

“Alright Jaeger, get the **fuck** in here if you think you've got what it takes to handle this! I'm not going to let you wuss out of the trial or take this easy on you just because you're-”

Jaeger Sumorson shuffled his way into the Clan dining hall. He liked to think he cut an impressive figure, posing in the light of the evening fires roasting the first course of the meal for the night. Noticeably wider than he was tall, Jaeger's chest and belly hung exposed to the evening chill of the lands of Berlia's air. Some of the young man resembled his mother, the gray and white fur of the lupine paws and hands he bore, the fangs in his mouth, the white tips on his pink hair – but the rest tended to remind his Clan of his father and that was something he hoped to put to rest today.

“Mother, you don't have to be so-”

The Clan Jarl let out a snarl that silenced the whole chamber, and then followed it with a thundering *Vwurrp hhFRRRRPPHHBBBT-* that left the tapestries detailing the Clan history billowing in the foul wind she let loose from her throne. Jarl Loona took up most of the back wall of the dining hall, a vast expanse of gray and white fur and even more seething fury wrapped somewhere under all of it. A gut like a landslide, always rumbling like an oncoming storm. Nobody in the room doubted that, even as vast as she was, Loona could be on her feet and flattening any of them at a moment's notice. Jaeger certainly knew it, she'd done it to him more than once.

“Shut it! Just because I squeezed you out of my cunt doesn't mean this is going to be anything but the full trial, you got it pinkbelly? If you can't hack it until sunrise and if your tits run watery-”

The bell sounded. The trial was starting. Jaeger tried to hide his relief as his mother's vitriol was staunch with the arrival of the first course of the night's trial. Roasts and sweet breads from the surrounding forests and tribute from the local tribesmen. The entire structure shook when Loona's gargantuan body lurched forward to snatch at an entire ox flank, which she wasted no time shearing flesh from bone on, then started biting her way through to the marrow. The violence of her movement and the fact that she was leaning forward saw to it that the next sound to drown out everything else was a recurring *Hwurrp hhFWRRRRVRRRRPHHHBBBT-* and the quivering of the timbers that made up the walls. That outburst got a roaring cheer from the rest of the Clan where they watched from the edges of the chamber – and even from the visiting envoys from the neighboring Clans. Jaeger had **that** to live up to..

“..Just you wait, mother. Come morning I'll be striding out of here a Gourmet Traveler, caked in victory, and I'll prove I'm able to take over Clan Hellwind someday..”

Nobody heard him over the sounds of the ensuing gluttony, and Jaeger knew he had to get started *now* or fall behind and risk being judged for it. He couldn't have said more anyway, not with his mother having already grown impatient. Jarl Loona lashed out, a heap of succulent spiced meat in her hand almost the size of Jaeger's head, and forced it into his mouth.

As defiant as he felt about the whole thing Jaeger was still in awe of his mother's capacity for gluttony. The Jarl was able to feed herself with one arm and force him to eat with the other – and between Jaeger grabbing what he could and the rest of the Clan stepping in to fill every other small gap in the gluttonous display.

There truly was no hesitation from his Clan either. Jaeger soon found himself being pushed back into a seat of horns and furs that looked *far* too large for his already corpulent frame while his people gathered and increased the intensity of the feast. Music was playing, chants were being sung, a madness filled the air as readily as Jaeger's belly was being stuffed. He snarled his way through each morsel, swallowing as fast as he could manage while they pushed glazed meats and sweet bread and butter slathered treats into his face. A few of them even took places by his gut to rub at it and help him work through digesting – but then, that had consequences of its own.

Jaeger hesitated just briefly. Pulling back from a bite as he felt his body swelling gently around him, needing to breathe – painfully full already and starting to sweat as he wondered how long it had been (other than knowing it had not been long **enough** by any stretch) and tried to play the moment of weakness off by leaning to one side and bathing the back of the ceremonial 'throne in a thundering *Hwurrpphhh- fwrrpphhb- FWRRRRRPHHHBBBT-* that left his eyes watering and his stomach feeling just a little less catastrophically full. His mother even relented just long enough to let Jaeger finish, it wasn't their way to interrupt someone's ass trumpeting. The night was going to be full of that as it was, and a few of the older and more dedicated Clan members were even joining the music for the ritual by way of their own asses.

It wasn't a long reprieve though. A mere couple of seconds, and then Loona was right back on him. Jaeger winced and went wide-eyed as his mother pushed a large buttered loaf of bread stuffed with dripping meat and gravy into his face and didn't even afford time to chew. Loona held it there, watching for Jaeger to swallow, all while she curled her lip in a snarling grin and blasted the back of the long house with a cacophony of flatulence that was outright deafening, putting Jaeger's to shame. Once he was working the dish down his throat, his mother grabbed his chest.

“You *might* make it at this rate.. if you step your game up, **boy**. Now let's see how your tits are doing. You know what my standards are like, you had fucking better have some pristine cream for your Jarl!”

Jaeger couldn't help yelping as his mother buried a hand in his chest, giving the broad swell of his moobs merciless shake to start them leaking before bringing it up to her mouth and suckling. There wasn't even time to moan properly like he needed to at that, his mother's hunger felt like she was trying to suck the life out of him through his tits and Jaeger was still expected to eat non-stop through the whole ordeal.

Surrounded by his Clan, Jaeger shut his eyes and let the stuffing happen. At least.. as much as he could. With his mother busy it wasn't *quite* as intense a race to swallow and having people kneading his belly was taking the edge off. That, and leaning to the side to drown things out in with a fresh burst of *Bwurrumphhhfrt- FWURRRRPHHHBT- VWURPHHHBB-* that left him light-headed and dizzy, but bought him a precious couple of seconds as his Clan mates let him finish out of respect for tradition.

“G..gwuh.. so full already. B-but I ca-”

Letting his guard down was a mistake. Jaeger discovered that, even wrapped up in her own 'snacking' and deferring to their Clan's commitment not to interrupt anyone's infernal winds his mother was still watching. Closely. His moob hit his belly with a fleshy slap while his face was grabbed hold of by one of her powerful, meaty paws. Jaeger felt his jaw pried open for her to seize something from out of his vision – something behind herself.. something her guests from the neighboring Clans had brought. It was sweeter than anything they had at the table and so full of a thick, gooey cream that its flaky crust burst between Jaeger's teeth the moment his Jarl pushed his mouth shut around it. Jaeger could swear he tasted the undercurrents of old magic in the thing.

“No you don't! Not with your tits running as watery as that! You'll either be ready to Travel by morning, or you'll be ready for us to roll you to the dairy pens!”

An audible 'gloroph' from his body left Jaeger going wide-eyed as he felt himself *spread*. For a moment he went from stuffed taut and full to completely ravenous, and then it was veering right back to full again.. or close to it. There was just enough space that when the others started to feed him again he could swallow.. even when he started to feel his ass sprawling further out over the throne. His thighs were creeping like a slow landslide and his belly was brushing gently against the

floor when he swayed and jerked from all this stuffing. Jaeger wasn't able to protest though, not even to ask what he'd been fed, at no point did the Clan give him time to use his mouth for anything other than eating. But then.. this *was* the way, this **was** the tradition.. If he couldn't handle this-

A body-wide shudder ran through him as his mother gave his moobs tugging at and licked some of the cream that spurted out of him off her hand – but the disappointed look on her face didn't encourage him that this was going well.

“..Too thin and watery still. **Bring something richer.** If we're going to get this offspring of mine worth of *anything* by morning we need more **fat** in him~”

Wide-eyed, Jaeger looked at his mother as he felt the 'gift' from the other clan working its way through him. It was going to make the first step of the challenge all too easy, it seemed – he wasn't getting properly full. But as Jaeger felt himself straining the chair during the next wild cacophony of farting he knew it was going to present another problem later.. And from the way the representative of Clan Gemsinger looked, a blood red furred man with small deer's horns and a horrifically unsettling sharp toothed grin on his face, it was doing *exactly* what it was supposed to. The pristine snowy-white feathers and dark eyes of the avian representative of Clan Stardepths weren't comforting him either.. Out of everyone in the room the secretary bird seemed genuinely *malicious* in intent as she let her eloquent, silken, *vicious* voice join the din.

“Oh-hoh! I think we can help with that, if Clan Hellwind would like. I've put my *husband* to work on a little delight of late – it might seem like a small morsel, but-”

As the bird sauntered up closer to Jaeger and his pack of feeders (and his mother chief among them..) he saw the bird pluck a bottle of something from her cloak. It was overly ornate, crystal with a stopper in it rather than a skein or cask. Something creamy white was inside, which Jaeger watched his mother snatch up immediately and shove violently in his mouth. He couldn't really do much to stop her.. Or to deal with how the sweet, cream liquor inside started to leave him feeling hot and unfocused – and left his tits throbbing and quivering as they started to leak all over his front.

“-but he's gone and succeeded a bit *too well* at drawing on distant worlds and tethering them to earthen vessels. Especially when you pair them with Gemsinger's gift~”

Whimpering, Jaeger felt his chest growing heavier even faster than the rest of him, but there was precious little he could do about it. Not, at least, until sunrise.. All of this was just going to get worse in the meantime, and his mother couldn't seem to stop grinning about it.

\*\*\*

Eventually that *did* come about. The first traces of light entering the long cabin as the thing was aired out from the unspeakable gluttony and flatulence of the previous night. Jaeger felt a shiver of relief as he saw it. He was awake, he hadn't stopped at all, that was enough!

Almost, anyway. With everyone silent around him now Jaeger had only to manage the final step of the trial and he could depart from his mother's home as a Gourmet Traveler. He had to literally get up and walk out.

Jaeger was sweating, despite the cold air. He lurched upward, or he tried to at least. All the weight caked onto his body was getting in the way of moving and he felt strangely weak, tired, his moobs hadn't stopped spraying milk in hours and the stuff was thicker and creamier than it had ever been before. It was hard not to reach down to gather some himself, but it was also borderline impossible to reach his own chest with his nearly uselessly fat arms.

The first lurch upward went nowhere, but Jaeger told himself it was just stiff legs. He bounced them a little, let the blood get moving, and tried again. His paws dug into the floor, he hurled his weight forward, and..

*Bwwrrrphhhht- VwururPHHRRRT- VRRPHHHBBBBrrppbbht ffrpptp-*

When Jaeger collapsed back into the chair after rising a whole three inches only to unleash another storm of farts into the room he could feel the eyes of everyone on him. Failure. Which meant another *three years* of time under his mother's rule before he could try again.

“I **knew** you'd lose it at the last step, boy. You haven't got what it takes to go out wearing Hellwind's crest – but we can make sure you help keep the kitchens stocked with that heavy cream of yours. You'll make a *much better* cow than Traveler. Unless you care to try to prove me wrong in a couple more years-”

A sharp prod in the side from his mother's maddeningly strong limbs left Jaeger yelping as his soft, pillowy prison sloshed and jiggled around him.

“...Assuming you ever work up the strength to walk again.”