



Life In The Countryside

"There...we...go! And that's that I guess...better hope all this hard work's worth something when I get back..."

Tossing aside a stack of hay into the corners of a massive interior space that reeked of mud and manure with only the dying rays of sunlight streaming in from the jalousies above to illuminate the place, a lone woman dressed in baggy overalls with her hair done up in braids wipes the sweat off her brow, inspecting her neatly stacked hay bale pyramid before turning her eyes to the many livestock that lined each one of the many pens that kept them all separated. Portly pigs, staunch horses, bountiful cows and bobbing chickens. The place was full of the well behaved animals going about their simplistic lives in peace...until the time came for them to be put to the slaughter and exported for a hefty sum of dough that would no doubt keep the farm and its human inhabitants going strong.

And as the woman's unfeeling eyes turned to scan the horizon blocked and framed by a seemingly endless sea of wheat and other such produce, she could only wonder how much it must've been worth and the incredible dedication it took to keep the business going well into the modern age without an army of workers or the latest equipment. The most she had seen was just a single tractor, but other than that, it seemed the farm relied on the hard labor of its people to maintain and rear its bounty.

'Hmm...if only the people back home were this organized and dedicated...we'd certainly get more done in the office...'

Although she had already been here for more than a week already, learning the ropes behind the various jobs required of a farmhand and living life out in the countryside. Doubts and a sense of homesickness swirled in her mind like a maelstrom of negativity. Feeling as if she wasn't quite up to the task in an ironic twist considering how she had just remarked about her colleagues in the city not having their hearts in the right place. Thinking back to a week ago when she had still been an ordinary writer earning her living through articles, interviews and editing for a reputable news station with papers, blogs and a slot for TV.

Indeed, while the rest of the people working on the farm sported a thick Southern drawl with appearances that more or less fit their outback lifestyle, the brunette was a soft spoken lady that looked and sounded much like the average American. But with thin waifish arms and a paleness to her skin that suggested little time spent outdoors, it was easy to tell she wasn't a part of the workforce there...at least, not yet of course.

After managing to work out a contract with one of the nation's biggest farms, the newspaper Nicki worked for had elected her to go for an enrichment programme of sorts that would blend in perfectly with the deal for an interview with the weathered owners of the farm themselves. It was a strange compromise but with their faith and trust placed squarely on the shoulders of their newest writer, the higher ups were quick to send Nicki packing for their impromptu one month staycation with the Jackson farmstead before she could even protest with a free one way ride all the way out to the massive albeit isolated land owned by the family

she was to write about, reeling a little from how fresh the air surrounding the place was after years spent in the city where the heavy odors of civilization hangs heavily over the atmosphere.

But before they would allow her the honor of meeting one of the Earth's richest men and women face to face, the deal wanted her to help out around the place with lodging and food at the ready for her the moment she arrives with a cheerful greeting by a tall muscular blonde with prominent muscles around her biceps and thighs, introducing herself as Gina Jackson before slapping the comparatively smaller Nicki on the shoulders before escorting her to her room which, to be fair, was far more spacious and accommodating than her measly apartment flat back at the city. Easing her into the experience until she discovered there wasn't much to do besides watching dramas and working on her article. True to its appearance, the rustic homestead didn't seem to sport the amenities of the present day. No air conditioning, no 5G modem, no state of the art desktops. Just good old books and rocking chairs to play with.

Her first night was spent having a filling, home made dinner in front of a family of strangers, all of them unusually eager to get to know her with incessant questions being thrown her way, ranging from innocuous ones like what life was like for her in the big city to stranger, more sensitive topics like romance. Skillfully skirting the topic while making sure she wasn't offensive in her responses. While she wanted to fuss about it, a more understanding part of her mind aided in telling her that this was a group who had probably never seen much interaction with the outside world and that the interview with the family heads hinged upon her cooperation, typing out a less than satisfactory opening to her article before going to sleep that night on a frustratingly comfortable bed while cursing her bosses for sending her all the way out to the middle of nowhere, woefully unprepared for the grueling challenge that awaited her once she woke up the next day...

Work, hard work toiling on the endless fields of wheat with Gina once again serving as her chaperone, going through their methodology behind pulling up potatoes, plucking tomatoes. With almost every single form of produce imaginable, Nicki quickly finds herself spent after just an hour had passed after a small breakfast consisting of eggs, toast...and a particularly aromatic cup of warm milk....

But the worry of failing her part of the contract took priority over the delicious drink. If she couldn't even last an hour tending to the fields...then she wasn't even sure of her own performance when the time came to handle the more physically demanding tasks.

Gina and the rest however, simply laughed it off when she finally came forward to confess her self perceived 'incompetence', chiding her for comparing herself to what regular farmers like them were capable of on her first day working the job.

"A city gal like you's not goin' be liftin' pounds ah wheat on 'er first day! Take yer time sweetheart!"

Words would do little to alleviate Nicki's fears, but as the day went by and she spent more time with Gina holding her metaphorical hand all the way through, the girl's ill faith would slowly come around, taking things slow just like her Amazonian mentor taught her. And as much as she hated to admit it now that she looked back on those memories, Nicki enjoyed the work somewhat; getting down and dirty in the fields in the morning, feeding and tending to the animals in the afternoon and then working on her article in the evening. All while she got to know Gina and the rest of the surprisingly massive Jackson family alongside the history behind how it all came to be on the end of her first Friday at the Jackson homestead.

What started as a disparate group of individual families vying to come out on top way back during the days of the Old West, supporting the many frontier settlements that were being set up in the then untamed wilds of the North. Eventually, the different heads saw no point in competition, coming to a consensus in the form of a merge that saw them all combining the individual plots of land they owned into one massive region of pliable earth guaranteed to raise them all a much larger bounty than if they were to simply operate alone. With all of them now bearing the Jackson family name, the sudden coalition would prosper well past the Old West into the modern era, assimilating more families across South America who would then operate as subsidiaries of the main branch.

It was a tale that had Nicki listening intently, jotting down important points and interesting tidbits she could add to the article. But that didn't answer one big question that was lingering on her mind ever since she arrived here.

"By the way? I'm not sure if this is alright to ask but...where are the Jackson family heads? You can't all be working independently from each other now can you?"

"Oh? Yer talkin' to 'er! Well, as far as hubby's concerned. Ah run things around 'ere when the man himself ain't around...and if ah'm down, well, there's also Trish or Reb tah hold down d'fort!"

"Wait...Trish and Reb...you don't mean?"

"Yeap! Ted couldn't make his pick so all three of us ended up comin' togetha."

"W-Well...as they say, love conquers all..."

"Hahah! Well said m'dear! Well said! Come on now, don't know boutchu but ah'm starvin' for supper...ya up for it?"

"It's alright! I don't eat much anyway so I'm only gonna get a belly ache if I eat too much...thanks for your time Miss Gina!"

A wave of the hand, a cheerful nod, and Gina was gone, leaving Nicki to ponder and process what she had just heard. While she was more than familiar with the idea of a polygamous relationship, it only served to deepen the skeptical journalist's thoughts on just how widespread and varied the original group of family's must've been to facilitate the ability for one man to take on three wives...at least, she hoped that was the case...but besides their overly friendly nature, the Jacksons were just average people making a living far from the prying eyes of civilization. Culture shock was inevitable, so with that excuse in mind, Nicki gets right to work on penning her article, truncating the information she had just heard from the surprise matriarch of the family...or was it more accurate to say sub-matriarch?

'Is that even a word? And how big is the Jackson bloodline anyway? Gosh, there's just so much to process here...'

And now here she stood, on a humid Monday afternoon two days after that infodump had been dropped on her, doing fine on her lonesome tending to a stack of hay she could barely lift an inch off the ground when she first arrived here. A lot had changed in the span of a week, but mostly in regards to her physical appearance beneath the baggy, soiled farmers attire draped over Nicki's body.

Increased musculature was one thing, but Nicki also noticed a subtle increase in mass overall, fat and flesh surged alongside her strength, adding notable curvature and indents to her formerly stick thin silhouette. Maybe it was all the physical work toiling in the fields and working the barn, but something in Nicki's troubled mind just couldn't shake the idea that something else was interfering, messing with her both mentally and physically. Her better side told her to ignore that paranoid fracas, but it just wouldn't let go.

Unbeknownst to her however, her doubts were more than just a figment of her imagination as she would soon come to realize. After spending a week imbibing the family's food without noticing, the tainted sweetness of the farm's 'unique' milk was starting to take its toll on her body. And after a week of watching from the lone house on the far side of the massive farm, the mastermind behind the Jackson's success would make his move, stepping out from the path leading to the barn Nicki was in to face the daydreaming young woman with a stack of hay in his hands, masking a devious grin as his eyes scan over the journalist's body as if her obscuring overalls weren't there. Still a work in progress...but that didn't mean he couldn't speed things up a little...just like he and his forebears have done so many times now.

"Heads up girl!"

"H-Huh? Woah! W-Who's there?"

"Nice catch there! Reckon yew've made yerself comfortable here?"

Catching the bale of hay tossed her way from the entrance, Nicki gets a grip of her bearings before noticing the tall silhouette of a man standing against the warm orange light of the setting sun. Was it Adam? Or the

slightly taller Jenson? But the voice was new. Tougher with a strong commanding edge to it. And from the way he spoke, it resonated with something in her heart...could it be?



"T-Ted? Ted Jackson I assume?"

Making his way towards her with the slow crunch of dried up, muddled hay beneath his boots, Nicki could already tell this had to be the man Gina mentioned in her story. The way he displayed himself so boldly without a care in the world as he slowly crosses the gap between them in a nonchalant stride. The unmoving smile on his suave face, it had to be him;

Ted Jackson in the flesh. The latest in a long line of reputable men and women in charge of sustaining one of the longest and most well known families in America.

"Atta girl! Now who told'ja that huh? Really must be popular around ere to get em to open up to ya so fast! Actually hold on...It was Gina wasn't it? Peppy gals the only one who'd get a newcomer roped in this quick!"

"Ah...that...that's right actually. She's been showing me around the place since I got here...oh! And uh, thank you again sir, for agreeing to host me for the interview!"

"Aww don't mention it! On the contrary, ah should be thankin' yah boss for comin' forward with that idea...how are things by the way? Enjoyin' yer stay here?"

"Well...it's been really great so far but...why are you...looking at me like that?"

"It's nuffin...ya don't mind if I...take a look at something do ya?"

Something crept down Nicki's spine then, an innate instinct in all animals that told them to run when insurmountable danger was close by. But with her mind slowly beginning to dull with each word from Ted's mouth slipping into her ears like intoxicating venom, that alert was silenced before her brain could fully register it, leaving Nicki flustered as she stood there unmoving, even while Ted walks circles around her like a lion encircling it's prey, drawing closer with each loop.

Normally, she would've said something, done anything to ward off such perverse behavior before it could escalate, but even when Ted's large hands grasp ahold of her meager behind while another snakes around her waist, nothing would come forth from her loosened lips, only an excited sigh and a twitch in her back from the alien sensations assaulting her body under the man's touch. It felt amplified, focused, as if her own body was blocking out her common sense and higher thinking to focus on the feeling of the Jackson head's coarse hand slipping beneath the side of her overalls to feel up her exposed rear, squeezing the pert cheeks that had grown in over the week before withdrawing. As did the hand that had crept under her sleeve to do the same to her bosom, giving Nicki some reprieve to retreat a few steps forward before collapsing to her knees, panting heavily while remaining completely oblivious to the cross eyed look of wanton lust plastered over her formerly serene face; cheeks flushed red, drooling tongue lolling from slick lips. A sight that had Ted tingling with excitement for the budding flower before him as he clenched his hand into a fist, as if to sear the feel of Nicki's form into his very being.

She should've screamed at him, run out of the barn straight for the road even. But the dulled journalist could only stare up at her molester with a disturbing calm amidst the torturous need for more of the electrifying feel of a man's hand over her body. She wanted to know how he felt about her, how he would grade her body like a kid eagerly awaiting their parents' reaction to their test results. It was wrong...

"So why the hell...does it feel so good?!"

"A little less than ah was expectin'...but yew've got what it takes girl..."

"W-Why...what've you done to me? Why can't I-"

"-Think about how much ya wanna sock me in d'face? That's on ya to figure out yerself! Oh, but there is uhh, one thang ah'll leave ya with fore ah go...I like em blonde...and a lil less on the thinkin' side if y'know what ah mean~"

"You son of a-*agh*!"

Turning on his heel with the crack of wheat to signal his departure, Ted turns to leave without another word, confident in his spell over Nicki as the girl stays frozen, hands stuck outstretched with azure irises glazed over into a thousand yard stare, drool beginning to drip from the edge of her open mouth as the last of the dying sun fades from view over the horizon, sapping the light of intelligence from her dilated eyes as she rises shakily to her feet before trotting off in the opposite direction toward the main household, vaguely aware of the timer that had been triggered by listening to Ted's parting words but helpless to do anything about it as she pushes open the doors to the place she now viewed as a massive trap, one she had sunken her feet too deep into with reckless abandon...

Upon entering the eerily silent house, Nicki's semi conscious form moves to seat herself before the dining table at her usual spot where a plate of steaming hot steak and mash had already been laid out for her...alongside a full cup of that deliciously sweet milk she had been drinking since her arrival.

'No! No, don't drink that! Stop! Goddamnit!'

Even as she screamed for her body to stop, the arm now wrapped around the glass wouldn't heed her words, bringing the cool rim of it up to her mouth before tipping it forward and wincing in denial as the sickening sweetness flooding her taste buds accompanying the soothing warmth of the creamy drink threatens to dull her senses even further. All because of that one brief encounter with that perverted creep.

If left to work on its own, the tainted fluid would have little adverse effect on whoever was afflicted by its corruptive taint. But when given directions, the curse flowing within the milk, now ingrained within Nicki and the many unfortunate others before her would accelerate its transformative effects, spurring it's host, either beneath their notice or against it, to take on attributes specifically tailored towards the person who had cast the curse both specified and unknown to them. In this instance; Ted Jackson.

And as more of the milk begins to pool in her belly, Nicki's remaining fortitude falters, exposing her form to its corruption as it starts to change, fattening up even further while unimpressive curves begin to bloat and reshape themselves into more pronounced configurations, cinching in at the waistline to form a tantalizing hourglass figure as gaunt hips snap outward to form broad hips perfectly suitable as handlebars for the man lucky enough to bed her. Atop a slimming neckline with the last of the milk sliding down her throat in the form of subtle bulges protruding every so often against darkening skin, the naive innocence of Nicki's former visage begins to crack and contort, taking on a more sultry look as the corners of her eyes rise to a slant while an ominous magenta coloration seeps into her lifeless eyes. Bringing the emptied glass away from her lips with a huskier exhale from between fuller lips coated in a natural shade of glossy pink.

Crossing filled in legs over the other while her formerly baggy clothes begin to grow taut over certain portions of her body like a bubbling bosom for instance, Nicki moves on to the main course, unable to stop the rapid degradation of her former identity as neatly trimmed nails begin to grow a little jagged and chipped from years of a new life beginning to imprint itself into her very being while tender muscle solidifies itself beneath the fat that adorned the entirety of her bodacious figure, coalescing heavily in her thickened thighs and smackable derriere as the cheeks once rejected by her oppressor bloats into one no man in their right mind would ever resist.

And as her formerly braided head of brunette hair unfurls itself into a long flowing mane with hints of blonde beginning to peer through the dark strands, all signs of Nicki the journalist were almost completely removed from her new self as her jaws idly chew away at the succulent meat in her mouth, fantasizing about

something else filling it whole alongside an entire bevy of new memories and 'skills' filling in for the ones she was rapidly beginning to lose and forget. Not a childhood in the bustling city of New York but one in the sunny meadows out at the back of Jackson farms, no education besides learning the simple life of a farmer. It was a mental attack that came so suddenly, Nicki's pleasure-addled mind didn't even have time to react, holding on just enough to remember her old name and her job...but everything else, her family, her friends, they were all faceless silhouettes. Her former interest in writing, annihilated. Putting a frown on her pretty little face due to the clashing sets of memories as small freckles begin to emerge on the bridge of her nose.

If she was this so-called journalist, then why couldn't she remember anything about the job? Or what led her to develop an interest in taking it on in the first place? As far as she knew, she'd been born a red blooded Jackson. Raised to be another proud worker on the fields with a cherished and long running name to uphold. Sure, they all bore the same surname. But by blood? They were as different as could be thanks to the vast number of individual families the original Jackson had absorbed back then when kicking off the business. And since she came from Gina's side of the family, that meant many of the men on the homestead were ripe and available~

With her rewritten origins coming forth, the troubling memories of a forgotten journalist is firmly pushed aside in favour of a carnal recollection of sex and raunchy acts performed on an almost daily basis. Warping what remained of Nicki's memories as the moments spent learning how to tie a bundle of wheat together from Jensen morphs into a heated session of bareback sex out at the barn, with her nubile young form bent over a fence while the beast of a man pistons in and out of her, planting a vapid grin on the woman's face as her hips buck and twitch to the memory of that moment, unaware of her hymen being spirited away while her cunt loosens up to the vivid replays of all the memories she now held dear in more ways than one, unable to stop a wandering finger from prodding her swollen labia, slipping past its slick folds before coming to a stop against her itching clit, hesitating for a second as the image of a younger Nicki in college comes to mind...



'T-That's...me? No...that a-ain't right...I...ah'm...oh right? How could'ah even ferget~'

Before a wanton giggle distorts the memory, allowing the hesitant finger to stroke her privates in full to the new memory of Adam rubbing the discolored head of her younger self for being such a good girl while she

proudly shows off her twintails right as the last strand of brown fades under gaudy blonde, wearing Gina's ill fitting overalls in place of a warm jacket and pants with nothing beneath to hide her naked, tempting body before the man's gentle grip turns fierce, grabbing ahold of her hair while thrusting vigorously into her mouth, forcing her nose to smack against his groin while his entire length knocks against the back of her throat, eliminating her gag reflex in the present as an airy moan escapes the whorish woman's mouth, ignorant to her lengthening head of blonde cascading down to tickle the nape of her neck, set atop a now arched back, thrusting out an impressive set of well raised D cup tits while her newly inflated heart shaped ass forces the poor chair beneath her to creak in protest to the added weight. All of it clad in sun kissed skin filled with supple flesh and bulging with muscle indentation nurtured from hardwork tilling the fields, harvesting crops, raising the animals and good ol sex, fucking and sucking whoever wanted her...as long as they weren't related to her of course.

'Snatchin' Adam was so gawsh darn easy...just play dress up with sis' clothes and ah get'im all riled up~ Sucks for him tho...Pawpaw Ted's got Gina all t'himself...'

With a hand still tucked away under her overalls with fingers still scratching lazily at her sopping wet snatch, an older Nicki rises from her seat to go wash up the her emptied plate and cup, none the wiser to the life that had been robbed from her as she withdraws her cum soaked hand from between her heated legs, licking the fingers dry before washing up the dinnerware as if this was how things had always been to her.

Because to her, it was. Nicki Samson no longer existed after having succumbed to the swiftness of the ancient dark magics that had warped her beyond recognition, reborn as the newest addition to the Jackson family known to all as Olivia Jackson. Without the knowledge she once possessed, Olivia was safe from resurgent memories stemming from any remaining splinters of Nicki's old self, stubborn enough to survive the curse lurking within her buxom new vessel. Immediately proving how much of a hassle they would be to Olivia as she stops just short of heading down the corridor towards her sister's room, ears pricking at the sound of something humming just behind the closed doors leading to her old belongings. It sounded like something vibrating against wood...

But thankfully for her (and unfortunately for Nicki), a sudden yet familiar grip around her chin draws her attention away from the door as she locks lips with the stranger who had silently crept up behind her, pressing her breasts into the chiseled chest of Jensen without shame while giggling affectionately as idle hands wrap around her second lovers rock hard hands held firmly around her waist and neck, staring at him with burning lust in her eyes as they separate from their heated kiss. Jensen, sporting a massive tent in his pants, and Olivia, a spreading stain between her legs.

"Gawsh, have ya always looked this hot, Jen? Or has it been too long since ya had me bouncin' round yer cock?"

"How bout we find out Liv? Been lookin all over d'place for ya...Ted told me yer might've been late t'dinner."

"Aww~ Pawpaw led ya to lil ol' me now did he? Well now, ah didn't think ya'd want me so bad~"

"C'mon Liv, with a bod like yours, can ya really blame me and the boys?"

Giggling before being swept off her feet with a giggle, the clueless Olivia lets herself be taken outside to the usual spot where Jensen loved to do her since the first time they had done it as young adults totally clueless to the hormonal whims of their bodies. And as Olivia the wanton slut moans well into the night from her partner's relentless lovemaking, her former colleagues' calls would go unanswered and the article she had wracked her brains to write forgotten and pushed away into the depths of Olivia's dim witted mind.



Following Nicki's transition into Olivia, the next few days would pass without incident. With their newest addition in place of a newbie they had to babysit, work more or less flew by at a faster pace. With Gina's blonde haired twin more or less falling completely into her role; picking fruits, chopping up weeds, fucking Jensen at the back of the barn before feeding the animals and occasionally sucking off Adam while a third or fourth farmhand made use of her unattended lower bits. And then the time came for family dinner after a firing day, going to sleep either alone whenever Gina was called to attend to the head of the family or together in the arms of her sister.

The only signs of concern were the occasional dreams she would have of someone else's life. While it wasn't too discomforting, she had brought it up to her sister in private, who then consulted with Ted. And from there, a quick dose of their family's unique milk was enough to slowly silence the dreams altogether. Taken every night after dinner until eventually, they stopped cropping up altogether.

Until one fine day, while Olivia was working the gardens, she would come across a vague reminder of her forgotten life when her ears caught wind of an argument between Ted and some strangers from the city. She could see two men, holding bags, a laptop and some books while looking flustered as they exited the main

household talking loudly about a missing colleague and to call the police if he heard more. She could care less if something had happened since she had complete faith in Ted's conversational ability to defuse any situation, but the idea of two visitors to the farm, male visitors at that, piqued her interest.

And so as they depart from their brief clash with her pawpaw, Olivia smiles wryly once she senses the two men's eyes instantly turning to lock on her naked body, scouring every last inch of her ochre hued skin to the contours of her perky breasts, swollen nipples hidden by the loose straps of her sloppy overalls. Cradling the delicate fruit in dexterous hands as she brings it up to her bosom while turning to look the men in the eye, winking with that hypnotic gaze promising them pleasures untold if only they could be good boys and cross the small distance between them...

Olivia was here to stay, contributing to the good of the farm and its people in her own way. And until the next, unfortunate soul found themselves staying in the now vacant room occupied not so long ago by an innocent journalist turned harlot, the wanton minx would have to do with the men she now held dear to her...in more ways than one...

THE END