

“Whew.. almost done Gladys. One more chore and then it's off ta bed, *finally*. Dang summer nights're just way too hot of late. Heck, starting ta think I need ta hire me a couple farmhands to do this nonsense for me at this point.”

Shaking her head, Gladys loaded a wheelbarrow with the two sacks of feed needed for the last of her tasks for the evening. The full moon made sure she didn't hit any snags on the path from storage to the pigsty where she was able to start filling the trough with enough to at least keep her girls content until morning.

“Sorry 'bout the sluggish dinnertime ladies. Been a *heck* of a day. Hey, you lot tell me. Think I ought ta get me a couple of them young, virile farm hand types? Or are they all gonna show up thinkin' this is for some porn movie thing instead of real work just on account of me havin' big tiddies? Seems like it's *always* about the tiddies, don't it?”

Gladys felt a little silly talking to the sows, but she'd had worse listeners to problems in the past. Having them all rush up, excited to see her even if it was mostly just based on being hungry, helped her shake off a bit of being acutely aware of there being nobody else on the farm but her. Though, as she leaned over the fence and looked at the gathering pigs all snorting and grunting into their food, she found herself feeling something was off.

“Wait.. six, eight, ten.. and Henriette over there with the short ear. Where's Greg at?”

The question of where the boar was answered itself in the next instant by way of a hot wall of flesh slamming into Gladys' backside and leaving her pinned to the fence, until the wood collapsed under the weight of her and the boar grinding into her backside and she was dumped right up against the pig trough with the sows scattering at first, and then just.. going right back to eating.

Greg on the other hand was busy digging his steaming corkscrew shaped dick up under Gladys' skirt and through their panties.

“W-AUGH-FUCK- GREG GET THE FUCK OFF! W-wh..”

Shouting didn't do much, the pigs entirely ignored Gladys. Struggling really didn't help either, with the ground underneath muddy and their body sprawled over the broken fence Gladys had no leverage to speak of and that would've all been assuming she could fight her way out from underneath a full grown hog under *good* circumstances.. Which was dubious. Farm girl or not, that was a lot of pig.. and all of it was busy fucking her.

“W..what.. Greg, g-get.. the fuck off, I feel so hot.. wh-why..? What's wrong w-with..”

It was a cool night still, under that full moon, but Gladys *was* hot. Steam was rolling off her body, up from between her tits, off her arms. She felt wrong inside, hot and slimy and weak, and that was before a wild surge from inside left her whole body clenching and swelling to the tune of her clothing starting to stretch and pop at the seams. Everything she was wearing went taut and started to fail, Gladys' body was getting thicker with every thrust of that swirly pig cock burying itself inside her. She dug for everything she had to fight back with, trying to twist herself to the side and slip loose from Greg's weight on her back, but her body didn't listen.

“N-no.. G-greg get the fuck off m- *hweee.. hhrgnk- g-gah!*”

That tearing sound filled Gladys' ears again as soon as Greg came inside her. A hot spurt at first, then a flood, and the total loss of her ability to even pretend to resist. Slumped over against the broken wood and mud she could feel the pressure inside her, not just from Greg filling her belly but from all of her body swelling inside and her skin taking a moment to catch up each time. Her fingertips felt numb, her back felt tight and her shoulders kept hunching, but the part that stole most her thoughts on the matter had nothing to do with any of that. It was the scents.

Gladys' nose kept tightening and twitching, like it was its own clenching muscle, and it was doing plenty of growing too. She could *see it* stretch out in front of her, a ridged snout that was flattening out into the shape of an upside-down heart and sucking in every odor and aroma for a wild distance around her. Mostly, right now, it was the pigs – and Gregg's reek on her back – and the *strangely compelling* scent of that grain and apple feed right by her head.. and one other thing. The undercurrent was odd, musky and acrid and weaker than the others – but only at first.

When the changing farmer tried to turn her head away from the pig trough and got close to her own armpit she realized what was going on – the increasingly hairy patch of itchy pink flesh there had the root of it. She was smelling *herself*. Greg clearly was too. The boar kept hammering, with Gladys loosely remembering something somewhere about pig orgasms lasting *ages*. Something a little bestial part of her mind latched onto, which was probably why her backside dug its numb little toes into the mud and started to buck her increasingly fat and hairy ass back up against her hog. The rest of Gladys, the part still trying to think her way through this, tried to resist, but-

All that focus Gladys was clinging to fell apart when a particularly heavy thrust from Greg ran across her and through her *just right*. A rush of pleasure, like playing a violin chord on her nerves, and Gladys collapsed face-first into the pig feed. Her mouth opened and she dug in without

thinking, shoveling food into her face as her jaw lengthened and her cheeks fattened. Her plump sow's cunt clung tight to the hog inside her and rubbed itself the way it *needed* to be. All that mattered was that her belly felt full and the rest of her felt good, and with Greg spilling himself inside her and one mouthful after another sliding down her throat she was almost there.

The way her limbs kept bloating and her fingers had all but collapsed into three little fat hoof tipped nubs hardly mattered, or that she could feel throbbing along her chest as her tits drooped down to the mud and a new set started to grow in beneath them. They -were- happening though, she felt that second set of breasts most when it started to sway side to side, slapping against the first beach ball sized mounds every time Greg bottomed out inside her. The tickle from that second set of nipples touching the cold mud beneath her almost pushed the transforming Gladys over the edge into her own piggy climax.

The third set didn't get *quite* as much motion when it grew in, or the fourth. Gladys was heavier, her body more dense and coated in fat to boot. Thick, bushy, bristly fur under her arms and growing up from between her tits and rustling whenever Greg hammered her sow cunt. When she *finally* felt herself up against the edge Gladys felt eight breasts resting beneath her and her belly was flat with the mud while she gorged and Greg collapsed all his weight on her back. He was still drizzling seed into her, and what he already had inside was thick and gummy and would not escape her body even after she moved, but that would have to wait until the wild blaze of pleasure that erupted between her legs finished.

When she came for the first time with her new body Gladys' whole frame spasmed, she went flat in the mud and let out a bellowing, bestial *HWRREEE* while she gripped the edge of the trough with her half-pig hands and her world sank into that simple, reeking bliss – and didn't come back up. Gladys *wallowed* in it, breathing slow and hard, squirming in the mud while Greg nibbled at her neck and ears. She lost herself in the experience, wholly and completely.

Even when she finally felt Greg slide off her and start to trundle away she still couldn't quite get her body to move, but Gladys hardly wanted it to. With night having fallen, cool air around her body, and her face still full of feed next to all her.. cousins..? Sisters? They smelled like family now and the little rooting, snuffling part of her brain was as confident as could be calling them that. Her sisters nuzzled at her and got a good, hearty sniffing at her new body. They nosed against her eight breasts and the sprawling fat ass behind her – they approved – they welcomed her.

The orgasm took what felt like an eternity to end. Gladys hardly remembered standing up after that, feeling every swaying, pillowy inch of her changed body kissed by the evening air and looking up with little piggy eyes at the moon hanging overhead. Swollen and around.. an awful lot like her belly felt right now. Gladys wondered, but the sow *knew* it was pregnant. The other girls grunted at her and she understood, and felt the same urge they did anyway.

Lie down and eat – she had to keep well fed for her brood. Gladys was lucky she went first, but Greg would rest and spend the rest of the night impregnating every sow there. He might even go for seconds.. if the night lasted long enough. But for the time being? Gladys had to *feed*.

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When Gladys woke with the sun on her back she felt like she'd been in the deepest recesses of dreaming, but she wasn't entirely sure which side of it she was on. There were moments, her eyes still shut and her senses distant, where the woman and the sow hadn't quite decided who was the one waking and who was still dreaming. It **was** Gladys that woke, though. Covered head to toe in mud, face covered in crusted pig feed, hips so sore and loose she could hardly even stand when she tried to move. That wasn't all though..

It wasn't as strong, but she still smelled what she'd been drowning in all through that dream of a night – that rank stench.. of herself. Gladys, as she leaned on the broken fence to get to her feet and realized she was carrying a great deal of soft, sagging fat on her frame that hadn't been there the previous day, still *smelled* like pig. And not just because of Greg. There was still thick fuzz under her arms and a wiry bush between her legs that reeked of it and one touch to her belly told her loud and clear it was still full of her boar's seed – and that it would be full of more than that soon.

Elsewhere she heard the sows milling about, grunting at each other as they started waking too. And presumably.. Greg was *somewhere* nearby.

“Oh.. oh *hells*, Gladys what did you get yourself into? What the fuck did *Greg* get you into? I.. well, it ain't like there's any getting out of it now. I should get a shower, I s'pose..”

Sniffing a bit at the morning air, Gladys caught a whiff of something else familiar. Something she now realized she had caught a tiny hint of just before Greg had slammed into her back yesterday.

“..Or maybe I could see if ol Greg is ready for another round..”