

Final Battle Buffet

It was the twilight hours between the end of noon and the start of dusk over a cold, barren wastes torn by war and bloodshed. It was this place that drew people and nations into battles of life and death, from simple fighters to great armies. Had a strange aura to it, drew out that desire to kill like a wild primate establishing its dominance over its kind. It disposed of the weak and weeded out the strongest amongst men. At least, those were the stories many told over what could've been sheer coincidence. Whatever the case, another page in that wasteland's bloody history was about to be written again.

Under the falling sun and rising moon, blades of foreign lands clashed. The Rider Astolfo, the assassin Katarina, the Seductress Ahri, and the Illustrious Mage Lux. It was a four way all out brawl that only one would survive. Though it was mostly the rider and assassin fighting while the mages fought, there were several opportunities they took to get at their unawake foes with bolts of magic throw at the sword fighters and the sword fighters taking stabs at the magicians. For hours and hours this went on, their weapons chipping, armor crumbling, and energy waning. The end was drawing near and though they fought well, only one would be walking away taking the lives of their foes.

It all began with Astolfo and Katarina locking blades, struggling against one another to break the hold while keeping their foe from doing the same. After a moment, Astolfo took a risk, driving his head into Katarina's in a dizzying headbutt that sent the assassin reeling, her world a blur and ears ringing. Taking the opportunity to finish her off once and for all, the young man, his clothes stripped from and his body covered in cuts and bruises, hugged the equally bare woman from behind before his jaws opened wide with a series of pops and cracks. Katarina struggled to break free of his grasp, only to find her enter head and shoulders inside the man's salivating jaws, leaving her frozen in baffled shock and giving him the time he needed to swiftly gulp her down. By the time the other two noticed something wrong and looked over to the other fight, they were stunned to find Katarina waist deep in Astolfo's mouth, traveling down his throat where his abbed stomach started swelling like a balloon. They didn't do anything to save her of course, she was the enemy, but they couldn't help feeling so horror and pity over the end she was given.

When Katarina's twitching feet vanished between his lips, he turned his attention on Lux and Ahri, licking his lips. He was far from full and he was looking at his next course. His opponents figured that gut would slow him down and both charged at him, throwing spells. They were wrong. He was an experienced predator, knew how to move his body with the weight of a full stomach. He

bobbed and weaved around the glimmering spells whipping by, swinging his stomach at Lux while delivering a cross punch across Ahri's chin. Ahri was out cold in an instant, Lux sent crashing into the husk of a tree and the wind knocked out of her. Groaning, she grasped her throbbing head and rose to her feet. She had a look around, stopping the moment she saw that horrifying sight again. Astolfo was already in the middle of devouring Ahri, hoisting the fox girl off the ground without his hands, like a wolf catching a rabbit. She only regained consciousness as her neck entered his gullet and her head entered his mouth. Lux could hear her scream just seconds before the final swallow, watching the young man playfully slurp up Ahri's long black hair like noods before letting out a crass, bassy belch.

Then he turned his attention to her.

Lux was unsettled, but still confident she could beat him. She took up her staff and prepared a spell that would finish him off, but in seconds, the pink-haired young man was up on his feet and closing the gap between them. The last thing she saw was him lunging at her and his drooling mouth filling her vision, his gullet yawning opening to accept her entire head in a single gulp. Lux was taken so much by surprise, she was frozen solid while she glided down Astolfo's throat. Her mind didn't even think to fight back until he was starting down her thighs, her head entering his stomach to find both Ahri and Katarina squeezed together by slimy, squishy walls; a pool of acid already sloshing around them both. In minutes, Lux began curling upside along with them, squeezing inside in a way where her ass was pressed against Katarina's face and Ahri's bosom rested on her own.

Once she was completely inside, she tried to make herself as comfortable as she could, but three bodies twisted around in a tight space, it was nearly impossible for either of them to find comfort. The battle outside only continued within the belly of the rider, all three of them pushing one another while trying to find their own way out, but little did they all know that not a single soul that passed Astolfo's gullet ever escaped. They were his now, food for his stomach to break them all down and later, waste to shit out. Outside, bent over with hands on his knees and his massive stomach between his legs, he took a moment to catch his breath, the adrenaline pumping through his veins beginning to fade and the pain of his wounds creeping up on him alongside fatigue. His stomach let out a growl, gleeful for the feast it had been given, and the muffled screams of the three women inside him barely left their fleshy cell.

"*Pwah*, I can't believe it." he uttered between breaths, eventually standing straight. "I did it, I won."

He scanned the area around him. It was getting dark, easy for anyone to jump him soon. He

had to get out of here before someone else showed up, preferably get to some place with a nice bed he could sleep in for-

He looked at his fat stomach in thought, drumming his fingers against the top of its rounded surface.

-at least a week or so. Without a second thought, Astolfo wearily shuffled across the battlefield, passing by the many bones and fallen arms of those who came here before him. On this day, he would walk among the victorious, a bountiful, beautiful feast his prize. He stood proud, smirking. If he could best these three in a single fight, there was no stopping him.

And any that dared challenge Astolfo would surely meet his belly.