



**THE MONSTER  
HUNTER  
CON-SUME PARTY  
2021 (PTS. 1-8)**



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# AWRY...

*Astera, Ancient Forest, New World*

*Today—Halloween*

*Night*

**T**HE DEAFENING BOOM OF DIABLOS' SCREECH sends the hunter stumbling into the workshop, the man's hands blundering to reload his light bowgun. His last few shots at the winged, bull-horned sandbeast had sparked pitifully against its sandstone chest like dud fireworks, only pissing it off.

He fires another shot, another. "Guh... noo!" Unphased by the feeble cracks of ammo, Diablos thrusts his horns through the front wall, bulldozing it, trampling over the rubble and backing the lad into a corner. Wellgeared legs are lifted with a slobbery gulp before the backlight of the forge. A forgettable bulge scoots down the supple trunk of the bull wyvern's duny gullet.

All about Astera, civilians and hunters fare the same. Some, worse. A Tobi-Kadachi zaps the eyelights out of a fleeing band. (Well, not fleeing anymore...) A Chameleos' tongue darts out like a laser light—enwraps a



hunter and his palico pal, who with stifled screams morph into a scaly throat bulge. A Silver Rathalos alights with widespread wings atop the railing of the gathering hub with a bugled roar, before loosing upon the canteen a ball of fiery death, barbecuing a few hunters for dinner.

An old man at his balcony looks with lamentation upon the horde of winged menaces in the heavens, as well as the swarm aground. A week ago he tried to warn the Asterans that something in the air was awry, drawing more and more aggressive monsters to the settlement, but no one listens to the prophesying of whiskery old men anymore. He'd played an untimely hand as well as he could.

A shadow swoops over him, and he sees a Crimson Fatalis above, circling him with hungry menace. "It is time for dinner, and not mine," he mutters, and ducks his head under his stave-holding hands. "Well, get on with it, I suppose!" He'll be cremated with the neighbors, their homes turned to urns.

The wyvern unleashes a fireblast to cook his old bones. But the scorching light never does reach—doesn't singe a single hair on his head. And this is not because he is at a lack of hair, but because his life—and the life of every other Asteran—in that moment is obliterated in a less macabre, more mysterious way:

The city suddenly blinking out of existence!



All the bloody peals, flames, clangs of steel, nightmarish snarls—all of it simply ceases to exist.

At least, in this universe.

All that remains is the serene crash of the waterfall. No more waterwheel which once powered the lifts. No more beach beneath the settlement. Just a cliff. And bay water.

A page has been ripped from the world and glued into another...



# THE PENTAGRAM

*Abigail's house—a short dragonflight from Dragalastas, CA, USA*

*One week ago*

*Night*

**B**EFORE THE FIREPLACE—which was the only light in the living room, save for that of the ritualistically placed candles...

With a fatigued sigh, the anthro poison dragon dropped the massive cardboard box full of MH costumes in the center of the pentagram.

"So this'll be enough?" he asked her, dumping the costumes within the circle before breaking down the box with his claws. She chuckled, emerald eyes admiring the little horde of enchanted onesies as she ambled around them, twin tails pedalling slowly.

"Looks like everything I asked for," she answered with soft clarity.

"Sooo, you'll be able to send back all our costumes before Halloween?"

"I'm casting spells, love, not fermenting vegetables. I'll send you packing with everything at the end of the night."



Sini threw her a thumbs-up and winked, but then recoiled a little. "Wait, so will the spell let us contact the New World tonight? And how will that work?"

"Tch, no. That'll take time."

"Sooo, like fermenting vegetables."

She blinked at him with sharp eyes. That was the closest thing to a 'touche' Sini would ever get out of her. "The first spell sends a signal into the New World that says, 'Here we are.' That's one-way contact. It'll lure all the monsters to where we want them to be for the second spell. Now, that's the exciting one, the bridge between our worlds. I'm casting it tonight but tweaking it so that the bridge won't open until Halloween. That way we'll all be there to enjoy our little feast...~"

Since word of last year's shenanigans at the poison dragon's mansion had made the rounds of their friend circle, pretty much everyone who didn't already have a costume had commissioned one from the esoteric tailor. From the materials with which the costumes were made, Abigail had been able to trace their origins back to some shop in what was known ingame as Astera.

In other words, the Monster Hunter franchise was based on a true story. A real world. And the tailor was probably some kind of world jumper.

*Just get me everyone's costume, Abigail had told Sini before the trip over, and I can lure every monster magically linked to each of these costumes—and then some—to Dragalastas.*



She had most likely asked *him* instead of their friends because everyone knew her well enough to not give her essential items for satanic spells. So did Sini. But she also knew that Sini had too much fun enabling her untrustworthy behavior to say no to one of her 'holiday specials.'

Besides, he had reasoned, it was just a couple of cute costumes. How much mischief could she possibly magic up?





# MANSION AND MISCHIEF

*Dragalastas, CA, USA*

*Today—Halloween*

*Sunset*

**G**RAAAWR!" A FERAL DRAGON NAMED ZORALTH flies over Sini's mansion, his spooky reflection rolling over the swimming pool. This Halloween he dressed up as a zombified Safi'jiiva.

Dozens of people hang out at the pool area, all of them dressed up to fit the Monster Hunter theme of the party, the air buzzing with merriment and activity.

With an arm around Snow's shoulders, Sivu says something inaudibly lewd. The cheetah blushes. Aster strokes his fur beard, seeming to be getting some ideas from the tease.

Bec and Orion hold hands in front of each other, jumping vigorously to some upbeat remixes of MH music and giggling.

Inside, the mansion is crowded.



Iron Tooth and Renoko dance as they take shots in one of the strobe-lit hallways.

Tor and Seritus, roleplaying as the monsters of their costumes (a Glavenus and a Blue Teostra), have an arm wrestling match in the gym, grinning with clenched fangs as Calden cheers them on.

On the other side of the gym, before a picture of a feathered green wyvern, a blindfolded Kaiden is spun by Sienna, playing "Pin The Tongue On The Pukei."

A few seats away from the buffet trays in the kitchen, Dracos and Clove glance at each other and the other's pile of food... and then start to engage in a silently serious eating competition.

Sini, however, has skipped the festivities.

Sitting at the top of the cantilevered stairway, the lone poison dragon takes a big swig of a cocktail, his snout poking out beneath the hood of his Pukei-Pukei costume. He exhales a plume of mindpoison, catches it in his cheeks and inhales it back into his lungs, treating himself to a hookah-toke of himself to take off some of the edge.

When will Abigail arrive, if ever? *I wish I would've asked her when she was coming... or doing the thing*, he thinks. He had told everyone they'd get to go on a meet-and-eat with some of their favorite monsters, and that they'd even get some 'extra-realistic' costumes out of it; but he was starting to worry that she'd simply opened a portal into the New World all by herself to eat them all.



"Harrumph." *Crafty kitsune... why do I keep falling for her tricks?* he'll wonder one minute, but, the next, be right back to thinking things like, *I should be down there socializing, but she could text back any minute now—I've already waited this long...*

Suddenly, the three-storey window-wall ahead of him flashes nuclear-bright. The earth shakes with a damning rumble, as though Mother Nature has cooked up her greatest catastrophe since the Cretaceous Period. Sini clutches the handrail of the stairs with stoic concern, the mansion lurching. He can hear the chandelier downstairs rattling, the partygoers gasping, and glass breaking. If the rumbling had started before the flash, he would have assumed it was just another earthquake. You get those in Southern California.

The rumbling dies down, but the skylight doesn't.

By the swimming pool Bec exclaims, "Oh gosh, it's so bright," the white moth's wings suddenly flutter. "My heart's all fluttery! Aaaaah!" She lifts off—goes zooming over the hedge and into the great white tabula rasa, much to the protests of her friends.

"Bec, wait up," cries Orion. The canine scrambles through the crowd, drops his red cup. He climbs the hedge after her. "Not every lantern is your frieeeeeeend!"



The light dims, and the two are gone. Beyond the few remaining rows of lavish houses, where the big hill once was, nothing remains. From the pool, people can only see the absence.

But from behind the third story, Sini sees the addition—something added to Dragalas: It's a great wooden fortress protruding from a crater, its structures lit by bioluminescent specks of spectral blue, green and violet. Why does this fantastical structure seem so familiar?

His ear flaps a little at a recognizable yapping from downstairs. That must be Exo. From an eagle view, he spots the sprightly fox jumping and palavering about by the sliding door.

"Yo, Ex!"

They lock eyes. The fox waves. "Yo, Pukei-dragon! Yap yap!" Exo runs up to the top of the steps. "Talk about a big bang, huh? What do you theorize caused all of that?"

Sini stands up, twirls him around. Sini picks him up at the hips and peers into his rump like it's a pair of binoculars, knowing that the engineer has a pair of high-tech goggles on.

"Engaging fox vision," Sini says, "give me a visual."

With but a meager hiccup of surprise at the dragon's antic, Exo slides down his goggles. He squints yonder, the goggles auto-zooming at the gesture. "I think I see some ghosts."



"Really?"

"Yeah! I can show you—" he says, starting to remove his goggles.

Sini interrupts: "Wait—I see it now," squeezing his eyes real tight to clarify his imagination. "Blurry, spectral forms."

"Kinda anthro!" Exo offers.

"Forms with two legs," Sini says a heartbeat after the fox's revelatory input.

Exo blushes with distraction. "Uh, Sini? Your breath is like a seat warmer..."

Sini puts Exo down—ruminates aloud: "Heck, if ghosts are real, that's almost as cool as monsters being real. Maybe this compensates for all the disappointment."

"Disappointment? What party are *you* attending?"

Sini huffs. "Abigail was s'posed to—ah, nevermind. Can't go dependin' on everyone, least of all her. But anyway, I know how to get this place lit now!" Tongue blepped out in concentration, Sini goes throttling down the stairs—yells to the ground storey crowd: "Hey, everyone! Who wants to go on an adventure? Yo!" Heads turn with puzzlement and intrigue. He prances out through the sliding door and out to the pool area, voice ringing out into the open night: "Hey, everyone, there's ghosts out there, and we're gonna go see 'em! Who wants in?!"



Quite the commotion comes about.

"Now that's what I'm talking about!" Aster exclaims, the minotaur punching an open hand.

"Speaking of ghosts," Sivu teases Snow. He flicks on a flashlight under his chin, startling the cheetah next to him, Snow, whose cheeks go flushed at the "g"-word for some precarious reason...

Many of the attendees are predators, and aren't frightened at the prospect of ghosts, but instead seem amused or bewildered by the spontaneous decision to leave the party that apparently cost much time and labor to plan and decorate. But much speculation about the vaporized hill stirs them to leave; and so Sini gathers up as many people as he can find in a couple of minutes for an adventure; and in a fit of camaraderie the eager band of fourteen follows him out the front gate.



# MONSTERS AND MANA

**T**HE FOUR-TAILED KITSUNE HAD BEEN LEVITATING due to drawing from her profound wealth of mana. She now alights on one knee, slows the ritualistic rolling of her claws, pants slowly. She rises, breathes in the explosive gust of otherworldly smells and humidity. She exhales with the pleasure of inebriation.

So this is what the New World smells like.

"I've really outdone myself this time." A chasm separates the gathering hub from the rim of the crater on the outskirts of the city, at which she stands. Nothing a little mana-boosted jump won't fix.

She lands on the railing of the hub's deck area, drops delicately between a couple of canons. She starts to slide out from between them, but then ducks her head back into hiding at the sight of smoggy, colored forms gliding eerily along the planked ground.

"Are those...?" *Ghosts?*

*Shoot.*

If she plans on procuring a feast, she may need to use more mana than anticipated. It's a good thing she already has enough, thanks to her generous friends...



\* \* \*

*Oh?* Peeking her eyes through a cannon hole, she sees Bec buzzing toward her, followed by Orion and a bunch of the others. *It's about time...~*

She hops over to meet them.

"Abigail?" Sini meets her there. "Is this place what I think it is? How did you manage this?"

"About that..." she says. "Your feral dragon friend there gave me quite the mana-boost I needed to summon Astera. I'm talking about his splooge, of course. Mhm, when I offered to help tend to his needs, he happily obliged to fill me with his rich dragonseed more than once~"

Sini turns toward Zoralth, whose Safi'jiiva costume has an unzipped slit from which his barbed, haunch-thick dragonhood juts freely, the dragon having just landed.

With exasperation Sini starts, "Zoralth? I know you're new here, but rule number one: Never offer anything of power to Abigail!"

"O-oh." Such an abashed tone of voice seems misplaced on such a huge red dragon packed with robust muscle.





"It doesn't matter how much treasure or how much of a good time she offers you," Sini doubles down. "You *must* shun all temptations."

"I forgot to mention," Abigail interjects with a smug lean toward Sini, "I've been absorbing your poisons for the past year and stockpiling them for this very occasion. It turns out, you've been just as great a helper for me."

She head-pats him, much to the pungent huff of the poison dragon.

"You're telling me you held onto that much mana for a year without using it, and didn't choose world domination. Either you're lying, or I have to ask you if you're doing okay."

"Oh, it's not that I haven't chosen it—I'm just taking the long route to spice things up," she answers, crossing her arms with smug satisfaction with a little flourish of her four tails. Kitsunes gain more as they grow stronger, and the latter two tails are most likely the byproduct of her absorbing all of Zoralth's cum. "Anyway, who's ready to consume some monsters~? I sure hope you didn't load your guests up on appetizers already, Sini. It would be a shame if this little vixen's tummy had to do all the heavy lifting by itself.."

Affirmative cheers come from many of the other sixteen. One of them, a blue-nosed dog named Kaiden, points out: "Uh, am I seeing something differently?" Ahead, Astera is aglow with the spirits of dead hunters and monsters, wandering aimlessly, as though they've been placed in some limbo between life and the afterlife with nowhere to go. "How are we supposed to eat if no one survived the teleportation?"



"Simple," Abigail says, before casting a spell which resurrects all monsters for miles.

The hum of freshly-cast magic rumbles the settlement.

Resurrected monsters blink in wonderment at their bodies, as though having wakened from a bad dream; but it seems Abi didn't bother to rez the hunters.

"I use the last of my dragonseed magic to revive—oh, already did that. I guess I'm too powerful for my own good, hm?"

"Show off," Sini mumbles. "Well, I certainly say it's time to strap on our handkerchiefs; I'm starved!"

Abigail nods. "Well, everything you guys wanted is on the menu. And my spell attracted a few extra monsters as well, so some of us can go for seconds." She sweeps everyone with a kittenish look. "By the way: The teleportation spell doubled as an enchantment that'll let you all absorb the souls *and* bodies of the monsters, should you want to swap your current costumes for some more 'realistic' ones. You'll see what I mean...~"

"Aw yeah," Sini cheers, "time to collect some monster parts!"

And so the costumed hunters charge forward, and vault over the chasm and onto the fractal of the New World, alerting the revived monsters of their presence before proceeding to dig in.



# FOREWORD

In the animal kingdom, monsters are considered especially nutritious

In Astera, the dedicated predators who ingurgitate these delicious recipes are members of an all-you-can-eat buffet club known as the Special Vored-'Ems Unit

These are their stories

*(chung chung)*



## 1: TOR

*Costume:*

*Hooded Glavenus Onesie*

**M**URMURS OF ANTICIPATION rise from the sea of ghosts who watch the affair between Tor and the Glavenus, the blue anthro dragon approaching his meal.

Said 'meal' is a sauropod-looking hellbeast, whose luminous forge-hot hide and tail blade could foster envy in a dragon of its body heat. But its forelegs are less intimidating, akin to those of a t-rex. The Glavenus stands at the bow of the gathering hub ship, swinging its flaming tail blade in challenge.



Tor may pack more beef in his traps and wing muscles than his equals of height have on their entire body, but his post-herculean physique simply lacks the sheer Jurassic bulk of the pseudo-sauropod—the primal, unpretty, unrefined slabs of ample power. Neither does he match the Glavenus' overall size. He stands nine feet tall, sure. But that's not enough to compare with the Glavenus, whose hellish hunchback spikes jut higher than the roofs of one-storey buildings. Who outweighs him like a dozen times over.

Of course, that only makes the monster more appetizing...

And one thing Tor doesn't ever allow for long is not being the largest in the area. The blue dragon narrows his eyes at the Glavenus' tail-taunt before inhaling. A vortex spirals into his maw, vacuum-sucking the souls of the surrounding hunters to echoing, ringing shrieks and cries of perdition, his throat aglow to the peristalsis of countless dozens of monster slayer souls permanently adding to his own, just to advantage him against another meal.

The last wisps of ghostly light on the deck relocate to an abdominous bulge of his chiseled stomach, strobing beneath it. He clenches his abs, grunting in pleasure to the derelict onrush of panicked struggling within, forcibly absorbing the souls into his own to fuel an evolution, enhancing his muscles and hulking bigger, his Glavenus costume disintegrating against the riffling throbs of his pecs and biceps, a preview of what his nuts will be doing to the *real* Glavenus.

His scaly hide groans as if ready to rip, especially with the last few pumps and striations of hypertrophied muscle.



The Glavenus is forced to look higher and higher, for Tor grows until he stands just a few feet below the gaze of its stooping head. The blue dragon's scales pulsate translucently with the intense glow of spectral highways. He breathes an exhaust of soul mist and cackles quietly, his balls now hanging at the average head-height.

"Hello, morsel. I've been wanting to integrate you into me for quite a while."

The monster rises onto its haunches and lets out a slightly stifled roar, then spits a glob of fire. Tor catches the flash of flame in his cheeks and swallows with a groan of unabashed pleasure, seeming to absorb the firebreath the instant the red-hot bulge rolls beneath his chest.

Veins of flame pulse along his frame, and he swells a foot taller. Devilish pointed nubs sprout from his back. The black draconic stubble on his chin and cheekbones thickens and lengthens. The tip of his tail also seems to have been hewn into a slender blade, glowing with a faint fire?

"Oh, delicious." The blue dragon's voice has dropped a note deeper, smoke puffing from his jaws. "Are you so eager to give it all up~?"

The Glavenus seems not to have noticed that, while Tor took on a little of his aesthetic, his own respective attributes have receded a little.

Even the shriek of the Glavenus' voice sounds reedier before it loses another fireball. The blue dragon snaps his jaws and swallows it down before



improving again, siphoning away some more of the monster's look with deepening grunts.

"Hmmmh, you're too kind." Tor reaches his prey. Having stumbled to the end of the bow, the Glavenus finds himself eye-to-eye with the now-hybrid dragon, appearing puzzled by their matching head-heights. "Don't halfstep your generosity, now..." Tor clasps the monster's lips, leans in and growls, "Just give it all up," before clamping his jaws over them in a sidelong kiss and inhaling the monster's fiery essence.

The Glavenus tries wrenching away a few times, weaker each time, until he can barely move his head, his strength draining away as the blue dragon only continues to grow, gain, strengthen and evolve, dwarfing the monster more with every greedy swallow of breath.

...Until his meal's notable attributes have grown on him as much as those of a juvenile Glavenus, the devilish nubs on the blue dragon's back now more comparable to spikes, his tail already larger than the twohand sword of an equally-sized warrior. He breaks the kiss, looming a couple of feet taller than his diminished Glavenus counterpart.

Apparently, the pitch of the blue hybrid's voice has plunged a couple notes deeper: "Breathtaking, am I?" Especially as more of you becomes more of me." The Glavenus tries jerking free, only to find that Tor's grip has grown even stronger; it's like trying to break free from a diamond jail cell. "But I'm not done with you. I said I wanted it all, didn't I?"



The debauched stutter coincides with a shove of the Glavenus' head into his fat cumslit. The plated underbelly of his dragonhood already flexes the bulge into his nethers with a giddy throb of his thickset knot.

His shaft throbs hard against his muscle-padded gut, and the Glavenus undergoes its most vicious wriggles to date, only for the blue hybrid to seize its shoulders and dunk more of the shrieking menace into the creamy broth of pre coating his urethral walls.

"Argh, r-right where you belong... My cock can handle you, no problem..." He uses the monster's back spikes as handlebars with which to drive the rest of him down into his gluttonous prick.

The ship trembles at the rumbling elated moans of the blue powerhouse. One last shove to the monster's rear, and his cock fully sheathes the Glavenus' sworded tail with a lengthy slurp. His sac blimps into a monstrous gorbelly, squeezed between the bow railing. Packed tight into Tor's balls, the Glavenus is nothing but a blue-scaled blob struggling tempestuously, burbling with every pitiful reel, every slam against Tor's pecs. It has no fruition of escape, only lathering itself more in that creamy stew, speeding up the sizzly collection of its monster parts.

"Hah, yesss," Tor hisses. "Good boy... Fight it with all you've got, just to succumb..."

He kneads with enough strength to roll a meteor, cherishing the monster's tremulous entropy. His cumpool ripples and rises higher and





higher, boiling the beast's armor into more cream with which it coats more of him and burbles hotter.

With every powerful blorp the blue blob shrinks down a few more inches in diameter. Tor's balls return to their typical pumpkin-dwarfing diameter before they start to glow along with his dragonhood with the containment of the Glavenus' soul, the glow like an aurora made of flames.

With a few twitches, his draconic dick helps itself to some of the Glavenus' soul, beefing up, veins like fat snakes gorging on blood. It more than doubles its size and the tip bumps him on the lips, as if for a kiss. His balls outgrow his pectorals, their girth rivalled only by his gigantic striated biceps.

Tor gasps in rapture. He swallows the tip of his immense cock, not even bothering to stroke himself off; all he does is embrace it in a tight squeeze, letting his pent-up urges strengthen every subsequent throb, taint flexing to hold back the cumflood.

He quaffs down pints of pre with every cocktwitch, growing nauseous with pleasure on ambrosial flavor before he buckles with a stifled harrumph, blowing his load powerfully enough for the backblast to instantly fill his cheeks before exploding out to drench his chest, in spite of his first efforts to purse his lips tightly and gulp down every delicious pumped liter of his dragonbatter.



His cock bloats out with its immense backload, but starts to deflate as he selfsucks enough of the monster's essence out into the rest of his body to grow bigger and thirstier. To rapidly evolve.

The black stubble on his cheekbones and chin multiplies and flourishes, growing into a full beard fit for a dragon hundreds of years his elder. His horns thicken and lengthen, snaking wickedly in shape.

His hellish back spikes pump out in gratuity, growing more wicked as the Glavenus' natural plate armor forms along his neck, spilling down his spine with a series of grating clinking, clanking and scraping sounds.

A bright white glow envelops his tail, and it swells larger and larger, the underplates melting away as it bends outward, sharpening and steaming into a legendary forgehot blade.

His torso expands with every gulped cumshot. His pecs balloon with quick throbs as he absorbs the entirety of his cumdigested meal, primal muscle forfeited to him, feeding every limb, every muscle group, making him abominably huge.

Growing to 21 feet tall, he slurps out the last of his prey's soulglow. He spits his cock out to breathe, and—as the last of his mutations set in—lets out an elated roar, the first Glavenus-dragon making his presence known. His old physique, while herculean in its own right, would look lean and dainty compared to him now. He's grown utterly titanic, every muscle



packed beautifully to the epitome of compression and painted with primal striations, his blue-scaled form as much a work of art as it is a hazard.

"Hrunnnggh... I'll be making g-good use of your tributes..."

His cock continues to buck and shoot barrel loads of dragon nog, the cumflood continuing for several dozen more pumps, swamping the deck of the ship, completely changing the terrain of battle for the two other costumed hunters aboard...



*Costume:*

*(-) Hooded Glavenus Onesie*

*(+) Hellfire Soul*

*(+) Hellfire Glow*

*(+) Glavenus Fireball Breath*

*(+) Glavenus Muscle Boost*

*(+) Glavenus Back Plating*

*(+) Devilish Hunchback Spikes*

*(+) Hellish Stubble*

*(+) Enlarged Horns*

*(+) Extra Massive Junk*

*(+) twenty-one feet tall*



## 2: EXO

*Costume:*

*Hooded Kulu-Ya-Ku Onesie*

**A** KULU-YA-KU GOES TRAMPING UP A STAIRWAY, and Exo tails it with furtive feral prances, watching it carrying a piece of treasure—a helmet of some hunter—off to some other site, probably mistaking the helmet for an egg to add to its collection, due to the shiny, ovular top.

"Right," Exo pep-talks. "I can totally nail this hunter thing." He ties to his neck a handkerchief, taking a deep breath before sneaking up on the Ya-Ku. Idling at the side of the smithy, it unlaces its gangly talons, dropping the helmet into a tweed nest of other pilfered hunter items.



Exo opens his mouth and carefully purses his lips around the tip of its albino raptor tail before taking a timid slurp... only for the Ya-Ku's rooster comb to erect and a "Yawk!" to sound. Like a boat motor, the tail whips suddenly, slamming him into the side of the smithy.

Rubbing his achy head, he groans. He then looks down to find his footpaws dangling in the air, the fox clutched by the monster with the same care as it would clutch an egg.

"Why, I—unhand me this instant, you extra raw chicken! Or I will eat you like a scrambled egg—and I won't even wait for the bacon to finish cooking!"

The Ya-Ku releases him, seating him on its pile of stolen items. He harrumphs with a cross of his arms.

"Thank you!" Like a drill attacking the ground, he stamps to his feet, and then, without looking away from the Ya-Ku, waltzes off. The Ya-Ku cocks its head at its newest treasure's refusal to stay put. It fetches him again—firmly sits him on the peak of the treasure pile, as if a more strict placing of him were the only thing needed to hold him still.

Blabbering and fuming, Exo once again refuses to be someone's stolen treasure, and shoves past the chickenraptor, grumbling. What follows is a contest between the two to see who will get their way: one of repeated nabbing and departing. The contest ends after round three (maybe that's the number at which new memories are scribed into the brain of a dinobird): It



plucks him up by his bushy tail, slathering so much that its egg breath starts seeping into the butt of his Kulu costume.

"N-now, hold on a minute here," stammers Exo, stalling for time. He desperately claws for the ground, swinging from its beak maw. "Y-you're an ovivore! You wouldn't eat me! I-I'd probably make everything from your craw to your gizzard malfunction; and you'll be hacking up fur for—well, however many days are in the Asteran calendar! I—"

Dietary concerns do not drive the Kulu Ya-Ku here. In its brain, one cell of its exiguous collection of brain cells bounces laboriously from here to there, working overtime for the Kulu to reason that what goes into its stomach doesn't come out; and so if this furred keepsake were there, no longer would it need to worry about the keepsake throwing the peace sign of abandonment.

Ignoring the fox's bargain for life, the Kulu—sounding like it's retching up an omelette—starts to viciously swallow him with snaps of its limblike neck, folding him, cubbying his booty away into its smelly esophagus.

Exo cries, "No—stop! Cease and desist!" as he tries to hold the beak open. Lone survivors are his syrup-colored paws on the outside world—until they too shoot into the drippy compartment with a "*glUUrK*," the beak snapping shut with a glue drool.

Peristalsis packs him tight into that bellows of flesh, flexing again and again to drag the yelping fox deeper into the moshpit of fleshpillows.



His bulge slams into the avian's craw, and there comports itself with the most harmless vandalous behavior, eliciting a few sounds of "*slucsh*" and "*gluock*" before an atrocious squelch pinballs him into its feathery undercarriage. A "**BrwaaAAAAAP**" is ejected from its maw with email's instantaneousness, warping the air with the heat of its stomach juice and the stench of burning chives. The belch is so fat, so odious, it could have come from a monster who eats Kulus, reminding Exo that he's no more than prey for a prey.

The soon-to-be-Kulu-fat won't sit still. The Ya-Ku sits down on its haunches then clasps its belly with its talons, pushing it down to try and stabilize it, further smothering its prey in that steampot of chyme. The fox's whimpers and desperate thrashes diminish a little more with every putrid, bulge-deflating "*buURRRRRGgle*."

One firm push collapses that bellymush entirely with a "*blu-OARrrsh!*"

Suddenly, he's nothing but fat—rippling out, inflating its feathery cheeks with assfat and fleshing out its tail!

Most Kulus retain a rangier look, due to being ovivores; but since Exo has somehow succeeded in becoming food for this absolute bottom feeder, the Kulu now looks much more fleshy and well-fed than is the norm...

Its belly—that acerbic cauldron—bubbles to the brink with gastric haze, rearing forth the most horrendous "**BEEEEAAAAAUUUUUUCH!**" The





verdant stench—the stomach fumes—of the raptorbird pollute the air, a dense smog that doesn't really dissipate...

A Ya-Ku's guts shouldn't be able to concoct such an ungodly miasma. Nor should bones have erupted from its maw, clattering near to the nest. Those acids completely disintegrated everything off of the marrow, integrating it all into the ovivore. Now, the bones steam with a ghoulish ghaze like that of a haunting ghost. The slime oozes through the planks of the platform, sizzles away at the polished wood...

The Ya-Ku stalks through its own fumes, reaches the vulpine leavings. It plucks them up, adds them to its hoard. Its head twitches into various angles with which it eyeballs the improved hoard. It clucks a few times in satisfaction before it horks up one last addition: the vulpine's skull.

In its idiotic eyeball registers the idea that this is what remains of its formerly-furred keepsake; and although this is a deviation to the plan, the fox has finally stopped moving... and so the Kulu stomps both of its feet two times in approval.

"YAWK!!"

Exo's soul seizes upon the opportunity of its agape beak and bursts free, ascending from the surprised chickenraptor's gullet, the lower half of his wispy form extending with the length of a Pukei tongue.



"Now you've done it," the spirit vengefully forewarns. "Once Abi resurrects me, I'm not even gonna take the time to scramble you—I'll have you over easy!"

But then the Ya-Ku inhales intuitively, sucking his soul back down its throat, an echoing ethereal cry suddenly muffled by the clench of a sphincter.

Briefly, its belly swells and glows pale blue. One clench of the walls absorbs his soul into its body. A mane of fox fur sprouts along the latter half of its tail.

The Ya-Ku wags its fattened tail with mirth. It wiggles its booty too, fondly looking upon the flesh added by the vulpine. Its rear no longer looks gaunt, but decently cushioned! After a moment it bolts off, slathering heavily, in search of more than just mere eggs now, having acquired a taste for meat...

Squirming meat.



*Kulu Ya-Ku's Costume:*

*(+) Vulpine Assfat*

*(+) Vulpine Tailfat*

*(+) Exo Tailfur*

*(+) Exo's Soul*



### 3: IRON TOOTH

*Costume:*

*Hooded Dodogama Onesie*

**W**ELL HEY THERE, BIG GUY... thirsty, aren't you?" The glow of forge fire engulfs the costumed kobold as he encroaches on the Dodogama, who snaps up crawfuls of hot coal and swallows them into its bloated belly, a swollen cushion cloaked with crocodilian scales. At a lack of a reply, Iron Tooth surveys the smithy and sees the bony remnants of a few unfortunate folk here and there. A foul incense burns from a particular skeleton mired in a spill of hot lava. The Dodo's doing, no doubt. "Parched after your last meal, I gather..."



*Someone's got to tidy up this forge. And who knows if Abigail plans on resurrecting the hunters later, but Astera won't ever teem with civilization again with wild carnivores running amuck...* Iron Tooth picks up a shield and raps it with his knuckles. At the clangs of metal the Dodo looks back at him.

"Knock knock. I noticed you're a heavy eater... me too!"

The roly poly monster suddenly turns its flank to face him and flops into a barrel roll, hurtling toward him like the world's most deadly bowling ball.

"Hup!" Iron Tooth jumps off the giant barrel, turning just in time for the Dodo to raise up on its haunches. He embattles himself against a slam of paws with his shield, but the blow smashes him down to his rump. A little dazed with reverberant ringing in his ear, he grunts, "Cuttin' right to the chase, eh? I don't blame ya..." He discards the shield, fetches up a hammer. The beast charges again. He catches it across the chin with a seasoned swing, the ground shaking with the hefty lard's impact. "I'd prefer to just show ya a demonstration!"

Suddenly, the Dodogama is hefted up by the blue collar strength of the weebold, and a feisty yawn precedes a *nyuomf!* The monster wriggles as he descends that slimy tract, tail whapping to Iron Tooth's toothy grin. He hauls down that meal dozens of times his weight and scale, groaning, packing the fretful beast into the tight nooks of his guts with the efficiency of a warehouse stocker.



*Glumph~ gmmph~ guarmph...~*

Not saving a single second to catch his breath, he savors every suckle and swallow of the pillsbury doughzard, spoiling himself with a meal that would leave even feral dragons beached on their belly for a few days if they lacked the same fast metabolism as anyone in Sini's gang.

He inhales the last of that floppy french fry—the Dodo's tail—with an unfettering huff and then girdles with his forge worker's arms a stomach that would be the envy of many a kobold's master. A belly so humongous, it could fill the fullblown room of a kobold.

A hideously bloated abdomen! A caloric hilltop beset with chronic gurgles, grumbles, grouses and surface fluctuations! *Riiiiiiiiiiip...* A punishing **BLORP** packs quite the punch, and dreadful purrs escape Asteran polyester tearing apart around his decompressing belly girth. Holes bore through the costume until the belly section is more Swiss cheese than Dodogama.

Bullish squirms and kingly sloses send him stumbling a few steps back, the kobold groaning as the Dodo's activity rouses the fitful churning and purling of his juices. Pressure mounts from a buildup of gas, followed by a foreboding belly rumble.

And then: "**BLUUUWEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUP!!!**"

A wet, cacophonous jackhammer of a belch ruptures his lips—a noise fit to muffle a motorboat! For a full 10 seconds the forge rattles. The aches of



his bully dull a little as it downsizes, purging grody flavor and smushing the Dodo into a mushy ball, already adjusting the internal climate for his guts to claim the powerful monster.

"Hoof. Easy in there, big fella... No sense in pullin' a muscle when my guts are gonna pull apart every part of ya like some pulled pork, heh...~

**BRUUUOOOP~"**

His stomach starts simping for destruction, motoring out sputtering waves of guttural noise. So abrasive, so loud is it all, that borborygmic sea could swallow up the clangs of a smith's hammer. *GlaaAAARROOP..*

*GULLLLLLLLLLmmmmph...*

*rrrrrrRRRRRLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRrrrrble-blle-bl  
lllle-blLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL-blllluuuuuuuuuuuuuagh...*

Grueling acids smithy away the Dodogama to its raucous struggling of a little more than claustrophobia. Heavy sloshing plagues the achy, pink-tinged tummy: It sounds like a monstrous fish trying to escape a giant transport bag.

Churning, cooking—fleshcrafting, Iron Tooth might have called it; but that would imply much more time and effort to forge something for himself out of monster parts.

"Heh... sure seems like you don't want to be a kobold for Halloween... shoulda thought about that before you started terrorizing a village!

Hmmmph—"



Mustering the same strength with which he might try and bend a bar of iron, he starts caving in his belly muscles, moaning and gasping as every collapsing liter of monster goop purges his gut of tension like blurted truths. The rumble of a deafening, saturated gurgling floods his ears, and his monster bulge sinks away like garbage in a flicked on kitchen disposal.



**BWOMP.**





The tummy's curve bottoms out. Nothing left but pure fat.

The Dodogama starts to transform him, wasting no time to start growing him beyond the normal scale of kobolds and lathering his curves thickly. He burgeons to the size of most anthro dragons in just a few hiccup spurts of growth. His hips balloon and creak wider, growing softer and plumper and giving him a hearty pear shape. His belly roundens out into an impenetrable drum: a firm and draconically cosy pillow fit for supporting piles of friends at a time. He's as cuddlable as a massive teddy bear.

An intimidating one, at that... for, the following assimilation of the Dodo's traits rubs off on his own a look of rugged vehemence, his lower jaw extending and thickening as a bloated sac droops from it and swells at his throat. The sac glows torch-bright with pooling lava, as does his belly. With a lecherous indrawn breath, he pulls the Dodogama's soul into its new home (his own), the misting mote of which fades at his chest.

He spreads his widened girth with a couple of stomps, standing now at over 8 feet tall. A bubble wells up into his throat sac, ballooning it before his eyes widen astonishedly at a crude detonation from his lips:

**"BLUUUUUUUUUUHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAA  
AAAAAUAUUUUURP!"**

Belched liquid fire drools along the floor, smoldering at his feet. The monsterbold huffs in relief and gives his fat foundrypot belly a few jostles and claps. His interest presently slides over the rest of his new 'costume' with



intrigue. Oh sure, this isn't his first shapeshifting rodeo, but neither did he expect to grow so big that his rumpcheeks wouldn't fit through double doors anymore. Contentedly, he whaps the ground with his tail (whose girth screams dinosaur), shaking the room with every meaty thud.

"Hmmm... it looks like you've found a new purpose..." His new voice rumbles his chest and vibrates his throat, full and warm with gravelly draconic bass. "No more hassling villagers for you—only snuggling and protecting~"

He stomps out of the forge, the thuds of his feet enough to announce his presence in whatever monster's territory he should enter... But for now, he's done hunting. He makes to rejoin his friends, and on the way is passed by a peculiar Kulu-Ya-Ku with fur on its tail...

*Costume:*

*(-) Hooded Dodogama Onesie*

*(+) Dodogama Rotundity*

*(+) Dodogama Belly Jaw*

*(+) Dodogama Fireforge Gut*

*(+) eight feet tall*



## ABIGAIL

*Costume:*

*Hooded Mizutsune Onesie*

**H**UM? WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE ON YOUR HEAD?" On the opposite side of the bridge (behind which there once flowed a waterfall), the slender leviathan, the Mizutsune, prowls toward her. A sapphire gemstone gleams freshly on its forehead, more dazzling even than the scintillating petals adorning its head and chin. The stone reminds her of Sienna's.

*Did she...?*



Apparently—unless this is some variant of a Mizutsune she wasn't aware of—the absorption of souls and essence is working both ways, and monsters can assimilate hunters. If so, the Vaporeon met a sordid fate...

"Tch tch tch." *Weren't careful enough, were you?* Oh well. The kitsune hasn't seen another Mizu around, and she hadn't been so willing to share. "As for you, you're going on my booty for sure."

A galeful roar of the Mizublasts the hood off Abigail's head, the vixen's crimson hair streaming behind her. Her snout curls back, as if in a snarl, but no sound leaves her. She simply smiles wide—abhorrently wide—baring a set of teeth meant for eating things several times her size. Teeth that could stagger a mountain lion.

A stream of bubbles explodes from the Leviathan's mouth. Abi leaps into the air—and starts jumping off of one bouncy sphere to the next. Suddenly, her rump plummets down, planting on the Mizu's head with such power the monster collapses as if clapped by lightning, prostrating beneath her tush.

Shaking its head puzzledly, it hears her speak:

"You make this sooo easy. I could cram you up my ass right now."

Is that a blush on the monster's cheeks? She smirks.

"Aww, it seems you like being under my fluffy tushy..."



She gets up, flicks her fingers a few times aristocratically, gesturing to concentrate her emerald magic around the monster. A spell muttered beneath her breath lifts it a few feet off the bridge and rolls onto its back.

Chuckling, she lowers it and regards a thread of pre cum oozing out from a twitching tendril of cock as large as her arm. Not to mention, the Mizu's more than well-hung, its bloated lavender orbs even bigger than her booty cheeks.

"Well well... you're a male Mizu after all. At least for now..."

She climbs onto its underbelly and kneels in front of its cock. "Oh yeah... here we go." She unzips her costume down to the navel. "Gonna free my girls, just for you." She pulls it open, and her fluffy boobs pop out, decompressing with a sloshy quake, more huge and heavy and full than a pair of watermelons.

The Mizutsune's cock twitches hard, spraying her costume a little with pre as the monster lets out a shrill hiss.

Cupping underneath, the kitsune spreads her tits apart and then claps them around the monster's dick before proceeding to pump rough and fast, titfucking the slimy cocktendrill.

**Ship-shp-ship-sheip-schk-shluck-shlup-shep!**

The monster moans and reels with its tongue hanging out, as if in throes of vanquishment, and squirms as she slays it, slamming on as much of its length as she can, flooding the monster's shaft with the sensuous heat



of her ceaseless titreps. At last it cums hard, every splurt quaking her titties as she yowls in debauched pleasure, greedily throttling that cocktip, milking the monster's masculine essence into her cleavage.

The sorceress' tits grow in direct relation to the Mizu's balls shrinking, sapping up every ounce of heft and supping on every drop of milk the monster's deflating scrotum has to offer, growing fatter, fuller, warmer, *sloshier*. Even the monster's shaft shrinks. Abigail's titties grow voraciously with every splurt of seed. The Mizu literally cums away its package...

"Mmmmm-mh... yeeaaah... feed your nuts to my tits, plump them out reeeeaal good..."

With her continued throttling she smothers away more and more of its dick as if snuffing out a flame. Eventually, she's just slapping a humongous pair of breasts as big as its package used to be against an almost entirely nullified crotch, soaking up the very last inch of malehood.

Suddenly, its male assets reappear on her groin.

Its endowments—those of a massive feral—look hyper on her. Her tendril cocktip nuzzles slickly into her cleavage, her shaft having thrust out from that zipper. Patches of her costume start ripping and gaping around the curvature of her breeder-size balls. They spread her thighs wide, the plump, productive, burbling eggs almost as massive as monster eggs nabbed from the nest.



Sprawled out on her pillowy bust with her brand new monsterslayer dick peeking out and twitching and leaking, she pants triumphantly. She looks back at the Mizutsune, who has clearly received the defeating blow, lying still with its throat quavering, its tail idly thumping in the afterglow of surrender.

"You nuts fattened up my tits so well... o-ouugh..." She gives them a squeeze, inciting a thick slosh of milk, nipples leaking, and grins at her heavy hanging vixen jewels to boot. "And now I have my own pair..." She slides off and then treads to the end of the Mizu's pink-petalled tail, the underside of which ends in a lush, starlike bush of lavender fur. "And I won't waste any time putting it to use..."

She seizes its tail, bows her drooly fuckpole to its level then starts reeling the length of the tail down her dickslit, her cock bulging immensely, towing down more of the Leviathan with every ravenous, drooly throb.

With a bestial cry the Mizu tries to roll onto all fours, only to be yanked back onto its backside by the steady gulps of her hungry dick. Moaning insatiably, she jacks off her feeding prick, and ends up using both paws.

"H-nnngh, what's the matter? Not too afraid to bust a nut, but afraid of being busted? Too bad... you belong to me now, and so does y-your soul!!"

The fox mage moans with heated breath as her cock pulls it in with prodigal flexes, bulging out with that truckload of a meal, slurping the leviathan's noodle shape deeper into its former shaft. Its tail slips through



her slit with an audible squelch. The hillock of orbs rises up to the size of a small hut before her, against which she rakes her claws and rubs her nose possessively, panting, licking against the softening gurgly mush of her capture, murring as the beast's bulge breaks down into a chunky, squishy, jiggly vixen splooge after several bouts of fat, throttling burbles and rumbles of cumtabolism.

The halfgoopefied monster thrashes against her snout, as if trying to topple her down, but she stays upright on her rocking heels with increasing poise, and growls against the shape of its melty cum hybrid head, "Hmmmnn, having second thoughts about giving yourself to me now? Too late, big boy... my balls have you... Your body is mine, soul, too... I'm gonna be a Mizu-kitsune..."

With a lecherous moan and a clench of her loins, she starts contracting her balls, her sac quivering and blorshing and wobbling. She absorbs the cummified monster and its essence directly into the rest of her form. The bounteous weight of that slippery cumwad transforms into a different kind of weight—the weight of her soul, growing so wonderfully heavy and hot at her chest, the emerald soul orb swelling and throbbing.

The defeated monster leaves her bloated orbs bouncing just inches off the ground, the pudgy pair of fluffy balls having well outgrown the average monster eggs, devoid of anything but pure vixenspunk now. The foxmage falls into a fit of shrill moaning, starting to quiver and warp in shape.





Her claws elongate into deadly hooks, the fur beneath her paws turning slightly tougher and scallier. Two pairs of scintillating pink petals sprout from her vulpine head. The same petals spring out of her back, fin-like, rising in excitement like hackles do.

An exaggerated moan escapes her as her boobs start binging on the Mizu's soul, swelling even bigger and fatter. Her tendril of cock swells as thick as a one-pound roll of beef, but exceeds such a one in length and heft, kissing her on the lips with a giddy twitch, the bulk of the length buried in the smother of her cleavage, her costume now deteriorating thread by thread around her amassed female thickness and male assets.

A fifth tail sprouts, swishing free from her rump...

The hue of her fur has changed faintly, having acquired a pinker shade, like that of the Mizutsune's petals. A sparkly sapphire has even set itself in her forehead, a souvenir from her prey's prey. She glances back at the hot pink hint of her tails and hums, before hefting up her new elephantine rack, breasts that practically hide from view all but a sliver of her tummy.

"Oh, deaaaarie! Your soul has been such a nourishing feast for my tits. But I must also say for the rest of me..." She snaps her teeth a few times, grins a mouth now full of sharp, needly teeth. "*I'm the monster now.*"

Abigail raises her boobs to the tip of her dick and squeezes them together before starting to throttle her poor member, abusing the swollen throbber. ***Shlck-shclck-shllp-chhclp-shelp-schlick!***



"Buuahhh... but did you think I would stop there? I'm not finished... until I'm a *goddess!*"

The pumpdown continues until she elates with a cry and her fat nuts pull up into her groin with a *BLOAASH*, and she cums hard, siphoning her explosive shots of seed into her cleavage. Her body milks up every last pint of that orgasm and grows bigger, bigger, bigger, *bigger*. Fire screams deep in her bosom as she gasps out, her vision shooting higher with every spurt, her feet coming awfully close to the ledges of the bridge right.

She has grown at least 18 feet tall... Right as she thinks the cumflow is starting to slow down, a powerful gout of splooge flings her cock out of her grasp, hosing out a chaotic spray infused with a wild spell wrought inadvertently. The cum twists and congeals, taking two shapes... reforming Sienna and the Mizutsune!

The Leviathan and the Vaporeon nod in and out of awareness. "I... I blanked out like silly," Sienna mutters. "Okay, someone fill me in on the last five minutes." She gives the Mizu's leg a few gentle baps—says more softly: "Didn't you eat me? What's going on?"

The towering kitsune, nothing short in stature of a goddess now, rumbles with her chambré enchantress voice: "Oooo. That he did, my dear. But I, being the goddess I am, brought you back from the dead for a second chance at life. And at vore." In her fine-print-terms-and-conditions tone, she adds, "You may pay me back with worship at your earliest convenience."



Sienna's ears wave erect. "Does this mean titty worship?" she tries not to blurt.

"Now now"—Abigail, brushing aside the comment as if brushing hair out of her eyes, in faux humility—"no need to gush. This isn't about me, your glorious goddess. Simply take advantage of this blessing I have given you."

*Costume:*

*(-) Hooded Mizutsune Onesie*

*(+) Mizu-Boosted Titties*

*(+) Massive Mizu Tendril Cock*

*(+) Monster Egg-Dwarfing Balls*

*(+) Elegant Petal-Crest*

*(+) Monster Claws*

*(+) Toughened Paws*

*(+) Back Petals*

*(+) Fifth Tail*

*(+) Pinkish Fur Tinge*



(+) *Sienna's Sapphire*

(+) *Goddess Stature*

(+) *eighteen feet tall*



## SINI

*Costume:*

*Hooded Pukei-Pukei Onesie*

**W**AIT!" Spectral-blue fingers slide through Sini from shoulder to elbow.

He shivers—turns toward the source of the echoing paranormal voice and the ominous touch, the ghost of a hunter.

The hunter's hand remains creepily extended. He appears shell-shocked. "Please... how can I be resurrected? If it's possible..." He steps closer, wavering. "Please... I'll do anything to be flesh and blood..."



Sini catches a whiff of the ghost's ethereal vapors, and slather starts to pour from a creeping grin.

"... Anything, eh~?" He licks his lips—approaches with a haunting, hungering stoop that makes the ghost seem substantially uncreepy. "How about goin' on a Pukei hunt with me?"

"I... I-I'll entertain the thought," the ghost says neutrally—clearly, the innuendo was another language to him. "If ever I'm able to pick up a gunblade ag—"

What cuts off the ghost mid-word is a sudden *haaaaaaaaaw~*—the ravishing howl of Sini's gaping throat sucking in his soul!

"Wh-what is this—what is the meaning?! Stop—stop at once!" The ghost tries backing away from the gullet vacuuming in his unravelling soul-fibers, but then with a perilous cry loses his man-shape. The dragon moans, quaffing down that soulflow as though downing a drinking horn.

"Glup~ gup~ glup~ gmph~"

Jaws clamp shut evilly, just a few wisps of lifesmoke escaping.

**"Gu-loOAAAWP~"**

The abdominous bellybulge of his throat slumps hard into his actual belly as if the gravity setting of his innards were suddenly switched to times-ten.



**\*BWOAAMPH,\*** his belly grouses. That poor Pukei zipper whines against its workload. Protests garbled by irascible gurgles sound from it, the zipper track like a duct-taped mouth.

Sini plants his paws on the bulbous light of ghost-blue that is his bellybulge and, panting, can feel his metabolism revving like an engine, quashing the revolt of the soul in that cruel acidwash. "Rurgh—oooh, that's the f-UURRRHLLCH spot, hnk~ hnggh~ haah~ grrrrrrurr..."

Kicks and flutters of his glowy curvature slash away at the fabric of his costume's gut-region as the rowdy soul displays no less than the amount of fight expected from a hunter of monsters... until one last mordant bog noise deflates what had lingered of his bulge.

**"BWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAP!** h-hrmph..." grunts Sini in comatose bliss. "You certainly don't taste like meat, but you take up space like meat and break like meat..."

*Gurr-RRRRRRRRRRROOGLE.*

"Aww yeah, time to fatten up my own soul..."

**hURRRRRRRRRRRRRRUUp...**"

Sini gurgles away the hunter, absorbing him. And at his chest appears a purple soul orb, which brightens, and expands from the size of a plum to the size of an Asian pear, activating and amplifying his purple aura of poison-belching magic. Soulmist ebbs off his breath, glows in his eyes. "Hah... now you're flesh and blood again—flesh and blood of the handsomest







SNIFFING THE AIR, a wild Pukei-Pukei lets out a squall, detecting the same magical scent that led him to the settlement. He leaps off of the ledge of the workshop and glides over the field of hunter souls and alien biped beasts, inhaling. His nose leads him to alight before the lifts on the tradeyard level, where he faces the hub canopied by an upside-down ship hull and finds a black creature wearing what appears to be... the skin of another Pukei?!

*Gwuaaaugh!*

How dare!

"Hrhrhrr... come to wrestle me or what?" Sini broadens his stance with a riled tail as the wyvern bird tacks toward him with an air of frisky aggression. It idles and trembles, makes a choking sound. A bulge fattens its gullet in the way of a frog getting ready to ribbit.

Lo! it spits up a wad of poison, which Sini catches in his own cheeks, gulping it down, worsening his belly bloat. He absorbs some of it with a quick ab flex, and the purple parts of his body turn a slightly richer shade.

"Nnnnghh... I dunno how much more p-URRL-mpH poison my belly can hold...~"

At the unabashed display of toxin eating, the Pukei's crest of neck feathers falls flat, and it starts romping away in fear, making to flee in a whirlwind of feathers—a flight stopped short when it's quarterbacked by a belch as forceful as a small nuke, slamming into a slanted support beam.



**"BRRUUUUUUUAAAAAURRP!"**

With dizzy eyes the Pukei goes limp, the beam behind it already starting to disintegrate in that steam of corrosion, creaking and whining. Sini steps behind the Pukei and hefts it up by its tail, a menacing hunger in his eyes. Although his meal may be nearly as large as a gryphon, as far as Sini's appetite is concerned, the Pukei's in no higher a weight class than a dinner steak.

*GULP~*

*Gwuahh? Wuuaaawk!!*

Flapping ridiculously, the Pukei tries to get loose. But the dragon gobbles down his tail inch by inch, pulling himself along the striped rope as the Pukei slides down despite its best efforts to dash ahead, as if losing to the ever-increasing pace of a treadmill.

**"Nuolmph, uolmph, guumph... *glupf~*"**

Like a trash disposal Sini just rids the world of more of that monster, snarfing it down to the hinds, that tasty prize beaching his belly and stretching it to an elephantine size, that tummy cramping significantly.

Sini slurps in the last of its head, and, for a moment, it looks quite comical—a Pukei's head within a dragon's mouth within the mouth of his Pukei hoodie, a peculiar form of voreception. He licks the flavor off one of his paws with a purr, squeezing tenderly that wyvern-bulge all the while,



taking note of his costume's abominous stretch and that it's starting to become see-through around the apex of that groundbound belly.

He eructs a rampant belch more cacophonous than a stampede of Anjanaths, the force trampling the hull-canopied area, obliterating the merchandise crates instantly and reducing them to a muck pool, terraforming it all into a Domain of poison dragon smog. His belly purls away his prey quickly, deflating to a slew of grotesque, trumpeting belches...

"Hmmp... you may be poisonous yourself, b-but clearly not enough to withstand my cauldron of toxins. Now succumb to the more toxic dragon... just... be absorbed already...~"

Ever more luxuriantly glows his purple aura as his stomach grows too toxic for the Pukei to survive, melting it into a sludge, compacting it, absorbing it into him... A few inches taller he grows, and grunts as his costume tightens on his gaining bulk. It's getting hotter inside it, not just because of the strangling thinning fabric on his scaly hide, but because of the excess of pungent toxic vapours being now perspired from his form, the dragon huffing from the entrenching heat of that oppressive kigu.

"Rawr... rruh!" Getting anxious, he wiggles his shoulders and claws at his chest, trying to tear off more of the costume, his exposed dragon tail swishing in a desperate plea to shake out some of the tension of his body before the tension explodes out in the form of a hissing metamorphosis—a hiss from a tail maw of three jaws, which open and close into a bulbous



shape akin to the base of a hookah pipe! And the Pukei's essence starts gushing out from the rest of him.

Stripes of a redder, duller plum shade run the black-scaled course of his tail, and a collar of bushy viridian feathers fringed with sunset orange sprouts around his neck, poofing out from his costume. With an astonished blink he spits out an extra-long Pukei tongue, one which curls dexterously and drips with an adhesive slobber. Tension knots up in his back before cascading out, loosing a pair of wyvern wings at the expense of the back portion of his costume shredding.

He plays with his new tongue a little, flicking the length out and drawing in back in a few times yoyo style. "And to think, my 'gear' can only improve as my hunting portfolio grows..." he says with a snigger, giving his new wings a beat before making a few flight-assisted jumps, testing out his gains before setting out on a shaky flight out from the canopy and over Astera in search of some more prey with which to play with his new toys...

*Costume:*

*Hooded Pukei-Pukei Onesie*

*(+) Stretchy Pukei Tongue*

*(+) Pukei Tail Maw*

*(+) Pukei Tail Stripes*



(+) *Pukei-Feather Neck Collar*

(+) *Pukei Wings*

(+) *Threefold Soul*

(+) *seven-foot-three*

\* \* \*

Alighting at the lifts, he has found a Thunderlord Zinogre, a beast with three frontward-facing horns, a beard, electricity flowing down the back, and a chest with the bulk of a horde of minotaurs packed in. The Zinogre roars an avalanche of might, skidding back Sini's feet a few paces. He braces and smirks before countering with his own sizable inhale—but instead of letting out, he brings in:

A vacuum of noise twirls into his gullet before wrenching the soul out of his meal, the Zinogre spectre frantically rising higher and higher over its limp body, trying to swim back toward it, but only starting to float toward the dragon's maw more before being disposed with an audible *slurrrrrrrrrrp*, the costumed belly suddenly aglow with malachite and rotund like a ripe fruit. With a snigger Sini trods up to the corpse of the Zinogre, unzips an additional zipper for his crotch and lets his uncut cock poke out before shoving the Zinogre's cudgel of a tail down his urethra and throating a



depraved hiss, hauling in that sharded appendage with gusto, eager to add the husky monster's parts to his growing collection.

The dragon dips his head back a little and croons at the twitchy pleasure of getting to slay the monster twice over in a sense, his tool slurping in those powerful hindquarters and then swelling with the girth of the hunk's chest, a sensation akin to his cock clinging onto the fattest wad of cum and swallowing it all back down...

### ***GLICK~***

His cockhead devours the last of the horned head, the length forcing down that beyond lycanthropic torso girth with a flex of superb strength before his costumed balls burgeon out. He starts to churn rapidly, absorbing the Zinogre and his soul, incorporating them just as he did the Pukei. His balls grow from the size of grapefruits to the size of honeydews. His knot thickens and penis lengthens, growing spiky stubble like that of the Zinogre's spine along its underbelly. He adds Zinogre's frontward-facing horns and back electricity, and his build grows huskier, the dragon growing and growing to eight feet tall, exploding out of his costume with a *ROARRR~!!!*

He collapses onto the ground and cums on himself from his new shaft, purring and licking off the pool of splooge before his breaths stop being relaxed and start going back into a hunterly phase at the scent of some more incoming snacks...



*Costume:*

*(-) Hooded Pukei-Pukei Onesie*

*Stretchy Pukei Tongue*

*Pukei Tail Maw*

*Pukei Tail Stripes*

*Pukei-Feather Neck Collar*

*Pukei Wings*

*(+) Zinogre Lightning*

*(+) Zinogre Cock Spines*

*(+) Zinogre Unihorn*

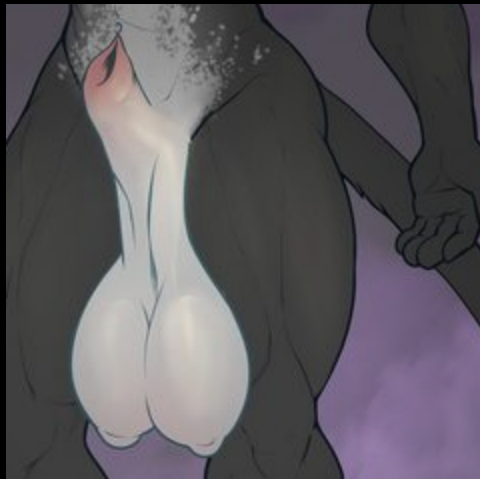
*(+) Husky Zinogre Build*

*(+) Barbed Zinogre Dick*

*(+) Honeydew-Sized Balls*

*(+) Fourfold Soul*

*(+) eight feet tall*



## ASTER

*Costume:*

*Hooded Shantien Onesie*

**A**STER IS PERUSING A DESK OF BOTANICAL AND ECOLOGICAL RESEARCH when, from above, comes a thunderous squall, much to the delight and recognition of the bull's ears. He looks up, and sure enough, there in the sky, the furred noodle of legend weaves helixes of flight, the fur on the bovine's nape starting to rise with the creeping electrical charge of the atmosphere. "Well, there you are." He belts out a roar: "MROOOOOO!"

Its eyes lock with his, and it swoops down, a slow hammer swinging through an aisle of research tables. He dodges with a backward leap over one





of them, a few expensive beakers and vials shattering against his hooves. “Heh... usually bulls are the ones charging at others... But I s’pose it’s fitting that I’m the tamer in this fight~”

**BTHOOOOOOM!** A lightning bolt projectile ravages the planked platform. Aster rises from a knee with a snort that clears the air round his countenance of electrical smoke. He looks for a weapon to return the gesture of love, finds a hammer: nothing special, one of the basic ones sold at the smithy. Shantien swoops again, but not before he seizes the weapon. He ducks the second charge, swings and clonks it in the back of the skull with an elephantine strength. Sparks fly, like candy from a pinata. A pinata with a special treat in its core: the Shantien’s very soul. The recipe for its lightning prowess and dashing look...

Dull snarling rises from the grounded serpent as he approaches. One ice-blue eye looks up with a surprising fear from the mythical one, one that fills the minotaur with pride.

“Oh, I have heard many a tale about you, Shantien... But soon, the only tales to be told about you will be told about my hefty bull package, once I absorb you into my goods and you become a permanent contribution to them~” The hammer he drops with a thud. He unzips his costume, rips off the rest and then shakes off his boxers. He whips out his massive cock, whose length can be equated to his forearm plus his palm... if not a little more.



Fear ripples through the enchanted pools of Shantien's eyes. Its length vibrates with difficult effort, starting to hover a few inches off the ground until, in a reversal of species tradition, the bull grabs the dragon by the horns, pumping its scaly snout down his cockslit with a slick handlebar rep, groaning... "Hungh, can't wait to add you to my penis... I'm not so sure a simple bull like me is w-worthy of such a lightning rod. But not that that'll matter, right? Not once you t-transform me. Once I absorb you and become worthy... *Huummmmph~*" Snorting bull smoke, really riled up now. "Fret all ya want, you're going in... bull's got you now... you're bovine batter... Just enjoy the ride before you become my cock of legend~"

He slurps it all in, much to his achy pleasure, throes of goodness. It's got him all breathy, the dopamine flooding, his fur sweaty now as his penis sucks in the mighty serpent, as a genie lamp would a wish giver.

And, oh, what a massive wish this one will fulfill when fully claimed...

More of the planked platform cracks, crunches and caves in around the spreading foundation of his bloated balls. And then that tail slips in, and he moans in disbelief, still absorbing the fact that an ordinary fella like him managed to make off with such a great haul. Shantien belongs to his loins now, a fact emphasized by the rumbling and gurgling, the vociferous breakdown too sensuous to be part of a dream, the borborygmi motoring on the path to churn and break that beast down into an absolute cream...

All those inward spasms, convulsions, contractions, they compress the serpent more, melting him, absorbing him, converting his mass into



deployable bull junk heft. With one last squeeze, the bulge of his balls implodes, the balls shrinking down to their former size before out explodes more, the orbs drinking up what they sapped, unlocking a second stage of adult puberty. The fuzzy, musky eggs grow from the size of large emu eggs to a size mistakable for dragon eggs, swollen fat. Blue-balled they have become—and literally they become this when seared onto the cleft of those nuts is a tribal tattoo of a breathtaking blue, a tattoo depicting the monster whose essence they have to thank for their legendary overhaul of size and libido, the tattoo glowing a little with the power of the entrapped soul. The tattoo is a stamp of certification, a permanent verification of him as the slayer of the almighty Shantien...

His balls swell permanently to the size of tankards. The hefty bull eggs bounce and squirm noisily with newfound libido and production, churning up a storm, harnessing and harvesting the power of the dragon's soul to augment his virility. His penis feeds on Shantien's strength, swelling and swelling and swelling from the size of over a foot long to over a foot and a half. Ribbing and little crystalline nubs develop along the underbelly. A veritable penis throb mutates his knot, adorning it with vascular blue veins. A few feathers sprout around the base of his sheath, which blooms out into a fatter, cozier holder of his meat, the knot ballooning to a mug thickness. The slick throbbing pole grows so hyper, the midlength alone becomes more thick, bulbous and flushed than his own muscle-strapped forearm. An elongated glans glossy with pre—so pink, it seems sunburnt—slaps him on



his chin, much to his glee when he finds that, now, he'll be able to suck himself off with greater convenience than a drink from a water fountain.

He yawns wide and then swallows his own mutant erection with a glomph~, bobbing down for a whole throatful of that elder dragon meat, waxing with his spit, polishing and buffing with the tight lock of his loose-flesh lips, throating deeper, mooing. All that venerable affection amps up his twitchy cock, worsening its bloat before he succumbs to that oven blast of heat in his chest, groaning as hot ropes of the sweet, sludgy batter blast his esophagus. He absorbs every drop he milks, spreading the viral load of monster attributes across the rest of his form, with a muffled “*Mrooo!*”

His build pulsates with a turquoise aura, widens and widens with the bulk of draconic muscle. Draconic plating surrenders to his shoulders and pectorals, equipping him with a natural breastplate bearing the dark mocha color of his fur meshed with the spray of milk-white spots originating from his groin. His cropped white hair lengthens, surging down his nape all the way to the tip of his ropy bovine tail. It turns blue, the bull donning Shantien's mane. He even sprouts the great turquoise quills that substituted for Shantien's horns, while his bull horns split into two smaller turquoise horns in the style of a traditional dragon on each side of his head. He drools at the changes, his blunt bovine teeth transforming, becoming long and sharp. Wings of the hardened metallic scales tipped with claws of turquoise crystals sprout from his traps enlarging with monstrous bulk, his eyes beginning to glow with a surplus of elder dragon power...



Boiling hot elder dragon blood surges through his bloodstream, instigating his entire body to quake with growth, applying Shantien's genes, twisting and fusing them into his own, adapting him. Patches of moon-silver scales with specks of sapphire, sky-blue and turquoise glaze his furry flesh; they pad the sides of his thighs, knees, ankles; biceps, elbows, back of the hands. They bud, spread and slide down the bridge of his boxy, big-nosed snout. Every part of him they touch, they conceal as a flexible, durable form of natural armor: beauty marks of the highest luxury.

He grows from the size of an above average bull (six-foot-five) to an absolute Hercules of a bull, traps, lats, pecs, abdomen all hardening, widening, bulking up on beef with every heartbeat injecting more of Shantien. Up to nine feet tall the bull-dragon hybrid is scaled, as though he had fed two lifetime supplies of growth-hormone-addled milk. Not even a bull with the luckiest of genes could grow up to stand eye-level with the goliath, metal-chested draco-minotaur he's become. Razors of wind magic cut and loop around him; electricity skips in arcs off the fur of his hide that stands on end, his sizable figure teeming with a mastery of the twin elements...

His hung, herculean balls have adapted into churning cum cauldrons of more magic than most mages have in their entire bodies.

All the magical milk he could ever want, to shake up the party with.



*Costume:*

*(-) Hooded Shantien Onesie*

*(+) Dragon Egg Balls*

*(+) Tribal Shantien Nut Tattoo*

*(+) Shantien Bulk*

*(+) Crystalline "Lightning Rod" Cock*

*(+) Shantien Scales*

*(+) Shantien Mane*

*(+) Dragon Teeth*

*(+) Shantien Horns*

*(+) Crystalline Elder Dragon Wings*



## BEC

*Costume:*

*Hooded Tobi-Kadachi Onesie*

**W**HAT DOES A TOBI SMELL LIKE, ANYWAY? Bec wonders, buzzing over the village aimlessly, breathing her light breath over the village and waving it like a spotlight in search of Tobi-Kadachi. Here and there will be an elemental flash of light, and her heart will flutter and she'll flutter thataway, thinking that she might have found her Kadachi target; but she keeps realizing that, no, she has just been making up reasons to chase the pretty lights. Kadachi lightning is blue, none of which the flashes have been.



Wafts of meats smoked in sweet sauces drift to her nose. Her antennae uncurl with a shiver, her belly growling. All of this searching has worked up a hunger. Who said there was a time limit in finding the Kadachi? Surely, she could take a quick dinner break.

Her nose draws her to a cliff on which an extinguished bed of coals sits in an igloo-sized dugout of earth. Atop the bed rests a grill lined with saucy, sweet-smelling ribs and fish and chicken and steaks, the smell of smoke still on them. Her mouth waters and furry cone abdomen wiggles. Before she had gotten more than a couple of shish kebabs in at Sini's, this whole Asteran debacle had distracted her from eating, and she had skipped all prior meals. How would she hunt on a nigh-empty stomach? "Don't mind if I do!"

Alighting, she reaches for some of the ribs when a voice—high-pitched, and stuffy-sounding, as if wrapped in yarn—cries from below and behind, "Hey! Are you gwyne pay for that? If not, well then, yoush keeps your pawsh off our meats!"

She jumps at the startle, spins around. "Who's there??"

Under a large, ovular, stone-surfaced table in front of the coalbed is a whole litter of little cat-like people, her wings fluttering at the startle and sparking up a few cinders behind her.

"Wes the chefsh!"





"How did you survive? Are you monsters? I haven't played World! Are you edible??" They yelp, tumble back and crawl to the opposite end of the table at that. "My apologies... I just smelled sugar, and I need to eat..."

"Weush stay hidden," says one. "Are YOUSH a monster?"

"You need to pay," says another.

Bec waves her hands in traffic signal fashion. "Of course I am not," she insists, "I am a benign member of the ecosystem! I just defoliate trees, and make webs, and eat treats."

The first cat-like being, a palico, that had spoken up pokes their head out, pouting, wagging a retracted claw. "Well, if yoush gwyne eat yoush gwyne pay. But a thief like you I doubt even dosh to earn a living, do you?"

"Why..." Bec crosses her arms and harrumphs, her Kadachi costume jaws flopping. "I don't have to stand for this. I may not have coin on paw, but I can certainly do you a favor for one piece of meat! Just name your price."

"Yoush are a Monster Hunter, ish it true?" asks the first palico with measured skepticism.

With an air of self acclaim, she lifts her head and smirks. "That I am. That is me... They even call me 'Monster Eater Moth' in the Old World."

"I suspected," says the palico. "You don't hide of a Kadachi!"

"Actually—why, yes, I ate a Tobi-Kadachi... with my bare hands! And then I made a hide out of him." The palicos start to peek their heads out, ears



perking with interest. "That's right, I eat Kadachis for breakfast. Every Kadachi ought to be afraid of this moth. That is why I am worthy of the meats."

"Thisha my favor, then," says the first palico. "Slay the Tobi, and you shall be rewarded with more meatsh than you can imagine."

"Count on it!" cries the moth.

One of the palicos throws her a shiny pan. It's so shiny, a beam of moonlight bounces off of the bottom, sweeping like a flashlight whichever way she flourishes it. "We have been keeping the Kadachi busy, shining this light along the gathering hub," the first palico says. "Simply shine it now on the ground, and it will descend and attempt to eat you. If yoush dosh what you says you dosh for a living, then yousht eat the Tobi instead. Should be no problem!"

*This is my element*, Bec thinks to herself. "I am the avatar of light," she mumbles. "This Tobi will come to me." Ambling out from between the table and the coalbed, she aims the bottom of the pan at the opposite end of the cliff ledge and backs up, making as much room for the monster as possible.

Screeching, a wyvern shape wheels down from the heavens and pounces on the spot of moonlight at the end of the beam—or, at least, it did until it got in its own way. The spot teleports to the tough, scaly armor on its rear end, and in confusion it whisks around. It catches an eyeful of the beam



with a lavish gasp of annoyance, recoiling a few steps before loosing a roar of challenge at the pan and bounding toward Bec.

"Whoa, hey!" Panicking, Bec steers the light toward the table, and, at a burst of terrified cries from the palicos, steers it back toward the ground. But every time she does that, she ends up shining him in the face and attracting him; and then he aims his aggressive charge back toward her pan.

"Let's settle this once and for all," she growls, aiming the moonlight beam right in its face. "Who's the apex predator between us? That's right, come straight to my maw!" At the last second of its bullish charge, she yawns her maw as wide as she can to swallow him, only to be met by a roar and a gaping chasm of steaming breath and slathering teeth that she could crawl through with ease. Yelping, she drops the pan and flops onto her back, the Kadachi trampling over and past her, leaving footprints stamped into the ground right next to her delicate wings. "Oh gracious, I almost suicided."

Looking upside-down at him, she watches as he skids on his heels and fans his wings near a bridge, scuttling to a stop. He shrugs his head, jabbing his snout downward a few times.

Bec senses that she has blinded him—at least, temporarily. In any case, he's distracted with his back turned to her—the perfect chance to earn her meats. She twists to her feet with a light flutter, and then pounces on his tail—only for it to light up with an ebullient flash like a bug zapper, and to lash and pummel the ground.



With a chatter of electrocution, Bec tumbles to the cliff edge, wings wilting beneath an exhaust of smoke. The Tobi-Kadachi hobbles away from the bridge and pivots toward her, rearing on its hinds and flaring wide its wing-legs with a gusty shriek. It plods forward—lunges at her with splayed jaws—

Bec puffs her chest, then wheezes a beam of light that makes the pan's reflectant bottom seem dim in comparison, blasting the wyvern's face with the radiant fount. With yelps and cries the palicos dart out from beneath the table like a bunch of marbles ricocheting from a hit before the stone surface splits beneath the monster's foot in the thunderous backpedaling. The moth snatches up the pan, and zips toward it with buzzing wings. "Can't cook any Tobis without a bit of grease!" She wrecks the pan with a clang that rings clear like a midnight bell, striking the monster with the strength of a steady diet of gigantic carnivores. Again the palicos flee the Kadachi's stumble, flocking as it barrels through. The wyvern lands belly-up, and starts winging viciously to roll to its feet when a jerk of its tail from behind slams it onto its belly with a THUD.

Slimy heat envelops its tail. It looks back to find the moth raking in the massive appendage with her gold-tipped paws and swallowing it, moaning, retracting him into her as surely as a lamp would summon back its genie.

"Wouldsh you look at that!" cries one of the palicos, pointing and jumping up and down. The others wowed.

"I have never known a thief to tell a truthsh..."



"A thief she never wash," another palico asserts. "All along, jussh she washa really hungry moth."

The moth's diet has made the Tobi-Kadachi out to be more of a helpless doe than an actual predator, the monster's growls sounding like pleas as it claws at the ground in an effort to escape, only slipping more and more into the moth's merciless gullet and bubbling guts. She moans, muscling him in, dipping more of the wyvern in her marinade of chyme. Tobi is one of her favorite monsters, one of whose flavor she can't get enough. And what better way to show her love than by destroying him? Converting him into bugmass? Assimilating every inch of scale and membranous wing to make herself an even more beautiful moth?

Well, there are probably a few better ways, but this one will make her the thickest.

Tobi's head flies down her gullet. Her Tobi costume unzips all down the belly, which detonates in expansion and beaches on the ground, wobbling with the screeches of a beast whose defenestration from the top of the food chain has wounded its pride. A menacingly long burp further compresses the belly. The Tobi gasps for air, only to be met with the verbal taunts of his predator, taunts punctuated by the blorps and glorps of her active enzymes compromising the beast's solidity. The wyvern starts to drip into a state of gooey consistency. The Tobi lasts for a while longer before one last thrash against her walls causes the half-solid wyvern to collapse with a *BLOOSH*.

"Oo-ooohhh..."



Mashing itself into a mush that thins down over the course of the next few minutes with sickly pumping sounds, her belly bulge sags lower into her lap and rolling between her hips.

"Did my guts deliver the finishing blow, or did you defeat yourself? Such an impatient one~"

**GLUSH GLUSH GLUSH.** Her innards push more of him into her lower tubes with rigor, converting more of the hostile monster mass into squishy, round, friendly folds of bugfat on her hips and boobs in a grand awakening of weight garnishing her fuzzy white enormity.

"Heeeee, and to think this year my butt's gonna be this fat without any tricking or treating involved..." She slaps her ass. The palicos blush at the display of jiggling, the erotic flesh having ousted what had once been the scary monster, while her boobs fatten and widen, filling with sweeter, savorier milk on a mission to disregard all cup sizes. She's not even done heaping on mass, for the groans of expansion continue.

As her tubes churn and roil, pumped with the slush the wyvern is becoming, her body begins to metamorphose, absorbing him. Beneath the ethereal layer of bug fur, slight cracks form along her skin and pattern it, making it tougher and scaliier like that of the lightning dragonkin.

The sleazy sounds of gastric grunts and gurgles orbit her tummy as her lower intestines bulge with dragonkin pulp, shriveling every few moments as her curves absorb said pulp. She runs her hands over her industrious middle,



her antennae flicking in approval at all the visceral movements of currents, the liquefaction of flesh and marrow. She clasps the sides of the shrinking enormity that is her tummy and humps it against her loins, moaning as it rocks and jiggles like a massive water bed, thrumming and motoring with its cruel metabolic treatment of her wyvern claim. Its wobbles build up until she barely needs to buck her pelvis to sustain them anymore, until the liquefied pulp feels almost like it's thrashing against her; but instead, it's her own deathly chyme waves rolling and crashing, snarling and bubbling and chuffing and slamming into her pussy until her mind is rife with a sweet erotic fever. As the tummy shrinks to the size of a mere igloo, she clamps over it and lays in one last indecent thrust, her fur frizzing up as she finally releases a wowl of ecstasy, bruising her loins with the intensity of a blast of femcum against her underside, her paws groping and scritchng over the soaked, chemically-sweet curvature. The cum smears her palms. She preens them clean while her figure already assimilates the dragonkin's mass into its burgeoning treasure trove of bugfat.

She keeps digesting, her innards sounding as sick as the flu as they heave and pump, pushing that monster pulp lower and lower with tremorous rumbles of the metabolic chemicals that make her wings flutter with glee. Meanwhile, her hips continue to burgeon to the extent that the helping of hip fat and titty fat on her figure renders the regality of a hive queen. At this point, all that is left of the Tobi has been reduced to a molten sludge. Glistening scales sparkle like a sprinkling of sea salt atop the quieting digestive goop; and soon even those sink in, and are smelted down, until the



last of the muck has been sponged up, absorbed into her being and slapped onto her thighs and belly and breasts, bludgeoning her waistline with a deeper, plusher padding.

The consequence of the hunt, the payment due for her fair share of barbecue, has spoken.

The palicos seem a little shaken, plagued with restlessness and whispers among each other, for they don't know what to make of this bug's double-edged actions, having both portrayed herself as a savior and as more of a hazard to life than the Tobi had been. Some of them even sport veritable fear boners as she turns their way with an eye-glint of hunger, before a bout of confusion and ecstasy wracks her and she stumbles about, the abominably fat bug's feet landing with *THOOMs* as suddenly befalls her some kind of cocoon-free metamorphosis!

Darkening, her wings flutter rapidly as they groan and creak and stretch longer and longer, peaking in wingspan with one phlegm-flinging BURST, the edges growing scallier and tougher. Her abdomen bulges bigger, amassing veins of glowing blue electricity, the skin cracking and swelling into a heavy-duty coat of scales, on the tips of which sprout scything barbs! "Ooomph! Ohhh! Bigger... make me bigger, BIGGER! A MASSIVE bug!" Her fur erects and thickens and then starts to shiver at a discharge of electricity along her back, lighting her up, leaving her abuzz like a brand new Nikola Tesla design, her button snout stretching, hewing draconic length and shape. Her neck even elongates into a stump before with a crack acquiring





serpentine flexibility and dexterity, growing to rival the length of her own limbs. The abdomen burgeons more, twitching as if gaining the flexibility of a limb, until it blooms into an exceedingly portly Tobi-Kadachi tail, a new lightning bug mane growing out of her head licking her spine all down to the tip of said tail, quavering with a low hum of high voltage.

On top of that, she has grown bigger overall, her height having doubled, a trait that only exacerbates the seeming enormity of her curvature. There she simply admires herself, crooning, cupping pawfuls of her marshmallowy heft in her hands and slapping them and savoring their wyvern's-breath warmth, feeling the deluges of fat wobble and jiggle, knowing that for a great long time, Tobi will be increasing the difficulty of her wardrobe decisions; and long after that, his draconic style will continue to accompany her.

The palicos apologize for their initial rudeness, and concede that she is truly who she said she was: a Monster Eater Moth. They proceed to bring her her reward for slaying the wyvern: trays of barbecue on which the bug binges happily, painting her fingers and lips with sauce and splatting it upon herself in a barely controlled feast, the palicos' furred faces gusted by the powerfully fluttering wings of the behemoth dragonbug, who—very shortly—will be even thicker than before!



*Costume:*

*(-) Hooded Tobi-Kadachi Onesie*

*(+) Kadachi Lightning*

*(+) Dragonbug Snout*

*(+) Elongated Wings*

*(+) Tobi Scales*

*(+) Abdomen-Like Tobi Tail*

*(+) Tobi Ferocity*

*(+) Plentiful Wyvern Pudge*

*(+) twelve feet tall*



## ZORALTH

*Costume:*

*(-) Zombie Safi'Jiiva Onesie*

**\*W** *HISTLING...\** Zoralth, the 18-foot-tall ruby dragon, has discovered a Lunastra and a Teostra, the two dragon-lion monsters hunched over with their backs facing him, seeming to be gorging on ectoplasm—that of some ghostly hunters they had pounced on, most likely. The robust, red-scaled dragon has taken particular interest in the junk the red and blue twins are toting: throbbing, drooling, blood-flushed dicks as thick as battering rams. They sag beneath their own weight despite their hard-ons and bob as their owners feast, projecting from puffy, overblown heaths like marshmallows. Bucketfuls of pre cum pool beneath them by the



second, suffusing steams of musk along the ceilings of their metal undersides. Their nuts hang low—larger than dragon eggs that would befit parents their size—and stir and bounce restlessly as they churn up more cum. Their size almost rivals the costumed dragon's own.

“My. You two would make some welcome additions to my junk, I think~” Although Zor had been searching for a Safi’jiiva to complement his holiday attire, it seems serendipity has provided him with even better prospects to enhance it.

He stalks forward, and approaches their swishing plumed tails with a flick of his tongue along his long, fanged smile, slathising at the cloying, night-baking scent of their masculinity, which—as much as it might mean potential mate for othis monsters—means dinner for him.

The plush pink paw pads underlying his scaled feet muffle him pretty well, the draconic equivalent of silencers on assault weapons; but, of course, they can't muffle the overwhelming reek of his own gigantic dragonhood, the black fuck-rod's tapered head thicker than his own biceps and secreting a signal to the othis males that's just as thick, swamping their own musks. Noses twitching, they shrug their heads and sight the intruder, growling with the spectral fogs of their finished meals still fuming on their breaths.

A gout of brilliant flames plunges from the Lunastra's maw, and Zoralth ducks. Not that he needs to, what with his fireproof hide—it's just a reflex. Between the flames and the heated musk of the male trinity, what should be a moderately warm night feels like a Saharan summer.



A second gout launches from the Teostra, and Zor shrugs a wing to the forefront, shrouding himself beneath the massive, membraned shield. “Is it just me, or do we need to turn a fan on around here?” He throws his wingspan wide, snaring the twins in a powerful clap of winds. Scratch marks gorge the ground as the Teostra holds steady, but the Lunastra loops off his hinds and bowls over the edge of the ship, tumbling into the ditch of the buried waterwheel.

“Looks like it’s just us two reds,” Zoralth begins—

Before being pounced on, and staring up at the fat, canid spearhead of the other male that Zoralth now realizes to be a little bit larger and bulkier, like an older sibling. A glob of pre cum splashes on his snout, and he scoops it up with his tongue and an enticed look. “Tasty. Now, if you don’t mind, why don’t we get into a more suitable position?” He wraps the Teostra in his wings and barrels over, pinning the brute beneath him. “That’s better.”

The thwarted Teostra blushes as suddenly finds the red’s thorned cockhead prodding his muzzle, slippery with slickness and bloated with vascularity. Before he can object, the red bucks his hips and groans, barging right through the monster’s lips, hitching his fat meat into the back of his gullet.

With a blithe harrumph Zoralth flowers his wingspan and tosses his tail and starts railing him. A snarl of the Teostra is stifled by a choked moan as the ploughing ramps up. Slammed down by the dick after a momentary effort to sit up, his head rattles as the red facefucks him, bowing forward and



growling in pleasure at the lecherous throttling, the monster's jowls stretched perfectly around the circumference of his girth. The bloated underbelly of the Teostra's cock throbs with need and grows fuller with blood, increasingly squished beneath Zorath's own mega-penis amid the happenstance of frotting.

Zorath smashes the Teostra until the monster's head reels as if from a dizzy spell before a massive force bubbles up and rolls beneath the dragon like a tide beneath a sailboat, the monster's lionlike chest and maned head suddenly plastered in the hot bubbling stew of an exploded cumwad.

"Aaaaahh..." The chunky splooge sluices down Zor's forechest and the insides of his legs. "I knew you'd accept me as the dominant red~" Zor pulls his still-erect cock free, the length springing up and slapping his underbelly, more swollen than before. Ahead of him a sapphire paw reaches from the abyss and clutches the ledge. Zor raises a brow. "Ready to be reunited with your twin?"

Teostra mirrors the expression as Zorath releases his shoulders and backs away. Suddenly, there's a **SHIIIIILUCKK** as Zorath gasps and thumps into sitting on his rear legs, trembling in pleasure. The monster reacts like a cat slipping into a pool, clawing for purchase as he's dragged back by the tail toward the hungry dragonhood. Rough-hewn biceps quake with fatigue as he pries as much of his now-lubricated haunches free of the dragon's cumslit, Zorath letting out a reedy chuckle at the sensation of the dragon-lion slaving against the pull of his hungry cock, even relaxing his



groin to let him wrench free to the base of his tail, only for the crimson dragon to clench back on the reins again with a *hnnnph~*, the monster staggering, genuflecting at the knee and then collapsing completely on to his gut as the burgeoning penis head shoves against Zor's ribs. He groans at a series of crackling, the bulge-in-transit heaving at his underside as his cock swallows rapaciously, the Teostra loosing a meek groan as that thorned head flares intimidatingly in size, fattening more as it slurps in his flanks and folded wings—his maned shoulders and spindly ears—

Clambering to his feet, Lunastra witnesses as Zoralth's cock lurches back and back, sucking in one last outreaching paw with a voracious slurp, the monster succumbing to the mighty penis as it asserts its place on the food chain with a chuff of pre cum, the cumslit pursing to hold its thrashing prey inside.

Foreclaws perched on his over-engorged cock, he grunts and groans enthusedly as the bulge contorts and buckles and backs toward his balls to the reprehending squelches of his straining cumslit, the monster barging into the custody of his knot, knocking against his lower tummy and taint several times in attempts of entry before finally squeezing through, with the quick "shlip" of a squished soap bar, much to the low bugle of delight of the red. Instant gratification hits him as his nuts engorge further, inflaming to the size of ginormous beanbags—tightly-packed ones, at that—against his buttocks.

That precious life captured, ensnared—



The mighty red thrashing and splashing in the dissolvent custard of dragonkind—fighting for reentry into the cock, only for his fussing and physicality to backfire in the form of the cumpool stewing him more excitedly, as if his efforts are mere patronage to its churning and oozing, its bubblewing and brewing and brouhaha—

Huffing avidly, the crimson-scaled captor says a mock encouragement for his meal to "Keep that up," and loses his tongue to the currents of pleasure rippling out from his balls and through the rest of him.

The cum levels higher—higher over the monster's figure. It conquers and claims with its ascension. Soon the Teostra lifts its agape maw for gasps of breath, in peril of drowning in the catastrophically sticky goop-brew...

And so the monster sizzles and stews:

Locks of the fiery mane singe and smoke away. The brunette and bright-bronze scales that snugly armor the ample muscles of his feral backside, legs and wings smolder, and start to succumb to the state of sludge, the melting pot reforging him all into a greater instrument of destruction—into a part of the handsomely endowed crimson. Like ingots scales are sloughed away by the smithing, denuding tough, ashy flesh. Like so, the cum lays keep: rinses him, cleans him, of his majestic attire. The armor plates ridging the underside of his tail detach from the weight of the heavy cum globs and curtains sagging from it, splurting and splooshing into the caustic pool as, frantically, the dragon-lion cherishes his last gasps. The cumline lifts well over his jowls. Every dire breath is a drink of dragon cream.





Presently, the last of him, like the bow of a sinking ship, slips in—bubbles beneath, a breath of fire concocting a pitifully roiled S.O.S. of effervescence on the surface. Though, the heat of his lung-essence mainly just acts as one last tribute to the cauldron's fervid intent—that to cumdigest, to dissolve him into all the monster parts the feral hunter fiends to don for his future set...

Zor feels the poignant "gurble" of defeat stirring the drum-stretched skin of his sac against the curl of his tail, and gasps with rapture, his thorned hyper rod garnering a twitch preluding a flood that no dam nor ark can circumvent...

Now, the Lunastra has risen fully to the ground floor, but—ignorant still of the twin's demise—hastens forth to play the savior, garnering a small, smug smile from Zoralth, who, with a "hnnph," tenses his loins—ballsac compressing like a pressure cooker—and does the ABSORB. The enormous cumtanks quake at his volition, flaring hot with the aura of the Teostra, which wildfire-spreads across the bulk of him before spiraling into the vacuum of his soul, sucked in with a resonant chime, the orb of his soul suddenly pulsating larger, feeding on the essence, beaconing brighter.

Fingers of light lance forth from it in longevity. Snow-white light flashes over him, an ethereal cloud vaguely shaped like him, the dragon transforming into a new glorious form. A sudden bout of growth tests the limits of his Safi'Jiiva costume, its stitching groaning, shredding down the peaks of his biceps and the twitching fingers of his wings, down his swelling



chest. All over, it bursts like the pod of a pea, unveiling the much more realistic and fashionable costume his own body is tailoring for him. Muscles ache splendidly, enlarging, striating, chiseling with every twitch, while the rest of him, too, drinks in the Teostra's mass—enlarges to dimensions and brightens to sheen of greater splendor. Out from his head surges the toothy, curvaceous mane of the monster, style akin to the blade of a buzzsaw. Falls it halfway down his biceps, and covers his diamond-solid forechest, and segues into a rich, tawny beard, full and hearty like that of a dwarven tavernkeep. And, upheaving his own horns, horns of equal measure sprout behind his ears, curving outward with a likeness of Harley motorbike handlebars. Swiftly the silver saplings adopt the pastel pink-russet hue of his own, and segment themselves with plates to match, as the outermost fingers of his wings thicken to be likened to the blades of scythes, sharpening, shining at the ends like such with resilient ruby regality. His bottom fangs spear longer—loom a smidgen above his scaled nostrils; appear more savage and orcish. And with a "poof!" a plume of cinder-orange is appointed to the tip of his tail.

The spiritual charge of the absorbed prey courses along his malehood, initiating an upgrade. The gargantuan penis bucks and projects larger, longer and fatter, serving its demand for even more size, the tip soon prodding as far ahead as his snout. Orange runic glyphs engrave the tumid mast's flanks, the belly bloating out from a libidic increase at the behest of the assimilated beast's cryptic signature.



Lo, there stands the new and enhanced Zoralth, dragon-lion, maned, grown from 18 feet tall to 25, with multiplied masculinity and ferocity. Rife now are his balls with bellicose burbles, full to the elevated brim and escalated capacity.

As the transformed dragon-lion rears his quadrupled-horned head, the Lunastra halts abruptly, and backs away, as if having reached a crumbling cliff ledge, but doesn't elude the subsequent pounce of he who now measures a quarter larger than him, suddenly pressed down like a mate beneath the big red's bulk.

The blue shudders, nares intaking the sheer male heat of the other, before he backs up with his swanging behemoth fuckrod; before the plough. Worlds of pleasure open to the Lunastra, the beast howling out as the mere tip of that gargantuan draco-dick engorges his bowels more than should an entire cock, the red riding him like a mare; giving him a rutting to remember.

The monster's tail end lubricates with the bounteous fount of pre quite quickly, and takes the full length of the dragon-lion, save for that monstrous knot, barring it entry for a few plaps before Zoralth bows forward with a brusque grunt, gritting his teeth until **POP!** The knot snugly plugs inside, his megalithic dick bulging out the feral's gut as he reams with a steady hip-throttle, innards quaking and rolling in tandem, every inch of the intestinal trail tightly wrapped around his pre-gushing dragonhood.



Head inclining, the red snarls warmly, predatory breath beating back the sapphire mane of the other, muzzles bumping a few times as their bodies roll and coil with greater, sweeter tension. At last Zoralth explodes, relinquishes his lust, renders the Lunastra's guts the new home for his tar-thick goop, the cream aquarium for his avid swimmers, musk veritably heating and distorting their surrounds. Lunastra growls at a lack of breath, trying to muster some sort of semblance of dominance from himself to save face, only to find his jaws locked with the red's in a greedy, savoring kiss, pointed tongue falling in line and twisting with the other's as Zor heaves and huffs, spending his deep-buried self, one of the Lunastra's paws pressed to his unmoving chest.

***SCHPLOP SCHHPLUP SCCHPLUCK SCCHPUP SCHPUP  
PUP SHPUP SHCKUK***

Zoralth lets out a lewd, muffled groan in the other's mouth as hard, defined lumps pump through his shaft, sending pangs of slick, strangely cathartic bliss through his urethra. What in the? Suddenly, he blows the steady stream of them, the bulges ejecting, relocating, jutting against the curve of the blue's midriff—their counterpart's bones! The full skeleton, disassembled and sprayed into the surrogate condom of their insides, skull and all showing as the bloated circumference groans, shudders, distends with the ruby's persisting load, every pregnant cumshot exacerbating prior damage, completely drowning the once-deluge of acids in a basement's-supply of wyrm splooge, every fertile ropeshot another barrelful



brimming and ballooning his belly. The monster caves as much as a stubborn dom ever shall to lust—rumbles with lush shame at the kiss, sweat beading his brow as the red hammers and breeds, and—little does the blue yet know—as the red sucks out his soul.

It's transferred in the kiss, carried on the current of firebreath as the captor's chest swells with an inhale of greed and gratitude, the ruby dragon's own soul tickled like a dandelion-brushed nose, before comes the conflagration warmth of absorption, the soul burgeoning again from the second consumption. The Lunastra's last breath is a sighed groan, his shaft exploding in the sandwich of guts, baptizing him in syncopated time to his initiation into the superior predator. Spent well—as spent as well as well as one can be, whose precumshots put out more than most put out in a year of actual orgasms—the ruby tenderly withdraws from the soulkiss, spectral fog still fuming from his nose. The head of the blue husk slips gently to the ground at the leave of his lips.

Once his cock slaps free, Zoralth wastes little time packing the husk of the Lunastra down his cock, grunting with wings spreadeagling, snorting flames. After the first few shoves, his cumslit properly spreads and lubricates—proceeds to gorge with greater ease and elasticity than a snake, swallowing the fodder whole. His nuts tower higher and higher, the twins ranging up into great, gravid hills, cumdigesting all that was and will be of the famed hybrid. With surprising haste the enhanced balls metabolize him, churning frenziedly like a river-full of piranhas, his splooge eating right



through the Lunastra's composition, breaking all down, all till all remains is a stickier, gloppier helping of wiggler-laden dragonspunk.

Zoralth clamps down his maw on that tumid cockhead, throat lurching with greed, and pumps and slathers heavily, milking himself, the vascularity bulging along the riled length, throbbing more needily until it concedes, spouting out that monster-infused milk, the ruby drinking in all that is of the spunkified mass, supplying his guts with protein and fuel.

They process the meal. He hulks up yet again into a grander, stronger monster, growing up from five feet taller than his meal to a full two storeys tall, 30 feet of height in all. Cyan veins of power immolate the cracks between his scales, pulsating. Aquamarine turn the scales of his paws and outermost wing fingers: a subtle shade which melds into his dominant ruby. More fierce turn his features: claws lengthening and sharpening, spines of the nape and back and chin doing likewise, snout elongating. A ruby-scaled crown of blunted spades, bisecting to form vaguely a "V" shape, erects upon his brows, is centerpieced by a depression in the shape of a crescent. A flare of magic spawns cyan runic markings on his cock; and they frolic alongside those of the Teostra, imbuing him with a double helping of added libido and burgeoning his malehood further, megapenis girthening to proportions of grandeur that abstain from greater absurdity of scaly only so as to ensure mobility. His balls rumble in both enlargement and enhanced production; spread to diameters more befitting of his increased cum cannon...



Not even sucking himself off could sedate the urges of his gonads, so it seems; and so he mounts his fores on his mast and pumps himself off, snarling with lecherous abandon as yet another load from his restless balls is roused. Runic markings brighten, denoting the charge of his cum cannon, cock buckling out stronger and stronger bursts of pre cum that swamp his stepping range before ***SPLUUUUUUURROOOOUUUURRRRT!***

Power ripples through the swollen cock. The cumslit sunders with a thunderous burbling of his orbs, suddenly erupting with a hydrant of splooge, whose musk reeks with such heat, it may as well be molten. The cumshot smashes through the waterwheel; pounds against the cliffside behind as if committed to fracking, converting the atmosphere to that of a debauched hotspring's, the very air bred with his scent, cum hydrant transcending the transfer of kiloliters of splooge per second, crashing, ebbing, pooling in the ditch, the dragon huffing elatedly as he rubs that one out.

For a length of time as ludicrous as his own length, he repaints that corner of the tradeyard in the heavy plaster of his dragon tar; and after the several dozen jets does he manage to turn off the tap, obviously not emptied of his productive orbs but depleted enough to sprawl in blissful afterglow, his own goop clinging to his limbs in webs and ropes that could make spiderweb seem frail. The glop jiggles and flows to the force of his every gathering breath, clinging to itself with the consistency of an extremely elastic pudding, the surface disturbed by the blips of several



unusually large sperm that can be observed if one attentively squints, not much smaller than tadpoles.

Yet, still sears in his loins the need to breed, just as surely as is Fin Diesel (famous shark actor)'s Need for Speed. He's pent up out of his wits, full of thoughts of fucking someone's guts out and flushing whatever's in them out with his breeder sploOOOge. And so he gathers up and wanders around the tradeyard in search of a friend who may be an available candidate for the Fuck, his breathing labored in his sustained heat. Aster, Calden and Sini seem to be busy, as is Sivu (with sucking off his own Anjanath-evolved dick). As horny as he is (four horns, in fact), he doesn't want to bother any occupied person with his urges, and so splays out his wings, beating them powerfully enough to break the titanium-esque cords of cum clung to them, and takes flight to higher levels of Astera, determined to bust into a fellow.





*Costume:*

*(-) Zombie Safi'jiiva Onesie*

*(+) Teostra Soul*

*(+) Lunastra Soul*

*(+) Fiery Dragon-Lion Mane*

*(+) Scything Wingtips*

*(+) Double-Spade Crown*

*(+) Complimentary Turquoise Shade*

*(+) Enlarged Dragonhood*

*(+) Runic Cock Tats*

*(+) Cannon Balls*

*(+) Cyan Dragonhide Veins of Power*

*(+) Enhanced Ferocity*

*(+) Thirty feet tall*





**Additional parts of “The Monster Hunter Con-Sume Party 2021” coming  
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