Vincent grimaced as his stomach grumbled once more; provoking a scowl to mar his already raggedy weasel features. He turned over in his ditch and clutched his spear tighter against him, shivering in the dark. Cold, hungry, lonely… and mad. Mad that he was left behind by Hurtmaw to “Cover the rear” as the rest of the army fled from Redwall. Mad that they’d been beaten so thoroughly by those damn mice! Mad that he was so eager to get into a fight that he skipped breakfast and lunch.

It was sundown now, and he could make an escape. But where would he go? Hurtmaw would probably beat him for being late, so he couldn’t go back to camp. If he stayed in this ditch for too long, the Redwallers would probably find him and pelt him with slingstones like they did everyone else. Those pebbles could hurt! Vince stuck his foot out, poking the stoat Snaptooth in the side. His body was as cold as the ditch they were in. It had been funny to watch a slingstone lodge itself in Snaptooth’s throat, but all the humor left Vince as he watched the stoat choke on his own teeth.

“I need ta get out of here.” Vincent grumbled, placing a paw on his lean belly. He glanced over his shoulder and out of the ditch to the dark red walls of the abbey behind him, and could see the bobbing heads of patrolling mice. Would they see him if he tried to escape? He couldn’t stay here any longer.

It took the weasel nearly an hour to gather up his courage to move from his spot, picking out bushes and trees he could sprint to. He cursed his grumbling stomach; would the mice hear him? He didn’t have a choice, and Snaptooth was starting to smell awfully.

 Vincent took off in a flash. One moment he was crouching in the ditch, his spear squeezed in both paws. The next he was halfway across the plain, barreling into shrubbery and kicking aside small plants that got in his way. He heard dim shouts of alarm behind him, but the weasel was swiftly out of range of the slingstones that pelted the ground behind his feet.

The weasel ran and ran for several minutes, finally coming to stop and leaning against a tree, panting hard, arm braced against the tree. He made it! He was out of there! He didn’t get hit by any – Vincent clutched his stomach and bent double, groaning in tandem with his aching stomach. Food! He needed food! Why oh why did he skip breakfast…

A noise from the tree above him caught his attention. Alarmed, Vincent backpedaled from the tree and thrust his spear up. To his shock, he was rewarded by a pained cry, and a furry figure falling to the ground. Vincent stared for a long moment, hardly comprehending. It all happened so fast. The squirrel clutched his side and slumped against the tree, groaning, and Vincent’s spear clattering to the ground. Was… was he dead? By the sound of the squirrel’s groaning, he wasn’t, but he might be soon. At least he wasn’t a threat any longer.

Vincent stood there for a moment, just staring at his find. He couldn’t decide whether he was lucky or if he should keep running, there might be more of them. His stomach decided for him. If the squirrel was here, there might be food nearby! He didn’t look like a Redwaller. They all had those silly hats. Vincent rushed forward and clamped his paw over the squirrel’s mouth, shoving him against the tree. The critter stiffened and tried to shout out, but Vincent hissed at him and looked around.

Scanning the area for danger, Vincent sat there with his prize, ignoring the squirrel’s twitching and weakening struggles. When no sounds of reinforcements reached his ears, the weasel slowly lowered his paw, and grinned at the smaller being. “You live here, don’t you?” Weakly, his face pale, the squirrel nodded his head. Vincent’s heart almost leaped. Home meant food! “You’ll die if you don’t show me.” He bared his teeth. The squirrel’s eyes widened and he weakly motion upwards. What luck! It was the very tree he had been leaning against.

Standing up and licking his lips, Vincent grabbed the squirrel, ignoring the squeak of pain from his captive. He tossed him over his shoulder and grabbed the bark. “Betcha didn’t know weasels could climb.” Vincent clucked, and started up the tree. It was a huge sycamore, perfect for climbing, and it was easy enough to find the door on a low branch.

Kicking open the door, Vincent was rewarded by the tantalizing aroma of baking Acorn bread, steaming Dandelion tea, Apple-plum pudding… and a sight that shocked him into dropping the squirrel, who could barely squeak by now.

The squirrel’s table was laden with enough food to feast ten people! There were even little name cards on each plate, not that Vincent could read, but the weasel had heard campfire tales of preparations like this. Stumbling across somefur’s banquet, how rude of you not to invite us hungry travelers, we’ll just have a couple bites…

With a whoop of delight, Vincent kicked the squirrel’s door shut and LEAPED onto the table. His stomach growled in delight at being appeased, driving Vincent to forget all about the whimpering squirrel behind him. The first to vanish in his chomping maw was a thick Garlic Herb Bread, followed by a heavy cup of juicy berries. Not deigning to use a spoon, the weasel scooped pawfuls of pudding into his smacking lips, he lifted jugs of sweet wine and tilted his head back, spilling half of it down his face. An Acorn-cherry pie didn’t survive his attentions long, and honey-soaked wheat bread filled his maw with a rich thickness. Crumbs and globs of food clung to his cheeks and face, spilled down his chest and splattered on the floor.

Vincent’s growling belly demanded he keep going, and keep going he did. Cherry cordial fizzed down his gullet, followed by a thick wedge of Mossflower Cheese. What couldn’t be quickly chewed or slurped was instead swallowed by the weasel, and Vincent made no effort to clean himself off. A heavy plum pudding bowl was lifted to his lips, ounce after ounce of gooey goodness pouring into his delighted tummy. His formerly slender tummy was slowly rounding out, pushing against the table and dishes as Vincent continued to swallow. Too hungry to realize he was full, each new dish was devoured in his feeding frenzy, with barely a third of it touched!

A light groan behind him broke his feasting, and Vincent swiftly looked behind him, honey-drenched apple slices slipping from his sticky paws. The squirrel had propped himself up against a chair and was trying to bandage himself. Giving a laugh, the weasel threw a juicy pear at the squirrel, bopping him on the head with a splak. Guffawing, the weasel turned back to his feast and devoured a warm bowl of fruit porridge, one paw sliding across his belly. He felt so good to be sating himself, it didn’t bother him that his waistline was still expanding. Delicious flavors assailed his tastebuds while warm pleasures pulsed through his stomach, pushing more and more of his gut out into the open and against the table.

Feeling the tightening of his belt, Vincent let one paw slip down to loosen his pants, but it collided with a cup of October Ale, so he instead brought it to his lips and quaffed deeply. Closing his eyes as he washed down a Hazelnut Loaf with gulp after gulp, he tried not to spit it back up as he giggled – his pants were getting looser! So that’s what that sound of popping stitches was. Dropping the glass onto the floor, Vincent glanced at his tummy, rewarded with the sight of a pleasant pear-shape to his frame, his belt-line quickly disappearing beneath his bulging tummy. He must be three times as thick as when he started!

Unperturbed by his new size, Vince shifted his position, shoving aside plates and glasses to get at the remainder of the spread. His paws moving no slower, he continued to slurp porridges and puddings, scarf up breads and cheeses, gulp down pies and soups, and even entertain himself with swallowing whole fruits. His only pauses were to release forth a huge belch or two, and whenever a tasty looking chunk of food popped out, he would pop it right back in again.

This continued for what seemed like hours. The squirrel ignored, the weasel gorged himself on every bit of food on that table. His belly continued to swell, his thighs slowly thickening as he packed away the pounds. Delicious pleasures ran through his body with each new delight he tasted. It took him a while to notice the discomfort of his swelling groin, but a swift rub of his sticky paw across his sheath eased the pressure, allowing his cock to disgorge itself from his sheath. Chuckling at the oddity of being aroused after such a stuffing, he felt convinced to find more food. There wasn’t much left on the table… but the larder looked inviting.

Waddeling his heavy, pear-shaped self to the kitchen, Vincent took in a deep and pleasured whiff of his surroundings. Absently he reached behind his tail and scratched at his bare ass, rubbing his paw across his bloated asscheek, but the sight of a sack of potatoes and a wedge of butter nearby distracted him from the tingly feeling from his tailstar. As what he had done to the dining room, Vincent began on the kitchen.

As Vincent ate, he continued to swell. His cock jutted out from below his bloating belly, thick dollops of precum dribbling from the tip. He found it pleasureable to rub some food over his shaft or to grind himself against the latest dish or ingredient, while he stuffed something else into his neverending throat. He often found it prudent to readjust his balls, the heavy spheres bloating in the same, enjoyable way that his belly was. He didn’t think it odd at all, and sometimes joyfully compared his bloating sac to the next item he was to eat. The formerly egg-sized spheres had bloated to apples, oranges, and were now threatening to become bigger than the grapefruit he was stuffing whole into his throat.

Within an hour, the kitchen was a complete wreck, the same (if not worse) than the dining room. The weasel huffed, one paw resting on his massively swollen belly, the other clutching a hefty wedge of cheddar cheese, happily rubbing his face against it until he felt like taking a bite. His tail wiggling behind him, he surveyed his handiwork, chuckling with self satisfaction. His belly felt tight, stuffed, OVERstuffed… and above all, good. He felt strong, energized, empowered. The muscles in his meaty thighs twitched, and he clenched his ass playfully, admiring his self control over his body. His ass felt good, and huge. He couldn’t see it over his fat butt, but his tailhole had grown, a monsterous hole of swollen black flesh, fitting snugly between his engorged rear.

The only bit of disappointment the weasel felt was the lack of food to eat. He’d eaten everything there was, and he wasn’t about to sully his dignity by licking scraps off the floor. He thought back to the ditch, and how hungry he had felt then. He still felt that way, but a little different. Still, if he was hungry, he should find something, yea?

Turning about, Vincent noticed the squirrel again. To his surprise, the squirrel was where he had left him, leaning against a chair and clutching his wounded side. This time, the wound was bandaged, and the squirrel’s face buried in the crook of his arm. Unable to move, the fellow had been helpless to watch his home destroyed and all his food devoured.

Licking his lips, Vincent approached the squirrel, his thick cock jutting out in front of him. His stomach grumbled loudly, causing the weakened squirrel to look up, his eyes widening, staring at the thick cock just inches from his face. “Thanks for the good meal, you’re a wonderful host!” Vincent chuckled, idly scratching his tailhole, feeling it swell in his excitement. “I’m ready for dessert now.”

Licking his lips, Vincent leaned forward and slide his sticky, honey-coated paws around the squirrel’s chest. So weak from his struggling and efforts, the squirrel could barely flail at the huge and bloated weasel, whispering and pleading. Vincent ignored them, pressing his fat lips against the young squirrel, kissing him hard and tasting him, his thick tongue thrusting into the male’s throat. He never had squirrel before – mouse, mole, and a little hare, yea – and was eager to try.

Pulling the squirrel closer, hugging him against Vincent’s massive pear-shaped belly, he slurped over the squirrel’s face and groped at him. His cock ground against the furry male’s belly and thighs, spreading gooey precum onto his fur. A pleasant glaze, Vincent thought, or maybe a special sauce. Chuckling at his own joke, Vincent pulled the squirrel closer, and opened his mouth wide. His tongue sliding under the squirrel’s chin, Vincent slowly stood up and tilted his head back, lifting the squirrel higher and higher.

They do taste like nuts! Vincent thought, as he swiped through the squirrel’s soft fur and pushed his head into his throat. Those weak arms pushing at his cheeks and jaw didn’t bother Vince at all, and he felt his gullet slowly stretch around the squirrel’s shoulders. This was definitely something bigger than he had ever tried to eat before, but Vincent’s massive gut gurgled in eager excitement, anxious to devour more. Closing his eyes, Vincent’s sticky paws groped and fondled the poor rodent deeper and deeper into his maw. His throat and jaws stretched wider when they needed to, forming around the squirrel. Strangely, Vincent wasn’t chocking on him, and his slick throat ensured a smooth ride.

Down, down, and down… until Vince could reach the tree-rat’s footpaws and just push him down. He still went slow, savoring the taste, using his tongue to lick naughtily over the squirrel’s junk, tonging over that soft shaft and juicy nuts. He giggled, feeling a little drizzle of pre across his tongue, maybe the little fellow was enjoying this. Vincent didn’t care, though, and soon was leaning his back against the wall, one paw on his belly, smacking his fingers with his lips as he gulped down the last bits of squirrel tail like spaghetti.

Releasing a huge belch, Vincent sagged against the wall, giggling. Both of his paws slowly massaged his belly, admiring how tight and round it felt. It stuck out several feet in front of him, gurgling and growling and sloshing with digestion, feeling wonderfully heavy and full. Eating that squirrel satisfied something in him, something primal, a wonderful conclusion to today’s meal. A little giggle escaped his lips as he felt his stomach push at his paws a little bit more, sagging lower, distended and heavy. He couldn’t see his cock anymore, but he could feel his balls sagging lower as well, brushing against the floor, covering his tailhole. The thick spheres were bloating – he could feel them growing – but he found he didn’t care, focusing his attention on his ass.

It felt so good, to digest, to let his body use up all that food and the cute squirrel and grow. A deep, primal gurgle rumbled up from inside his belly, and Vincent leaned back against the wall. He found that he was starting to breathe faster, panting in little huffs, his stomach tightening. His ass was starting to feel tight, his tailhole starting to tighten up. What was going on? He wasn’t afraid, but there was a building pressure behind his tight little tailhole, like something was wanting to come out but he was just too tight for it.

Rubbing his paws over his belly, Vincent groaned, the pressure seeming to build and build. Amazingly, the tighter he felt on the inside, the softer he felt on the outside. He could push his fingers into his fur and belly flesh about an inch, then more. It felt so good to feel his middle increasing, but it felt like a knot was growing inside of him and he didn’t know what to do. He shuffled against the wall, sticking his legs out, lifting his feet and thighs up a bit. It wasn’t hard, for how huge his ass had become, and the thickness of his thighs let them be comfortable hanging in the air, rubbing on either side of his belly.

Vincent winced a little bit, pressing his paws firmly down on his stomach. Maybe that would help. Maybe that would…. Would… he could feel it! Something inside of him, huge, moving down towards his anus. It felt like a basketball! He felt it approach his anus, pushing through all that deliciously digested food, until…

BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

With a shocked gasp, Vincent jerked against the wall, his tailhole stretched hard by the massive fart. But no sooner had it finished, then another one belted out of his ass, even larger.

FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAARP!

Groaning, panting hard, Vincent shoved his paws at his belly, reeling from the sensation of releasing so much gas. His ass felt stretched, sore, but good.

BRRRRUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMP!... ffrrrt… frrrt…..FRRRRROOOOOMPH!

He felt like a machine, farting massively and in huge amounts, a thick gas pouring out of his ass into the room. It smelled deliciously, like all of those honeys and fruits and cheeses combined into an airy musk, mixed with his own attractive weasel scent. It felt good to inhale it, and he smiled as he took a big whiff and seconds later felt a huge burp building in his gut, rising up his throat to escape his maw.

For several moments, Vincent sat there and released his gas, farting as hard and potently as possible, breathing in a great whiff of the wonderful scent, and releasing a huge belch of the same gas. He felt like he could do this forever, and it wasn’t long before he didn’t even need to smell his own fart gas to produce a massive burp. Giggling, he prepared himself for a crude “Duet” of bodily functions…

And then something plugged him up.

Vincent kicked with his thick thighs, gasping, his eyes going wide. The feeling of a huge basketball lodged in his ass returned, and the tight warmth of his stomach pressure began again. He grunted, trying to push out a fart, but the effort increased the tough strain on his ass instead. Letting out a small burp, that didn’t help him at all either, so Vincent pushed down into his soft, huge belly with his paws and strained with his inner muscles. He could feel all those tubes inside of his long middle clenching and squeezing, pushing digested food along his insides, building up the pressure at his back door.

Slowly, tenderly, he could feel the knot of pressure in his ass moving. Squeezing at his tailhole, starting to open it up, stretching him. It hurt and felt good at the same time, but, he kept stretching wider, the presence of the bulge going nowhere despite his increasing tailhole girth. He could feel his bulging tailstar flesh brushing against his balls, some of it stretching along the underside of his tail. And he kept spreading wider! Just what was in him?

Shuddering hard, pushing with as much of his strength as he could, the weasel felt his ass just stretching and stretching and stretching, like he could fit a jug of October Ale inside of him now! His fleshy black star became huge, and the pressure inside of him was starting to ease. He was doing it! He was finally getting whatever was inside of hi

SPRRRRCSSHSSHHHHHCT!

Like a huge fist, a log of solid, dense brown-black shit exploded out of his ass, plowing forward from between his legs and onto the ground several feet in front of him. It shoved out of his ass like a cannonball, a single solid rope as thick as his leg, and there was still more coming. His poor, stretched ass released even more of the same log, though this was slightly softer stuff – still dense and packed, but smoother for his sore black anus, feeling like silk gliding across his tailhole. Vincent moaned and rubbed against the wall, the pleasure of his ass so immense that he hardly cared he was flinging massive ropes of hot weasel cum onto the growing mound of shit in front of him.

The first wave of battering ram shit released from his ass, Vincent felt free to unload the rest of his mess, his eyes rolling in blissful pleasure as rope after rope of soft, brown crap pushed in a steady stream from his ass. His belly was slowly deflating, the distended sphere shrinking as he released more and more onto the floor. He was still too long and bloated to reach between his legs, so he didn’t try, instead rocking back and forth in orgasm and shitting delight.

Sagging against the wall, his pleasure lasted several minutes. His shit steadily became softer and softer as his belly shrank, until he was a slimmer pear shape, rather than obesely bloated. The pile of feces in front of him was piled higher than his chest, his flaccid cock flopped over a log and drooling seed. Dazed, he noticed that his cock had grown several times the size he remembered, and was now as thick as his arm, if not thicker, and probably just as long. Giggling, he reached down and scratched one of his balls, admiring the new heft and girth of the sphere. Thirty, forty pounds? He guessed, playfully pushing his sac into the soft stream of shit that was slowly tapering out of his ass, until it stopped.

Licking his lips, Vincent looked around. The room was hazy, filled with the gas of his burp and the sweet stench radiating off his odd poo, nothing smelling as bad as it should. Very slowly, in no rush at all, he climbed to his feet and let the last log of shit plop from his ass. His tailstar felt huge, stretched, and he took a moment to admire himself and the massive black ring, as wide as his arm from the elbow to paw. A delightful size, he thought, and very appropriate.

Wondering what to do next, Vincent’s mind was made up for him. A knock on the door, and the sounds of several people.

Lazily wandering over to the door, Vincent felt his belly giving a pleasured growl again, and the scent of his farts and burps hung heavily in the air. He reached the door and swung it wide open, smiling at the ten or so squirrels that were lined up on the branch, his scent washing over them. He could hear hungry tummies rumbling, including his own.

Smiling faces looked back at him, and he could see crotches bulging softly, and a couple paws reaching behind to scratch their rumps. “Balros invited you too?” “It smells great in there!” “You gonna let us in?” “I’m so hungry, I wonder what you brought us.”

Vincent giggled, opening the door wider, inviting the squirrels inside. “Right this way, folks, I \*just\* finished the main course…”