

Pearls Before Swine (FtF, WG, Anthro)

Synopsis: A princess is ambushed and kidnapped by a strange boar creature, much to her dismay. The snobbish and prude woman soon finds herself settling in his cave, unaware she'll be staying much longer than either of them planned.

"I cannot believe that father would do this to me."

The massive trees passed by outside the carriage as it rolled along the old but well-maintained road leading through the royal forest. Princess Pearl, daughter of King William and second child of the Astoran lineage, pouted and stared out through the coach window as her retainer watched her with a tired look. The idyllic plains surrounding the castle were far behind her, along with the tiresome politics of the court and the bustling streets of the capital. Only the bug-infested woods surrounded her, with the carriage taking her further from civilization and out to the estate overlooking the royal hunting grounds.

"You are overreacting, my lady," Vanessa said as she adjusted the glasses on her nose. The elderly retainer watched the princess, never letting her piercing gaze leave the young woman. "You should see this as an opportunity."

"An opportunity?!" Pearl finally tore her gaze from the growing shadows of the trees outside as the sun began to set.

"Yes, my lady. You said you were tired of the scheming court, did you not?"

"Of course, but this is not what I had in mind, Vanessa!" Pearl said, still pouting. "I wanted to escape the politics, not be sent to the furthest reaches of the kingdom. There is nothing but trees and tedium out here."

"Perhaps, my lady, it is time to take up a hobby? I could teach you to sew, or we could discuss the finer points of etiquette. All skills necessary and expected from-"

"No, Vanessa. Do not finish that sentence."

"Very well, my lady," Vanessa said, watching worry and fear sweep over the woman's face, replacing some irritation and anger. "But, sooner or later, you need to accept the responsibilities expected of you as a princess of the royal lineage."

Pearl sighed, letting her dainty chest rise and fall as she stared out the window. The short-sleeved, ruffled white-and-pink dress with the puffy shoulders accentuated and hugged

her petite figure nicely, accentuating her royal and elegant curves. The puffy, layered skirt hid her long, shapely legs. The platinum blonde hair flowed from her head in long, luscious waves, glowing like golden wheat in the sun, with the royal crown resting on the bed of silken locks. She stared with her pretty blue eyes into the forest passing by her, watching the darkness sweeping over the area. Pearl's feminine lips rested in a perpetual and disappointed pout, with her furrowed brow on her beautiful face showing how little she enjoyed the situation. She let her gloved fingers tap against the sea of silken ruffles of her dress, and Vanessa heard her short heels tapping against the wooden floor of the carriage with the rhythmic trot of the horses pulling it. Pearl still retained the temper of her teen years despite being over twenty summers old, much to Vanessa's annoyance.

"I still cannot believe father would do this to me," Pearl said, shaking her head. "It is not fair."

"You left him with little choice, my lady," Vanessa said, shaking her head. "If you were in his position, what would you do?"

"I certainly would not send his only daughter across the county into a monster-infested forest!" Pearl said, snapping back. "It would not surprise me if it was Baldwick who suggested it. That slimy, two-faced toad..."

"Princess, compose yourself," Vanessa said. "And this was your father's decision, not his chancellor's. There are also no monsters in this part of the kingdom, not since *The Grand Scouring* your great-grandfather led to rid the kingdom of beasts."

"It is still not fair. Why does Father let Wallace do whatever he wants, but I get punished for even the smallest infraction?"

"Because, my lady, your brother, the heir-apparent and third of his name, Prince Wallace of Astora, is in a different position than you. It is simple as that."

"So, he gets to sleep with every whore in Bestyl, and I get sent off into the wilderness for sneaking out of the castle only once?"

"My lady! Do not speak of your brother like that," Vanessa snapped at the young woman, causing the princess to bite her tongue. "But, in this case, I agree that your father might have been too... lenient on your brother, especially considering the events of last spring."

Pearl shook her head, recalling her father's embarrassment when he realized his son had sired an illegitimate bastard with the chambermaid. Her half-wit brother didn't seem to understand the severity of his actions, and he stood there with a clueless look as his father yelled at him. Baldwick handled it quietly and quickly, much to her father's relief, giving him more influence than ever over him. Pearl often wondered what had happened to the chambermaid and the bastard child, but she knew she wouldn't like the answer.

The sun was setting, casting the carriage and the entourage of knights in darkness as the trees loomed around them. Pearl watched the lanterns light the road around them, chasing off the shadows growing longer and darker.

"How long until we arrive at the estate?" Pearl asked, already yearning for a warm bed and a glass of wine after another day sitting on her petite rear in the royal carriage.

"Tomorrow evening," Vanessa said, stifling a yawn. "We will spend the night at a minor noble's estate tonight, so remember to be on your best behavior when we meet with them. Hopefully, we will arrive at their home within the hour."

Pearl wanted to make a sullen comment about her brother and his lack of manners, but she decided against it. Honestly, she realized it wasn't worth it. Vanessa wasn't her enemy, and bickering with her only put them both in a poor mood. It was her father Pearl was mad with, and she needed to direct her frustrations at him, not the person who's been there for her since she was a child. She made a mental note about apologizing to Vanessa in the morning as she closed her eyes, listening to the steady beat of the wheels rolling and the sound of the hooves from the horses against the dry dirt road.

Then, as she sat there half-asleep and with her head bobbing slightly to the motion of the carriage, Pearl heard a guttural bellow. It sounded distant, but the panicked neighing from the horses, the frantic shouting, and the sound of blades drawn from their scabbards made it clear it was far closer than she liked. The carriage stopped, and Pearl saw the concerned look in her retainer's eyes, staring warily out through the small window on the other side.

"What was that?"

The words barely left Pearl's lips when something slammed into the coach, flipping the entire thing on its side and sending Vanessa and Pearl flying through it. A flash of pain surged through the princess's skull before everything went dark, and panicked screaming of the knights outside filled her ears as darkness took her.

"Ugh..."

Pearl felt herself swaying gently back and forth as the pain in her head dulled her senses, leaving her disoriented. It took her a few moments to realize the gentle breeze against her face meant she was outside and no longer in the safe confined of the royal carriage. The birds chirped, and the ambient light of the rising dawn filled the forest. Pearl soon realized the heaving thumping she heard wasn't the sound of her racing heart but the steady footsteps of something massive. She opened her eyes and stared down at the ground, slowly but surely

realizing the hairy back and enormous ass with the curly tail belonged to the same creature carrying her over its shoulder.

"Oh god..." Pearl said, the words leaving as a breathy whisper as she felt a meaty hand holding her still, pressing her against the shoulder. "N-No..."

Fear gripped Pearl's heart. She didn't dare move or make too much noise, afraid of whatever carried her might do if it knew she wasn't unconscious. She fought through the pain in her head, trying to remember what happened. The last thing Pearl remembered was the shouting and screaming, followed by weird guttural bellows and the snort of some massive hog. She heard the same disgusting snort a moment later from the creature carrying her, causing her heart to sink.

Carefully and quietly, she looked around to find out where she was. Pearl saw only ancient, towering trees around her, with moss-covered rocks and ancient boulders untouched for centuries as far as the eye could see. The road was nowhere in sight, and she could only guess how far the beast had carried her into the woods. Pearl tried not to gag as the musky stench of the beast's unwashed hide and bodily smells hit her nostrils, testing her composure to the limit. She heard the two-legged beast snort again, followed by a guttural groan as it stepped over a fallen tree like an ordinary man would've stepped over a twig. Pearl could only guess how massive the beast was, and she realized it was over twice as tall as she was and endlessly heavier. Its enormously muscular yet fat figure bounced as it moved, rippling with enough meat to sate a dragon.

Pearl lay over its shoulder, afraid to move as her mind raced. She tried to figure out what to do, her eyes scanning for anything that might lead her to civilization if she miraculously escaped from the beast. She saw nothing, causing her to realize just how far into the vast forest she must be. The beast adjusted the massive club over its other meaty shoulder, and Pearl figured the giant lumpy piece of wood was big enough to kill a horse with one blow. She could barely think straight as the fear rushed through her mind, with the pain dulling what remained of her sharp intellect as she let the beast carry her wherever it was heading. Even if she was more clearheaded, the invasive, musky stench of the beast filled her lungs and clouded her thoughts, causing her body to shudder and tingle in ways she couldn't even process.

Then, it suddenly grew dark, and she realized the beast carried her into a cave. Pearl stared in awe at a few glowing crystals adorning the walls, bathing the place in pale, ambient light. She had never seen such things before, only remembering reading about something similar in books she borrowed from the court mage. Then, without warning, the beast pulled Pearl off its shoulder and threw her on a bed of hay. The princess's plan of pretending to be unconscious didn't last long when she screamed in shock as she landed in the hay, causing the beast to grunt with amusement.

"Good," it said, the creature's deep, bellowing voice reverberating through the cave. It let out another disgusting snort before wiping some saliva from its tusked face. "Awake..."

Pearl sat upright, brushing some hay from her face to stare at her kidnapper. She knew it was big, but nothing could prepare her for the sheer immensity of the beast. It towered over her, every inch oozing with beastly strength as it leered at her with a smile on its half-boar, half-man face. Pearl let her gaze wander over his thick, hairy frame, taking in everything from his meaty fists and his barrel-like chest to his massive gut and the huge bulge between his legs. The loincloth made from tattered clothes barely contained his masculine shaft, and she felt a wave of disgust wash over her as she saw it twitch and throb. She noticed a necklace with a crystal around his neck, shining some ambient light over his furry chest and boar-like grin.

It was challenging to take it all in. Pearl's mind reeled from the sight and the smells coming of him and his lair, overpowering her senses. She felt a strange tingling sensation caressing her delicate skin, almost like someone lightly stroking it with a feather. However, what shocked her the most was his ability to talk. The beast chuckled as it walked over to a fireplace, soon placing new logs into the burnt-out hearth and igniting a fire, showing more signs of intelligence. Pearl stared at the beast as she nervously crawled out of the pile of hay, eyes wide with fear and shock.

"Y-You can talk," Pearl said, and the beast let out a hearty, amused chuckle at her obvious statement.

"So can you," he replied with a snort, flashing a tusked grin at her.

"H-How is it possible?" Pearl crawled out and sat on the hay, trying to straighten the puffy, partially torn skirt. One of her shoes was gone, meaning her naked foot rested against the filthy floor. "W-What are you?"

"Chop," he said, throwing more logs to the fire.

"Chop?" Pearl repeated, unsure if it was his name or just another weird, guttural sound he made. The stench in the cave suddenly got the better of her, causing her to almost gag.

"Chop."

"And, what are you?" Pearl said, holding a hand over her mouth and nose.

"Boar," Chop said, walking around what probably was his home. He scratched his enormous butt with his thick three-fingered fist, the size and shape of which astonished Pearl. "Man."

"Okay? But what about the caravan? Did you kill them?"

"No."

Pearl waited for him to say something more, but it never came. All she heard was another guttural groan and snort, the sound of which sent a shiver of disgust down her spine. Pearl frowned. She could recall more informative conversations with her stuffed animals as a child

than this. At least she felt relieved that Vanessa and the knights still lived. Then again, Chop might be lying to her, but for some reason, Pearl believed the beast.

"Fine," she said. "But why kidnap me?"

"Ransom," Chop said after another few moments, again not explaining anything. "Gold."

"Gold?! Why would you need gold? And from whom? My father would rather burn the forest down than give into the demands of some feral beast!" Pearl said, almost regretting her words as she uttered them. The last thing she wanted was to make it mad, afraid of what he might do to her if she did.

Yet, to her surprise, Chop merely grinned. He looked more amused than angry, almost as if he enjoyed it. "We'll see..."

Pearl sat and stared at the beast, her hand covering her face as she tried to keep what little food she had in her stomach. The sights and smells assaulted her senses, leaving her slightly nauseous and dizzy. The fear and panic of being kidnapped didn't help, either. However, the more she talked with Chop, the less terrified she became. For as fearsome and intimidating as he seemed, he didn't seem like he was going to tear her to pieces and eat her. If Chop was, why talk to her like this? Why not get it over with? Suddenly, the stories she heard from her father and family about the beasts and monsters of the wild began to feel exaggerated, even if the situation itself was far from ideal.

Then, to her surprise, she felt her belly rumble and gurgle as she watched Chop tear off some dried meat hanging from the wall. He gulped it down in a few slobbering bites, with saliva dangling from the tusks and lips as he swallowed it. Pearl swallowed hard. The sight should've disgusted her, but instead, it only reminded her of her meager meals yesterday and the fact that she hadn't eaten in a while. Chop then grabbed his club and began heading to the mouth of the cave, the ground almost shaking with every step the lumbering ogre took.

"Wait, you're leaving?" Pearl said, unsure why she even opened her mouth.

"Yes," Chop said, letting out a rumbling belch that echoed through the cave. "Go hunt. If hungry, eat meat. Wait until I come back."

"Are you leaving me alone here? Aren't you afraid I'll just run away?" Again, Pearl wasn't sure why she was reminding him of this. Chop didn't seem like the mindless beast she initially thought he'd be, and she felt there was a reason for him to leave her carelessly without restraining her.

"Go ahead," Chop said, gesturing at the untamed wilds. She stood up and walked closer to the mouth of the cave, soon staring out of it while keeping her distance from the beast. "But dumb for princess to leave."

Pearl swallowed hard at the sight of the dense, sprawling forest outside. She didn't know where she was or where to go, and if the wild beasts and monsters wouldn't get to her, then starvation and the cold late-summer nights would.

"Now, eat," Chop said, gesturing at the dried meat on the wall. "Be back soon."

Pearl leaned against the cavern wall near the entrance, watching as Chop wandered off with surprising grace for someone his size. He was soon gone, but she could hear his rumbling steps in the distance. Soon, Pearl stood alone in his home, idly wondering if she should take her chances with running away or staying put with the beast.

'I better stay,' she thought as she pulled her hand away from her nose, not noticing how the stench in the cave wasn't bothering her as much anymore. *'That way, Father and his knights can track me down and save me from the brute...'*

The princess turned and let her gaze wander across Chop's primitive home, taking it all in now that she was calmer and less terrified. The princess let her gaze wander over the crystals in the walls, noticing how the light from the fire refracted into strange, colorful rays as they hit the shining gems. She saw the tools hanging on hooks on the wall with dried meat and other semi-preserved foods, surprised he knew how to do it. The pile of hay Chop placed her in earlier was, clearly, his bed, and she could smell his musky scent on her dress after rolling around in it. Pearl muttered a pitiful 'ew' as she realized it, and her annoyed frown grew when she realized she was also missing a shoe. Her clothes were slightly torn and stained, her crown missing, her hair a mess, and her head aching from the small bump on it - Pearl could barely remember the last time she felt this haggard.

Yet, as strange as things were, she couldn't help but focus on the sudden ache in her belly. Pearl groaned, rubbing her taut tummy when her stomach growled, reminding her how hungry she was. She glanced at the dried meat, disgusted at the mere thought of taking a bite from it. Who knows what creature it came from? And it was probably covered in his slobbering drool and half-eaten by bugs, judging by how he stored it. However, Pearl couldn't stop her mouth from watering at the sight of it, with her hunger growing.

'No, there is no way I am stooping so low to eat such filth...' Pearl thought, letting out an indignant *'humph'* before turning her back to the dried meat. Yet, she knew it was still there, taunting and tempting her. *'Although, it might be days before the knights find me...'*

Pearl turned her gaze to the meat again, biting her lip in shame and letting out a pitiful whimper at the mere thought of what she was about to do. Little by little, the hunger overtook her mind and clouded her thoughts, causing her to stumble over to the food. She leaned down and grabbed a small knife resting near the wall, no doubt belonging to some unfortunate hunter who bumped into Chop while chasing an elk too far into the forest. Pearl reached up and cut off a piece, holding the dried meat in her gloved hand as she questioned what she was doing. Then, when her belly rumbled and roared again, she couldn't stop herself.

'Curses...' Pearl thought as she closed her eyes and placed the meat in her mouth, trying not to gag as she chewed on it. *'This better be venison...'*

Pearl braced herself, eyes closed, ready to spit it out at a moment's notice. Except it didn't taste nearly as horrid as she expected. She opened her eyes in shock as she ate the chewy meat, letting the surprising flavors wash over her delicate palate. It was far from as delicious as Pearl's meals at the castle, lacking the refined taste the princess usually expected of her food. Yet, it tasted okay. No, it was far better than that. Pearl blushed at how delicious she found it, hating how her mouth watered as she swallowed the first bite.

'It's not that bad,' Pearl thought, ignoring the shame of enjoying it so much. *'It needs more salt, though...'*

The flames flickered as Pearl cut another piece from the dangling dried slab of meat, ignoring the pleasant buzz and strange tingling sensation washing through her. The sensation had constantly bombarded her since she came here, but it grew in intensity as she ate. The crystals around her refracted the flickering flames and bathed the cave in their pale light, constantly bombarding the entire area in the ambient magic. Pearl remained unaware of any of it as she ate, not realizing how much of Chop's essence each contained and how it radiated from them. Each bite she swallowed pulled more of the essence into her body, triggering a chain reaction. The dainty princess's frame buzzed and tingled more with each passing moment, and she barely noticed how her hunger grew as she ate.

Like all royalty women, Princess Pearl kept her body in perfect shape through diet, exercise, and monitoring her nutritional intake. It wasn't something that bothered her, and she was so accustomed to it that she barely noticed or thought about it anymore. But now, finding herself eating the dried yet surprisingly fatty venison with her bare hands, something clicked in her head. Years, almost decades, of suppressed hunger came roaring to life, slowly consuming her thoughts as her gentle nibbles turned to giant mouthfuls. Pearl smiled as she ate, her belly gurgling and aching with joy, and she barely noticed it wasn't just her appetite that grew. Each bite sent a ripple through her body, caused by the essence radiating out from the crystals around her.

'This is so good!' Pearl thought, letting the knife drop from her gloved hands before grabbing the heavy slab of meat. She pulled it off the hook and sat down, resting the heavy thing on her lap as she chomped into it. *'I have to bring back a sample and ask the royal kitchen to make more of this once the knights save me from Chop...'*

Pearl forgot all about etiquette and manners as she ate, and she soon stained her dress and gloves with the meat and ripped huge chunks from it with her bare teeth. The princess didn't notice the gentle swelling in her backside, causing the rock she sat on to feel increasingly cushioned and softer. She didn't even give the strange tightness around her waist a second

thought as she ate, with the dress stretching across every curve as they swelled. Little by little, Pearl's stomach digested the food immediately, turning the nutrients into soft, pliant fat that spread evenly across her lithe figure.

The princess squirmed as she ate, slowly noticing the odd tightness across her body but not putting too much thought into it. Pearl ripped another massive chunk from the meat, already eating enough to satiate her for a week. Yet her hunger persisted. Her body swelled, gaining in size all over. Her thighs plumped up, going from royally thin to padded and thick, resembling the meaty limbs of a well-fed farmer's daughter. The same happened to her hips and ass, both swelling in size and stretching her dress to the limit. Pearl groaned when her pelvis popped, unaware that her bones were shifting to give her naturally wider haunches and make them go from girly to womanly during her meal. The woman's undergarments stretched under the onslaught, with the seams barely holding together underneath her growing figure.

Pearl stopped to take a breather, finding herself exhausted from eating so much and so fast. She barely noticed how her chest curved outward, growing with every strained breath and stretching her dress and brassiere. The previously tiny bumps were now sizable and noticeable, again more fitting on a soon-to-be farmer's wife than a king's daughter. Pearl ran a now gently padded hand across her sore bosom, unaware of the thickness of her torso and her limbs. She soon went back to the meat, devouring it with renewed vigor.

'By the gods, why does it taste so good?' Pearl thought, only now finding it all a bit odd. *'I can't stop...'*

When she began her feast, the slab of meat weighed at least thirty pounds, and she'd eaten almost all of it. Pearl's weight had skyrocketed during her meal, and she gained far more than that as the fat seemingly quadrupled inside her. She barely noticed it, only feeling a strange tautness across her chest, waist, and even hands as her gloves struggled to fit over her less-than-delicate limbs. Pearl still smiled, unaware of how messy her face was and how much she'd stained her dress. She rubbed her now chubby tummy, barely aware of how the dress rounded out to give it room. She smacked her poutier lips as she swallowed another bite, her cheeks rounder, her chin chubbier, and her face overall rounder than when she began. Pearl barely noticed herself kicking off her one remaining shoe when her feet swelled and grew fatter, gaining a few sizes during the meal.

Then, with one last satisfied *'mmm'* leaving her lips, Pearl finished her meal. Her belly gave off one last pitiful rumble of joy as she swallowed the meat, still aching slightly from a near-perpetual hunger. The princess only began to snap out of her daze now, and she blinked a few times as she felt surprisingly bloated.

"Ugh..." Pearl groaned, rubbing her oddly soft cheek with her glove, unaware she was smearing some grease and fat across her creamy skin. "I'm... No, I didn't..."

Unfortunately, Pearl didn't have time to finish the sentence before her belly gurgled, and she felt something rushing up her throat. She let out a surprisingly loud belch, one that made parts of

her previously lithe body jiggle in ways she hadn't experienced before. A wave of shame washed over her, causing her to cover her mouth in shock as she felt her cheeks burn bright red. However, the shame soon tripled as Pearl glanced down at her dress and gloves, the white satin and cotton now stained with large, greasy spots from her messy meal.

"By the gods!" Pearl said as she stood up, feeling another unexpected jiggle from her body. "How could I let this happen?!"

It didn't take long before the shame turned to fear when she noticed the way her bosom protruded, with the dress stretched and struggling to contain her fuller breasts. Pearl gasped as she stared at them, soon realizing they weren't the only thing that grew during her trance. She ran her hands over her now curvy hips and chubby belly, with her chubby thighs rubbing together and her ass wobbling as she stumbled from the shock on her now naked feet.

"N-No," Pearl shook her head, feeling her cheeks and chin shake unexpectedly. "Ah!"

A soft gasp left her softer lips when a seam finally gave up, letting the dress gain some slack around her waist. Soon, her belly got some much-needed room, even if she didn't want to admit it felt better. A moment later, another seam gave up around her chest. Pearl gasped and groaned, trying to comprehend how or why her body suddenly grew so much after eating a little. She remained blissfully unaware she'd gorged down more than thirty pounds of dried venison, thinking it was only a few bites at most.

However, Pearl focused too much on her swollen body to hear the thumping outside in her daze, and she gasped in surprise when a figure entered the cave. Chop snorted and grunted as he entered, pulling a pair of dead elk behind him.

"Good, princess here," Chop said as he threw the dead beasts near the fire. "Smart princess, no leave..."

"Y-You!" Pearl said, falling on her ass and feeling the cushioned backside soften the impact. "What are you doing to me?!"

Chop stopped as he grabbed a cleaver from the wall, staring at her with his beady, yellow eyes. He looked confused, although Pearl struggled to understand what the boar might be thinking.

"Nothin'," Chop said, shrugging. "Ransom."

"No, not that! You've done something to me and my body, you horrible beast! You probably drugged me when I was asleep earlier," Pearl said, wrapping an arm around her swollen chest and tummy in a futile attempt to contain them.

"No drugs," Chop said, swinging the cleaver down on the elk as he began to skin and pull the meat off them. "Only ransom."

Pearl blinked, trying to read Chop's facial expression. It wasn't easy to tell, but it didn't seem he noticed how she'd grown or that he knew anything about it. Either the beast was lying, or he genuinely wasn't behind it. It didn't calm Pearl down, though. What dulled her shock and panic was watching the beast pull the meat off the elk, her mouth watering and her bloated belly rumbling with hunger again. She licked her lips as she stared at the raw meat, soon hearing it sizzle against the flames as Chop began grilling it.

"Princess hungry?" Chop said with another snort. The massive figure loomed over her, casting long shadows around the cave even when sitting down.

"Y-Yes..." Pearl replied without thinking, her nostrils no longer itchy from the musky stench. It smelled somewhat pleasant, especially as the enticing scent of charred meat spread through the cave. "Very much so..."

"Me too..." Chop grunted, impaling huge chunks on sticks and placing them near the flames.

The meat sizzled against the flames, sounding like music to Pearl's ears. The panic and fear of her sudden growth vanished as she watched the slabs of venison, licking her lips and her nostrils itching from the enticing scent spreading through the cave. Pearl's chubby and padded figure quivered with every rumble of her belly, her appetite still ravenous despite the massive snack earlier. She scratched her itchy nose and stared at it with her sparkling blue eyes, unable to look away and with her pupils noticeably dilating as her mind buzzed with hunger.

Chop grunted as he continued slaughtering the elk with surprising ease, cutting off large chunks and skinning them using the meat cleaver. He glanced at the princess with his beady yellow eyes, snorting as he wondered why she was so angry when he returned. It wasn't surprising since even he understood that she didn't enjoy her current situation, but he could tell there was something else. To Chop, all humans looked the same despite the vague and hazy memories of being one once so long ago. Then again, maybe it was all a dream. Yet, he could tell that she looked different from earlier. Pearl didn't look so dainty and tiny anymore, and the sight of her rubbing her soft gut and swollen breast sent a tingle of excitement down to his loins. Chop grunted, making a mental note to watch the woman more closely.

The princess remained blissfully unaware of the leers and glances she got from her captor. Pearl only focused on the meat, watching it sizzle as the flames licked it and made the fat drip. Eventually, she grabbed one of the slabs, unable to contain her hunger. Pearl blew on it a little to cool it down, but she didn't wait long before taking the first juicy bite, and she let out a long, satisfied moan as the enticing taste filled her mouth.

"S-Sho good..." Pearl muttered in between bites, talking to no one in particular. She ripped off another, ignoring how she stained her chubby cheeks, gloves, and dress.

Chop continued to butcher the animals, putting more and more meat near the fire. He watched her eat, unaware of how his boar-like essence radiated from his figure, bounced against the crystals, and bathed the room in the corrupted magic. Pearl was helpless against it, her body tingling as it invaded her frame and increased intensity from the food. She didn't notice the

seams of her dress creaking, now fighting a losing battle against her growing waist and bust. At least the wide and voluminous skirt hid most of the growth around her thighs, ankles, shins, hips, and ass, but the dress did little to conceal the curvature of her bosom as they inflated in size.

Pearl didn't notice the seams giving up, slowly causing the fabric to tear in a few strategic places as her weight increased. The first hole appeared near her chubby tummy, revealing her creamy and now padded belly as it rumbled, gurgled, and grew with each bite she took. Another tear formed across her chest as her breasts pushed out another inch or so, her previously tiny and perky bosom slowly becoming fuller and fatter than ever. She shifted her weight on her rounded butt as she ate, unaware of her undergarments getting swallowed by her expanding backside. It rode up between her padded cheeks, slowly getting swallowed by them. It pulled tighter against her loins, soon stained by the feminine need that dripped from her soon-to-be fat folds.

Yet, a few more things occurred as she ate, one of which even Chop noticed. Pearl groaned as her back suddenly began to ache, causing her to press her stained, gloved hands against her spine to stretch. It popped and cracked as her spine elongated, stretching her torso. Pearl rubbed her legs a few moments later when they ached, unaware of them growing longer and chubbier. Every inch of her body stretched and grew, causing her to gain some height. Her hips continued to pop and crack as they grew wider, becoming increasingly childbearing and more fit for a peasant mother than a princess.

However, the most noticeable change, and the one that Chop noticed, happened on her face. He was idly chopping up more meat from the elk when he heard a strange noise from the princess. Pearl made a wide range of sounds and noises as she ate, each growing louder as her appetite worsened. There was one that stood out from the rest, though, and it grew louder with every slobbering bite. Chop glanced at her when he heard the first pig-like snort, idly wondering where it came from. He stared at her, watching as her nose thickened and fattened quicker than the rest of her face, with her nostrils widening. A smile spread across his face when he saw the pig-like snout replaced her previously dainty nose, now sticking out like a sore thumb on her chubby face.

Pearl remained unaware of the snorts she made as she ate or how Chop glanced at her. However, she did notice how much better the meat suddenly smelled, and she felt a little dizzy as the musky scents in the cave grew more intense with every breath she took. Pearl's sense of smell heightened to new levels, growing keen to smell the truffles hidden in the dirt outside the cave. She licked her lips and made another unflattering snort, unaware of her changing pig-like snout. However, she finally noticed Chop staring at her, looking amused and curious.

"W-What are you looking at, beast?" Pearl said, wiping her lips with the back of her hand, again forgetting her manners.

"You," Chop said, letting out a hearty chuckle. "Nose."

"What?" Pearl raised an eyebrow before putting a finger against her nose, her eyes widening when she touched it far quicker than expected. It felt bloated and huge, and she could see how much bigger it seemed. "Huh?!"

Suddenly, her heart sank when she let out a loud, unflattering snort out of shock when she realized something was wrong with her nose. Pearl pressed her fingers against it, feeling the size and shape of her protruding snout, and she tumbled backward in panic as she tried to stand up.

"Ah!" Pearl gasped, letting out an odd grunt and pig-like squeal when she landed on her bloated, fat ass.

The impact proved too much for her dress, and her cheeks burned bright red when she heard and felt the seams giving up. Loud tears reached her ears, and she felt the cool air caressing her exposed bosom and belly when they burst free from their clothed prison. They wobbled and bounced on her body as they pushed out through the torn dress, jiggling and swaying from the impact. Pearl glanced down and saw the size and shape of her bosom, eyes wide as she realized they belonged to her. They were palm-filling and padded, each as big as a melon, and she saw how much thicker and womanly her nipples had gotten. Shame washed over her as she wrapped her arms over her fat tits, trying to contain both them and her undeniably bloated gut. It was futile, and her gloves began to give up from the sudden motion. She felt her sausage-like fingers poke through the torn fabric of her gloves, revealing more of her chubby figure.

"W-What did you do to me, swine?!" Pearl said, squirming on the ground as she tried to push back her breasts and belly into her dress, but it only caused more tears to appear.

"Nothin'," Chop said with a shrug. He couldn't hide his amusement and curiosity. "Look cute."

The sudden and unexpected comment sent a tingle through Pearl's spine, and she felt her cheeks flush even warmer. The mere thought that this beast might find her cute or, gods forbid, attractive made her want to vomit. Yet, a part of her brain buzzed with excitement at the compliment, the same that found the intense, musky scent increasingly enticing. She blushed and shook her head, causing her rotund figure to jiggle.

"I look horrible!" Pearl said as she stood up, feeling the weight of her body and curves as she stood on her fat, naked feet. She felt her breasts and belly sag, even as she tried to hold it all together with her arms. "M-Mirror! Do you have one?! And c-clothes! Anything to cover me up!"

Pearl heard herself snort during her panic, no matter how much she tried to stop herself. Chop pointed to the corner of the cave where a collection of broken mirror shards hung against the wall, with several blankets and sheets of fabric he'd stolen from previous caravans near it. Pearl hurried over to it, feeling her body swaying, bouncing, and jiggling in ways she'd never experienced before. She heard her dress tear as she moved, and one of her gloves tore off her fat hand and fell to the floor. The other joined shortly after, leaving her hands bare when the princess reached the mirror shards hanging from the wall.

"Oh, gods!" Pearl said, unable to contain her shock as she stared at the full-figured and undeniably fat woman reflected in the shards. A moment later, another unflattering snort left her porcine snout, causing her cheeks to burn even hotter.

She knew it wasn't looking good, but she couldn't have predicted it'd be this horrible. Pearl was fat, no matter how she looked at it, and she could feel how her tattered dress hugged every curve of her corpulent figure. The front tore open earlier, revealing her melon-sized tits and her sizable gut that both jiggled and shook with every breath she took. The belly hung over her waist, covering parts of her crotch, and her hand sank deep into it as she tried to contain it. Pearl could tell that her ass and hips were equally fat, even if her wide skirt still hid them both. It wasn't the body of a princess but the fecund, fat figure of some lowlife breeder!

Pearl felt her tempers flare, and in a fit of anger and part curiosity, she grabbed her dress and began to tear it off. She expected a struggle and almost gasped at how easy it came off. When she flexed her arms and legs, she could feel the muscles hidden underneath the padding, invisible to the naked eye but unquestionably there. It gave her body some much-needed definition, keeping her flabby curves surprisingly perky. It sent a strange tingle of excitement through her spine, one that Pearl quickly pushed away. It didn't take long before she stood naked before the mirror shards, examining every inch of her fat body. It didn't look better naked, and she blushed when she saw the sheer size, shape, and width of her butt. It was huge, protruding far from her body, and Pearl understood now why the rock felt so comfortable.

However, none of this could compare to her nose. It dominated her face, standing out like a sore thumb. Pearl let out a pitiful snort as she stared at the porcine snout, examining it with a sinking heart. She also noticed something adorning the top of her ass, and she let out a whimper when she saw the cork-screw tail of a pig sitting there. Pearl also noticed she was taller and not just fatter, standing slightly higher than before. It wasn't easy to tell here, but Pearl saw it by comparing herself to her torn and tattered dress. It wasn't much compared to how much weight she'd gained, but it was around half a foot taller. She could also tell how messy her face and hands looked from eating earlier, with grease all over her face and even a tiny piece of meat stuck in her hair.

Pearl, teetering on tears of both anger and shock, grabbed a nearby blanket and wrapped it around her fat body. She let out a disgruntled snort and turned to face Chop, the beastly boar sitting near the fire with an amused grin on his face.

"Y-You! You did this to me, you horrid beast!" Pearl said, stomping over to him, wearing nothing but a blanket over her expansive curves. "What horrible magic did you use on me? When my father figures this out, he will have you gutted and roasted!"

"Not me," Chop said, shifting his considerable mass around on his rear as he continued to butcher the elks. "Done nothin'."

"Liar!" Pearl didn't even notice the snorts and half-squeals she made as she screamed at the beast. "Why else would this happen?!"

"Maybe," Chop said, his cleaver cutting through the thigh bone of the elk with disturbing ease. "Maybe this true you."

Pearl felt a tingling sensation pass through her body as he stared at her with his beady yellow eyes, his words sinking into her skull. She shifted her weight on her fat feet, unaware of how little she cared about the pebbles and rocks digging into her skin. Pearl's cheeks flushed even deeper red at the mere suggestion, causing her to grunt and huff with an indignant stare.

"Are you seriously suggesting that I am supposed to be some fat, piggish beast?! How dare you! I'm a princess of the kingdom! I'm the descendant of the finest royalty on this continent!" Pearl said, ignoring the tingling sensation in her puffy, fat pussy. It grew worse with each lungful of the musky, masculine stench oozing off Chop.

Chop said nothing. He chuckled and shook his head before continuing to butcher the remaining elk, a grin on his face. He didn't understand why the princess was changing, but he wasn't complaining. The woman looked sexier with every passing moment, and Chop could only imagine how much better she'd look later if this continued. So, with his loins growing hard and hot, he grabbed some meat and put it into the fire, spreading the scent of charred venison through the cave.

"You hungry," Chop said after a few moments of silence. It took Pearl a few moments to realize it wasn't a question but a statement.

"No, not at all!" Pearl said, but her body betrayed her a fraction of a second later when her flabby gut rumbled and roared. She blushed, pulling the blanket tighter over her fat frame.

"Then eat," Chop said, licking his lips before grabbing a fat, juicy piece and devouring it whole. "Getting more food..."

Chop stood up, still towering over the fat princess despite her increased height, and turned on his cloven trotters. He grabbed the remains of the slaughtered animals, leaving only the meat he butchered from them behind. She caught a glimpse of the massive bulge between his legs, one he didn't have earlier, and she blushed at the sight of it stretching his loincloth. Pearl blushed and closed her eyes, waiting for him to leave before opening them again. She stared at the numerous meats searing against the flames, with a massive stack of raw chunks on a platter near it. Pearl's mouth watered as she stared at the meat and tried to resist the hunger, finding herself giving in more and more to it with each passing moment. Chop's essence continued to bombard her from the crystal, invading her body and twisting it with the cursed magic.

'I need to stop this...' Pearl thought, once again contemplating running away. However, if anyone saw her like this, they'd think she was some cursed damsel or beast and murder her on the spot. No, it was better to wait for the knights to find her. *'I just have to wait until they save me. I need to resist until then...'*

The juicy slabs of meat enticed her with their rich aroma, causing her to almost drool with hunger. Then, without thinking, she sat down on a rock and grabbed a piece of meat. The

flames didn't burn her skin, nor did the scalding meat sear her, the princess unaware of how thick her skin had gotten. She took a juicy bite, chewing loudly and occasionally snorting as every inch of her body burned with need. Pearl's face and hands were soon stained with grease and meat juices, some dripping onto her blanket and chest as she ate. The woman's hunger grew more intense, and she even let the dirty blanket slip from her body as she used her other hand to grab another sizable chunk.

The moment the food hit her belly, it created a chain reaction with the tainted essence. It surged through Pearl, twisting and tainting her royal soul with the same filthy essence within Chop. It didn't take long before gentle pops and soft snaps came from Pearl's body, the woman gaining in size with each passing moment as she ate. She let out soft moans and gentle snorts as she ate, rubbing her bloated gut with every parcel she devoured. The pounds began pouring over her figure, steadily causing her thighs to thicken and the gap between her legs to shrink. It also changed her bone structure, causing her spine to lengthen, her ribcage to grow, and her pelvis to widen. Her organs swelled, including her belly, which only increased her ravenous hunger. Pearl could almost feel it as she ate, but the gluttonous feasting filled her with too much shame to notice anything else.

'So dirty... I'm so fat and dirty,' she thought, feeling a strange and shamefully pleasant tingle between her legs as the words flashed through her head. *'I need to stop... But I'm so hungry, and it tastes so good~...'*

An absentminded snort echoed through the cave as her feasting continued, with a few slobbering sounds spreading around her as she forgot her manners. Pearl grinned as she ate, unaware of how her ass expanded underneath her, along with everything else. It almost swallowed the rock she sat on, with her ass-cheeks becoming fat sacks of lard. Yet, for as much as she gained, she grew more muscular, with all of it hidden underneath the sea of fat spreading over her once-petite figure. Pearl licked her fingers, not caring that they felt stiff and odd, with her ring finger and pinky moving in unison now. The same happened to her index finger and middle finger, and the two pairs began to press against each other. Little by little, they fused, slowly forming two new fingers far thicker than the four digits that formed them. She barely noticed her new three-fingered hands nor saw the nails on each covering each tip, creating a denser and harder nail similar to Chop's.

'So good~' Pearl thought, savoring the taste as she licked her fingers clean before grabbing another piece of meat. *'So juicy...'*

The princess's body blossomed, growing wider, taller, and more imposing than ever. Her spine popped, and her back arched as she grew taller and bustier, with her height pushing closer to seven feet. She remained blissfully unaware, her mind foggy with hunger and joy as she ate. Pearl licked her fat, pouting lips with a smile before chewing on another piece, her numerous chins wobbling and jiggling as she grew undeniably obese. Her breasts curved out far from her body, each a small boulder in size, and her hips popped as she grew wider haunches than a cow. Her belly was huge, resting on her equally obese lap and hiding the fat cunt between her

legs. Another series of pops spread through the cave as she grew taller and broader, her frame shuddering as another wave of fat spread through her.

The princess barely noticed the slight ache in her feet as her toes began to fuse. Pearl focused on the food, leaving her blissfully unaware of her changing feet. Her nails grew larger and pointed, her toes vanished one by one, and it wasn't long before they were gone. All that remained were these clumsy, fat trotters fit for a sow, each wide and matching Chop's. Pearl only noticed how strange it felt to walk around, her ears picking up the odd sound her 'feet' made when they hit the stony floor. Ultimately, she didn't notice it or care, her mind bubbling and marinating in an increasingly gluttonous and bubbly stew.

Suddenly, the princess slipped and fell as she skewered more meat on sticks to grill them in the flames. Pearl wasn't ready for the way her immense ass and breasts wobbled and jiggled as she moved, not to mention the difficulty she had walking on her trotters, and she lost her balance. The woman landed on her rear a moment later after falling backward, sending her obese figure into a jiggling frenzy. It surprised and shocked her considerably as she grew aware of her obese figure, but instead of growing angry, she felt something else rush through her brain. Instead of gasping and screaming in anger and shock, she merely giggled.

"W-Why am I laughing?!" Pearl said in between the bouts of snorting giggles, her flabby chins jiggling with every huffing laugh. "T-This is not funny!"

Yet Pearl continued to giggle. It was all so absurd, so unbelievable, that the only sane response to her addled brain was to laugh like some vapid idiot. It felt good, really good. It sent ripples of joy through her frame, and she couldn't help but shudder with weird excitement at how relieved it made her feel. The unflattering snorts and high-pitched squeals mixed with the girly giggles made it sound like a woman was laughing while tickling a pig. Unfortunately, that image burned into her brain, making her laugh even harder.

"B-By the gods!" Pearl said, pushing her fat figure upright, soon standing on her hands and knees with her breasts and belly practically touching the ground. "I-I need to focus..."

It was easier said than done. However, the sight of Pearl's freakish three-fingered hands finally made her snap out of it, but she already missed the giggling as soon as she stopped. The princess didn't understand how the crystal messed with her brain and how they practically melted it, dulling her sharp intellect and making it harder for her to resist her impulses and urges. So, when she saw the food sizzling in the fire, she couldn't stop herself from snorting with hunger and crawling over to it, soon grabbing the searing meat with her fat hands.

Pearl sat on her knees and ate, with her ass practically burying her legs and feet as it grew thicker and fatter. Thighs, ankles, shins, hips, ass - it all exploded in size. As massive as her breasts and belly were, it couldn't compete against the sheer immensity of her backside. Pearl smiled as she ate, idly scratching her itchy ears without noticing them migrating to the top of her head. Little by little, they grew longer and twisted in shape, becoming the floppy and

adorable ears of a pig. They sat gently there, looking more and more at home on her rounder head.

The woman remained so deep in her trance by the food and hunger that she barely noticed Chop's thumping steps as he returned. He grinned as he saw her, unable to hide the way his loincloth moved from his cock twitching at the sight of her taller, fatter, and increasingly porcine figure. He slammed down the barrels he carried and pulled up the box he dragged behind him, causing her to snap out of her feeding frenzy.

"Ah!" Pearl gasped with another piggish snort. "Do not scare me like that!"

"Sorry," Chop said with a hearty chuckle, his beady yellow eyes dancing over her beyond-curve figure.

Pearl suddenly became aware of her hefty body, making her blush as she realized how fat, tall, and freaky it was. She grabbed the blanket and pulled it around her, barely able to cover anything on her generous frame. It still made her feel a little better. The urge to giggle at the absurdity of it all remained, something Pearl fought against in front of her beastly kidnapper.

"W-What do you have there?" Pearl said, struggling with her fatter limbs and even bigger bust, her arms barely able to wrap around her back-breaking bosom.

"Food," Chop said, opening the box to reveal stolen goods from some caravan. The scent of expensive cheeses, cured hams, and other delicious treats made her belly roar. "Drink."

Chop patted the barrel, and Pearl could smell the expensive wine with her sharp, porcine nose. She grunted and snorted, trying not to drool as she imagined getting her fat fingers on the treats. She watched Chop open the box to reveal the stolen goods from some noble's caravan heading south - exquisite chocolates, rare cured meats, expensive cheeses, and more. It was all overwhelming her senses, sending her mind soaring with images of gorging herself on it, and Pearl barely noticed the dribble of saliva hanging from her pouty lips. The wine smelled even better, and she couldn't wait to wet her parched throat with the *Frelian* vintage.

However, Chop smacked her hand away as she reached out to grab a handful of treats from the large crate. She pulled it back, glaring at him.

"Not yours," Chop said, licking his lips as he grabbed a box of chocolates before pouring the contents into his massive maw. His loud chewing spread through the room, causing Pearl's belly to roar in jealousy. "All mine."

"Hey, no fair! Do you want me to starve to death here?!" Pearl said with an indignant snort, her fat figure wobbling and shaking as her belly growled hungrily. "I order you to share it with me!"

"Perhaps," he said, swallowing the chocolates with a ferocious grin. "But first, beg."

"Excuse me?" Pearl blinked, unsure if she heard the beast right.

"Beg," he repeated, putting a hand into the crate before pulling out a smelly wheel of cheese and dangling it before the princess.

"Do you seriously think I would stoop so low as to beg my kidnapper for food?! You lowlife beast!" Pearl said, snorting, huffing, and slamming her fists against the ground as her fat figure shook and jiggled. "I would rather die!"

"Suit yourself," Chop said, chuckling as he took a sizable bite of the cheese. The stench made Pearl's nostrils itch, her hunger growing each moment.

Pearl let out a pitiful whimper and snort as she rubbed her belly, unable to take her eyes off the cheese. She swallowed hard, trembling as she felt her resistance fade. Pearl didn't notice that Chop didn't seem as imposing anymore, mainly because of how much her body had grown. He was still taller and fatter, standing maybe a few feet higher and broader than her, but not by as much as before. Then, as she watched Chop take another huge bite out of the cheese, she couldn't resist it any longer.

"P-Please," Pearl said, her cheeks burning bright red with shame.

"Please, what?" Chop grinned, dangling the cheese only inches away from her face. She didn't even notice herself drooling.

"P-Please, let me have some of your food," she continued, mouth open and tongue dangling out as her mind marinated in the corrupted magic and insane hunger.

"More," Chop said, grinning as he waved the cheese before her drooling face.

"P-Please, I'm so hungry," Pearl said, unsure what he wanted to hear. "I-I will, like, do anything!"

"Call yourself sow and get food," he said, and she shivered. Yet her hunger grew too intense, and she did what he ordered. "Squeal."

"I-I'm a sow!" Pearl said, squealing, grunting, and snorting to his delight. She grew desperate, saliva dripping from her vast lips. "I am a dirty, fat pig! P-Please!"

"Good," Chop said, pressing the cheese against her greedy maw. "Eat up."

Her eyes rolled into the back of her skull as she chewed down on it, letting wave after wave of euphoria wash over her. Pearl giggled between bites, unable to fight against the bubbly emotions sweeping through her head. She grabbed the cheese with her meaty hands and ate, unaware of how her body swelled in weight and size, growing as she was gorging on the delicacy. Chop watched it all happen, his loins stirring as the 'ugly' princess blossomed into something beautiful in his beady eyes. He licked his lips and felt his cock twitch, his heart racing as he saw her skin shift in color and hue. The creamy, pale white flesh shifted and turned steadily pink, taking on the porcine hue of a prize sow. He saw her sweating, causing her

smooth skin to glisten in the light of the crystal and fire, and he huffed, loving every moment of it.

Pearl's entire fat figure shuddered and shook as she changed, and she couldn't help but giggle even louder when she saw how her now-pink breasts surged in size, growing even more massive than before. It was all so absurd, so wild, and she couldn't fight against the bubbly emotions rushing through her brain as it degraded. Her keen intellect grew duller, her resistance fading, and her urges, instincts, and needs all pulled to the forefront of her addled mind. Chop handed her some sausages, watching her devour them with slobbering delight as her spine popped and snapped, causing her to gain some height. Her breasts surged outward, her belly followed shortly after, and her meaty haunches swelled in size. Every inch of her body continued to devolve into something far taller, fatter, and more porcine, with her royal lineage slowly fading.

Chop couldn't warp his primitive mind around how it happened. Honestly, he didn't care. The plan to ransom off the princess soon changed, and Chop couldn't help but grin at the thought of the woman staying far, far longer than planned. He threw her a box of chocolates, watching her tear into it with her increasingly fatter lips and growing tusks, the tiny things soon protruding from her womanly maw. Pearl smacked her lips and tusks, wincing slightly at the itch of her tusks pushing out and growing in size. She was huge at this point, easily over nine feet tall, and with hips close to as broad. Her back-breaking bosom had reached a new impressive size, so immense that she couldn't even touch her nipples with her bloated limbs if she wanted. Pearl's nipples were as big as his fists, with areolas covering a vast portion of her pink tits. Chop smiled as he stared at her ass, watching it swell and grow to a size and shape only someone like him could appreciate.

Then, as Pearl was about to grab something else from the crate, Chop pulled her hands away. She stared at him with her beady, blue gaze, grunting and snorting with hunger.

"H-Hey, what gives?!" Pearl huffed and lisped thanks to her tusks, unaware of how piggish and fat she'd gotten. It'd be a miracle if anyone recognized her as the princess she was. "I am still fea-, um, fe-, uh, like, I am still hungry!"

"Good," Chop said, grabbing her head and pulling her close. She gasped when he pressed her head against his crotch, letting her breathe in the musky stench coming from his erect cock. "Very good."

Pearl suddenly began to giggle, and she didn't understand why. It might have been the sudden arousal or the fact that she found Chop more and more handsome with each passing moment. It could even be the absurdity of being so fat yet feeling so good or that she could barely think without getting distracted by her libido or hunger. Honestly, it didn't matter. Pearl's body no longer resembled her old self, now a massive mountain of lard and fat stuffed into a half-pig, half-woman shape. What resistance she had faded as her thoughts grew bubblier and less complex, leaving little room for shame, doubt, or reason. Pearl grunted and snorted as she

pressed her face against the bulge, breathing in the musky stench overpowering her senses and mind.

"Uh," Pearl giggled and grunted, drooling from both her pussy and maw as Chop's firm hand grabbed her now-stained blonde hair. He then pulled away and chuckled at the glazed look in her eyes. "Hungry..."

"Good," Chop said, letting her go and standing up. "Then eat."

Pearl giggled and licked her lips as she turned her gaze to the crate, soon crawling over to it with her breasts, belly, and nipples rubbing against the floor while her butt swayed wildly behind her. She could feel Chop walking around her, his meaty fists grabbing her hips. The beast pulled away his loincloth and pressed the throbbing cock against her rear, gently guiding it towards the dripping wet and puffy snatch hidden beneath all her flabby curves. Pearl had a half-eaten sausage stuck on her tusks and a mouth full of more cheese when her bubbly mind realized what he was doing, and her heart raced.

'He's going to fuck me,' Pearl thought. 'He's, like, really going to do it...'

For a moment, Pearl panicked. What remained of her sensible brain rebelled at being this pig's lover, to let him stuff her full of his cock. They'd be fucking on some dirty cave floor, like animals in heat, and she knew it should freak her out. Yet, a moment later, she snorted, giggled, and laughed like a vapid idiot.

'So what? It might even, like, feel good~,' she thought, wiggling her hips and feeling her piggy tail wagging above her enormous rear. *'I bet it'll be way more fun than staying in the boring castle...'*

Suddenly, Pearl's eyes shifted, slowly glazing over as her sharp intellect grew duller and her thoughts came in slower. She found herself letting go of her suffocating lifestyle at the castle, embracing the raw, shameful feelings wholeheartedly, and she squealed like the sow she was as Chop pushed his cock into her, spreading her folds to the limit. Every inch of her body wobbled, shook, and jiggled with every thrust, erasing what little doubt remained in her mind. If the knights ever found her, they'd only see a fat, bloated brute of a woman, too dumb to resist her urges and too in love with the pleasures Chop gave her.

It felt like the cave shook with every thrust. The fat on Pearl's body rippled and flowed like waves over her figure, and her gigantic ass wobbled as Chop pushed them to the limit. When he slammed his fist into her rear, spanking her, it made the lard-filled pink buttocks bounce and jiggle like crazy. Pearl knew she was fat, even in her sex-crazed, hunger-induced trance, and she doubted she could fit through the door to her royal chamber. The realization made her snort and giggle, then followed by her wiggling her rear harder at her pig lover. He returned it by grabbing her hair and pulling, causing her to squeal like the sow she was, before ramming his cock even deeper inside her.

As the feasting and fucking continued, Chop couldn't help but grin. His plans of kidnapping the princess didn't turn out how he wanted, and the strange man who paid him to do it wouldn't be too happy with him keeping her like this, but he didn't care. The boar grinned as he flipped Pearl over and fucked her hard, grabbing her massive gut with his meaty fists and feeling her fat thighs pressing against his equally obese body. Her moans, giggles, and squeals echoed through the cave and spread through the dark forest, filling the night of their carnal love-making. By morning, the crystals wouldn't affect her, leaving her with the same essence as him. At that point, she would be too dumb to understand what they've done to her, even if someone explained it to her. Besides, why care about that anyway when Pearl had all the freedom, food, and fucking she could ever hope for?