

The Swine Princess

There once was a kingdom ruled by a very generous king. Under his rule, the kingdom flourished and his people were happy. He treated every noble and peasant with respect and dignity, in return, everyone throughout the land spoke of his generosity and kindness. Unfortunately, the same could not be said for his daughter.

Princess Cornelia was a sight to behold. Long blonde hair, beautiful blue eyes, thin body, and fair skin, dressed in the most regal clothes. However, this beauty was all a façade to cover up her terrible personality. She was a selfish princess, totally self-absorbed and hateful towards anything she deemed unworthy of her. The servants were always afraid of her, knowing the smallest misstep would mean a night spent in the dungeon or worse.

The king tried his best to change her attitude, but it was all for naught. Thankfully, her selfishness made it easier to keep her away from the public eye. She wanted nothing to do with people she thought were beneath her. It became a daily task of spreading rumors about how kind and caring she was. He only had to worry when a public meeting was necessary.

Then came the day of a royal parade, an event to spread good will throughout the kingdom. The king and queen at the front greeted knight and commoner alike with courtesy. However, Cornelia just smiled and waved, not wanting to step a foot out of her carriage and associate with commoners.

Everything was going as planned until an old woman from the crowd tripped and fell in front of the princess's carriage. The horses stopped in their tracks, sending Cornelia headlong into the front of the carriage. Rubbing her sore head, and absolutely fuming, Cornelia abandoned her act and stormed outside of the carriage.

“Who dares gets in the way of the royal princess?” Cornelia exclaimed, vengeance in her eyes.

The old woman trembled in the arms of the guards who helped her up. Neither she, nor the guards knew what would come next.

“You will pay for this dearly. Guards, take her to the dungeon and never let her see the light of day again!” The guards looked at one another and then back at the princess’s face. It was clear that either the woman would go to the dungeon or them.

“So it was a lie,” the old woman said, the guards regretfully dragging her away. “You are no princess. You’re a selfish pig that doesn’t care about anyone, except herself. If that’s the way you want to act, then maybe that is what you should be.”

In a poof of smoke the woman disappeared from the guards grasp only to reappear behind Cornelia. Before the princess could react, the old woman grabbed a lock of her hair and held it up in the air. “Gip, gip, eniws, eniws, lit yhtapme si denrael.” The princess was hit with a bolt of light from the woman’s hand, sending her tumbling into the mud unconscious.

The princess awoke in her bed, dressed in her night gown, with the sun hanging low outside of her window. She called for her servants to tell her what had happened. A trembling maid entered the room, terrified that she had to be the one to tell Cornelia.

“We suspect that the old woman is a witch,” the maid said, standing a good distance away from the princess. “She must have cast some sort of spell on you, but we don’t know its effects yet. There’s no trace of her anywhere.”

Enraged, Cornelia threw off her blankets and got out of bed. “I want this witch found and sent to the gallows! I don’t care how long or how many men it takes!” Cornelia sat back down on the bed, feeling unusually, tired from just standing up. The maid turned around to carry out her orders, when Cornelia’s stomach growled. “And bring me some food. All this stress has made me hungry.”

The maid was quick to return with Cornelia’s late dinner, a bit of bread, a half portion of roasted quail, and a red apple. She was practically starving, but kept her manners as her maid left the room. Her cuts were small and precise, cutting into the quail meat like it was a delicate flower. She raised the small morsel of meat up to her mouth and took a bite. She had to admit, the cooks had done better than usual.

Immediately, she started cutting into the meager meal again. As she made her slow cut, her stomach constantly growled as her hunger grew, making her more and more frustrated at how long it was taking. Cornelia dropped her utensils and grabbed the meat with her hands, tearing a large chunk of meat out with her teeth. The delicious food once again filled her mouth with delicious juices, a small stream of it running down the side of her cheek. As soon as the meat went down her throat, she chewed off another chunk like a beast.

Cleaning the bones off the quail and eating the last bites of her bread and apple, Cornelia laid back in her bed content with her meal. She had never eaten food that fast and was surprised when she had to stifle a burp with her hand. Usually a meal like this would have been enough to sustain her, however she still felt like she hadn’t eaten in days.

The princess once again called for her maid who immediately came in and started cleaning up the plate. Cornelia commanded the maid to bring her some cake. The maid had

served Cornelia for a long time, and was surprised that the usually small appetited princess would ask for desert. Even more surprised, when she asked for such a large portion.

Cornelia waited in her room for what felt like forever, growing more and more ravenous. Even though her stomach growled with hunger, it didn't stop the meager amount of food from producing gas. The princess was continuously trying to stifle burps, and blushed as a bit of gas squeaked out of her butt.

Finally the maid returned wheeling in a chocolate cake with a serving knife. She asked the princess how big of a piece she wanted, only to have Cornelia grab the entire cake platter and put it on her lap. "You may leave mai-URRP." Cornelia covered her mouth and tried to pretend that nothing had happened. Wisely, the maid left without saying a word.

Cornelia dug into the chocolate cake, disregarding the serving knife the maid had left. Chunks of cake were picked up by the handful, shoved into her mouth at an ever increasing pace. Her delicate nightgown became stained with the frosting, as crumbs began to find their way into unfamiliar places. Cornelia gulped down the last of the cake and licked her fingers clean, wiping the remains on the only clean parts of her gown.

With a burp and a yawn, Cornelia put the empty platter aside and settled into bed. Blowing out the candle, she laid her head on her pillow and began to mindlessly rub her stomach. It had become a bit bigger from her small feast, although she could probably get rid of it easily enough. However, that didn't stop it from bringing up a couple of unpleasant belches as she rubbed her belly. She opened her mouth to release pent up gas and made a sound that sounded like an oink. Cornelia stopped her rubbing, unsure if the sound came had really from

her. Thinking she was just tired, she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep, unaware of the transformation her body was undergoing.

Princess Cornelia awoke the next morning, groggy, starving, and unusually gassy. The supper from the previous night had turned her digestive system foul. Cornelia stretched her arms and yawned, letting loose a loud fart. Her eyes darted across the room, hoping no one was around to have heard, or smell what she just did. Thankfully, she was alone.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Cornelia swung her legs over the side of her bed, only to be met with her taut, round belly. It had not receded from the previous night's binge, and she could feel the beginning of fat folds starting to form. There was a strange discomfort coming from her lower backside, like something was trying to push through her gown. Feeling around with her hand, she felt a small lump right above her butt. Walking over to her mirror, Cornelia turned around and lifted up her gown to see a pink, springy tail right above her butt crack.

Cornelia shrieked in terror, alerting everyone in the castle to her discovery. It didn't take long for people to come running to find the princess in tears. The king pushed the servants and curious faces out of the way to see his daughter, just as scared and confused as she was.

The main staff was sent away as the king's scholars began looking for a cause. The whole time, Cornelia sat on her bed still in a state of fear. She mindlessly ate her breakfast, a special request of double her usual amount. Her fear didn't help with her modesty. The only thing that stopped her stuffing was pausing to belch, and her flatulence became louder and smellier as time passed.

By the time she finished her breakfast, the king had an answer. The witch had cast a spell on the princess that would gradually turn her into a pig-like beast. Unfortunately, the scholars did not know how to reverse the effects. Outraged, the king commanded his knights to search the kingdom for the witch. He would either have a cure, or her head.

The king decided to keep Cornelia's ailment a secret. The royal family still needed to keep up appearances and he didn't want the princess to suffer the mockery of the kingdom. The princess was confined to her room, while the various servants were ordered to remain quiet, or be sent to the dungeons for the rest of their days.

Stuck in her room, Cornelia ordered food to comfort her uneasy mind and growling belly. The kitchens were busy day and night keeping the princess fed with various meats, fruits, sweets, and anything else that could fill her endless hunger. Cornelia would eat it all, not once asking for utensils or anything to clean up the mess. Despite this, her hunger never seemed to stop.

By the third day, the staff were running back forth from the kitchen to her bedroom. The princess sat on her bed, still in the same night gown, albeit covered in a mess of previous meals and starting to burst at the seams. As the princess began chewing on a chicken leg, she caught a glimpse of herself in her mirror. Her skin had begun to take on a pinkish hue, and her fingers were beginning to look like sausages. Stripping the leg to the bone, Cornelia grabbed for a blueberry pie and began chewing, letting bits of crumbs and berries sink deep into her expanded cleavage. To much the staff's chagrin, the princess's next course was a pot full of beans, sure to wreak more havoc on her digestion. Already her boisterous bottom was stretching out her delicates, which had become stained from her continued lack of hygiene. Not that anyone would volunteer to try and clean her.

As the sun began to set and Cornelia was halfway through a bowl of chocolate pudding, something began to stir in her womanhood. She had already given up a sense of decency, no longer stopping the constant belching and farting as the servants went about their business. However, she still had the need to send them away for a bit of privacy. They were happy to oblige, wanting more than anything to be far away from the princess's foul smell.

With the last of the servants out the door, Cornelia put the half-full bowl on her night stand, waddled off of her bed, and began searching through her drawers. She rummaged through her undergarments, remarking at how they would probably no longer fit, hoping that no one had moved her treasure over the course of her ailment. With a grin, she found what she was looking for. It was a rounded, conical piece of smooth metal, crafted, special order, by a blacksmith on the edge of town that was sworn to secrecy.

With a sense of excitement and a belch, Cornelia hurried back to her bed. Laying back and getting comfortable, the princess reached underneath her gown and tried removing her underwear only to be met with a snap as the thin piece of fabric popped off. Cornelia was relieved to finally get rid of the pressure, her ass fat flowing freely and jiggling from the sudden snap.

Cornelia was about to plunge the rod deep inside her, when she remembered the pudding and got an idea. She dipped the metal rod in the pudding and gave it a little lick, lubricating the tool and letting the taste sink in. Cornelia grabbed the bowl with her free hand and rested it on her belly, dipping her hand inside, and licking it clean. Covering her face in pudding, she began to lower the rod into her wet vagina, hearing the squish of her own juices mix with the chocolate. Moving the rod back and forth at a gentle pace, paying close attention to her clit, she began to get closer and closer to her climax. Faster and faster the metal rod plunged into her pussy.

Cornelia tried to make it last as long as possible, but with a loud moan and a squeal, she reached her breaking point, letting her juices spring out and a massive fart released from her ass.

Letting the rod fall out of her hand, Cornelia was sweating like a pig. The princess picked up the pudding bowl and licked it clean, not that there was much left as the pudding had spilled all over her body. Finding her toy, she licked the remainder of the pudding off of it and set it aside for later. Still in ecstasy, she gently massaged her bulbous belly, trying to calm down. Looking at the mirror she was shocked by what she saw. In the midst of her ecstasy, she had failed to notice that the spell had made more changes to her body. Her normal, human ears were gone, replaced with two floppy pink ears that poked through her now chocolate brown hair. What little skin she could see through the mess, was now a bright pink. For the finishing touch, in the center of her face, still covered in sweat and chocolate, was a flat pig snout, sniffing away at the scent of her pleasure.

The loud moans and squeals alerted everyone in the castle, including the king who came charging through her bedroom door to see the commotion. Immediately, he covered his face with his cloak, unable to breathe the revolting air. His daughter's form horrified him even more than it did her. He ordered the servants to clean her, but not one of them could stand being in the same room as her, let alone, touch her even under threat of imprisonment.

Cornelia began to see fewer and fewer visitors as the days went by. Although, her presence could be smelled and heard throughout the castle. Food would be delivered through a slot in her door, keeping her voracious eating at bay. As she ate, she snorted with her pig snout, tears running down her face, as she stuffed it with more food. She desperately wanted this to end. To go back to being her once beautiful self. All she could do oink, eat, belch, and fart, growing larger and larger by the day.

A month passed, and the entire castle began to smell like her, not to mention the staff could no longer ignore her ‘private time’ which usually echoed through the halls with moans and squeals. If it kept up, it would no longer be possible to keep her a secret. The king had no choice, he had to move the princess somewhere else.

The arrangements were made in the time span of a week. A group of servants, using soaked rags to keep themselves from passing lifted up Cornelia and brought her down into the depths of the dungeons. In the center of the dungeon, lit up by torches, was a bed big enough for Cornelia and more. She had already outgrown her gown five times over and broken her king sized bed. Cornelia was placed on the large mattress, devoid of clothing, as the tailors had given up making anything that could cover her in any form of modesty. The servants left the dungeon, relieved to finally be rid of her. The king was the last to leave.

“Father-oink-please!” Cornelia called out, tears in her eyes.

“I’m sorry my daughter,” the king replied, through a cloth and his back turned to her, “this is the only thing we can do for now. Sleep for now, and I promise I’ll find some way to fix this.”

The door was shut and locked, trapping her inside, with only her bed and a few platters of food to get her through the night. Cornelia raised a pudgy hand to her eyes and wipe the tears from her eyes. The only thing she could do was reach for the nearest piece of food and start chewing, a loud PHHHHHRRRT, echoing throughout the chamber. For the first time in a while, she left her meal half-finished, and with a last belch and a prayer for things to get better, she fell asleep.

Cornelia was awakened by the sound of someone knocking at the chamber door. She shook of the remainder of her last meal and let out the pent up gas from the previous night. “Come-URRP in,” she said before grabbing a piece of bread and shoving it in her mouth.

With a loud creak, the dungeon door cracked open revealing a young man in patchwork clothes, with short brown hair and brown eyes. “Hello my princess,” he said bowing before Cornelia. “My name is Metrin. I am here to serve you,” the man said, feebly, slowly walking towards the princess.

The princess swallowed the rest of her meal whole. “You? Help me? Good luck, everyone is too disgusted to get-oink- anywhere near me.” Cornelia turned her face away as a particularly smelly, fart came wafting out of her ass.

Metrin walked right up to Cornelia’s backside, showing no revulsion to her gas. “It doesn’t bother me, milady. My family has run a pig farm generations, so I’m used to the smell.” The peasant put a hand on one of Cornelia’s many fat rolls. It had been awhile since anyone had touched her. A shiver went down her spine, and her entire body seemed to shake.

Coming back to her senses, she shifted her body away from Metrin’s touch. “You will only touch me when I tell you-oink-to. Understand?”

“Yes milady,” Metrin said, bowing his head and taking a few steps backwards.

“Good. Now-snort- bring me something to eat. I’m star-URRRP-ving.”

Metrin took up the difficult task of keeping Cornelia’s enormous appetite at bay. Food would be wheeled outside the door of the dungeon, and he would be the one to run back and

forth to bring it to her. Cornelia would grab the food from his arms and start eating, washing it down with a jug that Metrin constantly filled.

Heaving an entire turkey onto Cornelia's stomach for her to devour, Metrin took a seat on a nearby stool to rest. He watched as Cornelia continued to feast, the greasy meat sticking to her fingers and bits falling onto her incredibly messy body. With a grunt and a snort, Cornelia farted, a sense of relief washing over her face as she resumed eating. The princess reached for her jug and drank deeply, letting a small trickle drip down her chins and into her cleavage. Metrin's eyes were fixated on every motion of her large body, whether it was disgust or some strange fixation he couldn't say.

"What are you staring at?" Cornelia accused, punctuating with a burp from her grease dripping face.

"N-nothing my princess," Metrin stammered, averting his gaze.

Weeks went by as Metrin continued to serve the ever growing princess. In between the staff delivering more food, the pair eventually began to talk to one another. Metrin told the princess of his life on the farm and the hardships his father faced so that his family would survive. Cornelia told him about her life in the castle. How as an only child, she was always lonely and she barely got to see outside the castle walls due to her overprotective father. The two actually began to get along with one another.

Three months had passed since the witch had cast her curse on the princess and its effects were still quite apparent. Cornelia had grown enormous, her expansive body taking up three full-sized beds at once with little room to spare. Creaks and moans could be heard from the beds at even the slightest movement. Her thighs were thicker than the kingdom's largest tree trunks,

although it was doubtful that they could support her gigantic ass. Her belly had taken the bulk of the weight spreading far past her legs and hanging off the side of her bed. Resting on top, her breasts were about as large as her first bed, with enough food caught in side of the cleavage to supply the princess with something to snack on while she waited for her next meal.

Kneeling on the princess's chest was Metrin, feeding her usual meal of beef, taking the full force of a belch as he dropped a morsel into her mouth. "I take it that the food is to your liking?" Metrin asked, placing the empty plate off to the side.

"Of BUUURRRPPP course," she replied.

"Glad to hear."

Metrin began to climb down from Cornelia's body, his hand grabbing her fat as he went. Each pinch, sent a strange sensation through Cornelia's body, which she tried her best to conceal. Sliding off the front of her belly he noticed that his own clothes had become stained with grease. "Milady," he began trying to wipe the mess from his shirt, "do you think I could try to wash you today? I know that you've said that it's pointless, but it would make it easier to climb up to bring your food."

Regaining her composure she considered her proposal. "Well if you say that it will help, I don't see why not."

Metrin grabbed a nearby bucket and began filling it with soapy water. It was a rare occasion that he got a chance to actually use them on her. With a full bucket and rag in hand, Metrin prepared to make his ascent.

“Stop,” Cornelia said, holding up a chubby hand, “I wouldn’t want you to ruin your clothes even more. You should take them off.”

Metrin’s face became bright red. “M-milady, you can’t be serious. I-I couldn’t...”

“It’s fine Metrin. You’ve seen me like this for long enough so it’s only fair you do the same. Now please, before I change my mind.”

“I-if you insist.”

Metrin began to strip, Cornelia’s eyes watching him the entire time. For a mere peasant, his field work had given him an attractive body, with his nice sized manhood hanging between his legs. With his clothes removed, he once again reached for the bucket and rag and began climbing. Cornelia shuddered as his naked body slid across her belly. Making his way up to her chest he rested the bucket on her breasts and began to clean. The princess bit her lip as Metrin dug deep into her cleavage, the cold water sending shivers through her body. He remained there for a good hour scrubbing her breasts, digging out old food and grease. Satisfied with his work, he began climbing upwards only for Cornelia to grab his hand.

“Metrin,” Cornelia whispered. She lifted Metrin up to her face and stared into his eyes. The two gazed at one another for what felt like an eternity before Cornelia made the first move. Closing her eyes and puckering her lips, she waited for him to take the next step. She waited in anticipation, afraid that she would be rejected by the only person who seemed to still care about her. When his lips met hers, she was in pure bliss with a taste better than anything she had eaten before. Their tongues intertwined, as Cornelia held Metrin close in her arms and kissed deeply. Eventually they parted, both of them needing a chance to catch their breath.

“That was wonderful,” Cornelia said, breathing heavily.

Metrin sat down on Cornelia's chest to try and catch his breath. The kiss had made the both of them hot and sweaty. Cornelia's skin glistened in the glow of the torch light. The pair might have parted, but she still felt something stirring in her loins. When she had been brought into the dungeon, they left all of her possessions in her room, including her little metal tool. As time had passed she had become more and more sexually frustrated, unable to find release. On multiple occasions, she tried to pleasure herself with her fingers, only to be blocked by her stomach.

"Metrin." Cornelia cleared her throat and summoned her courage. "I want you to pleasure me."

"R-really milady?"

"Yes, and please call me Cornelia."

"Anything you say, Cornelia."

Metrin dropped off the front of Cornelia's stomach, and proceeded to try and lift her fat over his head. It was a strenuous effort, made even more difficult the odor of her nether regions. Every motion of her underbelly, pushed her digestion system around, releasing gas the further and further Metrin went. Finally he found it, chubby, thick with dark brown hair, and already dripping wet. Releasing the fat from his grip and letting her belly rest on his back, he put his face in front of her womanhood and began.

He started with a long, broad lick, touching every lip and fold of Cornelia. He made a little circle around her clit, causing her to moan and fart from the surprise. Metrin narrowed his tongue, going back and forth against her vagina, drawing circles inside of the thick flaps. Metrin buried his face deeper inside of her, licking up her juices and bringing her closer and closer to

the edge. Cornelia bit a chubby finger, trying her best to keep in her moans and oinks. However, the excitement couldn't stop her ass from releasing a constant barrage of farts, with each and every stroke of Metrin's tongue. Harder and harder Metrin licked, keeping his main focus on her clit, Cornelia started to shake as pleasure welled up inside of her. With a final push, Cornelia climaxed with a loud squeal, her whole body shaking in ecstasy.

Metrin crawled out from underneath her and climbed up onto her chest, planting a small kiss on her cheek. "Did you enjoy that my princess?" he asked, with a smile on his face and her juices still dripping from his chin.

Cornelia returned the favor, and kissed him on the forehead. "Yes, that was wonderful. Thank you my love." Exhausted, the two of them drifted off to sleep, with Metrin cradled in Cornelia's arms.

Metrin left a few hours later after cleaning up the mess they had made. They didn't want anyone to know of their relationship. Cornelia promised that next time, she would return the favor, no matter how much Metrin tried to decline. With a final kiss on her lips, Metrin left for the evening, promising to return the next day. Just as Cornelia was about to go back to sleep, she noticed that someone else was in the room.

"Show yourself oink!" Cornelia shouted trying her best to sound intimidating, despite her pig noises. No one appeared. Squinting her face, and releasing her bowels, she let loose a massive, stinky, fart that echoed throughout the dungeon. As it spread throughout the chamber a shadow seemed to move on its own, to try and cover its nonexistent nose.

"Who are you?"

“When I gave you the curse I thought it would be bad, but not this bad.” The shadow moved forward into the light, and revealed itself to be the same crone from the parade.

“Seriously,” she said holding her nose, “what have they been feeding you?”

“You have a lot of nerve coming back here! Give me one good reason not to call the guards right now.”

“Now, now, don’t do that.” The witch nonchalantly walked around the room, trying to find some fresh air “If you take me away, then how am I going to undo your curse?”

“Really?” Cornelia asked, her expression changing almost immediately.

“Yes,” the witch said, releasing her nose as the smell finally dissipated. “I saw how you and the peasant behave around each other. It’s clear that you care for him, just as much as he cares for you. I think you have learned your lesson.” With a snap of her fingers, another shot of light came from the witch’s hands hitting Cornelia in the face and putting her to sleep.

Cornelia awoke the next day and looked to see that she was still in the dungeon, enormous body and all. More depressed, than angry, she raised a hand to her face to wipe away her sleepiness to feel something she hadn’t felt in a while: her nose. Overjoyed, she felt the top of her head to discover that her ears had once again human and she could no longer feel the spring tail on her lower back. She was on her way back to her old life.

It took a few days for the spell to completely wear off and even then, the princess was still overweight and her hair remained a dark brunette. At the very least, she was once again mobile, and her gait had become a bit more manageable. The king was overjoyed to have his normal daughter back, albeit a bit larger than usual. The servants were also happy to find that she had

become more generous and kind seemingly overnight, treating them with dignity and no longer threatening them.

When the time seemed right, Cornelia announced to her father that she was to wed Metrin. The king was shocked at first, and it took a few evenings of arguments, but eventually he let it pass. At the coronation, Cornelia was crowned sitting on her throne meant to fit five men at a feast larger than the kingdom had ever seen. On her left, sat her husband Metrin, happy to be alongside his beloved. The servants made their rounds, offering the new queen a suckling pig. With a look of disgust, she shooed it away, instead picking up a turkey leg and stripping it to the bone in one bite. She paused to raise her glass for a toast, “Long live the queen!”