

Refreshing Eagle Soup

By: IndigoRho

Captain Kai watched as the crew of the *Azure Bounty* dropped their prize onto a pile of coiled rope. The lithe, white-and-blue koi dragon was used to finding the occasional bit of drifting debris in the sea, but finding a living, breathing person was a fair bit rarer—especially when the privateer hadn't personally sunk another ship in days. The unconscious castaway was a slightly chubby bird—a harpy eagle according to one of the more knowledgeable crew—wrapped in a soaked green cloak and wearing a torn tunic that seemed a size too small.

A demanding rumble echoed from Kai's stomach as he stared down at the eagle, which almost caught him off-guard. Though he admittedly had a taste for bird he preferred them to be a fair bit more filling. Perhaps his stomach simply saw some potential. It'd felt like ages since the voracious koi had put in the effort to prepare a prey, and suddenly he was obsessed with doing just that.

"I think I'm in the mood for some refreshing eagle soup!" Kai declared.

There was a loud round of laughter in response from the crew. Most were just as gluttonous as their Captain—as evident by their sizable bellies—and enjoyed any opportunity to add someone to the menu.

"Alright, bring him to our 'Guest Quarters' and make him comfortable," Kai ordered. "He'll likely be awake soon, and he's got a lot of eating ahead of him."

More snickers as the harpy eagle was carried off, Kai grinning as he heard the crew start taking bets on just how massive their guest would end up getting. He doubted many would be expecting the fattening he had in store, though...

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Arrell slowly woke from an odd dream in which he'd eaten every fish in the sea, the harpy eagle groaning as he forced his eyes open. His body was sore and he felt exhausted. He looked around the room, eyes eventually settling on a stranger who looked to be a mix between a koi and a dragon.

"Good to see you finally awake, friend," the stranger said. "We weren't sure you'd make it when we pulled you out of the sea, but it appears you're a hearty fellow! Did the ship you were on sink?"

Sink? Suddenly Arrell's memories came flooding back, and he blushed bright red. He'd been hired to help guard a merchant ship, but two days in he'd unintentionally gorged on a sizable portion of the delicious cargo of fish. In a panic he'd waddled back onto the deck during a storm, his bulging belly bouncing with every step. Arrell had lost his footing, tumbling over the side along with a chunk of shattered railing.

Everything after was a blur, but by some miracle he'd survived the ordeal. Of course he wasn't eager to tell the full story to his savior—or explain why his clothes now no longer fit.

"Um...yeah! My name's Arrell. I was braving the seas alone on a small vessel when a storm hit. Tried my best to weather it but the ship came apart all around me, had to fight a shark with an oar on the way down." Arrell said. "Tunic must have shrunk in the storm, too..."

The lie was painfully obvious to Kai, though he didn't really care about how his future meal had ended up in his lap. All he cared about was fattening the bird right out of his tunic. "Sounds like an incredible adventure! I'm Kai, and you're on my ship the *Azure Bounty*. Please just relax and let us take care of you while you regain your strength."

"T-Thank you!" Arrell said. "Just being dry is certainly helping."

"Oh but I'm sure you're famished as well after being adrift. Eating is vital to recovery!"

As if on cue the door to the cabin opened, and a massive orca strolled in with a platter overflowing in food. Bread, fruit, large cuts of steak—it all made Arrell's mouth water and his stomach growl. He hadn't eaten since his fish feast on the merchant ship, and now the eagle felt like he could eat

twice as much.

With a quick thanks Arrell dug in, ravenously devouring the gift. A mead of some sort was provided to wash the meal down, and Arrell swore he must have drained more than a single mug despite never calling for it to be refilled. He was too busy eating to think much of it, though.

Kai could barely hide his glee as he watched the eagle glut without provocation, his belly gradually swelling with food and mead. The koi dragon was keeping Arrell's mug topped off whenever he looked away. Meanwhile the orca was distracting Arrell with recommendations while adding fresh dishes to the platter. It was a well practiced routine, such simple misdirection to ensure the eagle ate far more than usual. Of course Kai was beginning to suspect Arrell was used to gorging and stuffing himself.

Arrell didn't notice his growing gut pushing open his tunic as it sought freedom, nor the looks his hosts were giving him. He was oblivious to the fact he'd eaten far more food than could have possibly fit on a single platter, too. Once the eagle started eating it was easy to overlook everything else. It was the reason a merchant somewhere was wondering where both his guard and half his valuable fish had disappeared to,

Eventually Arrell started to slow down, and Kai stopped secretly adding to the seemingly endless feast. As the eagle gulped down the final roll he slumped back in bad, weighed down by a respectable ball gut. As soon as he saw its size he blushed, sheepishly attempting to cover it with a blanket.

"See? You were in desperate need of sustenance!" Kai said, giving Arrell's belly a playful pat. "If you keep this up you'll be a hundred percent in no time at all! Just eat and sleep, doctor's orders."

"Yeah, that makes sense. Recharging a body like mine takes a lot!" Arrell boldly slapped his belly with both wings, prompting a small belch and more blushing.

Arrell's belly hadn't even shrunk by half by the time the next meal arrived. He managed to eat even more than before, thanks to a mix of encouragement and sleight of hand. Kai quickly discovered it was almost comically easy to get the eagle to stuff himself silly, and the more he watched Arrell gorge the larger he wanted him to be. Never before had he seen someone so wonderfully fattenable.

Over the next few days Arrell ate—and ate and ate and ate. Practically every waking moment was spent eating, and Arrell rarely left the comfort of his increasingly creaky bed. Being perpetually gorged left him exhausted, though he was convinced the true cause was his time adrift. "Just a few more days and a few more hearty meals and you'll be good as new" Kai would claim, and Arrell had no reason to question the logic.

With each passing day Arrell grew fatter and plumper and *juicier*. His once-chubby belly had turned into a doughy paunch, spilling over his lap and rarely covered. His thighs were thick and his butt soft. A second chin had formed, Arrell's cheeks and face noticeably round. The outgrown tunic had been replaced by a loose robe that Arrell was steadily growing into.

Arrell was beginning to feel like a pampered king. In between meals and snacks he'd regale Kai with tales of his daring adventures, all of which were greatly embellished. Yes he'd single-handedly captured a trio of bandits—but the fact he'd done so by crashing through the tavern floor after downing a keg of mead wasn't important. He *had* cleared out the mysterious Temple of Plenty—even if it'd been long abandoned and was only defended by a series of weight-gain traps he stumbled into one after another. Were he not being so well treated by Kai and his crew, he may have suspected he was unlucky.

It wasn't long until Arrell had more than doubled in size.

Following a particularly filling stuffing session, Kai gazed upon the blubbery bird he'd spent days fattening up and realized it was time to turn him into the overindulgent meal he was destined to be.

"Arrell my friend, I do believe you've recuperated enough for our soothing hot spring treatment," Kai said with a grin.

The eagle finished the last of his mug of mead and looked quizzically at his host. "How can a

boat have a hot spring on it?"

"Ah, that's just the best way to describe how wonderful the experience is! Rest assured you'll enjoy it so much you may not want to leave."

A relaxing soak sounded good to Arrell, who happily slid off the bed so he could follow Kai. Arrell's belly jiggled and bounced as he stood, leaving the eagle somewhat flustered. He'd spent so much time lounging in bed he'd forgotten the considerable heft he'd put on. Kai was already heading off, though, so there wasn't time to worry about his heft.

Floorboards creaked as the pair made their brief journey, Arrell acutely aware that no one would have been able to shimmy past him had the need arisen. Well, Kai probably could. The koi dragon oddly thin despite how often the various crew members insisted he was a heavy eater.

Once they'd arrived at their destination, Arrell was left baffled. The room seemed to be the ship's galley, its center dominated by the largest cauldron he'd ever seen. It was half-filled with a bubbling soup stock of some sort, the aroma of which made Arrell hungry.

"Impressive, isn't it?" Kai asked, beaming with pride as he looked upon the cauldron. "A bath in our private spring will cure all that ails you."

"But...but that's just a cauldron," Arrell said.

Kai shook his head. "To the untrained eye it may *look* like a cauldron, but that's simply a result of their similar forging methods. I mean, no cauldron would be massive enough to fit a whole person in it, right?"

Arrell found himself more than willing to accept the questionable answer, shoving aside all doubts. "Oh, of course! Guess I really do need that last bit of healing if I'm making silly mistakes like that."

A set of wooden steps led up to the cauldron, and Arrell carefully climbed them. Up close the contents of the "spring" definitely resembled a stew or thick soup, large chunks of meat and vegetables floating around in it. Not wanting to look foolish, Arrell ignored his concerns and slid in.

The warm soup felt amazing once Arrell had adjusted, a delighted grin coming upon his beak as he sighed.

"Wow this is incredible!" The sound of small splashes caught Arrell's attention. Kai was dropping chopped carrots into the bath.

"Don't mind me!" Kai said as he continued adding more. "The healing waters of the spring release the energy in humble vegetables and direct it into you. The same happens to anything you eat while soaking."

As proof the koi dragon held a pile of the carrots to Arrell's beak, who gladly accepted them. The claims were odd, but Arrell wasn't necessarily an expert on healing magic. It was best to simply go with the flow and accept the process just worked.

The initial offering of food was followed by many more. A whole medley of chopped vegetables tumbled into Arrell's beak, along with chunks of potatoes and a variety of meats. Sometimes Kai would even pour large jugs of delicious soup broth directly into him. Floating in the stew, Arrell couldn't see his belly growing larger and larger, until it pressed right up against the cauldron walls. The broth level had risen as his gut displaced more space. Inevitably it reached the lip and started pouring over and onto the floor.

The sound shook Arrell from his mindless gluttony, the eagle's face flushing red as he discovered he was stuck.

"Um, Kai, maybe I should hold off on the food," Arrell said, wiggling around but showing no signs of progress. "Otherwise you might not be able to pull me out of the spring."

Kai simply grinned. "But the most important ingredient in a stuffed eagle soup is the stuffed eagle!"

Arrell laughed nervously, hoping his host was joking, but Kai didn't laugh back. "Uh, r-really funny Kai. I think I should take a quick—*mrrmmph!!*"

The eagle was silenced by a beakful of pork, which he was forced to wash down with fresh broth.

“You know, you're the first prey to actually waddle right into the cauldron on their own accord!” Kai said cheerfully as he aggressively stuffed Arrell, ignoring the eagle's muffled complaints. “Course most don't willing stuff themselves like you did either! Usually we have to tie 'em up and force-feed them for a bit until they're filling enough. You really are an exemplary prey.”

“You've been fattening me up this entire time!” Arrell nearly squawked.

Kai nodded. “Yep! Everyone on this ship has a hearty appetite, and regular old fish just don't cut it. And I'm in need of some comfy insulation now that the weather's getting colder.” He rubbed his flat stomach and licked his lips.

“But I'm a valiant hero, you can't just eat me! I bet you'd get a reward if you brought me back to port—all the food you can eat, my treat!” No matter how much Arrell squirmed, he couldn't even begin to lift his massive gut out of the cauldron.

“Oh a few gallons of eagle soup are reward enough. See ya in a few hours!”

Kai placed a massive lid on the cauldron, silencing the eagle's pleas.

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“Buh-urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp.”

Kai chuckled as he unleashed the loud belch, a few feathers flying out as his sloshy gut wobbling wildly. His middle was immense, a bulging sphere filled with the best soup he'd ever had. He doubted he could've walked, but was content to simply relax and enjoy the fruits of his labor. The orca was nearby, sporting a smaller yet still sizable belly of his own.

“Captain you really outdid yourself this time!” he bellowed, giving his gut a slap. “The ship tailor's gonna have to make us all new wardrobes with how fat that bird'll make us!”

“Not sure I'll be able to surpass it, honestly. An ingredient that delectable only comes around once in a lifetime.” Kai sighed. “The extra pounds might not last forever, but at least he left a pretty souvenir.

The koi dragon reached for a shelf and retrieved a freshly-washed eagle skull. Eventually a stylized letter “A” would be carved onto it, but for now it was pristine.

“I think I'll give him a special place above my bed, only seems right.”

The duo burst into laughter, their bellies both wobbling and sloshing with eagle soup...