

A Lie Well Fed

By DarkeyeV2

The blight had a smell. It was the scent of damp earth turning sour, of green shoots blackening before they could break the soil. For two years, it had clung to the village of Stillwater like a shroud. At the table, the stew was thin, the root vegetables sliced to translucence. Grace watched her father's shoulders slump a little lower with each passing season. She saw the hollows deepen beneath her younger brother's eyes. Each morning, she knelt at the family hearth, her wiry frame tense, her calloused hands clasped in prayer. Her gaze was fixed on the near-empty pantry shelves. The offerings her family left at the main temple felt like dust, answered only by the stern silence of the sky gods.

It was on a morning thick with the promise of another failed rain that she saw her. A flicker of movement at the edge of the woods, by the old mossy shrine. A tiefling woman, cloaked and horned, huddled against a boulder. In her red-skinned hands, she held a rotten apple, its flesh bruised and crawling with worms. As Grace watched from the cover of the trees, the woman brought the fruit to her lips. A shimmer of golden light enveloped it. When she took a bite, the crunch was that of a fresh, crisp harvest.

Alyssa felt the familiar lurch deep in her gut. The glamour had a cost. The small illusion left behind an echoing hollowness, a ravenous ache that was far worse than simple hunger. It was the price of survival. She had been running for weeks. This small piece of magic was all that stood between her and starvation.

Grace saw only the miracle. Her breath caught in her throat. She stepped out from the trees.

A FEW MONTHS LATER

The morning chill seeped through the thin wool of Alyssa's robes. It raised goosebumps on her red skin as she stirred from a shallow, restless sleep, her back a tapestry of aches from the unyielding stone of the boulder. A half-gnawed apple core, sticky with old honey and buzzing with flies, lay beside her head. Her first coherent thought was of the void in her gut. She pushed herself up with a groan,

the simple robes pulling snug across a middle that had grown noticeably softer over the past months. A cold prickle ran down her spine as the illusion she maintained - a faint, golden shimmer - sputtered. It always cost her something to pull it back into place, a dizzying drain of energy that left an echoing hollowness inside her. A hollowness only food could fill.

The crunch of leaves on the path announced an arrival, and instantly her spine straightened. The shimmer of a golden, floral circlet solidified above her brow.

"My apologies for the delay," Grace began, her voice small. "I... I hesitated to disturb a goddess."

'Bout damn time, Alyssa thought. Her spoken words, however, were a warm, smooth Southern melody. "Was beginnin' to think the... uh... spirits of the field had led ya astray, honey."

The offering was laid on a flat stone before her, a humble collection of dirt-caked root vegetables and a single, scrawny chicken. Alyssa's nose wrinkled as her stomach gave a low gurgle of profound protest, but she held her beatific smile in place through sheer force of will. Grace, her sun-browned gaze fixed on the dirt, her knuckles pressed bone-deep into the wood of the basket handle, explained the poor luck of her father's fields. Alyssa reached down and plucked the chicken up by one limp wing, letting it dangle pathetically from her clawed grip.

"Well now," she began, drawing each word out, "ain't that... thoughtful."

Grace flinched as if struck, the air growing thick with a heavy, judgmental silence. "Listen," her voice trembled, "I know the stories of what you do to those who displease you, but... I would appreciate it if you spared us a plague, or..."

The sheer, earnest panic in the girl's voice made Alyssa press her lips together to keep from grinning. The effort made her belly jiggle, the soft, new roundness of it straining the seams of her robes, and her focus slipped again. The floral crown momentarily distorted into a pair of jagged, horn-like shapes before snapping back into place. "Ohhh, honey," she crooned, tossing the chicken carelessly onto her lap. "You really got a flair for drama, don't ya?" She waved a hand, conjuring a puff of sweet-smelling mist that dissipated almost instantly, the effort leaving another sharp pang of hunger. "Plagues? Smotin'? Ain't I been feedin' y'all just fine?"

Mistaking the movement for divine agitation, Grace immediately threw herself prostrate, pressing her forehead into the damp earth. "I knew it!" she cried, her voice muffled. "I am so sorry to have ever doubted, my goddess, I swear it was my brother who tried to convince me otherwise! He's at fault! Smite him, please!" Alyssa stared at the back of the girl's head, her tail lashing sharply beneath her robe and nearly knocking over a nearby bowl. "W-well, I mean, I would also appreciate it if you could spare him..." Grace mumbled from the ground. "He's a good man, a little misguided. We'll bring more offerings whenever we can..."

More offerings. She shifted her weight with a soft grunt as her full stomach pressed against her ribs. The glamour pulsed, then dimmed just as Grace chose to lift her head. "Yes! Yes, of course. We are already having such ill fortune on the fields... we would want the goddess of Harvests on our side." She paused, then added quickly, "Ah! My words presume we seek favor with our offerings - we know our place!... but, yes, a little help would be welcome."

Alyssa's stomach chose that exact moment to let loose a thunderous, wet growl that echoed off the rocks. Her face flushed a shade darker as she cleared her throat, loud and unnecessarily dramatic, while patting her belly. Her focus on the glamour wavered again, and one of her small, curling horns slipped free of the illusion, catching the afternoon sunlight. "Ahhh, yes," she drawled, her voice dripping with a mock solemnity she could barely maintain. "Your *place*. That's real wise of ya, darlin'. Real wise." The performance was costing her, her patience snapping as she pointed a trembling finger at the fire pit. "This," she said, her tone clipped, "ain't gonna cook itself."

The fire caught quickly under Grace's deft hands, and soon the scrawny chicken was skewered and held over the flames. The scent of roasting meat hijacked Alyssa's senses, a promise of salt and fat that pulled her focus from everything but the meal to come, and her concentration slipped completely. The floral crown fizzled out of existence. The shimmer of divine light winked out. Both of her horns, slick and black as polished obsidian, were starkly visible. Her tail, long and sinuous, slipped from beneath her robe with a lazy, contented wag. Grace saw it all, her eyes widening, tracking the impossible appendage as it curled and twisted. Her mind seized upon the most familiar danger.

"Ah! Careful, my goddess, a snake is near you!"

Alyssa froze mid-inhale. Her own eyes followed Grace's terrified gaze down to the sinuous, reddish-brown thing swishing happily behind her. Panic, cold and sharp,

lanced through her, and with a startled yelp, she scrambled backward, her body colliding awkwardly with the boulder. The impact sent a tremor through her soft midsection. "No - uh - ahh - !" she stammered, her smooth drawl cracking as her clawed hands flailed wildly at her rear. Finally, she trapped the rebellious tail beneath her thigh, pinning it down with the full force of her weight. "That ain't no *snake*, child," she snapped, her voice high-pitched. With a shaky inhale, Alyssa straightened up, lifting her chin with all the dignity a sweaty, chubby tiefling could muster. "What you saw was a manifestation of divine power," she declared, her voice firm but a touch too shrill, " - *clearly* too advanced for mortal comprehension." She paused, then added with a sniff, "And snakes have no place in a holy shrine. Obviously."

Grace seized on the one tangible thing in the midst of her confusion. "The... the chicken is ready, if you are still interested?"

The question broke the tension. Alyssa's stomach answered with a resounding, sloshing gurggle, and the panic drained away, replaced by a singular, urgent need. She visibly sagged, her shoulders drooping. "Aye," she muttered, rubbing her round belly with both hands. "Chicken. Let's just... pretend that whole thing never happened, alright?" She slid clumsily off the boulder with a grunt, her knees popping with the effort as her plush form swayed slightly before she lumbered forward to snatch the cooked chicken from Grace's trembling hands. "And y'know," she said around a massive, greasy bite, a trickle of juice running down her chin, "if you wanna *really* impress a goddess... y'all could start prayin' with somethin' bigger next time. Like... maybe a pig."

"A pig?" Grace asked. "Our family keeps only a few cows... we could bring you milk, I believe? Cheese, perhaps?"

Disappointment pricked at her, but her mind instantly cataloged the possibilities. "Well, now... milk's alright, I guess," she drawled, her thoughts drifting to pastries and pies. "Goes real nice with certain kinds of things." She fixed Grace with a pointed stare, crossing her arms under her ample chest, a movement that caused her already tight robes to strain further. "Butter'n cheese fill a goddess up different than a proper roast hog would," she warned. "Still... I reckon I could bless a cow or two." At Grace's relieved thanks, Alyssa's stomach chose that moment to rumble again, loud and insistent. She ignored it, lifting her chin and rubbing her rounded belly in slow circles. "Mmhm. Yes, indeed. Blessin' cows is... uh... sacred work. Vital to the balance of nature." She paused, then added with a conspiratorial wink, "Tell yer daddy to leave a nice wheel o' cheese by the shrine

tomorrow morning, and I'll get right on it." With a waddle that suggested digestion was already beginning, she turned back toward her boulder-throne. "Now scoot along, darlin'. Mama's gotta rest up for all that bovine blessin'."

Summer waned into a cool autumn. The offerings changed from fresh vegetables to preserved meats and dense, lard-rich breads that steamed in the cold air. One evening, a month after their encounter, Grace saw the village priests at the edge of the woods, their torches casting angry shadows as they shouted of demons and blasphemy. Grace had said nothing, to them or to Alyssa. She had watched them leave, their threats fading into the trees. She arrived the next morning to find Alyssa visibly softer, the boulder now an ill-fitting perch. The robes she wore were perpetually snug, her once subtle paunch having become a definite, rounded belly that rested in her lap when she sat. Her glamour was weaker, a faint, sputtering shimmer, her horns peeking through more often. Grace noticed the way she seemed to sink into the stone. She had seen the tail. She saw the horns. But she also saw the fields greening, saw her brother's cheeks filling out. Inside her basket, beneath the usual cheeses and cream, was a new robe she had sewn herself, its cut more generous, its fabric softer. As Alyssa took the garment, her claws brushing against Grace's fingers, she felt the extra cloth, the wider seams. For a moment, their eyes met.

THE FOLLOWING HARVEST

Winter bled into a long, prosperous spring. The shrine, once open to the elements, was now sheltered by thick, woven tapestries gifted by the village weavers, turning it into a warm, fire-lit cave where Alyssa spent the cold months in a deep, well-fed slumber. The village had never seen such a bounty. They built Alyssa a wide, sturdy divan of planed oak, piled high with cushions, a proper throne that groaned softly under her weight. Alyssa had grown into it. Her body, once just soft, was now undeniably fat, her belly a generous swell that rested on her thighs.

Her horns, now unhidden, were often adorned with dried flowers left by grateful farmers. Her contentment had made her careless, and her magic, swamped by a constant state of fullness, barely manifested at all, a fact the villagers had reinterpreted as a sign of the goddess's deep, restful peace. Grace's offerings had

become lavish, moving beyond necessity into indulgence - spiced apple pies, dense honey-cakes, meats glistening with fat.

She arrived to find Alyssa nestled within a nest of pillows, soft snores drifting from her lips until the crunch of leaves grew louder. Her eyes fluttered open. "Hmwha - oh. Hey now," she drawled, her voice thick with drowsiness. "Lost track again." She yawned, then stretched with a luxurious groan, the movement pulling her robe tighter across her ample bust and rounded belly as her stomach gave a contented gurgle. "Hope you brung somethin' tasty. Fall's got me feelin' right cozy, but it does make a girl work up an appetite." She patted her belly, her claws brushing idle patterns across the stretched fabric.

Grace laid out the offerings - berries bursting with juice, thick wedges of cheese, golden cream. Alyssa noticed Grace's own tunic pulling a little tighter across her hips, her cheeks fuller now, the hard, sun-browned angles of her jaw beginning to soften. Alyssa patted her massive belly with both hands, feeling the soft weight settle.

"Mmhm," she murmured, voice thick with contentment. "Mighty kind of ya to credit me with the weather. Truth is..." She paused, yawning widely. "...I might've had a *little* help from the sky gods. Gave 'em a polite reminder that if my belly goes empty, *everyone* suffers." Her stomach answered with a deep, rolling gurgle, and she patted it fondly, winced, then let out a long, drawn-out burp. "Oops," she murmured, smirking. "Guess all that pie I had for breakfast decided to remind me it's still with me."

"I am sorry, goddess, we might have been pushing your vessel too hard... there are never enough blessings to go around."

Alyssa chewed on that thought. "Mmhm, tell me about it, darlin'," she finally replied, her voice dripping with mock martyrdom as she patted her enormous belly with exaggerated weariness. "Barely got time to nap between meals... *urp*..." Her stomach chose that moment to let loose another deep, guttural gurgle. "Body's holdin' up," she continued, leaning back with a grunt, "but I ain't gettin' any smaller, that's for damn sure."

She paused, a sly look in her eyes. "Thing is, Grace... all this blessin' and feedin'... it ain't for nothin'. Y'all earned every stalk of wheat, every drop of milk. An' if I'm honest... I kinda like havin' folks depend on me like this." She smirked, tapping a

claw against her full belly. "Feels good, knowin' I'm appreciated. Even if it means I ain't fit to walk five feet without wheezin'. I'm always so, so full..."

Grace tilted her head. "You can overdo it? But... you are a goddess. I am sorry to say, but... perhaps you should have chosen a better vessel, then."

Alyssa's hand froze mid-reach for a wedge of cheese. Her tail went rigid. Her pupils shrank to pinpricks. Then, slowly, she leaned back, folding her arms beneath her ample chest - a difficult task, given the expanse of her belly. "Better vessel, hmm?" she repeated, her voice low and syrup-thick with mockery. "Funny, darlin'. Thought you folks liked havin' a goddess who looked... *approachable*." She gestured vaguely at herself, from her lush curves to her swollen midsection. "Made you feel more comfortable offerin' up all that food, did it?" Her stomach answered with a deep, disgruntled growl.

"Oh! So it is meant to look so sensual, even when fattened," Grace said, a slow blush creeping up her neck. "In truth, I believe the round belly makes it even more appealing. I thought I was being heretical for thinking so."

Alyssa blinked. Once. Twice. Her tail, previously rigid, gave a tentative wiggle. The color in her cheeks deepened. "Well now," she drawled, her voice lower than before, almost husky. "An unexpected sentiment from one of my flock." She smirked, lifting her chin slightly. "Guess there's somethin' to be said for a goddess who knows how to carry herself - even when she's carryin' a lot." Her tail gave a slow, pleased wag, and she let out a soft, rumbling hum as she resettled into her divan.

"Does your vessel require anything else? Is it comfortable?"

Comfortable? Alyssa considered the ache in her back, the stiffness in her legs, the warm, heavy weight of her gut. She shifted with a soft grunt. "Passable. Could stand for a massage, though. All this blessin' work builds up tension." Her stomach gurgled. "Or maybe a nap."

"A massage? I have never tried, but if you would allow me..." Grace knelt at Alyssa's feet, her hands tentative, awkward, but warm on her calves. Alyssa let out a soft, surprised noise, a grunt that melted into a sigh as her eyelids drooped. "Mmhh... well, ain't this new," she murmured, her voice thick with pleasure. "Never figured you for the massagin' type, darlin'." She shifted, angling her feet toward Grace. "You got the right idea," she encouraged. "Just dig those fingers in deeper. Legs carry a lotta weight these days... most of it's concentrated somewhere else."

Grace's clumsy but devoted work continued for a moment. Then she paused. "Ah, but I am yet to finish..."

Alyssa's eyes fluttered open. She watched as Grace selected a ripe berry from the offering basket, lifting it delicately - no longer clumsy, but confident. The berry hovered just before Alyssa's parted lips. This was different. "Well now," she murmured, her voice low. "Someone's gettin' brave." She opened her mouth, and allowed Grace to slip the berry between her lips. The flavor burst instantly. She closed her eyes, savoring it before chewing slowly. As she swallowed, a soft, appreciative growl rumbled from deep within her chest. Her stomach answered with a slow, rolling gurgle.

"More, my goddess?"

Grace kept feeding her, her selections growing bolder - a slice of dense, honey-drenched cake, a thick wedge of aged cheese. Between bites, Alyssa let out soft, appreciative noises, her belly swelling visibly, rising higher beneath her gown, stretched taut like a drum. "Mmm... *uurp*... aye, that's the spirit," she murmured, eyes closed in bliss. "Worry little about overfeedin' a goddess. Keep goin'..."

The shrine was bathed in the golden hues of sunset, the once-full offering tray now a battlefield of crumbs and empty plates beside the divan. Alyssa lay utterly spent, her massive belly a vast, quivering dome beneath her gown. Her breathing was deep and slow, each inhale accompanied by a slight wheeze, each exhale ending in a soft burp. Her eyes were half-closed, glazed with euphoria.

"Oh, wow... I am sorry to have ever doubted you, my goddess..." Grace's voice was full of awe. "This vessel is clearly a good fit for you. Though... perhaps I pushed it too hard. Are you feeling well?"

Alyssa let out a slow, languid burp. She blinked, a glazed gleam in her eyes. Her tail gave a lazy wag, then went limp over the armrest. "Mmhh..." she hummed, shifting slightly as the divan creaked under her weight. "Feelin' well? Darlin', I ain't felt this good since I conned my first poor sap into feedin' me three square meals a day."

The word slipped out. *Conned*. It hung in the air.

“...conned?” Grace asked, her voice small.

This was it. Alyssa saw the change in Grace's eyes - the quiet, steady focus that replaced months of faith. She tried a slow, wheezy chuckle. “Conned? Why, darlin’, whatever do you mean? Just old talk.” But the lie was thin, and her belly - round, swollen, real - shifted with her, betraying her humanity. Her horns, stark and real, were plain to see.

Grace's gaze sharpened. “Why would a goddess look so scared?” Grace asked, her voice quiet. “Are you unable to... smite me?” She stepped closer, her hand reaching out and landing flat on the warm, taut curve of Alyssa's stomach.

Alyssa let out a high-pitched, startled yelp. The soft flesh yielded, warm and full and profoundly mortal. Her plush frame squirmed. “Smite. Me.” Grace pushed harder. A dull thud. A low, wet gurgle from deep within Alyssa's gut. She let out a sharp breath, her back arching slightly. “Darlin’...” she breathed, her voice low and strained, “you really wanna test how divine I am?”

Grace's other hand moved, quicker this time, closing over Alyssa's breast. Her thumb found the nipple through the thin, stretched fabric and squeezed. Alyssa's entire body locked up. Her breath caught in her throat. A slow, ragged gasp escaped her lips. “Unless... what?” she managed, her voice barely a whisper. “Unless my divinity is a lie?” Her smirk was a fragile, wavering line.

Grace pressed closer. “So you admit it! You, absolute, deplorable, despicable, fattened...” Her face was inches from hers, her breath a ghost against Alyssa's lips. The words should have stung, but laced with a fury that felt disturbingly like passion, they landed differently. Alyssa's breath hitched. “...what?” she managed to whisper. “You, you feel... ughh!”

Grace's mouth crashed against hers. The kiss was a collision. For a split second, every muscle in Alyssa's body locked up. Then, just as quickly, she yielded. A soft, broken noise escaped her throat as her plush frame went boneless, her massive belly squishing heavily between them as a warm, full, and impossibly human barrier. Her claws found purchase on Grace's shoulders. She kissed back like a girl - fat, overheated, and overwhelmed - who had run out of lies. She broke away with a gasp, panting, cheeks flushed.

Grace pulled back, her own face a mask of turmoil. “I... I feel such strange things...” she stammered. “Just look at you! Growing fat off our produce for so long... and you lied! I should be furious, but...”

Alyssa listened, her breath still coming in shallow pants. "Furious?" she murmured, her voice hoarse. "Aye. Reckon you oughta be." She let out a slow, wheezy chuckle. "Lied to ya. Let ya feed me till I could move, let ya rub my belly like I was some prize cow - hell, I *look* like one now." She patted her swollen midsection with a bitter fondness. She exhaled heavily, the sound carrying the weight of years spent running, of cons that got too comfortable. She looked Grace straight in the eye. "But here's the thing, darlin'..." Her voice dropped lower, a whisper tinged with something real. "I never meant for any of it to go this far. I just... I got hungry. And y'all gave me somethin' I've craved my whole life." She paused, swallowing hard, her stomach giving a slow, deep gurgle. "Appreciation. Comfort. A reason to stay put." She let out a shaky breath. "I told myself I'd leave before anyone noticed. Before I got... attached." Her eyes flicked to her belly, then back to Grace. "Guess I waited too long."

Grace's fingers tightened on her gown. "I... I feel it too..." she confessed. "I am angry, but then I see how you have grown, feel how soft and plump your body is... it all melts away. I just want to give you more."

The words landed on Alyssa like a verdict. A shudder ran through her plush frame, a deep, involuntary tremor that started in her overstuffed gut. "Mmhh... dammit, Grace," she murmured, her voice rough, her golden eyes fluttering shut. "Going soft on me now." She felt Grace press closer, the warmth of her body a solid presence.

Grace's whisper was hot against her ear. "Yes. I want you to stay. I will keep your secret. I want to bring you more. I want you to eat more than you should, and for me to force you to."

Alyssa's breath hitched as Grace leaned into the kiss again, this time with a new tenderness. As their lips met, she felt Grace's free hand at the hem of her gown, tugging the fabric upward, over the massive swell of her belly. The cool night air hit her exposed skin. The moonlight spilled over the vast, taut landscape of her midsection, tracing the silvery lines of stretch marks. There was no glamour now. Just her. Sprawled on a divan, belly bared, undone. A soft, broken noise escaped her throat. Her fingers found Grace's shoulders and clung there. Her hand ventured lower, seeking a path between Grace's thighs, but the angle was wrong. The sheer bulk of her own indulgence blocked the way.

"Too full," she rasped, a frustrated whimper escaping her. "The vessel is... ill-equipped for that right now."

Grace paused. "Fine." Her hand moved upward instead, finding her nipple through the thin fabric and squeezing. A sharp, breathy gasp tore from Alyssa's throat. Her back arched, her massive belly rising. "Damn, Grace..." she murmured, her voice thick with heat. "It feels strange, usin' kindness like this... after catchin' me in a lie." Her tail gave a slow, helpless wag. Her stomach gave a deep, slow gurgle, and she let out a muffled moan. "Y'gonna keep spoilin' me like this, darlin'?"

"Yes."

The single word was a promise. The last of Alyssa's resistance crumbled.

Grace's voice was a low, practical murmur. "...this divan is large. Lean down... yes, just so, with your back on the cushions... as far as you can."

Alyssa let out a slow, wheezy breath and obeyed. The movement was a struggle, the divan groaning under her shifting bulk, but finally, she managed to recline, sprawling across the cushions like a fallen statue. Her belly rose high above her, a smooth, taut dome of softness. Her plush thighs parted with a soft rustle of fabric.

"Ahhh - oh, hell..." Her breath hitched as Grace's fingers finally found their way home, brushing against folds that were hot and slick and ready. Her entire body shuddered. "Damn, Grace..." Her voice was a broken thing now, her tail snapping erect before curling tightly around nothing.

Grace found her rhythm - steady, confident, devoted. Alyssa's body trembled, her massive belly rising and falling in sync with each wave of pleasure. Her tail curled and uncurled, a frantic, helpless metronome. "Mmhh... oh gods, Grace..." she murmured, her voice thick with heat. "To be touched like this again... after growing so big..." Her plush thighs quivered. Her stomach gave a slow, deep gurgle, full and tender and needy. "Keep goin', darlin'..." she rasped.

Grace's touch shifted. Her tongue. A slow, deliberate spelling out. K-E-E-P. Each letter was a fresh torment. E-A-T-I-N-G. The final letter was drawn out, a long, languid stroke that shattered her composure.

"Yes... yes, darlin'..." she rasped, her voice thick with pleasure and fullness alike. "Always gotta keep me in check, don'tcha? Remind me who keeps me full, who keeps me safe... My whole purpose now is to eat 'til my body fails... and let you do this whenever you please."

"Precisely."

Then the rhythm quickened. The shrine filled with sound. Alyssa cried out - sharp, then long, then undone - as the pleasure peaked, crashing over her in waves that rippled through her plush, overstuffed body. Her massive belly trembled, her plush thighs clenching, her tail snapping taut before curling so tightly around the armrest it threatened to leave an imprint.

"Grace - oh gods, Grace - "

The divan creaked under her weight as her body rocked with the aftershocks. Slow, deep pulses of warmth spread outward from her core. Her stomach gave a deep, satisfied gurgle. She let out a long, wheezy breath, her limbs slackening, her plush frame sinking deeper into the cushions with a contented groan. "...thank you," she whispered. "Felt nothin' like that in... hell, I have few memories of a time before." Her golden eyes fluttered open, hazy and half-lidded. Her massive belly rose and fell in slow, steady rhythms - content, relaxed, claimed. "You really... stayed," she murmured, her voice thick with exhaustion and awe. "Even after seein' the truth. Even after realizin' I'm just a greedy, fat fraud who took more than she deserved..." Her stomach gave a slow, satisfied gurgle, as if disagreeing.

Grace pulled away slowly. The carved post was removed with a quiet scrape, and Alyssa's belly settled back down with a soft, luxurious sigh. "Well now..." Grace's voice was a low murmur. "You caught my little message, have you? Come, now." She stepped closer and picked up one of the fresh loaves of bread from the offering table. She tore a piece from it, the crust crackling, and held it near Alyssa's lips.

Alyssa watched her through half-lidded eyes, her body a warm, heavy weight. The bread smelled of yeast and salt. Her stomach gave a deep gurgle, a sound of protest and promise all at once. "Mmhh... always takin' care of me, aren't ya?" she murmured. She parted her lips, accepting the offering. It was a tribute to something new.

Grace smiled and lowered the bread. She sat on the edge of the divan. "Belonging to me? Well... yes. Why. I like that."

Alyssa let out a slow, wheezy chuckle, her golden eyes fluttering shut as she savored the weight of the words. Her massive belly gave a slow, satisfied gurgle. "Well now," she murmured, her voice low and drowsy, syrup-thick with contentment, "ain't that the sweetest damn thing I've ever heard." She shifted

slightly, her plush frame molding closer to Grace's side as she let her head rest against her shoulder. Her tail gave a feeble wag before settling across her thigh. "Reckon I've belonged to ya the minute ya figured out I was just a fraud in a nice dress," she mused, her voice carrying only quiet honesty.

"Yes," Grace affirmed. "Yes, I would say so too. But, you know... a cute fraud. One with a huge chest, an ass wider than mine, and an even bigger, fatter, bloated, insatiable belly. You have a nice set of eyes too, I suppose."

Alyssa let out a soft, wheezy laugh. "Mmhh... darlin', if that ain't the nicest damn love poem I've ever been gifted," she murmured. "Big tits, wide hips, bigger belly... aye, reckon you got yourself a real prize." She smirked. "Truth be told," she continued, her voice dropping lower, "I thought my appeal would wane like this. All soft, all full, all... taken." Her stomach gave a slow, contented gorgle.

"You are the one who is stuck, Aly. I just live here." Grace leaned into her side. "...but... yes. I am going nowhere."

Alyssa let out a slow, shaky breath. Her golden eyes fluttered open, wide and wet, reflecting the flickering candlelight. "Grace..." she murmured, her voice cracking slightly. "A word like that is a dangerous thing around a liar like me." Her tail curled slowly around Grace's thigh, tentative, almost shy. Her voice dropped lower, huskier. "But... if I had to be loved by someone," she continued, smirking faintly, though her eyes remained serious, "glad it's you."

Grace hugged her then. It was an awkward embrace, clumsy given the sheer scale of her plush, overstuffed frame, but it was determined. It was real. Alyssa's tail gave a slow, contented wag before settling limply. Her golden eyes fluttered shut as she allowed herself to sink into the embrace. "Mmhh... darlin'," she murmured, her voice low and rough with affection, "you really are stuck with me now, ain't ya?" She shifted slightly, careful. Her stomach gave a slow, satisfied gurgle. "This fraud's yours," she added, her voice softer now, almost sleepy.

The moon rose high. Grace eventually draped a thick woolen blanket over Alyssa, warm and heavy. She tucked it around her shoulders, her movements gentle. Then she settled back onto the divan, resting her head against the soft, yielding curve of Alyssa's hip.

EPILOGUE: FIVE YEARS LATER

The seasons turned. The shrine, once a place of anxious supplication, became a haven of quiet gratitude. The farmers left their offerings out of a genuine, reverent affection for the lazy, gluttonous being who resided there. The divan was reinforced again, then again, its legs now thick as saplings, its surface piled high with silks, a throne of softness built to accommodate its queen.

Alyssa moved very little. Her world had narrowed to the gentle drone of bees, the warmth of the sun, and the constant, reassuring weight of her own belly. It was a vast, pillowy landscape now, a mountain of soft, yielding flesh that rested heavily on her plush thighs. She slept often, a deep, resonant snore vibrating through her chest, her horns wreathed in the fresh flowers Grace brought her each morning.

Grace found her dozing in the late afternoon sun, a half-eaten loaf of honeybread resting on the slope of her stomach. She was a monument of flesh, a testament to years of devoted feeding. Her belly was an orb, sagging heavily between her spread thighs, jiggling with every labored breath. At the familiar sound of footsteps, her golden eyes fluttered open.

"Mmhh... speak of the devil," she murmured, her voice thick with sleep. "Was just dreamin' about ya... and a whole mess of roasted potatoes." She patted her massive belly with vague amusement. "Think I ate half the province in my sleep again." Her stomach answered with a deep, rolling gurgle, prompting a long, drawn-out belch.

"Hello, 'goddess,'" Grace said, her voice filled with a love that had eclipsed any pretense of worship. "I see you have been hard at work." She reached out and poked Alyssa's belly button.

Alyssa let out a soft, startled *mmph!* as her belly quivered. She squirmed with a sleepy protest. "Mmhh... Grace, darlin'... that's a mighty fine way to wake a goddess. Pokin' and proddin' like she's some kind of livestock." Her smirk was slow. "And for your information, I have been very busy today. Sat here, let six different farmers pray at my feet, listened to a goat-related crisis I did absolutely nothing about..."

"I can see that," Grace teased. "A shame, because I brought so much... oh well, I will just throw it in the lake."

Alyssa's eyes snapped fully open. "Wait - what?!" She struggled against her own bulk, attempting to sit up with a series of soft grunts and wheezes, her massive belly heaving. "You best be serious, darlin'. After all the blessin' and eatin' and

belchin' I've done for this town, you're gonna toss perfectly good eats into the lake?!"

"You are a savvy goddess, are you?" Grace's grin was wicked. "You have begun to resemble the cows at the farm." She stepped closer and stuffed a big chunk of cheese into her mouth.

Alyssa let out a muffled *mmph!*, her eyes widening. She chewed slowly, swallowed with an audible gulp. "Go comparing me to the livestock if you plan on givin' me their share o' grain too," she muttered. She leaned back with a grunt, her plush frame sinking deeper into the oversized divan. "Sure, I've gotten a lil' rounder... but last I checked, cows lay around gettin' worshipped and fed till they pass out. That's strictly reserved for lazy frauds like me."

"You are right, of course. Our cows are looking much skinner than you."

Grace fed her another piece, this time bread. Alyssa accepted it with a slow, satisfied hum.

"Mmhm... keep goin', darlin'," she encouraged, her voice thick with affection and fullness alike.

"Still unsatisfied? Greedy as usual, Aly," Grace whispered, her hand moving to tug gently at Alyssa's nipple through the thin fabric. "Perhaps later, I should get between your legs and start licking for our goddess's pleasure."

Alyssa nearly choked, her body going rigid. Her tail snapped upright. "Mmhh... Grace," she rasped, her voice a cocktail of laughter and scandalized delight. "It feels strange, talkin' like that in your own shrine." She patted her enormous belly with exaggerated innocence. "Especially when I'm too full to do anythin' 'bout it."

She was, and they both knew it. Her belly, a monument built of cheese and bread and years of unwavering affection, rested between them, a warm and living testament to the best con she had ever pulled. Grace simply smiled, leaned in, and fed her another bite. The afternoon sun slanted lower. Grace settled onto the edge of the divan, her movements now as familiar and practiced as the seasons themselves. She broke off another piece of bread, dipped it in a pot of cream, and brought it to Alyssa's waiting lips. Alyssa accepted it with a soft, sleepy hum, her eyes already drifting shut.

The world outside the shrine continued on. But here, in this quiet pocket of the world, time was measured in offerings, in the slow, contented rise and fall of a belly that was always full, in the gentle, unwavering presence of a girl who had stumbled upon a goddess and found something far more real. Grace eventually rested her head against the warm, yielding expanse of Alyssa's side, her own small, soft belly pressing gently against the goddess's hip, listening to the slow, deep gurgles from within - the soft, rhythmic music of a promise kept.

And in the quiet of the shrine, surrounded by the bounty of a land she had feigned blessing, the tiefling was home.