Spinel quillboar tf

When Spinel had first arrived at Seawind Valley, she laughed when the locals living in the area came to her and asked to eliminate the quillboars in the area. Strange magical stones started appearing in the valley, and they were changing the pig creatures into something more dangerous, the locals said.

Really? Quillboars? Everybody knew the dirty and disgusting pig creatures were nothing more than easy fodders for beginner adventurers and mercenaries to gain experience on wandering around the world and earn some coins in exchange for solving someone’s problems. In the past she had exterminated a whole tribe of them without much issue.

The red draconian assured the concerned villagers and militias that she would take care of the problem all by herself. All they had to do was to prepare the hefty reward they had promised. Sure, they told there were hundreds of quillboars infesting the valley, but in her experience, the horde of monsters usually quickly collapsed if their leader was taken out. It was going to be a piece of cake for a skilled mercenary like her.

Or so she thought.

Spinel inwardly cursed as she narrowly dodged a magical projectile whirled right next to her face. If she had moved only a bit slower, that energy would’ve hit her. A moments later a rock behind her disintegrated into hundreds of pieces. Quillboars using magic? Now this was something new.

The trio attacking her just right now were surprisingly skilled. Sure, they looked like your average barbaric muscled goon wearing nothing more than a loincloth covering his groin and holding a wooden club, but the way they moved and fought was something else. While one of them was acting as a melee fighter and distracting her, the other two were supporting the brawn, conjuring magical spells and shooting projectiles through a windpipe.

The one who was engaging her at close quarter swung his massive club, and Spinel barely blocked it with her gun. The shock made her grit her teeth. It almost felt like she was getting rammed. She faltered for a second, trying to recover from the shock.

That sealed her fate. One of the other quillboar waved her arm in the air. Soon the ground near Spinel cracked and several green thorny tentacles sprouted. They wasted no time in grabbing her and constricting her body like giant snakes.

She screamed, but it was no use. The tentacles squeezed her hard. They didn’t outright crush her, but she was securely held in place as the tentacles moved around her body, coiling around her arms and legs like shackles. The monsters were now standing in front of her, grinning as they came closer.

Spinel closed her eyes, thinking this was it. What a pathetic end for a skilled mercenary like me, she thought. Killed by just three quillboars. What a shame. But the killing blow didn’t came. Instead, she felt many hands touching her body.

When she opened her eyes, she gasped. The quilboars were still there, stripping her armor and clothing. And they were doing in such an obscene way. The hands didn’t hesitate to appreciate her feminine curves, slipping between her cleavage, fondling her taut round butt, and touching her crotch.

“No…” Spinel tried to say something, but all that came out was a pitiful whimper. Their actions were so unexpected and sudden, but her body was reacting quite quickly. Her breathing became ragged as they continued to touch every part of her body, showing signs of arousal. A heavy blush formed on her face, and her body started to feel hot as they kept caressing her body. Moans kept escaped from her mouth and her body was being stimulated.

Spinel’s pussy and anus twitched, feeling suddenly empty. She imagined what would it be like to taken away by these brutes…and then she remembered how the quillboar that she faced in melee had a sizable tent poking out from its loincloths. As they were close, she could now take a good look at their raw bestial body. The clothes did poorly hiding its massive swinging cock and balls. Even the female’s crotch was quite exposed.

No! She screamed, trying to push the thought away. Was she actually considering to be raped by them? Such huge cocks…and the female can touch her body…no! Why was she like this? Maybe it was because of their unadulterated animalistic odor. Being near them made her exposed to their smell. It didn’t actually smell that bad, but it sure was strong, pungent, sweaty, and peaty all combined.

Yes, she was getting turned on. Probably why she didn’t even put a token resistance as the monsters kept molesting her. They were surprisingly gentle with her in a way. While they mercilessly grabbed her body and didn’t hesitate to touch her swollen nether lips and back door, they were careful not to hurt her body in any way. It didn’t take long for them to strip her bare as her big breasts were soon exposed in open air and freely wobbling. She felt the hot humid air blowing on her crotch and ass.

Some part—a more reasonable part—of her was frightened. Yes, at least she was still alive. And it did feel pretty good. They knew how to pleasure a woman in need. They kept servicing her…but then she had heard tales of monsters raping unfortunate adventurers before killing them. Horny or not, monsters were still monsters.

But even after a while, the creatures didn’t kill her nor did they get onto to the main game. Then a horn was blown from somewhere, and Spinel saw a large quillboar walking towards her.

He was certainly large. As a draconian herself, Spinel was taller than most anthros and humans. But the creature in front of her was at least a head taller than her. His muscular physique was quite imposing as well. She could see why the three quillboars bowed as he approached. Despite having a sizable fat belly, the hardened muscles told her that he was not just a fatass that she could easily kill. The huge spikes on sprouting on his back, the hardened fur sharp enough to pierce a plate armor, meant that he was probably the leader Spinel was supposed to kill. In her experience, the “alpha male” of the quillboars always led the tribe and was always the biggest and strongest among its kind.

And beside his imposing frame, there was something else that caught Spinel’s attention. When the draconian looked downwards, she was greeted with a scant clothing that did nothing to hide the growing bulge and saggy balls that drooped downwards, steams rising from the pair. A bushy pubes surrounded the genitals, and the creature walked towards her, his member poked out of its covering, making her wide-eyed. It was becoming bigger than any of the cocks she had ever seen.

Yes, he was getting hard. Veins appeared on its sleek surface. A semi-transparent liquid formed on the tip, clearly a pre. Really not a big surprise, as her own body was reacting quite well, too well actually, to the pigs’ touches. She could feel her pussy quiver and dripping out several droplets of her female juice.

As the monster got closer, Spinel was forced to take a whiff of its deep animalistic scent. She involuntarily gagged, the strong smell being too much for her. But somehow her head was registering in a weird way. The odor didn’t smell foul. It was not a stench that made one vomit and retch, but a very addictive smell that made one to keep smelling it despite feeling somewhat disgusted.

Surprisingly, the big male just looked at her for a while, then nodded. She shuddered. He definitely wasn’t like the other quillboars He didn’t instantly shove his dick in her mouth and start fucking her roughly. Nor did he grab her breasts and massage it, while using his other hand to spread open her swollen vagina and anus to make them more gaped. And he didn’t fuck her right away, burying his member deep inside her…

Spinel was startled to find that she was daydreaming while she drooled. Her lower part ‘drooled’ as well, her pussy juice constantly flowing and drenching her legs. When the quillboars bound her up and started carrying her around, she could only whimper and moan as she squeezed her legs, trying to pleasure herself as much as she could. She was turned on, and as much as she tried to ignore, her mind was keep thinking about massive quillboar cocks filling and penetrating her needy holes.

It didn’t takeong for the monsters to bring her back to their lair. And as Spinel was led through, she gasped in surprise. This was definitely not the quillboars she had encountered in the past. Most quillboars led a very primitive life, marginally better than wild animals. Their small huts and shoddy fences marking their territory were rudimentary at best.

But in here, there were something else than the usual basic stuff. Large and long spiked thorns were enveloping the land, acting like a barrier. And on those thorns, strange crystals were growing all over, shining in bright dazzling lights.

Yet what shocked her most was not the strange gem-like stuff and giant briars, but the quillboar themselves.

*What the fuck?*

That was her thought as she was tied to the pole and led deeper and deeper into the monsters’ lair.

Her eyes grew wide and mouth gawked. Almost every quillboar she saw was naked, not caring at showing one’s plump breasts or hefty swinging cock. And that wasn’t all. The quillboars didn’t pay much attention to her and just carried on their businesses, which usually involved sex.

Spinel saw males masturbating in front of her, some even smirking as he came and shot out a thick white load. The pigs didn’t care if there were others around or not. They were mating like frenzied animals. Females moaned as they accepted huge cock in their orifices in various positions, and males grunted as they shoot out their seed deep inside females (or males in some cases). She even saw a female quillboar with a pregnant-looking huge belly squealing in delight as two males penetrated her down there at once. Another large female had babies suckling on its six pair of breasts while a male kept pounding her from behind.

Besides quillboars, there were large feral boars that were probably used as the tribe’s mount, like a warhorse for a knight. But even the animals showed signs of debauchery. The boars all had long tapered cocks that was as long as her arm, and their balls almost dangled all the way to the bottom, swinging like pendulums as they moved. And sometimes they were on top of moaning quillboar female. They were freely engaging in sex like it was a natural, casual part of everyday life, more so than other brutish monsters.

Eventually the quillboars carrying Spinel stopped in a small cave. She wondered where she was. The lair didn’t seem that big from outside, but now she didn’t think she could find a way out even if she was somehow freed.

The creatures tied her in the center. There were two long wooden poles perched there. This was a place where they would tie up their captured prey…and then what? Images of her getting raped somehow excited her, making her pussy feel hot again, but then she also remembered tales of adventurers meeting grim ends in the lair of monsters. They were going to kill her, weren’t they?

When the quillboars placed her between the wooden poles, the large quillboar muttered something. The spikes she saw covering the lair, although looking much smaller and having less thorns, sprouted from the ground and coiled around her arms and legs, making sure she wouldn’t be able to escape.

Soon the quillboars that had brought her left, and only one quillboar remained. He was the same one who bound her while she was fighting with other pig monsters. He walked towards her, eying her nude body in full display. Spinel could sense his gaze staying long on her round huge breasts and curvy butt, as well as her dripping pussy and quivering anus. He smiled and licked his lips.

It should’ve made Spinel sick, but already some part of her has started being affected by the quillboar’s strong odor. As she breathed, she was kept exposed to it. He had already taken off his loincloth, allowing her to see his impressive member. He was as big as the feral creatures she saw earlier, the thick meat with veins on the surface a clear indication of his virile maleness, complete with ponderous nuts attached below, each the size of her fist and covered in smooth skin that made them look quite erotic for some reason, dangling almost all the way to his knees. Even the hairy pubes around his crotch made her blush, making him look manly.

He wasn’t being idle. While she was mesmerized by his genitals, he picked up a couple of small wooden sticks lying in the ground, and placed it on the ground. Then again he said something, and the sticks had small fires appearing on the tip, now looking like candles. A few seconds later she could smell the strong incense-like scent which was quickly mixed with the male’s distinctive stink.

As she breathed, she inhaled more of the strange burning incense smell and the male’s, making her body feel more relaxed and turned on. Her head felt dizzy in a good way, like she was being caressed in tiny little invisible hands, they massaging her body skillfully.

“S…stay back…” Even as she managed to speak, she knew very well her body was reacting quite differently, her arms shaking madly and legs being spread open to reveal her wet pussy. She felt like her boy was on fire, sweats forming on her body. There was a male in front of her, and she wanted him to take her.

Was it due to this smell? Did the monster somehow drugged her? Or was this some kind of magic that were affecting her?

But when the male quillboar grabbed his cock and shoved it right unto her face, she found it impossible to think. Tears filled her eyes as the deep concentrated musk assailed her senses. The smell was so strong that it felt like physically manifesting before her eyes, steams rising from the male cock and covering her eyes and noses and going deep inside her.

The male chuckled as he saw Spinel breathing heavily, reacting to his intoxicating scent. He rubbed his cock on her face, making sure not to leave any part that was untouched by his maleness. Her face was soon drenched in pre that was keep flowing out from the male’s cock, but she was in no position to resist. Whenever she took a deep whiff, everything felt so dreamy, and her body seemed to melt and turn into jelly.

She kept wanting to smell the addictive scent: so strong, so manly, and so deep. It was also sweaty, stinky and animalistic—she wondered when was the last time this male took a bath. But it was a sort of disgusting smell that you wanted to smell again for some reason.

Seeing the female getting dominated by him brought immense pleasure to the male quillboar. At one point he humiliated her further by placing his massive testicles eye-level to her face. They squished against her skin, and Spinel could feel the emanating heat being transferred to her body. She knew she should resist, show that she was not easily put into submission. But then she was moaning, her mouth open and her tongue rolling out to lick the massive balls. The taste was just as she had expected: disgustingly salty and sweaty, and yet her eyes rolled in bliss as she eagerly licked the testicles, cherishing the exotic taste. No one was forcing her. She was willingly servicing the male’s balls.

He was now fully committed in playing with her body. As he kept rubbing his cock all over her face and making sure his scent would stay, his hands moved downwards, appreciating the fine aspects of female draconian body in a way that a select few were allowed to. His big burly hands roughly fondled her breasts and squeezed them like they were milk-filled swollen teats, making her gasp. Yet the pain was quickly replaced with a pleasurable sensation, as the monster skillfully massaged and touched her breasts like an amorous lover, while applying enough strength to make it wild and making her imagine the savage mating that would soon follow.

From her breasts he moved southwards, sensually rubbing her stomach and waist, sending tingling and electrifying signals all over her body. Her tail raised on its own, revealing her glistening holes. Eventually his hands touched her more private places, again making her gasp and moan. He knew how to pleasure a woman. He slapped her butt and grabbed them hard, reminding her that she was now his. His fingers easily slid into her wet depths and folds, moving in and out as her inner flesh squeezed them as much as it could. Just the digits were enough to make her cum a bit as she panted. His fingers started to move faster, going deeper and deeper while stimulating her so much at one point she almost yelled as she bent her head back.

Few seconds later a sizzling sound came with a pungent smell. Spinel closed her eyes, unable to believe what has just happened. She was peeing. The male didn’t move away in disgust as his fingers were drenched. Why would he be angry? He brought his wet fingers to his nose and smelt it. Then he grunted in satisfaction. Looking at his reaction made Spinel sick. It reminded her how some female animals in heat would urinate to show that she was ready. And right now she was behaving exactly like a needy female!

Thought of escaping, let alone resisting, was nowhere in her mind. Her body felt so hot. She wondered if she would even try to escape even if the beast suddenly decided to free her. Seeing the engorged cock and basked in the heavy male scent and strange incense was clearly having an effect on her.

Spinel panted heavily as her pussy let out last of her pee, which was still dripping and wetting the ground. A small puddle had formed right beneath her. She didn’t care. She might as well enjoy it, right? At least the pleasures felt good, real good. And the quillboar didn’t try to kill her…

Then the unexpected happened. The male suddenly left Spinel and went outside. She was on the verge of shouting in frustration. Why didn’t the male just shove in his cock? Her body humped on its own, craving for something to feel her gaping and warm holds and fill her completely.

Perhaps thankfully, the quillboar soon returned. This time he held an empty gourd in his hand, of which he placed it on the ground in front of her. What could this mean?

Suddenly Spinel heard a low rumbling sound coming from her stomach. She was hungry. When was the last time she ate? Was he going to give something eat? That made sense, actually. If he wanted to fuck her, than she had to be in a desirable condition, right? He wouldn’t want to fuck a famished corpse…

Just as she wondered why the gourd was then empty then, the quillboar answered her question by coming close to her and stroking his massive meat with his one of his hands while touching her soft and supple body. The beast grunted, and quickly aimed his cock towards the gourd. Soon the bowl was filled with thick, sticky, and creamy quillboar cum.

Spinel was shocked. At first she didn’t understand what was going on. Did he just came on the bowl? What was that supposed to be mean? She watched in shock as the monster kept rubbing his cock as he came. It took only a half a minute or so before he came, but his huge nuts and cock spoke literal volumes of his virility. For a stud like him with his permanently semi-erect cock and massive nuts that swung as he walked, cumming and filling a sizable bowl was not issue for him.

She watched in sick fascination as the beast kept cumming and cumming, the bowl filled with his potent seed. It was so viscous, looking almost like some kind of cream. Then the smell hit her. Like his odor, the smell of his cum had a powerful presence with a slap in her face. Now her nose could smell of quillboar, incense, and male cum all at the same time, overloading her olfactory sense. She thought she was being engulfed in an invisible thick layer that cling to her body and smeared deep inside, making sure she would never be able to remove the smell forever. Even right now she felt the smells were coming deep inside her, if that somehow made sense.

And her body was reacting to the concentrated dosage of smell. She peed when the pig finally stopped cumming and brought the almost fully filled bowl right under her nose. She just couldn’t control it. It happened like in a flash. Her body felt it was absolutely necessary to flow out her bodily fluid, and she was powerless to stop it.

And god, the smell! Spinel felt like she was temporarily suffocating as the hot steamy cum was placed right under her nose and she was forced to smell it. But was it really forced though? Her nose was twitching busily like a canine animal trying to get a hang of a new object. Her nostrils felt like they were being plugged and penetrated with the smell alone.

And it felt…tasty as well? Just like how it looked, rich and creamy, thick like a soup…

No! Where did that thought come from? Spinel suddenly woke from her stupor. She had spaced out, and the quillboar definitely knew it, because he was actually laughing as he touched her body again and again. And she didn’t even feel that while she was lost in her musing.

Again the rumble came from her belly. She felt it contract, demanding her some food to digest. But…was she really going to eat cum? No. She firmly shouted inside her mind. No matter how delicious and appealing it looked… there it was again!

When the male saw her trying hard to keep her mouth shut and look away, he smiled. The female was being feisty. No matter, he thought. He and the others were not like the other primitive and brutish quillboars. Their tribe was becoming something else. They retained their bestial nature, but something was pushing them to become more devious and cunning. And he was going to use his newly found craftiness to a good use.

He stomped the ground several times. Spinel felt the cave shake. What was he going to do? After a while she heard noises coming from outside. Then she saw a dozen or so quillboars coming inside. While not as big and imposing as the top boss, they still looked quite powerful and well endowed—like the leader, they all came in nude, their bits dangling as they walked in. If the quillboar standing in front of her was the tribe’s leader, than they were his captains. But why were they all here looking at her?

She soon got her answer. One of the quillboars that came held something in his hand, and gave it to the leader. It was a smooth-looking funnel carved out of a stone. The leader quillboar brought it close to her mouth. He touched her mouth.

It didn’t take long for her to realize what was going to happen.

“Ummfg!”

Her body shook violently. The thorns dug more onto her arms and legs, restricting her even more. And the monster’s hands were forcing her mouth open. She suddenly thought he might rip it, but he knew how to control his strength.

Little by little her mouth was being pried open. She felt her strength draining from her body. The smell was too strong, making it difficult to think. Then he placed the funnel inside her mouth, and poured what was inside the gourd on the top.

The funnel made sure she couldn’t close down her mouth. Spinel’s eyes widened in fear as the quillboar tilted the gourd. The syrupy white liquid flew downwards, right unto the funnel and eventually to her mouth.

She tried to say something, but she couldn’t. Soon a torrent of thick male cum entered her mouth and then straight downwards. A bulge appeared on her neck as she was forced to swallow all that was being poured inside her.

“…!” She could only whimper as she tasted the clingy and sticky cum. It was just as she expected: extra creamy and gooey, like swallowing a large jelly.

And it was tasty. She drank and drank, more bulges appearing on her neck as the gourd was emptied of its content. She panted as she drank, trying to breathe. She should’ve been disgusted. Her neck was being crammed full of male seed, and various small parts seemed to clung to her inside, making her feel stuffed.

Yet it was incredibly good, like eating the most delicious cream and porridge. There was some bitterness left, but it was more of an after-seasoning that added a flavor for this wonderful ‘meal’ she was being fed. She had swallowed a fair number of various male cum, but this time it was incredibly potent and fulfilling. It was like actually eating something. A very gravy-like sauce, which even seemed to have a bit of sweetness as well while being extremely salty. She actually felt quite full as the cum kept pouring inside her.

Eventually the funnel was starting to empty, but the quillboars were ready for that. Each had their own gourd, and they stroke their huge masts to fill the bowls with their cum. Then they quickly poured their plates into the funnel, making Spinel swallow more of the cum. Again her neck bulged, her eyes rolling in a mixture of shock and pleasure, her body finding the taste more and more pleasant. But she could only take so much; at one point Spinel coughed violently as her neck passage was absolutely filled with cum, making it snort out of her nostrils. The quillboars laughed as they saw her like that, responding by adding more cum to the funnel.

Her stomach rumbled. Spinel thought she might throw up, but with so much cum entering her mouth she felt it impossible to even vomit. She had to keep swallowing to not to choke.

The rapid consumption was having an effect on her body. It was just as she feared; the magically infused cum were changing her. As cum filled her inside, her breasts started to swell like a balloon getting pumped full of air. Her stomach was next to follow, gradually growing larger until she looked like she was several months into pregnancy, and then having at least three or four litters to be born soon.

She was getting fat. Her arms and legs became stubbier, while on her belly she grew several extra layers of fat, ruining her once perfect sexy athletic physique. Her butt expanded sideways, making her feel suddenly heavy and slow, her bottom doubling in its size and making her have that bottom-heavy body type. Her protruding ass was now almost the double the size of her waist, making her body hourglass shaped.

She felt the changes. It was like she ate too much, only that such feeling magnified to an extraordinary degree. Spinel thought she was suddenly attached with several packs of meat all over her body. Her enlarged body became hot and sweaty. She could feel her own stinking body odor, much worse than before. But even that awful stench only served to excite her further.

Her body shook. Without knowing, she wigged her gigantic butt and huge breasts, making a show for the males. They watched and laughed as she swayed her body. It was like an open invitation! Spinel heard the monsters jeer, but she just couldn’t’ help it. The heat she has been feeling was now turning into a carnal fire that could only be satisfied with a thick cock inside her holes. When she turned back, she was shocked to discover how fat her body had become, just like a pig. That couldn’t have been a coincidence.

And her crotch was seemingly reflecting her warped and excited lust. As her body increased, so did her holes down there. Both her vagina and anus expanded outwards to match the increase in her bottom, turning her scales to fleshy parts and making them wrinkled and dark-colored. They expanded both outwards and inwards, growing deep enough to allow large quillboar cocks. Her skin around her holes became puckered and sensitive. A blow of wind on her anus and pussy was enough to stimulate her nether region and send several electrical jolt of pleasures on her brain, making her moan and drool helplessly.

All the changes happening should’ve infuriated her. She was a warrior, not a sex-crazed fat pig! But what could she do? The spikes made sure her body was locked tight, and her fat body made her difficult to move. It would take time to get used to her enlarged body. And the urges! She was constantly being bombarded with newly amplified instinct. Her body felt hot, and it was not a kind of heat that could be satisfied with a cold shower.

Her holes had to be filled. And right now!

When one of the quillboar removed the funnel, Spinel didn’t say anything, but only moaned and groaned, still drunk from having consumed so much potent cum and having her body changed. Some part of her wanted to at least yell at them, shot some profanities to show that Spinel the dashing adventurer was not to be trifled with…but that thought evaporated instantly as they touched her body, which had now become so squishy and fat.

Spinel moaned as the leader quillboar stood behind her and again caressed her bottom. He slapped it a few times, making a satisfying smack sound and causing ripples around her fat butt. She should’ve been humiliated, but Spinel whimpered and pushed her ass back, desperately wanting the male to stop teasing her and fuck her already.

As if knowing her aroused state, the quillboar took time. He massaged her supple puckered flesh around her holes, teasingly putting his fingers close to her folds. Then he suddenly inserted his fingers inside her depths, making her moan uncontrollably and pee instantly. By now it had become a natural bodily reaction for her, signaling the male that she was ready to be rutted and taken down like a needy sow. For several minutes the quillboar fingered her, making Spinel moan. Every time he moved in and out, his finger went deeper, making her squirm uncontrollably.

When the male took his finger out, it was drenched in a mixture of pee and female cum. He licked it and smiled. This female was ready to take her.

By now she was pushing her butt as much as she could to his crotch. His cock touched the outer parts of her vagina. The beast was certainly enjoying this, teasing her as much as he could. The tip stayed around her holes, lubricating her butt with its ample pre. Her holes opened and closed as the male kept massaging her backsides.

Just when she thought she could take no more, the male shoved his cock deep inside her vagina with a single thrust. Spinel’s body visibly shook as he did so, the penetration leaving her breathless. Her eyes rolled upwards in a blissful expression, and her body finally felt the fulfilling sensation of being stuffed to the max.

It felt wonderful. Her inside was completely plugged in by the male’s huge mast. But just having him deep inside her wasn’t enough. Her huge ass started to move on its own, already trying to pump the male. The quillboar was not to be dissuaded. He grabbed her huge ass with his hands, squeezing it hard as he started to move. Soon they were moving on each other’s movements. When he pushed, she relaxed, allowing him to fully bury his massive rod. And when he pulled, she gripped hard, making sure her inner flesh rubbed against his retreating member, causing pleasurable frictions as the wet fleshes slapped against each other.

This monster was going in places where no male has ever been. Partly it was due to her increased body size, but still, this alpha had an impressive meat that seemed to penetrating her very core, almost all the way to her cervix. She knew that was not possible, but it was how she felt at the moment. Each thrust made her huge body heave, and she responded by pushing as much as she could, returning the favor.

Spinel soon found out the male fucking her from behind was very accommodating—he knew there were multiple ways to pleasure a needy sow. While he fucked, his hands moved to her flaring anus. Then he put his thick thumb inside her ass, making her moan even more wildly. She thought she came again, surprised at how easily her ass accepted the male’s finger. The slippery wrinkles around her butthole sucked it in, eager to be stuffed. Her butt passage easily stretched, preparing itself to be filled with something fatter and thicker.

She heard the males grunt as they watched her getting fucked. The sense of modesty had fled her a while ago. Actually, she was hoping some of them could join the fun as well, as there were other holes that they could occupy…

Well, at least for now the male was going to satisfy one of her empty holes. Even as he continued to savagely fuck her, he also tended her ass, gradually increasing the digit it went inside her ass. First it was his thumb, and index, then the middle finger. Spinel’s eyes grew wide as eventually an entire fist went inside her anus, making her butt swell a bit. Yet her enlarged body had no problem accepting this insertion, her body translating it as another pleasure for her to enjoy. Her both holes getting filled were certainly exhilarating sensation, battering her mind into more and more of the submissive streak and accept her bestial body and mind.

Finally one male decided to join, as he bowed to the large quillboar. He responded by short guttural grunts, and the smaller quillboar again bowed and positioned himself in front of Spinel. The sight made her drool. While his wasn’t as thick and long as the one currently fucking her from behind, the cock that was being shoved to her face right now had enough girth and length to pleasure her. She willingly opened her mouth and devoured the male’s meat. In an instant she engulfed the huge cock, her tongue greedily coiling around the member like a snake.

The taste was absolutely wonderful. It was exactly as she wanted, big and having a strong taste and smell. Having tasted the quillboar’s cum, her tongue was starting to change in how it perceived taste, made into believing that the stinky, sweaty, and grimy quillboar cock was the most delicious thing she could ever taste, her tongue licking as hard as it could to suck the most taste out. Her cheek hollowed a bit as she vigorously sucked the male cock. Her behind was doing almost the same, pulling cock and fist deep unto her holes.

The quillboars could hold long when the situation demanded. They continued to fuck more than several minutes, during which the only sounds coming from them was the repeated slapping, moans, grunts, and heavy panting. But eventually they could no longer relent the huge pumping feeling concentrating on their groins. With a loud roar the two quillboars fucking her mouth and pussy came, flooding her both ends with their cum.

Spinel felt like her entire body was a balloon and it was being pumped full of air. And it wasn’t an exaggeration. Her belly actually protruded more as the massive amount of cum entered her inside, increasing her body volume a bit more. The cocks felt wonderful, oh so wonderful. She wished they would never stop fucking her. The two fat cocks inside her scratched that itch.

But more, she needed more. The heat inside her ignited a fiery passion and lust that befitted her newly overgrown body. Her changes continued, her body fueled more of the enchanted quillboar and cum.

As cum filled her both ends, Spinel felt her body tingling all over. It’s like her skin is being enveloped in a furry mat—and that was exactly what was happening to her at the moment. The quillboar’s cum continued to change her, permeating deep into her inside and transforming her body at every level. Her reptilian hard scales were covered with bristly small patches, which spread like wildfire all over her body. And some of the furs stuck together and hardened, becoming spikes that sprouted on various part of quillboars. Her once long and luxurious silken white hair turned into a mixture of dirty brown and black, becoming thicker as several strands lost their flexibilities and remained uptight, becoming sharper.

The stubby and rough fur on her body grew more, soon enveloping almost every part of her body. The digits on her hand and feet merged together to create large black triangular pieces, the 5 digit becoming three, just like a pig’s hooves.

Spinel sensed the changes amidst the unbearable pleasures. She caught the sight of her changing hands. Her beautiful hands, now reduced to primitive-looking animalistic pig hooves! But then the quillboars kept fucking her. They had just came again, and didn’t seem like they would tire soon. She lost count of how many times they came inside her. It was happening on a regular basis. Several thrusts, and then a hefty dosage of cum entering her. She drank and took it, her body storing more and more.

She felt her tail becoming strange as well. While she couldn’t turn back, she knew something was wrong. And she was right. Her long and dexterous tail grew short, the tip becoming bushy with fur. With her tail gone, she felt her balance quite off.

And that was prompting another strange change. With her changed body, her head kept pulling downwards. The pigs didn’t mind, only satisfied in fucking her in both ends. At one point the thorns binding her arms and legs withdrew, but Spinel was in no position to try to escape. The males were still connected to her, and her new body was difficult for her to move around.

With a series of loud cracking sound her bones changed rapidly, made possible by her constant consumption of quillboar cum. Her arms and legs adjusted to become same heights, so she would have four legs to support herself while being on all fours. And then her back kept changing to make sure her bone structure permanently change. With a particularly loud snap, Spinel felt some fundamental change taking place. It was so sudden and profound.

Perhaps waiting for that moment, the two qillboars finally withdrew from her. Her pussy was filled with cum, but the viscous liquid made sure it stayed deep within her, plugging her inside and making sure she would be pregnant with quillboar sperms.

I need to run, she thought. Now was her only chance. The two pigs sat on the ground looking exhausted, and the others watched in trance. If only she can stand up and grab her weapons…

But her body didn’t move. Actually, it did move, but not in a way she had intended.

“…?” She could only whimper in terror as her command didn’t make her body move. She again tried to stand up. Nothing happened. Her massive frame just stood there, and only moved forward by moving her legs and arms, no, her four animal hooves.

Spinel thought she screamed, but what came out devastated her further. Instead of words, only animalistic moans came out, the same squeaks, oinks, and grunts she would hear when she was on a pig farm.

She was not becoming a quillboar, but something worse. She was becoming the pig monster’s feral beast. She remembered the pig mounts that the quillboars used—was she going to become like such animals?

Spinel opened her mouth, desperately trying to say something. Again, grunts and oinks came out, like a pig would do. Then she started her face becoming strange. With the rest of her body becoming more feral, her face was next to follow. Her nose felt like it was being pushed from inside, protruding outwards.

Seeing that, the leader quillboar spoke in his own language, making the remaining quillboars to come near her. Spinel squeaked in alarm, sensing her nose was becoming more than just a regular piggy nose. Her nostrils felt like they were being expanded as well, as she felt the flow of air coming inside her nose increase. Soon they both looked like gaping holes, and the quillboars were not going to waste such an opportunity.

There was a sharp squeak as the unthinkable happened. At first Spinel didn’t realize what was happening. Suddenly she felt someone plugged her nose with a particularly thick fingers. But what was currently going inside her nose were not fingers, but cocks. Two quillboars jumped to her face as it changed, her nose pulling out and being pushed upwards. They knew something that she didn’t know, and that was the fact that her nostrils were widening much more than they should. At first they were big enough for a several fingers to go in, but they still grew, until the holes were wide enough to admit the tip of the quillboar cocks. So seeking their chances, the creatures plugged their cocks inside each of her nose, putting a new meaning to “facefuck.”

Her initial shock was quickly replaced with mindblowing pleasure. As the pigs vigorously thrusted in and out, her nose kept expanding, influenced by the magical energy flowing inside the quillboars’ bodies. The inside of her nose turned more like tight fleshy passages with tiny small bumps, the passage delving deep and having a small chamber at the end to store something, exactly like a vagina and womb. Her nasal flesh tightly clutched the penetrating cocks, the fleshy friction providing immense pleasure for both the penetrated and the penetrator.

There was no place in her had to feel horrified at her current situation. Despite her nose being stuffed with cock, Spinel squealed like a pig in heat, letting the males do whatever they want. Soon they grunted as their balls tensed, and her nose was flooded with cum. She felt like she was being turned upside down, and in a good way. Fucked in the nose and have your nostrils filled with cum—now that was something truly wild she had never experienced before!

As she opened her mouth, trying to breathe, it too pushed outwards, her snout becoming more protruded and bestial, signaling another changes taking place all over her body.

By now the quillboars were in no mood to hold back. The bitch was ready to take all of them, and it had now two more holes for their cocks to fuck! The cave was filled with male and female pig squeals as the creatures all came on her, trying to fuck her whenever her holes were available. Several cocks went inside her vagina and anus, enlarging them even more, making them loose and forever gaped from now on. Not that Spinel minded—the males would help plug them anyway.

From the each side of her mouth two small white stubs grew, and with multiple thrusts they started to grow longer, taking the shape of two large tusks. It was fitting for a bestial sow like her to have large tusks, a sign among quillboar as signaling fertility.

Her breasts kept expanding, each pair becoming larger than her face. And right beneath her original breasts new round blobs started to grow, the center tip turning brown and slits forming to form mammary glands. Might as well have more than two breasts now since she was looking more like a fat pig than a draconian.

Spinel felt her body getting heavier with the addition of new breasts. And they were literally getting filled. It was like having a dozen water jug attached at her chest. When the quillboars fucking her came again, something squirted out from her breasts in response. The white liquid trickling from her teats soon became powerful squirts that formed several small puddles below her. She was lactating now. And she sure was producing a lot of milk now. Like a broken fountain her breasts, now 6 in total, shot out loads and loads of milk with every thrust. Still her breasts kept expanding, each half the size of fat cow udder and functioning exactly like one.

Her lust was growing into an insatiable degree. She humped her body. There was another growth happening; she could feel it. By now it felt so natural. All she had to do was to let the push happen, pressing an imaginary button deep inside her mind. And then it happened.

The male fucking her pussy felt the changes taking place as well. Her vagina was closing down, the cock inside being pushed out by a powerful contraction. Try as he might, even the male’s powerful thrust wasn’t enough. The male squeaked in confusion and frustration as he saw his cock getting back out from her cavernous folds.

And then something was coming out from her depth. Deep inside her vagina, her inner flesh bloated and merged to create a huge orb-like shape. With a pop it dropped from her hole, and split into two ball-like blobs. They looked similar to the hefty nuts swinging between the male’s crotches…and they actually were. The two orbs were covered in smooth glossy skin and dangled precariously low, and as her body heaved in pleasure they expanded, becoming as big as her fist and keep growing. It didn’t take long for them to be filled with cum, sloshing as they shook. They were now almost as big as grapefruits.

Meanwhile her clitoris was also growing, enveloped by flesh as more and more parts were added. It was becoming fatter, thicker, and longer, with veins popping on the surface and the top part covered in smooth pink mucus, and the slit forming in the tip. Just like her balls, it kept growing, its tip passing well beyond her navels and touching her lowest pair of breasts. As her newly grown cock buried itself in her supple and soft breasts, Spinel came immediately, making her squeal in unnatural delight. The ejaculations happened so sudden. There was no way for her to stop such a powerful sensation, getting bombarded with immense newfound pleasures. Her cock twitched as it squirted thick torrents of cum, staining the ground with her virile, steamy, and smelly cum.

The alpha male quillboar wasn’t dazed by her newest changes taking place. He seemed to like it, for he fondled her balls and cock, making her cum again as cum drizzled out of her painfully erect cock. Cumming felt like as easy as breathing. If there was a stimulation, she came, it was as simple as that.

So again she came, this time in almost literal buckets, when the male pushed his cock deep into her anus, hitting a sweet spot that she never knew she had—mostly because previously she didn’t have a cock before—as they both came together, Spinel cumming while she was getting absolutely stuffed. The male quillboar fucked her long and hard, his balls slapping against his thigh and his cock buried all the way inside her butt, while her engorged balls pumped full of cum into her fat cock getting constantly stimulated by her breasts and came. Her many pair of breasts added to the wet puddle beneath her, her milk being sprayed in rhythm with the savage fucking.

With her cock getting to cum so much fluid at such a short time, her urethra permanently changed, becoming gaped like a small hole, which became wider with her successive ejaculations. Seeing this new “hole,” one of the quillboar approached her on the front, aiming his member into her urethra.

It didn’t take long for her hole to expand enough to allow the tip of a cock to go through. Not taking no for an answer, the beast quickly shoved his cock. Spinel moaned in ecstasy as her cock was being penetrated. As strange it was, it felt wonderful, having her cock squeeze around the other male’s cock like a tight passage. It was her new hole she could enjoy getting stuffed.

While her urethra had widened a bit, it still was tight, making the quillboar cum shortly. Her balls expanded as more cum was added, soon becoming as large as watermelons and dragging on the floor.

With her holes getting plugged and her body keep consuming cum, Spinel thought she somehow understood why this was happening. In reality it was her body and mind getting corrupted by the quillboar’s influence, becoming their fat breeding beast so that she could breed more like her while she was rewarded with pleasure. Yes, that was it, she thought, just as her balls tensed and her cock came, only to be blocked by the fat quillboar cock plugging her urethra and sending the cum back, making her balls swell further. Meanwhile her other holes were still occupied, the creatures making sure she would almost always be stuffed and fed full of cum.

That day she was fucked constantly. There were plenty of males who wanted to fuck either her nose, anus, or urethra, and there were females who wanted to be shoved with her fat cock and have their bellies full of her virile seed to produce more of quillboar offspring. Many hours later, when the moon was high up in the sky, Spinel lay exhausted on the cave. Besides looking like a feral pig, there were other obscene changes as well. Her cock was now fully buried between her breasts, hardly going down and constantly leaking cum and pre. Her eyes had a vacant look of pleasure, and she hardly said any word anymore, only grunting and squealing in pleasure—why take time to talk when one could indulge in pleasure?

She was now like an animal, and like an animal she was to be treated. The next day the quillboars busily worked to rein in their newest livestock. Spinel screamed when an hot iron sizzled on her butt, the branding signaling her status as a property of the quillboar tribe. A nose ring was planted on her face so that her nostrils would be kept agape while facing upwards.

On her back and face were placed with reins so that quillboars could get ride her like a mount. But there were something else added to the equipment. A rope was tied at the top of her ballsack so that her balls would sag to an extreme degree, which were now scrapping against the ground whenever she moved, her body translating as a pleasant sensation and making her cum easily. The pigs soon learned that kicking her overgrown balls was an effective measure in controlling her. A light kick was all it needed for them to make her obedient and follow their command.

And they also found out her cums had the same magical effect as their cum. After all, her body had consumed so much quillboar cum that she was crackling with the strange energy that had transformed the quillboars in the first place.

Soon they knew how useful she could be in battle. When the villagers of the Seawind Valley finally decided to invade their territory, the quillboars let out Spinel along with other their transformed feral beasts. The militias and mercenaries were shocked to see a number of feral creatures descend upon them.

And it was Spinel who was at the front and turned the tides of battle. The quillboar riding her kicked her balls, and a huge geyser of cum squirted from her cock and drenched the terrified soldiers. Those who were hit felt an unimaginable pleasure swelling inside them, when they were again showered with quillboar cum and started to change. Furs would grow on their bodies, along with spikes and tusks making them soon look like quillboars as they masturbated or found other transforming beings to mate with. The horrified screams soon turned into pleasant squeaks and squeals.

When the battle was over, almost every humans and anthros that attacked the quillboar tribes had turned into quillboars. Some with better gears to protect themselves from the strange quillboar magic resisted, but in the end almost every one of them was captured.

And when they were led to a wide open field, they saw Spinel in her current transformed form, a huge boar with six tits on her lower body enveloping her massive cock that came all the way to the front, with watermelon-sized balls dragging along the ground, making her moan and constantly cum. The prisoners were forced to be on all fours, each tied in stone pillory made from quillboar magic.

Her cock twitched as she smelt a familiar scent. Among those who were captured, there were draconians…she was once just like them, a sleek and beautiful anthro dragon unlike her current fat and obscene body. But they didn’t know the pleasure a body like her would bring. Her bestial mind felt that it was absolutely necessary to let then experience the pleasures her body was currently feeling.

So she ignored the screams as she approached one of the draconian female, whose purple feathered body looked a bit familiar…her scent reminded her of someone. But it didn’t matter when her cock easily penetrated the female’s vagina, her inside forever imprinted with her huge cock, gaping immensely so that she wouldn’t be able to feel pleasure from anything else than fat long cock. The female’s inside was tight, but after a few thrusts it became loose and flexible enough to allow her huge cock to fully penetrate, burying all the way the root of her cock.

The transformation rapidly happened as the female’s hands and arms turned into hooves, her face becoming pig-like as her snout and nose lengthened and turned upwards, while two tusks grew from her mouth and spikes and fur growing all over her body. Her body cracked as she was stuck on walking on fours just like Spinel. The other captured anthros and humans would watch in fear as they would wait for next turn.

For a few months the process was repeated. The quillboar tribe was growing. Every war brought them losses, but the number was replenished quickly thanks to Spinel daily fucking captured prisoners of war and turning them into quillboars. Or she would penetrate females of the tribe and make sure their bellies were constantly full of litters to be born.

Her body changed again as she came again and again, almost constantly. A year later, one would find Spinel in the deepest part of the quillboar territory, now having developed into a complex network of tunnels and caves. In one of those caves was a stall reserved for Spinel. By now her balls had grown so much that they made her body float in mid air, the two almost as big as her body. To quench her insatiable lust, the quillboars conjured several large dildos to stuff her holes, making her always aroused and cumming every few seconds. On front of her there was a large bowl that filled with her cum. And that bowl had a pipe that connected to the other various parts of the stall, where freshly captured prisoners were forced to drink and consume her cum by having several funnels plugged onto their various orificies. Whenever Spinel came, her cum travelled to the prisoners and transformed them further, until they were brought before her and finalizing the changes by being fucked her.

For Spinel, this was the best reward she could’ve ever asked for. No longer she had to do quests and go out for an adventure, for the quillboars took every need of hers. And she got to fuck tight females and make them like her. Yes, this was happiness, the bestial Spinel thought as she came again, her holes all being fucked at once.