

Lurien dabbled the fast few bits of paint onto the canvas, completing his latest portrait. This one depicted him and his Butler standing beside his telescope, gazing down upon the City of Tears. The rain came down from the top of the cavern, gently patting against the glass siding of the room. He put the brush down, and admired the silence of his tower. All was well.

Until he heard his belly rumble, and the pains returned. He clutched his gut, wincing. Through his cloak, he felt how thin he'd become, since he'd started fasting. Lumen, his Butler, was keeping him on a strict diet. Only letting him eat specific things at certain times every day. His Butler was certain it was for his own good. Lurien recalled the conversation that they'd had the day prior.

"Must I truly fast so strictly, my Butler?" Lurien said, feeling how thin his legs had become with this new diet.

"Yes! Of course you must!" Lumen sounded offended that his Master had even asked the question in the first place. "You were such a glutton - it was completely uncouth! Can you imagine what would happen if news of your 'feasts' came out? It'd completely ruin you!"

Lurien didn't understand what was wrong. He'd just been eating a few bugs whole, alive, every month for years now. It was something of a tradition for the upper echelons of Hallownest society. All those fidgeting, useless, lesser bugs had to be put to good use somehow, right? Who would notice if a few bugs from across the Kingdom went missing here and there?

He was a Royal! One of the top bugs in the entire Kingdom! And that title gave him the right to do what he wanted with those below him in status. If anything, those bugs should've been thankful to have been devoured by him! It was a better fate than anything they could've hoped for in their normal, boring lives.

Lumen saw things differently. He'd been mortified when he learned the truth about his Master. Lurien had to console him for days that no, he wasn't going to be eaten. Lurien cared about him too much to devour him. And after he'd come out of his shock, Lumen took control of Lurien's diet. He'd ordered him to eat no more bugs, and to only eat when and where he was told to. The Watcher had been skeptical of this at first, but his Butler's advice usually turned out sound. Maybe it'd be the same thing here?

Now, over half a year into this fast, Lurien decided that, no, actually, his Butler was just wrong on this one. He felt so empty, and so hungry, all the time. He missed the feeling of prey struggling in his mouth, falling down his throat, and landing in his gut. He desired to once more feel bugs struggling in his belly as they were overpowered by his body, and then turned into

nothing more than chub on his form. Nothing else came close to the ecstasy Lurien felt when he looked in the mirror after devouring some lowly bug. How could he be expected to go without it?

He'd thought in the past of sneaking away in the middle of the night to fetch some snacks, but Lumen had him down pat. Every time he so much as step a foot out of line, no matter the reason, his Butler would be on him. Watching him, making sure he wasn't getting up to anything unsavory.

The only times he had alone were when he was training with his Watcher Knights, as Lumen was reasonably sure that his Master wouldn't be able to devour them all. I mean, a single Knight was taller and wider than he was! How could Lurien eat one of them, let alone the six in the currently operating squad?

Lurien's thoughts were mostly the same. As hungry as he was, would he really be able to eat all six of them? If he failed to eat even one, it'd be all over for him. He'd be exposed, and his entire life would fall apart. The King, who knew nothing of his appetites, would disown him, strip away his status as Dreamer. It wasn't worth the risk, he thought. It just wasn't worth the risk...

The Watcher pondered all this as he stared out the window, trying to fight off the hunger in his belly. He had a meeting with the Knights shortly, and he'd already resigned himself into thinking of it as a waste of time. He'd go through the motions with them, give them their patrols, and then send them off for the day. And all that time, all that meat would be looking back at him, all sweet and tempting. He sloped forwards in his chair, as if falling asleep.

"Uh, Master? Are you alright?" Lumen's voice pulled him from his half-sleep.

"Ah, yes. Yes I am. I just slipped off for a second there." Lurien pulled himself back into the waking world. "I have to go meet the Watcher Knights now. Please look after things while I am gone."

"Of course, Master. And remember to go straight there! If you don't, I'll know." His Butler said these last two words as darkly as he could. Lurien knew he wasn't lying. His Butler was likely going to shadow him the whole way there, just to make sure that Lurien wasn't getting up to any unsanctioned snacking.

As Lurien walked down the hallways towards the Watcher Knights arena, the hunger bubbled up thicker than ever. He needed meat. He needed to eat something, anything, anyone, now. He couldn't go another day without it. As hunger took over, logic was slowly stuffed into the backseat. Part of him hoped that he'd be able to get through this next meeting without losing control, but most of him didn't care. He needed to eat.

Lurien walked through the doors uneasily, feeling as if he were walking on stilts. And there they were, his six part feast, all ready for him. Suddenly, the Watcher slapped himself. No, this was no way for a Royal such as himself to act. He'd get through this meeting, even if it killed him. He stood up straight, and approached his guards.

The lead guard, Waters, stepped forward. "Is everything alright sir? You look uneasy tonight."

Lurien nodded weakly. "Yes yes, I'm alright. I- I'm just feeling a bit under the weather today." He looked up, and scanned the room. "Ah, I see all six of you are accounted for. Come now, is there any news about the Kingdom today?"

The five guards behind Waters shifted uneasily. Something wasn't right with Lurien. They could tell from his voice, and the way his body was shaking. Was he sick? Did he need to be taken to a doctor? They all watched their Master's movements with curiosity and concern.

Waters nodded, saying, "It's clear you're feeling ill, so I'll try to keep this meeting brief. The only big piece of news is that Eternal Emilitia committed another act of arson last night, and nobody can quite be sure why-"

Meat, Lurien thought. So much meat. All those Knights, so big and strong, just for him. Why was he getting so caught up with this? Just eat them already, he thought. They're all right there, nice and tempting. You're hungry, they're food. No one will know if a few random knights disappear, so go on, try it - you have nothing to lose anyways.

Slowly, the Watcher made his way towards Waters. The head guard showed no signs of fear or trepidation. He knew that his Master posed no threat to him. Lurien was a strange bug, but never violent. And besides, even if he did want to start something for some arcane reason, there were six of them, and one of him. What could he possibly do to take them all on? So, he stood tall, and awaited his Master's approach, still rattling off the news from the previous day.

And then Lurien reached him, and stuck a hand out. The Watcher rubbed Waters' strong, firm belly. This movement caused a pause in the head guard, but after a moment, he continued speaking. Surely his Master must just be sizing him up? Well, Lurien was sizing him up. Just certainly not in the way that he'd hope.

Waters was halfway through a description of last night's grand Hallownest ball when it happened. It occurred so quickly, he hadn't had a proper chance to react. Lurien had grasped Waters' head with his hands, and had shoved it into his mouth. For a moment, everyone stood staring, too stunned to move. Even Lurien seemed in disbelief of what he'd just done. Gods, he

was so large. How was he going to fit him down? Well, only one way to find out, the Watcher thought.

Lurien used his arms to heft Waters into the air, throwing his head back as he did so. It felt like his mouth was being stretched to the breaking point, even with all the practice he'd gotten eating bugs all those years in the City of Tears. But gravity, combined with his own pulling, quickly dropped Waters' soft body into Lurien's mouth.

The Watcher moaned as he tasted his Knight's body. He was so bulky and large, yet squishy at the same time. All that chub made him an exquisite treat indeed. And when Waters started to struggle, Lurien lost it, moaning wildly as his old predatory instincts kicked back on. After so many months of not eating any bugs, it felt as if some dormant part of him was waking up once again.

Waters screamed with shock as he felt his body drop down Lurien's gullet. What- what was going on? Lurien wasn't- Master wasn't? Was he going to be eaten alive? The thought of it caused him to cry out in fear, and struggle against his Master. But it was too late, and one last gulp sent him down the Watcher's gullet, and down into his belly.

Lurien let out a sigh of relief when he felt his first Knight drop into his gut. He hadn't been sure he'd fit in there! But he had, thankfully. He sat up, rubbing his massive, Watcher-Knight-shaped belly, adoring how his chief guard struggled and cried out from within. For a moment, he was so absorbed in his own pleasure that he forgot he had other Knights to attend to. The Watcher looked up, and saw horror written on the faces of every single remaining Watcher Knight.

All of them were in total shock. How had Lurien devoured their leader? And why? What kind of horrifying monster devours other bugs whole? Was this a test? None of them had any answers as Lurien turned towards them, and licked his lips.

Waters was struggling blindly against Lurien's walls, hoping for some kind of rescue or reprieve. He'd worked for the Watcher his entire adult life, and now this was what he was getting in response? No, it couldn't be. It had to be a joke, or something, anything besides this! But his fears were indeed confirmed when, after a few moments, he felt something large and heavy press down on him. He heard one of his fellow guards cry out in fear as he, too, was devoured.

Lurien started getting into the swing of things. These Knights, despite their size, were a lot easier to swallow than they looked. He threw his head back, and swallowed the second with ease. The size and struggling of his belly doubled instantly, and he again moaned as the joys of devouring living prey returned. He was pinning a third Watcher Knight under his belly now, and he felt saliva run from his lips as he looked over that terrified face...

By the time the third Knight was in Lurien's belly, Waters realized that this was reality. He and his Knights were nothing more than food for the Master they had so fervently served. He cried out, punching and kicking at the sides of Lurien's belly, but to no avail. Soon he felt another Knight drop down with him, and then another. Part of him wanted to cry from the absurdity of it all. How could the Watcher fit all of them inside of his one belly?

Lurien rolled over onto his back, stuffed. His belly seemed to reach halfway up to the ceiling from how tall it was, and it reached out many nail-lengths on each side. There was only one Watcher Knight remaining. He was sitting in a corner, staring at the macabre display with fear and regret. The Watcher pointed to him. "You there," he said. "Come and feed yourself to me. I'm afraid that I cannot move anymore."

Waters, now growing soft in Lurien's belly, laughed at this remark. Come now, no Watcher Knight would ever submit to the enemy like that! Not even in the face of death! When he heard the Knight's heavy footsteps approaching, he was certain that Lurien would be struck down, and then they would all be freed.

When he instead felt, with great terror, was the Knight climbing into Lurien's mouth. He hadn't considered the psychological toll that seeing all of your friends devoured would do to a bug, especially a greenhorn like the one Knight still remaining. He screamed out with frustration, "YOU MORON, DO SOMETHING!" But it was already too late. His last Knight rolled down Lurien's throat, and came to a rest in his belly.

Lurien, laying flat against the ground, pinned there from the thousand-or-so pounds pressing down on him, sighed with relief. "How wonderful!" he said. "Consider filling me up your last mission, Watcher Knights. And know that you did a superb job!"

Waters, on the verge of blacking out now, shouted to be heard. "Lurien, why!? We were your most trusting allies! We- We cared so much for you!"

The Watcher rubbed his softening belly, adoring the rampant, useless struggles coming from within it. "Well, as my Knights, you're supposed to serve my every whim! And I'm hungry, and you're food, so, serve me!"

The indignity and betrayal of it all stung Waters. He cried out one last time, using up the last of his stamina in one last desperate struggle, before blacking out. Lurien, hearing him fall silent, let out another chuckle. "Seems like your leader has the right idea, fading into me like that! You should all hurry up and follow his lead!"

The struggles and cries in his belly escalated to new heights as the leader of the Watcher Knights fell. Lurien rubbed his belly, feeling it grow softer with every moment that passed as more Knight was worked away into him. He giggled, wondering what Lumen would think when he realized what happened and found him like this.

Hours later, Lumen was darting through the halls with a cold terror. No. Lurien should've been back hours ago. There was no way a simple meeting with the Watcher Knights was taking this long! There was only one answer, he knew it. But, could it really have happened? Could Lurien really have eaten them all, when each one was so much larger than he was?

The Butler got his answer when he barged down the door to the Watcher Knights meeting hall to see Lurien resting against a wall. His Master was nearly unrecognizable. He'd grown so wide that his cloak didn't even cover his body anymore, it just fell down to his upper chest. Under that was a belly large and round enough to smother any two Watcher Knights easily. It was easily as round and wide as any three of those round Knights put together.

Lumen saw that his Master was patting it with an idle hand, sending it rippling like waves. Tentatively, the Butler approached, hoping that Lurien didn't see him. Thankfully, his Master was too absorbed in his own pleasure to see his Butler come up to him. Shakily, Lumen poked it, watching it jiggle. Then, he reached an arm in, and found he could press entirely into it with no resistance. Finally, against his better judgement, and for reasons more than a little perverted, he leapt onto it, and laid down.

It was as if he was laying on his own private King-sized bed. He felt his body sink into the chub as if it was Hallownest's softest cotton. He was actually shocked at himself for how debased and filthy he was being. This last stunt was the thing that finally caught his Master's attention. Lurien looked up at his Butler, and grinned. "See now, my Butler? Was letting me feast truly the worst thing in the world?"

Lumen didn't want to answer, he was so caught up in his Master's new beauty. Lurien called up to him again, "Oh, and did you see what they did to my lower body, by the by?"

His butler almost didn't want to look down, knowing it'd vindicate everything his Master said about the importance of eating other bugs. But he still wasn't prepared for how large Lurien had become down there. Each one of his thighs were as wide and round as two of the Watcher Knights put together. Even if his Master pressed them firmly against one another, they'd still be wider than just about any door in Hallownest. Lumen blushed as his Master shifted them against one another, sending them both wobbling with endless weight.

Suddenly, Lurien tried to stand upwards. Lumen fell from his body, gasping as he fell to the soft floor below. Then, he was looking upwards at Lurien's incredible new body. His thighs pressed together were almost as wide as the Pure Vessel's nail was long. They wobbled with every movement his Master made, all that weight wobbling incredibly on his body. And above them, there was his belly, wide and round enough to block out virtually everything above it.

And then - and this part Lumen was embarrassed to realize - Lurien's ass was incredibly thick now, with each cheek being as round and large as one of the Watcher Knights. It was incredible what this feast had done to his Master. Maybe he'd been wrong all along, trying to stop Lurien from eating whoever he wanted. He could only shiver as his Master reached down and picked him up. Lurien placed his Butler on top of his gentle belly.

"Do you see now why I need to eat, my Butler?" Lurien said, eyeing up his Butler.

Lumen could only nod in response.

"Very good! Well," Lurien began walking towards the exit, every part of his body wobbling all the while, "I think I've done enough feasting for one day. Besides, I think there's a new portrait that we can start to work on."