

The Gluttonous, Gorgeous Tyrant of Tyrlan

Being the Lord of a Forest is not actually as simple, nor as boring, as one might expect. For one thing, a Lord is not simply the ruler of a single forest. Their domain actually spans across millions or even billions of different universes, for they rule every version of the same forest, in every reality it is part of. Take, for example, the Tyrlan Forest, and its Lord. There is a Tyrlan forest in a world where the sky is filled with ash, and clockwork corpses take the place of mountains. There is a Tyrlan forest in a world where the trees nestle at the edge of a city of breathing crystal, with scintillating skyscrapers towering over its gentle green sprawl. There is even a Tyrlan Forest in your world, although you might not know it by that name.

And each and every one of these forests is ruled by the same Lord.

He is quite new to his position, but has already gained a certain... reputation, which he carries with the same smug weightiness which infuses everything he does. He claims... everything. Perhaps it's his parentage, or his upbringing. Or perhaps it's you. Perhaps you were always destined to pad those enormous flanks and squish under that monstrous tail.

Perhaps this is what you deserve.

The Lord hadn't entered this reality before. Here, the forest was quite small, a mere twenty or so square miles sandwiched by cities, somewhere in the interior of France. The actual location of a forest was often different depending on the world, and he had journeyed across the whole planet, all within the bounds of his own kingdom. He stood for a moment, posed elegantly upon a rock with eyes closed, and let his presence settle upon its domain. For miles around, leaves quivered, and animals cowered in their holes. They felt the presence of their master, and they served him in the core of their very being.

But the Lord was not interested in them. He cast his presence out across his land, searching for the bright, bright souls of those not native to it. And he found them.

There were a couple of groups, scattered around the wide mass of the forest, most only a few hundred metres from the edge. It was early evening, the light growing soft and warm, and so the Lord guessed they must be taking advantage of the sweet spring weather for a party or picnic. Oh perhaps setting up a campsite. He'd find out soon enough.

He smiled, and chose one deeper within his domain, leaping smoothly down onto the ground. Where he stepped, the grass reshaped itself to cushion his hooves, and branches slithered out of the way to let him pass. He began to walk, swaying his hips to let his stomach jostle eagerly

between them, and swallowed the thick, dripping lake of saliva already forming in his mouth, condemning it to a long and simmering stew in the ocean beneath his velvet-soft fur.

Mine.

The sheer intensity of the word was so powerful, so greedy, so orgasmically wonderful, that he almost came there and then just from thinking it. But no. No, no, no. Not yet. He continued walking, near silent despite his colossal size, leaving behind a trail of translucent, sticky fluids, leaking in steady spurts from the monster which bounced and swayed pendulously between his legs.

He had so much more to do first.

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There was no *point* to camping in a campsite, Matthieu believed. You might as well just do it in your garden. The point of camping was to leave the real world as far behind as possible, and make your own beneath the trees.

His sister Lucille teased him about it, of course. They were both red deer, and their families had lived in this part of France for hundreds of years. It seemed so cliched, almost. But she came too sometimes. Sometimes she dragged her friend Alexis along, and occasionally his friend from out of town, Jamie, would turn up too. And the last couple of times Matthieu had prepped, his Swedish co-worker Signe had wanted to come too, pestering in until he finally gave in. Signe wanted to experience France's countryside, Lucy wanted the exercise, Alexis wanted to get drunk, Jamie (Matthieu suspected) wanted to get *Alexis* in a tent alone, and Matthieu... just wanted to be here.

It was nice to have them, sure, and they had made the three hour-hike to get here more interesting. But despite all the company, he couldn't help but feel a bit lonely. He wanted someone who was here just for the nature, for the isolation, for the sense of a new world.

He was heading back from a quick break, a few moments of silence, ducking carefully under branches to avoid catching his antlers on them, when he met that very person. Or the person met him.

There was a rustle in the undergrowth, and Matthieu froze. His first, hind-brain thought was a dangerous beast, the kind that walked on four legs. But that was silly, this was France, the modern world. His second thought was that Lucy and Alexis had snuck away from the party too,

finding somewhere isolated to... do their thing. But as he stood there, he heard Alexis' voice, coming from the campfire a hundred metres or so away. His third thought, then, was that he'd just imagined it.

He didn't have *room* to form a fourth thought.

The bushes rustled again, and then they folded apart, bowing down to the ground like worshippers, to reveal... something incomprehensible. A creature. A *deer*.

It had four legs, and yet it towered over him, at least seven feet at the shoulder alone. Its body was immense, wide-set and packed with slabs of muscle that might have outweighed his entire slender body. He couldn't tell, because every single brawny bulge was *smothered*. The... thing was so fat that its belly was barely a few feet from brushing the floor. Even with it facing him full on he could see how the paunch, the globe of pudge and girth which looked like Matthieu could have *fit inside it several times over*, bulged out at the sides.

And yet this... creature was still a deer. Its antlers were more magnificent than his, an odd dark purple-black in colour and almost closer to horns, a multitude of spiked, inward-flowing peaks seemed to ring its head like a crown. Dark, dark red-brown poured across its back, fading sharply on those monstrous flanks to the dreadful vanilla-cream ocean of its belly. Somehow, Matthieu could see a strange pattern on its back, a flowing system of deep green lines running along its spine, spreading outwards like the veins of a leaf. But looking up had brought his eyes to its eyes. They were green too, but a much brighter shade, almost glowing-bright, and staring right at him.

The monster looked at him, frowning gently and angling its head. "It's strange," it said in perfect French, its voice deep enough to rumble through his belly. "Part of me feels like I've seen you before."

"Glrrghhdg," Matthieu managed to say, stumbling backwards. The creature took a step towards him. Oh, *God*, the way its obese paunch *swayed* as it moved. Its immense hoof seemed to sink two inches into the earth as it planted it down.

"But that's unlikely," the beast continued, stepping closer and moving past Matthieu. It had a curious accent, enough to tell that French was not its native language, and a languid, gentle tone, the kind which he might find quite attractive if it wasn't... *this*. "I've never visited this world before. And you don't have the soulscent of a traveller. Do you have any idea?"

His voice returned, creakily. "What... what the... what are you?"

The deer paused, looking down at him. Those eyes were devastating, clear and large and perfect beneath heavy, almost feminine lashes, and a luminescent bright green in colour. “My dear. My name is Prince Orion Naridae Sophalon Proud-Antler Velvena. It’s delicious to meet you. But full introductions should wait, should they not? First, I want to see if I can guess how I know you, and second, I want to murder your sister and all your friends.”

Its voice didn’t change at all. It gave him a slender, cool smile, and kept walking. Now it was passing him, the terrifying gluttonous gut mere inches away from his frozen, quavering body. He could feel the heat off it, more intense than a bonfire. He could feel the... softness, the way that if he dared to reach out he could plunge his fingers, his hand, his whole arm into so much gelid plumpness that it would barely slow down. Matthieu stayed, shaking, cowering, and Prince Orion kept walking. Each step of those mighty shoulders made the massive paunch swing again, and here he could ever hear it, despite how much the sheer fat must have muffled it. The gurgles weren't the quick, noisy slosh of a waterbottle. They were the squelch of a marsh, of bubbles in quicksand thick and slow, glugs and squelches and squishes sounding out until with a final *schhhrssshsslsrslr*... there was silence again. Until the next step was taken.

He was so stunned, so confused, so frozen, that he hadn’t even noticed the hips and what lay behind them until the beast had passed him fully. Then, they were all he could look at.

The paunch had been obscene, somehow. There was something lewd and appalling about that much sheer evidence of greed. But it was nothing compared to behind. The beast’s hips were as wide as a car. Each thigh was a bastion of pure fat, flowing up to form two rumpcheeks like twin moons. Orion's rear was obscenity personified, wide, heavy, haunching, rippling and swaying and smacking with his pendulous movements. And despite all that, they couldn’t hide what lay between.

The ring was so thick that it had barely even puckered. It was a foot across and more, and every inch of that was crammed with shining, seething leather-black flesh. There wasn't even a hint of a hole, just a divot which got deeper and deeper and vanished into an eternity of creases at the centre. Every step made his pulsing thing squelch against itself, a slick burble sounding from it, and his cheeks deformed creamily around the movement, but the ring resisted, bulging and stretching to retain its plushly stuffed shape.

Below was another set of moons. The stag’s sac was heavy enough to be visible just from the side, pushing out just a little past his heavy thighs. It was an expanse of cream-white fur, stretching to contain the unholy heft of two beach-ball-like orbs which... no. Beach balls were light and full of air. These things probably outweighed Matthieu when put together, each one

groaning with the weight of more pleasure than any mortal man would produce in their entire life.

And above that, somehow, he had a tail. Somehow, there was room in those obese hinds for a tail, and a real tail too, not some tuft like Matthieu had. A fat, bloated serpent, maybe thirty feet long or even more, as thick at the base as a tree trunk and slowly tapering along its long, heavy length, until it reached a tuft at the end, a fountain of pure, snow-white fluff pouring gorgeously forth from it. Currently the massive appendage was raised, wafting lazily behind the deer with each movement, and somehow Matthieu knew it was deliberate.

He stared for a full minute, which the bloated buck used to saunter less than a hundred metres, seeming to enjoy showing off. Finally Orion poked his head around the enormous, mass, frowning at him in that same casual, cool manner.

“Aren’t you going to save them?”

“W... what?”

“Your friends. I really am going to murder them. Remember?” It smiled for the first time, and this was the worst smile he had ever seen, a small, calm, smirk, somehow amused. “Oh, alright. How about I give you one minute head’s start?”

Matthieu blinked. Orion licked his lips with a thick, pick tongue, and a glob of saliva the size of a ping-pong ball dribbled slowly free.

“Fifty nine.”

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He’d only been gone for twenty minutes, so when Lucille heard a scream she assumed Matthieu had tripped over a tree root, again. She straightened up from the tent peg, dusting her hands off. Alexis looked up from the other side, frowning. He was an ocelot, shorter than her by a few inches with the most adorable ears she’d ever seen.

“Just my little brother,” she said, smiling. But then the scream came again, sounding harsher and more raw and much closer. Alexis stood up too, frowning, looking towards the forest. She looked back, glancing at him, and then Matthieu crashed out of the forest and into her, sending them both sprawling.

“Matt? What the hell?”

“Run,” he gasped, wheezing as he staggered to his hooves. “Run, please, just- there’s no time, just run, he’s coming, *please*.”

Jamie poked his head out of the second tent. He was a blackbird, sleek and handsome, and a little plump. “Is he... alright?”

“GO, DAMNIT!” Matthieu bellowed, lumbering forwards and tripping over a guy rope. He was a hiker, Lucille thought incredulously, he shouldn’t be this out of breath, this clumsy. “JUST GO!”

Slowly, she started to walk in the direction he urged, still staring, still confused. Emily clambered out of the third tent. She was the tallest of them, a Swedish-born polar bear with a voluptuous, beautiful figure, and for a while Lucille had thought she and Matthieu might be dating. “Matthieu,” she said, her French not quite perfect. “What you are shouting? What is wrong?”

He didn’t answer. He grabbed Lucille, his eyes glistening with tears, trying to pull her. “Please, he- it- the... thing... deer... oh, god...”

“Oh, that is delightful.” This was a new voice, a voice unlike any she’d ever heard before, and it came from the direction where Matthieu had run from. “I’d hoped it was a world like this. A world without predators.”

The beast emerged into the light, and just as Matthieu had frozen, they were stunned. Signe whispered something in Swedish. Alexis reached for Lucille’s hand. Jamie gave a soft, quiet chirp. And the deer smiled. It was a small, slender expression, calm and ruthless and utterly dominant.

“You see, in a world with real threats, you run. The second you hear the scream, you run, because you know that something causes them. But you... oh, you could barely even start to walk. That’s so... *innocent*.” He seemed to lick across the word, and his smile widened a fraction of an inch. “Just adorable.”

Matthieu whimpered, trying to tug Lucille backwards. The beast looked at him. “You did try, my darling. But all you would have done is given me more time to play with my food. Everyone, my name is Prince Orion Naridae Sophalon Proud-Antler Velvena. I want to promise you here and

now, I will be pleasuring myself to the memory of you in a thousand years time.”He spoke completely seriously. “That is how much I crave you all. And so right now, I’m going to have you.”

He leapt, and that was nothing like a deer either. Lucille screamed, the spell broken, toppling to the ground, but it wasn’t her the beast was after. He cleared her effortlessly, sailing overhead - thirty feet? Forty? - and landing on Jamie’s tent. The poles snapped, and the blackbird screamed, trying frantically to crawl free of the wrecked fabric. He managed it, trying to turn around, trying to scramble back.

But above him loomed an ass the size of a meteor. The blackbird froze for a second in the shadow of it, staring up at those swollen balls and the apocalyptically thick cheeks and that incomprehensible black hole of a pucker, and that was all that Orion needed. With a gluttonous, greedy moan of satisfaction, the stag sat down.

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Jamie had always been a bit of an ass man. Dudes, girls, he wasn’t picky. He just liked them, the shape, the power, and of course, the thicker they were, the better. That was why he paused, to his shameful despair. Not fear. Not shock. He paused because the monstrous rump looming overhead was the most fucking arousing thing he had ever seen.

And then it had him.

He felt the bloated puckered ring kiss his upturned face and then stretch over it, leaving a trail of oozing slime that simmered his skin. He felt those soft cheeks ripple as they mashed around his body, gumming over him like an enormous pair of lips. He felt how it spread around him, how it took him more easily than he’d take a cock.

The bowels were a boiling, churning hell. He plunged into them facefirst, his beak and one feathered cheek dragged stickily along a flexing wall of flesh. Even they were soft, and he could feel them stretching, greedy to accept him. Jamie screamed, the sound swallowed instantly by the groaning guts. His mouth dribbled with thick, oozing slime. They was nothing vile to it save the heat and the grotesque thickness. The thick, heavy, gurgling sound was everywhere, and as the stag’s unnatural ass rippled around him - *tasting its prey* - he realised that he couldn’t hear a single sound from outside. It was gone. Even his feet kicking the ground as the beast stood up seemed to be silent.

Somehow, that burst of lust had left him still erect, and he cawed frantically as he felt something

pull at his trousers, dragging them free of his legs no matter how they kicked, exposing his member to the air. No, no! Alexis! The others! He tried to cover himself up, flushing under his feathers, and he felt the entire rump squeeze around him, rippling in what was unmistakably a swallow, slurping over his wide, femmish hips, teasing his shaft and making it bounce and jiggle as the great beast stood up, rotating his ass slowly to grind every inch of flexing, sticky bowelflesh over his prey. He screamed again.

“PLEASE! This, th-this c-can’t be-mmphgjjg!” A particularly greedy clench locked his beak shut. The deer moaned all around him, an unashamedly lascivious sound, and began - slowly this time - to suckle in his pulsing, still throbbing cock. It felt impossibly, disgustingly good, squishing it against his soft, stained belly, and before he could resist it, he’d given a shuddering, gasping thrust. The flexing pucker swallowed his sac, glomming over it before letting it slip slowly out again, and the sensations burned his mind.

“Damned One, keep telling me that. It can’t be happening, it’s not real. Go ahead and tell me again, moan that I’m so impossible that you can’t believe I even exist, you little fat-assed feathery bowelwhore.” The deer spoke aloud, and Jamie whimpered, his legs still kicking, his tailfeathers slick and limp. “And while you’re doing it, keep pleasuring yourself. You love this, after all.” He wasn’t even swallowing him anymore, just squeezing his rear around him, letting him bob in and bob out like a dildo, each hideous squelching slurp squeezing his shaft again until it stiffened further. “I won’t let my gluttonous guts have you yet, actually. Because I’m curious if you can manage not to climax while I eat all your friends.”

Jamie tried to protest, but got a rippling squeeze that made his loins burn with ecstasy. Already he was getting close.

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The Lord of the Forest slowly turned, his rump still suckling on its prey like a boiled sweet. All four remaining campers were still staring at him, stunned, tears brimming in their eyes. He felt himself splurt out half a gallon just at that.

“Oh, and you still don’t run? You are perfect, you little darlings.” He began to step towards them, swaying his hips with every lascivious motion, feeling the little birdslut in his backside struggle to stop himself from thrusting against his pillowy pucker. “Do you want to save him? Then come closer. Or do you want to escape me? Then run, and let me ogle you from behind.” He could have had them all down on their knees and lined up to slide in in less than a second, but that was what made this so arousingly gorgeous: he *didn’t need to*. Orion sighed with pleasure.

“Or,” he said softly, raising one foreleg to pose against the smashed mass of their tent, lazily sucking Jamie in up to his mid-thigh with a squelch, “maybe you want to look at me more. You naughty, lustful little things. It doesn’t matter. You’re going to churn no matter. No-one escapes. No-one, ever, escapes.”

Every word branded their very souls, and Orion drank the fear gluttonously. Who would be the first to choose?

He guessed right. The polar bear stepped back, whispering something in Swedish. She was shaking, her heavy, curvaceous body jiggling with it, stretching out her shirt and hot pants. “You-” she stammered, her French getting even worse. “You- stupid people! We cannot be helping him, I not come here f-for- no, NO! NO!” She turned, fleeing into the forest behind them, and the motion galvanised the others. Lucille grabbed for Matthieu, shrieking, her other hand seeking out Alexis, and tried to follow her, but the ocelot resisted, standing, limp and shocked. “W-we...” he stammered. “We c-can’t... just... leave h-him...”

Orion took another step, his smile growing wider. Lucille tried to pull harder, her brother stumbling ahead of her. Deer were so gorgeous. Perhaps he enjoyed the sense of devouring his own kind - although he was no more a deer than he was any other mortal, it was just his most natural shape. Perhaps they just looked delicious. Orion admired the way their tears glistened on their fur.

“We h-have-” Lucille was saying, “we h-have to go, please, please, Alexis, j-just come, y-you know-”

“This is good, actually,” Orion interrupted, and all three of them shut up instantly, staring up at him, hugging each other so tightly he could have swallowed all three of them together. “You’ll get a perfect view, much better than if you were fleeing.” He paused, enjoying the squelching avian squirming inside himself for a moment. “Oh, and Alexis? Jamie’s moaning your name right now. Three and a half feet into my bowels and you’re all he can think about as he grinds himself against me. Do you think you’re as much of a slut as he is?”

The other two held the ocelot back this time as he screamed, trying to launch himself at the deer buck. “GOD-DAMNED FUCK - Y-YOU - UTTER - M-MONSTROUS - BASTARDING - FUCK-”

Orion lashed his tail across the ground tenderly, leaning down so he could look all three of them straight in the eyes. Even Alexis shut up, twitching and making snarling, twitching noises. “Gloating aside, watch this. You never, ever, ever had a chance.”

He flexed his soul like a second tail, and his eyes began to glow green, as did the markings on his back. Power rippled outwards in a soft, silent wave. And the Forest?

It obeyed its Lord.

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Signe had come to France largely of movies. Her mother had always loved old romances, and over time the young polar bear had grown to love the world they depicted, where love blossomed even in the worst scenarios and places. France had seemed the perfect place to live for a while, and maybe find her own romance there. Someone who wasn't intimidated by a girl more than six and a half feet tall.

This was not what she had imagined finding. Or what she had imagined finding her.

She gasped for breath as she ran, barely able to see through the tears, stumbling across roots and stones. She couldn't see her friends. Where were they? Had it caught them already? She couldn't stop, she couldn't look round. Run. Just run.

At which point she tripped over. She cursed, trying to scramble up, but her broad paw had been caught in something. Signe looked at it. Somehow a root had gotten wrapped around her ankle. No, wait, it was wrapping itself. It was moving, tearing itself slowly free of the earth to hold her up in the air, its grip supernaturally strong. She squeaked, trying to pull free, and this time she could see as a branch reached down to wrap around her wrist, moving like a ponderous limb. Signe started to scream, trying to fight it, but the very grass beneath her bare legs had knotted itself into her fur somehow, gripping her like velcro. It was insane.

Gently, the plants around her lifted her up, and this time she could watch as branches and leaves bent to move out of her way, slowly passing her from bough to branch to vine and moving her along. She wasn't dirtied, she wasn't even scratched. It was the strangest ride she'd ever had. The entire forest carried her back, effortlessly overpowering her kicking, screaming, and the worst Swedish curses she knew, until she emerged back into their camping clearing, the wrapping vines holding her firmly before the lazy smirk of the terrifying stag.

"Like I said," Orion purred. "You see, this is my forest. I am Prince Orion Velvena, Son of the Sins, but I am also Lord Proud-Antler of the Tyrlan Forest. On a level older than your entire civilisation, every plant, every natural living thing in here... belongs to me." He licked his lips. "And unlike you, they know it."

Lucille, Matthieu, and Alexis were still there, the idiots, the helpless fools. Oh, god. Signe cast a desperate look at them, struggling in her bonds. The mighty buck stepped up close, his breath a cascade of boiling heat scented like fresh rainfall. And then he did something which terrified her more than anything else.

He spoke in her native language. The Swedish flowed perfectly from his lips, sounding almost like a native of her home city of Landskrona. It was horrifying. “Oh, I can tell you’ll struggle. No contest as for the hole, Signe. I need meat, and these cute little morsels are barely going to bulge my throat.” Orion nudged his head sideways, giving that same small, cool smile. “Besides, I have plans for them anyway. Don’t tell them, huh?”

The others were shifting, looking at each other in confusion. None of them spoke more than a word or two of the language. Signe trembled, speaking in it too.

“P-please,” she whispered. “J-just, just take me... I... d-don’t hurt them...”

The deer looked into her eyes, the glow in his own dimming a little. The irises were beautiful, twin oceans of luminous emerald - although here and there she noticed flecks of another colour, something she couldn’t actually discern in the light of his strange magic.

“No.” He seemed to lick around the word itself. “But I will take you anyway.”

He lowered his head, pressing it forwards to nose over her soft stomach, nuzzling against her. His touch seemed to shimmer with energy, leaving a sensuous trail behind. Signe tried to kick him in the chin, but the trees still held her. Orion laughed cruelly and nuzzled under the shirt now, licking her fur. His tongue was massive and unbearably, appallingly hot.

“F-fuck you,” she snarled, trembling as the tongue left a trail of slime down her legs. The beast ignored it, and paused at her hot pants, tutting coyly.

“Hold on a moment.”

Casually, he tore them away. His teeth were sharper than any deer, than any mortal beast at all. In the span of a few seconds Signe was left naked, her thick, luscious body spilling out across the monster’s muzzle. Orion growled lustfully, ignoring her protesting whines and snarls, and teasingly dragged his lips downwards, across her heavy thighs, down to her paws. Then, with a playful ease, he slurped both of them into his mouth.

“Now you can. Throatfuck me with your entire body, pudgebitch.”

He spoke inside her head. The heat hit her hard, making her pant, and the sheer sliding softness hit her next, making her shuffle her toes in the pillowy embrace of it. Around her ankles, the branches slowly unwrapped, leaving them free just in time to slide inside too.

Orion looked up at her, shuddering greedily, and lapped her backwards over his thick tongue. His teeth prickled occasionally, but didn't hurt. He suckled on her like a candy, and his eyes burned with the sweetness. His lips lapped up her legs, slicking down the fur, and then he swallowed, his throat rippling and bulging, dragging her inside. For all its slipperiness, his throat gripped her beyond all hope of resistance.

Signe felt tears prickling her eyes. She tried to smack that gloating muzzle, but her hands were still bound by the shifting tree branches. She tried to kick out and the shifting, squelching sound it made just caused a moan of pleasure. As if taking his cue, Orion swallowed once more, dragging her in past her knees. His eyes never left her face, still glowing green, still burning.

“Fuck y-you...” she stammered, lying limp in the embrace. “Y-your f-fat a-ass doesn't... even... need me...”

The stag's gullet rippled with amusement, slurping her up to her thighs. His lips had to stretch to reach them, hot breath pouring between her legs. Signe panted, shocks of unwanted pleasure stabbing her with each steamy, sizzling cascade. Orion gulped again, his tongue slipping out to tease around the edges of her sex. The bear whimpered. *“You're right. It'll get so much fatter, Signe. You'll jiggle with every step, thickening my cheeks until they start to swallow up everything, even my plumpened pucker. It'll sag, and sway, and I'll tell the next person I force to **worship** it just how much you padded it out.”* He swallowed, deliberately as noisily and greedily as possible, and she squelched a full foot in, her own wide rear vanishing into those heavy lips with grotesque, effortless ease, and in the same motion he plunged his thick tongue into her sex. Signe squealed, one hand tearing free of the clinging branches with the force of her convulsions. He filled her completely, hot as hell and soft in a way none of her lovers ever had been, squirming his way into every part and hitting every point of pleasure. She writhed, roaring and wailing, and the stag lapped it out of her with endless, loving, gluttonous care.

It went on for minutes. The others started shouting and calling at some point, but Signe couldn't focus enough to translate their words. He teased parts inside her sweltering sex she hadn't even found. The sensations were everything, everything every... thing...

She slumped in the monster's maw, shaking and squealing as the orgasm rocketed over her, dense and powerful, burning with masochistic, doomed, pleasure. Even as it did, Orion swallowed, his lips wrapping around her fat ass as her spasming nethers vanished into his gullet. The polar bear sagged, finally going limp, barely able to push at his jaws as they slurped wetly up her heavy middle. "P-please..." she whimpered, still in Swedish. "No- n-no- I, I didn't want... you... y-you can't..."

Orion glared greedily at her, his eyes burning green with lust. "Yes I can," he purred, his voice echoing tenderly inside her head. "Come on, polar pudgebitch. Throatfuck me. Squirrrm for me."

He licked her back as her breasts started to slip inside, and Signe screamed, obeying even as she saw how much he enjoyed it. She begged, still in Swedish, and threatened and cursed and pleaded, and he just kept swallowing. Slowly, her shoulders slipped in, her arms awkwardly stretched up, and her head was left just outside, touching his sharp teeth, but never actually hurt by them. Below, his gullet was a colossal bloated mass of fat, swollen bulges: her body sliding down, stretching him out. The creamy fur stretched and rippled, making ungodly slurping noises.

"Ready?" he teased her.

"N-no. No, don't, Lord, King, Sir, M-master, *don't*..."

"Fuck me, little one. All the way down to churn away."

He gulped her head inside, and arched his neck, feeling her slide down. The sensations were divine for him, from the groans and growls echoing all around Signe. She was just hot, crushed, still glowing from the aftermath of her climax, and utterly doomed. She wailed, twisting and squirming in the tight gullet, slowly sliding down.

She wondered, miserably, if the others would join her soon.

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Alexis was not simple, although he knew some people thought of him that way. He had a PhD in French and Spanish Literature, for god's sake. He was just... straightforward. He had never been good at controlling his emotions, and never tried to. A life without passion was not worth living.

The short, waifish ocelot had regretted this idea a few times - fights, breakups, silly arguments - but he'd always felt that in the long run it was better. This time, however, he was having second thoughts.

They had been watching, stunned and trembling, as Signe was swallowed down and violated by the monster. They couldn't dare try to help her, and they had no chance of trying to flee - Signe herself had shown them that. And then Alexis had seen something past the stag's appallingly fat, thick hips.

A pair of black bird feet. Jamie. Still halfway crammed inside Orion's ass, still not swallowed entirely yet. Even as he watched, the bird feet shook, slurped half a foot inside before slowly oozing back inside.

Before Alexis could stop himself, he had leapt at it.

Mathieu and Lucille screamed at him, but he didn't care. He couldn't. He was in the moment, and all he could think about was the sight of those twitching blackbird feet oozily sliding inside. He had to help him.

He dashed around the stag's rear, and was nearly shocked out of his fury by the sight there. Orion was a monster. His rump reared overhead, wide and heavy and utterly, obscenely fat, the cheeks sagging and squelching around a thick, stickily dripping donut which squelched and rippled like it was kissing the limbs inside it. Below, two fat balls churned ominously, each one promising gallon upon gallon in their climax. Above it all that tail, as big as a snake and just as terrifying, lashed coyly, letting the hips sway and jiggle with each motion.

For a moment, Alexis could only stare at it, and that was enough time for Lucille and Matthieu to almost - almost - grab him before he went for the feet.

Instead, they got him just afterwards. The two deer snatched his arms just after they had locked around Jamie's feet, and were about to pull them back when the black ring of Orion's pucker squelched forwards, sealing over his hands.

Glrrrsshk.

It was hot, and wet, and so soft that he should have been able to pull himself out easily. But he couldn't. The muscles of the deer's colossal rear clenched, his bowels suckling needily on their prey, and Alexis found that he couldn't shift an inch.

"You... you idiot," Lucille whispered. "You d-damn, damn idiot..."

He gritted his sharp teeth, pulling with all his might. The beast shifted, crouching a little so that his cheeks spread wider and the thick, dark pucker could swallow deeper.

“I-” Alexis mumbled. “I didn’t- I just though I- I should - I had to-”

Matthieu clung to him. “It... I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

His sister clung as well, and began to pull. “Fuck that!” she cried, her voice trembling. “Come o-on, Matt, we can do t-this. Just pull. Just pull.”

They did, all three of them. Orion’s gluttonous ass let them. It toyed with them. It teased them, letting the ocelot’s arms slurp a few inches free before devouring all of them. Several times it nearly nibbled at Lucille’s fingers, and she barely snatched herself out of the way. But steadily, the greedy pucker won, and Alexis found the hot, twitching, dark hole getting closer and closer.

“I just had to,” he whimpered, as he braced his knees against Orion’s fat, sagging balls, trying to stop the rippling gulps from snatching up his muzzle. “You... you understand, r-right?”

Matthieu hugged him. On his other side, Lucille swallowed, nodding in a feeble, miserable, tiny way.

“I’m s-sorry.” she whispered.

SCHQULLLORSSSSCH.

And then there was only the sweltering, sinful heat, gulping at him. Somewhere far away, Jamie wriggled, but to Alexis, it seemed it was only him and Orion’s guts. As if sensing that their torment was over, the puckered mass seemed to speed up, glutting on shoulders and chest with greedy ease. All around him was squeezing, clenching flesh, and sticky slime oozing into his fur. It was as though nothing remained of the outside world. Orion was everything.

“Such a passionate hero, Alexis,” Orion purred, and the sound carried right to his ears. The gurgles coming from inside accelerated, and he could faintly, faintly hear muffled voices. Others, squealing and begging. His friends. The demonic beast’s voice overwhelmed them, rumbling sordidly through his guts. “Go on, sufferslut. Show me your fury, your panic. Squirm. Beg. Maybe, maybe I’ll let you go. If you work for it.”

His voice dripped with mockery. Alexis whimpered, pausing for a moment. But before he could stop himself, the thick rump slurped up his hips, and he started to scream.

“P-PLEASE! PLEASE, OH GODS, OH GODS, NO, NO, **NO!** I s-swear, please, n-no, no, I’ll do anything, anything, j-just- not l-like this, let t-them go, n-no, no-”

The beast moaned with pleasure as his fat ass gulped another few inches away. Hips now, and oh god, it felt so sinfully good against Alexis’ shaft. “Keep going.”

The ocelot trembled. He had to. He had to. He howled, writhing and kicking, each touch pressing paws and fingers and face out into the squishing, squelching walls. Nothing helped. Steadily, that fat, dark ring slurped over his legs, his ankles.

He felt a faint touch - Lucille? - and then with a soft, smug glrrrk, it closed over his paws.

He was gone. He was... inside. All around him was just the pillowy, bubbling innards. It was hot, and tight, and so wet he had to squirm to breathe properly, but not... bad. He was bent halfway, somewhere deep inside the beast’s guts. How long would they be?

Alexis let his emotions loose. He screamed, and howled. He begged. He cursed. He writhed and clawed at the sticky surfaces, and tried to push the shoving squeezing walls apart.

His outstretched arms brushed something hard and firm, instead of soft and squishing. It twitched.

Stunned, the ocelot felt around, sensing avian claws and talons. He couldn’t gain an inch backwards, but if he pushed forwards, the slurping walls eagerly helped him along. And they stretched, so easily that he could push his way alongside the fat swollen bulge in Orion’s guts, sliding along together. The other mass wriggled feebly against him, panting in the total darkness.

“Jamie?” Alexis whispered.

“Oh. Oh n-no. That- that was you?” The blackbird hugged him, clutching him close. They were entwined already, Orion’s guts clenching and churning around them. “I thought- oh, g-god, man, I didn’t think you were-”

“I know. I-I, I k-know. It’s... it’s... I... “ He felt himself choking up. “I... I’m scared, J-Jamie.”

“M-me too. It’s... it’s n-natural, h-heh. Did you see his ass before- well. Before we went in? Oh, god, it’s- it’s like some force of nature. I’m terrified.” He sounded aroused, and Alexis nearly laughed. “He- I’m sorry, I just... I didn’t think to run, and-”

“It’s o-okay. You” - it hurt to say it - “you w-wouldn’t have escaped. He... he got Signe. He... commands the plants. It...” He shifted uncomfortably, aware that no part of him could escape touching either Orion or Jamie. “It’s... hopeless. I... I’m sorry, I think Lucille and Matthieu will... oh, no...”

Lucille. He trembled to think of her, and Jamie hugged him harder.

“I’m s-sorry,” he chirped, his beak nuzzling at Alexis’ ears. “She... she might still get away.”

She wouldn’t. They knew it.

“Y-you... you know...” Jamie mumbled. “I... I was thinking... mmnfg... when I was in here... I w-was thinking... if I could j-just see one more person one more time... I’d want you. You s-see, I... I’ve kind of...”

Alexis wriggled against the squelching walls. “I had g-guessed, you know,” he mumbled. The bowels around them squeezed them past a tight, crushing bend, and he moaned. “It’s not that I didn’t like you. You’re... you’re pretty gorgeous. I mean... maybe if work hadn’t been so busy, I’d h-have...”

Jamie shivered against him, his body hot and firm against his own. “I... I thought you might. I didn’t want to m-make things awkward.”

The heat and terror was getting to him. It was so hot, so heavy, so sticky and wet. He was going to die. He was so, so scared. And they cared about things being awkward?

Fuck it.

So he kissed Jamie. Hard, forcefully, pouring all his dread and despair into a wet, deep, searching squishing kiss which pushed Jamie against the wall. The bird twitched and pushed back, his breath ragged. The humid, heavy air was steaming with lust, and it was so easy to give into it. Their clothes slipped off easily in the lubricating bowelslime, and Orion’s gluttonous insides almost seemed to squeeze them encouragingly, helping them to get closer, tighter, hotter. It was terrifying, it was gorgeous. It was the end of the world, and they fucked like it was.

*

Orion's paunch burbled and churned with the wriggles and pleas and squirms. Signe swelled his belly, Jamie and Alexis snuggled closer as they slipped deeper, their bodies rippling rhythmically. He'd known from the first glance at them that they needed to go together. And meanwhile, the siblings looked at him with wide, terrified eyes, so cute, so innocent, so delicious.

He sighed, sitting down on his sagging gut with an absolutely unholy *squelch*. "Mmmmn. Well then. So, now that we have some time to talk. How do I know you?"

Lucille blinked, looking at Matthieu, who jumped, as if remembering the conversation for the first time. "P-please," he whimpered. "I s-swear, I've never, e-ever, ever met you before."

Orion nodded. "Oh, I believe you. I'd remember you, trust me. Even if you survived the first meeting. Which makes it unusual, doesn't it?" He stretched, feeling the lovers in his guts start to get hysterical again in between their frantic fucking. They squirmed and howled, clawing and writhing to crawl back even an inch, and his bowels crushed them two feet deeper just for their impudence, twisting their bodies in a tight curve to drag them around a sticky, sweltering bend of gutflesh. He shivered pleasantly. "This might be some sort of deep-implanted memory, then. Perhaps my mother put it in me. And... I'm sorry, I'm wasting time here."

He rolled over, glorifying in the huge, hot burbling noise which came cascading out of his colossal sagging paunch. It spilled out across the grassy ground like a liquid, a pale mountain of pudge and former people. Uncountable lives were right there, padding out that swollen dome. Orion could remember every one of them. But not now.

He nodded at the two little deer siblings. "Get rubbing."

Lucille started, looking at it with total, unabashed horror. "You've... got to be fucking me."

The deer raised a plump thigh, his hips squishing, and his swollen sheath flopped out, still drooling a thick, slow river of fluids. "I'm not. I could be, though. You're going to pleasure me totally, little doe. Would you rather you gave it to me, or that I took it?"

She flinched, looking at her brother. Matthieu swallowed, nodding weakly. Together, they linked hands, walking unsteadily towards the expanse of his fat gut. Orion watched, letting his eyes roam over the sultry sway of their bodies. He was drooling already.

Lucille, to her credit, made the first move. She took a deep breath, reached out, and pushed her hands into the pudgy mass, shuddering with horror at its softness. Orion purred, his tail curling around to caress her legs with the fluffy tip. A “reward”.

“Deeper,” he said softly.

She shuddered, beginning to squeeze and roll over the squishing girth. “It j-just goes on, and on. You evil glutton...”

Orion chuckled, leaning over to belch a polar-bear-flavoured blast of hot, humid air at her, making her choke and wail. “Darling, you’ve got no idea how far it goes.”

“How m-many?” Mathieu joined in, already on his knees. He matched pace with her, rolling his fingers in the dark, deep divot of Orion’s navel. “How many did you... cram into here? How many lives am I touching?”

Orion pressed back into those hands, purring with delight. Lucille was good, but he was excellent - professionally trained, perhaps, to squeeze and roll flesh into a soft, tender mass of relaxed contentment. “Nine,” he said.

“What? Nine? That’s, that’s it? You’re- that c-can’t be right. You can’t possibly have eaten only nine people.”

“Oh, I thought you meant today, before I met you. Sorry. Well, I don’t-”

“YOU ATE NINE FUCKING PEOPLE B-BEFORE YOU EVEN M-MET US?”

Lucille had stopped her rubbing. Orion didn’t reply, simply watching her for three seconds precisely. Then he slammed his tail into her back, pitching her forwards into his churning gut with an obscene burbling *squelch*.

“I didn’t tell you to stop, darling. Next time I’ll just roll over.” He smirked as the two hurriedly began to stroke and caress him again, sighing with delight. “Mmmm. And yes. It is nearly six o’clock. What do you think I was doing all day?”

“You’ve just been... e-eating people? Non-stop? All day?”

He smiled. “Darling. I’ve been eating people non-stop since I claimed this forest as my Steading nine years ago. In answer to your question of how many, well, I don’t like to reduce them to

numbers. They're people. They're special. They're amazing. They have lives, dreams, hopes, wants, fears, so many precious, beautiful things. And I have personally crammed... multiple tens of thousands of them down my gullet, up my ass, and down my cock." He smirked as Matthieu's eyes widened. "So many that I could class myself as a small country, based entirely on the squirming, squealing sluts I have stuffed into myself. Does that answer your question?"

The only answer was a weak, shaky moan. But they didn't stop rubbing this time. Orion purred as Signe met a few of the earlier nine inside his broiling belly, where they had been softening and bubbling for hours now. They were still alive, of course, but had squirmed themselves to exhaustion. Her arrival set them off again, an army of hands pushing and pressing deliciously against the walls of his gut. Even through his thick pudge, the two deer could see the ripples and bulges they made. They trembled with horror, and Orion could taste it in their souls.

"So," he said. "To return. Why are you so familiar?"

Matthieu shoved him, hard, sinking a foot deep into the pudgy, bloated mass. "My god! Can you just give us a moment to d-deal with this?"

"I could. But I'm getting hungry, sweet sluttery." He squeezed his plump thighs together, feeling the thrusting bodies of Jamie and Alexis moving deeper. A match made in infernal guts. "Let's think. You didn't have any... strange experiences when you were younger? Hauntings? Inexplicable disappearances?"

"I... I d-don't think so." Lucille was panting with exertion by now, putting all her effort into squishing the burbling gut. It was a way to deal with her shock and horror, the simple menial task providing something to occupy her. Orion watched her plush curves and supple forms and drooled. "I mean, we've lived here a-all... all our lives. Nothing strange. Unless y-you count as disappearances." She slapped a thick roll of pudge, which jiggled smugly at her.

"Hmmm." The deer rumbled contentedly. "I thought you might have been part of my mother's... training. A repressed memory. But it was a long shot. She made sure we remembered all of it." He sighed. "What about family? Maybe one of them travelled to a world of mine. Are any of your kin... particularly eccentric?"

"Err." Matthieu paused, scratching his head, then squeaked when the stag's tail squeezed his rear and hurriedly got back to worshipping the sagging gut. "N-nnnmph. No. I have a c-cousin who thinks the world is... cube shaped? And an aunt w-who forgets my name e-every time."

Orion giggled. “Not exactly what I was looking for.” He stretched, considering his next move, letting it show on his face. Matthieu whimpered, a plea springing to his lips, but Lucille spoke first.

“How... how old are you?”

The deer swallowed his lust back down for a moment. “In the Hells, I am Nar’olsi, in my third stage since spawning. In your world’s years though, I would be... thirty five. I’m not an ageless beast of gluttony. Not yet.”

She sagged, returning to squeezing the soft, wide bulge which was Signe, shaking faintly. “O-oh. N-never mind then.”

“What?” Orion leaned forwards, casually licking the little doe with his hot, drooling tongue. He dragged it up over her breasts, shuddering pleasantly, up her neck, and slathered half her face. She flinched away, and the grass beneath her fur tightened in place, holding her firm so that he could properly enjoy her. He suckled coyly on an ear, letting the slurps and sloses of his maw nearly drown her hearing, then pulled back, swallowing slurpily. “What were you going to say?”

Lucille spluttered, staggering back, and her brother grabbed her, hugging as if to shield her. “L-let her answer,” he snapped, shaking with fear. “You u-utter... Lucille? Y-you okay?”

She clutched him, trembling. Orion’s sheath bulged at the mere sight of them, starting to stretch out his heavy sheath. If these little sluts had thought he was well hung before...

“Well?”

Lucille glared at him, trying not to cry. “W-well. Nnghm. I... I was just... thinking o-of my, my g-great... great grandparents. You s-see, my grandmother, she...used to t-tell me how *her* g-grandparents were... w-well, strange people. But if you w-weren’t even born then, it doesn’t-”

“Strange how?” The fat deer’s eyes glittered curiously. She shrugged.

“This... f-forest. They... were hippies, I guess. They w-worshipped it. I mean, worshipped the forest itself. They had this... pagan thing, beliefs of life force and ancient gods. Druidic traditions, maybe? They were harmless, but it was... weird. Probably just stories. They’d go into the forest for weeks every summer, and come back carrying fruit which wasn’t in season, firewood dry as bone no m-matter what the weather was. S-so she said.” She imitated an elderly

voice. “I’d always say, “Mama, Papa, where did you get these from?” And they’d just tell me, “We serve our Lord, and he rewards us. Where’s the mystery in that?””

Matthieu giggled weakly. “I r-remember. What was the rhyme she sang? “Under the green leaf, we hold the great concert. A lonely lord presides, the world he makes placid.”¹” He hugged her again. “The words were a-always easy to remember.”

Orion stared at him.

The great concert. The songs. The mortals he allowed to step deeper than any other into his sanctum, into the depths where he sought a perfect truth through life on the most basic level. He would seed cults of worship in many worlds, and once a year call them to his own realm for a great concert. Music, dance, meetings between people of all worlds. And service to him. That was the real reason. He was a solitary creature, despising company with other Immortals, but even he had to admit that everyone needs to be treated like a god sometimes. And so he would be kissed by teams of worshippers, every ounce of his lean, powerful form massaged by finger and tongue. He would have dances and songs for his pleasure. Food and intoxicants would flow freely, and he would watch the animal desires of these supposedly civilised mortals late into the night, his own lusts slaked over and over and over by his most favoured servants. He remembered. He remembered being him.

The Lord of the Forest gasped, returned to the present as quickly as he’d left it. His markings glowed bright green, and the leaves around his head twisted to align like iron filings in a magnetic field. He blinked rapidly, feeling his soul settle down again. Matthieu and Lucille were staring at him in shock, their eyes glazed, still pressed against the fat girth of his gut.

“Thank you, you two,” he breathed huskily, letting the hot air cascade over them as a reward, carrying a faint scent of raccoon from the couple he’d had earlier. Lucille trembled.

“What... w-what happened? What did we do?” She blinked. “What was that... that dream? I... I was...”

“Oh, you experienced it too?” Orion smiled. “It must have leaked. Did you like it?”

Her ears flushed. Matthieu tried to adjust his position. Orion could smell their arousal, although it was a faint undertone to his own. “You enlightened me, darling.” He stretched, grinding his

¹ * In French: *Sous la feuille verte, nous tenons le grand concert. Un seigneur solitaire préside, le monde qu’il rend placide.* The author does not speak french, and spent far too long trying to work this out. >_>

thighs over his churning sac. “Mmmph. You see... I was right. I’ve never met you. I’ve never met your relatives, or your ancestors, or even been to this universe before. And yet you were familiar. Why?”

The silence was broken by a wet gurgle, as a pair of handprints grasped uselessly against the slopping surface of his paunch. Orion answered his own questions.

“Because I wasn’t me back then. You see, my father ruled this forest for a long, long time before I... inherited it. I never met him, because my mother ate him before I was born.” He didn’t smile this time, and the two little deer exchanged fearful glances. “From what little I was told, he was a rather boring person. Kept to himself, ignored those who entered his domain, didn’t even toy with mortals. But it seems that wasn’t quite right. He had his own ways of enjoying himself. When your great-great-grandparents took those trips to the forest, they were going to his festival. To serve him. To be... enjoyed by him.” He chuckled lewdly. “It seems like they were amongst his favourites, in fact...”

“Okay, okay,” Matthieu mumbled, pressing his elbows into the churning pudge. “But... how did you remember that, then? You weren’t even b-born then.”

“I wasn’t. But he was. And... well, Immortals, we’re a little different. We don’t have bodies. Just souls. What you’re rubbing right now is my soul, coalesced into physical form.” He squished an especially hot and gurgly part of his soul against the deer’s little body. “So when I was conceived, it was with a fragment of my father’s soul. And seeing you... woke it up again. I remember his memories because some part of me was him.” He breathed in and out again, unable to suppress the greedy smirk. “I wonder what other things he has hidden away, waiting to be found.”

Lucille brightened, her little hopes plain on her little face. “R-right,” she mumbled. “S-so... w-we helped you. C-could we... c-could we call it even, m-maybe? We’ve given you s-something much more valuable than m-more... c-c-calories.” She eyed his bloated hips. “I... don’t feel you need those that much, but this? This was... better, r-right?”

The enormous stag considered. “You know what, little darlings? You’re right. Signe is going to leave me dragging on the floor all by herself, and that’s not even mentioning the others. You would be wasted bubbling in my gut.”

The two clutched each other, trembling with hope. Matthieu even dared to let his lips twitch upwards. Orion smiled too.

“And besides, after your friends, and after that memory, I have a better use for you.”

He shoved them sideways, letting them squeal and gasp as they tumbled off the belly they had spent the last fifteen minutes worshipping. A root pushed upwards to ensure that Matthieu fell exactly the right way, collapsing on top of Lucille as though about to kiss. In the moment it took them to respond to their shock and try to pull themselves up, the greedy stag struck, rolling his hips forwards in one gorgeously heavy, hungry squelch. With a wet, marshy noise, four little hooves were swallowed up by his thick shaft. The sensation was glorious, almost a blissful relief, as all the burning lust which he'd built up was quenched in that one instant. He groaned, stretching his hindlegs out to squeeze his sac, and watched the two little servants stare up at him in terror.

“N-no,” Matthieu whispered. “Please, p-please, no... w-we helped you! D-don't do this!”

The deer growled, and clenched his hips. With a spluttering gurgle, his shaft gulped its way up their legs, bulging with their delicate frames. Slowly, Orion began to grind, each motion slurping up another inch of fluffy flesh.

“You did help. Which makes this even better. Where's the fun in vengeance? I want to take you just for pleasure.” He shuddered as Lucille kicked him, his cock bouncing as it absorbed the impact to its hypersensitive inner walls. “Ffffuck. If it's any comfort, I am sorry. That I didn't get to feel those lovely legs squirming up my ass instead. But it's always the case. Every part of me aches to be gorged and stuffed, and I can only condemn each of you to one sloshing fate.” He growled, thrusting slowly

Lucille tried to wriggle her way out from under her brother, peering up at him over the enormous mountain of his fat, churning belly. “Y-you monster,” she whimpered, grabbing handfuls of grass to drag herself forwards. Orion cocked his head, watching, and the little green leaves bound her fingers, shoving her back instead, deeper into him. She squealed in panic, writhing, trying to find handholds on the creamy mound of his bellyfat, pushing out, utterly unable to find anything to slow her down. Slowly, smugly, almost chewing on them with thick, wet lips, Orion's cock swallowed her up. By the time he was moaning and gasping as her fat rump started to stretch him out, Lucille was exhausted.

“A-at least let him go,” she said, pivoting awkwardly to hug her brother. “P-please. I'll d-do what you want, I'll serve you, I'll... do those things in that memory, f-for, for the rest of my life. A-anything! J-just let him go. Please.”

“What? No! I led u-us here, Lucille! You’re not giving yourself up for me! L-lord, Lord, I- I volunteer. Take me!”

“I-I’m the elder, M-matthieu, shut up!”

He wriggled over her, trying to hold her down. “N-no. No, I’m n-not going t-to do this. You- you deserve better! You deserve a life, y-you-”

“Darlings?”

They both froze, looking up at him. Orion smirked, leaning down and licking her face, then Matthieu with two drooling, dribbling slurps. They squealed and pulled away, writhing in the hot, wet tunnel of his cock as it started to crest over their plush hips, and the pleasurable shocks of every movement they made ran through him. “Mmnnph. You two adorable little things. You really mean it, too. But do you think I’m going to let either of you go? Here’s what I’m going to do.” He lashed his tail in preparation, eyeing the tent a few feet away. “I’m going to suck you both inside, churn you into enough demoncream to make my balls drag on the floor, and then hump my own fat gut until I stain it and drown your tent with the creamy gallons which used to be you.”

Lucille blinked back tears. “I... but... please...”

His tail reached across, the fluffy tip tickling his tip deliciously and slowly poking them inside. Matthieu whined, feeling it start to kiss his neck. His hooves were spilling out into something more open, twisted to the right. “Don’t d-do this,” he sniffled. “D-don’t, don’t d-don’t, don’t...”

The colossal stag winked at him, then stood up, pushing his hind legs into the air and resting on his swollen belly so that his sac and engorged shaft hung in the air. Gravity was effortlessly defeated, and the two deer got to watch as the thick fleshy lips slurped slowly over their faces. By now the fluids oozing out were a slow torrent, enough to make them splutter and cough in between weak, helpless gasps. They were pressed together, side by side just able to make an eye meet. Matthieu swivelled his eye downwards, able to see how his and his sister’s body made the shaft swell thickly outwards. That bulge was her wide hips. That one was his knee. They were pressed together, the heat and suckling tightness covering them utterly. A single clench was all that separated the two of them from the swaying, sagging balls above.

“Please...” Lucille whispered, and although they couldn’t see the deer any more they could feel him snarling with pleasure to hear her. Matthieu tried to squeezed her hand, but there was no space in the squeezing sweltering flesh of his enormous cock. “You... you saw t-the memory.

We... we could b-be like that. Your s-servants, your harem. And n-not just for a festival.” She panted with the effort of speaking through the drooling waterfall of fluids. “For our whole lives. P-please. Isn’t th-that better? Isn’t it?”

Orion didn’t reply, his shaft toying with the two preythings inside it, slurping them up two inches and letting them slowly slip back out before slurping them up again. Matthieu eyed her nervously.

“Do you t-think...?” he whispered.

“I d-don’t know.” She wriggled against him. “I had to t-try something.”

Silence reigned for a few seconds. Then Orion said languidly, “Goodbye, gorgeous little sluts.”

His shaft slurped, and didn’t stop. A few wet bubbling swallows, and with a soft, squelching noise, the buck’s lustful shaft sealed right over them. Matthieu’s last sight was of the stag’s fat bloated stomach.

He wailed, squirming and kicking desperately, clawing at the walls, grabbing for handholds as his arms and fingers were suckled in. Inside Orion was unbelievably hot and dark, oozing lust-fluids drenching them to the bone and soft, hungry muscles dragging them further. He felt Lucille squirming too, writhing against him, but he could barely notice her. All he felt was Orion.

Slowly, suckling and savouring them every inch of the way, the monster’s gluttonous shaft squished them down, swallowing in steady gulps. Matthieu’s lean body was contorted awkwardly, suckled up the slurping throat and then back downwards into the open space. It was only open for an inch or two, he realised as he sank deeper. Then he landed in some kind of hot, thick fluid, like a possessive, greedy bath of sorts. He whimpered, kicking weakly in it, already guessing where he was going. A lake of demonic cream, bubbling and gurgling in the deer’s unholy sac. And Lucille was-

-splitting off.

“Lucille!” he cried desperately, trying to hold her. It came out as a burbling gurgle. He was being crammed into Orion’s swollen left testicle, and her into the right. She must have realised too, for she writhed back, trying to hold him. “PLEASE!” he howled, sinking into the churning ocean of rich deer seed to his belly, to his chest. “N-no, no, no n-”

He didn't know if Orion could hear him. But Orion's cock certainly could. It just didn't care. With ruthless, mulching slurps, it pulled them down and apart. For a moment, their fingers entwined, and then they were pulled apart. With a sloshing, churning gurgle, the deer's balls sagged lower and fatter, bulging out with the imprints of hands and limbs. Every motion caused ripples across the surface, enough to be seen from outside. Orion groaned, swaying his hips, feeling them sway pendulously beneath him. Already his thighs ached faintly with carrying such girth between them.

Panting, dragging his gut below him, the bloated buck pulled himself across the clearing. As he went, he admired his handiwork. Rucksacks strewn about, a fire built but never to be started, and of course the tent he had stepped on before, the poles snapped like dry twigs beneath his obese bulk. Sweetest of all was the silence, the knowledge that all the noise and sound and life was crammed under the shifting surface of his body. Signe wiggled and whined in his belly, having made friends with the raccoons she'd met churning away in there. Alexis and Jamie had stopped squirming for escape, but instead were gearing up for round three of gasping, sweltering sex, nearly a hundred feet deep in his clenching, squeezing bowels, and with hundreds more to go. And the darling deer, the descendants of his father's toys, each crammed into a sloshing sac and hanging between his legs. To Orion's external hearing, the only sound was the wet sloshes and gurgles, and the wind rustling the trees. To his internal hearing, the world was a cacophony of groans, gasps, whimpers, cries, pleas, and even more sloshes and gurgles.

His.

He reached the tent just as Lucille managed to squeeze a few inches of her fingers out of his bubbling sac, just before a gurgling slurp sent them back down. She was still pleading with him, and he let the vibrations churn through his body, harmonising with all the other voices until it drove him wild.

Orion piled his fat girth atop it, moaning with satisfaction at the satin-smooth material, and rolled his hips. His shaft sunk a foot deep into his own pudge, displacing the bulges in his guts and making his paunch sink out a couple of inches at the sides. It felt divine. He thrust again, grinding against his belly, his hind legs raising off the ground as he balanced on his sagging gut, his ass jiggling and jostling with each thrust. He could feel the little deer inside his sac staggering and squirming, mashed into the churning lake of his seed, and the motions made them sway and squish against his pulsing shaft. When they pressed out and screamed, their tiny hands massaged the throbbing root of his sex. He continued, humping in slow, sticky rounds, panting with pleasure.

And inside he could feel so much life. So much fat to be added to his girth.

Signe, trapped between a few others, with a plush raccoon rear in her face and a set of heavy otter tits squishing her legs. She was deep in the stewing gut by now, clawing furiously at her new friends as Orion's thrusts and motions sent the lake of his stomach acids rippling and sloshing with tsunamis of fluid and people. All of those in his belly were trying to reach the top of the mound of limbs and tails and rumps and faces, and the small pocket of sweltering air, rather than sinking to the hotter, churnier depths of the deer's massive belly. Signe had strength on her side, and she had only just entered, while the others had been in there for hours. But her weight dragged her down, and even as the demonic deer squished his shaft into his paunch at just the right angle to grind across her voluptuous form, inside his furnace gut, she slipped beneath a wailing hawk and ended up a bit deeper. A thousand little points pressed out at Orion's stretched stomach walls from fingers and paws and faces and toes, and each one made him hornier.

"A-airr..." gurgled Petyr Mizuki, the hawk, who Orion had suckled on for half an hour before swallowing. Signe tried to grab him from below but he kicked her further down and she slipped on the rippling carpet of bodies below, sinking even deeper, the deer's gut already making her soft curves even softer as it liquefied her.

Orion groaned, his shaft dribbling a slow gush of thick fluids which stained his lower belly. He could feel them on the other side of that sticky, matter fur, past a few feet of pure soft fat and a few more feet of slick, squishing intestines. Alexis and Jamie, oozing slowly through a long stretch of bowelflesh which allowed them not a single inch of space. They were crammed together, entangled with each other, their breath hot and heavy in each others mouths, when the deer started humping. Each thrust sent the loop of guts grinding and contorting, twisting into odd, tight shapes which crammed them further together.

"W-what the fuck i-is this?" Alexis moaned, rubbing himself against the blackbird. "What's h-he doing?"

"I don't know."

Another slam of that almighty cock into squishing bellyfat sent them slurping around a bend, Jamie moving slower, so that he ended up pressed against Alexis' navel.

"...he ate us," Alexis whispered, his trim stomach quivering. "He a-ate us, with his... his ass. How, how is that p-possible. Sir, d-don't do this... p-please... please..."

Jamie moved his head further down, starting to lick. "I don't know, h-how he did it," he mumbled, suckling on the ocelot's shaft, "Now s-shut up. I've w-wanted you for three years, I'm

g-going to get as m-much out of you as I can.”

Orion heard them moaning, and felt their writhing bodies press against a dozen sensitive spots inside him. He humped faster, feeling his pudgy rumpcheeks wobble and sway, the massive thick pucker mouthing and gulping at the air itself. Their lust reminded him of the revelries of his memory, the pleasure-dances and enjoyments, and so he cast his mind finally to his twitching, bouncing ballsac.

Lucille was barely even able to stay above the frothing, bubbling sea of cream, let alone stay upright. She was drenched in it, slathered in it, the sweet heavy taste coating her tongue. Each motion of the stag’s massive hips sent her tight, hot prison whirling, and she had long given up hope of squirming for freedom instead just shoving and pushing at the walls as she tried not to drown. She only needed to survive until he climaxed, she reasoned. Then he would settle down, his balls would be a bit less full of this thick, hot cream, and she could try to escape.

...so why was the level of the thick, hot cream somehow getting higher?

Orion paused in his bellyfucking frenzy for a few panting seconds, to adjust his weight and better crush Signe’s wriggling bulge beneath his fat mass, and Lucille realised why. She was melting.

Her fingers simply collapsed as she tried to squeeze them together, falling apart into just another heavy glob of seed. Her limbs were being eaten away, slowly suckled down cell by cell. The sensation was painful and pleasurable all at once, an obscene, intense tingle which made her want to scream and moan all at once. Her body was being digested, and turned into... into *this*.

Then the deer continued, sinking his throbbing shaft two feet into the bulging spill of his belly, and Lucille continued squirming for her life. Every time she was crammed against a hot wall, or smothered in a sea of churning white cream, she could feel more of herself liquefying with the impact. She screamed, but that only meant it had easier access to her mouth.

Orion groaned, clenching his thick cheeks and thighs together just to squeeze them tighter. Across his sac, in the other sloshing chamber, Matthieu had made the same realisation and was trying desperately to beg for his life, although it was very hard now that his face was slowly becoming just more cream. The deer listened anyway, savouring every word, as his fat, lumpy, bulging balls slowly became smoother and thicker, hanging lower between his legs with every jostling hump.

“P-lelleaaff...” Matthieu moaned, upended, his plush rump in the air, his face crammed into the bubbling ocean. “Lorrrrdd... g-godff... Orrriohhh, pleaaaff...”

Orion felt his spine tingle at the sound of his voice. So broken, so ruined. So his. He thrust faster, his belly by now a swamp of sticky fluids which his cock glided into and out of with barely a hint of friction.

“You’re all begging me,” he spoke, his voice deep and loud enough to rumble through all of their fleshy prisons. “One way or another. So... I want you... nnnff... all to listen.” His body built up speed, his tail wrapping around his shaft to provide a tighter surface to rut against. “No. The answer is, no. You are mine, every, fuck, every fffucking ounce of you, and I will never, nnnf, ever, nnnff, *ever*, let you go. You are going to thicken my gut, my, nnnff, fat ass, my tail, my sac, my hips, my shaft... every part of me. My entire... nfff... body is going to own you on the most intimate level you can... ever... imagine. And now... that I’ve told you that... beg, darling sluts. Not... nfff, because it might help you. But because that’s. What. You. Are. *For*.”

There was a long moment where the only sounds were his churning gut as it worked them over, and his own grunts and squelches as he pounded his own gut with furious pleasure. And then they did. Every last swollen inch of him *erupted* with squirms, howls, cries and whimpers. Fingers pressed into him, and faces, and tongues. Voices promised him money, slaves, worship, godhood. Lives were devoted to him in an instant. His entire body became a surging mass of prey and pleasure, and the deer rode it so hard he nearly broke them all in half.

Except for two. In his sac, he could feel Lucille and Matthieu writhing and sobbing, trying to reach each other as the last of their bodies began to collapse completely. Amazingly, the gooey mass of Lucille’s arm had managed to wiggle it’s way through the tight valve, and was just about to brush the soft squishing tendril of Matthieu’s own.

In that exact moment, Orion flexed. Vindictively, feeling the delicious petulance. With a soft, wet, squelching clench, and a slight soggy crunching noise, his balls rippled. The two deer were mulched completely, their bodies liquefied into more of the heavy cream that now dragged his sac past his knees. To the deer, it was almost as though they had popped, snuffed out in that simplest of motions. It was enough.

He came.

With a husky roar which sent the earth shaking, Orion’s shaft exploded, a fire-hose blast of cream pouring forth from it so hard it nearly overbalanced him. In a matter of seconds, his gut was drenched in it, the tent below was overflowing, and he lay in the middle of a rapidly spreading lake of his own seed. It threatened to engulf the campfire, the rucksacks, the other, unerected tents, and the trees to the side too, and he gleefully let it. Thrusting furiously, he drew

in an enormous breath and bellowed again, his shaft echoing his cry with ropey splurts of thick lust, each one a gallon or more, and it kept going for minute after minute. By the time he collapsed, spent, his sac had shrunk by more than half a foot, and his entire underbelly was soaked.

Orion's body was his soul, but it still had to follow some basic laws of biology. He felt his ichor rushing towards his stomach, determined to use the boiling heat of his exertion to digest those inside. His eyelids flickered, calling him towards the last Sin: Sloth. The peaceful, smug, proud rest of one who has achieved what they desire.

“Good work, darlings,” he purred. “Now it's time to do what you were destined to do. Make me fatter.”

Inside him people squirmed and pleaded, but he only closed his eyes, loving the wet, sticky mass of his belly. He enjoyed feeling it squelch and grind beneath him for a moment, then focused instead on the two hot, tingling little masses in his near-empty sac, right near the bottom of the cream that remained.

“Surprised?”

The voice washed over Matthieu like an ocean. He couldn't see anything. He could hear only bubbles and gurgles. He could feel, though, and he could feel a lot: heat, softness, wetness, a faint tidal swirling around him.

What is this? he whimpered, and his voice was nothing but a whisper in his own mind.

Matthieu? came a familiar voice. *I thought... I thought we were dead. W-what is this place? It's so hot, so... wet... it's like...*

“...Like you never even left, huh?” Orion rumbled. He swayed his hips, letting the sac wobble and jiggle between them, and giggled as the souls inside quivered and sloshed. “You see, you were right. I do want to be worshipped like my predecessor was. That memory, of being adored by dozens of cult-slaves, treated like a living god... well, no wonder I climaxed so fast.” It had taken an hour and a quarter of raw, constant, squishing guthumping to get him to orgasm. “I just couldn't get it out of my head. So, you lucky darlings, I decided to start my own harem. And you two are the beginning.”

...oh, said Matthieu, his voice meek and frightened even as a thought. *Oh, no...*

...But y-you, you'll let us go at least? Lucille whimpered. *Let us out of... you?* It was adorable how hard she was looking for a silver lining. Orion licked his lips, feeling Signe manage to clamber up to second place near the top, slumping there before a squirming limb dragged her down again.

“Yes. Eventually.”

At least then we- she paused, and he could feel her prickling with fear deep inside his balls. *What? Eventually?*

“Well, a harem isn't just two people. I'm going to need a lot more.” He swallowed a sticky gush of drool. “A *lot* more. And I'm quite picky. So when I find someone worthy of an eternity pleasuring me... I'll keep them. Like I've kept you. Their soul slurped out of their body just before it churns away, and safely absorbed into my body, until I'm ready to let you all out at once and... have some fun.” He stroked the faint, hot little bulge of her with his tail. “Until then, you're going to be sacfat. I'll let you talk to each other, if you're good. Perhaps you can brainstorm some ways to pleasure your owner.” He squished Matthieu's sac and let it sway and gurgle. “But you'll have a long, long, long time in there, so I hope it's tight, and hot, and sticky.”

It was. Matthieu and Lucille snuggled against the deer's thighs, whimpering and moaning, pleading for mercy. Orion listened to them for a long while before resting his mind, his body still alive with squirms that were only just getting more frantic as the acids kicked in. Alexis and Jamie were entering the more melty part of his bowels, wriggling and wailing as they softened. Signe and her new friends were starting to merge together in the furnace of his gut. And the two deer who had shown him this whole new way of life thickened his sac wonderfully, there to sway between his legs for months or years until he had given them enough friends to be his own pleasure-cult. Tomorrow he would be fatter, his pudgy gut sagging lower, his thighs wider, his ass heavier and softer, his tail an inch or two longer and much heftier. And yet his pucker would be even more squishy gluttonous, his cock even more gulpingly ravenous, and his maw would drool even more at the slightest scent of flesh. It was the blessing and the curse of a demon: enough was never, ever enough. Not for long, anyway.

Orion lashed his plump tail and curled it around himself, purring with delight. He would get some more darlings tomorrow to lick his fur clean of the remaining cream, and then use them to refill his balls, and stretch his nearly fattened belly even further. And perhaps he should investigate his father some more. Clearly the old sod was not as boring and uptight as he'd thought. What other secrets were hidden out there, in the many forests Orion claimed as his own?

And what other gorgeous, gasping, moaning cuties?