

Barnyard Blobs of the Borderlands

Moxxi's bar inside of the intergalactic spaceship, Sanctuary III was typically a place for the Crimson Raiders to unwind and relax. Unfortunately, the establishment had to be closed up for a private meeting between the proprietor and a group of Vault Hunters she had hired to discuss a recent job. Despite the small gathering, Moxxi herself had still found it necessary to keep her appearance up to her usual high standards.

Moxxi's iconic, red top hat was balanced perfectly atop her head to keep her wavy, chin-length brown hair out of the way to allow her to show off her painted, white face and luscious, red lips. With nothing around her arms or shoulders to keep her red, corset top in place, it was only through a series of well-placed tapes that she was able to keep her sizable bosom covered up for the meeting. Shifting every so often to fix her skirt and pull on her black and white striped stockings, she turned towards the sound of the door opening up to watch as her hires returned from their mission.

Leading the crew was Moze, her rugged appearance a stark contrast against Moxxi's attire. New dents were placed on her pit helmet, allowing a few more strands of her short, brown hair to stick out from it. Clad in a set of pants and fatigues that showed the results of her various battles, she still seemed proud of her recent mission based on the smile currently distorting the streaks of battle paint across her cheeks.

Next up came a woman sporting a pair of red pigtails and a metal arm that easily identified her as Gaige. Though she was lacking the usual accompaniment of her robot due to him needing repairs from the job, she still looked as dangerous as ever with her anarchic style shown off with a leather jacket and red top. However, she paled in comparison to the bundle of energy and explosives coming up behind her.

Moxxi had known Tina for many years, but even still she found herself flinching at every slight twitch the childish woman made. Hitting her 20s had not made Tina any less fond of things that went boom or bunnies looking at the various tools around her waist and the fake ears perched atop her head of messy, blonde hair. The only thing seeming to keep the demolitions expert at bay at the moment was by forcing her to put all of her attention into ensuring the box clasped between her hands was kept safe until it was placed on the bar's counter.

"Mission was a complete success," Moze announced as she saluted Moxxi.

"Thanks sugar," Moxxi replied. "I might have cut ties with the Hodunks many years ago, but that cousin of mine was one of the few good ones. While the rest of them took their time getting hammered and killing people, he was more than content to actually settle down as a normal farmer. It would've been a shame if he had been killed off by those bandits."

"You're just lucky I was nearby to land a helping hand," Gaige said, more than happy to accept a margarita from Moxxi as thanks. "The wedding I was planning got a sudden case of explosions, so I had plenty of free time on my hands."

"Ugh for the last time, it wasn't me," Tina replied to dismiss an unspoken accusation.

"We're not saying you were," Moze commented, sipping away at a simple bottle of beer.

"Good, because there's no way that my handiwork would be so small and pathetic," Tina said with a wide smile before eagerly chugging down the fruity cocktail that was passed down to her.

"I think we've had enough excitement for tonight, sugar," Moxxi said placing her hands on the mystery box. "Mind telling me what you have here?"

"No clue," Moze answered, pausing to finish off the last few drops of her drink. "Your cousin tried to pass it off as a reward, but he seemed way too eager to get it off his hands."

“Yeah, it was like it was cursed or something,” Gaige added, twiddling a mini umbrella between her mechanical fingers with astounding dexterity.

“Well we could stop wondering about it if we just bothered to open it up and take a look,” Tina spoke up as she reached out for the box.

“I still say we should wait until we get some more info on it,” Gaige replied, pulling the box away from Tina.

“Aww, but that’s so boring,” Tina whined. “After everything you went through for Hammylock’s wedding, don’t tell me you’re chicken about opening up a little box.”

“Though I’m not a stranger to explosive finales, it’s more in the metaphorical than the literal sense,” Moxxi commented. “That being said, I’d rather know we’re holding onto a bomb rather than letting it tick away right under our noses. There’s unfortunately only one way to avoid the latter.”

“Shooting it out the air lock?” Moze suggested.

“OPENING IT!” Tina shouted, flinging herself forward to open up the box.

With the lid tossed to the side, everyone breathed a sigh of relief when they weren’t reduced to piles of ash. Cautiously the women crept their way towards the box, driven by their own curiosity. When they finally managed to peek over the side what they saw bared the typical design of an Eridian artifact with a silver exterior interspersed with glowing, green lines. However, not one of them could have imagined why the Eridians would have created something that looked like a model version of a barn.

“What kind of tech is that?” Gaige asked, given a closer look at the object as Moze pulled the strange relic out from the box.

“My cousin was known to collect some strange things from time to time,” Moxxi replied eyeing up the tiny windows and doors lining the structure. “Although, I have no idea why an ancient alien race would have the same hobby.”

“You’re telling me,” Moze commented as she continued to examine the barn. “I’ve seen my fair share of weird alien junk on Nekrotafayo, but-“

A click from a switch on the bottom of the barn extruded a long barrel from where its doors would be. Dropping the object out of surprise, Moze watched as the device continued to expand to create a stock and a handle. Noticing the trigger placed beneath the bottom of the barn, everyone’s loot addled brains immediately identified it as some kind of gun. However, Tina managed to make the mad dash to pick it up first.

“This. Is. AWESOME!” Tina said, bouncing the weapon between her palms like an over-excited child. “Moxxi, your cousin must be cray cray to give away something this cool to a bunch of strangers.”

“Hey, be careful with that,” Gaige said, trying and failing to snatch the gun out of Tina’s hands.

“Chillax Gaigey Gaige,” Tina said, continuing to fiddle with the barn’s windows. “This isn’t the first time I’ve held a gun before. I know exactly what I’m-“

A sound akin to a farm bell rang through the bar as a beam of light fired from the barrel of the gun. In the half second it took for the shot to travel towards the counter towards Moxxi, Moze sprang into action. Bracing herself for the worst, the gunner made a leap in front of the bar owner to take the attack head on. As the energy crackled across her form, there wasn’t any visible damage done until she toppled to the floor.

“That was really sweet, but stupid sugar,” Moxxi said, climbing over the counter to attend to the fallen Moze.

“I’m fine,” Moze replied, graciously accepting Moxxi’s hand to stand back up. “I don’t think there’s any serious damage. Maybe the artifact was a dud. That would explain why your cousin was okay with us taking it off his-MOOOOO!”

As the strange noise echoed through the bar, everyone’s gaze fell upon the way Moze’s clothes began to tighten around her body. A rip formed down the seat of her pants as her buttocks rapidly swelled under the influence of the strange energy coursing through her veins. Moments after everyone got to see that the gunner took the term “going commando” quite literally, their eyes shot towards her chest at the moment that her swelling breasts ripped through. With the rest of her top getting torn asunder by her developing belly, Moze was at a loss of how to deal with her sudden weight issue.

Things didn’t get any better for the gunner as something pink and bulbous emerged from beneath her developing gut. Trying to reach out with her thick fingers to push the growth back, she stopped as she accidentally nudged up against her breasts. Another MOO left her lips as a sprinkle of milk leaked from her teats. As the droplets leaked down her chunky body, patches of white and black fur appeared along her skin. With the rest of her flesh following suit, it made the pink coloring of her engorged, swollen udder stand out that much more.

“The hell is going on here?” Gaige asked as a cow tail formed above Moze’s plump derriere.

“The artifact must have picked up the DNA of the animals at the farm,” Moxxi suggested, her guess having some credence thanks to Moze’s helmet falling off to reveal her flattened, furry

ears flanking the nubby horns she had gained. “It must be mixing their genetics with hers like a freaky cocktail.”

“Wow, guess we better start calling you MOOze now,” Tina teased, finding strange delight in the mile long stare Moze gave past her bovine muzzle as it stretched out.

“Tina, this is serious,” Gaige said shuddering as milk leaked from the udder’s teats. “We need to get Moze to Tannis before things get worse.”

“Like how?”

Right on cue, Moze showed the extent of her condition as she let out another bovine cry before lifting up one of her heavy breasts with her hoof-like fingers. Wrapping her lips around one of her nipples, she let out a series of pleased hums as she drank deeply of her own milk. Stomping around the bar upon her cloven hooves, she seemed to be unaware of both the strange looks her friends gave her as well as the ominous rumblings coming from her body.

A gurgling sound came to a peak as a fart squeaked out from Moze’s ear to lift up her tail. The group only had a moment to wince at the foul odor before a much louder and powerful bombardment of flatulence came spurting out with a long PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT. Turning around to see her companions suffering from her gas, Moze merely released her teat from her mouth with a belch before moving on to the other one.

“Get a hold of yourself,” Gaige, taking the direct approach to slap Moze’s tit out of her hands.

“What the UUURRP hell is wrong with MOOOOO?” Moze replied, breaking out of her trance as her ears picked up the strange cry. “I’m a cow?” she asked, grasping at her tail with one hand while the other squeezed her udder. “Why am I so fat and-“

A loud fart rippled out of her rear to give a fresh aura of stink to her corner of the bar.

“-gassy?” Moze finished, clenching her butt cheeks together to avoid another outburst.

“It’s okay sugar, I’m sure we can change you back,” Moxxi said, a cloth placed up against her face to help her deal with the smell. “Just take a seat and relax while we get that weird gun over to Tannis.”

“No way!” Tina shouted, clutching the artifact up against her chest. “This is our reward.”

“Yeah, but it’s not like we can leave Moze like this,” Gaige said, wincing as another wayward belch from the gunner leaked a few droplets of milk onto the floor.

“Why not? This is hilarious,” Tina replied, pulling the gun a little closer to her body.

“It’s not funny to MOOO, I mean BWOOOOORRRP me,” Moze belched out.

Stepping around the counter, Moxxi held her hand out towards Tina. “I’m all for a little fun now and then, but this is a little too far. Give the gun to me. I promise you that I’ll pay you back for it.”

“Ugh, you are being soooooo lame,” Tina whined, only for her annoyed mood to be interrupted by a mischievous smirk. “Maybe, you need a first hand experience with this thing. Then you’ll see what I’m talking about.”

Owing to her years of surviving on Pandora, Tina was able to quickly shift the gun in her arms and point it at Moxxi. She had more than enough time to fiddle with the barn’s controls before firing off her shot. As the beam hit the bar owner straight in the chest, Tina watched and waited for the results in spite of the display of anger on Moxxi’s face as she stomped towards her.

Moxxi’s approach was halted as her high heeled shoes snapped under the duress of the fat encroaching over her legs to shred her pantyhose. Her formerly curvy butt was changed into a pair of chunky, sacks of meat in the process of them ripping apart her panties and skirt. Her

corset managed to last a bit longer under the duress of her already sizable breasts doubling in size. However, the garment's end came quickly as her belly took on the majority of her weight to let it slump between her legs.

The bountiful flesh layered onto Moxxi's body gave her more than enough space to see the pink coloring going across her skin. Like Moze, she gained a pair of cloven feet and hoof-like digits to poke and prod at her new form. Though she reached for her breasts expecting them to start leaking milk at any moment, her attention was brought back to her head thanks to her multiple rows of chins and the pair of floppy ears that knocked off her hat.

Between dealing with her obese form and the curly tail that appeared above her bubble butt, Moxxi felt a tingling sensation spread along her face. Unable to fully see herself thanks to the fat around her head, her eyes darted around the floor to locate her dropped hand mirror. Getting down on her hands and knees, she crawled along the ground until she found it. Popping open the compact allowed her to see the flat, pink pig snout she had gained that stood out like a beacon against her white painted face and plump, red lips.

On instinct, Moxxi began to cry out in terror only for the sounds to come out as swine-like squeals. Her distressed mood quickly dissolved away as her new nose picked up something from nearby. Driven by an intoxicating aroma, she crawled around to the back of her bar to find her stash of snacks. Letting out a squeal of delight, she dove her head into the box to begin tearing through the plastic to get to the tasty treats inside.

"Moxxi, get a hold of yourself," Gaige said, jumping over the counter to see the pig girl indulging in her makeshift feast. "Remember who you are. You're not some gluttonous hog, you're a-"

“OINK BWOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP!” Moxxi belched out to get Gaige to back away. As the smell hit her nose, the anarchic wedding planner had to hold her hand against the face to escape the odor. Convinced that she could eat in peace, Moxxi let out a snort before diving her head back into the box.

Unwilling to give up, Gaige came around Moxxi’s backside and grabbed her luscious love handles. Even with the help of her metal arm, her pulling only managed to jiggle around the pig woman’s flab. Too focused on trying to move Moxxi, she failed to notice the rumbling noise until after she got a face full of flatulence. Stumbling to the floor as the last of the fart finished wiggling around Moxxi’ tail, Gaige stood back up to see that at least one person was enjoying the situation.

“HAHAHAHAHA this is great,” Tina said, her laugh barely audible over another one of pig Moxxi’s farts.

“Tina, this has gone on long enough,” Gaige announced, trying to look intimidating even as her body swayed back and forth from the lingering wooziness from enduring Moxxi’s farts. “You need to stop this right now before-“

Unlike the others, Gaige managed to react to Tina’s itchy trigger finger. As the barn gun took its shot, Gaige held up her metal arm to try and block it. As the energy harmlessly bounced off the robotic limb, she began to stomp her way towards Tina.

“H-hold on now,” Tina said, taking a few more potshots only to have them be blocked. “You can’t let this end now. Especially since you haven’t had a chance to try it yourself.”

“That’s a lot coming from someone-“

Gaige paused to reflect another beam.

“-that won’t even take a taste of her own medicine. Give it here, we’ll see how much you enjoy being turned into an obese, gassy, barnyard-“

A distressed MOO forced Gaige to divert her attention towards where she had last seen Moze. The gunner was attempting to sink further back into the corner to try and escape from Moxxi’s hungry mouth. Seizing the opportunity of the cow girl running out of room, the pig woman leapt forward to bring them both falling to the ground. Though the bovine gunner tried to struggle free, she was unable to do much with Moxxi’s weight pinning her down.

Moze’s struggling came to a jarring halt as the pig woman locked her lips around one of her leaking nipples. As Moxxi proceeded to drink, Moze’s cries of distress turned into a mix of MOOs and moans as she wrapped her hands around the pig woman’s back flab. Getting lost in the strange feeding session, the pair showed little restraint in letting deluges of gas escape their rears to stink up their corner of depravity. Too busy watching the sight of Moxxi pulling away from Moze’s breast to let a milk-scented belch fly right in her face, Gaige ended up getting a direct hit to the chest from Tina.

Momentarily ignoring Tina’s sinister cackling, Gaige tried to pull at her top to prevent it from being destroyed. Her efforts were proven useless as the cloth ripped asunder to reveal the thick, white feathers peeking out thanks to her growing bulk. As the fat spread upwards, the bump it gave to her chest size was meager compared to the sizable belly she developed to remove the rest of her top. The mass was seemingly reserved to give her one organic arm a plethora of bulk and feathers for it to be changed into a wing.

Holding up her modified arm to compare it to her comparatively small robotic limb, Gaige let out a loud cluck as her mouth shot out to form into a beak. The tipped edge of her new mouth matched the fearsome set of talons her feet developed. Her new claws proved invaluable

for keeping her thick legs and lower body standing as the majority of her new girth migrated downwards to give her a pear-shaped figure.

Struggling to look over her shoulder to spot the set of tail feathers positioned above her large derriere, Gaige was overtaken by a series of strange tremors. Fearful for what the sensation could mean, she looked back towards the previous victims for a clue. Seeing them still relishing in their gas and flab, the answer seemed obvious, yet one of the last things she wanted to do.

As the pressure built, Gaige begrudgingly opened up her beak to allow a burp to come rolling out. Still dealing with the discomfort, she widened her stance to unleash a reverberating BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPP to shake her tail feathers. Releasing gas from both ends, she fought through the haze clouding her mind with the thought that eventually her body would settle down. However, even as she let out her revolting barrage of burps and farts, her obese form still yearned for something she couldn't quite figure out.

Overcome with a particularly strong tremor, Gaige forced herself to squat down. As the sensation took over her lower body, she let out a loud BAWK as she felt something fall out of her body. Pushing back her belly, her eyes went wide as the sight of a freshly laid egg the size of her fist mere inches away from her stretched out womanhood.

Gaige had only a few moments to deal with the new feature of her body before the rumbling started up again. In the wake of another egg being pushed out, she had no chance to stop a thunderous PHHHHRRRRRTTTTT from rippling out of her rear. As the second egg was laid to be placed alongside the first, the fear and confusion she initially felt was replaced with another sensation: pleasure.

The various caws and bawks that left Gaige's beak became tinged with a strange sense of euphoria with each release of gas or eggs. Only stopping to nestle her clutch in a neat pile with

her wing, she let herself play the role of a mother hen as she continued to let her body take its course. Lost in a sea of ecstasy and gas, she had no chance to actually see the mess her strange indulgence was creating. However, it was enough to make Tina stop laughing and consider what she had done to her friends.

Even after drinking up gallons of milk, Moxxi showed no signs of slowing down as she let a sputtering fart flick around her tail to make room for her to move on to sucking the other breast. Moze let out a cacophony of moans, MOOs, and burps as her teats continued to be drained; convincing her to use her hoof-like fingers to press her piggy partner ever closer. Fresh off a laying her sixth egg and hungry for sustenance, Gaige waddled her flabby, feathery body over to the other two farm animals to take up the other teat. Watching her companions' shameful display, Tina's joy became overshadowed by a powerful envy.

The same twitchy finger that had caused countless explosions had Tina messing around with every nook and cranny of the barn gun. It was only after she had given the artifact enough attention to make it a mess of knobs and openings was she satisfied with the results. Turning the barrel of the weapon towards herself, she took one last glance over towards the other girls. Watching the trio bathe themselves in gas and Moze's milk, she let a grin spread across her face as she pulled the trigger.

The already shaky grip Tina had on the gun became even looser as her body was overcome with an overflow of energy. Rather than fight against the changes, she reveled in the feeling of her clothes becoming tighter around her swelling bosom and thickening mid-section. Chewing on her lip as she felt the seat of her pants get torn open by her fattening rear, she dropped the weapon to allow her hands to freely pinch and grope her growing form.

Tina's exploration of her developing stomach rolls came to a pause as her fingers reached towards her belly button. Having to lean forward to see past her globe-like breasts, she spotted a small puff of white fuzz at the peak of her gut. Instinctively, she reached out her fingers to reach above her backside. Though her curiosity was rewarded with the feeling of a fluffy tail something felt off about the texture. Bringing her hand back to her mouth to try and catch the pair of buckteeth that would no doubt go along with her transformation into a blubbery, bunny girl, she ended up smacking herself in the mouth as her fingers hardened into hooves.

Holding the black digits up to her face, Tina took another glance over her body. Across her expanse of doughy flesh, what she thought was just fur continued to spread. Sinking her fingers into the material revealed that it was actually wool. Putting two and two together as she developed a pair of ears similar to Moze's, she let out a wailful BAAAAAAA.

"Awww, a sheep?" Tina asked towards the inanimate artifact. "I wanted to be a cute, chubby BAAAAAAA bunny lady."

Though the barn gun didn't respond, Tina's new ears did pick up another sound in the vicinity. Grasping at her soft belly, the comfort she felt as she sunk into the wool encouraged her to massage it. The groping session inevitably rewarded her with a bubble rolling up her throat to create an echoing BOOOOOUUUUUURRRRRRPP that transitioned into another bleat. Further provocation of her blubber created a squeaky PHHHRRRRTTTT from her rear to tickle her tail and sink a rancid odor into her wool. As the aroma drifted its way up to her modified muzzle and sunk into her mind, she was elated to feel the same sense of animalistic desire that had claimed the others before her.

Stomping about on her cloven feet, Tina began to make her way over to the trio. The time it took for her to make the trip let her appreciate how different the three had diversified in terms

of both species and body shape. Moxxi's gut had taken the bulk of the weight in order to sustain her insatiable hunger. Gaige's bottom heavy figure made it easy for her to lay a few more eggs as she continued to feed and fart to her heart's content. Taking notice of how much mass had been focused on Moze's various nipples, it was no surprise that she let out a moan at every touch of the sensitive areas.

Still in a haze of desires, Tina was able to notice how her body was more a less a rounded blob of wool and fat. Using this shape to her advantage, she got down on the ground and let gravity takes its course. Finding it much easier to roll around in her current state rather than bother with trying to walk, she came slamming into the group. While the impact did draw the attention of the other women, they were swiftly calmed down by both the feeling of Tina's wool and the resulting UUUUURRRRPPPP that echoed out of her mouth.

With Moxxi and Gaige having already claimed Moze's breasts, Tina settled for helping herself to the cow woman's udder. Nuzzling up to the bulbous, pink protrusion, she showed no hesitation as she swallowed up one of the teats. Treated to an overflow of delicious milk, she eagerly drank up to feed her fluffy form.

Only pulling her head up to let out a belch or treat the group to one of her bleats or burps, Tina didn't move an inch away from Mozes's udder. While her mouth was busy drinking up every last drop, her hands sought out the others to enjoy their bodies. Whether it was feeling up Moxxi's gut to unleash a stink bomb of farts or giving Gaige's bottom a squeeze to push out another egg, Tina became completely lost in reveling in the barnyard blobs' depravity. So obsessed with enjoying what they had become, the four, gassy, obese, farm animal women remained completely oblivious as the bar's door opened up.

Through the lens of his singular eye, Claptrap froze as he watched what had become of some of the most legendary mercenaries in the borderlands. This moment lasted for the half-second it took for him to recall where Moxxi kept the top shelf oil in reserve. Maneuvering around Gaige's discarded pile of eggs and pushing through a stray trail of milk, the robot helped himself to the bottle before taking his leave.

Claptrap stopped right in front of the exit as he took notice of the barn gun. Picking up the artifact, he failed to properly recognize it as the root cause for the chaotic scene. All he saw was a shiny weapon that would no doubt fetch a high price at Marcus's shop. When the girls failed to speak up when he asked if the gun belonged to them, the robot took that as more enough reason to take it as his own. Thanking the animal women for the gift, he promptly locked up the door to allow them to enjoy the rest of their evening in gassy, farmyard bliss.