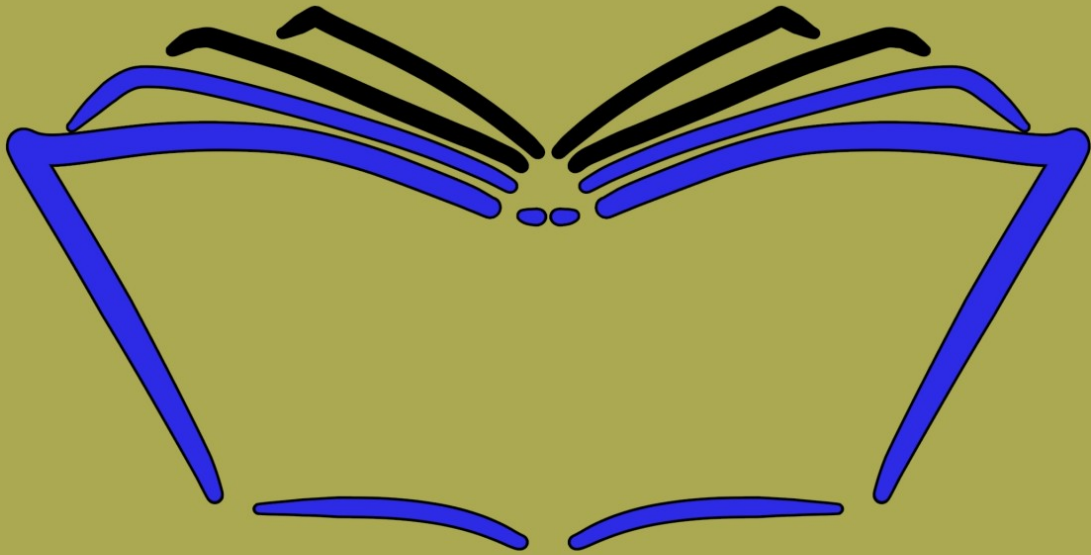


Can't get Enough of that Jason



A Short Story
for Mature Readers

Victor Waite

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21-12-16

A Commission for Ves
Gwen Belongs to Ves
Jason Belongs to Robertge
Sunnet Belongs to Sunnet

A wish grown out of control! On the night of a particularly spectacular meteor shower, Gwen and Jason lay on a hillside, looking up into the stars. In a selfless act of love and friendship, Gwen wishes on a fallen star that her partner will have the strength to conquer anything that might come her way. How could such a noble desire go wrong? Not many ways, granted, but it may go far more right than ever intended. Wish granters are always concerned with wordings, and even the most carefully crafted phrases can carry consequences larger than life.

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Mature** readers and the following tags apply: Female, Tanuki, Mouse, Lioness, Wish Magic, Growth, Weight Gain, Breast Growth, Belly Growth, Butt Growth, Wardrobe Malfunction, Blob, Macro Growth, Exhibitionism, Destruction, Mega Growth, Commission, Short Story, Mature, (Ves)

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A soft tranquil ambiance filled the night air. Glowing fireflies fluttered on a gentle breeze, imitating the slow journey of the stars above. The moon hung in the air, round and full, bathing the park below in near daylight. Faint, distant nebulae broke up the perfect darkness of the backdrop, contained within the narrow band of the milky way. There wasn't a cloud in the sky to block the view, and the stargazing pair had unrestricted access to the marvels of deep space. Gwen and Jason basked in that beauty together, laid out and sprawled across a grassy hillside.

The pair relaxed shoulder to shoulder, a position that highlighted the stark differences between them. Jason, the larger of the pair, towered over her partner nearly twice over. The root of that contrast laid far more with Gwen's shortness than Jason's height, however. Lush fur covered her body, alternating oranges and browns that lent her a distinct autumn pallet. Her bushy tail continued that pattern, sporting the characteristic rings of her species. Softness defined her figure as well, concentrated on her plush paunch and generous breasts. A broad set of hips supported her matronly frame, and thicker set of thighs further reinforced her foundation. The tanuki stretched her legs out and her arms wide, then reached out to bring Gwen closer in a hug.

The definition of a short-stack, Gwen was dwarfed by Jason in nearly every way. Her compact frame barely rose half her partner's height, only surpassing that mark when her ears were included. Despite that, she matched the tanuki in width. The swell of her hips rivaled Jason's matronly flair, but the mouse's soft belly only appeared larger because of her smaller frame. Her only assets that surpassed her partner's did so by a wide margin. The mouse's chest strained every top in her wardrobe, and the one keeping her mostly modest in that moment was no exception. That shirt's stretched-wide window eagerly showed off her grey-furred

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cleavage, which ran deep enough to spread any appreciative gazes between them.

Gwen wiggled across the soft grass and deeper into her partner's hug, relishing the contact between them. The warmth of Jason's fluff felt pleasant against the relative cool of the night, inviting the mouse to shut her eyes and savor the moment. The rodent did precisely that, until a soft gasp from Jason tugged at her attention. She turned and brushed her chin across the tanuki's shoulder, then followed her gaze back up to the sky above. Curiosity crept into her thoughts as she pondered the source of Jason's interest, until she saw it. Like a golden thread stretched across the sky, a tiny meteor burned a path to the horizon. Apparently encouraged by that first brave asteroid, several more followed, and the sky glowed with their stellar streaks. The light-show captivated them both, until a dull thump at Gwen's side snagged her attention.

The mouse turned and expected to find someone standing nearby, but spotted no one. Her brow furrowed until a burnt scent wrinkled her nose, spurring to look down. A breath caught in her throat when she spotted the small glowing stone, and Jason looked over in time to watch her grab it. Both beheld the astral when Gwen held it up, and both quietly marveled until the tanuki softly spoke up.

"What you got there hun?"

"I think it's one of the meteors," Gwen offered.

"I'm no expert, but I've never seen one glow like that," Jason chuckled. "It's not hot?"

Gwen blinked, that possibility never having occurred. "It isn't. Weird."

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“Weird indeed~”

The mouse grinned. “Maybe it’s a wishing stone. I’ve heard those usually glow.”

Jason smiled with her. “If it is, what are you gonna wish for?”

“If I tell you, it won’t come true~”

“I thought that only applied to birthday wishes.”

“I’m pretty sure it’s all of them.”

Jason shrugged. “In any case, I hope whatever you wish for comes true hun~”

While the tanuki split her attention between the splendor of the stone and the majesty of the star storm, Gwen pondered her wish. The mouse knew what she wanted, but thought carefully about its wording. While not likely a monkey’s-paw-type item, it was always better to avoid inviting disaster. A grin spread across the mouse’s short muzzle when she found her phrase, which she uttered under her breath.

I wish for Jason to overpower anything the universe may throw at her.

Gwen opened her eyes and turned her attention back to her wish stone, which sat lazily in her hands. Its luster and glow slowly faded while the star shower tapered off, seemingly oblivious to the mouse’s request. Sensing no change in the rock, she slipped it in her pocket and snuggled in close with her partner. If nothing else, it would make a nice memento of their evening together. The moon climbed its arc over the heavens while the night continued, long

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outlasting the meteor swarm. The company remained pleasant however, so neither Gwen nor Jason desired to leave the hillside. That sentiment only changed when the chill of the evening became the cold of night, when cuddling no longer kept them comfortably warm. With no small reluctance, the pair pried themselves from that gentle hillside and returned to the parking lot.

The pair shared an embrace at the edge of the pavement, then parted ways. Gwen waddled toward her car at one end of the lot, and Jason strode to hers at the opposite side. She paused for a moment and waited for Gwen's engine to start, then gave her a wave when she drove by. The mouse lingered at the exit however, waiting to ensure Jason didn't have any trouble getting home. Warmth spread her through the tanuki's chest with that gesture, though frustration overtake it. A stuck door soured her mood, and her attempts to pull it loose only fueled her annoyance. Jason briefly lamented that such a minor issue could tarnish such an evening, then decided try one more time to open it.

The tanuki set her grip on the door's handle, drew in a breath, then tugged on it once more. The latch clicked loose in her grip, though the car remained firmly shut. In a last ditch effort, she gathered her strength, set her feet, then pulled with all her strength. Power and energy surged through her arms, swelling her muscles with potency. Whatever jammed the door only lasted an instant against her second wind, and the panel flew open. Jason stumbled back, only just preserving her balance, then gave a huff and a grin. Pride swelled in her chest when she realized there wasn't anything she couldn't do when she put her mind to it. That trial overcome, the tanuki slipped into the driver's seat and made her way home, only mildly irritated by the tightness of her seatbelt.

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Gwen reclined back in her seat, surveyed the burgers before her, then fetched her phone. An internal battle waged within the mouse, torn between starting on her lunch without Jason or waiting until the tanuki arrived. She weighed the pros and cons of potentially waiting for the food to get cold, then shrugged them off and took a sip from her drink. Starting early would be remarkably rude, and waiting a few more minutes wouldn't hurt anything. The mouse fished her phone from her pocket and began browsing social media, searching for something to pass the time. Fortunately, she didn't have to wait long.

The entrance of the restaurant opened, and the atmosphere shifted. All eyes turned toward Jason, and everyone beheld the majesty of her approach. Wrapped in silken sheets, she threw open those double doors like a goddess, then strode in as the center of attention. Each step forward popped her hips from side to side, sweeping the entire walkway in a single sway. The broad swell of her fattened belly bounced against her thighs with the rhythm of her motion, bouncing her generous chest in the process. The goddess of a tanuki threatened to break free of her top with every jiggle, though it thankfully preserved her modesty until she reached Gwen's table. A broad grin spread across her muzzle as she pushed a pair of chairs together, which creaked in unison when she sat down.

Stunned silence sat over the table and between the pair, until Jason's stomach let loose a needy grumble. The tanuki's eyes sparkled as she reached for her burger, and she savored Gwen's expression as she claimed half of it in a single bite. She chewed and swallowed with equal ease, and the only thing that delayed her second chomp was Gwen's question.

"Are you feeling alright Jason," she marveled. "You seem... different somehow."

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"Oh, you mean this?" The tanuki leaned back in her seat and patted the broad expanse of her belly, sending soft ripples across it. "I might have put on a little weight. My refrigerator broke down and I had to eat everything before it could go bad."

Gwen blushed. "You don't have a small fridge."

"Oh, it was nothing," she boasted. "If you want to see something actually impressive, check this out."

As quickly as she sat down, Jason stood from her seat and sauntered to the counter. While not as impressive as her entrance, her approach still drew gazes. Gwen in particular couldn't take her eyes off the tanuki, enamored by the enhancements to both her body and personality. The mouse's gaze remained locked onto Jason's matronly rear while she ordered, following the subtle, playful sway of her tail all the while. She noted how flustered the clerk seemed when they dashed back to the kitchen, and her expression mirrored Jason's when they returned with a full platter of burgers. She distantly wondered who that massive order belonged to, but any desire to talk Jason out of her claim dissolved with each pop of her hips on the return trip.

Gwen found herself squeezing her thighs together by the time Jason sat back down, and her muzzle warmed in anticipation of her display. Before the mouse could question what she had in mind, the tanuki made good on her desires. With a confident smirk, Jason dismantled her burgers and reassembled them as a single beefy tower. It rose higher and higher with every passing second, until the tanuki exhausted her building materials. A creation that put the Tower of Pisa to shame, Jason struggled to wrap her hands around it. Gwen watched with growing awe and anticipation as she lifted that unruly stack to her muzzle, and her eyes widened while Jason wrapped her lips around it.

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For just a moment, it seemed the tanuki bit off more than she could chew. Jason opened her muzzle as wide as her jaw allowed, only to come up short of the burgers' width. The patrons joined in watching as she lifted toward the ceiling and tipped her head back, coming just short of dropping it into her waiting maw. Gwen started to stand and intervene, until the consequences of her wish rooted her in place. It was a subtle sign, a gentle pulse of magic nearly lost in the fluff of her fur, but its effect was substantial. Jason's chairs creaked with her growing mass, and the table rocked with the impact of her knees. Her flowing garment grew less so, clinging to her additional size. That wave of expansion ended as quickly as it began, though it eliminated the problem at the tanuki's lips.

Their gazes locked, and Jason gave a teasing wink before wrapping her tongue around her tower of burgers.

Gwen's breath caught in her throat when Jason took that first swallow, and she internally swooned when that super burger sank passed her lips. Faint gulps sounded out across the table while she made quick work of her entire meal, though the mouse's ears caught every single one. The tanuki made the act appear effortless, and after climbing passed its top bun, closed her teeth with a click and a grin. One final gulp sent the last of the stack to her belly, and an indulgent sigh tumbled out in its wake. Jason's belly peeked from the folds of her custom robes as that meal settled into place, but it wasn't long before it rumbled for more.

Jason shot Gwen another grin as she reached across the table and plucked the comparatively tiny burger from its plate, and when the mouse nodded in agreement, tossed it into her mouth as one would a piece of candy. That too she swallowed with remarkable ease, a gesture that spurred the mouse's curiosity. She couldn't help but ponder the extent of her wish's effects, and that train of

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thought left her speechless for several seconds. Jason merely smirked and read the question in her eyes.

"You don't think that's the best I can do, do you?"

Gwen snapped free from her thoughts. "What do you mean," she asked, a blush betraying her false ignorance.

"No, I get it," Jason chuckled. "I agree, even. I think I can do better too."

The mouse blushed fiercely. "Do you want to see what you can do?"

"I do."

"Good. I want to help."

Jason tipped her head toward the counter, and Gwen carried out the implicit command. The mouse navigated the tables and other eaters, narrowly avoiding them with her hips, then let Jason's demands be known to the kitchen. It took several repetitions and the flash of a particularly powerful credit card to get them to listen and accept the order. Once they did, however, a clamor arose in the kitchen, and a steady stream of food poured forth. Gwen gathered every dish and side she could onto the broadest platter she could find, then toted the first round to her partner. The scents and sounds of the working kitchen alone were enough to stoke the tanuki's appetite, and the sight of the burgers made her mouth water. Before the paralysis of choice could set in, the wish-enhanced tanuki went for it all.

Gwen watched with thinly veiled arousal as Jason lifted the broad plate to her lips and tipped it up, sending a cascade of greasy sandwiches and hot fries to her waiting maw. To the mouse's shock, Jason caught most of them in her mouth. A few stray sides bounced

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off her cheeks and tumbled down her bed-sheet tunic, but the vast majority spread her jaws wide. She shot Gwen a wink and brought her lips together, a motion that forced a few bites over the back of her tongue. A soft swallow sounded out when she cleared her throat, followed by a heavy gulp when her attention turned to the rest of her course. A mixture juicy meats and fresh vegetables mashed between her teeth, blending together in a single mass that dropped into her stomach.

Jason let loose a satisfied sigh that lulled her tongue free, and her belly joined in with a gurgle of its own. Before the tanuki could pat her middle and tease her partner, that stuffed dome rumbled and contracted against her figure. Her belly and rear ballooned out in proportion, laden with flab that was just seconds ago raw calories. Jason stifled a belch into her fist, and with a glance toward Gwen, demanded more. The mouse was more than happy to oblige. She scurried toward the counter, her chest threatening to bounce free of her top, then fetched the two platters filled in her absence. She carried them over her head with unexpected skill, not spilling a single fry before dropping it before her partner. For all her nimbleness, Gwen only just avoided Jason's greedy grab.

Like the platter before it, the tanuki hoisted it to her lips and tipped her head back. Ravenous swallows rang out through the building with every open-mouthed swallow, and each sent a procession of sandwiches to her stomach. The rich brown fur of her belly peeked through her dress as it stretched the fabric thin, and it soon spread the strips apart. Doughy rolls squished and squeezed through those widening gaps, rapidly compromising Jason's modesty. The distinct pops of breaking threads mixed in with her gluttonous gulps by the second platter, a string of noises that drew further attention to the feasting woman.

Many of the restaurant's patrons turned just in time to watch Gwen return with another pair of platters, which swiftly made their

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way to Jason's insatiable gullet. The act of cleaning those platters only grew easier with practice, and before long she hardly needed to swallow. The tanuki simply relaxed the muscles of her throat, allowing whole burgers and sides alike to tumble over the back of her tongue. While her gorging accelerated, her body raced to find places to distribute those thousands of calories, and the majority of them settled on her rear.

The caramel globes of her ass swelled with the same gluttonous speed of her belly, eclipsing the base of her tail and testing the limits of her seats. The stretched cloth of her bed-sheet wrap pulled tight around those plush curves, pinching their shape as they gradually crept up those mountains. Once in motion, it only took a few seconds for the fabric to crest those curves entirely, dropping them free with an enticing wobble. Jason wiggled her hips in response, a motion that earned the desperate protests of her chairs. The metallic creaks and groans of their bowing legs joined the chorus of her feast, a melody that culminated in a thunderous boom.

Silence followed in the wake of that foundation-shaking thud, interrupted only by finishing gulps of the fourth platter. A plastic clatter rang out when Jason cleaned its contents and allowed it to drop to the floor. She clapped her belly proudly, then winked at Gwen. The only thing that stopped the mouse from rushing to fetch more food was the kitchen's lack of supply. There wasn't a scrap of food left behind the counter thanks to that gluttonous tanuki, who by then certainly looked the part. The bed sheets that comprised her outfit struggled to keep her modest, wrapped tightly around only key areas of her figure. Even then, anyone there could make a very convincing argument for public indecency.

The stretched sheet hugged Jason's chest tightly, lifting and squeezing her bountiful chest nearly into her chin. Ripped tatters followed the curves of her form beneath her breasts, highlighting the

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contours of her upper belly. Its lower roll hung softly and freely, exposed fully to the eyes of watching patrons. That doughy ridge was more than heavy enough to part her tree-trunk thighs, and chilly tile embraced its underside. The tanuki's plush gut spread well passed her knees and nearly eclipsed her feet, leaving very little of her legs exposed. Jason's colossal ass sprawled behind her in counter-balancing contrast, covering the roll of her tail and shifting her center of mass back. Had she the strength to stand, remaining upright might have been easier than it looked. A smug grin spread across her muzzle while she took stock of herself, and it persisted when she turned to Gwen.

"Lunch was fun," she winked. "I should probably get going though. If there's no food here, and if you plan on joining me, there's not much of a reason to stick around."

While the mouse agreed with that point, she wasn't exactly sure how the tanuki could do that. Fortunately, the force driving her growth knew precisely what to do.

Jason rolled to the side, sloshing her rolls back and forth until she planted a palm on the tile. A soft grunt of effort tumbled from her muzzle when she tried to right herself, a sound that grew in volume the longer she continued. It didn't take long for her stamina to reach its limit, and when it did, she nearly fell onto her side. Gwen approached to help the tumbled tanuki, but a distinct ripple across Jason's form gave her pause. Energy charged the air, and once it built enough to raise the fur on the back of the mouse's neck, it snapped and surged into Jason. Instantly, the rest of her failing garb tore and fluttered to the ground. Tables and chairs scraped across the floor as Jason's arms and legs flooded forth, spreading across the eating area in an instant. The rest of her followed swiftly, but to Gwen's mixed surprise and disappointment, the tanuki's plush rolls didn't fully adjust to her new stature.

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Several times the size of Gwen and everyone else present, Jason found it difficult to even sit up in the enclosed space. Her tail lashed across the windows of the front and swept away furniture and patrons alike, harmlessly casting them from her path as she rolled over. Still quite generous for her size, the tanuki's breasts squished out and filled the lower edge of her vision while she crawled to the door, somewhat hopeful of leaving without bringing down the building. When the width of her chubby cheeks more than filled the double doors, she abandoned that effort. A quick glance about the cafe ensured there was no one in immediate danger, and she braced her hand against the ceiling. She pressed the limit of her strength against the structure's steel and concrete, and when it wasn't enough, another surge of growth ensured it would be.

Sunlight poured into the building as Jason separated the roof from walls and supports, lifting it away with a slow arc of her arm. Stone cracked metal squealed as it fell away, leaving a cloud of grey dust in its wake. The tanuki stifled a cough into the crux of her elbow, signaling another challenge for her growth to overcome. Her shadow stretched across the block as she rose into the sky, casting an outline of her curves on the streets and buildings below. Traffic around her feet ground to a halt, some awed by the buxom sight, others intimidated by her scale. The overhang of her belly sheltered the ruins of the restaurant, immersing Gwen and others in her figure. Were the tanuki a story shorter, they might have ended up trapped under its flabby mass.

Those not immediately under her were far more fixated on her breasts, however. The pair of globes hung from her chest with a fair amount of perk, despite their doughy weight. The upper roll of her belly supported them well, at the cost of eclipsing her lower roll in her vision. A significant blind spot reached out from her toes and extended hundreds of feet beyond, ever so slightly diminishing her confidence while she walked. That uncertainty faded swiftly, however. There was nothing in the town that posed any real threat

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to her heels, and anyone in potential danger had more than enough warning to clear from her path. With that in mind, she strode toward the glittering skyscrapers of downtown. That returned confidence turned to smugness with her approach however, leading to a wonderful, indulgent idea to enter her thoughts.

Everyone should have the pleasure of gazing upon her godly figure, and the fact they didn't was a crime.

In that instant, something changed. Gwen sensed it, the city's residents sensed it, and even Jason sensed it to a degree. The clouds in the sky dissolved and tensions built in the air, a buildup of magic not experienced for thousands of years. It built and swelled, gathering weight and power and gradually oppressing the town with its presence. Just before it became unbearable however, it snapped and released its effect. Gwen held her breath as it cleared, expecting a rushing wall of tanuki that would sweep the city, but it never came. In fact, the mouse had to watch intently to spot its effect at all. She squinted her eyes and measured Jason against the buildings she passed, until Gwen knew it was reality and not a trick of the mind. Instead of a single, grand pulse of growth, her partner increased in size with every second that passed.

A broad, indulgent grin spread across Jason's face while she stomped and wobbled through the city. She either didn't register or didn't care about the constant inches added to her figure, wholly focused on the gazes that watched her divine strut. Without a shred of shame, she flaunted her figure in the reflective high-rises and basked in her own radiance. Her broad, motherly hips brushed every building she passed and left dents in her wake when she chose to pop them. The soft apron of her belly bounced against her thighs with every step, bringing the earth to tremor each time she touched the ground. Jason's impeccable grin dimpled her muzzle-swallow cheeks, ensuring her expression was always soft, literally

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or figuratively. What drew the most attention, however, was her chest.

Catching the eyes of male and female furs alike, those twin domes remained the crown jewel of her figure. For better or worse, only half of the buildings' occupants got to see them, but those that did found the sight more than worth it. The width of Jason's hips soon forced her to turn sideways, and still she only just squeezed between buildings. Structural steel and plated glass creaked and crackled with the pressure of her flab, her belly bringing far more than her chest. The plush cheeks of her rear countered the pressure, threatening to wedge her in place even though it offered the residents at her back a view to envy. Gwen realized the massive tanuki was growing out as well as up when she became stuck in place, pressed between a pair of towering windowed walls.

For better or worse, the force fueling her growth saw her immobility as yet another challenge to overcome. Either fueled by the admiration of her onlookers or simply recharged from its last expenditure, cosmic magic poured into her frame. Jason's plush curves shivered and wobbled with its addition, bringing a blush to her muzzle as her figure and flab surged upward and outward. An onslaught of soft fur and flab sent the buildings at the tanuki's front and back before she towered above them. The fluffy mane of her hair pierced the clear sky as she became the defining feature of the city's skyline, and the earth rumbled as it struggled to support her climbing mass.

Jason's tail swept at her back with pride, throwing off plumes of air that would become windstorms when they hit the ground. The soft blues and white of the upper atmosphere gave way to creeping black as she shot upwards, and the turbulence surrounding her figure defined the weather along the way. While the town had shrank into the shadow of her feet minutes ago, Jason marveled as the rest of the world followed suit. She watched the mountains that

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defined national borders vanish under the blind spot of her chest, and it wasn't too long before the horizon itself went with it.

Pinpoints of light dotted the stark darkness of space, though most of those distant stars remained dominated by the sun. The tanuki's grin refreshed when she realized that wouldn't be the case forever. That notion led to another and she distantly wondered just how large she'd grow, until a soft bump on her head derailed that train of thought. A cloud of dust billowed into the darkness as that gentle touch unleashed cataclysmic consequences, cracking the Moon in two. Jason shrugged to herself, then lifted her feet from the deforming planet to take its place, serving as a new moon until she outgrew the position. The earth slowly accrued a new ring while she attempted to mate the halves of the moon back together, until her hands and fingers outgrew its delicate size. By then, Jason had lost track of the earth entirely, and she simply cast the broken orb aside.

The solar system shrank deeper and deeper into the tanuki's pelt, shrinking away from her perceptions while her growth carried her to greater and greater sizes. It wasn't long before the glitter of far-off stars littered her pelt, lending her interstellar curves a truly divine quality. Beyond mortal perceptions, Jason opted to bask in the appreciative gazes of whatever gods might be out there. She wasn't sure if there were any others like her, nor could she perceive any changes to her growth. Seemingly at the limit of her bounty, the tanuki relished her position at the center of the universe. A warm blend of pride and arousal gathered in her chest as she increasingly filled that place, gradually displacing galaxies with her plush mass.

Time lost its meaning for Jason, and the infinite scale of the universe laid bare before her. The minute swirls of stars that comprised galaxies gave way to clusters, vast groups of them assembled by the dance of intermingling gravities. The curve of the tanuki's breasts interrupted their cosmic rhythm, stretching those

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silk-thin strands across her bosom. There wasn't anything in the known universe that could hope to cover her belly however, rendering the points of light as jewels lost in her fur. The substance of reality flowed toward truly titanic tanuki as her own gravity dominated everything beyond her reach, altering the course of the universe's growth. It's expansion slowed, and under Jason's heavy influence, it began to contract.

That effect ran away rapidly. Jason opened her maw wide and gleefully devoured everything that sank into it, an experience substantially similar to eating cotton candy. Though her meal was mostly empty space, she enjoyed it nonetheless. What didn't find its way to the vast, cosmic canyon of her maw became lost in the valleys of her figure instead. Entire star systems populated the folds of her figure, little more than sparkling dust against the expanse of her frame. The fringes of her perception warped and blurred as the border of reality closed in, confusing her senses with something not meant to be seen. Still, the tanuki paid it little mind, still fixated on not only becoming the center of the universe, but becoming the universe itself.

Strange, static tingles raced across her pelt as that inter-dimensional boarder clung to her frame, wrapping her in the fabric of reality. Like every garment before it, That cosmic weave struggled to contain her curves, and following in the footsteps of those before it, that dress rent with a mighty tear. Jason blinked as those shimmering tatters dissolved into nothingness, leaving her in a void. It wasn't an abyss of perfect light or darkness as she expected, however. It was one of light tan, and its walls rushed in to greet her as her growth continued. For the briefest of instants, Jason sank into the plush fur that lined the edge or reality, lost in fluff the same way planets and stars fell into hers. She rapidly outgrew that comparison, however.

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Jason wasn't sure how long it took for her fattened curves to press and squish against those unexpected walls, but it felt quick to the tanuki. Her growth continued and carried her from the valley of that tan fluff, pressing her flab against its floor and walls until her mass forced her free. By then, the apparent owner of the fluff took notice. The plush crevice of Jason's entry point stirred, shifting and grinding against the globes of Jason's chest. A blush filled her fattened cheeks at the thought of earning that being's notice, and pride quickly replaced it. Her own breasts squished against that cleavage as she swelled forth, rapidly gaining size and mass. The haze of distance dissipated as Jason's perception expanded with her, until she met the gaze of the lioness at the end of the universe.

For a moment the pair simply beheld each other, one shocked to learned of the other's existence, the other surprised to have company. In the space of that encounter, Jason filled and swelled into what little space surrounded the lioness. Sunnet blushed as Jason's rounded cheeks pressed against hers, placing the pair side-by-side. The tanuki planted a kiss on Sunnet's snout as she rotated around, squishing her front to her new companion's. Their chests squished together in an embrace that literally swallowed universes, and Jason's belly dominated the lioness's lower body. A smug grin spread across the tanuki's muzzle as she prepared to overtake her new friend in size, though that moment never came.

Instead, Jason's growth inspired a similar change in Sunnet's figure. The lioness had a stock of magic all her own, and it seemed intent on keeping her the largest being in existence. Her bountiful chest battled against Jason's, and the quartet of globes filled every available mote of space. Their cleavages squished up against their chins and down across their bellies, further compressing those plush rolls. The flab of Jason's arms embraced the curves of Sunnet's figure when she grabbed the sides of her muzzle, and a heated blush warmed the lioness's cheeks when they kissed once more. In the back of her mind, the tanuki hoped their dueling

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tongues would fray Sunnet's concentration and derail her growth, but she had no such luck. Embracing the cosmic lioness proved to be its own reward, however.

Locked in both a sultry embrace and heated growth race, the pair hardly noticed their dwindling space. The walls of that strange dimension mashed against the swells of their bodies, flattening fattened curves against unseen barriers. Those boundless proved much more resilient than the ones that defined their old universe, however. Firm and unyielding, they pressed the pair together with insentience deepening their embrace. Fortunately, by the time their growing forms robbed them of mobility, there was nowhere else either of them would rather be.

Vic's Galleries

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are
a few places to find it

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>

<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>

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