It was a rural area where our story takes place, very far from any major cities; just tiny villages that was sparsely dotted across the land by several days’ worth of travel. So far that it may have been considered to edge of the Core Realm. Yet, an interesting event was taking place at the village that was furthest from the center of the continent, yet nowhere near any major oceans or seas.

Loud murmuring chanted throughout the whole area as hooded figures kneeled down and had their hands closed together before they performed a bow all in the same direction. Receiving their worship, a raised platform held a makeshift throne that has been heavily modified to be considered the type lower tier royalty would sit on. There sat a very plump woman, with large breasts, wider hips with a fat bottom and a pot belly sticking out. Wearing a fancy white/blue robe made from probably the best locals had to offer, her blue eyes stared at the people before her with both warmth and wisdom as her blue hair reached the middle of her back, but if one was to take a closer look, the color had a purplish tone to it. As she watched the worshippers do their thing, she was currently munching down on some of the offerings they have given her, which consisted of several baskets of fruits, goat dairy products, salads and the occasional treat the worshippers were able to create.

Meanwhile, standing to her right, a long, scarlet haired beauty in armor stood in attention, watching cautiously like a veteran watch hound, for the slightest form of any suspicious activities as their hand kept close to the holstered twin daggers. Despite the slightly pear-shaped feminine appearance, the knight was male and their brown eyes showed off an arrogant light within. Across his chest was the symbol of the Core Knights.

Opposite to him was a very busty woman, melons far bigger than anyone’s head, but wasn’t big enough to sag or hinder her movement. Wearing a cyan tube top and a black skirt, her other notable feature was the bandages across her upper face, effectively blinding her as her wavy, shoulder length hair covered a majority of the wrappings. She was currently polishing her staff, a stick of over two meters tall and darkened like mahogany, but was light as a feather for her while sparks fizzled out of it.

Another woman stood next to the Core Knight, though most of her features were covered by her blue/white robes, but she had modest figure and modest assets. With amber hair ties up in pig tails and her brown eyes watching with a feverish, child-like excitement, the woman sported a great grin across her face.

Just as the woman on the throne polished off her fifth basket of goodies, the hooded cultists stopped suddenly and rose to their feet. The robed woman took this as a chance to step forward and speak.

“Thank you for daily morning worship, my fellows! As of now, if there is any important news to report, come forth. Else, we would move onto confessions. Ah, my dear Aquakin, what news do you wish to share with us?”

“Lady Persistal, thanks to the multiple conversions we conducted in the last year, we were able to reach almost 300,000 believers and it will take several months before they join us! Long live Greci!” A pufferfish Aquakin stood his husky body up and announced his claim.

This made everybody scream in joy at the achievement and while those on the stage didn’t moved, their expressions suppressed the shared joy that linked them with their fellow followers. Well, almost everybody.

*“300000!? How!? You can make a big city with that number! This seriously is going too far!”* Karen thought to herself as she was able to keep her face neutral as she slightly smiled towards the people.

Karen Greece was once a person that came from a world that had only humans, but nobody had the capabilities of the Hunger. However, due to unseen circumstances, she was reincarnated here and had lived as a villager until at a year ago, where her ‘abilities’ were discovered to a large group. The first one that found out were her best friend turned to first follower to head priestess, Persistal. She wanted to stay as a farmer, but because of the fuss over her ‘powers’ she had, that was currently impossible and if she were to expose the reality at this point, it would end ugly for her in the worse way possible. So, she kept her mouth shut and accepted the flow begrudgingly. Besides, her gluttony and foodie heart enjoyed the offerings she was receiving, and it would be a waste not to eat it all afterall.

The crowd before her eventually calmed down and the public confessions began. The first one was a teenage female wolf Pawkin with a bitter expression across her face.

“Child, what ails you?” The wolf girl grimaced before sighing.

“I’m called Chy and my, my sister has perished because of a bandit. I know because I never got the monthly letter she sent before and she would never miss the chance,” she said sadly.

*“Typical story. Well, the best she can do is move on and learn some self defense,”* Karen thought to herself before continuing to listen to the story.

“I know big sis Coriander wasn’t a good person and the people she spent time was utter scum, but she truly cared for her pack; both them and my sisters.”

*“Wait, I’ve seen this pattern before. Don’t tell me…”* Karen thought, worry entering her mind, despite it not showing up visibly.

“However, an associate of hers, the Cat, betrayed her and murdered her. So now, I want to give her the same taste of despair she gave to Big Sis!” She said, not withholding her hostility.

*“I kkkkkknnnnneeeeewwwwww iiiitttt!!! She’s obviously a bandit, probably a bandit boss!”* Karen mentally screamed as she stared at the Pawkin, unaware of how right she was, despite never hearing about them before.

“The Cat?” The blind woman asked, stopping her focus on her staff.

“She’s one of the seven bandit lords that plague these lands. I’ve heard some rumors she was trader in the past, though I’m not sure of which trade, Soliva. Most people aren’t aware of the bandit lords and very few know their Lord names, besides themselves,” Enzine explained, earning a surprised look from Chy.

“Was it because you were eavesdropping on your higher ups?” Persistal jokingly asked, earning a stern stare from Enzine.

“No, I was apart of the bandit subjection troops before I was moved here and I happen to overhear some them talk when we were infiltrating the camps, though it was just some of the minor ones. Lady Greci, how do you wish to proceed with this matter?” The Core knight said before addressing Karen.

*“Seriously, this is a bandit lord we’re talking about! It’s obvious that this was a dispute between some powerful thieves, so why can’t you see that! No way this kid can survive fighting against that. Better tell her to forget about it. I don’t want her to die for some stupid vengeance. Even a useless glutton like me would get a bad taste in my mouth, all because I told her to fight a bandit lord,”* Karen thought to herself, grabbing an apple and biting into it, before she mustered up the most majestic voice she could offer.

“An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, leaves the whole world blind! *How you like them apples!”*

With a smug grin, Karen polished off over three quarters of the fruit she was eating as Chy mulled it over.

“You’re telling me to… collect the Dragon’s Rear Fang and the Eye of the Dark Devil then!?” The wolf Pawkin asked, earning gasps from everyone nearby and the cultists began to murmur amongst themselves.

*“That’s not what I meant at all!”* Karen retorted mentally, almost spitting out her food and swallowing it down, thankfully not choking on it.

“That’s quite the task you have given to her. Are you sure she can do it?” The Core Knight asked, worry filling his effeminate face.

*“Of course not! In fact, I have no idea what those items are!”* Karen retorted inside her head.

“Enzine, the fact our god told this girl to do this means that Lady Greci believes that she can do it, isn’t that right?” Soliva said, ‘staring’ at Karen with expected hope.

*“Nnnnnnnnnoooooooo! That’s not I meant at all! I wanted her to move on from this; not the revenge route! Enzine, you won’t agree to this at all, right?”*

“Don’t tell me you believe that our god is wrong about this?” Persistal asked, joining in.

*“Oi, don’t add anymore fuel to this! Enzine, say something about this situation!”* Karen mentally cried, praying that the Core Knight would hear them.

“She’s not fit for combat…” *“Yes, Enzine! I knew I could count on you!”* “…But, with some training, I’m confident she can do it!”

*“Nnnnnnnnnnnnooooooooooo! I thought we were on the same side!”* Karen cried internally at the turn of events.

“Seeing that things have been settled, who’s next?” Persistal asked as Chy left the spot light with glee.

A man stood up, along with a bunch of others, and they weren’t bothering to hide the weapons they had, Enzine and Soliva preparing for battle as their respective weapons were raised. The sparks that fizzled out of the staff soon became rotating balls of light, their color changing to the next while an aura of sloppy purple oozed out of the twin daggers.

“How may Greci help you?” Persistal asked with a smile, but her eyes said the opposite.

“We really want to know if she’s really Greci, considering how there are these filthy animals around,” the leader growled, earning the disgust from all the non-humans while the humans looked at his group in both shame and the questioning manner of his intelligence.

Karen narrowed her eyes at the armed men and sighed. It wasn’t the first time someone doubted her (even though they were correct), but it was a first for her to meet some radicals and ones that were racist.

*“Regardless where it is, all religions have some nutjobs somewhere. Better deal with it quick, it’s almost brunch,”* she thought before speaking again in professional voice.

“While I’m goddess of humans, wasn’t it my siblings that created them. Thus, not only do you insult the people of this land, but my family as well, which in turn, an insult to me,” Karen said, narrowing her eyes at the group.

Even if those that didn’t follow religion loyally could agree with that logic, but crazy and the arrogant didn’t follow logic in the first place.

“I still believe you to be a false god!” The man sneered, now brandishing his weapon and his men and Karen’s guards followed suit.

All of the cultists scrambled away as both sides clashed, blade with blade and magic against magic.

“Feel my wraith, Sloth!” Enzine shouted, his daggers raised to the maximum height before he plunged it deep into his adversary.

While it wasn’t a killing blow, the attacker, after throwing Enzine off and gathered some distance away from, felt their body slow down until they could no longer move. Their thinking speed, on the other hand, was accelerating at an alarming speed that everything stopped and because of that, the feeling of Sloth plunging deep into their breast went beyond any kind pain a mortal should feel. Alas, their body couldn’t morph into their expression in time as Enzine used them to fend off an onslaught before tossing the slowing dying attacker away.

Enzine wasn’t known for his merciful kills; rather, when he struck his targets with Sloth, they would mentally feel the blades sink into them for multiple years in their slow-mo minds. His rival/fellow cadet, Nadalia, was the first to name him ‘Temporal Fiend.’

As for Soliva, multiple attributes of magic were flung at her foes, taking them down immediately as their bodies were either crushed, burnt, sliced, or blown into multiple bloody pieces.

“Arise, my newly underlings!” Soliva chanted, the corpses that were laying on the ground rose up and fought against their owner’s comrades for their druidish mistress.

Not much is known about her, other than the fact she’s a druid and a clash against an Amazon blinded her. But, she capable of using a multiple of spells and is really famous for her Necromancy, owning several Amazon undead as a form of payback towards them. Despite the creepy and horrid nature of using the dead, Karen deemed it alright (a misunderstanding) and the cult easily accepted the usage of undead.

“Death to the false god!” A zealot screamed as they and a buddy managed to get past the two main fighters and to Persistal and Karen.

“Greci!” “Goddess!” “My lady!” Everyone screamed as Persistal was able to kick one away with ease, but the other was able to get right in front of Karen, sword over head and ready to cut.

However, a quick tap from Karen was all she needed to end the battle. The moment she made contact with the assailant; the light went out of his eyes. Dropping the weapon, the attacker slowly laid down comfortably and died. Everyone that watched it became silent statues and nobody dared to move or make a sound.

As long as she could remember in her current life, Karen had the ability to stop the Hunger, Greci’s blessing to the world she was living in. However, it extended beyond the power to end one’s ability to consume others or have them reject everything from that was consumed. If one ate and digested an item, it would take a while for Karen to retrieve it, completely unscathed and brand new. Power hungry tyrants became humble lords while those that seek for battle became lovers of peace and men of action looked for quiet after Karen’s touch. As long one would ‘hunger’ for something, Karen had the power to manipulate it to her desires, including the ‘hunger’ of life. It was not a power one should use lightly, especially in this world, a conclusion Karen made a long time ago.

The zealots that saw the scene immediately surrendered and Karen’s guard came over to check up on her.

“I’m fine, I’m fine! What of the damages!?” Karen said, keeping her poker face on as she cried internally.

“Other than the zealots and a few scratches on us, I say things could have gotten worse. Surprisingly, they failed to even consider to use anything to assist them, such as poison and the like,” Enzine reported, inspecting a cut on his arm.

“As he said, your followers were able to back away from the fight, resulting in no injuries, and these madmen, in which their numbers were small to begin with, suffered twenty-five casualties and six of them had surrendered at the sight of your power, My Lady,” Solivia added in.

“*That’s not small at all! It’s enough for a bandit force to be almost considered as major threat, in terms of hostile organizations!*” Karen mentally retorted, but her betrayed nothing but calmness.

“I suggest we end a majority of our activities for now, until we’re confident there won’t be anymore assaults on us,” Karen loudly said, everyone loudly obeying her orders.

Perisistal slowly walked up beside her as everyone backed and lightly coughed, unknowingly spooking the fake goddess.

“How kind of you to suggest this; even I failed to notice the fear the children were exhibiting,” the head cultist said, nodding towards a bunch of frightened children looking back at them before their parents/guardians picked them up and took them away.

“It was nothing, really. *I was doing it for myself, as it was so scary that I may have soiled myself! Wait, they removed the biological ability to poo!*” Karen replied, her thoughts revealing her true intentions before retorting herself.

“Anyways, I suppose you didn’t come here for that.” “As wise as you’re holy,” Persistal said, bowing before her.

“What are your intentions with these… vermin,” she asked, looking at the people that attacked them earlier, pausing a bit to find the right word for them before narrowing her eyes at them.

“Do what you think is right,” Karen replied heading back to her holy tent.

After walking several feet away from them, Karen paused to look behind and regretted it as she saw Enzine devour a zealot woman with relative ease, Soliva and Persistal swallowing the others. Despite living in this world for a while, she was still not used to the idea that people could easily devour each with ease and not with just their entrances to their digestive tracts, or the fact that people had larger than life assets that would make porn stars jealous, especially the fact the number of herms were more numerous than her own world, as far as she had known. Resuming her walk back to her tent, she entered it and was still amazed at how luxurious it was despite living it in for a while. But the day’s stress made her mood sour as flopped onto the bed of the nomadic royal like chamber and groaned loudly, finally breaking her character. Relieved of the internal frustrations that was building up inside her, Karen looked up, only for a tiny face to peer back at her and a smile grew on her face.

“Nice to see you here again, my fine serpent friend,” Karen greeted the tiny snake, picking it up and bringing it to her study.

The snake was something she found some time after her ascension as the Goddess Greci and would use it as a way to relieve her stress when it occasionally came. She opted to name the small creature, but gained the weird idea it already one, so Karen didn’t bother to name it.

“What a day it’s been, the hearings, the attack from the zealots… and me using my power,” she said, frowning at the last bit as petted the snake as it listened to her.

“It’s a fearsome power and one that must not be used. You understand this power would cause wars if handled poorly and how many people would suffer for it? I understand why people value 'hunger' as an important thing, besides being one of the necessary things to live. However, even if I had this power or not; even if I was a false God or not, I don’t think anything could truly remove all the evil in this realm or any for that matter. Some villains exit without any punishment and some victims never receive justice for the crimes committed towards them, while the hard workers never get the rewards they deserve. This is a fact of life; a fact I fear would never change unless we desire to surrender our values for protection. But, despite this, if we can endure this banquet we call life, then the meals we receive, good and bad, would taste excellent at the end,” Karen monologued to herself, her foodie heart trying to comfort her sorry state of mind while the snake watched in earnest modesty.

“I’m… \*sniff\* so sorry!” An unknown female voice wailed wildly as they revealed themselves, greatly surprising and scaring Karen.

As Karen turned around to face the unknown woman, the surprise and fear she suppressed from the intrusion came out as a manifestation of her power and slipped into the snake and a jar she accidentally hit. The snake was flung out of the tent, through a window opening and the jar rattled around for a bit as Karen took a good look at her visitor.

The woman had a good half height over Karen as the human could only reach the umbrella of the under boob at her height and wore a dark cloak over some bandages covering her massive tits and black shorts onto her very wide hindquarters. A vertical scar sat on the middle of her stomach while two symbols of Greci sat across from each other, but it was her race that caught Karen’s attention. A pure white crocodile-like woman sobbed madly as her thick tail swung slowly with her bubbling words.

The jar finally stopped moving as Karen spoke to her in her professional persona.

“Who are you, my child?” “Wwwwwaaaaaaaahhhhhh!”

This only insighted more crying and before Karen could react, she was immediately hugged by her.

“My Lady, what’s th- Why are you here?”

Enzine, Soliva, and Persistal entered the tent in haste and Enzine shouted at the mystery woman as he pulled out his Sloth. While the women were stunned and confused, Enzine was seething with rage as he glared at the crocodile woman.

“Do, do you know her, Sir Enzine? *Like, seriously, who is this crazy lady?!*” Karen asked, her inner thoughts not leaking out onto her Noh mask face.

“She’s a Dissolver, a member of the assassination division of the Core Knights, and I’m guessing she’s here for you!” He shouted, slowly coming to her due to how close she was to Karen and how burdened his belly was.

Soliva and Persistal was initially confused, but after the Core Knight’s explanation, they assumed fighting positions, despite their respective breast and belly filled with the zealots earlier on. However, Karen was waving her arms at them, stopping them effectively.

“For an assassin, she’s seems to be quite bad at it, considering she didn’t kill me yet or when we were listening to requests. That means she’s here for something else. You were trying to tell us that, weren’t you, Lady Greci! Your wisdom truly knows no bounds!” Soliva said, Persistal looking jealous at her for coming to the conclusion before her while Enzine remained vigilant against the Dissolver.

“*No, I was waving to get her off me! She’s crushing me*!” Karen cried internally as she was ready to pop, but for once, the gods listened to her and the assassin let go of her.

“My name is Bile, but it’s isn’t my true name and I suggest you abandon your search for it. What the Core Knight has said is true; that I’m a Dissolver and my aim was the life for Greci,” the woman spoke, confessing her actions as she sniffed up her tears quickly and Karen shivered greatly at her words.

“I’ve overheard rumors of this group during my information seeking and went to confirm it. The zealous people that attacked you earlier was also my hand to lower your guard…” Bile paused for a moment to continue on while Enzine just raised an eyebrow.

“However, I’ve failed to realize her Holiness would use her power, nor did I account for the fact that I was still visible for her in this tent. Unless, despite my hostile intentions, she showed me a different path,” Bile said, smiling as her eyes sparkled like Persistal when she pleased her goddess.

“*Dear gods, don’t tell me another one?!?!*” Karen thought as she realized she had another fanatic follower under her rule.

“I’ll follow her Holiness to the end, and if she’s false, death to her and the deceivers! Dissolvers be damned!” Bile said, smiling crazily at Karen as Persistal and Soliva smiled for her happily.

Only Enzine remained stern at Bile as Karen paled at her words.

“*I’m so fucked! What did I do you that angered you gods!”*

“I refuse to believe that a Dissolver would abandon a target because of a simple change of mind!”

“You can either leave if you don’t like it or suck it up, my Lady Corpse Knight! Oops, my apologies, I meant Sir Core Knight,” she replied with venom as she said it with a very 'polite' smile.

“Lady Greci, can you use power to remove this belly, so I can kill this **bitch**!” He said, clearly showing off kill intent as his stomach rounded off zealots' forms into hip and butt fat.

Bile responded with a raspberry blowing and Enzine was pulled out his twin daggers out as Bile raised her fists.

“What a fighting spirit she has! Things will be interesting!” Soliva muttered as Persistal and a bunch of cultists outside swarmed to stop the two from killing each other.

“*Interesting for whom? Greci or any of your siblings, please, for the love of gods, just make this torment end! I just wanted to be a regular farmer that grows some fucking pumpkins for fuck’s sake!*” Karen cried internally, as she watched the chaos unfold before her.

In a lab far from Karen’s position, a man was laughing his ass off, unable to control his chuckles. Somewhere in his mid-thirties, he was dressed very causal, a plain, blue shirt with some black sweats, and had his long, indigo hair in a pony tail at the middle of his back.

“This is great! I don’t think I’ll ever get bored from this!” He giggled before someone coughed near him.

Turning around to face the visitor, the man faced an annoyed centaur, her arms across her generous bosom.

“Lord Arc, this not a humorous matter to be laughing at! This woman is pretending to be Lady Greci and nobody is noticing it yet!” She scolded the man, his eyes rolling at her words as they pass through his ears.

“Tristi, not only does this crystal allows you see things from afar, but also let’s you hear people’s thoughts. Something I’ve told you previously on numerous occasions. You religious simpleton,” he explained, the last part being muttered under his breath.

“Besides, Lord Bates is already aware of it and will tell his sister, Greci (if he ever gets to it). But for now, all you have to do is wait for your recovery and practice your magic,” he continued, growing tired of the centaur priestess.

“But… what if…”

“Mortals have done this crap where they played god before and will continue to do this in the future, regardless of their intentions or location. As long as they don’t do anything that would threaten the world or the gods, no action will be taken. And as always, they will eventually end this game, whether it be by the gods’ hands or theirs. Do I make myself clear?” Arc asked menacingly as thick wings pooped out behind him.

His wings resembled that of an owl’s, but held a divinity close to the gods, yet so far from them. However, Tristi was too focused on his somewhat angered face, that was too close to similarity to his master.

“I… understand…”

Sighing, Arc relaxes and his wings vanish, as if they were never there.

“Lauren isn’t a person that will be plagued by this problem for long. The moment she finds out about it, she will deal with it and be back on her way, once the job is done. You should know by now. Being angry and scolding people is really tiring. So is comforting people. Anyways, be at ease. That’s my way of life. If you’re too stressed about everything, then you’ll be exhausted,” he said, turning back to the magic crystal.

Taking a deep breath, the centauress looks back at him in awe as she calmed down.

“For an angel made by Mas- Lord Bates in his exact image, you’re far too relaxed. But the reason you’re so focused on this woman, do you believe she’s a natural born angel or a saint?”

The question laid heavy in the air for a while and after a pregnant pause, Arc replied.

“Nah, I’m just exhibiting certain sides he has to various degrees, his laziness included, though he made me for assistance in his experiments once he realized he needed help on them. He also has nobody to help him with them, especially his family.”

“So, the people at Lauren’s side are somewhat like you then? Tristi asked, aware Arc won’t answer her last question from before.

“The gods have blessed people in the past, so it’s nothing new. However, the one Lauren gave out is from a different domain she usually controls and the amount she invested is far from the usual the gods normally use. Eventually, it wears off and has minor effects, such as a boost towards natural abilities. This time, it’s up to the point, as long as Lauren still kicking, that blessing will not leave. It’s also due to its nature that makes it unique. If one was to gain it through normal means, the blessed person will be resilient against diseases and have a healthier life. However, it doesn’t mean they’re impervious towards illnesses, nor are immune towards unnatural deaths, such as accidents or murder. Two cases have been shown already, where one is exempt from death and the other is them being almost the same, but isn’t immune to natural deaths. Now, I suggest you move away from that spot if you wish to learn more,” he said, waving his hand as a beeper goes off and the potions there moved around to their appropriate spots, mixing, cooling, stirring and what not.

However, Tristi was confused until she looked down and saw a shadow covering a large area over her. She had only time to look up and see a furry pucker staring at her as the massive butt crashed onto the center.

“Still not used to flying like this,” Ginny said, rubbing her bulging middle.

“Not only do I have to assist the gods with their work and take over when they leave for some place (especially Greci's case), but also have to attend to the mortals. So tiring!” He sighed before quickly checking his work and returning his attention to the crystal.

“Oh goodie! To think this show couldn’t get any better!”

Three scenes were shown in the crystal. The first one showcased a massive, blue serpent swallowing a woman in two gulps. The snake hissed as the bulge traveled down and softened into its body, a face appearing amongst the many others on its body. The second scene revealed a hourglass woman with a thick dick and dual swords passing by a jar. A noise attracted her attention towards the jar and she went to inspect it. Looking closely at the interior of the jar, she was unprepared when something latched around her head and dragged her into the jar quickly. The swords are soon spat out and the same thing that attacked the sword woman went around the rim as if it was licking its lips. Finally, the last vision showed a tired Chy crawling out of a dungeon holding up an eyeball sized, black marble and some panties on her butt shaped like a dragon's head, the mouth making a window to her anus and crack.

The angel smiled, knowing that a certain person and her group would hear about Karen and track her down.

On the day Karen meets Lauren is the day she shamelessly pleaded for forgiveness.