

Fire Emblem: Slob Swinestones

Amongst the Shepherds, it was well known that Tharja routinely disappeared to her quarters to partake in a variety of experiments. The group was also aware that it was unwise to approach her without warning for fear of being on the receiving end of one of her hexes. Even her beloved Robin tended to use his tactician skills to find a safe place to hide while she was at work. However, that didn't explain why two of the Shepherd's best Pegasus Knights were making their way towards the dreaded sorceress's door.

It had taken quite a bit of convincing from her husband, Chrom, but Sumia was trying her best to fight against her innate instinct to run the other way. Despite not going to an actual battle, she had still chosen to adorn herself in her armor for protection. Claspings her gauntleted hands together, she let her nervous shivers show through in her long, grey locks and the wing-shaped hairclip on top of her head.

Just as Sumia felt like her fear was about to get the better of her, she was comforted by a metal hand claspings onto her shoulder. Looking behind her, she saw the long, red hair and stern look of Cordelia. A fellow Pegasus Knight, Cordelia had also found it wise to adorn herself in armor for the upcoming ordeal under her husband's advisement. Finding comfort in the wing clips flanking both sides of her comrade's head, Sumia gave an affirmative nod and made her way over to the door.

One anxiety-filled series of knocks later, Sumia and Cordelia heard rapid footsteps coming from inside the room. The door flung open to reveal the black and grey spellcaster outfit of Tharja. The various mystical elements of the gold colors spread throughout her clothes and adorning her black hair did little to take away from the perpetual look of exhaustion and disdain

in her eyes. In spite of her usual demeanor, she stepped to the side and gestured for the knights to enter.

“Hurry up,” Tharja said as Sumia and Cordelia entered her quarters. As soon as the pair cleared the entrance, she quickly closed up the door and locked it up.

While Tharja was busy securing the entrance, the Pegasus Knights were free to look around the spellcaster’s chamber. There were of course the disheveled stacks of books and bubbling bottles of mystery potions. What stood out from the chaotic mess was a trio of pink orbs sitting in the middle of the room. Getting closer, they noticed how similarly the objects resembled the beaststones that were utilized by Panne to transform into a giant, fearsome rabbit. However, they couldn’t ignore the strange aura they felt emanating from the orbs, nor the fragrant odor wafting off of them.

“Tharja, what are these?” Sumia asked, shuddering at the feeling of something watching her from within the orbs.

“I’ve been looking into recreating the effects of beaststones,” Tharja replied, shuffling over to a series of notes on her desk. “In the event of another battle, these would be crucial to securing a victory for my beloved.”

“But the war is over,” Cordelia pointed out.

“That doesn’t mean that our peace will last forever,” Tharja replied, purposefully avoiding eye contact as she spoke. “I needed some test subjects to try them out and you were best suited for the task.”

“Do you really mean that?” Sumia inquired with her hand on her chest.

“Yes,” Tharja replied, walking towards the orbs with a tome clutched in her hands. “You both have innate magical skills, and you didn’t turn down my invitation.”

“Were we the only ones?” Cordelia asked.

“That’s not important,” Tharja replied, flipping open the pages. “Just stand still while I activate the swinestones.”

“Wait, what did you call them?”

Sumia’s question was left unanswered as Tharja began to frantically cast a spell. Under the influence of the spellcaster’s magic, the trio of orbs hoisted themselves into the air. Sparks of pink energy cascaded between the stones as figures began to take shape on their surfaces. All at once, the women noticed the image of a hog with a singular eye appear on the stones. This was shortly before the orbs separated and flew towards their chests.

The pink light that had permeated the room disappeared as Sumia, Cordelia, and Tharja collapsed to the ground. Lifting themselves up, they looked through the even messier room to see that the stones had completely vanished. At a loss as to where the orbs went, they collectively turned their attentions towards the warm sensations emanating from their chests.

Their focus drew away from heat coming from their chests to address the discomfort in their mid-sections. The cause was made clear as each of them probed at the chubby potbellies they had gained. Pulling away their clothes revealed that the skin around their belly buttons had turned into a familiar shade of pink. While the others tried to remain calm to try and get ahold of the situation, Sumia couldn’t help letting out a panicked squeak that devolved into a well-defined squeal.

“Sumia,” Chrom called out as he entered the bedroom.

Looking around, the blue haired king couldn't see a single sign of his wife. Thinking that he might have been mistaken, he turned to leave and continue his search. That was until he spotted something shaking inside of the armoire. While the idea of an intruder in his personal quarters should have been a sign for him to grab his sword, he merely shook his head and reached for the handle.

"Please no," Sumia squeaked before the door could be opened.

"You don't have to worry," Chrom replied. "It's just me."

"That makes it even UUUURRP worse," Sumia belched out, the words coming with an unpleasant odor. "I don't want you to see me like this."

Chrom shook his head, well aware of how his wife usually behaved. "I already heard about what happened with Tharja. She's hard at work on creating a way to reverse the effects, but for now we need to deal with what we have."

"That's what I'm SNORT doing," she replied. "I'll stay in here until I can go back to normal. I don't want anyone to see me like this."

"You can't stay in an armoire for what could be weeks or even months," Chrom replied. "Come on out. I'm here to help you however I can."

"...okay. Just... brace yourself."

Taking a few steps back from the armoire, Chrom watched as the door slowly opened. Taking a small step out, Sumia revealed herself adorned in one of her dresses. The once majestic, green gown was now straining to contain a doughy gut and a set of breasts just as large as her head. The skirt was struggling to free itself from her bubble butt while simultaneously having to deal with the added thickness to her legs.

Looking past the various bits of added weight, Chrom spotted something on Sumia's face. Taking a step forward, he gently moved aside a few stray strands of her hair. The way his eyes widened at the sight of her snout-like nose didn't help with the tears welling up around hers to trail down her chubby cheeks.

"I'm SNORT hideous," Sumia replied, quickly turning away to hide back amongst her now undersized clothes.

"No you're not," Chrom said, stopping her by placing a hand on her shoulder. "You're the same, beautiful woman that I married. Nothing is going to change that." Getting her to turn around, he brought her in for a much needed hug. "I'll be with you every step of the way. You can count on--"

PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT

Try as Chrom might to stay in place, the foul fart that squeaked out of Sumia's backside forced him to back off. Seeing him cover up his face, she attempted to wave away the fumes. All that accomplished was further stirring up her belly to unleash another BWOOOOORRRRPPP from her lips.

"Is this another side effect of the stone?" Chrom asked.

"Y-yeah," Sumia said, taking a step back. "I can't help it. It's something that SNORT happens after every meal."

Looking around the room, Chrom noticed a serving tray on the side of the bed. Trace remains of crumbs lingered in the three, emptied out pie tin. More of the leftovers of the indulgent meal could be seen clinging to the front of her dress, with a few splotches of different colors around her lips revealing the fruity contents of her indulgence.

“The maids ran away in UUUUUUURRRPPP fear once they saw and smelled me,” Sumia said as she placed a hand on her stomach. “Worst of all, I’m still SNORT hungry.”

“That’s nothing to be ashamed about,” Chrom replied. “Until we find a way to counteract the stones, I’ll be sure to get you everything you need to be comfortable. What would you like to eat?”

Sheepishly holding her hands together, Sumia glanced back over at the empty tins. “I could use a few more SNORT pies. Maybe some stuffed with meat?”

“I’m on it,” Chrom said, taking his leave.

Left by herself again, Sumia considered stepping back into her hiding place again. Approaching the armoire, she ended up disheartening herself as she looked over the sorry state of her dress. With an attempt to find something halfway decent to wear over her chubby form, she shifted through the clothes.

Sumia paused her search as she happened upon a box in the back. Opening up the lid, her eyes gleamed as she looked over a collection of jewelry she had stowed away for special occasions. While the gold, silver, and various gems weren’t new to her, there was something about them that brought a strange sense of wanting to her mind.

With a pearl necklace in hand, Sumia placed it around her neck and made her way over to the mirror. Focusing less on her added weight and piggish snout, she instead admired the way the jewelry hung around her neck. Too busy staring longingly at her reflection, she didn’t seem to mind the fart that managed to slip out and lift up the hem of her dress.

“Maybe a few new SNORT pieces of jewelry are in order,” Sumia spoke aloud, twirling her fingers around the pearls as she waited for Chrom to return with her food.

Virion didn't have to look very far to find his wife. Going to one of her usual spots, the blue haired archer was able to see her thanks to his well-trained eyes. Strolling out amongst the training grounds, looking a bit out of place with his frilly shirt amongst the various people clad in armor, he noticed the group of soldiers sitting on the sidelines. Each of the battle hardened warriors looked to be on the edge of exhaustion, all thanks to the woman currently hogging up the training ground.

With a THWACK of her training pole, Cordelia sent another fighter sprawling to the ground. In spite of her victory, the look on her chubby face was one of dissatisfaction. Sweat beading down her forehead further messed up the red hair partially obscuring her snout. Wiping away the perspiration did little to help the ill-fitting training armor adorning her pudgy form. With the leather straining to contain her heaving bosom and bulged out belly, it was no wonder that bits of her pink flesh could be seen in the holes her armor she had accrued during her training.

Using the distraction of the fallen soldier scrambling away, Virion tried to get close to Cordelia. He began to regret his decision once his nose picked up the combined aroma of her body odor mixed with her lingering gas. As he got closer, he managed to use her burps to his advantage by letting them cover up his footsteps. This allowed him to get up to her chunky rear to see the curly, pink tail sticking out from her pants. Before he could further explore the new appendage, he ended up on the receiving end of a rumbling BRRAAAAAPPPPP.

"Who's SNORT there?" Cordelia said, swiveling herself around with her pole at the ready.

“It’s just *cough* me,” Virion replied, trying to use his shirt to protect his nose from the rancid air. “What are you doing out here? Didn’t Tharja say that you need to take it easy while she works on a cure?”

“I can’t just stay in my room sleeping and UUUURRPP eating all day,” Cordelia shouted back. “Especially with this hanging off of my body,” she added, pinching at the exposed flesh peeking out from her armor. “So unless you want to SNORT be my next sparring partner, you’d better... better...”

Cordelia’s aggressive demeanor faltered as her body began to shake. Watching her legs begin to quiver, Virion rushed through the leftover gas cloud. Just as the knight was forced to drop her training weapon, the exhaustion finally caused her to begin toppling to the ground. Catching his wife just in the nick of time, Virion fought against the resulting fart cloud and her weight. Being sure to thank his wife later for the vigorous strength training she had pushed him through before the swinestone incident, he began carrying her off of the field.

“Just leave me BWOOOORRPP laying in the dirt,” Cordelia muttered a little too loud to go unnoticed as they entered the interior of the fortress. “That’s where lazy SNORT pigs like me belong.”

“Stop beating yourself up about this,” Virion said, both to ease her worries and help her ignore the servants gawking at her body. “If you keep pushing your body so hard you’re going to end up doing more harm than good.”

“I can’t just do nothing while my body keeps UURRRP gaining weight,” Cordelia said as they reached the entrance to their chambers. “Otherwise I’ll be a lazy, stinky-“

Drowned out by another PHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT from her rear, Cordelia relented in letting her husband carry her inside. Setting her down on the bed, Virion headed back to close the

door. Just as he managed to set the lock, he heard a massive thump as she sprawled out across the mattress.

“Are you feeling alright?” Virion asked as he approached.

“It’s this damn UUURRPPP headache,” she replied, clutching at her forehead. “Every time I try to do any physical activity it keeps OINK popping up.”

“All the more reason to take things easy,” Virion commented, earning an annoyed glare from Cordelia. “You can rest after I get you out of those sweaty clothes. Can you sit up? My arms are a bit tired from getting you here.”

Allowing a sigh of defeat to leave her lips, Cordelia obliged and shuffled over to the edge of the bed. Grabbing at the waistband of her pants, Virion began the process of trying to drag them past her thighs. While he nearly made it halfway, the rest of the garment was ripped apart under the duress of her butt. Rather than wallow in the shame or cloud of flatulence that followed, Cordelia merely let out a snort as a way to get her husband to continue.

Discarding the outer layers of his wife’s armor, Virion reached the inner layer of pink flesh. While there was obviously the protruding, pudgy belly pressing up against him, there was something else that seemed off. Getting Cordelia to raise up her thick limbs, he lifted the undershirt over her head. Letting the garment fall to the floor, he stared in awe at her chest.

“Are those...?” Virion began.

Cordelia let out another SNORT. “Yeah, they showed up last night. Can you stop staring at them and get me something to BWOOOORRRPPP eat?”

“R-right, of course,” Virion replied, wisely taking his leave in order to make his wife as comfortable as possible.

Though few dared to enter Tharja's chambers, Robin had gotten used to these danger fraught trips to visit his wife. The white-haired tactician was well aware of how often these trips involved him being on the receiving end of a hex, but it was worth the risk. In spite of the nasty rumors and questionable behavior, she was still his wife. At the cost of being the usual person to be subjected to her whims of curiosity, he had managed to decrease the number of Shepherds that would be used as test subjects. Considering the strange phenomenon affecting the trio of pig women, he managed to keep his worries in check with the thought that at least it wasn't spreading out to the rest of the fortress.

Clutching at his black and purple robe in preparation for what lay ahead, Robin knocked on the door. "Tharja? Are you there? It's me, Robin."

After a series of annoyed grunts and rude noises emanated from the door, Tharja finally responded with, "Come SNORT in."

Opening up the door, Robin was nearly knocked off his feet by the smell that assaulted his nostrils. As the odor drifted out of the room, he managed to gain a sense of clarity as he moved forward. Tracing his eyes over the already messy chambers, he took note of the numerous stacks of empty food trays. Reminding himself to thank the wait staff for their assistance and check them for any curses later, he persevered to make his way over to the spellcaster.

Robin found Tharja carefully balanced atop a chair in front of her desk. The seat was a few sizes too small to fully hold up the mass of her ass cheeks or obscure her curly, pink tail. Her already tight gown was made all the more risqué as the fabric was sucked up by her backside and stomach rolls. Though he tried to get a better idea of just how large she had grown over the

course of a month, she seemed to purposefully obscure some of her girth by pressing up against desk under the guise of keeping focus on her books.

Forced to get closer to see past his wife's chubby arms, Robin hazarded to make his way to the side of her desk. Though this gave him a good view of her floppy ears and snout, he still couldn't quite get a clear picture. Getting close enough to see her second chin and the pair of meaty breasts balancing on the desk, he completely missed the side eye she shot in his direction.

Robin's fascination with studying every detail of the pig woman was interrupted as Tharja let loose with a rumbling BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPP. When he tried to back away from the rancid fart, his escape route was blocked by his wife's thick arm. Pulled towards the obese woman's body, he looked up to see the glare she was directing towards him.

"It's your own BWOOOOORRPPP fault," Tharja belched straight into his face. "I'm working hard to SNORT find a cure and you come and make my job harder by distracting me. You deserve to UUURRPP wallow in my mess."

"I was just trying to check on you," Robin replied, getting another fart cloud to surround him for his troubles. "You haven't left your room in days."

Tharja let out another snort as she relented in letting Robin go. "How is that any different than BOOOUUUURRRRPPPP usual? From what I heard from the SNORT staff, it's the other girls you should be worried about. Sumia keeps asking for more food and UUUUURRRRPPPP jewelry while Cordelia doesn't even want to get her fat ass out of SNORT bed most days." Pausing to wipe some spittle from her lips, she turned her thick neck towards her husband. "At least I'm trying to do something about OINK this," she concluded, pressing a pudgy finger against her snout.

The hog-like visage did little to take away from the stern look in Tharja's eyes. Knowing that he couldn't win, the very least Robin could do was assist where possible. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"You can help me by leaving me SNORT alone," Tharja replied as she returned to her book. "I'm already distracted enough as it BWOOOOORRP is. No matter how much I eat, my stomach always feels OINK empty. I constantly have to shift my SNORT weight to remain comfortable, all while trying not to rip through my UUURPP clothes. That's not even considering the amount of times I've had to massage my extra--"

An unsettling creak echoed through the room to interrupt the spellcaster. Though at first the couple thought that it was just more of Tharja's gas leaking out, the stale air surrounding her remained still. Just before she could heave herself up to start looking for the source, she got her answer as the chair beneath her began to snap. Moving without thinking of the consequences, Robin dove forward to try and catch his wife. While he succeeded in holding onto her, he only managed the feat for less than a second before his strength gave out.

"Idiot," Tharja reprimanded, the impending impact sending ripples through her body that cascaded through Robin's scrawnier form. Feeling no remorse in letting her gas billow out on top of him, she rolled over to meet him face to face. "Why did you SNORT do that?"

"Just trying to help where I can," Robin replied with a weak smile on his face.

As Tharja lifted her body up from him, the seams of her gown became undone. In addition to giving more space for her pink belly fat to bulge out, a sizable tear was formed around her bosom. The hole showed off the plumpness of her nipples while also bringing Robin's attention towards the latest addition to her body.

Urged on by his own curiosity, Robin reached up to grab at the globular mounds hanging from beneath Tharja's breasts. Grasping the orbs, he let his fingers slide across their teats. By the time he was able to confirm that his wife had indeed grown a second pair of breasts, the frustration in her eyes had been replaced with a powerful yearning.

"Dammit," Tharja said, her voice rising up to mimic a squeal. "It's happening again."

"What is?"

"These UUUURPPPP urges," she explained. "I keep getting interrupted by them. I try to SNORT take care of them myself, but it's never enough. It's like all this body wants to BWOOOORRRPPP do is mate."

"Then let's do it," Robin said, leaving Tharja silent. "If that's what it takes to help you concentrate on finding a cure, then let's--"

Robin's mouth became muffled as the pig woman locked her lips with his. Crashing down on top of him, she smothered his torso with her four tits. Given the opportunity to unleash all of her pent up lust, she eagerly accepted every grope and pinch that her husband could provide to her needy womanhood.

The dining hall was filled with a variety of pleasant and rancid odors as some of the most renowned people in Ylisse had gathered for a feast. On one side of the table sat Chrom, Robin, and Virion. Between them and their wives was a spread of food that had been assembled in an effort to lure the women out of their quarters for a short time. While the intention had been to use the opportunity to discuss the nature of their curse and any progress to reverse it, they failed to account for just how ravenous the trio of pig women could be.

Most of the pile was taken away thanks to the efforts of Sumia. Finally able to see his wife again, Chrom's heart sank a bit as he watched droplets of grease and sauce cascade down her chins to besmirch the necklace he had bought her the day before. The once glittering jewelry was hard to fully see any more thanks to the girth of her four breasts constantly sucking up the amulet. Her regal robes weren't doing much better as they were forced to contend with her flabby gut with each shift of her body. With the hem of her skirt being rippled by one of her farts, she lunged towards another pie to satisfy her overactive appetite and hasten her husband's next order for even larger clothing.

In spite of how much time Cordelia had been spending in her room, the former stamina she used to show off came back in full force as she stuffed her face. The training clothes Virion had managed to scrounge up for her were doing their best to contain her mass of breasts and belly rolls. Even then, each shift of her blubbery arms or belch that cascaded through her body threatened to pop apart the seams. Only stopping to remove strands of her sweaty, red hair from her face with a snort, she continued to indulge in the closest thing to an exercise routine she had accomplished in weeks.

Seeing that the other men were struggling to find an opening, Robin was forced to look straight into her wife's pudgy face. Like the others, the spellcaster busied herself with stuffing her face and unleashing her gas. The back of her robes had been modified by herself to make room for her curly tail and give ample space for her thick ass cheeks to jiggle about with each release of gas. A similarly large cleavage window had been left open to let her quartet of tits jostle about, while still giving them the ability to catch any food droplets that escaped her lips. Hidden beneath her plump, pink belly, he could make out the extra opening in her clothes she

had purposefully left available should her to need to satiate her overactive libido come up at a moment's notice.

"Tharja," Robin spoke up, hoping to get at least some conversation in before the feast ended and she carried him back to their room. "How go your efforts to find a way to reverse the stones' effects?"

"It's SNORT going," Tharja replied before sinking her teeth into another turkey leg.

"Going well?" Chrom asked.

"Well BWOOOOOORRRPPP enough," Sumia spoke up as she busied herself with licking the rings around her pudgy fingers clean.

"How do you know?" Virion inquired.

Cordelia silenced him with a rippling PHHHHRRRRRTTTTT before settling herself back down onto her pair of chairs. "Don't SNORT worry about it," she said before helping herself to another chunk of bread.

"We are going to worry about it," Robin retorted. "Especially since your conditions keeps getting worse."

Tharja let out a smug snort. "Funny, you didn't seem to mind my slobby, swine body last OINK night," she said, bringing a red tint to the tactician's face.

"And you seem so BWOOOOOORRRPPP eager to keep me comfortable by cuddling up in my bed," Cordelia said, gesturing her half-eaten turkey leg towards Virion.

"Not to mention all of the SNORT dresses and jewelry you've let me buy," Sumia said, taking a moment to knock off a few crumbs from her heaving bosoms to let them sprinkle across Chrom's face.

“Be that as it may,” Chrom replied, cleaning himself off with a napkin, “we need you three to be serious about changing back to normal. You women are some of the highest regarded individuals in all of Ylisse. Think of what it could mean for the future of the kingdom if their greatest warriors are reduced to gassy, gluttonous hogs.”

“BWOOOORRRRPPPP fine,” Tharja relented, the lazy look in her eyes coming alongside another BRRRAAAAAPPPPP from her backside. “I’ll start OINK looking into a reversal spell once we’re done eating.”

Just as Tharja was about to place another hunk of meat in her mouth, a strange crackle emanated through the room. When the sensation was repeated moments later, everyone at the table began to search around for the source. As the phenomenon grew more frequent, everyone’s vision eventually settled on a blue light appearing on one of the walls. Before anyone could have a chance to run for cover, the glow erupted into a wide portal.

Once the group’s vision returned to them, they noticed the figure standing in the light. As the woman drew closer, they managed to recognize her long, blue hair and tunic. There wasn’t a doubt left about the woman’s identity thanks to the Falchion hanging from her hip that matched the one wielded by Chrom. However, it was hard for them to ignore the collar around Lucina’s neck that contained a small pink orb similar to the swinestone.

“Lucina, what are you...” Chrom trailed off as he spotted the snout on her face.

“I hope we’re not too SNORT late,” Lucina said as she looked over the pig women. “It looks like the OINK stones have already taken effect.”

“BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP we?” Sumia belched out, signaling for the rest of Lucina’s group to step out from the portal.

The bundle of blankets and numerous layers of fat around Cordelia could not prevent her from feeling something jabbing into her side. Though the pig woman tried to ignore it, the disturbance kept sending tremors through her heft. Rather than give in to the will of the intruder, she attempted to send them away with a billowing BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP from her rear. While this did send the attacker away, it came with a series of vaguely familiar coughs.

Peeking her head out from her cocoon of blankets and blowing away her frayed, red hair with a snort, Cordelia spotted her daughter from the future, Severa stumbling away. Finding a pocket of clean air, the young woman with a pair of long, light blue hair styled into a set of pigtails was forced to put her snout to use forcing out the foul fumes. Hearing her mother let out a mix of a yawn and a belch, the Severa used the mix of an angry glare and the leather armor adorning her body to give off the impression that she was ready to throw herself into a fierce battle.

“Dad said that you’d be here,” Severa commented as she watched her mother discard the rest of her bedding. Her face twisted in disgust as she beheld the undersized robe stuck around the pig woman’s obese form; the expression becoming filled with more revulsion in the wake of another rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP. “What the hell are you doing here anyway? I thought you said that you were going to SNORT work on burning off that extra fat.”

“Eventually,” Cordelia replied, leaning over to the side to let another fart rumble out. Uncaring of the smell or how her daughter was watching, she lazily dragged her fingers across her rows of breasts. “Maybe OINK tomorrow or the day BWOOOORRPPP after. It’s hard for me to do anything right SNORT after we had that big feast last night. I’d just end up giving myself another headache.”

Severa clenched her fist. “I was hoping that you would have had a change of heart once we told you why we came here,” she explained as she dared to approach the bed filling pig woman. “If you keep letting the stone influence you, there’s no OINK going back. You’ll be stuck like this forever. Your mind will be reduced to just bestial instincts.”

“It can’t be that BWOOOOORPPP bad,” Cordelia belched out as she focused in on Severa’s snout. “You seem to be doing OINK alright.”

“It’s only because Miriel was able to put these together using Tharja’s notes,” Severa said as she grasped the amulet around her neck. “But it’s not SNORT perfect. She could barely read past all of the food stains and... other things spread on the pages. If we take these off for more than a few hours we’ll start to rapidly OINK transform.”

A sense of understanding worked through Cordelia’s grogginess as she scratched at her thick chins. “I think I SNORT see your point.”

“Finally,” Severa said, putting her hands on her hips. “Then we should go out onto the field and spar. Since it’s been a while since you last picked up a weapon, I’ll try to go easy on you so that you can adjust your body to-“

Cordelia interrupted with another PHHHHHHRRRTTTT from her rear. “We can start after I get some more OINK sleep,” she said, starting to get back into bed. “Maybe I’ll get up in a few UUURRPPP hours when they serve lunch.”

With a frustrated grunt, Severa rushed forward to tug at her mother’s blanket. “You can’t do this. I’m not going to let you throw our futures away.”

“SNORT stop it,” Cordelia squealed as she tugged back. “Just obey your mother.”

“Not a chance,” Severa shot back, increasing the strength of her pulls in response to her mother’s strangely strong arms. “I’m not giving up until you’re back to your normal, respectable self. I want to see for myself the respectable pegasus knight that my mother is supposed to be.”

Back and forth the two women fought over the covers. In the process of the tug of war, they managed to shake loose the crumbs that had fallen in between the sheets and Cordelia’s fat folds. Blinded by her mother’s leftovers, Severa persisted in throwing her full strength into the battle. While this did give the much smaller woman the edge she needed to overpower her mother, it was a little too much.

Forcing her eyes open, Severa watched as the pig woman started rolling towards her. By the time she realized what was going on, it was already too late. Feeling Cordelia’s hundreds of pounds of fat smother her body, she could no longer keep herself standing. Anticipating the unsettling noise of her bones cracking underneath the mass, she braced herself for the inevitable fall and intense pain.

While Severa’s back did hit the ground, she didn’t feel even a fraction of the force push down on her. Finding it hard to see with the heavy breasts hanging above her head, she shimmied past the stomach rolls to free herself. Turning back around, she managed to see that her mother was keeping herself up by straining the muscles hidden beneath her flab. Trembling from the exertion and with sweat slicked against her flesh, Cordelia only let go once she was sure that her daughter was safe.

“I’m SNORT sorry,” Severa said, wiping some of her mother perspiration from her own body. “I didn’t think you could do something like that.”

“Neither did BWOOOOORRRP I,” Cordelia belched out, rolling herself over to rest her hand against her belly. “Seeing you in trouble made me get this rush of OINK adrenaline.”

“Well, I’m grateful,” Severa said, feeling guilty for pushing her mother to far. “Is there anything I can get you?”

“Some water and UUURRPPP food would be good,” Cordelia replied. “Oh and make sure you SNORT get some for yourself. You look absolutely OINK famished.”

Under the insistence of her children, Tharja was doing her best to try and look over her spellbooks for a way to counteract the swinestones. The task was made more difficult as each errant burp or oink that she let pass by her lips came with a splattering of her drool across the page. Though she tried to wipe away the saliva, it continued to pour out thanks to the overwhelming hunger trying to convince her to get up and either eat or fuck something.

One of Tharja’s needs was met as a plate of food was slid in front of her. After gobbling up the meal in a matter of seconds, she turned to the side to see her daughter, Morgan offering up another platter. It was only through the presence of the young spellcaster’s black hair and proficiency with magic that Tharja believed that she was her own blood. Especially since Morgan had an upbeat attitude that was completely in contrast to her mother’s more lethargic nature, in spite of her matching snout and floppy, pink ears.

“How is your OINK research going?” Morgan asked as she handed over the next tray. Shifting back to avoid getting in her mother’s way, she had to take a moment to fix her robes to prevent her chubby belly from slipping out again.

“BOOOOUUURRRRPP frustrating,” Tharja replied between bites. “It’s such a pain doing anything other sleeping, eating, or having sex with your father.”

“C-could you please stop talking about that?”

The timid voice had come from another woman with short, black hair that was dressed in a green archer’s outfit. Her gloved hands continuously tugged at the hem of her tunic to try and cover up the small pudge around her waist. It was a poor attempt for the meek Noire to hide the pig features that had become more rampant the longer she spent around her mother. Chewing on her lips, she shuddered as a snort forced its way out of her snout.

“Don’t be such a UUUUURRRPP prude,” Tharja answered. “It’s how you were OINK made in the first place.”

Clenching her fingers around her shirt, Noire attempted to put on a serious glare. “It’s because of you that we’re degrading like BWOOOOOORRRRPPP this,” she accused.

Though the comment brought about by Noire’s curse caused pause for the pig woman, Tharja merely shrugged it off with a rumbling BRRRAAAAAPPPP and returned to her books.

“We are a bit OINK concerned,” Morgan spoke up, gesturing towards her snout. “The stones that Miriel made for UUUURRRRPPP us to counteract the effects are starting to fade. It’s only a matter of time before the magic completely runs out. We need you to work as hard as possible on finding a way to reverse the SNORT curse.”

Morgan shared some of her sister’s fear as her mother slapped her palms against the table. Heaving herself up from her two chairs, Tharja began to waddle towards Morgan and Noire. Having heard about the near disaster Severa had experienced the other day, the siblings embraced one another in fear of getting crushed by the slobby hog’s girth. As their mother drew close enough to bathe them in the smell of her belch and press her gut up against them, she reached towards their necks.

“Let me BOOOUUURRRRP see,” Tharja said, snatching the collars from her daughters. “OINK amateur. Yeah, I should be able to SNORT modify these to work longer. It’ll be a pain, but you two are UUURPPP worth it.”

“Do you OINK mean it?” Noire asked.

“Yeah, SNORT, yeah,” Tharja said, stomping her way back over to her work area. “The faster I get this done, the sooner I can OINK drag your father back to the bedroom. Now go grab me some more BWOOOORRRRRPPP food. I’m going to need the energy.”

Any kindness that the sisters could sense from their mother was slightly hindered by the ensuing PHHHHHRRRRTTTTTTTT that rumbled out of the pig woman’s ass as she sat back down. Hurrying out of the room to escape the fume of clouds and shutting the door behind them, the duo took a moment to catch their breath. In the process of making good use of their snouts to suck up any fresh air they could find, they eventually settled back on each other’s gazes.

“That was definitely different,” Morgan commented as she started walking down the hall.

“Yeah, the mother we know never did anything like OINK that,” Noire added.

“It’s possible that we’re having an UUURRRPPP effect on her on,” Morgan belched out absent mindedly.

Noticing the burp and the extra layer of pudge around her sibling’s mid-section, Noire’s optimism took a slight hit. “Y-yes, but it seems like she might be doing the same to-“

An unruly rumble from Noire’s gut quickly cut her off. Clenching her teeth, she tried to hold back the pressure, but the constant shaking going through her body would not cease. No longer able to hold in the abundance of gas bubbles, she was forced to let out a prolonged BRRRRAAAAAAPPPP that rivaled her mother’s.

“I’m SNORT sorry,” Noire said, allowing Morgan to go ahead to avoid getting caught in the lingering cloud of gas.

Making her way down the hall, Lucina tried to keep her mind focused on the task at hand. That was made all the more difficult as she had to stop every few feet to adjust her tunic over her pudgy belly. The added fat along with her pinker skin, pushed her to quicken her pace. While she and the others had come back to the past in order to prevent this outcome, it seemed that they were degrading at a rapid pace with each passing day. Given the last boost of speed she needed as a puff of gas managed to squeak out of her backside, she let out a snort as she pushed herself into her mother’s bedroom.

The gas cloud that greeted the princess upon her entering the room momentarily blinded her to the hoard of excess before her. A pile of glittering gold that included the best gems and jewelry that could be found in the royal treasury was haphazardly spread along the floor. There was a collection of elegant dresses that had either been torn apart by their owner’s girth or covered in a plethora of different stains. Turning her attention towards the large platters of food brought her attention to her ever greedy mother.

“How can you treat your SNORT body like this?” Lucina asked as she stomped over to Sumia. “After everything that we’ve told you about what you become in the future.”

“Yeah, we BWOOOOORRPPP know,” Sumia replied as she chewed off the last bits of meat from a chicken leg. “That’s why Tharja is SNORT working on modifying the stones. It should be UUUURPPP fine.”

“Not when you keep stuffing your face like a literal OINK pig,” Lucina shot back.

Leaning over, Sumia incidentally blasted a ripe PHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT in her daughter’s face. “But SNORT we are pigs,” she said, waving away the foul air.

“That’s no excuse,” Lucina said, hating the fact that her snout had gotten used to the hog women’s constant gas. “You three used to be the most respectable SNORT heroes in the kingdom. Now all you do all day is stuff your UUUURRPP face and waste money on this junk,” Lucina said, gesturing towards the various riches spread throughout the room.

“It’s not junk,” Sumia refuted as she waved about the skirt of the gold-laced gown currently hugging her body and leaving very little to the imagination when it came to her hefty backside.. “Each and every SNORT piece is meant to emphasize my natural BOOOOUUUURRRPPP beauty.”

Wincing at the sight of her mother dangling a string of pearls sunken into her chins, Lucina instead turned her attention towards the enormous amount of food. “Where did you get all of this OINK anyway? I thought father said he was going to cut you off.”

As if right on cue, the door to the opened up once more to reveal a familiar figure with her greyish blonde hair tied up in pigtails to allow her floppy ears to shake around. Though she had come to the past adorned in her best suit of armor, Cynthia was now adorned in a dress that resembled the extravagance of her mother’s wardrobe. Just like Sumia, she also didn’t seem to have any shame showing off her added pudge with each sway of her hips. Making her way over to the pile of food, she dropped off her haul of extra dishes to leave nothing in the way of her pudgy face and rows of chins. As she wiped the sweat from her brow and cleaned her fingers off on her skirt, she freely let a fart billow out from her chunky backside to ruffle her skirt and shake

about her tail. The relief she felt from the expulsion lasted up until she noticed the glare in her sister's eyes.

“What do you think you're SNORT doing?” Lucina asked. Taking another step forward, she skimmed through Cynthia's chins to discover that the suppression orb had been removed.

“And why did you take off your collar?”

“Calm BWOOOOORRPPP down,” Cynthia belched out, getting Lucina to back up. “I'm just trying to help OINK mom out.”

“And the stone?”

“Didn't think I needed it,” Cynthia answered as she stuffed a handful of mashed potatoes in her mouth. “It didn't really UUUURPPP fit my style.”

At a loss for words, Lucina buried her face in her hands. After weeks spent trying to change the future, it truly felt like it had all been for nothing. The mothers were still indulging in their carnal desires with no signs of slowing. Even worse, the bad habits seemed to be corrupting their daughters as well. The dread that began to well up inside of Lucina at the thought of when her own morals would degrade so low came to a halt as she felt a nudge against her shoulder.

Looking towards the source, Lucina saw that one of the food platters was being offered to her. Tracing her gaze up the many bracelets adorning the bulky limb eventually let her lock eyes with Sumia once more. Though the pig woman had seemed as content as could be when she first walked in, what the princess saw now was a look of concern behind her snout.

“You really should UUUURPPP eat something,” Sumia insisted. “You look like you're about to OINK starve yourself.”

Lucina crossed her arms and let a huff leave her nostrils. “I guess everyone's as skinny as a twig when you're a BWOOOOORRPPP slobby pig.”

“I know that it’s not the most OINK glamorous,” Sumia replied. “But I think you’re missing the main benefits of UUUURRPPPP living like this.”

“Like what?” Lucina asked, clenching her fists.

“You won’t be as stressed for one SNORT thing,” Sumia replied, offering up the platter once more. “I want to relax myself, but I can’t BOOUUUURRRPP do that when I know that my daughter is suffering like this. So please, can you at least OINK try?”

Chewing on her lips, Lucina was forced to think on her mother’s words. Looking to the side, she spotted her sister chowing down on a basket of bread with one hand while the other searched through the pile of discarded clothes. Returning her gaze back to Sumia, what she saw was genuine concern for her wellbeing. The mental blocks that she had put in place to try and avoid giving in to the swinestone’s influence faded away the more she realized the true feeling of empathy her mother was trying to convey. Unable to keep up her resistance any longer, she relented in helping herself to one of slabs of meat that were offered to her.

The dining hall was once more a ruckus of eating noises, gassy expulsions, and a cacophony of hog cries in the wake of a grandiose feast. Just like before, the women at the center of the grouping were eager to stuff their mouths with every morsel of food they could get. Though the staff had managed to accommodate Sumia, Cordelia, and Tharja’s legendary appetites, it didn’t help with the dwindling supplies of meals. After all, they were now dealing with nearly triple the amount of hungry hog women to feed.

Reaching her pudgy hand towards a rack of ribs, Cordelia was caught off guard as another set of thick fingers grabbed the other end. Letting out a snort, she attempted to pull the

meaty morsel towards herself. The many days spent lounging in her room had left her mound of gassy flesh somewhat lethargic, but she still managed to hold her own as the ribs slowly slid out of her grasp. Try as she might to claim the meal for herself, a wayward belch rolling up her throat ended up being her downfall.

Nearly falling face first into the feasting table, Cordelia managed to barely keep her wide rear upon her reinforced bench. Finding a semblance of balance in the wake of a fart, she stared out past her snout to see Severa thoroughly enjoying the ribs. Though the daughter had been unwilling to give into her swinestone urges for so long, the way that she stripped the bones clean between hearty belches revealed how much she had accepted her pink skin and floppy ears. Given a warning as Severa let out a BRRRAAAAPPPP to free up more room in her belly, Cordelia pressed her bulk against the table to grab whatever dishes she could.

At one end of the table, Tharja was having a much easier time enjoying her meal with her daughters. While the hoggish sorceress slurped up a pot of stew, she glanced over to see Morgan put a pause on her meal to let one of the servers rub at her flabby belly and meaty bosoms. Though her daughter had initially called over the help in order to push out a series of farts to shake her tail, Tharja knew better. She recognized the look in Morgan's eyes. The thought of her daughter finding someone to fully appreciate her sensitive teats and thick rear threatened to show a genuine smile on the spellcaster's face.

Tharja was brought back to the feast at hand as a pudgy hand reached over to claim one of her pots. She only had a moment to see Noire's snout before it was shoved into the hearty broth. As the piggish archer raised up her rear high to unleash a cloud of flatulence, she accidentally blasted the noxious fumes towards one of the maids. Noticing lip and snout-shaped gravy marks along the server's face and body, Tharja realized that her ploy to distract Noire had

only worked temporarily. Meeting eyes with Morgan, the pair let out a set of bellowing BWOOOOOORRRRRRPPP to free up the necessary room to keep up the pace with Noire's appetite.

At the other end of the table, Sumia made the most out of the time required for her eating area to be refilled to admire the extra rings adorning her sausage-like fingers. Just before she could claim a chicken for herself, one of the legs was torn off by a blubbery arm that matched her in both thickness and rows of bangles. Sinking her teeth into the poultry, Cynthia let the grease dribble down her chins to further stain the dress hugged tightly around her chunky torso. Fluttering the back of her skirt with a PHHHHHRRTTTTT, Cynthia let out an inquisitive OINK as she looked on at her mother for some sign of approval.

Giving Cynthia the needed nod to resume eating, Sumia turned back to see that the other chicken leg had gone missing. Looking to her left gave her the impressive view of Lucina stripping the meat from the bone. Her frantic chewing splattered the grease across her own gown and further sullied long, blue locks contrasting against her floppy ears. Letting out a mix of a snort and a belch, the princess rubbed her flabby belly from her undersized, pink dress with strange satisfaction. Billowing out her skirt with a thunderous BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPP, Lucina gestured for her mother to take what was left of the chicken.

A few feet away from the splatter zone and toxic fog of the main feasting area was a smaller table devoted to the hog women's father figures. Seeing Cordelia and Severa continue to jostle around their girth to fill their guts, Virion had to admit it was a rare sight of them not spending their hours sleeping or lounging around. The constant flirting Robin saw his daughters direct towards the staff reminded him to brace himself for the session in bed that would follow

once his wife was done with her food. Standing away from the rest and taking note of the glittering jewelry and rude table manners of his family, Chrom wasn't exactly sure how to react.

"What do you think of their conditions?" Chrom asked the green haired woman with pointed ears standing beside him.

"It's strange," Tiki replied, watching on with interest at the herd of hog women reveling in their hedonism. "I've never seen such levels of animalistic hunger and unbridled indulgence. But... something about this feels right."

"How?" Chrom asked, keeping his eyes on his wife and daughters' snouts shoving into a cake.

"I'm not entirely sure," Tiki answered. "You said that Tharja has been able to modify the stones?"

"She told me that she had managed to nullify the full effects of them," Chrom stated. "But it doesn't look like she has any intention of reversing the damage that's already been done to their bodies. Unless Robin can talk some sense into her, they're stuck in these sloppy states."

"They seem quite happy like this," Tiki commented, pausing over a cacophony of squeals and farts erupting from the table. "Perhaps it is a sign that the kingdom will experience great bounty and prosper?"

"Guess I'll have to take your word for it," Chromo relented, watching Lucina suck the leftover gravy from the pearl necklace around her thick neck. "For now, we'll just have to wait and see what the future holds for a kingdom of hogs."