

THE OFFERING

By ZOB/Zaftig Industries

(CW: dark themes, mild mental/physical pig transformation, weight gain, burps, flatulence, captivity, mild brain-drain, body-horror, general ooky spooky horror themes throughout)



Bradie Snow had always hated travelling. She was more of a “stay put” kind of girl. With her pear-shaped figure, mild manners and petite appearance, she had the perfect shape for sitting in one place and staying there. Unfortunately, her plans to move out west with her friends and get a master’s degree required her to actually... well, *move*. Which was inconvenient. This was just a test drive, to see some friends, but it wasn’t going well.

She was supposed to be driving all the way out to the West Coast. But she’d taken a wrong turn somewhere when her damn GPS lost connection. She was in... gosh, she didn’t even know what state she was in. Texas, maybe? Yeah, it was probably Texas. There were a lot of ranches, she’d been through a lot of desert, and she kept seeing barbecue joints. So yeah--probably Texas. Maybe.

But the real trouble came just as night was falling. Her phone couldn’t connect here, so she hadn’t been able to find a hotel... and then smoke began to pour from under the hood of her car.

“Shit!”

Pulling over to the side of the road, Bradie coughed as the thick miasma poured through the window. Climbing out, her five-foot-five frame was dwarfed by her mom’s old SUV, which had been gifted to her to complete her journey. Brushing auburn hair out of her eyes, she glanced at the rapidly setting sun, burning low over the desert.

This wasn’t good. Fixing a car would be hard enough during the daytime--she wasn’t much of a handywoman. But fixing one at night? Now that would be nearly impossible. She needed help, right away.

But when she pulled out her phone to call roadside assistance, there wasn't a single bar there. Cursing again, she peered up and down the seemingly endless road, looking for a car, anyone who might notice her...

There was nothing. Not a single car. Although... there *was* a building. Some kind of restaurant, if the neon sign and the tiny pillar of smoke were any indication. A restaurant, way out here? That was odd... They certainly wouldn't have many customers, in a desolate area like this.

Shrugging, Bradie tucked her phone in her jeans and set out for the building, smelling a whiff of barbecue smoke on the wind. Subconsciously, she found her mouth watering and her stomach growling at the very hint of it.

Hopefully, these people had a phone... and maybe, if she was lucky, they wouldn't mind parting with some of that barbecue.



As she got closer, the setting sun cast brilliant red-orange light over the building, Brady squinted at the neon sign, jutting out of the front of the place like a glowing tumor.

“Hungry Sow’s Barbecue...”

She raised an eyebrow. It was a strange name--why a sow, specifically, instead of just a pig? Maybe there was some local folklore behind it, or something. Discarding the thought, she climbed up the short flight of rickety wooden stairs onto the patio.

And there was a patio--despite the dust blowing in from the west, and the darkness surrounding the place on all sides, there was a patio with several umbrellas and seating for dozens of people. Menus fluttered mournfully on the unoccupied tables, kept firmly in place by little ceramic pigs.

Bradie shivered. There was definitely a light on inside... but she was feeling a little creeped out. What if the owners were crazy hillbillies, or something? What if they didn't *want* to help the chubby city girl? What if she was asking for trouble, just by walking in here?

Swallowing, she walked through the front door anyway. It was built in imitation of Old West-style movies, double slatted doors swinging shut behind her. Immediately the smell of barbecue grew from tantalizing to absolutely ravishing.

Inside, a warm set of overhead circular bulbs illuminated a cozy interior. Red-and-white-checkered tablecloths sat on a dozen tables, with a little stage in one corner, presumably for bluegrass performances or the occasional country singer. There was a bar to one side, but no one standing behind it. At the back of the large room, a metal door to the kitchen stood, its single window clouded with grease-smoke. Off to one side, there was a rickety staircase to a presumed second-floor level, lined with old newspaper articles and family photographs.

“Hello?...”

Bradie’s voice seemed to echo in the cavernous room. Overhead, lazy blues music warbled from ancient wall speakers.

The place was clearly old, and seemed like it had been popular once--the ancient wooden pillars holding up the ceiling were notched with carved love-letters and graffiti like KILROY WAS HERE and BARBECUE LIVES--but there wasn’t a soul anywhere in the place. Frowning, Bradie stepped forward towards the bar, seeing an old rotary phone behind the counter...

Then she jumped as an enormous, sandy-haired man in a ten-gallon hat emerged from the kitchen, talking animatedly on a cordless house phone.

“Look, Mr. Carnacki, I don’t know what yer talkin’ about, the place is clean as a whistle, it doesn’t need an ‘inspection’... Oh, can I give ya a holler back later? Got a customer...”

Putting the phone away, he advanced towards Bradie, who tensed a little.

“Howdy there, little lady! Lookin’ fer a bite? We got some brisket almost ready, today’s special...”

Bradie smiled awkwardly, and shook her head.

“Sorry, no. I just need to use your phone...”

He looked her up and down, noting the dust on her clothes and her disheveled appearance.

“Boy howdy, you sure do look beat! You alright, missy?”

Warming up a bit, Bradie relaxed. The genuine concern in his voice was appreciated, after her long and dusty trip up the road, and his round ruddy face seemed open and trustworthy.

“Actually, I broke down on the road... I need to call roadside assistance, my car is a mess.”

“Aw, hell and spitfire! Pardon my French.” The big man wrung his hat in his hands. “Of course you can. I’ll call ‘em for ya right now!”

He paused, whistling. “Hang on--I ain’t even introduced myself. I’m Bill Hodgson, head of the Hodgson clan, and this here is my humble shack of a restaurant. And you are...?”

“Bradie. Just Bradie, thanks.”

But she happily shook his large, callused hand when it was offered.

“Bradie! Nice to meet ya, young lady. So, what number should I call for these fellas of yours?”

“Right, of course...”

But when Bradie pulled out her phone to check the number, the screen was dark--her battery was dead. But... wait, hadn’t it been full when she left the car? Maybe the phone had short-circuited in the dry desert air, or something...

“Aw, crap. My phone’s dead...”

“No worries! I’ll go find our phonebook.” He beamed at her. “In the meantime, why don’t you have a seat and relax? I’ll have Hope and Betty Sue bring y’all out some food... you look starving!”

Normally, Bradie would have politely refused food from an eccentric stranger... but her mouth was practically overflowing with saliva at the smell of that kitchen, and her stomach was growling up a storm. Wiping the corner of her lip where a little bit of drool had collected, she nodded with a weak smile.

“Th-that would be great, thank you... Do you guys take debit card?”

“Oh, that won’t be necessary.” Gus winked at her. “This one’s on the house. You’ve had a hard day, we wouldn’t think of taking a single dollar from ya! Just relax and enjoy.”

And with that, he swaggered off to the kitchen, shouting for Hope and Betty Sue--presumably, the rest of the Hodgson “clan” he had mentioned--to start cooking, they had a guest in the house, and so on.

Left alone for a moment, Bradie had to pause and reflect on what she was doing. Accepting food from total strangers? That wasn’t like her... She wasn’t usually this trusting. But she was tired, and footsore, and Gus seemed nice enough. Besides, she’d never gotten genuine Texan hospitality before--it was so nice to just walk in, be seated and served like this. She could only hope everyone on the rest of her journey would be so polite.

And it didn't take long before she was introduced to the rest of the Hodgsons--in fact, she'd only waited a few minutes before a *very* overweight, freckled blonde woman in an old-fashioned plaid dress emerged from the kitchen, plates held high over her head.

"Hey there, sugar! I'm Hope Hodgson, and this here's my famous corn-bread. Hope you like it!!"

She smiled, her cherubic cheeks plump and apple-pink as she laid the tray in front of Bradie. It was piled high with warm, puffy yellow cubes of the most delicious-looking cornbread Bradie had ever seen. On one end of the platter, a bowl filled with fresh pats of butter slowly dewed with moisture in the rolling steam from the corn-bread.

"Thank you so much..." Bradie reached for a chunk of corn-bread, smearing it with butter and biting into it. "This is so kind of you all... *Mmf!* Oh my god, this is amazing."

She wasn't even flattering the woman--the corn bread really *was* spectacular. Light but still thick, warm and airy and flavorful, it was the perfect appetizer, and her hungry stomach soon caused her to reach for another, smearing extra butter on this one.

"Glad you like it, darlin'! Want anything to drink with it?"

Bradie fumbled for the menu with one hand, her other focused on pushing more cornbread into her mouth. It was a bit rude, sure, but she was *starving*. And she couldn't seem to put the delicious, buttery carb-mass down. Her fingers seemed to move on their own, shoving the food past her lips, a warm delight overtaking her.

"Uh, how about... **mmf, chomp**... maybe some iced tea?"

"Why *sure*, sugar!"

And speaking of sugar--when the iced tea came out, it was so absurdly sweet that Bradie made a face. It was classic Southern iced tea, absolutely *loaded* with sweetener. And yet... it grew on her. Soon she had sucked down a whole glass of it and was refilling it from the pitcher Hope had brought her, the cornbread making her thirsty. The sugar-rush made her eyes widen and her appetite growl despite how much she'd already eaten.

And the warm, buttery appetizer paled in comparison to what came next. Out of the kitchens Gus carried a huge steaming platter of ribs, brisket and a vast array of house-made sausages. Bradie wasn't much of a meat eater by nature, but her stomach growled in anticipation as the huge platter made its way to her table. It was so over-stuffed with various meats that juices dripped from the edge of the platter onto the floor.

Bradie licked her lips, swallowing saliva so she could talk without mumbling through it.

“I... I can’t possibly eat all this... And, uh, I don’t have any cash on me...”

“Don’t worry about it!” Gus shrugged. “Least we can do for ya, after all you’ve been through.”

“Th-thank you...” Bradie stared at the steaming pile of luscious treats. “I should... Probably call the tow company first, though...”

“Nonsense, can’t do business on an empty stomach! Eat up!”

Caving to peer pressure, with this strangely friendly family looming over her, Bradie did indeed start to eat. And every bite, as she’d somewhat expected, was *heavenly*.

She was not a barbecue expert. Hell, she didn’t even remember the last time she’d had barbecue. But this... This was REALLY good barbecue. She could feel that in her bones, even as her teeth sank into the hot, savory brisket and she sucked down iced tea and stripped rib after rib of its meat.

Savory, spiced... the rich meat went down her throat again and again, slowly packing into her modest stomach, until it began to bulge under her sweatshirt and her mouth and hands were smeared with barbecue sauce. Grunting softly, she sat back and wiped her hands with a napkin.

“Whoops... I got a little **URRP** carried away, haha...”

It was true. The platter was almost entirely cleaned--and Bradie felt absolutely stuffed. She hadn’t eaten this much since last Thanksgiving! And yet... she didn’t feel uncomfortable. Quite the opposite, actually. She felt more at ease than she had in weeks, despite her strange situation.

A sleepy, relaxed sensation overtook her as she watched Gus bring out a new platter--this one was covered with onion-rings, deep-fried pickles, French fries, and barbecue chicken wings. Weakly, Bradie protested as the food was set in front of her.

“N-no, I can’t... **URP**, I can’t possibly eat anymore... B-besides, I gotta make that phone call...”

Gus smiled genially as he pushed the platter towards her.

“Didn’t I mention, darlin? I already called the tow company--they’re a might ways out from here, though. Might take em a day or two to fit us into their schedule. But I’m gonna go haul that car of yours into my barn so’s nobody bothers it, alright?”

“A day or two?” Bradie blinked. In the depths of her food coma, she couldn’t decide whether this was reasonable or not. “Well... I’ve gotta get a motel room or something then...”

“No need! You can stay with us. We got an upstairs room, don’t we, Hope?”

Hope, standing in the kitchen doorway and wiping her hands on a checkered towel, nodded sagely.

“Oh yeah, she can stay in the guest room! It’s already been made up.”

“See?” Gus patted Bradie’s shoulder, and the girl swayed sleepily. “All set. You’ve got nothin’ to worry about--we’ll take good care of you until they come and fix that car of yours. Now why don’t you try some of our beer-battered onion rings? Battered in Pabst Blue Ribbon and mighty delicious, if I do say so myself...”

Bradie struggled to focus. The heavy weight of the meat in her stomach was making her sleepy... and giving her the meat-sweats at the same time, which was a strange experience. She felt her guts churning--she’d always had a sensitive stomach--and struggled to hold in the inevitable gas that was bubbling up inside her.

“I guess I could URP, try a few more things, yeah...”

Despite the pleasantness of her hosts, despite the delicious food, inside of Bradie there was an unsettling shiver of suspicion. It seemed a bit convenient that they already had a gues room made up for her... and when had Gus called the tow company? She hadn’t even told him the number...

But the greasy fumes from the onion rings were wafting up her nose and somehow, impossibly, she was getting hungry again. She’d already eaten more than she usually did in a week, and yet... She wanted more.

And instead of fighting it, instead of questioning *why* she was so hungry, Bradie dug her fingers into the pile of onion rings and pulled out a thick crunchy one, sinking her teeth into it. She was tired, she was stressed, and she was more than happy to silence the butterflies in her stomach with an onslaught of delicious food.

By the time she was done eating--she only finished half the platter, before she was forced to give up--she practically felt sick. Her stomach was round and distended under her sweatshirt, which she quickly tugged off to avoid overheating. Underneath, her white tank-top hugged her swollen stomach, making her blush as she wiped crumbs off her lips and stifled a fresh burp.

“S-sorry... I made a bit of a pig of myself... **HORRRP**. ‘Scuze me.”

Suddenly, Hope was behind her, dabbing at her lips with a napkin. Bradie blushed as she felt the big woman’s enormous bosom graze her shoulders.

“That’s alright, honey! It’s practically our motto around here--everything is bigger in Texas, especially appetites! Whoops, got something in your lady bits there... Here, let me get that.”

She brushed some crumbs off Bradie's chest, and Bradie's blush grew deeper.

"Now, let's get you upstairs and into bed. It's darn late..."

Bradie blinked, glancing at the kitschy 'Porky the Pig' clock on the wall, nestled among the other memorabilia and bric-a-brac.

Ten P.M.? she thought, confused. *But it was just afternoon...*

But she felt the lateness of the hour her bones--she was exhausted. It had been such a long day... and she could really use some sleep. Moving slowly, struggling to restrain greasy burps, she allowed Hope to gently lead her away from the table and up the rickety wooden stairs to a modest guest room, where she fell asleep on an old wire-frame bed under the watchful eye of a photo of Elvis on the wall.

As she sank down into sleep, she felt that same suspicion creep into her mind again. She didn't know this family... Falling asleep here could be dangerous... And most concerning at all, *there was no lock on her door...*

But soon the food coma turned into a deep, restful sleep. Occasionally Bradie stirred and clutched her bloated stomach, strange dreams disturbing her rest. Distant squeals, like of some enormous animal, echoed in her dreams. She dreamed of eating... eating endlessly, on a colossal pile of food that stretched in all directions.

And downstairs, the family gathered at the foot of the stairs, waiting to make sure she was asleep... before they went out to the garage and began the process of destroying her car, piece by piece, and burying the pieces in the desert outside their restaurant.



"Morning, sleepyhead!"

"Buh... Whuh??"

Bradie blinked as she swam up from sleep, her gut aching terribly, to find herself in an unfamiliar bed. The blanket was decorated with little smiling pig-faces, and she found herself naked except for her underwear, her clothes hanging on a drying rack nearby.

The room she lay in was filled with restaurant memorabilia--awards, vintage recipes and trophies--plus a large TV screen and a TV dinner tray on long, extendable legs. Rubbing her eyes, she turned to find a very buxom twenty-something blonde girl with a smattering of freckles offering her... breakfast.

Pancakes slathered in syrup, sausage links hot and plump and steaming, scrambled eggs with salt and pepper, and heavy slabs of bacon covered the plate. The young woman set it down on the TV tray, and Bradie goggled at what she was wearing.

The girl was wearing denim overalls--and that was it. No bra, no undershirt and nothing but a red bandanna for her hair to decorate the rest of her body. She had wide, curious blue eyes and was leaning down... VERY close to Bradie's face, her jutting chest bulging behind the denim, blonde pigtails dangling.

"You ready fer breakfast, sweet cheeks?"

"Whuh... Sorry, but... Who are you, exactly?"

The girl's smile--much like Gus' the night before--never wavered.

"I'm Betty Sue, silly! And today, I'm your personal bed-and-breakfast waitress." She snickered. "This ain't my usual serving outfit, but I figured you wouldn't mind. We're both girls, I ain't got nothin' you've never seen before."

Bradie begged to differ. She didn't think she had *ever* seen that much cleavage in one place, not on herself or on any other woman--Betty Sue was truly gifted in the chest department. But she managed to ignore this, focusing instead on the food.

"At this point, I'm gonna be in debt to you guys..."

"Oh, don't you worry your lil' head about *money*." The girl waved a dismissive hand. "Daddy's got enough money to go around from all the... well, he finds it somewhere, anyway. Eat up!"

Bradie winced looking at the food. Her belly was still packed from last night... and yet, she found herself hungry again. Something about this place seemed to make her ravenous.

Almost against her will, she reached out and took a slice of bacon... and then groaned as she had to roll over on her swollen gut to do it. Betty Sue clicked her tongue, and to Bradie's alarm, she sat down beside her on the bed, her extremely visible side-boob bulging and jiggling.

"Here, let me do that for you..."

And she shoved the bacon in Bradie's mouth, humming a country music tune as she did so. Bradie was so shocked she simply let it happen, chewing mindlessly as Betty Sue patted her head and switched on the TV.

"Daddy says you can watch whatever you want while y'all stay with us. What do you like to watch?"

"Uh..." Bradie blinked, still very confused. "I like romcoms... and sometimes cooking shows..."

"Gotcha. How about this?"

And she pulled up an episode of Gentleman's Grocery Sprint--one of Bradie's favorite dumb food game shows.

"That's... that's nice and all, but..." Bradie licked her lips as Betty Sue fed her another slice of bacon. "Didn't your dad say the towing company was coming soon? I should probably get out of bed..."

"Hmm, he didn't say. Went out for some... supplies for the restaurant. He said just to rest yourself while he's out, m'kay?"

The way she paused in the middle, as if she wasn't entirely confident in what she was saying, made Bradie nervous. She liked the family... but there was something weird about this place. It was out in the middle of nowhere... and the Hodgsons were so *aggressive* about giving her more and more food. She was starting to feel like a prize pig, constantly fed and pampered and gently teased.

Which... Wasn't a terrible feeling, honestly. If it weren't so strange and unexpected, she would have found it rather pleasant. But these people were still basically strangers to her, and she wasn't sure if she could trust them.

She was definitely warming up, though. Especially to Betty Sue. This was, in part, because Betty Sue was *gorgeous*, but she also seemed rather casual and genuine, as opposed to her parents' heavily affected game-show-host, restaurant-magnate attitudes.

Speaking of which... the TV show was getting more interesting. The competitors, in various forms of fancy dress, were trying and failing to reach the required parts of a grocery store in time.

The distracting silliness of it lulled her into a more secure state of mind, and soon her belly was swollen and puffy again, sagging with the weight of her meal.

"Oogh... Thank you so much, Betty Sue, but really, I'm stuffed..."

"Are you sure? You could handle just a *bit* more..."

“No seriously, I’m so full I think... oh god, I think I’m gonna--”

PFRRRRT!!

A long rumble of meat-induced flatulence emerged from Bradie’s body, despite all her efforts to hide it. Seeing her sudden blush, however, Betty Sue just laughed.

“Why, ah never did see anyone turn *that* red over just a lil’ fart! Relax, darlin, we ain’t concerned with manners here. Comes with having no neighbors, you know? We got nobody to impress.”

Bradie swallowed. “Uh... If you say so...”

“Now drink this orange juice, sweetie, it’s gonna get warm...”

Over the course of the morning, as Bradie zoned out watching dumb shows on TV, she once again found herself forgetting all about the car... the phone calls she needed to make... even her family. It just seemed so natural to be here, to relax, to enjoy herself in the company of this beautiful, buxom Southern goddess.

And before she knew it, she was hungry again.

When Betty Sue went downstairs to get more food for her greedy friend, however, Gus was waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs. He was polishing a set of vintage shot glasses at one of the restaurant tables.

“Did she drink *all* her orange juice, Betty honey?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good.” Gus examined a shot glass. “The Great Sow is hungry for more children to fold into Her embrace. If we want Her gifts... we need to keep sending her good offerings. And not helping them to get away, like *last* time. Right?”

Betty Sue swallowed.

“Y-yes, Daddy. But... that last one... she was a lot like us. She was country folk. I felt bad, that’s all...”

Gus nodded sagely, but there was a dark flicker in his eyes.

“Lots of things feel *bad*, darlin. But what feels good... is getting what we deserve. Our eternal gift from the Sow. You want the restaurant to stay in business, right? You don't want your mommy and daddy to get old and *die* like everyone else, do you?”

Betty Sue shook her head frantically.

“N-no, Daddy...”

“Thought so.”

One by one, Gus turned the shot glasses on the table over. On the underside, little smiling cartoon pig-faces stared up at him.

“This one ain't like us, Betty Sue. She ain't from round here. She's just a *city girl*. You gonna get hung up over some city girl? Maybe you wanna take her place, is that it?”

Betty Sue shuddered.

“No, Daddy.”

“That's what I thought.” Gus smiled his terrible, wide smile. “Now go bring our ‘customer’ her second breakfast. And her third. And add a little more milk of the Great Sow to her pancake batter. We need her nice and greedy for the next part...”



By the time Bradie staggered downstairs, she was so stuffed she could hardly waddle... and sleepy. Very, *very* sleepy. Even though she'd slept in for hours already, and stayed in bed most of the day.

Her stomach bulged painfully under her too-small undershirt--but wait, hadn't it fit yesterday?--and gas bubbled in her stomach, occasionally emerging as a wet burp, or a barely suppressed *p'toot* of flatulence. She was, in a word, absolutely gorged.

Blinking at one of the novelty clocks on the wall, she found it was three in the afternoon. Weird... had they really spent *that* much time watching TV? She should have gotten up earlier... but Betty Sue was just so nice, and the food was *so* good...

Food.

The phrase suddenly filled her entire mind.

Bradie blinked, struggling to focus. She should call the tow truck company, get her car fixed... and yet, that word, pulsing like a sensual neon sign in her brain, compelled her to move towards the kitchen.

Food. Food...

FOOD.

She was full--she was fuller than she had ever been in her life, actually. And yet, she felt compelled to eat more.

It was an overpowering sensation... and a little disturbing. In the back of her mind, she was still nervous about being here--she'd never meant to stay even a few hours, much less a full day. And why did they keep pushing more food on her? What was up with that? It had gone *far* beyond simple hospitality at this point. And the way Betty Sue had watched her eat... so eager. Almost *desperate* to see her stuff her face. It was eerie.

But all her worries vanished when the smell of barbecue hit her again, wafting out from the kitchens. She followed her nose through the swinging double doors, her mouth already filling with saliva.

What's wrong with me? she thought, struggling to focus. *My appetite is out of control...*

When she arrived in the kitchen, she was confronted by a strange sight. Hope Hodgson was standing in front of the grill, humming a jaunty little tune. But something was protruding from the back of her polka-dot dress, right below where her apron was tied off, just above the huge twin humps of her rear.

It was small, pinkish, and curled like a cork-spring. Bradie's cholesterol-soggy brain struggled to understand what she was seeing... and in a tremor of surreal confusion, she found the name of what she was looking at.

Is that... A tail?!

The woman turned towards her as she entered, those cherubic cheeks beaming, face open and motherly as usual.

"Bradie, darlin'! You're finally up! Good, I've got lunch coming out soon..."

"Lunch?" Bradie stifled a greasy burp. "**BRLlhhch.** B-but... I just ate..."

“Nonsense, honey! I can tell you’re famished, practically wasting away... Why don’t you sit down in the restaurant and I’ll get you something to eat? Maybe a couple somethings.”

Bradie fidgeted. “I g-guess I could *urrrpp*, eat just a *little* more...”

It was easy to see why Hope thought Bradie was “wasting away”--the woman was huge, bosomy and wide in every way possible. Compared to Hope, Bradie’s bulging gut and softening hips--her pants *literally* felt tighter than yesterday--were practically svelte.

Soon she was back in the restaurant, face-first in another pile of barbecue. Cole slaw, brisket, ribs, pork rinds, even a bowl of pork crisps... All of it disappeared down Bradie’s gullet as she watched Hope jiggle fetchingly back and forth from the kitchen. The woman’s butt, while *enormous*, was also completely tail-free, and Bradie decided she must have been hallucinating due to over-eating. People didn’t have pig tails, that was just crazy.

And yet... she *had* seen something, hadn’t she?

Shivering even as she forced down another mouthful of heavily salted and spice-slathered French fries, Bradie decided she was going to sneak out after lunch.

She had to get out of here. The food was nice, and Betty Sue and Hope were *gorgeous* and very sweet despite their respective... sizes, but she didn’t much like Gus and she *especially* didn’t like how they kept forcing food on her.

And she couldn’t seem to stop eating. She chalked that up to nervousness, or maybe hormones. It was just... so weird, how they kept bringing her more and more, and she *couldn’t seem to stop*. She had eaten her way through at *least* a hundred dollars’ worth of food at this point, and there hadn’t been any mention of a bill... or any mention of giving her a ride to a local hotel or bus station.

It was almost like they didn’t *want* her to leave.

“Glass of milk?”

Bradie blinked as a tall glass of milk was set before her. At this point she had gotten into the habit of eating and drinking everything put in front of her... and so before her brain could summon up the effort to say “thank you,” it was already in her hand, the rim touching her lips, the soft cool milk slopping down her throat.

“Gllk... Gluk... **GLLP...**”

She finished the entire glass in seconds, licking her lips. “Mmm... Wow, that tastes *really* fresh. **URRrrrRP.**”

Hope nodded, arms crossed benevolently under her enormous jutting chest.

“Oh, yes. We source that milk from somewhere very special, just down the road. Best in town.”

Bradie barely suppressed another burp... and found herself very sleepy, even though she'd just gotten out of bed a short time ago. Sleepy... and happy.

She liked eating, she decided, her logic suddenly much more limited than it had been five seconds ago. She liked eating... and wanted to eat more. *Much* more.

She wanted to eat a *lot*, eat everything, and all the other thoughts in her mind--her suspicion, her fear, that weird pig tail--all of it was disappearing bit by bit under a tide of raw animal hunger.

Hunger that seemed to have started right after she finished that glass of milk...

Grunting softly, Bradie pushed herself closer to the table, her stomach mashing up against the edge. She reached for the remaining food, and as she did so, she saw her arm had actually gotten *thicker*, the upper half of it soft and puffy. But... how was that possible? She couldn't have gained weight just from one *day* here. Could she?...

But that wasn't important. She wanted to focus on the important thing here--**EATING**. Grabbing a warm, steaming rib slathered in barbecue sauce, she lifted it to her lips and began stripping off the meat methodically, mechanically. Ripping it off with her teeth, and sucking it down, barely even chewing. Her eyes grew glassy and distant as she sank into the hypnotic trance of eating under the influence of the strange “special” milk. Bite... chew... swallow... repeat.

Bite... Chew. Swallow, belch. Repeat.

Again. And again. And again.

“Mmf! Glomf, grinch, glp... **BRUHALLLP**, mmf, snrt, grmf...”

Soon she was completely zoned out, her mind far away, all her concerns vanished under the washing tide of this inhuman hunger.

Her stomach swelled... and swelled... and began to sag between her legs, its obscene swollen girth like a bloated fat tumor on her waist. She grunted and snorted softly as she ate, her face smeared with sauces, saliva oozing freely from the corners of her lips.

As one, Gus and his family emerged from the kitchens, where they'd been waiting to see if she would take the bait. Betty Sue wrung her hands, her face a mixture of pity... and morbid curiosity.

“Is she ready, Papa?”

Gus stepped in front of Bradie, and waved a heavy hand in front of her eyes.

Bradie didn't say a word, instead slathering butter on some corn-bread and mashing it into her mouth, crumbs flying everywhere. Animalistic grunts and gurgles emanated from her, nostrils flaring. An actual *oink* emerged from her as she hiccuped a little to get some food completely swallowed.

Gus stepped back, nodding slowly.

“She’s ready. Hope, darlin?”

“Yes, dear?”

“Prepare the offering chamber. Our new Sow needs to get... broken in.”



Bradie was full. So, so horribly and disgustingly full.

She was so full she felt she might explode--that food might start pouring out of her ears at any moment. As she laid back in the restaurant chair, belching and farting softly, she stared up at the pig themed wallpaper on the ceiling, and giggled softly.

That's me, she thought, just a big, silly piggy. Piggy eat lots of food, piggy get happy and stuffed...

She didn't know what had come over her. It was as if every moment of hunger in her entire life--every second helping of dinner, every eager extra slice of pie at dessert--had expanded to engulf her entire personality. She was no longer worried about getting home, or contacting her family. Even now she was only concerned with finding more food. Every plate in front of her was licked clean; her fingers and face were covered in rapidly drying sauce and sticky crumbs.

Without food left, she began licking her fingers, sucking the sauce off and moaning softly. Everything tasted so *good* here, and she wanted more, so much more. Where was food? Where was... *more?* She needed more. She needed it right NOW.

Her gut churned, dangling off her like a sack of bloated meat, far bigger than it should have been able to grow. She felt... heavier, softer. When she turned her head to gaze blearily around, lost in a haze of gluttony, she felt a pudgy double chin impeding the movement of her head.

“Hope? Betty **URRRP** Sue... C’n I have... *More?*”

FRRRTTFpppppt...

Her voice sounded deeper, a whining and porcine whimper emerging from her as Betty Sue approached through the haze. The girl was holding a sausage, greasy and warm, in her bare hands.

“Got yer next helping right here, Bradie sweetie. All ya have to do is come get it...”

Bradie groaned, massaging her hideously puffy stomach.

“B-but... Betty **URRRUPP** Sue, I’m so *full*... Can’t get up...”

She whimpered pathetically, as Betty Sue wiggled the sausage at her.

“Yes, you can. Come on... Don’t you *want* it? Doesn’t it look delicious?”

Bradie nodded slowly, all her higher brain functions switching off as she stared at the sausage. It did, indeed, look delicious... succulent and greasy and juicy and plump. And Betty Sue looked delicious too, with her lovely curves and enormous chest stuffed inside a tied-off plaid farmhouse shirt, Daisy Duke shorts showing off her enormous soft thighs.

Both offerings were just *scrumptious*, and with an enormous effort, Bradie managed to heave herself off the chair.

“Hungry... **URRRPppf...**”

“I know you are, sweetie,” said Betty Sue, with strange sadness in her voice. “Trust me... I know.”

Betty Sue gazed with horrified fascination as Bradie jiggled towards her. Already the effects of the Sow’s milk were setting in: Bradie’s gaze was dopey, almost comatose, her eyes gone from bright and intelligent to piggish and greedy. She pursued the sausage with a slow, wheezing waddle, her overstuffed body bursting out of her clothes, pale fat bouncing and jiggling and flopping all over. And Betty Sue kept just one step ahead of her, leading her through the kitchen, out the back of the building.

Towards the barn.

The hulking, dark structure was half-collapsed, an eerie skeleton of a building against the red desert sky. Bradie winced as a dry desert wind washed over, and she leaned on the doorframe of the back door, mouth sagging open with exhaustion.

“Betty Sue... p-please... I *need* it... So hungry...”

Betty Sue waggled the sausage at her, turning and walking towards the barn. She put a little extra wiggle in her hips as well, and was rewarded with a lustful animal moan from Bradie as the slowly transforming girl’s libido lit up at the sight of her.

“You can do it, piglet... Come on. Just a few more steps...”

Completely entranced by this jiggly siren, those bouncing breasts, and the temptation of the sausage... Bradie went. Heaving her increasingly thick and sweaty thighs past one another, she waddled after Betty Sue, chasing her own doom.

Betty Sue led her around the back of the barn, to a storm cellar door thrown open and lashed in place with chains, to stop the wind from toying with it. With a coy smirk, the buxom country girl disappeared down the stairs.

And Bradie hesitated at the top of the cellar opening, the last of her self-preservation instincts raging at her.

Don’t go down there, cried the small, dwindling voice in the back of her mind--the original Bradie, slowly being washed away by greed and the Sow’s influence. *Don’t do it. There’s something bad down there, something terrible.*

If you go in, you’ll never come out...

But the new Bradie, the one who only cared about food above all else, wasn’t listening.

Want food, gurgled the new voice in her mind, piloting her chubby limbs towards the dark hole. *Want food. Want fuck pretty girl, too. Want food and fuck... Want it all, NOW.*

And so, with heavy lumbering steps, Bradie descended the storm-cellar stairs to her ultimate fate.

The whole family was waiting down there for her, in their robes. A massive pentagram covered the basement floor, the whole place lit with candles. A colossal chair sat in the middle of it all--an ancient, wheeled thing with straps and restraints.

“Good girl,” said Betty Sue, stepping forward. “Now, just come into the circle, and you can have all the food you want... Forever.”

Bradie hesitated, her fat feet pausing at the edge of the pentagram, bloated toes shredding her shoes already. The family watched her with bated breath.

She had to enter the circle willingly... she had to surrender the last of her former self, on *purpose*, in order to serve her new hunger. She had to make that choice--it had to be *her* doing it, not the Sow, not the family. She had to give up her humanity for pleasure, right here, or the ritual would fail.

And Bradie almost hesitated. Everything was so strange right now, so new... and so exhausting. She had gained over fifty pounds in the last few minutes from the Sow's milk, and was getting bigger by the moment. She just wanted to lie down... or perhaps have sex, and eat, and *then* lie down. Walking was hard, standing was painful. Her joints ached from the sudden, unpleasant new weight on them.

But she was so hungry... and so *horny*. And that big, soft chair looked so comfortable. So after silencing the last cries of her former self--the once-skinny woman inside her mind--she took a heaving, wobbling step over the threshold.

And she entered her new life.

The circle glowed with power; the air filled with the stench of brimstone, or perhaps flatulence. The old stone walls shuddered, their bizarre pictograms seeming to shift and swirl. As Bradie swayed, already too fat to support herself easily, the Family rushed forward and helped to ease her into the chair.

As she groped mindlessly at Betty Sue's chest, Bradie was at last rewarded with the sausage. It was the most delicious thing she had ever eaten. And after it was gobbled down, grease coating her fingers, another was provided. And another, and another. They were all coming from... somewhere...

She glanced up and saw an entire chain of smoked sausages wrapped around a spool near the ceiling.

Nearby, Gus was cranking a lever... slowly unspooling the sausages, all connected by their intestine-skin links, into Bradie's mouth as she chewed.

The mad cartoon logic of it--endless sausages, endless indulgence--pleased Bradie, and she sat back, grunting stupidly, rubbing her belly as Hope and Betty Sue cut off the last of her clothes with shining, golden scissors.

It was warm down here... and humid. Bradie groaned in satisfaction, gripping the sausages and pulling them down faster. It wasn't *enough*, dammit--she needed MORE. More food, faster, right NOW.

"My, she's got an appetite," said Hope, breathless as she began to rub down Bradie's naked, growing body with oil... taking special attention to the breasts. "We've never had such an *eager* sacrifice before, have we?"

“She’s beautiful,” cooed Betty Sue. Despite her moral objections, she couldn’t help but be amazed at Bradie’s gluttony. “So beautiful.”

And so, the feast began in earnest...



Months later, a state trooper car sat in front of the restaurant, idling, with its flashers on but no sirens.

Inside, Trooper James Tonnison was taking notes in front of the cash register, as Gus apologized once again.

“Nah, we ain’t seen her. Ain’t got no customers for almost a week--have we, Hope?”

Hope, sweeping the floor, nearby, shook her head and brushed a strand of hair off her plump face.

“Poor thing... Sounds like she got lost in the desert. We’ll call you if we find anything, won’t we, Gus?”

“Sure will. Scout’s honor.”

Trooper Tonnison closed his notebook, peering closely at the two.

He’d never liked the Hodgson family... but their restaurant was a local institution. It had been around for decades, seemingly never changing, never updating... and never going out of business. He’d asked his superiors before for a warrant to search their property--after all, this was the fifth missing girl in these parts in a year. But he had been denied.

The Hodgsons, his troop captain claimed, were good people. They were a local business, they brought in the tourists. They were, in a word, Not To Be Fucked With.

All the same, though... he had to wonder.

Tonnison wondered about the license plate he'd found, half-buried in the desert sands several miles from the property. He wondered about the obesity rate in the nearby town, and how it never seemed to increase, no matter how much barbecue the locals ate.

And he wondered about the Hodgsons... how he'd known them for years, and none of them ever seemed to get much older. Except for Betty Sue, who just got bustier and taller and curvier every year. What a little hellcat *that* girl was.

He shook his head, sighing. Just suspicions, that was all he had... just dead ends. No real evidence.

"Please do call us, if you see anything. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to continue the grid search. Take care of yourselves, folks..."

As he passed out the old saloon-style doors, Gus sighed.

"They never catch on, do they? Mortal fools."

Hope nodded, smiling wistfully.

"It's better this way... If they knew, they wouldn't understand. The Sow hungers, and She must be filled."

Gus closed his eyes as if in prayer.

"Amen, darlin', The Sow hungers, and we must find Her avatars, and fill Her through them... speaking of which. How's our newest Sow coming along?"

Hope licked her lips, a dark lust lighting her normally gentle eyes.

"She broke another scale this morning. Industrial grade, designed for hormone-fattened cows. Betty Sue is gonna try and push her limits today... give her another hose-pump, this one full of gravy. She's doing well."

Gus chuckled. "Sow be praised."



Behind the house, in the basement of the barn, something vast and unholy guzzled in the dark... Something so huge it almost filled the room, something so repulsive and sweaty and flatulent that it couldn't be possibly recognized as human, wheezing and belching and farting in the eternal twilight below ground.

Lit by guttering red candles, surrounded by heavy industrial pumps carrying hoses filled with ranch dressing and booze and pulled-pork, the Sow's new Avatar groaned and wriggled in the darkness, her colossal body hideously overflowing with lard.

Underneath this foul thing, lying on her back on a mechanic's rolling trolley and with Bradie's belly held up by wooden supports, Betty Sue rolled under the heaving bulk... until she found what she was looking for. A dangling, sagging flabby FUPA, dripping with arousal and steamy with condensed body-heat.

"There it is, big girl... Told ya I'd find it eventually!"

Betty Sue spread the drooping, flabby lips wide, exposing the obese clitoris bulging and throbbing within... and she lifted her lips, wrapping them around the blub of bloated flesh and suckling on it.

Up above, Bradie's heart rate quickened, her flabby chest heaving under several feet of flab, the nipples on titanic udder-breasts dangling off her belly stiffening with delight. She struggled to speak around the tubes, and it took her a long time to even remember how to do so. Talking was for people, not for stupid pigs like herself. Talking was so *hard*.

"Mmmf... Mrre... *MRRRrrre...*"

She quickly gave up on trying to speak, but her begging and pleading had the desired effect. Her face, a ruin of doughy meat with beady eyes and a piggish nose and flabby lips wrapped around feeding-hoses, contorted with obscene joy as her lover obeyed the slurred command. As Betty Sue sucked her clit with expert skill, Bradie's eyes rolled back... and a wave of pleasure took her to the edge of madness, so stuffed and aroused she could only wriggle her fat sausage-fingers uselessly in orgasmic bliss. Her skeleton and organs were smothered under a mountain of her own meat. Her mind, already dulled and stunted by her new lifestyle and the Sow's milk, dropped to new lows of depraved, animal stupidity and pleasure.

Bradie's bowels loosened, and an enormous fart sounded in the basement, making the candles flicker.

BRRRRRFRAAAPPPTTFFFFFF...

"Mmm, that's a good girl... Let it *alllll* out..."

And Betty Sue resumed sucking. The thing that had once been Bradie moaned around its feeding-tubes, its horrible obese body quaking with orgasm, and its simple, stupid mind was once again soaked in soul-destroying pleasure.

FRRRARRRPPPTFFFTTT!!

Gallon after gallon of the barbecue-flavored meat slurries and thick creamy milkshakes and bubbly Texas beer poured down her throat... and even as she finished cumming, she felt her flabby sides finally touch the walls of the basement. Like a goldfish in a too-small bowl, Bradie had expanded to fill the space the Hodgson family had captured her in. Gus had been frantically ordering digging equipment to expand in, but it was only a matter of time before Bradie's repulsive, smelly fat overflowed the basement, poured out of the storm-cellar door... and maybe even shattered the floor of the barn.

“HurrRRRRRuuupptfff...”

PFRRRPPP'TTFF.

She had never been happier in her life... and every day, every new pound, brought more forbidden pleasures. More food, more sex, more stupefying drugs and booze and strange rituals designed to make her bigger, dumber, more hog-like.

Underneath her many layers of fat, her overtaxed heart labored and struggled, pushing blood through her massive body. With so much fat to feed oxygen to, the oxygen to her brain was reducing by the day... and as a result, her intelligence was dropping like a rock. Even worse, she *liked* it. Not thinking felt... Good. Being a moronic, drooling glutton was *fun*.

The basement's support pillars creaked around her, her fat mashing into them, sending dust down from the ancient ceiling. Bradie couldn't be contained, she couldn't be satisfied. At over three tons of woman, she was finally the perfect sacrifice. The Sow's essence filled and suffused her, and even as Betty Sue drove her towards a fresh, farting, belching orgasm, the little light left in Bradie's hoggish eyes began to go out...

Bradie belched around the feeding tube, and the last conscious, sane word that she would ever think--*MORE*--reverberated in her fading mind before winking out of existence entirely.

The tiny whispers of her former self faded as her I.Q. plummeted, the once-clever and sweet woman's brain going dull and soggy with drugs and gluttony, her vacant expression slack and mindless. She was a true pig now--she existed for no other purpose than to eat, and be pleased. She was utterly helpless, incapable of independent thought--or even thought at all.

And after that... only the fat was left. The fat, and the greed, growing together in the dark.

-END OF THE ROAD-

