

Take Only One

By Victor Waite

A chubby fox finds an unattended bowl of candy while waddling home from a Halloween party. The sign above it reads "Take Only One," but with no around around to reprimand him, the greedy vulpine takes his fill. Unfortunately, it was there for a reason, and he rapidly gains enough weight to root him in place. How will the owner of the bowl react?

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Fat Fox, a Milfy Naga Witch, an Ill Fitting Costume, Gluttony, Rapid Weight Gain, Destruction of Clothing, Immobility, Constricting Coils, Soft Oral Vore, and Endosoma.

The full moon hung high in the clear sky, bathing the chilly air below in soft light. Stars twinkled against the dark backdrop of empty space and cast their own luminous grace to the world, pushing back all but the darkest of shadows. The town's residents couldn't ask for a more perfect Halloween night, even those that spent it indoors partying or indulging in horror movies. Midnight fell over the quiet street, and most of the trick-or-treaters had already retreated to their homes for the night, though the faint beats of persistent parties continued to thump through the pavement. Not all parties were created equal however, and costumed furs trickled out of thrumming houses as they tired out. One exhausted introvert in particular, a silver fox who'd stuffed himself in a ill-fitting kitsune costume, strode down the empty sidewalk at a lazy pace. A tired, satisfied grin spread across his muzzle, indicative of the time spend among friends. One of the vulpine's paws idly drifted to his belly and rubbed the soft swell as he waddled, relishing the food he pilfered and wishing the host had ordered more. A solution to his snack craving presented itself as he approached an empty home, completely dark save for a single light on the porch. Halloween decorations littered the yard and covered the house's facade, and hope welled in his chest as he wobbled just a little faster toward it. A sign reading "take only one" hung over a massive bowl of unattended candy.

The fox realized there was nothing to enforce the rule, and he looked around to ensure no one would witness his mischievous deed. The stone bowl sat on a heavy pedestal and brimmed with candy of every imaginable shape and size, a detail that struck the fox as odd, considering how many trick-or-treaters typically visited the street. The vulpine expected some to be missing, but he wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth. He shrugged that curiosity off and grabbed the bowl, intent on taking the entire hoard for himself, only to find it fixed to its stone stand. His efforts to pry it free loosened only a few pieces of candy, and he thought it best to stop before he broke something or hurt himself. The fox put his paws on his hips and huffed with frustration and considered the best way to maximize his immoral haul. His kitsune costume lacked pockets, and though he could have made a crude bag from his ill-fitting top, the fox preferred to keep his outfit intact. With no other obvious options, the vulpine settled on eating everything he wanted right there. He plopped his fat ass down on a decorated chair and plucked his first helping from the top of the pile, then hurriedly unwrapped it. The sweet orb sparkled and glimmered in his claws while he guessed its flavor, and he popped it into his muzzle to find out for sure.

An indulgent moan of approval tumbled from his lips when the candy rolled across his tongue and exploded with flavor, filling his senses with unprecedented and overpowering sweetness. The conflicting desires to savor and swallow the candy battled fiercely in his thoughts, though the treat melted away before either side won. The brush with ambrosia did nothing but stoke his appetite, and he couldn't stop himself from reaching for another. A faint sense of foreboding crept into the back of his head as he popped the second treat into his mouth, but whatever consequences karma might have brought couldn't stand up to his gluttony. Plus, he seriously doubted anyone else would stop by and take more at that hour, so he wasn't depriving anyone the chance of tasting it for themselves. If anything, he was doing this person a favor by giving them less to clean up! This logic twined with his desire and compelled him to reach for his third sweet, and by then, he hardly needed a reason to

keep going. Each candy doused his taste buds with a new blast of flavor, powerfully sweet and always more potent than the last. The idea to mix and match combinations dawned on him in a moment of culinary brilliance, spurring him to grab the treats two and three at a time. Regardless of how many he threw into his jaws, they always melted in seconds, coaxing him to chase increasingly complex bursts of flavors.

It wasn't long before the fox reached deep into the heavy basin and pulled candies out by the fist full, and by that point, unwrapping them proved to be more trouble than it was worth. Fortunately, the thin wrappers dissolved as readily as the candies, and did little to impede his snacking. The greedy vulpine gained momentum as he gorged, soon dedicating both paws stuffing his muzzle. His cheeks swelled with the fleeting treats as he snacked faster than they could break down, bathing his tongue in a shifting and persisting tye-dye of tastes. The delicious mural dominated his senses and perceptions, plunging him in a supernaturally strong torrent of flavors that fueled his single-minded hunger. The fox hardly noticed the glow kindling in the pedestal as the bowl refilled, dipping into arcane reserves to ensure the pool of treats never ran dry. His tightening costume too went unnoticed, digging deep furrows into his swelling rolls and popping weak threads. Wide tears opened in the stretched fabric as he continued regardless, creating more and more places for his flab to spill through. Strips of fabric slipped under and between his rolls as they dominated his figure, creating the illusion of nudity before they snapped through entirely and made it reality. Fortunately, no one was present, in the house or on the street, to witness his wardrobe malfunction, but by the same token, there was no one to pull him from his gluttonous trance. The fox had no desire to do so himself, and he continued eating until his own anatomy stopped him.

A loud snap split the night's tranquility when his weight finally overcame the porch's resilience, and every hedonistic roll on his figure wobbled when he dropped thought its floor. The fall was mercifully short, as his rolls caught the edges of the hole and stopped him from reaching the ground, though it left him just beyond reach of his magically replenishing feast. Pitiful whines spilled from his lips as he reached for and grabbed at the stone bowl, but nothing he did closed the gap between its edge and his pudgy sausage fingers. The entire house rocked and creaked with his frustration as he rocked back and forth in his crater, but he couldn't muster the momentum to overcome his own weight. The fox only accomplished sloshing his belly and wobbling his hips, which did nothing for the ravenous hunger still rumbling in his core. His gluttonous desire mercifully faded without the candies to perpetuate it, though the fox's nature kept it smoldering and prolonged his motivation to feast. He eventually jiggled to rest when he paused and thought through his problem, and a few possible solutions popped into his head, though none were practical in his state. Dread spread across his muzzle when he realized he'd have to wait for the owner of the house to return, and he couldn't decide which was worse; getting caught after trying to steal all of their candy or asking for help pulling himself from the hole he made in in their porch.

"My, look at you, you greedy thing."

The fox instantly realized getting caught was worse.

"I thought I'd already took that in for the night, but I guess have you to thank for reminding me of it."

The fox fought his rolls and craned his neck to spy the naga witch looming over him. Her dark scales caught and scattered the moonlight, highlighting her matronly curves. Her hips were as wide as the fox and her breasts almost completely concealed her substantial belly, though she exuded strength and moved with effortless grace. Her bulky tail wound back into the house and out of sight, leading the fox to question exactly how long she. The naga's visible curves were wrapped up tightly in a classic witch costume and topped with a pointy hat, but something about her looked perfectly at home in the dark garb.

"Although," she hissed. "You weren't supposed to take more than one." She tapped the sign with a claw for emphasis. "See what happens when you don't pay attention to instructions?"

The indulgently fattened fox tried to answer, but couldn't open his jaws against his many chins. Instead, he nodded and set his upper body wobbling.

"Good, but sorry's not going to bring all that candy back mister." The naga's eyes sparkled with an idea. "But I can think of a way for you to make it up to me."

A puzzled expression crossed the fox's chubby face, which changed to curiosity and worry as more of the naga's tail slithered out of her home. He tried to track her length as she slithered into the open, but he lost his place as she looped over herself. Her scaly bulk filled the porch by the time her tail tip showed itself, however, and her strength showed through her softness as she wrapped firm coils around his waist. The porch creaked and groaned under their combined weight as she wrapped him in a lengthy embrace, and splintering pops sounded through the night as she lifted the immobile vulpine. The slightest ounce of exertion crossed her face as she dragged him to the door, and a faint glow illuminated her features as magic surged through her claws. Pools of light bloomed beneath the broken floor as she guided the shattered planks back into place, and an arcane word crossed her plush lips and set them in place. With that matter tended to, she slithered into the house's darkened interior with her overweight guest in tow. The door shut behind them with a heavy slam, extinguishing the outdoor lights. Fortunately, the darkness only lingered until the naga switched on the lights in her home.

Instantly, something was amiss. The first room alone was far bigger than traditional physics allowed, extending well beyond the parameters of the house. That detail wasn't lost on the tubby fox, and the naga giggled to herself while he grappled with it. She lazily slithered to the middle of the open room and addressed the fox once she thought he'd had enough.

"It takes a lot of energy to keep a trick like this going," she explained as she idly rubbed her middle. "So much that I have to draw magic from other sources. It'd take me years to get anything done otherwise," she sighed.

The fox wondered how he fit into that, though the flab around his muzzle kept him quiet.

"I had that bowl out there to gather some holiday spirit, but it looks like you've already eaten it all, you naughty fox." The naga poked him with a finger and sent ripples through his flabby figure. "So I have to ground you until you give it back."

The vulpine looked extremely confused and mildly concerned, which the witch picked up on.

"Oh, you don't know how to give it back, do you? Don't worry a thing about that. I know exactly what to do."

That fact did little to comfort the obese fox, and he reflexively struggled against his overwhelming weight as the naga loomed over him and opened her maw. Humid, candy-scented breath rushed passed his muzzle and face, swamping his senses as she closed her jaws around him. She couldn't form a perfect seal around the fox's jiggling neck rolls and bloated cheeks, though to devour him, she didn't need to. Copious drool slathered his face and collected in his flabby crevices as the naga's hunger freely flowed, slicking his fur down and easing his upcoming descent. Panic lanced through the immobilized vulpine and spurred him to fight against her grip, but his own flab impeded him just as much as her coils. Ineffective wobbles were all he could muster, but that didn't stop him from waving his arms as she walked her jaws over his shoulders. Her neck bulged grandly as she crammed his torso into her rippling gullet, where her inner muscles gladly took hold and drug him down. Deafening moans of approval reverberated around the fox as she slipped her tongue under the shreds of his costume, exposing his natural flavor infused with the powerful candy. Despite the naga's persistent efforts, her progress slowed when she reached his flabby chest, where she was forced to adjust her strategy.

The fox wheezed into her throat as her coils shifted and tightened around his bloated belly, and he kicked his legs with surprise as she lifted him. The naga held him parallel to the floor, allowing his grand middle to sag freely, lining him up with her gullet before lunging her head forward. The new position eased the task of sliding her bottom jaw over his curves, and she gradually claimed him inch by inch. Her soft scales spread over the fox's rolls and reveled the elastic hide beneath, which glowed with an array of sigils and highlighted her underlying colors. It was a sight the fox was forced to admire from the inside, though it was the farthest thing from his thoughts as he slid toward her waiting belly. The three-course vulpine recognized the impossibility of escaping, and instead struggled to keep his breath in her crushing walls. He huffed and wheezed through her relentless swallows, each of which brought a fresh coating of droll to his face. Part of him simply wished for the ordeal to end, but he couldn't deny the side of him that relished the experience. That kinky voice in the back of his mind only got louder once she claimed his chest and started over the swell of his belly, and by the time she reached his hips, it was the only thing he could think of.

To the naga, his lustful writhing appeared to be an embrace of fate, and she rubbed his bulges through her neck in appreciation. His descent sped as she slurped up his thighs, leaving only his thighs and calves beyond her maw's reach. Her forked tongue slithered over her plush lip and coiled around his legs, gliding to his ankles and tightly binding him. The naga let her hands roam and explore his bulges before they vanished behind her substantial chest, relishing the fullness he so kindly gave to her. She made a mental note to fatten more of her meals in the future, but pushed that thought aside to embrace the present while it lasted. With more of the fox inside her than out, gravity played its role and dragged him toward her stomach, limiting her time to savor the way he stretched her hide. Eventually, physics and her own urges won out, and she tipped her head back to swallow the last bit of her snack. The fox's ankles slid passed her lips with slow grace, and the naga snapped her mouth shut behind him with a satisfied groan. A languid yawn brought her jaw back into alignment, and the witch licked his lingering flavor from her lips before giving her belly an indulgent pat. She swallowed and guided the rest of her meal into her swelling stomach, which swelled into her arms and drooped well below her hips.

Inside, the fox had no room to struggle. His rolls and flab reached from wall to wall in every direction, and her greedy, rippling walls compressed him into ball of lard. He put up a token struggle regardless, wobbling to himself and weakly wiggling his limbs, though it only resulted in massaging her from inside. The naga blushed to herself and mistook his struggles as thanks, and she leaned back into her coils to lavish her belly with attention. Gurgles and groans filled the room as she chased and teased his minuscule bulges, which were almost totally lost in her matronly padding. That didn't stop her from exploring his contours and figuring out his orientation however, and she focused her ministrations on his head as her stomach worked him over. The churning of her belly walls added to the fox's forceful massage, rapidly draining what little strength he retained. His thoughts clouded as the sweltering heat and constant movement took their toll, and the walls of her stomach slow glowed to life with an alphabet of runes. The naga witch hummed with approval as the fox's energy leeches into her, ever so slowly restoring the arcane fuel he'd inadvertently stolen. The vulpine's struggles rekindled as the strange yet pleasant tingling of the process washed over him, and she spent a long, lazy while sloshing him in her "lap".

The naga's moment of respite ended when her anatomy reacted to her meal, however. Rumbles and gurgles filled her middle as her inner walls flexed in unison, squashing the flabby fox deeper into her depths. Her breath caught in her throat as the blissful sensations of deep stretching washed over her, and a blush tinted her cheeks as she resisted the urge to entertain her lusts. The immobilized fox twisted and squirmed, still unable to win against his fattened figure. The yawning opening below the vulpine gave him more than enough motivation to persist, though he lacked the leverage to stop his descent. His feet slipped through the squishy opening and squelched into her lengthy tail, and gravity ushered him deeper. The fox's slick fur effortlessly glided through her clenching passage, leaving him no chance or method to resist. The naga leaned over her belly to watch his bulge slide into her tail, placing her hands on his head and shoving him deeper. The push broke his friction, sending him into near free fall. The witch groaned and lavished his swell as it vanished into the bulk of her lower body, and a subtle glow emanated from where he

eventually stopped. Arousal buzzed in the back of her mind as his mana poured into her, settling the first fraction of his debt.

The witch recovered and adjusted to her lingering high, gathering the wits to return to her quiet evening in. She shuffled her coils into a long, couch-like shape and settled against them, ensuring the fox's swell was within arm's reach. The occasional pat and rub kept the arcane energy flowing, though it was trickle compared to the amount she wanted back. Given the circumstances however, she didn't seem to mind.

"I don't think I'm going to care how long this takes," the witch murmured to herself. "But I think I'll have to charge you a little interest. We'll see how I feel when it's time to let you out~"