

The Farmstead Spokesperson

With the bright sun above, the rough, dirt road below, and the seemingly endless fields of corn on both sides of her, Dominique couldn't have felt more out of place. No matter how much she had told her associates at the Bevoin Company that she wasn't fit for the assignment, a call from the president herself was enough to get the sheepish office worker to drive down to the country. Rolling up to the modest farmstead, she had to double check that she was in the right place. Parking in one of the many patches of dirt near the barn, she took a deep breath and got out of her car.

Dominique's reflexes were tested as her high heeled shoes almost stepped into a mud puddle. Nearly avoiding a splatter of muck across her black pencil skirt, she took extra care to watch where she walked. Following the sound of someone hammering something in the barn, she took out a hand mirror to fix any smudges or wrinkles on her white dress shirt. Satisfied that her outfit properly complimented her lithe figure, she did a final check of her short black hair and designer glasses before knocking on the door.

Leaping back like a scared goat as the barn door slid open, Dominique watched a portly man in a set of overalls step out. Upon noticing the shivering woman at his door, the man tilted his straw hat towards her and put on a wide smile. "Why hello there darlin'. What brings you out here?"

Composing herself, Dominique took a deep breath and assumed a rigid posture befitting someone of her position. "Hello. My name is Dominique Luxenworth. I was sent here by the Bevoin Company to talk about an advertising campaign with the person in charge of our PR department."

“You’re looking at ‘em,” the farmer said, extending a hand towards her. “The name’s Jeb Tussel. Pleasure to meet ya.”

“Likewise,” Dominique replied, clasping his hand and shuddering as he gave her a firm handshake. “Why don’t we step inside and discuss the matters of the campaign?”

“Sounds good to me,” Jeb replied, releasing her from his grasp. “Come on in the barn. Sorry about the smell, just had to scrub down a couple of the pigs in there.”

“Wouldn’t you prefer to talk about this in your house?”

Jeb paused and shook his head. “Can’t say my wife would appreciate having work mix with the homestead. Besides, the barn should make the perfect place for the shoot.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Don’t worry about, darlin’. I’ll explain in a bit,” he said, gesturing for her to come inside.

The barn contained a horde of farm tools and haystacks that reaffirmed how out of her element the office worker was. Following Jeb over to small table nestled between two chairs, Dominique brushed the dirt off her seat before sitting down. Taking his spot opposite of her, Jeb rested his elbows on the table and folded his hands together.

“Hate to be the one to tell you this, but I don’t think you’re cut out for this,” Jeb bluntly stated.

“I assure you Mr. Tussel, I’m the best woman for the job,” Dominique said, repeating the words her boss used to convince her to take the assignment. “I have a Master’s degree in business, have overseen the closure of over a dozen, lucrative contracts, and-“

“That’s all fine and good,” Jeb said, holding up his hand to stop her in the middle of her well-rehearsed speech, “but I’m not looking for a businesswoman. What I really need is a spokesperson and you’re it.”

Dominique blinked a couple times to try and understand him. “I beg your pardon?”

“I’m saying that you’re going to be the face of the Bevoin Company ad campaign.”

“I-I believe there’s been some miscommunication here,” she stated, her entire body shaking like a leaf in the wind. “I’m better working on the sidelines. Besides I’m not the kind of person that stands out in a crowd,” she added, a nervous laugh speaking volumes of her poor self-image.

“Don’t be acting all shy now,” Jeb replied as he stood up from his seat. “True, you’re not exactly the spitting image of the ideal woman to lead the campaign, but we can fix that.”

“What do you mean?” she asked as he fished through a tool box.

Turning back towards her, Jeb approached with a glass jar filled with a clear liquid in his hands. “Drink up,” he said, holding it out to her.

Accepting the jar, Dominique strained her dainty fingers to twist off the lid. Successfully opening the container treated her to the strong odor of homemade liquor seeping into her nostrils. “What is this?” she asked, turning her head away from the jar.

“Special moonshine recipe that’s been passed around the Bevoin Company,” Jeb replied, a proud smile on his face. “Made this batch myself. I think it’s just the thing to get you in the right mindset for your new job.”

“I beg your pardon Mr. Tussel-“

“You can just call me Jeb.”

“...right. I don’t believe getting drunk in the middle of the day is going to help with our business here.”

“Couldn’t hurt to try it and calm your nerves. At least tell me if it tastes right.”

As much as Dominique wanted to refuse his request, she reminded herself that he was her colleague on this assignment. Hoping that a small sip would be enough to satisfy him, she put the jar to her lips. A single drop slid down her tongue, stimulating her taste buds with an otherworldly feeling flavor. Getting a tighter grip on the jar, something possessed her to tilt it back further. The trickle of drops turned into a raging river of moonshine that poured down her throat. Chugging the home grown liquor like a pledge at a frat party, it came as a complete surprise to her when she felt the last few drops fall into her mouth.

“I’m so sorry,” Dominique said, handing the empty jar off to Jeb. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“Shoot, nothing to be sorry for darlin’,” Jeb said. “Never seen someone drink my booze like that. Gotta admit, I might have been wrong about ya. I think you’ll be the perfect fit once you’re done changing.”

Dominique shuddered a bit as a warm sensation spread across her chest. “Do you mean a costume?”

“Yeah, but that’ll come after your transformation. Should be interesting since no one’s ever downed the entire potion like that.”

Before Dominique could even attempt to understand what Jeb was talking about, she noticed her vision becoming blurry. Pulling away her glasses, she discovered that her horrible eyesight had somehow fixed itself. Any further questions were silenced by the warming sensation in her chest spreading itself through her body. Getting up from her seat, she looked for

something cool her off. Involuntarily, her hands started to rub along her body, egging her on to free herself from her restrictive clothing. Despite her steadfast refusal to give into her urges to strip, one part of her body made the decision for her.

With a loud pop, the bottom button of her dress shirt flung itself across the barn. Looking down to see the cause, she was met by a rising bulge of fat extending from her mid-section. Each pound layered on further accentuated her growing potbelly and snapped off several buttons in the process. As the protrusion of flab extended further from her torso, she watched as the pale complexion she had obtained through countless hours of office work was being overridden by a tanned skin tone spreading out from her belly button.

“What’s happening to me!?” Dominique shouted, trying and failing to hold back her swelling gut.

“Don’t you fret, darlin’,” Jeb said, content to lean against his work table and watch the show. “In a few moments you’ll have a body that’ll let everyone believe that you’re a down home farm girl that knows her way around quality meats and produce.”

Stepping forward to protest Jeb’s business plan, Dominique was forced to a standstill by the sight of her top buttons being pried off by her swelling bosom. Working in tandem with her belly, her breasts managed to tear apart what remained of her dress shirt. Easily surpassing her B-cup bra, her boobs snapped apart the fabric to swell into luscious, pumpkin-like mounds that bounced against her belly to emphasize their similarly, lofty sizes.

Reaching out to cover her exposed nipples, Dominique shivered at the touch. Her fingers seemed to move on their own accord as they squeezed and groped her sizable chest. Moving lower on her body, her hands made sure to do a thorough examination of the various dips and

folds of her belly. Engrossed by the feeling of her expanded assets, she either didn't notice or care about her hair extending down her back flab until the strands turned a vibrant shade of red.

At the feeling of tightness around her waistline, Dominique couldn't stop a confident smile from spreading across her chubbed up cheeks. Pushing back her red locks, she grabbed the hem of her skirt with her pudgy fingers to tear it apart. Shuffling about on her thickened legs, she felt the added chunkiness to her rear with the way it jiggled and bounced with each step. Kicking off her high heels to let her plump toes wriggle about, she moved her hands along her bubble butt. Finding the final piece of clothing struggling to keep her somewhat modest, it only took a flick of her fingers to send her panties flying across the barn.

Freed from the uncomfortable wedgie, Dominique let herself indulge in feeling up every inch of her tanned flesh. Filled with a daring confidence, she followed an imaginary dance routine as she shook about her body. Each jiggle was met with an enjoyable chuckle tinged with added huskiness and Southern twang. Getting into a squatting position, she chewed on her plump lips as she gyrated her hips. Over the loud clap of her ass cheeks slapping against one another, she could hear a round of applause from her audience of one.

"There ya go darlin'!" Jeb cheered. "Knew you had a country girl inside of you. You should be perfect for the ad campaign now."

"Thank ya Jeb," Dominique replied, beaming as she waddled towards him. "When can we start? I'm ready to put this hot as hell body to good use."

"Well hold on there," Jeb said as he opened up a suitcase by his work bench. "I appreciate the enthusiasm, but we can't have you striding about in your birthday suit. The Bevoin Company has a reputation to uphold. Put these on."

Accepting the suitcase from Jeb, Dominique popped it open. Her eyes glittered with glee as she pulled out the various parts of her outfit. Wasting little time, she got to work squeezing herself into the clothes. While it was a struggle to get everything on, the results spoke for themselves.

Striding around the barn in a pair of leather cowboy boots, she flaunted her curves as she jiggled them about. Whipping about her red hair, she was sure to show her cleavage through the open window of her white top. The top itself only managed to cover everything from her massive breasts and up, leaving a sizable amount of her belly free to bounce about. Turning to the side to show off the jean shorts clinging to her meaty rear, she gave it a slap to fully revel in her new self.

“That’s perfect, darlin’. Hold that pose,” Jeb said, rushing to grab a camera from the bench. “When I’m done, your plush body is going to be everywhere. Shoot, their wont’ be a person in the country who doesn’t know Dominique.”

“Nah, that’s not going to work,” she replied, stopping to let Jeb take the perfect shot. “Dominique doesn’t fit me anymore. We need something that really screams country girl that can win a beauty pageant one minute and a pie eating contest the next.” Pausing to strike a pose that emphasized her pudge, she let the camera capture her newfound confidence. “Best be calling me Daisy now, honey.”