

Airport VIP Lounge

by: Indigo Rho

Liam felt ready to tear his fur out and scream at the top of his lungs. Bad luck had plagued the furious fox's business trip from the beginning. Construction had delayed his arrival at the airport while remodeling had doubled the time it took to pass through TSA. He'd come close to missing that first flight and hadn't even had a chance to grab a bite to eat before boarding. After a weekend of respectable progress with business, he'd hoped his return flight would be less cursed.

Of course fate chose to flip him the middle finger and prove him wrong.

"How do you not realize you don't have a full crew until the second the plane's about to board?" Liam hissed under his breath. And worse yet, the replacements wouldn't be there for another two hours at the very least. He loathed to dwell on the last part, the quiet implication he could be stuck at the terminal for far longer if everything went to hell. To top it all off, he was still in his suit, which had recently begun clinging a little tighter to his small paunch than before. Business trips meant business dinners, and business dinners *could* mean the dreaded business ball belly a few of his older, heftier associates liked to joke about.

The lone saving grace of the entire ordeal was the opportunity to relax at the VIP lounge on the company's dime.

Liam passed through the sliding doors of the lounge and breathed a sigh of relief. Against the odds, the lounge was empty. Every other time he'd visited one, there'd been a handful of other travelers taking advantage of the relative quiet compared to the terminal. But aside from the chubby orange hare manning the bar, he had the whole place to himself.

Content with solitude, Liam took a seat at the bar.

"Welcome!" the hare greeted Liam cheerfully. His name was Cass, according to his shiny name tag. "Hope your evening's been a pleasant one so far."

Liam scoffed so loud that Cass' long ears twitched. "It's been shit. Flight delays," the fox quickly added so he didn't come across like he was taking his frustration out on the bartender.

Cass offered a sympathetic frown. "Sorry to hear. I can't make your plane leave any sooner, but I sure can fill you up while you wait. I'll let you in on a little secret." He leaned on the bar and nudged a glossy menu towards Liam. "No place in the city has better food than us—fine dining or otherwise. I've been told the food's devilishly delicious." The hare grinned wide, and Liam's head spun briefly. He was suddenly ravenous.

"I guess a good meal wouldn't hurt." Liam looked at the menu and found his gaze instantly settling on a gourmet burger with fries and a shake. Unexpectedly, he didn't feel the urge to check out anything else, and ordered it without hesitation.

"Excellent choice." Cass dipped into the kitchen and returned with the order.

Liam blinked. He swore Cass had only gone for a second, yet his meal was already finished. He shrugged the oddity off as a product of his poor mood. Clearly he'd lost track of the time while brooding about the flight delay.

Liam took one bite of the burger and instantly relaxed. It was perfect, absolutely perfect. He couldn't think of a better burger he'd had in his life, and he'd sampled burgers across the country during his travels. The fries didn't disappoint either, combined with a dipping sauce that

elevated them expertly. When he washed the first couple of gulps down with some milkshake, he wondered if he was in heaven.

The fox couldn't hold back. He greedily scarfed down everything on the plate, barely leaving a crumb behind. "That was incredible!" Liam said in disbelief. "I couldn't have asked for anything better."

"I knew you'd love it," Cass said. "So what are you having next?"

"Next?" Liam almost laughed. How could he possibly eat anymore more after the monster of a burger surrounded by fries? Not to mention the sizable shake. "As much as I'd love to try everything, I'm not a bottomless pit."

"But do you feel full?"

"Well, no," Liam replied, surprising himself. In fact, the fox almost felt peckish. Breakfast *had* been a light affair, though, so he guessed it made sense he'd still have room.

"Then may I suggest we get you started on a pasta dish?" Cass directed Liam to the menu, which drew the fox in like a lost ship to a lighthouse beacon. "That looks good," he said, pointing almost blindly at one of the entries."

"Coming right up!" No sooner had Cass entered the kitchen than he returned, balancing a massive plate of pasta and another drink.

Liam knew most of the meal would go to waste, but he chose not to complain. He'd simply have a few bites and extend his apologies. Not that it was his fault the lounge cooked in such considerable quantities.

But once Liam started eating, he couldn't stop, and a few bites quickly turned into a few dozen. In the blink of an eye, his fork was striking an empty plate, while his middle strained the buttons of his suit.

"That was delicious," Liam mumbled in a daze.

"We pride ourselves in not having a single menu item that disappoints. So how about the steak next, perhaps followed by the crab?"

Liam nodded in agreement without thinking. Two more plates appeared before the fox, who felt a tremendous hunger welling within him. So he ate. Nothing but eating crossed his mind as he wiped out one plate and then the other. More had appeared before he finished, and he moved on to them without hesitation.

Cass kept Liam's plates and glasses full, ensuring his captivated customer could eat and drink nonstop. Between refills, the hare admired his ongoing impact on Liam's waistline.

The fantastic feast steadily ballooned Liam's belly, widening the gaps between his creaking buttons. He vaguely felt the pressure in the back of his mind but ignored it in favor of the food.

Cass rounded the bar and stepped up behind Liam. "Why don't I undo those buttons for you before they pop right off? Would hate for a wonderful meal to ruin a good suit."

The hare leaned over Liam's shoulder and wrapped his arms around the gorging fox. He expertly undid one button at a time, grinning as he felt Liam's bloating belly wobble each time. Once his work was complete, he parted Liam's shirt to give the fox's middle plenty of space to swell.

And swell Liam did. His gut gradually spread over his lap, filling with dozens of entrees, appetizers, and sides. The fox plowed through every item on the menu—a few of them twice. Through it all, he didn't give a second thought as to how much he ate, not even when his belly

ballooned against the edge of the bar and bulged slightly over it. Only when Cass was content his fox had gluttoned enough did the feast come to an end.

“Flight 255 to Baltimore will begin boarding in twenty minutes.” The warning rang over the lounge’s intercom.

“Sounds like you finished your meal just in time, sir,” Cass declared with a smile. “I assume it was to your liking.”

Liam blinked as the daze faded. “Oh. Yes! It was—*uworrrp*—incredible! But I should really get going.” He couldn’t miss his flight, not after the delays and everything else that’d gone wrong while traveling.

The fox groaned as he slid out of his seat. His enormous boulder of a belly swayed gently from side to side, packed taut with delicious food. Its size escaped his notice, magically banished from his thoughts. “Oof. Maybe I overdid it,” Liam mumbled.

“Nonsense,” Cass said. The hare gripped the vast bottom curve of Liam’s belly and gave it a soft squeeze. “Nothing eases stress like a filling meal. Though don’t forget to ask for a belt extender on your flight.” He patted the furry ball.

Liam nodded. “Thanks again! I’ll be sure to drop by on my next visit for round two,” he promised. The swollen fox waddled off, gut wobbling up and down, eager to catch his flight.

Cass watched the fox go, knowing he’d have plenty more chances to fill and fatten him up in the future. He couldn’t wait to see how heavy Liam would grow. A demon had to find some way to amuse himself, after all.