

A curvy, feminine deer with one broken antler hip-swayed his way into the pub. His eyes darted around the space, appraising its contents and approving of generally the people he was used to seeing in this place. He approached the bar and sat down with a sigh on a stool.

The goat behind the counter looked over the cervine and chuckled. "You better not be plannin' any trouble tonight, Lysander..."

The deer gasped in exaggerated offense at the statement, holding one hand over his mouth. "I wouldn't dream of it."

Creaking behind the feminine male, the bathroom door swung open. As the deer turned his head just enough to keep tabs on what was going on in the room, a skunk strode out of the washroom.

The mephit was significantly shorter than Lysander, but his hips were nearly the same size and curvature, highlighted and more emphasized by his stature. He also had a beautiful, silky and striped tail that flowed like a ribbon behind him as his hips naturally swayed with each step. His white hair was styled to drape all to one side, and he was wearing glasses.

Chuckling, the goat ran a bar-rag along the counter in front of him. "So you say."

Lysander's expression had soured quite noticeably as his eyes fixated on the skunk. He twisted his head around the other way when the smaller male passed behind him, so he wasn't directly, openly staring.

The shorter male was oblivious, smiling to himself as he made his way towards a booth on the far wall of the pub.

The deer flicked his wrist behind his back, slipping a wand from his sleeve into his grip, and with a deft twist, slipped the wand's tip into the soft fuzzy mass of tail as it continued trailing just behind him.

Stopping short, the mephit then turned his head around. His eyes had been overtaken by green, and the whites of his eyes looked almost mercurial.

Lysander's expression had warmed, if you only paid attention to his mouth. The muscles in the top of his face hadn't gotten the memo that he was smiling just yet. "Hey there." As deftly as he'd summoned it, he stowed the wand back up his sleeve. "Haven't seen you around here before."

"Yeah..." The skunk replied, a bit dreamily. "I'm travelling. I really like this place, though."

With a sigh the deer slipped off the stool and stroked his fingers through the mephit's tailfur. "I can show you around..." He offered, though beneath his voice was something stern, which translated.

The entranced mephit nodded, walking over to the taller deer, smiling.

Scooping one hand around the shorter male's back, Lysander casually guided the skunk back towards the washroom. His smile became at once more genuine, but as a result, more sinister. He

pressed the door open with one hand, pressing the mephit in, before following, though all that tail was yards beyond the deer.

The barkeeper sighed and started cleaning mugs. "Better not damage the stall walls this time."

Once the skunk had fully entered the bathroom again, the deer casually locked the door and started to dig through the pockets in his jacket, peeking at various vials he had hidden on his person. As he did so, he spoke firmly. "Strip down."

Thoughtlessly, the mephit obeyed, sighing happily as he peeled off his clothing; jacket, shirt, then the hip-hugging jeans, and finally the snug shorts.

Lysander found the vial he was looking for, and sighed, undoing his own trousers with his free hand. Looking over the naked skunk, he nodded his head towards a stall. "Present for me."

The skunk was starting to noticeably grow aroused, his sheath swelling between his thick thighs as he turned, walking into a stall, and set his hands down onto the pipes behind the toilet. He fluidly flicked his long tail up and away from his rump, showing off the shape and jutting his hips out, before smoothly spreading his stance.

The deer pulled his swelling length out of his trousers, stroking along the already engorged flesh as he approached the enthralled male. "Do be a good boy and take every drop I pump into you." He ordered, before pausing. The height difference might make this a bit awkward. Producing his wand again, he flicked and arced it around, pointing the tip at the floor. A silvery disc of light formed under the mephit's bare feet and raised up, lifting his hips until they were the right height for the magic-user. He slapped his throbbing shaft down against the base of that immense tail, grinding against that and the round cheeks for a moment.

"No one else is going to get to enjoy these hips of yours again after me. You don't deserve them." Lysander growled, drawing back, before thrusting his shaft inward.

The skunk moaned out, whatever magic in his mind leaving him only pleasure to experience.

Rocking his hips, the cervine grasped his thrall's own and rutted forward again and again, getting deeper with every repetition. It didn't take long for their hips to meet, the head and quite a bit of shaft visible distending the slender midsection of the skunk. He used a thumb to uncork the vial and leaned forward to press it to the other's lips. "Drink this and say goodbye to your hips and your tail. Drink to become what you deserve to be."

Whimpering needily, the skunk drank of the vial, while desperately grinding back and flexing his pelvic floor, trying to get the load he'd already been ordered to take.

Carelessly tossing the empty vial over the stall wall, Lysander drew his hips back, before slamming forward again, and again, and again. The effects were already starting, as the skunk's

distinctive diamond marking on his forehead faded, and his tail was losing its stripes as well as feet of length.

As it did, the skunk's torso lengthened, and so did his legs, having to bend to stay on the magical platform. His pointed muzzle started to round out a bit, and his ears grew a bit bigger, the tips flopping forward during a particularly hard thrust. His white hair, flopping about from the force of the thrusts, darkened, softening, until it was the same color as his body fur, only distinguished from that by its length, the nicely styled undercut turning into a shaggy mass that would probably need to be tied back.

The mage grunted, and grasped hard on the changing male, pulling him up and away from grasping the pipes, finding the torso the same length as his own now. The bulge of the deer's shaft twitched, and then the black belly fur distorted further from the sheer pressure of the flow gushing in long, powerful pumps. Shortly the volume alone obscured the dick's shape.

Whining blissfully, the black furred male's own shaft twitched, gushing a comparatively small load out, as it changed shape, gaining a very distinctive knot at the base and a pointed tip.

Lysander growled. "Good dog." He kept unloading what must have been gallons into his mark, even as the changing male's torso grew even longer than his own. At his new height, those hips were nothing special. They were proportional. Just as the deer intended. And the tail flopped about happily, too small to trail or flow behind those ordinary hips.

From the way that his belly had stopped expanding but the deer kept filling, and the growth that the dog was undergoing, all of that seed must have been being used as new mass. As the changes neared their end, a white diamond started to assert itself on his chest, the same shape that had vanished from his forehead, only larger now.

The cervine sighed, tapering off finally, and pulled his hips free, letting the dog topple forward. He looked over his work, as the last of what he'd filled the changing male with appeared to be absorbed, his stomach returning to flat, but looking far more toned than before. A nice degree of wiry muscle had formed over the canine's new shape.

The dog wagged, out of breath, but still having a blissful expression on his face.

Lysander casually bent down and dug around in the old skunk's pants, finding his wallet. He slipped the ID out, chuckling. "Alright, Tristan. Looks like you need an update." He tapped his wand on the ID and the photo changed to show the new dog, along with changing height and weight. He pondered, looking between the ID and the dog's trim midsection, before grinning. As he did so, the weight number increased rapidly. "Hey puppy. You're very hungry. You're going to eat until you're nice and soft and chubby. Come put your clothes on."

An audible growl came from the dog's stomach, and he scrambled over to start putting on his old clothes.

The deer chuckled, watching, and slipped the wallet back into the now much tighter jeans' pocket. He tucked his softening dick back into his trousers and closed them up, before walking over to unlock the bathroom door. He casually stepped out into the pub, swaying his wand in front of his face. Everyone in the bar looked his way, eyes flickering green for a moment. "Tristan has always been this way, but he needs to gain some weight. So skinny." He stowed his wand again, smirking to himself as the patrons and barkeeper returned to what they were doing, apparently not realizing what had happened.

Lysander only just managed to jump out of the way as the bathroom door slammed open and out rushed a big black Labrador in clothes clearly tailored for a far shorter man, giving the impression of a belly shirt and capris. He hadn't bothered trying to put his shoes back on.

Tristan sat down at the booth he'd been trying to return to before. "Gods, I'm hungry..." His eyes had returned to normal, mostly, still retaining a sheen of green from certain angles. He grasped the big sandwich that was waiting on the plate at his setting, and moved to take a big bite.

"What kept you so long in the bathroom?" The feline on the other bench of the booth looked up at his friend.

The dog looked confused for a moment, before his eyes turned fully green for a moment. "I dunno, I just kinda... My clothes aren't fitting right and it took forever to do anything..." His eyes resumed their normal color again. He then took a big bite of the sandwich and swallowed it after a mere pair of chomping mastications.

Grinning genuinely, Lysander stowed his wand again and started to hip-sway his way out of the bar, certain he'd ensured his hips were the best.

"Ooogh..." Tristan groaned with a dumb, blissful expression on his muzzle, slurping over his chops with a fat black tongue.

"A-are you full now, Tris?" The cat on the other side of the booth squirmed in place, blushing at just how stretched out the dog's gut had gotten from his multi-course meal and at least three desserts.

"Almost, Circ..." Tris turned his eyes towards his friend, as the glimmer of green in his eyes re-asserted itself. "But I bet I could fit even more if you came over here and gave my tum some soothing rubs..."

Circ's cheeks flared brighter, but he slipped around the table onto the bench with the dog.

The black lab licked his lips, pivoting in his seat and putting one leg up on the bench, keeping the other foot planted to the floor. This new position gave the feline better access to his hard, tightly packed dome of a gut.

The tan feline flexed his fingers a bit in air, staring at the tight flesh and the near-outie navel from the sheer pressure from the other side. He even popped the joints in his knuckles a bit, before reaching out and laying both hands on the exposed black fur.

The moment the cat's fingers touched that taut pelt, the belly below let out a loud gurrngle. Tristan stifled a belch into his paw. "oogh... just be a good kitty and help your puppy make room for dinner..."

Circ blushed furiously, but started to knead and grind his digits into the soft doggy pelt and the firm gut below it. The belly growled and shifted a bit, the muscles inside clearly working at the compacted mass that was residing in his stretched stomach.

Whining happily, Tris let his head fall back against the wall, splaying his toes a bit. His tail thwapped against his ankle as it did its best to wag while lying on the seat of the bench. Slowly but surely, the tension in his belly was fading.

The cat quivered, pressing hard against the resistance he felt inside, and letting out a soft gasp as it gave with a loud blrrrrble.

Tris moaned out loud, extending his bent leg along the bench as he shifted his hips.

Startled, Circ looked up at the dog's face. "A-are you okay? Did that hurt you?"

The Labrador perked and looked down, blushing. "N-no, that felt good... You're really helping." He groped the side of his belly with one paw, making a little pleading face at the feline.

After a moment, the cat nodded and reached out to start kneading and pressing. Every few kneads, that belly would let out another bubbling sound, and his paw would give. As he worked, the dog's taut stomach shifted, the swell in his midsection settling lower into his lap. After some time of this treatment, the tight gut let out a low, empty rumble, having shown no sign of losing any of the food Tris had gorged on.

"Oooh... looks like I've got room again." The dog wagged faster, reaching forward to tug the rubbing kitty against his belly, eyes glinting green.

Circ mewled bashfully, his fingers trying to keep dutifully grinding and kneading over the canine's swollen lower abdomen as he slumped down, his head against the woefully tight shirt that thankfully didn't have to deal with any belly due to how short it was.

Tris leaned his head down and gave the top of the brown cat's head a slow slurp with his black tongue. He rumbled out a low moan from his throat, followed by an aching empty sounding growl from his gut. His grip wandered down and hooked underneath his friend's arms.

At this, the kitty's duty faltered, and he looked up, to find himself staring into the glistening abyss of the dog's maw. He quivered, tail fluffed up, but didn't move.

Draping his fat tongue over his lower row of teeth, Tristan hefted the skinny cat up, until his cheeks met his clothed shoulders on either side of the cat's neck. He gently bit down, only hard enough to hold him in place, while his thick mitts reached down to grasp at his dinner's hips.

Circ mewled muffledly, his whole world having gone dark, and then the flexible, fleshy throat grasped at his face and started to pull. He shifted in place, and gasped as he felt those cheeks spread to pin his arms to his sides.

The dog growled with pleasure, pulling at the seat of the cat's pants to shove him over the back of his tongue and into his throat. The poor, strained shirt creaked, with the sound of a few threads popping as the bulge of the feline's head passed beneath the shirt's collar.

The screen print on the shirt showed cracks and breaks as the fabric underneath it stretched. As the cat's shoulders pressed through the bottom of the dog's neck his chest swelled out, straining the fabric all the further to accommodate for the big, wriggling meal.

Circ mmphed quietly as his nose pressed into a snug ring of flesh, the racing heartbeat near one of his ears, and both ears hearing the shallow panting from above. Another surge of pressure from the hands on his butt sent that ring of flesh stretching out to accept him, and on the other side was a soft, surprisingly loose chamber. The cat realized that this was the stomach, all stretched out from the meal it had had already. But had he really managed to push all that food down into the dog's lower tract?

Tris tilted his head back, and shifted his grip to grasp at the cat's knees, swallowing needily now, shifting his hips as his pants were kept tented with the straining arousal inside. Two powerful gulps brought him to where his hands had to grasp the cat's shoes, shoving again.

Having to curl up to fit, Circ realized that despite how much that food had stretched the chamber, he was still bigger than the food the dog had devoured, and the soft, fleshy walls grew taut around him before his hips were fully through the entrance. He mewled and pressed his hands around, trying to stretch the flesh further, as each swallow made him a bit more cramped.

Trailing his claws along his throat, the black lab swallowed firmly, feeling the lump of trainers draining down into his chest. His chest flattened back down to its regular shape and size as the last of the large meal passed through. He moaned, and felt over his belly, before noticing the tension in his chest. He pounded a fist onto the center of the surely ruined shirt. There was a low burble, and then all at once, he belched, turning his head to the side, jaws wide. There was a thud on the table, but he wasn't paying attention. The sensation of his gut synching up so tight around the cat was too much for his magic-addled brain. A wet spot was forming in his tight jeans, at the tip of the obvious tent. A bit of white was starting to show at the center.

When his unexpected climax ended, he blinked, looking around, and saw one of Circ's shoes on the table. Before he could properly think about what that meant, his belly made a low burbling noise, and he felt his shaft pulse, oversensitive in his pants. He grunted, getting up onto his feet. He cradled his

oversized belly and stomped his way towards the bathrooms, unaware of the scene he was creating in the pub.

Circ wiggled his toes as he found one of his feet was far wetter than the other, and realized it was because one of his shoes got left behind. The cat mewled weakly, and shuddered as the world around him rocked and bounced as the dog ran. He pressed his paws around again, but didn't have much leverage, especially as the walls were starting to squeeze and grind into him firmly.

Unknowingly, Tris ended up in the same stall he'd been remade within, tugging his belt open with uncoordinated fingers, contending with the weight of his meals atop his hands. Once he had it open, he tugged the fly down, letting them drop to his knees, then tugged his soaking underwear down. His cock pulsed and throbbed back up to full erection, slapping the underhang of his overloaded belly.

The dog quivered, his eyes flickering green as he was compelled to rub and grind his hands over his gut, feel just how full he was. "oohhh... mine... gonna make me... f-fat..." As he spoke, he felt his body shudder all over, and another shot of thick dog cum lanced out of his shaft, splattering the tile in front of him. He whimpered with pleasure as the climax rode itself out, slumping back against the door of the stall with a rattle that travelled down all the stalls.

Meanwhile, Circ was having a hard time staying awake, the walls pressing in on him, the fingers pressing in on him, everything telling him he belonged to this dog, belonged to his belly. He wasn't sure why, but that idea made him smile, dreamily squirming and pressing back against the stronger and stronger churns.

Tris ground his thumb over his overpacked navel, shuddering and eliciting another gush of seed. He couldn't even track them as separate climaxes anymore. Everything about this was driving him back over the edge before he could recover. The gut growled ominously and was visibly pressing the mass inside it around.

The cat writhed beneath the surface until he'd run out of strength and passed out, still grinning.

The dog felt the need to belch again, and as he opened his mouth the other shoe was launched out on a rush of gasses, getting splattered with dog cum on its path tumbling through the air, before splashing down in the toilet. He didn't even notice, moaning and kneading his gut as it started losing shape.

The next belch sent a blue fleece pullover splatting against the tiles, adhered with an oversaturation of dog drool and stomach fluids.

Around closing time of the pub, the goat barkeeper came into the bathroom to check things out. Instead of the normal smells of a bathroom at the end of a night of drinking, there was an overwhelming male musk to the air. A quick sniff and a careful press of the only closed stall door revealed a passed out heavysset black lab slumped on the toilet.

The dog's shaft was still faintly pulsing against the underside of his pudgy belly, but starting to finally soften. The black rod flopped over, revealing a spiral pattern in the canine's fur below the deep looking navel. His arms and legs were soft and padded, his chest a bit squishy, but most of the weight had clearly gone to his waist and hips. The dome-like belly was painted with seed, along with the walls, a few splatters on his face, and down along his legs. The toilet beneath him was full of the milky viscous substance as well, at a glance. While the tee shirt he wore was still intact, just stretched across the newly formed A-cup moobs, the dog's pants around his ankles were clearly too small to even make it up past his knees, let alone fit around his fat ass.

The goat stared for a long moment, green slightly flashing over his eyes, before reaching to slam a fist on the wall of the stall. He jumped, and shook his hand out as he realized he'd struck directly in a splatter.

With a start, the dog sat up, eyes blinking open. As they did the green in them seemed to shatter away. "Woah... hey... What happened?"

The goat blinked, taken aback. "Uh... you appear to have passed out." He paused, and then diplomatically offered. "A food coma." As he spoke, he noticed another set of clothes in the stall, also far too small to fit the dog, wet and saturated, but there was no sign of their owner.

The dog felt his belly and blushed, standing up as another mitt went to cover up his junk, just barely managing it. "S-sorry. I didn't mean—" He whimpered. "I can pay for the clean-up? Gods, how am I gonna get home..."

The bartender sighed. "I'll take care of it, no worries. You gather your things and I'll see if I can find anything that'll fit ya.

Tris nodded with a soft whimper, and turned around, bending over and starting to pick up everything, shuddering at the cold, drying viscosity that seemed to be on everything. "Gonna need a plastic bag..."

The goat wasn't listening however. He was staring at the dog's presented ass. It might have been the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. A tent formed in his slacks.

Elsewhere, Lysander perked up. He couldn't tell what had happened. All he could feel was that something had gone horribly wrong.