

# The Boar's Wife

For Kayllik

By TheSpiralledEye

Princess Ino sat at the foot of her bed; hands neatly folded in her nightgown as she waited. She was filled with nervous energy; tomorrow was to be the day they sent her away to the neighbouring province to marry a prince and secure an alliance between her father's lands and theirs. Expanding their territory greatly and ensuring peace after years of tension. Many times, her father had lectured her on the importance of this match, the good it would do their kingdom and their people. Like a good daughter she had nodded along, pretending to care. Their lands were already strong, this alliance was simply for her father's own pride and power. But Ino played along, even now as she sat and waited, a soft smile played on her lips imagining her father's face in the morning when he came to collect her and found the rooms empty. She had prewritten a note explaining her disappearance; for she had committed one of the greatest sins any royal could; Ino had fallen in love with a commoner.

Ironically, they had met on one of the many trips to the neighbouring province during her engagement. Their wagon had broken down, the wheel bogged down by thick mud after a rainstorm and Goro and his men had appeared like heroes of old, seemingly from out of nowhere. Something about the man drew her in; Goro was strong, swarthy with dark hair that had been toughened from a lifetime of physical labour out in the sun. His features may not have been traditionally handsome, but that strong jawline and heavy-set brow were more than enough to distract from his slightly squashed nose. He had smiled at her rakishly, even going to far as to lay down his tattered cloak for her to walk across so that her shoes wouldn't get muddy while they moved the carriage. He was more a gentleman than any prince she'd met and instantly, Ino was smitten. His group had revealed themselves to be minor knights of her father's realm, the kind that lived outside the palace grounds due to their low birth and so had very little in the way of the traditional armour most wore. Ino had heard of such groups and was astounded by their chivalry, despite their lack of the usual knightly trappings. If anything, their willingness to patrol the wilderness in order to keep the common people safe, despite their lack of fancy weapons, endeared them to her more.

Goro had told them they needed no compensation, helping out their fellow man was all they required. As they had moved to leave the wind had shifted and she was hit with a strange perfume. No, perfume was the wrong word to use, it implied flowers and sweet scents when this was altogether different. Earthy and masculine, it drew her in and emboldened her to hug this stranger, despite the impropriety of such an action. He had such a kind heart, her Goro and the idea of him slipping back into the forest, back to some small village she would never find was too terrifying to comprehend. So brazenly she had slipped him a note, simply telling him her name and the location of a small crack in the castle walls, small enough for a note to be safely stashed against the elements. They had started with little letters, passed back and forth, then meetings in the dead of night, with him one side of the wall and her the other. Oh, the life he spoke of as a farmer, a simple yet free life full of happiness and joy amongst friends and family. As somebody who had spent her entire life trained only to be married, it sounded like paradise. She longed to be with him, to be held by him and drink in his scent but with the thick stones between them, all she could do was occasionally glimpse his deep green eyes through the crack.

Then, when her wedding date had been announced Goro had proposed, inviting her to come live in his little village and be his wife. It was not the grand affair of royalty, like when the neighbouring prince had proposed to her in front of hundreds of guests; it was simple, a few words spoken through that small crack in a wall and she had accepted without hesitation. And so now she waited, just as he'd instructed her to. He'd not dared to write his escape plan down, lest one of the guards find it, all he had told her was that it was very important she be awake and ready at midnight. Her fine gowns were hardly inconspicuous, and far too delicate to sneak away in, so she'd opted to stay dressed in her simple night shift; eagerly awaiting her hero to come sweep her away to their happily ever after.

A tap at her window and as she turned her heart leapt; Goro was standing on the balcony and for the first time since that fateful day in the forest, she could see her man fully in the moonlight. He wore animal furs and leather armour, hardly the splendid white knights of legend and yet, Ino thought him more handsome than any storybook hero. She flung open the glass doors and dove into his arms and was immediately awash with his scent; earthy and male; it smelt like home. Finally, those strong arms of corded muscle closed around her just as she'd always dreamed and tears of happiness burned behind her eyes.

"You're finally here." She sighed happily as he ran a rough knuckle over her cheek.

"Now all we need to do is sneak you out of here."

"How?"

Goro gave her a roguish smile.

"Magic."

Ino's jaw dropped; magic was the realm of spirits and demons! How many times had she been warned of its dangers?

"I know a little." He told her, "I will transform you into something small and smuggle you out of the palace, then once we are safe, I shall turn you back and we can get married, just as we planned."

A little warning bell began to ring in Ino's mind, something about this plan didn't sound so enticing all of a sudden but even as the thought entered her mind it was washed away by the heady musk wafting off Goro's skin. It seemed to relax her, like the smoke from incense and she felt the tension melt from her shoulders, she could trust this man, he loved her and she him. This trust was solidified

in her mind as his lips finally pressed against her own; the first man's to ever do so. She yielded to him instinctually, letting his tongue brush against her lips and then push inside her mouth. The taste of him was unlike anything she'd ever experience and disappeared far too quickly as he pulled back, leaving her wanting more.

"Alright, do it." She whispered, all too ready to shed her crown and finery to live a simple peasant life with her love.

For a moment they stood on the balcony, Ino's face cradled between his two great, strong hands when she felt it. A warm tingling that spread from his palms into her face and rapidly began to flow through her entire body; her skin tensed, turning rigid as all her muscles coiled in response. Every part of her seemed to tighten, tensing as if under some great strain and she couldn't help but groan slightly as it bordered on painful when suddenly, they all released in a great wave of relaxation. Even her bones felt as though they were melting, her form becoming light as a feather as a slight dizziness made her eyes flutter closed just as he knees gave out.

Yet she seemed to fall slowly, or maybe it was that time was passing differently. She almost felt as though she were floating toward the ground, light as a feather as her legs turned numb, then her hips and torso and then finally, she could feel nothing at all; there was only the void behind her closed eyes.

And then she was back, yet changed, she could feel her body becoming flatter, shrinking as it floated down to the ground. It wasn't painful at all, but her muscles did burn as though they were being stretched as they warped and disappeared into the folds of what felt like fabric. Her vision returned, though slowly, as if appearing through a black mist rather than her eyes opening. She was indeed floating through the air, tilting slightly to each side before settling on the cold stone floor. She tried to blink, to further clear her vision but found she could not, nor could she move or speak.

What had Goro turned her into? She tried to focus on her temporary body, it was small and felt strangely stiff, as though she were made of some kind of tight fabric. She could feel thick leather stitches holding her in place at certain spots and a corded waistline at her top. Horror and humiliation flooded her system as she realised, she had been turned into clothing, but not just any clothing underwear. *Men's* underwear. Goro smiled down at her, now a giant in her vision before slowly reaching down and picking her up between thumb and forefinger; she felt so vulnerable, so exposed and yet, there was something else stirring inside her, something those feelings exposed she couldn't quite put her finger on. It felt warm and good and seemed to emanate from the point where Goro's warm fingertips grasped her by the waistband.

"Perfect, see, nobody will ever guess this is you now." He said, "Even if I get caught sneaking through the castle, nobody will ever guess you are my underwear."

*'But b-but why underwear, why not some trinket!'* she cried out mentally, surprised to see his face react.

“Because if I do get caught, they’ll think I’m a thief and take everything on me, but not my underwear. It’s the one thing they always let you keep.” He explained carefully, as if to a child, “And worst case scenario, if I end up in the dungeon, at least we’ll be together.”

It did make sense, in a twisted sort of way. Goro was so much smarter, more world wise than she; he truly had thought of everything. He was just being thorough, she reminded herself, a life of freedom and love with him was worth a little embarrassment. Yet still, when he placed her down on the railing and began to unbuckle his belt, she was shocked; somehow it had not occurred to her that he would be *wearing* her out of here. If she could have, Ino would have been blushing profusely. She had never even seen a naked man before, she knew what to expect of course, she was an adult, but the idea of her not only seeing her love’s manhood but being pressed up against it was, daunting. And enticing. She could not deny the desire that swirled within her at the thought but she was also frightened. It was so much so fast, and so very indecent. Against everything she’d ever been taught about proper society and so she tried to bury those naughty feelings.

Sexual pleasure was for men, she had been told, a woman must submit to their husbands but never for their own enjoyment. It was immoral. And yet, it wasn’t as if she could look away, he had draped her over that hand rail with a perfect view as he stripped down. As he stepped out of the trousers and back toward her she could see his length, thick and girthy, far larger than she was expecting. Were men usually that big? Immediately her mind was flooded with images of them on their wedding night and she was very thankful for her new form, she was sure the imagined scenes would have her red in the face and moaning were she still a woman. He picked her up again, stretching out her fabric a few times before stepping through the leg holes and pulling her up his legs. His skin was hot, corded muscles rippled beneath the dusting of dark hair as she scraped against it; that delicious smell that had so drawn her in getting stronger and stronger until she was pressed up against that cock that so conflicted her. It was even warmer than the rest of his skin and semi hard, the musk that wafted from his skin and hair overpowered her senses and she felt almost lightheaded, if that was even possible without a head.

“There you go, nice a snug.” Goro teased, reaching for his pants and hurriedly redressing, sealing Ino in darkness as her vision was blocked from the outside.

As her ‘eyes’ adjusted to the darkness she realised she could swivel her vision and focus to any point of her new underwear form and immediately temptation took its course. She looked inwards, admiring the hot length pressing against her inner folds, stretching them out smooth so that every inch of her was touching his bare skin. She couldn’t make out much detail in the gloom but she could see the dark hair surrounding it, the warm red skin that rubbed against her slightly as he adjusted himself. She could feel her back stretched across his taugt ass, square and strong like the rest of him.

“Ready?”

‘Yes.’

Even mentally her voice was wavering, she already felt overwhelmed by the new sensations and temptation of her position, when he started to move it was as if they'd hit overdrive. Those strong legs were all around her, and with every step they brushed her material against itself.

And that is how Ino discovered she could feel pleasure in this form.

She had been so distracted with the magic and new form she hadn't realised just how sensitive her new fabric body was. Each brush of his skin against hers made Ino was to shiver; warm tingling spread from each touch and barely had time to fade before the next step. It felt like those nights when she'd laid in bed, dreaming only to wake with wet folds and a given in to temptation, stroking herself to completion while biting down on her pillow. Somehow, this felt even better, perhaps it was because Goro was doing the touching. If it felt this good with him simply walking and climbing down her balcony, how would it feel to be truly pleased by him, once she was a woman again?

He was running now, mentally she tried to follow his route through the castle grounds a distraction to herself, as he began climbing again the slight smell of the river permeated through the fabric of his clothes and she gave a metaphorical sigh of relief. The river, he was on the wall by the water, near their secret meeting place. As he jumped, landing with a heavy thump and kept moving Ino took comfort in that soon, she would be herself again. Yet, several minutes passed, he slowed his movement to a casual walk but still said nothing about changing her back.

She could then deal with these indecent thoughts discretely, or perhaps even with Goro's help. Either way, she knew she would never be able to relax until she'd had some relief.

*'Goro? We're free now right? Can you turn me back?'*

"Not yet, Ino." He replied in a hushed tone, "I think it's better we get some distance between us and the city before I change you back."

*'Oh, okay that makes sense I suppose, where are we going? You've never actually told me the name of your village. You're sure my father's men will never find us?'*

Goro chuckled, resting a hand across his crotch and pressing her into his length, making warmth and bliss spread across her whole form.

"No, you'll never be found there. My home is the village of Nago."

Had she blood in her veins it would have turned to ice. Nago village, the home of the magical beings known as boar spirits or more commonly referred to as boar demons. Half human, half boar creatures known for their powerful magic and ability to shapeshift. Her father had tried many a time to wipe them out and yet the village seemed to move through the mists, changing location each day so that it could never be found by humans. Suddenly, the way Goro and his men had emerged from the trees did not seem fortuitous, it seemed like a set up.

“I’ve had my eye on you for a while Ino.” She hummed, “A human princess will make a perfect wife, though I’ll need to make a few changes first of course.”

Her fear was pierced by lust once more as he continued to gently rub at her, that heady musk seeping into every part of her porous fabric form. It smelt even better than when she’d been in human form; it was delicious, *addicting*. He was going to turn her into a boar princess, she didn’t want that! Suddenly the idea of a quiet village life was not nearly so appealing. She had to fight this lust, this desire for Goro as hard as she could before it infected her mind entirely.

“I know you must have your reservations.” He mused, “But it’s a long walk to Nago Village, by the time we get there, you’ll have come around, I’m sure.”

She couldn’t believe it, tricked by a boar demon of all things and what’s more, now that she was aware of the addicting nature of this musk, she found it all she could think about. What’s more, as the sounds of crowds and footsteps on cobbles fell away, replaced with the crunch of leaves, she realised they were now most likely alone and in the forest. Which meant, as they left human civilisation behind, Goro slowly began to shed his human disguise. Hidden against his crotch, she could see nothing of the finer details of this change yet she could feel his size increasing, stretching her further as his legs thickened and the hair there became coarser. Something began to press at her back, just above the waistband and she realised, as thick corded flesh passed over her top it was a tail. A boar’s tail which swayed back and forth as he walked. More hair sprouted from beneath his skin and soon, his cock was the only thing free of it and with all the extra hair, fur really, more of that musk wafted into her.

*‘You’re not a knight at all, are you?’* She whimpered, *‘You tricked me into falling in love with you!’*

“I may have set the stage darkling, but you fell all on your own. Not that you are to blame. Innocent little thing, you didn’t stand a chance against a being like me. My scent alone has driven women to lust filled frenzies.”

Even as he said it, those now large, muscular legs brushed against her underlining, the rough fur sending tingles cascading over her, it felt so very good and the scent was only getting stronger. It

was getting hard to remind herself not to revel in it, to not drink it in. It didn't help that her position left her so vulnerable; now that the desire within her was growing she recognised those confusing feelings on the balcony. The submission, the vulnerability of being totally at Goro's mercy had been turning her on. It was continuing to turn her on. She had to fight it, but it was so hard when every step he took pleased her, every brush of fur and touch of skin sent rivulets of bliss over her entire form no matter how hard she tried to focus elsewhere. Trapped inside his trousers she didn't have any sense of sight to distract her either, she was trapped in a world the contained only his taste, smell and touch. Still, she fought against herself.

Just as she was starting to make headway with it a new, far worse distraction hit. A new smell, slightly salty, tinged the air and a flavour began to seep into her fabric. She could taste it, like the musk only this was far stronger. There was something intimate and masculine about the taste and then she realised it was emanating from a wet spot on her lining, right where the tip of his cock was resting. Another dribble of precum soaked into her as Goro's cock began to harden, becoming stiff against her inner lining and stretching her to her limits. It felt so wonderful, that hard manhood brushing against her inner fabric, she felt so sinful for enjoying it but found she couldn't resist revelling in the pleasure it gave her. She was being stretched to her limit and it felt wonderful, she couldn't help but wonder if this sensation was similar to having a man inside her.

It began to push against her, straining her material form in an effort to escape. It was so strong and hard now she almost feared she'd tear trying to keep him contained. She could hear him now; his voice having dropped to an even deeper octave than before as he chuckled.

"I can sense you; you know?" He teased, "I can tell my musk is getting you pretty hot and heavy, not that you can do anything about it."

*'Can you?'*

She asked the question before she could stop herself, his touch and smell just kept teasing her but in this form, there would be no release. Perhaps he had a way to give it to her, she prayed that was the case. Maybe then she could focus on resisting him...

"Not exactly," A warm, hairy hand came to rest on his hip, pushing her waistband further into his fur, "But I have something that will certainly be fun for us both."

Ino felt his body shift and then, hands were at his belt and lowering both her and his trousers. At first, she mourned the loss; no longer pressed up against him the world felt infinitely more cold the gentle night breeze teasing her folds and instantly drying that delicious wet spot, blowing that wonderful smell further away. She could see him now, albeit from an unusual angle between his thick legs. The face that stared down at her was a mix of animal and man, with heavy tusks, a snout like nose and rippling muscles covered in short fur. Had she seen this creature a day ago, she would have run for the hills with a scream on her lips but now; she felt herself humbled by it. Perhaps it was the musk, the magic or some combination of both but Goro looked even more sexy than he had

as a man. She was trapped, stretched out just below his crotch at his mercy and she'd never been more aroused.

His cock was hard and upright now that she was no longer containing him and he gripped it with his hand before leaning back against a thickset tree. The movement pinned the back of her against his taut ass, giving her a much needed taste of his skin and scent. She couldn't stop tasting and smelling that musk even if she wanted to. Her vision was filled with the sight of that great hand slowly beginning to pump, she couldn't look away, not that she had any desire to do so. She was pinned by his body weight, forced to watch as his speed and grip increased.

"Soon, it will be your hand doing this." He groaned, "Or your mouth."

Ino wished she could shiver, could move at all, just to rid herself of some of the pent up sexual frustration. The idea of using her mouth on a man...the idea had never occurred to her, such things were for the whores that sold themselves on street corners. Perhaps, she realised, deep down that's what she was because watching Goro get harder, watching that precum dribbling down his shaft and feeling it drip down onto her turned her on more than anything ever had. Ino wanted to taste him properly, who knew how much stronger that musky, male flavour would be on her real tongue compared to this thin fabric. She wished it were thicker, so that it could absorb more. As he pumped his rough knuckles brushed her inner lining, it felt like her finger had inside her wet folds at night. Only thing time, there was no orgasm in sight, at least not for her.

As he got closer, grunting in pleasure and exertion his hand moved closer to the tip, allowing her inner lining to rest against his tightening balls. She could feel them tensing, getting ready to release; Ino felt like she was on the edge as well. The sight of Goro touching himself, the way his wide stance stretched her, the brush of his knuckles, the overwhelming musk in the air; it was all too much for her to take. Goro gave a deep groan, almost guttural and she felt those balls pulse one final time, hard, and watched as white seed shot from his cock straight down onto her, coating her front entirely. The smell was like that of his musk only several degrees stronger, the taste even more so. She wanted to moan; that wonderful musky flavour was soaking into her very core and it felt so very good. It permeated her fabric and made her almost dizzy; how she longed for her human tongue to properly taste it, swallow it down. Gone were her reservations and fear, right now all she wanted was *more*.

Goro pulled her back up, gripping his cock again but this time with her pressed between his pam and the softening erection. He became her whole world, the idea of ever being apart from him was anathema to life itself.

"That's it, be a good girl and clean me up."

She wanted to thank him, to say or do something but her brain was so full of lust even communicating mentally was hard. In the end, the only thought she could formulate was:

*'More?'*

Goro chuckled, rubbing a finger along her underside and leaving a trail of pleasure in his wake.

“Soon, love.” He replied, “You just keep drinking it all in, okay? We’ll be home soon.”

The idea of the village of boar spirits didn’t sound quite so frightening as it had when he’d first told her. How much time had passed since then? It seemed as though time had passed so fast and slow at the same time; her entire existence reduced to Goro and the pleasures of adorning his body. She would be the princess of boars, be his to do with as he pleased; now that she’d had a taste of what that would be like, it didn’t sound bad at all.

Now that she’d stopped fighting it, Ino found their journey so much more enjoyable. His cum began to dry, turning her fabric slightly stiff but increasing the pungent aroma and taste. She savoured it now, willing her material to absorb more. Her fabric scratched along his length and she took the time to fully admire it now, every inch of hot skin that pressed into her.

“Here we are. Our new home.”

There were footsteps again, muffled voices around her as what she assumed were other boar demons greeted Goro. She desperately wished she could see what the village and its inhabitants looked like but had no choice but to wait until Goro deigned to show her. When the sound of a door closing finally had them in silence again, she waited, anticipation built so high she felt she would explode until his hands finally reached for her.

She slid down his legs, watching as that wonderful cock got further and further away but enjoying the sensation of rough fur teasing her inner lining. She already missed the warmth of his body and found herself hoping Goro would transform her again in the future. She wanted to be near him always. He held her up between thumb and forefinger just as he had on the balcony some hours ago, his handsome half boar face watching her with dark eyes.

‘Please’ she begged, she wasn’t sure what exactly for though.

To be turned back? For him to wear her more? To touch her? Any would be a viable option her eyes.

Much to her initial sadness, he did none of those things, laying her gently on the wooden floor of his hut before snapping his fingers and-

She was unravelling.

Her vision blurring as her underwear form dissipated into a thousand threads, reknitting themselves together in the shape of a woman. No, not a woman, a boar demon. As her sight and sense of touch returned, she looked down at her naked body; smooth pale skin and round breasts tinged pink with arousal already. Between her legs was a corded tail much like Goro's own which reached her fur covered ankles and cloven feet. With shock she raised a hand to her head, feeling her pig-like ears twitching. Her plump lips slightly pushed forwards by her new, gently curving tusks.

Her chest heaved with shock, breasts rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. She sat, naked on her knees before Goro still in his boar form, watching her expectantly. She should have been horrified, scared out of her mind at this situation but Goro's scent was everywhere in his home. It calmed and aroused Ino and she breathed deeply, more still wafting over her from his body and she shivered, wetness leaking out of her.

"Come," She said, holding out a hand to her new husband, "Let us have our wedding night."