

Cant get Enough of that Sunnet

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A Commission for Ves

Ves belongs to Ves

Sunnet belongs to Sunnet

While Ves and Sunnet have lunch together, an errant thought turns into a powerful wish. Will Ves regret getting her roommate to grow? Probably not~

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Female Giraffe, a Lioness, Size Differences, Rapid Weight Gain, Spherical Growth, Harmless Destruction, Macro Growth and Beyond

Cant get enough of that Sunnet

An upbeat tune played through the living room, mixing with the quiet sounds of silverware against plates. An old style logo flashed across the screen as the song ended, revealing a pair of furs sitting at a table. Between them sat a faintly glowing relic, brimming with obvious supernatural power. One of them described how they came across the relic, giving the pair watching the program pause for thought. Sunnet arched her brow as the tale grew more and more outlandish, shaking her head as she munched through her lunch.

"I don't buy that for a secon'," the lioness drawled. "No way he found that thing at a garage sale. Had to have stolen it."

Ves finished chewing her mouthful and cleared her mouth. "Definitely," towering giraffe agreed. "But the question is who did he take it from, and is he gonna get to keep it?"

The program continued as the lion and giraffe ate their lunches, drawing yet more speculation and discussion as it carried on. The vulpine hostess poked holes in the owner's story at every opportunity, drawing gasps and ohhs from the audience with each revelation. Still, none of the twists and turns surprised the roommates. Sunnet nibbled on her steak and drank her tea without breaking her rhythm, while Ves scooped up massive bites of her salad. The program reached its climax as Sunnet finished her portion, drinking down the last of her beverage with a satisfied sigh. She set her glass down as a flash of light filled the TV set, revealing a very red, very large demon. The owner of the relic fell back out of his chair while the fox introduced the outsider, preparing to negotiate a deal between them. Sunnet gathered her dishes and stood from the couch as the creature let out an enraged roar, then chased the owner off the set. The vulpine hostess shrugged, and a volley of commercials followed.

"That's what happens when buy from those bootleg curio shops," Sunnet laughed.

"It's a risk, yeah, but sometimes it pays off," Ves grinned and countered.

"Like that 'wish ring' you got a while back," the lioness teased.

"Hey now, it could still work," Ves muttered. "Just takes a while to attune. Probably."

"How many years is a while, exactly?"

The titanic giraffe huffed and crossed her arms.

Sunnet's expression softened, and she reached up to pat Ves's side. "I'm just teasing," she smiled. "Just means you get more time to think about your wish, right?"

Ves nodded. "It's gonna be a goooood one."

The lioness nodded back and gathered up her dishes. "Need anything form the kitchen?"

"Not anything I can think of."

"Holler if you think of something~"

The lioness turned on her heel and sauntered from the bowing couch, unintentionally swaying her hips and drawing the giraffe's appreciative gaze. A grin spread across her muzzle when she caught the tightness of Sunnet's clothes, gaging the curves beneath until she disappeared around the corner. She had no doubt Sunnet had put on a little weight, and that was all it took to spur Ves's wandering thoughts. Naturally, she began to wonder what the lioness would look like with a few more pounds, and she pondered what her outfits would look like stretched across her flabby softness. The couch groaned under her weight as she reclined back and carried her thoughts to their natural conclusion, picturing her roommate with more and more weight. She rested a hand across her belly as she tried to figure out what the perfect weight for her would be, but that enticing thought experiment proved fruitless. Ves couldn't even decide if bigger ever stopped being better! She crossed her legs and reluctantly dropped the notion, unable to do anything with it without some kind of practical test, which was even less possible. Even with an infinite supply of food, it would take far too long to find out for sure.

Ves took in a deep breath and let it out in a sigh. "I wish I had a way to know that."

The instant that stray phrase left her muzzle, a bolt of magic shot up her arm. A flash of light drew her gaze to her fingers, where a new star blazed to life in her tarnished ring. The corroded band charged with arcane energy gathered over years, revealing intricate silver-work beneath its age. The Ves's head swam as the relic latched onto her thoughts, and the tingling in her arm intensified as it locked in on her desires. A shining mote drifted from the ancient band, arcing bolts to it until it shot into the kitchen. A clap of thunder announced its departure, leaving Ves to rub her eyes and adjust to the abruptly lowered light. The spots in her vision vanished after a few short seconds, and she took that opportunity to more closely examine her jewelery. Its pristine surface confirmed she hadn't simply imagined the supernatural act, a fact that spread a wide grin across her face. It wavered when the exhausted ring dissolved, however, crumbling to dust before her eyes. After a moment of consideration, she shrugged and brushed it off. Provided her wish did what she thought it did, Ves had little need for another. The sounds of closing cabinets and a beeping microwave drew her attention to her desire's target, and her mischievous smile returned.

"Hey Sunnet, you about done in there?"

The sound of shuffling steps filtered through the doorway before Sunnet spoke up. "Jus' about," she called. "I can't believe I kept buying these after they cut the portion sizes..."

Her comment puzzled Ves, until the lioness stepped back into view. She carried a pair of extra portions with her as she returned to the couch, though the giraffe found the sight beneath the plate infinitely more appealing. Sunnet's shirt wrapped tightly around her

middle, leaving nothing to the imagination. An extra layer of flab bounced and jiggled with each of her soft steps, ushering her shirt into bunch beneath her chest. Her second helpings wobbled for a moment when she grabbed the hem of the garment and pulled it back down, accentuating her growing muffin top. The lioness fumbled with her belt buckle to loosen her shorts just before sitting down, and she wiggled into place as her hips bumped against Ves's. A closer look doubly confirmed the giraffe's curious thoughts. The opening of her top stretched and strained around her breasts, revealing her expanded cleavage. Ves wondered for a moment how best to ask the question in her mind, but that issue resolved itself.

The lioness let out a sigh and pulled her shirt down yet again. "Ves, next time I even think about buying undersized clothes, slap that idea right outta my head."

If the giraffe recalled correctly, that outfit was actually a little big when she bought it. "Umm, ok?"

Sunnet blushed. "I thought they looked kinda good, but its just not worth the discomfort," she admitted. She wiggled her hips, drawing a groan from the couch and loosening her belt another notch. "I'm not even sure where I got the idea."

Ves tried not to drool over her roommate and shrugged after an empty moment. "Didn't that fit when you bought it?"

The lioness shifted her weight. "Not at all. It was on sale though, and I couldn't resist."

Ves's brow furrowed. "No, that definitely fit when you got it. I was there, and we even measured you."

"What are you talking about? I'm pretty sure you're the one that convinced me it looked good."

Ves's ears perked with realization. Sunnet was convinced she'd always been that size! She thought quickly. "I still think you do~"

The feline's cheeks blazed and she crossed her arms. "Please, I look like a balloon in this. I'm hanging out so much I'm barely decent."

Ves offered another encouragement, though it fell silent in her throat when Sunnet's figure swelled further. It was subtle at first, a gentle expansion of her most generous rolls, but it caught the giraffe's eye regardless. The window showing the lioness's cleavage deepened as her chest softened, outlining the edges of her bra through her shirt. She reached down to loosen her belt once more, only to reach the end of its notches. A puzzled expression crossed her muzzle as she pulled the leather band free from its loops to examine it, until she muttered something about it shrinking in the wash as she tossed it aside. She stole glances at Ves as the idea to unbutton her pants crossed her mind, but resisted that growing tightness at her waist each time their eyes met. The discomfort of her waistband

digging into her flab overcame her reservations however, and she blindly fumbled with the clasp until it came undone. The fur of Sunnet's tail frizzed when the momentum of her freed middle pushed her zipper down as well, exposing a sliver of underwear. She took in a breath and pushed her belly over the breech in modesty, and before long, her improvised coverage provided itself on its own. One problem swiftly lead to another, however.

Sunnet's rounding belly edged free from beneath her shirt, and each revealed inch brought with it a herald of popping threads. Small gaps opened in its seams as it struggled to keep up with her rounding geometry, allowing larger tufts of her fur to poke through. A sharp snap announced the failure of her bra, and the lioness bit her lip as she reached under the tight garment to survey the damage. Ves shamelessly watched her tug the battered bra free and barely contained her sounds of delight. Sunnet gave her a conflicted look, comprised mostly of embarrassment and confusion. She muttered something about it last half as long as the others before dropping it over her armrest, hoping to brush the wardrobe failure under the rug and return to her lunch. A soft grunt tumbled from her muzzle as she leaned over the round dome of her belly and reached for her second meal, narrowly succeeding in snatching a small morsel. The couch creaked and groaned when she flopped back and nibbled on her procured meal, splitting her gaze between the TV and her garments. The sounds of crackling fabric and popping threads filled the air regardless of how quickly she ate, and her pace slowed as her top hugged her belly tighter and tighter.

The lioness only noticed her swelling belly as it spilled over lap and surpassed her knees, bumping against her TV tray and moving her lunch out of reach. Her brow arched in bewilderment when the remaining portions of her meal escaped her reach, until her rewritten reality clicked into place. She playfully slapped Ves on the thigh and looked into her eyes, ignoring the fact she didn't need to look up nearly as far.

"If you think I need to go on a diet, you can just tell me hun," she half-joked.

It was the giraffe's turn to be befuddled.

"Moving my tray away," she clarified. "You can just tell me if you think it's something I need to hear."

Any rebuttal Ves might have offered was scrambled as Sunnet rose to her eye level. The couch finally cracked and splintered under her growing mass, dropping the pair of them to the floor with a resounding boom. The impact rattled the apartment's foundation and shook the walls, sending rippling waves through the pudgy pair. Ves followed them across Sunnet's figure, and the lioness's persisted much longer, refreshed and renewed by not so subtle waves of growth. The globe of her belly lurched out in waves as she grew several pounds at a time, wrapping around her figure and uniting with the rolls of her hips and love-handles. Her thighs bloated into soft balloons that easily conquered her struggling pants, bursting their threads and shredding them to tatters. Her shirt stretched into a tube top as her belly surpassed her breasts, rounding her figure in more ways than one. Sunnet's top split and fluttered into the wreckage of the couch, leaving her fully exposed to Ves's

appreciative gaze.

"I had a feeling that couch wasn't gonna be big 'nough fer the both of us," Ves grinned.

"There's barely enough room in the apartment fer both of us." Sunnet laid her accent on thick, mirroring Ves's mockery. "Weren't you looking into finding a new place?"

The giraffe caressed the curve of her roommate's belly. "Why would I want to do that when we're about to get a new skylight?"

"But there's another apartment above us?"

"Yup~ Don't worry about that." Ves spread her paws across the globe of Sunnet's belly and lavished all she could reach.

The lioness's cheeks blazed bright as she lurched the giraffe's considerable height, made all the more obvious by their inflation and expansion. The rosy domes closed in on her muzzle and encroached on her vision, but the knowledge of her size alone was enough to stoke the sustained heat in her core.

As Sunnet's near spherical curves pressed against Ves, it occurred to her that moving might be a good idea. The giraffe somewhat reluctantly stood from their crushed seat and backed away to better appreciate Sunnet's swelling form, taking more and more steps as her roommate grew to meet her. The lioness's flabby approach only slowed when her head bumped the ceiling, squishing her figure against the constraints of the apartment. Ves briefly wondered if she should do something to relive the strain on Sunnet, but it soon became a non-issue. Cracks lanced across the ceiling like lightning bolts as the lioness's soft pressure mounted, and tiny cracks in the floor radiated out beneath the carpet. The building creaked and groaned as the flattened ball of her body grew more so, until finally the structure gave. A shower of dust fell from above when she broke through, propelled through her upstairs neighbor's living room by rebounding energy. She bounced high enough to crack their ceiling as well, and by the time she came down, her increased size cut her fall in half. The noise of crackling plaster filled the now combined rooms as Sunnet pressed against the next set of walls, bowing them out before finally breaking free. Residents and rubble alike bounced harmlessly from her form and slid to the ground, and her tail struggled to wrap around her round waist as the extra attention kept the inferno in her face blazing.

Sunnet's chest fluttered as the few surviving walls of the building yielded to her bulk next, leaving her unprotected from the gaze of the neighborhood. She wiggled and wobbled in a vain attempt to reclaim her modesty, but there was little she could do at her scale. Worse, her problem compounded as her growth continued. The ball of lioness pulsed and bounced with accelerating waves of growth, casting a broad shadow across the rest of the block. Its other buildings leaned and crumbled as her curvature pressed against their walls, filling their windows and drawing the curious gazes of everyone within. Her audience grew

as she squished around bricked corners and knocked the walls and roofs from the neighborhood, gradually reducing the rest of the block to rubble. Her softness squished around her former neighbors, pinning them to the ground without harm. Ves enjoyed that detail far more than anyone else, kneading and squishing her own tiny section of Sunnet. A deep purr rumbled in her middle with those ministrations, interrupted only by the gasps that accompanied her growth. A convex wall of tawny flab rolled across streets and cars alike as her growth continued, though her wave of destruction slowed relative to the rest of her. The lioness's growth carried her as much upward as outward, expanding the footprint of her shadow as she broke into the horizon.

An almost imperceptible buzzing by her cheek stole her attention, and she nuzzled at her phone until a faint beep sounded out.

"How's the weather up there today big gal," Ves asked with an audible smile.

"Better than it is down there from the look of it," she boomed. "I think I can see some dark clouds comin over the horizon."

"I think we'll be fine in your shadow, unless you get blown away again."

Sunnet sighed as her cheeks ignited. "That was *one* time, because *you* forgot to tie me down."

"I don't think we'll have to do that this time."

Her arms and legs sank into the curvature of her body as her cheeks swelled to the size of hills, granting her an almost perfectly round shadow. It stretched across the rest of the city as the sun fell from its noon high, and rumors of an unprecedented eclipse spread through the metropolis. Thousands of residents and workers left their homes and offices to behold the mountainous lioness, speculating on her scale. Sunnet's betting pool grew with her figure and visibility, drawing the attention of the county and eventually country. The lioness watched the horizon stretch and fall as she reached greater and greater heights, grateful for her protection against the chill of climbing altitudes. Though the details of the world below were lost to her, she found an appreciation of her vantage point. She rivaled and soon surpassed a range of mountains in the distance, and a chill rippled through her form as her footprint crept into an ocean. Sunnet turned her her gaze upward as clouds rushed to meet her, obscuring her view until she rose above them as well. A jet liner buzzed by her ear like a fly, and she would have smiled to its passengers, had her cheeks not swallowed her muzzle. Content with her view, Sunnet closed her eyes and basked in unobstructed sunlight, savoring its warmth against her fur. She only opened them again when she sensed a change in her weight.

The blue sky peeled back and revealed the darkness of space, and with it the glittering stars and shining moon. Gravity's hold on her figure waned as her center of mass rose farther and farther away from the ground, and spring stored in her flab gently bounced her

off the ground. Her destroyed apartment saw light once more as she rose into the heavens, gracefully enough to avoid leaving a crater. Many pinned against her softness were reluctant to see her go, though they wouldn't be deprived her view entirely. Sunnet's wobbling figure punched a cloudless hole in the sky with her departure, granting a perfect view of her ascent. Her growth appeared to reverse for just a moment as she entered the planets orbit, though it was far from over. It visibly resumed as it outpaced the illusion brought on by distance, then accelerated when she claimed her place in the solar system. There was no mistaking the tawny orb in the sky was her, and she shared the astral stage with the moon as she circled the planet. She dominated the world's conversation as she hurdled toward her celestial sibling, and their inevitable dispute yielded a clear winner. She bumped into the moon in an astronomical collision, hip-checking it out of orbit with graceful ease. Sunnet grew to fill its space and more, surpassing its size and continuing on.

The entire globe discovered her spherical glory, captivating a wider and wider audience as she dominated the sky. Her shadow across the planet grew with every eclipse, until she surpassed the size of her home world. The pair fell into a binary orbit, circling a mutual point between them, which reverted to a more typical arrangement as the earth became her moon. Sunnet's radiant fur rendered star charts irrelevant as she drew more and more of the solar system in, stealing the sun's companions and eventually the star itself. The planets bobbed and weaved between them as the lioness formed a new binary system, granting them warm, radiant days and smile-filled nights. Each blink of her eyes filled a full lunar cycle, a sight Ves and many others never failed to miss. The days and nights of Sunnet's home complicated further when she surpassed the sun, adding it to her growing family of moons. Scientists speculated and attempted to model what her final size would be, but every pulse of expansion broke them. Eventually they gave up, instead turning their attention to the solar systems and galaxies she would soon attract. Still, many were still content to study the lioness herself, even devoting their entire careers to her and her endless growth.

It seemed Ves wasn't the only one that couldn't get enough of that Sunnet.