

Magic swirling in the air around her, Mrs. Duvall surveyed her small corner of the world for wayward individuals. She hated having to actively search. It was much more preferable when lost travelers wound up at her farm of their own accord. That way she was able to conserve her energy for the important spells. It was so much easier to make them into livestock when her energies weren't depleted!

She normally had no active need for animals but all of her horses had passed away in recent years. She took humans into her farm infrequently, only when necessary or when they were deserving of punishment. Humans turned animals made for much more profitable livestock. Their genetics were perfect, their production flawless, and their lifespans comparable to normal humans. And the dumb animals seemed content and compliant enough, for the most part.

The swine she had transformed just a few weeks prior were proving to be less than useful. Neither got aroused when exposed to the sows in her pen. So, she was forced to look deep into her family's recipe book to find a potion to change them into a more useful form. Turning men into beasts was easy, but picking the beast they were to become was another matter. She could not influence what animals or even genders they became, only guide them on their quest to succumb to their base instincts.

She had no intention of killing the beasts for bacon, ultimately thinking it a waste if she could find a spell to turn them into another form. Besides she was many things, but a murderer wasn't one of them. Thus, in the interim she was forced to look for more recruits to join her farm and provide her with much-needed horsepower.

She hated working the fields herself, preferring her current husband do it. But he needed strong workhorses to work the fields properly. And he was getting restless. She had half a mind to change him into a horse himself, though that would leave all the work until she found another husband.

Though she was incredibly long-lived, it was not a gift she could bestow on her mates. So, every 50 or so years, she was forced to don a disguise and seek another husband to help her run the farm. Out here, no one bothered her, and she could make her living, reinventing herself as another daughter of the Duvall line each time she needed a new mate.

At last, the crows she had commanded to search on her behest had found something. A small car traveling along the nearby road, carrying with it three able-bodied men. They would surely make the perfect stallions! She weaved her spells, hoping to lure them in where she could give them a taste of her family's brew...

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The ride had been silent for the most part. Jared had no intention of talking to his friends after the stunt they'd pulled. Jared had taken his buddies into town for a concert that weekend, and the show had been great. Still, he wasn't a fan of how Derrick and Kevin had ditched him in the hopes of getting laid. They had zero chances with random women in the city. Those assholes had left him lost in the downtown area alone to try to make his way back to the hotel. He had finally found it at 4 in the morning, hardly enough time to get sufficient sleep before checkout. And the worst part, the useless fuckers were already in the hotel, sound asleep!

Jared had settled upon traveling an old country road to avoid the hectic traffic and expensive toll routes they had taken to get there. He was far too tired to take the busy highways again. The others had groaned about the additional time it would put on their trip, but Jared paid it no mind. They deserve no less for the shit they had pulled.

It was getting late in the day now, the orange sun sinking on the horizon. Jared was tired as hell, fueled by only coffee and energy drinks. They had at least another few hours ahead of them. Derrick had offered to drive a few times, but Jared, stubborn as he was, didn't trust his buddy with the car. And besides, they hadn't seen a single car on the road in over an hour. Even if he was a little tired, there was nothing for him to hit on the wide stretch of backwater road.

All of a sudden, a large cat ran out in front of them and froze, its eyes reflected in the headlights. Jared had no time to hit the breaks. Instead, he swerved tightly and sent the car into the ditch with a frightening screech of metal. Thankfully, the sharp drop slowed their momentum enough that they were only thrust forward with mild force.

"Ah fuck!" Jared yelled, panicked. His mind raced with a million thoughts. His car was insured, and it was an animal-induced incident. But his premiums were bound to skyrocket! And his car was a wreck! Worst of all, there was no way the three of them could manage to get the car out, even if it was still roadworthy!

Derrick sat in the passenger's seat, gripping the dashboard to brace himself. It was foolish, he knew. He'd likely have suffered whiplash or have been impaled through the windshield had the crash been worse. Still, instinct often won out in times of crisis, and he felt more relaxed with something to hold onto.

Kevin was in the back seat, unable to see everything that had happened. He'd been listening to music, nearly passing out before the sharp serve forced him awake. He stared into the dark, the severity of the situation lost on him.

“What happened?” He asked, dumbfounded. Neither of his friends responded, still too stunned.

“What the fuck happened?” He asked again as Jared and Derrick got out of the car.

Derrick lit a cig to try and calm his nerves while Jared wandered around to the front to survey the damage. It was just as bad as he feared. The front two headlights were busted, and steam was leaking from under the hood. There was no way that it was roadworthy.

Jared kicked a tire in frustration as Derrick went to pull out his phone. He checked for a signal, nervous about being able to get one out here in the sticks. He hadn't been using his phone, the reception absent for the past half hour or so. To his disappointment, that was still the case.

“Fuck, no bars. Anyone not with Rodgers?” He asked, prompting Kevin to take out his phone. The music he'd been listening to had been downloaded. He hadn't had any bars for a while, either.

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Kevin sighed loudly at the absent bars at the top of his phone screen. “No signal!” Kevin declared loudly, anger dripping out of his voice. He was shaken up from the whole experience. Before now, the only things on his mind had been music and women. He didn't need this!

Jared didn't even bother checking his device. He knew it was pointless. He kicked his car once more before walking away. He sat down hard by the side of the road, face in his palms. He had no idea what to do.

Derrick spoke up, seeing the distress in his friend's barely visible features. The sun was going down, and although a bright moon sought to light up the fields around them, it was insufficient to properly see.

“Hey, let's go for a walk, ok? Waiting here isn't going to do us any good. We can flag down any cars, or see if there are farms or anything out here with a landline. Kay? Common,” he said as he walked towards his buddy and touched his arm slightly.

Jared rose to his feet somewhat reluctantly. Mopping wouldn't help matters. Derrick was right. Any action was better than none.

The three of them set off, their phones acting as flashlights to illuminate the dips and potholes in the road, lest they stumble and fall. As they shone their phone lights along the barely moonlit

road, Jared came across a worn-out sign obscured by shrubbery. He walked over, hoping it was an ad for a nearby service.

Pulling away the brush, he read the faded words out loud “Duvall family farms. One mile.” He suddenly got excited. “Hey guys, check it out!” He yelled, beckoning his friends over. Assuming the place wasn’t out of business, it was the best shot they had, save for any cars that might pass by.

The trio hiked up the road on the lookout for more signs to them in the right direction. Alas, nothing was present. With no cars to flag down, their only recourse was to keep walking the mile in hopes the farm was indeed still active. All three were tired and hungry and stressed from the ordeal. Still, they trekked on, the only hope of salvation in arms reach.

At last, they came upon a large house with a massive floodlight illuminating the yard. All three of their faces lit up with excitement. There was someone home!

Jared walked up to the door, careful of the creaking steps as he gently knocked. Derrick and Kevin were close behind him.

The sounds of barking could be heard from inside, followed by the clicking of nails. The door opened and a woman appeared at the entrance, flanked by two large, barking dogs. The woman wore a tired expression, her eyes accented by dark circles. She was clad in an old-fashioned flowing nightgown. The dogs seemed more excited at the prospect of new friends than aggressive towards the newcomers, which was a relief.

“Hello? It’s so rare to get visitors at all, especially at this hour. Can I help you, boys?” She asked, seeming more curious about their purpose here rather than concerned about their presence.

“Excuse me, mam,” Jared began, gathering his thoughts. “We were driving through on our way home and a cat, or, something, ran us off the road. My car’s a wreck, and our phones aren’t working. Do you have a landline we could use to call a tow? I’m really sorry to bother you but there doesn’t seem to be anyone else nearby,” Jared finished, as polite as he could. His friends nodded behind him.

“Mam is not necessary, you poor boy. Call me Mrs. Duvall! And I’m so sorry to hear that! You boys must be shaken up something awful! Come in, come in! I’ll get you some tea while we chat!”

Mrs. Duvall moved aside, a smile on her face as they entered the rustic-style farmhouse. The kitchen was old-fashioned, with a massive wooden table in the center surrounded by dated appliances. Mrs. Duvall placed a pot of water on the stove and left it to boil while she took the fourth seat at the table.

“I’m very sorry boys, but we don’t have a landline out here. I haven’t needed one in years. Our children all live in town and come visit us often. My husband can drive you into town tomorrow so you can find a phone there. He’s asleep at the moment, you understand. It’s very late.”

“I can put you three up for the night though. There’s no use being out in the cold after what you’ve been through. I’m sorry that we are all full up here. But our barn is very warm and there is plenty of hay. I’m very sorry but that’s the best I can offer you. I have some spare blankets in here somewhere,” she said as she rose to check on the steaming kettle.

Jared couldn’t believe their good fortune. He finally allowed himself to relax after the incident.

“That would be just fine, I think, Jared said, speaking for the group. Kevin and Derrick nodded in agreement, far too tired to argue the point.

The three boys were all at once relieved. It wasn’t the most ideal situation, but it was better than nothing. Things would be alright, after all!

Mrs. Duvall returned with a tray and three steaming cups. There was an assortment of cookies and other goodies on the tray as well.

Jared looked at the beverage with trepidation. He had never been much of a tea drinker, but the night had been chilly, and he was feeling thirsty as well as famished. He took a sip, surprised by the sweet aftertaste. The heat wasn’t too much, but enough to slow him from downing it in a few gulps. Still, the swelling warmth he felt from his belly did much in the way to calm his nerves.

Jared became entranced by the sweets that had been provided. He was lost in a haze as he downed as many as he could in one go. He hadn’t realized what he’d done before the entire tray was gone. Unable to stop himself, he belched loudly, causing a sudden redness to spread over his face.

Mrs. Duvet simply gave her warm country smile. “That’s fine boys, dig in! It’s so rare we have visitors out our way, so I don’t often have a chance to show my hospitality.” Jared only smiled in response, thankful she’d forgiven his rudeness.

Kevin sipped more slowly as his drink, feeling nervous about the whole situation. Still, the moment the warm beverage hit his stomach he began to relax. He felt it stirring in his stomach a little, like milk that had gone bad. However, he was too relaxed and exhausted to care.

Derrick sipped at the tea, taking in the sights of the room. Everything was clean and spotless, despite being very dated. Some things looked straight out of the 1900s! There were no photos at all, nothing of herself, her husband, or any children. In fact, nothing looked to suggest that the kitchen was ever used at all. Derrick wanted to question it further but the warmth in his stomach made him sleepy and it was hard to focus on what he wanted to say.

“I’m very sorry boys, but I do tire easily, as I’m sure you understand. When you’re finished I’ll show you to our barn,” she said as she collected the empty teacups.

All three stood up, feeling slightly dizzy and off-balance. Jared stifled a burp one more, feeling the heat in his stomach grow more intense. He wanted to take his shirt off but couldn’t do so until they’d reached the barn. And besides, the night air was sure to cool him down.

Kevin felt his stomach churn more and more instantly as he got up. He wondered if he was having a bad reaction to the tea. The sensation moved lower towards his guts, and he was suddenly embarrassed, afraid he might pass gas in front of the woman. But, thankfully, his stomach relaxed long enough for them to make it outside.

Derrick, meanwhile, noticed a particular certain scent enter his nose. It smelled relaxing, of home, and he was entranced by it as they went outside.

The three of them were led outside to a large well kept barn. Mrs. Duvall opened the door, the soft scents of animals and hay wafting out through the soft light of the barn. All three boys backed up a little, unaccustomed to the stench of animals and their waste. However, after a few moments, Jared led them inside, and one by one they followed, holding their noses until the sweet scent of hay drowned out the other unpalatable scents.

“I’ll be back in a few minutes with blankets boys, make yourselves at home!” Mrs. Duvall said as she turned to leave, the door still slightly ajar and leaking soft orange light over her yard.

Mrs. Duvell smiled to herself as she made her way back into the house. With any luck, she’d have a trio of new stallions to work the plows and be milked for their profitable seed. Even if they ended up mating with each other, like the swine she’d changed a few weeks ago, she would still get what she wanted. And if one of them became a mare, then all the better! The lucky boy would likely be pregnant before the night was out!

The trio surveyed the brightly lit barn, the soft sounds of livestock echoing on the wooden walls. There were a few cows in the back, and some chickens softly clucking from somewhere unseen. Snorts and grunts of swine could be heard from outside the walls. Jared was certain he'd noticed the silhouette of a sty as they'd walked inside.

Each was feeling a little warm and sleepy from the effects of the tea. Kevin felt the warmth pool in his stomach, making him a little sick. His insides were squirming as though from food poisoning. He bent over to try and alleviate the discomfort. He hoped he didn't need to use the bathroom soon. He didn't want to embarrass himself by bothering Mrs. Duvall. Despite himself, he passed a silent bout of gas, hoping it didn't smell bad to his friends.

Derrick too felt distracted as the warmth overtook him. The scents in the barn were so strong. He breathed them in deeply. The scent from the house was still here, only amplified somehow, stronger. They overpowered the other scents in the barn, diverting his attention. He looked around as though trying to determine its source. His eyes settled upon Kevin, who was knelt down, holding his stomach.

All of a sudden, Jared felt extremely overheated, as though the temperature had gone up 15 degrees in the past few seconds. He was sweltering in the large room, yet his body produced no sweat. What the fuck was going on?

“Guys I don't...fuck...I need some air...” Jared said as he turned to exit the still open barn door.

Kevin could only moan his discomfort as his belly seemed to descend from the pressure. He wanted to sit down, but the pressure in his guts made the motion impossible. He looked to Derrick for aid, but his friend was staring blankly at the air, as though lost in thought.

Jared walked out into the cool night air by himself. The heat in his stomach had not abated. If anything, it had grown worse. His skin was on fire, yet not a drop of sweat touched his skin. Surely he hadn't lost the ability. He lowered himself onto his knees in agony, the heat in his body becoming unbearable.

Jared found himself eyeing the pigpen attached to the larger structure of the barn. The pigs were all huddled in one corner, sound asleep. He could smell the stench wafting off the pen, but somehow, it didn't bother him as much as he thought it would. He found himself wandering closer, entranced by the sight.

He could clearly see the damp moist mud in the moonlight. The cool puddles in the mud looked so entrancing. He couldn't imagine anything being so welcoming. Yet there was no way he'd ever get into a filthy pigpen. Was there?

"Why am I so \*grunt\* hot," he moaned, feeling a little dizzy. His mind was in a heat-filled haze. Was this what a heat stroke felt like?

He found himself wandering over to the pigpen and past the unlocked gate as his shoes squelched into the mud. The smells were so strong but he didn't mind. He could almost feel the cooling mud through his shoes. He had to touch it, rub his body over it. He needed so desperately to cool down....

Before he realized it, he was on his hands and knees. His fingers played into the mud and spread a blessed coolness throughout his body. He almost sighed with relief. But it was only a temporary reprieve. He needed more. He took his shirt off and raised a mud-soaked hand to his chest, eager to feel the cooling mud against his skin.

The relief was almost instant. He could feel the mud soak into his skin, taking with it the heat. He got down on his belly, soaking up the cooling mud through every pore of his skin. He snorted a few times as some got in his nose. It was strange since his nose shouldn't have been able to touch the muck from the way he was lying.

He could hardly make out his features in the dark. Yet he could swear that his stomach had distended somewhat. He'd always had a bit of a gut from college drinking. But as he rolled around in the mud, it seemed as though there was...more of him.

It was more than that. His fingers felt a little strange as he rolled them through the mud. He couldn't see them, not exactly, but he could feel how two of his fingers seemed thicker than the others. The other fingers weren't moving the way they should have. They seemed a little shorter if that were possible.

His belt was getting a bit tight around his waist, as though he'd eaten a big meal. He'd had all those cookies, sure, but there was no way he could be putting on so much weight so quickly.

Yet none of these changes seemed to bother Jared, not really. He continued rolling around in the mud, trying to get his pants off. They were terribly constrictive, and he wanted more of that cooling mud all over his body. He managed to lower them on his waist but they caught on his somewhat more expansive hips. He could feel the heat centering in his groin, making him tent uncomfortably in the pants.



Lost in the reverie, he was hardly aware of what was happening in the pen. He seemed to have attracted the attention of two of the boars, who had gotten up from their sleep and were sniffing the air. They crawled lazily through the mud, making their way over to Jared.

He finally noticed their approach and was startled by the massive swine that were suddenly surrounding him. He yelled at them, trying to startle them, but they kept getting closer, sniffing at him as if entranced by a scent only they could detect. He tried to push them away but his larger frame went off balance and he fell headfirst into the mud.

The swine took advantage of his prone form. One walked over to his head, licking at his ears. Jared could feel them tingling, as though the boar's thick tongue was doing something to them. He could almost feel them growing from the boar's gentle ministrations. But that wasn't possible, was it?

The other boar seemed more interested in his backside. Its cool wet nose goosed his backside, teasing the exposed flesh. He snorted as the snout poked up around a fleshy protrusion that Jared hadn't realized was there before. But soon the boar found what it had been looking for, and Jared squealed as the moist nostrils teased the edges of his puckered anus.

"No..\*grunt\* stop that pLEEEease!!" Jared squealed as he felt the pig rooting around for his asshole. It was impossible that a pig could be doing this! He was disgusted with the notion. He had a sudden realization that he was in a stinking pig style, being harassed by two male pigs who seemed interested in exploring his body in ways that he was not comfortable with!

Though part of his mind screamed in disgust at the presence of the swine, another was aroused. Their bodies were large and warm, and they felt good against his own. He shook his larger head a few times, trying to remove the intrusive thoughts. He couldn't be like that, could he?

The other boar had finished with his ears, satisfied that they were large and flat and floppy. He moved on to Jared's head, tugging at the hairs as they began to pool around in the muck of the sty. In a few minutes, all he was left with were a few curls of brown hair atop his otherwise bare head.

"GEEEt off \*grunt\* mEEEEEEEE" Jared squealed, but the boar took no notice. It began lipping at his nose and mouth now, as though leaning in for a messy kiss. Jared was disgusted by the notion that he was kissing an animal, a pig! Yet he couldn't back away.

The other boar was firmly entrenched in the mud behind him, working his tongue over Jared's backside, pausing every so often to tease his puckered anus. Jared felt relaxed from the feelings despite his protests. He could feel his massive balls rotating backward, getting thicker in his underwear and ever closer to the boar's exploratory tongue. They were tight in his briefs now. He found himself wishing the boar's wonderful tongue would find them.

Despite himself, he felt relaxed. His cock tip was tenting the too-tight fabric as it began leaking precum. Jared was confused for a moment. How could this situation possibly be arousing? His cock felt much longer in his underwear than he'd ever remembered it being. His mental protests started to abate as the pleasurable sensations continued.

As the other boar kissed him, Jared could feel his already moist nose pushing outwards, the ends flattening and allowing him to better breathe in ripe scents of the sty. In particular, though, the smells of boar musk stuck in his nose. He grunted in contentment as two of his teeth began pressing out of his growing muzzle. They thickened and pushed their way into the night air, curving into tusks, not unlike the ones both of his male suitors sported.

A new scent wafted into his larger nostrils, one that took precedence over the scents of filth and musk that had been clouding his mind. This one elicited a rumbling in his stomach that broke him from the pleasant trance. He was famished.

He grunted as he shoved both boars aside with a swift motion, crawling over to the source of the delectable scents. Both beasts watched him with interest. They had a look of understanding on their faces that did not befit simple farm swine. It was as if they understood the hunger in Jared's belly all too well. They followed close behind, wanting to see every second of his experiences.

Jared crawled forward, entrancing by the intoxicating scents of food nearby. He had never been so monstrously hungry in all his life. The desire to feed was all-consuming. His stomach rumbled with intense hunger. It seemed as though every cell of his body cried out with the need to eat. He was a starving, malnourished man on his way to the most tantalizing buffet he could ever imagine.

Though he found it difficult to see, Jared could tell the scents were wafting up from a trough near the edge of the sty. He was confused. Didn't pigs eat slop from this? Yet there was no denying where the entrancing smells were coming from.

He lowered his head in trepidation at the sight of the meal before him. It was indeed slop, a disgusting mash of various old foods sitting in the trough that looked disgusting. But the scents told him a different story. They smelled amazing. He could scent every truffle, every apple, every

bit of potato and corn in the mess of food. His nose told him that no culinary experience could compare with the buffet before him.

Experimentally, Jared stuck his nose in the trough as he wrapped his lips around a bit of the food. The moment the food touched his lips he was overcome with sensory overload. The food tasted even better than it smelled! He dove in headfirst, unable to resist the savory flavors.

He wanted to shovel it with his hands, but they were covered with mud and pig waste. And besides, they didn't seem to move right anymore. His mouth would have to do. It was all he could do to hold back from choking himself as he ate as quickly as he could. He barely took time to enjoy a mouthful before ingesting the next to satisfy his appetite. All senses were lost in the porcine feeding frenzy that had encompassed Jared's being.

As he ate his fill, something began tugging at the back of his jeans, though he was hardly aware of it. He felt the tugging pull his snout up from his meal on occasion. However, he simply grunted in annoyance as he shoved his snout back in for more delicious food.

The boar that had once been a human male named Gabe was insistent on pulling off the confining garments that kept this new boar's balls and corkscrew cock from being exposed. He was enamored by the scent of a new boar, and he and his friend Nate wanted to welcome their new sty mate properly.

Gabe and Nate had been settling in well to their new lifestyle over the past few weeks. Neither had any interest in mating the few sows in the pen, nor the boar, who had evidently spent many years of his life breeding sows. Neither could tell for sure if the other swine had been humans like they had, but what dwindling intellect they did have was suspect of it. Still, it was their prerogative that any new swine in the pen be welcomed properly, not to compete with the head boar but join their own sub herd in the sty.

Gabe returned to his work of ripping off the soon-to-be boar's unnecessary garments, digging in a tusk, and pulling at the already tight jeans. The hungry man's resistance helped provide the necessary pull as the jeans tore down the middle. Finally, the useless denim tore off, leaving Jared clad only in his undies and shoes.

Jared's face was covered with slop at this point, the grease staining his lips as he snorted in glee. He could feel the cool night air on his nethers as his jeans came off. His feet popped out of his shoes, the new two-toed hooves squelching in the mud. He wriggled his tightening ass, wanting to be free from his remaining undies.

Gabe and Nate were more than happy to comply. Both boars nipped at the elastic band before hooking their tusks under it. With excited grunts, both boars pulled, and with a snap, by the final barricade was removed.

Now naked, Gabe returned to licking their new sty mate's backside with gusto. Nate meanwhile waddled up to Jared's face and licked up at the grease staining their new boar's lips. Nate was pleased to see him eating so much! He needed the nourishment to complete his changes.

Jared meanwhile was largely oblivious to the changes occurring in his body. He was so focused on eating and filling his belly feel that he hardly noticed how his shoulders rotated forward. He barely noticed the crack in his spine as his hunched posture became more comfortable. He could barely tell that his limbs had shortened, or that his spine had lengthened. He chalked up his distended stomach to having eaten so much!

Finally, Jared felt full, having cleared the trough of most of its morsels. He raised his head, belching slightly. He was no longer embarrassed, however, especially in the company of his new friends. One was licking his jaws clean while the other was working on his backside.

Jared felt his arousal return with full force as the scents drawing his attention shifted to the boars around him. He'd have never considered doing anything sexual with another male, let alone an animal. But he had a suspicion that these two were more than just simple farm beasts. Bedside, their wafting musk made him harder than he'd ever thought possible!

Jared felt his body responding to his needs. His contracting hips shoved into the pig's face, pushing his pucker towards the seeking snout. His efforts were rewarded when the moist snout touched his clenching pucker.

"PIEEEEEEEEEEasEEEE!" He squealed with his higher-pitched voice.

Some instinct deep down realized what was happening. Whether it had been his enjoyment of the mud or something else that drew him in, he was turning into a common barnyard swine. Yet that notion did not disturb him. The stink of the mud and filth no longer bothered him. The scents of boars made his balls tingle. And he had never been more powerfully aroused in his life than he was at this moment!

His oinks of insistence drew the male in closer, his tongue slipping into the supple flesh of his pucker. Even Jared's devolving mind was aware of the amazing sensation. His prostate was being teased by the tongue's steady ministrations. He had never been penetrated in such a way before,

but as the boar's saliva lubed up his hole, he found himself wanting more. What would the massive male's cock feel like inside him?

“Don’t \*snort\* stop \*oink!” Jared managed to utter out from his still stretching muzzle. The porcine sounds coming from his mouth served to turn him on even more.

The other male had approached his front, his corkscrew cock dragging in the mud as he positioned himself in front of Jared. The scents leaking from the massive rod served to pique the changing boar’s interest. He snorted as his seeking nose sought to breathe in more of the delectable scent. It was full of exquisite flavors he could only begin to comprehend!

As Jared sniffed the offering before him, he could feel the other boar’s tongue removed from his anus. He shivered at the cold sensation of emptiness. He wanted something inside him so desperately!

His desires were soon to be granted. He could feel the boar rear up and plant his trotters against Jared's widening flanks. He squealed a little as the sensation of something touching his pucker made him shiver. He knew it was the boar’s cock seeking entry. He was immensely excited by the prospect, wondering what it would be like to take something that long deep inside of him.

He pushed against the intrusion with fervor, wanting so desperately for the boar on his back to find his opening. His efforts were rewarded with the moist tip of the boar’s cock touching his anus. He pushed outward, seeking to engulf the pointed tip. He grunted a little as the moist dripping cockhead pressed against his opening and entered his needy hole.

The only thing distracting him from the intrusion was the delectable scent of the cock head before him. Jared took a few cautious sniffs of the mud-stained cock before deciding he wanted a taste.

Nate was more than happy to oblige. He reared up, bringing his filthy cock head as close as he could to Jared’s still growing muzzle. Jared couldn't help but extend his lips towards the offering before him. He grunted as the muddy musky penis was taken inside his seeking muzzle. The combination of flavors was so amazing he could hardly help himself!

Jared did his best to wrap his lips around the offering, running his tongue along the length as he sucked with gusto. He was mesmerized at how far back he was comfortable taking it as the boar began to thrust and his hefty balls slapped against Jared's chin.

The feelings inside his ass were so amazing as the pointed cock tip found its way working deep inside him. Jared pushed his hips back as far as they could go, trying to take every inch of cock. The boar in his back began to thrust insistently as he found his pace. Jared could feel the boar's massive balls jiggling against his own as the speed of the thrusts began steadily increasing. Each thrust sent a shock of pleasure through his prostate and into his own weighty balls. His cock was dripping precum now, getting thicker and thicker as his own pleasure built.

The taste of cock in his mouth, meanwhile, was even better than the meal he'd just consumed. He greedily sucked down as much precum as he could, feeling it thickening in his mouth. The other pig's cock was starting the throb now, and Jared's sex-starved mind craved only the taste of the orgasmic release that would soon fill his snout.

The cock pounding in his bowels was starting to throb and twitch wildly as the boar's thrusts began to come in more uncontrolled. Jared was excited at the prospect. He pushed back as best he could, balancing both mighty rods and eager to take both their loads at either end.

He could feel his orgasm steadily building. He had never done or felt anything so arousing! He was barely aware of his diminishing intellect as the mating act built to its inevitable climax.

With a grunt and a squeal, the boar on his back began pounding wildly. Jared knew what was coming. He could feel the massive cock widening his rectal walls impossibility as gallons of pig cum began filling him up. Jared felt the glorious warmth of cum enter his bowels, the boar's thick cock still rubbing on his prostate.

The other boar's cock was building towards release, and Jared turned his attention back to pleasing the other male. He could feel the fluids thickening in his maw as the boar's thrusts too became frantic. Jared was met with a massive wad of boar cum deep in his gullet. The musky flavor was a little overpowering at first, but the precum leaking into his muzzle had prepared him well. He drank it down with gusto, happy to have received his new mate's gift.

Jared could no longer hold back. He didn't want to. He was so close, the stimulation from both ends too much to bear. It was happening ...

“SQQEEEEEEEEEE \*snort grunt\*!” He cried out as his cock fired several thick blasts of pig cum into the mud below him. In his ecstasy, he let go of the cock in his mouth, snout leaking semen as he squealed in release.

Jared expected his cock to retract soon after he came. But it didn't. He could feel a build-up in his balls once more as his cum continued leaking out. The pleasurable sensations had diminished

somewhat, but they had not abated. He could feel something else leaking out of his shaft, something thicker than his previous seed.

The massive cock inside of him had not yet softened either. That same thick fluid was being injected into his anus, sealing his mate's cum deep inside of him. He got a taste of it too as the other boar's cock spurted its thick cork into his gullet. Jared swallowed it greedily.

Eventually, the orgasmic sensations abated, and the three swine collapsed in a pile of their musk and cum. He enjoyed the sensations of cooling mud to alleviate the heat of their breeding. The chubby bodies of the other two swine felt wonderful against his own as he relaxed from the successful mating.

His last remaining thoughts began to drift as sleep overtook him. He could still remember he was human once, but that was more of a dream. Things like his car, his friends, his life, no longer seemed to matter. The sensations of his porcine body far outweighed the struggles of human life.

Both Gabe and Nate were happy with their newest sty mate. He would make a welcome addition to their little tribe. Though they could smell the scents of other males on him, they knew those males were elsewhere. Destined for a different fate. But it was no matter. They had each other, and they had a new boar to add to their herd.

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Kevin, meanwhile, walked out into the field, the discomfort in his stomach starting to really bother him. He didn't want to throw up, or worse, relieve himself in the barn where they were sleeping. The cool air did little to relieve his discomfort. His stomach felt bloated, expanding against his jeans and making every step uncomfortable.

As he trudged forward his eyes settled on an empty field behind the barn. From the scents in the air, he assumed it was where the cattle were let out to graze in the daytime. He found himself drawn there. It would be the perfect place to throw up or do his business if the need arose.

Grunting, he hoisted himself over the fence, careful of any cow pats as he surveyed the ground. His stomach rumbled a little, though not from his guts as it had been. Rather, he felt a little hungry. The sight of the grassy field actually looked...somewhat appetizing. He shook his head. He chalked it up to not having enough greens in his diet.

The barn door cracked open as Derrick stumbled out into the night air after his buddy. Though the arousing scents were still present in the barn, the most alluring one had been wafting off his buddy. Besides, there was another scent in the barn, something stronger and off-putting that masked the other interesting scents that had caught his attention.

He was confused, as the most powerful offenders were the three cows and bull that was asleep in the barn. But surely the tantalizing aroma couldn't be coming off them. Could it? Besides, he was fairly sure that whatever scent was attracting his attention was also wafting off his buddy.

Derrick followed the scent outside, staring into the cool night air once more. But despite the cold, he felt the warmth of the tea settling in his belly. It was centered lower in his groin now. He was hardly aware of it, but his cock was powerfully erect. It was poking out beyond the confines of his underwear now, reaching towards his jeans and leaving an expanding wet spot. He shivered, feeling its length increasing steadily.

He spied Kevin in the field, holding his stomach and passing gas every so often. He was downwind of the scent, yet was not bothered by the frequent flatulence. Rather, the scent he had been seeking registered more firmly in his flared nostrils as he climbed the wooden fence to get closer to the source of the aroma.

Kevin sank to his knees and moaned as the pressure under his stomach grew worse. It was more than just stomach cramps. He could feel something pressing tightly in his pants, straining the belt and making it hard to breathe. It was a fleshy protrusion, one that carried with it an odd sensation as he felt it under the skin. It seemed to be filled with thick fluid. The more it grew, the greater the fluid sensation within increased.

Kevin reached down to try to tug off his pants, shocked at how stiff and restricted his fingers felt. Two of his fingers on each hand seemed to be larger somehow, while the others, along with his thumbs, had shrunk a little and moved up his wrist. Still, he was able to hook a finger in to pull at the tight straps. With a tug, his pants pulled away, an audible tearing signaling his struggle.

Kevin stood clad only in underwear to meet the cool evening, unashamed of the state he was in. He was aware that Derrick was watching him but he didn't care. All that mattered was the relief he felt. Yet the irritation was higher than that, just below his protruding gut.

He reached down to touch it, feeling the baggy warm flesh. A cold flash ran through his body. What the hell was happening? He had to see it.



He tugged off his shirt, the motion uncomfortable with the mass he'd out on. And his arms felt restricted. His shoulders seemed hunched and he could hardly reach around them. Yet they possessed a strength they hadn't before. With a loud tear the shirt came off, and his new fleshy sack bounced into the night air.

He blinked a few times, stunned by the sight of the new skin adorned with four sensitive spots at the ends. He rubbed them with his hand, the sensitivity in his fingers not as great as he might have liked. But still, his touch sent shivers through his body.

The realization of what was happening to him hit him like a ton of bricks. He had what could only be a cow's udder sticking out of his stomach!

"What's happening to mmmooooo!" He yelled in a baritone that was hardly recognizable as his own voice.

Derrick meanwhile stared transfixed at the nearly naked form of his friend. His cock was rock hard now. He'd never been gay before or had any inkling towards his friend that way. Yet his nostrils were transfixed on the scents wafting off his friend's crotch. He could practically see how stained the underwear was!

He could feel his own cock tent in his pants from the arousing scents. It was painfully stiff in his pants, and he had to undo the zipper to make room. As he did so, he noticed how restricted his digits were. It was as though his nail was harder and encompassed more than just a tiny part of his finger. He heard an audible clack as the nail hit his zipper. Yet he managed to get it down, relieving the pressure just enough.

He could see the imprint of his member through his stained underwear. It was far longer than he remembered. The tip seemed pointed somewhat, different than the cockhead he'd sported not minutes ago. His phallus threatened to rip out of his underwear if he breathed in more of that scent.

Something was poking out the back of his pants, tugging on his undies. His nose was flaring, trying to breathe in the perfume that had entered his senses. If he crossed his eyes, he could see the massive thing where his nostrils should be! His entire body felt as though it was expanding, the muscles writhing under the skin. And something above his forehead ached fiercely.

Yet he wasn't concerned about this development. His only interest was his buddies' oozing crotch. There was some internal conflict, of course. He couldn't just go over and see his buddy like that, could he? Yet he found himself getting closer and closer despite himself.

Kevin meanwhile was playing his fingers over the expanding fleshy bag that looked more and more like an udder. Taking the nipple-like structures in his stiff hands, he gave them an experimental squeeze. He moaned as a white fluid oozed out of the nipple and all over his thickly nailed hands. He chuckled a little with his heavy voice, realizing what it was. He was milking himself like a damn cow!

The fear of his changes began to wash away from the ecstasy of relieving himself in the most unexpected of ways. He hadn't realized how uncomfortable it was to have an udder full of milk! He set to work teasing his nipples in turn, trying to empty them even though the fleshy sacks were still growing. It was getting more difficult with only two fingers on each hand, and even those were steadily becoming thicker with hard keratin nails.

He suddenly felt the gurgling sensation return, now even lower in his stomach. He blushed with embarrassment that he was in dire need of relieving himself. Judging from the insistence in his stomach, he no longer had time to wait. He was immensely embarrassed about doing such a thing in front of his buddy, but his body had already taken the choice out of his hooves.

He had just enough time to pull down his undies before a torrent of cow manure exploded from his ass. He could hear it plopping to the ground in a steadily growing pile near his shoes. The smell hit his nose and would have made him wretch had the stretch not been coming out of him.

He finished his business, looking down to see a pile that was not unlike the ones he'd so carefully avoided stepping in when he'd entered the field. He couldn't believe such a pile had come from him! He blushed in embarrassment, hoping that Derrick wouldn't be sickened by the sight.

He looked over at his buddy, seeing Derrick's massive male form had drawn closer despite the heavy stench of cow in the area. Derrick's bulbous nose and protruding muzzle were sniffing the air, taking in a scent that was still stronger than even the pile of manure. Kevin blushed, his own protruding nose drinking in a strong scent. He could tell Derrick's cock was rock hard in his underwear, and the sight was making him drool a little.

The smell of cock triggered wetness below his anus he hadn't ever felt before. He wanted to reach down there but his arms were still restricted. He could only moan as the sensation grew worse. It felt like the area behind him was growing larger and leaking more and more fluids onto the ground. Had he still had the facilities, he might have realized a cow's udder might also come with drastic changes to his sex!

Derrick only stared at the sight as he pulled his own pants off, his massive balls jiggling in the open air. All thoughts of human modesty or morality were gone as he moved his way behind Kevin's growing frame. He could clearly see, below his stained asshole, that Kevin sported a rather cavernous-looking cow's vagina. He stared at the sight hungrily, his long pointed red cock drooling ropes of pre onto the grass.

“Yooooou looooooook soooooo goooooood!” Derrick bellowed, the depth of his voice shocking him for a moment. Yet he was overcome with the rich scents of a cow in heat, and that overrode all fear or confusion about the changes occurring in his body.

Derrick moaned as his body began to bulk up with changes. His tailbone swelled out further as it began moving on its own. He could feel an itching all over his skin, as though ants were crawling all over him. He was barely able to notice the forest of brown hair that was poking out all over his skin. His stomach distended with fat and muscle as his internal organs began sloshing around, reshaping themselves for a different diet and body.

His clothes could no longer contain the beast he was becoming. Derrick moaned as his shoulders rotated forward, tearing off the shirt and exposing his brown-furred flanks. His pants were already pooled around his legs, but his swelling hips would have soon taken care of them. He could feel his feet ripping out of the weak fabric of his cheap shoes. They felt numb on the cool ground, their sense of feeling lost.

His back stretched and cracked as his widening hips sank into the muscled flanks of his stomach. His chest started barreling out as his shoulders rotated forward and merged with the growing flesh. He wobbled unsteadily as his legs started shifting, his entire body top-heavy.

Kevin felt his sex moisten at the sight of the changing bull-man before him. Derrick was so muscular and massive! And his cock...Kevin stared at the still-growing red shaft intently. He wanted to taste it. He wanted it inside him.

He lowered himself down onto all fours, sniffing the leaking rod with his flaring nostrils. He lowered his head, extending his tongue and teasing the tip. The flavor was far better than he could have imagined. He extended his tongue, lapping with gusto at the savory leaking rod.

His own changes starting speeding up, as though spurred on by the sexual acts. He could feel his hips snapping as they melding into his flanks. His stomach bulged outwards with fat as his ribcage pressed almost painfully against his skin. He could feel his insides rearranging, something swelling and shifting. He had a passing recollection of bovine physiology, how they

had multiple chambered stomachs to digest plant matter. But under the onslaught of pleasure he felt, he cared very little.

He was very aware he was now a she. Yet the gender change caused her little concern in her present mental state. Her cunt was leaking copious fluids now, signaling her arousal. She could feel her spine extending out into a tufted cow's tail, moving back and forth and swatting at the flies that had started gathering around her stained asshole.

She could feel her horns burst forth from her forehead as pinpricks of hairs sprouted all over. She could feel the thickening hide itching from the beginnings of white and spotted fur. She had been sprouting patches of fur here and there but now the transformation sent waves of it all over her skin. Her stiffening fingers had covered over with thick keratin nails as two of her fingers shrank into her wrists as dew hooves. Her thumbs were gone entirely at this point.

The only human things that remained on her body were the shoes that adorned her growing feet. She kicked and struggled as her toes covered with those same nails and burst out of her weakened shoes. Her heels stretched backward as her legs thinned. Yet they were stronger, enough so to hold her ever-increasing bulk.

Derrick meanwhile fell forward onto all fours, his top-heavy body finally leaving him unbalanced. He bellowed from the feelings of his cock being sucked, its length increasing as more and more fluid leaked from the tip.

The changes finally overtook his head as his massive horns burst forth. His forehead sloped forward as the brown fur encroached over his head. He could see his massive brown nostrils bulging in front of his face to drink in more of the heady female perfume leaking from Kevin's cow cunt. His eyes rotated around on his growing head, able to see the entire field now. His muzzle pushed forward, his teeth thickening into massive slaps for a herbivorous diet.

"Fuuucckkk meeeoooooo" Kevin bellowed as her face stretched out into a bovine muzzle. Her nose widened further and began to ooze snot that she lapped up with her thickening tongue. Her eyes grew large and bulbous, the iris' growing into dark brown orbs. They stretched out to either side of her head as her ears curled into long points at the top.

Her cunt leaked and without realizing it she shot a stream of piss. Derrick only stamped and snorted from the scent. It was laced with hormones that made his cock even harder.

Derrick wasted no time rearing up and spearing at the massive moist offering that sat before him. He humped a few times, unfamiliar with his new body, and his cock craned off Kevin's hips a

few times. Yet he was determined to hit his mark. With a loud bellow, he struck home and his thin bovine cock slid into the massive needy cunt.

The feelings of being filled were unlike anything the human Kevin had ever experienced. She felt full and satisfied in a way she never knew she had been missing. Her vaginal walls clamped around Derrick's cock like a glove, milking it for all it was worth. She wanted it as deep inside her as it could go! Every thrust, every inch brought her closer and closer to that release she so desperately craved.

"MOOOOOOOOOOO!" Kevin yelled as the first orgasm hit her. The waves of female ecstasy flowed over her like a tidal wave. Her vaginal walls clamped tight around the cock inside of her as she rode the waves of release. Every vein and ridge of the cock inside her only served to extend her pleasure.

The feelings of Kevin's massive cunt pressing on his cock were more than Derrick could take. His thrusts sped up as his heavy balls slapped wetly against her vaginal opening. He needed to cum, to breed and fill his mate with seed. He was so close, he couldn't hold back even if he wanted to.

"MMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Derrick bellowed as his cock shot load after load of thick bull spunk deep in his cow's insides. More seed than he thought he could possibly produce shot from his hefty balls. His vision whited out as the waves of release washed over his massive frame.

Derrick dismounted the cow, his heavy hooves hitting the earth. His stained cock was slowly retreating into its sheath. He raised his head and snorted in triumph. He had mated, after all. What more was there to concern himself with?

He shook his massive bull's head, loving the power his body possessed. The weighty horns atop his head were a sure sign of his virile masculinity. His male stink in the air kept him slightly aroused. He could feel his hefty balls swaying under him. He loved his body!

Kevin was still stunned from the bliss of dual orgasms in her feminine sex. She loved the feeling of thick bull sperm leaking out from her opening, wrapped up in the orgasmic pleasure from her female body. She shuddered as Derrick's thick bull tongue teased her opening, lapping up some of the cum to clean off her rump.

Both cattle began to graze on the luscious grass before them. Though it was late, and they were tired, their bellies were empty and their fuel reserves were low from the changes and the fuck.

The grass was a little bland, but it was filling, and there was an ample supply of it. They now had four stomachs to fill!

Derrick still had some recollection of who he had been, but the scent of the cow in heat was more powerful than any human memories. He could scent the other cows too but had little interest in them. This was his cow, and he would protect her and mount her whenever she was needy.

Kevin too felt no remorse at the loss of her human life. Sex as a female had been amazing. She loved the feeling of her udder. She relished the feelings of seed leaking out of her used cow cunt. And she loved the scent of the musky male mate to protect and breed her whenever she was horny.

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Mrs. Duvall smiled as her familiar returned, shrinking back into her normal-sized feline form. She patted the cat's head lovingly before fetching her a treat. It had been far too simple, causing an accident to lure the three young men to her farm. Everything had played out as she had orchestrated.

She stepped out into the cool night air, the sound of squeals and bellows a little alarming. She cursed her luck at once. None of the sounds she heard were equine, as far as she could tell. How had she ended up with such imprudent men again?!

She made her way towards the field behind the barn, following the bovine bellows. At least they hadn't ended up as gay swine. She braced herself, hoping for the best as she gazed upon the fate of her latest acquisitions.

The woman smiled as her new bull dismounted from a fully formed cow, semen leaking from her cunt. It was rare that she got to see a gender change, but the young man must have been a cow at heart. That, or perhaps the two young men were so horny they simply sought solace in each other. Still, she was happy to receive a female instead of two gay bulls. She needed calves for sale, and milk for production as well!

She turned to see what had become of the third young man, hoping that he had found his way to the stables, or perhaps even the sty as a new sow. She should have known better. Passed out between her previous two victims was another boar, his anus and mouth leaking ruined seed. Those two faggot boars had done it again!

She sighed. She could get a breeding mount for them, at least. But she did not need four boars! And bacon made from transformed flesh was far too poor quality to make it worth ending their lives.

She found herself wondering if she could transform them once more. Perhaps encourage them towards equine life, to mate and produce seed, even if it did mostly end up dripping out of their equine puckers. She moved back inside, determined to redouble her efforts to study her family's spellbooks. She would have to try again!