

Barnyard Bash (Multi Anthro TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AL

The Mackinson Family has been farming for generations, and their patriarch Jim is determined that the family will not stop the family profession under his watch. Unfortunately, tensions abound, with his tamed wife desperately longing to have more decision-making power, and his grown son wanting a more domestic life while his daughter distances herself from the farm. All this comes to a head when mysterious forces whisks the family away to another land and remakes them in gender, species, and role. Soon, Jim and his family will be a lot more hands-on with the family business of livestock breeding!

Barnyard Bash

Dinner was awkward yet again. At the head of the table was Jim Mackinson, patriarch of the family. He had more than a few white hairs among his darks now, and his weathered face was wrapped in a solemn scowl as he slowly ate what his wife had dutifully prepared.

“S’good,” he murmured, and there was polite agreement; the beef roast indeed was good. As it always was. Every time they had it. Which was very, very often.

“Thank you, husband, everyone,” Mallory replied, smiling almost genuinely. With her lighter brunette hair and still-youthful features despite being in her mid-forties, one could almost see her former go-getter attitude that had slowly been ground away through years of traditional housewifing. “I tried something new with the source this time, so-”

“No need for experimentin’,” Jim said curtly. “Don’t like that sort of thing. Only want the same. Nothing wrong with the same.”

Mallory showed disappointment on her face, but nodded loyally. “Of course, Jim.”

She looked to her two children, who gave her sympathetic glances. It was their son Peter who spoke up next, catching the look of quiet sadness on his mother’s face.

“You know Dad, I’ve been thinking, we could give Mom a break from doing the cooking next week. You know I’m happy to take up the duty from time to time - I really do enjoy it - and it would give Mom some free time to see if she wants to get back into the finance and management side of things. She’s got that course, don’t you Mom, and-”

But Jim scowled, and his son fell into silence. “I ain’t gonna have the embarrassment of not being able to provide for my wife and family, son,” he said. “A man’s gotta be the breadwinner, and a good woman helps provide for his plate. That’s the way the world’s supposed to be, and you’d do well to remember it rather than trying to act the role of a woman in the kitchen. You’ve got someone to provide for too, after all.”

He nodded in the direction of Peter's wife, Abigail, who rarely said a word. While Peter had inherited his father's dark hair and his mother's blue eyes, the young twenty two year old had married a woman with olive skin and an ethnic blend of features that made her quite the beauty. Abigail had once been enamoured with the idea of working on a farm, something that even Jim celebrated (though the patriarch had desired she settle into being a proper housewife eventually), but after an accident involving a caught tractor had left her without the use of her legs, she'd been mired in depression ever since, relying on Peter for everything.

Peter placed his hand on his wife's, trying to stir some emotion from her.

"I know Dad," he said. "And I do take care of Abigail. But . . . maybe a small change-"

"Change is what city folk are always chasing," Jim said, taking another bite of his dish, but only after wiping the new sauce off of it.

"Dad, that's ridiculous and you know it," Cheryl said, looking to her husband for validation. David nodded, having already finished his meal and now in the middle of checking his smartwatch for his work emails.

"Lots of people go to the city for all sorts of reasons. We're going not just for change for its own sake, but to branch out, make our own business, and be successful. Like your grandfather was when he started this farm."

"S'a family farm," Jim said matter-of-factly. "That means it stays in family. If you want to run off with David here and start a new life Cheryl, then be my guest. There'll always be a seat at the table for you when it doesn't work out with the city boy here. Just remember that at the end of the day, no matter who you marry, you're a Mackinson, not a James."

Cheryl bit her lip. In truth, part of her couldn't disagree. She actually *wanted* to stay with the farm. She'd grown up in it, had worked on it, though as she'd gotten older she'd been pulled from duties she loved so that the 'next man of the house' Peter - he brother - could take them up. It was infuriating, because they both knew that Peter would prefer to be more domestic and she more involved in the actual work, and neither were getting what they wanted under their uber-traditional father. The end result was that she had married a city slicker of a man out of spite for her father, and hadn't thought too far ahead when it turned out that David *hated* farmlife, finding it disgusting and dirty. The fact that he had a similar take-charge attitude as her father only made it worse.

"You're out of line, Jim," David said. "You know that Cheryl will be moving with me. Frankly, I'm not sure how she managed to stay so long given we've been married six months. This farm life is dying, and frankly yours needs to be automated. This hand-me-down obsession you have would get you laughed out of the city you make fun of so often, and I've got no intention of being stuck in the revolting dirt and muck you enjoy so much, and neither does Cheryl. She hates it as much as I do."

"That's a goddamn lie!" Jim said, standing up suddenly. It was enough to make David flinch. "Cheryl loves it here! Ever since she was young I had to clean that dirt you mock from her blonde curls she loved it so much."

"Things change, Jim," David said.

"No, why don't we all just calm down," Mallory said, standing also. "I know things are tense now, but my apple pie is almost cooked and -"

Peter piped up. "Mom, you didn't have to do that! I could have made dessert. You know I love-"

"I won't be having a man making food for the table, not in my farm," Jim added.

"I thought it *our* farm," Cheryl mumbled. "I missed when it was *our* farm."

"And I thought you hated it," David murmured back to her. "Thank God we're getting out of this dive tomorrow."

"I heard that! My farm is not a dive, no matter what you townsfolk call it!"

"Gods man, do you even hear yourself? Townsfolk? Who says that? I'm starting to think I'm saving Cheryl, not just improving her life but *saving* her from a tyrant!"

"You dare call me a tyrant in my own home?"

"If the shoe fits."

Mallory went to retrieve the pie, blinking tears from her eyes. Peter went to follow to console her, but Abigail put her hand on his.

"I'd like to go to bed, please," she said quietly. His heart ached for her: she was blinking back tears too, and the reason was obvious: for a time after her accident, everyone had rallied around her. Now, even the family was falling apart, and her safety net with it.

"Of course, my love," he said. He helped her wheel away from the table, but not before he looked over to his father.

"You are being a tyrant, Dad," he said.

Abigail nodded, as if agreeing with her husband. "I miss what we were," she said, and somehow *that* was what brought the entire argument and saga to an end, at least for now. Even Jim was left speechless: he'd loved it when Abigail joined the family, and Cheryl had been annoyed at how he'd let the young go-getter commit to some 'men's jobs' even when she'd been slowly barred from them. Her words carried their own leaden weight, and so he sat back down, ending the argument. David walked away from the table, and after an apologetic look from Cheryl, she left too.

Poor Mallory returned with the apple pie, with only herself and her cantankerous husband to eat it.

"At least the pie hasn't changed," Jim said.

Mallory burst into tears, confusing the bewildered man.

The entities watched the Mackinson family with amusement and interest. They were just passing through the dimensions on their way to Tanarra, but something about this farm, in this time and this place, drew them closer. They kept themselves invisible, listening and viewing the argument from outside the windows, savouring the various contradictions and squabbles of the family. Only when Jim and Mallory left the table, the former still cranky, the latter trying to keep herself together, did they actually speak.

"Hmmm," said the bovine-like one. *"I think there are opportunities here."*

"Indeed," replied the equine-like one. *"A few new members to join the herd."*

"No, not the herd," said the porcine-like one. *"The passel. The team."*

"Please, not everyone should become hogs and pigs," said the bovine. *"Besides, I rather think the patriarch of the family would do well to learn what it's like to work a farm from the other side."*

"Make him a bull?" the equine suggested.

"No, not at all. She deserves to be a bull. Can't you smell it in the air? Her ambition, her drive, her go-getter attitude. This is a woman destined for more than just making meals and serving them like a dutiful wife. No, this family is in need of correction. Why else do you think we are here?"

The equine thought about this for a long moment. *"Yes, you are right. We can have our fun, but we can also make things better, though they may not see it that way at first. The boy, the one who would prefer to take on the female's role . . . perhaps I can take him under my power and aid that transition?"*

"Indeed!" said the excited porcine, snorting with amusement. *"And I would very much like the townsfolk gentleman to learn how to appreciate the muck and dirt he despises! Would it not be best for him to be under my own power?"*

The other two nodded agreement. The porcine liked a bit of karma, even more than the rest of them, and this would be most deserving.

"But it is not just humiliation and lesson-teaching," the equine reminded their porcine friend. *"The woman crippled, her mind lingering in sadness. She is mired in hopelessness. Only the power of a free horse, powerful and brilliant and in charge, could rescue her. And it would work well to pair her with her husband; I sense the love between them is enduring and real."*

"Not so with the other young couple!" the porcine interjected. *"But that can be fixed! Their energies are misaligned, but only for now. Ah, but I do like the one with the blonde curls. She wants to do farmwork but is denied as a woman. I'll change that. Make her a powerful boar male to suit her new pig girl lover."*

“Very good,” the bovine said. “She deserves such a change. One to leave her powerful, and her cityfolk husband to learn the ways of farming . . . and breeding.”

“Yes, yes! Plenty of litters to birth in the mud, thanks to my power!”

The other two murmured agreement. The porcine’s proposal was good.

“What will you do to the lead farmer and his wife?” the entity asked after making its decision.

The bovine considered this. Right now, it could sense the pair in bed. The one called Mallory was still awake even as her husband snored. She was, the entity sensed, thinking back to her former days of promise, when her body had been younger, her ambitions greater, and she’d wanted more from life than just being a dutiful farmer’s wife.

“I shall give her the power she desires and deserves,” the bovine uttered after a pause. *“And I shall keep her with her husband.”*

“Truly?” the equine asked. *“The man is a fool.”*

“He is, but like with the young man and his wounded wife, I sense the love here is real, just . . . withered. Broken and misunderstood in some manner. Perhaps a reversal of perspective and role will be more than necessary. Besides, it would also be quite fun, would it not, my friends?”

The porcine answered this most eagerly with an excited snort.

“Oh yes, this will be most fun indeed. How do you think they’ll react?”

“Alarmed, I imagine, but our course is set. It’s not like their lives are going very well in this current world. I say we whisk them to another, and let the chaos begin from there.”

The three animal-like entities with their god-like powers murmured agreement and excitement. They stirred away from the sleeping household with its myriad of issues, conflicts, and regrets.

Tomorrow, for better or worse, everything would change for the Mackinson farm family.

“Dad! Dad! Get up! It’s a storm - I’ve never seen anything like it!”

Jim woke quickly. He was surprised he’d slept in till six in the morning; normally he was up earlier than that. He staggered out of bed and pulled on some jeans and a farmer’s shirt and stumbled down the stairs, even as Mallory stirred from sleep to see what the fuss was about. Something was loud, banging against the farmhouse and whipping through the air. It didn’t take a genius to realise it was a storm, but the week had been projected for pure blue skies, which was a good thing for the herds as far as he was concerned. He made his

way downstairs through the racket to find his children Peter and Cheryl at the ground floor, fussing over the front door.

“What is it?” he called, raising his voice to be heard.

“A storm!” Peter replied. “But not like any storm I’ve ever seen or heard, Dad! It woke Abigail clean up!”

She was there too in her wheelchair, out of anyone’s way. She was brushing back the curtains in the living room to stare outside silently. Intrigue was written over her face.

“How do you mean?” Jim yelled. David entered the room, looking angry and frustrated.

“Can’t we drive through it?” he said. “Cheryl and I have to leave! I want to get out of this damn place.”

“We ain’t leaving through that,” Cheryl said, her farmer girl voice returning despite her husband’s presence. “Look.”

David looked through the glass of the door and gasped.

“What is it, darn it?” Jim said, finishing his descent and staggering over. “Someone tell me what’s so weird that-”

“It’s pink,” Abigail said, her quiet voice almost summoning a lull in the storm. “Pink and purple, with blue forks of lightning. No storm like that I’ve ever seen.”

Peter nodded at what his wife had said, and gave room for his father to see. Mallory descended the steps not long after, and patriarch and matriarch both beheld the sight that had to be some kind of freak weather event. Just as their children and children’s partners had said, the storm outside was enormous and discoloured, a series of pink and purple clouds whipping against the house and making it seem like it was about to form the centre of a goddamn hurricane. Blue forks of lightning crashed down upon the ground, causing ear-splitting thundershocks, and the mass was slowly swirling about like a great vortex, ready to suck them off of the face of the earth.

They had no idea how literally true that last part was about to become.

“The herds!” cried Jim, suddenly realising the significance of what was happening. “We need to safeguard the herds! The cows will panic, let alone the horses!”

It took Peter, Cheryl, and David to restrain him from venturing outside into the bizarre storm.

“Stop it, you fool old man!” David cried. “If even a so-called ‘city slicker’ like me can tell that’s not a storm to venture out in, what excuse do you have?”

“Listen to him, sweetheart!” Mallory called out, even as the boom of thunder from a nearby lightning crack rattled the glass windows to the point where they nearly shattered. “It’s too dangerous! This looks like the wrath of God out there!”

“The only wrath like God’s will be me if’n we can’t save the farm!” Jim called, but he relented, allowing himself to be pulled back. Cheryl smartly locked the door and retreated to her husband.

“See? This is the kind of mess and nuisance we won’t have to put up with anymore once we get away from this unclean place,” David said. He’d intended for the storm to cover his words, and for only Cheryl to hear them, but there was a brief lull, and instead everyone heard his words, even Jim.

“You talk mighty tall for someone leaning on our kindness right now, young man,” Jim said.

“And you talk big for someone who won’t let half his family join in the work!” he replied. “Everyone but you can tell your wife is miserable!”

Abigail had wheeled her chair backwards, not wanting to be part of the argument.

“This is ridiculous,” she said, “it’s not time to be fighting, right Peter?”

“Exactly, sweetheart,” Peter said. “Let’s all just calm down and ride this weird storm out. I don’t have reception, and it looks like the internet is out in general.”

Abigail confirmed this also by holding her phone out. Still, she looked out the window.

“I wish I could walk,” she said. “I wish I could do something to help.”

Peter put a loving hand on her shoulder. It was a distinct contrast to Cheryl laying a hand on her husband’s shoulder: far from a comforting act of love from her, it was to try and pull him back from screaming in her father’s face. Jim was red in the cheeks as well, bellowing back at Dave.

“Shut up! Both of you!” Cheryl cried. “I’m so sick of his fighting! I just want to get out of here!”

“I thought you wanted to stay?” asked the ever-perceptive Abigail. “You just want to leave for your husband. At least you *can* still do things.”

“I can’t! Not with Dad restricting everything!”

“I only ask this family follow the natural roles they’re damn well given!” Jim yelled.

“That’s not fair to me either!” Mallory yelled. “I can do more than just be a damn submissive housewife!”

Her voice silenced the rest. Mallory had always quietly suffered, her regrets over her life practically invisible and unheard. Jim looked at her with astonishment, and even David shut up for once. Cheryl and Peter, on the other hand, were just happy to see their mother finally voice the concerns they knew she held for years.

“Go Mom,” Peter whispered, still holding Abigail’s hand.

“You don’t mean that,” Jim said, staring at his wife. The wind was getting louder, the storm heavier. Darkness from the purple clouds surrounded the house, causing it to grow

dim. Lightning struck closer and closer, but time seemed to freeze as both matriarch and patriarch faced off.

“You don’t mean that, Mallory,” he repeated, astonishment turning to something approaching anger. “You know that this is an old-fashioned farm and I’m an old-fashioned man. Traditional, true values. Everyone has their natural role to fill!”

“That you decide!”

“Because I’m the head of this damn family, and those decisions are mine!”

Tears burned in her eyes, and spread her arms out in a fury. “And look where it’s led us! We can’t even take shelter in a storm without us all getting at each other’s throats! I wish we were elsewhere!”

At the very moment she finished her sentence, a far more powerful burst of lightning hit the ground just outside their window, bathing the living room space with such luminance that they were all blinded. Power flowed into the room as the doors ripped open, sending several family members flying back and Peter scrambling to protect his wheelchair-bound partner. All of them screamed, even the usually stoic Jim, as the pink and purple mist flooded in after, causing them to cough and choke. It was thick and noxious and strange, thrumming with electric power, and it was enough to make David run from the building, fleeing without a thought for Cheryl as he tried to make it to the car.

“David, you coward!” she cried. “Don’t leave me!”

But he was already bounding to the vehicle, pushing against the waves of wind even as the eye of this terrible and strange storm was reached. The keys were panicked in his hands, and it took a terrifying amount of time for him to insert them into the lock. But as he did, a loud *THUNK* rattled across the car, causing the man to look up.

And scream.

And scream and scream and scream.

He ran back, still yelling, all the way into the house and up the stairs, nearly knocking Abigail out of her chair as he did so.

“What are you doing!?” Cheryl cried, but he simply pointed backwards and continued to run. Despite their arguments and horror at what was occurring around them, the Mackinson family all peered as one out the open front door and into the eye of the storm. The wind was calm here, and the blue lightning forked more silently in the distance. But there now stood a much stranger, altogether more terrifying sight. Three figures, each humanoid and yet most certainly *not human*, moved slowly but implacably towards the house. One had the appearance of a large, two legged bull. The middle was immensely tall and muscular, and looked to be a stallion. The last was fat and female, pink-skinned and snorting, a pig creature or boar creature of some description. Each was present and not present, strangely outlined against the storm, as if spectral or even celestial themselves.

“What in God’s name are they?” Mallory gasped.

“I don’t know, but they should get off my farm! Leave us alone, spirits!” Jim cried.

“I don’t think they’re going to listen, Dad,” Peter said, holding Abigail’s hand.

“They’re gaining speed,” Cheryl added. “Oh God, what are they going to do to us?”

Abigail took in a breath. Something in her seemed to read something in the creature’s expressions. “I think we summoned them, somehow,” she said. “I think . . . I think everything is about to change.”

It was then that it all happened at once. With a strange, mischievous trio of grins, the creatures *leapt* forward, their forms turning even more spectral. The Mackinson family tried to run, but their movements were molasses.

“*Change!*” came a low voice.

“*Transform!*” followed another, powerful.

“*And enjoy your new roles!*” came the last, snorting with glee.

Energy passed *through* each of the startled humans, the strange silhouettes of the seeming monsters gliding into and then out of their essences. The porcine one flew up the stairs and into the mouth of David, who shrieked in horror until he began to gasp and choke on the strange magic that vibrated within him. All of them did, overcome by the sheer intensity of whatever was within them. It was like being remoulded, only there were no physical changes, just a discomforting series of tensions and pressures within, as if every person present was being massaged from the inside-out

It was all too much.

One by one they collapsed. Cheryl first, followed by David. Abigail’s head lolled to the side, and Peter fell into his wife’s lap. Mallory stumbled, managed to catch herself, then the carpet rose to greet her. The last to go, of course, was Jim. Full of stubbornness and pride, he hurled obscenities at the strange creatures which even then flew around his head, their beast-like outlines taunting him.

“Get off my farm!” he cried, even as his knees shook and weakened. “This is mine! I’m the man of this house, and I order you to leave!”

“*The man, huh?*” one of the beings spoke, amusement in its voice. “*We’ll see about that. Soon, you won’t be a man in more than one way, Jim Mackinson. But then, that won’t be a problem, will it? After all, it’s about fulfilling your natural role? Enjoy your new one!*”

Jim finally fell into unconsciousness, collapsing alongside his wife. The last thing he saw was the storm slowly fading away in the distance beyond the open front door. The last thing he *thought* was that the mountain range he was used to seeing had somehow vanished, and the landscape looked altogether different.

But then the darkness claimed him, and the magic began its slow but patient work.

The six of them woke slowly, confused and dazed, into a new world. Literally. Jim wasn't wrong: the horizon had fully changed, now containing a lake in the distance and a few other farms that didn't exist nearby before, though they were still a long way off. When David tried to connect to the internet, there were no bars from his phone. Cheryl panicked, recalling what they'd all seen during that strange storm, while Peter confirmed that their herds had not come with them: no horses, no cows, and no pigs. It was all gone.

"It's like Dorothy," Mallory said, hands shaking as they all stood on the deck, surveying this unrecognisable place. Several eyes peered her way, and she explained. "From *The Wizard of Oz*. A hurricane sweeps up her house and she lands in another world."

"That's impossible," David said. "There has to be a logical explanation for this."

"Is there a logical explanation for you fleeing from me?" Cheryl said, staring daggers into him. "You ran away. You tried to leave me."

"I was getting the car for both of us, honey, I swear. This never would have happened in a city with modern folk!"

Jim whirled about. "This doesn't happen in the country, neither! All of you have done brought something down on me and mine. All that arguing, all of you trying to push against your roles. N n It's brought a curse down upon us. A damned, bleeding, righteous curse that - that - MOOOO!!!"

No one spoke. No one would have known what to say. Jim Mackinson, the traditionalist patriarch of the family and farm, had just *mooed*. The man went bright red as he never had before, slowly raising a hand up to his throat.

"Dad?" Cheryl asked. "Are you okay? You just sounded like - like a cow there!"

"It's just my hayfever playing up."

"That didn't sound like hayfever, sweetheart," Mallory added.

"And what would you know about that stuff?"

Mallory frowned. "I *did* take first aid courses, Jim, before you told me to stop."

Peter and Abigail exchanged a glance. Even in this strange new reality, there were reminders of tensions in the family. Jim cast out his hands, stepping off the deck as he walked onto the dirt road that was so different from the one that was meant to be there.

"We don't have time for this, okay? Something strange has happened and we need to figure a way back. Now, are you going help *mooo* or not?"

Again, that protracted silence. Peter ventured forward. "Dad, you *must* have heard it that time?"

“It was definitely a moo,” Abigail said. “I may not have worked with the cows since . . . you know, but that sounded identical. It didn’t even sound like a human imitating the voice. No offence, Jim.”

But Jim was offended. Things were spiralling out of control, and if there was one thing the patriarch of the family despised, it was not being seen as the head of the house, the man in control, the calm in the storm. He was just about ready to let loose a rant when Mallory gasped.

“Jim! Your arms! Look!”

The rest of the family stared in astonishment as new hairs began to sprout thickly across Jim’s arms. He always had his sleeves rolled up, so they were given a good view of his coarse, weathered skin suddenly smoothing and fattening, followed by black and white hairs sprouting in thick bunches across its surface.

“What the -!? What’s happening to *moo-ee!*?”

Jim tried to tear and pull at the skin and hairs, removing them as if there were some infection or covering. But they were, impossibly, *part* of him, spreading over his left arm but quickly catching up on his right. The sensation was one of furious itching, and he couldn’t help but scratch incessantly even as the hair covering started to look like a *fur coating*; white with black spots, like that of the Holstein cows they were supposed to be herding.

“Oh my God, I knew I should have stayed in the city,” David whined. “I’m going to be sick.”

He began dry heaving off to the side, leaving Cheryl to watch her father twist and change. Mallory stepped forward to help, but Jim put up a hand.

“Don’t get near me! I don’t want to infect you! I’m - ughhh! Agghhh, my l-legs!”

They were next to be covered, the fur exploding forth in thick patches. Jim squirmed as the hair spread along his body, and everywhere it travelled a new softness followed with it. He had a tough, weathered farmer’s build, but now his body filled out, straining at his clothing. To his despair and utter humiliation, he was subjected to the alien sensation of his stomach bloating out into a noticeable pooch, and his thighs swelling due to new, thick fat deposits. His rear ripped open the back of his pants, causing him to groan quite loudly, and he placed his hairy new hands behind him to try and cover himself.

“Oh God,” Mallory cried, clutching her hands to her mouth. “What’s happening? Why is this happening? I don’t understand!”

“Who cares about understanding?” David exploded. He grabbed Cheryl by the hand, dragging her a little painfully off the deck and away from where her father was standing. “We need to damn well get out of here! This weird farm shit has got to stop, you hear me? It has to *SNORT!*”

David's eyes flew wide open, as did everyone else's. Mallory kept her eyes on her struggling husband, but the rest were now trained on David as he too grabbed his throat.

"I didn't - *OINK!* - meant to - *OINK!* - do that!" he said, voice cracking noticeably.

But it was too late for him to try to escape or avoid the coming changes. Right before the group, even as Jim's chest began to be covered with that same white fur with its black splotches, David too began to transform. For a moment, he was terrified of experiencing what Jim was, but the hairs that pushed out from his arms and legs were different. Finer. He was still gaining a strange coat, but it was lighter in tone, almost pinkish. In fact, much of him was turning a pale pink, his very pigmentation altering to take on that tone.

"Stop this! Goddamn it, someone - *OINK! SNORT!* - stop thissssss!!"

Cheryl tried to pull away, screaming as she wrestled with his grip, but David wasn't letting her go. His voice squealed just like that of a pig's, and that seemed appropriate, because soon his itching body was covered in fine pink fur over noticeably pinkened skin. The skin darkened a little as it flushed, and like Jim it began to bloat outwards.

"Ngnhh! Ohhhhh, it f-feels strange! Stop it! Ohhhhhhh!! HELP MEEEE! *OINK!!*"

"Stop *mooo*-aking a racket!" Jim exclaimed, the fur reaching his face. It thinned a little, but undeniably was coating his features. He grunted as his ears began to shift, thinning and lengthening until they were almost identical to soft, floppy cow ears. Mallory couldn't take it anymore: she ran to her husband's side and helped him. He leaned against her, overcome with shock, trying not to moo like a cow even as he increasingly looked like one.

Peter watched all of this without a clue of what to do. He'd never been one to take decisive action - that had been Abigail before her accident - and so there was little to do but take it all in with a sort of silent horror. That was, at least, until Abigail clenched her hand around his to grab his attention.

"Peter. Pete! My love! S-something's - nng! - happening - ahh! - to me now! It f-feels like I'm - *NEIGH!!*"

"Abigail? Abby? Oh no, not you too! S-someone help me! Abigail is being affected!"

But there was little chance of help: Jim was shaking as the fur travelled down his back. His form continued to expand even as his shoulders oddly shrank, and Mallory was by his side, whispering encouragement. Tears bubbled in her eyes but she stayed strong for her husband, not noticing yet that as she clutched him, some dark fur was beginning to form on both her forearms as well. A similar matching change was occurring to Cheryl. She was trying to escape David's clutches, but her own skin was starting to brown, and thicker hairs were growing there, far thicker than David's in fact. She squealed in terror, trying to get away, but the itching only spread, the coarse fur spreading rapidly across her.

"David, damn you! Let me go! Let me -"

There was no way to describe the sound that emerged from Cheryl's throat other than to say it was a loud, boar-like grunt. The kind of territorial roar that warned of a coming attack from a set of sharpened tusks. David finally let her go, his body instinctively submitting to such a terrible cry. He didn't have time to think about the significance of that, because suddenly his ears began to shift. The feeling was painful, but it was deeply strange and uncomfortable. Several buttons pinged off of his fine shirt, and his trousers tore as his thighs fattened even more than Jim's, but his main concern was on his ears, which were literally *moving* upwards to the top of his head. Like Jim's, they flattened and changed shape, but anyone could tell they were becoming the triangular ears of a pink pig's.

"OINK! SQUEEAL! Don't leave me, Cheryl! I'm becoming a f-fucking f-freak! NGHH!!"

By this point Mallory was also gasping, though she was calmer than most. Her husband's condition was slowly stabilising: he was clutching his nose as it widened, and two points seemed to be pushing from his scalp, burrowing from behind the white and black fur there, but at least they were slowing. Hers were only just beginning, though.

"Jim! I'm s-sorry!" she cried. "I shouldn't have acted the way I did. It's *mooo*-y fault we're changing! I shouldn't have questioned you!"

Jim couldn't even reply with anything but grunts or moos, but his eyes - one of which had a somewhat cute black splotch over it now - held an expression of sadness and fear for his wife. He reached out to her, and the two long-married partners tried to comfort one another as Mallory's body became covered in purely black hair, her form growing not just with fat, but with a surprising amount of muscle too.

As this happened, no one but Peter was seeing the changes to Abigail. And so no one saw the truly spectacular thing that happened next. Even as Abigail's skin became covered in soft brown hair, even as her face pushed forward to contain what looked to be a muzzle or snout, even as her thighs swelled with muscles, her arms and chest too, something else caught her and Peter's attention more than anything else.

Abigail's legs were *moving*.

"Peter!" she cried. "I can - I can feel them! I can - *NEIGH!* - I can move my legs!"

"Love, that's terrific. I mean, that is terrific, right? I don't know what's going on!"

But she just marvelled. "I can f-feel them! NGHH! I don't care what happened, I can - I can move my legs again! I can feel my waist! I can - *NEIIGGGH!!*"

The wheelchair literally split apart as her form expanded suddenly, rippling muscle causing her body to enlarge. She sprang automatically from the seat, her feet landing with a heavy thud on the deck. It was only then that she realised how much *taller* she'd gotten: she'd grown several inches to the point where she was the same height as her husband, if not an inch or so taller!

“Holy sh-shit,” Peter said, hugging her body. “Abigail, this is crazy as hell, but you’re standing!”

“I know!” she exclaimed, barely believing it. But she had little time to appreciate her new mobility, because then she fell to grunting once more, her face pushing further forward, the back of her neck gaining black hair much like that on top of her head. It almost looked like a horse’s mane, which was appropriate given that her ears were becoming quite equine in shape.

“Peter, I think I’m becoming - *NEIGH!* - some sort of horse girl!”

“I agree,” he said, pulling back to regard her. “And Dad looks like a cow - oh God, Mom as well. And Cheryl looks like a part-boar, and David a pig! How is this happening? Why am I the only one not changing? I’m still human and-”

He stopped talking as Abigail shook her long face. He wasn’t used to seeing her look inhuman like that, but he still knew his wife’s expressions. She was telling him wordlessly that he was in fact quite wrong. He *was* changing.

“Oh. Oh,” he said, in his own soft way. The spread of fur had reached him now too, a strangely beautiful white coat that was spreading over his limbs at first, then the rest of him.

“*N-Neigh!*” he cried, quieter than the others. The sensation was strange, but whereas so many others were panicking, Peter was still marvelling at the mix of curse and blessing that had been bestowed upon his wife. As odd as she now looked, she was actually *standing*, and her tears were glistening with tears of relief. Those feelings buoyed him as he changed, and she became his comfort as his muscles expanded, his height grew, and his body was further covered in that white hair. Soon his jaw was cracking, changing shape, his ears taking on an equine shape, pointed and upright.

“Ahhh - it f-feels weird! Feels so s-strange! *Neigh!*”

“It’s okay love, I’m here,” Abigail said. “I’ve got you, like I’ve always had me.”

Their positions were reversed, him leaning against her, holding firm as his face elongated. His dark hair changed colour, lightning to an impressive blonde that was very similar to his sister’s. It expanded down his neck and to the top of his back much like that of his wife, and together the two now had mane’s that matched the colour of their fur coatings.

“Ahhh - ohhhhh - feels so s-strange!”

Cheryl would have agreed, but she was too busy grunting and groaning. To her shock, her body was gaining muscle - a lot of it. Whereas David’s once muscular form now gained impressive curves and softness, her arms and legs and stomach were developing powerful muscles, her breasts shrinking into her expanding pectorals a little. She squealed, followed by David, as their changes finalised. Mallory’s were finishing up too, and the pattern had continued there too: her body was stronger and more muscular than Jim’s, a reversal of how they had always been. But whereas Jim had a Holstein patterning, Mallory’s fur was

black as midnight. The horns that had pushed out from her scalp were also longer and sharper than his, though neither knew what to make of that just yet.

“Is it - is it over?” David asked, trying not to squeal or oink like a pig.

“I think it might be,” boomed Mallory. Her voice was lower, and it surprised her. “Are you okay, sweetheart?”

“Of course I’m not okay!” her husband snapped, his reaction a little comical now that he was slightly smaller than her. “I’ve grown damn fur!”

“We all have,” Abigail said, marvelling at her body. “And it healed me, like a miracle.”

“It’s a curse!” Cheryl cried. “Look at my hair, my lovely hair! I look like a freak!”

Her once-blonde hair had darkened considerably to a muddy brown, matching the rest of her coarse fur. She looked at her brother and found herself jealous at his white coating and newly lightened hair.

“What the hell happened to us? What were those things? They must have been the ones to change us!”

The group fell to arguing and discussion, looking over their bodies with embarrassment and dread. Few of them even fit into their clothing anymore: Jim had filled out too much for his breeches, and Mallory was far too muscular. Abigail was too tall and brawny, and the same could be said of Peter, though not as much so. And, of course, while Cheryl had gained weight *and* muscle, her cowardly husband was all softness and gentle fat. They looked and felt ridiculous, and not even Jim could resist stroking his own fur from sheer shock; none of them were used to such a strange sensation.

“Right, we need to figure things out,” Mallory finally said, nearly an hour after the changes had occurred. “The storm has finished, and we’re clearly in a new place, wherever it is. We need to find out where we are and what caused us to change, and how to contact the emergencies. Does everyone understand?”

They did, but no one moved yet.

“What is it?” Mallory boomed.

Pete responded. “It’s just, you never take charge like this, Mom. At least, Dad always stops you when you try.”

Gazes shifted to Jim, who stood slightly to the side and behind his wife. “Wh-what? Of course, just do what she says. She’s saying it with my permission, obviously. Get a *mooo-ve* on already!”

No one commented on the mooing, just as no one commented on David and Cheryl grunting and squealing as they shoved each other out of the way to get into the front door. The farmhouse was a sanctum, a safe haven from the insanity they were all experiencing. Each of them moved with their partners to find a space to try and get an internet connection, to search for clues, or to simply scan the horizon from the safety of being on the other side of

windows and walls, looking for recognisable landmarks. Jim waddled a little, unused to his greater weight, and when he saw himself in the mirror he swore under his breath.

“This is all because we gave up what was traditional and right, Mallory,” he uttered.

But instead of agreeing with him like always, Mallory summoned her former go-getter attitude, her former spark. “Jim, you have no idea why this is happening. No one does. So until we do, maybe it’s best you keep such notions to yourself.”

Expecting an argument, she was incredibly surprised to see him fall silent and say nothing else.

Meanwhile, Peter and Abigail were comparing their bodies in his room. Abigail’s entire world had flipped upside down, and not in a bad way. She was trying to be sensitive to the weirdness of all that had occurred and to the worries of the rest of the family, but she couldn’t stop hopping and skipping and jumping on her powerful, muscular legs.

“I don’t care if I look like a freak, or have a snout, or am covered in hair, at least right now! Right now I’m a - *neigh!* - a whole woman! I can *feel* again, Peter! I can move! I never thought I’d feel this way again after the accident. God, it’s like . . . a dream! A marvellous, weird, fantastic *dream*.”

Peter couldn’t help but laugh, and it was a strange braying sound from his extended lips. “Well, I’m glad someone’s enjoying this. I really missed you this way, Abby.”

“Like a horsegirl?” she said, amused.

“No! I mean, just, the energy of you. The excitement. You loved this farm and working on it so much, and then the accident with the tractor happened, and it was like you were squeezed dry. I just wish you could have gotten the use of your lower half back without us all ending up in animal Oz.”

She winced, sympathising. She sat down and placed a hairy hand on his hairy thigh. He rather liked it, and leaned against her in a comfortingly submissive manner.

“I know, my love. I know. I’m sorry for being so low for so long. I feel like I’m finally awake now. But I’ll do everything to help turn us back. I just hope Cheryl and David are okay . . . they seemed to be at each other’s throats.”

David, in fact, was several rooms over and practically spitting mad as he tried to get reception, internet connection, radio contact, or just about anything that would let him understand what was going on. It wasn’t like they had vehicles anymore, and the nearest farms were still at the edge of the horizon. Better a quarantine service to sort this strange mutation, as appalling as it was to consider! He kept trying to take control of the situation, but that whiney squeal continually entered his voice.

“We just have to get out of here, Cheryl, damn it! Whatever’s happened is because - *oink!* - something strange in the water or whatever! I told you that this wouldn’t happen in the

- *reeeah!* - in the city! But no, we had to stay in the farm just a little longer to say goodbye! You knew I was right! You hate it here!”

Cheryl didn't. She loved the farm. But between her father pushing her out of the jobs she loved due to his patriarchal views, and her wanting to please the man she'd married out of spite, she'd lied to herself for years now that she hated this life.

“I . . . yes, David. I do hate it,” she said, though the words prickled at her more than they used to. “But we can't just leave. This is my family, and besides, look at us! We're turning into pigs!”

He scoffed, though it was more of a piggish grunt. “And for some reason you're *bigger* than I am. It's absurd, if this isn't just a gas leak due to your Dad's inability to keep up with the times, technological or otherwise. Come on, we'll walk if we have to then, find the next farm and get them to call us help. It's - *OINK* - embarrassing as all hell, but it's either that or stay here and put up with the fact that Abigail is depressed and crazy enough to think this is actually a good thing just because she got her damn legs back.”

He had grabbed some spare trousers and clothing and was wearing them loosely over his form. Cheryl didn't want to point out to him that his nose had widened, becoming a little bit snout-like. She'd noticed the same of her own as well, and it was already shattering her sense of female vanity. Her husband was even more sensitive than her right now.

“Right, c'mon then,” he said. He grabbed her hand, and Cheryl realised in that moment that she actually had the strength to resist him, and perhaps even the will to do so. But the courage wasn't quite there yet, so she followed dutifully, ironically mirroring the trajectory of her own mother, which was a path she'd wished to avoid for so long.

“Yes, David,” she said, snuffling and sniffing.

She grabbed a looser dress and quickly changed. It no longer flattered her form; what would? She was covered in damn coarse boar hair! It made her oddly jealous of David's softer coating, even if he was now pink-skinned. She shook the thought away and followed him down the stairs. Jim emerged, as did Mallory, followed by Abigail and Peter to see what David was fussing about.

“You can't leave!” Mallory said. “We haven't figured this out!”

“It m-might be dangerous out there!” Peter exclaimed.

“Don't care! I'm taking my wife and getting out of this damn freak show!”

But for the second time, David was pulled to a stop by a strange manifestation. He moved to the front door and flung it wide open, only to scream in terror. Well, not scream. He *squealed*, louder and higher than ever before, sounding *exactly* like a terrified pig. There, in the doorway, no longer spectral but very much real, were the three entities.

One bovine.

One equine.

One porcine.

"Well, this is off to a great start!" declared the pig-like creature, stepping forward.

"We've had such fun watching you," added the horse one. It looked like a half-human, half-horse, though its features shifted occasionally, as did those of the others. Almost as if they were fluid representations of their species, looking more beast-like in some moments, and more intelligent and animated in others. It was a bewildering effect to look at.

"And the changes are just starting for your new roles!" announced the cow one, sometimes looking quite bullish, and other times seeming to have a deeply engorged udder. They all moved into the house, and the residents fanned back, terrified. All except one: Jim already had his shotgun and was thrusting it up at the creatures.

"Now you *moo-onsters* get back! Undo this damn curse or I'll fill you full of holes, y'hear?"

He cocked the shotgun for emphasis.

It was the bull-cow creature that rolled its eyes, looking somewhat amused. It flicked a hoof in the air lightly, and Jim suddenly struggled to hold the shotgun.

"What the - what the damn hell is - no!"

The Mackinson family watched, Mallory most shocked of all, as the head of the family suddenly went through another change. His hands twisted and changed, thickening and fusing. One each hand, five fingers shrunk down to a mere three - two fingers and a thumb - before hardening and browning over. The hair along his palms became even thicker, but the sensation of feeling in his actual digits waned, numbing a great deal. For a moment, he was terrified that he was gaining useless hooves for hands, but they stopped well short of that. Still, everyone could see he now had a set of hoof-hands not dissimilar to the cow creature looming over him. He manipulated his new fingers, experimentally tapping them, but otherwise gaped back at the creature.

"What are you!?" he finally gasped.

"That's what I'd like to know," Mallory said, summoning new boldness to stand before her husband. Peter did the same besides Abigail, and she stood staunchly on her equine haunches as well. Only Cheryl and David stood apart, the latter still meekly looking for an exit. Cheryl lingered closer to her blood family instead, but her eyes were fixated on the boar/pig creature. It looked wild and powerful, and it drew her in, fascinating her in ways she didn't want to think about.

"We are happy to explain," the cow creature said. *"I am the Bovine God."*

"And I am the Equine God."

"And I am the Porcine God, the best of all!"

They awaited applause, but gained none. This didn't seem unexpected, for each separated so that they were closer to the particular individuals they had 'blessed.'

"We travel together, us entities. We share a lot in common, particularly since those creatures we bless often have their herds and litters." The Bovine God thudded near to Jim and picked up the shotgun. Somehow, reality shifted, and the thing *bent* like a wet noodle in its hoof hands. Jim gaped. *"But most of all, we three liked to . . . correct things, where they've gone wrong. And this family - the Mackinson Clan - have gone very, very wrong. You are at the centre of it, James, but all the rest of you have some equal part to blame. For instance, you Mallory, you have not been bold as you should have been. You have played the part of a dutiful farmer's wife, when you should have been brave as a bull. Am I wrong?"*

Mallory swallowed. "I . . . I used to be a lot more confident. Determined. I feel like much *moo-re* of a doormat these days."

"And your husband has tried to control everything, never understanding the need to be a proper provider, to recognise what the women can contribute. Am I wrong, Jim?"

Jim scowled, refusing to admit anything at all. The Bovine God looked unoffended, and simply gestured to its horse-like friend, who stepped forward, speaking in a tone that was soft and strong, brass and soprano. A combination of mare and stallion at the same time. The Equine God stepped up to Abigail and Peter. The former stood her ground, though Peter kept a little behind her, as was his more submissive way.

"Don't be afraid, I'm not unkind," the entity said. *"As you can already see, Abigail, I have returned the use of your legs to you. How does it feel?"*

The furry woman looked down at herself, still not used to having a slight snout pushing out into her vision. She flexed one rather powerful leg, then the other.

"It feels . . . amazing. Please, you must turn us back. But . . . please let me keep this."

The Equine God nodded solemnly. *"The changes cannot be reversed, but they can be directed. I don't think you will be displeased with them. After all, you were excited to join the Mackinson Clan, a city girl who wanted the farm life. And for too long since your accident you have wallowed in despair. It is time for you to take charge once more. To reveal the stallion in you. Conversely, Peter . . ."*

The Equine God regarded him curiously for a moment, as if sensing something within him.

"You have always been far more submissive, far more domestic, than your father ever wanted you to be. You have done great works for the farm, but I could tell your essence was far more mare than stallion. The change will suit you well, and love will bloom between you and Abigail so much more fruitfully when you assume the roles intended by your natures."

Peter and Abigail looked at each other, not quite sure what to make of that, but already the amused Porcine God was stepping forward on split hooves to examine Cheryl and David. It chuckled in a low, grunting way.

“David is a coward and he’s all wrong for you, Cheryl!” the creature said, not sounding remotely as smooth-talking as the imperious Bovine or more kindly Equine. *“But that’s no problem. He views farm life as disgusting, as mud and shit and litter-making. Well, he can have it all and get used to it, I say! That’s an error I certainly mean to correct. But you also need to transform, Cheryl. You’ve been denying your love of this life for far too long. You wanted to escape it, but it keeps drawing you back even if your father denies your role in it. But don’t worry, I’ll give you the strength and ferocity to finally assume a leadership role in this farmstead, and your father can learn that a powerful woman can do much. Yes, we’ll see the tusks come from you yet, ha!”*

The Porcine God squealed a little in satisfaction at its roundup. The trio of entities shifted back, satisfied with their explanation, but the Mackinson family didn’t feel as if they knew much at all of what was going on.

“Nothing to say?” the Bovine one said. *“Nothing to ask?”*

Jim spat on the ground. *“I’m not saying anything to freaks like you. Demons. Moo-onsters.”*

“Ah, there’s the male pride you need to shed, Jim. Don’t worry, you’ll turn tail, I’m sure.”

In one surprisingly fast and smooth motion, the Bovine God strode forth with the bent noodle of a gun in its hoof-hand, grabbed Jim forcefully, and spun him around. Before anyone could react the entity shoved the gun right up against the top of Jim’s backside. He howled in discomfort, reaching to grab the weapon, but that only produced *more* pain. He and the rest of the former-humans quickly realised why: the gun was no longer a gun, but a ropey, furry, black-and-white cow’s tail that now swung out from over the top of his torn trousers. It even had a little triangular tuft of fur at the end, thicker than the rest. He could feel it, a literal extension to his spine and body.

“What in the Sam hell!?”

“Like I said, turn tail, hm! Now, no more interruptions please. Others, I’m sure, have questions.”

Mallory gulped. *“Wh-where are we?”*

“In Tanarra,” the Equine God answered, gesturing out the open door. *“Another world in another universe, similar to your own in some regards, but very different in others, particularly its people!”*

The Porcine God had shifted to the non-working television to the side of the living room nearby. Reaching out with a hoof, it made a gesture, and the TV suddenly flickered on.

Mallory gasped, and the others' jaws all hung open. An afternoon news report was playing, but the two hosts were not human, not in the least. One appeared to be a goat-man, humanoid but with fur, horns, and those strangely shaped eyes. The other was a kind of oddly cute lizard woman, green-scaled and with a tail that shifted slowly behind her.

'And in other news, the Elephant Folk Worker's Union has stopped work on the Scalefolk Apartment Complex in Hyperia City due to complaints over working conditions. On the Eastern board, a number of changes have been made to maternity policies in three states, removing the maximum children limit that was cited as discriminatory. Rabbitfolk in particular are no doubt cheering on this reform.'

"No doubt at all, Salandra. Now for sports. The great Gavid Forenza has once more made history by beating the all time great short distance sprinting record . . ."

The screen changed to show a cheetah man, lithe but powerful, sprinting at speeds that would have been impossible for a regular human. Next, a dolphin and seal folk group of water polo players were displayed training for some great competition, but the Porcine God turned the television off before it all became too overwhelming.

"See?" the creature asked. *"A brave new world, with all sorts of fascinating creatures in it."*

"And now you'll be joining them, in your new, lifelong roles," the Equine God added.

"No!" a horrified David whined. "You can't! I don't want to be some sort of - *OINK!* - pig man!"

The Porcine God guffawed. *"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that, dear David. Perhaps we should share with them their ultimate fates?"*

"A good notion," the Bovine said.

"It would be only fair," the Equine added.

But then the Porcine God changed its mind, grinning at David in particular as it did so. *"No wait, I change my mind! Far better to let this be a little chaotic - we are Gods of chaos to some extent, friends! No, I'll just lay down the score for the wonderful family. Fear not, you will all have farm roles by the end of your transformations. And don't worry, new identities for your new lives as animal-folk in the rural lands west of Hyperia City. You'll even be healthier, and happier too, if you come to accept your new kinds of . . . productivity."*

The Bovine God mused a small bit of amusement at this, before giving a guilty look. The Porcine continued.

"And to make things really easy on you, you won't have to worry about interference from outside while you change. Our magic will place a protective barrier around your farmlands. You can explore and find out more about the crops you'll be expected to produce - among other things, oink! - and you'll also be free of any prying eyes. You can't leave, others can't enter, until all the changes are done. And hopefully by then, well . . ."

“You’ll have learned how to be a loving, properly working farm family,” the Equine God said. *“And I think Peter and Abigail here may be the ones to lead the way.”*

“All the best. We’ll see you as you change, though you might not always see us,” finished the Bovine God.

And then they were gone in a flash, even as Cheryl, David, and Mallory all yelped at them to stop, to stay, to change them back and reconsider. But it was too late. They were all together again, part-animal freaks, and apparently only at the beginning of their changes . . .

The barrier was real, that much was easy to determine. It had a sort of pink-purple haze to it, illusory and transparent right up until you bumped into it and it solidified like the wall of a blown up bit of chewed bubblegum. Mallory and Cheryl tried to push through it after the men had failed, but were ultimately bounced back. Abigail got the furthest, her muscles incredibly developed, but in the end she was sent flying back too, landing in Peter’s arms.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

To his surprise, she actually had a grin across her snout. “Didn’t think I had *that* much strength in me!” she exclaimed. “I think I got further than anyone there!”

She had, but it still hadn’t led to an escape, and in the end they gave up trying to push through the barrier, which extended a couple of thousand feet in every direction around the farmhouse. It allowed Jim to at least look at what their new farm apparently was. He had farmed crops before even if they weren’t his specialty, but it made him all the more irritable to know that corn and cabbage and carrots and so on were all being foisted upon him, along with a large grainfield south of the farmstead.

“Why is it all crop?” he demanded as he walked alongside Mallory, his clothes barely fitting. “Where’s the beef? Where’s the pork? Damn it, even the horses could at least provide a saddle and a ride!”

Mallory put a furry hand on her husband’s back, brushing his odd Holstein coat. She didn’t want to tell him, but it looked oddly cute, even if so unlike him.

“Think, sweetheart,” she said. “This is a world where all the people are part-animal, though they wouldn’t see it that way from their side, I suppose. They don’t have critters like we do, and they certainly don’t eat one another. At least, I hope they don’t. Otherwise we *moo-ay* be in trouble!”

She gave an awkward laugh, still not used to her booming voice, but Jim didn’t laugh with her. He was looking at his hoof-hands. Mallory’s own hands were starting to become stiff too; she got the sense that they would end up like his, though the tail was still a while off, perhaps. She only had a slight pressure there, while Jim continued to try to hide his ropey

new extension. It continued to fall out the back of his overalls though, swinging idly and then quicker whenever he became agitated, which was often. Again, Mallory found this development cute as well, but once more would certainly never say it aloud to her husband.

“I refuse to end up like some cow-freak,” Jim finally said, spitting on the ground. “I’m not spending another day here in Tanarra, I swear it, sweetheart. I’ve always taken care of my family, and I refuse to let them down.”

“Honey, sometimes it’s okay to let others shoulder burdens for you. Cheryl had done good work helping out, and with the farm too before you pulled her off her duties-”

“Oh, this again!”

She put her hands on her hips, feeling her fingers starting to fuse slowly together. She loomed a little taller than her husband, and summoned the boldness of her former youth. “This again, yes! It’s the reason we’re here, remember? All our family disagreements come back to you, Jim! I love you, so very deeply my sweetheart, but this is all about *you*. You didn’t let Cheryl take part in the farm once she grew into a woman. You didn’t help Abigail adjust and give her things to do when she got stuck in that wheelchair. You haven’t listened to Peter, truly listened; he doesn’t *want* to be the heir to the farm! He likes the . . . well, the things you would consider feminine. Cooking and cleaning and the like. And David . . .”

Jim raised an eyebrow.

“Okay, you were dead right about David. But you pushed Cheryl to him! She was acting out, and married the man who she knew her father would hate.”

Jim looked out to the alien horizon for a bit, even staring at the sun for as long as he could. He’d seen on the now-working television that people in this strange world worshipped it like a God, or something. He sighed, and turned to his wife. For a moment, Mallory thought he was going to accept her words. She hadn’t even mentioned her own desire to step and lead that had been festering for the past five years. But then she saw his expression change. Harden.

“You can think what you want, Mallory. You know I’ll always respect it. But at the end of the day, everyone has a role they gotta play, and that’s all I was doin’. And I was right to be doin’ it.”

He walked off, his hips swaying awkwardly with his new furry bulk. He looked to have put on even more weight in those hips in the last few hours. Mallory sighed.

“New roles” she said, looking down at her chest. It was much larger . . . in muscle. But the softness was slowly disappearing. That’s what I’m afraid of.”

Despite the family's shared anxieties, personal embarrassments, and justifiable outrage, they couldn't stay apart forever. The changes were taking their toll: it caused a swell of hunger in all of them, and Mallory was forced to make a much larger dinner than usual from the reserves in the kitchen. A nearby cooler shed also had stockpiles of vegetables and greenery, all of which now tastes much more delicious than it ever had before. They sat at the table, a twisted part-animal family, barely speaking as they chowed down. Jim had never been a big eater, but he consumed platter after platter of vegetables, though the meat was impossible to consume for any of them.

"Damn it!" he complained. "Can't even eat meat no more! What's this about?"

"We're all turning into herbivore animals, Dad," Peter suggested.

"Oh, that makes sense," Cheryl said. "I mean, I could eat *some* meat."

Peter chuckled. "That's because pigs can eat anything!"

She threw a tomato at him, but to his surprise she was actually grinning a little, finding a little boldness herself. David just looked miserable, though he too couldn't stop eating.

"So f-fucking fat," he whined, patting his belly. "And my chest is sore."

"Mine too," Peter added.

"Me as well, son," Jim said, wincing. "Need to get d-damn clothes to fit us. Tomorrow, we're doing our research and getting out of here. Watching the news, reading any new books that might turn up, digging under that magical barrier. Summoning, praying, whatever we can!"

Abigail was silent. Beneath the table, she locked her fingers with Peter's. Both were having a similar hardening to those of the others there, the fingers melding together so that they were manipulable but more hoof-like in nature. She gave him an odd look.

"What is it?" he asked.

She hesitated, then whispered in his ear - a difficult thing to do when you were still getting used to having a bit of a thick snout. "I don't want to end up like an animal. I want to go back home. But . . . I don't want to lose this strength. This ability to move. I don't want to go back to *that*."

Peter nodded gently, and by some strange instinct he actually *nuzzled* her. He pulled back before anyone could notice, but knew it had been the right thing to comfort her.

"I know, love. I know. Let's just focus on what we *can* do, for now. We haven't crossed that bridge yet."

Cheryl turned to David, who was sulking. "For God's sake, David. Just eat up already and stop complaining. We're all in the same boat here!"

Again, to her surprise, he actually obeyed her. Perhaps it was his wounded pride and sense of crumbled vanity, or perhaps even male ego undone due to his higher voice and

strange curves, but he was actually following her instruction, almost submissively in fact! Mallory couldn't help but notice this. She didn't dare try the same act with her husband.

But part of her was wanting to.

Each slept in their usual rooms, though the beds creaked more heavily due to the increased fat and muscle on their bodies. The women were particularly galled by this, though Mallory felt a strange rush of excitement at being bigger, and Abigail was ecstatic to not have to wheel herself close and transfer. She could *leap into bed*. It was *fantastic*. She curled up against Peter, nuzzling against him.

"Feels weird to have fur," she said.

"So strange. I guess we're turning into part-horses, like that one sports guy on the news."

"It could be worse, I suppose," she mused, dipping her conversational toes into the subject of if they didn't turn back (or in her case, might not want to).

"How do you mean?"

She stroked his lovely white fur, appreciating its beauty even in the moonlight shining through the window. Tanarra had more than one moon, so the effect was entrancing.

"Well, not to offend your family, but would you prefer to become a cow? Or a pig?"

Despite his worries for his family, Peter couldn't help but giggle. His voice cracked a bit, though it still retained a low tone. It was huskier lately, but so was Abigail's voice, so it wasn't altogether strange.

"I suppose not," he said. "Horses are generally much more noble than their bovine brethren, aren't they?"

"Well, I'm just glad not to be growing an udder," Abigail mused.

"Oh my God, I hadn't considered that. Will Mom grow an udder? What am I saying? I don't even want to think of that!"

But Abigail was invested. She'd always had a sneaky, amused streak, occasionally poking the bear, and her renewed happiness had brought it back in full force.

"Maybe, maybe not. I haven't seen a cow-woman on the news. But I did see a pig woman."

"And?"

She shuffled in bed, sitting up. Peter could have sworn that her ears had grown longer, her snout as well. She smirked, and gestured out with her hands at her chest level. Her own pair had never been large, so she cupped a lot of empty space.

"No!" Peter said. "Really?"

She nodded, then lowered her hands. "And . . ."

"Two pairs?"

She shook her head, grinning openly now as she lowered her hands one last time
"And . . ."

"I can't hear this! That's my sister!"

"I'm just saying, she'll have to be careful about overbalancing if her change goes all the way. In the meantime, we get to be horses. And you know what they say about stallions, right?"

She nuzzled against him, lowering her hoof-hands to the space between his legs. Despite all the insanity of what they were going through, Peter felt himself stiffening, the arousal building.

"R-really?" he said. "Now? After the day we've had?"

She continued to feel him up. God, she was strong. She'd always been athletic, at least until the accident began to waste her away, but now he was certain she was stronger than him. It was kind of a big turn on.

"Okay then," he said, shifting to position himself over her. She stopped him with the movement of a hand - one that was definitely more hoof-like now.

"No," she said. "I want to enjoy this new freedom. I want to be on top."

That too sounded rather hot.

As the sounds of whinnies and neighs playfully echoed through the walls, David and Cheryl were no longer even in the house. Once more, like clockwork, David had tried to escape. He had wandered through the cornfield and pushed against the barrier at its furthest edge, tears streaming down his eyes. He'd always prided himself on being the provider. The success story. The businessman who was going to rise up in the corporate world. Now, he wasn't even a man - at least a human one anyway. His well-trimmed body with its regular gym use had gained soft rolls and flabs. He had a double-chin, and worst of all Cheryl had actually called it 'cute'! His chest was sore, his nipples especially, and there were four other points below it - two in even rows - that were also getting weirdly distended and sore. He had no idea what that was about but it scared him.

"And these stupid hooves!" he whined, clacking them together. They were even more useless than Jim's hands, and Abigail and Peter's. Unlike the others his seemed almost unusable, having fused in the leadup to midnight so that they were two boney hoof-halves that clacked together, and a hard thumb that thankfully hadn't withered away. It would take forever to learn how to use them, and they were so damn stubby!

"Fuck this," he whimpered, sobbing as he hit against the bubblegum like surface of the barrier. Its transparency became opaque when he hit it, only to recede and taunt him with images of freedom after a few seconds. He didn't really have a plan of what to do if he even

did escape, but being captive and changing - at a damn disgusting, revolting, muddy farm no less! - was worse than anything.

It was like that, whimpering and crying pathetically, that Cheryl found him. With her emboldened courage (there was a lot more testosterone in her system now that she wasn't yet aware of), she was rallying herself to lay down the law and snap at her husband, not just for trying to escape but for all the ways he'd dismissed and controlled her over the years.

But then she saw him as he currently was, small - well, small in spirit - and tired and scared, and something in her heart stirred with empathy. She thudded over to her husband, her heavier, more muscular form making stealth impossible, and wrapped her arms around him. He wasn't wearing a shirt, and her nightie barely fit her, but as she held him, they were both in the throes of a deep, warm, comfort.

"I'm so pathetic," David said. "I don't want to be a - *oink!* - a fucking p-pig."

"Me either, David," she said, voice hoarse and low - almost lower than his. "But we have to face this, and face it together."

"I'm m-meant to be the breadwinner. The take-charge man."

She rolled her eyes, softly stroking his pink fur. "Oh David, how did I not see that I married a man just like my foolish father?"

He oinked, looking up at her. His nose had expanded, becoming much more snout-like. It should have been ugly, but it was weirdly adorable, at least to her eyes. She caressed it, and though he pulled away initially, he allowed her to keep stroking it.

"I'm not like - *oink* - him at all."

She grunted. "Oh, you are. I should have seen it. You like to take charge. You run things your way. You love me - I think you do, even if you tried to abandon me earlier - but you don't try to understand me and my wants, just like Dad and Mom. He's put her in a box, and you have in a way too, though I stepped in there willin'."

"What do you mean? You wanted to come to the city."

"I wanted to stick it to Dad. I love this farm - well, the one back on Earth. I didn't want the city life, not really. But I guess I convinced myself that I hated it. Now that I'm turning into some sort of boar woman, I gotta be honest with myself. I don't want to leave the country, and that's something you gotta accept. If you can't . . . then I guess we're through."

David squealed automatically, his throat producing a very porcine sound. "No! Please! Don't - *oink!* - leave me! I'm sorry for trying to run away. I'm s-sorry for being a coward, Cheryl. I just feel so pathetic now. I'm - I'm scared! I'm not meant to be but I am, and I need you with me. Please . . . please don't go."

She leaned against him, still kneading his soft flesh with her hoof-hands. It was a deeply calming experience, even if those strange knots below his chest felt oddly sensitive.

“I won’t then,” she whispered into his pink, triangular pink ear. “*If* you work hard on being there for me too.”

“I will,” he said, and realised that he actually meant it. “I will Cheryl, I swear. I just . . . really need you right now.”

There was no seeming reason for why that submission, that dutiful desire to have his mate near, was so important to him. But he would understand why the next day. For now, the strained couple shared a rare moment of genuine connection, holding each other for a long time. They fell asleep together out under the stars and the moonlight, and that too felt oddly natural.

Jim and Mallory had fallen asleep just a little earlier. Jim fumed, unable to stop scratching at the base of his tail, angry at the “ridiculous thing!” Mallory couldn’t stop looking at it, even touching it with his permission at first (and then without said permission, ‘accidentally’ of course). His body had bloated up further, though it wasn’t fat so much as curvaceous. While Mallory’s shoulders had widened and her snout became broad and powerful, Jim was looking petite in some undefinable way. Soft. He couldn’t stop rubbing his sore chest or lower stomach, feeling the strange knots there.

“Just leave them alone,” Mallory advised. “You’ll only aggravate them.”

“This whole situation is damn aggravating,” he complained, pressing a hooved ‘finger’ down upon his horns. He looked to Mallory’s own pair. While his were starting to sweep up above his head, hers were much longer already, having grown a full inch since earlier that day. It made him jealous, though he couldn’t say why. It was almost an instinctual feeling more than anything.

“Jim,” she said in the darkness, “have you thought more about what I said?”

“No,” he replied curtly. “I ain’t becoming a bull, and you ain’t becoming a cow, and that’s that. I won’t have a sow for a daughter or a stallion for a son either. And that’s that.”

He didn’t talk to her at all after that, still fuming at the whole situation, and in the end the two of them fell asleep, a space between them emerging in the bed despite their increased size. Jim was right, of course, the three entities mused as they observed invisibly through the window: he *wouldn’t* get a sow for a daughter or stallion for a son, nor a cow for a wife.

But it wasn’t the species he’d gotten wrong. Just the genders. And that was something he’d find out the next day.

The house was woken by an incredibly loud pig-squeal, one that was rapidly approaching the house followed by an equally loud series of calls from what had to be a male boar.

Despite the peace of the previous night, David was *running*, and it was not clear why, just that the noise he was making was damn loud and certainly high-pitched. Jim wearily opened his eyes and got to his feet - the pair of which felt odd - and moved quickly to the window, slamming it open.

“Quieten the noise!” he yelled, voice cracking a little. “Some of us are -”

And then it all flooded back to him, just as it was flooding back to Mallory, who was pitching herself out of bed and taking in the changed form of her husband.

“Mallory?” he asked. “What is it?”

“Jim, your chest . . . you . . .”

It was Abigail who gave the true answer. True to her old, pre-accident manner, she burst through the door to Jim and Mallory’s bedroom without caring to knock, her energy utterly restless within her. She had grown taller in the night, just as Mallory was just then realising about her own self, and her face was protruding more. Her body had ripped through her upper body night clothes, so that she would have been scandalous . . . if she had any breasts left to speak of. Instead, it was just a pair of slightly enlarged nipples over some strong pectorals.

“Peter’s growing tits!” she declared. “I’m not kidding! We woke up and -”

She stopped talking fast as Jim turned, the older man looking utterly humiliated. Not only did he look a lot younger now, as well as more bovine (his snout protruded further and his eyes were larger), but his once-weathered chest now had an additional softness to it. A pair of softness, in fact, with large pink nipples that could only belong to a woman sitting proudly upon them.

“Get. Out. Of. My. Room,” he said, trying to keep his voice masculine and failing completely. “Now!”

Even with all her returned bravado, Abigail was smart enough to flee. Mallory went to her husband’s side and placed a hand on his shoulder. My, it was soft. Not just shrunken down to more female proportions, but with a cute layer of fat beneath the Holstein patterning.

“I think a family meeting is in order,” she said, voice booming lower than her husband’s. “We need to figure out what’s happening.”

Jim nodded silently. It took a long time for him to stop staring down though, and Mallory was struggling not to look as well. Her own farmer of a husband, growing cow tits! It was barely comprehensible to her. For him, it had to be shattering.

Of course, everyone had changed overnight. His was not the only awkwardness. She wondered what was going on with David and Cheryl.

They all stood in the dining room, not knowing quite what to say. Each were wearing new clothes, but very little could disguise the changes to their new forms, particularly since the magic of the animal gods was changing even their sense of dress: Jim, for instance, now mostly had dresses in his cupboard as well as some more female overalls to fit his new figure. He took the latter, obviously, as well as a shirt intended to fit his new . . . developments. He wasn't touching the bra though: that much was certain. The same could be said of David, who was staring at the floor . . . or at least trying to. The man had only gotten pinker, but his real concern was for the two developments on his chest: pink breasts that were easily B-cups. They weren't huge, pretty modest in fact, but he couldn't stop looking at them.

"It's okay, honey," Cheryl said, touching his back.

"It's not," he said quietly. "It's - *oink!* - worse than I'd thought."

"We don't know you're becoming a sow. A woman, I should say."

He nodded his head. His facial features, despite their animalistic nature, had gotten softer. Like everyone else, he had more of a snout now, but there was a more female aspect to the softness of his jaw and the trim of his eyebrows. His cheekbones too. And, of course, there was the pinkness of him, the softness of his fur, and the fact that a layer of fat had filled in all the parts of his body that would mark out a more . . . female outline. The hips and the butt especially. He kept placing his hands on those hips, which Cheryl thought only pointed out to the world how much more curvaceous he'd grown in that time.

"I'm a freak," he whispered, louder this time.

"We all are," Peter mused, poking one of his breasts. Surprisingly, he wasn't as torn up or embarrassed as his father or brother-in-law, simply examining his body more experimentally. He didn't even have a top on, despite his father and mother's complaints. Neither did Abigail, but she no longer had breasts for the traditional couple to ask her to cover up anyway.

"Peter, can you please stop showing off your boobs!" Cheryl snapped, angry at the whole situation. She alone knew how much progress she'd made with David the previous night. For the first time in a long, long time, she'd actually felt connected to him, the sparks of love that could have been slowly burning like warm embers. Now, he was in pity mode again, and she was grappling with the fact that her own breasts had shrunk away like Abigail's. Like her Mom's.

"Why, sis?" Peter asked. "Are you jealous?"

He cupped his furry breasts for emphasis. His nipples were a light grey, but were certainly larger, like that of a woman's.

"Oh, shut up! You're so immature sometimes, I swear. Serves you right to grow breasts since you're always so passive."

But Peter was not particularly devastated by her comments. For one, the only opinion he really cared about was Abigail's, and she'd commented that they were "very cute" that morning, which gave him quite the boost up after his initial confusion and worry. And secondly, as he saw it, he was already turning into a horse person, becoming a female one - or even partly female - was less strange than *that*. In fact, when he'd looked in the mirror he had been more than a little astonished to realise he looked oddly beautiful, almost unicorn-like thanks to his white coat of fur.

His father obviously didn't see it that way though. He was doing everything he could to hide his bosom, which was quite the difficult feat, because whereas Peter's body had become more lithe and mare-like, with modest but visible breasts, Jim had grown a much more sizeable bust overnight. He had to have grown D-cups easily, big enough that some of the changing women at the table were jealous: his breasts were twice as big as his own wife's, not that she had her pair any longer. His horns had grown, though only a little, now being about four inches long in total and curving upwards. He shifted uneasily from foot to foot, annoying that his toes were harder and taking on the shape of proper hooves, and if one couldn't guess his obvious discomfort, his bovine tail would have given it away: it swished from side to side in irritation. Worse, there was an intolerable itch on his lower stomach and just below his breasts, and it took all his energy not to scratch his fat nipples through his top.

"How can you be like that?" he snapped, voice sounding more female than male now. "You shame us all, son!"

"Oh please Dad," Peter said. "This is crazy enough without us constantly turning on each other."

"It's revolting."

"Exactly!" David pitched in. "We're turning into - *oink!* - women! I'm becoming a f-fucking pig woman! *Reeeeuhgh!!*"

Abigail winced and held her horse ears, and Mallory did the same with her bovine pair.

"Not so loud, honey," Cheryl said firmly, and once more David submitted. He gestured at his chest, which now had noticeable cleavage. His pair were easily impressive C-cups, though they were sore with the promise of future growth. He couldn't stop kneading them anxiously, or touching his behind. Like Jim, his rear had swelled, though the cow farmer's rear had its limits. David's, on the other hand, was huge, and increased by swollen hips. He'd remarked more than once that he looked like he had one of the asses from those women on trashy reality shows, all injected-up with plastic and whatnot. Cheryl didn't exactly disagree, though his *did* look natural - as much as their situation could be called natural. In fact, she rather liked standing behind him from her taller vantage point.

“Sorry,” David mumbled. “But look at us! Why are we changing gender? All the women are becoming larger, tougher -”

“Cooler,” Abigail said, which made Peter giggle a little. The pair were almost *enjoying* what was unfolding, and perhaps on some level they were.

“Not cooler,” Jim snapped. “Don’t even joke about that.”

“Who’s joking, Jim?” Abigail said. “I can walk again. I’m tough. I feel great! Maybe . . . maybe this could work out?”

Mallory gulped. “I think . . . that’s taking it a little bit far, Abby.”

“But you’re standing up for yourself more often Mallory, aren’t you? And you, Cheryl? Can’t us changing gals sense it? Don’t you notice how much more confident and in charge we’re becoming? And Peter here has been so supportive, so wonderful as ever. He’s always been there for me, but maybe the animals gods were right, and we’re changing to better suited roles. Peter, you were always more passive and domestic, right?”

He nodded, though he was a little bit hesitant over where this is going. “I mean, I don’t need to lose my penis and grow boobs for that.”

“No, of course not! I just mean . . . oh, never mind. I’m just trying to see the positive, that’s all. Maybe this is all happening for a reason.”

“*Oh, I’d say she’s definitely got it right!*” echoed a voice, one they all recognised. Everyone stumbled back as the trio of animal gods reappeared in the centre of the living space, each looking with amusement and delight at the couples they had a hand in reshaping. The Porcing God in particular looked *very* pleased with its work, surveying the way David’s cute, curvy belly was stretching diamonds of skin between the two halves of his buttoned shirt. A look down confirmed to the entity that he could no longer wear shoes: his feet were far too hoof-like by that point, as were Cheryl’s larger, manlier feet.

“*Looks like things are proceeding exactly as we want them to,*” the Bovine God said. “*Sorry about the surprise, but we felt it best to let you dip your toes-*”

“*Hooves,*” the Equine God corrected.

“*Yes, hooves, into the waters of change before we revealed the full plan for your changes.*”

“And what plan would that damn well be!?” Jim snapped, stepping forward. He wasn’t used to his D-cup breasts bouncing on his chest, nor his naked, sensitive nipples rubbing against the fabric of his shirt. He moaned under his breath before containing himself. “You owe us an explanation, you monsters!”

The Equine God winked at the silent Abigail and Peter, as if to say ‘hey, I notice you two, you actually might be coming round to this, aren’t you?’ but then stepped back to take in the whole group. “*I’ll explain,*” the entity said. “*And explain it all. I’ll warn you, however, you may not like to hear your full fates.*”

"T-tell us!" Mallory said.

"Please!" David cried.

"Very well. But be warned. It will not sound happy at first; you must trust the fates of destiny we weave that all will turn out exactly as it should be. Exactly according to your new roles, which I know you can come to enjoy."

Jim scowled, but otherwise said nothing. Mallory put a strong arm around him, and he didn't fight it. Each of the couples drew closer together, in fact.

"What damn roles?" David said, trying to put on a mask of fearlessness but clearly clinging to the larger form of Cheryl. He didn't even realise that his new breasts were pushing against her body, and she was trying *not* to notice; it felt rather nice, and she didn't want to think too much about that, especially right now.

The Equine God waited a moment, its ever shifting form making it hard to look at directly. Both Peter and Abigail could smell something in its scent; a confidence and sincerity that was surprisingly comforting, at least for 'their' kind.

"To make you adjust, to see the other side of the equation, and to allow you space to thrive in your truest natures . . . all of you are switching gender. The men of the Mackinson clan are becoming its women, and the women becoming its men."

"What!?" Jim said, practically *spitting* in shock and anger. "You can't be serious? I ain't becoming no woman!"

"Indeed you are," the Equine God replied. "A lovely heifer, to be precise, just as Mallory is becoming a bull. Peter is becoming a glorious and beautiful white-haired mare, while Abigail will become her powerful stallion mate. And while Cheryl will take on the form of a powerful boar-man, David will occupy the role of a curvaceous sow woman."

David whimpered. "N-no! You can't - *oink!* - I'm a man!"

"Not for much longer," the Porcine God joked, though the Equine God silenced it with a look.

"It is already set in motion," the Equine God spoke, *"and cannot be reversed even if we wanted it too, which we do not."*

The Bovine God nodded at this before letting its friend continue.

"But fear not, your new genders will be fully functional. The new men will be forthright and incredibly virile, just as the she-folk will be deeply fertile. It is important you fulfil your natures, and this farm will need plenty of new life to help run it. Plenty of new calves, new foals, and new piglets."

"Um," said Peter, who was starting to find this whole prospect a little less exciting. Abigail had her hand around his side, and she gripped it a little tighter.

"Don't worry, I won't get you pregnant," she whispered.

"I should hope so!"

“No one’s getting pregnant!” Jim declared. “I’m forty eight years old, and I can tell you-”

“Ah, but can you not tell you are getting younger?” the Bovine God suggested. *“Soon you shall be the equivalent of a young woman in her early twenties, beautiful and fertile, and with greatly productive udders!”*

Jim was about to start cussing and roaring, but he halted as he took in what the God that had changed him had just said. “Did you jus’ say-”

The Bovine God smirked. *“Perhaps a demonstration is in order, for all of you. It will help you all adjust, and get to know your new . . . instincts. Trust me, they will make sure you do exactly what is needed to make this farm grow.”*

To their surprise, the Bovine God *mooed*. Something about the call of it was irresistible to Mallory and Jim, both of whom began to moo in reply as well. The Porcine God followed, letting loose a series of snuffling oinks and squeals, ones that both Cheryl and David were likewise helpless but to join. Lastly was the Equine God, who gave a long and brilliant neigh. Abigail and Peter’s voices joined it, so that every member of the room was letting loose an animalistic cry.

And that’s when the magic began.

Jim and Mallory were affected first. They continued to moo, but low groans and grunts began to seep into their voices as more changes overcame them. The same pink-purple energy that had emanated from the storm now cascaded from the ethereal forms of the animal gods, pouring through the transforming couple’s forms.

“M-mooo! Nngh! You can’t do this - I refuse to - Moooo! MOO!!!!”

Jim’s body softened further. Any hint of hard farm work that had weathered his body and toned it now melted away, soft curves replacing any hard edges. His hips creaked wider, pelvis changing shape to provide him with a set of calf-makers that drew Mallory’s attention. Her own hips spread a bit wider also, but not in proportion to the rest of her; instead, she grew larger as a whole. Any remaining evidence of breasts disappeared from her chest, her nipples now looking entirely male. The clothing she was using to cover herself ripped to shreds as her body increased massively, now dwarfing her formerly taller husband.

“M-mooo! NNGHH!! Jim, I can f-feel something between my - aahhhh!!!”

It pushed forward slowly, exiting her tunnel, filling it. There was no penis yet, no growth of testicles, but suddenly the former woman no longer possessed an entrance between her legs, only a flatness that promised future growth.

“Holy shit, Mom is huge!” Cheryl gasped.

“Jesus, yeah,” Peter said.

“And Dad is growing really big-”

“Yeah, I see that too!”

For both of them, though, the focus of their changing parents was disrupted by their own changes, the pink-purple energy of the Porcine and Equine Gods flowing over them.

“*OINK!* Not again! Just because I wanted to return to the farm doesn’t mean I want to be a pig woman! That’s, like, *oink!* - so gross!”

“You’re t-telling me!” David whined. “Mud and pink skin and slop! Can’t we at least have a different animal? And not swap gend-NNGH!!!”

They began to change too. Like Jim’s ongoing changes, David’s body further softened, gaining a set of hips that were nearly equal to the Mackinson patriarch’s. With a sharp squeal, David’s eyes went wide.

“What was that!?! What was - *OINK!*”

He clutched his backside with his hoof-hands, pulling something small out from over the waistband of his new clothing, which was already ripping. Cheryl gasped at the sight of a rather adorable and curly pink pig tail that he now possessed.

“You’ve got a t-tail, David! A - *REEEARRGHH!!!*”

Her own grew out in response, longer and thicker and with a tuft at the end, much like her own father’s albeit covered in the coarse boar fur she possessed.

“You’ve got to be k-kidding! *OINK! OINK! OOOIINNKNK!!!*”

Same as Mallory, Cheryl’s form grew massively. She was not as tall as her mother, nor as physically imposing, but there was an impressive wideness to her, a great bulk to her shoulders that tore apart her top easily. It left David gasping at the sight of her, briefly aroused by the growth of manly muscle on his wife before he realised what he was doing and focused on his own changes. Cheryl’s tunnel was filled, a new development promising to continue there, and her thighs became swollen with muscles. Her feet cracked, becoming full hooves; her toes melted away into the hardness of that animal configuration.

“Oh God,” she groaned, unused to the sight of it. Her belly protruded out a little, gaining extra fat to it, but it was not the kind of fat like that of David, whose form was only getting more curvaceous by the second, adorable butt and all. No, it was like a bouncer’s gut, or that of a professional weightlifter’s; mostly muscle, the bulk of a deeply strong figure. The power radiated through her. She shared a glance with Mallory, and the pair understood the feeling in one another in that simple moment, that sensation of confidence and authority and control that was growing within them. Mallory groaned as her horns slid forth more and more from her skull, growing until they were long and curved and sharp, dangerous even. The kind of horns used to protect a mate from danger. She too had grown full hooves, but her legs were also snapping and cracking and changing shape. Jim’s too. Their configuration changed to match their new bovine kin: a much longer ankle that swept back into a digitigrade style, complete with little dewclaws further up.

“I f-feel so - *mooo!* - powerful!” Mallory declared. “Jim, can you feel it?”

Jim couldn't feel it. He was distracted by the horrible sensation of his manhood shrinking and sliding back into himself, of his testicles shrinking. He didn't want to let this face on to anyone, so he was almost grateful that his stubby horns grew just a little bit longer, and that his snout was expanding a little further. What he was *absolutely* not grateful for, however, was the building pressure in his chest that was impossible to ignore.

"S-stop growing! I refuse to have - ahhhh!!!"

But the cranky farmer's approval meant nothing. He placed his cute hoof-hands on his chest, mashing them against the already-existing softness in the hopes of preventing further growth. They were already full, flushed D-cups, big pink nipples sticking out from the white and black fur, and so his hands weren't big enough to cover them completely anyway. Such a task became all the more impossible as they proceeded to *rise*, the pressure finally unleashing.

"OHhhhhhh! F-fuck this! F-fuck it! MOOOOOO!!!"

Several others gasped, their attention turning fully to Jim. David was happy for it; his own breasts were pushing forward, but something weird was happening with the spots below them, a strange budding sensation that was only increasing. But Jim *never* swore, and hated it when people cursed. For him to unleash like that grabbed everyone's attention.

"Dad! Are you okay? Ughhh!"

That was Pete, whose body had started to change. The Equine God let the changes proceed more slowly, but they *were* proceeding, that much was certain. Both the future mare and his future stallion mate were growing even taller, so that even Mallory was shorter than them, Abigail especially. Their faces pushed outwards, gaining the kind of long faces that would populate many a 'horse walks into a bar' joke. Both Peter and Abigail clenched their eyes shut, gritting their teeth even as said teeth changed, flattening and stretching and growing along with the altering jawbone. Their tones stretched, their eyes shifted location so that they were wider on their faces. Thankfully, they weren't getting full horse heads - Peter had feared this - and still looked quite 'anthro', as he'd heard the term before. It allowed for the obvious femininity of Peter's features to settle in; he now had a set of gorgeous cheekbones on the sides of his face, and longer eyelashes. His lips too maintained a slightly more human quality, possessing a fullness that did not exist for Abigail.

"J-just focus on us, love! Just focus on me while we - NEIGHH!!!"

Abigail, more than any other individual, *embraced* the change. She couldn't help it; she'd never experienced such power and wonder. She didn't care that her vagina was closing over, or that a full penis might soon arrive. In fact, the notion of growing a huge stallion cock had an equally massive appeal to her, especially as she looked at her stunningly beautiful husband. Her future *mate*. She stroked his fur as they both changed, the pair alone being the ones without total panic in the transforming family. Peter's breasts grew

a little further but remained modest, but the two of them grew something else together. It started at the base of their spines and became fairly obvious what it was going to be.

“Abby! My love! I think I’m - *neigh!* - growing a t-tail!”

“Me too! Oh Peter, this is - *NEIIGGH!* - amazing!”

“It is - ohhhhh - I guess it kind of is! MMHMM!!!”

Both clenched their lips and teeth. Peter ducked forward, planting his hoof-hands on the coffee table to the left of the group and arching his larger butt up into the air. His new tail *exploded* out of him in one brilliant burst, long and white and hairy and surprisingly brilliant. Like with everyone else, it tore apart sections of his clothing, and for some reason that was sort of freeing. Abigail, meanwhile, turned around and planted her hands against the wall. Her tail similarly burst out, even longer than Peter’s, and it was a rich chestnut brown much like the rest of her fur, with just a dappling of white upon it. Peter turned his head, gulped at the sight of it, and tried to remind himself to think pure thoughts. His new instincts were making them far too . . . animal.

The entire group continued to moan, grunt, groan, and moo, neigh, and oink. David squealed in alarm as he finally realised what the spots beneath his new breasts were.

“M-more breasts! I can’t have - *SQUEAL!* - more breasts! Two is too f-fucking many! *REEEAAHH!!*”

They bulged forth, gaining a discernible weight and heft almost immediately. Sore and achey as they were, there was also a release of tension that gave David mixed feelings. He subconsciously kneaded his new breasts, as if willing for them to catch up to the upper ones, even as their mass lifted the regular pair upwards. They in turn swelled also, growing past C-cups to D-cups and beyond.

“Eurghh, s-so uncomfortable!” he moaned, straightening his back in response to the weight at the front. His snout pushed forwards a little, and his features softened into further femininity. Some light hair - practically white, with just a touch of pink - grew out from his scalp, giving him a woman’s haircut of sorts. The same was now true of Peter and his mane, and Jim likewise developed a bob that was white mixed with black patterns.

“You - you can’t do this!” the farmer complained in an increasingly female voice. “This is *my* farm. This is *my* family. I’m the head of it! You won’t make a *moo*-ockery of *moo*-ee! *MOOOO!!!*”

But his hoof-hands were being overfilled by the increasingly plump breasts, overflowing his less-than-human palms. This was matched by a strange development he couldn’t quite see thanks to his new E or F-cups. His boobs were now massive, wobbling fruits upon his furry chest, but he had to lower a hand to scratch and feel at whatever was happening just above his manhood. His jeans had become unbuckled, ripping open easily,

and while he was distracted a little by Mallory developing an impressive black tail, his focus redoubled when he felt an odd lifting of the skin.

“Ahhh! MOOO!!”

It was damn sensitive, and the skin felt as if it was developing a massive rash. It was thicker, like leather, but also soft in a strange way, and it was ballooning outwards. Four aching points throbbed upon it as it got heavier, spilling out from the undone zipper and forcing the jeans further off of his body.

“*What is this!? MOOOO!!! ANSWER ME!*”

All three beast gods stopped their sounds, impossibly long as they had been. They surveyed the changes they had wrought, and each looked pleased at their creations:

For the Bovine God, there was busty cow woman-to-be Jim, nascent udder and all. Mallory stood tall and strong as his bull mate, her face broad, her shoulders proud.

For the Equine God, there was the incredibly beautiful mare-to-be Peter, lithe and strong and almost ethereal in his beauty. Beside him was Abigail, looking every part the ultra-male stallion: virile and strong and protective.

For the Porcine God, there was David the pig woman-to-be, plump and adorable and with four breasts - and another pair yet to come. Her pink tail stuck out from her impressive backside. With one hand upon David's shoulder, there was Cheryl. She had gone from a thin, blonde woman to a burly, broad, strong-bellied boar person, her manhood ready to spring forth with one last change to come.

“*Yes, this is most pleasing!*” the Porcine declared.

“*Indeed,*” the Bovine said. “*We will leave the rest of the changes to slow - or quickly - develop, depending on your instincts. Suffice to say, you now have the hormones and instincts necessary to guide you the rest of the way. Best of luck, all of you, and enjoy your new blessings. Rather big blessings in your case, Jim.*”

Jim said nothing. He had no idea what to say, when large furry lumps were hanging from his chest and what could only be a damn *udder* was gurgling away above his thighs.

The Equine God strode closer to Peter and Abigail, observing how they were calmer than the rest of the group.

“*You two, I am most proud of choosing,*” the God said. “*It is you who must help the others adjust, and lead the way to the future.*”

And then, without another word exchanged between themselves or with either group, the beast Gods faded away, disappearing from the room with little more than satisfying expressions as they took in their handiwork. It left the group standing in the living room once more, even more confused and frustrated than before, and utterly embarrassed by their changes.

Well, *mostly* embarrassed. The women of the family were starting to gain more confidence in their new selves, and while the news about breeding had put Peter on edge, he couldn't say he didn't feel quite beautiful and wondrous in his own way.

"Well," Peter said. "I think we've all got some new roles to get accustomed to, then."

It was half-intended as a light-hearted joke, but also a serious encouragement for them all. Instead, Jim waddled to the door, still not used to his new hooves or the way his digitigrade legs functioned. His large breasts bounced, barely contained by his torn top, and the pink thing above his pubic wobbled with the promise of future growth. He grabbed his hat and stormed out without another word. David followed a few seconds later, though with far less stoicism: his eyes were full with tears and he was trying to somehow hold all four of his sensitive pink breasts as he moved, and failing completely to prevent them from jiggling.

"David, wait!" Cheryl called, voice far more masculine than feminine now.

"Don't - *oink!* - look at me!" he cried.

He left as well, and after a look of concern passed to her equine sibling, Cheryl followed on after him, shouting her husband's name and squealing occasionally. Then there was just Abigail and Peter in the room, shoulder to shoulder, the two horse-people holding each other in comfort.

"Shall we go outside too, then?" Abigail asked. "I won't lie, as crazy as this is, I want to test the limits of this body. I want to feel free."

Peter sniffed the air. Already, his olfactory sense was stronger, and he could somehow taste the scent of his wife's eagerness.

"Mhmm, I can smell how much you want that."

"And I can smell you! Isn't this cool?"

Peter set aside thoughts of becoming female; of his breasts and his apparent future which could include producing foals. That was way too much to think about just now. What he *could* think about was chasing his magnificent stallion - er, *wife* - across the fields near the bubble, and admiring her form even as he experienced the power of being a horse-person.

"It's pretty cool," he replied. "Let's do it. And then maybe we can share how much we have enjoyed it with the others. Maybe that will help Dad. It's the only thing that could, I think."

Breasts. Jim had breasts. And not just any kind of breasts; big, furry cow breasts that jutted out from his chest to the point where not even a thick sweater could hide them. They were topped with huge pink nipples that were shockingly sensitive, and yet despite his disgust

with them he couldn't help but touch them occasionally, which caused them to stiffen and his own body to shudder a little in unwanted arousal. The same was true of the future udder growing between his thighs. It revolted him. Disgusts him. Filled him with a loathsome shame. And yet both his hoof-hands wandered south repeatedly to touch the strange, slightly leathery skin there, to feel the way the flesh was ever-so slowly but surely ballooning outwards.

"Goddamn udder," he muttered to himself, hating how soft and oddly sweet his voice was. "Goddamn tits. Goddamn tail. This is all some sick demonic joke! Some sick joke on me! I tried so hard to keep it all together, can't they see that? Can't those animal gods or whatever they are see that too? This is *mooo*-adness! *Moo*-adness!"

He kicked a rock idly with his hoof. It wasn't like he could wear shoes anymore, and besides, his hooves were tough enough to send the rock flying without any pain. He had travelled to the stalls which had travelled with the farmhouse to this location, the ones usually reserved for milking the heifers, an important part of his business. Jim had been drawn here, though he couldn't say why. His breasts certainly felt quite sore, and his nascent udder with its little barely-formed teats were the same, but that was surely just because of all the growth, right? Regardless, he stood in the milking centre that had somehow survived to this world of Tanarra, and observed the pumps and milking equipment that had likewise travelled with it for some reason.

"It's just insane. F-fucking insane," he said. He regretted the poor language immediately, but his shame was at its peak, and the tears were already welling in his eyes. Just like David, his body was not just being flooded with animal hormones - bovine, in his case - but also female hormones, and it was getting harder to play the role of stoic man when he felt so damn emotional!

"Wh-why me," he said, less as a question than as a statement, as if the answer should be as concrete as his former convictions. "I don't understand. Ngh!"

That pressure increased in his chest again, and all he could do was hold his large furry breasts in his hands and ride out the minor changes. They swelled up another cup size, weighing down on his palms heavily.

"Oh, goddamnit! They were already so damn big!"

Even with his fur coating, he had a natural canyon of cleavage as he pulled his shirt tighter. His hips expanded just a little, but the real big change was below, where the future udder pushed out more, causing to groan in unwanted ecstasy.

"OHhhhhhh, f-fuck me! No! Ahhhh - s-stop it! Why does it feel - dang it! *MOoooo!!*"

"More changes dear?"

Jim whirled around on the spot in surprise at Mallory's entrance, but not being used to his various mounds or the thick tail swinging from his rear he overbalanced and nearly fell

over. He would have fallen over, in fact, were it not for the quick reflexes and new natural strength of Mallory the future bull-man. She caught her husband easily, and without even meaning to, one of her hands was around his left breasts, squeezing it. Even as he was righted she kept her hand on his boob, squeezing it lightly, groping it with a delicious admiration of how soft and pert and round it was. For the first time Mallory realised that she had become attracted to Jim's new form, and this attraction made a slight bulge begin to descend and distend between her thighs.

"*M-mooo*," she moaned, breathing carefully as her new member descended. It was small, nascent, but it was now *there*. She decided not to comment on it for a moment and instead focus on her husband, who was struggling more than anyone with this new reality, except for perhaps David. "H-honey, did you hear me? How are you coping?"

He trembled. His wife's hand was still on his massive breast, and the feelings it was producing were . . . marvellous. He had to rid himself of that temptation immediately, so he grabbed her more powerful arm and removed it, stepping back. His tail swayed behind him.

"How am I coping? How in the hell do you think I'm coping, Mallory? Look at me! Those things have made a mockery of me! I don't even sound like me anymore. I don't even look like me anymore. Hell, I'm pretty sure I've gotten younger-"

"Oh yes, you've definitely gotten younger, Jim. You look to be in your late twenties at the oldest, at least as far as I can tell from a cowgirl."

"I ain't no cowgirl!" he snapped, though his sweet voice said otherwise. "I'm a human man. But . . . but they're t-taking it all away from me, *Moo*-allory. I can f-feel everything growing, especially this . . ."

He indicated to the pink sac that was now bulging out over his tight pants. He'd undone the zip all the way and it *still* wasn't giving him enough room. In fact, his teats were extended bit by bit, becoming far more obvious. Worse, a warmth was starting to settle into the sac, and even more into his large breasts. The farmer had a terrible idea of what that might be indicating, but didn't want to confront the possibility just yet, for fear it might give it reality.

"Oh honey," Mallory said, drawing closer. She placed her large, muscular arms around Jim, encircling him in her bullish body. It was a position they'd taken on many times before, except now *she* was the protector, the comforter, the *alpha*. "It's okay. It's going to be okay. You once told me you had to be adaptable to take on the farm life. We've always been adaptable, haven't we?"

"I - yes, we have."

She rubbed his soft fur, admiring his Holstein coat. It seemed to relax him, and to her surprise he leaned against, appreciating her own hardness in turn.

“We can adapt to this. I know it will be . . . different. Difficult. But perhaps it will even help us. You know the family was starting to fall apart before all this happened; it’s what the animal Gods even sensed! They told us so. Cheryl was planning to leave because she couldn’t find a place here, Peter wasn’t happy because you were making him into his heir whether he wanted it or not. Abigail is obvious; look at how ready she is now!”

“She’s not expected to become a darn breeder, dear! It’s - *moo!* - ridiculous!”

She traced her hoof-hands over his form, and dared to cup his breasts a little, and even touch his udder lightly. He sucked in air between his teeth but did not resist. In fact, his nipples tensed rather obvious, stiffening with arousal. She kept circling her hands, letting him breathe in her musk. She knew it was a manly musk, and he in turn was breathing faster.

“I know, honey, but would that be so bad? I mean, it just means taking on a new role for the farm, right? I was the ‘breeder’ before. I gave you two lovely children, and accepted that my role was in the house. I wasn’t always happy about it, and I have to be honest, becoming a bull may not have been my first idea, but I’m starting to feel like I can take charge again. Be a go-getter again. Maybe in this new world, I can help lead the farm as much as you have, and that’ll be okay?”

She left it dangling as a question, and Jim’s lack of response was not actually a discouragement. He didn’t shoot down what she’d said, and he was still leaning his body against hers. In fact, he even moaned and mooed beneath his breath as she enfolded her arms around him, admiring his massive curves.

“I s-suppose some changes could be in order, other than the ph-physical,” he muttered. “It’s just . . . ahhh. I’m f-feeling some instincts here. Like a darn animal. *Moo*-allory, what are you d-doing?”

“Just enjoying your new body, and mine, dear husband. You can’t tell me that it’s entirely bad? I have it on good authority that you rather liked my breasts in the past, and *these* seem much bigger and more sensitive, yes?”

She used her large palms to cup his huge tits, but even then they were big enough to easily overflow her palms. They were more than a handful each, and she wasn’t convinced that two hands were up to the task for a single boob at this point; her traditional husband had become one very, *very* stacked cowgirl. Hell, she was reasonably certain his groans at that very moment were because she was actively stimulating further growth.

“They f-feel . . . oh God, Mallory. S-so sensitive. And down here . . . ahhhh. *Mooo!* **MOOOO!!!**”

He mooed very loudly as she stroked his udder. The arousal was building, the tension between them. Mallory could feel the new instincts and mentality the animal Gods had spoken of. Within her mind, the need to breed was becoming paramount, powerful and overwhelming. It encouraged further changes; her body grew just that little big larger, her

musk more potent. More significantly, she grunted as two testicles began to form in a furry sac, her member sliding forth to become fully male . . . and fully functional.

“Ngnhhhh . . . ahhhh,” she breathed. “There it is. Do you feel that, husband?”

He could. Between the cheeks of his generous ass, his wife’s new hardness made itself known. Jim swallowed. The intensity of feeling was overwhelming him as well. His manhood was shrivelling in real time, causing him to squirm and rub his thick, soft thighs together. It pulled slowly back into his body, reaching almost the verge of non-existence.

“That’s right, sweetheart. You can do it. We can breed together. I know we can be happy, with you as my milky cow-wife.”

It was enough to make Jim’s eyes snap open. Mallory realised she’d overstepped, because the near-cow-woman *leapt* forward, out of the bull’s arms. Jim placed a hoof-hand down to his nethers, only to find out the horrifying truth: he was no longer a *he* now. The former male’s new tunnel opened up, connecting to a new organ below *her* stomach. Her vulva finished forming, female and aroused and wet and terrible, at least to Jim’s own consciousness.

“N-no! MOOO! Honey, what have you done!?”

“I’m sorry! I thought - I thought you were ready!”

“I’ll never be goddamn ready. You’ve made *moo-ee* a freak! A darn f-NNGHH! ERUUGH!!”

He shuddered, stepping back on his hooves and grasping to the low wall of a breeding stall behind him. As if it were an aftereffect of the near-breeding they’d almost fallen into, his udder *ballooned* forth. Jim clenched his eyes shut, warm and flushed as his pink sac grew massively in size. It was all too big, expanding to the size of a basketball in mere seconds. He had to tear off his pants entirely to give it room, leaving himself entirely naked to the world. His breasts expanded yet further as well, possibly into the F or even G-cup territory, and they wobbled and jiggled as he squirmed in response to the sensations.

“N-nooooo! Take it b-back! Get rid of this d-damn heavy thing! MOOOO!!!”

But it was too late. Now that he - or rather, *she* - was a cowgirl, the changes were coming more rapidly and completely. Jim grabbed onto his udder, trying to force it back in, but the new woman practically lost her breath from the sheer pulsing sensitivity of it. As her hoof-hands slipped from the udder they unintentionally grabbed a teat and squeezed it. To the shock of both her and the newly-male Mallory, a thin trickle of white milk spilled from it.

“No!” she gasped. “No! Moo!”

She took off and ran away from Mallory, her entire body jiggling, her udder slapping audibly against her thighs.

“Jim,” Mallory said, though he didn’t know what to do. He was a bull now, and his still-lengthening cock was taking blood away from his brain. “I’m sorry Jim. You were just . . . too beautiful.”

Peter and Abigail ran across the fields of the farmland. They were not quadrupedal like actual horses, so their movements would still never be completely as fast as an ‘actual’ equine, but they were still faster than any human alive. Even the greatest Olympic runners would not have been able to compete against them; they would have been left behind in the dust. The raw power their bodies contained were beyond anything they could have imagined, and Abigail was especially revelling in this, laughing freely as they darted through treelines, around fence lines, and bounded into fields, clearing low structures with ease.

“This is incredible!” she yelled. Her chest expanded just a little, filling with further muscle. She no longer had any breasts to speak of, but neither did she give a damn. She was giving herself completely over to becoming a stallion if it meant feeling like this all the time. Besides, she had the notion that she was actually speeding up her changes, simply by embracing them as she was. With every bound and leap and run alongside her husband, the pair of them were *both* changing.

“It is incredible!” Peter cried with agreement. He wasn’t used to his new voice yet; it was astonishingly waifish. Not weak, but it had an almost elven quality to it. The kind of woman’s voice that could command attention to a whisper, but certainly would never *boom* as her wife’s did. Abigail’s own tone sounded like the voice of a charismatic leading man. Not incredibly low like Mallory’s now was, or coarse and rough like Cheryl’s had become, but instead possessing a heroic quality to it. It suited her, he felt.

“I’ll race you to the barn!” Abigail huffed.

“That’s the entire length of the barrier away!”

She smirked in his direction as they continued to ‘gallop’ alongside one another. “Are you not up to it?”

“I’m just aware that suddenly *you’re* the tough one.”

At that, she skidded to a halt on her hooves. It was remarkable how easy it was to adapt to them when you were willing. Peter stopped beside her, and she regarded him seriously. His manhood was almost gone, and his breasts were a little larger, though still not massive. A small udder was forming between his thighs, she noticed; two teats, just like those of a mare’s. Nothing like what her father-in-law was developing, at least. A good thing too; she wanted her partner to be able to run freely rather than be weighed down. But Peter’s femininity *was* obvious, and it excited her as much as it worried her.

“Why have we stopped?” he asked, going to her side. He placed a white-haired arm around her thicker waist, looking up at her.

“*I’m not the tough one,*” she said, clearly and carefully. “Peter, you looked after me when I was at my lowest. You have always been my rock.”

He shrugged in his easy way. “And you were mine, Abby. We all go through dark times, and yours was darker than most. I won’t lie, this is all very strange to me. The idea of not just being a horse-person, but a horse-*woman* . . . it’s, well, it’s *neigh!* I mean, it’s crazy! And since I’ll be the woman, and you’ll be the man, that means I’ll be the one, uh . . .”

“Delivering foals.”

He gulped in his newly soft manner. “Yep. And I won’t lie there as well, I’m starting to feel things on that score. Instincts. A kind of . . . need.”

“Me too,” she said, nuzzling her snout against his. “I didn’t want to say anything.”

“Well, I can tell something is growing down there for you, ha! Just like I’m losing something else. I’m pretty sure I’ve got a womb already; something was pushing my stomach around earlier. Pretty - *neigh* - weird.”

“You’re so strong, Peter.”

“We both are, together. I think the Equine God was right; you and I are adjusting to this a lot better. Maybe . . . maybe part of me always was okay with taking on more of a woman’s role, at least as my father saw it. I liked cooking, cleaning, keeping house. I never loved the take-charge part. But you did, Abby. I loved that about you, and when you were injured-”

“I lost it,” she admitted. “I nearly lost everything. Now, here in Tanarra, perhaps we can get it back. And perhaps we can help the others too.”

Peter’s ears flicked with approval, his tail swishing from side to side happily. God, he was beautiful, but then she was too from his perspective; powerful and handsome and take-charge, as she had once been.

“So,” he said. “About that race . . .”

“Even if it means we’ll change more?”

He smiled. “I’m ready if you are. Not like we can go back. Only forward.”

“How very equine of us,” she said with a laugh. “Okay, on my mark-”

But Peter was already bounding forward, the white-haired beauty taking off towards the distant sight of the barn upon the horizon. Abby laughed and caught up to him, though not without some effort. Their bodies changed in their distinct ways as they ran, finalising their transformations. She grunted, slowing just occasionally as her cock finally began to push outwards. It was massive, so large in fact that Peter nearly stumbled to look at it, but then it was re-encased in a protective sheath for everyone’s benefit, particularly her ability to run straight. In turn, Peter’s own member withdrew. His equine slit - *her* equine slit - came

into existence not long after. The new woman let out a whimper of a neigh, but didn't stop running. Neither did. To stop was to slow the change, and both were now ready for it, come what may. Their muscles burned as they finally reached the barn. Abigail would have easily reached it first, but she let Peter enter the barn victoriously.

"Ha! You just got beaten by a girl," she declared. "Holy shit, I'm a girl now. Abby, I'm - *neigh!* - female!"

Abby strode into the barn. The sight of Peter panting was too delicious. The way her breasts and udder bobbed slightly, the way her strength was matched by her lithe curves. Her cock extended from its sheath, long and girthy and hardening by the moment.

"I know, Peter," *he* said, voice quiet, aroused. "And as you can probably see, I'm quite male now too."

There was just a second's hesitation between the pair, and then they were all over one another. Abby embraced his lover, nuzzling and kissing and stroking Peter's gorgeous flanks, appreciating her wider hips and luscious golden mane. In turn, Peter traced her smaller hoof-hands over Abby's strong shoulders and powerful sides. They kissed, not as humans but as horses, nipping at each other playfully as if by instinct.

"You're so f-fucking beautiful," Abby grunted, taking them closer to the piles of hay in the corner.

"And you're so fucking - *neigh!* - hot!" Peter said. "Oh G-God, I f-feel wet."

"That's normal. That's good."

"Mmhm, it feels good! You feel good! I'm - I can't believe this, but I'm not even nervous."

Abby laughed as they moved to the straw. They continued to make out, nuzzling and kissing and nipping, and soon they were both lying in the straw, Abby on top of his lover, Peter already widening his legs, sticking his hooves up into the air.

"Not even nervous about this?" Abby asked. He gestured to his massive cock. It was unbelievably in size, just like a stallion's cock would and should be. Peter was briefly without breath as he took it in.

"Will that - will that even fit inside m-me?"

"Only one way to find out. Do you want to?"

Peter swallowed again, but the lust was clear in her mind. She wanted to be fucked. *Needed* to be fucked. No, not just fucked; her instincts were rising just as the Equine God had said they would. Peter needed to be *bred*. To be *mated*. She needed her stallion's big horse cock inside of her.

"Yes," he said. "Please. Fuck me. *Breed me*, Abigail."

It was the hottest thing the new stallion had ever heard, and it made his cock swell just that bit larger. But there was just one thing wrong with it.

"I guess I'm not - ahh - Abigail anymore," he grunted. "My parents were going to call me Alex if I were a boy."

"I was going to b-be Lily. But I'd prefer a P-name. I like . . . I like Paige."

'Alex' caressed 'Paige's' fur, admiring every part of the mare before him. "Paige, I like it. It suits you."

"Then hello Alex."

"Hello Paige."

"Will you please mount me, Alex?"

Alex laughed. "Oh, yes, Paige. Oh yes."

Paige reached out, the newly christened mare taking hold of the huge horse cock with both hands. She spread her legs wider, feeling its massive thickness press against her opening. At the last second she decided this wasn't right, and with Alex's help she shifted so that she was - like a proper animal person - being mounted from behind. She raised her ass up into the air, flicked her white tail to the side, and this time Alex entered her much more easily.

"Ohhhhhhh!" she moaned. "Yessss! That's it! Mhmmmm!"

"Do you f-feel okay? This feels strange?"

"I'm b-being filled by a huge dick, it definitely isn't what I'm - *neigh!* - used to! But it's m-marvellous! Don't s-stop! Mount me like I'm your mare!"

"You *are* my mare," Alex declared, and with that he slid his massive girth completely inside her, filling her completely. The new mare shuddered, breath haltering, but upon surveying her face Alex could tell it was from the sheer alien pleasure she was feeling. Alex too felt overwhelmed by new sensations; the power of dominating, of *fucking*, of penetrating her lover. Of taking control.

"This feels r-right," he said, slowly retreating, then thrusting back in. "Doesn't it?"

Paige whimpered. "Mmm-hmm. It does. So right. I need to be mounted. I need my stallion in me! My stallion!"

"And he needs his mare. We aren't w-wearing protection though, Paige. We could stop - try again la-"

"No!" she declared, already shifting her hips backwards while Alex gripped them. "I need to be bred! My body f-fucking needs it. I don't care what D-Dad thinks. Or Cheryl. Or anyone - just you! You smell so fucking good, Alex. I want you in me. I want you to c-cum in me. My body needs it like it's in heat - it probably is in heat! Ohhhhhh, you're s-so big!"

Alex thrust faster. "And you're s-so wet and tight!"

"Mhmm, so I don't care! Breed me! I'll have the f-foals if I have them! We're embracing this new life, so let's embrace all of it, even if it's s-scary!"

"You *would* look sexy all pregnant with my foals," Alex mused, thrusting even faster.

Paige whinnied in excitement. "Shit, that turns m-me on. Mhmm. Let's m-make it happen! Let's l-lead the way for our family!"

And so they did. Their words fell away, but for the occasional neigh or whispered encouragement. Alex was huge within Paige, bucking hard into her equine pussy and drawing out ever tantalising pleasure possible. They fucked like beasts, like the half-animals they now were, and that was freeing too. Neither even wanted to wear clothing anymore. Neither wanted to be anything but what they were. And so it was that their sensations built and built and built until they became an unstoppable flood, and finally Alex came, and came hard.

"Oh G-God, I love you, Paige!"

"I love you t-too, Alex!"

His huge stallion cock twitched within her tunnel, and suddenly a torrent - a damn *flood* - of horse seed poured into Paige's waiting womb. The substance was sticky, warm, wet, and it made the new mare neigh loudly with pleasure. She nearly bucked Alex straight off of her, she was so overcome.

"Yessssssssssss," she moaned in the aftermath, still feeling more and more of it shooting deep inside of her, and then she collapsed forward fully into the hay, Alex's dick slipping out of her. He lowered himself down to her, and the two lovers cradled each other in the hay, perfectly at ease. The weather had turned darker without their noticing, and it was even starting to rain, the pitter-patter on the rooftops oddly soothing in the aftermath of their lovemaking.

"Do you think I'm pregnant?" Paige asked, pressing her butt up against Alex so that he was spooning her. He idly played with her breasts, then lowered a hoof-hand to her furry stomach.

"I - I hope so," he replied. "We always wanted a family. Why not a few foals?"

Paige giggled. "Not how I thought it would go . . . but maybe just what we need."

They lay there a bit longer, and then Paige stood up. She brushed some leaky semen off of her hairy thigh. She realised haircare would be a lot more complicated now, for everyone. But that was a concern for another day.

"What are you doing?" Alex asked.

"I really, really want to go another round," Paige said, "but the Equine God was right. We need to encourage the others as best as we can. We can help them over the line."

It was raining, but David refused to come into the nearby shelter, the one that had been reserved for pigs, presumably. Instead, he sat out in the dirt which was slowly becoming mud, almost like an actual sow.

“Come out of the rain, you silly man!” Cheryl growled from the cover behind him. She had grown yet broader after following her husband out into the elements, and her patience was wearing thin. She attributed that to the fact that she was now growing tusks out from under bottom lip, and while they gave her a sense of strength and power, they were mighty annoying to feel grow.

“I’m not a man anymore, Cheryl,” David whined. “I’m a - *oink!* - a damn pig! A pig girl, that’s all I am.”

“You’re not a pig girl yet, you’ve still got a dick.”

“N-not for long. I can feel it shrinking all the time. And these boobs - look! I’m growing a third set of fucking tits!”

He twisted in the mud, even as he was drenched by the warm summer rain. Indeed, his upper breasts were full, flushed and pink E-cups, his lower pair C-cups, and his lowest pair only modest A’s, but now quite noticeable and growing.

“At least you don’t have an udder?” Cheryl suggested.

“Don’t even joke. This is disgusting. I’m disgusting.”

“You’re not disgusting! David, we had a real heart-to-heart before. We were connecting like we never had before. I finally felt like our marriage was more than just trying to turn the other person into something we weren’t. Can’t we talk like that again? Come in here with me.”

David managed to pull back against the desire to do so. He could feel himself becoming more submissive, more needy. The coarse voice of Cheryl was a powerful draw, and it was hard not to want to brush up against her bristly fur and feel her muscles. But that was just his bestial instincts. He was a man of the city, damn it! He could be stronger than that. But right now all he could do was wallow like a pig in the mud, appropriately enough.

“I had a life mapped out for us,” he said. “I thought I was going to be a big man.”

He stared down, cupping first his lowest pair of breasts, then his middle pair, then finally his larger upper pair.

“Instead, I turned out to be a pretty big disappointment, huh? Just a weak, stupid man so afraid of turning into a freak that he ran away from his wife. I don’t deserve you, Cheryl. You should leave me to the mud.”

Cheryl hesitated. She’d never seen her husband so down. It was true, he *had* turned out to be a disappointment in many ways, not least when he tried to cowardly abandon her and her family to their fates. But she couldn’t walk away from him, and she wasn’t sure why.

It wasn't just her instinct, that growing desire to mate with her other porcine half. There was something else she couldn't put her finger - or her hoof - on.

"I'm sorry, husband," she said. "I don't know what to say. I've become a freak too. We all have. But we can't wallow. I'm . . . I forgive you, okay? I do forgive you."

"I don't deserve it."

"That's not what forgiveness is about, David."

She stepped into the rain, and there was something natural about that too. The mud was still warm, at least. It almost put her in mind for a rather piggish bath, if not for the present circumstances. The pig-woman who was rapidly becoming a boar-man placed her hoof-hand on her husband's shoulder, squeezed it, then let go.

"I'll be heading back to the house, David. I hope for you to join me. I . . . I don't want you out of my life. I saw something in you last night, I think we both did. Maybe if we can be more open and accepting of one another, we can make it through these strange new roles and bodies we've been given. Just think about it, okay?"

David nodded silently, and she left. She had just disappeared out of view when two more figures galloped across the horizon, moving straight for David. He wanted to sag further into the warm mud, but Peter and Abigail were far too quick. No, not Peter and Abigail, at least not as he knew them: this pair were far too fast, and their bodies far more equine in nature than he'd last seen them.

"Wow," he said aloud to himself, captivated by their movements as they approached. They looked free and wild and happy, joyous to be changed. He couldn't help but wonder how on Earth that could possibly be?

"David! David, what the hell are you doing?"

It was Abigail, only she was now evidently a *he*. And also completely stark naked. So was Peter; his smaller breasts and small udder bounced just a little as he ran, though David was envious of how much smaller the equine man was. Well, that wasn't entirely true; a small sliver of pride entered him too, a little voice that said; *at least mine are more bigger and more plentiful.*

He ignored this, and his reply was curt: "Leave me alone. I'm in the mud."

The two pulled to a stop before David. "Yes, I can see that," Abigail said. "How do you like our changes?"

"You're all done."

"We are. Meet Paige and Alex, the new horse couple on the block."

"I'm glad *someone* is enjoying this."

Paige knelt down and placed a hooved hand upon David's shoulder. "You should too, David. Think of it as a new start. Trust me, once you embrace the change, things become so much better."

"You've turned into a freakin' female, Peter. Paige. Whatever. You can't tell me it's alright!"

"Of course not," the equine woman said. "But I accept it. And once I did accept it, so many things became clear to me. Trust me David, when you listen to the instincts that the animal Gods gave you, it puts you in the right direction."

"He's telling the truth," Alex the stallion said.

"And why should I trust two naked horses? You've gone round the bend!"

Alex folded his arms, looking a bit smug. "Maybe, but we just had the best sex we've ever had in our life. You're feeling the breeding instinct too, right?"

Just the word 'breeding' made David give a light oink. He had, and was feeling it ever more increasingly. It was a big reason why he was sulking; the thought terrified him as much as it excited him. His man parts were so close to become woman parts, and if that happened in the presence of Cheryl, and *she* became a boar man . . . he shuddered in a strange mix of excitement and fear.

"Y-yes," he admitted. "It's why we have to escape."

"Escape where?" Paige asked. "It's a whole new world. Look, we just wanted to drop by to tell you that it's okay, David. I'm still a bit embarrassed. No doubt Dad is more embarrassed than anyone; he's growing an udder that makes my equine one look like nothing! And I know it's hard for you, just as it is for me. But if you give it a try . . . it could salvage things with Cheryl. I know my sister; she got with you to have an escape, but it can always become something more. I know it can. The animal Gods wouldn't have kept you together otherwise."

"Just think about it," Alex said, turning away. "Oh, and don't forget what I said; best sex of our lives. You can't tell me you don't want that with Cheryl, right? It's a core part of a healthy relationship, after all!"

David licked his flat teeth. He didn't even realise he was doing it, but he rubbed his fingers over his fat, pink nipples, just imagining the strong, wrestler-like body that Cheryl now possessed on top of him, playing with him in the warm summer mud.

"I . . . ohhhh. *Oink*."

Paige smiled. "She's not too far away, David. Just think about it. She hadn't made it back to the house yet from what I can see. If you want, we can send her back to you."

But David had already made a decision. He was a man of business, and perhaps it was the language of the classic peptalk and workplace-style ribbing that had jolted him from his depression. Mud spilled off of his pink body, and for once he wasn't totally ashamed of his form. Embarrassed, yes, but not ashamed. If Cheryl was making do as the same basic species, he could as well.

"I'll get her," he said.

He turned and moved, squealing a little as he shifted, determined to catch up to his wife - perhaps even his future husband, if the changes progressed. Indeed, that's exactly what was happening at that very moment: his breasts bulged forth across all three pairs, expanding. They ached, but it was a good ache, a kind of release that he needed. He wasn't like Alex and Paige, he wasn't going to immediately accept his role. Hell, he probably never would, at least that's what he figured. But he wasn't going to lose Cheryl. She deserved better than him, and if she was going to be a boar man, then perhaps he could be the pig woman she *did* deserve.

"*OINK!* Cheryl! *OINK!* Wait up! I can't run much - *OINK!* - further!"

Cheryl was on the dirt road that led back up to the farmhouse, but she turned to see David running to her. His breasts looked even larger, and were starting to be even in size - big flushed pairs all sitting atop one another and continuing to grow. More than that, she could see that his manhood was going right before her eyes. It stirred her own changes as she turned around and began moving quickly, heading back to her partner. She began to run, lumbering forth slowly but powerfully upon her hooves, the ground thudding beneath her. Her own furry sheath grew, but she had already begun to accept that that particular change was coming. Her main focus was on her husband-turned-wife, and so she bounded to meet him in the middle, uncaring that her tusks were expanding more and more, or that her bulk was growing.

"David! David, you're changing!"

"I don't - *oink!* - care! Cheryl, you were right! You were right, Cheryl! I want you!"

Their bodies *slammed* into one another, though not violently. Instead, there was a loud *slap* as David's curvy bulk and Cheryl's own thick boar skin collided. She wrapped her arms around him and he did the same, and even as they did so the changes completed themselves: David's cock slithered back inside his body to leave a feminine opening, while Cheryl's sheath filled out with a cock that was beginning to extend. It wasn't her fault; she currently had six large breasts pressed against her body, and they felt rather lovely.

"I'm sorry," David said. "I was trying to man up and take control, but I was a coward. Now, I just want to be yours, Cheryl. Just yours, in whatever role you need me to be. That's all I want, I swear. No more trying to drag you about. I just want to be yours. I - I need it. And so does this body."

"I can feel it!" Cheryl said, chuckling. She had good reason to: David's nipples were hard with desire, all six of them. She took a step back and willingly cupped his breasts one by one, pair by pair. "I want you too, David. It can be a new start for us, weird as it is. I could be . . . I could be Charlie. It's always a name I liked."

"I - I rather like Dani. *Oink*. I still don't to be a pig, but if I have to be, that's not a bad name."

“Well, *Dani*,” the new Charlie said. “What do we do now? I’m a boar man, as you can see - Jesus, this thing is big.”

“And I’m a pig woman, and *these* are all quite heavy too, I’ll have you know.”

She ran her hands up her three pairs of breasts, making Charlie even harder.

“But I have an idea,” David said. “Come back to the mud with me.”

“Wait, are you serious?”

“I am. And you asked me to embrace being a pig, right? Trust me, it’s really nice. And my body is going crazy, Cheryl. Charlie. Please, before I regret it or have another breakdown or whatever the fuck, come to the mud with me.”

Charlie didn’t have to be asked any more than that. Taking Dani’s hoofhand in his, they walked back together, still grappling with their new genders and not quite knowing what to say. They’d never been deeply romantic due to the circumstances of their marriage, but now Charlie found himself trying to find the compliment.

“You look very adorable,” was the one he landed on. “I thought you should know that, Dani. This is all insane, I know. But I am attracted to you still. More attracted than ever, in fact.”

“*Oink!* I know. I can s-smell it. F-fuck, this is crazy. We’re almost there.”

They arrived back at the stalls. The rain had let up, but it had poured down long enough to make a nice warm mud puddle, one that squelched beneath their feet, thick and comfortable to their new selves.

“This . . . is actually the bomb,” Charlie said. “Holy crap, I *never* figured you would be the one to suggest us sitting in a thick mud puddle.”

Dani blushed a little. She was still getting used to thinking of herself as a woman, let alone having six fat breasts or a curvy pig body. But having Charlie beside her - God, it was so easy to suddenly think of the boar man as having that male name! - made all the difference.

“It’s not bad, is it? Maybe sitting here made me more receptive to hearing Paige and Alex out.”

“Who?”

The pig woman chuckled. “Peter and Abigail. They’ve changed a lot. But then - *oink!* - so have we, haven’t we, darling?”

Charlie took his hoof-hand in hers and smirked, showing off more of her tusks. They were . . . rather entrancing, Dani thought.

“We have,” she replied thoughtfully. “Maybe . . . maybe since we’ve changed, we can also start again?”

“I’d like that. I’d like that a lot, Dani. We’d be on the farm though, you realise?”

“Oh, I may not be a farm person, but I am definitely not living in a city of animals.”

The pair chuckled, looked awkwardly at one another, then chuckled again. The silence fell once more, and this time it was Charlie that bridged it. He shuffled his heavy body with its large but muscular stomach closer to Dani. The warmth of the afternoon sun had come through again, and the pair found themselves relaxed in the mud, increasingly drawn to the other.

“I like your tusks,” Dani said.

“Thank you. I never thought I’d say this, but I like them too. Also, I rather like your breasts.”

Danie snorted with laughter, her wide pig’s nose adorable on her plump face. “Which ones?”

“All of them. I mean it.”

“They’re heavy! And full. God, they feel flushed, I swear.”

“Let me feel. Maybe I can make it better.”

It was an obvious gambit, but one that Dani was happy to fall for by this stage. She had only just grown a functioning vagina, but already it was becoming slick, her juices running into the mud and desiring something to fill it. Something manly. She reached out and touched one of Charlie’s tusks, then lowered her hoof-hands over his chest and across his belly. He in turn stroked her chest, cupping her many pink mounds one by one, squeezing and groping them in turn. They oinked and grunted like the porcine pair they were, their arousal building.

And then Charlie took Dani and hauled her sideways into the mud.

It would have caused the former human man utter alarm and disgust just a couple of days ago. Now, it was a display of interest and dominance, and it swept her up in the excitement. The pair rolled together, grappling one another, squeezing each other’s parts and caressing one another’s bodies quite firmly. This was not the romantic mounting that the equine pair had taken part in. This was even more bestial, and resembled a wrestling match as much as a lovemaking session; a wrestling match that Dani was destined to lose, and was happy to lose anyway. She ended up splashed in the mud on her side, Charlie gripping her as if she were the little spoon, his hands grasping her wonderful tits, his cock positioned between her legs at her entrance, moments from entering her tunnel.

“Do it! *OINK!* Do it!” she cried. “Before I have any regrets!”

“You don’t sound so - *grunt* - certain, Dani.”

She wasn’t. She was terrified. Embarrassed. Humiliated that this was what she was reduced to. But she also had had a revelation; she wasn’t going to lose Cheryl/Charlie, and she was going to try and adapt. And this was the first step. Plus, her body was incredibly fucking horny by this point, and Charlie’s musk was powerful enough to make her practically swoon.

“I’m n-not certain, but do it f-fucking anyway! I’ve got to g-get used to this, and I’m not going to lose you. So do it! *Oink!*”

Charlie entered her. He was surprised how easy it was to do, but then the magic had evidently given him the right instincts. He clutched Dani’s cute, pudgy belly with one hand, gripped her upper right breast with the other, and began to pound into her. His lovemaking was harsh and hard, rough and strong, but it was exactly what Dani needed anyway: she squealed and oinked and grunted in delight, especially as the motions caused more and more mud to splash upon their forms.

“*Oink!* It f-feels so f-fucking weird!”

“I know! But I can’t s-stop, Dani. I feel like a feral animal.”

“Oh God, that s-sounds so f-fucking hot! Sooo hot!”

“You’re hot too, Dani. I mean it. As a pig girl, you’re so attractive.”

“Mmm-hmm, and you’re m-my hog. My boar. So powerful - ahhh! What’s gotten into m-me? Ohhhh, that’s right, rub my tits. At least they f-feel nice! All goddamn six of ‘em!”

Her cheeks burned with embarrassment, but there was no shame. The humiliation had lowered, and there was just a sheepishness about the proceedings now. Dani bucked her hips against her lovers, turning her head back to kiss his lips and feel Charlie’s tusks. He was so big and hairy, powerful and untamed. It was driving her wild, and parts of her mind were already taking pride in knowing she would be able to carry entire litters for him.

“Ohhhhh, l-litters. Give m-me piglets. Litters of - f-fuck! Not that! Ohhhh, but it sounds g-good. But I don’t want that! Don’t know me up! But fill me up!”

Charlie just shook his head, rolling his eyes at his lover’s confused state. He wasn’t stopping anyway, so he continued to fuck his pig-girl, and soon Dani was unable to even form words. She snorted and grunted, touching her own upper tits while Charlie played with her lower ones. She imagined little piglets suckling away at her chest, and her belly bloated with more to come. It was impossibly hot, despite being so wrong, and it finally put her over the edge.

“*REEEAHHH!!* Fill m-me! I need it, now! *OIIINK!!*”

Charlie obliged. He’d barely been able to hold it all in, and was just keeping going barely in order to draw out his lover’s pleasure. Now she trembled against him, orgasm after orgasm crashing over her. He ejaculated for the first time, and it was a bizarre and addicting sensation to experience. He came all at once, but the pleasure arced out over a long period of time, and the same was true of Dani, who squealed and squealed, half in fear that the paralysing orgasm would never end.

They ended after four whole *minutes*.

“Wh-what the hell was that about?” she moaned, flopping onto her back in the mud beside her ‘wife’, who idly fondled her tits as he propped himself up on one elbow. “I thought I was going to die of pleasure. It k-kept going.”

Charlie smirked, kissing his wife on the cheek - a hard thing, when one was getting used to tusks. “Oh Dani, I really have to brush you up on pig physiology now that you’re staying at the farm for good. Pigs have orgasms from sex that last minutes, honey.”

“M-minutes?”

Charlie nodded, still smirking.

Dani blushed, her pink cheeks turning red as she looked over her curvaceous, incredibly busty, six-breasts pig bod.

“I guess that will help me adjust,” she noted.

“Oh yeah.”

It didn’t take much time for the equine pair to track down Jim and Mallory. The bovine pair were still having difficulty processing all that was happening, though in Mallory’s case it was more processing what was happening to her husband than anything else, as he was clearly on the verge of a mental breakdown due to the sheer amount of change - physical and otherwise - that had been inflicted upon him. After the experience in the stalls, he had retreated back to the homestead, up to the second floor where the main bedroom for the husband and wife were, but he had locked the door and wasn’t allowing Mallory in.

“He’s not willing to talk to me,” Mallory explained in her booming brass voice. She was now a full bull-man and was wearing merely a large towel around her waist to cover up her furry sheath and rear, the rest of her powerful musculature on display. She had been quite shocked by Peter’s naked and female appearance when he’d come upstairs, and again by Abigail’s stallion-like appearance. But then with her being a male bull-man, she had little room to judge or feel too awkward, and so the main focus returned to what was going to happen to Jim. Already they could hear him muttering about ‘spilling’ and ‘damn milk’, giving them a good sense of what might be going on inside the room.

They were directly on the mark, too. Jim was starting to lactate from breasts and udder alike, and it was only adding to the new woman’s confusion and rage. She was pacing back and forth in the room, kicking her hooves against the ground, a bit like a toddler having a personal tantrum. He’d managed to get a pail and was trying to empty what milk he had into it, but he wasn’t used to his hoof-hands, and it made the whole process more difficult.

“Damn it! Just get rid of the damn *moo-ilk!*” he uttered, reaching for his breasts and then his udder. But the teats and nipples he now possessed were sensitive enough to make him salivate slightly, and it led to his new feminine tunnel becoming quite wet.

“*Mooooo*,” he moaned. “Stupid gosh-darn, goddamn . . .”

His tail swished from side to side and due to the clunky movements of his leg hooves he nearly knocked the pail over. It left some milk to spill onto the ground.

“Aw, damn! And I’d already made so much, and still so much to go! This stupid freaking udder! I ain’t putting up with this!”

On the other side of the door, Mallory frowned at Peter/Paige and Abigail/Alex.

“She’s been like this ever since we . . . finished changing. I’m *moo-re* of a bull, and she’s more of a cow, now. We’ve been getting - this is inappropriate. You’re my son. Daughter now, I suppose.”

Paige smirked. “It’s okay, Mom. Dad, I guess. We can hear it. We’ve had the, uh, instincts as well. The only difference is that we kinda of sort of gave into them.”

Mallory didn’t smile, or even laugh, but instead gave a thoughtful look. “I thought as much. I can smell it on the two of you with this new bull nose of mine. But even if I couldn’t, you two were always the best partnership out of the six of us. Even when Abigail had her accident, you were always there for her, Peter. Paige. It’s nice to know you’re still there for each other now.”

‘ “And always will be, as humans or horsefolk,” Alex said confidently. He placed a strong arm around Paige’s waist, and the equine woman leaned against her stallion mate, neighing softly.

“It was worth it, then?” the former mother asked, seeking her horse-daughter’s advice. “Giving in to the instincts and what *they* want us to be, I *moo-ean*.”

“Neigh,” Paige said. “Uh, I mean yes. Utterly worth it. I, well I won’t get into details. Even with all this weirdness saying that to my Mom-turned-Dad is kinda weird, but suffice to say-”

“It’s perfect, Mallory,” Alex said. “Everything came right once we accepted it. It’s actually brought us closer together. We have the roles we were always meant to have. The same can be true of you, now.”

They nuzzled one another briefly, confirming their love. It melted Mallory’s heart, and made the new bull man get decisive once more. He rattled his hooves on the door, loudly.

“Jim, it’s time to come out, honey! We have to deal with this head on, the pair of us, together! Your son - well, your former son is here, and so is Abigail. She goes by Alex now, and he by Paige, and do you know what? They’re happy! Actually happy, Jim! And we can be too. We just have to adapt and be strong. You don’t have to keep shouldering this burden, honey. You don’t have to be the patriarch of the family, always the man in charge trying to

keep on top of everything. Now *I* can do that for you, and *you* can learn to be the woman who supports me. And maybe that's a good thing: you've put far too much on yourself, and restricted yourself too much by putting everyone in a little cage. You know this, Jim. The best thing for both of us would be to come together and accept what we now are, and find joy in our new lives. As much as I wished to have a bigger role in the farm, I can't say I regret what I did contribute. Trust me when I say it'll be the same for you. Being a farmer's wife, bearing his children, and keeping the house together is *noble*, Jim. There's nothing to be ashamed of, anymore than the way you can now help make produce for the farm, um, in your own way. We're all finding our paths at the moment, but sulking in the room won't help. Please, come back to me, and we can find a path together."

There was a long silence, and then hoof-steps as Jim moved to the door. He opened it slowly, and his rather beautiful cowgirl face poked out. Paige had to suppress a surprised gasp: her father was so much younger now, easily in her early twenties just like herself. It was easy to tell, even with all the Holstein fur and cow-like face. She radiated youth . . . and produce. Her breasts were massive and uncovered, her udder having grown even larger than a basketball. It looked . . . rather full. She trembled on the spot, her new female and bovine hormones sweeping over her. Tears formed in her eyes.

"Mallory," she whispered, "I don't know what to do."

"Oh, sweetheart," Mallory said, embracing his partner of over two decades. Jim let it all loose, crying into the bull's shoulder. He held her protectively, marvelling at how her strong, stoic husband was finally cracking open and letting the emotions flow. "It's okay. It's a good thing. Let it all out."

"I just . . . I'm losing everything. Even my son . . ."

Page placed a hoof on Jim's shoulder. "No, you haven't, Dad. Alex and I are happy. I'm the same person as I was before; even more so, actually. I never wanted to run the farm. Now I have a body that matches my feelings: I want to enjoy the sights and sounds of feel of the farm, but I also want . . . well, a woman's role. I do, Dad. I want to help around the house, do all the domestic chores. They bring me comfort. And . . . and I want to be bear foals."

Mallory gasped, but it wasn't an unhappy gasp. The bull had put two and two together, and a small excitement at becoming a potential *grandfather* looped in his mind.

"I can't believe - that's impossible!" Jim cried, wiping the fat tears away. "How could anyone want this?"

"By embracing it head on," Alex said. "By taking the good with the bad, and letting the former be so much more. And to be honest, when you get down to it, there's not much bad. Just . . . different."

“I have a goddamn udder,” Jim said, sour-faced. He cradled it and it gurgled loudly, already producing more to fill it up. It was getting uncomfortable.

“And that could be a gift,” Mallory said. “You can produce for the farm. Produce for our . . . for our *calves*, Jim.”

He gulped. The thought was making his breeding instincts go wild, and that was not something he wanted to think about.

“C-calves.”

“Yes, our calves. That’s what you could do for us. And it lets you still do work for the farm.” Mallory leaned in close, whispering in his furry ear - not that he was a *he* anymore.

“And perhaps the udder can be quite *fun*, when we play around a little, hmm?”

Whatever was being said, Paige and Alex took that as their cue to leave.

“We’ve got races to run,” Alex explained.

“Yeah, and the hay bails to . . . inspect,” Paige said. She rubbed her athletic but toned stomach idly. She had no idea if she was pregnant yet, but knew that it was likely. At this point though, the thought of bearing foals was getting less anxiety-inducing and more exciting, and the prospect of fucking some more to ensure she was definitely knocked up sounded real good.

With a nod and an encouraging smile to Mallory, they descended back down the stairs, leaving the bovine pair in their room. Jim was still holding Mallory as if the bull was her liferaft.

“It’s okay,” Mallory repeated. “We can take our time.”

“It’s n-not just that,” she replied. “It’s this d-damn udder. I need - ahhhh - I need milking, Mallory. It’s s-so full!”

Mallory smirked. “Well, my lovely cow *wife*, why don’t we go back to the milking stall and try again, hmm? And while we’re there, we can work on getting you a new name. Any thoughts on mine?”

Jim’s tail wagged, and not entirely unhappily. “I - I always liked Miles.”

“Well, I do too.”

They decided on ‘Jane.’ It was a classic, and rather pretty name, and the obvious female analogue of Jim. Once adopted, it felt alarmingly natural for the former man. Miles too had taken to his name, and each to the other. By Jane’s request they didn’t get out the mechanical milking equipment; the cowgirl didn’t want to feel like ‘just another damn animal.’ It was better for Miles to do it for her the old fashioned way, with a large pail and her own

hands to pull on Jane's teats. Yes, that *too* was also a treatment given to heifers in days of old, but at least there was the touch of the personal to it.

"Just be gentle, please. Sweetheart."

"I will, don't worry. You know, you're rather cute like this. Standing with your hands on the flat of the stall, your udder and breast hanging freely."

"Don't make this w-weirder than it needs to be. I'm just s-so - ahhhh - in need right now, Mallory. Miles. So f-full."

"I remember being full in the chest when I was feeding Peter, and your breasts are both larger than your head! And that udder! I can't imagine!"

"D-don't let me wallow in it. You can s-start. This body needs it."

"We both need it, Jane. Thanks for coming with me."

Jane gave a pained, embarrassed smile. She still wasn't ready for this, but her submissive instincts were taking over, and she didn't want to lose her family. The talk from Peter had helped a lot, as well as seeing Abigail's joy. But it was Mallory/Miles' words that had really gotten to her. Farmers adapted. They always had. And now she had to.

"Thank you for still being *with* me," she replied, smirking. "Now please, get this *moo*-ilk out of *moo*-ee before I - *MOOO!!!*"

Miles tugged, and the milk flowed from Jane's udder in a long, surprisingly warm spurt. Jane's bovine legs nearly collapsed, but she managed to hold her stance even as Miles continued to milk her. There must have been literal *litres* in the former man's udder, and so much extra sloshing out in her massive melon-like breasts.

"Ohhhhh, that doesn't f-feels too bad! W-wonderful even. *Moo*-agnificent! Ahhhh . . ."

She fell to mooing in long, orgasmic moans as Miles continued his work. It was an astoundingly intimate feeling, to milk her lover, and the same was true of Jane's feelings too; being *milked* was embarrassing, but also highly erotic.

"*M-mooooo*," she stammered. "Don't s-stop! Ahhhhh . . . still so *moo*-uch! I'm *moo*-aking soooo *moo*-uch . . ."

Miles was growing erect. His huge bull cock was sliding out of its sheath, thick and long and harder by the second. The sight and feel of her cow-wife's squirming was incredibly arousing, and the more bestial part of her was admiring how much milk she was producing as well.

"You're such a productive heifer," she said in a low tone, stroking Jane's flanks. Jane mooed in unwanted ecstasy, loving the compliment despite her own conflicted nature.

"I - I am. Dear God in heaven help me, but I am! S-so much *moo*-ilk for you to enjoy!"

Miles decided that he did enjoy it, enough to take a sample directly from the cow herself. He continued to tug on her sensitive teats, but then he hunched over further and

placed his snout against one of the spare ones. Wrapping her lips over it, he gave a mighty suck, and a long stream of incredibly delicious milk poured down her through.

“MMMHHHHMMMM!!”

It was enough to make Jane almost jump with delirious pleasure, so Miles sucked again, and then again, by which point the cowgirl was quickly becoming a highly aroused puddle of pleasure.

“What are you d-doing?”

“Do you want *moo-ee* to stop, Jane?”

“I want - help me, I don’t want you to stop! I want you, Miles! I want you, *Moo-iles!*”

Miles obliged. Finally, after so long being the stubborn, obnoxiously proud man, Jim-turned-Jane was finally yielding to the authority of someone else. *His* authority. For Miles, it was the final realisation of just how much he’d been wanting to step up and take a leadership position in the family for ages. And for Jane, it was something quite else. As Miles rose to his hooved feet and pressed her smaller body against the wall of the milking station, she felt a massive unburdening from her shoulders. It was as if a great weight had finally been lifted; a series of reactionary expectations she’d placed on herself decades ago and kept to almost religiously, to the detriment of everyone. She no longer had to make those calls and suffer the consequences. She no longer had to be the tough man, the patriarch, the man of the house. Now she could just be Jane, the cowgirl wife to her powerful bull, and accept *his* judgement instead. Her only roles could be to produce milk and calves and please her mate. It was, for all the lingering shame, a totally freeing idea.

“Moooooo,” she moaned as he played with her breasts, drank milk from them readily. “Get in m-me. *Mooo-unt* me, Miles! I need your help to make me accept this. And my b-body wants it. *Moooo . . .*”

Miles needed no further permission. He drank greedily from Jane’s enormous breasts, gulping down mouthful after mouthful of milk and sending his lover into fits of ecstasy. She moaned, tail wagging as her bull pressed his thick cock against her.

“H-how?” she asked, feeling it press against her folds.

“Just like this,” Miles answered. “Against the stall.”

“But that won’t w-work, honey. It just doesn’t - *MOO!*”

She was caught by surprise as Miles suddenly lifted her with ease. Despite her thickness, despite her extra mounds and parts and what felt like literal *gallons* of milk still churning within her, her bull lover had the immense strength and height to lift her up. She spread her legs instinctively, her udder squashing against his stomach. It spurted milk, but that only enhanced the erotic nature of the moment. Miles pressed the cowgirl against the wall of the stall and easily found her entrance with his cock. He had to lift the udder just a little

to gain access, but then he slid into her entrance, which was so sopping wet by this point that poor Jane was almost going mad with arousal.

“OOhhhhhhh, *moooo!*” she cried, losing herself in the moment.

“Yes, I knew you’d come around, sweetheart. Let me show you the pleasure you’ve shown me all these years, and with a little milky fun to add to it.”

Miles groped Jane’s ass, eliciting further moos. Their horns scraped against one another as they formed an approximation of a kiss, but the bull’s main priority was fucking his new cow-wife into submission; in making Jane *hers*. It was a new start for them, and perhaps *now* Jane could learn what it was like on the other side of life, and even come to love it as Mallory once had. To make sure of that, she fucked her lover; *hard*. As Jane wrapped her hooved feet around Mile’s muscular midsection, the bull-man pounded her, slipping right into his male role with ease. He huffed, his nose venting heat, every grunt accompanied by an incredible thrust. It left Jane’s huge breasts flopping up and down, but even if that caused a little pain, it was easily outweighed by the pleasure she felt as he suckled from them, squeezed them, causing them to spill milk down her belly.

“*Moooo-ilk me! Mooooo! Mooo-ake me yours! Give me - oh darn it - just give moo-ee calves! Need some damn calves on my udder! Yours, Moo-iles!*”

It was a revelation, brought about by the sheer pleasure of the act and the instincts the animal Gods had given her. Miles was already there. He could imagine Jane pregnant in his mind’s eye, swollen with one calf or even two, her breasts yet larger, her udder massive, her body perpetually leaking milk to the point where she was better off naked all the time. The imagery alone made her all the harder, and her testicles *pulsed* with a desire to vent their contents.

“I’ll *moo-ake* it so, *m-moo-y* love,” he grunted, fucking her with even more wild abandon.

The approach to purest ecstasy was close now, both of them could feel it. As they reached closer and closer to that fateful moment, Jane grabbed Miles’ head and pulled it right into her cleavage, suffocating him in her perfect, furry breast. Milk poured from her nipples, and in that moment everything was right and just. She could accept this new role, if it meant bliss like this. If it meant that Miles was still hers, and she his, and the two of them could run the farm together. Hell, better even for Miles to take control . . . it would let her finally relax and lose that burden for sure.

Though another burden could well be growing in her belly, the most wonderful of all. The next few moments ensured it: Miles had never experienced a male orgasm, so it ripped through him as a sudden surprise, causing him to bellow just like a great bull. He gripped Jane’s soft, furry cow body, and she too was wracked by a series of orgasms, female ones that likewise surprised her. She moed at the top of her sweet voice. Her tail flickered

against the wooden boards behind her, and litres of milk spilled from her udder, soaking both their fur coats. His cum poured into her, and what should have been a shameful embarrassment was instead a delighted ecstasy: Jane was already imagining herself pregnant with her bull's calf. The thought filled her with sexual pride. She could be the mother of the farm, instead of its father.

The two finally let down, sliding to the ground and laying against one another. Still panting, Jane offered Miles her breast, and he spent nearly three minutes licking her nipple and drinking deep from her endless well of milk. It helped calm him, filling him after such an expenditure of energy. When he finally pulled his snout back he made a show of caressing Jane's adorable snout and rubbing her flanks.

"See? Was that so hard, sweetheart?"

She folded her arms over her breasts, accidentally causing more milk to spurt from her distended pink nipples. "Hard? It was the hardest thing I've ever done, Miles, and you know it. Everything I've just given up, all the risks I've just taken on. Christ on a cracker, I might be pregnant! Damn pregnant!"

Miles smirked, detecting a hint of something in her voice. "But?"

Jane blushed, her holstein pattern protecting her cheeks from being too obvious about it. "But," she said, repositioning her udder over her thighs and then playing with her tail idly. "But I think it could be worth it. We're still a family, right?"

Miles caressed her breasts, eliciting a moan. "That we are. A full barnyard bash I'd say, sweetheart."

"*Mooooo*, honey. Sweetheart. You can't - ahhhh - can't tell me you're ready again? We always needed such time to-"

"Hush, sweetheart. A bull's work is never done. And when his cow is in estrus, he aims to please."

Jane was about to protest further, but then Miles was already lifting her, repositioning her so that she was on all fours like an animal. Her instincts kicked in, causing her to part her legs and lift her tail. Her udder dangled, still dribbling milk. There'd be time to milk it later. As she saw her bull's cock rise to the occasion once more, the former crank of a male farmer actually *smiled*.

She had another thing she wanted to 'milk' first.

The Bovine God, Porcine God, and Equine God looked over the three couples with amusement and pride. The six of them were all at the kitchen table, and each had taken to their roles not long after they had completed their changes. There was still-enduring

sheepishness about their changes, despite the fact that none of them had actually *become* sheep. For one, it was now the bull man, freshly rechristened as 'Miles', that sat at the head of the table, not the one now called Jane. Occasionally the cowgirl appeared envious of her lost position, but a natural submission to her new status had also come over her, and each touch or encouragement from her bull made her more and more into a loyal heifer. It was also more convenient in her new sitting location anyway; she was better positioned to drain her udder into a pail beneath her seat.

"J-just need to go get another bucket," she muttered. "Not one of you comment! Not one - *moo* - comment!"

But even as she waddled off to get another, the equine pair chuckled to themselves. They were sitting beside one another, their seats close so they could feel each other's forms. No longer restrained to a wheelchair, the one now known as Alex was laughing and joking with the group, the very image of a free spirit engaging openly with others. Her mare was just as happy, but in an altogether more contented and demure way; Paige was responsible for the cooking tonight, and was more than happy to have set the table and put herself in charge of serving the drinks out as well. She looked to her stallion with a smile, finally having found peace in a more domestic life while her more energetic half was already discussing their business possibilities once the barrier went down.

"This really is delicious, dear!" he exclaimed halfway through. "Who would have thought a vegetarian diet could still make us all so pleased! You really were meant for the housewife life!"

"Let's hope the same for Jane, once she adjusts," Miles said with a wink from the head of the table.

"We've all got - *oink!* - adjustments," Dani said at the other end of the table. She was eating an incredible amount, chowing down the vegetarian platters and lasagna with a bombastic approach. Like the rest of them, she was wearing farming clothes now that their closets and cupboards and wardrobes had reset once more, but her three parts of very large breasts were quite obvious within the shirt, much to the Porcine God's amusement as it looked on.

"Perhaps more adjustments to come, in fact," Charlie grunted. She placed her hoof-hand on Dani's stomach for emphasis, causing the pig woman to blush through her pink cheeks.

"S-stop it! *Oink!* I don't want others to know yet that we . . ."

But now the rest were just as embarrassed, shuffling a little in their seats even as Jane returned with another bucket.

"Had to get another dang bucket because this stupid udder k-keeps *moo*-aking *moo*-re and *moo*-re and - what are you all looking so embarrassed about?"

They burst out in laughter, especially Miles, who had an image in her head of just how much 'adjusting' her husband-turned-cow-wife would have to be making soon. If Jane was making *this* much milk now, who knew how she'd be when calving?

"It seems they've embraced their changes, for the most part," the Bovine God said.

"Indeed, as I knew they would, with a little help," the Equine God replied, looking in through the window. *"I'll let the barrier down tomorrow. They can begin to interact with others of Tanarra, and find their place within this wider world."*

"And within each other, don't forget!" the Porcine God exclaimed giddily. *"Much rutting and mating and mounting shall abound!"*

The Bovine God smiled. *"Well, perhaps we could leave the barrier up for just one or two more days. Let them get . . . more acclimated with each other."*

"And ensure that the calves, foals, and piglets are well on their way! Oink!"

The Equine God laughed at this. *"Well, all's well that ends well, as these former humans are often saying. The women are emboldened, the headstrong or cowardly men chastened, and Peter has found her place as Paige. A happy ending all around."*

"We should check in on them from time to time," the Bovine God said. *"Always nice to see one's handiwork thrive, especially in Tanarra."*

"Thriving with piglets especially!" the Porcine God said. *"Oh, I do hope Dani is quite productive!"*

They observed the various ways the couples looked at one another with slight embarrassment, but to their partners with much clearer confidence and, yes, deep attraction.

"I don't think we'll have to worry about that at all," said the Bovine God.

"Indeed," finished the Equine God, witnessing Paige and Alex hold hands beneath the table, their gazes one of mutual lust. *"Not one bit."*

Jane mooed as she was milked. It was a pleasurable moo, all the more ecstatic because it wasn't a machine tugging at her udder and breasts, but her loving husband Miles. The strong bull-man adored the way his formerly headstrong male of a husband had become such a curvaceous, milk-laden wife, and even more so how much she was at the mercy of his touch, his scent, his powerful alpha male presence.

"M-mooo! Moo-re, p-please, sweetheart! So moo-uch mooo-ilk! Moo-aking soooo moo-uch! But it f-feels so g-gooooood!"

She was slumped against a bench in the milking shed as Miles went to work, pouring out what felt like gallons from her wife's teats. With each tug, long squirts of warm milk jettisoned from the cowgirl's body and into the jugs - the many, *many* jugs of which quite a

few were already full to the brim - and setting off a wave of relief from the overburdened cow-woman.

"I love how much you enjoy this, sweetheart. Reminds me of the old days, when we were so much friskier. It's good to be young again, isn't it? And to experience new things."

Jane huffed, squirmed and clenching her eyes shut as a particularly long stream of milk vacated her. She shifted her ass from side to side, anticipating the next tug, and her thick, ropey tail - the one she'd come to quite love, particularly for its counterbalancing act against her various mounds - waved from side to side. From her moans, it was obvious how much she was enjoying this, but she still felt a little ashamed of it all. Her fur hid her blush, but blood still ran to her cheeks regardless.

"It isn't t-too bad I guess," she admitted, whimpering as her bull husband tugged two teats at a time. God, her udder was full. So damn full, like it always was these days. But then, there was a reason for that. "But I s-still would go b-back if I could!"

Miles smirked. He knew that he wouldn't himself: being a bull man had reinvigorated his previously spent life as an aging housewife. Now Jane was learning to cook for him; a submissive part of his instinct taking over.

"I know you would, sweetheart. But since we can't change back, I aim to make you a happy farmer's wife, and a happy mother to boot!"

With that, Miles reached up and squeezed Jane's enormous JJ-cup breasts, the ones that were so big that they could have had their own postcode. Her nipples were huge - thimble sized! - and it was obvious why: huge jets of milk erupted from them like a nozzle spray, some of it even matting the fur around Mile's lips. He simply licked it away, grunting with approval.

"And it looks like your body is more than ready for the job, I'd say!"

Jane cringed, well aware of just how motherly her body was these days. Of how motherly it had been for five years straight now. She caressed her greatly swollen stomach even as her arousal took centre stage in her thoughts. Her belly was huge, a massive white-furred thing that constantly stirred with movement, particularly given that she was pregnant with twin calves. Again.

"Can't b-believe you - *moo!* - knocked up again s-so early, sweetheart. I n-need a break from all this damn breeding and b-birthing! Five years and I still s-struggle with it!"

Miles rose, caressing more of his lover's form. He was getting hard after milking his husband-turned-wife, as he always did, and neither of the pair could ignore the huge bull cock coming out of Miles' sheathe. The bull stood, carefully shifting the pail and several bottles. No use spilling milk that was already drained. The rest could be . . . dealt with. He circled around behind his mate, noticing that Jane's tail was already lifting automatically, her naked form ready to be entered and bred. Or at least in practice for the next set of calves.

“Oh, but you know how much I love to get you with my calves, dear,” Miles whispered in Jane’s furry left ear. He squeezed her breasts, causing more milk to leak down over Jane’s huge belly. She moored softly, the most beautiful sound in the world as far as he was concerned.

“Ahhhh, you’re . . . mhmm, making me excited, dear.”

“That’s the point.”

“But I’m s-so huge. *Moo*-assive. Can’t an old *moo*-an catch a dang break?”

Miles nuzzled against her neck, stroked her gorgeous Holstein pattern fur. “Do you truly want a break? Or do you want me to fuck you?”

Jane still hated swearing . . . except in the bedroom. Or the milking shed, as was now also the case. What Miles was saying was a goddamn turn on, especially since it was her former wife saying it, now a victorious bull. In the last five years, Jim-Jane had endured pregnancy after pregnancy, leaving her with seven calves born already. Each had been an endurance - bovine anthro-calves were beefy, to give it a pun, and the birth was agonising. But even with the agony of birth, there had been pleasure and bliss. Joy beyond what the cowgirl once called Jim could ever have imagined. The sensation of pushing furry, horned, tail-wagging life into the world was its own kind of ecstasy, and this dwarfed the pain even in the first eventful birth that had seen her finally recognise her true role in this new life. She had squatted in the milking stall - this very place, and pushed and pushed, mooing more like an animal than a thinking being. And even that had been its own release; the feeling of milk spilling from her utterly engorged udder, of her breasts dribbling down over her stomach, of her contractions willing her body to do what it had been transformed to do, and bring calves into the world. She had never imagined having more children with Mallory when she’d been Jim, not after Cheryl and Peter. Now, she couldn’t imagine stopping. As much as she would never admit it - at least not for years yet - the now-twenty five year old cowgirl daydreamed of making calves, calves, and more calves, even when already swollen pregnant at nine months with huge babies already kicking their hooves inside her. The instinct to breed was simply too strong, and the love and lust she felt for Miles even stronger.

“Y-yes,” she managed. “I want you to f-fuck me. And drink from *moo*-ee. I’m still so f-full.”

That was the other thing; she was *always* making milk, and hadn’t stopped. It had been a total nightmare at first; she, a former man and milker *of* cows, was now the one constantly dripping milk between her thighs and from her chest. Thankfully, Miles had been there to help her, and had willingly milked her ever since. The automatic pumps were good of course, but there was something far more personal, relaxing, and even *sexual* about being relieved of one’s milk by one’s lover. It had calmed Jane’s personality remarkably, allowing her to finally accept a more submissive and dependent position in life. The pleasure

of having her milk released was more than worth the trade off, as was the current experience: having Mile's big bull cock slide into her depths from behind and fuck her wet pussy.

"Mmmmoool!" she moaned as it entered. "You're always s-so ready for this!"

"I can't help it, when my wife is such an attractive cowgirl, all big and pregnant with my calves all the time, and making such sweet milk. I'm glad you ended up this way Jane, and though I know you're still not ready to say it out loud, I know you are too."

"M-moooo, maybe in a f-few years I'll say it. For now - ahhhh - I can put up with it!"

'Put up with it' was code for 'relish it' - Jane was still just as curt and understated at times as her formerly male self. But now she *loved* being mated and bred and fucked by her 'big bull', a title she gave her lover when they were in private together. They indulged in such pleasures at that very moment, and when Jane finally came with a bellowing 'MOOOO!', her udder and breasts both leaked milk in literal *litres*, causing both of them to tremble and laugh. It was a luxurious feeling, and Miles was more than willing to help 'clean up' by licking her body clean of milk in the aftermath.

"Don't forget, you did this to me," Jane said with a quiet smirk as they finished up and moved to leave. She was now finally empty, for once, though it would only take a few hours to be full again, she knew.

"And I don't regret it at all. You love our children, sweetheart. Horse, pig, and calf."

"Well, again thanks to you, there'll be a lot more calves! Won't be long until I'll be birthing once again."

"I wouldn't count on *just* calves. Take a look at Dani over there."

Jane suppressed a stoic chuckle. The naked pig girl was relaxing in the mud, her swollen body far more pregnant even than the bovine woman's. An entire litter shifted about, and her six large breasts seeped thick, creamy milk into the mud continuously. Not nearly as much as Jane produced, of course, but a damn lot all the same. She waved lazily to them, shifting on her side a little. The explanation for why she was there came seconds later: a half dozen adorable anthro-piglets rushed through the mud, squealing in joy and pressing against their mother. She sighed, collapsing back down as six hungry mouths found her pink tits and began to suckle away at her incredibly delicious, incredibly fatty milk.

"H-hi J-Jane! Miles! H-having some f-fun by the milking station - *oink!* - I see!"

Miles laughed, a big bellowing laugh. "Don't you start, Dani! We can see the evidence of your 'fun'. You must be due any day now!"

The pig girl groaned, cradling her enormous belly. A flurry of kicks shifted her belly within. "Ohhhhh, urrggh. S-septuplets! D-don't even have enough n-nipples for them. Good thing I m-make so much milk. Thought not as much as - *oink!* - as you, Jane!"

Jane touched her udder instinctively, perhaps with a little pride. She practically *lived* naked these days, just because it was more convenient than the constant leaking into her clothing.

“So still a while off, then?”

“Still a while off,” Dani sighed. “But at least I’ve got an amazing boar of a husband to take care of this pig mother - here he comes now!”

Driving in on a pickup truck, a set of aviator shades over his boar-face, was Charlie. He pulled to a stop in front of the farmstead and came over. A dozen or more piglets of varying ages ran to him, calling for their father. He managed to sweep up five of them in his broad arms and twirl them about.

“Daddy hog is home, kiddos!” he announced, laughing heartily. “Where’s your beautiful sow of a mother?”

“Over here, Daddy! Over here! She’s been in the mud all day!”

Miles snorted through her bull nose at that, and even Jane had to chuckle.

“Well, we can hardly blame her with that massive litter she’s carrying!” Charlie announced. “Hey Mom. Hey Dad! How go the calves?”

“B-busy,” Jane stammered, holding her naked stomach. She used to feel weird about being naked in front of her kids, but the world of Tanarra could be like a giant nudist colony in many ways; she was far from the only cow-girl to live like this, and Dani lived like it too; a common pig-girl behaviour to judge from the Johanson family two miles over. “*Moo*-ving constantly. Be thankful you changed gender, d-dear.”

The boar man smirked. “I am. You know I think my marriage has never been better since David became Dani and I became Charlie. And you know what? As overloaded with piglets as she always is, she’s actually happy. Even if she won’t admit it.”

“I can - *oink!* - hear you!”

“I know, love! I know. I’ll be there to join you in the lovely mud soon. You know how much you love that.”

“We’ll get out of your hair,” Miles said, wisely. “The business over at the Kate’s went well?”

“Oh yes. Crops will be making a good dollar this year. And I’ve worked out a nice deal with the Tennerson’s too, provided they’re good for it. I think they will be; our cabbages are the best on the continent.”

Miles grinned. “Good work, son. It’s great to have you leading the way.”

“Please, you’re the leader now, Dad. Always should have been - no offence, Mom.”

“Oh, stop r-rubbing it in! We wouldn’t have half the profit we *moo*-ake without my m-milk!”

“Damn right, sweetheart,” Miles said, kissing her cow-wife on the cheek.

“Of course, Dad, I didn’t mean it like that. I just mean it feels like everyone is in the right place now. Hell, Alex is out there working the plow all on his own and basically keeping the farm running at times. I’ve never seen a harder worker! Wait - he was at the plow. Where is he now?”

There was a long pause as the families looked about for the stallion. Several of their workers waved in their direction, and off in the fields several of the older calves and piglets were playing with one another, the next generation of the ‘barnyard bash’ coming to love the farm life. But the tall figure of Alex was nowhere to be seen. That was, until there was a loud *CRASH* from the front doors, and a powerful stallion ran down the steps, several young foals striding forth behind him, his children almost as panicked and excited as he was.

“*NEEEEIIGGGH!!!*” he shouted, gaining the attention of everyone, even the softly moaning Dani who was being surrounded by hungry piglets who easily outnumbered her teats.

“Alex? What’s wrong?” Miles asked, stepping forward.

Before Alex could answer, a second, much more feminine neigh erupted from inside the homestead, a mix of pain and primal yelling.

“That’s what’s happening!” Alex yelled excitedly. “Paige is in labor! We’re going to meet our latest foal today!”

“Oh my God,” Miles said. “Do you need anything?”

“Can we help?” Charlie asked.

“Apparently not! I’ve been kicked out, at least for now! She wants, well, she wants the ‘women of the house’ to come join her and help her through the contractions until she gets close. Says it’s something ‘they understand.’ Um, are you up for that, Dani and Jane?”

The two former men exchanged a glance - one from the mud pit, one leaning against her bull. Slowly, Dani rose, taking several piglets with her to keep drinking her creamy milk. Jane lumbered forward, relishing the fact that she was being called upon, even if her area of expertise had changed. Both Dani and she had given birth to more babies than Paige, but the latter always liked to be surrounded by women when her time came. In many ways, it had become a bonding experience for the former men, allowing them to embrace their new roles as breeders. Certainly, Dani had tried the same practice, but her body pumped out babies so frequently that such a gathering was hard to organise in time.

“You go take care of the farm, sweetheart,” Jane said to Miles.

“Yeah, we’ve got this,” Dani said. “It’s what our bodies are f-for, right?”

The men shrugged, enjoying this sight of their former alpha male partners now becoming enthusiastic midwives.

“Fine by us,” Miles said. “But don’t keep Alex out of the house too long. A man deserves to see his foals come into the world.”

“Oh, I won’t miss it for the world!” Alex exclaimed, already bouncing from one foot to the next in excitement. “Not this foal, or any of the many to come!”

Another loud neigh erupted from the house, followed by a demand.

“Dani! Mom! Please get up h-here! I want you to be w-with me! Please!”

The two didn’t waste any further time. They dashed - well, more like waddled - into the home and straight to where Paige lay in her birthing bed, the mare on her hooves with her hands against the wall. Despite the pain and pressure, she was actually smiling.

“N-not too long to g-go, I think,” she managed. “And then another for the f-farm.”

The thought filled her with excitement, and she couldn’t help but notice that Jane and Dani both touched their own breeding bellies as she said it.

The farm was ever expanding, and the sky was the limit.

“R-remind me to th-thank the animal gods again,” Paige said, before another contraction rolled through her pregnant mare’s body. “I think we all found our roles, in the end.”

She wasn’t wrong, either. A new life on Tanarra had been just what the Mackinson clan needed. She thought of that as she readied for her newest foal to enter the world.

“Nnghhh! I n-never get used to th-this!” she said, half-neighing and clutching Dani’s hand. “I always th-thought I’d b-be hearing about my l-little sister giving b-birth, not m-me! *NEIGH!!*”

Dani snorted with a slight bit of amusement. “I’m very sympathetic, Paige, but it’s not like - *oink!* - you give birth as much as myself or Jane does!”

If eyes could kill, Paige’s were certainly staring daggers at the pig-woman. The equine lady was quite heavily rounded with pregnancy, and despite her gorgeous white coat she was matted in sweat from labor.

“P-please, I’m kn-knocked up as much as either of you. Tell her, Mum! Ahhh!”

Jane sighed, holding Paige’s other hoofhand as the equine lady strained, another contraction rolling through her dome-like stomach.

“Of course you are, dear,” she said. “God knows this new place has us getting *moo*-assive with children around the darn clock! I ain’t never expected to get pregnant with calves, nor so often!”

“See!?” Paige said, looking back at Dani. She was smirking now, victorious even through the pangs of birth.

Dani grinned, snorting once more. “Ah, but *you* only give birth to one or - *oink!* - two foals at most. I carry whole litters each time, and Jane has had up to *four* at time, enough to be draining every teat on her udder.”

“*Moo!* Ugh, don’t remind me!”

Paige managed to bear through another contraction, then sighed. "Oh, I am beset with traitors all around me! I was the one who wanted th-this domestic life, and now you two think you have me beat!"

"We're just distracting you," Dani said, patting her sister-in-law affectionately. "We all know the hard work you do for us around the house."

"Not to *moo*-ention looking after all our babies when we're working, honey."

Paige smiled, breathing a little more heavily. "Well, glad to be recognised. Now, if you d-don't mind, I'd like my - *neigh!* - husband back in a f-few minutes. I think I'm c-close!"

"Would you like me to fetch him right now?" Dani asked, dropping her teasing, though she did rather like the back-and-forth she and her sister-in-law had come to develop. Previously, she'd simply ignored Peter, but now they were surprisingly close, brought together by circumstance.

"N-not just yet!" Paige exclaimed. "Just want a l-little more time with my sister and my m-mother. Just us g-girls, with all the miracle of life."

"Damn right," Jane said, feeling her two calves kicking within.

"A damn *big* miracle indeed," Dani said, chuckling in disbelief at their shared conditions. "And not likely to end anytime soon!"

But between the three of them together, even as Paige struggled through labor, none could say they were too reluctant about their perpetual breeding.

The moment was close, and Jane and Dani were ushered out, wishing their best to Alex. The stallion had to duck to enter the doorway he was so tall, and Paige was glad to see him; her golden mane was matted with sweat, and she was readying to bear down one final time. This was how it always was between the two them; Paige liked to have the female support through much of the labor, the sisterly understanding of what she was going through. But when push came to, well, actual *push*, she wanted no one else but her husband by her side, helping her welcome their newest foal into the world.

"You're doing so strongly, my love," Alex said, rubbing her stomach softly.

"I d-don't f-feel strong, but it f-feels right!" the horsewoman replied. "This is what my body - *neigh!* - was m-made for! Ohhhhhh, I'm s-so close, darling! S-so close to giving you another little boy or girl."

"Whichever it is, I'll be proud."

She cracked a smile, even through the intensity of the pressure. "Easy f-for you, I'm giving you lots of each. Not as many as Dani does for my b-brother, though, ha! As she was keen to remind me!"

“Pah! Those piglets come out easier, I hear. You have the hard job! Our foals are big and strong.”

“Absoluely! That’s what I tried to - *NEIGH!* Oh God, here it comes! Hold me, Alex, and get r-ready! NneeeuuUURGGH!”

She strained, pushed, and bore down, spreading her magnificent flanks so as to allow the greatest possible opening for her foal to pass. The first time she had done this, it had been a truly alien experience. The sensation of a living, writhing being passing through her tunnel and out into the world - along with a lot of amniotic juices - had been unbelievably foreign. But now, after a good number of pregnancies, she was more than used to it. In fact, even through the agony and pressure and discomfort, her instincts flared within her, telling her that this was right. It was the final hurdle, the great challenge to arrive at the ultimate happiness. She’d labour another two days if it meant she could provide healthy foals, she was that committed. It was her role, and one that gave her freedom, in its own way.

Thankfully, two more days of labour weren’t needed. All tha was necessary was one final push, and a small snout pushed from her opening.

“I can see it! A face, and two little hoof-hands!”

“Mhmmm! Hold m-me! This is the b-big one! The d-damn shoulders!”

She pushed again, and after neighing - loudly - the shoulders came free. The rest of the foal’s emergence into the world was a lot easier after that. Paige gasped as the foal slid from her distended opening, her newest baby wriggling free. As always, Alex took it in his hands, helping guide it to the floor. He cut the cord and ensured the foal was breathing.

“Another strapping boy!” he declared.

She tried to still her breathing, collapsing onto the bed lightly so that she no longer had to be on her two hooves. Already there was a mountain of pillows to catch her and prop up her head, and Alex helped adjust them with one hoof while handing her their newborn with his other arm. The little being was neighing in an imitation of a cry, and he looked like the image of his father, albeit with perhaps a little more white. Paige shed tears looking at him, cradling him, a release of euphoria accompanying the sensation.

“He’s so beautiful,” she said, stroking his wet fur, feeling him against her. He raised his little snout, and without another word she gave him access to her breasts. They were quite full with milk as it was anyway. Later, when she was back on her feet and he was too (equine foals - even horse people ones - were quick to walk) then he could have the convenience of her udder too. For now though, she bonded with him on her chest, and Alex beside her.

“You’re both so beautiful,” he said, kissing the matter fur of her forehead. “Well done, my love.”

“Another one for us to figure out a name for,” she said, grinning as their boy began to suckle from her. He was already calming thanks to his mother’s touch. As far as Paige was concerned, this was the best feeling in the world, and enough to make even the most uncomfortable parts of pregnancy and painful parts of birth worth it.

“We have time,” Alex said. “As much time as we want. I’m so proud of you.”

“I’m proud of us,” she responded. “We’re exactly where we need to be, husband.”

They nuzzled, touching their foreheads together, giving in to their equine instincts for affection. It was only a few minutes after that they parted, staring into each other’s eyes.

“Well,” Alex said, “when should we invite the family back in?”

Paige smiled, leaning her head back into the pillows. “Just give me a few minutes. Maybe damp my fur a bit with a wet towel. Then they can come in. I want the whole farm to meet its newest addition.”

And indeed, the Mackinson clan were more than joyous to do so. They had gone from a fractured family to a united one, and with that unity there was going to be a lot of expansion. *A lot*. And each and every one would be celebrated.

The End