

Candy Storm
By Angelus

It was Halloween night, and Zeek had a plan to get a ton of candy without ever leaving his house. He opened all the windows and set up in his living room, dressed in a witch costume that was more like a two-piece bathing suit than anything. In addition to the revealing top and bottoms, he was wearing a classic witch's hat, and some stockings made to look like black cats. All in all, he was looking hot this Halloween night.

The amateur sexy witch was preparing a spell, one which would gather all the unwanted candy from across the city and dump it into Zeek's living room. The spell was difficult to prepare. Zeek wasn't an actual witch, but the spellbook he had borrowed was real enough. Once the sun was down, he sat cross legged in his living room and cast the spell over himself.

At first, nothing happened, but Zeek was patient. The candy had to travel here through the air, and he wasn't sure how fast they would move. He sat still though, waiting, breathing calm. After a boring few-minutes wait, candy started floating in through his open windows. Just a few pieces at first, but it was trailing in from all over; through the living room windows, and his kitchen, from his bedroom and workshop. They lazily collected in front of him, slowly swirling. He got a good look at the mass. To his surprise, it was almost all candy corn! He scoffed. How could people not like candy corn? He was glad it wasn't going to go to waste.

To his surprise, the candy didn't just drop in a pile at his feet. Once the swirling ball of candy corn was big enough, it started to pour into his mouth, and his own magic spell wedged his jaws open and held them there. He blushed in spite of himself as he felt his stomach fill with candy. His middle bulged into a little yellow-furred swell, and he was grateful that his outfit didn't cover any of his belly, or it would have torn already. He placed his hands on his middle so that he could feel it stretch under his fingers, the fur sliding under his claws as he rubbed his filling middle.

As his stomach grew, he could feel the weight of his middle growing. It started to press down against his thighs as it filled out with candy as more and more of it started to surge into his house from across the city. Not wanting the circulation to his legs cut off, he spread them apart and let his stomach hit the floor between them. He was already pretty big, with a couple feet of belly in front of him at the least. The candy sphere was getting bigger, and candy began to fall out of it and onto the floor around him. The candy feed sped up to try and keep pace with the influx of candy, with no regard for if Zeek could keep up or not.

His cheeks and throat bulged, and his tail whipped through the candy that was piling up behind him as his slightly miscast spell force fed him pound after pound of unwanted candy corn. He gulped as fast as he could, and he couldn't chew since he couldn't close his jaws, and he could feel the tiny pokes and prods of the candy corns inside his stomach as they packed in. He was worried about how he was going to get out of this situation. He wasn't expecting this much candy, and he had no idea how to stop it. The spellbook was nowhere in reach, and the increasing weight and size of his stomach meant there was no getting to the book now.

The spell was only growing in intensity as it spread out, gathering unsold candy from grocery stores and unshipped candy from warehouses. The magic that was holding the candy glowed brighter, and rose higher, and pumped sweets into the helpless dragon. Zeek leaned

back and braced one arm against the floor behind him to try and keep from getting pushed over by his stomach. His other pressed up against his stomach to try and hold it back. It was up to his chest now, and hanging out past his knees, rising higher and wider and farther out, looking like a sphere with a flattened bottom. He spread his legs as far as they would comfortably go, but he could barely clear his expanding sides.

Even with the clearance his costume had from his stomach, it was getting so large that his outfit was starting to feel tight. The straps of the top were pulling across his back, and the bottoms were digging into his hips. He grunted, and his rising stomach forced his head to tip back, making the witch hat fall off his head and float to the ground. He could feel his belly getting firm under his hand as he pressed his arm against his middle. The candy was firm, but with so much of it inside of him it was starting to compress together into a giant ball of sugar. It was getting a bit softer, from the combination of digestion and Zeek's body heat, but that didn't make him any less full.

He was looking like a balloon. From the front, you couldn't even see the rest of him, just a growing ball of belly, over five feet tall. His outfit was more than uncomfortable now, it was digging into his skin under his fur, making him wince and huff through his snout. He couldn't see over his own stomach anymore, and it was pushing him back, forcing him to brace himself with both hands on the floor behind him. His gut began to push over his feet and legs, bulging over his thighs. It groaned with fullness, his guts churning in a fruitless effort to digest faster than he was being overfed with sugar. A whine escaped his filled mouth as he thought about how many tons, literal tons of uneaten candy there would be tonight, and just how even his impressive stomach couldn't handle swelling to city-sized proportions.

He finally relented against the size of his belly and fell back. His stomach sloshed down on top of him, smothering his arms and face and still covering most of his legs as that storm of sweets swirled into his stomach. His hide creaked worryingly, and he could feel the top of his belly brush the ceiling of his living room. His stomach must have been taller than he was when he was standing if he was filling his living room, he had at least a ten foot clearance and he was touching the top of it with his fur, at least. Another groan and gurgle shook through his guts, and he groaned, starting to feel sick from all the sugar and stuffing.

Snap! Pop! Zeek blinked and shrugged his shoulders as his top and bottoms tore off finally, no longer digging into his body. Before he could fully register this, several dozen pounds of candy fell down around him, clattering to the floor. He sputtered and pushed his gut away from his face. The spell had definitely stopped, just as suddenly as his outfit had burst off. He slowly realized that the spell had probably been cast on his outfit, and now that it was torn, the spell was ruined. He breathed a sigh of relief. Now at least he'd be able to eat the rest of the candy at his own pace. Though... He was feeling pretty sugared out this night.