

Level Differences

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Commissioned by [Kanin](#)

Content Warning: Unwilling prey, soft vore, digestion, fatal, game logic

“Ugh. How the hell did I miss the fast travel point for the tunnels?”

The rogue muttered to himself, tall ears bobbing with each stride as he strolled without a care through the twists and turns of The Dens. Kanin didn't even bother rescuing the various distressed villagers surrounded by beetles or grubs; the villagers were *a/ways* in distress in this tutorial dungeon, yelling for aspiring adventurers to help by using one button or learning how to use their class-specific abilities. It was honestly beneath his skills.

The bunny's clothes might've looked simple, but every piece was pristine. The studs of his armor glistened with magical sheen, and his tunic had an elegance that suggested it was a reward from a prince's tailor. Even his trademark silver necklace, a star and spiked crescent, had been glamored over a potent stat-boosting piece. What was most clearly demonstrative of Kanin's experience were those two daggers that sat sheathed, each one forged out of star-metal and humming with a foreboding power. Even newbies knew, seeing the fretting bunny skipping through the enemies that meekly avoided aggroing onto him, that Kanin was marching through to some end-game dungeon hidden deeper in this early zone.

“Really, past me?” he chided his earlier self that had, even then, skipped through the tutorial hastily. “You just had to touch a crystal. ...not like I could've known that tutorial crystal was the closest travel point to the World-Scar Dragon, I guess, but...this walk is booooring!”

Past the cages of huddled, crying families, through the workshop teaching crafting mechanics that could've forged the freed commoners basic weapons, into the darker twists and turns of hewn tunnels providing ample enemies to farm for those very first few levels...it might've been nicely nostalgic if it hadn't taken thirty minutes for the cocky boy to get here in the first place. “Bet there won't even be an available healer once I get there.”

“That's a shame! You might need one.”

Kanin snapped out of his grumpy stupor. Within the tunnel, a single green-scaled kobold stood in his way. Confused, Kanin looked above the kobold's head. Despite the very basic health bar, label of “Kobold Grunt”, and level number of “3”, the bar was lit up; a tutorial kobold had actually decided to flag aggressive against him.

“...seriously?” the four-foot bunny huffed incredulously. “You do realize I’m level 60, right? Just move; I’m going to fight your boss.”

“Level 60?” the kobold responded with a grin, “I didn’t think food had a level. Does it mean you’re worth more calories?”

Kanin was briefly stunned into silence. This sort of confidence and commentary wasn’t something the bunny had encountered before. “...no, it means you’re not worth any experience to me,” he corrected, crossing his arms.

“Oh, I could give you an experience alright. Once-in-a-lifetime, even.”

The double-down from the grunt got the bunny chuckling, a tutorial enemy talking this smugly too funny to the max-level character to really be taken seriously. “Alright. You want to get one-shot that badly? I can get your respawn timer started if that’s what you really want.”

“I’ll only need one shot,” the green-scale said, one hand patting his belly. “You look like someone that can’t help but end up in *anything’s* gut. Might as well be mine that churns you up! And you won’t even have to worry about respawn timers.” A forked tongue slurped across those lips.. “Food doesn’t respawn. It’s called a ‘consumable’ for a reason.”

The bunny hung there, taken entirely by surprise by the direct, graphic, and forceful language from the generic enemy. He couldn’t help but show a flustered blush on those beige-furred cheeks. Still, as amusing as it was, Kanin had plans and goals far more important than a level 3 tutorial enemy with a dirty mouth, especially one that decided to threaten him despite the level difference. So, with an experienced, deft motion, the rogue grabbed his daggers and unsheathed...

....nothing? Kanin’s hands gripped over empty air. His eyes jumped to his own display above; next to that full, beefy HP bar was a small broken-sword symbol. He’d been disarmed! The giggles to either side as two smaller kobolds ran off with familiar weapons in tow attracted the experienced adventurer’s blue eyes.

That was a second mistake. The rogue felt another impact against his shins, a kobold scout grinning as its tail-tip successfully applied the prone condition. As he fell, a tool whipped through the air before impacting around his arms and chest, two heavy balls clacking together after wrapping a braided leather cord tightly around his body. The bolas’ hit caused the bunny to grunt, and a face-full of tunnel floor earned a solid “*Oof!*”

Disarmed, prone, and bound, there was little Kanin could do but squirm as the kobold approached. The three other members of his gang gathered a good bit away, the kobolds high-fiving and full of cheer at their good work. “Oh, wow! On the floor before a mere kobold?” he taunted. “See, I *knew* you couldn’t resist.”

"I...I was distracted!" huffed Kanin. "Wait until my hourlies are off cooldown! *Then* we'll see who's on the floor."

The kobold bent down, one smooth, green finger tilting Kanin's chin up. "Really? Distracted?" he chuckled. "Is anyone really going to believe that you let tutorial enemies status-lock you? That all your roguish abilities for avoiding lockdowns and freeing yourself just happened to be on cooldown?"

"Uh, yeah? Look, I ran into some ice-wyvern thing before I got here, and I didn't feel like waiting for the frozen ground to wear off. Why else would they be on cooldown?"

That toothy grin stretched wide in front of Kanin's face. "Oh, I don't know...maybe you used them because, deep down, you *needed* this to happen. To lose to some meaningless low-powered grunt and get put in your place."

"Oh, *fuck* that," Kanin defiantly scowled, "I'm a hero!"

The kobold grunt scooped forward, pressing his small belly to the far larger character's face. "Well, hero, what do you think about this?"

Grrrrrrrrrl...grrrrrk~

The blush hit Kanin's cheeks even harder than before, the kobold's gut clearly already in high gear and letting loose low, embarrassing noises. Those tall ears, almost as tall as the rest of the kobold's body above that rumbling stomach, couldn't ignore that eager growl. Given the kobold's prior words, it was pretty obvious what sort of deeply shameful defeat he intended to give him.

"...speechless, huh?" his captor laughed, his kobold allies laughing along with him and bowled over with amusement at the bunny's predicament. "All that experience, and it's going to end up in a basic kobold's digestive tract! How could anybody *not* think you came down here and *fed* yourself to me?"

"N-not going to happen, fuckface!" the rogue scowled, redoubling his efforts to writhe free from the bloas or kick himself back to his feet. All he could do, though, was wiggle his belly against the ground before the hungry bold.

"Oh? ...well, I suppose you might be able to buy some time if you're good with the quick time event," the kobold said with a shrug.

“You really think I got this far without doing *those*? Those are the easiest thing in the game!” Kanin blew some of the hair out of his face, cockily staring down the kobold despite his position. “I’ll win that quick-time and deal with you after. Easy!”

“Hmm, good point. Well, be sure you don’t mess up then!” The kobold tugged the bunny up by the necklace before grasping them by the shoulders, looking at all the proud equipment he must’ve spent hours upon obtaining. None of it helped here.

Kanin steeled himself with a confident grin, pushing aside the embarrassment as he zoned in, ready to struggle free once the event began. His eyes were focused, locked on the kobold’s as he was brought up to face-height with his momentary captor; even as short as Kanin was, his knees were still dragging the ground even when eye-to-eye with the grunt. Such a size difference would clearly provide him an advantage, buying precious time to react for each button press or mash.

“Oh, right,” the kobold added, almost as if a second thought. “Probably should remind you...if you *do* mess it up...I’m sealing you in and finishing you off *for good*. There’s no escape for food; just a nice gurgling until you’re padding my ass. No respawns for somebody so powerful and yet so embarrassing as to *let* themselves be kobold chow.”

Grlg-gwurk!

With the stomach’s sound for added emphasis, Kanin couldn’t help but leave his mouth hanging open in stunned horror. It was just enough pause for the bunny to miss that first crucial struggle and...

Squish! Glg-GULK!

...end up pressing face-first into the back of a yawning kobold maw. The kobold wasn’t interested in savoring him; he was focused entirely on seeing if he really could belly a max-level adventurer, gulping the rogue down with passionate intent. That didn’t mean he wasn’t tasting away. Oh no, he was happily slurping over his meal, and the hum clearly showed he liked the taste of all that power and promise squeezing down his throat.

“**No!** I call **bullshit!**” the rabbit protested with a yell, intently wriggling away as the event required. “That’s just playing dirty!”

The kobold clearly didn’t mind. He was far more interested in the feeling of Kanin’s face already smooshing into his small belly and **shlorph**-ing his mouth over more of the bound, bucking character.

GwORgll...grp! ShLuG-GULP-ULP-URLK-GLK-GULP! “NO!”

Another distracted slip from hearing those stomach noises now from *within* let the kobold pack him away, shiny white belly stretching with the clear shape of three-coming-on-four feet of self-titled “hero”. Now it was all up to those legs, strong legs that could kick and flail outside that greedy enemy maw. If there was anywhere Kanin’s power mattered, it surely would be...

The kobold squeezed his hands hard around the writhing shape in his gut.

“Mmmmph!!” Gu-ULP! Slrrrrp!

GWORRRRRRRRRRP!

The kobold groaned in ecstasy, all those distractions helping to coax just enough mistakes from Kanin for the bunny to fail the event. His triumphant belch echoed shamelessly through the tunnels. The legs had so easily slipped down that squeezey tunnel until, finally, even the rogue’s toes had slipped into that stretched-to-capacity gut. The kobold’s friends were beside themselves, cackling in amusement at the max-level adventurer’s plight. “*Mmmrrrh...* I’d be laughing at you too if you didn’t feel so damn *good* in there,” the grunt moaned, manhandling the distinct, struggling shape of the bunny with delight. “Never thought I’d get to actually eat a newbie, much less a max-level rogue. You lost worse than somebody who literally just started; how embarrassing for you!”

“Let me out! Fucking let me out right now!” Kanin shouted, his entire body squeezed so tightly together that he could feel every slimy texture of the kobold’s stomach squeezing around him, every shift stretching out the impression of a paw here, an elbow there.

“Couldn’t if I wanted to!” the kobold gleefully commented as he began using the skill he’d never once tried before: digest. “Guess nobody thought anyone who got this far into unnamed kobold biology would really want out. No more quick time events to escape for you, hero!”

“Nh...n-no, you’re not serious!”

GwOORrgll...sqsh, slrk...gLRRNNCH!

BROURP! “scuse me, *heheh.*”

It was clear the kobold was. Slowly, with single-digit hits each second, that massive max-level health bar was whittled-down pixel by pixel from the tutorial kobold’s stomach. The entire chamber squeezed and ground about the trapped adventurer, working in more and more acid to gradually debuff all that valuable defense. It might’ve been uncomfortable, but, more than uncomfortable, it was deeply humiliating: he was food for a smaller, weaker, and utterly unremarkable kobold. “No! Please! There has to be something...”

"Mm, true. There is something," the kobold said, licking his lips and cradling the massive churning shape in his bloated middle, hands playing over the desperate expression of the bunny pressing out from inside of him. "Let me look through your options menu..." He swapped a hand at the rogue's bar, deeply pleased by the digesting symbol and the slow vanishing of that green bar. A tiny menu popped up. "Let's see here...options...gameplay...difficulty and content...there we are!" A triumphant tap later, and a click on a button to confirm his choice, and his cohorts' mirth brought them to tears.

"Gutslut mode enabled." the kobold announced with pride as the new icon of a belly appeared amidst all the other degrading statuses below Kanin's bar. "No point in coming back as some Level 60 rogue when you've gone and proven you can't resist being digested alive by me. Lets your guild and friends know exactly where you ended up, too! What a great feature!"
urp~

"Wh-...**WHAT?!** You can't do this to me, you *bitch!*" the bunny gasped in horror. But, even as his kicks and squirms stretched the kobold's insides there he was, the debuffs beginning to ramp up the digestion exponentially. All the hero could do was feel themselves grow softer and softer, squeezing tighter and tighter, and listening to the belly noisily work its magic.

GlrrrNCH, GurGLE-glrrrrn, squish, BWORGLE~
BEELCH! Hic! Huorp~ "Mmm...nice~"

Passing tutorial players certainly got an unusual sight: a kobold melting down the pleading, squeezed-tight form of another player...a max-level one, at that. They certainly heard lots of muffled noises coming from the struggling, writhing belly, but only a few of Kanin's messages made it through; every single one of those messages went unheeded. Why help such a hopeless rogue that was reduced to increasingly obscure features in a nameless enemy? Either way, they could be certain that the bunny's humiliating defeat was complete...especially given that little belly tag next to his name while a mere tutorial mob proudly burped and hiccuped away.

"Probably should've just fed yourself to one of us when you made your character," the kobold mused after almost an hour. "Would've been faster! But finally you're soft. Ready for an eternity on my rump?"

Mush, glorrggl..."ggh...n-no..."

"Mm, too bad," he said with a grin, looking at that sliver of a health bar remaining. "I use my abilities properly, and I've been looking forward to using Clench for a while." He gave the mushy, shifting form inside a knead. "Unlike you, you know. Your hourly abilities have been back for a while, haven't they?"

Kanin's eyes widened in shock, so lost in the humiliation he'd entirely forgotten those status-escaping cooldowns. But, in that moment of realization...

"Clench!" **GrRNCH!** *Sloosh, burble, blrp!*

BROOUUURRRRRRP~

Kanin's HP bar vanished, and the rogue was gone, gear and all...all except a silver accessory that clinked against the tunnel floor, ejected by that final, declarative belch.

It didn't take long for the bunny to reappear, though. The game masters were quickly made aware of it. It wasn't hard to miss a fat-assed, thick-tailed, and wide-hipped Level 26 kobold proudly walking about The Dens tutorial zone. However, after some discussion, the GMs left the unnamed kobold be. He only seemed to target players with a certain option enabled...that, or cocky high-level players marching through. It was just one more interesting addition to an evolving game world, and, from the necklace the kobold wore from that day on, everyone knew who to thank for it: a careless bunny overestimating the power of level differences.