

Just Desserts

By Victor Waite

After years of research, Anna mounts a one-fox expedition to claim the fruits of her work. She successfully finds the forgotten temple and calls it from the ground, but dangers and riches wait for her within? Will she take her prize, or will she fall victim to the old harvest god's tricks and traps?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Fox, Force Feeding, Stuffing, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Gradual Weight Gain, Destruction of Clothing, Magical Food, Rapid and Uncontrollable Weight Gain, and Immobility.

A soft breeze blew across the open field, whispering through tall grasses and filling the air with a soft autumn chorus. Waves of amber grain bowed in sweeping arcs and rose with the wind's ebb and flow, only interrupted by the lone figure wandering the expanse. The solitary fox pulled her coat tight around their slim frame and buried their muzzle in a high collar, warding off the pre-winter chill. Their pace slowed as they neared the edge of the expansive plain, where it bordered an imposing and ancient forest. A subtle shiver ran up their spine when they stopped and opened their jacket, exposing a sliver of amber fur and a packet of parchments. The vulpine fetched and straightened the documents against her stomach, then pulled back their cover and scanned the culmination of her research. She skimmed over hastily-scrawled notes and carefully-drawn diagrams until she found the section regarding the temple's location, then refreshed the details and committed them to memory. The clue, the hunch that inspired her expedition, came in the form of a riddle, and through years of single-minded effort, she had narrowed its answer to a single field. She closed the home-made book and clutched it to her chest, then surveyed the tree line for her culprit. Fortune smiled upon her, and she found her mark in a few short minutes. Anna stowed her notes and fetched her watch, and she tapped her foot with indecision. The vixen lacked the time to establish a full camp, so she simply sat down in the grass and waited for her moment of glory over a cup of tea.

From the depths of her coat, the fox retrieved a small container and filled it from her water skin, then gathered up the surrounding dried grass and lit a fire beneath it. She took in a deep breath and allowed herself a moment of relaxation while it came to a boil, then added a small packet of spice to the roiling fluid. The fox leaned back on her hands and looked to the sky while she waited for her tea to brew, basking under the brilliant, cloudless tranquility. Frustration and tension drained from her mind and muscles as she slipped into meditation, dwelling on the events that brought her to her moment. She recalled the hours and days spent slaving over dusty tomes, piecing together knowledge of a long-forgotten harvest god. It had been a costly endeavor on all fronts, and her expedition drained the last of her funds, but her confidence had yet to waver. The scent of her drink wafted passed her muzzle on the gentle wind, and she reached down to extinguish her small fire and savor her drink. Anna blew across its surface and dispelled wisps of steam, then brought it to her lip and took a cautious sip. Its warmth restored the fire in her belly, and its flavored rejuvenated her mind. The fox slipped the empty cup back into her jacket where it belonged, then checked her watch once more. A thrill ran down her spine when she read its face, and she jumped from the grass in anticipation of her breakthrough.

Anna looked to the ground as the sun disappeared over the horizon, casting long shadows across the field. She returned to her notes once again to reference a specific symbol, which she imprinted into her memory. The trees knitted together in a complex web of shadows and carved endless, random shapes of light into the grass, creating a hidden and indecipherable script. She widened her search range as the key shape eluded her, and fingers of panic reached into the back of her mind as her search continually came up empty. Anna paced the tree line and doubled back several times while the patterns stretched and distorted, until she finally spotted a match. The treasure hunter rushed to it and waited for until it reached the proportions detailed in her notes, then walked to its center and

crouched. She ran her fingers across the dirt until she felt stone, too perfectly carved to be naturally formed, then groped for its center and pressed down. A faint click announced her success, and a joy years in the making leapt from her chest. The vixen threw her arms to the air and cheered in victory as a deep rumble shook the plain, heralding the revelation of the temple's entrance. A stone archway rose from the shrubs a few feet into the trees, parting thick vegetation to reveal a darkened gateway. She approached with barely-restrained excitement and peered in as deeply as the shadows allowed, then lit a torch and delved into the awakened ruins.

Fading daylight gave way to total darkness just a few feet into the underground passage, warding off only by the flickering flame of her torch. Her pace was slow and methodical, both to examine the inscriptions lining the walls and to avoid any traps left by its last residents. The latter was hardly an issue however, and she devoted most of her attention to the worn markings at her sides. Age had obscured most of the markings and left them indistinct, and the readable sections escaped her linguistic capacity. The carved pictures around them fared much better luckily, and Anna pondered their meanings as she passed. A single figure, presumably the deity to which the temple was dedicated, appeared in many of the depictions, always surrounded by a congregation of worshipers or food. That, combined with their rotund figure, suggested they were a god of plenty and lined up with the vixen's research. A thrill of triumph fluttered through her chest with the realization, and her footfalls quickened as caution gave way to excitement. Her enthusiastic approach echoed down the silent passage, multiplying into a series of reverberations as she neared the temple's first and primary chamber. The vixen stumbled to a stop at its entrance, and awe descended upon her as she drank in its sights.

Unlike every other site she'd investigated, the spacious cavern before her was pristine and unspoiled. A deteriorating carpet ran down the middle of the long hall, patchy yet clinging to regality. Wooden benches flanked the walkway, most rotted and collapsed with age, and worn books laid scattered among the splinters. Torch basins lined the perimeter of the room, overgrown with vines that stretched to the high ceiling. The resilient plants mingled with invading tree roots around the cathedral's upper edges, anchoring their grips before venturing across the cavern's ceiling. Faint fingers of dwindling light reached into the chamber where tendrils broke through, offering just enough light to hint at shapes in the shadows. The vixen took a moment to admire what her torch revealed, until her gaze passed over the nearest flame bowl. She swept the fallen dirt and chips of stone from its center and touched it with her torch, unleashing a bright blaze that caught her off guard. Its eruption stumbled her, and she braced against the wall for balance as the other light sources awoke in turn. Warmth and light enveloped the expansive room in seconds, baring its secrets and inviting her investigation. Anna couldn't hope to resist the cavern's call, and she extinguished and stowed her torch, then took her sweet time wandering the room.

Though time had not been kind to the chamber, it retained an impressive chunk of its former glory. Gold leaf lining the walls glittered in the fire's light, showcasing the masterful craftsmanship of the many murals. The half of the room nearest to the entrance pictured the fields outside and the ancient settlements that dotted them, then transitioned to

fantastic and divine works of art toward the chamber's opposite end. The artwork ultimately drew the eye a massive statue of what could only be the harvest god, carved from a single, colossal piece of wood. Anna could only imagine the size of the tree that produced it, though that distraction fell from her thoughts as her attention drifted elsewhere. Passages departed from the aged cathedral at her sides when she reached its midpoint, though a cursory glance down them showed little potential for wealth. The vixen marked their existence in her notes regardless, then leisurely stepped to the head of the imposing cavern. Her heart fluttered and her stomach growled when she neared the room's centerpiece, which she gleefully scrutinized. Incomprehensible scripture covered its base, no doubt holy text, and its illegibility gave her little reason to linger. The vixen's curious gaze drifted to the back wall, which upon closer examination, revealed passages deeper into the temple. She stepped down from the sculpture's platform and approached the tunnel, then reignited her torch and entertained her blooming curiosity.

The claustrophobic hallway was a stark change from the main chamber's high ceilings, but Anna adapted as needed. She swallowed her nervousness and held her light out before her, illuminating bare stone walls and a featureless floor. The lack of artistry struck her as odd and rose questions about the passage's nature and purpose, and her mind whirled with possibilities and explanations. Unfortunately, her distraction proved detrimental, hiding from her notice a small pressure plate cut into the floor. The vixen only realized her folly when it sank under her foot, filling the tunnel with a loud clank. Anna reflexively froze and immediately regretted the decision when a slot in the ceiling opened overhead. Her breath caught in her throat, though she relaxed after nothing happened. She waited a few extra seconds and concluded the trap had worn with age and lost its edge. She cautiously stepped under the hole and raised her torch into the void to discern the nature of the trap, only to provoke it into action by mistake. An amber slime leapt from its over-sized confines and wrapped around the treasure hunter's head, stunning and knocking her to the ground. An automatic gasp opened her muzzle and gave it an opportunity to invade, which it promptly seized. The honey-flavored ooze rushed between her lips and filled her cheeks to the brim, blocking her breath and forcing her to swallow in panic. The slime offered no resistance to sliding down her gullet and seemingly encouraged her by tickling her throat.

Anna cared little about the slime's intentions in that moment and kept gulping, dead set on clearing her throat while she had the ability to do so. The amber globe surrounding her head shrank with each laborious swallow and brought her freedom ever closer, coaxing out her inner gluttony. Visible ripples ran down her throat each time she emptied her cheeks, and her middle showed the results of her efforts. Her cream-furred belly peeked out from beneath her shirt and pulled its fabric tight, rounding with thousands of calories' worth of honey. A faint sensation of nausea welled up from her chest and disrupted her rhythmic swallowing, but adrenaline overpowered her limits and promptly dispelled the sensation. Her sense of time floated as she neared the end of the ordeal, and seconds seemingly bled into minutes and hours in her last stretch. The bottom button of her shirt shot down the hallway as she swallowed for the last time, and a desperate gasp filled the temple the instant her airway regained its access. Her presence of mind returned as she reclaimed her breath, only to be swept away by the weight and fullness in her middle. The vixen's taut

belly pressed against her lungs and made it difficult to breathe deeply, though her strength gradually returned regardless. The pressure in her middle slowly subsided as well, and she picked herself up on shaking legs. Her thirst for treasure and glory couldn't be extinguished so easily, and with torch in hand, she waddled forward and pressed on.

Her awoken vigilance prevented her from stumbling into the same trap twice, and the passage eventually opened up into a series of connected rooms. Its scale and grandeur paled in comparison to the first cavern, but it was a welcome relief from the tight hallway. The smaller chamber was mostly bare, deprived of its furniture and decorations by time, though it retained the hall marks of a communal living area. A sunken section of the floor at its center resembled a sitting area, complete with an ancient and untidy fire pit and stone-carved benches. The rooms lining its edges appeared to be living quarters, evidenced by bedroll-sized slots carved into the wall. Anna brought her torch into every room, searching for anything of interest, but found only tattered books and ruined fabrics. Each personal space contained the same sets of rotted daily artifacts, save for the one room she couldn't enter. The vixen threw her weight against the stone door blocking her path until her shoulders ached and searched everywhere possible for a switch, but gave up after several minutes of fruitless rooting about. She cut her losses with a huff and moved on to the sacred library, her belly swaying with each step and reminding her of the costs of carelessness. She scrutinized the entry for anything that could fatten or otherwise incapacitate her, then carefully stepped through when she found nothing. To her delight, nothing threatened to tear her clothes from her figure, and she turned her attention to the seemingly infinite rows and shelves of books.

The fox picked a lane at random and set down it, surveying the endless archives as she went. The ancient tomes were in much better shape than anything else she'd seen to that point, likely preserved by magical means. Still, none stood out as wildly valuable, so she settled for merely taking notes of their titles in passing. If nothing else, she could take the list to a broker to find out if a return trip was in order. Her mind started to wander before long, however, and she lapsed in her task while she pondered the fate of the temple's last owners. With almost no evidence to go on, she could only speculate, and she eventually pulled herself from baseless daydreams. Unfortunately, she had gotten hopelessly lost among the shelves in the meantime, and self-disappointment welled in her chest as she searched for a landmark. Unable to find one, she picked a single direction and marched, ensuring she'd eventually find her way to the perimeter of the room and out of the archives. Luckily, fortune smiled on her moment of weakness, and her wandering brought her to a clearing dedicated to a single tome. The colossal book radiated a grand and captivating aura, and she found herself drawn to its parchment-scented majesty. Anna hauled herself up its dais and levered its heavy cover open, unleashing a cloud of dust and insight.

She waved the ancient haze away to reveal the tome's secrets, indecipherable runes and sigils layered atop each other in an arcane mosaic. The air thrummed with the force of its presence as she skimmed its yellowed pages, and it didn't take her long to conclude it held divine significance. Its influence leached into her as she stood motionless and mulled over its meaning, subtly altering her figuring beneath her attention. Her stomach flattened as its

contents spread across her form, striking her with hunger and softening her figure. Her hips subtly spread and tested her tights with soft flab, and her top struggled to keep the growing weight of her breasts in check. She only noticed the alterations when her stomach let out a demanding growl, spurring her to reach into her pack and retrieve a light snack. She munched through the honey bar as she finished skimming the tome, dispelling any doubt it was worth claiming. The vixen gingerly closed it with a gentle thump, then lifted it from the podium and maneuvered it into her backpack. It took most of her strength to manipulate the tome, and it barely fit through the mouth of her bag, but she successfully packed it away and closed her satchel with delight. Its weight staggered her when she slung it across her shoulder, though she braced against its stand and spared herself of an embarrassing fall. The faint tingle of its influence coursed through her body and gradually condensed ambient mana onto her figure, spurring her to expedite her expedition.

Anna struggled under the heavy tome initially, but soon found her stride and wandered into the innumerable shelves. Recording titles as she passed fell from her priorities, and she simply focused on finding her way out of the literary maze. The excitement of her textual find disoriented her, however, forcing her to select a new direction and restart her recovery. The vixen did precisely that and drew upon her exploring experience to ensure her path didn't waver. Her sense of time dissipated in the darkened library, rendering it nearly impossible to tell how long she traveled, but after passing miles of books and shelves, she arrived on the far side of the library. At least, that's what she thought it to be. The vixen planted her hands on her knees and hunched over in a desperate drive to catch her breath, unprepared for such a strenuous hike in that unlikely location. Lugging the book proved to be a workout in itself, and the steady addition of fat to her figure did little to help her endurance. Her flabby belly broke through the central seam of her shirt at some unknown point, and her pants were on the verge of splitting around her wobbling thighs. Still, the state of her dress did little to dampen her spirits. There was no one around witness her exposure, and once she cashed out, she'd be able to afford a queen's wardrobe. She basked in her inevitable wealth and fame for a moment before pushing them from her mind, then reset her focus on the task at hand.

A towering, circular vault door stood between her and what had to be her grand prize, which she scrutinized with every bit of her perception and intellect. A riddle ran around the perimeter of the round stone slab, seemingly repeated in several languages, and spiraled to the center in a linguistic puzzle of wit. The vixen picked a script she recognized, then followed its arc and dissected it. Her brow furrowed with thought and concentration while she read and reread cryptic message, committing as much of it to memory as possible. Her tail twitched with agitation as she struggled to produce a solution, though nothing came to mind. The notion of scouring her pilfered tome for ideas sprung to mind, until her gaze wrapped around the bottom of the colossal gate. The seam between each half of the door had worn with age, and a gap in their imperfect meeting caught the vixen's eye. She mentally tossed the riddle aside and approached to investigate, and delighted grin spread across her muzzle when she discovered the crack reached the other side. She put her arm through and checked for obstructions, and when she found nothing but empty air, turned to the side and tried to slip through. Her belly pressed against the hard stone and threatened

to sabotage her progress, but after sucking it in and wiggling creatively, wormed her soft self through. The rest of her followed easily, and she found herself in the heart of the temple.

If the cathedral was a monument to a god, the vault's interior was a tribute to the god of gods. The inner sanctum was at least twice the size of the first chamber in every dimension, stretching into darkness in every direction, brimming with the riches of a mighty and long-lived empire. Gold-covered columns rose high into the void and held the ceiling aloft beyond sight, and sacred legends covered their every inch. Glittering trinkets and tributes filled the spaces between them in vast mountains, creating the illusion of stretching on to infinity. It was literally gold as far as the eye could see, and a few modest handfuls would fund a long and comfortable life. The vixen fought hard to suppress her rising greed while she staggered deeper into the vault, snaking on a winding path toward its centerpiece. A closer look revealed most of them to be sculptures of food, laced and embedded with other valuable metals and precious gems. Most were modeled after fruits and vegetables, but sparkling meats and pastries found representation as well. Anna could only conclude they were gifts offered by rival empires, and she hoped to find evidence to support the hypothesis on her return trip. She pushed her contemplations of the future aside in favor of her present, however, continuing her awe-struck hike to deeper into the cavern. Eventually, the cut stone of the naked ground gave way to a polished and gilded walkway, which she followed to a raised platform. She climbed its surrounding stairs with care, sacrificing her breath in the process, and arrived at the object of her covetous research.

A statuette, a tiny version of the god in the cathedral greeted her with a round belly and open arms, as if inviting her to take part in the surrounding bounty. A glittering crown of jewels sat upon the figure's head, the largest of them glimmering bright enough to bathe the platform in divine light. The vixen approached with caution, unwilling to risk setting off any more traps than necessary, then eyed the figure and crunched numbers in her head. She referenced her notes several times to ensure accuracy, and once satisfied with her calculations, produced a small bag of sand from her satchel. Anna hefted it in one paw and gingerly poured a portion of its contents to the floor, intending to match the treasure's weight like a famous explorer before her. The vixen stopped on nothing more than raw intuition, uttered a prayer that her muscle memory remained intact, then deftly swapped the gold idol for the decoy. Fear rooted her in place as ominous silence filled the chamber, and after a few seconds of inaction, let out her breath and allowed herself a moment of celebration. Her belly wobbled and jiggled with the rest of her in a short victory dance, which the statue overshadowed and interrupted. A bright flash burst from its surface and infused the vixen with its radiance, filling her middle with a ravenous hunger. The surrounding treasure responded to the call as well, glowing with energy in reaction.

The vixen let out a short shout of panic when the chamber flashed to life, producing ethereal copies of every single food-based trinket. Shimmering copies of meats and fruits and cakes drifted from the towering piles and swirled around vixen in an arcane whirlwind, rooting her in place with mixed awe and apprehension. The first of the infinite squadron, a phantasmal apple, swooped from the wall of the storm and dove into her belly, leaving a

pleasant tingle and a few ounces of flab in its wake. Anna pawed at where it merged with her, completely unharmed but increasingly sensitive, leaving her open to the following wave. A ghostly pie charged from behind and sank uncontested into her flabby rear, adding inches to her waist and testing the limits of her pants. Wide tears opened up along their seams as a spectral pear followed through, leading the rest of the whirling feast by example. The treasure hunter spun in place and swatted at the strange treats as they flew by, hoping to deflect some, but failing to deter any. Her clothing pulled tight around her multiplying rolls and stretched across her many valleys, hanging on with valiant effort until finally tearing away. The sound of ripping fabric rose above the storm's din for a brief instant, leaving her nude and exposed to the divine judgment. Her satchel tumbled down her orange curves and vanished under the shelves of her growing flab when its strap yielded to her flab, and she frantically wobbled in a vain attempt to recover it. Her mental guard dropped in the process, and the food tornado seized its opening.

The spectral funnel closed in on the vixen, and calories piled on by the thousands. Her belly bloated and spilled across the platform and rolled over its edges like a molasses avalanche, burying her legs and depriving her of mobility. Her thighs and rear ballooned out beneath the soft shelves mostly unseen, but very much felt, lifting her from the craved stone on her soft cushions. Thick layers of flab covered her arms and sagged over her elbows, pinning them to her plush sides with sheer weight alone. Anna attempts to move resulted in little more than useless wobbles, which propagated across every inch of her increasingly vast figure. Her gains accelerated as she fattened into a larger target for the caloric swarm, compounding its effectiveness until her far rolls spilled beyond the tornado's reach. Her massive pedestal cracked under her corpulent weight as her expansion reached full speed, and to her mixed dismay and delight, it showed no signs of stopping. Waves of light washed over the enchanted treasures and activated them anew, filling the vast cavern with wave after wave of spectral food. In the back of her mind, the vixen wondered if she'd outgrow the cave, but the thrill of that notion far outweighed her concerns. Every burst of calories set off a wobble that danced across her nerves, suffusing her with gluttonous bliss that only made her wish for more. Her muzzle hung open in a constant, silent cry of persistent pleasure, and her thighs quivered with delight as climax rolled through her loins. The vixen's rapturous throes bounced and jiggled her rolls, eventually shifting her far enough to crush her lost satchel with a faint crunch.

The divine connection severed, and calm returned to the vault. The arcane whirlwind fizzled and slowed to a light breeze, carrying with it fading motes of magic and calories. Anna's pilfered tome drew the residual energy to her figure and added a few more pounds before the lingering power fully dispersed, and the vixen's presence of mind returned in the absence of constant stimulation. She rolled her head back into her plush neck rolls and sighed with relief, thankful that her growth hadn't brought her to truly catastrophic consequences. Her gratitude faded as her state sunk in, however, and dread welled in her chest as she searched for an escape. In any case, she determined her first step was getting up, and she struggled to bring that concept into reality. Her flabby arms resisted any and every motion, rendering her attempts to gain momentum or leverage useless. The vixen's energy dissipated as ripples through her rolls, and her mountainous ass stayed rooted

firmly in place despite her efforts. Panting for breath, with her satchel out of reach, she scanned the room for anything that could possibly help her up. Her multiple chins and neck rolls limited her range of vision to a fraction of its typical field, but even after several passes, she found nothing both useful and in reach. Anna sighed and sunk into her flab with defeat, resigning herself to a lengthy wait. The vixen knew it was a long shot, but perhaps someone would find the revealed entrance and explore deep enough to find her.

Or maybe she'd slim down enough to walk out after months of isolation.

A bitter sigh crossed her lips, and she tried to make herself comfortable in her rolls, though a faint sound tugged at the edge of her hearing and drew her from her brooding. It sounded like foot steps, though uneven and often broken with a sharp clack. Intuition told her their owner likely had a cane, and judging by their steady volume, it would be some time before they arrived. The drowsy influence of a food coma settled upon her in the meantime, and not even the anticipation of a possible rescue could keep her awake. The edges of her vision shrank with the weight of her eyelids, and she promised herself just a moment of rest and let them close. When she opened them once again, a robed figure stood at her nose and gazed into her eyes with scrutiny. She yelped and jumped away, but only succeeded in sending a wobbling wave across her form. The figure's eyes lit up in response, and they planted a paw on her soft shoulder.

"Glad to see you're awake," the figure rasped. "I can't remember the last time we had an avatar candidate come to us, and I got worried about you when I heard the ascension stop early."

The vixen's grogginess confused her enough without the burst of exposition, but she eventually found her voice. "Avatar?"

"Yes!" the figure beamed. "It's been... at least 2000 years since the last one, and some of us started to think you weren't coming back." The figure hugged as much of her roll as they could. "Not I, of course."

"I think there's been a misunderstanding. I'm just here for... research." The vixen sheepishly admitted.

"That's what they always say. But you have the Grand Tome, you solved the vault door, and you touched the idol," the figure replied. "You followed the instructions to the letter. What did you think was going to happen?"

Anna couldn't find an answer right away, and the figure took advantage of her silence.

"Ahh, I see what happened." They reached down and pulled her satchel from between her rolls, then plucked two pieces of the statue out and wrapped them in their robe. "This isn't the first time the focus has gotten damaged," they chuckled. "I'll have this fixed up in a few hours, and then we can finish your trip down the path of godhood."

The vixen tried to protest, but the apparent priest had already made up their mind. They wrote off her explanations as nervousness or bashfulness, utterly unwilling to acknowledge any other possibility, and started down the path toward the living quarters. Anna sighed and saved her breath as they stepped down from the platform, though urgency returned when she tried to find a solution to her immobility once again. She knew if she couldn't escape before the figure came back, she wouldn't ever leave the cave.

Upon further consideration, her pace slowed, and a curious grin spread across her muzzle. There were far worse fates than being treated as a gluttonous god of fertility for the rest of her life, and she decided she could learn to enjoy such a career.