

## Mito's BIG Night

by Cerine Hero

There were dozens of things to choose from. Bottles with curious shapes and stranger liquids inside of them sparkled in the glow from the overhead lights in the basement lab. They covered the shelves of the storage rack, all kept in storage *just in case* they might ever be useful. There were big, fat flasks and tall, slender tubes all next to each other, and down on the bottom shelf were heavy storage tanks. There were more transformatives here than anyone could imagine, and for someone who mystically returned to normal every sunrise, it was also a far-too-tempting toy chest.

“So you broke in?” the voice on the phone said.

Mito sighed and rolled her mismatched eyes. “No, I have a key.”

“That doesn't actually change whether it's breaking and entering, you know.”

“It's fine, she won't miss any of this stuff,” the marten replied. “And she didn't mind me getting rid of a lot of it, either. Honestly, a lot of this looks like it's been here forever. Here, let me switch over to video to show you.”

“Ah, collecting evidence.”

“Come on,” Mito whined. She tapped the face of her phone with her thumb and the black screen flickered into life and color. In the slightly-blurry view, the marten's friend was staring back at her. The mink had white and gray fur and carnelian pink eyes that stared half-lidded at the screen as she rest her chin on top of her knuckles. Mito could see herself in the corner: brown hair that faded to sandy tan, white furred face, and one blue and one green eye staring back at her.

She was down in Cerine's alchemy lab to look for some fun goodies to play with. The topic had come up with some of her friends the day before when a few of them noticed weird alchemy products for sale online, and someone recalled that Mito knew the alchemist in question. She and Cerine weren't as close as they used to be, but they were friends. The marten probably should've given the house key back at some point, though.

Mito held the phone in one paw and ran her fingers across one of the glass bottles on the top shelf. They left streaks in the dust on the glass, and her fingertips came back gray. “See? She hasn't touched these in weeks, at least. Though with her figure I guess it's kinda hard to dust...”

“What do you mean?” the mink asked.

“If I find the right potion, I'll show you,” Mito replied.

“Alright, so, be real: Do these potions and stuff *really* change you? Like, the one on the website said it makes you super buff, and another makes you gain weight? Who would want a potion that makes them gain weight?”

Mito smirked. “They work, but they don't last that long. And I mean, really, you wouldn't want to know what it's like to be supersized for just *a day*? Not even a little bit curious?”

“No.”

“Boring.”

The mink scoffed. “I still don't think they're real. It's gotta be some big scam.”

“You literally know alchemy is real.”

“Yeah, but... still.”

“Alright, let me see what I can find to prove it to you.” Mito skimmed the various bottles in front of her, trying to remember what the different potions did. These bottles didn't have proper labels, just stickers with (badly) paw-written codes on them that meant something to the pink fox but not to Mito. She tried to judge it by color, but it was hard to remember what was what. Oh, fuck it – she grabbed one off the shelf and wrenched the cork out with her teeth. Spitting it onto the floor, she said, “Okay, mystery prize: Let's see what happens!”

“Go for it,” the mink told her, leaning close and watching the screen curiously.

Mito tipped the potion to her lips and drank it. The room-temperature liquid rolled down her

throat, tasting like herbs and nuts if it was all put through a strainer, burned, and then mixed with marshmallow fluff. Her skin began to tingle as she tipped the potion high up so drink the bottle's entire contents. The tingling spread throughout her body, and as the mink watched, her fur began to change. Quickly, the color in it faded out, becoming snowy white. The texture of it grew thicker, too. Mito's hair went white and the change in color rolled down her tail, bringing with it another set of alterations. The fur grew longer and thicker, and the tail as a whole lengthened, doubling in size. Soon a massive white cloud was wiggling and curling behind her, taking up more space than the rest of her body did. Mito lowered the empty bottle and wriggled her nose as her face began to itch. Her jaw felt strange, like someone had hooked her fangs with their fingers and was beginning to pull. Her muzzle grew longer and sharper, and the fur at the edge of her jawline thickened, growing into a full fringe. Itchiness in her rounded ears caused her to flick them rapidly as they sharpened, their tips reaching points above her hair.

In the video call, the mink was watching in stunned silence, jaw hanging open. “Mito, you... look at you!”

The 'marten' raised her paw up in front of her face, admiring the pristine white fur. Blunt black claws emerged from the ends of her fingers. “Is my paw smaller?”

“Girl, you're a fox!”

“What?” Mito tapped the corner of her phone's screen where she was displayed, flipping the two images around. When her view blew up to full size, a pure-white fox stared right back at her. She had a black nose and dark skin rimming her eyes – which were still mismatched in color – but beyond that, she was completely white as a cloud on a clear day. Mito spotted her tail wagging behind her and pulled it around her body to hug it against herself. “Okay, this isn't too bad, really...”

“That tail looks like it would be a pain in the ass, no pun intended,” the mink told her. “Okay, the potions are real. Point proven. Now you want to get out of there?”

“Why now?” Mito asked. She let go of the tail and set the phone on the shelf in front of her to free up both of her paws. “Come on, turning myself into a fox is nothing. Let's break some law of conservation of mass here.” She shrugged off her jacket and tossed it over the top of one of the half-wall dividers separating the different sections of the basement. Around her powder-blue tank top, her solid white and slender arms looked to be all fur and only suggestions of muscle and bone underneath. “I'm not leaving here until I'm enormous...”

Mito skimmed the bottles on the shelf again, trying to make sense of them. She wracked her brain trying to remember some of the potions she knew of before. The vulpine tail behind her shivered in anticipation. The thought of getting huge again was making her white face shine pink. Mito was unable to naturally gain or lose any weight – or change herself in any other meaningful way, for that matter. Somehow, at daybreak every day her body returned to “normal,” or at least the way it was set to, like a saved game constantly being reloaded. She'd only be a fox for a few more hours. While there were some advantages to her condition, like being able to eat chicken wings for every meal of the day, every single day, there were some things she wanted to experience.

Getting massively fat was one of them. Oh, right – she'd be a fat fox now. Even better!

“Pick a color,” Mito told her friend, unable to decide which potion to try first.

“Blue.”

“Besides blue; there's no blue.”

“Okay, fine... purple, then.”

Mito grabbed a large purple potion. As she pulled the cork, she smelled familiar herbs and minerals. It was better than the fox potion, at least. She raised it to her lips and began to gulp it down, anticipating any particularly *blimping* effects by bracing her other paw on the wall beside her. Within seconds, she began to feel her fur stand on end. It was like lightning was coursing through her veins, and it all began to center on her chest. Mito looked down her long fox muzzle at her slender chest and cupped three fingers around one breast while the other two held the neck of the empty bottle.

The first thing she noticed was her nipples hardening like daggers and then thrusting themselves against the fabric of her top like the temperature had dropped thirty degrees. The skin of her breasts began tingling, and her perky nipples were massively sensitive. Mito bit her lip and inhaled deeply as her breasts then began to swell, growing larger within her bra. Her tank top shifted around her inflating size as white-furred cleavage began to overflow it. Her bra's grasp failed quickly, popping as her breasts continued to expand, gaining weight and size. They bounced heavily as her bra fell open, and within a few seconds her blue top was pulling snug around her larger assets. Mito's chest heaved underneath her growing bust, and she could feel the ridiculous weight of her breasts as they grew to an incredible size. They blew right past a pawful and ballooned bigger than her head, now stretching her light top. Mito dropped the bottle from her paw and looked at herself in the phone's screen, her enormous udders bouncing heavily in front of her.

"Holy cow, Mito," her friend was saying, covering her face with her paws. "Your titties!"

"Yeah," the marten-turned-fox replied, grinning wide. "This feels... really good..."

She stood upright and pulled tight on her tank top, causing white fur and excess meat to explode through the neck line and around the sides. The fabric squished her huge tits, forcing pressure onto her swollen nipples. As if on cue, two spots of wetness began to spread across the cotton from around her nipples as she began to lactate. Panting hot, the faux-fox pulled up on her shirt, letting her massively grown breasts bounce free to jiggle over her ribs and the top of her slim stomach. The weight of the bounce caused drops of milk to go flying in arcs in front of her, splattering several of the potion bottles and the dark wood of the shelves. Tucking her shirt under her chin, she ran her paws over the luxuriously soft fox fur covering her breasts and squeezed them together, feeling the big boobs mold around her fingers. The pressure behind her nipples heightened and the streams of milk rolling down her thick fur redoubled. Mito shivered in excitement, whining softly under her breath. She felt huge and heavy and sexy. And, more importantly, different.

She honestly forgot she was being watched.

"Mito," the mink said, leaning in nose-to-screen with her own phone elsewhere, "you're leaking everywhere. I mean, that's... that's actual breast milk, isn't it? You're *so* big! How... how do those things feel?"

"Like a pair of really big bowling balls attached to me," Mito answered, licking her long muzzle. "And yes, it is." Grinning slyly, the fox wrapped her paws and fingers around one boob and lifted it up, bringing her pink, plump nipple to her lips so she could lap the milk away with the tip of her tongue. In the video, her friend blushed and wriggled.

"Alright, how'd it taste?" the mink asked, practically chewing on one of her knuckles.

Mito shrugged and bounced her boob on her paws. "I've had better, I guess. Still... should we do a little more?"

"How big do you want your titties to get?!"

"Hell, I'm not even as big as Cerine," the marten-fox replied. "She's *twice* this big, last I saw. But let's try something different... Green's calling me this time." She reached out and picked up a green bottle.

"Green ones were the fat ones in the catalog on the website," the mink explained.

Mito paused as she was tugging the cork loose and looked at the phone. "Why didn't you tell me? I'm trying to get fat!"

"Why?!"

The fox just winked and raised the bottle to her muzzle. There was twice as much green potion in this one compared to the boobie potion, and she used both paws to hold it upwards and chug it all down. She could still feel the weight of her heavier, milking breasts on her chest as she gulped down smooth, slightly sweet liquid. It filled her belly, and then her belly began to fill out.

Mito's figure swelled outward slowly at first, her features getting pudgy and softer before they really began to expand in size. Her arms grew thicker, her cheeks plumped, and her love handles

developed over the waistband of her pants. The button holding them closed stretched tight as a roll of belly fat started to swell above the seam like a tidal wave of soft white fur. Mito could feel the seat of her pants stretching around her fuller, bulging ass, and it made a shiver roll up her back even as little rolls of fat formed on her waistline. It was a shame she needed both paws on the heavy bottle. She wanted to grab her belly and feel it grow under her fingertips, getting heavier as that roll of pudge plunged over the tightening waistband of her pants. She made do with feeling her gut push against the two heavy weights on her chest, lifting them up and sideways as more and more belly piled onto her midsection. With half the bottle emptied, her waistline was beginning to grow even faster, and the button on her pants finally popped, sending a ripple upwards through her butter-soft flab. Her ass spilled out of the pants, exposing her pink undies that were already wedged tight between her cheeks from the pressure.

“Mito, you're turning into a balloon!” the mink squealed, her intrigued expression now morbid curiosity as her friend got fatter and fatter.

The comment made the marten-fox melt. The potion was light enough she could wrench one paw away from it and grabbed her blubbery stomach, kneading her new pudge with her fingertips. She was so soft, both her thick coat and her marshmallow-like fat. And she kept fattening, overflowing her greedy paw as she bounced and jiggled herself, feeling her weight ripple in waves across her body. The wobbling motions forced her pants to sag lower to her thighs, which were now pressed tightly together from their mutual size. The transformed fox was growing heavily obese, and she was loving it. At least until the bottle ran out of potion, and she lowered it down to take a breath. Her neck was a thick ring of furry flab around her jaw and chin, and she could feel it being squished underneath her fox muzzle. When she looked down, she disappointingly saw only her two inflated boobs still, but her reflection in the phone screen was of a fox who was now cloud-shaped to match her cloud coloring.

“Girl, you're *huge*,” the mink said, eyes watching her friend's heavy and full figure. “Okay, you've proven your point now. Uh... how long were you going to stay that big, again?”

“Not long,” Mito promised, still enamored with her weight and bulk. She ran her tongue around her muzzle, tasting the last drops of fatty potion on her lips. Reaching out with a chubby, white paw, she grabbed another jug of green potion from the shelf. “So I'm going to get really huge.”

“You're already a blimp!”

“Not yet.”

She poured the potion down her throat, causing her body to fatten and balloon even more. Almost immediately, her pant legs tore along the outside seams, letting shaggy white fur burst through like stuffing from an old pillow. The rips split wider and wider as she kept getting fatter, and soon they were nothing more than scraps on the floor, freeing the marten-fox's tubby thunder thighs to jiggle as she pat her paw against her flanks. Her belly roll was hanging well onto her thighs at this point, too, and she could feel the brush of fur on fur now all over her body as she became more spherical.

Mito's body had caught up with the size of her expanded breasts now at this point, and her fluffy melons were resting atop her growing belly. The milk still dribbling from her nipples fell onto her belly fur and soaked it until it ran in streams to the fold forming around her navel. She gave her boob a soft squeeze and jiggle, feeling its weight on top of her belly. Just jiggling it made her arm fat wobble, too, a reaction that excited her enormously.

And she still wanted more. Before the second bottle was completely empty, Mito looked out of the corner of her eye and grabbed a third, swapping it in so she could keep gaining even more weight. Still gaining from the third potion, the white fat fox had to be reaching a half ton now. She could feel the weight of her swelling body bearing down on her paws, and every single inch of her felt swollen and heavy. It was amazing, and getting better by the second. The little space she was standing in where the potions were kept was rapidly shrinking around her as she more than doubled in width, hips and belly gobbling up the empty space around her and soon brushing against the divider walls and the shelves on either side.

Mito's belly was beginning to gurgle as she filled it up with liquid fat. Pausing for a moment to catch her breath and wrap her pudgy arms around her vast waist, paws sinking into the fluffy girth of her enormous belly, the fox-marten panted and whimpered in excitement. Her tail was wiggling furiously behind her, despite the base of it laying underneath a thick roll of back fat. Every wag of her tail made micro-jiggles ripple through the skin of her back and hindquarters, and even bigger wobbles shook her heavy body as she struggled to adjust her feet underneath her tremendous weight. If the floor of the basement wasn't solid concrete, it would be creaking and struggling to hold up all of her fat, fluffy body.

"Okay, girl, that seems like plenty," the mink pleaded. "I don't even know how you're going to get home! I mean... I guess no one's going to know it's you."

Mito burped and licked her nose, still feeling her tummy gurgle and bubble. "Okay, yeah, you got a point. If I get any fatter I'm going to-"

"But you're still getting bigger, though."

The fox raised her eyebrows. "Do what?"

"You're getting bigger!"

Mito looked down and pushed her boobs up almost to her chin with her fists. Sure enough, she was still gaining weight. Her boobs were growing against her pudgy paws, and she could feel her ass fat as it squashed against the wall behind her. Even though she stopped drinking the potions, her foxy figure was still porking up. She was so rotund now that she couldn't even put her arms down by her sides – her sagging arm rolls just sat on top of her widening frame!

A loose, old memory suddenly popped out of the back of her brain. Once, Cerine had told her not to mix potions, even if they "seemed fun" together. There could always be unexpected interference. Either the fox potion or the boobie potion was working with the fat potion to keep it in effect, apparently, and Mito was ballooning out of control.

It was fantastic.

On the other paw, her friend had a point, and that point was getting more dire by the second as Mito's fat figure inflated bigger and rounder. Her belly plunged past her knees and her whole face was cushioned by her exceptionally thick roll of neck.

"Please don't explode," the mink told her.

"I'm not gonna- Oooh, this feels amazing..." Mito mumbled, trying to stay focused despite her rapid gain. She was getting what she wanted, but she had to do it, well... somewhere else. Wobbling heavily, the fox-marten turned her bulk around and eyed the staircase leading back upstairs. It was the only exit. There *were* slender windows near the ceiling but she'd have found them a tight squeeze before she got obese. Mito wobbled back, her enormous body sloshing into everything around her. Her fat tits and belly knocked over various bottles on the shelves and she felt the edges of the wood squashing tight against her soft skin. She tried to grab her phone with a big, blubbery paw, upper arm fat rolling halfway over the relatively thinner forearm, but she couldn't make it all the way. Her sausage fingers just grasped empty air – she couldn't even reach past the girth of her body!

"Uh..." she said, folding her ears down to her head. As she hesitated, she gained fifty more pounds, and her escape window was rapidly shrinking. "I'll see you in the morning!"

"Wha? What does that mean?!" the mink asked, exasperated, but Mito was already running. Or slowly waddling, as it were.

The marten-fox could barely walk for all of her weight heaving around her frame. She probably doubled in size since first realizing she was getting bigger. A whole ton of weight was bearing down on her body, still blimping out bigger by the second. Grabbing pawfuls of belly fat and lifting, Mito made her way to the stairs and struggled to raise her feet up each one. Every step sent ripples up her weighty body, and her girth was squished into rolls against both sides of the narrow stairway. It was a challenge reaching the top, and an even bigger challenge squeezing her tits, belly, and hips through the standard-width doorway, but once she was out into the ground floor hallway, she had more room to maneuver.

That lasted only a few seconds. Mito was still fattening, her body rapidly getting heavier and heavier. Every slow, ponderous step down the hallway towards the kitchen, where a sliding door led outside, saw her swell substantially bigger. It was like the hallway constricted around her as she waddled. Soon, her belly was dragging on the floor in front of her, and her face was sinking into the pudgy softness of her thickening body. Her arms could barely move at her sides, and her waist and hips were quickly wedging into the narrow confines. But she kept moving, sliding her bulk down the walls until she leaned herself into the kitchen, resting her tremendous belly on the tile floor. Her flab spilled outward into the room, and she paused to catch her breath as long as she dared. Seconds lost were hundreds of pounds gained! She felt like a fat, fluffy blob, her body expanding to completely fill the space around her. She was pressing against the floor, walls, and furniture with her enormous figure. Everywhere she looked, she could barely see past her own bulk. She hadn't gotten this big since... probably ever. It was new territory, and the excitement of gaining too much to be indoors was a thrill she could barely contain. But she liked this house, so she really needed to not be contained.

Mito leaned over her belly fat, her tits even touching the floor as she grabbed the sliding door and yanked it open. Metal creaked around her blubber as she squeezed her way through and out onto the concrete patio behind the house, where, in a couple months' time, pool furniture and a grill would be out by the reopened pool. As it was right now, the open space was plenty of room for Mito to ride out her potion mixing mishap. She waddled as far as she could away from the house, which wasn't far, as her blubber was already pouring across the ground around her.

The white fox's fur glowed in the bright moonlight as she continued gaining, ballooning to the size of a massive parade float. Her feet left the ground as her body inflated, and her paws soon found themselves buried under the thickness of her arm rolls. Mito just laid her head back in delight against her own supersized frame, exhaling softly as she swam in her own lard. She pumped up bigger and bigger, tummy still churning with the mixture of potions inside her. Like a cloud, she swelled to fill her container, except now the container was the outdoors, and her waistline grew to encompass the entire patio. She was gigantic, a massive titan of fat.

But she wished she had more time to enjoy it. As the marten-fox reached a colossal size, the first rays of sunrise peeked over the top of the house. Light warmed the concrete, and a slender, naked figure lay on her back, grinning happily to herself. As much as gaining a few tons was a thrill, losing it all instantly was both disappointing and kind of exciting in its own way.

It was hard for Mito to really explain how it felt when the sunrise hit her. She could explain it was like blinking, an instant reversal of any change she'd made to herself. Normally anything she did in the span of one day was pretty minimal, shy of breaking an arm or having an ear infection – normal stuff, but it would all vanish in the morning. Ten thousand pounds disappearing in a blink was disorienting and a bit of a rush.

Mito pushed herself back up to her feet and brushed off her skinny hindquarters. Wiggling her tail behind her, she headed back into the house and trotted down into the basement quite easily. The potion storage in the lab was a bit of a mess, but everything was pretty much intact. The only thing were the drops of milk on the carpet – not that *that* had never happened down here. Mito picked up her phone. Her friend had ended the call at some point, and was probably freaking out. Grinning, she tapped in the mink's number and the video call started back up.

“Ta-da,” Mito teased, gesturing to her once-again slender figure from the waist up. She was still topless, but she and the mink were *way* past that now.

“Mito! Holy crap,” the mink gasped. “You're thin again! How the hell did you do that? Do the potions only work for a little while? But...”

Mito raised her eyebrow. “But what?”

“You're still a fox.”

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