

Into the Mansion

By Victor Waite

20-03-09

A Vignette

A feline paladin returns to a haunted mansion to save his fellow adventurers and friends. Can he save them without succumbing to the same fate?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains A Male Cat, Fantasy Elements, Gluttony and Corruption, Feeding, Rapid Weight Gain, Fattened Maids, A Gluttonous Succubus

A sharp breeze cut through the air, carrying with it mixed scents and sensations. The chill of the night sent a shiver down the paladin's spine, but the accompanying warm aroma tempered the cold. A faint heat kindled in his chest as he took it in, breathing in deep. Traces of desserts and sweetness filled his mind's eye, easing the tension from his muscles and stoking a hunger in his middle. He squeezed his eyes shut and shook his head, dispelling the mansion's enticing aura.

He had a job to do.

The feline hefted his shield and rested a hand on his sword, then ascended the steps to the decaying structure. Long-abandoned floorboards creaked under his steel boots, and the rotting porch sagged under the weight of his duty. Without hesitation he threw the doors open and stepped into the gloom, storming into the foyer. Clouds of dust rose in his wake and cobwebs drifted in his presence, though he paid them no mind. With uneasy familiarity he navigated the labyrinthine halls, delving deeper and deeper into the decrypt dwelling. Even if he hadn't known the way from prior experience, finding his path would have been as simple as following his nose.

The smells of an active kitchen and the sounds of a meal in progress swamped his senses as he neared his destination, and conflicting desires clashed in his chest. For the moment, his resolve remained strong. The burning desire to find and avenge his comrades overrode his rising, baser needs, though he could not be certain for how long. The feline clutched the amulet hanging from his neck and prayed for strength, bolstering his faith in the fates and himself. The ringing of silverware against porcelain broke his focus as he arrived however, leaving him to reinforce his nerves alone. He took in a breath and did just that, then kicked in the dinning hall's double doors.

A wall of mixed and mingling aromas washed over him, enticing and tempting his hunger with dishes both domestic and exotic. A single table stretched from one end of the room to the other, bowing with the weight of a kingly feast. Torches bathed the glistening dishes in flickering light from the walls while candlesticks did the same from its surface, highlighting every juicy calorie. The paladin wavered with its hedonistic call, inviting him to take a seat and dig in, though he found his composure before he stumbled completely. The cat reached into a pouch on his belt and produced a perfume-soaked mask, then covered his muzzle and tied it behind his ears. Purpose returned to his posture, and he marched passed the feast to the kitchen beyond.

For better or worse, his objective arrived to meet him halfway.

The paladin stopped in his tracks, frozen by the sight of his fallen friends. There was no mistaking them, despite the obvious changes to their figures. Skimpy excuses of maid uniforms replaced the armor and robes of their past lives, making their corruption all the more obvious. Perhaps more obvious however was the decline of their figures. The former wizard had never been slim, always more portly than the transfigured ranger, but both overflowed from their new uniforms. Their bellies pulled their aprons tight and sagged

over their waistbands, slapping against their thighs with every hasty step. Their flabby rears raised their skirts high and rendered them useless, and their chests spread the low cut of their tops wide. The pair's rolls left them distinctly more feminine, softening their figures and faces with inherited hedonism. The paladin called out to them and bid them to struggle against their captor's control, but the curt command only caught their attention. Platters in hand, they rushed to give their friend a proper welcome to their master's manor.

The feline couldn't find the strength to draw his sword against his friends and instead repelled their greeting with his shield. Thousands of calories crashed against its forged surface as they pelted him with food, laughing and aiming for his muzzle. The paladin held his mouth shut and strengthened his guard, hoping to buy enough time to counter. Their ingenuity proved greater than his however, and the pair split to pelt him from two directions at once. The cat staved off one of the volleys at the cost of exposing himself to the other. Cuts of meat and spatters of sauce slapped against his armor, seeping through its links and saturating his fur. He squeezed his eyes shut as their aim improved and narrowed the caloric onslaught on his head, utterly covering and saturating his mask. The paladin held his breath as long as he could, but it was only a matter of time before his lungs smoldered for air and forced his mouth open. A single speck of sauce was all it took to ruin his resolve, and his pupils widened with the brush of enchanting flavors. The vigor dissolved from his stance, and his shield clattered to the floor.

The turned maids laughed and bumped their hips in victory, then waddled and dashed to their dazed friend. The cat offered only token resistance as they stripped him of his armor and gear, leaving him in nothing but food-stained fur. The maids teased his lack of table manners as they ushered him to the spread, guiding him to one of its many empty seats. The mage sat him down while the ranger pulled a second to his side, both grinning with gluttonous foresight. The paladin murmured a soft whisper of defiance, which fell silent when the pair presented him with a generous platter of food. Lethargy slowed the cat's arms as he ate without thought, which faded quickly in the presence of a blossoming hunger. The maids encouraged every accelerating mouthful, rubbing his stomach as it filled his lap and keeping his plate full, spurring him to eat and eat his convictions and duties away. It took several courses for the rebellious spark in his eye to gloss over, but he gave in to gluttonous submission just like the rest.

The paladin hardly noticed his reunited friends produce an extra maid uniform, lined with elastic in all the places that mattered. He grunted with irritation as they lifted his arms and fitted him with the garments, interrupting his feasting to do so. The corrupted adventures repaid that trespass with yet more food, delivered directly to the cat's slaving maw. Thin rivers of flavors and sauces ran from the corners of his lips as they tipped his muzzle up and poured a hearty stew down his gullet, and he groaned with glee as they rubbed his neck to help it down. His belly eclipsed his thighs as the mixture pooled in his middle, and the rest of his figure softened with it as the mansion's magics suffused his soul. The former paladin's flabby ass and tree-trunk thighs tested the limits of his uniform mere minutes after its fitting, straining its lace until it was transparent. The ties of his apron dug into the valleys of his rolls until it popped free, and its ribbons fluttered to his sides in

defeat, A silk choker around his neck struggled to remain visible until it snapped loose as well, earning gasps of delight from his peers. It had taken them hours to achieve that!

Not to be outdone by the rookie, the former mage and ranger took their place at the feast with him. They each pulled two chairs to his sides and filled them with their curvy hips, then set to work outgrowing them. The sounds of their greedy and gluttonous feasting filled the darkened halls and echoed through the mansion, reverberating from its walls and calling out its master. Shadows gathered in the halls and swirled into a distinct shape, collecting into a silhouette that may have outweighed the trio on its own. Vibrant pinks and reds emerged from dark and muted hues, until a colossal succubus fully took form. Her broad hips skirted the walls of the corridors as she approached, and the foundation quaked with each of her weighty footsteps. The main doors of the dinning hall opened in anticipation of her arrival, and her melodic laugh rose above her underling's ravenous feeding.

"I'll have to punish you for eating from my table, again," the obese demoness laughed. "But not so severely this time. I love it when my pets bring guests to dinner."

She snapped her fingers, calling the two veterans servants to attention. "But first, prepare our new guest for dinner. It's been far too long since I've had anything new" Her stomach rumbled and echoed the sentiment, and her cackling filled the building as the two ushered the lost paladin into the kitchen.