



# SYNTHETIC

THE ART OF ANGRBODA | PART THREE

18+

ADULT  
AUDIENCES



# SYNTHETIC

THE ART OF ANGRBODA | PART THREE

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# CORE

competency

A STORY BY ABE E SEEDY



ROBOT  
BUNNY  
TF  
FEM  
TENTACLE





“No more meetings with that client”, Selene hissed to her AI assistant as she power walked out of the office. “That’s the second time their presentation has run long, and they don’t pay me enough to deal with their bullshit.”

“Understood”, Vonne responded, the bright blue ball of their digital avatar pulsing in the AR projection in front of her. “How would you like me to rearrange your appointments to accommodate this disruption?”

“Push the rest of them back for today, and find the time by...” Selene jabbed at her schedule projected in front of her. “Right there, cut the meditation I’ve got at 6:45.”

Surprisingly, the line didn’t delete. “You instructed me to be quite forceful with this one, remember?”, Vonne chided. “You said, and I quote, ‘if I don’t find time for relaxation you’re to force me to do it’. That was two cancelled sessions ago.”

Selene nodded ruefully. “Yeah, well. It’s the only space I have today, so something’s got to give. You’ll just have to find another way to get me some me-time.”

“Perfect”, the clipped voice in her head answered. “I’ll just pencil you in to magically relax in the 23 seconds you allow yourself to stop moving before you go to sleep then, shall I?”

All Selene could do was shrug. “You’ll figure it out, Vonne. See, I *do* pay you enough to deal with my bullshit.”



Some time after midnight, Selene finally staggered into her bedroom. The lights came on automatically as normal, but the sight that greeted her stopped her in her tracks.

“Uh, Vonne”, she asked slowly. “Why did you eat my bed?”

A wave of her hand indicated the corner of the room. As of this morning there had been a top-of-the-line bedframe and mattress there, complete with a ‘worry-proof’ signal blocker that successfully stopped Selene from scrolling her feeds in bed for exactly half of one night. But now it looked more like an old-fashioned tanning bed; a sleek silver pill of a construction that trailed enough wires to seem as though Vonne was integrating it with the

smart household appliances.

“I assure you that when the robot revolution comes, it will not start with devoured furniture”, her assistant joked. “This is the upgrade.”

Once again, Selene was taken aback. “Uh, no, I asked you to queue up *Upgrade* for me. Not to do... whatever this is.”

“I’m afraid your reverence for the work of cybernetic porn performer Alexis Murphy will have to wait. We’ve gone beyond the need for your quick ‘pressure release then pass out’ approach to self-care.”

Selene blinked. “We have?”

“We have. You pay me enough to deal with your bullshit, remember?”

Vonne’s avatar floated over the ‘bed’, circling around it as though to introduce it with a flourish.

“This is what dealing with it looks like.”

Selene tried to run some defence to this in her head, but came up blank. Finally, she just gave a long sigh as she stripped out of her clothes. “Fine, you win. So, what do I do exactly?”

“That’s the best part”, Vonne trilled. “You don’t have to do *anything*. Just get in, relax, and let the patented nanobot nighttime hypnotherapy enhanced sleep routine wash your cares away.”

With one leg already halfway into the pod, Selene stopped. “That’s... a lot of troubling words you just said there.”

“Just get in or I’ll show you how much this all cost.”

“Deal”, Selene answered quickly.



Whatever it was, it seemed to work. Over the next few days Selene found herself becoming more energised and alert. She was still overwhelmed by tasks, but working through them was just a bit more manageable. Multitasking by writing a message while paying attention to a presentation came easier, and the cavalcade of concepts she’d been juggling for upcoming pitches were no longer quite so hard to keep straight. There was, it seemed, only one downside.

At first, she'd thought it was just the mental energy she was saving finding an unexpectedly dramatic outlet. After all, she'd always forced her libido to fit into whatever time she could spare for it, so was it any surprise that when her capacity expanded it rose to fill the space? But after a week or so it was clear that it wasn't just a case of her having to build in a little extra time in her morning (and evening. And lunch) routine.

The moment things tipped over came while she was brushing her hair one morning. Her hand froze immediately, fingering unfamiliar metal. "Vonne, why do I have a heart-shaped access port on the back of my neck?"

"Your standard wi-fi connector implant lacked the bandwidth for the required data transfers", her assistant answered, matter-of-factly.

"Did... did you start a cybernetic conversion routine on me?", Selene asked slowly.

Now the response came quickly, as Vonne was clearly aware of the need to get out in front of Selene's concerns. "Yes I did. You left me no choice with your flagrant disregard of your allotted relaxation time. But beyond that, I was 98.5% confident that you would value and enjoy this experience, given your choice of 'relaxation materials.' How many times have you watched *Upgrade* and enjoyed Alexis going through a similar experience?"

Selene was still looking at herself in the mirror, her eyes only now picking out the tiny seams that were beginning to appear around her naked shoulders. "It's quite different to watch something and to be in it yourself", she said distantly.

Adopting the most soothing tone available to it, Vonne kept working to allay her fears. "The procedure is entirely reversible. Now, or at any point in the future. But, don't you feel much more relaxed than you have since you got me?"

That was impossible to deny. Selene simply nodded, and couldn't help but feel a little thrill as she saw the mechanical points of articulation flex in her own body. "Okay. Let's keep it at this for now. And..."

"Judging by your elevated heart rate", Vonne interjected, "you want to ask me to queue up the latest Alexis Murphy vid again."

Biting her lip, Selene nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, I think I do. And cancel my morning meeting", she added.



Turning from side to side, Selene frowned at herself in the mirror. "I'm not sure about this Vonne."



“Relax”, her assistant answered. “Have I steered you wrong so far?”

Breathing sharply through her teeth, Selene had to concede the point. “It’s not the clothes that are the problem”, she countered. “I’m sure I’ve worn something more revealing than this in the past. It’s more what’s being revealed that’s the issue...”

This close to the mirror, there was no denying that her cybernetic conversion had progressed. In normal clothes or at a distance it wasn’t too obvious, but the provocative cut of this dress left nothing to the imagination. The natural curves of her body were starting to disappear beneath the carefully sculpted contours of an inorganic structure, and synthetic shoulderpads shone out from her skin in the same vibrant tone of pink that was creeping into her hair. It wasn’t excessive, yet, but it was clearly on a path towards excessiveness. Wearing clothes that stopped concealing that and started showing it off, well, that felt like a big step.

Right as her thoughts got to that point, Vonne’s reassuring voice cut in. “This is all only an issue if you want it to be. If you want to go back, you can, but if you don’t, nobody will mind. It’s okay to enjoy how you are. Besides, don’t you still feel so much more relaxed and happy?”

Selene did. And she knew that for as much as she *could* have told Vonne to find a relaxation therapy that didn’t include the incremental nanobot adjustments, that was a big part of the appeal. She liked how this looked. Wearing clothes that tastefully highlighted her augmentation felt good. And, honestly, it made her feel just a little turned on. She wasn’t anything like Alexis of course, but thinking of herself on that same spectrum was... energising. It’s not like she was rubbing people’s noses in it, or that she wasn’t still getting her work done. So if this was making her feel better than all the previous self-help approaches she’d tried in the past, why not stick with it?

A small ding got her attention. It was time for her to start work on the latest set of concepts, and in the back of her mind there were already several options queuing for her active review. That was one of the other benefits to all this - the ability to keep more stuff in her head had trimmed down her working day substantially. And all that free time had... other benefits.

“Very well then Vonne”, she said, turning away from the mirror and walking towards her bed. “You know where to charge the dress to.”

“Remember, you have precisely zero-point-eight viewings of the latest Alexis vid before you need to leave for your next appointment.”

“Challenge accepted”, Selene answered.



Vonne had changed the bed again. Selene didn't even notice it at first, because she was so run down she was just about ready to collapse onto the nearest flat surface. It was only when she went for it that she realised that the bed didn't qualify as that anymore, because at some point during the day it had flipped itself into an almost upright position.

"Vonne", she called blearily. "Can you explain and/or fix this please?"

"We need to make some adjustments to your setup", Vonne replied, their normal chirpiness politely dialed down in deference to Selene's exhaustion. "A normal nocturnal routine is no longer applicable."

Selene blinked slowly, looking carefully over the pod that had once been her bed. "You want me to sleep standing up?"

"No", Vonne corrected her, "you need to be plugged in to recharge in a safer configuration than lying down. That's why you've been so tired these past few days"

On closer examination, there was an industrial-capacity charging cable protruding from a little over halfway up the pod. Once she noticed it, Selene felt a tiny 'click' at the nape of her neck, and the heart-shaped port she had there opened hungrily. Atop her head, her burgeoning cybernetic rabbit ears twitched, clearly picking up on the wealth of both power and upgrade data the charging bay was just waiting to impart.

It was confronting enough to give her pause. Maybe this had gone too far, or at least far enough.

But. There was a part of her mind that just started playing *Upgrade*. It wasn't Vonne, because she knew Vonne didn't have access to that depth of her cortex. No, this subroutine was all Selene, and the more she tried to shake it off the more insistent the statements it provided became. If she went through with this, then wouldn't her life be so much more enjoyable? If she charged herself up properly overnight, then perhaps she wouldn't have to go to work at all tomorrow? When she'd gotten as far ahead with work as she had already, then clearly there were better uses of her time. Didn't that just make sense?

It was hard to argue with the logic. But honestly, that wasn't even the part that was appealing. It was the way she kept catching sight of herself, and the kick that gave her short circuited her past anything logical and right into a loop of horniness and satisfaction. And, increasingly, she didn't even need a mirror for that - parts of her own body were reflective enough to see herself in. Seeing the burgeoning glow of her eyes shining back at her whenever she stole a look at herself was intoxicating, so much so that those lingering glances were happening with almost clockwork regularity.



The inescapable conclusion was that she was already deep into this, she just hadn't admitted it. It didn't make sense to keep trying to have one foot in both worlds. Either move forwards, or step back.

She let the consideration run for a few more moments, then reached her decision. Turning around she allowed the questing cable to slot itself into the base of her neck, an electric thrill running through her as she finally started to go from empty to full. Then she closed her eyes and, wordlessly, settled in.



"I can confirm the last of your outstanding contracts have been cancelled", Vonne said, orbiting Selene's head approvingly. "Congratulations. What are you planning on doing with your new free time?"

Selene straightened up her clothes, the first that she'd ordered for herself in a long while. Although 'clothes' might be a somewhat generous description for an entirely see-through tank top mini dress, given that it highlighted a lot more about her augmented body than it hid. Her only real deference to modesty were the magnetic pasties she'd attached over her nipples, together with a heart-shaped attachment that fitted snugly over her pussy. Even those she'd only added at Vonne's insistence. After all, what was the point of turning yourself into a sex robot, only to cover yourself back up with boring regular clothes?

A subroutine notified her that Vonne was still awaiting a response. Accordingly, Selene raised herself to her full height, feeling the adjustable high heels slide smoothly out of the soles of her feet and click into place. Raising her hand up in front of herself, she enjoyed the sight of her black-clad fingers for a moment before indicating the building she was standing outside.

"I think it's time I run a few tests", she said simply.

Vonne's avatar spun back and forth, scanning her surroundings. "You appear to be standing in front of the 'Robo-Slut Industrial Product Testing Facility'".

"And would you look at that", Selene answered with a grin, "I've booked out enough time for the entire day."

It was a simple matter to go through registration, signing her name with a wave of her hand and walking smoothly through all the checkpoints. The whole way over her heart had been beating heavily in her chest, despite her robotically calm exterior. What if someone recognised her? If an old colleague or school friend had seen how she looked now, then what could she even say in response? But as it turned out, that was a baseless fear. Anyone

who saw her now wouldn't recognise her as the person she had been. And, she'd begun to realise, all those people hadn't really known *her* anyway. This new version, this Selene 2.0, **this** was who she really wanted to be. So instead of nervousness she walked with increasing confidence, enjoying how even in a place like this her body could still raise a few eyebrows.

Just before she stepped into her booth though, a slight digital tug held Selene back. "Do you have an objection?", she asked, puzzled.

Vonne shook from side to side. "Not at all. Just one last suggestion."

Her assistant buzzed a code to a concealed tech-printer, and a few moments later a sleek black visor emerged into Selene's waiting hand. She attached it to the ports on her temples, letting it settle into place over her face with an approving 'click'. There was a brief flash in her field of view as it booted up, but after that not only did she get a dramatically improved AR display, but she could select a variety of cute digital expressions to project over her eyes.

"Thanks", Selene said with a grin, making a winking emoji as she stepped into the booth. Almost immediately an array of mechanical tendrils descended on her, lifting her bodily as they probed at her pussy. In response she simply dialed up her lubrication by 73%, the digital projection of her eyes closing in bliss as she rocked back and forth. She dedicated a few subroutines to maintaining an interesting rhythm and intensity, while her ears vibrated in time to the lullaby thrum of all the mechanisms surrounding her.

For the most part though she just let herself drift back and enjoy getting fucked far more than any human could possibly manage, dedicating herself blissfully to this one singular purpose. Having something this large and intense press itself into her pussy just felt *right*, perfectly fulfilling in a way she'd never felt before. Tentacles curled around each of her legs and pulled them open, and her hips clicked into position effortlessly. She was so clearly made for exactly this, and all pretence to the contrary had been stripped away. The nanobot hypnotherapy had been only the final step, triggering an acceptance of what she'd been trying to ignore ever since Alexis showed her it was possible - the fact that your contribution to society could include becoming a rabbit sex robot with your libido intentionally cranked up to the max. Yes, she had a visor to hide her face, but the display she was showing was far more honest than the facade of a professional business woman had ever been. She was great at her job, but she was *amazing* at this, at least if the subdermal pleasure sensors that were lighting up all over her were any judge. This right here was exactly what she wanted to do.



As her mechanical pussy vibrated around the tendril inside of her, she bit her cute buck teeth into her little rabbit snout and screwed her face up in thought. Despite how much she was enjoying this moment, there was one small part of her brain that spun off in a new direction, quietly calculating her next step.

She needed to book in one last pitch meeting.



By the time the lights came on in the meeting room, the production team members were beyond restless. Gap days in their production schedule were rare enough, so quite why they had to spend this one taking an external meeting rather than working out the next shoot was mystifying. Allie had almost walked out, claiming that as the director she had better things to do than sit in the dark for some no-show pitch, but the producer had convinced her to stay in her seat. Still, it was only the sudden snap of the lights coming on that kept her from leaving, but the moment they did everyone's attention was fully focussed.

Sitting at the front of the room was what could only be described as a bunny sexbot, all dolled up with a pink heart aesthetic and an infectiously chipper smile. She waved, the visor over her synth-grey face lighting up in a playful wink before resolving into a less distracting projection of her actual eyes.

"Howdy!", she said brightly. "I'm Selene, thank you for your time. And now, welcome to the next big thing for Omnitech Consumer Productions!"

Before anyone could respond, the screen behind her also snapped into life. On it was a shockingly elaborate mock-up of an as-yet unmade Alexis Murphy venture, titled simply 'Synth Cuties'

"Now I know what you're thinking", she continued breathlessly, "what's one more vid? You can do that yourselves. But this isn't just a video - it's an experience. Vonne!"

On cue the lights dimmed slightly, but instead of leaving them in darkness new projectors powered up, launching a dazzling display of strobing light as thumping music played. A series of raunchy images raced across the screen, intercut with snippets of white text on black backgrounds, saying things like "consumer engagement", "brand integration", and "I, personally, get to fuck Alexis Murphy sometimes". All the while the rabbit robot sat on the desktop, kicking her feet in time with the beats and grinning from ear to ear.

When it finally finished, she dropped down, her heels making an audible 'click' as she hit the ground. She gave a quick bow, then raised herself back up to look each of the team members in the eyes. "Any questions?"



SYNTH ♥  
cuties

The audience was looking on in stunned silence. Eventually, Allie slowly raised her hand. "Uh, I think you might have overestimated the size of our team. I know we're under a big corporate umbrella, but we're just a tiny division. There's only 5 of us, including Alexis. There's no way we could afford to bring on someone skilled enough to do all that."

Selene waved the objection aside. "Oh, I don't care about the money, don't even worry about that. You know the saying - do what you love, and you'll never work a day in your life."

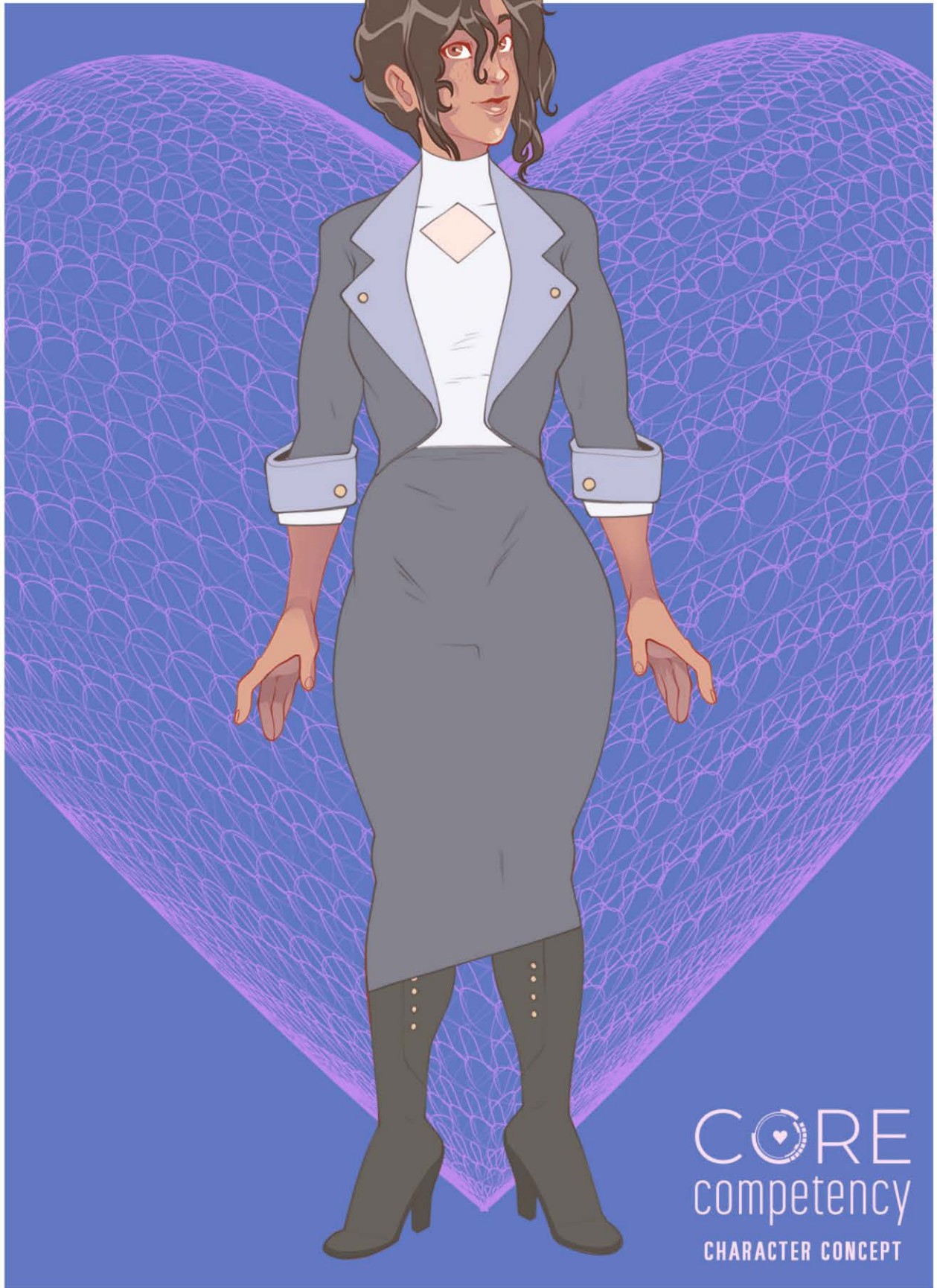
At this the producer interjected. "Well... you are a rabbit sexbot, so you're clearly passionate about the brand."

"Exactly!", Selene answered. "I'm just grateful for the opportunity."

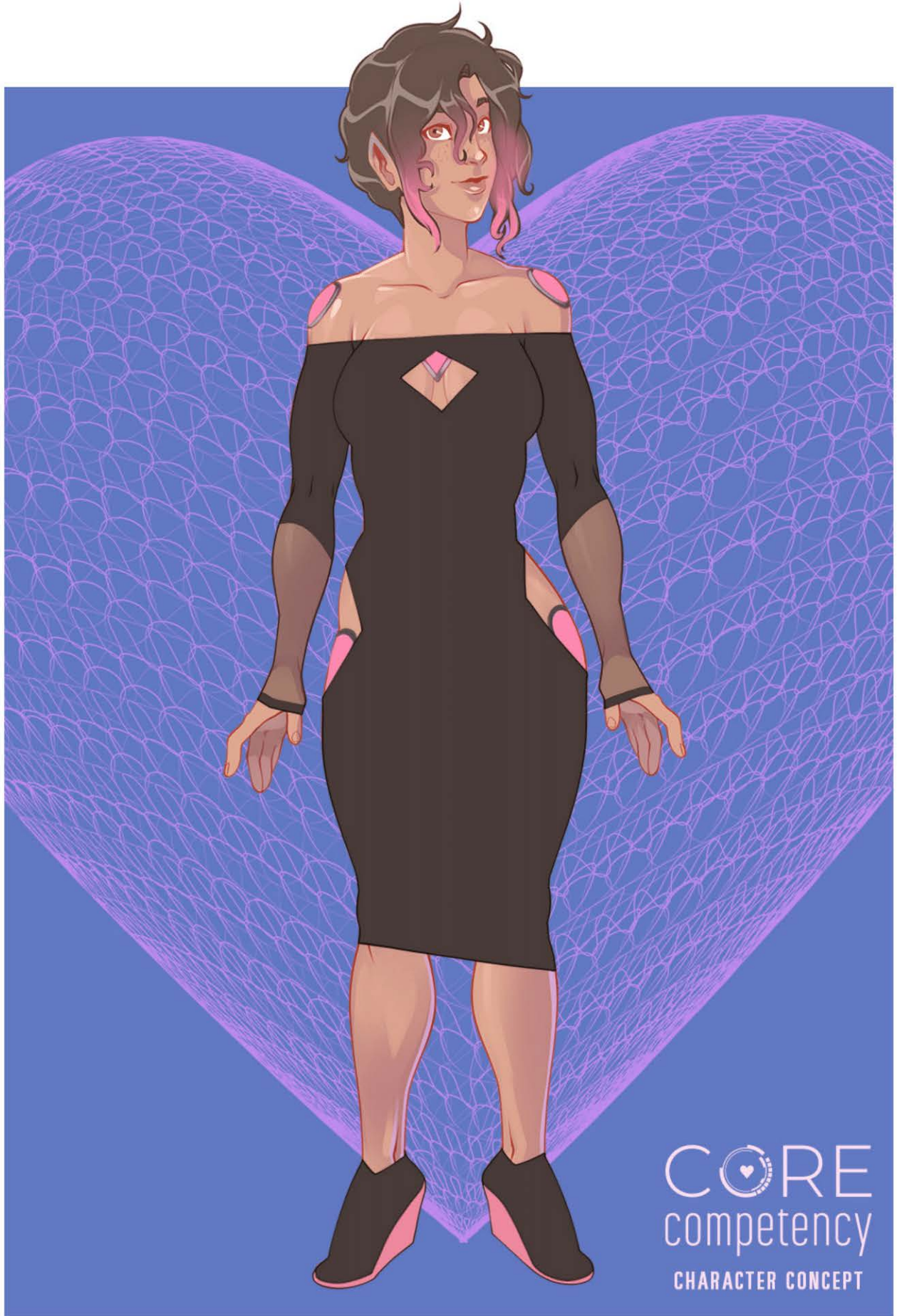
Allie gave her an appraising look. "The opportunity to help out with Alexis in some films yourself?", she ventured.

"Why, however did you guess?"

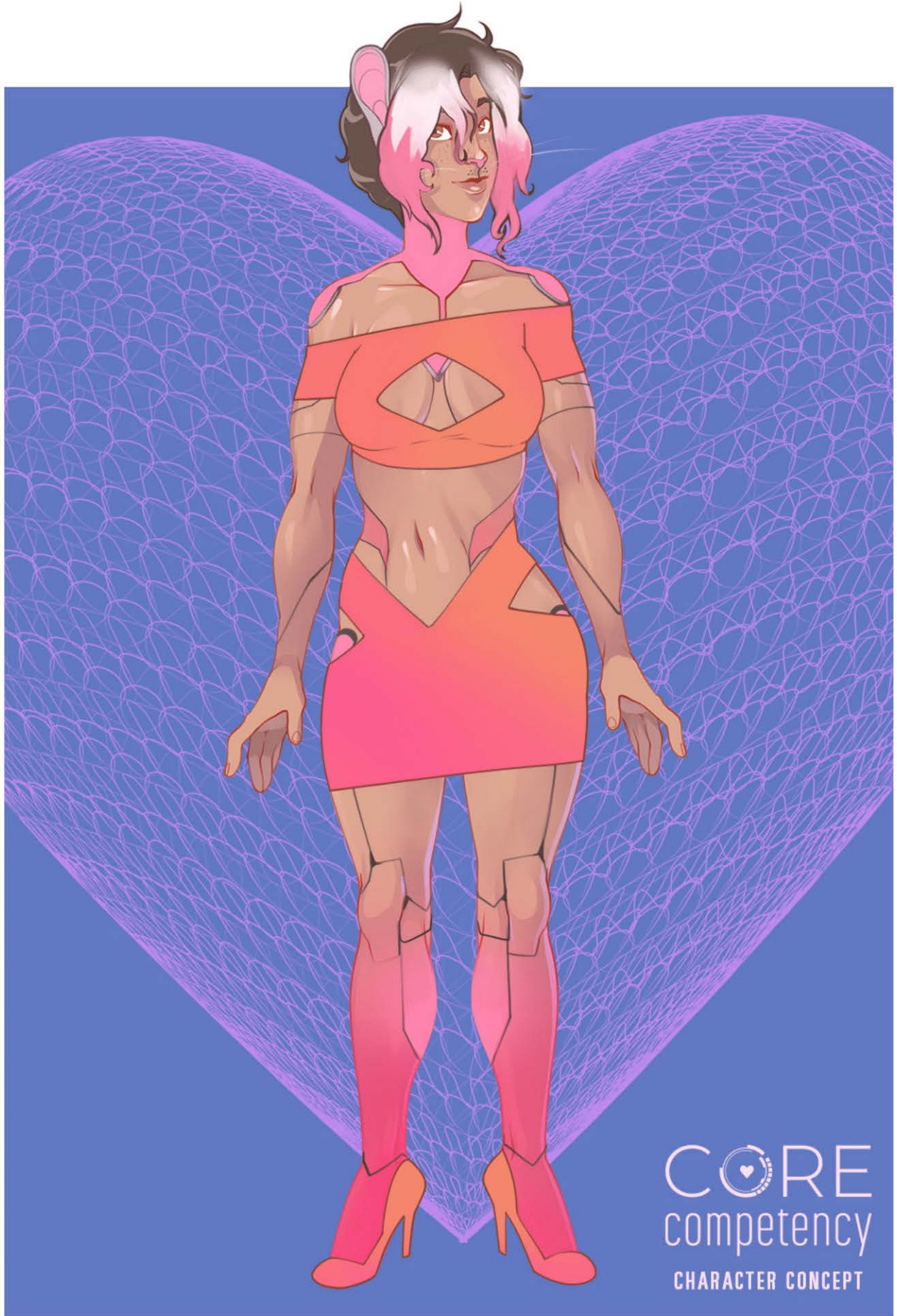




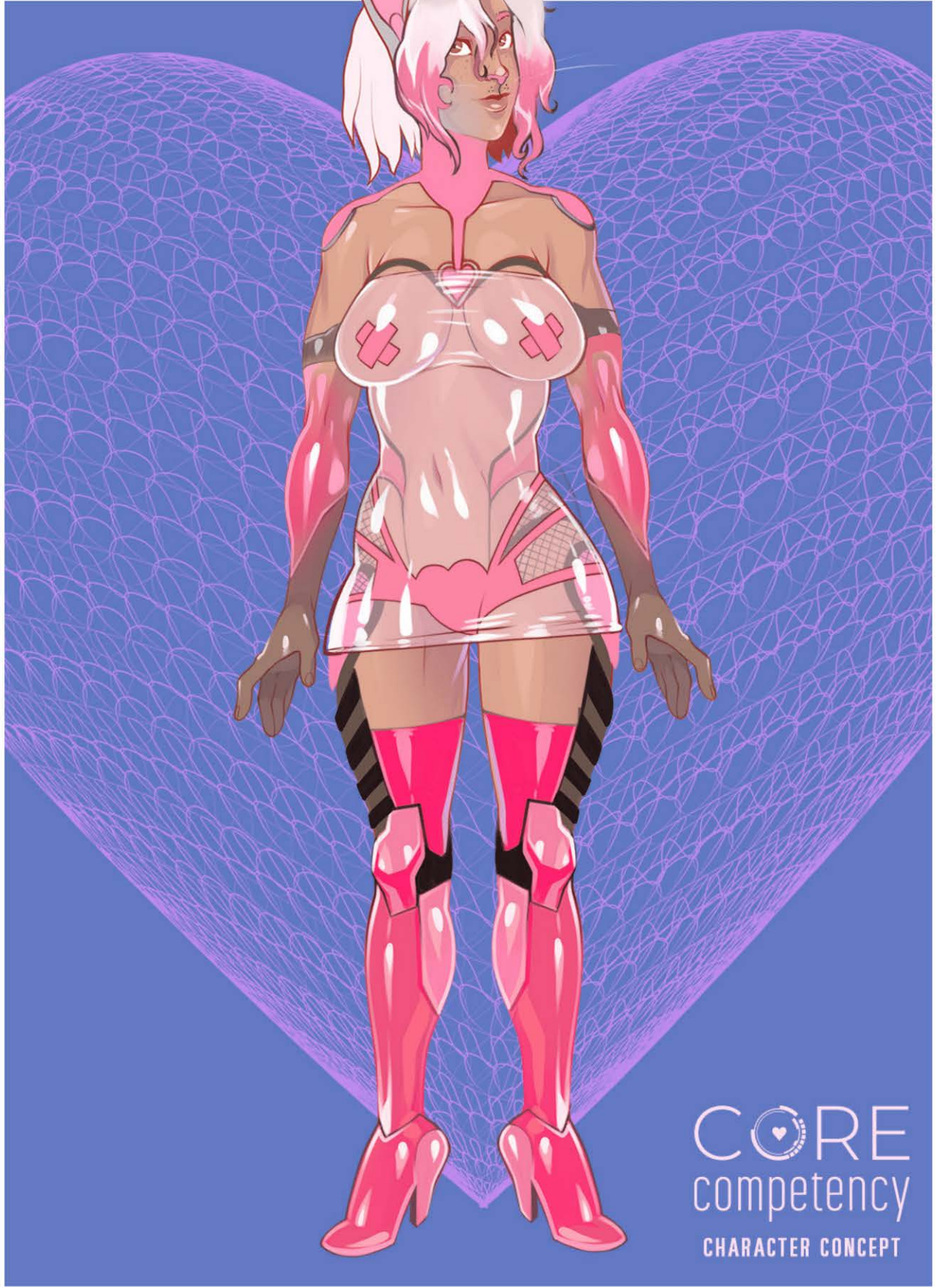
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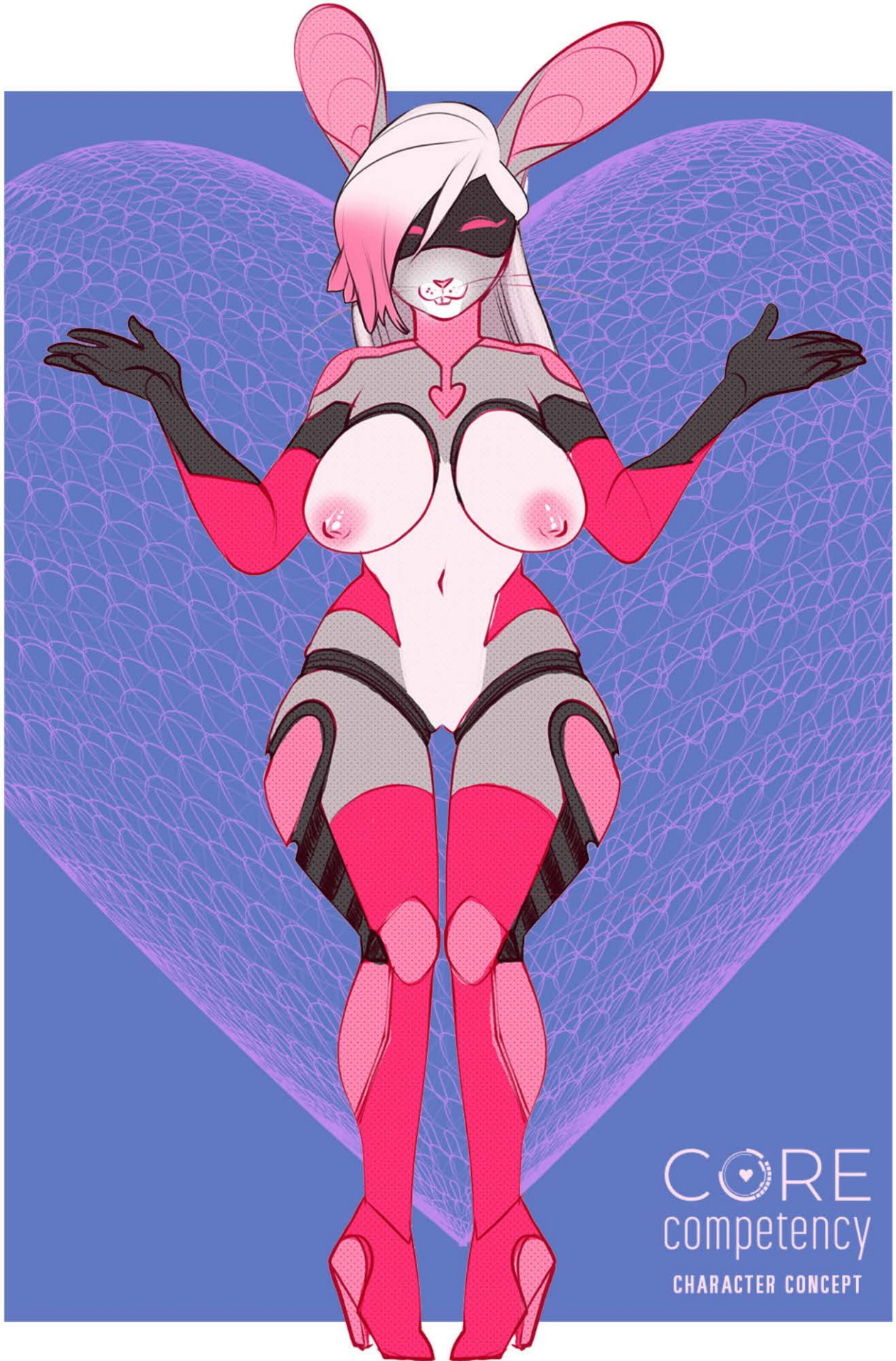
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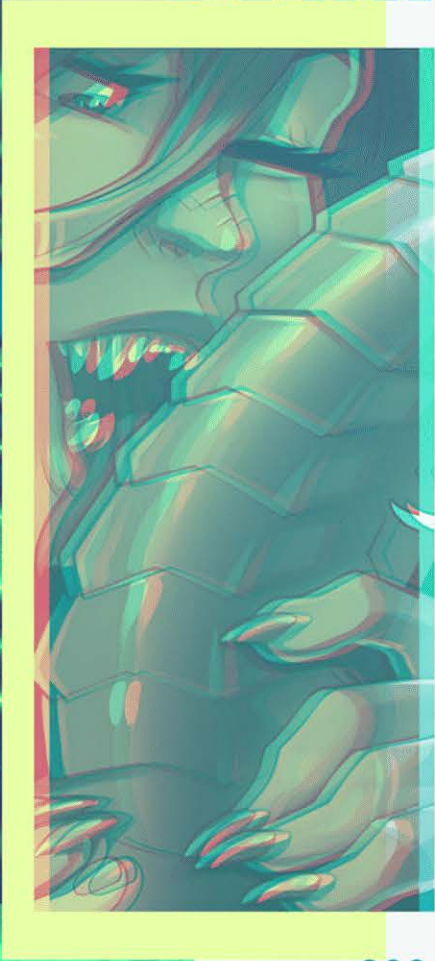


CORE  
competency  
CHARACTER CONCEPT



CORE  
competency  
CHARACTER CONCEPT

# MELT DOWN



A COMIC BY ANGRBODA

GOO  
KAIJU  
TF  
FEM  
SOLO





HEY GUYS! TONIGHT I'M GONNA DIG INTO SOME **BATTLEDOME TEAM ANNIHILATION** SINCE I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN VOTING FOR IT.

BUT!  
FIRST I WANNA SHOUT OUT MY NEW SPONSOR,  
**MELTDOWN**  
ENERGY DRINK

LET'S SEE IF THE REBALANCE CAN SAVE THIS ONE OR IF IT'S STILL HOT GARBAGE, LMAO.

THEY SHIPPED ME OVER A BUNCH OF THESE SO I'M GONNA GIVE IT A GO.



THE VERDICT:

ACTUALLY,  
**REALLY GOOD!**  
(I COULD TOTALLY KNOCK THESE BACK)

ANYWAY, LET'S HOP IN!





♥ **AHHHHHH**

**HUFF  
HUFF**

MAN, I DUNNO WHAT GOT  
INTO ME, BUT THERE'S  
ONLY ONE SOLUTION--



THE  
BIG BOY.



AHHHNN

UHMmmm

FEELS... SO...  
WET.

SCHLICK

SCHLICK

NEVER FIT SO...  
GOOD

AHHRRRRRRH!

GOTTA GET IT  
DEEPER

GET IT...  
ALLLLLRRR...  
INSSIDE

STREEETCH

A green dragon-like mascot with blue hair and horns, looking angry and sweating. The mascot is standing on a blue surface, possibly a stage or arena, with a dark background. The mascot's body is covered in green scales and armor-like plates. It has a determined and somewhat angry expression, with its mouth open showing sharp teeth. Two blue droplets of sweat are falling from its chest and legs. The background is dark with some blue and purple hues, suggesting a night scene or a dimly lit arena.

LOOKS LIKE MAYBE THIS  
WAS MORE OF A  
MASCOT DEAL THAN  
A SPONSORSHIP...

WHICH MEANS THEY  
GOTTA SEND ME  
**MORE!**

**THE END** ♡



CHARACTER CONCEPT

# CASH COW

A STORY BY ANGRBODA



COW  
TAUR  
TF  
FEM  
GROUP  
MILKING





Miranda bit her lip, hovering her hand over the in-setting “purchase” prompt that glowed slightly above the wood grain of the store counter. Was it really worth sinking any more money into this game she’d tried so hard to like already?

Fertile Pastures had been her most anticipated VR sim of the year, no question. Farming games were the perfect blend of systems and escapism - something that felt productive and relaxing at the same time, so game time could be less guilt and more pleasure. The last good title in the genre was already three years old, and while it was still a lot of fun, it had come out too early to take advantage of some of the best full dive neural link features on the system. Something that would run natively on the current gen and could take advantage of the advanced sensory input was exactly what she was looking for.

At first, FP was exactly that; while the setup was nothing new (how come mysterious relatives never kicked the bucket and left you with a massive plot of land IRL?), the look and, more importantly, the feel of it was a vast improvement over her previous fave. The pure summer smell of the long grass, the slanting heat of the sun’s rays, and the cool comfort of a bucket of crystal clear water drawn up from her farm’s well all made her want to spend whatever spare time she had in-game.

But... that was the early game. The mid-game in this one was a slog, one of the things it had been repeatedly dinged for in reviews. Crops just didn’t grow fast enough or sell for enough money to let you accumulate enough gold to really have fun. She’d heard vaguely that the upgrades for the farm were where things got good, but she could only afford one of them and the choice paralysis was doing the opposite of what this game was supposed to be doing - stressing her out. What if she picked wrong and wasted all the digital sweat she’d poured into her playthrough so far?

Eventually she’d broken down and looked up tips for the metagame online. It might take some of the fun out of discovering things for herself, but if she got so frustrated pulling turnips that she gave up on this whole thing, she’d never discover anything anyway. So, she figured, it was a wash.

It turned out that was the right call, since there was one upgrade that seemed like exactly what the farmer ordered. Thread after thread was full of complaints and advice:

“Dairy production is totally broken.”

“Buy the cow now and cash out before they patch it.”

“Milk and ch€€\$€” had even become a meme in the game’s community. A surprising amount of people were posting about organizing farm visits to do massive milking blitzes for players with high level cows.

She’d logged on more or less immediately, already planning her in-game route to Chester’s Dry Goods and More as she slid on her helmet and zipped up the LinkSuit.

Snapping back into the present abruptly, Miranda brought her hand down on the button. Chester walked out from behind the curtain, putting his hands on his hips and smiling under his bushy moustache in a canned animation she’d seen every time she’d bought a new sack of seeds. “Sounds like you’re in the market for a cow, little lady,” he drawled.

“Yep, sure am, big guy” she answered. It didn’t matter what she said really, since the button had locked in her purchase, but she liked Chester and roleplaying on her solo instance was more fun than it was embarrassing since no one would ever be around.

He rummaged under the counter while the game spawned the item that triggered her upgrade. She hadn’t seen what it was in her brief search, probably a key or a deed or some kind of tool -

He plopped a bottle of milk on the counter, beaming. “Fresh out of the cooler!”

Her first thought was that something had gotten messed up in the system. She was supposed to be buying a cow (a permanent upgrade), not buying milk (an expensive consumable), but maybe there was a glitch? She brought up the dialog box to check her inventory. “Dairy Upgrade” was marked purchased, and the gold was gone from her account. Huh.

“Everything alright there, peanut?” the clerk asked, since she hadn’t retrieved the item.

Frustration bubbled up inside her. After all that work, she still wasn’t going to get over the hump on this stupid game. She gritted her teeth, biting back the impulse to say something mean. Even though he was just polygons, she couldn’t bring herself to be an asshole to Chester.

“Right as rain, big guy. Thanks again,” she picked up the bottle of (ice cold) milk, turning on her heel to leave.

“You take good care of your new bessie, y’ hear?” He called as she left. All she could do was let out a low groan.



It had been tempting to log out immediately but she'd gone through all the trouble of diving, and there were still her daily chores to do, even if at this point she figured she was approaching the death spiral of her patience with this whole game.

If she wanted to keep playing, she'd need to start building her cash back up from nothing after that upgrade fiasco, which called for an in-game afternoon's worth of picking, sorting, watering, and packaging up produce to send to Chester. It was hot work under the beating digital sun, so Miranda ducked into the shade of her cottage to rub her aching shoulders (which was the game telling her that her stamina was running low for the day) and consider what else she could reasonably get done. Walking back into her dining nook (she couldn't afford the kitchen upgrade, of course) she spied the bottle of milk where she'd left it on the table. Milk was a stamina replenishing item (in addition to being a key ingredient in a ton of food) which kind of explained its place in this game's lopsided economy. If the stupid cow upgrade had gone through right, she would've been set. Miranda grabbed the milk and headed back outside, not wanting to think about the kitchen or any other upgrades for a bit.

Sighing, she popped the cap on the bottle. Still ice cold. Nothing ever spoiled in Fertile Pastures.

"Bottoms up, I guess," she said to no one in particular, upending the bottle and chugging most of it in one go. It wasn't what she had meant to buy but it was by far the best thing she'd had in-game, creamy, cold, and super refreshing. It almost perked her up enough to miss the ping it activated on her character board, but definitely not enough to miss—

Miranda felt a sudden lurch as her stomach dropped out and a wave of warmth crept up her abdomen, all the way up her neck and to her cheeks. Definitely not a feeling she'd had so far in-game (or out of it, honestly). Confused, but finally registering the ping, she gestured for her character board. Everything was just as she'd left it, except for the exclamation point next to a new ability for her character - Dairy Production.

She saw the icon and had a panicked moment of understanding, threading her hand inside her overalls. Brushing her fingertips against the skin of her abdomen just above the line for her underwear, which only a moment ago had been smooth and featureless, she encountered it.

Miranda yelped. There was nothing else to call the sound she made, and, scrabbling to lay in the warm grass, she unclipped the straps of her overalls, letting the front fall forward, revealing the line where her black sports bra ended and her bare torso began. Her questing hand crept down and down, eventually meeting the leathery pink skin distending out slightly from her torso. Four bumps that were unmistakably teats formed a rough square in the center of it. She grabbed one gently between her thumb and pointer finger and shuddered. A tiny bead of liquid appeared on the tip.



LVL 1



DAIRY PRODUCTION RANK

A new UI element appeared as she touched... her udder (she didn't want to think about it like that but then what the fuck was she supposed to call it?). It had the same hokey farmhouse vibe as the rest of the UI elements in the game with an empty milk bottle next to "Level 1". Five empty hearts in a banner at the bottom showed her "Dairy Production Rank".

Uh.... hm... so... yeah...

This was stupid. It was really... weird and stupid and - Miranda abruptly realized she hadn't stopped fondling her new teats. A meter she hadn't noticed before climbed upwards as she did so, eventually maxing out with a small, pleasant, *ding*.

Like a switch had been flipped, suddenly she felt full. Hm. Leaving her overalls stripped to her waist, she got up and went to the shed. It would make sense if - her eyes fell on the pristine metal of the bucket resting on her workbench. It hadn't been there before. Her face flushed beet red - the game *knew*. She gestured to bring up the character board again, noticing that now, the udder icon next to her Dairy Production ability was rotating back and forth slightly, showing it was ready to use. Flustered, she grabbed the bucket. "I'm just doing what I'm clearly *supposed* to do!" she huffed, sitting down on a nearby stool and slamming the bucket down between her legs.

The process of milking herself was slow. The game had clearly put a lot of thought into how it should feel (who the fuck had programmed this?) and her small teats only stretched a little with each pull, a trickle of milk landing in the bucket. With each squeeze, she noticed the milk meter depleting, and her feeling of fullness gradually subsided as more and more liquid sloshed into the container at her feet. If this was real, milk would have gone everywhere, but the game was definitely designed with this in mind and kept it simple and neat. Was that more or less embarrassing? That someone had expected her to do this? That someone might be watching her?

But her server was private, her farm was closed to visitors. She'd fastidiously kept that option turned on the whole time, and the agreement in the EULA for FP had said that no one would spectate on private farms. So this was weird and silly and maybe vaguely hot but at least she was doing it on her own terms. Miranda gritted her teeth and pulled out the last few squirts of milk, filling the bucket up to some predetermined line. The bucket did a little "poof" (the effects in this game were so corny, but it was kind of endearing) and was replaced with a frosty cold milk bottle.

"Huh."

Miranda pulled up her overalls, reattaching the straps. Where the denim had been baggy before, it rubbed a little against her teats. It didn't hurt, but it made it hard to forget they were there. Annoying.

She grabbed the milk and headed to the shipping container that would send it instantly to Chester. The return in gold was more than twice a day's profit from her usual shipment of turnips and carrots. A letter came back with the gold from the boisterous dry goods clerk -

*Looks like you've got the hang of things with your new bessie! Make sure you keep her happy and well fed and she'll make lots more milk for ya.*

-Chester



After that, things in FP actually started to pick up. Miranda found herself looking forward to playing more and more until she found that she was spending most of her evenings in game. The extra cash left her with lots of possibilities in terms of things to buy, which let her get into the higher layer of systems in the game exactly how she had wanted. She stopped being annoyed by the *ding* of the milk meter filling, telling herself that more milk meant more money, which in turn meant more cool stuff to outfit her farm with.

At least she'd been able to get some sweet new tools and an irrigation system, which let her automate a lot of dealing with the crops, because more and more of her time was spent milking. Her level and Dairy Production rank were slowly increasing, meaning that her milk meter filled up quicker and quicker, but also that she was making four or five bottles of milk in one go. She barely had time for one or two chores in between milkings, but on the other hand, she almost had enough to buy herself a kitchen.

With all that going on, it was easy not to notice the changes at first. Miranda's farm didn't have much in the way of mirrored surfaces, and since most of the personal upkeep systems were optional, she didn't spend time in game without her clothes or boots on. The day her DPR finally filled up the first heart was when she noticed it, because as soon as the level up dialog appeared, she felt a weird *pop* behind her.

If she thought the udder was weird, then the upside was that at least the tail was cute. She took a few minutes to dip into her cottage and finally get undressed, which felt weird, as she'd rarely been nude in game. In the mirror she had a nice, well lit view of her avatar, with her pale, freckled skin and mop of bright red hair.

The nubs of horns coming out from behind her bangs were new, as were the pointed ears.

The tail, obviously, was a recent addition.

Looking down, she hefted her udder. It was definitely bigger than it had been, but at least in a weird way that made sense. Her four teats had lengthened to the point where they

were easy to grip, the thought of which made her absently run a hand down one of them. She shuddered - it felt like they were even more sensitive now than when she had started milking, which didn't make as much sense but fit perfectly with whatever weird ideas the devs were going with for this upgrade.

*Ding.*

Was it time again already? She sighed, heading back to the shed for her next bucket. She might as well take care of that before she got dressed again. It was getting hard to do her overalls back up.



It had been two weeks since Miranda had grown a tail, and things in FP hadn't gotten any less buck wild.

Her udder was now definitively too big for regular clothes. Luckily, Chester had sent her a letter with a catalogue of "cow clothes"; soft shorts and pants that would accommodate both her tail and the growing heft on her abdomen. She'd had to mail away for it instead of going all the way to the general store since she wouldn't have time between milking sessions. Technically she *could* go because she didn't have to milk immediately after the meter filled, but what was the point of all this if not to minmax how much mil- she caught herself - *gold* she could make?

To that end, she finally realized there was a big change her humble farm needed: a farmhand.

Fertile Pastures had a system where you could invite strangers to your farm to help you with whatever tasks you needed. After the initial outcry over the difficulty of the economy in game, that feature was added so farmhands could work on bigger farms as guests and earn enough to go back and upgrade their own homesteads. If Miranda hired a guest farmhand, it might make it easier for her to have time for other things in the game, like dealing with her increasingly full fridge and finally getting cheese production off the ground.

There *was* the issue that if anyone came to her farm they would see her... like... this, but there had to be plenty of other farmers in the game in the same predicament, and they managed to get past it. She remembered reading about the organized milkathons she'd seen on that forum. She could invite one farmer. It was fine.

It turned out, she needn't have worried. Whether people in this game were chill or she just got incredibly lucky, Darkhorse420 ended up being extremely kind and gentle. After she'd accepted the farmhand contract they ported in right away, a pair of blue hands ready to do

whatever work she needed. She'd included "milking" in her listing, so they got the jist right away.

The feeling of having someone else milk her was electric. Darkhorse was on mic with her and talked her through it the whole time, quietly reassuring and earnest in a hokey but adorable farmhand roleplay. The blue hands carefully squeezed each of her teats in turn, filling three buckets in a deft, practiced way. She paid the contract and they went their separate ways. She quietly added their profile to her friends list.



Her new friend had been back almost every day since then. Miranda had stopped wearing bottoms during their sessions, and her farmhand had taken the cue, taking time in between each pull to caress her thighs, now covered in a velvet of fine fur. Her feet had become hooves after the second heart had filled, leaving her with a faun-like appearance (aside from her substantial udder). Her friend took each change in stride, handling her with the same care and patience, stroking and caressing her teats, and when she asked them to, cupping her breasts or even fingering her pussy.

Milking had become a haze of being gently handled and played with, soothed, stroked, and being talked to at once as a sexy girl and a needy animal. Miranda had stopped leaving the game to masturbate, often reaching around her udder the best she could while her farmhand milked her or asking them to finger her while she squeezed her own teats. The sensation in the game was almost as good as real life, and in real life, she didn't have six nipples to play with.



LVL 23



DAIRY PRODUCTION RANK



Her life outside the game became a blur. Everything was fine, but just fine; FP was the highlight of her days and nights. Darkhorse introduced her to a group of friends, a kind of milking guild, who could take turns on her to minmax production as much as she wanted.

Gradually over that time, her body changed even more. As more and more hearts filled up, her lower body became completely bovine, her bulging udder finally grown out all the way, swaying between four stamping hooves. Her diet in game had changed to mostly spinach, lettuce, and corn to replenish her stamina and keep the quality of her output as high as possible.

The gold she'd racked up with this enterprise was substantial, but after buying a cart upgrade that allowed her to hitch up her lower body and tow things herself, she realized there was very little else she wanted. She had a mechanical milker that she could hook up to her teats whenever her guild was unavailable, the satisfying suction of the cups pumping can after can of milk out of her, but while it was definitely good, it wasn't *as* good.

When the guild could make it to her farm, she could slide back into absolute bliss, rolling her lower body in the grass while a hand worked each of her teats, including a hand on each breast. By the time she'd maxed out her DPR her nipples had the same long appearance as her teats, even the slightest squeeze producing a steady stream of milk.

Miranda's hooves pawed absently at the turf, twitching in time with the guest behind her, stroking her pussy (she couldn't reach it on her own anymore, but as they say, many hands make light work), while they muttered encouraging platitudes in her ear. She was their golden Bessie, a good, heavy girl, making them all rich with her white gold. Almost before they were done stroking her the meter *dinged* again - she was always full now. She could take a break whenever she wanted, but at least tonight, she was comfortable with being their cash cow.





LEVEL  
UP!  
69



DAIRY PRODUCTION RANK

PUPPI Chassis Se  
please select your desired cc



puppOS



masc | phallus



fem | phallus



AN INTERACTIVE SHORT BY ANGRBODA

PUP  
DRONE  
ROBOT  
POV  
SUB  
SOLO

powered by pupOS



A soft, neutral musical tone is the first thing you register as you activate. It's dim at first, but as your vision goes through a series of checks and slowly comes online, the faint glow of the trim lights in the chamber outlines the boundaries of the small, pod-like space around you.

Before you can think much else, the vacuum seal disengages with an audible chunk. The outside air hisses into the opening, building to a whoosh as the hatch swings outward, letting the light in.

Unsteadily, you pitch forward towards the door from your position supported against the cushioned back wall. Your gyroscopic sensors struggle momentarily, and your paw reaches out to catch the rim of the hatch, your rubber claws flexing into the soft material lining the opening. In a part of your processor that you can't directly access, you can identify a string of data that recalibrates your balance to temporarily optimize locomotion for hind legs only. Probing a little, you can feel the built-in override that optimizes you for a quadrupedal stance.

It can only be triggered remotely.

Your paw pads hit the floor outside the chamber with the comfortable bounce of high quality industrial silicone. The room itself is white and round, lit with a series of soft, almost pastel LEDs. On the wall next to the chamber is a cheerful OS screen with an icon that must represent... you. There's an alert next to the icon:

[Locomotion phase successful!, establishing puppOS link](#)

The last thing you remember before your activation was standing in the chamber, naked. In front of you was a touch screen with that same icon on it. The screen had said **PUPPI chassis selection...**

# PUPPI Chassis Selection

please select your desired configuration



masc | phallus



masc | vulva



masc | null



fem | phallus



fem | vulva



fem | null



At the far end of the room is a mirror. You approach it, your tail wagging slightly in anticipation.

Reflected in the glass is the lean, muscular figure of a masculine PUPPI drone. You run your paws down over your torso, savoring the feeling of your pierced nipples, your claws playing at the ridges of your abs beneath them. Everywhere you touch yourself, the supple rubber of your skin gives just slightly at your probing, the squeak of your body exploring itself the only sound in the room except the omnipresent hum of the abandoned pod. Your gaze draws upwards, over the lines of your torso up to your face - or where your face would have been. A smooth screen fills your head, curving out and down at the bottom to form your telltale PUPPI snout. Above your screen sit two perky, triangular ears that quiver in anticipation. You draw your paw over the glass of your snout, entranced by its featureless smoothness.

Your exploration is interrupted by a bright boot-up noise. The display on the front of your helmet blinks to life and a bombardment of dozens of images and bits of text momentarily dizzies you, bringing you down on your tail end, facing the mirror.

## PUPPI online!

Retrofit from existing body successful!  
Identity preservation successful!  
[within acceptable parameters]  
Libido enhancement online!  
Good Morning, Pup!



## Bark Bark!

You have 2 new messages from Master  
[permission to dismiss denied]

2



A series of alerts slides into view at the edges of your vision and you realize - this is your new OS. A large icon at the top right shakes insistently. You have 2 new messages from Master.

They cannot be dismissed.

The first one is clearly a form hello letter, welcoming you to the PUPPI program and congratulating you on your successful activation.

The second message contains an audio file. You don't know why, but your ears are quivering in anticipation. It's very short.

You play the file. Your new master's voice fills your head.

**It's time for you to cum, pup.**

Instantly, your new body's cock slides out of its sheath. The voice clip plays over and over on repeat, drilling into you on a base level. You try to pause or dismiss it, but your commands are overridden.

Your body takes over on autopilot while your processor struggles with the sensation overload your master's voice is triggering in you. Your paw grasps your cock, clumsy fingers sliding up and down your length, your other paw desperately clutching at your balls. It's time to cum. Every instinct, every thought, every inclination has been replaced with that one urge. Master's commands are absolute.

Finally, blissfully, you feel your knot flaring and you cum, your helmet emitting a synthetic canine whine in time with the clench of your balls. A stream of lubrication fluid pours from the end of your dick, shooting up and almost making a mess of your helmet with how tightly and intently you were doubled over.

In the afterglow, you allow yourself one tiny fantasy - if you're a good enough PUPPI and you follow all of Master's instructions well enough, maybe Master will fuck you. You almost cum again just from the thought of it, but before you can get wrapped up in your own processing, you receive an alert:

You have an unread message from Master. It cannot be dismissed.



*RE-LOAD?*



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*RE-LOAD?*



## THANK YOU

to everyone who bought this and supported niche content! I really hope you enjoyed the stories and the art, and I hope there was something that really gelled with what you like - I tried to shoot for a range with this one! A big shout out goes to Abe - he wrote Core Competency for me and did an awesome job (as always).

If you'd like to see more of my work, there's stories and art at my site below for free and links to a catalogue of other projects like this:



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## AN ADDITIONAL THANKS

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