

“Gods, Why did we have to accept this quest? Why can’t the village handle a few kobolds ransacking the stables?” Scribbs groaned, reaching up his arms to stretch while on the trail.

“Are you really going to complain about easy gold? We go in, zap slash and hack our way through a few runts and bam! We’re set for a month in gold.” Jerome explained, making Scribbs roll his eyes.

The duo had partnered up in the village to make quests easier while honing their skills and saving up gold to move into a bigger city. They made a great team, Scribbs being a paladin allowed him to rush in while keeping HP full. While Jerome being a spellsworn allowed them to attack at any range with efficiency.

While on the trail to the kobolds Jerome worked on some spell weaving, and with Scribbs reluctant help, they developed a spell that enshrouded the Bearmera’s armor in a weightless spell, much to his surprise.

“One of these days, these spells are going to blow up in your face!” The bearmera let out a deep laugh before patting the mutt on the back. “Thanks for this though. I appreciate the weight off my back!”

With Scribbs’ armor weightless the pair of adventures made great time to the kobolds cave, Jerome pulling Scribbs aside.

“Listen, I know we’re strong, but we should be cautious, Kobolds are notorious pranksters so be careful of traps.” Jerome said, scowling as the bearmera just shrugged.

“I know you’re worried about traps, but I’m strong and I can handle anything!~” Scribbs said as they ruffled the mutt’s hair, and then drew his sword. “Alright, let’s go!”

Charging in, Scribbs let out an energetic roar, Jerome rushing into the cave behind him spouting out warnings and cautionary shouts.

The bearmera stopped right in his tracks as soon as he entered the cave entrance. Holding up his arm to stop Jerome as well. “I may be headstrong, but this place feels different...”

Jerome caught their breath and stood up, closing their eyes. Shivering as they felt the intense magical pressure in the cave mouth. “It feels so heavy, we had better be on guard.”

Taking a moment and mumbling to himself, Jerome noticed a thin veil of magic enveloping both of them. “There, this should protect us from a few of the more deadly magical spells, but to be safe, keep a few paces behind me!” Scribbs exclaimed, looking back at the mutt with a confident smile.

Scribbs took a look back at the darkening cave and shook his head of his doubts. Raising his sword and shield he moved deeper into the cave, thankful that Jerome’s staff gave off a decent light.

The pair of adventures went further and further into the cave, on their toes and ready to spring into action at the slightest movement, but nothing made a sound besides the clanking of Scribbs armor.

Jerome's ears twitched as they whispered to Scribbs. "Do you hear that?" The duo stopped and strained their ears. In the distance they could hear the sound of wind and a chain clanking around.

"The cave probably has an elevator shaft. Knowing kobolds they're keeping their treasures down there for their leader." Scribbs said, a glint in his eye thinking about the potential riches below their feet.

Jerome was also excited, and strengthened the light on their staff. The elevator flickering into view. They both get onto the elevator and look at each other nervously as it creaked and groaned under their combined weight. Pulling the crank the elevator starts to make it's slow descent into the heart of the cave.

When the elevator finally landed on solid ground the duo quickly got off and surveyed the surrounding area, everything was quiet and still again.

"This is too weird..." Jerome said, scratching their head and pulling their map out from their side pouch. "This is the only cave for miles around near the town, and the mayor said this was the kobold's hideout. So where are they?"

"Maybe they're scared of me!" Scribbs said with a hearty chuckle. His laugh was cut short by a glare from Jerome.

"If they are scared then I feel like this dark presence wouldn't be here, I think they have some defence mechanism that they're hiding behind." The mutt rolled the map up and deposited it back into their pouch. "Just be prepared for anything alright?"

Scribbs puffed up his chest. "You got it!"

The duo continued to make their way cautiously forward and downward.

Jerome put their hand out against the cave wall, panting from the continued walk, surprised that Scribbs hadn't yet broken a sweat in his armor, completely forgetting the weightless spell they cast previously. They trailed their paw across the wall as they walked further on. Reflexively pulling it back once they touched something wet and slimy.

"H-hey, Scribbs come check this out." Jerome said as they shine their light onto the wall. The bearmera walked over and leaned towards the wall too. On the wall there appeared to be a wiggling green mass encasing the cave wall. "Ugh, what is this stuff..?" the spellword said as they shake their paw to get the goo off of it.

Before Jerome could stop him, Scribbs used a finger to scoop up a glob of the stuff and stuck it in his mouth. "Hm, HMM. Yep! This is a common cave slime. Nothing I can't handle!" The bearmera said as Jerome slaps his arm.

"DO YOU KNOW HOW DANGEROUS THAT IS? We're 4 hours into a cave system, what if it makes you si-??" Jerome shouts, their voice echoing through the cave.

Scribbs grabs their maw and holds it closed, keeping both of them quiet for a few minutes. After hearing nothing he lets go of their snout.

"You really don't know how to stay safe in a hostile cave do you?" The paladin accused.

“Same could be said about you, Mr. Eats-everything-he-can-get-his-paws-on.” the spellsword retorted.

“Hmpf, well let's get this adventure over so we can get paid.” Scribbs said as he grabbed Jerome's scarf and tugged them along, Jerome stumbling behind him.

They continued to walk down the cave system, their footsteps sounding wet as the slime seemed to grow more concentrated the further along they went.

“You know, I don't think slime would grow this abundantly if the kobold's were ar-” Jerome's sentence was cut short as Scribbs suddenly stopped and drew his sword again. Jerome readjusted himself and peaked out from behind the paladin.

In front of the duo stood a gigantic draconic statue. Jerome raised their staff and channeled more mana to brighten up the room, their jaw dropping. The statue wasn't a statue at all, but a giant slime dragon. And it was looking right at them.

“State your business intruders!” It demanded in a deep voice.

“We're here to rid this cave of kobolds for our town!” Scribbs said, his voice confident and strong, even though Jerome felt him shaking in his armor.

“No one may pass after trampling on me!” The beast growled, and as he did so the adventures could hear the slime on the cave walls noisily moving towards the dragon. The slimes split up and formed two giant slime balls besides the guardian.

“What's going on..?” Jerome whispered to Scribbs.

“I don't know, but get ready to fight.” he replied, closing his eyes and praying to his deity while the boss was busy with his slime.

Jerome watched in abject horror as the slimes grew and morphed, one forming into a strong looking lion, while the other smaller slime ended up as a fox.

“Intruder's will either need to turn back now, or you will have to fight my warriors.” The boss slime smirked, it's two warriors taking a step towards the duo. “Play time boys!”

Without much warning the paladin and spellsword were on the defense. Dodging and avoiding the slime warriors sharpened claws and teeth. The guardian heckled both of the adventures the entire time.

Jerome and Scribbs ran towards each other and protected the others back, out of breath and panting heavily.

“I don't know how much longer I can hold mine off.” Scribbs said as he held his shield up to block a heavy overhand strike from the lion.

“Huff, huff, I don't know either, Slimes are a pain to deal with” Jerome said as they shot a magic bolt at the foxes arm poised for a strike. It fell to the ground with a wet thud, but quickly remerged with the foxes main body. “But these things are on another level, nothing phases them!”

“Can you cover me for a moment?” The paladin said, not waiting for Jerome to respond as he clapped his hands in prayer again. Jerome letting out a yelp and instinctively putting up a small-ish magical barrier.

Jerome started to sweat from the exertion, looking at Scribbs in mild annoyance. The slime warriors pounded on the barrier and then started to walk around the outside, both had a smirk, waiting for Jerome's barrier to dissipate. "HHHHow much longer??" The mutt said in a strained voice to their friend.

Scribbs' eyes opened, instead of their usual gray they were a bright blue. Without a word he stood up and grabbed Jerome into a tight hug. The sudden change in Jerome's focus allowed the barrier to vanish, the slime beasts jumping toward them. With a calm demeanor Scribbs raised his hand, Jerome only catching a glimpse in the tight embrace as the two slime monsters were thrown back forcefully, splatting against a wall and losing their forms. They wobbled on the cave floor and eventually gave up, resting as slime lumps.

All of a sudden the paladin's full weight was on Jerome. They did the best they could to support him, eventually setting him on the cave floor as he panted. Jerome felt his head, gasping at how hot it was. Thinking quickly they uncorked their water pouch and poured some on him, his breathing easing up a little while Jerome held a health potion to his mouth. Scribbs was thankfully conscious enough to drink it, propping himself up. The adventurers' attention was quickly changed when they heard a wet clap.

The guardian dragon was looking down at both of them, an impressed yet disdainful expression on their face. "I knew you two were tough, but you very clearly exceeded my expectations. It looks like I'll have to deal with you two myself..." He took a step towards the duo, Jerome jumping in between it and Scribbs drawing their sword.

"Stay away from us!" Jerome screamed at it, rushing to slice at the beast.

With an easy swipe of it's arm it sent Jerome flying into Scribbs' prone body. "Fool, your friend got lucky, and you don't even have a deity on your side, you have no hopes of beating me! Luckily for you, I'm not one to get my slime dirty, so I'm not going to kill you."

The slime guardian raised a hand, the slime surrounding Jerome and Scribbs started to vibrate and move. Before either of them could evade the slime had encased their hands, lifting both of them into the air.

Jerome squirmed against the restraints, while Scribbs dangled too worn out from when their deity had possessed him. The dragon guardian's smirk got wider and eviler as it got right up close and personal with the two of them.

"I'm not killing you, however I will make sure that you're rightfully incapacitated~" With a deft movement the beast changed his hands to tendrils, feeding them into both of the adventure's mouths.

Jerome's eyes widened as they felt the slime worm its way into their maw, filling their cheeks before it started forcing itself into their stomach, Jerome wiggled more, panting as they looked over at Scribbs.

Scribbs wasn't struggling, they seemed to be happily swallowing the tendrils, his thick tail wagging lazily behind him, his stomach already straining against his armor.

“Oho, I see this one already had a taste of me, I’ve heard I can be quite addictive~” The guardian said with a sly grin as it looked over at Jerome.

The mutt’s expression had softened a little once the slime had started to get into their system, starting to drink from the guardians tendrils. Their own tail started to wag as their maroon shirt started to look tighter as their stomach swelled and grew.

The duo were in the clutches of the dragon for a few minutes more before it was suddenly caught off guard. Retracting its tendrils and turning around quickly made its body look bigger and stronger. “Who’s there? I didn’t feel anything walking on my slime!”

While it looked around in fear, the sound came again. **CREAAKK SNAP**

The guardian turned around, and nearly fell on its rump as Scribbs breastplate fell to the ground with a loud clatter, his belly having grown so much it forced the leather straps to snap.

The guardian looked around cautiously again, moving over to kick the metal away. “Was that your attempt at scaring me away?!” It shouted, grabbing Scribbs’ face and looking into it deeply.

“URF, ugh... N-no, I’m just getting too big..” The bearmera said between labored breaths and burps. His stomach distending a solid 5 feet in front of him, nearly smooth as his stomach maw panted along with him.

The dragon guardian looked down and smirked. “So your secret weapon is a second maw? Were you hoping to devour all of my slime?” it said as it patted the top of his head and bent down to inspect it. “I think this will be interesting~” It stood up again and made a slime chair, sitting down as it watched both of them. “Did you know that my slime is very high in calories? I’ve set up a trade with the kobolds, they give me all of their old food scrap and trash and I let them take my slime for sustenance. Blah blah blah.”

As it continued to explain its back story, the calorie heavy slime was already working its magic on Jerome and Scribbs. Their bellies getting less tight looking as the slime started to fill them out. Their bellies, chests and rumps took most of the weight, but some started to form on their limbs and face. Scribbs’ tail got a little chubby too.

“Ah finally, are you two ready for seconds?” The guardian said as it heaved itself up off of the slime chair, it had kept its more beefed up form, the duo realized gulping at the added slime to its mass.

Their worry quickly vanished as the slime tendrils entered in their mouths and started to pump in sweet slime into them. The dragon smirking as it concentrated for a moment and with some effort, formed a 3rd tendril on its side, this one thicker than its arm as it fed that one to Scribbs’ tummy maw.

Minutes passed as the two of them greedily swallowed mouthful after mouthful of slime, their fatter stomachs starting to get tight again. Eventually the dragon pulled its tendrils from the adventurers’ mouths, having shrunken down to the size of a kobold

after the pair had eaten most of its supply. It released Jerome and Scribbs, who fell with heavy thuds as the slime holding them up wound its way back to the guardian's body.

"I'd love to stay around, but I don't want to be here when you two come back to your senses! Tah tah, and stay away from my kobolds!~" It said as it scampered off back to its hide out, leaving the spellsword and paladin laying on the cave floor. Scribbs groaned as he felt his impossibly stuffed gut, surprised he didn't burst from the double feeding, and silently cursing his hungry tummy maw.

While both of them were dazed their bodies got to work digesting all of the slime fed to them. Their spherical bellies softening up, pouring the rich fat into their rumps, moobs and limbs. The added fat on their faces gave both adventurers double chins, and very chubby cheeks. A chorus of embarrassing rips and tears echoed in the cave as both of their clothes ripped off, leaving them both in their loincloths. Scribbs' tail took on a bit of weight too, laying heavily between his legs. Jerome's weight had nearly doubled, while Scribbs' weight tittered on almost quadrupling his weight at the start of the quest.

A handful of hours passed as the duo rested from the fight. Jerome only stirred when they felt a claw poke their cheek.

"Mmnn.. Gimme 5 more minutes Scribbs..." they said as they swatted the finger away, feeling it move and poke their moob. "H-Hey! Quit tha-" Jerome sat up. Or tried to, worried at the extra effort it took. And by the time they got up they didn't see anything that could have poked them. They went to scratch their belly. Suddenly their eyes shot open as they felt their hand sink into plush fat. They looked down and yelled.

"AAAAAAH, WH-HUH?? WHAT HAPPENED???" They desperately scanned the area for their friend and started to freak out once they couldn't find him. Waddling towards his armor they suddenly tripped on a rock, falling on top of it.

The rock let out a surprised grunt as it lifted its head. Jerome started to scream again, but Scribbs grabbed their maw. "Do you want to wake up the entire cave system you baby??" he hissed as they looked at them. His anger fading as he looked at Jerome again. "D-did you hit yourself with a bloat spell again..?" He said as he let go of their maw.

"N-no! I just woke up like this! All I remember is being caught by that guardian." The mutt whimpered.

Scribbs scanned the room and saw that no slime was visible. "I-I think maybe it fed us a lot of slime, there's no trace of it left." He said after a moment. "I think we should leave." He stated, a hint of fear in his voice.

Jerome pushed themselves up easily, having landed on Scribbs. But the bearmera struggled, looking at Jerome as they stood up. "This is going to be so embarrassing... Do you know a weight loss spell?" The mutt shook their head and reached a paw out to him.

"Nope, we're gonna have to work it off ourselves..." the mutt groaned, as they leaned down and picked up their staff, twirling it around they used a telekinesis spell to pick up all of their torn clothes, weapons and gear and looked at Scribbs, levitating his

sword to him. “I can manage this with my mana reserves, but I need you to keep an eye out just in case.”

The paladin looked at himself and then at them. His frame was exponentially bigger than the mutts, his gut hanging down almost to his knees, his double chin nearly a triple chin, and his tail dragging behind him heavily since it's muscles weren't used to the weight. “If you think I can, then I will make sure you're safe!”

Jerome chuckled as they both started the slow and tireless trip back to the town, glad that they could report that they gave the kobolds a run for their money since their guardian was no longer a threat.