

On a dirt road in the middle of nowhere, a rusty, green, pick-up truck was driving towards an abandoned farm, a determined driver in the seat. The farm had been deserted for a while. No one would interrupt her on her mission. Driving past the ancient barn, she drove up to the broken fence, encircling a now deserted pig pen. The only remains being a giant mud puddle and an empty trough.

The girl named Samantha, turned off the engine and stepped out of the car. She wore a pair of raggedy jeans, and an old shirt for the occasion. She pushed her medium blonde hair out of her face and surveyed the area with her brown eyes. As she suspected, the place was empty, save for the buzz of insects in the surrounding trees. It was time to get to work.

Swinging open the rusty fence with a loud squeak, Samantha stepped inside the pen. Her shoes squished as she walked through the fresh mud, the rain the night before had made them the perfect consistency. Reaching the end of the pen, she found the feeding trough filled with water. With a mighty heave, she angled it downwards and drained it. Reaching into the back of her pocket she grabbed a rag and gave it a thorough cleaning.

Going back to the truck, she began to unload the cargo from her trunk. Buckets filled with a slurry of slop concocted from the leftovers that no one wanted. Stale bread, melons, grease, cucumbers, carrots, potatoes, beef, and other pieces of miscellaneous food that was going to be thrown away. It took a few trips back and forth, but she eventually filled the trough to the brim, enough to feed over a dozen hogs. Reaching into her back pocket, she grabbed a small pink vial filled with a swirling concoction. Samantha poured the contents of the vial into the slop, and stirred it around, making sure it spread evenly.

Wiping the sweat from her forehead, Samantha walked over to the side of the pen and began to undress, kicking off her already mud soaked shoes. Her shirt and pants were laid across the fence neatly, she would need to change into something clean once this was all over. Removing her bra, she let her modest B-cup breasts get some fresh air. She pulled her pink panties from her small hips, placing them alongside the rest of her clothes. Stripped of her clothing, Samantha strode out into the pen, the mud squishing between her toes.

Kneeling in the mud, arms holding onto the sides for support, Samantha lowered her face into the feeding trough and began to eat. She expected it to be disgusting, but her taste buds felt bliss the moment she took that first bite. Samantha continued to eat, slurping down pieces of food and covering her face in the slop. Immediately the slop began to take effect, her once flat stomach, ballooning out in a nice layer of pudge. Raising her head to catch her breath, Samantha sat down in the mud, her newly rounded bottom making a splash as it hit the ground under her new weight. Leaning back into the slop, she already felt the extra cushion between her chest and the trough. It was working.

She resumed her feast, her accumulated fat spreading to other areas of her body, giving her chubby arms and thunder thighs, as well as a second chin. With a large gulp, her stomach enlarged to the size of a watermelon. Her breasts became large mounds of fat she estimated to be around an F-Cup as they dangled in front of her bean bag of a belly. She stopped when she noticed that her huge ass had grown something extra: a curly, pink, pig tail. Samantha smiled, licked her lips, and dove back in. Eating out the last of a melon, she decided to take another rest, her new pig ears flickering in the air. Sitting down in the mud, she rubbed her massive stomach, her flabby skin, turned a light shade of pink. She relieved the pressure with a loud belch, it had been a while since she had been free to be so messy.

She dove into the very depths of the slop, enveloping her entire head, slurping it up an outrageous pace. Her ass continued to grow, her fat cheeks, bouncing and jiggling in rhythm with her ravenous eating. Her belly grew even larger, having doubled in such a short amount of time, reaching down to the mud and giving her extra support on her chubby legs. She now estimated her boobs to be around size Q, by the way the swung to and fro in front of her fat rolls. Licking the last drop of the slop, Samantha raised her head and licked the remains from her third chin with her long tongue. On her face, covered in slop and sniffing away at the intoxicating aroma of the combination of sweat, slop, and mud, was a flat, pink, pig snout. Samantha opened her mouth and tried to speak, letting out a loud oink.

Samantha crawled on all fours to the center of the pen, and began to roll around, covering her entire body in a thick layer of mud. Laying on her back she rubbed her belly, feeling all of her new folds and crevasses, the newfound weight making her body very sensitive to the touch. Her hand found its way down her thick thighs to her womanhood, soaking wet from the mud and her own juices. Her fingers began their work slow, teasing her clit and sliding around her labia. All the while, her other hand continued to explore her body, kneading her breasts as she continued to move in and out of her vagina. Stopping for but a moment, she found a spot near the fence to lean against for support. She resumed her motions, moving faster, as her other hand began to grab handfuls of her ass fat. She could feel herself getting closer and closer to climax, and spanked her fat ass, ecstasy spreading throughout her body. With a moan and a loud squeal she finished, her legs trembling as she slipped down into the mud.

Samantha laid there in the mud, arms at her side and breathing heavily, basking in the sun, tongue hanging out of her mouth. It felt like she laid there for hours, letting the feeling of pleasure spread throughout her new body. However, she knew it was getting late in the day, and

she needed to leave soon. Samantha heaved up her blob of a body with her chubby arms, swaying back and forth as gravity wanted nothing more than to send her crashing back down into the mud. Gaining some semblance of balance, she began to waddle her way to her truck.

Once there, she opened up the driver's side door and found another vial, this one clear, with a white liquid inside. Samantha adjusted the car mirror to get one last look at the fat pig known as Samantha. She tilted her head back and let the liquid pour down her throat, a bitter medicine she had to take. Placing the vial back in the car, she waddled over to a nearby water spigot that and began to wash off the mud.

Rinsing off the dirt, sweat, and other mess, she noticed her body starting to revert to its original form. The ears, snout, and tail seemed to melt away and her large assets began to recede to their original state. Cleaning out the remaining dirt from her hair, she looked at her reflection in a nearby puddle and saw her old face.

Samantha gathered her clothes from the fence and got dressed, kicking herself for not bringing an extra pair of shoes to wear. The empty slop buckets were put in the back of her truck and she made sure that the farm was about the same as when she left it. Getting back in the truck, she started the engine and turned on the radio. It was time to go home, but she hoped she could return to this place soon. It felt good to go wild.