

Easy Meals

By Victor Waite

Victor learns a useful summoning spell from the internet and abuses it for free food. Unfortunately, the tables get turned and he finds himself being served up to atone for his thefts.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Fat Male Fox, Magical Shenanigans, Gluttony, Soft Oral Vore, Unwilling Meals, Weight Gain, Light Bondage, Forced Tube Feeding, and Inflation. If all that sounds appealing, continue at your leisure~

Victor slouched back in his seat, filling the small apartment with the sharp squeak of an overloaded chair. He folded his arms across his substantial belly and skeptically read the screen before him, which detailed a low-level summoning spell. Such cantrips were a dime a dozen and generally warranted little interest, but its title managed to catch his eye against the archive's wall of text. The poster of the ritual claimed it could be used as an easy meal, as the imps it called often carried food with them. The silver fox's stomach grumbled as he weighed the risks and benefits. Archmage he wasn't, but a single imp was hardly a threat to even novice mages. The reward sounded generous for the encounter, and it would save him the trouble of figuring out what to do for dinner. His seat groaned once more when he leaned forward, hunching over his desk to diagram the spell. His tail swished with anticipation when he discovered it needed nothing beyond a circle and a phrase.

Once finished committing the verbal portion of the ritual to memory, Victor traced out the summoning circle onto a few pieces of paper and layered them into a larger canvas, then spread it across the floor. His doughy middle gurgled with anticipation while he double checked the drawing for broken lines, spurring him to hurry and begin the spell. He placed his fingertips on the edge of the curve and intently focused on it, tapping into his meager reserves of arcane energy. The white tip of his tail bathed the room in a purple glow as arcane words tumbled from his muzzle, and his eyes glazed over with a similar hue when he reached the spell's threshold. The air trembled and the circle ignited with his will, then went still when it resolved. A figure flared into existence in the center of the magical ring, filling the room with blinding light for a brief instant. The silver fox averted his eyes just in time to avoid it, and he hesitantly turned to the result of his summoning.

The imp buried wiped the spots from his eyes in a disoriented daze, giving Victor ample opportunity to size him up. The creature was not much taller than Victor expected, rising roughly to his waist, but he was by far the heaviest imp he'd ever seen. The plump demon's belly sagged to the middle of his thighs, much like fox's, but that was perhaps the only thing they had in common. The imp sported wide hips and a jiggling ass that stuck the mage-in-training with jealousy. A pair of undersized, bat-like wings kept him hovering just off the floor, allowing his comically slim legs to dangle freely. His arms and upper body were similarly gaunt, leaving the mage to wonder how he kept his hold on the plate of food above his head. The imp's face was typically humanoid, save for his tiny horns and pig-like nose, and instead of the usual bright red coloration, he sported the hue of a caramel-dipped apple. A fitting look, Victor thought, as his freshly-baked-pie scent filled the apartment. The fox's appraising eye drifted to the creature's platter, which was loaded to the brim with roasted fruits of unknown origin. They glistened with overflowing juices in the room's low light and captivated him far more than their bearer, so much so that he simply reached through the circle and grabbed them before the demon regained his senses.

The fruits filled his palm with copious sweetness at the slightest squeeze, watering his mouth an equal amount. The imp came to as Victor popped the first one into his mouth, and horror crossed his face with the fox's moans of delight. Angered squeals drowned out the vulpine's indulgent snacking as the imp railed against his confines, giving the fox pause after eating the last of his spoils. A small part of him regretted depriving the demon of his

lunch, but his guilt faded as he considered the situation's details. Given the fact he had a platter, odds were good the creature could simply get more when he returned, as long as Victor sent him back quickly. He knelt down and placed his paws on the circle to do just that, but the imp had other plans. The demon gathered his energy and hurled himself at the barrier's weakest point, exploiting an oversight in Victor's preparation and breaking free in a shower of sparks. Time slowed and adrenaline surged through the fox's veins as the imp shot at him, closing the gap before he could call upon his magic. Victor winced and braced for impact, but let out a surprised grunt when the creature wedged itself between his jaws.

Victor gathered enough of himself to reach for the demon's feet and try to pull him off, but his grip faltered against the caramel-like glaze coating his body. The imp had no such problems however, and he easily grabbed the fox's back teeth and tugged himself across his tongue. The novice mage's jaw ached as it spread around the creature's midsection, testing his tendons' limits as the imp's head pushed into his throat. A reflexive gulp latched onto the demon before he could find purchase, dragging him through the entrance of his throat. Tears welled in the corners of Victor's eyes as the unexpected meal wedged his maw farther open, until a pair of faint pops released the unbearable pressure. He expected shoots of pain to follow, but thankfully none came. His lower jaw sagged and easily accommodated the imp's significant figure once freed from its usual anatomy, and with the fear of injury mostly dissipated, the silver vulpine allowed himself to enjoy the turn of events.

Victor's tongue swarmed over the demon's plush figure, determined to collect every drop of caramel glaze and sample the flavors below. More of the sweet substance rose to replace what he licked away however, quickly filling his cheeks with the viscous goo. Thick gobs of the delectable slime crawled over the imp's head and lazily oozed into the throat beyond, interrupting his struggles with coughs and sputters as it rolled over his face. The imp's increasingly uncoordinated thrashing made it impossible for either to get a grip, and the silver fox's neck bulged with the creature's slim shoulders and tiny hand prints. Victor let out a throaty moan as the demon's belly squirmed between his lips, bringing with it his underlying essences, which he found vaguely reminiscent of candied bacon. That mundane treat paled in comparison to the creature's supernatural savoriness, and it supercharged the mage's gluttonous tendencies. The fox squeezed down on the imp's hips and sank his fingers into his flab, only to immediately slip off the flabby slopes. The plump creature shot from the vulpine's grasp like a bar of soap and drew out a pitiful whine as he slid past the point of no return. By the time the novice mage recovered, gravity and peristalsis had taken their claim.

Victor shamelessly licked the caramel residue from his chops and chewed the ooze until his copious drool dissolved it to nothing. A resounding gulp filled the room when he finally cleared his mouth, showering the imp in a torrent of sweetened saliva as he curled against spongy stomach walls. The demon seemed to care little for his predicament, scrambling to collect the bits of chewed fruit in the fox's belly gunk instead of searching for escape. The novice mage monitored the movements in his middle while the imp rummaged about, unwilling to let his guard down while his prey sloshed through the digesting muck. A

blush tinted his muzzle and resurged each time his snack brushed the churning sac, fraying his attention with perverse pleasure. Fortunately, he retained his focus until the imp calmed down, either defeated in his quest or surrendered to the fox's gut. Victor flopped onto his back and sprawled out under the sloshing dome of his belly, finally free to bask in the afterglow of a well-eaten meal. He reluctantly realized he should be concerned about his snack's potential side effects after a long moment, then laboriously stood himself up. Thick sloshes filled the room as he waddled to his desk, rekindling the warmth in his cheeks as he idly pawed his middle.

The heat in his muzzle peaked when his chair gave way, instantly splintering under his increased weight. Victor tumbled to the floor and splayed out in a daze, and a mixture of pride and embarrassment rose in his chest. The fox pushed those feelings aside and picked himself up, then returned to addressing more pressing matters. He browsed the forums to see if anyone else had eaten more than just the imp's food, and fear crept into the back of his mind when he found no mentions of it. Victor swallowed his pride and asked the question himself, then lingered on the page and refreshed as fast as he could. The longest minutes of his life passed without a response, forcing him to rely on his own intuition and look at the problem himself. The novice mage seriously doubted anyone would make a dangerous creature so delicious, unless they were truly sadistic, in which case he had bigger things to worry about. He sank his fingers into his gut and sloshed it around, assessing how far along his meal was. When he couldn't discern anything solid, he reasoned he'd be feeling any ill effects already.

Free from most of his concerns, Victor picked up the remains of his chair and figured out the rest of his evening. He found himself with a delightful amount of spare time in the wake of his scare, and he found it prudent to devote some of it to his arcane studies. The fox's stomach wobbled and sloshed as he waddled to his living room and briefly calmed when he plucked an aged tome from its shelf along the way. His sofa groaned in protest when he gracelessly plopped down into its cushioned embrace, straining its frame beyond its usual load. He laid across its width and propped the book up on his flabby chest, then settled in for a lengthy read. He caught his paw drifting to his swollen middle and groping his flab in the dryer sections of theory, occasionally derailing his train of thought with a pulse of embarrassment. The fox eventually shrugged and accepted his indulgence for what it was, allowing his daydreams to fill the spaces between paragraphs. His focus waned as the night went on, due in no small part to an encroaching food coma, soon convincing him to mark his place and put the book away before he burned out his attention span completely. The silver fox checked his question once again on his way to bed, and a tide of relief washed over him when the replies supported his wishful assumptions. His peace of mind welcomed sleep, and he drifted off to pleasant dreams of raiding buffets.

Over the following month, Victor regularly returned to the spell until he'd memorized every aspect of it. Naturally, ease of use bled into overuse. This coupled with an acquired taste for the delivery imps, and his middle rapidly swelled with the influx of

supernatural calories. The fox outgrew the majority of his wardrobe after a week of binging, leaving his stomach perpetually peeking from below his shirts. A few days after moving up to wearing open robes, he realized he'd afflicted himself with a Pavlovian response to magic. His stomach growled and his mouth watered in the mere presence of mana thanks to his reckless snacking, but his embarrassment fell short of interrupting his diet. In fact, experimented with new summoning practices with the sole purpose of making the demons easier to coax into his jaws. The novice mage discovered he could circumvent a containment circle with a small rift, allowing him to summon the little devils directly into his grasp. His new approach trivialized slurping them down, though it presented dangers the greedy vulpine couldn't fully appreciate.

His recklessness came to call after perfecting his shorthanded technique, when a muscular arm reached through the rift to grab him instead. Victor yelped in shock and twisted away but failed to break free. The corpulent vulpine changed tactics and mustered up a spell, forcing a response from his burly captor. The unknown demon tightened his grip and tugged with frightening strength, breaking Victor's stance and yanking him into the rift. The edges of the dimensional tear caught on the fox's middle and unleashed a shower of sparks, slowing his progress until it crested his widest point. He kicked out in an act of desperation, and his heart leapt when his foot caught the edge of the shrinking rip. Its infinitely thin edge cut into his ankle as he leveraged his foothold against the irate demon, momentarily stalling his ascent. He scrambled for anything he could do to break free, but he slipped before he figured anything out. The shimmering portal snapped shut as the tip of his tail whipped through, leaving nothing but a shower of motes in its wake.

The beefy demon pulled Victor in a six-armed bear hug once through, easily restraining him against his bare chest. The silver fox thrashed with frustration and prepared another spell, but the demon squeezed the air from his lungs before he could unleash it. His vision reduced to a tunnel before the beast let up, sending a clear message that resistance would not be tolerated. The vulpine reluctantly complied and saved his energy for a more opportune moment. In the meantime, the fox made himself as comfortable as he could and took in his surroundings. Ornate stone columns and high vaulted ceilings guided his gaze upward as devil lugged him through a wide hallway, inspiring equal amounts of awe and concern. Low ranking abyssals rarely made such grandiose homes, meaning his welcoming committee was probably just a lackey. He struggled to recall demonology lectures as the brute pushed through a wide doorway, where the scents of a colossal feast clouded his thoughts.

The passage opened into the largest dining hall he'd ever seen, which was dominated by an endless table and obscured by a dense, delicious fog. Dishes from every known and unknown plane covered its surface, burying its exotic wood finish in a sea of porcelain and pewter. Innumerable imps darted from doorways to the expansive banquet, loaded down with as much food as they could carry. They lingered long enough to drop their portions off, then dashed back into the depths of the castle. A second mob of demons swarmed in after them, piling their plates high with a bountiful selection. Victor's maw watered with envy while they stabilized their stacks, reached out to pluck a sample as they

hovered by. The portly imps cut a wide path around him to stay beyond his reach, and an angry growl from his captor ended any further attempts. He sulked in the creature's unbreakable grasp and let pieces of ambrosia speed away, finding himself somewhat jealous of the realm's master. He resigned himself to going hungry for the moment being and pondered his fate.

The novice mage had much longer than expected to consider his situation as their approach drug on into a hike. Part of him wondered if the food would still be warm by the time it reached its recipient. Victor was eventually spared from his idle wondering of abyssal diets when a throne came into view, and with it the Lord of the Feast. The overflowing demon was only twice the height of the silver fox, but many times wider and heavier. Her leathery red belly rolled over her seat's armrests and spilled over her knees, hiding most of her legs behind an apron of flab. Thick rolls of fat sagged from her arms and swung with each laborious movement, engulfing her elbows as she scooped food into her monstrous jaws. A quick glance of her hands revealed a pair of gluttonous mouths in her palms, identical in all but scale to the one that split her overstuffed belly and sagging breasts. A ring of horns circled her brow in a natural crown, asserting her authority in case her stature wasn't enough. She only stopped eating when her attending imps left to fetch more, and her many mouths frowned as her attention was drawn to her feet.

"You're the one that's been helping yourself to *my* servants and *my* feast, aren't you?" Her voice boomed and shook both the fox and the castle to their core.

"Aye," Victor's captor answered. "I reckon he's been through 30 of 'em by now."

"You're either too greedy or too stupid for your own good, fox," The Lord of the Feast sighed. "Normally I conscript interlopers like you, but I don't think I can trust you with my food. Besides, that's far too light of a punishment. I need to make an example out of you."

"Wait! Wait," Victor blurted. "I can make it up to you. I can get you as much food as you want from the mortal plane."

"Bullshit," she scoffed. "You couldn't possibly keep up with my demands." The demon patted her stomach and let out a floor-shaking belch. "I've been craving for a live meal anyway."

The fox tried to dissuade her, but she cut him off.

"Take him to the kitchens and make him into a proper meal for me."

The six-armed brute complied with a quick nod and hauled the stammering vulpine away. Victor frantically searched for anything he could use to overpower his captor and make a run for it before it was too late, anything available eluded his grasp. There wasn't a single utensil to be found on the expansive table, and the torches lining the walls were too far out of reach. Besides, even if he broke free, where would he go? The silver fox's tail lashed the demon's back with frustration while his mind raced, but it seemed there was no solution to

be found. His prospects dwindled as the creature turned into one of the many side corridors, where the scents of frantic baking rose above the general deliciousness of the hall. The novice mage's briefly relaxed when he took in a deep breath, loosing himself in a gluttonous daydream. The demon shook his head in hollow pity and shouldered through the heavy doorway to the kitchens.

"It's a good thing you're hungry, fox," he rumbled. "We've got a'lota work to do before your date with mistress."

The imps darting about the stoves and mixers parted around the brute as he strutted to the preparation tables and tossed Victor onto its unforgiving surface. The novice mage wheezed from the rough landing, collecting himself just in time to be manhandled again. Three sets of fingers sank into his doughy sides and flipped him onto his front, and a thick leather strap slapped across his back. The brute snapped one end of the belt into a slot and ratcheted it down, drawing it tight across Victor's back and pinning him on his hands and knees. Once sure he was secure, the brute left his side and disappeared into a cluster of storage tanks, allowing the usual kitchen staff to begin their work. Imps gathered at his sides with bowls of caramel and brushes, painting his fur down with sweet goop. He futilely flexed against his bindings as yet more of the tiny devils arrived, bringing with them a plethora fruits and berries. The fox fought his baser urges and held his mouth shut in defiance as they mashed them against his lips, until one of them had the insight to plug his nose. Victor held his breath as long as he could but eventually faltered and gasped for air.

The demonic chefs seized their opening wedged his jaws open with a pair of mixing spoons. Victor flung unintelligible insults against them before they silenced him with whole fruits, stuffing them down his gullet. He swallowed reflexively as the imp pulled his empty hand away, leaving a thin film of caramel coating behind and making room for the next. A procession of imps followed suit and crammed their berries down his throat, rounding out his stomach and chipping away at his resistance. They laughed and mocked him as he came around to his fate, relaxing his inner muscles to ease his stuffing. The sides of his gut pressed against his arms and legs as it expanded, throwing off his balance until he found equilibrium atop the squishy dome. The filling paused when the imps ran out of food, leaving him in relative peace as they left for more.

Unfortunately, his respite didn't last. The imps basting his pelt spread around and filled the opened space, where they slathered the viscous glaze across his face and shoulders. Victor closed his eyes and turned away to keep the ooze from blinding him, but there was little he could do to protect his mouth. He coughed and sputtered as they relentlessly jabbed him with stiff bristles, until they muffled his complaints with a fist-sized gob of caramel. The silver fox slipped into a trance-like state as the thick sweetness spread across his tongue, pacifying him long enough to finish their preparation. The heavy caramel coating matted his pelt and hid his natural colors by the time they finished, a significant step in his transformation from mage to meal. He rolled the blob of caramel across his tongue and swallowed it down as it dissolved despite the uncomfortable pressure in his stomach. Victor only abandoned the distracting snack when the brute returned with a pair

of hoses in tow. A devilish grin spread across his face at the sight of the stuffed fox, who was woken from his trance with a sharp smack to the rear.

The demon's baritone chuckle drowned out the fox's surprised yelp, and he tauntingly rubbed the reddening mark. "It's a shame. You coulda fit righ' in if you ha'n't pissed off the Mistress."

He spread Victor's cheeks with a pair of hands, then lined a hoses to his pucker with another. The fox tensed against his bindings and reflexively clenched when its cold metal nozzle made contact, but the demon persisted regardless. The pear-shaped head popped into his ass after a few moments of pressing and rolling, coaxing a reluctant grunt of pleasure from the captive mage. The brute let out another biting laugh and sauntered to the head of the had of the table and met Victor's increasingly submissive gaze.

"You know it too, don'tcha?"

Victor looked away and remained silent, until the brute tossed the spoons holding his mouth open away and replaced them with a ring gag.

The muscular demon shrugged. "You'll get a couple'a minutes to think about it before we serve ya up. Hell, you might even get another shot at negotiatin' a place here while yer stewin' in her gut!"

The demon stuffed the other nozzle into Victor's ring gag and latched it in place, filling his mouth with phallic metal. His captor's laughs filled the kitchen as he walked out of the fox's view, diminishing with distance until he couldn't hear anything. The novice mage ran his tongue over the end of the hose and searched for the mechanism holding it in place and fumbled over it once found. Whatever the brute had used to lock it in place was gone or folded down, leaving him puzzled over its workings. The mage's focus wavered when a shrill squeak echoed from behind him, and frayed completely when the hoses began to fill. The surprising weight of the thick fluid pulled on the fox from both ends and threatened to dislodge the tube in his rear, but it held firm as calorie-laden ooze poured into him. A shiver ran the length of Victor's spine at the pastry batter's first contact, which led into a shamed moan as he grew accustomed to the low temperature. He lapped at the heavy paste as it spurted across his tongue and flowed down his gullet, granting him an appreciation of the sweetness overfilling his belly.

Victor reconsidered that sentiment as his stomach swelled, however. Twinges of discomfort sparked across his bloating figure as pressure built in his middle. His gut glorped and gurgled ominously as the proto-pastry crept through his inner passages, filling him with strangely enjoyable sensations. The bashful heat in his muzzle intensified as passing imps mocked him, and he pressed himself against the table in a misguided effort to hide. Willing himself invisible became more difficult when the caloric flows met in his stomach, where they pooled and accelerated his ballooning. Victor's arms and legs spread to the edges of the table as he grew, and the distinction between pain and pleasure blurred

as the pressure in his gut built. Batter leaked from both of his ends as the unseen pump battled against growing resistance, until the fox's metabolism entered the equation. The pump's whining softened as his stomach turned the thick goop to soft flab, slightly easing the tightness in his pelt. It didn't take Victor long to realize there was probably no upper limit to how big he'd get, and he scrambled to find an escape route before mobility abandoned him. Fortunately, a miraculous twist of fate presented itself before he was too far gone.

A passing imp let out a surprised shriek when an arcane circle materialized around his feet, rooting both him and his bounty of food in place. The mark ignited once complete and bathed the small demon in a dazzling glow, catching Victor's attention and spurred him to action. He reached out with an increasingly flabby arm and fruitlessly grasped at the departing creature, letting out a muffled cry of frustration as he stretched. The corpulent fox thrashed and wobbled against his bindings in a last-ditch attempt to close the gap, succeeding when he kicked his middle out of the way and dug his claws into the table. The belt around his expanding waist creaked ominously when he pushed off, sloshing himself just far enough to pinch the imp's wing. The contact allowed the spell to envelop him as well, and he fueled the difference in energy with his own reserves. A fuzzy sensation swept across his pelt as the ritual resolved, and a pang of anxiety sparked in his chest as blinding light swept over his vision.

There was really no telling where he'd land, but he figured there were few places worse than the Lord of the Feast's kitchen.