NITW - Pudge N’ Plumpy “Punishment”

Starring Gregg

Featuring:

* Thin to Fat
* Weight Gain
* Corruption/Mental Adjustment
* Implied Vore
* Spoilers for the end of NITW

Deep in the Hole at the Center of Everything, a goat god lay, sighing at the inadequacy of his followers. He could hear all of them from above, gathered around the Hole, gasping and yelling. Based on the quakes he had felt, the god knew that they were trapped in the Hole's chamber, unable to escape, and awaiting an inevitable death. Grumbling, the god focused, feeling the spirits of all within the cave. His followers were indeed all in this chamber… except for one. By the elevator, he could sense the spirit of Eide, although it was quickly fading… What a pity. Eide had shown promise to the god, but it seems his emotions had gotten in the way of his duties… evident by the other spirits currently leaving the cave and the boundaries of his vision.

Those 4 young adults that had journeyed into the cave, led by the cat that he himself had called for, must have tempered Eide's emotions… leading to a collapse of the elevator, and in turn, a massive cave-in. The god did not know how Eide had let himself be beaten by nobodies, but thinking back, Eide had said the fox shot him with a crossbow bolt. While disappointed in Eide, the god became more angry at said fox. Not only did he harm Eide, but their actions helped lead to Eide's demise, and doomed the rest of the god's followers.

So, the god decided, a punishment was in order. While the goat god had required sacrifices to be thrown down the Hole, his followers had always assumed the purpose was to appease him, so that Possum Springs would prosper. In truth, the goat god had little influence over the town, as at heart, he was merely a god of gluttony. Any person thrown down into the hole was basically just a meal to be immediately devoured. Focusing, the goat god rubbed his incredibly bulbous gut to and fro, an important part of the ritual he was performing. In his mind, he pictured the spirit of the meddlesome fox. The god began to slap his belly, slow at first, but then faster, and faster, and faster, building up more and more power within his being. That power started within his stomach, expanding throughout every inch of his body, until finally…! "BWOOOOOORP!" A belch rang out from his mouth, and with it, a wave of pure curse energy followed.

The energy flowed straight into the earth, directly toward the god's target. Finished with the ritual, he stretches, huffing and panting, his stomach beginning to rumble. The god hardly ever used his power like that, as it would require far too many meals in a short period of time to get himself back to full strength. Thankfully, while still annoyed at the accidental imprisonment of his followers, the goat god licked his lips, grateful that he'd at least have a plentiful feast tonight…

Gregg walked along the cold, dark passage of the cave, feeling his hands along the dripping wall with his group of friends: Mae, Angus, and Bea. They had all just been through a rather harrowing experience, dealing with cultists and nearly having Mae stolen by a creepy ghost guy. Now, they all just trudged along, trying to locate an exit so that they could get back to town and leave all of this ghost and cult shit behind.

"Cap'n," Gregg panted. "Do you smell anything yet?"

"Hmm, well…" Angus muttered, taking in his dozenth deep sniff. "... well, I do smell... something, though it isn't the smell of trees or flowers."

Bea sighed, replying, "Well, what is it then, Angus?"

"Well, um, I really don't know."

"C'mon, cap'n," Gregg chimed in. "I just know you can sleuth this ou--"

Before the fox could finish, he suddenly felt a huge tingle crawl up his back, paralyzing him, and making him feel as though something had passed straight into his body. Yet as soon as the feeling had come, it had gone, leaving Gregg very confused and dazed.

"Whoa, Gregg, did something just happen to you?" Said Angus, worried.

"Yeah, Gregg," added Bea. "You completely just froze for a second…?"

"Ummmm… that was just a... pretty intense cave breeze, haha?" Gregg said, laughing whatever just happened off..

Angus shook his head. "Bug, wind doesn't exist naturally in caves--"

"But if you did feel a breeze…" Mae interjected. "Then that must mean… there's a way out nearby!"

The spry cat dashed ahead, moving as fast as her aching body would let her.

"Hey, Mae, wait! You're not well, duder!" Shouted Gregg, concerned for Mae's wellbeing.

The two had hung out quite a lot this fall, and Gregg wouldn't forgive himself if something happened to his best friend. Following close behind, Gregg followed Mae, eliciting Angus and Bea to do the same, following him, concerned now for both Mae and Gregg. After some twists and turns, Gregg spotted Mae ahead, but was shocked to be able to see her in such good detail, as if light was shining down upon her… Suddenly his ears perked up, realizing what that meant.

"Whoo boy, a way out! Awooooo!" He howled, running up to Mae. There was indeed a way out of this mine, though it was not quite what he expected it to look like. Instead of exiting via another cave opening, it seems their exit would instead be up and out of a well.

After yelling at the top of their lungs, Gregg's pal Jerm luckily heard their calls, and came to their rescue, letting them all climb out via a rope. After some heartfelt thank you's, Gregg, Angus, Mae, and Bea headed home, ready to forget about everything that had transpired that night.

Unbeknownst to Gregg though, the goat god's curse had successfully injected itself into his mind, and he unknowingly was already starting to feel its effects…

The goat god laughed to himself in his chamber, in the middle of slurping down a dog. "Possum Springs is about to become a very different place~..."

Gregg woke up the next morning feeling quite groggy, which felt quite strange to the fox, as he was sure he got plenty of sleep after passing out in his bed last night. Yawning, Gregg scratched his stomach, which, almost as if on cue, began to grumble. After so much excitement and terror, it made sense why he was so hungry. Lazily getting out of bed, Gregg wandered into the kitchen, where he found Angus cooking some breakfast.

"Hey, you're up early, cap'n! Couldn't sleep? Or did you get just enough?" Asked Gregg, in a lazy yet energetic tone.

"Oh, hey Bug. I woke up a while ago to your stomach rumbling, which honestly got me hungry too. Been fixing a big breakfast for us since that."

Gregg looked around Angus, and nearly started to drool looking at all the food Angus had whipped up. Pancakes, waffles, bacon… the whole shebang! Perking up immediately, Gregg rushed over to their kitchen table, ready to chow down. Seeing Gregg practically drool, and hearing his stomach rumble again, Angus felt himself become inclined to really up his cooking. He just needed to give his bug the best breakfast a boyfriend could bake. Gregg couldn't believe his eyes. In front of him, on the table, was an amazingly large feast, prepared all for him. At least, that's what his gut was telling him.

"Cap'n, you sure you're ok with me having all of this?"

"Of course, bug. Anything for you!" Replied Angus.

"Well…" Gregg mumbled. Once again, his stomach rumbled, louder than before.

"Mmm, if you say so!"

With that Gregg started to dig into his meal, cutting off pieces of pancake to begin. He devoured each piece, each one going down faster than the last, as Gregg let out an audible moan. It was just so good! He'd have to thank Angus later, but right now, he needed more of this food! As time flew by, and he just kept eating and eating, Gregg eventually abandoned his utensils, grabbing handfuls of waffles and muffins and stuffing them straight down his mouth. His eyes drooped lazily, as he fell deeper into his gluttonous binge. Being so focused on eating, Gregg failed to notice that he was gaining weight unnaturally fast. His shirt was starting to ride up his rounding belly, while a pair of moobs appeared atop it and his ass began to poke out of his pants. All the while, Angus watched, and instead of being alarmed, all he could do was blush. To him, this just felt right. He needed to help Gregg gain weight, that was his duty as his boyfriend! It was all he could think about.

"BWOOOORP!!" Gregg burped out, as he lazily rubbed his gut. Nothing remained of the feast, and he felt completely stuffed and tired. Gregg had never eaten so much at once in his life, but he couldn't help but feel accomplished with this task.

"Moooooan… hey, thanks, huff, Angus, that hit the spot~..."

Angus smiled at that comment, feeling giddy. "No problem, bug. Now, don't you need to be somewhere?"

"Huh, do I… ack, the Snack Falcon! I gotta get going!"

Gregg slowly pushed himself out of his seat, and headed to the front door. He was still in his PJs, but if he changed now, he would be late! Reaching the door, Gregg turned to say goodbye to Angus, but noticed something strange. Angus was getting back to cooking. "Uh, cap'n, don't you have a shift today too?"

"Huh?" Angus exclaimed. "Well, uh… no. No, I actually have the day off today."

Of course, that wasn't true. But against his better judgement, Angus decided that his time would be better spent preparing his hon's next meal. Who needed to work a job when you could be feeding the love of your life? It only made sense to Angus.

"Well, if you say so, hon. See you later!!"

Gregg hurried out the door, and rushed down the hallway and the building stairs. He couldn't put his finger on it, but he was feeling quite sluggish today… why could that be? He probably just needed to digest Angus' meal… that was it.

This shift at the Snalcon was turning out to be a long, boring one… and a weird one too. Gregg could tell people were staring at him, but why? Must've been his pajamas… It wasn't his fault his hon's food was so good. As soon as food came to mind, Gregg's belly began to rumble once again, which shocked him quite a bit. He had eaten so much this morning, so how could he be… Gruuuuumble. Well, if he was hungry, he couldn't argue with that. Gregg began to eye the numerous snacks around him. Surely his boss wouldn't notice if he nabbed one. Sneakily, Gregg downed a chocolate bar, and once again found himself moaning. Perhaps his boss wouldn't notice if he had a few dozen more…

Before Gregg knew it, he was leaning back against the wall, rubbing his gut while observing his handiwork. Only wrappers remained in the room, as Gregg had found himself eating through the show floor's entire stock. More flab than before was caked across Gregg's body, but that was the least of his concerns. What had gotten over him? It was so good, eating like that, but surely his boss would yell at him for eating everything…!

Ruuuuummblleee… Actually, that wasn't everything. Gregg walked up to the door, and turned the Open sign to Closed. Then, he hastily made his way to the backroom. Boxes were piled along the wall, full of food, while the freezers had plenty of drinks and frozen foods. Gregg once again found himself drooling, moving forward to get his hands on it all. He knew it was wrong, but he was just so hungry… Suddenly, however, he heard something move at the door. Blushing, Gregg turned as quickly as he could with his added weight, to see his boss, a portly wolf, standing in the doorway.

Gregg was getting ready to apologize, as his boss looked pretty mad, but strangely, that look didn't last long. As his boss continued to stare at him, his scowl seemed to shift into a big smile. "Sit down, Gregg. Everything's gonna be fine." Said the boss, calmly. Gregg didn't know how to feel about what was going on, so he obediently sat his ass down in the biggest chair he could. He had no clue what was going on, especially as he saw his boss carrying a food box over to him. What would he need with--?

"Mmppphhh?!" Gregg was jerked from his train of thought when his boss shoved some food into his mouth! What was he…?! Gulping the food down, though, Gregg began to blush, and lick his lips. Man, Snalcon food really is the greatest, thought Gregg.

"Shhh, shhh, Gregg," reassured his boss. "I'm here to help you~"

Before Gregg knew it, his boss continued to feed him food, pushing it all between his lips. Gregg knew this was strange, but at the same time, he couldn't help but accept this. It just felt right, having someone else stuff him until he couldn't eat anymore. For the rest of his shift, Gregg happily let himself be fed by his boss, as he lazily enjoyed all the tastes that passed through his lips…

"BWOOOOOORP! Mooooooan…"

Gregg couldn't help belching loudly, letting out groans and moans as he slowly waddled out of the Snalcon. It was nighttime, well past his shift time, and Gregg couldn't help but feel nervous. His pajamas were barely fitting his current frame, which was absolutely obese. His shirt barely covered his belly, and his tear-strewn pants weren't fitting well over his ass. He was so indecent, and while he felt scared walking back to the apartment, no one seemed bothered by a barely clothed, couple hundred pound fox sweating and wobbling down the street. That alone was concerning to Gregg, but even more than that, he was unsure how Angus would react… he had somehow managed to eat a store's worth of food, and it's not everyday your boyfriend comes home late a couple hundred pounds fatter.

At the very least, all that food was rather delicious… and he wasn't as self-conscious as he felt he should be about his new heft. There was just something about the weight of all the flab… Pushing those thoughts out of his mind, Gregg started forming excuses and apologies in his head for his body and behavior… But when he opened the apartment door, Gregg couldn't help but gasp. Nearly every inch of the apartment had a fully cooked meal occupying it! There were so many plates, containers, and boxes full of steaming, savory food… and the density of it all increased as his eyes got closer to the kitchen. Carefully waddling his way forward, he made his way there while smooshing as little food as he possibly could… although he wasn't very successful.

"Angus, huff, what's going on? Ooch, why is there so much… food… around…?" Gregg started to say, but having seen Angus, he couldn't help but stare. His bear boyfriend was in the middle of cooking, except he had also ballooned out with tons of weight! His clothes were torn and shredded on his body, as his obese frame wobbled and bounced with every motion, sweat dripping from his fur as he poured his heart into cooking.

"Huff, oh, there you are, bug! Or should I call you whale now~?" Angus teased, turning toward Gregg.

"Captain, what's going on? How are you--?" Gregg tried to speak, but soon found a fresh pierogi being pushed between his lips.

"Shhhh, whale, I'm here now. I'll feed you all you could ever want, ok? Just sit your ass down on the couch, and just eat~" Angus whispered softly.

Gregg wanted to object, to mention how strange this all was, but the taste of that pierogi was just too good. The love and care and fatty ingredients flared in his taste buds, and the strangeness of the situation just seemed to melt away. Maybe this all wasn't normal, but he and Angus were definitely not normal. Not only were they the only gay couple in town, but now they were probably the fattest, too. Rubbing his belly, feeling his moobs, and sniffing all the food around him… Gregg had to admit he liked this. He wanted to eat, he wanted to be obese, he wanted to be big! It was all that mattered. Feeling a haze start to cloud his mind, Gregg began drooling, and waddled over to their couch, promptly sitting his fatass down upon the cushions.

"Huff, bring me more food, captain! Stuff me until my clothes burst~!" Gregg happily commanded.

And Angus happily obeyed, knowing it was his purpose in life to fulfill the needs of his Gregg. He brought as many plates of food as he could to the fat fox, happily watching him wolf it all down without even thinking about eating etiquette, crumbs and sauces covering his snout and front. Gregg was quickly becoming a hedonistic slob, but he didn't care. Something within him told him to eat like a pig, and he couldn't help but obey. Before long, Gregg's newly expanded fat was tearing through his pajamas, completely exposing all of his flab, as he proudly sat naked on the couch, tail wagging happily despite being stuffed between his ass cheeks.

"Huuuuff, c'mon, Angus! I want my fatass to crush this coooOOOORPPPuch~!" Gregg demanded, panting heavily as sweat poured down his sides. Stuffing yourself to the brim is tiring work after all.

"Heheh, do you want me to feed you, whale~?"

"Oh, huuuff, I'd love that, cap'n, huuff, BWOOORP!" Gregg thanked Angus tiredly, as he laid his head back, opening his mouth wide.

Angus then set about dropping any food items he could find down Gregg's throat, while also teasingly rubbing his belly fat each time, happily engrossed by the ripples that followed. By now, Gregg was nothing less than a blob. His gut now touched the floor, and the rest of his flab poured over the couch's cushions and arms. His head was smooshed by two large cheeks, which sat upon his many neck rolls and multiple chins. His arms were encompassed by tires of arm fat, and his legs and ass had bloated into soft mounds of pure fox flab.

And Gregg found himself enjoying every second of his growing body. The weight pulling him down, the pure heaviness of his fat… It was nothing other than heavenly. How had Gregg never considered becoming obese before? There was nothing else he would rather be doing.

Suddenly, Gregg is jostled from his thoughts by a loud creaking noise. The couch had been creaking for a while now, but with this last, loud creak, the couch creaked it's last creak, and gave way beneath Gregg's mass. He flops to the floor, feeling the couch's rubble crushed even more under his weight, as his flab wobbles violently. Blushing, Gregg can only let the wobbles subside, as Angus watches in awe.

"Huff, heh, told you I wanted to crush it…! UUURP!!" Belched Gregg, patting his stomach and rubbing it around.

"Y-Yeah…" Replies Angus, flabbergasted. "Now if only I could feed you more, whale, but…"

Angus looks around, and Gregg does so as well. Sadly, it seems there's no food left, as only plates and empty boxes remain.

"Huh?! Well, this won't do, huff, I'm still HUNGRY~!" Gregg shouts, as his stomach grumbles loudly. Angus, as if drawn to the sound, hugs Gregg's gigantic gut, blushing.

"Heh… I love you, Gregg~..." Angus whispers.

"Mmm… I love you too, Angus, huff… URRRRP~!" Gregg whispers back.

Having Angus always here to feed him now sounded incredibly nice to Gregg…

It just felt right. Gregg knew Angus would do anything he said, and he wouldn't have it any other way. However, Gregg couldn't help but think about their food shortage. How was he going to fill himself right this instant? His stomach happened to grumble once again, and Gregg heard a knock on their apartment door. Multiple knocks in fact… Along with the delectable scent of numerous foods wafting in underneath the door. It seems the calling of Gregg's stomach reached more folks than just Angus. Gregg couldn't help but smirk, feeling his gluttony completely overtake him. Everyone would help him grow, bigger and bigger. This was going to be fun.

The goat god lay, enjoying his newly filled stomach. The cave was silent now, except for the occasional sloshes from the goat god's flab as he rubbed it. It was so quiet, he almost missed the sounds of panic coming from his followers when they realized what kind of god he truly was. He sighed to himself, continuing to enjoy his fat body. It had taken longer than expected to get all of his followers down the hole and into his awaiting maw, but after a few days, they had all given in.

Contemplating what he should do now, the goat god's ears suddenly perked up. Through the quiet, he could make out a new sound… a very disgusting, yet satisfying sound. Slowly, the goat god begins to smirk, and then laugh. He had almost forgotten about the "punishment" he inflicted on that fox! Considering what he was hearing were thunderous belches, the goat god couldn't help but imagine that fox's size… By now, he must have outgrown and smothered the entire town above! Laughing to himself again, the goat god floats around, as he starts to pack up his few godly belongings. He'd become comfortable in this hole and its secrecy, but considering the cat was out of the bag, he figured it was the perfect time to move. Perhaps he could pick out a new place on the mountainous blob of fox flab resting above to live… After all, that fox belonged to gluttony now, and gluttony belonged to him, the god of gluttony!

"Heh, welcome to Fox Springs…" The goat god jokingly says to himself as he flies out of the hole. "Size: Always growing, always expanding~!"