

Jeong's Bounty

By: IndigoRho

Jeong took a deep breath as he carefully made his way down a narrow, rarely used path through the river valley. A light breeze rustled the pale orange and white kitsune's kimono, a specially-made blue piece that accentuated his unique proportions well. In contrast to Jeong's lithe and toned body his middle was exceptionally round but expertly covered, a heavy sloshing sound accompanying every step. Despite his curious appearance he was actually a mercenary of note, and had been hired by a nearby village to deal with a fierce river god—Rhamus—who'd been glutting on anyone who dared enter his territory.

"I've certainly never seen *you* around here before."

The voice from behind Jeong made him freeze, though he soon turned around to greet the stranger. Floating upstream on his back was a large dark brown crocodile whose pale tan belly rose out of the water like an island. Dressed only in a hoodie and loin cloth, he grinned as he defied the river's current with ease, certainly living up to his title; there was no doubt in Jeong's mind that he was his target.

"Ah, you must be Rhamus!" Jeong said, returning a smile of his own. "I've heard so much about you. Though forgive my manners, my name is Jeong."

"Well it's your lucky day Jeong," the crocodile chuckled. "I've been waiting for a snack to stumble by all day, so you get the honor of becoming godly pudge!"

In a flash Rhamus was out of the water and lunging right at Jeong, moving with a speed and ferocity that had doomed so many travelers. Jeong was no simple merchant or farmer, though. His paws were aglow the second Rhamus made a move, snatching the massive crocodile in mid air as if he were a ball. Rhamus was in utter shock at getting caught, thrashing and roaring in Jeong's grip to no avail, unable to escape whatever magic was holding him in place. The kitsune grinned and turned Rhamus sideways, and with a few twists of his paw he began to literally roll him up like a piece of paper.

Rhamus' struggles only intensified as he watched his legs gradually flattened and furled, unwilling to believe a mortal could manipulate his body in such a manner. His efforts didn't slow Jeong down one bit. He kept on rolling up the crocodile, compacting him inch-by-inch until he was just a cursing head, before finally sealing him entirely. Jeong squeezed the sides of his trapped foe for a few more seconds, and in the end his paw held what appeared to be an ordinary—if somewhat ornate—scroll. The kitsune unfurled his prize, revealing a very enraged river god pounding against the confines of his prison. Muffled *thuds* emanated from the paper with each strike.

"You are going to make a lovely summon," Jeong teased.

The sides of the paper warped and the surface bulged as Rhamus continued his fight. Jeong merely laughed and rolled him right back up again, chastising his new summon for misbehaving. He opened up his kimono to expose his belly and pressed the end of the scroll into his navel, then gave it a gentle push. Ever so slowly the rowdy scroll sunk from sight, Jeong making sure to take his time so Rhamus knew who was now in charge. With a third of the paper sticking out he no longer had to use his paws, the kitsune heading down the path once more as the scroll was slowly sucked right in, making an audible *pop* as it vanished completely.

For a while all was quiet, Jeong allowed to enjoy the beauty of the river valley as his gut jiggled about from the scroll twitching within. Eventually though his belly abruptly ballooned outward, the kitsune stumbling from the dramatic increase in weight; Rhamus had broken free. The crocodile's features were clearly visible beneath the rubbery surface of Jeong's middle, the distended imprints of fists and a growling snout appearing as he flailed and fought. Before Jeong could beat him back into submission his rebellious captive crawled up his throat and forced open his jaws.

Rhamus let out a triumphant laugh as he glimpsed freedom. "Did you seriously think you could contain the mighty River God Rhamus! No mortal could—*oomph!*"

The deity's proclamation was cut short as Jeong clamped his jaws shut around him, then—with quite some effort—forced the entirety of Rhamus into his mouth. Jeong's cheeks swelled to ridiculous proportions as he shifted the crocodile from one to the other, chewing him in between each swish. With every cycle the bulge that was Rhamus shrunk more and more until he was barely noticeable. After a few solid chews for good measure Jeong opened his mouth wide, a scroll sitting atop his tongue; Rhamus had been sealed once again.

Jeong tilted his head slightly and nudged the scroll into the back of his throat with the tip of his tongue, letting out a muffled chuckle as he felt it twitching. Just like before he made sure the consumption process was slow, delaying his gulps and placing a paw to his throat to feel every bit of struggle. Inevitably the scroll dropped back into his sloshing stomach. He grabbed part of his belly and pulled, the pawful of elastic hide stretching with ease. When he let go the hide snapped back into place, causing his whole gut to wobble about.

“As you can see, my belly's can endure any punch, kick, or slash you throw at it, so fighting me won't do you any good,” Jeong declared to the scroll in his stomach. “You're best off just accepting your fate and not being a bother.”

The response from Rhamus was too faint to hear, but the sensation of the scroll vibrating convinced Jeong the River God wasn't giving up any time soon. Oh well. Eager to collect his reward, Jeong continued on his way to the village.

By the time Jeong reached the gates of the village he was tired and frustrated. Rhamus had managed to escape the scroll quite a few times during the trip, throwing around threats left and right while proclaiming his imminent victory. Of course on every occasion Jeong had subdued him without any real trouble. Still, the frequent distractions had prevented him from truly enjoying what should have been a delightful journey, leaving him thoroughly annoyed. He couldn't even breathe a sigh of relief upon arrival before his gut swelled dramatically with a loud *fwoomp* as Rhamus broke his bindings again.

Bystanders gasped and nervously hurried away from the kitsune upon the sudden revelation he'd eaten someone, none wishing to be added to the violently bouncing belly on the off chance he was still hungry. Jeong hadn't wanted to make a scene in town, and Rhamus' latest stunt was the final straw. Harsher methods would be needed to break the obnoxious River God, ones that would hopefully humiliate him as much as possible in the process. The kitsune grabbed his gut to keep it in line and waddled off in the direction of the town square, ignoring the strange looks he was getting.

The center of the village was bustling with activity, townsfolk busy shopping for goods at the popular market or simply enjoying the wonderful weather. Jeong's march didn't go unnoticed, and when he finally stood before the central fountain he already had a small captive audience. He waited for more to be naturally drawn in by the struggles so plainly visible within his gut, sliding off his kimono so nothing was hidden—and for ease of movement.

“Hear me townsfolk, for I have captured the vicious River God who has plagued you for so long!” Jeong bellowed, ensuring the attentions of most of the crowd.

As if on cue Rhamus' snout poked right out of Jeong's navel, his whole head following soon after. He looked enraged, growling and snarling at the gathered villagers and striking fear in their hearts. “When I'm free I'm going to eat every last person in this forsaken town till my gut's a bulging, towering mountain shaking from your squirms!” Despite the threat coming from a crocodile head jutting from a kitsune belly, most still cowered in response. “You'll all spend eternity as crocodile pudge massaged by my worshipers!”

“Alright, that's more than enough out of you,” Jeong said as he shook his head. “The only one around here who's gonna be pudge is you!”

One paw was all it took to force Rhamus right back into his fleshy prison. Jeong casually placed his paws on the back of his head and stuck his middle out, then flexed it once to make it bounce around. The heavy sloshing within momentarily drowned out Rhamus' many threats, a noisy *glorrrrrp*

that matched his jiggle. A sway and a flex tossed the crocodile around even further, leaving noticeable impressions on the sides of Jeong's malleable gut each time. Slowly the playful jostling turned into outright belly dancing. Rhamus was barely able to manage a coherent sentence while being thrown through the goop within Jeong, his curses interrupted without fail and denied their bite.

The townsfolk who just moments before had been on the verge of fleeing in terror were now smiling, a few even laughing at the scene they were witnessing. Rhamus—who'd cultivated such an air of invincibility as a force of nature—was being toyed with and manhandled effortlessly by the kitsune. More and more people started to gather until the entire market came to a standstill, all eyes on the entertaining mix of punishment and show.

The public humiliation only made Rhamus madder, distracting him from the changes occurring to his body as he was churned in the thick goop within Jeong. His hard scales grew softer with every bounce, rough edges smoothed away as he gained a sheen unnoticeable in the darkness. Rhamus' limbs felt looser, wobbly, bending in ways they'd never been able to before. Only when he realized the pool of goop was undeniably deeper did Rhamus catch on to what was happening: he was being melted down.

A wave of panic hit the deity as he frantically tried to find the entrance to Jeong's navel or throat again and crawl out before he was liquefied completely. The imprint of his face bulged outward from the kitsune's belly. “Y-You can't digest a god! Let me out this instant!”

Jeong shook his middle and the crocodile's snout sprung out of sight, the bulge of his prey shifting from one side to the other as he continued his dance. With each passing minute the imprints from Rhamus were less and less distinct while the sloshing grew in intensity. The crowd watched in awe and relief as the kitsune gradually and noisily reduced their menace into thick goop, Rhamus' gargled roar fading away as he did. With a pose and a self-indulgent flex Jeong dramatically ended his show, his bloated gut shrinking considerably as he absorbed the melted deity into pure pudge. Seconds later he let out a wet, messy *uorrrrrp*, the partially-digested hood from Rhamus' hoodie flying from his maw.

Cheers and applause rang out from the ecstatic audience and Jeong took a deep bow, accepting the praise with glee. As he stood still his belly seemed to wobble on its own, his recent meal somehow still protesting. Jeong didn't look too concerned, though, which immediately eased the minds of the villagers. The kitsune put a paw to his ear as if trying to hear a faint voice. “Oh? You say a mortal's waistline is no place for a god? Perhaps you should just consider it a mobile temple where you can relax as your legions of loyal worshipers flock to give you offerings!”

Jeong gave his middle a couple of hearty slaps, prompting another round of laughter as his gut jiggled angrily.

“Well now that kind of language is totally uncalled for!” Jeong gave a look of feigned shock. “Hopefully I'll be able to teach you some proper manners while you're a guest on my belly, even if a little force is necessary.”

He gave his middle a teasing punch, the wobbling continuing in earnest.

“You'll learn some humility eventually, but until then you're gonna remain as sentient fat. You'll be a well-behaved summon one day, though, I believe in you!” Jeong sneered.

With Rhamus properly dealt with Jeong put his kimono back on—now tighter around the middle—and waddled off to receive his reward, smiling as overjoyed townsfolk poked at his gut to tease the defeated crocodile who'd been added to it. Reduced to living pudge, Rhamus nonetheless kept on fighting, bouncing in defiance and swearing over and over that he'd have his revenge one day.

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Days turned into weeks turned into months. For an entire year Rhamus was forced to remain as glob of sentient fat on Jeong's waistline, never cooperative and constantly punished. During that time

he slowly regained his power bit by bit, until finally the crocodile was able to break free of his imprisonment in the only way he knew how. As Jeong took a mid-afternoon nap his belly shrunk noticeably, and at a lake a short distance away the surface of the water started to ripple. Something began to walk out of the shallows, loosely shaped like a crocodile but made entirely of liquid that reflected the sun's rays.

Rhamus had many powers over water thanks to his position as a river god, but re-forming his body from the substance was simultaneously one of his most useful and least favorites; after all, it likely meant he'd been beaten. The crocodile's features gradually became more defined as he stepped onto shore, scales forming and color returning to his hide. A scowl was upon his face, and the embarrassed deity turned back to the lake and cursed Jeong's name, swearing he'd return the favor and turn the kitsune into pudge one day. As soon as he turned around he unexpectedly bumped into something soft and squishy.

Standing before Rhamus was an overweight, orange-striped zebra wearing gray bodysuit and glasses, grinning wide. "There you are, dessert! I've spent a whole year trying to figure out where you snuck off to, and then you come right to me. You really *do* answer prayers!"

The crocodile's eyes widened as he recognized the zebra, a man named Rho who'd been an obnoxious thorn in his side. He tried taking a defensive stance but unfortunately his foe was quicker, grabbing his still-liquid arms and chomping down on his snout. A loud slurp swiftly pulled Rhamus' head into the zebra's maw, Rho able to literally drink him thanks to his temporary form. Dealing with the ambush prevented Rhamus from concentrating on completing his transformation. All the wiggling and struggling in the world couldn't stop Rho from gulping Rhamus down with horrific ease, the zebra's belly growing even rounder as it rapidly filled with the liquefied crocodile. Upon the bodysuit a stylized face shot of Rhamus appeared, looking just as furious as the real deal.

Rho sighed happily and slapped his sloshing gut as he slurped up the last of Rhamus' tail. "Oh man, even as water you've the most delightful taste! Wonderfully flavorful and refreshing." He pressed his hooves into his swollen middle and rubbed, enjoying the sensation of his prey splashing within.

The imprint of Rhamus' face bulged out from Rho's belly, stretching the face shot depicted on the bodysuit. "Aw come on!"

Before he could complain much more Rho shoved down on the bulge, then gleefully shook his balloon of a belly while activating the absorption feature of his suit. Rho's middle began shrinking almost immediately, Rhamus once again added to the waistline of a foe, yelling and kicking until the last drop of him was gone. The now much fatter Rho belched once he finished absorbing the crocodile, taking a moment to admire his gains and how well his bodysuit showed them off.

"You really are my favorite dessert," Rho teased, patting his softer gut for good measure. "I already can't wait to indulge on you again!"

Rho laughed as he waddled away from the lake, the face shot of Rhamus on his suit jiggling in a silent rage...