

“Alright everyone.. We know *where* the heretics and their forces are, we know they're preparing an assault given the forces they've been mounting. You three ready to help me put the Devouring Maw through its paces on its maiden voyage?”

Saren looked on at his party from the main control pit of the airship that had just finally, after far too long, become properly *ready* for its mission. The other three, the rabbit demihuman with the blue hair and ears, the strawberry pattered argonian, and the green-armed brown-bodied mantid with his pale belly and eye rune marking it all shared looks with each other. The mantid spoke first – Saren saw that coming. Ichiro had less hangups about being blunt.

“The Cult of Letidrya.. finally on the move? And your design finally works, so we are poised to put a stop to their corrupt message? Indeed! I am ready to do my part in such a noble task.”

All of the four were on the corpulent side – when the argonian Clears-Her-Room gave the mantid a quick smack to his runed belly she did so by slapping her own ponderous gut against it. Something that left a noticeable damp patch where the bulge of her cock rested against her clothing.

“Yeah! Let's do it now! I cannot -wait- to get them inside me and see what kind of *juicy* power that gives.. I *swear* heretics just satisfy me more, you know? Like.. Like eating them is 'right' somehow and I get more magic out of it? So uh, how's this work?”

Of the bunch, Vrelder was possibly the most composed at the moment. That might be on account of there being *slightly* less religious zeal fueling his reaction to what was going on. The bunny demihuman crossed his arms, looking back at the ship.. at the pod bays that seemed to be set up for him and the other members of the party. There were *copious* mechanisms in each, quite a lot of hose, tube, and strap looking things and more than a few arcane sigil arrays with huge focusing crystals and things that looked like vacuum tubes and-

“Yeeeah.. Can you uh, can you spell that part out a bit maybe? I am *not* an inventor or alchemist and this is all a bit more than I can just suss out by looking at it. Walk me through this Saren.. if we have time before we get to the engagement?”

That question was probably the only one relevant enough to throw some water on the rampant excitement. Everyone looked to Saren. The fat turian looked to some of his instruments and did a bit of math in his head on the spot, then nodded and pointed at each of them and at the pod entrances to indicate who was to go where. Something they all did – and two out of three with as much speed and excitement as their flab-laden bodies allowed for.

“The weapon pods serve a *few* purposes. They act much like a gunner's seat for some of the ship's defenses. Vrelder, yours is suited to air-to-air combat. Rapid fire darts and the like. Ichiro and Clears-Her-Room, yours are for the ground forces and are.. a bit like *artillery*. With a few other things they can do, the controls will be easy to manage once you're actually mounted.”

The explanation seemed simple enough, and there was an urgency to Saren's tone that suggested they were quite close indeed to the targets so all three approached the leathery orifice looking entrances to the gunnery pods. Ichiro and Clears-Her-Room stepped in readily, finding the things seemed to suck them in as soon as the entrance was disturbed a little. Vrelder was the only one that briefly hesitated..

“Wait, did you say *mounted* in them-!”

Only to end up sucked just as quickly when their foot touched the outer wall. The metahuman bunny was yanked into a roughly dome shaped enclosure, but it was a *big one*. Beneath them they could see the mountain pass they were flying over and a visibly mobilizing encampment of Heretics raising their banners. To their sides were Ichiro and Clears-Her-Room, both nestled in similar spaces. It was seeing them that let Vrelder properly realize what was going on.

Not that it was *that* hard to get the picture. Vrelder felt the dome 'grab' them and hold them in place in the center. It simultaneously latched onto his senses, tracking where he was looking and where his hands were pointed with a few simple gestures indicating how to make the ship's weapons work, and latched onto his *ass*. Then came the gentle hissing of something faintly bluish and smelling of fruits and a hint of ozone. It was kind of familiar though, Ichiro and Clears-Her-Room both looked to Vrelder as the mist entered their gunnery enclosures. Saren's alchemy. Of *course*.

That explained why all three of them felt themselves slowly but surely packing on a few fresh pounds all over their bodies, and why they were suddenly dealing with intense rumbling in their bellies. The gas siphons that had just nestled themselves in their asses saw to handling the sudden onslaught of farts reverberating around the gunnery pods.

As he was guided into place, Ichiro said a quiet prayer to himself. A simple request for a blessing before they started delivering the good word – and launching attacks at the cultist forces. The wild gastric sounds made sense as soon as the first shot was fired, it was a dense greenish ball that arced through the air toward the front of the advancing forces and burst into a cloud of mist on impact. A cluster of a dozen or so of the cultists *immediately* burst out of their robes as their bodies

bloated with debilitating levels of fat. From fit to morbidly obese, all of them.. and when Clears put a shot next to Ichiro's even more of them suffered the same – and two cultists who took *both* blasts immediately had their weight explode into full blown immobility.

Given that they were gearing for war the cultists *did* have a few airborne defenses, gliders mostly but they had dangerous weapons if one was in a large slow moving target. Vrelder found their guns weren't firing artillery however, they were launching rapid fire clusters of smaller darts. They were still the same things though, compressed alchemically and magically altered *farts* that peppered the fliers before they even got twenty feet in the air.

Probably lucky for them, Vrelder realized. Every last pilot was bloating out into a fat assed heap that didn't fit in their harnesses anymore and the whole division was in heaps of bent canvas and their own lard-encrusted asses before long. Meanwhile, Clears-Her-Room and Ichiro were following a well executed strafing run set up by Saren with more shots from the main cannons.. and turning more of the advancing cultist forces into helplessly beached mounds of jiggling flab. The sight of all those heretics turning to debilitatingly obese heaps got the argonian shouting in delight.

“Oh that's *brilliant!* You devious Turian *chonk* – they clogged the mountain pass! Narrow pathways, widest asses in the whole kingdom! Time to make the fattest fish in the tightest barrel – you going to get in on this Saren?!”

The Turian piloting the airship chuckled into the audio system while he started targeting the ship's final major system for handling assaults. Not *exactly* a weapon..

“I've got my own toy to use here. Get ready you three~”

Another shared glance followed that. Ichiro could not stop grinning, even more so when the weapons pod guided a small divination focus gem and fastened it to his navel. Vrelder and Clears got the same treatment, though Clears-Her-Room wasn't even paying attention. The argonian was just cackling as she slowly thickened and as her gurgling body poured violent fart after thundering *VwurrphhFRRUUMPHHBT* into the ship's systems and *never* stopped firing. The cultist army was mostly just a lopsided heap of flesh moaning and squirming helplessly.

..Except for part of it. One small hole in the heap where a thin beam of blue was being aimed by Saren. Clears-Her-Room couldn't begin to pay enough attention to why, Ichiro was back to shooting too, but Vrelder? The bunny demihuman watched the beam do its work. It zeroed in on the beached whales, the wholly immobile ones, and then they just started to.. compact. Shrinking a

little, moving upward along the beam, starting to look kind of ephemeral? Then came distinct pop that happened inside of Vrelder's belly and the sudden *immense* weight that filled it, stretching it out, leaving it dangling lower into the pod and *immediately* starting to churn away at the helplessly obese heretic in there. It left the bunny demi gasping, squirming in their mount, and getting heavier much faster than the alchemical vapor was doing by itself.

Ichiro let out a bellowing shout of delight when the first cultist entered his belly. The mantid started firing again, bathing the cultists in more fattening fumes while his own belly stretched out with body after body filling it. A writhing snarling sound began inside Ichiro while the mantid rapidly eclipsed even the cultists in size, soft layers of blubber wrapping his limbs and making it hard to move them to do any further use of the weapons apart from targeting them.. and even that was having problems as his eyes started to roll back.

“G-glory.. t-to our Grand Gluttony a- and.. b- *BWURPHHB* blessed be the feast~”

Clears-Her-Room hung onto her focus to keep firing at the cultists *a little* longer than did the mantid, but she still loved hearing the sounds coming from Ichiro and the way that Saren was starting to laugh. Or maybe cackle was the word. She was definitely cackling.. especially as she felt the third cultist enter her belly, then the fourth.. already she could *feel* the new rolls of fat blossoming under her scales and her furnace of a stomach working its way through the cultists.

“MORE! I can feel it, power and girth and *I want MORE!* Keep it coming Saren!”

Meanwhile, Vrelder was wriggling and finding himself getting almost nervous as the third cultist materialized inside his stomach. Already it was getting difficult to move his limbs and he felt his belly dangling closer still to the bottom of the gunnery pod, and he felt the ship hungrily feasting on the snarling *GwurlphhffRRAPPHH- VWURUMPHHBBT-* coming from the bunny demi's ass. Every rampant fart left them rippling and all of the new bulk was making it feel *delicious*.

“T-this is.. going to be a nightmare on my digestion.. isn't it?”

All four of them were quickly becoming enormous, even compared to the cultists.. but there weren't very many of those left and Saren seemed to be mopping them up with ease. Vrelder was *pretty sure* she heard all three of the others belching their way through a few prayers over their success. As for the bunny, he was delighted to have helped make the kingdom safer. Which did not mean he wasn't getting *a little* concerned as he started getting turned on by the gentle undulating of his colossal frame and the fact that his body hadn't stopped farting for a solid minute or two now.

“Y-yup.. oh well, small price to pay for p- *Hwurphhb*- peace.. I guess~”