



The sound of crinkling plastic filled the room as Genevieve tore into the packaging of a snack cake, the small desert to her light dinner. The orange vixen idly scanned her monitor as she pushed the remnants of her microwave meal aside, somewhat uncluttering her small desk and making room for her arms. Without looking away from her computer, she bit into the miniscule treat with a hum of approval. It tasted slightly different than expected, but it was by no means inedible. It could easily be mixing with the flavor of her freshly eaten meal or drink.

She ate at a modest pace, balanced between her desire to savor the sweet and sate her hunger. Within a few bites the pastry was reduced to nothing but crumbs, which she quickly brushed from her shirt. Once her top was free of the tasty debris, Genevieve looked down her front and let out a sigh. The vixen had put on quite a bit of weight recently between her diet and lifestyle, most of it settling in less than ideal places. She was without question bottom-heavy, the majority of the mass resting on her rounded belly, wide hips, and soft thighs. Her frame narrowed as it went up, leaving her with average breasts and chubby arms.

The hefty fox considered herself lucky that she didn't have to specially order clothes online, and she reaffirmed her vow to do something about her figure before she reached that point. That was a task for another day, however. It was getting late, and a long week of work had taken its toll on her. She had a well-earned weekend ahead of her, and the vixen was going to relax even if it killed her. Genevieve stifled a yawn as she powered through the last bit of the news article and shut her computer down for the night. There would be plenty of time for that tomorrow.

The chubby vixen drifted through her nightly rituals as she struggled to fight off the soft call of her bed, making sure everything was in order before she went to sleep. The front door was locked, the trash had been taken out, and the grime of the day had been washed from her soft pelt. Everything was as it should be, except for the glass of water on her night stand. Genevieve had emptied the cup multiple times during her routine and had been forced to refill it repeatedly as her persistent thirst got the better of her. She topped it off one last time before finally turning in, deciding that she would rather make the trip downstairs now rather than when she was half-asleep. She was out almost as soon as her head hit the pillow, and within moments she was lost in her dreams.

Genevieve awoke to thin fingers of sunlight breaking through her window, and immediately reached for the small table at her bedside. The vixen chugged the entire glass of water almost before she realized what she was doing and set it down with a sigh of resignation. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes as she climbed from her cozy bed, threw on some house clothes, and made a beeline for the kitchen. A yawn left her muzzle as she stretched her arms

above her head, working the stiffness from her muscles. It came as a surprise that she had gotten enough sleep to feel its effects, but here she was acting as if she hadn't spent half of the night at her water cooler.

Only as she stepped down her stairs did she notice the unfamiliar tightness in her clothing. Genevieve stopped about half way down to adjust her shirt, but no matter how much she tugged she couldn't get it to crest the swell of her belly. The vixen experienced a similar problem with her shorts as she struggled to pull them back over her partially exposed ass. After a few moments of fruitless effort and popped threads, she simply gave up and continued on her way to the refrigerator. Her garments had probably shrunk in the wash or something and she was just too tired to notice last night. The issue could be easily resolved with a trip to the mall, but she was still irritated that she would have to spend part of her day off running errands.

Fortunately for the irked vixen, she reached the kitchen without further ruining her morning. She gathered a pair of microwavable biscuit sandwiches, a few slices of bacon, and a jug of orange juice. It wasn't exactly the breakfast of champions, but it suited her tastes well enough. Genevieve poured herself a helping of the pulpy liquid, and found herself drinking it like a survivor fresh from the desert. Before the microwave could finish warming her meal, she was staring at the bottom of an empty cup, wondering what had just happened. Her mouth was incredibly dry, as if she had spent the entire night breathing with it open, but the tasty fluid seemed to do nothing for it.

The piercing ring of her favorite appliance interrupted her pondering before she could dwell on it too long, however. Genevieve sighed with irritation as her sloshy belly fell from beneath her shirt as she moved towards the source of the sound, reminding her of her need to buy a bigger set of clothes. Her look of annoyance faded as she pulled the steaming biscuits from the metal box, the scent of eggs and bacon pushing those thoughts from her mind. The vixen brought the plate back to her small nook, poured herself yet another glass of orange juice, and did her best to enjoy the most important meal of the day.

The meal was gone in a few short moments, along with more than half of her juice supply. The cleanup went just as quickly, but when it came time to return the jug to its chilled shelf, Genevieve found it easier to finish it off. There was only about a single serving left anyway, and she was still having trouble with the dryness of her mouth and throat. It occurred to her that she may be getting sick, but she felt totally fine otherwise. If she really was coming down with something, a hefty dose of vitamin C was supposed to be good for that.

With the kitchen returned to its former glory, she spent the rest of the morning relaxing in her living room and watching TV. The vixen sprawled out across the couch as she idly watched whatever "sensational" show they decided to throw on air, and took inventory of herself during the commercials. Her paws roamed over the soft expanse of her middle, reminding her of her commitment to work some of the weight off. It was too late to start this weekend though. She

already had something she needed to get done, plus it would probably take a few days for her payment to go through at the gym. Next week for sure, she told herself.

The rest of the morning passed by refreshingly slowly, though Genevieve found it difficult to truly unwind between her frequent treks for more to drink. After the fifth round to the kitchen, she caved in and brought a gallon of water to the couch. Unfortunately, increasing her supply meant she could go through it faster. The fibers of her shirt strained as she swallowed the refreshing liquid at a frightening pace, attributing the multitude of small pops to the settling of her seat. She couldn't ignore the sound of her shirt tearing from the hem up, however.

The vixen nearly dropped the empty container as her top suddenly gave way, allowing her noticeably larger belly to slosh free of its confines. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment as she watched her gut wobble for a few seconds before coming to rest, thankful no one was there to see her wardrobe malfunction. Genevieve's paws explored the soft, unbound fur of her middle as she puzzled over what could possibly be going on. She knew of nothing that could be remotely capable of inspiring such a condition, and she honestly wasn't sure of where to even start looking for answers.

She realized that her bloating hadn't been limited to just her middle as her paws drifted lower, letting out a huff of resignation when her new shape became apparent. The vixen's thighs and hips had widened similarly, straining her shorts with new mass. It was a miracle they had not yet given up the fight, and Genevieve made a note to buy another pair of the same brand. Naturally none of the swelling had affected her breasts, a fact that almost overshadowed the severity of her situation. She uttered a curse to whatever divinity might have been listening and picked herself up off the couch with some degree of effort. There were now three things she had to do today, and she might as well get started.

Café Cher was packed by the time Genevieve finally arrived. Laden down with the fruits of a modest shopping spree, she scanned the small restaurant for her friend. After a few passes, a tall pair of sandy-furred ears caught her eye at the other end of the room. She made her way to the table as quickly as her portly form would allow, doing her best to draw as little attention as possible. The vixen was moderately successful, Azura only noticing her as she sat down. The fennec-sune opened her muzzle to greet her larger friend, but her words caught in her throat as she looked up from her menu.

"Oh gods, is it really that noticeable," Genevieve sighed.

"You weren't half this big last week," Azura replied with equal parts bluntness and concern.

"What happened?"

"I wish I knew. I just woke up like this this morning and it's been getting worse since!"

“It’s not doing you any favors either,” the smaller vixen snickered.

Genevieve simply huffed and crossed her softened arms.

“Oh lighten up,” she grinned. “If it was serious, it probably would have killed you already.”

“I guess you’re right,” Genevieve conceded. “Still, it would be nice to have some idea of what’s happening. I’d like to know if this could get dangerous later.”

Azura’s ears perked as a thought struck her. “Wait, do you eat those Waite Co snack cakes?”

“Yeah, why?”

“I think I remember hearing something about those. Gimme a sec.”

The sounds of the restaurant filled the empty space between them as Azura pulled her phone from her pocket and began looking something up. While the fennec-sune was occupied, Genevieve reached for a menu and skimmed it for something that struck her fancy. Everything sounded delicious, making it remarkably difficult to narrow down her options. While she wrestled with indecision, she kept their waiter busy with refilling her glass. She made a note to give him a good tip when the bill eventually arrived. Just after the pair placed their lunch orders, Azura reignited the conversation.

“Alright, I found it. Apparently they recalled a batch of them sometime last week. It sounds like one of the machines went haywire and added way too much preservative, but they didn’t react fast enough and some got sold anyway.”

Genevieve nodded as her friend spoke. “So what does this have to do with me?”

“In big enough doses, the stuff causes insane water retention. It also triggers other symptoms like dry mouth. Basically, it completely ruins the body’s ability to process water.”

The look of shock on Genevieve’s muzzle told Azura everything she needed to know about her situation.

“It sounds like it’s fine as long as you get a vitamin to help break down the preservative though. All you have to do is give the company your address and they’ll mail it out free of charge.”

“So what you’re saying is I’m going to be stuck like this for a few days, *and* it’s going to get worse before it gets better?”

“Yep!”

“At least one of us is happy about this,” Genevieve sighed as she visibly slumped.

“Aww don’t be like that,” Azura giggled. “You’ll be fine as soon as you get that stuff out of your system. Plus, look how big and soft you’re getting.”

Genevieve let out a surprised yip and recoiled as her friend reached across the table and jiggled her belly. “Stop that,” she blushed. “Not everyone has the same tastes you do.”

Their conversation soon shifted to a topic more common to meal-talk, and their waiter arrived with their food shortly after. The vulpine pair eagerly dug into their respective meals, continuing their discussion between bites. Genevieve did her best to forget about the constant dryness of her mouth now that she knew its cause, but still found herself emptying her glass twice as fast as Azura. She could feel her clothes tightening on her over the course of the lunch, but thankfully the noise of straining fabric was drowned out in the ambience and nothing failed catastrophically. The vixen’s gradually swelling body did put a bit of timer on their meeting however, and she was forced to head home sooner than she would have liked.

The second half of Genevieve’s day went much more smoothly than the first. Thanks to Azura she no longer had to make a trip to the hospital, which would no doubt have taken hours. She spent her time in much the same way she had before, lounging about on her couch and catching up on some reading. The vixen had certainly earned a relaxing evening, after all. The only factor that kept her from fully enjoying herself was her relentless thirst. She knew for a fact she didn’t need anything to drink, but her body demanded liquid refreshment regardless. It was a constant battle, and one she was gradually losing.

Genevieve’s walks to her water cooler grew more frequent as her resolve began to wear thin, and her frame filled out a little more with each trip. In a mild concession to the inevitable, the vixen removed her new clothing before she would be forced to cut them off. She spent the rest of the evening in her most flexible undergarments, which unfortunately did nothing to hide her swollen stomach. Every little shift for comfort sent her belly wobbling, forcing her to cradle it or watch it slosh until the momentum dissipated on its own. She experienced the same problem in her thickened thighs and rump, but at least those parts of her were hidden from view.

The evening steadily drew on while the vixen tried her hardest to relax, and eventually she decided that a shower would help improve her mood considerably. Genevieve was beginning to feel the strain of the extra water weight hanging from her body, plus it would be nice to get clean again. It was a chore extracting herself from the couch, and an ordeal getting upstairs, but the vixen was able to laboriously drag herself to her bathroom. Unfortunately the workout of moving through her home took its toll, swiftly compounding her thirst.

Genevieve battled the urge to quench her need long enough to start a cleansing downpour and tune it to the right temperature, but her resistance crumbled as she stepped into the tiled cove. It quickly became apparent that this was a fight she would be unable to win, but she

fought regardless. Despite the assurance her condition was reversible, she had no idea how long it would take to return to her former size. She could be back to normal in a matter of days, or perhaps each mouthful of refreshing water would take weeks to work off. In either case, the vixen had no intention of making her situation worse than it already was.

Of course, such declarations were much harder to hold up than make. Genevieve quickly discovered this fact as tried to distract herself, bringing her to question why she thought this was a good idea. It would be so easy to open her muzzle and let the water pour in, to relieve the unending irritation that came with a constantly arid mouth, but she was unsure of her ability to stop once started. Her only comfort was the steam that permeated the room, but it was hardly enough to do anything but tease her. The vixen was only able to resist the temptation of the detachable shower head for so long before giving in like a recovering alcoholic at Oktoberfest.

Before she could stop herself, she plucked the chrome fixture from its mount and aimed it down her muzzle. Genevieve drank deeply as what she couldn't down flowed from the corners of her lips, each massive swallow adding to her growing mass. Her wobbling belly ballooned under the concentrated torrent, pushing up her largely unaffected breasts as it sloshed about. Her hips and rear swelled as if to balance her, and the already small space quickly became more so.

Despite the vast amount of liquid pouring down her throat, her body demanded more. Her inflated arms reached for the shower controls, where they spun the knob wide open. Genevieve managed to work the showerhead fully into her muzzle, allowing her to wrap her lips around it and minimize the escaping water. The vixen began swelling at nearly double her previous rate, and she rapidly filled the rest of the shower with her fluid girth. Her pelt was stretched thin as she continued to guzzle from the faucet, showing the saturated flesh beneath. The normally pink surface was heavily infused with blue hues, emphasizing just how much she had expanded.

The floor of the shower creaked as she continued to fill herself, the vixen's rapidly growing weight testing the structure of her home. Genevieve may have heard the sounds over her bingeing, but did nothing about them regardless. The torment of unquenchable thirst was put into perspective by this prolonged relief, and she was not about to give it up. She could hardly see what had happened to her body, but vividly felt herself squashing against the cool tile walls. It was almost enough motivation to stop drinking, but the sight of her breasts convinced her otherwise. Water was finally collecting in her chest and giving her the bust she dreamed of, but this blessing came far too late.

As Genevieve helplessly gave into her body's desire, Azura walked up her friend's driveway. She carried with her a small bag containing the vitamins Genevieve had ordered a few hours ago. The fennec-sune was fortunate enough to know someone else who crossed paths with the tainted treats, who was more than willing to part with their extra pills. If the vixen's reaction at lunch was of any indication, she would love to have them as soon as possible. Before Azura

could knock on Genevieve's door and hopefully improve her day, a loud crash shook the ground. Shock became worry as she realized the disastrous sound came from inside, and she quickly let herself in with a burst of magic.

A large cloud of dust plumed from the back of Genevieve's home, guiding Azura to the source of the small earthquake. The sound of erratically flowing water filled her ears as they stopped ringing, causing her to think the kitchen had exploded. She broke into a run at the thought of what could have befallen her friend, but fortunately the fennec-sune's fears were never realized. The picture of what had truly transpired became clear as she rounded a corner, and what she saw filled her with several mixed feelings.

Perched atop a pile of fractured tile and ruined flooring was Genevieve, struggling to reach the sputtering hose that had fallen from her muzzle. Azura blushed as she watched the massive vixen wobble without success, each failed lunge sending waves across her beautifully inflated body. She was easily five times larger than she had been at lunch, throwing her well into the territory of immobility. The container of vitamins fell from Azura's grip as she dreamily approached her water-ballooned friend and gently laid a paw on her soft flank.

Genevieve lurched in surprise from the unexpected touch, sending a wave across her somewhat fluid mass before freezing. She did her best to turn and face whoever was groping her thigh, but even a movement that small was made impossible by her colossally rounded middle. She began to rock back and forth atop the sphere of her stomach, and after a few cycles she tipped enough to see a pair of sandy ears. "A-Azura," she blushed as she attempted to cover herself in vain. "What are you doing here?!"

It was a few seconds before the fennec-sune responded, evidently enchanted by what Genevieve had become. "I got a hold of some antidote vitamins and came over to drop them off, but I don't think you need them anymore," she trailed.

"What are you talking about? Of course I need them!" Again she tried to face the fennec-sune, and again found herself fluidly rooted in place. "Bring them up here so I can finally start getting back to normal."

"But you look so much better like this! You're so soft and squishy and I could cuddle you all night," she purred.

"I'm not joking Azura," Genevieve flatly stated. "Give me those vitamins so I don't have to be a blimp anymore."

Azura didn't answer the second time, which somewhat worried the vixen. She realized her feelings were well placed when she felt her friend grab her tail and hoist it up. Before Genevieve could question the fennec-sune, a smooth metal hose pressed between the swollen cheeks of her ass. She yelped in surprise as the cool tip knocked on her back door, and cried out

with mixed pain and pleasure as she was penetrated. The helpless vulpine stammered as she watched Azura clear some of the debris from the floor, removing weight from the hose and opening it up for a stronger current. Her body immediately resumed swelling with the influx of fluid, pushing piles of litter across the warped floor.

“I’m sorry Genevieve, but I just can’t pass up an opportunity like this,” Azura murmured as she lovingly stroked her friend’s cheek. “It’s not every day that you find yourself in the perfect position to bloat your friend up to the size of a house.”