

Mini-Story: Farm Life (Couple to Farm Mother & Daughter TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A married couple purchase an old abandoned farm in the hopes of fixing it up to be their new home. But the longer they stay, the more the farm comes back to life, and the couple change to be a MILFy cowgirl mom and her strong-as-an-ox daughter.

Farm Life

Olson and Maggie were happy to have found a good fixer-upper out in a good rural country area. It was an abandoned farm house up for sale, one that would require a lot of work to get up and running, but they had purchased it at a steal as far as they were concerned. The pair were in their late thirties and had always dreamed of moving out into a regional area and running a small farm. Now, finally, the dream was coming true.

Olson was the man with the plan, but Maggie was the brains of the outfit. They fit together like a glove as a couple, and never really fought. Olson made sure to keep the wheels spinning, but it was Maggie that helped give direction, and they kept to these roles as they set about rebuilding the farm. It was hard work at first, with the power often going out in the initial weeks and there being plenty of leaks and floorboard holes that needed plugging. There were infestations of rodents and roaches, and rusted metal that needed replacing. This stuff had never been Maggie's strong suit: she hated rats and her slim form wasn't suited for manual labour, whereas Olson was a strong, stalwart figure of a man. As such, she helped catalogue the changes that needed to be made while he implemented them.

At least, that was the plan at first.

Something strange happened over time, something that neither were fully aware of at first. Maggie began to get involved more and more in the renovation, and she found herself more and more physically capable. Olson, meanwhile, often had to ask his wife for help when doing heavy lifting, even if he had been capable of it the day before. As the days passed, their appearances began to change as the house did: Olson's hair grew out longer and lusher, and far from looking increasingly rugged as he got more into the hard work, he actually began to appear softer. His lips became fuller, his voice lighter, his figure slimmer. He even lost height, going from a tall six feet to a mere five-seven over the course of a single week. He only vaguely noticed this, finding it strange, but unable to fully be horrified by the changes due to a mental fog that came over him whenever he tried to investigate them.

The mental fog hit Maggie even harder. She clutched her head often, feeling her intelligent spilling out of her skull and being replaced by an earnest desire for hard work. Her muscles grew, as did her height, and her bust bloomed into existence as well; her being

previously flat-chested. Soon she was leading the charge in the renovation, and it was Olson who was the one directing her, rather than the other way around. By that time she had become a strong woman, with hardy muscles and a buff, tough, beautiful figure. Her mind was far more dim-witted though: she needed careful instruction, and her knowledge base was reducing down to just being interested in farm work, as if she were a regular farmer's daughter.

This was more true than she knew. The dynamic between them was changing as the farm did, and quicker each day. They no longer had sex, and soon were sleeping in separate rooms. Olson's chest began to grow breasts, and his hips spread, and soon his figure was utterly ladylike. He didn't even really notice much when his penis retreated and was replaced with a womanly passage. Even his clothes changed, so that he moved about in sexy denim short shorts and a flannelette shirt tied up above his midriff. The new woman was slightly older, around thirty-six or thirty-eight, but she was devastatingly sexy. A brown-haired cowgirl MILF. And she was a MILF too, because her former wife had become her daughter. Maggie had reduced in age down to just twenty years old during the reconstruction, and now the tall, tough cowgirl viewed Olson not as her husband, but as her mother. Of course, by this point Olson was thinking of herself as *Olivia*.

The farm was being renewed back to the state it wanted to be, and it was regaining the mother-daughter pair it had lost decades ago. Both had been attractive and wonderful farmgirls in their own ways, and now these two would replicate that dynamic. As the sentient farms' power grew, it was able to make its own fixes. Soon sheep returned to the land, and cows as well, and pigs trotted from the horizon to line up into their pens. Chickens walked right to their henhouses, and a lovely sheep-herding dog answered the call to join. By this time, Olivia and Maggie had been enjoying their new roles for some weeks.

It was only when the farm was fully completed and satisfied that the mental fog finally dropped and the pair realised what had happened. Olivia was shocked to find herself a sexy cowgirl with a strong, *strong* libido, just as Maggie was astonished to realise she was now a titan of a woman, albeit one with a simple mind. For a whole day, they discussed through it, wondering what to do.

But the pull of the farm was stronger, as was their new instincts. Maggie just wanted to be the best farmgirl she could be, working the plough and being *ploughed* in turn if she ever found a good boyfriend. Olivia, on the other hand, was happy for her new daughter. With Maggie's permission, she finally left the farm for a night, heading into town and wearing her hottest cowgirl outfit. As a new MILF, she desperately wanted a man. Several of them, in fact. The farm had not been so lively in decades, and now it would be livelier still.

The End