

Another day had just passed in the treetop palace of canopy, one not unlike most of the others for the past few months. Ever since her being appointed as the official possum ambassador of the Fenneclands, Poppy O'Possum had barely been able to catch a break. All of her time was spent meeting, traveling, and otherwise performing other such 'ambassador-y' tasks. On this day in particular, however, she found that there was very little planned in her schedule, her day mostly based around a meeting with the queen, Kit. This was not unappreciated, as any time the possum could spend with her dear fennec friend was time that she now valued with her busy life.

She checked the slip of paper directing her to her meeting room with Kit, though it seemed like this was the only possibly correct door, one could never be sure in such a mazelike palace. After confirming that the door she found herself in front of was indeed the right one, she knocked on it gently, a technique that she had spent some time perfecting over the past few months, as her superhero like strength usually converted her gentle taps into unnecessarily loud bangs.

"Come in!" squeaked the uniquely high pitched voice of Kit Darling, followed by Poppy casually entering the room. The room itself was a surprisingly large and elegant one, with a long, intricately carved table stretching through the majority of it. It certainly wasn't what one would expect from a private meeting room, though it may have been some tradition that she hadn't yet familiarized herself yet. Even with so much time spent as possum ambassador, she still had yet to learn all of the various customs and formalities that seemed to constantly pop up in life about canopy.

Kit was standing near the edge of the table, seemingly waiting for her friend to arrive. She had on the puffy, expensive blue dress that had become common in the eyes of Poppy, despite it still standing out quite noticeably from the possum's own, more work functional

clothing which we usually wore, generally due to a lack of any sort of ‘formal’ wear in her usual set of clothing.

“Heya, Kit. What is it that you needed to talk to me about?” Poppy asked, abandoning more formal greetings in such a private environment.

“You.” Kit replied simply, “And how much you’ve been working yourself, recently. You’ve been doing so much for me as of late, I felt it would be nice for you to have a break from all that, you know? Consider it a reward for all of the good work you’ve been putting in.”

“Aww, you didn’t have to do all this for me.” Poppy said, though she really did want to have some time to relax in her now busy life.

“It’s the least I could do, really.” Kit continued. “Though we’ll pass ‘the least’ pretty quickly once you see the next part of your ‘reward’.” With a quick motion, a sudden light filled the room, as a large blue ring formed around the table. Over the next few moments, the ring moved up, leaving behind it something, though it was hard to tell with how bright it was. When it had finally finished and the ring dissipated, what it had left behind earned an audible gasp from Poppy.

Laid out over the table was a great banquet, piled high with various delicacies from all across the empire. Poppy’s mouth watered from the mere sight of so many delectable meals spread across the vast table, and it was only encouraged to do so more upon catching its indescribable aroma. It was then that Poppy noticed just how little she had eaten due to her work, usually having to skip meals in order to make various deadlines. She hadn’t had a proper meal in some time, and now her body seemed ready to change that fact.

“I can see you appreciate it. Go on, dig in!” Kit said, motioning towards the banquet table.

Poppy required no further encouragement, rushing over to the table as quickly as her relatively stubby legs could carry her. She reached the table and, after a moment of trying to decide what to eat first, simply grabbed what was closest and shoved it into her mouth. She was hit with a wave of incredible flavor as she did so, before quickly swallowing and bringing more food into herself. Again and again she experienced exciting new tastes as she tore at the feast, emptying plate after plate.

Her eating soon began to show effects on her clothes, as her belly began to stretch outwards with each platter. Her already impressive hips joined in too, widening themselves as she stuffed herself more with expensive foods. She widened her stance as her gut grew large and heavy, beginning to droop down from its sheer weight. Her clothes grew tight around her growing body, stretching to cover all of the possum.

Poppy’s clothes began to emit creaking noises as she stuffed herself further, finding themselves unable to contain all of her rapidly expanding figure. They visibly strained to wrap themselves around her packed belly, and near failed to hold onto her massive hips. She continued through more foods, causing her body to swell out at a near constant rate. Eventually, her clothes could hold no more, and with a loud tear they fell from her body, leaving her stuffed body exposed.

“Oh my, what an appetite~” Kit said, walking over to the now nude possum and feeling at her remarkably stuffed body. As she rested a paw on the possum’s belly, she found that she could barely push down on it at all, Poppy’s skin being stretched too tight in trying to contain her

meal to have much more give. Poppy blushed at Kit's actions, though she found herself unable to separate herself from her food long enough in order to protest them.

She continued to devour the food in front of her, still somehow hungry even after eating enough to destroy her clothes. Her body, now unrestricted, was able to grow freely, her belly continuing to swell out further and further as it was stuffed with each exotic dish. Her already widened rear also accepted the change, now able to swell out without restriction, forming a large buffer of flesh behind the possum.

Eventually, though, Poppy did begin to slow her pace. Her stomach groaned in its fullness, and she panted as she tried to move down the table to more food. Her stomach sloshed and swayed as she did so, throwing off her balance as she waddled towards the next part of the feast. When she did finally arrive, she found herself barely able to stuff anything more into herself before she simply stopped, flopping down onto her plump rear and letting out a sigh. There she rubbed at her stretched, full belly, trying to help it with the massive load that it had just been given.

"I can see you enjoyed yourself~" Kit also took to rubbing Poppy's gut, admiring just how much that her friend was able to eat so quickly.

"Yeah, I'm -urp- stuffed." A bit of gas escaping her as Kit pressed on her bloated stomach. "Th-thanks for all of this."

Kit chuckled, "Stuffed, huh? Are you sure about that?"

Just then, Poppy caught wind of a new aroma from the table. "Wait, is that?" she drew her attention back away from her massive gut and back to the banquet. Just in front of her, though she didn't remember it being there a moment ago, was a huge cake, towering above all of

the other expensive foods, and emitting such an intoxicating scent that Poppy couldn't bear to look away from it for even a moment.

“Persimmons?” Kit finished her friend's sentence, “Indeed it is. My cooks have been developing a new recipe involving them, and it would be a shame to leave their work untested~”

Poppy struggled to her feet, her huge, stuffed belly proving quite difficult to deal with. As soon as she was able to, however, she quickly made to tearing into the cake, taking only a brief moment to savor each bite she took before swallowing and beginning on the next. Her stomach protested, refusing to be stuffed any further than it already had been. The rest of her, however, kept eating on, slowly getting through the massive cake. Her belly groaned and stretched, struggling to find any more room to stuff cake into. The rest of her body also grew, thickening with each bite she took.

After some time of continuing the cycle of ‘stuff, swallow, repeat’, Poppy found herself reaching for her next bite of cake and finding nothing but an empty platter in front of her. While most of her sighed in disappointment at the end of her feast, her belly groaned in relief as it had finally reached the end of its long, stuffed journey. It now was truly stretched to its limit, extending out all the way to the floor, and then still continuing be forced forward some, sitting like a giant, overinflated balloon in front of the possum.

“Hmm, I'd say that their new recipe is good, wouldn't you say?” Kit said, returning to rubbing Poppy's belly.

“Y-urp-yeah, you could say that.” Poppy said, moaning softly as her stomach churned away at her feast, desperately trying to digest all of the food that she had managed to stuff into it.

“Good! I’ll be sure to tell them when I next meet with them!” Kit responded. ‘Which will be today, when we plan out the next feast for you~’ she mentally noted. Though that would have to wait. For now, it was time to simply enjoy the massive belly that she had just worked to produce. It was a reward, indeed, though who it was a better reward for was anyone’s guess.