

“Zaiva Pays her Dues”

By Zaftig Industries

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CW: Weight gain, intoxication kink, mild slob, gaslighting, corruption, IQ drain/brain drain kink, bimboification, graphic sex



"What do you *mean*, you won't add it to my tab?"

The towering Orcish bartender looked up from the glass he was cleaning out with a rag that looked older than the Quickmire Tavern itself.

"You heard me. No more free drinks. Today, you start paying for your room and your drinks, adventurer, or I toss you out on the street. I've done it to others, and I'll do it to you—there's no room for freeloaders at the Quickmire Tavern."

Zaiva Nixux wilted under his glowering stare, then rallied. The hourglass-shaped Drow, her white hair piled high in a messy bun, put one hand on her ample hip and stared him down. At six feet and eight inches of woman, she rivalled Thorek's own impressive height, and she refused to be intimidated so easily.

"Thorek, you know I don't have the money to pay off that whole tab. But I promise you, just a few more dungeon runs and I'm going to strike it big. I've heard about this wyvern with a pile of gold so big--"

"Enough!!!"

The orc waved her off, his brooding face growing even more sour as he cut off Zaiva's promises of wealth and riches.

"Every day since you showed up in this town, it's been 'just one more score.' Well, no more, dark elf. You either pay for your drinks and your room, or I put you back on the street where you belong!!"

The dark elf in question stared in amazement, astounded that a lowly bartender would speak to her in such a manner. Didn't he know she was the daughter of an Underdark queen, and a master thief to boot? Shame on him.

Sure, she'd had a run of bad luck lately... well, more than that, honestly. Her luck had been so terrible that most adventuring groups now refused to travel with her, avoiding the "bad luck charm" who continually wound up falling in pit traps, trapped in quicksand or stuck in small gaps, her ample hips wedged in between tight stone. It had gotten so bad she'd grown suspicious maybe a curse of clumsiness had been laid upon her—but the local seer claimed there was no such curse on her. She had simply "lost the spark," somehow, and as a result, her tomb-raiding payoffs were growing few and far between... even while her bar tab at Quickmire kept rising.

She had considered going it alone, but going solo in the local dungeon complex was far too dangerous. But without a good score of loot from the catacombs below the town, she didn't have a dime to pay Thorek with.

Time to use more 'creative' methods of debt payment...

She leaned over the beer-splattered counter, propping her chin on her palm, and deliberately resting her sizeable chest on the bar. Clad in a form-fitting thief's uniform of dark leather that accentuated her curves, she was a visual feast for the many leering men who even now eyed her from the corners of Thorek's bar. All six-foot-plus of curvy Drow princess were on display, and Zaiva knew how to use every inch of her statuesque body.

And Thorek himself had the front-row seat: Zaiva was displaying her cleavage to him, a mating-signal that had rarely failed to put uppity men-folk in their place. Zaiva sucked in a large breath to heave a dramatic sigh, fully aware that the canyon of her cleavage would jiggle and tremble fetchingly as she did so.

"Surely you and I can come to some sort of... *Arrangement...*"

Thorek raised an eyebrow... And started laughed, tossing the rag down on the bar.

"You! Seducing *me!* Now that's a good one. Ha!"

Zaiva paused, shocked and a little offended at the rejection; normally when she gave men a good look at her enormous rack, they bent to her will without a struggle. She had grown so accustomed to this working, in fact, that she'd paid a number of other enormous bar-tabs with the same trick.

"You'll have to try harder than that, elf--you're not the first customer who's tried a little shimmy, to make me ignore their debts. Besides, you're much too skinny for me. No, I'm afraid there will be no 'arrangement.' However..."

He looked her up and down, eyebrows arched, taking in her curves. Zaiva suddenly felt less like a master manipulator in perfect control, and much more like a rack of lamb being sized up in a butcher shop. It gave her a... confusing mix of feelings.

"I won't deny that your... 'Assets' might have SOME use, in paying off your debt. As it happens, we're currently down a tavern wench--Regda the dwarf got herself hooked on gigolos, and spends all her days down at the Pleasure Den, now. So we find ourselves in need of a new employee..."

Zaiva didn't like the look in his eyes as he grinned at her, tusks on full display. He looked like a circus ringmaster, suddenly in possession of a new and profitable side-show.

"And I know just the Drow for the job..."



"*Zaiva!* Order's up, get your big ass out there!"

Zaiva groaned, brushing a strand of white hair away from her face. She'd been leaning on the wall outside the kitchens, hoping to avoid yet another food delivery order. But the thick-set halfling running the kitchen, Lutes, didn't miss a trick. She had gotten less than thirty seconds of rest before he'd discovered her lounging.

“Alright, alright... Don't rush me...”

Straightening her barmaid outfit, Zaiva grabbed a plate of streaming, bacon-drizzled, cheese-covered potatoes off the kitchen counter for Table Five. Pausing behind the bar to fill a few flagons for the customers, she glanced at her reflection in the bar mirror, and winced.

“Ugh... I look like a farmer's daughter...”



Her new “work uniform” was radically different than how she usually presented—instead of sleek and dark, it was frilly and earthy, a *tracht* “beerfest” style skirt and laced *dirndl* blouse under a bodice, the fluffy white short sleeves of the blouse hugging her upper arms.

The skirt fell in gentle, feminine pleats around her legs; refusing to bend to this absurd costume without modifying it, Zaiva had sliced the skirt open on each side, exposing a slice of thick, muscular, purplish thigh. She claimed it was for “mobility” but in truth, she simply felt diminished by wearing such an outfit, and wanted to debase it however she could out of sheer, petty, childish frustration. She had also added a low-hanging, attention-grabbing golden necklace to the outfit, one of the few treasures she’d managed to get out of her last adventuring party with.

As if the dress itself weren’t silly and humiliating enough, she was also required to wear an apron over it, to absorb the inevitable food splatters and beer-spillages involved in working at the Quickmire. The combination was... very rural. Not even *she* could easily pull off an outfit combo like this.

It had to be admitted that her new outfit was... Less dignified than the Underdark climbing gear and leathers she normally wore. Her bodysuit broadcasted lewd vibes, certainly, but she had learned to *carry* herself in it over years of adjustment, flaunting her curves and confident in her sexuality. That outfit represented power to her, confidence. In this new *peasant skirt*, she felt no confidence at all—it was a strange and alien world to her, like being the new girl at the Drow Matriarch’s Ball.

But the attention it brought her... She had to admit, the outfit had one advantage. It pressed her impressive bosom up into a fetching, overflowing mass of cleavage, which jiggling and shook as she sashayed around the bar with drink orders.

At first she resented the lustful stares from patrons, but as her shifts went on, she now took a bitter satisfaction in them. *Look while you can*, she thought as eager eyes watched her filling the mugs from across the tavern, foam splattering out and landing between her sizeable breasts.

You won’t be able to look for long, fools. Soon I’ll earn my way out of this place and bid this one-horse town a not-so-fond goodbye...

Setting out into the no-man's land of the bar's main floor, she swerved around drunken hands eager to "accidentally" brush her thighs and whistling catcalls that followed her like a cloud of buzzing gnats.

"Hey there, big girl, can I climb you like a tree?"

"Woo, work that derriere, dark elf! Give us a little rump-shake, darlin', don't be shy..."

"I'll tip you for a lap-dance, honey, come over here!!"

Pigs, she thought, furious. But that last offer did give her pause... She needed money desperately—her debt to Thorek was easily several hundred gold at this point, a small fortune by surface-dweller standards, apparently. She had little idea how money worked up here outside the Underdark, one of the reasons she'd wound up in this situation to begin with.

But she refused to debase herself for extra coin—she was not a prostitute, for the gods' sakes, she was a noble and Drow royalty and a dangerous thief and one of an unbroken line of deadly women who ruled the caverns below like angry goddesses. She would *not* be giving out... 'Lap dances.'

And yet... There was a small thought, in the back of her mind, a little nagging thought.

Wouldn't that be kind of fun? Everyone cheering for you, their eyes drinking in your figure...

"Eugh! Disgusting. No thank you..."

She pushed the thought away, and delivered her baked potatoes at last. The drunken half-elf who received them winked at her, and offered her one. He had a kinder face than the rest of the patrons; an older man, a traveler perhaps, passing through.

"Don't pay those swine any mind, dear, you're doing great. Here... This bartending stuff looks like hungry work, have a snack."

Zaiva made to push it away... and then her stomach grumbled, rumbling menacingly.

“I c-couldn’t... Thorek will be angry...”

The half-elf shrugged one shoulder.

“That old perv? What he doesn’t know won’t hurt him. Have a bite—this gig looks hard enough, without starving yourself.”

For a moment, Zaiva’s mother appeared in her mind, a towering and scarred Drow with a stern, cruel voice.

“Always stuffing your face... That’s why you have no dexterity, you lazy little pig...”

Ugh... Fuck you, Mom, thought Zaiva vengefully. She grabbed the baked potato, loaded up with sour cream and cheese and bacon, and took a bite—

My... GODS.

It was nothing like the mushroom gruel and roasted Grell flanks of the Underdark. It was exploding with flavor, the rich buttered starch of the potato melding with the dripping cheese, the cold sweet sour-cream on top, the crunch of the warm potato-skin and the bacon bits tempting her to gobble it, to scarf it down. Zaiva barely managed to avoid shoving the whole thing in her mouth, taking dainty but aggressive bites until the whole thing was gone.

“I... Thank you, kind sir. I appreciate your... *urp*, generosity. Excuse me.”

He winked at her again and raised his flagon in salute.

“Remember, hun, never let your employer take advantage of you. Take back everything he seeks to take from you. Always get your slice, right?”

She nodded, still dazed by the delicious bacon-flecks on her tongue, and made her way back to the kitchens.

Over the course of that day, a number of food items went missing. Little things, nothing huge—a few bites of cubed steak, a flagon or two of ale, a small haunch of Axebeak foie gras...

As it turned out, Zaiva's thieving abilities worked in her new job, just as well as they did in dark dungeons—and the spiteful elf was determined to “get her slice.” The delectable, addicting nature of Surface-world food had also tempted her, and there was no going back from the gateway drug of the baked potato.

On top of that, Zaiva had discovered that eating her emotions was quite a balm for this shitty job... and her mother could go to the Hells, she needed energy and comfort in this difficult place.

Over the course of the next few weeks, her uniform started growing snug. At first, Zaiva assumed the damn thing was shrinking—this cheap, peasant-made cotton was nothing like the comfortable silks of the Realm Below, naturally it would be less enjoyable to wear.

But it squeezed her and chafed her relentlessly, and as time went on, it seemed to squeeze more and more... until the inevitable happened. Someone made a comment.

“Zaiva, dear... Don't you think that uniform's getting a little *tight* on you?”

Zaiva looked up from fussing with her *dirndl* to see Maxine, one of the human barmaids, smirking at her from across the break-room. Maxine was a red-haired, fiery ginger with a dusting of freckles and ample, swelling cleavage that didn't *quite* rival Zaiva's, but certainly approached the territory of doing so. Maxine was also, as Zaiva had quickly discovered, a lecherous pervert—she had a tendency to slap Zaiva's ass every time she walked through the break-room.

The break-room in question was a tiny affair, with a few tables, some scattered playing cards and guttering candles. It was also their only refuge from the constant shouts of orders and the leering, lecherous customers outside. Not that Maxine seemed to mind the attention—she mocked the lechers right back, and seemed to relish in their catcalls. Naturally, Zaiva was much too high-brow to stoop to such behavior. She was a *noble*, after all, and would act as such. Flirting with customers was beneath her.

“It’s n-not tight, I just need to... Adjust it a little...”

“Honey... Relax, it’s fine. All of us gain a little weight after starting work, here. It’s all the food and ale—really sticks to your ribs.”

Zaiva fumed, crossing her arms and scowling at the woman. How *dare* she suggest that Zaiva Nixux, rogue extraordinaire, was putting on weight?! Absurd...

“I am *not* getting fat!”

“Woah, woah, easy there.”

Maxine chuckled and held up her hands, in mock-surrender.

“Nobody said anything about *fat*. A couple ounces of curves looks good on a woman’s figure, after all... And let me tell you, the customers really appreciate it. I don’t think we have a single skinny girl on staff, these days, and for good reason.”

Against her better judgment, Zaiva reflected on this. It was true—all of the servers at the tavern were curvaceous and soft of hip and bosom. Maybe it wasn’t the end of the world, if she fit into their ranks a little... Maybe they would finally stop teasing her over her white hair and her long, pointy ears if she was a bit more like the rest of them...

Still, it rankled her—the idea that *she* was getting *chubby*. Her mother had always been ruthlessly militant about such things.

Curvy was just fine—Zaiva had curves for days, and could even be called “rubenesque” by any reasonable standard. But *plump*? She’d never been *plump* before. She didn’t know how to feel about it, except a vague sort of grumpiness. The surface world had worked her to the bone, and now it was making her *chubby*. How absolutely unacceptable!!

“Ugh... I suppose... If you wouldn’t mind helping me re-size this uniform, I’d appreciate it...”

“Of course, dear. We do that all the time, around here. Let me get my sewing kit...”

And Maxine proceeded to fix up her *dirndl* quite skillfully. Within an hour, Zaiva was back on the tavern floor, struggling to keep that fake customer-service smile on her face... and thankfully, a bit more comfortable. Her tummy had rounded out a bit, but now she had the *room* for it, so it wasn't quite such a sore spot for her insecurities. It was easy to forget about the extra chub on her waist, now that it wasn't squeezed by her uniform.

The week after that, Maxine let out her *dirndl* for her again.

And the week after that, she did it again...



With all the food and ale around, easily snacked on between shifts and during her break, Zaiva's uniform had to be let out a whopping *nine times* over the next few weeks. Zaiva, for her part, did her best to ignore this—all she needed to focus on was paying the debt, after all. So what if she gained a little weight, working this crap job? She could always lose it later. Everything was going to be fine.

She soon grew used to the cat-calling during work, and—although it rankled her and she longed for her knives and short sword—she also grew to tolerate the “affectionate” pinching of her ass and hips as she sashayed through the bar carrying drinks. Truth be told, it got her a little darkly excited to be the object of desire, the straightforward groping stirring some deeper part of her that her usual aloof, arrogant behavior belied.

Deep down, it made Zaiva blush and shiver with forbidden sensations when she had her ass slapped or her thighs groped by drunken patrons. It felt... Well. She felt *desired*, and that was nice. It felt pleasant to be wanted, even in this hell-hole.

After a while, these feelings began building up into a head of steam that Zaiva couldn't ignore. She had always possessed a high libido, practicing it on her mother's bodyguards in her youth and later on unsuspecting, rather shocked surface-dwellers. In the past, however, *she* had always been in control, had always been the one to lead the sexual "conversation." Now she found the reverse was true: she had become an object, a mere artifact to be admired and fondled and whistled at. If she wanted to satisfy her needs, she would need to regain control of this mosh-pit of sexual desires and drunken hooting. She would need to teach these horny louts who was boss.

And it didn't take long before she made her first attempt.

Her first victim was a farm-hand in his early twenties, a strapping young half-elf with burnished bronze skin and short-cropped brown hair. He was handsome, in a rural sort of way, with a chiseled jaw and powerful muscles. Zaiva found it was quite easy to get him drunk by offering him extra beers "on the house"... and then luring him away from his friends, with a half-baked lie about "needing help moving a keg."

Once she got him into the wine cellar, a dark and dreary place filled with Thorek's bottles and barrels, Zaiva pounced. She set aside the candelabra she'd been carrying and seized the youth by his ragged farmwork shirt, still smelling of sweat and dust from the fields. Before he could even ask what was going on, she kissed him ravenously, passionately, her soft plush lips meeting his, one of her hands journeying south to stroke at the growing hardness in his trousers...

He broke away from her for a moment, a wide grin spreading across his simple features as she pressed him up against a cool stone wall.

"I thought ya needed help with a keg, miss?..."

"Oh, don't be *simple*," she growled, and pulled down his pants, diving for his manhood with all the eagerness of a starving woman leaping on a flank steak.

He was decently thick and girthy—Zaiva always knew, somehow, which men were packing and which ones weren't—and she quite thoroughly satisfied herself sucking him off, giving him a handjob while licking his neck, and finally mounting him like an animal, sliding his thickness inside her and finally, *finally* scratching the itch she had carried like a constant distraction these several weeks.

“Ahhh yesss, that’s good, that’s what Mama needs... Ugh, *fuck* me you stud, fuck me good and hard...”



He wasn't the most dexterous of lovers, but he had stamina—he thoroughly hammered her for nearly half an hour in doggy-style before finishing, spraying her insides with hot warm spunk until it dripped out of her plump womanhood in thick spurts. Zaiva growled with bestial satisfaction as she clenched her thighs around him, slamming her ass against him, insisting on extracting every single drop of his seed. She deserved it, she had *earned* this creampie after all the crappy work she'd had to do...

As they were cleaning up and she was swearing him to secrecy (which she knew he wouldn't really keep to, but it was the *principle* of the thing, she was a noble and a *lady*, after all) she realized in a very Zaiva-like fit of conscience that she wasn't on any form of birth control. The chemicals she'd relied on in the Underdark to avoid a horde of progeny—her family was notoriously fertile—weren't present up here.

And that was how she found herself asking Maxine for contraceptives, in a shame-faced conversation in a torch-lit nook beside the steaming kitchens.

“L-look, I don’t have any money to offer you for such things, but maybe I can trade for them...”

Maxine chuckled, her flinty eyes boring into Zaiva, who blushed and looked away.

“Well, well, Ms. High and Mighty. And here some of the girls were betting on whether you had a vow of chastity, you were so reluctant to ‘consort’ with the patrons... Guess not, eh?”

Zaiva winced. It was quite the opposite—her loins practically *screamed* at her to mate every day, but her pride had kept her away from the handsomest men for a time. But of course, she wasn’t going to admit that.

“No, certainly not... Besides, you told me the girls fool around with customers all the time... ‘It’s part of the appeal here,’ you said...”

Maxine chortled, sipping a mug of ale and eyeing Zaiva’s massive bosom.

“Oh, sure, but most of them don’t have so *much* to consort with, if you take my meaning. Hey, don’t look so sour! I’m only jesting. Here—take this. Free of charge. Thorek grows it in his house in the hills—it’s very reliable. Enchanted to prevent pregnancy, diseases, all the usual risks of fooling around...”

She passed Zaiva a small handful of herbs and relayed a few instructions on how to take them, with tea or crushed. She also dropped a very important piece of information that Zaiva missed, as she was already eyeing another handsome young man across the bar.

“Word to the wise, though, it does tend to make you a bit peckish... Zaiva, are you listening to me?”

“Yes, yes,” said the dark elf, licking her lips as she watched the sturdy stable boy’s bicep flex in an arm-wrestling context. “Intently... Your rustic wisdom is deeply

appreciated, thank you. You're dismissed."

She was, in fact, not listening intently. And so, when she used the herb that very evening, the rush of appetite it carried took her by surprise. She ended up eating four heaping plates of bar food: baked potatoes with cheese and bacon, heaping bowls of Pottage stew, a number of platters of seasoned home-fries and a sizeable helping of grilled chicken and sweet potatoes. ..

With her stomach almost painfully swollen, Zaiva proceeded to seduce her target exactly as planned—although sex on a full stomach was a bit more uncomfortable than the normal kind. She repeatedly had to stifle small belches as the lad rammed into her from behind, her stomach churning and groaning as he plowed her.

"Mmm, yes, that's a good boy, give me **URRRP** that nice, hard cock... Oof, m-maybe a bit slower, though... **BRULLCH**..."

The appetite boost lasted for quite a while, too—after draining this new victim dry and sending him on his way, Zaiva found herself back in the kitchens again, imploring the cook for dessert. The treacly tarts he made disappeared into Zaiva's mouth one by one, the ravenous elf gobbling them down with abandon, some of the server-girls watching from across the kitchens in amusement. Out of Zaiva's earshot, they gossiped to one another, snickering.

"Wow, new girl really *loves* to eat, huh?"

"Mmm, look at her go. Poor thing's going to get fat, if she's not careful..."

"Mm-hm," agreed Maxine from behind them, puffing on a hemp cigarette as she watched Zaiva inhale yet another tart. "And wouldn't that be just a *terrible* shame. That arrogant, cocksure elf blowing up like a blimp... What a tragedy that would be..."

One of the other girls, a waspish little waif named Odette, pursed her lips in disgust as she watched Zaiva gorging.

"A few extra pounds might make that bitch less cocky and sure of herself... You know, yesterday she *ordered* me to fetch her a patch, for a split seam on her uniform? Posh cunt, still thinks she's a noble even when she's working for scraps..."

“And she’s such a slut,” added another girl scornfully... perhaps a bit jealously. “I’d been working over Farson the wagon-loader for weeks, and she just comes along, shakes her fat purple ass at him a little and he just fucks her in the basement? All my hard work, wasted... Now his tips only go to *her!*”

Maxine nodded, watching Zaiva shamelessly flirt with the half-elf cook as she slipped a flagon of ale off a waiting tray and began sipping on it.

“Mmm, you’re not wrong. We embraced her with open arms, and yet she still thinks she’s better than any of us. Girls... What do you say we make Zaiva too big for her britches?”

And so, a plan was hatched...

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Over the next few days, Zaiva was surprised by a sudden waterfall of kindness from her fellow servers. Where before many of them had been cold and distant, suddenly they were kind and sisterly to her, offering her help on her shift, extra breaks, all sorts of tiny luxuries.

At first, Zaiva was suspicious... but then her inherited sense of status kicked in, and she felt smugly secure that she’d conquered this unpredictable viper’s nest.

It all made sense: Of *course* the humans, half-elves and halflings of the serving staff would eventually bend to her will. She was of noble blood, and frankly, she could bag any man here that she wanted. She made even the prettiest of the barmaids, like Maxine, seem plain and homely in comparison to her elven beauty.

So naturally, Zaiva would inevitably rise to the top of the pecking order. It pleased her that she hadn’t even been here two months, and she was already running the show...

And the girls were so sweet, too. They offered her free ale at the end of every shift—and eventually, *during* her shift, a treat Zaiva refused at first but eventually began to indulge in. Soon her graceful sashay through the rowdy pit of the tavern floor became

more of a tottering stumble; though she could hold her liquor, there was so *much* of it being pressed on her at all times, and now the patrons were getting into it, too...

Men bought her drinks constantly on her shift, some demanding that she chug them on the spot. Zaiva had a suspicion they only wanted to see beer drizzling into her huge cleavage, but she always took them up on it—after all, like that one man had told her, “take everything you can” from a bad situation.

And that was how she found herself, at the end of a shift, stone-drunk and giggling at a table in the corner, a handsome man on each arm, chugging ale and feasting on a roast pheasant.

She was stuffed, absolutely filled to the brim, from the little treats her ‘subordinates’ in the bar staff had been bringing her all night. She was on top of the world, and she felt so secure in her power that she was making out with the two men, one after the other.



When a lovely blonde woman in cleric's robes—maybe a girlfriend? Wife? Zaiva didn't care—crawled under the table and began kissing her way up Zaiva's thighs, Zaiva bit her lip and felt utter bliss wash over her.

Working here isn't so bad after all...

The other girls watched jealously from across the bar, Maxine among them, her patient eyes devouring Zaiva as the woman debased herself with lust and drink in full view of a number of leering patrons.

“That blimp-titted cow,” hissed Odette, who hadn’t gained much love for Zaiva as the others began spoiling her. “When do we get to put her in her place?”

“Patience,” said Maxine. “Wait for it...”

And there it was. Thorek the tavern manager, a rare sight on the floor, had been roused from counting coin in his office by the rumors of Zaiva’s misbehavior. He crossed the bar with a dark look on his face, making for the corner table.

“There we are,” said Maxine, grinning wolfishly. “Right on time.”

“Zaiva! What the *devil* are you up to, girl?”

Zaiva blinked through a drunken haze at her boss, a wet belch escaping her lips as the evening’s massive dinner churned in her swollen stomach, which pushed painfully against her outfit. She squinted up at Thorek, her cheeks flushed with booze, and waved at him.

“Oh heyyy, boss-man... Jush’ having a little fun on my break... *Hiccup.*”

“A little fun, huh?”

Thorek crossed his arms, and sized up the elf.

She’d been getting chubby lately—very chubby. Bordering on fat, actually. Her face was rounder, her ass was visible wider, her hips bumped into tables lately. And her tits—those massive globes of woman-flesh were even more heaving and ponderous. The exaggerated hourglass of her figure was also now accentuated by a plump beer-belly, which not even her snugly fitted outfit could hide.

She had fattened herself on *his* food, drunk herself stupid on *his* wine... No doubt with help from the girls. They were lecherous creatures, every one, and loved hazing new recruits. But Thorek refused to sit idly by and let Zaiva waste her charms, carousing in a corner. If this drunken glutton was going to seduce his customers, then he wanted to be making some money into the bargain...

“Your *break*, huh? Well, break’s over. Our new dancing girl quit today—the stage is empty. What do you think we should do about that, hmm?”

Zaiva glanced over at the performance stage near the door, its enchanted spotlights lit up but the stage conspicuously empty.

She shrugged, and drained her flagon of ale, her plump throat bulging and her hair falling in a disheveled tangle over her softened face.

“I dunno, maybe.. *Hic*, hire a new dancin’ girl or somethin. I’m not the bosh of this place, s’not my decision...”

Thorek smirked at her disrespect. She really was arrogant, down to the bone, and it came out the most strongly when she was drunk. Which, these days, was fairly often.

Not that he minded a drunken strumpet staggering around the tavern—Zaiva’s jiggling tits and wobbling ass had brought in lots of new patrons, drawn by the rumors that the Dark Elf would give them a nice “after-dinner guest experience” if they played their cards right.

And Thorek himself had encouraged the rumors, making it clear that patrons were welcome to plow the curvaceous drow... as long as they kept paying for drinks.

But Zaiva had overreached herself. She barely worked these days, much less delivered drinks, and it was time to put his foot down. If she was going to be his plump, overfed tavern-whore, it was time she started acting like it...

“Yes, I think I will hire a new dancing girl. In fact, I think it’ll be *you*, my dear.”

Zaiva scowled at him, her expression childish and disdainful.

“Dancing? I’m not a *burrrp*, a stripper, boss... I got hired t’serve drinks, not... not shake my ass.”

Thorek stared her down. Inside Zaiva’s petty, mean-spirited attitude, he sensed something new. Something soft, vulnerable, a certain quivering of the lip when he

ordered her around, when he demanded she tug down the front of her bodice to show more goods.

She might not consciously realize it, but *Zaiva liked* being ordered around, shown off, taken advantage of. Thorek had found many such women in this line of work—cocky, powerful wenches who strutted like queens, but in private or when pressed, they submitted with visible and perverse delight. And *Zaiva's* eagerness to submit was practically an odor wafting off her...

“*Zaiva,*” he said, “get on that stage, or I’m adding *every* drink and meal you’ve had this week to your tab.”

He saw her pretty throat bulge in a nervous swallow. Her arrogance faltered as she considered her skyrocketing debt... which, in his defense, he had tried to stop her from increasing. But she kept freeloading, kept skimming from the till when she thought he wasn’t looking. Enough was enough.

It was time for this drunken, chubby slut to earn her keep.

“Fine,” she spat at him, and pushed away her paramours, who seemed sad to see her go... but not sad enough to say anything in front of Thorek.

The tipsy elf staggered up from her table and, moving unsteadily, wobbled towards the stage. The girls had given her a new pair of high-heeled boots since her plump calves had outgrown the last pair, and she looked on the verge of tumbling over at any given moment as she jiggled her way up onto the performance platform.

Hoots and hollers rose from the patrons—they were delighted to see their favorite piece of eye-candy taking center stage. Thorek watched with interest as *Zaiva* soaked up the attention, smirking a little and blowing drunken kisses at the crowd.

“Bards,” he shouted to a group of skalds in the corner, “Some dancing music, please...”

He tossed them a few copper, and the minstrels began to play, a slow rhythm on zithers and harps and drums that slowly picked up in tempo. And to Thorek’s great surprise, *Zaiva* began to dance immediately.

He'd never seen her do it before, and she was blushing with embarrassment as the men below her hooted and whistled and made lewd gestures. But she shimmied her hips, and jiggled her bust, and generally moved with the melody, despite a few tipsy stumbles and the occasional half-suppressed, unladylike belch.

“**BRUORRRP**. You like that, you lechers? Oogh, my *stomach*...”

Thorek saw something interesting as the clumsy performance went on: this was a *lot* more physical activity than Zaiva was used to. She had grown lazy and catlike, lounging in corners and getting fucked in the basement—exercise had begun to be an alien thing to her, and now, it showed.

Within a few minutes, the pot-bellied, curvy elf was huffing and puffing. Another few minutes and she was sweating profusely, droplets of perspiration gathering between her massive breasts and trickling down her neck.

By the time Thorek had mercy on her and called an end to the song, Zaiva was panting, gasping with exertion, her impressive chest heaving. Slightly sobered up from her performance, she locked eyes with Thorek... and then wobbled off the stage, stealing a pint from a patron and chugging it down, clearly thirsty after her performance.

“Maxine,” said the manager, beckoning. The red-headed queen of the barmaids was at his side in an instant, arms full of discarded platters.

“Yes, boss?”

“You’ve been overfeeding our little dancing girl over there, haven’t you? You and the girls, up to your old tricks again.”

Maxine rolled her eyes.

“You should *hear* how she talks to us, boss. Thinks she’s a goddess, around here, with the way the customers look at her. And after all the job training and advice I gave her! That bitch deserves—”

Thorek held up a hand, his eyes flashing with amusement.

“You misunderstand, girl. I don’t want you to *stop*. Look at these rubes—they love a bigger girl, country folk always do. Only none of our girls can quite reach the... *Stature*, of this elf. By the gods, look at the size of her. The height, the measurements...”

He stroked his stubbled chin, gears turning in his mind.

“We don’t usually turn tricks out here... But she’s brought us over thirty new patrons this week alone. Word’s getting around... Maxine?”

“Yes, boss?”

“Keep it up. More food, more ale. Hell, throw some of your ‘special treats’ in there—I know you’re still running dream-leaf and aphrodesiacs under the table. I want this elf to be a big, soft, honeypot for all our rubes to enjoy...”

Maxine’s eyes took on a predatory flicker as she watched Zaiva chug down another flagon of ale, laughing with coquettish flirtiness as several men pressed in on her.

“You got it, boss. Except... If she keeps eating like this, how’s she ever gonna pay her debt?”

Thorek licked his lips, watching the patrons close in on Zaiva, eager hands roughly running down her massive hips and across her plump rear. Zaiva swatted away their attentions, cursing at them... but Thorek saw the hint of a smile on her face. The elf *liked* being Whore Number One, it was obvious to everyone involved.

So why not grant her wish, and see how far it went?

“That’s the *neat* part, Maxine. She’s not going to...”



Several weeks later...

“Ugh! Stupid skirt—stop splitting!”

Zaiva was in her quarters on the second floor of the tavern, a dingy room filled with her old adventuring gear and weapons, and—of course—countless empty-wine bottles and licked-clean platters of food. She was struggling in front of her full-length mirror, trying to get her uniform’s skirt to fit without ripping at the waist.

But unfortunately, her body was winning the war with her wardrobe. A loud rip sounded, and Zaiva groaned as yet another piece of clothing went functionally extinct.

“Gods *damn* it!!”

She pouted, staring into the mirror, trying to reconcile her lofty self-image with the sight in front of her. She had covered up her shame about her growing body via wine, ale and those lovely intoxicating cigarettes that Maxine kept giving her... but denial could only carry her so far. Now, like a royal palanquin over-burdened by the sheer size of its occupant, that denial was collapsing.

“Oh, gods, it can’t be true... Am I... Am I really getting actually *fat*?”

The evidence seemed to suggest it. Her face had grown softer and rounder as the weeks rolled by, her chin subtly doubling, a plump pinchable bulge at her jaw suggesting a woman to whom “dieting” had become a distant concept. And her body...

Gallons and gallons of ale had swelled her stomach to a portly round ball in front of her, her abdominal muscles vanishing beneath it, its outward march destroying *dirndl* after *dirndl* as Zaiva had continued to indulge with reckless excess. Now the wobbly sphere of elf-meat had begun to droop, doubling into a soft roll in the middle—the beginnings of an “apron” belly.

Disgusted, Zaiva poked it, watching the fat ripple. Sure, the men around here seemed to like a full-figured woman, that much was obvious from how much semen she

swallowed on a weekly basis in the kitchen's pantry and in the wine cellar... But this couldn't continue. Something had to be done.

It wasn't just her stomach, either. Her bosom had ballooned, her already ample chest now protruding in front of her to an almost comical degree. Her breasts seemed like they were in a race with her stomach to see who could enter a room first, and her tits were winning—but only barely.

And her hips... Zaiva turned, examining her bare rump. She had always been proud of her 'assets,' the features she used to catch men and pull them into her web. But her rear end had gone from fetchingly round to a broad, porky dump-truck of an ass. She could barely squeeze between the tavern tables now... And her thighs were laden with flesh, they jiggled like mad and chafed when she walked. Even her arms had grown soft, her once-toned biceps dangling with plump softness, her forearms and wrists smooth and puffed out with fat.

She had clearly let her figure slip during the fun of seducing the bar's customers—a personal oversight, and one she intended to correct. She needed to get some exercise, she needed to whip herself back into shape. Her mother's voice rang in her ears as she reached for her old adventuring leathers, struggling to tug them on...

"Pigs will be pigs, dear. And if you're not careful, you'll be the biggest pig of all. Now put down that fork before you embarrass yourself at dinner..."

"Fuck you, Mom," she grumbled as she tugged on her form-fitting trousers and tight leather bodice. "I'm not fat, I'm *not* fat. I just... let myself go a little, that's all..."

That evening, she avoided ale entirely, enduring a painfully sober shift getting her ass grabbed and her tits whistled at. It wasn't torturous, really—she loved wrapping these stupid, rural simps around her finger—but it wasn't as fun as it was when she was drunk. After her shift, instead of dragging the nearest pretty-boy into the pantry, she stepped outside into the maze of thatched-roof huts outside the bar... and began to jog.

She was an absolute sight, bouncing along with her breasts comically overflowing her old bodysuit, and her thighs bulging out over the tops of her old thigh-high boots. Maxine watched her go from the window of Thorek's office, snorting with derision as the overfed elf jiggled down the street.

“Boss... We got a problem.”

Thorek, who was counting the week’s gold, glanced up with irritation.

“What now? Is she fucking someone in the street? Wouldn’t put it past her...”

“Nah, she’s, uh... *Exercising*. Seems like our little cash cow is starting to snap back to reality...”

Thorek grunted, sweeping a huge pile of silver and copper coins into the drawer of his desk. He lit a cigar, staring up at the swirling smoke.

“Well, we can’t have that. The bar is more profitable than it’s ever been. Put a stop to this nonsense, Maxine—by whatever means necessary.”

Maxine frowned. Her grudge against Zaiva had fuelled her desire to destroy the elf’s waistline, but... she knew Zaiva well at this point, better than perhaps the elf knew herself. She felt a reluctance to keep pushing Zaiva into further depravity—at a certain point, it just seemed cruel.

“Boss, I dunno. Should we maybe cut her loose? Seems mean to just keep fattening her up like a prize cow...”

Thorek laughed, tapping his cigar into an ashtray.

“Maxine... Look at her. She’s much too fat to go back to adventuring, and deep down, she knows it. Besides, you’ve seen her with the customers... She *loves* their attention. We’re not being cruel—we’re giving her the life she really wants.”

“You’re... sure?”

“Course I am. A stuck-up noble, practically begging to cut loose and be a greedy slut? I’ve seen her type before... She’ll happily suck a thousand cocks for a good meal, some booze and a bit of praise, and she’ll be more fulfilled doing that than she’ll be squeezing her fat ass through dungeons... Trust me.”

Maxine nodded, biting her lip... but accepting the truth of his words. Zaiva relished indulgence and sex on an almost addictive level, and the more she sank deeper into her life as a barmaid, oddly, the happier and more at peace she seemed to be...

“I suppose. But... This road only leads one way, boss. She’s going to get bigger and bigger and become more of a mess. What happens when our ‘exotic flower’ gets too fat for even the worst perverts in town to fuck?”

Thorek smiled around his cigar, glancing up at a painting on his wall: an idyllic farm, with a brawny human couple in the foreground, waving at the painter. Behind them, a large sign read in Common: **“ADVENTURE’S END FARMS.”**

“Oh, don’t worry... I can always call in a few favors, if I need to.”



—

“Ugh, that was *exhausting*... By the gods, why does it have to be so *warm* in this town...”

Her skin running with sweat, Zaiva had just returned from a jog, stomach growling... only to find out she was late to start her shift as a barmaid. Grousing and grumbling as she hurried into the changing-rooms, she struggled to shuck off her nearly-ruined leather adventuring outfit, the material clinging to her sweaty skin and making her squirm with discomfort as she shed it like a second skin.

Several other barmaids, including Maxine, watched her from the corner, giggling to themselves. Zaiva was quite a sight after her workout—thick belly and side-rolls slicked with sweat, massive bosoms wobbling as she painstakingly pulled off the corset of her bodysuit.

“Need a hand there, Zaiva?”

Zaiva turned awkwardly to see Maxine winking at her, the buxom barmaid's lithe body dwarfed by her own mammoth, jiggling "assets."

"Uhh... N-no, I've got it..."

"Are you sure?" said a dark-skinned barmaid with an afro, stubbing out her pre-shift joint in an ashtray and crossing over to Zaiva. "Don't be proud now, dear, everyone needs a little help once in a while..."

Zaiva bit her lip as the woman ran a hand down her back, gripping the half-removed wreck of her corset—the laces split nearly all the way down—and tugged gently, sliding it across Zaiva's soft, plump, sweat-slippery skin.

Zaiva kept her distance from people for a lot of reasons (at least until her libido got the better of her, anyway) but one of those reasons was a tendency towards over-sensitivity. She *really* liked being touched, had always been a sucker for a good cuddle or even the lightest graze of delicate fingers across her back. And now the kind barmaid was joined by half a dozen others, all pretending great concern over her disheveled state, all *clearly* aware of her very specific vulnerability.



“Just relax honey, you look so tired, let us help...”

“You’re going to need a hand getting that uniform on too, I notice it’s been getting so *snug* lately...”

A dozen hands were suddenly on her, stripping her down, and when she half-heartedly tried to protest, someone popped a puff-pastry into her mouth. Zaiva moaned around it, unable to keep the lovely sensation of all those hands on her from eliciting little whimpers and gasps, and hoped such shameful sounds would be lost in the general hubbub around her.

But the humiliation had only begun. The girls acquired her *dirndl* from somewhere and fretted aloud over all the little rips, tears and stretches in the fabric, teasing Zaiva mercilessly about it.

“Oooh, someone’s booty got a little bigger again, huh? Look what you’ve done to this poor outfit...”

“Good thing Thorek likes ‘em a bit *chubby*, eh girls?”

At the word “chubby” a variety of emotions slammed together inside Zaiva’s head at once, and tussled for supremacy. Shame, anger, embarrassment, frustration, annoyance... And arousal. She had rarely allowed anyone to tease her for her fluctuating weight, mostly because it elicited certain *reactions* in her. “Reactions” like her loins getting moist and slippery. “Reactions” like her nipples getting hard and firm, standing at attention. “Reactions” like wanting to beg for *more* humiliation, her inner Switch coming out and melding with her new role as the communal fondling-toy of these lecherous women.

She had so far avoided intimacy with them for just this reason—not only did she consider herself socially superior, although that part of her was rapidly eroding, but she also knew herself. And she knew getting squeezed and fondled by half a dozen young maidens was more than her fragile restraint over her own libido could handle...

“Girls, girls. Be *nice*. The bar food is just a little heavy, that’s all...”

Maxine sashayed over to them, her fetching bust bouncing inside her own *dirndl*, and she reached down to cup the dangling hang of Zaiva’s plump gut, leaning over to murmur in her ear in an exaggerated stage-whisper.

“It’s not her fault she’s starting to get a little... *Fat*.”

“Mnnngff!”

Zaiva barely bit back the moan of arousal that rose up her throat, unbidden. She’d known the contraceptive herbs Maxine kept giving her would spike her libido, but this... this was new. She suddenly wanted Maxine to shove more pastries in her face, tease her cruelly, slap her ass and call her a big fat cow. What was *happening* to her? Where had her precious dignity gone?

It was never really there in the first place, came a seductive voice from her subconscious. It was just an act, holding back and hiding what you really are: a greedy, chubby slut.

Zaiva pushed away the thought and nudged the girls off her. It was time to make a stand... yet, she didn’t want to drive Maxine away. She *liked* the teasing, she wanted more of it. But she still wanted to feel mostly in control. At least... for now.

“Maybe I *am* getting a bit chunky,” she said, looming over Maxine, all six-feet-seven of her towering over the woman. “But I make it look *damn* good. And you know it. And all the patrons know it, too.”

Whistling and whoops came from the girls as they cheered this sentiment. Maxine smirked, fire in her eyes as she faced down the overfed drow.

She’s still got some fight in her... Good. She’ll need it.

“You’re not wrong. Which is why... We’ve decided to give you a new serving outfit. One that better displays your, ah... *Special* talents.”

And from a small wicker box nearby, she drew an outfit that would have made a prostitute blush. It was essentially a sluttier version of Zaiva’s current uniform—but with a *much* shorter skirt, a lower bust and special laces that could be let out after a big meal. Seeing his prize cow growing larger, Thorek had decided to plan ahead.

Zaiva paused. She wanted to fume at Maxine, tell her she was a noble, she would *never* wear such a garment... but her hands betrayed her, reaching eagerly for the thing, holding it up to the full-length mirror with all the glee of a teenager admiring her first

slutty club outfit. And her mouth betrayed her as well, verbalizing the thought she struggled to keep inside, away from these women and their seductive wiles.

“It’s... *Beautiful*...”

That was how Zaiva found herself starting her shift: strutting out onto the tavern floor in a too-small, snug slutty version of her normal uniform, her mammoth bosom overflowing the bustline and her ass lifting up the mini-skirt to indecent levels of exposure.

Excited whistles and catcalls followed her as she jiggled around the bar, and while she still burned with humiliation, it was a... different kind of heat, now. A much more welcome, arousing, exciting kind of heat.

And the outfit was pleasantly tight, rather than uncomfortably tight. Zaiva enjoyed pressure—she loved it when lovers squeezed her tight or laid heavily atop her, and now she got that same sensation from her outfit, the feeling of being tightly wrapped, almost restrained, as if she were walking around in *shibari* ropes and not a barmaid outfit. It made her practically drip with excitement. Her denial was withering away: she *liked* this. This was *fun*. Why was she in such a hurry to leave this job, anyway? It was more fulfilling than scrabbling through dusty hallways and digging for scraps of gold in ancient tombs...

And of course, the “perks” were nicer. She balked at the first free beer a customer offered her, and the first “complimentary” snack bought for her by horny admirers. But the resilience of her diet lasted exactly fifteen seconds before she accepted the beer-garden pretzel offered to her and the tall, fruity sour ale purchased for her.

Minutes later she was back in her usual corner booth, distracted from serving by several handsome customers. They bought her another beer... and then another. And another. And the evening became a whirl of drunken delights. Why had she been *fighting* indulgence? Why did she care so damn much about being “skinny” anyway?

She was sitting in the lap of a burly blacksmith, his hands all over her as she chugged her fourth beer, cheeks flushed and head spinning. He groaned in her ear as she rubbed her well-fed ass on his groin, relishing his squirming.

“Mmm, yer underwear shrunk in the wash again, eh lass?”

Zaiva bit her lip as he ran a calloused hand down the cleft of her ass, where her panties had nearly vanished into the cleavage of her doughy, fat buttocks. He was merely pretending she wasn't getting fatter, and she knew it, but she didn't care. She just wanted to be touched more, squeezed more, fondled more.

She was soaking wet from the way her outfit was compressing her tits, from the way her rock-hard nipples were rubbing against the inside of the fabric. She drained her beer, belched in a very un-Noble fashion, and bounced her ass up and down on the hardness rising in his trousers.

“As if you don't **urrrp** love it. You're all such perverts... Taking advantage of a girl like this...”

That night she went on a rampage, dragging patrons into the wine-cellar and into the pantry over and over. Various men left the tavern that evening with blissful grins, and Zaiva's thighs were soon splattered and dripping with sticky seed, which she haphazardly and drunkenly wiped with a bar napkin before staggering back onto the floor.

Gods, I love this job...

The patrons were pleased to find her back to her old tricks, after so many days of prudish, withdrawn “exercise Zaiva.” At one point, in a drunken haze, she accepted a bet that she couldn't burp the entire alphabet.

When she finally got to “Z,” she was cheered by the whole bar, and a fresh round of drinks magically appeared in front of her. She was the belle of the ball... and she was being *rewarded* for her slutty, unladylike, un-Noble-like behavior, a dangerous feedback loop that picked up speed as the evening went on...

At one point, she found herself chugging a bottle of wine, wearing her old half-ruined trousers with their leather seams split and fraying. A single button was all that kept them on her waist, and money was changing hands—a bet had been placed on how much wine she could drink before the button popped off.

Zaiva had no idea how she'd arrived at this point, or why she'd agreed to such a demeaning and humiliating act, but she knew one thing: She wanted more wine. And more cock. And this seemed like a pretty easy way to get both of those things.

In the corner of her eye, she saw Thorek at the bar. Seeing her chugging his booze, he marked another tally on the ZAIVA'S TAB blackboard behind him, which was already *covered* in tally marks. She rolled her eyes at him, gave him the finger... and kept chugging.

To hell with the debt. To hell with getting back to adventuring. This was where she belonged, where she excelled. All the dirty slutty instincts she'd ever had could be satisfied here, all her greedy hunger for earthly pleasures, and not only was it allowed, it was all *encouraged*. Why the hell would she want to leave? This place was heaven.

As she glugged back the last few drops of wine, huffing and puffing with sheer effort, the button popped off her trousers, her swollen belly sagging into her lap with a soft, flabby *plop*. Zaiva giggled drunkenly at it, poking at it.

“Damn, I really *hic* let myself go... **Bwuarrrrp**. ‘Scuse me.”

“Nonsense,” purred Maxine in her ear, soft pale hands reaching around to pat Zaiva's belly. “You look *great*, hun. Now have some more wine...”

Zaiva squirmed with delight as the woman nibbled her earlobe, swarmed with attention by the barmaids and patrons alike.

“Well, if you *hic*, if you inshisht...”



—

That night, Zaiva fell off the wagon, and she *kept* falling, finding a new low with every drink she downed, every greasy snack she gobbled up like a child set loose in a candy store.

Her worst instincts set loose, she became an absolute public nuisance, a slutty eating and drinking machine without a care in the world. Soon Thorek had to buy a second blackboard just to keep up with her mounting debts. And, of course, her slutty new uniform had to be let out and adjusted... and then adjusted again. And again. And again.

After a few weeks of this, it became apparent that Zaiva wasn't going to stop, or slow down. The betting pool as to how far she could go before hitting a wall became a moot point—there *was* no wall. Once unleashed, Zaiva Nixux was a terror, a beer-guzzling, food-inhaling engine of hedonism the likes of which no one in the city had ever seen.

But, of course, hedonism had its consequences. Zaiva rapidly went from merely tubby to *truly* fat, her belly expanding like dough rising in an oven, her ass and hips piling on pound after pound.

Her style began to change as well, bit by bit. She acquired large, gaudy hoop earrings and adjusted her hair to a ponytail style—easier to keep out of her eyes while sucking on various cocks all evening. She slapped on heavy makeup, eyeshadow and lipstick so gaudy that her former self would have been shocked.

She even acquired several new tattoos, including a tramp-stamp in the shape of a beer stein, although she couldn't say when and where she'd gotten them. Her days had become a blur of drinking, smoking Maxine's kush and gobbling countless platters from the kitchens. She had lost track of any goals and aspirations she might have had, her dignity left behind in the endless, constant quest for *more*. More pleasure, more dick, more everything.

One day she woke up in bed nude, with several of the barmaids draped over her, a glass dildo still jutting from her fattened loins, and she finally asked herself whether this was such a good idea.

She felt *huge*, her tits so big she could hardly see over them, the dome of her belly rising beyond them. At six foot seven, she had gone from a muscular two hundred and fifty pounds of thickness to a whopping, swollen, flabby four hundred and fifty pounds of woman. She didn't look *quite* as fat as a human would, due to her sheer height, but her Amazonian stature was rapidly being overtaken by flab. Maybe she should diet... Maybe she should slow down...

Then one of her lovers stirred awake and started sucking on her nipples, and Zaiva forgot all about such foolish notions.

Her breasts, not to be left behind by her deviant new lifestyle, grew so fat and swollen that her body subtly shifted into breeding mode, despite her contraceptives. Beads of milk began to appear on her nipples in the morning, and she employed an *especially* perverted, plump halfling girl named Bella to suckle her dry when they grew too swollen and leaky...

Too drunk to function half the time, she barely noticed when this new byproduct of her lifestyle leaked through her uniform; it wasn't uncommon to see her staggering through the bar with her bustline stained by titty-milk. The patrons began referring to her as the "Dairy Queen," a moniker she found annoying but also kind of hilarious, when she was drunk enough.

Finally, after untold weeks of this decadence, she found she had a problem: She was growing too large to fit into her usual "quickie" spots. The pantry, already a tight squeeze for a woman her stature, was growing nearly impossible to cram herself into. Yet she continued to do so, unwilling to acknowledge her growing body, the shadow of the old Zaiva showing herself as her denial kicked in. She could never grow too fat to fuck in a closet, for the Gods's sakes, that was simply ridiculous.

Except, one day, she did.

Trying to follow a well-hung lover out of the pantry back to the tavern floor, Zaiva found her progress suddenly arrested by a squeezing sensation at her hips. She glanced down through a blur of alcohol to find that her hips, grown massively fat on Thorek's bar food, were actually wedged in the tiny doorway, her bloated ass literally grown too blubbery to squeeze through.

She struggled and wriggled, whimpering and grunting, but to no avail. She had stuck herself in the gap like an overfed bear coming out of winter hibernation and getting stuck in the exit of its lair. With the smell of sex wafting around her, and one breast hanging out of the top of her uniform, Zaiva caved to necessity and called for her one true confidant, the woman she *always* called when her growing body presented new problems that had to be excused and soothed away.

“Maxiiiiine! I’m... *urRRrrp*, I’m *hic*, I got shtuck!”

Maxine appeared shortly with her usual retinue of horny lackeys, the barmaids giggling as they watched Zaiva struggle to free herself. Maxine bit her lip, watching Zaiva’s huge tits flops around as the fat elf fought to get out.

“Uh oh... Did somebody get a little too chubby to fit into her fuck-closet?”

Zaiva whimpered, giving Maxine her best doe-eyes, but the woman seemed unmoved. She was in a cruel mood today, and Zaiva knew that when Maxine was in a cruel mood, two things would happen: first, Zaiva would probably cum *several* times, and second, she would be left panting and humiliated by her friend, tormented and teased to within an inch of her life.

To be honest, she was already growing wet realizing how embarrassing this was... and the pressure, the squeezing of the door against her hips like a lecher’s grasping arms...

“Maxine, *pleeeeee*, I’m hungry, I wanna get out an’ get dinner... *Urrp*...”

“Hungry? You literally ate half the pantry while you were in there!!”

Zaiva drunkenly blew a strand of white hair out of her face, brushing crumbs off her double-chin as she wagged her finger at Maxine.

“That was jush... just a shnack, Maxine, I want real dinner. A roast pheasant and some more wine to wash it down with... I’m parched...”

Maxine snorted.

“I’ll bet. Come on, girls, our prize piggy has gotten herself stuck in her pig pen...”

And in moments there were hands all over Zaiva, fondling her, stroking her fat rolls, squeezing her hips. Frankly, they seemed less interested in getting her out than in using her as a stress-toy... which her soft, flabby, overfed body was perfectly suited for.

Zaiva moaned as the bar’s halfling and goblin barmaids slipped between her massive thighs, moving behind her to whistle and pinch at her huge, wobbling buttocks.

“C’monnn, guys, I need to *hic*, I need to get back to my shift...”

“Zaiva. Sweetie.”

Maxine leaned in, kissing Zaiva passionately. When she broke away, Zaiva was panting with lust, her thighs shaking.

“You haven’t served a single drink in a month. Your shift is just an excuse for the patrons to play with you. Be honest with yourself—you want to get back on the floor so you can suck more cock. Don’t you?”

Zaiva bit her lip. Even in her advanced state of drugged, drunken debauchery, she still held out small islands of resistance to Maxine’s charms. She couldn’t admit the truth: that Maxine was right.

Even now, as the barmaids fondled her and tongues ran up the inside of her thighs, she was already fantasizing about her *next* sexual feast, too greedy to even rest on the moment.

“N-no...”

Maxine kissed her again, deeper this time, cupping Zaiva’s fat face with her hands, pinching her double chin.

“Admit it, and I’ll have the girls get the butter and squeeze you out. Otherwise we’ll leave you there, cock-free, for the rest of the night...”

Zaiva’s eyes widened. In her intoxicated state, being denied cock was equivalent

to being denied oxygen. She *needed* it, she needed to be rammed and filled up, she needed to hump and rut and plow and *fuck*. Whimpering, she confessed to her sins, nodding helplessly.

“Y-yeah, fine, I want cock. I want it bad. I want it so bad...”

“Good girl! Now, was that so hard?”

She whistled for Bella, and the halfling fetched a tub of butter. By the time they were done, Zaiva’s greased hips popped free, she had cum several times from the teasing and cruelty.

The next man she found as her prey experienced a wild ride in the wine cellar... which was, at this rate, the only space large enough for Zaiva to fuck in. It wasn’t long before she began “covertly” fucking patrons in the bar itself, sitting in their laps and sliding their dicks into her soft, drooling pussy.

She was insatiable, a machine of sexual conquests, draining men dry every night until the bar was filled to bursting with eager perverts. But there was a limit to everything: Zaiva was getting fat. *Very* fat. It was clear to both Thorek and Maxine that soon, their prize sex cow would become a sex blimp, and then her value as a money-maker would sharply drop...

And so, Thorek came up with a new business plan for his number-one slut.

“Zaiva, your tab is getting a bit out of hand... But I’m a businessman. So, let’s work out a business solution to this.”

Zaiva blinked. Was that Thorek? She was on the floor of the bar again—it was after closing time, and she had drunk herself unconscious once more, only awaking now because a goblin was sliding the neck of a wine-bottle into her mouth.

From the sticky fluids all over her, it seemed the bar patrons had used her as a communal jerking-off fuel. It was flattering, really; she daubed some of the dripping semen with her finger and licked it, grinning stupidly.

Mmm... Yummy...

“Zaiva? You paying attention?”

She pivoted her unsteady focus up to Thorek, and tried to sit up. This was made difficult by the massive hill of her belly, which gurgled and groaned with countless meals. Her towering frame had finally tipped over from rubenesque to obese—she was over five hundred pounds of woman now, and counting. She moved slower, she even *fucked* slower, so out of shape and overfed that even her number-one skill was growing clumsy and awkward with her sheer size.

The fat had stopped packing onto her tits and ass and hips, and had begun to spread to other places on her body. Namely, her belly and arms had grown blubbery and soft, her biceps dangling with fat, her gut reaching nearly to her knees. Even her ankles and wrists had grown chubby, and Thorek smirked as she reached for half a baked potato that had fallen into her cleavage, munching on it mindlessly as they talked.

“Yeah, I’m *urrrrp*, I’m listening. What’s up?”

“I’ve got some friends who do a lot of... experimental brewing. So to speak. Alchemists, in need of a willing assistant to their projects. I’ve decided that for every one of their potions you drink, I’ll take one drink or meal off your tab. Understand?”

This exchange rate took a minute to penetrate Zaiva’s drunken brain, but eventually she nodded, belching and wiping her saliva-slicked lips.

“That’s sounds like a pretty good *HIC*, good deal!”

Thorek nodded. It was almost too easy, he thought—if he’d had a moral compass, he would have felt bad tricking the fat, greedy elf into further debasing herself. But she’d done this to herself, he had never forced her to glut herself into a stupor. Zaiva was simply greedy, and if she hadn’t wound up on the floor of his bar covered in jizz, she probably would have done the same somewhere else.

“That’s my girl. Your first test session is tonight—they want to test a levitation potion on you. At least... they’re *pretty* sure it’s a levitation potion. So make sure you get lots of rest today, okay?”

“You got it, boss...”

And Zaiva passed out again, the last scrap of the baked potato tumbling out of her hand. The rattling fat-girl snores she emitted made Thorek wince. And to think *this* swollen, fat, stupid lump had once been a Drow noble...

“Haul her out of here, girls. Set up a bed for her in the wine cellar, and lodgings—she spends most of her time down there, anyway. Might as well make her feel at home...”



Zaiva *loved* her job. After being moved permanently to the wine cellar, she had two jobs: First, she gorged herself silly and guzzled ale all day. Maxine claimed this was “to keep her lovely figure,” but Zaiva didn’t really care about the justification anymore. With the money coming in, the tavern was able to afford renovations, better ale... *and* a whole group of new cooks, who kept the food flowing down to Thorek’s “special moneymaker” day in, and day out.

Thorek had realized something about Zaiva: despite her increasingly shocking size, the bigger she got, the *hornier* she became. And so, he could turn customers in and out of her “chambers” more and more frequently, the more he fed her.

Even though these customers were growing more and more unsavory—perverted Nobles, curious Incubi on vacation, and hulking centaurs looking for a woman who could *really* take a pounding—Thorek found their gold perfectly satisfactory. And Zaiva, it seemed, was overjoyed to “entertain” them for a few hours. Not that any of them ever *lasted* more than an hour or two, in bed with her. The woman was insatiable, ravenous for male seed.

And luckily for Thorek, she didn’t discriminate—she also took female partners, sometimes several partners at once. Zaiva was a one-woman brothel, her blubbery assets

the perfect tonic for the perverse and the depraved, and Thorek was making money hand over fist on her.

Of course, it wasn't enough to simply use his pet obese elf to turn tricks. No, she had to be optimized. And so, just as Thorek had promised, Zaiva became a guinea pig for the local alchemists' guild.

The potions she ingested were experimental, even risky... but as it happened, the troublesome laws and regulations of the surface world did not apply to an under-worlder. The drow were not protected by the local king's decrees, and so the alchemists could feed the drunken elf as many as they liked, unconcerned by ethics.

And Zaiva certainly wasn't complaining. In her tipsy, addled mind, she was convinced she was pulling one over on Thorek. That stupid half-orc had given her an opportunity to simply potion-chug away her debt? What a fool! Soon she would break free of her debts, lose this pesky weight, and resume her glorious adventuring career.

Now, if only she could stand up properly, first...

"I feel... *URARrrrrRP*, I feel funny..."

The female goblin artificer in front of her nodded, making notes on a clipboard. Zaiva had been "dressed up" for the artificer's visit, in the scraps of her old, shredded thief outfit... although one bloated breast had popped free, jiggling every time Zaiva hiccuped.

Maxine stood in the corner, counting the alchemist's payment, and watching with undisguised schadenfreude as Zaiva's eyes glazed over and she shivered, her massive belly gurgling with countless mixed potions.

The alchemist prodded Zaiva's stomach, eliciting a sickly groan and wet belch from the obese elf...

"Please describe your symptoms, test subject."

"I feel... Heh. I feel *tingly*..."

Zaiva whimpered and squirmed, and Maxine raised an eyebrow as the elf raised her flabby arms to her mammoth breasts, rubbing them, massaging them.

“My titties feel... Heavy, full... UARRP...”

“Hmm.” The goblin tapped her chin with her feather-quill. “That will be the lactation. This potion mixture should solve the hunger crisis in the lowlands by producing a high-calorie cream byproduct in the consumer’s mammary glands... A bit embarrassing, but highly effective...”

Zaiva struggled to follow the goblin’s logic, but there were so many big words in that sentence.

It was getting hard for her to parse big words, lately. The combination of constant food, drugs, booze and now potions had reduced her once-impressive intellect down to a dull-witted, greedy simplicity...

Besides, she was a little too distracted right now to focus on conversation. The tingling in her breasts increased to a pulsing, erotic warmth, and she whimpered as the warmth moved into her nipples... and Maxine stared in surprise as Zaiva’s tits began to leak a thick, creamy milk, which dribbled and plopped into the goblin’s pre-arranged sample cups like melting ice cream.

“Test subject. Please taste the results.”

As Zaiva reached for one of the sample jars, Maxine coughed, sidling up behind the goblin.

“Are you sure that’s... Safe?”

The goblin ignored her, making a mark on the clipboard.

“Recipients of the potion must be able to feed the results to their offspring and family members. We have to ensure it doesn’t have... Unusual effects. Safe for *her*, though? No idea. Let’s find out.”

Zaiva sipped some of the warm, almost gooey liquid, feeling it slide down her throat... and her eyes widened in pleased surprise.

“It’sh all *boozy!* Jush’ like... a cream liquor, or somethin’!”

The goblin sighed, making another note.

“Alcoholic content is not optimal... But interesting. We’ll be back tomorrow for another round of tests.”

Maxine watched as the goblin packed up her sample jars into a Briefcase of Holding, and paused as the alchemist headed for the cellar stairs.

“Wait... You’re just going to leave her like this?”

The goblin snorted, glancing over her shoulder.

“She’ll be fine. The side effects should wear off in twelve hours or so.”

“Twelve hours? She’s got... uhh, ‘customers’ before that!”

The goblin smirked.

“Then you’d better hope they’re thirsty.”

Zaiva was now eagerly guzzling her own milk, groaning with pleasure as she squeezed one nipple to fill a tavern cup to overflowing with her own booze-filled lactation.

“Oof. I better tell Thorek to change the fuck schedule to the *most* perverted clients, then...”

And she left Zaiva in her bed-throne, the drunken elf gorging on her own creamy discharge, giggling happily and without a care in the world.

Over the next few weeks, Zaiva imbibed strange and mysterious substances again and again... Secure in the knowledge that she'd tricked Maxine and Thorek, confident that *this* would be her ticket to a debt-free life, the elf tried everything and anything.

Her life became a blur of alcohol, food, and potion guzzling, her now-spotty memory flashing between strange moments as she sucked things into her body that her former self never would have dared.

The days wore on, in a blur of strange sensations and new experiences...

One potion gave her hooves and a pair of bovine hooves, and Maxine had a good laugh watching her jiggle around, hooves clacking on the wine-cellar floor, stumbling against casks and resisting the sudden and strange urge to moo like a cow until the potion wore off...

Another potion caused her breasts to multiply in number, four additional soft leaky teats sprouting below her normal pair. Zaiva was drunkenly delighted with the sensation of squeezing four new nipples, and insisted her partners that night drink from them, "because I got more milk now an' it feelsh nice to get 'em shucked on..."

A third potion caused her skin to change color, flashing between green and purple and blue and hot-pink, while her mouth overflowed with multicolored bubbles and a hazy, hallucinatory fog settled over her...

But by far, Zaiva's favorite potion was the "Intelligence Reduction Admixture," a tactical potion designed to be slipped into the drinks of diplomats or enemy alchemists and scientists.

Its effects were simple: it reduced the mental capacities of the imbiber, making thoughts fuzzy and hazy, and Zaiva *loved* combining it with alcohol. The resulting fugue of stupidity allowed her to lounge in blissful, giggling idiocy all day long, not a single thought in her head, drinking herself horizontal and spreading her legs for anyone who entered her field of vision.

Soon, it became clear Zaiva was reaching the limits of her usefulness to the tavern. She was growing so fat that standing up without Maxine's help was difficult... and her sheer food and booze intake was putting a dent in the bar's profits. The woman simply

did not spend a single moment without food or a drink in her hand, and eventually it became too much for Thorek.

Standing over Zaiva's nude, drunken, flabby form, the orc and his human mistress discussed what to do with her, as if Zaiva wasn't even there. Zaiva, for her part, had binged on half a dozen potions the alchemist had left with her; the world had become a swirling mass of pretty colors and distorted hazes, and her pussy was *gushing* with warm feelings of sensual delight. Slurring and giggling, she reached under her massive apron-belly and masturbated herself even as the pair decided on her eventual fate.

"Look at her, Thorek. Soon she'll be too fat to fit up the damned cellar stairs. Last week she got stuck and it took two whole buckets of melted butter to grease her loose..."

The orc stroked his patchy goatee, licking his lips as he watched Zaiva's fingers plunge in and out of her overfed womanhood, the elf squealing and moaning and even drooling a little as she worked herself toward climax.

"It's true, lass. This greedy fat fuck has taken up too much of my time and effort as of late... I think it's time we send her to my friends up north, on the farm..."

Farm...?

Zaiva's booze-and-potion-addled brain barely registered the word, but there was a flicker of concern at the back of her mind as she furiously rubbed her clit and finger-fucked her own bloated, jiggly pussy, grunting and moaning like an animal in heat.

"Are you sure, Thorek? What if she has friends that come looking for her there?"

The orc snorted, watching derisively as Zaiva reached for a wine bottle with her spare hand, glugging it down in greedy, throat-stretching mouthfuls.

"It's been almost a year, Maxine. If she does have any pals, they ain't coming for her. It's time to get her where she belongs..."

Maxine bit her lip. Truth be told, she'd grown a little addicted to Zaiva's flabby body as of late, and it would be a shame to lose her. The warm waves of sensuality put off by the half-demon drow were clearly magical in nature, and Maxine loved bathing in that

pheromone-riddled aura, the squirming and perpetually horny Zaiva serving as her personal sex-toy and an outlet for all the most sadistic and depraved fantasies Maxine could come up with. They would never have another “employee” quite like this one.

“I suppose you’re right. But let’s give her a proper send-off, yeah? One last romp with the customers—she has so many regulars at this point, they deserve to be able to say a nice firm, vigorous ‘goodbye’ to her.”

Thorek nodded, tossing a slice of buttered bread coated in melted cheese at the drow as if she were a dog. Zaiva immediately grabbed it and gobbled it down, crumbs falling into her doughy cleavage, fat thighs jiggling and clenching as she rose closer to orgasm, eyes distant and bleary.

“Good point. Let’s give her one last hurrah... After all, we’ve never taken her upstairs and shown her off, have we? I think she’d like that... Or at least, what’s *left* of her will like it...”

He knelt down beside the moaning, wobbling butterball of a drow and whispered in her ear, reaching down to squeeze one of her fat belly-rolls. At the touch of his rough hands on her soft, succulent fat, Zaiva squealed and her hips bucked. She loved having her gut man-handled, especially during sex, as if it were one huge erogenous zone.

“How about it, big girl? You want us to take you upstairs and let the whole bar have their way with you?”

Zaiva stopped eating and guzzling and masturbating just long enough to slur, “Oh yes, please, oh gods yes” before she once again lapsed into gluttonous, shameless, filthy greed and clit-rubbing.

Thorek rose, satisfied.

“Alright, Maxine... Spread the word around. Make sure everyone knows this is the last hurrah... And tell them not to be gentle with her. I think she’s rather grown to like the rough treatment. Haven’t you, piggy?”

He slapped her wobbling gut, *hard*, and Zaiva immediately came buckets, soaking the silk sheets she lay on, her head lolling back, mouth dropping open.

“Mmmmfuuuuuh-huuuck!”

“Thought so.”



And so, the preparations were made for Zaiva’s farewell tour. The bar was stocked with the finest liquor, festive trappings were set up all over. Bribes to the local guards were provided, in order to make sure they ignored the horny squealing from the tavern for the night. And once all the horniest patrons were gathered—men and women who specifically had sought out the tavern for the use of its now-legendary fattest whore in town—Thorek made the grand introduction of his prize pig.

She emerged from the cellar slowly, with difficulty. Walking was getting so *hard* these days, after the atrophy of her once-strong adventuring muscles. And Zaiva was getting so very, very, *very* fat. Fatter than she’d ever dreamed of being in her worst anxiety nightmares.



At nearly seven hundred pounds, she was an immense, wobbling mass of drow-flesh, her cheeks round and puffy, her triple-chin plump and jiggly. Her belly had finally eclipsed her tits completely, hanging in a massive apron down to her knees. Her legs were bloated with fat-rolls, wobbling pillars of feminine blubber.

The heavy *thud, thud* of her footfalls sounded in breathless silence as the patrons watched her slowly emerge from her basement lair. Her breasts had been decorated with tasseled pasties, the adhesive patches dripping with milk at the sides where her leaky nipples were constantly drooling milk. Several barmaids in the corners of the tavern licked their lips eagerly as they watched those droplets splatter to the floor—the girls had recently begun to take “hits” off Zaiva’s milk after end of shift, and they had already been Pavlov-trained to get excited when they saw their little “walking milk tank” sloshing towards them.

Zaiva got stuck on the last step out of the cellar—her massive, doughy hips wedged firmly in the doorway, and she whimpered helplessly, struggling to push through. She'd been slamming intelligence-draining potions all day, and she roughly had the intelligence of a barnyard pig at this point; it was only when Maxine and several other women heaved against her fat ass from behind that Zaiva finally popped through, to the cheers and delight of the assembled crowd.

Wheezing and gasping, her fat chest heaving, Zaiva was quickly surrounded by lecherous admirers. Everyone wanted to grab one of her rolls or squeeze her enormous, fat ass; she had been kept in the cellar for a reason, after all. Due to her part-succubus nature, she was naturally alluring to everyone around her, even when morbidly obese; Thorek had figured this out early on and kept her out of sight in order to prevent her from causing a daily orgy in his business.

But today was an exception. Today, a large banner overhead read “FINAL DAY OF THE FREE-USE SLUT” and Thorek had waived all charges for “enjoying” Zaiva. And the bar was stocked with plate upon plate of Zaiva's favorite foods—roast pheasant, thick steaming racks of barbecue, all the potato salad she could possibly eat. The obese elf openly salivated on seeing this feast, and despite her desire to simply stay and receive carnal attention, she was compelled to waddled over to the bar immediately.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Her heavy footfalls made their way to the feast awaiting her; her massive belly knocked barstools aside as she bellied up to the bar and sank her greedy fingers into a bowl of steaming, barbecue-sauce-slathered pulled pork. She ate mindlessly, ravenously, utterly drenched in bliss as the patrons crowded in behind her.

Behind the bar, Thorek had installed a long mirror, in order to show her what she'd done to herself. Zaiva stared in dumb, pig-like idiocy at the massively obese shape in the mirror. Was that *her*? Was that vast, milk-oozing, sauce-splattered fat fuck really Zaiva Nixux?

Damn, she thought with mixed disgust and perverse pride. *I got fucking FAT.*

And that was the last coherent thought she had for the entire evening. Because the “PUBLIC USE SLUT” part of the banner was entirely accurate: Thorek was allowing full

access to his prize piggy at last, and men and women jostled for a piece of her. While her pussy was claimed by a burly half-ogre man who shoved the others out of the way, it was quickly discovered she had plenty of rolls and folds to fuck. Soon her cunt was overflowing with ogre-cock and Zaiva was pushed up against the bar by the pressure of her girthy partner and the half-dozen other drunken, randy men who were sliding their cocks into the fat, doughy folds of her sides.

“Mmmmgodsh YESH...”

Jiggling, wobbling, moaning, Zaiva began the greatest binge of her life, a no-holds-barred, sloppy gorging rampage. She shoved her face into bowls of beef stew, glugging and guzzling; she gobbled down fist-fulls of cornbread and hamburger hash; she slurped down sausages and bratwurst and guzzled beer by the gallon. She was unstoppable, a freight train of gluttony, and not even the frequent orgasms that rolled through her massive, wobbling body could slow her down.

But eventually the pleasure of cocks ramming into her over and over started to distract her from her gluttony, and her eating became slow and clumsy. That was when the barmaids took over.

“Aw, poor thing, are you getting tired?”

“Fatty like you shouldn’t get so excited, your poor tubby legs will give out...”

Eager, petite hands carried more food to her mouth and Zaiva simply opened her lips, chewed and swallowed, too aroused to think, too drugged and drunk to speak. She consumed and consumed until her belly groaned and ached, and still it wasn’t enough, she needed *more*, she had to have *so much more*. The pendulous sack of her massive gut bounced back and forth as she was plowed and cream-pied again and again by musky, horny men; her fat pussy was oozing with seed, overflowing with it, a waterfall of thick white semen dripping down her thighs and pattering to the floor.

Eventually her pasties were removed and the barmaids began to drink “straight from the tap,” as they called it: sucking down Zaiva’s thick, gelatinous, alcohol-filled milk straight from her dangling udders. Some of the girls had been a bit over-eager in the past few weeks when indulging, and these women were already growing fat and round on Zaiva’s creamy discharge, swollen bellies bulging out of their barmaid uniforms. They

suckled and gorged on her milk until every single one of them was bloated, drunk and struggling to stand; patrons who couldn't get access to Zaiva's much-prized pussy contented themselves with bending a chubby barmaid over a nearby table and ramming into her dripping womanhood again and again.

It was chaos, absolute orgiastic pandemonium. For his part, Thorek was fucking Maxine behind the bar, the freckled boss-lady of the tavern grunting and groaning as she spit-roasted herself on his thick, Orcish cock. She hadn't been immune to indulging in Zaiva's milk, and Thorek grinned as he noticed how wide and round her ass was getting, how her plump stomach jiggled as she humped him.

“Mmm, best lay off the titty-booze, Maxine... Yer gettin' kinda fat...”

“Ffffuck, sh-shut up and fuck me... Yes, yes, *yes*...”

Soon Zaiva was so drunk, gorged and bloated that she was belching every time a patron rammed into her and nudged her massively over-indulged gut up against the bar. Hiccups emerged from her crumb-splattered lips as the alcohol began to get to her; eventually she laid her head down on the bar, disheveled hair splayed everywhere, a drunken idiot smile on her lips as she was filled up again... and again... and again. Every hot load of seed squirted into her greedy womb gave her another thigh-clenching, open-mouthed orgasm. She'd cum so many times that she was drunk with endorphins as well as potions and booze, her brain an absolute soup of giddy moronic pleasure.

She passed out there, still standing, and the patrons pulled over a couch to rest her knees on so they could keep fucking her. She stayed like that all night, just a fat swollen bloated cumdump for everyone to use and abuse. Body-writing on her side, scrawled in lipstick and charcoal, read things like “FAT JIZZWHORE” and “CUMDRUNK BLIMP.” Even while passed out, Zaiva still whimpered in pleasure and occasionally the phrase “*harder*” slurred from her drooling lips.

By the end of the night, almost every man in town—and plenty of women—had gotten to use Thorek's prize whore in one way or another. And when the next day came... when the dust finally settled, and the bar was cleaned up... Zaiva's immense, snoring form was loaded into a cart and pulled slowly north, to her final destination.

Adventure's End Farms.



—

Zaiva awoke in a groggy, gradual fog of confusion, stirring awake. She felt... Was that hay, underneath her? The smell of a barn surrounded her. She felt a little hungover... and still so very, very dumb. Where was she? Why was there a cowbell around her neck?

“Pleasure doing business with you, Abner.”

“Same to you, Thorek. You say this cow used to be a thief?”

There was the clink of gold changing hands. Gold... Zaiva had once loved gold so much. But gold was nothing compared to the delights of food and booze. She became dimly aware there was neither resource anywhere near her, and whimpered in childish protest.

“Oh yes, she was the number-one grease-monkey for a number of crews... And for a while she was even a *barmaid*, if you can believe it.”

A surprised whistle came from above her, where two blurry forms were looking down on her, with mixed admiration and pity.

“This fat load, a barmaid? Well, I never. She certainly produces plenty of milk, though—good thing, too, we needed a new cow. Lactation curses are pretty rare, so it’ll be nice to have her rounding out our stock...”

“Glad you like her, Abner. Well, I’ll be on my way now. Take good care of her—she was my tavern mascot, for a while, and I’m quite fond of her...”

“Will do. Have a safe journey back to town, Thorek.”

Zaiva's vision cleared and she saw a burly, sun-tanned human man with a chiseled, youthful face looking down at her. He wore overalls and not much else; a straw hat was on his head, and he was chewing on a strand of buckwheat, admiring his new purchase.

“Hey there, little cow. What's your name?”

“I... I...”

This was an easy question, one she should have answered readily. She had answered it many times: Zaiva Nixux, scion of House Nixux, peril of the shadows and deadly thief and assassin. But for some reason, the words didn't come.

“I'm... I, uh... I dunno.”

The man smirked as she scratched her head, looking around in bovine confusion.

“Ahh, had a few too many brain-drain potions, huh? You're not the only one, a lot of our girls here hit the juice too hard. Don't worry—you don't need to think, here on the Farm. Now, how about a nice hearty meal?”

Food? FOOD!!

Zaiva was immediately on alert. She sat up as best she could under the burden of over six hundred pounds of fat, jiggling with excitement, her dumb face lit up with eagerness.

“Food, yes! Hungry. Gimme, gimme! Want food!”

“Easy there, girl! Easy there. Let me just start the slop sluice for ya...”

A trough nearby churned with activity, and a metal pipe disgorged a slurry of leftovers. Half-eaten chicken thighs, thick gruel, corn-cobs and chunks of beef splattered into the trough.

Zaiva hesitated... but only for a moment. Any guilt and disgust she felt was immediately overwhelmed by the side of her that was, fully and completely, just a dumb cow.

Food good. Food yummy. Gimme, gimme, gimme!!

She heaved herself onto her belly and slowly crawled her way to the trough. There was a cushioned indentation there for her head, and she lowered her fat face into it, sticking her mouth into the slop. It was... Surprisingly good. She began chewing and swallowing and all her discomfort vanished. Food was yummy, food was everything. She needed it, she loved it. Food was her entire life.

“Good cow. Eat up, get nice and big... You’re so skinny, poor thing. Don’t worry, we’ll fix that.”

She heard the sound of buttons being undone, and overalls being tossed aside with a soft thump. And then her big, soft, wet pussy was slowly impaled by the largest human cock she’d ever experienced. Her eyes widened and she cooed with enjoyment as Abner slid inside her, introducing her to the pleasures of the Farm in the best way he knew how.

“Ahh, you’re a tight one... We’re going to get *such* good use out of you. Now moo for me, little cow. Show me you know your place.”

There was a moment of indignation. How dare this human speak to her in such a way?! But then his cock began ramming her in earnest, and all of Zaiva’s resistance disappeared. She would do *anything* for more of that cock, anything for more of this delicious, belly-filling slop. Anything at all.

“Mmm... Uh, moo? M-mooo... Mmmf, yesss, MOOO!”

Other cows in neighboring pens heard Zaiva being pleased, and began to moo as well, eager for Abner to give them their turn. And the sun passed over another day at the Farm... a place where cursed and obese adventurers always, somehow, wound up. To live out their days in utter mindless ecstasy.

To Zaiva, it was the best end to her career she could’ve possibly imagined.

~
THE END... FOR NOW...
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