

A Meal Fit for Dragons

By Victor Waite

While working the Thanksgiving serving shift, a tubby grey fox encounters a group of particularly difficult customers to please. After losing his temper and quitting on the spot, the group decides to show him exactly why they tried to send their meals back.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Fat Male Fox, a Group of Dragons, Size Differences, Disrespect, Force Feeding, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Light Teasing and Humiliation, Belly Stuffing, Weight Gain, Spontaneous Male Orgasm, and Soft Oral Vore

Holiday spirit filled the restaurant with the scents of turkey and pie. Strings of autumn leaves hung from the rafters in festive arcs, and tiny pumpkins decorated corners with earthy colors. A large paper-craft turkey sat elevated in the middle of the room, acting as a grand centerpiece for multiple Thanksgiving dinners. Whether diners came for the light-hearted atmosphere or superb cooking was hard to say, but in either case, every table was filled. Families of every size and species took their seats throughout the building, ranging from minuscule mice to behemoth bears. The restaurant's staff, a squad of equally varied serving folk, dashed down rows and between tables, carrying with them platters stacked tall with plates and drinks. They danced a graceful dance around chairs and delivered food with punctual perfection, a feat the majority of the customers appreciated and rewarded. Unfortunately, the seasonal spirit was not strong with everyone, and those it had abandoned demanded nothing short of perfection. Such clients were fortunately few and far between, but on that particular holiday, a group of them filled an entire section and claimed it as part of their draconian kingdom.

At a far-off serving station, an overweight grey fox gathered his nerve and smoothed his shirt. He collected a serving platter and arranged five of the largest drinks available across its face, then carefully balanced it on his open palm. With obvious effort, he slid it from the table and lifted it over his head, struggling to keep his poise under its considerable weight. Once he finally stabilized the load, he started his journey across the busy floor. The fox moved with amateur grace, well enough to prevent the beverages from toppling in spite of the occasional stumble, passing by his fellow coworkers along the way. Many shot him looks of sympathy, others jealousy, but none offered to help or interfere with his task. The fox kept his eyes glued to the ground as he neared the small step to a raised area, which he crossed with great care. With the most dangerous leg of his trip completed, he dropped his guard and picked up a brisk pace to his table. His thick thighs shuffled passed each other with every step, threatening to rub a hole through his tight-fitting pants, thought they held until he arrived. He received no acknowledgment at in that moment, partially due to his stature, and partially due to the nature of his customers.

The flight of dragons filled the space reserved for larger guests, which had been built with their greater stature in mind. Though tall himself, the table rose to the fox's chest and placed him well below the dragons' line of sight. Not that they would have noticed if he stared them in the eyes. The colossal reptiles carried on their conversation as he placed their drinks, and tense silence fell over the table when they eventually turned their attention to them. The quintet inspected the beverages, none particularly satisfied, though one was disgruntled enough to speak up. The Elder, given by his lengthy horns and thick-plated scales, gave a heavy sigh of disapproval and questioned the fox's motive for robbing them. The waiter's tail wrapped around his wide waist while he explained refills were free and he'd be happy to provide them, but the Elder heard nothing of it. They rose their voice each time the fox tried to reword his explanation, until they finally shoved the drink against his chest and demanded he remove some of the ice. The soda within splashed over the edge and soaked his chest, though he luckily managed to avoid spilling most of it over himself. The dragon glared while he processed what had just happened, then smirked with malicious glee when he finally slunk back to the server station.

The constant rush of customers robbed the fox of any chance to dry his shirt, but he toweled off regardless before his manager forced him back to work. The saturated fox did his best to avoid dripping on his other orders, then remade the Elder's drink and lugged it back to their table. The dragons' conversation diminished with his approach, and the fox dropped the massive beverage down with the closest look to a scowl his contract allowed. The aged dragon glanced at the cup and instantly declared it didn't have enough ice, which brought the fox's blood to a boil. They started to shove the drink back at the exasperated waiter, until he stopped it with his palm. The vulpine's paws glowed with a quasi-legal show of arcane skill, producing a small cluster of ice cubes above the drink's rim. His expression soured as he resorted to literal magic to please his least favorite customers, a desperation maneuver that surprisingly succeeded. The Elder stopped him at the "perfect" amount of cooling, then dismissed him with a wave like a lowly servant. The fox rolled his eyes and stomped off before they found another reason to berate him.

He occupied himself with other tables, and for a glorious while, his blood pressure slowly returned to healthy levels. A smile graced his muzzle as he served far more respectful and generous customers, and a content waddle slipped into his step. His belly peeked from beneath his shirt and swung with his relaxing gait, until a return trip to the kitchen. A colossal spread awaited him, a feast fit for a flight of dragons, and dread sank its roots into his thoughts as he mentally divided it out. Delivering the set of kingly meals in a single trip was far beyond his strength and skill, and with no one to help him, he needed to make five trips by himself. The thought of enduring such an extended ordeal drained his will to work immediately, and the notion of walking out on the spot popped into his head. His evidently telepathic manager shot him a glare that banished that notion, however, and he mustered the nerve and strength to deliver the first course. The fox slipped his arms under the platter and lifted with all his might, manhandling the towering plates into submission and over his shoulders. Once confident the miniature banquet was stable, he marched out onto the floor to deliver it.

As before, the group of dragons ignored his presence. They only broke their intimidating silence after the fox slid all five meals across the table to their respective owners, and they gleefully carried on the new tradition of criticizing his efforts. They lunched into overlapping fits, each raising their voice to speak over the others, all claiming he'd botched their meal somehow. A steak was simultaneously too fatty and too lean, a soup was the wrong variety entirely, and their salads were train wrecks. The waiter pushed their squabbling from his thoughts long enough to refer back to their order ticket, which perfectly matched what he'd brought out. A second glance confirmed he hadn't brought the wrong order to the wrong table, and he looked to his manager for backup or advice. When the cowardly cur was nowhere to be found, the vulpine's resolve faltered. Anger flashed in his eyes and he threw down his hat, declaring the end of his career as a server. He let loose a legendary string of insults against the Elder and the rest of their flight, trash talking everything from their manners to their taste in food. The dragons simply sat and stared the fox down while they waited for him to finish, with the exception of the Elder, who rose to their feet and snatched the fox up by his neck.

"Disrespectful whelp," the Elder rumbled. "I didn't come here to teach lessons, but you leave me no choice."

Tense silence washed over the restaurant when the dragon slammed the fox to the table, knocking the wind from the vulpine's chest and clattering the numerous dishes together. The former waiter tried to speak, but could only wheeze until he recovered.

While the fox struggled under the Elder's heavy scaled palm, they addressed the other dragons. "I don't think this one has ever tasted food so poorly prepared before. Why don't we show you and convince you we deserve a refund?" Malicious grins spread across their muzzles as they picked up the Elder's meaning, and the color drained from the former waiter's grey pelt.

"It seems we have a consensus," the Elder rumbled, directly into the vulpine's ear. "So open up, and we'll make this quick."

The fox's eyes darted around the room, and when he decided he was on his own, opened his jaws in compliance.

"Good boy. There may be hope for you yet."

Before the fox could take offense, the Elder slapped their tail onto the table and wedged its spaded tip between his jaws. A concerned whine tumbled from his throat as the dragons pooled their "inedible" food together, then tore chunks from the amalgam of servings. While not one to shy away from a food challenge, the vulpine struggled to wiggle free or clamp his maw shut, intent on dodging his impending stuffing while he could. The Elder's tail remained firm and inflexible against his bite, however, leaving him defenseless as the first fist full of food neared. The dragon's massive claw hardly fit between his jaws, and it left a cheek-filling clump of food in its wake. He tried to swallow before his second helping arrived, but the Elder's tail left his gulps ineffective. Fortunately, he didn't struggle for long, and his second serving pushed the first over the back of his tongue. Tears welled in the corners of his eyes as his throat stretched around a torn hunk of steak, propelled into his gullet by an entire baked potato. He huffed and groaned with effort and adjusted his breathing, guiding his breath around the stream of calories, ensuring he wouldn't choke at least. A hefty helping of beef brisket stuffed his cheeks next, followed by a gob of stuffing as the dragons established a relentless rhythm.

All the fox could do was endure and swallow, which luckily, he excelled at. Once shock wore off, he closed his eyes and concentrated on his swallowing, rippling his gullet between the dragons' predictable shoving. His stomach bloated and spread across the table, and the constant influx of food lulled him into a gluttonous trance. Tension drained from his muscles and his shirt split around his fattening bulk, exposing his silvery hide. Faint bulges flowed under his soft hide as the food within shifted, maximizing the increasingly crowded space. Gurgles and burbles resonated within the stretched chamber as his metabolism

rushed to meet the gastric challenge, breaking food down in a frenzied effort to create space for more. Though his belly never matched the flight's pace, it certainly aided the process and spared him the pain of over-bloating. His ass swelled with fat and burst free from the confines of his pants by the third course, eliminating what little decency he may have retained. Still, he kept up with their punitive pace, almost well enough to earn a shred of respect.

If he succeeded in doing so, the dragons hid it well. As they finished shoving their respective meals down his gullet, they shifted their focus to teasing his figure. One pinched and jiggled his generous love handles, sending lazy ripples across his body, while another poked and prodded at the uneven lumps in his stomach. Their teasing had quite the effect on the vulpine, despite his single-minded focus, and his overfilled cheeks burned with bashful bliss. His response didn't go unnoticed, and their ministrations grew increasingly lewd and inappropriate to push his limits. They grabbed handfuls of his inner thighs and played with his flabby chest, instilling in him a shameful lust that readily revealed itself. The group of dragons snickered at his emerging member and took it as a compliment to their feeding skills, which only further motivated them to keep his mouth full. The elder removed their tail, opening up room enough for the dragons to cram both of their fists into his muzzle, and they readily took advantage of the opportunity. The remaining helpings disappeared in double time, and the fox slowly lifted from the table with the results of their efforts. Drool dribbled from his muzzle in shameless strands and leaked across the table along with bolts of pre, drawing mirthful laughter from the flight as they finished stuffing most of the food away. Only the centerpiece of the banquet remained by then, a hefty turkey, fried whole and uncarved.

The dragons shared a conspiratorial look, then lifted the cooked bird from its platter and crammed it into the fox's muzzle.

Tears welled in the corners of his eyes as it stretched his maw wide, though his awakened gluttony fueled his determination and dulled the pain. The vulpine yawned around the juicy treat and popped his lower jaw free, calling upon long-practiced skill to conquer the last of the feast. He worked his mouth and walked his fangs over the turkey's crispy surface, unleashing a torrent of fattening flavors as he climbed toward its peak. The gluttonous display threatened to impress the group once more, but they withheld their judgment. The haughty dragons wanted to be completely sure of the fox's gastric talents before they risked offering praise. Concealed anticipation pooled in their chests as the tip of the turkey squelched into the entrance of the fox's throat, which bulged grandly as it stretched up its slopes. Warmed up from the preliminary stuffing, the vulpine relaxed around the bird's bulk with relative ease, until its widest point pressed down on the back of his tongue. He struggled under the Elder's grip to free his arms and dislodge the final course, but the dragon wouldn't budge. When the fox became aware of the wordless challenge, he squeezed his eyes shut and swallowed with all the coordination he could muster. To the flight's collective surprise, the bird's midsection lurched through the entrance of his gullet, and the restoring force of his muscles slid it toward his packed stomach.

The fox's chest lifted from the table as the last of the banquette disappeared behind his collar, and he let loose a grand sigh of relief. A shameless moan interrupted his triumphant breath, however, brought forth by spontaneous climax as the turkey fought for space in his packed stomach. The group of dragons laughed while he shivered and shuddered through a powerful release, which tapered off into an exhausted afterglow as he settled down. His muzzle burned with humiliation and his breath came in ragged pants while he recovered, much to the delight of his impromptu feeders. Their celebrations only died down after the Elder called for their silence, and they watched with interest and curiosity while they appraised the incapacitated vulpine with a harsh eye. The aged dragon stroked their equivalent of a beard as wheels turned in their head, and their expression finally brightened with an idea.

"You're rude and rough around the edges," they bluntly stated, "but you may be a creature of talent and useful to us. If you're interested in more of this, you may be able to earn a place at our roost." The dragon spun the fox around and leaned in to look him in the eye. "Since you just threw away your job, I highly recommend you pursue this offer."

The fox, drunk on food and lust, couldn't help but agree.

"Excellent," the elder smirked. "There may just be a hint of wisdom in you too. You'll be coming with us, but I can't be seen with the likes of you in public..."

The stuffed vulpine struggled to wrap his head around what that could possibly mean and how he should be about being insulted yet again, but a set of looming jaws stole his concentration.

The Elder parted their muzzle and lunged at the immobilized fox, scooping his upper body up in a cage of fangs. His tight belly squished around the myriad of points, filling him with more panic than pain. The dragon tipped their head up and back before they punctured him, however, and his belly sloshed him deeper into the humid cavern. The fox's head swam with sharp change in gravity and barely recognized the pulsing gullet waiting for him, until the elder relaxed his grip and swallowed. The vulpine's fat-swaddled limbs flailed for a brief instant of free-fall, until the greedy muscles of the dragon's throat took hold. An audible swallow grabbed his upper body and tugged it into the steamy depths, dragging his wide, feminine hips into the Elder's muzzle. He lingered there for a moment, upside-down while the dragon sampled his flavors, then dropped again once they had their fill. The fox's bulge spread the scales of their neck and showcased his bloated curves, earning a looks of jealousy from the other dragons before they gulped again. A blast of wet heated air rushed the fox's snout as he pushed through the entrance of their stomach, where churning walls eagerly squished against his face. A grumbling roar of hunger filled the tight space as the Elder's hunger fully manifested, spurring him to click his jaws shut and finish his meal.

The table shook and rattled its many empty plates as the dragon's middle filled with fox,

threatening break free and slide into the rest of the group. The flight took a moment to appreciate the Elder's display of gastric skill and efficiency, and decided they'd wasted enough time in the sub-par restaurant shortly after. Citing the fact they needed to get home quickly before their newest servant digested, the flight stood in near unison and wove between tables on their way to the exit. Only then did the manager emerge from hiding, noticing the group had yet to pay. The Elder cut him off with a glare as he began to shout, however, silencing him with a look that could still an ocean.

"We've found your food and service lacking. You should be grateful we're providing you with an opportunity to redeem yourself, instead of taking you as a substitute," the elder sneered. "Make it right this time, and have it delivered to this address." The elder snatched the manager's name tag from his shirt and carved it into its back, ensuring there could be no confusion.

"We don't deliver," the manager stammered.

"I'm afraid you'll have to speak up," the Elder replied. "We didn't get lunch, and it's difficult to hear you over how hungry we are." They flashed their fangs in an intimidating grin, along with the rest of the flight.

A shudder ran down the manager's spine and the color drained from his face. "We'll have at your doorstep in a half hour."

"That's what I thought." The Elder rose to their full height and turned on their heel, slapping their tail across the manager's chest in the process. "No mistakes. You won't like it if we have to come back here for dinner."