

The Ice Cream Tide

“How do I look?” The canine posed outside the clothing store in her new yellow dress, showing off all the pink ice-cream cones printed on it. “Definitely suits you. Can’t believe we found one that perfect for you. ...Or one that fit.” She nudged him playfully. “Hey now, I’m proud of being wide! Even if it does mean I can’t find pants. I look better in dresses, anyways!” Wide was an understatement, the pink dog sported hips giant enough to crush doorways. She was big all over, and the shades of brown with little multi-colored markings across her thighs and shoulders really made her look like a giant stack of ice-cream. She even had a cherry pin atop her short, white hair, which was her namesake. Cherry absolutely dwarfed the average-sized, brown and tan shark beside her. “How’s mine?” Reid opened his arms to show his new striped hoodie. Cherry beamed. “I love it! The light blue and seafoam green make me think of the ocean, goes great for a shark!” She giggled, patting her roommate on the head. Reid smiled, happy with his purchase.

The two walked aimlessly through the mall as they talked. Reid pulled his phone out of his jeans, checking the time. “Soo... we did what we came here for. It’s still the weekend. Wanna stay here a while and do stuff? Or should we head home?” Cherry put a chunky paw to her muzzle. “Nothing here I can think of specifically to do, but it’d be fun to explore! Ooh, we haven’t been here in a while, they might have new shops!” Reid shrugged his shoulders. “Sure. I wanna eat before long, though.” “Oh, we can head to the food court later, they’ve got the best sandwich place!”

Together, the pair walked throughout the mall, stopping occasionally to briefly peruse through a store here and there, but not finding much of interest. They end up at the far corner of the mall, seeing mostly closed shops around and almost no people. “Ooh, that’s new!” In between two gated, vacant stores stood an oddly-decrepit store which Cherry pointed towards. The store almost appeared closed as it was dark inside, but flickering candles kept it dimly lit. The sign above merely said ‘Antique Store.’ “Let’s go in!” Reid felt a pit form in his stomach. “I dunno. The place seems a liiiittle sketchy. I mean, why’s it look so busted up if it’s new? There hasn’t been anything in this corner of the mall since the make-up place closed down a couple years ago. Isn’t that weird?” Cherry waved her paw dismissively. “Ohh c’mon now. Where’s your sense of adventure? Aren’t you curious what they’ve got? It’ll take barely any time at all to check it out really quick! Come

on!" She started waddling her way towards it. Reid hesitated, but followed. "Just for a little bit." The duo disappeared into the darkness of the store.

Other than the unorthodox setup, the store seemed normal enough, albeit rough. Every piece looked ancient, some were even broken past the point of usability. Reid picked up a bronze pocket watch that had long since given up ticking. He tapped it to try and jump-start it, only to see its minute hand break off inside. "...Kind of a wonder this place is even open." "Shh," the big dog nudged the shark. "Don't be rude." A thud came from the back of the store, at the counter. The two turned to see a falcon running the counter. Dressed in simple brown clothes, their red-orange fur seemed brighter in the candlelight. They didn't speak, but simply watched the dog and shark.

Cherry waved, but the bird didn't wave back. Reid pretended as if he'd been examining something beforehand, turning to a random shelf and looking over its contents. He whispered to Cherry. "...we should leave, this person's just *staring* at me." "Oh, they're not that bad, I'm sure. Let's just keep-- Ooooh, look at this!" Cherry broke her whisper as she excitedly waddled over to a small jewelry stand. Among the various old pendants was a silver, cherry-shaped necklace. She turned around and showed Reid. "Look at this!" "It looks good, yeah," he turned sideways a bit, finding the falcon's glare still centered on him. He thought quickly. "...in fact, I'm gonna get it for you! Yeah, here." Before she could try it on, he nabbed it and headed to the counter. "I'd like to buy this for my friend; how much?" The bird didn't emote, but simply pointed to the twenty-dollar price tag on its side. "Oh! Whoops. Here." He pulled out a twenty and placed it on the counter, throwing in an extra couple of bills for tax. "Keep the change!"

"Ohhh! Thanks, roomie! You didn't--" "Yep, I'm great! Oh, oops, we gotta go now! Remember? You uhhhhhh... got..." He snapped his claws, trying to think of something. "...an appointment! At the dentist. Yeah, we need to hurry. Thanks!" He waved to the bird as he hastily led Cherry out of the store.

Reid stopped once they were a decent distance away. Cherry giggled. "Aww, I'm sorry! I didn't know it'd spook you that much. We don't have to go back, don't worry. And thanks again for the necklace! I can't wait to put it on." It took him a minute to register she'd spoken. "...What? Oh." He handed her the necklace. "Didn't get spooked, just had a bad feeling, I guess." He shrugged. The dog was too excited about her new jewelry to give a response. She immediately unclasped it and wrapped it around her, closing it around her neck. A shudder went through her, an indescribable strangeness emanating across her body for a moment. "Bad feeling,

huh?" Before she could think more on the odd sensation, another, more familiar pang crept up. Her belly gurgled and rumbled loudly for a few seconds, hunger hitting her like a truck. "Ooof... You said you wanted to eat, right?" "Yeah, you hungry?" She nodded, already shuffling towards the food court.

The food court was on the other side of the mall. By the time the two made it all the way over, something seemed wrong with Cherry. She doubled over, leaning against a nearby table. Reid turned, heading over to check on her. "You alright? You look... a little sick, maybe?" Responding for her, her belly let loose a rumble like never before. She pulled Reid over, practically drooling. "I dunno what's wrong, but... I've *never* been hungry like this before. Here," she forked over her envelope-style wallet to the shark. "Get me whatever you can. From every place. Don't care what. Hop to it!" She pulled out a couple of the tiny metal chairs and flopped against them. "And um... hurry, please!" Reid stood for a moment, the gears of his brain turning to try and process exactly what she'd asked of him. "Uh, okay. I'll get you something." Her belly grumbled once again, feeling cavernous. She rubbed it through her dress with a paw, looking uncomfortably empty.

The confused shark decided to simply get her what she usually got with an extra side or something. After all, she couldn't *really* want all that food, could she? Not possible. He headed straight for her favorite Hawaiian place and nabbed her favorite chicken dish. Reid made sure to pick up the biggest portioning they offered with an extra cup of macaroni salad and a large soda. Assuring himself this would be plenty, he headed back over to Cherry and sat the tray down. "Here, got your favorite but with extra this time.

Before the tray was even fully on the table, she was already tearing it apart. The two side dishes were swallowed like shots, the dog lifting up the whole plate of shoyu chicken and shoveling it all down her throat. Reid backed up a pace, as if afraid Cherry would go for him next in her ravenous state. She chugged the soda down and wiped her muzzle with her arm. "Hey now, I asked for a *loooooooot* more than this. Now, be a good shark and get me something from *everywhere*. C'mon, I'm starving!" Her gut responded with a bassy, demanding growl. "...Cherry that was a *lot*, already, I don't think--" "I know for sure what I need. Get on it, sharky," she barked.

Not wanting to protest, Reid did as he was told, albeit reluctantly. He returned after buying a full meal at every single fast food joint in the pavilion. With shaking claws, he let the heavy trays flop onto the table. "Well, I don't think you're gonna be able to eat all this, but here; something from every spot. I can go get some to-go

boxes once your appetite..." The shark dodged a splash of condiments flying in his direction as the rapacious dog ate through it all. Burgers, noodles, pizza slices; every bite slowly made its way into Cherry. Finally, with all of it gone, she leaned back in her chairs and groaned. "Oooh... that was all so tasty..." As Reid started to suggest taking her to the doctor, the dog's entire body started to rumble.

In a few moments, her form suddenly surged. Outwards and upwards the dog swelled, tearing her prettily-patterned dress to tatters in one motion as she packed on weight exponentially. Her hips, already naturally wide, grew to enormous proportions, thickening thighs sandwiching together all the way down to her knees. The flimsy metal chairs creaked under a suddenly-swelling rear, her widening bulk quickly overtaking the chairs. Her flabby legs and hindquarters spilled over the sides of them as the warped underneath her. Every ounce of Cherry became inundated with pillowy fat. The dog's body stretched in all directions, even vertically. She rose well above the table, even with her nearly on the floor thanks to ruining her seats. The table's metal legs grinded loudly along the tile as her plumping belly pushed it away. Several people had begun to look over in her direction, seeing her grow massive before their eyes. When she eventually stopped, she'd ended up nearly twelve feet tall with the thickest point of her roll-adorned midsection being half as wide as her height.

Once he'd shaken off the pure shock and awe of what he'd witnessed, he returned to Cherry's side. She was quick to speak first. "Hey, you still have my money, right? I need more. Getting really, *really* hungry again." "More?! Cherry, you're practically a giant now! And... you're naked! Something's definitely wrong, we should go get you help, a doctor or something! Besides, everyone's staring over here now. We gotta get outta here!" She rolled her eyes. "A doctor? Why? I've never felt better!" She squeezed at a thick, heavy roll of her belly, clearly enjoying herself. "I bet it's the necklace doing this; didn't start until I put it on, and then I felt this... this *rush*..." She breathed in deep and groped over her blubbery chest. "It feels so good! I'm not taking it off. Now, are you gonna get me more food, sugar?" Reid hesitated. That was all it took for her to form a response on her own. "Not feeling it, huh? Don't worry, you will. I can help you get into the spirit of things!"

Without ceremony, she heaved herself forward just enough to wrap her squishy arms around the hapless shark, pulling him in for a big smooch on the cheek. Her necklace glowed as she did so, and she let him down soon after. The shark's eyes fluttered, his sclera turning a light pink hue. "That's better! Will you go get me some food now?" The blushing shark nodded. "Mmm... I think I should. Don't

want you starving..." She smiled happily, belching. "Now that's more like it! Get to it, sharky!" She playfully slapped his behind as he headed off.

Reid went vendor-to-vendor, using Cherry's money along with his own to buy the biggest boxes and bags of food he could carry. Dutifully, he made his way back to her, arms shaking from the weight. Each time he returned, she seemed to have grown out a few more feet in every direction. Puffy, fluffy dog flab billowed outwards as she scarfed the fatty foods down. It didn't take long for her to finally burst out of her undergarments, Cherry's corpulent chest exposed to the world. It was around this time that the establishments surrounding the food court began to catch on to what was happening. The hypnotized Reid begrudgingly returned with half his usual proportions as the hill of dog continued to lazily expand. "They won't gimme anymore food! This is the last of it." He lifted the double trays up to the behemoth. Without missing a beat, the hulking hound finished off the last of what she had and lifted the trays in front of her muzzle. She let the entirety of both slide into her muzzle and tossed the empty trays in the pile with the rest. "Uuuurp... Well, that's no good! How rude can they be? Honestly, they call these 'meals'? I'm hardly URP-half full!" With grand momentum, Cherry rocked the flabby mound that was her body back and forth, eventually gaining the leverage to lift herself to her feet. At standing height, she was almost to the ceiling now.

Every single remaining mall patron took notice now, most fleeing at this point. Her footfalls cracked the floor beneath her as she wobbled and rumbled her way to the nearest fast food joint. Reid hurried over alongside her, struggling to keep his balance from the vibrations. The two cashiers at the counter took one look and fled to the back. "Oh, come on, now! What kind of service *is* this?! ...Guess I'll get it myself." She grumbled and reached over the short display window to grab at the smorgasbord of pre-prepared food by the pawful, stuffing it all into her muzzle. Between bites, she stopped for just a moment. With a giant paw, she snagged Reid by the collar and placed him behind the counter. "Search the back, get whatever you can!" He nodded bashfully and scurried off.

In a few moments, all the food in the front was cleared out, Her gurgling gut started to seep over the display window, pushing the cash register into the floor. Still nowhere near sated, she spied the soda machine next to her. With a quick shove, she easily broke off the top, exposing the soda tubes beneath. She grabbed all of them in a single paw and shoved them in her muzzle, leaning against a nearby pillar for support. Reid vaulted over the counter onto her side. He clambered up her belly with bags of food, losing his footing some as it began to slosh larger, inflating

with gallons of soda. "They didn't have much! Bunch of chips, some meat... veggies..." As he reached her jiggly neck, she snatched the bags away. Opening her muzzle wider around the tubes, she tossed the bags in whole, leaving a thundering burp in their wake. Pink gas shook out from the expulsion, smelling fittingly of cherries. "Oh... that works, I guess."

The tubes ran dry just as her headfur reached the ceiling, the mall practically empty by this point. She tossed them aside. "Empty already? That's no... oof..." Cherry's over-inflated paunch groaned ominously. "...S-Something's coming... I think... Yup..." With a deafening noise, a rosy-colored cloud erupted from her rear-end, surrounding her with the same fruit-scented gas that had come from her muzzle. "There we go, much better! Hope you don't mind, sharky." A quick glance down at Reid past her chins revealed a still-dazed Reid readily breathing in the cherry gas. "It... smells nice, actually. You feel nice, too." With a renewed blush, he pushed against her blimping, monumentally fat rump which he had sunk down to. "Glad you think so! I'm not getting any smaller, you know!" she articulated in a sing-song timbre. "Let's get more food, I need something bigger! And you're definitely gonna get in the spirit, too, you know!" She reached behind her to snatch Reid up and stood at her full height, bursting through the roof of the mall.

Cherry's growth was escalating exponentially. All the food she'd gorged on never seemed to dissipate, constantly plumping her up taller and wider. Stomping through the city, she found herself repeatedly becoming stuck between various skyscrapers and even the shorter buildings. Her thunderous, bulging hips were outgrowing city blocks, crushing cars beneath her well-padded paws. Her head passed by third-story windows as she trampled her way to the city limits, goal in mind. Reid couldn't see too well where she was headed, but as soon as he spied the huge building with towering cylinders in the distance, it became clear. "The dairy factory?" Reid shouted up to her. She grinned down at the shark in her paw. "Bingo! I want ice cream, and they've got vats of the stuff! I'm getting huge, and you're joining in this time around! Hope you're prepared, sharky," she teased.

Within a few minutes, a gargantuan monster of a lard-laden dog crashed through the factory wall. Cherry wasted no time in searching out the humongous, chilled vats of ice cream. She hoisted over three huge tubes of frozen delight and smashed herself on the floor against a particularly solid wall. Flopping Reid between her well-beyond oversized thighs, she leaned down as much as she could to speak directly to him. "Listen up, sharky! I'll be stuffing one of these big tubes in your snout in just a moment, and under no circumstance are you allowed to spit it out

until I say, okay? I want you to get huge with me! It'll be really boring, otherwise." Not a shred of hesitation resonated in the shark at this point as he nodded excitedly, still blushing. "Good boy! You'll make a fine blimp soon enough." She stuffed in his tube, allowing him to latch onto it and lean backwards into her belly. Turning on the flow, she watched his previously-nonexistent tummy appear and grow rounded in an instant. "The flow comes really fast with stuff like this, but just don't try to keep up with it too hard and it'll find its own way down. You'll get used to it soon enough, shark-balloon," she cooed. At long last, she stuffed the another tube in her own muzzle and turned it on, leaving the other nearby for when the first tank ran on empty. Another burst of sweet-smelling gas rocketed out of her backside as she relaxed, letting herself get used to the flow.

~~~~~

Hours later, a new chopper hovered over the ruins of the ice cream factory, recording the rising tides of blubber live. Even with their widest lens, the immensity of the two figures still required a panning shot to capture.

Cherry was a mountain, starting to resembling an extensive, doughy mound of cherry and chocolate ice cream, Reid a smaller but still massive hill of rocky road on her side. The both of them were shrouded in a haze of pink fog which continually released in ground-shaking bursts from her thick butt. The dog's thighs stretched for nearly a mile at this point, complimented by her lazily-wobbling hips and twin-blimp rumpcheeks; all a mountainous testament to her boundless gluttony which seeped out larger and fatter with each passing moment. Her height outsizeing even the largest skyscrapers in town. With how tall she had become, it allowed her to still resemble the shape of a person, albeit an absolute blob of one. The only thing that remained on her was her cherry necklace, which had magically stretched to fit her truck-sized neck.

The powers from said necklace seemed to have shifted to the shark through inhalation of the gas Cherry was producing, as the same greedy urges and endless appetite kept him growing in height and weight just as she had. He still suckled down on the tube, as he spread out over the square mile of fluffy dog belly. He truly had become a blimp, his paunch now properly zeppelin-sized with bountiful and thick rolls of shark fat. This jumbo gut went along with appropriately gargantuan hips and impossibly-squishy, colossally-rotund, leviathan asscheeks which had started to rival Cherry's in size.

All-in-all, they'd become too immense to ever hope of slimming down again. Hazmat teams would soon be sent in to try and contain the flood of flab, lest they crush the city. Though, the two of them wouldn't pay that any mind at all, lost in their own expansion. No matter what awaited the pair, they hadn't a care in the world anymore other than growing.





