

A Hefty Mistake

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A Patreon Prompt

*A small group of adventurers find a cursed plate after a great deal of trouble.
Unfortunately, their troubles only continue when they try to sell the relic.*

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains A Female Mouse, A Cursed Artifact, Force Feeding, A Public Setting, Overeating, Rapid Weight Gain, Swallowing Large Food Whole, Immobilization,

A soft breeze blew through Endra's shop, sending scrolls rustling and baskets swinging. Long fingers of mid-morning sunlight reached under the overhang of her open-air workshop, casting shadows of wondrous shapes. Every one of her many tables brimmed with treasures, all invaluable to the ambitious adventurer. Enchanted weapons hung from racks and rattled in their rungs with the morning winds, and planters overflowing with reagents dangled from jingling chains. Jewelery and trinkets glittered in the light, and robes of every shape and size swung in their lines. Still, despite the high-end products, only a modest sign set her apart from the other shops. The kitsune let her work speak for itself, and if the crowds she attracted were anything to go by, it certainly did. The five-tailed enchantress busied herself among her wares, banishing dust and polishing her creations, caring little about wandering window shoppers. Her tails fluttered as moved from task to task, until the approach of a customer caught her attention. A warm smile graced her muzzle as the weasel approached, who returned the gesture while rifling through his bag. Curiosity tugged at the corners of her lips when he donned a pair of gloves, retrieved an ordinary plate, then presented it like the crown of a long-lost civilization.

"Can I help you with something," she asked, weary of a trick.

"You sure can! Go empty your coffers and see if you can afford this beauty!"

The kitsune's brow arched and her expression soured, but the adamant customer proved oblivious.

"This my look like an ordinary plate, but it holds a powerful enchantment," the weasel schmoozed. "I know, I watched it immobilize my partner in minutes."

"Sure. And where is this partner of yours?"

The weasel faltered. "He's uh... I mobilized. Still in the mansion I think. We sent a rescue crew to widen the doors and get him out."

Endra's tails slowed with irritation. "I don't doubt that, but I can tell you this plate wasn't responsible."

The weasel placed a paw on his chest in indignation. "Are you accusing me of telling a falsehood?"

Before he could react, Endra snatched the plate from his gloved grip and examined it. "Not necessarily. Folks like you are always getting immobilized around here," she explained. "But whatever did that to your friend, it wasn't this. See?" She passed the dish between her hands without caution and effect, investigating it from every angle. "Look, it has the mark of the tavern down the street."

His expression fell when she passed it back to him. Confusion spread across his face, followed by realization and panic. "Ohhh no no no no no," he muttered.

Endra watched the gears turn in his head and wondered where his incredible tale would go next. She didn't wait long.

"You have to help me," he finally admitted. "I wasn't lying about that plate, and if this isn't it, it must have got mixed up at the tavern. You have to help me."

The kitsune scrutinized him until her posture softened. "Alright, I'll help. But I expect some form of payment for this, even if nothing's wrong."

The weasel nodded fervently, then grabbed her wrist and led her to the tavern.

Tranquility filled the tavern hall. The soft creaking of timbers and the distant sounds of a roaring kitchen filled the morning air, along with the pleasant scents of a feast in preparation. Sweet treats and savory meats flavored the dining hall as the innkeepers assembled breakfast, gradually waking their temporary residents. Bleary-eyed patrons descended the stairs as the call of the morning drew them from sleep, some more gracefully than others. A towering snow-fox stomped down the stairs and took her seat at the bar, where a barkeeper slid her a drink without question. Magni nursed her hangover while her companions gradually assembled, each just as large as the scantily-clad ninetales. A diminutive mouse danced between them and took a spot at her own table, watching the group as they recovered from the previous night. Hunger welled in her chest when a server brought out a cauldron of simmering stew and brandished several ladles. The portly party grew more lively as they dug into the serving pot and ate their fill, blunting the edge of dawn with a delicious meal. The mouse rubbed her stomach with envy as they tore through the feast, until the server finally graced her with his attention. A plate and bowl dropped before her snapped her from her musing, and she met the gaze of a vaguely bovine fox.

"I'll go ahead and get you a portion of what they're having," Vic grinned. "Would you like anything else to go with it?"

The mouse blushed, caught in the act, and completed her order. "Some bread to go with it would be nice."

"I agree," the server beamed. "I'll get that right out to you."

The mouse nodded and fell back into her thoughts when the hybrid left. They drifted between the hearty group at the bar and her immobilized companion, tugging at her away from inner calm. The possibility of asking the burly party to help her friend crossed her mind, but she shook it from her head. The matter was taken care of, and she found herself reluctant to drag anyone else into the matter. Still, she couldn't stop herself from appraising the group when she rose to fetch a drink. Despite their muscled figures and obvious strength, each of them sported a belly large enough to contain the lithe dancer

twice over. Her breath caught in her throat with that realization, and she prayed none of them heard her thoughts. She squeezed into the only corner of the bar they didn't fill, unable to avoid brushing against the towering, icy vulpine. The barbarian gave her an unexpectedly warm look before turning away, and the barkeep gave his attention before the mouse could think anything of it. The rodent ordered her wake-up potion and snuck back to her seat, then nursed the sweet, bubbly mixture. Sleepiness lifted from her eyes as she drained the cup, and she fully roused as she polished it off.

The server was at her side when she put her tankard down, and a jolt of surprise rushed up her spine. Vic offered an apologetic chuckle, then served her food. The mouse didn't see the cauldron at the hybrid's side until they scooped out an overflowing ladle and generously poured it into her bowl. They furnished her plate with a half dozen biscuits and flashed a knowing smile as they placed the last one. "Just in case you decide you want to follow in their footsteps," they whispered, nudging their head toward the colossal comrades. The mouse resisted the urge to bury her face in her paws and gave a half-hearted nod, drawing another chuckle from the server. They excused themselves and spun on their heel, narrowly avoiding sending a wave of stew over the table, and sauntered to the kitchen. The rodent dwelt on their words for a second, and temptation tugged at her better judgement, though she soon shook that thought from her head. Dancing would only be more difficult with a fuller figure, and she balked at the notion of resizing her outfits. Her mind returned to the food before her, then wandered to her other companion. She waited for the weasel to come down stairs and join her before starting her meal, until she remembered their exchange the previous night. He had business to attend to, and she shouldn't wait up for him.

A chill raced up her arm when she plucked a biscuit from the plate, raising her fur from her wrist to her neck. The mouse squeaked and recoiled, grabbing her paw and clutching it to her chest. The cold dissipated swiftly, and she cautiously lifted her arm and twisted the joint. When she couldn't replicate the sensation, she touched the plate once more. It felt as warm as the rest of the room, and confusion played across her face as she pondered the reason behind the icy lance. With no explanation, the rodent shrugged it off and returned to her meal. Her appetite woke as she grabbed her first biscuit and dunked it into her stew, saturating it with delicious essences. A groan of approval resonated in her chest at the first bite, which grew in volume as she stuffed more and more of the pastry into her muzzle. Her cheeks swelled with crumbs as she crammed nearly half of it into her jaws, then chomped down and swallowed. The mix of flavors proved too powerful to resist, and she dunked the rest of the roll into the bowl before she finished her first bite. A second and third biscuit followed quickly in its wake, though her pace slowed as her meal caught up with her. The mouse turned her attention to the stew alone and slurped it away at a much more controlled speed, savoring the dish until she reached the bottom of her bowl. She lifted it to her lips and drank the last drops, then clacked it down against the table and let out a sigh of satisfaction.

The mouse leaned back and rested a paw on her belly, relishing the fullness brought by a good meal. Her fingers traced over her slight paunch, until Vic cleared their throat right

beside her. The rodent lurched from her stupor and nearly fell from her chair, earning a giggling apology from the vulpine hybrid.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you," they began. "I couldn't help but notice how quickly you ate your meal."

The mouse was visibly confused. "Umm, thanks? I think."

The hybrid smiled. "I just figured you'd appreciate another serving. On the house, of course."

Her befuddlement deepened.

"Our cook really enjoys that flavor of compliment."

The dancer tried to think of the most polite way to turn the offer down, though her stomach spoiled her efforts with an audible gurgle.

Vic refilled her bowl without further invitation.

"I'll leave you to your meal~ Let me know if you need anything else."

The mouse waited for the hybrid to disappear into the kitchen, then eyed her second helping with mixed emotions. While capable of finishing the serving, she didn't exactly want to. The thought of performing on a full stomach instilled her with nausea on its own, but the notion of wasting it didn't sit right either. She instead resolved to fetch a water-skin from her room and use it to save the stew for later. The clever rodent stood from her seat and started toward the stairs, until someone grabbed her wrist and held her in place. She bared her claws and took a swipe at her forward assailant, only to rake through empty air. The errant swing unbalanced her and sent her stumbling for a brief instant, until another's grip spared her from a clumsy fall. Shock rooted her in place, making it a simple task for the mysterious entity to sit her back down. A quick glance around the room confirmed no one else had seen the invisible attack. Confusion edged into panic, until the source of contention revealed itself. The mouse's breath caught in her throat when she watched a phantom hand float out of her plate, and her eyes locked on it while it floated toward her stew. The dancer remained motionless as it grabbed the bowl, but finally reacted when it lunged for her lips.

A yelp leapt from her chest when it tipped the dish up, flooding her mouth and muffling her squeaks. She battled the mixture with her tongue and resisted as long as her breath held out, though eventually, she relented. The hand held just long enough for her to gulp the soup down and take a breath, then struck once again. Its patience ran thin as it tipped the bowl up higher and higher, pressuring the mouse to chug the meal. Her resolve held until another hand emerged from its porcelain portal and trailed its phantom touch under her chin. She swallowed reflexively when it reached her neck, and once she started, she couldn't stop. The mouse squeezed her eyes shut and drank the stew as fast as she could, spilling

only a few drops from the corners of her muzzle. The hands at her wrists floated to her belly and rubbed the subtle swell as she finished, relishing the sharp gasp of satisfaction as their counterparts slammed the bowl down. The hollow sound echoed through the hall and drew several curious eyes. Most returned to their business and left her in peace, though not all of them. The blubbery barbarian and her cohorts watched the slender rodent with appreciation and interest, which deepened as the moment lingered. Eventually, the ninetales spoke up.

"Oi! Vic! You got a hungry one out here today!"

"Shouting isn't going to make your food cook faster," they called back.

"Not me or mine this time! You got a little dancer out here with an appetite."

The hybrid peered in from the kitchen, and their expression brightened. "Oh~ Hun, you should have said something if you're that hungry. What else can I get you?"

The mouse opened her mouth to clear the misunderstanding, only for a phantom hand to hold her mouth shut.

"Indecisive, eh?" Magni cut in. "Sounds like she wants the whole menu to me."

The hybrid shushed her. "She can speak for herself. But I'd be happy to make that happen if she wants it."

As they turned back to her for her answer, she realized they couldn't see the spectral hands, and that fact grew more obvious when one palmed the back of her head and nodded for her.

"Excellent! I'll get right on it~"

Magni nodded in approval. "If you got the belly to back appetite up, you might have a place with us, if you ever decide you want to run with a *real* group. But that's to decide later. Let's see how ya do now."

The rest of her party murmured in affirmation, and their collective attention turned to the nervous rodent.

As the kitchen roared to life, several thoughts drifted through her head, the most prominent of which focused on the bill. While the tavern was by no means the highest quality in the town, she found herself staring down the pointy end of a considerable tab. The rodent moved to flee the inn and escape her high-calorie trial, though several phantom hands flew to her wrists and thwarted her efforts. Her struggles against them went unnoticed, and more of the spectral menaces joined to assist their counterparts. The mouse only relented when she ran out of breath, spurring most of her arcane harassers to leave her side. She fell into thought and desperately grasped for another solution, paying little

mind to the wandering swarm. They only reclaimed her attention when they circled her with palms of food, pilfered from the other patrons. Impulse struck, and she opened her mouth to call out the undeniably paranormal act, until one of the hands swooped and swung by her face. The mass of food caught her words, and a procession of offerings ensured her cheeks stayed stuffed. The mouse bobbed and weaved to dodge the flying morsels, though her options grew limited once more when a hand held her steady. With reluctance she accepted her situation and relaxed her throat, thinking it better to relent and save her strength for the perfect moment.

Her focus fluttered as the flock of spectral hands multiplied, however. With feeding thoroughly covered, the new arrivals busied themselves elsewhere, exploring the growing curve of her middle. A soft moan resonated in her chest as their dexterous fingers traced over her love-handles and pinched her softening rolls, which transitioned into a rolling groan as they massaged her belly. There was no denying her paunch had grown, swollen and tight against her enticing top, and every electric touch drew more attention to that fact. She couldn't stop her hips from rolling or her back from arching into their fingertips as they enticed and seduced, chipping away at her self-control. The tension relaxed from her muscles as the desire to embrace her fate took root in the back of her mind, spurring the hands to speed their feeding. Her fellow tavern-goers paid no mind as clumps of food floated from their plates, remaining oblivious as they swirled around the increasing gluttonous rodent. Her tail lashed against the floor as she feasted with glee, rising to the curse's challenge until her food supply ran dry. The spectral feeders relented only when there wasn't a scrap of food left in the hall, and even then, their attention turned to finding more. Several of them darted through the inn in search of more treats and morsels, while others stayed behind and lavished the mouse's stuffed curves. Still, their hold on the dancer weakened with the slowing of their fervent feast, and an overbearing sense of fullness coaxed her from her trance.

The mouse let out a low groan of discomfort as her hands flew to her belly, rubbing to both soothe its tightness and survey the damage. Her fur spread thin between her nails as she gingerly raked over the tight dome, and hints of stretch marks developed in their wake. A hiccup lurched from her chest and brought with it a wave of nausea, eclipsing her thoughts with the need to not make a scene. She only just fought the sudden sickness back down, and her thoughts grew slow and sluggish as the results of her induced gluttony settled. She knew she needed to bolt for the door while she had an opportunity, but the mere thought of moving filled her with dread. The weight of her stomach sat heavily in her lap, and she wondered if she could support her weight with her diminished strength. Despite that, she found the willpower to try. Her knees trembled with exertion as they bore the additional pounds of her figure, and she let out an unflattering grunt as she placed her paws on her knees. Every muscle in her body shook with uncertainty as she rose, and for a moment, it seemed her effort would pay off. She snaked her tail beneath her rear and eased the load on her legs, and after a few seconds of concentrated straining, rose to her full height. A sigh of triumph tumbled from her lips, until a paw clapped her on the shoulder and sat her back down.

Her bench creaked and bowed with the graceless landing, and the impact stole her breath when it resonated through her middle. When she finally recovered, she looked up to see the ninetales beaming down on her.

"You aint havin second thoughts, are you?" she smirked. "I don't think I can let you walk away after tacklin that kinda appetizer." A pat to the mouse's belly punctuated the sentiment and nearly made her sick.

"What are you talking about," the overstuffed dancer wheezed.

"You got the whole tavern rootin for ya! They practically gave you their food, and you're meant for this if you can eat like that."

The mouse blanched.

"You'd be doing yourself a disservice to leave now! If you're worried about the bill, don't. I've got you covered. Ya got me invested now."

The dancer stammered, searching for the words to refute the barbarian's misunderstanding.

"No worries, you can thank me later," Magni grinned, punctuating the sentiment with a pat to her back. "But we can talk about that later. It's time for the main event."

Confusion flashed across the rodent's face, until Magni stepped aside and revealed Vic, approaching with enough food for an army. Their eyes glowed as they wielded a large cooking spoon, emblemized with the inn's mushroom logo. A constellation of dishes orbited its tip, each adding their delectable contribution to the maelstrom of s delicious scents filling the air. Savory, sweet, and everything in between found its way to the mouse's nose, overwhelming her senses with a buffet of sensations. If the collection was only a group of ordinary servings, she might have stood a chance, but the centerpiece of the culinary solar system dashed that hope. Her stomach sank at the sight of a whole roast pig, basted in gallons of seasoning and decorated with a garden's worth of herbs. The spectral hands hardly needed to hold her in place as the server carefully set the colossal meal down, covering every inch of the table. Strategically placed stands added a second level to the feast, and her astonishment redoubled as that filled as well. Every eye in the tavern was on her by the time her breakfast finished landing, and tense silence filled the air after the final plate clicked down. Vic released their magical hold, leaving their work to stand on its own.

"Enjoy hun~" they teased. "Let me know if you need any help getting through it all, but I'm sure these fine folks have you covered."

Magni laughed. "Not this time. This is alllll hers."

The mouse swallowed with nervousness and tested her bonds once again, finding them

just as secure as ever. She started to turn to the magical server to ask for help, but before the words could leave her lips, the phantom limbs struck. They ripped away handfuls of the nearest servings and crammed them into the mouse's muzzle, cutting her plea short.

"Eager, aren't we," Vic teased. "Maybe you won't need any help after all."

The portly party agreed and backed away, granting the dancer the space to feed without heed of decency or manners. As they retreated to the bar, they saw the wisdom in their choice. A whirlwind of ghostly hands swirled around the increasingly stuffed mouse, shoveling food into her maw at a reckless pace. They swung out wide to gather food and cut in deep the bring it to her maw, rapid-firing down her gullet faster than she could swallow. In the back of her mind, the mouse wondered how they managed such a feat without choking her, though she soon lost that train of thought in a deepening, gluttonous haze. Her onlookers watched as she threw herself at the table in a feral frenzy, spreading her arms wide to sweep several dishes into her mouth at once. Her stifled embarrassment deepened as more and more patrons wandered into the inn, coaxing more and more hands to burst from the plate. She fell from Vic's attention as they fielded the lunch rush, though they couldn't help themselves from stealing glances in slow moments. Her new friends were equally powerless to pull their gazes away, awed by her hedonistic display. One of them elbowed Magni and chided her to step her game up if she wanted to remain leader, but she brushed the trash talk aside with ease. She knew from experience a short sprint was easy to maintain, but clearing a meal like that required a marathon mindset.

As the sun climbed high in the sky, the mouse's feast dwindled and her stomach grew. With the task of keeping her mouth full covered several times over, the swarm of hands busied itself with tinkering in her metabolism. What reluctance she retained melted away as they rubbed her swelling stomach, easing the tension in her hide and speeding her digestion. The sounds of gurgling and groaning eclipsed the sloppy noises of her eating, and her figure softened with their work. Growing rolls spilled from her immodest clothing, folding over edges and swallowing her garments up. The muffled pops of yielding threads entered her hedonistic song as they gave way, marking her progress with percussive beats. Tiny waves rippled through her from as her hills and valley sagged and bounced with every accent, until her garb gave away completely. Tattered strips of fabric fluttered to the floor, shredded by her advancing rolls. Free from their restrictive influence, her curves swelled naturally and without impedance. Her thighs softened and her ass consumed the base of her tail, concealing the growing sag in the bench. The lower roll of her stomach strove for the floor like a tide of molasses, while its upper counterpart spilled and spread across the table. The tightness in its swell was a stark contrast to its lower counterpart, but constant attention from the hands ensured it never reached the point of discomfort.

The mouse's breasts overtook her top and poued down the slope of her belly, eventually reaching the table as well. The phantom hands paid particular attention to their peaks, massaging her sensitive nips to add another layer of pleasure. Her hips rolled as much as her figure allowed as different flavors of satisfaction and hunger mixed, strengthening the plate's cursed hold on her inhibitions. Muffled moans resonated in her chest and her tail

curled around her waist, searching for an angle to reach between her thighs. They rose in volume and pitch when she found none, and despite the hand's hedonistic tendencies, they provided no relief. The mouse gulped and swallowed with redoubled enthusiasm as her two needs sought one outlet, plunging her entirely into the plate's control. Her figure swelled and soft flab dominated her frame, swaddling her arms in generous rolls and endowing her with several chins. The rodent's fattened cheeks served as a funnel to her muzzle as they encroached on her vision, a property not lost on her spectral feeders. With the help of her obese anatomy, they shoveled entire plates into her mouth at a time, guiding them with those soft curves to minimize lost crumbs. More and more of the spectral hoard shifted their attention to her hills and valleys as they reached the last leg of her feast, ensuring every ounce of it found its way into her. Their relentless touching and rubbing and teasing stoked her carnal hungers to a fever pitch, filling the space left by her waning hedonism. An adventurous hand dove between her legs and brought her to the brink of climax, leaving her twisting and groaning and moaning on the edge until it abruptly stopped.

The mouse let out a pitiful whine and kicked out in disappointment, hardly lifting her feet from the floor. The gesture was enough to break the bench however, dropping her to the floor with a foundation-shaking boom. It rattled through the building's timbers and silenced every conversation in the room, ensuring every eye was on her when the roast pig floated from the table.

The immobile dancer offered no resistance as it loomed over her muzzle, and instead opened up as wide as she could. Her tongue lulled over her lips and she groaned in anticipation, inviting the phantom hands to help her finish her meal. Fortunately for the cursed rodent, they eagerly obliged. Ghostly palms planted themselves over every inch of the roasted pig, and it launched from its colossal platter with slow grace. The mouse's stomach gurgled and roared as its shadow fell over her cheeks, and she stared her meal in the face as its backside tipped up. Their muzzles bumped together before the mouse gaped her jaws even wider, clearing its perfectly glazed snout by a thin margin. A moan of muted bliss resonated in her chest when the dexterous swarm let the pig drop, cramming it into her maw with the force of its own weight. Her eyes widened with shock, and her feasting accelerated swiftly. Several hands rubbed her cheeks and loosened her jaws, allowing her to claim the serving's head with supernatural ease. More jumped into the folds of her chins and massaged her throat, granting her the flexibility to properly claim her gluttonous prize. She wrapped her lips around the beast's shoulders and gulped with all her strength, but found she herself had little influence. Gravity proved to be a potent ally however, and she stretched her cheeks around the pig's bulk with some wiggling. Her illusion of control faded further as the oiled and seasoned porcine dish slid passed her lips inches at a time, regardless of her input. As it became irrelevant, she shifted her focus to the effects it had on her body.

Her throat bulged grandly around the mass of pork as it sank toward the entrance of her stomach, smoothing out the rolls of her chin. The tavern's patrons watched the descending bulge with awe, tracing its details before they disappeared behind her lardy chest. The

most meticulous of them watched subtle bumps and dimples travel across her rolling stomach, though her abundant flab hid all but the most distinct of them. The marks of her meal only became harder to spot when her progress slowed, hampered by the pig's broad belly. The mouse's gorging crawled to a stop just before its widest point, bringing a moment of tense calm to the storm. She reached up and struggled to find purchase on its slicked surface, though it took all her effort to lift her flab-swaddled passed her shoulders. The mouse winded herself long before she came close to reaching, and the hands circled to supplement her efforts. She squeaked with delight as they rallied at the hog's high end and pooled their strength, then shoved in unison. The immobile dancer squeezed her eyes shut as her jaw strained to its limits, and after a few seconds that spanned several lifetimes, she crested her meal's widest point. Progress resumed as her overtaxed muscles struggled to return to their original position, squeezing the pig down her gullet with restorative tension. Combined with gravity, her lips accelerated their advance up the roast, racing along its narrowing curvature until she reached its hind legs. Her stomach billowed out with the swift addition and pushed her table away, then toppled it entirely when she slurped up its ankles. The entire tavern watched the rest of the Vic's master work glide down her gullet, until it landed in her overstuffed middle with an audible slosh.

A wave of fullness swept over the mouse, stronger than anything she'd experienced before, and the hands retreated in the wake of their completed mission. The mouse teetered on the edge of consciousness as her spectral feeders filed into the plate, finally leaving the mouse in relative peace. Their influence waned with their departure, and the rodent's awoken gluttony returned to slumber. Her head swam as their intrusive, enticing thoughts dissipated, and the full weight of her encouraged gorging settled onto her soft shoulders. Her growing outrage did much to keep her awake, but not as much as the hearty slap to her back from Magni. The mouse's entire frame wobbled with the enthusiastic impact, sending waves up and down her limbs for several seconds. The blush in her cheeks faded and she found her voice to tell the vixen off, though she couldn't form the words before a shower of congratulations.

"I admit, I misjudged ya!" The barbarian guffawed. "I dare say you got an appetite to rival mine! But you're gonna want some more muscles to help burn that off." She poked the mouse, sending a much more minor ripple down her arm. "Probably."

"Oh come on!" The mouse squeaked. "There is no way you didn't see that swarm of ghost hands! You could not have possibly missed them."

She looked genuinely puzzled. "I didn't see anything except you magicin' all that food into your mouth," she shrugged. "Which reminds me... Oi! Vic! When you gonna teach me some of that floatin' magic?"

"As soon as you pay off your tab," they called from the kitchen.

"Right then, so not any time soon." The ninetales laughed to her herself and turned back to the mouse. "Magic or not, you got a real talent. Me and mine are familiar with this flavor of

adventuring, so give us a call if you need help pullin your weight around. The more the merrier," she grinned.

"I am *not* joining your crew of gluttons," she sneered. "I absolutely would not fit in with any of you."

"Well, you're not wrong about that," Magni smirked. "Still, the offer stands." She turned on her heel and sauntered back to the bar, where she gathered her party and prepared to depart. "I hope you still got some of that slimming brew back there Vic. That mouse ain't goin anywhere without it."

"And you're not either until you pay your tab," they barked back.

"Tisk tisk, playing bill collector with your best customers. Thought you ran a better business than that."

The hybrid groaned. "Just bring back something good this time. And I need more lightgrass to make slimming brew. Yall keep using it up."

"Sounds like a quest!"

The barbarian and her friends gathered their gear and waddled for the door, prepared earn their next bar tab. Or they thought as much, at least. The door flew open mere inches from her face as a kitsune and weasel stormed into tavern. The pair's frantic search ended the instant their gazes fell on the immobile mouse, their suspicions confirmed. Endra surveyed the rodent and approached, running through a mental checklist of appraisals and identifications. The weasel rushed passed her to the mouse's side, only to scour the table in search of the plate. The lardy dancer glared daggers into him when he triumphantly lifted the cursed porcelain over his head, holding it tightly in his gloved hands. He only noticed her ire when she slapped her tail across his face, nearly knocking the prize from his paws.

"What'd ya do that for? I almost dropped the thing!"

"That's the least of your concerns," the mouse rumbled. "I can't believe you took the wrong plate. You had ONE job!"

The weasel lowered the plate and scratched the back of his head. "It's an easy mistake to make," he muttered. "Looks just like the plates here."

"It absolutely does not," the mouse said flatly. She strained over her belly and picked one of the tavern's plates from the floor, ignoring the streaks of sauce across its surface. "The markings are nothing alike."

"She's right," Endra piped up. "Seems you dropped the ball on this one."

He started to refute the attack, but another glare stopped his words in his throat.

"I take it you're the one he tried to sell it to," the mouse asked.

"I am."

The rodent rubbed the bridge of her nose. "Thank you for coming down here with him. He probably would have gotten lost otherwise. How much do you think the plate is worth?"

Endra donned her own set of gloves and took the offered dish from the weasel, then examined it. "Well I'm afraid you won't be founding any new kingdoms with it," she began. "But there is some value here. This style of curse is fairly rare, and I'm sure some scholar somewhere would love to study it. Frankly I wouldn't mind looking it over myself in the meantime."

"So how much is it worth to you?"

Endra thought for a moment. "How about a trade? I have a couple amulets I think you'll find useful. You can use them to transfer fat, and I think it's your best bet to getting back to adventuring too."

The mouse and weasel shared a glance, one much more concerned than the other.

"Interesting~ Tell me, do you have a need for a lipo-battery?"

Endra shared her conspiratorial grin. "I just might, now that you ask. Are you thinking what I am?"

"I do believe so."

"Excellent. Then I accept your offer. You'll rent your friend to me as a lipo-battery, until he's earned enough to pay off your tavern bill, at least."

The weasel blushed through his fur. "Don't I get a say in this?"

"Yes," the mouse answered. "Do you want to take my flab here so we can roll you to Endra's shop, or do the transfer there?"

"There, I think."

"Good, we'll do it here." The dancer turned to Endra. "As long as you don't mind helping me roll him, that is."

"Not at all~"