

The kobold was feeling confident as he slunk across the stone floors, carefully avoiding the carpeting in the room as he recognized the patterns on the intricate colored weaving included arcane traps. It was delicate work, particularly keeping his tail from touching anything, but the little purple-scaled thief managed as he crept through the tower's trophy room.

Scaling the walls had been the easy part, it turned out. Most Wizard towers had the doorways warded to the Nine Hells and back again and this one was no different, and the kobold was *pretty sure* they felt a dispelling field around the window that was probably meant to make people trying to use magic to fly in either via spell or as a bird plummet to their death below. But just.. climbing up the wall, the old fashioned way?

“..Simple is best sometimes, especially when your target overthinks things. Now, what to.. ooh- that. Yup, we're starting with that~”

It was hard to go wrong with gold. Kobolds tended to have an eye for that and gems anyway, and it was among the easiest possible type of loot to fence. Even if it wasn't enchanted, the thing – it looked an awful lot like a fertility idol of some kind – would be worth something by sheer value of weight of materials alone. If he really had to he could just *drop* the thing from the window and still make a profit. So the kobold crept past two more sprawls of subtly warded carpeting, ducked under a light beam from a window that was sporting similar spells and looked like normal moonlight streaming in, and plucked the idol off its stand to put inside their pack. From there, they got to picking out what else looked good. Gemstones were still high priority.

That priority shifted when, as the kobold reached up to try and collect a few pieces of jewelry encrusted with such stones, they realized their belly was bumping into the stand and their thighs were touching each other. A cold chill and a tingle ran through them. The chill was fear, the tingle was a trace of magic they could just barely feel coming from.. somewhere – something. They'd tripped *something* and it was time to leave.

“Crap.. crap, damn.. damn wizard *nonsense!* Time to go!”

Taking off at a sprint across the 'safest' path they had, the kobold exited the trophy room slower than they liked. Particularly since, as they reached the hallway, their body was getting too clumsily fat to sprint at all. Every time they put their foot down on the stone floor their body quivered a bit more than last time, their belly shook and wobbled, their ass rippled. It was making them out of breath, and would've ruined their clothing if it weren't that *that* was changing too. Some

part of the kobold was deeply annoyed to watch their expensive, fitted leather armor withering away into some kind of skimpy loincloth – but it sure was easier to move in. The real problem came when, standing before the window he'd climbed into, the kobold tried to push themselves through it and realized their ass was too damn fat to fit. They pushed and struggled, grunting and straining and squirming, and then fell right back into the hall with their loot tumbling to the ground next to them.

..After which their body started to feel curiously light. Enough so that it started lifting off the floor, a faint gleam of magic dancing around them as they watched their body thicken all over. Inch by inch, pound by pound, and.. other changes as well. A squirming clench inside left the kobold squeezing their thighs together just in time to feel their cock pulling back across them, tugging itself inward, making way for a throbbing cleft. Their chest started to gather more of the fat growing onto their frame than did the rest of their body, forming itself into two *heavy* breasts resting atop a pillowy middle. They could only guess at how fat their tail was getting since they couldn't quite turn their head enough past the growing pile of rolls their neck was packing onto itself. Their body was already three times the size it had been and it was *still growing*.

“You know.. you did rather well, actually. At least, in terms of recognizing the traps. The cursed objects, though? You'd think after so many thieves entered here *one of you* would recognize an Idol of Fat Whores when you saw one.”

It was the Wizard, it had to be. The kobold couldn't imagine the smug tone coming from anyone else, and as far as he knew there was nobody else in the tower.

“D-damn you, let me go! J-just.. take the stuff back and let me go, please? I-I'm just-”

Whatever effect was holding the fattening kobold aloft started to shake them gently up and down. Their whole frame shook, flesh slapped against flesh, wild outbursts of overstimulated sensation hammered at their mind as they sank further into the body of precisely what had just been described.. a fat whore.

“I *could* you know, only the first trigger has been set off. An anti-curse measure would still leave you with the *body* of an eight-hundred pound broodmare slut but it's the second part that really ruins you.”

That chill worked its way far deeper as the thief-turned-fatass heard those words. They squirmed in the air, helpless, feeling the hands of the Wizard graze their ass gently.. then smack it hard enough to make the thief's entire body quake and jiggle.

“G-gah! Please, just.. that.. I'll take that, Just don't do.. whatever the.. the other thing-”

The Wizard belted out a laugh from behind the kobold and leaned both hands into their ass this time, patting them, shaking them.. grabbing shamelessly.

“Oh, hah! No, no no my dear. I just like my new fat whores to understand this whole thing before it happens. See, the first person you lay eyes on after you change? You imprint on them as your master, and then your *mind* goes the way of all Fat Whores. So, I'll pick out a new name for you and then..”

The hands on her ass gave the kobold a spin in the air. Helpless, she twisted about and didn't think in time to shut her eyes before she was left staring at that damned Wizard.. a golden-eyed squirrel in black robes, the front of which was wide open with the squirrel's cock at full mast.

True to the Wizard's word, the moment the kobold saw them something in their mind clicked hard into place and they felt a vast, soft emptiness in the back of their mind. A new name? Why would they need that? Their old one was.. fine. It.. she could serve her Master with her old name, if.. she could-

“I.. N-no, I'm.. I'm still just.. P-please, please let me go- M...Master? I, I can.. Could I serve you out there, since I'm still.. I.. what- who am..”

Each moment they stared at that squirrel with his sharp grin the Fat Whore felt more of their mind withering. Their name just refused to come to mind, and there'd been an impulse that lingered about leaving – getting free- that she felt twisting itself even as her mouth struggled to form the right words for her thoughts, as they changed mid-sentence. Free of her Master? That seemed silly, but serving them.. out there?

“I can just about see the old wheels in your head *trying* to turn, it's adorable. What would you even *do* though? Be the worlds fattest, sluttiest, whore of a thief? I think it might go poorly for you darling. Why don't you just turn around and show your Master what you *are* good for, hmm?”

The spell holding them up in the air ended abruptly. Dropping to the ground, the Fat Whore of a kobold's entire body bounced and clapped against itself before she started to struggle up to her feet, planting her hands on the nearest wall and bending over, putting all her strength into lifting her massive tail out of the way and letting it rest on one side of the still thickening shelf of an ass she was sporting now. It had never even occurred to her not to obey. All she could think about was the sight of her Master's dick and letting it get inside her.

Which it did, immediately. The Wizard rushed up, burying his slim frame between the Fat Whore's monstrous ass and finding what he wanted buried under it. The kobold's whole frame shook again, this time from the moan that bubbled up from inside them as their brand new cunt was spread open for the first time and they felt *complete*. Content, happy, put to their true purpose. A soft, heavy thing for her Master to put his dick into.

The way her whole frame shook like waves when he started pounding up to the hilt in her left the Fat Whore happier than she ever remembered being, and that was *before* he came inside her. One grinding thrust after another, each one taking some old part of her and leaving it dust in the wake of all this magic and pleasure, each one driving her thoughts out of her head like sheep fleeing a wolf. As soon as she felt that, felt the heat from his delight fill her belly and felt him rest his weight against her ass and smack her side as he ground away at her, the Fat Whore broke inside. Some tiny, dying part of her whispered its way out of her mind thinking 'damn.. my ass is **huge**' with a voice that no longer felt like hers.

Her voice was something far more sultry, submissive, and simplistic. When her Master rose up and stepped back she clenched herself tight to keep everything he'd left behind inside, then straightened up and gave her Master a sultry little waddle before she turned and let her belly slosh wildly to and fro while she tried to look 'petite and cute' at eight hundred pounds.

"T-Thank you Master! Can.. can..."

Confusion blossomed on the Fat Whore's face. She grasped in her mind for something..

"I think we'll call you.. Glossy-Ass. Those scales of yours are *so soft* for being as shiny as they are. Now. Time for Glossy-Ass Whore to meet the rest of her family."

Glossy-Ass Whore's whole sense of self lit up in warmth at hearing her name, enough so that she almost missed it when her Master snapped his fingers and a flash of light left her elsewhere. Transported to a room covered in pillows and silks.. and Fat Whores. There were at least.. a.. a lot of others! Glossy-Ass Whore tried to count but she only had eight fingers and there were at least two more than that and she couldn't stop getting distracted by all their tits and the way they shook a bit when they looked up and saw her. And their Master.

The whole room rang out with that word at the same time. A dozen voices, give or take.

"Hello, darlings! Look what Master has for you! Another Fat Whore for the mix. Gods, you thieves are the dumbest and most predictable creatures imaginable. Well, make her at home girls!

Welcome her to the family. I've got to go reset some traps and the like – I expect you all to get each other 'warmed up' for me by the time I get back~”

Gloss-Ass Whore found herself, as soon as her Master regrettably left the room, the last place any thief ever wanted to be. The center of attention. Luckily for her, a Fat Whore was a long ways away from being a thief of any kind – and with how everyone was smiling and rubbing themselves on the way to waddle up to her? She was clearly in the best of company~