

Obviously, none of this could possibly take place without Toma catching wind of it, and while he was initially reluctant to accept that his wife had suddenly become some kind of gluttony monster, a quick scan of the area via orbital monitoring revealed that his underlings hadn't actually lied to him, leaving the jackal feeling slightly concerned about things going forward... especially after the husky began to chow down on the many baskets of fruit delivered to her and grew even bigger than before, spared from immobilization purely because she used her shapeshifting powers to divert most of the extra mass towards her rump, leaving her with a frankly *colossal* rear that refused to stop jiggling no matter how much she held still. When Lady Everest got up, however, announcing that she was going out for a walk and wouldn't be back for a few hours, that's when Toma had to do something; practically panicking, he ordered a pod be prepared for him so he could head to the planet's surface, hoping to get there before anything irreversible happened. Unfortunately for him, the contamination had spread far and wide, doubly so once some of the addictive treats were beamed up to the station itself and it turned out that the "tastings" had spread like wildfire, leaving the jackal stuck in orbit with a bunch of increasingly-useless blobs, forcing him to prepare the launch sequence himself, and giving Lady Everest just enough time to get away from near the command bunker; that this was most likely a deliberate attempt on her part to sabotage his attempts at reining her in didn't escape Toma, and if it weren't for how brilliant of a masterstroke it had been, the jackal might just have been mad about it. Instead, he simply scowled for a bit before focusing on getting his transport ready, all while the husky giant herself made her way towards the mountains where the orchards lay. With no one to stop her, and indeed no one *capable* of stopping her, the gigantic canine slowly waddled over to the same trail she'd used a few hours previously, even managing to find the same stream... and being beset by the same need to gorge herself on the water that she had before. Sadly, at her current size, actually bending down far enough to be able to drink from it was all-but impossible, and even her paws couldn't be used to bring the fattening liquid up to her muzzle, given how they were larger than the stream was wide. Thankfully, she recalled a few maps of the region she saw before coming down, and how the waterways emerged from a larger lake further up in the mountains; if she only managed to make it through to the end, then surely this body of water would be big enough to hold her, big enough that she could swim in and consume as much of the delicious drink as possible. Hell, just the thought alone already made her spine tingle from the possibilities.

Amazingly, she found that her stamina had actually gone in the opposite direction of what it should have... or perhaps she was simply so determined in making it to the orchard that her brain had overridden the signals telling her that she was supposed to be tired, which frankly felt far more likely. There was but one goal in her mind, and that was reaching this heavenly, paradisiacal place where the fruit grew freely and the waters flowed in large quantities, that she might fell herself twice over and never have to worry about anything again; sure, it meant that she had to fit through passes tight enough that her ass got stuck in them, and it also meant forcing her body to keep walking long after it was clear it had to sit down and have a rest, but every pawprint she left behind also brought her one step closer to her goal, or at least that's how Lady

Everest chose to interpret it. Indeed, she was making progress, for even though the sun had already gone down by the time she reached the mountain lake, she *did* reach the mountain lake, her body *drenched* in sweat from the exertion, her tongue lolling out and hot breath rolling from her open mouth as the husky tried desperately to regulate her body temperature in whatever way she could; her colossal new form was very much *not* prepared for that sort of strenuous exercise, so much so that once she confirmed that the lake was there in front of her, any thoughts of making the experience last longer by deliberately dragging it out washed away from her mind, as the only thing she wanted to do was *drink something* as quickly as possible. That said, she still had to deal with the fact that her immense self made doing such a thing mechanically tricky at best, requiring her to slide into the lake itself and then drink from there, and *this* meant quite literally testing the waters; with some trepidation, the husky plunged one of her paws into it, hoping that it wouldn't be too icy for her liking... only to find out that the fluid itself seemed to have the same effect on her body just through contact as it had when she drank it! It almost felt too good to be true, but as she looked down at herself, Lady Everest could clearly see that the paw she dipped into the surface of the lake was *growing* before her very eyes, almost as if it was absorbing the water into it without actually affecting the total volume of liquid. And if that was true...

Mere seconds passed between this thought crossing her mind and the husky *throwing* herself into the water, not even thinking about the consequences as she both dunked her entire self into it *and* opened her mouth to gorge herself on the delicious manna. It was terribly cold, but she didn't care; as soon as the growth began in earnest, nothing else mattered, *especially* when the husky could clearly see the water levels around her start to go down, *not* because of it rushing into her like one might expect, but purely thanks to her maw becoming so colossal as to be able to drain the whole thing into her like someone had just unplugged a hole at the bottom of the lakebed itself. It was amazing, in that she never felt *full*, despite intellectually realizing that she really should; instead, the more she drank, the more fluid she invited into her increasingly stretched stomach, the more she felt parched, and the more her body told her to keep drinking... until, that is, the amount of water around her reached such a low level that she couldn't do so anymore, leaving naught but her paws to soak in the tiny trickle coming down from the mountains all around her... or below her, as the case may be. It had happened so quickly that Lady Everest didn't even realize it, but as her eyes opened again, it was evident that she had become *far* too big for her own good, big enough in fact that she most likely outsized the biggest form she could've mustered beforehand; even better, her powers seemed unable to make her any smaller (or any bigger, sadly enough), leaving her stuck with a body that invited so many lovely thoughts into her mind that she couldn't help but moan contentedly at the sheer excess of it all. The cherry on top of it all was the seismic tremor produced by her sitting down; the combination of her weight and the absolutely gargantuan, arcology-sized ass she sported behind her, created such a powerful shockwave that not only did the ground underneath her crumble almost immediately after she made contact with it, but the surface collapsed all the way down to bedrock, leaving her stuck there, in a cheek-shaped hole, until someone came and fished her out

of it. Perhaps she could move out of it if only she wriggled hard enough, but in all honesty, she had no intention of doing such a thing, especially not when, off to her side, the husky could see a few trees bearing some very familiar fruits on their branches; it took a bit of stretching for her to reach over, not even stopping to think how she was casting a shadow over literal miles of terrain, but as soon as the first tree was uprooted and brought over to her mouth, as soon as the first snack was eaten, it was all over. The hungry pit in Lady Everest's stomach, created by the very fruits she was using it to fill it (and inadvertently widen it further), *demande*d that she eat more, *demande*d that she gorge herself on the fattening treats, even when it became clear that the more she ate, the more she wanted to eat. That it was an unstable equilibrium, the husky already knew, in some remote corner of her mind, but it was also something that had ceased being relevant the moment that she had her first mouthful of fruit plucked straight from the very ground itself... even if it wasn't exactly a *mouthful* as opposed to just a couple of chewing motions.

Luckily for her, she wasn't going to be alone for much longer, given Toma's frantic attempts at getting down planetside before the orbital station was knocked out of commission by an increasingly useless, fattening crew. With the husky being so colossal that parts of her could be seen poking out of the mountaintops in the distance already, it didn't take much sense of navigation to know where she might be, and thus, the jackal set to work gathering the few people who had resisted the allure of the fruit, organizing them into an impromptu strike squad, and then setting out towards where Lady Everest was happily gorging herself on whatever food she could get her hands on. Predictably, this would end up thoroughly exhausting her options within *minutes*; given that she was both ravenous and huge enough that even a tree's worth of fruit barely qualified as a light snack, it wasn't altogether surprising that even an entire orchard would do absolutely nothing to even *begin* to satisfy her... and given her how she had become too fat to really move, the canine found herself stuck in a rather uncomfortable position, especially since, at her positively gargantuan size, communicating via conventional means was all-but impossible. Thus, when she heard shouting coming from down below, then vaguely recognized it as the jackal's voice, her first instinct was to breathe a sigh of relief, for at least, the food delivery was there! That was, of course, what Toma was there to do, because the idea that he might've decided to come waste her time with anything other than a further offer of sustenance was, frankly, ridiculous; he'd never do that, not to his precious Lady Everest!

"What did you do?!"

This was what she heard, shouted at her at the top of Toma's lungs, after he and his small squad got their atmospheric craft working and flew over to a spot close enough to the husky's face that they could actually communicate with her. This was made slightly difficult by how said head had already begun to sink into an increasingly flabby neck, visually melting into a small ocean of fat folds rolling over one another until Lady Everest's beady little eyes barely stuck out enough to be seen; mercifully, her puffed-up, stuffed cheeks helped to clear some room out, even if they made it harder for her to actually *speak*.

"I was hungry," was her only response, gurgled slightly before she remembered to swallow properly, "and if you know what's good for you, you'll bring me more."

It wasn't a suggestion. In fact, it wasn't even a threat: it was a *statement*. She was going to get more food, she was going to get it delivered to her, and she was going to get it posthaste, or else the universe itself would suffer her wrath. It was a kind of attitude that she very rarely displayed, but one that Toma knew better than to test the limits of, lest he find himself looking down the barrel of an incredibly deadly gun with no recourse other than to beg for mercy... though, at the same time, this *did* create a wonderful opportunity to kill two birds with one stone. After all, his entire operation had been subverted by the locals dumping their fruit on his hands and letting him deal with the consequences, with his wife being naught but the latest, biggest "victim" in the sequence of events; it stood to reason that these natives should be punished in some way, but with a large majority of his troops already subverted and busying themselves with becoming ever fatter, then the only thing left was to take all of these useless people and *find* a use for them. More specifically, they would be given a brand new goal in life, that of feeding his wife's ravenous, endless appetite, in an extremely direct and most likely highly illegal way; then again, who was really counting or paying attention? Certainly not Toma, certainly not the GC, and, as soon as he was done herding the locals into place, certainly not *them* either.

The process itself took several weeks, since getting the entirety of a planet's population, comparatively small though it may be, into one place took a lot of resources, a lot of time, and ultimately, a lot of spent shells and thousands upon thousands of warning shots. The point wasn't to actually kill anyone directly, since that would only ruin a potential meal, but to corral the natives in such a way that they could be given a taste of their own medicine; after all, they themselves weren't immune to the effects of the fruit, they had simply learned to boil it away, so once the jackal called up emergency reinforcements from HQ and suddenly the planet was surrounded by military-grade vessels crewed entirely by people in hazmat-level combat suits, the issue of contamination stopped being an issue altogether. There was still the old crew assigned to the project, but seeing as those had long-since succumbed to the allure of the fruit, all that was required of them was to keep eating, keep fattening themselves so that they may become an even more delicious snack for when Lady Everest finally got to consume them... and in the meantime, Lady Everest herself would be given everything she wanted and more. At the end of the day, her desires were quite simple: more fruit, more fruit, and occasionally a bit of the magically fattening spring water flowing down from the mountains around where she first consumed a lake; she had to be relocated, of course, lest the entire mountain range topple over thanks to her oozing all over it, but with an increase in manpower on the field, it was easy enough to establish a constant supply line from the snowy peaks down to the increasingly cramped valley that served as the husky blob's throne. Seeing as the planet was clearly going to be a loss in terms of habitation, Toma saw no reason not to just uproot the whole ecosystem and throw it into the metaphorical meat grinder; in this particular case, no real reason *not* to have his troops collect the entire world's supply of the fattening fruit and gradually dump it into Lady Everest's increasingly large maw, something that became significantly harder the more she ate. While her body kept getting bigger by several orders of magnitude every other day, certain parts of her remained the exact same size as before; this presented a problem when her skull (and, therefore, mouth), was

completely enveloped by her own neckfat, leaving her both unable to breathe properly and eat anything else. It was a testament to the sort of transformation she had undergone that the latter was considered a more pressing matter to the husky, at least in her distressingly rarer moments of lucidity, but thankfully, they both had the same solution: with some help from one of its engineering sub-contractors, Shadow Dragon devised a new system of “biomechanical struts”, a fancy name for what were effectively modified support systems based on the ones used to keep mining operations from collapsing in on themselves, except as applied to what the techies were calling a “fat cave”. In essence, Lady Everest’s face was buried underneath so much flab, that there was simply no way for any of them to get anywhere close to it unless they built some sort of access path, and seeing as this involved trudging through what was effectively parts of her neck and torso, then they had to build something that was both sturdy and comfortable; ultimately, they decided on a design that looked more akin to exoskeleton joints... except stretched across a couple of hundred yards at the entrance to this “cave”. Anyone wanting to actually *speak* to the husky, or the unfortunates who had to handle the constant influx of food via the nutrient slurry pumps, had to make their way across this distance using little more than basic protective gear and gas masks with oxygen tanks attached, because if there was something that even the most well-trained and drilled soldiers and engineers couldn’t handle, it was the *musk*.

Though the planet’s equatorial band was just warm enough to be liveable when compared to the rest of the frozen ball, it *was* still warm, and seeing as Lady Everest hadn’t actually moved on her own ever since being transported over to her current location, *plus* the fact that she’d done nothing but continuously gorge herself, the sweat problem had become something that no one really wanted to deal with. Though the natives were put to work cleaning her at every hour of the day, there was just too much of the husky to go around; the populace had enough trouble just dealing with what was *visible*, let alone the myriad of overlapping fat folds and what were, at that time, probably *miles* of hidden flab being covered up by her rolls, to say nothing of how the fat cave leading up to the wall of husky where her face jutted out from *refused* to stay clean for more than just a few seconds after a wash. Her metabolism had reached such a peak that her entire body radiated enough heat to melt down ice in just a moment or two, enough that several work shifts had to work in constant rotation just to prevent heat stroke... and this was only with the fruit. All of this, all of the colossal husky growth that had turned Lady Everest from a moderately pudgy canine into something resembling a mountain of living flab, had come *purely* from eating the fattening snack and downing it with copious amounts of spring water, even if, past a certain point, both of those things came pre-blended and delivered to her in the form of pressurized paste in a tube. But that wasn’t enough; at least, not past a certain point. With Toma being more concerned with giving his wife as much of the stuff as he could find, and there being no regard for sustainability, it didn’t take more than a couple of weeks for plantations and orchards across that planet to run dry, and for the species to effectively become extinct; this was obviously an issue, since the samples extracted by the research teams would take some time to analyze and replicate, time that they didn’t have if they wanted to keep the husky well-fed. Thankfully, this is where the second half of the jackal’s plan came in.

After all, he spent quite a few resources in maintaining a “captive” group of natives whose entire job was to consume the fruit and grow fat off of it, at least until all material supplies were diverted towards Lady Everest and these second-rate meals had to be given equally second-rate nutrient paste. Still, they were all *immense*, though not as much as the husky herself was... certainly not big enough that they couldn't fit inside of her maw, especially not when she was asked if she wanted something more substantial and her response was to gobble up the poor technician who happened to be closest to her. Thus, when the procession of snacks began in earnest, when a whole train of fattened-up, smaller-scale blobs was transported up the mountainous body of the husky, when she was informed that tens of thousands of eager volunteers were about to be given to her, for her delight, for her pleasure, that she might eat them and grow even fatter... well, suffice it to say the sweating got bad enough past that point that Toma outright gave up telling people to clean up.

In the end though, this was all just kicking the can down the road. A voracious appetite like that could never truly be sated, and thus Lady Everest would just keep demanding more and more, forever and always. But, in a way, that too helped the jackal's plans in the long run.

After all, what better way of getting rid of his many enemies?