

Twilight Town—town of perpetual dusk. Town of scraggly trees and cawing crows. Town of patchwork people.

Town where everyone was turning into pigs.

Goombella leafed through her index as fast as the pages could turn. She and the rest of her friends—Koops the Koopa, a young Yoshi, the famous cloud spirit Flurrie, and Mario (yes, *that* Mario) himself—had a plan in mind. Go to the source of the transformation curse, beat the stuffing out of whatever was causing it, and maybe snag a Crystal Star to help save Princess Peach while they were at it.

All in a day's work, right? Sure, sure. Except that they were living under the omnipresent threat of piggification any time now.

You see, the creature in the local chapel was ringing a cursed bell, and every time that bell rang, someone in town turned into a pig. All fine and dandy, except that the local gatekeeper had been transformed—and with him, the only way in or out.

“Come on,” the young Goomba muttered, flipping faster. “There *has* to be something about curses in here. I didn't leave university to get swinified!”

The others were pacing back and forth in various states of nervousness. Was there a way to undo the curse? This book had answers about *everything*, or so she hoped... she just had to find them.

Of course, sometimes, time just wasn't on their side. The bell rang.

Goombella's heart skipped a beat as she waited for piggification to come. The pealing of the bell faded softly away, however, and she exhaled in open relief.

But her friends, it turned out, were not quite so lucky.

Flurrie gasped and the Yoshi squeaked in fright as Koops's fingers began fusing together, slowly merging into two porcine hooves. "Um, uh," he stammered out, unable to look away from his own transformation. "It d-doesn't hurt, but it feels... really weird..."

Nearby, Mario was doubled over, groaning, as a curly tail sprouted out of his overalls.

Turning to Flurrie and the young Yoshi, Goombella ordered them back to Rogueport. "See if Frankly knows anything!" she said. "I-I'll remain here to make sure that everything's alright!"

The two of them followed her orders, the Yoshi turning back to squeak out a plea for 'Gonzales' (his name for Mario) to keep it together. Then they were down the pipe.

Looking around, Goombella tried to see if there was anybody around to help. But the Twilighters had shuttered themselves up in their houses in a vain attempt to stop the curse. The only thing around now was the dusky orange sky itself, and the distant oinking of transformed Twilighters.

Her friends, too, were undergoing changes. Koops had managed to shed his hoodie and shoes before his hands morphed completely into hooves, and he was now on all fours, panting. A short layer of downy fuzz was growing over Mario's rapidly pinkening skin. "Mmmmm... it feels *weird*..." Koops muttered, only partially coherent. Before Goombella could stop him, he wriggled out of his shell. "Better," he muttered, looking down at his stomach. Goombella could only watch as it bulged out, forming a plump little paunch.

Mario, meanwhile, was grappling with transformations of his own. The hero's hands were shifting into hooves, the fingers slowly sliding into each other and hardening into dark keratin, and his already-large nose uplifted and flattened, becoming a piggish snout.

Koops already boasted a tail and a pair of soft, floppy ears. Mario was on all fours now, and soft oinking noises came from his mouth.

Goombella exhaled. Welp. This was going to be problematic.

A hand tapped on the young Goomba's shoulder and she turned around, thinking it was a Twilighter—only to be faced with something even more unanticipated than before.

The Shadow Siren, Vivian, stood in front of her. A short (and admittedly rather cute) shadow witch with a striped hat and long rosy hair, she and her sisters had menaced Goombella and her friends once before.

“Oh great, just what I need,” Goombella muttered. “Listen, we kind of have a... *situation* going on here, so can we get a rain check on the whole ‘heroes vs villains’ thing?”

The shadow witch raised her hands in show of goodwill. “Hey, so um, my sisters and I came here to beat you—but when Beldam saw that Mario was changing, she ran off to leave him to his fate. And uh, also broke the pipe leading to Rogueport.”

“...oh.”

“Yeah. With me on the other side.” Pulling her hat down in front of her eyes, Vivian breathed in slowly. “So I figure we could maybe team up until, you know, this whole curse thing is resolved?”

“Deal,” Goombella said. “I’d shake on it, but... Goomba.”

“No worries!” Vivian said. The two of them turned to see Mario and Koops. Goombella’s friends were by now almost done transforming; instead of a Koopa and the hero of the Mushroom Kingdom, a pair of inquisitive male pigs squatted, looking at them.

“You guys still in there?” Goombella asked. They both nodded, and she couldn’t help but exhale in relief. “Okay, good. With Vivian’s help, we should be able to finally cross this gate and reverse the curse!”

But at that moment, the bell rang again. And this time, Goombella felt a curious—not unpleasant, but definitely *unfamiliar*—tingling crossing her body. She looked over to Vivian to see a look of shock on the witch's face as well.

Well, *perfect*.

The tingling sensation—sort of like blood rushing to a limb after you accidentally rested on it for too long—spread out from the center of her body, moving across her face and limbs. She shuddered a little bit from the sheer sensation of it all. The pins-and-needles effect held there, across her entire body, for a breath—and then melted into a subsuming warmth that left her feeling light-headed and, strangely, a little giddy.

Only half conscious of what she was doing, Goombella cast off her pith helmet and, after only a moment's consideration, wriggled out of her clothes as well. She was bare to the world—but then, everyone else around was, too. She leaned back, panting, letting the warmth wash over her. She was idly aware that her pussy was moist and warm, and she couldn't help but notice that Mario and Koops were staring at it with undisguised interest.

Only a few paces away, Vivian was sprawled over the ground, also panting. The Shadow Siren's hands had begun morphing into cloven hooves, and her bangs had dialed back, finally showing off her eyes—they were wide but unfocused. As her rosy hair began receding, two folded pink ears pushed out of it.

A weird sensation prodded at Goombella's scalp, and she realized that her own hair must have been shooting away. Her long ponytail was shortening, getting thinner and thinner, but at the same time, the tingling sensation returned as Goombella's skin began sprouting thin bristles—even in the mist of her transformation, she was able to categorize that her bristles were coming in blonde, as her old hair had been.

Her stumpy feet began tugging outwards, hard layers of keratin spreading over them as they morphed into cloven hooves. Goombella could only watch in fascination as the piggish feet

asserted themselves. Her brow furrowed at another weird sensation; a sort of plush softness in her stomach. She was slowly widening, gaining a pig's girth, and small rosy nibs—her teats, she realized—pushed off of her chest. They were strangely sensitive to the open air, and she couldn't help but let out a long, needy whine.

Vivian was already half-transformed, with four cloven feet and a small curly tail; the former Shadow Siren's slit was also exposed and leaking juices, and she was squirming with a look of raw need on her face. "Don't know why," Vivian muttered, a small *oink* slipping in afterwards. "Feeling real... needy..."

One of the pigs—Koops, Goombella thought—trotted over to her and began nosing at Vivian's moist pussy. The Shadow Siren began giggling as he dug his head in and lapped at her, the sounds irregular and interspersed with small squeals and oinks from Vivian herself.

Goombella leaned back, panting. The small spike in arousal that had accompanied the emergence of her teats had not gone away; in fact, it was stronger than ever, burning in her like coals. She was dimly aware of other needs too: a desire to find a cool place to wallow, a need to hunt down truffles. The new demands her piggish body were producing weren't overriding her personality and force of will; instead, they were adding something new and unanticipated to it.

Her face had partly elongated into a snout, now, and her wet piggy nose snuffled at the air, picking up new scents. The smell of Vivian's arousal—of Goombella's *own* arousal—was thick in the air, and more subtle scents behind them indicated that the males weren't exactly uninterested themselves.

As the wet *shlick* sounds of Vivian being eaten out met Goombella's ears, peppered with the small squeals of delight from Vivian herself, Goombella felt her arousal grow even stronger. Stars above, but she *needed* attention! Her body was screaming at her to mate, to succumb to pleasure, to do *something*. She didn't know if she could stand it anymore!

As she leaned back, panting out of her snout, the blonde bristles still covering her rapidly pinkening skin, the Mario-pig trotted over to her, eying her pussy with candor.

“Y-yes,” Goombella managed to wind through a mouth filled with unfamiliar teeth. “I need...”

Mario needed no more encouragement than that, and he dove in.

His tongue lapped at her folds shallowly, never penetrating, but with incredible vigor and speed. Goombella leaned back, keening; the sensation of finally being (partially) sated co-mingling with the still-presenting tickle of the transformation. With every lap, her porcine body shuddered with delight, and she felt a small spike in the transformation. Was the activity speeding it up?

Sometimes Mario’s tongue brushed against her clit and she squealed, the high whine searing the air of Twilight Town. She braced herself, leaning back with her hooved limbs awkwardly supporting her weight. She wriggled to avoid resting on her new tail and the movement accidentally sent Mario’s tongue in even deeper.

Goombella saw stars. Pleasure crested and she clenched involuntarily. Mario paused, processing the information, and dug his snout deeper into her slick, pushing his tongue in, in, *in*. It was all so maddeningly slow and so, *so* delightful, and Goombella found herself oinking and squealing with delight. Once the sounds she made would have embarrassed her, but now she genuinely didn’t care.

But though the need had been attended to, it was not satisfied. She could feel it crowning within her, more and more, and as she rolled her head idly, she saw that Vivian had moved beyond mere oral; she was on all fours, fully porcine, squealing with delight as Koops bent over her, rutting her.

Her body ached at the sight. *That should be me*, it whined, *please, don’t leave me unattended for too long!*

She opened her mouth to tell Mario she wanted to be properly fucked—but words were now beyond her. All she had were squeals, grunts, and oinks. She was not fully transformed yet—but she was close, now, her sexual pleasure having exacerbated her transformation.

But Mario seemed to understand. He backed away long enough for Goombella to roll over onto her stomach, the action coming at her as if in a haze; the twin sensations of being eaten out and transforming almost having overwhelmed her. She stuck her rump up, presenting her slick and moistened and needy pussy for him, and Mario didn't hesitate. There was a brief moment where his weight rested on her, and then—

Heaven. His cock pushed into her folds and Goombella squealed with delight. Her porcine instincts, finally met, sent pleasure bursting across her vision like fireworks, and her body shook. Mario held in there for a few seconds, giving her room to ready herself, and then he started thrusting.

It was slow at first, but regular, every push making her shudder and squeeze. Before long, though, he picked up his pace, and she was squealing at every thrust, her tunnel making way for him as ecstasy thundered through her body like an avalanche. She squealed with delight, squirming beneath his weight, trying to make the most out of it—but the pleasure built, and built, and *built*, and before long she could not even respond to it at all; she was simply content to lie there and let her boar fuck her.

Her orgasm came slowly but inexorably—she could feel it building and when it broke she was lost in it, awash in the sensations of it all, and amidst its slow ebbing she could feel Mario hilt himself in her and fill her with seed, and when he pulled out she ached at the emptiness, distantly aware on some curious level that she had finished transforming, that was now, fully and finally, a sow. As she laid there, still panting from the thorough fucking, she saw Mario trot over to Vivian and mount her—and Koops amble right over to Goombella.

She was ready for round two. She didn't mind. All she cared about was sating this fire.

---

How long had it been, now? Weeks? Months? The sky never changed in Twilight Town, so it was hard to be sure.

Everyone was a pig, now. They had been for a while. The creature in the steeple had long since run out of individuals to curse, so the pealing of the bell was a distant memory. No rescue had come, thanks to the broken pipe.

But life went on. The pigs had managed to figure out a way past the gates, and they snuffled through the forest, looking for roots and berries and truffles to eat. They all kept their original personalities, albeit tempered by their new piggy instincts, so they were rather clever. They all had their role to play.

Early on, Goombella had helped forage for a number of food items, but as of late, she had remained in the safety of the town. Vivian was left there too, and all the other sows. There was little sense in risking the piglets before they were even born.

She walked over to her lunch—or waddled, rather. Her belly hung low, and her teats were sensitive and swollen with milk. As she dug into the roots, she could feel her piglets squirm around within her.

Sometimes, Goombella found herself wondering about Flurrie and the Yoshi, about the Crystal Stars, about Frankly. But those worries were in the past. Right now, all she really had time for was to prepare for her little ones—and for the breeding that would doubtless occur again once they weaned.

The soon-to-be mother sow settled back with a reserved oink. Soon. It would happen soon.