“Damn foxes!”

The shouts of a wizened man in baggy robes echoed down the saggy hill he stood upon, in front of his messy hut. He waggled a gnarled stick as the bushes around him rustled and yipped with decreasing volume. Several streaks of orange and white darted out towards the forest… and as the wizard barked arcane syllables, bolts of blue and purple streaked after them.

One such bolt hit Vincent, one of the denizens of the enchanted forest, and one of the sneaky foxes that had raided the wizard’s home more than once to steal bites of his strange foods. Vincent’s maw was messy and drippy with the juices of the item he had stolen, and the fox’s taste buds lit up as his fur stood on end. The spell charged through him, nothing to kill but plenty to hurt, but the vulpine’s mind was immediately focusing in on the electric taste that saturated his muzzle.

Pausing, smoke lifting from his frizzled tail and the echoes of the wizard’s shouts trailing after him, Vincent dove fully into the forest again, but not very far – he couldn’t continue on without thinking about what was in his mouth. It tasted so good, he HAD to eat it!

Biting down and gulping hard, the fizzy juice spilled over his tongue and lit it up. It was *delicious*, even moreso than from a second now! It was too big to chomp down on and eat, so the fox pressed his paws against a nearby tree and threw back his head, feverishly trying to swallow, gulp, and drink this meal down.

Whatever the spell had done to him was forgotten as the food slid down his throat. It bulged out his gullet, and he smacked his maw and tongue, bobbing his head to try and choke it down even further. He ignored the purple-blue glow that shone from his open mouth, like a blacklight upon the tree, potent but growing dimmer as he forced it down his gullet. It was sooooooooo goooooood, and saliva dribbled from his lips as he savored its weight in his belly.

Looking nearly drunk, eyes lidded in his head, Vincent plopped down from his pose at the tree and wobbled in place, taking a few stumbling steps forward as his belly gurgled. He could faintly see that he was glowing all over with magic, the forest having long bestowed him with just enough intelligence to recognize magic. But this was good magic, he thought – now suddenly capable of thinking it – good magic that makes me feel good.

A rumbling in his guts, the fox felt… something… rolling around inside of him. But it wasn’t the food, it was something else. Something growing in him, pushing at his insides where the food passed by down his digestive tract. As he took a few more wobbly steps forward, he felt more of himself wobbling – and peeked under himself, drunkishly staring as his tummy sported a rounder shape, more barrel-like, and glowed visibly. He stared, and it continued to plump into a rotund shape, the weight inside of him increasing.

Pausing, the fox tensed up, his forepaws on a root. Toes splaying, as the pressure built up in him. He screwed his eyes shut, felt a lump in his throat, a nudge at his prostate…. Pleasure gushing into him, as a raucous belch erupted out of him. His fail flagged, and a profound eruption of gas blew out of his fluffy butt, tickling his taint with the force, and making the fox feel the excitement flooding into his sheath and balls.

The pressure in his belly did not subside, and indeed, it grew as he expelled gas – and the pressure spread to his loins, too. Slowly pumping his hips, he felt his balls slosh and sway, ponderously heavy orbs of feral foxmakers that sagged lower and lower in his sac, only to be filled up larger and make his sheath ache with pressure. His crotch bulged, his sheath growing, fur and flesh heaving outwards as his cock gained mass and weight, swaying with any motion, bumping against his bloated gut.

The pleasure-pressure surged down his paws, and ached into his toes. He looked down, belching heavily over them, but found himself grinning to watch his feet fatten up, toes thickening with juicy strength and size, so softly padded, beautiful in his dark socks. The root slowly crunched under his toes…

Then, the pleasure suddenly stopped. The pressure was suddenly gone. The bliss of growth, of expanding, was replaced with a sudden gnawing hunger. He was so HUNGRY! He had to EAT!

Without a moment’s thought, he bent down and snatched up the broken root and *it was the fucking tastiest thing he had ever goddamn eaten!* He chewed and snapped at the wood, powerful fox jaws working it rapidly into his system, and then it was in him – the pleasure and pressure very gradually returned. He had to have more.

The bloated fox spun around, his eyes feverish. His dick unslung from his sheath and dribbled with pre across the moss, as he stared back at the cottage. The wizard. The wizard’s food. The wizard had a lot of food. Vincent would eat the food.

All the food.

As fast as his new, weighty self could barrel forward, Vincent began to run back up the hill. His dick slapped his belly again and again, his loaded nuts bumping back and forth against his bloated thighs. Creaky toots blasted from his bottom, and a kind of steam drifted from his open, panting muzzle. Purple and blue, like the spell.

Vincent saw a window, and Vincent went into the window. Nevermind his shoulders were now almost as wide as the whole frame, and he crashed right through. Ignoring the surprised shouts of the old man sitting at his table, Vincent landed on the floor and inhaled deeply.

Everything was delicious.

Just as the old man began to bark out another spell, Vincent’s maw clamped itself down on a cheese wheel that lay nearby. Bliss filled Vincent’s mind as he began to gobble it down, and his cock stiffened to full hardness. As the wheel began to make its way down the fox’s expanding throat, the vulpine’s bloated balls pulled tight and began to hose down the floor and other nearby objects with spunk. Such was the intense pleasure of the taste.

The wizard’s spell struck Vincent – and seemed to get sucked right into the fox. With a grumbling surge, the fox’s body heaved upwards, his butt, thighs, and swollen balls aimed directly at the wizard. Forcing him to watch the fox’s body grow and grow, thickening up, and ejaculate madly. The ring of the fox’s anus, though, grew much faster than the rest of him… spreading those juicy round fox buttcheeks apart, those toots and squeaks maturing into rumbles and outright farts. Those huge fox nuts grew even bigger, his cock gushing with cum.

Relishing his newfound size, Vincent ignored the wizard and began to chow down on everything he could clamp his maw on. A hunt of meat, a bag of corn, another bigger cheese wheel, a stool, a smoked pig, a mound of cabbages. The food was inhaled into Vincent’s glowing maw and the fox’s eyes watered with the pleasure. Everything splattered with his cum tasted like it was basted in honey. Such was his sudden addiction to this taste, that he jammed his bloating cock into the wizard’s bed and began to flood the mattress as he gorged on other meals, until his attentions could be spared to the now ruined furniture and swallow it down.

As Vincent grew to fill half the cottage, the other half was full as well. The wizard had tried several other spells to drive off the enchanted, growing greed-fox, but each new spell seemed to only worsen the problem. The first turned Vincent’s fur a darker red-brown color. The second caused the already massive anal ring to bloat even larger, and the wizard could tell the fox’s prostate was also several times larger in size, as Vincent twitched in pleasure and orgasmed repeatedly. The third spell, the Wizard’s most potent, spelled his doom – he discharged it straight into Vincent’s bottom, surging up his rump and into his belly, to entwine with the curse wrapped around Vincent’s guts.

Seconds later, there was a rumbling. The gas eruptions stopped, and Vincent’s butt clenched. The fox did not stop eating, gorging himself on everything he could reach, but his butthole swelled even larger, larger than a tire. The wizard’s eyes bulged, and out the window he ran, just as the fox’s bottom blossomed open – and expelled a hard, dark trunk of fox scat.

So hard did the shit blast from Vincent’s bottom that it cracked the cottage wall. Thicker, softer, browner scat poured from Vincent’s bottom, more and more and more of it, not even in proportion to the foods he was eating. It shoved out of him, sliding across his prostate, encouraging even larger orgasms from his massive shaft and distended balls.

The log showed no signs of ending, and Vincent showed no signs of stopping. He shoved more into his maw and bulged his throat with the bed frame itself, enjoying the feeling as simultaneously his bottom bulged out with a grandiose tower of dense, soft shit. His belly growled and gurgled, absorbing everything he shoved into it, while the spells produced everything he needed to discharge his waste.

As Vincent inhaled, he grew. As Vincent expelled, he grew. The fox’s body threatened to burst the cottage, and his ass nearly rivaled the size of his own anus, huge cheeks and gargantuan thighs still slightly outclassed by the obscene dark ring of flesh stretched wide over a tunnel of waste. Finally, the cottage began to fall apart, Vincent eagerly chomping on the wood logs that it was made of.

At some special point, Vincent found the logs were too much for him – and so, like any smart magic fox would do, he grew to fit it. His spine surged forward and new paws pushed from his sides, a suddenly towering foxtaur finding he could tilt his head back and sliiiiide that chopped tree down his gullet easily, the end snuggling smoothly into his guts, to be quickly turned into an obscene amount of scat that he happily pushed from his bottom.

Towering above the mound of shit that was once a person’s home, the huge foxtaur looked around and licked his lips. He knew exactly what was going on, having become as intelligent as any man – and he liked it. The hilltop he stood on gave him a grand view of the massive forest around him. He looked down and saw the wizard’s robes fluttering as the man ran off, and Vincent chuckled at the sight, placing his paws on his foretummy, feeling it gurgle and fatten up some as his new stomach grew in, eager for food, and excitedly shoving more waste into his intestines to flood the land behind him.

Lifting his massive paws, Vincent started down the hill, feeling it rumble beneath him. He approached the nearest tree, and took hold of it.

Driving his massive cock into the soft earth, Vincent giggled as he came like a bomb, blasting the earth with seed, causing the tree to uproot under a gyser of spunk – and Vincent easily lifted it up and began to take great big delicious bites out of the foliage. He slathered the top of the tree in the pool of cum that settled where the tree used to be, and munched on it eagerly.

Lifting his butt higher into the air, flagging his tail, Vincent felt his guts rumble – and his endless flow of shit paused. This tree was part of the forest, and it was magical itself. He grinned, eating more of it, feeling a fresh tightness return to his bowels. Tighter, and larger, and fuller… until it popped out of him with a tremendous sigh of pleasure, the new fecal ‘cork’ of harder, dark scat bursting from his ass, sailing clear over the hill like a rocket, and thundering down in another part of the forest.

A part of the forest quickly bombarded under the rest of the foxtaur’s massive shit that shuddered from his anus. Vincent was a force of nature, now, and he lived to consume all he found tasty.

Too bad everything was delicious.