

The bell over the door jingled merrily and in out of the rain stepped two hungry-looking boys. Just a few moments ago, a rainstorm had abruptly dumped on them, soaking their hoodies and jackets, and they ran inside the nearest building for shelter. Right behind them, the glass door to the diner shimmered and splattered with pelting raindrops across its surface. Looks like they'd have to wait the storm out.

The red wolf and German shepherd heard the sound of fabric rhythmically scraping together behind them and turned around. On the far end of the diner, behind the granite-topped ordering counter, a *voluptuous* wolfess was making her way to the front. She had brownish fur and dark, shoulder-length hair put up in a messy bun, and motherly green eyes that pierced through them even from a distance. They also noticed – incidentally and certainly not because their eyes were drawn towards the opened blouse buttons going down behind her green apron – that she was endowed with an utterly prodigious bust, bare cleavage jiggling with each step as the obese wolfess made her way to the counter. She paused at it, huffing from effort, and reached up to tap a painted claw at her plump cheek.

“Gracious me,” she said, her voice as thick and sweet as honey as she looked them both over, “not one but two lovely gentlemen come to see Mama today. Come closer, boys, let me have a look at you. And take off those wet things, you won't be catching a cold on my watch!”

Delta glanced over at the red wolf beside him, noticing that JT was equally wide-eyed and tail-wagging. “Should we?” the shepherd asked, though his heart already told him what to do.

“I'm not telling her no,” JT replied, pulling off his hoodie and leaving it on the rack beside him. Delta did the same with his wet jacket, and together they headed up to the counter while the hugely-heavy wolfess walked around to greet them. She was heavier than both of them put together, with room for a third to spare, probably. A black, brown, and white tail wiggled playfully behind her as she reached out two paws to her guests, holding their chins and watching a red glow erupt across their faces.

“Now these are some *handsome* boys,” she cooed, offering them both a smile. She gave JT a wink. “A beautiful coat on you; very dashing.” Then the fat wolfess ran a paw under Delta's chin. “And a little heart-breaker over here – I'll have to tell the girls to keep a close eye on you. Now, then, have a seat, both of you. And relax, you're both acting like I'm fragile! Mama doesn't care if she gets bumped into. Comes with the territory, haha!”

The huge wolfess took them by the shoulders and guided them into chairs at the closest table to the counter. She stood behind JT, who could feel her chest pressing into the back of his head and her paws weighing heavily on his shoulders, and he looked forward towards Delta as the shepherd's eyes traced the woman's huge outline all the way around his friend.

“Girls, bring these boys some food!” the wolfess called to the kitchen. “I know you're up to something back there.”

There was noise from the kitchen, and Delta tried twisting around to see what was going on. From the back, he was able to see two more figures beginning to approach the counter. They were both almost as fat as Mama, equally rotund and heavy and hugely buxom under their uniforms. A fox with black and gray fur carried out a platter with six out of eight slices of a gloriously-thick apple pie, licking her muzzle clean of crumbs. Beside her, a cougar and the smallest of the three (if only barely), finished off her own piece, offering a sheepish smile.

“Just taking a little break, Mama,” the cat explained.

The wolfess reached over and brushed crumbs off the cat's muzzle. They landed on the straining front of her shirt and stayed there because her breast shelf was nearly horizontal. “You'll get fat eating like that, girls,” she teased. Then she pat JT's shoulder and pointed at Delta. “Now, treat these handsome gentlemen to dinner while they wait out the rain. They're not getting back out that door unless their bellies barely fit and there's a doggy bag in each paw.”

As the fox set down the pie between them and flashed a bright smile, the two canines gulped.

The scale said 385 pounds, though that was admittedly with still-wet fur. It did not include most of her tail, however, which was laying like some kind of drenched rug on the tile behind her. The vixen looked down at the flashing numbers on the scale, barely visible between the hefty roundness of her white-furred breasts. It only took her a year to balloon from a slender 150 pounds to this.

Cerine pawed her pudgy belly, giving it a lift and a curious bounce with her palms and fingers. The steadily-growing mound of jelly on her waist rippled and jiggled, the motion flowing outwards to the rest of her thick, curvy frame. Her belly wasn't even *that* big, not compared to her hips and thighs, which were now each thicker than her waist used to be! But overall the fox was carrying her weight fairly evenly across her figure, from her full middle to her larger breasts to her thick arms.

As Cerine wondered what the future might hold, ghostly paws began to emerge from the bathroom walls. They'd let her have a little privacy on the scale, but now that the numbers had disappeared, they swooped in to help dry and brush the freshly-showered fox. Cerine raised her arms and let them at it, now well-used to the occult pampering. Two paws grabbed towels and dried her coat while the rest went to work on her tail, wringing out the excess water and brushing away the tangles. In only a few moments, she was nice and dry and ridiculously fluffy, her arctic fox side showing through her plomped-out winter coat. And then, as "payment" for the service, the paws each brought her a pre-dinner cookie to eat. Chocolate chip; her favorite. Cerine gobbled all eight of them and licked her muzzle. This was why she was fat now.

The fox threw on some comfy clothes – or more accurately, squeezed into them. Her cotton shorts and soft bra sank into her plush fur by an inch each, their snugness also squishing her tubby blubber outwards around them, too. Dressed enough, she stepped through the master bedroom and out into the hall, heading down the stairs to find her wolfess.

Megan was waiting for her on the couch, tablet in her paws and braced atop her big belly. She was also nicely obese, wearing a white top and dark shorts that struggled to contain the midnight wolf's figure. She didn't notice Cerine coming, too busy scribbling something into the margin of the spreadsheet she was working on to hear the sound of thigh fur brushing back and forth from her almost 400 pound wife. Cerine leaned over the couch and grabbed the tablet, pulling it out of the wolfess's paws.

"No more working," she said, putting the tablet aside. "It's our anniversary."

"Okay, okay," the wolfess replied, leaning back and smiling wide at the fox. Her golden eyes sparkled with love. She reached back and took Cerine's paw, pressing her thumb on the gold ring on her finger. "I now find myself wide open for snuggling."

Cerine stepped around the couch and sat as close to her wolfess as she could. Months ago, they could cozy up very close and cuddly. Now they had quite a lot of fat in the way, and happily settled for leaning over one another to kiss. Cerine snuggled her head in under the wolfess's muzzle, feeling her fat body pressed warmly against Megan's as the wolf teased her plush coat.

"Do you remember," Megan teased, grabbing her wife's love handle and kneading it, "our first date?"

"Mmhmm," Cerine replied.

"I told you I was moving, and I thought you were just going to withdraw, but you grabbed my paw. And we went to that place down the street." Megan laughed. "And you still had your stupid little diner uniform on, it was so awkward."

"Please don't remind me."

"Sourpuss," Megan said, kissing the fox's muzzle. "You've still got it, right? That uniform. Can you wear it for me tonight?"

"There is no way it's going to fit..."

"I know," the wolfess told her, grabbing pawfuls of pink fur and pulling her in tighter. She looked up as a cloud of ghostly paws brought over platters of food, ready to help make their anniversary memorable. "Get up, love, dinner's ready..."

The space station was clean and bright, a far distant sight from the typical places where Nova usually found herself on the frontier. And it was crowded. And, for once, no one seemed to pay her much mind at all – unless they got a close look at her eyes, which had white irises and green sclera, at which point most people understandably got a little distressed.

Nova pulled her flight jacket tighter and fidgeted with the xeno-tech bracelet digging in around her purple and mint fur. It hung against her paw like a reassuring weight, but she couldn't stop messing with it. After her last bounty, the device had suffered a direct hit from a blaster bolt, scarring some of the bizarre metal and making it malfunction. It wasn't able to produce her power armor and cannon as quickly as she needed it to. So she found herself here, on a research and transit station in deep space, orbiting weirdly close to a large, silver-blue star. As she walked down a clean, white, and clinical hallway, signage on the wall read out the station's name:

The Astral Research Orbital Station – how direct – or AROS.

The common areas on the station reminded her of happier times in her life, with people milling about, eating food, and watching the holographic centerpiece in the middle of the plaza as it displayed a digital aquarium teeming with alien fish. This small slice of this small world unto itself felt like a city, and Nova found herself peering down corridors lined with various stores and workshops catering to the needs of travelers and specialized lifeforms alike. It only took her a little wandering to find a shop dedicated to machinery and robotics, a storefront with display cases and holographic brochures advertising the latest models of robotic arms, legs, tails, and facial plates. Nova looked them over. The offerings all looked somewhat... snake-like. Clean and slick. Not like the alien bracelet fused to her. But maybe they could figure out what was wrong with it, anyways.

There was one of the snake-ish robots in the store, seemingly idle as it stood in front of a projected hologram of another one of its kind, a male-presenting one with a much, much bulkier physique intended for heavy physical labor. *Very* heavy labor. In front of it, floating text instructed the user to download the MacroAlpha Peak Series construction pattern. The robot wasn't paying her any mind, but Nova couldn't find anyone else in the store to address, so she walked up to the robot and cleared her throat.

“Um... machine? I need to-”

The robot abruptly staggered backwards in surprise. “I am not interested in a purchase!” she squealed, a feminine voice clipping hard against the upper range of her speakers. Holographic sweat drops manifested in pixelated form around her face plate. “I was merely admiring the... new body models...” The robot turned and looked down at the canine figure beside her. “Oh, I am sorry! You do not work here.”

“Do you?” Nova asked, confused. She definitely wasn't acting like a simple robot.

“No, I am purchasing an upgraded arm with better tactile receptors,” she explained. The pink-eyed robot looked closer at Nova, leaning down to be closer to her level. “Your vitals are very strange. Did you know you have a triple heartbeat?”

Nova's strange eyes widened and she leaned back in surprise. “I- uh, no? What does that mean?”

“Your pulse has three beats to it. Most creatures with a biological heart only have two. How strange. I cannot find any matches for your species in my records. What are you?”

“I actually don't know,” Nova replied, frowning her brow.

“Really?!” The robot stood bolt upright, practically giddy. A holographic light bulb appeared in pixels over her head. “Please, come with me to the medical wing. I would like to scan in your information for research, and we may find some connections in the station database.”

Nova was immediately interested, and it showed in her body language – which the robot immediately picked up, taking her by the paw. But the transformed woman looked back at the robotics around her in the store. “But I need to fix my tech-”

“Not to worry,” the robot explained, “I have already sent a message to the owner with all the information. In the meantime, we can discover what you are!”

The air was starting to thin up here, and a strong breeze blew sideways, battering their flank and forcing them to stop halfway through their climb. Fortunately, they were blessed with an infinite supply of handholds to grasp, if nothing else. The wind whistled through the fields of wolf fur spreading out in every direction from the lioness. The strands of fur were almost as tall as she was, and once the wind calmed, she braced her feet again and began to grasp pawfuls of thick fur and continue her climb.

She was no stranger to this kind of work. It showed on her bare arms and the thighs beneath her shorts – toned muscles flexing and bulging through her tawny fur. Climbing macros was hard work, since it all but necessitated free-hand scaling. No driving pitons into people's sensitive skin. And there was a lot to climb. The lioness was midway up the waist, about halfway to her goal. The wolf was sitting down, and she'd gotten to start at the hips instead of the toes.

A full climb from toes to neck was a feat.

Someone asked her once if she could just skydive onto them. In theory, yes. But it was tough. Aiming to land on a suitable place on a macro was difficult, and then she'd have all her harnesses and the parachute weighing her down. Getting caught mid-air was a liability issue, too. Better, in her mind, to just get a running jump, grab some ankle fur, and start climbing.

Up she went, feeling the burn in her biceps and quads as she shimmied around to the wolf's back to get around his shoulder. She could feel his muscles trembling and shaking in anxiety. Not from her climb, but just in general. The wolf had tucked himself into a snug little ball, hiding his face under his arms.

The lioness just had a few more feet to go. The fur was getting thicker here, around the wolf's mantle, which was both good and bad. It was harder for her to reach anything solid with her feet, and thick strands of hair could shift easily between her toes. So she put her all into her arms, and climbed her way up onto the wolf's shoulder. She paused for a bit, sitting down right beside the wolf's gray jaw fur. All around her, the world spanned out in every directions. They were still below the clouds, but only because the wolf was sitting down.

She looked up at the wolf. "Hey, friend!" she called. "Can you hear me?"

There was a subtle flick of the ear, but no other response. He probably heard her, but he was a little busy on the inside. She'd try to get his attention more gently.

Standing up again, she made her way along the wolf's arm, treading through thick fur that shortened as she passed the elbow and balanced along his forearm. She hopped onto the back of his paw where his arms crossed together, sitting atop his knees. His muzzle was tucked tight down between his legs and under his arms, so his forehead was pressed against the arm in front of her. The lioness walked forward and extended a paw, sinking it down through his fur to gently rub his head. She kept petting, brushing her fingers in long, soothing motions.

Slowly, the wolf shifted his muscles, and the landscape underneath the lioness began to tremble. She dug in tight with her toe claws and pinched some fur between her paw and thumb. "Hello again, friend," she called, raising her voice more since she wasn't near his ears. "You're alright, big guy. Help's here."

The wolf moved slightly. His ears perked, and he pulled back his head without moving his arms too much. Two red, watery eyes emerged from underneath his arms, and he nearly crossed them to peer at the tiny lioness on his arms. He sniffed, the sound like a roar in her ears. "I'm sorry... I didn't want to squish anybody..."

The lioness just shook her head. She helped him raise his head up enough so that she could get her arms around the end of his muzzle and hug him tight. "You didn't squish anybody, big guy. It's alright. You stopped yourself just in time. They sent me up to tell you that."

The wolf exhaled, his breath blowing around the lioness as she clung to his whiskers. He raised one paw up to brace her with the back of it and hold her in place. "You climbed all the way up me? How did you do that?"

"Well," she replied, giving him a wink and a playful grin, "I am a mountain lion."

“Well, I do always need test subjects,” the vixen replied, scribbling on her clipboard. “What are you interested in?”

Tresca sat on the couch down in the basement with her paws tucked tight between her knees. It was a little weird, coming into a stranger's house and then into an underground lab, even if it was pretty home-y. The coyote glanced around, admiring the shelves of alchemical ingredients behind Cerine and the bookshelves in the corner. There was a nice sitting area on one side, where she found herself, sitting on a slightly dated couch that had clearly been used to rest heavier figures a few too many times. She had on a thick, black hoodie and blue jeans, all loose enough to completely hide her figure. Super-thick brown and tan fur spilled from her neck and over the collar of her hoodie, implying a lot of the volume underneath was just fluff.

But she hadn't figured out what she actually wanted. She read an ad to be a potion tester for the local alchemist, and thought it would be exciting. Getting asked what to test was a surprise, and her mind was blanking. She looked at Cerine, standing next to the couch. The pink fox was... big. She had hips, for sure, but mostly she was *boobs*. Her chest was jaw-droppingly huge, stretching a blue t-shirt to its limit. The vixen looked up from her clipboard and nudged her glasses up her muzzle.

“Do you want some?” she asked nonchalantly, tapping the butt of her pen on her boobs. “They're heavy.”

Tresca folded her ears back, blushing bright as the fox caught her staring. “Y-yeah, sure,” she replied, trying to smile, “I don't mind heavy...”

“Well, good,” Cerine told her, writing down a few more things on the clipboard. She pat her stomach, just underneath her bust. “How about a nice shelf to rest them on, too?”

“Yes, please,” Tresca breathed, following the fox's paw to her middle. “And some, um... general bigness?”

“You got it,” Cerine said, a smirk working its way across her muzzle. “I've got some ingredients I can test out...”

Tresca watched curiously as the fox collected some herbs and other odds and ends from her storage and then walked over to the lab, mixing them together in a grinder and pouring the resulting dust into a jar with some silvery liquid. Once it was all mixed together, she chipped of a piece of golden crystal from a mass of it on her desk and dropped the sliver into the mixture. Immediately, the cloudy liquid cleared, becoming a fluorescent green. Cerine walked over with the beaker and held it out to Tresca with two fingers.

The coyote took it, licked her muzzle, and tipped the beaker back as she gulped every drop down. She barely had a moment to enjoy the taste before she began to feel the effects kick in, tingling around her chest and then her stomach. Tresca dropped the beaker into Cerine's paw and looked down, watching the front of her hoodie begin to *expand* right in front of her eyes. There was a thick layer of fur padding between her shirt and her skin, but still, as she filled her clothes, she could feel the tightness and stretch of fabric pulling across her body.

A strip of pudgy belly swelled out from beneath her hoodie, beginning to fill her lap as her breasts dragged her hoodie and shirt upwards. Cerine was right about the breasts being heavy. As they grew bigger than her head, Tresca could feel them weighing down on her belly. She wrapped her arms around her ballooning bust, hugging the soft melons against her ribs as they expanded around her paws and wrists. Her hips were thickening, too, and her thighs were becoming a comfortable rest for her belly as she sat. The basement soon filled with the sound of denim seams splitting along her sides, and thick coyote fur escaping through the tears.

Cerine sat down beside Tresca, tilting her head and looking her over. The coyote glanced in her direction, blushing hard and still hugging her heavier frame as she got fatter and bustier.

“You know, that was a good choice,” the fox teased, giving her a gentle poke at the side of her belly. “This really suits you.”

Tresca's entire face burned bright red, and behind her wider hindquarters her tail wagged.