way too unlikely. But I did recall seeing something strange on my computer before crawling into bed.

“Farm Tales... something or other.” I repeated the name to the best of my ability. There had definitely been a game like that, hadn’t there? In the moment I had decided to worry about it when I woke up, because when I had tried to delete it in the first place my computer screen had gone black. I didn’t realize that because I was so tired, that my surroundings had changed as I’d passed out. **“Wait, wait! This is impossible!”**

I only felt that way because Hisa had tampered with my memories, of course.

In the end, I was given a crash course on what *was* or *wasn’t* impossible rather suddenly. It was delivered almost like a punch in the groin; no, not *almost*. **“Ugh!?”** I keeled over, hands pressed against my crotch – the sensation reminding me of an experience when I was younger where a baseball had flown into my chunk. My dick and balls had recovered from *that* incident, but in *this* case? I wasn’t as fortunate. **“Huh...? WHERE IS IT!?”** The pain had gone away, but sliding a hand down my pants? I was greeted by *nothing*. Nothing but a warm *slit* that made me shudder when I touched it.

“I have a pussy!?! This is kind of BAAAAAd! H-Huh!?” What was *that* noise I’d just made!?! It almost sounded like the *bleating of a sheep*? But *why* would I make that noise? No, no! In the end it really wasn’t as important as my *SEX CHANGING*, was it!?! *Scratch, scratch.* **“There’s no way... I’m a woman!?! But how? Why? And...”** *Scratch, scratch.*

“WHY AM I SO ITCHY!?”

I *clearly* wasn't taking things well, and the sudden urge to scratch myself all over contributed to that agitation I was feeling. There was a very obvious reason for it too, but my hair was actually more of a striking concern at that very moment. I typically kept it nice and short, not liking the feeling of long hair tickling me. But not only was that hair growing longer, it was becoming *thicker* and *fluffier* in tandem. Dark locks paled the more they thickened until they were entirely *white*. And as it all wrapped around my head? It strongly resembled *wool*.

This was important to know ahead of time, because that *itchy* feeling I was attending to? “**...Wait a second...**” It soon culminated with the fingers *doing* the itching rubbing up against something very *soft* on my stomach and arms. It was easier to see on my arms, but—“**BLAAAAAck?**” Not my skin, but what was *growing* from it. The fur was only a couple of inches long. It was growing rapidly, spreading up my arms and, from what I could feel beneath my clothing, *all* over my body.

“**I have to be going cra... zy?**” I coughed mid-sentence. My voice sounded a little course mid-sentence, but by the time I had cleared my throat? It sounded cute and womanly. The black fur was spreading around my face, and in the process said face seemed to be stretching wider so that it became round and cute. But it could be seen in the shapes of my eyes that, while foreign and more like an *animal's* with the little, black nose that I gained, it was all very inherently *feminine*.

I was already both tall and rather rotund in terms of body shape, and so in the end? I didn't actually gain weight around my already plump belly nor become taller like Joseph had. The species of animal I was becoming was smaller than a cow, and the more that my body changed to resemble one the clearer that animal's identity became. Take my *ears*, for example, which stretched out from within the white wool that functioned as my hair into round, flat, black shapes. I was becoming a ruminant mammal of some kind, clearly.

Not that my *wool* didn't give it away. “**A sheep!? Am I becoming a sheep!? A girl sheep!?**” *Well, wouldn't I be more like a woman sheep? Geez! Did I forget what I am?* “**Heehee! H-Hey, why am I giggling!? That's not...**” Not *true*? Did I really believe that deep down? My body wasn't necessarily making it easy for me to disprove it, as the white wool grew out around my neck, collar bone, back, and legs beneath my upper thighs. Black fur basically covered everything else. It was really *hot!*

I couldn't wait to go down to the beach and show off my sexy bikini!

“B-Bikini!?” Well, I *was* a woman, so was that really so strange of a thing to think? But looking down at my body... what was a bikini going to show off? I had a pussy, but they weren't any signs of femininity to my form, it was a furrier, fluffier plus-sized man's body, still dressed in the clothing he'd arrived in. But *fortunately* for me that didn't *remain* the case for long.

“O-Oh! Wow!” I chirped with a surprise that sounded a little more *enthused* than I probably should have. I could see *and* feel my chest pushing against my shirt, quickly protruding with such a size that it lipped over my round tummy bulge. I could only imagine what was happening underneath. My breasts had shaped themselves and seemed to be *dead set* on swelling beyond the means of my t-shirt. It was a goal that was met *pretty* easily, for within a matter of moments my neckline split down the center so that black-furred boobs could tear through the rest, showing off black, leathery teats in the meantime.

The certainly weren't as massive as Jenna's, but they were larger than my head! *K-cups* at minimum!

“NOT BAAAAAAD!” I bleated with renewed enthusiasm. My attitude about the whole thing had done an entire 180, naturally because my memories and personality had been undergoing a shift of their own. I gave my own hips a little wiggle to help with the tension I felt around them, that motion enough to help tear the sides so that they could finally explode *through* the cloth and allow my thighs and ass to grow much like my tits did.

Once again not with the same excess as Jenna, but they were respectable in their own right. The burst through my pants in their entirety, finally giving the wool that more closely resembled thigh highs than anything more room to breathe. Of course, my pussy was so caught up in the brown fur that you couldn't even really make it out. Not that thighs that surpassed my waist, or an ass so huge that it would probably fill *two* seats weren't way more distracting anyways.

Ultimately, my old clothes disappeared to be replaced with a golden bikini anyways.

While I was *literally* sheepish now, because I *was* an anthropomorphic sheep, my new personality as *Annabelle* was anything but. **“This is really BAAAAAAD, isn't it!? But it's weird, I kinda like being like this!”** I felt so *bubbly*! And I sounded that way too! Plus, I was feeling super confident in my new swimsuit! The gold really went well with my full, fluffy figure! I was ready for a day at the beach! **“My old life was kinda boring but questin' and stuff 'round these parts sure feels fulfillin'!”**

Because that was the sort of world this was. While this farm served as ‘home’, beyond the beach and its perimeters there was a whole world ripe for adventuring, farming, and even fighting enemies! It was like an MMO game, except we were *living* in it. **“Anywho, it’s the summer event so no point in hangin’ here, right? I’ve got someone to meet!”** At least according to my new memories.



And it didn’t take me very long to get there at all... at least once I started bouncing boobily all the way there!

“OIIIII! Jenna! I’m a little late, my BAAAAAd!” Waving a hand in the air, I couldn’t stop myself from bleating as I ran up to the nervous looking cow woman who had seemingly been waiting. I wasn’t aware of her previous identity – nor did she seem to be aware of mine. I had thought to ask or bring it up, but I just couldn’t *seem* to. Was it because I didn’t really care? Or was something trying to stop me? In the end I didn’t have any way of knowing.

And before long I’d forget about ever bringing it up anyways.

Before Jenna could even react, I jumped at her, our soft but sexy bodies colliding and the cow letting loose a **“MOO!?”** in surprise. **“A-Annabelle, you know this kind of thing is hard for me...”** Because she was the taller one of the two of us, she looked down at me bashfully as I snuggled for a moment before breaking the hug. **“Showing so much fur...”**

I bleated again and did a little twirl, my body jiggling from the motion. **“Aww, don’t be like that! Yer the prettiest cow on the farm! Don’t forget bigger cows are more beautiful by our beauty standards, right? I met even say yer pretty sexy, Jenna!”** I really *had* become the more confident and bolder of the two of us, even providing a playful wink to help ease her worries.

“A-Annabeeeeeeelle!”

Elsewhere, Hisa observed these happenings much to her own amusement. **“See? You can take someone else’s idea and just make it *better*, right? Not that those barnyard babes are able to really appreciate my genius.”** Maybe she should have let them keep more of their old selves?

“Oh well!”