

OVER HIS HEAD & DOWN HER GULLET

Kobolds were a renown race of draconian creatures. Some were known for their brute strength. Others, their cunning and slick thievery. And others were master mages, making them forces to be reckoned with. One way or the other, when one confronted a Kobold, they were not foes to be taken lightly.

Most of the time.

One such exception included a young Kobold mage who went by Zenit. He had shiny black scales across his small body with brownish scales across his stomach, not unlike a snake, which matched his sleek yet long tail. He wore an apprentices robe and unlike most Kobold, lacked horns, which made him look more like a Caimen than a Kobold. A dwarf Caimen at that since Zenit couldn't have been taller than two or so feet. One wouldn't have to look far to find dolls that were taller than he was.

It went without saying that the poor little mage in training wasn't often regarded as a threat. But today, he planned to make a name for himself. And he was going to do so by earning himself the bounty to end all bounties. It was a dreaded draconian warrior, one who had relentlessly slaughtered a number of warriors from his village, and it was Zenit who planned to bring that beast down.

The warrior may have been as fierce as she was strong, but by all accounts, she was just a warrior. Brute force was nice to have, but it paled in comparison to magic. Zenit knew he would defeat this beast and make a name for himself once and for all.

He made his way over to Thunder Mountain, a settlement town where his target was said to be seen the most. Zenit searched the town high and low for the dragon warrior, but found no such beast roaming the land. So, opting to play it cool, he started asking around town for her.

The way everyone spoke with admiration of the great 'Tora Warsong' let Zenit know that he was right where he needed to be. Yet, no one seemed to know where the beast known as Tora was. But Zenit was optimistic, he knew he'd find her eventually, and once he did, all that power in the world wouldn't protect her from the sorts of spells Zenit had in his arsenal.

...All *three* of them...

The little dragon continued his search in the settlement. Just then, as his patience was getting worn out, there she was. And immediately upon laying eyes on his target, Zenit realized...she was much, *much* larger than the bounty notice said she was.

Tora was at least eleven feet tall, a big, muscle-bound dragon woman with a thick, green-scaled body builders physique, save for her copper-colored stomach which seemed a little heavier than the rest of her body. She had horns, thick scars across her face, and a true barbarians garbs. In truth, the sight of her was deeply intimidating, which contrasted the boastful laugh she gave with another warrior as the two stood outside of the local tavern, trading jokes.

"So then, then the Orc says, 'duuuuuh, oi, ye seen me eyeball anywhere? I just 'ad me eye on it not two seconds ago!'" Tora said in a deep, imposing yet rowdy-sounding voice. She even did a terrible Orc accent and made her voice extra husky when she quoted him. The burly male warrior laughed hysterically. Tora snickered and shook her head. "And that's why ya don't use just any rocks fer fake eyes-"

"Tora Warsong!" Zenit finally declared, puffing out his little chest defiantly.

Both Tora and her human male companion turned to Zenit with a shared look of confusion. "Yeah?" Tora asked with a hint of confusion at Zenit's glare and.

“On behalf of the good people of Nurmyr, I have come to slay you!” Zenit declared like he had been rehearsing that line all day.

Even Tora and the male warrior looked as if they didn't buy it. “Yeah, so anyway, I'll see you'n the rest'uh the goons around?” Tora said to her companion. He merely nodded with confusion, staring back at Zenit but nonetheless shrugged and headed off. Tora nodded then turned back to Zenit. “Oh, yer still here.”

“Wha-of course I am! I'm a mighty bounty hunter here to give you what's for, you vile butcher!” Zenit shouted back.

Tora blinked a few times, then laughed, shaking her head while she walked right past Zenit. “Yeah, whatever ya say, short stuff. Have a safe trip back t'Nord Mare or wherever the hell ya came fr-”

Her amused grumblings were interrupted when a fireball flew just over her head. She didn't flinch at the sight of it, even when the tip of her horn caught fire. Instead, she simply glanced up at her burning horn with a raised brow, and turned back to face Zenit, casually blowing the fire out.

Zenit grinned cockily, baring his fangs in the process while a small fire formulated from the tip of his staff. “Ready to take things a little more seriously, big girl?” Zenit asked, eager to earn his soon-to-be notoriety.

He wasn't subtle at all. Tora could see the whole thing in his big, burning eyes. The ego was strong with this young Kobold. “Do yerself a favor, kid. Go home before you get hurt. Or before a gentle breeze blows ya away.”

“Oh, I'll go home all right, just as soon as I have your head!” Zenit spat back.

Tora just sighed to herself, and immediately rose her heavy, clawed foot in the air and stomped down heavily onto the ground.

Zenit yelped. The force of her immensely stomp was so strong that it nearly made him lose his balance. After all, Tora was massive compared to most regular creatures. But when paired up with Zenit, it wasn't even fair. She was well over five times his size.

The hornless, little dragon mage struck his staff into the ground and retaliated with another tiny fireball. Tora barely moved when she reeled her thick wings back and flapped them as hard as she could. The resulting gust was so powerful that it not only blew the incoming fireball into an extinguished gust of smoke, but it also sent Zenit flying back several feet.

"I mean, seriously, yer tryin' to ambush me when I don't even have any weapons on hand. Maybe ya should'a learned a few more spells before ya decided t'go after a big gal like me," Tora suggested.

The dazed apprentice collected his barrings and quickly snatched his staff to shoot another fireball at Tora. She took a deep breath and expelled a roaring fire torrent straight out of her mouth. It not only consumed the incoming fireball, but it was so strong that it spread out so far that the especially little mage yelped comically and scrambled for dear life to avoid getting singed. Tora stomped towards Zenit, spewing flames from her maw but being careful to stick to the ground only, lest she have another incident of accidentally scorching someone's home again. Seriously, reconstruction was always a pain in the hide for property damage. And since she was the only fire-breathing dragon woman around, it was hard to blame the fires on Ned. But Gods save her, she certainly tried.

She eventually cornered Zenit, stomping closer and closer as her flames inched nearer and nearer. With his earlier defiance shot, he panicked. With no other options, Zenit summoned another spell, causing a green aura to encase his body just as Tora arrived and expelled her fire breath all over the little Kobold. She breathed down on him for several seconds, then clamped her mouth shut. Smoke billowed from her nostrils while she glared down at her attacker.

He was completely unscathed and grinned cockily once more.

“Aha! You underestimated me, fiend! My protective incantation shall defend me from anything you throw my way for forty-eight hours straight! I'm completely immune to your attacks!” Zenit boasted, snatching his staff and firing yet another fireball right into Tora's thick stomach.

The impact barely made her stumble back. It didn't burn her scales or cause any pain whatsoever. In fact, all it actually did was make Tora's belly jiggle ever so slightly from the impact. Zenit's confidence was deflated almost immediately.

“...Jeez, how fat are you, lady?” He blurted out. And as one could have immediately predicted, he yelped yet again when Tora's immensely thick tail whacked him right in the chest and knocked him right into the nearest wall. The spell protected him from the impact but didn't keep his staff from dropping out of his hand.

She reached down and snatched the mage by his robe, dangling him high in the air as he kicked helplessly. “How long did'ja say that protective spell of yers lasted?”

“Wha...? Uh, a-about forty-eight hours...?” Zenit asked, no longer feeling quite so safe, even with his spell active.

“Good!” Tora chirped suddenly, then ran her thick, slimy tongue across her scaly lips in a rather hungry fashion. “Then, lemme show ya just 'how fat I am' up close, ya lil punk...”

Then, to Zenit's dread, Tora opened her jaws nice and wide and proceeded to shove the little dragon head first into her mouth. He panicked and squirmed, desperately trying to pull himself away, as if it, in any way, would've helped him. But, unfortunately for him, protective spells did nothing against gravity...

Tora's especially thick tongue slurped the tiny dragon up, pressing him up against the roof of her mouth. If nothing else, the incantation prevented her sticky, slimy saliva from caking his body, as well as shielding him from her rather thick fangs. Though, it didn't seem like Tora was nibbling down or even trying to chew on her prey either way.

Instead, Tora seemed to be sampling Zenit's favor, even with the spell encasing his entire body. She batted him around her mouth, using her tongue to press him against either side of her bulging cheeks, with only his slender tail sticking out of her mouth. Once she was content, however, she casually slurped Zenit's tail into her mouth along with the rest of him like a loose noodle strand.

Zenit tried to pry himself loose, scrambling as best as he could to escape her jaws. He attempted to claw his way towards the front of her mouth, but then, Tora merely dipped her head back. The little dragon mage tumbled into the back of her mouth and got lodged in her gullet. It took but a single gulp to remedy that.

***G L L U U U U L L O O O O K ! ! ! ***

Zenit's body rippled down Tora's throat, creating; relative to her immense physical frame, what looked like a grapefruit-sized lump in her thick, scaly throat. It quickly squelched its way downward, bringing Zenit down her throat at a shockingly fast pace. He cried out, desperately clinging to the throat muscles that pulsed around him in an effort to get lodged in Tora's throat. The bulge was stuck near the bottom of Tora's neck. She grimaced with discomfort, baring her fangs in the process while she pounded her ample, armor-clad chest firmly to dislodge the little mage, but he wouldn't give. So, instead, she pushed her claws firmly into that bulging protrusion within her neck and pressed right up against Zenit's body itself. He yelped at the sensation, especially since it was enough to dislodge him free from her throat and finally send him plummeting down into Tora's deep, gurgling stomach.

Zenit pushed himself up to his feet, scampering around the jostling stomach all around him. His heart rate accelerated as he looked around his dank, dark, slimy surroundings. The stomach walls gurgled all around him with the sound of idle dripping not too far from his head. Every part of the dragons stomach quivered around him, from the floor to the stomach walls he nervously backed into.

...Needless to say, this was not *quite* how he expected this encounter to end...

Outside, Tora smacked her lips and contently licked her fingers one by one. "Mmm-mm! Fer such a small fry, ya sure had an oddly sweet taste t'ya! Maybe it's that spell," Tora mused, patting her belly contently. Her thick, scaly stomach didn't even really seem to bulge out anymore than it did naturally. Zenit was less than a fifth Tora's size. It did push out just a little more, like one's stomach would if they were full, but one wouldn't have guessed that Tora had just swallowed a living creature whole by simply staring at her stomach.

At least, not until tiny bulges started protruding from the surface of her gut, making it bounce and jiggle ever so slightly from the relentless thrashing that her prey was now doing to her stomach walls. "*L-Let me out this instant, you big brute!!!!*" Bellowed Zenit. Without his staff, there really wasn't much he could do except punch and bash against the stomach walls relentlessly.

Tora grinned whilst staring down at her jostling belly with amusement. She rumbled pleasantly and rested both hands atop her stomach to really feel and savor Zenit's thrashing. "Ohhh yeah, lil t'the left, small fry, that's *real* nice..."

"Wha-h-how dare you enjoy this?!" Shouted Zenit, kicking the thick, fleshy stomach walls some more.

"Can ya blame me? I mean, ya feel so good squirmin' in there," Tora responded simply.

But then, her belly emitted a deep, aggressive-sounding grumble. One so forceful that the stomach walls and floor actually shook, making Zenit stumble down onto his rump. Tora, meanwhile, simply winced from the growling and palmed her thick paunch. "Oof, good as that feels, that reminds me...ya ain't exactly fillin', kid..."

"...Not...wh-what's that supposed to-" Zenit was smart enough to realize what that meant. Especially when his confinement started bouncing him around with Tora marching off somewhere, and he had a pretty good guess where. "...Ohhhh no, don't you dare!"

But Tora dared all right.

She was already inside the local diner, parking her thick hide down into a wooden booth. And despite Zenit's relentless protesting, it wasn't long before her booth was stacked with slabs of hearty, roasted meats of all kinds. There was enough on Tora's table to feed two dozen burly warriors easily.

Instead, it was all going into the belly of a large, gluttonous dragon warrior, much to a considerably smaller dragons' dread.

Tora grabbed an entire roast beef slab and chomped into it like one would a corn on the cob. Her thick fangs made short work of the meat, only needing to chew for but a few seconds until swallowing that slab of beef down. She dug in, voraciously ripping that beef apart like the hungry animal she was. Chewed up chunks of beef spilled down into her stomach like sloppy rain all around Zenit. He groaned with disgust and desperately tried to navigate himself around the slop. But that became increasingly more difficult the more Tora stuffed her face. The stomach walls around the little Kobold groaned pleasantly in response to the influx of meat filling Tora's belly up. And more varied meats only continued to rain down from her esophagus and fill up the stomach all around the mage in training. It was getting much, much more difficult to actually navigate around the mess forming around him.

Not that it mattered, of course. He was shielded from it all the same by his spell. But that didn't make it any less gross for the little dragon. "Urgh...this is soooo gross..." Zenit mumbled rather childishly, despite his protective aura keeping him from actually being subjected to the slop around him. And it wasn't made any easier by the more frequent influx of that nasty slop spilling down the more Tora chowed down.

Beef, chicken, pork, lamb, exotic beast meat, whatever was laid before her, Tora demolished like she had just overcome famine. One by one, the plates and platters that had been holding all of those steaming, pleasing meats had been liberated of their meaty cargo and steadily stacked atop one another messily. Tora continued stuffing her face with ravenous gusto, showing absolutely no signs of slowing her relentless gluttony down one bit. She messily and noisy scarfed down whatever she could get her claws on, biting into the meats, regardless if they had bones or not. Her fangs were so sharp and her jaws were so powerful that she could grind those bones down to slop along with the rest of the meat and swallow it down without incident.

And in eating just so much food, of course it was going to have a rather notable impact on the dragons stomach. Tora's gut was already pretty thick as is, but the more she devoured, the bigger and rounder her belly grew. Her warriors gown was pressed down along with her leather-hide waist-guard and silver belt buckle due to how much heavier her belly was starting to get. It burbled and grumbled more intensely the more Tora stuffed herself, making poor Zenit's conditions that much worse for him.

It was getting so packed in the dragon warriors' stomach that the chewed up meats were practically pooling around the little mage. He had to trudge his way through the disgusting slop, doing his best not to gag at the thick squelching sounds his navigation made while he moved closer and closer to the front of Tora's stomach. Once he finally made his way to the front of Tora's stomach, he proceeded to angrily pound at the stomach walls. "H-Hey! Do you ever stop eating or what?!" Zenit shouted over the gurgling, batting away.

His fists were small, like the rest of him. But due to how bloated the dragon was getting from her feast, Zenit's bashing against her stomach caused Tora's belly to jostle and slosh while it gurgled deeply from all of Zenit's thrashing. Tora was about to dig into a big hearty shank of beef, dripping with juices, and mere inches away from her hungry jaws. Instead, she lowered the shank and belched so hard that the plates on her table rattled in its wake.

**"BROOOOOOOO
RRRRREEEEE
EEUUUUUUUU
URRRHP!!!!!"**

That powerful eructation belted out of Tora's jaws for a good few seconds straight, causing some flicks of saliva to splatter onto the table. Poor Zenit rattled around, stumbling backwards into the slop and made comical blubbery noises a child might make if a spider brushed against their leg. What was worse was as soon as that eruption concluded, Tora immediately grabbed her bloated gut, pressed into it and belched again. It was a long, loud and positively *noxious* sound that rolled out of her throat for several seconds straight. Poor Zenit was rattled so hard by it that as soon as he pulled himself up from the slop, he slipped right back into it a second time.

As soon as it ended, Tora sighed with relief, patting her belly heavily. Then, she resumed her aggressive feasting, expanding her already expansive belly by filling it up with more and more food that poor Zenit didn't have a chance in hell of trying to evade anymore. She just kept on eating and eating and eating some more, bloated, rounder belly growing only heavier and heavier with each passing plate she plowed through.

Were it not for that spell, Zenit might have honestly risked being suffocated by so much food being devoured all at once. Of course, with so much already devoured, it wasn't long before Tora's powerful stomach was starting to make work of what she'd consumed. The dragon's digestive system started to kick in, much to Zenit's dread.

He tried his best to calm himself, assured in the strength of his spell that he would be fine as the food around him began to slowly bubble and burn up. Zenit could hear the churning intensify and all the chewed up mess around him steaming ever so slightly as a result of the digestive liquids seeping from the fleshy, slimy stomach walls. It was a nerve-wracking moment, but, to his relief, Zenit found that he, himself, was just fine, even as the food around him churned some more, slowly turning into a thick sludge. No less unpleasant, but at least his body wasn't joining it.

"...Rgh, I need to find a way out of here," Zenit growled to himself. He looked high and low for any sort of solution, but found none. That forty-eight hour timeframe truly was a lifesaver, but part of him was starting to worry if it was just going to be a life-prolonger. He wasn't physically strong enough to thrash Tora's belly enough to make her sick. And it didn't look as if there was any way out of the dragons belly that he could see right away.

So all he could do instead, was sit there and wait as Tora stuffed her greedy jaws more and more, as that big round, scaly belly of hers only continued to expand as a result. It was now sticking out by well over an additional three feet. It made her look as if she had a rather considerable beer-belly for her size.

Eventually, after what felt like an eternity to Zenit, the food stopped raining down onto him and into the gurgling slop around him. Every last platter had been liberated of its meat and practically licked clean of any remaining juices the meat could've left behind. Tora slumped back and belched loudly, rumbling the booth itself and earning a groan of disgust from her prisoner. With a sigh of relief, Tora slapped her big fat belly contently, making it ripple heavily beneath her palm as all that digesting meat within her sloshed heavily.

One of the waitresses approached the table upon hearing that burp of completion and smiled back at Tora and proceeded to gather the cluttering platters and plates. There were so many that it looked like she was balancing a literal pile of the damn things in her arms and doing a rather good job of it at that. Being a regular, those who worked at the various taverns and diners that Tora regularly frequented were more than familiar with her voracious appetite. They were also quite accustomed to her seeming indifference towards the very concept of table manners, judging by the way she casually picked at her fangs with her pinky claw while stroking her big round belly with her free hand.

Eventually, she cleared Tora's booth and stood at the ready. "Will that be all, Miss Warsong?" The waitress inquired.

Tora reached into her back pouch and dropped a handful of gold coins onto the wooden table. "Need somethin' strong t'wash all this stuff down. Bring over a buncha ale'n keep the refills comin'."

She dropped a few extra gold coins for the second part of her request, then flicked a gold coin the waitress' way. The young woman caught the gold coin and grinned back at Tora. "Be my pleasure, Miss!"

While Tora awaited her alcoholic beverage, she grinned down at her prominent gut and fondly stroked it from top to bottom. "Heh, how're ya holdin' up in there, short stuff? Still intent on nabbin' that bounty'uh yers?"

"Y-You can't keep me in here forever, beast!" Zenit spat in response, whacking the stomach wall as hard as he could with his fist in a show of angry defiance.

That display didn't earn him much more than a hefty belch from the dragon that shook her bulging belly up from the sheer force behind it. Zenit was not amused, especially when the quivering knocked him back into the bubbling slop. Tora grunted when it ended, palming her fat gut heartily in her grasp and burping again out from the corner of her maw. "Urf, dun' need t'keep ya in there forever, kid. Ya said so yerself, that lil spell'uh yers only lasts two days. After that?" She gripped her thick, pudgy belly with both hands and jostled it around, making it jiggle around like a flabby, scaly ball of gelatin. "Heh, well, I just hope ya go t'my hips, think I'm...how'd ya put it, 'fat enough'...?"

Zenit was going to interject but about the time he did, the waitress returned with about half a dozen mugs of ale for the dragonness. And judging by all the mugs on the counter, there were still about a half dozen more with her name on them. Tora grinned and grabbed her first mug.

"Great, I'm parched!" Tora declared. Then, she brought the wooden mug up to her lips and guzzled the beer down heartily. Her thick, scaly throat bobbed in and out with each resounding gulp she took in. As if the slop wasn't bad enough, now a full mugs worth of ale was spilling down from Tora's gullet and filling her already full belly up, intensifying the digestive gurgling even more.

"Oh, *come on!!!*" Zenit shouted helplessly.

Tora polished off that first mug in just twenty seconds flat. She smacked her lips clean and immediately got to work downing her second mug at the same ravenous rate of her first mug. The aura protected Zenit from the stench, but it did little to keep him from being lifted off the stomach floor the more ale pooled up beneath him.

He could hear Tora's gullet squelching above him with each thick gulp of ale she chugged down. It was like a momentary stream of alcohol spilling from the entrance of the stomach and slowly expanding the stomach like a water balloon. A water balloon that was full of especially rich, heavy and frothy ale.

Tora slammed her mug down onto the table alongside the other one, and the instant she did, her mouth lurched open with a tremendously large belch.

"BWUUUU
URRRROOO
ORREEEEE
OOOOOO
ORRCHIIII!"

It was a big, especially meaty eructation, one that bellowed from her mouth for several seconds straight, shooting both residual droplets of beer and saliva out from her maw with each rumbling second. A few patrons, all of whom were fellow warriors, all laughed and raised their mugs back at Tora, clearly impressed with her skills. Zenit, on the other hand, wasn't so impressed.

“By the Gods, you are a disgusting pig!” Zenit shouted.

Tora responded with another massive burp as loud and nearly as long as her first one, followed by a comically dainty after burp. She smacked her lips contently and slapped her belly heavily, jostling it around from the smack and quivering Zenit's confinements once more. “Hah! Ya say that like it's some sorta insult! Guess ya really are from outta town, ain'tcha, kid!” Tora replied, unfazed by his biting words. Instead, she grabbed another mug and slugged it down like the self-proclaimed ale-chugging champion that she was.

Mug after mug of ale filled Tora's increasingly larger belly to the brim with alcohol. With each mug downed, the inside of her stomach became a mess of rising, strong ale mixed with digestive liquids and bubbling sludge. It was the antithesis of pleasant. And while Zenit was safe from both the agonizing sensation of digestion and the no-doubt horrid stench wafting around him, he was still practically floating in that disgusting mess. It wasn't made any better by his confines constantly quivering like an earthquake was rumbling around him every single time Tora burped, which was only getting more and more frequent from how much ale was filling her up. Poor Zenit's earholes certainly weren't being protected by any protective auras, that much was certain.

Eventually, after about a dozen mugs of ale and a few extra more for good measure, Tora was finally tapped out. The big dragon warrior groaned contently she lazily, drunkenly slumped back in her seat and ran her hands over her utterly *enormous* belly. It had bloated out by well over five feet, growing so huge that it actually spilled atop the table, squishing down onto it and causing the wooden table to creak under just how heavy her giant gut was.

It bubbled so relentlessly that her massive stomach sounded like a witch's cauldron. And because she was so full of meat and ale, it was practically impossible to even tell that she had swallowed another creature whole. The only signs of his presence in her gut was the subtle swaying her stomach did on its own, and the sound of a deep glorp and borble that erupted from her innards each time it swayed.

But Tora was positively stuffed and more than a little drunk. The big fat dragon moaned with a cross-eyed look in her eyes while she caressed as much of her pillowing boulder-belly as she could even grasp. Her palms sank considerably into her incredibly doughy and scaly belly, which sloshed like it was filled to the brim with liquid, giving it an especially bottom-heavy look.

“Oooooorgh...*so full...*” Tora groaned drunkenly moments before throwing her head back and belching so ferociously, the entire diner quivered as it bellowed from her jaws for nearly ten seconds straight. Her huge belly quivered and bounced around like it was full of volatile chemicals, shaking about due to just how utterly full of liquids it was. As soon as that monster eruption concluded, she huffed and patted her huge, sloshing dome heartily, expelling another throaty belch that concluded in a sharp, sloppy-sounding hiccup.

“...You're disgusting...” Zenit mumbled, but his voice was drowned out by the utterly aggressive gurgling all around him. He was now almost completely submerged in slop-filled ale. It all bubbled dangerously around him due to Tora's stomach working overtime to digest everything she'd consumed, but his aura kept him safe from burning up. Though, his hopes of getting out were dwindling at this rate. He couldn't even really fight the stomach walls anymore, on account of not having any real mobility when it was so full.

Eventually, Tora was ready to take her leave. She tried to pull herself up from the booth, but her belly was so massive that it was actually slightly wedged into the booth itself. She grunted, pushing down on her fat, scaly dome to try and squeeze it through, dislodging an intense, rumbling belch in the process.

It took a lot of doing, but the stupendously bloated, drunken dragon finally managed to squeeze herself through, stumbling up to her feet and very narrowly falling flat on that giant, immensely heavy gut of hers. She cradled it while the globular, bouncing boulder sloshed so heavily that the contents of Tora's gut could be heard swishing around inside of her from across the entire diner. The resulting action caused yet another burp to rumble up from her gullet, but this time, she held it in, causing it to reverberate loudly in her mouth, puffing out her scaly cheeks for a few seconds. When it ended, the reason she opted to muffle it for once became clear when she turned her head and blew smoke out from the corner of her mouth.

“Urrrgh, I- ***HIC!***-guh...I think that's- ***HICCULP!***

oof...that's a sign to- ***HULP!***... ***HICCUURRP!!***...to head
o o o o o o u u u r r r h p i i i u r p h i i i Tora tried to slur out a sentence, but her every other word was punctuated by an interrupting, deep hiccup, until she ended up just burping out the last part of her sentence. Overdone beyond belief, she slowly lumbered her way out of the diner. Her enormous gut bounced and sloshed with each step she took, intensifying the gurgling tenfold. She muffled a few more big, smoky burps in the process.

It was a struggle, and poor Zenit was helplessly sloshed around with all that beer and digesting food. The little Kobold swayed all around Tora's enormous stomach like he was being carried off by sickly-looking waves of bubbling alcohol. By that point, even if he wanted to fight back, he physically wouldn't be able to without trying to literally swim his way to the front of her stomach.

The little Kobold had suffered enough indignity for one day. Or so he thought. Because just about as soon as Tora had exited the building, her stomach bubbled ever more assertively, physically jostling the blubbery surface as a result. Not needing to hold it in anymore, Tora gripped her gut with both hands, leaned back and unleashed the largest belch Zenit had ever heard...

BARBAR

EEEEEE

UUUUU

UUUUA

HOOO

ORRRR

AAAA

APIIIIII

To call that bellowing monster 'devastating' would be to understate it. A literal bomb had just gone off in Tora's belly and she was expelling it with just as explosive the results one could expect. A torrent of flames spewed from her mouth, shooting dozens of feet into the air. All that alcohol and digestive gas that had brewed in her belly combined with all the natural heat of her stomach resulted in her mouth becoming a literal flamethrower for well over a dozen thundering seconds straight. She had to push into her fat gut to get it all out at once, making her burp not only last longer but grow louder by each second.

The ringing in Zenit's ears was only outmatched by how assertively he was shaken around inside of her stomach from that beastly roar. His spell may have protected him from getting digested, but it certainly didn't protect him from getting incredibly dizzy as a result of all that aggressive rattling to his brain.

By the time it ended, Tora slumped forward, making her massive belly spill and slosh outward, scraping against her calves. She gripped her thick thighs, still feeling pressure in her belly and belched again, as loud as she could, right towards the ground. Only his time, when that powerful eructation belted out of Tora's throat, it was smoke that spewed out from her gaping jaws, clouding the area around her with a thick, noxious smoke screen.

Tora looked utterly dazed when it ended, blinking a few times and going cross-eyed until she grabbed the side of her head drunkenly. She hiccuped loudly and once more, cradled her giant belly, scooping it up like an enormous ball of scaly dough. Then, she made her way home. Her Kobold, meat and beer-filled belly jiggled and sloshed with every step she took, occasionally forcing her to stop in her tracks and belch loud enough to wake the dead.

She made a quick stop, unbeknownst to Zenit, but when she arrived at her little stone home, Tora lazily plopped atop of her thick mattress full of hay. Her belly swayed and glorped after for several seconds straight. She hiccuped again, making her mountain of a scaly belly bounce from the spasm and slosh.

Tora groggily looked up at her humongous stomach and grinned a self-satisfied, drunkards sort of grin. She gripped her enormous, churning girth in her clawed hands, jostled her belly firmly a few times. The contents inside of her sloshed so intensely that her belly honestly sounded like a giant, rubber container full of water and an impossibly thick syrup. Her belly swayed and rippled as such to boot, dislodging a sharp hiccup from the brutal, gluttonous warrior. Now that her body had digested so much of the meat, leaving it slurried with the ale, she could feel a more solid little creature trapped inside of her, swaying along with her meal.

"How ya holdin' up in there, kid?" The drunken dragon asked, her voice partially slurred and partially tired, but undeniably satisfied.

"...What do you care? You're just gonna digest me after my spell expires anyway..." Zenit replied, his voice clearly deflated of whatever ego he once boasted.

"Whose- ***HIC!***-fault is that?" Tora replied, hiccuping mid-sentence and causing her stomach to quiver from the spasm until she grasped it firmly in place. "Yer the one who wanted t'claim my head, weren'tcha?"

"Because you're a brutal monster who slaughtered-"

"-A buncha pillagin' bastards?" Tora interrupted with a cocked brow while she continued to tenderly stroke her massively engorged stomach.

Zenit paused upon hearing her remark.

"...Didn't bother actually readin' the fine print before ya checked out that lil wanted paper, did'ja," Tora snorted with a drunken roll of hers. She wasn't especially bothered.

Tora stomach was so sensitive from how bloated it was that she couldn't take her hands off of it. She just kept fondly stroking as much of that ball of flesh as she could reach and savoring the way her rough, clawed fingers sank into that blubbery, sloshy surface. The dragon practically hugged her belly, feeling it bubble away in her thick, burly arms and squeezed.

"OOOOOOOUU
UUURRRRRRRR-
HUUUUUUUUU
URRRLHP!!!!!"

The pressure applied to her gut caused a big, raunchy belch to roll out of Tora's throat for what had to be the umpteenth time that evening. She felt another one bubbling up right after that, then pushed her palm firmly into her fat globe of a gut, making it sink a great deal into her doughy, scaly flesh.

"AAAAAUUUUUURRR
RRRUUUUUHHP!!!!!"

Yet another deep, throaty belch ripped out from Tora's throat, spewing smoke out of her jaws in the process. After it ended though, Tora opened her mouth yet again, only for a loud, lion-like yawn to exit her smoke-filled jaws instead. She had more she wanted to tell the little mage attacker, but was so bloated, drunk and relaxed that she just didn't have the energy. Within seconds, Tora was snoring louder than a Orc's growl nearly as soon as she plopped down.

Trapped in the belly of the beast, all Zenit could do was watch as everything around him, over the course of a few hours, bubbled away through intense digestion. He simply sat there, stewing in the dragons guts, listening to and watching it gurgle all around him. The stomach quivered all around him, reverberating intensely any time Tora burped in her sleep from the digestive process. Yet, all he could do was float in the steadily dissolving slop and stew in his own rite.

He wanted to make a name for himself and quickly found himself down the gullet of a warrior who outclassed him in every single way except...well, *class*, judging by how much Tora kept eating, drinking and burping throughout the night following their battle. Zenit couldn't even really call it a battle, because of how one-sided it was. She demolished him in one fell swoop, and now, he was trapped in her big fat stomach, watching it shrink yet grow thicker around him at the same time.

To call his defeat a resounding humiliation would be the understatement to end all understatements. And given how noisy the stomach was, he wasn't going to be sleeping in his potential tomb anytime soon. So, he simply sat there and waited all throughout the night.

Eventually, after several hours, morning came.

Tora groaned, rubbing her face groggily. "Oooorrh, I definitely overdid it last night," she mumbled, half-dead.

The weary dragon pushed herself up in a sitting position. Her stomach had digested just about everything she had devoured from last night and was no longer a globular sphere of fat. Instead, it had transformed into a rather pudgy beer-belly, one that rolled into its scaly self when she sat up.

“Urgh...m'head's killin' me,” Tora mumbled groggily. Her head was spinning from the alcohol, which was made even more apparent when she suddenly let out a big, bassy burp out of nowhere. She huffed when it ended and immediately fanned the air around her nostrils, then grabbed a hold of her much pudgier, thicker belly. “Hrrm, man, I *really* overdid it, huh,” Tora commented, pleased with her new shape, judging by the way she experimentally gripped her fat gut and squished into it.

She felt around, eventually clawing at the little mage apprentice still trapped in her belly.

“There ya are...”

Tora sat up onto the edge of her mattress, planting her clawed feet onto the cold, stone ground. The dragon gripped her pudgy belly with both hands and squeezed into it tightly. Her face tightened with discomfort from all the pressure and prodding she was doing, but she was eventually rewarded with a sonorous belch, followed by another one, then another right after that.

“BOOOORRRREEEUUUURRRHP!!!”

“UUUUUUURRRRAAAAAAHP!!!!”

“BEEEEEELLUUURRCH!!!!”

This was fairly common practice for Tora. Usually after a rather intense bender of binge-drinking and eating, the digestive process tended to leave her really gassy in the mornings. Eventually, she lurched her head down and unleashed an especially powerful, meaty-sounding burp, one that rumbled the ground beneath her and caused a tiny, slime-covered Zenit to go splattering onto the ground.

The little Kobold rolled backwards against the wall, drying immediately from the rolling due to his protective spell still encasing his entire tiny body. He was utterly dazed from the ride up and the spewing back down. Zenit shook his head, and slowly pushed himself up to his feet, stumbling back against the wall from how fast the room was spinning. "...Wha...what just happened...?" He asked, more to himself than the dragon warrior.

A bit of drool dribbled out from Tora's still open maw after expelling Zenit from her system. She held up a finger and gripped her knee for a moment until one last meaty belch erupted from her throat, spewing more smoke out of her gullet. "Guh, afterburp," Tora mumbled, patting her chubby belly a few times with relief. She wiped her mouth clean and sat back down onto her mattress, looking slightly winded. "What just happened is yer welcome, that's what."

By the time Zenit came to his barrings and realized that he had been liberated from the belly of the beast, he yelped comically and backed into the wall like a scared little mouse. Tora simply snorted and waved her hand dismissively.

"Easy, kid, I just burped ya back outta my gut. Why would I wanna gulp ya back down again?" She insisted, much to his confusion.

"...Wh-Why...?" He asked skeptically and cautiously.

Tora slumped forward while she sat, setting her gaze more firmly on Zenit's, which, intimidated him, sufficed to say, given the circumstances.

“What was yer plan exactly? Ya read how dangerous I was'n thought that yer lil fire balls would stand a chance? D'ya even know why ya came after me in the first place? Or was it all about the glory?”

Like a child being scolded, Zenit looked down at the ground. “...What's it to you?”

“I'd say a helluva lot, considerin' what'cha tried'n failed t'do miserably,” Tora remarked right back.

Zenit didn't say anything at first. He just kept his eyes fixated on his feet to avert his gaze from Tora's. “...You're massive-”

“-Again with the fat jokes?” Tora droned.

“...N-Not like that, but just...really big. You have any idea what it's like being such a shrimp? Everyone looks down at you. No one respects you, no one trusts you-”

“-I ain't no Goliath'n sorry t'say, you ain't no David, kid,” Tora interjected. “If yer hopin' fer a pity party, ya came t'the wrong gal 'cuz I don't do that crap. Ya are what'cha are, so own it.”

“...Easy for you to say,” Zenit spat back defensively. “You, you're all big and strong and-”

“-Which I had to work for 'cuz I wasn't born enormous. Hell, I wasn't even born a dragon.” Tora sat back with a smirk, massaging her pudgy, heavier gut idly. “I've always had an appetite, but I had t'train myself t'eat'n drink as much as I could back when I was still human. I've seen mages wee-high take down ogres without breakin' a sweat. Ya master yer craft before ya go after the big prizes. Go before yer ready'n ya just get a swift reminder'uh how low on the food chain ya really are. Ya don't get anywhere by takin' shortcuts.”

Zenit folded his arms, but steadily looked back up at Tora as she spoke. He was feeling a little conflicted about everything she was saying, especially given how much smaller he was than just about every other creature he knew or had encountered. But at the same time, Zenit knew the kind of spells some mages could summon, and the way they could bring the largest, most hardened of warriors down to their knees.

There was definitely truth to her words, even if he didn't have nearly as much real confidence in himself as he pretended he did earlier.

"...Why are you sparing me...?" Zenit finally thought to ask.

"'Cuz yer so tiny, I had t'eat'n drink over a hundred pounds'uh meat'n ale just t'feel full," Tora said with a slightly impish smirk across her scarred face. Then, her smirk softened. "And 'cuz despite what'cha think, I ain't no monster. I'm battle hungry, I ain't never gonna deny that. But I don't go outta my way t'hurt innocents or idiots who try puffin' their chests out when they ain't ready t'throw down. Nah, I save that fer those plunderin' jackasses who ambushed a few caravans last week'n killed the poor bastards just ridin' on by inside." Tora looked Zenit over and shook her head. "That lil bounty parchment didn't say nothin' 'bout what kinda animals those guys I killed really were, huh."

Zenit shook his head.

"Didn't think so."

As Zenit stood there, he caught something from the corner of his eye that made his eyes widen with surprise. In the corner of Tora's home was his staff. The little apprentice rushed over to grab his staff and looked it over with shock.

Tora snorted to herself. "Picked it up on my way back home," she remarked, scratching the back of her neck. "Was kinda hard since I was seein' double all'uh last night. I, uhh...*plucked a street sign by mistake the first time...*"

Zenit finally turned to Tora and smiled somewhat back at her. "...You never intended to digest me at all, did you..."

The larger, older dragon simply shook her head back at the young mage-in-training. "I did wanna keep ya in my gut fer the night though. I wanted ya t'see what could await'cha if yer stupid enough t'pull that crap again." She then grinned toothily and licked her lips hungrily back at the mage. "Plus, ya didn't taste half bad...oof, an' speakin'uh which..."

Tora grimaced when her belly rumbled hungrily and intensely. She grasped her stomach tightly, letting her palm sink into her doughy flesh while she massaged it tenderly. Zenit was about to say something when suddenly, his own tiny belly roared hungrily as well, though it was drowned out by how much louder Tora's stomach was. He blushed and grabbed his little stomach with both hands protectively, earning a snort from Tora.

"Tell ya what, kid, whadduya say t'some breakfast before ya head back home, huh? My treat, seein' as how that bounty didn't go nowhere," Tora suggested teasingly.

Zenit paused for a moment, but then, with his staff at hand, muttered an incantation which dissolved his protective aura at long last. He sighed to himself and smiled back up at the warrior he foolishly targeted the night prior. "I think I would like that...provided it's just a light breakfast, of course..."

Tora's grin widened to reveal all her pearly white fangs and slapped her thick, chubby gut heavily. "Kid, do I look like I do 'light' anything?"

Zenit's smile immediately vanished. "...Well...at the very least, I won't have to experience it *'first hand'* this time..."

The End