

Kanadas Only

by Anonymous

A shadow slowly walks down the darkened street, the shape slowly approaching the light of a humming street lamp. A pair of large red toes step into view as the bright red fur of a Kanada slowly starts to be illuminated. He continues to walk into the light, stops once under it, and looks around. Pressing his hand to his hip the fur slowly gave way under him, as if the silly cat was reaching into a pocket, and pulled out a silly looking cell phone. What others would pass off as a novelty case, was in fact a poor sales duck who tried to rip the Kanada off in a deal. The duck's eyes tried to plead with the cat as that thick red thumb pressed on the chin of the case and the screen made of teeth lit up.

"I know it's around here somewhere..." the Kanada muttered to himself as he looked at his twitter and thus the address for a building. His pompadour gently bobbed in the cool breeze as he presses the cell phone back into his side and continues walking. Looking up at the sky, the stars barely showed as the lights of the buildings and lands around him faded out their soft glow. Continuing his walk down the lonely street he leaves the busy city center, his large feet making a soft squeaks and squishes with each step. Soon he enters a residential district. "Why don't the buses run this way at night?" he pouts, thinking he should have grabbed that biker jerk from earlier who ran him off the side walk this morning and used him as a more "enjoyable" way to get to his destination.

Almost an hour passes as the now sweaty cat walked softly, lifting his arm and taking a sniff as he gagged on his ripe scent. His dark pit fur was matted and dripping with sweat...maybe he shouldn't have turned that fat stinky bear who sat on his tail in the taxi to work into extra fuzz. Then again, it was terribly enjoyable watching the bear grab at that dumpster as he struggled to try and pull free from his terrible fate before he became more armpit hair.

A street light flickered gently, a small bench visible under it. A perfect place to rest and maybe grab a quick drink before he continued his travels, the cat thought. Kanada smiled as he looked at the case of 'Dr. Pooper' in his hand as he held it, his rump squishing softly under him as he sat on the cold bench. The cold steel felt nice against his nude body as he grabbed a bottle and opened it. The soda fizzed and hissed from the cap popping off as he pressed the bottle to his lips and drank, 'omph'ing softly as he pulled it away, then looked at the bubbles slowly rising up behind the label.

It had become warm, but he shrugged and sipped away anyways, listening to the crickets and frogs in the background as he looked up at the sky. The stars were a lot easier to see now the tall buildings and brighter lights of the city were behind him. His ear twitched as he could hear the soft sound of music in the distance. He was close to his destination now, late but it was peaceful night. He relaxed, spreading his legs and showing off his crotch-less pelvic area. He rests his arms on the back of the bench, enjoying the cool air and soft sounds as he let himself cool down and air out.

No reason to walk in smelling so bad he might melt on the way there. Finishing his drink, the cat goes to grab another as he hears the sound of glass bottles clinking together. Something was approaching but he couldn't see what it was. Sitting up straight he kept looking around, sniffing the air as his ears twitched...where could it be coming from?

Then everything went black as he felt the warm pads of someones hand cover his face. Their strong

grasp squishing and distorting it softly as the Kanada feels a warm breath whispering into his ears:
"Guess who?"

The voice was not strange to him as the cat chuckled softly, gripping the large hands and pulling them from his face, seeing the brown colored fur fluff around his fingers as his hand squished against that fatty hand and forearm.

"Bob I know that's you, I've been your pit fur too often to not know your scent when it hits my nose." the Kanada chuckles and shifted over on the bench as the large beast came over to take a seat beside him. Looking over, the cat sees the hefty bear's gut wobbling softly with each heavy step as he goes to sit. The bench tilted heavily as it was crushed under the beast's weight, the skinnier and smaller feline sliding down the side of the bend towards that rolling and soft side and bumping into it. His face pressed into the side of that plushy fatty moob as his free hand pressed to that gut as he tried to brace himself but a large heavy arm lifts and goes over him, pressing his face and body against that mound of fur and flesh, struggling for a moment before he gives in to it.

The cat kept smelling the bears heavy musk as his hands run over that large gut. It was oppressive, the fatty beast had been walking around for some time and he was still sweating. Now he was soaking the poor Kanada in it, knowing full well that smell wasn't going to wash out any time soon as their fur mashed and pressed together. Feeling that large chest expand with a deep breath, Bob sighed happily and looked at the critter bulging and squished into his side.

"What are you doing out here so late at night buddy? Did you get lost or something? "

Kanada remembered that Bob lived around this area, but he normally came to visit him at his own, dirty apartment.

"I was just heading to a party, want to..." Kanada started, then remembered the invite and what it said as he quickly went silent and looked away. Bob noticed the sudden change in mood as he tilted his head "Do I want to come?" he smiles wide and hugged Kanada tightly under his arm. 'Omph'ing loudly the cat gripped at the tubby arm, feeling the fat ripple and bulge under that fur as the muscles under it squeezed him tightly. The Kanada's chest was starting to collapse as his head started to bulge and 'blorp', his insides mashed and squished around inside him. The cat's eyes finally making two loud popping sounds as they bulged from his head like a squeeze toy, his face starting to turn blue and purple as he pulled and struggled for air.

Letting go, Bob giggled and blushed at the sight as with a loud squeak Kanada's head deflated back to normal as he panted and put a hand to his chest as he caught his breath.

"Sorry, and I would love to join ya man, I always wondered how Kanadas partied!" the large beast replied but he noticed the cat looked away before he gave an answer.

"Sadly you can't come... I wish you could but it is a 'Kanadas only' party."

The Kanada felt a large paw rub his pompadour softly as he looked up at the smiling bear's face "It's fine buddy, maybe next time then? I guess you are heading to where that music is coming from, right? I'll walk ya there and keep ya company. Sound good?" Bob asked. Kanada smiled softly as he felt bad about having mentioned the party and telling him he can't go, but seeing the big guy smiling and hearing his offer he smiled back. "Would love it buddy." the cat replied, both of them getting up. Bob grunted and looked back at the massive ass print left in the crushed bench. "They don't make them like they use too..." he muttered out loud. Picking up the case of 'Dr. Pooper', the bear put an arm around his friend and slowly started walking to the house, the two talking about random things and laughing to stories the other had to tell of the days before. Yet for the duration of the walk, the small red cat kept thinking and pondering about the event that happened earlier in the night.

The two stopped under warm glow of a street light, looking at the house as music and sounds of partying fill the air. The blinds were drawn shut in the windows, but the shadows showed Kanadas of off types dancing around inside. "Well, guess this is the place." Bob declared, setting the case of soda down before he bends over and hugs the Kanada at his side. Feeling those tiny red arms snug under his side fat rolls, as the cats face is burred softly in his chest. He nuzzled that pompadour gently before standing up straight. "I hope you have a fun short stuff." he smiles gently. Kanada catches Bob looking at the house, the bear's face looking gloomy as he hasn't been to a Kanada party but has heard rumors of how crazy they can get.

Slowly, the big lug goes to walk away, his main bulk slipping into the darkness as he is stopped in his tracks. He feels something gripping his stubby tail, turning, he sees the source of the grip. Kanada was standing there, looking down at the ground as he mutters softly

"Do you really want to go that bad?"

Walking back into the light, Bob looked down at the red cat, blushing as he replies softly

"Yeah, but I'm fine going back home. You go and have a blast dude, you earned it." he tells him then slides his large paw under Kanada's chin and makes him look up and into his eyes. "Don't worry about..." the bear starts, then 'Omph'ing as Kanada hugs to his large gut and makes it wobble and quiver heavily from the impact. Kanada looked up, face half buried in fluff and gut.

"That's it, i'm sneaking you in and showing you what a Kanada party is like!" the cat proclaims as he steps away and grabs that large paw and leads Bob into the bushes out of sight.

Standing under a tree Bob looks down at Kanada and ponders aloud

"How the hell you gonna sneak me in, short stuff? Look at me." the bear gripping his large love handles he shaking his gut for show. The furry gut wobbles and sloshes heavily with soft sounds to match, as it keeps shaking and jiggling even after he lets go. "There's a lot of me, I'm sure I'll get spotted and besides that what are we gonna do about my fur? I ain't cute and red like the rest of..." the bear finds himself blinking as he feels a round red finger poke his gut, making it quiver and ripple.

"Don't you forget who you are talking to mister. This is a Kanada party right? We just got to make you look like one, and yours truly will be your suit for the night!" Kanada grinned wide. He was very proud of his stretchy hide and it's been awhile since he has had a good stretch. "But you got to make sure you want to do this, cause if you get caught wearing me...things aren't gonna end well for ya...Bob?...You there?" the cat asks, waving a hand in front of the big lug's face as he was lost in thought. He quivers as he comes to, grins wide, and looks at the cat.

"LET'S DO IT!!" Bob yells, gripping the cat tightly in his hands, he didn't even hear the warning. His hand around the cat's neck and the other at the ankles as he starts stretching Kanada like a balloon. The air was filling with the groans and stretches of that body being softened, face distorting heavily, as Bob worked kanada over. "I can't wait to meet your friends, eat tons of food, and drink to my hearts content!" the bear boasted. He was too lost in the thought to hear kanada attempting to warn him again as the words squeaked loudly or become deep groans from his distorting form.

Once Kanada was soft and stretchy like gum, Bob slipped his hands into that mouth, giggling softly as he felt the tongue between his hands as he stretched the cat wider and wider. Kanada's body was starting to look shorter and scrunched up as it folded over itself, the bear looking into the cat's mouth. The bear grunted and leaned against a tree as Bob started to slip his wide fatty foot into his friend's lips. The taste of the ground and sweat flooded over Kanada's tongue as his insides gurgled and groaned as the outline of the foot worked down his middle. Like an over sized hand sliding into a latex glove, the

two can feel the foot sliding inside and stretching open Kanada's right foot as it crammed in.

"Dang, maybe I should have stretched you some more...you feel a little tight." Bob commented as he started on his left foot now. Kanada gargled and gurgled in protest at the insult as all the cat can see was that impending rump. Squeak squish, slurp and slops kept filling the air as Bob wriggled his other foot in. Flexing his toes, he felt the cat's foot bulge and stretch over his as it moved with his movements. "Maybe even baby powdered your insides beforehand...cause you feel all sticky and slimy." the bear chuckles as he reaches down, grabbing at Kanada's stretched jaw and begins pulling up. The once tiny legs starting to stretch over Bob's own, the bear grunts, jumping around, wriggling the cat back and forth like he was pulling on a pair of pants. Stopping for a moment to catch his breath, the bear feels the cat's tongue and bottom jaw cradle his crotch as their salty sweaty taste soaks in, the cat's cheeks and face stretched and sagging with the bear's fat ass. Blinking at the sensation, Bob started laughing and blushing.

"Stop that!" he wriggles and dances around again as he feels the warm tongue licking and playing with his junk, clearly getting him back for the 'tight' comment earlier. Kanada's chin was starting to bulge with the bear's bulge as he manages to grasp the feline's lips and pulls up. Kanada's whole face now stretching over the bear's vast middle as the limp cat arms dangle from his arm pits. Grasping at the red fur, Bob grunts and tugs more as Kanada's back stretches with that big rump inside it before that skinny cat tail base thickens and bulges with the larger fatty bear stub. Pulling and tugging the red ass slips over his bigger one with a heavy squeak as he picks and pulls at it till Kanada's tail-hole wedges up against his own tightly, the cat's barren crotch bulging out with the bears sack as he adjusts Kanada's waist with his.

"Mph, great now I got a perma wedgie for the rest of the night." Bob chuckles, his massive, now red belly wobbling and jiggling. Stretching the mouth open once again he slides one arm in, wriggling and struggling, the outline of his arm sliding down that limp arm like it was slipping it into a long latex sleeve. As it reaches Kanada's wrist he flexes it and holds the tiny hand gently through the stretching skin.

"Thanks for this buddy, it means a lot." Bob mutters out before tugging on the empty hand and making it snap over his. Flexing and wriggling it, he feels like he was being encased by freshly chewed bubble gum. The bear repeats the process again, slipping his other arm into Kanada's as he waddles around in circles, stretching and bending over to make sure the body forms to his. His hands glide along his side, making sure each roll and fold of his was encased properly so the red skin mimicked his movements.

"Well here we go. Wish me luck buddy!" Bob smiled, grabbing Kanada's face. He pulled it up over his and then some, like a scene from *'Beetlejuice'*. He sticks a hand into it, making it stretch and form to it's outline as the bear opens his mouth wide and lets the stretched face snap back. It splats to his own perfectly as he wriggles and works his jaw around, Kanada's face shifting and forming to his as even that cat tongue is flattened under the bear's. Checking his reflection in a bottle, Bob makes sure his new face in on right

"I do make you look good, don't I? " he chuckled as he picks up the case of soda and heads towards the house. His large rump was squeaking softly with each step closer.

With the soft squeaking of his rump being drowned out by loud music, Bob arrived at the base of the stairs, gulping softly as he firmly grips the case of 'Dr. Pooper' in his hand. He starts to take the first step but he notices something weird: a large, buffed out Kanada was standing at the doorway. He was looking down with an un-amused face. Gulping once again, Bob keeps taking one step after the other, thinking this guy was going to catch him, each step letting him see more of the muscular cat. His arms looked soft, puffy, and smooth looking. Almost as if he was wearing a balloon costume...

Another step is slowly followed by Bob's soft snickering as he gets to the top, seeing that the buff Kanada had skipped leg day,...every day. It seemed as his was a rather top heavy built cat, tiny legs under a massive buff torso and arms. Bob also saw the source of the cat's unpleasant expression. A small dog was yapping and barking to be let into the party, thinking a paper plate with a red cat face on it was going fool everyone.

A vein was bulging in the now angry cat's head as he suddenly gripped the dog by the face with a loud squeak. The poor mutts eyes were bulging between his fingers as the buff cat lifts him up and crushes him between both hands. Rubbing those large mittens together he rolled the dog into a ball. Palming him easily as he stares into the confused dog's eyes "Ain't no non kanada gonna get into this party!" he snarled out. Trying his best to hold back his laughter, Bob's face was turning red under his Kanada mask at the loud and high pitched voice of the buffed out cat. The beefy bouncer starts to dribble the poor dog like a ball, rolling him back and forth over his arms and just amusing himself greatly till he throws him against the side of the neighbors house. Hearing a loud splat, those Kanada covered ears twitched as Bob looks to where it came from. The side of the house over was covered in splatters of different colors as eyes blinked and twitched in them.

Gasping softly Bob easily put it together that they were what's left of the party crashes...was he going to make it past this guy? Maybe he should just turn around..that's right better go home before getting...

"Where do you think going?" the disguised bear hears the loud pitched voice squeaking. Bob stands up on his toes as he feels a large hand grip his big rump and squeeze it tightly. As he pulls away, a hand print is left behind like memory foam on his butt cheek before it fills back in.

"Haven't seen you around here before, where ya come from?" the bouncer asked as he stepped in front of the clearly sweating Bob.

"I'm from out of town and a friend told me there was a party going on so I thought I should stop by and meet a few people, sadly I had some...business...to attend to..." he rambled, smiling softly as he hoped the bouncer was as smart as how well he works on his legs. Feeling and watching the bouncer sniff him all over with a few more gropes, the kanada nods and steps aside.

"You smell like a kanada and feel like one so I guess you pass." he announces.

"Th..thanks." Bob mutters out as he starts to walk by and gets stopped in his tracks, feeling a large hand gripping at his crotch area

"Hey pass me one of those 'poopers' before they all disappear, pal. " The bouncer asks, letting go and points to the bottles still in the bear's hand.

"Sure." Bob replies nervously and hands him one, happy that he didn't get caught as the bouncer finally let him pass. Seeing the red door with a black edge to the top ahead of him, he opens it and is blasted by music and scent. Crossing the threshold and entering as the door quickly closes behind him, the bear's thoughts wondered to 'Was I always that squishy?' and 'How did he not feel my bulge?'. These thoughts were soon being washed away by the amazing sights and smells inside...

Red walls and carpets were everywhere with a black ceiling, the curtains matching the carpets as they

were red with black trim. Bob was seeing tons of kanada cats of different shapes and sizes just chilling and talking. The sofa was red with a black blanket on the back and the pillows on it were head shaped to match.

'Wow, they really coordinate their living spaces I see...' he thought to himself, seeing a sign pointing to a closet.

'Put all non-accepted clothes in here' read a sign above it. Curious, he got closer and what he heard were a few moans coming from the closet. Peeking in he 'eep's softly, seeing a bulging kanada, his mouth stretched open with a hoop as clothing dangled from his lips. His body was heavily bloated and stretched by all the left behind clothing. Bob could see coats, pants, shoes, all sorts of things bulging out his sack shape body in odd ways. Yet he looked happy so with a shrug, Bob turned away and closed the door, heading down deeper into the house.

The disguised bear found himself accidentally bumping and brushing against other smaller and larger kanadas along the way, none who seem to mind, as he makes it to a table of food. Licking his muzzle he happily digs in on the finger-food.

"Pssst.....pssst try the red stuff." a voice told him.

Blinking, Bob looks around, cheeks wobbling with food.

"Huh?" where did that voice come from he wondered.

"The lamp silly, try the red stuff, and do me a solid and plug me in." the voice repeats and asks.

Blinking confusion, the bear looks at the Kanada shaped lamp..shaped lamp...the bear's eyes widen as he realized the lamp isn't shaped like a kanada, it IS a kanada. Gulping louder, he tries to play it cool.

"Thanks for the tip and no problem." he says, bending over and finding the lamp's 'cord', he plugs the tail into a wall socket and it promptly lights up. The outline of a skull can be seen as the lamp puts a shade over his head.

"Thanks buddy." the lamp replied as it went back to doing it's job...being a lamp.

Standing back up the bear realized he was still holding the case of 'Dr. Pooper' and he decides to find the kitchen and put them to chill. He sticks something from the snack table in his mouth before heading to the large kitchen. Inside are two elephant kanada working away on making more party food as the bear waddles past them to the fridge and slides the case in. Bob found himself blushing at the jumbo sized kanadas, the older elephant much larger and fatter, seeming to be the apprentice to the smaller one as the disguised bear stepped over to see what they were cooking. Bob was blinking again as he watches a kanada pig being stuffed for the oven by the smaller one as the larger was chopping up a kanada cat and placing the pieces onto a plate.

"Oh a tongue, good choice my friend!" the smaller cook said aloud, Bob looking at the tongue dangling from his mouth, his fur standing on end as he realized what he had been eating. "What you don't like my cooking?!?!" the elephant trumpeted and stomped over, his larger belly bouncing around as he stopped in front of Bob, bellies touching. Blinking quickly, the bear sucked the meat back in his mouth with a burp.

"No no no, I was just surprised that I got the best piece! That's it...yeah! " he grins and sweats more, hoping the elephant wouldn't catch him

"Oh good, I was worried it wasn't my best work...or that we had a mole in our mists." the kanada-phant chuckles, belly wobbling as he stuffed a large rump-roast into Bob's mouth as he forced him to swallow it. "I hope you enjoy the rest of the food and party!" he said before going back to work. However the kanada elephant would keep an eye on the new fatty kanada. Something just wasn't right about him but

he wasn't quite sure what right now. Shrugging, he went back to shoving his hand into the pigs ass as he kept stuffing him.

Stepping out of the kitchen Bob panted and caught his breath, thinking that any second there he would have been next on the menu. Moaning softly he held his gut as it gurgled and groaned. Nature was calling and calling loudly. Sweating heavily the bear looked around trying to find a washroom.

"For the love of fuck"he grumbled as he looked down another rather long hallway. The house wasn't this big from the outside was it? His butt bloated and gurgled louder, wanting to badly release its contents as he quickly waddled to the first door he found and opened it.

Shocked quiet at the sight inside, Bob stared as Kanadas were bound and gagged as they were stretched, whipped, walked on, beaten, and straight out tormented with smiles on their faces. All present were wearing squeaky and shiny gimp gear. Some were wearing masks with hoses leading to the dom's butt and being forced to breath the rank gasses.

'Well this wasn't it' he decided, as he slowly closed the door and moved to the next.

This one was full of kanadas wearing diapers and soiling them, some actually being the diapers, and others having their faces sat on by the large soiled masses. One square shaped kanada sat in the corner being used as a trash can...and he was over flowing something fierce.

Bob kept looking down the almost never ending hallway, each room having something different going on inside it:

Balloon squishing room, taffy stretching room, kanada centipede room, water sports room, one with kanadas getting high as their heads swelled from each hit of the bong till they popped, leaving their bodies to be used for the next round, and many others that words can not describe.

Two doors left, he opens one and finds himself screaming in fear. It was a normal looking, stuffy study with 3 three kanadas sitting in high back chairs. They were wearing evening robes and slippers. One was sipping tea as the other two drank their scotch and brandy. They were speaking in perfect English with British accents, talking about business and stocks.

Bob slammed the door shut, panting heavily as he stood in front of it. That was even weird for him, soon he rushed to the only other door.

Bingo! He found the bathroom and as quickly as he could he sat on a toilet. As he farted and let lose the pink waste from his system as the sounds filled the room and he sighed happily. Bob blinked as he saw a few kanadas staring at him. One was pissing into a urinal... as the urinal blinked and groaned happily from it. Another was pooping into a litter box as the box beside it was full, with the poor kanadas being used as a box barely able to breath from the sand in his nose.

"Excuse m..." Bob started, then shivering as he felt something slurp his tail-hole before it shoves into him, the bear feeling the warm squishy mass wriggling up into his belly and lick around, a soft bulge showing as it squirmed around before pulling out with a loud slurp. Getting up and turning around, Bob realized he just took a dump in a kanada toilet. The toilet rumbles and purred as the bear watched it swallow down the waste it cleaned out of his system. Bob was shivering but... he never felt so clean. That was a weird experience to say the least. Blushing the disguised bear washed his hands and left...which was odd for kanadas but they shrugged it off and went back to their business.

Well he had made it this far without being caught, Bob smiled. He sat back on a sofa with a drink and some food, watching the talking and kanadas heading into other rooms and enjoying themselves. He mingled and chatted, even partaking in some of the rooms, mostly the ones of stepping or smooshing

smaller kanadas. Getting a little drunk, he stumbled into the kitchen and grabbed another drink from the fridge and cheered to the cooks for the awesome food. Yet on his way out Bob's pompadour got caught on a wall hook for a cooks hat. Not noticing, he kept waddling forwards as the others blinked and watched his hair stretch, soon the suit's eyes were stretching and another head could be seen under it. Kanada (the suit) was groaning and grunting, trying to get Bob's attention but it was too late. With a loud pop and slurp, the cat mask was pull off his scalp and slipped down behind his head as he popped free from the hook. Bob's face now exposed, the music stopped as every one glared at the non-kanada in the room.

"Hey guys whats wrong,... why you looking like..." the bear starts to ask, then 'omph's as the bouncer picks him up, grabbing his feet as with a loud squeaking stretch as he was separated from his suit. The poor kanada cat super stretched and saggy looking as he dangled empty in one hand as Bob was tossed to the living room floor by the other hand. Grunting, the bear rolled onto his back and sweated heavily. "Hey guys...umm name's Bob...nice party...umm..." The red mass of kanadas closed in on him as he scampered backward, not noticing he was pinned in a corner. A small kanada walked up to him and studied him, then pulling out his phone so he could 'face-book' the bear. His mad look slowly changed to a huge grin as he called the others over.

The huge huddle of kanadas whispered and looked up at the bear every so often.

"Wasn't that red fur on his belly suppose to be brown?" one muttered.

"Look his hair is black now, and there isn't a cock which you can clearly see here."

"Plus he does smell like us, and his poop was pink like ours!"

The group fell silent as the all stood back up and looked at him.

"Hey buddy welcome to the party!" they cheered. The music turned back on as everyone welcomed him openly. This was strange, the bear thought, remembering the splattered furs on the side of the other house next door. He was quickly grabbed and pulled into a group hug and was being shuffled back to the kitchen. His baggy suit found himself being lifted up by the bouncer.

"Shame on you, bringing us a gift and hording the fun of adding a new kanada to the fold." he teased the other kanada. "It was a cruel joke but I guess you'll get it in the 'end!'" the bouncer snickered and rolled the suit into a ball as the bear soon 'omph!'ed out loud as he felt the bouncers hand shove the ball deep into his ass before pulling his paw out and returning to his post. Bob found himself waddling awkwardly for the rest of the night.

Once in the kitchen, the bear was pinned to the wall by many smaller kanadas as the head cook walked over and snickered. "Oh my you are the one from earlier, it's rare to find a non-kanada enjoying my cooking, but look at you, you are all skin and bone!" the elephant smiled and poked at that blubbery gut the bear sported. "This won't do at all...TINY we are making that dish!" the smaller elephant yelled as the larger whined and whimpered

"But I don't like that di.." the large elephant was smacked hard by a wooden spoon.

"We have a very special guest here so just do it!" the smaller kanada-phat trumpets out.

"I better get paid double for this then..." the larger one pouted, before the bear saw him swallowing a few dozen roasted kanada pigs and chugging back a few gallons of 'Dr. Pooper'. His large gut sloshed around before he started to force himself into the smaller cook's mouth, pulling the upper jaw and lower jaw over himself as the elephant starts to chew him up. The bear was watching in horror as the large outline of the kanada elephant is slowly chewed into a mush.

"I...I think I'm goo...!" he started to say before 'oogh!'ing loudly as the cook's trunk pops into his mouth. The bear soon has a large glorp of kanada mash traveling down the trunk and into his gullet, finding himself forced to swallow it as he struggles to get free...but the more he was forced to eat...the less he struggled. The stuff was actually good...he wanted more, soon starting to suck hard on the trunk in his lips. The bloated elephant cheeks attached to the trunk quickly started to shrink as the bear's belly grew. The cook was surprised, no one so far had lasted more than 3 minutes of the thick gummy mash but this guy was sucking it back like nothing. Not noticing his cheeks emptying, the elephant pushed all the mash down his trunk as the bear's eyes were glazed over, as he kept sucking back. The cook soon pulling away a bit as he stumbled and looked down, his once large wobbling gut had been sucked flat as all that extra skin sagged and wobbles down to the floor.

Belching loudly, the bear rubbed his now huge wobbling gut. His fur turning completely red as his toes merged and turned into 3 large ones. Belching happily he proceeded to hiccup and slosh around, the sudden addition of weight throwing him off balance as he stepped on, rolled over, crushed, mashed, squished, and bulldozed the smaller kanadas. All of them were left rather amused and happy as by being trampled by the massive changing kanada bear was quite fun. And anything left stuck to him slowly started to melt into him, slowly changing his fur to match that of a regular kanada as his hair changed to a pompadour.

Crashing through a door he falls into Kilo's room, and instantly messes up a new tattoo (leaving a jagged line on a kanada's backside). The room serves as a makeshift tattoo parlor for the big hippo kanada. Several cats waiting for new ink as a dozen or so other kanadas sit in a hot tub, melting into ink. Dazed and out of it, Bob hiccups and gurgles happily on the floor, unable to get back up. His bright red ass up in the air as he scoots around.

Kilo snickers, walking over with his gun as he asked out what to draw or write. A half dissolved kanada shouts out "Enter here!" as the others laugh and joke. Before Kilo could write the first letter however, a snickering kanada shouts out:

"Don't write that, cause like, someone as big as Kilo would never fit in that butt!"

The big hippo shorts in reply, "I don't have to, I'll make him fit me!" as he eyes the smaller kanada.

"Then you got a bet! Fit your fat ass into him and I'll let you put me anywhere on you AND pay for it too!" the smaller one grins, playing Kilo into a trap as the hippo shakes on it.

Shortly he is at the bear kanada's backside, spreading that ass wide as he sticks a foot in. Bob 'omph'ing as he tries to look back at what's going on. He hiccups and shrugs, passing out shortly after as the massive hippo kept forcing himself into the bear. Pulling and tugging on those cheeks and asshole, Bob's pelvis started stretching out with the outline of Kilo's legs and ass as he keeps stretching and lifting him up. While Bob had gotten into his kanada-suit front to back, Kilo had done so back to back. So now the hippo's shape was distorting the bear's ass and legs bizarrely, the hippo's own massive rear giving Bob's chest a clear butt shape. Slowly put surely, Bob's body is lifted off the ground as the kanadas watch in awe as Kilo's head disappears between those heavy red cheeks and Bob's body is suspended around Kilo's waist as the outline of his face bulges under that cat tail base.

"Pay up shrimp!" Kilo mutters out, Bob's tail hole opening and closing along with Kilo's mouth.

"Like hell I going to pay you shit all, going and making an ass of yourself!" the small kanada laughs loudly. Kilo tries to grab for him, the bear's ass cheek stretching with the outline of his hands. Still, Kilo finds it hard to move as his clearly defined hand slowly squishing and pulling back into the ass cheek fat as it thickened out in moments the other hand soon followed. Bob's body was thickening and widening mostly in the middle as Kilo was slowly getting merged into his bowels. A tattoo of Kilo's face soon appearing under Bob's tail as his mouth finishing fusing with that butt hole he had climbed

inside. Slapping that extra wide rump, the betting kanada shouted "Change the sign on the door from 'Kilo's tattoos' to 'Fuck a Kilo tattoo!'"

The room became rather popular that night as everyone took turns with the bear-cat, screwing the tattoo of Kilos face on his ass, as all that extra added kanada juice slowly keeps turning him into one of their kind...

Moaning and groaning the new kanada wakes up at home the next morning. Getting up the air is filled with the sounds of heavy wobbling as he sleepily lumbers to his washroom. He did not notice everything shaking as he walked (including himself). He forces himself into the washroom, breaking the door frame at the same time. Seeing his reflection in the mirror, the extremely obese kanada cat screams bloody murder, freaking out as he feels himself over.

He pulls out a comb and fixes his pompadour.

"There." he smiles. He doesn't remember being so fat, or even turning into a kanada but those thoughts don't stay in his head for long. Turning on the shower he grunts and starts to hacks loudly. Soon, a small red hair ball pops out from his mouth. The mass was the suited kanada, finally having made his way through his friend's system and out the other side as he found himself sitting there, covered in drool as he unfolded back to his normal shape.

"Damn, must have been some party last night. I can barely remember it." the larger cat wonders aloud as the shower sprays him down. "Also how did you wind up inside me, buddy?" he asks as he only remembers the suited kanada as his roommate. The smaller cat got up, looking up at the new massive cat sharing the shower with him. As he is turning around the suited kanada sees the extremely wide looking Kilo face still tattooed on his friend's rump. The smaller kanada smiled and shrugged as he started to help bathe his roomy. Only he was thinking to himself how he should have brought him along sooner...and regretting how he didn't have a turn on that ass.

Maybe after they finish their shower...

-end-