

# Bottomless Horror

A Chilling and Filling Collaboration



A Short Story for Adult Readers  
Written by Victor Waite  
Illustrated by SmallerGod

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By Victor Waite

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## A Collaboration with SmallerGod

Jenny Belongs to SmallerGod

Endra Belongs to Victor Waite

*In her quest to find candy for her "party", Jenny finds her way to Endra's shop. The kitsune gives her a bottomless candy bucket, but there may be more to the enchanted plastic than there seems.*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Female, Kitsune, Donkey, Fat, Chubby, Weight Gain, Stuffing, Force Feeding, Magic, Candy, Monster, Halloween, M/F, Bondage, Anal Sex, Syrup, Inflation, Cumflation, Blob, Immobile



Art by SmallerGod

The soft ring of a bell cut through the shop's still air, breaking the tranquil silence with its clear tone. Chilly autumn air flooded through the cracked door, pushing against the warmth inside until the figure finally stepped through through. It closed with a thud that rattled the nearest shelves, sending a jolt through the pudgy donkey. She placed a hand on her chest and caught her breath, then walked deeper into the store's welcoming embrace. Her gaze wandered while she walked, drifting from exotic plants to aged books, increasingly unsure of her decision to enter. The donkey carefully stepped passed display cabinets that brimmed with curiosities and ducked between shelves stacked with relics, until finally, she reached the counter. She crossed her arms on the ancient wood and waited for someone to emerge from the back rooms, until a small bell beckoned

from the corner of her eye. A sheepish look crossed her face when she gave it ring, and she nearly jumped from her hide when a figure appeared across from her.

A mischievous grin spread across the kitsune's muzzle, and in the silence that followed, Jenny took in her features. A soft layer of blond fur covered the vulpine's form, with the exception of her cream-hued chest and neck fluff. Orange locks spilled from her head and flowed in sweeping waves, seemingly suspended in motion despite a lack thereof. Her eyes glittered with the same light that sparkled from her jewelery, and her five tails swayed behind her with interest. The kitsune's deep cleavage became more so when she leaned over the counter and crossed her arms under her chest, and her broad hips shifted side to side while she similarly appraised Jenny. A soft, melodic laugh sounded in her chest as the moment lingered, and shortly after, she spoke up.

"Welcome to Endra's web," Endra offered. "How can I help you?"

The donkey looked away and gathered herself, then nervously met the kitsune's eyes. "Well, I feel silly about this now," she murmured, "but I need some candy for a party, and I was told I could find it here? Maybe I should go somewhere else, sorry to bother you--"

"No need for apologies," the kitsune waved. "This may not look like a candy stocking store, but I've got sweets from places you've never heard of. What are you in the mood for?"

Once more caught off guard, Jenny took a moment to gather her thoughts.

“Ummm, I guess a variety? I don’t know what everyone likes, so I think it might be best to have a little bit of everything.”

“Perfect! I’ve got just the thing.”

Without another word, the kitsune turned and delved into the rooms behind the counter, leaving Jenny in contemplative silence. For a moment, she simply waited for the kitsune to return, but her patience wore through quickly when she didn’t. The idle taps of her fingers against wood filled the air with an impatient beat as the minutes dragged on, and her attention shifted to her phone shortly after. The vixen reappeared just as she fished the device from her pocket however, and with the donkey’s focus reclaimed, she plopped her quarry on the table between them. Endra beamed with pride at her apparently perfect solution, but Jenny did not share her enthusiasm. Her expression fell while she beheld the plastic jack-o-lantern, and conflicting manners and anger held her tongue down. The kitsune could have at least put effort into her scam.

“Is this a trick,” Jenny finally asked.

“Of course not,” Endra defended. “I like to play tricks sometimes, but this is most definitely a treat.”

“It’s not good business to play tricks.”

“You are correct, and this is not a trick, see?”

Endra grabbed the sides of the plastic pumpkin with both hands and gave it a gentle shake. The first motion did nothing but deepen Jenny’s scowl. The second, however, filled the shop with the sound of shuffling candy. The third loudened the noise, and the fourth filled the toy bucket to the brim. Jenny’s jaw dropped, and Endra arched her brow with a distinct I-told-you-so.

“That’s incredible,” the donkey murmured.

“For all your partying needs~”

“Right... I’ll take it. How much?”

The kitsune crossed her arms and stroked her chin for a moment. “Hmm. This one is on the house. You’re doing me a favor by getting that temptation out of here,” she grinned.

The donkey retained her skepticism for an instant, though relented just as quickly.

“Thanks,” Jenny nodded. “I’ll be sure to tell my friends about this place.”

“Sounds good~ Let me know if you need anything else for your party.”

“I think I’ve got it covered now.”

With that, Jenny turned on her heel and departed. The candy in her bucket threatened to spill with the sharp motion, though a quick hand kept everything off the floor. She popped those spilled sugary pieces into her mouth with a flick of her wrist, and a soft groan of approval sounded in her chest.

Endra beamed with the delight of another satisfied customer, until a critical detail occurred to her. “Oh!,” she called out. “Make sure everything you make get eaten! It doesn’t like wasted candy!”

Her only answer was the gentle ring of her door bell and the harsh slam of her door.

“She probably heard that.”

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The cool breeze of the day gave way to the chill of night as the sun sank below the horizon, streaking the sky with purples and oranges. Costumed kids and adults alike emerged from their homes and started their holiday rounds, dashing from house to house. Faint shouts and laughs filled the streets as revelers compared their hauls, quickly coordinating their finds to decide which house gave the best treats. The smaller celebrants found their ways back home as stars began to dot the clear sky, giving way for more mature celebration. Sultry and sexy villains and monsters strode those same sidewalks, though instead of drifting from

home to home, they poured into dwellings of devilish hosts. It seemed every block featured one such place, a house that boomed and thumped with the bassy beats of a swelling party. By the time the moon climbed to its zenith, the night pulsed with such parties.

In response, Jenny pulled a blanket tighter around herself, turned her TV up, and dove back into a marathon of fearsome films.

Alone in the dark, the donkey celebrated her favorite holiday in her favorite way. A small part of her lamented her lack of company, though that would be resolved by her annual viewing party the next night. In the meantime, she relished the company of her bottomless candy bowl. The greedy donkey made a mental note to thank her friend as she reached into its plastic depths and pulled forth another fistful of candy, and a groan of appreciation thrummed through her chest as she shoved it into her maw. Jenny's cheeks bulged with the sugary mass of mixed flavors, a treat she shamelessly traced with her tongue. Every tasty bump featured a different texture or flavor, which she idly placed the origins of during slow scenes. Differentiating M&Ms and Skittles proved particularly tough until their candy coat dissolved, but ultimately such details didn't matter. Once she softened the composite treat up enough, Jenny swallowed it down in a single gulp.

Her throat swelled grandly, highlighted by the dramatic lighting of the scene before her, until that mouthful sank behind the soft mounds of her chest. Jenny's free hand drifted to her middle, where she gave her paunch an

affectionate pat. The fleeting thought of it feeling softer floated through her mind, only to be replaced by the next handful of sugary sweets. The shuffle of cascading candy shells mixed with the rising music of her movie as she filled her maw once more, and just as her movie monster struck, the donkey unleashed a maelstrom of flavors with the crunch of her teeth. Jenny sensed something exotic within the mass, a trace of fruit and cinnamon that almost convinced her to slow down and savor her treats, but the will of her stomach overpowered that of her tongue. Another gulp sounded through her living room, and she reached for her bucket to continue sweet feast.

While that plethora of calories had yet to reach her rolls, they bulged and stuffed her stomach more with every greedy serving. The hem of her form-hugging shirt rode up the growing swell of her middle, unveiling the rich brown fur of her belly inch by inch. The growing globe used its newfound freedom to creep into her lap, slowly parting her thighs with its tightening curvature. The gurgles and groans of her busy stomach mixed in with the hungry rumbles of the TV's monster, occasionally spoiling tense scenes with random rumbles and squelches. For better or worse, Jenny had seen them so many times she hardly cared about the interruptions. She maintained a lazy, idle stuffing through her favorite moments and lines, and the bloat of her middle soon battled with her sweatpants as well. The donkey buried its waistband until the garment crept down her hips, exposing the line of her undergarments to slashers and victims alike. They too slipped below the tightening boulder of her stomach.

Jenny paid no mind to the gathering weight on her hips, even when her

stuffing accelerated. Placed at the worst possible moments, numerous commercials throughout the movies eclipsed the distraction of narrative and freed her to gorge with undivided attention. Her hand moved between the bucket and her mouth with gluttonous urgency in those mindless moments, an effort that brought her closer and closer to capacity. The donkey maintained that momentum even when her movies returned, only slowing when a scene grabbed her attention. Jenny only truly stopped when her fingers scraped the bottom of the plastic container, which spurred her to give it another shake. Two or three jostles was all she needed to fill that toy pumpkin to the brim, and her ravenous cycle repeated as one film bled into the next. Despite her idle urges, however, it wasn't a pace she could keep up forever. The rush of so much sugar gave way to an inevitable crash, and the fingers of sleep closed in on the edges of her vision. She fought valiantly against the pull of dreams, but it wasn't long before the donkey relented

Jenny only meant to rest her eyes for a few seconds, though the sandman had other plans.

Hours passed before Jenny opened her eyes again, though she wasn't sure of exactly how many. A groggy headache pounded at her skull, and the harsh light of the TV turned her gaze back into the couch cushions. An enthusiastic salesperson shouted the wonders of the latest product-of-the-hour, and his continued pitch marked the end of her horror movie marathon. The donkey inwardly lamented passing out so early and sat up, a gesture that threatened to send the room spinning. Once she steadied her head, Jenny reached down to the ground and fetched her drink, then chugged the rest of the soda in a single swig.

The fizzy fluid did little to quench her thirst or wash down the residual candy coating her mouth. Sounds of her slurping filled the air until she sucked out every drop, followed by the hollow clatter of an empty can. Spurred to find hydration, she rose from her seat and made for her kitchen.

Jenny's first step proved unsteady, and she stumbled with her adjusted center of mass. One hand settled across the slightly softened swell of her stomach while the other braced against her couch. Once ready, she tried again. The weight of her belly dropped onto her hips with its full force, bringing out a bounce that sloshed its half-melted contents. A weak wave of nausea rolled through her with that motion, but luckily for the bloated donkey, it passed quickly. Still, she kept a palm on her sensitive stomach and took every following step with great care, until she reached her favorite appliance. Light poured from within the fridge and swept across the kitchen when she threw its door open, and she wasted no time fetching a bottle of water. Jenny snapped its cap off with a quick twist and tipped the container to the ceiling, chugging its contents in a single motion. She let loose a deep sigh and dropped the bottle once empty, then simply stood there and relished the flavor of fresh water. The moment passed, and she remembered her manners. A grunt tumbled from her muzzle when she bent down to pick up her trash, though something else caught her eye before she finished.

The donkey hesitated, then plucked the candy from the ground.

Jenny's brow furrowed and she considered the stray sweet. There was no doubt it came from her bucket, though she didn't recall taking it to the kitchen.

The donkey shrugged after an instant of consideration, then tossed it into her trash. A soft swish of plastic announced she hit her mark. She helped herself to another bottle of water before returning to her seat, and the gentle click of her hooves traced her path to the living room. Plush carpet muffled her footfalls as she approached the couch, allowing another sound to rise to her perception. At first she thought it was her TV, but when the noise persisted through commercial transitions, curiosity spurred her to mute the distraction. In the following silence, a sound akin to rushing rain tickled her ears. It was far too close to be the weather however, and a touch of dread blended into her increasing curiosity. While she pondered the problem, Jenny reached down and groped through the darkness for her bucket of candy. Confusion crossed her face when she found only air, then her eyes widened in shock when something grabbed her hand.

Jenny's breath caught in her throat and she froze for the briefest of instants. A sugary avalanche welled up around her wrist as her uneaten candies spread and multiplied, racing up her arm in seconds. The donkey's body reacted before her mind as she jerked away, sending a spray of candy across the room with the sharp motion. The animate mass rumbled and roared at the wasted portion, spurring more treats to surge forth. Skittering candies and tumbling snacks flooded from every corner of the room, rushing from beneath seat and behind furniture alike. Each bite contributed to the whole as they gathered in the light of the TV, swirling together in a singular, furious mass. The plastic pumpkin rode the delicious tide and joined the towering blob, climbing up its side and taking its place atop the creature. The bucket's inlaid eyes ignited and blazed with eldritch flames, and the form of a hulking creature pulled itself from the floor.

The house rattled when it planted its monstrous feet and rose to its full height, where it loomed over Jenny, arched and hunched under her ceiling.

A tense moment passed while they beheld each other, one in shock, the other in anger. The air snapped when the candied creature lunged, spreading its broad arms wide and crashing over her. Even if she had been prepared for the grapple, there was little Jenny could have done to escape. In the span of an instant she found herself submerged in hundreds of thousands of calories, a sickeningly sweet feast that cloyed her senses with sugar. An instinctive gasp rushed passed her lips when she broke through its surface by chance, granting her an only slightly fresher breath. Still, it was enough to restore her wits. Jenny seized that moment of clarity and clapped her hands on either side of the creature's plastic pumpkin head, then lifted with all the leverage she had. Pride swelled in her chest when she parted the toy skull from the beast's shoulders, and the creature wavered with the unexpected change in perspective. It swiftly found its bearings however, and the donkey realized her mistake when fresh candy poured from its 'neck' and reconnected it with a flowing tendril.

Jenny watched the creature's frozen, plastic expression curl into a grin, and it wrenched itself from her grip in a single motion. It set its wrists around Jenny's arms and gradually freed the rest of her, emerging from its sugary grasp like quicksand in reverse. That image rang all the more true when the creature's individual candies and treats flowed together, breaking down and merging into a viscous syrup. The ooze held Jenny's legs tight while she slipped from the construct's torso, and with its hold tightened, it released a hand. The donkey

watched that hand drop down to the beast's hips, where it groped and massaged its crotch. A heated blush warmed her cheeks while she watched the bulge grow into a considerable bump, until a gooey spire pushed free from its peak. The glistening rod caught the light of the TV and scattered it through its translucent core, granting it the appearance of a particularly lewd gummy. The creature's arousal pulsed and jumped until it was as thick and long as Jenny's leg, and only once it was fully sized did the beast let go.

Jenny's breath caught in her throat when the hulking candy grabbed her hips and snatched her from its belly. In the back of her mind she almost thought to struggle, but the sight and implications of that bobbing spire overrode rational thought. A deep, smoldering need bloomed in her core, and her thighs squeezed and squished together on instinct as the monster's viscous grip flowed over her hips. It saturated the fabric of her shorts and clung to her fur, where it dissolved her garments with ease. With its treat unwrapped, the creature introduced her to a much more delicate touch. Dexterous fingers of goo traced the contours of her rear and dove between her cheeks, where it searched for the intimate ring of her entrance. A jolt of mixed surprise and pleasure lanced down Jenny's nerves when the construct found it, and her eyes crossed with delight when a tendril of goo slipped through its center. The donkey wiggled and squirmed in her sugary binds while her captor smoothly stretched her ring, gradually warming her up for what was to come.

Jenny's cheeks blazed as soft squelches filled the air with increasing volume, mirrored by her muffled grunts and groans of pleasure. Her jaw dropped

in a silent cry of bliss when the creature strained her entrance to its limit, taking Jenny to the boarder of bliss and discomfort. Satisfied with its foreplay, the candied beast guided the donkey to the tip of its length, where it quickly aligned itself with her needy depths. A twinge of apprehension panged in Jenny's chest when she glimpsed its massive tool once again, until it pushed those reservations away with a smooth, languid stroke. The gummy spire squished and compressed against her inner walls and glided across them with ease, making for a smooth, painless filling that stole her breath. Her legs shook and trembled with bliss, unable to process the pleasure flooding her nerves, and her eyes rolled back when the construct started its practiced backstroke. A distinct emptiness filled Jenny's being after it withdrew to its tip, which only added to the impact of its reentry.

The construct's cock bulged and swelled Jenny's belly each time it hilted and withdrew, large enough to show through her softened paunch and filled belly. She could do nothing but ride the waves of pleasure that washed over her form, and each one chipped away at what few reservations she might have retained. Her own sex throbbed and pulsed with need as the creature's length bounced and contracted, jealous of her backside's attention. That side of Jenny's carnal desires would remain unanswered. The selfish lover kept its hands locked on her hips, bouncing the donkey up and down its length like a toy. The creature's efforts toward its self-satisfaction showed on Jenny's belly, and a subtly rising sloshing accompanied her fluid growth. Thick, syrupy lust spilled into her inner passages, propelled by the construct's insatiable lust. That expanding swell dipped and rolled over the creature's fingers, burying them under a bouncing, sloshing roll.

The growing weight swinging from her middle added another layer of blissful sensations to Jenny's experience, shorting out her higher thought completely. She squeezed her eyes shut and basked in potent pleasure, leaving her oblivious to the creature's more subtle movements. The donkey didn't see the construct remove its plastic head, nor did she notice it slipping it over her own. She only registered the change when candy further flooded her perception, packing the space around her head. Every slam of its hips against hers bounced the bucket and created more, building pressure until the sweets squeezed into her maw. A deep, muffled groan resonated in her chest when she swallowed on reflex, opening just enough space for more treats to form. Her stomach groaned and churned around the second act of her meal, and her metabolism struggled to keep up with the influx of calories. In the last holds of her rational thought, Jenny knew she should be worried, but there was no denying how much she relished the moment.

Bounced between gluttony and hedonism, Jenny abandoned her inhibitions and shamelessly embraced the creature. She gorged on every single treat its infinitely generous pumpkin provided, and between swallows, rolled her hips against the construct's own. Despite her submission, its apparent fury never fully cooled. The creature drove its shaft in and out of her depths with little concern for Jenny's pleasure, purely interested in its own approaching climax. The throbs and pulses of its length sped up while it lost control of its hips, until it pounded Jenny's plush ass with feral ferocity. The fluid bloat of her belly muted its body-shaking impacts, dissipating them as ripples across her growing form. In contrast, the swell of her upper belly firmed as it grew, packed tight with her sugary binge

Those distinct rolls battled for space while she bounced on the construct's hips, slapping together in a noisy stalemate until the beast reached the limits of its stamina. It set its grip on Jenny's hips and drove its lust as deeply as it could, poking a peak through the donkey's bloated roll.

The candy construct locked up for an instant, then shuddered and shivered in climactic release. Jenny's eyes rolled back and her jaw dropped in a candy-muffled cry of bliss, relishing the flood that rushed through in inner depths. Slow and viscous, the flow of its desire bloated her walls as it poured toward her stomach, swelling her from the bottom up. The lower roll of her belly eclipsed her thighs and crept toward her knees in a lazy, brown-furred avalanche, soon burying them before the creature's syrup breeched her stomach. Gurgles and glorps filled the air as her bloat continued, marking her body's struggle to keep up. The dense weight of the construct's virility unleashed a storm of fresh stretch marks along the way, which marked Jenny's hide with shameless gluttony. The soft sag of that dense weight gave way to a tightening globe as she neared the limits of her capacity, a point betrayed by the subtle creaking of her skin. Discomfort blended into bliss completely as she lost herself to hedonism, announced by her muffled groans for more.

At the cusp of her elasticity, a surge of magic rushed through the blissed-out donkey. A rumbling groan resonated through the house and shook its foundation, though the noise did not come from the creature. The culprit was her stomach, and it announced its newfound dominance over the confectionery creature. The tight stretch of that dome softened while gurgles and groans filled

the air, the sounds of her altered anatomy racing toward its new limit. Two distinct rolls sagged from her middle, one above the other, and both spilled over her thighs in seconds. That plush avalanche of flab surpassed her knees without sign of slowing, compromising her mobility in seconds. The rest of her figure didn't escape its effect either. The small gap between her thighs closed instantly as pounds piled onto her lower body, swelling her ass and burying what little muscle definition she may have had. The folds of her legs crept over her knees, and the fat of her calves similarly encroached her ankles.

Jenny's upper body similarly swelled. Wings of flab grew and swung from her arms, bounced into motion by the sharp pumps of the creature's hips. A second chin took shape beneath her first and eclipsed her neck, while her cheeks filled and softened until they nearly buried her muzzle. The donkey's bra size soared through the alphabet as fat gathered on her chest, though compared to the rest of her rolls, her chest remained modest in scale. The candy construct's length slowly slipped from her depths, moved in the battle between her ass and its hips, until only its tip remained in her warmth. The beast fought valiantly to remain there and fill Jenny with its bottomless lust, though several factors competed against it. With the bucket's magic temporarily tapped, it drew from its own mass to fill her. The donkey gradually fell toward the floor with its diminishing stature, until her flabby belly touched down long before the rest of her. Jenny's plush flab squished out to the sides as it bore her colossal weight, where it inched further out with the construct's waning orgasm.

It wasn't long before the shrinking monster had to scale the rolls of Jenny's

legs to maintain its footing, and its hold on her waist loosened with its shortening arms. Fortunately, the donkey's body held her in place far better than the construct ever could. Even if she harbored the desire to flee, her feet hardly reached the ground. The gap between her toes and the floor only grew while the candy creation spent the last of himself, sinking between her cheeks in an effort to maintain his position. Jenny's wobbling globes came together when the last of the construct liquefied and flowed into her depths, infusing her with its final calories. The donkey's stomach graciously accepted, and her figure further softened and processed the construct's lusting generosity. Despite her desired to the contrary, Jenny struggled to stay awake and enjoy the fruits of her mistake. Exhaustion crept in as her afterglow faded, and combined with the call of a food coma, her eyes grew impossibly heavy. A dreamy sigh tumbled from her muzzle, and soft snores followed after sleep claimed her completely.

Visions of gluttony and hedonism filled Jenny's mind for hours and hours, until morning finally broke. Fingers of sunlight reached through gaps in her curtains and stretched across the room, crawling across the carnage of the night. Fragments of fabric laid scattered across the room, with the nude donkey at the center of it all. In her nocturnal squirming and wiggling, she fell from atop to the dome of her stomach and landed on her rear, leaving it to sprawl out before her. The heat of her digesting meal warmed both the donkey and the room, only surpassed by the heat of the mid-morning sun. A chorus of gurgles and bubbles and churns accompanied her ceaseless snoring, until a particularly lurid dream pushed her from her slumber. Buried beneath the flab of her thighs and belly, her sex pulsed with needy arousal, a desire that forced her fully awake. With a yawn

on her lips, Jenny laid back to tend to her carnal hunger, but her fattened figure had other ideas.

The plush boulder of her belly proved stubborn enough to keep the donkey sitting upright, until she rocked back and forth to gather momentum. Jenny regretted this decision almost immediately, however. The weight of her stomach simply rolled atop her once she passed the point of no return, hopelessly pinning her down. The lower roll of that flabby apron spilled across her legs and covered all but the bottoms of her feet, while the upper crowded her body and toppled her breasts onto her face. The donkey's fattened cheeks blunted the jiggling blow, though it still caught her off guard. The rolls of her arms spread across the floor while she searched for leverage, groping for something to pull herself up on. She only succeeded in finding that candy bucket however, and in her blind groping, she knocked it over. Fresh candy spilled from its top, and a potent mixture of panic and arousal swept over her when she realized her mistake. Jenny strained and reached for the loose candies, but after a slightly more than token effort, she gave up.

Surly, someone would come by before the construct pulled itself back together, right?

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are a few places  
to find it

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker>

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