Our Tank Keeps Eating the NPC's



STORY BY BRAZZEL

ART BY SEEKGR



Our Tank Keeps Eating the NPC'S!

a Vore Novella

by

Brazzel

art by

SeekGr

© Snakethroat Books 2025

https://snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com/

Join us on Discord!

Brazzel: “Wouldn’t it be awesome to do a LitRPG with like, stats and shit?”

Seek: “Yeah!”

Brazzel, formatting this book (The horizontal line tool just broke for the dozenth time): “Why the actual fuck did I think this was a good idea?”

This game was made by a pervert...



Announcement:

Welcome to Gluttony Online, a new VRMMO by the talented NightShaper. Raise your right hand and spread your fingers to open the menu. And remember: Everything is edible.

My ears twitched. I raised my hands to stroke the velveteen fur, gasping as my fingers came in contact with the sensitive inner fluff.

"I have ears!" I said. "I mean, I can feel my ears! They feel so real..."

I spun in a circle. My robes spun with me, the navy blue fabric spreading around my ankles as I danced around the loading zone. White infinity stretched across the outer distance, where pixelated sparks marked the edge of the map.

"Wow. Wow!"

It had been forever since I last played a VRMMO. Four years? Five? Back then, you couldn't feel your sprite. The enemies were pixelated blobs. Now, with the upgraded bioware, even the crummy, taped-up handle of my staff felt sticky. I sniffed it. It smelled like wood.

"This is amazing," I breathed. "Truly amazing."

The shadowy figure beside me flickered in agreement. Frieda was still in character creation, her model held in stasis to preserve the anticipation. I wondered what race she'd pick. Back in our WoW days, she played tank, but now that we were older, maybe she'd want to switch to DPS. I allowed myself to be swept away by the nostalgia for a minute, followed by a familiar wave of guilt. Right, I only had so much time to play. Better to make the most of it.

I raised my right hand. The menu popped up instantly.

Stats - Inventory - Spells - Settings

I focused on **Stats**. The menu unfolded into a real-time character screen of me standing on a grassy circle. I wiggled my nose. My character wiggled back. I had spent way too long customizing her eyes (emerald green!), her hair (black, obviously—witch vibes), and her ears and tail. Out of hundreds of race options, I'd picked Leporan—a hare-human hybrid with bonuses to movement and casting speed.

> STATS <

Health: 10 / 10

Stamina: 30 / 30

Mana: 5 / 5

All of this hovered in the lower left corner of my vision—the VRMMO's version of a HUD. I pinched my arm. The green health bar didn't budge. I returned to the menu.

STR 6 | DEX 16 | INT 18 | WIS 14 | CON 4 | CHA 4 | BMI 0

"BMI?" I said, hovering over the stat. "What does Body Mass Index have to do with an MMO? Wouldn't zero mean I was weightless?"

A pleasant British voice read aloud: *"BMI is Bonded Mass Index. More information will be available once you accrue points in this stat."*

I shrugged. Probably unfinished. The rest of the stats made sense. CON was health, INT was mana pool, WIS was regen. My high DEX from my race and I had average INT for a caster. The rest came from the recommended build for my class: Good Witch.

I hovered over the class description.

The Good Witch is a gentle-hearted spellcaster who channels blessings, herbal magic, and strange old rituals to protect and empower their allies. They specialize in long-term buffs and restorative magic—but there's something strange in their spellbooks.

"Huh," I said.

I hadn't looked too closely. I knew I wanted to play support. I knew I wanted to cast spells. The game had just launched, so there weren't any guides yet. I giggled. Better not tell Frieda that I was thinking of using a guide. She liked to start games fresh.

> SPELLS <

Bloom of Health

Type: Active | Cooldown: 15 sec

Effect: Heals an ally over 6 seconds. +30% healing if the ally is "Full."

Pollen drifts like dandelion seeds.

Comforting Aroma

Type: Passive Aura

Effect: Nearby allies passively regenerate HP and resist minor status effects.

Out-of-Combat: Improves NPC affinity.

Smells like chamomile and fresh-baked bread.

Giant's Favor

Type: Buff | Cooldown: 60 sec

Effect: Increases target size by 20% (+30% if they've eaten recently).

Also boosts Strength and HP.

Sometimes, they just need to be bigger.

Passive Trait: Blessings Beget Bonding

Status: *LOCKED*

"Weird," I said, twirling my staff. "Maybe the devs didn't have time to finish everything. I wonder what's taking Frieda—"

The shadow beside me twitched. A flash of light, and the faceless avatar expanded outward.

A thick limb came first—bare, dark skin tinged violet, glossy and wide. Then another. The shadow peeled like steam as her full form emerged, pixel by pixel, curve by curve. A belly came next: round, taut, and shamelessly distended. It jiggled as she settled, like something inside had shifted.

Frieda stretched, her massive breasts lifting as her belly wobbled forward. Her armor, if you could call it that, was mostly decorative: a straining halter, a belt beneath her gut, thigh-high greaves with curling runes.

"Now this is badass," she laughed. "Holy fuck, Calla, is that you?"

Her avatar crouched next to me. I could *feel* her breath, hot and musty, as she inspected me, ruffling my ears. While her body was that of some kind of ogress, her face was undeniably Frieda.

Another pang of guilt shot through me. How long had it been since we met in person?

"Yes, it's me," I said. "Is that you, Frieda? What is that race?"

She looked...undefined. A barbarian? An ogress? No tusks, no horns. No real muscle definition either. Her whole body was soft—*cartoonishly* soft. One of the developers had obviously spent a lot of time on the jiggle physics. I glanced at her chest again. How was she supposed to fight like that?

"Gula," Frieda said, flexing her hands. "Tank race for a tank class. There's a consumption mechanic in this game. I guess the devs really leaned into the gluttony thing. I took it for my class, too. Look."

She held up her palm. The tooltip turned toward me.

Class: Glutton Guard

Role: Tank

The Glutton Guard stands between her allies and harm by becoming the battlefield herself. Her stomach is her shield; her hunger, her weapon. Feed her enemies, and she will protect you with the mass of her triumphs.

"Pretty cool, yeah?" Frieda grinned. "You said you were going support, Sel's going DPS, so I figured we needed a tank. Gulas gain permanent HP every time they consume an enemy. Sounds busted. I see you chose some kind of…bunny witch?"

I blinked. *Feed her enemies? Mass of her triumphs?* I guessed it fit the theme, but it sounded so literal. Self-conscious, I scratched my ear and accidentally opened the menu. While I tried to close it, Frieda looked at my stats.

"Good Witch, huh? That actually sounds great. Easy to play. Just like back in Emerald Rain when you kept running into fire."

"The controls were weird!" I said. The individual hairs of her bangs tickled me as she leaned over my shoulder. *God, the detail in this game*. "And I like playing healers."

"Cute healers," Frieda teased, flicking my chin. I blushed. She straightened. "You ready to get this show on the road?"

I stood next to her, staff in hand. A familiar anticipation settled over me. A new game. A new adventure. I had the next three weeks to explore with my friends.

What kind of world awaited in Gluttony Online?

Chapter 1:

Aren’t We Supposed to Get A Starting Town?

Goblins. Why was it always goblins?

The dungeon felt more like an instance than a proper level one encounter. Mildew clung to the stones. Moisture dripped from above. The air had that warm, rotten smell you only ever found in these new fantasy games—moss and decay and something metallic you didn't want to identify. The floor squelched under my boots. Behind us, broken pillars jutted out of murky water like orc teeth.

Frieda’s axe flashed, severing a goblin clean in half as pixels sprayed the wall with gore-colored confetti. I darted sideways, narrowly dodging a volley of arrows. My Leporan reflex bonus kicked in—I actually hopped, bounding over a cracked flagstone with more grace than I’d ever managed in real life. My legs felt light. My robes swished behind me.

God, I missed this! Running dungeons with my friends, slinging spells, laughing over voice chat. It had been forever since I’d gotten lost in a game. Even if this one had some…interesting mechanics, let’s just say, it was good to be back.

“Calla! Heals!”

I fumbled through my hotbar. A glowing flower icon floated in front of me, too real-looking to be code. It phased when I reached for it.

Right! Mental commands. Frieda roared again. Her health was in the red.

“Calla!”

“Sorry, sorry!”

I figured out how to activate the spell and immediately a golden shimmer washed over her body like sunlight breaking through pollen. Frieda's health bar began to tick up painfully slow.

"Run!" she barked.

The clatter of goblin feet filled the hallway behind us. The dungeon stretched endlessly forward, all narrow passages and locked doors lit by flickering torches. Shafts of warm light bled through the cracks above, but the shadows were alive with movement. Every few feet, another slit in the wall. Another sneering red eye.

"Make for the safe room," Frieda panted, pointing toward a door midway down the hall.

She tried to sprint, thick arms pumping in rhythm. Her stamina hit zero. She lurched into a clumsy walk. I watched her bar tick up, then immediately drop again as she lurched another few steps. Her stomach jiggled with effort. Again, I was struck by how detailed the animation was. I could count the individual beads of sweat pooling in her belly button. Did NightShaper have a stomach fetish?

No time to worry about that! The goblins were gaining. They were ugly little things—red skin, oversized heads, knives too big for their hands. One marked goblin shouted in a made-up language I didn't recognize and a few sped up, glowing.

A mage. That was going to be a problem.

My stamina was only slightly better than Frieda's. I could only hop so far. The floor here was cracked and slanted. My ankles ached—didn't love that feature! The goblins behind us were bearing us down, but still, I couldn't help grinning. This was what VR was supposed to feel like.

Frieda's HP climbed back into the 20's. Comforting Aroma glowed faintly around us, a warm bubble of chamomile-scented safety.

"This feels too hard," I said as an arrow flew over my shoulder. "Is this really a starter dungeon?"

“NightShaper’s games… are notoriously… hard…” Frieda puffed.

She pumped her arms like it would help and her armor slipped. Two huge, freckled breasts slipped out onto her leather harness, causing me to stumble in surprise. Not only were they animated, they were *articulated*, nipples and all. I knew Gluttony Online was rated 18+, but I hadn’t realized that meant full nudity!

Just pixels, I told myself, hands wandering to my own breasts. *And besides, there was full frontal in Baldur’s Gate–*

FWICK!

An arrow struck me clean through the ribs.

I collapsed sideways as Frieda skidded to a halt. The pain was dulled, more pressure than agony, but I hit the ground hard. A goblin loomed over me, grinning with a jagged mouth full of fangs.

“Gotcha,” it rasped.

My heart raced as it raised its spear. This was just a game. I wasn’t going to die. Not really. But it felt real. Too real. I closed my eyes, waiting for the pain.

Then:

GUuuuLP.

Everything stopped.

I opened one eye.

Frieda loomed above me, breathing hard. Her stomach sagged forward, round and swollen, thrashing softly from within. The goblin was gone.

“Well, that was exhilarating,” she said, yanking me upright.

A buff blinked above her head: [Status: FULL]

My **Bloom of Health** spell lit up.

+30% effectiveness on Full targets.

I cast it automatically, heart thudding too hard in my chest as the smell of warm sage filled the corridor. Frieda’s wounds faded. A number of arrows that had been embedded in her clattered to the ground, making me feel embarrassed for freaking out over just one.


Calla Lv. 1 5/10
Goblin Lv. 1 5/5
Goblin Lv. 1 5/5
Goblin Lv. 1 2/5
Frieda Lv. 2 30/35
Goblin Lv. 1 2/5
Goblin Lv. 1

Frieda grinned, stepping in front of me, shield raised.

"You should've saved that for yourself," she said. "You're at 1 HP."

"I am?"

I looked.

I was.

She laughed. Was it just me, or had she grown? A little taller. A little wider. I hadn't cast my Giant's Favor on her, though now that I thought about it, I did. Red light suffused Frieda as her avatar expanded. Another goblin fired from the crowd. The arrow bounced harmlessly off Frieda's shield.

"Shouldn't have done that," she muttered.

"**Bellybound!**"

A glowing rune formed in the air as a goblin jerked like it had been yanked on a leash. It stumbled toward her, eyes wide.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Single-target taunt," Frieda said. She was rubbing her belly. "Only works when I'm full."

The goblin trembled, weaponless. It raised its fists in defiance. Pathetically small next to the buffed Frieda, I almost felt bad for it. Then my wound throbbed and my pity fizzled.

Frieda reached down and grabbed the goblin by the throat. She lifted it slowly, deliberately, until it dangled above her open mouth. What was Frieda doing? Did she have a bite attack? Why was she–

"Watch my health bar."

I couldn't look away. The goblin's feet kicked, then pushed into Frieda's throat, vanishing with a wet flex. Her neck bulged. Her collarbones lifted. Her breasts swayed as the motion pulled the goblin down.

Her belly swelled. She slid the goblin down in one long, greedy motion, her tongue flicking around its shrieking face before slurping it in.

UUullP!

BBBwwwAAAAAAaaaaAAAAARP!

The status updated: **[ENGORGED]**

My spell blinked again.

Notice: +50% healing. May cleanse 1 medium status effect.

"What the hell?" I whispered.

What…was that? Frieda's stomach squirmed with the weight of two goblins, thumping on her hips while wet smacks emanated from within. The horror of the scene was emphasized by the excruciating detail—the handprints imprinting her flesh, the squeals, the gurgle of digestion. It made me blush and I didn't know why.

NightShaper is a pervert, I thought to myself as Frieda turned to me, giggling, squeezing her stomach. *This game was made by a pervert.*

Frieda beamed.

"Achievement unlocked," she said. "First Feast. It came with a reward."

She drew out a glowing bottle.

"Weak Digestion Potion," I read. "Oh, Frieda, don't—"

She did.

GGrrrGGRRerRrRrBrrtBrrtGLUT!

Her stomach convulsed. The goblins inside shrieked—then silence. Her belly smoothed, rounded, steaming slightly. The rest of the goblins sprinted down the hall as the rumble inside of her reached a crescendo.

BBbrrrUuuuuUUUUP!

"Ew, Frieda!" I gagged, waving my hand. "You can smell that!"

"Did you see my HP?"

I looked. Her max had increased from 35 to 43.

"That's busted," I said. "Suspiciously busted. Like 'the developer wants you to abuse that' levels of busted."

"Should've read the options instead of picking the first cute class," she teased. "I mean, you were never big for reading guides, but–"

“You just *ate* goblins! I don’t want to be lectured about my choice of class! What the fuck is this game?”

[Status: SATIATED]

Frieda gave her belly a shake. Heat radiated off it in waves. I was flushing more than I should, considering the circumstances, and my fingers twitched. I wanted to touch it.

No. No.

“Gluttony Online, baby,” Frieda said. “Gulas get bonuses when Full, Engorged, or Satiated. Some spells are locked behind it. Bellybound only works at Full.”

“And you don’t find that strange?” I asked, shouldering my staff. Frieda had finally noticed that her tits were out and was wrestling to pull her halter back up. Every time she did, her belly bounced, and my eyes followed it, imagining…something.

“I mean, yeah,” Frieda said. “It’s a little weird, but sometimes you have to deal with a little weird in order to get to the good stuff! I mean, wasn’t that exciting? It *really* felt like we were being chased by goblins—like we were in a life or death scenario! The magic is snappy, the stats are cool, and the customization, ugh—”

She mimed jerking off.

“—it’s orgasmic.”

I wasn’t going to argue with her there. I was buzzing with adrenaline, more alive than I had been in…years, probably! The guilt was back—wouldn’t my time be better spent in the real world?—but then Frieda picked me up and spun me and I laughed as my ears flapped in the breeze.

Ah well. The real world could wait.

Frieda tucked me under her arm and marched toward the safe room. With my ear pressed to her belly, I was fully privy to the ‘melting’ mechanic. Her belly was *literally* softening against my cheek.

“Frieda?” I said as she kicked open the door of the safe room.

It was nothing special. Just a rectangle with a crafting table and a bucket.

“Yeah?”

“How are we supposed to loot the goblins if you melt them?”

She grinned wickedly, nodding at the bucket.

“Yeah, uh... you’re not gonna wanna watch this.”

Chapter 2:

My Class Restrictions Make Me a Belly Slut

So.

Apparently, if I want to get the most out of my healing spells, I have to keep my tank well-fed. Which, in this game, means watching my childhood friend eat our enemies alive.

And I don't mean that metaphorically.

Frieda had figured it out instantly. Of course she had. The devs had gone out of their way to explain every single buff and stacking mechanic in loving detail. It was all right there if you actually read the skill descriptions instead of, say, skipping through most of the tutorial to make sure your character's ears looked cute enough in profile.

Which I did. I absolutely did that. And now I was learning the price.

Bloom of Health? Scales off her being Full, Engorged, or Satiated. Giant's Favor? Bigger size boost if she'd eaten something recently. My Comforting Aroma? Apparently it applies a bonus to digesting party members.

What kind of pervert made this game?

"So what happens if I get eaten?" I asked.

Frieda paused in the middle of crafting a new belt out of some poor goblin's wristbands. We had gone up a level, exploring the dungeon, but the progress was grueling with just the two of us. "What, like if I eat you?"

"No! Just like…if that's a mechanic. Does everything in this game revolve around consumption?"

She tapped her chin thoughtfully, stomach still gurgling from the last fight. "Dunno. There's a setting in the menu under Game Preferences labeled 'Intimacy and Soft Digestion.'"

I nearly choked. “What?”

“Yeah. You have it turned on, by the way.”

“WHAT?”

Frieda shrugged. “It’s the default setting.”

Oh my god. NightShaper. Of course it was.

The worst part? The game was good. Like, really good. The mechanics were tight. The spell variety was great. The environmental detail was off the charts. I had literally sniffed a rotting floorboard earlier. And the party mechanics were surprisingly nuanced. The buffs, debuffs, stamina management—it all sang.

Except the singing was muffled by the sound of gulping.

I tried to convince Frieda to try a different game. There was another VRMMO on the market—basically a WoW clone—that was supposed to be good, but Frieda had just laughed.

“We’re still in the early game content, babe! Aren’t you having fun?”

I opened my mouth, then bit my tongue. Yes, I was having fun. That wasn’t the point! Or…was it the point? I actually wasn’t sure anymore. After five years of grinding away at my corporate job, anything fun felt more like laziness. Shouldn’t I be exploring the world instead of laughing at Frieda being swallowed by Big-Tittied Goth Girls (another mob, goddamn it NightShaper)?

But I liked my ears. And my ability to hop long distances. And the fun little sparkle animation when I cast spells. And I liked the smells, for some reason. I mean, it made sense that the visuals were good, and any VRMMO in the last five years had integrated feeling (some with disastrous results), but none did smell like Gluttony Online.

Did I have a smell fetish? This game was making me question myself.

After hours of grinding through the starter dungeon, we finally entered a quest hub. I had just started to relax when a questgiver NPC turned to Frieda and said, with a straight face, “Your belly is round

with victory, warrior. Would you do us the honor of digesting our enemies within earshot of the village square?"

"Would I!" Frieda said, gripping her engorged belly.

I left. I logged out. I threw off my VR headset and lay on my bed staring at the ceiling.

Then I logged back in twenty minutes later because Frieda had texted:

healer bunny girl get back in here i found a secret dungeon and it smells like honeybread

Fucking Frieda.

***

The Doughmother fight was absurd.

The boss arena looked like the inside of a gingerbread furnace. Cracked tiles glazed with sugar, walls made of crumbling shortbread, and steam vents hissing cinnamon-scented vapor into the air. The Doughmother herself was a towering golem of dough, pudding, and motherly menace. Her quivering belly glowed cherry-red.

"Fee, fie, fo, fum, I smell a player with a sumptuous bum!" she cried when she activated. Frieda looked at me and giggled. I resisted the urge to pull the plug on my headset again.

I didn't have time to do it, though. The Doughmother roared, sending a gust of nutmeg-sweet air over us, then slammed both hands into the tile. Waves of sticky caramel spread across the floor and the boss fight was on!

I bounced out of the way. Frieda activated her berserking.

"Stick to the corners!" Frieda shouted, bounding forward. "Avoid the caramel!"

I darted between splashes of hot syrup, using my Leporan agility to spring off a cookie ledge, bounce between flaking meringue pillars, and land behind Frieda. My long legs flexed naturally, my fluffy tail fluttering behind me like a cloak in the wind. Frieda was in fine form.

Having fed on the Doughmother's frosted minions, all buffs were active and she *glowed.*

"Left," she cried as candy canes rained from the ceiling. "Right! Duck!"

A blast of heat shot overhead. The Doughmother laughed and shook her doughy stomach. Slow motion ripples accompanied every movement. There was…no way that people didn't jerk off to this cutscene. I had learned way too much about belly fetishes playing this game.

"I'll have you yet, my sweetlings," she said. "I'll have you yet!"

Frieda's eyes darted around the room, looking for the next cue. I panted, grinning, remembering the days when our high school crew would gather in the computer lab and listen as she barked out orders for Molten Core. Always the shotcaller, Frieda was, and I the healer.

"Her health bar is getting low," Frieda said. "It's the final phase. Get ready–"

The Doughmother's sticky hand shot forward, faster than any previous cue. Frieda tried to dodge, but just when I thought she was free, her foot got caught in a caramel trap.

The rolling mass of The Doughmother's mouth opened like an oven door. Her insides pulsed as she pulled Frieda toward her, lapping at her face with her sticky, maple tongue.

"Yummy, yummy, in my tummy," The Doughmother purred. Her apron-like belly lifted as she slipped a hand between her legs. Was the boss…jerking off?

This fucking game.

"No no no no—" Frieda cried, roleplaying the victim. "Don't swallow me, Dough Mommy, please don't!"

I watched, wide eyed, as The Doughmother suckled Frieda's face, her neck, her arms. Her tongue waggled beneath Frieda's chestpiece, removing her armor, and a debuff flashed over Frieda's head. *Disarmed*. Chuckling, the monster's tongue slid between her breasts and down to her stomach. Now Frieda was moaning for real,


Dough Mommy Lv. 10 78/100
Frieda Lv. 4 16/62
Frieda Lv. 4 14/62
DISARMED
DISARMED
Frieda Lv. 4 14/62
Dough Mommy Lv.10 82/100
Devoured
Frieda Lv. 4 11/62

wriggling as The Doughmother choked her down in three, quick, swallows.

Everything went quiet. The tiles pulsed with red light. My health bar blinked in panic as I cast Bloom of Health again and again, even though there was no target.

"What was that?" I asked. The Doughmother turned to me. "What the fuck was that?"

Then I saw it. A status, hovering in the upper right corner of my vision.

This player is Engulfed.

My menu lit up with a new icon. **Embrace of the Swallowed – Available.**

Hands shaking, I activated it. A warmth radiated from my chest, casting a golden light that shimmered over the tiles. Inside the Doughmother, Frieda's HP stopped dropping. She was healing.

Then I saw the new status. **BMI +1**

Wait…*me?*

I gasped. My robes squeezed tighter against my hips. My breasts bounced slightly as I moved—more than they had before. A thick, honeyed flush rolled through my limbs. I could feel the Doughmother's attention on me, like steam curling around my mind.

And suddenly, I *wanted* to know what it felt like.

Before I could move, her arm extended. I shrieked as I was scooped up, cradled in warm doughy hands, and pressed into that belly—into a womb of sweetness and heat.

The walls closed around me, pillowy and wet, scented like vanilla and sugar glaze. It wasn't violent. It was…comforting. Suffocatingly so. My staff clattered away as I was pulled deeper, cradled by churning pressure.

"Frieda! Frieda!"

"Rargh!"

The Doughmother's slow laughter choked as a rumble went through her body. Something spongy hit the ground, followed by



another roar. Frieda was fighting! Frieda was eating her way through The Doughmother!

"Go Frieda!" I yelled.

My fingers twitched—and brushed against the yielding, soft walls of the stomach. My legs kicked, just a little. I wondered how they came up with this texture. Had they pushed an intern into a giant pile of yeast? The walls were moving realistically enough. And without thinking, I was…*stroking* them. The walls. They pulsed beneath my palms. Around me, an approving gurgle rose.

"Stupid NightShaper," I whispered. "This is a kink."

Outside, Frieda's HP ticked up to full. With a mighty belch, she burst out of the Doughmother's belly, wielding a molten axe she must have looted inside. Roaring, she cleaved through the boss's core.

The Doughmother shuddered.

And *spat me out*.

I hit the caramel floor with a *splurt*, coughing and slick with glaze. Frieda stood over me, laughing. Fried dough fell off of me in chunks.

"You good?"

"I think I…hate this game."

Frieda picked up a glowing apron covered in glowing bread runes.

"Legendary drop," she said with awe. "It's called the Mother's Embrace. Hey, it lets you wear this with cloth armor! This is for you!"

"Why am I not surprised," I mumbled, wiping melted butter from my hair.

She read the stats. "+15 HP, +20% digestion speed, and a passive aura that gives a 10% chance for enemies to *voluntarily walk closer* when I'm Engorged."

"That's disturbing."

"That's *hot,*" she replied.

My loot screen popped up:

New Spell Learned: Embrace of the Swallowed

Type: Support / Buff

Effect: While an ally is inside another creature, they heal over time and get resistance to digestion. Only usable if your BMI is 0.

New Trait Unlocked: Blessings Beget Bonding

Effect: Your healing and buff spells are 20% stronger when used on allies who are Full, Engorged, or Satiated. These allies may also slowly develop affectionate bonds toward you, especially if your BMI is higher than theirs.

I blinked at the screen.

"'Affectionate bonds'?" I read. "Is that like…a game mechanic?"

A soothing tooltip whispered:

When blessings deepen,
so does your connection.

I buried my face in my hands. "Oh, come *on.*"

Frieda walked over, still chewing on a mini puffling. “You get your passive?”

“Yeah,” I muttered. “Turns out my buffs are stronger on people who are digesting things. And also I guess they might fall for me.”

Frieda raised her eyebrows. “Scandalous. Maybe I’ll let you cast on me more often.”

“You already make me cast on you constantly.”

“Yeah, but now I’ll *emotionally enjoy it.*”

I groaned.

Then a little ping echoed in my ears. **BMI +1**

I looked down. My thighs had thickened again, and my robes clung more tightly to my curves. Worse—my heartbeat picked up. For a moment, I remembered being inside the Doughmother, the warm weight, the slow churn. And I realized I’d been *rubbing her stomach walls.*

“Stupid NightShaper,” I whispered. I shook myself out of it. “No more bakeries. No more grandmas. No more vore dungeons.”

Frieda reached out and rubbed my belly. Her hand was warm. My belly was soft.

“You’re adorable when you lie,” she said.

Chapter 3:

Log Out, Log In

I was going to quit. I really was.

Pacing around my bedroom in my pajamas, headset dangling from my fingers, I rehearsed the speech in my head. Something firm but polite. Maybe I'd say, "Hey Frieda, this has been fun, but I think we should try something different." Or, "I don't think I'm vibing with the direction Gluttony Online is going."

Or maybe just: "I can't keep playing a porn game disguised as an MMO."

Because that's what it was. A *good* porn game—clever, well-designed, disgustingly fun. But it was also deranged. We had played ten hours yesterday. Ten. Hours. And when I pulled my headset off, I'd realized I hadn't eaten, hadn't moved, hadn't even *noticed.*

The worst part? I wanted to log back in. I wanted to log back in the moment I took my headset off. Instead, I picked up my phone and scrolled through my email before remembering that I was supposed to be on vacation.

"Goddamn it, NightShaper," I muttered. It was quickly becoming a mantra. "What kind of freak makes a game this addictive?"

As if in answer, my computer chimed.

Sammy logged in! You'll never guess her race!

I blinked.

Then another ping:

Get online, bunny girl. This is gonna be wild.

I sighed. Then slid the headset on.

***

I spawned back into the quest hub, a warm patch of sun catching on my ears. Frieda was lounging on a stone bench with her belly out, sipping something called a "Spiced Gutcordial." She waved when she saw me.

“There she is,” she said. “Wait ‘til you see Sammy.”

A familiar swirl of shadow appeared a few meters away. Then—**BOOM**. Sammy’s new avatar spawned into place.

“Oh no,” I whispered.

She was a *centaur.* A tall, statuesque centaur girl with shining black hooves, glossy brown fur, and a sharp, athletic upper body. Her long hair was tied into a sleek ponytail, and her leather armor was trimmed in gold. A black scarf wrapped around her mouth and neck.

She pawed at the stone, looking way too smug.

“Check *this* out,” she said, her southern drawl modulated to sound low and sultry. “I’m playin’ a Vorerunner.”

I blinked. “A what.”

“Centaur assassin class. Super fast. Bonuses to mobility and stealth. Extra damage if I move ten meters before attackin’. Also? I get a stacking buff if one of my party members is in my belly.”

Sammy winked at me, shaking her drooping horse gut. I looked at Frieda for support, but she just grinned.

“I was hoping you’d be normal about this,” I said to Sammy.

Sammy stretched luxuriously. IRL, she’d always been athletic. Even now, she was the type of gal to run half-marathons in her freetime. Frieda had always been a freak, but Sammy? Sammy was supposed to be the sane one.

“Normal? Calla, this game is *amazing*. I literally galloped across half the continent before breakfast. Then I ate a mimic.”

“…What?”

“Swallowed it whole. It was disguised as a buffet table. Big mistake.”

I opened my mouth. Closed it again.

“Anyway,” Sammy said, flicking her tail. “Let’s hit a dungeon. There’s one nearby that’s supposed to be full of Leporan mages.”

My ears twitched.

“Like…me?”

“Exactly like you,” Frieda said cheerfully. “Let’s get some practice!”

***

The dungeon was a sparkling forest ruin. Crystal pillars rose from the ground and illusion spells shimmered in the trees. We fought half a dozen Leporan spellcasters—lithe, soft-looking bunny girls who *definitely* weren’t wearing enough armor.

They tried to eat us. Repeatedly.

One pinned me against a tree, her warm breath curling over my cheek as she whispered, “You’ll feel so safe in me.” Her hand cradled my belly, rubbing it in circles.

I moaned into her hair as she kissed my throat. This was wrong. So wrong.

So why did it feel right?

Then Sammy galloped in from behind, tackled her mid-lunge, and *devoured* her. Her upper body arched as her throat stretched, every swallow a rippling motion that made her centaur flanks shiver. The bunny girl kicked once, twice—and then vanished beneath her armor.

A pronounced bulge moved through Sammy’s body, pressing out against her belly, then slipping into the lower barrel of her equine form where it squirmed faintly before quieting.

“Buff acquired,” she said, licking her lips.

“*Sammy.*”

“Don’t act like you’re not impressed.”

I was. I hated it.


Leporan Lv. 5 25/28
Calla Lv. 4 20/24
Sammy Lv. 5 35/42
20/28
Sammy Lv. 5 35/42

A few battles later, Sammy got ambushed. A trio of Leporan casters cast a triple-bind spell, freezing her in place. Frieda was across the field, chasing down a Leporan that had stolen her axe and I was caught between them, avoiding the lancing arcs of the other two spellcasters. One of them slinked forward, mouth opening just a little too wide, eyes glowing with hunger. I wasn't sure if it could eat Sammy, but it was about to try.

"Calla!" Sammy shouted. "Do the thing!"

"What thing?"

"That new spell you got! The BMI one!"

I hesitated. It was called *Mother's Warmth*. It added a huge defense buff and purged debuffs. But it came with a cost:

+3 BMI.

I had been…reticent to use any spell that upped my BMI ever since the incident with The Doughmother. All of them came with massive boons, but knowing NightShaper, they'd also transform me into, well, into one of the thicc, bimbo bunny girls that kept attacking us. But the Leporan mage was a few feet from Sammy now, reaching for her, licking her lips.

"Fine," I growled.

I cast the spell.

Power surged through me—and my body *swelled*. My hips stretched the seams of my robe. My chest bounced and heaved, suddenly two sizes too large. The robe's clasp popped off with a metallic *ping* and landed in the undergrowth.

My fur felt hotter. More sensitive. The forest air kissed new curves as I stumbled forward.

Sammy broke free and dashed through her attackers like a comet, her hooves crushing roots, her belly bouncing with her earlier meal.

"Hell yeah!" she shouted.

"I just flashed half the dungeon," I muttered, trying to pull my robes together. My menu now read: **BMI: 5**

"And it was awesome!" Sammy said.

She used a skill that covered her in shadow, then blinked behind one of the leporan mages. Grabbing her shoulders, she heaved the mage over her head. The bunny girl giggled and squirmed, moaning with ludicrous volume as Sammy swallowed her down. The other two bunny girls stopped in their tracks, the *seduced* debuff flashing on their foreheads. Hastily, they stripped out of their clothes, running naked into Sammy's waiting arms.

"Hey, Calla, watch this," Sammy said.

She placed one of the Leporan mages down. Little hearts rose from it as it bounced in a circle, then ducked between Sammy's legs. Surely it wasn't going to…start lapping at her…cunt…

"We have genitals?" I asked as the other Leporan squirmed in Sammy's arms, eager for her turn. Sammy's eyes were rolling in her head.

"Yes," Sammy groaned. "Haven't you looked at your avatar naked? This feels sho good, Calla, you gotta try it!"

I was agog at her shamelessness. Part of me had understood that a porn game served a specific purpose, but surely societal standards still applied? And here Sammy was getting eaten out by a Leporan that looked almost exactly like me!

It's just pixels, I reminded myself. *She's just roleplaying.*

But still.

"This is fucked," I said. "Why do you and Frieda like doing that?"

"This?" Sammy asked. The Leporan had buried, *literally buried*, her face in Sammy's crotch. Sammy kept bucking her hips, sheathing the Leporan up to her waist. "Because it feels good, Calla! Man, after a long day of work, I *deserve* to have a bunny girl go to town on my pussy. But, if this makes you uncomfortable, I can think of something else to do with her."

"Thank you," I said.

Even if she ate the bunny girl, it was better than riding her face. It made me feel like *I* was the one between her legs, and I didn't want

to analyze that right now. Sammy was turning around. Was she going to crush the bunny girl? Her tail was lifting.

"They…gave you an asshole," I said a moment before I realized what Sammy was doing.

SHLORP!

The bunny girl thrust her hips as her lustful cry was swallowed by Sammy's bowels. Sammy looked over her shoulder, grunting, wiggling her hips. Her face was awash with pleasure. The Leporan was kneading her ass, dragging herself deeper and deeper as the other Leporan made ludicrous moaning sounds, fingering herself with gusto. As if just remembering that she was in her arms, Sammy lifted her to her mouth.

"Gonna fill both ends," she said.

What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck?

I had to look away. It didn't stop the *sound*—duel squelches, moans, an eager rumble—nor the stream of achievements I got for 'stuffing' a 'buffed ally'.

"I didn't do anything!' I called to the sky as a mighty belch signaled the end of Sammy's feast. "Don't give me credit for this!"

Sammy wiped her mouth.

"I mean, yeah, it's a weird mechanic," she said, like we weren't *leagues* away from that conversation, "but the devs made it feel *so good.* Honestly, you probably have a few skills that allow you to swallow creatures, right? Some kind of…witch's cauldron feat?"

I grimaced. That was *exactly* what one of my spells did. It allowed me to turn my stomach or the stomach of an ally into a cauldron, into which I could pour 'ingredients'. It even gave a super buff if I allowed that ally to digest me.

Digest me? I thought, a tingle running down my spine. *Why would I ever let someone do that?*

"What are you goons waiting for?" Frieda called. Her stomach had tripled in size, the *engorged* buff blinking green. "I think I found the boss room."


AGGROED
Leporan Lv. 5
25/28
AGGROED
Leporan Lv. 5
25/28
Sammy Lv. 5
35/42
AGGROED
Leporan Lv. 5
10/28
AGGROED
Leporan Lv. 5
3/28

“Sweet!” Sammy said.

“Great,” I muttered.

My new girth actually gave me a stamina buff at the cost of some dexterity. I sloshed as I hopped, equipping a robe I had looted off of one of the mages, but the robe came with a boob window that showed *way* too much skin. I was still trying to figure out how to pull it together when we arrived at a crystal dome, rising from the roots of the trees.

Boss room.

The final enemy was waiting.

“Let’s get it,” Frieda said.

Sammy went stealth. Frieda activated her *furnace* ability, burning from engorged to full, but doubling her strength. I cast a series of buffs and promised myself that I would avoid anything to do with the BMI mechanic until it hit zero. If I waited long enough, the number would drop.

Hopefully.

We entered the crystal dome in a single file. Light reflected through the leaves of many trees, foliage framing the throne where the boss sat with her legs crossed, waiting. A Leporan matriarch—taller, thicker, more luxurious than any of the others. Her fur was silver. Her eyes were glowing. And her smile was *hungry.*

Another…mommy?

“I see you’ve had your fill of my children,” she said. Rising from her throne, the golden bands around her arms jangled. Frieda smiled at me. *Enchanted loot.* “Once I swallow you, they shall be returned to me.”

Her hands ran down her hips. I shuddered as the white fur of her belly expanded. She was looking directly at me.

“Come to mommy,” she said.

“GODDAMN it, NightShaper,” I actually said out loud.

The start of the fight was formulaic. The Leporan matriarch would raise her arm and crystals would grow from the ground, spiral

out from the center, then return from the outskirts of the room. You had to stand in safe spots while dodging her direct attack. Every once in a while, if a player got too close, the matriarch would go for a grab.

Then came phase two.

"Minions," Frieda yelled, dodging backwards.

Leporan warriors flooded the dome. Sammy sped through them, stomping and swallowing, and Frieda cast her taunt, letting the desperate Leporan's feed themselves to her as I shielded her from the few, unaffected mages. The thrill of battle took me as health bars topped off, axes swung, and pixels flew. I even managed to get a hit off on the matriarch with my only offensive spell—a painfully weak bolt of magic known as Bellyache.

"That hurt," the matriarch laughed, rubbing her stomach. Her fingers ran through bristled fur, stroking and kneading, drawing my gaze. "I think it's time that I stopped messing around. I'd very much like to show you my stomach from the inside."

"Stage three," Sammy said.

The minions were gone. It was just us and the matriarch. Her arms were raised, eyes glowing, fur crackling with magic as a glowing orb signalled her invulnerability.

"It's something big," Frieda said. "Oh *fuck!*"

"Feel my wrath!"

The matriarch cast a spell and the ground shook. Frieda was knocked flat. Sammy darted, missed, and got tangled in enchanted roots.

I was the last one standing.

"Time to run," I whispered.

But the matriarch was already casting something called *Swallow the Weak.* Glowing chains appeared beneath Sammy's horse legs, hobbling her, dragging her across the dome. She clawed at the floor, cursing as the matriarch opened her jaws wide.

"This bitch is gonna eat me!" Sammy yelled.

“That’s like, the whole fucking game,” Frieda yelled back, struggling with her own chains. Even with her massive health bar, a boss’s stomach acids would do damage. “Do something, Calla!”

What was I supposed to do? I fired a bolt of curse at the matriarch and it bounced off of her shield. I buffed Sammy and it just made her struggle harder. She was almost at the foot of the throne. Oh God, she was going to be eaten!

I ran to Frieda and tried to wrestle with her chains. She looked up at me almost tenderly.

“Calla, sweetheart?”

“Hmm?”

“Are you sure you’re doing everything that you can?”

Frieda’s icon flickered. A prompt appeared:

Bond?

“You’re really going to make me do this?” I asked.

Frieda grinned.

“I mean, it was kind of inevitable,” she said. “You just have *so* many skills, it would be a shame to waste your potential.”

“I think I actually hate you.”

“Yet you keep logging in.”

I hovered a mental finger over the button. The matriarch was lifting Sammy. How strong was she that she could lift a goddamn horse? I could almost hear NightShaper laughing at me as I clicked the button. The prompt flashed and disappeared.

Frieda’s body jerked upright in her chains. She grabbed me. And with practiced, predatory ease—

GULP!

Her throat opened around me like a warm tunnel, the soft slide of her gullet tugging me in inch by inch. My face passed her lips, then my shoulders, breasts squeezed tightly as they were pulled into the embrace of muscle and heat. My stomach folded under pressure. My hips popped past her lips with a *glllrk*.


Leporan matriarch
Lv. 10
100/120
Bound
Sammy Lv. 8 35/80
Bound
Frieda Lv. 8 124/124
50/50
Lv. 8 124/124
Engorged
Frieda Lv. 8 150/150

Then my thighs. My knees. My ankles. Her tongue gave a teasing flick to the soles of my feet. Then **slurp**. Gone.

The heat closed around me. Muscles pressed from every side. Frieda's health bar *doubled.*

She roared and charged.

From inside her belly, I could hear the combat. Her heartbeat thundered around me. Every time she took a hit, I *felt* it. My hands braced against the walls of her stomach. And part of me—deep down—was *calm.*

Protected.

Safe.

I clenched my fists, knuckles edging closer to my thighs. My breathing was heavy. The stomach kept swaying. It was so…erotic.

I moaned into Frieda's body. What was I doing? This was my friend. She had swallowed me. I was in a VR game? Why did this feel so good? Why did I want to…

"Goddamn it, NightShaper."

It was the BMI stat. It had to be. It was changing me, physically, mentally, making me want to meld with other players. Well, I was going to deny my instincts! Fuck you, NightShaper, you dirty pervert! The thwack, thwack, thwack of Frieda's perfect, round belly slapping on her thighs as she swings her axe has no effect on me!

"Heads up, Sammy!"

"My prey!"

Sammy joined the fray. Now it was two on one, the matriarch being pushed backwards as Frieda pushed forward, eschewing her axe to wrestle with the boss. The liquids in her stomach were being squished in around me and a knee was jammed between my legs from the outside. My eyes crossed.

I mustn't, I mustn't.

But why mustn't I? We were playing a porn game. Frieda knew that. Sammy knew that. They themselves had admitted to *indulging* in

the fantasy from time to time. One of the quest items was a fucking *vibrator* for pete's sake!

Not in Frieda, I decided as Sammy swallowed the boss. It wasn't for any moral reason—she would be thrilled if I came inside of her. No, it was because *they would never stop trying to make me do it again.*

And would that be a bad thing? Some corrupt part of me whispered.

I didn't see the end of the boss fight. I was too busy counting digits of pi in my head, doing everything that I could to avoid *plunging* my fingers into myself as the gooey walls kneaded my sensitive skin. And the smell! What was with me and smells lately? It was sweet and sour and tainted with musk, but it was Frieda's and I just wanted to bottle it and bathe in it and–

When Frieda spat me back out, Sammy was already looting the matriarch's jewelry.

"This game is amazing," she said, like she hadn't almost been eaten.

I was drenched in stomach fluid. My robe was completely ruined. My BMI stat was still ticking up.

I should have logged out.

I didn't log out.

"Next dungeon?" Sammy asked.

I sighed.

"Yeah," I said. "Let's go."

Chapter 3.5:

Coming Clean

Maybe I haven't been quite as honest as I should be recounting these tales. Part of that is for expediency—I've skipped over dozens of encounters, odd bits of loot, annoying quests and moments of downtime—but part of it is because we haven't always been…successful.

For instance, in that first dungeon?

I was eaten by a goblin.

Yes, yes, dying to a level one mob was very funny. Frieda laughed her ass off right up until the point where a tribe of Big-Tittied Goth Girls (yes, that's the actually mob name) ambushed her outside of a safe room. Anyway, I was still trying to figure out the mechanics and one of the little fuckers landed a crit on me. When you're low enough HP in this game, a swallow attack is a guaranteed hit.

"Kree, kree," the goblin giggled.

It stood over me, its leather armor barely covering the bottom of a pair of oversized bosoms. The goblin had blue hair, an eye patch, and a gut like a barrel. A crude drawing of a mouth had been tattooed to her dark red skin. I fumbled for my spell bar and while I did, the goblin lifted me with one hand. Her breath was hot and smelled like meat. I actually whimpered.

"Frieda," I called.

At the time, she said that she'd been fighting a pack deeper in the dungeon. Later, she admitted that she'd been AFK feeding her cats.

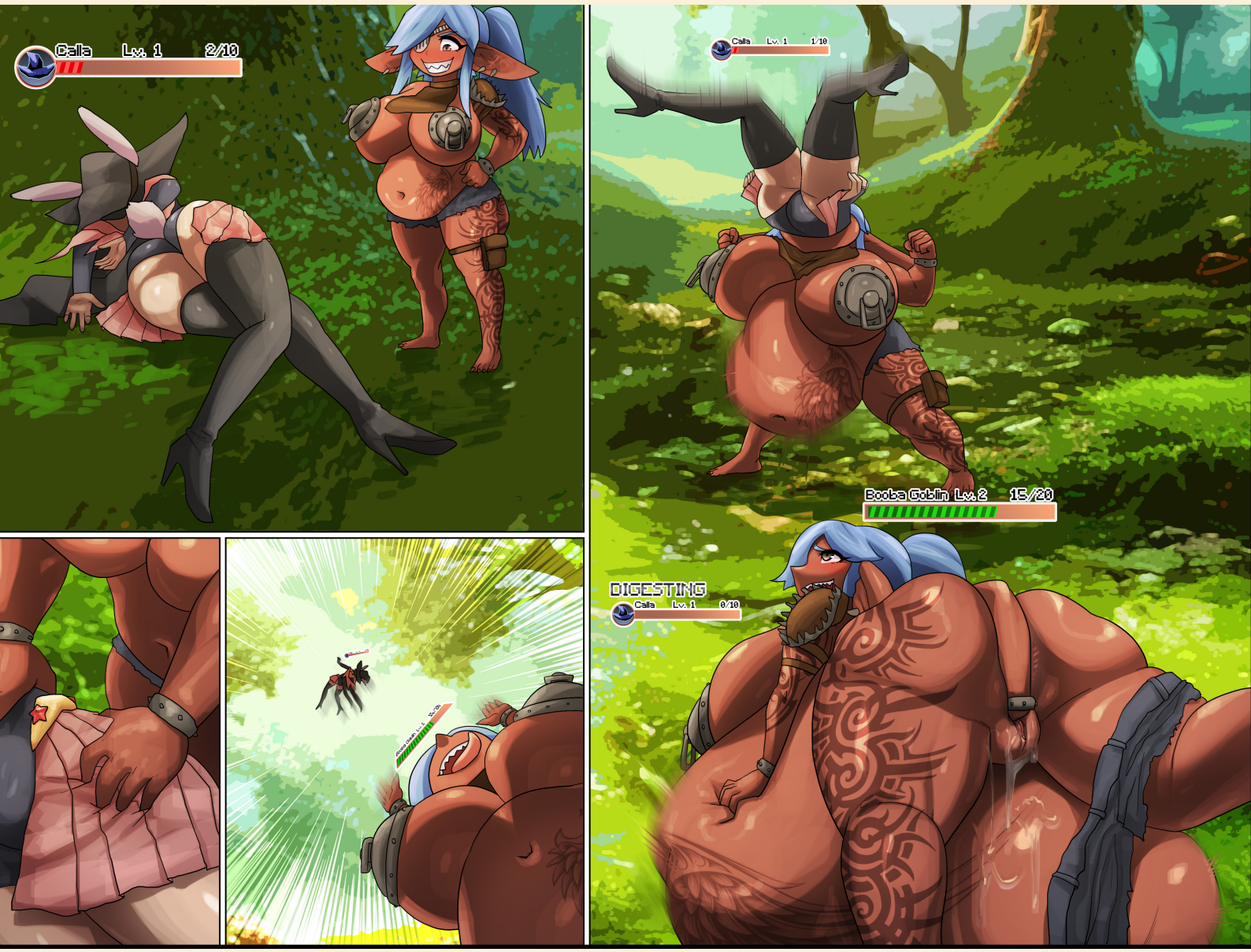
The goblin licked her lips. Dull, silver piercings shimmered as she opened her mouth, letting her thick tongue invade the neckline of my robes. I dropped my staff and prepared for her to bite me as her fangs drew closer and closer, but then they just kept going. When I

opened my eyes, it was too late to do anything but scream into her gullet. The goblin flipped me over her head and in a surge of artificial gravity, I slid into her improbably tight gut.

"Oof!"

The bottom of her stomach was packed with a sizzling, meaty sludge. I wondered, not for the last time, how they managed to so perfectly recreate the acrid insides of a stomach as my face was jammed into mixture. I gasped and garbled and drew myself upright, but at that point, the goblin had managed to fit me knees in her throat and was swallowing with gusto. She swelled to epic proportions as my feet joined me in her gut. I was completely enclosed.

BBbwwwaaaaaaaRP!



“Gurgle well,” the goblin said. “Make me cum.”

I thought her voice line had cut off, but, uh, nope, that’s just what the goblins said when they swallowed you. In fact, some players had found a strategy to defeat high-leveled goblin guards by feeding them other NPC’s, then killing the goblins while they masturbated to the NPC’s digestions.

This *fucking* game, man.

Anyway, I didn’t know it, but the goblin was rubbing herself while she melted me and I had to sit there and watch my health bar tick lower and lower, cursing myself for leaving the safe room without Frieda. When the bar hit zero, there was a massive belch, a squelch, and my screen went black.

>Respawn

>Spectate

Another mechanic that I didn’t explore until later was the Spectate option. When you respawned, you could either respawn in the last safe room, or the last inn you visited, but you also had the option to watch from a bird’s eye view as your party tried to kill whatever killed you. At least, in theory. Something that I learned from forum posts on the subject was that plenty of players got themselves purposely digested, then spectated the mob that swallowed them. It was so prevalent in dungeons that it even got a name:

Sloshjacking. Verb.

“We’re never going to beat this raid because people keep ***Sloshjacking*** *instead of fighting the boss.”*

Like I said, Frieda laughed her ass off, then got her comeuppance about an hour later.

We had seen the BTGG’s (Big-Tittied Goth Girls) from a distance. They were ridiculous looking—basically parodies of 90’s mall goths with choppy, black hair, fishnet stockings, and boobs that were bigger than their heads. They didn’t even have weapons, which should have been a warning sign, but Frieda thought they were a joke.

“What are they going to do, slice me with a box cutter?” she said, patting her gut full of goblins. “Make me listen to MCR?”

So, when we left the safe room and walked right into a pack of three of them, Frieda cracked her knuckles and grinned. I, sensibly, stayed right next to the safe room door as the leader of the group, a short, fat BTGG with blood red lipstick, curled a finger at Frieda.

“Wanna play?” she said.

“Sure,” Frieda said, stashing her shield. She flexed her hands, ready to grab the BTGG by her short, black pigtails. “You’re going to look pretty good in my—***OOOF!***”

The BTGG punched her in the face. Frieda blinked, stumbling backwards as her health bar chunked into the yellow. I could have cast a healing spell, buuuuut…

“Come on, girls!” the BTGG yelled.

The other two BTGG’s fell on Frieda in a giggling frenzy, kicking and punching and shoving her between them. One dragged Freida’s head between her breasts and held her there as the two others kissed every bit of exposed skin. Frieda was left gasping for air and covered in red and black lipstick stains as her health hit red.

“Calla!” she yelled. “Calla, god damn it.”

“Oh, you don’t need help with level one mobs,” I said, mirroring her speech only minutes earlier. I opened the door of the safe room and stepped inside, leaving it open a crack so I could continue to watch. “What are they going to do? Make you listen to MCR?”

“MCR?” one of the BTGG’s said. The short, fat one was pulling down her jean shorts. The other two held Frieda’s arms. “We only listen to GutMetal.”

“Hey, hey,” Frieda yelled, but before she could start slinging obscenities, her face was stuffed between the BTGG’s cheeks.

“How does defeat taste?” the BTGG said, rubbing it in. “Does it taste like my butt?”

“Creative,” I muttered as Frieda tried to push herself away from the doughy cheeks, only to slip deeper as the sweaty rear rippled over

her head. The other two BTGG's kicked out Frieda's knees, forcing her to kneel. The leader sighed as she sat on Frieda's head and—

SHLIP!



BLUuuURRP!

—slid her straight up her rectum.

It was probably when I found myself counting the wrinkles in the goth's asshole that I truly came to grips with the fact that Gluttony Online was a porn game. Not just 18+, but actual, legitimate gooner bait.

The BTGG pulled up her jean shorts and rubbed her belly as Frieda struggled away the last few tics of her HP.

"Care to join?" she asked me with a wink.

"No thanks," I said, closing the door of the safe room.

And so it went for the first few levels. Before Sammy arrived, I died to:

- A kobold in BDSM gear
- A plant mob that was definitely ripping off Little Shop of Horrors.
- A Leporan Gutslut (apparently they *can* eat people)
- A mimic
- A belly siren (a mermaid with a sound-based seduction mechanic)

What really stuck with me was just how different each of their stomachs were. Tight, hot, cold, slimy, fishy (in the case of the siren). Someone had put a LOT of hours into making sure that every mob had a unique digestion mechanic and while I cursed Nightshaper's name, I was secretly impressed. Secretly, because Frieda kept trying to force me to make a tier list.

"Since you get swallowed the most," she said.

There was also an insane amount of customizability in the settings. For one: consent settings. Yeah, they exist. No, the game won't make you do anything you haven't toggled. You can actually go full chaste if you want. There's a whole slider called 'Sexual Encounter Permissions' where you can choose between 'Consensual Only,' 'Fade to Black,' 'none', and, bafflingly, 'Tentacle Tuesdays.'

There are digestive preferences, 'on', 'off', 'fade to black', 'slow and sensual'. The 'fade to black' is turned on by default so that you can respawn quicker, but some players prefer to draw out the scene. There's even a 'graphic' setting where you can, uh, *experience* the horrific reality of being melted piece by piece.

There's 'no hypnotism' mode (sirens use a different ranged attack), a toggle for arachnophobia (I have that one turned on—what

appears as giant spiders for Frieda and Sammy are just big bunnies on my screen), and a preference panel for types of vore. Some boss encounters are locked, but a surprising amount of them have scenes for oral, anal, and even cock vore.

Then there's the futa panel.

We learned about that one while fighting a different group of Leporans. There were a mix of small and fast 'Futa Mages' and slow, lumbering 'Belly Bruisers'. Frieda was tanking, **Giant's Favor** active, her axe grinding against the bruiser's iron clubs. Sammy was playing crowd control with the mages. I was standing between them, cursing and casting, trying not to get snuck up on. The trees were the size of skyscrapers and Leporans kept raining from the branches.

"Heals!" Frieda yelled.

"What do you think I'm doing?" I yelled back, focusing my staff on her. It was getting hard to move. My BMI had gone up after blowing my cooldowns and now my tits were getting in the way of my casting arm. I slammed a HoT (heal over time) on Frieda and glanced at Sammy. Her centaur stomach was brushing the ground, filled to the brim with Leporan mages.

"How are you an assassin?" I asked, disgusted.

"They never see me coming," Sammy said with a wink.

It happened so fast that I almost didn't register it. A mage that had been hiding behind a tree leapt out and an arc of light hit Sammy in the flank. She whinnied, charging at the mage, and only when she reached the skinny Leporan did she see bruiser concealed in the branches above.

"Rah!"

A health bar appeared over the bruiser's head.

"Boss," I yelled. "Run!"

The ground shook as the boss leapt toward Sammy, missing her by a couple of inches. Sammy reared back, kicking and screeching, but *engorged* as she was, she couldn't dodge the second swipe of the

boss's club. Her health bar plummeted as she hit a tree. I left off healing Frieda and focused all of my energy on Sammy.

"She packs a punch," Sammy said as my magic knit her wounds together. She shook her head and rose. Her mouth twitched. Her eyes crossed for a second and I thought that she might be concussed, but then she let out a moan that made me blush in and out of the game.

"What is it? What's wrong?"

"I feel…funny," Sammy said.

Her back legs were rubbing together. She was leaning forward on her belly as the contents sloshed and gurgled and I could *feel* the vibration of something in the air. Sammy jolted as another moan tore from her throat and this time, I caught a hint of movement beneath her. My blush redoubled.

"Oh my God, Sammy, you've got a cock."

It was an enormous thing, veiny and pink, and it slapped against the base of her thick, brown belly as she humped herself, lustily thrusting away at her softening gut. More Leporan mages were pouring from the branches. One of them approached Sammy, slipping off her robes.

"Blessed one, blessed one," she said.

Other Leporan's took up the call.

"Blessed one, blessed one," they chanted as the first Leporan, a petite mage with fiery red hair and too-large bosoms, knelt in front of Sammy.

"Get away from her," I yelled, but what was I going to do? I fired off a few impotent curses which were dispelled immediately as the Leporans congregated around Sammy. "Frieda!"

Thwack!

I was pretty sure the reddish comet dispersing into pixels was our tank being battered to smithereens. Now completely defenseless, all I could do was watch.

The redheaded Leporan seemed to be waiting for something. She had her hands on either side of Sammy's stomach, hugging it,

massaging it with her body as Sammy's groans grew louder. The *thwip, thwip* of her cock pounding against her underside rose above the chanting and, with a gasp, Sammy lurched forward, bowling over the Leporan who lay beneath her, legs wide open, a smile upon her face.

"Bless me," she said.

Sammy obliged.

I…don't know why I stayed to watch my friend rail a bunny mage for as long as I did. I probably should have self-annihilated, but I couldn't look away. Sammy was pounding the mage like there was no tomorrow, whinnying and thrusting as the rest of the Leporans waited their turns.

"I'm gonna…I'm gonna…I'm gonna cum!"

"Oh Sammy," I said.

I didn't actually see the moment she unloaded inside of the Leporan, but I did see the fountain of cum spew out of the bunny's mouth which…wouldn't make sense…unless…

They had anal sex in this game?

The porn logic was starting to melt my brain.

Fucking NightShaper.

The Leporan mumbled gibberish as Sammy swallowed her like a Twinkie, cream filling and all. She licked her lips and rolled like she was going to take a nap, but an enormous hand stopped her. The boss, a Leporan Champion, grabbed Sammy around the middle.

Sammy moaned as her stomach was kneaded between the giant's fingers.

"Not filling enough," the champion grumbled. She picked up one of the mages by the ears and pressed her against Sammy's ass.

That woke her up.

"Hey, hey, wait!" Sammy groaned. The champion was twisting the mage between her cheeks, trying to stuff the moaning bunny into Sammy's bowels. "Wrong hole! Wrong hole!"


Horny
Sammy Lv. 4 31/38
Leporan Lv.4
Leporan Mage Lv.4 35/35
Leporan Lv.4 25/35

It, um, didn't surprise me that Sammy hadn't turned off this setting. Normally I'd be concerned, if not for the flushed, eager expression on Sammy's face and the fact that she *had* to have consented to these kinds of scenes. I myself had it as 'view only'. The champion brought the mage to her mouth and wet her with saliva before reapplying her to Sammy's rear. Slowly, persistently, the hole stretched.

"I'm gonna break, I'm gonna break," Sammy moaned. Her legs kicked beneath her, treading the air. The champion chuckled as the mage appeared against Sammy's belly as a hard bulge in a sea of soft pudge.

"Better," she said.

With one, enormous finger, she pushed the mage the rest of the way into Sammy. The centaur's cock was fully erect again and would remain that way as the champion lifted her to her mouth and suckled her face and neck.

"C-Calla," Sammy said. "C-cast an invigoration spell."

Several Leporan turned toward me.

God damn it, Sammy.

"No," I said. "I am not *helping* you get off to this. Frieda's already respawned."

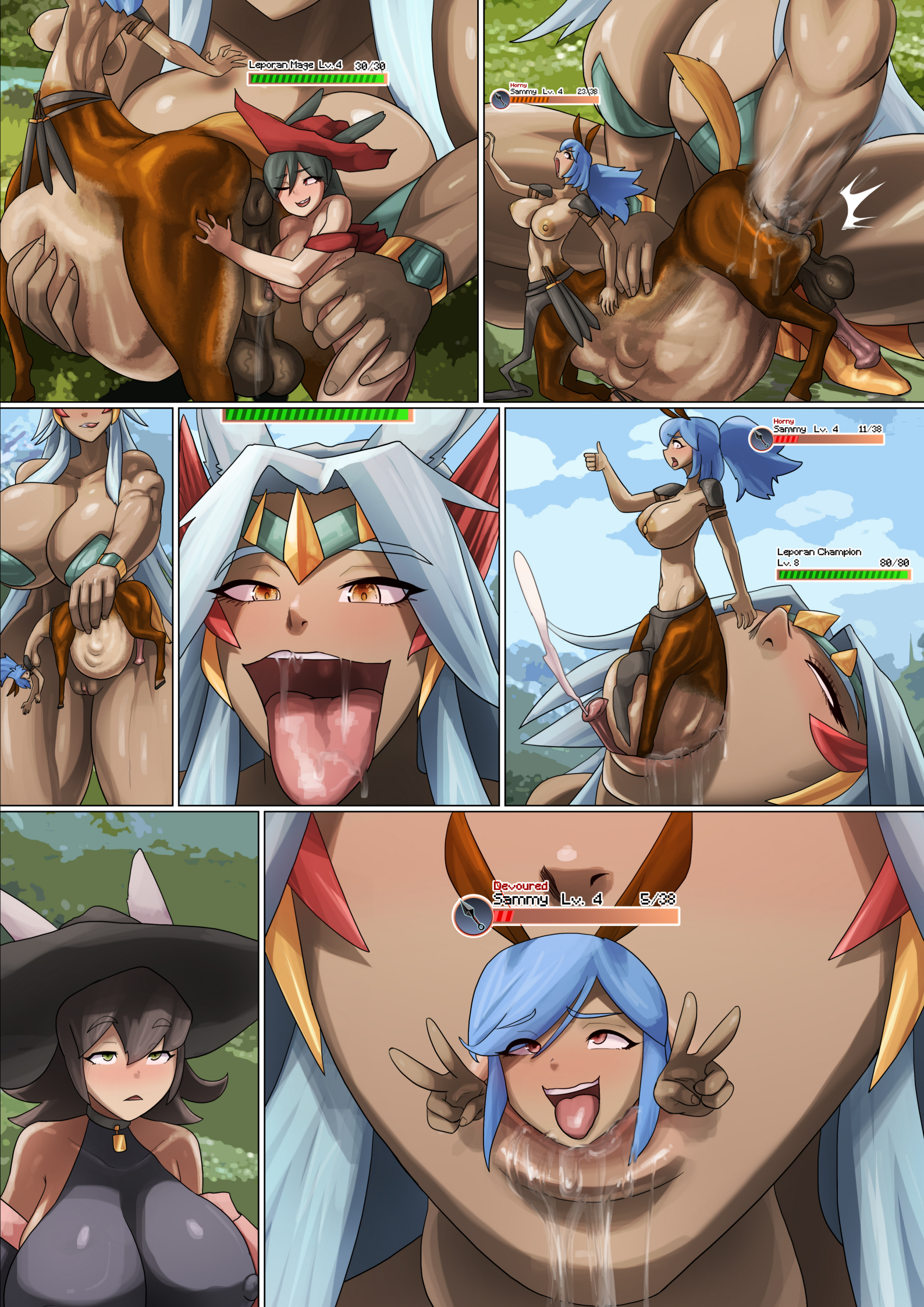
"This is gonna be the big one. I feel it."

Her back legs were already in the champion's mouth. Cock splayed out on the boss's tongue, all Frieda could do was hump impotently, whetting her captor's appetite with her squirms.

I sighed and cast the spell. A few mages were already pointing their staves at me.

Sammy's moan grew quieter and quieter as she slid down the champion's throat. The champion swallowed with exaggerated relish right as the first flashes of light erupted from the mages staves. A horse-shaped bulge traveled between the champion's breasts as I opened my menu and found the option I wanted.

"Nope," I said, taking off my headset.


Leporan Mage Lv.4 30/30
Horny
Sammy Lv. 4 23/38
Horny
Sammy Lv. 4 11/38
Leporan Champion
Lv. 8 80/80
Devoured
Sammy Lv. 4 5/38

When I came back twenty minutes later, I was greeted with the merciful gray of the respawn screen.

Chapter 4:

Stats Don't Lie

I opened my menu.

Calla — Lv. 12 Good Witch [Leporan]

HP 65/65 | MP 43/43 | ST 50/50 | BMI 8

I winced.

My character portrait showed me standing in that grassy circle again, twirling my staff idly. Except now, her (my?) thighs were fuller, her robe tight against a belly that definitely hadn't been there at character creation. Her cheeks had the faintest hint of roundness. Her breasts...bounced when she shifted.

And when I selected the tooltip for BMI, the pleasant British male voice returned:

Bonded Mass Index (BMI): *A measure of your spiritual receptiveness to shared bodily space. Increased BMI grants access to special abilities and alters physical traits. May also influence player desires.*

I shut the menu with a snap.

"What the hell, NightShaper."

Frieda strolled up, practically glowing. She'd gained another permanent 10 HP from eating the matriarch's minions and was now bragging to Sammy about her new passive.

"I can *reflect damage* if my stomach's active," she said, patting her middle. "Like a biological spike shield."

Sammy whistled. "That's broken. I'm jealous. All I got was a skill that lets me gallop through enemies like a bowling ball."

"Sounds like you need more calories," Frieda teased.

I pretended not to listen, even as my menu pinged with new notifications. I tapped them open, one by one.

New Spell Unlocked: Mother's Respite

Target an ally to envelop them in protective warmth. They are healed over time and immune to status effects while within the caster. Target must consent. Caster must have BMI 5+.

Great. A spell that wanted *me* to eat someone. Well, that was a line I would never cross, so I continued down the list.

New Spell Unlocked: Thickskin

Gain temporary armor equal to BMI x 2. Additionally, absorb the next status effect as a soothing pulse.

Trait Unlocked: Blessings Beget Bonding 2

Your healing and buffing abilities become stronger the more physically close you are to your allies. All healing spells receive bonus effectiveness when cast from physical contact. When casting from inside a stomach, double all healing effects.

My ears drooped.

I had officially become a *belly support.*

But before I could complain, my screen glitched.

A strange pop-up appeared in front of my eyes.

!!! SYSTEM ANNOUNCEMENT !!!

Congratulations, Calla. Your Bonded Mass Index has reached 8.
A hidden affinity has been unlocked.

New Class Quest Acquired: The Womb Beneath the World
Objective: Surrender to a bonded ally and descend into the Heart of Gluttony.

This quest cannot be declined.

I stared.

Sammy blinked at me. "You okay, bun? You look like you just got cursed."

"I think..." I said slowly, "I just unlocked a unique questline."

Frieda pumped her fist. "Hell yeah. Progression!"

I groaned.

There was no way this ended well.

And I *definitely* wasn't telling them what the quest was called.

But I already felt the pull in my stomach. A curiosity. A little warmth.

I repeated my mantra.

Goddamn it, NightShaper.

***

The argument about who would carry me took forever.

"I've got the regen bonuses," Frieda said.

"I've got the movement buffs and stealth procs," Sammy countered.

"I'm the tank—"

"I'm her dungeon partner today!"

I pinched the bridge of my nose.

"Split custody," I said. "Sammy takes me for the first half. Frieda gets the boss. End of story."

They looked way too satisfied with that answer.

Sammy crouched, stretching her jaw. She pulled a small vial from her belt and drank it—something viscous and golden. She shivered. Then she looked at me.

"Consent?" she asked, gently.

I hesitated.

This was real, in a way that nothing else in the game had been. My furred ears twitched involuntarily. My palms were sweaty. When Frieda had swallowed me earlier, it was an emergency, but this was

for a quest and Sammy…well Sammy looked like she wanted to do more than swallow me.

"Consent," I whispered, cheeks hot.

She didn’t rush.

Sammy's breath rolled over my face. It was warm, tinged with something sweet and buttery. Her fingers, calloused and strong, curled around my waist, lifting me with ease. For a brief moment, we were close—so close our chests touched, so close I could hear the steady thump of her virtual heartbeat.

Then her mouth opened.

Her tongue unfurled like a carpet, wide and flat and impossibly soft, pressing beneath my ribs. The scent of her was warm hay and distant rain. It filled my senses as she tilted her head, lips brushing my shoulders. I gasped as she swallowed slowly, carefully, dragging me deeper.

The sensation was surreal.

Warmth and tightness. The slick pull of muscle. The soft press of cheeks and lips that framed my body, inch by inch, as she worked me inside.

Her throat accepted me eagerly.

My arms slipped overhead. My chest compressed with each swallow, my breath caught in tiny gasps as I was drawn deeper. Her lips dragged over the swell of my belly, past my hips, thighs...

Then she lifted her head and I slid down. Into her. Into Sammy.

Her human stomach greeted me first. A small chamber—tight, humid, soft as feathers. My skin tingled as I passed through it, the muscles gently pressing in greeting.

But then I dropped again.

The walls of her horse gut pulsed around me in slow, greedy contractions, a living cradle of heat and pressure that held me close. Sammy's belly was peaceful. Not tight, like Frieda's, but wide and strangely buoyant. My legs floated half off the floor. Her equine


Sammy Lv. 12 99/99
Engorged
Sammy Lv. 12 130/130

stomach chamber rippled with gentle digestive magic; not hurting, just humming, like it was keeping me calm.

And it worked.

A line of buffs flashed across my screen—so many that I couldn't even read them all. Apparently this game *really* wanted to encourage eating your friends, because Sammy herself gasped at the status cascade, cantering in place.

"I feel so light!" she said. "How are you feeling in there, Calla?"

"I'm fine," I said.

I couldn't even *see* the dungeon anymore, but I could *feel* it. Every movement Sammy made echoed through the walls. I could tell when she jumped. When she sprinted. When she skidded to a stop to avoid a trap. The gurgling deepened when she used her skills, her magic weaving through her body like a melody.

It was erotic. There was no denying it. The game knew it. *NightShaper* knew it.

I had become the kind of player who *liked* being a "support".

"Calla, you alright in there?" Sammy's voice came through the HUD.

"Mmhmm," I said, but it came out more like a moan. I cleared my throat. "Yes. Sorry. Just…monitoring the quest."

She chuckled, the sound vibrating all around me. "Good girl."

God *dammit.*

My BMI ticked up to 9. I felt it happen. There was the familiar feeling of robes tightening around my hips, the fabric shifting to accommodate new curves. I tried to adjust it, but the constant squeeze made everything more sensitive. I wasn't just imagining it anymore. The game *wanted* me to be like this.

And all I had to do was take off the headset.

That was the part that kept fucking with me. This wasn't Sword Art Online. It wasn't Overlord. I could, if I wanted to, log out for the evening and never log back in. Frieda and Sammy would understand.

They'd continue playing. We could meet up for coffee or something and laugh about how silly I'd been.

More of our friends would probably join them, of course. Frieda was already talking to our old high school group. We were all in our thirties now. We were mostly single. I…actually wondered what that said about us. A bunch of single ladies playing a porn game together in VR. Stupid, right?

But they were all doing well. At least, they seemed to be doing well. And then there was me. How many days did I have left of this 'vacation'? The thought of work made my throat constrict to the point where I thought I was going to pass out.

Suddenly, Sammy jerked. Her stomach clenched and rocked, and I heard her curse.

"Frieda! It got me!"

The HUD snapped into full screen and I saw what she saw: a towering Draconic sorceress, her scales the color of scorched sugar, her mouth glowing with runes. Frieda was swinging her axe at her, but the boss was shielded. Sammy was tangled in sentient vines, lifted halfway off the floor.

"Cut the vines," Frieda shouted.

I felt Sammy tense. Her stomach lurched.

"Not happening! Calla, switching carriers!"

I braced as Sammy dropped to one knee. Her throat yawned open above me. A moment later, the light from Frieda's avatar filled the upper chamber, and I was guided upward slowly, so slowly.

The transfer was mouth-to-mouth.

Frieda knelt, locking lips with Sammy. Their bodies glowed with transfer magic. I rose up through Sammy's esophagus and into Frieda's throat, inch by inch. It was like being passed through a tunnel made of tongues, heat rising with every pulse.

Sammy's tongue gave me one last push, and Frieda's mouth sealed over me.

"Ahhh," Frieda purred. "I missed this."



I slid down into her with the ease of old habit. Frieda's stomach was just as it had been. Tighter. Hotter. Hungrier.

I landed with a splash.

The walls greeted me like a lover who hadn't seen me in weeks. They clenched and flexed, pulling me into place. Frieda's body *knew* me. It molded around me, compressing my breasts, my belly, stroking between my legs without ever quite touching me.

I moaned. I *shook.*

And outside, Frieda was fighting.

The HUD flickered again. The Draconic sorceress was charging, her eyes glowing. Sammy was recovering. Frieda raised her shield and took the blow directly.

"Engorged," the system pinged.

My BMI hit 10.

Blessings Beget Bonding II activated.

I began to glow, radiant light spilling from every pore as my healing magic pulsed outward from within Frieda's body. Every time she was hit, the damage reversed. Every time she staggered, I pumped health back into her through sheer contact.

Inside her, I felt *every* motion. Every clash of steel. Every footstep. Every *gulp*.

Because Frieda didn't stop.

She fought while she ate. Her throat opened again and again, dragging in lesser mobs. Her stomach filled; liquid sizzled. I sat in the middle of it all, immune, listening to the pop of pixels disintegrating around me as Frieda grew and grew and grew.

"ARGH!"

All of a sudden, gravity abandoned me. It wasn't until Frieda crashed into a tree that I realized we'd be flung. Her health bar dwindled despite my healing, down, down, and I pressed my panicked palms into the walls, *willing* her to get back up.

"Come on, Frieda!" I yelled. "Please!"

A shuddering stomp signalled the boss's approach. Sammy was doing her best to harass her, but the draconic entity had her eyes locked on Frieda, kicking away Sammy like a pesky gnat.

"Please, please."

I was healing her. Frieda's health was rising, but she wouldn't wake up. Her body was limp around me, all of her normal bravado beaten out of her. The boss reached down and picked Frieda up. We were both going to die.

We were both going to–

Trait Unlocked: Blessings Beget Bonding 3

Frieda shot up like a bucket of cold water had been dumped over her. I shot up as well, gasping at the sudden, orgasmic warmth that pulsed between my legs. The stomach walls were clenching. Frieda was gasping. We were both in the throes of something even as the boss's maw loomed closer, threatening to engulf us.

Then, suddenly—

“Ahhh.”

I came.

We both came.

I…couldn’t believe it.

I stared at my legs in horror as Frieda’s health bar topped out. A dozen buffs flashed across the HUD. Her body’s rigidity returned in a flash and she grabbed the teeth of the sorceress, prying apart her maw. With one hand, she pulled her flaming axe from her inventory.

“This one’s for Calla,” Frieda said. “Who just gave me the best orgasm of my *life*.”

At that moment, I wanted to die. The fiery axe thumped home into the roof of the boss’s mouth and the sorceress disappeared in a burst of pixels.

"Holy *shit,*" I heard Sammy say. "That…that was amazing."

Frieda rubbed her stomach. "Told you."

Inside, I could only pant, staring at the HUD in a daze. A number of stats flashed across my vision and disappeared. An achievement popped up and faded away. I barely noticed. There was just one piece of information that I couldn’t pull away from.

>Change Class?

Chapter 5:

The Good Witch

F: it's not a big deal, bunny girl, plz come back

S: Frieda's going nuts in here, C. You better log in b4 she does something crazy.

I sat on my bed with my knees to my chest, watching the sun set through the blinds. My VR headset lay on my monitor where my message board kept flashing. I hadn't eaten today. When was the last time I'd gone outside?

A video was playing on my phone. It was an interview with NightShaper. I can't believe that in all of my time cursing her name, I had never considered that she was a real person. I just thought of her as this nebulous…thing sent to destroy me.

She wasn't.

Long, brown hair covered her eyes. She sat like a child, at the very front of her chair, playing with the microphone as cameras clicked and reporters shouted questions at her. A man in a suit whispered in her ear and she smiled. Her lips were thin and cracked.

"NightShaper, NightShaper," a reporter's voice rose above the others. "Early reviews of your game call it highly erotic! Are you worried about alienating your fanbase with such a personal project?"

"No," NightShaper mumbled into the mic. "Next question."

"NightShaper, Nightshaper! Millions of dollars have gone into development of Gluttony Online. Sponsors are furious at the content! Care to comment?"

NightShaper giggled. Her bare feet swung beneath the desk.

"We launched with over ten million players," she said. "We are now up to thirty million. Our sponsors might complain about the content, but they don't complain about the money. Most of their outrage is posturing."

“NightShaper, NightShaper!”

Her dead-eyed gaze turned to a young woman. She literally licked her lips.

“Yes?”

“Why did you create Gluttony Online?”

NightShaper leaned back in her chair. She was in her mid-30’s, but her expression was that of someone much older.

“To spite you,” she said eventually.

There was murmuring in the crowd. The man in the suit leaned down again, but NightShaper shooed him away. She pulled the mic close.

“To spite you,” she repeated, scanning the crowd. “Complain, complain, all you people do is complain. Early reviewers love the game? New reviewers hate it. Then there are the Let’s Plays, the clickfarms, the drama videos, streaming, comments upon comments in forums. Too long, not long enough, too hard, too easy, too hostile to players, too noob friendly.”

She took a deep breath, dragging her hands through her greasy hair.

“I hate you.”

The crowd was silent. More cameras snapped.

“I hate you all. I hate the critics. I hate the fans. I hate the studio doing damage control as we speak, spinning this as if I’m telling a joke. I’m not. I hate you. I just wanted to make a video game that I would enjoy. And I did. That is all.”

Total silence. One reporter cleared his throat.

“Why vore?”

To that, NightShaper threw her head back and laughed. She laughed so hard that she fell out of her seat, rolling around on the floor as startled reporters dodged out of her way. Eventually, she pulled herself back up to the table and grabbed the mic.

“I just wanted to share,” she said.

The video ended there. It was titled: NightShaper Crash Out. The mastermind behind Gluttony Online was a crazy person. I could probably have told you that.

I rewatched the video again. NightShaper. Poor NightShaper. I wondered if now, after releasing the game, she had finally gotten some rest.

The clock read 10pm. Frieda and Sammy were online. On a normal day, I'd have work tomorrow, but my vacation wouldn't end for another two weeks.

"You're stressed," my boss told me. "Take some time off."

It wasn't a request. When I had started in the industry, I had been fresh-faced and ready to take on the world. Then came the deluge of bureaucracy. The mandatory overtime. The passed promotions. The sly comments from my managers. Over and over, day after day, and for what? A paycheck? What good was the paycheck if I felt like dirt?

I'd played Gluttony Online every day for a week straight. Ten hours a day. More. I missed meals. I ignored texts. I skipped shows, books, half-finished emails. The only thing I did was log in.

And I loved it.

That was the part that scared me. I didn't want to go back. I didn't want to wake up early, make oatmeal, reply to passive-aggressive coworkers and work until I didn't feel anything anymore.

What was worse was that I didn't even hate the game anymore.

I *liked* being eaten.

I *liked* being part of something.

I *liked* the way Frieda looked at me when she swallowed me down, or the way Sammy purred when I curled up inside her belly.

I saw myself in NightShaper. The spite. The defiance. The desire to make something *just for you*, and damn everyone else. Maybe she wasn't crazy. Maybe she was the only sane one left.

My phone buzzed again.

S: we cant progress without you.

F: cmon. ur the whole reason i rolled tank.

S: we found a prestige class for you.

F: you can literally live in my tummy forever, bunbun

I stared at the messages until the letters blurred.
I didn’t want to go back to work.
I didn’t want to go back to pretending I was okay.
And maybe I didn’t have to.
I picked up the headset.
“Let me crash out.”
The world went dark.
Then white.
Then warm.

Chapter 6:

Sacrificial Witch

The login screen dissolved like sugar on my tongue.

I stood barefoot on the mossy stones of the Temple of Hunger, the sanctuary at the center of the Womb Beneath the World questline. It was midnight in-game. Wind moaned through cracked columns and vines hung heavy with oversized berries that pulsed with syrupy breath. Stars wheeled above me, wheeling like they knew I had returned.

BMI: 12.1

The message hung at the bottom of my vision.

"Welcome back, Sacrifice," intoned a voice from everywhere. It was feminine, ageless, and low. My robes fluttered as the air thickened, heavy with breath and incense.

From the great mouth-shaped altar ahead, the high priestess descended. She was enormous, serpentine, her belly dragging along the stone as she glided. Her smile was soft, even maternal (NightShaper and mommies, man), and her hands were cupped before her as if she bore something precious.

"You return not as prey," she said, circling me. "But as offering. You give yourself willingly."

I didn’t say anything. I didn’t have to. Somehow I knew that the moment I logged in, I had been marked. I opened the text box.

>The Sacrificial Witch is not a combat class.

>The Sacrificial Witch is not support.

>The Sacrificial Witch is surrender.

I was the offering. My spells would come not from mana, but from being devoured. My buffs stronger the deeper inside I went. My aura—The Sacrifice—now unlocked and pulsing gently in my interface.

The Sacrifice

Passive: All allies who consume you receive increased regeneration, spell cooldown reduction, and a stacking buff called **Beloved**, which increases damage and defense. The longer you remain inside, the stronger the effects.

Additional passive unlocked:

Devout Maw – Any ally who carries you for more than five minutes gains access to shared spellcasting.

I smiled.

I was done resisting.

A soft *ding* sounded as the temple doors opened. Frieda and Sammy stood at the threshold, breathless from the climb.

Sammy saw me and gasped. "Oh my god," she said. "Calla?"

I opened my arms.

Frieda's eyes were glowing. Her stomach, already round from prior battles, let out a rumble. I could see the desire written on her face—no hunger, not really. Worship. I had always envied the way that she could immerse herself 100% in the premise of the games we played, but now, I felt it too. I just had to…give in to the cringe.

They approached. Slowly. Reverently.

Sammy touched my cheek. "You're really gonna do it, huh?"

I nodded. I was still scared. Still unsure.

"Do it right," I said. "Make it beautiful."

Frieda stepped behind me, wrapping her arms around my waist. Sammy kissed my forehead.

I heard the spell ignite: ***Devour with Love***.

Frieda's lips brushed the top of my ear. Her breath was warm, steady, and sweet as she whispered, "Thank you."

Then her mouth opened, and the ritual began.

She started with my shoulders, swallowing me down inch by inch. The spell slowed everything. The world grew dreamlike. My

interface blurred. My name, my class, my stats—they all shimmered, unmoored, waiting to be rewritten.

Frieda's tongue curled behind my neck, drawing me deeper. Her throat flexed around me, not tight, not wet—not in the usual way. It was warm. Intimate. Holy. Every inch that passed between her lips made me feel more *real* than I ever had before.

When she reached my chest, my arms slid up of their own accord and pressed against her cheeks, helping her take me. I was humming without meaning to, low and reverent. Sammy knelt beside us, eyes wide, hands clasped as though in prayer.

Frieda paused at my hips. Her hands cradled my thighs. She looked down at her own swelling gut and whispered, "Almost there, bunbun."

With a final, gentle swallow, I slid fully into her.

Inside, I curled within her stomach. The walls caressed me in pulses, not to break me down, but to hold me close. I could hear her heart above me. I could hear her breath.

A golden glow filled the belly. UI elements shimmered across the walls like projected stars. My class icon shifted.

Sacrificial Witch Unlocked

You are the flame that feeds. You are the offering and the altar.

A slow chime rang out. Frieda shuddered. A glow spread across her whole body.

And then I felt it—the digestion.

Not pain. No. It was a light, pure burn. An unraveling. My body dissolving into light and warmth and spellwork. I *wanted* it. I *offered* it. I *became* it.

"Good girl," Frieda murmured, stroking her belly. "So good."

My vision flickered and I let out a final gasp.

Rebirth.

When I respawned at the altar moments later, my robes were white and gold. My eyes shone. My spell list had doubled.

I turned, and Frieda’s stomach still glowed with the last of me.


Frieda Lv. 12 256/256
Calla Lv. 12 65/65
Calla Lv. 12 80/80
SACRIFICIAL WITCH
CLASS UNLOACKED

Sammy exhaled. "Holy shit."

"Yeah," I said.

"You're radiant."

I lifted my staff. The first aura spun from my hands like honeyed wind.

"Let’s go melt something."

Epilogue:

Patch Notes

I still play. That's the truth.

Not every day. Sometimes I log out for weeks. Sometimes I forget the headset even exists.

But I keep it close.

Frieda and Sammy run a guild now. I'm technically in it, but everyone knows what I really am.

I show up for rituals. I show up for raids. I offer myself as a buff when the guild needs me, but I leave the socializing to the experts. My friends no longer pester me when I need my space. Instead, I wake up to Frieda's write-ups of the previous night's antics and smile.

My spellbook is twenty pages deep now. I unlock new spells not by leveling, but by digesting. A hundred mouths have held me. A dozen more are waiting. The class is broken in a thousand different ways, but since I'm the only one who ever specced it, it seems that the developers have let it slide.

There's a part of the community that calls me a pervert. Another part calls me a saint. I'll admit that I have a tab saved on my computer for whenever my username shows up on Google and when it pings in the middle of the day, I'll read up on the latest salt.

"Every guild needs a Sacrificial Witch," people complain. "How do you unlock the class?"

"I'll take that secret to my grave, kiddos," I chuckle.

In my real life, I've changed jobs. I left the cubicle. I work part-time at a floral shop. The hours are short, and my boss lets me bring my sketchbook.

Sometimes I get recognized.

"Aren't you the Sacrificial Witch?" a wide-eyed teen asks, leaning over the counter.

“Aren't you a little young to be playing Gluttony?” I ask.

He shrugs and runs off, but I’m left grinning.

Yeah. I am.

I still think about NightShaper. I wonder if she’s still laughing. If she still reads the forums. I wonder what she thinks of me.

If she’s proud.

Gluttony Online is a weird, broken, beautiful game.

But it’s mine.

And I’m not done feeding it yet.

>Continue?
>End Game?

(One more illustration below)


Engorged
Frieda Lv. 35 1358/1358
Engorged
Sammy Lv. 24 340/340
Devoured
Calla Lv. 50 112/680
Engorged
Emily Lv. 15 100/100
Engorged
Pembroke Lv. 30 890/890



Hey there!

Thank you for buying this book. We poured a lot of work into it, and we genuinely hope you've enjoyed it.

If you did, please give consider checking out our other work at https://snakethroatbooks.e-junkie.com/. We're just a couple of nerds trying to make the best content we possibly can, and it helps us out a ton.

Happy reading!

Love,
the Snakethroat Crew

(also, if you'd like to chat with us, we have a Discord server!)