

Swelling With Pride

“So, you want to have confidence?”

You nod. You don’t see much of the strange fur except for his paw peeking out of the darkness clenched around the open door.

“Then go to the inn and have a drink. That’ll work just as well. My services are for more serious matters; come back when you have an incubus succubus trying to have a go at your trousers.” The furred hand attempted to pull the door close, but your foot quickly jumped into the gap, keeping the door open. You can feel the door squeeze into your foot, but you don’t budge until the door begins to open. “Well, look at that! You’d have to be pretty confident to pull something like that! Or just stupid...”

As the moonlight pours in through, showing the fur behind the door, the little bit of confidence you mustered just as quickly withered away as you could see the full breadth of his stature. And full it was, as the first thing that the light graced was his rotund stomach, billowing out from under his frock. The pink trim along the edges draws the eyes up his frame where you see under a wide brimmed hat a slight scowl and glowing eyes that you can feel shooting daggers into you. It feels wiser to leave, but, as you thumb through the options in your head, the imposing raccoon gives you a big smile—unsettlingly big.

“You know what? I can have some fun with this...come on in.” As big as the fur was, he managed to disappear into the dark room rather silently, and the door began to creak wide open. The pale light does little to illuminate the inside of the humble house, and you think about turning around, but you feel almost pulled into the void within. It is enough to make your soul leave your body when you clear the door, and it slams shut right behind you, letting the shadows surround you. Before you could say every prayer you know, you hear small flames fizzle into existence around you as a few lanterns light themselves, a fireplace across the way booming to life.

As you look across the room, you see quite the cozy living arrangement. A thick cushioned chair sits by the fireplace next to a small table lightly piled with books. Your eye catches the big raccoon place a book onto the pile, a feather sticking out to mark where he will resume reading once he is alone again. You watch as the raccoon lumbers across the room, grabbing a note off a small writing desk (as in small to you, absolutely tiny compared to him). “Alright! So, you need yourself a larger-than-life personality, right? To rise to the occasion? To really *burst* out of your shell?”

You nod, in hindsight, a bit too eagerly. He motions for you to sit down, and you feel a stool knock into your knees, making you plop down onto it a bit painfully. After a second of massaging the soreness from your rump, you take notice of a shadow looming over you. “Why would you come to me of all people to help you with something so trivial.” You look up, just barely seeing the raccoon’s stern face over his gut. He leans over, getting close to your face as his size would allow and gives you another look over. “I just don’t understand: sure you’re not strapping, but not frail in the slightest. Not to mention, you’re rather well-kept—handsomely beautiful I might add.” You blush, having never had someone speak of you in such a manner. A cold chill then courses through you as a firm paw finds its way into your clothes, feeling your flat stomach.

“Pardon me. I know you look the part, but eyes can play tricks on you.” His paw travel around your front, sliding to your side as a pleased rumble comes from your examiner. “Well, if there is a trick,

even I can't see it. One more thing, just face me real quick." You do as your told, just barely catching a glimpse of an ethereal glow emanating from the raccoon's eyes before it disappears. Although briefly startling, the warm visage before you seems to ease you with its smile, the feel of the room growing more cozy.

"I'm going to let you know something: I don't think you need my help. You're **bigger** than that. I don't need to give you confidence, it's been inside you all along." A soothing rub coaxes you into a hazy state, just barely catching a glint of light from where the fur's hand rested. "Don't you feel it? Just **welling up** within?" You do feel something, although you are not sure if it is exactly what the raccoon was referring to. You could liken it to the feeling one gets after having ate too much, yet...hollow. "I can sense it **growing** in you. Strong conviction. Fierce bravery. Does it not feel great?" While you were feeling uncomfortable, it wasn't really a bad feeling. While your stomach still has a tight feeling, it still has a warm, pleasant tingle overpowering it.

Outside of your stupor, the raccoon looks over his handiwork with a smile growing wide—not as wide as you have become, however. While the raccoon did enjoy getting a feel for your body, it was more an opportunity to place an enchantment, clouding your mind as well just for kicks. It has been too long since he had a bit of fun, so he might as well seize the opportunity. And quite the opportunity as well. He was not just trying to butter you up when he called you beautiful, and looking at you in your current portly form, a pleased sigh oozing through your dazed and dopey smile while your belly begins to tear through your clothing, you've never looked more appealing. One of his paws reaches up to give one of your slightly swollen cheeks a stroke. "Take a look at yourself. Don't you think you look amazing?"

His words have become like honey, cooing dumbly as they dance in your mind. Your hands reach up touching the obscenely large belly that now sits where your flat stomach once was, and the feeling of your taut skin is practically orgasmic. You finally look down see to your swollen form, but your reaction is far from negative. In fact, you feel yourself practically **swell** with pride, which is exactly what you continue to do. "I...I guess I do..." You say bashfully, that bit of uncertainty still in your mind.

"Ah, so he has a voice! And what a lovely one, might I add! I nearly forgot you haven't spoken a word since knocking." The raccoon strolled around, watching your body grow and expand with a gleam in his eyes and a sheen to his smile. "Now let's hear it some more; tell me what you are."

"I...I am amazing!" You really start to savor the feelings growing inside and the feelings of your outside. Your hands explore over the expanse of your body, pressing in here, squeezing there, happily patting everywhere. It was like nothing you have ever felt, and you never want it to stop!

"That's what I like to hear! 'I guess' holds so little power, but no grander has a statement been made than by God himself when he said 'I am'!" As the raccoon praised you, he began to take notice of certain things: how each circle around you would take a bit longer, how rounded out your back was becoming to match with your belly, and how much more handsome your features look as they softened. "At your current stature, I'd say you have every right to say it. Anyone looking at you would only be able to do so in awe, your presence already deified in their mind." The thought of hundreds upon thousands upon *millions* of people seeing you and seeing a god begins to drive you. "You would like that wouldn't you? To become a god?"

"I want to be greater than!" Your demand is met with a sudden surge of growth all around, your limbs becoming more conical as they bloat with the same magic that has concentrated wonderfully in your creaking torso.

"Then do what a god could never do..." The raccoon placed both hands firmly on your sides, letting magic pour in to your body. You feel your body growing immensely, and you become lost in the pleasure of your skin stretching itself more and more to accommodate. Before long, your head is pressing into the ceiling, but it does not budge to allow you more growth, keeping you pressed down as the rest of your body grows outward. There seems to be no end to it as an itch begins to grow out from your bellybutton, the apex of your growth. Your ears fill with the cacophony of creaks and groans coming from your body, and the itching begins to turn into a throbbing. You are not sure exactly how much more you can stand. It's almost as if...you could...

POP!!!

You jerk awake, having managed to not fall out of the chair you had been sitting in, and look up to see the raccoon next to the fireplace reading the book you had seen him with when you walked in. "Ah, you woke up! I'm sorry if I had been boring you, although it is rude of you to have just fallen asleep like that while I was talking to you."

"Wha...what do you mean?" You have no idea how long you had been resting in the raccoon's house, but you try hard to wipe the remaining sleep out of your eyes. "What...what happened?"

"I was just giving you some reassurance that you don't need magic to help you gain confidence. I had just finished telling you that you are already greater than a god, because you could do something that a god could never do: be you...I know rather silly. I don't blame you for falling asleep, especially with how late you had come in." The raccoon closed his book and set it down looking at you softly. "You may not have gotten to hear my 'wisdom', but at least you seem better for having shown up at all." He heaved himself from his chair and made his way over to you to offer a hand getting you stood up after your accidental sleep.

"But...I was having the weirdest dream..." You vaguely recall growing immensely huge as your demeanor became more hedonistic, as if you were literally swelling with pride. "Are you saying nothing happened here besides talking?"

"I'm saying you should go home, where it's more comfortable, and get the rest you obviously need." He begins to lead you to the door, opening it for you with a warm smile. "I apologize for my rudeness earlier, by the way. I just haven't had the time to read my book in a while, and you kind of interrupted one of my few chances to read."

"Oh...Well, thanks for taking me in, at least. You didn't have to." You say, going through the door and standing where you had been at the start of the night.

"It was nothing, and you were a treat to have. If we meet again, I hope it's in good health." The raccoon began to slowly close the door. "By the way, if you ever want to have another weird dream, you know where to find me." You hear what he says, and something clicks in your mind, but before you could try to ask, the door closes.

THE END