

Ragnarok Romanova
By Angelus

The air in the summoning room felt heavier than usual as Borusa stepped through the door. The elaborate, circular sigil that covered the entire floor seemed brighter, and he felt a tingle down his spine as he stepped up to the edge of it. The hefty orange-umber Tyrannosaurus Rex looked up to the observation window across the room and waited as Chaldea's staff members took places to prepare for the familiar ritual. "Let me know when it's ready, DaVinci!" His deep voice echoed off the metal walls and carried through the intercom.

The voice of a lively young woman replied. "I'll give you the signal! According to the star charts, your magical energy should reach its peak in about five minutes, at the height of the solstice. That'll give us our best odds of a fantastic summoning!"

"Got it!" Borusa conducted one last gear check. His black and gray uniform was zipped and strapped tight to his oversized body. His creamsicle-orange stomach poured out from under it and hung down over his thighs, covering some of the stripes of reflective, high-vis material that decorated the gray pants. A thick belt was wrapped around his upper belly—at the bottom of the uniform's shirt—and he rummaged through the utility pouches that hung from it to do a quick equipment count. A half dozen stimulant ampoules, check. Short range two-way radio, check. Flashlight, check. It was nothing he needed, just a standard stock of supplies for missions, but the checklist had become a calming ritual.

"Alright, it's almost time! We're about to fire up the systems on this end. You can begin the incantation. Buon viaggio!" DaVinci's familiar well wishes brought a grin to the rex's muzzle.

He lifted his right arm and held it out over the summoning circle. The crimson shield-shaped etchings on the back of his hand brightened and crackled as his mana circuits connected to the ritual on the ground before him.

He took a deep breath, and began.

"I hereby swear! My will creates your body, and your sword creates my destiny!" The summoning circle brightened with a flash, filling the room with a pillar of light. Pressure blew out from the center, making the tails of Borusa's uniform flutter.

The Command Room buzzed as everything was thrown into action.

"FATE system activated, Summoning system is online!"

"Saint Quartz loaded. Magical energy reactor will reach full capacity in twenty seconds."

"Cosmic alignment in thirty-four seconds. Master Borusa's magical energy is spiking!"

He could feel it. They could all see it. A bright fringe of wild magical energy spun around the base of the pillar of light with such speed that it separated into a prismatic band. Borusa was pushed back a step by the pressure of the energy rushing out from the light, but his weight allowed him to steady himself without dropping a syllable. "If you heed the Grail's call, then follow the path and answer me! Guardian of the Scales!"

The light collapsed into a bright fog of shimmering mana with a silhouette of a man standing at the center. Borusa's eyes adjusted to the sudden dimness of the room as he tried to make out the figure that was standing half a room away from him. "Hello?" Borusa took a careful step forward.

A pair of pointed, wolfish ears flicked up, and the head turned to look at him. Their eyes met, and the shadow's piercing, glowing cerulean eyes pierced right through the huge rex, making him stop in his tracks. "...Borusa?"

"Patxi?"

The wolf standing in the center of the summon circle was someone he recognized. Belts with pouches and straps of ammo were cinched tight over a brown winter coat that hugged his body. A wild mane of messy gray hair fell past his shoulders.

Patxi snarled and bared his fangs. "What the hell is wrong with you?" The gray wolf's bare paws dented the metal floor as he stomped toward Borusa. The rex tried to stammer out a reply, but he was too slow. Patxi reached up and grabbed grabbed him by his collar, lifted him off his feet with one arm, and threw him onto the floor. "Why did you summon me? *How* did you summon me?"

Borusa scrambled to get to his feet, but Patxi stepped on his head to keep him pinned. He dug his heel into Borusa's cheek and drew his hand back, ready to claw his summoner to pieces. "I'm not a Heroic Spirit, I'm not even from your world!" Patxi's howls were enraged and confused as he held Borusa down with one leg despite the difference in their size.

"It just happened!" Borusa grabbed Patxi's ankle with both hands and managed to shift the wolf's paw just enough so that he could speak. "We just put materials and energy into the summoning system and fire it up, and whoever answers the call is who shows up!" He felt like a paper doll about to flattened underfoot. He could tell Patxi was holding back.

DaVinci chimed in, making Patxi's ears swivel about as her voice came in through multiple speakers. "That's right, which means you agreed to come here, even if you forgot the reason in transit. Happens all the time. As for not being from our world, we all formed a deep connection in the Russian Lostbelt. You must have followed that thread to get here."

Patxi's growl collapsed into a gruff sigh. He removed his paw from Borusa's face and grabbed him with both hands, lifting the rex back to his feet. "Yeah yeah, I believe you. It's just..." He averted his gaze. "...weird. It's weird to be here with you when the last thing I remember was dying to save you." The wolf looked over at Borusa who shifted his weight returned the gaze with a sad, uncertain expression. Patxi just scoffed. "Glad you didn't waste it like an idiot."

Borusa swallowed his uncertainty. "So, uh, will you be staying?" Borusa's face was hot, but he couldn't tell if it was an anxious heat, or a flustered blush, or a terrified flush. He hoped Patxi wouldn't notice, and tried to look busy by straightening his uniform.

"I may as well. I might figure out why I decided to show up. You've got a room for me, right? You talked about how big this 'Chaldea' place was."

"Of course!" A wave of relief washed over him. "Let me show you where you'll be staying, and give you a tour of the rest of the facility too." Borusa led the way with thundering steps that jostled his stomach with every footfall. Patxi followed lightly, avoiding putting anymore dents into the metal floor. Patxi was shown all the facilities: the game room and recreation room, the training room and the simulator, the Command Room, and his bedroom. He was most intrigued by the cafeteria.

"You mean I can get any kind of food I want, anytime I want? No rations? No hunting?"

Borusa nodded proudly. "That's right! And even if the kitchen is closed, we have free vending machines in most of the gathering areas. I imagine your Yaga appetite isn't diminished as a Servant, yeah?"

"Not at all. I may not technically need food as a Servant, but I have my Yaga appetite anyway. Is that a problem?" Patxi shifted nervously, but Borusa put a hand on his shoulder and gave a big, sharp-toothed grin.

"We can handle it, so eat as much as you want!" Borusa gave Patxi a pat on the shoulder to reassure him, but he could feel a tension in the wolf's shoulders. "Hmm, something else on your mind?"

"Yeah. A little. I've never been summoned before, so maybe this is just how it's supposed to feel, but uh... it feels like there's... something *e/se* in here with me." He placed a hand over his chest. "Does that make sense?" The Yaga grimaced at the thought.

"Actually, that's not unheard of. It's not even uncommon. If you want, we can head to DaVinci's lab and have her take a closer look at your Spirit Origin and see what's going on. Plus, you'd get to meet her in person. I think you only talked over comms in Yaga Russia."

Patxi agreed, and Borusa led the way to the lab.

One scan later, and there was a lot to discuss. Borusa and Patxi were seated on a couch in DaVinci's lab while they waited for her report. The couch sagged to one side as Borusa took up nearly two cushions, while Patxi failed to fill out the single one he was occupying. Patxi found himself glancing at Borusa over and over again. Despite how much time they had spent together in Russia, he couldn't get used to how big the rex was. Each of Borusa's thighs was as wide around as Patxi's waist, and the dinosaur's stomach was broad enough to be a dinner table. Back then, he couldn't understand how anyone could get enough to eat to grow to such massive sizes.

He was pulled out of his pondering as DaVinci cleared her throat.

"To get the mundane stuff out of the way, your class is Archer," DaVinci explained as she poured over a digital readout. Delicate reading glasses sat on the bridge of her nose, and her long dark hair framed her face in a manner reminiscent of the Mona Lisa she herself had painted. "Buuutt you've got some Alter Ego markers in there too, and most importantly, you're classified as a Divine Spirit. It seems that when you were summoned, you got mixed in with the Nordic wolf god Fenrir."

"Huh? So I'm fused with some sort of... foreign god?" Patxi felt over the front of his body as though he had to hold himself together.

"Mmmm, fused isn't quite right. You have his powers and Divine Core, but it looks like his personality and memories were left behind. It might be more accurate to say that you... ate him? Hmm~" She let out a little hum and tapped a finger on her tablet.

"Ate? A god? That doesn't uh. Is that good?" Patxi's ears flattened and his head tilted in confusion.

"It's fine, there's a lot of Heroic Spirits here that are composite Divine spirits like that," Borusa rumbled in that deep, booming voice of his. "But you'll probably have some new abilities to explore. Thankfully we have good ways of finding out just what you're capable of, namely, resource gathering. When you're ready, we can have our first battle together and see how things go and if your body fights the way you're used to."

Patxi nodded and flexed his claws. "Do you think we could go now? I want to find out what this Divine Core can do-" The Yaga was cut off as a rumble from his stomach shook the entire room. DaVinci's measuring implements clattered along the top of her table, and Borusa gripped the arm of the couch for stability. Patxi pressed his hands into his stomach as his eyes went wide. "...Uh. Actually. Let's hit the cafeteria first. I'm starving."

"Good call, I could do with some fuel before missions anyway. Come on, I'll show you how to get there from here." Borusa exited the lab with Patxi following a respectable distance behind. Borusa could sense Patxi following behind him, but he kept looking over his shoulder to make sure he was still there.

Patxi's face pinched into a scowl every time Borusa looked back until he eventually barked. "Think I'm gonna get lost or something? You're bigger and brighter than half the beasts in Yaga Russia, I'm not stupid enough to lose you in these halls."

"No, no, it's not that. It's just... hard to believe you're really here." Borusa slowed to a stop and turned back to face Patxi, looking down at him.

Patxi stopped and looked up, and they locked eyes. His gaze narrowed and his teal irises glowed. "I still don't entirely believe it myself, but I'm here, so there must be a reason for it. Now come on, let's eat, we can talk later." He walked past Borusa and brushed against him as he passed.

The rex was thrown aside like a feather in a breeze, and he crashed against the wall with a deep thud. "Urgh, r-right, let's not keep you waiting." He had forgotten just how naturally strong the Yaga were as a species, but this felt like even more physical strength than Patxi had while he was alive.

Chaldea's cafeteria was bathed in the same cool light as the rest of the facility, lending a faint bluish hue to the white metal walls and floors. A great many tables, chairs, and cafeteria benches occupied most of the floor space, but at this hour, only a handful were occupied. The clean scent of the rest of the facility gave way to the smells of frying pork and baking bread that made both Borusa and Patxi's stomachs growl and rattle the unoccupied furniture. A couple of the staff members who were dining looked up from their meals for a moment, gave Borusa a smile upon seeing him, and returned to their meals.

"Ahh..." Patxi licked over his teeth to prevent himself from drooling. "S-so uh, how do we get food here anyway?"

"We've had it set up buffet style to better accommodate my appetite, so you can just grab a plate and pile it with as much food as you want!" Borusa boasted.

"Really? As much as I want?" The idea of eating without restraint was foreign to Patxi, who had lived his whole life in the frozen wasteland of the (now collapsed) Russian Lostbelt.

"Yeah! Follow my lead, I'll show you how we do it." Borusa stomped up to the open breakfast buffet and grabbed an oversized plate from a stack at the end which he promptly piled with all manner of hot foods as he worked his way down the buffet line. By the time he reached the end, his plate was piled with a teetering mountain of food that looked ready to topple. Borusa headed over to a table with chairs that were larger than the rest, and as he took his seat, Patxi finally followed his lead.

The Yaga grabbed another oversized plate and tossed food onto it, preferring meats but taking a little bit of everything to try. His stomach roared at him to devour as much as possible, but the teetering of the food pile made him anxious as his selection climbed to half the height of

Borusa's. He navigated to the table and breathed a sigh of relief as he took a seat and set the platter down without losing a crumb.

Borusa was already stuffing his face. The wide and towering rex was using what looked like a shovel for a spoon to pile indifferent combinations of food into his mouth. Patxi had forgone utensils entirely, and after taking off his gloves, began to shovel food into his wolfish jaws with his bare hands.

Borusa swallowed the mouthful he was working on and let out a booming laugh. "Now that's the kind of enthusiasm for food I like to see in my Servants! You really-wow, uh, you're really putting it away there. Oh." He gulped and caught himself staring wide-eyed at the display before him. Patxi was of average build and only about six or so feet tall, meaning he was half or less of Borusa's size. Despite this, the Yaga was eating faster. Way faster. The pile of food Patxi had served himself dropped to the plate with a thud as every bite he took swept the entire base out from under the food mountain. His stomach bulged out against his shirt and jacket causing the fabric to pull tight against the straining buttons.

Patxi only came up for air once his plate had been licked clean. "*BhuuUUrrrOOp!* That was amazing! You really have so much variety here, and everything tastes so different. It's not just demonic beast meat over and over." He grabbed his plate and went back for a second round, leaving Borusa staring after him.

Borusa watched Patxi pile up another huge serving and demolish it. Then another. And another. The more the Yaga's stomach strained against his wintery hunting attire the warmer Borusa's cheeks became. By the third plate the buttons on Patxi's brown coat popped off and clattered across the cafeteria floor. By the fifth plate his shirt buttons were escaping one by one. By the eighth plate the Yaga's fluffy white stomach rivaled Borusa's in weight and width despite being on a frame half the size. Patxi's tenth and final plate was mostly scraps, but only because he'd eaten everything the buffet had to offer.

His huge stomach pressed into the edge of the table and shoved it against Borusa while his active guts *gwoooOoRorgled* like an overfull dishwasher. The chair he was sitting in, rated for Borusa's weight, creaked at the bolts that held it together. He was currently more belly than Yaga, and more belch than talk. "That was *hhoOORrrp* the best meal I've *BHuuURppP* had in *ageeeeuUUrrps!*"

Borusa had barely finished his own serving in the time it took Patxi to clean out the dining room, in part because he had been staring at Patxi's ballooning middle most of the time. "You uh, really seemed to enjoy it!" Borusa stammered, fully aware of how much he was blushing and how hard it was to pull his gaze up from that wall of white stomach to look at Patxi's face.

"I was never able to eat anything this *goOORrrd* or this much of it when I was *urp* alive. I might be a Servant now, but if I'm gonna be stuck *helooOOUrrrp*ing you Chaldeans I may as well enjoy myself." Patxi pushed his groaning chair back from the table and got to his feet as easily as ever. His stomach sagged to the ground and spread along the floor, wobbling on its own from the ferocity of the digestion agitating inside of him. "Now that we've had lunch, we should do some training right? I want to see what kinds of abilities this new body has."

"R-right now?" Borusa was aware of Patxi's appetite; it was a trait shared by every member of the Yaga race, but in the Russian Lostbelt they barely managed to scavenge enough food to survive day to day. Until now, he had never had a chance to see what the full brunt of a

Yaga's appetite looked like, and he couldn't take his eyes off of it. "You're sure you can fight with... with that?"

"Huh, this?" Patxi gestured to his gut with both hands. "You've seen me carry heavier things before, did you forget?"

"Th-those weren't attached to you-"

"What's it *uuurrrpp* matter? Look, we both want to see what I can do in battle, right? So let's do that, and THEN you can decide if I can fight with a gut like this or not."

"Alright, alright, if you insist. Lets get ready for a Rayshift then." Borusa stood and joined Patxi, and truly got perspective on the size of his gut. That squashed sphere of white fur spread out a couple of feet to either side of Patxi's torso, making it as wide as Borusa's own girthy waist. It stuck out further than Borusa's stomach, aided in part by being propped up on the floor. The top of the yaga's stomach matched up with Borusa's navel, and Patxi himself could juuuust see over the snow capped peak of his stomach.

Patxi grabbed his sides, lifted his stomach without so much as a grunt, and sauntered all of that mass out of the cafeteria with Borusa following behind so he could watch that barge of a stomach list from port to starboard with every step.

By the time they reached the Command Room, Patxi's stomach had burned off a few inches of girth, which did nothing to make the staff stare less. Once their eyes had their fill, they all promptly returned to preparing a Rayshift for Borusa and Patxi.

"So, Master, what *exactly* are we doing?" Patxi asked with a flick of his ears as he looked around the Command Room properly this time. The room was illuminated by pale blue light that emanated from a holographic globe that spun in the center of the room. Points on the map were lit up in different colors ranging from green to yellow. He stifled a hiss as Russia rotated into view, with a large green blotch covering the area he recognized as his former home.

Borusa seemed not to hear it over the combined sound of their stomping, sloshing footsteps. "We're heading to Orleans, France in the fifteenth century to acquire some rare materials. Specifically, we need some werewolf teeth, so your skills with hunting demonic beasts should be a perfect fit for this routine supply run." Borusa stepped up to the large globe, and it quickly rotated to display a white pinpoint over France. "Right there. The woods in the old Orleans Singularity were—and are—infested with werewolves that are hostile to the locals. So we'll take care of them, and get what we want."

Staff voices spoke up from the upper level of the Command Room as Borusa laid out the plan. "Rayshift coordinates set."

"Existence Verification is green."

"Vitals look good. Beginning Spritron Particle Conversion."

Patxi's vision narrowed into a tunnel of light. He tried to gasp, but couldn't pull in any air as his spirit and body were separated. His entire being was consumed by the tunnel of light... And the next moment, he was blinded by the brightness of a blue sky, and blindsided by the ability to breathe air again as his body and spirit were fit back together. "Ugh!" He gagged and doubled over, wheezing like the wind had been knocked out of him. After a few rattling gasps, he righter himself and stared daggers at Borusa. "That sucks."

"Yeah, first time is a bit rough. Feeling okay?" Borusa asked as he looked around to get his bearings. They had landed in a field right on the edge of a shaded forest.

Patxi felt over his body, running his claws over his chest and down the burdensome swell of his stomach. Nothing felt out of place. "Everything seems fine I guess."

"Perfect. We're heading into those woods, so summon your weapon and prepare for combat. We should expect an ambush." Borusa adjusted his uniform and pulled the gloves tight. "Remember, we're looking to get a baseline for your abilities as a Servant, but if you end up needing support while figuring things out I can cast some strengthening spells or summon temporary backup. Don't hesitate to ask for it if anything feels off."

"Got it." Patxi scowled in concentration and held his arms out as if he was holding his rifle. The air shimmered and his rifle appeared in his hands. "Huh. That's as convenient as it looked." He checked the chamber and confirmed it was loaded as Borusa led him into the woods.

Borusa moved between the trees, opting for gaps that were wide enough for him to squeeze through. Patxi followed and let out little growls when his gut got stuck between the trees. His snarl grew more intense each time, and his ears flattened against his head, nudging his hat. "Rrgghh... We're just waiting to be ambushed right? Let me take the lead."

"Oh, uh, sure, but why?" Borusa turned to look back at Patxi just as the Yaga unsummoned his rifle and put his hands on a pair of trees he was stuck between. He gave them a shove, and the trunks splintered and split. The trees topped in opposite directions, shaking the ground as they landed. Borusa gawked. Patxi had pushed the trees over like they had been a stack of paperback books. "I-I see! Sure, you can-"

Patxi snapped to attention and Borusa heard the crack of a trio of rifle shots before he even realized Patxi had resummoned his weapon. Three dull thuds of bodies slumping to the ground in the foliage sounded out in the silence following the shots. Patxi's hands trembled as he held his breath and stabilized his rifle on top of his stomach.

"Whoa, you okay?" Borusa kept his distance, but readied for more hostiles.

Borusa's voice got through to Patxi who let his breath out slowly and steadied his hands. "Yeah. I'm fine. It's just... I'm used to having to reload between shots, but as a Servant the bullets just appear in the chamber when I need them. I've never fired that fast before. I honestly couldn't tell you if I was shaking from tension or excitement."

"Well, take a breather, I'll see what you hit." Borusa crept through the underbrush toward where he heard the bodies drop. The scene was exactly what he expected; three hulking werebeasts were laid out on the ground in contorted poses. Their hearts had been blown out of their chests, and blood was still soaking into the ground from their instantly fatal bullet wounds. "Well," Borusa muttered, "He's still as sharp a shot as ever." He looked over the bodies and confirmed they were as dead as they looked before contacting Chaldea. "Command Room, this is Borusa. We have three bodies ready for collection at my current coordinates. Got 'em? Perfect, I'll leave the rest to you."

When he rejoined Patxi, he found himself having to keep his eyes from wandering to the Yaga's ground-dragging cauldron of a gut. "Eh-hrm. So, it looks like your hunting skills are still sharp, as are your senses."

"Nah, that's not right." Patxi interjected. "They're better. Way better." He was looking at his hand and examining his claws. "I can hear and smell things from way farther away than before, and I feel like my claws could cut through steel as if it were as soft as snow."

Borusa gulped. "W-well, given your displays of strength so far, that's not hard to imagine. But uh, a boost to your base parameters is expected. What we really want to test now is your Noble Phantasm."

Patxi turned his attention to the dino and his head and ears tipped in curiosity. "How would we do that?"

"The easiest way," Borusa began, "Is for me to use a Command Seal on you and order you to use it, if you're okay with that." He raised an arm and showed Patxi the red crest that was etched into the orange hide on the back of his hand.

"Oh right, I remember those. You can use them to make a Servant to whatever you want." Patxi stepped closer to get a better look at the shield-shaped crest.

"That's right, though I dooo prefer not to do that. I mostly use them for a power boost if things look dire, like giving someone enough energy for a last-ditch Noble Phantasm. If you prefer not to be commanded, we can find a different way to figure out what yours is," the hulking rex explained.

Patxi shrugged. "I think I'm more eager to find out what I can do than you are. Go ahead and use a seal on me this time. Besides, I want to know what it feels like to eat one of those."

"Alright, sounds good. In that case, we just need to find a suitable target. Picking anything up?"

"Yeah." Patxi's fluffy gray and white ears flicked. "This way. More werewolves, by the smell of them."

"Perfect, just what we need."

The werewolves could hear the stomp of slosh of the pair approaching from a hundred yards away, but they didn't expect the Master and Servant to be ready for them. Three of them burst through the underbrush and rushed Patxi, expecting the overfed Yaga to be an easy target.

They were, of course, totally outmatched by him. He caught two of them with his open palms against their chests and shoved them back, sending them flying a dozen yards before they crashed into trees and slumped to the ground in a daze. The last one he shoved to the ground and pinned them underfoot, a sight which Borusa found himself staring at. "Alright, they're alive but incapacitated. Use the Command Seal." He squinted down at the beast pinned under his boot and pushed them away so they were grouped with the other two.

"Got it. Patxi! By my Command Seal!" Borusa raised his hand, and the crest on it crackled and glowed. The outermost stroke of the crest faded, leaving only a faint outline behind. "Release your Noble Phantasm!"

The glow in Patxi's eyes intensified and his lips pulled back into a snarl as he crouched on all fours as though preparing to pounce on prey. His stomach squished on the ground between his arms and legs, and the ground cracked beneath his weight as a swirl of snow and freezing air whipped up around the Yaga and spiraled outward into a blizzard. Borusa had to shield his eyes from the leaves and branches that were picked up by the wind, and was glad his Mystic Code—his outfit—was enchanted to protect him from extreme temperatures.

"More..." Patxi growled, his voice rumbling through the howling winds. "More..!" The glow of his eyes cut through the blinding white. "This world... its gods... Everything... Everything! I'll consume it all!"

CHOMP! GULP..! BOHUURRRPP!

The blizzard unraveled in an instant, leaving on a few stray snowflakes to fall to the now-frozen ground. Patxi was standing where the unconscious werewolves had been tossed, but the only trace of the werewolves whereabouts was the now even greater girth of Patxi's exposed stomach. He licked over his teeth and sunk a hand into the stop of his soft, bloated dome of a gut. "...*Ragnarok Romanova*."

"P-Patxi, that..." Borusa was at a loss for words.

Patxi let out another belch, and this one swept through the trees and rattled their branches. "Yeah. I know. I get it now." He turned to face Borusa as the light in his eyes dimmed back to its usual luminance. "My Noble Phantasm brings forth the blizzard that raged eternal in my homeland, and Fenrir's... What was it called again? Divine Core? Well, it gives me the power to devour anything caught in the blizzard. Swallow it whole, even." He furrowed his brow in thought. "All this..." He gave his stomach a squeeze between his hands. "And I'm still not full. I could eat more if I wanted to. Or had to. So this is what it's like."

"That is one hell of an appetite you've got, Patxi." Borusa wanted to step closer, but his legs were locked in place just as his eyes were fixed on that gut. He couldn't help what he was thinking, or what he said next. "You could fit me in there and it wouldn't even be a tight squeeze." He only realized how that sounded after it left his mouth, and his face paled at how Patxi would react.

However, the Yaga just gave him a puzzled scowl. "I see you mages are still as weird as ever. Normal people like me would never think something that bizarre." He paused and frowned a bit more, but this time at himself. "Er, well, like I *used* to be, I guess. Eh, whatever. If that's all, we should head back to Chaldea, right?"

Borusa nodded and contacted the Command Room to bring them back, all the while staring at Patxi's gut and trying not to think of how well he'd fit inside of it.

It was a few weeks later that Borusa and Patxi found themselves in DaVinci's lab again. The beautiful genius of Chaldea tapped her pen against her desk as she looked over the latest observations of Patxi's Spirit Origin.

Borusa and Patxi were once again sharing the couch in DaVinci's lab, but this time the couch was sunken on both sides. Where Borusa still took up nearly two cushions all by himself, Patxi now took up just over a single cushion of width, meaning their hips and thighs were bushing together. They stole glances at once another, occasionally moving their hands closer to one another, but then retreating before touching.

Patxi didn't bother to keep his jacket and shirt buttoned anymore. His stomach and chest had grown too thick and protruding to even come close to clasping the buttons. His stomach spilled over his thighs and his thick sides escaped the woefully insufficient coverage provided by his top. Even his face was looking thicker. A neck roll was developing atop his collarbone, and his muzzle was flanked by two rounded cheeks.

His pants had proven more willing to adjust to his size, being that they were summoned along with him, though this had only prevented them from exploding off of his multiplied body mass. They still clung tight to his waist and his thighs threatened to burst the seams should he pack on any more weight. His ass did the work of straining the back, and the growing bulge of

his junk strained the front. He hoped the protrusion of his stomach was enough to hide it while he was seated.

"Hmm. It seems to me..." DaVinci spoke up, and the pair on the couch chastely clasped their hands into their own laps. "That I'm going to need to invent a stronger couch."

Patxi and Borusa both frowned, even as she smirked at them.

"I'm kidding. Well, not really, but that leads me to what you were actually wondering about. We know that Servants can gain and lose weight, as well as gain and lose strength, much like humans can. However, your suspicion that Patxi here is experiencing that on an unprecedented scale was absolutely correct. I reviewed the data from all of the Rayshifts you two have done together since Patxi arrived."

She pulled up a holographic display of a paper doll of Patxi with a designation above his head reading: "L.70".

"For illustration purposes, let's say that Patxi arrived here at a certain power level, Level 70. Most Servants can increase their base power with a healthy diet, a regular training regiment, and a few of the systems we've developed here at Chaldea. Patxi however..."

Paper dolls representing nondescript enemy Servants popped up around Patxi, all with "L.100" above their heads. "Patxi's Noble Phantasm, Ragnarok Romanova, doesn't JUST allow him to devour anything caught in the blizzard." She poked the enemy Servant holograms and dragged them to the Patxi hologram one by one. They disappeared into him, and the belly on his hologram self rounded out into a cartoonish sphere. More importantly, the level value above each Servant was added to the value above Patxi, leaving it at "L.470". Patxi chuckled at the roundness of his holographic likeness.

"It also assimilates the raw power of anything he devours, increasing his strength proportionally. However, to accommodate all of that power, his Spirit Origin has to expand which causes his physical body to gain weight. And to be clear, it's just the raw power he's absorbing, so you won't be able to absorb and then use any unique abilities."

Borusa grumbled and shifted in his seat, bumping his hips against Patxi's. "We haven't faced that many shadow servants though," he pointed out. "Not enough of them for Patxi to have grown to this degree, even if we count all the weaker enemies he's also eaten."

"I was getting to that~" DaVinci couldn't hide her mischievous grin. "While the offensive aspect of Ragnarok Romanova needs to be activated like any other Noble Phantasm, the power assimilating factor is *a/ways* active. So you see..." She populated an oversized chicken drumstick on her hologram with "L.01" above it, and moved it to Patxi.

His power increased by one point, as expected. "It works on everything. And while a bit of food isn't much in the short term, his Yaga appetite has him binge-eating three to five times a day. Add that up over a week, two weeks, more..." Dozens, then hundreds of food holograms flooded the Patxi hologram until all that could be seen was his round stomach. Borusa and Patxi both blushed at the sight in spite of themselves as the orbular hologram-Patxi's power level rose by another couple hundred points.

"It adds up. On the one hand, we don't need to worry about any issues with your Spirit Origin. On the other hand, I think I'll have my work cut out for me designing something to keep you from outgrowing the hallways." She paused, and made brief eye contact while flashing a smirk. "And your pants~" That quip was capped with a wink. Patxi's face lit up bright red, and he whipped his cap off his head and placed it on his lap to try and obstruct the view. "Anyway, you

two keep doing what you're doing, and have fun! I should have something ready well before you're too big to walk to the cafeteria anymore~"

Patxi stammered out his thanks, and Borusa was gracious to the genius artist's assistance. The pair of them exited the lab, well informed and extremely curious. Patxi was still trying to cover up as he spoke. "She uh, totally noticed, didn't she?"

"Hah!" Borusa barked out a laugh that made Patxi's ears stand on end.

"H-hey, what're you laughing for?"

"Patxi, she went over *all* your data. That means she knows the exact changes all of your measurements have experienced. She knew before the meeting." The pair of them took slow, booming steps down the hallway. They could still walk side-by-side, but one of them had to fall behind the other whenever someone wanted to pass in the opposite direction.

Patxi's face paled. "That makes it worse!"

"It's fiinne. She's basically a physician for Servants. Sure, she can be a bit cheeky, but she just enjoys getting reactions out of people, and you gave her a good one."

Patxi's scowl was accompanied by a growl.

"Well, anyway, it's just numbers. Are you really more shy about that than about someone getting hands-on with your equipment~?" Borusa playfully hip checked Patxi. The collision sent a wobble through both of their heavy forms, but Patxi didn't budge. The comment managed to break his growl though, and his attention turned to the rex.

"I was at first, you know that, hmph." He returned Borusa's hip check and bounced the rex into the wall with a crash. Borusa squashed against the wall and stumbled before falling forward and crashing to the ground with a boom that echoed down the hallway. "Ah! Crap! Are you alright?"

Borusa's face had gone red hot. He turned away from the Yaga to try and hide it as he gave a thumbs up and pushed himself up onto his hands and knees. "Yeah, yeah, I'm fine! Just wasn't expecting that to hit so..." he gulped. "So hard. Phew."

"Me neither, it's hard to mentally keep up with how fast my strength is growing." He offered a hand to Borusa and was careful to slowly lift the rex to his feet, lest he rip Borusa's arm off from pulling too hard. "There you go."

He was almost lifted off his feet as Patxi pulled him up, and his heart fluttered at the passing moment of weightlessness. "Th-thank you!" Borusa couldn't contain himself any longer. "S-so, since we have no other plans, uh-"

"You wanna go back to your room for some fun?" Patxi gave him a smug look and finished his sentence for him.

"Yes, absolutely!" Steam practically burst from Borusa's nostrils.

Patxi grabbed Borusa's hand and tugged him down the hall, power walking back to Borusa's room. "I'll try not to crush you this time~"

The door to Borusa's room closed behind them, and the pair of them disrobed. Their clothes nearly popped off of their bodies as the straps and buttons were undone. Patxi sat himself on the edge of the bed and lifted his stomach off of his thighs, displaying a shaft that was nearly as long as his arm, and balls that came close to the size of his head. They were sizeable even to the much taller rex who laid down on his stomach and propped himself up on all fours to stalk toward his prize.

"Damn, you really ARE getting bigger by the day," Borusa growled as he licked over his teeth to wet his mouth.

"So are you. Where it counts, anyway." Patxi watched as Borusa crept forward until he could no longer see them beyond his own chest and stomach. The lack of visibility made him gasp when he suddenly felt Borusa's big maw close around his shaft about halfway down, before inching forward to take more and more of it in. "Ghrrff, fuck. If you're gonna be that good about it, I've got something more for you."

A pair of fat wolf paws squished against Borusa's face, slowing his advance. He moaned around Patxi's shaft as his chins were rolled against each other with sliding heels. Toes each tipped with sharp claws kneaded into his cheeks one digit at a time and dragged the sharp tips across his thick skin just to make a shiver run down his spine.

Borusa shifted his position. He lifted his hands up to grab Patxi's thighs to prop himself up, and sat back on his legs for support. Once he was balanced, he slid his hands along those thick, fatty, furred limbs. He squeezed along, feeling both the fatty bulk and muscular power in Patxi's legs, before his hands finally met the tops of his paws. He grabbed them and pulled them against his face, letting out a muffled but shuddering moan as he sank his face deep into those pudgy wolf paws.

"Sheesh, you mages really are weird. But I like it. Just like I know you like this." While Borusa was practically glued to Patxi's paws, the Yaga dropped his stomach. It fell into his lap—and onto Borusa's head—with a meaty slap and a force not unlike that of a wrecking ball hitting the side of a building.

The metal floor beneath Borusa let out an awful creak as it dented under his knees from the impact. Stars danced in front of his vision against the background of darkness beneath that wrecking-ball gut. It took some nudging from Patxi's toes and a throb of their shaft to remind him of where he was and what he was doing. "Come on, I know you can handle at least that much weight."

"Hrrmphh~" Borusa just snorted. His mouth was too full to reply, and he was busying himself with working his tongue along the underside of Patxi's dick. Their teasing comments were replaced by small growls and gasps as their arousal built up. The rex enjoyed the way the wolf tensed and twitched from the pleasure. It sent wobbles through their fluffy overhang and massive thighs and made their toes spread against Borusa's face.

Much as he enjoyed having paws on his face, Borusa pushed forward, further under the Yaga's boulder of a gut so he could take the entire length of their dick into his mouth. Patxi shifted his paws from Borusa's cheeks to his shoulders, using them as a paw rest as Borusa bottomed out. The big rex slurped over all of that length and bobbed his head to coax Patxi to climax. His hands slid along their inner thighs before diving down to cup their heavy balls and caress them in his fat hands. He couldn't help but give them a light squeeze as all that growling and panting above him increased in volume and pace.

Patxi rocked his hips, trying to match his pace with Borusa's bobbing and slurping, but his body tensed and shook with growing waves of pleasure. He slowed down to try and hold back, but Borusa intensified his efforts in response, as though trying to earn some prize for his work. He'd get one in a way, and he could already taste it in the spurts of precum that were gushing into his maw.

Every muscle in Patxi's huge body drew taut and twitched as he hovered right on the edge, trying to draw this moment out just a second longer... But he finally gave in with a buck of his hips and a loud howl. His legs wrapped around the back of Borusa's head to lock him in, not that the rex had any intention of pulling away. The first rush of Patxi's climax blasted down his throat, bulging his neck with the torrent. He didn't even have to swallow; the pressure did all of the work for him.

The flood of cum hit Borusa's stomach like rapids. He felt it slam against the bottom of his stomach with enough force that it jostled his gut. It rolled over into a wave that crashed against itself with a mighty churn. It was so thick that he could feel the weight of it sagging his guts inside of him, and it would have pulled him to the floor were it not for the fact that he was already resting the weight of his gut on the floor.

His stomach was a balloon that stretched his orange hide until it pushed up against the edge of the bed. It bulged into the space under the bedframe and billowed out against Patxi's legs with a rolling gurgle. With little space remaining to expand forward, it pushed back against his legs and started to lift his ass off of them. His tail thrashed to maintain his balance as he was lifted on top of his swelling midsection. His gut spread across the floor in surges with every thrust of Patxi's hips.

Borusa's stomach lifted him as it spread out and pushed up from the increasing volume of thick liquid filling it up. His head pushed up against Patxi's overhang. All of that bulk mashed around the top of his head and his rising body started to lift the Yaga's gut off their thighs. He felt his stomach roll out past his paws and fingertips until he was bobbing on top of a sloshing waterbed of his own gut.

Patxi's body gave one last shudder before he fell backwards against the bed with a loud thud. His stomach sagged to his sides and rose and fell with his heaving, panting breaths. Borusa waited until he was certain they were spent before he slid his mouth off their shaft with a soft *pop*. He let out a sigh and took a moment to catch his breath as well, then shifted his mass back and rolled his stomach beneath him until his paws touched the metal floor. His stomach was swollen into a weighted orange dome bigger than his body, and with a grunt he heaved it to one side so it wouldn't come between himself and his Servant.

"Damn, your production really spiked too." The rex complimented him while stifling a soft belch behind his hands. "This has gotta be twice as much as last time."

"Heh... Glad you could handle it." Patxi lifted a fat arm to give a thumbs up, making no effort to sit up from where he was laying.

"I can handle everything you've got~" He gave his stomach a slap and squished his claws in to show how much room he still had.

Patxi let out an amused snort. "Heh. Showoff. Next time I'll give you even more."

"I'll be looking forward to that~!"

The Servant and Master talked the rest of the day away, until Borusa's size had reduced to something that could juuuust about move again. Patxi took this as an excuse to drag him out to dinner, so he snagged his Master by both hands and hauled him away to the cafeteria, where Borsua would eat until he was beached on his own stomach for the second time that day.

"Alert. Alert. Spacetime rift detected above Chaldea. Alert. Alert. All personnel report to battle stations."

Borusa awoke to the all too familiar blair of emergency sirens. The lights in his room flashed red, and he kicked off the blankets and leaped out of bed. There was no time to change into his combat attire. He barreled out into the hallway and booked it for the Command Room. He didn't make it more than a few feet before coming face to face with a spider-like monster that blocked the path forward. It clattered its spindly legs against the metal floor, and a human-like torso attached to the large abdomen turned to glare at him with gleaming red eyes.

"Shit!" Before he could take a step to turn and run, it charged at him with a screech that felt like it was rotting his ears. He grit his teeth and opened a palm towards the oncoming flurry of legs and rage. *"Schenken Sie Schwerkraft!"*

The air in front of Borusa rippled, and the monster's thin legs buckled, causing it to collapse. It screeched and tried to pry itself off the floor, but it couldn't lift the weight of its body as Borusa used a trick of Magecraft to force the weight of his own mass to add to his target. Unfortunately, it wouldn't clear the way, and he doubted this was the only monster that had infiltrated Chaldea. It was time for emergency measures. A stroke of his Command Seal flashed and evaporated as he grunted to sustain his gravity spell and activate the seal. "By my Command Seal! Patxi, to me!"

The spider was slashed to pieces in the same instant that a crackle of red light teleported the Yaga to Borusa's side. "I'm here Master!" The chunks of monster dissolved into a black fog that rapidly dissipated, leaving the pathway clear. Patxi pressed close to Borusa's side as the alarms continued to blare. "Let's move while we can, I'll lead!"

"Right!" The two tanks barreled down the highway with unstoppable momentum, especially with Patxi's claws cleaving a path through anything that stood before them. They burst into the Command Room unscathed, only to find the staff in a panic. There was no question why as they turned their attention to the monitors lining the walls. A live video feed showed the sky above the facility.

A massive serpent with eight heads and eight tails was wreathed in stormclouds in the middle of a sky that was torn open as though space itself had been shredded by massive claws. Its hissing heads were engaged in combat with a pair of small blotches that Borusa guessed could only be Chaldean Servants. "DaVinci, status report!"

"At 06:00 hours, a massive spacetime anomaly opened in the sky above Chaldea Base. Demonic Beasts manifested in our outer hallways as a Divine Spirit forced its way through the spacetime rift which we identified as-" DaVinci paused as her voice caught in her throat. "-Yamato no Orochi."

Borusa's jaw dropped. "That's not just a Divine Spirit, that's a full ass god! Who is engaging it?" He squinted at the monitors to try and make it out.

"Two Chaldean Servants. A fragment of Orochi itself, Ibuki Douji, and a wielder of the divine sword that was recovered from Orochi's corpse, Yamato Takeru. So far they're preventing Orochi from launching a direct attack on the building, but they'll need more support to turn the tide entirely."

"We can do that, right Patxi?"

The Yaga's eyes were fixed on the screens and his dimly glowing eyes zeroed in on Yamato no Orochi's many faces. The tension in his grim expression darkened his features.

"Patxi?" Borusa tried to catch his attention.

"That thing... You said it's a god. A real god. Just like Ivan was."

Lightning flashed across the torn sky as Ibuki and Orochi clashed. In the shadows of the storm clouds, Patxi saw a vision of Ivan's tremendous form, and his hollow face. The immortal god of Yaga Russia. His claws flexed and his hands trembled.

"That's true. Orochi is a god, but we brought Ivan down, and we can do the same here!" Borusa clapped his big hands on Patxi's shoulders and turned the Yaga so their eyes met.

Patxi averted his eyes. "But back then... Just looking at him made me lose my nerve, my convictions. What if I go out there and I buckle again when I see Orochi for real?"

"You won't. You're no longer that outcast standing alone in the snow. You have me, and DaVinci, and everyone else here. We can do this. YOU can do this!"

Patxi inhaled through his nose and let out a sigh. "Okay. I can do this. WE can do this. What's the plan?"

"DaVinci, patch Ibuki and Takeru into this conversation."

"Already done."

Borusa cleared his throat. "Ibuki, Takeru, I'll use my last two Command Seals to have you both use empowered Noble Phantasms simultaneously. Don't aim for damage, I just need you to bind Orochi for long enough to create an opening for Patxi. Once the serpent god is immobilized, Patxi should be able to dispatch it with his Noble Phantasm."

"Er," Patxi looked uneasy. "There's one problem with that, Master. I still can't activate my Noble Phantasm without a Command Seal." His eyes cast low and his tail tucked in against his rump.

"Oh right. Crap." Borusa looked at his hand. Only two strokes remained. "Okay then, change of plans. I'll use one on Patxi, and the other on, on uh..."

Takeru's voice came in over the comms brimming with the energy of a young but seasoned warrior. "Use it on Ibuki. She knows that snake better than I do, since she was born from him."

"Oooohh~?" Ibuki butted in with a voice like a peppy cheerleader. "I suppose I do know daddy's soft spots better than most, but are you sure about that, little Takeru?"

"Hmph, yes I'm sure! Just let us know when to make our move!" Takeru cut the comms to return their full attention to the battle, and Ibuki did the same.

Borusa nodded to Patxi. "You heard them. If they can create the opening you need, you can do this, right?"

Patxi grit his teeth and balled his fists. "Yeah. Yeah, I can do this," he growled.

"Good, then let's head to the roof!"

Had Patxi and Borusa been any lighter, the howling winds would have thrown them off the roof and to their certain deaths. The biting wind and ice clawed at their skin as the dark sky exploded with bursts of lightning and flame.

Borusa fixed his gaze on Orochi, judging the distance between them. "You can make the jump?"

Patxi nodded. "That I can do, without a doubt. The rest..."

"You can do this. Get ready."

The Yaga widened his stance and bent down, getting on all fours like a beast ready to pounce on its prey. He dug in his claws, and they dented the metal roof.

Borusa stretched his open hand to the sky, and shouted into the howling gale. "Ibuki Douji!" The second stroke of his Command Seal crackled and faded. "Use everything you've got, and bind Yamato no Orochi!"

Her bright voice from earlier dropped into a deep rumble that he could hear even without the comms. "With pleasure." Her clawed hands grasped the handle of the sword at her side and drew it from its scabbard. The mere act of drawing it caused Orochi's stormclouds to break, letting beams of sunlight cut through the darkness. "Fear me. Tremble." As she held the sword aloft, an eight-headed serpent of flames burst forth from it, bright and hot enough to turn the freezing storm into a summer day.

Opposite Ibuki, an eight-headed serpent of rushing tides flowed out from Takeru's sword as they unleashed their Noble Phantasm in tandem.

"Now, calamity descends upon you. Release your divine wrath, Kusanagi-no-Tachi!" The serpents of flame and water rushed forward and entwined themselves with Orochi's heads and tails, wrestling the god into submission.

The serpent god screeched and raged against its bindings, pulling on them with all of its strength. It thrashed in the sky, gnashed its teeth, and whipped its tails, and even half-bound its struggled shook the air and dimmed the skies once more.

It wasn't enough.

While Ibuki's fire serpents held fast, Takeru's water serpents couldn't bind as tightly, and Orochi used that to its advantage to lash at Ibuki to try and get free.

"Shit... That's the best we can do. Patxi, you have to-! Patxi?"

Borusa looked over at the wolf, but Patxi's gaze was fixed on the sky. The glow of fire and water as they wrestled to bring a god to heel was reflected in his eyes. His heart tightened as something stirred in his chest. The end of an age in a brilliant flame. The doom of the gods in a burning sword. He sucked in a shuddering breath. "This is..." Ragnarok. Patxi had no memories of that event, but the battle unfolding above awakened something in the divine core he had obtained from Fenrir. "...Master. Use your last Seal on Takeru to restrain Orochi. You're right, I *can* do this, and without a Command Seal!"

"Huh? Well alright, you got it. Takeru! Take this Command Seal and bind the great Orochi!"

The last stroke of the seal flashed away, and the water serpents struggling against Orochi pulsed. The water rushed faster, the flow thickened, and they bound up the great god and pulled tight, reducing its thrashing to mere wiggles.

A blizzard swallowed Orochi's ice storm as Patxi released his Noble Phantasm. "Orochi! You have no place here! The age of the gods has long since passed. I'll devour you and put you out of this world!" He leaped from the roof, cratering it from the force of his leap. The blizzard trailed behind him, gleaming white like the tail of a comet as he streaked through the sky. Orochi's many eyes saw it coming, but there was nothing it could do.

Patxi opened his jaws and slurped down the massive snake like a tangle of noodles. His jaws and throat stretched, his shirt and jacket shredded at every seam. His white stomach bloated into a white sphere in the sky, like a full moon hanging below the clouds. His gut shook and bulged out in misshapen lumps, and his eyes watered as the serpent god thrashed, withing, pelting his insides with poisonous breath, blasts of lightning, gouts of flame, and a desperate gnashing of teeth.

He managed to stay in one piece and sucked down Orochi's many tails, squeezing them in his jaws until they stopped moving before swallowing them all at once and sealing the god in his stomach.

And then he plummeted out of the sky like a meteor.

Thankfully, he only dropped a few meters before a large spread of fluffy white clouds caught him and floated him to Chaldea's loading dock, courtesy of Ibuki Douji. The storm subsided for good, letting the mid-morning sun warm the building-sized curve of Patxi's stomach as he laid pinned beneath it, its unwilling occupant still trying to fight its way out. Bright flashes of fire and lightning lit up Patxi's gut from the inside, making it glow. He clamped his hands around his muzzle to keep his mouth shut, but he could hardly stifle a rising belch that blasted poisonous fog out from between his teeth. He quickly inhaled, sucking it back in and swallowing the air with a wince.

Borusa caught up to Patxi outside the building, panting from running from the roof to the ground floor. "Huff, huff, P-Patxi! You okay?"

"Hey *MuhHRrRRpPster!* I think I -ouch!- got it, m-mostly! It's no quitter though, urgh. One sec, I gotta just..." He clenched his stomach muscles, and the air filled with the thunder of a thousand snapping bones. His stomach shrunk, first to half its size, and then half again, before seeming to hit the limit of how much it could crush down its contents. The protesting struggles from within went completely silent. "O-okay, NOW it's over." His tail wagged as he managed to roll himself to his feet. He was still dwarfed by his stomach several times over, and it stretched out like a wall across Borusa's view.

The rex stopped in his tracks as the crushing display caused a surge of terror and arousal to pump through his veins. He struggled for words as Patxi grabbed his own gut and gave it a shake to confirm that Orochi was truly done for. The bone fragments within rattled in a soup of digesting divine snake meat. "Erk-! W-wow, he really didn't stand a chance against you did he?"

"Guess not! *BhguUuURrpP!* Still hard to believe I actually pulled it off... I'll have to thank Ibuki and Takeru for the assist once they've recovered." He was panting between sentences to catch his breath. His tail continued to wag, drawing attention to his pants that were splitting around his fat ass and showing off the bright red boxers he was wearing underneath.

Borusa felt his face heat up. "A-and of course, you can do that o-once we can fit you back inside, too, mrph." His pants got tighter. More than usual, anyway. "Among other things..." He muttered this last line, but was fully aware Patxi could still hear it.

The Yaga's ears swiveled and he smirked. "Of course Master, it'll be fun to put all of this new power to the test~"

Patxi's gut worked on processing what was left of Orochi, and Chaldea's staff set about repairing the building inside and out, fortifying it against the possibility of another attack. The great serpent god was definitively defeated, but there were already mutterings of Orichi simply being a pawn for something much more powerful.

A countdown timer in the Command Room was entering its final minutes. A graphic on the wall displays showed a bulge in the spacetime above Chaldea, as well as a rapidly rising

magical energy signature. This sort of thing had become routine since Orochi's attack, happening roughly once every two months. It was a different god every time. Ares. Thoth. Huracan. Their mythologies were varied, offering no clues as to who could be commanding them other than that it must be a supremely powerful individual to have brought gods of disparate cultures under their command.

This latest attack was detected by Chaldea's recalibrated sensors well ahead of time, but it was shaping up to be much, MUCH bigger than any of the previous attacks. There were more magical energy signatures than their sensors could count. Staff were gathered in the Command Room and the bulkheads were sealed, and Servants were posted throughout the facility in case monsters breached the exterior, and the strongest were posted on the roof to handle the approaching gods.

Patxi and Borusa were on the roof as well, looking up at the sky as it distended unnaturally. The two of them had swelled in girth over the previous battles as Patxi devoured one god after another. The power surges caused feedback through their connection, trickling some of Patxi's weight and growth into Borusa. If he weren't a Yaga and a Servant, Patxi would certainly have been immobilized under the weight of his own body. His white-furred stomach grazed the ground and his chest and arms had grown so girthy and wide that the only top he bothered with was an open vest that more of an accessory than proper clothing with how little it covered. His ass was being strangled by a pair of shorts that were practically stretched into a thong, but they were just enough to keep him modest in combination with his weight.

Borusa was about half Patxi's mass, discounting his superior height. His black combat uniform had the straps lengthened so that it still "fit" him, though it dug in around his chest and his stomach spilled out from under it and hung almost to the floor. The black stripes over his orange-umber skin had stretched and widened, and his face had attained a pair of round cheeks that squished his muzzle.

The tip of a massive claw pierced through the veil and tore the sky asunder, just as it had so many times before. The orange sky of another universe peeked through the wound, and Divine Spirits poured through by the dozen. It was impossible to identify them all fast enough. Their strengths and weaknesses, their origin and Authority, there was no time to process them all and pass the information to the Servants. There was no time for strategy. Everyone launched into combat, and the sky exploded into violence.

Servants engaged the gods to prevent them from aiming their fury directly at Chaldea. They only had to buy a bit of time. Borusa stood behind Patxi and placed both hands on his shoulders to both brace himself and keep the magical energy link between them as stable as possible. Patxi's Noble Phantasm activated and spread out from him until the entire building was shrouded in the blizzard. The ice and wind swirled high into the sky, nearly touching the rips in space. The unique properties of Ragnarok Romanova meant he didn't even need to leap to his targets to devour them: anything caught in the storm was as good as eaten.

Ravenous shards of ice bit his enemies as the vortex of wind swirled down toward his open mouth. One by one, the invading Divine Spirits were wrestled toward his mouth with the combined might of his Noble Phantasm and the allied Servants. His jaws were stretched wide to fit gods bigger than buildings into his mouth, and his throat bulged bigger than his entire body as he swallowed hard to get them down into his guts.

Each one he swallowed swelled his gut to nearly the size of the facility he was defending. That snow-white stomach bounced against the metal roof and hung over the edges, thrashing with resistance from within before he tensed his stomach muscles and crushed down his captives to a more compact size. There was an absolute glut of gods however, and his gut slowly swelled out rounder and larger despite his stomach muscles working like a trash compactor.

Brousa let out a low groan that was swept away in the wind. Patxi was guzzling his magical energy as quickly as he was devouring the gods, and it was making his fingertips tingle and his knees weak. He could feel his clothes tightening and threads snapping as the feedback in their link pumped him with a fraction of the calories Patxi was intaking. The Yaga's gut was ballooning into a churning wall in front of him and the volume of it was rising over the blizzard's howl.

"How are you *uhhrrppp* holding up *homph, ulp!* Master?" Patxi managed to ask between jaw-aching mouthfuls.

"I'm fine!" Borusa grunted. "I can hold on, just do your thing and don't hold back!" His grip on the Yaga's shoulder's tightened for stability and his stance widened from the increasing thickness of his thighs. He could feel the metal roof below them bending out of shape and sagging under their weight, but a little cosmetic damage was nothing compared to the obliteration they would face if Patxi stopped.

DaVinci came in over the comms, speaking faster than usual. "You better hang in there, because I've got bad news! Despite the number of hostile gods decreasing, the magical energy readings coming through the portal are spiking! Something is coming!"

"Seriousurrpply?" Patxi gasped between gulps. "How are there more??"

Whatever DaVinci tried to reply was cut off by static. The air around Chaldea began to shake, sending shelves of snow and ice cascading down the mountains. The metal structure groaned from the seismic activity, and Borusa felt his footing start to slip. "*Verwurzeln Sie uns an Ort und Stelle!*" His and Patxi's centers of gravity sank into their feet, rooting them in place and preventing them from slipping.

Unfortunately, it was too much strain. He felt a shock through his whole body as his magic circuits overcharged, and he roared as his nerves burned from his neck to his toes. The connection between himself and Patxi faltered for an instant, and the blizzard surrounding Chaldea unraveled. "Ugh, shit!"

"Master! Command Seal!" Patxi barked. The scant remaining gods shook their frozen bodies to free themselves of frost and ice, buying the heroes a few precious moments.

"By my-!"

"Pathetic."

A voice from the sky split the peak of the mountain that sat behind Chaldea. Stone sloughed off the slope and collapsed against the building's exterior, shaking the entire structure. Borusa's spell kept him and Patxi on their feet, allowing them to keep their eyes on the sky as it split apart completely. It tore like plastic wrap. The blue sky of this world was replaced with an ominously familiar orange.

It took a moment for their minds to bring the figure into focus, such was its vastness. The color of the sky was indeed familiar. There was no end to it. Somehow it felt larger and vaster than the sky it replaced. It heaved with immeasurable weight and collided with itself. The mass of it threatened to crush the planet with the sheer presence of its gravity. This was beyond a god. Beyond time and space.

This was Borusa.

Or at least, some other version of him. His vastness was constantly shifting their perception of him. He was nothing but a mass of fat stomach rolls. He was a grin that could swallow the world. He was a single eye that could see everything.

"Useless. I shouldn't be surprised." The sky became a mountain range of fangs, and the remaining hostile gods were wiped out. A low *gulp* echoed through the air. **"I should have known they wouldn't get the job done. Gods are so... weak."** Every word the other Borusa spoke shook the air and crackled inside their skulls. **"But you..."** An eye turned to the Earth and stared right down at Patxi. **"You've become quite a thorn in my side."**

The Yaga snarled up at the cosmic gaze. "You... You're my Master from another universe, aren't you? Why are you doing this?"

He laughed. **"I was him, once. I was weak, so I surrounded myself with allies for strength, just like you. But they were never enough. No matter how many we had on our side we barely scraped by."** He sighed, and his hot breath melted the snowcaps, causing a torrent of water to wash down the mountainside. **"I grew tired of it,"** he rumbled. **"So I ate them, every single one, and consolidated their power into myself. And when I was done with them? I kept eating. And eating. AND EATING."** His voice rattled the atmosphere. **"And I've never stopped. When my world was consumed, I moved onto the next one, using my other, weaker selves as beacons through the void."** He let out a disdainful sneer. **"You're nothing more than the next morsel on my plate."**

"Or you WOULD be, but you, little Yaga, have foiled my plans. I tire of it. I'm going to crush you with my full power and be done with this little world. Goodbye." His awful gaze was replaced with cosmic annihilation. Distant galaxies were shredded and snuffed as massive teeth tore through reality. The multiverse crumpled from the pressure exerted by his closing jaws. The rex beyond the horizon of that ripping destruction was more titanic, and vaster still, making the reality-ripping teeth seem miniscule as they looked at the full, blubbery figure beyond.

And then, everything snapped back to normal. The midday sky was clear and blue, and the deafening boom of the cosmic Borusa's voice was replaced by a constant and omnipresent gurgling that seemed to resonate from every surface, and even from their own bodies. Patxi and his Master looked around with guarded expressions, and Patxi's ears swiveled wildly trying to find the source of the noise.

"What... happened?" The gray wolf shielded his eyes from the sun. "And what is that sound?"

A booming voice cut through the noise. **"You can't even tell? You really are pathetic."** The cosmic glutton gloated over his so-called opponents. **"I devoured you, along with your entire universe."** That made it obvious enough. That groaning was the sound of digestion on a cosmic scale. **"Hmph, and some of the multiverse too. I admit, I would have preferred to savor this like I did with the others, but you've been a thorn in my side for too long."**

Patxi cast an uncertain glance at his Master. "All oof the battles we've fought up until now... it can't be over just like that, can it?"

Borusa grit his teeth. His head was spinning as he grappled with the situation, but he didn't have time to turn over all the variables in his head. There was no telling how long they had before they were all dissolved. "No. No, I have an idea, but it's... It's bad."

"We have to try it."

Borusa sighed to clear his head. "I know. Alright then, tell me. Do you think that you can devour him from the inside with your Noble Phantasm?"

Patxi's brow raised in surprise and his ears stood tall. "I- huh. I have no idea. But with all the gods I just ate..." He rubbed a fat paw over his churning gut. It was still crammed with the compacted remains of countless divinities that were adding to her power by the second. "...It's worth a shot!"

"That's what I was hoping to hear!" Borusa grinned and resumed his combat stance, standing behind Patxi to brace him and maximize their connection. "I'll give you everything I've got left."

Patxi took in a deep breath to steel his nerves, and a let a cold fog expel from his jaws. He could feel Borusa's gut pressing against his back, and his warm, thick claws on his shoulders. "Ready, Master?"

Our Borusa tightened his grip on his Servant's shoulders and nodded. "I'm not a hundred percent, but I can make up the difference."

"Good. Then feed me those Seals, and all of the magical energy you can spare!"

Borusa grit his teeth and steeled his will. "I order you, with all three Command Seals!" Every stroke of the crimson shield emblazoned on the back of his hand crackled and vanished. "Devour that beast, down to the last atom!"

Frigid wind and biting ice exploded out from the Yaga, swelling into a supercell that exceeded any previous use of his Noble Phantasm. The radius of the storm swelled outwards, swallowing the mountain, all of the Arctic, the entire atmosphere of the planet, and far beyond. Patxi growled and ground his teeth together. The bulge in his stomach liquified into fat as the exertion kicked his digestion into overdrive.

"Gah-hahah! Struggle all you like you pests. You're lucky I even noticed that little blip of energy within me." The cosmic glutton sneered at their feeble attempts, hardly paying them any attention. **"Go on then, expend yourselves and become part of me already. You'll be a delicious addition~"**

"Heh!" Borusa strained, but cracked a smirk. "You're fighting against yourself, so you should know damn well just how tenacious we plan to be!"

"You sound just like all the other versions of myself that I devoured! You don't stand a speck of a chance. You're less than an atom compared to Uhhrrpp... me! Huh?"

"What's the matter, me? Getting indigestion~?" The rex grew bolder as his cosmic counterpart started to falter.

"N-no, I would never, erghf... A stomach ache? I-impossible, HRK-!" That great, all-devouring beast shuddered. His cosmic stomach spasmed and tightened as the massive, frozen vortex of Ragnarok Romanova pulled his stomach walls inward and clawed at them with its icy fangs. **"Stop! STOP THAT!"**

"And just let you win? Hell no! We're getting out of here even if we have to split you wide open!"

"Ghrk!" Enough blood to birth a new world spluttered from the cosmic beast's jaws. His massive, flabby torso seemed to shrink and slim down as it imploded on itself from the devouring gravity well gnawing at him from within. His organs, could they even be called that at such sizes, were drawn into Patxi's jaws like a chilled meat smoothie. His guts were slurped up like a chain of sausages, and his lungs were crumpled and deflated before folding into the Yaga's jaws. The monster's heart kept pumping even as it was ripped from its cracking ribcage and crushed into Patxi's stomach.

The Yaga's size exploded as he consumed the beast bit by bit. That white stomach swelled into a wall of white so vast that it seemed to touch the sky and widen to the horizon. The size of it grew beyond a scope Borusa could see, and even beyond what Patxi could guess by the feeling of it. Galaxies, universes, their cosmic foe was larger than all of these, and even with the compressing might of Patxi's stomach, there was simply too much of him for that packing stomach to be anything smaller than a multiverse in size.

"I-impossible...! I can't be-!" His pained bellowing was cut off by another hacked-up gout of blood and viscera. His body was collapsing in on itself, dragged into the swelling white sphere that was growing out of him. His skeleton buckled under the force of Ragnarok. It cracked and shattered, and his bones were pulverized into meal as they were devoured. His massive tail and flesh-stripped skull were crushed into Patxi's jaws and landed in his stomach, reuniting all of Borusa's body as a cosmic slurry in a churning gut.

"Guh-" Our hero rex wobbled and collapsed, spent of every ounce of energy he had. His limbs trembled with exhaustion and his nerve endings burned. Patxi would have similarly collapsed were his beyond-massive gut not rooting him upright. He let out a tremendous, minute-long blech as he cleared air from his system that he had sucked in along with the other Borusa.

The sky above was an overcast gray, and they found themselves in an empty green field with no civilization to speak of. It was a far cry from Chaldea, and not a place that could exist anywhere in their timeline for the time being. "Oohf... I think we slipped through a crack in reality, Master." Patxi reached around what little of his gut he could and gave it a squeeze as the meat inside churned violently. "Uhrp. Sheesh, my stomach is going crazy over all of-Ack!"

The distinct outline of a clawed hand pressed out from inside of his stomach, stretching him out before it sank back under the surface. "There's no way, I know I liquified him!"

"Do you really think that I couldn't regenerate?" A voice roared out from Patxi's gut along with a thrashing of limbs and the bulging outline of a furious tyrannosaurus face.

"Release me this instant or I'll rip you apart from within!"

"Pft! If you could you already would have." Patxi scoffed and tensed his stomach muscles. The immense amount of power he had absorbed granted his abdominals uncontested crushing strength. His incomprehensible stomach CRUSHED down to just a few feet across, squeezing a yelp and a cacophony of bone-crunching snaps out of his gastric captive. "Now behave in there, or I'll crush you until you're subatomic." He relaxed his guts just enough to let his cosmic snack regenerate again.

"Ghrf..." Flesh reconstituted and bones rebuilt themselves within the constricting confines of the Yaga's stomach. They were just relaxed enough to allow for some shifting and

wiggling of the monster inside, but any sudden movements were met with a warning clench, cautioning against any escape attempts.

Borusa had managed to get to his feet while Patxi dealt with their problem. He stumbled over to his Servant and flopped against the mattress of furry belly with open arms. Rolls of thick fat sagged over his arms and pressed around his chest and stomach. The Yaga's guts were louder and more active than ever now that they were host to an eternally regenerating cosmic entity, and the rumbles shook Borusa's body.

The sheer mass of his Servant combined with the constant vibrations were enticing, to say the least. As the anxiety of the massive battle subsided, it gave way to a wash of euphoria that crashed over them both. Patxi growled and rolled his hips forward, grinding against his overhang. Borusa did the same, letting out a lot rumble as his arousal stirred. "Hey, Master." Patxi let out a hot breath.

"Yeah?"

"This world seems devoid of life... Maybe we could cut loose for reals, while we have the chance~?" His muzzle pulled into a toothy grin as he started to slip out of the remains of his shredded shorts, putting his tight, bright-red underwear on display.

The rex's orange face turned hot, and he nodded eagerly. "I'd LOVE to see what you can do with all of that new power you've got." He stepped back from his Servant and undid the buckles and clasps of his tight uniform to undress.

Their ill-fitting outfits were tossed aside, and the two took a moment to admire how much bigger the other had grown in the aftermath of the recent battle. Borusa had doubled in size, looking as big now as Patxi had been before the battle. His stomach dragged through the grass and his ass bounced with every shift of his huge legs. His arms could practically rest of the shelf of chest that was propped up on his gut, and his face was hugged by his cheeks.

Patxi was only slightly fatter, but he was compressing much of his weight to stay in somewhat of a fighting form. His stomach was noticeably larger and rounder though, owing to the permanent occupant filling it out. Despite the mass of his "guest" he lifted his stomach up with one hand and removed his underwear with the other, letting his prodigious endowments free from the stretchy fabric. His shaft sprung out to such a length that it matched the diameter of his stomach, and his balls crashed to the ground behind him, cratering the earth on impact and shaking the landmass with their churning activity.

Borusa's race flushed hotter at the display. His Servant was larger than ever before, and he was aching to feel it. He laid on his stomach and spread his thick legs as wide as he could manage and pushed his tail out of the way. Patxi approached with earth-shaking steps and let his overhang eclipse the rex's view of the sky.

"Ready, Master~?" He lined up his hips and rocked his hips back.

"You know it!" Borusa dug his claws into the ground and braced himself for impact.

And what an impact it was. The first thrust widened Borusa's hips and stretched his stomach enough that the shape of Patxi's shaft was clearly visible even though all the rex's blubber. His bones groaned from the impact of the Yaga's hips against his ass, and the shockwave that traveled through his braced limbs was enough to fissure the ground beneath him. Patxi's stomach roared—or rather his occupant did—as the force his stomach slamming down on Borusa's back was enough to crack the trapped cosmic entity's bones.

Borusa gasped as the spearing knocked the wind out of him. He barely managed to hold his ground, even though the ground buckled under him. He could feel the roaring rumbles of Patxi's balls through the shaft that was now thoroughly plumbing his depths, and the vibration made his own arousal leak and throb. The weight of so much stomach on his back would have made his limbs give out if he weren't being held half-aloft by that massive dick inside of him.

"You okay?" Patxi shouted so he would be heard over the noise of his own body.

"A-absolutely not, you're breaking me!" His stomach roared.

Patxi scoffed and tightened his stomach muscles for a moment, eliciting a series of rough cracks, followed by a whimper. "I'm not talking to you. Master?"

"All good! I can take it!" Borusa wasn't *entirely* sure he could take what was coming, but he figured if he was holding up better than his supposed omnipotent counterpart, that had to count for something.

"Alright!" Patxi reared back and thrust forward again. A gush of precum ballooned Borusa's stomach to several times his own size and prevented him from falling into the widening fissure opening beneath him. His body and mind reeled from the impact and the swiftness of the massive bloat. The edges of the crack in the earth dug into his sloshing gut, and he could feel the heat of the planet's mantle rising up around his bloated curvature. Another crunch of shattering bones rang out from that dense, furred stomach.

None of this discouraged the god-devouring wolf of course, not with his Master encouraging him to give it everything he had. Another thrust doubled Borusa's size, causing him to balloon out from under the Yaga's gut. Magma burst from the spreading fissures as the impact shook and squeezed the entire desolate planet.

Borusa dug his claws into his stretching stomach as the next heaving thrust pumped him bigger than the planet they were occupying. His eyes rolled back as he felt his stomach wedge deep into the fissure in the crust, plow through the magma in the mantle, and then impact the solid core before bursting the planet from within with the bloating mass of his gut.

Patxi picked up the pace, panting with his tongue hanging out of his mouth to keep his body from overheating as he exerted more and more of his power. He pumped his Master up until he was pushing stars aside with his gut and swelling out until he was visible on a galactic scale. His balls churned and grew as his power focused between his legs, making each thrust more devastating than the last.

Borusa had no idea how he was still holding together, especially when his counterpart was trapped in a cycle of being pulverized by each rut and regenerating between them. He was bloating bigger than he thought possible, far more than he imagined his body could ever handle, but each creaking stretch of his form sent mind-numbing waves of pleasure through every nerve in his body. Patxi's thrusting grew faster and his pace became erratic, signaling that he was just about to-

The shockwave of force from the first pump of the Yaga's climax made him black out for a moment, and as he shook himself back to consciousness he realized he no longer had a grasp on just how big he was. No matter where he looked he could see nothing but the autumnal orange of his stomach. It spread beyond the horizon, doubled back on itself across the sky, and pushed and collided against itself in ways that didn't make sense for euclidean space.

The only thing that made sense was a conclusion he would have deemed impossible just a day before: that his size has exceeded the limits of his universe, causing his body to mush and fold back on itself as the very concept of space was stretched and torn by his size. He panted with steaming breath as he grappled with the thought that he was as big as their enemy had been—that in an instant he had been bloated to the same proportions that had taken his cosmic self eons to achieve.

He was still reveling in the thought of his sheer, incomparable size, when a rumble through his body reminded him that was just the first gush. He snapped back to reality just in time to have his mind and body blasted again, receiving a torrent of seed that stretched him countless times larger than a being that once consumed entire multiverses in a single bite. His eyes swirled in his skull while a huge grin played over his muzzle.

As Patxi clenched for a third gush of his first (and far from final) climax, their thoughts of returning to Chaldea were distant in their minds. At some point they'd be found and preparations would be made to bring them home. Until then, they were going to relish in their victory, and see just how big they could go~