

Kindred Spirits

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A Patreon Vignette for Tach

After an unfortunate accident, a dragoness and a mouse must share the mouse's body while hers recovers and heals. It takes some time for them to fully warm up to each other, but once they do, they discover they have more in common than thought.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Male, Mouse, Female, Dragoness, Body Semi-willing, Weight Gain, Overeating, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Exhibitionism, Feeding

The dull roar of manifold conversations filled the bustling mall, almost overpowering the premature holiday music. The crowd clustered in groups and cliques, delineated by their clothing, mannerisms, and sometimes both. Teenagers lazily walked from shop to shop while kids and parents dashed between them, mixing into a contagious vortex of activity. There was no one there without a purpose, but despite the high energy, some patrons would have rather been anywhere else. One such mouse kept his ears folded and his head down as he navigated the flowing furs, calling on every ounce of his will to make himself invisible. He watched the tiles pass under his feet as he pulled a hood over his head, then bitterly tugged the bottom of his jacket over his belly. By most standards the rodent was hardly chubby, but the presence of his newfound paunch ate away at him regardless. It was an imperfect mark on his otherwise athletic figure, and the sooner it disappeared, the better. He clutched a bag of purchased clothes to his front to further that goal, hiding his shame from eyes that couldn't be less interested. Still, the one he wanted to hide from most saw right through him.

"I still don't understand what the big deal is," the dragoness teased. "We've put on maybe five pounds at most. You're still a ways off from being chubby."

"No, *you've* put five pounds on *me*," the mouse mentally snapped. "You've been ruining my body ever since the accident, and I'm tired of it."

"*Your* body's ruined," the dragoness seethed. "You're not the one floating in a regeneration bath!"

The mouse stopped cold in stunned silence while she regained her composure.

"I'm sorry, it's been a rough couple weeks."

"It's been rough for both of us, you much moreso than me," the mouse agreed. "But this is an adjustment for me too. I have gainer friends teasing me and asking me for my secret now."

"You don't have to remind me, I was there for all of it." She took a disembodied breath and let it out. "You also don't need to take it personally. They were just trying to be supportive of what might have been the new you."

The mouse coiled his tail around his waist. "I'm doing everything I can to make sure this isn't the new me. This isn't me, and I don't ever want it to be."

"You're right, this isn't you. For the foreseeable future, this is us, and for better or worse, we're going to influence each other while we share your body."

"Feels pretty one sided to me."

"Are you kidding?" the dragoness scoffed. "Do you have any idea how fast your metabolism

is? I've been starving ever since the transfer."

It was the mouse's turn to sigh. "You've got a point. This is a big adjustment for both of us."

"I'm glad we can agree on that," the dragoness internally grinned. "We should celebrate this understanding with a buffet run on the way back."

"Absolutely not. The last one put us in a food coma for an entire weekend."

"Fair~ We should at least hit the food court before we leave though. There's a couple places I've been dying to try."

"We can try one place. I still want to have some hope of shedding these pounds after this."

"Also fair~"

The mouse gathered his nerve and stepped into the crowd, silently hoping no one noticed him. His self-consciousness diminished with each step, and the rich scents of the food court banished them entirely. His arm drifted over his stomach when it let out a needy growl, spurring him to hurry. It wasn't long before he stood at the center of a circle of restaurants, where the spread of choices overwhelmed his ability to decide. The rodent started to defer to the dragoness for her input, and she was more than eager to make the call. The mouse stammered under his breath as his legs moved of their own accord, drawing him to the mall's latest addition. Despite its novelty, the hibachi grill had no line. The mouse rushed to the cashier and placed his order, a generous serving of teriyaki chicken with fried rice and noodles. The instant before he confirmed his order however, the dragoness seized control. His voice caught in his throat for a split second, and in his moment of shock, she doubled the meal. The mouse's arm sluggishly reached into his pocket and produced a card, thrusting the order beyond the point of no return.

The dragoness's smugness radiated through him while he waited for his food, unwilling to confront and correct. Their order threatened to overflow from its serving tray, and it was his passenger's eagerness that spurred him to pick it up. The mouse carefully balanced the meals and navigated the bustling space, then took his seat at the first available table he found. The flimsy furniture wobbled under the weight of the food, and the rodent took a moment to compose himself while he took in the spread.

"You know we're not eating all of this, right?"

"Right."

The mouse internally sputtered. "Then why did you order so much."

"It was just the easiest way to get more food," she grinned. "If I spent any longer ordering, you would have canceled it."

He silently agreed.

"Look, I'm sorry I did that. I'll pay for everything, but can we please talk about this after we eat? I'm still starving."

The mouse's stomach growled in agreement and he relented. He plucked a fork from the tray and helped himself to a bowl of noodles, which only spurred his hunger on. His self-consciousness diminished as their appetite woke, shrinking his perception to the plates before him. The dragoness quietly encouraged him to eat and eat, driving him through his first side with accelerating speed. The chicken fell to his ravenous jaws next, so quickly that he hardly tasted it. The rodent lost momentum as he turned his attention to the fried rice however, only just chomping and chewing down the last bite. His fork fell to the emptied plate with a clatter and his hand drifted to his bloated middle. A labored sigh tumbled from his muzzle as he traced the bloated curve of his paunch, though he ripped his palm away when reality struck. Confusion crossed his face when it returned, followed by realization as it gingerly rubbed the tight swell.

"Oh come now, I know you can do better than that~"

A haze of hedonism and hunger engulfed the mouse when the dragoness wrestled control away and set her sights on the remaining food. Where the mouse ate with the speed of a practiced athlete, she tore through the plates like a ravenous whirlwind. She stretched his jaw wide and pressed his body to its limit, stuffing food away as if they hadn't eaten in weeks. Most of the surrounding shoppers did their best to ignore the display, but not all succeeded. Some watched in awe while others were enthralled by disgust, but in either case, they were not subjected to the display for long. The dragoness devoured her portions in record time, faster than the mouse's stomach could process. Control of his form drifted to a neutral point as she basked in her own fullness, shamelessly reclining and rubbing his belly. The mouse found a strong enough foothold to reclaim an arm, allowing him to pull his shirt down over the swell of his middle. The rodent's breath shortened as the weight of his stomach dominated his senses, and with it came a lethargy that rooted him in place.

"Gods that feels divine," the dragoness moaned. "It's been too long."

The mouse inwardly scowled. "Having fun ruining my body?"

"Is this really any different than trying to bulk up?"

"Yes! Yes it is! You can't just eat whatever you want with that."

"...oh"

The mouse sighed. "Let's talk later. I just want to go home before this food coma gets us."

"That sounds like a good idea."

With that, the two of them united their strength and stamina, then waddled through the mall and made their way home.

The mouse took in a deep breath, let it out, and tugged his shirt down over his stomach. His office chair creaked as he shifted his weight, a worrying sign of just how much ground he'd lost to his passenger. The clothes bought mere days ago already approached their limit, and the rodent struggled to come up with a lasting solution. The garment problem was simple enough, as the dragoness already offered to pay for his expanding wardrobe, though the toll to his figure was a different story. One of his hands drifted down the curve of his middle and slipped beneath the overhang of his belly, where it idly rubbed his softness. For a moment he wasn't sure of the motion belonged to himself or the dragoness, but a knock at his door derailed that line of thought. His chair creaked and groaned with relief as he rocked onto his feet and stood, and the floorboards began their own protests as he waddled to the door.

A second knock sounded out the instant before he grabbed the handle, leaving the delivery driver's hand awkwardly hanging in the air. A moment hanged between them while the driver looked the mouse up and down, then shrugged and handed him a tablet.

"Sign here please."

"For what," the mouse puzzled.

"Your meals sir," the raccoon sighed. "It's all paid for, I just need to you to verify that you got it."

The rodent peeked around the driver and blanched at the feast on his doorstep. "I didn't order all this."

The raccoon double checked the address. "Well someone did, and this is where they sent it." He folded his arms, "Are you really gonna make me take this back and throw it all out?"

"I suppose not," the mouse relented. He signed the pad, and the instant the driver got his pen back, retreated to his car.

While the dragoness snickered in the back of his mind, he hauled the feast in and ignored his rumbling stomach.

"When did you even do this?"

"One of the many, many times you were day dreaming. Probably about food."

The mouse rolled his eyes. "Did you buy at least?"

"I did, which makes it my dinner, and I'd appreciate it if you let me eat it," she teased.

The mouse dropped his line of questioning, only partially because he was hungry too. They gathered the pizzas and wings and brought them to the mouse's table, then spread the feast out. While it didn't completely cover the surface, it came close. In an increasingly common harmonized motion, they reached for the nearest slice, dropped their jaw, and plopped it onto their tongue. A satisfied groan resonated in their chest as the slice's delectable flavors filled their mouth, the rich cheese and hearty sauce waking their combined appetites. They chewed and swallowed with practiced ease, sending a distinct bulge down the mouse's plush chest and into his softer belly. The rest of that pizza disappeared with similar speed, and they carried that momentum to the first set of wings. The mouse kept pace with the dragoness while they slurped meat and sauce from the bones, surging through with undiminished speed. The mouse only lagged behind when they moved to the second of the trio, where the dragoness was more than happy to pick up the slack. One bite bled into the next as his passenger ushered them into a deep, gluttonous haze, sapping his senses of time and fullness. A warm pressure suffused his form as the dragoness carried him well beyond his limits, and he only realized the degree of her success when she leaned back and planted her hands on their belly.

The mouse rolled his head back and groaned as reality set in, and with it the sensations of their thorough stuffing. Every breath put pressure on his overstuffed middle, amplifying the strained gurgles emanating from within. A heat filled his cheeks when he registered his stomach's movements, feeling its every churn and contraction. What resolve he may have clung to crumbled when the dragoness indulged her hedonism as well, tracing his fingers over their stretch marks and finding new ones as they emerged. A smirk spread across their shared muzzle when a wavering moan tumbled from his lips, encouraging his passenger to speak up.

"Why do you hold yourself back from this," she openly wondered. "It's obvious you enjoy it. What do you get from denying yourself?"

The mouse paused for a moment. "I'm not really sure now," he admitted. "I used to play a lot of sports, but it's been hard to find the motivation to get out there lately. And that was before all this."

"So you've always enjoyed stuffing yourself?"

"Now that I think about it, I suppose I have."

"Well then, I think it's time we find you a new hobby~"

The dragoness backed away from her camera but still filled the shot. Golden jewelery dangled from her curves and swayed with her every move, complimenting her rosy pink and red scales. Her stomach audibly rumbled as she unveiled a mountain of food, but surprised her audience by not throwing herself at it. Instead, she danced around it with a surprising degree of grace. She raised her flabby arms over her head and placed her palms together, then rolled her hips and wobbled her belly. Glittering jewels flashed from the depths of her rolls with each movement, and the subtle jingle of chains against scales kept her rhythm. The dragoness raised her tail as the motions carried her through a sensual twirl, showcasing the fruit of her gluttonous efforts before completing the turn and addressing her audience.

"Hello everyone, sorry I've been away for so long. The details as to why are on my blog, but if you're not familiar, lets leave it at I was in a pretty nasty accident and they had to pull me out of my body while it healed."

She paused to let that information sink in.

"Luckily, my time away was more productive than I anticipated~"

The dragoness stepped behind the assembled feast, grabbed the curtain serving as her backdrop, then threw it open. A grin spread across her muzzle as she imagined the gasps of her watchers.

The mouse laid back against a mountain of pillows and struggled to see over his own belly. The once slim rodent sported a middle the size of his former self, not to mention his sprawling thighs or marshmallow arms.

"This kindly mouse was sweet enough to take me in for the meantime, and in our time together, we learned some things about each other. I learned what a disciplined approach to eating can do for you, and he discovered the raw pleasure of gluttony~"

The mouse patted his belly and let out a belch for emphasis.

"Now then, let me show you all exactly why I took him on as my apprentice, and what you'll have to do for the same privilege."