

Mass Side Effect

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20-09-22

A Patreon Vignette for Tach

Tach belongs to Tach

The science of teleportation has been conquered and shrunk down into a simple phone app, but what cost? Who knows what kind of side effects such a feat carries? Additional mass? Nobody knows.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Male Lynx, Furniture in Distress, Rapid Weight Gain, Public Wardrobe Malfunction

The low hum of air conditioning filled the room, interrupted by energetic bursts of breaking news. A scandal like no other played across the living room television, though it failed to fully capture Tach's attention. Instead, his gaze bounced between the screen and his phone, parted by an unexpected dilemma. His hand traced the curve of his middle and found the hem of his shirt, then tugged it over the soft, exposed curve of his middle. The fabric pulled tight around his frame and stretched to its limit, then retreated to his chest the instant he let it go. The lynx's muffin top spilled over his waistband, and his thighs pushed the limits of his jeans. His shirt fled further yet when he drew in a deep breath, then let it out as a contemplative sigh. His wardrobe needed an update, there was no denying that, but the best way to do that left him perplexed. His gaze drifted back to the screen, where the cycle of news repeated once more. Details were still emerging, names being named, investigations being launched, though it was all but certain teleportation technology came with a host of unexpected side effects. One of which was the source of Tach's problem.

Every trip added a little extra to one's figure, and that effect strengthened with repetition.

Talking heads and experts alike bickered and bantered on every major news network. Both the practical ins and outs of the phenomenon and conspiracy theories involving Big Textile saw discussion, but most of the debate was lost on Tach. Instead, he browsed his phone in search of a solution. Light flickered across his face as he scrolled through online retailers, searching for a swift clothing delivery. Disappointment spread across his muzzle as he whisked by endless variations of "sold out," driving home the size and scale of the scandal. The lynx let out a heavy sigh, then switched tactics. The brick and mortar stores had a slightly better chance of salvaging his dignity, though the situation was still a roll of the dice. His couch creaked and groaned as he shifted his weight in thought. The larger department stores had more inventory, though also attracted a larger audience. The smaller ones flipped the risk, though there was the added danger they wouldn't stock his size at all. After a moment of consideration, he opted for a larger store and selected his destination. Unfortunately, there was still the issue of getting there.

Tach drew in a breath, gathered his strength, and stood from his couch. The sagging seat groaned with relief when he lifted his fattened form, and his grunts of effort joined in harmony. He planted his hands on his knees and levered himself to his full height, allowing his belly to spill forward. The lower curve of his middle slapped against his thighs and sent a ripple across his figure, tugging his balance forward. The lynx took a heavy step and steadied himself, then took a minute to catch his breath. The apron of his middle hid the worst of the tears and holes in his pants, but offered no similar protection for his shirt. Tufts of fur poked from holes that spread and closed with his breath, and the taxed fabric perfectly conformed to his hills and valleys. A quick survey of his figure confirmed that fact, bringing a faint warmth to his muzzle. The lynx shook those thoughts from his head, then caught a glance out of his window. Towering grey clouds darkened the sky, instilling him with hesitation regarding going out. It turned to full reluctance when a bolt of lightning split the air, spurring him to turn to his last practical source of transportation.

The lynx reached for his phone and opened the teleportation app. A window of text

filled his screen, defending its creators from the firestorm of negative PR. Tach scrolled by it with disinterest and cleared the excuses, then opened the map and selected his destination. Calculations flowed across his screen as the program computed energy requirements, until it produced a price at the end. The program made a dramatic show of literally slashing the cost, cutting the number down to mere pocket change. Tach wrestled with the temptation, and temptation gradually won out. The thought of a potential mass clothing shortage soon sealed his choice, and he confirmed his trip with a tap of his finger. A loading bar showing his position in the queue flashed onto his screen, earning a roll of his eyes. Weighty problem or not, it seemed the news hadn't diminished business at all. The lynx's wait time came and went, and a familiar tingling sensation swept over his form as the transference process began. His living room blurred into indistinct rainbow streaks of light as space bent to technology's will, and in an instant, he found himself standing outside his selected destination. Flashes of light sparked around him as others had the same idea, though his attention turned inward as sparks lingered on his pelt.

Tach stood motionless for a moment, waiting for the vertigo of teleportation to dissipate. His balance wavered briefly, and when his clothes didn't further tighten around his figure, he let out a breath of relief. He steadied himself and took a step toward the building, only for the sensation of electricity to sweep over him. His breath caught in his throat, and his muscles seized as mass piled onto his frame. A dull thud sounded across the parking lot when he slammed his foot down for balance, sending a rippling wave of growth across his figure. Tach's thighs and calves softened with flab, pushing his pants beyond their limit. Onlookers turned toward him as he split the seat of his jeans, freeing his love handles and belly to flop down and preserve his modesty. The lower curve of his belly swelled and sagged toward his knees, counterbalancing his increasingly titanic rear. His plush chest split the threads of his shirt and spread over his flabby stomach, and the rising dough of his arms split his sleeves with ease. Tach's cheeks softened and a second chin squished against his neck, completing his well-rounded look. His rolls and folds gripped the tatters of his clothing and spared him from a littering charge, though that was one of the few mercies in that moment.

Fortunately, attention and focus fell away from him as other arrivals suffered the same flabby fate. Once that shock wore off, Tach gathered his energy and waddled into the store with all the speed he could muster. It seemed there would be plenty of competition for large clothing.