

Gaze Into Eternity

There have been dangerous rumours afoot in this church, claiming that our gods are not “true” gods. The Council wishes to put these ludicrous claims to rest. We assure you, devotee, that this is nothing but lies and slander by heretics seeking to undermine the glory of our deities. For what else could they possibly be?

Consider. One is a titanic Deer of who claims the entire Tyrlan forest as his domain, the other a true-blooded Dragon of old. They are every bit as glorious, from their sparkling eyes to the fat serpentine lengths of their tails, from their immense swaying paunches to the planetary thickness of their rears, from their pulsing pillars of shafts, to the churning creamy furnaces between the legs of the Lord, and the rumbling internal sacs of the Dragon. What can such beauty be, if not Divine?

They are every bit as powerful as a god, strong enough to crush mortal buildings, swift enough to outfly the wind. The Deer binds every single plant and animal within his domain to serve his every whim, the Dragon summons torrents of boiling fire that can melt stone. What can such power be, if not Divine?

And they are every bit as loving as gods should be. First and most of all, they adore each other, worshipping the gorgeous heavy curves of the other at every opportunity. But they are generous, too, and so every devotee who sets so much as a toe within their domain is worthy of their undying adoration and desire.

Extinguish these heretical doubts, and go forth, devotee! Go forth and experience the adoring love of the gods! Go forth and gaze into eternity!

Lord Orion, a towering obese mountain of a demonic deer with a tail thicker than an ancient oak tree, put the pamphlet down, cradling it gently in the prehensile heft of his tail. He sighed. “Alright. As cults go, this is pretty good. Solid B minus. Still, I wonder if their plan was to send so many devotees that we couldn’t possibly eat them all.” His gut gave a loud, wet groan. “And if so, I feel slightly insecure. Seventy six? Really? Is that all?”

Stalbon, a colossal red-scaled dragon with a belly and haunches near as wide as his prodigious wingspan, was looking at the lavishly drawn illustrations. “You have to admit though, they did a passable job of capturing your curves.”

“Correction, darling. They did a passable job of capturing the curves I had a few weeks ago.” Orion flicked him coyly with the fluff of his tail. “You should know better than

anyone just how much thicker I've grown since then." His belly gave a loud, heavy glorp, and he shuddered softly, feeling the delicious squirms of the two dozen cultists deep within his colossal bowels. "Well. Almost anyone."

Some of the nubile humans were having a crisis of faith, writhing and kicking and pleading the boiling, squelching flesh around them for absolution. Others were so overwhelmed by sensation (and the cocktail of stimulants they had taken before journeying into his forest) that they had been plunged even deeper into fanaticism, and writhed in demented ecstasy, lavishing his body with kisses and moaning prayers of worship from within. He could feel every finger pushing outwards, every face smothered within the oozing tunnels of flesh, every mouth open in a prayer or a wail. It mattered not. Every last one of them would find their place, body and soul alike adding to his flanks as another layer of perfect cervine pudge. The deer stroked his globular paunch with a foreleg, his oversized balls clenching around its own offerings. There were four crammed in each, the ocean of creamy pleasure around them driving them to maddened orgies even as they pleaded for a moment of fresh air and light. Limbs and curves squirmed in rhythmic pleasure, bulging the fluffy surface of his titanic sac. It was wonderful. And yet he was unsatisfied.

He sighed. "Alright, then. Once these little ones are settled onto us, shall we go and deal with them?"

"Deal with them?" Stalbon said, reclining lovingly against his companion's overfilled paunch. His own belly complained at the movement, sending forth a ground-shaking cacophony of squelches and burbles. He had twenty more within the vastness of his guts, each experiencing their own slow churning ascension, and a half dozen within his own bubbling internal testicles, the only sign of their demise a softening swell under his thick, padded tail.

Since the beginning of their friendship, the two predators had shared many, many meals together... though not equally. As Lord of the Tyrlan Forest and Prince of the Hells, Orion had taken pains to ensure his new friend respected his dominance, as the mightier, hungrier, more gluttonous predator. This arrangement worked out very well for the two of them, both in terms of fun and in terms of fresh, perfect fat. Orion wrapped his tail gently but firmly around the drake's neck, raised a plump thigh to let his sac spill free with a creamy gurgle, and pulled him in to smother his muzzle in the groaning masses.

His voice rather muffled by rippling sacfat, Stalbon continued. "Mmmph, divine. But what do you mean by dealing with them? I must say I'm not really one for this worship by the

mortal races, but from what I understand of you, my Lord, I would have thought you'd relish such attention. And such easy prey." He nosed deeper in, invading the private pleasures of the victims squirming their last orgasms within the Forest Lord's almighty loins.

"You're half right," Orion purred, shifting his hips to tease the dragon. "Normally I would enjoy this. Some cults are genuine delights. The ones dedicated to me as god of nature, for example. Huge festivals, moonlit rituals in stone circles, stories told around the campfire: all perfect opportunities to play with my food. And at first, I thought this was just another of those. But they have been sending us their softest little devotees in their dozens for the last week, and between our two fat butts, not a single one has returned. And each time, each new group is so very surprised, so shocked, so squirmy as we gorge ourselves. Do you know what that means?"

"That they didn't realise that their fate is to be another layer on your divine rear?"

"Correct. They didn't know. But more importantly, whoever has been sending them to us... they know it very, very well."

This time, Stalbon raised his head, laying it on the castle-crushing heft of Orion's haunches. "Ahh. I see. So you're worried you're playing second fiddle, my lord? Being a pawn in someone else's game?"

Orion snorted. "You'd be surprised how well I play the fiddle, dear drake. But even if it's just some demented horny lunatic, the fact is that this cult is not my cult. It's theirs. I am simply a perfectly formed figurehead." He struck a pose, his heavy neck arching to the sky to display his sharpened antlers. "And as flattering as it is, I can't accept that."

"Naturally, my lord." The dragon licked his scaled lips. "Then we will need to track them down. We need information. I find their squealing a little tiring myself, so perhaps you would enjoy the pleasure?"

"I always do." Orion settled back on his flank, nosing the rippling bulges beneath his pudgy pelt. He growled softly as he felt the little bodies within his boiling guts writhe and squirm, protesting at the intrusion. Tender Lora, who had sworn to serve her new lord in any way whatsoever, and who had been so shocked to discover exactly what that meant, tried to push back against the thick muzzle. Ildrin, a curvy young man only there because he lost a bet, pleading for a single last look at the sunlight even as he humped desperately against the bulge of his fellow worshippers. Terys and Ulia, husband and wife, believers from the start, moaned their prayers and ignored the dragon as they

buried their faces between each others' legs and sank below the roiling mass of pillowy, fleshy walls once more. And so many others, each unique, each wonderful, each his. He learned each and every one of his prey, and he would never forget a moment of their deaths within him.

"And more than that, I know just who to ask."

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This was not how it was meant to go.

Cayl had not been entirely clear on how it *was* meant to go. He had vaguely assumed there would be some ceremony. The gods would accept the offerings they provided, listen to their prayers with the sort of regal, aloof attentiveness which came naturally to gods, perhaps deliver some words of divine wisdom, and then depart, leaving he and his fellow devotees to ponder the immensity of their passing. Oh, he knew some of the younger devotees had been sneakily passing around pamphlets claiming unimaginable hedonistic pleasures and giggling at them, but that was nothing new. Cayl had joined a few cults in his day, and he'd never encountered a god whom someone didn't want to fuck. This gorgeous deer and dragon couple sounded much more interesting and fresh than the same recycled spiel about pillars of light and nine-headed giants, and the pilgrimage to their territory had only been a few miles from his home to the nearby Tyrilan Forest. And they had chosen Tuesday as their holy day, which was a much better choice than most. So of course he had volunteered for the latest delegation, anointed his supple body with holy oils and jeweled ornaments, and joined the procession into the leafy depths.

And now, after several hours of terror, despair and obscenity which could have made even the most depraved pamphlet burst into flames, he was here. Clawing at the heaving, smothering walls all around him, weeping with panic, desperate to prise the sticky tunnel apart so he could gulp desperately at air so hot and humid that his tears felt like they were simmering on his cheeks. Every few seconds, a powerful ripple of muscular action dragged him a few inches deeper, forcing him to squirm even harder just to avoid getting slurped deeper into the bowels of his god. Cayl had been losing the battle for what felt like hours now, each failure a few inches further from the light and air outside. His muscles were aching, his lungs melting from the heat, his skin tingling in a way that was sensuous and unbearable all at once. As he squirmed against another squishing gulp of peristalsis, he mumbled another prayer.

“Mm-my Lord, Forest One, in our imperfection w-we beseech you look with kindness, in our despair we beseech you seek a light to give us, in our failings we beseech you raise us up to glory, in our struggle we beseech you give u-”

And his god answered.

“Oh, Cayl. Darling. Don’t be so hard on yourself.”

The voice of Lord Orion himself shook the fleshy walls around his prey, echoing through his whole form and making his bones thrum with the power. Cayl squeaked, cowering low, as if he could hide within his god’s own body. Orion gave a deep, purring chuckle. “Oh, you do feel divine. How is it inside my guts, dear little one?”

Cayl whimpered. “M-my Lord, F-forest One... p-please, I know you s-said there was n-nothing I could offer, but, I, I b-beg you to reconsider...”

“Answer first, boweltoy~” the deer crooned, and the walls around Cayl contorted, nearly drowning him in the pillowy mass of flesh all around. “Obey your Lord.”

“Y-yes! Yes. S-sorry, my lord, it... um... it’s unbearable for a... mortal like me. The heat is like a physical weight, it makes it hard to hold a single thought, and your... um... your d-divine... insides... they are...” he whimpered, slumping against the curve of the squeezing tunnels. “...they’re... like a new w-world. A layer of... of hell. The heat, the tightness... I... I can’t bear it. P-please, w-we are but your servants, we b-beg you show us mercy. Save us f-from this.”

“A layer of hell? Oh, you’d be surprised, darling. I’m from the Hells, and trust me, they don’t have anything on my own body.” He gave a sadistically firm clench which felt like Cayl’s ribs were an inch from cracking. “Now, Cayl, I have a few questions for you about this cult. *My* cult, I suppose. Whatever it’s called.”

“Y...your cult?” Cayl blinked in the pitch darkness, wiping a glob of slime from his face before another squeezed smothered him in more oozing internal fluids. “It... w-wait, you don’t know it’s n-name? Do you... do you know anything about it?”

“No, we don’t,” came another voice, the rumbling tones of Stalbon the red dragon, each word sounding smotheringly close. Cayl cowered. “The first we learned of this cult, human, was when you began squealing about it as I plunged you face-first into my Lord’s glorious rear. Please do enlighten us a little.”

In between the terror and the heat, a small part of Cayl wondered if any worshipper in history had ever had to explain their religion to its own god. "Um." he said. "Right. W-well, we're the Elucidated Siblings of the Vastness of the Deer and Dragon, and-"

He was cut off by what felt like an earthquake, which in turn caused a tidal wave of gurgles and squelches from all around. Not for the first time, he felt motion through the soft walls of Lord Orion's bowels, as his fellow devotees writhed in their own bubbling private hell. It was the laughter of his masters.

"Of course," Stalbon chuckled. "A fitting title for us, isn't it?"

"What else could they have gone with?" Orion must have placed a hoof on his colossal paunch, and Cayl was buried in clenching, quivering flesh up to his eyes, leaving him unable to even draw breath to cry. "I challenge anyone to describe me without mentioning my "vastness". Oh, that's delightful." The weight shifted. "Thank you, little bowelslut. And who started this cult?"

"Oh, the council of High Shamans, of course," Cayl said. "They s-said one of their number had encountered... er... you in a vision some m-months ago, while walking in the forest." He closed his eyes, not that he could see anything, and tried to recall the young Shaman's words upon initiation. "Um... they said that you told them to build up a mighty church, and await your commands within."

There was a pause. Then Orion's voice.

"Oh, Damned One. That actually does sound like something I'd do..."

"I think I'd remember, dear," Stalbon said tactfully.

"We might have been drunk. Were we drunk?"

"And then," Cayl continued, "they said you commanded him to spread your word, that great riches be brought unto them where they resided in the great meeting chamber in the Church near the edge of the city, for they were to be your chosen vessel upon this mortal coil. And then they said y-you demanded that servants be sent unto you, that they might learn your wisdom."

"Ahh." Orion sighed. "That part does not sound like me. The only vessel I choose, darling, is myself. Dear, dear. This Council of Highshamans. What a delightful name."

“S-so, so they were l-lying, then?” Cayl stammered. “You’ve never even heard of them? Those bastards just sent us without the slightest idea who you were!?”

“No, I think they had a pretty good idea who we were, judging from the *explicit* details in those pamphlets,” Orion purred.

“But we did not know of them,” Stalbon added. “This is not ideal, my lord. We may be being observed.”

“Indeed. They cannot be assassins, unless they had secretly infused these lovely devotees with some kind of poison, and trust me, dear drake -” there was a wet sound that rose above the cacophony of churns and glorps, and Cayl realised the great deer was licking his lips - “I would be able to taste that. Manipulators, perhaps? Tell me, Cayl, I know I did interrupt your little sermon by stuffing your head priestess up the inward-curving abyss of my dear dragon’s pucker. Was there anything you were supposed to tell us?”

Cayl swallowed. “Yes. Um. I wasn’t p-privy to it... you’ll have to ask him if you want more details...”

“I think he’s already well on his way to thickening my rump, human,” came the dragon’s growl. Cayl whimpered.

“O...oh. Right. W-well, I heard it was an entreaty... to you. To... come to the city, and remove the corrupt and cruel royal family who hold it under their iron heel. Set us free from t-the yoke of oppression, and shepherd us into a b-bright new dawn.”

There was a rumbling avalanche of a sigh. “Oh. Mortals.”

“Well then,” came Orion’s tones. “Manipulators it is. Have you ever been part of a coup, Stalbon?”

“Not unless my gut counts as a new monarch, my lord.”

“Debatable, dear drake. It can be fun, though. But I do not like being used. And this council was not just using us, it was using you, Cayl. Sending you to your gurgling fates for a chance at power. I don’t like others being used, either. I like *keeping* them. I am... disappointed. Hmmm.”

He lapsed into silence, save for the groans and glorps. Cayl swallowed. This was his only chance to survive this bubbling hellscape.. “Um...” he mumbled, trying to squirm to a more bearable position. “So... are you even gods? Or was that a lie as well?”

Stalbon snorted, the sound echoing wetly. “You humans do love to name the unnameable, don’t you? No. No, we are not “gods””

“O... oh.” Cayl saw an opening. “In our defence, m-my Lords, you are both quite... um g-gorgeous. H-how could we think you were anything b-but? Now, I w-would sacrifice h-hundreds to you if needed. I would worship you. R-respectfully and um, ideally from a distance sometimes, but well, everything a god deserves. If you’d let me?”

“Oh really, darling?” Orion purred. “You had me until “from a distance”. See, that’s my problem with this Council. If they liked the way we looked, they really should have said so. They should have come close, and showed their appreciation the only way that my body cares about: intimately. But instead they are just watching us from afar. You, however, have been a good little slut, haven’t you? So eager to kiss and caress and plead with my fat rump.”

“Y... y-yes, my Lord,” Cayl mumbled, flinching at the memories. The weight, the heat. The obscene heft of the colossal cervine rear, soft pillowy cheeks smothering him even as the dark magmatic beast at their centre gulped around three squirming, pleading worshippers simultaneously. It had been so thick, so plush, so powerful, that they barely seemed to stretch it. At the deer’s direction, he had debased himself before it in every way he could think of, using the curves of his slender body, his lips and tongue, his very soul, to worship it more intimately and totally than he’d ever worshipped any god. His devotion had saved him... for a few hours, before the darkness locked tight around his wrists without warning, and began to ripple and slurp, pulling him inside with the strength of a mountain. But maybe there was a way out, if he could just convince this beautiful monster he was worth more outside of those obese hips. “S-so, if you enjoyed it, m-m-my Lord... er... my god... maybe I c-could continue? As o-often as you wish, a-as long as you wish. If you just... l-let me... out?”

There was silence. Then a faint glorping gurgle and a quiver from the rippling walls all around him. Then the deer’s guts smothered him so tightly that he could feel boiling, soft flesh worming between individual toes, every inch </i>devoured<i> by the ocean of churning bowels, and dragged him a dozen feet deeper in under a second, so fast that it left his flesh tingling and tender from friction burn.

<i>“No.”</i>

The deer's hellish bowels kept going, squelching and squeezing as they practically <i>poured</i> him through, and at this pace Cayl could unmistakably tell that it was getting hotter, tighter, and in some incomprehensible, terrifying way, <i>deeper.</i> Before, he had felt like he was only a few feet of fat and flesh away from the outside air. Now it felt like he was a mile under Orion's silky pelt, and plummeting further in by the second. He screamed, clawing desperately at the walls around him, writhing against his skintight prison, and failed to slow his progress in any way whatsoever. "P-PLEASE! MY GOD, I'M SORRY I'M SORRY PLEASE STOP NO NO-"

"Sorry? Not at all, darling," Orion purred, his voice seeming to become closer, softer and more intimate as Cayl raced through the endless hellscape. "I'm delighted to know how desperate you are to leave my guts. That makes it so much more fun to tell you that out of the millions and millions who have squelched their way in, not a single one has ever or will ever leave them. You are mine, my little darling slut, and I won't even let your last breath escape me. Even when you're nothing but a few inches on my ass, I'll keep your soul smothered in my bowels, sloshing through my guts for the rest of time. I am not your god, Cayl. But I am your afterlife, your eternity, your *everything*. Worship me and weep."

With a final bubbling squelch, the endless bowels relaxed, letting Cayl slump to a halt, sobbing and trembling all over. The heat rolled over him in rippling magmatic waves, breaking body and spirit. He tried to push out into the gooey elastic flesh all around, and it felt like the weight one might feel at the bottom of the deepest trench in the ocean. If the outside world even existed anywhere around him, it was as good as a million miles away. He was lost completely to the incomprehensible insides of his owner.

"Goodbye, Cayl," came Orion's voice, and the lust and delight seemed to drip from every syllable. "Thank you for your help. I'll let you get settled churning before too long."

Cayl's moan of despair was lost amidst the groans and gurgles of his prison. And as a rippling gulp squelched over him and pulled him along a few more inches, he realised that he was still getting deeper.

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Orion smiled, shifting his immense hips to let the bulge settle somewhere far, far deeper than even his capacious paunch should have allowed. "Well, that was enlightening."

Stalbon growled, giving the creamy gut one last loving caress before standing. “Yes. We have a name and a location. Would you rather wait to digest, my Lord? Or we could be swift enough that you could let him feel the squirms?”

The deer’s tail raised, and the dragon obediently fell silent. Orion looked around the pleasant forest grove they had turned into a banquet hall, his gaze passing over the lakes of saliva and pleasure-fluids, the strewn piles of discarded loincloths and holy amulets - enough to outfit an entire cathedral’s worth of new supplicants, if any of them could survive getting close to the apex predators lounging amidst them - and the glittering, discarded mounds of offerings which had been meant for the two of them. Neither Orion nor Stalbon had taken much interest in such baubles, not while there were dozens of soft, helpless, far more tempting offerings to be savoured.

“We have a name and a location, but what we need is a motive or means. My mother-” just for a moment his voice was brittle as ice in his mouth, and then it returned to his soft, rich purr “-practically branded that lesson into my head, every day until I left the Hells. Know what your target *can* do, and what they *want* to do, and you can use them without fear, because you know exactly what they *will* do.”

He cocked his head, looking again at the offerings. They were generally large and eye-catchingly golden, but Stalbon, who had a dragon’s instinct for treasure, had been unimpressed by them. Most were recently forged, chosen for grand appearance and quantity rather than true value. There didn’t seem to be anything unusual about them to the eye, however. He needed to focus.

Voraska Navori Koma, demons called it. Literally, “Sinning like the Damned One themselves”. A perfect flow state of total concentration, where every part of the body and soul alike were completely focused on their goal. Orion was a Lord of the Forest on his father’s side, but he had been raised in the Hells by his mother, who had slowly and painfully taught him a great deal about the Koma.

It took a few moments of meditative breathing to prepare himself. Orion’s sister Rose had always been better at this, but he was still an expert practitioner in his own right. When it came, it was subtle. The world paled, unimportant things falling away into nothingness. Stalbon glimmered in his peripheral vision, a soft bonfire of obscene desires, but none Orion needed right now. He crouched down, examining the gleaming riches with a critical eye. Behind him came a soft growl of lust, as his companion admired the view. The deer gave his haunches a playful shimmy, and peered closer. Each golden artifact seemed to burn with strange flame, and when he looked at the flames, he saw images in them. Humanoid figures, vanishing into his maw. Great chains

of them leashed together, squelching and squirming as they were devoured by his rear. His own body, swollen beyond belief with this adorable Council of High Shamans, thickening and softening as their very souls quivered on his fat rump.

The Koma showed you what you wanted. All you needed to do was find a way to take it. So look deeper. Deeper. Deeper... and there.

He was the Lord of this Forest, and that meant he ruled every plant, every animal, every gust of wind, every ray of sun, within its borders. But if magic was not sealed within animal or plant, if it was used far outside the borders to infuse a physical object, and then that object was brought into his territory... why, he wouldn't even notice.

Unless he looked very, very carefully.

The deer's black nose quivered as he breathed in, and within his mouth his tongue stirred. There. He could taste the magic in the air. He shifted, following his nose, and a little smile spread across his muzzle as it drew him to a crown studded with emeralds, one of the few authentic treasures in this hoard. Eight gemstones sparkled, not from the sunlight, but from a barely visible inner glow.

A spell of observation. Eight little eyes, watching every move the two gluttons had made.

Orion's fluffy tailtip snaked up under it, lifting it into the air and dangling it in front of his face. He blinked a few times as he emerged from his trance, and smiled at it, nudging the dragon with an obese haunch.

"The council of High Shamans, I presume. Say hello, dear drake."

Stalbon prowled forward, ignoring the crown entirely. His eyes were fixed instead on Orion's heavy flanks. "I don't care about them in the slightest, my lord. I just want you to tell me exactly what your fat magnificent ass is going to do to them once we find them."

Orion chuckled, grinding his paunch against the dragon's own with an obscene, pancaking glorrp. "What, and ruin the surprise? Very well then. My dear council members... Give me a few moments to deal with your servants." The glorping churns of his belly took on a new pitch, like an engine the size of a house shifting into a wetter, hotter, faster gear. The squirms within became more frantic and desperate, but the fingers and faces pressing against his inner walls were softening with each movement. Let loose from their usual slow pace of digestion, his insides gorged on their feast.

Already, Orion could feel his rump tingling as it began to thicken, gaining heft and softness with every passing second. In the time it took him to suck in a soft, shuddering breath, half a dozen souls were freed from the confines of their rapidly-liquefying bodies... only to be slurped up by the very walls of his guts, tingling as they settled into their home for the rest of his Immortal life, smothered eternally on his fat rump. There was no escape.

He winked at the crown, and flicked it into the air. "I'll see you soon."

The last thing the eight gemstones saw was eight views of a huge cervine maw, with hot, pillowy flesh and impossibly sharp, impossibly perfect teeth, slamming shut around it.

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High Shaman Priya leapt back, his heart thundering in his ears. The observation crystal had gone completely dark, but sounds still leaked through. Wet, hot sounds, gurgles and groans so deep they shook the table it was resting on. He thought he might have heard voices below the churns, but they were soon drowned out by the unholy squelches. The symphony continued, only growing wetter and deeper, until he reached out with a shaking hand and turned it off.

The thirty seven members of the Council were silent for several long moments.

"For what it's worth," growled High Shaman Erys, "I said we should have built them a temple from the start." She was a soft, curvaceous woman with dark skin and hair, once an alchemist disbarred for unethical experiments.

"Shut up," said High Shaman Ivon, already biting his nails. He was a lanky, powder-faced nobleman, or he had been until his gambling debts stripped him of land and title alike. "We agreed that was too risky. This is still recoverable. The forest is dozens of miles away, we have time to make a rational decision. We've shown them we have value, and that means we can negotiate something--"

"It's fucked, Ivon!" that was High Shaman Quiln, a snowy-skinned scholar who had nearly been executed for his ludicrous political ideals. "The plan was never to negotiate, it was to make them think we genuinely were worshipping them! You think they'll go along with any of our plans now?"

“We have things to offer them!” Ivon snapped. “We’ve sent hundreds of our pawns into their fat guts, that should count for something! Besides, they’re not actually gods, we all know that! They’re not unstoppable! All we need to do is show them how many more we’ve recruited, and in return-”

“You think they care about “in return”?” snapped High Shaman Tenfa, a steely-eyed person who had been dishonorably discharged from the city watch for their bribe-taking. “You heard what the deer said! He’s coming for *us* now! Maybe not a god, but you saw what they did. Do you think our guards can stop them?”

The deer, Priya thought, as the room erupted in shouting. They never used the names of their marks in these discussions. It was as if they were afraid they would be overheard.

He had first come across the two mighty creatures quite by accident. Priya was a hunter, but an impatient one, and a decade or so ago he had been experimenting with leaving observation crystals around the forest in the hopes of spending less time tracking his prey. It had been mostly unsuccessful, and he had stuffed the main crystal under his bed and forgotten about it, leaving the others to be claimed by the forest. Until a few years ago, when he had flicked it on out of curiosity, and found himself staring at the unimaginable. Two titanic creatures, perfectly in shot, lazing against each other’s enormous flanks as they discussed some adventure they had recently returned from. Despite the thickness of their stomachs, he could unmistakably see them moving. It did not take a lot of watching to learn the truth, of the dozens they had devoured in another world before relaxing in the sunlit groves of this one, of the greed and gluttony that united them. All the while, they were completely unaware of his presence. It was shocking, appalling, shamefully intimate. And yet he couldn’t stop watching.

He had brought together a band of fellow fascinated individuals, each of them eager to use these new gods for their own ends, and they had formed the council, and the Siblings. Other faiths were struggling in the city at the moment, and they had arrived at exactly the right time. Hundreds joined in the first few weeks, drawn by the stories Quiln wrote and Ivon told, of a mighty deer and a proud dragon. Erys provided a few “miracles” with her alchemical knowledge - fire that did not burn the flesh, water to vodka, the classics. In a few months they were cult leaders, with devoted servants awaiting their every command. And finally, the next phase could begin.

All they needed to do was find a way to get their new targets to do what they wanted. A few assassinations with those colossal churning stomachs, a few showy displays of power, and the city’s elite would fall into line, allowing them to replace the old, stale,

corrupt political system with a fresh, new, corrupt political system, one with them at the top. Of course, the obese rulers would not need to concern themselves with day to day politics, allowing Priya and his fellow High Shamans to run the city as they pleased. A few dozen cultists sacrificed to those colossal stomachs every day in return for absolute power. It was a bargain.

That had been the plan, at least. All they needed to do was get the two mighty beasts to play along. Priya had suggested a conclave of lower level devotees, specially chosen to include more... loving worshippers. They wouldn't be threatening, they could announce the cult's presence in the most submissive way possible, and even if they were devoured by the two predators, it would grant the council valuable insight into how best to approach them without being seen as prey.

After this, he was starting to suspect that was impossible.

Almost without thinking, Priya's hand slipped back towards the observation crystal. With a touch, the noises filled the room again. Squelches and slurps, sloshes and echoing bubbling noises. The sound of the stomach of a god.

The arguments fell silent.

"C-come on," Ivon mumbled, failing to convince even himself. "You don't think they'd actually..."

His voice trailed off, as the thirty seven council members contemplated what they had learned of the deer and the dragon. They would.

Erys stood up first, her ornamented robe falling to the ground. "Well, they can churn you all for all I care. I know when a grift's gone sour." She began unclipping her amulets. Quiln was next, stumbling to his feet as he tried to wipe away the ceremonial kohl around his eyes. The tension was broken, and the eleven other members of the council began scrambling to divest themselves of their holy accouterments, cursing under their breath.

Priya needed to join them. He had been prepared for this day for a long while. All he needed to do was get up, get dressed, grab a few spoils, don a disguise, and head out of the city. He'd bribed a particularly malleable cultist to claim *he* was High Shaman Priya in the event of a hurried exit, and though the pretty young man would eventually crack and admit the truth, it would take time. By the time they were back on his trail, he would have a new name and be on a boat heading across the continent, where no-one

had even heard of the Elucidated Siblings of the Vastness of the Deer and Dragon. All he needed to do was get up.

All he needed to do.

He stayed sat in his chair, listening to the groans and gurgles, trembling slightly. Sound pickup had always been lousy on the observation crystals. He'd seen the wobbling majesty of these two monsters for months, but never heard it. The gurgles were like undersea mountain lakes now. And there were no voices left at all.

If this was what it sounded like, to sink into the churning, steaming labyrinth, lost within the expanse of the Lord's paunch... what would it feel like?

Erya had finished her transformation, and looked no different from a well-to-do noblewoman, on her way home from an afternoon tea. She gave them a silent nod farewell and began to stride towards the sweeping double doors. Tonfa scowled at her, still stuck undoing her buttons. Every time a particularly loud glorp sounded, she flinched, making the task nearly impossible.

"For the Dragon's sake, Priya, turn that hellish thing off!"

Priya didn't move. He couldn't. He felt his eyes slip closed, old dreams surfacing behind them. The weight, the power. Was it really this easy to doom himself? No, no, he thought. He would just listen a few seconds more, then he would get up. Just a few seconds more.

"Oh, you stupid little slut," Tonfa snarled, striding forwards as they pulled the robe free at last. "I always knew you had a thing for them." They stabbed the control rune on the bottom of the crystal ball, cutting the connection.

The ball went dim. And yet the sound continued. Wet, glorping gurgles, roiling and squelching, echoing around the hushed room where the council had convened for the last time. But the noises were different now. They were closer, deeper, richer. More real.

Behind Priya, there was a creak as Erys opened the doors, and he heard her gasp. Around him, the council members froze in place, each of them staring at the room's only exit like mice before a snake. The voice that came from it was soft and deep, with a refined accent that Priya had never been able to place.

“Did you know there are almost two hundred trees in the gardens of your church complex, my darling council? I’m guessing the architect was one of the faithful, because every single tree was uprooted, probably at great expense, and transported here from the Tyrlan Forest. What a lovely gesture. I think it’s about the only thing you’ve done that your “god” actually appreciates.”

“Apart from the delicious devotees?” came another voice, a mountainous reptilian rumble.

“True, apart from the delicious devotees. But these trees I do appreciate especially, because there are just about enough of them here to make it count as a forest itself, magically speaking. And that means that this entire temple, and everything in it... is *my* forest.”

Slowly, his heart hammering, Priya turned around.

The observation crystals didn’t do them justice. Lord Orion stood facing away, looking at them over his shoulder. He filled the doorway, the room, the world. He was colossal. Each of his legs was thicker than a tree trunk at the calf, and they only got wider as they rose. From this angle, Priya could see his belly, dragging on the floor even at his full height, spilling out like a planet of heft and thickness. There were no bulges. There had been bulges, just minutes ago, his gut had been so packed with human forms that even the thick pudge could not hide them... and now there was nothing. Just silent, smooth, heavy fat, squishing over the floor as the deer shifted a little to better show it off. And Priya, who had spent so many hours staring into the crystal ball to ogle the hellish, heavenly curves, was suddenly certain that they were wider and softer than they had been last he saw them.

Eighty six cultists, they had sent. Orion had eaten almost fifty of them, claiming the lion’s share. Less than five minutes ago Priya had watched the deer *talk* with one of the writhing swells in his paunch. Almost fifty people. And now there was only thick, soft cervine fat. It couldn’t be true.

But as his gaze was dragged upwards, away from the floor-smothering belly, the last of his doubt fell away. The deer’s paunch was already an almost-liquid churning mass, and it was hard to estimate if it had gotten wider. But his thighs and hips? They were without a doubt thicker than he had ever imagined, let alone seen. The enormous double doorway shouldn’t have been able to fit him in. Each globular cheek of that colossal rump quivered with an ocean of brand new, pillow-soft fat. The jet-black monster between them should have been smothered by their heftiness, but instead it dominated

both, bulging out the sides, rippling and squelching greedily. It looked like entire group's worth of calories had been funneled straight into the squishing puckered ring. Even his tail was plusher and plumper, wide as an ancient oak, the distinctive green markings shimmering as it wound itself around the neck of Stalbon, the great dragon. Between his legs, Orion's sac pooled across the floor, rippling not with trapped lives, but the internal currents of the creamy oceans within. He looked like he'd added two or three tonnes to his weight in as many minutes, and it was gorgeous. For the first time, he understood those pamphlets Quiln had written. How could this be anything but a god?

Stalbon was a little taller than his cervine companion, not that it made much difference to the humans, who were far smaller than both. If it had not been Orion standing next to him, he would be the fattest creature Priya had ever seen. His belly hung low, a thick, obese, gurgling barrel, only kept off the ground by his stance and the deer's supporting tail. His scales were stretched taut around the pudgy mass, and his hips were an edifice of wobbling pudge. Orion's tail wrapped around them too, and they squished effortlessly beneath the touch. There was no movement in his gut either, or the undertail area where his internal testicles gurgled and sloshed. Just fat, perhaps an additional two or three feet of pure fat on every curve of his swollen gut and wobbling hips.

From this pose, both of the gods could see every High Shaman in the room. For a long moment, they simply stood there, allowing them all to stare without the slightest hint of shame or embarrassment. Priya had long admired the way their colours complemented each other. Orion was a mass of rich, earthy tones, Stalbon a bright gash of fiery red. Here they were shown off like never before. It was beautiful. They were beautiful.

"Magnificent, is it not?" Stalbon rumbled. "Our lord's glorious rear. You cannot imagine how many writhing forms I have crammed into that vast dark pucker. Some like you. Some like me. Some of them you would not even be able to comprehend the sight of. Some you would probably try to call gods as well, and bring them into your little political games. But now, they are all united." With a tender claw, as worshipful as any supplicant, he caressed the deer's colossal cheeks. "All part of this divinity of an ass. Where is your worship, mortals? Your god stands before you in his purest form."

"We..." Ivon stammered, "...we were just s-shocked at your swift arrival, your... divinities." There was a thud as he awkwardly got down on his knees. "To see you in the flesh... and s-so much of it... it fills me with joy." His voice did not sound joyful. "P-please, your divinities... did you like our little diversion? We thought it best to observe you treating those, u-um, sinful souls, that we might learn from your immense... um... wisdom."

“Oh dear,” Orion said, his voice purring with pleasure. His eyes and the markings atop his broad back began to glow a strange, beautiful shade of green. “Ivon, is it? Then here’s some immense wisdom for you, darling. Don’t lie to me.”

There was a crunch as a full-sized tree branch broke through the window, moving like an enormous woody tentacle. The council members scattered, screaming with alarm, but it had eyes only for Ivon, who was too far slow to avoid it. It snatched him up, wrapping tight around his torso and lifting him off the ground. Orion inclined his head, and the tree moved with him, bringing the writhing, wailing Shaman towards his towering body. Stalbon smiled, casually moving his claws aside.

Ivon managed to squeal a few words, too strangled to understand, and with a wet, squelching glrrp, he was pressed face-first into the heaving darkness of Orion’s bloated rear. From the angle Priya was standing at, he could see how the glistening black flesh flowed and surged like a liquid, rippling over the helpless prey’s torso and smothering every inch of skin. Ivon was no longer audible, but his arms pressed frantically at the obese cheeks, sinking deeper and deeper into the layers of heavy pudge. Orion’s pucker rippled and gulped, dragging him in a foot and a half at a time. Judging from the faint steam rising from it, the heat was every bit as unbearable for Ivon as it had been for the dozens of servants sent up that fat rump before him. In the time it took Priya to scramble up, his torso had been devoured. By the time he wiped his eyes, it had gulped his hips and thighs. And as he took a step back and glanced behind him for a door he knew was not there, it slurped his knees, calves and ankles up. Priya looked back just in time to see Ivon’s feet twitch a little, before the plump ring sealed smugly shut around them. His belly sagged a little. It had taken perhaps ten seconds.

Orion moaned, a wet, carnal sound that hummed in Priya’s belly. “Well, Ivon, I think you’ve been forgiven. You feel gorgeous. But if you really feel you want to learn about sinful souls, I’ll just keep yours. You’ll get to experience a lot of sin, and a *lot* of other souls, with your consciousness on my fat ass for the rest of time.”

If Ivon was replying, if he was screaming, if he was writhing with all his strength, no sign of it emerged from the deer’s heavy paunch. Stalbon shuddered, leaning down to kiss the dark ring. It rippled smugly at his touch. “I will never get tired of seeing you work, my lord.”

“This isn’t work, my darling. We are in a church, after all. This is worship.” Orion swayed his huge, wobbling hips, looking at the other council members, who cowered away from his gaze. “Now then, I thought I might find one or two true believers among you, but it

seems you really are just a bunch of opportunists. That's tragic. Except you, perhaps. Priya, yes?"

His gaze zeroed in on Priya, who felt the strength leave his body. He fell to his knees, feeling his arousal grow under his robes. "Y... yes, Lord," he mumbled.

"Oh, I felt that." The deer licked his lips. "Perhaps there's hope for you, then." Stalbon gave a questioning growl, and Orion raised an eyebrow at him. "Now now, dear drake. Trust in me. The rest of you... well, I want to make one thing clear." He gave a slow, teasing sway of his colossal haunches, finishing with a step backwards, into the room and closer to the High Shamans, who were beginning to back away. "I can respect a good scheme, and if it hadn't been us, this might have even worked for you. So we're not going to eat you out of anger at your adorable attempts to trick us."

With the grace of a stalking panther, utterly at odds with his corpulent form, Stalbon slid off the deer's back, letting Orion's tail caress him as he began to stalk forwards, his belly sloshing weightily between his legs. "Correct. We are going to eat you, mortals, because we want to. Because it is the delectable destiny of preythings to pad the hips of mightier beings. To squirm and churn. To be ours forever."

There was silence. Then a wet, bubbling glorp sounded from Orion's belly, and a faint humanoid ripple showed from within for an instant. Ivon's last act upon this earth. The deer winked, and blew them all a kiss, his eyes shining green once more. In a single instant, every item of clothing on the council's bodies dissolved like mist. All around Priya, supple, naked bodies quivered as their last vestiges of grandeur fell away.

Erys screamed. The dam broke. The council exploded into chaos, and the predators began to hunt.

*

Nothing stimulated the appetite like panicked prey, Stalbon found. Not that his appetite needed stimulating.

The voluptuous alchemist was the first to try and flee, dashing towards the tree leaning through the broken window. She managed to brush the frame before the leaves folded around her curvaceous frame, lifting her up above Orion's maw. She squealed, pleading with him, offering riches, pleasure, a lifetime of servitude, but the deer only nodded, opened his wide maw, and dropped her. The squirming woman landed face first in the back of his throat, legs kicking uselessly in the air, as he swallowed her in thick,

luxurious gulps, eyes half-closed with pleasure. A writhing bulge slipped down his throat, slowly but inevitably.

Stalbon watched the gorgeous sight for a moment, ignoring the patters as a sinewy man tried to stab his floor-dragging belly with a ceremonial sword. The attacks glanced off his scales with a metallic clink, and he smiled toothily as he reached down and picked him up, ignoring his desperate curses. Carefully, he placed his prey in his mouth, avoiding his deadly teeth and his frantic squirming, and snapped his jaws shut, letting him writhe against his tongue and expose his rich flavour before a glorious couple of swallows sent his weight down his long, thick neck. A dragon's stomach could digest anything, and the fiery heat soaked into the sobbing shaman more and more with every inch he slithered down. Stalbon growled, heat blooming in his belly - already sloshing with untold oceans of acid for this new meal - and between his legs, where his internal testicles were heavy and sloshing with something else entirely.

The dragon shuddered, and reached out for another meal without even looking, towering up on two legs to cram the squealing tangle of limbs into his monolithic shaft. Their feet were slurped up first, stretching the sensitive flesh, and he growled deeper as his loins came to life, gulping the morsel in ravenously. With a smile, he slammed back onto his claws, letting his member have its way with the wailing little prey. He amused himself momentarily, trying to guess whether this preything was male or female, and was not certain until he felt heavy breasts squishing their way in, a few seconds later. She clawed at his swollen gut, seizing fat rolls of it to try to prevent herself from being dragged in further, but his gluttonous cock would not be denied. Before long, her face was submerged, still squealing, and the thick bulge squeezed its way towards the furnace between his legs.

Stalbon sighed with delight, and turned to watch as a yell came from ahead. A powerful man with beautiful tattoos had tried to flee out the door past Orion, but he had not stood a chance. The deer's tail snatched him up effortlessly, pulling him slowly and inevitably towards Orion's wobbling rear. The Forest Lord ignored him completely as he savoured the woman's voluptuous legs, lapping between them to make her wriggle, before sending them down. Her toes twitched as he teased the soles, and then with a final, floor-quaking gulp, she was gone. The bulge vanished into his chest, and his belly quivered, spilling out across the floor a little more.

For a moment, the deer was silent, his eyes closed as all around him voices begged and screamed. Then he looked behind his bulging, churning body at the muscular man, murmured a few words, and thrust his tail upwards. From in front, an obscene, marshy squelch and a few ripples of cervine rump was the only sign of the poor man's struggle,

and it was only a few seconds before the deer pulled his tail free again, shuddering. From behind, where Priya was, it was horrific. The creamy cheeks and dark puckered ring came to life like a blind beast, clenching and squeezing with a greediness that seemed almost sentient. The deer lord's prey's broad shoulders caused it no trouble. His arms strained uselessly at the heavy rump before vanishing within. Orion remained where he was, legs spread wide, eyes shut and tongue lolling with sheer bliss as he flooded himself with the gluttonous pleasure.

"Stop ogling, dear drake," the deer murmured, his eyes still closed as his black hole *schlorped* over the man's belly and clenched stickily around his hips. "Or I'll have to eat them all myself." He paused, then added, "On second thoughts, actually, keep ogling."

Stalbon chuckled, but tore his gaze away, ignoring the hunter still paralysed in the chair. He did not share Orion's penchant for psychological games, but he would never dream of interfering in them. Instead, he headed towards a gaggle of two humans who had pressed themselves towards the furthest wall, whimpering fearfully. A pale one raised a hand, some little trinket spinning in the light. "B-by the power of Ithamos, I c-compel you t-to-"

"So now you turn to other gods, hmmm?" Stalbon growled. "It is unimportant. They will not hear you this deep." He pivoted around, grunting as his swollen paunch protested, and let them gaze at the imposing, towering form of his colossal rump, thick pudgy cheeks wider than a house surrounding a ravaging chasm of an inward-curving pucker. "But rest assured, my ass will feel every squirm." The pale man squealed something, his blonde-haired companion trying to hide behind him, and Stalbon slammed his rear down, groaning with delight as two writhing forms spilled into his boiling bowels. For a few moments, he ground his rump down, shifting his hips from side to side, wings flaring with pleasure. Two at once was just enough to properly stretch his bowels, and every squirm they made sent fireworks up and down his spine. The pleasure of consumption, of predatory instinct fulfilled, consumed his mind, and he snarled, grabbing a woman as she tried to sneak past towards the window, and stuffing her in his maw. She barely had the chance to scream before a thick, greedy swallow condemned her to his insides, nothing but a bulge that oozed down his fat neck and turned his growl of lust to a bubbling gurgle. When Stalbon stood back up, only his prey's feet remained outside the hot prison of his guts. He shifted his wide hips, shivering pleasantly and letting the two morsels tease his innards with their squirming as slow, greedy clenches pulled them in, leaving his belly dragging a little more heavily across the floor. He panted, looking around for more prey to glut himself on.

"Having fun?"

Instead, he saw Orion's gaze. The vast deer was lying on top of the splintered remains of several beautiful chairs, facing backwards again. He wagged his lips, letting Stalbon watch his plush ring suckle playfully on a pair of desperately grasping hands.

"Come, dear drake," Orion purred. "My poor rump has gorged itself so much today it's exhausted. Could you help it out?"

Stalbon snorted, casually smothering a squealing woman under his floor-dragging paunch as he padded forwards. "With all due respect, my lord, I've watched that godlike ass of yours devour star gods. How tragic to be defeated by these soft little humans."

The deer winked. "I know. I'm ashamed of myself. I was hoping that we could spend the next few weeks devouring this whole city." He laughed evilly as the bulges beneath his thick pudge seemed to start squirming with even more desperation. "Yes, darlings. Every one of them. But if I can't devour a single preything more, why, I might as well give up." He rolled his eyes. "I'm no god, I suppose."

Stalbon smiled toothily, reaching out with a claw to caress the curve of the deer's hips. "My lord, even if you spent the next hundred years starving yourself, you would still have enough heft on your rear to smother a god undertail. And all of it prey-weight. You are the most glorious predator I have ever encountered, and that will never change."

He let his claws trickle around the edge of the deer's rippling pucker, teasing the edges, and grinned as Orion gasped softly. "And that, my lord, is why I know you will never stop." The deer's tail wound around his wrist, then his neck, pulling him close enough to feel the heat. Stalbon kissed one colossal cheek, then the other, and watched as the fat black doughnut before him parted around a pale face, slick and screaming for mercy. He reached down to tickle it gently, making the deer quiver once more. "You can't. Even when you're exhausted, or stuffed beyond reason, when every inch of your belly, bowels and balls alike are crammed to bursting with writhing, squirming, screaming prey, so many you can't walk for the weight of them... you will crave more. Because it is what you are. No god. Just predator." The human's hands tried to grab onto Stalbon's claws, and he gently pushed them inwards. Instantly, the unfathomable strength of the deer's bowels took hold, suckling them deeper with bone-cracking force. As the dragon drew his claws back out, he could feel the gooey, steaming walls clenching furiously around them, eager to fill those bowels even more. "Am I wrong, my lord?"

Orion only growled in response, a deep, monstrous noise that made the tree, the floor, and the fat of his own body tremble. Stalbon reached down under his belly, plucking the

woman out from under it. She groaned, panting for air as he cradled her. “Then if I am correct, it is my sacred duty to serve your gluttony, and ensure you reach your fullest, fattest, most morbidly magnificent potential. And so if your divine bowels really are too weak to devour a single preything more, then I will just keep stuffing them into you until your ass is so fat I can’t even squeeze between your cheeks to reach your greedy hole.” He brought the human up, let her see her fate, gave her just enough time to inhale and scream, and then smothered her forwards, cramming her into the blackness. This time, the response was a deep roar of pleasure, a sound that wound around his libido and stoked it into a frenzy. The deer’s hooves slid apart and his spine arched, his haunches visibly rippling as unholy muscles clenched and gulped, pulling the squealing woman into his fate. Stalbon watched adoringly as the dark mass stretched and squeezed, almost seeming to pull itself into a gooey smile as it swallowed her ample curves and his claws in the same powerful gulps. The human met his eyes as her shoulders and neck were devoured. She gave a soft little squeak, like a mouse. Adorably appropriate for prey. Stalbon smiled at her, and felt the boiling heat of Orion’s guts suckle her off his paw. The dark gooey bowels took her, and below his hips the deer’s churning sac clenched and glorped with delight.

Stalbon chuckled, watching the rump settle, gaping just a little in eagerness for its next course. Slowly, and with considerable effort, he pulled his forelimb back out. “I look forward to seeing her on you, my lord.”

Orion’s only reply was a loop of that huge fat tail, wrapping around the dragon’s neck and squeezing hard, bringing him closer into the valley of his fat cheeks. “More,” he intoned, and never in their relationship had his royal upbringing been more apparent. Even as he spoke, Stalbon saw his markings glow once more, and the tree branches lifted a wailing silver-goateed man off the ground, bringing him towards the deer’s drooling maw. Orion licked his lips, looking at the squirming morsel, and added, **“Now.”**

The dragon grinned toothily. “With pleasure.” As the man in front vanished head first between the deer’s jaws, already nothing but a pair of legs sliding between his jaws and a bulge stretching the deer’s throat on either side, Stalbon stepped back, his tail sweeping three shamans off their feet and towards him. They had been trying to sneak towards a window. A dark-skinned man with delightfully round hips, a curvaceous woman with a shock of pink hair, and a slender person with extraordinarily deep blue eyes who seemed neither. The three of them squealed as he reached down, carefully spreading his claws wide to grasp all three squirming bodies at once. He weighed them in his paw, testing their weight. Five hundred pounds of flesh at least. Soon to be five hundred of cervine fat. Orion’s stomach was very efficient.

The three pushed at his talons and each other, desperately pleading with him, cursing and swearing and sobbing. It was a pleasant accompaniment to the wet gurgles ahead as he raised them up, stroking over their smooth-skinned bodies, and began to move them closer to Orion's gluttonous rear.

Their voices rose and merged in panic, and three pairs of streaming eyes desperately sought out his own, promising money, sacrifices, worship, pleasure, anything at all if he would just grant them mercy. Stalbon snorted gently, pausing with a few inches to go.

"Do you feel the heat, mortals?" he said softly. "The boiling simmering furnace of my lord's guts? Imagine how much more it will be inside, as he smelts your bodies down to thicken his hips and smothers your souls in the pudge you become for all eternity. You think it is me you need to beg?"

The three fell silent, only soft little breaths tickling Stalbon's scales, their eyes rolling back towards the towering edifice of demonic pudge behind them. Up ahead, Orion had just finished savouring his meal's kicking feet, the last of the bulge slithering down his powerful neck to make his belly sag even more. He glanced back, his eyes glowing green with lust, and bared his sharp teeth. *I said **NOW**.* Stalbon smiled.

"Beg him, morsels. Beg your "god", and never stop. He does enjoy it so."

And with a firm motion, he thrust his claws forwards, cramming all three at once into the dark puckered mass. Orion's rump stretched like a dream, yawning five feet across to accept its tangled gifts, wide enough that Stalbon could see the endless dark flesh within. The three humans were squeezed together, the man's face smothered between the woman's thighs, the woman's heavy breasts crushed between the individual's wide hips, the man's pulsing shaft grinding helplessly against the individual's soft limbs. As each of them tried to squirm free, they crushed the others deeper into their squishing, gulping fate. It was a wondrous sight, made all the more incredible when the deer hissed, stamped his hooves so hard he shattered the stone tiling and *clenched*. His cheeks collapsed inwards, muscles rippling beneath the impossibly thick layers of fat, and the ravening black hole suckled its prey deeper and deeper in slow, contracting gulps. The three humans began to sob and scream again, this time for Orion to show mercy to them. At least they had listened.

Stalbon sat back, shivering with arousal as his own dragonhood pressed against his swollen gut, and watched the sheer power on display. Gulp. The woman was little more than an arm and a gasping face. Gulp. The individual's feet kicked and twitched helplessly as they slid inside. Gulp. The man's broad torso quivered with a final plea as

it slid inside. And finally, one last deliciously slow, tenderly rippling gulp. The deer's cheeks quivered, and his doughnut squelched across the last wriggling fingers. Orion's gut swelled a few inches wider, and his sac gurgled, a gallon or two of sticky cream fountaining from his shaft and coating his belly in a single explosive splurt before the Lord's thighs clenched and forced it back under control.

The deer panted, visibly pushing himself back from the brink of climax. He slumped on his belly, now so massive that even with the weight of his fat body he was barely a few inches lower. His hooves scraped at the ground, but it was clear that without some magical assistance, he was so stuffed that he was barely able to walk. The creamy mountain of his gut gurgled in protest, stretching out to either side until it was nearly wider than his hips. Stalbon leaned lovingly against the soft expanses of his cheeks, feeling the squirms from within the sac below. All around, the helpless shamans stared at them, and the dragon could feel the question on every mind. After this, after nearly a hundred innocent and not-so-innocent souls in a single day, were they finally full?

Orion glanced back, the green of his eyes searingly bright. "Did I say stop, dear drake?"

Stalbon smiled lovingly, and stood again, reaching out for another squealing morsel. "I wouldn't dream of it, my lord."

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Sometimes, Orion took weeks to devour a single prey. He played games with them, he teased and smothered them, he let them plead and worship and fight for a few hours more and granted it. Eventually, he consumed them, body and soul, but during those long, agonisingly pleasurable hours, he found himself wishing he could spend eternity toying with a single morsel.

Other times, he just wanted to be filled, and no matter how fast he gorged himself on wriggling, pleading souls, the hunger seemed to grow even faster. This was one of those times.

Stalbon had been true to his word. Nearly two dozen had now vanished into Orion's rapacious rear, and his hindhooves no longer touched the ground. The Lord's bowels were starting to experience a traffic jam situation, as writhing bodies collided with others and even the peristaltic gulps of his powerful innards found themselves slowing down. He could feel how tightly packed the squirming, sobbing forms of his prey were becoming.

And yet he was quietly certain that they could be compressed a little more before they stopped their delicious wriggling. He nodded as the dragon raised his head, his throat bulging with two prey he had claimed for himself, a third grasping desperately at his scaled lips. "I like the way you think, darling."

Stalbon growled softly, and pressed his muzzle downwards, nuzzling between Orion's cheeks and kissing his fat puckered doughnut. With a thrust of that heavy draconic tongue, the handsome young man in his mouth was pushed out and into Orion's guts. The sensation was heavenly. Even more so when the whimpering youth's face was pressed into the face of the deer's last meal before his hips had entered. Stalbon did not stop pushing, and the human squealed as he was forced to squeeze past his companion, bulging Orion's guts twice as wide as he slithered in and settled with his face smothered into her belly. It was ecstasy.

Stalbon continued to lap at the steaming pucker as the human's feet were swallowed up. He had taken a good dozen for himself, and his red-scaled gut was dragging on the floor, but the majority of the council had been fed, one, two, three and (in one orgasmically rump-stretching case) four at a time, to the deer's ravenous haunches. The room which had been so full of screams and sobs now only echoed with the deep, bubbling gurgles from within, and the almost inaudible *squffff* of skin and scales stretching at an infinitesimally slow pace, as new layers of rich soulbound fat were crammed beneath them.

But that didn't mean it was empty. Letting the dragon continue his lavish adoration, Orion looked around, and met Priya's eyes.

The young man had the lean build of a hunter, and the soft depthless eyes of one used to watching from the sidelines. He was curled up in his chair, hugging his knees, tears streaming down his face. But he had not moved, throughout all of their gluttony. That, and the visible arousal between his soft thighs, had saved him. As he felt his prey squirm and plead into the steaming walls of his bowels, Orion made an effort to drag his gut a few inches around to face his final prey. "So, darling. Are we enough?"

"W... what?" Priya's voice was cracked and broken already. It sent a shiver down the deer's spine. "What do you mean?"

"For all this talk of "gods", no-one here believed in us. We were just tools, a means to an end." Orion groaned softly as he felt several bulges *collapse* in his guts, a wet slosh marking the end of three lives and the start of three afterlives. "I looked at every face as

I arrived, and all I saw was terror and lust. The only one with the slightest bit of awe... was you. Was it you who found us originally?"

Priya nodded, tears beginning to roll down his cheeks. "W-what did you do to me?" he whispered.

"Nothing at all, darling. Those feelings? They're all yours. You're just a wonderful little *slut* who understood what this cult actually preached more than anyone else here. They thought because we weren't real "gods", they could use us. But you know the truth, don't you?" He gently pushed Stalbon back from his quivering rump, and reached out with the powers he had claimed as his birthright. The tree which had smashed through the window came to life again, forming a woody shovel to push him across the floor towards the cowering human. His gut gurgled. "Tell me the truth, Priya."

Priya slumped in his chair, transfixed by the sight. Orion could *feel* his lustful gaze playing over and over his curves. Unable to resist, he waggled his hips, feeling them jiggle with a weight to crush empires. Priya flinched. "The truth is," he mumbled. "God is just a word we used. It doesn't matter whether you're "true" gods or not. It never mattered."

"Correct. We are not gods, Priya. We are something far, far more dangerous. Stalbon, I think you put it best earlier. Do you remember?"

Stalbon stretched his thick neck, smiling cruelly as he padded forwards to stand beside the deer. His paunch gurgled with every step, scraping across the ground. "We are predators, Priya. That is all there is to it. And everything else that walks upon this world or any other... is our prey."

Orion leaned across, nuzzling the red-scaled pudge. "So, Priya, I'll ask again. What do you think? Are we enough for this little cult, even if we're not actually "gods"?"

He grunted, using both his tail and the shifting leaves of the tree to turn him around fully. His rear rose up above Priya, towering, looming, wobbling. The little human could not have reached around a single cheek. It likely outweighed him fifty times over in terms of assfat alone. His gurgling sac was close enough to touch. To his credit, Priya did not try to beg or flee. He just leant back in his chair, his eyes drinking in the sight, and reached out to caress the silky surface of those titanic nuts.

"Yes," he whispered. "You are... so, so, so much more than e-enough. But we... we had the w-wrong idea trying to love and worship you, or to use and manipulate you. We

should have tried to flee to the other s-side of the world when we first saw you, and n-never stopped running.”

Stalbon chuckled. “It would not have saved you. Perhaps from me, but not from him.”

Orion placed his forehooves on a handy branch and pushed, overbalancing his swollen gut. His belly tipped backwards, and his rump began to descend. “Good little darling. Just remember, as you churn away inside me, and for the long years wobbling on my fat rump... terror is not a substitute for worship. Terror is worship. So worship well.”

Even hopeless despair had its limits. As the vast rear blocked out the light, Priya screamed, spring up and trying to bolt from his chair. But Orion’s tail was already there, blocking him in. The soft little human staggered, looking up as his doom squished and gurgled its way down. Orion’s black doughnut yawned wide, eager as ever. It kissed his face, slathering it in heat and stickiness. And then it just kept sinking downwards, absorbing every scream and squirm, spreading gelidly down his shoulders and across his torso. Orion overruled his hungers, preventing his bowels from gulping or swallowing. Instead, he just sat his rear downwards, sliding the helpless soul into his innards with pure weight alone at an agonisingly slow rate. For Priya, it was an ascent into hell, every inch making the clenching bowels tighter and hotter and deeper. For Orion, it was blissful. He savoured the meal slowly, clenching to enjoy particularly desperate squirms, shivering with every new mental breakdown he felt his prey suffering. After devouring the entire council in less than thirty minutes, Priya took almost two hours until his twitching, delicate little toes slurped their way in and the squishing pucker settled at last, plush and tightly closed as a prison door.

Stalbon had spent the time lapping at the deer’s vast sac and massaging his gut, feeling new layers of demonic fat with every pass of his claws. Orion wrapped his tail around him, feeling the weight beneath those scales, the pudgy coils squeezing the dragon until he moaned. It was a beautiful experience.

But it could not last forever. As the last High Shaman found his way to a soft curve of clenching bowels, smothered face-first into the softening, still-squirming masses of those who came before, Orion closed his eyes, his breathing slowing. He had overcharged his digestive tract to show off earlier, churning up dozens of worshippers in a few seconds, and now it needed time to relax and enjoy smelting this next course down. He yawned, snuggling against Stalbon’s vast belly, tail pushing the dragon’s face into the cleft of his rump once more, and began to drift off.

And then his eyes opened again. There were so many scents wafting through the window his tree had broken. So many stories begging to have him end them.

“Well, Stalbon my dear... I have been meaning to visit this city for a while. Do you know how large the royal family is? Before we rest... I think I still have some room.”

Stalbon retrieved his muzzle, licking his lips already. “I never doubted it, my Lord. You always know where to find the most gut-achingly perfect meals.”

Orion wrapped his tail around his gut, pulling him close for a wet, oozing kiss that went on for many minutes. “Predator?”

“Predator.”

“Then let us do as predators do.” The deer sniffed the air, feeling his overstuffed belly and bowels begin to churn with eagerness. “And *hunt*.”