

## Risky, the Princess's Prized Pig

A splitting headache and a mouthful of sand is what awaited Risky Boots when she woke up. Spitting out the grit from her mouth, she brushed her purple hair out of her face to get a grip on where she was. Staggering to her feet and digging her boots into the sand, she tried to brush off her purple pants and matching bikini top adorned with a skull-like visage. Spotting her red pirate hat nearby, she dumped out the water and hermit crab inside to reclaim it as her own. As she used a combination of a bandana and her hat to put her hair into place, a single drop of salt water sliding across her lavender colored cheek reminded her how she had gotten there.

Following a rumor spread amongst the seas, the self-proclaimed pirate queen had set a course for Circe Cove. With her crew of Tinkerbats assisting her, she was dead set on laying claim to the fabulous treasure rumored to reside there. Her desires only grew stronger upon learning that amongst the hoard of riches were powerful, magical artifacts that would no doubt make her the ruler of the seas. Everything was looking to go her way, up until one unlucky storm ran straight into her ship.

The waves crashing against the bow made short work of the hull. Lightning struck the deck multiple times to leave it ablaze with multiple fires. Though the downpour of rain was able to help lessen the damage of the burns, it proved itself to only hasten them to their doom as their ship was dragged beneath the waters.

Finished drying herself out, Risky grimaced as she looked upon what remained of her ship scattered in chunks along the shore. The only saving grace for her was that she also spotted the shadowy, pint-sized Tinkerbats picking themselves up from the sand to get to work on making sense of things. While she was thankful to still have her loyal crew, there was a certain someone that replaced her relief with absolute disdain.

As clear as day Risky recognized the ponytail of purple hair of the woman with her face down in the sand. Stepping closer and seeing the tanned, young lady's gold bangles on her arms and the hoop earrings from her pointy ears confirmed her frustrations. Seeing the woman begin to shift and rustle the fabric of her puffy, red pants and bikini top, Risky didn't intend to leave anything to chance.

"Men!" Risky shouted out. "Seize the half-genie brat!"

Scrambling to meet their captain's demands, the Tinkerbats rushed forward to grab Shantae's arms and legs. Forcing her into a standing position, they managed to tie her up with a string of rope they managed to salvage. Though they reached out to put a gag around her face, they were stopped by a wave of Risky's hand.

"Well, well, well," Risky said, sauntering her way over to her longtime rival. "Look who we have here."

"Let me go, Risky!" Shantae shouted out as she tried and failed to break free from her captors.

Risky let out a laugh. "Oh, I don't think so. You've been a thorn in my side for far too long. Now that I have you right where I want you, I intend to make the most of it."

Shantae raised an eyebrow as she looked back and forth across the beach. "You wanted to be stranded on an island?"

"Shut up!" Risky said, stomping her foot in frustration. "Anyway, what are you doing here?"

"I stowed away on your ship when I heard that you were trying to find this place," Shantae replied. "The last thing I want is a powerful, magic item to fall into your hands. As long as I'm here, you're not going to—"

“That’s enough of that,” Risky said, shoving the gag into Shantae’s mouth. “Sure, I might have hit a little snag in my plans, but it’s only a temporary setback. Men, half of you stay around here and start salvaging the ship. The rest of you come with me to find the temple. And bring the brat. I want her to watch the moment when I succeed, and she fails.”

Saluting their captain, the Tinkerbats took off to perform their duties. Taking the lead into the jungle, Risky snapped her fingers to ensure her men were keeping up with her. As she rummaged through the foliage, pushing thick leaves out of her way, she would turn around to take a glimpse of her captive. The sight of the half-genie bound and gagged kept her motivated through the harsher parts of the journey, alongside providing a much needed boost to her ego.

Risky’s efforts bore fruit as she exited the tree line to come upon a massive, stone building. The structure was adorned in a multitude of carvings depicting the long lost civilization. While there were bountiful depictions of their culture and society, what Risky was most interested in was on the front door.

The massive, stone tablet was inscribed with a depiction of the former ruler of the island. The images showed an obese, middle-aged woman draped in luxurious silks and jewelry. As impressive as she looked it was hard to ignore the fact that placed in her pudgy hands was a long, leather leash that led towards a pet pig that was nearly as fat as she was.

“If this supposed princess had the means to build something like this,” Risky said, strolling up to the door, “then I have to assume that the legends were true about the treasure. Men, crack this door open and let’s help ourselves to the prize.”

Scrambling towards the door like a group of ants, the Tinkerbats tried to pry it open. Pulling with all of their might, they still couldn’t make it budge even an inch. Becoming

frustrated, Risky began to slam her boot against the door. The stone slabs defiantly remained in place.

“Curses,” Risky said, clenching her fingers. “I suppose the security is tougher than I thought. No matter. This is nothing that a good explosion can’t fix. Men, prepare to return to the beach. We’ll savage a cannon and-“

“Hold on!” Shantae said, having recently freed herself from the gag and wriggled her way over to the door. “You don’t need to do that.”

Stepping forward, Risky placed a boot on the half-genie’s back. “Why should I listen to a brat like you?”

“First off, I’m not a brat,” Shantae said. “I’m 22. Second, this door won’t open through brute force. It requires magic.”

Risky groaned. “Fine then. Use your genie powers and open it for me.”

“No way,” Shanae refused. “Not unless you promise we work together to get off this island.”

“Why would I do that?” Risky asked, pushing a little harder on her captive’s back.

“Because without me, you’ll be down a ship and have nothing to show for it,” Shantae replied.

As much as she hated it, Risky knew that Shantae was right. While she wouldn’t verbally admit it, the point was made as an exasperated sigh left her lips. “Fine,” she said, easing up on Shantae. “Perform your little trick and let’s get this over with.”

“Thank you,” Shantae said, stretching out her limbs as one of the Tinkerbats freed her from the restraints.

Watching Shantae walk over to the door, Risky already began to plot her downfall. Sure she would have to rely on the genie to help leave the island, but she wasn't about to make it easy for her. She began to wonder if there was perhaps a way to weaken Shantae's powers to make her inevitable betrayal all the simpler. While she was still pondering the best method, Shantae performed one of her dances to infuse the door with her magic powers.

As Shantae struck a pose to end her dance, a few of the Tinkerbats paused to give her a round of applause. Before Risky could scold her crew, she was stopped by the sight of the ancient doors beginning to move. Risky had to shield her eyes as the passage cracked open to reveal a bright light on the other side. When her vision finally returned to her, it was just in time to see the bountiful hoard of treasure she had heard so much about.

Risky's red eyes glittered at the sight of the mounds of gold coins spread throughout the temple that were made all the more enticing by the lights bouncing off of them from the window slits along the ceiling. Interspersed amongst the hoard were enough gems to deck out her entire ship one hundred times over. Relics of the bygone era were in equal abundance in the treasure room, but they meant little to the pirate. As she looked through the room in search of what she assumed would be the princess's prized possession, she found it in the dead center of the chamber.

Upon seeing it, Risky clambered her way through the piles of coins to ascend a gently sloping ramp. Waiting for her at the top of the altar was a luxurious, golden collar. Set inside of the jewelry were massive, pink diamonds that seemed to call out to her. Without a second thought, she placed the collar around her neck and snapped it together. Sliding her fingers across her ill-gotten goods, she decided to celebrate her victory with a maniacal laugh.

“You really shouldn’t be taking things that don’t belong to you,” Shantae commented as she glared at Risky.

“Oh, and what is the princess going to do about it?” Risky asked back. “She’s not around anymore to give her opinion anyway. Besides, it’s not like you can do anything to stop me. So stop being a brat and let me enjoy my treasure.”

“I told you to stop calling me that. I’m a fully grown-“

“Will you shut up?” Risky demanded. “If it really bothers you so much, then why don’t you take some loot for yourself? Make it worth your while for being annoying enough to get trapped on the same island as me.”

“You’re serious?” Shantae said, ascending the stairs to meet Risky face to face. “That’s strangely generous of you.”

“What can I say, I’m in a good mood,” Risky replied with a shrug of her shoulders. “Just be quick about it. Pick your treasure before I change my mind. Just remember, the rest of this belongs to me and my crew.”

Shantae let out a groan. “Now that’s the Risky I know.”

Just as Shantae was about to turn around to go back down the stairs, she turned her head towards something glinting behind her. As the half-genie walked past the altar, Risky stopped looking at her jewelry to take notice of the stone bust set behind where she had taken the collar. The statue was a mimicry of the long lost princess, complete with facial features that showed off her hefty, middle aged form and sizable chest. Draped around the bust’s neck was a simple, string necklace with an amulet with a sparkling, blue sapphire embedded in it.

Watching Shantae reach out to grab the amulet, Risky felt a sudden feeling in the pit of her stomach. What little survived of her conscience gave her the urge to lunge forward to prevent

her rival from taking the suspicious jewelry. Shaking off the need to not be awful like she had done so many times in the past, she merely watched as Shantae draped the amulet around her neck.

“I give you the chance to have anything from this hoard and you choose that cheap-looking junk?” Risky asked.

“I think it’s pretty,” Shantae said, admiring the amulet.

Risky let out a laugh. “Well, I suppose it makes sense. A piece of junk jewelry for a trashy woman like yo-OINK!”

Everyone in the room froze as the sound echoed out. Risky froze with her hands over her mouth, her mind straining to figure out why she had done such a thing. Glancing over at Shantae and the Tinkerbats, she could see them going through a similar thought process. Rather than let herself become the object of humiliation, Risky shifted their trains of thought by stomping her foot onto the ground.

“Men! Get to work on seizing the rest of the treasure!” Risky shouted out, quickly putting the Tinkerbats to work. “I’m going to step out for some fresh air. It better all be organized when I return. Understood?”

Upon seeing the Tinkerbats salute in response, Risky turned her attention back towards the entrance. The awkward feelings she had for her sudden outburst were lessened by grasping at her gilded collar and gazing out at the mounds of gold that surrounded her. Moments before she stepped past the threshold to get some fresh air, she felt a hand on her shoulder.

“Risky,” Shantae said as the pirate turned around, “are you feeling alright?”

“I’m fine,” Risky replied, shaking off the half-genie’s hands with a swat of her arm. “Probably just a hiccup that came out wrong. Besides, since when do you care what happens to me?”

“Because you’re my precious-“

Shantae’s own strange outburst made her mimic Risky’s earlier act and slap a hand over her own lips.

“What was that?” Risky asked.

“Er, nothing,” Shantae said, backing away as she grasped the sapphire between her fingers.

Left by herself, Risky wandered her way out of the temple and back towards the shore. Exiting the tree line, she spotted the group of Tinkerbats salvaging what they could of the ship. Ignoring them for the time being, she made her way over the water’s edge. Looking at her reflection on the surface, she let a finger trace over her treasure again. Sure that what she had heard was just a trick of the mind, she decided to spend time admiring her loot before going back to make sure her underlings were doing their work properly.

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Alone in a shack made up of scavenged drift wood, Risky continued to stare at the gilded collar around her neck in the reflection of the broken mirror the Tinkerbats had managed to save from her room. Like she had tried so many times before, her fingers searched for a break or seam along the material. She was certain that one existed considering she was able to put it on so easily a week prior. Failing yet again to find an obvious solution to her woes, she tried the brute



force route once more to be met with similar results. Gritting her teeth in frustration, she forced herself to come to grips with the fact that the collar was firmly stuck.

Hoping to suppress her rage, Risky helped herself to the collection of fruit her crew had brought her. Despite knowing how crucial it was to eat lightly to avoid running out of food, she couldn't help herself as she greedily ate up every last bite. The sweet taste helped her deal with the lingering regret of being stuck on the island due to her search for a treasure she couldn't even use to buy anything. Wiping her mouth clean of juice and ending her meal off with a satisfied belch, she tried to find the strength to head back out to check on the efforts to rebuild the ship.

Risky only made it single step towards the entryway before she was stopped by an unsettling feeling in her mid-section. Begrudgingly turning her gaze downwards, she was met by the unsightly bulge of pudge that had appeared around her belly. Though it was a meager amount of extra weight, even that was far too much for her liking. In an attempt to push the unsightly fat back in, she ended up forcing out a small puff of gas from her rear. Gritting her teeth as she got a whiff of the smell, the aroma gave her the motivation needed to leave the hut.

Before Risky could get a closer look at her ship's repair progress, she was halted by a tap on her hip. "What is it now?" Risky said as she looked over her shoulder to address the Tinkerbat. "Can't you see I'm busy? Supervising a construction site is a very important and taxing job."

Regardless, the Tinkerbat continued to tug on her pants and gesture towards the temple.

"Fine," Risky said, relenting in following her minion. "This better be worth it otherwise you'll be severely UUUURRRP punished."

Making the rugged trip back through the jungle, Risky emerged to find the temple just as she had left it. Entering into the main chamber, she nodded her head in approval of the neatly

organized stacks of treasure placed about. With the various coins and gems picked up she was able to actually see the floor of the room as well as the art along the walls. Ignoring the murals showing off more depictions of the princess and her prized pet, she made a beeline towards a spot placed near the altar where she had taken the collar.

Waiting for Risky at the spot was a sight that made her added belly fat lurch forward as she suddenly stopped. What she saw was Shantae sitting on a massive, regal chair from the collection that made her look like a child by comparison. The enlarged seat didn't stop her from helping herself to a fried chicken leg about as big as her head. As the half-genie eagerly chowed down on the food, Risky leaned to the side to take notice of a familiar looking bulge of fat around her mid-section. The similarities between the two of them were extended to the amulet around Shantae's neck which proved equally incapable of being removed. While Risky had every reason to believe now that the jewelry was cursed in some way, at the moment her mind was on something else.

“And just what do you think you're doing?” Risky asked.

Nearly choking on her food, Shantae stopped eating to turn towards the pirate. “Oh, sorry. I got a little distracted with eating.”

Stomping forward, Risky snatched the meat out of Shantae's fingers. “Where did you even get this? I doubt you've actually bothered to go hunting considering that gut of yours.”

“You're one to talk,” Shantae shot back, even as she tried to hide her belly bulge.

“Anyway, I don't think you have to worry about running out of food anymore.”

Getting up from her seat, Shantae made her way over to a series of stone fixtures along one of the walls. Pulling down on a hidden lever opened up a slot positioned above a pedestal. Though Risky was prevented from looking into the passageway due to a bright light that poured

out, she was in just the right position to see another leg of chicken meat emerge to land right in front of her.

“The Tinkerbats and I found it while doing your dirty work,” Shantae explained. “This must have been part of the princess’s magnificent, er, I mean, impressive magic. It’s not a guaranteed way off the island, but at least now we won’t have to worry about-“

Shantae leapt back as Risky dove towards the meat like a rabid beast. Uncaring of who was watching, she greedily devoured the food despite her earlier indulgence of fruit. As she ate, her lack of manners was seen through numerous burps leaving her lips between bites. Ignorant of even the small farts that managed to leave her rear over the course of the meal, she only came back to her senses after she had stripped every last bit of meat from the bone.

“Risky, what’s gotten into you?” Shantae asked, watching as the pirate licked her fingers clean.

“It’s obvious that this is all part of my treasure hoard,” Risky replied, reaching out to pull the lever again to receive another serving of poultry. “That means that I lay claim to all food that comes from this OINK!”

Risky paused, a sheen of red going across her cheeks.

“Is everything okay?” Shantae asked with genuine concern in her voice.

“I’m just fine,” Risky said, turning away as she sunk her teeth into the meat. “Since when do you care about me anyway?”

“What are you talking about? I’ve always cared about my precious, cute, little-“

“Your what?” Risky asked, stopping mid-bite to address her rival’s odd behavior.

“It’s nothing,” Shante replied, lowering her head as her fingers fiddled with the amulet. “Just... enjoy your food for now,” she said before heading towards the temple’s exit.

“I certainly OINK will,” Risky replied, too concerned with answering the call of her growling belly to consider what was happening to the two of them.

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“What do you OINK mean we don’t have enough wood to fix the boat?” Risky shouted out at the group of Tinkerbats that had come to deliver the bad news. “Just start deforesting the island for the rest of the OINK materials. Seriously, I don’t know why it’s taking you this long to put something as simple as a ship together. How else am I supposed to flaunt my BWOOOOOORRRP treasure to the rest of the world if I’m stuck here with you incompetent idiots and that annoying brat?”

When the Tinkerbats didn’t respond, Risky saw it as a sign of disrespect. Letting out an unflattering grunt, the pirate heaved herself up out of her makeshift throne to loom over her crew. While this was intended to show off her imposing demeanor, the impact was lessened thanks to her current condition.

The once loose-fitting pants she wore now hugged against a definitively chubby rear. Her widened hips helped to give some balance to the prominent potbelly that she had developed over her many sessions of stuffing herself silly on the temple’s endless supply of food. Crumbs from her last feast could be seen clinging to her pair of breasts, each one double the size they were when they first arrived at the island.

While these various features were obvious to both Risky and the Tinkerbats, her crew was wise not to bring it up. They also had the foresight not to point out the pinkish hue that had begun to take over her skin and the way her nose seemed to flatten out more with each passing

day. After all, Risky herself was pretty sure what was happening to her, but she was loathe to verbally admit it.

“Quit your OINK whining and get back to work,” Risky shouted out. “Either you find some way to fix my ship or else...”

Right on cue, an unsettling gurgle sounded from Risky’s backside. Rather than try to hold it in, she freely grabbed at her belly to further stir up her digestion. The resulting pressure created a loud PRRRRRAAAAAPPPPT that infused a foul stench into the air.

“There’s more where that OINK came from,” Risky threatened. “Now get going unless you want to be a seat cushion for my next feast.”

Watching the Tinkerbats sprint off to follow her orders, Risky shuffled back to her rickety throne and took a seat. As she munched on a hunk of meat, she noticed how the lingering smell of her fart didn’t completely disgust her modified nostrils. If anything, she found a strange sense of relief in having created such a pungent stink cloud. In an effort to suppress these strange feelings, she doubled her efforts of scarfing down the meat as fast as possible. This left her unaware of the person coming up behind her until they were mere inches away.

“Excuse me, Risky?”

“What is BWOOOOOOORRRRP it you brat of a-“

Risky paused as she got a glimpse at Shantae’s body. Like her, the half-genie had taken on a layer pudg around her figure thanks to the discovery of the temple’s food production device. At first, the sight of her rival’s pudgy belly gave the pirate some entertainment, but only until it reminded her of her own weight issues. While Risky was still larger, that didn’t prevent Shantae’s clothes from straining around her wider hips and heavier bosom as she stepped closer towards her.

Sheepishly covering up the sizable belly bump hanging over her pants, Shantae spoke. “I know we haven’t been getting along well, but I’ve come to ask you for a favor.”

“An OINK favor?” Risky asked.

“My powers have been feeling pretty weak ever since we started taking food from the temple,” Shantae replied. “Aside from my... extra padding slowing me down, it’s like each bite is causing some kind of force to flow through my veins. Sometimes I swear that someone is trying to whisper into my ears. I know how crazy this must sound, but I was wondering if you could help me by letting me have any food the Tinkerbats find outside of the temple.”

Risky scratched at her soft chin. “Why would you want to do UUURRRP that?”

“I’m afraid that the only way we’ll be able to leave the island is if I’m able to get my magic into shape,” Shantae explained. “I’ve tried multiple times to transform into a mermaid to swim out or a harpy to get a better view of the island, but this presence keeps suppressing my powers. Like they’re trying to save it for something. So please, if you give me the chance to stock up on other food, this may be our ticket out of here.”

Leaning back in her seat, Risky tapped her fingers against her belly and thought. As much as she loathed the half-genie, the recent news from the Tinkerbats made her worry about ever getting off the island. For just a moment, she considered giving into the genie’s will in exchange for returning to civilization. However, Risky’s mind came up with a different idea. An idea that made a smug grin stretch across her chubby cheeks.

“I will have to deny your OINK request,” Risky explained to a disheartened Shantae.

“But why?” the half-genie asked. “Are you really so self-centered that you can’t put aside our differences for the sake of survival?”

“Hahaha, of course you would BWOORRRP misunderstand my grand plan,” Risky said, earning a skeptical look from the half-genie. “My men have OINK scoured this island near and far, scraping up every last bit of food they could UUURRRP find.” Heaving herself up out of her chair with a puff of gas from her rear, she walked up to Shantae and put her arm around her shoulders. “If I were to fulfill your OINK request, you would be left to starve.”

“I... see your point,” Shantae bemoaned. “Then, what else are we going to do?”

“We’ll come up with something OINK later, for now...”

Pulling away from Shantae, Risky began to pound against her stomach. Hearing the necessary bubbles roll around in her stomach, she opened up her mouth as wide as possible. This allowed the resulting uproar of burps to echo across the island. Before her last expulsion petered off, she was already surrounded by a group of Tinkerbats.

“Men,” Risky said, receiving a salute in response. “From now on, I want you to UUUURRP wait on the half-genie brat hand and foot. Give her anything she wants.”

Shantae stood there for a moment in an effort to process what she had just heard. “Risky, what’s gotten into you?”

“It’s quite simple you OINK see,” Risky replied. “It’s obvious that you haven’t been getting enough food. That’s why you’ve been feeling so UUUURRRP lethargic when it comes to magic. The answer to that is giving you the proper OINK rest, relaxation, and sustenance to make sure you’re in a good enough state to help us get out of here.”

All at once, Shantae’s depressed state was shattered. Overwhelmed with joy, she lunged forward to embrace Risky in a hug. “I knew you would make the right decision,” Shantae said, uncaring of how their fat bellies pressed into one another. “I’m so proud of you my precious, plump piggy.”

“Your what?”

“Er, nothing, nothing,” Shante said, breaking away from the hug. “I’ll see you back at the temple. We’ll have a big feast to celebrate.”

“What-BOOUUURRRP-ever,” Risky replied, shooing Shantae and the others away with a wave of her hand.

Left by herself, Risky sat back down in her seat and resumed feasting. The taste was made all the more delicious as her mind focused on her own brilliance. Any day now, she was certain that her Tinkerbats would make a worthy sea vessel. Before then, she would be sure to weaken Shantae’s powers enough so that it would be easy to ensure that she wouldn’t get in her way ever again. It was because of these delusions of victory that she didn’t even flinch as her snout-like nose deeply inhaled the fart that came bursting out of her rear. She just considered it all a part of the high she felt having finally devised a plan to take down her rival for good.

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Shantae grimaced as she looked upon the way her belly hung between her legs as she stood up. Even worse was the sensation of the fabric of her pants digging into her plump rear every time she so much as sat down the wrong way. While her rapid weight gain over the past few weeks had gifted her with a set of breasts triple the size of her original pair, she considered it a microscopically small blessing amongst her run of bad luck.

Time and time again, she had tried to aid the Tinkerbats with their work by using her magic. However, each attempt was met with a fizzle of energy as if her powers were being siphoned into the amulet hanging from around her thick neck. She had been aware of the jewelry’s effects ever since she stumbled upon the princess’s diary in the treasure room. Since



Risky had been so focused on her gold and jewels, it was the half-genie's sole discovery of the long lost royalty's prowess when it came to magic. Specifically, the ability to imbue a creature's essence into objects.

Dangling the amulet between her fingers, Shantae reminded herself how useless it would be to try and pull it off. Her only hope at the time was to get back to Scuttletown in the hopes of her uncle knowing of a way to remove the curse. However, that would require her to either gain back control of her magic or for Risky to actually get along with her to work together on an escape plan.

Making her way down to the shoreline, Shantae found Risky in her usual spot. Splayed out on a towel on the sand, the pirate helped herself to a bowl of fruit taken straight from the temple. Each bite sent juices spraying across her body, partially covering up the pink hue seeping into her lavender skin that seemed to become more prevalent as the days went on. The droplets seeped their way into her fat folds, further straining the clothes that seemed to always be moments away from ripping asunder to leave her pudgy ass and bosom fully exposed. Despite all of this, Risky seemed content to lay there like a spoiled pig and eat while the Tinkerbats worked tirelessly on the ship.

Grasping the amulet again, Shantae wondered if Risky was going through a similar issue as herself. In the dark of the night, the half-genie could hear the words of a husky, middle-aged woman in her mind. Though she couldn't see anyone around her, she could figure out where it was coming from her amulet. The voice kept trying to plant ideas in her head of indulging herself and demanding respect from servants she didn't have. At least, not officially.

As Shantae considered bringing up these concerns to Risky, she felt a tug on the edge of her pants. “Oh, hello,” Shantae said, turning around to address a Tinkerbat. “What’s going on, little guy?”

With a wave of its hand, the Tinkerbat gestured for several others to come forward with platters of food.

“This really isn’t necessary,” Shantae explained as the impromptu feast was placed around her. “I just ate like an hour ago. If I keep eating like this I’m likely to burst out of my-“

“Why should you stop?”

Shantae clenched her fingers as she heard the voice echo in her ears once more.

“You’re royalty. That’s all the reason in the world that you need to indulge yourself on all the things your status has to offer. Just lay back and let your servants pamper you like the princess that you are.”

“But they’re not-“

Shantae paused as her nose caught a whiff of a bowl of stew from nearby. Unable to deal with the constant provocations in her head and the drool leaking out the sides of her mouth, she reached down to grab the meal. Bringing the bowl to her lips, she chugged it all down within a matter of minutes. Any worries she had left behind about what the meal would do to her mind and figure were pushed away by the meaty flavor that delighted her tongue.

Handing the bowl over to one of the Tinkerbats, Shantae sat down on a preprepared blanket to resume her feast. Grabbing at everything within reach of her pudgy arms, she showed no restraint in helping herself to whatever caught her eye. Over the course of this binging session, she could hear the voice resonate inside with the various satisfied sighs that left her lips.

Halfway through Shantae's feast, she paused as her ears picked up a rumbling noise. While at first she thought it might be her stomach disagreeing with the enormous amount of food, the true source was found as a loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTT came rippling out of Risky's rear. Watching the way the pirate scrunched up her snout at the smell, Shantae was overcome with a strange, maternal sense of care. The gassy, overweight pirate triggered something in the back of her head that made her want to spoil her absolutely rotten. Unable to resist this feeling any longer, Shantae mindlessly continued to eat while she entertained herself with watching Risky make a complete pig of herself.

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"Come OINK on," Risky grunted, her rage at an all time high as she was once more faced with her daily struggle of squeezing into her clothes.

For the longest time, Risky had been able to put off her weight gain with the notion that it was merely a little extra fat that could be easily shaved off. However, that lie fell apart as the days went on and her sagging gut sunk further between her legs. The flabby belly jiggled around constantly as she tried to squeeze it into her pants; weighed down further by the abundance of food still sloshing around inside.

Risky's continued efforts only served to further humiliate her. Bumping around in her hut as she continued to squirm inevitably led to her swaying, melon-like tits wild jiggling back and forth. While she would have preferred to keep the mammaries restrained, she could still see the tattered remains of her top piled up in a corner of the room. Undeterred by the constant burps

that left her lips as her tits jostled against her gut, she was determined to put on at least something to hide her plump body.

Just as Risky managed to slide the pants past her thickened legs, she was distraught by the loud, tearing noise she heard. Forcing herself to look over her shoulder, she winced at the sight of her bubble butt continuing to jiggle from the resulting shockwaves of the clothing's destruction. The ripples inevitably led to a noxious cloud of flatulence spurting out of her rear. While her snout wasn't bothered by the resulting odor, her true disgust was reserved for how the gas wiggled around the curly, pink tail that she had developed over the past few days.

Slamming the remnants of her pants to the ground, Risky put her heft to good use by stomping on the fabric to punish it for its obedience. Given a hint of release from her anger, she turned her attention towards figuring out what she could do to replace her clothes. Resting her pudgy face against one of her hands, she thought back to the various treasures she had seen in the princess's hoard. Finally remembering just what she needed, she whipped her overgrown locks of purple hair over her shoulders, kept the strands in place by putting on her hat, and then headed out the door.

Thanks to the work of the Tinkerbats, the path to the temple had been cleared away to make traversal much easier. Even still, Risky found herself struggling to make it through. Not even halfway there, her body was slick with a layer of sweat. The perspiration further frayed her hair into a tangled mess that kept getting stuck to her back. For just a moment, a notion passed through her mind how much easier it would be to move if she got down on all fours. Passing it off as a delusion caused by her heat and annoyance, she pushed forward to finish her search.

Upon entering the temple's main chamber, Risky let out a sigh of relief from the cooler air inside. Letting a huff pass through her nostrils, she shook off the sweat clinging to her body

as she began to sift through the treasure hall. Passing her eyes over the various coins and jewels, she kept her focus on finding something to cover up her fat from. Though she did find it, the sight filled her, not with relief, but with rage.

The silken, white gown hung off of the pudgy shoulders of Shantae as she got accustomed to how it felt encasing her fat form. The wide rear she had developed on par with Risky's own managed to be covered up by the skirt and hide away the chunky thighs that hadn't moved far from the temple and the main source of food for several days. With a swing of her purple hair, the half-genie turned around at the risk of her bosom nearly popping out of the top. Pressing her pudgy fingers along her mid-section to admire how the dress contained her barre-like gut, she paid little attention to Risky until she heard a loud, angry belch.

"Just what the BWOOOOORRRP hell do you think you're doing?" Risky asked, stomping her feet as she strode up to Shantae. "I thought I OINK told you that this treasure was mine and mine OINK alone." Bumping her belly into the half-genie, she further voiced her frustration with an abrupt blast of flatulence. "You should be UURRP thankful for that piece of junk amulet I gave you."

"Sorry," Shantae said, brandishing her nails as she pressed them against her plump, red lips. "My old clothes got too small for my luscious self."

"And the OINK makeup?" Risky said, noticing the red paint along Shantae's nails and lips.

"It helps bring out my beauty," Shante replied, striking a pose that showed off her blue eyeshadow and the newly acquired confidence she had in her big body. "Why should you care? Not like you can wear these clothes anyway."

"Are you calling me BWOOOOORRRP fat?" Risky accused.

Shantae let out a soft giggle. “Not at all. I think you’re pleasantly plump. You’re just the perfect size for a developing, pretty piggy like yourself.”

“What did you call me you little-“

Risky stopped dead still as Shantae reached out and removed her hat to leave her head exposed. As the half-genie’s hands rustled through the greasy, purple strands, a strange comfort took over the pirate’s mind. The gentle caress seemed to ease up her anger, making her entire body relax. Though the process pushed out a few more puffs of gas from Risky’s mouth and rear, Shantae didn’t seem to mind. As the half-genie finished off the session by massaging the pair of floppy ears atop Risky’s head, the pirate’s strength gave out to make her slowly slump to the ground.

“There, doesn’t that feel better?” Shantae asked, looming over Risky. “Now be a good girl and sit there while your momma go gets you something to munch on.”

It took a few moments of watching Shantae saunter away for Risky to come back to her senses. Bringing her fingers up to her ears, she tried to make sense of what was going on. Though the obvious solution was to take off the necklace and collar at fault for their transformations, they were still firmly stuck around their thick necks. Desperate to avoid becoming her rival’s pet, Risky began to plan an escape from the island. However, any preparations would have to wait for after she had helped herself to whatever treat Shantae was bringing her.

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The lack of sunlight did Risky no favors as she waddled her way through the jungle. It had only been a few minutes since she exited the temple, but that was enough to drench her in

sweat. Clenching her teeth, she told herself to keep working through the exhaustion; knowing what it would mean if she failed to escape.

Ever since Risky made the mistake of letting Shantae wear the dresses, the half-genie had become power hungry. While it was entertaining at first to watch a self-proclaimed hero act like a tyrant, there was only so much the pirate could enjoy it when she was being treated as one of the subjects. Things got even worse as the Tinkerbats ignored most of Risky's orders in favor of following Shantae's commands. The only time the crew seemed to listen to their old leader anymore was whenever she asked for more food to further degrade her body.

Unable to push herself any further, Risky let a gasping wheeze leave her snout as she hunched forward with her hands clasping her blubbery legs. The sweat dripping down from her mangy, purple hair made the pimples on her pink cheeks glisten under the moonlight. Though she tried to remove some of this moisture by shaking around her floppy ears, that only served to further drain her strength.

Heaving herself back up into a standing position, she let out a loud squeal as the pair of engorged meat sacks that were her breasts slammed against her torso. As the sizable mammaries rested upon her massive belly, it pushed a collection of gas bubbles up her throat to create an echoing belch. The resulting ripples of the burp reached all the way down to her double wide hips. No longer able to control herself, the excess energy shaking around her gigantic rear opened up her backside to unleash a loud BRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP that shook around her curly tail.

As the last of the fart petered off, Risky's ears picked up the sound of things moving around in the jungle. Sure that her outburst had drawn quite a bit of attention, she swiveled her head back and forth in search of an escape route. Though she could see a clear path to the shore,

the mere thought of rubbing her thick thighs together once more filled her with dread. At a loss of how else to continue and hearing the Tinkerbats quickly closing in, she swallowed what little remained of her pride and followed her hog body's instincts.

Bringing herself down to the ground, Risky began to crawl forward. Moving around on all fours seemed natural to her new self, even if it meant dragging her doughy gut through the dirt. Any satisfaction her body felt from the act was undone by the burps and farts constantly leaking out from her raised up rear. In a matter of seconds, her sweat-licked body was surrounded in a miasma of her own gas that made it hard for her to even think straight.

While the piggy pirate tried to work through the part of her body that revealed in the stench, her escape attempt came to a halt as a group of Tinkerbats emerged from the bushes. Turning her head back and forth, she saw more of her former crew come out to surround her. Rather than try to further strain herself, she merely let out a snort and turned back in the direction of the temple.

"Fine, OINK fine, I'll go," Risky said as she trotted along. "Just don't BWOOOOORRRRP get too close to my rear unless you want to OINK get caught in the line of fire."

Escorted by the Tinkerbats, Risky made her way back to the temple. Under the orders of Shantae, the once decrepit ruins had gone through major renovations to make it resemble its glory days. It pained Risky to see parts of her ship integrated into the ancient structure, but she wasn't in any position to voice her concerns. Especially considering what the half-genie had become under the influence of the amulet.

Leading the group into the throne room, Risky kept her gaze off of the treasure piles in favor of staring up at the couch-sized throne in the center of the room. While Shantae was just as



large as Risky, her pudgy was covered up by a silky, white robe with purple accents. The gown did an excellent job emphasizing her curves while still providing plenty of room for her pronounced belly to be put on display.

As Risk drew closer, she took notice of the various rings placed on Shantae's sausage-like fingers. The jewelry matched the glittering tiara keeping the half-genie's, puffed up hair in place and the bangles wrapped around her pudgy wrists. Momentarily glancing back at the amulet, Risky let her vision focus on the plump lips, pudgy chin, and crow's feet around Shantae's eyes that showed the extent of the long lost princess's influence.

"Oh, thank goodness you're alright," Shantae said, heaving herself up out of her chair to waddle over to Risky. "Now Petunia, it's dangerous to go off on your own in the middle of the night. It's unbecoming of the royal pet."

Risky let out a snort. "That's not my name. I am Risky, Queen of the Seven--"

A billowing blast of flatulence drowned out Risky's argument. Forced to stand in her noxious fumes, she could feel herself beginning to stumble. Just before she hit the ground, Shantae was quick to grab her and pull her into a warm embrace.

"Aww, poor little Petunia," Shantae said, sliding her fingers through Risky's hair. "You must be tired from your little stroll. I know just how to fix that."

Gently grasping Risky by her collar, Shantae began to lead her over to an area near the throne. Waiting there was a long trough filled to the brim with freshly delivered food from the temple's magic device. Nearby the feeding area was a collection of soft pillows that acted as Risky's bed. While it wasn't the ideal place she would have liked, she regardless allowed Shantae to lead her over to rest among the cushions.

“Oh servants,” Shantae said, clapping her hands together to get the Tinkerbats’ attention. “Make sure you give my precious piggy everything she needs to grow big and strong.”

By Shantae’s command, the crew set to work carrying food over to Risky. Even knowing what would happen if she continued gorging herself, Risky’s ability to resist her animalistic urges was lessened thanks to her exhaustion. Making the lofty promise to herself that she would try to escape later, she opened up her mouth to receive the first course of her meal.

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Risky’s guttural snorts gave way to a wide yawn as she rose from her slumber. Blinking her eyes several times, she could just barely make out the light of mid-day streaming in through one of the temple’s windows. Shaking around her mop of greasy, unkempt hair, she flicked around her floppy ears to get a sense of her surroundings. While she was still a little groggy, that cleared up as soon as a delicious aroma drifted into her snout.

Rolling off of her back, Risky paid little mind to the way her pink belly fat spread across the ground as she got down on all fours. Crawling her way through the temple, she didn’t seem to mind the way her drooping, watermelon-sized breasts constantly clacked against one another as she walked. As she drew closer to her target, she was sure to empty out space inside of her body by pushing out one thunderous fart after another from her gigantic ass. Using her curly tail to properly spread the scent around her flabby form put her in the perfect mindset to participate in one of her favorite activities.

Heaving her impressive, 800 pounds self over the edge of the stone feeding trough, Risky dove in head first to satisfy her ravenous stomach. The slop was a mix of pure lard and grease that was filled to the brim with whatever chunks of food the temple could create. Anything that

met her lips was gobbled up in a matter of seconds, each bite just as delicious as the last. Her eating only went on pause to either lick the leftover droplets from her face or create more space by loudly belching.

Nearing the end of her feast, Risky hoisted her butt high into the air to reach the last few chunks of food at the bottom of the trough. In the process of pushing her belly into the stone, she unleashed a powerful BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP that enshrouded the area in her foul stench. Any of the Tinkerbats that had stood by to tend to her quickly ran for cover to get away from the smell. For Risky, the heavy aroma was like a comforting embrace for her slobby, swine body. The only other person who could truly appreciate what she was now arrived just as she licked up the last few drops.

“Oh, such a good girl,” Shantae said, squatting down to run her fingers through Risky’s unkempt hair. “Did you enjoy your meal?”

“OINK BWOOOORRRP OINK,” Risky replied, having given up on using actual speech for a month now.

“Excellent,” Shantae said, clapping her hands together. “I want only the best for you, my precious Petunia. Now come along. Your mommy has a special treat for you over at her throne.”

Eagerly nodding her head in agreement, Risky trotted along right behind Shantae. Though her former self would have found it demeaning to have to stare up at the half-genie’s massive hindquarters, her current mindset was only focused on further indulgence. Many a times, she had taken advantage of the boulder-like gut barely held back by Shantae’s silken dress to use as an excellent pillow. More than once, the pig woman had attempted to suckle from the udder-like tits of her master. At most this earned her little more than a slight scolding, but any true punishment was avoided by giving a single look at her plump, pimply face.

Arriving at the throne, Risky locked her eyes on the multi-layered cake covered in pink icing placed nearby. Waiting until she saw Shante's chin move from a gentle nod, Risky rushed forward to bury her face in the impressive dessert. As she gobbled through the massive tower of icing and sugar, she made sure to constantly glance back at Shantae. Each chunk swallowed and gassy outburst released received a pleased look on the princess's face. Smiling at the cost of worsening the wrinkles near her eyes, Shantae was dedicated to showing just how much she loved what Risky had become.

By the time Risky was finished, all that was left was an empty platter with only a few dollops of icing remaining. Finished licking up the remainder, Risky rolled onto her back and spread out. Recognizing the signal, Shantae waddled forward to begin rubbing at the pig woman's belly folds. The gentle massage further eased Risky's digestion and treated the pair to her barrage of gas.

Sinking into the lethargy brought upon by the post-feat rubbing, Risky's eyes began to drift closed again. Just before she fell asleep, she made the promise to herself that she would try to make another escape attempt eventually. However, this would end up just like the rest of her flimsy, self-made oaths; overridden by her desire to continue living her carefree days as a pig under the loving care of Princess Shantae.