

A Pig in Muck

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Soft, silken sheets held Hector close, wrapping about his arms and chest. The layers clung to his skin, wet and slick as though with sweat. He tried to push them off, but to no avail.

These weren't sheets of fabric, but a thick coating of something clammy and pungent.

He couldn't seem to pull free, for as he moved the substance followed, smell and sensation adhering to his skin.

With a groan, Hector Wright sat up, rubbing his forehead.

Something cool and sticky smeared across his skin as he did so, rousing him rapidly to wakefulness as he stared down at himself.

The handsome young man was *slathered* with filth.

He wasn't in bed, either. Nude though he was – Hector always slept bare – his naked body was laying not on the down-stuffed mattress of his apartment, but on hard, cold stone, softened only by several inches of mud and manure atop it. The same foul-scented stuff which was caked all over his body, slimy and stinking, tainting even his hair and face.

Staring about, blinking and bewildered, Hector saw the stone walls of a low building, ancient and plastered with muck. Ahead was a glowing rectangle, where sun shone through from some unknown outside, but all about him was more filth, coating everything in the small square space.

In places large pink mounds rose up from it, themselves stained with the grime, as if islands, lapped by an ocean of effluence. Their smooth domes rose and fell gently, adding to the nautical sense, however the sounds were not of wave and swell, but snort and grunt.

One shifted slightly, and a dozy eye found him, the creature watching with mild interest at the human stared back.

Hector was laid out, on his ass, in the middle of a pigsty.

How that could be he had no idea, but his mind raced as he struggled to make sense of the disgraceful situation.

The farm!

The last thing he recalled was dozing off in the hay, in one of the barns at Foss Farm, in the arms of the deliciously pliant young George.

The night had been a most enjoyable one, yet also highly productive. The secret rendezvous with a naïve and trusting lover served many purposes, after all. George Olden was more than simply a gorgeous simpleton – though he was that in excess – he was also deeply infatuated with the suave city businessman and investor, Hector Wright, whom he had ‘happened into’ on a trip to market some months back.

George also happened to be son and sole heir to the Olden family. They were the owners of the farm itself, but far more important were all the lands encompassed in their holdings, many square miles of the surrounding hills and valleys, land which a few... unauthorized surveys had suggested were rich with a vast wealth of minerals.

The Olden family were also stubborn holdouts against all purchase offers from Wright Investments.

Hector’s father had concocted the seduction scheme, and given the advanced years and irascible nature of the elder Olden, Wright Investments anticipated acquisition of the entire estate within the next five years.

That was far from certain of course, however they hoped to hurry the process along with the right signatures.

A power of attorney here... a nudge towards liquidation to a generous family member there... and they would have all that premium land before the year was out.

And Hector would have a charming young man to enjoy, as he continued his meteoric ascent through the world of finance.

Or so the plan had been.

Any question of his father’s mental fortitude, or even the subtle, repeated pushes to tie the knot between the lowers, had all met with uncharacteristically stubborn refusal.

Ultimately, George’s unanticipated reluctance had drawn out the final weapon in Hector’s arsenal.

‘Well what you do about your father is up to you, my love, but if you really don’t mean to marry me, then I’m afraid that *my* father will be a problem. I will have to take a wife if I’m to have any hope of inheriting – he’s quite adamant on continuing the family line you know.... That could be through you, of course, but if not, well he’s been trying to set me up with this quite lovely young actress for a few years now.’

He grimaced, as he recalled George’s reaction.

The words echoed again in his mind.

‘Is that all I am to you? Some ticket to more wealth? You really are a dirty *pig*, Hector Wright! I should box your damnable ears!’

Said ears flicked at the painful recollection – Hector really was very fond of George after all – he had been prepared for resistance, however, at least initially. Careful words and affectionate hands had smoothed the whole thing over.

So he'd thought, that was.

Awaking in sty rather than barn suggested George had felt otherwise come the morning.

An embarrassing miscalculation, but a recoverable one.

All that was hurt was his pride – and possibly his ass, from laying on the hard stone.

Hector staggered upright, feet slipping on the unpleasantly squishy muck under him, ears and long stylish locks flopping, weighed down with the filth. He looked about anxiously for any further surprises. Seeing none, and no sign of life outside the sty, he slipped out into the pen beyond, quite oblivious to the porcine triangles which had displaced his original aural organs.

The pen lay in the middle of a large farmyard, barns, coops, stables and more arrayed all about, however it was early morning, and the farmhands were likely out, tending to the cattle. Only the grunts of pigs behind and clucks of hens ahead disturbed the quiet. Someone could appear at any moment, but at least for this one the coast was clear.

Hector slipped several times in his hurry, as he made for the gate, all too eager to escape the pen and reclaim his dignity with a very long, very hot shower. The rickety old structure rattled in his hand, the rough-hewn wooden beams and braces creaking, but holding fast.

Locked.

That was no great worry.

Surrounded by a simple wooden fence, the pen kept pigs in well enough, but people were rather harder to contain.

Setting a foot on the lowest cross-beam of the fence, he pulled himself up, to swing a leg over the top.

Hector grunted in bewilderment and pain, as his knee thumped into the post.

He tried again, but his legs felt all wrong, moving differently, while his foot was slipping on the wood below.

The sensations of the grain and the hardness of the wood's edge seemed to dull, while his efforts to grip were thwarted by a baffling immobility in his lower digits. It was as if he was somehow stuck on tiptoe. More than that, he could feel his feet pointing straight out from his ankles, far too long and thin, while his knees felt inexplicably close to his hips.

A moment later his hold failed him, and he slipped backwards, to splatter into the muck of the pen once more, slop splashing all over his pale figure.

He must have fallen atop one of the pigs, for the beast's legs were poking out under him.

Yet the rest of the creature was nowhere to be found.

As he tried to rise once more, he saw no trace of his own legs either.

Stunned and confused, it took a long, hard look at the porcine limbs stretching out before him, for Hector to understand what he was feeling.

He flexed his left foot, and the left trotter waved.

Hector laughed, as it all made sudden, obvious sense to him.

This was a *nightmare*.

A surreal, karmic dream, brought on by his scheming and the words of poor George.

That was the only explanation for the pig-limbs which had replaced his legs, bodyparts which felt so utterly *part* of him, as if they had been there from birth.

And yet... had a dream ever imprinted itself so clearly and boldly on his flesh? Had any fantasy or hallucination felt so shockingly real before?

Hector couldn't recall such a time.

But nor could he recall any moment prior to this one which could come even close to the sheer humiliation of sprawling, piglike in slop, right there in the yard.

The embarrassment spiked, as footsteps emerged from the nearest barn, far too sudden for him to react.

A farmhand grinned as he saw the prone figure, covered in revolting gunk and reeking like a real pig.

"Hullo Napoleon!" the lad exclaimed, "Up early today, huh? But you know feed's later, so you'll have to wait!"

Hector wanted to bark out some suitable rebuke at such a disgraceful address, however the worker met his eye with such light-hearted breeze and ease to which he could form no reply at all.

Leaning over the fence, the farmhand used one to reach out, ruffling the soft pink folds of skin which were Hector's ears.

“There’s a good piggy! I’ll bring you an apple from the barrel later!”

Hector might as well have been struck dumb, for all the answer he could muster.

Aware, suddenly, of another inhuman element of his anatomy, and perhaps more significantly of the shocking sincerity which with he was addressed as a mere barnyard animal, the man thought anew that this could only be some terrible dream.

Of course, that didn’t mean he was willing to go along with it.

Even in dream, degradation such as this was intolerable.

The moment the farmhand was gone, disappearing around the corner of the stable, he returned to his efforts.

He might be cursed with hooves instead of feet, but hands he still had.

It would be easy enough to climb to freedom.

At least, it would have, if he could stand first.

Trying to rise, he struggled with getting his cloven trotters positioned under him. The pointed limbs were too narrow to balance on, and even as he tried, pushing himself up on his hands, grimacing at the filth squishing between his fingers, he felt the resistance in his hips and back building.

His hand gripped the fence, pulling, yet rather than raising him up, the pressure seemed to focus into the small of his spine.

Hector felt himself bend *forwards* instead of back.

Hips were shifting, legs spreading as his torso angled down, the change accelerating as he tried all the harder to raise himself up again. No longer able to stay balanced, he tottered a half pace, then fell. His shoulder thudded into the post and his hands splatted back into the mounds of lumpy pig shit and mud.

Try as and try again as he might, Hector couldn’t rise from that position now.

Straining muscles could lift hands up for a moment or two, but his body refused to straighten and rise.

Pig-legs still heeded his demands, as did his arms, but his *bones* were the wrong shape, his joints pointed at incorrect directions.

Hector was incapable of standing as a human would.

He was a quadruped.

Face burning pink with more than just exertion, he lurched away from the fence on four limbs, all the more disgusted with the feeling of old manure against fingers and hooves. Almost as disgusted as he was at his rebellious anatomy. He was far from beaten, however.

Hector's mind was reeling, while his body staggered about, but still he wracked his thoughts for some other way out.

Stagger turned to a slipping, messy scampering, as more voices approached.

Hiding, humiliated in the sty, feeling the hateful sludge soaking his skin, Hector watched as the man responsible strolled into view.

George was conversing casually with another laborer, carrying shovels and buckets, while the other wheeled along a large barrow. They were making straight for the pen, and George unlocked the gate to open it for the other. There was no sign on the man's face that he expected to see his lover, crouching and filthied in the sty beyond, however he tramped inside, boots squelching and sucking against the slop, face wearing an airy expression.

The two laughed at how Hector fled before them, oblivious it seemed, to how he was coughing and spluttering at the stink into which he retreated.

"Right then, Rob, let's get this pigsty mucked out. Dad can smell it from all the way up in the house."

"Filthy animals these," the gnarled, older figure of 'Rob' declared, "I don't care what they say, pigs're dirty beasts and no mistake."

His eye met Hector, as the latter cowered in the corner.

"Look at this one, been *rolling* in his own filth, he has. *Covered* in manure."

There was an abrupt, unwelcome gurgle, which ran through Hector at that moment of peak nausea. He felt his gut seeming to turn over, and was suddenly aware of a weight, a pressure in his rear.

Before he could react, there was a loud, rumbling burp of gas.

Emerging from his upturned and exposed ass.

"Ugh, filthy devil!"

"Well he's only a pig, after all," George reminded the man, sparing the animal only a passing glance.

“Besides,” he added, as he dug into the layers of waste at the middle of the sty, “Napoleon here is my prize breeder, even if he is a dirty swine.”

‘How dare you!’ Hector tried to say.

“Oiiiiink!” he spoke.

George simply laughed.

“Oiiin! Snohhh! Oooooiiiink!”

Frustrated, befouled and befuddled, the imprisoned financier felt his face flushing bold, infuriating fuchsia.

A surreal dream indeed, Hector told himself again, as if trying to persuade of that, even as the revoltingly real stink choked his flaring nostrils and tainted his truculent tongue.

It was all the worse for the inexplicable, ignominious reaction of his loins, that fumigant cocktail of taboo mistreatment and literal filth poisoning his mind as well as nose. That was the only explanation for the way his manhood was tingling, swelling in answer to George’s words and his own absurdist *oinks*.

Stood there nude, hands buried in shit and rear up in the air, it was hard to hide the growing erection he sported, encouraged by his startling sensitivity sans clothing, and the lewd embrace of manure, wrapped around his flesh like a second skin, hiding nothing yet defiling all.

He could feel fecal matter dripping and sliding from his cock as it rose, and Hector shuddered, releasing an involuntary little squeal of disgust at that unwelcome blending of the sensual and sickening.

He had to get out.

Walking through the slimy mud and fibrous mounds was a trial in itself, hands sinking deep into the morass as he moved, but he was ignored by the men, hard at work mucking out.

With the two focused on their own unpleasant work, Hector got to his.

Fingers dug and pried into the slurry of excrement under the corner of the pen, one hand pulling up lumps and pushing them aside while the other held him up on a tripod of limbs.

It was a slow, stinky process, but unlike the sty itself, the pen stood on soil rather than stone.

Could Hector not climb free, he would dig his way out.

Noxious and penetrating, the vapors clung with a cloying insistence to his hands and face, curling around his nose as he worked, to make each breath a fresh burst of smell. His stomach was churning at the reeking odors, humid fumes befouling even his tongue, the thickening clouds of steaming scat setting eyes watering, but still he persevered.

He always said that one didn't become a luminary of the financial world without a double measure of determination.

Each new wave of smell tested that resolve, as it sparked more gurgles, and soon he felt another unpleasant, menacing lurch in his gut.

Hector whined and oinked in confused, disgusted arousal, as he felt himself loosing burbling and tooting blasts from his backside.

It shouldn't feel good to *fart*.

He shouldn't be struck by such *perverse* anticipation, as he felt the thicker mass, moving inside him.

Each flatulent trill seemed to inflate his rear, buttocks tingling with intensifying sensation, bulging outwards ever further and jiggling pleasurably, his belly swelling as the production accelerated, his whole torso seeming to round out, into a more appropriate, more *porcine* aspect.

Determined as he was to see through his labor and make good his escape, Hector gave a shameful snort of alarm, as he felt something else moving between that burgeoning pair of buttocks, pushing through his skin with a strange, curving form.

A fermenting chunk of dung dropped from his hand, as he strained back and shoulder, groping at his own ass.

"What a daft animal you are!"

Looking out the sty window, the face of George was contorted with mirth, at the sight of the squirming, flatulent creature, contorting in the pen, however Hector could spare no thought to hiding his shame – he had to know what he was feeling.

His fingers reached the spot, and affirmed all his suspicions.

There it was, curling up out of his coccyx, a perfect corkscrew of new flesh.

An oink of alarm escaped his lips as Hector's fingers brushed along the thing, and felt how it sprung, tender, yet firmly rooted to his body.

It was his tail.

Below it, something else was wobbling, weighty and delicate, more sensitive even than the added appendage, yet Hector needed no investigation to identify that organ.

Ravaged by too many gaseous releases, his rectum was bulging outwards, crudely puffing up into a delicate ring of flesh which throbbed in the center of his awareness; a crude and dirty donut of pink folds, creased together and spreading wide as it expanded around his expulsions.

Whining with arousal, Hector pressed his fingers to his engorged anus, and shook at the sensations of that erogenous orifice, still shaking and flapping itself around his farts as each one seemed to strike deeper, like the passionate kisses of a lover against his rear. His flesh answered, twitching back, clenching and dilating as it grew ever softer and more sensuous, the bunching folds of flesh layering ever more sensitivity through that twitching ring.

It was already achingly erotic, just to pass mere gas, yet he could feel how much more was coming.

Puckering lips smooched at his fingers too, *sucked* on them, pulling them into those wet, crude folds, his cheeks rubbing, squishing them together, while pressure built up in his gut, surpassing the limits of his restraint.

The once-dignified man squealed with pleasure, as he felt his control give out.

With a wet, slick squelch, Hector shit himself.

Thick, muddy manure gushed uncontrolled through his bowels, slopping out in a dense stream all over his hand, splattering to the ground to splash legs and crotch. The sensations were intolerable, as ghastly as they were degrading. His nose was assaulted with the stench of fresh sewage, his skin tingling where it struck, his ass aching and his stretched, spewing anus ablaze with the overload of flooding feces brushing through his innards and snogging out through his opening in a torrent of shit to make him whine and buck against his new lover.

"Told you, boss, *disgusting* animal, him."

"I'm starting to see your point," George replied, laughter all but inaudible over Hector's own vocalizations.

Squealing and howling at the orgasmic violation, he shuddered, collapsing into his own dung as he humped air and squirmed his aching ass. His own anus was making love to him better than George ever had, better than *anyone* ever could. That huge hole at the heart of his being was fucking him senseless with his own scat, right there in front of the man he had meant to marry.

With nothing else to ease his anguish, he thrust his cock right into the soft pile of excavated shit, snorting and shaking as he bucked his hips, mounting that rancid dungheap more eagerly than he ever had his partner. Grinding his dick deep into the stinking sludge he

shuddered at the sensations of mushy, muddy, fermenting manure massaging his cock better than any human touch. Sucking and slurping much as his anus did, *groping* his aching shaft. He was fucking his own feces, and it was fucking him back.

His rear was bellowing louder than his mouth as farts and slopping spatters and thick, heavy logs poured out of him, and all were the caresses and thrusts of a dozen different partners, all pleasuring him into a frenzy of orgasmic, repugnant pleasure beyond anything sex could have offered.

"Gross."

That was all George had to say, as he walked by, carting out a barrowful of fecal matter, right past the pig spilling out so much more all over the pen.

"Can't believe even a pig would try to mate with its own shit. Couldn't even wait until we were out either," Rob muttered. "Well we shan't be mucking out twice in one day. He'll have to lump it now, until the morrow."

"I'm sure Napoleon doesn't mind, he's so very *fond* of his own filth, after all," George observed.

"Aye, that one ain't right. Even a filthy beast should know better."

Whimpering in lust and disgrace, Hector was powerless to stay his hips despite those denigrations heaped atop them.

He only thrust harder, as he fucked the slimy pile of his own fibrous feces.

The degraded former man couldn't even restrain the hand, still fingering his own achingly erotic anus, as it desecrated him so deeply.

His cock and asshole each felt too good, too addictively, disgustingly delicious to defy, as they ruled him in mind and body.

Fucking his own feces, as it fucked him back, was as orgasmic as it was atrocious.

Hector's other hand abandoned the task of propping him upright, and he sank deeper into the sewage soaking the floor all around, face just barely above the bubbling surface.

Whimpering with wanton pleasure and revulsion, he drove his fingers into the depths of that shit-heap, digits diving to find and pleasure his phallus directly too.

He was laying in his own filth, grinding on it, riding it, being *ravaged* by the endless fountain of turds, yet Hector had never been more thrilled, even as his shame reached new heights and his depravity plumbed unimagined depths.

Snorting the stench of shit from his nostrils, he gripped his cock, groping his shaft, *masturbating* himself with the slurry of his own shit, using lumps of feces as fleshlights and kneading his effluence into his erection.

That exquisitely atrocious steeping of shit seemed to absorb into him as he did so, and with each stroke and squeeze he could feel how his crotch too was changing.

His legs were being pushed wider apart than ever, the fat, thick ring of his leathery rectum joined now by the engorging orbs of his balls, his scrotum swelling up to match the calamitously orgasmic pig-pucker ruining his rear.

All were wrapped in achingly sensual animal hide, pig-flesh, black and pungent, spreading out across his groin to creep up his shaft too.

That achingly stiff rod was so thoroughly drenched with sloppy dung that it seemed almost a second skin, and as he ground himself into the vile mush of muddy pigshit, Hector snorted in shock as he realized that his shaft really was shedding its outermost layer.

His foreskin was sliding back, down his shaft, bunching and piling up, while the flesh of his loins rose towards it, puffing out into a sensual pucker all around his cock.

The two merged together, unseen amid his fecal fucking, foreskin reduced and remade into a slimy new *sheath*, embracing the base of his degraded dick, packed as much with filth as phallus, outrageously erogenous despite the alien nature of that new anatomy.

Had Hector spared a proper glance, perhaps with help from a mirror, he would have seen that from anus to penis, his crotch was remade, wholly animal in nature now. Heavy boar-nuts thumped together against his pig-legs, his still-shitting anus jiggling and bounding, setting him squealing in pleasure, just as did that sole holdout of humanity, his actual rod.

Oinking in angst and arousal, Hector bored it deeper into the clutch of palm and poop, his other arm still manipulating that magnificent rear, yet as his asshole grew ever greater in his awareness, he felt his prided penis melting away before his touch.

Each thrust into the sucking mire of sewage sapped another inch from his prick, even as it grew the pleasure from his pig-pucker by the same degree.

His was a lewd, ridiculous body, *dominated* by that disgusting anus, pathetically pumping out feces all over hand and legs, yet even amid that disgraceful nadir of degradation and desecration, gripped by the horror of his dick disappearing, he couldn't help but snort and squeal in pleasure at the thrillingly taboo sensations of his shrinking cock.

Each grope up and down was shorter.

Every thud of hips into dungheap penetrated a little less.

His shaft jerked and twitched against fingers, which felt ever larger as it was reduced.

In size, that was.

In sensuality, little Hector only *grew*, as it was so drastically reduced.

Each inch lost was another redoubling of erogeneity. Another needy, delighted *oink*, so deeply shameful and yet so wholly irresistible.

It was utterly, horrendously wrong, yet Hector was trembling with pleasure as he felt his penis vanish.

George and the farmhand were watching, staring at the show, as were others, stopping their tasks to observe the disgusting exhibition of fecal masturbation and phallic sacrifice, yet none seemed alarmed or uneasy.

As Hector fucked away his own dick, George was laughing.

"You were right, Rob – you always said he was a nasty creature, and here we are. I can hardly believe he had so much shit in him."

"What about breeding, sir?" the hand asked, as they watched their prize pig's prick shrink away, until the tip was lost amid the folds of that fat, drooling sheath.

A mere clitoris, amid that huge pocket of flabby genital folds.

"Well, it's certainly too small for any traditional mating methods, but maybe he can still get the tip in somehow. I only hope he won't prove *impotent* as well as *incontinent*!"

"I'm sure we can harvest from him by hand."

Rob sounded unenthused, as they watched their snorting, wailing charge, writhing in his own filth, masturbating his asshole and fucking his sheath with his fingers.

Hector was lost amid the dehumanized delirium of such delicious sensations, packing feces into his own crotch as he forced lumps, even logs up against the opening, in his desperate attempts to continue his self-abuse.

His cock was too small to grip, a mere lump at the base of his sheath now, yet that stump of a sex, so utterly useless even to penetrate a mere pile of excrement, was exponentially more erogenous than ever before.

Hector loathed and loved how very *right* it felt.

Just like his rear.

Shitting, groping, snorting and grunting, the former man flopped about in his own sewage even past the point of exhaustion... until finally, mercifully, his bowels ran dry.

Trembling from head to hooves, he collapsed in a daze, lying twitching in his filth, still smushing the useless mound of his sheath and stub against the ground as he felt his abused anus clench and shake.

It was some minutes before he came to his senses again.

The stink was what roused him first, as it burned itself into his sinuses, but his self-revulsion was still more potent as he realized what he'd done.

How he'd disgraced himself, for all to see.

The gate to the pen was wide open, he saw, yet desperate as he was to escape this surreal nightmare of vile excrement and seductive sensuality, the thought of rising, of pushing his mistreated muscles to the act of running – and on all fours at that – was unconscionable.

Instead he salved that pain of humiliation with a caress of his wobbling anus, his whole body shaking with the motions of that erogenous orifice of soft folds, as it once more slurped in his hand, the depraved former person fisting himself with ease, as he pleased the brutally erotic new opening. It was incredible, impossible, *intoxicating* to feel that new genital hole, and his other hand reached reflexively for his manhood as he lay there groping himself.

It was gone, of course.

Anew he pressed his fingers into that foul mound of flesh which had replaced his crotch, shuddering as he fucked himself front and rear, digits brushing against the captive glans of his ruined erection within.

The other workers had moved on, but George remained there, leaning over the fence to watch the pathetic attempts at self-abuse, smirking quietly to himself.

"Really, *Napoleon*," the man murmured, "I said you were a pig, did I not?"

Hector tried to reply, to argue somehow... or even just to stay his hands, in that twisted self-abuse.

All he managed was a choked 'oink'.

"Now, none of that," George decreed.

His hands fell still, heeding that order better than any Hector could have given them.

"That's right, my poor pig, you know your place now, don't you?"

Despite himself, disregarding everything – his destroyed dignity, his defiled pride, Hector's head nodded.

And spun, as he tried to make sense of all this.

When had George, *George* of all men, held such power to *dominate* him?

“Well you didn’t seem to believe me last night, but I’d say there’s no doubt now, that a pig you are, and a pig you’ll remain. Your true self, you might say. So I have a little something for you, my former flame, to commemorate the occasion....”

Stepping over, George bent down, careful not to touch knee to unfirm ground, and caught Hector’s cheek with his hand.

Holding the ‘pig’ steady, he slid something hard and metallic into his nose, and the former man grunted with an increasingly nasal tone, as it passed through a formerly undetected opening in his septum, allowing the thing entering his right nostril to emerge from the left.

With a click it seemed to lock fast, and George smiled, giving a light tug to make certain.

The nosering hung heavy against his lip, the mass a perfect reminder of his transformation, from proud and powerful person, to base and bestial barndweller.

George fed a thin rope through the large loop, and tied it off.

The other end was knotted to a ring, affixed to the side of the sty, leashing Hector by his nose.

George didn’t even bother to lock the gate as he left.

Hector was left to try to gather his scattered thoughts, and futilely struggle to rebuild some semblance of dignity, while he squatted in the muck of the pig pen.

Mind ever drawn back to that pulsating tailhole and tantalizing bump of a prick, he met little success.

No dream had ever been so intense... so visceral as this.

Rather than work at once towards his freedom, he resolved to take stock of the... delusion in which he was trapped.

His ears and legs were wholly those of a pig now, as were crotch and posterior, but his torso and abdomen had taken on a porcine bent too, enlarged and rounded, extra padding coating his ribs and hips, giving him a thickset shape and making his seat on the muddy ground surprisingly soft. The affect was deepened by the black spots, scattered in blotches all over his flesh, staining his supple pink skin just as he’d seen so many times in other pigs.

His gut was still grumbling, threatening more egregious expulsions to come, but Hector was beyond fighting that now.

A flatulent bubble spread his rear, and he shuddered, snorting with pleasure to feel the caress against those longing, flabby folds.

Thoroughly caked in sewage already, he could muster no resistance as his tail rose, muscles entirely ignoring his will as they began to excrete anew.

His mind said no, cried stop, but his bowels were outside his control, just like the rest of his body. Hector had no influence over his anus, save to clench and twitch and squeeze it around the thick, dense logs which made such warped love to his rear, spreading him wide, licking and massaging through him like loving hands, teasing him into fresh oinks of urgent want.

He hated, abhorred, *adored* how intensely grotesque it felt, as he squatted there by the pigsty, and defecated on the ground, soft heaps of shit slurping their way out of that new core of his sexuality, setting his sheath drooling similarly as his cock served the wants the more vital part, the foundation of his pleasure.

His anus.

Hector was powerless to control it, or to resist it in any way.

His asshole ruled him instead, every thought scattering, shattering as pigshit plowed through his brain, burying his mind in those growing mounds.

The smell and sensations of scat slopping out through him was dire, of course. It was coating his body and filling the air with its fumes, tingling and throbbing in his pierced nose and making him pant and grunt with strain.

Yet gross as it was, his revulsion was for *himself*, far more than his excrement.

That effluent eruption of feces should have sickened him to the core, turning stomach and torturing senses. His muted displeasure... his growing acceptance... his overflowing arousal... were wholly unsuited to a human mind. It was as though even Hector's sensibilities were becoming piggish. Even his desire to flee, was subordinated by his compulsion to *obey*.

But no, Hector told himself, he couldn't allow it.

Transformation, denigration, total dehumanization of his body, all could be endured somehow.

The breaking of his resistance, his *acceptance* of this foul existence, that was the greatest disgrace of all.

Hands pulled back, from the sheath and nubbin they had subconsciously landed upon, and Hector snorted the clinging dregs of dung from his nose.

Hector Wright was no pet or livestock animal.

He was going to get free, one way or another.

It was afternoon now, and the yard had grown quiet once again.

Few people passed, and none spared a glance for the filthy creature tied up, still shitting himself in the pen.

The gate was still unlocked too.

It might be his only chance.

Fingers fumbled against his nostrils, finding them also oddly enlarged by the presence of the ring. His hands were coated in unspeakable filth, digits slipping and smearing more than gripping, but he clawed at the knotted rope which bound him in place with all his vigor. His touch was as clumsy as it was dirtied, but inevitably, under prolonged pressure, the tight-pulled binding started to loosen. Hector grunted and snorted in exertion, working nails in under the fibers. Finally he felt it yield, then start to unravel.

A triumphant 'oink' escaped him, as he hurriedly tugged out the line, hands fumbling to disentangle it from his face.

Hurrying towards the gate, his fingers sank anew into layers of pigshit, but he ignored the unpleasantness. He was growing accustomed to ambulation on all fours, his palms no longer sore, his fingers not catching as they had on the rippled layers of muck.

Breaking into a sort of jog, his rear legs... those hateful trotters... did as they were named to, and the clattering sped as his forelegs worked to keep up.

Shit was still slopping in lumps from his rear, but he ignored it as best he could.

Reaching the gate, Hector lurched to a stop, and grabbed at the handle.

His trotter clunked into the metal.

Grimacing, he lowered the leg, and made again to raise an *arm* for the task.

A pig foot clanged against the handle.

Hector looked down.

He knew already what he would see, but his eyes were all too eager to affirm what he dreaded.

The former human stood on *four* pig limbs, front and rear, his hands and arms wholly subsumed into the awkward, immobile forms of animal legs.

He had no fingers to work the gate, just a second pair of hardened hooves, pawing ineffectually at the crossbar.

It was too much, too debilitating, to be so horrifically helpless, and his body seemed to echo that thought as his excretions turned to liquid in his dismay.

Yet that renewed gushing of foul, seductive feces from his rear reminded him all the more of his need to escape.

Perhaps, somehow, he could regain his humanity, if only he could escape this cursed sty.

Yet try as he might, with hooves first, then face and nose, he had so thoroughly befouled the metal loop of the gate handle that he could find no purchase. His ring clinked teasingly against the surface, and even efforts to bring mouth to bear on the distasteful task failed – for the mechanism was recessed, out of reach of lip or tongue.

He was defeated by a mere latch.

It wasn't even locked, yet the pig could only grind hoof or 'snout' into the obstacle, and oink in anger at the implacability of the crude barrier.

"Now now, 'Napoleon', none of that!"

The familiar voice froze him in place, then sent him scampering away, moving more naturally than ever on all fours, as his reshaped body jogged back from the approaching George.

"I told you to stay, did I not?" asked his erstwhile lover. "What a naughty pig, no feed for you tonight."

The slopping buckets he carried held no allure for Hector, the swill a vile blend of food waste, moldy vegetation and rank, overripe apples from the orchard.

"But really, why all these silly escape attempts anyway? You know this is your place now."

Lumpy pale feed poured out into the trough, and the other pigs came running to gorge themselves.

"A greedy pig like you should have all he wants here," George went on. "Even *companionship....*"

Hector stared at him, as George broke into a devious grin.

"You did say you needed to 'take a wife', did you not? Why else would I make you my prize boar? Time to make yourself useful for once, and get to breeding. Rob, if you would?"

The sow Rob led into the pen squealed on the rope, grunting with her efforts to try to break away, and join the others in feasting at the trough.

There was no awareness, no light of wisdom in her eyes, the pure animal staring up at the humans... at Hector... without recognition or interest.

“Well? Go on,” George said, still beaming, “you wanted a wife, and I’ve given you one.”

There was no way he would – could – mate with a beast such as this.

So he told himself, as she was brought before him, her tail raising, her slit weeping to fill the air with the smell of an animal in estrus.

Impossibly horny already, the jolt to his senses was too much to resist.

Snorting with effort, Hector lurched forwards, muscles straining to heft his bulk as he tried with absurd energy to mount this willing ‘partner’.

Balls wobbled, ass shaking and dripping filth, yet even as he managed to hook his forelegs over her hips, and haul himself onto her, he had no capacity to penetrate the squealing, needy sow.

Even as she was rubbing herself wantonly against his hips, his sheath could only squish and smear his seeping slickness over her buttocks.

Hector’s phallus was a mere button trapped inside all that squishing skin, agonizingly tender and delicate, yet totally useless for any form of intercourse beyond self-abuse. As desperately as he bucked and thrust, he couldn’t even part his sheath far enough for his cock to touch her skin.

The overwhelming pleasure of his ruined erection and overgrown anus were blending together, adulation for his warped anatomy mingling with the shame of the total dysfunction of his prided phallus, and the humiliation of his utter sexual incapacity.

He could never make love like this, not to a man or woman... not even to a pig... he couldn’t penetrate, couldn’t even *masturbate* properly – his cock was too tiny to even grip in fingers, let alone the crude hooves he had now.

Instead, Hector snorted and oinked in his hapless lust, as he humped that soft posterior and started to shit himself anew, the slopping gulps and belches of his asshole mingling with the shameful grinding of his loins, in dual disgrace and ever deeper degradation.

It felt too good to resist.

Squealing like the pig he was, Hector slammed his crotch against the increasingly bored-looking animal under him, and felt a pathetic squirt of seed, oozing out of the gooey pocket of his former cock.

It dribbled down the sow's rear, soon lost in the slurry of scat he was spreading everywhere.

With a disgruntled sound, she pushed him off and trotted away, finally permitted by Rob to go feed.

The humans were laughing, while the other pigs just stuffed their faces. Hector just stood there, shuddering in his sexual impotence, even as he was wracked by the ongoing thrill of his anal incontinence.

It was so wrong, so unfair, for his broken genitals to feel so divine.

He wasn't supposed to be so *thrilled* by his own ridiculous impotence.

"Well, not to worry," George declared, "we can still collect his, uh, ejaculations by hand. Artificial insemination means we won't even need to bring the sows to him, he can just shit himself into a nasty piggy orgasm, then we scoop it up."

"Aye, a hand will suit that one better than any lady," one of the others affirmed.

"Not my hand of course," George said, "I don't want to handle so dirty a beast!"

As the laughter returned, Hector shuddered.

His disgrace, his denigration, were absolute.

Pride was a foreign word now, a concept from a language, a *culture* to which he no longer belonged.

A world remembered as little more than a dream.

His world was that orgasmic orifice, still wracking his body with pleasure as he pooped, and that puny, pathetic stump of a penis, throbbing again already in his sheath, as it longed to be pleased in all those ways it never could be now.

Degraded in mind as well as body, Hector could resist no longer.

All that was left was to submit.

To accept his new self.

Fumbling with a hoof to try to grope at his sheath, his head spun as the pleasure filled him, a stupor coming over him to dull his eyes and unburden his brain.

He was just a pig.

Just a greedy, dirty pig.

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Hector awoke with a jolt, limbs jerking clumsily, his body shuddering as sensation wracked him.

Manure was everywhere, clinging wetly to his skin in layers, sheets, coating his sopping body as he shuddered and squirmed.

No, not manure.

*Fabric.*

His hooves slipped against the material, fumbling with it.

Fingers caught the edges, and he peeled the material back, gasping for air in the heat.

He held the sweaty silk in *hands* of course, not hooves.

Sitting up in bed, Hector Wright looked down at himself.

At arms and legs, and the outlines of feet with normal human toes at their ends.

“A nightmare!”

He laughed, lightly at first, then with a deep, hearty boom, rocking his body with the bellowing sounds of sheer relief.

“It really *was* a nightmare!”

He’d know it all along, of course. Nothing had made sense – not really – yet it had all felt so real at the time, that come the end he had been quite convinced by the illusion. Guilt, he supposed, and perhaps too much rich food before bed. His gut gurgled, as it had in his dreams, as though to affirm the diagnosis.

That explained all that surreal, horrible *excrement* his mind had conjured up... even if it couldn’t wholly justify how his loins tingled at the recollection.

“No more cheese and olives after midnight,” he declared.

He had been developing love-handles of late, so his waistline would thank him too. Better to refrain now, than end up with a pot belly, like an *actual* pig.

He looked over at the bedside table, and saw that it was many hours yet to sunrise.

“I’ll have to call George in the morning,” he said, to no-one particular.

The real George was no dom, not at all the sort of man to hold out against a powerful, compelling personality like Hector's. He would have the man eating out of his hand again within a week.

He thought again of those intense sensations from his nightmare.

Perhaps he would have the man eating out other areas soon too.

Still snickering to himself with relief, he slipped from the bed, and padded, upright and with *perfect* posture into the bathroom.

A quick *relief*, perhaps a shower, and then he would lay some fresh sheets on the bed and be back to sleep.

Flicking on the light, he admired his reflection, as handsome as ever, even with his hair disheveled. Although he didn't admit it to himself, he also looked closely at his nose, to affirm the absence of any ring there.

Hector was a totally normal human.

Well... not *normal*.

He was a man of renown and import, and heir to a vast fortune and all the power and respect which came with it. A fortune he would soon swell to hitherto unimagined size, thanks to the credulous George.

Something glittered from beside the basin, and the man looked down, with the easy, indulgent curiosity of one master of all he surveyed.

A stray ring lay on the counter, the bare, undecorated metal gleaming in the light.

It was too thick for a finger and too crude for an earring.

Hector stared, as he recognized the simple loop.

His nose twitched, at the memory of the weight of it.

"It *can't* be," he murmured.

His words were drowned up by a *gurgle*.

Familiar dread gripped his gut, as he felt his bloated stomach rumbling.

Looking down, Hector gaped.

His bare loins hung full and heavy, two huge *black* orbs dangling from the vast mound of his crotch... the piled up folds of gooey flesh which formed an inhuman *sheath* around the minuscule point within.

His minute erection throbbed with pleasure, as his hands sank into the animal crotch, and a low snort shook him.

Shuddering as he did, he felt something flop out from his disarrayed hair.

Long, soft triangles of pink.

Porcine ears.

Their emergence seemed to dislodge the load brewing in his bowel too, and reflexively Hector raised his rear.

The feeling of a tail only added to his alarm, but it was nothing next to the wet, peeling sensation, as his bulbous buttocks spread, to unveil the quivering maw of his boar-hole. It throbbed, bouncing and wobbling as he twisted to bring it into sight in the mirror. A puckering pig-anus, achingly erotic, atrociously tender, quivering and clenching with the longing for filth to flow through and defile it anew.

"No," he whimpered, "stop! Stooooop! I don't- I- oooooooooinnnk!"

The sound resounded through the room, and with a squeal the man rushed to press his rear to the nearby toilet bowl, before it was too late.

Feeling, hearing how the gurgling expulsion spread his asshole wide, Hector snorted in pleasure, voice raised in animal oinks and grunts as he started to shit.

It was bliss.

All the shit was ravaging his rear, once again, and Hector's mind submitted at once, thoroughly primed, *trained* for that moment, as he masturbated himself atop the sextoys which were his logs, fucking himself furiously with his own feces and plunging his hand into the slimy lips of his sheath, to grope fingertips against that scalding knot of orgasmic pleasure which used to be a penis.

He was ruined, utterly and eternally, incapable of making love to anything but his excrement, and beyond even pretending otherwise.

Writhing on the pot, his toes curled, his legs pulled up and his ass disgorging a flood of raw sewage that made his cock squirt with sheer ecstasy. Cumming went almost unnoticed as his bowels kept sprewing, the two pleasures blending into one as he fucked himself with his scat and climaxed again and again from the heavenly slurping and squishing of those fat, kissing folds of anus, a hand joining in to help knead his plush pucker and keep that endless euphoria of excretion going.

In endless cycle, Hector orgasmed, each climax fouler and harder than the last, until his sheath was slopping out thick globs of cum, just as his ass was splattering shit everywhere, the toilet long since overflowed, the scat piling up around his legs and coating his crotch.

“Yes, gods yes!” he squealed, in his rapture.

Lost in the rancid depravity of his new physique, it would be many hours before Hector noticed the message which arrived on his phone.

George’s smiling face glowed beside the words.

“Now everyone will know what a filthy pig you are!”