

Reggie's Swell Halloween

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It was a cool Halloween night, stars visible in the sky with the clouds cleared. Reggie stood outside his car in the parking lot at work, attempting some last minute adjustments of his costume. The fox was dressed as a ghostbuster, and the jumpsuit managed to emphasize every curve of his rather ample figure. He wore it every year for the office Halloween party, and was worried it'd gotten somewhat tighter since the last one. Perhaps this year he'd have to be extra careful about accidentally grazing on the bountiful snacks.

Eventually the fox was satisfied with his attire and headed inside the building. Only a few lights were still on in the empty lobby, which felt eerily quiet compared to what he was used to during the day. Reggie couldn't shake the odd feeling he was being watched, his eyes darting towards every shadow and unexpected sound. Eager to reach the elevator and the safety of the party, Reggie picked up his pace.

Reggie rapidly pressed the call button over and over without realizing it. His ears twitched as they hunted for menacing noises, his tail flicked erratically. He was looking back towards the lobby when the elevator doors opened with a ding, and when he turned around he nearly jumped.

Inside the elevator was a translucent, rotund cheetah with a blue hue. The ghostly feline grinned at Reggie. "Long time no see, Jumbo."

"I-Indi?" Reggie was in disbelief. "Bu-bu-but you're, you're..."

"Dead? Yes, but I had far too much unfinished business left to just pass on."

Reggie's brain was telling him to run away as fast as he could, but fear froze him in place. "This is obviously a trick, or a dream! Ghosts aren't real!"

Indi laughed, his spectral gut jiggling. "Trust me, I'm the *real* deal, and I've returned to avenge my horribly unjust death!"

"But you were crushed by that vending machine you shook too much. Who would you even get revenge on?"

"Everyone who didn't rush to my aid, obviously!"

"You were the only one in the building when it happened, though."

Indi scowled. "Oh whatever, your mind games aren't going to work on me! I'm getting revenge, and *you* Reggie are gonna help me out. Hope you don't mind being my costume tonight."

The ghost lunged and Reggie gasped, only to be muffled as something entered his open mouth. Indi was forcing himself down Reggie's throat. Reggie's tail and ears shot straight up in terror, his cheeks swelling round. His belly ballooned outward as Indi rushed into it, a chill spreading throughout his body. A dizzy spell came over Reggie as he was filled by the ghost. He took a couple steps back, but a numbness soon stopped him in his tracks.

Reggie groaned as the last of the ghost vanished within him, wisps of blue smoke rising from the corners of his mouth. Little-by-little his gaze refocused, a sinister smile forming on his face. Reggie was no longer Reggie anymore.

The fox cackled and gave his bloated belly a few triumphant slaps. "Oh wow, I'd forgotten how good it felt to have an actual body! Though the voice was Reggie's, the words were Indi's. "And gosh you're just as big as I was! Superb heft—and *capacity*."

L-Let me go! Reggie demanded. He'd regained the feeling in his body, but couldn't even move a finger no matter how hard he tried. He'd been possessed.

The fox entered the elevator, still chuckling a bit. "Hope you brought your appetite Reggie, because tonight you feast!"

The elevator door had closed half-way when a voice rang out. "Wait, hold up!"

A lean, gray lion blocked the door with his body, sliding in and bumping into Reggie's gut.

"Whew, almost didn't make it, and it always takes these elevators forever to arrive!" the lion

said as he caught his breath. He was dressed as a magician, complete with top hat and wand. “Were you talking to your belly again, Reggie?”

On the inside, the real Reggie blushed while the imposter continued smiling.

“Well August, a tank this large tends to make so much noise I just gotta talk back sometimes!”

August was caught off-guard by the uncharacteristic response. He looked down at his coworker's large middle and smirked. “I know I was out of the office all week, but I swear you somehow got rounder. Been hitting the donuts again?” He poked Reggie's gut, which—to his surprise—wobbled like it was filled with jello.

“Oh a little of this, a little of that. Though lately I've been craving *cat*.”

Reggie licked his lips, and suddenly August felt very, very small compared to the giant fox. He tried backing away, only to immediately bump into the closed elevator door. The lion's arms were pinned to his sides and he was lifted off the floor with ease, his top hat falling off.

“Dude, Reggie, I'm sorry! This isn't funny, put me—*mrrrrmmmmph!*”

Pleas were silenced as Reggie shoved August's whole head into his mouth and began to swallow with glee.

Being a ghost meant being unable to indulge on food, something Indi had missed more than anything else after his untimely demise. In life he hadn't cared much for August, which made it even easier to savor the lion as he gobbled him up. August wiggled and squirmed and writhed to no avail, his efforts doing nothing to slow his descent into the fox's swelling belly. Within he slipped into something as cold as ice, passing out almost right away.

A quick minute later the elevator was filled with a loud *berraaaaaaaaaaaaap* as Reggie licked his fingers. August had been a delightful snack, but not nearly filling enough to sate Indi's voracious appetite. Still, he was a good practice run, and hadn't strained the jumpsuit *too* much. Couldn't have everyone else at the party catching on too quickly.

Loud music and chatter spilled into the elevator as the doors opened up. Reggie waddled out, glancing at the multitude of Halloween decorations covering the office. No cubicle or hallway had been left untouched, hosting a hoard of pumpkins, spiderwebs, skeletons, and ghosts amongst others. It was a little on the excessive side, though all the parties at work tended to be.

The possessed fox quickly began to mingle, disguising his quest for more meals as merely friendly conversation. Most of the employees noticed there was something...off about Reggie, but initially they assumed he might just be drunk. Soon enough they were too tipsy themselves to care. That's when the party became a buffet.

A lean ferret dressed as a pirate was the second course of the night, pulled into a cubicle and scarfed down in record time. The seams of the jumpsuit creaked faintly after his addition, Reggie's belly suspiciously rounder.

An angel and devil were drunkenly gossiping at the water cooler, Reggie's wide frame blocking the scene as he pinned them together and ate them simultaneously like an oversized sub sandwich. His costume protested the combo meal greatly but remained intact, a testament to its durability.

Throughout it all the real Reggie attempted to warn his coworkers, but of course his words couldn't reach them. Never before in his life had he been so utterly stuffed. He felt as if his sides were about to burst from the four filling guests, though perhaps that was merely the jumpsuit clinging so tightly to his gut. What was worse was the knowledge that Indi obviously wasn't satisfied yet.

Please Indi, four is enough! Reggie begged. *If I eat too many more I'll burst like a balloon!*

Indi snickered in Reggie's voice. “You shouldn't doubt yourself so much! I bet I could cram the whole party in ya and you'd still be fine!”

A plump crow rather lazily dressed in a skeleton t-shirt had overheard Reggie's conversation with himself, and was just barely sober enough to realize the fox's bulging belly wasn't a costume. He didn't have time to let out a single caw before he was scarfed down as well.

Meal number five finally brought the jumpsuit to its limits. It slowly unzipped with every

swallow, steadily exposing the massive mound of fluffy white that was Reggie's belly. The real Reggie wanted to groan as he felt his possessed self rub and cradle his gut. He was suddenly far too aware of what it was like to be a stuffed Thanksgiving turkey.

While he felt bad about being forced to gorge on his coworkers, he felt even worse about all the weight he was doomed to put on if they weren't released. Images of a bouncing, blubbery belly filled his thoughts, nothing in his wardrobe fitting aside from sweats that would be stretched tight over his bountiful butt. He'd have to live at the gym for a whole year if he wanted to burn off the pounds, and success certainly wasn't guaranteed.

For a good, long while the engorged fox simply toyed with his gut. Reggie began to hope that Indi was finally satisfied, that he'd regain control of his body while still mobile. Unfortunately he underestimated the ghostly cheetah's gluttony.

"We're like a fox in a hen house, Reggie, and I do believe there are still a few tasty morsels left!" Reggie laughed, then burped up a couple feathers.

The enormous fox lumbered off in search of more coworkers. By then, however, the pickings were both figuratively and literally slim. Most of the uneaten guests had already left for the night, while those that remained were often too clustered together for Reggie to snag without getting immediately caught in the act. Opportunities only diminished as time passed. A small mouse dressed as a grim reaper was the only new prey Reggie managed to catch, but he was far too scrawny to be an acceptable final course.

Indi was on the verge of giving up when an idea hit him. "Hey Reggie, why don't we drop by the boss' office before we head out, for old time's sake~"

The real Reggie gulped. Their boss was a portly badger, large enough to put a considerable wobble in the step of anyone who managed to eat him.

W-W-Wait! He's too big, way too big! There's no way I can fit him in my belly without going boom!

"A risk I'm willing to take!"

Reggie was licking his lips long before he reached the door to his boss' office. It was half-way open already, and the fox's middle opened it wide before getting momentarily stuck, forcing him to wiggle his way through the threshold. Within was a badger dressed as a vampire, and he was exceptionally drunk.

The boss took one look at the new arrival and burst into laughter. "Reggie, did you actually leave any snacks for the others!" He slowly began to stumble towards his employee, always on the verge of toppling over with every step. "Not that I remember there being *that* much food tonight. Guess you—*hic*—indulged at a few other parties or buffets on the way over. If you break another chair again I might have to take the cost out of your paycheck, *especially* with how expensive those reinforced ones are!"

The badger gave Reggie's belly an accusatory poke, apparently unaware at how deviously wide the fox's grin was.

"You look sloshed, big guy. I say it's time to send ya to the drunk tank."

The badger didn't react at all when Reggie firmly grabbed him, nor when he was lifted off the floor and towards a gaping maw. There was plenty of frenzied wiggling once he was sliding down a gullet, though.

Reggie's belly swelled outward aggressively, his trapped conscious protesting every inch of the meal. His hide was being stretched well beyond its assumptive limits. He felt like a whale, mobility an unattainable dream.

With the final gulp, the weight of Reggie's bulging belly became too much to handle. The fox fell onto his butt, letting loose a burp that shook the entire office. Had anyone else been left anywhere on the floor they would've heard it.

"Now *that* is a feast fit for a fox!" Reggie said with glee. "Thanks for the opportunity, Reggie."

You've been such a gracious host~”

The real Reggie was too stuffed to offer a coherent response.

“Well Reggie it's been a blast, but I think it's best I call it a night. Let's do this again sometime.”

The fox's face twitched and his cheeks swelled, his mouth opening up as the ghost cheetah's head poked out. Indi darted out of Reggie, his belly fwoomping out dramatically as it was uncompressed. He was nearly as huge as the fox he'd force-fed, though his middle was completely round rather than lumpy.

Indi smiled as he patted his gut. “Turns out souls are pretty fattening, hehe.”

Back in control of his body at last, Reggie could still do nothing more but groan. His gaze was aimless, and he didn't see Indi waving goodbye before vanishing through the floor. A deep food coma awaited the unlucky fox. At least he wouldn't have to worry about his increased workload at work *and* the gym until the next morning...