

When in a world of magic, the development of technology and civilization does little to stymie the machinations of the food chain. As when magic is involved, it creates creatures enhanced by magic, beings infused with the arcane in their very being. A world of dragons, driders, and leviathans alike made things very dangerous for smaller and less colossal beings, especially, if said being was thicker than a Snicker's bar. Which is where we find our young witch Vizi, a tiefling woman of demonic heritage: she was well versed in the arcane and very mighty. Magic ran through her veins more potently than it did others, which is what led to her rather fantastical appearance.

With long purple hair that sat nestled between two curved ramhorns, horns that protruded through her pointed black hat. She had glowing blue eyes, shining like gemstones under her shadowed brim; they outlined a rather round purple face. She wasn't fat, but her face had a sort of cherubic quality to it, putting her sweet nature on full display as she strode through the city streets. Her long tail swishing merrily behind her, poking through the ill-fitting mage's robe she had chosen for today's trip. Not that any of her robes ever fit, as Vizi was granted the boon of incredibly large hips and a profoundly short stature. She was wider than she was tall, a stack of curves attached to a stout trunk. Each of her massive haunches was wide enough to get stuck in doors, generous hips that flared out past her shoulders. With a booty that left rooms after she did, she could barely find any robes that didn't become miniskirts. A struggle her current robe was going through, as just under those blue curtains peeked two bulging balloons. Her massive rear shone like grapes, ripe and juicy, the curves of flesh hugged tightly by her rotund booty.

Vizi's favorite scholar had just released her new tome this week, full of spells for the modern era. No more clumsy burning hands to relight the pilot light; now it was a simple spark and light. Cooler broken? Don't bother with the old ray of frost; just fill a spell matrix with cooled air. Vizi's mind was already racing with what new spells her idol had cooked up, but her distraction had come at a price. She had become dangerously oblivious to her surroundings, particularly to the large arachne that had been tailing her for the past hour. A large and monstrous woman, her black chitin blended with the shadows of the city alleys, concealing her from normal sight. Unfortunately for her, this didn't aid her efforts, as her reputation preceded her: Prell was far too successful a hunter for her own good. People with sense vacated the streets at this hour, too many stories of Prell's prowls having been passed around.

Tragically, none of those stories had passed over Vizi's ears; it wasn't until she felt the cold shadow descending upon her that she was even aware of her observation. Prell's padded body was already on top of her, mouth agape in preparation, sucking down Vizi's form like she was a snake. Her wide jaw contorting around Vizi's ample flesh, struggling to get past her bloated hindquarters. Prell's throat visibly warped around the fat hills as Vizi traveled down to her gullet, Prell's flesh distorting to make room, her chest bulging out before Vizi landed in her stomach. Her pale gut surged out like a grand blimp, her spider legs buckling under the heavy load as her overburdened gut sagged against the ground. Even with her small stature, Vizi had made for a rather filling meal. Prell stood satisfied in the streets, cradling her stomach with a chitinous hand.

Her moment of relaxation was short-lived, as the lapse in vigilance made her prey for someone that had been tailing her for longer than she had been tailing Vizi. In the continuation of the natural order, predator had become prey; a pair of luscious lips could be felt against Prell's bloated abdomen. Lips were shortly followed by fangs, as dagger-like teeth sank into her protruding blimp; the perforation was followed by a tingling sensation. Prell felt her legs going limp as a venom coursed through her; looking back just long enough to catch a glimpse of her assailant, she realized it was Reya. The massive lamia looked more like a subway train than anything living, her thick tail stretching out behind her and seeping into the street. Reya was the biggest pred in the city, both literally and figuratively. She was a hulking woman with the lower body of a snake; her main body was big enough to put Prell to shame.

Reya had flowing red hair that coursed like fire behind her, deep amber eyes, and tanned skin; she was large enough that the shadows no longer needed her. With heaving breasts that could crush a person and a fat gut that could smother a car, she was the primarch of predators, only overshadowed by her tail. Reya's body contorted around Prell's immobile form, her throat bulging as her mouth opened wide like a yawning cavern. Arms gripping Prell's limp legs, shoving them further down her throat, guiding her down to her stomach. With how large Reya was, Prell didn't make much of an impact on her figure, only creating a pregnant bulge on her stomach that sagged over her waistline. Reyes licked her fingers, savoring the lingering taste of Prell's flesh. Standing tall, the scales of her snake half flexing as she rose higher, lifting herself up like a monument to her own glory. Pride cometh before the fall they say and Reya was full of pride and about to fall.

A being had risen itself from the depths; emerging from the nearby alley, Lorenz had heard tales of the great predators of the city. Having grown tired of the mediocre prey of his homeland, Lorenz had made travel. A scylla of royal blood, he swayed and sashayed his way across the city. Half man and half octopus, he was a towering figure; thick pearlescent blue tentacles carried him through the streets. Each one was as thick as a tree trunk and just as sturdy; despite these features, not many ran in terror from him. Some even called him surface terms like twink or femboy, terms that he vowed to research when he had satisfied his hunger. The people's reaction to him wasn't exactly unfounded, as Lorenz was breathtakingly gorgeous.

Above his wide octopus lower body sat a snatched waist that flared up to his slender torso. His toned stomach revealed by his pastel belly shirt, the hem of which was cropped just under his chest. Slender arms rested on his wide hips as he made way for Reya; long, flowing azure hair billowed in the wind. The occasional spark of pearl and gemstone catching the light as his lavender lips curled into a smile. He had found the fat rear of his supposed prey lazing about in the streets, sitting like a worm ready for the plucking. His vast tentacles extended out, wrapping around Reya's tail with barbed cups and dragging her close. Her massive tail was heavier than it seemed, but no different than pulling a whale from the water. Reya was fighting against his grasp, but she lacked the strength; Lorenz's powerful tentacles pulled her up to his maw like it was nothing.

Foot by foot she disappeared down his maw, scales sliding past his tongue as his mouth opened wide to fit her enormous girth. Throat and neck turning into a uniform tunnel towards his stomach, wrapping around Reya's massive body. Elastic skin stretching to accommodate everything that she was, pulling and gulping against her massive form as she scraped and clawed at the ground. Her claws braced against his lips before his tentacles shoved her down with a final gulp. His body relaxed, collapsing under the sheer girth of his stomach. A massive periwinkle balloon that he cradled between his tentacles, the surface still writhing with Reya's struggles. He felt as big as a barge, and likely was his undulating stomach resting upon the stony surface of the road before him. The moans and struggles of his prey echoed up his throat as he reclined back, using his tentacles to prop himself up. Upon reclining, he saw that he hadn't been alone; life in the big city was never easy.

During his attempts to eat Reya, their tumultuous struggle had caught the attention of an elder dragon, a woman both large and powerful. Towering tall enough to meet a skyscraper at eye level, red scales glimmering in the sunlight as her form heaved. She looked rather fluffy, not fat, but loose; this was due to her extensive hibernation. Hekata had been asleep for over a thousand years, and her immense fat stores had drained in such a time. It was by happenstance that she was presented with such a filling meal at such an opportune time, but she wasn't one to pass up a good meal. With the ease one lifted a child, she lifted Lorenz's bloated stomach like it were a fruit. Hefting it up to her lips, letting her fangs trace over the taut surface, coiling her long tongue around it. Hekata's mouth opened wide, wider, wide enough that her upper body looked more mouth than dragon.

Lorenz looked in panic, seeing the soft muscle of her throat twitch in anticipation of her meal. His struggles to escape were completely futile; his tentacles gripped at her widened maw, pulling against her lips in an attempt to escape. He lacked the strength; all it took was a single finger for Hekata to push him down her gullet. Her vast, cavernous gullet distended around him, closing over his gut like a snake eating an egg. Lips slowly sealing over each other as her muscles strained, forcing him down into her belly, making him splash down in her bubbling stomach acid.

During this entire affair, Vizi had been impatiently reading her spellbooks in Prell's stomach. She needed something to do, lest the boredom of being digested drive her insane, but her captors were not making it easy. Prell's stomach was sloshing like tidal waves, rocking back and forth like the girl was going for a swim. Each rock sent the short-stack tiefling crashing against the walls of Prell's insides, splashing filthy juices on her book. Vizi could barely read the pages from all the commotion, her frustration growing with each passing second. She was ready to slam her book shut when suddenly she felt her whole world being upended, lifted into the air like she was in a tilt-a-whirl. Flipping over her book as her eyes read a singular sentence, by instinct she said the word without thinking.

ERUCTIO!

Grglgglggglg

There was a terrible commotion from inside of Hekata's gut, her stomach churning like a maelstrom, the prey inside struggling against some unseen force. She could feel her gut expanding, air forcing itself up her throat, her cheeks bulging with some unseen force. There wasn't any hope to contain it; the seal on her lips gradually gave out against the growing force.

Oouurrrrrppp

In a thunderous belch, Hekata's lips flew wide, forced to their full length as gas rocketed up from her gullet, catching her prey with it. Lorenz came sailing out of her stomach belly first, landing on his stomach with his full weight. His own cheeks bulged from roiling gas, his entire sternum inflating with gas like a frog's before air forced itself out.

Brruuuuupppp

A deep and bassy belch resonated from his core as Reya's flailing body was launched like a missile, her whipping tail sailing through the air. As she sailed, her cheeks bloated and her stomach began to expand, a forceful air pushing itself from her throat. Her eyes scrunched in effort as she tried to contain the force, knowing what was about to happen. Gas forced her cheeks out, bloated hot air balloons of gas that expanded further. Upon impact with the pavement, her efforts proved null.

Uuuuuuuurrrrrp

A gale of wind blew her lips open, carrying Prell with it; her own bloated stomach hurtled through the air like a boulder as she landed on it. Her body still numb from Reya's poison, she had no ability to resist the gut of air as she felt the belch come on.

Brrrrrrpppp

Out from Prell's lips, Vizi, her clothes completely dissolved from the spider's bubbling acid. Her mucus-slicked purple skin dripping with Prell's juices, her colossal rear shining like two balloons as she flung the slime from her arms. As she flicked the slime from her arms, she caught sight of the clock in the square; it was half past noon. She had been stuck in Prell's stomach for half an hour.

"You made me miss my singing!" Vizi shouted in anger, stamping her feet before walking towards Prell.

Her mouth opened wide like a snake's, stretching vast enough to take Prell in a single gulp, she pulled the fat spider into her mouth. Cheeks bulging comically large before swallowing, the spider's bulging form making her cheeks stretch out past her shoulders. Prell disappeared down her throat, ending up as a massive lump in her stomach, but Vizi wasn't done.

She was so mad she couldn't think straight and went right for Reya, sticking the narrow end of her tail between her lips. Summoning as much strength as she could muster, she sucked down hard, pulling the massive snake down her gullet like an oversize noodle. Her cheeks bulging absurdly large, like two cars on her face, before swallowing again. She repeated this process with Lorenz and Hekata, body contorting with each gulp, until she was done.

Grglgglglg

Rlrllrlr

Vizi sat exhausted in the street, sporting a stomach that dwarfed her completely, a belly as large as a city block and almost as tall as a skyscraper. Just taking a step forward took the most powerful spell she could muster. She couldn't even see over her massive gut, hands tapping at the sides as she worried about the effect this would have.

"My ass is gonna get so huge when you digest." She sighed before taking out her book, looking for another spell to cast.

A levitation spell would at least be enough to get her home, flicking out a few spells and uttering an incantation over stifled belches. A pink magic flickered about her form, circling around her stomach as it lifted airborne. Her bulk was too great for true levitation; the spell only enough to lift her gut an inch off the ground, but it was enough to allow her to move. Something she was already doing, she didn't want to miss tonight's shows.