

Raven the Indulgent Demigod

Raven clutched her precious book close to her chest as she walked the halls of Titans Tower. Slinking down the corridor with her navy blue cloak flowing behind her, she had her mind set on reaching the privacy of her room to delve into the knowledge written on the rare tome's pages. Moments before her grey hand reached towards the door, a familiar set of rapid footsteps could be heard running after her. Purple eyebrows tilted into a scowl, she turned to the side to greet a friendly, yet annoying face.

"Sup Raven?" Beast Boy asked, the green skinned shapeshifter smiling ear to ear. "We were just about to head out to this dance club and thought you might--"

"No," Raven stated, turning back towards her room.

"Come on, you can't be serious," Beast Boy said, stepping in front of her door. "You're 18, the prime of your life. You need to get out there and experience what this city has to offer. I'm not going to let you waste away in your room like a--"

Raven's purple hair floated about as a spark of black energy sprung from the red gem in her forehead.

"I'll, um ask you some other time," Beast Boy replied, wisely backing away.

Entering the privacy of her room, Raven locked the door behind her and walked over to her bed. Sitting atop the mattress with her legs crossed, she momentarily glanced at the black and white eye surrounded by unknown symbols on the cover before opening up the book. The ancient dialect on the page confirmed the book's authenticity. While she was well studied in magic tomes such as this, she still found herself struggling to decipher it. However, what she was able to extract from the introduction after some effort was that the pages contained knowledge linked to an ancient, powerful deity of hedonism. While she was less interested in the rumors of

the being's baser instincts, she was hoping she could pull at least a modicum of useful spell techniques from it.

Getting comfortable in her bed, Raven began the arduous task of reading and deciphering the text. While difficult at first, the words became clearer with each page she passed through. What started off as just curiosity became something more as she read on. It felt like the book was calling out to her, promising her great knowledge and power as long as she diligently studied everything down to the last detail. Dutifully absorbed in the introduction phase of the book, it took a while for her to notice the ravenous noises emanating from her stomach.

Putting the book to the side, Raven pressed her hand against her mid-section. She was sure she had eaten only an hour prior to reading. Glancing over at her clock, her eyes went wide as she realized that several hours had passed since she had secluded herself to study. While her stomach pleaded for her to leave the sanctuary that was her room, her desire to continue learning made her promise herself that she would leave to get something to eat after one last page.

Opening the book again, Raven turned the page to be met with an incantation for a new spell. Up until this point, the tome had been filled with little more than background about the art of hedonism and true peace. What was written before her described a new kind of magic that she had never encountered before. Going over the technique, her stomach let out another hungry growl as she realized what the effects of the spell were.

Balancing the book against her legs, Raven held her arms aloft and spoke the incantation. In a flash of her black magic, a glass of soda and a plate of sandwiches appeared in front of her. Giving a sandwich an experimental bite, the exquisite taste was enough to push away any concerns she had about the spell. Chowing her way through her meal, she paused to chug down the glass of soda. Wiping away the stray crumbs and droplets clinging to her cheek, she reached

out towards her book again only to be stopped by a stray belch parting from her lips.

Momentarily stunned by her sudden outburst, she made a mental note to eat slower as she started reading again.

Over the course of the afternoon, Raven divided her attention between reading her book and working her way through her sandwiches. Devouring both knowledge and food at a steady pace, she could do little to stop the relentless tirade of burps that followed each sip of her drink. The burps gradually grew in both frequency and volume, making it hard for her to concentrate on her studies. As she swallowed the last of her sandwiches and chugged the remaining drops of soda, she tried once more stop a gas bubble from rising up her throat. While she was successful, it brought her attention to another problem.

Feeling the building pressure migrate down her chest, her eyes followed the gas down. She had to stop as she bared witness to the potbelly that had begun to stretch out the confines of her black leotard. Swiveling her head between the empty plate and the book, it didn't take much for her to figure out what was going on. Running her hand along her belly to try and come up with a way to reverse the effects was the last push needed to enshroud her in a fog of her own flatulence.

Surrounded in the noxious fart cloud, Raven's first instinct was to get out of her bed and away from the horrific smell. However, as the smell seeped into her nostrils, some part of her beckoned for her to stay still. Left to linger about in the foul air, a voice in Raven's brain called out to her, a part of her being that she had tried to suppress for so long. Just as the last of her gas petered out, she was left with hundreds of different questions and a growling stomach.

Picking up the book again, Raven recited the food summoning spell once more to answer the call of her ravenous belly. The platter that appeared before her was twice as big to

accommodate the dozens of overstuffed burritos upon it. At the sight of a large bottle of soda that came alongside the hearty meal, Raven was left to wonder if the book was purposefully trying to bring out the hidden part of herself. Getting back into a sitting position, she sunk her teeth into a burrito and continued to read.

Several burritos and another one hundred pages in, Raven was starting to feel the full effects of the conjured up food. Her belly continued its growth to accommodate her constant feasting, the fabric of her leotard straining to keep the swelling orb contained. A few bites accidentally let a few drops of meat slip from her mouth to splatter against her expanding bosom, her chest already surpassing a D-cup in size. Adjusting her position on the bed to pull the wedgie out from between her expanding derriere unleashed another bout of flatulence to enshroud her. As she powered through the strong aroma that sunk into her nostrils to continue reading, her body made known that there was something else that needed tending to.

Chewing her lip to hold back the urges, Raven turned to the second to last page of the book. Her eyes were drawn to the passage at the top like a moth to a flame. The same difficulty that had plagued her through the book was non-existent as she effortlessly read the words. It was a summary of everything she had read up to that point, spouting the values of letting oneself give into their base desires. The final paragraph at the end promised a drastic increase in her powers if she only let herself experience true hedonism.

Fingers quivering, Raven put the book aside and spread her leg. Reaching below her belly, she tore off the thin fabric that was just a few pounds from breaking apart on its own. Her fingers slid towards her groin, her mind too focused on her ultimate goal to pay any mind to the budding hairs she found on the way.

Reaching her womanhood, she began to move her fingers in and out. The constant rhythm of her movements further agitated the gas inside of her. Unable to restrain herself, Raven let the burps and farts flow freely from her as she worked to find her release. Amidst the rude noises of her gas expulsions, her growling stomach had yet to cease its hunger. With a flick of her free hand, she summoned one of the burritos to her mouth and took a bite. The moan that parted her lips splattered a mess of cheese and meat that reached hallway across the room.

Getting ever closer to her limit, she allowed her magic to continue feeding her as her free hand explored her body. Reaching for her torso, her fingers pressed and kneaded her swollen breasts, her stiffened nipples sending a shiver through her body as they were touched. Letting her fingers roam the padding around her backside gifted her with boisterous fart. Losing herself in the unrivaled ecstasy, she heard her inner voice louder than ever as she reached her climax.

As her body shook from her leftover tremors and her erotic moan stopped echoing through the room, her attention was brought to a throbbing sensation around her temple. Sliding her fingers along her face, she took note of several bumps that had appeared around her cheeks. Following the trail past her forehead, she placed her hand against her gem to discover that it had grown slightly alongside a swelling in her temple. Sliding along her scalp, she could swear she felt it throb the harder the she thought about the true nature of her condition. Watching several strands of her hair fall before her eyes, she thought it best to leave the matter alone for the moment.

Sitting up and rearranging her disheveled outfit, she picked up the book once more. Turning to the last page, the final passage claimed that she had started on the road towards the true power of indulgence, but there was yet more to learn. Speaking aloud the incantation written at the bottom of the page, two more books bearing similar markings to the first appeared on the

bed. Without hesitation, Raven stowed away the first volume and reached out to continue her studies of both her new books and this alternate personality of hers.

Spreading out her legs to make room for her overstuffed belly, Raven tried to get into a comfortable position to continue reading. Her problem was made evident as her hands reached for the books and her gut reverberated with a hungry growl. Unwilling to let her body go without sustenance for more than a few moments, she once again summoned up a platter of food. The summoned sustenance took the shape of several, greasy, triple stacked burgers that would give even the healthiest person a heart attack. Grasping one of the burgers between her pudgy fingers, she watched a torrent of sauce leak from the meat to splatter against her exposed belly. Rather than risk losing a single drop of her precious food, she used her powers to levitate the food towards her waiting mouth while she resumed reading.

The platter of burgers was devoured with little effort, leaving behind only smears of grease and sauce around Raven's face. Floating the book in front of her to avoid any unnecessary messes, she got to work scraping off the remains of her meal. As her fingers slid down her fatty breasts and down her gut, she felt a scratching sensation beneath her constrained leotard. Taking a glance at the sorry state of her outfit, she figured it was time to slip into something more comfortable to properly observe her progress.

A snap of her fingers ripped apart the seams of her outfit and scattered them across the bed. Freed from their fabric prison, her G-cup breasts lurched forward to bounce against her gut. Letting out a simultaneous burp and fart from the impact, Raven leaned as far as her added weight would allow to observe the earlier scratching sensation. Sifting through the leftovers of her outfit, she found the source in the form of a thin line of hair that encircled her belly button.

Upon closer inspection, she was intrigued by the bright orange coloring of the strands that made a coarse path towards her nether region.

Reaching up towards her forehead with the intent of seeing if her scalp had gone through a similar change, a soft brush against the strands were enough to send several of them tumbling down. Pulling her fingers away, Raven uttered a short spell to summon a hand mirror. Hovering the mirror up to her scalp, she could see that her hair had begun to thin out to make way for a noticeable growth of her cranium. As she brought the mirror closer to examine a bulging vein peeking out from between her falling follicles, her attention was drawn to her forehead gem. Holding it up close, it was undeniable that the gem's red coloring had taken on a much softer orange hue.

So lost in examining her bulbous head, Raven didn't realize that her fingers were still dwindling on her belly hair. Scrunching up her three chins to see past her sizable boobs, she watched her hand continue to explore the nooks and crannies of her belly as if it was being pulled along by unseen puppet strings. As her fingers reached her navel, something brought her to shove a few of them inside. A twinge of strange pleasure sparked in her forehead that spread through her body as she continued to plunge her fingers inside. The constant stimulation helped to convey just how sensitive her growing stomach had become.

Left with one hand to continue groping her belly, she used her magic to continue her feasting and reading. Her free hand whipped about its pudgy fingers alongside her incantations to summon several more platters of food and bring the books close to her face. Mind divided between stuffing her face, appreciating her newfound soft spots, and continuing her studies, the rate of her growth and the constant pulses she felt through her head were becoming less of a concern with each passing second.

The bed below creaked loudly every so often, as if it were trying to compete with the farts that sprung forth from her chunky butt cheeks. The mattress's torture was further enhanced by her hairy belly encroaching over the edge with each mouthful of food Raven devoured. What few crumbs were able to escape her mouth found themselves bouncing off her melon-sized breasts to become entangled in the hair that had begun to crawl up her chest. Uttering a short incantation dragged out several chunks of bacon that had tumbled down to be lost beneath her gassy rear. Chewing down the meat stained with the smell of her rotten digestive tract, she felt a pulse of defiant pleasure from her gem course through her mind.

Letting her fingers slide down the orange strands of belly hair to collect a misplaced drop of ketchup pushed a burp up her throat. As the belch echoed through the room, she watched more strands of hair from her head fall off. Tapping her hand against her temple, she could feel the wealth of knowledge being absorbed with each page helping to grown her brain alongside her body. Pulling her hands away from her belly, she let them slide along her bowling ball sized cranium. While comparatively small, her growing head was making a decent effort to give her pear-shaped mass a more hourglass-like visage. Groping what she could of her swelling lobes, the variety of sensations going through her brain reminded her of something else that needed attention.

Surveying her obese body and seeing how parts of her butt and belly flab hung off the bed, Raven was well aware how futile it would be to try and reach her nether region by hand. Her room was filled with a bevy of strange and unusual artifacts, but she had never even considered buying a sex toy, let alone using one. Letting out a husky chuckle at her old way of thinking, she swiveled her head towards one of her books for an answer. Flying through the pages with a twitch of her finger, she found exactly what she was looking for.

Starting off the incantation with a loud BWOOOOOOOORRRRP, Raven focused her leaking womanhood's desires into a physical shape. Her magic took the form of a girthy, black dildo that was the perfect size for her body's condition. Chewing on her lip, she beckoned the toy to descend beneath her belly rolls to enter her nether region. Letting out a few squeaky farts from the sensation of the toy rubbing against her thicket of pubic hair, she got the summoned dildo into position.

With a flick of the wrist, Raven plunged the dildo deep inside of her. The sheer act of insertion pushed out a pair of gas bubbles from both of her ends, alongside a low moan. Moving the toy back and forth, Raven used her hands to take on the task of massaging her gut. Another incantation flew several helpings of meatballs towards her waiting mouth, slipping in between her constant belches and moans. Upping the speed of the thrusts, she reveled in the way her fat shook, enjoying every moment of the act until she was brought to a satisfying finish.

As she basked in her ecstasy, the last of her head follicles fell off to be lost beneath her blubber. Bringing a shaky hand up to her skull, she could feel the various veins and bulges of her swollen cranium. Summoning the hand mirror again, she used it to inspect every inch of the beach-ball sized protrusion. As the reflection lingered on the bright orange coloring of her gem, a single phrase echoed in her mind: I still have so much to learn.

Dismissing the hand mirror, Raven surveyed the aftermath of her latest masturbation session. Feeling her king-sized bed was on its last legs, she released it from its service with a snap of her pudgy fingers. Her massive form hovered over the ground, the mattress nowhere to be seen. While she had more than enough power to keep herself aloft for days on end, the orange gem in her forehead made her realize how much wasted effort that would entail.

Summoning a collection of cook books to reference, Raven set to work creating her next feast. Reading through hundreds of pages in mere seconds gave her a clear image of the perfect courses and dietary needs for her growing, slobby form. Letting out an echoing belch, she let her newfound power take hold to bring forth dozens of different platters to hover around her. A loud fart reverberating from her rear acted as the dinner bell to send the summoned sustenance flying towards her waiting maw.

Raven resumed her feasting with a helping of chili cheese fries that slathered their mess against her face. The deep fried potatoes provided ample fuel for her fat, gas, and the growing colony of acne that was spreading along her chubby cheeks and chins. Slurping up a pot of chili, a wayward belch sent a torrent of beans and meat sliding down her thick neck to seep between her bean bag-chair-like breasts. Another burp sent more of the chili to tangle itself in the unsightly, orange hairs that had covered up her plump nipples and spread across her tits to mask her greyish, pale skin.

Summoning the misplaced drops of chili from her body hair gave Raven a chance to sample the sweat that had begun to pour from between her fat rolls. It was a salty taste that was well-accepted by her greedy tongue. More of the same sweat came rolling down her bulbous head to mix with the grease clinging to her pox-marked face. Floating a towel up, she used it to soak up some of the sweat that drenched her lobes. The fabric took special care of her gem, the jewel having grown alongside her head to accommodate her improving magical powers. While she appreciated the rate that her wrecking ball-sized brain was growing, it wasn't her largest concern at the moment.

Ringling out her sweat rag to help wash down several slices of pizza, Raven was careful not to let a single drop go to waste. Belly surpassing the 1000-pound mark, she summoned

several ethereal hands to massage her gut and aid along in her digestion. A tirade of flatulence came bursting out as the mystical fingers poked and prodded her hairy belly button. Releasing a particularly strong and loud fart let her feel the sheer mass clinging to her meaty ass cheeks.

Reaching an acceptable size for her needs, Raven dismissed the magic holding her aloft. Slamming her padded backside onto the ground sent tremors throughout the tower. The impact summoned forth a toxic miasma of burps and farts that ensured not a single molecule of fresh air was left in the room. Enveloped by the warmth of her own gas and fat, Raven let herself fully relax into her slobbified state to continue indulging herself.

Bringing forth another feast, she made several more spell books appear before her to resume her studies. Stuffing herself did little to dissuade her reading as her eyes flew through texts that she had had once struggled with, adding to her knowledge of the arcane arts. The surge of food that floated into her mouth ensured her growth into a massive, sweaty blob of flesh and gas was well maintained. The constant kneading and groping of her flesh by her magic hands reminded her that she was missing a key ingredient in her hedonistic lifestyle.

A twitch of her finger was enough to bring back the magic dildo to resume pounding her womanhood. She let out a muffled moan through a mouthful of ice cream that momentarily took her eyes off her latest tome. Calming back down as she adjusted to the rhythm of the thrusts, she still felt as though something was missing. Scratching her bulbous, veiny brain with one of her books, she tried to figure out what it was. Her answer became obvious as a set of summoned fingers circled her deep, fuzzy belly button.

Wriggling about her pudgy limbs, she summoned a second, much larger sex toy to appear in front of her. Giving just enough attention to the newest member of her slobby setup, she gradually slid the girthy member down her flabby belly to have its tip graze the entrance of her

navel. To the sound of an exerted grunt and a squeaky fart, she whisked her fingers forward to have the sex toy dive as deep as possible into her belly button.

Just as she suspected, the pleasure she felt as the second cock mimicked the first's movements was just as powerful, if not more than the euphoria emanating from her womanhood. Easily keeping her mind divided between eating, studying, and forcing out gas from both ends, she dared to up the speed of both dildos to help her reach a new level of pleasure. In no time at all her body was overcome with powerful tremors as she reveled in her post-orgasm explosion of gas.

Taking a moment from her studies, she took a deep breath of the foul air to regain her senses. Keeping one eye focused on her latest book, she summoned a mirror as wide as her to view the entirety of her form. As she stared at the immobile blob of hairy fat reflected before her, her attention was drawn to her orange gem, the crystal having grown as large as her old body. Feeling an insatiable need to continue feeding her gut and knowledge, a flick of her wrist was all she needed to resume her cycle of near endless feeding of her belly, mind, and libido.

Raven did not know how long she kept up the ritual of indulgence, only able to realize that time was passing by the feeling of her plush body spreading across the room and her brain growing ever larger. The penetration of her navel and womanhood let her experience one orgasm after another, never getting tired of the sensation. While her limbs were incapable of moving more than a few inches, her fingers and toes did the job of guiding the various spells needed to keep her in a constant state of pleasure.

Just as she reached her 142nd orgasm in a row, her eyes were drawn towards her still locked door. A squeaky fart dismissed her well-used sex toys for later use and cleared out some of her massive collection of books. Taking a moment to wipe the drool off her face with a

floating rag, she flicked her hand to undo the lock and allow entrance into her room. Waiting for her outside in the hall was Robin and the other Titans, his hand mere inches from knocking.

“Raven, what-“

“I’ve BWOOOOOOOORRRP been studying,” Raven plainly stated, already knowing what he was about to ask. “You may not see this as very,” she paused, letting a fart sputter out to wobble her butt cheeks and disgust her guests, “appealing. However, this is the perfect form to use my powers to their utmost ability.”

“Raven, you’re as big as a house,” Beast Boy bluntly stated.

Swiveling about her chins, Raven turned towards Beast Boy. She didn’t say anything, but her glare alone was enough to get him to back up into the hall.

“Friend Raven, are you okay with this?” Starfire asked.

“Yes,” Raven said before stuffing a corndog into her mouth. “If you wish, we can discuss my situation in more detail after we deal with the alarm.”

“What alarm?”

Cyborg got his answer as the tower rang with alerts that signaled trouble was going on in the city.

“Just as predicted,” Raven said, waving about her fingers.

A rift of swirling magic formed in the center of the room. Opening up, the portal showed an overhead image of the inside of a bank vault. Doctor Light was busy stuffing money and other valuables into sacks, completely unaware of his audience.

“Pathetic,” Raven commented as she shuffled about her form. “He should be simple to take care of. Azerath Metrion ZinBWOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRPthos.”

A similar rift opened up around Raven's backside. Scrunching up her face and letting the veins in her head bulge, she stirred around the foul gas built up inside of her digestive tract. Pushing out a fart with a loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT, her face took on an expression of pure bliss as the last of it petered out. While the other Titans covered their noses at the smell, they watched Doctor Light drop his loot bags as he went into a coughing fit. No longer able to handle Raven's fart, his body mercifully let him pass out on the floor.

"I'll leave you to apprehend him," Raven said, letting out one last spurt of gas before shoving another wad of food in her mouth. "Make sure you UUURRP close the door on the way out."

"Okay *cough* Raven," Robin replied, he and the others hurrying to catch Doctor Light and put distance between themselves and their slobby friend's abhorrent odor.

As soon as the door closed, Raven re-summoned her sex toys to resume pleasuring her holes. In truth, her abilities were more than capable of teleporting Doctor Light to the nearest police station with little effort. However, she wanted some privacy to both allow herself more time to indulge her various needs and give her teammates a chance to mull over her situation. She knew that her form wasn't the easiest thing to comprehend, but eventually they would come to understand and even worship her. When the time was right, they would make the perfect disciples for an indulgent demigod.