

### *Lack of Brains, Bounty of Meat*

Deep beneath the earth, in tunnels that scattered like branches, a lone fighter trekked the cold dampness of the goblin's den. With gold on her mind and guiding her feet, her venture was so far not one without trouble, but her fist caked in monster's blood and pudge stomach small and round that took the place of her fancy new breastplate. More foul tempered than any beast, her belly gurgled and churned the remains of three goblins eaten only some time ago, their bodies rapidly broken down in preparation for more impromptu snacks along the way. Part of her regretted that decision. The goblins fought fiercely as they melted, making for some serious indigestion she had to contend with and even after their struggles ceased, the rancid belches dispeeled from her guts left the most god awful taste in her mouth.

**"OURRROPH!"** Came another one that launched an acid soaked boot hurtling from her throat, followed by a groan, keeling over as she felt the urge to wretch coming up and grumbling to herself once the feeling faded. "I am *never* eating goblin ever again."

"What was that, human?" bellowed a deep, womanly voice. The fighter's eyes went wide, her skin of her face going a deathly pale. Slowly, she began to look up, traveling up a pair of thick, muscular legs, a wide waist, a toned stomach, powerful arms folded over fat breasts, and the face of an orc with a tranquil fury burning widely behind her gaze; standing nearly twice her size. "A little brat like you wouldn't happen to know where my gobbies got to, would ya."

Before the fighter could respond, she felt another belch coming up, rocketing its way out her lips and sending a goblin's patchwork tunic, splattering against the orcs face; whom was completely unphased. She just took it off her face and gave it a once over as the fighter desperately thought various prayers to whatever god was about to accept her eternal soul. There was a brief look of scrutiny, brow furrowing back and forth, before suddenly shifting to shock.

**"TIMTUM!"** she cried out, her voice echoing back and forth across the cavern. Suddenly, she was forcibly opening the human's maw. "I'm coming Timtum!"

And with that declaration, she shoved her arms down the fighter's throat. Effortlessly, she got one arm into her gullet, then the other, getting all the way down to the other side where she gripped the edges of the stomach entrance and pulled herself inside. That large head, those broad shoulders and everything after that slide pushed its way down towards the gastric pit. The fighter's eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets, tears rolling down her cheeks from the most incredible pain she ever felt. Out of instinctual despair, her throat swallowed. She feared and felt like she could pop at any moment, especially when those childbearing hips made their way into her mouth. It was an absolute miracle her unhinged jaw didn't just tear off. Once those were painfully going down, the legs slipped in with relative ease; those this was countered by the agony of her stomach stretching *far* beyond their already impressive limits.

As soon as the orc's feet disappeared behind the fighter's lips, the poor woman flopped back, taking in the deepest breath her lungs before taking a look at her stomach, rising over her like a small hill. Inside, the pea-brain orc was on her hands and knees, searching for her gobby friends in the putrid green, bone-riddled slop in a frantic vain. The fighter whimper and groaned, each little motion a pang of pain in her stomach until the overwhelming maelstrom of gastric torture knocked her out cold.

The fighter's eyes fluttered open, glancing back and forth. She expected the afterlife, but instead, she was still in the dark, dank depths of the cavern. Much to her disbelief, she was still very much alive; though with dread she slowly turned her gaze on the stomach that once contained an orc. She gasped, her grimace turned to shock, then joy; scrambling to her feet and looking herself over. In place of that massively bloated belly, was a strong, towering body equipped with toned muscles, a magnificent chest; standing several feet taller than she did coming into this cove. A lust took over as she grasped her great breasts, three times larger than they once were, even larger than the orc's to boot! Her fingers sunk into their softness, her face lighting up with a faint red as she bit her lip, then wincing as she noticed the orc's face was now a tattoo right on her tit! The only thing that wasn't perfect in her rear end, which only got the pittance from this orc feast.

She smirked. It wouldn't be that way for long. The Fighter reached into her pack and under the glow of her torch, glanced over a bounty notice for a band of local dark elf thieves, each and every one of them portrayed with curvaceous backsides.

"Mhm, I'll be paying you girls a visit after I do one little thing here first." She cooed, slipping the parchment back in her pack and continuing on down the cavern tunnel.

Her stomach growling for more.