

“Wasn’t expecting something as fancy as this, honestly.”

“Hey, I can be cultured if I want to. I just don’t want to most of the time!”

A dumb joke for a dumb couple of cats, both of whom chuckled at it like it was far funnier than it was, making a bit of a scene for themselves amidst the upper-class crowd that surrounded them on their approach to the concert hall. Perhaps it was their choice of attire, far more casual than anyone else, or maybe it was their decision not to make their proportions any less bloated for the sake of decency; well, the lynx at least, seeing as their companion took the liberty to cover most of her skin up. Still didn’t make the issue of size any better, but it was an effort, if nothing else

Their night had been planned out several weeks in advance, with Tim having suggested their third date be spent doing something with a bit more class than the previous two. While Helena was initially reticent at the idea of trading a bowling alley for an orchestra, the lynx’s constant reassurance that it was still going to be a great time and she should at least give it a try were enough to get her to reconsider; their words and tone were sincere, childishly excited even, and though she didn’t quite see the appeal at the time it still didn’t behoove her to let that fuzzy thing down. It’d be like slapping a puppy across the face, one just didn’t do something as terrible as that.

So the two got ready and met up outside the subway station, ready to make an entrance. As Helena expected, Tim had done absolutely nothing to hide their curvaceous form, and in fact was wearing the same kind of outfit they always wore whenever they wanted to have fun somewhere; having expected nothing less from her date, the cat resolved to do the same, providing quite the contrast with the endless parade of well-tailored suits and cocktail dresses making their way to the large building in front of them. It was one of the few occasions where they could get away with breaching unwritten dressing etiquette, as they were at no point informed of any sort of code they had to abide by, even if they knew exactly what the staff organizing the event were expecting them to pick for the night. Honestly, just the sight of the clerk on the front desk staring them down with equal parts confusion, anger and apprehension was enough to make their whole day, and the music hadn’t even started!

Helena wasn’t personally familiar with this orchestra, but Tim assured her they were “the real deal” and they couldn’t afford to let go of that opportunity, as the group very rarely toured outside their home country. The lynx made a heaping ton of promises about how sublime the tones would be, and how life-changing the experience was for everyone who went through it; from how much they gushed over it, Helena figured the ambiance would be one permeated by

excitement and overjoyed eagerness, rather than the stuffy, formal affair it was turning out to be. But, for Tim's sake, she kept her mouth shut.

Their bodies made for quite the sensation once they had to find their assigned seats. While the cat could at least make her way between rows without making too much of a fuss, even if her hips occasionally bumped into other people without her noticing, the lynx was simply too big to move absent some kind of damage to their environs. It would be slightly embarrassing if she didn't know they were doing it on purpose; they were perfectly capable of reducing their size to much more manageable levels at any point thanks to their shapeshifting abilities, so for them to go so far and refuse to shrink down was entirely of their own choosing, usually something they did whenever they were bored and wanted to flaunt their stuff. Not exactly a good omen for what was going to happen that night.

Fitting into a chair was a right mess as well, to the point where even the lynx had to concede and reduce the width of their ass just enough that it wouldn't spill onto the next seat over. Tim didn't look all that concerned about it, plus Helena knew they'd just bloat it again at the first opportunity they got, so no big loss. Still, even they knew to keep quiet once the lights were dimmed in anticipation of the orchestra's members walking on-stage, and the sheer look of excitement and joy when the crowd broke out into applause at the sight of the first few musicians told Helena that, utter disrespect for formality aside, the lynx's desire to be there that night was entirely genuine. They even looked sideways towards her to make sure she was about as happy to see the show as they were, their pearly whites glinting in the shadow when they failed to contain themselves and broke out into a wide smile. It was enough to make the other cat start giggling; seeing Tim that mindlessly giddy about anything was a very rare sight indeed.

Silence fell again a few moments after the conductor walked on-stage and offered a short bow towards the audience, then began recounting the orchestra's history, the details of their tour and a short summary of the pieces they would be playing that night, followed by a longer explanation of the overture selected to open the performance. The old man spoke at length of the history of Pompeii, leading up to its destruction under the flames and ash of Vesuvius, how it was robbed and scavenged and then later rediscovered, a grim snapshot of the Roman life preserved via the charred corpses of its inhabitants. Not the most uplifting of tales, but it certainly set the scene for what was going to be a bombastic arrangement, and indeed the first couple of minutes were enough to allow Helena to understand just why Tim insisted on going there for their third date; the orchestra really *was* that good.

What she failed to grasp was that Tim rarely did anything without some form of ulterior motive to it, and though the decision to experience some good music was certainly something they wanted to do, it still wasn't an exception to the rule. The cat was also wholly unaware of

something that the lynx had picked up on right from the very start, something Tim themselves couldn't quite believe Helena never realized: that she, too, was a shapeshifter like them. It was rare that such talents went for so long without being noticed, to the point where the curvier feline had trouble accepting it wasn't just a complicated ruse... at first. As the two got to know one another it became clearer that the other cat was, in fact, completely unaware of her true nature, which is precisely why Tim had to do something about it; wouldn't do to have her live in ignorance for a single second longer.

In reality, they could very well have done that in just about a million different ways, but knowing how much Helena enjoyed public displays of affection and size superiority (hence why Tim was even as large as they were amidst a crowd that clearly didn't appreciate it), the lynx decided to take things towards a much more exhibitionist end than would perhaps be acceptable in polite company. Their date didn't need a boost so much as they only required a small push in the right direction, hence why Tim made sure their two seats were placed right at the back of the auditorium: plenty of room to grow without it adversely affecting the orchestra's performance... or the orchestra itself.

The initial change would begin to take hold around the bust, as was customary for whenever the two poked into the active shapeshifter's powers. Helena was nothing if not well-endowed already, even if she didn't come close to the overblown size of the feline next to her, but she had always wondered what it would be like to be just slightly larger than she already was. Plastic surgery was right out and she was, by nature, extremely suspicious of any "natural" alternatives, leaving her stuck in a limbo of choice that would never go anywhere. This provided the best platform for Tim to launch her towards her goal by giving her a third option Helena had never thought of before, right after the lynx made sure to surreptitiously place a hand atop her leg; their date figured this was a simple gesture of intimacy and opted to return it, unaware that she had just given the lynx direct contact with her body and, therefore, a hotline to her brain.

Messing around in that thing without Helena noticing proved to be a significant challenge, so much so that most of the fifteen-minute overture was over by the time Tim identified where the source of her shapeshifting abilities was located. They could've driven them into frenzied activity, perhaps even directed them towards a specific end, but Tim prided themselves on never making anyone else's decisions for them; thus, their one action was to simply *activate* the transformative powers and then retreat from within Helena's mind before she noticed anything was different.

This would prove to be more than enough, given how said powers even worked in the first place. They were equal parts instinctive and conscious, drawing as much from one's desires as they did from one's rational, thought-out decisions. Initial transformations, when the talent first

surfaced, had a tendency to be poorly controlled and overblown, to the point where structural damage to their environs was not only normal but even *expected*; it took years of intense training and practice before any of their kind developed the discipline required to fully control their abilities, and even then they were still a slave to their hormones, prone to going off on massive growth spurts whenever they became too aroused. Tim figured themselves a proficient shapeshifter and even *they* had trouble controlling their body whenever Helena got a bit too frisky with them; hence the decision to bring her to a public venue.

The other cat liked to deny it, but did absolutely nothing else when it came to follow through with their supposed dislike for affection in public. She'd tell Tim not to expose too much cleavage and then immediately plunge her hand into it to feel just how soft it was after getting distracted by it, or even go so far as to balk at the notion they should snuggle up in public only to offer to do just that barely five minutes later after they exchanged a moment of silence together. She was a... complex creature, but one that very obviously enjoyed being able to show off to everyone, even if she said otherwise whenever anyone asked. It wasn't that surprising, then, that her body began to change almost immediately after Tim awoke her talents, her clothes starting to strain at the seams when they were suddenly assaulted from within by burgeoning, rising flesh, the cat herself sweating slightly as her metabolism picked up where it should've left off years before. She turned towards her date, silently asking them if something was wrong, only to receive a sly grin and half-lidded eyes, two signs that Tim was up to something no good; it was only after she looked down and stifled a yelp that Helena realized what was happening to her, and at that point it was simply too late to do anything about it.

Underboob was already visible, her tight shirt having been pulled up by a blossoming bosom until a significant portion of her areolae were visible and even the nipples were perfectly outlined against the fabric they were tenting. It practically creaked from how much it was being stretched, a feat mirrored by her jeans, whose tightness was working against Helena by giving her no room to grow *into*. Any mass added to her thighs and every inch placed on her hips was one too many for her pants, which developed a series of holes loudly enough that a couple of people turned their heads to see what was making all the noise... only to have their eyes stuck on the spectacle of growth going on in front of them.

The cat was huffing openly by that point, her own eyes closed and her hands firmly placed on her tits, squeezing them as hard as she could while mumbling something about wanting them even bigger. Tim recalled their first experience with the growth spurts, fondly remembering the many times they got stuck somewhere because they couldn't even begin to control their body's ability to change shape... it took them so far away from reality that they only tuned back in after feeling their date's form begin to press against theirs, practically forcing them out of their seat and causing several people to get up and run away in a panic. Out in the distance, a couple of the

flutists took notice of what was going on, but seeing as the second piece had already started, could do nothing but carry on and pretend things were perfectly fine; soon, the whole orchestra sans the conductor could see what Helena was doing to herself in the back row, but without any permission to stop had to continue playing as if they weren't all at risk of being smothered by cat tit.

Meanwhile, said cat was having the time of her life turning her body into the kind of overblown monument to self-indulgence she always pictured it as. Bigger tits, bigger ass, wider hips and meatier thighs, just a bit of pudge to her belly, all of it packed onto a frame that steadfastly refused to grow beyond its original five-foot-ten, giving her the kind of look that only the most afflicted of hypers could ever hope to achieve. It was perfect, it was exactly what she wanted, and yet she couldn't help but feel that things weren't going the way they were supposed to; was she always that large? Had she always had the ability to change shape? It certainly *felt* natural, but she couldn't for the life of her recall any situation where she had used that power before. Was it Tim's fault? Well, it most certainly was to some degree, but was it *mostly* their fault?

Hard to tell, for it was hard to *think* when one's body was plowing through multiple rows of seats in a packed auditorium, made to deal with the pressure inherent in dislodging dozens of people from where they were comfortably sitting down while also ripping apart metal rivets from a concrete floor. The entire room was filled by the sounds of groaning metal and bent plastic, eventually superseded by constant churning once Helena remembered she always wanted a bit of kitty milk to along with the kitty titty; before long the ground was being covered by a thick coating of white, practically syrupy in consistency, turning the concert hall into a trap for anyone who hadn't run off before the tide reached their feet. They still tried to run away, only to tumble and fall onto the sticky liquid, leaving them unable to even writhe properly once the next unfortunates tripped onto them. For Helena, this was exactly what she'd been looking for, longing for that kind of transformation for *years*; she didn't care she was in public anymore, only that her ass continued to turn into an even larger seat for herself, only that her breasts carried on with their inexorable rise towards the ceiling. All that mattered was that her body was made to become bigger than ever before, fuller and rounder and more everything... so Tim could then turn around and become even *larger*, thus giving them both a chance to engage in some friendly competition.

The music was still going, albeit so filled with holes and missteps that the conductor's temple was about as ready to pop as Helena's body looked to be. It eventually got bad enough that the older man threw his baton to the side and ordered his musicians to stop, though his interrogation was stopped in its tracks by him suddenly being able to perfectly hear what was going on behind

him. All rage left his expression once he turned around, replaced with fear and horror at what he saw.

There was no more auditorium, no more concert hall... or if there was, it was cleverly hidden underneath what appeared to be several tons of furred flesh approaching him at disconcertingly high speed. A pair of overstuffed breasts that constantly exuded two small rivers of extremely thick cream barreled through what remained of the first few rows of seats, the top of their curvature poking at the ceiling and threatening to burst through it if allowed to keep going without any kind of resistance. Behind them, just barely visible thanks to its also-immense size, was a set of asscheeks of such colossal girth that the mere act of being allowed them to jiggle and ripple like gelatin, not aided by the shockwaves produced by the titanic mounds strapped to the front of Helena's chest. Though not able to see it, the conductor could only assume that such an enormous ass came coupled with a pair of hips and thighs that would allow anyone in his orchestra to completely vanish into their pudge and never be seen again; indeed, this was not only true, but an understatement of cat-sized proportions.

Helena, for her part, was happy to finally reach her size goals... but she didn't feel like stopping. She could still keep going, so why bother keeping herself like that? Better that she find her cap and burst through it than be satisfied with anything less than complete and total perfection; so what if the ceiling was starting to collapse?

The building could just be held up by her own body!