

The Inquisitor looked down on Skyhold, her smile seeming to fill up with a vicious triumph as the Inquisition's forces straggled home from a raucous midnight party. All was well with the world: Corypheus was defeated, the Red Templars had been reduced to ruin, and her organization had become a force to be reckoned with. The most powerful group in Orlais or Ferelden, the Inquisition's power had grown so mighty that both nations sent countless gifts weekly to the castle: food, grains, wines and beer casks beyond counting. So great was Thedas' gratitude to their savior that, in fact, the luxury had begun to get excessive. The Inquisitor placed a callused hand on her stomach: where once had been hard abdominals toughened from months of riding and fighting, now there was a layer of softness that squished between her fingers and jiggled when she prodded it.

She didn't much like this new part of her, but she supposed it was inevitable. In the aftermath of war, many things changed: training regiments, dietary habits. Romance. Somewhere down in the courtyard, amid gamboling bards and jesters and the Inquisition's joyful celebrations, was Sera. The Inquisitor longed, ached to hold the elf girl in her arms, to pull her into bed and start a celebration of their own. But Sera had always hated authority, rebelled against it. To push her now, however hot the Inquisitor's lust burned for her, would be a mistake.

"Little harlot," the Inquisitor muttered fondly as she watched the feasting-fires grow higher and listened to the music that echoed into the mountains for miles. Ever since the war ended, her desires had burned hotter and brighter than ever, a song that sang in her blood and urged her to take what she wanted, seize it by any means necessary. The Arcanist, Dagda, had warned her that incorporating red lyrium into her gear—her armor—might awaken such urges. Even in small quantities, the mineral spoke to her, whispering of dark pleasures and secret joys. The Inquisitor had ignored these urges for a time, but in the quiet, lazy peace they were enjoying the sensations were hard to ignore. She should have gone to Dorian or Vivienne for help in controlling these instincts, but truth be told, the Inquisitor *liked* the feelings the lyrium brought her. She had even, in small quantities, begun to consume it: a pinch of red dust over her meals, or a scrap at the bottom of a goblet of wine, which she guzzled in bigger and greedier quantities recently. The lusts and hungers it woke in her were unlike anything she'd experienced before, and as the fires of obsession burned in her, the Inquisitor thought she'd like to share them with someone. Whether that someone wanted it... or not.

Gulping down her flagon of ale in one sloppy chugging session, the leader of the Inquisition belched. Her stomach felt swollen, bag-like, stuffed with rolls and booze as well as the fragments of lyrium she'd swallowed whole in her greed. She grabbed a bag of the stuff she'd taken from a dead Templar and started down the stairs to the courtyard. It was time to show her beloved Sera how to "party" like she did. At last.

"Gimme... URP!... Another 'un!" Sera the rogue had never been so ridiculously, stupidly happy. The war was over, she was back to picking pockets and pranking nobles (her version of "normal") and she was in love with the most powerful person in Thedas. As the bartender passed her a huge tankard of

mead, Sera whooped and slapped her stomach, which bulged with the remnants of the evening's feasting. Beside her, Varric the dwarf and Cassandra danced an impromptu jig together, the only time the two had ever gotten along. Grinning, her freckles almost obscured by the blush of alcohol, Sera hiccupped and began slurping down the cheap drink in big, fat mouthfuls. Taking a break for a ravenous bite of roast ram, which she chewed messily and swallowed so quickly it almost got stuck, Sera went right back to drinking. This was the life: good friends, good booze, and all the rich-people food she could want—and she didn't even have to steal it!

Granted, stealing was where she got most of her exercise, and so Sera the nimble thief had become Sera the slightly-overweight-and-very-embarrassed-about-it. Unlike the Inquisitor, who had filled out in an elegant pear shape befitting her powerful status (wide hips, a softer stomach, and thighs so thick and powerful Sera got damp just thinking about them... mmm, those thighs) Sera had just pudged up. Muffin top, frumpy rear, saggy little pot-belly—the kind of softness she'd once laughed at in nobles had come to her own body. For now, though, she was content to ignore it. Eating and drinking made her happy, and Sera was all about the moment. The future and the past did not concern her—only the glorious, delightful, *delicious* present.

"Hey, don't think you might want to... er, slow down?" Iron Bull said. He had watched Sera slop mead all over herself, drinking like a fiend, her stomach and cheeks puffy and wobbling. "You've had a lot. And coming from me, that's pretty serious."

"Aw, shaddap, ya big—BRARP!—ya big goat!" Sera blinked; there seemed to be two of him, and he was wobbling in and out of focus, his horns stretching and contracting. "Ah'll drink what I want an' eat the rest! We *won*, damn yew! If I wanna..." She hiccupped, and pounded her chest, another brassy belch escaping her and fluttering her dirty-blonde hair. "HORRRP! If I wanna stuff mah face, I'll stuff it!"

"Alright... But don't blame me when that little stomach tosses up your three dinners," chuckled Iron Bull, stomping away to join the Chargers in a game of "spin the Grey Warden Deathwine." From across the courtyard, another pair of eyes watched Sera's gorging, dark and concerned.

Scout Harding had noticed many things in her time in the Inquisition. She had noticed when the Inquisitor took an interest in Sera, a passion that all of Harding's strategies could never explain: she had watched as the elf wormed her way into the warrior's good graces, wagging her pert little bottom and necking with the human woman in forgotten alleys and broom cupboards. It wasn't that Harding was jealous, of course. Sure, the Inquisitor was beautiful, in a harsh sort of way: those cheekbones, that chin-length hair, that accent. But she was far too powerful to simply court like a low-rank commoner; Sera was playing with dangers she didn't understand, powers beyond her comprehension.

Though Corypheus was gone, the Inquisitor's strange abilities had continued to grow, and her behavior had been... odd, of late. Eccentric. Harding had caught her staring at Sera in a way that was desperate, almost hungry, and she had caught odd scents wafting from the woman. As if she'd passed wind, but the smell hung about her in a cloud. Few people would dare to say anything, least of all Harding, but she'd seen Vivienne wrinkling her nose as well. Something was wrong with the Inquisitor, and she didn't think it was coincidence that her superior had gained weight as well. A woman as strong and merciless as that did not simply go to pot for no reason.

"Enjoying yourself?"

Harding jumped, her heart pounding behind her ample bosom as she leapt off the cask she was sitting on. Clutching at her armored chest, she found the Inquisitor right behind her, arms crossed and looming. How had she snuck up on the Inquisition's premier scout? Were her skills fading? No, Harding realized—despite her new softness, the Inquisitor was still a woman to be reckoned with. “Y-yes,” she stammered, not liking the cruel smirk that twisted her leader's features. “We've been having a lot of fun. The troops are, um, pretty excited.” She hated how her usual stammer snuck into her words, the Inquisitor's beauty stealing away her logic and even her fears about Sera. “I hope you've been having fun—urp, too?” She covered her mouth as gas from her last glass of wine worked its way up out of her lips. “Scuze me...”

The Inquisitor chuckled. “No need to be excused. You should all enjoy yourselves. It's your right as victors.” She placed a hand on Harding's shoulder, the contact making the dwarf shiver with concern as well as a certain pleasure. The Inquisitor had never touched her before. “Here. Drink up, you've earned it.” She handed Harding a drinking horn brimming with conscription ale, and in her half-fearful half-aroused tizzy the dwarf didn't even notice the chunk of red lyrium dropped into it, which quickly dissolved. “In fact, I'd say you've earned a lot of things,” purred the Inquisitor, running a finger down Harding's cheek, “but let's just relax tonight, yes? I'm very proud of all of you.”

And she moved off, fattened rump bobbing, towards Sera and her circle of drunken friends. Harding blinked, shrugged, and sucked at the ale. It was good... REALLY good. Taking a bigger drink, then a bigger one, the dwarf thought maybe she was just imagining things. The Inquisitor would never hurt her, she thought. The human had everyone's best interests at heart. “Urrp,” Harding belched, then reached for a leg of roast lamb off a nearby table.

She had a right to enjoy herself... Her boss said so. So, why not do it? Why not eat, and eat, and eat? As the night wore on, the others saw little of Harding, but she saw a lot of empty plates.

And bottles.

And barrels...

Meanwhile, the Inquisitor was applying her unnatural charms to the true object of her affections. Sera was roaring drunk, dancing on a table to the tune of “Fuck the Templars,” a popular new bardic hymn. The Inquisitor watched her girlfriend's stomach flopping to and fro, stuffed inside one of the corsets she'd allowed Sera to steal from Josephine, and bit her lip when a half-moon of fattened flesh poked out the bottom. The cords of the garment were strained to bursting by Sera's chunky new frame, and as the Inquisitor squirmed in her seat the elf noticed a soldier whistling at her lustfully, lowered her plump rear over his face... and farted on him, to the delight of everyone with a crude sense of humor. So, most of the Inquisition's forces.

After the party had started to wind down, the savior of Thedas led her bloated love interest back to the ornate bed-chamber, Sera still chomping on a sweet-roll. As if worried war might break out again, the orphan elf had stuffed her bag full of them, and the Inquisitor approved. You never knew when you'd need a midnight snack... or ten.

“Oy, yew filled out a bit, dintcha?” Sera slurred as they climbed the steps. She was wheezing around a mouthful of crumbs, and the human woman realized she was actually out of shape—more so than the Inquisitor, who was sweating like a pig into her uniform but still climbing effectively. “Careful

now, luv, yeh don't wanna get all flabby! URP!" Sera poked the Inquisitor's stomach, teasing, and was answered with a pinch on the rump. "Yow! 'Ey now, don't get all gropey. I'm too full for your randy shite..."

"Doesn't feel like it." The Inquisitor placed one strong hand on Sera's gut, which now oozed out from under the red corset with a heavy, pendulous weight. "In fact, I think the party's just started." They entered the bedroom and Sera gasped as she saw a table laden with tarts, custard, mead, and roast boar.

"Bollocks! I can't eat all that!" She hiccupped, swaying, her chubby cheeks draining of color. "It's a bit much, innit? Blurp."

"You'd be surprised what you can do, when you try." The Inquisitor eased her into a chair, rubbing the girl's shoulders. "Just think. A lifetime of running and hiding, and now, all this is for you. Every bite." Sera began to drool a little, unaware that every single portion was infused with red lyrium, and every drink spiked with it. There was enough of the "red stuff" on that table to turn a dozen Templars to evil, and Sera reached for it without hesitation, greed shining in her eyes.

"All for me? Well. If you mean it, yeah?" She farted again, the rank scent wafting into the Inquisitor's nostrils. The elf didn't give two "shites" about manners to begin with, and when drunk, she acted like the pig she had started to resemble. "I dun't wanna get in over my head... Hic! But I guess it ain't gonna go to waste, or nothin', if I eat it... Hrrp..."

"Exactly," cooed the Inquisitor, her warm tongue caressing the tip of Sera's pointed ear. "This is your night. Eat all you want."

Sera snapped her fingers, grinning drunkenly up at the human. "I know wot this is. This here's some kinda weird-o sex thing, innit! Ha!" She belched in her girlfriend's face, triumphant. "Knew it! Yer gettin' off on me bein' a bit soft, eh? Well, don't think it'll keep up. Everybody knows elves can't get fat, ya big daft slut."

She was surprised when the Inquisitor planted a kiss on her, full of a strange addictive taste she didn't recognize. "Sure," said the woman, cupping Sera's chubby cheeks in her palms. "It's sexual. What are you gonna do about it, you little ragamuffin?"

Sera grabbed an Orlesian croissant, biting off one end and chomping it until her plump cheeks were stuffed with pastry. "I can think of a few things... buh-HURRRp!"

It was a long night, and the mess the next morning was abominable. But in the days to follow, the Inquisitor found every moment worth it.

TWO MONTHS LATER, a massive shipment of goods arrived from Redcliff—enough to stock an army. Which, Scout Harding thought as she looked at the enormous crates being hauled via wagon through the gates, was a bit odd. Because Skyhold's army had begun dissipating the moment Corypheus fell, and had continued to dwindle as soldiers went home to their families or began tilling fields,

rebuilding all that the Red Templars had taken from Thedas. It was a time of peace, of prosperity... so why was the Inquisitor purchasing enough foodstuffs and beverages to feed a nation?

It was a puzzle, thought Harding as she bit into a cinnamon roll, for another time. For now, she wanted another candied apple from the kitchens. And maybe another after that, just to calm her nerves. Truth be told, she'd been eating a lot lately. The Inquisitor had been very absent lately, and ever since the war council had dispersed to help hunt down straggling demons and mages, Harding felt more alone than ever in the big castle. Bit by bit, people were leaving... and bit by bit, she was eating her anxiety away. She knew she should talk to the Inquisitor, try and reason with her, find the reason why the war council's resident elf rogue had seemingly disappeared from the castle grounds. Yet all she could think of was food.

She was licking her fingers before she realized she had finished her current snack and was sucking the glazed sugar off her pudgy fingertips. A little shocked by the speed of her own eating, Harding stifled a burp, nodding at a fellow scout who was helping to unload the Inquisitor's new shipments of food. "I'm just—urph, 'scuse me, I'm just going to pop into the Herald's Rest for a bit," she said, jerking her thumb at the bar in the corner of Skyhold's central courtyard. The elven scout shrugged, sparing a glance at her middle that was impossible to miss, and turned his back on her.

This was pretty hurtful. Her men had always been loyal to her and the Inquisitor; now, just because Harding had gained a few pounds, she wasn't even worth talking to? "Fine," grumbled the dwarf as she stalked off towards the bar. "At least my pork pies don't give me sass..." Truth be told, the stout Harding had gained more than a few pounds, but she was hardly worried about it. As she walked, her thighs rubbed painfully together; they had worn through her leather trousers and now chafed each other brutally, like a pair of dueling bogfishers slapping and jiggling against one another in the Fallow Mire. Harding blushed as she felt her stomach oozing out under her breastplate again: the softened flesh there, fed by her nervous bingeing into a dumpy sack of pale dough, could no longer be contained by her armor and leaked out in chubby bulges everywhere. Her face, reflected in a nearby puddle, embarrassed her further: she had always had rather round features, but now her double chin swung and wobbled under her dimpled cheeks as if a bee had stung her and the swelling simply wouldn't go away.

It hadn't been a bee, though, had it? No, it had been entire casks of ale, honeyed dumplings and thick fried tubers, dozens of candied sweetmeats and much else besides. And all the while, Harding's frustrations over the Inquisitor kept growing. There was a fire in her loins that she couldn't put out, not with hours and hours of "self-administered field techniques," and she was growing worried that as she grew fatter, she would be even less attractive to the object of her desire. Yet at the same time she was feeling a little ... *scared* of her Inquisitor. The others had been too busy partying and reuniting with family, but as she snuck in and out of the Inquisition kitchens at night, Harding had heard strange... *sounds* coming from the Inquisitor's chambers. Cries of pleasure, not unexpected given her commander's legendary libido, but also odd, wet fluttering sounds and what sounded like drugged, sleepy moans of distress. She would have to investigate it soon—right after another quick snack.

She clambered up onto a barstool, her stomach sagging between her legs and popping chain-links off her mail skirt as it dangled betwixt her thighs. Cabot, the bartender, watched her with concern as Harding ordered three flagons of ale, five pies, and the biggest pot-pie he could make.

“Are you sure that you feel,” he coughed tactfully, “*that* hungry?” She’d been in and out of the Herald’s Rest so constantly that she was becoming his most lucrative customer. But even a nihilistic grump like Cabot could tell there was something wrong. Harding’s cheeks sagged with flesh, her rear frequently sputtered with the gaseous remains of her meals, and her eyes were dazed and distracted. In fact, they almost looked bloodshot.

“Just get me the fucking food,” said Harding, with such hunger in her voice that Cabot scurried to obey. Harding pulled the first flagon of ale to her mouth and drank deep, the liquid doing nothing to assuage her feelings. The Inquisitor would never love her like this... so why not have another course, after this one? And another after that? She was just awkward, fat little Scout Harding, not a beautiful elf like Sera. Why shouldn’t she act like a pig?

“BRUUULGCH.” Harding pounded her chest, drool flying from her lips as a belch blasted out of her. Foul odors leaked from her rear as she hailed Cabot again. She smacked her lips; the belch tasted coppery, almost... mineral. *Weird*. “Make that *two* pot pies... And make it snappy! I’m starving!”

“And how is my—urp... Little druffalo, today?” The Inquisitor mounted the stairs to her chambers; a brief meeting with what was left of her war council, Josephine and Leliana, had left her annoyed and exhausted. Climbing the stairs was an ordeal: in her inactivity since the Inquisition began disbanding, she had been eating constantly. Neither Josephine nor Leliana had dared to comment on their boss’s huge, soft rear or the swollen, hanging bulb of her gut. Her red hair and freckles now framed a face so wide and puffy that she looked ill; she supposed, in a way, she was. Sick with lust and greed, her famous intellect and strength fading day by day as she enjoyed new pleasures. Heaving her nearly tree-trunk thighs past each other, the Inquisitor paused at the top of the stairs to wheeze, gasp and vent a small belch. Sweat had gathered in her armpits and between her several large fat-rolls in her simple staircase climb, and her lungs burned with effort. “Are you behaving yourself? HURP.”

The “little druffalo” in question was hardly in a state of mind to answer. Sera had remained in the Inquisitor’s chambers since that fateful night when she devoured the red-lyrium laced feast, and the uncanny needs it had sparked in her were raging out of control.

The Inquisitor’s bed was a mess of food-stained sheets, with an enormous boulder-sized lump in the center. The lump shifted, and Sera groaned. “Ugh, fuck, is it—HIC—is it morning already?”

The Inquisitor smirked. Already her exhaustion was fading; the stench of sweat around her was like an aphrodisiac, a rank and bestial odor that made her feel more sexually charged than ever. “It’s afternoon, dear.” She paused to lift one leg, a thick FRRRRMPTF bursting from her sacred ass to fill the stairwell behind her with noxious fumes. “Are you, hurp, ready for more fun?”

“I dunno if I should... like...” Sera clawed her way out of the sheets, revealing her new girth to an excited and horny Inquisitor. “Do that... Urp. I feel funny,” she moaned, wobbling.

The red lyrium had turned her into a drunken eating machine, an obsessive binge-gorger whose appetite was only matched by the descent of her once-sharp wits into dizzy confusion. Her thighs, once tiny and sticklike, now bulged and sagged with huge pockets of flesh. Her stomach had been a

washboard-flat plane; now it was a revolting bag of fat, so round and heavy that it seemed to drag on her short frame and haul her towards the floor. Her breasts had always been modest, but now they were aggressively fat: surging over her undergarments, splattered with sauce, the pale globes threatened to burst loose at any moment. Her face was a jowly moon of freckles, her short hair pushed aside by chunky cheeks and a ring of fat that encircled her neck like a collar. Sera had ballooned under the Inquisitor's care from a mere hundred and ten pounds soaking wet, to almost three hundred.

Such a gain would have been impossible, were it not for the crystalline dust the Inquisitor continued to sprinkle into her meals and dump liberally into her drinks. She still dosed herself from time to time, to gain that vicious buzz that the Red Templars had succumbed to, but it was so much more *fun* to drug Sera constantly, blasting her mind with the stuff and washing her identity away by piece. Even now, the elf struggled to remember where she was, why she was in lacy too-small underwear, why her girlfriend was suddenly a smellier, fatter version of herself. She could barely recall what they had been doing. "I think... maybe I should *horrrp* stop eatin' so much," said Sera, struggling to stay upright under the sagging fat that now covered her frame. "I'm gettin' all poochy. Hurk." Her saliva-coated throat emitted another bubble of gas; her eyes were glazed, unfocused, her previously sharp mind dulled and whittled away by red lyrium addiction. "Can't nick stuff if I... if..." She frowned. "Wot was I sayin' again? Urp..."

"You were saying that you wanted fifth breakfast," said the Inquisitor, waddling over with her mammoth ass shaking and depositing a platter of roast ram haunch and jerked nug strips beside her lover. "Aren't you hungry?" The reek of the Inquisitor's greasy fat assaulted Sera's nose, but it was no worse than her own. The two hadn't bathed in weeks, and existed in constant cloud of overfed sex and drugged-out food comas.

"Well, yah, but..." Sera scrunched up her nose, trying to focus, trying to remember why this felt so *wrong*. "Like, we gotta take it easy. This is—*hurrp!*—this is jus' like what nobles do, innit? Eatin' all this shite, leaving nothing for nobody..."

"Ssh, shh." The Inquisitor caressed her cheek, eyes gleaming red with the power of lyrium as she belched softly in Sera's ear. The tip of it quivered, and Sera tensed, feeling a familiar warmth spread through her loins as the Inquisitor placed a firm, squeezing hand on her thigh. "This isn't like that at all. We're—*hrrp*, we're just enjoying the spoils of victory. And I've made sure to supply everyone with enough to eat." This, at least, was true: in the post-war boom of Thedas, even peasant's wives had begun to grow plump. Josephine's merchant friends had ensured that even Orlesian fashion had grown more open to "thinking large," and rumors whispered that in the royal court, bulging flesh had become quite the fad. "So have all you want. There's no need to..." The Inquisitor could stand it no longer and snatched up a strip of bacon, stuffing it into her face, spraying crumbs across Sera's gut as she spoke. "No need to hold back, *grrlf*, *mnch*. Eat, Sera. Eat and enjoy yourself. You're not an orphan anymore—you can stuff yourself silly here. Trust me, I won't—*gulrp*—judge you," she added, sliding a hand between Sera's massive lumpy legs. "I love girls who know how to get what they want... *BRRLCH*."

Sera moaned with reluctant pleasure as the Inquisitor's chubby hand slipped into her panties and went to work. It was all too much: the food, the drink, the sex. Her better judgment and fears of being too fat to fight effectively were slipping away, replaced by a simple, crude thought: More. She wanted more, and she was rapidly losing any worries she might have had. A dizzy, greedy, horny fog replaced them. Her eyes began to glow red as the lyrium asserted itself: like the Red Templars

themselves, Sera felt herself grow more bestial, more ruthless, her mind fading away. And why not let it? For the first time in her life, she had everything she needed! Why stop, why slow down, why even *think*? Her smelly, sexy lover would take care of everything. All she wanted to do was—

“EAT! Oh shite, I wanna fuckin’ EAT!” Sera dove for the platter, her rolls slapping at the Inquisitor, flabby arms scrambling as she shoved greasy meat towards her face. The platter crashed to the floor, joining many other such plates and dishes that had been left there in the past few days—the place was like a nest of filth, and Sera plunged into that nest, following the scent of food like a greedy pig rooting for truffles. “Mmf, gromf! I wanna eat, I wanna fuckin’ STUFF my fuckin’ FACE! Fuck stealin’ and fuck what them others think! GLP, scrf, BRELCH!” She was rolling in the spilled food, plucking it from her jiggling rolls and gobbling it down, freckles smeared with grease and her normally chirpy voice growing clogged and goeey with food. “Please gimme more, please? MMm, it’s all so—HURP!—so fuckin’ GOOD!”

The Inquisitor smiled, throwing open the door to her closet. Dozens and dozens of fresh rolls, pastries, shanks of beef and bottles of wine spilled out, and she grinned cruelly as Sera crawled towards the feast, drooling and belching, her meaty ass in the air. “Eat up, cutie.” A blast of gas erupted from Sera’s cheeks, and it had a distinctly red tint to it. The transformation was underway... “Eat and be happy. Eat and be stupid. Eat... and fuck.” With that, she pried Sera’s legs apart and pulled a red lyrium dildo from under the bed, its length throbbing with corruptive energy. “It’s all you want, isn’t it?”

“Mmf! Mm hm!” Sera agreed, her face full of meat, struggling to fit the neck of a winebottle in as well. She raised her ass and shook its meaty mass at the Inquisitor, who happily plunged the crystal cock into Sera’s soaked pussy, working it in deeper. Sera’s flabby jaw went slack, some half-chewed food falling out onto her sagging teats. “Holy fffffffuckURRRP!”

“That’s it.” The Inquisitor broke out in a musky sweat once more as she pounded Sera’s cunt with the sinister toy, its power spreading through the elf’s body, changing her internal organs, soaking her mind in evil pleasures, rewriting her personality—erasing it. “Eat. Eat, fuck, and forget. Forget everything... And *consume*.”

Another month passed.

Two.

Three.

By this time, the war council had accepted that their leader was no longer interested in running the Inquisition, which had become a shell of its former self. The castle began to fall into disrepair, trade drying up except for the massive shipments of food that went directly to the Inquisitor’s quarters—and to her underlings. A fierce argument between Leliana and Josephine over Josephine’s swelling waistline and increasingly lazy attitude led to Leliana leaving as well, and then it was only Josephine on the council and Morrigan, whose “attentions” distracted the courtier sufficiently to help her forget all about what had happened to her leader. The Inquisition had disbanded, and with its members too absorbed in



family affairs or steaming trysts to return, the great organization effectively ended. Skyhold seemed destined to fall back into ruin.

Only one of the Inquisitor's friends remained committed to finding out what the hell the Inquisitor was doing. Scout Harding had become a joke among the few dozen guards remaining, the sight of her eliciting smirks and chuckles, then coughs and gags as her smell reached them. It was funny, sure, but it was also pretty sad. So pathetic, murmured the soldiers who had once worked with her. So demeaning.

Harding was obese.

When dwarves got fat, their flesh had much fewer places to go than in the taller races. Belly, rump and breasts grew ludicrously huge, disproportionate to their size. Harding was beyond this stage: she was grotesque, a wheezing, wobbling sphere of a woman whose belly scraped her shins and whose ass looked like two small boulders crammed into splitting trousers. Her tits were twin melons of fat that spread to either side of her enormous, dominating gut. No breastplate was large enough to contain her waterfall of belly and her obscene teats, so Blackwall—one of the few remaining behind, and looking with great pity on Harding's descent to depravity—crafted her a chain-mail bra and skirt, underneath which she only wore the shredded remains of her old scouting outfit. It was the only thing that would fit her, and it looked more like a small tent had been draped over her seam-shredding figure with barely a hint of metal on top.

What was worse, she *smelled*. Even Morrigan, a native of the Wilds, held her nose when Harding passed. Her flatulence was the stuff of barracks legend: some of the men who dared approach her with scouting reports claimed that her farts could choke a man to death, and none seemed willing to test this. She was so unwashed and pale, so bulgy and reeking, that few even wanted to stand upwind of her.

The fog of greed Harding now lived in kept her awake almost all hours, eating and eating. Cabot had thrown her out (with great effort; at this point she barely fit through doors) after she had drained all of his ale in one evening, and the drunken, bloated Harding was forced to steal from the Inquisition granary and food stores to supplement her obsessive diet. Her body wanted *something*, some drug or chemical, but she could not find it in anything she ate—and so she continued to eat more, and more, panicking internally as her very mind began to grow fat and sluggish, stupid and greedy.

Eventually, the last traces of her original courage and cleverness told her she needed to do something. She was sick, monstrously sick, her eyes red-rimmed and bleary and her belly a constantly gurgling cauldron of random foods and liquors. She farted like a darkspawn Ogre and it took her nearly half an hour to climb a flight of stairs. Her loins ached, *screamed* for the touch of the Inquisitor, but the woman's door had been locked and barricaded and food was sent up a modified fireplace to the vanished leader. Something had to be done.

"Dagda. What's HURRRPK wrong with me?" she burbled, sitting on a log in the Undercroft, her belly grazing the cold snow-flecked floor. Her fellow dwarf buzzed around her, measuring her fat rolls, a clothespin keeping her nostrils shut.

"Withdrawal. Definitely lyrium-based," said the Arcanist, checking her research tomes. "I'd say you're about six months into the process. But normal lyrium withdrawal only takes three to six weeks... You've been dosed with something much more powerful."

Her brain soggy with beer and grown lazy and stupid from gorging like a cow, Harding frowned. Pushing her greasy red hair out of her face, she burped, trying to think of when this could have started. *That night... with the Inquisitor... All those drinks*, she thought, and her eyes widened as her dulled brain hit the solution. “Sweet Andraste. Red lyrium! Dagda, I think the Inquisitor poisoned me!”

“Hmm?” Dagda was collecting her sweat in a vial; despite the chill of the Undercroft, Harding was sweating like a pig, her belly dripping with slimy, oozing perspiration. “Sure, sure, that could be it. I did wonder why she asked for all my samples... Something about a meal supplement. The results should be pretty entertaining, I imagine.”

“Enter—HURRRP! Entertaining?” Harding shot to her feet, or tried to, her belly nearly pinning her to her seat, she settled for farting angrily, her cheeks growing redder than ever. “She’s had Sera up there for months! Uhurrp, we have to FRRT, have to do something!”

Dagda shrugged. “No offense, but no one’s going to believe an alcoholic overweight ex-scout. Why don’t you stay down here? I have so many tests I want to run, no dwarf I’ve ever met has reached this level of obesity and survived...”

“No! Leave me—HURRRK—alone!” Harding struggled upright and began heaving herself back towards the stairs, ass leaking gaseous emissions that smelled of earth and metal. “I need to stop her! She’s FRRTMPF, she’s gone mad!”

“Hmm,” said Dagda, scribbling down Harding’s measurements as the departing dwarf struggled to get her massive gut out the doorway. “Interesting... That’s exactly what Sera said, when I tested her. She didn’t seem too worried about it, though.” She wrote RED LYRIUM MUTATION? On the bottom of her parchment. “This should be a very interesting day for science. Yes, indeed!”

Sera was blissful.

Happiness, she realized dimly as she opened her flabby lips for another heaping mouthful of pudding, wasn’t about nicking stuff. It wasn’t about pranking nobles, or about upsetting the social order. No, happiness was about being full. So full you couldn’t move. So full that all you wanted to do was just *wallow* in it, bask in it, and then maybe have another bite. And if that next bite was followed by another, and another, and maybe some cunnilingus, then... What was she thinking about? Had she actually been *thinking*? Gosh, thinking was so difficult, wasn’t it? Why even bother? She decided to stop. Thinking was so stressful. And she just wanted to relax with her lover. Relax, and eat.

“HURRURGLURRRRPHffff,” Sera belched. The Inquisitor stroked her cheek, a slab of meat that hung down onto her chins just like the other ones. Her freckles were spread over the fat, distorted, smeared like paint. “Mmm.. Muh...”

“More?” the Inquisitor guessed, shrouded in darkness as she tipped the bowl of pudding into Sera’s mouth. Her eyes glowed in the dark, veins pulsing with lyrium as she fed her obscene, massive lover, whose bulk was nearly hidden by shadow. They didn’t need light, not anymore—not when Sera

was so soaked in red lyrium that her impossibly vast belly glowed with its own horrible red illumination. “Sera want more? Sera hungry?”

“Yuh... Yeshhh... Fuh. Feed. Feed muh,” groaned the thing that had once been an elf. “Ffeed meh!”

“Feed Sera,” the Inquisitor agreed, giggling madly in the dark. “Feed Sera lots. Urp. Lots and lots and lots...”

Meanwhile, outside, Scout Harding was on a mission.

Her mind was still muddled with a desire for food so powerful it nearly crippled her. But she needed to see what had happened up there, in the Inquisitor’s quarters, which now constantly rang with horrific wet rumbles and the kind of deep, stupid giggling that might come from a giant infant... or a Pride Demon. “I can do this,” groaned Harding, taking another swig from her flask for good luck. The alcohol burned down her throat, merely a drop in the ocean that was her hungry belly. “I can— HURRRPK! I can do this!”

Pulling on her gloves, which were torn open at the seams, Harding began to climb the side of Skyhold.

Months ago, she could have done it in minutes. Her scout training had been keen and fresh in her mind. Now, she barely remembered the basics of stealth... and her body dragged her down, stomach scraping and slapping at the roof tiles, grating against the stones and knocking loose bricks and dust. Gasping and whimpering, Harding struggled upwards, trying to take the easiest path. “Gotta... help... Sera... HURRRP!” She grew dizzy, her brain distracted, wondering why she was even doing this. Why she wasn’t just eating. And drinking. And drinking...

“Focus,” she told it, sweat soaking her entire body as she fought to get to the next level, her weak flabby arms tugging her ever so slowly towards the top tower. It took her nearly three hours, but somehow Scout Harding managed it, her fury against the Inquisitor who had betrayed her giving her back a little bit of her mind, enough to force her forward.

Unfortunately, when she went to slip through the Inquisitor’s window, she forgot a small detail: that she was morbidly overweight. She had made it all the way up, but when she went to squeeze into the room that stank of flatulence and old rotten meals, her overfed gut—nearly twice her body’s size—wedged her tightly in the stone arch.

“Well, well,” said a deep, wet voice from inside the dark room, “lookie Sera baby, we got a HURP, a visitor!”

Terrified as a pair of glowing red eyes turned towards her, Harding reached into her fat rolls for her supply pouch. She came upon a candle, and using a flint and steel she’d taken from Dagda, she lit it. What she saw drained the color from her face and made all the gas in her body leak out her behind in a terrified squeal of farts.

Two monsters stared her down with stupid, dumbed-down gazes. The Inquisitor was disgusting, her once strong body a maze of sagging rolls, her enormous hips stripped naked and coated in a sheen of sweat and food-splatters; Harding saw chunks off egg, pheasant meat and wine-spills caught between

her jelly-like chunks of fat. Her face, though, was what scared the scout: once the Inquisitor had been a severe, but righteous woman, her expression intelligent and patient. Now, she was a giggling, wide-eyed sadist, with no real intelligence behind her eyes except for a horrible, almost possessed-looking glee. She rose from her crushed couch with a heave of slapping fat, barely mobile, her belly-button a sinkhole of grease and her body surrounded by a cloud of stench that made Harding choke. "Look, Sera, it's Harding! Does the little dwarf wanna HIC, play with us? We're having SO much fun...BRELCH!"

The other monster in the room, Sera the rogue, was much worse.

At least the Inquisitor, though she was grotesque, was recognizable—despite the red lyrium veins coursing through her body and making her grab at her crotch, jiggling her flesh at Harding. Sera was simply impossible to look at without shrinking back in horror. A dreamy, stupid, mindless freckled face swam in the center of what appeared to be a giant sack of pure fat that filled most of the room. So swollen and stretched that she was almost egg-shaped, Sera resembled a Darkspawn brood-mother, minus the tentacles. Her hair was sticky with sugar and crumbs; her cheeks were twin sacks of fat dangling off her face, slapping on her half-dozen chin-rolls. Her limbs had sunk into the fat folds of her sides, stubby fingers and toes sticking out at odd angles. She smelled to high heaven: she was surrounded by discarded plates, bones and dishes and was so soaked in stains and her own oily sweat that she smelled like an entire barnyard had up and died in the Inquisitor's room. She was nude; no clothes could have covered that revolting, shack-sized form, or covered the gross expanse of belly that ballooned out beneath her in a constantly, slowly spreading avalanche of unholy meat.

Everything became worse, though, when Sera opened her mouth, drool spilling from the corners of her lips. "Harding... play?" she half-spoke, half-belched; it seemed that she was so bloated with gas, every word was mostly a greasy, stinking burp. "Harding pretty," she slurred, her cow-like eyes settling on Harding's breasts, which threatened to pop out of her improvised clothing. "Wanna... HUGLURRRP! Wanna fuck! Wanna HICCUP, Sera wanna fffuck dwarf! Shite!"

"I know, sweetie," cooed the Inquisitor. "But you ate sooo much. Now you can't even fuck. Just eat." She shoved an entire pheasant into the dripping hole of Sera's mouth, and the elf's jaws distended, the lyrium mutating her for maximum consumption. She swallowed the pheasant whole, farted, and moaned. "That's it. More food for Sera," said the Inquisitor. "More, and more and HUGLURRP more!"

"What have you done to her?" whispered Harding, her stupefied mind reeling. "Why? Why would you do this to us?" She thrashed, struggling to get out of the window, but she was simply too fat: her entire body was wedged in tight, fat rolls spilling out of the window and into the room, like a pig too obese to even get out of its wallow.

"Why? Stupid slut. Because it's HURRPH! Fun," said the Inquisitor, guzzling from a winebottle and then slapping one of Sera's couch-sized breasts with it. The elf gasped and groaned, body shaking as she quaked with bloated lust. Harding saw a pulsing red glow come from inside her. "And because I want everyone to HURP, to share our fun..."

Sera belched, deeper this time, and a red mist of liquefied lyrium sprayed into Harding's face. Suddenly it was harder for her to concentrate, harder to think, harder to do *anything* except eye the food longingly and wish someone could attend to her cunt. "Ugh! Stop!" Harding wiggled, weaker this time, her thoughts slipping away from her. "Don't... want... fat!"

“Yes you do,” purred the Inquisitor, rubbing her bellyrolls on Harding’s face. “You want fat. You want food. You want to fuck...”

“Want. Fuck,” Harding found herself saying. Sera grinned at her, burping again, and the gaseous lyrium coated her nostrils, making the dwarf’s pupils contract. “Want... eat. Want big, like Sera. Want fuck! Hiccup!”

“Good girl.” The Inquisitor slathered Harding’s rolls in turkey grease, and hauled her into the room; immediately, the dwarf crawled up to Sera, making out with her and greedily breathing in the drug-laced belch that Sera wheezed out. “Eat. Fuck,” she cackled, swatting Harding’s enormous ass. “Eat-fuck-eat-FUCK!”

“Yesss,” murmured Harding, stripping off what remained of her clothes. Sera farted, filling the room with her emissions, as the elf’s eyes went glassy and still... Brain-dead. “Fuck and eat. HURRRPK.”

For a long time, the only sounds in the room were the wet slicking of red-lyrium toys from fat, swollen orifices, and the ever-present rumble of the stuff brewing in Sera’s belly. Her farts and burps spilled from the window, infecting the grounds, making lazy Josephine hunger for a snack and aloof Morrigan slip a hand into her skirt. Soon, Sera and Harding would be big enough to spread the lyrium gas across all of Thedas... and then the Inquisitor’s dream, a world free from fear, filled with pleasure and the red glow of her drug, would be complete.

Belches echoed through the night as the mindless addicts fed... and fed.