

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)  
Part 19: The Bus Trip

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# Disclaimer

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# Now, On To The Story

The pig licked his lips, watching the video playing on his phone. It was a dog, having their cock and balls worshipped by a couple. As the pig stroked his own canine cock (the result of an early transformation drug, before all of the bugs had been worked out), he let out a breathless wheeze. He wished he could groan and talk like the dog in the video, but sadly the drug had rendered him mute.

Not only that, but it had also made him unable to cum. He would get more and more excited and aroused, but without ever getting the release of orgasm. At first, he had hated it, but over time he had come to see it as a blessing. He could masturbate or fuck for hours, never needing to worry about going off too soon. It also meant that he was always ready for more.

That... was currently the problem. Since he had left Clara's home, he had a place to stay, but nobody who wanted to play. He closed his eyes and thought back to the weekend at that old hotel. He had met Clara there, yes, but he had met so many others. He wished he had thought to get some of their numbers, but he had been so preoccupied with... her...

*Well, I think they all live in the same town. Maybe I should get a bus ticket for a day.* His hand moved down, fingers starting to rub the rim of his hole. *That cow lady was really hot...* One thing he had learned about himself was that the more desperate he got, the nastier his desires became. He thought back to Marci's changes, and how he had been disgusted by them at the time. But right now, he would worship every inch of her body as eagerly as the couple on his phone were snowballing the dog's cum back and forth.

Pulling up another video, he looked down at his body. His excessively large nipple rings and vulgar piercings were probably a big part of why it was hard to find someone who wanted him around. After all, being seen in public or introduced to someone's family and friends would be a struggle. And yet, they always turned him on when he saw them. The idea that he had let his libido ruin his chance at a normal life excited him to no end.

Lewis pushed three fingers into his ass, remembering the feeling of Clara's massive elephant cock pushing into it. *Yeah, definitely getting a bus ticket tomorrow...*



The pig stepped off the bus, feeling as horny as ever. It had been a small miracle that he had kept his hands off of himself and his eyes at least mostly off of others. While he had been riding, he remembered that the collie girl worked at a cafe on the edge of town. With no better leads to go on, he started heading in that direction.

As he walked past the college, suddenly he heard a voice behind him. “Hey, do I know you?” Turning, he saw a collie standing in the parking lot of a college apartment building. “You’re Lewis, right?”

The pig nodded. It hadn’t been the cafe, but it seemed luck was with him. Pulling out his whiteboard and marker, he wrote a message as he walked over, then handed it to her. “I’ve really missed you guys! I couldn’t stay with Clara after what she did to Marci, but I wanted to see you all again. I came here hoping to bump into one of you again, since I don’t have a way to contact any of you.”

Sally gave him a smile, “I’m sure the gang would be happy to see you again, too. You on your way anywhere specific?”

Lewis shook his head.

“Tell you what. Gloria had some stuff she needed to leave for, so you just missed her heading out. I was just getting ready to head back home, myself.” Seeing his expression droop, she added, “Hey now, it’s okay. Where are you staying?” She seemed genuinely concerned about him, with a hint of worry in her voice.

He wrote down the address where he was currently living, holding it up for her.

“Okay, that’s actually not far. You would have gone almost right past my house on the way here. I’m sure Three would love some company, if you think you can handle her,” she chuckled.

Lewis nodded vigorously. He knew that the collie (Sally, he thought he remembered?) was a lesbian, but the cow had seemed to be into pretty much everybody. As the pair got into Sally’s car, she commented, “Since I won’t be able to look at your sign while I’m driving, I’m going to just turn on some music for the drive, okay?” Lewis nodded again—Clara had always done the same.

As they drove, Lewis tried to clench his eyes shut or focus on the classic rock that Sally was listening to. While he didn’t have much in the way of self-control, he did at least try to reign it in with those he knew wouldn’t be into him. He didn’t always succeed, but he always tried.

Several songs and thirty-seven farm fields later, the car pulled into a driveway at the end of a dead-end road. Lewis looked around, seeing no sign of anyone for miles in any direction. Something about the privacy felt strangely freeing.

“There we are. I would offer to have you come in, but I’m guessing you’re most excited to see Three, aren’t you?” As he nodded again in reply, she continued, “Alright, come with me then. I can stop by in a little while to check on you. Otherwise, I’ll leave the door to the house unlocked.” He was led to a shed next to the house, which was a bit confusing. Maybe the cow was working on something out in the shed?

Sally knocked on the shed door before sliding it open. “Hey, Three. I brought you a friend you haven’t seen in a while! I seem to recall you two getting along well...” The collie gave a wink, stepping aside so he could see inside.

Whatever Lewis had been prepared for, it wasn’t a dimly-lit room with a naked cow sitting on an immense bed with a portable game console. *Maybe we’re more alike than I thought?* Then, the smell hit him. It was a mix of stale sweat, body odor, cum, and there was definitely piss mixed in, too. But there was also something else. Something he couldn’t put a finger on, but that he found strangely arousing.

Next to him, either unaware of the smell or numb to it, Sally said with a chuckle, “Don’t beat the next boss yet, okay? I want to see what happens, too! For now, though, I’ll give you two some time together.”

As the door slid closed behind him, the pig found himself strangely frozen in place. He wasn’t quite sure how to handle being dumped into a situation like this.

Three gave him a big smile, setting the game console down on a table beside the bed. “Hi there! How are y—wait, sorry, forgot about the talking thing.” She sat for a moment, before patting the bed next to her. “Wanna come sit with me? You’ll probably want to take your clothes off first, though. The bed’s a little messy.”

As Lewis started to quickly strip off his clothes, tossing them on the floor at the entrance, he saw her eyes on his cock as it sprang free. “Oh yeah, you’re the one who doesn’t cum, no matter how horny you get! I’d been hoping to see you again.” She licked her lips as he saw her eyes run over his tattoos and nipple piercings.

He moved over to the bed, starting to climb up onto it as his eyes slowly started to adjust from the bright sun outside to the dim light inside the shed. Before he could make out much in the way of detail, the cow laid down on her side next to him, propping her head up on her hand. “So since we have a while,” her deep voice took on a gentle tone, as one hand started to softly rub his pudgy belly, “I want to get to know you. After all, I really enjoyed the time you and I spent together at the party, even though it wasn’t that much.”

He glanced over at the messenger bag with his whiteboard sticking out of it. “Shh, don’t worry, you won’t need that for now,” Three continued, and Lewis noticed that her voice had an almost wet sound to it. Had she sounded that way when they met before? He couldn’t quite remember. He breathed in again, forgetting not to breathe through his nose and wincing a little. “The smell can be a lot, I know. But don’t worry, I’m sure you would get used to it over time. If you wanted to, of course.”

“I’ve had some things done, just like you,” she said, gesturing down at a pair of massive breasts and nipples. “Why don’t you go ahead and grope me, hmm?” Not needing to be told twice, he reached out and gave her breasts a squeeze. They felt like they were soaked in—

“My body’s very sweaty, piggy,” she finished his thought, “But feel how easily your hands glide over my big, fat udders.” Starting to rub them, he had to admit that she was right. And really, was it any weirder than the things

Clara used to do with him?

"You know, I love to taste it, myself," she said. "See?" She took the hand that was rubbing his belly and ran one finger under the armpit on the side propping her up. She held it up, and Lewis could see it glistening before it disappeared into the cow's mouth. Pulling it free after a moment with a wet *pop*, she explained, "Mmm, I don't do it for others, but I can see why Gloria and Marci love burying their faces in mine."

She let Lewis keep rubbing and groping her slippery breasts, letting out an occasional moan. After a bit longer, though, she gave him a wink. "You know, if I had a cock, I'll bet stroking it would feel great right now." He pulled one hand away and reached down. There was a moment of hesitation at the thought of his sweat-soaked hand, but as it started to slide up and down his cock, any hesitation disappeared. "That's it, piggy, nothing to be ashamed of. It just feels good, doesn't it? And I want you to do things that feel good. Maybe you'll even get to titfuck me later." She gave him another wink, and he let out a silent moan.

As he stroked, he watched her drag a fingertip from the base of one of her massive nipples all the way to the tip. Rather than lick it up, though, she then rubbed it over one of his nipples, in slow, gentle circles. Unable to help it, Lewis arched his back and felt his toes curl slightly. "Thaaat's it," she said, "So many things can feel good if you let them, you know. All you need to do is relax and enjoy the feeling."

Lewis nodded. Clara had been a huge sadist, but he was quickly learning that Three was something different. He couldn't deny that he was nervous about how deep the rabbithole went, and maybe it was because she was the first person since Clara who wanted to spend time with him like this, but he loved her kind demeanor.

"We should probably try something different with this other cute little nipple though, huh?" she teased, her finger switching sides. "I think I know juuust what to do. It's gonna be a little bit messier, though. Are you a nice, brave piggy?"

With a slight hesitation, Lewis nodded.

With a grin, she lowered her head until her lips were just a couple inches above his other nipple, then she opened her mouth. A long rope of thick saliva drooled out, slowly covering most of that side of his chest. Then her tongue slid out, reaching down with agonizing slowness until it made contact. He gave a silent moan as it swirled a couple of times around the nipple, before hooking the tip through the ring and giving it a gentle tug.

"See? It's not a problem when things get messy, as long as they feel good. Right, piggy?" He gave an eager nod. "You even like my big, sweaty udders. I see your eyes keep going back to them," she added with a grin. She was right—it was hard to pull his eyes away from the huge pair. Her nipples looked like a feral cow's teats, the only differences being that there was one on each side, and that hers were far larger.

"Marci likes to suck on them, you know," she said as she saw his eyes on them, "She likes how sweaty they taste. Maybe you might not mind them,

either. But that's only if you want to. After all..." her hand reached down, and he felt her starting to rub his balls as he continued to stroke his cock, "You're the horny, *needy* piggy. You came here because you wanted to *fuck* a cow, didn't you?"

Seeing his eager nod, she gave him a mischievous look. "I hear you love whatever sex you can get, you know. Taking any cock offered to you, fucking any hole, even snout play. Even when it's vanilla or boring, you still can't get enough, can you?"

He shook his head, and his cock throbbed in his hand. Closing his eyes, he slid over toward her and reached out his tongue to the tip of one of her huge cow teats. As his tongue touched the tip, the taste was quite strong and salty. He had to admit, though, there was something in it that made his cock throb even harder. Maybe it was a pheromone thing? Without thinking, he started to take it into his mouth, working his lips slowly further down its length.

As he began to suck, he felt her hand move away from his balls. He was surprised when his asscheeks were spread by the bovine woman's large hands. One of her fingers found his hole and rubbed around it. "Clara probably loved using this hole, didn't she?" He gave a tiny nod, his eyes rolling back slightly. He had always had a strange kink for having his past sexual exploits talked about, especially to others. It wasn't something that really came up in his reclusive life with the elephant, though.

"You know, if it's sex you want, it's actually really easy to get that here. I'm sure you've probably already heard, but I help people test out any... 'sexual upgrades' that they have made to themselves." He continued to suck on her nipple, tongue swirling around it as he listened. "The kind who want to come here tend to be extremists. After all, it takes a very, very big cock to fill me, and I love the weird stuff."

"Why don't you use your hands on me, instead? I can take care of that big, knotted dick of yours." Without a second thought, Lewis let go and reached for her. One hand grabbed hold of one of her huge breasts, while the other sank into her belly. With a deep chuckle, she mused, "I think someone likes big women. But you know, as much as you seem a bit subby, I think there's more to it. So let's play a game, then. Keep sucking until I say something about you that's wrong?"

It seemed simple enough to Lewis. He gave her a squeeze to let her know he was ready, keeping her nipple in his mouth. At the same time, he felt a big hand gently wrapping around his dick. Her grip was firm, but not rough or harsh.

"I saw the way you looked at the others, at the party. Guys, girls, whatever. You didn't look to me like someone trying to find a *domme*, because you were just as into Marci and Ally. Five minutes around them, and you can tell neither has a dominant bone in their body. You were looking for something different." He felt her hand brush the back of his head. It was gentle, like a kind and supportive touch. "You were looking for acceptance."

As he continued to suck, he heard her continue. "You get shot down a lot. Part of it is because you are so sex-crazed that you struggle to behave in public, and part of it is because you don't have a voice. Both of which happened because

of a drug you took—the same one that gave you this.” He felt her gently squeeze his knot, unable to keep from giving a thrust against her hand. “It’s not that you want to submit, or to be owned. You just want to be accepted and wanted, and you think the best way to do that is to let someone do whatever they want to you.”

He could swear he heard a touch of sadness in her voice. He also felt her give a small shiver, but it didn’t seem to be from pleasure at his touch or sucking. Still she had been right about everything, so far, so he stayed put.

“Like right now, you would be happy to have your ass touched, rubbed, or take a strap-on. But you would be just as happy if I rolled over and told you that you could fuck whatever hole you liked all night long, or if I gave you the wettest, sloppiest blowjob you’ve ever had. It’s not about being dominant or submissive, for you. What you actually want in bed is whatever feels good, plain and simple.”

Lewis pulled away, her huge nipple slipping out with a wet *pop*. She looked down at him, seeming a little surprised. He saw her glance over toward his whiteboard, but shook his head. He thought he knew how to get his point across without it. And, deep down, he wanted to express it this way. Her hand pulled away as he sat up on the bed beside her massive belly. Reaching down, he started to stroke himself, then looked over at her and shrugged. Then, he reached over between her legs, making a point of also removing his other hand from his cock. It took him a moment to find her clit, but then he gave it a few strokes, getting a surprised gasp from the cow. Then he looked over at her and shrugged before pulling his hand away.

Seeing her confused expression, he hoped the last part would make things clear for Three. He went back to slowly stroking his cock with one hand, as he began to stroke her clit again with the other. Looking over, he gave a big grin and a nod. Then he stopped, watching for the cow’s reaction.

She thought for a moment. “Getting pleasure is okay. Giving pleasure is okay. But what you really love is when you *and* your partner are both pleasing and being pleased?” When he gave her a big nod and two thumbs-up, she sat up and asked, “Would you like a kiss? I know what my breath smells like, and I also know I drool a lot. You won’t hurt my feelings if you say no.”

He nodded and started to lean forward, only to suddenly have a pair of arms scoop him up as if he was weightless and pull him tightly against Three. As their lips met and their tongues bumped against each other, she was definitely right about her breath. But somehow, as disgusting as it was, the thought of pulling away never even entered his mind. Maybe it was the passion of the kiss, the fact that she felt almost needy herself, or that his brain shut down because he had his hands resting on her boobs, but he was loving her kiss.

One kiss became two, then three, and before he knew it, they were making out. As the world around him seemed to slowly fade away, the taste seemed to blur into the background. He felt her big, strong hands squeezing his asscheeks. He felt her huge, wet tongue swirling around the inside of his mouth. He felt the inside of her cavernous maw with his own tongue. Clara had occasionally kissed him, but somehow this felt different.



*This is so weird, though. We only met at the party, right? How does she know so much about me? And why does she seem so into me? I mean, isn't she dating Sally? I guess she's bi, but why me? Maybe she's like this with everybody, just like I would be if I could. And why do her kisses make me achingly hard?*

He felt her shift position beneath him, then felt himself move as she started to lay him down on his back, never breaking a kiss. As she continued to make out from above him, more of the cow's saliva made its way down her tongue and lips and into his mouth. He gulped it down, feeling her break the kiss slightly after he did. "You know, I've made out with Marci just like this," she whispered, as if telling him some deep secret, "I love kissing girls...guys...ferals...I may not be into eating shit, but I have some surprises up my sleeve." Seeing him shudder slightly, she winked and asked, "Mmm, thinking about what you would do with an absolute oral slut like me?"

He nodded, his mind already racing. "I wonder..." she continued, making a show of slowly running her tongue over her already slick, shiny lips, "Can you keep a secret, piggy?" He gave another enthusiastic nod. Still, he couldn't shake a thought in the back of his mind. *Is this play stuff, or is she really trusting me like this?*

She rolled over onto her back, sitting up slightly with her back propped up by a few large pillows. "So, a friend of mine may have gotten me into some of this stuff. I won't say which parts, though." He watched her reach down between her legs, hearing her let out a needy moo as there was a wet *squelch* from her pussy. Bringing her hand back up, it was completely covered in what looked like unusually thick, slimy juice. She began to slowly lick and suck her hand clean, from wrist to fingertips. "Would you like to rub my big, soft belly when I swallow, piggy?"

Without a word, he began to rub and knead, his eyes fixed on every movement of her massive tongue. "Mmm, do you love girls with big tummies like mine? Maybe you could help feed a nice, hungry cow tonight. But first, an appetizer..." He felt her reach down and gently rub his balls, continuing to lick her other hand, "It's been a long time since I've licked a pair of massive pig balls. I hope you like it sloppy..." She gave a loud gulp, swallowing the mixed saliva and bovine pussy juice licked from her hand. "Don't be shy," she smiled at him, moving the pillows to lie down flat, "Climb up. You can rest your body on my udders. I know you'd love that!"

As he awkwardly climbed up and began to position himself, he heard Three's deep voice under him. "Think of me as *your* oral slut while you're on top of me. And whatever you may do with those big, fat cow udders is entirely up to you. Whenever you're ready, don't be afraid, just slam it in!"

After adjusting a bit more, he found a comfortable position on top of her. With a deep breath as he felt her lips around the pointed tip of his cock, he gave a hard thrust into her. Given her size, he hoped it would be big enough for the cow to enjoy. He definitely enjoyed larger partners, but he had always felt a lot of insecurity about whether he was enough to satisfy them. He knew his personality wasn't a huge selling point.

As he felt Three sucking, her tongue swirling around him, he let out a silent

groan from the sensation. He had always been a fan of sloppy, drooling blowjobs, but had never had anyone who wanted to do one like that, aside from once or twice when Clara had Marci and Ally give him one. For that matter, he could count on one hand the number of blowjobs he had ever gotten, period.

He felt her open her mouth and pull away, a little disappointed that it was already ending. He was surprised when he felt her gently push his balls into her mouth before going back to sucking and slurping away. She was being more gentle with the suction, and her positioning meant that every breath through her nose went straight into his asscrack. It felt amazing, though he hoped he didn't smell too badly.

As she continued, he felt his body starting to shake and tremble as the pleasure became more intense. Not a single inch was being ignored inside the cow's hot, wet mouth, her tongue even swirling around the inside of his sheath. He wanted to return the favor, but the best he could reach was squeezing and pulling on her huge nipples. She seemed to love that, at least, so he kept going.

By the time he felt her pull her mouth away again, he was shaking uncontrollably. He felt one of her big hands slowly brush up and down his back. "Thaaat's it. Just take a moment and calm back down. Now, the whole rest of the night, you're not gonna touch your cock or balls, alright? Not when there's a nice, big cow right here to use them on. And especially now that I've got them nice and messy." Lewis gave a weak nod, slowly recovering a bit.

As she gently helped him down, she said, "Hey, wanna do something? It's, um, a bit on the extreme side. But there's something I want to tell you, and... I kinda want to do this while I'm telling you." Lewis nodded, a bit unsure. "Don't worry, it'll give you a chance to recover a bit, too. Now, look under the bed on that side and get the bucket you see there."

He reached down under the bed, finding a large bucket and pulling it out. It was quite heavy, and he needed both hands to get it. As he did, he heard loud gulping sounds from behind him. Once he had lifted the bucket onto the bed, he looked over to see her finish drinking a huge jug of water—he probably hadn't seen it next to the bed since his eyes were still adjusting, but he supposed all of that sweat and saliva had to come from somewhere.

"Now," she said, lying down on her back again and propping herself up with a couple of pillows, "there is something I promised myself that I would tell you if I ever saw you again, because it was already after the party when I realized what had happened to you. I'm guessing that is how you and Sally bumped into each other, originally."

While it wasn't the whole story, honestly it was close enough. The pig nodded.

"Okay. So the reason for this will probably become pretty clear in a moment. Go ahead and pop the lid on that bucket." The lid came off easily, and he was surprising to see that it contained a squirming, writhing mass of worms.

"So, I am going to be telling you some things that I feel really guilty about. And you can do whatever you like with those worms to punish me, okay?" She looked genuinely ashamed, but Lewis was pretty sure he caught her stealing a needy glance at the bucket when he looked away for a second. After all, why else

would she just happen to have a bucket of them here? He gave a nod, adding a wink.

“Do you want gloves?” Lewis thought for a moment, then shook his head. If she really meant he could do whatever he wanted, he had some ideas in mind.

“Alright, deep breath,” she said to herself. “I, um, I know the chemical you took that made you like this. I worked for the company.” Lewis held up a hand for her to stop. He figured he would just test out the waters, so to speak. He reached into the bucket and scooped up a small handful of the slippery earthworms. It was difficult not to lose any, but as he moved toward her she opened her mouth wide. Dropping them in, he made an exaggerated swallowing motion. Three followed suit, gulping the worms down with a small “Mmm...” before opening up again to show her empty maw. The pig then nodded for her to continue.

“I worked as a chemist, there. It was still early days after World Change, and we were still in the process of figuring out what ingredients did what.” Lewis stopped her again. With BioChange not having been far from here, it wasn’t a shocking revelation that she had worked there. He had never blamed the company, though. Their warning labels had been quite clear, and he had known the risks were high when he had taken it.

*Still, she has been a very naughty cow and must be punished!* Lewis joked in his head. He didn’t know if he would say he was getting excited by this, but it was more the kind of enjoyment he might have gotten from watching a sword-swallower or a contortionist. Still, he *was* enjoying it. Besides, he had more ideas for her.

He reached back into the bucket, pulling out another handful. She started to open her mouth again, but that wasn’t where he was going this time. He slid down toward the foot of the bed, getting his first actual look between the cow’s legs. The first thing that caught his eye was her pussy. It would not have been an exaggeration to call it immense, and it was literally drooling down her asscrack and onto the bed. *No wonder she always has that water jug*, he thought to himself.

Seeing what he had in mind, Three’s legs spread wider. He heard her voice encouraging him, “Mmm, just pick a hole and cram ’em in, you dirty boy.” He looked down a bit further at her asshole, unsurprised to see that it had clearly had a lot of use, as well. *Maybe I’ll get to fuck that one, later.* For now, he pushed into the cow’s sopping wet pussy. He reached deeper and deeper inside the massive woman’s seemingly endless hole. The pig had always loved larger partners, had taken their fingers, strap-ons, and other things, but he had never fisted anyone before. As he finally bottomed out past his elbow with a whimper from Three and let go of the handful of worms, he hoped this wouldn’t be the last time.

Pulling his hand back out, he moved back up on the bed to hear more of Three’s story. She gave her nipples a squeeze as he did, moaning, “God, I can feel them squirming. I’m such a nasty cow...” Once he was next to her, she continued, “Well, the company’s goal was to be the first to market, since as soon as people learned those kinds of changes were possible, there was a huge

market for those wanting to change things up. Rather than focusing on one at a time to hit the deadlines, they wanted a full line of products ready by then. Even when it became obvious that we were still deep in testing, they started full-scale production.”

As she stopped and opened her mouth wide again, he had to admit to himself that he was starting to get a little excited at the thought of more worms. And with Three telling him this story that she was clearly deeply ashamed of, he decided he could experiment a bit, himself. Before grabbing a handful, he awkwardly straddled the bucket. Making eye contact with the cow, he slowly sank his knotted cock into the slimy, writhing mass. Lewis let out a silent moan as he felt the overwhelming sensations, starting from the tip before gradually engulfing the rest as he slid into them.

“Mmm, you see? You can do aaanything that feels good.” She let out a groan before adding, “I can still feel the ones you pushed into me. By the way, I hope my holes weren’t too *loose* for you.” He shook his head. “That’s good. Besides, it felt like you’ve taken a lot of cock, yourself.” Three gave him a wink. “I do it for a living, nowadays. After all, when someone has something done, it’s important to give them a chance to test it out to make sure everything is how they wanted.”

Lewis nodded, intrigued. He had been without a job for so long, staying with whoever wanted to have him around. The idea of having his own money or being able to have his own place seemed like a distant dream for him. While he had tried, it had been both difficult to get and impossible to keep a job with the side-effects of the BioChange drug. Maybe something like that could work?

As if reading his mind, Three said, “The more open-minded you are, the better it works, of course. Like just the other day, I had a cock bigger than your arm up my ass.” Seeing him shudder, she gave him a teasing grin. “Wishing you were the one taking it? Or...” She rolled onto her side, leaning in close beside him. “Or maybe you want to be the one to roll me over and brutally knot-fuck my fat, bovine ass.” He nodded vigorously as she pulled away. “There’s plenty of need for both, you know.”

Lewis started to slightly thrust in and out of the worm bucket, thinking about fucking Three’s ass. She seemed to be loving teasing him, and he certainly didn’t mind. With a mischievous glance at him, she turned on the bed so that she was lying on her back with legs spread wide, Lewis and the bucket in between. “Got a good view?” she asked. Seeing him nod, she reached down with both hands and slid her fingers just inside her pussy. She started to slowly pull it open, continuing, “Breathe it in, nice and deep. I know you can smell it from there. When I really get going, the whole barn smells like a cow in heat.”

Lewis licked his lips. She definitely didn’t smell like a typical cow. It was as if there were dozens of scents, all layered on top of one another. Honestly, she smelled more like an Old World *zoo* in heat. And yet, he couldn’t deny that the smell was slowly driving the horny pig crazy.

With a chuckle, Three continued, “Mmm, you want me, don’t you? My big udders, my wet lips... You even want my nasty fuckholes.” She slipped a finger inside, swirling it around before pulling it out. It was slick and shiny, with her

juices running down onto her hand. She held it out to him, and without a second thought he began to lick and suck on it. The taste was intense, practically overpowering his senses. And yet, he was immediately filled with a need for more.

“You know,” she mused, “you were very eager considering there are still worms in there. Maybe someone doesn’t mind that idea, hmm?”

Maybe it was her voice. Maybe it was the encouragement. Maybe it was that he felt like he was about to explode from the mix of her taste and the teasing. Whatever it was, he reached down into the bucket and pulled out a pair of smaller worms. As she sat up to get a better view, he tilted his head back. He dropped one into each nostril, feeling them squirm as he took a breath through his mouth.

During his time with Clara, he had learned that nasal play was a huge turn-on for him. With a wink at the cow, he inhaled hard through his nose with a loud *snort*, feeling the worms being sucked in through his sinuses and landing at the back of his throat. He gagged at the sensations, but he swallowed. *C’mom, hold it down until the count of ten! If I can make it that long, I should be fine!*

He was at five when he realized Three was staring at him with open-mouthed astonishment. “Oh my god, that was incredible! I didn’t even know someone could *do* that!” Any thought of vomiting, as well as the stinging in his sinuses, were forgotten as a large pair of arms was thrown around him. “Damn, that was hot. I imagine it probably hurts a little? Or at least feels really uncomfortable?”

Freeing his hand, he waved it to indicate something in between. It was an uncomfortable and strange sensation, and the worms certainly took more force than snorting down cum or spit. But at the same time, that somehow made it hotter to the pig.

“Have you ever done that before? With worms, I mean?”

He gave his head an emphatic shake. He still wasn’t sure what had come over him in that moment. But now that it had happened, and he realized he still hadn’t vomited them back up, he decided that it hadn’t really been so bad. Their eyes met, and they sat still for a moment that seemed to last for an eternity.

“Whatever you want,” she reminded him, with a wink, “I know what that stuff did to you—I tried around the clock for a month to find a cure before they let me go. You have done a great job holding yourself back, with how much of a struggle I know it is. You must be a very good person for that, Lewis. And I’m so, so proud of you.”

Her tone caught Lewis off-guard. He had been called a good boy before, or a good piggy. But it was always done with teasing condescension. Three sounded like she was saying it with genuine respect. And what’s more, she was right. His life hadn’t been very good since BioChange. Clara was the closest he’d had to a relationship, since then, and even then it was really more about him satisfying her desires than anything romantic. He was sure she felt no more for him than she had for Marci or Ally, and he had seen what the elephant had done to Marci.

He suddenly realized that he knew exactly what it was he wanted. He

wrapped his arms around Three, buried his face against her chest, and let out a long, shuddering breath. “If it helps, you can see and smell me. I’m not exactly going to any fancy restaurants on a date either.”

That made Lewis wonder something. Pulling back, he pointed to her, then in the direction of the small house next to it, before making a heart shape with his hands and giving her a questioning expression.

“Do I love Sally? Definitely. She and I have a very interesting relationship. She’s very into pet-play, and she kinda treats me like her big, beloved cow. Lots of head-pats, brushing, and she helps me clean up the barn every few days. We don’t really ‘go out’ or ‘date,’ though. Is it something we need in our lives? I think she needs that more than I do, but I do sometimes get in a romantic mood.” Looking at his expression, she chuckled, “Easy there—she’s a lesbian. Not even the slightest bit bi. On the other hand, I’m perfectly happy to fuck anyone at all.”

His cock twitched against her leg, and she added with a grin and a wink, “Even the kind of guy who would dump that whoooole bucket of worms down my throat.” He had seen a funnel sitting next to the bucket and had wondered what it was for. He was pretty sure he knew, now. He eagerly leaned over the side of the bed to grab the funnel, as Three got back into a reclining position. Lewis slid up next to her, but she held up a finger for him to wait a moment before putting the funnel in.

“Before you do this, I want to ask you something. So, I’m really into vore. Like, *really* into it. If you don’t want to do this, or if you’re shy or uncomfortable doing it to me, you know you don’t have to. A little late, I know, but I just really want to make sure you know that I love this, but I only want to do it if you love it, too. Okay?”

Lewis thought for a moment, then tried a few quick gestures, then held up a finger himself for her to wait. He hopped out of the bed and went over to his backpack. He had gotten the wrong kind of marker by mistake, a few days ago. Thankfully he had caught his mistake before using it, but it left him with a waterproof, permanent marker. One that he suddenly had a perfect canvas for.

Climbing back up on the bed, he motioned for her to close her eyes. When she did, he popped the cap off of the marker and got to work. Three’s massive udders gave him plenty of room to write, and he intended to cover them, but he needed to work quickly so he wouldn’t kill the mood. He knew that she wasn’t the submissive type, but he was pretty sure he knew just what to say.

After a few minutes of rapid writing (something he had plenty of practice doing, though not usually on someone’s body), he put the cap back on the marker and returned it to his backpack, getting out his phone instead. He was going to need her number, and he laughed internally at the thought of how memorable his first text would be.

Looking down at his handiwork, he was quite pleased with what he had come up with. “Warning: vore-loving cow,” “Fat and proud,” “Hope you like it sloppy,” and plenty more. Lewis loved that, as much as she enjoyed nasty things, she didn’t seem to consider it as degrading as much as just something

she enjoyed. Swallowing worms was something she seemingly did just because she liked the idea and sensation, rather than out of any sense of humiliation.

After taking a picture of her text-covered breasts, Lewis gave her a tap on the shoulder to let Three know to open her eyes. He then held his phone up to give her a good look.

“Mmm, ‘Deepthroat my teats,’ huh?” He felt her reach down, her hand beginning to slowly stroke and gently caress his balls. “I love this one, here. ‘Belching turns me on,’ is true, you know.” Her belly gave a deep gurgle and she looked over at him, “Both my own and when others do it.”

Lewis reached over and hit the button to send the picture to someone. When it got to the phone number to send it to, he looked questioningly at her. “You know, there are easier ways to ask a girl for her number,” she laughed, “But this one’s definitely more fun.” She gave him her number and he hit send, hearing her phone ding a few moments later.

Setting the phone aside, he reached back down under the bed, pulling out the funnel he had seen earlier. “Uh-oh, what are you gonna do with that funnel, piggy?” He pointed at the bucket with a grin. “You’re gonna make me *eat* every last one of them? *Swallow* every drop of slime from the bottom of the bucket?” His cock was throbbing. Perhaps it was from being mute, himself, but he loved when someone was very vocal in bed.

He held up a finger, though. There was one thing he needed to do first. Sliding down the bed, he unceremoniously reached into her soaked pussy, Three gasping in response. His arm easily slipped deep inside, until eventually he found what he was looking for. He remembered that it had been five worms he had pushed into her, and he hoped that he would get all five out on the first try. He was sure the cow wouldn’t mind if he had to dig around for a lost one, though.

Either way, when he pulled back out, there were five worms weakly squirming in his hand. Looking over at him as he moved back up the bed, Three grinned, “Mmm, pussy-marinated worms for an appetizer. So thoughtful!” She gave one of his nipple rings a tap as he leaned forward over her, making it swing gently. “I love these on you,” she said, before opening her mouth wide. Lewis dropped the handful of worms in, and she made a show of slowly closing her mouth and swallowing them with an exaggerated gulp. Giving him a wink, she said, “It tastes just like a cow *squirting* in my mouth. Would you like to see that, piggy? Two girls together?”

Lewis nodded eagerly. As he reached for the funnel, she teased, “You know, both Gloria and Marci have spent some time buried under my fat ass. Or maybe you’d rather see Sally lead me around the backyard, cowbell clanking as I rip up grass from the ground to eat. Pleeenty of possibilities.”

Looking up at him, she explained, “So the tube is pretty narrow compared to my mouth, right? The idea is that I can swallow the end of it, while still being able to breathe. Just like a bit bigger version of a feeding tube they use for medical stuff. It’s big enough that it doesn’t really clog up with worms, but it can with bigger stuff.” Seeing his curious expression, the cow chuckled, “Plenty of time for that later.” Deciding that was fair enough, Lewis grabbed

the end of the tube to put into her mouth. Just before the tube slid in, she gave him a wink and said, "The rules from before still stand. Anything goes. Think of me as just a living stomach, okay?"

As he began to feed the tube in, he saw her reach for the drawer of the bedside table, pulling out a blindfold and a pair of massive earmuffs. She put the blindfold on first, then after a bit of fumbling to find them, she put the earmuffs on. Before long, the funnel had bottomed out, the cone resting against Three's lips.

*So, she can't see, she can't hear, and with the tube down her throat, she can't even taste. She trusts me so much!* Seeing the cow reclined and waiting for her meal, he grabbed the bucket of worms. While part of him wanted to drop a few in at a time, his throbbing cock demanded a different approach. Struggling with the weight, he began to dump the worms into the funnel.

Despite knowing that she didn't need to actively swallow, it somehow still surprised Lewis not to hear her gulping them down. The squirming, writhing mass just steadily lowered in the funnel, with the only sound being the occasional gurgle from the cow's belly, or groan that escaped her lips around the funnel. A few large bubbles rose to the surface inside the funnel, and Lewis realized that was a belch.

Maybe it was because Three's body was filling the room with pheromones. Or maybe it was because nobody had ever treated him the way she was. But whatever the reason, he couldn't stop himself from reaching down and giving her belly a comforting rub. *I dunno if this is something hard for you to do, but if it is, I'm here with you.* He watched the level in the funnel steadily drop.

As it started to get low, he reached for the bucket to refill it. Suddenly, he heard Three let out a groan and spread her legs. A moment later, a fountain of piss gushed out of her, arcing through the air and spattering at the foot of the bed. The pig watched, openmouthed. Three didn't look ashamed or shy about what she was doing in front of him. She simply let it out. *I wonder if that's how she's like in everyday life. Not pissing all over the place, but that shamelessness.* The idea of her letting out a loud fart in a crowded elevator, without a single muttered, "Sorry," turned the pig on far more than he had thought it would.

He continued thinking about that as he grabbed the bucket and started to pour more worms in. *I wonder how she acts when she's in public? Her body seems like it would make things hard. Well, difficult. But probably hard, too. Ooh, I'd love to see some random guy get hard from looking at her. Seems like she would be into that too...*

The worms were sliding down the funnel at a slower pace, now. The pig was starting to have a steadily growing problem, though. He needed to piss, and seeing Three do it in front of him certainly hadn't helped. He had meant to before this started, but the idea had completely slipped his mind on seeing Three.

*"Living stomach," hmm? Would she really mind? Would she be okay with it? She did make a really big deal of me doing whatever I wanted. And I mean, if she just did that in front of me, she would know she was putting the idea in my head. But what if she isn't okay with it? Well, I think she would have said*



*not to before we started. Okay, if she doesn't like it, I'll find a way to make it up to her.*

There was one other quirk about his body—one that practically never came up. While an erection normally made it difficult for guys to piss, it no longer did for him. This was very helpful, because he spent most of his waking hours hard. Sometimes, in private, he would hold it in while jacking himself off. Then, right as someone in the video he was watching came, he would roll his head back and let it out, just like he was cumming. He was sure it was silly, but it was something he had learned fairly quickly that he enjoyed.

Adjusting position, he straddled the cow's broad shoulders, one hand braced against the wall as he positioned his cock over the funnel and began to stroke it. She had mentioned that she wanted his hands on her instead, but since it seemed things had gone in a different direction, she probably wouldn't mind. He didn't take too long, because he really did need to go. After several strokes, he started pissing down the funnel. The thought that he was doing it directly into her stomach, without her even knowing, excited him even further. He had always felt a bit self-conscious about some of what he is into, so the idea of a partner letting him do something like this without them knowing what exactly he was doing was something of a dream come true for him.

*Thaaat's it. Take my piss, you beautiful girl. I wish I could tell you how sexy you are.* He heard a groan from the cow and panicked for a moment, thinking he had gone too far and that she had realized what he was doing. But as another large set of bubbles rose to the surface of the funnel, he realized she was just letting out an exceptionally large belch.

Once the stream of his piss tapered off, flowing down the funnel just the same as the worms, Lewis carefully moved from above the cow, sitting down next to her. A few moments later, she raised her arms up behind her head, to rest it on them. Almost immediately, the smell of her sweat-drenched armpits reached his nose. *You know, it's really strong. But is it really... bad?*

Out of curiosity, he reached down and ran his fingers through the longer fur of her armpit. He hoped he wouldn't accidentally tickle her, but he was surprised when she let out a moan around the cone of the funnel. He ran his fingers through again, more slowly this time, and a deep moo escaped the cow. He started to rub a little harder, and the cow's vocalizations became more steady. Deciding to take things a bit further, he leaned forward and reached across her, beginning to rub both sides. Just as she started getting really into it, though, he stopped. Ignoring the sounds of disappointment for a moment, he held a hand just above Three's huge nose. Lewis felt the air rushing around his hand as the cow inhaled through her nose. She clearly loved her own smell, and to be honest, the pig couldn't blame her.

Seeing the funnel run low again, Lewis reached over for the now much lighter bucket. Picking it up, he unceremoniously dumped the rest of the worms into the funnel, along with the slime that had collected and pooled at the bottom of the bucket. The cow was belching much more frequently now than she had in the beginning, and she heard her groaning as she struggled to fit everything in. He began to slowly, gently run his hands over her belly. It felt firm and bloated,

which wasn't too surprising.

He was genuinely in awe of Three. Not just her ability to take something like this, but how shameless and open she was about her desires. When he tried to be, he always came off as offputting or creepy. Maybe she did too, for some people? Or maybe she had stopped caring if she did. He would need to ask her about that later.

For now, slowly but surely, the funnel emptied for the final time. He watched as he rubbed her, giving it another minute or so after it emptied, until a deep, rumbling belch erupted from the funnel like a megaphone. Moving up from her belly, Lewis carefully began to slide the tube out of her. It wasn't long before Three was letting out a stuffed, satisfied moo as he set the funnel aside.

"Mmm, I hope you liked that," she said, still wearing the earmuffs and blindfold, "I think I have just a tiny bit of room left, if there were any last things you wanted to try, piggy."

Lewis thought for a minute, but decided what he wanted most right now was to cuddle. The downside of never having the release of cumming was that it always felt like he stopped playing in the middle of the session. But Three sounded satisfied, and she probably needed some time to relax after everything she had been stuffed with.

Lewis carefully pulled off her earmuffs and blindfold and set them aside, before lying down on Three's shoulder. His hand draped over the cow's bloated belly as it gurgled loudly, followed by her letting out a loud belch. He gave a gentle rub to comfort her, being careful not to press down too hard onto it.

"Thank you," she groaned, "Being this full feels really good and really awful, at the same time." After a moment's pause, she commented, "You know, I think I realized something about you while you were dumping the worms in."

Lewis looked up at her, curious what she was about to say.

"You actually seem much more into doing things for others than having things done for y—*urp*—you. Like, I don't mean serving. More that you love being a very active partner." She turned her head to look at him. "With the worms, you didn't mind when you snorted them. But would you have liked it nearly as much if you were the one laying there while I dropped them into your snout?"

He thought for a moment. It was something he had never considered before, but the more he thought about it, the more he realized she was right. He shook his head. While he still might have enjoyed it, it felt much better when he did it himself in the heat of the moment.

"You really do like big girls, don't you?" she asked, seeing his eyes staring at her belly in fascination. He nodded, but held up his hand for her to pause. He gave her belly a gentle pat and nodded, then spread his arms wide to indicate her height and nodded again. He rested one of his hands on her much larger one, giving another nod. Thinking for a moment of how to express the next few, he decided he was going to need his whiteboard. He climbed out of the bed, returning with it a moment later.

He began to write a message for her. "Big women are hot, but I also love how shameless you are. When you pissed all over the bed and floor or belch

without being embarrassed, that is incredible to me. Are you like that in public, too?"

She read the message, then gave a small sigh. Not of disappointment, but as if she was trying to decide how to break bad news. "I haven't really been out in public for a long time. Like, that party at the old hotel? That's the biggest group I've been out with in years. It started out with me kinda hiding here, to get away from my old life. But since then, I think I've kinda lost track of how to really be normal in public, if that makes sense?"

Lewis nodded vigorously, then thought a moment before writing another message. "I struggle a lot in public, too. I think you would be just fine. Maybe you could try someplace that is in public, but with people that would be more understanding than usual?"

"I mean, that would definitely help. Why, do you have someplace in mind?"

He motioned for her to give him a moment, then opened up his phone. He knew just the place—it was an event he had heard about while living at the porn store. He held his phone up for her to take a look.

"‘The Big Fucking Weekend,’ huh?" she read with a small grin. As she read further, though, she seemed more and more intrigued. "You know? This does look like fun. It's a little ways away, but not *too* far I guess." She let out another loud, wet belch, then gave him a wink. "You just wanna see me being like this in public, don't you?"

He gave an enthusiastic nod.

"I can talk with Sally about it tonight. It does sound like a lot of fun. Looks like there are toy makers and people giving classes and stuff, too. Gotta admit, I could use some bigger toys, myself..."

"Oh, for now," she said, changing subjects, "we were talking about doing testing and stuff. Is that something you might be interested in doing? If so, maybe we could have Sally come over and talk through that."

*A real job*, Lewis thought to himself, *It's been so long since I've been able to buy much of anything or go on a vacation or something. Maybe I could even have a place of my own, someday!* He gave her a nod, smiling excitedly.

Three pulled out her phone and went to contacts. Lewis saw her pick "My Farmer," followed by putting it on speaker.

"Hey, Three, how's it going? You two having fun out there?"

"We are! But actually, we were just talking about some stuff here. Mind coming out and joining in the conversation? There's some stuff that you'll be able to answer a whole lot better than I can."

"Yeah, I can come out there. Gimme a minute to change first."

"Sounds good!" She then let out a moo into the phone before hanging up. Seeing Lewis's questioning expression, she explained. "Mooing to her is how I tell her that her cow loves her. She and I have been in a relationship since not long after I moved here to become a tester, myself. It turns out this kind of career is a great way to meet new people," she laughed.

Lewis gave her a nod. *I'm really glad I bought that bus ticket today.*