



Dinner Party  
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A request for Guardian541



“Almost ready to go Kitty,” Scott asked from their front door.

“Almost,” A voice called back. “I just need a few more minutes.”

The vox rolled his eyes with a look of mirth. He had gotten the exact same answer a few minutes ago. Scott leaned up against the wall of their foyer and made himself comfortable. The hybrid’s tail fell between his legs and idly swished about as he thought about the recent turn his relationship had taken. His pants grew ever so slightly tighter as he recalled the day he had come home to find that his girlfriend had suddenly gained an impressive amount of weight. His paw rubbed over his light paunch as he began to lose himself in the memories of that particular reunion. The same magic that had fattened Kaylee had affected him as well, though to a much lesser degree.

“Whatcha thinkin about,” Kaylee asked, suddenly inches from his face. By her expression, she obviously knew the answer.

The beige lynx had to stand on her toes to get that close to him, and it was quite a feat doing so without brushing up against him and ruining the effect. Kaylee was about a head and a half shorter than her hybrid boyfriend, but she was much wider than he. The enchanted pendant had done her a great service in filling her out. She had a gorgeous hourglass figure, though hers was much thicker than the stereotype. Her fat breasts pushed far out from her chest, straining any top tasked with holding them in place. A soft belly rounded out the space beneath them, adding more gentle curves to her form. The feline’s hips flared out where her middle ended, giving her quite the silhouette.

Scott startled as his train of thought derailed, and he raised an arm to scratch the back of his head as his cheeks flushed. “Just thinking about you, hun,” he offered as he pulled her into a hug. “Let’s get going.”

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It was a short but pleasant bus ride to the market square, and an even shorter walk from there to the Shinjuku Mage Shoppe. Scott held the tent’s flap open as Kaylee stepped in ahead of him. Despite being frequent customers, the little shop would never cease to amaze them. There was truly something here for everyone if they knew where to look. Every fandom and subculture imaginable was represented within its fabric walls, from gear-laced top hats to carefully crafted figurines, and everything in between.

Nick and Annie hadn’t noticed them come in yet, so they began to browse. The shop’s stock changed often enough to warrant some exploration, and they were rarely disappointed with what they found. As they wandered between shelves and racks, it became apparent that the two

workers were busy helping someone. She didn't look familiar to Kaylee or Scott, but Nick seemed to know her quite well. From the snippets of conversations the lynx and wox caught, it sounded like Nick was trying to convince Annie to hire her on as extra help. Before the pair could really get a handle on what was going on, it was over. Annie said something to their assumedly prospective employee, nodded, and walked off. About that time, the German Shepard noticed them.

"Hey guys, didn't see you come in," he greeted. "Looking for anything specific, or did you just come by to visit," he added with a grin.

"We're just lookin today," Kaylee chimed in. "I'm kinda curious about who you two were talking though..."

"Oh, her? She's a friend of mine," Nick said, tipping his head towards the skunk. "I think we could use a little more help around here, but Annie seems to think otherwise," he sighed. The canine suddenly perked up, as if struck with an idea. "You should go talk to her. I think you two have a lot in common and would probably get along."

With a smile and a nod, Kaylee took his suggestion and approached the pudgy mephit. She was about as tall as the lynx, but was just a little more heavysset. The black and white striped girl must have had about twenty pounds on her, and it looked like it had gone to her middle. The skunk was dressed in darker colors, and both her tight shirt and jeans had artistically placed rips in them. A closer look at her revealed a small stud in her lip and a pair of earrings with vaguely familiar gems set into them. Her ears twitched as the feline walked towards her, but otherwise didn't react.

"Heya!" Kaylee greeted. The striped femme paid her no mind and continued looking through Nick's collection of prop wands. The lynx slumped a little, but reasoned that the skunk thought she was talking to someone else. "Whatcha lookin for? Maybe I can help you find it," she offered. Still, no response. Kaylee gave Nick a confused look, who only had a shrug to give. "Aww, c'mon. Am I gonna have to invite you to dinner or something to get you to talk?"

Apparently, that was the case! Only at the mention of a meal did the chubby skunk react. "Sorry, I didn't realize you were talking to me," she bluffed. "I'm Claire." She spent a moment getting a good look at the equally pudgy lynx, and she seemed to linger on her ornate necklace. "Now then, what's this about dinner?"

Part of Kaylee was a bit suspicious of what it took to get a reaction from her, but she was mostly glad to be having a conversation. "I'm Kaylee, and if you're really that interested in talking over a meal, that can be arranged."

Claire's eyes lit up at the prospect. "Awesome! What night works best for you?"

"I think we have plans tonight, but how does tomorrow sound?"

“Sounds great! Mind if I bring Nick along?”

“The more the merrier!”

That was all it took. They exchanged information soon after hammering out the details, and talked a little more afterwards. Scott and Nick had overheard the discussion, and before the hybrid could leave, Scott gave him a bit of advice. “You might want to make more food than you think you need,” he chuckled. “Claire has quite the appetite.”

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A frantic din rung from the kitchen as Scott prepared a feast for their dinner guests. He wasn't sure how much was too much, but it's always better to have more than less when you're the host. While he toiled amongst stainless steel appliances, Kaylee busied herself by readying their dining room table. It was already brimming with any kind of dish one could desire, and there was still more on the way. When the lynx wasn't carefully moving plates aside to make room for more, she was setting out silverware and tidying up the room up. This wasn't exactly a special occasion, but first impressions were important nonetheless.

Just as Scott brought out the finishing touches of the multi-course meal, the doorbell rang. Kaylee was off to get it before she could be asked, and by the time the hybrid had hung his apron up, she had ushered Claire and Nick into the food-laden room.

“Glad you guys could make it! I hope there's enough,” Scott smirked.

Claire gave him a wide-eyed nod, and Nick returned the greeting. “Thanks again for inviting us. It looks great!”

Scott was about to say something, but the stereo rumbling of Kaylee and Claire's bellies interrupted him. They blushed when Scott and Nick looked over to them, but the message was well received. “You heard the ladies. Let's dig in!”

The friendly quartet sat down around the hulking fruits of Scott's afternoon of labor and began filling their plates. Very little was said as they started on the first course, hunger evidently taking priority over conversation. Kaylee and Claire finished their first helping at about the same time and shot glances at one another as they went for their second. Nick and Scott ate at a much more leisurely pace, choosing to enjoy the quality of the feast rather than the quantity.

By the time the two canines were reaching for a second serving, Kaylee and Claire were on their fourth, and their pace had slowed enough for conversation to muscle in through mouthfuls of food. Scott and Nick made light small talk about the shop and other generalities, while the females had a bit more interesting discussion going.

“I'm impressed you can keep up,” Claire poked between bites. “Didn't think there was anyone else out there who could eat like me.”

“I’ve had a little practice,” Kaylee blushed as she rubbed her filling stomach.

Claire grinned as she swallowed a biscuit whole. “You’ve still got a long way to go though.”

“Oh really? Is that a challenge,” the lynx jested. “I bet I can eat just as much, if not more than you.”

The skunk paused for a moment as a devious smile spread across her muzzle. “Prove it.”

In all honesty Kaylee hadn’t intended to spark an eating contest, but it was apparently too late to take it back. “Fine,” she said somewhat reluctantly. “Whoever stops eating first loses. Alright?”

At that point, Nick pulled Scott to the side and brought him to the kitchen. “We’re going to need more food,” the German Shepard chuckled. “I’ve seen Claire get like this before, trust me on this.”

Before they could heat the stoves back up, the lynx and skunk tore into the hardly touched pile of food. The chubby girls put entire plates away in a matter of seconds as they raced to outdo the other, hardly bothering to taste what they were putting passed their lips. Even at their rapid pace, the delicious mountain didn’t seem to diminish. More incredibly, the two found room to trash talk between bursts of stuffing.

“It doesn’t count if you get more on you than in you,” Claire chided as she devoured a steak.

Kaylee paused just long enough to shoot her an obviously fake smile before falling back into her rhythm of gorging herself.

As the contest bore on, Scott and Nick fought to replace what had been eaten. It was obvious to the canines that they couldn’t hope to match the girl’s gluttonous pace, but they could at least try to draw the duel out to a natural conclusion. The sustainability of their match was of little concern to the contestants, however. The lynx and skunk were dead set on out eating the other, regardless of the cost. Their bellies already swelled with only a fraction of the total meal, and something had to give eventually. At the moment, it looked like the first casualty would be their clothing! Kaylee’s shirt was showing signs of tearing, and the holes in Claire’s were widening.

When Kaylee and Claire had whittled the feast down to about half of its initial size, a familiar glow began to fill the room. The pendant hanging from the lynx’s neck let loose a burst of magic, wrapping her and the skunk in a brilliant aura. She gasped as a lance of pleasure shot up her spine, but her rival was able to stifle her outburst and continue eating. Already strained clothes fought to hold back the tides of their growing bodies, but it was not a struggle they could keep up for long. Kaylee thought about taking a break to remove her increasingly constrictive garments, but a glance at her opponent told her that she would have to throw the contest to do so. Unwilling to give up, she continued to go plate-to-plate with the large mephitis.

Another spine-tingling growth spurt, and their clothing was reduced to ribbons. Nick and Scott both dropped what they were doing to find what had produced the rending sound, and sighed in relief when they found their friends were still alright. They did, however, decide to stop fueling the sloppy debate in favor of enjoying the show. The females had gotten quite a bit larger since their caloric race began, mostly thanks to Kaylee's lovely trinket. They were still neck and neck in nearly every regard, from their table-encroaching bellies to the straining chairs beneath them. The mountain of a feast had been reduced to little more than an expanse of dirtied plates, and it was still anyone's game!

Finally, when only one full plate remained amongst the pillars of used dishes, all hell broke loose. Kaylee and Claire each lunged for the tiebreaker, their suddenly shifting weight splintering their seats. The table then collapsed under their combined mass, dropping them to the floor with a thud that surely shook the neighborhood. At the same time, Kaylee's necklace flashed with one final surge of enlarging magic, causing both of its recipients to cry out in mixed surprise and pleasure. When the dust and wood fragments finally settled, lynx and skunk were sprawled out across the carpet in the tremors of afterglow, still reaching for the amazingly undisturbed meal.

"I underestimated you," Claire huffed. "You can eat like the best of us."

"Thanks," Kaylee wheezed as she grasped for the untouched morsel. "That means a lot coming from you."

They shared an genuine grin, yet they didn't stop reaching for that last little scrap of food. Neither wanted to win anymore, but they were still hungry!

Seeing that they were going nowhere quickly, Scott carefully stepped through the ruins of their dining room table and divided the plate of wings evenly between them. Kaylee and Claire devoured their trophies with gusto, and a new friendship was founded.