



Wild hog on the road

The day was hot, the sun was at its highest point burning with intensity and the wheels of the car were constant in its march, the pickup was driven by a middle-aged man, Chuck. He ran his hand across his forehead drying a couple of sweat drops from his dark skin, a couple more ran to his chest where they got lost between the clothes and the curly body hair.

He was returning from a short work trip, and was just too eager to get home and rest. He was half way through when the physical need made its presence so he was forced to make a small stop at the nearest gas station. Taking advantage of this he filled the gas tank and moments after he was getting out of the vehicle walking the short stretch towards the toilets, crossing in his way a small group of bikers who stared at him with some malice.

As he walked through the coins door he came across the typical dirty and stinky place, the walls and the cubicles were scuffed and filled with graffiti on the outside (though he imagined it would be worse on the inside), insults, names, telephones and otherwise disgusting propositions could be read all over the place. He went his way to the bottom where a long urinal was placed, he looked up as he pulled his penis out of his pants and set out to read the wall as the amber stream flowed breaking the silence of the place, "Get in the road with the Wild Hogs," he could read on the wall from a rough letters graffiti adorned with a poorly drawn boar. He shook the last drops of his cock and set out to wash his hands when certain sound from the two cubicles behind him caught his attention, having figured out the reasons of that sound he approached with caution and some excitement.

Moans silenced by a full mouth were heard, softly, trying to be contained; sounds of suction, saliva, lips and tongue working began to harden his cock and suddenly without any warning a loud roar was heard, the shock made him fell to the ground and seconds later the door of the first cubicle opened with a crash while a biker was coming out of it. He was a man in his 40s, big and stocky like a bear, and from what one could see, he was also hairy like the animal, wearing a friendly muttonchops and a severe expression, He looked down licking a withe stream that dripped from his beard and threw a disapproving sight at Chuck before leaving the place.

From the ground Chuck caught sight of the glory hole on the wall between the two cubicles, got up and made some time washing his hands. After a few minutes the second cubicle from which a younger man came out was opened, he should be about 25 years old and a bit out of tune with the place: he had a very polished and delicate arrangement, he was carrying a backpack and a bundle of clothes. He went to the

adjoining sink, dropped the bundle and washed his face and hands in an exaggerated manner and then rushed out of the place. Chuck noticed he had left his cargo, grabbed it and left the bathroom trying to reach him to return his belongings but the station was empty, there was no sign of the boy nor the biker group. He checked the package carefully, a worn pair of jeans, a black T-shirt and a leather vest with an embroidered patch of a pig on the back... He folded everything again when a small metal object fell to the ground, he bent down to pick it up, it was a metal ring that shone like new, for the size he wasn't sure if it was supposed for the ear, nipples or nose. The metal circle regularly embedded in those pieces was the pig's head that he also found in the bathroom and the boy's vest. He didn't even think about it, he liked the jewel so much that he decided to keep it, he put the bundle of clothes in his truck, hoping to find the boy on the road to return it but he had no luck.

At nightfall he arrived at his destination and, full of an insatiable restlessness, sought out the first tattoo parlor in which they could pierce his nose to place that eye-catching ring he had found. After a thorough search and a waiting that seemed eternal to him it was at last his turn to pass to that white room. It wasn't supposed to be a long work, they showed him the pieces and tweezers that would be used and sterilized the radiant ring with the pig's head embedded, he got lost between motorcycle thoughts about what he had lived in the afternoon... Lying on the chair he returned to reality when the needles and tweezers were held near to his nose. A cotton ball, a sting, a couple of moves, a pinch and that was it, the septum glistened impotently.

He looked at his face from a mirror the piercer approached him, the pig's eyes returned the look in an almost mesmerizing way, did they shine with an intense red? He noticed, in a strange way, how a thin layer of hair above his lips seemed to grow. The piercer approached again surprised because it seemed that an allergic reaction was occurring as the nose started to swell quickly so he prepared his equipment getting ready to remove the piece but it didn't want to give in, strangely Chuck didn't feel any pain. After a few moments the worker stepped back in fear when the nose seemed to have grown twice its size and not only that, a mustache had appeared with an unnatural speed. The piercer was speechless and couldn't help but watch what was happening.

Chuck took his hands to his face to feel what was going on, at the contact with his nose they started to tingle, a sensation that rose slowly up his forearm like electricity running through his skin, and as it happened with the nose his fingers swelled away. It was definitely not an allergic reaction, it has to be a nightmare, and so the piercer in his corner thought the same for himself. Dizzy, he tried to recognize his body, the nose was notoriously large from his point of view, his hands weighed and the veins were bulging as if they were being subjected to a crushing pressure, one of them ran through the arm completely swelling the limb in its path. The piercer was having now a grotesque vision of a nosy person with an extremely muscular arm.

The legs did their thing by widening in the same way as the arm, thickening as if he had submitted his body to an intense exercise routine for a long time but this actually happened in a matter of minutes. On the other hand, the round swelling stomach didn't seem to have followed the same discipline, although it was strong and hard it was also disproportionately round, rather accustomed to alcohol and fast food. Chuck's mind flashed with the image of the biker in the restrooms at the gas station, his body seemed to take a similar shape as it was invaded by a thin layer of hair, just as it had happened on his face.

The huge body looked tight inside some clothes that were now sizes smaller, screams and moans during his transformation scared away the few customers who were still waiting. Eventually the genitals began to grow in proportion to the body, his penis ended up peeking out the edges of his underwear. In front of him, the piercer kept looking at the scene confused, somehow his client was still the same: the same black skin, the same curly hair, the same eyes... However, it was now twice as wide. They stood face to face for several minutes without reacting. Chuck kept thinking about the biker and the scrawny boy in the bathroom, by inertia he took his wallet, took out a couple of bills and left them in the hand of the piercer who was having a hard time to get back to reality.

He went out to his truck, the night was now cold and he realized he looked ridiculous dressed as he was, he took the biker clothes he had saved before, they looked custom made just for him. He turned on the vehicle and set off where his mind was taking him. He arrived at the gas station at noon, it was still as empty as when he left in the afternoon except for a row of motorcycles parked near the restroom but there was no sign of their drivers. He inserted the coin, went into the stinky room directly to the cubicles and entered into the second one, the glory hole also seemed custom made...

"I knew you were coming back," a mouth poked through the hole and a tongue licked his mustache in a familiar way. "If you come closer I can blowjob out that problem of yours," he continued, sticking out his tongue, inviting. Chuck understood he had to make a decision, at first the idea of the new body had frightened him but now he started to like it. His gaze went from that anxious mouth behind the hole towards the door latch, the decision was no longer so clear...