

# Fieldwork (Man to Cowtaur TF)

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## A Story Tier Prompt for Spacebanana

*John is a geek in his late twenties with an obsession with farming games. But when his house is struck by strange lightning during a weird storm, he quickly finds his own body taking on the fantasy dimensions of a character he is playing, one that is distinctly bovine in nature.*

## Fieldwork

John was glad to finally be at home. It wasn't that he hated his work in retail, except those days with terrible customers. It was simply that, as far as he was concerned, work just existed to facilitate his hobbies, namely his love of videogames and computing. His parents had been getting on his case a lot to finally "move out, see the world, and get a real job." The fact that he quite literally lived in his parents' basement might have had something to do with that, and that he was twenty nine years old. It wasn't a series of facts he was particularly proud of, but the truth was that he'd never had much ambition: he just wanted to make enough money to pay board, eat the food he wanted (hence his larger weight), and play videogames. Suffice to say, his parents were not impressed, and repeatedly urged him to get work in a field that was more in the sun, had more physical labour, and overall to just get him to start "producing something of worth," as his mother put it.

And perhaps that conflict would come to a head someday and he'd be forced to make a decision, but that day was not today, at least, because when John got home there was a note on the table that his parents were out on a date night together, which was just fine by him. He'd just stopped by the videogame store on the way home and picked up *Fantasy Farm 3: Farmageddon*, which he'd been wanting to play for a while and had just released. He installed it onto his PC rig downstairs, ordered three pizzas and a Mountain Dew purely for himself, and settled down for a night of gaming, free from the complaints from his folks about how he was wasting his life and not spending enough time inside.

*Fantasy Farm* was an incredibly addictive farming simulator series with a fantasy twist: one controlled not a human farmer with farm animals, but instead a wide variety of fantasy creatures, often having to defend one's farm from raids by orcs and goblins and the like. So instead of simply having a cow, one would have a taurus or even the milk-producing cowtaur. Instead of pigs digging up truffles, there were the porcine people scavenging the nearby forests. Chicken ladies bore eggs, while stallion men performed hard duties. And if one could get a dragon as a pet, then you could really get your farming mines flowing! It was

all good, silly, and occasionally sexy fun: it was a routine joke in the FF community that the designs of the female members of the species could be quite . . . alluring. Certainly, there was a reason for the dark elf maiden farmer start being the most popular one.

But John decided to start a little differently. As a power gamer, he recognised that the cowtaur origin was the best fit. Firstly, while it made his farmer slower, it also meant that his main character could literally double as one of the most productive farming pieces in the game. Secondly, the reviews had 'leaked' - a bit of a pun - that stocking up on milk in the early game was a quick way to develop your farm successfully, before transitioning to other resources. As such, the cowtaur origin was for him, and he took time developing his avatar.

"Extra busty, for the produce," he remarked to himself with a smirk, enhancing the size of the avatar's breasts within the leather top it wore to the point of ridiculousness. "And we'll make that udder swell too. Happy to sacrifice speed for gains."

He chuckled as he made the cowtaur a size larger. There were certain drawbacks about the process, but on the whole it would certainly allow him to still build a capable farm while speedrunning the early game into a strong farm before any of the pillagers came. By that point, he was certain he could use the extra milk produce to exchange for elven mercenaries to protect the crops he would be growing by then.

"Looks like you're ready, Bessie!" he proclaimed, and then hit START to begin playing the game.

Everything started well at first. The game was just as fun and addictive as previous instalments, just with much better 3D-rendered graphics and the ability to zoom in, as well as lots of new assets and features that improved upon the older systems. It wasn't revolutionary, but it was exciting enough to have him interested. By the time his pizza arrived at the door upstairs it was almost a struggle to tear himself away from the screen. He quickly paid the delivery man and grabbed his food and headed downstairs, stopping only to turn off television in the main living room his parents must have left on.

*'Strange storm over the city. People are advised to stay indoors as scientists warn that the interstellar energy has infused the storm with uncertain particles that could be dangerous to-'*

He switched it off. It was stormy out there, and the pizza man had clearly wanted to bail quickly. There was almost a purple-violet nature to some of the clouds, and they roiled and shifted in weird ways. But as curious as John was, he figured it was just some weird event to read about later on the internet forums he frequented. He was far more interested in playing *Fantasy Farm 3: Farmaggedon*, so he returned to the basement and got the game going again.

He was still embroiled in the game, building up milk reserves and starting his first fantasy crops, when the house began to shake. The obese young man still had a full pizza

left to eat, and was slowly working away on it, when the entire tray fell to the ground and spilled it on the floor.

“Woah! Holy crap, was that an earthquake?”

It wasn't: it was the storm. The winds howled against the building, quaking the walls. He had to stop his monitor from falling over, managing to arrest its collapse just in time.

“Damn, they weren't kidding about that storm. What's going on?”

He tried to get back into the game and slip his headphones on, but it was impossible to ignore the howl of the storm, nor the strangeness of its presence. As it passed over his house he could feel a strange crackling energy in the air, even down in the basement. Small violet glows of energy seemed to suffuse the air as it grew stronger, dancing about like stars in his head. John swallowed, beginning to get a little nervous. He was of half a mind to stop playing his game, but he knew that when his parents got back they'd want to talk to him about being more 'productive' with his time, and he wanted to waste that time while he still had it. So, against his own better judgement to get away from his electronics, he turned back to his game to eke out at least another hour of playtime while he waited out the storm.

And that was when the lightning struck.

There was only a brief warning: the strange thrumming sensation of energy in the room grew and grew and grew, only to immediately evacuate, causing his large stomach to lurch. Then, at the very moment that it seemed that the storm had passed, a massive crackling bolt of pure violet energy shot through the building, surging through roof and ceiling and two levels to reach John down in the basement. It passed through matter like it was nothing, leaving no trace behind, and John only had enough warning to look up and scream as suddenly a great bolt of purple lightning hit him square in the face and suffused him with its powerful energy. He gasped, overwhelmed by its strange and alien power, but it didn't burn, lingering for a number of strange seconds as it surged into his computer and caused his monitor to flicker. His cowtaur avatar in the game was zoomed in upon, every feature of her body displayed, and somehow John felt weirdly connected to that figure. With the bovine nature of her, with her huge form and udder and breasts.

And then, just as quickly as the energy had come, it dissipated, leaving only a strange scent of energy behind, but no visible damage, not even to himself. John's heart beat like a jackhammer in his chest, and he had to down some Mountain Dew just to calm himself down.

“Holy fuck, did that just happen? What the fuck? Did it connect me to my computer?”

He marvelled at the screen which he had just felt intimately linked to, only to notice something strange: the cowtaur avatar was gone. The game wasn't frozen, but it had bugged from the storm in some way.

“C’mon!” he declared. “That was hours worth of work without saving! How was I supposed to know that some freak storm would happen? I don’t watch the news! Don’t you glitch out on me, or I’ll have to start all over again! Give me my cowtaur, damn it!”

He would come to regret those words, or at least the sentiment, because at that very moment his large stomach growled, but not from hunger. John winced at the strange bubbling sensation that began in his belly, one that rose and rose in intensity as it spread out across his entire figure.

“Nghhh, wh-what’s h-happening? I f-feel weird. God, the storm! Should c-call an ambulance!”

He stood slowly, his skin tingling with that strange residual energy, and made to head for the stairs. His phone was on the ground floor, and he was already feeling a strange set of pressures across his body, particularly in his lower half. *Especiallly* in his ass. He was halfway to the stairs when he had to collapse against the wall for support, as the pressures intensified greatly.

“Ohhhhh,” he moaned. “Wh-what’s happening to m-me? My legs, my ass, they feel like - NNGHH!!”

The pressures reached a breaking point, only for something impossible to happen: his lower half began to quite literally *expand*. The flesh shuddered, quaking unnaturally, and then his ass and legs grew in largesse, muscle and bone and tissue and fat all swelling until they were painfully constricting in his jeans.

“AHH!!” John cried, nearly tipping over. “No! Ohh fuck, oh f-fuck! Oh God!”

He had no idea what to do or say: his lower half was bloating up even larger than it should ever be. His thighs became so thick that after a moment of excruciating pain his jeans finally ripped open, freeing his fattened legs. His ass cheeks pushed out yet further, making him stumble backwards against a shelf, so great was his centre of gravity shifting. John tried and failed to control his breathing - his heart was running wild in his chest - but gave in to hyperventilating when something even more impossible than the growth occurred: his hips and spine and ass *extended* backwards, separating like a great tumour was growing out of his backside and trailing his spine along with it. It was too much for John, who fell backwards, yelping as his new expanding extremity collided with the carpet.

“Somebody help!” he screamed. “Mom! Dad! Please, anybody! I don’t know what’s happening to MOOOO-EEEE!!”

He paused, body still expanding, as he took in what he’d just done. He’d actually *mooed*, just like a cow. He twisted his spin to look behind him. The last tatters of his jeans were falling away, revealing that his behind was forming a massive new torso at a right angle to his upper half. His legs were still thickening, but his shoes were falling off as his toes curled up and hardened, transforming into what could only be a pair of cloven hooves. It

was alien enough to feel the sensation of them dying away, but it was made far odder by the unnatural experience of a pair of *new* limbs forming, adjacent to his expanding rear. They pushed forth, growing tendons and bones and muscles, connecting to his nervous system.

“Legs? I’m growing a second p-pair of fucking legs!? What the MOOO is going on h-here!?”

Again the mooing, and this time the mental connection could not be ignored. John realised with horror just exactly what kind of shape his body was taking on, particularly as his new rear legs were extending into existence and lifting his increasingly heavy body up into a bizarrely quadrupedal stance. His hooves continued to form, but all four legs spaced out yet further as his double set of hips widened, and then his front and rear pairs grew more distant as well.

“This can’t be possible,” he muttered. “I must be dreaming. I can’t be becoming a cowtaur! I can’t be - MOOOO!!!”

But there was no denying it: he was becoming a cowtaur just like his game avatar. Somehow the lightning had infused him and connected him to his avatar from *Fantasy Farm 3*, and now it was transforming him to become like her! He was immediately regretting not choosing the standard human option, but had little time to dwell on this thought because his body was continuing to swell and change.

“Ah - ah - AHH!!” he cried, as a long cowtail burst from his backside. It was long and ropey, swinging from side to side automatically. Its end was covered in fur, and this fur began to extend backwards, rippling across the bare skin of his lower half. He scratched at what he could furiously as the fur came in, and just like his avatar it was in the classic black and white style of a Holstein cow, the classic milk producer.

“F-fuck! Ohhhhh! Ahhh, why does that feel better?”

The fur finished forming, trailing all the way down to his new hooves so that his entire lower body was covered. He now effectively had a cow’s lower half, and not a small one either: it was as fittingly large and fat and heavy as his humanoid half, perhaps even more so. He tried to stumble forwards, but was unused to having four legs, let alone ones that were hooved, and this caused him to nearly collapse over until his new bovine-like instincts kicked in.

“Whoa! Moo! MOO!!”

He just managed to catch himself, and for several long moments just stood there in his new stance, his bovine half entirely naked, his cowtail swinging nervously from side to side. He had a suite of new organs, many of them doubles of his human ones, all situated within his cow torso, but one thing that was clear was the present of four big stomachs, each of which were growling already for food.

“Ohhh, God, this is too weird. This is way too damn weird. Please tell me this is temporary - or at least that the changes are finished!”

But he was tempting fate, because at that very moment he felt a massive pressure in his penis. It had pushed backwards during the change, along with his testicles, and they were currently positioned between his rear hips just like a real bull's would be. But now they were inflating and merging together in a way that was distinctly uncomfortable *and* pleasurable. John had to widen the stance of his rear legs as his manhood bloated and rounded, his penis merging into his ballsack which swelled and swelled until it was the size of a cantaloupe. His penishead altered shape, becoming more like a teat than anything else, and appropriately enough it was joined by three other similar shaped which pushed forth from the expanding sack.

“Ahhhh - ahhh - ahhh! MOO! What is it? I can't s-see? Is it - oh God, it's an udder! I'm growing a MOOOing UDDER!”

And it was an udder that was hot and full and pressurised too. It grew so large that his rear legs were further widened, and it hung low and pendulous. John moaned in a strange mix of delirious discomfort and rapturous, unwanted pleasure as the new female organ filled with milk, and this reluctant bliss only increased as a new feminine tunnel formed just behind it, bovine and sopping wet as if he were already under the effects of the controversial estrus mechanic. Or just *actual estrus*.

“S-so big! Ohhhh, s-so - OH COME ONE!”

At this point, John could only groan in disbelief as a renewed pair of pressures began in his chest. The obese man had always had a set of 'manboobs' ever since he'd gained weight in his teens, but now they were becoming full, fat female breasts in full. They stretched the confines of his shirt, growing larger and larger until John had to hurriedly tear off his shirt. His nipples widened and lengthened, looking a little teat-like themselves, with powerful milk ducts forming within the expanding flesh. They surged out, becoming astonishingly heavy, and it was only his stronger spine that allowed him to hold them up. They were flushed and hot, and like his udder were also filling up.

It was also the breaking point for the poor man.

“OHHHHHHH GOD!!!” he cried, arching his back - both his backs - as much as he could. The pressure in his various mounds gave way, and long streams of milk poured forth from his teats and breasts, dripping onto the floor and down his stomach. He couldn't stop himself: he grabbed his nipples and tugged them, releasing what must have been over a litre of milk in the next couple of minutes. His udder had less of a chance for relief.

“N-need someone to h-help,” he murmured. “Need to be moo-ilked!”

But he couldn't exactly reach the udder, even as it continued to fill with milk. The exit was up a set of stairs that he couldn't make his way up now, and he wasn't even sure if he

could fit through the door anyway. Worse, though the storm had passed, it also meant that his parents would soon be home, which would be both a blessing and a bane in his current state.

“A cowtaur,” he muttered. “I’ve turned into a cowtaur! What the moo-ing hell do I even do? Oh God, I’m so fucking full. This is ridiculous! I’m not even a man anymore!”

It was at that point that he heard the front door open, and two figures stumble in, slightly tipsy from the sound of their giggling. John would recognise the sound of his parents’ laughter anywhere: clearly it had been a successful date. Now, he was here to ruin it.

“John?” his mother called. “Are you here darling?”

The new cowtaur looked down at his bloated body, with his full, milky breasts and bovine lower half. It was difficult to see his udder, but he could certainly feel it dripping excess milk onto the floor, demanding attention. Yearning to be drained.

“Um, hello Moo-m, I’m down here!” he called. “I think I might need your help.”

“What’s wrong?” came her voice.

John could only smile sheepishly to himself. “Well, I think you’re going to get your wish, in a way. I’m going to be a lot more productive from now on.”

Just probably not in the way his mother ever imagined.

**The End**