

Ms. Swine Smith

A long day sorting paperwork for the Interspecies Exchange Program left Ms. Smith with little patience for those that would disturb the peace. M.O.N. had gotten word that a group of orcs from the Pioneer Orc Renaissance Kinsmen had taken up refuge in the warehouse district. Annoyed at the lustful orcs' repeated crimes under the banner of making their kind more mainstream in erotic literature, she held no qualms about dispatching her elite squad to take out the group.

By the time Ms. Smith's black heels clacked their way into the warehouse, the battle had already been decided. Shoving open the door, she tried to look as professional as possible in her black suit and tie. The image somewhat faltered as she stopped to adjust her black pantyhose, its ruffled nature a side effect of her strenuous workday. Letting her long black hair trail behind her, she adjusted her sunglasses to take a look at the leftover damage.

The room became easier to see as Tioshina the ogre stepped out of the way of the massive hole she had made during the initial breach. Blood droplets along the ground led to an eagerly grinning Zombina, taking glee in watching over the group of pig-like orcs despite one of her arms barely hanging onto her torso by a thread. Manako aided the undead girl by watching over the terrorists with her large eye, her abilities as a sniper seen through the shattered window at the stop of the warehouse. Giving warm greetings to the girls for their hard work, Ms. Smith made her way over to the mischievous Doppel for a full report.

"I take it the mission was a success?" Ms. Smith asked, unfazed by the doppelganger's white hair, dark skin, and lack of clothing.

“Yeah, but I expect a pay increase for letting them grope me as a distraction,” she said, her smile dismissing any actual hostility. “Especially since it left these perverts completely vulnerable to our counter-offensive.”

“I’ll consider it,” Ms. Smith answered, casually strolling up to the orcs. “First, let me ask our friends what exactly they were doing here.”

“We were making the world a better place for orcs!” one of the orc men shouted, tears rolling down his cheeks and around his flat snout. “The media villainizes us so much that we barely have any decent doujinshi.”

“And what few we do have completely villainizes our kind,” another added, the other orcs nodding in agreement.

Pondering for a moment, Ms. Smith decided to vent some of her frustration by giving one of the orcs a swift kick to his thick belly. “That’s still not an excuse to break the law. Especially when it involves my branch of administration.”

“I’m telling you, we’re not doing anything bad,” another orc proclaimed, his floppy ears standing on end. “We were simply creating a serum that would-“

The orc was silenced by one of the others lifting up to sit on his curly tail. “Shut up! As long as she doesn’t know about that, we can-“

“Know about what?” Ms. Smith asked, showing little hesitation in pulling out a gun and aiming it at the orcs. “Don’t worry, these are just rubber bullets. That being said, it’s going to hurt like hell unless you-“

Ms. Smith paused as she heard rumbling coming from a nearby storage cabinet. Leaving the orcs to simmer in their fear, she approached the cabinet with her gun drawn. Flinging open the door let a terrified orc come rolling out. So distracted by the sight of the obese pig man cowering before her, Ms. Smith didn't have a chance to avoid the vial of pink goo that flung its contents across her face.

“What was that?” Ms. Smith asked, trying in vain to spit out the vile liquid.

“Nothing,” the newly discovered orc answered, his eyes making it obvious he was lying.

“We'll see if your story holds up once we bring you in for interrogation,” Zombina said, placing her working hand on his shoulder. “You okay, boss?”

“I think so. I don't think these guys are capable of any serious BWOOOOOOORRRRP.”

The belch was the final push to send Ms. Smith's body crumpling to the ground. Vision fading fast, she could see the other M.O.N. members rushing to her aid. Just before she went unconscious, she could see a strange, malicious smile upon the orcs' faces.

Away from the hustle and bustle of the office, Ms. Smith enjoyed her chance to take it breath easily and rest her stress-weary bones. The pair of sweatpants and t-shirt adorning her body were a far cry from her usual suit attire. Taking up a spot on the couch, she prepared to sink into her long overdue vacation until she heard her phone go off. Unable to suppress a groan as she saw that it was from work, she tried to regain a hint of her professionalism as she answered.

“Hello, this is Ms. Smith.”

“How are you holding up, boss?” Zombina asked on the other side of the line.

Ms. Smith relaxed a bit at the sound of a familiar voice. “I’m doing just fine. The agency has me on sick leave for a few days to be on the safe side.”

“We are a little worried after we read through the reports,” Tio budded in on the call. “Apparently they were trying to come up with a serum to turn humans into orcs.”

“Ha! You actually believe they could come up with something like that?” Doppel asked.

“Regardless of what that stuff was,” Smith spoke up to retain a semblance of control, “it still took me out of service for a while. Even if all it did was turn my hair blonde,” she added, twirling around her brightened follicles, “probably best to keep me out of the office until the test results come back.”

“I do hope you’ll be okay,” Manako added.

“I’ll be just fine,” Smith reassured. “Besides, I have my full trust in you four to take care of things while I’m gone. I know I left plenty of paperwork, but it would save me from a huge headache once I’m well enough to return to work. Oh, and make sure to keep an eye on darling-kUUUUUUUURRRRP!”

Smith placed her hand against her face as the belch finished off. Covering her mouth to avoid further rude noises, she cleared her throat and brought the phone back up to her face.

“Excuse me, I don’t know what came over me.”

“J-just make sure you get some rest,” Manako said, the others joining in to give their best wishes to their commander.

“Will do,” Smith replied, hanging up the phone just before another burp forced its way out of her lips.

Left to deal with her stomach problems, she began rubbing her belly to try settling it down. Her pushing only succeeded in moving the gas bubble down her digestive tract to have a fart billow out from her rear. Wincing at the rancid smell, she shuffled to get away from the stench only for something to click in her head. The longer she simmered in the lingering gas, the more she felt a strange tingle spread out from her nose. A sort of calmness accompanied the fumes that started to pull her lips into the shape of a smile.

A loud growl emanating from her hungry stomach broke Smith out of her trance. Getting up from the couch, she scoured her kitchen for something to eat. Driven more by her hunger than logic, she returned to the couch with her arms burdened with a plethora of snack foods and a six pack of beer. Looking over her spread, she took a moment to ponder where to start. With a shrug of her shoulders, she picked up a bag of chips, turned on the TV, and settled in.

Mindlessly skimming through channels, she barely noticed the speed at which she was eating through her snack supplies. Her mind was instead focused on binging the tv shows she had been missing out on and enjoying every bite of food that met her tongue. One after another the bags were eaten through, the task made simpler by chugging down beer like it was nothing. It was only once her hand reached out for more food and felt only empty bags did she come back to her senses.

Blinking several times to get her mind back in the right place, she surveyed the carnage of cleaned out food containers strewn about herself. With a sense of dread, she looked away from the television to stare at her mid-section. A sizable food baby was nestled between her legs, having accrued a collection of crumbs from her feast. Try as she might, she couldn't get her shirt to stretch over the exposed part of her belly button. Leaning forward to get a better look, her concerns only grew at the sight of her skin having turned a distinct, pink color.

Wondering if this was perhaps a side effect of the orcs' serum, Smith let her hand press up against her potbelly. Sinking her fingers into the bulge brought out gas bubbles from both of her ends. As the noxious fumes enshrouded her body once more, she felt the same feeling of warmth overcome her. The trance-like state egged her on to cap off her snack binge by indulging herself in another form of stress relief.

Spreading out her legs to allow her belly to rest between her thighs, she lifted up her gut to sink her fingers into the crotch of her pants. Giving her clit a few experimental flicks, she gradually built up speed to meet her growing desires. As her movements became faster and more erratic, gas began to slip out from her mouth and rear. Mixing a belch with a moan, she went at her pussy as fast as she could, sucking up her foul air as if was an aphrodisiac. Her motions finally came to a head as she released not a moan or a belch, but a distinct squealing noise as she reached her climax.

Smith's post-orgasm clarity brought her attention to the mess she had made during her indulgence. The pig-like sound she had heard was easily put off as a hallucination during her moment of passion. Pulling up her pants and getting up from the couch, she started to pick up the remnants of her snack binge. Her movements were slowed down considerably by a tightness afflicting her clothing that she assumed was just post-meal bloating.

Several trips back and forth to the trash can was all it took to cover herself in a light layer of sweat. Wiping the stray drops from her chin, she could swear she felt something beginning to form beneath it. However, her attention turned to the surprisingly strong body odor that permeated her skin. On a whim, something possessed her to lift up her arm to take a whiff of the dark stain around her pit.

Any disgust Smith felt at the rancid odor was gradually changed into one of appreciation. Reciprocating the motion with her other armpit fed into a primal sense of desire in her brain. Swiveling her head back and forth to fully experience her musk, she barely noticed the way each sniff seemed to flatten out her nose to resemble that of a hog. With her new snout fully formed, it went to work enhancing her ability to inhale her stench mix with one of her farts.

Smith's indulgent sniffing was brought to an abrupt end by another growl from her bloated belly. Holding onto her belly, she tried to think of how she could still have room left in her stomach after her feast. The echoes of her hunger pangs became ever louder as her ears began to reshape and reposition. Migrating towards the top of her head, her ears disappeared underneath her mop of dirty blonde hair. Moments later, her ears re-emerged from her follicles with floppy tips and a shade of pink similar to the one spread across her gut.

The sudden appearance of her pig ears was ignored by Smith in favor of her trying to think of a new source of nourishment. Having raided the pantry for her usual snack food, her next target was obvious. Flinging open the fridge door, her eyes gleamed at the plethora of pre-made meals before her. In the back of her head she felt like she had forgotten something important about the horde of food. Her appetite did wonders for helping her forget it in favor of indulging in another feast.

Plopping her rear down in front of the fridge, she paid little mind to the way she felt her pants tear down the middle as she began to eat. Between bites of food, the sound of her chewing became interspersed with grunts and oinks to cover up some of her gassy expulsions. The various changes were hidden behind a plethora of wonderful flavors that graced her tongue. What she couldn't fully ignore was the way her clothing began to falter under the stress of the chub being layered onto her body.

Wolfing down a helping of spaghetti slipped her belly further out from beneath her shirt. A splatter of leftover sauce gave her an excuse to slide her fingers across her fat rolls in a vain attempt to clean herself up. Diving a pudgy finger into the depths of her belly button to retrieve a lost noodle, she turned her attention back to the fridge to sink her teeth into a platter of sandwiches.

Her top was finally torn apart as a serving of sausages popped her breasts right through the fabric. Pausing to yank a sausage from between her deepened cleavage allowed her fingers to press against her plump nipples. Putting her appetite on hold for a moment, she let her hands squeeze her fat teats to revel in the strange shivers of pleasure they sent throughout her body. A soft moan emanating from her lips was quickly muffled by a belch followed by another serving of food.

A series of farts erupting from her thickening rear helped to push away the shredded tatters of her pants. With nothing left in their way, her ass cheeks were free to spread out along the floor. The extra padding proved adequate in keeping her comfortable as she rummaged through the fridge for every last bit of edible food. Even as her backside grew to outsize those of the very orcs who made her like this, the only thing her mind could seem to focus on was filling her gullet.

By the end of her feast, Smith was left with an empty fridge and with only a pair of stretched out panties digging into her waist. To celebrate her gluttonous accomplishment, she let her fingers slide along her taut gut to force out a few post-meal belches. Re-tasting her meal through her breath helped her dive into a state of complete lethargy. Reaching back to yank off her last piece of clothing, she let out a loud squeal as the fabric snapped off. Flab still rippling

from the destruction of her underwear, she brushed her hand along her backside to rid herself of any remaining scraps of fabric.

Smith paused as her fingers touched something that wasn't supposed to be there. Straining her thick neck to look over her shoulder, she saw a curly tail covered in the same pink coloring that had reached inch of her chubby body. On a whim, she pulled on her new appendage and let it spring back. As the tail returned to its original position it acted like a switch to reignite her overactive libido. Panting from her rising lust did little to stop the sweat beading down her body. Once more surrounded by her fragrant musk, her eyes darted around for some relief. Fortunately for her, she found it in the form of a single piece of food that had somehow escaped her grasp.

Tightly holding onto the cucumber, Smith lifted up her belly and shoved the makeshift sex toy into her womanhood. Releasing a mix between a moan and a squeal, she continued to thrust the vegetable in and out. As she continued to stimulate herself, her body let loose with post-meal gas to envelop her in her own noxious fumes. Her free hand reached out to grope and squeeze every inch of her flesh she could touch. The added chub of her sudden weight gain was the perfect focal point to increase her pleasure as she sped up her penetrations. Her heaving breasts shook off the crumbs of her meal as she frantically squeezed into them. A plethora of guttural belches escaped her plump lips as her fingers sunk into her multiple belly rolls. Sliding her hand across the expanse of her butt cheeks, a single slap was enough to release a loud BRRRRAAAAPPPP from her anus. Her body near its limit, she gave the cucumber one last shove to bring her to orgasm and opened her lips. "OOOOOOIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNKKKKK!"

Slumping to the ground and letting the cucumber roll away, she took a moment to bask in her ecstasy. Slowly recovering from her lingering euphoria, she finally took notice of the various

changes to her body. Rather than be fearful or concerned for her piggish features, she was more interested than anything. Getting up off the floor, she shuffled her way over to her bedroom to take a good look at herself in the mirror. As her eyes scanned over her reflection, she went over the various legal paperwork that would occur once her superiors found out she had become a monster girl.

As she thought about the headaches that would ensue, her body helped her work through the mental pain with a reminder of her previous indulgences. Though she wanted to further feed her burgeoning hedonism, she had completely destroyed her food supplies and she doubted her own touch would be enough to satisfy her animalistic libido. Making her way back to the kitchen in the hopes of finding a morsel she may have missed drew her eyes to a message scrawled onto one of the boxes. It said, “enjoy the meal, darling-kun” in her own handwriting, reminding her of the food’s initial purpose. Stretching a smile across her chubby cheeks, she tossed the empty box away to prepare herself to head out of the house.

Just as Kimihito finished cleaning up the house and was preparing to make dinner, he heard a knock. Stopping to make sure his short black hair was in place and his apron was free of smudges, he hurried to answer the door. Considering the late time of evening, he had to assume it was one of the monster girls he was looking after. As he opened the door, he discovered that he had only been partially correct.

Kimihito gave a blank stare as he looked over Ms. Smith’s visage standing in the doorway. She had somehow squeezed her body into one of her larger suits in a desperate attempt to keep herself modest. Lacking a proper dress shirt, her blazer was left to take on the task of obscuring part of her bright pink, pudgy belly. Smith had miraculously been able to fasten two buttons across her chest, keeping her heaving bosom momentarily at bay. Ripped pantyhose

across her thick legs told the tale of her trying to accessorize with the mini-skirt that looked painted onto her chunky rear. As he pondered how the pair of heels attached to her feet managed to hold her weight, his train of thought was interrupted by the sight of her floppy pig ears and flat snout.

“Hello UUURRRP darling,” Smith said, inviting herself in by bumping him to the side with her rump. “Hope you don’t mind me OINK showing up without notice,” she continued, making herself at home by spraying a cloud of flatulence in the entryway.

A collection of more BRRRAAAPPPSSSS escaping her rear assaulted Kimihito’s senses with a most foul stench. Putting his apron up to his face helped him to survive most of the barrage. Hearing the last of the gas peter out, he wiped the tears from his eyes to glance back at Smith’s face. What he saw wasn’t a face of embarrassment, but one of complete bliss as she basked in her rancid aroma.

“Ms. *cough* Smith, what’s going on with you?” Kimihito asked, closing the door behind him to avoid anyone seeing her in her strange state.

“An unfortunate side effect of being such a BWOOOOORRRP hard worker,” she playfully replied. “Something to do with a serum created by orcs for SNORT something.” Her pudgy fingers went back and forth between scratching her chins and rubbing her belly. “Sorry, I’ve completely forgotten what they URRRP meant to do with it.” Raising up her palm, she brought it slamming down on her gut to release another burst of flatulence. “Not to mention I can’t think on an OINK empty stomach. Why don’t you whip up one of your BWOOOOORRRP tasty meals for me?”

“Is that really wise?” Kimihito asked, his voice muffled as he held his apron up to his mouth once more. “I think it might be better to get you to a hospital.”

“Nonsense,” Smith replied, a loud PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT parting from her rear worsening Kimihito’s logical concerns. “I know how well you SNORT take care of the girls here, so I’m sure you can do the same for me.” Tilting up her head, her snout sniffed the air for traces of the other monster girls only to inhale her own noxious fumes. “Where are they by the way?”

“They’re out of town,” he replied, becoming more worried with each strange sound that left Smith’s body. “You should know since you approved their visas.”

“Right, right,” she said, nodding her head as she let out a series of snorts. “Guess that leaves the place just to the UUUUURRRRP two of us, darling.”

Swaying her hips back and forth, Smith turned her attention towards the dining room. Even with the hallways widened out to make way for the larger bodies of Centorea and Rachnera, her backside still managed to slap against the wall at every step. It was obvious to Kimihito that she was doing it on purpose, although he couldn’t quite figure out why. His train of thought on the matter went off the rails as he heard the sound of something snap apart.

Trailing his gaze down Smith’s chunky legs brought him to stare at the remains of her shoes falling off of her feet. The fattening up of her feet to match the rest of her body was an obvious culprit. However, that would require him to overlook the cloven hooves that had taken the place of her toes. Watching with strange wonder as she waddled about on her morphed feet, he felt a shiver of strange feelings through his body. Chalking it up as just his mind being

plagued by the pig woman's gas, he decided to try to push away his urges the same way he always did.

Leaving Smith at the dining table with a plate of snacks, Kimihito got to work in the kitchen. Luckily for him a recent delivery had him well stocked up on various foods for the months to come. Unsure of where to start, he whipped up a small pot of stew with a mix of beef and veggies. Wiping his brow free of sweat from the steam, she stepped out into the dining room to see a hungry looking Smith and an empty snack platter.

“You know, it's not UUURRP polite to keep a lady OINK waiting,” she said, her speech becoming harder for Kimihito to understand. “I thought you were BWOOOORRRP better than this, darling-kun.”

“Sorry, but I can only cook so fast,” he replied, placing the pot on the table. “You just have to wait a little longer. I'll go grab a bowl and utensils from the kitchen. Then you should be able to chow down to your heart's-“

Kimihito was nearly bowled over as Smith lurched towards the stew. Lifting the pot to her mouth, she proceeded to pour her meal down her throat. Whether liquid or solid, it all passed by her lips without a second thought. Kimihito watched all of his hard work rapidly chug its way down her throat. After diving her head into the pot to lick up whatever drops were left, Smith let it roll across the table and clang against the ground. Leaning back in her seat relieved one of her buttons from its services, flinging it across the room and giving more space for her breasts to spread out. Slouching in her seat to massage her belly and release a boisterous belch, her eyes lazily drifted towards Kimihito.

“SNORT more,” she said, a bang of her fist against the table coinciding with a large rip down the back of her skirt. “I need BWOOOOOOORRRP more!”

Rather than argue with a woman twice his size, Kimihito hurried his way back into the kitchen. In an effort to appease the gluttonous beast, he began emptying out the fridge and pantry of anything he could grab. Working like a one man kitchen staff he ran back and forth in an attempt to satisfy her ravenous hunger. His hard work was made all the more difficult by the rising temperature in the house from a combination of Smith’s gas and his own exertion.

Kimihito couldn’t say for certain what kept him enduring through the sweat beading down his skin and the rancid smell that clung to his nostrils. It was obvious that his need to feed her was only worsening her condition. Each plate of food served to increase his guest’s weight and gas problems in exchange for adding new tears to her outfit. Something inside of him compelled him to keep on satisfying her every need, despite getting a close hand look as each mouthful of food further degraded her body. This strange desire extended to a rising set of urges that boggled his mind to even consider. Those feelings were brought to the forefront amidst one of his trips back to the dining room with a cart covered in platter of hamburger steaks.

Just like the rest of her meals, Smith managed to devour the morsels of meat like they were nothing. Each bite helped to increase her expanding weight far past her original size, making it all the more astounding parts of her suit were still staying on. Gravy dripping from her two chins slid past her thick neck to sink into the vast valley between her two breasts, the meaty globes no longer contained by her blazer’s buttons. A small chunk of meat managed to escape her mouth only to fall into one of the many folds making up her barrel-sized gut. Finishing off her last plate, Smith was more than content to fish out the meat chunk from her belly button to savor the taste one last time. Upon seeing Smith’s skirt be further destroyed by a combination of

her fat ass and powerful flatulence, Kimihito picked up the empty plates with the intention of bringing them to the kitchen for the arduous cleaning to follow.

Too preoccupied thinking of what food delivery service would be willing to fulfill an order fit for a herd of hogs, Kimihito came to a jarring halt as the cart was stopped by Smith's pudgy belly. Stopping himself from running headfirst into his stacks of plates, Kimihito looked across the ragged tatters of her suit to see a yearning glint in her eyes. "Is everything alright?" he asked as she walked around the cart. "If you're still hungry, I can grab some take out from--"

Kimihito's words became a muffled mess as Smith smothered his face between her breasts. Continuing to lean forward sent both of them plummeting to the ground. Still reeling from the impact and the sensation of Smith's fat enveloping his body, it took Kimihito a moment to realize that she was running her snout all across his body.

"Such a wonderful OINK scent," Smith said, inhaling his sweat-soaked body. "I hope you don't mind, but I can't URRP help myself."

Smith's sniffing session continued downwards until her face was right up against his feet. Grasping his shoes between her plump fingers, she yanked them off along with his socks to reveal his bare toes. Enraptured by the smell of the sweat clinging to the well-worn feet, Smith opened up her mouth wide and began to suck on his toes.

"Ms. Smith what are you--"

A loud BRRRRAAAAPPPPPP bursting forth from Smith's rear silenced Kimihito and shook off more of her ragged skirt. The noxious fumes were just as awful as ever, but it brought with it a strange sense of calm that fed into the urges that had been growing in the back of his mind over the course of her stay. His body shivered as he felt her tongue glide across the soles of

his feet. Panting from the unusual pleasure, Kimihito found himself becoming aroused with each lick of her thick tongue and each fart blasted into his face.

“Such a SNORT wonderful odor,” Smith commented as she pressed her chubby cheeks against his feet. “Your musk probably fermented from you working so hard to UUURRP satisfy my tummy. If that’s the case, then that must mean...”

Sitting herself up, Smith jostled about her tits to shake off the remnants of her blazer and further entrance her feeder. Turning around, she ensured Kimihito got a front row seat to watch her behemoth backside destroy the rest of her skirt with a prolonged PHHHHHHRRRTTTT. Releasing the outfit from its service allowed every inch of her pudgy, pink form to be put on display. Giving Kimihito ample opportunity to ogle her ass cheeks and suck down another cloud of flatulence, she turned herself around to gaze down at his body. Leaving him to gawk at her engorged breasts and belly, her fingers got to work undoing his zipper and pulling down his pants.

Upon his cock being revealed, they both marveled at the rigidity given to it by his foot bath. Pressing her weight down on his lower body, Smith put her snout right up against the shaft and took a deep whiff. Slowly dragging her nostrils across his manhood’s length inadvertently let a drop of pre-cum slide down her chubby cheek. Enraptured by his aroma, her head moved even lower to sniff away at his testicles. The smell emanating from his balls kept her between his legs for a while, making sure she was completely indulged by his fragrant musk. Unable to help herself, she opened up her mouth and swallowed up his balls to see if the flavor was just as powerful as its stench. Releasing his testicles with a loud pop, she gave his crotch one last, deep sniff before pulling away.

“Darling,” Smith said, lifting head up to look into his eyes, “I can’t OINK control myself anymore. You don’t mind if I BWOOOORRRP pay you back for all the hard work you’ve SNORT done for me, do you?”

Kimihito’s ability to think logically was hindered by the fumes seeping into his brain. Not helping matters was the pure feeling of bliss he felt as Smith continuously pressed her pillowy flab across his body. The sight of her ears and nose should have been enough to dissuade any further acts of debauchery. All it took to overcome his better senses was another belch parting from her lips to blow back her blonde strands and reveal her hungry eyes.

“G-go ahead,” Kimihito blurted out, no longer able to restrain himself.

Smith let out a chuckle as she prepared to swallow up his cock. With her lips mere inches from his tip, she pulled her head away. Leaning away from Kimihito, she sat her plump rear onto to floor to the sound of a reverberating fart. More than a little confused by the pig woman’s actions, Kimihito could only watch as one of her hooved feet reached out to grasp his shaft between her toes.

“Since I had a chance to UUURRRP get pleasure from your feet, I figured I should OINK return the favor.”

Squeezing his member between her hooves, Smith began to slowly move her plump foot up and down. Kimihito’s body shivered with each stroke of his cock, moans leaving his lips unabated. Seeing his reaction to the unusual foot job, Smith increased her efforts to see just how much she could make him squirm.

Kimihito was given a momentary reprieve as Smith pulled away her foot. He managed to get a few breaths in to revitalize himself, only for them to be forced out in a loud moan by the

sensation of his cock getting pressed between the soles of her trotters. Resuming her motions with even greater speed, Smith added her own excited squeals and belches to the atmosphere of indulgence. Her efforts came to a head as Kimihito released a load of his cum to splash across her hooves.

Wiping her feet clean with the palm of her hand, she proceeded to lick up the droplets of semen. Judging by the way she hummed with each pass of her tongue, Kimihito could tell that it was just as enjoyable, if not more, than the meals she had so hastily devoured. Upon cleaning off most of the mess on her feet, Smith once more crawled across his body. Shuffling herself around, she hoisted herself up to have her lower half loom above his head. Seeing the wetness dripping from her womanhood, Kimihito could take a guess at what was coming next.

Smith sent her backside slamming down on Kimihito's face with reckless abandon. Rather than move straight to the center of her needs, she instead maneuvered her plush backside to have his face sandwiched between her ass cheeks. "Would you mind URRRRP cleaning up down there a OINK bit? My bottom needs a little SNORT reprieve from the sweat."

Taking a few moments to understand what the pig girl meant, it took another helping of her flatulence to get him to comply. Opening up his mouth, he hesitantly let his tongue drag down her taint until it met her anus. Each lick brought with it another puff of gas to reward him for his efforts. He sunk his fingers into her ass cheeks to keep himself stable and satisfy his rising urges as he continued to pleasure her asshole. While his treatment was satisfactory, it only worsened her true needs.

Moving her hips side to side eventually led to Smith pressing her needy pussy up against his lips. Enraptured by the smell that overwhelmed his senses, he was more than willing to let his

tongue go to work on her labia and clit. Hearing a series of moans and squeal from above gave him a sense of how close he was to her various weak points.

Returning the favor for his continued efforts, Smith wrapped her plump lips around his rigid cock. Each slide of Kimihito's tongue across her womanhood was paid back with a drag of her hungry mouth up and down his shaft. Fully entrenched in her desires, Kimihito let his hands wander across her body to grasp at every bundle of fat he could reach. Moments before he was overwhelmed by the warm embrace of her lips, he gave a few more drags and sucks against her clit to get her to orgasm. Through the sheer force of her euphoric shivering, another bout of gas was the final push needed for Kimihito to give the greedy piggy a mouthful of his semen.

Only once she had sucked up every drop did Smith see fit to roll off of Kimihito's body. Letting her sweaty, fragrant flab lay next to her partner, she took her sweet time letting her snout inhale the leftover smell of their debauchery. Sitting up and scrunching up her belly rolls, she gazed across the flushed expression on his face and his rapid breathing. Her gaze wandered down to his nether region to see that her aphrodisiac-like musk had brought his member back to full erection in mere seconds.

Heaving her pudgy body up, she began to crawl towards him. She went a few laps around his form, making sure he had ample time to stare at her meaty breasts and plump rear jiggle with each step. Coming to a stop with her nether region pressing against his cock, she swiveled herself around to have her ass facing him. Rising up and squatting over his dick, she let her womanhood graze against his tip. Looking over her shoulder, she shot him a smirk to let him know what she intended to do. Far beyond the limits of the Interspecies Exchange Bill, Kimihito gave into his rising desires and nodded his head.

Smith came down hard on his member, sinking it as deep inside her body as it would go. The impact released a pungent cloud of flatulence to drown out the sound of the nearby empty food platters clanking against one another. Bodies shivering just from the act of insertion, the pair let their urges take hold.

Over and over Smith brought her hefty form slamming down on Kimihito's cock. It was only by his experience living with larger girls like Mia and Centorea was he able to withstand the assault. This left him to focus on the blissful feeling of her belly fat pooling over his thighs, the smell of the gas escaping her orifices with each thrust, and the sound of animalistic cries of ecstasy escaping her mouth.

Unsatisfied with being just a limp plank of meat, Kimihito attempted to add to Smith's pleasure by reaching out towards her body. His hands well trained from his time at the Black Lily Ranch, his fingers began to squeeze and massage her breasts as if they were full of milk. Whilst his touch did not bring forth a single drop of milk, the various squeals and moans that left her lips more than made up for it. Leaving her tits with a flick against her nipples, his hands moved further downward to slip between her fat rolls and momentarily dive into the depths of her belly button. Upon forcing a cacophony of belches from the pig woman, his palms returned to her backside to squeeze her ass cheeks as hard as he could. So enraptured with feeling up every pound of his partner, it was only through a loud PPPPPPPHHHHHHHHRRRTTTT sputtering out of her rear did he recall the unequitable pleasure of Smith's pussy.

Increasing her speed at a rapid pace, Smith let her butt cheeks bounce against his chest like a pair of beachballs in an attempt to reach her finish. In turn, her partner's hands went to work squeezing and groping every inch of her flesh to fully worship her sloppy form. Putting her

full weight into one more slam, she let out a loud OOOIIIIINNNNNK as a load of Kimihito's seed filling up her womanhood brought her to an unrivaled level of pleasure.

Slouching forward, Smith took deep breaths to recover from their encounter. Licking her lips and letting out a collection of post-orgasm farts, she swiveled herself around to look down at her lover. Judging by the way he was barely able to move, she figured she had almost completely drained him of his stamina. However, that was of little concern to her hedonism-obsessed mind. Feeling even the slightest rigidity in his member, she began to prepare herself for another session of rough fucking.

Just as she pushed her labia up against his manhood, Smith felt a series of pricks along her back. Reaching over her shoulder, she pulled out a handful of long darts. In her euphoric haze, she tried to recall where she had seen them before. The sensation of her strength draining from her body came with the realization that she had been struck by tranquilizer darts. Collapsing her heaving form on top of Kimihito's body, her darkening vision managed to catch the sight of four, familiar figures running towards her before she went unconscious.

Unable to fully understand what had been said over the phone, the various girls that called Kimihito's place home rushed to see what had happened to him. The first to arrive was Centorea, her horse-like lower half letting her arrive moments before Papi's feathery wings carried the harpy to the front door. Mia slithered up next to the others, her tail stopped from slamming down the door by a quick thread drawn from Rachnera's abdomen. Coming up last, Mero's excitement for the tragic tale of love she was about to witness in-person couldn't be hidden by the flicking of her tail fin and the smile on the face. Pushing Mero's wheelchair up to the front, Suu managed to wave one of her slimy tendrils towards the other girls moments before the door opened up to reveal a strange, but recognizable face.

“Hello OINK there,” Smith said, a follow-up snort shaking off some of the crumbs clinging to her snout. “I know I have a lot to UURRP explain,” she continued as her pudgy fingers struggled to adjust the rope keeping a robe covered in cartoon pig faces around her body. “Let’s head inside and I’ll go over the BWOORRRP details.”

Left to gawk at her cloven feet, chunky rear, and the curly tail peeking out of the hole in her robe, the girls took a moment to follow her lead. Their curiosity was punished as Smith thoughtlessly let loose a fart with a loud BRRRAAAAPPPPPPP. Used to sucking up foul substances, Suu merely watched as the other girls covered their noses and tried to remove the toxic air from their bodies. Only once Smith had walked a fair distance away and the smell had dissipated did Mia close the door. Through the remnants of Smith’s flatulence, they picked up a lingering smell of unmistakable debauchery. Reminded of the report, the girls kept their eyes peeled for Kimihito. They finally found him as Smith led them into the living room, seeing him wearing an apron covered in a variety of food stains and preparing mugs of coffee as if everything was normal.

“Darling what-“

Miia was stopped by the bulky arm of Tio. “Sorry,” the ogre replied with a heartfelt expression, “but it may be best for you all to wait in the hallway until we’ve finished discussing things.

“Yeah, wouldn’t want you tearing him up worse than me,” Zombina cheekily added from the comfort of the reclining chair.

“I would never hurt my master,” Centorea proclaimed. “Even if he has broken the taboo between humans and extra-species.”

“Yes, we will forgive him,” Mero added. “The thought of him falling into the arms of depraved lust while we’re far from home is just so tragic yet romantic.” She clasped her hands together in a weak attempt to hide her own feelings of desire.

“I wouldn’t call our little piggy a stranger,” Doppel replied as she sipped at her coffee. “Especially after everything she did with lover boy here. You want to tell them Manako?”

The cyclops’s face turned bright red at the mere thought of regaling what she had seen in the report.

“We can skip over the SNORT extra details for now,” Smith said, sipping away at her mug of coffee as she sunk her body into the impression in the couch. “To oversimplify a bunch of UURRRP complicated legal problems, I was turned into a pig woman and then proceeded to take care of my OINK urges for food and sex using darling here.”

“And that makes it okay?” Miia asked.

“Things have settled down in my BWOOOORRRP body,” Smith answered. “The rush of transforming so quickly and the UUURRP musk-like gas that permeated my SNORT body made it hard to say that everything we did was of our own OINK volition.”

“That can’t be true,” Centorea said, looking towards Kimihito. “Did you really do those...things?”

“Yes,” he replied, cautiously standing behind Zombina for his own safety. “Considering the circumstances, the government decided to look over the incident.”

“I don’t know how you can look over one of their employees becoming a slobby pig,” Rachnera commented.

“Such a big gassy pig too!” Papi chirped, slipping past the others to begin poking Smith’s exposed belly button.

“Honestly it’s not much different from the way she was before,” Zombina remarked, bothering Ms. Smith much more than the sensation of Suu and Papi playing with her belly fat.

“Yeah, her house was already a complete pig sty,” Doppel added. “I’m surprised you don’t just stay there rather than move into this place.”

“What!?” Mia asked, the sentiment shared with the other girls that lived in the house.

“That’s OINK correct,” Smith answered, moving Suu and Papi aside as she pulled Kimihito into a hug. “Since I’m technically a BWOOOOORRRRPP monster girl like you all now, I’ll be staying at this abode. You don’t mind, do you SNORT darling?”

While Kimihito’s response was muffled by his face being pressed up against Smith’s breasts, the answer was pretty clear.

“Guess I’m throwing my hat into the UURRP ring,” Smith said with a smirk. “Although I should SNORT warn you, I think I’ve already gotten quite the OINK lead,” she added, brushing her fingers through his hair.

“This is completely absurd!” Centorea remarked.

“Yes, he’s my darling!” Mia added.

“While I do find it attractive to have yet another to steal my love away…” Mero began, only to devolve into unintelligible muttering.

“I don’t think it’s too big of a deal. Besides,” Rachnera began as she held up a series of webs between her fingers, “could be interesting to see what she looks like all tied up.”

“Papi thinks she’ll be fun!” Papi said, having moved on to pushing her feathered wings into Smith’s backside. “She’s so soft. I bet she’s really good for napping. Isn’t that right Suu?”

Before the slime could respond, the room grew silent under the sound of an unruly groan emanating from the pig woman’s belly. While the members of M.O.N. were quick to affix gas masks to their faces, the other girls weren’t so lucky. A prolonged PPPHHHHHHRRRRTTTTTT echoing from Smith’s rear was more than enough to empty out the room of most of Kimihito’s suitors. With Suu the only one left, she gazed in wonder as she watched Smith further push Kimihito into her flab to get a good whiff of his newest house guest.