

I filled another cup full with booze from the keg, my buzz already eliminating the hesitation I'd been feeling all night. It was nice to let loose and relax, consequences be damned. And besides, what was the worst that could happen? Especially since the whole team partook! They couldn't kick us all off, after all!

Technically we shouldn't have been drinking that night. We were a college basketball team, though all under 21. Age didn't usually stop most of the team, hell, me included. But tonight it was a particularly bad idea, especially since this empty frat house was only temporarily rented out to our team. We didn't want to trash the place and fuck up our chances of ever going on an out of town game again! Not to mention, we still had a season to finish up and needed to be in proper shape for further training.

Yet our team had just won a rather important seasonal game and we had a frat all to ourselves to spend the night. The temptation was certainly present to get wasted and celebrate, as piss-poor an idea as it was. To be honest, all of us were wired from the victory and in need to let off some steam. We'd already ordered out food on our school's bill, wanting to try a variety of out of town options for delivery. That should have been bad enough, considering as athletes we were pressured towards healthier eating.

Procuring alcohol should also have been an issue, especially on the kind of budget we had. But one of our teammates had a connection in town, a buddy's farm that specialized in a homemade brew. It wasn't even on shelves yet and we were offered a free sample in hopes of bringing publicity to our hometown. So naturally, when a few kegs showed up at the frat house none of us could say no, consequences be damned.

The tables were lined with wings, pizza, nachos, and other assorted delivery food that could feed an army. I didn't know how we were supposed to eat it all. But hey, it was all technically free!

I sighed, drinking back the brew with some hesitation. It was pretty good, actually, and by my third glass I was starting to relax. I had been anxious all night but now that everyone was partying...there wasn't much point in complaining, was there? Better to go with the flow and call it a team bonding exercise.

"Shame there's no chicks here, eh?" My teammate Oscar said, draining his fourth glass of the evening. I could tell how glazed over his eyes were, even though he was only one drink deeper in than I was. Oscar always was a lightweight, and it caused the team great joy to give him shit for it.

"Yeah, that would be nice," I said, listless, not wanting to think about women right now. I'd just had a messy breakup with my girlfriend of over a year and as heartbreaking as that was, the thought of chatting up single women or a one night stand was too much. To make matters worse

I'd been blue balling hard ever since the breakup, not even able to touch myself without feeling a pang of depression.

Oscar slapped me on the back, knowing that now-familiar look in my eyes whenever the subject of women came up. "Cheer up dude! You gotta get back on the wagon sometime! If you won't, I'm gonna spring for a hooker!"

I laughed a little at that. "There, that's it! We're gonna get you LAID man! But for now, drink up! We gotta get you tanked tonight!" Oscar yelled as he dragged me over to the kegs once more.

Five cups of beer in, I was starting to feel really good. I'd had a slice of pizza or two, but I wasn't feeling super hungry. And besides, I never ate like this. It had been all protein drinks and skinless chicken since I'd joined the team. I took pride in my muscled form, often heading with several of the guys to regular 5 am workouts. I indulged every now and then, of course, but a lot of my carb cravings had been curbed since I'd stayed away from them so long.

Finally, I'd drunk enough to break the seal and excused myself to the bathroom. As I went to drain the lizard I noticed that my shirt felt a little tight. It was a bit warm in here, with so many guys in close quarters combined with the heat of the food, but I hadn't been too sweaty. So then why...

My buzzed brain tried to chalk it up to a case of imagination but even so, I found it a little hard to move, like my clothes were just a little too restrictive on my body. As soon as I closed the bathroom door I pulled up my shirt, confused by what stared back at me from the mirror. My gut was...I had a gut! I'd heard of excessive drinking causing a beer belly but there was no way it could come this fast.

I ran my fingers over it, feeling it was unusually warm to my touch. It was as though I had been out in the sun too long, or maybe under a heat lamp. Yet I still wasn't sweating. Not a drop of fluid was on my flesh, even when I felt around the rest of my body. I should have been dripping a puddle on the floor from how warm I felt!

Yet worst of all seemed to be my sudden lack of muscle tone. All the muscle I'd worked so diligently on seemed absent like it had been swallowed up by whatever flesh had swelled from my stomach. I couldn't be sure, but in my drunk state my belly seemed to be slowing rising more with each breath, and even as I pulled my shirt down I could tell it was noticeably tighter. Fuck, it was happening so fast!

I ran out of the bathroom in sobered panic, not realizing until the last moment how embarrassing my situation was. I couldn't let any of the guys see me with a rapid onset beer gut! Yet no one reacted to me bursting into the room. Everyone else seemed...distracted. Almost everyone had a beer in hand, and a few were hunched over at the food tables.

And not one of them seemed upset about the similar beer guts they now sported, or how tight their clothes were. Some guys were patting their bellies, burping audibly from the carbonation they'd consumed. A couple of guys even had their shirts off, rubbing their swelling paunches with looks of reverence on their puffy red faces. Not one person seemed upset that their formerly chiseled body was slowly swelling up with flab. In fact, judging by the looks on every one of their faces, they seemed to be enjoying the belly growth they'd developed in the past 30 minutes or so!

I panicked a little, wanting to shout something but not really sure what to say. Before I could utter so much as a squeak, Oscar was beside me, thrusting another cup of beer into my hand. "Hey, man get your drink on!" He said, having evidently taken his own advice. I could see how wasted he was, even though he couldn't have consumed that much more in the interim. He too had a flabby belly swelling under his increasing tight shirt, and it jiggled as he walked over to me.

I looked down at the beverage with trepidation, sure that was the source of my bulbous belly. I wanted to toss it but Oscar seemed to regard me with some insistence. The earthy scent wafting from the beverage hit me hard then, making me lick my lips. My mouth was dry as though I'd been stranded in the Sahara. Before I could think of a good reason not to, I took a big swig, the cooling liquid refreshing and tasty. Before I realized it I had downed the whole thing. I had forgotten how delicious it was!

Soon I was on my way to fill my cup once more, Oscar in tow. Why had I been so worried? My gut was a bit flabby but everyone else's was too, right? And they were all happy with it! Wait, hadn't this bothered me earlier? I wanted to stop but...the beer was too good. Maybe when it ran out later? Hell, we could all work this off!

My eyes fell on another good buddy, Marty, by the buffet table as he piled high wings and nachos and pizza on his plate. I was sure his food was going to fall over when he tried to pick up his plate. His shirt was starting to ride up, displaying a gut that belonged to a man in his 40's who'd continued college drinking habits long afterward. Certainly not on someone from our team! Even as I gazed on his flabby gut started to protrude even more, causing his shirt to stretch further up a hairy, sweatless belly. How much had he eaten?

Suddenly Marty pitched forward, as though caught on his pant legs, and the paper plate of food fell to the floor. I laughed at my correct prediction even as he tried to bend down and pick up his meal. Yet Marty's bulging stomach made the motion difficult and he stumbled a bit, trying to balance himself on the table. With a few short wheezes he bent over, getting on his knees, and showing us what the added weight had done to his frame.

"Uggghhh, full moon!" one of the other guys yelled in jest. Marty's pants were far too tight to contain the vast expanse of his ass, and they pulled down to expose his bare ass cheeks, complete with something poking out from the top of his underwear.

Yet Mary was undeterred, seemingly too focused on his dinner. At first, he tried to reach out with his hands to pick up the pieces that had fallen. Yet as he did I could see him slowly opening and closing the digits, as though they were stiff. On closer inspection, I could tell that two of them seemed a little short compared to the others on each hand. No wonder he was having so much difficulty!

With a few snorts of delight, Marty started crunching into the fallen food with gusto. I should have been disgusted by the sight; not only was our teammate acting like a real oinker but he was eating off the floor! Yet a rumbling in my stomach reminded me that I hadn't eaten much and despite my initial hesitation with the greasy food I found that I couldn't help but crave some. I was salivating now, drool running down my lips as I licked them, my tongue running over something sharp that made me wince. Reaching up to touch them, I felt my lower canines protruding somewhat, as though responding to my own need to dig into the buffet.

I wasn't the only one. A few of the guys started moving forward, entranced by the siren song of the food. When one of them finally toppled over to get to it, it was like witnessing a dam breaking. Soon the other eight guys were all pushing and shoving each other in a desperate bid to chow down on the feast faster. All semblance of manners or human decency was lost as their mouths bit down, slobbering even as they gorged themselves, not bothering to use their hands. From what I could tell, many had fingers so stiff they couldn't be bothered to work them, anyway.

Oscar slapped me on the back and I too topped forward, my nose at a better level to detect the delectable delights of food. With that I rushed forward myself, having little control of my own body as I prepared to feast. Part of me knew I should be using my hands but...I was just too hungry to care. And besides, when I reached out to try I found my own fingers were a little restrictive as well and it was easier to use my hands to keep my new weight propped up while I shoved my mouth forward.

The minute my lips touched the greasy food my mind blacked out. My sensitive tongue tasted every treat, the flavor and texture beyond anything I ever recalled. And I was so damn hungry! I needed to eat, to fill the expanding void in my guts. As I ate my shirt started riding further up my belly, but again, the hunger overrode all logic and reason while I was lost in my feeding frenzy. I was hunched over the plate of nachos, eating with fervor as every topping stood out to my senses.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see my teammates doing the same, occasional shoving each other out of the way to feed. They stopped eating only to breathe as they consumed more than should have been humanly possible. I could smell an increasingly putrid smell in the air but it did little to overpower the succulent scents of food.

My shirt was so uncomfortable now, forced all the way up to my flabby pecs as it tightened around my chubby upper arms. I was going to outgrow all my clothes! I knew I should take them off but

a part of me was still shy at the notion of being nude around so many other guys, despite the fact we'd all seen each other naked in the lockers before. And besides the garments were growing tighter and tighter with each passing second until it was virtually impossible to pull them off without damage. And that damn stiffness in my fingers was getting worse.

The pain from my taut jeans was starting to irritate me now, and I reluctantly raised my head, chips falling from my mouth. My hands reached back to pull them off but I stopped suddenly as I realized I couldn't feel them. Twitching them insistently gave no motion, and I was finally compelled to halt my hunger as I lifted them up for inspection. What I saw shocked me into sobriety. My thumbs were fucking gone, only two stubby points receding into my wrists as I watched. No wonder they weren't moving!

The state of my other fingers wasn't much more promising. The pointed and pinky fingers were almost gone entirely, my palms starting to collapse on themselves as the chubby digits changed before my eyes. Each digit sported thick nails, growing pointed even to my blurred vision. Yet it was hard to keep my focus and my mind soon started to falter, lost in a sea of booze and hunger. In my drunken state, the greatest concern was that I couldn't use these to get rid of my cumbersome clothes.

All I could do was push out my swelling gut, forcing it past the painful elastic against my hips. With an audible grunt I felt the zipper snap and the button pop off and click against the floor. A loud rip echoed in the room as my jeans followed suit, tearing at the backs and allowing my swelling ass some comfort in the hot room. Something poking from my spine wriggled in my underwear and I breathed a sigh of relief from feeling it released.

Before long the echoing chorus of clothes tearing signaled that my teammates were entering a similar state of nakedness. Everyone's shirts had rips in the fabric, allowing their pale flabby flesh to poke through. Their skin seemed pallid, carrying with it an unnatural pinkish hue. I could even see patches of sparse hairs sprouted over flesh that previously had been meticulously shaven.

Yet a familiar voice distracted me from my thoughts. "Hey this is \*GRUNT\* good!" Oscar said as his face raised from a pizza box, cheese dripping from his lips as sauce ran down his chin and ripping shirt. His breath smelled heavily of pizza and reawakened my own need to feed. Part of my drunken mind realized that there was something off about his wide flattened nose. And his floppy ears sat higher on a head that was losing his hair, leaving him with a bare sloping scalp.

But soon the hunger overtook me and my mouth drifted towards a plate of wings that had been knocked over on the table. I barely chewed, swallowing them bones and all, though my jaws seemed to have little issue breaking into the bones. As I ate, the sight of my nose swelling in my vision reminded me of Oscar's own bizarre vestige, but the thick nostrils dripping snot were hardly a deterrent to my feeding. In fact, as my nostrils expanded the scents in my nose became even more vibrant and only served to swell my gnawing hunger!

As I ate, I could feel my body packing on even more pounds while my swelling gut tore frantically at what little remained of my stained shirt. My multiple chins wriggled back and forth above my thickening neck and flattened shoulders. At first I was certain they were bulking up but as I tried to flex them to remove the remnants of my shirt I realized that they lacked the range of motion I so often enjoyed. My spine remained hunched over even as my swelling bulk tore my shirt down the back and my shaking body was enough to let the rags fall from my frame.

At one point, one of my porcine teammates reared up to grasp something on the table and knocked the whole thing over. The food fell to the ground and set us all in a frenzy once more. None of us cared how clean the floor was or how messy the food was on our faces. A chorus of snorts and grunts reverberated around the room as we ate like pigs. Wait...pigs?

Though the hunger in my body had not abated, the drunken fog I'd found myself in was starting to lift somewhat. Enough for me to realize that the pudgy shapes all around me started to look familiar. Those floppy ears hanging from near-hairless scalps. Noses upturned and sitting on the front of jaws that were far more massive than human mouths. Two rounded curved canines poking from the lower half of protruding jaws. Flabby bellies hung low to the ground and arms shrinking and cracking till the stance was comfortable. Thick ham hocks sank into rounded torsos, and fingers growing into thick rounded trotters to hold up our growing weight. Were we all becoming pigs?

Despite the fear of such a realization I couldn't bring myself to stand, to try and save myself. I knew deep down I was devolving into an animal but...I was so starved! My bulging gut demanded more and more sustenance, and it didn't care how dirty or messy I was becoming in the process. And the powerful feeding impulse made me feel such satisfaction. I was tending to a primal need so significant to erase the initial fears I'd been experiencing.

I was now massive, hundreds of pounds fatter than my human self. I could barely move around with how bloated I was. And yet, I'd never felt sexier. I was fat, and to my devolving intellect that meant I was healthy and in charge! A quick glance around showed that I was more girthy than some of my fellows which sent a slight twinge of arousal towards my loins. As if in response to my joy, my ass continued to swell taut in my underwear as at last, the frail elastic popped and I could feel the useless thing flop onto the floor. I grunted as my pucker tickled and rose up on my backside, situated below my growing tail like a proper piggy. I was massive and I loved it!

As my nostrils grew thicker I became aware of how bad the room stank, reminding me of memories of visiting a sty as a child. The stench was all too familiar, reeking of dirty pigs. I think some of the others might have relieved themselves like common swine, though it was hard to be certain. I was thankful I currently did not feel the urge, although a growing part of my mind didn't feel so repulsed by the notion. It was natural, after all.

My gaze fell over at Oscar beside me, pulling his face out of the pizza box he'd been licking fervently. His eyes were beady and he was squinting, as though it was hard to see me. His face was fat, rolling chins bobbing back and forth as he licked his lips and protruding tusks with a fat porcine tongue. His hair had fallen out, leaving him with a bald visage as sparse hairs covered his scalp and chins. His face was more than halfway to being a pig's, but I had to admit, it looked rather fetching!

He grunted, reaching out with a thick tongue to lick clean my face. I wasn't sure if it was a gesture to clean me or if the sauce and grease on my lips just tasted that good. Either way, it felt nice to receive the attention.

"What's \*SNORT\* that smell? \*GRUNT\* It's grEEEEEEEEWWWWWT!" Oscar squealed, sniffing the air even as the contours of his face continued to bulge outward.

Just then another scent wafted into my nose, the now-familiar porcine musk and stink overlaid with something sweet and alluring. It was hard to say with such an unfamiliar odor. Yet this new stink sent a shiver into my loins and I couldn't help but raise my head, hunger sated for now.

I backed away to glance around the room and the sight of Marty's porcine backside startled me. His underwear had popped away like mine, exposing a naked dirty pig's rear end. But his backside was not what I was expecting to see from a boar. His anus was situated above his tail, like a good piggy's should be, but below that lay no balls, no penis or testes. I thought I could make out the tip of a shrinking cockhead but it was nestled at the top of a rather large, moist opening that pulsated even as it dripped viscous fluid.

As though in confirmation of my suspicions, one of the other guys waddled up behind him, taking a sniff with that rather large snout as he stuck his tongue out and started lapping at Marty's feminine backside. Marty grunted in approval, shifting his new cunt into the tender ministrations. Marty was a sow!

"Fuck \*SNORT GRUNT\* MEEWWEEEEETTTTT!" Marty squealed as the boar mounted him, the other pig's cock contorting into a new shape even as he hefted himself on Marty's back. Both beasts squealed their delight as their earnest mating seemed to accelerate their changes. I could see their hunched backs extending as new teats jiggled under Marty's flabby belly and the remnants of human skin were swept over with bristly hair and sweatless pig hide.

They weren't the only newly christened swine in rut. Among the others gathered, two boars were making their way behind new sows, while two more new sows exposed their backsides, flicking tails wafting their musk to try to entice mates of their own.

But for some reason, the scent of females in need wasn't enough to catch my interest. I was much more fixated on the stench of porcine musk wafting from my buddy's backside. Belly finally full for the moment, I trotted behind Oscar, who also seemed uninterested in the

developing sows and their cunts. He stayed perfectly still as I did so, allowing me uninterrupted access to his rear end.

Oscar could only grunt as I nosed his porcine pucker and ran my nostrils over his throbbing boar balls hanging underneath. The scent of boar backside made me hard as hell, even as I felt my cock contorting into a new shape. I couldn't see my own penis, but if Oscar's was any indication then I knew it was curving around the entire shaft, growing longer and more firm as I drank in all Oscar's hindquarters had to offer. My jiggling balls were swelling with seed, almost painfully so as I studied how best to proceed in satisfying my sexual desire. His underwear was stretched taut over his frame and with an eager grunt I reached under with my growing tusks and tugged. With an audible rip they popped off, catching on my tusk and making me shake my head to remove them.

With his backside now exposed came a powerful whiff of musk from his fattening hide. I breathed it in for a few moments as I reached out with my tongue to taste all he had to offer. I played around his asshole, loving the snorts of approval from his piggy lips. He wanted this as badly as I did! I could smell his cock leaking and I desperately wanted to suck on it. But there would be time for that later, once my cock and testicles ceased crying out with their own need!

Mounting him was more difficult than I expected. My shoes were still stuck on my trotters and I had to maneuver my flabby thighs to get them loose. At last, my hind trotters fell onto the floor and I was naked in my full porcine glory, as was Oscar. It was troublesome to raise my heavy body on top of him, and I failed a few times, falling to the floor and jiggling my flab uncomfortably as I did so. It didn't help that his hole was so much higher on his piggy backside than a sow's vagina. But despite never having any inklings of homosexuality before now, I needed nothing more than to fuck this male's asshole, as attracted to it as I had been any woman before.

"Fuck MEEEEWWRRREEEEEEETTT! \*SNORT GRUNT\*," Oscar tried to say, but his words were distorted by his warping muzzle. Yet they dripped with a need that spurred on my efforts and forced me up once more, my trotters digging insistently into Oscar's backside and hoisting me up as my piggy penis throbbed and drooled all over his asshole. At last, my pointed cock head found something to rut into, and I thrust with all I had, his pucker opening to take my girth as he pushed back against me.

Soon I was enveloped by a tight moist glove and the swelling sensations in my balls grew undeniably powerful. "You're so WWWRRREEEEEEETTTT! tight! \*SNORT\*" I moaned, struggling with my altering vocal cords. But I knew instinctively that I didn't need to speak anymore. I was no longer human and did not perceive things in human terms. Scent and body language were far more powerful to my new form, and right now I could tell how much this boar needed my cock inside him!



I could feel my slapping balls against his as my corkscrew cock shoved in inch by inch, curving into his boar cunt like a screw. I could scent how much it was turning him on by the sheer amount he was leaking all over the floor. His asshole continued to milk me for all I was worth, clenching down tightly on every inch of my cock's surface.

In my lust-fueled haze there was no chance of holding off my release. And why should I? I was a beast in body and soon to be one mostly in mind, and the porcine needs took precedence to rational thinking. My orgasm was coming now and my swelling testicles prepared to release their heavy load. I could feel it pulsing up my shaft and every spurt that prepared to blow filled me with such bestial joy.

“WWRRRREEEEEEETTTT! WWRRRREEEEEEETTTT! \*SNORT GRUNT\*” I cried out in porcine fashion as my sperm shot into my mate, spilling his insides with warmth as I frantically thrust. In due time I could sense even greater pressure on my member and Oscar's squealing and the scents in the air informed me he had joined me in porcine orgasm. The sensations of writhing and cumming in unison almost whited out my limited vision, erasing any semblance of human resistance that still existed.

Yet instead of the usual feeling of post cordial let-down a further orgasmic wave flowed over my body as my balls prepared to spill another load. The more I rutted into my mate, the greater the pressure built, extending my release as something thick pushed its way slowly into Oscar's anus. The dense glob of fluid took an eternity to flow from my balls and into my mate, but every moment it did cause me such bliss. A plug of sperm, designed by nature to keep the life-giving seed inside him and make sure he reeked of my stink long after our mating.

The scents of sex and pig musk wafted into my nose and relaxed me as after an eternity of release I finally felt my cock retreating into its new porcine home. Exhausted, I simply collapsed on Oscar's back as he too fell to the floor. Our bodies were overheated but a cool breeze from outside made me at least able to tolerate it. The heat of twelve rutting bodies was intense, yet the stink of cum and fluids made me decompress and I snorted and grunted and started to drift off. It was a primal, simple bliss that the fading humanity in my mind had never known and it filled me with such a sense of deep peace.

I could hear the sounds of cars outside, smell men getting out of them, though the scents and sounds of human things held no interest for me, not with the wonderful stench of pig and the sensations still running over me from my throbbing cock. I found my thoughts whiting out, human fears, anxieties, and concerns a mere trifle compared with porcine existence. I had my herd mates, and plenty of food even to sate my expansive appetite. And most of all, I had a male mate whose asshole was filled with my thick plug even as his own corkscrew cock throbbed the last remnants of his tasty pig cum all over the floor. What more did I need?

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Thomas Wright smiled as once more a useless university team of frat boys was converted into much more productive farm beasts. It seemed, as always, that some of them turned out to prefer the company of another male, but it was of little consequence. The formula tended to bring out the inner beasts of each person, and twerking it for species could only do so much. Only some changed genders, and more than a few changed sexualities. But still, even pig seed from a boar's ass had its use in impregnating a female, and after seeing the high-quality hogs that his farm produced, his collected boar's seed itself would fetch him quite a price! The formula he'd used would produce offspring of the highest quality, and their former human influence would ensure extended lifetimes of breeding and producing offspring that would make his farm millions.

Wright smiled as his sons prepared the trailer and started herding the newly changed swine inside. Lured by the smells of slop their insatiable appetites drove them towards. Twelve swine would probably be sufficient for the current operation, so he was free to focus on building up his other herds. He was halfway to the most productive farm in the country! Now, to locate and lure in the next group, ones that would make excellent cattle for his farm...