Infiltrating the Hero's Party was easy until they started eating everybody



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Infiltrating the Hero's Party Was Easy

A Vore Novella

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...until they started eating everybody

The plan was simple...

Infiltrating the Hero's Party

The plan was simple: infiltrate the hero's party, lead her to a fiery doom, and collect the reward. For a shapeshifting demoness like Rosie, this should have been an easy task. She had led plenty of heroes to their deaths over the years, honing the process like clockwork. Unfortunately, the hero *this* time was a lady named Constance, and things were *not* going well.

At first glance, Constance looked like all the other heroes Rosie had killed: strong in arm, clad in armor, real classic paladin type. The town gossip said Constance hailed from a fortress monastery to the north, the monks bestowing upon her a fabulous greatsword. They had also seen fit to bless the paladin with generous curves: Constance was a massive beauty, the seven-foot woman sporting a *very* voluptuous figure. That should have been Rosie's first red flag: no hero could possibly be that beautiful without harboring *some* kind of insane kink.

But Rosie was nothing if not arrogant. She had fed Constance the same old classic tale of riches and glory: deep in the southern desert was Pharaoh Vortep's pyramid, its ancient vaults bursting with treasure. While the pyramid was real, its treasures had already been secretly pilfered by Rosie's overlord, the Demon King. The only thing left in the tomb were undead mummies and other such monsters: a perfect trap for unsuspecting do-gooders.

Any group of adventurers worth their salt would have beelined straight to the tomb at the first mention of treasure. Constance's companions, Mariel the elf and Gwen the goblin, had insisted on it. They were itching to get their hands on some sweet, sweet loot. The party had thankfully left the town of Dryditch yesterday. Rosie was keen to keep her marks on task. The sooner they ran into the demoness' friends, the sooner she would have her juicy reward.

Unfortunately, Constance had other ideas. “Come on, Rosie!” the paladin whined. She wrapped her arms around the disguised demoness, squeezing her tight. “I want some more of that cock!”

The demoness had transformed herself into a pretty human mage, albeit one with a large futa cock. The disguise served Rosie well in the past: a cute face to sucker them in, and a thick shaft to seal the deal. This time, however, the mage had failed to account for Constance’s insatiable sexual appetite. The past few days saw the paladin run Rosie ragged, the poor demoness unable to keep up with the hero’s lust. It was becoming a *very* annoying problem.

“We need to stay on track!” Rosie grumbled. She tried to push Constance’s arms away. “Don’t you want all that treasure? They say there’s fancy armor in that pyramid!”

Constance’s hands went lower on Rosie’s body. “I got a nice thick treasure right here,” the paladin said. “That fancy armor can wait.”

Rosie looked over at Gwen and Mariel. The elf and the goblin were laughing their heads off. “This isn’t funny!” the mage cried. She continued to push against Constance. “We’ll never get anywhere if this big oaf keeps riding my dick!”

“What about merely sucking it?” Mariel asked. The elf sauntered over, a hungry look in her eyes. “After that *delicious* night in the tavern, I’m itching for another taste myself!”

Gwen nodded in agreement. “Me too! Can’t let Connie keep you all to herself. She needs to learn how to share!”

Rosie balked. All three ladies were tugging on her, pulling the mage in three different directions. Three sets of magnificent breasts pressed against her face, the soft mounds hard to ignore. Constance’s enormous chest was tightly bound in a fine mesh of chainmail, the steel pleasantly warm to the touch. It even smelled faintly of lilac. Mariel’s tight leotard barely hid the elf’s assets, her respectable twins peeking out through the thin fabric. Gwen’s sling bikini didn’t even

try. The goblin's emerald melons swung freely, one of them poking Rosie in the eye.

"Ow! Enough!" Rosie cried. She scrambled to her feet, extracting herself from the pile of impending pleasure. "Can we focus, please? The Demon King's soldiers are right over there!"

It was true. Constance's lust wasn't the only thing slowing the party down. The oasis was crawling with kobolds, and each of the little critters was armed to the teeth. The party had been forced to make camp on a small hill overlooking the oasis, doing their best to keep out of sight. Kobolds on their own weren't too dangerous, but these ones were led by the notorious General Zol. The general's beauty was known far and wide, as was her ruthless personality. Zol and her brood had been at the oasis for weeks, terrorizing anyone who came close.

"Aw, pish posh!" Constance said. "They're just kobolds. We can handle them whenever."

Rosie couldn't believe her ears. "Just kobolds? Are you serious?" The mage pointed down the hill for emphasis. "General Zol and her army are not just *any* kobolds. They took down a guardian golem!" Scattered around the oasis were the remains of a titanic golem, its huge stone limbs broken in a hundred places. Zol was even using the golem's head as a makeshift throne. She lounged across its shattered face, her plump belly jiggling with a lively meal.

Mariel nodded her head. "Hate to say it, but the new girl is right," the elf muttered. "Those golems are no joke. Nasty buggers."

Constance turned up her nose. "So this Zol lady and her bandits are good fighters. What's that got to do with you avoiding sex right now, Rosie?"

Rosie's face lit up. The demoness just thought of the perfect way to kill two birds with one kobold. She turned to Constance and gave the paladin a sweet, disarming smile. "Well, Constance," the mage began, "How about this? If you can take out the great General Zol and her fearsome bandits, I'll let you and the others use me *all night*."

The paladin leapt to her feet in an instant. “All right!” she roared. “I’ll hold you to that, Rosie!” Constance grabbed her sword, and immediately somersaulted off the hilltop.

“Wow, I don’t think I’ve ever seen her move that fast,” Gwen said. The goblin pulled out her knives, and tossed one into the air. “Don’t think you thought that one through, new girl.”

Rosie crossed her arms. “It got her moving, didn’t it? At least we’re back on track.” Of course, the mage had plenty of ulterior motives for getting Constance to charge the kobolds. The demoness had shared her plan with two of her comrades, General Zol being one of them. The Demon King had issued his largest reward yet for Constance’s head, and Rosie was taking no chances. If she had to share some of her master’s gold with the others, so be it.

That’s right, you big oaf! She thought. *Throw caution to the wind, and charge right on in!* General Zol was a fearsome fighter in her own right, and her underlings were no slouches either. If the kobolds could take care of a guardian golem, then surely they could handle this do-gooder upstart. *Zol’s handled plenty of heroes over the years. This one will be no different!*

Constance thundered down the hillside, sword held aloft. The promise of a night of endless sex was worth any danger. The paladin didn’t care how dangerous General Zol could be. With delicious futa cock on the line, Constance would use every trick in the book to win. Spells of ruin left her lips, each word making her blade thrum more violently than the last. The sword in her hands glowed white-hot, the steel crackling with arcane might. The monks had taught their champion more than just swordplay.

As expected, Constance’s madcap charge did not go unnoticed. The kobolds, however, could do nothing to stop her. A few shot off arrows, but the paladin was moving far too fast. The kobolds could only watch in aroused horror as a seven-foot, armor-plated muscle mommy charged straight towards them. It was very confusing, to be

sure. After all, who would be dumb enough to challenge the great General Zol and her brood of bandits?

With a cry of triumph, Constance leapt into the air, her wild momentum carrying her right over a sentry's head with ease. She swung her sword in an overhead arc, the blade hurtling towards the earth at incredible speed. A terrific BANG filled the air as all that stored magic finally ran loose. The ground broke and heaved beneath Constance's blow, shards of light and white flame spilling everywhere.

As the bandits struggled to get back on their feet, Constance moved forward with practiced ease. She sheathed her sword and rubbed her hands together with glee. What came next would require a completely different kind of weapon. The huge woman licked her lips, and grabbed the nearest kobold. The little bandit was a cute purple one, her scaled body blessed with scrumptious assets. The perfect little hors d'oeuvre.

"Ah, you'll do just fine!" Constance chirped. The paladin opened her jaws, treating the kobold to an intimate view of her spit-soaked throat. Her tongue slid out over her teeth, the slick organ rubbing all over the bandit's face. The paladin's breath washed over the bandit, a heady prelude to the inevitable plunge. Constance needed fuel, and lots of it.

"Whoa! What are you-*mmmph!*" the kobold tried to escape, but Constance was too strong. She stuffed the kobold into her mouth headfirst, lips locking tight around the bandit's shoulders. The kobold's face was visible in Constance's throat, the skin stretching around her snout. Another swallow saw the kobold's head slip down past the paladin's sternum, vanishing beneath layers of skin and steel. Constance's lips quickly slipped up the kobold's thrashing legs, her tongue teasing the bandit's toes.

Constance's lack of a chestplate wasn't just for comfort. A third swallow saw the kobold fully squeezed into the paladin's stomach, the organ expanding by a noticeable degree. Constance's chainmail corset



was surprisingly flexible, the forged links stretching to accommodate her thrashing stomach. The skin flexed and squeezed, powerful muscles working to keep the struggling kobold in place.

As with most things, you just couldn't stop after one kobold. Constance's stomach gurgled and churned, the paladin's hunger far from satisfied. The paladin leered at the remaining bandits, already itching for seconds. She patted her wriggling stomach and belched. "Alright, who's next?" Constance leapt forward, arms grasping for her next volunteer.

One particularly fat kobold couldn't get away in time. Constance's fingers wrapped around the bandit's leg, hoisting her into the air. With one twist of her wrist she tossed the kobold into her mouth, the tasty bandit flying down her throat. A muffled splash could be heard, with the paladin's stomach expanding in kind. This was no longer a kobold bandit camp. This was now a buffet, and Constance was a *very* hungry customer.

"Mhmm, delicious!" Constance purred. She rubbed her belly, squeezing the two little lumps in her gut. But even two kobolds wouldn't be nearly enough. She continued forward, hands reaching out for yet more meals. The paladin scooped a few up into her arms, the kobolds too slow to escape. She popped them into her mouth like popcorn, cramming them down her throat without a shred of decency or restraint. Her throat became a writhing mass of bulges, the kobolds trying in vain to halt their descent. Constance's stomach continued to expand, the skin stretching further and further. Limbs rose and fell beneath the surface, the mass of kobolds unable to keep still. Her belly roared with pleasure, the engorged organ churning and sloshing with gusto.

Rosie was at a loss for words. The disguised demoness could do nothing but sit on the hill, mouth agape, as this overgrown hillbilly devoured General Zol's finest troops. *What the hell is this?* she thought. *This woman is a monster! A certified monster!* Rosie could

see Constance moving through the mass of kobolds without a care in the world, gobbling them down one after the other.

"It makes no sense," the mage muttered to herself. "Nothing here makes sense! Constance should be mincemeat by now!" If the paladin could deal with Zol's bandits this easily, what did that mean for the other traps Rosie had set up along their journey?

Gwen smiled mischievously at Rosie. "Looks like you might have to pay up pretty soon, new girl!" the goblin cackled. She started to rub her hands together. "I can't wait to taste that cock!"

"It certainly looks that way," Rosie grumbled. The demoness couldn't believe her rotten luck. She never anticipated Constance could be so effective! Still, the mage needed to keep up appearances. "Well… General Zol is pretty powerful. Do you really think Constance can take her all by herself?"

Mariel clapped Rosie on the shoulder. "Have some faith, new girl!" the elf cried. "Connie's the best there is. The only thing we have to worry about is getting some leftovers." She waved to Gwen. "Come on! Let's grab a few before Connie eats them all."

Rosie followed the others as they scampered down the hill. "I can't believe this…" she muttered to herself. "How could that fat oaf overpower the kobolds so easily? Zol better be cooking up something special, otherwise this'll be a very short fight…"

Constance was finding it hard to move with all those kobolds in her gut. It was a massive orb of flesh, slick with sweat and happily churning. The paladin was getting slower and slower, the sheer weight of her meals finally taking its toll. Constance bent over to catch her breath, her stomach deforming against the ground. It churned and boiled, the skin heating up to an incredible degree. The lumps beneath the skin were getting softer with each passing minute, the kobolds inside melting into a thick, meaty sludge.

"Whew!" Constance sighed. She tapped her fingers on her bloated belly, listening to the gurgles coming from within. "That was a nice group of appetizers. Now where's that main course?"

KRA-POW! A lightning bolt crashed against Constance's chest, knocking the paladin onto her back. Her gut jiggled back and forth, sparks running across the skin. "Ow!" Constance cried. "What was that?"

"You despicable pig!" Zol roared. The large kobold had leapt down from her seat, finally joining the fray. Her figure quaked with power, the general's brown scales coursing with electricity. She swung her sword in an arc, the blade thrumming as it moved. "How dare you eat my army!"

Constance gave a big smile. "Well, maybe don't make them so damn tasty!" she replied.

Zol's eyes narrowed in rage. She pointed with her sword, and another bolt of lightning sprang forth. It smashed into Constance's stomach, bathing the paladin's body in sparks. Despite the flashy attack, Constance didn't seem to feel it.

"Is that the best you got?" the paladin asked. "Abbey monks hit harder than that!"

"You dare mock me?" Zol hissed. She sauntered forward, planting her talons on Constance's belly. The kobold's toes dug deep into the soft flesh, making the paladin squirm in discomfort. "I'll cut you to ribbons, pig!"

"Don't worry, Constance!" Gwen yelled. "I'll get her!" The goblin somersaulted forward, knives at the ready. She slashed at Zol's legs, trying to hamstring the kobold. No such luck. Gwen's knives shattered on impact, the general's scales no worse for wear. "What the hell?" the goblin cried. "What gives?"

"Arrogant little brat!" the general hissed. She grabbed the goblin in a flash, and hoisted her up into the air. "Did you really think such a cowardly attack would work?"

Gwen stuck out her tongue, and tried to kick Zol in the face. "Well, yeah. It usually does, you overgrown salamander!"

Zol shook Gwen up and down. "Such insolence! But no matter. I have the perfect place for you, my little green treat!" The kobold's

jaws opened wide, thick ropes of drool flowing out. Gwen could see deep into the kobold's throat, the dark tunnel flexing with hunger. Zol's tongue slithered up over her lips, coiling around one of Gwen's feet. The general quickly stuffed the goblin into her throat ass first, folding the thief in half. Her tongue now flicked between Gwen's legs, rubbing against both her nethers and her breasts. The goblin was pulled deeper and deeper into Zol's jaws, the kobold's cheeks stretching to accommodate Gwen's meaty curves.

Gwen struggled as best she could, but she couldn't break free of the kobold's jaws. Zol tipped her head up, letting gravity do all the work. ***GULP!*** The wriggling bulge of Gwen's figure was easily visible in the kobold's throat—the goblin's mouth open in a silent scream. Zol licked her lips and pressed her claws against the bulge. With little effort she shoved Gwen downwards, the goblin sliding beneath Zol's sternum in a matter of seconds. The kobold's belly gurgled and sloshed, the skin nice and tight against Gwen's body.

Zol let out a crass belch. "Ahh… the perfect place for a pest like you!" She wiped her mouth, and readied her weapon. "Now for the rest of you annoyances!"

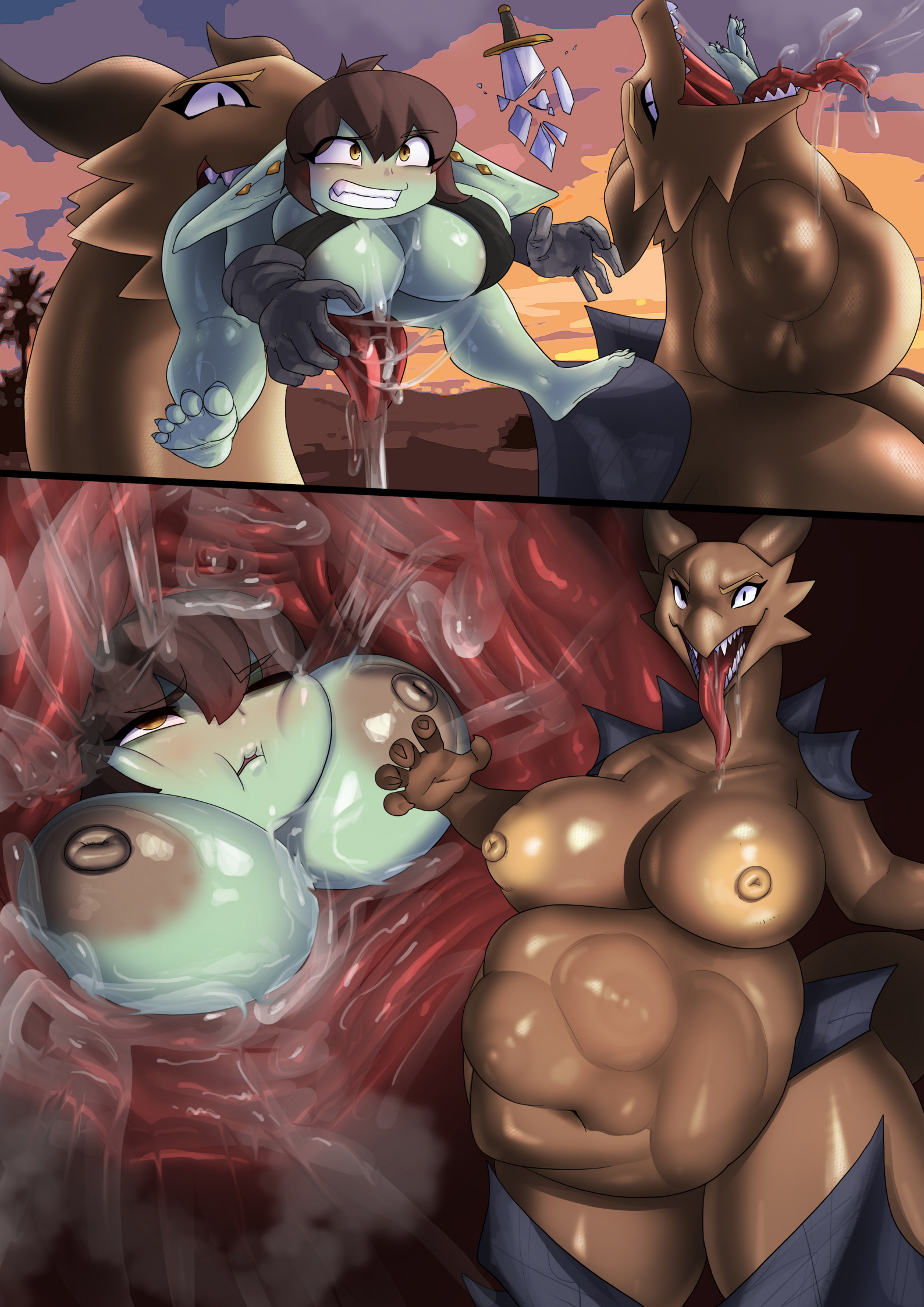
"Damn!" Mariel cried. "Gwen got eaten again!"

Rosie's eyes boggled. "What do you mean, *again*?"

The elf didn't answer. Mariel surged forward, already setting an arrow on her bow. The elf let loose a flurry of shots, each of them flying straight and true. Any other beast would have surely been skewered by the archer's onslaught. But against General Zol, the arrows merely bounced off her scales.

"Foolish whelp!" The general spat. Her scales shimmered with an eerie light. "Did you learn nothing from your friend's mistake? No weapon born of the earth can break my magic!" She stepped forward, taking a swing at Mariel. "Let's see if you have the same defense, knife ear!"

Zol's sword crackled, firing off another lightning bolt. Mariel barely dodged, ducking behind a large boulder. It didn't help: the bolt



burst against the ground next to her, kicking up lots of dust and rubble. Mariel went flying. The elf landing in the oasis with a loud splash. She barely made it to shore, coughing up lots of water.

The kobold's eyes turned to Rosie. "And what of you, little mage?" Zol licked her lips, and patted the bulge in her stomach. "You look like quite the dish. In fact, I think your friend could use some company!"

Rosie held her staff up, the tip glowing bright. *Alright,* she thought. *I have to make this look good!* The mage took up a stance and pointed her staff at Zol's stomach. "Fireball!" Rosie cried. A bolt of red-hot flame burst from the tip of her staff, hitting the Kobold square in the chest. As the demoness expected, nothing happened: the kobold remained unharmed.

"Is that the best you got, little mage?" Zol chuckled. "I didn't even feel a thing!" The kobold patted her belly again, jiggling the goblin around inside. "A useless little twerp like you belongs in my stomach with this one, that's for sure!"

A shrill voice could be heard coming from Zol's belly. "Hey! If it's not too much trouble, I could use some help here!" The kobold's skin rippled and flexed, the goblin still trying to escape.

"Coming, coming!" Constance sang. Despite everything the kobold threw at her, the paladin was still raring to go. She rolled forward on her stomach, letting the huge mass of flesh bring her to her feet. The paladin unsheathed her sword, and did her best to take up a fighting stance. "I'll have you out of there before you can say raspberry scone!"

Zol narrowed her eyes. "What the hell is a-OW!" The paladin's sword struck her on the side of the head, knocking the kobold to the ground. Zol leapt to her feet, spitting curses and insults. She rubbed her cheek, her fingers coming away bloodied. Confusion was written all over her bruised face. "How did you hurt me?" she cried. "It's impossible!"

Constance's grin grew wider. "No weapon born of this earth can harm you, right?" The paladin rapped her knuckles on her blade. "Well this baby's made of star steel. What do you think of that?"

Zol's face turned white. "No! That's not fair!" she shrieked. The kobold turned back and forth, inspecting her scales. To her horror, the glow of magic had faded from her body, the spell shattered by the paladin's blade. The kobold couldn't believe her rotten luck. How could she have overlooked such a glaring weakness in her spells?

Rosie stopped dead in her tracks, and her eyes grew wide. *Star steel?* she thought. *That damn blade is made of star steel?* The demoness screamed internally, mind reeling. *Of all the stupid, ridiculous… that blasted metal is going to ruin everything!* Rosie pulled at her hair, and gritted her teeth. *It was bad enough watching the big oaf eat all her kobolds… I'll have to think of something different to deal with her and that sword…*

Constance rolled forward, her churning stomach knocking Zol over. The paladin thrust her arm out, fingers grabbing onto the general's snout. Zol tried to pull away, but Constance would not be denied. She pulled the kobold close, squishing the general against her squirming gut.

"Now if you don't mind," Constance grunted, "I'd like my friend back!" She pried the kobold's jaws open, and thrust an arm straight down Zol's throat. Zol gagged and squirmed, claws scratching uselessly against Constance's belly. The paladin worked quickly, her fingers probing the walls of the kobold's stomach. Zol was fighting every step of the way, her stomach folding and flexing to keep Gwen contained. But it wasn't enough. Constance finally found one of Gwen's ears, and closed her fist around it. The paladin heaved with all her might, the goblin sliding up out of the kobold's stomach with a wet *blorp!*

Gwen landed on the ground in a wet heap. "Yuck. That was gross." The goblin wiped the drool off her face. "I hate getting eaten."

“But you’re the best at it!” Constance chuckled. She wiped her hand off on her own stomach, and turned back towards Zol. “Now, where were we?” The paladin grabbed the kobold by the shoulder, and licked her lips. “Oh, that’s right. *Dessert.*”

“No, wait!” Zol whined. “Don’t—*mmph!*” Constance’s lips suckled down over the kobold’s head, drowning out any further words with a loud SLURP! The paladin took her time with this one, easing the kobold into her throat one inch at a time. Zol kicked and squirmed as best she could, the kobold much stronger than the other bandits. But Constance’s might was still too much. The paladin’s tongue slid between Zol’s heavy breasts, teasing the kobold’s nipples.

Rosie considered helping Zol escape. She really did. But after watching Constance decimate the kobold and her brood so easily, was it really worth it? *Even if I helped, there’s no guarantee we’d win,* Rosie thought. For all of Zol’s power and experience, she had ended up as the paladin’s lunch just the same. Rosie looked away, not bearing to watch Zol’s final moments. *This part of the plan has failed.*

Constance was enjoying every second. The other kobolds had tasted rather plain, like biting into a loaf of rye bread. Not a terrible taste, but nothing to write home about. Zol, however, was absolutely delicious. The kobold’s scales had a delicate tanginess to them, not unlike a freshly picked citrus. As the kobold slid deeper and deeper into the paladin’s throat, it took everything Constance had not to moan in delight. Her taste buds were overwhelmed, the kobold’s exquisite flavor one of a kind. It was almost a shame to gobble her up like this.

The paladin’s massive gut stretched even further than before, the thrashing kobold general visible among all the sludge within. The skin stretched and creaked, Zol desperately trying to escape. Constance’s belly continued to boil away, the roar of digestion reaching a fever pitch. The paladin flexed her muscles, the stomach walls sucking down around their latest meal. The heat and pressure within her depths multiplied tenfold, the general slowly compressed beneath roiling walls of flesh. Constance clenched her teeth, and inhaled sharply.



With a muffled *CRONCH* the bulge in her gut melted away, the paladin's stomach returning to a bloated, round shape. The once great General Zol was now nothing more than nutritious sludge sloshing around in Constance's gut.

"Fuck me," Constance sighed. She patted her jiggling belly. "She was delicious."

Rosie couldn't take her eyes off Constance's stomach. *That was disgusting!* she thought. *I can't believe she ate all of them. What the hell am I going to do now?*

Mariel pouted, and rubbed her belly. "Are there any left?"

Gwen crossed her arms. "I don't see any." She jabbed Constance in the gut. "Come on Connie, you couldn't leave us a few?"

Constance belched. "Sorry. They were too tasty."

"Hey, look!" Mariel cried. "There's three left!"

There were indeed three plump kobolds left. They had hidden among the rubble, hoping for a chance to sneak away. Once they realized they had been spotted, however, the trio tried to bolt. Their little legs weren't the best for running. They didn't get far before Mariel and Gwen were on them.

"Thank goodness for leftovers!" Gwen sighed. "Alright, get in here!"

The goblin's jaws hinged open, her lips sucking down over the first kobold's head. Her tongue worked as a lever, pressing against the kobold's belly and forcing it further down her throat. It was quite the feat, especially since the goblin wasn't much bigger than her meal. Gwen was working hard to swallow, her lips already down around the bandit's waist. Her gut wriggled and sloshed, the outline of the struggling kobold painfully visible. Gwen's toolbelt snapped, the leather unable to handle her enormous belly. The kobold made for a massive lump beneath her skin, imprints of hands and limbs moving in a sea of digestive sludge. It was definitely a tight fit.

The second kobold didn't last much longer. Mariel held her meal like an oversized sandwich, and squeezed its head between her lips.

She sucked and slurped, the little kobold's scales sliding right over her tongue. The elf's throat wrapped tight around her meal, powerful muscles locking and unlocking in sequence. Mariel's stomach expanded in kind, the organ eager to welcome its latest guest. The elf made sure to loosen her tunic, letting her gut wobble freely. She didn't want to rip another shirt.

That left just one kobold to be eaten. He had watched the consumption of his fellow bandits with a mix of fear and arousal. Even if he wanted to flee, he couldn't: Mariel held one of his arms, and Gwen had the other.

Mariel pulled on the kobold. "He's mine," the elf said. She started sucking on the kobold's snout, intent on claiming the final prize for herself. She glared at Gwen, daring the goblin to object.

"Preposterous!" Gwen replied. She grabbed the kobold's feet with both hands. "I assure you he's mine!" The goblin slurped up the kobold's toes, her tongue already curling around her meal's ankle. Gwen wasn't going to let her prize go so easily. She stared right back at Mariel.

The elf and the goblin rolled back and forth, each trying to dislodge the other. Mariel was the bigger of the two, and could use her weight more effectively. Gwen's massive gut was just as big as the rest of her body, making movement difficult. But the goblin's throat was more powerful by far, the thick muscles locking down tight around its meal. Inch by inch their lips inhaled more of the little blue kobold, until they inevitably kissed.

The two ladies sat there, lips locked together. Their bellies touched, the rumble of mutual digestion sending shivers up and down their bodies. Spit and drool slid down their chins, a pool forming between their breasts. Their faces flashed red, their rising arousal and lack of proper airflow making them squirm. The winner would be decided soon.

Gwen reached out, and pinched both of Mariel's nipples. The elf gasped in alarm, and Gwen seized her opportunity. The goblin inhaled



with all her might, the kobold rocketing out of Mariel's throat and into her own. Gwen's stomach expanded further, the goblin rolling over onto her back. She lay there in the dirt, caressing her two meals. Victory was hers.

"Hey, that's not fair!" Mariel groaned. She rubbed her chest. "Sneaky stuff's against the rules!"

Gwen patted her churning belly. "Too bad! I win!"

Mariel scowled. "Hmph! At least I can still move around, you big green globe!" She poked Gwen's massive stomach, the skin vacuum tight over the two meals within. "Between you and Constance, it's a miracle we get anywhere at all!"



With Constance and Gwen incapable of moving, they made camp at the oasis. Rosie leaned against the heaving mass of flesh that was the paladin's stomach, listening to the gallons of sludge roiling around inside. Constance's guts were working overtime, breaking down all that kobold meat. Rosie could feel the heat coming from within, the digestive process making Constance's skin boiling hot. It reminded her of the Demon King's realm, the intense warmth not unlike the foundries of her home. *She ate Zol and all her bandits like they were nothing!* Rosie thought. *If I wasn't so shocked I might actually be impressed…*

The mage felt something heavy flop onto her shoulder. Rosie turned, and gulped. Mariel's bloated stomach was pressing against her, the huge organ growling softly.

"A promise is a promise, new girl," Mariel said. The elf licked her lips. "The others might be out of commission, but I aim to collect. Drop your pants." She poked at the mage's robe. "...You are wearing pants under there, right?"

Rosie grimaced. "Do we have to? I mean, Constance and Gwen can barely move, and well—"

Constance ruffled Rosie's hair. "If you have time to talk," the paladin sighed, "then you have time to fuck!" The massive woman rolled onto her back, digging her hands into her own bloated stomach. She was searching for her belt buckle, the strip of metal buried somewhere beneath the mountain of flesh. A soft click could be heard, and Constance's skirt armor fell to the floor. Now that both belly and clothes were out of the way, the paladin's nethers were bare for all to see. Her pussy shimmered with a mix of sweat and arousal, the thick pink lips just begging for something long and hard.

"Go on, get in there!" Constance moaned. She tried to spread her pussy lips by hand, but her massive gut was in the way. "*Hnnrgh*… come on, Rosie! Give me that cock!"

Try as she might, Rosie couldn't deny her own urges. Her robe started to rise up, the thick cock between her legs unable to stay

hidden. Rosie pulled the fabric aside, letting her shaft flop free. It was a monster, the engorged member nearly two feet long. Huge, bulging veins criss-crossed the length, the whole thing bobbing to the mage's heartbeat. Beneath Rosie's shaft swung two, massive testicles, each orb easily the size of a melon. They rumbled ominously, the mage's seed production kicking into high gear.

"That's more like it!" Mariel cried. She grabbed at Rosie's cloak, tearing the garment off in one go. This left the mage tantalizingly naked, her face and cock flush with color. The elf lunged, pulling Rosie in close for a passionate kiss. "Ah, delicious as always!" Mariel cooed. Her hands went lower and lower, squeezing and kneading everything the mage had to offer. The elf's own bloated gut didn't slow her down one bit.

Mariel's fingers finally wrapped around Rosie's cock. The demoness moaned, shocks of pleasure racing through her system. She could feel Mariel stroking her, teasing both the shaft and the tip with equal measure. One of the elf's hands even found Rosie's plump testicles. She could feel Mariel squeeze and tease her balls, stirring up plenty of cum production. Try as she might, Rosie couldn't help but moan. It just felt that good.

"Me first! Me first!" Constance whined. The paladin was huffing and puffing, her lust starting to build. "Come on, I deserve it for eating all those kobolds!" Despite all the blubber in the way, everyone could hear the pounding of Constance's quickening heartbeat. *Thump-thump-thump!*

Mariel smiled. "Alright, Connie. You can have first dibs!" She spun Rosie around, lining the mage's cock up with the paladin's slit. "Go for it, new girl!"

"Fine, fine!" Rosie grumbled. "I know when I'm beat." The mage grabbed handfuls of Constance's stomach and started thrusting. Her thick cock easily slipped into the paladin's slit, the inner folds eagerly accepting such a wonderful intruder. The mage built up a steady rhythm, her cockhead slamming deeper and deeper into



Constance's womb. Even with her face pressed against the paladin's belly, Rosie could still hear Constance moaning in delight. The mage thrust faster and faster, her hidden demon endurance proving handy. *That's right you big sexy oaf!* Rosie thought. *Take my cock. All of it!*

Half an hour later, Rosie hit her limit. Even her demonic endurance couldn't hold a candle to Constance's ravenous sex drive. The mage hilted herself in Constance's womb, Rosie's balls clenching up extra tight. A thick load of cum exploded deep inside the paladin, pressurized streams of white leaking out onto the ground. Constance shrieked in pleasure, her body electrified with stimulation. She was reduced to a twitching mess, the giant woman unable to move.

"Yeah, that's right," Rosie muttered. She pulled her cock out with a loud SPLURT, the shaft continuing to belch up wads of cum. The ground was soaked in her seed, the liquid white starting to pool around her feet. Rosie teetered back and forth, trying to catch her breath. *Fuck me,* she thought. *Well, at least that's over with.*

Suddenly, Rosie felt a pair of hands cup her breasts. Mariel's breath was on her ear.

"You're not done yet, new girl!" the elf cooed. She tightened her grip. "Now it's my turn."

Rosie gulped. *Ah beans.*

***

Hours later

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Rosie dragged herself away from the others, heading towards the oasis' waters. She was completely exhausted. Her body was sore all over and covered in hickies. The trio of horny women had done a number on her. Gwen had been the most surprising. Even with a massive gut weighing her down, the goblin still managed to take Rosie

for everything she had. *I swear, these women will be the death of me!* Rosie thought. *They're insatiable!* Still, she couldn't deny how pleasurable it all had been. Squashed between huge, rumbling bellies, feeling the heat of their bodies soak into hers… it was delicious. *Perhaps I should spare their lives, and make them my eternal sex slaves,* Rosie thought. It was a tempting fantasy. She shook her head. *No. Not worth the trouble. They've already caused me enough grief!*

As she washed herself off, the demoness mulled over her next move. Rosie never intended for General Zol to strike the final blow, but the kobold's complete and utter failure to do *anything* to Constance was troubling. "The great General Zol," Rosie sneered. "Bah! What a joke she turned out to be." And then there was that blasted sword the paladin had. Star steel, of all things! What a nasty complication to otherwise straightforward plans. Not many magic spells took the material into account, as painfully shown through Zol's demise.

Thankfully, Rosie didn't put all her eggs in one basket. She still had one ace left to play. The demoness pulled out a small yellow crystal, and spoke some words of magic. The little gem started to glow, the stone warming up in Rosie's hands. It was a speaking stone, allowing the demoness to communicate with her remaining ally instantly.

A voice called out from the gemstone's depths. "My mistress! To what does your servant, Lord Mortspear, owe this pleasure?"

"Keep your voice down, Mortspear!" Rosie hissed. "The others might hear you!"

Mortspear's tone softened immediately. "As you command, mistress. How goes the hunt?"

"Terribly," the mage grumbled. "General Zol is dead. The hero ate her."

Rosie heard the demon sigh. "An unfortunate development, my mistress, but not unexpected. Still, one less share of the reward to worry about, yes?"

“Indeed,” Rosie said. “In any event, are you at the pyramid?”

“Yes, mistress,” Mortspear replied. “I await your arrival with the others. The unsuspecting fools know not what awaits. Their blood shall stain the sands for eternity!”

“Wonderful. And you made sure the entrance was open?”

“The key is around my neck, mistress. I’ll make sure it's open!”

Rosie grinned. “Excellent. We should be there within a day or two.”

“I’ll count every second, mistress. Farewell!” The stone went dark, going cold in Rosie’s hand.

What a lovesick fool, Rosie thought. *His stupidity shall be my advantage!* Lord Mortspear was one of the Demon King’s finest warriors. Unfortunately, he was not blessed with an abundance of intelligence or tact. Rosie had easily ensnared him, the armored titan falling for her feminine wiles. The promise of a share of the Demon King’s reward only cemented her control over him. Despite his obvious defects, Mortspear did at least have one quality that Rosie needed. The demon’s armor was proof against celestial threats, making it a perfect counter to Constance’s star steel sword. *The big oaf’s sword will just bounce right off his armor!* Rosie thought. *Let’s see how she handles that…*

***

The next day dawned bright and cheery. Constance’s belly had shrunk significantly, the massive woman’s metabolism putting all that kobold meat to good use. Her whole figure had increased in stature, her curves getting even more voluptuous. The paladin’s armor fit a little tighter now, the chainmail struggling to contain her increased bust.

Constance stretched her arms up to the sky, and took in a whiff of fresh air. “Ah!” she sighed. “What a way to start the day!”

“Speak for yourself!” Gwen grumbled. The goblin was still sporting a bloated stomach, her bikini hidden beneath her wobbling gut. Her body hadn’t changed much. The only significant areas of enlargement were the goblin’s breasts and butt. Gwen held up her broken tool belt. “Anyone got a repair kit?”



Mariel stuck out her tongue. “Serves you right for stealing the last kobold, fatty!” The elf’s leotard was definitely tighter than it was last night, Mariel’s breasts and thighs seeing the greatest level of improvement.

“Hey!” Rosie cried. She hopped up and down in frustration. “Do you guys want Vortep’s treasure or not? We should get moving!”

“New girl’s right!” Constance said. “The fancy armor awaits!” She leapt to her feet, and pointed towards the desert. “Let’s go! Onward!”

Crossing the desert wasn't as terrifying as it seemed. The wind howled and blew sand all over, and the sun beat down from on high. But other than that, it was fairly uneventful. The giant desert scorpions seemed to give the party a wide berth, the huge critters watching their movements from a safe distance. Rosie surmised they must have been scared of Constance's sword. Every time she tried to run out and stab one, the critters ducked into the sands and ran away. It was infuriating, and the paladin grumbled about it every step of the way.

It took a day of travel, but the party finally spotted the pyramid rising in the distance. It was hard to miss. It stood out against the afternoon sun, the enormous tomb clawing at the sky. Despite everything the desert threw at it, the sprawling building stood firm. In another time and place, it might have seemed almost beautiful: a glittering monument to Vortep's ancient majesty.

But now, none of that majesty remained: the desert had claimed everything around the pyramid as its own. Where once was a bustling city, there was now only shifting sands. Shattered statues peeked out of the dunes, while slanted pillars stretched up towards the sky. Dusty streets were clogged with rubble and bits of pottery, entire avenues piled high with sand and debris. Graffiti covered the crumbling walls, no doubt the scribblings of past adventurers or thieves.

"Looks like the Demon King's cronies have been through here," Mariel said. She poked a sun-bleached skeleton. "If he's already worked this place over, what's left for us?"

Rosie was ready with an explanation. "While the Demon King broke Vortep's seal," she explained, "he, uh, didn't find all her treasure vaults! I know of at least one he missed. It's still full of goodies, I swear!"

"Huzzah!" Constance cheered. She clapped Rosie on the back. "His carelessness will be our boon!"

***

It was nearly sunset by the time the party got to the pyramid's entrance. The massive doors were cut deep into the rock, and sealed shut with a large stone bolt. They were covered in hieroglyphics, the scenes and figures dazzling to the eye. Vortep's naked body was carved all over the place, the pharaoh's curves putting even Constance to shame. The lewd spectacle was mesmerizing, to say the least.

Rosie chuckled softly. She couldn't wait for the heroes to spring the trap. *Mortspear will be along any second now.* The mage looked around, tapping her fingertips together. *Any second now…*

Gwen poked Rosie. "Hey, new girl!" the goblin said. "Didn't you say the Demon King opened this place up? What gives?"

"It was open, I swear!" Rosie grumbled. "Last I heard, anyway…" This new development didn't make any sense. *Why would Mortspear close the door?* Rosie thought. *I told him to leave it open!*

Constance drew her sword. "I'll handle this," she said. "Stand back!" The paladin swung at the bolt with all her might, the blade glowing bright with magic. A terrific BANG could be heard once steel met stone, but the lock stood firm. Constance shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I'm out of ideas. Gwen?"

The goblin pinched her temples. "You are so predictable," she sighed. "Let me have a look at it." Gwen stared at the lock for a few minutes, gently scratching at the stones. She pulled out her toolkit, taking some measurements and probing for tumblers. "It's been closed recently," she said at last. "There's no dust in the keyhole." The goblin pointed at the ground. "Fresh scuff marks on the floor. Someone's been here."

Constance clapped her hands. "Bravo, Gwen!" she said. "But what does that mean for us?"

"It means someone locked the door just before we got here," Gwen explained. The goblin looked around the entrance. "And whoever it was didn't leave any footprints."

"I don't like the feel of this," Mariel grumbled. The elf's ears were twitching. "This whole place is making my skin crawl."

Rosie, however, was fuming with silent anger. The mage kept looking back and forth, waiting for the ambush she had planned for. Where the hell was Mortspear? *That lovesick fool should be skewering these heroes by now!* She thought. *What gives?* Rosie dug around in her pocket, pulling out the speaking stone. She whispered magic words to it, but the stone remained dark.

"Hey, I found something!" Gwen cried. The goblin was digging around in a nearby pile of sand. "Looks like some kind of armor."

The party gathered around to look. Half buried in the sand was a large, blackened helmet. It was heavily damaged, the steel torn in several pieces. The helmet's horns had been ripped off, leaving only jagged stumps. Gwen continued to dig, uncovering more and more pieces of broken armor: A shattered gauntlet. A crumpled chestplate. A burnt cloak. After a few more minutes of digging, the whole suit was unearthed. The metal pieces had been put through hell, the plates cut and burned all over. Gwen even managed to find two halves to a giant spear.

"Damn, look at the size of him!" Constance said. She picked up the helmet, noting that it was too big for her head. "I would have loved to fight a giant. I wonder who he was?"

"This is the armor of Lord Mortspear!" Rosie gasped. "He's one of the Demon King's lieutenants. Or, at least, he was…"

"Guess we dodged an ambush there," Mariel said. The elf picked up a piece of the demon's spear. "Good riddance. One less demon is a check in my book."

"Whoever he was, these marks are fresh," Gwen said. She traced a particularly nasty scratch with her finger. "Looks like he was sliced and burned with some kind of fire sword. I'd wager it happened at the same time the door closed."

Constance scratched her chin. "If that's true, then the person who did this might still be around!" The paladin pounded her fists together. "They probably have the key!"

“But Mortspear was a legendary fighter,” Rosie muttered. “Who could possibly be strong enough to kill him and take the key?”

Suddenly, the ground shook. A nearby sand dune erupted, the party knocked off their feet. From out of the sands came a monstrous, serpentine creature, its form wrapped with bands of cloth. It was an enormous, mummified lamia! She was a gorgeous beauty, the beast’s massive bosoms bursting out through her wrappings. Around her limbs were fastened fine gold bracelets, and upon her brow was a white war crown.

“Holy cow!” Gwen cried. “A giant mummy snake!”

Mariel grabbed the goblin by the ear. “Watch out! She’s got big swords!” The elf pulled the goblin out of the way, the two of them just barely dodging one of the lamia’s attacks. The massive gold khopesh blades in the beast’s hands blazed with a blue fire, the sands turning to glass with the heat. The lamia had only one goal in its reanimated mind: destroy all who would dare disturb her master’s slumber.

As the others started to battle with the guardian, Rosie sat down on a rock. She kneaded her temples, her frustration only building. She couldn’t believe Mortspear was defeated so easily. “This doesn’t make sense. His armor was impenetrable! How did…” Then Rosie stopped. *Wait. How did Mortspear’s incantation go?* She searched her memories, the giant demon’s words finally sprang to mind:

“So long as I bear this armor, none living upon the earth or among the stars may hinder me.”

Rosie slapped herself in the face. *That dolt! He protected himself from literal gods, but it's a mummy that does him in.* Magic spells like that were stupidly specific. “Well, no matter,” the demoness grumbled. “The pharaoh’s guards were legendary fighters. If this mummy can kill Mortspear, then it should be able to handle these three pests!”

Mariel leapt atop a tall pillar, and started firing off arrows. While the elf’s aim was true, her shots had little effect. The mummy was a creature of the undead, immune to such standard attacks. *Alright*

dirtbag, the elf thought. She drew a special silver arrow from her quiver. *I've got something just for you!*

"Roll clear, Connie!" Mariel shouted. "I think I can stop it!" She placed the arrow on her bow, the shaft glowing brighter by the second.

Constance gulped. She knew exactly what kind of arrow that one was. If it hit you, it hurt. A *lot*. The paladin tumbled away, and ducked behind a large rock. "Go for it, Mari!" the paladin cried.

With a loud *twang* the shining arrow leapt off Mariel's bow, hurtling straight towards the lamia's head. The arrow sank deep into the lamia's eye, the huge beast stopping short. A second later the arrow exploded, the lamia's form consumed by holy light. Stone pillars shattered from the force of the shockwave, the whole party thrown off their feet once more. Smoke and sand filled the air, hiding the lamia from view.

Rosie peeked out from behind a rock. "Is it dead?" she asked. She hoped her tone of voice was convincing. Inwardly, the demoness was screaming with rage. *The damned archer took out one of the pharaoh's guards? These people are insane!*

"Good shot, Mari!" Constance cheered. She shouldered her sword. "With that mummy out of the way, we can look for the—*oof!*" A long tail whipped out of the smoke, sending Constance flying. The paladin crashed into a nearby boulder, falling to the ground in a dazed heap.

The lamia slithered out of the smoke, its form covered in burns from Mariel's attack. Unfortunately, they were only temporary injuries: Something on the lamia's collar glowed, streaks of light flowing down its body. Its wounds knit back together in an instant, the beast soon no worse for wear.

"Look!" Gwen cried. "It's the key! That must be what's keeping it alive."

Constance squinted, rubbing her head. Sure enough, there was a strange key stuck to the beast's collar. It pulsed and glowed, clearly

the source of all the healing light. “Good spot, Gwen!” the paladin said. “Now how do we get that off its neck?”

Mariel called out from above. “It’s charging again! Watch out!”

The beast surged forward, making a beeline for the party. While the other adventurers managed to scatter, Mariel couldn’t escape off her pillar in time. The lamia slammed into the stone pillar with full force, sending the elf flying into the air. The rest of the party was helpless to stop what happened next. The lamia’s maw opened wide, her tongue slithering out over her fangs. Despite her best efforts, Mariel dropped perfectly into the monster’s jaws. With a loud SNAP! the lamia’s lips closed, the elf soon nothing more than a wriggling bulge in the mummy’s throat.

“Oh, damn!” Gwen cried. “Looks like it was Mari’s turn to get eaten!”

Rosie made a face. “Pleh! It's probably all sandy inside. Disgusting!”

The lamia’s stomach expanded slightly, as Mariel was forced down into the sloshing chamber. Muffled cries could be heard, the elf’s voice buried beneath thick layers of flesh and cloth. She shifted back and forth in the beast’s gut, struggling to escape. The lamia’s sheer size and strength made that outcome very unlikely.

Constance readied her sword. “Don’t worry! Once I get that key, this’ll all be over!” The paladin charged forward, closing the distance in a matter of seconds. The lamia’s tail whipped around, but the paladin was ready this time. She leapt over the attack with ease, and kept moving forward. Khopesh blades flashed downwards, their tips eager for blood. Constance dodged to the side, swinging her blade to blunt the lamia’s attack. CLANG! The beast became more enraged than ever, its strikes setting the earth ablaze. But Constance would not be stopped. She leapt over the flames with ease, grabbing onto the lamia’s impressive chest. A fat nipple made for a perfect handhold, the paladin swinging herself around towards the lamia’s back.

The lamia wriggled back and forth, trying her best to throw Constance off. But for all its strength and power, it just wasn't flexible enough to grab the paladin off her back. Constance scrambled up towards the guardian's neck, her hands closing tight around the key necklace. The metal burned like a hot iron, but the paladin didn't even flinch. With a cry of triumph, Constance tore the key free, and leapt off the creature's shoulder. The lamia spasmed in futile rage, her body bathed in blue light. The creature's frame creaked and groaned, before slowly disintegrating into a pile of dust.

Constance was already digging around in the pile of sand, tossing handfuls left and right. "Mari!" she cried. "Where are you?"

The pile of sand shifted and twitched, before Mariel's head popped out. "That was disgusting!" she said. The elf spat out a mouthful of sand. "Is that what you have to go through, Gwen? I don't know how you can stand getting eaten like that."

"Well it's usually a lot more messy," The goblin replied. She brushed some sand off Mariel's hat. "Less sand, more stomach acid."

"Still, we're glad you're alright!" Constance cheered. She waved the key in Mariel's face. "And we even got the key! Huzzah!"

"Huzzah, indeed," Rosie muttered to herself. The demoness blew a long sigh, before putting on her happy face. "Well, let's go find some treasure!"

***

In life, Pharaoh Vortep had amassed a harem of beauties like no other. Gorgeous women of every shape and size filled her halls, their bodies ranging from the familiar to the exotic. They had served the pharaoh's every need, waiting on her hand and foot. Hundreds, if not thousands of women called the pyramid home, all to grant the Pharaoh endless pleasure. It had been a paradise of flesh.

Now in death, the harem had other duties: defending their mistress from any threat, no matter the cost. They pursued this task with relish.

As soon as they walked through the door, the party found themselves beset on all sides by some of the most beautiful and deadly mummies they had ever faced. Despite their alluring appearances, these undead warriors were armed and very dangerous. Getting to Vortep's treasure would not be easy.

At least, not easy for anyone that wasn't Constance. The huge paladin was having the time of her life. Her sword was a living thing in her hands, the blade moving with inhuman speed. Unlike the lamia at the gate, these mummies had no magic key to knit their wounds. Constance's sword tore through them with ease, their numbers nothing against her onslaught.

Rosie hung behind the other three, silently fuming. Her plan was dangerously close to failing altogether. General Zol? Digested. Lord Mortspear? Slain by the lamia, who was in turn killed by Constance. To make matters worse, all these mummy guards were proving to be little more than a speed bump. The demoness was simply out of ideas. *This whole escapade has been a colossal waste of my time,* Rosie thought. *I can't get anything to kill this damn hero. What am I going to do?*

Then the demoness stopped. *I've been going about this all wrong.* All this messing with traps and ambushes had gotten her nowhere. Might as well try to end Constance herself. Rosie could feel her body changing, the human disguise melting away as her demon form asserted itself. Horns burst through her brow, as Rosie's body grew in power and stature. Her robes blackened, and strips of armor blinked into existence around her limbs. The wooden staff lengthened into a trident, the tips glowing red hot. The other three were far ahead of her, oblivious to her transformation. There simply wouldn't be any better time to strike. Rosie could feel her magic building, her body

becoming supercharged with energy. One massive, all-out fireblast ought to end them all, right here and now. This was it.

That's when the slime appeared. A very large, voluptuous, woman-shaped slime, but a slime nonetheless. She fell off the ceiling with zero fanfare or warning, flattening Rosie like a demonic pancake. SPLAT!

Rosie was understandably pissed. *Oh goddamnit.* The demoness' magic spell blew up right in her face, the corridor suddenly filled with the light and heat of a dozen suns. Thanks to the slime's massive, jiggling ass, the floor took the brunt of the damage. The stones shattered like matchsticks, scattering rubble everywhere. A large crater appeared on the floor, with Rosie and the slime stuck at the bottom. The demoness flailed around uselessly, her body completely enveloped by the slime's massive bulk.

The commotion did not go unnoticed. Constance peered down into the crater, marveling at the slime's incredible size. "Wow, Rosie found a big one!" she said. The paladin leapt into the crater, sword at the ready. Her blade passed right through the monster's head, the paladin's momentum carrying her straight into the slime's squishy depths.

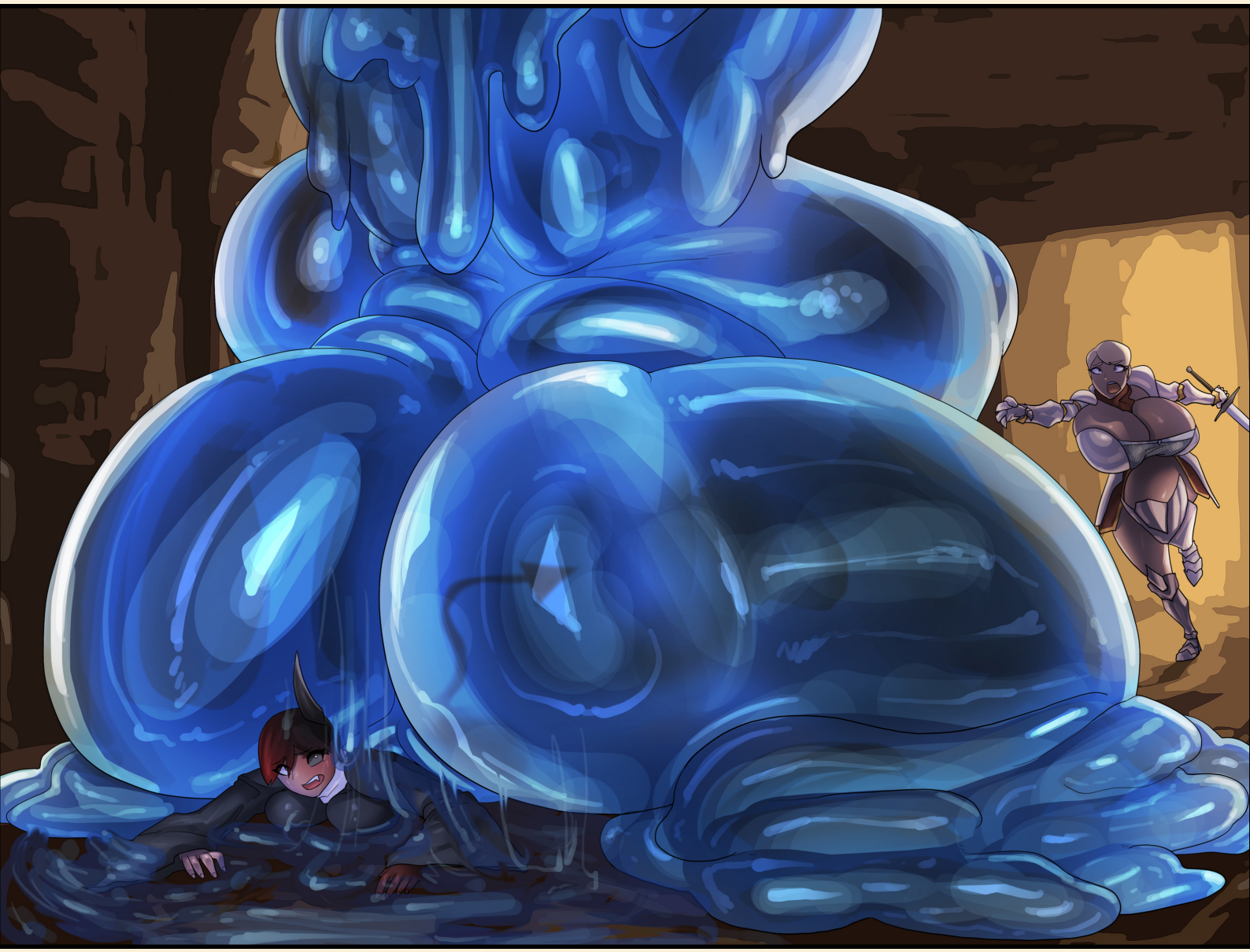
In all the confusion, Rosie managed to twist herself back into her human disguise. She could feel Constance bumping into her, the two of them swimming aimlessly inside the slime's belly. The thick blue jelly made it difficult to see and hear: Mariel and Gwen were reduced to shadows, their voices nothing more than garbled noise. Every time Rosie opened her mouth to speak or breathe, a glob of slime rushed down her throat. It tasted horrible.

Outside the slime's body, Mariel and Gwen were doing their best to help. The elf slapped the slime's pudgy skin. "Give them back, you big fat blob!"

The slime said nothing. It simply licked its lips, and stretched out a hand. Globs of mucus dripped off its limb, the huge creature making

a mess of the hallway. Every movement was accompanied by a disgusting assortment of loud sloshing, bubbling, and muffled yelling.

"What the hell are we going to do?" Gwen asked. "None of my knives are going to do any damage!"



Mariel grimaced. "And my arrows just go right through. I hope Connie's got a plan…"

Rosie's head started to spin. Even a demoness needed air to breathe. She clawed at her squishy surroundings, trying desperately to escape. She could feel Constance moving around next to her, the paladin's huge limbs sending vibrations through the muck. One swipe

clocked Rosie in the head, sending the mage spinning. *Yowch! What is that big oaf doing?*

The paladin's fingers were like a vise. Rosie squirmed and kicked, but she couldn't break free. That's when something large and round started pressing against Rosie's back. The mage probed the object with her fingers: it was Constance's stomach, and it was *expanding*. Rosie's eyes went wide: the paladin was swallowing the slime! The sludge around her was thinning out, the slime's body becoming lighter and lighter. Despite her head burning, Rosie couldn't help but be surprised once more. *Is there nothing this giant freak won't eat?*

Constance's stomach continued to expand, pushing Rosie along with it. The mage clung on for dear life. The slime, however, never had a chance. By the time it figured out where it was going, it was already too late. With a crass *SCHLURP!* the monster vanished between Constance's lips, the paladin letting off a huge belch.

Constance spat out a glob of sludge. "Pleh! Tastes like licorice!" She was bloated to an insane degree, her massive belly little more than a massive globe of flesh. With such gooey prey inside, it was easy for Constance's system to break it down. Already the paladin's stomach was starting to shrink.

Rosie was still clinging to Constance's gut. She could feel the skin shift and flex beneath her, the monstrous organ slowly deflating. The mage made a face. "Blergh… I hate slimes. Can we go now?"

"Not before we get that treasure!" Constance chuckled. She patted her belly, accidentally knocking Rosie off. "Gwen says the vault's just ahead. Let's go!"

The treasure vault was a shadow of its former self. In days long past, the vault had been stocked with countless riches, the golden artifacts piled up in great heaps. Now, only scraps remained. Statues held empty platters, their offerings pilfered. The walls themselves had been picked at, the ornate carvings stripped of their gilded coating. Vortep's vast hoard was gone.

“Damn, the Demon King must have really cleaned her out,” Gwen muttered. The goblin kicked at a broken necklace. “There’s barely anything left for us!”

Constance turned to Rosie. “You said there was still some treasure left! What gives?”

Rosie threw up her hands. “I don’t know!” she replied. “There, uh, was some treasure last time I was here, honest!” That much at least wasn’t a lie. There really had been some treasure left in the vaults. Not much, but enough to act as a lure for unsuspecting adventurers. Where could it have gone?

“Hey!” Mariel suddenly cried. She pointed towards the back of the room. “What’s that shiny thing over there?”

The party ambled over to where Mariel was pointing. Against the far wall was an ornate, raised dais. Here then was Pharaoh Vortep’s final resting place! Her sarcophagus was solid gold, and inlaid with many precious stones. The lid was carved into the shape of her body, the Pharaoh’s voluptuous curves immortalized forever in the precious metal.

Rosie couldn’t believe her eyes. *Well that’s strange,* she thought. *What’s the sarcophagus still doing here? I thought the Demon King took it away already…*

“She’s magnificent,” Constance whispered. She ran her hands over Vortep’s golden breasts, marveling at their size and shape. “If only she could tell us where that armor went!”

“Maybe she’s wearing it?” Gwen asked. The goblin started to poke and prod at the sarcophagus. “Might as well pry it open and see!”

“Should we?” Mariel asked. “I mean, mummy curses are no joke…”

“Only one way to find out!” Constance replied. The paladin placed her sword just below the sarcophagus’ lid, and started to pry it open. Constance jiggled the blade back and forth, pulling with all her might. But despite the paladin’s best efforts, the sarcophagus lid

refused to budge. “What a tricky little thing!” Constance grumbled. “I’ll have to snap it in half!”

“Oy! How rude!” the sarcophagus cackled. “En guarde!”

The casket’s lid flew open, and a host of thick tentacles shot out. One smacked Constance across the stomach, sending her flying off the dais.

“A mimic!” Gwen cried. She jumped over a sweeping tentacle. “Watch out for its tongue!”

Constance rubbed her bruised cheek and grinned. “Ooh, a mimic? This should be fun!”

The sarcophagus flexed and twitched, more of the mimic’s body squeezing out into the open. At full height, she was over twice the size



of Constance, her beautiful bulk putting the paladin to shame. Mighty tentacles encircled her figure, the thick appendages whipping back and forth. Two enormous breasts jutted out from the monster's chest, a perfect compliment to her equally engorged belly.

The mimic licked her lips. "Well well, what delicious little morsels you are!" she began. "And what a selection! A goblin, an elf, a human, and what's this?" she wiggled a finger at Rosie. "An extra special treat! What fun!"

Rosie's face went white. "Ack! Get away!" she cried. She gestured with her staff, and let off a hasty fireball. The spell smashed into the mimic's boobs, the room filled with an explosive roar. The mimic tumbled sideways, landing in a heap.

It didn't do much damage.

"Oh, I love it when they play rough!" the mimic sighed. She brushed the soot off her chest, and sent another tentacle flying forward. "Now, who's my first appetizer?"

Gwen twisted, but not fast enough. "Help me!" she cried. The tentacle had found her ankle. The goblin clawed at the ground, trying in vain to stop herself from getting dragged away. No such luck. The mimic hoisted Gwen into the air, swinging the goblin back and forth. The tentacle coiled nice and tight around Gwen's body, before finally tossing her into the beast's gaping maw. The mimic's lips snapped shut, the goblin forced against one of the mimic's cheeks. The mimic smiled, swishing the goblin around in her mouth. After a few seconds, she swallowed.

GULP.

A little bulge slid down the mimic's throat, quickly vanishing beneath her sternum. "Mhmm, delicious," she purred. The mimic smacked her lips, before turning to address the remaining adventurers. "What a wonderful start. My compliments. But I think I need something more… *meaty*!"

Mariel gritted her teeth. "See if this whets your appetite, dirt bag!" She drew an arrow from her quiver, its tip glowing red-hot. The



shaft leapt off her bow with a shower of sparks, flying straight and true. It struck the monster's uvula, the mimic's mouth instantly filled with smoke and flame.

"Yowch!" the mimic squealed. "Too spicy!" She hopped back and forth, her figure enveloped by smoke.

"Good work, Mari!" Constance said. She clapped the elf on the back. "What else you got?"

"That was my last special arrow," Mariel grumbled. She gestured to her quiver. "Nothing else I have can even scratch her."

Constance scratched her chin. "There's got to be something we missed," the paladin mused. She turned to Rosie. "Got any ideas, Rosie?"

Rosie grimaced. "Um, not really," she replied. "I already smacked her with a big fireball, and that didn't do anything!" In all

honesty, the demoness didn't know what to do. She hadn't expected a mimic to be here at all.

"Well, fire ain't working," Mariel said. "Maybe if we-*ulp*!" the elf suddenly fell on her face, and started sliding backwards. A second tentacle had wrapped itself around Mariel's waist.

"I got you, Mari!" Constance cried. "Hold on!" The paladin swung her sword, aiming to cut the tentacle, but the mimic was too quick. *CLANG!* Mariel was yanked away, the paladin's sword hitting nothing but stone.

"Looks like the second course is here!" The mimic cackled. She rubbed her hands together. "A nice, full-figured elf! What a delicacy!"

"Ack! Help me, guys!" Mariel squealed. The mimic was dangling the elf around in the air, clearly taking her time with her meal. The monster's tentacles pulled at Mariel's leotard, shredding it to pieces.

The mimic gave Mariel a sloppy kiss. "I think your friend's lonely," the mimic cooed. "Let's give her some company!" The mimic's jaws opened wide once more, the gaping chasm eager to accept another offering. With a sudden *fwip!* the tentacle let Mariel go, and gravity took care of the rest.

GULP!

The mimic's throat undulated and flexed, the thick muscles squeezing Mariel like a sponge. She could feel spit soaking into her skin, the steaming liquid coating her from head to toe. The elf continued to plunge deeper and deeper into the mimic's depths, before finally splashing down into the monster's cavernous stomach. The steaming chamber was full of sludge and slime, the very air choked with vapors. Mariel could feel the fleshy walls clamp down around her limbs, the thick muscles holding her tight.

Gwen's voice rang out. "See what I mean, Mari? Way more slime and acid."



Mariel looked towards the sound. Gwen was pinned against the floor of the mimic's stomach, the goblin held fast with a few slimy tentacles. It didn't look very comfortable.

"Ugh!" Mariel cried. She blew a strand of sludge off her face. "You weren't kidding. This is disgusting!"

Gwen spat out a glob of slime. "Well, at least you don't have a big hunk of metal pressed against your butt." The goblin wiggled slightly. "There's something stuck under all this blubber. I think it might be that armor Rosie was talking about."

"So there really was treasure," Mariel sighed. "Now we just have to get out of here in one piece!" The elf flexed with all her might, but the mimic's flesh clung to her like glue. "Although that does seem difficult at the moment…"

“Do you think Connie and Rosie can take the mimic down?” Gwen asked.

“For sure,” Mariel replied. She could feel the digestive sludge soaking into her skin. “I just hope they don’t take too long!”



Rosie weighed her options. Constance was distracted, hacking away at some more of the mimic’s tentacles. The elf and goblin were already gobbled up. Given the circumstances, this just might be the best outcome for Rosie. *At this rate, the mimic will take care of my problems for me,* the demoness thought. *Might as well try to slip away*... She started to tiptoe towards the door, hoping that her flight could go unnoticed.

The mimic laughed, a harsh sound that grated against Rosie’s ears. “Now where do you think you’re going, my sweet little treat?” Another one of the mimic’s tentacles shot out, knocking Rosie off her feet. The mage’s robes were torn to shreds, as the huge tentacle

wrapped itself around her body. The mimic laughed again. “Stay a while, dearie. I’ve got something special just for you…”

Rosie gasped for breath. This latest tentacle was enormous. It was huge and squishy, the massive thing coiling around her body like an oversized snake. It seemed almost alive, the tentacle pulsing with the mimic’s heartbeat.

That’s when it hit her. This wasn’t a tentacle—it was a cock! Rosie could feel thick veins rubbing up against her body, the cock tightening its grip. The massive shaft reeked of sweat and cum, the intoxicating stench sending Rosie’s head spinning. The demoness couldn’t even muster enough concentration to transform.

“Don’t worry, Rosie!” Constance yelled. “I’m coming!”

“Sure you are!” The mimic quipped. She swung her cock around, the huge member knocking the paladin off her feet. “I’ll deal with you in due time, dearie. But first…” the mimic looked down at Rosie, and rubbed her hands together. “Let’s get you packed away!”

The mimic’s cock flexed, pushing Rosie’s face up against its leaking slit. Precum oozed out of the monster’s glans, Rosie’s head soon coated in the sticky gunk. The mimic’s cocklips yawned wide, sucking down over the mage’s face. Rosie gagged. The air inside the monster’s cock was all but vapor, the stench of cum even stronger than before. A glob of pre rocketed up from the mimic’s depths, soaking the mage in boiling hot seed. She didn’t know how it could get any worse.

Unfortunately for Rosie, it did get worse. The mimic’s cock surged, her glans stretching down over the demoness’ shoulders. Powerful muscles gripped onto Rosie’s body, locking and unlocking in sequence. It was mere seconds before the mage was fully engulfed, the huge glans snapping shut with a wet *Schlorp!* Three down, one to go.

Constance gritted her teeth. She saw the bulge in the mimic’s cock travel down its length, before finally vanishing into the monster’s groin. The paladin hefted her sword once more. She had



never backed down from a fight before, and she sure wasn't going to start now.

"Have you given up yet?" the mimic taunted. She patted her belly. "All your friends are nice and safe inside me. Do you really think you have a chance?"

What would Gwen do? Constance thought. The goblin would have found the monster's weakness by now. *Think, Connie, think! All the other critters in here had some kind of jewel, or key, or necklace keeping them alive…* She started to study the mimic, searching desperately for something that looked important.

The mimic was covered in jewelry, the gorgeous golden trinkets adorned with a host of dazzling gemstones. Each of them was stunning in their own right, but the most impressive one was mounted on the mimic's forehead. It was a gorgeous green emerald, carved into the shape of a scarab. It even seemed to glow with a light of its own, the symbols around it blazing with light.

"That's it!" The paladin cried. "I'll knock that bug right off your face, you fiend!"

The mimic licked her lips. "What a clever little morsel you are!" she cackled. "Very clever indeed." She lunged forward, claws at the ready. "But I think your time is up, my dessert!"

Constance roared in defiance. One last spell left her lips, her blade glowing white hot. The paladin planted her feet, and threw her sword with all her might.

Constance's aim was true, The sacred blade plunging deep into the emerald on the monster's forehead. The gemstone shattered into a shower of shards, the paladin's sword sinking in up to the hilt.

The mimic threw back her head, shrieking in agony. She hopped back and forth, clawing uselessly at the air. With one final, blood-curdling cry she keeled over, the monster's body crumbling into a pile of dust and sand.

Mariel was the first to pop her head out. "Aw, yuck!" she groaned. "Why's it got to be sand again?"

Gwen held up a piece of armor. “Hey, Connie!” she cried. “Look what we found in the mimic’s gut!”

Constance’s eyes grew wide. “Amazing! So the new girl was telling the truth after all!” the paladin plunged a hand into the sand pile and pulled Rosie out. She hugged the mage tight, pinning her to her chest. “Wonderful job, Rosie! We found the armor after all!”

The paladin’s huge breasts squished up against Rosie’s face. “Uh, hooray!” the mage said. “Glad we found it after all.” Inside, however, the demoness was far from happy. All of her plans had failed. Nothing she did slowed this hero down in the slightest. *Not even a surprise mimic could stop her!* Rosie thought. Was there anything that could defeat Constance and her special sword? If there was, the demoness needed to find it, and fast. With both Zol and Mortspear dead, the Demon King’s court had suffered a serious blow. Someone was going to have to do a lot of explaining… or else.



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