

## RED SONJA: SHE-DEVIL WITH A BELLY OF LARD

Sonja sucked the last drop of cheap ale out of the mug and slammed it down. "Tavern keeper! Another! I wish to exult in my riches tonight!"

As usual when Sonja the She-Devil arrived at a bar, a cloud of men had already gathered around her. From knights to lepers, it seemed like no male in the land could resist her allure. Why this was, Sonja wasn't certain. After a long day of battle her red hair was a mess, her skin was smoke-darkened and bruised, and her stomach swelled slightly with the result of her last five beers.

Glaring around at the gathered assembly of ribald masculinity, Sonja couldn't help but smirk. Did any of them truly think they were worthy of her attentions? She was not a vain woman, but she scoffed at the notion that any one of these smelly rogues could even think to best her in combat. Of course, she was more than a little tipsy after five massive mugs of heady ale, but the dullness in her head and the slosh in her belly was a small price to pay for the warmth and amorous feelings the drink brought her.

Unfortunately, it was about to bring her a lot more. The men shoved forward a lad, a young farmhand, barely out of boyhood. He was trying his best to conceal his "reaction" at the sight of Sonja's sweat-slicked bosom rising and falling in her scantily arranged chest armor bikini, and Sonja laughed when she saw him. "And who might you be?"

He gulped, trying to drag his eyes away from her impressive rack of womanflesh and failing. "I am M'roc, of the steppes, and I, er. . ." The men urged him on. "I challenge you to a drinking contest!"

Sonja threw back her head and laughed. A mere boy, daring to think he could best her in drink? He knew not who he fucked with. "Very well, farmhand! Sit down," she growled, grinning at him and trying not to slur the word "sit." "Tavern keeper! Another round of ales, on me!"

Fifteen minutes later, the boy was slumping on the table, his face beet red. Sonja was feeling a little tipsy herself, but had been able to hold back the few hiccups that tried sneaking out of her throat. "I'm shorry! They putsh me up to it," the boy giggled, eyeing her middle, which was slightly pooched with hooch. "I jush thought you looked sho sad sittin' by yershelf and. . ."

"Get him out of my sight." Sonja was not normally a cruel woman, but the little drunk's words stung her. She had been sitting alone before the contest began, because no one dared to get too close to her. Her fearsome reputation made for a very cold bed. . . "Well, thish has been fun, boysh," she said, standing with some difficulty. Trying to suck in her stomach, which was already bulging and softened with the region's famously fattening ale, she stretched and belched. "It was nice of him to try, but. . ."

"Hang on," said a sailor, a swarthy strapping man with a scar on his chin. "I challenge you as well." She didn't like the way his eyes rested lecherously on her softened midriff, or the way there appeared to be two of him in her swimming vision.

"Oh, aye! And me too!" said a priest of Crom. Another man chimed in.

"Aye, myself as well!"

"And me!"

"Aye, me too, I challenge you!"

Sonja blinked. One or two competitors she could handle, but she was already enough drinks in for the region's infamous booze to have given her a plump beer belly. Did she dare to dive back into a drink like that? Then a burning rage took hold of her. She knew what they were up to: trying to get her drunk and take advantage of her. Well, she'd show them all!

"So be it, curs," she growled, sitting back down and trying to ignore the way her stomach brushed the tops of her thighs. "Honor prevents me from turning down your requests, but know this: if a single one of your filthy paws finds a way to my rump, I'm biting it off." That said, she leaned back in her chair, fighting the urge to fart. "Alright, tavern keep! You heard 'em! Bring out the \*hiccup\* the booze!"

MANY HOURS LATER ...

Sonja couldn't see well. Not entirely true—she could see, but everything was sort of pink and blurry and she was having trouble deciding which ale to drink next. Also, she was warm. Very, very warm. And sweaty. And dizzy.

The enchanted ale had rolled through her body like a tidal wave of degradation, utterly ruining her svelte and muscular figure. Her stomach, bloated to an unholy degree by tankard after tankard of brew, hung down between her thighs like a massive freckled sack of meat, its lowest edges nearly brushing the floor. Too drunk to notice the loss of her shape or the fact that her muscles had been buried under soft fluffy flesh, Sonja fumbled for the tankard, knocking it over and soaking herself in booze for what had to be the thirteenth time.

"Whupsh! I fugged that up," she giggled, a belch working its way up her throat to blast out of her lips with a force that jiggled her rosy, drunken cheeks. "Anybody gosh anover one? Anybod. . . any buddy?" But she had played her game too well. Sonja had challenged and out-drunk every man in the tavern, leaving them all prone on the floor. She sniffed at the mass of jumbled man bodies.

"Buncha amateurs." Heaving herself out of the chair with incredible effort, the red-haired she-demon wheezed and groaned as her fattened bosom finally snapped her armored top. It popped off and landed on a nearby man's face. The drunken swordswoman swayed, her swollen rear indented with the shape of her chair. "Yer all a bunsha pansies! I c'n. . . Sonja can outdrink and outfight and out-shcrew ALLA you!" She grabbed a keg off the table and chugged from it, guzzling and guzzling until there were nothing but tiny drops left. She tossed it away, a warm and wet burp rolling out of her drooling reddened face. "Mmmm, 'm hungry. . ." She waddled towards the kitchen, trying not to fall on her widened ass and failing several times. "Whup. Who put the floorsh theresh? HIC!"

Finally she made it to the kitchen. Even the cook had come out to join the fun, leaving the feast-in-process mostly finished but gradually cooling on spits and platters throughout the messy dark room. "Oooh, dash the good shtuff. Come to Mama," Sonja sang drunkenly, grabbing a roast hog shank off the fire and sinking her teeth into it. "MMMMmMMM!" Her eyes rolled up in nearly orgasmic glee as the hot savory juices and meat hit her tongue.

Some time later, a crew of vicious barbarians burst through the door, having waited in vain to prey on drunken patrons of the tavern. Impatient and randy, the motley crew stalked through the

quiet bar, eyeing the unconscious men with curiosity. "A great battle has taken place here," one grunted, nudging a comatose man with an erection.

"Must. . . Beat. . . Sonja," groaned the man in his sleep. The barbarians glanced at one another with constipated expressions.

"Red Sonja is here? Truly we face our greatest challenge," growled their leader, his barbarian warhammer already rising under his skirt of mail at the thought of the She-Devil's luscious, violent figure. "Careful, men. She likely has the drop on us!"

They spread out into the tavern. But when they reached the kitchen, a surprise awaited them. Spread-eagled on the table, smeared and splattered with sauce and sweat and grease, lay a blubbery wench the likes of which they'd never seen. Matted masses of red hair sat on top of her head and her eyes were glazed and unfocused. She was probably the drunkest any woman in Aleria had ever been, and very, very horny.

"Oh, my," she moaned as she tore into another hog shank, splattering the juices onto her enormous breasts. "Ish that all for me?" She was eyeing the barbarians' rapidly rising 'swords.' "Jush remember \*hic\* if you wanna \*hic\* bed me, ya gotta defeat me in . . . in fair combatsh firsht." She belched so hard her eyes crossed, heaving her mass back and forth in an attempt to get up. "T-too bad I'm \*hyuck\* too fad to move," she giggled, her four-hundred-pound-plus bulk settling back down onto the table. "Bud I thing that counts ash. . . Defeating me." She grinned wolfishly, drooling a little, and spread her mammoth thighs, the flesh of them wobbling. "Well, boysh? Don't be shy. Who wantsh to plunder my treasures? HIC!"