

“Not ready my ass.. I've got *more than enough* of a handle on Transmutation. It's not *that* much harder than the other schools of magic.. and I am not taking *this* body out to Spring Break!”

Karae was well past frustrated. The rat looked down at himself, at the little pot belly that had built up while locked away studying in a Wizard's tower. Taking one of the Master's advanced tomes out of the library was just another testament to that, he got past the wards and nothing went wrong. He hadn't even gotten spotted by the imps or the golem on the way back to his chamber.

Easing onto his bed, the rat tapped the tome's lock in a particular rhythm and smirked as it opened – its weathered pages parting and the spells on it revealed. It was just a question of finding the right one, and that only took a moment of flipping through pages.

“..Physical Enhancement, Expert Tier. Might as well just call it 'Create Greater Hunk' and call it a day. Heh.. This doesn't look *that* hard. No idea why the old fart is so worried. Let's do this~”

It did look complicated, Karae had to admit that much. The rat studied the spell some, perusing its intricacies, the way it was supposed to be worded and the intent and- Karae nodded to himself. The rat lifted his hands, formed the first seals, got the shape in mind.

“Visualize it. What you're going to be. Seize the energies and- hot bitches will be mine~”

Grinning to think about it, the rat let the energy rush through him while he worked to shape it and to maintain control as it shaped *him* in return. Big muscles, big dick, perfect face and hair – then he'd get *huge* girls with massive tits and the cushiest of asses to sit on his lap and grind and-

It was a quick thing when it happened. A moment's lapse in concentration and Karae felt the rush of Transmutation energy pulse like a heartbeat. One that rushed through him like he was a pool of water waiting to take the shape of anything he was poured into. Karae could feel it the moment it happened, that empty vessel. They felt *fluid* for just a moment and then exhaled while a set of *humongous* tits bounced out into the confines of their robe, they felt the rope tying off the waist of it pop loose as their hips and ass swelled too much to be so easily contained.

The real shock was the moment Karae's cock yanked itself inward. It was fast too, a moment of surprise and sudden movement and then she clenched her thighs instinctively and proved to herself in that instant that the only thing down there now was a fresh, virgin cleft that immediately got to telling her how hungry it was. The rat reached down on impulse, delicate fingers stuffing themselves inside herself and her face burying itself between her tits . A distinctly feminine squeak followed, along with her falling out of bed.

“O-oh! Ohgawd.. w-what.. No, I can fix this, I.. I can't *be a girl* on Spring Break! Ju-just.. give me my old.. mm-my.. Okay, come on, *focus*. You can.. Can do this. Just don't think about-”

Karae's mistake became painfully, disastrously clear to them the moment they made it. She couldn't get her hands under control, they reached over to and groped at her tits and rubbed at her freshly created puss while she tried to busy them with *magic* and it just left her thinking about the predicament she was in again. Wandering thoughts, wandering words, both a perilous error to make when spellcasting.

“A-ab..bout.. big, *fat tits* that feel way too good a-and.. and *so many curves*, just curves for days and big thick, juicy pussy and everything else and~”

The spell pulsed again. The rat's words gave it guidelines and it rooted itself deeper into her being, crawling through the patterns that made Karae the person she was. Her robe immediately went taut as every bit of her crammed into it got fatter in an instant. Enough so to split a couple seams and leave her making the bed frame creak underneath as her gray furred body spilled out in every direction. What little of her mind wasn't getting drowned in desperately horny brand new sensations drove the rat to think it might be time to swallow her pride and go for help.

Or swallow something else. As Karae took her first jiggly steps toward the door of her room and attempted not to let the spell get worse by at least stalling and dispelling the energy working on her she couldn't help thinking about her Master showing up, bulging out of his robes, all kinds of impressive and just.. The rat walked right into a closed door and set her entire body quivering. Heavy, swollen curves all over her, folding gently over each other as she packed on more and more weight. The attempt to run for help soon devolved into a lazy waddle while she rubbed her tits and panted hard, moaning a little louder with every step.

“Just.. the sexiest, fattest thing for Master. Hungriest, horniest.. b-best, swollen, cock-hungry whore of a.. of an.. an apprentice~”

Magic is a funny thing – Karae knew it could behave strangely when it was out of control. Sometimes, in extreme situations, it could start behaving an awful lot like it was alive in some fashion, or at least like it had some driving force behind it that was listening in. The rat knew, *every* apprentice knew, that his Master had a thing for pear-shaped women. The bigger the ass the better. Karae knocked over a scroll rack and waddled her way through it clumsily, slowing down a bit more with every step she took, while her ass started growing exponentially faster.

It wasn't that the rat didn't *know* they were in trouble, it was just getting harder to care. The further down the hall they got the more their butt quaked and bounced. The more it pulled on them, tugging them backward. Their thighs were getting to be a problem too, so bloated and fat they forced the rat to walk with her legs further and further apart. The waddle was almost impossible to maintain by the time she realized she had to go down a stairwell to get much further, and that made Karae hesitate.

One moment of hesitation, one interruption in the momentum, was all it took for the whole thing to fall apart on her. Karae felt that pull from behind her grow stronger and made the mistake of glancing over her shoulder. An undulating shelf of fat ass was back there, teetering her back toward the ground. She fell with all the force of a pair of anvils wrapped in fluff and waved her arms in distress as she tried to correct her balance and stop the tumble – pointlessly. With her body so hilariously bottom-heavy Karae couldn't completely fall over if she tried, but she couldn't move her legs to get off her ass either. She just sloshed and wobbled around like an enormous furry gumdrop.

And she was still growing. The rat's mind panicked a little as she felt her body start pushing everything beside her out of the way while it spread outward. Magic soaked into her flesh like a sponge in desperate need of water and grew in much the same way, but there was only so much space in the hallway and Karae's right side had touched the wall already and begun pushing her gently further away from it. Worse yet, she was only *a little* panicked – the rest of her mind seemed to have gotten very stuck on the idea of her Master finding her like this.

“Nnngh.. c..c'mon.. move! Stop.. H.. help? Master...? I uh, I need some *help* here.. a-and maybe, oh *hell* I really need you right now~”

Which didn't mean she didn't jump in surprise and go into a cold sweat when she actually heard her Master's voice behind her and felt someone leaning on her ass just as she became a full on road block, filling the hall from end to end while her ever-growing obesity started making it hard to even wiggle and bend her arms let alone do much of anything else.

“Honestly.. *Again*. I really need to look into how this keeps happening. It's not like the spell itself is 'create fat ass whore' and yet here we are. Not that I mind the view~”

Two firm hands buried themselves somewhere in the sprawling and gently heaving expanse of her ass. The rat felt them sink in, up to the wrist and then some, before giving her a shake that left her whole body sloshing and jiggling gently. A little thrill ran through her over it.

“Master! I.. *ooh..* that.. that was *nice..* Could you do that again? A-and.. or, no! I.. I need help, please. I uhm.. I.. *you really like how I look?* D-do you want- but.. oh I fucked up..”

Feeling her Master's hands pull back briefly left Karae whimpering. She wanted that touch, it inflamed her nerves and left her both sated and starving for more at the same time. When the feline Wizard started to slap her ass, to treat it like a set of fleshy drums he could pound out a rhythm to, the demeaning attention was still a relief. It left the rat feebly wiggling her arms and legs – as much as she still could anyway. Doing that was what left her aware that she was still, albeit slowly, growing. Her wrists and ankles were starting to feel rolls of blubbery flesh encroach on them and Karae was worrying she might lose even that futile mobility soon.

“You *sure* did. You know, I warn every damn apprentice I take on not to go fooling around with the higher end Transmutation stuff without being *ready* and you all just.. well.”

A wild rush ran through the rat as she felt her Master walking around her side, then starting to climb her like a hillside made of fat and questionable decisions. Karae looked over as soon as she could, as much as the rolls of her neck and her own fat cheeks allowed for anyway.

“B-but you can help, right? I.. I can't fix this, so I need.. I need *you* and-”

When he got over top of her the black furred Wizard slid down Karae's belly and maneuvered himself to her navel, planting his hand against it. As she watched, the rat saw spider letters start to crawl off of the cat's fingers and onto her body. The touch and the implication both left her sighing with relief.. even as she felt an odd quivering around her deep-buried fleshy cavern of a cunt and a curious chill inside that left her magic feeling distant, at best.

“It's why I have you all sign that contract these days. Binding thing, lets me put some otherwise difficult magic that needs active support from both parties to use much more easily. Like this little number, which.. there we are~”

Watching her Master work was a treat even in her addled state. The rat felt a tug inside herself, the same one she felt when she would cast, while watching her Master draw an oval with his fingertip in mid-air and saw something.. fluffy? Come through? A pinkish set of lips in a mound of fat gray furred flesh. The Wizard planted his hand square on the bulk of the pussy at the center of his small portal – the one covered in spidery familiar looking letters.

“O-oh~ Ohgawd.. M-Master, please, I~”

Leaning in, the cat ran his rough tongue over the plump lips of Karae's portaled pussy.

“Mmmn.. *Rich* taste, you would've been a fabulous Wizard someday. If you were less of an impatient, horny little slut. Don't worry, I'll give you what you *really* want. I always do, you see-”

A snap of the fingers followed. Karae felt her reserves of power drain *instantly* as her body was ripped through space along with her Master's. Everything was absent and cold, stretched and nowhere, floating and crushing and.. then not. Then she was just snug and secure in a slightly concave bed with very ample padding that ensured she was *very* stuck in it. Even if she could move her legs she couldn't pray to roll over in this kind of bedding.

It took a moment to realize it wasn't just her and her Master in the room though. The chamber was huge, and she recognized the windows. It was the highest floor of the Wizard Tower. The one none of the students ever saw.

Apparently because it was stuffed almost wall to wall with swollen, moaning balls of fat that looked an awful lot like students Karae had seen at some other point in her studies. Some of them anyway. Ones that 'left' for one reason or another. Her Master leaned in against her belly as he shrugged himself out of his robe and once more conjured a small portal with what she now knew was *her* aching empty cleft on the other side of it.

“..I always give my wash outs what they need. They give me their magical talent, all of it, for life. I take care of their *ruined, immobile* bodies and keep them fed, comfortable, and thoroughly fucked for the rest of their days. Win-win, don't you think~?”

The rat couldn't see past her own body when the Wizard moved that portal down below his waist, but she felt him enter her just the same. Her body was so ragged needing it, needing *him* in specific, that she clenched and came on the spot.

“Thought so. Well, that orgasm seals the contract darling. Enjoy your new life~”

As her Master leaned back on her like a massive furry gumdrop shaped piece of furniture and started hammering into her buried depths with a lazy determination Karae knew with a deep rooted biological certainty that she'd gone and doomed herself to that she'd do precisely that. Every helpless, quivering second of it.