

“Hey, Artie! You're still up for that small business plan I was talking to you about last week right? I think the loan approval just showed up.”

Leaning back, the stallion turned his head to look for his room mate. They were *somewhere* at home and Jack was pretty sure if he bellowed loud enough the fox would hear just fine. Granted, their neighbors might also hear at this rate.

The distinct look of annoyance and the standing fluff of the fox's tail was a good indicator that yes, he -had- heard Jack. He might also have been sleeping or otherwise at rest and been shocked violently out of it in the process.

“Fucking.. did you *have* to try to shake the damn walls with your voice Jack? Yeah, I'm still up for the dairy thing. Though you still haven't like.. told me what you want me to do?”

It wasn't easy for Jack not to let a little grin creep onto his face as he looked at his room mate. They'd apparently been 'busy' in their room if the tightly packed and tented boxers the fox was in were any indication – the fox definitely fulfilled a stereotype or two.. For now, anyway. It took effort for Jack not to break out chuckling thinking of what was to come.

“Right now nothing. It's uh.. kinda early, you know? We could probably use some *marketing* stuff ahead of time though, come to think of it.. Names for a dairy business, logo ideas? You had some time in graphic design in your Freshman year right?”

Still looking annoyed – and shirtless – the fox eventually lets out an exasperated sigh and nods in response before wandering toward the kitchen. Apparently this had been annoying enough that an afternoon beer was warranted.

“..Yeah, I guess. I'll come up with a spread sometime soon.”

Jack sunk a bit deeper into his seat and curls his lips. The expression was just a *little bit* sinister looking, but until Artie turned around there was nobody to notice.

“Great! Just uh, heh.. don't wait too long. Hey, can you bring me one of those too? And the corn chips? I'm just.. I'm *ravenous* for some reason.”

Artie didn't actually answer that question but there were more clinking sounds heard than were necessary for just the one beer, and then there was the bag crinkling around. A few moments further and Jack had *two* beers and the big cheese Fritos left over from last Sunday resting between his thigh and the arm of the couch.

“What's this about waiting too long? Also, *dude*. You're never gonna get on the-”

The snap of a bottle cap popping free interrupted Artie's thought on account of it flying in his general direction. To his credit the fox caught the thing, but it still gave Jack a chance to interrupt him. This was something Jack seldom failed to take advantage of.

“It's *fine* man, I'm not *that* fat. I'll lose some of it before the tryouts start and worst case I go for linebacker or something. Coach and I already talked about it and – man these chips taste kinda skanky- also, dude-”

The stallion even managed to interrupt *himself* as he rested the chips on his belly, crammed a handful of them into his face, and half-finished a beer in one drink washing it down.

“D- *HwUUURRPHHBB*- dude. You've been taking those vitamins right? Cuz you still look like you're dead inside overworked and underfed my man.”

With his stomach feeling as ravenous as it was Jack didn't wait to get more snacks in him. The stallion didn't hesitate, weird aftertaste or not he shoveled another handful in and put a rapid finish to the first bottle before immediately opening the second. Artie just looked a tiny bit horrified by it, standing promptly back up.

“Uh. Yeah, I have. Though like.. why'd you change brands? The gummy vitamins are great. I dunno why anyone would go back from those to the big nasty pills? Anyway. I uh.. I got some shit to do, so I'll talk to you later.”

Watching the fox leave left Jack squinting a bit. Artie wasn't the most physically imposing of figures, more of a runner or a swimmer than anything, but with *exactly* the kind of hips and as well hung as stories tended to play up foxes as being. What was on the stallion's mind as he dug around in his pocket for a small pill bottle, an empty one, to look at the label closely was that Artie wasn't *more* than he currently was.

“..Side effects, takes effect in.. best results, I could *swear* he should be getting thick and dumb by now. Maybe he's like.. resistant, or something? I wonder if I can get a second bottle and start dosing him without him realizing it.. He's probably just not taking the damn things. Never should've gone with the vitamins story..”

Jack turned his head again and squinted. He could *hear* the fox finishing up in his bedroom, and it wasn't like he couldn't guess what he'd interrupted by yelling. After a moment of having difficulty holding himself at the awkward angle he was Jack slid back into place in the chair, his thick frame wobbling a bit. The stallion grunted, tucking the empty beer in between his rather noticeably

swollen moobs and then stuffing his face again while ignoring how much the seat under him was creaking and how his shirt refused to pull all the way down over his belly anymore.

“..And he sure as shit isn't changing in the other way either..yet. I guess. Yeah I really needed to run with a different story and I need to try something else..”

While he doubted it would be *impossible* to get more, Jack didn't much want to think about the prospect. Not given the requirements of it. The stallion dug his phone out though, pulling up a contact just named 'Dairy Farmer' and starting to write a text. One that, halfway in, he started to delete and then rewrite, and then found himself minimizing so he could watch a video he thought of, and then..

Then Jack blinked slowly, feeling a bit foggy and looking around the room to realize the sun had gone down and his phone was low on battery. He had an empty bag of chips on his chest, an equally barren box of donuts, and was up to six bottles and counting tucked in his chest and between his thighs and the chair legs and the like.

A text message from Dairy Farmer reading simply 'okay, will bring more, have payment ready' had arrived at some point as well. Payment was going to be.. a lot, but-

“Guh, how.. did I lose the whole day? I.. Whatever. Just going to have to sit on that fox and stuff the things in his face this time around..”

It was a bit of a struggle to get up from the chair. Jack left behind a mess, too. Crumbs, wrappers, the empties – all of it went to the floor. He'd clean it up later. For now he had to deal with being *hungry*. Not so much in a physical way, his belly wasn't empty, but he had a craving that just wouldn't shut up and the stallion couldn't think of a good reason to deny it. So.. he wasn't going to. Even the fact that his trip to the fridge was more of a hurried waddle than his usual walking gait just didn't register to Jack.

The only thing that really *did* was that it wasn't as well-stocked as he liked.

“..Ugh, groceries are going to *suck* to manage right now and.. and it's going to be so damn expensive to get that second round of pills. *Fuck*.”

A frustrated grunt was met with two more bottles entering the stallion's hand, along with a package of peppered salami and some small cheeses wrapped in wax. With that in hand Jack turned away from the fridge back toward the living area and the TV, and then stopped to grab a third beer before the door closed. *Then* he started back, waddling a bit more sluggishly this time as he tried to

work one of the bottles open while he moved. This time around he avoided the chair he'd been in and just sprawled out on the couch, pulling up a streaming app-

“..The fuck? Artie why is this thing on 'resume' halfway through some RomCom girly shit? Artie? ..Whatever.”

No answer came from the fox, and Jack felt the confusion about the streaming app and his lost time on his phone and everything else going on nagging at him. His weight was bothering him a bit too. Enough, at least, that the stallion looked down at the vast sprawl of his soft, pillowy belly and his maybe abnormally plump chest and felt a little moment of concern. It didn't last though, not when (mostly without thinking) he got started with snacking again.

It was some time later, when he was *mostly* through watching a different movie entirely (that was suspiciously similar to the previous one..) and mostly out of his snacks and beer that Jack even felt a thought forming again.

That thought wasn't about the disquiet in his mind. Jack had gotten that under control, or so he told himself. It was the whole thing with Artie. A stirring between Jack's legs made him acutely aware of just how tight his pants felt right now and how impatient he was getting about that. As the stallion shut his eyes and tried to calm his dick down while the movie finished and went to credits Jack caught himself mumbling through the buzz as he contemplated whether or not he felt like getting up to get even more. Jack wanted badly to keep at it, but that meant effort, and Jack was sick and tired of having to work so much to get what he needed.

Like Artie.

“..Fucking.. definitely going to just sit on that fox and stuff him full of the next batch. He won't mind.. not for long anyway.”

A long, slow breath followed. Jack felt himself drifting off, but not until he had a crystal clear mental image to hold onto while he did so.

“..By the time Artie's a girl with *crazy* tits for me she'll be so dumb and blissed out all the time she'll forget all about it the first time she even catches sight of my dick. I can't fuckin' wait~”

Jack felt like *something* was off but it was confusing them greatly just what it was that made them feel that way. They were standing in the kitchen, blinking placidly at the fridge and feeling distinctly like they'd forgotten what it was they came into the room for. Also it felt.. familiar? As if

they'd forgotten this before, or if forgetting it was familiar, or.. some mix of that which was very much causing their head to spin a bit. Leaning down to peer into the cool confines of the fridge ensured that Jack's ass was on display behind them and their chest dangled freely underneath and that was beyond distracting.

By the time the horse stood back up, grunting as their lower back objected to the strain being put on it, they had decided to cut their losses when it came to focus and intent.

“..Whatever it was it couldn't be that important, I guess? Like.. or I'd remember it, yeah? Plus I'm *totally* hungry so it's probably just that..”

Initially Jack was just going to head back to the couch, it was the option that would happen if the horse just didn't bother thinking about their destination at all. Not thinking about things was coming easily of late and Jack was struggling to notice when it happened, but *this time* they managed. A twinge of worry hit the horse, enough to make them stop for a step and for a small part of them to wonder why exactly so much of them felt *jiggly* when they did?

For a few moments that was all they could do, Jack was *stuck* there having a quiet war in their own mind about.. things they couldn't quite describe. It began to seem crucially important that they *not* do what they were going to before, just.. vegging out on the couch. What else they did hardly seemed to matter, it just had to be different. The balcony was a ready answer to that question by way of being easily in view from where Jack currently was and offering a nice bit of fresh air and a view. Also a wide, cushily padded bench he could sprawl out on.

Jack waddled their way forward, right back to the strange acute awareness they had of how wobbly their body felt, but they could only focus on one thing at a time at the moment and currently that fell to easing their fat, quivering ass onto the bench seats and leaning back to let the breeze cool off the sweat they were working up just from ambling around inside.

Somewhere behind them, Jack heard Artie getting back from classes.

“Hey, I'm back! I- huh.. where are.. Oh! That's weird.”

The horse was still a bit out of breath from the short waddle over to the patio and was *also* busy sucking down a drink while fumbling lazily with trying to open a jar of nacho cheese one handed. They were managing that with something that might, in places bizarre or obscene, be mistakable for talent by way of using one armpit along with their opposite hand. It actually did work too, the lid loosened with a distinct pop right as the fox poked his head out to see Jack.

“There you are! The heck's got you out here all of a sudden Jill? Needed to touch grass but the elevator was too far away or something?”

Staring up at Artie, the horse finished their drink first and let out a shameless *Bwurrphhb*-before replying. Odd as it felt, the fox's presence and the belch somehow left a bit of clarity there to work with that hadn't been present a moment ago.

“..Dude, way to get my name wrong. Also I can hang out outside if I feel like it..? I just.. didn't want to turn my brain off on the couch. Don't gotta explain that. I uh.. I just..”

Only for the focus to start slipping again almost immediately. It happened in part because of realizing their voice sounded more than a bit wrong. Too high, too soft, not.. exactly familiar, but not exactly known. Scrabbling some focus together took effort, the horse had to think hard about what he wanted to do with that fox.

The plan came back like a splash of cold water. Get the second set of pills, get them inside of Artie, get his fat little fuck pet and enjoy the good things. As soon as he'd managed to get *that* back the horse went wide-eyed and reached for their pocket. That in itself proved to be a bit of a problem as it was damn hard to find the thing when reaching past a big swell of blubbery soft flab at their side and finding they were in a pair of yoga pants with no pockets on them.

Things only really went quiet and chilling when Artie smiled.. and held up an empty pill bottle in his dark-furred fingers.

“My mistake, Jack! Been a bit since you came back. A couple weeks, actually. I'm guessing you *forgot* that when I moved in it was me that introduced you to your dealer. You know.. my cousin? Bit of a serious fuckup on that one my man. Or.. well, former man.”

Jack's mind stalled. Staring at that bottle, the same as the one he'd gotten before and ground into something he could give Artie on the sly, left him sluggishly approaching the terrified realization that this had gone wrong. It took a good three more seconds to catch up with the actual gravity of the situation, looking down and actually *processing* what they were seeing and feeling..

The horse had gotten *fat*. Not just the pudgy they had on the off season that they remembered being there, they were *huge*. More to the point it wasn't just a slightly chubby chest staring back at Jack, it was a pair of heaving *tits*. Huge things, beach ball sized, resting atop a sprawling and thoroughly hungry gut. Their ass was just as bad, the massive pillows cushioning Jack's rest on the patio bench were taking up every inch available for what was meant for two people

and it still felt too small. Fat wreathed every last inch of their body, jiggling gently as they moved and bunching up here and there in the process. It wreathed their neck and their arms, it kept her keenly aware of how her flabby frame was touching itself at every crease and roll, and then there was the space between her legs.

Her legs. There familiar bulge of Jack's horse dick just was not there. The tighter she squeezed her thighs together the more she just felt the plump lips of a *hungry* pussy quivering there instead and some part of her brain was telling her exactly what it was hungry *for*. Or rather, who. Artie's voice alone was setting it off, that and the fact that she was stuffing her face. The mare hadn't even realized she was still eating. One hand was pawing at her enormous tits and the other was stuffing her face. Even trying to stop that, attempting to focus on *not eating*, left her feeling like she was losing her grip on this moment.

“W-what.. no, *no* this wasn't supposed to be me! It.. I was-”

Artie leaned over and curled his lips a bit, the mare felt her heart jump – and her gaze dropped. On some level it was an instinctive attempt to not be staring at the fox when the sight of him smiling at her caused that kind of confusion and made this cunt she barely understood between her legs start to drip and clench, but all averting her gaze did was leave her staring at the creaking bulge the fox was sporting. A tense mound straining Artie's pants and making the mare's mouth water as she started to shake gently. Artie's voice in her ears a moment later didn't help at all.

“You were supposed to be the one with the fat, obedient little fuck pet? With a short little body and massive curves that wants to ride on a cock all day long? But Jill~”

The fox put his hand down atop the mare's head and Jack.. it *was* still Jack, the mare told herself that – she clung to the name out of sheer desperation as Artie made sure to twist her so she was staring right at that gently pulsing bulge of his that she could *swear* was bigger than it used to be.. and not just because Artie looked so much taller than she remembered.

“You're so damn *good* at being a cock-hungry little toy! You should celebrate what you're good at, Jill. Jack was kind of mid-tier on the field anyway, but you? You're the *best* thing to every happen to my dick, and you *deserve* a full belly.. one way or another.”

A very short battle played itself out inside of the mare. Jack and Jill wanted very different things, but they were equally primal impulses. Jill's needs were simple, to stuff herself stupid one very ounce of food her fox brought her and get that cock of his inside her body *right now*. Jack on

the other hand had a deep and profound need to freak the fuck out about realizing he was several hundred pounds heavier, at least a foot shorter, and a *girl*. And apparently had spent weeks as his room mate's cock-hungry bitch. It would require a good solid freak out before he could even think about how to fix all this, and-

The moan that crept out of Jill's muzzle caught Jack off guard, her concentration had faltered for just a moment and now she was leaning in closer to Artie and pawing at his shorts to get them out of the way. The worst part was Jill couldn't even stop herself.

She didn't *want to*.

“Hah! See? Relax girl, relax! Come on inside~”

Jill let the fox pull her to her feet, though it was a bit of a struggle. Somehow the full severity of just how heavy all this fat was hadn't been sinking in before but now she was struggling and feeling it every time she took a step. The way her thighs sloshed and fought with each other for space, the way her ass sprawled out behind her and flung itself to and fro only to crash back together like a set of drums. The only thing stopping her tits from being just as wild was them being slung into a massive bra that was just barely hanging on.

Waiting inside was a *massive* spread of take out. Every inch of the coffee table was covered and there were a few spare things on the floor, right by the fatassed broken in dimples in the cushions that Jill realized *she* had made.. recently. Artie let her take all of it in as he strode on ahead and turned around, tugging his pants down just enough to let a foot of steadily growing cock flop loose.

“Mmn, see? It's way better this way. I know how to make you happy, Jill. All you need to do to get this for the night-”

The fox reached down, grabbing and lifting the dick as it stretched out longer still than it had started out. It definitely hadn't been that large the last time Jack had seen it.. but Jill could remember *every inch* of it inside her. But with her stomach snarling like a rabid beast at her..

“Is be a good pet and eat your dinner! You can do that, right pet? As long as you're a good pet, I'll make sure to tickle you *just* where you like it~”

Jill shivered wildly for a moment. Something in her felt.. off, like she'd been thinking about something very important, but it was just *gone* now. The impulse she had about trying to remember what just left the fat mare faced with a quiet mind and a whole bunch of food laid out.. and Artie's

cock right there. The mare broke into a sluggish, vapid grin. She was *hungry*.. but everything she needed to be satisfied was right there for the taking.

The moan was almost too loud to be called that. It was as close to a howl as anything, just a breathy and lewd one that would've definitely gotten the attention of every neighbor and made for a lot of complaints from the neighbors if they were still in that little apartment. Jill couldn't actually *remember* when they left it.. it didn't much matter to the mare. She didn't really do much thinking *at all* anymore, particularly not during milking time – or feeding time – or while being bred. The **vast** majority of her days were occupied by one or more of those things at any given time. Today was no exception, it wasn't special at all really, or at least Jill didn't think it was-

But that was because Jill didn't think. Artie did that for her. The fox was right there as the milking sequence ended and Jill was left a heaving, panting mess – a horny one too.

“Mmmnng.. a.. Artie? W-we can have some fun time now, right? I need to be *full* from.. from somewhere! Anything~”

Having the fox plaster himself against her ass was a relief, Jill knew that meant it wasn't going to be long before she got what she wanted.

“Mmmn. Soon, girl. But first we've got something we need to tend today..”

Jill felt a quiver run through her. Things like this were weird.. It happened sometimes, Artie would have some other thing going on or they'd play a game or something. Jill was kind of bad at most of them, not that she minded. Artie enjoyed winning, and she enjoyed seeing him happy he'd won, so when the fox nestled his lean muscled frame up against her she just let out a happy little shivering trill.

“Mmmn.. I *was* feeling a bit wiped out to try to waddle.. I could use a roll~”

The fox just laughed as he dug his hands in and lifted. Jill's body was almost too much for her to move, she could scarcely see past her tits let alone reach past them and her arms sprawled out nearly straight to her sides from the sheer bulk of her flabby underarms and how bloated with lard her torso was. Her thighs kept her doing what felt like a jumping-jack pose if it weren't so thoroughly ridiculous that she even be thought of in the same idea as exercise. Jill *could* still waddle though.. barely. If she really had to. Right now she was pleased to learn she did not.

“Mmmn, yes I bet.. You were a good cow today though. So~”

A grunt of effort left Jill with the body-wide thrill that she was waiting for, seeing the ground start to tilt itself toward her as she was heaved forward. The mare giggled and wiggled her arms and feet as much as she still could while the 'travel' began.

“Get.. *Nnngh*- good and recuperated! Today you -*Hhhngh*- have to earn your fun. Heh. Today we're-”

It always took a little doing to get her going. More and more Jill enjoyed this, seeing the ground tumble toward her and feeling herself roll onto her tits and then be squished under her whole weight only for it to all slosh off and start over again. Every pass by was a delight, and a reminder of just how helpless she was getting. *That* part alone was exciting enough to make her squeak whenever she thought about it.

“-Calling your parents!”

Jill didn't quite get out the 'what?!' she intended before she rolled forward onto her face again, and by the time she was rolling back around for the next pass she'd had Artie brushing her thighs and had caught sight of the fox's dangling cock and lost all coherent thought. Her belly was rumbling, she wanted that nearly leg-length thing inside her, and the attempts to keep focus on anything other than that failed right out of the gate. The mare was reduced to a panting and moaning heap of sloshing flesh by the second pass and by then she was well on her way to..

Well, wherever Artie wanted her. But that was always one of two or three places. Bedroom, milking room, and once in a while the patio where she could get some real sun. Today the third one seemed to be the intended destination as Jill gently rolled to a halt *mostly* upright, her ass settling behind her as a pair of quaking flab mattresses. All that rolling around and quivering flesh left her eyes fluttering while she tried to paw at her rumbling belly, and left her dulled thoughts wandering aimlessly.

“Nnngh.. A..Artie is it lunch yet? And wh-when are you gonna let me see the rest of the new place? We've been here a while now and-”

A pat on her cheek answered the mare, as did the sight of a phone held before her eyes.. and a thumb over top of a 'send' button.

“Jill, you know the rule. While you can technically still waddle your fat ass around you can do that yourself. If you want me to roll you around instead..? You have to get *too fat to walk*. Meaning *ever again*. That's the deal my little dairy tanker. Now-”

The cheek patting got a bit stronger, followed by Jill finding herself looking at her own reflection while Artie nestled his face up against hers. The phone showing them both, including the fox's oddly mischievous grin..

“I need to talk to Jack for a sec. Jack, you in there? Anything left of you, that is? Come on. *Come on in. The water's fine.* You remember Jack, right? Wanted to turn me into his fat little cock sleeve, used to be a guy before his dumb ass got tricked into his own plan? ”

It wasn't like the words seemed all that strange..? Except there was no pool, and yet it sure did feel like she'd dropped into a depth of some kind. Like everything went cold and wet around Jill for a minute. The mare squeaked quietly, and she felt.. something..? Moving? Some thought crawling in the back of her head, some little frightened thing that found itself in the light and wanted nothing more than to go back where it was hiding. Jack wThere oke, and then crumbled.

“Nnngh.. n-no.. w-what.. Ar-tie? Where – w.. why *oh god.. how big am I going to get-*”

Artie gave Jack's cheeks a shake and left the mare whimpering as she felt her whole face and her budding collection of neck rolls follow suit.

“As big as I want, Jackie. Now, I know you want to sink back into all this and stop being you. Which I'm going to let you do.. but not until we talk to your parents. They keep calling you see, and Jill is a bit of a dimwit. Fucking *amazing* lay and out of this world milk producer but every bit as dumb as you'd expect from a fat cow. So, you need to talk to mom and dad about us being together. Aaaaand go!”

The screen lit up and, much to Jack's horror, he saw the faces of his mother and father pop up on a video call. The pair immediately went from looks of delight to shock, his mother more so than his father.

"Hello Jackie! Glad to- oh- ah.. wh-" - "Jackie boy! Finally! We've been trying to- oh, that ah.." - "Oh my goodness, you.. when did you get so FAT Jackie?!" - "Marie! It's okay Jackie, it ah-"

Awkward silence followed, a good three or four seconds of it. It was the fox that ended up breaking it finally, to some relief.

"Hello there! Finally coaxed them into making that phonecall. How goes?"

Jack whimpered and squirmed as much as he was still able to do so, but all that did was make him painfully and acutely aware of the pussy between his thighs clenching and dripping - all this embarrassment was doing was getting him still hornier than before.. maybe it was having Artie right

there by his ear? Having the fox fondling his cheeks certainly didn't hurt. The mare hoped they were managing to suppress how badly they were blushing, but they knew that hope was a bad joke at this point. Having Jill's distinctly higher and softer voice didn't help either.

"H.. hi mom, dad.. H-how.. how are you..? Heh."

The brief reprieve was enough for the parents to recover – partially anyway. Enough for the questions to start flowing once more at least.

"We're fine Jackie! Are.. are you? I mean ah, you seem.. you know, different a little bit?" - "Different! My Jackie is the size of a whale! A.. and.. a girl? Your cheeks are-" - "Oi! Marie, your ass isn't so small either. Besides, now.. you know, maybe..."

Managing to get any kind of coherent words out was swiftly becoming impossible. The mare squirmed, which mostly meant she jiggled faintly and had to concentrate on not moaning when her over-wrought body with all its pent-up conditioning tried to orgasm on her. Artie, much to her relief, leaned in and gave the mare's cheeks a squeeze before leaning in for a quick kiss and answered the questions for her. Jackie felt a little tension ease over that.. it was *much* easier to let Artie do the thinking and the talking for her.

"Grandchildren? You were going to say grandchildren, right? Because *yes*. That's absolutely going to happen and it isn't going to be long either. Jill is *quite eager* to get started~"

A little squeak bubbled up from the mare. She couldn't control herself that time, the mere idea was leaving her achingly needy body on overdrive. Breathing harder and faster, she felt herself slipping out of the moment as a daydream about being full to the brim with Artie's offspring.

"Grandchildren! We ah, well.. we *had* kind of despaired of that, right Marie?" - "I.. well.. yes, that.. that's true. Just, *oh goodness* you've gotten so big my darling." - "Artie, yes? We ah.. I get the feeling maybe we should give you two some time. We'll call again soon Jill!"

With Artie patting her cheeks, the mare felt herself creeping toward the edge of a breakdown of sheer pleasure as she pictured the night to come. The rough fucking, the waves and waves of undulating flab, and the hours-long meal. The fact that she was slipping into this moaning trance right in front of her parents wasn't even slowing her down anymore. Though it didn't seem like they noticed either..

"It's just.. she's so big! A-and already a girl all the way! I think that was her cleavage, and-" - "Oy good grief Marie. It's fine! She's a big girl and she'll have big grand kids for us – your ass is fat

too!” - “Reggie! That.. it's not *that* big and-” - “It will be by Christmas~”

Artie took his time hanging up as it became clear Jill's parents hadn't remembered they left the phone on. The fox was clearly enjoying the show though, both them and Jill.

“Already gone, aren't you Jack? Well, don't worry. I think your parents will come around, pretty sure your dad already has in fact. And you-”

Jill's whole body quivered as the fox cupped her cheeks in his hands and looked her in her desperate, barely comprehending eyes.

“You did great, cream puff. You never have to pretend to be Jack again, I promise.”

A body-wide shiver followed that. Jill felt a wave of relief over it. Jack.. nothing, there was just a sense of euphoric surrender and then a blank buzzing mote of white noise, slowly fading. Something Jill just stopped focusing on as she leaned up and wrapped her lips around Artie's for a few seconds, before-

“*Hh.. hnngh..* A.. Artie, *please~!* So hungry, a-and I need.. p.. put the babies in me, please?”

A ferocious slap against Jill's ass left her entire gelatinous body sloshing and wobbling about helplessly. She couldn't get her feet on the ground, not when the fox started leaning her forward. She had to be on her gut just right to feed and fuck at the same time, but Artie was good at that.

“Such a good dairy cow – and you'll be an even better milk machine when you're full of babies. Welp, no reason to put this off any longer~”

Jill let herself relax only when she *finally* had the feeding hose in her muzzle, lips wrapping tight around it and waiting impatiently for the heartbeat-like thump of the pumps to start so she could get that thick, creamy, liquid-bread mixture started. Now it was just a matter of time as she felt Artie get to work prying her thighs apart to get his giant cock inside her.

“Get ready for the rest of your life, my darling dimwitted fatass.~”

Jill was dizzy, but that was *most* of her life now for one reason or another. Right now she was dizzy on account of having been rolled out of the 'bedroom' and out into the open air milking fields. The mare could tell mostly by way of how the grass felt against her monumental heap of a body. More of a hill of fur and blubber than a person, Jill had to be housed in a two-story barn to keep her out of the elements anymore. If it wasn't the rolling it was her body forcing matters on her instead, so even as she felt herself starting to gently slosh and quiver to a stop when Artie got her into the

milking fields she was *still* dizzy – just for different reasons.

The utterly unhinged needs of her body were foremost among those. Just the short trip from the bedroom to the fields left her with a throbbing ache in her tits and a ferocious snarling in her belly. She had to struggle to manage even a weak, delirious begging for Artie to feed her and get her womb full again. She'd lost all track of time since the farm took off, days tended to blur together, but that was one of the many constants.

Always starving, always eating – Artie was scaling her with the feeding hose even now and that was the sole relief she had until he could get the nozzle into her mouth – always pregnant. Once she was eating again Jill could, at least, *start* to relax. Not entirely, not with the feeding hose set to a trickle, but it kept her from getting painfully hungry – it just left her a long way short of satisfied. She let her feet and hands unclench from where they were buried amid her lard-mountain of a body, but there was still the throbbing. Her tits, each the size of a swimming pool, were pulsing and leaking as they waited for the pumps to be attached. Artie had a couple of farm hands for that now, and was even 'growing' another 'cow' or two.. but none of them were even close to her size. Even less so her productivity. The instant she felt the pumps latch on and start tugging her tits started spraying milk like fire hoses.

Relief flooded the mare's body, the sound of her own heartbeat and the thumps of the pumps in rhythm with each other carried all those brief anxieties away and left her content. She was, at best, dimly aware of the world around her – of the sounds of children playing and familiar voices. Her children, at least six of them.. or was it ten?

“Artie! How're you doing up there! C'mon down, have a drink or two.”

The sound of her father's voice was a comfort too, a nice warm little reassurance. Her family being together like this, and happy, was.. good. Maybe it only got through and clicked for her when she was drifting into a milking induced horny haze, her whole body quivering gently as she leaked into the ground under her with squirt after squirt of desperate mare precum, but it still helped. It made her jiggling, immobile fate that much sweeter.

“On my way down Reg! How's the mom-in-law doing?”

Somewhere inside, amid all the quiet gasping and gulping, Jill made a sound a bit like a contented sigh.

“Marie? Fatter by the day, *speciallly* up top. Also she might be pregnant? Hey! Hear that, Jill?

You might actually get siblings after all! She'd be out to talk some too but she got a mad hungry on and had to stop and get some brunch.”

Somewhere far down her body Jill felt Artie lean on her belly and made a happy, if muffled, sound into the feeding hose.

“Heh, sounds like things are on their way then. This whole thing has gone just off the rails success-wise, ya know? Special heavy cream, locally sourced, way bigger market than I realized. Small wonder we've had a few takers to be 'employees' for it too. Oh, hey- you okay with taking the kids for a bit? You know how embarrassed she gets.”

Jill made another squeaking noise. She knew what was coming, assuming her dad said yes anyway.. and he always did.

“Sure! OY! Kids, come on and follow grandpa Reggie! We're gonna go get some McDonalds, alright? And remember, you can order what you want, but you've gotta eat everything you order! - See ya Art, Jill! I'll say hi to Marie for ya!”

The fox adjusted the overalls he was wearing to keep the *enormous* length of cock he was wandering around with these days under control and waited for the older stallion to collect the various kids around the farm and get started toward the truck before he let them drop. Jill whimpered.. but a small 'beep' was all it took to get her the relief she needed. The pumps kicked into high gear, and so too did Jill's catastrophically over tuned pleasure responses. Her whole body twitched, quivered, and vibrated when she kicked into a *proper* orgasm. Loud squelching between her legs as she drenched the earth beneath her, the clapping of her ass as the vibration and sloshing fat of her body set her cheeks to bouncing a little further each second, and of course the moaning. Jill could scarcely stop the moaning – especially when she felt Artie starting to work his way around behind her.

“Fuck, I do *not* know what I'd do without your dad to get me some free time to keep putting babies in you. Our kids are *adorable* though! Fat, but adorable. You know Reg and I got to talking-”

Jill let out a curious grunt as she swallowed gallons of heavily sweetened chemical and growth boost dosed cream.

“..About how your mom's taking to the same supplements just great, and we could make a family business out of this. I think I like the sound of it really.. All the boys are a bit thick but farm boys always are – and the girls-”

While her body tilted forward a bit from the lurching slosh of being rolled Jill continued to savor the deluge of calories entering her body, making her just a bit thicker. Feeling Artie start to work his way toward her desperately needy cunt just made things a little nicer still.

“..Well, they're taking after their mom. I think they could work on the farm when they're old enough and have husbands, don't you? And if any of the boys brings a girl home we've got plenty of supplements left to get them in the 'family mindset'. What do you think, Jill?”

After a few more moments with Jill twitching and vibrating, her pussy clenching and sucking on the air around it, she felt Artie get deep enough in to touch her. To kiss the edge of her endlessly needy puss with the head of his dick. She could more feel than hear him now, Artie's face was pressed up against her ass somewhere in there and letting her skin and flab do the job of carrying the sound.

“Heh, trick question. I know you don't think anymore. Don't worry, good stuff's coming~”

It was only *mostly* true.. Jill found moments, between feedings milkings and fuckings. This time period amounted to a couple of minutes a day at most, but Jill would have to get in some actual deep thought again to be troubled by that notion.. and that was about as likely as her ever walking again.

Her descending into a rhapsody of pleasure, though? Fueled by what amounted to liquid cake and sprawled out helpless in her own impossibly obese body, conditioned to drive her mad with endless hammering barrages of orgasm after orgasm whenever its simple but desperate needs were met? That was a certainty.

It was the only thing left that was. She'd get bigger, and the pleasure would grow, and so would their family. Jill could already feel that thundering onslaught of cum firing into her belly and leaving her just a little bloated in yet another way, satisfied in another way. The mare let out a happy little whinny as she swallowed everything she could, through every available orifice, and settled in for another day of a life *far* happier than anything Jack could've ever hoped for.