

Standing up from your hard work, you pant for a moment, wiping the sweat off your brow. You need to take a seat and drain your canteen. Yet you had already done so earlier in the day. The heat had already been unbearable as early as 9 in the morning. And it was noon now, the summer sun burning down on you, intensifying the stink in the air that you had already found so overwhelming.

Thinking yourself capable of the hard labor, you had taken a summer job working at a local farm. You didn't have any credentials for much else and you had to find something to earn some extra cash between college semesters. You had a decent build, and the work wasn't too hard. For the most part. This week has been a special hell due to a particularly bad heat wave. Unlike most jobs, you couldn't take it slow or take the day off. The animals still needed to be fed, their waste cleaned, their feed organized and inventoried.

So here you are here, suffering in the summer heat with several more hours of work ahead of you. At least you aren't alone. Your co-worker Kevin has stopped as well, wiping the sweat off his face, his eyes stinging from getting sweat in them. "Fuck man, I can't take a whole week of this!" he mutters, sitting down in the shade of the rusty red barn. You want to join him but you know it is pointless. You can't leave until your work was done and prolonged rest would only extend your workday into the hot afternoon.

You pull him up, your sweaty arms almost too slick but you somehow manage. You both slowly, reluctantly make your way to the pigpen, buckets of pungent swill clanging and spilling over your already dirty coveralls. The stench of the muck had been off-putting at first but you have both long since grown accustomed to it, at least.

Reaching your goal, you stop, putting the heavy buckets down for a minute to catch your breath. You take a moment to survey the pen and the surrounding area. The pigs are curled in a corner of the sty, sleeping away the summer heat. They are buried in a thick pile of mud, made moist by last night's thunderstorm. You can't help but notice how relaxed they are, even in this sweltering humidity.

You know you need to empty the buckets and carry on with your day but something about the sight of the sleeping swine has you in a trance. You can't help but wonder what it would be like to rest in the cooling mud. Just lying there, not bothered at all by the stench. Able to escape the heat without a care in the world aside from eating and mating and relaxing with the herd, with family.

Suddenly the realization of what you've been doing hits you like a ton of bricks. You break yourself out of your trance, wondering why you had thought living in a stinking sty was

appealing. Yet, somehow, it had been. You embarrassingly realize that the relaxation has made you feel good in more ways than one. You can feel your modest cock pressing up against your jeans, its only source the thoughts of living in mud and pig fifth. What the hell?!

Trying to remain nonchalant, you move your hand over your jeans, hoping your co-worker hasn't seen you. After a bit, you decide to sneak a glance. To your surprise, he's still looking at the sty with a glazed expression in his eyes. You can't help but look down, seeing a similar bulge in his own pants. You can't blame him, after all. You're still trying to will your own cock down.

You shake him a little bit, trying to break him from his reverie. You both needed to get the slop into the trough and get on with your day. And avoiding the source of such an embarrassing boner would be a good idea, too!

Yet as you lift the heavy bucket across the muck you feel an intense heat consume your entire body. The sweat that had covered your skin is dry, and to your surprise, you don't seem to be producing anymore. You feel overheated and more than a little dizzy. You can feel your head swimming as the bucket suddenly feels heavier. Your vision starts to blur as the heat builds up in every cell. Is this what heat stroke feels like?

You look around, trying to find anything that will relieve the overwhelming warmth in your body. You spy no water, no shelter. All you see is the cooling mud of the pigsty. The pigs look content, you think. Would it really be so bad, just to rest in it a little bit? But what would Kevin think?

You give him a sideways glance to see that his face is also flushed with heat. You see him eyeing the mud with a gleam in his eye. Almost as if he's in a trance, he takes off his shirt and throws it over the fence, then lowers himself to his knees and sticks his hand into the mud. It is maddening, looking at the satisfaction in his eyes as he lifts the putrid muck towards his chest and rubs it over his taut nipples

You can't help but notice that your friend looks a little strange. He always had a little bit of a stomach, but now it seems extended, his bulging gut getting larger and tipping over his somewhat tight jeans. His ass is also expanding and something looks to be poking at the back, not just at the front where he is obviously still aroused. His ears seemed a little larger in his thick hair. And his nostrils are flared, sniffing the air and snorting a little, as though detecting some sort of delectable scent in the stinking pen.

Kevin lowers himself down into the reeking mud once more, his hands squishing into the muck and causing a faraway smile to spread across his face. You can see a couple of his teeth are pointed and sticking out in his mouth as he lowers his entire body, his stomach swelling into the muck as though digging itself in. Something that looks darker and thicker began poking up from the earth, where his fingers once were.

Yet, it is not the sight of the changes that disturb you. You can't help but feel jealous at the sight of your friend lowered into the filthy mud. He looks so content, so at peace. The summer sun beats on his back but he simply rolls over and covers it with the refreshing sty mud.

You can clearly see his hands are indeed different. Two of his fingers are nearly gone while the other two are thick and hard with dark nails. His arms seem a little shorter and his chubby chest more barreled. And his skin has changed in some places, looking more like a hairless hide, pink and firm, much different than his tanned human skin. You can still see the outline of his skull tattoo on his shoulder, but much of the image is obscured by his changing hide.

He starts snorting and grunting a little as his pants grow tighter around his fattening frame. Kevin struggles a bit with his changed hands but manages to hook a hoof onto the belt. With a loud rip, his pants come down enough to see the massive bulge in his underwear. You can't help but stare as his leaking member tents hard against his white undies, which are quickly becoming covered with the reeking mud.

You know you should be disturbed by the sight in front of you. Your co-worker is rolling around in the mud, changing before your eyes, and acting like an animal. And yet...

You stare down into the mud, its siren song calling to you to take off your clothes and sink into it to cool your overheated body. The smells aren't as bad as they had been. In fact, nothing about the sty seems to stink now, all you feel is cooling mud, some of it seeping into your shoes as you stand there, teetering on the edge of morality and basic instinct.

Like in a trance, you pull off your shirt, feeling it tight around your chubby belly, but you don't care. The slight breeze is nice over your pinkening flesh, but it's not enough. Not nearly enough. After watching Kevin's struggle, you have the foresight to take off your pants as well. You want to feel the cooling mud around your whole body after all, don't you?

A moment's hesitation keeps you standing on the precipice of giving in. You know somewhere in the recesses of your mind that it's wrong, that you can't want this. Yet all reason

and logic are pushed out the window as your body craves contact with the cooling substance. It's enough for you to lower onto your knees just to get a feeling of it touching you.

You finally lower yourself in, your body elated from the briefest of touches. Instantly the cooling mud lowers your body temperature towards a much more tolerable level, and you relish the sensation against your overheat skin. You lower yourself further, your protruding belly soaking in more of the refreshing muck. You place your hands in deep and start wiping it all over your face, the stench relaxing to your flared nostrils. It smells of home, of herd mates. You snort in contentment as the tingling of the mud washes over you and you fall in all the way, face first.

You start to feel changes encroaching over your increasingly pudgy form, but you don't care. Your expanding flesh only makes it easier to soak up more of the refreshing mud. You feel the mud squelching in between your fingers as the nails start to harden, the tips getting pointed and digging further into the ground. Your fingers start to get stiff but that's okay, you think. You don't need as many fingers to support your weight, after all. You don't mind that two of your nailed fingers stretch up your palms as the other two lengthen and extend to form massive trotters. Your thumbs are entirely gone, but you find it hard to think of why that's a bad thing. What did you use them for, anyway?

You can feel your mass expanding, particularly around your ass and stomach. Something pokes out of your spine, tickling as you try to crane your fattening neck to see what it is. You watch as a curly tail starts snaking out of your spine, but you aren't bothered. You've always had a tail, right?

You can feel your meaty pucker moving backward on your crotch under your new tail. The sensations feel a little strange, but you don't mind. Your massive balls start to follow suit, swelling up with seed as they move. You can feel your cock tightening in your briefs as your member gets harder, the sensations of your swelling testicles almost erotic on their own.

Your face is swelling up along with the rest of you. You can see your snout pushing out in front of you, your flared nostrils taking in more of the surroundings. You snort a little, grunting in contentment. You close your eyes a little, to alleviate the tingling running over them. The tingling runs up your head as you feel your hairs start to fall away and run down your face. Your ears grow floppy and extend over the top of your head, making it easier to take in the sounds all around you.

A sweet smell enters your nose, one that awakens a ravenous hunger within you. You let out a few snorts as you realize the smells are coming from the bucket that you had left beside

you. Your stomach growls as it continues to distend, your growing physique demanding substance. A part of your mind recalls disgust at such a feast, but your senses tell you something very different.

You make your way over to the bucket. It's all you can do to not shove your nose in and start devouring the succulent delights within. Yet, a part of you still resists. Despite how good it smells, how good your growing body feels, it isn't right. You try to resist, to pull your snout away from the delights that surround you. Yet every cell in your body is enraptured by the savory scents wafting from the bucket.

You can hear a series of snorts and grunts followed by a squelching sound nearby. You look over, realizing your eyesight isn't what it was before, and you can barely make up the shape standing several feet away from you. But you know it's Kevin, or at least what had become of him. A massive nearly fully formed boar stands on all fours in your co-worker's former clothes, grunting in delight as he devours the heavy pail of food before him.

A part of you is still reluctant, knowing that you might change more if you give in. Yet, why do you want to resist? You were so happy when your skin hit the mud. The sty no longer reeks of waste to your new senses. And you can see how happy he is, down to the massive cock still semi-erect and waving in the mud as he eats his fill.

You bring your snout back to your own bucket, the scents wafting up from it a powerful attractant to your starving form. You lower your snout, sniffing longingly at your meal before lowering your jaw to take a bite. The taste is more divine than even the smell could have prepared you for. You dive upon your meal with gusto, feeling it slide down your throat and begin to sate your ravenous hunger. Yet it still isn't enough. You need more. Your starving body compels you to eat as fast as you can, hardly stopping to savor the taste.

As you eat, you can feel your stomach continuing to bloat with fat and girth. But you no longer care. Your body is content with the cooling mud still drying over your growing frame, and your hungry form is being fed. What more could you need?

You can feel your floppy ears stretching higher on your head as a pair of your teeth get longer and poke out in front of your limited vision. You feel a sense of pride from their size, knowing how large and virile you are.

Another smell enters your nostrils and you realize it's coming from your new sty mate. You pull your head up from your slop, food bits dripping from your maw as you see that your former co-worker has finished his bucket too and is looking at you with an intense stare. You

can smell the scents wafting off his girthy cock and the stench causes a similar stirring in your own loins. A small, shrinking part of you realizes that you'd never taken anything in your ass before but the sight and scent of the massive rod make you crave it just as much as you had the mud and food.

You turn around and present your puckered ass to your would-be mate. You don't have to raise your tail out of the way with your full anus on display like it is. You feel him raise his trotters on your back and he humps your backside, his slimy cock leaking all over you. You lower your hips a little, and at last, you feel his red hot poker meeting its mark.

The sensations of being fucked are wonderful. You feel a little pain at first, unaccustomed to such an intrusion. But soon the sensations of such a fat cock inside you, stimulating you inside and out start to feel divine. You eagerly start your careful thrusts back against him, willing him to go deeper, to feel more of his wonderful cock on your prostate. You can sense him start to gain traction in the mud now as he speeds up his thrusts. You can feel his weighty balls slapping against yours as his end starts to draw closer and closer.

You are getting so close to cumming now too, the stimulation on your prostate causing a line of precum to drool onto the mud. Your balls start to tense and your cock starts throbbing in time with your mate's skilled thrusts. You feel your thoughts start to fade as though dissolving with the churning seed of your animal lust. All your doubts, all your fears, and your worries about acting like an animal, eating slop, and living in putrid mud, all are prepared to blow from your balls with the onset of porcine orgasm...

“SQUEEEEEEEEEEE!”

“SQUEEEEEEEEEEE!”

Both of you squeal in ecstasy as your cocks squirm and writhes in orgasmic bliss. You spill shot after shot of cum onto the mud while your mate blows a thick sticky load deep into your bowels. Something thick and firm spills out of your cock as your orgasm ends. A similar sticky plug exits your lover's cock, sealing his cum deep inside you. Though your seed is long since spent, your orgasms last far longer than you'd expect as the waves of orgasmic bliss continue to envelop you both.

A farm head is nearby watching you, saying something to his assistant. You hear the words but you don't really understand them anymore. Human things don't seem to matter to you. You ignore the humans as you enjoy the orgasmic bliss of being fucked by your boar. All

that matters is your full belly, your cool flesh, and your full asshole as your lover finally crawls his way off your back.

Feeling spent, you crawl over to your herd mates, your new mate in tow. You can feel the mud squishing under your trotters but it only brings you comfort. The other pigs sniff you curiously, but quickly accept your presence, closing their eyes and returning to their slumber. You plop down into the cool mud beside them, the scent of their presence comforting. Your new mate plops down beside you as well, and you feel his massive body against yours as your eyes flutter shut and you drift off together in the cool mud in blissful contentment.