



Thick Chocolate

Illustrated by SmallerGod
Written by Vic Waite

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A Gift for SmallerGod
Jenny Belongs to SmallerGod
Vic Belongs to Vic Waite

For most couples, chocolate is an integral part of any Valentine's Day. Jenny and Vic are no different, though this year, Vic has mixed in a little magic. It's true that any chocolate makes you fat, but especially true for the lovers' dessert.

Content Warning: This Short Story is intended for **Mature** readers and the following tags apply: Short Story, Mature, Gift, (SmallerGod), Fat, Teasing, Weight Gain, Magic, Feederism, Wardrobe Malfunction, Furniture Destruction, Immobile, Illustrated

Thick Chocolate



Art by Smallergod

Tranquil darkness fell over the house. With the setting sun, the warm light of day faded from its windows, paving the way for the night's cool embrace. Those natural rays yielded to the streetlights of the side walk, softly illuminating the frost that gathered on the building's glass panes. The soft hum of a heater rose to prominence with that change, driving the chill from the living room and bedroom alike. Despite all the device's effort, there was no one home to appreciate it. The house's residents had joined most of the small

town in celebrating embracing that February day of romance, though not in exactly the same way. Where most couples cashed in on reservations made months in advance, Jenny and Vic fulfilled much more relaxed goals. Instead of the high-end restaurants of downtown, the couple found themselves drawn to a simple buffet. The food was quality of course, even shameless gluttons had standards, but the quantity remained the primary draw.

That fact became apparent as the pair returned home. The strained squeak of an overworked suspension sounded through the neighborhood as they stepped from Vic's car, a sharp sound that announced their return to all. Soft huffs and pants followed while the pair waddled to the front door, a series of sounds answered by the creak of bending planks. Despite those protests, their porch bore their weight well. The same could not be said for their door frame, however. Light spilled into their humble home with the opening of the door, casting a pair of shadows that couldn't hope to fit in that illuminated column. Vic yielded and motioned for Jenny to enter, a feat easier said than done. Her middle bloated with thousands of calories, the kitsune struggled to fit through. Her love handles caught the frame's edges when she tried to walk straight on, and the taught swell of her belly blocked her when turned sideways. Still, a little help from Vic saw her through, and she returned the favor from the other side.

The front door swung shut in their wake, filling the house with a soft boom. Creaking floorboards sounded in the following silence, marking the pair's path across the living room. Soft murmurs and gentle teases flowed between them, fueled by the colossal dinner that rounded their middles. Vic tugged at Jenny's tight dress between their steps, reveling in the features the garment fitted so closely. Jenny slipped a finger into the neck of her lover's dress, tugging it down the cowsune's expansive cleavage. The dark grey fur of her breasts contrasted well against the gentle purple of her outfit, a hue that also went well with Jenny's markings. Despite the

short trip to their couch, the pair's lumbering pace gave them ample time for teasing, and it was a miracle they were still clothed by the time they sat down. Their couch strained and groaned under their combined weight, and despite the trial of their fattened figures, the piece of furniture held.

A relieved sigh passed both of their muzzles, and they slipped into their lazy, nightly routine. With a flick of her wrist, Jenny turned on the lights and TV, while Vic sent her attention elsewhere. By the time the kitsune noticed her partner's distraction, they had produced a large box of chocolates. She puzzled for a moment over where the cowsune hid such a bulky prize, but Vic didn't give her long to ponder that question. The enticing scent of sweets wafted into the air when they lifted the lid away, revealing a spread of delectable chocolates. Even at a glance, Jenny sensed the magic that clung to the treats, though her wife's grinning muzzle gave that away on its own.

"I hope you're ready for some dessert," Vic teased.

Jenny leaned back in her seat, pressing her pronounced belly forward. She traced over its barely-contained curve with her fingertips, drawing a soft moan from her muzzle. "I'm not so sure," she huffed with a wink. "I'm pretty full and I might need some help making room."

Without another word, Vic reached over and placed a palm on that doughy dome. Her fingers sat atop its stuffed swell, supported by Jenny's overfilled stomach. The cowsune offered a gentle squeeze, then rubbed her partner's belly through that straining dress. "Hun, we both know you're bottomless~ But I'm more than happy to help anyway." Vic leaned over and kissed Jenny's cheek, then turned her attention back to the chocolates.

The cowsune made a show of furrowing her brow and humming in concentration, then finally plucked a treat from the abundant spread. She held it up to the light, taking in the caramel-stuffed chocolate, then brought it to Jenny's muzzle. A burble rose from the kitsune's belly as it passed by her nose, a clear indication of her unsatisfied gluttony. A faint blush tinted her cheeks as she opened her muzzle, and Vic eagerly placed that delight on the red carpet of her tongue. A soft groan of approval resonated in Jenny's chest at its flavor, and with her approval known, bit into it. A rush of sugary sweetness flooded her tongue, sending sways of approvals through her tails. An audible gulp sent it to the filled cauldron of her belly, a trip punctuated by a soft sigh. Her hands drifted back to her belly, where she gave an affectionate pat.

Vic's eyes followed her touch, and Jenny couldn't help but notice her lover's traveling gaze. The corners of her mouth turned up in a grin as she gave her stomach another pat, sending a subtle wave across her flab. That ripple turned to a tremor, and confusion crossed Jenny's brow when it didn't stop. A stifled belch rushed up from her stomach, and in that same instant her dress tightened. Delight and satisfaction twinkled in Vic's eyes, more than bright enough to draw a knowing, curious look from the kitsune. After an empty beat, the cowsune explained.

"They're weight gain chocolates," she offered. "Each one adds a couple pounds, usually between one and ten. It's a game."

"I should have known you had something like this planned," Jenny grinned.

"You know me well," Vic grinned.

Jenny shuffled closer to her side. "So who 'wins' and who 'loses'?"

“Depends on how you play~ Sometimes the winner puts on the most weight, sometimes they put on the least.”

“Well, I think we know what rule set we’ll be using,” the kitsune winked.

With that, she reached across Vic’s middle and plucked her own treat from the box. A delicate little candy with shredded coconut across its top, it seemed like the perfect option for her wife. Vic eyed the candy with returning hunger and watched Jenny bring it closer, an agonizingly slow gesture that nearly had her drooling. At the last second the kitsune lunged in, pressing the candy between Vic’s surprised lips. Her fingertips followed, and a deep moan of satisfaction rumbled in the cowsune’s chest. She stole several slurps of Jenny’s fingers before she withdrew, adding another layer of flavor to the enchanted dessert. Vic spent only a moment to savor its flavor, then gulped it down with the same gusto as her lover. Jenny watched that subtle bulge drop down her throat and vanish behind the hybrid’s considerable chest, and they both waited for its effects to kick in.

Fortunately, that candy acted just as quickly as its counterpart. The instant it reached Vic’s stuffed belly, a quiver fluttered across her middle and a rumble thundered from within. The swell of her gut pressed tighter against her strained dress, though not quite as much as expected. Toward the lighter end of the effects, the cowsune gained only a fraction of an inch on her waistline. Still, it was enough to tax the seams of her dress and open up gaps along them. Little tufts of grey fur peaked out from those openings, no doubt a trickle that preluded a flood. It was Jenny’s turn to admire the results of their game, and she wasted no time indulging. Her thighs squished together as she leaned in to Vic’s side, giving her full access to that expansive belly. The blunted tips of her claws enhanced her indulgent rubbing, even through the straining fabric of Vic’s dress, reducing the cowsune to a purring mess in short order.

Despite that indulgent trance, Vic found the presence of mind to continue their dessert. While Jenny was leaned in close, she reached into the box and plucked another treat and rolled it between her fingers. The kitsune briefly spied a number embossed on its underside, but couldn't make it out before Vic reached for her muzzle. She opened wide and slurped it from her fingers, and before swallowing it down, returned the favor. The kitsune's tail curled around the both of them and guided another chocolate to Vic's snout, which she readily accepted. In the same motion, the cowsune leaned in and pressed her love handles to Jenny's squishing their growing flab together. A blush kindled in both of their cheeks as those pounds wobbled on, relishing in both the warm touch and jostling growth. Both were more than rewarding enough to keep them going, and as a result, the pair established a steady rhythm of feeding and eating.

Lost in both their mutual love and gluttony, Jenny and Vic fell headlong into their romantic dessert. Their turns dissolved into an endless stream of chocolates, less concerned for the rules of the game and more for its results. Whispers and murmurs of affection flowed between bites, confessions of love and lust in equal parts. Their actions mirrored those sentiments, each one devoting one hand to feeding while the other groped and squeezed. For her part, Jenny struggled to keep her hands away from Vic's endowed chest. Barely contained by the straps of her dress, those heavy breasts waged a war against the straining garment. Every devoured chocolate added more to the cowsune's waistline, growing the belly that pushed them up from beneath. It was only a matter of time before the edges of her nipples peeked out from that top, further drawing Jenny's attentive touches.

In the same way, Vic couldn't keep her hands off Jenny's middle. She caressed and rubbed the plush fur of that dome every chance she got, only breaking away to trace bulges down her neck. The

cow-sune reveled in those vulpine sounds of affection, soft rumbles and purrs that only spurred her to coax out more. She explored every new inch of Jenny's swelling stomach, pampering every roll and fold with love. On the occasions there was no new flab to explore, her attention fell on Jenny's belly button. Between her own bites, Vic slicked her fingers and grabbed the hem of Jenny's dress, then lifted it up high. The kitsune gave a soft gasp as she bunched it under her breasts, both surprised by the sudden motion and relieved by vanishing tightness. Once exposed, Vic swiftly slipped a pair of fingers in the crease of her navel, then bounced and played with her flab. With Jenny's stomach stuffed, there wasn't too much give, but both enjoyed it more than enough to keep going.

All the while the feeding continued. The twin groans and gurgles of their stomachs filled the air, and with that gastric chorus other sounds joined. The first was the low bass of the straining couch, creaks and groans that sounded out from beneath the feasting pair. It was the sound of straining timbers, occasionally punctuated by a worrying snap or crack. The gluttonous lovers took those noises as marks of progress however, and they only spurred the couple forward in their feasting. Much softer, but much more intimate, was the popping of threads. The pair's dresses struggled to keep up with their rampant growth. The fabric was no match for such gluttony, and it wasn't long before those first weaknesses developed into full-blown wardrobe malfunctions.

Vic's dress was the first to fail, as it took the full brunt of her breasts and belly. The tight dome of her middle stretched that lavender material tight, nearly to the point of transparency. The holes in the seams along her side widened into vast chasms, until they linked together in a wide tear. Grey-furred flab spilled from that opening gap, and the momentum of that motion only pushed the tear farther. With a loud rend, Vic's dress split down both of her sides and spilled her belly forth, where it flopped across her broad lap. That doughy expanse stretched to her knees and wobbled to a

stop, a display that gave Jenny pause. She watched Vic's rolls and love handles jostle to rest, enticed and enchanted. When she recovered, the kitsune redoubled her efforts and stuffed her lover with renewed resolve.

Not to be outdone, Vic stepped her pace up as well. The consequences of her enthusiasm quickly showed on Jenny's garment. Bunched up beneath her breasts, the kitsune's dress avoided the worst of her growth, though not all of it. Pressure built in the shadow of her chest as her rolls grew and swelled, both packing it tighter and stretching it further. Gathered more like a rope than a sheet, it endured much more straining than Vic's clothing. Ultimately, that still didn't save it. While the apron of Jenny's belly spilled passed her knees and started its slow climb down her legs, the garment finally gave. A mighty tear ripped through the living room, shredding the dress in an instant. The kitsune heaved a breath of relief when it gave, and tatters of fabric fluttered from her figure. Vic watched them fall with a mixture of awe and lust, until her lover stuffed another chocolate between her lips. Both liberated from their clothing, nothing stopped their groping from becoming more and more intimate.

The box of chocolates only survived as long as it did because of that distraction. The occupation of free hands cut its consumption in half, but even with that it's time was limited. Fortunately for that container of confections, there was another distraction on the horizon. While the pair feasted and fed and groped and squeezed, the couch beneath them protested. Those complaints grew louder with every devoured candy. The pops and snaps built in volume and frequency, rising toward the pair's snacking until it eventually overtook it. With a crack that split the living room, the couch finally gave and dropped the gluttonous pair to the floor. In the following instant, both of them reached out to save the chocolate. They saved the treats with their combined effort, though it came at the cost of any grace. Jenny and Vic dropped to the floor in an unmitigated

impact, a blow that rattled the foundation of their home. Pictures danced on the walls and dishes rattled in their cabinets, but ultimately, else dropped.

After a moment of shock, the affectionate couple found themselves seated on the wreckage of their couch. The well-worn cushions spared them from the rough, broken supports, and the backrest cradled them reasonably well. With no real reason to move, Jenny and Vic resumed their game. They wiggled apart just enough to fit the box atop the combined shelf of their love handles, then plucked its contents with intent to win the game. Whether planned by the cowsune or a simple stroke of luck, the heaviest candies had settled into the bottom of the box, and their weight gain only accelerated with that fact. There wasn't a single bite between them that added less than five pounds, threatening to push their unwillingness to get up into an inability.

Spurred on and inspired by her love's gluttony, Vic's figure swelled at an almost alarming pace. The surface of her belly constantly quivered with rumbles and gurgles from her stomach, visibly swelling and dominating her figure. Every inch claimed another sliver of her legs, burying her knees under a doughy globe of dark and light grey. Her breasts swelled with a much smaller fraction of her weight, though the rising of her middle eclipsed that effect. Still, it wasn't long before the tops of her boobs encroached on her vision. To a similar degree, her ass fattened and filled the crushed remains of the couch. The cowsune's hips ballooned with flab and counterbalanced the weight of her belly, so much so that she gained an inch of height while stilling. Vic's love handles grew in proportion, widening her frame until she challenged every doorway in the house.

Not to be outdone, Jenny eagerly ate everything Vic gave to her. Freed from the restrictive hold of her dress, the kitsune's figure swelled and softened without restraint. Beneath the flabby slope of

her middle, her thighs thickened to grand proportions. They rivaled tree trunks in thickness and spread out under their own weight, closing the gap between herself and her lover. The finer details of that growth escaped both of them however, and her middle stole the show. Whether an unexpected interaction of mixing magics or her own mundane metabolism, the vast majority of Jenny's new weight concentrated in her belly. Like a molasses avalanche, that tide of blond fur crept down Jenny's legs. Mobility escaped her as it overtook her knees, and gluttonous delight swelled in her chest while it reached down her calves. Still, she wasn't satisfied.

Out of determination to win their game or simple gluttonous need, Jenny snagged the box before it could drift too far away on the tide of their combined flab. Vic watched with open desire while she raised it to her maw and opened wide, then dumped its contents across her tongue. The kitsune had neither the time nor desire to chew. Instead she relaxed her throat and rolled her tongue, spilling the candies down her gullet. One of her tails rose to her throat and stroked those bulges as they fell behind her chest, a steady procession of gulping and swallowing that filled the living room. Given the box's compact size, far more than should have been possible fell from its walls. Regardless, Jenny ate all of it, even shaking the container to free those last little bits. Once dropped, it tumbled down the mountainside of her body with little fanfare, bouncing off somewhere behind the couple.

A small part of Vic tried to note where the enchanted box landed, though she was far more interested in the sight before her. Deep glorps and gurgles of digestion dominated the living room while she processed those chocolates, growing inches by the second. That doughy dome of a belly rolled over her calves and threatened her ankles, eventually rolling over them as well. Her feet followed, and with their burying went any hope of standing up on her own. Fortunately, that was the farthest thing from her mind. The kitsune's tails swarmed over her middle and massaged that globe of

flab, basking in her own size. She paid no mind to future consequences, and those notions fell further from her thoughts when Vic joined in that indulgence.

Slowly, encumbered by her own considerable weight, Vic started the arduous process of standing up. She rocked back and forth on the crushed couch, gradually gaining momentum until she planted a hand on the ground. The cowsuene pushed off with a grunt of effort, and every roll on her body wobbled in her rise. When she finally jiggled to rest, she nearly doubled her previous size. The rolling apron of her belly hung well passed her knees, and the swells of her breasts sloped down its upper curve. Vic's ass cast a shadow that nearly filled the couch on its own, and her thighs thickened to match. The abundant softness of her figure became all the more apparent when she leaned against Jenny's boulder of a belly, where she sank deep into that plush softness. A crass belch erupted from her muzzle with that pressure, echoed by a louder one from her lover. When its reverberations finally tapered off, the pair shared another kiss.

"Did I win or did I lose," Jenny grinned.

"Either way, I know I won," Vic replied. She stretched her arms wide and struggled to hug as much of that belly as she could, but only reached around a small fraction.

"I think I did pretty well for myself too." Jenny reached out and tried to stroke Vic's side, but struggled to reach more than her love handle.

"Love you hun."

"I love you too."

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

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a few places to find it

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

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