

TwoKinds of Mass

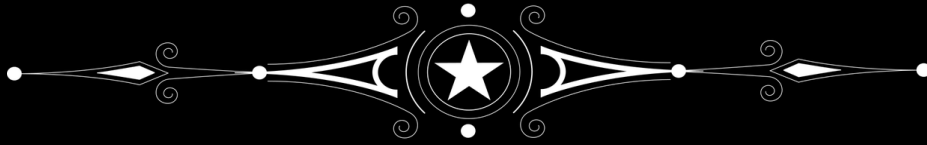
Commission for Gwen

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Hyper weight gain, macro sized, blob, immobile, minor mind changes

Read at your own discretion.



It was going to be a long time before Flora took friendly advice seriously again. Life was going hard as it was; what with nearly being killed in two separate countries in the span of a month. The boat ride in between had been less than a pleasure cruise in its own right. She was a tigress with some degree of limits. Finally reaching the mansion estate of her human boyfriend, Trace, should have been a much-needed rest period. Everyone could finally take a breather without fear of some faction continuing the streak of arson their lives have become accustomed to.

"You should come to the market with me. It can't be healthy to stay in a cavernous mansion all day long."

Such simple words from the naive Kathrin, a fellow feline Keidran. Neither of them could have known what agony and strife would surface from such an innocent suggestion. Sure, the mansion had enough supplies to feed an army under siege. It was more the act of being out among the local populace that appealed to their instincts. Walls were never a good home for those born in the wild.

An hour later Flora's pawed foot kicked open the mansion's front door amidst a frustrated roar. The striped fur on her back was standing on end leaving her in desperate need to unleash fury upon something. Sadly, her sleek thighs lacked enough muscle to knock the swinging plank of wood off its hinges. There still came a satisfying slam when it hit the inner wall, which echoed nicely off the mansion's deep acoustics. No doubt everyone else taking asylum in Trace's house had been alerted to the cat girls return.

The exception was the white wolf woman already waiting for them in the foyer. Rose had dressed herself up in the usual servant's attire; a fancy green dress with bright red hair tied up in a bun. Her analytical eyes were almost as scary as Flora's rage, watching the tigress stomp inside without so much as a tail flick of emotion.

"Welcome home, Ms. Flora, Ms. Kathrin. How was your...?" Rose gave up on pleasantries since Flora had stomped clear past her towards the kitchen by then.

Instead, attention shifted to the grey spotted Keidran following cautiously in the tiger's wake. "I take it there were some issues?"

"Nothing...relatively serious," Kathrin said while trying to juggle bags of produce filling her arms. "We ran into some wild tigers wanting the same loaf of bread. Things got a little heated."

"Oh dear." Rose said with the same stone tone. Her gaze drifted after Flora, but the tigress had already vanished behind a side door with her share of the load. "I take it they were making fun of her being a slave again."

"Actually, the alpha male called her too flat chested to be worth mating with."

There was a long pause as Rose slowly turned back to stare at Kathrin. The edge of her muzzle gave the slightest of twitches that might have been a smile, but that could have easily been anything. "Oh..."

"Yeah, Flora does not seem in a mood today. I thought she was going to take on all four of them at once."

"Luckily you both made it home with dinner safe and secure." Rose strode past Kathrin to close the front door properly. Soft clicks of her high heels dotted each graceful step. "Do keep me informed if she needs any assistance. We have a training gym and jacuzzi that might help her release some aggression."

"S-sure." Kathrin hurried after Flora, despite being curious why Trace would want a melee gym in his mansion. Pushing open the kitchen door with her hip, it was another surprise to find the room empty. The heavy bags her tigress friend helped carry home laid on the counter spilled to one side as apples fell out across the floor. "Flora?"

Despite being mid-afternoon, the drawn curtains left Trace's room black as midnight. The blue-haired man had no recollection why he liked researching things this way. Something about a dim candle lit atmosphere filled him with calming nostalgia. His hand remained steady as ever dipping his pen into the inkwell. Hours of painstaking rune copying were a few scratches away from being a completely new spell. Then came the fun part of...

WHAM!

"TRACE!?! I need you right...now. Oh, sorry, Trace."

Trace had literally been penning in the last line when a very agitated tiger woman decided to kick his door open. Seriously, those giant paws of hers made every punt lethal. It had even busted the lock latch.

"Um...hi, Flora." Trace could not put any emotion into greeting his fuzzy lover. His heart was busy trying to jump out of his ribcage, and the large black blotch staining his spell parchment was not reassuring. "W-what's wrong?"

"Nya!" In all fairness it did help Trace's mood when Flora leapt upon his face. Stripped arms wrapped around his shoulders in a loving hug while white furred breasts blocked out what little light the room. "Is my chest too flat to get married?"

"...what?" Given that his head was currently shoved into a tiger's soft mounds, it was reasonable Trace might have heard the question wrong.

Flora gripped her man's shoulders to pull him out of the heavenly embrace. Claws carefully dug into his shirt to make sure his gaze remained on the swell of her chest. "Be brutally honest with me, Trace; am I too small? I know it's not much compared to the others; Kat, Raine when she's a wolf, heck even Natani is so huge she's gotta enchant those bandages to hide them. Am I just little plums compared to typical Keidran?"

"Flora...you're..."

"If you even start implying it doesn't matter, I will nip you repeatedly!"

Trace's mouth shut so fast Flora could hear his teeth click. Striped orange tail fluffed slightly as it wagged against his legs patiently waiting for an answer. When no further efforts came from a suddenly horrified man, Flora released her grip with a dejected sigh. She left Trace to stare confused as she flopped across their double bed, anger washing away into defeated sadness.

"Uh, Flora?" Trace waited but the tigers behind gave little more than a tail wag in response. Mustering up some courage he moved from the desk to sit on the mattress beside her. "Dare I ask what this is about?"

Some gentle petting along the stripes of Flora's back helped elicit an answer. Unfortunately, she refused to lift her face off the pillow she had used to seek comfort.

"What was that?"

Flora twisted her head just enough so one eye and half her muzzle became visible through a veil of messy brown hair. "I said I want bigger boobs."

"Ooooh, okay," Trace said. He continued giving comforting pets as Flora resumed shoving her face fully into the pillow. Paws occasionally kicked at the edge of the mattress accompanied by muffled growls. And then the full meaning of her words registered to Trace, making him whip around to fully face her. "Why!?"

"I just...wanna know what it feels like," Flora said, propped up on her elbows to be heard. Getting to lay on her belly for back pets was always a soothing treat. She tried wiggling her hips at Trace, but the oblivious human failed to comprehend her invitation to stroke lower. "The whole time we were at the market everyone was drooling over Kat. I even tried flirting with a boy selling bananas, and he still gave her a bundle at discount."

While Trace felt a pang of resentment about the flirting, his mind wandering over what Flora was doing to flirt over bananas. "Well, uh, Kathrin's just kind of bred to look that way. You know that's all the result of perverted slavers."

"Still, you like the way she looks, right? She's all thick, and bouncy. Her tail swishes in that way that makes her butt jiggle very subtl-HAH! You are blushing!"

"Am not!" Trace looked away trying to maintain what dignity he could. "And no fair, I just said she was made to look thicker than wild Keidran."

"I'm not trying to accuse you of anything, sweetie. I just want to know what it'd feel like to be admired in that way." Flora's tail gave a hard swish across the human's face, drawing his attention back to her devious grin. "And you can't honestly say you wouldn't mind even bigger tiger mounds squished against your face."

Trace closed his jaw taking a hard gulp. "Flora, you always know how to make a solid argument. Besides, I may have a spell to give you exactly what you wish for."

"Wait, really!?" Flora's ears perked. Her body rolled into a sitting position to follow her boyfriend moving back to his desk.

By then the ink had fully dried on Trace's current scroll. Picking it up his eyes could still not help furrowing at the slight blotch Flora's entrance had caused him to make. It still roughly resembled the run he was going for, but with much thicker lines. That should still allow the spell stored within to work properly. Assuming his current innovative idea worked at all.

"It's a spell I've been working on for when we finally leave here for the tiger territories," he explained, turning to present the paper to an eager tigress. Of course, she lacked the magic training to understand the functions. Trace just hoped she would enjoy the intricate art skill that rune painting required. "You remember when that pixie got on Eric's ship and... made me...fluffy?"

Flora lips contracted stifling a giggle as she nodded. Everyone on that boat cruise had been visited by a little winged prankster, with Trace specifically made into a white tiger Keidran. Overall, one of their more enjoyable tribulations, at least by Flora's tastes.

"I've been working on finding the right series of runes to mimic some or all of the same magic it used to change everyone. Illusion magic might not be all that reliable if we run into any observant magic users."

Flora's eyes lit up as she began to guess where this was going. "So, you made a spell that can change us into anything?"

"Not...anything. Turns out causing a full physical transformation is a lot harder than I thought. I had to pull out a lot of my old research books just to get a good base. Still, this will allow us to change a lot about us; height, size, species, and yes, before you ask, our body types too."

"And you're planning to test this on me...right?"

While the tiger may have begun bouncing on the bed like an excited child, her last word was emphasized with a deep rumbling growl. Flora's special way, as a tiger Keidran, to let Trace know she was not making a request.

"Oh, uh, o-of course we're going to test it. I just need another hour to check my rune shapes or else the results could end up..."

"Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it!"

Trace mumbled in a flustered state. There was little point in arguing with the tigress by this point. The way Flora dropped to all fours wagging her tail in preparation for a hard pounce left him few escape options. "Okay, fine. How big do you want your...how big did you want to get?"

"As big as Kat. No! Twice as big! Hell, just make me huge, Trace." Flora stood on her feet spreading arms wide to make the best possible target. "Don't hold back for my feelings. Make me your bombshell fantasy girl."

Trace only gave an amused snort in response. That was probably the closest thing to reassurance he was going to get. Flipping the scroll back around, he held it out with one hand while the other began tracing along each rune in flashy gestures. Mana boiled up from the grand templars vast pool to manifest around his fingers as a glowing blue energy.

Somehow the dank bedroom found a way to get even darker. A sense of unease settled over the area making Flora's ears and tail drop slightly. She could see Trace already getting into the swing of spellcasting and unable to notice the sudden shift in atmosphere. Power flew from his hand onto the parchment with each wave increasingly basking them both in blue light as it became the rooms primary light source. The realization of just how much charging energy was about to come Flora's way made the tigress reconsider this idea.

All Trace could think about was the beauty before him; how the love of his life was going to look with thick, fatty curves. Now that he had permission, the young man's mind could not help diving into the extremes. Making Flora's breasts so big they hung down to her belly was both tempting and hilarious to imagine. Or even better, he could expand her rear so thick and soft it could not get out the bedroom door. These had to have been thoughts influenced by his past with Nora, that pervy dragon. Stacking Flora in one area to ridiculous proportions seemed a bit shortsighted. Might as well just fill out all of Flora for a more balanced appearance.

WHAM!

"Master Trace! Whatever dark magic you're using don't..."

Why can't anyone just open a door? Right when Trace was about to carefully pass his hand over the smudged rune Rose pick that moment to shoulder tackle her way in like it was even locked. The wolf had a look of absolute panic with her hair bun slightly undone in an apparent desperate dash to get here. Her expression suddenly became appropriate watch a startled Trace run his magic-infused hand over the entire last line of runs in one motion.

The scroll began to brighten until the paper itself was a solid blue color, but Flora was not watching that. She had turned with an angry huff at Rose with hands on her hips.

"Get out of here! Can't you see that we're in the middle of-NYAAAH!!!"

There was nothing Trace could do to stop the scroll from completing its cast. It erupted into a giant ball of burning flame that sent a torrent of heat slamming into Flora's back. Eyes rolled into the back of the tiger's head overwhelmed by the powerful warmth.

By the time Rose realized what was happening she was equally doomed. More than enough excessive magic force flowed around Flora's petite body into a wave barreling down on the wolf. Her arms raised into a reflexive shield, which did nothing to prevent the spell from burning through her dress and enter her body.

What remained of Trace's spell seeped out the open door behind Rose. Without an immediate victim to impose its will upon the energy dispersed back into the ether it came from. Light faded back to its previously dank atmosphere, creating an odd feeling of foreboding normality.

"And what the heck was that, Trace!?" Flora whirled around still grumpy like the last five seconds had not happened. "I was totally not ready for tha...aaahh Haah!?"

A cold chill ran down Flora's back making her tail give a hard snap. She let out a long, low mew pressing her legs together in an awkward wiggle dance. Once it passed her eyes and hands shot swiftly to her chest. Palms slowly stroked over the mounds under her creamy white fur. Her heavy breaths caused them to bounce fiercely to the rapid expansion and contraction of her lungs.

"Flora, are you all..." Trace started to ask, but a panicked whine behind Flora caused him to lean curiously to look past her.

Rose was busy doing her own awkward little dance. Only this one seemed a lot more focused on shaking her fluffy wolf tail. Glasses slipped from her muzzle as she looked to be fiercely trying to shake out a cramp. It only stopped when Trace managed to catch her eye. The wolf gulped, silently pleading for an explanation while hands moved to grip her rear.

"Nya!"

Trace did not have to worry about breaking his currently flustered state. The situation began to explain itself within a few seconds regardless of what he did.

"Aaah! Ah ah aw yes!" Flora squeezed her chest with an elated yowl. Soon as she relaxed her grip both hands were thrown aside in an explosive growth. White furred mounds billowed out in an outpouring of rich fat. Her striped tail thrashed wildly enjoying the feeling of flesh squishing through fingers and bulging around her palms as they already surpassed Kathrin in size. "Holy crap, Trace! It's working!"

"W-what kind of black magic is this!?" Rose shifted her weight between high heels in a panic. No amount of pushing could stop her derriere from puffing out the back of her dress. A loud pop made her wince as hips surged wider to accommodate the extra plump. Fabric quickly stretched tight around the wolfs enlarging pelvis, drawing her dresses hem like a curtain unveiling furry legs. It was clear through the decreasing slack in the skirt that her legs were getting thicker as well.

"Only the best kind of magic possible," Flora said through her deep purrs. She gave off another loud mew, shaking her booty as it began to enlarge. Fat piled onto her perfect places for the makings a breeding figure slavers would sell their souls for. Getting to feel the jiggle of thick mass in her butt only made her want to shake it harder. Hips shot out of her sides into a deep hourglass curve. Her breasts had already ballooned a roundness beyond cannon balls, but that did not stop her from trying to stroke as much of their surface as possible. "Aw man, I can already see you drooling Trace. No man alive is going to be able to take their eyes off me."

She was not wrong. Rose's muzzle hung open dumbstruck at Flora's thickening frame bouncing with newly gained fat. The stripes of their bloating thighs were stretching thin, but the wolf had growing problems of her own. A tingling heat washed over her chest, preceding a sudden pressure that made Rose choke back a gasp. She

could only watch helpless as the creases in her blouse smoothed out over her inflating breasts.

Continuous outpouring of fat made the wolf's teats creep steadily out in front of her, gaining an increasingly rounder shape. Unfortunately, it also put a hefty pressure on Rose's rib cage. Like most things in Trace's mansion, this dress she wore was made of high-quality materials, and bolstered with magic to aid in her duties. It was not going to break easily even as her figure began to resemble a very wide hourglass.

This was quickly becoming one of the most embarrassing things since becoming Trace's sole housekeeper. Why then was Rose feeling her cheeks flush? Each heavy breath was coming out so heated that wisps of vapor seeped around her nose. The gold buttons of her blouse were stretching puckered as her breasts began to surpass ripe autumn pumpkins. Large bulges of furry boobs were all too eager to pop out the gaps making the knobs vibrate. Her hands moved up intending to undo them but ended up setting her palms atop her bloating mounds. Having fabric rub so harshly over her tender rear and chest as they grew made them so tender the simple contact had the wolf biting her lip to muffle a pleased groan.

The only thing better was the rush of relief when Rose's garments began to finally fail. Buttons shot off her blouse in a light rain across a stunned Trace. White furred tits poured out in their newfound freedom to blanket much of her ribcage. Trace could swear he heard the sloshing from milk inside them. And still they continued to grow, further sagging down her torso. It was like they felt a need to catch up with Flora, who was having a similar experience with her rapidly expanding ass.

It was not long before both girls had grown beyond even the horniest of men's term for 'voluptuous.' The sight inflating before an astonished Trace's eyes was more akin to hyper caricatures. Breasts swelled so massive that the round globs hung bigger than flour sacks. Flora and Rose's torsos were virtually blocked from a frontal view as they shifted about in heated arousal. Areolas the size of small shields had risen out of the stretched fur glisten moisture off the candlelight due to their overabundant milk supply.

Rose attempted to clamp at her leaking nipples, but the reach around was making it near impossible. The plush give of her bust only allowed for brief pinches that tugged on the swollen nibs, sending a jolt through her tail. The wolf bit her lip to stifle the moans. A rush of sensual overload allowed for a different kind of magic to gloss over Rose's green eyes. What remained of her dignified demeanor and calculating stare

faded with each unwitting stroke of the tender flesh. Efforts gradually shifted less about trying to push the growth down and more trying to milk out the pressure. Her muzzle fell open in a deep sigh, tongue plopping out one side in a dreamy distance gaze.

Flora's attention was more split; one hand trying to heft a boob that poured around her palm like jelly, while the other hand squeezed or slapped at her copious backside. Down south both Keidrans hips stretched to a span of several feet. Their butts hefted into a spacious, jiggling shelf Trace could eat food on. Somehow the material in Rose's skirt was able to stretched around this girth. Granted the hem had lifted to the point her chunky legs could be seen rubbing anxiously together barely keeping her crotch concealed. Forget childbearing, these girls looked ready to bear an army.

It was clear Flora's inhibitions had clocked out almost as soon as the spell started working. The fattening of her thighs forced a wider stance, but did not stop her awkward shuffling that might have been interpreted as a provocative dance. She was constantly looking between her own floor-blocking curves to Trace for approval. Judging by the human's nose bleed everything was working exactly as intended.

That might have just been a subjective opinion from two bloated females drunk on the stimulation of their own expansion. Saying that a spell generating such fruitful results was surprising would be a drastic understatement. Trace had intended it to only affect one person at a time. Even then the transformations were supposed to be influenced by the will of the subject. Seeing Rose hike her skirt up to give her booty a slap with both hands broke the humans lust trance. It seemed unlikely his uptight, serious business, servant would come rushing in with a wanton desire for mountainous knockers.

"Nya!?" The resounding clap of fatty flesh resounded across the room, drawing attention from the equally thickened Flora. Ears perked as she whirled to face the wolf, their eyes meeting in wide bewilderment. It was almost like two kids meeting each other for the first time.

But then Trace saw their gazes drift over each other's expanding curves and felt a lump in his stomach.

"Oh my gosh, Rose! When did you..." Flora waddled on over, legs so fat her steps were short and rapid as they rubbed together. Her hands drifted to rest upon the wolf's bosom, causing Rose to give a hard shudder. "When did you get so hot!?"

"M-me? You..." Rose gasped in labored breaths. Her head shook lightly as if trying to clear a fog, but whatever good it helped only seemed to last a few seconds. Another light squeeze from Flora's plush hand-paws on her engorged nipples washed away confusion for a horny grin. The wolf quickly reached around to return the favor with some gentle hip scratches. "You look absolutely tasty. When did you become such a prime cut of meat?"

"Just now with Trace's spell, silly. Same as you."

"...oh yeah!"

They let out a bubbly giggle so synchronized it might have been practiced. The Keidran pressed closer together causing their Mammarys squish and flow around each other. Somehow, they managed to close the gap enough to connect their muzzles. Hands continued to squeeze and stroke the wide girth of their bodies as they kissed. Tongues lashed out to get eager tastes of sweet muzzle lips briefly connected their noses with strands of drool.

No doubt about it; that was hot as hell. More importantly Trace had a clear reason to worry about the girl's mental state. He rushed back to the desk fumbling through textbooks for the rune translations. A constant barrage of sloppy kisses and animal moans tugged at his concentration, but it was quick work confirming what he already suspected. That one rune he had accidently blotched had been altered just enough that its arcane purpose changed with it. Instead of directing a physical transformation based on the subject's wants, the spell imposed the desires of the caster.

Trace blushed sheepishly recalling his daydreams of Keidran in love with being soft and massive before casting this disaster.

"Mmph! I... I love you so much, Flora, you fat sack of lard!"

Turning back Trace realized the whole scope of his mistakes seconds before they unfurled before his eyes. Rose was pushing hard against Flora with a ravenous desire for the tiger's massive breasts. Flora hugged the wolf's head close to reciprocate with a barrage of loving licks and kisses, long for the wolf to stroke every inch of her extended stripes. Figures the spell would work on a physical and mental level. No wonder they were starting to get enthralled by each other's curves.

Almost made the poor templar feel left out of something.

"Who you calling fat, you smoking hot wolf blimp!" Flora said with a deep purr. She seemed to be confused about something as well. Glossy doe eyes moved ever so slightly in traces direction, but blinked back to Rose with a knowing grin. The pads of her hands squished Rose's cheeks teasingly to force a puffy wolf's face. "You're the biggest blob mate a girl like me could ask for."

Come to think of it, Trace thought both their faces were looking a bit full. Their neck width was making their heads look a bit small and fur bulged under their chins when they talked.

"Oh, no," Trace said in a shocked whisper. Fun fact about magic he was reminded of constantly; the hubris of the spell was one of the most deciding factors of the execution.

Given their lower bodies were already wide enough to fill a couch, with each breast weighing in more than a grown person, it was hard to notice at first. Fortunately, loud tears from what remained of Rose's dress made a good warning sign. Large gashes formed along her broadening back and shoulders, showing off thick fur that bulged out and sagged over itself down to her hips. Sleeves shredded under the pressure of bulking ham biceps allowing the dress to slip off the wolves fattening form completely.

Flora was not far behind. Pounds flowed into her by the second, popping a slim waist out under several love handles. The striped tiger tail looked like a blade of grass twitching atop a rear that cast a deep shadow in its rise towards the ceiling. Elbows became deep pits in arms so thick they sagged excess fat on her wrists. The same could be seen of their poor paws as shins engulfing the arched heels with their swelling. It did not stop Flora from trying to squeeze and grope every inch of Rose's bubbling

round pudge. Even her fingers were plumping up into thick sausages giving her spontaneous wolf mate a hug.

"BWARP!"

The girls let out a belch that set their blubber jiggling. Before they recover a loud gurgle sounded from deep within. Without even moving, their breasts lifted up and then spilled apart to make way for the rapid inflation of some really round bellies. Their thick guts slapped together in an explosive surge that pushed both Keidran off their weakening paws. Marshmallow butts slammed into the floor causing the whole room, maybe even the mansion, to shake violently. Books and collectibles crashed off the shelves while Trace's desk tipped over. Trace himself had to grapple a bed post to remain standing.

"OOOF! Oh gosh, I'm sorry." Rose barked sheepishly upon landing. The impact shook her bun loose, spilling red hair locks across her shoulders and eyes. She hardly noticed this gazing through the gaps at a snowy abdomen spilling out across the floor beneath her boobs. Its bottom pushed her stumpy legs wide apart with a continuously swelling amount of fat. Her belly button became so deep it could probably hold an apple or two. Any sense of embarrassment snuffed out for good while Rose tried to grope her gorgeous belly with the limited reach of her bulbous hands.

"Mmph! Nya!" Another grunt came from Flora as the tigress' stomach oozed across the floor to collide with Rose's again. Trace's former lithe girlfriend had gorged on an even bigger growth spurt. Her wide butt had become the only thing keeping her legs from being smothered in sagging love handles. Even sitting down, she had a good three-foot height advantage on the thick wolf, and much more of that in girth. "O-oh...haah. Don't apologize my love. This...this is so goooood! You look so soft and squishy too. We're going to be the biggest Keidran to ever live."

"Arf! And you get to be the biggest butterball of them all?"

"You know it, girlfriend!"

Both raised their arm doing some sort of strained rocking like motion. If Trace had to venture a guess, they might have been trying to do a high five. A feat rather

impossible even without the stomachs jutting out eight feet in front of them. Flora had tried to wiggle and bend her knees only to find the joints barely bendable around all the mounting fat. Their paws and hands were little more than nubs partially sunken into the logs of fat their limbs had become.

They continued to banter about how each of them was becoming beautiful the more fat thickened out certain areas. Tails were almost non-existent flags atop ship-sized butts pressing into opposite walls. Trace's room began to quiver as stripped hips overturned his bed, while white lupin flanks crushed his desk. Their poor human master began to worry about a wide variety of things; least of all how big these ladies were planning to get. Being entranced with the desire to love huge and fat bodies was pretty vague. "Damn magic hubris!"

"Huff!" Flora grunted. The sudden weight of a tiny blue-haired human climbing over her tits jerked some clarity into her thoughts. Their eyes locked for a moment teasing Trace with a flicker of recognition. Any hope promptly departed when the tiger's eyes glazed over with an amused reaction to the human sinking into her rolling fat. "Hey look, hun. This poor human looks positively starving, he's so skinny. Kind of reminds me of my old boyfriend...Terri, was it?"

"Don't know. Don't care." Rose leaned over the rise of her boobs licking her lips hungrily at Trace. "Human's ain't good for nothing anyway. Not when you got a waterbed like me to snuggle with."

"Nya! You know it's the only reason I keep you around, fatso." Trace was suddenly pushed aside by the hulking length of Flora's arm. "Go on! Shoo! Bother some skinny human."

While the exchange was fairly heartbreaking, Trace did manage to land face first on the opposite side of the girls combined mass. He would have to take time to consider helping fix their mental state later. All the rooms furniture creaked and snapped under the pressure of expanding fat seeping into any remaining open space it could reach. There was just enough time to snatch up what research books he could before flinging the door open to escape.

"T-Trace!?"

"...what the holy hell is going on in there?!"

What were the odds two more unsuspecting girls would have just reached his chamber door wanting to check on what was making all the walls and floorboards creek. Kathrin the snow leopard had returned with a silver haired human named Raine by her side. The latter of which still had her fist raised poised to knock on the previously closed door. Seeing a panicked, disheveled Trace fling the door open was not nearly as surprising as the pulsing walls of furry flesh creeping in inches behind him.

"Is...is that Flora!? And Miss Rose!?" Kathrin peered over the human's shoulder, barely catching the nubs of paw-toes poking out under the inflating folds of fat.

Trace responded by tackling both girls against the far wall of the hallway. That was more a fault of Rose's snowy belly, or maybe thigh, shoving him out with her endless expansion. A loud crack made all three promptly forget the rude human's action. They whirled around to gawk at a wall of white fur bulging out the door frame. The door itself had been jettisoned across the floor with a harsh snapping of its hinges. As the seconds ticked by a general groan sounded from the wall itself. Loud snaps formed spider webs of cracks in the wall painting around the door, spreading out to encompass a large section of the hallway facing Trace's room.

"So yeah, I might have miscast a spell," Trace explained, turning with surprising composure to his other house guests. "I don't want to alarm either of you, but could you help me evacuate the mansion like our lives depend on it?"

Daylight had just rolled over to four in the afternoon when Nora was awoken from her lazy slumber. The great white dragon had assumed the form of a typical white housecat in her fruitless efforts of espionage. That and free treats from the local town's child population. A daughter of the bakers especially knew how to give a mean tummy rub.

Loud snaps and crashes were echoing all across the streets causing many people to stop their daily activities trying to find the source. Like most people Nora's first instinct was to look up not finding a cloud in the sky. Rolling onto all fours the faux cat hopped between window sills onto the rooftops for a better vantage point.

A hard rock hit the bottom of Nora's stomach as she followed the sounds toward the direction of Trace's mansion. Not that there was much of a mansion left for her to be concerned about. Most of the rich real estate was nothing more than a cloud of thick dust surrounding two strange hills; one covered in snow, the other a strange orange and black stripes foliage.

No...it could not be possible.

The cat's eyes glowed a bright golden light, improving her vision several hundred-fold. They were hard to find, but Nora managed to locate the faces of Flora and the servant wolf. Rose was probably the name Trace mentioned once upon a time. Most of their heads were just sunk in a sea of fatty double chins and shoulders. Even a dragon was having a hard time figuring out where their bodies were under all that slush. And they were still growing if the ring of dirt upturning around their bases was any indication.

Nora considered her options for a second before letting out a very un-feline sigh. The tiny body rippled like water before rapidly evaporating into a cloud of dense mist. Wisps of steam promptly shot off in the direction of Trace's demolished home fighting air currents with ease.

She had not intended direct contact with Trace or his friends anytime soon. However, seeing two of them overwhelmingly obese warranted some degree of investigation.

Copyright © Desmond Fallout

All rights reserved.

Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/desmondfallout>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>

<https://twitter.com/DesmondFallout>



SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

A special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon and DeviantArt:

Moresmallerbear

RottenDingo

Axel Stephan

Aneru

Nathaniel Windcaster

Meepes

Redbow

Forvet

Xilimyth Senuva

Scott Collier

Max O-Zuma