

Revan and the Bottomless Buffet

By: Indi

Revan's stomach growled, loud and angry, and the black wolf rolled his eyes at it. He'd spent more time at the bar than planned, getting caught up in a few games of pool that netted him some extra cash. But during all that he'd just sipped on a couple beers, and hadn't had a single bite to eat; of course nothing looked all that appetizing on the dive bar's menu, anyway. But now the large wolf hadn't eaten in hours, and was starving as he made his way home.

Nothing in that part of the city was still open in the early hours of the morning, the bright neon lights only advertising how closed everything was. Bars were still operating, but Revan wasn't in the mood to pay for what little they'd have available. In all likelihood he'd just have to scrounge up something at home, or load up at a mini-mart. Neither were appealing.

Revan left the main road, heading down alleyways and side streets so he could reach home quicker. While on one a flickering "open" sign caught his attention. The restaurant was called the Gorging Dragon, with an animated holographic display of a dragon swelling up as they presumably stuffed themselves, their belly pressing against the restaurant's name from behind. He'd never heard of the place before, which wasn't much of a surprise considering the city was filled with hundreds of hole-in-the-wall restaurants like it.

"Not like I got much choice," the wolf grumbled, before pushing open the door and stepping inside.

A lean, bright-eyed kobold greeted Revan as he entered, clearly the host. "Welcome to the Gorging Dragon, a paradise for bottomless appetites! Table for one?"

The kobold was a bit too energetic for Revan, but he guessed they didn't get many customers that late at night and was simply eager for a break in the monotony of standing around doing nothing. He nodded, and was soon following the Host.

The interior of the Gorging Dragon was fairly cramped, with very few tables and minimal decor—most of which involved incredibly hefty dragons happily eating mountains of food. Revan was brought to the largest table in the place, which only had a single, sturdy chair. As he sat down, his small but demanding belly jiggled a little. The black, sleeveless bodysuit he wore didn't really do much to hide the few curves he had. If anything it emphasized them. He didn't mind too much, though.

"So, uh...what kind of food do y'all even make here?" Revan asked. He hadn't seen a menu board outside or in, and nothing had hinted at a specific cuisine.

"Oh, everything! We are an all you can eat buffet, and we strive to live up to that moniker," the Host said with glee. "No customer ever leaves hungry—we guarantee it!"

"Cool, I guess," Revan said. He was beginning to wonder if the mini-mart would've been so bad. "Though if this is a buffet, where's the food?"

"Seconds away, of course!"

The door to the kitchen opened up, and kobolds began piling out, each balancing plates practically overflowing with food. Each dish looked to be a full meal on its own, ranging from pastas to burgers to omelets. The plates were quickly placed before Revan on the table, until an entire feast had been laid out. In between were pitchers of water and soda.

Revan shook his head at the obscene amount of food. "There's no way I could ever eat this much," he insisted. Secretly he was beginning to feel hungry enough to, though.

"You'll never know until you try," the Host said, winking at Revan before walking away.

With how strange the restaurant was, Revan simply wanted to have his fill and head home. He'd graze on a few things that looked good, pay, and probably never return. Any wasted food was the fault of the kobolds for being so damn eager to show off their entire menu at once.

Revan started with a sizable burger, so large he could barely fit his jaws around it. It was delicious, thankfully, and the wolf managed to finish it swiftly, along with all the fries that'd surrounded it. His hunger wasn't sated much afterward, though, so he nudged the empty plate away and pulled a pasta dish closer. It too tasted good, and Revan found he couldn't stop eating after a couple bites. He cleaned it off completely, leaving only a few spots of sauce behind.

On a normal day, the two dishes would've been more than enough to leave even Revan feeling quite stuffed, but his hunger was proving relentless. Maybe one more was all he needed.

The wolf began to chow down on a new dish, washing it down with copious amounts of soda. His gaze was drifting towards other plates as he ate, his stomach rumbling as he wondered how they might taste. The food wasn't necessarily the best he'd ever had, but it was consistently good. Revan didn't find a single bite to be underwhelming.

As plates were emptied, kobold waiters would swoop in and take them away, while others would inevitably replace them with something new within seconds. The pitchers were refilled just as swiftly, ensuring Revan was never wanting for anything.

The steady gluttony was making Revan's belly swell, something he couldn't ignore. In between bites he'd glance down at how round it was getting, scowling and blushing at the same time. Stuffing himself to such an extent was embarrassing, but he couldn't bring himself to stop eating, not until his ravenous appetite had been sated. Maybe he'd quit after one more plate, and just endure the hunger pains.

One more turned to two more, then four more, then eight more. Revan was getting good at excusing his rampant gluttony, or at least begrudgingly accepting it. He knew he'd regret it in the morning, but a night of over indulgence wasn't the worst thing ever.

Meanwhile, the wolf's belly continued to grow. It ballooned in size as he plowed through dish after dish, filling his lap. Every couple plates Revan was forced to scoot his chair back, as his belly had begun to press against the table. He growled at the soft but taut ball his belly had become, doing his best to adjust it so it didn't get in the way of his eating. At least the fabric of his bodysuit was stretchy enough to handle his gorging; he doubted his jacket would zip up, though.

Eventually Revan's gut swelled so big he couldn't reach the table anymore, finally bringing the wolf's feeding frenzy to an end. He groaned as he leaned back in his chair, his eyes locked onto his massive middle. He looked like he'd gobbled up a few weeks worth of food in one sitting, like he should've been passed out in a food coma, and yet he was *still* vaguely hungry. His appetite had never been so obnoxious before.

Revan placed his paws on the sides of his belly and gave it a soft shake, watching it wobble and blushing in frustration. He'd pigged out, plain and simple. Even hunger wasn't an excuse for the sheer amount he'd crammed into his gut. He wasn't looking forward to lugging it home, but at least there wouldn't be too many people out and about to see him in such a state.

"It's my own damn fault for giving in to midnight cravings," Revan mumbled under his breath. He turned to the Host, who'd just walked up to the table. "Alright, food was good, but I've had way too much. Mind sending over the bill so I can waddle home?"

"But you've only just begun!" the Host said. "Surely you can fit more into that fearsome belly of yours."

Revan scowled. "I ate so much I can't even reach the damn table anymore!" He gave his gut a shake for emphasis.

"Well if that's the only thing stopping you, then we'll gladly offer our assistance," the Host said, and his grin grew wicked.

"That's not the—*mmmph!*"

An entire burger had been shoved into the wolf's open mouth, and a quick push forced him to swallow it whole. Before he could curse at the kobold who'd fed him, a second swiftly stuffed him with a thick slice of cake. Revan shoved away a kobold trying to feed him soup, but that gave one with pie an opening to swoop in after. For every one kobold Revan managed to throw off, another two found a way to stuff him. He was getting swarmed.

The constant flow of food into the wolf's mouth was causing his belly to swell even faster than before, weighing him down and impairing his ability to fight back. No matter what he did, Revan was always eating, always growing. And the worst part was, he still wasn't feeling remotely full.

Before long Revan's belly was a good two feet around, and getting larger by the second. As he pushed away another waiter, the wolf realized with shock his arm looked a bit flabbier than normal. There was also more of a jiggle to his middle, as if more layers of fat had snuck their way on while he wasn't looking. Was he actually gaining weight as he ate?

Nearby, the Host laughed. "Ah, so you've already noticed you're getting pudgier, have you? Most are too distracted by the stuffing to realize it, but you've certainly put up more of a fight than our usual customers do. Not that it'll do you any good in the end. Just like everyone else you're going to end up as a big, blubbery ball of a wolf...permanently."

Revan's eyes widened. A few extra dozen pounds wasn't ideal, but there was no way he was going to end up immobile. He started shoving harder.

"Oh I love how that revelation always makes them panic more," the Host said. "I'd say you should just accept your fate and enjoy the rest of your life-changing dinner, but some of our clients actually prefer fighters. I bet you didn't know there were people out there willing to pay handsomely for blubbery trophies to play with, did you? You probably won't be as valuable as that enormous hyena we fattened the other week, but then you probably also wouldn't want to fill the whole room. Still, wolf blobs are always popular, so I know you'll sell fast~" He laughed and gave Revan's belly a teasing shake. "Though now I think it's time to hook you up to a few automated feeding tubes so you can grow to your true potential."

Multiple tubes retracted from the far wall, slithering around like snakes. The kobolds had stopped feeding Revan, surrounding the engorged wolf and preparing to carry him over for the rest of his fattening. They poked and prodded his gut, even sneaking a few firm squeezes as they joked about how plump he was getting.

Rather than whimper or whine, Revan grinned. “Can’t say I’ve ever heard of a secret fattening operation, but it sure as Hell sounds like the sort of thing that’d earn me a hefty reward for breaking up. Oh, right, you didn’t know I’m a bounty hunter, did you?”

Revan lunged forwards, flipping the table over with his huge gut and startling the kobolds, giving him just enough time to slip free of their grips and get onto his feet. The wolf nearly toppled right over as his belly swung from side-to-side. He was forced to hold it up in his paws just to remain standing, blushing some at the sheer weight of it. Outnumbered and over-encumbered, the odds were against Revan. Those were his favorite kinds of fights, though.

The kobolds all stepped away from the wolf, looking nervously between their target and their boss, the Host. The Host regained their composure, and their smugness. “He’s just one, incredibly fat wolf—drag him to the tubes and inevitable immobility!” The waiters charged.

The first kobold to reach Revan was immediately belly-bumped a few feet away. Another grabbed ahold of Revan’s arm, only to be tossed. Two more learned far too late the wolf was capable of using his massive gut like a wrecking ball, and were slammed against each other and to the ground.

Revan was used to brawling, and his preferred style of combat was actually meshing well with simply throwing his weight around. He was far from graceful, and if the kobolds had been experienced at fighting he might’ve been in trouble, but his gut was getting the job done. “Turns out overeating isn’t so bad after all!” Revan shouted, before sending a hapless kobold half-way across the room.

The kobold rolled across the floor and right into the slithering feeding tubes. In an instant the tubes coiled around the kobold and forced themselves into his mouth. He wiggled frantically as his belly ballooned outward, filling up with something. Revan saw the kobold’s face rounding out, his limbs growing thicker, and realized the substance being pumped into him via the tubes had to be almost instantly fattening, a far more potent version of whatever had been hidden in his own food.

By the time the feeding tubes let go of the kobold, they were as wide as they were tall, too fat and blubbery to move. They belched and let out a long groan, out of the fight. Revan knew then how he was going to even the odds.

From that point on Revan went out of his way to throw and knock the kobolds in the direction of the feeding tubes. It wasn’t an easy task, as the kobolds did their best to avoid the fattening fate that’d befallen their comrade. But after a couple minutes a second one skidded too close, the tubes grabbing him by the leg and pulling him into their fattening embrace.

One-by-one the kobolds fell victim to their own feeding tubes, each one swelling up like blubbery balloons, some practically buried beneath their enormous bellies. They moaned and burped, helpless. Of course Revan was tiring as well, his belly requiring considerable strength to swing around. He was nearly corralled into the tubes, and would’ve been doomed if it

weren't for a kobold growing bold and getting too close, occupying the tubes just long enough for Revan to waddle away and continue the fight.

As the last of the waiters was coiled and stuffed, Revan turned his attention to the Host, who appeared shocked. "All your buddies are enjoying a well-earned plumping; you're free to just walk on over and join them willingly, but I'm not against doing this the fun way." He gave a toothy grin and wobbled his belly menacingly.

The Host looked towards his gang of completely immobile kobolds. No customer had ever put up such a fight before. How had a single wolf—one so stuffed he could barely move—been able to defeat every one of his subordinates? It shouldn't have been possible. His venture was ruined; he couldn't run a restaurant with a team of blobs. But at least he could still make a run for it and start over, with a stronger, better group who wouldn't be so easily fattened up.

"I'm keeping my mobility—they're on their own!" the Host shouted, before making a run for it. He only got a couple feet before Revan's belly smacked him right into a wall, knocking the breath out of him. Before he could recover, the wolf's belly pinned him against the wall, so massive it enveloped most of him.

Revan chuckled as he felt the Host wiggling beneath the bulk of his belly. The kobold was slapping and punching the sides of his gut, managing to do little more than wobble the wolf's gargantuan middle. Revan leaned in harder, until even the kobold's arms were buried. The squirming continued for another couple minutes, gradually slowing to a crawl and then ceasing. When Revan finally took a step back, the Host slid to the floor, passed out.

"I'm sure you can still sleep eat, at least," Revan said. He picked up the Host and tossed him to the feeding tubes, which quickly went to work blimping him up.

Revan sighed and leaned against the wall, exhausted. He shifted his belly in his paws, feeling how it'd shrunk and gotten softer during the fight. By the time his feast finished digesting, he was going to be doughy, there was no escaping it. The thought made him blush again. "Well, the food was good, at least. And the weight might be worth it if there's a decent bounty on those kobolds. There's gotta be *some* kind of reward for taking out a damn blob-making syndicate, or whatever the Hell these idiots were doing." The wolf shook his gut again, watching it wobble. "Heh, I fight pretty well while stuffed. A bulging belly's almost as good as a fist in the right paws. Maybe keeping the heft won't be so bad, after all."

The fat wolf grinned, then dug out his phone so he could call someone to collect his overstuffed bounties. He tried to ignore the light rumbling in his stomach, and the urge to see if there was any food still left in the kitchen.