

Grabbing a strip of paper from under the advert, Roger found himself elated about what the sign promised. He had figured he would need to take a job in order to get the funds that he was hoping for. But if this arrangement worked out, he would be \$500 dollars richer for a mere few hours of his time!

As many new college students did, having access to what felt like unlimited funds, Roger indulged in all the decadence that college life had to offer. Late nights partying, plenty of alcohol, and of course, frequently ordering in shitty fast food, were all par for the course. However, Roger might have indulged himself a little *too* much, especially with the lack of a scholarship for his tuition. Still, he was remiss to care at first, given how much he was enjoying himself.

But, after his first few months, to his dismay, Roger found that he no longer had the finances to keep with his lifestyle. Having friends that preferred to party over anything else, he was initially distraught. It seemed that he was the only one in his social circle with such financial troubles. Managing to keep his grades up, the only thing that his parents requested of him, was not enough to ensure that his wallet was full enough for booze and take out.

It didn't help things that Roger had taken the term 'freshman fifteen' to heart. Though, in his case, with all the fast food it was becoming the freshman twenty. It was getting a little uncomfortable to fit into the clothes that he'd brought with him. Thankfully, jeans weren't mandatory for classes, with most professors not caring that their students showed up to class in sweat pants.

Roger, for his part, had no inclination to change his lifestyle to lose the weight. That was a problem for future Roger, after all. But without the money to eat out all the time, Roger was forced to take on a new diet, and budget, to meet the new reality of his situation. However, his new, strict regiment lasted only a week before the pressure from his peers to keep up his partying ways made him long for those things that made college life all the more appealing to him.

Instead of continuing to cut back as he perhaps should have, Roger turned to the campus bulletin board to try and solve his money woes. Though there were job postings and the like, Roger was more in the market for a quick buck, not wanting to take time away from his leisure. Luckily for him, there were always senior students who were looking for research subjects for thesis studies, often ones with small stipends of financial compensation.

Imagine his surprise when he came across one that promised to pay \$500, much more than he was expecting and which would get him far into the rest of the semester. The hiring students were part of an art class that needed live subjects. Given that he was more than a little

chubby and not the most handsome of men, Roger didn't think that he quite qualified for what they were looking for. But, Roger figured what the hell and took the tab.

To his elation, he soon found out from his phone call that body type wasn't an issue. They were willing to take anyone provided they be comfortable with stripping down for a painting class. At the thought of being a naked subject, Roger blushed, not seeing himself in that scenario. But, then again, what were a few hours of nudity with the promise of continuing his college escapades?

So, with that, he agreed to meet one of the seniors, a woman named Elle. He was a little surprised to find out he was to be a one on one subject, not in front of a class as he had braced himself for. That gave him an even greater feeling of trepidation to expose himself. But, with the prospect of the money that he was to earn, Roger went for it!

Roger, for his part, found Elle more than a little attractive. The woman before him could have easily been a model in her own right. She walked with the air of a goddess, gliding towards him as she went to shake his hand. She was lean, though not unhealthily so, with long legs and features that would have made Roger drool if he had been confident enough. And she was certainly voluptuous, though, naturally so. Hair with streaks of shimmering turquoise, her eyes carried an expression that read equal parts dangerous and fun.

Trying not to stare at her, Roger again found himself contemplating backing out. He didn't want to expose himself to such a woman, but the promise of the funds he would receive kept him there. Besides, she had assured him that he was a suitable model to be her subject, so he had nothing to fear. Even if it was the first time he was naked in front of a woman, certainly never one of her caliber!

Yet, as soon as she started to speak, Roger's mind grew hazy. His hands began to pull off his hoodie and push down his sweatpants. He slowly sank down his hands and knees, his eyes locked on to Elle's as...

What felt like some time later, Roger awoke to the familiar sensations of being in his bed. Memories of the past night had him more than a little confused. He had gone to an art class to model for a woman... a gorgeous woman... and had stripped down. And then she had... what? Surely not drugged him or taken advantage of him? There was no way...but, then again, what could explain the lack of memories or the roaring headache he felt? Surely, he had not drunk last night; the familiar aftertaste of booze was not on his tongue this morning.

Then, what *had* she done to him? A glance around the room saw that his possessions were present, that his pants and wallet were all where he normally left them. A quick check into his wallet revealed, that, to his excitement, he was \$500 richer, the bills filling the wallet fat.

For all intents and purposes, Roger figured that he should simply let the night be forgotten and try not to spend his earned money all in one place. Still, it was harder for him to reflect on things as he made it to the cafeteria, happy that his tuition allowed unlimited buffet-style meals three times a day. He loaded up his plate, the various smells wafting into his nose making him drool. He was nearly whining with his need to eat, drool dripping from his mouth as he resisted the urge to stick his head into some of the plates, bringing his meal to the table instead, though just barely.

“Hey, piggy, that all for you?” One of his friends asked, though Roger hardly cared with all the food waiting in front of him. He ate vigorously, ignoring the conversations around him and the muttered groans at his beastly appetite.

That evening came with the same overwhelming desire to eat, Roger thankful that the meal was free and that he could consume as much as he wanted. His friends again commented on him for being an oinker, but Roger paid them no mind, hungry as he was. He did feel some shame when he accidentally cracked a loud fart, the smell making everyone around him get up. Roger tried to play it off but there was something about the whole thing that disgusted him. How could his body do that to him? And worst of all, he was *still* hungry!

Yet, Roger’s thoughts were soon distracted from the events of the day with his strange dreams. He was still hungry in his sleep, and still gassy if the smells in the room were any indication. But this time, alone and free to eat as much as he wanted to in his dreams, the notion made him...aroused. Harer than at any time he could recall, in fact. Touching himself while eating was the most erotic thing he had ever done, and even in the dream, the sensations were more visceral than any masturbatory sensation he could recall.

Roger woke from the dream, throbbing erection begging to be touched. Worse than that, the damp sensation over his crotch implied that he had cum already. Not one to touch himself often, the sheer arousal to have a wet dream and to still need to cum again made him more than a little bashful. Still, to his chagrin, the idea of eating and the stench of his own flatulence really did it for him. Thankful his roommate was a heavy sleeper, Roger went to town on his penis, trying to remain quiet as he did so. Horny as he was, Roger came within moments, stifling a moan and waiting with bated breath to see if he’d been heard. Nothing.

The sight of him in the mirror that next day made Roger do a double-take. His shirt, which had been steadily getting tighter as the months went on, now seemed to ride up to his

chest, exposing his gut no matter how much he tried to pull it down. It was more than a little embarrassing, and he managed to try and find something that did fit, though it, too, was tighter than Roger would have preferred.

Despite that, Roger went to breakfast with that same ravenous hunger, piling his plate with breakfast meats and eggs and anything greasy he could get his hands on. This time, some of his friends actually backed away from him as he came to their table, though Roger was remiss to care, hungry as he was. He ate as quickly as he could, the needs in his belly beckoning him for seconds, and perhaps thirds if he had time before classes.

As he ate and passed gas, that memory of the night before slowly slipped into his mind, and his cock started to tent in his pants. Lost in eating as he had been, the notion of touching himself in a public place didn't seem to hold as much shame as it should. Reaching down with a greasy hand, he started petting his groin, a glazed look on his features. It felt as though he could cum just from rubbing himself through the tight sweat pants alone!

“Dude, what the fuck?!” A somewhat familiar voice hit his ears, and Roger looked up, a dreamy look on his face as he chewed a mouthful of food. It was then that Roger realized what he was doing. Shame flooding his features, Roger quickly got up, trying to keep his hands over his stiffy as he made his way to the bathroom.

Roger made sure to sit away from that particular classmate that evening, shamed at what he had done and not wanting to debase himself further. It was a Herculean task for him not to feel aroused and touch himself, eating as he was. But, pulling in his chair was enough to hide his unwelcome boner in lieu of him being able to get it down. It was enough, given that no one wanted to sit beside him regardless.

All of the ambient noise in the room was drowned out as he ate in relative peace. But, there was one sound that broke the silence and attracted his attention. A loud “WWRRRREEETTTT!” woke him from his stupor, making him turn his head around to see where the sound had come from. It sounded like a pig squealing!

Yet, looking around revealed that everyone was looking at him. Roger's chubby cheeks blushed furiously as he realized that sound had come from *him*. He had once again embarrassed himself by acting out of character. Still, everyone was able to soon laugh it off, likely thinking it to be some kind of stunt to get attention. Yet, for the first time in the past few days, Roger felt enough shame for him to leave without finishing his food.

After a few days of living with his strange urges and all their repercussions, Roger started to get used to his ravenous hunger and his weight gain. Buying loose-fitting clothes with his new

funds, he allowed himself to fall into his new rhythm, unable to help himself from eating and being gassy. His one chagrin was that his friends didn't want to hang with him any longer, smelly and gross as he was. But, the food, and the amazing masturbation that came with it, almost made it worth it for him.

Still, the one thing that bothered him most was the woman, Elle, and what she had done to him. No matter what Roger tried to do, he could simply not put the events of that night out of his mind. Elle had been in his thoughts as he went about his classes, his social functions, and even each night before he slept. He felt that he *had* to see her again, as creepy as that was. It wasn't lust or even an attraction, as best as he could ascertain. Rather, it was a fascination with who she was or what she had done that left him curious for more.

Finally, an email that came one day sparked excitement in Roger that he had not felt since he had first come to college. It was from Elle, asking that he come to see her again that night in the same classroom where he had posed initially. Excited, Roger canceled his plans for the evening and headed over, figuring that the building would be locked but happy to find that he was wrong. Upper-year students could book classrooms for their own use, after all. Right?

"I knew you would come. I'm so glad you're here!" Elle said upon Roger entering the room. The contrast in tone was a little confusing but it did make Roger more at ease in her presence. He was happy to let her take the lead but was content that she was also more down to earth.

"So...what now?" Roger questioned. He wasn't really sure what this encounter was going to entail. At first, he thought he would be an art subject, like before. But, had he actually been an art subject? He was sure that's what he had signed up for but he couldn't remember what had actually occurred that night. Every time he tried, his head hurt!

"You just wait there for a second. I have just the thing for you. Close your eyes," Elle requested, and Roger did just that.

As he did so, a strange sound entered his ears, followed by a surge of what felt like electrical energy that made him tingle all the way through. As the minutes ticked past he could feel it growing in intensity, almost running through every inch of his body and making him uncomfortable. Hairs standing on end, Roger was almost tempted to open his eyes and tell Elle to stop. As bizarre as it was, he was sure that she had something to do with the sensations washing over him. How she was doing it was anyone's guess, but the prickling was getting so bad that he wanted, *needed* it to stop!

Yet, before he could open his mouth to complain, something entered his nose, the familiar succulent smell of fast food that he had come to crave. Why was that here? Was Elle having supper? That must be it, Roger reasoned. But, then, why had she wanted him to close his eyes? That didn't really make any sense, did it?

Despite himself, Roger felt his hunger growing at the scent of food. Though he'd eaten today already, it was crappy meal hall food, itself of poor quality and fattening. But, the scent of his favorite fast foods, easily distinguishable from anything else, was making his stomach rumble, as though he hadn't eaten anything all day. And he often indulged in a snack of fast food in the evenings. What would one more time hurt?

Going to open his eyes and ask for a bite, Roger then stopped, berating himself. He couldn't do that, could he? He barely knew Elle and debasing himself to ask someone else for their food was pretty low, even for him. Besides, he could totally just order his own, using the money that Elle had so generously given him before. But, this food was right here in front of him...

"Go on, open your eyes! It's all for you, Roger. Dig in! If you want to, that is..." Elle said, with a sly infection on the last words that made him pause.

Roger had been tempted to open his eyes and actually jump over tables to get to the food that was being so willingly offered. But there was enough in the woman's tone that made him wonder what it was that would dissuade his desire to. Why would he not want to eat as much as was being offered? That was unless she was concerned about his waistline or his health. Roger almost laughed at the notion. That ship had sailed within the first few weeks of his tenure at the college!

Still, it seemed that Elle was not quite ready to let him eat without lecturing him a little. "You can eat all you want to, Roger. But...if I didn't tell you the rules, well, that wouldn't really be fair to you, and it might ruin the...um...process if you get what I mean. Well, you won't, but trust me. There is a consequence for you indulging. And not just to the waistline, I can assure you. What those consequences are...well, you probably won't believe me if I told you, so I think I should just leave it at that. But, if you decide to take me up on my offer, you'll find out...whoops, maybe I should try and sound less sinister!" Elle said, laughing at her own perceived joke.

Roger wasn't sure how to respond to the situation. It was a little ominous for her to word it like that. But, then again, she had evidently purchased all this food for him. It would be wrong to let it go to waste. And, besides, it wasn't like she would have poisoned it or anything, right? Right?

“Just let your gut decide for you Roger, that’s probably the best way for this to move forward. If you really think you should eat, then dig in!” Elle suggested, and that was all the prompting that Roger felt he needed.

Drifting towards the succulent scents before him, Roger felt himself almost drooling. She had certainly provided him with a feast of all his favorite junk foods. Burgers, chicken, fries, pizzas, even cakes, and cookies were all waiting for him. They were even obtained from all of his favorite restaurants making Roger all the more eager to eat!

Roger only paused long enough to decide where to start before concluding that a burger would be good. Normally taking time to savor his food, the hunger in his belly suddenly swelled, making him ravenous. The burger was devoured in a couple of bites, without regard for any semblance of manners. A belch was the only thing that Roger needed before he bit into the next burger, eating as fast as he had the first one.

Normally, two burgers and a few fries were all that it took for Roger to feel full, and, for a moment, he did. Yet, the persistent hunger seemed to fade only a second before his stomach rumbled once more and compelled him to grab a slice of pizza, shoving it into his mouth without a second thought. Another one and two were devoured in a similar fashion, with no regard for napkins and barely taking the time to chew.

Lost in eating as he was, Roger hardly cared that his hands were greasy, or that bits of food had fallen forgotten. Worse was when his stomach gurgled and he let out an unexpected fart, smelling worse than anything he had recalled coming out of him before. He hadn't even thought of it, just letting go of his body’s own accord.

“My, you were certainly hungry,” Elle said, waving her hand in front of her nose a little.

It was then that Roger stopped, realizing the stench that had come off his body. What had he done? Normally, such an action would be powerfully embarrassing, especially in front of a gorgeous woman. But, it was hard to hold onto the feelings of shame when he’d done something so natural. And, besides, the rumbling in his belly had hardly subsided. In fact, looking down, his belly had expanded significantly, pulling his already tight shirt up higher than it had been. Roger had been gaining weight all week, but not *this* much!

Still, it was impossible for him to worry when the reality was that his stomach seemed to have expanded, with more room to fill it as his instincts dedicated. It was almost as though his body’s mechanism for telling his brain he was full was absent and he was allowed to eat without any fear of repercussions. Best of all, except his expanding waistline and bouts of flatulence,

there seemed to be little fault for him eating more, this time going for one of the cakes before stuffing it into his face, once more barely taking the time to chew.

The only thing that could make him stop was an ache coming over his backside, as though he'd bruised his tailbone. Not recalling that he'd fallen or sat on it strangely, Roger was remiss for not realizing that something was actually sticking out of his backside, as though pressing against his skin. After a few moments of discomfort, however, Roger was afraid that he might have messed himself. But the growth felt firm and was too high up for his asshole. Though, strangely, his anus, too, seemed higher on his anatomy, like his cheeks had parted and allowed it to rub against his underwear in a way that almost made him uncomfortable.

Still, it was the increasing warmth over his body that was the only detriment to his further feeding. The bloating in his stomach did not equate to him eating his fill, prompting more greasy food to enter rapidly into his gullet. It wasn't the flavor that got to him; he barely took the time to enjoy it. Rather, the notion that he could simply eat as much as he wanted made him all the more eager to get into the moment.

Feeling that the heat was making it harder to focus, Roger eventually had to stop and catch his ragged breaths. A series of belches escaped his lips followed by more flatulence, but that wasn't what had caused his break in his feasting. Heat was centering in his nose, causing it to feel wider and more bulbous. It was drooling, snot coming down in waves as he struggled to breathe a little. He reached up to wipe it, shocked that the nostrils seemed wider, thicker than he was expecting. He could almost fit his fingers all the way in. In fact, if he crossed his eyes, he thought he could see it in his periphery.

As though the realization was a catalyst, the skin of his nose seemed to stretch, as though made of putty. It expanded to the width of his upper lips, the surface flattened and pushing upward as the bridge stretched out until it was nearly hanging over his lips. Clearly visible in his field of view, now, Roger was terrified to realize that he now sported the beginnings of a snout!

"W-What's happening *cough* to meEEWWRRREEETTT!" Roger declared, panicked at the sight of the new growth in front of his face.

Shocked at the apparent frog in his throat, Roger reached up to rub at his double, now triple chins, shocked at the amount of fat that he had put on in such a short amount of time. Yet, even the additional weight could not explain the noise that came out of his mouth. It almost sounded like something an animal would make, though not one he could readily identify, given his own cadence in the mix.

Remembering the strange protrusion along his backside, Roger reached back towards tightening underwear, rubbing a growth that had clearly not been there before. Sticking out from above his underwear, he had about a couple of inches bobbing up and down over his weighty ass. It seemed curled, a thin string of flesh that he could wag slightly if he focused on its presence. Though he could not see it, having a harder time turning around with his increased weight, the sensation seemed to elicit a certain image in his mind, one that terrified him to the core. It felt like a pig's tail, of all things. Was he turning into a...pig?

Looking to Elle for an explanation, he was almost shocked to see that she was smiling, as though admiring what had been done to him. Seeing the confusion on his porcine features, she was quick to explain. "I see you've deduced the consequences of eating, as it were. Though, you probably don't know who, or what, I am. I'm sure you have questions, but allow me to take a moment to explain."

"This isn't an art class, as you might have guessed. We have a 'special' program here, one for people of my talents and proclivities. We practice the magic arts here, spellcasting, and the like. It's not just me, mind you. Our entire class has magical potential, something that this private part of the school aims to nurture."

"So, under the guise of needing subjects for 'live modeling,' we pay students to come and be our subjects for magic practice. Transfiguration, conjuring, and a variety of other spells that we need a live subject for. It's generally perfectly fine for the subject, mind you. We don't actually want to hurt anyone! That's why we erase their memories, so they don't feel hurt or used. It's generally harmless," she continued by way of explanation.

"But why are you doing this to WRRREEEEETTT!?" Roger tried to call out, though was immediately ashamed of the sounds that were coming from his mouth. No matter how much he tried, he could not remove the porcine inflections from his cadence.

"Oh, you? Well, as practitioners of magic, we are allowed the use of familiar as a conduit, a way to channel our magic and replenish ourselves with the stored energy. They are generally animals, though they need to be sapient in order for it to work. Therefore, transformed individuals are desirable, though it's not so simple as that, sadly. Willingly participants help, but the form needs to fit the person, so to speak. The more that the person personifies that animal, the more they meet the requirements."

"And, I'm happy to say, that never have I met anyone that personifies their inner animal more than you have! Pig isn't a typical animal for a familiar, but you are too much a pig for me not to use you. Don't worry, you're already so much like a pig that you'll fit into your new body rather well, I think. Look how much you're enjoying being a pig already!" She finished, with a

sly cackle at the end of her speech that made Roger shake, even if his body hadn't put on all that weight already.

Roger felt his blood run cold at that. He wasn't a pig, wasn't a fucking animal! All he wanted to do was eat and party. That didn't make him a pig, it couldn't have!

Yet, there was no denying the changes that had already come over his form. The weight, the tail, and the nose that gave away what Elle implied would be his eventual fate. And the gurgling in his stomach was not only an indication of his digestion. He was getting larger, his shirt rushing up over his man-boobs now and riding higher still as though the fabric was being pulled to the breaking point. His waistline had pulled his pants to the point of making an indent in his belly, his ass pushing them down with its growth, exposed his pucker and tail to the warm air in the room. Worse, even through the heat, he could not sweat any longer, as though his glands were robbed of their fluids and he could not expel any more. The pressure was maddening!

Roger knew he had to get away and try to preserve what humanity he had. That had to work, he reasoned. Elle had said acting on piggy instincts would have consequences. So, running away had to reverse the process, right? That was his only option. But, what if she stopped him? What kinds of powers would she have, being a practitioner of magic?

Still, he had to try. Moving was a little awkward, almost making him fall over from the size of his hips. And, to his horror, Roger realized that his back was a little stiff, making him struggle towards the door.

To his delight, Elle did not move to stop him. She did, however, speak, the words bearing down on him almost as dangerous as any spell could. "Now, you can leave if you want to. And you would change back. The full changes only work within my sphere of influence. But aren't you hungry? Don't you want to go back to eating? You know, as a pig, you can eat as much as you want. I can give you all your favorites, and you won't be any more unhealthy! You'll probably live longer too, well, as long as I do, anyway! And that's a few hundred years more than you were expecting, I bet!"

"Why don't you go ahead eat? I know how much the changes take out of you. And, the residual magic lasts for a little while, so if you go home and eat you'll still end up a pig, only...likely to be shipped off to a farm, or something. You'd rather come with me, I assure you!"

Roger stopped at that. He knew he needed to get away, that the changes were robbing him of his humanity. Yet, he was so damn *hungry*. There was little chance of him getting home

without eating something to satiate the ache in his belly. And the food here was better than anything he could order for himself. Best of all, it was all for him...

Despite any fears for his humanity, Roger was prompted to lean back into the feast, not even using his hands to reach down to grab at his morsels. Not noticing that his hands were stiff, anyway, and would be of little use, Roger nonetheless dug in with lips that were more pliable and a mouth that was widening to take in his welcomed snacks.

“You really are a hungry little piggy. It looks like the hog pen’s the place for you! And you gave in so easily! I knew you would make the perfect animal for me. Humanity is no good for a pig like you!”

The words should have disturbed himself enough to cease his feast. He was acting like the pig that she was harassing him for being, but there was such a desire to *eat* that surpassed all understanding. He wasn’t even getting full, even though he was over halfway done a meal that would have satisfied his entire dorm!

As before, Roger felt himself getting erect, the notions of eating more arousing than even sex. His cock tented tightly in his pants, making him grunt and squeal as he began to rut against the table. It was barely enough for him to get off, but his body was moving of its own accord now, and the feelings in his member, much like his feasting, were all-consuming. All that prevented him from taking out his member and masturbating right there was the shame of Elle seeing him. Though he had exposed too much of himself already, it was the only dignity he had left, damnit!

Still, the sensations from his cock beckoned all of his attention, and despite the obviousness of performing the action to anyone watching, Roger was thrusting his hips against the table, straining for any pressure he could get against his cock. The head was leaking, the entire shaft growing longer than he ever thought possible. Though he was never the largest of men in the downstairs department, it was now seemingly impossibly girthy. And there came with it a bizarre sensation, as though his cock was twisting around it itself. Yet, it seemingly had done so without hurting his urethra or harming him in any way.

Worse of all was how sensitive his member had become, making the need to touch himself almost maddening. Despite doing something in the presence of such a woman, Roger had no recourse but to reach into his pants and pull out his dick. It was confined within stretched sweat pants, a struggle with his massive waist and bulbous gut. But with determination, Roger was able to pull out his cock, a squeal escaping his lips as he did so.

Roger didn't think he would be able to see his dick past his massive gut. Yet, the pointed tip was long enough that he could easily glimpse its curled contours. It wasn't anything like the penis he'd had as a human being. He wasn't sure what a pig's cock looked like, but he was increasingly sure that was what he had hanging from his groin. Rather than being disgusted by it, however, Roger was hellbent on touching it, not sure why he was so needy yet needy all the same.

Yet, already-stiffened fingers were having trouble getting around the long thin rod that comprised the porcine form that was steadily encroaching over his body. Roger let out a slight squeal as the hardened nails teased the tip, giving a much rougher sensation than he was used to. Looking down, Roger was in time to see that two of his fingers were thicker, the nails surrounding the tips and having turned a muddied brown as they started to curl into the beginning of porcine hooves. Two of the fingers were much smaller, pulled towards the side of his palms, adorned with those same thickened nails. Little remained of his thumbs, being sucked into his wrists as though diminishing into nothing.

Worse off, however, was the state of his feet. He couldn't even feel his toes, and his heels had pushed up through his shoes, leaving his socks to hang uselessly off his rear hooves. It was getting powerfully uncomfortable for him to stand there, trying to pull his trotters out of his footwear with legs that were shorter and unruly.

The efforts only served to knock over a top-heavy body as Roger gripped the table with still functional upper arms. His massive girth ended up pulling the table down with him, spilling the fast food all over the floor. Roger squealed and oinked his frustrations, though the new configuration of his hips made it easier to get back to his feet. Shifting in his spine, pelvis, and hips had him on all fours, for what Roger was slowly realizing might be forever if the changes continued like this. Still, it brought his face closer to the food, making it hard to think of *why* that was such an issue.

Eating as he was, Roger had been putting on weight the entire time, though at levels that were impossible to explain by food alone. His cheeks had added another layer of fat, his upper arms were swollen with meat as they condensed into his flabby flanks. His belly was distended, extra nipples peppering their surface all the way up to his formerly human pair. His weighty hips, massive ass, and quadruple chins made Roger fatter than he could ever reach on his human dimensions. He must have weighed close to 800 pounds now, and was still not done changing into the porcine form that Elle had said so closely resembled his true self.

Naturally, his clothes could not take the strain, his shirt tearing up the back as it fell away in rags. Pants rolled off his frame, pooling on the floor and discarded as Roger's bulk trampled them. The only thing that remained was his underwear, though the elastic was stretched to the

breaking point, pained by his sunken ass and bulbous testicles. His pig cock was sticking out over the top, though his testicles were still confined, making things more painful than he was prepared for.

The sensation of Elle at his backside, reaching down to pull off his underpants, almost made Roger lift his head from his meal. A powerful embarrassment passed through him at her contact, twofold in its intensity. First was the thought of such a woman near his genitals. The second was that he needed to pass gas, having no control over his bodily functions, and was ashamed that he had to do so with her right there.

Instead of disgust, however, Elle only laughed. “Good thing I put up a spell to prevent your smell from getting to me! It’s an important part of having a pig for a familiar thought. It’s totally worth it, you’re so much of a pig that my spells will be all the more powerful channeled through you!”

“I’m soooRRRREEEETTT! *SNORT* WWRREEEETTTT!” Roger tried to squeal out, but his vocal cords, along with his fattening neck, were all but absent. He could now only squeal like the swine he was.

Besides, it was getting harder to think about anything but the food before him and the sensations in his cock as he became aroused by the act of him filling his stomach, Roger found himself able to eat the entirety of the meal off the floor, without fear of repercussions. It seemed that at least some of the food, more than he could fit into his stomach, was being used to fuel his changes. Still, Roger could only focus on how good the food tasted, how much satisfaction it gave him to eat and fill his gullet. Thoughts of his friends, his schooling, and his humanity seemed so small in the face of the food filling his expansive gullet.

The sensation of something along his back made him squeal as Elle started to play over his skin, teasing a thin covering of porcine hairs to grow over his broadening back. Against his inclinations, Roger felt his tail wag, excited by her touch. He wanted nothing more than to be rubbed, to be taken care of in that manner. Any embarrassment of being an animal was steadily being washed away as she rubbed him and whispered into his ears, which were getting longer and flatter, flopping over on each other as they rose with his sloping skull.

“You’re such a good little piggy, Roger. The perfect piggy. It’s good to eat, isn’t it? You can eat as much as you want. Be the good piggy you’ve always wanted to be. You be a good conduit for my magic, and you’ll have your own pen, lots of mud, and all the treats you could want. Everything a piggy like you could ever need. Well, almost everything...” Elle finished, reaching under him and caressing the contours of his cock.

“Let me help you with that, piggy. Looks like the little pig needs to get off. Let’s have you cum out the rest of your humanity and make it permanent, shall we?” Elle said, stroking him off with unexpected skill.

Roger’s porcine ears perked up at that, the notion of finality allowing a slice of pizza to fall from his widening lips between the tusks that were forming from former eye teeth. Did he really want to be a pig for the rest of his much longer life? But then, did he have any other choice at this juncture? Did he have the willpower to get away when he had fallen so far? Would it be so bad, to just give in...?

The decision to remain a pig for the rest of his life was as easy as he pulled some more fries from a container that had spilled before him. He had no inclination to even try and spit them up and run. And, it felt so good to have him be touched like that, like he could cum at any second...

“WWRREEEETTTTTT!”

A truly porcine cry escaped from Roger’s lips as he *came*, blasting what felt like torrents of boar semen from his expansive balls. Though it felt like a few moments for him to blow his load, really it was much longer. Something wide and thick stuck in his cock, difficult to force out even as Elle continued to stroke him off. It was a plug of sorts, one that held fast in his cock and was meant to hold the semen into a potential sow. But, at this juncture, it only served to extend the stimulation to his cock as Roger experienced the longest orgasm in his life!

“That’s a good piggy. Cum it all out. I don’t mind helping out my familiar here and there with those urges, they are natural for a hungry pig like you. And look how big you’ve grown!” Elle said, slapping him on the ass.

Yet, the words seemed to hold little weight for the swine that Roger had become. She knew his mistress, that’s how he saw Elle now, was with him, and he was allowed to eat and act the pig he was. Even the act of relieving himself in front of her felt natural, as relaxed as he was. Elle only made a comment about him making more room, making Roger sequel eagerly to be given permission to be the pig that he was inside!

“Let’s go to your new home, my little piggy!” Elle eventually said, raising her hands and exuding a powerful aura of energy. It swirled around them, changing the landscape from the classroom into that of a sty on a warm autumn day. Finished his food, Roger cared not that he was being taken from here, only excited for his new home and what his new porcine future would bring...

“I still think it’s an odd choice for a familiar. But, you’re right. He’s adapting too well to the life. And, at this point, you wouldn’t be able to change him into another animal, anyway,” said an older woman, staring at the boar eating slop and wagging his curly tail in excitement for his meal.

“It’s working out fine. Besides, he makes the perfect piggy. I couldn’t imagine him being any other animal. It was too much in his nature that I almost think he would have just transformed at the slightest magical trigger!” Elle said, seeming proud of herself. And why shouldn’t she be? The more the former human resembled the soul of an animal, the better they made for a potential familiar. And no one she had met before was more like their inner animal than Roger!

Roger, for his part, could still understand the humans and their world. It was just that...he really didn’t care, so much. He did like the times when Elle came to visit, which was often to use him as a conductor for her spells. Still, the magic felt fine flowing through him, invigorating. And, she often used it as a more efficient way to clean up his living space, something for which Roger was thankful for. That, and the human treats that Elle gave him were always the best. She was generous with the takeout, and not even with just leftovers, either! He was given full meals and didn’t have to deal with any of the repercussions that they would have on his human body!

Though he liked the time that he did spend with Elle, Roger preferred the simpler life and instincts of the pig that he had become. It was much easier to live a life of gluttony, with all his food given to him and no monetary worries. It really was, in many ways, the personification of his college life given animal form, and Roger couldn’t be happier with the arrangement, just being the animal that he was meant to be.