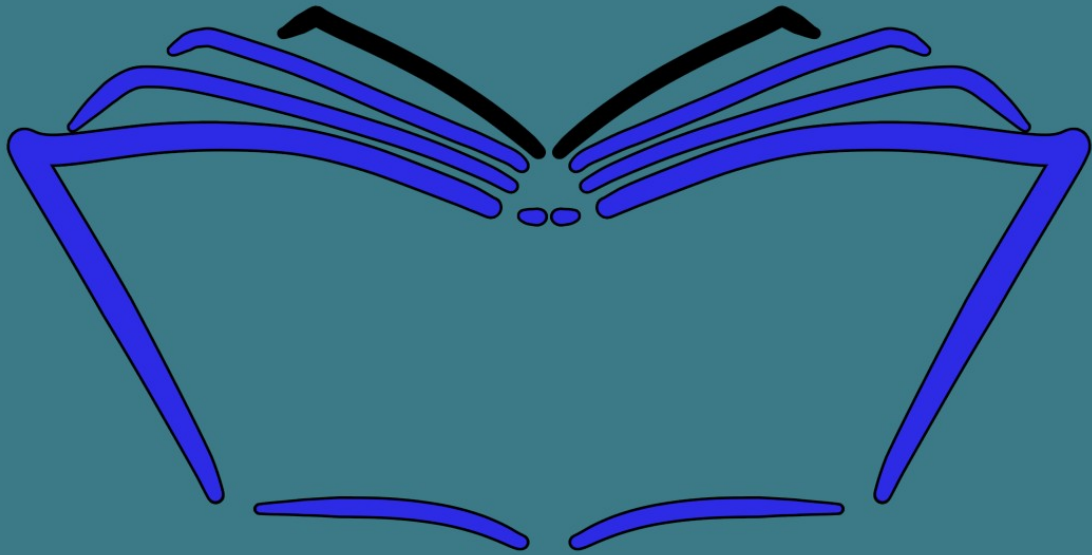


Too Small



A Novella
for Mature Readers

Victor Waite

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A Gift for Smallergod
Jenny Belongs to Smallergod
Vic Belongs to Victor Waite

A lunar expedition! Jenny and Vic's adventures take them to the surface of the moon, where they meet a band of small, strange rabbit folk. The pair do not measure up to the loporrit's expectations of stature however. The short lapines figure out a solution to this problem, and the adventurers find themselves caught in a battle between two warring chefs. What impact will this conflict have on their figures?

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Mature** readers and the following tags apply: Gift, Novella, Mature, (Smallergod), [Jenny], [Vic], Mouse, Cowsune, Female, FFXIV, Rule 34, Loporrit, Feeding, Force Feeding, Stuffing, Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunction, Contest, Weigh-in, Food Addiction, Immobile

The landscape gleamed under the unfiltered sun, a silvery expanse of flat crater basins and rocky ridges. Stars glittered high above in the perfectly dark expanse, interrupted only by the circling stones of a planetary ring. Beyond those ivory asteroids rested the blue marble of the planet below. Its oceans covered the surface in static beauty, distance concealing the distinctions and distractions of a populous world. Among those pools, cool ice caps blended into green expanses, broken up by tan deserts and lush forests alike. The cities and roads that connected them couldn't hope to show against such complete splendor, lending the globe a tranquility that belied the disaster befalling it. From the vantage point of the moon, there was no change or chaos. All was static, and all was tranquil.

Until a beam of light pierced the bare heavens.

Glowing motes danced around that luminous pillar as it grew, swelling from a crack in space to a towering doorway. A figure coalesced in its center, a comparatively dark shadow that grew in size and density. The silhouette of rounded ears sharpened atop a tall frame, giving form to the mouse as she arrived. Colors filled her outline as she emerged from the teleporter, and after a few steps, Jenny stepped onto the silent landscape. Clad in the garb of summoner and with book at her side, the rodent took another step into the unknown. Her soft form bounced with that motion, and a hand fell to her wide hip while she drank in the sights. Her other palm drifted to the curve of her belly, where it so often wandered

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since joining forces with her partner. That black mage's presence had taken quite the toll on her figure, but as long as it had no impact on her prowess over primals, that change brought little concern.

As if responding to those idle thoughts, the pillar of light surged forth once more. It reached high into the heavens and plucked her comrade from the aether, drawing her growing shadow onto the platform as well. Where Jenny was only slightly passed chubby, Vic was much farther into fatness. The soft rolls of her belly seemed to form first, supported by the broad swell of her hips. Colors once more gathered on those retreating shadows as she stepped forward, taking just a few more than her partner to reach the edge. When she arrived, the cowsune nearly fell from the gate. Unprepared for the platform's edge, she took a harsh step forward and only just spared herself a fall. That sharp motion sent a ripple across Vic's plush frame, setting belts and pouches alike jingling against each other. Jenny tried and failed to stifle a giggle while she recovered, and a blush blazed in Vic's muzzle while she brushed herself off.

Standing side by side, the pair basked in the beauty of the alien world. Far in the distance, both spotted creatures that bare a vague resemblance to those of their home. Walking cacti of an unfamiliar hue wandered the lunar basin, bringing both to question their origin. It didn't take too long for their thoughts to diverge from there.

"I wonder if they do the thousand needles thing too," Jenny mused under her breath.

"Maybe," Vic offered. "I'm more interested in what they taste like."

"You would be," Jenny teased. She reached out and brushed her fingers along Vic's side, tracing the cowsune's belly and love handles. "But for good reason. I'm sure you could whip up something delicious with them."

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A subtle shiver ran down the cowsune's back with that teasing touch, but she made no effort to step away. "Mmm, they might be crunchy water too," Vic mused. "But that flower on their head looks more workable. Might be a good spice."

Jenny's own appetite stirred at that thought. "Shall we go find out~?"

"Maybe a bit later. I think we have more important things to address right now."

Jenny's gaze followed her partner's, where her eyes widened. "I'm inclined to agree."

Across a particularly large crater smoldered the wreckage of an ancient vessel of distinct design. While neither Jenny nor Vic had ever seen a ship exactly like it, its ancient nature shined through its design. Polished metal covered the entire twisted structure, inlaid with complex channels and grooves. Intact, it might have resembled a comet. A rounded structure sat at the head of the crash site, and the rend behind was filled with fins and panels. Still-smoking engines sputtered at its far edge, filling the otherwise clear sky with wisps of smoke. Vic's curiosity stirred at its sight, but self-preservation kept her from taking a single step closer. Upon closer inspection, Jenny took on that sentiment as well. Whatever pilots and crew that arrived with the wreck were long dead, but the robots the managed the craft still lived. Fearsome automatons roamed the surrounding area, eliminating any desire of closer examination.

Before Vic could ponder that lost craft's mission too deeply, Jenny pulled her attention to something much more interesting.

Peeking just other the edge of a particularly tall ridge was the top of a tower. Constructed from rich teals and gleaming golds, it

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resembled nothing Jenny or Vic had seen in their travels. When they climbed to a slightly higher vantage point, its full scale became clear. The colorful pillar rose high above the silvery landscape, and unlike the wrecked ship, it appeared to be well maintained. Time had failed to touch the curious structure. Its polished stone shined with the fruit of constant maintenance, suggesting its occupants or caretakers still lived. The ivory smokestacks that flanked its side further bolstered that possibility, then sealed it entirely. Puffs of steam rose from their spires shortly after, supplying the black sky with its only clouds. Curiosity gripped the couple and rendered them silent, until Jenny eventually spoke up.

“Think we should check it out?”

“Maybe,” Vic offered. “Probably? Its much more inviting than our other option at least.”

“I can’t say I’m interested in phantom spacemen either,” Jenny admitted. “Do you think its some kind of factory?”

“Who would go through all the effort of building that here?”

“The people that live here?”

“I find it hard to believe anyone lives here,” Vic stated. “There’s nothing to eat but sunlight and rocks.”

“There are literally living rocks back home and plants eat sunlight all the time.”

“Do plants build factories?”

“They could if they wanted to. Probably.”

“What would they build?”

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Jenny sighed and playfully slapped Vic's belly. "I don't know, plant tools? Why don't we go find out?"

The cowsune grinned. "You think they'd let us do that? Give tours to randos?"

"Actually, we've been expecting you," A third voice added.

Jenny and Vic froze. They turned toward each other, to confirm that they hadn't simply succumb to moon madness and imagined the voice. When it became clear both heard it, they set their attention to its apparent source. Just behind and between them, standing no taller than their waists, waited a diminutive bunny. He was humanoid in form, though his lapine nature defined the rest of his features. The bunny's little nose twitched while he examined Jenny and Vic with equal interest, drinking their features in through large, expressive eyes. His tall ears pivoted and followed the couple's shock, catching every whispered comment that would have otherwise stayed beneath their breaths. The bunny looked on with delighted expectation, then spoke up when it took them too long to process the sight.

"You two act like you've never seen a loporrit before."

"We... haven't," Vic admitted.

"We didn't think there was anything living on the moon at all honestly," Jenny added.

"Well, there is a thing living on the moon. Several of them even." The bunny paused to look Jenny and Vic up and down once more. "But you two aren't supposed to be. Not yet anyway."

"What does that mean?"

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The bunny placed a tiny paw on his chin and considered his next words carefully. After a few seconds, he dropped it to his side and shook his head. "I think it will be much easier for all of us if I just show you. Come with me."

Before Jenny or Vic could get another word out, the loporrit spun on his heel and marched off. The mouse and cowsune hesitated for a moment, more out of confusion than concern, then shared a shrug. They caught up to their surprise guide in a few steps and followed him across the lunar surface.

Whether a factor of reduced gravity or a consequences of excitement, the trip did not take long. The loporrit guided Jenny and Vic between rocks and across fissures, concealing them from the local wildlife along the way. The fauna left them unbothered as a result, but the same could not be said of the landscape. While the vast plains inside and between craters were kind, the ridges and cracks between them were not. The ivory stone rose as sheer walls in key places along their path, forcing the trio to squeeze between at least two narrow gaps. Jenny managed them only slightly better than Vic, who needed help wiggling free on both occasions. Still, despite a few scuffs and scratches to their clothing, the trio soon arrived at a towering gate embedded in a cliff face. The tower that piqued Jenny and Vic's interest rose high above them, luring them across the threshold with interest and intrigue.

The ground rumbled with mechanical might, and the gap between the doors grew wide. The loporrit was the first to step through, with Jenny and Vic following close behind. Within, a cavern of space greeted them. The domed ceiling rose far above their heads, creating a room seemingly more vast than the space outside. Colossal stone arches kept the structure from collapsing, and at apex of the half-globe hovered a luminescent sphere. The warmth of its light reached every corner of the vast atrium, bringing

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an element of familiarity to the alien building. Jenny and Vic followed their guide deeper into the chamber, and its true scale revealed itself when they reached the edge of their walkway.

A yawning pit opened before them, reaching farther down than the ceiling above stretched. A number of round houses dotted its floor, and from those huts emerged an army of loporrits. Jenny and Vic watched with intrigue while they poured into streets far too large for their stature. In the back of her mind, Jenny wondered why such small creatures would build such over-sized infrastructure, though they bunnies don't give her long to ponder that thought. More spilled onto their balcony from a towering gate at their back while those below raced up stairs, swiftly surrounding the portly pair. A hint of unease caught in the air between Jenny and Vic. While the loporrits were friendly, the pair couldn't help but notice how thoroughly surrounded they are. Silence filled the chamber while the rabbits measured up their guests, until one of them broke the dam with a question.

"Is it just the two of you," one of them asked. "Are you all that's left?"

Before Jenny or Vic could correct that assumption, another voice spoke up. "Of course not," another rabbit hissed. "We know of at least ten of them."

Two more voices rose to confirm and rebut that statement, and chaos erupted. Speculations and accusations alike flew among the crowd. Shouts and yells rose higher and louder as the loporrits competed for control of the conversation, eager to hear the truth from the adventurers themselves. While Vic struggled to parse single questions from the din, Jenny simply tuned it out in favor of waiting. The spirited mess of a hundred arguments drew the attention of any loporrits not already present, compounding the problem until the entire moon rang with their yells. Just as quickly

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as it began, however, the discussion parted and a single question slipped through the lull.

“Hey, aren’t they supposed to be bigger?”

The silence that followed rang all the sharper for the arguing it followed. Unlike that first question, however, this one united them.

“Huh. I think you’re right.”

Before dialog degraded and history repeated, the loporrits managed to converge on a cause for Jenny and Vic’s lacking size. One of them produced a book, an ancient thing with notes scrawled all through its margins, and consulted a page of particular interest. It pertained to the nutrition and nourishment of the planet’s people and stuck to mostly broad details, but it provided all the information they needed. When people don’t eat, they get smaller and weaker. When they eat more than they need, they get bigger and stronger. The book keeper brought this knowledge forth with great enthusiasm, shouting over the mixed murmurs until all eyes fell upon him. His nose twitched at becoming the center of attention and his ears blazed with nervousness, but he stated his point.

“I believe that our guests are so small because they have not yet eaten enough,” explained. “It’s quite the journey from the planet to here, and I posit that they simply didn’t prepare for it as extensively as they should have.”

Before Jenny could refute that possibly or Vic could jokingly agree, another interrupted.

“Yes! That makes perfect sense!”

“This must be rectified immediately!”

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“Someone alert the kitchen.”

“I already know!”

“We already know.”

With that, a pair of loporrits stepped forward from the crowd. Tall chef hats adorned their heads instead of their typical head wraps, and aprons covered their fronts. Patches of flour and spatters of juices decorated those garments, announcing their profession in case their food-flavored scents wasn't enough. Delectable aromas lingered in their wake as they walked to the head of the crowd, drawing less than subtle rumbles from Jenny and Vic's bellies. Their resolve to refute the misunderstanding wavered, and the diminutive bunnies capitalized on the couple's obvious appetites.

“It's worse than we thought, I'm afraid,” the rounder of the two murmured.

“It is indeed,” the leaner of the pair agreed. “They're starving to such a degree they don't even realize it.”

“The course is certain,” they announced in unison. “We must supply a feast this instant! A hefty helping of my special recipes!”

Their shared moment split, and the bunnies glared at each other.

“Your special recipes,” the chubby loporrit spat. “Your dishes taste of rotten rubber and spoiled soil! Mine is the superior work!”

“Hardly,” the leaner countered. “The last time someone ate your ‘food’ they couldn't move for days!”

“And they loved every second of it!”

“What!?”

“Enough!” The loporrit leader stamped his foot and flexed his authority. “We settle this with a contest. Pick a guest to feed, I don’t care who picks who, and whoever makes their guest the biggest is the better cook.”

Silence rang in the wake of that proclamation. Neither Jenny nor Vic saw reason to deny a massive, free meal. Neither chef could deny the chance to claim superiority. Once in agreement, they all agreed to the terms.

With that, a whirlwind of action swept through the gathered crowd. Those with duties in the kitchen dashed off to make preparations, while those without dispersed. A small few lingered to watch the challenge live and bring extra assistance, mostly out of curiosity regarding Jenny and Vic. The adventurers themselves were more than eager to oblige. The chefs grabbed their wrists and lead them deeper into the cavern, spurring them to walk along with only the slightest tug. Vic wiggled her eyebrows at Jenny, and the mouse’s paunchy stomach gave an eager rumble in reply. That sound drove the loporrits along even faster, worried their guests might wither away before they even make it to the feast. Fortunately, that would not be the case. Jenny and Vic ran with them by the time they reached that warm and fragrant room, though when they actually got there, the pair stopped in their tracks.

Given their lapine company, perhaps they should have expected the vast piles of carrots that awaited them.

Carrots of every size and color filled the store rooms, organized by flavor and intent. Some were designed to be morning meals, while others served as snacks through the day. A few were packed with juices, oriented toward hydration, yet more were packed with

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calories. Honed with hundreds of years of experimenting and refining, the loporrits created a carrot for every conceivable occasion. From this boon sprung a divide, however. Driven toward such perfection, the very nature and intention of food became yet another experiment. The lean and chubby bunnies mirrored this dichotomy, and their rivalry hinted at the intensity their competition reached. The leader's attitude toward them suggested they had been at a deadlock for ages. Both of these details rose to the forefront of Jenny and Vic's perception as the feuding bunnies dragged them to their cooking stations.

As a strange twist of fate or a simple act of comedy, the competing chefs worked at stations opposite of one another. Free to hurl insults and jabs at each other day in and day out, they stoked each other to a fever pitch. A fraction of that fire came out as they tugged Jenny and Vic into place, far more concerned with concluding their war than showcasing hospitality. Worry faintly furrowed Jenny's brow with that enthused handling, though Vic appeared far from concerned. Her stomach rumbled with anticipation and proved her eagerness to participate in their play. The portly bunny sat the cowsune's broad ass down in a chair far too large, setting the flab of her belly in enticing motion. Jenny's misgivings faded in the presence of her partner's eagerness, and she sat down on the leaner loporrit's side. With their subjects settled, the chefs exchanged venomous stares and began their work.

Until their first plates arrived, the adventurers watched their hosts work. A comic mismatch of proportions, the loporrits toiled with tools designed to serve creatures far larger than themselves. The chubby bunny worked a small mixing bowl crooked in his arm, spurring the same tool at a much larger scale to mimic his motions. The leaner of the pair similarly puppeted a colossal knife, carving slices from the largest carrot any of them had ever seen. Jenny's stomach joined Vic's in its grumblings while the pair labored, filling

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the air with the fresh scents of delectable food. Given the scale of their tools, it didn't take long for equally large dishes to fill. The first platter clattered to the table at Vic's end, a hearty bowl of steaming carrot stew. The vegetable itself carried a brilliant orange hue, while its broth stained the dish with a rich purple. Its scent enticed like nothing else, and only a pointed glare from its rotund creator stayed the cowsune's spoon.

In time with Vic's yield, another dish clicked and bounced across the table. It bore a hearty carrot roast and carried it to Jenny's side, where it introduced a decidedly more bland aroma. Jenny eyed the dish with palpable disappointment. She harbored no doubt of its competence, it was clearly cooked through and expertly prepared, though no other compliments sprang to mind. Her mouth watered out of habit more than anything else, and the platters that followed failed to change that. Still, the anticipation of tasting something new kept her seated just as effectively as the demanding bunnies. A growing hungry gnawed at her middle while more and more plates piled up, though Vic's side of the table held her attention much more readily.

Plates and platters and dishes and bowls littered the broad table, gradually eclipsing its wooden surface with porcelain arcs. Roasts and steams and broths and stews dominated Jenny's side of the table, promising hearty meals that could fill to the brim. Pastries and jams and creams and cakes decorated Vic's end of the feast, a spectacle of sights and scents that watered her mouth. A pang of jealousy welled in Jenny's chest while the discrepancies between their courses grew more stark, planting the idea she got the wrong end of the bargain. Her question to trade sides sparked in her eye before it crossed her lips, where the leaner of the loporrits nipped it in the bud with a glare. The fact a cuddly creature could muster such a glare unsettled the summoner on its own, and she dropped her gaze before the look had its full impact. Despite that small interruption, the growing meal swelled until overflowed from

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the table. Carts pulled up along its side to rectify that issue, and the cooking only stopped when there was nothing left to cook.

Their multi-course labors complete, the two chefs approached the table. They stood at its center on opposite sides, and despite the bitterness between them, made their points without conflict.

“Adventurers,” the chubby loporrit began. “Thank you for settling this once and for all for us.”

“Yes, once we’re done here, the better chef will be recognized.”

“Let us be clear, this is not a contest of skill, but philosophies.”

“I think the best food provides the best nutrition,” the leaner loporrit stated. “Food is meant to nourish the body, and that is the metric by which meals should be measured.”

“Nonsense,” his pudgy counterpart shrieked. “Food is meant to be delicious! If it cannot be stomached, then what is the point?”

The toned lapine drew in a breath and held his tongue. “None of our colleagues have been any help with this, so we turn to you two.”

Once more, their passions brought them to unison. “You will settle this for us, once and for all!”

With that vaguely threatening command, the pair dug into their respective feasts. Jenny took a fork and knife in her hands and attacked the food with ravenous hunger, slicing off bite after bite. Vic did much the same for her part, skewering mouthfuls on her forks and stuffing her mouth with whatever stuck. The dueling loporrits watched with rapt attention all the while, scouring the adventurers’ expressions for any and all critiques. For the first minutes, they only found gluttony and hunger. From their interpretation, the pair were starved to such a state they would eat

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anything. In truth, Jenny and Vic could eat just about anything for the pleasure of eating. Gorging filled them with equal parts bliss and food, ensuring the opening plates flowed freely across the table. The kitchen back to life and replaced what the couple devoured, adding a flavor of endurance to the trial before them.

Several plates and platters passed to and from the table before either Jenny or Vic flagged, but the mouse's pace was the first to break. He slowing was subtle at first, an extra chew here and there, though it snowballed rapidly into lagging behind. The lean loporrit's brow furrowed in consideration while he watched her waning stamina, creating a foothold for insecurity to take root. A smug look from his chubby rival certainly didn't help his state of state of mind either. Panic flashed across his eyes for the briefest of instants, then resolved into action. He barked an order to his staff to keep the ovens running and leapt onto the table. The leaner lapine claimed a large fork and channeled his inner dragoon, flying to the largest plate on the table, prongs forward. Juices splattered across several smaller courses with his successful hit. The ensuing gleam in his eye spurred Jenny back into eating, but his intentions were already action.

The loporrit's lunged with literally jaw-dropping speed, creating an opportunity for the small rabbit's strike. His fork found home, wedging that titanic carrot deep into Jenny's open muzzle. Surprise stopped her swallows for a split second, before reflex and habit kicked back in. The lean loporrit grinned with glee while Jenny chewed and gulped, reclaiming a pace comparable with Vic's. The over-eager chef didn't allow her a chance to maintain it on her own. Before she finished off that massive mouthful, the leaner loporrit prepared another. Presenting another carrot with the gusto of an accomplished spear-fisher, he overfilled the mouse's muzzle with abundant delight. Jenny gulped and swallowed in a strained effort to keep up, a choice that quickly bore consequences for her figure.

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What the lean loporrit's meals lacked in flavor, they made up for in density. Each bite packed the mouse's stomach a little tighter, and even with its vast, gluttonous experience, it struggled to keep up. Where typical food melted in minutes, the lean loporrit's meals offered staunch resistance. Even through her plush rolls of flab, the growing swell of her stomach pushed through. Its tight curve battled with the fabric of her top and pulled it up from her waist, exposing the soft fluff beneath. A blush warmed Jenny's cheeks as her wardrobe compromised, revealing the fruits of her habitual hunger. It reached the edge of the table a few short minutes afterward, a boulder of a curve that stood starkly against her softness. A marinated carrot caught in her gullet when she finally reached capacity, but the crazed cook made it clear her meal was far from over. He muffled her protests with another mouthful, and while she drove her jaw to act, she turned her gaze to Vic.

The cowsune moaned and groaned with shameless delight, eagerly devouring everything before her. She crammed her cheeks to the bulging brim before straining to bring her jaws together, driving gluttonous skills to their absolute limit. The muscles of her mouth overpowered the delicious treats, enclosing them over her tongue. A small part of her wished to hold the morsels there and savor their potent flavors, but once roused, her appetite was not easily sated. Vic coiled her tongue around the massive mouthful and drew it to the top of her throat, where she worked it down into her eager depths. Every audible gulp plunged it deeper down her flabby neck, building a bulge that sank toward her breasts. It soon disappeared behind those swells entirely, and an indulgent gasp announced its drop into her stomach. The cowsune spared only a moment to indulge the roll of her middle with an affectionate pat. Her hunger spurred her back into motion, and she abandoned the neatness of her knife and fork in favor of the speed of her bare hands.

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The chubby loporrit shouted and cheered, encouraging the gluttonous spectacle before them. Hardly needing that boost, Vic shed her manners entirely. She plucked decorated carrots by the fistful and crammed them into her muzzle, stuffing them across her tongue with frantic swiftness. The cowsune dropped her jaw wide in an attempt to catch any stray crumbs, determined to devour every single calorie. It only took a few more bites for her hunger to outstrip that safety measure, however. Slowly at first, flecks of frosting and droplets of sauce rained down on the cowsune's cleavage. They stood starkly against the dark fur of her front, and they grew more numerous as her stomach swelled with her feast. Its firm curve spread upward and outward with those claimed calories, much like Jenny's, but that similarity didn't last long.

Vic's belly let loose a beastly rumble and its arc slowly sank back into her form. Her stomach churned and growled, boiling away her meals with even more ease than usual. The rest of her frame softened in turn, subtly adding to her already generous figure. Amid her feasting and gorging rose the sounds of that effect. Low creaks and squeaks issued from her chair with every motion. The tight noise of straining threads slipped into the air. Even the table offered its starting protests, brought forth by Vic leaning across it. Completely lost in her gastric and gluttonous paradise, she didn't notice the jealous eye of her lover or the scornful glare of the leaner loporrit. The cowsune only hoped her meal would never end, and she continued stuffing herself to that end. Plates piled at her sides as she tore through course after course, carving towers of ceramic only to have them taken away and replenished. The kitchens continued to blaze while the rivalry between chefs flared higher and higher, and soon reached a boiling point.

Despite the lean loporrit's intervention, no clear winner pulled forward. Vic and Jenny continued to eat, with or without assistance. That didn't stop the feuding bunnies from trying to determine a victor, however.

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“Well, I think we both know who wins this contest,” the chubby lopporrit sang. “Look how she eats! Bottomless enthusiasm!”

He gestured to Vic, who took the chance to unleash a shameless belch.

“You fool,” his leaner counterpart screeched. “My champion still eats too!”

Whether agreements or disputes, Jenny’s words stopped at the carrot forced into her mouth.

“Maybe I haven’t won yet,” the toned chef conceded, but I haven’t lost either!”

“Oh, but you have,” the chubby rabbit countered. “What use is food that cannot be eaten?”

“And what use is food with no staying power!?” The thinner chef gestured to Vic. “She has eaten just as much as my champion, and yet she starves! Your food is but dust in an abyss, she could eat for ages and never be sated or satisfied.”

“But look how she’s grown!” The portly lopporrit grabbed Vic’s love handle and jiggled it, sending ripples through her fattening form. “You can’t deny that my carrots are nourishing.”

“Then by the same measure you can’t refute my meals’ value.” He dug his paws under the boulder of Jenny’s stuffed middle and hefted it up, earning a belch from the stuffed mouse. “She’s gotten just as big as her partner.”

“Perhaps, perhaps, but my point still stands. She hasn’t got there on her own. You’ve been forced to feed her your food to get her there.”

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“The manner in which the meals are served has never been part of our debate,” the lean chef spat. “You’re trying to move the goalpost because you’re about to lose.”

The rounder rabbit started to refute that point, but stopped his tongue before he simply fanned the flames of dispute. “You know what, fine. They’re both still eating, so the competition continues. We’ll make the call when they’re each done eating. Whoever weighs the most at the end wins. Deal?”

The toned chef scrutinized his opponent for a long while and considered the refined terms. When he found no fault in them, he nodded. “Deal.”

A temporary harmony took root between the two loporrits, but the same could not be said for their champions. A pang of dread hit in Jenny’s chest, renewed by the prospect of an extended force feeding. That feeling only strengthened when the diminutive rabbit climbed up her side and stood on her chest, adding his weight to the tight pressure in her middle. She voiced her concerns, attempted to argue that she’d had more than enough food to form an opinion, but the chef heard none of it. The nuance of her case fell flat against the steamed carrot shoved into her mouth. The cooked veggie kept coming until her cheeks brimmed with its vitamins, then kept going a little passed that. It filled the cavern of her mouth completely and inched over the back of her tongue, and the shock of its entry broke her concentration. She swallowed on reflex, an ineffective act that did little to bring that mouthful deeper. The dread in her chest burrowed deeper when that blockage remained in place, until the panic in her eyes caught the loporrit’s attention.

Instead of dislodge the serving, however, the enthusiastic chef attempted to overcome Jenny’s limitation.

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He reached up to her neck and gingerly rubbed her double chin, relaxing the muscle behind it. With his other hand the lean chef pressed the carrot deeper into her gullet, applying a light but unrelenting pressure. The mouse's expression relaxed under his ministrations, and her jaw stretched wider as it inched backwards. Her teeth grazed its widest point as she crested that challenge, a trail that repeated itself at the top of her throat. The bulge of that course swelled forth, visible even behind her double chin, and the attentive bunny followed the carrot's curve until it disappeared behind her plush chest. Jenny let loose a ragged sigh when it cleared her airway, and the fuzz on the edge of her perception retreated with that refreshing breath. Her neck smoldered with the soreness of a taxing stretch, a sensation the loporrit's experienced paw-work diffused. That respite only lasted seconds, however. The leaner rabbit reached out with his spear of a fork and skewered another course, and Jenny couldn't stop her lips from parting in its presence.

Pressure built in her belly as that swallow settled into place. Jenny's appetite waned as nausea welled in its place, a bodily protest that her brain ignored. Embers of arousal kindled between her thighs when the chef ushered in the next course, straining her jaw even farther apart. Still, the mouse conquered that trial more swiftly than the first. That following stretch came with greater ease after that warm-up, allowing her to bask in the chef's attention. Once more he pressed a marinated vegetable into her muzzle, where it slid to the back of her tongue without resistance. A submissive blush bloomed in her cheeks as he guided it passed the point of no return, where the reflexive motions of her gullet dragged it down. Jenny's gulps sounded out one after the other, brought passed their typical effectiveness by the lean loporrit's rubs. She squirmed in her chair as that lump stretched her inner passages, twisting discomfort and pleasure into one.

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While Jenny's gorging continued at the lean loporrit's pace, Vic appeared to keep control of her speed. That detail only ran surface deep, however. Where Jenny feasted at the lean chef's whim, her cowsune counterpart bent to her food's desire. Vic tore into course after course with bare hands, stuffing her muzzle as fast as her muscles allowed. Even that proved too slow for the empty desserts eventually. Acting on her most basic instincts, Vic moved to pluck plates and platters from the table and upend them over her muzzle. She filled her cheeks with their tempting contents and swallowed with reckless abandon, stuffing her stomach with hundreds of calories. Despite that speed, her hunger never waned. The merits of flavor faded in her mad rush to devour, defeating her patron chef's argument at a conceptual level.

The chubby chef either didn't notice or didn't care about that detail, however.

He lounged at the side of the table and cheered the cowsune on, feeding into her ravenous hunger. Whether it was Vic's desire to impress or simply a product of her gluttony, she gladly complied. The cowsune raced against the fleeting presence of her meals, eliminating the process of chewing to keep up. She relaxed the muscles of her throat with practiced ease, sending courses to the cauldron of her belly whole and intact. Their subtle lumps and bumps gradually showed through her abundant flab, but making a mark on her middle proved a to be a losing battle. Those morsels quickly melted against those churning walls, sinking into a sugary pool that in turn dissolved into flab. Still, for a moment, the cowsune managed to out-step her own body. The firming swell of her stomach closed the gap between herself and the table as it filled, further compromising her garments. Vic's top couldn't hope to cover her stomach by the time it bumped the table's edge, revealing dark fur and yielding to crumbs of food.

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Despite her best efforts, the stuffed boulder of her stomach softened in the presence of her metabolism. The calories gleaned from her conquered plates buried those soft bumps in more flab, effectively concealing that tight dome. Vic's swelling rolls further tested her garments as well, straining against those fabric barriers. Her soft shoulders rose against her top like bread against string, and her love handles billowed out beneath its hem. The cowsune's waist band tore in the shadow of her rolls, and her thighs strained the seams of her bottoms. Even her boots struggled to contain her calves, filling their leather to an uncomfortable degree. Comparisons to over-packed sausages sprang to the minds of her peers, but for better or worse, did not pass their lips. Side bets passed between the kitchen workers on when exactly Vic's clothing would give way, but for the moment, it held firm. The same could not be said for the feast's spread.

Trapped between two experienced gluttons, the grand meal itself lost steam. With the help of the lean loporrit, Jenny cleared her half of the banquet just ahead of her lover. Lethargy took root in her form, settling in her belly and radiating out to the rest of her muscles. The mouse's strength withered in the presence of her over-stuffed middle, demanding all the strength in her body to churn down her manifold courses. The bloated rodent claimed a mote of progress with every groan and churn, but the meals within staunchly resisted her efforts. Still, what little volume she managed to break down carried hundreds of calories. Her frame languidly swelled with that processed nutrition, though not nearly fast enough to match Vic's growth. The packed boulder of her stomach stood starkly against her softening rolls, the opposite of her lover's situation.

Vic's stomach rumbled with bottomless need, a hollow sound that paled in comparison to Jenny's grumbles and groans. Despite conquering course after course, each of comparable size to her partner's, that gluttonous pit cried out for more. The cowsune echoed that sentiment with a pitiful whine, apparently oblivious to

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her bountiful figure. Her robes clung to the rolls of her frame for a few, fleeting final seconds before tearing free, fluttering to the floor in a pile of ragged tatters. The cowsune's flab spilled out once free of containment, rushing over her lap and cascading over her thighs. The fatty globes of her ass swallowed the back of her chair and tail alike, eclipsing them in soft warmth. Had her chair not been built for someone several times her size, it would have certainly collapsed. Instead, it merely creaked and groaned beneath her, slight sounds lost under her demanding greed. Vic's momentum dissipated and she slumped back into herself, a gestured mirrored by Jenny as exhaustion claimed the last of her strength.

Once stopped, neither could find the fortitude to start again. Even if the loporrits replenished the feast, no force in the universe could set them in motion again. Jenny's eyes fluttered and her hands drifted to her middle, where she teetered on the edge of sleep. Only the lean loporrit's prodding kept her from sleep's embrace. Vic, for her part, relinquished her ability to reach the table. The vast, doughy roll of her stomach trapped her in her seat. The twin swells of her breasts crowded her chin and smooshed against cheeks each time she attempted to lean forward. The weight of her arms pinned them to her sides, compounding gravity's hold. By all measures, the feast was finished. The bickering bunnies berated their champions for giving in so soon, but when it became clear their words held no power, they accepted the meal's conclusion.

The chefs' arguments quelled, and judgment began. The qualitative measures came first, and the rival bunnies descended on the pair. The leaner of the two leapt onto Jenny's belly, earning a weak whine for the mouse. Her eyes fluttered closer to sleep while the loporrit explored the firm globe of her middle, checking its weight and consistency. As expected. The food packed within resisted his fingers, refusing to give even an inch. His delicate paws spread wide and traced down her side, where the sphere of her stomach met the curves of her love handles. The transition was

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smooth but obvious, and stretched hide gave way to plush pelt. He continued his path to the underside of Jenny's belly, where he brought his hands together and gathered his strength.

The might behind those muscles surged forth as that globe rose, though he only lifted the weight of her gluttony a few inches. His arms trembled with exertion until that heavy mass fell, and its landing rippled across Jenny's form. Those tremors dissipated quickly across her relatively thin flab. The lean chef surveyed her thighs next, which slowly thickened with the dissolving mass in her middle. He watched with interest as those threads pulled tight and gaps opened in her seams, creating a slow-motion case of her counterpart across the table. In the back of his mind, the chef wondered how long it would take her to reach such a state, but that detail had little bearing on their contest. The lean loporrit pushed that thought from his mind and continued his inspection.

Jenny's modest chest seemed all the smaller perched atop her stomach. The majority of her processed calories flowed elsewhere on her form, leaving her top somewhat intact. That apparent protection didn't extend to her arms, however. The thick fabric of her robe pulled tight across her upper arm, constricting the roll of fat that filled it to capacity. The mouse's softness eclipsed its hems and pulled them short, allowing her lower arm to wobble freely. Whether from overpowering weight or sapping lethargy, she lacked the energy to do little else with those limbs. The most she mustered was an idle rub to her pinning middle, a sensation that only deepened her desire to nap. The lean chef grinned and noted those findings, then set his sights on the most important metric. He looped a set of straps under her chair and hooked them to a mount in the ceiling, preparing Jenny for the final weigh-in.

At the same time, the chubby chef took measure of his work. He approached Vic with a leisurely pace and drank in that fattened sight. Where a single, firm curve defined Jenny's figure, several

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smaller arcs formed Vic's silhouette. Not unlike a pile of pancakes, she wobbled and jiggled in her seat, vainly reaching toward the empty table. Fattened cheeks and stacked chins obscured her face, and they jiggled with constant mumbles for more food. Her eyes remained glossed over in a food-addicted trance, her mind sharpened to a single, gastric point. Both the rounded chef and her onlookers wondered if the cowsune's mind would eventually recover, but for better or worse, that detail held no bearing on the contest. Size and weight were the metrics that mattered, and the loporrit set a foot on Vic's flab to climb up and take notes.

The chef's paws sank deep into the cowsune's rolls as he climbed up her calves and settled on her thighs. He placed a paw on the roll of her belly for balance along the way, only taking broad notes as he wandered. Numbers and figures were nice in an argument, but results more than spoke for themselves. The portly bunny peeked around Vic's love-handles and eyeballed the size of her hips, broad flares that were only surpassed by the globes of her ass. From the front, Vic hid her chair completely, the only sign of its existence a set of folds in her back rolls. Satisfied with his finds, the hefty loporrit climbed higher up Vic's frame. The doughy swell of her stomach provided many hand-holds and provided an easy climb, delivering the chef to her bountiful cleavage. His cheeks warmed with the scale of that sight, but his mission kept his mind focused.

From that new vantage, the chubby chef took in the features of Vic's over-stuffed expression. Deep folds underscored her chin and rounded cheeks crowded her face, though she still spoke clearly. Chants and incantations flowed under her breath, charging the air with a power she lacked the focus to realize. Quiet begs to restart the feast broke her concentration every few seconds, and those interruptions swung between pleading and demanding. The chef received no response when he waved a hand in front of her face, though that closeness brought another detail to light. The cowsune's breath smelled of sweets and treats, a pleasant surprise

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compared to the expected aroma. The loporrit chef made a note of that on the off chance he needed a tie-breaker, then slid back down his subject's form. Content with the scope of his efforts, he prepared a scale and wedged it under Vic's chair.

A mutually smug look passed between the two chefs as they backed away from the table. Their supporting workers powered the pair of scales on, and the digital displays flickered to life. Mixed cheers rang through the kitchen when both chefs claimed victory, a sound that erupted into bickering at the potential at stolen victory. Their screams and shouts grew louder and louder while each struggled to overpower the other, and a chorus of protests arose as their staff joined in. Empowered by numbers, the supporting loporrits soon won out, cowing the furious cooks into paying attention. When they each finally looked at the other's scale, their expressions dropped. The numbers were not exactly the same, they were too close to call. Jenny's weight fluctuated as she shifted her hips, bouncing her above and below Vic's figure. A shameless belch from the cowsune similarly fudged her result, sending the contest into a stalemate.

Their argument rekindled with grasps to justify their victory, until a harsh voice cut through the din. Silence fell in the kitchen, and all but two pairs of eyes turned to the loporrit leader.

"You both lose," he boomed. "Neither of your courses solved the problem!"

"Nonsense," the chubby loporrit disputed. "Use your eyes! They're much bigger than when they arrived with us. Heck, we might not be able to get them back out."

"It's true." The lean loporrit added. "I have the measurements to back that up. My subject, at least, is several times larger than when they arrived."

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“That I can’t deny, but their proportions are all out of sort. Look!” The leader produced a sketch from his guidebook, a basic rendition of the ancient figure. “Their proportions were fine when they got here, we just needed them scaled up.”

The two chefs looked to one another. Neither could deflect such a direct statement of their shared mistake. After a moment of silent exchange, they shrugged. “Mistakes happen,” the lean loporrit dismissed.

“It’s true. There was nothing anyone could have done to avoid this.”

Jenny let gave a vaguely protesting groan, which the group promptly ignored.

“I suppose you’re right,” the leader admitted. “But lets make sure this doesn’t happen to anyone else, hmm? Perhaps both of you can consult our visitors here to figure out what the food down there is actually like.”

“That’s not the worst idea actually,” the lean loporrit mused.

“I’m going to get to the bottom of it first,” the chubby chef teased.

“Like hell you are,” his lean counterpart screeched.

The leader sighed and rubbed the bridge of his tiny nose, then offered an apologetic look to the pair of adventurers. “Maybe I should have kept that idea to myself, but it seems the damage is done. I hope you two learn to like their cooking, because you’ve got a lot of it ahead of you.”

Had Vic the wherewithal to process that parting statement, she would have been elated. Her stomach seemed to understand at

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least, and it issued a needy, eager gurgle as the kitchens flared back to life. Jenny, however, squirmed in her seat with a maelstrom of conflicted emotions. A small part of her lamented the end of her adventuring career, or at the very least its lengthy delay. Despite that, another part of the mouse looked forward to sharing the new experience with her partner. Still, the largest part of her relished her new role. Reduced to something between a food disposal and taste tester, she retained no choice in what she ate nor how much of it. Her stomach gurgled weakly while it continued to churn around the devoured feast, slowly whittling it away in preparation for the next servings. Jenny's thighs squished together with the realization she stood no chance of processing it all, meaning her next stuffing would be all the more intense for it.

She couldn't stop the moan that tumbled from her muzzle.

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>

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