

Mini-Story: Smoking Pork

By FoxFaceStories

Yes, I know I have pig-features. And yes, I'm on a date. And no, I'm not embarrassed. And yes, they're real. It's taken a long time to become confident in my body so I'm not letting anyone take that away from me.

If you must know the story, I wasn't always a pig-woman, though I don't exactly like that description now either. My appetite may be bigger, but as you can see, the fat goes to all the right places. I was a graduate student working on genetic splicing with my professor, who was quite brilliant. I say *was*, because he's rightfully in jail now, and will be for at least another 20 years after using anaesthesia to knock me unconscious and then proceeding to inject me – without my consent – with an altered strain of porcine DNA to test his theories. Namely, his theory that animal and human DNA could be combined to create new species of intelligent hybrids.

When I woke, the changes were already slowly occurring. Over the following months, I was beset with shame and fear as my skin slowly turned noticeably pink, my scrawny frame filled in with round curves, and my breasts quadrupled in size. I tried to hide from friends and family, and my professor initially succeeded in deceiving me, claiming I must have accidentally infected myself after failing to scrub the lab properly, and that he needed to monitor my changes.

Document them, more like.

Thankfully, I wised up when I saw that wide grin, right about when he was examining my pink shoulders. It didn't take long for the evidence to come to light. I was aghast. I was furious. I demanded to be changed back, but as he explained, the changes were irreversible. The pattern of my DNA had become 'locked' to put it simply, meaning I was stuck as the first of a new species. As I said, he was quite brilliant. He was also quite guilty.

For a few months I hid, seeing only family and friends and generally sulking. But there comes a time when a pig-woman needs to get over herself and face the public as the new hybrid she is. So, I got a new wardrobe, dolled myself up, got my hair dyed blue like I'd always wanted (what, you thought that was part of the changes, did you?), and most importantly, got back into the dating scene.

My story went public. I was a minor celebrity for a while; the 'pig lady', the 'pink woman', the 'snorting lady' (I don't snort, except if I laugh too hard). But in the end the press got over it, as they always do, and I was finally able to go about my day, even if I do receive stares even now when I walk down my own neighborhood.

So here I am now, a porcine lady with a pig nose, pig ears at the top of my head, bright pink skin and a curly pig tail – not to mention a massive helping of extra curves. I was a pretty waifish woman before, now everything from my old closet is form-fitting, especially around my hips and bust. I

I've had a few bad experiences with people who fetishize the whole 'pig' thing, but my current date has a lot of potential. He thinks my snort-laughter is cute, we both love classic cinema, and I can tell my bod has enough meat on it from the way he keeps ogling my backside. What can I say? Once I got over myself, I realised that my new body was *smoking*. The pig parts just give a nice exotic touch. You might even say that this pork *sizzles*.

If he can resist the urge to pull my curly tail straight, and prove he doesn't have two left feet on the dance floor, he may just get to take this little piggy straight home.

The End