

Order of the Holy Hogs

Traversing the main street leading into the heart of the city of Trundleton was more than enough to show off the severity of the situation. While no one dared speak of the princess's affliction out loud, it was hard to ignore the hushed whispers passed between the shop owners. Rumors carried by the wind had spread through the kingdom, but it still seemed like a far off fairy tale that drove off most normal travelers. However, the group making their way towards the castle was far from the norm themselves.

Sister Vera was the youngest member of the group at age 20, her rookie status signified by the worried expression on her face. Braids of dirty blonde hair slipped out of her habit every few steps, thankfully giving her nervous fingers something to twiddle with as they continued along the road. The black and white habit that was typical for her order did a poor job of hiding the way her scrawny form shook as they got closer and closer to the castle.

Looking over her shoulder, Vera looked upon her senior nuns for moral support. The ever present stoic expressions upon Grace and Gloria's faces did little to help her. The pair of young women very rarely spoke, only conversing when it was absolutely necessary. Grace was the larger of the two, her head cradled by locks of red hair and being a full foot higher than the other. Not that Gloria seemed to mind as she used the shade of Grace's visage to get some relief from the hot summer day without having to undo her bun of brown hair.

Vera came to a sudden stop as she realized that the group's leader had paused in front of the gates. Looking over her shoulder, Sister Maria showed off a glare that demanded the respect she had earned through her multiple years in the order. A combination of scars across her face and grey streaks through her black hair identified her as a woman who had seen her fair share of

action. Only turning away once Vera straightened her posture and pushed her hair back, Maria turned her attention towards the castle gates and knocked.

“Hello, we are the Sisters of Salvation,” Maria announced. “We have come to answer the call of King Edgar and Queen Beatrice.”

The double doors creaked open at a snail’s pace. Daring to look past Maria’s shoulders, Vera saw a chubby woman adorned in a maid outfit standing by with a similar look of fear as her own. Despite the added pudginess around her body, Vera found herself staring a bit longer than she should have at the woman’s curves. Reciting a prayer to keep any intrusive thoughts at bay, she turned back to see the maid fixing up the brown hair peeking out of her hat before bowing towards the sisters.

“Greetings and thank you for coming,” the woman said. “My name is Carol. I am Princess Winifred’s head maid. I have come to take you to the king and queen so they may explain to you her highness’s predicament.”

“Excellent, you may proceed,” Maria said, gesturing for the others to follow her in.

The inner halls emanated an eerie atmosphere that was unusual for castles of such luxury. Continuing down the corridor, Vera’s nose began to pick up whiffs of something atrocious drifting through the air. As she pondered if maybe the servants had let something rot in the kitchen, she once more had to stop at a moment’s notice as Maria held up her hand.

“Keep your wits about you,” Maria said, looking over her shoulder to stare at Vera. “We are here as representatives of the church. Remain vigilant, but don’t forget your manners. Do you understand?”

“Yes sister,” Vera replied.

“Very good. And I take it that I don’t have to remind the two of you?”

Grace and Gloria shook their heads in unison.

“Excellent. Then we may proceed.”

Maria nodded towards Carol to get the nervous maid to open up the door to the throne room. The rancid odor that had been plaguing Vera’s senses was mitigated by the heavenly aroma that drifted through the air. Following the other sisters inside, her eyes immediately locked onto the spread of delicious food laid out on a table in front of the thrones. Just as her mouth was beginning to water, she was brought back to reality as she watched sets of pudgy fingers dig into the meal. Looking at the source of the plump hands, Vera laid her gaze upon the rulers of Trundleton.

King Edgar’s regal nature was made evident through the variety of golden rings adorning his thick fingers, even as the jewelry was besmirched with gravy. A robe of the highest quality looked worse for wear as it was stretched out by his barrel-like gut and sagging man boobs. Wobbling his wide backside across his seat, he paid little mind to the meat clinging to his black beard and the rude gas that emanated from his body.

So engrossed by the odd sight of the slovenly king, Vera was caught off guard by an equally loud fart echoing from nearby. Swiveling her head to the side let her see Queen Beatrice open up her mouth to release an echoing belch. The burp shook about the queen’s multiple chins and threatened to pop her heavy bosom and bulging belly right out of her dress. Slicking back her long strands of greasy, blonde hair away from her protruding gut, she pulled at the fabric sinking between her ass crack as she dove head first into a bowl of pudding.

“I beg your pardon, your highness,” Maria announced, getting the pair of indulgent royalty to acknowledge her, “we are from the Sisters of Salvation. We have come to answer your call for-“

“BWWWOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP about time you showed up,” Edgar replied, dabbing at his face to clean away the scraps of food.

“He’s right,” Beatrice said, expressing her frustration with a grimace on her face and a puff of flatulence. “Because of your horrendous timing, our poor daughter’s condition has gotten even worse.”

“I do apologize, but it does take some time to make the necessary preparations,” Maria replied, unaffected by the couple’s rude behavior. “Please bring us to the princess so that we may get an accurate assessment of her ailment.”

“Very well,” King Edgar replied, heaving himself up and knocking over his empty platter in the process. “Just be wary. I’m not sure if you’ll be able to handle what I’m about to show you.”

Following the slobby couple out of their chamber, the group descended into the castle depths. While there was little conversation during the march, the corridors were devoid of silence thanks to the couple’s erratic spouts of gas. Hanging at the back of the group, Vera hazarded to hold a cloth up to her face to deal with the smell. Peeking over at the other sisters, she found it amazing how they were able to maintain their stance of dignity without a hint of flinching. Pondering if it was maybe something that came with experience, she powered her way through until they made their way to the dungeons.

“Brace yourselves,” Edgar said, pressing his hands against the double doors. “And please be kind to the princess in her current state. Failing that, at least keep your distance.”

As the king unlocked the doors, Vera felt a shiver of unease go down her spine. The doors opened up to release a pungent cloud of fumes that far outshone the previous odors. Tears welling up in her eyes, she was surprised to see even Grace and Gloria momentarily break their

stoic personas to cover their mouths and noses. Once more taking the lead, Maria stepped forward to get a good look at the thing that was Princess Winifred.

The behemoth mass of pink flesh towered over the nuns at a staggering ten feet in height and well over 1000 pounds in weight. Balanced upon the princess's various belly folds and cellulite-speckled flab were a pair of enormous breasts. Looking away from the princess's exposed chest to give her some decency was proven fruitless by the four other tits that flanked sides of her gut. Each one of the massive mammaries mimicked the size of a fully ripened watermelon with the consistency of sacks of water as they jostled against her body.

Gesturing for the other nuns to follow her, Maria surveyed the cloven hooves attached to the princess's chunky legs buried beneath her foopah as she made her way towards the back. Moments before Maria had a chance to get a better look at the curly tail hanging above the princess's enormous butt cheeks, the nun was pulled back by Carol. Before the Maria could ask why, she got her answer in the form of a loud BRRRAAAPPPPPPPP slapping its way out the princess's rear.

Reeling from the smell of the horrid gas, the sisters tried to remain dignified as they covered up their noses. Not helping matters was a follow up BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPPP that echoed through the chamber. The burp brought the groups' attention toward the pair of floppy ears poking out of the princess's locks of oily, disheveled black hair. Taking a few steps back, the sisters let out a collective gasp at the princess's flat snout amongst her multiple chins and plump cheeks. Most concerning of all was the blank stare in the princess's eyes, not caring about her guests as she reached out a hoofed hand to grab a glob of slop from a trough and shove it into her mouth.

“How did this happen?” Vera asked.

“It all started a few months ago,” Carol explained. “Princess Winifred was-“

The maid was shoved aside by the king with a bump of his belly. “I’ll take care of the explanation. You get to work ensuring my daughter is happy. Do you understand?”

Carol opened her mouth to respond only to bow and sheepishly walk away.

“Now, as that rude maid was starting to say,” Edgar continued, “our little girl was always a little snobbish, I’ll admit that. It came with the territory of her unequaled beauty. She had many suitors come to her, but she rejected each one without a second thought. Probably thought that she was too good for any of them.”

“Not to mention how poorly she treated our citizens,” Beatrice commented. “During each of our marches through the streets, she always kept her head up and avoided eye contact with our subjects at all costs. She has such a high opinion of herself, I doubted she would make a suitable heir to the throne.”

The constant berating did little to affect the princess’s mood. Winifred seemed content to release a cacophony of snorts, burps, and farts as her dutiful maid brought in more food.

Greedily swallowing up anything put in front of her, the princess paid little mind as one of her bursts of flatulence blasted Carol right in the face. Reeling back from the awful stench, the maid held onto her waist as a layer of pudge formed around her stomach. Turning to meet the stunned gaze of Vera, the maid sniffled with her recently flattened nose.

“We think that it was because of her horrid behavior that she became like this,” Edgar continued. “Even worse, anyone who gets too close to her rancid air starts to become like her.”

“That is quite concerning,” Maria spoke up, “however, I must ask why you think the church needs to get involved?”

“It’s obvious that she’s been corrupted by an evil spirit,” Beatrice answered. “Probably some demon that was attracted to her snobbish behavior.”

“I see,” Maria replied, scratching at her chin as the princess sucked her fingers clean of any leftover slop. “Then we shall try our best to remedy her condition. Give us a few days to prepare for the exorcism. We will need to research what kind of creature is inhabiting her body and gather the necessary materials.”

“Well be quick about it,” Edgar said, his voice barely audible over Winifred’s post meal barrage of gas. “Otherwise the entire kingdom could end up like her.”

“Of course, we shall start immediately,” Maria said with a bow. “Come along, sisters. We have much work to do.”

Following after Maria and the others, Vera’s shuffled out of the room. Just as she reached the threshold, she dared to look back at the piggy princess. Watching the way Carol carefully maneuvered around the pig woman to attempt to clean off her flab, Vera couldn’t help feeling that something was off. Her moment of hesitation earned a call from Sister Maria to hurry her pace. Vera shook off the notion as just her nerves getting the better of her. For now, she had to focus on the task at hand.

Ever since she had awoken, Vera couldn’t help the shivers that occasionally struck her body. Adorning herself in her typical robes, she recited a collection of prayers to calm herself down. After a week of research, Sister Maria had deemed it time to finally perform the princess’s exorcism. Vera’s anxiety did not come from a doubt in her fellow sisters’ skills. No, her nervousness was a byproduct of the unsettling feeling that had lingered over her mind ever since

she had stepped inside of the castle. Writing off her anxiety as a momentary lapse in faith, she tucked her hair back into her habit and exited her room.

Vera scrambled to stop herself as she nearly ran into Carol. Apologizing profusely, she couldn't help letting her eyes linger on the added heft around the maid's midsection. Turning her gaze further up, she was met with a set of pudgy cheeks and a pair of floppy ears atop Carol's head. Noticing the way Vera was staring at her, the maid took a step back.

"I apologize if you find my form SNORT revolting," Carol said.

"No, no, not at all," Vera replied. "I actually think you're kind of cute."

Carol tilted her head. "What do you mean?"

"Er, nothing, nothing," Vera said, momentarily obscuring her face.

"Regardless I do OINK apologize for getting in your way. I'm afraid I've gotten careless lately. Unless I straighten myself out, I'm likely to become just like the princess."

Vera took a deep breath and put on a strong smile for Carol's sake. "There's no need to worry. Once we get rid of the demon, reversing the effects of the curse should be simple."

The maid clenched her fingers against her apron. "I hope you're right." Bowing low enough to slip her curly tail out of her skirt, Carol shuffled her way back down the hall.

"Sister Vera."

Vera put away her smile and turned a stoic face towards Maria. "Yes, Sister. I am ready to begin the exorcism."

"I appreciate your willingness, but you will merely be observing the ritual," Maria replied, gesturing for Vera to follow her. "Tell me, what do you think is possessing Winifred?"

"If I had to guess, some type of pride demon?"

Maria nodded her head. “That would be an accurate guess, however there is something different about this one.”

“I beg your pardon, but could you elaborate?”

“I’m sure you’ve felt it,” Maria continued as the pair descended into the dungeon. “Or rather, haven’t felt it. If a demon was inhabiting the princess’s body, our tests would have detected it.”

“What does that mean?”

“Possibly that whatever evil spirit has possessed her is experienced enough with our kind to know how to mask its presence. If that is the case, it must be quite powerful.”

“If you don’t mind me asking, why don’t we send for more members of the church to aid us?” Vera hazarded to ask.

Maria paused for a moment. Before Vera could get ahead to take a look at her expression, the experienced nun resumed her walk at a quicker pace. “There is no need. Grace and Gloria should be more than enough to handle any threat. Understood?”

“Yes sister,” Vera replied, remaining silent as they entered the princess’s lair.

Grace and Gloria were already waiting for them down below. The pair had taken the time to gather the necessary incense and holy water for the ritual. The various preparations did little to affect Winifred’s mood as she spent the morning digging into another trough of slop and releasing a maelstrom of flatulence. In the middle of a prayer for safety, Grace and Gloria turned back around to meet their comrades.

“Is everything ready?” Vera asked, receiving nods in return. “To clarify, are the two of you ready? We don’t know what will happen with this one.”

For the first time in her life, Vera saw a look of doubt on the silent women's faces. Claspings one another's hands, Grace and Gloria nodded towards Maria.

“Very well, then you may begin. Sister Vera, please stand by in-case they require our assistance.”

Taking her place near the door alongside Maria, Vera watched as Grace and Gloria approached the piggy princess. Placing their hands upon Winifred's belly, the two nuns began to pray. The words seemed to have some effect on the princess, making her squirm with each word that left their lips. Reaching for canisters of holy water, Grace and Gloria kept up their chanting as they sprinkled it across the hog woman's flabby body in the hopes of purifying the curse. While it was all very impressive, Vera knew something was off as she heard a low rumbling noise from Winifred's gut.

Looking back and forth between the sisters, she realized that they were too preoccupied with the ritual to recognize the rude noises. She stepped forward in an attempt to pull them out of the way, only to be tugged back by Maria. Though she tried to struggle free, she realized that it was too late to help them.

Princess's Winifred wild squirming brought forth a bombardment of gas from both ends. As the foul air enshrouded Grace and Gloria, they kneeled to ground as they were forced to suck in the noxious fumes. Their fates were truly sealed once they spouted out their own farts and their bodies began to plump up.

Gloria's stout appearance was further accentuated by the rounded visage her growing flab produced. As she ripped right through her habit, her almost spherical nature was disrupted by the presence of her six, sagging breasts. Rolling about on her hefty gut, she managed to stop herself by planting her cloven feet onto the ground. Hoisting her head up into the air, she let out a snort

from her newly acquired snout as a rippling fart vibrated out of her fattened rear to shake about her tail.

Grace was forced to sit down as her weight focused on her lower half. Her fall to the ground was accompanied with a loud BRRRAAAPPPPPP alongside the utter destruction of her habit. As her hoof-like digits poked and prodded at her developing teats and wealth of fat rolls, her gaze slowly drifted towards Gloria. Shaking her head to wobble her ears and free her brown hair from its bun, she gradually crawled her way over to her fellow nun.

Bumping into each other, Grace and Gloria took a moment to take in one another's piggish features. A set of burps shared between the two seemed to trigger something primal inside of them. Letting out a pair of squeals, the formerly stoic nuns slammed their bodies together as they engaged in an unrestrained make out session. Vera managed to stare long enough to see the two of them reach for each other's nether regions before she was pulled away by Maria.

"This is worse than I thought," Maria commented, running up the stairs and dragging Vera quickly behind her.

"What's going on? What happened to them? Why are they acting like this?"

"We'll try to figure that out later, for now we must--"

Maria came to a sudden stop as she saw King Edgar at the top of the staircase.

"Well," the king said, wiping crumbs off of his snout, "is my UUURRP little girl back to normal?"

Taking a deep breath, Maria spoke. "I'm afraid this curse is a lot stronger than we anticipated. In our ignorance, two of my fellow sisters have been corrupted by its influence."

“Hmm, some exorcists you turned out to be,” Queen Beatrice said, venting some of her frustration with an abrupt fart. “First my daughter’s curse becomes easier to spread and now this. I’ll have you know that the added cost of feeding them will come out of our donation to the church.”

Maria let out a huff and pushed past the portly royalty with Vera in tow. “So be it. We did not come here to fill the church’s coffers. At the end of the day, we are servants of the lord here to do a job.”

“But what about our-“

Maria turned back, a single glare enough to get Beatrice and Edgar to shut their mouths. “I will deal with it. Come along Vera, we have a lot of work to do.”

“Y-yes, sister,” Vera replied, hurrying her pace, trying not to think of the sounds of euphoric squealing emanating from below.

Outside of the castle windows, Vera couldn’t help seeing the pouring rain as an ill omen for what was to come. Things had grown dire ever since the exorcism attempt. Since that day, Winifred’s gas had become more powerful in influencing those around her. Even having kept her distance from the princess, Vera could feel a small pocket of added fat around her mid-section.

Grace and Gloria had not shown any signs of getting better. The two pig nuns were content wasting their days in the dungeon with princess, stuffing their faces with slop between sessions of depravity with one another in an attempt to meet Winifred’s lofty size. Unamused by what was supposed to be kingdom’s saviors being affected by the same curse, the king had made an ultimatum to either cure the princess or be thrown into the dungeon with the rest of the lost souls.

Vera clenched the rosary against her chest, putting all of her faith in the lord and Sister Maria's abilities. There wasn't much else for her to cling onto these days. Skimming her eyes over the vast array of holy literature spread across the bed, she tried to make herself as prepared as possible for her role to play in the coming ceremony. Grabbing a few more books to get some last minute studying in, Vera assured her hair was neatly tucked away and exited her quarters.

Pushing her way through the door, Vera didn't have enough time to stop herself from running into Carol. Thankfully for her, the maid's pudgy form softened the impact of their collision. However, the small bump was still enough to force Carol's muzzle open to produce a loud burp that flickered her floppy ears. Knowing what was coming next, Vera managed to step back into her room to avoid getting close to the burst of flatulence that fluttered the maid's skirt and shook her curly tail. Peeking out the door once the smell dissipated, Vera saw the maid clenching her hoof-like fingers around her bulging belly and her budding, six teats.

"Carol? What are you doing up here?" Vera asked. "You should be downstairs helping for the exorcism preparation."

"It's not going to SNORT work," the maid replied, a tear falling down her cheeks to drag down her chins.

Risking being exposed to the curse, Vera reached out with a handkerchief to wipe the pig girl's face clean. "I know things don't look well, but fear not. Sister Maria is one of the order's best exorcists."

"It still won't be enough OINK. What the princess has...it can't be dealt with like this."

"You must have faith in the church," Vera said, placing her hand on the maid's shoulder. "The reason the princess is like is because she lost her moral compass. Once this is all over, perhaps she can spend some time at our coven to purify her--"

Carol shoved aside Vera's hand with a grunt befitting her hog-like visage. "Lies!" she spoked, chewing on her bottom lip. "I'm tired of letting the king and queen SNORT slander the princess."

"What are you talking about? From what they've told us, the reason Winifred is like this is because she was too prideful."

"No, she wasn't," Carol replied, holding back more tears. "She was a OINK kind and shy person. The reason she rejected all of those UUURRPP suitors is because she wasn't ready to be wed. The only thing she feared more than marrying a man she didn't love was her SNORT claim to the throne." Lowering her head, Carol began to tap her finger against her swollen gut. "All of those people looking up to her, expecting her to BWOORRP rule the country, she just couldn't take it. She felt like she was trapped in a cage. The only thing she ever OINK wanted was to be freed from her responsibilities."

That was when it all clicked in Vera's head. The inability to find any sign of demonic possession. A lack of evidence of Winifred's sinful ways. The princess's constant state of bliss every time she was given a new trough of food to eat from. Winifred was far from being tortured by her condition. If anything, it was almost as if she had been blessed.

Dropping her book to the ground, Vera bumped past the maid in a mad dash. Running down the dungeon steps, she repeated over and over in her head how foolish she was not to have noticed sooner. Forcing herself past the miasma of lingering gas, Vera managed to make her way to the dungeons just as Maria was finishing up.

Sister Maria's usually stoic expression was hidden behind a crude gas mask. Taking another step forward, Vera recoiled as she caught a whiff of the unfiltered smell. Feeling her belly start to bloat from the infections air, she ran over to a nearby table to place a similar mask

over her face. Safe from the direct effects of the pig princess's condition, her gaze shifted to look over the victims once more.

Winifred was still the largest of the women by far, having gained an extra 100 pounds more since their first visit. While the princess contently poured a bucket of slop down her throat, she was blissfully ignorant to the missed crumbs and droplets that cascaded down her breasts and fat folds. The missed morsels of food were quickly snatched up by Grace and Gloria's hungry mouths. Spending a few moments digging out leftovers from the princess's crevasses, the two former nuns expelled gas from both end before coming together for another make out session. So entranced by the sight of pure hedonism, it took Vera a moment to realize that Maria was mere moments from starting the ceremony.

"Please stand back, Vera," Maria said, holding up a bell meant to force out spirits.

"Sister, you must stop," Vera said, going against all of her education and grasping Maria's hands. "We were wrong. The princess's ailment is not what we think."

Maria thought for a moment, only to shake off Vera with a flick of her wrist. "Do not fear child. I am fully aware of the princess's problems. They will be remedied in just a moment."

"Sister please, you can't--"

Vera was drowned out as Sister Maria banged a hammer against the side of the bell. The sound did the job of getting the pig women to break their focus on worldly pleasures to turn towards the sister. Another ring of the bell put them in a trance-like state, their glazed over eyes becoming transfixed to the instrument. Upon the third hit of the bell, their bodies began to quiver, releasing pent up gas that could be smelled through masks. Wincing at the sight of Maria's breasts beginning to grow and her own mask getting pushed further away from her developing snout, Vera turned away from the exorcism in an attempt to run away.

A bright light shining out of her peripheral vision forced Vera to look back towards Winfred. From the depths of the princess's belly button emerged a figure of white smoke that gradually took shape. Vera fell to her knees upon seeing the spirit's wings spread out and the halo circle its head. Though she had spent most of her life studying their ways, she had never thought she would actually be standing in the presence of a real angel.

"Sister of the lord," the angel spoke, its voice booming with the voice of dozens of men and women, "you are not to disturb this poor soul any more. She has found peace."

"I am well aware," Maria replied, unflinching as she tore off her mask and approached the angel. "I have brought you forth to ensure the peace of not only this poor soul, but for her entire kingdom." Her pose remained firm, even as her expanding gut ripped through her habit and a pair of floppy ears poked out of her hair. "With your aid, I wish to OINK spread your influence across the lands, as well as provide a suitable way to sustain the population in their modified states."

The angel tilted its head. "You are aware that becoming a conduit of such a task would inflict you with the blessing as well?"

Maria clenched her hoof-like fingers as a loud PHHHHHRRRTTTTTT blasted out to aid her fattening rear in destroying her skirt. "Yes, that is what I was SNORT hoping for."

"Very well," the angel said, bowing its head and diving back into the princess. "In a few moments, thy will shall be done."

As the angel sunk back into princess, the entire room began to shake as Winifred's body filled with gas bubbles. Knowing what was coming, Vera rushed over to Maria's side to try and pull her away. "Why are you doing this?" she asked, holding onto Maria's many breasts in an attempt to dissuade her.

“Because it is what my heart BWOORRRP desires, same as Grace and Gloria before me,” Maria replied, leaving Vera in a stunned silence. “The two of them had hoped to cleanse themselves of their impure feelings for one another by joining the order. At a time, I OINK felt the same way about my own carnal thoughts. The three of us knew what this mission would be as soon as we saw the princess.”

Grabbing what remained of her clothing, Maria tore them apart to leave nothing to obscure her pink, pudgy body. Letting her hooves slide across her many teats, she relaxed her body to let a prolonged PHHHHHRRRTTTTT slap out of her chunky rear. For the first time ever, Vera saw a smile on the nun’s face. “The time has finally come for my salvation. SNORT Go now, child. Once the angel has finished their work, there will be UUUURRRP no turning back.”

Hearing another rumble from Winifred’s digestion, Vera took Maria’s words to heart and began running. Moving as fast as the fat layered around her thighs would carry her, she did not dare turn back towards the dungeon. Reaching the door, she managed to fling it open just as she heard a booming BRRRRAAPPPPPP from below. Feeling the warm air rush towards her, she sprinted down the castle corridors only to be stopped by the king and queen.

“What is going on here?” Beatrice asked.

“Yes, shouldn’t you be with the others taking care of my daughter?” Edgar asked. “Has she been purified of her sin yet?”

Vera used her newly acquired snout to vent her frustration. She opened up her mouth to scold them, only to be drowned out by another burst of gas from below. She attempted to shove past the king and queen only to be met further down the corridor by a group of men in armor.

“You dare to walk away from your holy duty?” Edgar accused, his fury quite visible as the guards forced Vera to turn around. “I’m sure when the church learns of your disobedience, you will be OINK!”

The king paused, shifting his attention between the strange call from his mouth and the surge of flab packing onto his body.

“What’s wrong, dear?” Beatrice asked, clasping at his thickening thighs. “Was it something that-“

The queen was forced back by a fart from Edgar’s rear. Though she reeled back from the stench at first, her opinion on the stench changed alongside her body. Ripping apart her clothes with her hooved fingers, the queen freely let loose her own flatulence to wriggle her tail as she beheld her pig-like husband. Meeting each other’s gaze, the two transformed rulers forewent punishing Vera in favor of slapping their slobby forms together to satiate their carnal desires.

Seeing that the guards were distracted, Vera used the opportunity to make a break fort the front gates. All around her she could hear people either screaming in terror or succumbing to the angel’s influence through a cacophony of squeals and gas. Winding her way through the castle corridors, Vera’s tripped over her own feet to send her toppling to the ground. While her added padding provided a soft landing, the impact tossed off her gas mask and sent it sliding across the room. Cries of fear mixed with small burps, Vera’s changes were halted as someone shoved a cloth against her face.

“It’s alright, you’re going to be okay.”

Tilting her head up, Vera saw Carol standing over her. “I don’t expect you to follow our fate after everything you’ve OINK seen,” she said, showing strange cognizance despite appearing like a smaller version of the princess. “Please. Let me UUURRP help you up. Then I

can show you to an exit. You can tell the church that the kingdom has been SNORT lost. Just please, try not to slander the princess's name in the process.”

Vera reached out to accept Carol's hand, only to find her mind filled with hesitation. In all of her life, the ones who had been there to guide her were Maria and the others. The church itself had been nothing more than a means to make a living and attempt to control her desires. For the first time in her life, she asked herself if a life amongst the church was really what she wanted. Picking herself off the ground, she pushed away Carol's hand.

“I will SNORT stay,” Vera said, paying little mind to the way her burgeoning fat burst out of her clothes and a rippling fart spurted from her padded rear. “This is where I want to be after BWOOOOORRRP all.”

Forming a smile on her muzzle reminiscent of Maria's own, Vera pulled Carol down on top of her. Pressed up against Vera's body, the maid got to feel first hand as the once skinny nun thickened up with hundreds of pounds of fat. Hands clasping at the six, meaty breasts bursting out of the nun's habit, Carol looked to her for answers. What she got instead was a deep kiss that forced one of Vera's burps down her throat. Feeling the maid reciprocate the motion as she squeezed her newly developed love handles, Vera finally let her inner self take control to experience true freedom.

Trundleton had gained quite a reputation in the months following the grand blessing. Rumors spread throughout the lands of the monstrous ruler and of the plague that had affected all of the capital's denizens. With such gossip being spread on the wind, it was the privilege of a select few merchants to know the true nature of the piggy province.

Upon entering the town, any visitors would be given a talisman to prevent them from transforming against their will. Once protected, the guests would be led through the square to see a mix of pig people of different sizes going about their duties. A good number had been reduced to immobile blobs like the princess, but neither they nor the people that attended them seem to be worried.

Though the city had gained quite a liking towards unbridled hedonism their urges had died down enough to give them a semblance of civility to keep them working between their session of indulgence. During these moments of clarity, the people's citizens used their ravenous appetites to come up with a plethora of new recipes and delicacies. Any merchants that left the town were sure to be accompanied with a fair share of irresistible food stuff that would provide much needed funding for the people of Trundleton and turn the city into a capital of culinary discovery.

Those that managed to reach the castle were greeted by Carol. The maid would provide perfumes to negate the smell of the corridors and an explanation of how their city acquired peace. Passing by Edgar and Beatrice's bedchambers, guests could hear the two of them reliving their honeymoon over again thanks to their reignited passion. Making their way to the throne room, the guests would have the honor of stepping before Queen Winifred

Thanks to the aid of the former Sisters of Salvation, Winifred had managed to gain control of her slovenly form. While she was still the size of a carriage and let loose her gas at a moment's notice, the piggish ruler was more than willing to speak with outsiders to help with the kingdom's needs. These discussions would not last long, the princess having gained quite the skill in forging favorable contracts for the sake of expediting the meetings. Upon coming to an agreement, the guests would be hurried out of the halls and offered the typical hospitality.

For those that lingered behind to get sneak a peek, they would bear witness to the princess calling upon the Order of the Holy Hogs to take care of their most important duty. Given troughs by the staff and rolling out an enormous set of pillows the women would come together to feed their appetites and libidos. At the head of the charge was Vera, a pig woman who exemplified her order's values of salvation through true indulgence. Though their way of life was hard for normal people to swallow, it was one that Vera and the others hoped to one day spread across the entire world as the one true way to live a happy life.