

Half-Ton Horn

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A Patreon Vignette for Shukko

Dack once again finds herself in pursuit of a highly valuable relic. Fortunately, her client has done most of the homework for her. Unfortunately, it may not have been done well.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains A Female Arctic Fox, Tomb Raiding, Rapid Magical Weight Gain, Immobility

Trickles of light poured into the ancient chamber, illuminating motes of dust along the way. Dense moss along the walls absorbed the rest, then released it as a gentle, ambient glow. Pebbles and debris sprinkled from the ceiling as Dack cleared away a narrow passage, opening just enough space to squeeze through. The arctic vixen grunted and twisted as her hips, earning a few inches of progress each time, until she finally lurched into the ruin's main chamber. The diminutive fox took a moment to brush herself off, then surveyed her surroundings. Despite its depth in the earth, nature had reclaimed much of the structure. Luminescent mushrooms dotted the natural breaks in the space, while more discrete mosses and lichens filled the grooves of carved walls. The fauna reacted to her presence as she stepped toward the room's main feature, a towering double door preluded by a squat altar. The vixen moved with care and inspected the stone table, paying particularly close attention to the inscriptions along its sides. The designs depicted the deeds of a legendary hero in a long-dead language, though Dack gleaned some meaning from the glyphs. The details and subtleties of the story slipped through her grasp, but it was enough to prove she was in the right place. She had found the resting place of the Half-Ton Horn.

There was much debate over the artifact's nature. Some speculated it belonged to one of history's greatest heroes, while others thought it was simply the curiosity of some ancient craftsperson. In any case, the relic had gained enough fame through fierce arguments that its true purpose was irrelevant. It was a coveted piece of history, and more importantly, highly valued by collectors. It was one such treasure hunter that funded her expedition, and Dack cursed their name under her breath as she struggled to interpret the text upon the imposing door. A riddle in her native tongue would have been irritating enough, but a fragmented one in a lost language proved to be a particularly pointy thorn in her side. Still, with the help of her client's research, she gathered some meaning from it. The inscription mentioned the altar and "bearing the stature worthy of the horn". With little else to go on, the vixen shrugged and climbed onto the stone slab. She waited a long moment of fruitless inaction, then took a closer look at her surroundings. Dack brushed aside the sand and rubble obscuring its top, revealing a pair of worn-in foot prints. After a second of consideration, the vixen shrugged and stepped on them.

Their spacing set her feet out wider than her shoulders, leaving her off balance until the chamber rumbled to life. Lines of luminescent blue crept across the walls, bathing the room in an otherworldly light. Glyphs and sigils adorning the walls shed their coatings of moss and dust, readying an automated spell. Dack stood motionless as the arcane lines converged on the altar, seemingly powering it up. Intricate designs illuminated at her feet, and the room filled the faint hum of ancient mechanisms. Cones of light shot from the slab's corners and shown on the vixen like spotlights, scanning up and down her form before extinguishing. Strange symbols scrolled passed her feet, no doubt displaying some sort of information. Dack pondered its meaning for only a moment before a harsh buzz tore through the chamber, followed by the gentle blue lines turning to harsh red. Shock rooted her in place just long enough for slots in the wall to shoot open, revealing towers vaguely reminiscent of Tesla coils. Condensed mana sparked from their domes as they powered up, sending bolts farther and farther away until they struck the vixen. The first one only tingled when it struck, but its intent charged as more and more power streaked into her form.

The fear of electrocution kept Dack rooted on the pedestal, where the magic apparently had little to no effect on her. The vixen sensed the error of that assessment grow over the following seconds however, spurred by an odd density building in her thoughts. Her mind raced with potential as the mana surging into her reached critical mass, then manifested into the physical world. The pops of threads and stitches mixed with the crackles of static as fat piled onto her figure, enhancing her curves until they overwhelmed her form. The vixen's hips spread wide with flab as her rear spilled over the top of her pants, pushing the garment down her expanding thighs. Those plush tree trunks tightened the fabric until it could slide no more, locking it in place as more and more threads burst. It wasn't long before the pressure grew great enough to simply shred them, but by then her belly sagged low enough to preserve her modesty. Her doughy middle rolled down her hips and over her thighs, counterbalancing the weight of her rear. The vixen's chest softened and spread along the upper curve of her belly, until her cleavage nearly swallowed her muzzle. Her face chubbed up was well, softening her expression and granting her a deep double chin.

Dack lost track of her rolls and valleys as the ancient mechanism surged on, threatening to overload her figure. A heavy thump sounded through the chamber when her weight grew too great for her legs, sending her to her colossal rear. Every resulting ripple added a few more pounds to her figure, ensuring it took several seconds for her to jiggle to rest. The lightning towers went dim as they finally expended their charges, and relative darkness overtook the chamber. Dack sat in annoyed silence while she contemplated her position, until the altar beneath her lurched down. The grinding of stone sliding against stone filled the air after she tripped the ancient scale, and the noise redoubled as the towering doors rolled open. Light spilled in from the room beyond, reflected and refracted from a mountain of glittering treasure. Atop its peak rested her prize, the coveted Half-Ton Horn. Dack gathered her strength and struggled to rise to her feet, and she might have succeeded if not for a booming voice. It resonated through the ruins and broke her concentration, but brought with it revelations. It congratulated her on taking the mantle of the Half-Ton Hero and the treasures that came with it, as well as endowing her with a complete comprehension of the lost language.

She had plenty of time to contemplate the many mistranslations that put her in that situation while she figured out how to reclaim her mobility.