

The Popping Threads of Fate

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After meeting defeat in the stomach of a powerful naga vorecerer, an ursine paladin is reincarnated as a kobold and returns for a rematch. Unfortunately, his new form puts him at a significant disadvantage in combat. Will he overcome these challenges and avenge himself and his party, or will he add a second layer of padding to the naga's plush figure?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Kobold, a Female Naga, Belly Stuffing, Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Battles of Will, Dom/Sub elements, Light Corruption, Pet Play, Force Feeding, Oral Vore, Unwilling Pred, Object Vore, Immobility.

A ringing clatter resonated through the castle hall as a sword fell to the floor, dropped by its stout paladin owner. Bjorn fell to his knees in the shadow of his shambling opponent, not in defeat, but in relief. The towering monstrosity of food and calories wavered as the kobold's final blow rippled through its core, disrupting the energies that held it together. The reptile's breath caught in his throat as the collapsing feast made a final, desperate lunge, unable to escape its last-ditch avalanche. A squeaky yelp interrupted his exhausted huffs as the mountainous banquet overtook him, reverting to little more than a pile of mostly-harmless dishes and burying him. The paladin let out a pitiful whine as the consequences of his victory swamped him, tumbling him in grease and sauce until he forgot which way was up. Faint, flickering light offered guidance to the surface, though he lacked the strength to crawl toward it. Attempting to swim only stirred the tasty mix against his scales, exhausting him much as quicksand would. His generous belly growled and hinted at a solution, though he summoned what remained of his willpower and repelled the notion of eating his way out. Instead, he uttered a short prayer to his goddess, gathered what little stamina she gifted to him, then steeled his resolve and clawed upward. Delectable flavors and essences squished between his metal plates and saturated the clothing beneath, chipping away at his self-control until drizzle of enchanted honey met his lips. He lapped it away on reflex, a decision he immediately regretted. His stomach grumbled an overpowering demand, and his willpower faltered.

At least eating his way out got results faster than digging.

The sloppy and shameless sounds of gorging and feasting filled the room as the weakened paladin devoured the slain banquet, eager to both sate his hunger and free himself. His priorities shifted toward the former as the magicked dishes wrecked havoc on his inhibitions and waistline alike, poisoning his thoughts with an unquenchable gluttony. His stomach swelled into what little space remained in his armor, then strained its straps once it ran out. Muffled pops of rivets and rings followed as his broad hips outgrew his chain-mail leggings, snapping links one by one until a seam opened from his waist to his knees. Even his helmet tightened with his softening cheeks, though he hardly cared until it impeded his eating. A grumble of frustration rattled in his softening chest as he ripped his headgear off and tossed it aside, forgetting it as soon as it clattered out of sight. He distantly realized he had eaten enough of the former golem to wiggle free, though the pride of finishing it off proved too tempting to resist. Bjorn's chubby cheeks heated with desire as he resolved to do just that, reasoning the act away as caution. The creature couldn't regroup and attack from behind if it was crammed in his stomach, after all. That spark of brilliance pushed him through the mounting pressure in his belly, until the pudgy paladin ate every last scrap of the queen's special. The satisfied glorps and gurgles of his figure-defining stomach echoed in the grand hall while he processed his victory, until his legs faltered and brought him to the ground with a surprised grunt.

The impact jiggled through his tight belly and rattled the remains of his armor, overpowering what few pieces held on. A sharp snap filled the air as his plate's leather straps admitted defeat, launching his armor with such force it skittered across the room. Steel rings shot from his sides like shrapnel as his leggings became a tattered skirt,

revealing the growing expanse of his hips. The flab adorning his arms broke the bindings of his gauntlets, and his doughy calves likewise freed him from his greaves. The paladin froze with a mixture of shock and embarrassment, afraid to risk shattering more of his protection until well after his bloated form settled. An inferno kindled in his cheeks as he reclaimed his balance and rose to his feet, struggling to adapt to his swollen and bare figure. The taught dome of his stomach hid the surviving scraps of his underwear, and his wobbling cheeks squished around what clung to his backside. His thick, stumpy tail picked up the slack in preserving his modesty, but there there was little he could do to conceal his soft, feminine chest. A torrent of emotions washed over him while he surveyed the damage done by his gluttonous episode, sapping the last of his will and stamina. Unable to continue in such a state, Bjorn sulked to a hidden corner of the room and plopped his fat ass down for a short rest.

The reptilian paladin shed his backpack, slumped against the wall, and stared into his clawed hands. Regret for his fate flowed immediately. No amount of familiarity with his new form made him miss his formerly ursine figure any less, and despite his best efforts, he simply couldn't adapt. Bjorn recognized the few strengths of his new shape, most of which involved thoughtlessly dodging previously chest-high traps, though the trade off simply wasn't worth it. His diminished strength left his sword heavy and unruly in his hand. His plate bore heavily on his frame, or at least it did before it broke away, forcing him to rely on his shield far more than his footwork. It was by the grace of his goddess he'd made it as far as he had, but on the opposite side of that coin, it was by her design he hadn't gone farther. Bjorn's heart ached with her decree as he slumped.

My paladin, I am truly sorry, but my power is stretched too thin to restore you to your full glory. The best I can do for the moment is resurrect you to a smaller body. Break the hold that fiend has over you and your friends, and I can make you whole again.

The paladin rolled his head back and clenched his fists, but reigned his emotions in before he spouted something blasphemous. With a heavy sigh, he reasoned he should be grateful for his goddess's divine intervention, even if he found it lacking. A second chance was a second chance, and he reaffirmed his vow to make the most of it. His determination returned with his bolstered rationale, and hopped up from his moping slump and fetched the shards and scraps of his armor. Bjorn's stuffed and swollen belly reduced his gait to a wide waddle and complicated the task of picking things up, but after a few minutes of hunting and searching, he gathered the shrapnel of his gear. He bounced when he plopped back down on the floor, then loosely puzzled his plate back together. The paladin took in a deep, focusing breath and puffed out his chest, then slowly exhaled and sharpened his thoughts. His trials and tribulations cleared from his mind with each repetition, until he reached a state of devoted meditation. His claws glowed with the might of his goddess as he called upon her strength, and arcane waves spilled from his fingers and washed over the destroyed armor. The first of the magical currents mended his chain-mail and restored his chest plate, and a second adjusted their fit to his fattened form. The spells ended as gently as they began, and a smile spread across the kobold's face with his minor victory.

It collapsed into a look of embarrassment when he opened his eyes, however.

At a glance, the spell doubled the size of his armor. The deep curve of his chest plate taunted him with a distorted reflection as he stood over it and struggled to pick it up, drawing on every bit of his remaining strength. His arms trembled with exertion as he wrestled it into place, teetering under its commanding weight. The paladin let out a reptilian squeak as it threatened his grip, followed by a sharp yelp as it slipped through his fingers. He narrowly jumped from its path before it slammed to the floor, letting out a low ring loud enough to shake the castle walls. A clinking rasp followed as he moved on and manhandled his mended leggings, dragging them to his feet and stepping into them. The softly gurgling swell of his belly obscured his view and forced him to blindly grope until he found its edge and lifted. Its flowing weight fought him more with every claimed inch until he reached the shelf of his hips, which bore a fraction of its mass while he fastened its belt in place. A wide gap from his crotch to his knees spared him of horrific chaffing, though his middle wasn't granted the same comfort. It's lower roll spilled over his thighs and sandwiched the hardened rings between his scales, making all but the most subtle movement pointedly uncomfortable. Bjorn jumped and jingled to see if settling his figure would resolve the issue, and a few labored attempts revealed it wouldn't. With a heavy sigh, he unfastened the last of his protection and let it pool around his toes. His sword, his shield, and his wits would have to do.

Bjorn's confidence flagged, but he swallowed his uncertainty and marched to the throne room's entrance on shaking legs. Memories of his previous encounter rushed forth with every labored step, faltering his already sluggish pace. Nothing short of total failure greeted him the last time he stepped through that gate, and he had little reason to believe his rematch would go differently. The kobold took in a heavy breath and remembered the reason for his journey. Bjorn sank to his knees, ignored his exposed belly as it grazed the floor, then offered a lengthy prayer to his goddess. A divine glow radiated from his scales as she granted his plea for might and wisdom, bathing the battle-scarred dining hall in brilliant light. His sword and shield resonated with grace as he rose to his diminutive height, then shouldered into the heavy doorway. It stubbornly resisted his advance, even against his increased weight, until an unseen mechanism gave way with a faint pop. The kobold stumbled forward when it abruptly swung open, wheeling his arms in a vain attempt to salvage his balance. A sharp yelp spilled from his snout as he belly-flopped onto a long, plush rug, which thankfully bore the brunt of his fall. He laid there for an embarrassing moment, until a derisive chuckle rang between the pillars and tapestries.

An inferno blazed in his cheeks as he struggled to his feet, which only intensified under his foe's attention.

"Ahh, there you are," the vorecerer sang. "I was beginning to think you lost your nerve and back. You're obviously not that wise though."

A short squeak leapt from the kobold's throat before he properly found his voice. "Aye," he boomed in an only slightly squeaky tone. "I've returned to end your reign of terror and

avenge my comrades!"

The villain laughed again. "Oh, you sweet reptilian knave, no one returns, because no one leaves here. You must have me mistaken for some other glorious mistress."

Bjorn mustered a rumbling growl. "Foul serpent, this is no mistake! Show yourself, so that you may be cleansed by my goddess's light!"

"My dear..." she paused to sniff the air. "Paladin, yes? Hmm. You do smell familiar. Perhaps it is I who is mistaken." The soft shuffling of scales filled the expansive chamber as the vorecerer slithered from her throne and wove through her domain. "You have my curiosity, if nothing else."

The kobold took a step back and readied his shield as the air thrummed with her presence, then raised his sword. "Mayhaps you will learn this lesson then! Drop your games and I will show you the error of your ways."

"But where's the fun in that be," she tittered. A hiss followed, causing the kobold to whip his head and trace its source. "Yes, there's no mistaking it. You've already slid down my gullet once before, and you've returned to offer yourself to me again. How thoughtful~"

The paladin raised his shield and braced his stance, but no strike broke upon it. Instead, a small cinnamon roll materialized before his muzzle, hovering and tempting him with drizzling sweetness. His eyes briefly fluttered before he regained his focus. "Your tricks won't work, snake!"

"Oh, but they already have," she teased. "I saw everything on your way here. How many honey traps you gluttoned yourself on. How eagerly you devoured my animated feast." A phantom finger poked his belly and made him jump. "Face it, this place has changed you, and you can't resist my allure."

Bjorn's expression faltered with the accusation, as did his posture when the magical treat touched his lips. "Lies! I've to put you in your place!"

"I agree with that much," she laughed. "But you're lying to yourself about what that place is. Look deep within yourself and know I speak the truth. You wish to serve me."

The kobold began to refute her point, until the enchanted pastry dove into his mouth with his lowered guard. His cheeks bulged with sinfully sweet dough and frosting, which compelled him to chew and indulge. A single swallow sent it down to his packed belly, where it battled for space beneath his scales and coaxed a groan of approval.

"See how easy that was? How natural it felt? As a bear you were a hero, but that chapter of your life is over. As a kobold, you're as subservient as you are gluttonous. That's simply how it is."

Shame washed over Bjorn as she struck a nerve, bringing him to his knee to pray for forgiveness and strength.

"Your loyalty is impressive, though misplaced," the vorecerer hissed. "Your goddess didn't see fit to restore your full power. She's practically served you to me."

Anger flashed through the paladin's eyes. "My loyalty and faith are my own to place," he bellowed, ignoring the crack in his voice. "What would you know about either of those, villain?"

"More than you might think," she sneered. "You caught me in a good mood today, paladin, and you've proved most entertaining already. It'd be a shame to waste such a unique opportunity, so I'll make you a deal. Approach my throne and ask for your friends back. If you can do that, I'll reform them, no strings attached."

The paladin hesitated. "What's the catch?"

"No catch, just a simple test of will~ And perhaps strength, if your will is lacking."

The paladin arched his brow in curiosity, but before he gave it voice, the vorecerer clarified herself. A shimmering arcane pulse swept through the room at her command, harmlessly washing over the kobold and filling the air with motes of light. A second followed in its wake, and with the third, forms began to materialize along the lengthy walkway. Shapes emerged from the spattering of pin points, and with them came tantalizing scents. The kobold's belly let loose a demanding growl before his other senses caught up, kindling a fierce blush in his cheeks. Shame welled in the back of his mind with his resurging hunger, though the latter easily eclipsed the former. A gulp echoed through the room as his mouth watered, and his thick tail unconsciously wagged atop his flabby rear. Bjorn squeezed his eyes shut and resisted his baser desires as the ritual ended, leaving him utterly surrounded by an army of meals and desserts. With the exception of the central rug, food covered every inch of the floor. The kobold's eyes glossed over in raw, gluttonous reverence, until a soft laugh drug him back to reality.

"The longer you stand there, the harder it gets," she teased. "Don't take too long now, it's rude to keep your mistress waiting." A cackle accompanied her slithering as she retreated, leaving him in relative privacy.

A flash of anger caught in the paladin's chest, though it fizzled in a torrent of mixed emotions. Every breath of the sugar-laden air carried an invitation to give in and feast, straining what remained of Bjorn's resolve. With great effort, he blocked the siren's call from his mind and took a step, self-conscious with the ensuing wobble through his figure. Faltering there would hardly be his first failure of the day, but in the back of his mind, he knew there would be no returning from the fall. Despite the obvious risk, his focus frayed as his gaze fell on a cake twice his height, and fantasies of throwing himself into its delectable

mass swirled in his mind's eye. The kobold's drive evaporated as his stomach rumbled a demand, shifting his course until he staggered straight at it. His flabby arm trembled as he reached for its flawless frosting coat and marred it with a claw, then raised the sample to his lips. His tongue peeked from his muzzle as his self-restraint cracked, drawing a booming laugh from his reptilian foe.

"Your will is as weak as the rest of you," she mocked. "Why go through the trouble of getting here if you're not going to be entertaining? Are you really that desperate to throw yourself at my feet?"

The paladin brushed the frosting from his claw with the harsh call to reality, but said nothing to refute her accusation.

The echoes of her mirth diminished before she spoke again. "I think you need to reconsider your choice of career, paladin. You're clearly not cut out for this line of work anymore. Normally I'd just devour you where you stand, but I'm feeling generous today. Approach and offer yourself to me, and I'll grant you a new life of hedonistic servitude at my side."

A mixture of embarrassment and anger welled in his chest. "I would never present myself to the likes of you," he only slightly squeaked. "My faith in my goddess and my friends is unshakable!"

"Then why have you done nothing but eat since you kicked in my door?" Her malicious grin was palpable. "I'm adding another option to our deal. Which one you choose is still entirely up to you."

"I'm going to make you regret taunting me!"

"I'd worry about crawling to me first," she chided. "You took a nice head start toward immobility with my guardian feast."

As much as the kobold loathed to admit it, her observation rang true. The heavy weight of his belly was a constant reminder of his lapse of judgment and a persistent drain on his stamina. The tempting pastry further proved her point, compelling him to steal at least a taste before abandoning it. The paladin tore a fist-sized chunk of the dessert away before departing, barely resisting the urge to cram it into his pudgy cheeks. He ignored his watering mouth and centered his fraying focus, then levered his resolve against his desires and vowed to eat his sweet treat only after making progress. Bjorn called upon his goddess and commanded his feet to move, taking his first step toward the throne, then another and another. He mumbled a mantra and shut out his surroundings, reducing his perceptions to little more than the ornate rug at his feet. Unfortunately, his foe was equally persistent. Greasy meats and seasoned vegetables broke away from the spreads flanking the kobold and swirled around him, wrapping him in a delectable whirlwind that eroded his concentration. His brow furrowed and his stomach growled as more and more dishes joined the maelstrom, slowing his pace to a labored crawl. The air churned with hundreds

of thousands of calories while he struggled to retain his nerve, clouding his thoughts with potent flavors. His determination dissolved with a thousand delectable tugs in every direction, until he could do nothing but jam his cake into his muzzle.

A deep groan resonated in his chest as its complex flavor overwhelmed his senses, ejecting him from the moment on an almost narcotic rush. He licked his palm clean before gulping down the modest mouthful, then backtracked what few steps he'd taken to chase that delectable high. The whirlwind parted and vorecerer's laugh filled the room at his pitiful defeat, rekindling the inferno in his stuffed cheeks. Despite the shame pooling in the back of his mind, the kobold couldn't tear himself away from the multi-tiered delight. His foe's taunts did even less to sway him. Backhanded promises of servitude floated into his ears as the overweight enchantress preyed upon his gluttonous weakness, playing on his uncertainties. A subtle tweak to his metabolism and hypnotic twist to his inhibitions was all she needed to break his cracked foundation, and a perverse smile spread across her snout as she watched her tampering take effect. The paladin's reluctance and resistance faded as he gorged himself with impressive speed, tearing through the cake with unhinged hedonism. Crumbs and frosting dropped and rolled down his flabby chest as his belly surged with the pastry's weight, gradually bringing him to his knees and pinning him in place. The plush lower roll of his stomach spilled over his thighs by the time he finished, and he panted with overbearing fullness as the fog around his mind cleared.

"Case and point. Aren't paladins supposed to have restraint," she chuckled. "Hundreds of adventurers have challenged me, but I have to admit, none have submitted so eagerly. "

Bjorn struggled to refute her, but could muster nothing but silence.

"You've all but renounced your quest and your goddess, and you know as well as I do you can't show your face to your order after this. Not that you'd be able to defeat me anyway." The shuffle of scaly coils filled the room as she returned to her throne. "You can no longer prove yourself as a paladin, so I'm offering you the chance to prove your worth as my pet. Come forth and show me you're worthy of my collar, unless you'd prefer a second trip through my stomach."

Bjorn did not find the determination to refute her offer instantly, and that fact unleashed a wash of emotions. For better or worse however, morbid curiosity rose to the forefront of his thoughts.

"The fact you can't deny me here and now is proof enough," she accused. "Your time as an adventurer ended the day I first devoured you. Why repeat your mistakes?"

As the kobold's mind fogged with doubt and meekness, his stomach took over thinking for him. A hearty grumble rumbled from his belly as the villain's offer sank in, and his armor-destroying thighs shuffled into subservient motion. A triumphant grin spread across the vorecerer's snout as he inched toward the head of the room, head down, singularly focused on her hissing voice. The surrender of his own will allowed hers to flourish,

bringing out his latent flaws and bending them to her desire. The shadows shrouding the far end of the chamber receded as torches lit in the paladin's wake, casting shimmering light across golden pillars and revealing his foe's rotund form. Their previous encounter flashed across his mind's eye with her reveal, and his step faltered when he realized how much bigger she'd become. Her chest and belly had long since outgrown her previous outfit, her modestly preserved only by soft scales and deep rolls. Her tail trailed off out of sight behind her, faintly bulging and flexing with a collection of swallowed adventurers. The naga's glowing eyes pierced the kobold's as the gap between them closed, boring into the paladin's being and perusing his desires. Her forked tongue peeked from her lips as she interpreted his intent, relishing the conflict roiling in his core. A soft groan resonated in her chest once he stepped close enough to taste, and for a brief moment, the vorecerer hoped to find him lacking.

"So tell me, fallen paladin," she mused. "What will it be? A chance to bring your party back, or a lifetime of well-fed servitude?"

The last of the paladin's defiance and determination flashed across his eyes, and his otherwise soft body tensed with fury. He gathered every ounce of his righteous rage and invoked his goddess, who bolstered his strength and enveloped him in radiant light. In the absence of his sword, his fist blazed with divine might, and he poured what remained of his strength into a full-body haymaker. A squeaky battle cry leapt from his chest as he lunged and struck, hoping against hope to bring down his enemy in a single blow. A bright explosion tore through the room as he made contact, followed by a rush of godly power. The paladin looked away to preserve his vision as the echoes of his smite resonated and dissipated among the pillars, and his chest fluttered with a mixture of exhaustion and pride. His stance faltered as his borrowed power departed, nearly collapsing him atop the foul naga's coils. A sigh of relief poured from his muzzle, and he braced for the tall task of combing through the naga's treasures for his fallen friends' belongings. Once found, reforming them would be a simple task. Renewed, victorious vigor surged through him, and he pushed off the reptile's coils to get started.

Only to find the colossal loop of her tail pinning him down.

The vorecerer let out a derisive laugh and peeled his fist off her cheek, then slung his arm aside and constricted his pudgy waist. "I have to admit, that would have hurt a few weeks ago." She rubbed her scales, where the faintest hints of a bruise showed between her fingers. "But now it's my turn."

Her fangs flashed in the glimmering torch light as she locked her eyes with his and bored into his mind with a hypnotic lance. The kobold's struggled waned while she wrestled control of his body away, then released him to gracelessly fell onto his fattened ass.

"Let's see if we can get that last little bit of defiance out of you, hmm?" The naga broke her hypnotic probe and looked away, then let out a whistle that echoed through the entire castle.

Bjorn seized his opportunity to escape, but lacked the strength to break free. Even in her loosened grip, her coils rested atop his weighty figure and easily kept him pinned. Perhaps with enough time he could have wiggled free, but a faint, ominous rumbling ended his efforts long before they could pay off.

The naga hummed with mischievous delight as her favored pet waddled into view, an obese fox on the cusp of immobility. His belly wobbled with every labored step and rippled with innumerable meals, nearly dragging across the floor. His bouncing rolls concealed considerable strength however, which he displayed as he huffed and lumbered to his mistress's side. Much like the naga, the fox wore nothing more than some jewelery and a submissive smile, relying on his corpulent rolls to preserve his modesty. Markings that broke the orange expanse of his pelt reveled their details with his approach, though the paladin was in no state to decipher them. His gaze was instead fixed on the vulpine's vast apron of a belly, first entranced by its size and softness, then locked down by faint, possibly imagined struggles from within. The ambiguous nature of his eating habits converged by the time the titanic vulpine stood at the vorecerer's side, leaving little doubt he had recently feasted on some ill-fated adventurer.

"My pet, I have need of your services once more." She reached out for the rolls of his neck and squished them to his chin, revealing a collar adorned with a glowing purple gem. A shiver ran down the vulpine's spine as she touched a bracelet to its surface, stealing its light into her palm. "This ex-paladin wishes to join our ranks, and I need you to test his abilities for me. You know what to do."

A broad grin spread across the fox's chubby cheeks, and he wordlessly lumbered to the stunned kobold.

Confusion replaced the paladin's exhaustion as the obese vulpine engulfed him in his shadow, and only deepened when he shoved his foot into his maw. The reptile let out a muffled sound of bewilderment as the fox's toes glided to the back of his mouth, then dipped over its edge to the entrance of his throat. Bjorn grimaced at the sensation of the vulpine's pudgy paw pads on his tongue, though the ensuing flavor undermined his reluctance. The kobold put up a token struggle as the giddy fox planted his flabby rear on the ground and shoved his ankles through his lips, but nothing Bjorn did delayed him for more than a few seconds. A reflexive gulp ushered the pet's soles just a fraction of an inch deeper, and with his body's sabotage, something in his mind gave way. A torrent of emotions washed over him as his jaw painlessly detached, unlocking a set of ancestral and predatory instincts buried deep within his being. Saliva pooled in the few open spaces of his maw and saturated the fox's fur, teasing out a flavor that stoked his gluttony to new and primal heights. His stomach let out a demanding growl as the delectable trickles ran down his throat, chipping away at what little resistance he retained. The fox and naga alike chuckled with his gluttonous awakening, and at her unheard command, the vulpine continued his task of exploring their guest's newfound tastes.

The paladin grappled with his growing greed while the fox slipped deeper into his maw, submerging his calves and knees in his cascade of drool. His slicked-down fur made progressing all too easy, complicating the kobold's already difficult task of reigning control over his conflicting desires. The haze in Bjorn's eyes faded for a brief instant as the last of his willpower coalesced, and he planted his hands on the fox's hips. The pet let out a teasing, rumbling purr and placed his own hands over them, inviting his predator to make a choice. A half-hearted push followed, which the fox easily thwarted. The kobold's follow-up brought even less commitment, earning mirthful laughs from his audience. Once the paladin's surrender was evident, the fox dropped all pretense of playing with his predator and waggled his thighs over the reptile's lips. He let out a mixed moan of protest and pleasure as his cheeks stretched to their limits, though the vulpine's intensifying flavor undercut his discomfort. The kobold's gaze glossed over with increasing gluttonous delight, and he embraced his new life. The fox happily obliged the fallen paladin's demand and ushered himself deeper into his gastric grip, jamming his hips into his mouth with a thick squelch. A greedy gulp followed, the first beat of a rhythm that filled the expansive space.

The fox moaned with delight as the kobold sank his claws into his soft love handles, failing to pierce his hide but making his intentions more than known. Thick glurks echoed through the throne room as he tugged his colossal meal in deeper, though each only made minor progress. Every subsequent swallow funneled the fox down with glacial speed, until the naga's patience eventually frayed. She commanded her servant to move things along, and the vulpine obeyed with a forceful shove. The paladin let out a muffled cry as his jaw strained around the vulpine's significant hips, raking his blunt fangs across soft flab and fur. The fox giggled and squirmed under the tickling points, dragging the kobold against the stony floor before he set his grip. Once rooted in place, the vulpine's squirming assisted his humid descent, until the roll of his belly flopped over Bjorn's snout. The paladin blushed at the fox's musky warmth and paused in consideration, then smushed his meal's flab down like a sandwich and unleashed his hunger. To their combined surprise, the reptile walked his lips over the compressed roll, straining his ligaments as tears welled in the corners of his eyes. His progress ground to a halt at the fox's navel, where he whimpered and groaned with helplessness. For better or worse, the naga answered his plea.

"Needless to say, you need training. Your natural skills appear worth polishing at least, so let's see how you do with the scales tipped in your favor."

The paladin couldn't hope to wrap his head around her implications, but fortunately, he didn't have to. A faint glow enveloped the fox as the naga exerted her mystic might, lifting the corpulent vulpine and the kobold with him. Bjorn squeezed his eyes shut as his full weight fell on his straining jaw, then relaxed with relief as his rear squished against the stone floor. Panic surged through him in the next instant, however, and the fox's shadow eclipsed him. The naga's magic bore his weight for a merciful second before she relaxed her hold, allowing gravity to assist the kobold in his trial. Bjorn let out a lengthy, muffled whine of discomfort as the vulpine's hefty weight dropped into his mouth, threatening to split his jaws entirely apart. His tail lashed and thumped the ground for mercy, though before anyone intervened, his issue resolved itself. The kobold squeezed his eyes shut and groaned

as the fox's raw mass overcame his body's resistance, and his journey to the paladin's stomach resumed. The entrance of the reptile's throat seared with pain as it admitted the fox's hips, several times larger than anything he'd swallowed in either of his lives. His neck bulged around the fox's curves to a supernatural degree, spread tight over his figure and exposing the flexible hide between his scales. Every one of his desperate swallows produced a visible ripple in his overworked gullet, though they were little more than a testament to his redirected determination. Gravity proved as indifferent as it was effective, and the vulpine slid into Bjorn's stomach at a persistent, agonizing pace despite the reptile's efforts.

The edges of the paladin's vision fogged and flickered with impending unconsciousness as his breath ran thin, spurring him to grab and grope the fox in a vain effort to speed his descent. The naga's pet obliged and wiggled his hips as well as he could, and between the two of them, managed to speed the slow march of physics. The bulge of his hips sank through the gate of the kobold's stomach and joined his legs, distorting the reptile's silhouette with his plush bulk. With his meal's widest point claimed, the tide of his gluttonous battle swiftly changed. The kobold's gullet contracted around the fox's pudgy waist, squeezing on the flare of his hips and dragging him down. The vulpine's bely and chest offered only modest resistance in the wake of his natural flare, allowing more and more of him to curl up in the kobold's taxed belly. The swell of the paladin's middle spilled over his thighs and sprawled across the floor, tight and bulging with his prey's form. Nausea tinted his cheeks as the vulpine waggled his shoulders between Bjorn's lips, unprepared for such a vigorous test of capacity. The naga's pet cared little about the flutters and convulsions of his predator's throat, however, only interested in curling up in the paladin's belly and fulfilling his mistress's order. Bjorn's tail thumped the floor as his muzzle overtook the fox's, and he curled his tongue around that flavorful snout. Despite being stuffed within an inch of his life, the kobold wanted nothing more than to finish his meal.

Faint, exhausted squelches bounced between watching pillars as Bjorn gulped and swallowed to little avail, failing to move his meal more than a few hairs at a time. Bound tightly in his throat and stomach, the fox could do little about their situation, placing their fate squarely in the naga's hands. A delighted grin spread across her snout as she came to the same realization, and the gentle shuffling of her scales filled the chamber as she acted upon it. Her coils piled around Bjorn in a loose embrace as she leaned against his bloated middle, squishing her plush curves against his taught bulges. The mostly swallowed vulpine purred with delight as she traced her fingers over his pudgy cheek, then traced them to his nose and shoved. A wince flashed across his face when her palm mashed against his muzzle, adding more and more pressure until he sank once more. The kobold squirmed and wobbled with her zealous feeding, struggling to process the onslaught of delightfully uncomfortable sensations. His gulping rhythm faltered with the persistent pressure and failed to recover until the naga's fingers reached over the back of his tongue. She withdrew her hand and wiped his drool away on his chin, then carefully raked her claws over the muzzle-shaped bulge in his neck. A light massage was all it took to get him swallowing again, and with his mistress's guidance, he made tangible progress. A deep purr rumbled through Bjorn's figure as his meal finally finished his descent, and a soft, internal squelch

announced his success.

His stomach was twice the size of the rest of him, but his victory was all that mattered in that instant.

Shivers ran up and down his spine while the naga surveyed his rounded figure, dragging her nails over his spread scales and the sensitive hide between. Arousal bloomed in the torrent of sensations flooding the kobold's head, and his arousal peeked unbidden from between his broad thighs. The vorecerer chuckled and traced a finger down his throbbing length, coaxing out a pent-up burst of pre. His cock throbbed and begged for more attention as she moved on, making it abundantly clear where his new loyalties lied. Still, she continued her appraisal, testing his resilience and pinching his swollen stomach, until she circled around to his front. Bjorn huffed and panted with gluttonous satisfaction and carnal need, barely registering the naga's presence until she tapped the bottom of his chin. His cheeks wobbled as she tipped his head up, connecting their gazes once more. A strand of drool snuck from the corner of his mouth while she stared into his being, seeking out just how deeply his gluttonous devotion ran. A grin parted her snout once she found it to her liking, and she released her grip. His head landed on the vast swell of his middle and unleashed a flurry of gurgles and burbles, but his focus remained fixed on his mistress.

"You've done well for yourself," she hummed. "You're obviously a worthy prospect, but I still need a declaration of loyalty."

Bjorn softly groaned to himself and rubbed his churning stomach, too dazed to wonder what his next trial could possibly be. Curiosity finally parted the gluttonous haze around his thoughts as she slithered away, then returned with his sword and shield.

"Devour the symbols of your former goddess. I'm the only one you'll be worshipping."

The gravity of her demand clicked in the small, rational space buried in the back of his mind, though it was powerless to stop him from reaching forward.

"You may dull the blade if you desire," the naga added. "But do not break it"

Bjorn offered a quick nod as her command brought his world back into focus, and he strained over his immobilizing gut to pluck the sword and shield from the floor. Their familiar weight fostered hesitance, first from uncertainty, then from practicality. That moment came and went once Bjorn devised a solution to his problem however. His palms glowed with latent heat as he called upon the skills of his new form, kindling a fire in his hands that softened his blade. The kobold folded its edges over and stole its bite, effectively disarming the holy weapon. Once satisfied with his work, he opened his jaw wide and plopped its length against his tongue, quenching its angry glow with copious drool. Steam poured from his muzzle before he sealed his lips around it, then tipped his head back and let it fall passed his tonsils. The metallic roll free fell to the entrance of his stomach, only encountering resistance when it prodded his obese meal. The fox jumped in shock and

sloshed the kobold's belly, inadvertently opening space for the discarded weapon. A distinct bulge pushed from Bjorn's side as it settled into place, sealed in his stomach with a delighted swallow. The greedy reptile then gripped his shield as he would a sandwich and wedged it into his mouth, stretching around its edges with only minor effort. His cheeks bulged with its hard edges as he shoved it to the top of his throat, then tipped his head back again. His expression contorted with discomfort as its ridges slid down his gullet, proving to be a greater challenge than his sword, but still within the realm of possibility. It slipped into the same pocked as his blunted weapon with an audible squelch and light complaint from his occupant, and he let out a strained breath as it settled into the folds of his stomach.

The instant he finished, the naga slipped an ornate collar around his neck and clasped it shut, sending a tingle of pleasure up and down his spine. His body thrummed with blissful servitude and clear, not unlike the day he took an oath to his former goddess.

"I must admit, I didn't expect this to end this way, but I'm satisfied it did." The naga teased his belly with the tip of her tail. "The fox was starting to have trouble fitting into the dungeon's halls, so you'll be taking up his duties there." Her nails raked across his middle, and she punctuated the gesture with a pat. "Until you outgrow them too."

The kobold nodded absently with her words, his attention fixed on the strange rumbles in his belly instead. Both of them looked to his middle with interest as a radiant glow kindled within, back-lighting his hide and scales. The collar bloomed with a purple luminescence in turn, overpowering the holy energy until only the naga's remained.

"Welcome to the ex-paladin's club," she laughed. "You won't be needing her power from now on. Or anyone's power, really. You won't need it here."

Bjorn nodded emphatically, until a shameless, light-infused belch interrupted.

"That's the spirit. For now, rest and claim your meal with pride. The fox will be back when you're mobile, and he can introduce you to your daily tasks."

Without question, the kobold did just that. He splayed atop his round belly and basked in its soft gurgling, day dreaming about the effects it would have on his body and who he'd add to it next. There was no doubt he'd be softer in the morning, but more importantly, would his figure be pleasing to his mistress? Would she help him get there if he wasn't? A soft pulse from his collar banished those thoughts and eased his mind, allowing an intense food coma to creep in. As he drifted off to sleep, a final pair of questions filtered through his thoughts.

Why did he ever want to fight her, and would his old friends be just as delicious as the fox?