

# Porking It

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Commissioned Story

“Hey San, how’s it hangin’?” asked Benny. Benny was a skinny guy with prematurely greying hair. He laughed quickly, and his hands were rough and calloused from farm work. When he smiled his teeth shined like pearls.

San was a rather large guy with sleeves of tattoos down both arms, up his neck, all over his back and chest, and... well.... just about everywhere really. He was still very young, and in the middle of his prime.

Benny and San worked on a farm, and were about to feed the pigs.

“It’s hangin’ good...” laughed San, picking up his bucket and following Benny as he turned around. “But I got tah tell ya, I’m feeling a tad ‘blue’ if you know what I mean.”

“Oh, I know what you mean...” answered Benny, picking up his own bucket. “We’ll just have to see what we can do about that, huh?”

“Yup.”

“Mmm-hm.”

And thus, with a shared smile of deep understanding, the two men went to feed the pigs.

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The pigs were kept in a small barn down the road from the farmhouse. They were all pretty docile, kept clean and well fed by their diligent care-takers.

Wide grins were traded back and forth, as well as much ass-grabbing, as they went about their daily duties in a rush... for when work is done ‘twas time to play.

Meanwhile, high up in the atmosphere the newly freed Goddess of mischief glided upon a cloud, lounging in the warm rays of sun. She peeked open an eye to glance down at the earth, for her ‘naughty’ sense was tingling.

Atë was a rather beautiful goddess with a full figure, large breasts, long legs, black hair, and hypnotic green eyes. The details often change, for she was a shape shifter (as were most deities), but she generally preferred this singular female form. It helped her subjects to recognize her... not that any are still alive after her thousand year incarceration in that blasted cherry tree, but that was a sore subject best not dwelled upon. She would regain her minions in time. At the time she was observing a scene below her taking place inside of a red wooden building filled with animals.

“My,” Atë said to herself. “What an amorous pair they make! Ha, they remind me of those silly Greek men! I do believe they shall make *fine* entertainment...”

And so she flipped over onto her belly and watched, resting her head on her arms as she peered over the edge of her cloud.

Far, far down below San and Benny were nearly done with their chores. The pigs had been fed, their pens washed and cleaned, and the pigs themselves groomed and made happy. It was fairly easy work, but somebody had to do it. Both of them were pretty frisky by the end of it and anxiously anticipating their little treat.

Back in the pig pen it was pretty secluded: they were the only ones who ever went down there. Therefore neither of them had any problem with getting bare-ass naked amongst the animals.

Benny gave San the old reach around, pushing his meat up against San’s muscled buns. His dick was already lubed, and smeared on San’s skin.

“You ready?” Benny asks.

San answered with a wide grin and bent over.

“I’m not getting’ any younger!”

San groaned as his ass was penetrated slowly and gently. His modest dick went from being lazily erect to straining painfully forward as Benny’s own shaft slid into him. Pre-cum began to run from the tip and dripped down to the dirt floor, while behind him Benny grunted as San’s hot ass squeezes tightly around his dick.

“Oh God San, you feel fucking wonderful.”

“Nnnn...” replied San, biting his lip. He planted his hands on his knees as Benny started to pump in and out of him, slowly stroking San’s shaft and balls as he slowly started to move faster.

They’re both deep in the neck of things when San started to notice that he was feeling... funny. Different. Benny continued to grind and grunt behind him, and he pushed back and gasped for air with each thrust, but

even as he was enjoying the fucking and halfway towards release he couldn't help but notice that his body was feeling god-damn weird.

For instance, as San thrust against Benny's hand while his prostate continued to be mercilessly pressed (and an incredible amount of pre is running from him like a faucet), he realized that Benny's hand felt bigger than it should. Much bigger in fact. Normally Benny could barely get his fingers around San's shaft, but now...

And his ass! Was it swelling? San could feel it pushing out against Benny's hips, and that padding definitely wasn't there a few seconds ago!

"Hey! Something's wrong!" San tried to say, but he can barely talk though gritted teeth as ecstasy was building exponentially from within him. After only a few more seconds of that pounding he knew he was going to soar past that mountainous pinnacle and explode like a rocket climbing the bright blue sky.

But, oh! Those seconds seemed so far away! San's body changed around him in a race to the finish!

San felt his thick waist, built strong and solid from lifting heavy things as only a farm-boy can, shrink and tighten as if an invisible corset were being drawn around him... but there is no corset. His waist *was* becoming slim and thin... but just below that the opposite was happening. His ass was pushing out and becoming round while his hips were spreading out and widening considerably, the bone cracking and groaning as it stretched.

San could feel weight growing on his chest as his shoulders weakened, as did his arms. Hard won muscle was rapidly losing definition. His back became less taut as every fiber of his body lost its powerful build and traded it for flexibility. Even his thick legs didn't escape, hair evaporating from them as they too reshaped themselves. Benny couldn't *help* but notice that something strange was definitely going on now... but in those last wee moments neither of them could possibly stop.

San gasped in astonishment as he felt the weight on his chest explode, two large mounds of flesh suddenly hanging and bouncing freely. San could see his tattoos covering them, the bright ink oddly well suited to the shape of the breasts... but of course it doesn't stop at that.

His eyes went wide and he nearly swallowed his tongue as San felt the skin beneath his dick open up. His balls had already retreated into his belly and vanished, ultimately destined to be transformed into ovaries. His dick was rapidly shrinking, as if in a hurry to be finished. It was no longer shaped like it was supposed to be, having turned oblong and solid and smooth and entirely too sensitive. As it slipped out of Benny's fingers a shocking thrill chases through San's body from his tailbone to the tips of his nipples, which were much wider than they've ever been, built to nurse children rather than decorate muscle.

The remains of San's dick slipped into and under the very top of the lengthening crevice where his sack once resided, shrinking down all the way until nothing much remained but a tiny bit of super-sensitive flesh, hard and erect and button shaped, hidden deep within the soft tissues of a brand new pussy.

San used his hand to cover himself, indignity and embarrassment the first of his emotions to flood over him as tried to form the words to tell Benny to stop... but he was unable to get a single word out before he was suddenly soaring over the edge.

“AHG!” she choked, San’s entire body suddenly seizing up, including her throat. Her hand delicately tried to cover her groin as it spasmed and fluttered, while using her other arm to try and stop her breasts from bouncing everywhere. It was as if she were trying to retain some of her dignity, but the attempt was a failure from the start.

A look of horror passed over Benny’s face as she grunted, straining, then gasped for air as he shot his load into San. He immediately backed away, his dick still jetting and spurting as he pulled out. San stood straight up, her own face one of incomprehensible horror. Benny looked as though he might pass out, and had begun gibbering and pointing, as if no longer in possession of his senses.

San could only stand in the dirt awkwardly, completely clueless, as her pussy dripped down her legs and her ass burned with warm, glowing pleasure. She couldn’t even begin to comprehend what had happened.

And then a voice from out of nowhere cackled with laughter.

“AHAhhahahaha! You two should *see* your faces! I must say, I haven’t seen such excellent reactions in quite a very long time.... Ah... Lovely...”

And suddenly, standing in between San and Benny, the Goddess Atë materialized, gasping for air as she wiped a tear of joy from her eye. She was completely nude, and a stunning beauty.

San raises a shaking finger.

“Y-y-y-you?”

“M-m-m-me?” mocked Atë.

“What!” San managed to shout. More than that one word is beyond her.

“Oh dear... you do look confused don’t you? Silly me, I forgot my manners! My name is Atë, Goddess of Chaos, Mischief, Fertility, and a half dozen other things. Do you like my gift? It seems fitting that a *man* should couple with a *woman*, but who am I to judge true love? I saw that you had chosen yourself to be the female of the relationship, and relieved you of the unfortunate fate of being born male! Are you not happy?”

“NO!” sputtered San. Benny was standing as still as a statue, stricken dumb by horror. His eyes wouldn’t remove themselves from San’s body, his face pale as he stared at the spot that once housed his most favorite penis in the world... only now it was the home of a dripping, messy pussy.

“No?” repeated Atë, pouting her lips. “Why not? I thought you would enjoy such a body.”

“I’m GAY! That doesn’t mean I wish I was a fucking woman! JUST LOOK AT ME!”

Benny had begun to make a rather high pitched wailing noise.

Atë blinked several times, as if stunned. She looks back and forth between San and Benny, confusion written plainly on her face. She then closed her eyes, sighed, and when she opened them they were filled with the light of divine wrath.

“So you’re saying that my gift is unacceptable, unwanted, and useless to you in every way?”

San completely ignored the dangerous lilt to her voice, as well as the chaotic glow in her eyes.

“YES!” she shouted angrily.

Atë rolled her eyes, a look of total disdain for the foolish human radiating from her entire being for a moment. She even slouched a bit from the sheer weight of San’s stupidity.

“Try to help someone just *once* and this is the thanks I get. Absolutely no gratitude at all! I went completely out of my way... wasted time *and* powerful magic... all for a total ignoramus who doesn’t even know how to be properly grateful...”

She turned and began walking away, fading like a mist with every step.

“Mortals these days... they are such *Pigs*...” she continued, even as she completely disappeared, her voice fading out along with her body as she left San and Benny to themselves.

Silence was all she left behind... well, silence and a distraught, hiccupping Benny and a slack-jawed San.

“That fucking *bitch* is gonna just leave me like this? Great! Just great!”

“Eeeeeeee!” was Benny’s response. The high pitched wail of a horrified man.

San turned to him, and immediately she began trying to comfort Benny.

“It’ll be okay,” she said, forcing herself to be calm and not at all succeeding. “It didn’t mean anything. I’m still a guy deep inside! You’re still gay!”

“But you’re a woman! I had sex with a... with a...”

“Shh... shh... it’ll be okay. Nothing’s changed. We can fix this. Everything will be oh-”

San was about to say ‘okay’, but stopped mid-word as she stared in horror at Benny.... Or more specifically his half-flaccid dick. It was twisting into a corkscrew before both of their eyes.

“AIEEEE!” wailed Benny.

“AHHH!” cried San.

San could feel her pussy tucking back between her legs, sliding further up her rear. Her clitoris internalized and her vaginal canal became narrower and deeper. Multiple rows of nipples popped out of her belly like buttons as she stared down at herself, and push out as three new sets of breasts began to blossom forth underneath the first pair. Alarm and panic shocked them both into action... but what could they possibly do?

“No-no-no-no-no!” shouted San, trying unsuccessfully to cover her changing body. Her newly acquired curves were almost instantly gone, her hips becoming the same width as her waist as fat relocated and muscle rebuilt itself. Benny squealed in an almost inhuman way, and caused San to look up at him.

His balls were swelling rapidly in size, becoming as big as a pair of eggplants inside his straining nutsack. His pelvis was clenching powerfully as involuntary muscle spasms forced him to thrust into the air.... and his corkscrew-like dick was leaping up into the air and spraying cum everywhere. A long, thin tube of flesh formed on his belly, a pink sheath of skin into which his penis retreated only to launch itself back out, over a foot into the air. Tears were running down his face as he pleaded with San.

“Make it stop! I didn’t do anything!”

“*WE* didn’t do anything!”

Both of their bellies were turning round and cylindrical as their arms and legs shortened. San’s teats were swelling like balloons. His fingers fused together right before his eyes before his hips rotated and forced him to fall onto his hands and feet. Benny soon joined him on the ground.

“This can’t be real!” he shouted, grunting in discomfort as his face pushed forwards. His nose became big, flat, and wet.

San felt a short, curly tail poke out of her ass. Her ears slid up her head and became triangular and fuzzy. Her fingers and toes were hardening into hooves. Her many breasts banged against each other as she spun in a circle, desperately trying to escape her own body. San’s teeth changed shape as her jaw pushes forward and her tongue lengthened and became pointed. Despite all these changes to her mouth and throat, she somehow retained the ability to speak.

"I'm sorry!" shouted San, in hopes that the malevolent goddess might hear. Her expensive ink job was miraculously surviving the transformation. "Please don't do this! We don't want to be pigs!!"

"Oh?" responded Atë fiendishly out of thin air. "You dislike your second gift as well? Have you learned nothing? Perhaps a third gift will be the charm, then?"

Neither of them were even fully transformed when San felt her pussy grow powerfully wet and hot.

"Ohhhh!!!" she groaned, suddenly weak in the knees as hormones flooded her body. "Oh no... please... don't do this!"

"Don't do what?" asked Atë innocently.

"OH! OH GOD! OHHHHHhhhh **GOD!**" she shouted as her pussy flooded and practically gushed as hormones rush through her system and brought her to a state of arousal well and truly beyond anything she could have imagined only minutes before.... But sudden was a stark reality. She squealed like a true swine as her body soared with intense, pleasurable waves of *heat*... but it wasn't satisfying pleasure at all. In fact: it was quite the opposite. It left so much to be desired.

"Make it stop!" she cried.

Benny was stunned. His dick is erect and hard inside of its tube of skin, its tip poking out of his sheath in preparation for mating. The last of his changes completed even as he stared at San desperately trying to fight a ferocious battle with a type of sexual arousal beyond anything either of them could be prepared to deal with. He was, in fact, battling such hormonal compulsions himself, because his sense of smell suddenly turned on 100%. He could instantly and clearly smell San's pussy, smell her heat, and smell her fertility. The porcine part of his brain was so incredibly turned on by these signals that it nearly overrode his rationality.

Every molecule of his body was telling him to fuck her. He needed to fuck her. He *had* to fuck that sow right now. Sex was suddenly more important to him than air. His dick lunged in and out of its sheath a few times just in anticipation of coupling with her. He grit his teeth and looked away. The only thing keeping him in control of himself right that moment was his powerful sense of sexuality. He simply didn't desire sex with a female, and it was in fact as undesirable to him as sex with another male would be to a straight man.

San tried to bend her neck and back around behind her, trying to reach her agonizingly *aching* rear, desperate to satisfy and stop the horrible feelings being generated by it. She too didn't like this one bit. Where did her great big beautiful cock go? What about her beloved balls?! All that was left of either of those things was nothing but a... a fucking wet and stupid pussy! And tits! *Eight* tits! As if two of them weren't plenty enough!!

Both of them were 100% pigs, the changes having finalized inside and out. They were both dumbstruck by the sensations and feelings being forcibly evoked in them as they stood there in the dirt. Neither dared make

a move, though San moaned as her pussy ran, fluid dribbling onto the ground. She needed some sort of help! She needed someone to touch her back there! She couldn't take much more of this!!

But she couldn't possibly do anything about it. She refused to give in.

"Change us back!" whined Benny, stepping slowly away from the wonderful smell of San's pussy. He would not be tempted. He just needed to get away for a bit. He needed to run!

San snapped out of her own funk, her eyes suddenly wide with terror.

"NO BENNY! DON'T TALK TO HER!!"

"Ooo," squealed Atë in joy. "So *inconsiderate* of my feelings. I see you're having trouble there... mind if I help?"

"NO PLEASE DON'T HE DIDN'T MEAN IT!!!" shouted San in horror, but it's far too late for apologies. Her hooves were suddenly stuck to the floor, and San couldn't move or lift them. She squealed in horror as she turned her head to see Benny being dragged through the dirt towards her, his feet planted but unable to fight the invisible forces at work.

San's rear legs were forced apart, and Benny was brought before her rear for a snout full. He froze solid, but his biology doesn't listen to such things as reason. He breathed deeply from San's musk before being forced nose first into San's pussy.

Benny dug his sensitive nose into San's wet pussy, and San found herself in a state of desperate conflict. On the one hand: her ache was being horribly sated by Benny's digging, but it *was* being staid. Sort of like an itch being scratched. On the other hand it was causing her body to prepare even further for copulation. She felt herself practically gush as warm, fuzzy feelings radiated from her new sex.

"Stop it!" shouted San indignantly.

"I can't!" answered Benny, deep in San's wet behind and trying to turn away. He was entirely unable to do anything but further stimulate San.

And suddenly, after thoroughly getting a face full of pussy, Benny was suddenly forced forward, and couldn't help but climb onto San's back or else be forced head-first up San's pussy which probably wouldn't be terribly pleasant for either of them. Once on top of her he found he couldn't back up or fall off to the side. He could feel the heat of her pussy near his skin, his dick hovering so close to that soft, wet, oh-so-fragrant entrance. It would be so easy to give in and just thrust into her...

"Benny..." San begged. "Please don't..."

"I don't want to!" he said defensively, pawing at San's back in an attempt to get off her. "Why are you just standing there???. Move!"

"I can't!"

San felt Benny being pushed farther up her back. Her eyes went wide as she felt the tip of his curly dick touch her butt.... And then she felt it begin to lung of its own accord as Benny began to lose muscle control.

"No!" she shouted. "STOP! We'll do anything! Just please stop! I'm a *guy*!! I don't want to.... You can't.... You can't do this!!"

Atë giggled.

"Oopsie daisy!" she exclaimed.

And Benny was unceremoniously shoved forward, instantly hitting pay-dirt (pay-pussy?). His penis entered San's wet and waiting tunnel of reproduction, his long sheath bunching up against San's porcine lips as the cork-screw cock contained within slid deeper and deeper into San, and she squealed with clashing emotion. On the one hand, being vaginally penetrated was horrifying to her male ego. With Benny it had been consensual sex between two men... but now?

Now San couldn't help but squeal in pleasure as Benny's long, hot, twisted dick slid and spun along the inside of her vagina, one which was biologically designed to go nuts when penetrated by this exact cock.

Benny couldn't help himself. Whatever semblance of control he might have had before crumbled before the mighty force of nature that was biology. His dick was inside something that felt wonderful. He wouldn't be human if he were able to restrain from fucking it.

"Benny!" cried San, gasping and barely able to choke out her words as her lover began to ferociously fuck her pussy. Sensation unlike anything she had ever known explodes from that single tiny opening to her body.

"I'm sorry!" he wailed, unable to stop himself. He wanted to, nearly as much as San did in fact, but he couldn't!

Atë laughed as she watched the two pigs begin to really start fucking in earnest. The sow couldn't deny her body, and soon was rocking against the thrusts from her companion. Her tits slamming and rubbing in time to the slapping of Benny's enormous balls. Their grunts fill the air as they desperately fucked. Benny's sheath of skin bunched up and pushed against San's pussy lips and stimulated them while the rest of his cock worked the inside of her pussy like a drill, rotating back and forth as it lunged in and out, twisting and penetrating San's pussy over and over.

"It's good to see you two finally appreciating my gifts!" says Atë, reappearing next to the two pigs. They don't dare say anything, not that they were even capable of talking in the heat of their lust. Both were starting to lose themselves. Benny's balls were straining, filled nearly to bursting with sperm just waiting to fill this sow up. San's cunt was squeezing and spasming as it was roughly pounded by the strange phallus, its curly shape raking the walls of her sensitive organ. She had begun squealing with every successive penetration. Benny's penis drilled San's tight folds with ferocious energy. Each successive lung of his penis reached deeper and deeper.

"Oh GOD!" she whimpered, grunting as the strain on her body reaches small peaks over and over.

Atë smiled.

"Just look at you two go..." she said wistfully. "It brings joy to my old heart! Which reminds me: I need minions. Just one will do for now... so I guess it's only fair to make a competition of it. I tell you what: the first one to reach climax wins!"

"That's not fair!" shouted San. She didn't want to orgasm at all, not like this... but moreover it is abundantly clear to her that Benny would probably win such a race, if for no other reason than he had the advantage by being the proper sex.

"You underestimate your new biology kid, it could prove a very close and entertaining race! Whoever wins gets to be human again... and male as the case may be! After all what use would I have for a female servant when I have pussy aplenty?"

"Hurk!" shouted San, as before Atë even finished Benny had begun slamming away at San's body double time.

"No!" she pleaded. "Stop! This is what she wants!"

But Benny didn't stop, and San squealed as she was involuntarily moved with him by the change in pace. She tried to resist, but oddly it seemed only to double the intensity of his thrusts. She cried out as Benny rapes her more and more aggressively, desperate for an escape... even if that escape fell into enemy hands.

"Squee! Squee! Squeee!"

"NO!" shouted San.

"SQUEEEEEEE!!!"

And then San could feel it. Benny's penis fully penetrated her, poking all the way into the back of her tight pussy and stabbing into her womb with the tip. It penetrated her so forcefully, in fact, that it got stuck in the tight entrance to San's cervix, locking into her womb's identical corkscrew shape as his penis literally screwed

into her. There was a monumental pause in time before semen flooded into her body, and much too late she squealed in response as her own body erupted and clamped down.

“No! No! NO!” she cried, choking as her body betrayed her and sent crushing waves of intense pleasure. Cum flooded into both her pussy and her womb, hot and thick. So much of it that it defied belief. San could feel her womb swell a bit from the amount!

They were stuck together for quite some time, with Benny breathing hard on her back and his dick locked securely into place. San’s pussy couldn’t stop convulsing, and she cried out softly with each unwanted flush of orgasmic relief, her pussy running steadily with her own cum. All of Benny’s was trapped in her now swollen womb.

And then San felt Benny’s dick retreating, despite the fact that they were *both still orgasming*... but it wasn’t getting soft... and in fact... it was getting thicker and harder!

Very quickly Benny’s dick was of an extremely uncomfortable thickness.

“AH!” shouted San, her orgasm rolling like thunder overhead... and it was not stopping nor abating! “Ow! Hey that’s! AHH! Too big!! It’s not stopping!!”

Her entrance was being stretched tight as Benny continued to thrust desperately against her, but he was also transforming once again. He was becoming human, and San wasn’t!! No!

And his dick was becoming human again too... which meant it was growing in width several times over!!

“AH!” San screamed out, not in pain, but in shock. Suddenly his dick was rubbing against a nub of flesh that wasn’t being directly stimulated when Benny was a pig. Electric sensation erupted like a wildfire over San’s entire body, and if she thought she was experiencing a mind blowing orgasm before then this suddenly made it earth shattering as she squealed and shouts, eyes clamped shut and while begging Benny to stop.

He does, in fact. He came to his senses after a half dozen desperate lunges into his partner and pulled out of San the sow, disbelief plain as day on his face. The horror of what he’d done surreal and impossible.

But it didn’t end for San. She continued to orgasm as only a pig can. It was, in fact, picking up momentum and intensity even without stimulus, her nipples tingling and aching, her skin buzzing, and her pussy on fire as it ran like a miniature river.

“Isn’t it wonderful?” asked Atë. “Pigs orgasm for *forever*! Well... about half an hour, give or take, but I’ll bet it’ll *feel* like forever, right? I’ll take silence for agreement.”

San stood on the spot, her legs still forced apart, as her pussy went nuts from its fucking. Tears leak from her eyes as she looked up to see Atë standing next to Benny. He cringed as she puts her hand on his shoulder intimately.

“Such a strapping young lad!” she exclaimed. “It’s too bad you’re more of a woman than I am... but that’s okay. I promise not to do to you what I’ve done to your friend there if you obey me! Will you obey?”

“Y-Yes!!” was Benny’s immediate response.

“Oh? Perhaps a test of your loyalty is in order then... Fetch me the tools for your ‘artificial insemination’ while I make myself an avatar to walk this earth!”

“Yes ma’am!” shouted Benny, sweating as he hurries to do Atë’s bidding.

Atë turned to face San, who was shaking from the unyielding orgasm she was being forced to endure. It was as if her pussy just wouldn’t turn off!

“I believe a vacancy among the human populace has just opened up, hasn’t it? Your old body should be fitting enough, and no doubt it will be suitable as the leader of my new worshipers. I *did* see your, ahem... endowments before I took them away though. Tis no wonder you decided to play the female!”

“You *bitch!*” spat San, still unable to move.

“Still not very bright though,” she scowled, and with a sudden look of concentration her own body began to change. Muscles toned considerably and built up pounds of bulk. Her hips narrowed and waist thickened. Her shoulders broadened. She became nearly a foot taller, her jaw widened, her long locks of hair shortened, and body hair sprouted all over. Her breasts flattened and her pussy melted together and a smallish set of balls pushed out of it, complete with an average looking penis. Laying flaccid it looked somewhat sad. Looking at it from the outside San is shocked by how unimpressive it really was... but he still misses it with a vengeance.

“Oh yes...” remarked Atë. “I almost forgot your tattoos.”

And with that San’s tattoo’s peeled off of her body like stickers, the last vestiges of her identity so easily erased from her pink flesh... and the tattoos wafted over to Atë and fall over her body like a well-worn jacket, soaking into her skin and quickly becoming permanent once more.

Atë reached down to stroke her shaft, the tiny fella awakening slowly to her touch... and then started growing in surges. Atë threw back her head as she pumped her dick and balls full of magic and power, and San watched in awe as they doubled, then tripled in size. In second flat Atë had gone from a twig and berries to a salami and grade A chicken eggs.

“Much better, don’t you think?” she remarked. Benny busted into the room.

"I've got everything!" he cried, quick to earn Atë's favor. San tries to scowl at him, but only manages to grimace fearfully as her body continued to quake. It was only made more horrible by her inability to move, as her pussy practically vibrated and pulsed with pleasurable waves, each quickly following the last.

"No..." she said in disbelief, guessing Atë's intention.

"Yup!" she responded. "Fill her up with everything you've got. Don't let me catch you holding anything back!!"

Benny gulped.

"Okay," he said, quickly picking up the instruments. They had just finished milking the boars yesterday, and had quite the large sampling. Twelve males in all, each producing a not inconsiderable amount of sperm harvested inside bottles. Benny had already begun warming said bottles, brought from the refrigerator, and was filling a large syringe with the first of them.

San started struggling again, but it was utterly pointless.

"I'm so sorry!" whispered Benny, standing up with the apparatus. It was basically a long, soft plastic tube with some guiding rings and nobs on it connected to a super-sized plunger. The tube was already prefilled with saline solution. He moved toward San with a grim face.

"Stop!" San begged. "Don't do it!"

Benny didn't say anything more, bending down behind San and with expert quickness inserted the tube into her vagina.

The slick plastic pushed deep into her, and with Benny's guidance quickly found the entrance to her womb and poked through and into it. He was about to push down the plunger when Atë stopped him.

"Wait... I want you to stimulate her with your finger while you do it. It helps to maximize fertility you know."

Benny gulped, and San opened her mouth to protest, when he inserted his finger down into her vagina, quickly located the clitoris hidden not far within, and began finger banging San while rubbing the length of his finger up and down her clit.

San's jaw locked up as her entire body was paralyzed with shocking pleasure. She was still orgasming, but this was making it feel so much more intense!!

And then Benny pushed down the plunger.

First some cool saline solution entered San's womb, quickly followed by boar #1's sperm to quickly mingle with Benny's own batch. As he pushes down on the plunger and continued to rub San's clit, she also felt her womb fill and expand. She nearly blacked out as she started orgasming so powerfully that it almost hurt like a physical pain. The effect continued for several minutes, and wasn't stopping as Benny prepared the next sample. She moans as Benny refills the plunger with more semen.

And so it continued for twelve bottles of boar semen. San's womb slowly filled nearly to bursting, and went beyond even that. All the while Benny stimulated her higher and higher. San was left sobbing and creaming herself uncontrollably before the end of it, her half-hour long climax not even halfway over and yet becoming unspeakably powerful. Why wouldn't it end!?! Was the timer on her never ending

Atë laughed.

"Having fun are we?"

"NO!" shouted San, beyond caring about what she has in store for next.

"Still so feisty! This is good! I'm sure your fellow swine will greatly enjoy that spunky spirit in the bedroom!"

"What!?" San shouted.

"Oh, did you think we were done with you? How quaint! You shall know the meaning of divine punishment by the end of this then... won't you? Those who have no humility before a goddess deserve no less than the *best* of punishments."

San was speechless as her body shuddered horribly over and over while her orgasm reaches several crescendos one right after the other. She was beyond words.

Atë turned to face Benny, a wicked grin spreading slowly across her lips.

"Where do you keep your males?" she asks.

Benny hesitates to answer, but woefully he points to a pen on the other side of the barn.

"Good! Take this sow over there and put her in the pen with them, then come with me. We have work to do."

"Yes ma'am!" he shouted, hopping to it.

San suddenly found that her feet were no longer frozen to the ground, but before she could try to get away Benny was already upon her. She was still orgasming with horrible intensity and couldn't run. She could barely move!

“Come here!” grunted Benny, bending down to grab San under her belly. His arms squished against her teats.

“Hey!” San yelled. “Ow! Careful! That hurts!”

Benny shrugged apologetically, but lifted San up around her belly anyway.

“Squeeee!” cried San, kicking weakly as her pussy continued to flow and occasionally gush as her teats are crushed up against her belly. Some thin milk leaks from a few of her nipples.

She balked after making the sound though, before struggling even harder.

“I’m not a pig! Let me go!!”

“Can’t...” apologized Benny weakly.

And with a decisive plop San was set down on the wrong side of the pen. All the males inside immediately turned to look at her, interest immediately keen in all of their eyes.

“No!” she shouted. “You can’t do this! This is evil! It’s rape! I’ll get pregnant!! Please... change me back!”

But Benny just walked away.

And the other pigs quickly surrounded San and began nuzzling her.

San found herself backed into a corner, but it wasn’t helping. The horde of males nuzzling her body and sniffing her were like a dozen hands groping her body. She felt even more aroused than ever, and cringed as he body begged for more.

“NO!” she squealed in defiance to her new biology, and tried to shove her way through the wall of pigs in an attempt to escape.

She parted the pink sea only to nearly run head-first into their prize boar. He had his tusks removed, of course, but he was definitely the biggest pig they had and the unofficial leader of the other pigs. His name was Bluto.

Bluto squealed harshly at the other males, and they quickly backed away. So did San, but she suddenly found her knees locking up again. She couldn’t move properly. Her body was betraying her, unable to run in the presence of such a powerful and obviously dominant male. By the time she had managed to overcome her paralysis Bluto was already behind her and snout-deep in her pussy.

San squealed accidentally, the pleasure the other pig was making her feel explosive and unexpected. She hesitated to run, and Bluto used her hesitation to begin eating her pussy out.

Bluto was obviously very good at what he did, having mated countless times before. Much better, in fact, than Ben ever was or could have hoped to be. San found herself in conflict: she could run to safety while she still could... or she could stay just a little while longer and let Bluto give her more sensational pleasure from her swollen and wet vulva, licking and nuzzling her lips and tonguing her clit as well.

She should have known better, as Bluto wasn't going to let her climax again without him inside her.

Suddenly the nuzzling and licking stopped, and San turned her head just in time to see Bluto throw himself up on her back.

San's immediate instinct was to run, but Bluto was smarter than that. He grabbed hold of the back her neck with his teeth, and the sharp pain immediately made San freeze for a moment. It was enough for Bluto to quickly position the tip of his dick and thrust forward, and into, San's pussy.

Bluto held San in place with his strong forelegs as she squealed in horror as his dick slide up and into her.

"NO! Squee! Squeeee!! N-squee!! NGhSqueee!?"

San could only scream like a pig as she was raped, Bluto not one to lose time in pumping into his new sow, her tits jiggling as they hung heavily beneath her and he slammed himself in and out of her pussy like a piston. His dick spun back and forth as it repeatedly entered her, rubbing fiercely against the walls of her pussy and even managing to grab ahold of her clit, tugging at it every few seconds. It didn't take long for San to start sobbing in horror as she felt herself approaching her climax, despite still being in the throes of her first. Bluto didn't care, and as his sow screamed in sexual agony he continued to thrust into her until his dick extended deep enough into her body to tickle her cervix, and with a final, conclusive thrust he slammed into her with all his might, painfully penetrating her cervix with the curly tip of his penis and San couldn't stop her body from locking it into place as he emptied his balls into her already overfull womb.

And Bluto had a lot of love to give.

San cried out animalistic ally as her belly stretched painfully from the amount of fresh seed filling her. She seemed beyond human words as she squealed over and over again in horror.

Bluto himself was incredibly pleased. He had done his job well, and once his sow relaxed a little and released his dick he fancied himself a nice roll in the mud.

Sadly, it was around that moment that Atë returned with Ben.

"My, my! That didn't take long, *did* it? Enjoying yourself I see?"

San tried to yell at her, but found that her voice wasn't working correctly. It ended up taking quite a bit of effort just to piece a sentence together.

"Sque...What...\*grunt\*kind've.... \*snort\*monster... are you?" she asked, tears in her eyes.

"Oooohh, the *best* kind I like to think. Now have a little something for your insolence."

Suddenly Bluto's dick began to expand rapidly in size while still connected to San, and she let out a wail of anguish as she quickly became much too tight for his thickening pig-hood.

San cried out in pain as her pussy quickly began to stretch, and Bluto squealed out in joy in having found himself becoming increasingly better endowed.

"Sto-SQUEE-op!" cried San.

Bluto's balls were getting bigger too, though they were big to begin with. San's tight little pig pussy was quickly filled by his curly-q shaft becoming even thicker than a human's. His dick lodged tighter and tighter into her cervix. San suddenly feared that it wouldn't be able to pull out *ever*, and began to struggle. Bluto only grunted as his mate panicked beneath him, then silenced her with a powerful bite to the neck. It made it plain to San that he didn't want her doing that sort of thing while he was inside her, and if she didn't stop he'd hurt her.... So San stood still as his dick swelled ever further in size, tears running from her eyes.

She need not have worried. Bluto's sex drive seemed to have returned to him, the sudden increase in size having revitalized his spirit. If only the same could have been said of San.

Bluto began thrusting again, quickly ripping his dick from the tightly locked muscles of San's cervix, and began fucking her *again*. San squealed in horror as she realized her ordeal was far from over. She was going to be raped again and again and again, until she became so used and abused that there would be nothing left of her but a worn out sow filled to bursting with the semen of a hundred pigs. Atë laughed as she watched.

San tried to yell at her, tell her to stop it, beg her for mercy.... But all she could do was squeal like a pig. It seemed her voice no longer could form human words as she was pounded in her pussy mercilessly, her own orgasm intense and never ending as she tried to prepare herself for the inevitable coming of her third climax.

"Just listen to her *squeal!* I think she likes it! I'm sure she'll be fine if we leave her in there overnight.... Or even for a day or two, don't you think *Benny?*"

"Yes ma'am..."

"SQUEEEEEEEEE!!!!" sobbed San.

“Just one last parting gift then... and you’ll like this one my dear piggy. It’s the gift of endurance. I dare say it wouldn’t be much fun for the other pigs to fuck a dead fish now would it? I’ll be back in the morning! Be a nice pig and give your fellow pigs a pleasant evening.”

And so Atë left once more with Ben, who gave only one last sorry look at San before leaving with her. San could only squeal over and over again in horror as she was forced to endure her most powerful orgasm yet, and she knew for a fact that it wouldn’t be her last. Despite herself, she was beginning to get a taste for it, and so after Bluto had filled her so well that she gushed pig cum like a faucet as he dismounted, she couldn’t help herself when her next suitor stepped into line, his own male equipment suitably altered just like Bluto so as not to disappoint. San wasn’t.

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When Atë came back the next morning, both her and Ben were covered with glistening sweat. Despite the fact that her body was male, she retained a strong sense of femininity that obviously caused Ben a good deal of discomfort. He appeared to be full of conflict about something... and that something could have easily been the set of donkey testicles, as well as a donkey’s penis, that now hung between his legs. He had put both to good use on Atë all of last night, and he was sore and extremely satisfied.... But he couldn’t shake the thought that although he did it with the likeness of his last lover that he had somehow violated his code. He shook off the feeling though. A dick was a dick afterall, and an ass was an ass. Ben really did love Atë’s ass... and she knew how to work that mouth of hers. She was by far a more fantastic lay than San ever was, but then again San never wasn’t a Goddess.

They reenter the barn to the sound of desperate and pained grunting. The pen that held San was filled with the sleeping and exhausted bodies of over half the male pigs, while the other half still surrounded San excitedly waiting for their go. San’s pussy had become rather loose over the course of the night, after fucking countless pigs with incredible male enhancements. She seemed to have accepted her fate, and although still angry at the sight of Atë didn’t offer up any fuel to her fire, taking her lover’s dick like a dutiful sow. Her tits dripped with milk, the constant fucking having stimulated them to fully produce milk, and her pussy ran with the semen of countless suitors.

Atë waited until she climaxed along with her mate before gesturing to Ben, who stepped quickly into the pen to retrieve San. She didn’t even protest as he lifted her indelicately, snorting with wry humor as Ben swore, having been covered in the secretions of dozens of pigs as well as the milk of a breeding sow.

San looked up at Atë stonily, and she smiled back at him.

“I think you have learned your lesson, yes?” she asked.

San only bowed his head.

“Good! Then you can join us later. Just one thing remains for your punishment. We can’t let all of that seed go to waste, now can we?”

San balked. Was she suggesting what San thought she was suggesting?

“Oh, don’t give me that look. I’ll make you human again someday, maybe. I just need to make sure your punishment really sinks in. Bear me some piglets and we’ll go from there, ‘kay?”

San shook her head no, but it had already begun. Her already full belly began to swell in size as it slowly filled with life. It didn’t take long for her to feel the countless piglets begin to kick, squirm, and move inside of her belly.

“It won’t take too long. I’ll speed you through the gestation. I’m sure you can take care of the rest.”

San groaned as she grew a pot-belly, and her already milk heavy teats tingled in anticipation of the coming nursing, their soft flesh swelling further.

Countless tiny balls of life filled her belly well, her skin stretching uncomfortably and the sudden increase in weight forcing her to lie down on her side. It was all happening too fast for San, and it was all she could do to keep breathing as her belly swelled in size, rapidly approaching its limit. She didn’t want any of it. She was scared. She knew it was going to hurt, and she wasn’t ready. She wasn’t ready!

‘*Wait!*’, she wanted to say. All she could do was pant and grimace as she felt the contractions start. Her water broke and flowed to the hay covered dirt. She looked up at Atë with pleading eyes, but she only tutted at her.

And then began the labor. Benny helped, fetching water and towels. Fear ran through San’s mind and her body ached in preparation for what it was about to go through, her pussy wet and tentative, as if it too knew what was going to happen. Just as the condemned could feel the rope around their necks before they ever even saw the gallows, San could feel phantom sensations within his pussy long before any of the piglets began to move.

By then the contractions had become debilitating. San grunted softly in pain as she felt her body begin to push. She couldn’t help it. It had to be done, and would happen with or without her consent.

It hurt horribly, the small mass of life slide out of her through her birth canal, which only hours before had been filled with such sensational pleasure. A strange sort of high came over San as her first piglet was slowly birthed, and Benny cleaned it before allowing it to take its place at her belly, only for another to begin the journey out of San’s body. And another. And another.

Twelve tiny piglets later, San lay collapsed and empty in the dirt as all her milk was drained from her. She had plenty to go around. A warm glow had come over her though, and despite the traumatizing nature of the past day’s events she felt somewhat satisfied with it all, even if she had been horribly violated and used. She was

still a man at heart, and wanted to be a man again... but for the moment she just laid on the ground and rested.

“You did a fine job, *San*,” said Atë . “You’ll make an excellent mother. We’ll be back to check up on you once a month... take good care of your piggies!”

San lifted her head in time to watch as Atë and Benny walked out the door, off to spread havoc and mayhem no doubt. Benny gave San one last sympathetic glance before shutting the barn door behind him.

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It didn’t take long for the farmer and his wife became worried and came to check and see what their two farm-hands were up to, taking so long feeding the pigs. When they opened the barn door they found their employees gone and one unregistered nursing sow. She seemed distraught at first, but adapted quickly to the farm life, though she was always reluctant to breed and usually had to be forced. Despite her reluctance to allow the boars to impregnate her, she *did* produce large litters of extremely healthy piglets.

Atë did check up on San quite frequently... but every time she gave her only empty hope of a future that didn’t involve raising piglets. Often she brought members of her rapidly growing cult as well, as if to show off what she could do to a man who didn’t show her proper respect. San knew she wasn’t going to be changed back, but that little ray of hope kept her looking forward to Atë’s next visit every time she came, trotting over to her and trying to earn her favor in every way she could (too little too late one might say). Atë would only laugh, pet her on the head, and then strengthen the fertility spells she had placed upon her, which quickly destroyed her resistance to mating as hormones raged inside her body and drove her quickly to the nearest boar during estrus. Her life slowly became defined by her cyclical life of furiously mating with the males and then bearing their young... and in the end she couldn’t say she absolutely hated it.

And some say that, after a lifetime of raising generation after generation of swine, Atë granted San back the body of a human, though San herself chose to keep her gender and even many of the characteristics of the sow itself in her new form, and joined the cult a fully transformed member with a good deal of clout amongst the men. To this day she still occasionally bears a litter of especially fine specimens of pig, as an offering of sacrifice to her Goddess Atë.