



Sushi Lunch

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A request for Shukko



The cool air of the sushi restaurant greeted Azura as she stepped through the doorway. Quiet snippets of conversation and soft music found refuge in her tall ears, the fennec's second most prominent feature. She delicately made her way to an empty booth, the one closest to the kitchen and its treasures, and sat down with a little huff. The sandy-furred kitsune was a little disappointed with the lack of attention she drew, but she couldn't expect much with her stature.

She was quite short, a consequence of her species, hardly rising to the chest of most other furs. The tips of her pointed vulpine ears bobbed at eye level, and was how most identified her. Anyone perceptive or courteous enough to meet her eyes could lose themselves in their vivid amber irises, provided they didn't fall into her canyon of cleavage instead. Azura had a figure like she was constantly smuggling melons with the hips to match. Most clothes fitted to her height struggled to contain her endowments, forcing her to find a tailor or stretch her garments beyond use. She generally went with the latter. The kitsune was certainly a curvy little thing, and as long as a soft middle wasn't an issue, she could turn anyone's head.

Her ears twitched and swiveled as she surveyed the tranquil eatery. Only about half of the seats were occupied, as most of the lunch crowd had left a few moments before her arrival. There was no wait staff to speak of, but the place was generally capable of taking care of itself. A snaking conveyor belt carried orders on its back to wherever they were desired. The small establishment operated mostly on honor rules, and fortunately the majority of patrons respected that. They few that didn't were offset by the more generous benefactors.

The delicious scent of crisp rice and fresh meat wafted about the room as sushi circulated between the booths and tables, whetting the fennec-sune's appetite. She snatched the nearest plate from the line, only discovering what she had acquired when it touched her lips. Azura gingerly bit into the vegetable roll, savoring it for a moment before gulping it down. This was hands down the best sushi in the entire city! She quickly ate another piece, then chased it with another. The defenseless dish vanished with impressive speed, and yet she left no mess. A feline at the neighboring table watched with stunned awe as she repeated the performance a second and third time, still without losing a single grain of rice or bit of crab.

She paused for a moment before wolfing down her fourth plate, a small paw sneaking below the table to rub her packed belly. Her digits glided across her taught hide as she breathed a pleasant sigh. The numerous rolls had been a decent appetizer, but she could still take so much more! Azura dug into her latest victim with undiminished gusto, putting the delicacy away just as quickly and neatly as the three before it. The fennec-sune could feel the weight in her belly now, and for any average fur it would have signaled the end of her meal. Of course, kitsune can hardly be considered average.

Her amber eyes began to glow as she magically sped her metabolism, her stuffed belly smoothing back into her as she softened with a fresh layer of pudge. Her clothes stretched even tighter around her, but that didn't seem to bother her or feline ogling her. The spotted cat watched in amazement as she scarfed down roll after roll, each quick motions jiggling her swelling breasts. As she continued to burn through the restaurant's stock, other patrons began to take notice. Not because of the show she put on, but because a plate hadn't slipped passed her since she arrived! Disgruntled customers began to filter out when they realized she wasn't going to stop any time soon.

The chef was too occupied maintaining the stream of food to notice the kitsune gorging herself, but the constant ringing of his door was enough to break his focus. The husky glanced out onto the main floor and was shocked to find the place almost totally abandoned! Only now did he notice the fattened fennec, the one who had driven away his clientele. Her fevered pace at the conveyor belt was all he needed to piece together what had happened. Every rational part of the canine screamed to throw her out, but the small, irrational voice whispering under them would win today. For whatever reason, he felt the need to sate her ravenous appetite. Maybe it was the enticing wobble of her colossal bust as she ate or the sheer lust she showed for his talents, but he was going to make sure she had her fill if it put him out of business.

The husky retreated to the storage room to amass a feast while Azura continued to cram rice treats into her slavering maw. With her heightened metabolism came quickened movement, and for a brief few moments she outpaced the steady flow of sushi. Entire plates of the stuff vanished in an instant as she plucked each morsel from the conveyor belt, and the massive influx of calories having a dramatic impact on her figure. Her stomach filled faster than it could empty, and it soon began to part her thickening thighs with its warm weight. Her shop rode the gradual tide of expansion until it met the swell of her breasts and turned into something resembling a tube top. Her shorts didn't fared little better, her ample rear taxing the denim a bit more with each vanquished tidbit.

Azura panted between bouts of stuffing, her constrictive clothing making it difficult to breath. Fortunately, she didn't have to deal with the problem for long. A loud rip interrupted her stream of panting as her clothing finally gave up the futile fight. Her shirt was reduced to ribbons as her breasts spilled onto the table, knocking away towers of empty plates. Her shorts met a similar end, freeing her massive ass to spread unchecked into the booth. The gluttonous fennec sighed in relief as her naked body jiggled in the open before coming to rest a few moments later. Her tails explored the exposed shelves of fur and fat, curling around her tits and belly and she reveled in her size. And she was still far from full!

The husky chef heard her garments cry out in defeat, which spurred him to pick up the pace. The corpulent vulpine had demolished over half of the restaurant's supplies, but he would not surrender as easily as her clothing. The canine wrapped veggies and meat with speed the rivaled the kitsune's, never once compromising his standards of quality. Full plates left the

kitchen back to back as he struggled to put her hunger to rest before his store room ran dry. This was a matter of pride for him now, his answer to the challenge issued by the bottomless vixen.

Azura chirped in delight as the flow of food nearly doubled. Her manners gave way to speed as the first plate of this new batch met its end. She was practically dumping plates into her gaping maw, hardly chewing the flavorful mass before swallowing. Her belly swelled with frightening speed as she conquered plate after plate, each serving landing heavily in the packed sphere of her stomach. Her soft thighs were forced apart by her growing middle as it came to the edge of her seat. The rest of her body swelled as well, but not quite as grandly. She rose up off the cushion as her ass steadily inflated with thick fat. It collected on her arms as well, forcing her to work harder to keep up with the frenzied chef. Despite this, she settled into a bouncing rhythm of stuffing and gulping and growing. Her tight hide strained around the titanic meal, but she was certain she could clean the restaurant out.

The lord of the kitchen was running out of options. No matter how much he sent to the fennec-sune, she tore through it like it was nothing! She was using magic of some kind, that he was sure of, and grin spread across his muzzle as he decided to fight fire with fire. For the first time in over an hour, the chef laid down his knife and began rummaging through his domain. He had but one spell up his apron, designed specifically to deal with such problem customers. It would take a few minutes to prepare, but he was more than confident in its abilities. Finally, he found the scroll detailing his ace in the hole. It called for a great number of ingredients, but fortunately he had enough left to pull it off. With a victorious smirk, he unfurled the parchment and began crafting his magnum opus.

Azura belched as she finished off the last plate in her tour of gaining. Her fat-laden arms massaged her sandy-furred globe of a belly as she leaned back into the groaning booth. Her middle had long since reached the floor and pushed the table up, effectively pinning her in place. Not that she intended to move any time soon. Flabby thigh squished around either side of her gargantuan stomach, she sat high above the booth's cushion on her mountainous ass. The pleasure brought on by such dramatic expansion steamrolled her sense of shame and modesty, and she openly fondled and played with herself in the empty eatery. A pair of tails teased her breasts as another brushed across her heated folds, bringing heavy pants of bliss from her sloppy muzzle.

The icon of gluttony wobbled with sexual energy as she squirmed in her dampening seat. Bits of rice clung to her rounded cheeks as she moaned in unabashed bliss. Even though she had stopped eating (only because food had stopped), she continued to grow as her belly was given time to process its contents. The lardy fennec-sune came as the bench beneath her finally collapsed, the ensuing fall surely registering on the Richter scale. Waves of kinetic energy rippled and rolled across her soft body, further pulverizing the former seat and prolonging her orgasm. She finally came to a rest, long after the fire of pleasure had burned out. She truly was a

sight to behold, a mountain of fur sprawled out over shattered furniture. Azura loved every bit of it, and yet she craved more!

Before she could further voice her endless hunger, a new scent captured her attention. It was definitely another roll of sushi, likely the last this place had to offer, but it smelled like nothing else that had ventured her way. A tail momentarily left its post of massaging to snatch up the treat before it could run away. It looked unlike any of its brethren as well. It was wrapped in brilliant golden rice that shimmered with signs of magic. The insides were strangely hidden, as this one had not been cut, but she was sure they were just as appealing. The glittering delicacy was clearly the trophy of her victory, and what better way to celebrate than with a little dessert?

Azura tipped her head back as much as fat neck would allow, opened her drooling muzzle, and swallowed the glimmering morsel whole. She sighed as its surprisingly great weight settled into deep into the pit of her belly. A rumbling purr shook the floor as she rubbed her gut in contentment. The enchanted rice wrap had certainly put a dent in her cravings, but she still felt like she could clean out another restaurant or two.

Almost before she could finish the thought, her stomach growled as the chef's spell took effect. The table was shoved against the opposite booth as her middle suddenly inflated, allowing her breasts to slap heavily atop the taught sphere. Her body immediately began siphoning off the nutritious mass and spreading it about. Her ass, thighs, and hips took the brunt of it, filling out almost twice as fast as her arms or breasts. Her expansive belly swelled further, both increasing its capacity and thickening the layer of blubber around it. There was a fatal flaw in the spell the husky had placed on his final dish. It was designed to fill someone's gut until they felt stuffed, but Azura had an appetite that rivaled gods!

The canine had taken on the impossible task of sating that which could not be sated. His creation raced to fill her belly, which in turn encouraged it to empty faster. The cycle of action and reaction rapidly accelerated out of control, and the consequence of his folly was now redecorating his restaurant. Azura's body spilled outwards at an alarming pace as vacant furniture was swept up in her tide of flab. She moaned in hedonistic revel as hundreds of pounds of lard swelled her body by the second. Tables and chairs were crushed against crumbling walls as the pool of her stomach met artificial boundaries. They could not hope to contain the fennec-sune, however, and exponential growth soon carried her into the streets.

The mountain of moaning fox rose up on expanding cushions of fat as the rubble of the former restaurant bounced down her jiggling rolls. Her stomach spilled into the restaurant's parking lot and up to neighboring buildings as the runaway reaction within fed off itself. Colossal breasts added a second layer to the spreading shelf of flab as the growth began to even out across her body. Her arms and legs were rendered useless as fat inflated the limbs to thick sausages, restraining her range of motion to little more than a few degrees. Even her dexterous tails were lost in the rampant expansion. They had fattened up with the rest of her, becoming too

heavy to move on their own before vanishing into the canyon of her ass. Azura didn't care about her loss of mobility in the slightest, however. Had anyone climbed the soft mass of blobby fox to the summit, they would have heard her crying out for more still!

Even the sturdiest of the city's concrete populace fell to the tsunami of lardy kitsune, and soon she flooded over the containing ring of suburbs. She could feel the ruins beneath her being ground to dust, but she was far more focused on the sensations coming from within. Her pussy shuddered in bliss as the pleasure of expansion compounded on itself. It was the longest, hardest orgasm to ever wrack her body, and she never wanted it to end! Her growth accelerated further as her flab crossed county lines, then state, and even national. Not even the more significant natural boundaries could hold her back! She buried mountains and lakes under her colossal form, changing the face of the world as she cried out in pleasure. Only when she rivaled the planet in size did she finally stop, and even then it wasn't of her volition. Even magic has its limits, and the spell that had put her on a planetary scale had finally exhausted itself.

The wall of kitsune stopped its seemingly unending advance across the surface of the planet soon after. Her sheer scale was something to appreciate, though this was hard to do for the nations beneath her. Each massive ass cheek sat on its own continent, and each mountainous thigh carved glacial lakes around them. Azura's limbs were completely lost in tectonic plates of flab, not that she would ever want or need to use them again. Her muzzle was buried amongst a multitude of chins, still panting with burning desire. The entire world shuddered as her belly growled, an echo of the only thought in her head. *I'm still hungry!*