

## Sweet Nectar of the Hogs

A lone ute driven down a lonely country road, turning towards a farm. The dust in the air was limp and lazy, barely even blowing as the car parked by the homestead. A horse with pitch black hair got out, his t-shirt of some obscure band catching the light breeze as he looked about. "Hey Boggy, you here?" he called out as he wiped a sauce stain from his shorts.

The front (or maybe it was the back?) door swung open, and a pig in overalls and flannel sauntered past the flywire. "Well Damien Cruise, as I live and breathe" the oinker laughed, his fingers thumbed in his overalls for added effect.

"Still living high on the hog there Boggy?" the stallion chuckled as he came in to give his friend a big ol' hug.

"Higher nuff for me to touch the sky Dame-o. Though it's a bit more hog than high nowadays" the pig guffawed, his large belly rolling about.

"You still look great, for a bachelor" Damien snarked, his trim, muscular body a stark contrast.

"Don't you start now city boy. I'll settle when I'm good an' ready, and I ain't ready just yet" Boggis oinked.

"Well wait too long and the only kind you'll be getting are sugar babies lookin' for a sugar daddy" the horse pointed out.

"Ehhh I ain't got time for them young, pretty things. They're right crap on a farm. Nah, gimme a fine buxom lady that can lift up a tractor with one hand. That's the kind of gal for me" the pig declared grandly.

"Well there's always time Boggy. Say, mind if I step on in first? It was a long damn drive and I, am, thirsty!"

“Of course friend! Please, step into my boudoir” Boggis joked, giving an overdramatic bow and gesture to his door.

“I shudder to think what your boudoir would look like, cause right now I’m thinking leather and a mud wrestling pit” Damien shuddered playfully as he stepped inside.

“Leather? You really think I got THAT kind of money?” the pig snorted.

The inside was a simple living room. Comfy, well-used couches, a rocking chair, and of course an eighty inch flat-screen TV. “That’s new” the stallion observed.

“A little treat for myself. But I bet you from the city could afford one that can cover a wall huh?”

“Pfft, on my salary? Well, actually, given how I practically live in a cardboard box you wouldn’t be far off. Thanks for letting me stay, by the way. I just had to get out of the city for a while. Cabin fever, y’know?” Damien grimaced.

“Oh yeah, I getchu” Boggis nodded sympathetically. “It’s all well and good to live in the city, but the country is where your home is.”

“Yeah, so about that drink?” the horse reminded.

“Oh righty. Well I got water though the pump’s been on the fritz again, but I got something a bit more special out in the barn” the pig insinuated with his unibrow wiggling.

“You’re not moonshining again are you?”

“What? That was just once. Nah, I’m real heavy into mead and nectar right now, and I got some real good ones. Lemme show ya!”

They exited the back (or was it the front) door out into the paddock, and it was just a short trip to the barn. Inside was a wine press, a few barrels, and several racks of gleaming

bottles. Damien's brow raised in intrigue, his thirst getting more prevalent as he strode passed his friend to admire one of the bottles. "You got a real good setup here" he remarked, fishing out a bottle of mead to read.

"Yessir, been on three years now. Some of the babies are right ready to go too, but I wanna wait a few more years first. Let them really mature as it were" Boggis boasted.

"But they're still good to drink?" the horse pressed.

"Most of them yeah, see I gotta a few that hrmfph fyasf muurp murr" the pig droned.

Damien, by accident of course, was having trouble in focusing on his friend's words as he admired the bottle, and of course, it's contents too. Boggis sure had a pretty nice set-up here, and it had been a while since he had a proper bottle of homemade mead and nectar. You just can't get it in the city, and he felt dryer than ever just holding the bottle. "-and those are the ones on the end there" his friend concluded, gesturing to about a dozen bottles of nectar on a small rack by the end.

"Good to know" Damien mumbled, having not heard anything for the past minute. "Do you mind if I enjoy a bottle of nectar?" he asked casually, putting the mead back.

"Gah ha ha, if I didn't know better I'd say you'd rather be friends with my fermenter than me! They don't make'em in the city like they do back home, do they?" Boggis chuckled.

"Oh god no. I can only get the cheap stuff and it tastes like licking sand out of someone's arse crack sometimes" the stallion snorted.

"Well don't go too crazy boyo, but feel free to try a few. I got a quick errand to do with the bloody water pump, then I'll fetch a glass and see if I can play catch-up. Don't get too drunk now, and remember what I said about which ones to take" the pig warned.

"Yeah, I remember" Damien replied, recalling that Boggy mentioned the ones on the end.

“Catcha soon sport, then we catch up. I wanna hear aaaallllll about your adventures in the “big city”” Boggis called, though the sarcasm didn’t go unnoticed.

The horse snorted loudly as he put his current bottle back, and went to the ones on the end. The liquid inside shimmered like honeyed gold, and seemed thicker than typical drink. They hadn’t even been labelled, though the bottles did look fairly new. Shrugging it off, Damien hunted about and found the cork remover. His arm muscles tensed as he jabbed it in, and ripped the cork free, a rich, sweet aroma filling the barn. “Oh Boggis you devil. Wish you had told me sooner you were making stuff like this” the horse chuckled as he took a quick swig.

Damien was suddenly in a field, the sky above blacker than a coal pit. Then, all of a sudden, light and life filled the world as a giant, golden sun rose over the horizon. The stallion was blown away by the calming warmth of the giant, his soul at peace as if nothing in the world could ever bother him. And then he swallowed, and he was back in the barn. “Whoa” he gasped, supporting himself on the rack. Shaking his head, Damien’s shock became a broad grin. “Boggy you devil” he chuckled, swigging more of the bottle.

The golden nectar poured down his gullet in rich, sweetened lumps. He couldn’t help but gulp it down, the bottle emptying into his stomach the rich nectar of the gods. Ambrosia, it was called, and Boggis seemed to have damn well created it. Damien couldn’t help but rub his abs, his brain jealous of his stomach that it got to enjoy the stuff first. At least, were they abs? The horse gasped loudly as the bottle tore from his lips, a fragrant, honey-kissed belch **rumbling** out of his broad chest. “Oooo mama” he giggled, a few drunken bubbles wafting around his head.

The horse couldn’t help but licks his lips, to hunt down any last traces of the beautiful nectar. But, he mused, why hunt when he could have another bottle? Boggy said it was alright, after all~ Pulling another golden bottle from its prison, the stallion pried the cork free with his fingers and willpower, the rich fragrance tantalising his nostrils once more. And yet, as he swigged down the elixir, his shirt was looking a tad bit tight. Yes he had just downed what was nearly a litre of nectar, but he was looking a bit strained, that was all. Or maybe that was just his stomach, which bulged outwards, swelling with rich nectar as the horse gulped down another bottle. It never left his lips until it was gone, a spray of gold everywhere as he pulled the suctioned bottle away. His full belly **gurgled**, the nectar **sloshing** merrily about inside his strained belly. There was a **rumble**, followed by an “EEEEEEUUUUUUURRRRRRRRPPPPPPPP!!! Ooogh” Damien groaned, a trickle of saliva dribbling from his lips.

Oh god he was feeling full, and already a little tipsy, but the stuff was just so good! Without even realizing it he was already reaching for another bottle and was about to uncork it. Blinded he was by gold, and his taste buds howled to be sated. Damien licked his lips as he put the bottle to his lips, and drank deep, and richly. It was all about the flavour now, and the fullness. The nectar was blissfully warm, heating his belly from the inside. Hmmm, belly? Well, if one looked closed, they would find his shirt was a bit taut around the front, its liquid contents **slushing** about merrily. But the noise was feeling fainter, as if something was starting to muffle it. The horse, in fact, was looking a little puffy all over now that you look at it; his muscular arms a little less-defined, their ridges filling up slowly like a river fills with mud. In fact, aside from the sound of the nectar still **swishing**, there was little something else. Something more of a **blorp**. Well, you know what they say: You can have too much of a good thing, as Damien's inflated middle started to broaden and expand, no long pumping with nectar, but thickening with the consequences of too much sugar. His belly fattened nicely, and gradually, layers of fat creeping onto it in a conga line of carbs. It was rising like baking bread, his underheft poking out of his shirt and getting tickled by a light breeze. "Murff?" Damien rumbled, finishing off his next bottle.

There was a buzz around him, characterized by many drunken bubbles, and though on some level he was conscious to his situation, Damien was just too drunk to care. He did give the sides of his belly a squeeze, his tail flickering in approval, or maybe just drunken surprise. The horse licked his lips, feeling once again a little parched. Well, less parched and more "drier than a desert", but same diff, yeah? Fishing out the next bottle, Damien grunted as his pants dug into him, which wasn't really a surprise as it was getting a little snug in there. His finely-toned rump bulged in his shorts, his small glutes swelling with sweet sweet lard. They jostled merrily in his shorts, like a pair of jolly little water balloons. Well, maybe less little as the barest hint of a crack manifested from the waistband of his shorts, whose wrinkled fabric was starting to get pulled a little tight from the added mass of ass. And of course his big plush belly riding his shirt upwards, his deepening bellybutton pulling free as his attire was starting to cling tighter and tighter to his lardened gut. The horse itched at it, drunken intrigue turning it into a full on grab that he jiggled vigorously, the nectar **swishing** about inside him. "EEEUUURRRRPPPPP!!" he rumbled, wiping some golden slime from his mouth as he downed another bottle.

The seams of his shirt pulled taut along his sides, a fine split appearing halfway and allowing some of his side-fat to spill out. Yea, as did his belly bulge with flab, so to were his cakey thighs deforming from their muscular strait into more of a peninsula of pudge. Folds creased along his generous love handles, just ripe for the groping. In fact he did, giving them a noticeable feel or well, more of an itch really. It was hard work guzzling nectar in a hot barn, and Damien was getting a little sweaty as thick stains formed in the depths of his pits. They squished as the stallion became so laden with pudge, his heavy-hanging gut protruding over the front of his shorts, his black-haired tum pulled taut yet with a thick and generous fold running through it. It rippled like the liquid that filled it, blorping outwards with

beautiful, squishy lard. And of course nectar, now that he was onto his sixth bottle and downing it within seconds. There wasn't even room for air now, the stallion stuck in a sort of "perma-belch", where his heavy breaths would be punctuated by small, honey-sweet expulsions. He was a gaseous giant in a tight, splitting shirt and even tighter pants, his ponderous rump expanding inch by inch with generous helpings of lard. His tender behind pulled at his taut shirts, the tremendous waistband now stuck a third of the way down, exposing his vast, sweaty ass in all its chunky glory. Its many layers would jiggle much like his tubby gut, his small tail sinking into the deepening cleft of those tender cheeks.

The horse grunted midway through his seventh bottle, pausing only to unleash a deeper belch, while ignoring his arms getting so soft, and cakey. His muscular definition had faded so fast, disappearing into the great yonder as they were iced with copious layers fat. But those bad boys definitely should have stayed in the oven longer, for his biceps wobbled as if they were filled up with cake batter. Even his thin fingers looked fuller, and pudgier as his free hand went behind, his nubby tips digging deep inches into his plus-sized behind as he scratched it. Damien was twice the stallion he had been, and with more nectar pouring into his roly-polly gut, he was looking at thrice that. For all the sweet sugar was just piling it on, his shirt now rising up so far they could only contain his burgeoning moobs. Their broad nipples poked through the fabric, their mass **slushing** about as they rested comfortably on his hillock of a gut. So round it was, but so heavy too. His flabby knees trembled from trying to keep him up as they steadily disappeared into the gap between his bloated thighs and doughy calves. But as much as it struggled, his shorts were clearly prepared to give up first as their seams exploded with flabby flesh tearing every hole apart. They ripped right up to the groin, the loose flaps billowing but holding on just as hard as the elastic waistband. But it was struggling, oh boy was it struggling to contain the colossal weight of his pillow-sized ass. They loomed, and they heaved, waves and waves of mass spilling over the side of the waistband that clung so tightly to their enormity. It was like trying to lasso two huge balloons filled with water, yet with the same buck as a wild bull.

Damien grunted loudly, a few micro burps creeping out as he struggled to bend over, his apron of a gut styming his movements as it just insisted in getting in his way. No matter which way he went it was always there first, hanging round and full and constantly **slapping** against his thighs. "Get outta the, outta the way" he drunkenly slurred, managing to reach a lower bottle.

The horse was a swelling blimp, his sleeves having exploded into pom poms to cheer on his continuous flabbening, with the sides splitting like he was the greatest joke in the world. Functionally though his shirt was useless any which way as his titanic moobs spilled out of torn holes and the v-neck, their trembling mass expanding by the second and gaining. But they could never beat the rest of him, for they were but a crown to his bulbous belly. The gelatinous mass jutted out further than his arms could reach, with a sweaty underside

somewhere around his sunken knees. Very little on his flabbening body could say they were as large, or as girthy as the belly. It would bounce as he gulped down the shrinking bottles, the **churning** sound no longer the nectar, but the countless acres of flab piling onto him by the second. The horse couldn't help but grip it tightly, his pudgy digits able to grab large handfuls of his own blubber. His fingers would sink into the generous handfuls, as if they were getting sucked in by quicksand. The flabby stallion grunted and gripped himself harder, his pudgy face turning about on his tubby ring of a neck to try and see the source of some bother. The waistband of his shorts was giving way, the fabric almost see-through from how hard it was being pulled, only for it to give up the ghost. The shredded shorts disappeared out the barn door, exposing Damien's incredibly stretchy white briefs. They hugged his rump tighter than a mother would hug their child, the fabric stained with sweat to the point you could faintly see his dark body through it. How it managed to cling so tightly to the middle of the enormous mass I could not tell you beyond a miracle, or an act of god. What wasn't an act of god was how enormous his fat ass was, and how so many inches of its girth spread over either side of his straining undies, an entire shelf spilling over the top of it. Although, for what it's worth, some would praise god for such a perfect specimen.

Specimen feels like a good word to use, as Damien sure was the perfect specimen of an absolute fatass! Rounder than a boulder and three times as dense, the horse was a sweating, jostling ball of lard. His gut could be measured with a yard stick in both height and width, with a navel possessing a depth that would crush most submersible crafts. His flabby arms were like sacks of watery flour that squished against each other and his ample chest, which happened to look almost like two pillows at the end of a bed. A king-sized double bed, to be exact, given the mattress-like qualities of his gut. Tremendous folds of fat creased at his back, bunching around and joining in with his rump in squishing his tiny tail until it was just a little fluffy tuft poking out the cleft of a ravenous ass. Sorry, ravine-like ass. Though, in hindsight, ravenous certainly did describe the absolute depths of that cramped space, his undercheeks having merged with his thighs and some of his calves. The flabby beast was so round he actually looked short at 6'2, for so much batter had been poured into his mould he was vastly wider than he was ever tall. A burbling mass of lard, with a thick ring of blubber crowning his broad face and many chins that had nectar dripping from it.

**"BBBBBBBBBBUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPP!!!!!"**

Damien huffed loudly, his fat cheeks bunching around his face as he felt himself slowing down, his vision so hazy he fell backwards. He sighed loudly, for whatever he had fallen on just so happened to be the most comfortable thing in the entire world, and the flabby horse leaned into it gratefully. As Damien settled on his beanbag but, his blanket of a gut spread between his blubbery legs, covering them like a massive blanket. He huffed hard, golden vapour on his breath as he belched again, and again, and again. Damien was just so stuffed, and yet a bloated oven mitt that was possibly his hand limply reached out for another bottle. "Well, ain't this a fine welcome, huh?"

The stallion looked about, finding at least four Boggies swirling in his vision. They all had their hands on their hips, and though the horse couldn't quite make it out, they all had big smug grins as well. "Y'know, I coulda sworn I mentioned not to touch the nectar on the end. But I guess when you potentially got a taste of home at your fingertips, we forget things, huh?" he scolded playfully.

Damien opened his mouth, only for his cheeks to ripple as a loud, golden **PRRRRRRRBBBBBBBBBLLLLLLLLRRRRRRBBBBBB** slapped out of his rippling ass. The stench of nectar was everywhere, and the pig laughed long and loudly as he stood by his friend. "My my, I knew the unripened stuff was potent, but I didn't know how potent" he remarked, copping a feel of the horse's vast moob.

Damien moaned loudly as Boggis toyed with his sensitive nipple, the teat big enough to fill out the swine's entire palm. "Pretty nice down here too" the pig added, hugging his friend's belly and sinking many inches into it. "You're like one of them water beds" he remarked, still sinking into the depths.

**"UUUURRRRRPPPPP!!"**

"Yeah, that'd be the fermentation process. Stuff wasn't ready, and I did use some uhh, pretty "special" ingredients this time. My oh my you really did want a taste of the country life, didn't ya Dame-o? Well, you're not quite livin' high on the hog, but you're definitely a prize-winning pig I'll tell you that" Boggis teased.

Damien's belly rolled as he let out a drunken hiccup, a tsunami of flab rippling and washing over the pig as he cuddled his friend. "Can I... can I... whatsit?" the stallion rambled, trying to remember something.

"Can you have these?" Boggis guessed, holding up one of the last two special nectar bottles.

Damien drooled as he eyed the bottles, his belly **rumbling** in a fitful desire for the stuff. The pig grunted as he ascended his friend, popping the cork out and letting the baby have his bottle. The horse sucked it down, much like a baby with a bottle, actually. And the pig happily lazed on his friend, gently feeling and squeezing the many acres of his body. "Well I gotta say you won't be fitting in my house at this size, so I hope you won't be minding the



barn” Boggis added as Damien’s flab swelled around him, his body swaying about as the pig hung on. “Well now, you really are a sight aren’t’cha? But right now I don’t think you’ll mind sleeping in the barn. Funny thing is there is a fair next week, and I gotta say you’ll win first prize for fattest animal. It’ll help make up for you downing all the nectar I planned to enter instead.”

“You’re my beUUUUURRRRRSSSSSTTTTTT friend” Damien smiled.

“You are too mate. Welcome home Dame-o” Boggies chuckled fondly as he doffed his trucker’s hat.

He planned to take a nap today, and his buddy’s gut was even softer than his expensive down mattress. Yeup, he was going to enjoy a good ass nap after he gave Damien the last bottle. PPPPPRRRRRRRRRRBBBBBBBTTTTTT!!! “Oh sick Dame-o!” the pig guffawed loudly as the horse suckled on the nectar, his blubber increasing by the second and still racing onwards.

It was some real special stuff, and there was no doubt that he had a long way to go before all the nectar was properly digested.