



47H

Kent knew that he should have stayed home. He missed his sofa, his television, his snacks... All of those things weren't there with him, and with no cell phone signal and no map, it looked like he wasn't going to be finding his way back to them anytime soon. It had just taken a little bit of coaxing from a friend to get the canine out of the house and into the forest, and the first few hours of his trip on a 'geocaching' adventure had been rather enjoyable. As the day had worn on though and the chubby womble wound up separated from his friends, it the nice time quickly took a turn for Kent. He wasn't enjoying himself nearly as much anymore, and as the sky began to darken and the noises in the forest began to sound a lot spookier, it looked like he was really going to hate nature. Kent already wasn't exactly fond of the woods in the first place; his size gave that away clearly, but this little experience... It looked like the womble wasn't going to be leaving his comfy apartment anytime soon after this!

As thoughts of being devoured by the beasts of the night or starving himself *thin* began to fill Kent's head, he heard a voice. It was faint, and not one that he recognized, but it was at least a voice. "Hello?!" Kent called out to that voice as soon as he heard it, but he was rewarded with no response. The waning light of the late afternoon was making traversing the forest harder and harder for the womble, but he hadn't heard a soul in hours, and he was determined to get home! Thusly, Kent pushed on, his canine sense of smell divining out just where the voice had come from as his floppy ears tried their hardest to listen for more. Kent could only hope that his short stature and fluffy, somewhat toonish build would make him seem non-threatening to the strangers... Though just what strangers would be this deep in the forest did concern the womble. Who could be talking this late and this deep in the woods? The whole place was supposedly barren of most life, and it was not as though Kent knew how close he was to any roads or anything like that. Just who would be there, waiting for him to come running... Kent was a little nervous, but he much more wanted to just be found and escape. He pushed on with that thought driving him, stumbling a few times as his fat feet and short legs made wandering through the forest a rather precarious exercise.

A few minutes and a couple tumbles later, and Kent was at the top of a small hill looking down into a rather modest valley. He hadn't seen the clearing from anywhere else in the forest, and if he had... Well, just seeing it would have made his trip, and getting lost, almost a bigger adventure than it had been. In the clearing were a few modest huts, each wooden with wide doors and small windows. Wandering between those huts, and convening especially around a grand fire pit, were what the womble could only describe as badgers, though they were unlike most that Kent had seen before. The difference was easy to spot even from the distance that Kent was looking at the small group of mustelids; each one was downright *fat*. None were merely chubby like Kent, though some would say Kent had gotten a bit fat as of late thanks to the sedentary job he had recently gotten. Each of the brown-furred badgers was a varying degree of fat, from just plain fat to outright obese, with some even looking as though they struggled just to get around. Coupled with the fact that each of the mustelids was wearing just a loin cloth and nothing else, and it was all Kent could do to not stare slack-jawed at the small society he had just stumbled across. He had never seen such a sight, but as he saw several eyes suddenly turn towards him, it looked as though he wasn't the only one discovering something for the first time. Neither of the offending parties made a move for several moments as their eyes all locked, though Kent was feeling smaller and smaller as he was stared at.

"An outsider!" Came a cry, piercing the thick blanket of silence which had fallen over the forest as the staring has persisted. Kent jumped slightly upon hearing that, and got fully ready to run the other way; surely even he could outrun the fatty beasts which were before him. Instead of scowls and spears, however, the womble saw glasses raised towards him, along with beckoning waves and even a few of the fitter badgers slowly waddling over towards him. His ears perking up in both interest and light confusion, Kent took a few cautionary steps down towards the group of badgers. More waves and a few more calls that 'An outsider' had made their way to the modest community,

and Kent was starting to feel less trepidation and more curiosity. His ears bounced with that notion as he began to make his way down the slope into the clearing, his rounded, clumsy paws making the trip somewhat precarious. The womble managed though, barely missing falling a few times before he was in the valley and just a few feet from three of the rounded mustelids that had beckoned him in.

"Someone new!" a younger-looking badger exclaimed, his eyes bright with wonder as he looked Kent up and down with glee. The older of the trio, a badger with a little greying under his snout and harder-looking eyes, just gave a broad smile before extending a paw out towards Kent in greeting.

"Hello there," He started, his gruff, deep voice enough to make Kent think he was in charge nigh instantly. "Welcome to our little village... Well, the entrance to our little village. Are you lost?"

"Oh, very," Kent replied, taking that paw into his own and giving it a gentle shake. The firm grip of the badger smothered the womble's plush, rounded mitt, but thankfully the pawshake only lasted a few moments before the pair separated. "I was out hiking and got separated from my group..."

"Oh, that's terrible. It's a bit too late to send someone out with you to get you back, so maybe you could stay the night? It is so rare for us to get visitors here, and we would be honored if you would tell us a bit of the outside world." The older badger looked to almost be pleading somewhat, and Kent had a hard time thinking of a good reason to turn him down. Sure, the womble had work in a day, but he was indeed very lost, and would need that guide to get him back to where he needed to go... "We will even make sure you are well fed and have a comfortable place to sleep." The offer of food was enough for Kent to make up his mind, his stomach letting out a loud, hungry gurgle upon even mention of a meal.

"Well, I think my tummy answered for me there. Of course, I'll stay the night; I couldn't make it back on my own at all, and you're being more than kind enough for the offer." Kent beamed as he spoke, and all three of the badgers across from him grinned as well. One of those smiles looked almost mischevious to Kent, but he paid it little mind and instead decided to just be happy he wasn't going to be hungry and cold that night.

"That settles it then! Ellis, go and tell the others that we will be feasting tonight," The older badger ordered, and the rounder of the three mustelids began to waddle back off towards the others behind them. "You too, Pippa, off you go." The other flanking younger badger followed suit, leaving just Kent and the older badger alone for the moment. Kent looked a bit nervous again, still unsure of just what he was getting himself into. The mustelid seemed to sense this though, noting the folded flat ears and lightly drooped shoulders of the womble as he reached a paw out and placed it on Kent's shoulder. "It's quite alright, we're not a bunch of crazies or anything. We live out here... Well, it's simpler here, and the clothing is a lot more comfortable." Both laughed at the joke, that doing wonders for putting Kent at ease and making him genuinely smile. "I'm Rupert by the way, and you are...?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, I'm Kent." Kent's cheeks flushed as he realized he had never introduced himself to his hosts, getting another light laugh from Rupert.

"Quite alright, I don't give my name to every woodland villager I stumble across straightaway either. Well Kent, why don't I give you the tour of the place eh?"

Kent was stuffed. He wasn't just somewhat full, he felt as though he was going to burst at the seams from all of the eating that he had been doing. The entire 'tour' that he had been brought on had been

filled with food, the entire society of badgers that he had found seeming to revolve around eating. It was nearly too much for the womble, as he hadn't the courage or inclination to turn down a single bite of food, but it had been so much for him that his jacket felt tighter and his stomach felt like a lead balloon by the time the feast was ready to happen. Small burps and light groans of discomfort came from Kent as he followed behind Ellis, but they appeared to fall on deaf ears as his guide of sorts continued on with chatting and showing him around. What was more startling to Kent was that Ellis was eating just as much as he was, and yet the rotund mustelid showed not a single sign of being full; he sometimes asked for seconds in fact!

"And there we go, that was everyone and everything that there is to see! Hope you left some room for the feasting," Ellis piped up as the pair finally returned back outside to the main area where Kent had first arrived. The whole area had changed in the time the two had been underground as well, going from simply a small fire pit to a large bonfire with low benches and wide tables surrounding it. The tables held a veritable buffet of a spread, with everything from mixed nuts to whole lesser animals that were ready for the taking. It was a spread that made the womble drool for a moment, even if he had been stuffing himself silly for hours beforehand. Something about seeing that much food almost made the pain in his stomach go away, and his eyes glaze over with need... Almost. He was still full though, and as both he and Ellis approached the table, Kent had a hard time nor just blurting that out. "Well, I think this should be enough for our guest of honor, right?"

"Uhm... Uh..." Kent stammered, looking over the spread a bit more and trying his utmost not to dig in despite himself. "I ate so much already today, and this looks too good to waste... Are you sure this isn't for everyone, and just for me?"

"Oh I'm sure, we get visitors so rarely and we wanted to make sure that you would be well taken care of!" Ellis' chipper reply as well as the looks of the few other badgers around the fire were enough to quell Kent's concerns, even if he was stuffed. He looked to see if he could worm his way out of the meal; to do anything to get away from eating even more in spite of the fact that his full stomach wanted it. As he did that though, the womble felt a pair of paws press right into his soft, fuzzy stomach. Shutting his eyes with glee and feeling his whole frame relax, Kent tried his utmost to not just kick his leg in happiness as those intruding paws began to rub slow, gentle circles over his taut stomach. The full feeling vanished right away, just a couple kneads taking it from full to content for the womble. Kent had to wonder what magic this was, but before he had a chance the rubbing stopped as suddenly as it started.

"S-Sorry... You looked a little full, and we do that to help digestion." A small voice said, making Kent open his eyes again. In front of him was a chubby, younger badger looking almost concerned, though painfully shy at the same time. Kent did all he could to not melt at such an adorable sight, giving a small nod and spreading his arms welcomingly to the new mustelid. "I'm Ron by the way... I-I just..."

"Ron, keep doing that, and I might just be able to eat this whole spread." Kent blurted out, his cheeks going beet red an instant after he responded. Drawing laughs from the growing crowd around the womble, Kent only blushed further before he felt those paws on his stomach again. Shutting his eyes in contentment again and feeling a happy growl come from deep in his frame, Kent could have stayed like that for eternity; it was just that good to be massaged by such expert paws. He could feel others joining in too on that rubbing and kneading, small and chubby digits alike digging into the soft, plush fur of his stomach and rubbing the heavy feeling away. Almost against his will, Kent felt his knees growing weak and his entire frame slumping. The rubbing ceased when that happened though, making the womble whine faintly as he could feel the massaging paws retract away from him and go out to elsewhere.

"Can't have you collapsing just yet there Kent," Ellis said, his voice chipper as he reached over and

took the womble by the plush paw. Guiding him through the small crowd, Kent was led over to what looked to almost be a throne of sorts, though it was one which looked to seat someone at least three times wider than he. Smiling faintly at the notion of anyone ever being *that* fat, the womble climbed right on up and got himself comfortable. Worn in marks of a rump far wider than his cradled him comfortably, and it was only moments before the rubbing to his large, plump frame resumed. More aware this time though, Kent watched as more of the villagers came forward to rub him, be it with their paws or with their own stomachs. The ones that rubbed with their own vast girth also made sure to feed Kent, pampering the womble like he had never been before in a way that made him blush anew.

"U-Uhm!" Kent spoke up after a couple of those feedings, drawing everyone to a halt around him and turning all eyes to the womble. "I... I appreciate this, bu-"

"But nothing Kent, you're our guest..." Ellis chipped in, his expression concerned. "And we all want to take such good care of you. Everyone here wants to feed you their cooking and to welcome you, and this is the best way that we can do it. Is that alright?" Kent looked around, the pleading eyes around him melting him to the very core. He couldn't bring himself to say no even more now, and just... He felt so welcomed there, and couldn't even remotely bring himself to do anything to upset his extremely gracious hosts. He was full, that much was for certain, but the food was so good and the kneading to his stomach nearly lost him in bliss...

"It's alright, I'm sorry... Just... New to all of this. I think I'll try the..." Kent trailed off as he spoke, and the clan of badgers took that as a sign to resume. Resume they did as well, with three of them tending to his growing stomach while several others formed a line of sorts to bring him food. Nuts, sauces, gravies, vegetables, fruits, meats... It was an orgy of food for the womble, and he ate it all up. He didn't have much choice, with the offerings mostly just being pressed to his muzzle by those bringing them, but the womble didn't mind. He just ate as best he could, his pace as slow as the rubbing to his stomach. He took his time simply because of how full he felt, and anytime that it looked to be too much, the badgers would all ease off and just rub his taut stomach until it had stretched enough to fit even more of their feast in. It was a steady, unrelenting pace of feeding and massaging, and one that drew Kent in for hours. He barely noticed time pass, barely spoke, and instead just let his entire time in the chair be directed by those around it. Darkness fell, and the feasting continued. Badgers were changed out for new ones rubbing his belly, and still the feasting continued. The meals changed to more exotic and fancy foods, and still the feasting continued. It was unending, and Kent was really starting to show the strain of eating all that he was. He kept on though... Somehow.

By the time the feasting concluded, Kent was certain he was going to burst. He had eaten it all, every last scrap of food that had been cooked at the feast, and he couldn't even move now. His arms were too heavy to lift, his eyelids felt like lead, and his whole body was taut with food. The rubbing had helped immensely, but Kent was spent now, and there was nothing that could be done about it. As the last morsel of meat had crossed his lips, Kent felt his whole frame go limp. He was exhausted, and it showed as he had to fight off sleep then and there from the approaching food coma. He couldn't form words, only breathless pants from the sheer amount of food in him, and yet he wanted to say something to those around him. Anything really, as it felt almost necessary for him to speak. But, alas, he was unable to even open his muzzle aside from a few rough pants around the stuffed gut that seemed to fill every inch of his torso. His eyelids feeling like lead, Kent just gave one last, ragged huff before he slumped down, sleep taking him at long last and letting him fall down into dreamland.

Kent's dreams were filled with food, stuffing, and various other edibles. He just felt as though he were being fed throughout his slumber, his stomach almost constantly touched and stuffed with

every single thing he did in his dreams. He slept well, sure, but something about what happened to him as he slept had felt off for Kent the whole time. He couldn't round a corner in his detective noir dream without a donut landing in his muzzle, nor could he skip along clouds as he flew high in the air without getting a large bite of the cotton candy which seemed to be all around him. It was an odd sensation, surely, but it was one that he welcomed with an open maw and a hungry stomach, especially since it felt as though no matter how much he ate as he slept, he never once felt as though he was getting full. His stomach felt nice and warm though throughout, and it was a feeling that he embraced as much and as often as he could, his arms going around his pudgy middle more than a few times as he slept.

It was hours after all of those dreams and the feast that Kent finally awoke, and when he did so, he felt as though he had been sleeping for days. He hadn't, of course, but the morning light had already given day to midday, and Kent felt that for sure. Shaking some of the sleep from his head, he went to lift an arm up to try and get some of the sleep from his eyes, only to find that he couldn't move that arm. Giving a light tug to his limp, the womble found that he was unable to even so much as shift his wrist. A cursory glance over to that arm showed why; it was being held in place by one of the mustelids from the village around him. His other arm was being held in a similar way, and his legs also were being held down by one of the stronger looking badgers, though he looked to be using more of his weight than his strength to keep Kent in one place. Kent tried to kick once or twice against this, as well as struggle against the two badgers holding his arms, but found that there was no use in this; he was trapped well and truly good. His stomach also felt packed tight, a feeling which he thought would have ebbed over the night... Though it did explain his dreams the previous night if he thought on it. Something was going on, and as Ellis waddled on into view over the horizon of Kent's stomach, the womble looked fully ready to start barking out questions as he frowned and flattened his ears back.

"I bet you have a few questions, don't you? Well... I can give you one and only one answer, chosen one. That answer is simply that we are out of time," Kent went to interject with the myriad of questions that filled his mind but found that a large piece of fruit was stuffed right into his maw instead. Having to either chew or choke, the womble decided for the former and chewed down the sweet melon of sorts, feeling it flow down into his stomach and nigh instantly fatten his frame out. His eyes went wide upon feeling himself spread just a bit wider; maybe a half-inch, but it was noticeable when he was already as large as he was! "You were chosen, quite simply, for our offering to our leader. We have to choose someone, and you looked already quite willing to eat and be merry. Don't worry, you won't be harmed whatsoever, but... I do think you will only be rolling out of here one we are done."

With that, the stuffing began anew, only this time Kent had a lot less of a say in the matter. The large melons were fed to him constantly, each one seeming to be nearly the size of his head and have the caloric density of a small bomb. Each bite added a small bit of fat to his frame right away, followed by even more after a few minutes of quick digestion. The melons also seemed to be digesting some of the food in his stomach too, so Kent wasn't filling up with the new food; he was actually getting hungrier. Thusly, as the food was presented to him, it took less and less coaxing for him to eat what was laid out for him. He soon was leaning forward to eat the food before him, reaching past the bulging tire of a neck that was forming around his head to chomp down on the fruit while his thick, swollen arms almost flailed with glee every time he got a bite in. It didn't take long before the badgers around him didn't need to hold him down either; Kent was eating himself into a ball of his former self. His form had been chubby before, and downright fat when he had woken up from his hours-long slumber, but as he ate melon after melon, he was passing through obese and into territory that was reserved for vehicles and furniture. It was a change that he barely noticed though once he had really given in to the eating, his tail swishing happily over his bloated

rear while his arms bounced nearly parallel to his sides. His whole form looked like a sagging balloon filled with lard, and Kent felt that way to a certain extent, but more than anything; he felt hungry.

So hungry he was, that the womble didn't notice a looming figure approaching him. This was none other than the village leader, and this badger just put all of the others to shame in a very, very big way. He was bigger than should be believable, and so incredibly fat that it was no small wonder that he had a team of badgers help cart him around. His stomach sprawled out before him like a grand buffet table, drooping off the edges of a makeshift cart which had been used to carry in his stomach. A second cart was behind him for his rump, though that one looked more like a chair with wheels than a cart. His arms, legs, and nearly every other feature was obscured by the absurd amount of blubber on the mustelid, and yet Kent barely even gave the imposing blob of excess a second thought as he wolfed down another two melons with the help of some followers of the gigantic badger. He was focused on his food, and that was enough for both the head badger and Kent as the two stood nearly belly to belly in the center of the village.

The two stayed like this for several moments, but then the larger badger began to shift. Every movement he made was glacial in pace, and it took several seconds to even register that he was indeed moving. He was though, and the movement looked to be that he was rotating onto his stomach. Slowly but surely he did that with the help of give other badgers, all pushing and grunting with effort as they shoved the titanic ball of adipose onto his gut so that his head approached Kent's. The womble still ate on though, ever oblivious to his surroundings as long as there was food in front of his muzzle. He ate, ate, and ate with glee, his own form bloating out to look less and less like a womble and more like just a ball of pure fat. His limbs seemed to almost shrink, and Kent could swear he felt taller as the blubber beneath him pushed his head up some from where he was sitting. It was an odd sensation, sure, but it was one that he relished as he ate on. All the while, the king of the badgers rolled closer and closer, his arms stretching feebly from their resting spot on his sides as they began to grab at and reach for Kent.

Kent only noticed this as he felt a new set of paws on his frame, and hot breath above his head. It was then that he put two and two together, and he looked almost shocked. Swallowing a large mouthful of food, he looked ready to yell in protest, but instead of being able to do that, a whole melon was jammed into his maw to cork him like a stuffed pig. Eyes wide and a little tremble in his blubbersome form, Kent perked up ever so slightly as he heard Ellis speak.

"You will be fine Kent, our magic makes sure that you will just go into our leader and then appear back here no worse for wear. Our magic doesn't, however... Let you lose any of this weight. We do apologize for that, but our leader does need to eat, and he prefers some prey every now and then, even if it is just symbolic. You will be fine though, I can assure you... Just a little rounder than when you found us."

Kent looked up at the jaws above him, then back at Ellis, then returned to the jaws closing down atop him. A meal for a meal? It was a trade he could live with, sure... He just wished he had been asked first. He would have enjoyed a lot more of that melon if he had known!