

Wire's Offering

By: IndigoRho

The moment he entered the dark chamber Wire knew he'd reached his destination. Torchlight lit up the plump wolf's face, his wide grin revealing a number of chipped fangs. Months ago he'd heard rumors of an ancient necromancer named Curro sealed away within a tomb. Curiosity had driven him to learn more, and when he'd seen the sketches and a half-ruined portrait of Curro he'd swooned almost instantly.

Curro was perhaps the most imposing crow Wire had ever seen. His eyes were piercing, his beak jagged, and he had a slight smile that reeked of malice. But best of all, Curro was fat. *Really* fat. The crow's belly looked soft even in the drawings, a feathered dome he could imagine jiggling whenever Curro walked. Apparently the necromancer had been rather fond of his size, as his gut was always exposed, never restrained by robe or tunic. Wire knew then that he had to meet Curro in person.

Wire's task had been an arduous one, a trail of bodies left in his wake as he tracked down the location of Curro's prison and how to break it's many wards. He'd only just barely survived the tomb itself, his right ankle still bruised and aching after almost getting crushed. A single healing potion remained hanging from his belt, the rest having been used to restore all the various snapped by traps and persistent guards. The pain had been worth it.

Against the far wall stood a stone sarcophagus, wider than any Wire had ever seen before. His thoughts drifted to the necromancer sealed within, his belly filling every inch, just waiting to be freed. The seals protecting it had faded, and Wire knew exactly how to break them.

A wave of freezing air erupted from the cracks in the sarcophagus as Wire dealt with the final seal, sending a chill up his spine that widened his smile. He stumbled to the side as the lid toppled over, shattering into pieces upon hitting the stone floor. When Wire looked upon Curro, though, his smiled turned into a frown.

The crow within the sarcophagus was practically emaciated. He lacked even the slightest hint of a belly, robes hanging loose on his gaunt form. For a moment Wire was convinced he'd merely discovered a decoy, or perhaps another odd trap preventing him from finding the real Curro, the *larger* Curro. When the crow opened his eyes, though, Wire knew he was just making excuses.

Curro took a few, cautious steps out of the sarcophagus, his gaze upon Wire the entire time. He stretched and cracked his neck, his face shifting between fury and relief and sinister glee. When he drummed on his flat middle with a talon he showed as much disappointment as Wire had.

"So many...years...wasting away." Curro's voice was raspy, the crow having spent decades not being able to talk.

Wire was standing perfectly still, not sure of what to say or do now that he'd actually released the necromancer. He hadn't planned that far ahead.

Curro wasn't about to ignore him, though. "And who...has so graciously...freed me?"

"My n-name is Wire. Sir!" Wire replied as Curro slowly approached him.

The necromancer's eyes noticeably shifted towards Wire's belly, a smile returning to his beak. "You obviously understand...the importance of a good appetite." Curro ran a talon along Wire's middle, causing the wolf to shudder. "Perhaps you'd help me reclaim my rightful girth?"

Wire blushed, nodding profusely before he even spoke a word. "Y-yes, of course! Making others fat is my specialty, you'll be waddling around again in no time!"

"Excellent." Curro grinned. "You do seem rather fattening."

Wire's sudden confusion only intensified as Curro's talons wrapped around his fluffy neck, digging into flesh. He gasped and spasmed as he was lifted off the ground. Curro was staring right into his bulging eyes, pure joy on the crow's face. It was the last thing Wire saw before passing out.

Wire woke to a dull pain he couldn't quite place. His memory was as foggy as his vision, made worse by the pulsing aches. He tried to stand but his legs were numb, refusing to follow his orders. His left arm wasn't any better, and it took considerable effort just to lift his right one to rub his eyes. A jolt of pain from his nose made the wolf wince. There was a faint smell of dried blood.

"You're actually waking up?" Curro's voice stung Wire's ears. "I was beginning to worry I'd overdone it."

Wire's sight finally cleared, and he found himself staring up at Curro's bulging belly. Despite the pain Wire still blushed, eyes locked onto the crow's newfound gut. It contrasted greatly with the rest of his lithe body, and had odd lumps across its surface. Just gorging on food shouldn't have caused such an appearance.

The wolf's questions were answered rather bluntly as Curro raised a severed arm and tore into it. Blood dripped from his beak as he greedily chewed and swallowed meat off the arm, even cracking off some of the bone. The longer Wire stared at the arm the more familiar it became, until finally he forced himself to look down. As feared, his left arm was completely gone—and so were both legs. Wire suddenly felt woozy.

"You promised to make me fat," Curro said as he continued to glut on Wire's arm. "And so far you're keeping your end of the bargain quite nicely."

Curro gave his gut a hearty pat, causing it to wobble. He then leaned down, his middle right in front of his meal's face. A few seconds was all it took to finish off the remainder of the arm.

"Why don't you get a closer look, I *insist*."

A talon grasped the back of Wire's head and pushed it forwards, straight into the crow's belly. Wire let out a sharp, muffled whine as his busted nose pressed against a lump that might have once been his own knee. Again the pain didn't stop him from blushing, Wire managing a strained moan of delight. For a second he wished the crow had eaten more of him.

Far too soon the necromancer released his grip on Wire, denying the wolf his belly. Without the slightest bit of warning he grabbed Wire's remaining arm and pulled it with horrendous force. The wolf screamed and thrashed as his arm was ripped out of its socket, flesh tearing and blood gushing. While Curro took a large bite out of his most recent snack he took the last health potion Wire had and forced it against the wolf's lips. Wire coughed and gargled as he was forced to drink the potion, but at least the bleeding stopped.

Curro happily gorged on the arm as Wire mumbled incoherently, overwhelmed by pain. The crow's belly steadily swelled from the meat, bringing him joy. Wasting away had been the worst part about being sealed for so long, and Curro was eager to be hefty once more. Being freed by a meal as fat and juicy as Wire had been great luck, a sign of things to come as far as he was concerned.

"And now it's time for me to have dessert before it goes bad," Curro said as swallowed the last of Wire's right arm.

Curro squeezed Wire's belly, prompting a pained blush from the helpless wolf. His talon then slowly moved upwards until it was centered above Wire's heart. Wire winced as he felt Curro begin to dig into his chest, *slowly* piercing him. He clenched his jaw shut and whined, the talon getting deeper. Fresh blood oozed from his mouth and nose. When Curro finally grasped his heart he twitched, the sensation unsettling and uncomfortable beyond all compare. Curro toyed with it, squeezed it gently, ensured Wire knew exactly what he was going to eat next.

There was a gargle as Wire's heart was pulled clear out of his chest, the wolf fading quietly.

Curro swallowed the heart as if it were a pastry, savoring the taste. He tore into Wire then, gorging on the remainder of his organs.

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Sudden pain had led into darkness, and when Wire's eyes sluggishly opened again his first thought was of which afterlife he'd ended up at. Most of his body felt completely numb, with the exception of his face. Perhaps he was chained up and about to be judged. He was not expecting to find himself staring right into Curro's eyes.

Wire tried to yelp in surprise but only managed a silent gasp.

“No more talking for you, tasty one,” Curro sneered. “Trophies don't need to speak.”

Curro grinned wide as he looked upon Wire's severed, conscious head. The rest of the wolf was just a blood stain and a pile of gnawed bones, Curro having had his fill hours ago. He was slightly less gaunt than before, sporting a small new belly thanks to Wire's “generosity”. The necromancer would need to eat plenty more to reach his ideal weight, but for now he was content. He tied Wire's head to his belt, the wolf's snout pressed right against his gut. The trophy blushed...