

She wasn't sure why it was happening, but she really had no complaints.

Chai stood in front of the dressing room's antique mirrors, taking a moment in an unfamiliar setting to get another look at herself. The half-cheetah was stripped to the waist, with her shirt, bra, and traditional neck scarf hanging on pegs behind her. Did she need to take them off here, for this? No. Did she like what she was seeing? Oh yes...

She *knew* her breasts were getting bigger. It was hard not to notice when she outgrew several bras and even now wasn't sure what cup size she'd ballooned into. As for the why, she could only guess. Late-blooming genetics? A little too much dragon milk? Or maybe a side-effect of hanging around a certain full-chested dairy fox, though she wasn't nearly *that* big.

Yet...

But Chai had grown used to seeing herself in her home mirror, and the steady progress of her boobs was easy to underestimate. Looking at herself in these big, old mirrors, though, she really got a full sense of how much she'd grown. She was huge! The skinny house cheetah brushed her tan-furred paws across her bare breasts, lifting them and testing their weight. Once upon a time, she'd been a pawful, and she thought *that* was big. Now she must have tripled that. On her frame, they looked gigantic, and she did not mind how much she was beginning to fill out her tops. Of course, it was getting harder to wear her traditional scarves modestly, but that was everyone else's problem.

But she didn't come in here to admire her bigger boobs. Chai found this antique store while wandering the town and decided on a whim to poke her nose in and explore. They had so many pretty things, but her eyes had been drawn to the jewelry, and in particular an amethyst pendant on a gold chain. The pale purple gemstone would complement her tan and green fur, and she was filled with an urge to go try it on.

She lift the pendant up to her throat and closed the clasp at the base of her short-cut hair above the nape of her neck. Brushing a paw through her side-shaved hair, she smiled and admired how the pendant rest delicately just under her collarbone, sparkling beautifully against her upper chest. It drew the eye to her cleavage, for sure, but she wondered how well it would sit when she was wearing a bra. Hopefully she could adjust the chain.

But that seemed like it wouldn't be an immediate worry, as Chai slid her paws down to feel her bare breasts again while she was here in private, and felt them suddenly push back against her palms. Blinking, she looked down, and to her shock (and excitement), they were beginning to grow! The gemstone on her chest sparkled brightly, more so than the lights overhead, and her already big boobs were swelling up fuller and heavier, growing even rounder under her paws and fingertips. Her pink nipples plumped between her fingers, stiffening with excitement.

Chai knew this feeling. Pressure built behind her nips, a low ache that made her purr in anticipation. She turned and rest her back against the mirror behind her, the cold glass sending a shiver down her spine and caused her tail to puff up twice its size. She closed her eyes and bit her lip with her upper fangs, letting these feelings wash over her, ready for the warm milk to roll down her fur.

A glimmer of purple shined in the dressing room, and Chai cracked an eye open. Someone else's paws were on top of hers. She looked down and saw that glowing, ghostly paws, the same color as the amethyst on her chest, were lovingly groping and teasing at her fuller, bigger bust, like a partner reaching around her from behind. Panting, she lifted her own paws away, putting them on the mirrors to either side to brace herself. The ghostly paws took that as a good sign, it seems, working their fingertips towards her nipples in a pleasant massage. Chai's purr doubled and she leaned her head back as milk sprayed from her nipples in thread-thin streams, a fountain that made her tremble in delight, hot from ear to toe. The paws continued their teasing and groping, and every squeeze made her feel like she was filling with *more* milk, not less. That just meant the ghostly paws had more to play with, as dribbles of milk rolled down her breasts and over her stomach.

And the cow-kitty let herself drift into the pleasure, even if it was going to be awkward trying to explain the mess...

“Why couldn't we just... do this... in your... backyard?” Damien huffed, hauling over the last bucket of water from the stream and pouring it into the cauldron, which was now filled almost all the way to the brim. The jaguar tossed the bucket over his shoulder and adjusted his long coat.

Cerine wandered into range of the campfire in the deep woods. She was wearing a black witch's dress, hugging her generous curves, and her glasses reflected the firelight underneath her wide-brimmed hat. “Because whoever heard of doing occult alchemy in their backyard?” She bent over and began to gather up her ingredients with a soft *grunt*. “Ugh... stupid costume doesn't fit like it did last year.”

“I hadn't noticed,” Damien lied, turning aside and trying to look at the fox's hearty hips out of the side of his eye.

Cerine stood upright and shimmied her dress back into place around her and then turned back to the cauldron. She leaned forward to see past her prodigious cleavage and peek into the water. It was already bubbling and boiling, heated up as Damien filled it. The curvy pink fox got a paper bag of gray powder, already measured out, and poured it all into the pot. Then after that, she mixed in some mushrooms she collected from the forest and some crushed herbs from another bag. Grabbing a long, wooden spoon, she began to stir up the concoction.

“You look like an actual witch,” Damien teased. “Just... fluffier.”

The fox looked up at him above the rim of her glasses with a grin. “Okay, warlock. Are you ready for your part?”

Damien flushed and then found his grimoire. He flipped it open to the spell he planned on conjuring and took up his position beside the fox. As Cerine stirred the darkening brew in the cauldron, she scooped up a conical glass bottle and filled it up with the bubbling mix. The liquid was a dark, unappealing purple-gray, almost entirely impossible to see through. But as Damien raised up his paw and read aloud the incantation in his grimoire, a shimmering fog of light began to surround the alchemy bottle.

Slowly, the potion inside began to swirl and change. It lost the dark color, turning translucent and a bright shade of blue. And then the liquid shined on its own with magical light, like a drop of moonlight caught within the glass.

“Wow, it actually worked,” Damien breathed, watching the fox swirl the potion about in the glass.

“Yeah, I was a little skeptical at first,” Cerine explained, peeking into the bottle up-close. “But it really did-”

The wet glass slid between her fingers and dropped out of her grip. Falling down, the bottle *bounced* off the fox's fat shelf of cleavage, spun end over end, and *smashed* against the rim of the iron cauldron. The glowing liquid ran in streams down the side of the pot, where the flames then licked at it, causing it to boil and turn into blue smoke.

“That's... probably not good,” Cerine mumbled, taking a half-step back. Damien did the same.

But it was too late. They'd already inhaled the fumes. Immediately, their bellies began to churn, almost like they'd eaten the biggest meal of their lives. Damien burped first, and then Cerine blew her cheeks out trying to be ladylike with her own.

As Damien watched, Cerine began to blow up. Her hips swelled, stretching her witch costume as tight as it could go, as she gained weight. Every inch of the pink fox's figure plumped, from thighs to tits, and the stitching on her costume started to burst around pink fur and black undies.

Then he started to feel a bit of a draft, himself. Looking down, he saw his belly was bulging forward, hanging slightly out of his dark tunic and pushing his red-trimmed and hooded coat aside. He was getting as fat as she was!

“What was that potion supposed to do?!” he asked, feeling his shirt tighten around his chest.

“I thought it was your idea!” Cerine replied, trying to keep her undies up over a butt too big to contain.

The ritual was all but complete. Scooting around the outside of the summoning circle on her paws and knees, the vixen used her claws to trim up the lines of salt and nudge the candles into exactly the right spot. If anything was misaligned, well, it could wind up pretty bad for her. But she'd studied the process extensively, and read about others' failures in the summoning arts, and she was certain she wouldn't fall prey to anything like that.

The gray fox jumped up to her feet and ran to grab her lit candle on the table nearby in the cellar. She had on a light tunic and brown breeches, very unassuming clothes for someone about to do something extremely assuming. She picked up the brass candle holder in one paw and went about the circle, chanting the memorized words of the spell out loud to herself as she lit each candle in turn. The air in the cellar began to crackle with strained energy and her gray and brown fur stood on end from her ears down to the tip of her tail.

As she lit the very last candle, she let her voice take on a louder edge, raising her arms up at her sides and speaking the eldritch phrases in a dead tongue aloud. A part of her mind feared someone might hear, but it was too late now. She couldn't bring herself to stop; the words poured from her muzzle like a swarm, twisting over one another, the syllables mixing into a nonsensical chorus. Her words took physical shape in the air, transforming into strands of blood-red light, which collected together in the center of the circle, weaving over one another in midair. They knit into a loop above the circle, like an empty picture frame. But then the air inside the ring began to shimmer, twist, and fold in on itself. The fox saw glimpses of hell beyond, and squeezed her eyes shut.

While she finished the incantation, paws reached through the portal and tugged it open wider. A hellhound stepped through the gate in all of her unholy glory: tall, fanged, black fur smoldering with embers, and a pair of ivory horns crowning her graceful head. Amber eyes like warm coals glowed on her midnight features, and she looked down her muzzle at the fox who summoned her with an amused grin. She looked around the circle entrapping her and nodded.

"For what reason do you summon me, little one?" the hellhound asked, her voice sounding as water rushing through a lightless cavern, echoing throughout the small cellar. "Do you understand the forces that you toy with?"

"I do!" the gray fox answered confidently, even if she was internally buckling under the gaze of this very powerful and, uh... attractive demon. "I desire to be filled with the powers of hell!"

The hellhound tilted her head in thought and then extended a paw. A wisp of flame rolled down her forearm and leapt from her fingertips to materialize into a piece of parchment, as if it had burned away in reverse. On it was written strange, otherworldly script, with room for a signature on the bottom.

"Very well," the demon told her. "Sign the compact, and you shall have your wish."

A quill *poofed* into the fox's empty paw with a lick of fire, and she could barely keep her handwriting steady as she wrote out her name on the line. Then the contract vanished once more, consumed by hellfire.

"And there you have it," the demon purred. She flicked her tail and scattered the salt circle and candles around the cellar floor before taking a step towards the fox and holding her jaw in one paw. The vixen squeaked, surprised, and trembled in her grip. The hellhound took her other paw and slid it underneath the fox's tunic, pressing it to her belly. When she pulled her palm away, she had left a glowing imprint of her paw in the fox's fur.

"Are those my powers?" the vixen asked.

"In due time," the demon told her, letting her go and stepping back to the portal. "First, you agreed to help me replenish my forces. I've lost many, so I'll return in a few days to claim the ones I just left with you. Do not worry; they grow fast." As she stepped through the portal, she added, with a wink, "Oh, and they can be quite active. Get bedrest, my little warlock."

The gray fox was unsure what the demon meant by all that. As the portal closed behind her, the vixen lifted up her tunic and her eyes widened in shock as her tummy began to swell forwards...

“So how long was this operation going to be?”

“Just a few days,” the commander replied, floating weightlessly in the shuttle's pod. “We'll circle the planet, take a few scans, and be on our way home in time for dinner.” He let the botched joke hang in the air before clearing his throat. “I know you're new to the team, but just see to your tasks and everything will be fine.”

She nodded, watching the black strands of hair loosed from her ponytail float in front of her face. The pod was fairly cramped. All of the team members were currently crammed into the shuttle's work room, fiddling with equipment and taking notes from monitors. There was no up or down in the microgravity, but the new team member was squeezed between the commander and one of her teammates. Behind her, a round glassteel viewport showed the planet below.

The new team member counted the days in her head. When did they leave? How many were there left, again? She looked down, holding out her hand and counting on her fingers. The tight, rubberized fabric of her jumpsuit creaked around her palm and wrist as she touched her fingers to her thumb in thought.

“Hey, you okay?” the teammate beside her, hovering upside-down relative to her own view, asked her.

“Oh, yeah,” she answered, shaking her head. “It's nothing.”

“You antsy to get back already?” the other woman asked, turning a few knobs on the control panel in front of her. “Got a date?”

“Something like that. Just something I don't want to miss.”

“Big tri-vid concert, I getcha. I was looking forward to it, too, but got called up here to do this. But hey, maybe we'll get back in time.”

“I hope so,” the new team member said under her breath.

Behind her, another one of the crew was pulling themselves over to the viewport. He pressed his hands against the glassteel and peered out over the planet below. “Oh, hey. We've got moonrise over the horizon. Should be coming up any second now.”

There was a murmur of benign interest from most of the team, and an exasperated reminder from the commander for everyone to get back to work, but for the new team member, the news left her frozen in place. Her hand began to quiver above the datapad she was holding, with jittering fingers typing gibberish into the screen she had been recording notes on. The rest of the crew floated towards the viewport to watch, ignoring the commander as well as their new hire who remained on the far side of the work room.

“Whoa, it's beautiful,” someone whispered.

“It's so blue.”

“It's a big one. Bigger than my homeworld's for sure.”

“Hey, uh... is the new girl okay?”

No, she was not okay. She gripped a rail bolted to the wall, meant for pulling oneself along in microgravity, so tight that it began to shake. Her blood was boiling. The light from the moon – a full moon, unobstructed by any planet's shadow – was slipping between the other crewmates and washing over her back. She could feel the lunacy seeping in behind her eyes.

Her muscles tightened from her neck to her toes, and then they began to grow. Her jumpsuit stretched and twisted, splitting in places over her underclothes, and where skin was exposed, black fur rapidly grew to fill the breach. Her body swelled bigger and more bestial, long fangs erupting from a drawn smile as her face elongated into a muzzle. A tail burst through the seat of her jumpsuit as most of it began to rip and shred across her hulking, muscular frame. She slammed razor-sharp claws into the console in front of her, sparks flying from the screen as her nails cut through the glass and metal like butter. Electricity crackled and the lights in the pod flickered and died.

The werewolf's chest swelled and she let out a savage howl before twisting about and fixing two glowing red eyes on the other crewmates.

A heavy, jiggly ball of cheetah squeezed her bulk through the narrow doorway. She wasn't sure how she got here. She wasn't even sure where *here* was.

All she knew was she had been hanging out with her boyfriend for the night, and the next thing she knew, she was in this place. It was weird, and eerie, far too silent and definitely far too alone. The obese cat waddled deeper into the space, following the warm flow of air and the faint orange glow ahead of her. Her love handles and hips dragged along the narrow corridor before, finally, *pop!* Out she bounced into a larger room. This one was lined with ovens along one wall, their stainless steel doors spic and span. Racks of bread and tarts and cakes and other treats lined the opposite wall, and there were chutes full of flour and sugar and salt, ready to be dispensed. Right in the middle was a wooden table, dusted with flour, and on it was a warm, baked chocolate cake.

The scent drew the fat cheetah closer and closer, her mouth watering. She couldn't resist such a sweet treat. Her tubby tummy pressing against the edge of the table, she dragged the cake over to her and began to shovel slice after slice into her plump face. To think, just a year ago she was as trim as a light pole and she'd never consider eating like this. And yet, now a bloated six-hundred-plus pounds, Amelie was happier than ever, loved, and still indulging in the newfound freedom of stuffing herself.

The cheetah dropped the empty plate and burped politely into her round cheeks. Reaching down and in front of herself, she gave her belly a couple playful pats, making the round jelly bowl jiggle underneath her shirt. She had on her jeans and light hoodie from before, to stave off the autumn chill while out shopping with Len. Good thing she'd found a boutique specializing in clothes for fat girls of her caliber, or-

“So you like cakes, hm?”

The voice seemed to hiss right in the not-so-speedy cat's ear. She yipped and spun about, slowly, and looked all around the dimly-lit bakery. The glow of the ovens began to brighten, and the heat within shimmered and pulsed in time with the disembodied words.

“This bakery does not offer free samples,” the voice warned her, echoing out of the cavernous and hell-hot ovens. “If you want to eat one cake, you must eat them all!”

“I was, um, actually just going-” Amelie tried to say, but a slice of coconut cake guided by a glowing paw made of wispy green light stopped any further useless protests. The cheetah crossed her green eyes, trying to look down at the treat in her muzzle. Well... if they *insisted*...

More ghostly paws appeared around her sides, grabbing her arms, flanks, love handles, and lifting her belly from underneath. The paws floated over a handful of chairs, but were waved away by others, and then all the floating paws hoisted the huge cheetah upwards and onto the table, which creaked under her weight as she rolled onto her back like a beachball, her hefty figure wobbling and sloshing. The paws kneaded Amelie's large bulk, patting at her massive belly and big boobs, all spreading wide around her as she lay flat.

With her fairly immobilized – by her own size, no less – the paws swirled around her, taking cakes from the shelves behind her or freshly-baked extras from the ovens. They took turns shoveling them into the greedy cheetah's muzzle, bite after bite packed down her throat. She could barely move, just eating non-stop, feeling the calories pack onto her and begin to make her bloat. From her vantage point, whenever cake wasn't blocking her view, she watched as her midsection grew wider and fatter, overflowing the table. At least, until she grew so fat that her boobs were popping from her shirt, pressing against the bottom of her muzzle. She ballooned bigger, eating *every* cake in the bakery, swelling enormously with fat, until the first tell-tale cracks sounded from the legs of the table. And then it gave out beneath her, leaving her weightless until-

She jolted herself awake. It was dark, only the glow of a TV lit the living room. The fat cheetah had passed out with her head on her boyfriend's lap while he played one of his games. She quickly reached down and pulled up her pajama shirt, letting her tidal wave of belly spill out onto the cushion in front of her. Yeah, still her regular size... whew...

“Babe, are you okay?” Len asked her, petting her head and looking down in concern.

“Weird dream,” she told him, yawning. “It's fine... but I *am* starving. Do we have any cake left over?”