

Prologue – The Tabby's Tablet

“Shippo! Shippo! Oh my god, SHIPPO! I want this!” The shadowy cat bounced in his chair, the furniture struggling to not break under his weight with each landing.

His orange fox mate rolled over in his own chair, the wheels rumbling loudly as they moved his bulk over the hard floor, and looked at his cat's screen. On the screen was a shopping website, and his mate was currently squealing over a drawing tablet – a very *expensive* drawing tablet.

“Soltan, you don't need that; you barely draw anything. What's wrong with the one you've got now?”

The tubby tabby whined and gestured to the screen, his periwinkle pudgy pawpad pushing on the screen slightly, the purple spiral on the back of his paw taking up the view of what he was supposed to be showing. “Look! It's got a screen on it, so I can use it as a monitor and draw on it and not be confused on where I am, and it looks really *cool*, and I just really *want* it!”

Shippo sighed and shook his head, his pudgy vanilla colored belly shaking slightly in sympathy, then established eye contact with Soltan, his bright blue eyes meeting Soltan's deep red ones. “No, dude. It's cheaper for me to just keep paying for you to get commissions of your old persona - for some reason - than to buy that, and even that's getting kinda silly, itself, sir...”

“BUT SIIIIIR, I *wannnnnt*!”

The cat got up and shifted his body slightly, making his moobs inflate with fat, his gray, shadowy fur stretching outwards as his dark purple chest fluff fills in the space between each moob. Aside from sending some to his already pronounced rear and hips, the dark purple stripes on his hips widened and elongated as the heart-mark in the center of his bum grew bigger, his growth causing him to take on an exaggerated hourglass shape as he leaned down into the fox, close enough for his muzzle to sink into his moobs.

“Soltan, if you're trying to charm me, you could at *least* focus on your belly... that's the part I like more... but even then it's not going to work...”

Soltan groaned and whined, plopping back down in his chair and burying his muzzle in his paws, his moobs squishing up against his chin as his cheeks wobbled over the sides of his paws, his bright purple nose poking out. This surrender left his belly exposed and drooping down against his pudgy thighs, and gave Shippo the opportunity to tickle and grope the plush mass.

“AHH! No, Sir, stoppit! I'm not in the mood now!” The cat said with a pout, crossing his arms and turning his back to his fox, leaving his rump exposed for smackins, as Shippo did just that,

smacking his paw against the butt that was flowing out the back of the cat's computer chair like molten magma around a stone.

"OWWwww, noooo, *stooooop!*" The cat whined, his dark purple chin sinking into his flabby neck rolls as he opens his mouth. He ran to their bed, flumping down and burying himself in the blankets with a "Hmph!"

"Ugh, you know, if you want it so bad, why don't you just go back to work? Then you can buy it yourself."

Soltan turned around and looked at his fox with annoyance. "You know how hard it was for me to work when I did? Always getting walked on, never appreciated, my anxiety going off nearly every day! You want me to go back to *that?!?*"

Shippo shrugged his shoulders. "It's not like you have to go back to *that* job; you can try somewhere else, you know..."

"Yeah, and deal with interviews, and rejection..." Soltan said with a sigh, burying himself deeper into the blankets.

"Tell you what: you take a shot at a few jobs, and if no one takes you on, *then* I'll buy it..." Shippo said with a defeated groan.

"Argh, fine, if that's what it takes. I kinda don't even want it that bad now..."

Shippo just glared at the burrito cat in his blanket roll.

"BUT, I'll try, 'cuz you told me to..."

After a week of walking around and applying to local businesses, big "Now Hiring" signs hanging in the windows or not, Soltan decided his last try would be a hardware store near his house.

The store itself was fairly big – a town that housed a lot of fat furries tended to need many things repaired - and he had heard the store specialized in plus-sized items, so working there might even get him some perks.

Before heading out, he concentrated on the strange magic so deeply intertwined with his body and being and slimmed himself down to a small-ish 350 pounds. This weight was the smallest he'd ever gone - well, since surpassing it some time ago - but he allowed the weight he carried to remain on his lower body and chest, as experimentation had proved this his more comfortable shape. With much less trouble than he would have had two-hundred pounds prior, he put on his nice shirt and pants. Neither exactly fit perfectly, leaving some tummy and butt

exposed, but he figured given the nature of the store and its likely clientele, it'd just as soon ruin his chances at landing the job as get him in. Either way, he'd get his tablet.

As he made his way into the store, he saw other furies heading in as well, unsobly giving him sideways glances and smirking as they went about their business. He blushed slightly, but continued in, stopping to check his reflection in the window. He noticed his normally slicked back hair was slightly askew, so he licked his paws and slicked it back once again, fixing his ponytail in the process, the usual tough strand of hair that refused to cooperate flumped back forward over his eye, sighing he gave it a puff and walked to the service counter, where he was greeted by a small red panda standing on a tall brown stool to see over the counter.

"Howdy, big guy! How can I help you today?" The panda asked with a big smile, his tail *swooshing* softly behind him.

"Uhm... I want to apply, if possible, please. If you guys are hiring, that is..." Soltan mumbled out. Talking to strangers was still hard for him now and then; especially friendly ones like this guy.

The little critter gave him a smirk, and answered "Sure thing, tons of fun! Just waddle over to the computer over there and fill out the info, and we'll get back to you faster than your next pizza delivery!"

Soltan was confused by his sudden change of tone; was he mocking him, or just being TOO friendly?

He decided to brush it off, and moved to the computer, plopping down in the too-small chair. He could immediately feel his butt fight the small wooden obstacle to comfort, overhanging on either side and blubbing out the back, exposing his rear more and making it very uncomfortable to sit there. But Soltan only had to finish this one final application to prove that he had tried.

As he filled out his info, he heard the occasional whistle behind him, but he assumed it was people getting others' attention, and paid it no mind after acknowledging it. Once in a while he would hear someone comment on his ass hanging out and giggle, but he just wanted to finish and get out.

It was only when he heard a camera click behind him and then laughter that he turned around, catching sight of a young lizard and deer typing on their phones. He got up to ask them what their problem was, but they left, in no great hurry, before he could get unstuck from the chair. Soltan just groaned and submitted what he had; he wasn't gonna get the job anyway, and people *sucked*.

He printed out the "Thank you for your interest" page and took it home, the panda waving as he left.

"See ya aROUND, big guy!"

Soltan trudged back home, red with embarrassment. Why did that even bother him that much? He loved being fat and getting comments on it... Maybe because it wasn't in good fun, but more sinister? Whatever; he had his proof he had tried, so now Shippo would buy the tablet.

As he entered the sanctuary of his home, he sighed, and let himself plump back up, tearing his clothes slightly as he hurried to remove them before he finished. He let his moobs hang down and swell up as he removed his shirt, then took off his pants to let his butt puff and wobble outwards as he sat down on the living room chair, filling up the space quickly as he finished growing.

Using his tail to scratch his back and sides lightly, he listens for a moment, and concludes that Shippo is gone, likely out doing his fox things again. With the remote sadly out of reach, he could only sit and think about the events that had just happened, wondering what he could have done better.

As he mulled over the red panda's words, and the other people who had been staring and laughing, he noticed something stirring under his belly and lapfat...

But before he could realize what was going on, the ringing of his phone shattered the dour silence. He dug it out of his pocket with a grumpy sigh.

"Ahhh, what do *you* want?"

"Er... is Soltan there? Is this him?"

"Yeah, this is him... What's this in regards to?"

"Hi, yes, this is Tyler! I'm the manager of Hard-Where, and I'm calling to tell you... you got the job!"

Soltan looked confusedly at his phone, as if he might see Shippo's number there and realize it was only a prank. He had just left there 20 minutes ago!

"Umm, how? I didn't even finish the application..."

"Ehhh, it doesn't matter! I've looked at your past work experience, and you seem like a good worker. We really need the help, and all! What time is good for you to start?"

"Umm, I guess night time, like 7ish?"

"Okay, that's great! Our store closes at 9, and you'll be working as a stocker, anyway, so you'll be there after closing 'til it's finished. Is that okay?"

"Sure, but I can only manage about 4 hours a day, I'm um, very busy, and all, other times, with... *school*, and, uh, *personal* things..."

Soltan was glad Shippo wasn't around to hear his blatant lies, but he hoped this would make the persistent manager change his mind.

"Oh, that's fine. We have a decent-sized team, so working you four hours works out great! See you in a couple days for orientation!" Tyler replied rather too cheerily.

The manager hung up, and Soltan could only groan loudly and sink into his chair and his self.

"Great. I got a job..."

Chapter 1: He Works Hard for His Money (and His Honey)

Soltan entered the Hard-Where doors with a sigh. His orientation had gone smoothly, and the job didn't look too bad. His main duty was to stock things and clean up his messes, but just the fact he had to leave the comfort of his house every day for four hours for little pay didn't sit well with him.

His uniform was pretty constricting, as well, the baby-blue polo shirt and blue denim jeans making his body temperature rise. Already sweating before he'd even lifted anything, he still had to wear an apron over the rest. The jeans themselves didn't like staying up, and kept exposing his butt, forcing him to stop to pull them up now and then. The shirt didn't fit perfectly, either, and he had found that he couldn't reach up too high or his belly would slide out, most of the fabric stuck containing the moobs puffing out in front of him. He had slimmed himself down to 350 again for work - going smaller just didn't feel right - but he would only have to deal with the feeling he was missing a few hundred somethings for a few hours before he could relax for the night.

He walked past the service desk, the red panda stationed there giving him a big smile again. Soltan was still unsure if they were a jerk or not, but also too scared to say anything in case he was wrong, so he only smiled back politely and made his way to his work area.

As he approached the area he had been told to report to, he saw a short, trim raccoon with messy blonde hair waving at him; he relaxed slightly when he saw that this stranger was wearing the same apron. He waved back and walked up to the critter, the little raccoon barely up to his chest in height.

"Hello, I'm Soltan, who are you?"

"Eh what? You mean you don't know? I'm the manager. The name's Tyler! Great to have you aboard!"

Soltan was a little taken aback; this critter was so small and looked so young! How could *he* be the manager? His fur was shiny and smooth and didn't look frazzled at all, like most older furs'; his tail hung behind and above his head, extremely poofy and flopping back and forth, almost like it was avoiding touching the floor; the stripes on his body looked like they were drawn on, so perfectly shaped.

"OH! Uh, hello there! Sorry, didn't know you were in charge, sir!"

Soltan reached past his belly and downwards to shake his paw, the manager moving forward and nearly crashing into his stomach to grab it and shake back.

"No problem, son! People usually assume because of my name and my looks I'm just some kid, but I'm actually fifty-three years old, heh."

No way! Soltan thought, He can NOT be 53 years old!

His face must have given away his thoughts, as the manager just chuckled and patted Soltan's stomach. Soltan blushed and apologized, Tyler just shaking his head and waving for him to calm down.

"It's fine! Now, let's get you to work!"

Soltan nodded and followed the manager around the store, listening as the manager explains all the basic duties: stocking the shelves, making things look pretty, putting overstock away, cleaning up cardboard and plastic messes, and other things. He reminded Soltan that CUSTOMERS come first and foremost, no matter what; they must always be happy, no matter how silly their demands are. Soltan nodded, knowing how this worked. Meaning we bend over backwards to please the unpleasable masses.

After walking through the store, they return to the aisle in which they had met, and Tyler asked if Soltan had any questions. The cat shook his head, and the raccoon smiled and welcomed him to the store, shaking his paw again and leaving him to his work.

Turning to his cart of stock, Soltan began to work it. he found it was mostly easy stuff, little boxes of nails and plumbing parts, largely. He was shortly approached by other employees welcoming him to the store, his first visitor hardly making the best impression.

The wiry wolf, who looked as though he tumbled through his fair share of scrapes, just seemed perplexed why a fat cat like him would working here.

However, a panda that looked like he could be the wolf's sparring partner was less abrasive, and gave him a big "Welcome!" pat on the back, nearly making Soltan fall over. He laughed and moved on after Soltan steadied himself.

A couple other cats who worked there, one purely blue and the other yellow with brown hair, sauntered over to say hi as well; they were pretty pudgy, as well, but more in shape than Soltan would ever be.

The last associate to welcome him was an older golden retriever; he had thick glasses on, and grey fur over most of his face, but was very friendly and welcoming, as his tail told, too.

After they had all left, gone back to their own duties, Soltan continued on with his work; between only just starting and all the people saying hello, he had only got a few boxes done, after all. As he worked, he would see customers walking down the same aisle as him, but they were pretty far away, and he didn't wanna disturb them. They likely knew what they wanted, and didn't really need his help. Not to mention he wanted to get his work done so he could go home, anyway...

"Excuse me!"

Soltan was startled by the customer yelling from down the aisle, his tail bristling and his magic threatening to spill out, but he regained his composure and waddled his way down, breathing heavily not from the walk, but the startle.

"Uhh, yes... how can I... help you today?"

Soltan breathed out at the young female collie customer, who seemed a little confused as to how this cat could be out of breath from that short walk. Surely *no one* could possibly be *that* out of shape?

"There's a product I want, but it's up there where I can't reach. I need you to get it down for me, please."

Soltan looked up and saw the object she was pointing at: a small wire roll that needed to be stocked down in front, but that no one had gotten around to, apparently.

"Sure... thing, Miss..."

Soltan waddled to the end of the aisle, not noticing his pants had slipped down slightly again, exposing the top of his butt and his red panty underwear as his butt bounced up and down with each heavy step. He grabbed the sliding ladder and pulled it back to the spot where the customer was standing, heaving slightly as he stepped up and heard the metal groan softly as he lifted his weight up onto the rung. As he rose higher to get it, the customer looked up and saw his exposed rear, letting off a small scoff and giggling, just out of earshot of Soltan.

"This is the one, right, Miss?" Soltan held the wire out in his paw.

The customer looked up again, this time seeing the cat's tummy spilling out from his shirt from reaching up, causing her to stifle another laugh.

"Ahem, yes, yes, that's it, thank you!"

She reached up and quickly took the product before Soltan could wish her a good day, leaving him up in the air wondering what her problem was. He shrugged it off, and reached into the overstock area to grab the rest of the products.

While deep in there, fingers just short of the wire, he heard another

"HEY! Excuse me!"

Soltan looked back down to see a male rabbit staring up at him with a goofy smile. "Uh, yes sir! What can I do for you?"

Soltan began to descend the ladder, but the customer stopped him short. "Hold it! I just would like you to reach an item for me while you're up there, if you would."

"Sure thing, what do you need?"

The rabbit looked around, and then pointed to a box deep in the bin. "That one, please! I would like that one!"

Soltan followed his finger and saw the box was just out of reach, and then looked down to see the product was already on the shelf. "Erm, sir, that product is already down there. I can move the ladder, and you can get it..."

"NO! I want that one!" the rabbit insisted, leg twitching as if he were preparing to stomp his large foot. "Are you gonna help me, or not?!"

Soltan sighed and went one rung higher, the ladder groaning slightly louder. Eyes on the prize, he proceeded to lean into the bin, his moobs and belly resting on the cold metal mesh of the shelves and oozing through slightly as he reached forward, his butt bumping against the top of the bin and his pants slipping down enough for even Soltan to notice. With a "Meep!" he grabbed the box, and hurriedly reversed out to pull his pants up.

Hearing a muffled **click!** as he wiggled out, he was sure it was the ladder, giving him one more reason to wrap things up and quickly hand the product to the customer as he discreetly pulled up the back of his pants with his other hand.

"Here you go, sir, have a nice day..." Soltan managed before looking away, embarrassed, gratefully trundling back to his cart to finish his work.

The rest of the night was slow enough for him to get his work done within the four hours, especially once the store had closed. The other associates thanked him for his help, and the manager gave him a hearty handshake as he walked out the doors to head home.

Soltan hoped his first day at his new job would set a trend for the rest of the week to follow: simply work some stock for four hours, then go home. But as the week progressed, he found himself spending the two hours before closing helping out customers more than working freight. Near the end of the week, he started to recognize that a few of them were people that had been there on nights before. Much to his confusion, they started trying to have conversations with him, on subjects beyond the scope of his job. A few of them had even brought him snacks from near the registers, saying "Someone like you shouldn't be working on an empty stomach!" He accepted them with quiet puzzlement and thanks, yet saw no reason not to munch on them later in the night, when he had accrued a small pile of them.

That next week, Tyler approached Soltan after the store had closed.

"Eh, so, I had a question for you. Would you mind starting work earlier? We've lost some help during the days, and you seem to be very helpful with the customers, so we could really use you on days. I'll give you a small pay increase, as well, if you do."

"Sure..." he accepted reluctantly, thinking how much closer this would get him to that tablet, "but with how often I help the customers, how will I get all the work done?"

"Don't worry, kid! Whatever you don't finish, someone else will, or you can get it done the next day! Just start at three pm tomorrow, if you really don't mind!"

Soltan nodded, and was left alone to finish his work and his snacks for the night. After everything was put away, it was time to go home and tell Shippo the news.

"So, are you working till nine pm, still, or just 'til seven pm? We've gotta think about dinner, and all!" The flabby fox raised his concern, leaning forward with worried eyes and his hands clasped beneath his chins.

Soltan shrugged, his moobs shifting beneath the shirt he had yet to shed. "Prolly nine pm, if they need me, but I'll try to get out at seven if I can, Sir, don't worry! We can just do a late dinner if I don't get out 'til late!"

Shippo sighed, and wrapped his arms around his waist as far as they would go, resting his forehead against the splotched cat's own. "That's fine by me, as long as *you're* happy, cat."

Soltan really wasn't, but what he wanted most was to make Shippo happy, so he said only "I am. Thank you, Sir."

The rest of the night was given to soft snuggling that only increased in intensity as Soltan peeled off the uniform that held him back in more ways than one.

As the first week on his new schedule rolled by, more of the "regulars" Soltan always seemed to find himself helping began coming in earlier and hanging around longer. Every one of them had this habit of asking for various things up high and down low on the shelves, so he learned quickly to always keep a sturdy ladder nearby. At least they were also giving him snacks more and more often, which he never turned down. His work never got completely finished, as each day it seemed more and more people came in to the store and beelined to him to specifically ask him for help, but his manager was more than forgiving, apparently just glad he was making people happy.

One day, a "new" regular Soltan had come to recognize marched in with a clearly homemade snack he insisted on giving to him. The cat was hesitant to take it at first, since it was food from someone he truthfully hardly knew, but the aroma it gave off was ultimately too sweet for him to resist.

He wriggled his fingers for only a second and didn't bother with a "Don't mind if I do!" before snatching the treat up just as fast as he scarfed it down. It left a trail of flavors in his mouth like a slug leaves a trail of slime, and he could feel it land heavily in his stomach a few seconds later, giving him a warm feeling inside as if it were still gently steaming.

Licking his whiskers, he thanked the customer for the yummy treat. Realizing quickly they had an actual hardware problem he also needed to help them solve, he proceeded to help them find the items they were asking for – naturally, scattered all around the store.

As they walked up one aisle and down the other, Soltan began to notice that his stomach felt a bit bloated; even his shirt was feeling tighter! Not only that, but his butt was constantly getting exposed; no amount of adjusting his pants seemed to cover it up. He grunted with effort, and almost squealed with surprise as he actually *felt* his ass growing beneath his hands!

"Is there a problem, buddy?" the customer asked with a sly grin.

Soltan shook his head, insisting "Nah, these pants just suck, is all. I'm fine! Is this all you wanted?"

"Well..." the customer stood quietly for a few moments, seemingly staring through the cat, deep in thought.

As Soltan waited expectantly and uncomfortably, he could feel, actually *feel*, his butt pushing over the waistband of his pants, oozing out like rising dough. His stomach shortly *popped* out

from under his shirt, despite the fact he was certain he had just pulled it down. Thinking that perhaps he was doing it on accident, frantically trying to remember the last time he had worn his ring, the splotched cat focused on being small again...

...Only for the feeling, the *growth*, to continue on. His stomach slid more and more out of his shirt; trying to suck his belly in only exhausted him, and holding the hem of his shirt down was like trying to, well, put the cat back in the bag. The inexorable growth lifted his shirt up towards his moobs, making his apron tighten and tighten until the strings popped off. His jeans were the only thing growing "skinnier" as his ass spilled up and out.

Finally, fearing a bigger incident, he couldn't take it anymore. "Umm, sorry, sir! Something is wrong, I have to go, have a good day!"

Before the customer could reply, Soltan spun around and waddled quickly to the bathroom, his butt becoming more exposed with every step as his lapfat popped the button on the front of his jeans and started pushing the zipper down, leaving his red panties exposed. Even his moobs started poking out from his shirt, bouncing with each step. Customers gasped and giggled as he waddled past them to make his way into the bathroom, shocked at the generous eyeful of fat cat they'd gotten, as his exit was none-too-swift.

As he slammed the door shut, Soltan felt his strange growth stop as his pants slid down his trembling thighs and fell to the floor. He groaned deeply and looked in the mirror, seeing with a well-practiced eye that he must have gained 100 pounds or more! The evidence was everywhere: his butt jutting out far behind him, eating his panties up; his lapfat cascading over the waistband of the too-small undies and hiding them from view; his apron sagged lower due to the strings being broken, but his belly was holding it up as it had become scrunched between his moobs, which were now undeniably poking out a frankly jealousy-inducing amount.

"Ugh, what happened? Is my magic wearing off? How come I'm still Soltan, then?" he asked his equally-flushed and desperate reflection as if he might answer, knowing that if his magic were wearing off he'd start turning into his old brown tabby form. "Wait, no, I *just* charged up the other day, I'm sure of it! This is weird..."

Soltan sighed and tried compressing again; his body shook slightly, trembling with the contraction of his muscles, but otherwise didn't budge. He concentrated harder, aiming for smaller than he used to be, thinking thin thoughts. His moobs shrank ever so slightly, slipping back beneath his baby-blue shirt as the fabric rested back down on his stomach; his ass released the panties from its grip, as did his lapfat, letting him pull them back up. He couldn't seem to make himself any smaller than this, though, so he pulled his pants up as high as they'd go, which still left a bit of butt exposed, and used a safety pin from the pocket of his apron to re-fasten them. It barely worked, but it'd be enough to hopefully go home and fix them, and himself.

There was a loud knock on the door, Tyler's voice coming from behind it. "Soltan, is there an issue? What's going on? I've had customers asking for you for the past few minutes!"

"Uhm, there's a slight problem, boss..." he called back carefully, squeezing a protruding love handle. "I might need to go home early today!"

"Slight problem" was an understatement, he acknowledged to himself, trying to make himself as presentable as he could. His purple belly was still pretty exposed, his zipper wouldn't zip back up – giving some panty shots to anyone at the right angle – and his ass was only half-covered. Giving up, he sighed and just opened the door so the manager could see.

"Eh, what's going on here? Pig out a little too much, kid?" Tyler poked Soltan's exposed stomach and laughed. "But seriously, what's going on?"

"Uhm, all I can figure is I had an allergic reaction to something... Not sure *what*, though..." he murmured guiltily.

"Well shoot, are you dying? Do I need to call the hospital?" Tyler asked, wide-eyed.

"NO! No, I'm fine! Just, as you can see, my clothes are... not holding out well..." Soltan said quickly. "I just figured I could go home for the day and fix them..."

"Eh, well, that's a possibility, but since you just started, you're on a probationary period, you understand," the raccoon warned. "If you go home early, that's an automatic firing, I'm afraid. You gotta wait at least ninety days before you can call in or leave early. It's the rules, after all..."

The manager glanced at the flabby tabby, who looked extremely upset by this.

"But hey, it doesn't look TOO bad! I mean, your clothes were already pretty tight before, and I never really got any complaints. So I don't mind if you work like this. You only got another 3 hours, you can make it!" he said encouragingly. "Then you'll have the weekend off! How about I only make you just greet people the rest of that day? Would that work out?"

Soltan nodded, unsure of what else he could do. "Thank you, sir." Trying not to breathe too deep, he waddled his way to the front doors, avoiding curious stares all the way.

The rest of the day thankfully went by quickly. He had a few customers that insisted he, personally, help out, making him very uncomfortable as he climbed up or bent over for things, feeling like his clothes may explode off at any second.

As the end of the day approached, though, more and more people came in and asked for him to find things for them. Each time he helped someone, there was another customer waiting near the door for him to help; each one seemed to be especially needy, and would make him grab items for them.

Working with his last customer, he had to reach an item on the bottom of a shelf, pushed deep into the back. As he reached for it, he disturbed some dust on a forgotten box and gave off a hefty sneeze, his momentary loss of control causing his fat to *blub* back out slightly, his butt puffing out of his pants more as his moobs pushed forward and made him bonk his head on the shelf above. He crawled back out slowly, and saw the customer staring at him with a large grin.

"Thanks SO much for your help! It was greatly appreciated!"

Soltan just smiled and gave him his product, rubbing his head and wiping the dust off his wobbly body. "Thank you for shopping with us! Have a great night!"

As the customer walked away, Soltan turned and waddled back to the time clock, punching out for the day.

All the way home, he had to fight gravity and his own body as it tried to bloat up again. He just sighed and shuffled faster till he reached the sanctuary of his home.

Chapter 2: Revelations and Other Revealments

"So no more taking food from strangers, which I can't believe I have to tell you that. Okay, sir?"

The blobby cat nodded his head, as much as his mass would allow. Over the weekend, he had continued to bloat up more and more, until he was practically bed-sized. His face had sunken into a pair of giant, wobbly cheeks, his moobs flowed out and down from him, covering his belly, which had grown along with them, but not as much, and resting on the ground. His ass took up half of the wall behind him, forcing his flabby arms forward while his moobs pushed them up, leaving him with his paws barely poking out at an awkward angle, like a young child waiting to be picked up - if that child was the size of a beach ball. His legs were no more than large rings of fat that his feet barely poked out from as he sat and gently wobbled.

Shippo worked his own magic to undo the magic from the tainted snack Soltan had been given the other day. With some effort, he was able to pull the bad magic out from the mountain of a beast, and contain it into Soltan's ring.

"This will purify the magic for you, and now we've got some extra *oomph* stored inside for fun," the magical fox smiled as Soltan's body slowly shrunk down back to its default size.

After a few minutes, Soltan was able to move again, bending his arms just enough to give his savior a big, squishy hug, which the fox greatly appreciated.

After another hour, Soltan had shrunk back down to his 500-pound form.

"Sorry, sir, I thought I knew these people, but apparently they have some evil pranks in mind for me," the fat cat sighed, his ears lowering. "I guess I thought I was just making friends..."

Shippo tutted and shushed Soltan, burying himself into him for another hug, and patting his head. "It's fine, sir, everything was okay and nothing bad happened. Just don't trust anyone other than me and your co-workers and manager, okie?"

The cat nodded, and catching sight of the wall clock over the fox's shoulder, *meeped* at the time.

"Snap, I gotta get going to work! Thanks for fixing me, sir - after having your fun, of course." Soltan giggled, and focused on being smaller. This time it worked quickly, his own magic flowing freely without its malicious passenger, and he decided to go a bit smaller than 350, just in case.

His body sucked itself in like a microwaved marshmallow in reverse, and he patted his less-than-impressive body as he got dressed. Instead of his panties, Soltan decided to be more professional and wear boxers, for extra chances at containment. His uniform had survived the ordeal, so he hurriedly threw it on and ran out the door to work.

"What's shaking, tons o-?" The red panda greeter started to say, the sight of Soltan's trimmed-down form stymieing him for a moment. Was he seeing things?

"Hey there, how ya doing?" Soltan said cheerfully as he kept walking past the clerk, moving right on to his usual area to start his job.

As the day went on, he began to see the regular customers he had come to shuffle in. But as he prepared to help them, they just scattered and walked away. Figuring, with a shrug, that they didn't need his help today, he thought nothing more of it.

The day passed quietly, and it occurred to him now and again there were less and less customers during the normally-busy hours; he actually got his work done for the first time in a month, and even had ample time to spare!

"Weird, must be a thing going on today..." Soltan murmured as he looked around for the manager for more work, or the opportunity to go home early.

As he walked around, poking his head around corners and walking down aisles, he couldn't help but notice the other associates giving him weird looks - some pretty angry. He finally found Tyler in the back of the store, and knocked on his wall gently.

"Uhh, hi, sir, I actually got all my work done. Do you have anything else for me, or should I just get out of here?"

The raccoon looked up and grumbled, his tail twitching irritably. "Get in here, sit down."

Unsure of what was going on today, Soltan only did as he was told, and sat on the weathered chair in front of the desk.

"What happened to you, eh? When you left two days ago, you were practically *exploding* out of your clothes, and now you're some... *model of health*? Eh? Are you screwing around with us, or what?" Tyler demanded, tossing aside his pen to stand up, planting his palms down on the desk and trying his best to loom over the cat.

"Oh, um, someone spiked a snack they gave me, and it made me lose control of my magic..." Soltan stopped before saying too much more, unsure how his manager would take this.

"*What "magic"? You have some... some fat magic or something weird like that?*" The raccoon looked at him with disdain, waiting to hear his explanation.

"Well... um, kinda... I mean, I can shapeshift my body to however I want... to an extent..." he explained hesitantly.

"And for some reason, when you applied here, and when you worked here, you were pretty heavy. Heavy enough to have your clothes barely fitting... Was that a choice?" Tyler asked, beginning to calm down.

The colors on Soltan's cheeks shifted to make way for a new one: red. "Uhm... hehe... *well*, I kinda... *like*... being fat... So that was... the size I, uh, felt most... *comfortable* at... I guess..."

"Eh, you/*guess*? Well, *I* guess that's fine..." Tyler allowed with a shrug "...except the fact you're *not* that size *now*!" He slammed his palms onto the desk again, making the cat jump back.

Fright, however, quickly gave way to confusion. "Ahwhat?"

"I take it you don't follow our social media pages, or anything. For you to be this clueless is amazing..." the raccoon sighed, sinking back into his chair.

Turning to his computer, he swiftly typed out a string of characters, then turned the monitor to Soltan. On the screen was a webpage with a picture of the fat cat's rear - likely from the day he had applied, judging by his clothes and the chair - and the lizard he had been going to confront that day kneeling slightly behind him, hands cupped. Soltan looked back at the manager, unsure what to think, then back at the screen as he scrolled down the page, showing the caption and replies.

"Went to #Hard-Where today, dude, buy a better belt please."

"Hey finding a belt in that size is really hard, you gotta actually make it out of your room first"

(3 people laughed, 2 shook their head)

"Well I mean, they're out applying for a job so..."

"They don't make belts long enough for dat ass!"

"Omg dude has like four asses! Pretty hot!"

(5 people agreed, 8 can't even right now)

"That's a chick, not a dude, I think..."

"Looks like we got a mystery on our paws!"

"Definitely a chick! No dude has an ass that fine!"

"Gotta be a chick, look at those panties!"

"I hope it's a plump dude, need more of those around here!"

"hehe, I know *where* my *hard* is!"

(7 people clapped, 2 barfed)

"Inorite? Damn I'd tap it!"

"Damn man, if people that looked like that worked there I'd actually go in more!"

(29 people say "this!", 2 say "naw")

"Yeah just to ogle them you perv!"

"So many furies are becoming obese, so sad, fight obesity by punching fat people!"

(1 person high fived, 4 kicked them in the nuts)

Soltan read over the comments, jaw agape. Many more went on about cuteness, some were more lewd, and some really mean. The ones mentioning shopping at the store more and/or seeing him had more "Agrees" than "Disagrees".

"As you see, your ass is apparently good for business..."

Tyler showed him more pictures, these taken at random times while Soltan was helping people, each showing off his massive asset. Many of them were captioned or tagged with witty comments, and even people admitting they wanted someone like him or just wanted to be him. As he scrolled down toward the end, the most recent one had been taken just the other day. In this one, Soltan was barely contained in his clothes, bent over and digging around in a shelf with his ass just hanging out of his pants. It had the most likes of them all.

This one, especially, caused Soltan to flush with embarrassment.

"See, people today like weird shit! Eh, I don't get it, personally, it's just... soft... squishy... fat..." Tyler's face came over strangely for a moment, then he shook his head. "Who cares?! But it's bringing in the *people*! They buy things they don't need because they came here to see you and to make you get things! I am sure they realize we'd probably kick them out if they just did that *without* buying anything!"

Soltan just slumped in his chair, flustered; he couldn't imagine total strangers wanting to just see him being fat! There were so many avenues for that online that *had* to be cheaper. But apparently, they got a kick out of seeing it in real life...?

"Sorry, sir, I had no idea at all! I thought they were just friendly people!"

"Well, now those 'friendly people' are complaining about you online! You need to fix this, or you're gonna be let go! Heaven knows I haven't kept you on because you got *work* done!"

"Jeez, okay, okay! Hold on!" Soltan closed his eyes, concentrated, and thought of getting bigger. He thought of his body *expanding* and *flowing*-

"What are you doing?" Tyler interrupted, understandably miffed that his employee had apparently gone to sleep while he was busy threatening his job.

Soltan sighed, opening his eyes. "My shapeshifting works by me first focusing on what I wanna look like, then my body replicating it. I need to focus, please..."

Closing his eyes again, he focused his mind and pictured what he had looked like the other day. As he focused, he felt himself growing and filling out his clothes, expanding in every direction, growing warmer inside and out. He stopped before he put too much stress on his clothes, but he was definitely bigger than he was normally seen while working here.

"Eh, that's pretty cool man! Still weird as shit." Tyler looked at him with a mixture of admiration and judgment. "Now, get back to the people-greeter position until you leave. And hope people start coming back in."

Soltan nodded, and went to lift himself up. Only when he tried to push himself up did he realize that he had grown considerably bigger than the chair, and it had become lodged in his ass. One might have been inclined to think he'd had a run-in with a strange metal porcupine, with the legs sticking out as they were.

"Umm, can I have a hand, please...?" He had sacrificed the flexibility to reach that far behind him.

The raccoon just looked at him and sighed, getting up and walking behind him. Just as Soltan began to think he maybe had a camera hidden up his sleeve and was going to take advantage of the situation, he felt him start tugging on the stuck chair. He did his best to *will* it out, and after some considerable effort and grunts he really hoped no one overheard, the chair *popped* out with a sound like a champagne cork, his ass wobbling like gelatin.

Tyler stared wordlessly, entranced by its endless shaking and wobbling as Soltan waddled his way out of the office and back to the front.

Shaking his head, he set the chair down and went back to his desk. "Eh, you know, I think I've got something cooking, here... Maybe I can bring in more people and use this guy to my advantage!"

Soltan huffed to the front of the store, nodding at the people giving him thumbs up as he wobbled his way back to his position.

"Hey, our blobby buddy is back!" the red panda smiled as Soltan waddled past him, perking up considerably.

Soltan just grinned and gave him a wave, momentarily reaching his assigned position, and plopping down on the bench by the door. He needed a moment to catch his breath after a journey that had been much longer coming back than going forth.

The panda jumped down from his spot and walked over to the winded kitten. Giving him a poke in his thigh, his finger sunk in deeply. "So I notice you avoid me when we work together. Why is that, chunky cat?"

Soltan breathed slowly and looked down at the critter, who was barely visible past his expanded chest lumps. "Because... of *that*. I have no idea if you're... making fun of me... or not, and it's a little... embarrassing that I can't tell, so..." He shrugged "I figured just smiling and waving was fine enough... Sorry."

The panda giggled and climbed up on the bench next to Soltan, leaning against that fat rear blubbing out from his pants. "Well, if you can't tell, that makes it even better! I won't tell you which it is! Have fun, pudgy pussy!"

He gave Soltan's butt a smack to make it wobble, and hopped back over to his spot.

Soltan just sighed and finally caught his breath as his wobbling subsided.

The rest of the day stayed pretty slow, with only a few customers coming in. As Soltan was getting ready to leave, one of the old regulars came in, eyes immediately drawn to his enlarged form.

Knowing now what was going on, Soltan asked him gently if he needed help with anything - which, of course, he did. The fattened cat waddled his way to the appropriate aisle with the customer towed along behind in his wake and looked around.

Seeing a box hidden behind the lower shelf, he asked the customer if that was what he wanted. He nodded, and Soltan complied, wiggling his bulk into the shelf, his fat squishing around as his ass hangs out from his pants - but the boxers he'd worn today actually staying up, for the most part. Soltan gave his voyeur a triumphant little wiggle and tail flick as he reached the box and squeezed his way back out.

Hearing a soft whimper, he turned to see the customer running for the door, paws covering the front of his pants.

"Sir!" he tried to call after him, chest heaving beneath its own weight, "The bathrooms are the other way!"

The customer may have been gone, but he had already given him the confidence boost he needed. Soltan smirked as he waddled his way back to the punch clock, letting his ass sway more than usual.

As he reached the breakroom, Tyler stopped him. "Soltan, come in here quickly, please! I wanna show you something on the site!"

Soltan made his way into the office, having a little trouble getting back through the door, then stood in front of the desk. The manager turned his monitor around, showing a digital flyer on the screen: Big, bold lettering proclaimed Soltan as the "New store mASScot!", and revealed "Starting this week, he will be demonstrating all kinds of wonderful products for the heavy and mobility-hindered furries!"

"Umm, what's this?" he had to ask. Was it some kind of weird "fan-pic" of a sort?

"Eh, that? Yeah, that's how we're gonna bring people back here! Trust me, it'll be fine! You just do what I say, and we'll increase our profits, and *you'll* get a nice pay bump!"

"Uhh, okay, but this first demonstration says 'rope'," he pointed out, jabbing a fat finger at the screen. "How will I be demonstrating *rope*?"

Tyler only looked up at Soltan, his face plastered with a big grin. "Don't worry, eh, my friend? You'll see!"

Soltan sat back and sighed uneasily, wondering what could be in store for him now...

Chapter 3: At the End of His Rope

After mulling it over during the night, Soltan had decided to return to work and give this "demonstration" thing a try. It would be extra money, after all, so it couldn't be *too* bad...

"Hey, pudgy pal! Managed to squeeze yourself out of the house today, huh?" The smug red panda grinned as Soltan waddled past him; the cat only gave him a small smile and moved on.

He shuffled his weight to the time clock, his belly and moobs leading the way. His stomach bounced gently up and down and gradually out of his shirt, his pants shifted up and down his blubbery behind, and he had to try and keep everything more contained than less. *After all, it's a peep show, not a free show!*

After punching in, Soltan made his way to the rope area, a large, open section with many spools of ropes of all kinds and sorts hanging from racks. He saw that Tyler had already set up a smaller display of the various ropes they carried and a large bench next to it, with a semicircle of folding chairs (\$10.99 each) facing the display so the customers could get comfortable.

"Ah, there's our mascot! You ready for this, buddy?" Tyler patted the bench, inviting Soltan to sit down on it.

Soltan shifted his mass onto the bench, hearing it creaking gently as his weight settled and spread over it, his butt dripping slightly off the sides and back. "So like, am I just gonna be holding various ropes and letting people trying to tug-of-war with me, or something silly like that?"

The cuddly cat looked over his boss. The raccoon had somehow made himself look even more handsome, his blonde hair combed back similar to Soltan's own hair, but somehow better. He gave the feline a small smile and sorted his paperwork.

"Eh, something like that, just hang on for a bit! Customers are starting to filter in, we'll talk afterwards!"

As Soltan watched people take their seats, his mind wandered to what he could be doing, what he wanted to eat for lunch, what he wanted to do when he got home, what he wanted to do for dinn-

Suddenly, he got a very nice whiff of pizza; the expensive, tasty kind that he could only get his paws on once in awhile. No mere frozen diskettes, no "sports bar" pizza, this was the deep and wholly satisfying smell of a pizza prepared by hand with the utmost care, dough lovingly rolled and tossed, sauce spread with tender affection, cheeses sprinkled in perfect proportions... He realized shortly that all the customers had been sat and were looking at Tyler, who was paying a pizza delivery man.

That's nice of him, Soltan thought, *giving out pizza to the customers who showed up is always a good incentive*. The pizza itself was pretty big, one of the biggest ones they sold. It had to be at least 100 slices, big enough to be its own table. Just from here, he could see the cheese would be extremely gooey and the pepperoni heavenly with every bite... He would have to sneak some afterwards.

"Thank you for waiting, everyone! We shall start our demonstration now!" Tyler called to the crowd, standing on a toolbox (\$12.84) so as not to be overlooked. "I have to thank our new mascot Soltan for helping us today, as well! He sure is a BIG help, hohoho!"

The customers clapped politely, and Tyler started talking about the various types of rope they sold, how they had everything from thin wool string to heavy duty chains, Soltan only half-paying

attention until he was needed. As the manager blathered on, Soltan's belly started to growl as the pizza's aroma invaded his nose. His mouth watered slightly and he smacked his lips, wishing Tyler would hurry up and finish his talk.

"...and now, we shall use Soltan to demonstrate just how tough our rope is!"

Soltan snapped to attention and began to stand up. Before he could do more than shuffle his fat legs into position, strong hands on his shoulders pushed him back down onto the bench. Twisting around, he could just make out the shape of his wiry wolf coworker, who had been standing off to the side. This wasn't the kind of "security" he had thought he would be providing!

Doing his best to recover, Soltan smiled at the crowd. "Oh, um, hi, everyone! Let's show off how great this rope is!"

Soltan giggled and looked at the wolf, still holding onto him, and gestured for him to let him go. But instead, and much to his dismay, the wolf only moved his grip down his arms, fingers sinking into the furry dough, and pushed his paws behind his back and against his flabby behind.

"OW! Hey! Not cool, dude, let go!" Soltan struggled, but the wolf remained grimly impassive, and Tyler only laughed his showman laugh and brought over a bundle of rope, deftly using it to tie Soltan's paws together, pushing them deep between his massive cheeks, leaving them pretty much stuck.

The cat struggled and winced, trying to stand up. This was no easy task at this size even without his paws bound, but now it was nearly impossible. Tyler stopped him easily, and as he fell back onto the bench, bound his ankles with rope, as well.

Spinning around to address the crowd with a grand, sweeping gesture, the raccoon explained "Ahha, now you see how our mascot is bound by the rope! Unable to break free from the bonds, no matter how much he struggles!"

Plain to see, Soltan's body wobbled wildly as he struggled to get loose, all to no avail. The ropes didn't even slide around, just stuck right where they were left, fat oozing over and between the coils. The fat cat blushed and whined as he looked over the crowd of people, some taking pictures, and others laughing with their muzzles covered.

"Okay... haha... funny... Now let me *go*, please!" Soltan begged, his breath coming fast from panic and exertion, his body still sloshing as he shifted and pulled at his restraints.

"Eh? But we haven't even finished the demonstration yet, my boy!" His manager smiled at the crowd, then leaned in closer so only the cat would hear. "You need to calm down. It'll just be a few more minutes, or so. And don't even try that shapeshifting trick and ruin this, or else you'll be fired *and* lose out on your bonus. *Capisce?*"

Soltan grunted acknowledgment, if not agreement, and stopped wiggling around, still moving his paws and feet as he tried to get comfortable. The rope stuck pretty deeply into his wrist and ankle fat, which of course were both overlapped by the fat from their connecting points on his body, anchoring the rope pretty well. He tried to at least free his paws from his ass, but couldn't even reach the outside curve from his current position.

"Now then, to really test these ropes, I shall require some volunteers from the audience, if you'd please!" the raccoon invited.

Several paws shot up, and Tyler brought them up one by one.

"This cat is *bound* and unable to retaliate! Do whatever you please to him and see if you can make him break free! You will find he will be unable to do *anything*!"

The first customer came up and boldly grabbed Soltan's belly, giving it a hard squeeze and eliciting a loud "Meep!" from the trapped tabby, which caused Soltan to wiggle and try to break free again. *I didn't sign up for this, and I'm not just gonna sit here and be someone's plaything! That honor goes only to Shippo!*

The customer watched him struggle for a bit longer, still unable to free himself, before he apparently had had his fill, and moved on.

The next one wasted no time stepping up. He had a more sinister look, and shamelessly helped himself to plump pawfuls of Soltan's moobs, grabbing tightly and *mooshing* them around. Soltan couldn't help but moan softly, but inside he was extremely uncomfortable; he bounced hard and tried pulling as hard as he could against the rope, but nothing worked! The leering customer leaned forward, and reached down towards the front of his pants...

"HEY! NO! NO!" The wobbly cat protested, cheeks aflame with rage and shame.

But the customer didn't listen, huffing out soft laughter from his grinning mouth as his fingers sought the button holding Soltan's pants shut. Closer, closer-

Until he was forced off the stage with an almighty *yank*! from the wolf. "Alright, bud, that's going a little far!"

Soltan released a trembling sigh of relief, and looked to his manager. "Come on, knock this off, already!"

Tyler sighed, rubbed his temples, and threw his immaculate little hands up in the air. "Okay, since ONE person had to ruin it for everyone, we'll have to move on to the end portion of the demonstration."

He moved behind Soltan, who was red hot from embarrassment and panting heavily, and grabbed the cart the pizza was on, wheeling it around next to Soltan. The beleaguered blob finally realized why such a large pizza had been ordered, and groaned.

"Eh, so, everyone that's not going to be *bad* can help themselves to some pizza, *or* they can help our mascot, here, to some pizza! He's pretty hungry after this whole ordeal, and we've gotta make it worth it for him, after all!"

The rest of the customers lined up in front of Soltan, each taking a turn grabbing a slice of pizza and pushing it towards his maw. At first, he tried to fight it... But he *was* hungry, and the pizza was just too delicious to pass up. He let them shovel slice after slice into his greedy muzzle, sauce dripping and smearing on his chins and cheeks as he rushed to chew and swallow before the next slice was shoved in.

About a quarter of the way in, his belly started to sting with fullness, making him chew slower and groan softly. But the line of people did not stop; as soon as someone fed him a slice, they ran back to the end to do it again! His cheeks began to puff outwards as he had more and more pizza pushed between his lips, some dribbling out between his plump lips and onto his apron as he did his best to chew and swallow.

By the time they were halfway in, the pizza had grown cold. The cheese was hard and the sauce was sticky, the crust losing some of its softness. Despite this, the line seemed to get even longer! He wasn't sure *he* would wait in line for cold pizza, which probably meant they weren't coming to get any for themselves!

Soltan was soon thankful for his lapfat, as the line wasn't the only thing getting longer... Even though his stomach was now pushing outwards with fullness and pain, he couldn't help but be turned on. His stomach spread out from beneath his shirt and over his thighs, tight as a drum and slowly becoming brighter as his skin stretched with no magic to help it along. His cheeks were constantly full, as he was only being able to swallow small bits here and there, but people were still pushing food in. They bloated into his vision, leaving him unsure how much pizza was left, but he knew he had a ways to go, still.

Time lost all meaning as he started drifting into a food coma, chewing and swallowing by reflex alone, now. This still wasn't fast enough, and his cheeks puffed out and blocked his view entirely. He moaned deeply as his belly pushed past his knees, so full and tight it wasn't pulled down by gravity, as round and taut as a yoga ball, or so it felt. Even if his paws had been free, there was simply no way they could have reached more than halfway around its circumference. The breezes that drew airy fingers across its surface parted the thinning fur to touch tender skin.

Eventually, the pizza ran out, and little by little, Soltan was able to finish swallowing what was stored in his cheeks. As his vision cleared, he saw people taking pictures of his gluttony; a sight to put with the sounds of *clicks* and shutters. Too tired and too worn out to say or do anything, he just smiled gently.

The wiry wolf stepped behind Soltan and dug his paws out from his rear, the pillowy expanse beginning to expand as the food was digested, and untied the rope.

Soltan sighed happily and rubbed his wrists, rope marks soon swallowed up by fat. No flexibility seemed lost to anything more than his own colliding flab, thankfully. Placing his paws on either side of his bloated gut, he began rubbing and kneading, helping the food digest and the pain subside. It felt like a small boulder crushing his thighs; he could hardly push his fingers into the plush surface.

The wolf lowered himself to the floor, said a prayer for the bending bench, and crawled underneath both it and the bloated tummy above, feeling the furry sack push against his head as he untied Soltan's feet. Taking a moment despite the hackle-raising feeling of dread, he glanced up to see several spots of wetness staining the tubby tabby's straining jeans. He just assumed, very hard, that it was sweat, ignoring what his nose was saying it actually was.

"As you see, eh, the rope has not given way after all of that!" Tyler held up the lengths of rope, which true to his word were un-frayed and only slightly damp. The customers appeared very impressed, and gave a small round of applause.

“Well folks, that’s it for the demo today! If you liked what you saw, we have associates ready to help you order!” he smiled, gesturing to the squad of employees that had suddenly slipped into view. “Let us thank our mascot for helping out today!”

The customers dispersed, some coming up and shaking Tyler’s paw, others shaking Soltan’s paw and patting his large belly, and some furtively glancing around before slinking over to order some rope of their own.

“Thanks... for... watching...!” Soltan gasped out as he sat and digested his food, rubbing as much of his stomach as he could reach. His magic kicking in with a low hum he felt like one heard the hum of a refrigerator, he could feel the tight skin around his middle loosen up as the weight migrated to other parts of his body.

Tyler, standing on what little of the bench he didn’t take up, patted his shoulder and leaned in close. “Great job, eh? Sorry about the scare earlier; we’ll give you a little more extra on your bonus for that! A little eh, *hazard* pay, yeah?”

Soltan just glared at him and continued rubbing his belly. Just past him, he could see the customers buying up all the stock of rope.

“At least it worked... Maybe now things can go back to normal here... somewhat...”

“Eh, what do you mean, my boy? I have a whole series of demonstrations planned out for you!”

Soltan wobbled his face back at the manager with a scowl.

“Don’t worry, I won’t pull *this* stunt again! Honest!” Tyler laughed.

Soltan just growled slightly and stood up - or at least, attempted to; his stomach had him pinned down. He sighed, and rolled himself forward, his belly flopping between his legs and pulling him to his feet- only to continue on spilling and flowing forwards, leaving him bent over as his stomach plopped onto the floor. Bending over only made it easier for his ass to ooze out over the waist of his jeans.

“Tell you what, this counts as a, aheh, *full* work day, so go ahead and go home!” Tyler encouraged, slapping his fat flank in what he obviously thought was a friendly manner. “The next demo is in a few days, so take a few days to yourself, and be ready for it when you come back!”

This was nearly disastrous, as Soltan was still trying to stand and steady himself, but he caught himself and compensated for the ripples. Holding his belly in and up as much as he could, he waddled forward against it. “Sure thing, Boss...”

Breathlessly, and rather like a large ship, he turned and waddled out the door, ready to face the long journey home.

Chapter 4: If I Fits...

“So... he had tied you up, let people TOUCH you, and had all these people feeding you - and you don't find this odd at all? It sounds like a bad weight-gain plot to me, sir...”

Shippo tapped his foot as Soltan laid in bed and shook his head, his bloated body shaking softly. He had shrunk down a bit from his “work size”, but the stuffing had left him with a stretched-out, floppy belly, his magic slowly working on making it normal again. The food absorption had done its job and further softened his body into a puffy state: his arms were heavy and shook with each movement; his face rests between two puffy cheeks and a ring of neck fat. His moobs push out and flop over on either side of his misshapen stomach, which still covers his lapfat and thighs enough to hide how bloated they've become, pushing into each other and shifting and sloshing as he whines. His ass still covered a decent portion of the bed he was lying on, lifting his lower half up from the mattress a not-inconsiderable amount as it blubbed outwards from his hips.

“No sir, it's just weirdos always show up to these things. He only wanted to show off that the rope was very tough... I'm sure of it! Heck, *I* was sold on it, and I would have bought some for you, if I could have! The touching thing was just him teasing me... I think... I mean, he stopped it as soon as I was really upset, ya know...”

Feeling ashamed, the tubby tabby put a pillow over the part of his face that wasn't already hidden behind his cheeks, letting out a heavy sigh. “And of course... I didn't *mind* it... It's not much different than stuff *we* do...”

Shippo huffed and just laid next to his mate, pushing idly on his tummy. “Well, what *we* do is special. Those kinda things being done by someone else isn't right! So don't let it happen again!”

The cat nodded and smiled at his fox, giving him a quick peck on the nose. “Yeah... But ya know, if you bought me that tablet, I could just stop working, and all this stuff would end...!”

“Nice try, sir, but that tablet is pretty expensive, and you gotta earn it, yourself. Maybe you should think about how important it is to you,” Shippo suggested, poking his cat's nose to watch it twitch.

Soltan groaned and sighed. “It's not *THAT* important, but I feel like I'm almost at the goal now, so might as well just finish it, ya know? I feel like it couldn't get any weirder than today...”

The fox rolled his eyes, smirking a little. “Whatever you say, sir...”

The furs yawned loudly at each other, cuddled up close, and drifted off to sleep.

Over the couple days he had off, Soltan topped off his magic, sliding his ring onto his finger in the morning when he awoke, while Shippo worked some magic of his own on his work clothes.

“I enchanted your pants and shirt to try and keep up with your size changes - if any more happen, that is - but hopefully you won't get *too* much bigger... I mean, he needs you to demonstrate things, right? Can't do much of that if you can't move around the store!” The fox giggled, throwing the uniform at the cat, who was already in his boxers and gladly put them on.

His shirt fit perfectly, even at his default form, and the pants slid on smoothly - with some help from his tail in pulling them up. He had to admit, he was glad it didn't just get in the way like other furies' did!

"Neat, let's try them out! So I started at three-fifty, got to roughly four-fifty or more before the feeding, and now I'm at five-hundred..." he counted off on his chubby fingers, "...so maybe add another hundred pounds, and that'll be what I should be at?"

He shrugged off his concerns and let himself inflate, never more relaxed than he was at home. Almost immediately, his butt began to flow out and down and his lapfat to blob outwards against his growing thighs, but everything stayed contained in his pants. His boxers, being unfortunately un-encharmed, started getting tighter, however.

"Meep!" he squeaked as they pinched at his inner thigh. "Ugh, well, they're still okay... for a bit..."

Soltan let the rest of his body grow, his moobs filling up and pushing out further from his body, as well as more pudge being added to his stomach. Yet no matter in which direction he expanded, these, too, stayed contained inside the shirt where they belonged. After the growth was over, he checked himself over to make sure everything was contained. Quick pats of searching paws confirmed that they were, and the mirror confirmed that his uniform was still tight enough to be enticing.

"Awesome job, Sir! This will help a lot!" Soltan cheered, giving Shippo a big, fatty hug and kiss.

Shippo just blushed and hugged him back, resting a paw on his shoulder as they pulled apart - well, except for their touching tummies. "Now sir, you aren't gonna like this, but I need to go away for a couple weeks. I got called up to take care of some overweight lizards, or something, on the other side of the country. Or sharks? Lizards," he confirmed quietly to himself.

Soltan gasped and whined, personally injured. "But what about *me*? Why can't I go to help like normal?"

"Well, sir, you have a *job* now, and to be perfectly honest you mostly just give me moral support, anyway," Shippo giggled, planting his paws on his hips scoldingly. "I can handle this one alone! I'll be back as soon as I can, but I gotta leave tonight, before you get back, sadly..."

"Awjee! Please tell me it's paying well, at least!" Soltan whined.

"Yeah, they're setting me up in some nice place. Guy is like a mob boss, or something, but heard about my tricks, so they want me to try and help out." The fox mage seemed remarkably unconcerned about his employer, but perhaps there was a lot of that going around.

Soltan sniffled softly, but nodded, bucking up. "Okay, sir, please be safe! I love you so much!"

Mindful of the time, Shippo shooed Soltan out the door to his job. "Love you too! See you in a while, silly fat cat!"

Soltan sadly plodded his way to work, disheartened by the news that he'd be alone for some time; he hated it. But at least at work, he would have company, somewhat...

Eventually, he wobbled his way into the store, greeted by the familiar, too cheery voice of the red panda.

“Eyy, it’s the Jiggler! Here to eat all our pizza and sticky up everything!”

He laughed, and Soltan just blushed and smiled and kept going past like always. *That one felt like a jerk one; maybe he IS a jerk...*

Soltan punched in, a passing coworker mentioning “Tyler’s waiting for you in lumber.”

“Great... What’s he gonna do? Let people smack me with their wood?”

He chuckled at his own joke, and made his way to the lumber department, where once again the manager had a display area set up. As he approached, he saw some customers were already in their seats, and more were filtering in and standing around. There wasn’t a bench this time, so that seemed like a good sign.

“Ah, our mascot returns, everyone! And looks like he got some new duds to replace the old ones, such a shame!”

A couple people groaned, but for the most part, the crowd just snickered silently. Soltan waddled his way around the ring of people, his pants making loud friction sounds as things rubbed against each other. He went to the spot Tyler was pointing to, a small square on the ground barely bigger than him.

“Eh, now, today, we shall be demonstrating our lumber equipment with our door frames. You see, our mascot, here, he wishes to be paid a bonus for all his help, so we’re gonna give him the bonus.” The raccoon reached into his pocket for a slip of paper and held it up. “*This* is his bonus check! It should be enough for him to get exactly what he wants! What he’s been working so hard for!”

Soltan looked over at Tyler, who smiled and set the check down on the table in front of Soltan. “All he has to do... is grab it!”

With the click of a button, the square Soltan was on opened up, dropping him a few feet into a dark area. Soltan landed heavily, air pushed out of his lungs with an “*Oomph!*” Pressure from multiple sides prevented him from falling any further or losing his footing, although his knees wobbled with the impact.

The floor and the contraption rose up to lift him into the light, revealing to the crowd that Soltan had been dropped into a wooden cage, of sorts. Closer inspection would reveal that far from the standard “prison-type” cage, this one was more like someone had started to build a room, and hadn’t come back to put the drywall on yet, only the support beams around him and a door frame in front of him. The room had been made far too small, though, causing his fat to press against all sides of the box and ooze out through the gaps; his belly and moobs flowed out from the door frame, but they were not quite able to escape, themselves.

“What the hell, man... Really?” he frowned at his manager.

“Eh? Yes, really. It’s just a little demonstration. Look how big you are, man, you can bust through with such ease, I bet...!” Tyler grinned. Turning to the crowd, he added “...IF you were using the *competition’s* wood, anyway!”

Soltan shifted around, his fat bouncing as it strummed the wood like guitar strings; he just manages to turn completely around, the wood *thunking* softly as he tried to make his way out of the doorframe. As his thoughts so often tended to run, he tried his ass, first, reasoning to himself that it was the biggest part of him.

But(t) try as he might, he can’t even get it to compress enough to slide out of the frame, just leaving a quarter of each cheek hanging out, and his tail flopping around like a curious pet.

He turned more to try it from the side. Shuffling towards the opening, he was just able to get his arm out, and even nearly reached the check on the table...! But the combination of his moob and his butt halted him fast, stymieing him from opposite directions and hemispheres. The wood and doorframe didn’t even creak as he lunged and cursed and tried harder to get out.

“Come on, man, don’t you WANT that money? You don’t seem like you do...” Tyler taunted standing just out of reach. Ever so easily, he traced the shape of the check on the table. “I could just take it back, if you really want me to...”

Soltan grunted and shook hard against the framework, pushing with all his weight on either side, with no effect. He turned to face the doorframe once more, and pushed himself hard into the hole. This time, he managed to get his head and shoulders out, and even his moobs slid slightly through the frame, but once again, he stopped just out of reach of the money.

“Eh, well folks, looks like he just doesn’t want it that bad! Guess he likes his job too much, I’ll say!” Tyler smiled, making the check disappear again as if by magic. Soltan growled lowly at him.

“Okay, funny joke... again... time to let me *out*, now...” Soltan grumbled, crossing his arms across his blubbery chest.

Tyler smiled at him, and said coyly “Well, even if we *could* put you back in the hole, there’s no way for you to get up from it... There is *another* way we can free you, though, if you remember our last demonstration well enough...”

“Ugh, I don’t think so, not again...” the fat cat groaned.

Despite his fervent wishes to the contrary, however, another 100-slice pizza was wheeled out. But Soltan wasn’t ready to be stuffed again; he slowly started making himself fill out with fat, hoping to only be forced to eat a little bit this time. The people approached and stuffed the slices through the gaps in the wood, like feeding a wild animal at the zoo. It was very degrading, but this time the pizza was hot, and even better than yesterday, so he found at least some enjoyment in it.

“Eh, this is taking quite a while!” the manager couldn’t help but note. “Folks, how about this? Whoever gets him to break the box gets a *free* installation on *two* frames!”

The customers cheered, and began feeding him faster. After the 21st slice, Soltan repositioned himself with his head in the doorway, halfway down to the ground, his moobs pushing against

the sides again and puffing into the frame and around the sides, and his ass pushing hard against the back wall and up towards the 'ceiling' of the room. Basically taking up the back two corners, as well, he draped his arms out through the gaps on either side of the doorframe to support himself as he gave himself a little *oomph* and filled the remaining space in the room.

His ass fully filled the top half of the box, from the front to back and side to side, oozing several inches out of the gaps, the way Play-Doh would do when pressed into certain molds. His chest filled out the doorframe and slid along the ground, moobs growing around the frame and out of the gaps on the sides, twin loaves of uncooked bread whose yeast was going wild. His stomach supported him as it flowed from side to side, touching all the corners, a balloon filling with fat instead of water.

The box didn't grow with him, it held steady, but started feeling wobbly - or it was just him; he couldn't even tell. His clothes, on the other paw, had remarkably grown with him, keeping him modest, at least. It was a relief in and of itself that he didn't have to feel the cold cement floor against his bare fur as more of himself was pressed against it.

The customers gasped and murmured, but after a moment, it became clear the box was still holding. The next customer grabbed two slices to shove into his mouth, watching with giddy glee as Soltan *oomphed* himself again; soon, the box could barely be seen through all his flab!

Finally, just as the customer was preparing to walk back to the end of the line, a small *crack!* was heard. Instead of stepping back, the customer *jumped* back, and it was a good thing he did, too, for in an instant, the box positively *flew* apart!

KER-CRASH! Lumber slammed into the floor, metal skittered across the cement, and customers' timbers shivered as the box all but exploded, leaving Soltan wobbling gelatinously on the ground, roughly 400 pounds heavier than when he'd come in.

He groaned loudly and rolled over, his chest flopping into his face and against his cheeks, blocking most of his view. He didn't need to see his ass to feel it lifting his lower half up into the air, his feet seemingly sucked into the fat on his legs. Temporarily breathless from this simple motion, he began to rub his stomach as the customer approached.

"Hey, that was great! Thanks to you, I won! Thanks, buddy!"

There was little he could do but smile up at him. "Thank *you*...for shopping with us..."

Tyler walked over and leaned against and into Soltan's blubbery form, giving it a few *paps*. "Eh, good job. We've sold more lumber and doorframes today than we have all year! As for your bonus, I'll hold onto it a bit longer. You got a couple more demonstrations left, and if you don't complain, I'll add a few more digits to it!"

Soltan just huffed and wobbled, rocking himself forward and back till he rolled forward enough to sit up; even sitting, he was taller than the raccoon. "Fine, but I'm serious! No more *feedings*, this is unreal! I'm *gigantic!* How much use will I be for demonstrations if I can't even *move?*"

"Eh heh, well, this one was actually your fault; I was gonna release you after the twenty-fifth slice! I wasn't gonna put you through all that feeding AGAIN, I'm not some kind of sadist, now," Tyler chuckled, standing well back and looking up at him. "If you didn't get impatient and use

your powers - which I *know* you did - you wouldn't be nearly as big as you are now. But now you gotta stay this size, since they saw you at it. Sorry, buddy."

"Are you kidding me? Seriously?!" Soltan snapped.

"Yeah, there was a release at the back to open the box," Tyler shrugged. "I was gonna hit it, but your ass covered it up before I could! Luckily it must have triggered it, as the box wouldn't have come apart without it..."

Soltan just buried his face in his paws, as best as he could reach, and sighed. "Whatever... No growing next demonstration!"

"Sure thing! I already have the next one in mind; no growth will be needed! Just come in tomorrow, and meet me by the appliances!"

"You're not gonna cook me, are you?" Soltan said, half-joking, half-wondering if that's where this was heading.

His manager just chuckled. "Just go home, buddy, I'll see you tomorrow!"

Soltan groaned and tried to stand up, but wasn't able to push past his bulk enough to get his feet on the ground.

Tyler just sighed and got behind him, pushing his small paws into his flabby back, sinking in up to his wrists as he pushed hard enough for Soltan to gain his traction and move towards the door.

As he waddled out, the tubby tabby felt the doors catch slightly on his butt. The red panda cracked a joke, but Soltan just ignored it and headed for home.

Wait... What happened to the rest of that pizza...?

Chapter 5: Detergent, Degradation, and Determination

The next day, Soltan laboriously made his way to work. With Shippo gone, he had decided to just stay at last night's size. The walk wasn't too far, but as he waddled his way into work, he felt his body shift and shake with each step. His large behind brushed against the doors again as he made his way into the building, unsure of what the manager had planned for him for today's demonstration.

He saw signs pointing to the appliances section for a demonstration, and made his way over to the department. As he shuffled up, he saw a crowd had already gathered, and Tyler was already talking to them about something as he stood in front of the store's washing and drying machines. As he got closer, the manager called out to him.

"Ah, Soltan! Just in time! Come on up here, please!" Tyler gestured to Soltan to approach the machines.

Soltan nodded, slowly waddled over to the manager, and stood next to him. "Good afternoon, everyone!"

"Now, remove your clothes please."

Soltan looked at him like he'd just told a bad joke. "I'm sorry, but what? That's not funny..."

Tyler cracked a smile, anyway, and looked at him. "Yes, please remove your uniform; we have to show off the capacity of these wondrous machines!"

Soltan's face turned red from embarrassment. Looking at the crowd for help, he saw people laughing, and one person yelling at him to "take it off already!"

"Sir, this is highly disrespectful. Not to mention exposing myself completely to people is-"

Tyler cut him off as he leaned in closely. "Did you forget about your bonus? Also, you can keep your apron on! So there's no worry at all!"

Soltan looked down at his apron. It might have been big enough to cover everything or anything on a smaller fur, but on him it barely reached his belly button, and sat between his moobs. He grumbled and considered leaving; the feeding was one thing, and in afterthought, he enjoyed that, really. Even being put in a box and being made to fatten out of it wasn't THAT bad.

But being nearly naked in public was another thing!

He then stopped and thought about the money... And it really wasn't any different than what he did at home - and in public, sometimes. But just now it was against his will, which felt wrong, for some reason...

Giving in, the fattened feline decided to comply, and removed his apron first to take off his shirt. Tyler held onto it for him while he worked on pulling his shirt up; it wouldn't slide easily. As he lifted it up slowly, pulling at opposite sections at a time to make it come up, his belly became more and more exposed, eliciting a couple giggles and whistles from the crowd, making him blush harder. After freeing his belly from the confines of the shirt, he reached behind and pulled up the shirt from his back, and with some effort, manages to get it over his head, his moobs filling up the front of the shirt until he pulls the shirt forward and they flop out in front of him. More whistles rose from the crowd.

Soltan just kept his eyes down and dropped his shirt to the floor, where his manager picked it up to show off its immense size, looking like a king-sized bedsheet as he holds it up to the crowd, laughing. The diminutive raccoon could have worn it as a cheap Halloween ghost costume.

As he threw it into the machine, extolling to the crowd all the settings of this particular model, Soltan kicked his shoes off with effort, his legs bumping into each other before he can manage it. Reaching under his stomach, digging through the big doughy roll of fat for his belt buckle, he found it after a few sweaty, fumbling moments of searching. He unbuckled his belt and let it slide open, causing his stomach and hips to spread out a bit more.

He sighed and let the pants fall, but they sagged down a couple inches before getting stuck on his ass and thighs. He groaned and shimmied his body to make them fall, causing his body to wobble wildly, his

belly bouncing up and down as his moobs bump into his face, his ass and tail flopping and slapping behind him. This went on for a few minutes until the pants finally fell, leaving him in his tight boxers, his thigh fat seeping out of the leg holes and his butt blubbing over the waistband.

He stepped out of the pants round his ankles, allowing Tyler to pick them up and show off their size. "There's enough material here to carpet a two-story house!" He said with a hearty laugh, the crowd laughing along - the ones not just staring at Soltan, at least.

Soltan just kept his eyes down, starting to waddle away before Tyler grabbed him.

"Eh, we still got some room! Let's have the rest!"

He tugged at the tight boxers and gave them a yank, pulling them down and exposing more blubbery behind. Soltan yelped and tried to swat at him with his tail, but the quick raccoon managed to dodge it, retaliating by tugging at his boxers harder.

"Wait! S-Stop!" Is all Soltan can manage before Tyler pulls them down further, exposing more of his butt and another pair of boxers underneath.

"What's this? Why do you wear two pairs of boxers?" He laughs, honestly this time, instead of his boisterous salesman pitch one. Soltan stands shocked, unable to speak, just frozen with embarrassment. "Ooh, they're silky smooth, but SUPER tight!"

The manager pokes and prods at them; they're sunken super-deep into Soltan's butt.

"They're for support..." Soltan mumbles out.

But Tyler didn't quite hear. "What was that, son? I'm just curious!"

Tyler managed to pull off the top layer of boxers, leaving him in the second pair, which didn't fit hardly as well. The leg holes were halfway up his asscrack with his butt exploding out from them, the waistband not even halfway up his massive rear and already covered in blubber. The front of these boxers was buried inside his lapfat as it flowed out the front leg holes and covered the waistband there, as well.

"They're... for support..." Soltan managed to speak out, his voice shaking as he just stood there, trying his hardest not to be upset. "If I don't wear them... too many... *things*... rub around... But I'm too big for them, now..."

The manager smiled, dug his paws into the fat on Soltan's ass, and tugged the silky boxers down, causing Soltan's butt to flow outwards and down, as well as his lapfat to push further out.

"Well, let them rub! We don't care, do we?!" He turns to the crowd with his prize as they clap and laugh.

Soltan's body turns redder with embarrassment as his bare ass wobbled there for all to see. Thankfully, his lapfat covered his bits, but he still couldn't help but feel very exposed, and he only wanted to leave.

"Hold on there, you gotta wait 'til the demonstration is over!"

Tyler turned Soltan around and plopped him down on a bench next to the machines, his fat pushing into them slightly. He would have scooted further away if at all possible.

As the clothes were washed, Tyler went on his spiel about how much capacity the machines could hold, how sturdy they were, and all the other things anybody in the market for one would want to know. People mostly seemed to stare at Soltan, though, his fat body exposed and himself embarrassed at the situation. They got a good laugh when the machine reached its spin cycle and started to shake, causing his body to shake and wobble for several minutes.

After the washing ended, Tyler pulled the clothes out of the machine. Altogether, the pile is bigger than him, and quite heavy with retained water, but he shoved it into the dryer and turned it on, cuing a new speech about the wonders of the dryer.

Soltan just sat and wondered how long this would go on for; he was almost at the amount he needed, and being fat as a job wasn't THAT bad...

But he also felt as though *It's not supposed to be like this! It should be fun, and not embarrassing... It just makes me feel dirty...*

The buzzing of the dryer pulled him out of his thoughts, and Tyler happily reached into the machine to pull the clothes out – only to stop short and look back to the crowd with a large smile.

"Well folks, that's it for the demo today! If you liked what you saw, be sure to grab a pamphlet, and we'll have associates ready to help you order! Let us thank our mascot for helping out today!"

People walked by and grabbed a pamphlet, shook the manager's hand and Soltan's hand, and a few gave the cat some snacks they had on them, encouraging him to eat it as they watched. These made Soltan feel a little better as they settled into his stomach.

After the crowd dispersed, Soltan stood up and asked Tyler for his clothes... Only to be greeted with a sheepish grin.

"Eh, well... you see... The dryer was set at the wrong temperature, and your clothes kinda shrank."

Soltan just stared at him with a look of confusion. "How *much* did they shrink?"

Tyler pulled out his clothes and opened them up; they had shrunk comically, and looked like they'd fit a very husky, but still small, child.

"Ugh, great, so now I gotta get more clothes..." Soltan just rolled his eyes and sighed.

But Tyler shook his head. "Eh, *actually*, I like you not being confined by garments. You work without clothes, now! It'll bring in more business, I'm sure!"

Soltan couldn't believe what he was hearing. But if he wasn't gonna get in trouble, and things were covered, anyway, he couldn't see the point in arguing against it - not to mention Tyler would just threaten his pay if he did. He just sighed and nodded, making his chins wobble.

"Great! Now, since you did so well today, we got you some food in the breakroom for all your hard work!"

He directed Soltan to the breakroom, and Soltan waddled his way back, getting a few *paps* on his ass along the way, which just made him blush again. Before he even arrived, his sensitive nose caught a whiff of the food, a heavenly smell. His mouth began to water slightly, and he shuffled along faster, huffing slightly with effort.

As he entered the room, he saw a large banquet table where several smaller tables used to be, and an extra-large bench chair at the end of the table. The table itself was packed with all kinds of food.

"Whoa, this is quite a bit of food here! But where's all the other chairs? Where's everyone else gonna sit?"

Tyler popped in behind him and smiled, his face turning into a devilish smirk. "Eh, well this is all for you, actually! You're such a great associate, but I need you to be a *bit* bigger for the next few demonstrations... If you don't mind!"

"Bu-but, I'm already so huge! How much bigger do I have to be?!" Soltan asked, half-shocked, half-excited at what was in store, eyeing the food out of the corner of his eye while his manager just kept smiling.

"Well, we'll see when the next one is ready if you're big enough or not for it." He gave Soltan's belly a pap, making his paw sink in slightly as it wobbled.

"No shapeshifting, though! We want this to look as natural as we can for the customers, you know! Now get to work eating, and if you need anything, another associate will be happy to help!"

He turned quickly, almost smacking Soltan in the face with his tail.

Soltan turned and looked at his next project. "Well, at least I'm hungry..." He said with a small sigh that hid his excitement.

He moved his mass around the table, grabbing a few morsels in his paw for the few feet he still had to waddle to the end of the table and nibbling on them. Reaching the bench, he plopped himself down, hearing it groan slightly as his rear covered it up and drooped over the sides, propping him up at the right angle to face the table. As he settled in, he reached forward and began to eat with gusto, grabbing handfuls of food at a time and pushing them into his mouth, eating without tasting as much.

When he had eaten everything within reach, he began to get up, before another associate came in and sat him back down. Several other associates followed, and began to push the food towards his waiting paws.

After several hours, the table lay empty, and Soltan had grown quite considerably. His ass now sat on the ground and encased the bench inside its mass, and his belly spread out onto the table in front of him, but was dwarfed by his now massive moobs that reached towards the middle of the table and hung off the sides. His thighs had grown quite wide, and forced Soltan to sit with his legs spread out slightly, allowing his lapfat to sink down further and rest above his knees; his paws were stuck pointing out at a

ninety-degree angle thanks to his moobs growing, but they were slowly sinking into his armfat and would soon be useless. Soltan sat there, panting, as his meal digested inside him, his body still growing here and there as the last remnants of food were absorbed.

Tyler came back in as the store closed for the day, quite happy with what he sees. "Oooh, yes! This is great, just great! You're almost the perfect size for the next demonstration! But it'll be a few days before it's ready, so for now, you'll just be back in your people-greeter position..."

He walked over and gave Soltan a light smack on his rear, which sent waves of fat rippling through him. Soltan's only response was to groan and huff heavily.

"Hmm, might have to shift you inwards a little, though, or else you'll just be blocking everyone from getting in..." Tyler laughed at his own joke, and clapped his paws together. "Alright, everyone, let's go home. Gotta help our mascot get out first, though!"

Tyler rounded up a couple of the stronger associates to slide under his armfat to lift him up; it squished against their heads and blubbed around their faces as they pulled the heavy cat to his feet and away from the table. Another associate had to help move his ass around the bench to free it from its grasp, while two more held his moobs so they wouldn't pull him down once they left the support of the table. After some grunting and shuffling and wobbling and groaning, they all managed to get Soltan up and waddling towards the door.

As he approached slowly, Tyler saw an issue. "Eh, looks like you're gonna be too big for these doors, fatty! Let's take you out the lumber doors, they're pretty wide. We don't need to try and shove you out this doorframe, heh."

The associates helped Soltan shift his weight and waddle towards the giant doors used to bring in lumber; the doors were wide and tall enough to fit a semi through them. Tyler opened them just enough for Soltan to fit out, with some effort, as the associates all took up position behind him and pushed him out.

As he stood in the parking lot, Soltan panted and huffed as he watched everyone leave over the curvature of his cheeks, which now blocked a lot of his view, as his face rests sunken into a few rings of fat. They knew he only had to walk a short distance, and assumed he would get there eventually, honking as they passed by, or just waving if they walked, too.

After everyone had gone, Soltan concentrated deeply and pictured himself back at 350lbs. Picturing his moobs smaller, then his butt, his face, his belly, his thighs, he feels his body shift and shrink.

When he opened his eyes, he saw that he was still pretty hefty; not what he'd pictured in his head. He was almost as big as when he'd come in, but mobile enough not to worry about it, and waddle his way home.

Chapter 6: Next to Godliness

Soltan yawned loudly, attempting to stretch his arms, but seeing as they were already pushed as far out as they could go, due to having pounds upon pounds of fat piled on them, the effort was in vain.

He had been placed near the entrance, directly across the way from the red panda, who would occasionally make a comment about his weight or appetite. If he could move, he'd roll on top of the little punk. Instead, the flabby tabby was just stuck sitting there on his rear, which spread out far behind and around him, lifting him away from the cool linoleum and making him as tall sitting as he would be standing. His legs just dangled uselessly a couple feet off the ground, poor, abused feet barely poking out of the rings of fat that were his legs.

Another customer came in. Soltan attempted to wave, but mostly just dragged his bloated arm across his gigantic moobs, which flowed up and away from him, smooshing into his cheeks, causing his speech to come out muffled.

"Wecom to Hord-Whurr, enjy yur fifit!"

The customer just chuckled and papped his wobbly chest as they went about their business. The last couple days had played out like this; he'd shrink down after work, for some reason unable to get any smaller than "barely mobile", then come back early the next day and squeeze in the normal doors, just to fatten up to this size before everyone else showed up. Most people assumed he was too fat to actually leave the store now.

Once in a while, a regular would come around and plop a big candy bar in his paw. Soltan was sadly unable to reach it to his mouth, but the red panda, giggling, would run over and shove it in for him, using the opportunity to climb all over him and poke more fun at his weight. Soltan was just waiting for his paw to stray a little too close to his mouth.

Today was the day of the demonstration. After this one, supposedly, there would be only one more, and maybe Soltan would slowly be able to go back to normal. Tyler just wanted him as big as possible for these last two, for some reason.

Near the middle of the day, several customers came pouring in at once, Soltan breathlessly welcoming them as they approached one by one. A few, of course, dropped candy on him and enjoyed the fact he couldn't reach it. Soltan watched where the customers were going, assuming that would be the new demonstration area, and saw them heading into plumbing.

As he looked, he saw the gray wolf and the buff panda walking down the aisle towards him.

"Oh gueff it'f time for the demunfration!" He mumbled out before giving up on talking.

The wolf chuckled, and picked up the snacks that had been left on his chest. "Here, just chew on this stuff; don't exhaust yourself trying to talk, fatty."

He pushed the candy into Soltan's mouth as he and the panda got on either side of the large cat and lifted him to his feet. The chubby appendages plopped onto the ground as his legfat spread out around them, his lapfat plopping against the floor, too, as his ass rose up behind him. His moobs nearly pulled him down and forward, but he gathered his strength and slowly shuffled towards the plumbing area, with his coworkers' help.

As they rounded the corner slowly, he saw that a whole set had been built with products from around the department, making it look like someone had just plopped a whole bathroom down in the middle of the store. There were three walls and the opening to the "stage": on the left side was an abnormally large toilet and sink; on the right was a very large shower stall, with a large tub indented into the floor in the middle. There appeared to be a very large door opening, as well, but it looked like it was covered. Someone had decided to make it as realistic as possible, apparently...

The strong furs on either side of him motioned for him to continue to the set. Soltan slowly moved his mass into the room, his legfat dragging and never leaving the ground the whole way as his arms stayed pointing up, his whole body wobbling and sloshing.

He finally managed to get onto the set, and stood at the center by the tub. It was as big around as he was, which was quite impressive, and he kinda figured what he was doing today. At least this meant it should go smoother than normal. He still wasn't super comfortable being naked in front of a big crowd, but most of his attention was on not falling over, so he didn't think about it as much.

Tyler's voice came over a speaker behind Soltan. "Ah yes, here is our wonderful mascot now! Isn't he great, folks! Give him a hand, it takes a lot of effort to move that much mass!"

A small smattering of applause comes from the crowd as Soltan attempted to wave again, which ended up just making his paw slap either side of the armfat that was encroaching on it, making the crowd laugh.

"Eh, now then, let's get on with the demonstration! As you can see, our mascot is pretty huge! More and more furs are reaching this size, lately, so we're showing off our new line of TEN EXTRA PLUS products for the hefty fur's bathroom! If you wouldn't mind, Mr. Soltan, please use the toilet! Don't *actually* use it, though; just sit on it, please..."

Soltan had never really used a toilet before, even when he was human; his body had produced very little waste, and with his now-magical body, it produced none at all, turning all things that were considered "waste" into fat or energy. That said, he knew enough to know how they worked. He heaved his weight and wobbled his way to the corner with the toilet. It was at least three times bigger than a normal toilet, but he still had his doubts about it, as it seemed dwarfed by the ass that dragged on the floor behind him. He decided to just go with it, and shifted himself until he assumed he had the center of the toilet behind him. As he motioned backwards towards it, he felt something shift and begin to push on his rear.

"First up, the TEN EXTRA PLUS Mechanical Toilet! It is made out of hardened materials, harder than your normal porcelain, but also comes equipped with a pair of robotic arms to help with the everyday waste disposal!"

Soltan *meeped* quietly as the arms pushed their way between his cheeks, using a series of rollers, it felt like, to push the fat away. An unexpected third pulled on his tail to make him sit slowly as the arms dug deeper, until he gasped and blushed deeply when they hit their mark. The arms then pushed each cheek away firmly and then forward against him until Soltan was sitting on the toilet. Soltan felt incredibly awkward as his ass blubbed up and around his head and sides. Suddenly, the arms pushed him forward again, causing him to give off a quiet scream of surprise, pushing hard until he was standing again.

"It also comes with attachments for liquid disposal, as well!" Tyler sounded far too proud of the product.

The arms turned Soltan around with an effort, one holding a funnel-looking contraption of sorts that snaked back into the toilet bowl. The arm proceeded to shove it into his lapfat region, two others pushing on his fat again as the first pushed deeply into him. Soltan tried to back away quickly, but the other arms held him in place until he felt the contraption reach its target and form a vacuum seal, causing him to give off a small moan before it quickly let go and retracted.

"Now the hefty furs have no worries when it comes to getting rid of the extra bits of their massive meals!" The raccoon was absolutely shameless.

Soltan grunted and blushed again, momentarily directed by his manager to the shower. He waddled his way to the other side of the room, getting slightly winded from all the excitement and movement, and walked into the shower stall. It was fairly big, but still felt small on him. And he couldn't help but note there were no doors.

"Now the TEN EXTRA PLUS Fur-Wash Shower! We've taken the mechanics of a car wash, and compacted them into a convenient shower stall!"

Suddenly, a clear wall with rails slid out from the side of the stall, encasing and squishing Soltan hard against the back of the stall. As he stood there, several jet heads popped out of the walls and blew hot air at him.

"If this was hooked up to water, he'd be getting blasted with several gallons of water right now!" Tyler explained merrily. "Nearly every angle is covered, from the head to the toes!"

After the jets went back in, other ones appeared to blast him with cold air.

"And these would be the soap dispensers, making sure each fur gets adequate coverage!"

The rails began to move around up and down, mooshing Soltan's fat around, as a series of rollers appeared from the wall and traveled around the rails and his body.

"These are the scrubbers! They will roll up and down all sections of the body, and they push inwards until they reach resistance, so all your nooks and crannies are cleaned!"

Soltan yelled as one of the rollers pushed his face and rolled up his forehead, the others going indeed in every nook and cranny, making him very sore.

The rollers vanished, and the door slid open, releasing Soltan and letting his blubber flow out once again.

"And for our final product, the TEN EXTRA PLUS Big Ol' Tub! For those furs that just want to soak and relax and let their weight settle!" Tyler announced.

Soltan shuffled towards the hole in the middle of the room. It really was a pretty big tub, and fairly deep, at that. A pair of handles dropped down from the ceiling as he started to enter the tub.

"This comes equipped with a handy winch to help these large creatures in and out of the tub!" The raccoon managed to deliver this line without a trace of insult.

Soltan grabbed the handles as best as he could, and they lifted up gently as he dragged his feet over the edge of the tub. After getting his other foot up, he gasped as his grip loosened, and he landed in the tub with a plop.

"Eh, still working that out, might have to use some of our trusty rope to help the furs hold on for now!"

Soltan may have been in the tub, but it just wasn't quite big enough for him; he felt his legs dangle without hitting the bottom, and he could see the problem right away. His ass was maybe a quarter of the way in before it just flowed out from the edge, his lapfat half-in, half-blubbing over the edge in front, and his hips were preventing his sides from going further down, causing the flabby tabby's top half to sink into himself slightly more. His face was forced into an upright position as his paws sank into their fatty prisons, and his moobs flowed over the sides of his pushed-up belly and rested on the floor. Soltan just grunted and tried to reach back up for the handles, but couldn't grasp them.

"Ah, this silly kitty, he's just having so much fun! Looks like we needed to get the FIFTEEN EXTRA PLUS size for him! Anyway, these baths feature overflow protection, warm jets for massaging, and an incense holder..."

Soltan breathed quietly and heavily, wondering how long the manager would make him wait. As he listened to him go on and on about how great the products were, he wondered if he'd ever be able to just work normally again...

It took him a moment to remember that he had done all this for a silly tablet. He sighed, and decided that this would be the last one; he's quitting after today and taking his money. If it was enough, great! If not, then oh well.

After the sale was over, Tyler appeared in his vision, looking down at him as he stood on one of his moobs. His charming yet devious smile was firmly in place.

"Eh, so, we gotta get you out of here now, apparently. Thankfully the tub isn't fully connected, so let's just pull that up first, and dump ya out!"

He hooked some straps onto either side of Soltan, and soon the fat cat could hear the groan of the machine pulling him up. His body shifted and shook, the tub rising into the air slowly with the rest of him. Two furs got behind Soltan and pushed the tub forward, causing him to spill out like gelatin, hitting the ground with an "Oomph!"

After they rolled him back over to his rear and got him standing again, Soltan looked down at his manager. Fortunately he was standing far enough away - in case he teetered over, probably - that he could see him past himself.

"Liften, I need to fop thif..."

He groaned as his fat cheeks prevented him from speaking correctly and sounding serious, but kept on going, talking slower, and trying to enunciate as best he could.

"I... need... my... money... now... pleassfff... I... fffthink... itf... time... I... quit..."

Tyler looked at Soltan, giving him a deathly glare as he processed the words. "Eh, that's a shame, you only had the one more demonstration to go to, and then they'd be over for good! But hey, if you wanna quit and lose your bonus, that's on you!"

Soltan sighed, and looked as serious as he could. "Itf... not... worfff... it... I... can't efen... fchange... bok to nomal... Juf... pay... me... pleassff..."

The manager just shook his head and sighed. "Well, fine then. Go to the breakroom, take some weight off your feet, wherever they are, and I'll bring you your check. You will be released from our company. Really sad, I must say. You could have done many great things..."

Soltan wobbled his way to the breakroom, shuffling slowly as his fat continued to drag all over.

He reached the back and entered the room, where there was another table full of food. More worrying still was all the employees standing around it - none of them eating it.

"Uh... ohhh..."

Chapter 7: All Good Things...

Soltan sat engulfed in his fat, just panting and breathing deeply. Tyler had had everyone feed him until every bit of food was gone, every crumb of the feast stuffed down his gullet. This naturally had caused Soltan to fatten up enormously; so much so that his paws and feet had practically vanished into him, his legs just large, flabby rings of fat poking out from his massive ass, which spread out behind him and took up a good portion of the room. So much so that his arms had followed suit, and could only rest heavily on his moobs, which themselves had now spread out and covered his vision from his lower body down, and pushed upwards into his face, which had nearly disappeared into his cheeks and neckfat, anyway.

Forced to look up, and only able to see the smallest sliver of light, Soltan could do nothing but pant and huff as his body continued to grow as it steadily digested the food. They had locked him in the building for the night, leaving him alone in his disbelief, a few apologizing as they left, feeling they had to do what the manager, said or else. Soltan had tried to shrink down to escape, but found it impossible to focus on losing his weight when it surrounded and smothered and *was* so much of him. He tried to just forget the whole thing and macro-size himself, but he couldn't manage that, either. he had never been so big, nor felt so small.

His manager had revealed that he had found a charm that would cloud the mind shortly after Soltan was hired, and had been using it to influence him and prevent him from going back to normal.

"It's only business, you understand," he had shrugged, and left it sitting next to Soltan before he took his leave for the night, leaving the blobby beast to digest and grow.

Knowing now what was happening still didn't help Soltan. Every few minutes, he kept finding himself enjoying his predicament, and he just couldn't help it for long. He sighed slowly, and fell asleep as his body continued to break down and store away the food...

"PUSH HARDER! HE'S ALMOST OUT!"

Soltan was awoken by shouting, becoming aware of many paws sunken into his fat, and a tightness around his ass. He attempted to move, only causing his body to wobble, then remembered what had happened the night before.

He looked around, but he could only see the ground in his limited vision. It was moving slowly and shifting as he felt the paws pushing harder against him, his butt feeling more and more pinched as it was apparently shoved out a door - he had to guess the lumber door, as it was the only one he could conceivably even attempt to leave from right now - but from the feel of things, that point had passed, as well.

With a loud *creak* and the shattering of glass, he felt the tightness release. There was no time to be relieved, for momentarily he could only watch as the ground vanished and the faces of some of the other associates appeared, just to see them roll past and put the sky in his view. This brief hope went by too quickly; he saw the broken door and then the ground again before he stopped, once again feeling multiple paws over many areas of his body. Some were getting a little *too* friendly.

"Okay, good! Now roll him onto the pallet! Easy, now!"

Soltan recognized his manager's voice, and remembered what he had done. Feeling his body grow hot with anger, it nonetheless wasn't long before his mind was wandering again. As the sky had spun away from him, so did his anger, and he began to enjoy feeling all the things impacting him all over as he smooshed around like a big, fat katamari ball.

He watched the sky and ground roll by quickly as he was pushed and smooshed and shaped onto a very large platform of wood. They rolled him onto his back, relatively the flattest part of him, and secured him tightly with straps across his body, all of them sinking deeply into his fat.

Tyler climbed up onto Soltan's blobby body and walked into his vision, choosing his footing carefully with every step. Soltan greeted him with a low growl.

"Eh, well guy, if only you cooperated, you'd probably be heading home right now very much richer, but now I have a few more demonstrations I can use you for. Enjoy your view!"

He hopped down and waved his hand in the air. "Going up!"

Suddenly, Soltan's body shifted and wobbled as the platform he was on started lifting up into the air; he could sense and feel the machine struggling a little as it whined. He was lifted higher and higher, feeling the machine work slower with each inch, until he was lifted as high as the roof of the building.

He shook and wobbled as the wind gusted around him, and he could hear fabric flapping underneath him - likely some informative banner about the machine he was on that was lifting his bulk up. He wiggled to try and get free, but felt the machine shake as his bulk shifted.

Nervously, he stopped moving and tried to just enjoy the view as he had been told - what little view he could see, anyway. He watched the birds fly around and clouds go by, airplanes carve their way across

the sky, and enjoyed the warmth of the sun, thinking that even in the worst case, he would only have to wait until Shippo got home to get some help.

The day passed peacefully, and Soltan found himself nodding off frequently. There wasn't much else to do when one was just a lonely blob of fat stuck in a fleshy prison.

As the sun set, he heard the machine power on, and he began to descend, actually going fairly quickly as the hydraulics screamed to be relieved of their load. He landed on the ground with a hard grunt and a soft jiggle, feeling the platform *crack!* from the impact. The straps were released, letting his fat flow freely outwards again where they had been holding him, and he felt paws behind him pushing once again.

Falling forward again, he just made out some of the sign on the platform – snatching a few words about "industrial forklifts" and "hydraulic Hercules" before his vision was filled with ground once again. He felt the paws push and turn him, and once again there was a tight squeeze around his ass; they must have been putting him back into the building for the night.

But as he rolled in, he felt himself run smack into a wall. His ass planted against it with his legs pointing towards the roof, leaving him with an upside-down view of the area. It looked like they had pushed him into a small shack; no doubt the idea of the manager now approaching.

"Eh, looks like we don't have any room for you in the store, now, son, but this temporary area will be okay till we move you tomorrow to our new demonstration location!" He smiled and papped one of Soltan's big, flabby cheeks. "But we gotta get you prepared for transport, first!"

Soltan "*Mmph!*"ed as a tube was shoved into his mouth and his muzzle taped shut – not that he'd be able to open it, anyway – and he watched Tyler walk over to a tanker truck and turn a valve. His eyes widened as the tube began to buck and expand, then felt warm, creamy gooeyness flow into his mouth and into his stomach. He had hardly recovered from the rude shock of the sudden insertion before he began feeling his stomach already pushing outwards as he was slowly pumped full of the semi-solid.

"This will make you ready for the move. I'll be back in the morning to oversee things! Enjoy!"

Soltan groaned as he was steadily filled, feeling his body expand and blub outwards into the walls of his container. He watched his vision slowly get darker as his fat fully engulfed his face, and he passed out.

Awaking some time later, he felt familiar pressure all over his body; the pressure of his fat filling up the space he was compressed into. Nothing but the hose and fat were visible in his eyesight; he imagined briefly that it looked like an umbilical cord. He groaned as his stomach was stretched and filled beyond capacity, his body working overtime to shift the food to his extremities. His paws had become completely sunken into his arms, and his feet were similarly covered with fat as even his legfat was starting to be absorbed into his ever-expanding ass.

The container groaned loudly around him as it tried to contain him. There was no "release switch" to save it this time, and it failed all at once and rather spectacularly, a grandiose explosion rocking the area.
BOOM!* *SMASH!* *KER-KRACK!

Freed from its confines, his fat eagerly seeped and spread out along the ground, giving him a small glimmer of daylight through the crease of fat above his face that the tube vanished into. The tube drained empty shortly after, Soltan wobbling as his fat sluggishly continued to expand.

"Great, he's ready to go!"

Tyler walked up and examined his work. The cat was now a large, round ball of lard, his belly sticking several feet into the air as moobs like bounce houses flopped back and covered his armfat. His ass was a nice piece of work, and surely accounted for more than 75% of the cat's mass; he could get lost inside its canyon if he fell in there. He wasn't totally sure it wasn't trying to pull him in with its own gravity.

He gathered his workers and had them roll their, ahem, "volunteer" onto a large net; it was usually dragged behind an oceanbound tuna fleet, but it'd work for this job. They centered him on the net as one person climbed on top of the mass of ass, sinking in deeply and trying not to get stuck, so they could latch the net onto a crane hook. The crane winched slowly, pulling the net up tight against the cat, his fat oozing out of the net more and more the tighter it got.

Once the feline was fully ascended, the crane started driving into town, showing off their massive mascot as a sign hung from underneath the blob, advertising the new crane rentals the store was offering. Soltan's blobby form was pressed into a multi-diamond pattern due to the net holding him, and many confused visitors from other towns wondered why they hadn't heard about "The World's Largest Stress Ball" before now.

The crane drove to another building on the other side of town, many people coming out to see the spectacle. It reached a medium-sized warehouse, roughly the size of the entire store, where the roof opened up to receive him. The crane began to lower him down into it, the net *popping* and *snapping* slightly as his weight began to overpower it. He prayed fervently, but the crane plopped him down in time as it chugged to a stop.

The manager hopped out his luxury car and stepped up to his victim. Grabbing at a random roll of unidentifiable fat and giving it a shake, causing Soltan's body to shake and slosh, he summoned the employees that had volunteered to help to come and circle around him.

"Alright, folks, we're in the last stages here. Someone needs to climb up into his face hole, make sure he's still breathing, then hook his tube back up!"

The red panda jumped up with his paw raised. "I'll do it, Sir!"

"Fine, Flynn, you can do it. Just hurry before the trucks get here!"

The little red panda scurried deftly up the mountain, grabbing onto rolls tightly as he pulled himself up towards the fat head cave. He reached the entrance in time; peering in, he could see that it was a very tight squeeze. He was small enough to squeeze into it; a talent of debatable virtue, at present. He lifted a roll and wiggled his face in, his body following suit.

After a few minutes of crawling, the fat around him weighing on him heavily and damply, making his progress slow, he reached his goal. He greeted Soltan with his usual smile, looking for signs of life in the

tabby's face. It was just a mass of fat with a mouth, nose, eyes, and ears, like someone had slapped them on a poster board, and called it a day. Not exactly encouraging.

"Well, now you really *are* TONS of fun! You are a HUGE star – and ya probably weigh as much as one, too! Hehe!"

Soltan just groaned, unable to move his mouth with all the weight pressing on him. He could only muster up the energy to give the panda a glare for a few seconds before just breaking down and looking at him sadly.

"Aww, keep your chins up, blobby! Soon you'll be even bigger, and *boy*, will that be boss!" he giggled, taking a seat. "Speaking of which, ours is kind of a dick, huh? That's why I stole *this* from him!"

He pulled out the charm from his pocket with a sly grin, dangling it too close to Soltan's mouth for his comfort.

"To answer your question from the other day... I think fat critters are *amazing*. I love *teasing* them, and seeing you get bigger every time I saw you was *incredible*..." The parts of Flynn that weren't red already shaded themselves in that way as he spoke, forcing the words out. "Sorry it hurt you at times; I don't have a great filter on what I say at times, heh. But hey! I know what he's planning for ya, and to be honest, I really wanna see it! So you're gonna be fed again, but I'm taking this little beauty home with me. It should wear off by the time you're done being fed, if I did my research correctly..."

Hopping to his feet again, he finished "So, yeah! Just enjoy yourself, and in a day you'll be back to normal, surely!"

The red panda wasn't taking into account the fact that Soltan would still have to condense all the fat, and he wouldn't instantly turn normal, but Soltan tried to make his eyes as happy as he could, the best he could do, as the panda shoved a big tube back into his mouth, and disappeared into the darkness.

Soltan let his mind wander to thoughts of what he'd do to Tyler once he was able to catch him as the tube hummed, shook, and then poured more sweet, sticky liquid down his gullet once again. A tanker full of this stuff might be a good place to start...

The night passed, and Soltan began expanding rapidly once more, his already round body spreading out and becoming rounder still as his face sunk further into himself.

The next day, Tyler opened the front door of the warehouse, a ground-to-roof door wide enough to let a few trucks pass through side-by-side, only to be greeted by a wall of fat that nearly fell on top of him. He backed up and looked up, seeing another wall of fat seeping out of the top of the building – well, more like two orbs of fat, as it nothing less than the ass of his mascot, pushing the roof open with its ever-growing girth.

The building creaked and groaned as the cat filled up another container; this final container.

He watched with amazement as the building slowly fell apart around him. Exposed to the world was a massive pair of cheeks that took up a whole parking lot and reached into the sky; released were the

creature's moobs to flow forward towards him, taking up the remaining space on the lot, piled higher than the building had ever been, casting a heavy shadow on the little raccoon. Rolls and creases and furry round things he couldn't identify wobbled softly before him. He would need to get on a crane, himself, to begin to take in the true enormity of his favorite mascot.

As he heard the trucks crumple under the expanding mass, he decided to celebrate and share some happy news with Soltan. He hopped aboard the growing mass, still flowing sluggishly like magma, and looked for the head cave. Seeing it off in the distance after a few minutes, he bounced along the soft, rolling hills of dough, zig-zagging upwards to keep his footing. Merrily, he whistled a tune from "The Sound of Music" as he hiked.

Reaching the hole after a few more minutes, following the pipe-like tube, he began hauling on the tube, throwing lengths and coils of the plastic tubing back down behind him until it all came out, leaving him a hole to squeeze himself into after.

It took several minutes for him to shimmy down into the cave, but he reached the end. Standing there, he could only see Soltan's mouth, the rest of his face covered in fat. He attempted to push it up, managing to lift up enough, after some digging and pawing, to see an eyeball.

"Eh, guess what! We're done now! You are now the living mascot of the store! We'll be using you as a playground, and bounce house, and anything else we can think of!" he grinned, the expression greased with none of his usual charm down here where only the two of them could see it. "I took the liberty of depositing the money in your account. Your bonus was *pretty* hefty – but nowhere near as hefty as you, eh! Maybe if I let you go back to normal, you can use it someday; get yourself one of our special showers, huh? But for now, I'm gonna... Uhh, my friend, is it just me, or is your face getting *bigger*?"

Soltan focused on making his body grow bigger, his anger making it happen quickly. Everything was crystal, cutting clear without the miasmic influence of the charm hanging over his mind. He glared steadily at the raccoon as his eyeball grew bigger than the critter, dwarfing him like that of a deep-sea squid.

Tyler chuckled, realizing what was going on. "Eh, hey now, take it easy there, friend! You got paid, you got to be fat, I got to sell a bunch of things... Why be angry? I'm sure we can work some-"

Soltan just wrapped his tongue around the manager and sucked him into his waiting maw whole.

That will teach him, Soltan thought. Almost as an afterthought, he also made sure to alter his body so that it wouldn't digest him; just let him stew in his creation until Soltan was the one ready to release HIM. It was very satisfying to feel him wriggle and squirm all the way down and then *plop* into his stomach, where he would stay.

Okay, now to get back to normal... which will take quite a bit of time... Soltan thought to himself, sighing as he focused on condensing his immense body down.

The shrinking always took longer than the growth, unfortunately, his body stubbornly resisting disappearing into, ahem, thin air, so it took a few days for Soltan to get down to a more manageable size. He and Tyler had a lot of time to think about the raccoon's fate.

When he was back down to roughly the size of a small car, he called it good enough, and lumbered to his feet. He waddled to a dumpster in an alley he could squeeze down and relieved himself of his manager, who was mumbling deliriously and in a state of shock, and then made his way home.

Anyone trying to get him to go back to Hard-Where ever again was going to have a hard sell.