

Tuck Hits the Buffet

By: IndigoRho

The usual sounds of traffic and conversations echoed through the city streets, but all Tuck could hear were the rumbling complaints of his own stomach. The large purple dragon was practically starving, breakfast a distant memory the thought of which only made him hungrier. As he looked around for a good restaurant to hit up for lunch he realized the various pedestrians going about their business were starting to seem appetizing. Sure, eating others was generally considered rude, but Tuck's hunger pains were impossible to ignore. Suddenly his attention was mostly on the walking snacks in arm's reach rather than potential restaurants.

Tuck couldn't just snag anyone at random, of course. He needed someone small enough to not weigh him down, just something to hold him over for a little bit longer. They had to be alone as well so no one would make a fuss over an innocent snack. Fortunately he swiftly spotted a suitable candidate.

A fox stood under the cover of a bus stop, too busy with his phone to notice Tuck heading towards him. He was nice and lean, the kind of meal Tuck new he could gulp down in seconds.

The only warning the fox had that something was amiss was the shadow suddenly looming over him. His arms were quickly pinned to his sides—phone clattering to the ground—and he looked up in time to see Tuck grinning before he lunged. There was a muffled yelp from the fox as his head and shoulders were swallowed. A second, strong gulp pulled the fox off the ground and into Tuck's stomach, and the third left only his twitching paws on the outside. With a tilt of Tuck's head the fox was gone, his belly bouncing a bit as his snack fell into it.

Tuck had gobbled the fox up so fast only a couple bystanders had noticed, and they simply moved to put as much distance between themselves and the voracious dragon as possible. The snack had indeed diminished the hunger pains a little, though Tuck would still need to either find a place to eat or start gulping down people left and right in order to actually feel full. Regular food was far more appealing. Plus it didn't fight back like the rowdy meal in his stomach.

Despite plenty of struggles and inaudible complaints, Tuck's natural bulk disguised most of the fox's movements, reducing his presence to the occasional belly wobble and easy-to-miss bulge. Just as hoped, he barely felt the added weight of the fox as he continued his search for more food. After a couple minutes he'd almost forgotten he was there at all.

Tuck's luck held out, and soon enough he came across a buffet he'd heard plenty of good things about. Today was as good as any to finally try it out himself. The host inside swore they spotted Tuck's gut shift slightly, but they willfully ignored the possibilities and brought the dragon to his booth, hurrying off after. Tuck worried the glances at his suspicious middle would start interfering with his intended feast, so before he grabbed his first plate of many he made his way to a milkshake dispenser in a quiet corner of the buffet.

Tuck didn't bother getting a glass, just leaned down and opened his mouth wide under a trio of nozzles. He pulled the levers for all three, a steady stream of chocolate, vanilla, and peanut butter milkshake pouring right down his throat. The squirms of the fox deep inside him intensified as he realized what was happening, not that he could do much in his position. Little-by-little Tuck's belly swelled, distinct bulges growing fainter and fainter as he filled with milkshake. He didn't stop until he sported both a brain freeze and a perfectly round gut. There were still faint wobbles, but nothing that'd catch anyone's attention.

Guzzling a few gallons of milkshake hadn't put any real dent in Tuck's appetite, and the dragon waddled over to start collecting his first course. He loaded two plates full of the first delicious food he spotted and returned to his booth, wasting little time digging in. Tuck cleared both plates with a frenzy akin to an eating contest champion. They were merely the beginning.

Plate after plate after plate was conquered in quick succession, Tuck's belly ballooning outward steadily. Every time he returned to the buffet bar he was larger, and any dish he targeted was utterly

devastated. The cooks in the kitchen weren't able to recover from Tuck's gorging, leaving the other diners frustrated at the rapidly decreasing options for food. None actually confronted Tuck about the issue, but enough complained to the wait staff that a manager was inevitably forced to intervene.

Tuck was rather hard to miss. The dragon's massive belly had nearly pushed his table completely out of the corner booth he was in, and seemed constantly on the verge of tipping it over, along with the towers of empty plates littering its surface. He didn't register the manager's presence at all until the ferret gathered the courage to clear his throat louder than the first dozen or so times before. Tuck didn't stop eating, but he at least obviously started paying attention to him.

“Oh...ahem...sir we genuinely enjoy the patronage of such, um, *enthusiastic* customers like yourself, but unfortunately others haven't been able to eat because of, well, you.” The manager was cowering preemptively. “Would you kindly stop grabbing plates?”

At first Tuck frowned as he heard the request, though after a moment's thought his smile returned and he nodded. The manager breathed a sigh of relief—then shouted in confusion as Tuck pulled him atop his belly. Without a word Tuck began to swallow the much smaller ferret, gulping him down just as he had the fox at the bus stop. His newest meal wiggled and squirmed in vain but was no match for the gluttonous dragon.

Numerous customers immediately abandoned their tables and fled the buffet out of fear Tuck wasn't just expressing his annoyance with the service. The wait staff were caught in the middle, not wanting to get eaten by a customer but also eager to continue getting paid.

The unlucky manager vanished from sight in less than a minute, Tuck's belly growing further. Once he was gone there weren't any noticeable bulges, though, and only a hint of wobbling. Tuck's gorging hid the ferret well. The dragon patted his immense gut in triumph, pleasantly satisfied with the solution he'd come up with to the apparent food problem. Instead of just plowing through the dishes he'd eat an employee or two to give the kitchen a chance to catch up, at least until he actually was full. Everyone would be happy then, obviously.

Nearly too stuffed to move, Tuck cheerfully waved down his original waiter and licked his lips. “Oh waiter, would you come here for a quick second...”