

Ted's phone dinged. He paused mid-stride, took it out, and allowed himself a tight-lipped smile: it was a response to his website that advertised his "special" animal services.

Standing in the middle of the hallway, he quickly pecked out a response, saying that he could absolutely help the person calm his hyper dog down and that he would be there in about half an hour.

Shaking his head and grinning broadly, he drove home, changed out of his work attire—slacks and polo shirt—and into something a little more...homey: overalls and a flannel shirt. He liked to look exactly the way his website portrayed him: a down-home farmer-type. He mussed his hair up a little bit for good measure, and then stepped out, exchanging the keys to his sedan for the ones to his pickup—because what self-respecting, down-home rancher would be caught in anything *but* a pickup?—and opened the rear driver-side door. Looking around, he pulled out a syringe and a vial, carefully measured out the amount he thought he'd need, and then re-capped and pocketed the syringe. One of the best things about overalls is how many pockets they have and how accessible their contents can be if you put the right things in the right pockets.

Humming to himself, he started the engine and headed towards his new client. He arrived minutes later—none of his clients actually lived in the country, so it was a quick trip—got out, and went up to the door.

The second he rang the bell, he knew he'd drawn exactly enough of the drug into his syringe by the unmistakable yapping of a Jack Russell terrier inside. He rolled his eyes and thought of a bumper sticker he'd seen once: *Jack Russels: they're football-shaped for a reason*. Chuckling to himself, he smiled when the man—whom he presumed was his client—came to the door.

"Fido, *no!*" the man protested helplessly as he tried several times to open the door, but the little dog charged it every time.

"Allow me," said Ted as he squeezed inside, his rubber boots squeaking on the tile.

Almost immediately, the little dog started jumping up at him over and over, yapping and wagging his tail.

"I just don't know what to do with him," the man yelled over the incessant barking, exasperation etched into the wrinkles on his face. "I've tried everything: scolding, speaking sternly, ignoring him—*everything!*—but nothing seems to work!"

"Will you give me a few minutes with him alone?" Ted asked. When the man hesitated, he explained, "It helps me to...make a connection...if there's nobody else in the room and it's just the two of us. I assure you, as soon as we're done, he'll be just right."

The man pursed his lips and nodded slowly. "Just don't hurt him," he said, "He's all I've got left after my wife died. *She* knew how to make him behave."

Ted nodded as kindly as he could and all but shooed the man out. As soon as the door was safely closed behind him, he turned and glowered at the little dog that was—as one might have guessed—still yapping and periodically trying to bite Ted's boots.

"All right, you little brat," he said, casually pulling the syringe from his pocket and taking off the guard.

In a quick motion, he lunged forward, caught the dog by the neck, flipped him over onto his back, and growled. The dog struggled for a few moments, but then lay very still, his eyes wide and his tail wagging no more.

"Works every time," Ted said as he quickly pushed the needle into the dog's skin, eliciting a faint whimper, and delivered the drug.

He waited about thirty seconds and then rolled the dog over onto his stomach as he concealed the syringe safely back in his pocket.

"All done," he called.

The man came back in and gasped in shock: Fido was lying on his stomach, looking up at him. His eyes were alert, and his tail wagged, but that was all; he didn't get up and try to jump or bark at all.

"Wow!" the man said, awed, "I thought you were just a con-man, but *this*—this is really something!"

“Always good to be proved not to be a con-man,” Ted said, bowing slightly and grinning. He cleared his throat.

“Oh, um, right,” the man said. “It was \$500?”

“Well, since Fido was *such* a good boy, I’ll give you a discount,” Ted said generously. “It’ll only be \$400.”

The man shook his head, impressed, and handed the money over. Ted counted it, nodded, and extended his hand.

“Pleasure doing business with you,” he said. “Keep a good eye on Fido.”

“Of course!” the man replied.

Ted smiled again and then left, pocketing the money as he went. He hopped into his truck, started the engine, and left for home. As he drove, he shook his head and chuckled.

“People are such idiots; they’ll pay *anything* for someone to do the things they can’t do themselves!”

He stepped out, looked sideways at the lettering on his truck, and wiped off a bit of dirt with his sleeve. His logo, “Animal Whisperer”, now stood out in bold white with a gold outline on the brown truck paint.

He shook his head again and rolled his eyes. “The very idea: *talking* to animals! Damn, this is the best scam I’ve ever come up with! Fifty bucks’ worth of sedative has made me over two grand so far, and I haven’t even used a tenth of the bottle!”

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The phone dinged, and Ted scowled at it. It had been two weeks since his last job, and the old man had constantly been messaging him ever since.

“Fido’s doing it again,” he complained. “Why isn’t he calm again? You need to come fix him. I paid you good money.” Blah, blah, blah.

Ted had blocked his email, but the guy had apparently gone out of his way to set up several.

“I should set up a filter to just block anything that looks like a complaint,” Ted muttered to himself.

“Hey, Ted,” a voice said.

Ted swiveled in his chair to see his boss standing in the doorway of his cubicle.

“Yeah?”

“You get those laptops built, yet?”

Ted glanced to the stack of laptops sitting next to him.

“Not yet; I’ve got some patches running on them. Should be another couple of hours.”

“Cripe, Ted, you’ve been on that ticket for a week now; what’s taking so long?”

Ted huffed grumpily. After dealing with the spam from his last client off and on for the last couple of days, he was *not* in the mood for this. But, in the mood or not, he knew there was only one good way to get rid of his meddling boss.

“Let’s see, where do I start?” he began, counting off on his fingers. “There was the CEO’s laptop that was, as you put it ‘top priority’: if we’d stop letting that idiot have coffee while using his laptop, we could stop replacing them, *or*—as I have suggested several times—build up a couple of spares so that we can just swap them out; it’s not like he’s doing anything saved on the hard drive anyway. We could spend ten minutes to get his emails updated, and then we’d be able to hand him off a new laptop, but you keep saying that the budget won’t allow that. Instead, I have to keep hot-shotting parts over from the manufacturer. Do you realize that for every six times we do that, we could have *bought* a whole new laptop?”

“I know, I know, but—”

“And *then* there was the issue with the sales guy’s laptop. Again, I keep telling you that we need to install better antivirus software or *at least* force the users to update their definitions when they come out. Or, better, we could fire the jackass for looking at porn on a company laptop, but no, we can’t do that, either,

can we, because, quote, 'he's the best sales guy we have, and we can't keep our numbers up without him.'" Ted scoffed. "The *last* virus he got, which—need I remind you—was last Tuesday, I spent six days *and* the whole weekend scrubbing the network for the virus and force-updating everybody's definitions, *not to mention* the outsourced guys doing the routine stuff of recovering the 6.8 terabytes of data that was corrupted from that dipshit's incompetence. Was that higher priority than building these laptops? You tell me: do we *need* our tax information for the last seven years, or will the IRS be kind to us when we say, 'a virus ate my tax returns'? Do we really need the algorithms we spent a decade developing that sets our product apart from all the competitors by an order of magnitude?"

"Okay, okay, Ted, I get it," his boss said, putting up his hands. "Sheesh, man, you don't have to go off on me like that."

"Well, you don't have to come breathe down my neck every time someone in..."—he trailed off and looked at the post-it note he'd written on the stack of laptops—"the Business Improvement Arts and Sciences department feels like its needs take priority over everybody else's. Crap, man, grow a spine or some balls or something!" He frowned. "And what the fuck is 'Business Improvement Arts and Sciences', anyway? Are we a trade school now, too?"

His boss shrugged. "Who knows? The way our company is growing now, it wouldn't surprise me. Some kind of think tank, I think." He shrugged again and turned to go. "Just—let me know when those laptops are done, okay? Stupid department or not, they've gotten the CEO's attention with their clamoring for their laptops, so you know how it goes."

"Yeah, yeah, heads down, squeaky wheel, all that crap," Ted said dismissively. "Boy, what a freaking shit-show," he grumbled as his boss left.

His phone dinged.

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" he snapped. "Get bent, old man! Why don't you—oh!"

He looked at his phone to see that this was, in fact, a new client. Brightening, he opened the message and scanned over the text.

"Pigs?" he asked. "Huh...I don't think I'm gonna have enough stuff to make *them* behave. Better stop off at the supplier on the way home."

He tapped out a reply to the client saying that he'd be there in a couple of hours—this client really *was* out of town, and he still had to change, swap vehicles, and pick up more sedative.

"Seriously, who keeps pet pigs, anyway?" he wondered to himself.

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He pulled up about ten minutes early and had to double-check his phone to make sure he had the right place. He could see why farmers used trucks; he'd driven two miles down a gravel road before finding the driveway, barely visible between the trees. He'd pulled in and just barely been able to make out the street number from a weathered sign set back from the road a ways, nearly completely obscured by brush. Easing forward, he'd nearly bottomed out on the rutted driveway and gritted his teeth as he heard the periodic crunching noise as his compact pickup's belly dug into the dirt. That went on for another quarter-mile, during which the trees had given way to open pastures with fencing on either side. Cattle dotted the landscape and looked at him with bored expressions while chewing their cud or grazing.

Finally, a stereotypical red barn loomed in front of him off to the right. The gravel driveway widened and became a pad big enough to turn a semi full of livestock around or back its trailer up to the barn. Across the pad was a little farmhouse, quaint-looking but in good repair. Far from what Ted expected, this place wasn't dilapidated at all. If anything, the driveway was the worst part of it, and for someone driving a full-sized pickup or a semi, it would not have proven a problem at all. He parked in front of the farmhouse and got out, looking around. The second the air outside his truck hit his face, he immediately grimaced. Ugh, what was that *smell*? It was so strong, it made his eyes burn. He was pretty sure he'd smelled barnyards before, but this was like taking a barnyard, concentrating that smell, stuffing that and rotten eggs into old socks with some rotten leather and a little piece of roadkill, capturing that stench in a bag, and huffing it. He blinked a few times, his eyes watering from the smell as he covered his nose with his sleeve.

He heard a sound behind him. He'd never heard a shotgun cocked before, but he was certain that's what one sounded like. He swallowed hard, put his hands up, and turned around slowly.

"Can I help you, Mister?" asked a blonde woman wearing a flannel shirt, jeans, and possibly the biggest belt buckle Ted had ever seen.

In her mouth was a cigarette, and in her hands was a shotgun. It was pointed straight at Ted.

Ted swallowed, suddenly thinking this job might not be quite worth the money. "I—uh," he managed, "I'm here about your...pig problem?"

"Oh!" said the woman, brightening and lowering the gun. "Well, shucks, hon, I'm sorry; didn't mean to scare ya."

She took a step back, left the shotgun just inside the farmhouse, and then stepped forward to shake hands with Ted. As she did, she cocked her head curiously.

"You look awful timid for a farmer," she said thoughtfully. "And those overalls ain't seen a day of real work in their lives."

Ted was speechless. For one thing, she had him dead to rights, but more importantly, she was damn gorgeous: her breasts filled out the flannel shirt as well as her hips filled out her tight jeans, her hair shimmered in the early evening light, and her lipstick-covered lips puffed on her cigarette in a way Ted wished she would puff on his...well, never mind.

"Well, how about it, partner?" she asked.

Ted came to suddenly, startled at the question.

"I, uh, I'm sorry," he stammered. "What was the question?"

"Cat got yer tongue?" the woman asked. "I'm Sally Mae Taylor; I own this here farm," she said, inclining her head towards the building. "I gotta say, Mister, uh..."

"Ted. Just Ted."

She nodded slowly, her eyes narrowing suspiciously. "I gotta say, *Ted*, that you seem like a flimflammer. Now how about you tell me in your own words exactly what you think you can do for my pig problem?"

Ted swallowed. If word got out that he was running a scam, he'd get shut down pretty quick. That pain in the ass with the yappy, hyperactive dog would be the least of his worries. Besides, despite her tough exterior, Sally Mae seemed like she might have a soft spot. Ted grinned. He intended to find it.

"Well, Sally Mae," he said, doing his best impression of a drawl, "I reckon I can—"

"That's Ms. Taylor, Ted," the rancher interrupted. "Now, I know for a fact that you're a city-slicker, and you might not've been raised with proper manners, but out here, we treat our ladies with a little respect, and you don't get to be on a first-name basis 'till you earn it."

Flustered, Ted coughed and cleared his throat. "Erm, um, yes, ah, Ms. Taylor," he said, forgetting his drawl. "I, uh, I can talk to animals, and—"

"Excuse me?"

"No, really!" he said. "I, uh, I talk to animals, and they, uh, tell me what's wrong. Then, um, I can help them. But, see, for pigs, I mean, it's all really simple."

Sally Mae cocked an eyebrow and fixed Ted with a knowing smirk. "'s that so?" she asked. "Well, then, why don't you tell me just how simple it is."

"Well, I—"

"And make you no mistake; I've already tried all the things *real* farmers and vets know to do. I wouldn't have sent you that message if I weren't at my wit's end."

Ted swallowed. Okay, this was definitely going to be harder than he expected. He hesitated, trying to decide whether it was worth it to double down and try to figure out something later, or to just give some

excuse why he couldn't help her specifically, thereby keeping what reputation he had intact and not having to try to come up with a solution to a problem that he obviously had no experience in handling.

"How about we go talk to the animals?" Sally Mae suggested, smiling sweetly. "I'm sure it's much easier for them to 'talk out their feelings' in person than you just trying to imagine what they're gonna say, even if it is 'really simple.'"

Grateful for the temporary relief from being on the hook, Ted nodded silently. Sally Mae tossed her cigarette on the ground, stubbed it out with a rubber wader, and then gestured with her head for Ted to follow.

By now, the distraction of the blonde bombshell with a shotgun, his own embarrassment, and the passage of time had gotten his nose somewhat acclimated to the rank odor, but as they passed through the doors into the main aisle of the nearest pig building, Ted nearly doubled over. The stink inside was easily 10x as bad as it was outside. Though huge fans sucked air in from one side, blew it down the long alley towards the far wall, and then blew it outside, the ventilation wasn't nearly enough to dissipate the stench of thousands of pigs shitting and pissing in such a confined space.

"You really ain't been on a pig farm before, have you, Ted?" the rancher drawled, rolling her eyes, shaking her head, and chuckling at his expense. "City-slickers."

She led him up to a couple of pens that were a little larger than the others and contained several boars—there was no mistaking that fact; each of their testicles must have been as big as a cantaloupe. Ted nearly leapt back as one turned to look at him. It was so heavy, it was like a cow on very short legs. It must have weighed almost a ton!

"So, the problem is these here boys don't want to get those there girls knocked up," said Sally Mae, patting one of the boars on the back and leaning her head towards the seemingly endless rows of sows. "I've tried jacking them off, tried getting the ladies in the mood, drugs..."

She continued on, but Ted's mind wandered at the thought of her jacking a boar off or whatever "getting the ladies in the mood" meant. Was that really a thing? Did people actually *jack* pigs off?

"...and after the vet told me he didn't have any more ideas, I decided, what the hay, I'd look up someone who might have some *different* ideas," Sally Mae continued. "And now here you are, and I'm beginning to get the feeling that maybe that was a waste of an email. I've been thinking about just castrating the lot of them," Sally Mae said, minutely examining a knife that had somehow materialized in her hand, "But the meat's gonna be tainted with boar funk; it ain't no good to sell and frankly ain't no good to eat at the table, neither. I hate to just waste 'em, but if they can't start producing soon..."

She let the thought hang in the air, and Ted couldn't help but cross his legs. The rancher seemed *awfully* comfortable with that knife in her hand... Ted's mind suddenly became clearer than it ever had been on this particular task. *Wait, she wants me to get these boars to make these sows pregnant?! How the fuck am I supposed to do that? And if I don't, how do I know she's not gonna shoot me on sight, or worse, castrate me?*

"I—I—I"—Ted huffed and tried again—"I wouldn't castrate them," he managed, earning a curious head-cock from the rancher, who played idly with the knife while he talked. "I would, um, let me talk to them and see what they want. M—maybe it's something simple," he suggested. "Like, um, get them out of this stinky place, or—"

"Oh, that's *simple*, is it?" the rancher asked, giving him that same knowing look, "And I suppose *you're* gonna round up two thousand pigs at almost a thousand pounds apiece and just take them on a little field trip, are ya? A nice cabin in the mountains, some candles—ooh!—some bubble bath, perhaps?"

"Look, well, I—I know it *sounds* ridiculous," Ted admitted, "But what if it really is just like that? I mean, what if they want a nice bath or something beforehand? You know, a break from the squalor?" He hesitated and then decided to go for it. "I mean," he continued flirtatiously, "Wouldn't *you* like a nice, hot bath before getting down and...dirty?"

Two things happened: the look on the rancher's face quickly turned from bemused tolerance to irritable hostility, and one of the boars started grunting. Ted focused on the farmer, but soon two, then four, then all the boars were all grunting, getting louder and sounding surprisingly like...laughter.

## Pig Farm

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"All right, you no-good diddler," Sally Mae growled, her fingers closing on the handle of the knife, "I think it's time you—"

"That has got to be the biggest piece of bullshit I've ever heard," said one of the boars.

Despite the fact that the rancher had a *knife* in her hand and was most irritated with him, Ted couldn't help but turn his head away from her and stare, jaw agape, as he heard the pig say this.

"When was the last time you heard bullshit?" another boar asked.

"Shut up, smart ass," said the first pig. His snout turned towards Ted and wiggled curiously. "You there, human. You know what I'm saying, right?"

At this point, even the rancher quit talking and stared at Ted, whose face had turned ashen, his eyes seemed as big as pie plates, and his jaw might as well be on the floor.

"Uh, partner, what's wrong with you?" she asked. "You look like you seen a ghost."

"You *can*, can't you?" said the boar. "See, fellas, I told ya. Humans are damned stupid, and I told you that if we held out long enough, they'd finally send someone to negotiate on *our* terms."

There was a general murmuring of agreement among the boars. "Human, why are you here? Come on, speak up! We haven't got all day!"

"Actually, we've got *literally* all day," the second boar said.

"Shut up. Well, human? Speak up; you're being rude!"

"I—uh, I—well, uh, that is..."

"What'd I tell you? Humans are stupid. This guy's living proof."

Ted's face burned. He was *not* gonna just get insulted like that by a damn *pig*! "Hey, shut up; I'm not stupid, just surprised, is all!"

The rancher did a double-take. "'scuse me?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, it *can* talk. That's great. What do you want, human? Haven't seen you here before, so you must want something."

Ted swallowed. "I, uh...well, *she*," he said, inclining his head towards the rancher, "She wants you to breed."

"Mmm, I'd like to breed with her," another boar said, his nose moving into an unmistakable leer.

"Boy, I wanna bury my little corkscrew so far up her pussy, she starts squealing from all the juices I dump into her," said another.

"She's hot, isn't she, human?" the second boar asked. "You've seen her."

Ted swallowed. "I, uh, well, um"—he glanced at the rancher, who was looking at him with the expression of a person trying to decide whether to skin him alive or drive him to the nearest asylum—"Yes," he said, lowering his voice, "She's pretty hot."

"Mm, mm!" said the third pig, "Boy, I'd tap that! Just imagine those big, fat teats feeding some little piglets! She'd throw some *healthy* get!"

"That's enough," the first boar grunted, interrupting the other boars' fantasies mid-thought. "We don't fuck the rancher."

"Aww, but why not?" the fourth pig whined.

"Simple: employer-employee relations," the first pig replied matter-of-factly. "It'd create a conflict of interests."

The other boars huffed, and Ted couldn't help but think that the first pig was *awfully* well-spoken for a pig. He had expected much worse.

"So, what good is this guy, then, if he's not gonna tell the rancher we wanna fuck her?" the second boar asked.

The first boar grinned. It was toothy and decidedly menacing, and it made the hair on the back of Ted's neck stand on end. "Well, this guy, he's a contractor by my reckoning," he said. "Which means we can fuck him 'till the cows come home."

"But, uh, they *are* home," the third pig said. "I smelled them come up about an hour ago."

"It's a figure of speech, you idiot!" the first boar snapped, physically throwing his weight towards the third boar and shoving him over a couple of inches.

Ted had been taking in this unusual conversation in stunned silence, but something suddenly clicked in his mind. "Wait—wait...you want me to"—he glanced at the rancher and then leaned forward and whispered in the first boar's ear—"Fuck you?"

The first pig couldn't help but think that Ted was *awfully* poorly-spoken for a human. He had expected much better. "Goodness, no!" he laughed, eliciting a sigh of relief from Ted. "We want to fuck *you!*"

Ted's pupils constricted. His mouth clamped shut, and his fingers grasped the railing of the stall and began turning white. He shook his head, slowly at first, and then vigorously.

"No," he said, first to the pigs, and then to the rancher. "No, this is some kind of fucked-up joke. I—look, I came here in good faith to help you with this 'problem' of yours"—he emphasized the word with air quotes—"but this...this is disgusting. Where do you have the speakers hidden, huh?" he demanded of the rancher. "You think this is some kind of funny joke? Do ya?"

The rancher gaped, taken aback by this odd man's sudden rant. "Heavens to Betsy, what on earth are you talking about?" she protested.

"Oh, don't lay that cute southern charm on me!" Ted snapped, turning on heel and making for the door. "I'm done! This is absurd!"

"What are you *talking* about?" the rancher demanded, slipping past him and barring the door with her body, knife prominently in hand. "You'd better start making some sense *right now*, mister!"

Ted seethed, then glanced back at the pigs.

"Told ya he wouldn't do it," the first pig said. "Damn worthless. You'd at least expect a fellow *male* to understand what it's like."

"So, we're gonna have to wait *longer*?" the second boar asked, disappointed.

"Don't wait too long," Ted retorted over his shoulder, "Or she'll just cut all your balls off!"

"That would make very poor fiscal sense," the first boar retorted. "Maybe she should cut *yours* off; then you'd know your place as a proper barrow."

"Barrow nothing," the third pig grunted. Ted didn't know it was possible for a pig's nose to move lasciviously, but that pig's nose positively did as he said, "Make him a nice sow. Man, I'd bury my dick in him and plug him up good. Mm!"

Ted blushed crimson as he turned to face the rancher again. "I have to get out of here," he said in a low voice. "Those pigs are...disgusting!"

He pushed past her and made for his truck. *That's it*, he thought to himself. *I'm shutting down the site; I'd rather deal with ten idiots from marketing splashing coffee on the CEO's laptop than with these disgusting pigs a minute longer!* He got in, started the truck, shifted into reverse, and—

A tractor barred his path. He slammed on the brakes just in time to avoid hitting it, then looked forward to see the rancher standing in front of him, arms crossed, glaring him down.

*Fuck*, he thought, *I think being pissed makes her even hotter!*

"Turn the truck off!" she ordered.

Ted hesitated, sighed, and then complied. The woman came to the window, and Ted rolled it down.

"Now," she said, "What the *hay* was all that about?"

Ted's eyes narrowed. "Promise not to shoot, cut, or slap me if I tell you," he said.

"Well?" the rancher demanded.

"They want to fuck you," he said, then instinctively put his arms up defensively as her arm flew towards his face. "Hey!" he protested. "I said not to slap me! Look, it's what *they* said, okay?"

"So, they won't breed the sows because they wanna...have carnal relations with me?" Sally Mae asked haltingly.

"Not exactly," Ted grumbled.

"Well, then what?"

"They wanna have sex with *me*," Ted finally admitted. Seeing the look Sally Mae gave him, he snorted. "I know, right? They said that they can't have sex with you because, at least to the big boar, you're their employer, and it wouldn't be proper."

The rancher opened her mouth and then closed it.

"But they said that since I'm a contractor, they can, quote, 'fuck me until the cows come home.'"

"Well, at least that won't be long; the cows are already home," Sally Mae said, rolling her eyes.

"Yeah, they said that, too," Ted retorted. "One said they came back about an hour ago."

For the first time since they'd met, Sally Mae actually looked awed at Ted, but the look flickered instantly and gave way to suspicion. "You been casing the place?" she asked. "How would you know that unless you had?"

"Look, it's what the pigs said," Ted said defensively. "They're...just disgusting, and I—I want to go home now. I'm sorry, but I can't help you."

"What's your normal rate?" Sally Mae asked, a disturbingly thoughtful look on her face.

"It has nothing to do with money," Ted said. "I'm not doing it, and that's final."

"I'll give you one hundred," the rancher said with a tone of finality shockingly *more* final than Ted's tone.

"My base rate is \$500," Ted retorted. "No way in hell, I'm gonna—"

"One hundred *thousand*," Sally Mae said firmly.

Ted trailed off, but his jaw forgot to close. "One—one hundred th—"

"One hundred thousand," Sally Mae said. "You do whatever those pigs want, but you get them to breed. And if they breed, and *only* if every one of those sows gets pregnant, then you get your money."

"Oh, no!" Ted said, shaking his head. "If you're gonna make me do something *that* disgusting, then I'm getting paid upfront!"

"Like hell you are," Sally Mae laughed, tossing her hair over her ear. "I know your type, Ted, and if I pay you upfront, you'll take the money and split. No, I ain't paying you a single red cent until you get all those sows bred. But, I'll tell you what: since I'll know you did your job as long as each one of the sows has been bred—can't blame you if they don't take—then you can come back and get your money tomorrow. If every one of them is full of boar semen, then I'll know you were a man of your word. Got it?"

Ted pursed his lips thoughtfully. On one hand, a hundred thousand dollars was a *lot* of money, and if that was all it took for just one day of...well, he didn't want to think about it too much...then was that worth it? What if the woman didn't come through? What if he had to do all that nasty stuff and then she reneged?

But a glance at her told him she wasn't that kind of person. No, Ted had a pretty good feeling that if she said she was gonna literally move heaven and earth, then that's exactly what she'd do.

"All right," he said quietly. "But if you dick me over on this..."

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"Sounds like I'm the *last* dick you need to be worried about, hon," the rancher retorted sweetly. "Now, did you want a nice, hot bath before you get...dirty?"

Ted's face burned. He took a deep breath, got out of the truck, and followed the rancher back to the barn.

"You can just get in there with them," the rancher said, "Do whatever you need to do."

She stood, watching Ted expectantly.

"Uh, can I have a little *privacy*?" he asked pointedly. "I don't exactly want you to *watch* this!"

"Aww, shucks," the rancher said, then shrugged and turned to leave.

*Seriously? She's as nasty as the pigs!*

"What's this? You gonna be a good sow for us?" the second pig squealed excitedly as the pigs swarmed next to Ted, who felt a little uncomfortable having about as much weight in pig moving around next to him as he had weight in the truck that had brought him here.

"We gonna make you squeal real good," the fourth pig said.

"Language!" the first pig said. "We're gonna make you squeal really *well*," he corrected.

"Wait, what, what's this?" a shrill voice demanded.

"Huh?!" Ted asked, getting the rancher's attention just before she stepped out.

"What's that, hon?" she asked, turning back.

Ted turned out towards the sow pens. "Who said that?" he asked.

"Oh, sure, the *boars* get what *they* want, but what about us sows?"

"Of course, Marjorie; it's always the *males* thinking they deserve to have what they want, but ultimately, *we're* the ones who have to farrow, and *we're* the ones who have to nurse while they go off and breed someone else."

"Nailed it, Brenda. Yes, you, human, you'd better come over here and see what *we* have to say before you go and give them what *they* want, because it takes *two* to breed, and male-dominated demands simply do not take into account the fairer sex that does ninety percent of the work!"

"Amen, sister."

Ted sighed. "So, what do you want, then? Do you want to *watch* me get bred by these boars, or what?"

"I'd be lyin' if I said that didn't sound hot, hon," the rancher said, but then she realized Ted wasn't talking to her.

"How about you come over here and talk to me face-to-face?" the one called Marjorie said.

Ted climbed over the fence and walked down the aisle, looking left and right.

"Over here, little man," said a sow.

Ted gasped. It was the biggest pig he'd ever seen—not that he'd seen any but these, but this pig was truly *huge*! She was longer than he was tall, and she must have weighed as much as a bus—okay, maybe a little less, but not much!

"Come over here so I can have a look at you," the sow said.

Ted hesitantly did as she bade as she got to her feet and turned to look at him. She let out a low, menacing grunt of amusement.

"My, *my*, aren't you a cute one?" she said, "But if you want us to receive those *boars*, then you're going to have to make it worth *our* while."

Ted sighed, unease and impatience vying for his attention. "What is it you want?" he asked.

"The boars think it's all about them," Marjorie said, her lip curling derisively, "But *we* want *our* needs taken care of, too."

"So you've said," Ted prodded, gesturing with his hand to move along. "Repeatedly."

"If you want us to accept them, then you're going to have to pleasure us," Marjorie said, glancing around her at her backside. "Give us a taste, bring us to orgasm *just* like the boars want, and then—and only then—we'll let them mount us."

"So...you want what? Me to fuck you? To finger you?"

"Whatever it takes," Marjorie said liquidly. "You can start with your tongue and see where it goes from there. We want to be *pampered*, but it's not like one sow speaks for all sows; we all have different needs. For instance, I might want you to lick me until I quiver with ecstasy, but Brenda over there—"

"I personally like the feeling of a nice, clean backside," Brenda interrupted. "A...tongue bath, if you will." She squealed with delight. "Mmm, I *love* the feeling of being clean back there. Do you know how hard it is to clean yourself when you have no hands and weigh over 800 pounds?"

Ted shuddered. "Wouldn't a wet wipe work?"

"Not if you want us to breed," Marjorie replied simply. "If the boars get to have their wildest dreams realized, then so do we. Suffice to say, I can't tell you upfront exactly what you'll be doing for each of these lovely sows"—there were grunts of mutual support and encouragement all around—"but suffice to say, eating out, tongue-bathing, massaging, and....other duties, as required."

Ted hesitated.

"What's the matter?" Marjorie demanded, bristling, "It's fine if the *boars* get what they want, but just basic cleanliness and a little pleasure are too much for the *sows*?"

The barn reverberated with grunts and squeals of disapproval all around.

"Land's sakes!" Sally Mae said, covering her ears and shouting over the din. "What on earth did you say to them?"

Outrage, disgust, and defeat vied for expression on Ted's face. He shook his head.

"No," he said, ignoring Sally Mae's question. He clenched and unclenched his hands a few times, as if wrestling with something in his mind, and then he abruptly strode towards the barn door.

"Wait, partner; where are you going?" Sally Mae asked with a mixture of disbelief and indignation.

Ted shook his head again. "The sows...no. Just no. Not even for a hundred thousand."

Sally Mae rolled her eyes and sighed with exasperation as she strode after Ted—again.

"Hon," she said, moving past and confronting him in one nimble stride, "You're gonna have to work on your communication skills."

Ted ignored her and tried to move past, but years of wrestling pigs and other livestock had made her both more agile than he was and not an easy pushover. He glowered at her for what felt like forever and then finally sighed, defeated.

"They want me to eat them out," he said.

Sally Mae shrugged. "So?" She cracked a grin. "You didn't honestly think that you *wouldn't* be eating me out if I were actually interested in you, did you?"

For a split-second, the thought of actually getting to fuck the rancher made Ted brighten, but it was gone in a flash. "I'm not done," he said, scowling. "They want me to give them a tongue bath...*back there*."

This time, even Sally Mae grimaced. "Ooh," she said, "No, I reckon I wouldn't want to do that," she admitted, shuddering after thinking about it a little more.

"And, I quote, 'other duties as needed,'" Ted finished glumly.

The rancher bit her lip and began to chew it thoughtfully. Ted waited a moment and then stepped around her and walked towards his truck.

He had opened the door and put one leg in when the rancher turned and called out, "Hey, mister."

He hesitated only a split-second before getting in and closing the door behind him. He didn't care *what* the rancher had to say. There was *no* way he was going to go through this. Not for all the money in the world. He started the truck.

There was a knock at his window. He looked out to see Sally Mae standing there with a desperate look on her face. He sighed and rolled down the window.

"Five hundred," Sally Mae said, sounding defeated. "One hundred upfront. That's my final offer." The words seemed to pain her. "Hon, I hate to admit it, but we're in dire straits here. If those sows don't get bred, we'll lose the farm."

"That's not *my* problem," Ted retorted hotly.

"I know," Sally Mae said consolingly. "But just think about it, sugar: half a million dollars; I don't know what you make at your day job, but I bet you've never even *seen* that kind of money. It can all be yours—and you can save the farm—all for one bad day. *Really* bad day, but...then you might not have to work again for what...a year? Five years? Ten? Think of what you could buy with half a million dollars!"

Now it was Ted's turn to bite his lip. That was a *lot* of money, he had to admit. Half a million dollars! He could buy a house with that—two houses! He could buy the fanciest car he could imagine. He could quit work for the next seven years. He had to admit, he couldn't imagine what it would be like not having to go to work for seven years straight, of being set financially and being able to do whatever he wanted, of not having to deal with the idiots in sales or the CEO who couldn't seem to keep his coffee off his laptop. He might could even start his *own* company!

He didn't realize it, but as he thought about it, his face glowed with excitement. But suddenly the reality of what he would have to do hit him. Eating out the sows was...gross, but not the worst thing. But *tongue-bathing* them? He shuddered. And what other tasks could they possibly have in mind for him? The glow on his face dimmed before Sally Mae's eyes.

*It won't kill me*, he thought.

He jumped, startled at the thought.

*One night...maybe a night and a day. 24 hours. That's all you've got to survive. And then...home free for seven years. One day—just one day's work for almost a decade of easy living.*

He took a breath and let it out, nodding slowly to himself. Even if he threw up, he reasoned, even if the whole ordeal was absolutely the most disgusting thing he would ever endure, it would just be the one time. He'd do it, take a long, hot shower to get all the nastiness off himself, collect his pay, and then never have to do any of this again.

"Okay," he said at last, his voice barely above a whisper.

"What's that, hon?"

"I'll do it," Ted said, his voice louder but quavering. "Hundred thousand upfront, right?"

Sally Mae nodded and walked towards the farmhouse. Ted turned off the pickup and followed her.

"Here you go," she said, handing him ten stacks of one hundred \$100 bills.

Ted gaped. While his gross income was in the 6-figure range, he'd never actually held a year's pay in his hands before. His jaw went slack as Sally Mae put it into a plastic bag for him.

"Don't spend it all at once," she said lightly. Her tone changed. "Now get to work."

With legs that felt like Jell-O, Ted managed to take the money back to his pickup, squeeze it into the console, and then locked the doors with the keys inside; he knew the code to unlock it from the keypad, and he was taking no chances that someone might steal all that money while he was...preoccupied. Then he trudged towards the barn.

*Okay*, he thought to himself, taking a deep breath, *Time to go make the donuts.*

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"Well, look who came back!" Marjorie squealed as Ted walked inside. "She made you an offer you couldn't refuse, didn't she?"

"Heh, heh, I bet he gets to fuck her," said the third boar.

"Aww, I wanna fuck her!" the fourth boar complained.

"Shut up," the first boar grunted, body-slamming him. "So, human: is it true? Are you gonna meet our demands?"

Ted nodded glumly. "Yeah," he said, sighing. "Just...make it quick."

"Oh, we'll make it quick, won't we, boys?" the first boar asked in a tone that implied they'd do anything but. "But ya gotta know, it takes us a little longer than you humans."

"You might as well go ahead and let us out," Marjorie said. "By all means, if it makes you feel better, go close the main door first, but this is gonna be a long night for you, and mark my words, you won't be in any shape to climb over the pens once those boys start with you."

There were squeals of excitement all around as she said it.

"Ladies—ladies, now, we'll do this in an orderly fashion," Marjorie said above the noise. "It's not every day we get such an...accommodating human to meet our needs, and we want to make sure that the rancher is willing to make this kind of arrangement again, don't we?"

The sows squealed agreement.

"Good, then that's all settled. Run along, now, human: go close the main door and then open up our pens. On our honor, we won't mob you as you do."

Ted hesitated. It was *very* odd taking orders from a pig. Of course, he took orders from his boss all the time, but it wasn't *quite* the same as taking orders from an *actual* pig. But, not being all that familiar with the pork industry and certainly not having any better ideas, he did as the alpha sow bade him, carefully securing the barn door and then going pen-by-pen, opening the gates into the main aisle. The sows all backed carefully out of their pens and waddled over to snuffle each other and stretch their legs.

"Oh, *my*, it's good to be out of that pen!" Brenda grunted.

"Hey, what about us?" the second boar asked. "When are we gonna get to start?"

"Haven't you ever heard of 'ladies first'?" Marjorie asked indignantly.

"Fuck that," the first boar grunted. "You can have your way with him while we're corkscrewing him."

If it's possible, Marjorie actually smiled at that comment. "Why, yes, I believe we shall. Go on, human. Time to get this party started."

Ted's stomach churned as he eyed the huge boar in the pen in front of him. The pig's hair was coarse and bristled, and something about him reeked even worse than the sows. Never mind the ever-present smell of pig shit and urine wafting up from below the slatted floor, there was something gamy and *rank* about this boar that instinctively made Ted want to recoil.

*Just one day*, he reminded himself.

"Don't charge me, okay?" he asked warily.

"Of course not," the boar replied. "You just open my pen and then be a good little sow: take off those ridiculous coverings you're wearing to let me get at that nice, hot, little cunt of yours, and get down on all fours and submit.

"Oh, but do it out here," Marjorie said. "It'll be easier for all of us if you do."

Ted's face burned. Having his ass called a "cunt" was not something he was accustomed to, and the fact that he now had *multiple* pigs telling him what to do and exerting their influence over him made him bristle indignantly.

"*I'm* the human here," he retorted, "And I'll do it however I see fit!"

"Ohh, big man!" Brenda said sarcastically. "Just don't forget: if you don't do what we say, we don't get knocked up, and *you* don't get paid. Is that what you want?"

Ted gritted his teeth. The idea of doing all of this and then *not* getting paid was abhorrent to him.

"No," he growled.

"Then I suggest you just do as you're told like a good little human," Marjorie said with affected sweetness.

Ted hesitated, wrestling with himself over whether all this humiliation was really worth it.

"Would it help if we cheered you on?" Marjorie suggested. "Strip!"

"Strip!" the sows took up the chant. "Strip, strip, strip, strip!"

The walls reverberated with encouragement. The boars chimed in, and Ted was surrounded by squealing, taunting pigs. Doing his best not to think about what he was doing, he released the clips on his overalls. He let them fall, but they got caught on his boots, and he nearly fell over trying to get them off, stepping all over them with scat-smeared boots and sopping up the shit and piss left on the slats of the floor. He did his best not to think about that; he'd burn them when he got home, if he had to.

Next came his shirt, which he tried to place on the railing of one of the pens, but one of the sows casually brushed against it, knocked it to the ground, and then stepped on it a few times for good measure. Ted hardly noticed because he then found himself standing in his boots and underwear looking out on a barn of horny pigs. The pungent, foul odor of pheromones suddenly hit him, making his eyes water. He turned to see the boars lining up behind him.

"Come on, human," the first one growled. "Let's see that little cunny of yours."

Ted's face burned. He brought his trembling fingers to the waistband of his underwear, but then it felt like his arms froze; he couldn't make himself pull them down.

"Don't keep us waiting," the second boar said. "The rancher wouldn't want you wasting her precious time."

Still Ted balked. The sense of doubt kept growing in his mind. If he stopped now, he could still get out of there. Sure, his overalls and shirt would reek, but he could just throw them away. Even if he did get half a million dollars out of all of this, how would he be able to enjoy it, knowing where it had come from? What good was money if he suffered post-traumatic stress disorder every time he tried to enjoy it?

He shook his head and took a step backward. "N-no," he said at last. "I don't think I want to do this. This was all a—a terrible mistake."

He bumped into something and turned to look as the first boar said in a positively malevolent tone, "We're not asking."

The boar lunged at him, and Ted tried to back up, only to fall over one of the sows. The boars were on him in an instant, their huge snouts pushing at his groin and sharp teeth gnashing at the thin fabric—the only thing keeping Ted's ass safe. Terrified for his safety, Ted curled into a fetal position, giving the pigs exactly what they wanted: access to his backside. With a gut-wrenching ripping noise, the first boar shredded Ted's underwear. A couple of the boars got up alongside Ted and began using their snouts as levers under his side, rocking him side-to-side until he was on all fours. With a boar on either side squeezing him like a cattle chute to hold him still and the tattered strips of his underwear providing no protection for his ass, Ted realized that there was no escape.

"No!" he cried. "No, please, don't!"

But the first boar was having none of that. He'd gotten himself excited thinking about getting to breed something other than those demanding sows, and now it was there in front of him: a little, off-colored hole about the size of a sow's pussy but set just a little higher off the ground. With a lunge, he flopped all of his weight onto Ted's back.

Ted grunted out an "oof" as the heavy boar's weight came down on his hunched back like a huge sack of potatoes. He could feel the boar's bristly hair scratching his back, could smell the reek of the boar's male hormones oozing through his every pore and the stench of his breath. He could feel the pigs beside him squeezing him tightly, making crawling out of position impossible. He cringed and let out an uncomfortable

grunt as the pig on top of him drove his hips forward, scooting further up. Ted gasped as the pig's forelegs slid up past his shoulders, hooked around them, and locked in place.

But the worst was yet to come. It started as a hot spritz of something slimy and wet on his backside. He shuddered and grimaced, trying to squirm away as the boar's hips rocked forward and backward and his dick painted Ted's backside with wet, sticky pre-cum. With another thrust, Ted felt something strike his perineum. He cringed as something slimy fluttered against his skin, daubing more sticky, wet stuff onto his backside.

The fluttering thing retreated, only to come again, this time a little higher and narrowly missing Ted's ass and slipping up over it, depositing a thin line of slime between Ted's butt-cheeks.

"Hmm...where is it?" the boar above him asked patiently, rocking his hips back and striking again, narrowly missing to the right of Ted's hole.

Ted's eyes shot open wide. His own buttock had guided the probing prick home.

"There it is!"

The boar's voice was triumphant, and with another thrust, his dick found its mark and acted like a corkscrew, drilling itself into Ted's anus.

Ted's breath caught, his eye twitching involuntarily as the long, slender porcine penis snaked its way up Ted's rectum, deftly drilling its way through the shit sitting there waiting to be unloaded at Ted's next bathroom break, easily maneuvering around his sigmoid, and plunging forward into his descending colon. If ever Ted had had butterflies in his stomach, this was far worse: the boar's penis continued to flutter wildly, smacking against Ted's intestines and giving him a distinct feeling of being pinched in the gut.

But even more alarming than that was the sudden heat he felt. It felt as though someone was injecting hot liquid into his bowels. It was an uncanny, disorienting feeling. Though his ass could feel the minor throbbing of the boar's cock—and it was a little warm—it felt nothing like the growing pool of heat Ted felt in his abdomen. He began to sweat even though the barn wasn't hot, and as the warmth inside his belly grew, he felt an increasing sense of pressure that twisted his face into a grimace.

"That's a really nice hole," the boar said placidly above him, closing his eyes and savoring the feeling of Ted's body. "Oh, uh, I think he's pretty well trapped, gents; you can go about your business now."

"Just don't plug him, yet, boss," the second boar said, "Or we won't be able to have our turn."

"P—plug?" Ted managed, struggling to be heard while squeezed on all sides by the stifling, smelly boar bodies.

"I'll plug him if I like," the first boar replied languidly, "But you will just have to be sure to get into him right away when I'm done."

"Okay, boss."

The two pigs next to Ted moved aside, and with an uncomfortable groan, he felt his body expand. The pool of boar cum in his gut had been growing steadily, and between the weight of his heavy rapist squeezing down on him and the increasing internal pressure from the boar's seed, Ted felt like a cow patty being stepped in: he wanted to flatten and spread out as much as possible. Yet through the fog of discomfort that had even managed to overtake his revulsion at the situation, he still didn't like the sound of "plug".

"What do you mean, 'plug'?" he asked again.

"Hmm? Oh, well, as I finish up, I'm going to squirt something inside you to make sure my sperm stays inside you, nice and deep."

"But how will I take a shit?"

"You won't. Not for a day or so." The boar chuckled to himself, his weight rocking the increasingly full-feeling human forward and backward.

"And then, when you least expect it," a voice piped up, "Floosh!"

Ted gasped and looked up to see Marjorie regarding him thoughtfully.

"Well, Amos, what do you think?" she asked. "Think he's locked in tight enough?"

"It works for me," the boar on Ted's back replied. "I don't think he's going anywhere."

"You're such a good little sow, aren't you?" Marjorie asked, turning her attention to Ted. "Hey, Brenda, doesn't he look like a good little sow?"

"Yeah, you *like* having Amos's long, curly dick buried deep inside of you, don't you?" Brenda chimed in.

"Don't you just *love* how full he's making you?"

At this, Marjorie trotted up beside Ted and began rooting at his side. Ted groaned and tried to squirm away as the added pressure and jostling made the contents of his bowels slosh around noisily. The human realized abruptly that he *really* needed to take a crap. He moaned loudly.

"Ahh, *now* we're getting somewhere," Amos said, shifting his weight a little to shove his dick just a little further up Ted's ass, all the while continuing to slowly fill Ted's backside up like a balloon.

There was a squirting noise, and the sharp odor of boar seed and his own shit hit Ted's nostrils.

"Oops. Nope, nope, can't have that," Amos said, adjusting his position again to seal his dick against the walls of Ted's anus. "Ahh, that's better."

All the while, Ted was letting out moan after moan of discomfort and disgust.

"You look like you need something to take your mind off what's going on," Marjorie grinned. "A deal's a deal, after all."

With that, she backed up and turned her backside toward Ted. For a moment, he forgot that a pig's dick was spewing into him. A grimace twisted his features as he saw the bits of dirt and crusted feces below her anus but above her vulva, which seemed to leak a thick, off-white fluid.

"Go on, have a taste," Marjorie said, taking a step back. "I want to feel your tongue pleasuring me like I deserve to be pleased."

Ted shied away from the sow, forgetting where he was and unwittingly driving his hips back against the boar's unyielding haunches. Amos's dick pushing deeper into him abruptly reminded him of his predicament.

"Come on, now; you agreed to this," Marjorie said, taking another step back towards the struggling human. "Where is that little tongue at?"

"Mmm, you can keep that up all day," Amos said contentedly, flexing his dick for good measure. "I love it when I can get balls-deep into a sow."

But this was not fun for Ted. What initially looked like indistinct smears on the sow's backside now resolved clearly into bits of mud and scat clinging to individual, coarse hairs. The off-white fluid had pooled and had created a bead and a thread slowly drooling towards the ground. The smell of that fluid, wafted by her eagerly flicking tail, made Ted want to throw up.

She took another step back and blocked Ted's view. All he could see now were the pink, brown, and white hairs of her butt, so close now that they began to blur together. He could feel the heat radiating off her warming his face, and now he couldn't even turn his head without hitting it against one of her buttocks.

"I can feel your breath, human toy," the sow said, her voice sounding quietly triumphant. "Time to make a man out of you."

She took another step back, and her dripping vulva mashed against Ted's lips. He grimaced, his nose smashed into the sow's perineum, inhaling the smaller bits of dust, mud, and feces, and making him retch. He tried once again to pull away, but Amos's dick in his ass reminded him that wasn't an option.

"Lick me," Marjorie said simply. "Lick me and let me feel you, or I will make your life *much* worse."

"I changed my mind!" Ted mumbled, screwing his lips to talk out the side of his mouth. "I don't want to do this!"

"It's too late," Marjorie singsonged. "Which is worse: licking my vulva and giving me a little pleasure, or feeling my scat press against your forehead?"

"Wha?!"

"You heard right; I've eaten an *awful* lot today, and I *could* relieve myself right now. But, I'm willing to spare you that if you'll just do like I said and like you agreed to. Come on. One little taste won't kill you."

Ted resisted, moaning in displeasure against her labia.

"All right, then. If you won't, then I'll just..."

She trailed off and grunted. Ted watched in horror as her anus opened, revealing a dark brown, almost black substance hidden inside. *No, no...nonono, no!* he thought with increasing desperation.

"No, please!" he mumbled. "Please!"

"I can't hear you," the sow said. "The only thing that's gonna stop me now is feeling your tongue buried as deep as it will go inside me. And you'd better hurry; I can feel that shit poking out, and once it's outside; I can't pull it back in."

She wasn't lying. As she spoke, the black substance crowned and began to poke out of her anus even with Ted's forehead.

*Fuck! Shit! I can't do this; I—I can't!*

The sow let out a low, grunting chuckle. "Can you smell that, yet? That...piercing, awful smell? Just imagine yourself going home with that smell on you. You sniff the air and think, 'my *gosh*, what is that horrible smell?' And then you realize it's you. So, you wash off. You feel triumphant at having bested me and my scat, but as you turn to leave, you smell it again. You grimace. 'Where the hell is that smell coming from?' you ask. And then you realize that your pitiful attempt at washing only succeeded in making that foul, sulfurous smell stronger. You wash again, this time with soap. Lots of soap. You scrub to get it off, sniff tentatively, and then smile and rinse off. Surely this time you've gotten rid of it, right? But as you towel off, you catch another whiff of it. You sniff the towel and cringe. Now you've spread that stink. Infuriated, you scrub with all your might until your skin feels raw and sore. You've scraped all the epithelial cells off, and your skin glows bright pink. Nervously, you sniff again. Have you finally gotten it all cleaned off this time? Better hope so!" Her tone turned serious. "Is that what you want?"

Ted's stomach turned. "N—no..."

"Then you'd better hurry up; time's a-ticking!"

The unrelenting mass of feces moving closer and closer to his face eventually broke him. Letting out a war-cry of defiance, he plunged his tongue between the sow's glistening folds. The taste of her arousal instantly flooded his mouth, tasting both bitter and acrid at the same time. His nose began to run; his eyes, to water.

"Ooh! Yes, that's *very* nice!"

Before Ted could react, the sow took one last step backward, pressing Ted's face hard against her backside. The scat smeared against his forehead, and he retched, but there was no place for him to move; he was completely immobilized between the two pigs, one of them *still* pumping him ever fuller and the other grinding her floppy vulva against his face, trying to drive his tongue ever deeper into her.

"Let's get some serious *licking* going on back there," she said, "Unless you want me to cover your head in shit!"

Desperate not to feel any more of the oily, rank paste against his flesh, Ted ignored the burning in his throat and began to lick Marjorie's walls in earnest, sliding his tongue in and out and stroking up and down.

"Ooh...That's right, little human. Just keep doing that," Marjorie cooed. "There! Right there—feel that? I want you to focus on that. Lick it as hard as you can!"

The thick, acrid fluids in the sow's pussy gummed up Ted's mouth, sticking to his teeth and tongue. He squeezed his eyes closed and did his best to block out the unpleasant, musky taste but found himself utterly unable to do so. All the while, the boar's dick buried deep inside his gut continued to flick against and

pressurize his intestines with spurt after spurt of hot jism. Ted's head swam from fighting back wave after wave of nausea.

"Let's get some *licking* back there," Marjorie squealed sharply, shoving her ass back hard against Ted's face, forcing his jaw open and driving his tongue as deep into her as physically possible.

Wincing, Ted redoubled his efforts, hoping that she'd get off or whatever it was she wanted and then leave him alone to nurse his aching jaw. With a frustrated groan, he flicked his tongue up, down, left and right, and all around as hard and fast as he could.

"Ohh!" Marjorie squealed, "Yes! Oh, don't stop!"

Spurred on and desperately wanting this whole ordeal to be over, Ted licked harder still, flicking his tongue frantically.

"Oh! I'm gonna cum! Oh, yes! Yes!"

Without warning, nose-burning liquid flooded around Ted's tongue. His mouth was pressed so hard against the sow's backside that his lips formed a seal around them. There was no place for the liquid to go. He sputtered and desperately tried to push back against the boar. His need to breathe trumped even the pain of being impaled by the boar's dick. But it was in vain; the boar weighed far too much, and his trotters were far too well-anchored on the rough floor. He didn't budge. Ted tried to cry out, but the flood of creamy, yellow piss mixed with arousal fluids gave his screams nowhere to go.

"Better swallow, baby," Marjorie said serenely, grunting as a vaginal contraction sent a ripple of pleasure coursing up her spine, "There's a lot more where that came from."

There was a slight hesitation in the flow of the vile liquid, and then as if on cue, it came flooding out with new vigor. The pressure stretched Ted's cheeks painfully, blowing them out until they couldn't take anymore. Streams of piss and orgasmic juices began to shoot out between his lips and the sow's ass. One in particular shot up the front of his lip and hit him in the nostril. He coughed and tried to shake his head, to make the burning liquid that began running down the back of his throat go away, but he was trapped.

"Swallow, baby," Marjorie said again, grunting in satisfaction as she let loose an even stronger flood of piss. "I can go for over a minute; can you hold your breath that long? You gotta swallow."

Panic gripped Ted. With the piss shooting up his nose, even holding back the flood in his mouth wasn't going to let him breathe. The liquid running down his throat made him cough, and that expelled precious air.

What else could he do? He began to swallow.

The stuff burned his throat as it went down, and the second it reached his stomach, his stomach turned and tried to send it right back up. His body convulsed as he forced himself to keep gulping down the vile liquid even as his stomach heaved. The liquids met in the middle, and for an agonizing moment, Ted's chest burned from the competing fluids vying to reach their destinations. Slowly—painfully slowly—his swallowing won out. His stomach gave up, and gulp after gulp of hot, frothy pig piss made its way down his throat.

"Ooh, yes, baby," Marjorie murmured, grunting as another vaginal contraction squirted into Ted's mouth, "That's it. Drink in mama's excitement." She shuddered. "Ooh, it's been so long since I had an orgasm that good. I feel so relaxed, I could just..."

She trailed off, but she didn't have to finish. To Ted's horror, he felt something hot, pasty, and slimy pressing against his forehead. He grimaced, stopped swallowing, and squeezed his eyes closed in misery as the sow relaxed and the thick, reeking log of feces she'd been holding onto began to slide out of her, smearing itself on his face and getting in his hair. He tried once more to back up, to thrash away from this onslaught of unwelcome pig byproducts, but if anything, the boar had scooted up, making soft, contented grunting noises as Ted's thrashing inadvertently made his ass clamp down, squeezing the boar's dick lusciously.

Marjorie went still, periodic contractions spurting piss out of Ted's mouth and the inexorable, gliding turd exiting her ass plastering itself in his hair and hers, loosely adhering them to each other stickily. The human lost track of time; he felt so grossed out that even throwing up wouldn't help at this point. His belly was uncomfortably full of piss, and it vied with his cum-filled intestines for space in his cramped, hunched-over position.

After some time, Marjorie came to, sighed contentedly, and stepped forward. Piss erupted from Ted's lips, drooling down his front and sloppily splattering onto the slatted floorboards. To his utter disgust, he felt her ass tug on her matted feces, which in turn tugged on his forehead and hair, and with a distinct squelching sound, she pulled free of him. A blob of greenish-black paste lingered, holding onto Ted's face by a hair, and then slid down his cheek and splatted against the floorboards between his hands.

Ted, at last, vomited.

It began as a hiccup, and then he began to salivate profusely—so much, in fact, that it drooled out of his mouth with the same flow as the evacuated piss. Then there was an involuntary heave. Mentally numb from such a protracted, disgusting ordeal, Ted didn't bother to hold back. His whole body lurched forward, and he projectile-vomited a watery, stinging stream four feet in front of him. It splattered against Marjorie's ass, bounced off, and hit him in the face, mixing with and mobilizing the residual trails of feces. Even as he threw up, he absent-mindedly realized with horror that those feces could make it into his mouth. Mid-heave, he reached up and slapped at the feces, brushing them away from his mouth—or trying to, but really just smearing them around. He whimpered as his body continued to purge itself until at last, he could expel no more.

"Well, that's just *rude!*" Marjorie squealed, taking a step back and pressing her scat-covered backside against Ted's face. "Now, you clean up your mess *right now*, or I will break your face!"

"No, it—it's too gross!" Ted protested weakly. "Please, let me breathe."

"Ohh, you want to *breathe*, do you?" Marjorie asked, her tone malevolent. "Well, let's see how you breathe when your nose and mouth are covered in shit!"

With that, she took another step back, driving the cleft of her ass against Ted's face. Then she grunted, her body tensing.

It started as a gassy hiss and a squeak, and then that gas began to splutter, and flecks of feces began to speckle over Ted's face. Then there was a particularly raunchy squishing, farting noise, and a much thinner, almost watery paste appeared at Marjorie's anus. With sadistic yet impressive self-control, she extruded a sheet of the stuff that slid down her ass, parted around Ted's forehead, reformed at the bridge of his nose, and then proceeded slime its way under his nostrils and around his mouth.

"You could have just been a gentleman about it," the sow said coldly, punctuating her watery flow with an indignant, squishy fart for emphasis, "But you had to go be nasty about it. *Males*," she spat, "You can't even let us have the slightest bit of pleasure without trying to make us feel bad for it! *Now* you get to lick your way out of this. And you'd better get busy; as it sets up, it'll get too hard to lick, and you'll get to use your teeth to *scrape* it off."

Ted whimpered and struggled feebly against the inexorable crawl of the greasy, pasty mass that smelled like licking the armpits of someone who had used a dead rat and rotten eggs for deodorant. The smell was terrible, but somehow even that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was the feeling of being slowly suffocated. True to her word, Marjorie's shit began to seal against his skin. He had given up breathing through his nose some time ago—the smell was just too awful this close to the source—but to his horror, the thick sheet of feces began to build up under his chin, caking and slopping onto itself as it walled up around the sides of his mouth. His body wracked as the first bitter taste of pig shit slipped between his lips and the sow's ass. He spluttered, dislodging some of the scat and buying himself precious time, but it was just delaying the inevitable. More shit stacked up and crept around his mouth. He couldn't breathe out the top of his mouth; if he did, the scat would drip right into his mouth. He couldn't breathe through the bottom because the stacked-up feces would pile inside. So, he breathed out the sides of his mouth...until enough shit built up around them that it formed an airtight seal. Only then did he try breathing through his nose. He immediately regretted it as he sucked clumps of bubbly crap into his nostrils, plugging them completely. He thrashed in vain, but Marjorie remained firmly planted in front of him, and Amos remained firmly planted behind him.

"Lick it up, little human," Marjorie said sadistically over her shoulder. "Or suffocate."

Ted stretched his lips as far as they would go, trying in vain to find a way to get a glimmer of air, but as his lungs began to heave involuntarily against the airtight seal, desperation began to once again overtake his mind. His tongue shot out to the side and was immediately assaulted by the bitter, greasy taste of pig shit

that seemed to immediately crawl all over his tongue and refuse to leave. But the need to breathe overpowered his disgust, and his tongue began to flick even more fervently than when inside the sow, scraping off layer after layer of greasy film that barred his ability to breathe. As his head began to swim and a roaring headache pounded in his temples, his probing tongue finally found egress. Pulling it back, Ted sucked in air as hard as he could, inadvertently sucking some of the feces right into his mouth. He didn't care. His vision blurred and darkened, and he gulped breath after breath, licking away more of the scat to help him pull in as much desperately needed oxygen as possible. Only once he'd gotten several lungfuls of air did he finally take stock of his situation.

And retched.

But having just purged his stomach's contents, there was nothing to come out—a good thing since his lips were still all but sealed to the sow's ass.

"That's step one, little human," Marjorie said, shifting her weight to smear as much of her feces onto Ted's face as she could, "But now you have to clean it all up. I'm not letting you go until my buttocks glisten."

"Aww, Marjorie!" Brenda complained, "Can't you let him go? I wanna take a turn!"

"And, I should also mention that I'm about to finish," Amos interjected. "The timing has to be absolutely right, you know."

There was a squeal of excitement from the second boar, who trotted over, the reek of boar taint piercing through even Ted's shit-sealed nostrils.

"Hold him still," Amos said, and the third and fourth boars both took their places, squeezing Ted tightly.

"Oh, fine," Marjorie complained, seeing that she was out-voted. "Well, I'm *still* not gonna go around with all this shit on me!" She backed up to Ted and began moving her ass side-to-side and up-and-down, smearing feces all over his face. It caked in his hair, got in his eyelashes, rubbed painfully over his nose and settled in the creases around where his nose met his face. It flipped up under his lips, and a particularly hard shift of the sow's weight even flipped his face sideways and got some of her scat in his ear.

But as disgusting as all of that was, the feeling of the boar slipping his dick out of Ted's ass still managed to distract the poor man. His gut had felt increasingly cramped from all of the cooling pork jizz taking up space, and naturally, as the pig pulled his dick out, all of that liquid found a place to go, following his dick out and squirting out between his buttocks as Amos dismounted.

"Better hurry," Amos said to the second boar. "I went easy on the plug to buy you a little time, but if you don't get in there quickly, he'll seal up anyway."

Not that the second boar needed any encouragement. Practically before Amos had even dismounted, he was already trying to scrabble up onto Ted.

"Wait!" Brenda squealed as Marjorie finally moved out of the way.

"What?" the second boar asked impatiently. "I've only got a few seconds left!"

"Flip him over," the sow said.

The boars hesitated.

"Do you want to fuck him or not? Hurry up and flip him over!" Brenda demanded again.

The boars groaned, and the third and fourth ones both scooted to the left, easily flopping Ted over onto his side with an uncomfortable *thump*. No sooner had they done this than the second boar began rooting between Ted's legs with almost desperate energy. Getting his snout under Ted's top leg, the second boar quickly flipped it over; Ted was too bewildered and exhausted to resist, and he found himself lying on his back with his legs splayed. The second boar lost no time. He was on Ted in an instant, his coarse belly hair scratching over Ted's flaccid cock and his weight crushing against Ted's pelvis and balls. Ted gasped and doubled over as the boar hooked his legs over Ted's shoulders, squatted his haunches, and slid his probing penis out.

Quickly congealing cum and feces dribbled out of Ted's ass as he struggled for breath with the heavy pig resting most of his weight on the man's chest.

"Come on, come on..." the second boar said urgently, poking frantically and jabbing Ted painfully in the perineum. "There!"

Ted's eyes bulged as the pig's prick hit home, racing through his intestines like a Roto-Rooter and lodging in much the same place as Amos's had.

"Ahh," the boar said, his eyes half-closing in contentment. "You were right, Amos; this *is* a nice pussy."

"Move your head, Jimbo," Brenda said. "I want my turn, too!"

"You're such a bitch, Brenda," Jimbo complained. "Bossy as fuck."

"Know how many shits I give about what you think?" Brenda asked, backing up to stand with her backside over Ted's face.

The human's eyes widened, and he instinctively reached his now-free hands up to shield his face just as she unloaded a spluttering, squelching turd right on top of him. He shuddered, squeezing his eyes and lips closed and then realizing that he couldn't breathe if he did that. As he forced air out through his nose, dislodging the packed-in shit that plugged his nostrils, a rain of liquid shit showered down on top of him. Parts of it were pasty and splatted onto his hands with so much weight that they pressed his arms down closer to his face. Other parts were watery and runny and slipped through his fingers, dripping down onto his face like big, nasty blobs of fetid pudding. Not thinking, Ted instinctively dropped one of his hands to wipe the crap off his face and inadvertently plastered his face with his hand's contents.

"Dude, Brenda, that stinks," Jimbo protested. "What are you doing?"

"You only get an opportunity like this once in a lifetime," Brenda gloated.

"But aren't you supposed to be getting in the mood for us to breed you?" Amos asked from his position on top of Marjorie—the two of them were going at it with gusto.

"What better way to get in the mood than to put this human in his place?" Brenda retorted wickedly. "Ohh, the idea turns me on so much!"

As if to prove her point, she unleashed a pungent, reeking flood of piss all over Ted's face, neck, and chest.

"Ooh," Jimbo said, thrusting deeper into Ted, "You *are* turned on!"

Ted groaned as the boar's cum spurted into him in greater quantities, making his already bloated gut feel overheated and cramped with the pig's gut squeezing on it.

"You haven't seen anything yet!" Brenda said, almost giggling with glee. "Watch this!"

Before Ted could react, she plopped her ass down on his head. His legs and arms flailed, trying to get her to let him up, but there was no way he was going to move hundreds of pounds of pig with his head crushed underneath her.

"Ha! That's a good one," Jimbo chuckled, flexing his dick and letting a little of Ted's intestinal contents seep out to cake on his ass.

"And here's the best part!"

Ted hadn't realized it, but Brenda had aimed carefully when she sat. Now, as the sow grunted and pushed, he felt something thick, pasty, and slimy press against his lips.

His hands shot out again and began slapping and hitting at Brenda's backside, desperately trying to get her off him as she crapped right onto his mouth, but to no avail. The sow merely shifted her weight, sealing her ass over his mouth. Her belly gurgled and groaned. A telltale, spluttering, squeaking fart signaled the relentless push of her insides, urging the turd on even as it encountered substantial resistance from Ted's clenched teeth and squeezed lips. For good measure, he'd pulled his lips in between his teeth and was biting them for all he was worth. Shit squeezed out between the sow's buttocks and Ted's face, but with another adjustment of her weight, she sealed herself tightly and waited.

"I can do this all day," she chuckled. "This is effortless for me. How long do you think your lips will hold out, you worthless human male? Eat shit or die!" She laughed sardonically. "I'm gonna fill you so full, your *sweat* is gonna smell like shit!"

Ted whimpered as the sow's stomach gurgled loudly, fetid farts percolating up through her intestines to squeak out against his lips.

"Oof," she groaned, "I am so full of shit right now. You need to hurry up and take what's coming to you; I feel like I'm gonna pop!"

With that, another of the sows came over and nudged Ted hard in the side. Caught completely off-guard and startled, Ted's concentration broke, and his teeth's death-grip on his lips wavered. That was all it took. The high-pressure shit-log squeezed inside and then began packing itself into Ted's mouth. The repulsive, bitter, oily excrement filled his mouth faster than he could react. Like Marjorie's piss, it packed so tightly into his mouth that it made his cheeks pooch out. And still it kept coming. The pressure started pushing it down Ted's throat even without him swallowing. It was packed in so tightly that he couldn't even move his tongue to get away from the piercingly bitter, filthy, and acrid taste. Tears of revulsion streamed down his face, but those soon turned to tears of panic as the thick pudding poured out of his mouth and began wrapping around his nose. Once again, he couldn't breathe. Once again, he faced the bitter choice between consuming a sow's waste products or suffocating.

"Oh, haha, I get it. You meant it literally," Jimbo said.

"That's right," Brenda said. "Choice is yours, human, so which is it gonna be?"

Ted's burning lungs once again made the choice for him. Unable to control the forced convulsions as his body tried to take a breath, Ted found himself doing the unthinkable. His teeth came together, blocking further feces from cramming into his mouth for just a moment as he began to instinctively chew his mouth's fetid contents. They were bitter. So bitter. Try though he did not to think about it as he desperately cleared his mouth of the wretched filth, he couldn't help but think that it was like chewing curdled milk mixed with rotten vegetables and concentrated skunk spray. His nose ran, his eyes ran, and every time he tried to swallow, it was a struggle. For one thing, it was disgusting. For two, his mouth had already been so abused, and the chemistry of the things forced into it had gotten it so out of kilter that it was not producing saliva like it normally would. Every swallow was a painful lump that slowly crept down Ted's throat with agonizing inertia.

But at last, his mouth was clear enough that he could sip a gasp of air before the backed-up feces sealed off his air again. It wasn't much, but it was enough. And it was just in time. No sooner had he done that than Brenda's guts gave a loud rumble. She squealed in delight as her feces took on a much more liquid consistency. There was a brief pause, and then she let out an ear-piercing shart, spraying liquid shit all over Ted like a shotgun.

Fighting back the urge to regurgitate the shit he'd just eaten, he grimaced and unclenched his teeth—they were no match for the watery stuff that seeped down around them anyway—and let another wave of pasty, watery shit fill his mouth. Blocking his mind off to the disgust he felt, he chewed this quickly and—much to his chagrin—used the waterier contents to help wash down the pastier bits.

*Ugh...why?!* Ted thought as the scat turned even more liquid and began running down his throat without even being chewed. He coughed and spluttered around it as the liquid carried little chunks of solids down with it, making his body convulse with revulsion. His guts heaved, desperately trying to reject the filth flowing so freely into him, and he fought back, even more desperately trying to prevent himself from throwing up and suffocating himself. But with the rapid flow of nasty matter into his body, discomfort overtook disgust. *Fuck...it feels like I'm getting filled to the brim!* he thought as his stomach distended, visibly stretching his skin to accommodate its disgusting contents. *Like I'm a trash bag being overstuffed after Christmas!*

It took the better part of ten minutes, but Ted was finally able to catch up to Brenda. As the sow finally relaxed and the flow of her feces stopped, Ted puffed out a burst of air, clearing a space for him to breathe freely.

"You deserved every bit of that," Brenda said as she got back to her feet.

"Dude, that's *harsh*," Jimbo said apologetically. "Man, if I'd known she was gonna do that, I never would have flipped you over. You doing okay, man?"

Ted just coughed, closed his eyes, and tried to shut everything out. He didn't think he was ever going to get the bits of pig shit out of his teeth, under his tongue, and between his cheeks and gums, let alone get that horrible taste out.

"Eew, I'm not letting that filthy human touch *me*," a voice said.

*Just ignore it, and maybe it will go away*, thought Ted.

"Come on, Nikki," Jimbo said earnestly, "He's had a pretty rough time."

"You make it sound like that's *my* problem," the sow snapped. "I want him to eat me out, but sheesh, I'm gonna get an infection if he touches me with *that* shit all over him!"

"Oh, shucks; I guess you'll have to go somewhere else, then," Jimbo retorted, a bit annoyed.

"And then *he* wouldn't get paid," Nikki replied deviously. "We *all* have to get impregnated, right? All or nothing?"

*Go away, go away, go away...*

"Hey! I'm talking to you!" the sow snapped, whacking Ted's head with her foot.

"What do you want?" Ted asked morosely. "Just...get it over with."

"But you're disgusting," Nikki retorted, "And that's coming from a *pig*!"

"It's *your* damn pen-mate who did this," Ted snapped, all of the disgust and humiliation hitting him like a ton of bricks, fueling just one irate outburst. "Whatever happened to just getting a tongue bath, anyway? That was a complete load of crap!"

"Literally," the third boar laughed.

"And since none of you *males* can adequately clean *anything*, I'm gonna fix it. Open your mouth."

Ted gritted his teeth truculently on principle as the sow turned her backside to him. Exhausted as he was, he'd literally eaten shit and had been suffocated on pig shit and practically drowned in piss. He was *not* taking any more orders from a damn pig!

"Well, fine, have it your way," Nikki said, making a gesture that seemed like the pig equivalent of a shrug.

"And when I'm not knocked up tomorrow, you can just give up on all that money. But in the meantime, the rest of the girls will *definitely* make sure they get their money's worth...even if you're not getting paid to do it. Is that what you want? Do you *like* eating pig shit?" She regarded him and then grunted out a sardonic laugh. "I think you do. I think you *like* getting stuffed full of shit and piss and cum! And *that's* the reason you won't open your mouth; you don't want that nasty taste washed out!"

Ted gasped. "Huh?"

Without missing a beat, Nikki relaxed her bladder and streamed a jet all over Ted, getting it into his mouth, up his nose, and in his eyes. He covered his face with his hands.

"Get your hands out of the way!" Nikki barked. "How are you supposed to wash your mouth out if you don't get anything in there to do it?"

"I thought you meant with water," Ted grumbled.

"Psh, as if! We're not wasting perfectly good water on you! Now, you take this piss and swish your mouth out, and then you swallow it. Got it?"

Ted glowered at her.

"Last chance," the sow said, making the shrugging movement again. "And then you can kiss your money goodbye."

Beaten, Ted relented. He moved his hands and closed his eyes just in time to avoid getting more of the burning liquid in them. It was terribly salty and tasted sharply of ammonia, but desperate not to have all of his efforts amount to nothing, he did as told, swishing the vile stuff around his mouth like an astringent mouthwash, feeling as pasty clumps of pig scat unearthed themselves from his teeth, lips, gums, and tongue. But when it came time to swallow it, he couldn't. Sure, he'd just swallowed what must have

amounted to eight pounds of hog shit, but somehow this was different. He couldn't get his tongue to work. Like trying to swallow a big pill without water, his tongue just couldn't seem to figure out how to do it. As a result, he gagged and burbled bits of the tainted swine piss over his face, at last sputtering and blowing it all out forcefully.

Nikki looked over her shoulder and glared at Ted, who lay panting and looking miserable.

"Cut him some slack, Nikki," Jimbo pleaded. "He's doing the best he can. Besides, I'm almost done."

Nikki sighed. "Fine. You'd *better* eat me out well enough that I don't change my mind, though!" she snapped, sitting down and pinning Ted's face under her vulva. "Get licking!"

Too exhausted to fight anymore, Ted pushed his tongue up into the sow's folds and began stroking, finding her G-spot and rubbing it. As much as he hated her and really just wanted to bite her—to do *something* to make her and all the other sows pay for how nasty they'd been, he felt like this wasn't as bad as what had happened to him up until now. If all he had to do was just lick her insides until she came and didn't have to eat any more shit, then...well, that wasn't quite as bad. Hoping the worst was behind him, he tongued her insides as hard as he could.

"Ohh—oh!" Nikki gasped, suddenly feeling a new, very pleasant sensation. "Pull your tongue out. Now, rub it along the bottom. Deeper. Deeper. There! Stop. Now lick that like crazy."

Ted did as told, and within seconds, Nikki's back was hunched over, and she was grunting loudly as her vagina clamped down surprisingly hard on Ted's tongue. He held his breath, bracing for her to flood his mouth like Marjorie had, but to his relief, she didn't. She grunted, had her orgasm, and then without a word, stood up and walked off.

"That's good timing," said Jimbo. "Ronnie, you're up." He turned his attention to Ted. "Look, uh, if I get off of you, do you promise to be still and let Ronnie slide in? Otherwise, we're gonna have to squeeze you again."

"No," Ted said wearily. "I'll...I'll behave. Just...can I roll back over?"

"Sure."

Jimbo dismounted, and Ted shuddered as he felt the pig's dick slurp out of him. But something was different this time: his gut felt even fuller than last time—much fuller—but as he waited for the sweet relief of emptying himself as soon as Jimbo pulled out, the relief never came.

"Come on, man. Hurry up and flip over, or Ronnie's not gonna be able to get in."

"But I can't—I need to—I'm so full..."

"Ah, yeah, that'd be Amos's plug setting. Come on, no time to waste!"

With that, Jimbo moved over to Ted's side and roughly flipped him over on his side as effortlessly as blowing a piece of grass off a table. With another nudge, he had his snout rooted up under Ted's side and flipped him onto his hands and knees. Too exhausted and bloated to fight, all Ted thought to do was stretch out, leaning forward and moving his arms out so that his thighs weren't pressed so uncomfortably against his swollen gut. His stomach distended, weighed down heavily by so many pounds of pig shit, and his bowels pooched against his stomach, seeking out a place for their sperm-laden contents to spread out.

But there wasn't time for that. Ronnie was on Ted's back in a flash, and with almost laser-like precision, he shot up into Ted's ass.

"What the hell?" Ronnie grumbled as his dick came to an abrupt stop. "Jimbo, did you plug him?"

"Not fully," the boar replied. "Why?"

Ronnie grunted and thrust a few times. Each time, his corkscrew penis acted like an auger, drilling away little bits of the plug in Ted's ass that had him feeling horribly constipated. All the while, his anus quivered as the foot-long, flexible drill rod slithered in and out of him with shocking speed, wiping little bits of congealed pig spunk on his buttocks and down his crack each time.

A horrible grimace came over Ted's face. He felt his bowels churn, felt something give, and then felt his colon release all at once. Bottled-up pig semen surged through him, making his intestines shudder and groan from the sheer speed and force. He let out a pained groan as his gut cramped and warbled. He found

himself taking short, shallow breaths and thinking to himself, *it'll be out soon; it'll be out soon; it'll be out soon!*

But then Ronnie plunged in one more time, and the full liter of pig cum came to a sloshing halt, unable to escape around the pig's shaft.

"Heh, heh, you thought you were gonna get some relief, did ya?" the pig chuckled. "Not on my watch."

"Please," Ted groaned, "I'm so full!"

"Too bad," Ronnie replied, shoving himself forward another inch or two to bottom out and make sure that not even a drop escaped around his shaft.

Then the spurting began.

Amos and Jimbo had had easy spurts; they were hot and a little uncomfortable, to be sure, but they tricked out at a low enough rate that the sensation was more of very slowly increasing pressure. In fact, Ted had been so distracted with the sows that he hadn't really noticed as Jimbo had doubled the number of sperm swimming around in his gut. But Ronnie was different. His spurts were forceful; each one felt like it was jabbing Ted in the colon over and over. They were impossible to ignore, and every one of them carried so much volume with it that Ted's gut began to swell to accommodate the volume. Ted groaned loudly just as a small sow appeared in front of him.

"Oh, fuck," Ted groaned. "What do you want?"

"Oh, um...well, I...I just wanted to know if you'd maybe, um...rub me...you know... *in there?*"

"Timid little gilt, innit?" Ronnie laughed. "Get outta here, you little piglet! This is adult playtime."

"I'm not a piglet!" the sow protested. "I'm getting ready to have my first litter!"

"Not without my help, you're not," Ronnie said, grinning lasciviously over Ted's shoulder. "It takes *two* to make a litter."

"And that won't be you," Amos said behind them. "You know the rules; I get the virgins."

"We'll see how long that lasts, old man," the boar snarled.

"What was that?"

"Nothing." There was an awkward silence as Ronnie fumed to himself. He moved his head over to Ted's ear. "I'll just take it out on you."

"Wha—?"

Before Ted could react, the boar slammed forward, ramming his dick painfully against Ted's insides. The human grunted and gritted his teeth as the large boar pulled back and thrust again.

"Ronnie, enough!" Amos snapped.

"Fuck you, and fuck *him!*" Ronnie retorted, throwing his hips into Ted so hard that the human's bare knees skidded against the rough slats.

Ted saw stars. His mouth opened wide to scream, but no sound would come out.

Commotion ensued behind Ted, there was a scuffling, and then he felt Ronnie's dick yanked roughly out of him as Amos body-slammed the boar and knocked him off. Ted felt like he'd been punched in the gut, but at last, he felt his bowels moving to unload their contents.

"Not so fast there," Amos said as kindly as he could but still with an air of authority. "Pete, come fill him up. Hurry."

There was another scuffling, and Ted felt himself mounted and violated again just before his guts emptied their contents between his legs.

"As the last of us, you know what you have to do, right?" Amos asked.

"Yeah, boss," Pete replied.

“Good. Can’t have him actually getting pregnant, after all.”

“I can’t get—” Ted began, but a glare from Jimbo—the pig who had been the closest thing he had to an ally—silenced him.

“Do it,” Amos said.

“Sure thing, boss.”

Ted’s eyes widened as something streamed into him *much* faster than the previous boars had. He started to gasp, but it ended in an uncomfortable grunt. The hot liquid flooded into him so fast that he felt his intestinal contents being forced to move out of the way. Until now, the heat had remained mostly on his left side, but now it spread up his body, stopped about even with his chest, and started moving across it, an unpleasant combination of heat and pressure that made him nauseous and light-headed. Ted groaned.

“That’s right; get him good and full,” Amos said with an air of satisfaction. “You, human: are you gonna do as that gilt there said, or what? She’s in heat, and I’m ready to breed!”

If it’s possible, the little sow’s face lit up, and she squealed in delight as she thrust her surprisingly clean ass towards Ted.

“Just rub it,” she said. “I...I heard you humans are really good with your fingers.”

Panting shallowly as the pressure in his colon grew and squeezed against his lungs, Ted moaned and grimaced, gritting his teeth as he lifted his head with great effort to see what he was doing. His guts shifted, giving him a little bit of relief as his stomach distended even further, the skin stretching as his bowels expanded to contain the liquid heat the boar was pumping into him.

Biting his lip and fighting to keep his wits about him, he reached up with one hand, using his other hand to support his weight and that of the boar resting on top of him, and stroked the sow’s perineum, letting his finger sink lower and lower as he stroked downward, until his finger brushed and then lightly parted the sow’s swollen, red vulva.

“Ooh...” the sow grunted, hunching her back. “Go a little deeper?”

Somewhere despite his discomfort, Ted couldn’t help but think it was sweet how nice this little pig was being, especially compared to her larger, bossier compatriots. He did as she bade, wiggling his finger up and down in little stroking motions as he pressed up inside of her. Like the other sows, it was hot, wet, and sticky inside, yet also slippery. His finger slid in surprisingly easily, eliciting a squeal of delight from the sow.

“Ooh, mister,” she cooed, “That feels really good, especially when you rub along the bottom. Will you do that more? Please?”

Ted started to comply, but just then, he cringed as the heat in his gut turned and started moving back down towards his groin along his right side. He blew out a noisy breath through gritted teeth and puffed cheeks, closing his eyes and willing the discomfort to go away. After a few shallow, belabored breaths, he managed to get his concentration back and began running his finger into and out of the gilt, making sure to rub firmly against each little bump and irregularity he felt. As he did, the sow’s vulva began to squeeze around his finger with enough strength as to prevent him from pushing in while in the middle of a contraction; he had to poke in little bits at a time between them. And all the while, her pussy got wetter and wetter. At first it was only the tip of Ted’s finger that was moist, but that quickly spread down the whole length of his finger and then began drooling down his hand, down the underside of his arm, and dribbling off his elbow.

“Ooh! Yes, mister! Yes! Augh!”

The pig squealed and hunched tightly over, her vagina squeezing almost painfully tightly against Ted’s finger. She stood that way for several minutes, and Ted waited her out despite having two increasingly tired arms. The situation wasn’t helped at all by the sudden sensation of the warmth hitting someplace around his right hip and then the pressure beginning to increase, nearly cutting off his ability to breathe and making his gut swell even more. He was covered in sweat—even it reeked of hogs now—and some small part of him was glad he didn’t have to do anything active to the little sow because there was no way he could concentrate on it. There was a pronounced glubbing noise, and his eyes narrowed uncomfortably. It was a sensation of mixed feelings: on one hand, the pressure was slowly, slowly abating, but on the other hand,

his gut began to shudder violently as the hot boar liquid traced itself through his small intestines, making quick directional changes that made his guts feel as though they were being shaken like a maraca.

But, though it was unpleasant, Ted found that he was able to sort-of ignore it as the sow came to from her prolonged orgasm. Feeling a little mischievous, Ted gave her pussy a few firm strokes, making her shudder and squeal gleefully.

"Ooh, thanks, mister," she said, pulling off his finger and moving over to nudge him kindly in the side.

Unfortunately, Ted wasn't expecting the contact, and as he flinched, it super-pressurized his innards, forcing high-pressure boar fluids through his intestines at an even faster rate than before.

"Sorry," the gilt said, pouting.

"Don't worry about him," Amos said, stepping up to her and letting her smell his hormone-riddled lips. "How's about we make a sow out of you?"

That was all it took to take the gilt's mind off Ted, and as the two bred noisily next to him, the human wished the boar would hurry up and finish.

"How can you cum *that* much?" he groaned.

"Hmm?" the boar on his back grunted. "Cum? Oh, no, not yet. I gots to fill you up and flush you out so you can't get pregnant first."

"But I can't *get* pregnant!" Ted protested. "I'm a guy! And a human!"

The pig made a shrug-like motion. "Orders are orders," he said.

"What are you doing, then, if not cumming into me?"

"Oh, I'm taking a nice, good, piss," the boar replied exultantly. "I tell ya, your ass is a *great* way to do it. I feel like I'm gonna start cumming the very second I finish my piss!"

"Please don't."

"Oh, he will," a voice said.

Ted sighed as a big sow stepped up in front of him.

"He'll fill you like the little sow you are, and then he'll plug you, and you'll get to take all of that home with you!"

"She's right," Jimbo said.

"But why is this necessary? Okay, fine, say I *could* get pregnant, why does he have to plug me? Why not just piss and let it out?"

"Ah, got to let it slosh around," Jimbo replied. "That way if there *were* any little swimmers, all that piss would kill them. Can't have them lurking around in you, just waiting to knock you up!"

Ted closed his eyes. "This is ridiculous."

As if to punctuate his statement, the piss flowing through his intestines abruptly found the end of its trip, slamming into the tightly sealed orifice that separated Ted's stomach from his small intestines. He burped and felt his mouth begin to drool with nausea again.

"Ooh," Pete said in a husky voice, "I think I finished."

"Well, you just hurry up, then," the sow said impatiently. "What I want he can't do while you're on his back!"

"What do you want?" Jimbo asked curiously.

"Wait and see."

Ted's guts were so full of crap, piss, and cum that he wasn't even sure if he could tell that the boar was cumming anymore. All he felt was the constant, hot pressure that made him feel sick and like he was going to burst. The thought crossed his mind that his full bowels weren't spraying out around Pete's dick; surely his ass ought to be able to stretch enough to do that? But it made no difference. For whatever cruel reason,

his body seemed determined to hold onto all that yuck, even if it meant keeping him miserable. He wished the boar would hurry up and finish. He didn't like the tone of the sow's voice, but he was certain it was going to be awful. At least, he hoped, maybe having the boar off his back would let him stretch out and try to take some of the pressure off.

What felt like ages later, Pete stirred, semi-waking a nearly catatonic Ted from the mindless daze he'd fallen into.

"Not yet," Jimbo cautioned. "Is he plugged?"

Pete's dick shifted inside, and he shook his head. "Nope."

"Then stay in there until he is."

"But I'm ready to breed some of these sows!" Pete whined.

"Dude, your dick is buried almost balls-deep as it is! What's the difference?" Jimbo asked as he stepped off a sow.

"I'm bored of this one," Pete replied.

"Thanks," Ted grumbled.

"Hmm? Oh, yeah, it's you."

Pete gave another waggle of his dick. Ted cringed. He couldn't quite place it, but *something* was different. The boar's dick didn't seem to move quite as much as it had before, and the attempt put pressure on Ted's swollen colon.

"Ohh, yeah," Pete said. "He's getting good and plugged now. Any second..."

"Start pulling out so you can give him a nice, long plug," said Amos.

"I *really* don't want to be plugged," Ted muttered.

"Better make it an extra-long one," Amos said, ignoring Ted. "Can't have him pushing it out."

Pete began to dismount, but in slow increments. He moved his forelegs off the sides of Ted's shoulders and slowly took steps back, wagging his dick side-to-side as he did as if using his dick like a spray-foam applicator.

*As soon as he steps off, push for all you're worth, Ted thought. Maybe it won't have set up?*

With a disgusting, slimy, slithering feeling, Pete's dick slurped out of Ted's ass, leaving an oily trail of piss, shit, cum, and cum-plug material that quickly hardened into an almost waxy substance on Ted's skin.

Gritting his teeth and holding his breath, Ted contracted his muscles painfully and let out a grunt as he forced his over-pressured guts to empty themselves. A squirt of mucky liquid streamed out his ass and shot across the room.

And then it stopped.

Ted let out an exhausted, agonized groan; all that pressure being unable to vent now felt ten times worse than it had just seconds before. His arms dropped out from under him, plunging his face into the mixture of piss, shit, vomit, and sow fluids. He was too exhausted and uncomfortable to care. He lay like that, his ass in the air, his gut seeming to billow down his body, its weight stretching it against his skin.

"Get up."

Ted closed his eyes and groaned. Would this *ever* be over?

"Hey! I said, 'get up!'"

Ted opened his eyes and looked in front of him to see a sow's feet.

"What do you want?" he asked, exhaustedly.

"Well, I thought *you'd* actually *like* what I wanted," the sow replied indignantly, "But now I'm not sure if you can even *give* me what I want!"

"Well, what?" Ted asked, groaning and getting back up on his hands.

"I want you to fuck me," the sow replied.

Ted did a double-take. "What?"

"You heard me. Fuck me...if you can," the sow said. "But with a belly like that?" She scoffed. "I bet you can't even do it. If not, well, there *is* something else you could do."

Ted bit his lip, tasted shit, sputtered, and then said, "Which is?"

The sow chuckled. "I've always wondered what it would feel like to have the shit sucked out of my ass. I wouldn't have to push or anything, just...stand there and be...empty."

Ted didn't miss a beat. "I'll fuck you," he said automatically.

"That's what I thought," the sow replied.

The sow backed up to him, and Ted got up to his knees. His body was stiff from spending so many hours hunched over, and his back hurt from the sheer amount of weight his distended gut put on it. But, he dutifully got upright and scooted up against the sow.

"Are you doing it? I can't feel anything," the sow said.

Ted clenched his jaw. "I'm trying," he said as he fumbled with his dick, feeling the grit of filth on his fingers against his penile skin. His gut was so bloated that he couldn't even see his dick, and so he had to resort to just feeling around for it.

*Way better than eating shit*, he thought to himself, trying to get himself erect in spite of all that had happened. *Come on, buddy...just get hard, and then we can get this over with.*

It took some time, and the sow's seemingly deliberate jabs at him didn't help, but at last, he felt himself get hard. *Oh, thank goodness.*

He inched up and pressed his gut against her rump, frowning as he felt around for where her vulva were, where his dick was, and how to get the two together. He tried not to think about how much dirt had been caked on above her vulva or how nasty his dick would be when he pulled out.

"Something wrong, human?" the sow asked. "I feel you poking around down there, but I have yet to feel you inside me."

Ted's blood ran cold as the realization hit him: with his gut this distended, his dick wasn't long enough to make it into her. He shook his head. No, he was going to find a way! Getting awkwardly to his feet on trembling legs, he tried to put his weight on her back like the boars did, but not only did that make his dick get *further* from her pussy, it also made the pressure in his gut almost unbearable. Frantic, he tried hunching over backwards, crab-walk-style, but his gut again weighed too much to let him thrust that way.

"Don't break yourself trying," the sow said in a tone that Ted couldn't tell whether it was kind or sardonic, "Come on, just eat me out."

"No, I can do this!" Ted protested.

"I don't believe you, and besides, I don't want it anymore. Nothing is less sexy than a male who can't do the *one* thing he was built to do right," the sow scoffed. "Now come on; I've got a belly-full that just wants to be purged."

Ted shook his head. "I—I can't," he said. "I—there's no room! And I'm so full...so—"

"Then spit it out after you suck it out. What do I care?" the sow snapped. "Just get it out of me; I've waited for hours for my turn, and you're not gonna puss out on me now!"

"You've come this far," Jimbo said encouragingly. "Might as well finish."

"But there are hundreds of other sows!" Ted cried. "And I'm so full, I...I just want to take a shit!"

"Oh, none of that for quite a few hours, at least," Jimbo said apologetically. "I'm afraid that plug's gonna keep you very full for quite a while. And whether you're not-shitting here or not-shitting at home, well, is it really that big a difference? Might as well finish the job."

Ted hated to admit it, but the pig was right. Still, *sucking* the shit out of a sow? Could he even...?

*What difference does it make? You're already full of pig shit as it is; what's a little more?*

Ted closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and put his lips to the sow's ass.

"I'll even push a little at first to get you started," the sow said, and before Ted could react, a large bullet of crap pushed into his mouth. Grimacing, Ted bit it off and spat it out.

"Now it's your turn."

*I'm not doing this...I'm not doing this...I'm not doing this!*

Ted moved his tongue up to the sow's anus and felt of the thick, slimy turd with his tongue. There was no sense trying to ignore the taste; it was too overpowering, so Ted just dealt with it. Sucking back with his tongue, he felt the next turd slide into his mouth, drawn by the vacuum his tongue made. Shuddering in disgust, he bit off part of the turd, spat it out, and then used his lips to tug on the remaining stub, pulling it out like a piglet.

"Ohh! Now *that* feels exquisite!" the sow gushed. "Keep it up! There's lots more where that came from!"

She wasn't lying. Ten minutes later, Ted's face and front were covered in crap, his mouth was once again coated with bits of sticky shit, and his morale was at an all-time low. It was not a good start for the next three hours.

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Ted stumbled out of the barn, his overalls as disgusting on the inside as they were on the outside and his boots having more slop inside them than on their outsides. In the last several hours, Ted had been constantly ridiculed, head-butted to try to make him pop—he didn't—told he was a failure as a male, and made to eat more pig pussy and ass and drink more pig piss than he ever wanted to see again in his life. He was bloated, and it had taken him several minutes just to make it to his feet. But now he was moving, and he was determined to get his payment. The moonlight illuminated his path as he trudged over the gravel towards the farmhouse and banged on the door with a muck-covered fist.

The sound of a shotgun cocking made his hair stand on end.

"Who is it?" the rancher called from behind the door. "You ain't got no business knocking on someone's door after sundown, ya hear?"

"I've come for my payment," Ted said. "I did what you said, and now I want to be paid."

The door squeaked open, and the rancher stood there in her nightgown, shotgun in hand. She looked Ted up and down. He would have done the same, but he was too exhausted and humiliated to even consider banging her now.

Stifling either a laugh or a grimace, Ted couldn't tell which, the rancher said, "Partner, I've seen hogs cleaner than you are. There ain't no way I'm doing business with you right now. You go on home, get cleaned up, and come back after I've had a look at the sows. That was the deal. Run along now."

Ted didn't bother to protest as she closed the door in his face. Groaning, he slowly turned around and trudged back to his truck. Fumbling with the keypad, he managed to get the numbers pressed to unlock his door. The thought crossed his mind that his truck was going to *reek* after he got into it, but he was too tired to care. He practically fell into it, got it started, and made the agonizing drive back, alternating between sitting back to give his gut room to spread out and sitting forward enough to do things like flip the turn signal or check his mirrors. He didn't know what time it was when he got in, but he nearly forgot to turn the truck off.

Grateful that he had trash bags in the garage, he stripped before he went in the house and then pulled trash bags up to his crotch to avoid dropping anything on the floor. Awkwardly managing the bags, he shuffled inside and closed the bathroom door behind him.

*Got to get clean.*

He turned the water on and climbed into the shower, grabbing a toothbrush and toothpaste as he went. He brushed his teeth three times, threw away the toothbrush, grabbed another one, and tried again.

Meanwhile, the whole place instantly began to reek as the dried, crusted-on shit took on an odiferous new life on getting wet. But Ted didn't care about that. He began picking at it with his fingers, scraping and clawing and knocking chunks of it onto the bathtub floor. To Ted's dismay, the thick stuff didn't break down like he'd thought, and it quickly plugged up the drain. He whimpered.

Getting painfully down onto his hands and knees, he used his finger to swirl and break up the clumps of greenish-black shit that stopped up his drain. It took what seemed like forever, and even as he picked at the nasty mess, more clumps of shit on his back ran off his body and joined the others. The only saving grace was that Ted's water heater put out a *lot* of hot water. An hour later, he had finally scrubbed himself pink, even digging under his fingernails over and over and washing his hair six times to eradicate every spot of pig shit on him.

*Got to get this crap out of me.*

Now that he could be reasonably sure he wasn't going to make a huge mess everywhere, Ted waddled over to the toilet, flipped up the lid, sat down, and waited.

And waited.

"Oh, come on!" he cried in frustration, shifting his gut left and right. "You *know* you need to go, so just do it!"

But try as he might, he could not get even a single droplet to escape his ass. In desperation, he finally shoved a finger up there and fished around, but he could feel nothing; the plug inside him was deeper than he could reach, and there didn't seem to be anything he could do about it. To make matters worse, he really had to piss, but his guts were so bloated that they had prevented him even from urinating. Ted whimpered, and after his buttocks went numb from sitting on the toilet so long, he finally gave up, stood, started to flush the toilet, and then shook his head in disgust. What was the point?

He trudged into his room and thought of sleep. He *desperately* wanted to sleep now. He fell into bed on his back, pulled the covers up over himself with some difficulty—his distended gut had really limited his range of motion—and then took a deep breath and tried to think about sleep.

*Fuck, I'm so full of shit...I want it to go away... Come on, Ted: think a happy thought or...something!*

He'd done it, he realized. He'd survived all that nastiness, and now, all he had to do was go collect his check. He wouldn't be *rich* per se, but he would definitely be able to enjoy some much-needed time off. He tried really hard not to think about what he'd just done, but he could practically *smell* the pigs next to him, pissing and shitting all over him. He grimaced and buried his head in the pillow, trying not to think about it.

But something really *stank!*

He opened his eyes and looked around. What was that? It was like he'd brought the pigs home with him! He sniffed his sheets and cringed. Then he sniffed himself...and threw off the covers and went back to the shower.

Another hour later, his skin tingled from being scrubbed nearly raw. He'd used some pumice-infused soap to really exfoliate his skin, and he was certain that surely by now, he must be much cleaner. Not wanting to risk getting himself stinky again, he stripped his bed, made it again, and then got into it, all the while grimacing as his full gut sloshed around and got in the way. At last, too exhausted to care if he stank anymore, he collapsed into the bed. But when he tried to roll over onto his stomach to sleep, a deep pain in his gut stopped him. His stomach was so bloated that the best he could do was lie on his side in fetal position. Even then, the pressure of his legs against his stomach made him grimace, and so he stretched out, letting his distended gut flop in front of him on the bed. As if adding insult to injury, he felt his stomach growl, felt a pressure in his chest, and then burped.

"Ugh, that is *awful*," he said, grimacing.

His mouth had, at least somewhat, tasted like toothpaste at long last. But now, that disgusting, unmistakable taste was back. He groaned and spluttered, trying to clear the taste and thinking to himself that there was so much more where that came from. His bloated stomach gurgled, as if to emphasize the point.

As he finally closed his eyes, his clock read 4:00 AM.

## Pig Farm

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He awoke only a few hours later with a burning need to urinate. He groaned, tossed the covers back, and got to his feet. Trudging to the toilet, he lifted the lid and stood, waiting for something to happen and feeling increasingly desperate. But, if anything, his guts were only fuller now as his body digested his stomach's fetid contents and packed the results into his already-bloated intestines. He squeezed his eyes closed and whimpered, gritting his teeth and desperately trying to get relief. A thought occurred to him through his exhausted haze, an idea that might get his bowels moving again. He fumbled in the cupboard, his eyes bleary from lack of sleep and overexposure to acrid hog by-products, and found a laxative. Ignoring the directions, he took double the recommended dose and then sat on the toilet.

At first, nothing happened. Then his guts growled loudly, and he nearly doubled over with cramps.

"Come on, come on, come on!" he whispered, sweat breaking out on his forehead. "Come on, just get out!" he pleaded.

For the next ten minutes, he writhed and thrashed as his guts churned and tried desperately to push against the impenetrable pig plug. He might as well have been poured full of concrete; he couldn't get anything to budge. At last, his stomach quit churning, but the pain of being so full, the inability to piss, and the bloated, nauseous feeling all remained. Beaten, Ted went back to bed and did his best to sleep it off.

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Finally, around 9:00 AM, he gave up on trying to sleep. He was going to get his money, and he was going to have a word with those pigs while he was at it; this was too much to bear!

Knowing that he was about to be quite wealthy, Ted didn't bother trying to get back into his nasty overalls; he just grabbed the loosest set of sweatpants he could find, pulled them on, and grabbed a loose-fitting T-shirt. Stepping into his tennis shoes, he skipped taking the nasty truck and took his car instead. About a third of the way to the ranch, he regretted it: the truck was more spacious and had given him more space to let his gut breathe. But, he refused to go back now. He got to the ranch, gritted his teeth over the gravel driveway—carefully avoiding the ruts—and got out. There were a *lot* of trucks here today, far more than there had been the day before, and they were all parked. That didn't matter to Ted; what business was it of his how this hellhole worked while he was gone? He went up to the door and knocked.

The rancher opened the door, looked Ted up and down, and then called out, "Hey, y'all, he's here!"

Before Ted could react, the rancher had pushed him backward away from the door, and then she and a dozen other ranchers, some men and some women, stepped out behind her to look at him.

"This the guy?" a good-ole-boy with a toothpick in his mouth and a cowboy hat on his head asked.

"That's him," the rancher replied.

"I bet you're feeling pretty full-up, aren't ya, boy?" the good-ole-boy asked, grinning and poking Ted in the gut. "You look 'bout as pregnant as a sow with a full litter!"

Ted leapt back and addressed the rancher, desperately trying to ignore how hotly his face was burning. "Look, I just want to get paid. A deal's a deal, right?" he asked. "Have you checked the sows, yet?"

"Eeyup, checked every one of 'em," the rancher replied with a conspiratorial smile to the others.

Ted held his breath and waited. "Well?" he asked at last.

"Every one of 'em was plugged!" the rancher said.

Ted breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay, good—"

He trailed off. Something...felt different.

"So, you know I don't carry *that* kind of cash on me, but here's you a check," the rancher said, reaching into her cleavage.

Ted's gut churned, and he felt something wet slink down the crack of his ass. His pupils constricted. *No*.

"...but I think these guys wanted to have a word with you first," the rancher was saying, the check in her hand.

Ted reached for the check, but the rancher snatched it out of the way at just the last second.

"Now, come on, mister," the rancher chided him, "I think you'll want to hear what these others have to say." "Can it wait?" Ted asked, panic-stricken as another slimy blob slid down his ass, letting out a bubbling fart as it went. "I—can I use your restroom?" he asked urgently.

"No, sir," the rancher replied. "You still stink; didn't you go home and wash up like I said to? Boy, you've got that stink coming out of your pores!"

"Please," Ted said in a low voice through clenched teeth. "It's about to get much worse."

"Well, you just hear these guys out, and then you can go home and buy yourself a half-million-dollar toilet," the rancher said. "Dave, what was it you wanted to say?"

"Oh, well, sir," said the good-old-boy, grabbing Ted's hand in a massive paw and squeezing hard, "I'm a cow man—have been all my life, ever since my daddy and his dad, and his father before him all started raising cattle. Dunno if you've heard of it: Teague Ranch?"

Ted nodded and squeezed his legs together as something the consistency of snot burped out between his buttocks and slid down his leg, soaking into his sock. Ted could already smell the vile stuff and knew exactly what was happening. He wasn't going to make it out of this alive.

"So, you *have* heard of it, then? Glad to hear it," Dave said, beaming and putting his hands on the lapels of his vest. "Thing is, our cows aren't wanting to breed, much like Ms. Taylor's pigs here. Son, I have to say, I think what you're doing is absolutely—"

A loud, wet fart punctuated the rancher's dialogue, and Ted turned bright red.

"—disgusting, but if Ms. Taylor here tells me that you've gone and worked some kind of magic on her swine to get them to breed, well, shucks, I'm desperate enough to try anything! I am a little better off than Ms. Taylor, not to toot my own—"

Ted gritted his teeth and held back for all he was worth, but at that moment, the plug completely dissolved, and his exhausted ass had no fight left in it. Ted let out a wail as a loud hissing of water, punctuated by burbles of undigested shit, streamed out of his ass and soaked into his sweatpants. A dark spot quickly formed on the gray trousers, and the ranchers standing on either side of him took a step away, covering their noses.

"—horn..." Dave sniffed and grimaced. "Cripes, man, have you lost control of your bowels? What on earth is the matter with you?"

Ted couldn't reply; his face was now contorted into a mixture of relief, disgust, and dismay as his pressurized contents continued to shoot out of him with so much force that his anus hurt. Little solids in his feces got strained out by his sweatpants and began to accumulate, quickly forming a mound that pressed up to his buttocks. Still, the shit streamed out of his ass, cutting a trench in the mounding fecal solids and depositing more solids all around. Ted cringed, feeling the mushy paste shift as his ass continued to unload itself, feeling helpless to stop the fetid flow.

"I'll tell ya what's wrong with him," Ms. Taylor replied wryly, "His gut was about a third its size yesterday. I suspect those pigs plugged him up good, and it's just now wearing off."

A long wave of solids in Ted's feces began to fire out of him like a machine gun, punctuated by squelching, splatting noises far too loud to ignore. Ted's face turned even redder.

"And you couldn't have let him use the bathroom like he asked?" Dave asked, shriveling his nose in distaste.

Ted's eyes rolled back in his head. A long, foul-smelling paste of shit had made its way to his ass and was now squidging out between his cheeks, gluing his ass together like the sow's shit the night before had plastered his forehead to her backside. Everybody took a step back now and fanned the air around them.

"And smell up the farmhouse? No way!" the rancher laughed. "I paid him plenty; he can go replace his...uh...everything when he gets done."

"*Cripe*, that's an awful stink!" a skinny rancher next to Dave said.

"Well, Tina, you know it's gonna happen when you eat pig poo," Ms. Taylor replied, shrugging and grinning. "How about your sheep, huh? Are they breeding all right?"

"Well, no, but—"

Tina was cut off by a piercing splutter as Ted's feces turned liquid again and began beating themselves against the peanut-butter-consistency scat that had built up several inches thick between Ted's buttocks.

"Geez, Sally Mae!" Tina cried, taking his hat off and fanning Ted. "I'm out; you call me when you've got a solution that doesn't involve turning a man into a portable sewer!"

"It's just a *temporary* sewer," the rancher replied, shrugging and grinning. "What about you, Dave?"

"I'm in. I'd pay three quarters to get my herd knocked up."

"Amy?"

A red-lipped redhead pursed her lips, leaning back slightly as the weight of Ted's feces peeled them off his ass and sent them tumbling down his sweatpants, smearing and squidging against his legs and releasing a particularly fetid stench.

"You think he'll do horses?" she asked.

"I dunno; you make him a good enough offer, and he might. This guy's just about the biggest hussy I've ever seen!" Sally Mae laughed.

Amy pursed her lips. "I can't do three quarters, but I can match your half," she said to Sally Mae.

Everybody turned to look abruptly as a new sound started and a dark spot appeared on the front of Ted's sweatpants; he'd finally let off enough pressure to piss, and now piss he did! As he exploded out front and back, he just wanted to die.

But, at last, he finally purged himself and stood knee-deep in his own waste and crying in humiliation.

"What do you think, hon?" Sally Mae asked obliviously, "Think you could do this two more times for a million and a quarter?"

Ted said nothing. He just took the check out of Sally Mae's hand, trudged the long walk of shame back to his car, his overstuffed sweats dragging on the gravel and leaving a messy brown streak behind them. Shuddering, he flipped them up into the car, turned the key, and drove off.

No sooner did he make it home and take off his disgusting clothes than his phone buzzed. Afraid to answer it, he ignored it, but then curiosity got the best of him.

"Think about it, hon: a million and a quarter just do what you did last night a couple more times."

Ted stumbled into the shower and let the water rush over him. He was never going to be able to get clean after this.