

# Barnyard Bash Bounty (Multi Anthro TFTG Preg)

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## A Commission for AL

*Paige and Charlie reminisce on how much their bond has changed, and the Mackinson Clan in general reflect on their life on Tanarra in this bonus content to the main story. And, of course, the breeding couples also enjoy some pleasant times together. Very pleasant.*

## Barnyard Bash Bounty

Miles sat on the extra large chair he'd arranged to put on the house deck. It was recently finished, and he'd done fine work with it. A lot easier with the incredibly impressive bull muscles he now possessed, of course. He'd always wanted a deck, but Jim had viewed it as an unnecessary expense. Now, she was the one calling the shots as the head of the family clan, and with Charlie and especially Alex supporting him, it was hard for her cow-wife Jane to say no to.

"Yep, this is the life alright," he said, relaxing back into his seat and placing his hoof hands over his horns. It was a surprisingly comfortable position, really, and one that only a bovine individual could do. Well, a deer person as well. Quite a few others, in fact. But not a human. No, Miles didn't miss being a human, not even a woman, now that he had the power and dominance of a mighty bull-folk. Before he had been the put-upon wife of Jim, always having to calm her husband's temper and serve dutifully as a traditional wife. Now, *he* could pull the plough with muscled ease, working the farm and finding deep satisfaction in it, all while serving as the new patriarch of the family; a fairer one too. He was more than willing to let the women of the family do their parts for the farm, and goodness knows that his former husband did. Now that Jane was a very, *very* fertile cowgirl (literally), she was not only embarking on a future of producing many anthro-calves for the farm's expansion, but a great deal of milk too. An enormous amount, really. More than enough to have litres and litres spare for Miles to enjoy. In fact, that's what he was doing just now as well.

"Ahhhh," he said, raising a large glass tankard to his bovine lips and gulping down the warm milk within it. "That's the stuff. Good for the bones. Good for the spirit."

He grinned to himself, chuckling at the joke that formed in his mind.

"And why buy the cow, when I can get the milk for free?"

He took another sip, running a hoof-hand down his bare furry belly, muscular and animalistic and *strong*. His tail whipped at a few flies gathering near his back, but his attention was fixed firmly on the horizon of his ever expanding farm.

"I can't wait to fill it with children," he said, happily drinking more of his wife's milk.

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Charlie and Paige were returning from their duties on the farm, the two siblings in high spirits. Like her father (formerly his mother), Charlie was pleased to have gained strength and power from the transformation that the animal spirits had laid upon them all. Unlike his new father, he had not gained a bovine aspect, but rather a porcine one. He was a deeply broad boar of a man, with impressive tusks that his lips stretched around, though he was able to speak quite easily despite this. His mane of dark hair he often left to the air, preferring to go shirtless, and his powerful hooves kicked up dust with every step.

Paige, on the other hand, had taken much of the reverse journey. Once Peter, a rather effeminate and domestic man, she had come into her own as a new woman. A mare woman, to be precise. Tall - much taller than her former sister now - and quite elegant, she had grown in power in comparison to her former self, but certainly did not possess the intense musculature of her new father and brother. But her movements were beautiful, her hooves far from thudding upon the landscape but rather treading lightly, as if she were not truly bound to the earth. Certainly, she felt that way when she ran, galloping at great speed alongside her stallion husband and relishing the pure freedom that her new form brought. Every day was an adventure, every day a discovery.

Not that she could exactly gallop right now.

“Good lord, I can’t believe my own brother is pregnant,” Charlie remarked.

“That’s *sister* now,” Paige remarked, smirking out one side of her long snout. She extended a hoof-hand over her swollen belly, stroking her fertile roundness. “In case *this* wasn’t evidence enough of that.”

Charlie chuckled, and in doing so snorted heavily, as was his new porcine manner. “Ha! You’re not wrong. Still, I can’t believe it sometimes.”

“You well should, you’re going to be an auntie to a little stallion or mare soon. Or - *neigh!* - one of each, maybe. Or two of either. I could swear I was - *neigh!* - carrying two here!”

Her belly indeed rippled with movement from the life within. The hooves pushed against the taut surface of her stomach, reminding her of the blessing of anthro-horse life within her that she could never imagined she would ever carry. Could never have imagined.

“It wouldn’t surprise me, given how you and Alex go at it. I swear you two are utterly - *ree!* - insatiable!”

Paige blushed a little. “Well, we’re animals, right? Besides, he’s just so . . . dominating.”

“And you like that, don’t you? Dad was right, back when she was Mom: you really were meant for this domestic life.”

"I still help, don't I? Besides, it's not like you lost out, *sister*. You finally got to take a leading role on this farm, just like my Alex did! God knows you both ended up with the bodies for all the hard labour."

Charlie deliberately stretched some of his muscles, and patted his large bouncer's belly, satisfied with the mention of this. "Damn right there, brother. Ah, I'll call you sister. You're definitely my sister now, especially with the, uh, evidence you mentioned in front of us. I guess it's just sometimes crazy to reminisce on, huh?"

"Well, it certainly saved your marriage. I never liked Dani, you know, back when she was your flighty husband. God, things have changed there too, right?"

They both smirked for a moment, thinking of the person Dani used to be. David had been an elitist city-folk who frowned upon country life and viewed it as lesser. Because Cheryl had been effectively pushed out of the work life of the farm by her overly traditionalist father, she had run into the arms of someone who represented his opposite . . . and yet still shackled her in a similar way. David had desired to be the business owner, the breadwinner, the one to get Cheryl with child and make her a traditional wife. He'd never have put it purely like that, of course, but it would have been her destiny.

Until the animal spirits - the gods - changed them, and now everything had flipped around entirely.

"No, my gorgeous wife is very different now indeed," Charlie mused, snorting to himself humorously as they passed what they playfully called 'the pigpen.' Numerous little anthro-piglet babies were playing and running around in it, gleefully screeching and snorting as they threw mud at one another or engaged with their little toys.

"Daddy! Daddy! Look at this! Look at this!"

"Daddy! Come play with us! Mommy won't play with us!"

"Shhhh, she's sleeping!"

Charlie smirked. The oldest of his children were certainly growing up now, though they also acted in accordance with their species and loved to get dirty. He raised a hoof-hand to them.

"Soon, little ones, soon! Dad just has to talk to Aunt Paige for a time."

"Aunt Paige, is it going to be boys! We want stallions to play with!"

Paige nearly burst out laughing. The older porcine boys were always trying to out-tough her stallion boys. Of course, she was hoping for girls this time. She had proved more than up to the task of breeding, though as they passed the pig pen, another figure's shape made itself known, one who was far, far better than anyone else on the far.

"Poor Dani," Paige mused, looking at the tired, sleeping form of the piglet woman, unconscious even as porcine children ran and shouted and laughed all around her. Some even climbed over her, but she didn't seem to notice other than some little sleeping snorts.

She was grotesquely pregnant with a big litter yet again, and as she was on her side, all six of her large pink breasts, full of their thick, cream-like milk, were being suckled upon by her youngest babies, a seventh fighting for its place. "I don't know how she does it."

"The old-fashioned way, ha!" Charlie snorted. "Don't worry, she loves it, even if she won't always admit it. But it is tiring work."

"I sometimes get with twins, and I think *that's* plenty of babies. I can't imagine having six. Or even seven like she has sometimes!"

Charlie tapped on his left tusk knowingly. "We think eight this time. A new record!"

"By the Animal Gods, no wonder she's so big."

"She loved it. It gives her life meaning. And have you ever seen someone so relaxed in the mud? She's a true country folk now. Besides, maybe it's just a *little* revenge for looking down on this life so much. That's what the Porcine God said anyway."

They continued up to the deck, Paige careful as she held onto the railing. Miles was still sitting there, admiring the view, but he grinned at their approach and raised a glass of Jane's milk.

"How are we going, kids?"

"Pregnant!"

"Powerful."

"Ha, I've been both, but I'll take the latter for now! Have a seat dear Paige, you look like you've more than earned it. Where's Alex?"

Paige rested her heavy mare form down in one of the larger seats, stroking her fur and adjusting her brush-like tail. That was one part she wondered if she'd ever get used to; not being part-animal, not being pregnant, but simply finding places for her tail when she sat down.

"Oh, he'll be back. Teaching some of our younger ones to gallop properly. Richard has nearly got the hang of it, but Scarlet lags."

"They'll get there," Miles assured her. "We all do."

"And how are your own new kids going, Dad?" Charlie asked. "Our half-cow siblings? I haven't seen them today."

"They're off with their Ma, learning the ropes of the milk production."

Charlie raised an eyebrow. "Won't that just be the girls, though? I know Ma makes more cows than bulls - at least so far - but what's the point for the boys?"

Miles took another sip of the fine milk. Years ago, they might have viewed it as weird, but now Charlie actually reached over and grabbed a glass Miles had spare of himself and began to drink it down. On Tanarra, milk-producers - especially bovines - had no real qualms about sharing with family. It was, after all, where ordinary milk came from, and there were no 'animal', non-anthro and intelligent equivalent sources. Besides, it was damn tasty and filling.

“Well, it was actually my idea, you see. Given how our lives used to be, I figured it was the smart thing to avoid the boys getting the idea that girls have to be all submissive and just making milk while the guys run the show. They should learn to appreciate what the girls will be doing, and see what hard work they’re putting in.”

“Smart,” Paige said. “I mean, I know the guys run the farm right now, but that was just part of the irony of the Animal God curses, wasn’t it?”

“That’s what I’m thinking. Sure, you two run your own households, but we don’t want to become like your mother Jane used to be, right? Or former Dani?”

They nodded, realising the intelligence of that logic.

“Still, it doesn’t mean we can’t enjoy being masters of the farm a little bit - *snort* - right?”

Miles looked over the horizon, where two groups were returning. The first had Paige’s interest: her gorgeous husband Alex with their herd of stallion and mare children, small but growing. The second had his own: a herd of calves heading back, and at their rear the waddling form of Janel, hugely pregnant and stretching the confines of her loose housewife’s dress, milk spots already appearing on her clothing despite the straps and cups. He found himself feeling a stirring between his legs.

“No, there’s no harm in enjoying it at all, Charlie. None at all.”

Charlie grinned. “Then I might just pay my Dani a visit. I reckon it’s time for a wakeup.”

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Dani snorted as she woke. She had been lying in the warm and comfortable mud, letting the afternoon bake her pink skin. She didn’t burn, so it was simply a wonderful feeling, especially as a distraction from her many, many children, of which there were over three dozen by this point. God, she was pregnant, and continued to be so again and again. She grunted as she shifted the weight of her belly, feeling her teats slide from the mouths of her hungry, feeding children. God, she was a milk-producer too, outdone only by the endless supply of Jane. At least her bovine mother-in-law could leak freely when she got full though. Not so for Dani: her milk was thick and creamy, and so she got painfully engorged unless her babies - or husband - were there to relieve her.

“Ngnnnhh,” she groaned, slowly opening her eyes. More time had passed than she expected, because a number of her own children were sleeping in the late afternoon light, as they often did. Seriously, piglets must have had their own built-in drowsiness clock, because even the five year olds were cleaning themselves off in the corner showers, getting changed,

and heading to their bunks. The younger ones were simply falling asleep in mud patches, which was fine and natural.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, feeling a strong hand massage her wide flank. “Ohhhh, I was having the m-most wonderful - *snort* - dream.”

“And what was it, my love?” Charlie asked, his voice deep and coarse. He rubbed her belly, squeezed one of her lower breasts. They were still full, but he was taking away the babies from her teats and placing them carefully away to rest. They had just been drinking from habit at that point.

“I was d-dreaming about no longer being pregnant. B-being able to run and jump, and not be s-so damn full of a litter and milk.”

“Hmm, give it another fifteen years or so. Maybe twenty. Then you can enjoy menopause.”

She reached out feebly to slap him, albeit just playfully. “Such a dog.”

“Not a dog. Your boar, remember? Your pig of a husband.”

“Mhmm, but I like my pig of a husband,” she said, moaning softly as he caressed her breasts and lowered himself to the mud with her. “I like him a lot. Even if he does keep knocking me up with these huge litters.”

“You want it. It’s your instinct.”

“You’re right,” she admitted. “But it’s just . . . hard sometimes. Do you think you could make it feel better?”

His hardness was obvious, and she whimpered at the size of it in her sight.

“Come,” he said, reaching out to haul her up.

“Yes, please,” she grunted. “Anything to distract from what a huge pregnant pig I am.”

He chuckled as he lifted her. Despite her incredible roundness, their litter only a month away from being born, and her huge pink breasts which now dwarfed the size of her own head, he was still able to easily pull her to her hooves and have her rest her weight against him. Perks of being a strong boar man. He led her into their own private loft, in which a very special feature had been added.

“In the mudbath?” he suggested, squeezing her full bottom.

“Ohhhh, y-yes. Yes please. I love the feeling of it on me, especially with you *in me*.”

He was more than happy with that result. This was not the casual mud of the pigpen outside, but rather a specially constructed mudbath like one might find at a pleasure parlour or fancy resort. The farm had been booming, and Dani had practically demanded it as a way of soothing her belly and taking some weight off of it. Of course, they had found other reasons to enjoy it too.

Charlie helped his pregnant pig wife into the expansive bath. The mud was always warm and bubbling, and it soothed their skin. The adjacent shower would rinse them later,

but for now, they wanted private time. The older kids knew how to sort out the younger ones, and a great thing about Tanarran children was that they were never as helpless as human ones back in their original dimensions. Like animals there, kids learned independence fast. It allowed for more 'parental fun' when the kids were away.

"S-so big," Dani winced.

"Come, sit on my lap," Charlie said, sprawling out so that his arms were touching the edge of the bath, like a man fully relaxed - which he was. Except in one place.

"Can you take my weight?"

"You know I can. And you know you love to ride me while I play with those tits."

She lowered herself down, facing away from him. There was no room facing him; her stomach was too full of their enormous litter. But he carefully guided his cock so that it entered her as she sat, and the two of them grunted in bliss as the act began.

"OHhhhh, I missed this."

"We did it just last night, Dani."

"But I've b-been thinking about it - reee - all today! I'm s-so fucking horny when I've got a huge litter."

"Already looking forward to the next one?"

"In your dreams. And - ahh - mine apparently! Now please f-fuck me!"

He did so, and did so eagerly. It was a dance they were familiar with, but one they always added moves to. With so many sensitive, milk-filled breasts to play with, how could Charlie not make new alterations each time? He squeezed and pulled at the teats of her lower ones first, causing her creamy milk to spill into the mud bath. Then he continued up to the middle pair, and finally to the largest upper pair, knowing that these were the most full, the most unbearable. Finally, he gave her release, even as she rocked her backside upon his lap, milking his huge boar cock for all that it was worth.

"Ohhhhhh, yesssss! I needed thissssss! Rreeeee!!"

She cried out in her squealing, pig-like fashion as the pair of them drew close to the ultimate pleasure. He began to buck more forcefully, clutching as much of her stomach as he could before gripping her hips. He used them to hoist her higher, allowing him to slip further out and then back in again. He was taking her like an animal, making her his, and the two of them delighted in it. When the orgasms came, Dani was reminded of one wonderful, wonderful, brilliant truth: pigs could orgasm for literal minutes. And her husband had been blessed with similar potency of pleasure too.

The mudbath room was soundproofed for this reason, as they pair squealed and grunted, groaned and snorted, writhed and bucked, the ecstasy extended out until they were almost completely tired of it. Only at the end did Dani rested back against her husband, letting him hold more of her belly.

“That was p-perfect,” she said, letting him stroke her pink belly fur.

“They’re awake?”

“Mhm,” she said.

They marvelled at the piglets they’d made together as they began to squirm in her belly. They stayed in the bath for a long time.

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“Yesssss, *neigh!* *Neigh!* *NEIGH!*”

Alex was pleased to be back to his wife, but even more pleased to have his huge stallion cock *inside* his wife. They had not opted for a mudbath, but neither had they opted for the bedroom either. After tucking their little herd to sleep (some of the older ones liked to sleep under shade outside), they had gone out into the wilds beyond the edges of the farm, found a hidden treeline, and placed Paige down on her back on an embankment. This geographical feature was important, because as much as she liked getting mounted by her stallion of a husband, tonight she wanted to see him. Besides, her legs were tired. And with the raised embankment she could rest her back on the soft grass, spread her powerful legs, shift her tail to one side, and let him enter her as he stood over her. Her entrance, thanks to the embankment, was perfect level with his enormous cock, and they both decided that this would be *their* spot from now on.

“Y-yesssss,” Paige moaned, as Alex slid his entire length deeper inside of her.

“Mhmmmm, m-make me your wife!”

“You already are my wife!” Alex chuckled.

“I want to f-feel it. You know I love feeling - *neigh* - all submissive.”

“So very domestic. I’m so glad we found our roles, beloved. And this place is just magical.”

“It is a good spot.”

“No, all of it. The whole world. But I’m getting off topic. I should be focusing on this.”

He stroked her belly, leaned forward to caress her breasts, and finally slid his hoof-hands down to slide them over her small, two-teat udder. It was not nearly as large as that of her sister-in-law’s or her mother’s, and for that she was glad. But she looked forward to feeding their next children. Just feeling the life within her, no matter how full it made her, was just so right. *This* was what she was meant to be.

“Be my stallion, and I’ll be your mare,” she said.

Alex grinned, and began to thrust, no longer sliding slowly in and out but rutting in an animalistic and dominant way. He was so grateful to have the use of his legs again. Once, he had been a confident woman, then a destroyed one when he had been paralysed. Now



he was a free stallion, a figure of elegance and power, of masculine might and husbandly love. It was that love her gave to his wife in that moment, staring into her gorgeous equine eyes as he thrust again and again, filling her void completely. She gave herself over to him, and he loved her for that. She simply clutched her stomach and wrapped her hooved feet around his waist, preventing him from leaving; not that he ever would. Not only did he deeply love this woman - and always would - but he loved fucking her. It was his instinct, and they did it daily, as they strongly suspected all three couples did. Certainly, Dani and Jane's endless pregnancies were evidence of it!

"Mhmm, *neigh!* So close!" Paige cried. She squirmed, rubbing her shoulder blades against the grass. She began to fondle her own breasts. They were highly sensitive, and while they were much smaller than those of her mother and sister-in-law - another fact she was grateful for - she did enjoy having them. They made her so feminine, something she had come to not only accept but embrace and celebrate.

"M-me too! I want us to climax together, darling! I want us to - to - to - *NEIGH!!!*"

It was too much. Alex usually prided himself on being able to hold back the literal *tide* of pent-up seed within his balls, but the sight of his pregnant mare, all full with his foals, was simply too great to resist. Thankfully, Paige had been close enough, and the feeling of her husband's huge horse cock throbbing within her, filling her up with a tidal wave of semen, was enough to push her to her own lovely climax. The pair of them fell away from words, falling into loud grunts and even louder neighs, making them glad that they were nestled away in the forest. The couple didn't produce the most milk, or the most children, but one thing was for sure: Alex definitely produced the most seed, and the warmth of it inside Paige made her feel as if she were floating in heaven.

"*Neiiiigghh,*" she whimpered softly in the aftermath, her husband now resting his head against her belly, his cock still inside her. "We should d-do that again in f-five minutes."

"Make it three," Alex said. "I greatly desire you tonight."

That was the other thing they were also far more prodigious in than the others on the farm. The loving pair had a very, very short refractory period. Not long after, the sound of neighing filled the forest air once more. It would not be the last time that night.

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Meanwhile, a more direct consequence of sex was occurring near the milking sheds. It hadn't been entirely unexpected, not least because Jane always got more horny and overburdened with milk the closer she got to labour. She had been feeling small labour pains all day, in fact; the little tensions in her belly, the ache in her teats that was more . . . maternal than usual. As if they desired new hungry mouths upon them. And her milk wasn't

expressing as easily either. Oh, she certainly was still leaking - *that* was a fact of life that would never end for her now, much to her continued embarrassment, hence why she often preferred to be naked (Miles certainly preferred that too). But they weren't leaking nearly as much, even as her bloated bag of an udder felt like it was about to explode, and her huge JJ-cup jugs threatened to go up, impossibly, to a bigger cup size. Her nipples burned, and her her tail swished impatiently, as if waiting for the metaphorical dams - her water - to break.

Of course, another need had arisen, and one that finally led to those waters breaking. Miles had good intuition - perhaps leftover from when he had been a compassionate and empathetic housewife back on Earth - because as soon as she had reached him upon the deck he had sensed that something was off.

"Do you think tonight?"

She had nodded, her discomfort clear. "*M-moo!* Yes! I'm s-so full but not expressing. And the b-babies are impatient. *Moo!*"

That was another thing. She had gotten the mooing under more control over the years, but when she was about to drop new calves, it always returned in force.

"I'll j-just need to r-rest once the calves are put to - *moo* - bed," she said.

But Miles put up a hoof-hand. He raised himself from the seat, kissed her on her delightful snout, and got right to work like the caring husband and father he was.

"You relax here, honey. I'll put them down to bed. I'll be right back."

And he was, by which point her *everything* was aching, as if her body was a ticking time bomb ready to deliver life, on the cusp but failing the next step.

"*Mooooo*," she moaned, stroking her stomach, feeling her compressed calves kicking within. "Why d-did I have to become a woman? Why did I have to b-become a - *mooo!* - goshdarn cow! S-so full of moooo-ilk! It's just not - *mooo* - fair!"

Miles patiently stroked her flanks. "You know why, honey. The Animal Gods told us. Besides, you only get like this when you're about to calve. You go right back to accepting this life once you have them on you. You cried in joy the last three times, for crying out loud!"

"I know! But - *moooo!* - it doesn't help that I don't have calves to relieve me right now!"

"I have an idea. Let's go to the milking shed."

"It won't work. My t-teats are too bloated for the pumps. I already t-tried."

"Not that."

His cheeky grin told her everything, and she couldn't deny him. Again, that submissiveness crept over her, recognising her bull as not just her loving husband, but her master too. With his help, they returned to the milking shed. It was an old tradition by this point - well, old as in it stretched back to her first calving over five years ago - that she gave

birth in the milking sheds. Her udder felt like it would blow open soon, and her nipples and teats were tight and stiffened. She shuddered as Miles placed her standing against a stall wall, one of their favourite locations, and helped strip away what little covering she wore. He removed his own pants, and his impressive bull cock was positioned against her.

“How about this?” he said, pressing his penishead against her folds.

“Mmmmooooo! Do it! Do s-something!”

He didn't require any more permission than that. He entered her, and moments later she was mooing not just from discomfort, but bliss as well. As much as she often complained about her new life, she never complained about this. Her breasts and udder strained to contain their produce, but that agony was overriding by pleasure as he began to fuck her.

“Mooo! Moooo! MOOOOO!!!!”

To her utter embarrassment, this was far from the marathon they usually achieved. Her orgasm came in less than a minute, her body in such a hormonal state that she couldn't help herself. Her vaginal walls clamped down upon her bull husband's cock, and this time *she* milked *him*, bringing him to an early full. He grunted, bellowing through his wide snouted nose as he came early. It wasn't his biggest orgasm - far too little build up for that - but it was enough to get the release he also needed.

But his seed didn't get far: they were immediately flushed out by what followed.

“MOOO! NNGH!”

A torrent of water flooded out from Jane's tunnel. Miles retreated, and the cow woman groaned as her amniotic fluid trickled down her furry thighs. Her tail swished back and forth, almost excited.

“Th-thank God!” she cried. “Ohhhhh, Moo-iles, I love you! You did it! I'm f-finally going into I-labour! Yesss - NNGHH!!”

Miles watched, impressed and in awe, as his wife took over what happened next. She widened her hooved stance upon the ground, readying her body. She leaned her belly against the stall, bellowing another moo as the first contraction came. Labour was always pretty quick for Jane, and now that it was finally happened, she seemed to be ecstatic again. In pain, tired, and very much ready to breast and udder-feed, but joyous to be following her instinctive part.

“You can do this honey,” Miles encouraged, though he knew his words were unnecessary. “We're going to meet our new calves soon.”

“M-mooo! I know! It's g-going to be wonderful!”

And there it was; the truth. It was going to be wonderful. Discomforting, painful, and more than a little embarrassing to give birth even years on from her change. But the cow woman wouldn't give it up for the world. This was who she was now, and she was doing her part. She mooed again as the next contraction came, and she adjusted her stance. The time

to push was coming, and when it did, she would bare down and begin the hard work of calving, as she had a number of times before. Her milk finally began to express, anticipating the arrival of children, and that too gave her release. Miles stroked the fur of her back, his whispered encouragement aiding the whole process, but the truth was that Jane could have done this in her sleep now. She was a cow mother, and while she hadn't been born to do this, she had certainly adapted to it.

And besides, her bestial mind was already beginning to think about the next set of calves they could make together.

**The End**