

Demon Worship
By Angelus

Ryth was worn out, busy catching his breath after spending the greater part of an hour kidnapping some of his gremlin coworkers to feed to his friend. He tugged at the front of his purple and grey hoodie to try and cool off faster while he eyed his handiwork from a safe distance. His brown and tan fur did no favors in helping him cool off, but all of his panting was already helping him get rid of excess heat. He kept his glowing green goggle-eyes fixed on Holo, admiring the way the bulges of those other gremlins shifted inside the stomach of the stuffed, dragon-shaped incubus.

Holo was watching the gremlin, an amused smile stretched over his muzzle. Ryth had fed him several other gremlins, and now they wiggled in his stomach, making the stretched yellow scales bulge in odd places. He held a hand to his stomach, running his claws over the surface, gently scratching away the decorative markings he had painted on his body. His tail swished with delight.

While Ryth was nicely dressed, in pants and a cropped hoodie, Holo was wearing almost nothing at all. A half skirt and loincloth were the only articles of note, and they did little to hide the hefty package hanging between his legs. It was something quite standard for an incubus, but Ryth was much more fixated on the huge gut he had helped the dragon get.

Ryth's gaze did not go unnoticed by Holo. "Well, what're you waiting for? You helped me get this big, get over here and enjoy it!" Holo waved Ryth over with an outstretched arm, making the thin, golden chains on his arm ring like wind chimes. Holo's gut burbled as it slowly digested everything he had eaten.

"You sure?" Ryth asked, standing back again to get a good view of what he was working with. He looked sheepish, standing there, dwarfed by Holo's stomach. It didn't help that Holo's gut was currently stuffed with his gremlin companions. Ryth guessed there was a fifty/fifty chance that Holo was just going to eat him too when he got close enough, so he kept his distance, blushing, but wanting to approach.

"What, nervous? I'm not gonna eat you, that would be a poor way to treat a client!" Holo said, tail swishing over the top of his half skirt. "Let me help you relax a bit~" He took in a breath, and then exhaled at Ryth, ringing the gremlin's head in a thick cloud of lavender fog.

Ryth inhaled it before he could stop himself, but the fog didn't make him gag or choke. It had a subtle scent that seemed to shift, encouraging Ryth to keep inhaling it; sandalwood to fresh laundry, vanilla to warm cookies, it was difficult to not breathe it in nice and deep. The effects took hold quickly. Ryth's heartbeat slowed to normal as his anxiety melted away, and he felt desire stir in his mind and between his legs.

"That better?" Holo asked. His demonic fog breath was the perfect tool for a sex demon, as it reduced anxiety and increased arousal in the target. He could tell by the look on the gremlin's face that it had taken full effect.

Ryth was all too eager to get his hands on Holo's gut now. He accepted the dragon's invitation without reservations, and pushed both hands into the squirming, scaly mass before him. There was an inches-thick layer of fat under those leathery scales, and it squished between Ryth's fingers as he pressed his hands in. They sunk in up to his wrist before he felt

resistance pushing back from underneath.

Holo's stomach was filled with all of the other gremlins that Ryth had fed to him, and from the outside they felt like a single, wiggling mass. They all shifted as he pushed against them, and a blush flooded his face as he felt various limbs kick out against Holo's belly fat. They certainly weren't happy to be in there, but that was hardly any concern of Ryth's; he'd have eaten them himself if he was peckish enough.

"Damn you're big..." the gremlin muttered as he moved his hands over that huge gut. It was more than twice his height and a few times his own width, to say nothing of how far in front of Holo it stuck out. His rubbing smeared some of the body paint Holo had over his scales, smudging up the patterns that had stretched as Ryth fed him. "Ah, oops." Ryth muttered as he pulled one hand away, looking at the lavender paint that had rubbed off on him.

"Uhhrrpp... Don't sweat it, it's already all stretched out, I'd have to redo it later anyways," Holo belched, not bothered by his painted scales getting smudged. He shifted his weight from one leg to the other and adjusted the golden bangles that decorated his arms.

"Well in that case!" Ryth dunked his head against Holo's scales, nuzzling against that wiggling mass and rubbing it with both hands. He tried to wrap his arms around as much of Holo as he could reach and squееееееzed it in a hug. He could feel the forms of the gremlins inside get pushed back as he pressed in and tried to hug their wiggling forms through a wall of scales and blubber. Their kicks were buffered by Holo's fat, feeling more like having a factory-new pillow thrown at him than like an actual kick. "Aaahh, damn you're big. There's just so much to grab and admire!" Ryth grabbed a handful of fatty scales and gave them a shake, sending a wobble across Holo's churning belly.

Ryth pulled back for a moment, his face and hands covered in flakes of dried (but non toxic) paint that had rubbed off of Holo's scales. His patterns had been mostly rubbed away by now, and what was left flaked off from the constant struggling of the contents of his gut, though that struggling was gradually lessening. Ryth shook his hands and dusted off his face to get the paint flecks off, snorting a bit to make sure he hadn't gotten any up his nose.

"Satisfied?" Holo asked with a smug smirk.

"Not... quite..." Ryth said, thinking it over.

"Well I've got an idea! You're pretty tough right?"

"Yeah! Tough as they come!" Ryth replied.

"There come here, I want you to REALLY feel this thing!" Holo reached his arms as far around his stomach as they would go and grabbed the sides, gripping so firmly that his thick scales dimpled around his fingers. He dug in his heels, and with a grunt, he hefted up his stomach, lifting the boulder-sized mass off the floor. He huffed with the effort, but managed to get a good two feet of clearance by leaning back a little and leaning his stomach back against him. "Alright, slide under, hrf!" he said, arms wobbling as he struggled to keep his gut that high off the ground.

Ryth didn't waste a second. He took a running leap and slid under Holo's gut before the dragon couldn't hold it up anymore. That huge gut cast a shadow over Ryth's entire body, and the banded yellow scales filled his vision. He reached up and touched his hands to the bottom of that gut. It was warmer than the front, with the scales having built up heat where they touched

the ground. He pushed up into that mass, and could feel just how dense and heavy it was, easily several hundred pounds.

“R-ready?” Holo asked, obviously struggling to keep his weight up.

“Hit me!” Ryth cheered.

“Thank fuck!” Holo let out a gasp and simply let go of his stomach. It hit the floor with a booming thud, and Ryth fully disappeared under it.

Ryth had the wind knocked out of him as all of that gut hit him all at once, but he couldn't have been more pleased. He could only wiggle a little under there, limbs and tail all squirming to try and rub against as much of that gut as possible. Lifting that gut was impossible. In the right position, Ryth would have been able to heft it up, but being pressed flat to the floor like this meant there was no room to bend his arms and get the proper lifting angle. He even tried, but only succeeded in making his arms tired.

“You good down there? I can still feel you moving, so I'm going to take that as a yes!” Holo said, though Ryth couldn't really hear him.

All that weight made Ryth's back pop in a couple places, working out a kink he'd felt earlier that day. He nearly melted against the floor from how good it felt to have so much churning stomach bearing down on him, not to mention having an open invitation to grab and rub at as much of it as he wanted. He was utterly delighted. He tried to sit up, pushing his face deeeep into that stomach, listening to it all. It was the perfect prize for all the work he'd done to stuff that stomach.