

Toxic was ready to create some havoc.

Not just any havoc, either. He wanted to cause total mayhem, complete chaos, pure pandemonium. He wanted people to flee in all directions like headless chickens, screaming his name as they desperately sought some sort of refuge from him. He wanted to be the cause of their nightmares long after he had left, to the point where most people would need a nightlight just to sleep easy. In short, Toxic wanted this city to suffer everlasting damage and for him to be the cause of it all.

And why exactly did he wish for such a cruel fate?

“Yoooo, sick horns, dude! Are you some sort of make-up artist?”

That’s why...

Toxic balled his purple paws into fists as he stared down the next group of furs who dared to approach him; his slitted purple eyes twitching irately. He was quite peeved, yet apparently the three college boys hardly noticed the wolf’s expression as they came to gawk at his body instead; moreover, his head.

“Woaaah, I’m digging the neon green triangle markings on your face, dude!”

“Heck yeah! Same with that bright purple belly of yours...woah, that’s quite the beer gut. Someone’s a partier!”

“Yeah, man! Also loving how massive your tail is, with those boney spikes on it. Are you cosplaying as some sorta stegosaurus?”

“Hah! Nah, dude, he’s a dragon! Look at those sick horns! Hey, mind if I take a quick pic-”

*“Get out of my face!”*

With a nasty roar, Toxic shoved himself past the group of college boys, grinding his sharp teeth. He nearly toppled a smaller fox over from how hard he pushed against him, yet as he walked away, the wolf only heard cheers as if they had just witnessed their favorite actor! What a bunch of idiots.

This entire town was full of idiots!

Toxic didn't belong here, or anywhere for that matter. The large canine spent the majority of his life roaming around from place to place, never staying more than a week to get his bearings, find some food, and continue on. The vagabond hybrid was used to being the center of attention, given his rather intense color scheme as well as his demon-like traits, but the vast majority of people he encountered never even dared to approach him. Everyone kept a respectful distance from Toxic, and that was the way he liked it. Sure, he caught a few hushed conversations here and there centered on himself, but who cares what they think? They could say whatever they wanted about him as long as they left him alone. And that was the way things normally worked.

But this town...this town was different.

Toxic couldn't walk two steps in public without someone running up to him asking if he was a cosplayer or a makeup artist or a "fursuiter," whatever the hell that was. Whereas most people feared him, these furs couldn't get enough of him! Adults constantly pestered and interviewed him, kids tried pulling on his tail to see if it were real; all around, it was a nightmare for the poor monster who simply wanted to be left alone.

Well no longer! Toxic was going to raze this entire town himself if he had to get the message across that he was not to be trifled with! Only question was: what was the best way to go about it?

The lupine rubbed his fluffy muzzle thoughtfully as he walked down the street, keeping his head down to avoid acknowledging any other furs who might have noticed him. As tempting as it was to start throwing people about left and right, he knew the short term satisfaction wouldn't last too long. In a town this large, all it took was a couple screams for armed forces to show up, forcing him to leave. And that wasn't good enough.

He wanted, *needed*, this city to feel his wrath, not just scare a handful of citizens! To do that, he would need to start small, systematically work his way through building after building, residence after residence, until his snarling face was ingrained into the minds of everyone here! He was a threat, dammit, not a sideshow performance!

Toxic grinned wickedly. For that one moment, he didn't notice the cluster of furs trying to get his attention. He had his plan in mind; all he had to do was enact it. The only question was: where was the logical first place to plan his attack? The canine looked about his surroundings, his purple eyes flickering about. As tempting as it was to start with apartments and other residences, he knew he should wait until later before making his mark there, after the town's

inhabitants would recognize and fear him. Besides, it was best to do it at night, specifically so he could see the furs wet the bed when he burst through the window growling!

No, he would start with a larger establishment first. A quick show of power to everyone inside a large building, then escaping before the authorities could show up. His stomach growled. Perhaps he should start off somewhere that served food, like a grocery store or restaurant.

Toxic didn't need to look far before he found exactly what he was looking for, grinning toothily to himself. He was standing right in front of a buffet; a meat buffet, to be exact. What were the odds he'd find exactly what he was looking for so quickly?

The building was certainly something else as well. It was much larger than the surrounding structures, covered with beautiful paintings of crispy meat roasting on an open flame so realistic, the wolf could practically smell it cooking. In fact, upon closer realization, Toxic realized he COULD smell meat cooking on the other side of those enormous double wide doors.

With a crack of his neck, Toxic took one step back before hopping forward and firmly planting his heel on the door, completely unhinging both doors at once! "Knock knock!"

His grin widened as he was met with shocked gasps and yelps, furs scrambling out of the way of the falling wooden doors. The look on their faces were priceless! Some furs made a break for it, others huddled away in the corner as he approached, all staring at him with wide eyes and trembling lips. It was glorious! He certainly didn't come off as a simple street performer anymore, did he! All the furs in the foyer were too horrified to stop him from strolling forward, too worried to even say anything.

All of them, save for one.

"Do you have reservations?"

Toxic snapped his head towards the source of the voice, his eyes narrowing. Standing behind a simple podium was a skinny ferret dressed in a very fine black suit, looking so stereotypically fancy that Toxic was surprised he wasn't wearing a top hat or a monocle. Instead, he was wearing a rather annoyed expression as if Toxic were just another raucous guest, rather than someone who just kicked down two double doors all by himself.

"Once again, do you have reservations?" He asked again, with plenty of emphasis on the first two words.

Toxic growled. "Reserve this!" With a huff, the monstrous wolf bent over and grabbed the podium, grunting somewhat as he struggled to even lift the wooden object. No wonder, it was built into the ground! "Haaaawrrf!" Growling loudly, Toxic strained further, arching his back and flexing his muscles, until cracks formed along the floor. Inch by inch, he broke apart the ground, before finally prying the podium out with his sheer strength. Huffing and puffing, the wolf took a moment to regain his breath before launching it as far as he could into the establishment.

Earlier, there had been frightened whimpers and murmurs, but now the entire buffet had been stunned into pure silence. Waiters and customers alike stopped in their tracks to stare at Toxic with a mixture of awe and fear. Not a single sound could be heard, save for the heavy panting from the demonic lupine.

Even the ferret was silent for a moment as he regarded the hole in the floor where his podium used to be, although his expression didn't change. "Oh dear. It seems as though you're quite agitated."

Toxic snarled. "Damn straight!" In a flash of white and purple, the canine suddenly snatched the scrawny waiter by the frills of his suit and lifted him into the air. "I'm agitated, alright. Agitated AND hungry! The wolf in me wants to go ham on all that meat, but the demon in me wants to feast on your soul. So why don't I satisfy both cravings by holding you over an open fire before devouring your charred corpse whole!" The lupine cackles maniacally, licking his chops with his lime green tongue.

To be frank, he had no intention of following through with any of that; he simply wanted to get some kind of reaction out of this ferret. Something, anything! The only change he could see was that the waiter's eyes narrowed ever so slightly, as if sizing him up. Other than that, he remained silent, silently judging him. Toxic growled, his grip on the ferret tightening.

He was ready to throw the annoying mustelid across the room when a smile suddenly broke out from the ferret. "My sincerest apologies, sir. I had no intention of angering you further. Quite the opposite, actually." He cleared his throat, still dangling in the wolf's grasp. "You see, this establishment of mine means quite a lot to me, and destroying it would be quite the inconvenience. Would you be interested in a barter, perhaps?"

"A barter?" Toxic frowned. What was this guy getting at. He snarled and pulled the ferret closer until his large green nose was pressing against the smaller mustelids. "You don't get it, do you, shrimp? I'm taking your stupid restaurant by force, and if I were you, I'd start begging for your life before I wash you down with the rest of the meat!"

Toxic grinned, his warm breath washing over the ferret's face. At first, he thought he saw a slight reaction from the waiter, but upon closer inspection the ferret was simply wrinkling his nose, possibly from the wolf's breath. The nerve!

"I understand you clearly, sir. However, what I have to offer is not something that can be taken by force." The mustelid explained, his voice now somewhat nasally. Was he holding his breath? "We here at the Grande Pancia Kitchen pride ourselves with our world class service. Top of the line, really. If you will permit (and by extension kindly set me back down), I will handpick my best staff and provide you with the finest dining service you will have ever experienced. And, if you should feel that we did not live up to your expectations, you may continue destroying our fine establishment at your leisure."

What an odd request. Toxic regarded the mustelid in his claws, who still showed no signs of fear or nerves. This guy was certainly planning something. Was he trying to stall time for the authorities to show up, or did he have some other insidious plot in mind? Toxic was no fool; he noticed that challenging glint in the weasel's eye. But he was not one to back down from a fight, either!

"Hmmf, very well. I'll play along with your little game," the wolf-demon snorted, dropping the well-dressed ferret onto his feet. "Just keep in mind what will happen if I'm not thoroughly entertained."

The ferret, upon landing on the ground, quickly produced a lint roller from his coattails, rolling it around his chest. "Very good, sir. If you will please follow me, I will get you seated accordingly." And with that, the little mustelid wandered off, the larger wolf tailing him closely.

Cautious and alert, Toxic's purple eyes darted around the massive room, searching for as many exits and escape routes as he could if, or when, he needed to make a break for it. However, as he marked every vent and window within his vicinity, he couldn't help but notice just how lavish this buffet really was! The ground was covered with thick red carpet, the walls adorned with all manners of paintings and decorations. Even the ceiling had intricate designs etched into the very marble! Now that the wolf-demon focused, he realized he could also hear a faint classical tune being played from somewhere within the building. "Wow...this is quite the restaurant," he muttered to no one in particular. He almost felt bad for wrecking his way through the entrance, as well as scaring practically everyone into submission.

The sharply-dressed ferret turned his head to give a subtle smirk. "Thank you for noticing. The Grande Pancia Kitchen has won countless rewards for its high-quality food as well

as customer service. In fact, many of our patrons like to point out how difficult it is to leave after indulging.” The mustelid’s grin widened.

Toxic felt the fur on the back of his neck raise. As if it wasn’t painfully obvious before he was being led into a trap. Every instinct in his body screamed at him to make a break for it now, to get out before it’s too late, but seeing that cocky ferret’s constant sneering made him almost red with rage. He was gonna see this through and do everything he could to wipe that stupid look off the waiter’s face!

“Here we are, sir. Your dining quarters await.”

He blinked. Toxic wasn’t sure what to expect when it came to the fanciest table in the fanciest buffet, but it certainly wasn’t a freaking throne! The thing was massive, able to fit two or three of himself side by side with room to spare. Its glittering gold paint shone brightly under the overhead lights, marked with various red roses that matched perfectly with the crimson red interior of the buffet. Even the cushion was a deep red. The table itself was certainly magnificent as well; over 10 feet long and made with an incredibly sturdy wood that could probably hold an elephant, let alone a feast!

Toxic snickered. “Seems a bit overkill, dontcha think?” He tossed himself onto the massive seat, almost letting out a gasp at just how shockingly comfy the throne was.

The ferret returned the smirk. “Perhaps, but it’s a necessary luxury. We here at the Grande Pancia Kitchen take pride in our customer service, specifically-”

“Booooooring!” Toxic growled, toying with the oversized steakknife. “I get it, you care a lot about your stupid restaurant, you’ve said this like 5 times now! Hurry up and gimme some meat before I go after yours instead!”

A sudden gasp came from the ferret, one that even made Toxic look up. “My sincerest apologies, sir, but it’s company policy to remain decent at all times. However, should you so desire, there is a male-only brothel down the street that should-”

“Not *that* meat, dumbass!” Toxic scowled, showing off his razor sharp canines. He was detesting this scrawny mustelid more and more with every passing second.

The dapper ferret’s eyes widened with understanding, although his smirk never left his face. “Ah, what a careless blunder I have made! I should have known better. Very well, let us begin your feast!”

He clapped his paws twice, and from the corner of his vision, Toxic noticed a line of waiters marching towards his table, wearing similar uniforms as the ferret. However, none of them seemed to share the mustelid's confidence, as evident by their worried glances and anxious fidgeting. Fortunately for them, Toxic wasn't interested in them in the slightest; rather, he was fixated at the platters they were carrying.

The entire room absolutely reeked with various meats, all of which were setting off primal urges from within the hungry wolf. His purple belly gurgled; he was so tempted to leap from his chair and dive headfirst into the avalanche of meat that awaited him. Alas, he chose to remain patient for now, not wanting to give that stupid ferret any sort of satisfaction, although his grip on the armrests tightened until his knuckles were white.

He watched with barely-contained enthusiasm as platter after platter were laid out before him, eyes darting from one meal to the next. Oh, he was so incredibly hungry; he only realized just now that he barely had anything to eat all day! Toxic completely forgot about the possibility of all of this being a trap, he just wanted to eat!

“You may begin whenever you're ready, sir.”

Toxic didn't waste any time. Ignoring his silverware, the wolf demon reached over to an oversized platter laden with pork chops, before grabbing and taking a large bite out of it.

“How is it?” The ferret asked curiously.

Toxic shrugged, looking disinterested. “Eh, it's alright, I guess.” And what a lie that was!

That bite alone was the single most wonderful, blissful moment to ever enter the canine's mouth! The outside texture was so crisp and crunchy, yet the inside was so tender and juicy. It practically melted in his maw like butter, coating his tongue with an otherworldly taste of pork and spices! Having to swallow such a delicious bite was like saying goodbye to a close friend, it actually made him upset!

He tried not to show his satisfaction with the meal, but Toxic couldn't hide the shaking in his arm as he took another bite, and another, struggling to pace himself. The meat was just too rich, too scrumptious, too filling! A single pork chop was enough to send his taste buds into an incredible frenzy; Toxic wondered what'd happen if he had two at once?

Tossing the bones aside, he grabbed two more chops, one in each paw, and took large bites out of both. Yet again he was caught off guard by the sheer flavor each slab of meat had, a shiver traveling down his spine. His facade was slowly crumbling; there was no way he could hide his enjoyment forever. He just couldn't, not with flavors like these!

Growling to himself, Toxic sped up. He'd chomp on the bone and pull away, stripping off the meat in one swipe in an impressive display of animalistic hunger. His arms were constantly moving, tossing away bones to the side or grabbing at more meat. In his mind, Toxic was trying to clear out all the pork chops before he could let out a moan of bliss or any other sort of noise that would betray his emotions, when in reality he was simply looking for an excuse to stuff himself!

Lost in a sea of bliss, Toxic lost track of time. He might have eaten nonstop had his paws not scraped against the bottom of the platter. Shaking himself out of his food-fueled haze, the wolf demon sighed in disappointment, before belching with fullness.

He was full already? Toxic glanced down at himself, his eyes widening. His purple stomach was bulging out from his midsection; nearly the size of a basketball and close to resting on his thighs! Sure, he had always been a little on the heavier side, but this was certainly an alarming transformation! Toxic placed a paw on his rounded middle, feeling the tautness beneath the fur. He was so incredibly stuffed, that single platter of pork chops felt enough to satisfy him for a week; more alarmingly, he craved for more!

Toxic had forgotten he was being watched until he heard a dry chuckle beside him. "You look very satisfied, sir. Satisfied and full," the ferret smirked as he gently patted the wolf's domed middle, which jiggled ever so slightly from his touch. "Shall I conclude our test then? I'll admit, I didn't expect a single appetizer to completely satiate your appetite. Perhaps you were just in need of a small snack?"

This ferret was pushing the wrong buttons! With a roar, Toxic slapped the head waiter's paws away from his middle. "Are you kidding me?! That was nothing, just a little warm up! I could eat this whole damn building if I wanted to!"

The waiter held up his arms in defeat, stepping back. "My apologies, sir. Please continue," he muttered humbly, although his grin widened into a sneer.

Toxic huffed, shoving the empty platter off the table rudely. "Gladly." Pulling the next two platters closer, the greedy demon continued his eating spree, finding new joy in the juicy ribs as well as the roasted mutton. He hated to admit it, but everything he ate just tasted too damn

good! He couldn't get enough of it! No longer holding back, the canine resumed his eating spree with reckless abandonment, no longer caring about the smirking ferret gloating beside him.

Meat! Glorious meat! Crispy, crunchy, juicy, tender, sizzling, savory meat! Toxic growled like a feral beast, his paws a blur. He could hardly keep track of how fast he was eating, or even what it was he was eating; he was simply enjoying the moment to its fullest! Every second that passed was more rich and tasty than the last, more savory and scrumptious, more tender and tantalizing! And what made this all the more better were the waiters constantly removing empty platters and pushing more food to him, enabling him to stuff himself without ever having to move!

In fact, he had grown so accustomed to the surrounding waiters that he didn't notice just how close they had gotten until he felt a pair of paws press against his sides.

Toxic immediately stopped what he was doing, growling at the offending fox who dared to lay a finger on him. Based on the fox's terrified expression, however, he probably wasn't enjoying this arrangement either. In fact, he looked quite relieved when the ferret suddenly swooped in to take Toxic's attention away. "Please, pay them no mind, sir. They are here to help provide you with a soothing experience, as well as aiding your stomach. You must be getting quite full now, after all," he smirked, glancing down at the canine's purple middle.

Toxic snarled at that last comment, cramming a fistful of bacon into his mouth to stop himself from biting off the ferret's head. He'll show that scrawny mustelid! The entire restaurant's staff can stare and poke at him if they want; but so long as they don't interfere, he'll eat everything given to him if it kills him!

And that's exactly what he did. He ate, and ate, and ate some more, hardly aware of what kind of meat entered his mouth or even what animal it once belonged to! Toxic was vaguely even aware of the lack of fullness he should be feeling at this point, given he had just eaten a week's worth of food for himself in under an hour. It was almost like a drug; the more he ate, the more he craved! Oh, something was very wrong, to be sure, but Toxic was enjoying himself too much to care!

At first, he simply tolerated the restaurant's staff squeezing and groping at his neck, shoulders, and middle as he ate; restraining himself whenever their fingers strayed a little too close to his muzzle. He did his best to ignore them, but gradually found their kneading and squeezing to feel surprisingly wonderful as he filled up further with food. Their strong fingers dug deeply into his flesh to squeeze at his tense muscles, slowly easing his broad shoulders. Toxic couldn't help but coo, suddenly hit by a wave of weariness. When was the last time he had

relaxed like this? Hell, the massages on his belly felt particularly wonderful, although he was slightly surprised at how deep the fox's paws sank into his middle. He was rather chubby, he reasoned.

Toxic didn't realize just how chubby he was until a waiter accidentally bumped a chicken wing from his paw, making it fall on top of his moobs. His *moobs*. When did he develop breasts that jiggled when touched?! He was so shocked, he didn't even tear off the fox's arm from its socket like he had planned on.

The demon blinked, needing a moment to process what he was seeing, as well as feeling. He could definitely see where all that food he had eaten had gone now: turned into pure, blubbery lard. Every inch of him was swollen and soft with the additional poundage; he could feel every fold expand and compress with his movements. He was fat. Very, very fat.

He was surprised to see two flabby mounds on his chest instead of his lean pectorals, both of which looked like deflated basketballs. Despite their great size, they rested on the true spectacle: his belly. What was once a meager gut was now a full on dome of blubber and fluff that completely encapsulated his lap, the edge of which pressed lightly against the table. How could he have missed this?! His neon-purple belly was huge, squishy, and based on a few hefts, also incredibly heavy! It was so wide, he could barely even wrap his arms around it!

The rest of him had plumped up as well. His bloated rear now fit comfortably in a chair that could previously fit three of him side by side, his broad back now pressed against the back of his chair even when he leaned forward. Toxic could even feel his cheeks and chins jiggle ever so slightly as he slowly chewed and swallowed the meat still in his maw. Glancing down at the bottom of a cleared-out platter, he could see his own reflection: his ferocious face adorned with a pair of oversized cheeks and a set of cascading chins that made him look more like an overfed pet than a ferocious beast.

He was about to examine his arms next, seeing how his doughy appendages looked similar to the thick chunks of hams he had been eating, when a pawful of sausages were suddenly thrust right in front of his pig-like snout. "Come now, little piggy. You can't be filling up already! There's so much more left to be enjoyed by you!" The ferret sneered, placing his paw firmly into that yielding tum.

Toxic belched as a result. Just sniffing the sausages before him made his stomach roar and grumble; no doubt about it, this meat had been magically tampered with. Judging from the ferret's sudden lack of suave and subtly, he thought the demon was still under its effects.

The obese canine quickly weighed his options. He could go for a sneak attack now, but with how groggy all the meat made him, not to mention his own increased weight, he wasn't sure how effective that would be. Besides, he wasn't sure what else this magic user was capable of, he could very well be leaping to his own end. However, if he complied, he'd most certainly get lost in another trance and would probably not come out of it until he was immobilized with his own greed. It was a lose-lose situation either way...but what if he could turn a losing situation into a winning one?

A slow grin started spreading across Toxic's muzzle as a plan came into fruition. The ferret's smirk widened as a result, mistaking the wolf's expression for something else entirely. Toxic bit down on the sausages, moaning as delicious grease exploded out of each and everyone of them. "Mmmmf, so good! I need more!" He demanded, hardly even needing to act.

The ferret gestured to the remaining spread. "Then by all means, continue! You mindless, gluttonous creature you!"

Toxic had to bite back his own mischievous smirk as he turned his attention back to the meat. Oh, if only he knew!

The obese demon grabbed entire pawfuls of pork brisket, stuffing them into his greasy maw. Just tasting the wondrously juicy meat made his mind foggy, his senses dulling. Yup, this meat was certainly tainted with magic, making it irresistible to whoever ate it until they practically exploded, or in Toxic's case, fattened to unrecognizable levels. He had to admit, it was a clever plan from the ferret's part. Too bad he was about to completely flip that plan on its head.

As he ate, and ate, and ate, Toxic snuck a paw around to grope, squeeze, and heft at his new flabby belly. Just watching the purple expanse jiggle and wobble was as captivating as the meat before him. The powerful demon couldn't get over just how quickly he went from an apex predator to someone who hardly left the kitchen. Heck, he even noticed how the furs who were massaging him started to look less intimidated, no doubt thanks to all the chub on his face making him look more cuddly than menacing.

Still, the wolf beamed with pride as he swallowed another pawful of bacon, feeling his belly start to engulf part of the table. He was enjoying this far more than he should! With every pound gained, he felt bigger, broader, more imposing! Every inch gained, every roll earned felt like a small victory, even if he was playing into the hands of the ferret. For now, he looked innocent and, quite possibly, cute, but wait until he showed them all what *real* fat looked like!

Spurred on by his own hedonistic desires, Toxic resumed his previous frantic feeding frenzy, eager to push his waistline to the very limit! It wasn't long before the effects of the meat took place: his eyes glazed over, his senses dulling save for his taste buds. The obese canine could barely even keep track of what his masterplan even was; all he could think about was meat. Meat, and growing as fat as possible!

Now that he was finally aware of his own weight gain, he could finally enjoy the feeling of the chairs armrests pressing tighter and tighter into his frame, his love handles spilling over them. His bright purple belly continued to dig further and further into the table, forcing out noisy belches from its owner everytime he leaned forward too much. It got to the point where the other waiters decided to help haul his tremendous gut *onto* the table, most likely to ensure that Toxic remains blissfully unaware of his incredible weight gain. The obese canine snorted loudly as he watched two waiter's faces turn red as they struggled to haul that giant gut of his. He couldn't wait until he could smother them in his belly!

Fatter and fatter and fatter he grew, devouring entire platters in seconds and replacing the space they'd occupied with more lard. In his magic-fueled haze, he hardly noticed when the waiters had to place the meat directly onto his shelf of a gut so he could keep reaching, or even when their chair started to physically crack and groan beneath his weight. When it finally did collapse, the canine hardly even noticed, instead letting out a thunderous belch as his gut was shaken around before going right back to eating. He didn't stop, couldn't stop, until his claws were only able to pick up scraps.

Despite the lack of any real food, Toxic continued to eat every last crumb, even resorting to licking and sucking his sausage-like fingers. He was a mindless pig, even making swine-like grunts and snorts. The ferret found it all quite humorous and continued observing the obese canine for several moments after the feast had ended before waving his paw before the wolf. "Satisfied with your meal, sir?"

Toxic blinked. It felt like a great fog had been lifted from his vision, replaced with a bright purple mass that was his midsection. He. Was. Massive, a true blob of fur and fat! His legs were buried beneath that impressive mound of a midsection, no doubt impossibly fat as well. He wasn't even sure if he could stand up from his position, even with his incredible strength! His doughy arms started to ache as he realized just how much he had moved them to feed himself, his doughy forearms constantly rubbing against his moobs no matter how high he lifted them. And his moobs! Larger than his head, or even his potbelly when he entered the building! Not even his tail was spared, now a quivering tip of fluff buried behind an incredible ass that could shatter the same massive throne he sat on with each cheek! Toxic was an immobile puddle of blubber, and he loved every second of it!

Unfortunately, so did the ferret, who gave that doughy wall of flesh before him a good jiggle. “I’m impressed sir; I didn’t think you could stomach the entire banquet. Truly, your appetite knows no bounds, nor does your waistline!” He allowed himself a dry chuckle. “Well then, shall I assist in squeezing you through the front doors, or shall I roll you around the establishment so you may continue destroying it?”

Toxic knew this was coming a mile away, showing no emotion as the annoying ferret cackled with glee. He knew this routine all too well: a greedy beast goes on a rampage and causes havoc. He is tricked into eating too much for his own good until he can’t move an inch, then is rolled and paraded about town like a prized hog, an example of how greed and gluttony can be your downfall. Given how much this town loved to stare and ogle at anyone who looked rather odd, he was certainly that was the case here. He could see it now; dozens lining up to poke and laugh at the immobile Toxic, too fat to do anything but growl and huff angrily as townspeople throw scraps at his face. The very thought of it made his blood boil.

Which is why it was with great joy that Toxic, rather than shout indignantly at the ferret, simply leaned forward to belch in his face. “Buuuwrrruurrrarp! Phew, I thought I’d never finish eating that crap. When does the real feast start?”

The mustelid’s eyebrow twitched, but his smile remained. “Pardon me?”

“Yeah, the real feast. When does it start?” Toxic asked, before bunching up his chins as his jaw drop in mock shock. “Oh, don’t tell me that *was* the feast! How disappointing! I thought this world-class restaurant could make actual decent meat, and not some repackaged fast food!”

That certainly seemed to hit a nerve! Toxic watched with satisfying glee as the ferret’s snarky grin wavered from that last comment. It actually took him a moment or two to regain his composure before responding. “A-ah, my *sincerest* apologies, sir. We were, erh, still preparing for the rest of your feast. Please be patient as we bring it out. Hopefully you’ll find the next course more...satisfying.”

He said that last word with so much malice, it was impossible for Toxic to not grin, thick dimples forming in his chunky cheeks. He patted his sloshing stomach eagerly as he watched all those empty platters get taken away, replaced with several more smothered in meat and sauces. Toxic’s stomach growled. Judging from the smell alone, this meat had twice the amount of magic forced into him. It seems the ferret was really intent on fattening him up until he was unrecognizable. What a fool!

To his delight and surprise, Toxic saw the waiters grab enormous forkfuls of the various meats to hold right up to his stubby muzzle! With a pleased growl, the immobile blob was all too eager to gobble up his food right before him, no longer needing to move his bulky arms. What's even better, they fed him just as fast as he would have fed himself! With every bite he took, two more were held before him, meaning he never went a second without his maw being stuffed with meat! Toxic had to admit, these guys really knew how to treat a demon!

It wasn't long before he felt the meat's effects take hold, his stomach roaring for more meat, even as it stretched and grew! Toxic revelled as his limited mobility vanished bit by bit, his rising ring of neck fat preventing him from looking anywhere but directly before him. The tire-sized ring also served as a great bib as well as a secondary table, some of the waiters placing their meat directly on it for him to eat later! Gods, he was fat! So wondrously, deliciously fat!

Speaking of waiters, he noticed their massages started to feel even better than before! As he grew larger, he noted more and more of them had started appearing to care for him, particularly to rub and squeeze his tremendous gut. No longer were they content with gentle rubs and pats; he felt them dig *hard* into his middle and sides, losing their entire arms just to slosh and squish at his immense body. Maybe they were trying to drive home the fact that Toxic had been reduced, or rather augmented to, an immobile pile of lard, but the demon obviously didn't care. In fact, he appreciated some of their forceful shoves; it was the only way to work out a few belches from within his stomach!

He closed his eyes, allowing himself to drift back into a sea of meat and blubber. The last few thoughts he had were of how hilarious it was that the waiters actually had to climb *on* him just to reach his face! He was like a big mold of puddy! With that in mind, he happily ate for who knows how long, until a familiar wave of the ferret's paw brought him out of his meat-induced world. "Well now, are you finally satisfied?"

Toxic slowly opened his eyes, and grinned as wide as his massive cheeks would allow. If he wasn't fat before, he was truly massive now! Somewhere buried beneath all that lard, he could still barely wiggle his feet paws, not only scratching his underbelly but his overwhelmingly lardy cankles. His feet were literally buried within their own chub! His paws weren't much better, now attached to overstuffed pillows of arms that couldn't reach past his own moobs, let alone stomach. He could feel the thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands of pounds pinning him down on that very spot, and he never felt better!

He glanced down at the ferret, noting how much higher his rear had elevated him. "Eeeh? Speak up, I can't *urp* hear ya all the way down there!"

The ferret let out an indignant snort, having to maneuver around that gigantic stomach just so he could make eye contact. “Perhaps now, you’re finally satisfied? You see, here at the Grande Pancia Kitchen pride ourselves with our speciality teriyaki chicken. I would assume you’ve found it to your liking, given you’ve just consumed several hundred kilos of it?”

Toxic grinned. “Teriyaki? More like teri-yucky! C’mon, quit *bwuuurp* stalling and give me some *real* food! Really knock me off my feet!” The demon roared, sloshing his numerous chins.

Watching that ferret’s grin vanish briefly was more satisfying than any food Toxic could ever eat! “Very well...third time’s the charm. If you wish to glut yourself into pure oblivion, than so be it!”

The next several hours ended up being the best moments of Toxic’s life! The magic in this meat was so strong, it practically blinded him! All he could hear, see, taste, or think was meat. Delicious, heavenly meat! What a wonderful gift this ferret had bestowed upon him! To devour food at blistering speeds while never filling up; it was something Toxic never wanted to end! Whenever he felt the effects of the meat’s magic waning, he would simply cry out for more until he was back under the drug’s effect.

And more was exactly what he got, in more ways than one! With how rough the waiters were on his body, it was impossible for Toxic *not* to notice his rapid gaining. He felt them actually bouncing on his belly like a trampoline, sending thick rolling waves of fat to wash over every inch of him! Bit by bit, he was overtaking this buffet with himself, his table crushing beneath his billowing belly. He thought he heard gasps as some patrons had to leave their tables to avoid getting washed over by the growing canine!

He was a spectacle, to be sure. Toxic couldn’t see a thing due to the meat’s effects clouding his vision, but he was certain there were a group of furs just watching the whole ordeal. No one was laughing anymore at the gluttonous demon who ate himself immobile, they were simply frozen in awe at how massive someone could grow in a single eating spree! He loomed over them, towering over them like a steadily rising mountain. He was no longer an example of gluttony being someone’s downfall, but a shrine or even a temple to the gods of gluttony themselves! Maybe some were afraid of what would happen if he kept eating, and maybe others were afraid of the ensuing wrath should the flow of meat suddenly stop.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end, as Toxic was forcibly whisked away from his food-induced euphoria once more. The behemoth of a canine was ready to bark for more, until he noticed the ferret standing on his gut.

“Do...do you take me for a fool!?”

Toxic snickered. He couldn't help it! This ferret, this annoying, bratty, self-righteous rat of a mustelid; who prided himself so much on his calm demenuer and stupid buffet, was an absolute mess! He sank past his waist in the wolf's doughy middle, his face was red and damp, his formal attire matted and disheveled. The ferret couldn't stop panting, either from indignation or exhaustion. He must be hitting his limit, both in magic and in patience.

And Toxic *loved* it! “Abso-bwurp-lutely! Now gimme more food, pipsqueak!”

The ferret gritted his teeth. “Don't you think you've had enough?”

“Not really,” Toxic snickered. Oh, he wasn't even close to done! He didn't care that he filled half the entire buffet with his body alone! Broken chairs and furniture littered his roll-covered body, his car-sized rear pressing against the wall while the edge of his tremendous gut spilled into the kitchen! He wondered if there were still chefs there trying to figure out what this gigantic purple blob was that was keeping them trapped in? Toxic grinned wider when he realized they weren't getting out.

The ferret, growing redder by the minute, slowly responded with barely-contained politeness. “I'm afraid we've ran out today, *sir*” He spat that word out with as much venom as he could muster. It seems as though he finally caught onto the demon's plan.

If only Toxic could feast on this ferret's pure malice. Instead, the wolf had to settle for a deep chuckle instead. “Ooooooh no you haven't. I know you're holding out on me, pipsqueak. You got a huge storage of raw meat somewhere, huh? Why dontcha...throw some on the stove for me real quick.” Toxic huffed. Man, it was hard to speak when your cheeks were the size of beanbags.

That seemed to throw the ferret into a rage, who began pounding and slapping at all the flab before him. “How *dare* you order me around in your condition! You mountainous mongrel! Disgusting mutt! Are you truly oblivious to the predicament you're in?! Your stomach is larger than most parkways now; it could fill a garage all on its own! You could fast for years, even decades and still never even touch the ground with your feet ever again! Filthy creature! I planned on stopping once you were immobile, but you *had* to push me further! Now look at the mess we're in?! Have you anything to say for yourself, you brutish, uncouth mountain?!”

Wow, that was a lot. Toxic had no idea this little ferret could contain so much rage, it almost made him feel bad. Almost. “Don’t lie, pipsqueak. You wanna see if I can get fatter, huh?”

The mustelid snarled, gripping the abundant flesh before him tightly. “I never want to lay eyes on you again so long as I live!”

“Well too bad, cuz you’re gonna be seeing a *lot* more of me now!”

Toxic’s eyes glowed a dark purple. He summoned as much power within his magnificent body of his as he could, reaching out with his mind. The demon could probably attack the defenseless ferret on his belly, but why destroy the waiter when he could destroy the entire restaurant!

The ferret’s eyes widened. “You wouldn’t dare...”

“Oh, but I do!” Toxic showed off his sharpened teeth, still as white as snow despite the sheer amount of meat that passed through them. “There’s more to my demonic side than just my devilish good looks, after all!”

The ground shook. An explosion of raw meat suddenly erupted from within the larder, swirling around in the air like a swarm of flies. Screams could be heard, but Toxic couldn’t be bothered with what the people were thinking; after all, he was too busy preparing for his final course! He opened wide, and the swarming chunks of meat funneled directly into his maw, almost knocking the wind out of his lungs.

He *ballooned!* He was gaining several times faster than before, his body visibly spilling out several feet a second! The screams continued as the furs desperately ran out, trying to avoid getting squished by the advancing wall of black, green, and purple pudge. Some managed to squeeze out the front entrance.

Others, like the ferret, were not so lucky. His eyes widened as the ‘brutish, uncouth mountain’ he was standing on started to swell faster than ever before! He pried himself out from his spot on the canine’s moobs and scrambled away as fast as possible. Alas, he may as well have tried outrunning a tidal wave. In one fell swoop, a tremendous hanging roll of purple pudge washed over him, smothering him like a heavy, fluffy blanket. He cursed and shouted, but his voice was drowned out; the witty, gentleman ferret devoured by his own creation.

But it didn't stop there! Toxic devoured everything like the void he was, feeling himself expand and consume the surrounding area with his own body! Tables, chairs, and booths were quick to collapse beneath the rising chub. He couldn't even see past his own set of enormous moobs, could barely even hear the screams of terrified furs struggling to escape the rolling folds before getting lost within them.

The room was quickly devoid of light as Toxic's blubber started pressing against the lights. His own belly and rear reached the ceiling before his head did, although when it did, he was met with an unparalleled sense of tautness. He wasn't even full, just feeling incredibly condensed like a tv dinner. All he could see was a bright purple in his dim light; what he could *feel*, on the other paw, was literally everything within the restaurant! He filled up all remaining space, and yet still the last bits of meat managed to find their way to his maw, filling him up further and further until finally-

*\*CRAAAACK!!\**

-his head popped straight through the roof like a jack in the box!

Toxic winced, stunned by the sudden bright light of the evening sun. It was morning when he first entered the meat buffet; just how long had he been in there?! With his cheeks unobstructing his view for once, the blobbish canine managed to get a good view of the rooftop, watching as large cracks spiderwebbed their way around the entire building. He heard creaking and groaning, and to his surprise he noticed the entire building was bowed outwards. He was actually ripping apart the restaurant with his own lard!

Bit by bit large chunks of lab started to spill forth from various areas. Part of his belly out the window, his rear bursting through the brick wall, all helping to alleviate the building tension from within. More and more of him was released, until finally, with one massive belch, he was freed from his prison!

Bricks, broken glass, and other debris shot out in all directions, setting off car alarms and damaging other buildings. Toxic sighed a huge breath of relief as his stomach surged out before him, slamming into the other building right across the street! His enormous hips and rear shoved against the adjacent buildings as well, bending them off of their own foundations! He was enormous, indomitable, unconquerable!

He roared as loud as he could, even if he was partially obstructed by his own cheeks. Chaos, sweet chaos! Finally, he was getting revenge on not just this stupid ferret, but this entire town as well! He closed off the entirety of this street with his own blubber, not to mention all the

damage he was causing. Best of all: there was nothing anyone could do about it! He may have hated this town at first, but now he was here to stay!

He roared again, and again, until his stomach let loose a roar of its own that put Toxic to shame! It was an impressive grumble, loud enough to be heard throughout the entire town! Even Toxic was shocked by it, although that shock quickly melted away to a greedy grin as he realized what his body wanted next. “Meat! I demand more meat!” He cried out, his purple eyes glowing once again. He was going to have his meat, one way or the other.