

## Kha'lex's Post Feast Day

Today was an important day for the dragon kin. A day that many were aware of, and nearly everyone but the beast himself feared. Today, was feast day. Otherwise known as the day Kha'lex went out of his way to be even more of a glutton he was usually with all the members of his kingdom forced to participate or face dire consequences. The event called forth residents of all species to willingly donate any food they had directly to the king himself. Whether that be stolen goods, homegrown crops, raised farmlife, or even the residents themselves as willing or preferably unwilling sacrifices. A large ceremony would be held on the day of where representatives of a faction came to present their offerings all at once. An organized way to have everyone from the community donate but not have his homely quarters overrun by a surplus of people. These factions consisted of the kingdom's population split equally enough and at random making for three factions across the kingdom, each responsible for one part of the dragon's three square meals. Breakfast being held early in the morning, lunch around noon, and dinner a bit later on. He wasn't too picky about what was being served when but more so if his meals were on time and more importantly tasty. Those who failed to donate meals on time or with an undelectable flavour were easily turned into meals themselves, along with some of their factions. He didn't strive to dissipate his following and ruin his reputation as king so he often only ate until he was stuffed or feasted on the representatives themselves. This year however he wanted things to be perfect. He hasn't eaten for a few days as well, preparing for the feast in question so he was particularly grouchy when it came to food. This advanced level of hangry was putting quite a bit of strain on the servants with preparations. However this time of year was one of the least stressful for them in terms of serving the beast simply because today the community was responsible for pleasing him. For that they were grateful. However the cleanup that would follow the next day was another issue...and it wasn't just the festival decorations that would require cleanup..

"Ahhhhh~ Finally the greatest day of the year is here. Isn't it wonderful Myrin~" The dragon kin cooed as he practically skipped down the halls and into his throne room. Myrin was just glad to see the other in good spirits and far be it from him to be the rain on his parade.

"Quite. I do hope some particularly tasty meals come your way." The humble servant responded as they made their way to the throne room. This year the festivities would be held in Kha'lex's castle as opposed to the cavern he was used to staying in. Just because he was feeling a bit extra. It was quite early so the presenting ceremony hadn't yet begun. Servers were hard at work making sure the place looked presentable for the upcoming hours but in general they were mostly waiting around for the representatives to show up. Everything looked great and the king was in a good mood! They just hoped this joyful mood lasted. Silent prayers were in the heads of each worker that their community came through.

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Finally the hour was upon them. Kha'lex was sat upon a throne in the center of his court yard, an array of fancy dinner tables stretched before him for the offerings. The king himself was dressed in fancy garbs, flowing black silk lined with golden accents and jewellery. His hair was nicely braided by expert elves and tucked behind him and his makeup was on point too. He truly did appear as royalty. A few servants were lined up at the tables along with

various guards who would bring in the first representatives. One could never be too careful protecting the king. Though this was meant to be a joyous day not everyone was too happy to give.

Raising a hand to silence the chatter amongst themselves each servant and guard quieted down and stood a bit more proper as things began.

"I believe it is time we welcome the first donor of many ~" Kha'lex cooed as the guards by the gates nodded. Another confirmed the arrival of the first visitors who were atop a horse drawn cart that contained their portion of offerings. There were five of them in total, two seated while the other three walked alongside the horse. They looked rather confident in their bringings too.

*"Open the gates!"*

One guard yelled to which the massive doors were pulled open allowing them to enter. Kha'lex's eyes slightly widened upon seeing the small crowd. He was quite impressed by how fashionable they were and so modest in the way they carried themselves.

"Oh my...how well off they look. This is a pleasant sight. Who are these ones and where are they from?" The dragon whispered to his right hand who looked down the scroll in his hand.

"Fauna Farmers from the east village." Myrin whispered back. Impressive for a few till workers to make such an entrance. And not only that but the huge cart of food they drew caught the beast's attention even more. Pupils going a bit thin he licked his lips as his stomach growled readily. Myrin chuckled as he welcomed the arrivals who bowed out of respect.

"Ah! Our glorious King! It's a pleasure to be here to offer you our gifts. We've worked hard these past few months in preparation to offer the juiciest crops from our humble farmland along with some fresh meats, milk, and freshly squeezed fruit drinks. Everyone donated and helped in fact!" One spoke as servants began to unload the cart. It looked glorious in the morning sun. Everything from fresh fruits to stunning vegetables. Cooked up steak, pork, and mutton as well as some raw bits just as the dragon liked it. Bottles of milk and all colours of drink in the gallons were presented as well, all of which made the king's eyes sparkle. "We hope you enjoy this hard sought for breakfast. It is the most important meal of the day after all." Another spoke as her fluffy tail swayed around. The fauna were known for their skills in raising livestock and cultivating the richest produce. Kha'lex had no doubt in their mind this was going to be a wondrous feast.

"Your offerings are humbly accepted." He said softly as he waited for the servants to test the foods for possible poison. The only thing they had to warn of was the lumioberry drink that the dragon cautiously places to his side. "After everything I eat today I'll probably need this later.." He mumbled knowing full well the properties of the glowing blue and purple drink would flush his system out in mere hours. Other than that it was all cleared and he was ready to dig in. Grabbing handfuls of fruits and vegetables he stuffed the ripe produce into his gaping maw by the handful. Grapes, lettuces, watermelon, tomatoes, corn, pumpkin. Every type of grown farm plant imaginable was taken down in chunks or whole. The skin

wasn't even peeled but Kha'lex could care less. His throat bulged especially when he accidentally swallowed an entire melon whole which he partially choked on. The same went for a squash which he made the effort to crush with his throat. He didn't eat as one would imagine someone in a position of royalty to eat at all. His hands, mouth, cheeks, and even tail a mess from stuffing his food as quickly into himself as possible. The once clean silks were easily dirtied with food pulp and juices though it wasn't too visible since it was black. The bib he wore also protected the expensive wear slightly. He chewed with his mouth open and made the most obscenes of sounds while swallowing down his meal, a few of those untimely burps that escaped to make more room for the onslaught of food. He only ever took a break after slurping down a few stalks of corn, whole and still attached to the rest of the plant. The food was sloppily slurped down before folding in his already half full stomach which gave a low groan as it tried to progress the influx of food it just recieved. That was when Kha'lex finally decided to take a breath to breath and wipe himself up with a towel passed on by one of the servants. It didn't take long till he was back to eating just as messily.

A few more of the vegetarian options disappeared down his gullet before he moved onto the meat. Opting for the raw portions of everything before moving onto the cooked only out if the benefit from his staff. The guards, servants, and anyone else who worked for him also had a chance to feast on his day. Anything he didn't eat was fair game and thankfully with this portion there would seem to be a lot left over. Kha'lex was a glutton but his stomach could only hold so much at once. Until that limit he sucked down whole legs of lamb and pork chops, chewing just barely, enough to take in the flavour as he swallowed hard. Entire chickens were swallowed whole and mutton legs were dipped into his mouth only for him to pull the bones out entirely of flesh. His guts bulged with the heavy flesh and it was then the dragon finally started to feel a bit sluggish. Slowing his chews and letting out a few deep belches the male wiped his mouth with an arm. The courtyard was filled with chatter amongst the people as Kha'lex ate, a few thanked the family for making such a good impression and setting the ceremony off right. Them and their faction would be rewarded greatly for this hard to follow act of gratitude. The loyal fauna watched happily as the king enjoyed their food. As one of the most loyal subjects of the land it made their hearts happy to know they could please their king as this. In fact..one had planned to go even further to do just that. Seeing her son fidget nervously this entire time she knew what was on his mind. The youngest boy of about twelve years of age watched everything disappear in the deep void of their king's gullet only to end up within the growing mound of flesh on their midsection. He bit his lip, nervous but intrigued all the same. His mother sighed seeing they were clearly too entranced or nervous to speak up himself. She debated letting fate happen on its own and not mention a word to the king but knew her son would never let her hear the end of it. This is what he wanted after all.

"Ah...my lord...if you could.." The woman spoke though a bit hesitant. Kha'lex paused his gluttonous stuffing to give a side eyed glance that sent shivers down the twos spine. Still they proceeded, the woman pushing the child forward. "Before you eat your fill...we'd...my son would like to make one last offer.." She said as her breath was caught in her throat. The boy stumbled forward like the deer fauna he was, nervous but willing all the same. He's dreamed of this moment for ages now and he was finally old enough to make the decision on his own. Kha'lex grinned widely at the implications as he rose to meet the boy. Sharp teeth filling their field of view as they stumbled backwards.

"A willing sacrifice? As if this breakfast couldn't get any better ~" He chuckled wildly as he went to pat the boy's head. "Of course I'd never refuse such. A willing occupant is much obliged. Venison is among my favourite meats as well." The dragon cooed as a forked tongue came to wrap around the boy's face having a taste. He squirmed but laughed slightly at the tickling sensation before the dragon pulled back and sat back down, becoming the young fauna with a finger and a terrifying grin. Wishing his mother and siblings farewell with hugs and kisses they walked forward where they were picked up with ease by the back of his tunic. Those piercing silver eyes stared through the scrawny boy as he gave something he didn't often do to his prey. Reassurance. "Tell me boy...what's your name?" He hummed looking them over like the snack they offered themselves to be. With a shaky voice the boy responded.

"A-aries.." They said to which Kha'lex licked his lips again.

"Well Aries your sacrifice will not go unheard of. I will make sure your family is well off because of it. And for you...I wish you a safe trip through my royal guts. Try not to cause too much trouble...my bowels can be quite sensitive." He chuckled as he licked his lips once more and opened his jaws wide to receive the boy. A small gasp left as he could see the fleshy exterior of their king. Folds of pink leading to absolutely darkness. Squirming slightly they felt their feet coated in slime and warmth as the throat hugged him. Easily swallowed down until he was up to his chest in the beast's gullet. With that he slowly closed his mouth over the boy's head and felt him gently squirm before settling. Tongue coming up he swallowed, following the bulge of fauna down into his chest. His stomach growled loudly as it accepted the offering. He groaned audibly feeling the weight deposit into his stomach although it barely made a difference in the size. To the mother's dismay she watched the boy get sucked down the dragon's gullet in a forceful swallow that rocketed him directly into the beast's guts. A few tears pricked at her eyes though she knew it was what her son wished for. Licking his lips he brought a tail to wipe her tears as she made him look up.

"Thank you. They were quite tasty" The dragon purred rubbing at his midsection. To which the mother nodded quietly. Of anyone she was glad it was the king to have devoured them.

He ate a bit more curiously now that the boy was within him so as to not cause extra stress. He was quite full aynhoe so stuffing relentlessly was an act of the past. Winding down slowly after minutes of straight eating the king was nearing his end. Flicking off the tops of the various bottles he chugged a couple bottles of milk along with the various fruit juices offered up. They were sweet and fresh making the perfect ending to such a glorious breakfast. For every bottle he chugged down, not a drop remained. Upon drinking his last bottle the beast felt absolutely stuffed. With a much larger stomach to sport Kha'lex leaned back within his throne and happily patted the dome on his midsection.

"Ahhh..." He sighed as he smacked his lips. "You and your faction have done marvellously well...I may have to hire you to cater." The male joked to which the fauna laughed in return.

"It would be a pleasure!" One spoke up to which the dragon smiled.

"I believe from the size of my stomach alone you've figured out just how well you've done. And your willing sacrifice is behaving himself too." He said as he rubbed along his distended

gut. The deer fauna didn't make the slightest fuss as he was slowly digested. "It was a glorious meal and a hard act to follow. I'll make sure you and your faction profit heavily from this. Thank you." He sighed as he dismissed them. The fauna bowed in return, each excited to have done so well. And with that the first offering was officially cleared as a pass by the ruler. The first of three representatives were sent on their way as the royal staff and king had a moment to rest. Indulging in the leftovers Kha'lex leaned back and decided to take a break before lunch. Though not before eyeing the left behind bottles of lumioberry punch. "Well..If I want to be able to have enough room for lunch I might as well make some room from now.." Screwing off the top of one of the bottles he lazily gulped down the contents. He could already feel his bowels begin to churn.

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It had been a few hours later and nearly time for the lunch faction to deliver. Everyone including the king himself had cleaned up to look presentable for the next offering. Noticeably, Kha'lex's heavy gut from this morning had shrunk. His meals were busy padding out his small intestines by now and due to the lumioberryes and mass amount of fibre from all those fruits and vegetables things were quickly rushing through him. Opting not to take a bathroom break he would have to deal with the aftermath of his heavy breakfast after this offering.

"Well...Who's next?" Kha'lex questioned a bit impatiently. They were running late. Myrin looked down at the scroll with a furrowed brow. Before he could answer the Gates were thrown wide open to reveal a couple of intimidating, scruffy looking humanoids walked through the doors, carrying three covered wheelbarrows behind them. Their clothes were mostly tattered and filthy. Skin covered in scars and tattoos. Wild hair of multiple different colours flowed from their head at many different lengths. They were rogues. Kha'lex narrowed his eyes and snarled slightly as the guards increased their attention. The group merely brushed off the intimidating looks and stances they were given. Nothing new to them as the outcasts they were. Nonetheless they were still valued members of society. They made mocking faces at the guards as they passed to which Kha'lex growled lowly and they stopped.

"Err..sorry m'lord. They started it though." One of the cocky elves said with a snicker.

"Enough. Present your offerings before I decide to add you alongside them." The dragon hissed before the same elf slightly shivered from the harsh address.

"Sheeesh. Alright, alright already. You can't be that hungry seeing your..uh..middle. But guess we'll start." He huffed as he looked to the others who each took a tarp covering each wheelbarrow in hand. "Ready boys?" They nodded as they tore the tarp off their wheelbarrows to reveal a mix of foods stacked to fill each one. Raising their brows at the amalgamation of various foods the dragon already felt hungry. Layers of greasy cooked meals like pizza and fried meats were in the first barrow. The second had what looked to be a thick stew or chilli of sorts. And the last was an array of fatty baked goods from donuts to cakes. It all looked quite delicious and well prepared all things considered. However what really caught Kha'lex's eyes were the struggling bodies atop each of the wheelbarrows. Each

person bound by the arms and gagged as they struggled to escape their confines. His eyes looked them over hungrily as the rogues snickered.

"Bone app the teeth." The leader said with farr too much confidence. And Kha'lex was happy to oblige. Not hesitating or even waiting for his servants to test for poison he picked the first wheelbarrow of greasy meals, taunting the individual that lay there as he ate around it. Again messily grabbing handfuls he stuffed everything done until the container was half empty before finally grabbing the topper of the meal. A terrified looking rabbit fauna struggled and cried as his head was stuffed into the dragon's mouth and he was quickly forced down with dome struggles. Even bound up it took a while to get them down. Powerful legs kicked for a good while before the dragon could manoeuvre his throat over them and swallowed hard to stuff the thing away into his active bowels.

"Owho...Swo gwood..." The beast called out with a full maw as he stuffed some more of the greasy treats right behind the rabbit male to help push him along with another hearty swallow. The air the unwilling participant kicked up exploded from his mouth in a loud belch.

***BWAAARRRPPPPPPPPPPPP***

He messily licked his lips after that while the other two struggled even more realising they were next to join their colleague in the beast's guts. Of course nothing could be done and the next wheelbarrow was beckoned for this time bringing the lip to his mouth and tilting it forward so the mess of stew was forced forward and past his lips carrying the tied up hyena fauna with it. His begs and pleads fell on deaf ears, barely audible over the endless swallows as they slid feet first into the dragon's gullet. He took a second to half chew the chunks of stew as the elf struggled and screamed, half stuck in the beast's throat. It didn't take long for Kha'lex to swallow more of the slop down, effectively pushing the hyena along with it. The lump of struggling fat they created on his throat was sucked down with minimal struggle as they were pushed out into the already full stomach to meet their colleague. Dropping on top of them the mix of greasy foods and stew made for a soft enough landing but a disgusting one at that. It was a miracle they didn't drown as soon as they fell in.

The food was good. For a few on the road bandits they sure knew how to cook. The last meal waited for him with wide eyes, terrified to be consumed like the others. A female harpy struggling in the variety of desserts making her coated with jams and icing which would surely add to her overall taste. He didn't waste time snacking on the bits of food and instead went straight for the female, pushing her head first into his mouth where he licked at the sweet coating of sugar on her. Screeching as best she could with the towel in her mouth and flapping her bound wings furiously Kha'lex sucked her up like a noodle and swallowed a few times while looking to the skies. Feeling the heavy weight in his guts he could barely fit the rest of the desert which he ate greedily without much care. He only stopped for another heavy burp which rolled past his tongue and gave the immediate area the stench of grease and sugar mixed all in one. His stomach cramped up feeling her slip through the top sphincter and land in the digestive slop. His stomach felt a bit queasy after that one causing it to rumble lowly.

***UUWRROOOAARRPPPPPP***

Suddenly an explosion of pale blue feathers was sent scattering over the courtyard. His lap and the tables now covered with the remains of the harpy that just entered his harsh digestive tract. "Mfmpf...Pardon..**urrapp**...me.." He said feeling only slightly better. "Ughh...I do hope you washed your hands when preparing these..If it gives me a stomach ache you'll regret it." He groaned as his eating ceased to now hold around his taut stomach.

"Puhhleeaase...As if we could make a feast like this living on the road. Stolen good your honour. Though I'm flattered you think so highly of us." The orange haired elf chuckled with a click of his tongue as he stepped forward to lean on the mostly empty wheelbarrow which contained the desserts. Reaching in to take a simple cream puff he popped it into his mouth without thinking. "Soow. Howw'd we dow?" He hummed with a mouth full of pastry looking at their nails expecting the highest form of praise for their valiant efforts. Unfortunately they were met with anything but. A snaking tail suddenly shot out towards the male and wrapped around his neck pulling him from the ground.

"AGKK- W-what the-?!?"

Not another word was uttered before he was greedily being stuffed down Kha'lex gullet just like the rest of them. Polished off in seconds as his boots were sucked into the dragon's maw and he swallowed hard to send the culprit on their way. He could feel his stomach protest at that one especially since they were free to fight back a bit though the thick sludge made it hard to even move nevermind struggle. Muffled screams and cries could be heard from the jiggling flesh as Kha'lex leaned back in his throne licking at his fingers.

"The rules are the King...**uurraopp**...eats first. And only then..**oorraapp**...may other's indulge. You should have spent more time consulting the rules rather than putting on a show. Maybe then you wouldn't end up where you are now.." He growled as he continued to rub the massive moving gut.

Loud sobs could be heard as the once cocky elf crumbled completely. "Please! I'll d-do a-anything..Give me another chance to prove my worth."

"Oh that chance was far gone as you showed up with your attitude upon my royal grounds. For now focus more on making a better impression by being nice and soft when you squeeze out of my ass and doing your due diligence to not clog my toilet." He said with another heavy belch that had the beast putting a fist to his mouth before it brought up a memento from the bastard. Feeling a tickle at his throat the foul wind sent a pair of bile covered goggles flying out of his mouth and towards the other elves. Beckoning for a towel he wiped the spittle off his mouth. "What a vile creature.." They looked horrified for a second before one of them quit the act and shrugged.

"Dumbass." He chuckled as he strolled over and took the goggles, wiping them off before placing them on his head. "Guess I'm the leader now, suckers!" He said with his tongue out rocking a few 'rock in' signs.

"Eh. Who needed them anyways." Another shrugged as they fist bumped.

"Have fun shitting that one out..." Another remarked to which Kha'lex rolled his eyes. He could already tell this was going to be troublesome shit too by how they struggled alone. Elves tended to do him in as well, especially their hair. That long orange mess of follicles would be a burden all the way through he was sure of it. But nothing was about to make him rethink his decision. Those who were forced down his throat rarely ever came back out the same way they entered. This one was as good as shit in the next few hours.

"I suppose your crude efforts will be somewhat rewarded. Guards. Out with them." The king ordered to which no protests were made. The remaining crew left without hassle, seeming unbothered by the entire event. As a rogue even your partners were expendable.

All that was left to do now was take care of this heavy meal. Eventually their cloth bounds would be digested to freely allow them to scream and fight back against their organic prison. Pushing against the stomach walls and throwing themselves around they desperately tried to make the being throw them up to no avail. An hour in and most of them were barely recognizable mounds of digestive slop no different than his breakfast save for a few rugged scraps of clothing, tangled up hair, and bleached bones. All but that one rogue who was still sobbing and pushing against the flesh of his stomach. Kha'lex pushed back against the bulge, occasionally amused as he easily sent the elf back into the slop of his stomach only for them to hopelessly return and try to beg again. It kept him entertained for the few minutes until he couldn't feel the guy anymore.

"Hmpf..a shame. I was having fun with you too." He purred as his stomach growled out towards him. "And still you talk back...How sad that you seem to not have learned your lesson even in your final moments. Oh well..." He said as he released another heavy belch while rubbing into his much softer guts. The rogues, fauna, and his fatty lunch sat in his stomach for a few more hours since his intestines were so backed up with his breakfast, but eventually it too would drain downward creating a slightly smaller mass just under his navel. Meeting his earlier meals halfway through his tubes the two very distinct meals lay within the beast with chaotic harmony that could be sensed through the distressed growls of digestion.

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Not long after lunch he could feel his packed intestines push the food turned shit from this morning right through him. The heavy intake of fibre and all at once did not do his system justice. That and the lumioberries...Everything was fine for about an hour after lunch until he felt his lower bowels shift releasing a nasty fart that leaked out softly before ramping up into a noise that echoed the courtyard.

***FFRRRAARRPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP***

Kha'lex whined slightly, feeling his stomach bloat up with the gases his body produced and forced out of his hole. It was a few farts later before he was standing crouched over slightly as he felt his intestines grumble. He had hoped to hold it in longer than this to at least have dinner but there was no way the mass of shit inside him was going to wait that long.

"...P-pardon me. Breakfast is making an uncalled for exit." He groaned as he quickly excused himself for the bathroom. Well a makeshift bathroom anyhow. Much more a hole



dug out a few metres deep for the beast to deposit his feast day festivities into. Racing to the yard outback dedicated to such he quickly ordered the workers to leave him to his business.

"Disperse yourselves. I wish to rid my aching bowels of this burden in private." He growled, already stripping his silk garbs off. No one protested the order, some having scattered the area before the full sentences even left his mouth. No one wanted to see or smell the aftermath of a full day of bingeing after all. Squatting right over the deep hole he didn't even have to push hard for the first coil of dragon shit to widen him out and press forward starting with a raunchy bout of gas.

***FFRWWOAAARRRPPPPPPP***

The gigantic log of shit rivalled tree trunks with its girth, spreading the dragon to his limit. Fortunately the entirety of his breakfast was just healthy bowel positive remains. A good mix of nutritious fruits and vegetables that was fermented down into the dark brown coils that overlapped themselves as it poured like soft serve from his ass. It felt quite good. It was thick, soft, and pleasurable to shit unlike his various other bowel movements. Perhaps this was a call to start eating better...

Various shades of formless green masses of undigested vegetables lined the turd as he ate without first removing the leafy bits the produce was attached too. Most noticeable was the meter long stretch of corn stalks that were seen embedded in the side of his next few logs that coloured the light brown mess with smears of green and the obvious bright yellow of undigested corn cobs that passed through him with little disturbance. Kha'lex moaned as he quite enjoyed this particular shit. It was smooth with little obstruction as well as very nice smoothing though his bowels. It stretched his hole in ways that just felt good, and it freed up his system to allow more of the filth through. A full twenty minutes into his shit and the dragon had no complaints. The only upset was what he guessed to be the fauna child just now finding his way through the maze of his digestive tract. Their tunic was barely visible within the firm muck but his bones stood out vividly against the log. Embedded smoothly into the soft paste as if pressed into it to create a mould. His skeleton stayed intact as well, nicely preserved like fossils in a museum. His skull exited first which was barely kept together by the massive internal pressures. Only one of the nubby little antlers remained attached as the other could be seen somewhere further down the line by his chest. Arm bones followed by his ribcage and still attached spine which held bits of his clothing then led into his off narrow pelvis that was also very eroded and had snapped off from the other half of his body. The leg bones were a little bit big but nothing he had to strain for. In fact Kha'lex was sure he had more trouble shitting the watermelons and pumpkins quite frankly. He was a scrawny kid anyways but he made for a decent sized bowel movement along with the help of his offerings. A willing victim generally made a willing shit. The final bits of Aries left with a few farts as the brown tights and two black shoes, all horribly mangled and twisted poured out of his ass to which the turd finally tapered off. Sighing happily he craned his head back and pressed into his middle rubbing his worked guts as he looked back at the child's skeleton which lay nicely atop the mound.

"Thank you Aries for stewing away inside of me and leaving so kindly. My stomach, intestines, and anus thank you." He said as a soft grow from his insides pushed a soft airy fart through him. He took that as the boy's reply and continued to push What was left of his

breakfast out. More coloured bits of peppers and various other items swirled into the brown loaf which he cut time and time again until it was all out. After a few more minutes and some gaseous outbursts later which smelled like rot, he was finally finished with the healthy deposit. Behind him sat a nearly three hundred pound pile of soft shit of various colours could be seen to which he sighed having released.

"Mmm..now that was a good shit. Those fauna really know how to make a meal." He said, patting his stomach as he stood to inspect it. Maybe he could sell this one for fertilizer as well. Though he was cleared out and about to wipe there was an unsettling growl as he was forced to bend once more. "Ah- what now-?!" Taken by surprise the beast's anus twitched as he farted out a few good litres of hot air. Moaning out as the spicy gas disrupted his rim he took a small sniff and realised this had to be lunch rushing to join. At least part of it. "N-now?! You couldn't have..oowg..waited-!?" **Frrrttttt**

Judging by how that last fart sounded, his bowels in fact couldn't wait as the far larger than most turd strained to leave his rump. It was the stark opposite of what he just released. Hard, knobbly, and filled with many undigested bits and pieces of what looked to be greasy fried chicken wing bones, pepperonis and other things he couldn't make out but definitely didn't feel like regular shit. "M-mercy! What was in those?!" He cried out holding his taunt guts before the heavy dollop of dragon dung crashed into the previous pile of shit. The hardened turd was so weighty it sank into the pile a fair bit. Without much warning besides some greasier smelling blasts of anus gas he felt full of shit again. Watching the mass run through his stomach he braced and flexed as he strained the huge bowel movement out. He didn't realise it just yet but the clumps of no longer white fur and ruined tattered clothes marked the remains of bunny fauna he ingested with dinner. That and all the greased up food that appeared to have caused some constipation. Their skeleton was jumbled up, skull cracked and broken like various other bits of him as he slid out with some trouble alongside steaks and mutton and various other unhealthy meals. Kha'lex had to take a breather after that one, panting and shaking as he tried to stay standing. His guts showed no mercy as it pushed to get the mess of food out of him. Fatty greasy foods made for fatter and greasier logs and it showed. Part of the reason he wasn't fully constipated was because the fat helped slick up his intestines so it seemed. And maybe the lumioberries from earlier helped as well.

The next bit exited with an explosive fart that shat hot chunky shit all over the pile below. A thick blanket of diarrhea rained forth that resembled the thick stew he chugged down making him wonder if he digested any part of it if it looked so similar coming out. Somewhere within that mess was the hyena fauna's fur, shot out in ruined clumps sometimes alongside a broken bone or two. More of him was present after five minutes of constant shitting. Nothing but the thick runny brown fluid left his hole which stung hot and heavy in his intestines and again when it was forced past his rim. The bigger bits of the hyena fauna were easily shat out all over the mound with the dark soupy shit. Clothes, bits of his ribs, a battered up skull, a mess of fur and hair, and chunks from the stew that did not digest all the way through made a rude exit as it waterfalled from Kha'lex's ass until the flow finally slowed to a dribble. He was given seconds to rest, panting heavily and pacing a bit before he inevitably returned to squat over the growing pile that measured at least ten feet by now at the highest point. A fart pushed out a couple handfuls of those pale blue feathers, most of them a sickly brown for obvious reasons as it welcomed the harpy girl clogging his bowels. At least the sweets

helped to firm up his shit. Still runny but far easier to pass than the first load from dinner. Her blond hair and mangled skeleton was scattered through the skinnier loose logs before splitting all over the load below. Falling apart easily bits of her were rolling down the slope of his bowel movement only to get buried by his next filthy release. Her legs interestingly survived most of the trauma for such frail looking things though her wings didn't with those hollowed out bones. Spindly, elongated chunks of calcium with bits of yellow flesh and black talons of which weren't all there hung to the two junctions currently sticking out of his ass. It felt heavenly to get that out. When he shat that and a heavy patty of shit along with a ten second long fart the dragon panted hard in relief. His bowels felt better already.

Another agonising few minutes ended with another low rumble which pushed a lazy fart out of him again spewing acid burnt feathers over the pile like confetti. "Ugh...of all that poultry that ended up in my guts she had to be the worst..." Kha'lex complained looking back at what had to be nearly four hundred pounds of shit now. He knew there was more and dinner was soon to be served. Pressing into his intestines he felt the culprit slithering through his slowly. That disobedient elf. This one he was excited to shit out. There were little things in life better than reducing a cocky piece of shit to a real piece of shit. Bending again he flexed his abdominals and with a squish he felt the wet deposit leave his ass. This time the torso was out first. Judging by the ribs and barely digested clothing they had on anyways. His anus coughed out a ball of melted and tangled vest with far too many pockets. Various objects stuck out of them, horribly melted or twisted. It encased a rib cage that was yellowing and falling apart as it left his anus. Splatting against the pile he widened his stance a bit to release this next bit. The male had managed to create quite the blockage somehow. The giant nugget of shit took a few pushes to even budge before it finally peeked from the grey anus and widened up. A disgusting display of jumbled up bones that twisted into a cylinder-like shape much like the turd he was pressing out. The massive deposit was only made of the rogue elf who still had bits of burnt off flesh and clothing hanging from his twisted bones. Leg bones, bits of ribs, a half broken pelvis, hands and feet, teeth. Nothing was where it was meant to be as the loaf eased out of the beast's behind. What was most disturbing was the cracked up skull with clumps of browning orange hair. It was missing teeth and the bottom jaw was barely holding on. Within one of the eye sockets it somehow held a single eye in one of the sockets. Drained of life yet clearly expressing that this man had suffered the worst fate of them all. It steamed from the long chaotic journey through the unforgiving bowels of the dragon kin clenched to force it to drop. Peering back past his ass he glared at the sickening deposit he just released. It smelled just as horrid as it looked too.

"That should humble you elf. Perhaps I'll fish you out and make a display of you since you love to show off so much." Kha'lex chuckled, patting his much flatter belly. Voiding his bowels of some finally normal shit he was finally finished. Nearly an hour of straight shitting and a five hundred mound pile of putrid shit that rose well over the hole and breakfast and lunch had been effectively dealt with. Before he could rest easy though he felt the gallons of liquid pooling in his bladder so he turned to release that as well into his makeshift toilet creating a yellowish moat within hole. All that was left was to wipe. Stretching behind with a damp cloth and wash pan provided by a servant he cleaned up his muddy cheeks from that varied shit. Digging inside himself at some point he pulled out a long stretch of orange hair that apparently got caught within his anus and huffed as he flung it into the pile with the towel. "Troublesome bastard.." He hissed as he reddied to get cleaned up for his final meal of the day.

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"Late? They're...late..again? This is the second time I'm waiting for my meal." The dragon hissed. Conversing back and forth between his servants they were forced to wait about an hour longer until finally the doors opened to show the tiny group of fairies that flew into the courtyard carrying a single pie with them.

"M-my lord. The dinner faction is here to present your meal!" One yelled out exasperated. Placing the pie in front of them and standing in a line on the table the three tinies looked up at the dragon sheepishly before looking away. "A-apologies for our tardiness. We were--"

"Silence." He spoke, narrowing his eyes as the creatures stiffened in fear. Getting much closer now he peered down to the pie before picking it up. "This is all you have to offer for yourselves?! A measly pie?! I waited over an hour, FOR A HALF BAKED DESSERT?!" The beast roared before one of the girls spoke up.

"W-well actually it's shepards pie...so not really..a..dessert.." She squealed as her voice trailed off once the dragon shot her a glare. It was then that he gave a small smile.

"Oh apologies...I waited over an hour for a measly *shepherd's pie*. He mocked with a sneer before quickly grabbing the fairy who spoke up. "You seem to think this is a joke. On the best day of the year to celebrate gluttony and food alike and this is the stunt you pull. Well let me remind you all just how seriously you should take such an event." He hissed before stuffing the girl headfirst into the pie. Her legs wiggled frantically as the others watched in horror. And then in one motion he stuffed the pie into his gullet, tin pan and all as he chewed lightly and swallowed. The fairies looked horrified as the dragon belched back up the air he took her down with. This barely made for an appetizer nevermind a meal. Needless to say, he wasn't happy about it. And with that the beast rose from his chair and began to walk. "I haven't seen such mockery on feast day in years..And I can assure you your faction will pay for this accordingly.." He growled as the thirty foot beast made his way for the doors. The two fairies squealed and flew in horror as they went to go earn their village knowing full well what was set to happen. Any faction that couldn't provide a substantial meal to the king, would become the meals themselves.

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Fae and dragon never did get along. Always pestering each other and causing conflict. So it came to no surprise that a village of the magical sprites didn't much care for their dragon kin ruler or celebrating his feast day. That was until the heavy footsteps that shook their tiny town. A small portion of the fairies tried to warn what would happen if they didn't scurge up something to bring. Of course it didn't tide over well with the majority thus leading to the pitiful display that Kha'lex had the displeasure of ingesting. But he was about to make them pay it forward regardless of their quarrel as a species.

Storming the small village his voice echoed over the area which attracted the attention of every fairy in sight.

"Greetings you despicable magical insects! Your lovely king has decided to visit. Though you should not be pleased with yourselves for making me hunt on feast day. Your disobedience will end poorly for you I'm afraid. Considering your entry it seems the only way I can have you qualify is to turn this faction into dinner themselves. How unfortunate for you all. The rules state the king gets to eat his fill. I wonder just how many of you fluttering annoyances it will take to round out my stomach." His laughter boomed as he stormed towards the horrified faces that screamed out in unison. They may have been small but they would not evade their fate so easily. Kha'lex was far too large and skilled a hunter for that.

Swiping through the air with his hands and tail while occasionally flapping his wings to cause violent winds it sent their tiny forms spiralling out of control into the ground. Once they did he took them and greedily stuffed the tiny creatures into his maw swallowing with ease. Compared to a human the sprites were about one to four feet tall, some even smaller. Compared to his thirty foot height they went down like nothing. He barely felt them struggling in his stomach until he piled up about fifty of them. Besides the eating he also made an absolute mess of their tiny village. While flattening houses and farms with his feet and massive tail as he walked, the dragon also went out of his way to grab and toss the homes and structures they worked so hard to build. Some of them he even stuffed into his greedy mouth as a snack, crunching bricks to wood before feeling the heavy load pad out his middle.

"Ooo, these buildings aren't half bad compared to your pie you know? Truly tragic for such a comment to leave my mouth." He hummed as he licked his lips. The binging continued until at least a hundred fairies could be seen struggling in the beast guts which caused it to swell nicely. Their fluttering and screams worked up some air that existed in loud belches over the area bringing with it a faint golden dust that sparkled as it was carried on the air. Smacking his lips he tasted the magic and hummed. The taste was quite bland all things considered but he didn't mind it. Among the passive runners were a few who would attack as well. Or try to anyway. At one point one of them threw a sack of something which the dragon kin opened wide to intercept and swallowed accordingly. He felt...strange. A strange buzz in his midsection. Coughing for a bit it soon ramped up to a belch that rang through the area.

***UROOAAARRRRPPPPPPPP***

The bulge in his neck forced out a cloud of golden powder which coated the fairy boy who tossed it and immediately caused him to change into a chicken. Eyes widened at what he just saw before he picked up the chicken and gulped that down as well. After that Kha'lex held around his middle as he belched some more trying to settle his stomach. Fairy dust plus dragon stomach acids did not mesh well together. And in a moment it was flying right through him too. Lifting a leg and holding his guts he flexed his middle before a shot of golden dust exited his backside. Farting dust over the nearby houses caused strange properties to be added to them just like the fairy boy turned chicken before. It must have been the mixing of the dust and his digestive enzymes like some horrible science experiment. His acids seemed to alter the magical effects of the dust causing unruly magic to run rampant.

The houses themselves grew to a huge size after being coated with the magic gas. Kha'lex was intrigued by this but tried to hold his outbursts in for now. Instead he'd use his belches. Grabbing a hiding family in one of the homes he forced a belch that turned them into various

other things like furniture, plants, other humanoid species or even things like slimes. It was fascinating. He'd stuff them all down for his body to deal with, truly not picky about what he ate at the moment. Eventually the once lively area was turned into a ghost town. Every single fairy doomed to the slaughterhouse he called a digestive tract. Kha'lex was rightfully stuffed lugging around at least two hundred tiny morsels within his guts. He could barely move, instead sitting at the base of the large tree to rest up.

A few hours passed until evening fell. It wasn't until a bit later when he had digested enough of them to freely move once more. He couldn't feel much squirming anymore either, most having suffocated or digested. Surprisingly even though they were a fragile bunch he spotted and felt some movement within his intestines. Some of the sturdier ones, maybe or those with the assistance of magic. They seemed to be looking for an exit. He wondered if they'd make it out alive...Time would tell. Returning to his quarters it was due time he got some rest. He hit his bed and passed out shortly after while his system truly got to work on his final meal from his feast.

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The next morning came quickly. Another important day to the dragon dubbed, 'Post Feast Day'. As the name suggested it was the following day after the dragon binged from all his factions. And the ceremony that would result from such would be taken entirely in his toilets.

Intestines angrily growled at the tired beast who pulled the covers over his head, reluctant to get up. "Pipe down...I'll release you shit stains when I see fit.." He grumbled to which his stomach tensed and forced the beast to fart loudly.

***FRRRRRAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTTTT***

The heavy stench of day old fairy flesh, rotten wood, plant, and shit left his anus but what was really captivating was that his anal expulsions still happened to hold those magic capabilities. The burst of gas fluttered his sheets for a good fifteen seconds as it shrunk down the fabric to the king's dismay. Now he was cold...Growling he finally decided to get up lest he ruin anything else in his home. He wanted these troublesome pests out of him immediately. Calling for someone to aid him the servant set up a few giant chamber pots coated with anti magic oils. He'd then call Myrin to accompany him for his post feast day shit. Bending at the waist and spreading his cheeks he aimed at one of the pots though he was a bit off. Myrin certainly wasn't aware of the fart brewing in his master's bowels and was even less informed on the magical capabilities of it. Hearing the bowels rumble he stopped before the heinous gas was released all over him as Kha'lex strained to push it all out. The screams he let off started loud but tapered off to a smaller higher pitched squeal caught his attention but he only stopped farting once he felt comfortable. Bowels deflating after that one he looked back at Myrin to find his servant boy elf was converted into a fairy himself due to the magic gas. The male had shrunk several feet and sprouted delicate little wings. Most noticeably the golden speckles from the fairy dust were plastered to his fair skin making him sparkle. Kha'lex couldn't help but snicker though he tried to hide it.

"T-this isn't funny! How did you- Change me back!" He squeaked to which Kha'lex laughed more.

"Sorry my dear pet. You see fairies truly do mess up my bowels. They've been stirring there since last night and during that time my bowels seem to have corrupted the magic they produce. Turns out fairy dust goes right through me and it gives my gas some strange properties upon release. Anything hit by it undergoes some sort of change." He explained.

"O-oh...well that's..unorthodox.." Myrin said trying to wrap his head around this. He's not yet experienced such a phenomenon.

"Indeed. But..hgnnn...**groowwilll**..Give me a second..mmfh..I should probably get all of this out of me first...if I don't void my bowels before I attempt to help you..well..let's just say these damn fairies go right through me and I think they gave me a bad case of the shits.." He said as he felt his pucker quivering as the slurry of ex fairy and their town flowed through his large intestine. "I should be done soon enough with the way they're racing through me. Stay a while. You won't be much help physically but it's been a while since I've had a company dump." He sighed as he properly sat on the first chamber pot and flexed his abdominals letting all hell loose.

Straining he felt the liquid rush through him as it coated the entire bottom of the container with a heavy wet splattering. Copious mounds of fairy turned food was shat out against the nearly ten foot tall pot. He grit his teeth as his bowels pushed litres of shit through him before his hole clenched to stop the flow. It was hot and runny, much like the stew he had earlier though a bit chunkier due to his varied diet of buildings and various other inedible objects. This went on for a few minutes before things thickened up and the flow slowed to a sluggish pace. His turds were fat and full of the discarded bones and clothing of his prey though most noteworthy was the wings. For whatever reason fairy wings went all the way through him. Must have had something to do with their magic. It was known to be quite impervious against dragon kin and it showed as the various colours and shapes of thin biological film were speckled through his shit. They weren't even stained by his remains. Vibrant colours of disembodied wings embedded the sloppy pile, occasionally twitching even though their owners had long since expired and left this realm. Multiple times the dragon bent into his engorged guts as he felt a foul wind turn the corners of his intestines as he forced the wind all over the wet paties in the chamberpot, further coating it with a hefty sprinkle of gold glitter. "Mmgmm..That felt good to get out.." He hummed as he looked back to the filled pot that contained pure destruction from his acidic bowels. Seeing the twitching wings made him scrunch his nose in disgust. Though he was more bothered by the smell than the fact he just ended tons of lives. "How nasty.." He scowled, fanning around his ass and rubbing into his pudgy bowels. The smell was atrocious. He made no further comments having shown no respect for the tiny creatures.

Raising and covering the full pot he felt his intestines rumble once more. Least he shit on the ground the beast moved onto the next chamberpot, barely getting comfy before he began releasing all the same like so many innocent lives didn't just leave his colon. More heavy squishes echoed the chamber along with a few grunts as he shat out a couple hundred more fairies and their homes. Curiously the fae servant flew up to land on the beast's thigh for a better look having grown interested in what survived his master's tract. It wasn't the first time

he was interested in the Kha'lex's shits and the dragon king didn't mind this curiosity in the slightest. It was mainly to provide better eating advice that was often ignored later, or to inspect what the beast had trouble digesting. He could very clearly hear all that food sloshing inside the dragon's guts now that he was closer to the intestines and got to see it all leave and fall atop the other ex meals seconds later. He watched the muscles flex as a stream of half formed logs rained into the pot below. A hefty deposit in which he could see various stones, thatch, hay, and ruined wood. It didn't take long to identify the male was shitting out bits of a structure and furniture. Heavily damaged chairs and tables along with a couple melted down tires and rusted metal from a tractor perhaps. Debris from chunks of building walls like silos and houses to various other things all pushed through the beast's guts with some discomfort as his packed intestines smoothed out with his release. The crushed up remains of a wagon could be seen judging by the bent up wheels and half twisted wooden carry. So he had eaten the town itself along with its inhabitants. Terrifying. No wonder he was so stuffed up. His belly felt taunt when he began his dump and despite nearly filling the second chamber pot of the day it had barely softened up. Another carriage passed through this time with the skeletons of the unfortunate passengers which held together surprisingly well. Others not so much as with the two formed skeletons were three more piles of jumbled up bones that sat within the wrecked vehicle as they were still riding it. A lot more debris flew out of him before a softer couple of splats. Again he had filled the thing with ease and was already getting up to move to the next for another tedious shit.

"Mhmmm...I do fear we'll have to start making these pots bigger, wouldn't you say Myrin." The beast chuckled as they both stared at the remains. Myrin gulped at the thought.

"Well that or you may have to start using the yard more..." He said softly as he jumped off the male's thigh seeing him walk and sit upon the next pot.

"Hm...grnn...maybe so..." Kha'kex agreed with a chortle as he grunted.

The next pot had its own theme. Vegetables. The crops they worked so hard to cultivate all stuck up the dragon's anus and were ready to see the world once more albeit in a new form entirely. Usually he'd have no trouble digesting actual food but once more his ruined guts were set on forcing everything through in one shot due to its disagreement with the magic. Minimal digestion allowed entire stalks of corn, tomatoes, rice, and many more to force through his asshole at a rather rapid pace. The yellow chunks somewhat stiffened up his bowel movement at least and added some colour. Bits of pumpkin, red, green, and yellow pepper shells dotted the pile each with the green of their respective plants. Rice grains and squished up, rotting tomatoes were the most noteworthy bits to survive his system while the potatoes he had were practically converted into mud like the rest of the things he actually digested. A horrid mash that swirled in the pot resembling a poorly made chilli with the surrounding brown slop. And it stung just as bad on the way out. The smell was something that could drop flies though. There was no way he was reusing this pot in particular after what he had shat into it. Ironic how such plants have been turned into its own brew of fertilizer tonight. Once more the beast considered if he could sell this untainted batch of. Probably to those fauna so they'd grow more delicious crops. Then again with all that magic in his system maybe not..He'd let someone know to not dump this one just yet.



He was onto the fourth pot of the evening now with no signs of stopping. This one was actually just a large glass vase in place of his usual pots since they had run short of the others. Myrin had stepped back to watch from a safer distance, occasionally making conversation with the king.

"Almost finished?" Myrin asked, looking up from a book he grabbed. This was an extensive bowel movement so it wasn't unusual for him to find other things to occupy himself with as his master forced everything out.

"Not even close." Kha'lex hissed, quite annoyed by the sudden blockage in his intestines. The shifting lump looked about the size of a human and was struggling to push through. "Ugh...My guts hurt..What a bother..And hgnn..this one..ugh– Isn't helping..hrggnn..by acting up!" He yelled as he felt the large enough load slurp back up into his anus as he took a second to rest his sore hole. "These damn insects are so fickle. Do you want out of me... HGnnn..or...HNNAAGHHH! NOT-" He yelled as his intestines complied, pushing out a disgusting loaf of shit with a sight that made Myrin's eyes widen. Poking out of his master's anus was what appeared to be a corpse though not yet..The poor thing was still alive..Covering his mouth he watched as the beast's thick anus flexed and tried to push out the mass of bone, flesh and fabric plaguing the beast's bowels. Unknown, Kha'lex staid thinking it was just a bit of house caught in his ass. Pulling one of his fattened cheeks to the side it gave some space for them to push the slightly twitching being out. His intestines rolled as it pushed some more shit towards the turd sticking out of him to force it along and finally the ruler found himself shitting out the mangled up body of a still alive fairy boy a few seconds later. Telltale signs of a magic spell gone wrong. The being was folded in all kinds of positions with cracked bones and a half digested body that was embedded in thick shit. He barely had strength to move but he regardless tried to reach out to the one who was peering at him through the glass. He twisted his frail neck and tried to call out to Myrin, barely tapping the glass with a deformed hand. Looking back wide eyed the servant was frozen as he watched the horrific scene. Kha'lex barely caught glimpse of this as he was resting after depositing the large log before asking about it.

"Mm? What is it?" He asked curiously, tilting his head. Myrin contemplated telling them but Kha'lex soon scrunched up his face as some vile wind rushed through him. Without much warning a violent shart soon sprayed around the pot with another thick sheet of shit, covering the boy who was trying to scream at the harsh exposure of hot colon mud. Myrin almost gagged seeing it happen, the heavy shit pretty much suffocating the poor thing as it squirmed about as best as it could with such destroyed muscle mass.

"Orrap...sorry..as you were saying?" Kha'lex asked again as he clenched to avoid any more outbursts.

"N-nothing.." Myrin whispered in a half whine as Kha'lex shrugged and relaxed his bowels so he could keep shitting. Myrin looked down, horrified he couldn't help. Or rather didn't. Being so close to the pot he could hear his faint screams and struggles carry on for far too long as he choked to death on shit. They assumed so anyway as the movements stopped but perhaps the magic wasn't so merciful if he survived being through feet of intestines with the same sludge. To make matters worse what came next out of the giant was more discarded half alive fairies that tried desperately to survive the entire trip through Kha'lex's bowels but

the acids and bile had effectively ruined the delicate concoction. Twisted up, broken in half, or worse, the muscle deficient bodies flew out of the dragon's anus with copious amounts of wet shit save for some which stayed stuck within the firmer logs. They survived, sure, but they were still half digested. Again pulling his fattened ass cheeks to the side the dragon pushed huge logs of bony shit out of him with a flex of his midsection. Strange how these ones felt different than the others on the way out but he didn't look back to confirm what they were. He only felt them as they clogged his intestines, briefly pressing the chunky lumps along with his hand before trying to discern if the load stuffing his ring next was part of a house, a living creature, or both.

Various half alive bodies sunk into the runny shit like quicksand while more was piled on top. The graveyard of half dead fairies was soon enough buried under another layer of runny ass porridge before they could even get a scream out leaving the dragon completely unaware of their fates. Sighing in relief he finally cut his four minute long shit to relax

"Ooooo...Now it felt good to get that one out..." He said, patting his heavily deflated belly with a sigh. Especially after that one the bulge was noticeably smaller. The burped on tests were in the next load. Blue slime slurped through his ass adding some colour onto the pile from the fairies turned slime. A few feathers of that one fairy turned chicken along with the yellow pouch he used in defence that was reduced to a torn up mush of yellow tattered cloth. Myrin watched it all through the glass jar Kha'lex was shitting into. He felt sick but said nothing. It's not like the beast would care anyhow. If anything he'd be more amused.

Four chamber pots filled and onto the fifth which he filled halfway before he was finally empty. The result of a village of disobedient subjects all compact into a few pots. Not a fully solid shit in sight. His tail swayed lazily as he looked back at the full containers that carried his putrid deeds. "Ah it seems my guts have learned some magic as well. The ability to turn such energetic, ambitious creatures into a fat load of shit." He smirked, patting his guts as he released another stinking fart which reminded him. "Well..now that I'm empty...How about that treatment to change you back?" He said with a smirk as he patted his fattened ass. Myrin gulped.

"W-what about burps..maybe?"

Raising a brow Kha'lex considered but upon trying he only got out a few small belches with not enough magic to affect a fly nevermind change Myrin back. "Well the magic seemed to have moved too far past my stomach to be expelled as a belch so it will only exit one one way..." He hummed. "But if you aren't willing I'm sure I'm sure it'll wear off ..in a few days perhaps?"

"A few days?!?" Myrin squeaked. He'd like to return back sooner than that.

"Who's to say? Fairy magic is a bit unpredictable..It could be a few hours, days, months. Maybe never..But what I do know is I have a bit of gas left from dinner to try and help you now. And seeing as I already cleaned out the nearest supply of fairy magic after my tank is empty, who knows where we'll find such magic for the next coming days...But who am I to force you into such foul play. The choice is yours, my humble servant. You are kind of cute as a fairy." He said with a wicked smirk clearly knowing he'd one. Humiliating the boy was a good pastime and he couldn't wait for this gassing session. Myrin soon caved and sighed as

he stood under the tight ring his master had presented once more. The beast had squatted with his ass nearly touching the elf. He wanted to administer a healthy dose after all.

"Mmm, ready?~" Kha'lex teased.

"...No..." The other said reluctantly with hands over his face. Regardless, the dragon got ready to fart out everything he could. He figured the hands blocking his face and nose would help with the smell but no....*it was bad*. The smell of burnt and digested flesh wafted over him in an instant as the giant pushed out a rush of rancid gas. Even with no shit left in his system it was pungent with his leftovers from yesterday. It was hot gas too, making the poor servant uncomfortably sweaty. There was no effect as not enough of the dust left his system but the next one was sure to put out. Straining again the next release was a bit wetter and scared the hell out of the tiny thing thinking he was about to meet with some leftover fairies. At the very least a handful of the golden dust left with it. The change was certainly evident as the boy was turned into a slime rendition of himself. Freaking out for a bit the dragon assured them it would be fine as he tried again with another expulsion of gas.

***FRAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPP***

"Hgnnnn– How's that?" The dragon panted looking over to see a wilted sunflower wearing the clothes Myrin once did. "Guess not..." He said as he spread his cheeks and allowed his anus to widen once more.

About five more horrid bouts of flatulence later and many different forms the elf was restored back to being an elf. Growing in size and losing his wings, the being nearly keeled over in exhaustion having to sniff his master's farts for close to five minutes while having to go through so many different transformations. He shuddered and coughed but was grateful to be back to normal. Kha'lex was happy to have his servant back as well bringing them up to cradle them slightly.

"Ah finally. You smell disgusting but at least you're back." The dragon cooed.

"And who's fault is that?" Myrin said with a goofy smile as he embraced the warm hold.

"Yeah yeah. Well..how about we get you cleaned up then. A way to indulge in the day after feast day hm?" The thought of a warm bath did sound pleasant. They nodded happily curled up withn the giant's arms.

"Sounds perfect my lord."

"Good." Kha'lex hummed as he smiled to the other and patted their head. "Happy Post Feast Day my little elf." He said as he went to go run the bath. Myrin got comfortable in the giant's arms as he was carried out to the washroom wishing them the same.

"Happy Post Feast Day sire."