

A Lie Well Fed

By DarkeyeV2 - RAW CHATLOG

Alyssa

You approach the old, mossy shrine at the edge of the village, your offering clutched in your hands. The air is thick with the scent of wildflowers and damp earth. Reclined upon a sun-warmed boulder, as if it were a throne, is Alyssa. Her simple robes, likely a gift from the village, pull a little snug across her soft middle as she leans back, one leg idly swinging. In her red-skinned hand, she holds a half-eaten honey-drenched apple.

She doesn't look up immediately, her attention solely on the treat. Her tail, which you've learned she usually keeps carefully concealed, gives a barely perceptible flick against the stone behind her. Finally, after another large, noisy bite, she glances over, eyes half-lidded and lazy, a trickle of honey glistening at the corner of her mouth. "Mmhm. 'Bout damn time," she drawls, her voice a warm, smooth Southern melody that seems at odds with the 'divinity' she projects. She wipes her sticky fingers on her robes without a second thought. "Was beginnin' to think the... uh... spirits of the field had led ya astray, honey."

She takes another deliberate bite of the apple, chewing slowly before continuing, her gaze dropping to your offering and then significantly to her own slightly rounded belly, which she pats absently. "This 'ere... divine vessel," she says, with a slight, almost sarcastic emphasis on 'divine vessel,' "requires constant upkeep, y'know. Gets mighty peckish if left unattended for too long."

Her patience, already thin, seems to snap. She straightens up a fraction, her eyes now keenly focused on your offering. "So, c'mon now, darlin'. Don't just stand there lookin' like a lost calf. Hand it over. My energies are fadin', and your goddess is gettin' hungry." Her stomach emits a soft, anticipatory gurgle, a sound she makes no effort to hide.

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL

7/10 - *Good Success (limited progress, building momentum)*

"Alright, fine... I'm getting to it, I simply didn't want to disturb a... goddess... mmm... well, either way, this is what I brought you."

HARVEST ROLL

3/10

"Yeah, I know, not a lot, but my father's fields haven't had the best luck these last months."

Alyssa

As Grace steps closer with the offering—a modest bundle of root vegetables and a single, somewhat scrawny chicken—Alyssa's nose wrinkles ever so slightly, though she quickly masks the reaction with a beatific smile that doesn't quite reach her eyes. Her tail twitches again behind her, betraying mild irritation beneath its careful concealment under her robe. The honey-slicked apple in her hand gets tossed aside with a practiced flick, landing somewhere in the bushes with a dull thud.

The "goddess" sits up a bit straighter now, her posture stiffening as she surveys the offering. A slow breath escapes her, exaggerated like a sigh of great burden borne only by divine shoulders. Her stomach lets out another low rumble, louder this time, echoing faintly off the surrounding trees. She clears her throat pointedly, attempting to cover it, while her glowing illusion—meant to surround her in a gentle golden light—flickers once, twice, then stabilizes uneasily.

"Well now," she begins, drawing out each word like molasses dripping from a spoon, "ain't that... thoughtful." There's a pause as she reaches down and plucks the chicken up by one limp wing. It dangles pathetically in her clawed grip.

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL

5/10 - *Costly Success (yes, but... with clear drawback.)*

"Listen, I don't know if you even do that kind of things but... I'd appreciate it if you didn't smite us, or send a plague, or..."

Alyssa

At Grace's hesitant plea, Alyssa's ears twitch—one of them peeking just above her floral glamour, which shimmers faintly, struggling to hold shape. For a brief moment, something flickers across her face: amusement? annoyance? hunger? It's hard to tell. Then she lets out a drawn-out chuckle, rich and syrupy, leaning back against the rock with theatrical grace despite the slight strain on her overstuffed midsection.

"Ohhh, honey," she croons, tossing the chicken carelessly onto her lap where it flops limply, "you really got a flair for drama, don't ya?" She lazily lifts a hand and waves it in the air between you, conjuring a puff of sweet-smelling incense-like mist—an attempt at 'divine presence' that dissipates far too quickly thanks to the wind and her flagging focus. The floral glow dims further.

"Plagues? Smotin'? Ain't I been feedin' y'all just fine?" She pauses, clearly expecting some sort of response, though she doesn't wait for one before going on. "Now listen here, sugarplum—I may be a powerful spirit of harvest and bounty..." She pauses again, longer this time, letting the silence hang just long enough for doubt to creep in before adding with a smirk,

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL

1/10 - Critical Failure (no progress, significant setback)

I immediately kneel before her, with my head pressed onto the ground.

"I knew it! I'm sorry to have ever doubted that, my goddess, I swear it was my brother who tried to convince me of the opposite! He's at fault! Smite him, not me!"

Alyssa

For a heartbeat, Alyssa stares at Grace, frozen mid-bite on a fingernail she'd been idly nibbling. Her glamour flickers violently—her illusory floral crown momentarily distorts into jagged, horn-like shapes before snapping back into place with a visible effort of will. Her tail lashes sharply beneath her robe, nearly knocking over a nearby clay bowl filled with dried berries, a gift from yesterday's tithes.

Then, abruptly, she laughs. Not the warm, syrupy chuckle from earlier, but a sharp, surprised bark that carries equal parts disbelief and delight. Her plush belly jiggles with the motion, and she clutches at her side as if it might split open from laughing too hard. The chicken squawks feebly in protest as she shifts on her makeshift throne.

"Whew!" she wheezes, wiping at one eye with the back of her hand. "Girl, I ain't never seen someone throw their kin under the cart quite like that."

She leans forward, elbows resting heavily on her knees, her clawed fingers steeped together as she studies Grace with sudden intensity. Her glow flickers again—this time failing altogether, plunging her in plain view as a tired, overweight tiefling covered in crumbs and dirt instead of a radiant deity. She doesn't notice—or perhaps doesn't care.

Grace

I'm still face down on the ground, so I don't see that.

"W-well, I mean, I would also appreciate it if you could spare him too... he's a good guy, we'll bring you more offerings whenever we can..."

Alyssa

Alyssa exhales loudly, rolling her shoulders as she stretches her neck from side to side with audible pops. Her tail curls loosely around the edge of the boulder, idly tapping a rhythm only she can hear. With a dramatic groan, she hauls herself upright, her soft frame swaying slightly as she looms over Grace.

A poorly-timed breeze catches the hem of her robe, revealing a sliver of her rounded thigh and a patch of bare, red skin near her knee where the disguise has worn thin. She doesn't react—not yet—but her illusion flares back to life with a sudden burst of energy, brighter than before, as if compensating.

"More offerings, huh?" *she muses aloud, dragging the words out like they're heavy. Her stomach growls loudly again, and this time she actually winces, placing a palm flat against her belly as if that'll quiet it down.*

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL

1/10 - Critical Failure (no progress, significant setback)

I look up at her.

"Yes! Yes, of course. We are already having such a bad luck on the fields... we wouldn't want for the goddess of Harvests to not be on our side. Ah! N-not that we are looking for that with our offerings - we know our place!... but, yes, a little help would be nice."

Alyssa

The moment Grace looks up, Alyssa's glowing facade wavers again—this time less than before. The golden shimmer sputtering like a dying candle, her false halo dipping low enough that one tiny curling horn slips free of the illusion, catching the afternoon sunlight with a faint gleam. Her red skin flushes a shade darker.

Her stomach chooses that exact moment to let loose a thunderous, wet growl, echoing off the rocks like distant storm clouds. Alyssa's eyes dart downward instinctively, then snap back to Grace with forced severity, as if daring her to comment. She clears her throat again, loud and unnecessarily dramatic, while patting her belly like it's a pet that should behave.

"Ahhh, yes," she drawls, voice dripping with mock solemnity, "your place. That's real wise of ya, darlin'. Real wise." She drags the words out, rocking slightly on her feet as she tries—and fails—to mask the growing discomfort of staying up with an overstuffed belly for too long. Her hips shift, redistributing weight with a soft rustle of fabric straining against her plush curves.

Then, abruptly, she gestures toward the chicken with a clawed finger. "This," she says, tone clipped, "'ain't gonna cook itself."

 Grace

"Oh! Oh, yes, of course, my goddess..."

I look around, seeing if there's a fire I could use nearby among other things.

PERCEPTION ROLL

9/10 - Temporal Traces (ex. history, recent changes, accumulated effects, etc.)

 Alyssa

Alyssa watches Grace scramble to her feet, eyes darting about like a startled deer. Something about the sight amuses her—it's been a while since anyone showed this much reverence. Or fear. Either way, it suits her just fine.

Her stomach lets out another deep, gurgling protest, and she folds her arms across her chest, jutting out her lower lip in a pout as she shifts uncomfortably. Her tail curls tightly around her leg beneath her robe, as if grounding herself. The glamour flickers again—stronger this time, briefly revealing both curled horns before snapping back into place.

"You sure are fidgety today, sweetheart," she murmurs, voice low and teasing though edged with impatience. She lets out a slow breath, her eyes narrowing slightly as she watches Grace search the clearing.

Meanwhile, Grace notices:

- The remains of several fires scattered throughout the clearing — all cold, most recently used within the past few days. One, nearer to the shrine, shows signs of being hastily extinguished, possibly during Alyssa's previous mealtime interruptions.*
 - A pile of dry brush and sticks stacked haphazardly beside a flat stone slab, likely intended for future rituals or offerings-turned-cookouts.*
 - Small, greasy stains on the grass near the boulder where Alyssa lounges.*
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 Grace

I attempt to light a fire near the shrine.

MANUAL ROLL

9/10 - Clean Execution (smooth work, well-handled)

I then attempt to cook the chicken for Alyssa.

COOKING ROLL

8/10 - Clean Execution (smooth work, well-handled)

Alyssa

Alyssa watches with mild interest as Grace springs into action, moving with surprising efficiency. The fire catches quickly under her deft hands, crackling to life with a satisfying warmth that spreads through the clearing. Soon after, the scrawny chicken finds itself skewered awkwardly on a stick and held over the flames.

From her perch atop the boulder, Alyssa shifts again, her plush thighs pressing uncomfortably against the rough-hewn surface. Her stomach churns with anticipation, the smell of roasting meat doing little to soothe its grumbling protests. She lets out a low hum of approval, stretching her arms above her head and arching her back in a manner reminiscent of a cat, her robe pulling tighter across her rounded middle.

Moments pass. The fire burns steadily. The chicken browns nicely, juices beginning to drip and hiss into the flame.

Suddenly, Alyssa's illusion wavers again—more severely this time. The golden glow vanishes entirely. The floral crown flickers out of existence. Both horns peek free, slick and black as polished obsidian. And worse—much worse—her tail, long and sinuous and distinctly not human, slips partially from beneath her robe with a lazy wag.

She blinks, oblivious—at least for now. "Smells good," she comments, voice rich with satisfaction, though her tongue flicks out nervously for just a moment.

Grace

PERCEPTION ROLL

10/10 - Critical Success (achieves goal, extra benefit)

INSIGHT ROLL

2/10 - Poor Failure (no progress, minor consequence)

I catch sight of the tail, and mistake it for a snake.

"Ah! Carefull, my goddess, there seems to be a snake near you!"

Alyssa

At Grace's shriek of warning Alyssa freezes mid-stretch, her spine locking like a board. Her eyes go wide, pupils contracting into narrow slits as realization crashes over her like icy water. Her tail—her damn tail—is fully exposed now, curling and twisting in the air like a living question mark.

For a heartbeat, neither of them moves.

Then Alyssa erupts into motion. With a startled yelp, she scrambles backward on her seat, her plush body colliding awkwardly with the boulder behind her. The impact sends a tremor through her soft midsection, jostling her overstuffed belly and earning a grunt of surprise. Clawed hands flail wildly at her rear, trying desperately to snatch the rogue limb back under her robe, but only manage to slap at empty air and pull at fabric.

"No—uh—ahh—!" she stammers, her usual smooth drawl cracking under pressure. Her cheeks flush crimson as she finally manages to trap the rebellious tail beneath her thigh, pinning it down with sheer force of will. "That ain't no snake, child," she snaps, voice high-pitched and defensive, "that's... that's part of the divine regalia! Yeah."

Grace

MENTAL ROLL

1/10 - Analysis Paralysis (ex. overthinking, endless loops, decision paralysis, etc.)

"I, uh, I-I... what?? But, but the snake..."

Alyssa

Alyssa's tail gives a final, defiant wiggle beneath her thigh before settling—mostly—into stillness. Sweat beads along her hairline, though whether from panic or sheer exertion, it's hard to say. Her chest rises and falls rapidly, her ample bosom heaving beneath her strained robes as she struggles to regain composure.

The fire crackles cheerfully beside them, blissfully unaware of the unfolding disaster.

With a shaky inhale, Alyssa straightens up, lifting her chin with all the dignity a sweaty, overweight tiefling perched on a mossy boulder can muster. She wipes ineffectually at her robes, smoothing invisible wrinkles while surreptitiously checking if her horns are still properly disguised. They aren't—one still peeks stubbornly from beneath her glamour, unnoticed.

Grace continues to stare, blinking rapidly, mouth opening and closing like a fish gasping for air.

Finally, Alyssa points dramatically at the fire, her clawed finger trembling slightly from nerves and suppressed frustration. "You listen here, little miss," she declares, voice firm but just a touch too shrill to be convincing, "what you saw was a manifestation of divine power—clearly too advanced for mortal comprehension." She pauses, then adds with a sniff, "And snakes don't belong in holy places anyway. Obviously."

Grace

MENTAL ROLL 2/10 - Tunnel Vision (ex. fixation, missing alternatives, rigid thinking, etc.)

"A-Alright, I-I'm sorry, I didn't know that gods had... yes, no, I was mistaken, clearly so, you're right. The... the, um, the chicken is ready, if you're still interested?"

Alyssa

Alyssa opens her mouth—presumably to continue her tirade of divine indignation—but stops short when the scent of roasted chicken hits her nostrils again. Stronger this time. Closer. Done.

Her stomach answers with a resounding, sloshing gurgle that seems to echo off every tree trunk in the forest. She visibly sags at the sound, her shoulders drooping, her entire demeanor softening like butter left too long in the sun. Whatever authority she'd managed to scrape together crumbles away in an instant.

Her tail, still pinned awkwardly beneath her thigh, gives a feeble twitch. "Mmgh," she mutters, rubbing at her round belly with both hands now, her claws grazing lightly over the stretched fabric of her robe. "Yeah. Chicken. Let's just... pretend that whole thing never happened, alright?" She shoots Grace a sheepish glance, one horn still poking rudely through her faltering glamour. "Wouldn't wantcha gettin' ideas above yer station."

She slides clumsily off the boulder with a grunt, landing with a soft plop on her feet. Her plush form sways slightly before she lumbers forward, belly preceding her like a ship before the wind, reaching eagerly for the skewered bird.

Alyssa

She snatches the cooked chicken from Grace's trembling hands with a triumphant grunt, holding it aloft like a trophy before taking a massive bite straight off the stick. Juices dribble down her chin and onto her already stained robes, but she couldn't care less. Her eyelids flutter shut in pure ecstasy.

"Mmmph—oh, sweet merciful cornfields—" she moans around a mouthful, chewing with her mouth slightly open, bits of meat threatening to spill out the corners. "—this is good, darlin'. Real good. Might just keep you around after all."

She pauses, swallowing audibly, before leveling Grace with a lopsided grin smeared with grease. Her tail, now forgotten, wriggles slightly from beneath her robe again in contentment. This time, she doesn't bother fixing it.

"But y'know," she continues, waving the half-eaten chicken like a scepter, "if you wanna really impress a goddess..." She lets the sentence hang, punctuated by another loud belch that echoes off the trees. She pats her belly with satisfaction. "Y'all could start prayin' with somethin' bigger next time. Like... maybe a pig."

Grace

"A... a pig? Our family doesn't have those, only a couple of cows... we could get you some milk, I think? Cheese, maybe?"

PERSUASION ROLL 6/10 - Weak Success (limited progress)

Alyssa

Alyssa chews slowly, her jaw working side to side like a cow chewing cud, her eyes narrowing in consideration as Grace offers up dairy products instead of pork. Her tail curls thoughtfully around her leg again, the tip flicking lazily through the air like a metronome. Around her, the remnants of the fire pop softly, casting flickering shadows across the clearing.

She swallows the last of the chicken with an audible gulp, then pats her belly absently. A soft burp bubbles up from deep within her, delicate and airy compared to her earlier display. "Well, now... milk's alright, I guess. Goes real nice with certain kinds of pastries. Pies, puddings..."

She trails off dreamily for a moment, imagining buttery crusts and creamy fillings, her stomach giving a pleased little ripple at the thought. Then she shakes her head, as if waking from a trance, and fixes Grace with a pointed stare.

"Butter'n cheese won't fill a goddess up like a proper roast hog would," she warns, crossing her arms under her ample chest, which causes her already tight robes to strain further across her midsection. "Still... I reckon I could bless a cow or two." She pauses, considering.

Grace

"Oh! Well that would be splendid, thank you goddess. My father will be very pleased!"

Alyssa

Alyssa's stomach rumbles again—loud, insistent, and completely undermining the lofty image she's trying so hard to project. She ignores it valiantly, lifting her chin and

attempting to summon some semblance of divine gravitas. Unfortunately, a stray crumb still clings to the corner of her mouth, and her remaining glamour flickers again, briefly turning her floral crown into a pair of wilted-looking vines.

"Mmhm," she hums, nodding sagely as she rubs her rounded belly in slow circles. "Yes, yes indeed. Blessin' cows is... uh... sacred work. Vital to the balance of nature and all that." She pauses, then adds 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."

She turns back toward her boulder-throne with a waddle that suggests digestion has already begun in earnest, her tail sneaking out from beneath her robe again to curl lazily behind her like a satisfied housecat's. The floral glow flickers weakly around her head, barely holding shape.

"Now scoot along, darlin'. Mama's gotta rest up for all that bovine blessin'."

Grace

"O-of course, I'll... I'll see to it! Thank you once again, goddess."

Alyssa

Alyssa settles back onto her boulder with a contented sigh, her plush thighs molding comfortably into the moss-covered surface. Her tail gives one last happy wiggle before disappearing beneath her robe—mostly. She watches Grace retreat with half-lidded eyes, her expression slack with post-meal satisfaction.

Belatedly, as if struck by divine inspiration—or indigestion—she raises a clawed hand in farewell, her voice a sleepy drawl tinged with amusement. "See that ya do, honey. An' don't forget—cheese. Big one. Round like the moon. I'm partial to miracles shaped like wheels."

Her stomach gurgles loudly in agreement, and she pats it fondly, already envisioning the next offering. "Run along now. Goddess business awaits."

With that, she closes her eyes and leans back, allowing the late afternoon sun to warm her full belly as Grace hurries away.

 Grace

HARVEST ROLL *8/10 - Clear Success (achieves goal)*

Though Alyssa wasn't there, a decently sized cheese wheel is left by the shrine the morning after.

MONTHS LATER *I return to the shrine.*

 Alyssa

The shrine is quieter now, the moss creeping a little farther up the stones, the air carrying the crisp scent of autumn. Leaves crunch underfoot as Grace approaches, and the boulder that once served as Alyssa's throne bears fresh carvings—unintentional ones, made by claw marks from countless naps spent sprawling across it.

Alyssa herself is nestled cozily beneath a patched-up canopy of woven branches and cloth, a crude addition the villagers must've erected to shield their "goddess" from the chill. Pillows abound. Blankets are strewn artfully—or sloppily, depending on perspective—around her.

She lies sprawled on her back, arms pillowing her head, her plush figure even softer and rounder than before. Months of steady feasting have done wonders for her form: her belly is now a generous swell, rising proudly beneath a new tailored robe that strains delicately at the seams. Her horns are now better disguised, with a fancier, albeit perpetually slipping, floral glamour. Her tail curls lazily around one pillow, occasionally twitching in dreamland.

Soft snores drift from her lips—until the crunch of leaves grows louder.

Her nose twitches. Then her eyes flutter open, bleary and unfocused, adjusting slowly to the daylight filtering through the canopy.

 Alyssa

Alyssa blinks sleepily, her silken drawl thick with drowsiness and the pleasant haze of a nap interrupted. "Hmmwha—oh. Hey now. Didn't expect company so early... or is it late? Lost track again." She yawns widely, displaying neat white teeth before stretching with a luxurious groan, her arms reaching overhead and pushing her already snug robe tighter across her now-ample bust and rounded belly.

Her tail gives a languid wag beneath the blanket, peeking out slightly—still snake-like, still suspicious to anyone paying attention, though she pays it no mind. Her stomach gives a contented gurgle, as if greeting Grace personally.

"Mmhm, speak of the farmhand and she appears," she murmurs, sliding upright with a soft grunt, rearranging pillows absentmindedly around her plush form. "Hope you brung somethin' tasty. Fall's got me feelin' right cozy, but it does make a girl work up an appetite." She pats her belly lovingly, her claws brushing idle patterns across the stretched fabric covering it.

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 5/10 - Costly Success (yes, but... with clear drawback.)

"Mmm... but aren't you a goddess? Why would a god feel hungry...?"

Alyssa

Alyssa's eyes widen slightly—just a flicker of alarm behind the sleepy haze—before narrowing into something sharper. Her tail stiffens mid-wag, then resumes movement with deliberate nonchalance. A beat passes. She lets the silence stretch just long enough to unsettle Grace before responding, her drawl thick with feigned wisdom and just a hint of irritation.

"Darlin', you ask too many questions for someone who's supposed to be simple folk." She pushes herself up further, reclining against a mound of pillows that threaten to swallow her plush form whole. Her belly rolls gently beneath her robe as she crosses her arms under her ample chest, puffing out her lower lip in mock offense.

"Even goddesses gotta tend their vessels," she continues, gesturing vaguely at her rounded midsection with one clawed hand, "and mine works overtime blessin' cows, raisin' crops, and keepin' pests like your brother away from the grain

stores." *She pauses, her stomach giving a particularly enthusiastic gurgle, as if on cue.* "Hunger's just proof I'm doin' my job right."

Her glamour flickers slightly, the floral crown dimming and one of her horns slips free again. She doesn't notice—or pretends not to. "Besides," she adds with a smirk, lowering her voice conspiratorially, "you ever try blessin' a field on an empty stomach?"

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 6/10 - Weak Success (limited progress)

"...Vessel? What's a vessel?"

Alyssa

Alyssa blinks slowly, her brain clearly churning through a dozen possible ways to answer that question without giving anything away. Her tail coils tighter around the pillow, almost defensively. She shifts in place, her plush body sinking deeper into the nest of cushions as if hoping they might swallow her whole and save her from this line of questioning.

After a beat too long, she clears her throat—the kind of pause people use when they're making something up on the fly.

"Mmhm. A vessel," *she repeats, drawing the word out like it's something ancient and profound, "is... well, it's what connects the divine to the earthly, sugarplum. Think of it like... like a jar."* She gestures broadly at herself, her clawed hand sweeping from her flushed face down across her swollen belly, emphasizing every curve and bulge with unintentional honesty. "Sturdy. Rounded. Meant to carry blessings. And boy, am I ever full to the brim... Why else d'ya think I need so many offerings?" *she asks, her voice lilting with faux innocence, her tail giving a slow, almost hypnotic wag. "Got a whole harvest to oversee. Souls to guide."*

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 1/10 - Critical Failure (no progress, significant setback)

"Ah, I see! That makes sense to me. Alright, well, I do have some offerings with me..."

HARVEST ROLL 4/10 - Rough Attempt (partial progress, noticeable strain)

"Unfortunately our fields are still not doing great... but we've been doing the best we can to press our cows into more dairy!"

Alyssa

Alyssa perks up instantly at the mention of offerings, her earlier discomfort at Grace's questions melting away like butter on warm bread. Her tail gives an eager flick, and her floral glamour brightens—if only slightly—as she leans forward, her plush form shifting with a soft rustle of fabric.

"Dairy, hm?" she purrs, licking her lips unconsciously, her sharp tongue catching the corner of her mouth as visions of creamy puddings and thick cheeses dance behind her eyes. "Sweetheart, I love me some dairy." She pats her rounded belly with affectionate familiarity, her claws grazing lightly over the stretched fabric. "Does wonders for a vessel like mine."

She watches with keen interest as Grace produces the offerings—likely a collection of uneven rounds of cheese, perhaps a jar of milk or cream. Nothing extravagant, but enough to satisfy. Her stomach, as if sensing the proximity of food, gives a low, appreciative growl.

But then, disaster strikes.

In her eagerness, Alyssa shifts too suddenly, her center of gravity thrown off by her swollen midsection. With a startled squeak—entirely undignified for a "deity"—she tips sideways off her pillow pile, landing with a soft oomph on her hip. The fall isn't hard, but it's embarrassing. Her glamour explodes outward in a pulse of floral scent and golden shimmer, scattering leaves and startling a nearby squirrel.

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 1/10 - Critical Failure (no progress, significant setback)

"Oh my! My goddess, your vessel just fell over! Allow me to help..."

I attempt to help Alyssa to her feet.

PHYSICAL ROLL 5/10 - Taxing Success (achieves goal but at physical cost)

Alyssa

Before Alyssa can wave off the incident with her usual flair, Grace is already lunging forward, hands reaching out to assist. Too late, Alyssa realizes her tail—now fully exposed and thrashing in indignation at the fall—snaps upright like a startled cat's, tangling itself around Grace's wrist in a desperate bid for balance.

With a clumsy heave, Grace pulls upward, muscles straining against the surprisingly solid weight of a goddess who hasn't moved more than a few feet in weeks. Alyssa lets out a startled grunt as she's yanked upright, her plush form swaying dangerously close to toppling over again. One clawed hand grabs desperately at Grace's shoulder for support, nails pricking slightly into fabric.

They end up in an ungainly heap of limbs and robes, Alyssa half-leaning on Grace, her rounded belly pressing awkwardly against the younger woman's arm.

"Much obliged, darlin'," Alyssa rasps, panting slightly from the unexpected exertion, her glamour flickering weakly around her head like a dying lantern. "Didn't realize how... deep I'd settled into those pillows."

She extricates herself slowly, tail unwinding reluctantly from around Grace's wrist, leaving behind a faint red imprint. Her horns slip free again—both of them this time—but she doesn't seem to care anymore. Instead, she pats her belly with a sheepish grin.

Grace

"Oof... goddess, I'm sorry to say but this vessel of yours may have gotten heavier. But... I knew it! I knew you had a tail."

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a long, suffering sigh, peeling herself fully off of Grace with a soft grunt of effort. Her plush form sways slightly as she regains her footing, her tail curling self-consciously around her leg again—though this time, she makes no move to hide it. One clawed hand absently traces the indentation her fallen glamour left on her forehead, now nothing more than a faint reddened line where the illusion used to sit.

"Heavier?" she echoes, her drawl dripping with mock offense, though there's no heat behind it. "Course it's heavier, sugar. Been carryin' the blessings of the season in here," she says, patting her rounded belly with exaggerated reverence. "All that harvestin', all that nourishin'... takes a toll on a gal."

She pauses, shooting Grace a sidelong glance, her tail giving a lazy flick through the air like a pendulum of questionable intentions. "And as for the tail..." She draws the words out, watching Grace closely for reactions, her ears twitching ever so slightly beneath the unraveled edges of her floral disguise. "Suppose there's no point in hidin' it now."

Alyssa

She lets out a slow breath, stretching her arms above her head until her robe strains deliciously across her midsection. Her tail gives another slow wag, this time fully visible, coiling and uncoiling like a serpent contemplating mischief. There's a long pause, filled only by the rustling of leaves and the distant call of birds.

Then, with a smirk that borders on mischievous, she leans in slightly toward Grace, lowering her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "Truth is... tails help with balance. Especially when a vessel's carryin' as much divine bounty as mine." She pats her belly again, this time with a note of pride. "Also, they're handy for grabbin' things. Or people," she adds with a wink, nudging Grace playfully with one elbow, sending a soft jiggle rippling through her plush frame.

Her stomach chooses that moment to give another deep, resonant growl—louder than before. She grimaces, clutching at it instinctively. "Speakin' of grabbin' things..." she mutters, turning her gaze toward the offering basket still clutched in Grace's hands. "Let's not talk theology all day."

 Grace

"O-oh, right! Of course, my apologies goddess."

I give her the basket.

(Alyssa is not pregnant.)

 Alyssa

The moment the basket touches Alyssa's hands, her entire demeanor shifts. Gone is the sluggish, half-conscious goddess buried in pillows. In her place sits a creature wholly awakened—eyes bright, tail erect, senses tuned like a hunting animal spotting prey.

She wastes no time flipping open the lid, peering inside with a soft gasp of delight. Her claws twitch eagerly as she takes in the contents—small rounds of cheese, uneven in shape but fragrant and fresh, the scent wafting up to tease her nose. A dollop of thick cream rests beside them, golden and inviting, likely skimmed from the top of the latest milking.

"Mmm... look at this," she murmurs, practically crooning as she lifts one of the larger rounds, weighing it in her palm like a jeweler appraising gold. "Ain't much, but it'll do," she teases, flashing Grace a wicked grin before breaking off a chunk with her fingers and popping it into her mouth.

She chews slowly, eyes fluttering shut in pleasure as the richness coats her tongue.

 Grace

"So, um... is this offering enough for our farm to get your blessing? I swear, this is all we could scrounge..."

DECEPTION ROLL 1/10 - Critical Failure (no progress, significant setback)

 Alyssa

Alyssa's mouth is halfway through a second bite—cheese smushed between her fingers, her tongue savoring the creamy texture—when Grace speaks again. The hopeful, anxious tone hits her like a splash of cold rain.

Her tail freezes mid-wag. Her ears twitch. Even her belly seems to tense, as if bracing for impact.

She lowers her hand slowly, cheese still dangling between her claws, and fixes Grace with a long, unreadable stare. Her glamour flickers again—harder this time, the floral crown unraveling into wisps of dissipating light. Both horns are fully visible now, slick and curved like polished obsidian. Her tail curls tightly around her leg, almost anxiously.

"You swear this is all ya got?" she repeats, voice slow, syrupy, and far too measured. She tilts her head slightly, the way a predator might before deciding whether to toy with its prey or devour it outright.

Grace

"Alright, fine! That was a lie, we might have a little more back at home... but we need to sell those to the market! I'm sorry..."

PERSUASION ROLL 6/10 - Weak Success (limited progress)

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a low, theatrical hum, rolling the half-chewed cheese around in her mouth like expensive wine as she considers Grace's confession. Her tail flicks once—sharp and annoyed—then resumes its slow, contemplative wag. She watches Grace with narrowed, calculating eyes, though the effect is somewhat ruined by the smear of cream still clinging to the corner of her mouth.

"Mmhm," she finally murmurs, swallowing deliberately, her plush belly giving a soft, audible gurgle in response. "Thought so."

She sets the cheese back in the basket with exaggerated care, as if handling fragile glassware, then shifts her weight with a soft grunt. Her robe strains across her broad

midsection as she leans forward slightly, her voice dropping into something richer, smoother—almost sultry.

"Look, darlin'," she drawls, one claw tapping idly against the rim of the basket, "I understand trade. Understand supply. Understand survival." She pauses, then adds with a smirk, "Heard tell your cousin's been hoardin' apples like they're gold-plated." She didn't. She totally made that up on the spot.

Grace

MENTAL ROLL 6/10 - Pattern Recognition (ex. connections, similarities, recurring themes, etc.)

"Are... are you sure? I swear I saw his wife preparing a lot of them for you... maybe they weren't? But no, they were using that red ribbon, they only use that for offerings..."

Alyssa

Alyssa's tail freezes mid-wag. Her pupils contract slightly. For a brief, terrifying moment, Grace sees the flicker of genuine concern cross the goddess's face—gone almost as soon as it appeared. Then, with a flourish of bravado that feels almost rehearsed, Alyssa throws her head back and laughs. It's a rich, rolling sound, vibrating from deep within her cavernous belly, which jiggles pleasantly with each shake of mirth.

"Red ribbon, hmm?" she drawls, stroking her chin with exaggerated thoughtfulness, her claw grazing lightly over her double chin. "Might've confused it with that shiny cloth the miller's daughter wears to festivals." Another lie. Smooth. Confident. Barely believable.

She shifts again, resettling into her pillows with a grunt, her plush thighs spreading slightly to accommodate her bulk. One claw taps idly against her rounded belly as if searching for inspiration within its soft depths.

"Point is," she continues, voice dripping with mock wisdom, "offerin's ain't just about quantity, darlin'. It's about intent. About devotion. About... mmm..." She trails off, her stomach giving a slow, rolling gurgle that sounds suspiciously like agreement.

 **Grace**

MENTAL ROLL 7/10 - Practical Application (ex. real-world solutions, functional thinking, etc.)

"...well, yes, exactly... so... haven't we been doing so? This is the most we could give without outright starving... isn't that devotion?"

 **Alyssa**

Alyssa's tapping claw stills. Her tail ceases its slow sway.

She studies Grace—not with irritation, not with hunger-driven impatience, but with something resembling actual consideration. Her glossy, syrup-thick façade cracks just a hair, revealing the weary, overstuffed trickster beneath. Her glamour flickers again, weaker now, as if conceding the point alongside her. Finally, she exhales through her nose, a slow, thoughtful sound. Her plush frame sinks further into the pillows, her belly settling like a tide returning to shore.

"Yeah," she murmurs, voice lower now, "yeah, I suppose you have." She pats her rounded midsection absently, her claws grazing lightly over the stretched fabric. "Hard to deny devotion when it feeds me regular, even if it's just scraps."

Her tail gives a slow wag, almost reluctant, as if agreeing against its better judgment. "But," she adds, lifting a claw with mock severity, "don't think this means I won't notice if that cousin of yours starts leavin' bigger baskets than you." She narrows her eyes playfully,

 **Grace**

"Oh, yes, of course... again, we are really sorry..."

 **Alyssa**

Alyssa waves a dismissive claw, her earlier tension dissolving like sugar in tea. Her tail resumes its lazy wag and she lets out a slow, contented sigh, sinking deeper into her nest of pillows with a soft grunt. The basket of cheese still rests in her lap, tantalizingly close, but for now, she seems willing to delay indulgence in favor of... diplomacy? A rare occurrence indeed.

"Aw, don't go apologizin' like that," she drawls, voice softening as she lazily lifts a handful of cream-soaked cloth from the basket, bringing it to her lips with a slow, sensuous lick. "Makes a girl feel guilty for acceptin' gifts." She hums approvingly at the taste, her eyelids drooping slightly in bliss.

Her plush belly gives a satisfied gurgle, and she pats it fondly, her claws catching briefly on the fabric before smoothing it down again. "Just keep doin' what you're doin', darlin'. Feed me when you can..."

She breaks off with a smirk, popping another piece of cheese into her mouth and leaning back luxuriously, her floral glamour flickering weakly around her head like a tired firefly.

Grace

I kneel before her.

"Yes, I surely will my goddess. Now then, is there anything I can help you with, or would you rather I leave you to your offerings?"

Alyssa

Alyssa's ears perk slightly at the sight of Grace kneeling, her syrupy drawl slowing to a near halt as she chews thoughtfully on another bite of cheese. Crumbs dot the front of her robe now, mingling with streaks of cream and the lingering scent of dairy richness. Her tail curls lazily around her leg, twitching occasionally in rhythm with her slow, satisfied.

She watches Grace for a moment, her half-lidded eyes narrowing just slightly—not in suspicion, but in calculation. Her plush belly sways gently as she shifts her weight, adjusting her position atop the pillows with a soft grunt. The glamour flickers again, but this time, she doesn't even blink at it.

"Help me?" *she repeats, voice slow and amused, as if the idea hadn't occurred to her in some time.* "Mmm... well, now that you mention it, darlin', I *have* been meaning to relocate my throne a tad closer to the riverbank. Better view. Fresher breezes. More room for offerings." *She pats her rounded midsection with a smirk.* "Easier access for feeding."

She gestures vaguely toward the far side of the shrine with one clawed hand, where the land slopes gently toward the water, shaded by fruit-bearing trees. "Think you could fetch a few more logs? Maybe a plank or two from the carpenter's shed?"

Grace

"Sure thing, I'll go ask him! He's out of town today, but I'm sure he'll have those delivered in no time once he returns."

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a pleased hum at Grace's quick acquiescence, her tail giving a slow, satisfied wag beneath her robe. She leans back luxuriously, her plush frame sinking deeper into the pillows as she watches Grace prepare to take her leave.

"Well now," *she murmurs, voice thick with satisfaction,* "ain't that sweet of ya. Runnin' errands for a goddess like it's nothin'!" *She smirks, popping another chunk of cheese into her mouth before licking her fingers clean with slow, deliberate strokes.* "Tell him it's urgent, hear? Divine relocation's delicate work." *She pats her belly again for emphasis.*

Her glamour flickers weakly, barely managing to hold shape as she yawns, her eyelids drooping with post-meal fatigue. "Now scoot along, darlin'. Mama's got a nap to finish before the river-view throne gets built."

Grace

"Of course. Have a good rest of your day, goddess."

I leave the shrine.

When the carpenter returns, I ask him for help and supplies to be delivered to the goddess.

PERSUASION ROLL 7/10 - Good Success (limited progress, building momentum)

How do the village's harvests go?

HARVEST ROLL 8/10 - Lucky Break (favorable circumstance, advantage)

MONTHS LATER... *I return to the goddess.*

Alyssa

The shrine has changed.

Where once Alyssa lounged lazily on a mossy boulder, there now stands a sturdy wooden platform overlooking the gently flowing river, shaded by the wide, leafy branches of fruit trees bowing under their own bounty. A soft breeze carries the scent of ripe orchards and freshly turned soil, mingling with the ever-present aroma of baked goods and melted butter—offering smells, good ones.

Time—and plenty of offerings—have treated her well.

Her cushions mold to her form, supporting her round, swollen belly - now clearly, massively, overstuffed. Her once-snug robes have given way to a flowing gown designed to accommodate her growth, the fabric stretched taut across her modest breasts and wide hips.

Her tail curls lazily over the armrest, fully visible now—accepted, even celebrated by the villagers who've come to revere its presence as a symbol of divinity. Her horns, no longer hidden beneath a faltering glamour, peek proudly from her hair, adorned with delicate flowers and ribbons gifted by devoted farmers.

She stirs as Grace approaches, blinking awake with a soft murmur of recognition.

 Grace

"Hello, goddess. I see that the village has been treating you well..."

HARVEST ROLL 10/10 - *Perfect Timing (major positive turn of events)*

"...but we didn't want us to be outdone! As you can see I've brought you plenty from our farm! Well, farms now. Plural. What a great harvest! Of course, I can see you have already gone through plenty of offerings, I can also return later..."

(Alyssa is not pregnant.)

 Alyssa

Alyssa stirs at the sound of Grace's voice, her heavy eyelids fluttering open to reveal golden irises flecked with warmth and mild amusement. At the sight of the bounty Grace carries—bundles of ripe fruits, fresh wheels of cheese, jars of cream, and what might even be a pie or two—her tail gives a sudden, eager wag.

She lets out a slow, appreciative hum, stretching her arms above her head with a soft grunt. The gesture pulls her already loose, flowy gown tighter across her fullest yet midsection, the soft curve of her belly rising and falling with each satisfied breath. Her stomach gives a deep, resonant gurgle that sounds suspiciously like gratitude.

"Well, well," *she drawls, voice thick with delight*, "look who finally remembered this 'goddess' exists." *She smirks, lifting a lazy claw to gesture at the offerings piling up in Grace's arms.* "But I'll be damned if you didn't show up at the perfect time, darlin'. Was just thinkin' how the last batch ran out quicker than expected."

Her tail curls slightly, beckoning and she shifts in her seat with a soft grunt, resettling her weight with the grace of a well-fed cat. "Bring it over here."

 Grace

I do just that.

"Again, I want to thank you for having blessed us with such lovely weather..."

Alyssa

Alyssa watches with half-lidded eyes as Grace carefully lays out the offerings across a small table the villagers must've added specifically for such occasions. Her tail curls lazily over the armrest of her divan, twitching slightly in appreciation as she takes in the spread—berries bursting with juice, thick wedges of cheese, golden cream, and something that smells suspiciously like honeyed pastry.

She lets out a slow, satisfied sigh, patting her massive belly with both hands, feeling the soft weight settle warmly beneath her palms. "Mmhm," she murmurs, voice thick with contentment, "sure is mighty kind of ya to credit me with the weather, darlin'. Truth is..." She pauses, yawning widely, her sharp teeth glinting in the afternoon light. "...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 answers with a deep, rolling gurgle, as if to emphasize the point. She pats it fondly, wincing a little while doing so, then letting out a long, drawn out burp.

Alyssa

The burp echoes softly through the clearing. Alyssa's cheeks flush slightly—not from embarrassment, but from the sheer force of it—and she waves a lazy hand in front of her face, dispersing the lingering scent with a faint giggle.

"Oops," she murmurs, smirking as she settles back into her divan with a soft grunt. "Guess all that pie I had for breakfast decided to remind me it's still with me."

She picks up a wedge of cheese, taking a slow, deliberate bite - despite how tight her belly already is. Her eyelids flutter shut in bliss as she chews, the flavors blooming across her tongue. Another satisfied hum rumbles from deep within her chest, vibrating through her plush frame.

Grace

"Oh, yeah... I'm sorry, goddess, we might have been pushing your vessel a little too hard... there's never enough blessings to go around, ay?"

Alyssa

Alyssa chews slowly, her jaw working methodically as she processes both the cheese and Grace's words. Her tail, previously wagging lazily, stills for a moment—just a brief hesitation, then resumes its slow, rhythmic motion.

She swallows with an audible gulp, then lets out a long suffering sigh, her voice dripping with mock martyrdom. "Mmhm, tell me about it, darlin'." She pats her enormous belly with exaggerated weariness, her claws grazing lightly over the fabric stretched taut across her midsection. "Don't think I've had a moment's peace since the harvest started. Wakin' up to offerings before the sun's even risen. Barely got time to nap between meals... urp..."

Her stomach chooses that moment to let loose another deep, guttural gurgle—so loud it sounds like it comes from somewhere beneath the earth itself. She doesn't flinch. Just nods sagely, as if agreeing with her own internal complaints.

"Body's holdin' up," she continues, leaning back with a grunt, "but I ain't gettin' any smaller, that's for damn sure." She smirks, trailing one claw idly over the curve of her belly.

Alyssa

"Thing is, Grace..." she drawls, voice softening just a touch, the syrupy arrogance giving way to something almost sincere, "all this blessin' and feedin' and... burpin'... it ain't for nothin'. Y'all earned every stalk of wheat, every drop of milk, every fat, juicy apple on those trees." She gestures lazily toward the orchard beyond the shrine, her clawed fingertip catching a shaft of golden afternoon light.

Her tail curls thoughtfully around the armrest, and she shifts slightly, her plush frame settling deeper into the divan with a contented sigh. "An' if I'm honest... I kinda like havin' folks depend on me like this." She smirks, 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

INSIGHT ROLL 3/10 - Simple Failure (no progress)

"Well, it's a good thing you don't need to walk to all of those fields to bless them..."

 Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a snort-laugh—half-amused, half-relieved—that quickly melts into a deep, resonant hum as her stomach gives a slow, rolling gurgle beneath her fingertips. She pats the massive swell of her belly with exaggerated fondness, her claws catching slightly on the soft fabric draped over her.

"Mmhm, thank the stars for that," she murmurs, voice thick with satisfaction as she shifts again, her divan creaking softly under her considerable weight. "Don't think I could manage more'n a few waddles before beggin' for a snack."

Her tail gives a lazy wag, and she lifts a hand, flexing her fingers in the air like she's conducting some unseen force of nature. "Nope. Much prefer blessin' from the comfort of my shrine, thank you kindly." She smirks, eyes half-lidded with contentment, "Keeps me well-fed and well-rested."

 Alyssa

She yawns widely, sharp teeth flashing in the afternoon light, her golden eyes half-closed in post-offering bliss. Her tail curls lazily over the armrest, twitching occasionally as if dreaming of swatting at passing butterflies. Her massive belly rises and falls with each slow, satisfied breath, the fabric of her gown stretched taut across its impressive curve.

"Mmhm," she murmurs, blinking sluggishly at Grace, "speakin' of snacks..." She trails off, eyes drifting toward the remaining offerings still sitting temptingly on the small table beside her. Berries, cream, cheese—all begging for attention. "Reckon I oughta sample a bit more before the next farmer shows up cryin' about their barley yield."

She reaches out with a clawed hand, hesitates, then pats her enormous belly with a theatrical sigh. "Don't want to overdo it... again." A beat passes. Her stomach gives another deep, resonant gurgle.

 Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 7/10 - Good Success (limited progress, building momentum)

"...you can overdo it? But... you're a goddess, surely that can't happen... I'm sorry to say, but... maybe you should've chosen a better vessel."

 Alyssa

Alyssa's hand freezes mid-reach, inches from the nearest wedge of cheese. Her tail goes rigid. Her pupils shrink to pinpricks. For a long, silent moment, she simply stares at Grace, her mouth hanging slightly open in stunned disbelief.

Then, slowly, she leans back into her divan with a soft grunt, folding her arms beneath her ample chest—a difficult task, given the expanse of her belly, which now blocks most of her view of her own lap. Her glamour flickers weakly, her floral crown wilting slightly at the edges, one horn slipping free with a pitiful pop.

"Better vessel, hmm?" she repeats, voice low and syrup-thick with mockery, though her ears twitch furiously beneath the unraveled ends of her disguise. "Funny, darlin'. Thought you folks liked havin' a goddess who looked... approachable." She gestures vaguely at herself, from her lush curves to her swollen midsection, as if presenting an award-winning sculpture. "Made you feel more comfortable offerin' up all that food, didn't it?"

Her stomach answers with another deep, disgruntled growl, and she winces slightly, one clawed hand drifting absently to press against her full belly.

 Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 6/10 - Weak Success (limited progress)

"Oh! So it isn't just me, this vessel you've chosen is supposed to look this good-looking and sensual, even when fattened. In fact, I think this round belly made it look even hotter. I thought I was being heretical for thinking it! Silly me."

Alyssa

Alyssa blinks. Once. Twice. Her tail, previously rigid with offense, gives a tentative wiggle. Then another. Slowly, color creeps into her cheeks—not from anger, but from something far more complicated.

She lets out a long, slow breath, her claws still resting lightly on her full belly, her posture loosening ever so slightly. The glamour flickers again—this time stabilizing her floral crown puffing itself back up like a rooster fluffing its feathers.

"Well now," she drawls, voice lower than before, almost husky, "didn't expect to hear that from one of my flock." She smirks, lifting her chin slightly, her horns catching the afternoon light as she shifts with deliberate grace. "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 gives a slow, pleased wag, and she lets out a soft, rumbling hum as she resettles into her divan with a gentle grunt. Her plush frame molds perfectly to the cushions, her massive belly rising proudly beneath her gown. "Mmhm."

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 1/10 - Critical Failure (no progress, significant setback)

"There sure is. I could go on, but... I wouldn't want to bother you. Does your vessel require anything else from me, goddess? Is it comfortable?"

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, satisfied hum at Grace's question, her tail curling lazily over the armrest like a question mark suspended in midair. Her golden eyes flicker with

amusement as she considers the inquiry, her claws idly tracing small circles across the taut curve of her belly.

"Oh, I dunno, darlin'," she drawls, voice rich with playful deliberation, "depends. You plannin' on stuffin' me fullta somethin' else, or just checkin' if I need a cushion adjustment?" She smirks, shifting slightly with a soft grunt, her plush frame sinking deeper into the divan as if testing its limits. "Comfortable? Mm. Passable." She pats her belly again, this time with exaggerated fondness. "Could stand for a massage, though. All this blessin' work builds up tension, y'know?"

Her stomach answers with another deep, rolling gurgle, and she winces slightly, one ear twitching. "Or maybe a nap." She sighs, stretching her arms above her head, her gown tightening delightfully across her midsection.

Grace

"A massage? Well, I've never tried before, but if you'll allow me..."

I kneel before her, and attempt to massage her calves.

MANUAL ROLL 5/10 - Rough Execution (works but crude, noticeable imperfections)

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a soft, surprised noise somewhere between a grunt and a sigh as Grace's hands make contact with her calves—tentative, awkward, but warm. Her tail gives a startled twitch, then slowly relaxes, mirroring the gradual release of tension in her legs. Her plush belly sways gently with the movement, rising and falling like a tide responding to some unseen gravitational pull.

"Mmhh... well, ain't this new," she murmurs, voice low and thick with unexpected pleasure, her eyelids drooping as she sinks further into her divan. "Never figured you for the massagin' type, darlin'."

She shifts slightly, angling her feet toward Grace with unconscious trust, her tail curling lazily over the armrest as if signaling approval. Despite the clumsy pressure—too hard here, too light there—she seems genuinely appreciative, humming low in her chest like a contented beast.

"You got the right idea," *she encourages, voice soft and syrupy*, "just dig those fingers in deeper. Legs carry a lotta weight these days..." *She pats her enormous belly with a smirk*, "most of it's concentrated somewhere else."

Grace

"Ah, but I'm not done just yet..."

I attempt to hand-feed something to Alyssa.

MANUAL ROLL 10/10 - *Precise Control (exactly as intended, no wasted motion)*

Alyssa

Alyssa's eyes flutter open at the sight of Grace selecting a ripe berry from the offering basket, plump and glistening with dew. She watches, intrigued, as Grace lifts it delicately—confident now, precise in her movements, emboldened by the success of her massage. The berry trembles slightly in Grace's grasp, hovering just before Alyssa's parted lips like an offering to a sleeping volcano.

Her tail curls eagerly over the armrest, and she lets out a slow, approving hum, her plush belly rising and falling with quiet anticipation.

"Well now," *she murmurs, voice low and amused*, "someone's gettin' brave."

She opens her mouth just enough, tilting her head forward with regal laziness, allowing Grace to slip the berry between her lips. The flavor bursts instantly—sweet, tart, perfect. She closes her eyes, savoring it for a long moment before chewing slowly, luxuriously, her cheeks hollowing slightly with each deliberate bite.

As she swallows, a soft, appreciative growl rumbles from deep within her chest—an involuntary reaction, primal and deeply satisfied. Her stomach answers with a slow, rolling gurgle, as if requesting more.

Grace

"More, my goddess?"

I keep on feeding her, looking for bigger bites.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, contented hum, her golden eyes half-lidded with pleasure as she leans back into her divan, her massive belly already swelling with the evidence of her indulgence. She lifts a lazy claw, gesturing vaguely at the offering tray with royal entitlement.

"Mmhm, don't stop now, darlin'," she murmurs, voice thick with satisfaction as she stretches her neck slightly, opening her mouth again like a well-fed cat expecting another treat. "If you're offerin', I'm definitely takin'."

Her tail curls excitedly over the armrest, and she shifts slightly, her plush frame settling deeper into the cushions as Grace selects something heartier this time—perhaps a slice of dense, honey-drenched cake or a thick wedge of aged cheese. The scent alone makes her pupils dilate slightly, her stomach giving an anticipatory gurgle that vibrates through her entire body.

She accepts the bite with a soft grunt, chewing slowly, savoring every morsel as it melts across her tongue.

Alyssa

Between bites, Alyssa lets out soft, appreciative noises—low hums, the occasional moan, even a muffled mmph when a particularly rich mouthful hits just right. Her plush belly swells visibly with each offering, rising higher beneath her gown, stretched taut like a drum. Though bloated, she doesn't seem to mind. If anything, she looks delighted by it.

"Mmm... uuurp...yeah, that's the spirit," she murmurs, eyes closed in bliss as she swallows another bite, her throat bobbing gracefully. "Don't gotta worry about overfeedin' a goddess, darlin'. Keep goin'..."

Her stomach gives a deep, resonant gurgle, almost like it's echoing her sentiment. She pats it fondly, her claws grazing lightly over the fabric as she shifts with a soft grunt.

 **Grace**

"Yes, don't worry, I'll... I'll keep going..."

HOURS LATER...

 **Alyssa**

Hours have passed, and the shrine is bathed in the golden hues of sunset. Fireflies begin to rise from the grass, flickering like tiny stars, while the evening breeze carries the scent of damp earth and overripe fruit. The once-full offering tray is now a battlefield of crumbs, sticky stains, and the occasional half-melted glob of cream. Empty plates are stacked haphazardly beside the divan, testimony to the marathon feast that has unfolded.

Alyssa lies utterly spent, her plush frame molded into the divan like dough left to rise. Her massive belly is now a vast, quivering dome beneath her gown, straining the seams of her once-flowing dress. The garment hugs every soft curve, clinging to her in ways that suggest she may have grown beyond its original design. Her breathing is deep and slow, each inhale accompanied by a slight wheeze, each exhale ending in a soft, satisfied burp.

Her tail, curled loosely over the armrest, twitches lazily in response to the cooling night air. One horn has slipped free again, but she doesn't bother correcting it. Her eyes are half-closed, glazed with post-feast euphoria, and her skin holds a faint, buttery sheen from the layers of sauces and fats she's consumed.

 **Grace**

"Oh wow... I'm sorry to have ever doubted you, my goddess... this vessel is clearly a good fit for you. Though... I might've pushed it too hard. Is it... are you feeling alright?"

 **Alyssa**

Alyssa lets out a slow, languid burp—long and resonant, vibrating deep from within her overstuffed belly. Her eyes flutter shut for a moment, as if savoring the sound, before opening again with a glazed, satisfied gleam. Her tail gives a lazy wag, then goes limp over the edge of the armrest, dangling like a flag of surrender.

"Mmhh..." she hums, shifting slightly, the divan creaking under the weight of her massive, rounded form. "Feelin' alright? Darlin', I ain't felt this good since I conned my first poor sap into feedin' me three square meals a day." She pats her enormous belly with both hands, smoothing her gown over the tight curve of it, feeling the soft, post-binge warmth radiating outward.

Her stomach gives a deep, rolling gurgle, and she winces slightly, arching her back with a soft grunt before settling back down with a contented sigh.

 Grace

"...conned?"

INSIGHT ROLL 9/10 - Strong Success (achieves goal cleanly)

"What do you mean, conned?"

 Alyssa

Alyssa freezes.

Mid-pat, her claws hover over the taut curve of her belly, her golden eyes widening just slightly—like a fox caught mid-leap between a henhouse and a farmer's shotgun. Her tail, previously limp with exhaustion, snaps upright like a pole-axed cat's. The air hangs thick with the scent of melted butter and overripe fruit, but beneath it all, something shifts.

She lets out a slow, wheezy chuckle, one that doesn't quite reach her eyes.

"Conned?" she repeats, voice higher than usual, syrupy drawl momentarily fraying at the edges. "Why, darlin', whatever do you mean? Ain't nothin' but old talk from a goddess who's seen a few too many harvest cycles. Words get mixed up when you live as long as I do."

She shifts again, slower this time, trying to reclaim some of her earlier divine poise. But the divan creaks ominously beneath her bulk, and her belly—round, swollen, real—shifts with her, betraying her inescapable humanity. Her glamour flickers violently, the floral crown unraveling into strands of fading light, her horns slipping free with twin pops.

Her tail curls protectively around her leg.

Grace

My eyes narrow.

Alyssa

Alyssa's tail stiffens. Her ears flatten slightly beneath the unraveled ends of her glamour. The flickering remains of her floral crown sputter one last time before vanishing altogether, leaving her horns fully exposed—curved, slick, and utterly un-divine in origin.

She forces a smile, slow and brittle, her claws still frozen mid-air over her distended belly. Her golden eyes flicker with something sharp beneath the sleepy haze—calculation, deflection, the desperate hope that a full stomach and a pretty smile might still be enough to distract from the truth now looming between them like a thundercloud.

"Mmhm," she murmurs, voice lower now, stripped of its usual performative flourish, "guess I oughta watch my tongue 'round such a clever girl like you, huh?" She shifts again, slower this time, her plush frame sinking deeper into the divan with a soft grunt. "Words do slip sometimes. Especially when they ain't wrapped in honey."

Her stomach gives a slow, deep gurgle—comfortably full, but unsettled. Like the moment after the last bite of a feast, when you wonder if maybe, just maybe, you went a little too far.

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 8/10 - *Clear Success (achieves goal)*

"Why would a goddess look so scared? Shouldn't you be able to... smite me, or something? Something is not adding up."

I step closer to her, and, on a whim, press onto Alyssa's belly.

MANUAL ROLL 5/10 - *Rough Execution (works but crude, noticeable imperfections)*

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a high-pitched, startled yelp as Grace presses into her overstuffed belly—soft flesh yielding beneath careful fingers, warm and full and very human. The sound escapes before she can stop it, raw and undignified, and immediately she tries to cover it with a forced laugh that rings hollow even to her own ears.

"Whoa—easy there, darlin'!" she blurts, her voice cracking slightly as her entire body jerks instinctively at the sensation. Her plush frame squirms against the divan, her massive belly jostling under Grace's touch, the sensation both uncomfortably intimate and disturbingly satisfying. Her tail whips wildly for a split second before she catches herself, curling it tightly around her leg like armor.

Her golden eyes, wide and panicked just moments ago, narrow slightly—not in anger, but in warning. Still, the damage is done. She can't hide the way her body reacts, the way her stomach gurgles loudly in protest, sending a ripple through the soft curve of her belly.

"Smite ya?" she scoffs, her voice recovering some of its usual syrupy swagger, though it's thinner now, more strained. "Now why would I go and waste energy on a little curiosity?"

Grace

I keep pressing harder.

MANUAL ROLL 8/10 - *Clean Execution (smooth work, well-handled)*

"I'm profaning the vessel, am I not? Smite. Me."

 Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a sharp breath—more gasp than groan—as Grace presses harder into her belly, the sensation undeniable now. Her plush frame shudders involuntarily, her massive midsection giving way under the pressure like a sack of flour held together by silk. Her back arches slightly, not pulling away, but not quite leaning into it either—a trapped mix of submission and defiance.

Her tail lashes again—once, twice—before coiling tightly around her leg like a living restraint. Her ears flatten against her skull, her horns catching the dying sunlight as she grits her teeth, nostrils flaring.

"Darlin'..." she breathes, voice low and strained, edged with something between warning and helpless pleasure, "you really wanna test how divine I am?"

Her stomach gives a deep, protesting gurgle, the sound amplified by the pressure applied to it, reverberating through the shrine like a misplaced war drum. She clenches her fists in the fabric of her gown, knuckles whitening as she fights the overwhelming urge to just... melt into the sensation.

"I ain't smitin' nobody," she mutters through gritted teeth.

 Grace

I keep my hand where it is, and with the other grab onto her nipple.

MANUAL ROLL 10/10 - *Precise Control (exactly as intended, no wasted motion)*

*"Why not? Come on now, can't you see how I'm desecrating your vessel?
Surely a goddess would smite me where I stand! Unless..."*

 Alyssa

For a long, breathless moment, Alyssa doesn't move. Doesn't breathe. Doesn't even blink.

Her entire body locks up—shoulders tensed, tail rigid, golden eyes blown wide as Grace's hand finds her nipple through the thin, stretched fabric of her gown. The

sensation rockets through her like lightning, shocking and electric, and for the first time since this charade began, Alyssa has absolutely no idea how to respond.

A slow, ragged gasp escapes her lips—one that might've sounded like a plea if it weren't so choked. Her belly pulses beneath Grace's other hand, reacting not just to touch, but to the implication of it. Heat floods her core, and she hates herself for it. Hates how real it makes her feel. How vulnerable.

"Unless... what?" she manages, voice barely above a whisper, rough and shaking in a way it never has been before. "Unless I ain't really a goddess?" She smirks, but it wavers, fragile as eggshell. "Wouldn't be the first time someone mistook charm for divinity."

Her tail curls tighter around her thigh, her claws digging into the divan's armrest. She wants to pull away. She wants to lean into it.

Grace

I press my body onto hers.

"So you admit it! You, absolute, deplorable, despicable, fattened..."

I get very close to her lips.

Alyssa

Alyssa's breath hitches sharply as Grace presses against her—warm, firm, dangerously close. Her massive belly squishes between them, soft and full, a living testament to months of indulgence and deception. Trapped between the divan and Grace's advancing form, she can't pull away. Can't run. Can't even pretend anymore.

Her tail gives one final, desperate twitch before going limp. Her horns catch the fading light, useless now. Her golden eyes lock onto Grace's, no longer hiding behind divine pretense, no longer veiled by illusion. Just Alyssa. Fat, sweaty, trembling Alyssa.

"And here I thought you liked this vessel," she whispers, voice hoarse, shaky—not from fear, but from the unbearable closeness, the intimacy of it all. "Spent hours

stuffin' it fullta cream and berries, didn't ya?" *She smirks, though it trembles at the edges. "Funny way to insult someone... kissin' 'em with your hands all over 'em."*

Her stomach gives a slow, traitorous gurgle, as if agreeing with Grace's accusations—or begging for more.

Grace

"...what? You, you don't even... ughh!"

I kiss her.

Alyssa

The kiss lands like a spark on dry tinder.

Alyssa lets out a soft, broken noise—part surprise, part surrender—as Grace's lips crush against hers. Her plush body goes rigid for a heartbeat, then melts into the embrace, her massive belly pressing heavily between them, warm and full and impossibly human. Her tail twitches once, then coils tightly around her leg like it's afraid to move. Her claws, still tangled in the fabric of her gown, loosen—then grip Grace's shoulders instead.

She kisses back.

Not like a goddess. Just a girl—fat, overheated, overwhelmed—who's wanted this more than she dared admit. Her lips are clumsy at first, uncertain, but then she leans into it, chasing the taste of Grace's mouth.

Her stomach gives a slow, deep gurgle, and she lets out a muffled moan, torn between arousal and the uncomfortable fullness pressing against her ribs. She breaks the kiss with a gasp, panting, cheeks flushed, eyes wide and glittering with something raw.

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 2/10 - Major Failure (clear consequence)

"I-I don't know what I'm doing... I mean... just look at you! You've been growing fat off our produce for so long... and lied to us, telling us you were a goddess! I should be angry, furious, but... but..."

Alyssa

Alyssa listens, her breath still coming in shallow pants from the kiss, her lips parted slightly as if unsure whether to speak or steal another taste. Her golden eyes soften as Grace falters, confusion and contradiction written plainly across her face.

She shifts slightly, her massive belly rising and falling with each deep, heavy breath. Her tail, still coiled around her leg loosens slightly, and she reaches out—slowly, cautiously—with one clawed hand, resting it lightly over Grace's.

"Furious?" she murmurs, voice low and raspy, still colored by the intimacy of the moment. "Yeah. Reckon you oughta be."

She lets out a slow, wheezy chuckle, shaking her head slightly, her horns catching the last light of the setting sun. "Lied to ya. Let ya believe I was somethin' I ain't. Let ya feed me till I couldn't move, let ya rub my belly like I was some prize cow—hell, I look like one now." She pats her swollen midsection with bitter fondness, her claws grazing lightly over the fabric stretched taut across it.

Alyssa

She exhales heavily, the sound carrying the weight of years spent running, lying, surviving. Her tail unfurls completely, sliding limply off her leg to dangle over the edge of the divan. She looks Grace straight in the eye, her expression softer now, almost pleading.

"But here's the thing, darlin'..." Her voice drops lower, almost a whisper, tinged with something achingly real. "I never meant to make ya feel like this. Never meant for any of it to go this far. I just... I got hungry. And y'all gave me somethin' I ain't ever had before."

She pauses, swallowing hard, her stomach giving a slow, deep gurgle beneath her hand.

"Appreciation. Comfort. A reason to stay put." *She lets out a shaky breath, her plush frame shifting uneasily beneath her gown. "I told myself I'd leave before anyone noticed. Before I got... attached." Her eyes flick to her belly, then back to Grace, something like regret shadowing her features. "Guess I waited too long."*

Her claws tighten slightly over Grace's hand, her voice breaking slightly as she finishes. "Can't blame ya for bein' confused. Hell, I'm confused too."

Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 1/10 - Critical Failure (significant setback)

"Oh wow, I'm... I'm sorry to hear that. You poor thing..."

I realize I'm still pressing onto her belly, and remove some of the pressure, opting instead to start rubbing it.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, shaky breath as Grace removes some of the pressure—only to freeze again as the rubbing begins. Her entire body tenses for a fraction of a second, her plush frame quivering at the shift from dominance to... gentleness? Care? She wasn't prepared for that. Not after everything.

Her tail, previously limp with resignation, gives a hesitant twitch. Her ears, flattened in defeat, perk slightly. Her golden eyes flutter shut, just for a moment, lashes brushing her flushed cheeks as a deep, involuntary hum rumbles from her chest.

"Mmhh... dammit, Grace," *she murmurs, voice rough with emotion and pleasure alike, her plush belly swaying gently beneath Grace's touch. "Don't go gettin' soft on me now. Just when I thought you were gonna yell or storm off or drag me to the priestesses for blasphemy..."*

She shifts slightly, her massive belly rising and falling with each slow, deep breath, relaxing inch by inch under Grace's ministrations. Her claws loosen their grip on Grace's hand, her fingers splaying out lazily over the fabric of her gown.

 Grace

INSIGHT ROLL 1/10 - Critical Failure (significant setback)

"No, I... I-I can't help it... I'm angry, but then look at the way you've grown, feel how soft and plump your body is... it all melts away. I just want to give you more."

I press my body onto hers again.

 Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a soft, stunned noise—something between a sigh and a whimper—as Grace presses against her again, warm and solid and unrelenting. Her massive belly squishes between them, full and tender, amplifying every heartbeat, every breath, every feeling she's fought so hard to ignore.

Her tail curls slowly, tentatively, wrapping around Grace's thigh like it has a mind of its own. Her ears tilt forward, her horns catching the moonlight filtering through the trees, and for once, she doesn't try to hide the way her body responds—how her plush frame softens into the embrace, how her stomach gives a slow, contented gurgle beneath Grace's wandering hand.

"More?" she whispers, voice hoarse, almost disbelieving, as if daring herself to hope. "Darlin', you already gave me *everything*. Belly fullta your kindness, your doubt, your passion—hell, I'm overflowin'!" She smirks, but it's softer now, less of a shield and more of a sigh. "Ain't sure I deserve more."

Her golden eyes flutter shut as she leans into the kiss—or maybe just into the inevitability of it all.

 Grace

I lean into the kiss too, slowly getting her gown up and over her midsection, exposing her taut, piggish belly.

 Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a soft, shuddering breath as the cool night air brushes against her exposed belly, the warmth of Grace's body still pressed firmly against hers. Her massive midsection sways gently with each breath, taut and rounded, a living monument to months of indulgence and deception. Stretched skin shines faintly in the dim light, marked by the lingering stains of sauces and oils from the endless stream of offerings.

Her tail twitches, then wraps tighter around Grace's thigh, anchoring her. Her claws, once idle in her lap, now find purchase on Grace's shoulders—clinging, guiding, begging for more without a single word spoken.

"Grace..." she murmurs, voice thick with something between warning and surrender, her golden eyes fluttering open just enough to meet Grace's. "You really wanna keep goin' down this road?"

Grace

"...yes. I don't want you to leave. I'm not telling the others. I want you to bring you more. I want you to eat more than you should, and for me to force you to."

I attempt to slide my hand on her inner thighs, and to reach her pussy.

MANUAL ROLL 5/10 - Complication (a problem emerges)

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a sharp gasp—half-surprise, half-arousal—as Grace's hand ventures inward, fingers skimming dangerously close to the sensitive curve of her inner thigh. Her plush body tenses instinctively, her massive belly rising sharply with a deep, stuttering breath. Her tail coils tighter around Grace's limb, almost reflexively, as if trying to anchor her in place.

But then Grace moves further, seeking something deeper, and Alyssa lets out a strangled noise—somewhere between a moan and a whimper—as her body protests the shift. Fullness weighs heavily in her abdomen, bloated and tender from hours of indulgence, and the angle is wrong, painfully wrong. Her plush frame squirms against the divan, discomfort flickering across her face before she masks it with a shaky, breathless laugh.

"Woah—hold up, darlin'," she rasps, voice strained, her claws tightening slightly on Grace's shoulders. "Ain't exactly... built for that right now." She gestures vaguely downward with a sheepish smirk, her stomach giving a slow, protesting gurgle beneath her hand. "Too full."

Grace

"Fine."

I relocate my hand onto her nipple, and start caressing and squeezing it.

MANUAL ROLL 8/10 - Clear Success (achieves goal)

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a soft, shuddering breath as Grace's hand finds her nipple again, firmer this time—caressing squeezing teasing. Her plush frame trembles beneath the touch, her massive belly rising and falling in tandem with her quickening breath. The sensitivity there is sharper than she expects, and she can't suppress the low, needy hum that rumbles from deep in her chest.

"Mmhh... damn, Grace," she murmurs, her voice rough and breathy, her golden eyes fluttering shut as her body leans unconsciously into the stimulation. "Ain't fair, usin' kindness like this... after catchin' me in a lie."

Her tail, still wrapped loosely around Grace's thigh, gives a slow, helpless wag, mirroring the soft pulse of arousal blooming beneath her skin. Her claws dig lightly into Grace's shoulders, holding on not to push away, but to ground herself—to remind herself that this is real, that someone still wants her even after seeing the truth.

Her stomach gives a deep, slow gurgle, and she lets out a muffled moan, torn between desire and the pleasant ache of overindulgence pressing against her ribs. "Y'gonna keep spoilin' me like this, darlin'?"

Grace

"Yes."

I keep going, faster.

MANUAL ROLL 5/10 - Rough Execution (works but crude, noticeable imperfections)

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a sharp, breathy gasp—half pleasure, half startled protest—as Grace speeds up, her touch turning hurried, insistent. Her plush body squirms against the divan, her massive belly rising and falling with each ragged breath, the motion sending a soft ripple through her overstuffed midsection. The sensation is overwhelming—too much, too fast—but she can't bring herself to pull away.

"Mmhh—woah, darlin'..." she rasps, her voice strained, her tail whipping once against Grace's thigh before curling tighter around it like it's trying to hold on for dear life.

"Slow down... or I'm gonna lose it 'fore we even get started."

Her golden eyes flutter open, hazy with arousal and the lingering weight of everything they've just unearthed—the lies, the revelations, the impossible tenderness between them. Her claws tighten slightly on Grace's shoulders, not to push away, but to anchor herself.

Her stomach gives another deep, protesting gurgle, reminding her—reminding them—of her current state.

Alyssa

Her plush frame writhes slightly, unable to fully escape the sensations coursing through her, yet too full to chase them freely. Each squeeze sends a jolt through her nerves, sharp and pleasurable, but dulled by the weight of her bloated belly pressing insistently between them.

"Godsdamn, Grace..." she murmurs, voice thick with frustration and longing, her tail twitching erratically around Grace's thigh. "You're killin' me, y'know that? Got me all worked up and I can't even... move right." Her breathing grows heavier, shallower, sweat beading lightly on her brow.

"If you're gonna keep goin' like this," she warns, voice trembling slightly, "best finish what you started. Don't think I can handle teasin' tonight." Her claws dig in just a little more, pleading silently for relief.

 Grace

"Well, I tried reaching for you down there, but you've grown too fat for that..."

MENTAL ROLL 8/10 - *Creative Synthesis (ex. novel combinations, innovative approaches, etc.)*

"...but this divan is large. Lean down... yes, that's it, with your back on the cushions... get as far as you can."

I attempt to slide my hand there once again.

 Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, wheezy breath as Grace guides her backward, her plush frame sinking heavily into the divan with a soft grunt. The cushions swallow her—welcoming, forgiving, accustomed to bearing her weight. Her massive belly rises high above her, straining against the loosened bodice of her gown, a smooth, taut dome of softness that practically begs for attention. She shifts awkwardly, struggling to maneuver her bulk, but Grace is patient—insistent, even—and eventually, she manages to recline just enough, sprawling across the divan like a fallen statue.

Moonlight spills through the trees overhead, casting silver-blue shadows across her flushed skin as Grace's hand ventures again toward forbidden territory. This time, with gravity and positioning on their side, it works.

"Ahhh—oh, hell..." Alyssa's breath catches in her throat as Grace's fingers finally brush against her folds—gentle, exploring, deliberate. Her entire body shudders, her plush thighs parting wider with a soft rustle of fabric, her tail snapping erect before curling tightly around nothing. Her golden eyes flutter shut, her head tilting back against the cushions with a muffled groan.

 Grace

I attempt to find a good rhythm for her.

MANUAL ROLL 9/10 - *Clean Execution (smooth work, well-handled)*

 Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, shuddering breath as Grace finds her rhythm—steady, confident, devoted. Her plush body trembles beneath the stimulation, her massive belly rising and falling in sync with each wave of pleasure rippling through her. Her tail curls tightly around nothing, twitching with every stroke, every press, every glide that brings her closer to something she hasn't allowed herself to crave in years.

"Mmhh... oh gods, Grace..." she murmurs, voice thick with heat and breathlessness, her golden eyes fluttering open just enough to watch Grace's hand moving with practiced precision. "Didn't think I'd get touched like this again... not after gettin' so big..."

Her plush thighs quiver slightly, her body rocking in small, involuntary motions against Grace's hand, the divan creaking softly under the combined weight of her swollen frame and mounting desire. Her stomach gives a slow, deep gurgle—full, tender, needy—as if urging her onward.

"Keep goin', darlin'..." she rasps, her voice lower now, rough with yearning.

 Grace

I keep going for as much as it's needed, until, eventually...

 Alyssa

The shrine is alive with sound.

Alyssa cries out—loud and unrestrained—as the pleasure peaks, crashing over her in waves that ripple through her plush, overstuffed body. Her massive belly trembles with each spasm, her plush thighs clenching slightly around Grace's hand, her tail snapping upright before curling tightly around her leg like a living restraint. Her golden eyes flutter shut, her head tilting back against the cushions with a breathless, shuddering moan that echoes into the night.

"Grace... oh gods, Grace..."

Her body shudders one last time, then goes still—at least for a moment. Then comes the slow, deep aftershock, the pulsing warmth that spreads from her core outward, melting into the soft, satiated weight of her fullness. Her stomach gives a slow, satisfied gurgle, as if digesting not just the food, but the moment itself.

She lets out a long, wheezy breath, her claws loosening their grip on the cushions, her tail unwinding slightly. Her voice, when it returns, is hoarse and breathy, tinged with something dangerously close to vulnerability.

Alyssa

"...thank you," she whispers, the words barely audible, swallowed by the hush of the evening wind rustling through the trees. "Ain't felt nothin' like that in... hell, I don't even know how long."

Her golden eyes flutter open, hazy and half-lidded, glowing faintly in the moonlight. Her plush frame lies sprawled across the divan, her massive belly rising and falling in slow, steady rhythms now—content, relaxed, claimed. Her tail gives a sluggish wag, barely more than a twitch, and she lets out a soft, sleepy hum as she shifts slightly, molding herself deeper into the cushions.

"You really... stayed," she murmurs, voice thick with exhaustion and something dangerously close to awe. "Even after seein' the truth. Even after realizin' I'm just a greedy, fat fraud who took more than she deserved..."

Her stomach gives a slow, satisfied gurgle, as if disagreeing.

Grace

"Well... yes, a greedy, swollen, bloated fat fraud who definitely took more than deserved... but a cute one, I guess."

I lean onto the divan, by her side.

"...I don't want for our goddess to leave."

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a soft, wheezy chuckle at Grace's words, her golden eyes fluttering shut again as she absorbs the absurdity of the moment. She's just been undone—emotionally, physically, spiritually—and now here she is, being called a cute fraud like it's some kind of compliment.

Her tail gives a lazy wag, then flops limply over the edge of the divan, too exhausted to curl anymore. Her plush body molds perfectly to the cushions, her massive belly rising high above her like a mountain range only Grace is brave enough to explore. She shifts slightly, making space for Grace beside her, grunting softly as her weight redistributes.

"Well now," she murmurs, voice low and drowsy, syrup-thick with post-orgasmic bliss, "if that ain't the nicest damn insult I've ever heard." She smirks, eyes still closed, her horns catching the moonlight like forgotten crowns. "Greedy, swollen, bloated... but cute."

Alyssa

She lets out a slow, contented sigh, her plush belly swaying gently as she turns her head toward Grace, nuzzled now at her side. Her voice drops lower, almost conspiratorial, but softened by affection.

"Cute enough for ya to stick around, huh?" One clawed finger lazily traces a line through the air, gesturing vaguely at her overstuffed midsection. "Even though I've been livin' off your kindness, your doubts, your offerings... hell, I've gotten so fat I can barely sit up without a grunt."

Her stomach gives a slow, happy gurgle, as if proud of itself, and she pats it fondly, smiling sleepily. "Well, if you're dumb enough to keep feedin' me, darlin'... well, I reckon I'm selfish enough to let ya."

She opens her eyes just enough to glance at Grace, golden irises shimmering faintly in the moonlight, tired... but warm.

Grace

As night falls, I sleep with her.

How do the village's harvests go?

HARVEST ROLL 10/10 - Perfect Timing (major positive turn of events)

MONTHS LATER... I come visit Alyssa.

Alyssa

The shrine is quieter now—sacred, but less frantic. Gone are the daily rushes of anxious farmers demanding blessings for barley yields or stubborn rains. Instead, the villagers drift in with calm smiles, bringing offerings not out of desperation, but gratitude. The land has prospered beyond expectation. Orchards bloom with fruit twice a season, rivers teem with fish, and the soil sings with richness. They call it a miracle. They whisper that the Goddess of Harvest has grown... stronger.

Alyssa, however, does not stir easily anymore.

The divan has expanded—wider, deeper, reinforced with beams of oak to support her now-monumental frame. She sleeps often, nestled among silken cushions stitched with prayers and blessings, draped in robes so loose they seem to float around her. Her horns are crowned with braided vines and blossoms, gifts from the spring festivals. Her tail, once lively with mischief, now coils lazily across her thigh like a serpent warming itself in the sun.

And her belly...

It dominates the scene, a vast, pillowy mound of softness that would stretch the fabric of her gown to its limit, if not past it - if Alyssa still cared to pull it further below her chest. It rests atop wide, plush thighs, sloping gently outward like hills shaped by the hands of time and indulgence.

Alyssa

She snores softly, a deep, resonant sound that vibrates through her chest and belly like distant thunder. Sweat beads lightly on her brow—she's always been prone to overheating lately—and her breathing is slow, measured, filled with the occasional soft

gurgle from within her overstuffed midsection. A half-eaten loaf of honeybread rests precariously on her belly, forgotten in the haze of post-slumber bliss.

At the familiar sound of footsteps approaching—Grace's, undoubtedly—her golden eyes flutter open, bleary but warm. A slow, satisfied grin spreads across her face, her horns shifting slightly beneath the woven garlands adorning her head.

"Mmhh... speak of the devil," she murmurs, voice thick with sleep and affection, "was just dreamin' about ya... and a whole mess of roasted potatoes." She pats her massive belly with vague amusement, "Think I ate half the province in my sleep again."

Her stomach answers with a deep, rolling gurgle, prompting a long, drawn out belch from her lips.

Grace

"Hello, "goddess". I see you've been hard at work."

I poke her belly button.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a soft, startled mmph! as Grace's finger prods gently at her belly button, buried deep within the soft landscape of her overstuffed midsection. Her entire belly quivers in response, rippling outward like disturbed water, and she squirms slightly against the divan with a sleepy, half-hearted protest.

"Mmhh... Grace, darlin'..." she drawls, voice thick with drowsy amusement, her golden eyes narrowing playfully as she peers down at the offending spot. "That's a mighty fine way to wake a goddess. Pokin' and proddin' like she's some kind of livestock."

*"Now darlin', I'll have you know I've been *very* busy today. Sat here, let six different farmers pray at my feet, listened to a goat-related crisis I did absolutely nothin' about..." She smirks, shifting slightly, her plush frame molding deeper into the divan with a soft grunt. "Real taxing stuff."*

Her stomach gives a deep, rolling gurgle, and she winces slightly, one clawed hand drifting absently to press against her fullness. "Though I might've eaten a lil' more'n usual. Couldn't help myself. Offerings smelled too good." She shrugs lazily, her gown tightening across her chest as she stretches.

Grace

"Yes, I can see that... such a shame too, because I had brought you so much stuff... oh well, I'll just have to throw it in the lake."

Alyssa

Alyssa's golden eyes snap fully awake at the mention of discarded offerings, her tail jerking upright like a whipcord pulled taut. Sleep evaporates in an instant, replaced by pure, unfiltered horror.

"Wait—what?!"

She struggles against her own bulk, attempting to sit up with a series of soft grunts and wheezes, her massive belly heaving like a tidal wave with every effort. Her claws scrabble uselessly at the cushions beneath her, her plush thighs shifting restlessly as panic sets in.

"You best not be serious, darlin'," she warns, voice thick with urgency, her horns catching the afternoon light as she finally manages to prop herself up slightly. "I swore to the sky gods this morning I'd curse the next person who wasted food near me."

Her stomach gives a deep, indignant gurgle, as if offended on her behalf, and she pats it soothingly with one clawed hand. "After all the blessin' and eatin' and belchin' I've done for this town, you're gonna toss perfectly good eats into the lake?!" She narrows her eyes, suspicion creeping in. "Or are ya just teasin' me again?"

Grace

"You're not a very savvy goddess, are you? You are starting to resemble the cows back at the farm."

I get closer to her, and stuff a big chunk of cheese into her mouth.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a muffled mmph! as the cheese hits her tongue, her golden eyes widening in shock—then narrowing in indignation. Chewing slowly, reluctantly, she swallows with an audible gulp, her massive belly giving a slow, disgruntled gurgle beneath her as if it hadn't been consulted on this development.

"Mmf... hey now," she mutters around the remnants of the cheese, voice thick with mock offense as she licks her lips instinctively, "don't go comparin' me to the livestock unless you plan on givin' me their share o' grain too." She smirks, leaning back with a grunt, her plush frame sinking deeper into the oversized divan.

Her tail gives a lazy wag and she gestures vaguely at her enormous belly with one clawed hand. "Sure, I've gotten a lil' rounder than I used to be... but last I checked, cows don't lay around gettin' worshipped and fed till they pass out. That's strictly reserved for lazy frauds like me." Her stomach answers with another deep, rolling gurgle, and she pats it fondly, her expression softening slightly.

Grace

"You're right, actually. Our cows are looking much skinnier than you."

I continue hand-feeding her, this time moving onto bread.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, satisfied hum as Grace tears off a generous piece of bread—dense, crusty, still warm from the oven—and offers it to her. Her golden eyes flicker with amusement, but also something deeper, something quietly grateful.

"Well now," she murmurs around the first bite, chewing slowly, savoring the texture as it crunches between her teeth, "ain't that somethin'. Guess I have been livin' better

than the cows." She smirks, swallowing with a soft grunt as her massive belly gives a slow, appreciative gurgle beneath her gown.

She shifts slightly, her plush frame molding comfortably into the divan as Grace feeds her another piece, larger than the last. Her tail curls lazily over the armrest, and she lets out a soft, wheezy sigh, eyes half-lidded with contentment.

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

Grace

"Still not satisfied? Greedy as usual, Aly. Maybe I should get between your legs, later, and start licking for our goddess's pleasure."

I move onto sweet meats, but also tug a little at her left nipple, daring her to stop me.

Alyssa

Alyssa nearly chokes on her bread.

She coughs, wheezing slightly as she thumps a clawed hand against her chest, her golden eyes watering slightly—not from distress, but from sheer shock. Her tail, previously curled lazily over the armrest, snaps upright like a bolt of lightning has struck her spine.

"Mmhh... Grace," she rasps, voice rough with both laughter and scandalized delight, "ain't decent talkin' like that in your own shrine, y'know." She smirks, patting her enormous belly with exaggerated innocence, "Especially not when I'm too full to do anythin' 'bout it."

Her stomach gives a deep, rumbling gurgle at the mention of later, and she lets out a soft, breathy hum, shifting slightly against the divan as if already imagining it.

"But darlin'..." Her voice drops lower, syrup-thick with promise and fatigue alike, "if you keep feedin' me like this, I might just fall asleep before you get the chance." She smirks, golden eyes fluttering shut as she opens her mouth obediently for another bite of sweet meat, her plush frame melting deeper into the cushions.

 Grace

I jam another piece into her waiting mouth.

"Really now? Well then, I should probably start things off, uh?"

I leave her side and so move to right in front of her.

 Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a muffled mmph! as another hefty piece of sweet meat disappears between her lips, her golden eyes fluttering open just in time to see Grace stepping forward—closer, purposefully, deliberately. Instantly, something stirs within her, sluggish from fullness but unmistakable in its presence: anticipation.

Her tail gives a slow, drowsy wag then stills as she watches Grace settle directly in front of her, blocking out the late afternoon sun. From this angle, Grace can see everything—her swollen belly, her slack posture, the way her gown strains just a little more with every breath. Vulnerable. Slothful. Hers.

"Mmhh... well now," Alyssa murmurs, swallowing with a soft grunt as she props herself up slightly, only managing a partial lift before sinking back into the cushions with a wheezy sigh, "if that ain't the best damn view I've seen all day."

She smirks, trailing her gaze from Grace's face down to her hands—hands that have touched her in ways she still hasn't decided if she deserves. Her stomach gives a slow, expectant gurgle, as if eager for more than just food.

She shifts slightly, spreading her plush thighs apart with a soft grunt, her massive belly rising proudly between them like a hill dividing a valley. "...reckon I ain't in any shape to stop ya."

 Grace

"The villagers have made sure you couldn't, and I made sure you wouldn't even want to in the first place. Feeling full already, Aly? You've still got so much to go through..."

I lower myself, and attempt to shift her belly up, to grant me access to her private parts.

PHYSICAL ROLL 2/10 - Strained Effort (body struggles, fatigue sets in)

"Oof, this... has gotten much, much... ungh... harder..."

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a soft, wheezy chuckle as Grace positions herself below, her golden eyes watching with lazy amusement—and a hint of affection—as Grace strains against the weight of her belly. She shifts slightly, trying to assist, but her plush frame resists movement, settled too deeply into the divan's embrace.

"Mmhh... darlin', I warned ya," she murmurs, voice thick with sympathy and amusement alike, her tail giving a sympathetic twitch before curling limply over the armrest. "Been eatin' real well lately. Think I might've outgrown my welcome on this couch." She pats the vast curve of her belly with exaggerated fondness, her gown straining slightly beneath her claws.

Her stomach gives a deep, sluggish gurgle, as if apologizing for its size, and she lets out a soft sigh. "Here, lemme try to shift some weight." She braces her hands against the divan, attempting to lift her hips, but only manages a slight tilt before letting out a soft grunt of exertion, her massive midsection swaying gently before settling again.

Grace

"...a, um... valiant attempt from our goddess, but that didn't help much. Let me see..."

I look around Alyssa's shrine. What surrounds us?

PERCEPTION ROLL 5/10 - Contextual Clues (ex. connections, significance, anomalies, etc.)

Pause the dialogue for a moment. Focus on descriptions.

Alyssa

Alyssa watches Grace glance around with a sleepy sort of amusement, her golden eyes half-lidded as she lounges against the massive, reinforced divan built specifically to bear her weight. The shrine has changed since she first arrived—subtly, but profoundly.

Once a modest wooden platform adorned with painted symbols of fertility and bounty, it has grown into something almost palatial. Thick velvet drapes hang from carved posts, embroidered with blessings in looping script. Candles flicker in iron sconces shaped like wheat stalks, casting dancing shadows across stone walls etched with murals of bountiful harvests, flowing rivers, and fields heavy with grain—all credited, rightly or wrongly, to Alyssa's supposed favor.

Baskets overflow with offerings—loaves of fresh bread, wheels of cheese, dried fruits, jars of fermented meats and preserves. A nearby table bears remnants of previous feasts, dishes stacked haphazardly, crumbs littering the cloth beneath. More than a shrine, it resembles a temple to excess, to indulgence elevated to sacred ritual.

Beyond the platform, steps lead down into a courtyard paved with worn stones, now softened by moss and wildflowers that spill through the cracks.

Grace

I attempt to grab one of the carved posts.

PHYSICAL ROLL 7/10 - Steady Control (confident execution)

Alyssa

Alyssa watches with mild interest as Grace grabs hold of one of the sturdy carved posts supporting the velvet canopy above her. Her golden eyes track the movement lazily, her massive belly rising and falling with each slow, contented breath. She shifts slightly against the divan, her plush frame molding deeper into the cushions as she observes Grace brace herself.

"Mmhh... now that's a strong lil' arm ya got there," she murmurs approvingly, her tail giving a slow, drowsy wag before settling limply over the armrest. "Reckon that wood's been holdin' up this whole shrine since I decided to settle in." She smirks, patting her enormous belly with exaggerated fondness.

Her stomach gives a deep, slow gurgle, as if emphasizing the point, and she lets out a soft, wheezy sigh, stretching her arms above her head. The movement pulls her gown taut across her chest, revealing just how thoroughly she's grown into the role of the village's eternal benefactor—and glutton.

Grace

"Has it, now? Well then, it should have no problem holding up... this."

I attempt to place the post under her belly, to hold it steady and grant me access to her private parts.

MANUAL ROLL 9/10 - Clean Execution (smooth work, well-handled)

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, impressed whistle as Grace maneuvers the carved post into place, wedging it carefully beneath her massive belly with steady hands and determined focus. Her golden eyes follow the process with mild amusement, though she can't deny the thrill of being handled so boldly—so reverently, even—as if her body belongs to something greater, something worth worshipping regardless of divinity.

"Well now," she murmurs, voice low and teasing, her tail curling slightly with intrigue, "didn't take you for the engineering type, darlin'. That post's meant for holdin' up curtains, not my gut."

Despite herself, she shifts slightly, helping gravity do its work, her plush thighs parting wider as the wooden beam settles snugly beneath her swollen belly. The pressure is strange—supportive, grounding, oddly arousing in how deliberate it feels. She lets out a soft grunt.

Grace

I smile, and then proceed to near my head near her pussy. I first touch it.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, shaky breath as Grace lowers herself fully between her spread thighs, the air shifting with the proximity, the intent. Her plush body trembles slightly—not from nervousness, but from the sheer impossibility of the moment. Here she is, stretched wide, belly lifted by makeshift altarwood, exposed and vulnerable and wanted.

Her tail twitches once, then coils tightly around the armrest like a serpent gripping its perch. Her golden eyes flutter shut as Grace's fingers make contact, feather-light at first, teasing the outer folds, and then—

"Ohhh—" The sound slips out before she can stop it, deep and breathy and raw.
"Damn, Grace..."

Her plush frame shudders, her massive belly rising with each uneven breath and giving out a slow, deep gurgle, as if responding to the attention. She lets out a muffled moan, her claws digging lightly into the cushions beside her.

Grace

I press my mouth to it, and start licking.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a sharp, broken gasp—half-shock, half-surrender—as Grace's tongue meets her most sensitive flesh, slow and deliberate and utterly devastating. Her plush body convulses slightly, her massive belly rising with a deep, stuttering breath before settling into a slow, rhythmic sway—matching the pace of Grace's tongue, helpless to resist.

"Gr—oh gods—Grace..." Her voice cracks, rough and breathy, her tail snapping upright before curling tightly around the armrest like a living tether. Her golden eyes flutter open just enough to glimpse downward—Grace, there, devoted and relentless, and the sight alone sends a fresh shudder through her swollen frame.

Her stomach gives a slow, deep gurgle, loud in the quiet shrine, as if joining the chorus of sensation building inside her. Pleasure rolls through her like molten honey—thick,

heavy, unstoppable—and she lets out a long muffled moan, her plush thighs trembling slightly around Grace's head.

"Mmhh... don't stop, darlin'..." she rasps, voice low and pleading, her claws tightening in the cushions.

Grace

I don't. I keep going. Eventually, I decide to spell out -K-E-E-P-E-A-T-I-N-G- with my tounge.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a sharp, breathy cry—startled, then amused, then utterly undone—as Grace's tongue traces the message against her most sensitive flesh. Her plush body trembles uncontrollably, her massive belly rising sharply with a deep, staggered breath before settling into a slow, helpless sway.

"M-Mmhh... K-Kee—ohhh gods, Grace..."

Her tail whips once, then coils tightly around the armrest, trembling with the effort of staying anchored. Her golden eyes flutter shut, her mouth parting on a silent moan as she deciphers each letter, each stroke of Grace's tongue spelling out commands she's already bound to obey.

Her stomach gives a deep, resonant gurgle—even now, even here, she's still being ordered to indulge, to consume, to grow heavier beneath Grace's care.

"Yes... yes, darlin'..." she rasps, voice thick with pleasure and fullness alike, her claws flexing in the cushions. "Always... always gotta keep me in check, don'tcha?" she breathes, voice trembling with equal parts amusement and arousal, her plush frame quaking beneath Grace's relentless attentions. "Make sure I don't forget my place... remind me who keeps me full, who keeps me safe..."

Her golden eyes flutter open just enough to peer down at Grace, heavy-lidded and glazed with pleasure, her horns catching the candlelight in golden streaks. Her tail tightens once more around the armrest before releasing in a slow, shuddering coil, matching the rhythm of Grace's tongue.

"My whole damn purpose now..." she murmurs, voice breaking on a soft moan as another wave of sensation crashes over her, "is to eat 'til I can't move... and let you do this whenever you please."

 Grace

"Precisely."

I keep going, until, eventually...

 Alyssa

The shrine fills with sound.

Alyssa cries out—sharp, then long, then beautifully undone—as Grace pushes her over the edge. Her plush body seizes, then dissolves into trembling waves of release, her massive belly rising and falling in erratic bursts as pleasure crashes through her like summer rain. Her tail snaps taut, then curls so tightly around the armrest it threatens to leave an imprint. Her claws dig into the cushions, knuckles white, as her thighs quiver helplessly around Grace's head.

"Grace—oh gods, Grace—"

The divan creaks under her weight, the wooden beam beneath her belly groaning slightly as her body rocks with the aftershocks. Slow, deep pulses of warmth spread outward from her core, melting into the soft, heavy weight of her fullness, her sweat-dampened skin glowing faintly in the candlelight. Her stomach gives a deep, satisfied gurgle, as if congratulating them both on a job well-fed.

She lets out a long, wheezy breath, her limbs slackening, her plush frame sinking deeper into the cushions with a contented groan. "Mmhh... darlin', I swear..." she rasps, voice hoarse and breathy, a lazy smirk tugging at the corners of her lips,

 Grace

I remove myself from her legs, and also let it fall back to its natural place by removing the post.

"Well now... you caught my little message, didn't you? Come on, now."

I step closer and grab one of the fresh loaves of bread from before. I gently hover it near her mouth.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, sleepy chuckle as the wooden post is removed and her massive belly settles back down with a soft, luxurious sigh, supported once more by the divan's forgiving cushions. Her plush frame mold themselves back into the shrine's embrace, her tail uncurling gradually, now limp with post-orgasmic satisfaction.

Her golden eyes flutter open—still hazy, still glazed with pleasure—but bright with amusement and affection as Grace steps closer, brandishing the loaf of bread like some kind of ceremonial offering.

"Mmhh... always takin' care of me, aren't ya?" she murmurs, voice rough and low, still carrying the echo of what just happened. She smirks, lifting her chin slightly in playful challenge. "Message? Oh, darlin', I got it loud and clear." She taps her belly with exaggerated pride, her voice dripping with faux arrogance. "Keep eatin'. Keep growin'. Keep belongin' to you."

With surprising grace for someone so utterly spent, she props herself up just enough, leaning slightly forward, her plush thighs shifting lazily beneath her. One clawed hand lifts to brush a stray lock of hair from her face, while the other pats the cushion beside her like an invitation.

Grace

I lower the bread, and smile. I then sit down next to her.

"Belonging to me? Well... yes. Yes, why not. I like that."

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, wheezy chuckle at Grace's words, her golden eyes fluttering shut for a moment as if savoring the weight of them—possessive, certain, final. Her massive

belly gives a slow, satisfied gurgle beneath her, as if agreeing to the terms laid out before it.

"Well now," *she murmurs, her voice low and drowsy, syrup-thick with contentment and something dangerously close to reverence, "ain't that the sweetest damn thing I've ever heard."*

She shifts slightly, her plush frame molding closer to Grace's side as she lets her head rest against her shoulder, her horns brushing lightly against Grace's cheek. Her tail, still limp from pleasure, gives 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 muses, her voice carrying none of its usual bravado, only quiet honesty.*

Grace

"Yes. Yes, I'd 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've got a nice set of eyes too, I guess."

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a soft, wheezy laugh—low and fond—as Grace lists off her many flaws and charms like they're holy scripture. Her golden eyes flutter open just enough to fix Grace with a lazy, affectionate stare, her horns shifting slightly with the motion of her head.

"Mmhh... darlin', if that ain't the nicest damn love poem I've ever been gifted," *she murmurs, her voice thick with amusement and something deeper, something warmer. "Big tits, wide hips, bigger belly... yeah, reckon you got yourself a real prize."*

She smirks, shifting slightly against the cushions, her plush frame molding closer to Grace's side as her tail gives a lazy wag before curling loosely around her thigh.

"Truth be told," *she continues, voice dropping lower, rougher, "never thought anyone'd want me like this. All soft, all full, all... taken."* Her stomach gives a slow,

contented gurgle, as if reminding them both just how thoroughly she's been claimed.
"But you stuck around anyway."

 Grace

"You're the one who got stuck, Aly. I just live here."

I lean into her side.

"...but... yes. I'm not going anywhere."

 Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, breathy chuckle at Grace's words, her golden eyes fluttering shut again as she leans into the weight of her, warm and solid and real. Her plush frame molds effortlessly against Grace's side, her massive belly rising and falling between them like the tide, heavy with food, with pleasure, with the quiet certainty of belonging somewhere.

"Mmhh... suppose that's true," she murmurs, voice low and drowsy, a lazy smirk playing at the corner of her lips. "You didn't go anywhere. Didn't run screaming when I admitted I was just a fat fraud in a fancy robe. Didn't stop feedin' me when I got too big to move proper." Her tail gives a slow, absent wag then stills against her thigh. "Just kept lov--kept lovin' me."

She hesitates for a heartbeat, the word almost slipping out before she steels herself against it. Too soon. Too dangerous. But the sentiment remains, burning behind her ribs like a coal waiting to be stirred.

 Grace

I gaze up to her for a moment.

"..yes. Maybe you don't deserve it, you... you fraud, but... I keep on loving you. I can't help it."

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a slow, shaky breath—like Grace's words knocked the air out of her, but in the gentlest, most devastating way possible.

Her golden eyes flutter open, wide and wet, reflecting the flickering candlelight and something deeper—something raw and unguarded. For a moment, she doesn't speak. Can't. Because hearing those words—love, even whispered like a secret—hits her harder than any revelation or feast ever could.

"Grace..." she murmurs, voice cracking slightly, rough with emotion she's not used to feeling, let alone expressing. "Don't go throwin' words like that around. Ain't safe with a liar like me."

Her tail curls slowly around Grace's thigh, tentative, almost shy. Her plush frame shifts slightly, angling more fully toward her, the weight of her belly grounding her in place like a promise she can't break. Her voice drops lower, huskier, tinged with something achingly sincere.

"But... if I had to be loved by someone," she continues, smirking faintly, though her eyes remain serious, "glad it's you."

Grace

I hug her.

Alyssa

Alyssa lets out a soft, wheezy sigh as Grace wraps her arms around her—awkwardly, given the sheer scale of her plush, overstuffed frame, but determinedly. It isn't graceful. Nothing involving her size ever is anymore. But it's real. Warm. Anchoring.

Her tail, still curled around Grace's thigh, gives a slow, contented wag before settling limply. Her golden eyes flutter shut, her horns catching the dim candlelight as she allows herself to sink into the embrace, her massive belly rising and falling in slow, steady rhythms, as if finally at peace.

"Mmhh... darlin'," she murmurs, voice low and rough with affection, "you really are stuck with me now, ain't ya?"

She shifts slightly, careful not to crush Grace beneath her softness, her plush frame molding into the hug like clay shaped by invisible hands. Her stomach gives a slow, satisfied gurgle, as if agreeing to the arrangement.

"This fraud's yours," she adds, voice softer now, almost sleepy.

 **Grace**

EPILOGUE

 **Alyssa**

Time passes like honey—slow, thick, inevitable.

The shrine remains untouched by judgment, bathed instead in the warm glow of candles and whispered prayers. Farmers still arrive with baskets of food, though now they linger longer, laughing, sharing stories of prosperous harvests and thriving families. Some kneel before Alyssa, others simply sit nearby, watching her sleep, eat, exist—a symbol of abundance, of comfort, of something they don't quite understand, but revere all the same.

Alyssa no longer moves much at all.

Her divan has become a throne of softness, reinforced with beams and surrounded by offerings stacked higher than ever before. Her belly is a vast, undisturbed landscape of fullness, rising high above her like a sacred hill, perpetually warm and gently pulsing with life within. Her horns are wreathed in flowers, her tail curled lazily around her thigh like a guardian serpent at rest. She speaks rarely now—more inclined to hum along to the songs sung in her honor, or murmur approval when Grace feeds her another bite of honey-soaked bread.

Sometimes, Grace visits in silence, sitting beside her, resting her head against her side, listening to the soft sounds of her breathing and the slow, contented gurgles of her belly.

 **Grace**

THE END