

“Um... dude. I think we’re in trouble here...”

Nate swore softly as he felt the engine of his old clunker lurch ominously. The last town was at least 20 miles back, and the smoke starting to billow out from the hood could not be ignored.

“Oh, man... I knew you should have gotten this thing replaced,” his friend Gabe scolded, trying to keep the condescending tone from his voice.

“Yeah, well... hindsight is twenty-twenty and all that shi-”

Nate was cut off by a loud grinding thump as the transmission fell out of the bottom. He barely managed not to go into a full spin as the car screeched to a halt on the wide shoulder of the old two-lane highway.

“Holy fuck!” Gabe yelled, gripping onto the dash for dear life, his body shaking uncontrollably from the shock. A few deep breaths allowed him enough calm to speak. “Ok. We’re ok. Your car is a write-off, but we’re both OK. That’s all that matters. What are the odds we can get a tow out here this late at night?” he asked, trying to keep his friend calm as well as his own mental state.

Nate struggled to get his fingers to loosen off the wheel for a moment, then reached shakily for his cell. “Fuck me... I’ve got like negative bars here, man,” He moaned, leaning back in his seat and took some deep breaths.

“Are you hurt at all, Gabe? Jesus, I’m so sorry...”

“Here, man, let me check,” Gabe replied as calmly as he could, unable to completely rid the tension from his voice. It only took a quick rub down of his body to confirm he’d suffered no physical injury. “No, I’m OK, just shocked. You doing alright?” he asked, though knowing how pissed and scared Nate was with the state of his car.

Nate nodded slowly and fumbled with his seatbelt for a few seconds. “I’m doing OK, I think. Just a little shaken. I almost got us killed with this hunk of junk...” He finally managed to free himself and tumble out of his door.

Lifting his own phone from his pocket, Gabe waved it around, desperate for a signal. “Let’s get out and walk around a bit. See if we can get any bars. Or at least see if there’s a house nearby. I think I saw some lights coming from the fields a way back.”

Nate ran over to the passenger side, brushing dust off his pants. He caught up to Gabe and pulled him into a quick hug. “Yeah... I’m glad you’re OK, man.”

Gabe wrapped his arm around his friend, patting his shoulder reassuringly. “It’s OK, bud, these things happen. You’re not a bad person, and we’re both alright. Let’s go.” He pulled back, leading Nate out along the road.

They walked towards what they perceived to be a wooden sign, Gabe using his cellphone light to illuminate the path as Nate moved in for a closer look. “What is it?” Gabe asked, hopeful for something local, not just an ad for some service miles away.

Nate scraped the growth back and read the faded type. “Duvall Family Farms. 1 mile.” He looked over to see a well-worn dirt path leading from the road across an overgrown field.

“Well... apparently there’s a farm back here if it’s still up and running.”

“Let’s go for a walk then, there’s just as much chance of it being up and running as us coming across a passing car on the walk there,” Gabe replied, using his phone flashlight to light up the dirt road. The nearly full moon provided some illumination, though not enough to adequately spot any dips and potholes that might trip them and cause injury.

After about 10 minutes, he saw light coming from the end of a field. “Hey, even if it’s not the place on the sign, at least that place has a light on!” Gabe said excitedly, picking up his pace.

Nate smiled as his spirits lifted. “Thank god! They’ve got to have a landline out here!” He started jogging, winded from being slightly out of shape but determined to fix their predicament the best he could.

The two approached what appeared to be a simple two-story traditional farm manor. A single light cast out from the main floor made it apparent that at least someone was awake. Gabe walked up the meticulously maintained walkway, pausing carefully on the wooden stairs, not wanting to trip. He approached the thick wooden door, knocking loudly, a chorus of barking responding to his noise. After a few moments, the door opened, and an elderly lady

stepped out, a puzzled expression on her face. “Yes?” she asked, blinking as she tried to adjust her eyes to the darkness and the two men standing at her doorstep.

Nate wiped the sweat from his brow and put on his best smile. “Sorry to bother you this late, ma’am. We were driving down the highway when we had some car trouble. Neither of our phones seem to be working, and we were hoping we could use yours to call for help?” He pulled out his cell to demonstrate the lack of service bars in this remote stretch of land.

“I’m so sorry, dears, come in come in,” she said warmly, undeterred by the prospect of welcoming strangers into her home. Gabe walked in slowly, taking his boots off and observing the rustic styled kitchen that led into a larger living area. She motioned them over to the table, offering to make them some tea as she hurried away. A pair of friendly herding dogs rushed out, tails wagging at the prospect of new friends. Gabe patted their heads in turn, comforted by their eager curiosity.

After a few moments, the woman returned, carrying a tray and two steaming cups. Gabe took the handle slowly, savoring the warm beverage. “I’m so sorry to tell you boys, but we don’t have a landline here. I’d be more than happy to have my husband drive you into town in the morning, but until then, you can rest here tonight. Our home is filled up, so would you mind sleeping out in our barn? It’s well heated. Provided you don’t mind the snores of our livestock, you’ll be quite comfortable.”

Nate took a few moments to enjoy the warmth in his stomach. He hadn’t realized how much tension he was still carrying from the crash. His attention turned to the eager dogs, rubbing his hand in search of pats. He’d always had a soft spot for dogs and these seemed very sweet and well-trained. “We really appreciate your hospitality, ma’am. I’m Nate, and this is my friend Gabe. Despite the circumstances, it really is a pleasure to meet you.”

“Of course, I’m so sorry for your trouble, Please take your time and finish your drinks and I’ll take you out and show you the loft. I do plan to retire soon myself, as I’m sure you understand. I’m sure you’ll enjoy a well-deserved rest in the country air.”

Gabe finished his drink in a few quick gulps, surprised at how sleepy he felt from the tea. “Yes, that would be great ma’am,” he replied, getting up from the chair, a little woozy. “I think I’m ready for bed myself.”

“Sounds good to me! I think a night in the fresh air wouldn’t be the worst way to end this day,” Nate added, setting down his empty cup. He, too felt, a little drowsy enjoying the

heat in his belly. Standing proved a little difficult, and he nearly stumbled as he headed to the door. “I think we will do just fine in your barn, ma’am!”

They followed the old woman outside, coming to a sturdy looking structure. They’d been blessed in a time of need, it seemed. The lady carefully opened the barn door, the heat and scents of animals wafting gently from within. Gabe too stumbled forward, surprised at his imbalance, likely the shock from the accident coupled from the long walk in the country air.

“You’ll find plenty of hay here to rest on. I’ll head inside to fetch some blankets. Do feel free to step outside for fresh air, it can get rather warm here,” she added before turning away.

“T-thank you, ma’am!” Nate stuttered and leaned on his friend as they watched the women retreat into the house. “Honestly, I’m feeling a little warm now... the breeze out here feels really nice...”

He looked up at Gabe with a goofy smile. “Thanks for being so calm through this, Gabe... you’ve been so cool. I really owe you big...”

“Hey man, these things happen. I’m gonna need a drink or five when we get back home though,” Gabe started as he flicked his shirt a few times, trying to alleviate the warmth that had not abated.

“Geeze, that tea really warmed me up,” Gabe whined, the cool breeze doing little to relieve the heat. His body was like a furnace, his pores seemingly clogged. Shouldn’t he be sweaty? He wandered around, looking for something else to cool him down.

Nate followed his friend around the barn, pulling off his shirt and jacket. He grunted in relief as the air hit his bare chest and back. “You OK, Gabe? You seem distracted or something...”

“It’s just... it’s really hot, man,” Gabe replied, his voice distant. He was looking for something to cool down, maybe water or...

Just then, a potent aroma entered his nostrils. It was repugnant at first, but he couldn’t quite get the scent out of his mind. Gabe wandered around, following the tantalizing aroma until his eyes settled on a pigpen attached to a small enclosure off the main structure. There was no way the smell could be coming from there. And yet...

The pigs were sleeping, scattered around the entrance to the enclosure. Thick patches of earth signaled areas where swine had dug their bodies under the cooling muck. Small puddles of water from their indents glistened in the moonlight. Gabe could not recall a sight so beautiful. He wandered over to the pen, opening the latch and stepping inside, shivering with the anticipation of feeling cooling mud on his body.

Nate's nostrils flared; he could swear he smelled excitement coming off Gabe. He walked over to stand by his friend and almost said something when a shiver caused the hair to stand up on his arms and neck. There was a pleasant breeze wafting off the muddy pen in front of them. He closed his eyes and enjoyed it for a moment as he felt his knees hit the dirty ground.

Opening his eyes, Nate looked up shyly at Gabe before reaching out and scooping up a handful of the muck. He wasn't sure what was driving him to dirty himself but didn't regret it as the cool mud touched his skin and provided a modicum of relief.

“Oh, man...”

Hearing the sigh of relief as Nate rubbed muck on his body was too much for Gabe to resist. He, too, stepped into the pen, falling on his knees in the cool refreshing ground. Gabe felt mud soak through his jeans, providing some relief though not nearly enough. He needed more. Taking off his shirt, he took a patch of muck in his hand and rubbed it on his chest, the relief from the heat almost instant. Gabe gasped at the sensation, the blessed earth soaking up the warmth readily, bringing him comfort beyond all reason.

Gabe's hand reflexively reached for his belt buckle, desperate for more, to bury himself in the muck. Yet before he could do so, reason returned, and he paused mid-motion. Huh? It felt so good, but yet, he felt suddenly dirty, as though he wasn't supposed to be here. The heavy stench of pig hung in the air, somewhat stronger now that he had encroached upon their space. Disgust flowed through his mind as he realized what it was he was about to do.

A series of grunts drew his attention back to Nate, still rubbing as much mud as he could on his thick stomach, desperate to cool the fire in his belly. He crawled on all fours, his hands slipping in the slick substance and sending him rolling in. The stench did throw him off for a second, but the cool, slick sensation won as he continued to work it shamelessly into his bloated belly. The realization of how big he'd gotten over the last couple of years became painfully present, but it couldn't be helped now.

Despite Nate's initial joy, discomfort grew as his soaked jeans started to chafe painfully. Trying desperately to remove them, he was stunned as his muddy fingers couldn't

seem to grasp his belt or his fly. He grunted in frustration and turned to Gabe, seeing him fumbling with his own pants and flashing him a pleading stare. “H-hey Gabe... could you... help me too? I can’t seem to get them off, and I’m so warm still...”

At last, Gabe began to remove his own constrictive garments, though they somehow remained stuck to his hips. Had he gained weight recently? He pulled at them, having difficulty with the grip as with a slight rip, they finally came loose. They fell into the muck, leaving him clad only in socks and undies. The feeling was oddly freeing, pleasing in a way that was almost... arousing? His cock was hard in his briefs, and the fabric was clearly soaked with precum.

Gabe waddled over to his friend, glad to be free of the same chafing he knew was bothering Nate. He tried to tug the buckle, but like Nate, his muddy hand could not seem to grip the metal properly. He watched as Nate took his turn, seeing how thick his nails looked even after being brown and stained. Nate hardly had a thumb left to make proper contact with the stubborn buckle. Furthermore, his ring and index fingers seemed smaller, while his remaining digits had expanded to twice their usual girth. Had they always looked like that?

Nate whimpered pitifully as both he and Gabe failed to free him from his useless denim prison. He grunted as his cramping hands tried to work under his painfully tight belt, threatening to cut his expanding waist. The sounds of creaking metal filled the night air along with Nate’s shrill cries. Nate tried to hold back tears as his sexy friend stood over him in his tight briefs and ruined socks. Blinking from the intrusive thought, an exploratory sniff told his brain that Gabe indeed smelled incredibly good, even caked in mud. Enamored with the stench, Nate’s hands slowed down at his waist as he pressed his face into Gabe’s thigh, inhaling the other man’s scent.

“Gabe... I’m sorry... you smell really good. I’m sorry if I’m making it weird, but it’s just true.”

“No, it's all good...” Gabe replied dreamily, detecting a heavenly aroma himself, one wafting up from his friend’s mud-caked form. Gabe’s own cock lanced harder against his shorts, throbbing from his enjoyment of the scent. He regarded Nate drinking in the musk as well, large, upturned nose scenting the air, accompanied by the occasional snort or grunt. Nate’s scent was mixed in with the strong haze of pig, which Gabe had now grown accustomed to somewhat.

The sight was somewhat curious, and Gabe inspected his friend's face more closely. Something seemed off, but he couldn't quite place what it was. Was it the larger nose or the slightly upturned ears? That couldn't be right, could it?

Lost in his exploration, Nate hardly realized how close he was to his buddy's groin until Gabe's rod poked him in the forehead. A low snort rumbled through his wide nostrils as he took in more of his friend's mesmerizing, musky scent. His thick tongue trailed up from Gabe's heavy balls to the base of the other man's cock. Overwhelmed by the sexy musky aroma, he wrapped his big pink tongue around the tip, pulling it into his mouth. The salty-sweet taste was too much as his stomach rumbled and his belt buckle groaned as it started to bend.

Awash in bliss from the sexual stimulation, Gabe hardly noticed another strong scent hit his nostrils. Something smelled delicious. Gabe's stomach rumbled, and he realized he hadn't eaten in hours and was suddenly famished. He looked around, trying to locate the source of this new aroma. "Hey Nate, do you smell that?" he asked, pausing at the strange guttural quality he picked up in his voice.

"Squeee! ...You say something, Gabe...?" Nate replied with a thick rumble. Pulling his eyes away from his work, he looked up and regarded Gabe with reverence. He could feel his cheeks grow warm again as he took in his friend's impressive belly, so large and imposing. Nate wrinkled his brow and studied Gabe's nose, which looked wider, the nostrils more exposed as they pulsed. And his ears... pointed at the ends... he wouldn't mind nibbling on the cute tips. Nate blinked back the strange thoughts he had just lost himself in.

Gabe snorted and squealed at the sensation of his friend's snout licking his stiffened rod. He looked down, hardly able to see his member past his protruding stomach. "W-waeeeeit don't stop!" Gabe squealed, desperate for the sensation of his shaft being touched again. Yet even his desperation did not hide his awareness of the changes to Nate's visage. The sight of his lengthening jaw, the small protrusions of tusk in his mouth, and his board floppy ears looking sexier than he thought possible. Gabe felt his member leak again, and he was about to take his friend's head and insist he return to his ministrations, but that other scent took hold once more, and his stomach rumbled in response.

Gabe lurched forward towards the source of the scent, spotting a long trough at the end of the enclosure. Stumbling, he ended up falling face-first in the mud with an audible sloping sound. Gabe tried to right himself but somehow couldn't manage to lift his naked form out of the welcoming muck. Desperate to locate the source of the smell, he crawled over to the trough, momentarily disgusted by the sight of the half-eaten slop. Wasn't that something for

pigs? However, the scent wafting up from the buffet was powerfully enticing, and Gabe was compelled to lower in his head to sample from the presented delights within.

Nate, meanwhile, was distracted, coughing a bit as something seemed to catch in his throat. He reached his misshapen hands to his mouth, his stiff fingers swiping feebly at something caught on his large canines. Nate managed to knock it loose, looking down in the mud to see the tattered pieces of Gabe's undies. He must have torn them as he slurped on his friend's dripping shaft.

Turning back to see Gabe, Nate was shocked his buddy was hunkering down at the trough, his large ass on full display. It was wide and glorious, covered in thick bristly hair that caught the faint moonlight entering the barn. Nate grunted and rose to his feet, squealing as his belt constricted his hips again. Finally, after a brief instance of pain, the buckle shattered into several pieces and flew off him into the muck. Yet his snort of relief was interrupted as he too lost his balance and stumbled forward a few paces before falling to his hands and knees. The force of his fall, combined with his expanding girth proved too much for the already-straining seams of his jeans. Finally, they burst with a satisfying pop. Still, he couldn't help but grunt and chuckle as he rolled around in the scraps of ruined denim.

The odors wafting into his lengthening nose and jaw eventually pulled Nate back onto all fours and led him toward the scent of his sexy barn mate. Nate blushed as his side rubbed timidly against Gabe's handsome bulk. It felt wonderful to have so much of their bodies touching. Nearly naked, Nate's last remaining garment, his boxer-briefs, had essentially been reduced to an over-stretched waistband.

"Squeee... missed a spot there, Gabe. Heheheeee." Nate moaned, licking Gabe's floppy ear before leaning down to lick at the slop clinging to his bristly jawline.

Gabe burped as he came up for air, enjoying the feeling of Nate's snout licking the grease from his own face. Nate was surprisingly sexy; the way his chubby body rubbed against Gabe made him squirm with excitement. Even the scents wafting up from his changing friend were divine, reawakening the fire in his loins from earlier.

"Naaate, you smeeel so good!" Gabe squealed as he licked at his friend's muzzle, lowering his nose till their lips were touching. He sneaked his tongue in between his friend's lips, loving the feel of reaching past his teeth and tusks. After a few moments, he broke the embrace, the need in his crotch too great to ignore. Reaching down to pleasure himself proved fruitless due to shorter, restricted arms.

Squealing in frustration, he hardly noticed that Nate, like him, had lowered his head into the trough, starving for the tasty morsels within. His massive ass waved in the air, barely confined by a thin layer from his fragile briefs.

The scent wafting from Nate's ass was intoxicating. Gabe couldn't see very well; even the moon was insufficient as he squinted helplessly in the darkness. However, his sense of smell... he could clearly scent Nate's precum-soaked undies, the reek of arousal and desperation. He dug his snout in the crotch of Nate's briefs, eliciting a startled squeal from his occupied friend, who quickly turned back to his porcine meal. Gabe tried to rub his teeth, his snout against the briefs but had little luck in removing the last barrier to his sweet-scented target. Finally, his tusk caught on the flap of the briefs, and with a swift tug and a loud rip, the briefs snapped uselessly off Nate's sexy frame. A pink, puckered asshole and curly tail were finally visible in the moonlight.

Slop dribbled down his chin as Nate squealed as cold air ran over his exposed anus and new appendage. His eyes rolled back in ecstasy as his large balls and cock broke free from their final prison. He giggled and snorted as his altered genitals bounced against his thighs and stomach.

However, it was an insufficient distraction to prevent Nate from craning his head back to look at his would-be lover. The moonlight glinting off the other man's tusks and eyes filled with desire... it was so sexy. His own eyes drifted down where he could see Gabe's glorious equipment with its wonderfully masculine corkscrew... "*grunt* Wait... Gabe? Something is... has your cock always been like that? *snort* Not that I mind..."

"*grunt* I don't *snort* think so?" Gabe replied, the question causing him legitimate concern. Had his cock always looked like that? Then again, when was the last time he'd gotten on all fours and rolled in the mud eating pig slop? He shook his head a few times, trying to clear the fog of confusion. He knew somehow that the enticing offer from Nate's backside was WRONG, that he'd never felt that way about his friend. But then, why wouldn't he? The way Nate's tail curled, the way his balls jiggled, the smell wafting up from his own corkscrew member were all powerfully arousing. It was a beautiful backside, the sight making his own member twitched, leaking. He needed release. But he shouldn't, should he?

"Nate *snort* I... you smell *squeal* so good, I can't..." he grunted, voice guttural as he moved his snout down towards Nate's member on autopilot, compelled by the sweet musky scent.

"G-GaaeeeEEbe... wait a *snort* minute. I'm all *grunt* dirty..."

Nate shuffled around to face Gabe. He had always secretly found his friend kinda cute, but now he couldn't recall seeing a sexier creature. Yet Nate was also painfully aware of how naked he was. How thickly covered he was in the smelly, animal-tainted muck. Nate didn't know if he wanted Gabe to be with him like this... except his leaking cock betrayed him. He couldn't help but find Gabe's naked and muddy form attractive. The fact the other changing man was crawling toward him and licking his swollen lips was so tempting. But he was scared as well.

"Maybe... we can get out of the *snort* mud... and... get some help?" But Nate still sounded unsure, and his mutated hands fondling his corkscrew tip weren't helping matters.

"Yeah *grunt* leeeets geeet *squeal* help," Gabe started, still entranced by the scent wafting from Nate's cock. He hadn't really ever felt a man attractive before. But the more he tried to fight it, the more he couldn't fathom NOT sticking his snout under his friend's belly and sucking on that delicious offering. The sight of Nate trying aimlessly to pleasure himself with his hooves did little to quell Gabe's desire.

Gabe tried to stand up, to get out of the mud despite the protests of his body. Yet his efforts only allowed him to stumble forward before falling face-first back in the muck. Attempting to stand again gave the same result. Why couldn't he get up? His hips felt stiff and unresponsive, leaving the position he was currently in more comfortable than he remembered even 5 minutes ago. Turning back around to look at Nate for help only allowed that smell to hit him once more, overriding all reason and logic.

"Just, wanna *snort* do this one thing. Real quick," Gabe said, as he stared intently at Nate's gorgeous porcine form, moving his snout once again for Nate's nethers.

"*squeee* Wait, Gabe! I'm filthy and... and we're not acting like ourselves! Let's just-*grunt*" Nate's protest died in his throat as his hands pushed against Gabe's head. The man's floppy ears and hairy cheeks were just so... handsome. From his kneeling position, Nate did his best to lift Gabe's face with his wrists. He leaned down awkwardly and started to lick at the sexy man's forehead before traveling down for another sloppy animal kiss.

"Squeeee... oh Gabe... *grunt* you're so sexy. You taste so good... if I don't stop now... I don't know if I'll be able to. *snort*" As he carried on with his make-out session, his fingers had continued to grow thicker and less flexible. However, he still managed to reach down to stroke at Gabe's cock and balls with the stumps of his digits. Despite the awkward ministrations of his near-useless hands, Nate was pleased with Gabe's lusty response.

Gabe squealed at the sensation of being touched once again, turning his body around to get better access to his mate's own treasure. "You smeelll *squeal* so fucking good! Don't... wanna *snort* stop," he moaned, reaching out to grab Nate's throbbing member with his spreading snout. He now clearly supported only two fingers on each hand; the nail had grown hard and thick to encompass the tips of his now much shorter digits. Still, he tried his best, feeling Nate's slick leaking shaft.

Yet soon, his hooves slipped off his conquest, and he squealed in frustration. He tried to raise his arm again, but his shoulders didn't rotate forward anymore. He pulled away, Nate's own grip on his cock having since waned and making his cock scream with the need for stimulation. "Fuuck Nate... I neeee *squeal* I wanna... fuck you? Soooooo *grunt grunt*," he cried, thick member sliding around in the mud, desperate for release.

Caught up staring at his two-fingered hands, Nate's head snapped back up at Gabe's words. Or perhaps it was the feeling of his anus quivering in a primal sense of anticipation that made him leap at attention from the sexy man's words. His eyes crawled over Gabe's body. His thick thighs and ass. His impressive tusks, bigger than Nate's own. The stench of musk rolling off Gabe and into Nate's widening snout was so intoxicating.

Getting back up on all fours, which now felt more comfortable, Nate waddled over to his sexy boar. He blinked at that thought, but he was having trouble mustering concern at the moment. Gabe was always a boar, right? His snout and tongue ran along Gabe's lower jaw and up to his thick floppy ear. Nate grunted in as seductive a way as he could manage, teasing the ear with his teeth.

"Oh... *grunt*... is that SqueEE so? Tell meee *snort* how sexy you find me. How you much *grunt* want to claim me like the big strong boar you arEEEEEEEE *grunt grunt snort*." Nate's voice gave out mid-sentence. The mental image was too much. He panted and squealed with lust for Gabe to mount him right here in the mud, to be Gabe's...

"I wanna *grunt* such a seEEEEEx boar *snort* Gabe began, his lust clouding all sense of reason. Yet somewhere, he still felt concern for his friend, still wanted to make him feel important. To let Nate know how beautiful and full his ass was. How rich and thick his musky scent was. How much it turned Gabe on. He wanted Nate to know how thankful he was that it was him Gabe would claim over all the other swine he could scent from the muck and intermingled filth.

“I neeeeEEEEEEEEEd *grunt* you NatEEEEEEEE *SQUEEL*,” Gabe began, voice rapidly deteriorating. He licked his would-be mate's snout a few times, moving up his head and returning a light nip to those cute ears. He then moved around to Nate's expansive backside, sniffing and licking at the glorious hole under his tail, the object of his desires.

Nate let out a low snort as Gabe's bulk rubbed against him. His lips twisted into a lewd grin as he enjoyed the lusty musk rolling off Gabe's body and the feeling of warm pig flesh against his own. Strangely, he felt smug; none of the other pigs was getting this kind of attention from the sexiest boar in the pen!

“Squeeee!! Oh, Gabe... that feels so *snort* good!”

Nate's eyes closed as he enjoyed Gabe's thick warm tongue under his tail. Nate instinctively spread his back legs to give his lover better access. He lowered his head on his front trotters, his chin and chest squelching in the mud as he thrust his ass into the air. Feeling frisky, he playfully pushed his hips back into Gabe's broad snout.

“*Grunt* I-I'm all yours, you biiig seeEEExy stud.”

Gabe needed no further convincing. He reared himself up, resting his front trotters on Nate's flanks as he speared that pristine backside with his long corkscrew cock. Though he struggled with his inexperience in his new form, Nate's insistent hips helped him find his mark. That pointy cock head pushed against the blessed opening, the slickness from his saliva and the tautness of his rod helping him enter.

The feeling of being encompassed was beyond any human experience Gabe could imagine. The space was warm, tight, fit his long cock like a glove. But it was more than that. The musk exuded by Nate's porcine form drove his lust beyond anything Gabe could fathom. He pounded Nate's tail hole with joyous abandon, balls tingling as they prepared to release their load into Nate's willing bowels.

“God NatEEEEEEEE *grunt* it feEEEEEElls so fuckEEEEEEELL
WWWEEEEEEEEETT” Gabe cried, the last of his human words fading into an onslaught of porcine ecstasy.

Nate's eyes widened as he felt Gabe's full weight on his back, pushing him deep into the mud, making him feel so... dirty. He snorted as he breathed in all the scents around him: the muck, the slop, their combined piggy musk. It was all so much, yet it somehow accentuated

the pleasure he felt as he was filled and stimulated by the corkscrew member thrusting in and out of him.

He felt sexy in a way that he would never have imagined. He loved how the cool mud tingled against his skin. It kept him comfortable while he rocked back and forth to milk and tease Gabe's impressive organ. He snorted proudly at how his ass had so enraptured his mate. Nate felt like Gabe could have any boar begging him for a ride if he wanted. And Nate had chosen him!

Nate's ears twitched as Gabe's cries dissolved into desperate squeals. From his boar's shortened grunt and the twitching of Gabe's corkscrew, Nate knew Gabe was getting close. He braced his forehooves under him and thrust back, clenching his tail hole. Nate's voice devolved as the passion of the moment overtook him.

“EEEEEE... give it to meEEEEEEEEEE... you seEEEEEE boarEEEEEEEEEE
WWRREEETTTT!”

Gabe felt his mind drowning in a sea of bliss. All the doubt, all the fear of his changed state was gone, replaced with the certainty that he WAS a boar, had always been a boar, and he had his trotters wrapped around the biggest, sexiest, most virile mate in the sty. Gabe squealed and snorted as he thrust deeper and deeper into his mate's bowels, his massive boar cock able to push further than he'd ever dreamt possible. His body was flushed with heat and arousal, but the mud and pig filth caked to his form kept him cool and refreshed as he carried on his conquest. The scent of his mate's musk drove him ever closer to his goal. An audible slap resonated as his balls pounded against his mate's own, and he quickened his pace, his inevitable end drawing closer and closer. His entire being was focused on mating the beautiful boar trapped beneath him.

Gabe was so close. The pleasure rode over him in waves, bringing him dangerously close to the tipping point, weaving back and forth. He couldn't hold back... he didn't want to hold back. He needed to flood his mate with his virile seed. To make Nate his own. With a flurry of squeals and moans, he CAME, waves upon waves of sensation rippling over his massive frame. Spurt after spurt of thick seed flowed freely from his porcine cock. What started off as a trickle became a heavy stream as thick boar cum filled up Nate's ample backside, Gabe's own cock floating away from the sheer volume of fluid.

Somewhere in the back of his mind Gabe expected the feelings to fade and to come down from post-coitus bliss. However, he didn't. If anything, the pleasure welling up from his boar cock only increased as the minutes ticked by. He felt something thicker welling up

in his balls, a similar sensation to his pig sperm, but slower, more sticky. A second surge of thicker sperm to help seal in his load, truly claiming the boar beneath him as his own.

Nate's body froze as he was filled with his mate's cum. Snorting in their intermingled musk sent electric fire through his brain. He had been feeling playful and silly throughout his time in the pen. But the wonderfully masculine musk that was now intertwined with his own caused something to click in his altered mind. He had been claimed by the most handsome boar in this place. Nate's cheeks flushed at the thought of being mounted and taken care of by Gabe for the rest of their days. It was too much to handle; his own erect member pumped a modest amount of seed onto his belly and the mud. However, like Gabe's, it remained erect and sensitive.

Nate squealed back to his love as he desperately humped back against the larger pig, trying shamelessly to stimulate himself on the stiffness still buried deep in his ass. The minutes seemed like hours as Gabe's shaft remained firm and lodged deep in his new lover's ass. The thick plug of semen opening him up even further forced a similarly pleasurable plug to pore from his own. For the first time in a long time, he felt deep contentment, a peace beyond anything he'd ever recalled. He had food, he had cooling mud, he had a mate. Life was good.

Gabe couldn't have imagined the intensity at which his first porcine orgasm had hit him. Though the initial release had long since abated, his cock still remained taunt inside Nate's bowels, sending shocks of pleasure through his massively thick frame. He still humped occasionally but was relatively satisfied with the sensation of being buried to the hilt, a thick layer of fluid sealing his seed inside, marking Nate as his own.

Gabe's twitching ears heard the satisfying splash of his mate's own cum on the muddy ground, the musky scent of his masculinity filling him with purpose. He'd achieved what nature intended, had fulfilled a powerful biological directive. All that was left was to enjoy the aftermath and take a well-deserved rest.

After what seemed like an eternity, Gabe's corkscrew cock began to soften. He pulled out slowly, saddened by the cool air on his flaccid cock and missing the feeling of closeness from being inside his lover. Still, he kept his body close to Nate's, enjoying the warmth radiating from his fellow stymate.

His stomach churned and gurgled, and he was reminded of how hungry he was and how good the slope had tasted. Grunting in anticipation, he stuck his head into the trough to begin chowing down in earnest.

As Gabe moved to feed again, Nate scrambled underneath him and pressed his flat snout to his mate's plump sheath. He used his long flexible tongue to clean his lover's underside and savored the taste of him one more time as his own stomach growled.

Rubbing up against his partner's bristly hide, Nate joined Gabe at the trough. He was happy to gorge himself on the yummy slop after a job well done. The part of his mind that still human wondered such things hoped that his former friend was happy with his performance as his breeding partner. He was committed to being the best mate he could for the other pig.

As he ate and attended to Gabe, Nate could feel heavy sleepiness taking over him. His already heavy body felt like a giant boulder as his transformed knees started to wobble. He could think of nothing that would make him happier than to curl up in the filth with Gabe, the musky boar's trotters lying over his round girth.

Gabe finished eating, belching in satisfaction. He, too, felt heavy; he had a busy day, after all. Gabe wandered off, plopping down in a thick patch of mud not too far from the trough. Raised his head and grunting, he motioned for his mate to follow.

A small part of him wondered if his new mate was as happy as he was. His scent was burned into Gabe's nostrils, the most alluring odor in all the sty. His mate seemed content to lie with him, warm body comforting him and lulling him into a deep, restful sleep. Nate squealed happily and pranced over to his mate, got down in the mud, and cuddled up close. The warmth of Gabe's mass was very relaxing.

Even as he drifted off, Nate's ears twitched as the distant barn door creaked. The old woman's shuffling gait echoed in the sleepy barn, arms full of large wool blankets. She couldn't believe her good fortune to have a couple of young, able-bodied men wander onto her front porch. Normally, she had to lure them in with an elaborate plan, but this time she was spared such tedious work.

The tea she had served them was an old family recipe, one which helped people get in touch with their baser, animal drives. She had needed a couple of good stallions for work around the farm. These two bigger boys would be a shoo-in for that role!

The idea of their transforming bodies had her cackling the whole way back to the barn, imagining the men feeding on the hay she had left them, thick haunches bursting through their pants. She couldn't wait to throw some bridles on them and train them up right. She looked around the barn, confused by the empty horse stalls and quiet.

“Boys? I have your blankets... I figured you might be cold. Where are you?”
The woman looked around puzzled. Surely, they would have changed by now. Perhaps they were still outside.

She wandered outside, looking for the silhouettes of her beasts in the moonlight. Scanning the fields near the barn, she assumed they'd come at least near the safety and shelter. The tea made the new beasts complacent in their new identities; it was unlikely they would spook or run away.

Assorted grunts from the pigpen made her pause. She shone her flashlight in that direction, wondering what had woken her beasts at this hour. “Oh no, not again!” she moaned in frustration, light passing over the muddied remains of the boy's clothing before reaching their massive sleeping porcine forms.

She tossed the useless horse blankets aside and snapped her bony fingers at the sleepy pigs. “Oy! You chubby little porkers! Why did you degenerates choose the mud and slop over the nice clean stalls and fresh hay I had for you?! You at least better get to giving me some piglets then. If you don't, my husband is partial to bacon!”

Her eyes narrowed dangerously at the two boars, who seemed oblivious to her presence. The brew should have bonded the two to comply with her wishes, but they were still slaves to their instincts. She figured that a healthy dose of fear helped send her point home.

Quietly assessing the two's changes, she determined they had basically finished their transition. They still had very human-like hair on top of their fat, dumb heads, which was not uncommon among her victims. Certain attributes from their human forms remained, but she always told others they were merely random mutations.

Her true lament was the one who had introduced himself as Nate; even in the limited light, she could see the gleam of seed between his legs. She couldn't believe her bad luck. The idiot didn't even have the decency to become a sow to get mounted by his buddy.

She sighed. She was so sure these fine specimens would have given her some useful stallions, not another pair of breeding boars! True, their seed would help turn a profit, producing superior offspring. If they had an inkling to breed anyone but each other, from the look of them. How was she going to make this work?