

Dodging the Storm

By Victor Waite

A sudden storm forces Victor to take shelter in a rundown mansion, where instead of finding someone in a costume committing fraud, he finds a lavish feast. He naturally claims it for himself, and the mansion's residents join him.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains A Fat Male Fox, Acts of Extreme Gluttony, Weight Gain, Destruction of Clothing and Furniture, Immobility, Possession by Spirits (Mild Mind Control), Hyper Growth, Hyper Cock and Balls, and Excessive Cum.

A flash of lightning illuminated the mansion's interior, casting long, fleeting shadows across dusty walls. The aged furniture faded into darkness as quickly as it emerged, and a boom of thunder resonated in the peeling walls. Motes of dust fell from curtains left untouched for years, lazily swaying in the stale air before nesting in the splintering hardwood floor. An uneasy calm descended on the room as the mansion settled, but it was not a peace built to last. Another bolt of lightning split the sky and reforged the harsh shadows, but unwelcome curves stood out against the harsh angles this time. The silhouette of a fox stretched across a fraying rug for an instant, and its owner made himself known in the following seconds. The portly vulpine pounded at the door and shouted for the mansion's owner to let him in, only for the door to fall off its hinges under his considerable weight.

The silver fox tumbled across the floor and gracelessly rolled to a stop in the darkened room, kicking up a grey cloud in his wake. Victor coughed and sputtered until the thin haze settled, then brushed the dust from his shoulders and picked himself up. He raised his arms overhead and stretched the dull ache from his muscles, thankful his entrance hadn't hurt too badly. A torrent of rain pounded the exposed porch mere seconds after recovering, and he returned to the broken doorway with intent to repair it. The fox grunted while he slotted the door into place and held it steady, then waved his palm over one of its destroyed hinges. A layer of ice coalesced on the rusted metal and created a hard case, holding the mechanism together until he could find a more permanent solution. He wondered just how urgent a task that was as he waddled away, but shrugged the thought off quickly. It'd obviously been ages since anyone other than him had set foot in the mansion.

Victor surveyed the derelict foyer on his way to a chair. A pair of cobweb-riddled chandeliers hung at opposite ends of the large room, no doubt tasteful and ornate light sources in their prime, but now served as dust catchers. His expression soured as he glanced from rotted tables and moldy paintings, and he spared himself from further unease by turning away. The accommodations left much to be desired, but it beat being caught in the storm outside. A puff of dust leapt from his chosen seat as he plopped his ass down, igniting a brief coughing fit. It masked the chair's ominous creaks and spared him another burst of embarrassment, if nothing else. Once he'd waved the cloud away, Victor dug into his pocket and retrieved his phone. He huffed with irritation after trying and failing to check the weather, then rolled his head back and languished when he realized he didn't have a signal. Without a way to figure out how long the storm would last, he settled in for the long haul.

Faint light lit up his muzzle while he searched to occupy himself, eventually settling on planning out a story. Victor slumped back in the covered chair and crossed his legs as he began to type, and fell into a steady rhythm of laying down words. Occasional flashes of lightning tugged him from his self-induced trance, but even those lost their draw with repetition. The rain's constant pounding against the mansion exterior masked its other sounds, replacing what would have been eerie silence with soothing white noise. The fox's blunt claws gently clicked against his phone's screen as he hit his stride, blazing a path of

literature across the screen. Sentences turned to paragraphs and pages as he went, but he unfortunately couldn't maintain the pace forever. An unexpected scent wrapped around his muzzle and invaded his thoughts, gradually eroding his concentration until curiosity got the better of him.

He shoved his phone back into his pocket and breathed deep through his nose, and his brow furrowed while he attempted to place the scent. It was intimately familiar, that of a kitchen in full production, but he knew that couldn't possibly be right. A second sniff confirmed he hadn't simply imagine it, and he begrudgingly stood up and investigated. The fox's chair creaked and thanked its gods as his weight lifted, and he shot it an indignant look before wandering into the mansion proper. He fetched his phone once more as he vanished into the darkness of a hallway, but changed his mind after checking its battery. Unwilling to risk depleting its minuscule charge, he jammed it back in its place and opened his palm in front of him. The silver fox focused his thoughts and visualized his spell, and a frigid mote of light grew in his hand. Victor's tail twitched as he stabilized it, and once satisfied with its construction, tossed it over his shoulder. The luminous orb floated in place and cast an arcane glow over his immediate area, greatly easing the task of navigating the mansion.

The decor was hardly worth analyzing, or even looking at, but he walked with confidence knowing he wouldn't trip over anything. Victor's decision payed off immediately as he followed his nose around a corner and nearly sent himself to the floor again. He stepped over a smashed display case and continued on his way, increasingly perplexed as the scent strengthened. Victor detected both meats and breads in the olfactory orchestration, each of which were far too fresh to be there. The fox reasoned squatters were the most likely culprits, but even that explanation didn't sit easy. The pudgy vulpine called out and asked if anyone was home, but received no answer. The thought of retreating to the foyer crossed his mind, but his stomach groaned and gurgled in protest. If he turned back now, he wouldn't get a moment's peace.

Against his better judgment, Victor waddled deeper into the decaying mansion. He passed numerous locked doors and skewed portraits, but didn't care to investigate any of them. The scents of the potential feast grew more complex as he neared the source, driving his curiosity to greater heights of imagination. The halls echoed with his belly's gurgling complaints, and his ruthless appetite fostered intense tunnel vision. The aromatic trail brought him to a set of ornate double doors, which he gracelessly shoved through. A tide of delicious smells crashed over him and stopped him in his tracks, stunning him first with sensory overload and again by the sight that lay before him. An enormous table dominated the room and bore a feast fit for royalty, which glistened with tangible flavor. The kitchen beyond glowed and pulsed with activity, ready to bolster the banquet at a moment's notice. Victor briefly pondered what need there was for so much food in such a desolate place, then concluded he'd be doing them a favor by relieving them of some of it. It would be criminal to let food this good go to waste, after all.

Victor circled the table to its only seat and took his place, eliciting a groan of protest

from the piece of unlucky furniture. It went unnoticed as he launched into the feast, ripping off a turkey leg from a perfectly cooked bird and collecting servings of side dishes. The fox stuffed the drumstick into his mouth and bit off a hearty chunk, filling his cheeks with delectable meat. A muffled moan resonated in his chest while he chewed, though his overbearing hunger prevented him from properly savoring it. The greedy fox stuffed his muzzle once more and tried again, only managing to taste it for a fleeting moment before it disappeared over the back of his tongue. One of his paws instinctively drifted to his middle and rubbed his doughy rolls in an attempt to blunt his hunger. The fox's belly grumbled positively, but he still wasn't satisfied. Victor crammed a handful of mashed potatoes into his mouth and continued gorging.

The fox's attention collapsed on the multi-course meal as his gluttonous nature flourished, leaving him totally oblivious to his surroundings. He failed to notice a plate float from the kitchen and fill one of the few empty spaces on the table, and he paid no mind to the licked-clean dishes lifting off and drifting away. The otherworldly glow intensified in proportion with the porcelain traffic, and other parts of the mansion stirred in response. Faint figures peeled themselves from the walls and took shapes as spirits, eager to be energized once more. They flocked to the dining room like moths to a flame, gathering and dancing around the gluttonous fox as he gorged himself. Victor ignored the spirits as they brushed by his soft side and rubbed his exposed belly roll, though they did manage to coax out a groan of approval. More apparitions took the cue and closed in, groping the fox's flab and admiring his adipose. Victor's eyes glossed over as his feast-induced tranced deepened, plunging him in a sea of hedonistic bliss.

Victor's feasting lost momentum as pounds of fat collected on his frame. His belly rolled over his lap and squished around his thighs, hindering his ability to lean forward and grab more food. His arms sagged with growing curtains of flab, taxing his strength and making it increasingly difficult to bring the morsels to his muzzle. His thighs thickened and tested the limits of his pants, until the first seam finally gave way. A loud rip tore through the dining room when the fabric split, exposing a thick ridge of foxy fat. The tear only widened as he pressed on, soon reaching his ankle and breaking away completely. His shirt rode up the growing swell of his belly and bunched up under his chest, reducing itself to an ineffective bra. Victor's sleeves fared considerably worse, fraying around his flabby arms until splitting open completely. Even his cheeks swelled with the consequences of his gluttony, softening his face a collar of fat absorbed his neck. His single-minded will overcame the changing physics of his body for some time, though his stamina flagged before he could finish.

The mansion's spirits eagerly picked up where the fox could not. The most enterprising of the spectral horde scooped up what food they could and dumped it in Victor's muzzle, who could do nothing more than tilt his head back and accept the caloric payload. Not that he had any objection to being fed. The kitchen spirits worked overtime to match the bottomless vulpine's pace, but his ravenous appetite overtook them as it gained momentum. The apparitions took great delight in watching their offerings slide down Victor's increasing obscured throat and listening to them splash into his swollen belly, up to

and past the point of fault. It only took one moment of carelessness for a spirit to fall in with their offerings, and Victor cared far too little to sort what fell into his muzzle. His jaws snapped shut and a glowing bulge dropped down his neck, then pooled in his colossal middle. The feeding paused for the first time as the spirits backed off and watched their colleague fight back.

Victor's eyes blazed with eldritch light, and the spirit easily exploited his weakness for food. The apparition experimentally lifted the fox's arms and found the task much easier than Victor himself did. The spirit laughed in dual tones and reached for yet more food, and the rest of the horde joined in and resumed the feeding. They stuffed the incapacitated fox with renewed gusto, though this time it included extra courses of ectoplasm. The luminous glow behind his eyes and hide took on every hue imaginable as ghosts dove into his belly one after the other, adding their consciousness to the swirling torrent of thoughts and taking a share of the sensations for themselves. The mental strain of so many minds attempting to control one body ordinarily would have been too unstable, but they were united in their desire to stuff their guest to his absolute limit.

A fatal flaw in their plan emerged as they drove the flabby fox-blob to devour, however. The spirits running the kitchen slipped into his crowded gut without their notice, stifling the flow of food to the table. This might have been a blessing in disguise, however. Victor's stomach had swollen to absurd proportions over the duration of the extended meal, so much so that it spilled across the table and eliminated the possibility of setting more food down. His gluttonous pace slowed as the spirits argued over savoring the few remaining desserts, but their protests had little effect overall. The cartoonishly obese fox reached out and cradled the last remnants of the banquet, a punch bowl of mostly melted ice cream and toppings. His arms trembled with exertion as he lifted it to his muzzle and tipped it back, pouring its fattening contents across his tongue and down his gullet. Victor audibly sloshed as he guzzled the sweet mixture, and the furniture around him protested the ensuing surge of growth.

A faint crack tugged at his attention but failed to draw him away from the last dessert. The second snap was much more demanding than the first, and the chair engulfed by his cheeks sagged under his weight. The abrupt shift created a wave in his flab that rippled through every roll and curve, persisting until his seat collapsed entirely. A thunderous boom echoed through the mansion as his titanic ass slammed to the ground, pulverizing his unfortunate seat in a cloud of dust and splinters. The table let out a strained creak as the full weight of Victor's mountainous belly moved to it, shattering it like balsa wood. A second destructive rumble resonated through the building as hundreds of plates and platters and dishes and fox crashed to the floor, announcing the end of the excessive banquet. The luminous glow in his belly resurged as the dust settled, and his figure thickened as his stomach churned around the feast. Victor and the horde of spirits took a moment to simply bask in their gluttonous achievement, but restlessness soon returned.

Victor's doughy rolls rippled and quaked with activity as the spirits within searched for an exit, illuminating his hide with a spattering of psychedelic hues. His eyes swirled

with chromatic light as control of his body changed hands again and again, and the glowing sources gradually collected between his thighs. The fox's sac swelled with ectoplasm as the spirits crammed in and prepared to depart, and his shaft rose from his sheath and twitched with lewd anticipation. Thick flows of precum pulsed from his pointed tip as his arousal spiraled higher, slicking his fur down with supernatural lust. The individual pumps chained together in a constant stream as his cock grew and lifted his rolls, creating a lewd fountain that rained across the wreckage of the dinning room. The immobilized vulpine rubbed his sac with his feet and rolled his head back with an indulgent moan, intensifying its glow until it lit the entire room. His breath caught in his throat when he reached the edge of his carnal endurance, and he convulsed in bliss when he finally came.

Jets of hot cum poured free in a lustful tide and spilled across the floor. Victor could only moan and writhe in rapture as the most intense orgasm of his life crashed over him, accented with random points of pleasure as spirits escaped. Faint traces of every hue imaginable mixed into the milky fluid, and his sac deflated as the mess spread across the floor. Echoing cries of bliss filled the ruined dinning room as the fleeing spirits shared his pleasure, bringing the mansion to life with their indulgent sounds. The lewd pool surrounding the immobile fox shifted to a pearly white as his unexpected guests vanished, leaving him in a pleasure-seared fog while he recovered. His head swam while he recovered full control of his body, and the glow behind his eyes dissipated as he succeeded. The fox reflexively brought a paw to his face to rub the bleariness from his vision, only to find his arm too heavy to lift. He furrowed his brow in concentration and recalled what brought him there, and realization struck him with a heavy blow.

The fox threw his head back as much as his neck rolls would allow and groaned, lamenting both his situation and the perverse enjoyment he found in it. Victor relaxed for a moment, then gathered his strength and tried to stand. His belly rolled and wobbled while he struggled to get his feet under him, making it impossible to get the leverage to get up. The corpulent fox expended his stamina in a matter of seconds, reducing himself to a huffing, panting blob of vulpine. His rolling chest heaved while he caught his breath, though his energy took much longer to build up. Instead of trying again however, he reached to the floor and rummaged through the tattered remains of his clothing. Victor eventually retrieved his phone, luckily spared from the pond of cum soaking into the floorboards, and brought it into his view. He leaned to the side and tossed one of his arms onto his expansive belly, then repeated the process with the opposite one. The fox cursed under his breath while he acclimated to his sausage-like fingers and unlocked the device, and he sighed with relief when his cell reception was restored. The girth of his digits made typing nearly impossible, but after minutes of concentrated effort, he created a coherent message and sent it off.

Hey, I need some help again. Can you bring your truck and a lift up to the old mansion in the woods? You might need to bring some demo tools too. I'm not gonna fit through the doors.