



“See, I told you guys this was a good place to eat,” Azura boasted. “Maybe you guys should start taking me seriously more often.”

“I’ll admit I had my doubts, but every once in a while you manage to impress us,” Rachael smirked.

Laura held her hand to her muzzle as she chewed, rushing to down her mouthful so she could speak. “Glad we got here when we did.”

The other two females nodded in agreement. The full force of the lunch rush had descended upon the small Japanese restaurant not long after their arrival, and now there wasn’t an empty seat in the house. It seemed that everyone had heard about the shop’s reopening and wanted to try some of the legendary sushi before they unexpectedly closed again. Laura and Rachael caught wind of the establishment’s reputation, and after Azura’s suffering through ceaseless praise they had to give the place a shot.

“No kidding,” Rachael chuckled. “Looks like half the city had the same idea.”

The grey-furred wolfess sat back in her seat as she surveyed the packed room. She was easily able to see over the heads of most there thanks to her stature, but she was more concerned with the workers than the patrons. She watched a waiter and waitress gracefully dance through chairs and tables, skillfully navigating the floor without dropping a single item. It was an impressive display, but the delicious rolls resting on their trays held a much larger part of her attention. Her stomach let out a subdued growl as she eyed the treats, but the noise was thankfully lost in the ambience. “Think they’ll have our seconds out anytime soon?”

“I wouldn’t hold my breath,” Laura remarked. “It looks like they’re really shorthanded today.”

The dark-furred Maine coon sighed as she counted off the staff members as they darted about. There appeared to be only two, which on any other day may have been able to hold the place down. Unfortunately the restaurant had been making and breaking attendance records since the trio arrived, and a break-down in communication was holding up their second course. She subtly licked her lips as she watched the table next to them receive their meal, savoring the essence of lunch that still clung to her muzzle. The pudgy cat knew she would regret taking a break from her diet later, but if she was going to cheat at all this was the place to do it. “I hope it’s not too much longer though,” she sighed. “That first helping wasn’t nearly enough.”

“Oh, really,” the sandy-furred fennec queried with mischievousness. “It looks to me like it was.” Azura reached across the space between them and set a paw on her friend’s soft paunch, gently grabbing and jiggling the little shelf of flab. “You’ve only had one roll so far and you already feel pretty full.”

Laura blushed as she grabbed Azura's wrist. "You know I'm trying to watch what I eat," she chided. "I could eat a lot more if I really wanted to."

Rachael and Azura looked at each other simultaneously with that. "You sound pretty confident about that," the wolfess smirked.

"Indeed she does," Azura grinned as she turned back to the feline. "Care to make a wager of it?"

"Not really," Laura shot back. "I'm already breaking my diet with seconds and I'd rather not put all the weight I've lost back on."

"So that means the damage is already done," the fennec-sune replied. "What if I made it worth your while? If you can eat ten more servings, I'll pay for your *and* Rachael's lunch today."

"Oh, you have to do it now," the wolfess beamed.

Laura's tail flicked behind her in thought as she weighed her options. It was true she was already abandoning her diet, but going up to tenths was not a small jump by any means. On the other hand, she was more than confident in her abilities to stuff herself and success would mean a free lunch. It wasn't an easy choice for the cat, but after convincing herself she had earned a little leeway and vowing to follow more strictly in the future, she gave her answer.

"Alright Azura, you've got yourself a deal," she grinned. "No trying to back out once I beat you though."

"Deal," the fennec-sune said as she shook her friend's paw. "I don't think you realize what you're getting yourself into."

Their conversation drifted to more general topics after their bargain was struck, meandering through a broad spectrum as time passed. It was at least ten minutes before the welcome interruption of their waiter dropping off the second course, and Azura seized the opportunity to order nine more plates. The husky paused in disbelief for moment, only making an effort to write down her requests once she confirmed them. He gave the trio a skeptical look, but held his tongue as he made his way back to the kitchen.

The group fell into relative silence as they claimed their meals, too occupied with savoring the delectable treats for vocal effort. That's not to say there wasn't an exchange, however. The friends gave each other glances as they ate, the subtle gestures more than enough to convey meaning. By unanimous decision they confirmed that extending their meal was wonderful idea, and they would have to visit again to try a new selection with the possible exception of Laura. She was about to get a very good idea of everything the restaurant had to offer in a few minutes, after all.

Rachael let out a contented sigh as she finished her plate first, dabbing a bit of soy sauce from the tip of her muzzle. Azura cleared hers seconds after the wolfess, but Laura was still

eating at a much slower pace. The pair gave new life to the verbal aspect of the conversation as the feline gingerly enjoyed the final slices of her roll, deliberately taking time to enjoy each one. It was unclear whether she was already getting full or simply had a more casual approach to eating, but either way it didn't bode well for the oncoming contest. Both of her companions picked up on this, but Azura was the only one to comment.

"It's not too late to back out, you know," she teased. "We won't make fun of you or anything. At least, not to your face."

Laura hardly reacted, only acknowledging the jeer as she swallowed the last bit of sushi. "I didn't realize you're so scared of losing," she smirked. "You should think these things through better."

The pair shared a chuckle over the jabs and returned to their previous conversation. As expected their massive order was taking its sweet time getting there, but at least the place was beginning to clear out. Other patrons began leaving in droves as they paid their bills and left their tips, reducing the diner to something near a quarter of its original population. The dull murmur of other voices dwindled to almost nothing in consequence, allowing the sounds of a toiling kitchen to fill the vacuum. The room rang with sharp metal tapping solid wood, surrounding them in the music of sushi in preparation. It wouldn't be much longer before the feast arrived, and then it would be show time for the confident feline.

The noise reached an anticlimactic conclusion after a few moments, heralding the exit of a pair of husky twins. Each canine bore a large serving platter, carefully laden with the delicious products of their labor. With a grace only acquired through frequent practice, they spread the nine rolls around the table and left a single bill at the center of it all. Before anyone else could react, Rachael snatched the slip of paper and read it to herself. Neither Laura nor Azura caught a glimpse of the bottom line, but judging by the wolfess's quiet laughter, the fennec-sune was sure it was in the triple digits. Laura's expression held the same realization, and suddenly the stakes of the contest became very real.

Without fanfare, the feline grabbed the nearest dish and began eating. She would need to keep a fairly brisk pace to get as much down before she started feeling full, but such an approach was easier said than done. Azura had been more than a little accurate when she called her out on her speed, and she could already feel herself encroaching on her diet-tarnished limit. Laura took a focusing breath between her large bites and steeled herself. She wouldn't win this by thinking about how many more rolls she had to chew through. If she wanted to avoid getting slammed with a massive bill, she needed to live in the moment and shovel as much food into her muzzle as she could in the shortest time possible.

And with a resolve that took her friends by surprise, she did exactly that. Starting with the nearest plate, she dug into the feast with bare paws and reckless abandon. She picked the first roll apart with borderline ferocity, chewing and swallowing the delicious sections with speed that

put both Rachael and Azura to shame. The two traded awed looks as their friend preformed the overture of a culinary rampage, the wolf breaking into a smile as the fennec-sune blanched. The cleaned plate was set aside in record time, and the outcome of their wager was tossed into the air. It was now anyone's game, and at the only one sure to come out on top was Rachael.

Flecks of rice speckled Laura's muzzle as she sustained her feeding frenzy through the second and third servings, though not without consequence. Her middle was beginning to show the mass of food crammed within it, tightening her shirt and constricting her jeans. The first pangs of discomfort pierced her cloud of focus, but the feline powered through them nonetheless. It was a sensation she was somewhat familiar with, but this wasn't a situation made easier by experience. She had a very good idea of how to mediate the twinges of fullness, but the actual process proved to be an undiminishing test of will. Still, it was a challenge she was able to overcome for the time being and she continued undeterred.

Laura's pace slowed as she took on the fourth and fifth helpings, much to Azura's relief. The feline spent more time between each section of the roll, an outward sign that she was approaching her capacity. Her shirt rode a few inches up her middle as the belly beneath it pushed outwards, forcing her to shuffle the garment around a bit to get comfortable. The pressure grew at her beltline as well, finally becoming too much to bare as she downed the sixth plate. Instead of grabbing her seventh, the cat reached down her front for her belt buckle. Her swollen middle obscured her view, leaving her to fumble about for a few uncomfortable seconds before successfully releasing the clasp. She let out a sigh as she gave her middle a light massage, then motioned for the next unfortunate treat.

Rachael complied with glee, thrilled by the unexpected turn of events. Keeping an eye on the gorging cat, she turned to see Azura's reaction. "Looks like you're gonna have to do something unless you feel like footing this bill," she teased.

The fennec-sune didn't find the situation nearly as humorous, but at least she had a plan. "I intend to," she said beneath her breath. "Hand me one of the plates."

The wolfess hesitated for a moment, but eventually handed the dish over. "What are you planning?"

"You'll find out soon enough," she smirked.

Azura waited for Laura to lose herself in another attack on the sushi, and while she was distracted began murmuring under her breath. The fennec-sune's eyes glazed over in a golden film as she invested her will into the chant, infusing her spell with the power to perform its task. The meal before her was enveloped in a dull arcane glow as it absorbed her magic, accepting the enchantment like a sponge to water. The impromptu ritual lasted a few tense seconds, but fortunately she was able to set her plan in motion before catching the feline's attention. The blatant display of ill sportsmanship took Rachael by surprise, but curiosity kept her lips sealed.

The gluttonous feline finished her seventh trial soon after, and when she reached for the eighth Azura handed her the augmented roll. Laura accepted it without question, hoping to get this and the next one down before the full impact of her food binge caught up to her. There was a moment of hesitation as she placed the dish down in front of her, and for a brief instant Azura thought her spell would be wasted. As she opened her muzzle to claim victory, Laura silenced her by lifting the first section to her mouth. It was a little painful to watch her chew the segment so thoroughly before swallowing, but not nearly as arduous as the act itself.

Her middle sagged heavily with the fruits of the famous kitchen, and every bite added its pressure to her taxed stomach. Her shirt had ridden more than half way up her greatly expanded belly, showing off just how far she had come. There was still more ground to cover however, and she wasn't about to lose a hundred dollar bet to a pile of food. In a burst of mixed adrenaline and arguably poor judgment, she shoveled the rest of the roll into her muzzle, forgoing her usual etiquette in favor of speed. For minutes she mulled over the flavored mass, sending bit by bit down to her groaning stomach. Laura swore she could hear the sound of her hide straining under the growing pressure, but she was ultimately successful. Unfortunately, Azura's spell was now free to run its course.

The fennec-sune relaxed in premature victory as her friend soldiered on to the only remaining roll, quite sure that her little attempt at sabotage would soon take effect. She watched with anticipation as the feline's middle pulsed with a faint light, a sign that thankfully went unnoticed. Laura paused her feasting for a moment as magic subtly suffused through her form, mistaking the sudden weight in her belly as the meal catching up with her. Her paws moved to the taught skin of her middle to assess the damage, surprising her with the sheer scale of the grey-furred expanse. It amazed her that her top still clung to her, though it had long since bunched up beneath her breasts. She could easily be mistaken as pregnant, and her gut still wasn't done expanding.

Her appetite returned as her belly plumped out, freeing up vital space in her cramped stomach. The feline probably should have been more worried about the sudden spike of her metabolism, but there would be time for that later. For now, she had a bet to win. Azura's grin evaporated as she watched Laura reach for the final serving, the only thing keeping the massive bill from falling on her head. She shot the fennec-sune a smug look as she took the entire roll into her muzzle and swallowed it whole, tipping her head up to show off the descending bulge. Azura watched the morsel travel down her neck before disappearing behind her breasts, where it almost immediately dissolved and added its mass to hers. Rachael erupted in raucous laughter as Laura stifled a belch, fully aware of her friend's backfired attempt to weasel out of defeat.

Laura grinned with mirth as Rachael slowly passed the bill to the fennec-sune, adding insult to injury. "Looks like you need to be more careful with your bets," she beamed. "You could have saved yourself the trouble and just asked if you wanted to buy lunch."

Azura offered what would have normally been a playful scowl, but it was broken by confusion. Her spell should have filled the feline up to absolute fullness, but it clearly hadn't. So if it didn't run its intended course and didn't fail outright, what *did* it do? "Whatever," she dismissed. "I might have lost, but at least I got you to put on a show."

The feline blushed a bit as she rubbed the downy fur of her belly, but took the half-compliment in stride. "Anytime you're willing to buy, hun," she teased. "Though for what's it worth, it's going to take a while to work this off."

"I still don't see why you'd want to," Azura said as she placed a paw on Laura's belly. "It's a really good look for you."

"I kinda wish more people thought like you," the cat sighed.

Azura grudgingly handed the bill to their waiter when he returned, along with a small pile of cash. She covered the full amount as outlined by the bet, but at least her friends chipped in for the well-earned tip. The trio dispersed soon after, Rachael and Azura heading off to meet someone else while Laura set off for home. The feline cradled her heavy stomach as she walked back to her car, partly for balance and partly for pleasure. It had become large enough quickly enough to both throw off her center of balance and stretch her hide to sensitivity, and every touch of the area was positively electric. She found herself purring as her paws roamed over the sagging globe, her blunted claws throwing off sparks of pleasure as they raked through her fur.

Her stomach was rumbling for more by the time she reached her vehicle, but she wrote the oddity off as an elevated metabolism and smiled. If she could suffer through her increased hunger for a little while, the pounds would melt off of her in a matter of days.

In retrospect, going home would be a mistake on Laura's part. She made it back to her apartment without incident, but she underestimated the temptation of being so close to her own stores of food. Her stomach growled and groaned for sustenance every time she so much as glanced at her refrigerator, and the battle to resist toughened with every cycle. The poor feline was only able to resist the caloric siren's call for an hour or so, and when she eventually gave in she did so with gusto. She tore into her pantry with the ferocity of a starved animal, attacking bags of sweets without distinction. Her secret cache of comfort food was the first to disappear through her jaws, but she would not stop there. Her enchanted metabolism demanded more, and once started she could not be stopped.

Laura's sights next fell upon the white monolith of her refrigerator and the delicious treasures hidden within. She threw the door open with uncharacteristic haste and immediately cast herself into the mountain of left-overs. The feline popped open a plastic container of pasta and dumped its contents into her maw, forgoing silverware entirely and only maintaining enough

etiquette to keep the noodles from spilling down her front. Her belly swelled with the influx of nutrition, further taxing her already strained clothing. She cared not for the steadily building pressure however, too lost in her carnal feast to be bothered with such things.

The next meal to fall to her insatiable hunger was the greater half of a pizza, which she launched into without hesitation. Laura stacked the slices into a sandwiches straight from a nutritionist's nightmare and shoveled into her muzzle with frightening speed, hardly tasting her creation before swallowing. Her figure paid the price of her gluttony however, quickly swelling to proportions that couldn't hope to be bound in fabric. The first casualty was the button of her pants, the pressure of her stomach firing it off into a forgotten corner. Her shirt was next to feel her fatty wrath, splitting at the seams as it was forced into a thin band beneath her bust. The jeans hugging her waist lasted the longest of her outerwear, only failing when weight began collecting on her widening hips. Only her underwear survived the onslaught, and even those articles were beginning to strain.

With half of the chilled box decimated, the last of Laura's clothing gave way to her wobbly body. The straps of her bra bit painfully into her soft flesh, serving as a reminder of her former size before flying apart at the clasps. Her panties dug into her hips similarly, burying themselves in the overhang of her belly until snapping at her massive waistline. The tatters of ruined fabric fell away with her movement, exposing her vastly fattened form to a luckily empty room. The feline's bare fur bristled as the cool air of the refrigerator danced across her pelt, though it hardly bothered her thanks to her ample insulation. In the back of her mind she knew she was throwing away all hopes of a normal figure, but it felt far too good to stop.

As Laura began ravaging the remaining quarter of her supplies, there was a light knock at her door. Her ears twitched in acknowledgement, but she made no effort to call out to her guest. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, the one waiting just outside of her apartment was Azura. The fennec-sune had stopped by to check up on her hungry friend out of mixed concern and curiosity. Her spell had certainly done *something* at lunch, and if it turned out to be something unsavory she needed to make it right. Worry took root in her mind as she went longer without any sort of answer, but the sounds of creaking floorboards told her Laura was at least home and moving about.

After a few minutes of suffering through uneasy mental images, Azura picked the lock of the door with a small feat of magic. The sounds of gluttonous feasting met her ears as the door swung open, guiding the fennec-sune to where her friend sat. She announced her presence as she stepped into the food laden space, but received no direct answer in return. The she followed the noises of chewing and swallowing to their source, and despite the radical transformation that had befallen Laura, she wasn't entirely surprised with what she found.

The obese feline sat in front of her open refrigerator, dumping its contents down her gullet almost without thought. Azura faintly blushed as she watched her friend's belly sprawl out

farther across the floor with every massive bite, the ravenous display stirring up a number of mixed feelings within her. On one side of the issue, she was directly responsible for this and truly felt remorse for her dishonest behavior. On the other paw, the fennec-sune had a feeling that Laura's desire to lose weight wasn't completely hers. She wouldn't have accepted the bet in the first place if that wasn't the case, right?

As Azura dwelled on the events that led up to this point, Laura ran out of food within arm's reach. The only remaining scraps were perched at the back of the tallest shelf, and she simply couldn't muster the strength to stand up and take them. The pitiful feline let out a quiet mewl of despair as she latched on to the empty door for support, hoping to haul herself up with a little help. Unfortunately the laws of physics can be a cruel mistress, and the entire refrigerator began to tip forward as she placed more and more of her weight on the shelves. At that point, the fennec-sune intervened.

The comparatively diminutive vulpine caught the appliance before it could fall over completely and pushed it back into place. Only then did the massive cat notice her friend. "Oh, hey Azura! When did you come in?"

"Just a couple minutes ago," she huffed as she released her grip on the metal box. "Listen, I need to tell you something."

"Can it wait until after you hand me that cake," Laura asked as she gestured to the top shelf. "I'm still *really* hungry."

Azura shrugged and casually passed the confection to the eager cat. "That's kinda what I wanted to talk to you about," she began. She paused for a moment as she considered the best way to approach the issue, and settled on the tried and true method of blunt confession. "I kinda might have spiked some of the sushi at lunch. It was only supposed to fill you up and make you lose the bet, but I guess it did this instead."

Laura continued to stuff her muzzle through Azura's admission, keeping her oral stride even as the truth was presented. Half of the cake was gone before she spoke up again. "It's alright," she said. "My diet was probably going to fail anyway. I'll tell you what, find me something that will actually fill me up and we'll call it even."

Her reaction took Azura completely by surprise, and her request for penance was outright shocking. The fennec-sune considered her offer for a few moments, the lardy cat managing to reign in her hunger long enough to make kitten eyes in favor of her offer. Against her better judgment, Azura decided to do as her friend asked and give her something to end her hunger. She motioned for Laura to present the cake to her, where she began casting another spell. The vulpine went through the mental steps with the same care as a novice, going to great lengths to avoid another runaway enchantment. The feline's belly groaned for more all the while, only the

promise of more keeping her from diving back into the treat. After a few agonizing moments the spell culminated in a burst of light, wreathing the frosted quarter circle with a golden glow.

Laura paused a short moment to admire the layered beauty she had just witnessed, but began shoveling the enchanted cake into her muzzle before Azura could comment on her hesitation. For the first time in what felt like weeks the feline's insatiable appetite waned as the treat disappeared, but she wanted more. She longed to feel the satisfying ache of a well-stuffed belly, to revel in the sensations of being so overly full once again. That is what she had learned to miss the most since starting her diet, and after suffering through intense, endless hunger for the better part of the day she would stop at nothing to have it. She could feel her middle swelling grandly as she tore through the final scraps of the cake, eventually pushing the refrigerator against the wall and spilling out across the cool tile floor.

That is when Azura realized her second mistake. Rather than canceling out the previous spell as she had hoped, her most recent feat of magic instead layered into it, creating an arcane logic loop. The first processed food as soon as it fell into Laura's stomach and added it to her frame, while the second worked to fill her middle until she could eat no more. The feline swelled to extreme proportions within seconds, sweeping the fennec-sune off her feet and dropping her atop the soft mass. Making the best of the situation, Azura embraced her friend and rode the tide of fat to the other end of the room. Laura let out a string of purrs as her friend began massaging the pliant shelf, indirectly asking her to let this continue to its natural end. With an emphatic hug, Azura let her friend know she would.

The walls of her apartment creaked and groaned in protest as her girth came to rest against them, threatening the supports beneath the painted shell. The pair of friends hardly seemed to care however, Azura slipping between two rolls of flesh while Laura reveled in the sensation of gaining impossible amounts of weight. It was a dream come true for both of them in this regard, one they didn't care to wake from. The apartment around them crumbled as Laura continued to expand, the ensuing landslide of rubble harmlessly bouncing off her ample padding. A number of furs poured into the streets to find the source of the apocalyptic commotion, only to be greeted by a quickly advancing tide of dark fur. In a matter of moments, the entire block was buried under her titanic ass and stomach.

The rest of the city wouldn't fare much better, as the blubbery wall spread across the land at an exponential rate. Laura huffed and purred in bliss as her heavy thighs rolled over blocks at a time, quickly encroaching upon and demolishing the steel and glass pillars of downtown. The cheeks of her ass pressed into the earth with the full weight of her body, compressing the debris beneath into twin craters miles in diameter. Her chest felt a fair share of the growth as well, flattening parks and buildings alike as they advanced towards the beach. A shiver of pleasure ran the length of her spine as the peaks of her breasts crossed into the ocean, allowing deliciously cool waves of water to lap at her stadium-sized nipples. Azura felt every shudder of enjoyment that resonated through her form, the deep folds of fat easily transmitting the vibrations.

The continent bowed beneath Laura's mass as her growth sped beyond control, causing the earth to fracture at key locations. The source of this issue soon saved her from it, quickly propelling her body into the upper reaches of the atmosphere. From there she soon became the dominant figure in the celestial dance of orbits, overcoming the gravitational tug of the planet with her own. The deformed sphere fell into an irregular trajectory around her middle as she lifted away, also capturing the former planet's moon in the motion. The unfortunate rock would be unable to sustain its flight for long however, a combination of increasing gravity and geometry bringing it to rest within her cosmic cleavage. The other planets of the system fell into similarly destructive paths around her as she continued her relentless conquest of space, eventually threatening the parent star.

The ball of molten plasma held its own against her inexorable tug for much longer than anything else, but gradually it too gave into her. The burning sphere passed closer and closer to her dark fur with every revolution, until it eventually buried itself in the black hole of her navel. Laura moaned as the pleasant warmth reached a peak at impact, setting off an orgasm primed on nothing but hedonistic growth. Her nethers throbbed with desire between her titanic thighs, soaking an extremely small section of her fur in sexual fluids. The feline's body seemed to react to the sudden burst of ecstasy however, driving her expansion to unthinkable rates.

Her body retreated further into the wobbling globe of her belly as she soared towards galactic proportions, eclipsing and absorbing every star along the way. Time began to lose relativity to her as she was infinitely pumped up with soft fat, eventually overtaking hundreds of thousands of light-years. The other lights of the night sky rushed to greet her as they submitted to her gravitational sway, embedding themselves in her fur with enthusiasm. Each galactic impact ignited a new orgasm, and for a great while she rode a chain of repeating climax after climax. Unfortunately even the material expanse of space must come to an end, and after an indeterminate amount of time she was set adrift in the void.

But like everything else, void is not spared from its limits. Laura felt the universal mass of her belly meet substantial resistance for the first time, causing unimaginable pressure to build within her form. She pressed against the dimensional walls of the universe with increasing force as her growth refused to stop, and it became apparent that something would have to give way. Fortunately for the feline, the abstract barriers began to crack and fracture under her influence. Shards of reality fell away to create windows into other universes, only to be promptly plugged by her somewhat fluid fat. Through these portals she began to force her way into a plurality of realities, each one powerless against her eternally expanding girth. With a resounding shatter, the cycle began anew in an infinite number of planes.