

Country Butterball Ham

'All you can eat and then some,' read the rustic wooden sign. It hung just under the doorway of Bonnie's Ranch, a Southern-style buffet restaurant a certain hapless dinosaur was currently being dragged to. "Aw, can't we go to that new sushi place or something? I haven't had the chance to try it yet! Quantity over quality isn't always better." Jeri slumped a bit as the old red pickup pulled into a parking space. "Hey, I'm payin' aren't I? 'Sides, this place is great. Th' food's a lil bit greasy maybe, but hey so's pizza and that still tastes good," Rus responded, the portly snake pulling the keys out of the ignition. Jeri just groaned in response, before giving a pitiful "Okaaaaay..." The serpent in the driver's seat chuckled at that. "C'mon, let's get goin'."

The colorful dinosaur drew a bit of attention as he stepped inside, his bright patterns of red, orange and blue briefly turning a few heads from the other people in line. Rus's sandy tan scales, by contrast were easily passed over, though the overalls and beat-up jeans he was wearing caught a few glances. The restaurant wasn't too busy thanks to it being a weekday, so the pair were able to slip through the line fairly quickly, Rus soon speaking to the person at the counter. "Yeah, I got a reservation for th' private room in the back," he told the cashier. "Of course, that includes two buffets as well; already paid for," the cashier replied. "Sounds good." Rus grinned despite himself, thinking over his plans as the two were shown to their table. It was a large private booth in the far back in a 'room' all its own meant for parties; dividers set up to provide privacy. Jeri was already curious, thinking Rus might have something up his sleeve, though he didn't want to bring it up in front of the cashier.

Once they were seated, the dinosaur opened his mouth to bring it up, but Rus spoke first. "Just like a lil privacy with my meal. I eat a lotta food and don't want people starin' at me. Or you f'r that matter, I'm sure y' got quite th' appetite, too, huh?" Jeri glared in response. "I don't have to answer that." Rus laughed, his beer-belly wobbling. "Well, don' worry. I'm gonna go get plenty for ya, just sit tight and relax." The dino cocked his head. "I can get my own food, you don't know what I like, anyways." He went to stand up, but Rus put a claw on his shoulder and gently let him back down. The snake may have been chubby, but being a farmer had given him plenty of tone under the softness, Rus able to push Jeri back into his seat with ease. "Nah, I got it. I'm sure I can get ya a sampler or somethin'. I insist. And like I said, I'm

buyin', right? I got th' food, y' just get that appetite of yers ready. Y'r gonna be piggin' soon enough." With that, the snake left the dino flustered in his seat.

Jeri huffed, resituating himself in his flannel button-up and jean shorts, both of which had been borrowed from Rus after he'd fallen in mud helping him at his farm. He was a little worried. Rus wasn't quite the trickster Nova was, but still could be up to something. This was just a bit too suspicious.

Before Jeri had time to think too much about it, Rus returned with an entire cart's worth of plates. Every dish was piled high with food of all sorts. Rus hadn't been kidding when he said he'd get a 'sampler,' as practically every item on the menu seemed to be accounted for: Giant rolls, barbeque pork, fried chicken, breaded catfish, potatoes and gravy, sausage, creamed corn; the works. Even desserts like pumpkin pie and ice-cream hadn't been left out, and seemed to have been added in plentiful supply. Everything *was* a little greasy, in typical Southern buffet fashion, but there was no denying it all smelled delicious.

Jeri shook his head at the monumental amount of food. "So... this is mostly yours, right?" Rus started to stack the numerous plates on the table. "Nah, over way 'round. I'll eat what y' don't finish, but this is pretty much all yers." He patted Jeri's pronounced tummy before leaning back against the cart. "There's no *way* I'm eating all this! That's just too much food! Besides, you said *you're* the big eater! I don't think--" Rus leaned in. "Didn't hear ya say ya *couldn't* eat all this. Just that y' won't. But that ain't right. Most of this is gettin' in that belly of yers, so ya better open up." A bead of sweat trickled down Jeri's cheek. "Now... now wait JUST a seco-mph..." A chunk of salisbury steak was pushed into the dino's maw, forcing him to chew. Despite it being buffet food, it was irresistibly delicious, compelling Jeri to eat more. "Yer gonna eat. S'all there is to it."

Jeri gave a little whimper, trying not to give in to temptation. But he *was* hungry... He blushed and opened his muzzle for more, Rus grinning. "There ya go. Keep at it, now." Jeri let Rus feed him, his cheeks turning pink. His serpentine friend seemed adamant about him eating, and he was starving anyways. Besides, he could stop when he needed to. As soon as he was full, he'd stop, of course. In the meantime, this was quite a bit more enjoyable than he was letting on...

Thirty minutes later and 'full' still hadn't crossed Jeri's mind. His gut was now bulging against the bottom of the table a little, seemingly overfull, but his hunger didn't subside. Jeri didn't even notice, not really feeling a thing even as more meat and veggies were packed into that widening stomach of his. *TING!* Jeri blinked at the noise,

coming to his senses. He brushed away Rus's fork after the next bite and looked down towards the source of the noise. Rus smiled slyly as he gave Jeri a breather.

Glancing downwards, it was clear what the source of the noise had been: one of Jeri's buttons had popped and smacked the table, the rest getting close to it as they were strained against the bloated, scaly paunch that rest in the dino's lap. Jeri gasped innocently, both of his clawed paws coming to rest against it. His eyes wide, he lifted it in disbelief, rubbing over its stretched scales. "H-How did...?" was all he could get out, Rus guffawing in response. "Toldja y' had a huge appetite! This ain't even all of it, either, yer gettin' more. I *know* ya got more room in here, just gotta let it hang loose a lil." Rus's paws patted that belly before starting to undo all the buttons of Jeri's shirt, ignoring the dino's protests.

As Rus got to the lower buttons, Jeri's belly suddenly lurched, popping them off as his shirt tore some at the sides, that sweaty sphere of food turning quickly into fat as the pounds really began to pile on. "Oh? Looks like yer gut's doin' th' work for me," he teased, giving the paunch a big pat. Jeri tried to think of a comeback, but simply burped instead. "Shut up... I'm not going through with this, nooo way. I always end up getting this treatment from Nova, but not from you, too! I won't uuUUURP... s-stand for it." Jeri insisted, his belly betraying his attempt at seriousness as he blushed.

The snake rolled his eyes, easily stuffing in a slice of cake thanks to Jeri burping again and his impeccable timing. "Sure ya won't. You're sittin', not standin'. 'Sides, we both know ya want this, might as well enjoy it instead of protestin'; puttin' on a biiig show. A lil on th' dramatic side fer someone who's clearly enjoyin' themselves. But fine, we'll test your theory." Rus leaned back, grinning. "Don't wanna pork up? Stop eatin', then." The fork clattered to the plate. Jeri's serpentine friend had stopped feeding.

It wasn't five minutes later before Jeri whined and lost himself, his hunger getting the best of him as he dug face-first into the food on the table, foregoing any utensils. Even Rus was surprised by his greediness. "Hmph, looks like 'pork up' was right on th' money. Even eatin' like a pig. Hm..." An idea formed in the snake's head, slowly but surely. Meanwhile, Jeri went all out with the food, glutting on everything in sight. He tore through two meals' worth of salisbury steak before chomping away at many, many pies. Every bite was an objective, not something to savor. He wanted to be full, but soon it just became a need to feed as he wolfed plate after plate down.

All that glutting on warm, buttery rolls started to show on his figure, his body seeming to imitate them. His scales glistened in sweat, all that effort of eating causing a currently mild stink to brew from his body, as if he'd spent all day at the gym. His

waistline had pooched out, that belly having gained a good hundred pounds of buttery flab. Another thirty pounds of food remained inside, the greasy buffet food churning up copious amounts of gas as they digested into more fat. His widening tail lifted slightly as a loud expulsion of gas trumpeted from his backside. As if to accentuate this, his shorts ripped in half, falling to the floor to reveal the blubbery expanse of rump he sat on. Those twin spheres were puffy, well-packed with lard and starting to hang off the edges of his large seat. Rus moved to the side to give one a smack, snickering as the dino yelped but never broke his stride. His chest was getting along the same way, scaled mounds of pudge drooping heavily to rest against that plumpening stomach. A loud rip tore through the air as his shirt finally succumbed to his body. Even with all the buttons gone, the garment was no match for his jelly roll-lovehandles as they grew into four-inch thick plump tubes of fat. Rus reached his arms around that belly to grab at them and squeeze, eliciting a moan from the over-packed dinosaur.

At long last, he finished, a monumental belch rocketing from his grease-covered maw as he leaned back, groaning. Rus was giddy. He patted his taut, yet squishy gut. “Now *that’s* more like it. I knew ya had it in ya. Now let’s get ya back where y’ belong.” The snake hefted Jeri XL up from the seat, supporting him by placing the dino’s arm around his shoulder. Though Rus was quite strong, even that proved more difficult than he thought. “Jeez, y’ turned into a real porker y’know, that?” The dazed dino groaned in response as Rus got him out of the restaurant. A few patrons had noticed the chubby snake hauling the oversized dinosaur clad in only briefs out to the parking lot, but none did much more than stare.

When he reached the truck, Jeri tried to squeeze his way into the passenger seat before Rus pulled him out. “Nah, don’t think so.” Jeri, still out of it, tilted his head in confusion. “Y’see...” he grinned, “livestock don’t ride in the seat.” With that, he covertly cast a spell over Jeri before helping him up into the bed of the truck instead. Once he was all strapped in, Rus got in the driver’s seat. His spell already started to take effect, though Jeri was too dazed to note as his tail rapidly shrank into a pink curly-Q. Overfull and tired from gorging, Jeri quickly fell asleep.

Jeri awoke to a loud click as the truck bed door was opened. “Rise n’ shine!” He grumbled grumpily, reaching his hoof up to... his hoof? Where Jeri stared at what was supposed to be a scaly, clawed dinosaur paw, only a thick, vaguely-usable “hoofpaw” stared back at him. He tried to yelp in surprise, but only a loud “OINK” had come out of his muzzle. He cupped his hoofpaws over his snout. “I-I... *I* made that noise?!” It quickly sunk in what was happening; his arms and legs had completely changed into a

pig's. Rus simply laughed heartily, dragging the changing dino out of the truckbed as he led him into a nearby barn. Jeri complied simply because he was too shocked, not knowing how to process what was happening as he waddled his gurgling, smelly body inside.

The inside was a typical home for livestock; hay lined the floor, troughs for water and food slop, and an enclosed spot for sleeping in the corner. Jeri found it hard to focus on taking in the room as his body continued to change. The pink hide replacing his scales had now enveloped his thighs, causing them to bloat enormously against each other, now as big as pillows and quite sweaty. "Wh-OINK what is all UUUARP th-this...?" He moaned as his butt bloated and swelled behind him into an girthy shelf of a backside, little curly tail almost swallowed up between his oversized cheeks. As if in congratulation, a rippling fart emerged, brimming with stench. "This? This's yer home now, pig. Yer stayin' here from now on. Been wantin' to raise a big porker like y'rself for a while, finally got the chance!" Jeri tried to protest, eyes half closed as he tried to stay on task. "B... But I can't just ...nnnnf-OINK! Can't just l-live like thi-buuuarp..." As it reached his chest, he doubled over against the hay, his boobs losing all sag as they porked up into true breasts comparable to overfilled balloons. "Nah, this is how it's gonna be, pig. It suits ya, don't it?" The pink reached Jeri's belly, engulfing it as the rosy, gargantuan wrecking ball of lard swelled out against the hay. He was a pig from the head down now, anchored to the floor now by his blubbery body. He'd need help to get around if he got much bigger., now brewing up an impressive stink.

The serpent stepped over to him, still grinning giddily. "After all..." He leaned down, lifting up Jeri's chin with his claws so the groaning pig could look him in the eye. Immediately as he did, he was entranced by Rus's gaze, eyes swirling. "...yer more than just a pig. Now, yer a true **hog**." With that, Jeri's face finally changed, two floppy pink ears popping up on top as his muzzle shortened to a porcine snout, his chubby cheeks and flabby neck jiggling as he moaned and oinked happily. The dinosaur was no more, all that was left was a need to grow and get smellier. Rus leaned back up, sighing contentedly as he looked over his work. "Theeere ya go. Yer just th' biggest country butterball ham I've ever seen, yes y'are. Bet yer hungry, aren't ya?" Jeri oinked happily, heaving himself up to slosh his way over to his feeding trough. He dug in head first, belly gurgling as it swelled anew. "Thought so," Rus playfully slapped his new pet's blubbery side, watching it jiggle as he snapped on the hog's collar. "Yer mine now. No goin' back. Not that ya mind, right, hog?"