

*It's not like I'm eating that much; why's he staring at me?*

Namira pulled at the melon in her hands, cracking it in two as the juices sprayed out, the red insides glistening like candy. Her thoughts traveling back to Lucian's gaze as she ate, the idea of him judging her was infuriating. So why did she feel sad when he looked away? The feeling was fleeting, but she knew it was there; her stray thoughts were soon directed back to her food as hunger overrode it. The sudden influx of calories was bringing back all the forsaken meals of days prior. Meals left wanting, left stripped of anything but the most meager of sustenance, meals that would be paid back in triplicate. She dug her teeth into the melon's flesh, red splashing on her cheek as she pulled a hunk away. Sweet juices flooded her mouth as she took deeper and deeper bites, running her tongue across the surface and scooping any missed goods.

Namira ate like there was no tomorrow, plowing through her head-sized fruit and into another slab of meat. She alternated, going back and forth between meat and fruit, stuffing herself like a pig. Each defeated food was another bloat on her midriff, another bit of girth on her tummy. Her stomach began to hang over her waist, upper and lower slopes starting to devolve into a heavy balloon. Her tight stomach rippled with every bite she took, growing further out until the shape began to change. The heavy undercurve collapsed under the increasing weight she stored inside, curling into a heavy teardrop. Slipping over the waist of her pants like a light blob, a bubbling swell that wobbled with a mixture of pudge and food. The fat she'd lost was refilling, fat cells remembering how full they could become as the softness of her stomach returned.

It was a wondrous sight to behold, as Namira was becoming closer to a container than an arachne. Moving between honeyed meats and delicate fruits, she plowed through the horde of food, working her way around the base in short order. The fat on her stomach was starting to tighten, the jiggle of her muffintop tightening into expansive flanks as she bloated. Each bite made the swell of her gut more noticeable, rounding it like a ripening peach on her torso. She inched out gradually, fat folds working to frame the expanding sac of food hidden under her flesh. The soft folds where her stomach met her breasts were bunched under themselves, forming tiny ridges of flowing skin. The gradual hill of her upper stomach began to extend, becoming more level as her gut rose up in her torso. Bindings tightened as her stomach pulled the leather of her top apart, her tunic slowly riding up her growing gut. A sliver of flesh was slowly unfurling, her underbelly slowly greeting the world like the morning sun. Steadily swelling, growing outward until it looked like a small balloon on her stomach.

The pudge that had been there just moments prior was being stretched, turning from wobbling layers into soft planes. Her stomach still had jiggle to it, but it was a jiggle like water; more of her gut was creeping out from her shirt as it bunched up under her leather. The rolled fabric dug into her expanding stomach like a belt, pinching the flesh and causing it to curl. Little creases and divots formed along the hemline, growing more pronounced as her gut grew tighter. The stitches along her hem began to strain; the part stretching up the seamline to her armpit was starting to widen. Threads unraveled themselves with each bite as her stomach was starting to fill. Only halfway around the massive pile, her stomach had gone from a decent swell

to a distended potbelly that made her look more pig than spider. Slowly, she sat down the broiled beef in her hands, her ecstatic smile curling into a frown of discomfort.

***Brrrlll***

There was a low bubbling from her stomach, a windy breeze that only she could hear, one that swept over the murky fields inside. Her growing stomach had finally met some form of resistance, her abdominal walls refusing to budge any further, refusing to be stretched. They tightened, fighting against the accumulation of gas and food before constricting and sending popping the great dome of air. Immediately, Namira felt her stomach begin to twitch, a slight tremor that carried from the top of her stomach down to the bottom. The ripple of motion went lower, shaking her fat as it carried on until it vanished inside of her. Namira clutched at her stomach, feeling the pressure press against her back door, her abdomen starting to tense. There was a light tremble at her backside; the shrunken cart that was her behind bloated slightly before cutting loose.

***Frrppptt***

It wasn't her noisiest fart, but it was certainly the loudest expulsion she'd managed in quite some time. Her lack of nutrition meant that most of her gas the past weeks was just light hisses of air. There was something comforting about it, almost an unconscious signal that things were returning to normal. With that tiny expulsion, her body had pulled itself from its emergency mode and started to distribute the digesting nutrients around her body. The healthy form she had was returning, her body plumping up like it was hooked to a hose. Her cheeks got fuller, her muscles became less defined, and her backside was starting to plump up. She was no longer cramming food into an overstuffed sac, she was refueling her body. The contentment she felt deep in her core spurred her on, driving her to consume more food, her bites turning more frenzied and ravenous.

"What a nasty little mortal. Such wind breaking from your backside." Listin turned up her nose at Namira's outburst.

***Brrrrppptt***

"Hey pot, have you met kettle?" Lucian joked, poking Listin's swollen stomach as she crammed treasure down her throat.

"Mine is different. Fae expel magic, not nasty air. Get it through your thick head." Listin huffed as her wings fluttered, wafting away the gas she'd just let loose.

Lucian chuckled, grabbing another handful of gems and inspecting them, taking time to side-eye Namira. There was something soothing about her in this state; when she really got into eating is when she cut loose and relaxed a little. It reminded him of their time before leaving

town, just after they'd hit adulthood. Namira had discovered the wonders of wine for the first time and realized it had little effect on her.

"She was so full that they had to roll her home." Lucian muttered to himself, blurting out his thoughts as he went back to fishing for treasure.

Namira continued her feast; no longer content with circling the tower, she was aiming to plow through it. Her reckless feasting allowed for parts of the tower to tumble down around her, food collapsing into disheveled piles. As she took more bites and her stomach swelled further, her backside had started to join in on the growth. What had been a rather limp sac a few minutes prior was plumping up like a plum on the vine. Swelling with the fat that had been depleted, the flesh turning turgid and swollen as it rose behind her like a hill. Rising up until it shone like obsidian, the bloating curve catching the light in just the right way. A single ray of light hit her expanding abdomen and rebounded off, sending random flashes into the sky, blinding if you caught it from the right angle. While her abdomen was refilling its fat stores, her other collection of fat was starting to go through its own growth.

Her bust was refilling, stretching out the front of her leather plate as the food she ate was transferred into fat stores. Leather creaked as the bloating balloons pressed into the structured plate, turning its contours into prominent hills. The armor was soft enough to outline her breasts, but stiff enough to contain them, making her bust push upwards. The strings across her undershirt pulled apart as her lazy lacing undid itself, revealing the growing landscape of flesh. A soft and supple divide ran down her bosom, the soft canyon of cleavage, lengthening as her bust moved into the territory of melons. Each of her heaving breasts grew in gradual ripples, each time fat added on to them, it sent vibrations through her chest. Popping the strings at the bottom of her blouse and revealing the barest bits of creamy-flesh. Pouches of skin poked through the unraveling ropes, looking like bubbles of proofing dough under a net. Her comfort and feasting almost gave her body a glow, the sort of maternal glow you'd only see with pregnancy, but the only child she was growing was a food baby.

***Ompphhh***

***Nommpphh***

Namira was double fisting her food now, barely taking time to swallow as her gluttony was urged by pleasure over hunger. The simple tastes were so succulent and striking that she couldn't get enough of them, the deeper she went, the tastier. The foods inside of the tower were tastier than the ones on the outside, but she was having trouble getting to them. Her bulbous stomach was starting to bounce off the opening she made into the food pile, her fecund swell putting her almost out of arm's reach. To get her next bites, she had to lunge, hurl herself into the food, and press her stomach against the mountain. Each lunge put more pressure on the balloon, compressing it like a bellow before the pressure shifted.

***Ppbbffttt***

***Ffrrttttt***

She was becoming less demure with her expulsions, her backside was putting out more gas than a cow. Trumpets of gas spurted from her ass on repeat, tiny little expulsions that acted as little releases of pressure. The added pressure and commotion was starting to upset her punished stomach, making the distended orb distend and tighten. Growing with each bite as the combination of gas and food raged within her. The stitches along the side of her shirt were struggling to hold together, the gap at her seamline was widening as it pressed into her stomach. Her bubbling gut strained against the fabric, making the great divot of flesh be more pronounced as she glugged herself. Doughy flesh surged out from beneath it in floods, making her belly appear wider than she was. It strained and fought against the shirt until the struggling seam finally gave out.

***Riiipp***

"Hmm?" Namira pulled herself out of the pile, getting enough light to see the damage that had been done to her shirt.

Free from the trappings of her shirt, her stomach was free to stretch out; at full size, it looked closer in size to a cask or a keg. A bobbing globe of food and gas that jostled up and down. Her stomach leapt out like a breaching whale, the violent action roiling up her contents and sending her pent-up gas in a different direction. The dividing line of her shirt had served as enough of a divider to keep her gas flowing down, but now it was free to move. Gas traveled up her throat, making the muscles bulge as it filled her cheeks. Taking a while to notice her own body, her cheeks puffed out before she opened her mouth.

***Hooooourrrrpp***

A bassy belch rolled off of her tongue, rippling her lips as it passed by them, a louder roar than the last one she had let out. The belch rolled for a little while longer, echoing through the clearing and shaking the birds from the trees. Namira pulled herself fully out of the pile, hauling her clumsy body over to the treasure pile. Her bloated belly shook back and forth like a pendulum, swaying with its heavy load. That shirt rip and belch were enough to shake her from her stupor and bring her back to reality.

"Hey Lucian, do you have some thread or extra cloth? I ripped my shirt." Namira was a bit bashful as she asked for help.

"What happened to yours? You've got a bag fit for a camel." Lucian's jab was a bit more playful than his previous as he rummaged through his sack.

"All my shirts are the same size, so there's no way i'm going to fit into them like this. I just need to patch a tear." Namira held her hand out expectantly.

"Haha! Fatty spider is too big for her britches; will blow her britches to pieces." Listin wiggled on her fat gut, sticking her tongue out at Namira.

"At least I have britches to blow." Namira smirked as Lucian deposited a patch of silk into her hand.

"Safe to say you got your fill?" Lucian gestured towards Namira's distended stomach, almost touching it before she smacked his hand away.

"Hands off! And yes, I am feeling quite satisfied." Namira took the cloth in a huff.

### ***Wooossh***

A breeze carried across the clearing; the trees around the edge rustled from the wind, but there was something off. This breeze carried something heavy with it, a chill that made Lucian's hair stand up on end. Another breeze came, carrying low rumbles with it, a presence that felt so heavy they could feel it. Wind whipped across the plain in furious gusts, pulsing and rhythmic beats of wind that blew their hair. Then came a shadow, passing back and forth over the clearing, bringing a great chill with it. They couldn't see the source of the shade, but they could see its gradually defining shape on the ground. Wings! Wings were what the shadow held.

Lucian and Namira scooped up Listing, rushing as far away from the horde as they could, they didn't need to see it to know what was coming. The defining shadows yawned across the entire clearing, great wings of resplendent emerald scales, connected by yellow stretches of leathery flesh. It was colossal, an image large enough that Namira gave pause; Lucian was doing his best to fight the growing panic inside. Neither of them had taken on a creature this large before; a dragon as large as a field was out of their perspective. They struggled to hide amongst the rubble in the cave mouth, Namira's fat ass poking out from the ridge. Along with the pressing breeze came the sound of deafening wingbeats, sounds so loud that they drowned out all other noise. It was only a few seconds more before the great wingspaw was in sight, the flapping wings billowing up and down like sails. Then came a claw, a scale and talon-laced foot that was as large as Namira herself.

"Someone was here." A loud and booming voice rang through the clearing, reverberating off the trees and shaking their branches.