

The Witch's Brew appeared every October.

The location was different, and kept secret.

Those who found the bar was greeted by a woman known as The Witch.

Strangeness always surrounded the Witches Brew.

For those were wronged The Witch or her bar, were treated with a proper response.

Extra Muddy Mudslide

“Chug Chug Chug Chug,” the group of frat boys chanted as their friend in the middle chugged shot after shot of alcohol. The group of men had been causing a scene in the Witch's Brew since they arrived right before midnight. When they first arrived, The Witch had happily served the group of friends shots of the best alcohol she had on hand, but had come to learn that they were exactly the type of people who she enjoyed teaching a lesson too.



She watched the group from behind the bar unsure of what exactly they deserved. She watched how they interacted with her other patrons. They were giant nuisances, each of them disrupting other peoples fun. Each of them actually appeared to be going out of their way to be bigger pains than any of the other people she had seen this evening. The one in the center seemed to be the ring leader of the group and the perfect person for her to focus on.

“Such fucking pigs,” she whispered as she watched the guys disrupt her other patrons. All three of the guys were dressed in blue jean overalls. Each of the guys were decently in shape and muscled. Usually she didn’t jump right into “fixing” people, but these guys had it coming. The most muscular of the group specifically rubbed her the wrong way. She looked at the group of friends grouping around the him, the ring leader she assumed, and watched how they howled and cheered at his every moronic action. The Witch drummed her fingers along the bar top watching as the “farmers” chug their alcohol and ate their food. She considered what she had in stock; mentally running through her list of ingredients and drinks.

“Fruity Tooty Tonic?” She asked herself considering the idea of turning all the boys into flaming gays. “Nah,” she told herself as she bent down and began to look through the bottom shelf. She pulled large bottles off the shelf beneath the bar top, perusing the different drinks that had been untouched for years. She reached into the far back of the shelf, her arm reaching further than possible for such a small space, and pulled out a large brown bottle. She twisted the bottle around finding a note pasted to the front.

For those men who are just pigs!

Love,

Cousin Cici

“Oh perfect. Cousin Cici always sent the best stuff from overseas,” she whispered as she placed the bottle on the top of the bar and popped the cork on top. It smelled of chocolate, wet mud, and freshly cut grass. She knew exactly what she would make for that troublesome boy, and which drink to brew for the rest of his friends. The Witch pulled out a large blender as well as an extra large martini mixer. With the grace of a dancer she moved from side to side of the bar dumping liquids into their respective containers, crushing herbs in a mortar, and placing different powders around the rims of glasses. She was very skilled mixer, and knew what each drink needed without reading a recipe. She covered the blender and martini mixer, and with a flick of her fingers, both whirled into action. The loud crushing sound of ice in the blender was dwarfed by the noise of the crowd of partygoers and the music playing in her bar. With another subtle flick of her wrist the blender turned off and the martini mixer stopped swirling. She opened the top of the blender as the smell of wild life assaulted her senses.

“Perfect!” She mumbled as she checked the other drink as well. Both were mixed to perfection. She poured the blended drink into an extra large glass, while the mixed drink went into martini glasses. Each glass was rimmed with a mixture brown and white sugar. She placed each glass on a serving tray

and walked over to the group of wild frat boys. "Hey guys! Drinks on the house!" She shouted to the guys, attempting to turn on the charm and turn off her utter disgust for these men.

"YEA!" The leader shouted as he reached for one of the small martini glasses.

"Oh no this one's for you honey," she smiled as she motioned to the extra large glass.

"Hell yea! Thanks ma'am," he said. His words beginning to slur together from the over abundance of alcohol already flowing through his system. The Witch's eye slightly twitching at the name ma'am.

"No problem hon," she said, attempting to keep her composure as his three friends each pulled a small glass off her serving tray. "Drink up everyone," she announced to the group. She watched as each of the guys chugged down their drink quickly, while their leader chugged his glass. Taking a lot longer to finish his large drink than the rest of his friends.

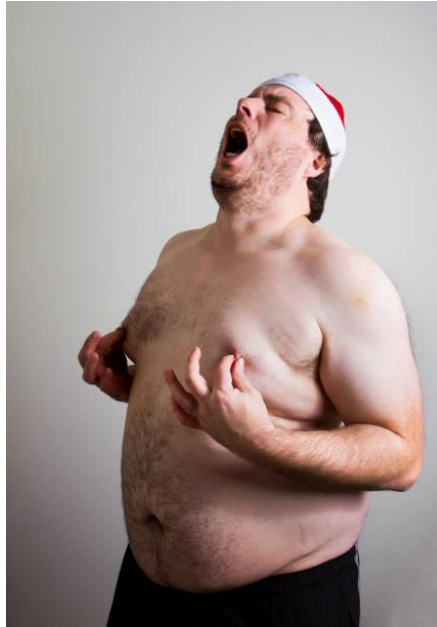
"Damn that was good," one of the farm boys gasped as he placed the drink down on the empty serving tray. The other three following suit. "Come on Mr. Prez! You gotta chug!" He shouted as the president of their frat tilted the drink slightly backward at the urging of his friends. She watched as the drinks were already beginning to take effect. The three guys began readjusting their crotches in their farmer costumes. The front seemed to be growing larger and more plump, their bodies grew more muscular, as well as become covered in thick dark body hair. The Witch backed away from the group of friends, went back to her bar, and watched from afar as the magic took hold of each of the guys.

"Yea Mr. Prez keep drinking!" One of his friend urged. The leader continued to drink down the mixture, but the amount never seemed to dissipate. He attempted to place the large glass down, but was stopped by the same friend. "No, no, no, gotta finish every drop," he said as he turned the glass upward allowing more of the mixture to go down his throat.

"Jay, look at that belly of his. Looks like he's growing a nice pot belly," one of the farmers pointed out. Jay looked down and saw the overalls were growing tightly around his belly. Their president's once flat stomach was beginning to grow and pool onto his lap as Jay continued to dump the drink into his mouth. Their president groaned in discomfort as his body expanded and fattened up from the drink. "Yea Tom, Billy here is really porking up," Jay laughed. "Patrick, Tom, he's turning into a real pig!" He shouted as he watched Billy fatten up. Never letting the drink fall from Billy's lips.

"Look at these tits too guys," Patrick said as he walked over to Billy's fattening form. You could see his enlarged package swinging back and forth in his baggy overalls. Billy moaned around the glass as Patrick grabbed onto his inflated tits. "Damn these are just like a girls," Patrick groaned as he massaged

his hard cock through his overalls. “You like that piggy? You like having Farmer Pat playing with your huge tits?” Patrick asked as he pinched Billy’s stretched out nipples.



Billy’s eyes were full of fear and of pleasure. He did not know what was happening to his body, and he did not know why he wasn’t able to overpower Jay. All he could do was continue to drink the extra thick mixture that was given to him.

“Hey Tom, you gotta come get a feel. God I am getting so turned on by these piggy tits,” moaned Patrick as he unbuttoned one of his overalls and jerked himself underneath his clothing. “Come on piggy finish up your slop,” Patrick ordered. Tom walked over to his three friends and joined in on the fun. He played with the soft mound of the flesh that was continuing to be filled by his drink. His belly felt like a water balloon, continuously filling with fat. Tom felt Billy’s newly obese form, and began to grind his hard cock against his softened form.

“God I have been missing out on chubby chicks dude,” Tom groaned as his hard package repeatedly sank his Billy’s form. The three friends looked at Billy’s rounded face. His once chiseled jawline now covered in fat. They could barely make out the differences with the large amount of brown liquid covering his face.

“Okay Billy, that’s enough. Farmer Jay’s gonna clean up that chubby face of yours,” Jay said as he pulled the drink away from his face. A gasp of air came from Billy’s lips as he was finally able to breath through his mouth once again.

“Guys! What are you doing! I need help! I need. . .,” Billy cried as he placed his hands on his humongous form. Almost to the point of tears from the changes effecting his body.

“Shhhhh, enough words from you piggy. Now let Farmer Jay clean your face,” Jay said as he grabbed a red bandana from his back pocket. He wiped off the brown muck on Billy’s face revealing even more changes than they had assumed. His small narrow nose had flattened out and turned upward, and resembling more of a pigs noise than a humans. His thin mouth were replaced by two obscenely large lips with an extremely long tongue sticking out.

“What *snort* are you *snort* doing to me?” He groaned, attempting to get off the couch he was sitting on but his body was not use to carrying so much weight. Both Patrick and Tom let go of his fattening form and held onto Billy’s chubby arms. His wide body struggled to get free, but now in his fattened form he was much too weak to fight his muscular friends.

“Mmmmm fucking piggy snorts are really turning me on,” Jay said as he pulled undid the overalls and let the top half fall; revealing a much hairier, much more muscular body than he had before. Jay rubbed his hands through his bushy chest, and leading down towards his dick. Jay undid Billy’s overalls, letting the front flap fall down onto his thick thighs, revealing Billy’s large pinkish gut. “Mmmm, fuck piggy. You are so big! I just love his fucking huge you have grown,” Jay moaned. “I love that all those nasty muscles are now hidden away under all this gorgeous fat,” Jay teased as his hands rubbed Billy’s expanded form.

“*snort* please *snort* stop. That feels *snort snort* good. Everyone smells *snort* so good,” Billy moaned as he began to jiggle his fat belly over his lap. Unintentionally massaging his shrunken cock, which was now buried under pounds and pounds of fat.



“Oh you like the smell of Farmer Jay don’t you? You like the smell real men. Not other pigs like you. Farmer Tom give his a taste of your stench” Jay said as his hands lifted up Billy’s huge gut and let it fall onto his lap. Tom lifted up his muscular arm revealing a thick bush of wet underarm hair covered in sweat. Billy shoved his face into his friends armpit and began snorting and grunting like a real animal. Farmer Pat did the same and placed his sweaty armpit against his friends piggy face. Jay saw the way Billy’s beady little eyes lit up at the smell of Patrick’s sweat. Billy oinked enthusiastically and pushed his face into Farmer Pats smelly pit

Farmer Jay wiggled his huge cock from his clothes, leaned over Billy’s large belly, and began to thrust his dick along his smooth fat. While both Farmer Jay and Farmer Pat both pulled out their repetitive dicks and began to pump them while Billy the Pig worshiped their smelly pits. Each of the boys groaned and moaned in pleasure as they got closer and closer to orgasming. Billy continued to thrust his belly in all directions attempting to bring himself to orgasm from the continued friction of his belly against his tiny piggy dick.

“Ugh piggy you’re so fucking fat,” Farmer Jay moaned as his dick covered Billy the Pig in precum. Farmer Jay grasped onto Billy’s fat tits and squeezed them tightly issuing loud oinks of pleasure from Billys face.

“Ugh, I’m so *snort* fat. I’m a *snort* fucking fat piggy,” Billy moaned in ecstasy as he came closer to climax. His whole body jiggling like a bowl of jelly.

“I’m gonna cum piggy, open up that piggy mouth,” Farmer Jay ordered. Farmer Jay climbed onto Billy’s immense body and pushed his dick deep into Billy’s mouth. “Oh god, suckle it down piggy,” Farmer Jay ordered as he shot his load into Billy’s mouth. Billy issued loud sequels of enjoyment as he sucked down Farmer Jay’s cum. Billy wrapped his long animalistic tongue around Farmer Jay’s dick and squeezed out every drop of cum into his mouth.

“Shit I’m about to cum,” Farmer Tom groaned. Farmer Jay pulled his own dick out of Billy’s mouth and was replaced with Farmer Tom’s much thicker cock.

“Me too bro!” Farmer Pat shouted as he forcibly pushed his dick into Billy’s mouth. The three friends watched as Billy’s mouth widened and took both dicks with ease. Farmer Jay continued to massage and rub Billys fattened form as he guzzled down his friends cum. Farmer Jay watched as Billy’s belly expanded with every ounce of cum that he ate.

The Witch watched the whole scene unfold with enjoyment. She watched as the once rowdy frat boy turned into an obese pig boy. She watched as the pig licked and slurped up any excess cum from

his friends cocks as they began to redress themselves. She enjoyed seeing the three friends lift the obese pig off the couch with difficulty and walk towards the bar.

“Excuse me miss, do you have any food back there? Our piggy is mighty hungry, and he has a huge tank to fill up,” Farmer Pat said as he pushed Billy the Pig to the front.

“*snort I’m so hungry *snort*, I need food,” Billy the Pig groaned.

“I think I can rustle up something for you boys,” The Witch said as she turned around and grabbed the blender; still half full of the mixture she fed to him earlier. “Here, its on the house,” The Witch said as she handed the blender to the boys. “Enjoy.” Farmer Pat took the blender with a thank you and ushered their pig back to the couch he was sitting on before. The Witch watched as the piggies fat ass swayed back and forth. “I wonder if that stuff is gonna be enough to give him a tail too?” She wondered allowed as she wiped down the bar top.

