

# Driving Like Animals (Pig & Cow Anthro TFTG Preg)

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## A Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

*Scott and Bryce are two friends in their mid-thirties who are enjoying a drive to the game when a minor traffic accident sets their fuses off. Unfortunately for them, the female driver they lose their anger on is Morgan the Witch, who knows exactly what two crude men who drive like animals should be turned into.*

## Driving Like Animals

Scott laughed. "Get out of town, Bryce buddy. There's no way the Bulls will be able to take on the Boars. I don't care if 'Big' Timmy Holt has joined them. He may have the speed but he doesn't have the accuracy."

"Just you wait," Bryce replied with a grin, running his fingers through his raven-black hair as he placed the other arm casually out the car window. "Timmy will surprise you. The Bulls will dominate."

"In your dreams, dude. You're just saying that because you've got two hundred riding on it."

Bryce shrugged. "I like to lay money down. Unlike some cowards I know."

Scott chuckled again. "Don't forget who's driving here, buddy. I might just drop you off before we even get to the game!"

"Yeah, you and what army?"

"You may be tougher, but I'm built like a bouncer. You'd be surprised how I can throw my weight around."

"Well, let's just have the Boars and Bulls fight it out for us, huh?"

The two friends fistbumped before Scott returned his concentration to the highway. The two were both in their early thirties, and were happy to get away from their girlfriends for the night. Sure, they liked their girls, but sometimes they just preferred the company of beer, sports, and a raucous mate to exchange crass jokes with. And for Bryce and Scott, that was always each other. The two went all the way back to highschool, and they'd been thick as thieves back then too. Scott had been the class clown, the one who liked to make people laugh. He had blonde hair and a pink complexion due to his overweight figure. He loved food, and made no secret of it. His girlfriend had been trying to get him to lose weight, but he didn't really try too hard at it, especially since a good six-pack was always a temptation after a day of long office work. She called him a pig occasionally. In revenge, he just oinked when he saw her backside.

Bryce, on the other hand, was quite a handsome guy, one who was tall with longer black hair and often with a pair of shades on, even if he was inside half the time. He was a gambler and opportunist by nature, and loved to take risks, and push others to take them. It was no wonder that he and Scott were friends, as they ended up on some amusing drunken escapades on occasion. And just like his friend, Bryce was obsessed with sports, particularly rugby, which he always laid money down for to support his favourite club. It led to some fun tension between the two of them. Bryce supported the bulls, and Scott supported the boars. It was an amusing dynamic. After all, Bryce was the strong athletic friend, while Scott was the bigger of the two. They liked to compare themselves to the respective mascots of their favourite teams.

"I'm just so glad it's the grand final," Scott exclaimed excitedly. "We've never had this before! Our two teams going against each other for the big win! For the cup!"

"I know. It's going to be fucking good, my man. I am not wandering home to Sarah sober, I can tell you that."

"Me either. Jess won't like it, but I'm downing a whole fucking six-pack Bryce, win or lose. I'll be paying my way home, ha!"

At that moment of celebration, the turn off to the highway came. They were behind a car going the speed limit, but in their excitement, they were going about ten miles over that.

"Overtake this slow bitch!" Bryce yelled. "We've got prime rib seats and I don't want some asshole to take them while we get stuck behind a hatchback driver."

Scott hesitated for a moment, then sped up. They overtook the car, pulled ahead, but in his haste to get into the offramp, he cut the other driver off a lot closer than anticipated. He wrestled for control of the wheel, the car careening a little as he steadied it.

"Whoa, dude!"

"You told me to do it!" Scott said.

Instantly he was hit by high beams from the rear vision mirror, followed by a loud series of honks from the hatchback driver's car horn. Whoever was in the car - a woman, it looked like - was angry, and began to tailgate them.

"Goddamnit, I pulled in front of a crazy driver," Scot bemoaned.

"Just ignore her," Bryce said. "We were a little rude but it wasn't *that* bad. Just a slight close call but nothing terrible."

But the other driver evidently did not agree. She continued honking, beeping, holding her hand on the horn so that it bellowed loudly and clearly that she wanted them to stop and pull over. She gestured quite violently in favour of that action, in fact.

"Jesus, we are not stopping for her. Let's just take a backroad or something and hope she doesn't follow us."

Scott followed Bryce's advice for the second time, and for the second time it also proved wrong. They followed a back road that led further out of town but would eventually loop back to the stadium, but she was right on their tail. Only now, she wasn't honking anymore. In the mirror, for just a moment, Scott could see her grinning.

"What the fuck?" he said. "This crazy lady is grinning at us."

There was a gesture in the rear vision mirror, one he only briefly saw. For a moment, it looked like there was a purple flash in her car, but then it was gone.

"Hey Bryde, did you just see a - WOAH!"

To his astonishment, the car accelerated, *fast*. The wheel twisted out of his grip, turning right.

"Dude, what are you doing?"

"I'm not doing anything man, it just turned for no reason!"

"Well, turn it back! Is the car busted or something?"

"No, it's just - holy shit, look! It's driving without me touching anything!"

The two friends looked on in horror as the car drove itself, as if by magic. Scott hit the brakes, but it did nothing. He couldn't even get out of the car and try to leap to safety - not that he would, but Bryce was certainly trying. But the doors and windows were locked, and before Bryce could pull himself out of the open passenger seat window, it even wound upwards!

"This is crazy, this is crazy," Scott said, panicking. "This is so fucking crazy!"

They zoomed further out into the country, the woman driving behind them the whole time. Occasionally he caught her grin, and he made a pleading face for her to stop. Bryce made gestures back to her, urging her to go away. But both had a sinking feeling she was behind the car's alterations.

Finally, after fifteen panicked minutes of the car driving itself, they ended up on an old, barely used road in the middle of the farmland to the west of the city. A small but rustic farm was on the right side of the road where the car pulled into, stopping just shy of the house. A gate opened and closed itself to let them through.

"This is crazy!" Scott repeated.

The woman's hatchback braked next to theirs, and the woman got out. She was a tall brunette in a hot red dress and with a frankly superb set of jiggling tits. She moved sensually, her ruby red lips grinning as she approached them.

"If she opens the doors, we make a run for it," Bryce said.

But the doors didn't open. Instead, with a flick of her wrist, a little purple spark flew to Scott's driver-side window, and it rolled down. He gulped nervously.

"Hello boys," she said. "Aren't you a little old to be hooning about like that? You must be in your mid-thirties, right?"

Scott went to say something but the words died in his mouth. Instead, he just nodded and babbled. “Yes, yes. Mid-thirties. My friend too.”

“And you didn’t think it was rude to cut off a lady?”

“We were just going to see the game,” Bryce responded. “It’s the clash of our teams, lady. In case you can’t tell by our shirts, I’m going for the Bulls and my friend for the Boars.”

“Mhm, yes, I can see that. And this entitled you to cut me off like you did? I was just minding my own damn business, driving at the speed limit like a good driver should, and you two come zooming past and nearly damage my car. You could have caused an accident.”

It was a bit of an exaggeration. Scott definitely cut her off a bit, but they were nowhere close to the accident. He couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow, his driver’s pride disrupted by her comments. She clearly caught his mental response, and Bryce gave it words anyway.

“Bullshit! We may have cut you off but you’re a shit driver if you think we were gonna actually hit you. We didn’t break any laws. Look, we’re sorry we did it, but you literally hacked my friend’s car and sent us out here. We’re going to miss the game, all because of a small misunderstanding. We’re sorry, okay? Are we done?”

“Not nearly done,” she replied, grimacing. “You two were driving like animals.”

“Oh, give me a fucking break! Scott drives just fine!”

As usual, Bryce’s own determination fuelled Scott’s as well. He folded his arms across his large belly, looking at the woman with a lot less fear. Of course she’d just used some weird hacking, not magic like his imagination had supposed. It meant *she’d* broken the law and put things much more at risk than they ever had.

“Lady-”

“Morgan. Morgan the Witch.”

Scott chuckled, high and long. “Sure. Witch. Totally believe that. Look, my friend Bryce here is right. I wasn’t driving like an animal. I pulled ahead of you. It happens everyday. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’d like control of my car back. I want to see the Boars.”

“And I want to see the Bulls,” Bryce added. “We’re running out of fucking time here.”

Morgan the self-professed witch smiled. There was a gleam in her eye. “Oh, you want to meet the boars, Scott? And the bulls, Bryce? Well, that can certainly be arranged, I assure you. In fact, I can make sure you meet them every single day from now on.”

She snapped her finger, and to their collective shock, a stream of mystical purple energy enveloped the pair of them. They groaned, their bodies squirming as a strange energy settled not just onto them, but *into* them.

“Wh-what the fuck! What did you - ack! - do!?”

She beamed at Scott. “Oh, just made your wish come true. You two want to drive like animals, then it’s time you lost the ability to drive, and instead started acting like animals.”

Scott panicked. His flesh crawled, and his gut churned as if he'd eaten a bad lot of fried chicken. He clutched his swollen belly, only to be astonished as it swelled out further.

"N-nghh! OHHHH G-GOD!"

He pushed against the door, but it was useless: it was still locked. He looked to Bryce, who was also struggling. The man who had suggested cutting of Morgan was sharply regretting it, as a strange mound began growing between his legs, pushing his thighs apart which were fattening by the second.

"Wh-what the f-fuck!? What's h-happening to m-MEE!?"

"Oh, I'm just making you like your teams. Of course, I don't really have much use for a *bull*, Bryce. But a *cow*, hmm, let's just say my little farm here will greatly benefit from that. And Scott, of course, will help too. I don't need another boar, but a fat sow to give me lots of little truffle-finding piglets? Oh yes, that'll be just what I need."

Scott panicked, pressing against the door. His nipples swelled, causing him to groan, and then further flesh pooled into his chest also, making his manboobs become an actual set of female tits. They expanded in size, growing larger and larger and larger.

"Holy f-fuck! NGH! I'm growing t-tits, dude!"

"I know! I'm - AHHGH! - I'm growing them t-too, man!"

Bryce wasn't lying. His chest was swelling even faster than Scott's, to the point that his shirt was ripping apart. His new womanly chest blossomed and grew until they were heavy F-cups in size, huge and full with an enormous chasm of cleavage he couldn't believe.

"S-so heavy! Shit!"

Bryce pushed against the door, horrified to feel another set of nipples growing beneath his already existing breasts. Scott felt it too, only he felt *two* extra pairs. They quickly swelled up, just like his fat. Their entire forms were altering, in fact. Their hips widened significantly, their feet reconfigured into hooves, hardening to lose most sensation. Their hands became quasi-hoof-like as well, still capable of some use but with only two wide fingers and a thumb. Their ears shifted, becoming long and downy in Bryce's case, and flat and wide in Scott's case.

"Oh God! Oh f-fuck! Oh - OINK!"

Scott grasped his face, helpless as his nose widened and flattened, becoming just like that of a pig's. His entire pigmentation changed, and a soft coat of fur erupted from his skin, causing him to squeal in discomfort again, just like a pig. Bryce joined him, but instead of squealing, he *mooed*.

"M-M-MAAHHH! MOOOOO!!!"

It came as his mouth surged forward, jaw altering to give him a cute little snout with a wide, flat cow's nose. His lower breasts became similarly huge to his upper ones, but the

mound between his legs was all the bigger, becoming larger and larger until it was the size of a damn basketball, if not bigger.

“Let us out! LET US OUT!!!”

Morgan sighed. “Oh fine, then. I suppose you won’t fit inside the car soon anyway.” She snapped her fingers, and suddenly the doors opened. The two fell out, sprawling onto the dirt and wheezing as another layer of fat came over them.

“No! Change us back! P-please!”

“Sorry, too late,” she said with a grin. “But don’t worry. All that pesky masculine anger and testosterone-fuelled desire to fight will go away in a moment. Enjoy having vaginas, ladies.”

For a moment, the half-pig man and half-cow man looked at one another. Their eyes widened in panic.

“OINK! OINK! REEE!!”

“MAAHH!! MOOOO!!!”

In their panic, their words lost out to their new animalistic voices. By then it was too late. Far too quickly for them to even feel it coming, their penises and testicles sucked up inside their bodies, replaced by seeping feminine openings. Instantly they were hit with a strange wave of arousal, even as their changes finalised. Scott’s breasts all expanded to become full F-cups, three rows of them. He looked like a large pig woman, with a heavy chubbiness to his figure, and a clearly feminine face despite his slight snout. His blonde hair had grown out, looking slightly like a wig upon him. Bryce, on the other hand, kept his black hair exactly as it was, barring a single stripe of white through it. His udder - for that was what his mound obviously was once his jeans ripped to pieces - gurgled unpleasantly, and so did his four large breasts, which were only slightly larger than Scott’s, but clearly full of warm milk which sloshed about within them. He had the black and white fur of a Holstein.

“Oh God. What the fuck. This has to be a dream. This has to be.”

“Not a dream,” the witch said. “But perhaps a nightmare. Oh, I nearly forgot!”

She waved her hand, and Bryce and Scott doubled over. The two former males altered once more. Bryce developed a set of horns which pushed out from his scalp, as well as a long ropy tail, just like a cow’s. Scott developed a curly tail, and his hunger suddenly surged.

“Just to get you into your roles,” she said.

Neither could move. They were stuck by magic.

“P-please,” Scott whimpered. “It was just a misunderstanding. Can’t you - REE - can’t you turn us back. I’m sorry!”

“Me too! I’m - MWAHH! - sorry!”

But Morgan just shook her head. "Like I said, drive like animals, you can *be* animals. Besides, I promised you some fun with a boar and a bull, right?" She clicked her fingers, and there was a puff of purple smoke. When it cleared, two large creatures stepped out from it. One was a minotaur, huge and burly and powerful. The other was an equally strong looking boar-man, with huge tusks and an entirely porcine head. Both smelled utterly *arousing* to the new female senses the friends possessed. Instantly, their new pussies began to moisten, their nipples tingle.

"N-no!" they said as one.

"Oh yes," Morgan said. "The witch that owns this farm is named Tila. Don't worry, she's a lot nicer than me. She might even try to turn you both back, since her sense of justice is less . . . disproportionate than mine. But she won't succeed. A witch struggles to undo the magic of another witch, and besides, she owes me one after that fun little incident in Sydney. No, you two are going to be up close and personal with the bull and the boar tonight, and when they get you pregnant, you can start enjoying the rest of your lives in your new roles on this farm.

"Scott, you can enjoy being a mud-covered sow constantly pregnant with huge litters of piglets. I hope you enjoy being on your side in the warm, luxurious mud, because those six titties of yours will be working full-time to feed your litters.

"Bryce, you won't have to worry about big litters like Scott, just one calf at a time. But don't worry, your body will make milk like crazy, and you'll need to be hooked up and drained at least twice or even three times a day. The two of you can finally contribute to your new 'teams', and you don't even have to worry about seeing the action from a distance - because at least a few times a week, these two will make sure to keep you 'fulfilled', if you know what I mean. Think about that every time you decide to drive like animals."

With a final wink, she snapped her fingers and disappeared. The two new woman were unable to do anything but move on magical autopilot. Their bodies burned for contact, both utterly desirous to their coming mates, despite their inner desire not to be.

"Shit! Dude! I'm all turned on!" Scott declared.

"Moo too!" Bryce returned, already fondling his huge furry breasts. "I can't help it! I need to be mounted!"

"Same! I need to be - oink! - fucked! Fucked like a pig!"

The two shuddered, unable to control themselves. Their new bodies were magically compelled to require mating, and their wills were not strong enough to stop it. The muscled minotaur and powerful boar-man advanced, both huffing and reeking of testosterone.

When the two new women were mounted, they squealed and moaned in pleasure, again and again and again. It would not be the last time. They anthro animals of the farm now.

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Years later, Morgan drove into that farm. She liked to do so when Tila wasn't there. The two witches got along for the most part, but there was always a tension when two powers overlapped. Besides, she just wanted to slow down briefly to see how her old driver 'friends' were doing.

Sure enough, out in the field, beyond normal human sight, Bryce the anthro cow waddled about. She was very pregnant, this time with her fourth calf, and she held her furry back as she walked naked on her hooves. The magic had ensured that clothing was impossible for the pair, so that they could be true to nature, forever naked like real animals. Bryce's breasts were huge, and her udder immense, now beach-ball sized and shifting about, slapping against her thighs. She held it occasionally, just to stop it from moving so much. Milk dripped from her various nipples and teats as she waddled her way to the pumping station.

Across the other field was Scott. The pig woman was chubbier than ever, though still oddly cute, despite lying down in a pile of mud. To Morgan's amusement, she even looked partway relaxed in the warm mud. True to her words years before, Scott's six full breasts were being suckled on by her numerous piglets, which were non-anthros like hers, except for one or two every batch. A few runts vied for attention, and she adjusted them to give them space. She may not be like Bryce, but she still had plenty of thick, creamy, fattening milk to go around. She squealed a little, overwhelmed by her litter. Unlike Bryce, she seemed to catch sight of Morgan. For a moment, something like hope came over her face, but it ended quickly. She knew Morgan wasn't turning her back. Besides, the firm roundness of her belly told the witch that another litter was already growing.

"Well, looks like they've learned their lesson," the witch whispered to herself. "Too bad I made the magic all but permanent. Still, maybe they'll even come to enjoy their existence in a few centuries. I hope to be around to see the look on their faces when they realise they're going to be producing for the farm for a long, long, long time!"

With a grin, she drove off. But just as a little extra present, she snapped her fingers, and sent the boar-man and minotaur back to the farm for a couple of hours, with a virility spell cast upon both. And a tv set, with the Bulls vs the Boars game that was set to play once more for the grand final.

It couldn't hurt for the pair to see their own favourite teams again, after all. Especially when they were being fucked into animal orgasm by their 'mascots' at the same time.

**The End**