

As the red sun began to nestle behind the horizon, Charlie the fox hung his jacket on the wall with a sigh. His accounting work had kept him relatively busy, but not overly so. His typical daily responsibilities were right in the middle of that unsweet spot, in which it was just mentally demanding enough to prevent any downtime or even a spare thought, yet not intense enough to present any kind of interesting challenge. Still, he considered himself quite lucky that he was able to regularly swing some free time in his schedule along with the energy to take advantage of it.

Charlie fired up the stove and began heating up some leftover barbecue from the night before. The stove had a mirror built into it, oddly enough. In fact, almost every room in the house had some kind of mirror set up somewhere. Some were mounted on walls, others were large full body mirrors, heavy furniture that was already here when he moved in. He always found them a bit strange, but their nice designs held the rooms together. He took a moment to tame a stray tuft of fur on his head.

Charlie quietly stepped into his living room and flopped onto the couch, breaking the silence with a heavy thud. The sound reverberated through the wide, empty house. He glanced across the hall at the dining room, fully furnished with an elegant table, a grand mirror, and a multitude of chairs. He could see from there all the dust the room had gathered. When he first bought the place, he imagined himself hosting lavish parties with all of his friends. He could picture their bright, grinning faces enjoying the company and the hospitality, chatting, partying and relaxing together. And Charlie would be right there in the center of it all, hand in hand with his loving partner.

It was a lovely vision. Unfortunately, it was complicated by the fact that Charlie had no friends to speak of, nor anything close to a romantic involvement with anybody. He was lonely. Profoundly so, even. It wasn't for lack of trying, but he and his coworkers didn't mesh well together at all. And since he moved hundreds of miles away for this job, his friends he had grown up with couldn't just pop in on a whim. Not that they would, he thought, because he had grown a bit reclusive of late and allowed his old friendships to lapse. He felt that rekindling them would be a bit too awkward at this point.

Neighbors were out of the question as a source of friends too. Mainly because he didn't have

any. While it was quite cheap, his house was located firmly in the middle of nowhere. He assumed the low price was attributed mainly to the out of the way location, but apparently some of the locals believed the house had some sort of haunting going on.

It was the lack of a real partner, a man to love and be loved by, that hit Charlie the hardest. His lunch breaks at the office were filled with yearning daydreams, salivating at the thought of his perfect mate. He always conjured the same image in his head, a gray wolf, tall, handsome, broad shouldered with washboard abs and a kind smile on his face. The daydream always proceeded in a similar way, with the wolf embracing the fox from behind in the grip of his powerful yet gentle arms. This would take place on the bow of a ship or in a cozy mountain cabin or some other romantic locale, a frozen image like the cover of some harlequin romance novel. Definitely cheesy, Charlie readily admitted to himself, but it was what he wanted.

Charlie finished his modest leftover barbecue plate, licking the last bit of sauce off his paws. He dropped the plate in the dishwasher and prepared for bed. Stripping down to his boxers, he padded into the bathroom to brush his teeth. He stepped on the scale and it returned a slim 134 pounds as it always did. A good weight for a short little 5'4" fox. He checked himself out in the mirror. Slim and trim as always, with a fair amount of muscle tone. He flexed his arms, noting the lightly bulging biceps he was quite proud of. His lack of social obligations gave him plenty of time to keep in shape, he grimly thought to himself.

After finishing with the toothbrush, Charlie took a moment to lean in and really look himself in the eye.

"You're good. You deserve a good guy. You'll find him."

He stood there for a few moments in silence, slightly embarrassed, letting his self-affirming words sink in. When nothing happened and he didn't feel any better, he muttered a curse under his breath and trotted off to bed.

When the thin fox left and shut off the light, the mirror shimmered in the darkness.

Charlie hopped into bed. Ribald dreams pervaded his sleep, even here fantasizing about the tall, handsome, broad shouldered, gray wolf sweeping him off his feet. He tossed and turned excitedly, apparently having an invigorating dream.

Meanwhile, something stirred on the other side of the bathroom mirror. The mirror's surface shimmered and rippled like a liquid as a gray furred claw suddenly reached out of it. With a slow, deliberate movement, a gray wolf, tall, handsome, broad shouldered, and fully nude, stepped from one world into another.

He took a look around, getting his bearings, although his demeanor suggested he already knew what was around every corner. He examined his own body, feeling the volumes and contours of his muscular form as if it was a new sensation. He touched the bathroom mirror he had emerged from, and it shimmered briefly. Next the wolf glanced down at the bathroom scale and chuckled. He rubbed his paws together and gave the scale a sharp poke with his claw. For a brief moment, the scale glimmered with light and then fades back to normal. The wolf grinned broadly and cracked his knuckles. He had some work to do.

Shortly after midnight, Charlie snored softly and rolled over in his sleep. A gray furred paw reached out to grasp the fox's. The gray wolf, now wearing a tightly fitted pair of jeans, gently rubbed the fox's paw. The cloudiness slowly left Charlie's eyes as he came to.

As the last bit of sleepiness washed away, Charlie suddenly bolted up against the headboard.

“Wha- Who are you?! What are you doing here?!”

The gray wolf leaned back a bit, toning the aggressiveness down a couple notches. The clouds parted, allowing a shaft of moonlight to pierce into the room. The wolf smiled warmly at him.

Charlie finally got a good look at the wolf. Tall, handsome, broad shouldered with washboard abs and a kind smile on his face. The fox's eyes went wide with disbelief.

“You! You're from my... how?”

“I'm from your dreams, yes.” The wolf answered, in a powerful, yet carefully controlled voice.

“I’m...”

“Charlie. I know. I know all about you, actually. Your accounting job at Smith & Smith, your passion for gardening, your yearning for companionship, your... internet browsing habits.”

Charlie blushed profusely.

“How do you know these things?”

“Because I came from your mind. Your thoughts have power here. Sometimes, even a wish can come true.”

The fox shook his head in disbelief. “You’re just like how I imagined.”

“Exactly as you imagined. You know everything about me as well, don’t you?”

Charlie stared, deep in thought, and then slowly nodded.

“Your name is Addison. You like... relaxing at the beach, you’re fascinated with renaissance architecture, you love sunsets on mountaintops. And, uh...”

“And this.”

The wolf leaned in and gave the fox a deep kiss. They embraced tightly, paws intertwining and their warmth shared between them. Addison reached one paw down and gently caressed Charlie’s firm, flat middle. His caresses there quickly grew firmer, hungrier.

Their embrace began to get more and more vigorous and intense, but Addison suddenly stopped everything and stepped off the bed.

Charlie looked up with a combination of disappointment and worry. Mostly worry.

The wolf grinned. “Get out of bed, I need to show you something.”

Charlie was still a little too awestruck at how fast things were moving to really question it. He got up and followed the wolf downstairs. Addison led the two of them to the dining room. The sight there caused the fox to gasp. The dining room had been fully cleaned and decorated, and a marvelous prepared dinner was laid out upon the table looking like something straight out of a three star restaurant. The meal looked large enough to comfortably feed a party of six.

“Wow. Did you make all of this?” Said the fox.

“You could say that.”

The wolf wafted a bit of beef wellington scent over, appraising the aroma.

“Worked pretty hard on it, I hope it's to your liking.” He continued, giving Charlie a rather suspicious side eye glance.

“I didn't know you could cook.”

“Hmm, must have slipped your mind.” The wolf deflected.

It was here that the wolf's plans really started to get in motion. The truth of the matter was that Addison's appearance wasn't a miracle or some sort of fantastical wish fulfillment. Not at all. In fact, the wolf had an ulterior motive shrouded by his half-truths. While it was true he modeled his physical appearance after the contents of Charlie's dreaming mind, the wolf was in reality a demon of gluttony, hoping to corrupt the poor fox into eating his way into an existence of pure hedonism. Such things sustain the life of demons like him, and thin, fit mortals like Charlie provide the most delicious sustenance when they are corrupted. Speaking of which, the haunted feast on the table beckoned Charlie with its sweet scents.

“Try some of the mashed potatoes.” Addison offered him a plate.

“Oh, uh, I just ate less than an hour ago, I'm not really-”

The wolf gave him the saddest puppy eyes he could manage.

“Oh alright, just a little bit.”

The fox finally accepted the small saucer. The wolf demon watched him with a fierce intensity. His heart raced as the fox slowly raised the fork to his mouth. Charlie slowly took a single little bite and swallowed. A devilish grin slowly stretched across the wolf's face. The fox belonged to him now.

“Mmm, that is delicious!”

The fox's belly emits a low, cavernous growl. Charlie immediately began scooping more potatoes onto his plate.

“Oh, er, may I?” The fox asked meekly.

“Of course. And try the beef too, it's wonderful. And the rice and the pasta.” He grins warmly.

“Mmf, I will!” Said the fox through a mouthful of potatoes.

Addison watched intently with a wry grin on his face. Bit by bit, the fox worked his way through the entire table spread like an assembly line. He portioned off one small bit at a time from each dish to his plate and gulped down the contents, repeating this process dozens of times, completely unaware that he had eaten a meal sized for an entire family.

He reached his fork for more beef wellington but was rudely broken out of his trance by the loud clank of metal on porcelain. All of the dishes were empty, relocated into the fox's bulging stomach. Charlie tried and failed to stifle a burp, eliciting a blush.

The wolf eyed his belly hungrily. The fox's tummy bulged outward several inches, his thin frame giving it an exaggerated roundness from the taut pressure. The fox rested his paws on the surface.

“That was... amazing.” Said the fox.

Addison leaned forward, beaming slightly malicious grin. “Glad you enjoyed it.”

The fox glanced down at his stomach with some mild surprise.

“Whoa, I really ate a bit too much there.”

Suddenly, Addison gave the fox a strange, intense look, his eyes glowing white.

“You did not eat too much.” Said the wolf in a measured tone.

“I... did not eat too much.” Charlie said slowly, his eyes focused on something miles away. Addison placed a paw on the fox's belly, giving it a gentle squeeze. A soft gurgling rumbled out from within the fox, as the swelling of his belly goes down, instantly digesting its contents. A very thin, barely perceptible layer of fat now coated Charlie's trim frame.

“A meal this size is normal for you.”

“This was a pretty normal meal.” The fox responded, his voice without focus.

“You are thin and in great shape, and always will be.”

“Always going to be thin.” He responds in monotone.

The wolf removes his paw and the glow leaves his eyes.

“So, what did you think?”

“Mmm, it was delicious. A wonderful little snack. I'd love to try a full meal of your cooking sometime.”

“Attaboy.” Addison whispered to himself with a grin. “I'll be sure to whip up more next time, it's not right to call a couple appetizers a meal. My bad.” He gives Charlie a warm smile.

“I think I can forgive you.” Said the fox with a mirthful grin.

“So... wanna go back upstairs? Finish what we started?” Asked Charlie.

The wolf's eyes darkened with a hint of regret. “I'm sorry, I can't. At the moment, I can only stay in your world for short periods at a time.”

This was the truth, though also a lie of omission. It wouldn't do to let the fox know about the real source of the demon's energy.

The barrier between worlds was thin at this house's location, and all the mirrors made travel between the worlds slightly more accommodating. But even with that, crossing over was still a colossal undertaking. Being corporeal on this plane consumes a lot of energy, and Addison would need time to 'digest' tonight's gluttony.

“...Oh.” The fox gazed down mournfully. “Will I ever see you again?”

“Oh of course! I'll be back in one week, if that's alright with you.”

“Yes! Uh, I mean yeah that would be nice.”

Addison chuckled. This fox is kind of adorable.

“I'll be seeing you then. Enjoy yourself!”

The wolf waved goodbye and vanished out of thin air. Charlie reached a paw at the air where Addison had vanished, still in shock at the amazing events of the last hour, and a little unsure if they

really happened. A short gurgle erupts from the fox's stomach.

“Hmm. I had a pretty small dinner, I could go for a midnight snack...”

Days pass by, and Charlie's daydreams of Addison intensify. Now that he's felt the real thing, he was constantly finding himself yearning to be in his arms again, cherishing the very brief, but wonderful time they had together.

During his lunch breaks at work, he went to the usual diner with his coworkers. A strange hunger overtook him, but he didn't think too hard about it. He asked for four times his usual hamburger order, plus a heap of sides and a milkshake. When the waiter dropped his heavy tray on the table, his coworkers, who already thought of him as a bit of weirdo, were a little put off.

“That's quite a pile ya got there, bud.” Said the cheetah from sales.

“Huh? It's what I always get.” Charlie replied, incredulously.

They all looked at each other warily, wondering if their coworker is losing his mind.

“Nah, I don't remember a mountain of burg like that.”

“This looks like a mountain to you?”

The fox held up the mountain of burgers on his tray, as if that proved his point. Charlie's rhino coworker looked to the cheetah and made a 'don't argue, just ignore him' hand gesture. The cheetah acquiesced and everyone got back to work related topics. Charlie kept on packing away the burgers until the very end of the lunch break, carrying the last one with him to eat on the road. Despite this, his own memory told him he only had the one.

Each night, Charlie ended up ordering take out or picking up an extra large pizza all to himself. The volume on such things were quite large compared to that little fox frame, but somehow he managed to fit it all in everytime.

During work hours, Charlie got into the habit of snacking whenever he had a paw free. While reviewing regulations and running the numbers, he would frequently be munching on bits of chocolate,

granola, cheese, and anything else that struck his fancy.

Despite all of these dramatically magnified eating habits, the fox never seemed to notice what he was doing. It was like a mental blind spot had formed, whenever he began to vaguely think about his diet (or the consequences thereof), the thought was immediately quashed, replaced with a great confidence that things had remained exactly as they always were.

One week had finally come and gone. Evening was approaching and Charlie knew Addison would be arriving in a matter of hours. He stripped down to take another shower and get fully cleaned up. He checked himself in the mirror. Trim, lean and svelte, just like he remembered. He took a step on the scale, just to confirm that it read 134 pounds like always. He smiled and got ready for his date.

Little did Charlie know that the mirror and the scale were lying to him. If he had paid closer attention, he might have noticed that the bottom of his abdomen had bulged out into a tiny little tummy, soft to the touch. The contours of his individual abs had faded away, leaving a singular mass of softened abdominal muscle. Even his lean, muscular rump had grown just a little bit more softened and round.

However, this all went completely beyond his notice. The hypnosis trick Addison had pulled last time, combined with the illusions in his home reinforcing the idea had thoroughly driven any thoughts and worries of the matter out of his mind. Plus, Charlie had a date to prepare for.

Charlie put on some comfortable semiformal wear and a spritz of cologne and sat down in the living room. He waited patiently for several minutes. He was beginning to worry that Addison wouldn't show, when suddenly the wolf startled him with a paw on his shoulder.

“Oh! There you are.”

Addison smiled. He took a close look at the fox. He could see his efforts were already starting to bear fruit. The little bit of belly was a promising sight and heralded more to come. The wolf was eager to begin with tonight's feast. Addison had a far off look in his eyes as he dreamed up the

possibilities.

“I thought we could go see a movie tonight, if that's alright with you.”

Addison snapped out of his daze. “Huh?”

“Yeah. Stonestalker the Barbarian just came out and I got a couple tickets and I was excited about it and... yeah.”

“Hrm.”

The wolf's mind races. He had his heart set on watching the fox gorge himself until his belly was ready to burst, but pressing the issue could be a disastrous risk to his scheme. He'd have to wager that he can last long enough for the real feast to begin.

“Yeah, that sounds great!” said Addison, with some trepidation.

Charlie had selected the best seats in the house. Even though it was a midnight showing, the entire theater was packed to the brim. Addison looked around absentmindedly, not really comprehending the reason for being here. A lanky coyote in the theater uniform walks up to their table, notepad in hand.

“Welcome to our theater, can I get you guys started with any drinks or appetizers? Or are you ready to order?” She asked, her friendliness bubbling over.

“Order?” Said Addison.

“Oh is this your first time here? Here at the Four-Star we have a full service restaurant offering food, drinks and snacks throughout the entire movie's runtime.”

Addison's eyebrows shoot up in surprise. He looks over at Charlie with glee. The fox smiles back at him. The demon had to admit it was kinda cute.

“I see! In that case we'll start with five of the big kahuna burgers, four of the five dollar milkshakes, and an order of fish and chips.”

The coyote went wide-eyed at the order. “Wow, you guys must be really hungry.” She scribbles

it down on her notepad. "Alright I'll have that out for you in just a bit. Just raise an order card if you'd like to order more."

The server ducked down and exited to the theater's kitchen. Charlie turned to his companion and wondered aloud, "Dunno why she acted like our order was such a big deal, that's pretty much what everyone orders, right?"

"Yeah. Beats me." said the wolf with a grin.

The trailers began playing. Stonestalker the Barbarian II already had a teaser somehow. There was also a film about a wizard who does surgery in the ER, some kind of astronaut romance film, and a children's movie about a talking boat, except the boat appeared a little bit unintentionally horrifying.

Suddenly the lights dimmed and the in-house PSA plays on the screen, warning customers not to use their phones. Charlie grabbed hold of Addison's arm and held his paw. The sensation was... different from what they did in the bedroom last week. Less of an aggressive, primal fire and more of soft, gentle warmth. The demon seemed to genuinely enjoy it, which puzzled him all the more. He noticed Charlie was really into it, and tried to rationalize that playing along would serve his purposes. He gave Charlie's paw a good, gentle squeeze back, and warm smile crept across the wolf's face all on its own.

Shortly after the movie itself began to play, the server came back and brought out their meal. She had to make two trips, and all of the food just barely fit on the little personal tables. Addison took a look at it and then at Charlie, licking his chops. This wouldn't be quite as potent as his own prepared meals would be, but it might come reasonably close as long as the fox exercises some... portion control.

Addison smiled and nodded at Charlie, giving him the go ahead. The fox immediately dug into the hamburgers, his eyes fixated firmly on the screen with his eating apparently controlled by autopilot. Barely ten minutes in and all the hamburgers are polished off, each one punctuated with a milkshake slammed down his gut to wash it down. Addison listened very closely over the din of the movie's barbarian antics and detected the sound of stretching and straining leather on Charlie's belt. The sound

delighted him, sending a shiver down his spine.

The demon couldn't help but smile at the fox's enthusiasm. He had never really engaged in activities like this with his targets before. It was usually straight to business with him, in and out in a flash when he got what he wanted. This fox, however, seemed to genuinely enjoy his company. The thought of it began to tease out certain emotions the demon didn't know he had.

As Charlie began to work on the fish and chips, the wolf took the liberty of raising another order card. This time, he called for several pizzas and several more of the milkshakes in various flavors. When the server took the card to the kitchen, he glanced over at the fox's belly. All that food in there was starting to push up his shirt, and a little bit of white fur peeked out from bottom. Addison could tell from the fox's facial expressions that he was starting to get full.

We can't have that, can we? The demon thought to himself. He reached over to lean on his companion and wrapped his paws snugly around his arm. Surreptitiously, he reached a paw down to the fox's tum and gently passed his claws over and around the circumference, imparting a hint of demonic magic. Addison removes his paw and lets the magic work. A long, tiny gurgle builds up in the fox's stomach. It grows and grows, finally building up into a fierce, angry growl. A little bit of room had been cleared up with Addison's favorite trick, some portion of the meal was instantly digested, adding a bit more softness to the fox, and replacing the empty space with a stomach roaring for more. A few moviegoers shush the poor fox.

Focused so heavily on the movie, he was only dimly aware of the status of his stomach. With perfect timing, the second course arrived and he began shoveling pizza slices into his mouth one after another. If he had noticed he was full before at all, he definitely forgot it by now. After all the pizzas were downed, Addison gleefully watched him pour the milkshakes straight down his throat, taking in the image of his gut getting ever so slightly rounder and tighter with each gulp.

The movie finally came to a close. Stonestalker had slain the foul beast and the village hailed him as a hero. Addison took care of the bill. While traveling between worlds was a heavy undertaking,

petty magic like generating currency required only the barest minimum of exertion.

When the house lights came back up and everyone stood and took a nice stretch, Addison got a better look at his companion. Charlie's belly now bulged out like a basketball, and looked to be just as firm. Several inches of belly fur peeked out from under his shirt for everyone to see, and his poor, tortured belt had been forced downward, stretching and creaking with every movement. It was almost too much for the demon to handle, he could only bounce on his heels with barely contained excitement, absorbing every bit of the scene. The gluttony demon had seen his fair share of big eaters, but this fox was truly a natural.

And yet despite all this, Charlie didn't seem to notice a single thing odd about his eating behavior. He tugged at the front of his shirt to no avail, trying to cover up his swollen tummy. "Got really drafty in here all of a sudden, didn't it?"

"It sure did, bud. What do you say we head home?"

On the drive back to the house, the two of them discussed their thoughts on the movie. Considering that Addison had never been to one before, it was literally the best movie he had ever seen. Charlie expounded on the CGI effects and how amazing they were, though he felt it could use some tighter editing.

Something strange happened then. Addison found himself genuinely appreciating the talk. So much so that he even stopped thinking about the fox's engorged gut for a few moments. He tried to shake these thoughts out of his mind. A demon getting attached to their subject is frowned upon, to say the least, but he was just too adorable not to.

When they arrived home, it was already time for Addison to leave.

"It's about time, I'm sorry to say. I had a wonderful time with you tonight. Really." He hugs the fox tightly.

"Me too. You'll be back next week, right?"

“Next month, I'm afraid. But I'll be able to stay here an entire week, not just one night.”

It would take about that long for him to process all the gluttony he witnessed tonight, but the yield would be orders of magnitude greater than before, what with how naturally the fox seems to take to it. There would be enough energy in his budget to stay for greater and greater lengths of time if this keeps up.

Charlie's eyes lit up. “Oh! That sounds wonderful. I'll have to get something nice ready for you.”

The demon rested a claw on the fox's belly knowingly. “Oh I'm sure you will.” He then goes in for a tighter hug.

“Goodbye.”

The wolf vanishes into thin air, leaving the fox hugging emptiness.

Days turned into weeks with an agonizing slowness. Charlie eagerly awaited the wolf's return and tried his best to plan activities for them to share together. Meanwhile, his appetite never let up. In fact, if anything it accelerated. He was up to five massive meals each day in addition to his profuse snacking habits.

All of those calories really began to add up, and his middle was showing it the most. At first, his coworkers paid him little notice. After all, none of them were in stellar shape themselves. Over the intervening month, the fox kept growing and growing, but his clothes however, did not grow along with him. He would step into the office wearing a button down shirt many sizes too small, with tufts of white belly fur between the buttons attempting to escape their confinement. His rump had grown rounder and thicker as well, filling out the seat of every pair of pants he owned.

One day, during an especially large lunch break at the local diner, the pressure his belly was exerting on his poor shirt grew too great, and a button burst off right in front of everyone. In the fox's eyes, the button must have snagged on the table or something. That his own stomach might be

responsible didn't even register as a possibility.

“Umm, Charlie...” the cheetah from sales gingerly stated, eyes darting to the others at the table.

“Hmm?”

He looked down at the fox's belly, scrutinizing the spot where the button used to be. “You alright, man? You've put on a lot of weight lately.”

Charlie rankles at the thought. Just the idea of it was totally alien to him. He glances down at his middle, and his clouded mind sees the same thin, toned abs he's always had, wearing a nice button down tailored to his size.

“Are you joking? You need to get your eyes examined. Check this out.” The fox stood up from the booth and opened up his shirt, proudly showing off what he believed to be washboard abs. The reality of course was that as soon as the shirt opened up, a right and proper potbelly poured out in front of him, wobbling a bit before settling in place like a water balloon.

A few of his coworkers chuckled, but Charlie was unperturbed. The rhino from the mailroom let out a short, hearty laugh. “That's a gut, buddy. You're fat.”

The fox's eyes glazed over slightly, and the words seemed to go in one ear and out the other. He snapped out of it and buttoned his shirt back up again. “Well I hope that settles that. I'm in the best shape of anybody here. You guys have a weird sense of humor.”

While getting back into the booth, a tear rips open the seat of his pants. Charlie blamed it on shoddy craftsmanship. The fox wondered if he should look for a new brand of pants. This seemed to be happening a lot lately.

Finally, the month drew to a close. Addison would be returning this morning for the promised week and Charlie would be ready for him. He had saved up his PTO days to make sure he had this week was all to himself. He took a quick shower to get freshened up and did a weigh in on the scale. Still a svelte 134 pounds after all this time. His coworkers must be crazy. He looked in the mirror to

confirm. Yup, a healthy, thin, toned fox looked right back at him.

Addison arrived, materializing in the living room.

“Hey hon, I’m back. And I... whoa.” The wolf’s eyes went wide at the sight. He paused in awe, taking in the sight. He could not believe what the fox had done to himself in such a short time. His middle was now dominated by a gut the size of a basketball, enveloped in thick, pure fat. It was currently getting the life squeezed out of it by some cartoonishly undersized clothing. His legwear left nothing to the imagination, a tingle went up his the wolf’s spine studying every visible contour of the fox’s hefty, rounded rump, squeezed into those pants like a pair of ripe tomatoes.

The fox excitedly bounded over to the demon and leaned in for a big hug. Addison hugged back tightly, pressing himself into the fox’s soft middle and unable to resist cupping a claw around that eminently squeezable rump. The fox yelped slightly and blushed with a shy grin.

“I... wow.” Addison was too dumbstruck to do his usual suave routine.

Charlie stood back and put his paws on his hips. The button on his jeans burst open, letting the fox’s tummy relax and bulge down and out in its natural state. He was completely oblivious to any of this. “What’s gotten into you?”

The wolf blinks quickly. “You just look very handsome today, that’s all.”

“Oh, well thank you. You too, I must say. So are you ready?”

“What’s the plan?”

“We’re going fishing!”

Addison raised an eyebrow. “Fishing?”

The small boat wobbled ominously under their combined weight. Charlie laid on his back, absentmindedly holding onto his fishing rod with his feet. His bare white belly gleamed in the sunlight, the harsh light making the rounded contours all the more apparent. Addison moved over and laid down with him. Words weren’t needed, Addison and Charlie enjoyed the moment intensely, whiling away the

day in tranquil bliss.

The next day, Charlie took the wolf to the theme park in the next town over. Some of the rides were maybe a little too exhilarating for him, but Addison's presence was enough to give him some extra bravery. Throughout the day, the wolf naturally made sure Charlie's was never running on empty, keeping a constant supply of junk food flowing into that widening belly. For the sake of modesty (and possible exposure charges), He also picked up an extra large novelty shirt for him. Charlie protested a bit at what he thought was an excessive size, but Addison insisted the baggy look was really big right now.

The third day took them ice skating together at the local rink. Addison learned he was a natural, and took to the motions quite quickly after a few awkward learning moments. The fox, however, was having quite an embarrassing time. Just seven months ago he was skating circles around people, even showing off with some minor leaps and tricks. But today was full of nothing but faceplants. His center of gravity felt strangely out of place, and he seemed to be sticking more heavily to the ice than he remembered. Charlie begrudgingly decided it was time to go, but not before chowing down on a dozen hotdogs from concessions.

The fourth day was a nice day of rest, staying in without any engagements. Charlie insisted on cooking dinner himself this time, and prepared a very nice pasta dish. There was enough pasta there to feed a small army, but Addison was satisfied with a single plate. As he consumed the vast swathes of fettuccine himself, Charlie wondered if he had done something wrong. When he saw the wolf's warm smile beaming back at him, his doubts were all erased.

On their fifth day together, Charlie decided they should go bowling together. Addison found the activity inordinately difficult for some reason, but Charlie handled it like a seasoned pro. Addison considered ordering a pile of bowling alley pizza, but the quality left a lot to be desired. He decided against subjecting his companion to such things. Especially when there was a wonderful Mexican restaurant right next door...

The sixth day brought them to Charlie's favorite gourmet restaurant downtown. The lighting and atmosphere were cozy and personal. The subtle glow of frosted light fixtures created little romantic islands that are a delight to sit in. The fox ordered over a dozen pounds of fine steaks and exotic seafood dishes. Watching the round vulpine pack away the titanic meal and sharing his hopes and dreams and inner thoughts, Addison realized he really was lovestruck, completely enamored with the gluttonous fox. He also realized he couldn't leave things like this.

Addison was the first to step out of bed the following morning. He got cleaned and dressed quickly and started pacing worriedly in the bedroom. The possible events today could be a terrible disaster, but he knew it had to be done.

A yawn broke out across the room, snapping him out of his inner dialog. Charlie woke up and groggily lifted himself off the mattress, adjusting the wedgie in his boxers. With a heavy thud sending his belly jiggling, he stepped onto the floor.

"We need to talk." Addison said, gravely.

"Wha? About what?"

"Come into the bathroom, I have to show you something."

Sensing the seriousness of the situation, Charlie shook the sleep out of his eyes and sharpened up quickly. He followed the Addison into the bathroom.

Addison took a few deep breaths, psyching himself up. "I've been manipulating you, and caused you to gain a tremendous amount of weight for my own benefit."

Charlie stood silently for a few agonizing moments, then burst into laughter. "What? Dude look over there, what in the world are you talking about?"

The fox points at the mirror, which sure enough depicted a lithe fox in lean, trim, fighting shape.

"Step on the scale for me."

"You're kinda weirding me out here."

“Please.”

The fox steps on it. With a strained creak, the scale returns an outrageous number. 278 pounds.

“The hell?!”

“Now look at the mirror.”

The demon wolf tapped a claw on the mirror's glass. Its surface shimmered for a moment as his enchantment was released. As the spell wore off, the false thin fox in the mirror began to slowly grow. His rump began to plump up, where once were defined, meaty glutes, subtle waves of softness began to pour over them. In moments, the layers of fat take his butt from a planar, sculpted form into a rounded, gentle curve, imparting a luxurious softness to those plump cheeks. His face doesn't escape either, a double chin descends below his head, and his cheeks fatten up as well, softening his features. No change was as dramatic as his middle though.

His trim stomach bulged outward, first as a gentle softening of the abs, then pooching out into a little tummy, slowly swelling larger, softer, and rounder as the fat accumulates on his body. Love handles formed over the sides of his hips and gently began to pour over the sides. His middle grows from a small gut into a rounded potbelly, expanding gently like loaf of fluffy bread rising in the oven. Engorging with fat, it continued expanding outwards and downwards, the fatty extrusion falling victim to gravity, finally ending up with the size and heft of a medicine ball.

Charlie looked in stunned disbelief at the mirror, slack jawed, then down at himself, gripping his plump belly in his paws.

“This... Are you a wizard or something? Why? Why would you do this?”

Addison took a deep breath and sighs. “I'm a demon from another world, created by strong concepts and ideas held by people in this world. My specialty is hedonism, gluttony specifically. I have to inspire acts of gluttony in others in order to survive. I'll die if I don't.”

Charlie stood there, blinking up a storm as his brain tried to register the things it was hearing.

“A demon? You have demonic powers?”

Addison nodded. He placed a paw on the fox's chest, gently caressing down and around the curvature of his middle, ending on the underside of his belly. Suddenly, a vast emptiness opened up deep inside the fox, his stomach emitted the loudest growl he had ever heard as he is suddenly stricken with supernatural hunger.

Charlie keeled over and clutched the sides of his belly. “Urgh. I get it. Okay.” He took a moment to regain his composure. “Are you going to take my soul now or something?”

Addison was taken aback. “No! I'd never. All I need from people is watch them eat to excess. Just being around that sustains me.”

“Huh. I kinda figured something like this would happen.”

“You did?”

“I'm not stupid. A person I literally dreamed up appears in my home in the flesh and seduces me. I went along with it because I wanted it to be true. I knew there had to be some kind of catch. Honestly I was expecting something much worse.”

“You were?”

“Oh yeah. Getting fat? If that's the tradeoff for being with someone who really cares about me, then I'm getting off easy as far as I'm concerned.” The fox's eyes narrow. “You do care about me, right? Or was that a lie too?”

“I do.”

“I assume you've done this a lot. Do you always confess about what you really are?”

“No. You're the first one.”

Charlie tilted his head, skepticism written clearly on his face. “And why's that?”

“Because you're sweet, adorable, kind and generous. When I peered into your dreams, I took this shape to take advantage of you. I copied your hopes, preferences, habits, likes, dislikes, all that stuff. But that was just a list of things. It wasn't really you. I met the real you this past week, the complete person. And I like it.”

“I see.”

“And I want to say I'm truly sorry. It's my nature to do this, I can't go against it. But for what it's worth, I do actually love you.”

“Wow.”

Addison stood there, holding for additional words. The wait was torture. “What now?” He asked.

The fox intensely stares back at the demon for an uncomfortably long while. Suddenly, his expression softens. “You're still here for the rest of today, right?”

“Yeah?”

“I've got an empty stomach and you've got a full day, let's make it a good one.”

The wolf wiped a bit of mist from his eye and smiles warmly.

The demonic wolf worked quickly, concocting an elaborate setup of a tall, very wide funnel mounted several feet in the air with a tube running down from the bottom. He positioned it above the recliner in the living room and invited Charlie to lay down.

The fox chuckled. “Kinky.”

“That's only half the equation.” Addison said with a malevolent smile.

“Oh?”

“You'll see.”

Addison placed the hose in the fox's mouth and leaned him back horizontally on the recliner. Next he gave his belly a hearty pat before reaching up the funnel. He used his oddly specific powers to enchant the funnel with an endless supply of a hearty, fattening milkshake of his own design. He glances down at Charlie and gives him a smile before opening the valve.

Almost instantly, the rich, creamy milkshake cascaded violently down the funnel with a powerful pressure behind it. Charlie braced himself as the fattening mixture slammed directly into his

belly with no signs of stopping.

Addison rested an ear on the fox's middle, listening to the sloshing torrents gurgling and building within him, relishing the way the vulpine's belly grew tighter as the seconds ticked away, lifting his head slightly.

Charlie continued swallowing the endless ocean of vanilla shake, his gut lifting off his waist from the pressure, taking a more spherical shape as he became more and more full. He glanced up at Addison with some concern. The wolf nodded back, knowing that he was almost at his limit.

However, he didn't shut off the valve. Instead, he laid both of his claws on the fox's engorged belly and began to use his special talent. The contents of Charlie's stomach started melting away, relieving the intense pressure. The thick mixture was fully digested over the course of about five seconds, leaving his stomach empty and gurgling hungrily for more. The flow of shake from the perpetual funnel never stopped. Charlie now understood what was happening here. The wolf saw the realization in his eyes and grinned menacingly. Charlie couldn't use his words, but the intense blush he gave in response spoke volumes.

The process continued for hours, Addison's powerful claws never left the fox's gurgling tum. As the thick, heavy fluid glugged endlessly down into his stomach, his belly rose again with pressure, only to deflate from the wolf's magic. Each time, it added a smidge of fat to the fox's frame, slowly but surely plumping him up before their eyes. These actions produced a cacophony of gurgles, rumbles, growls and squelches as the digestive process of extreme overeating was acted out in fast motion.

After what seemed like an eternity, Addison finally decided that it had gone on long enough. He undid the endless milkshake spell and detached the hose from the bloated fox's mouth.

The fox groggily stood up to stretch his legs and looked himself over.

His belly had swollen up to the size of a large beachball, jutting out from his front by nearly two feet, seriously altering his center of gravity. He picked it up with both paws and gave it a heft, letting it drop. Densely packed with fat, it wobbled like a singular mass back and forth until it settled several

seconds later. He blushed when he finally noticed that his immense belly had bloated so much, the underside was resting against his upper thighs. He had thought he would be prepared for this, but the sensation took him fully off guard. He checked his rear and found that it too had grown quite a bit, he was now able to grab an entire pawful of fluffy rump on each cheek.

The fox chuckled softly and blushed. "You really know your way around this stuff, huh?"

Addison beamed with pride. "There's no one better."

"You'll be back someday, right?"

The wolf grins warmly. "Count on it."

"There's one last thing we need to do before you go."

"Oh?"

Charlie grabs the demon's paw and waddles off, dragging him along to the bedroom.

"Oh!"
