

Denya stopped in place; had he seen that person before?

Honestly, it took a lot to get the tubby drox to stop moving on the spot, especially right outside a buffet on an empty stomach. Even the presence of other furs typically didn't stop him, either from a distance or in front of him, as most knew better than to stand in the way of a waddling glutton searching for food. It didn't matter if they were complete strangers or close friends; Denya would rather apologize for knocking them over *after* he got his food.

But this time, it wasn't someone who was right in front of him, and it also wasn't a friend of Denya's; at least, he didn't think they were. Yet it was the uncanny similarities this stranger sitting inside the buffet had with another friend of his named Andy that got his brain working and his momentum halted, causing him to peer into the window to stare at this Andy-lookalike instead.

Firstly, this fellow was a skunk, as was evident by the short, round ears and the poofy, 'S' shaped tail. Heck, he even wore an air freshener around his neck, a rather cheeky nod to the species infamous, er, defensive trait. That alone should have put it out of Denya's mind that the skunk wasn't Andy, as Andy was a fox with tall, pointy ears and a smaller, less fluffier tail, yet he just couldn't. The coloration of the skunk was near identical to what he'd expect from a fox: bright orange fur with a cream-colored underbelly, along with black feet and hands. He didn't know a single skunk with colors like that, but knew without a shadow of a doubt those were Andy's colorations. Perhaps this fellow was a hybrid of sorts? A Skox? A Funk?

Secondly, the Funk was quite rotund. He easily rivaled Denya in terms of pure size, and the 500+ pound drox couldn't even peer into the buffet window without his belly pressing into and spreading along the glass. He was perhaps a bit more bottom heavy than Denya was, for instead of sporting a lap-filling gut, he carried with him a rump that simply required a bench to contain it all where he sat; two seats alone would have been swallowed up by the bright-orange booty. Clearly, the Funk had to sidle in sideways to enter the restaurant, as there was simply no other way they could bring in a badonkadonk of that caliber inside.

Yes, the Funk was very fat indeed, and in any other circumstance Denya would ogle over him for an entirely different reason. However, all he saw was further proof that this simply couldn't be Andy, as the fox he knew was as thin as they get. Not that he could ever imagine finding Andy at a buffet, as that skinny vulpine could barely finish a small plate of food, let alone the three large plates resting before the gluttonous Funk. No, the buffet was typically reserved for fatties; you couldn't toss a stone inside without it bouncing against a stranger's wobbling gut.

So, all evidence pointed against the Funk being Andy, right?

Except Denya wasn't convinced. He entered the building, shuffling by the Funk's table on his way towards the buffet line. Unsurprisingly, the chubby mustelid/vulpine hardly paid attention, moreso enraptured in his own decadent pile of food than in the stares he received from strangers.

But Denya was *certain* it had to be Andy! He had this... this *air* around him, or aura, or just *something* that made his inner mind scream at him to greet his friend. He continued staring in the Funk's direction throughout the entire line, only looking forward when he'd walked far enough for his gut to flop onto the serving counter, causing him to shiver once his flabby belly spilled onto the cold metal surface. And yet, that only temporarily broke the drox's concentration, soon returning to silently gawking at the strange fat funk while he gathered his food. He'd walked through that buffet aisle so many times, he didn't even need to look to grab what he wanted, setting scoops of mashed potatoes, fried chicken, mac n cheese, and more onto his plate with startling precision for one so preoccupied with someone else.

Denya knew he had enough when he felt his arms strain to lift the heavy platter. Still, as he stepped away from the serving bar, he found himself shuffling towards the Funk. Maybe he could start a conversation with the strange creature, try to get him to admit if he knew Andy. But how would he start this conversation?

Apparently he didn't have to. The pudgy mustelid turned towards Denya first and smiled. "Heya, Den! I'm not surprised to find you here." He chuckled, patting the open seat next to him.

"U-uh, hey!" Denya smiled awkwardly. Apparently the Funk knew him. At least it meant he didn't need to introduce himself, right? In any case, Denya plopped down next to the other hybrid, his broad belly rubbing against the Funk's equally-wide hips. "It's, uh, been a while, hasn't it?"

This time, it was the Funk's turn to be confused. "What are you talking about? We hung out, like, three days ago."

"Aha!" With wide eyes and an even wider grin, Denya couldn't help but point at the fellow fatty. "You *are* Andy! The only one I saw that day was him, erh, you!"

Andy raised a brow. "I mean, I wasn't exactly trying to hide that from you. I thought you woulda recognize me a little earlier, heh."

"What- *How*?! You're an entirely different species!" Denya realized he was raising his voice a little too loud, and was nearly standing up due to his own excitement. With a slight blush on his chubby cheeks, the drox slowly sat back down, trying to ignore the stares he was accumulating. "I mean, I can imagine the tail being fake, same with the stripe on your back, but how'd you make your ears shorter?"

Andy smiled. "Simple: Magic."

Denya blinked. To think he had walked into the buffet with his head swarming with questions, only for every single one of them to be dispelled with a single word. Honestly, it was a

little embarrassing that the drox hadn't thought of something so simple and obvious until just now, his cheeks now a shade or two redder at his obvious stupidity.

Thankfully, Andy elaborated further and moved the conversation along, so the drox didn't have to dwell on his foolishness. "I can switch from a skinny fox to a fat skunk in no time flat, and it's all thanks to this talisman."

Denya blinked. "You mean, that air freshener around your neck?" Honestly, he thought that was just a silly accessory for a skunk to wear. To think it actually turned you into one. Whoever made that talisman had a strange sense of humor.

"Yup!" The Funk nodded his fat head. "Sometimes I wanna be a big waddling ball of pudge like yourself; just not with the 'commitment,' ya know? My hips would forever be bruised from all those pesky doorways if I was this big forever, heh. But, back on topic, I like being large and in charge, and I like stuffing myself like an actual glutton; I just don't want to have to carry that weight with me forever. So, whenever I'm feeling a little devilish, I pop this bad boy on and go crazy. And when I'm done—"

Andy lifted a pudgy claw beneath the string, pulling the talisman off his neck in one fluid motion. To Denya's shock, the skunk shifted back into a fox in a blink of an eye; long ears, shorter tail, no stripe, just like that! Not to mention the drastic weight loss; Andy was back below the 200 lbs milestone, the bench he sat on looking hilariously large beneath his comparatively scrawny rump.

"—I just take it off, no strings attached! I mean, besides the obvious string attached to the talisman... which I need to wear it, but, yeah!"

"That's amazing!" Denya blurted out. Given the empty platters around, it was clear that skunk Andy had quite a large meal beforehand, but with the talisman off, fox Andy was as slim as could be. There wasn't even a bloat on his abdomen from all the food he'd eaten in his previous form. Had Denya only just now looked at Andy, he never would have guessed the scrawny fox had packed away roughly 4,000 calories of food just now. "How'd you get a hold of that anyways?"

"A friend made it for me!" Andy quickly retorted, a little louder than he needed to. Denya noted the tonal shift, not to mention the folded ears and slightly wider eyes of his fellow fox friend, but decided not to pursue it. Magic size-altering talismans were hard to craft, and even harder to come by; he wouldn't put it past the scrawny vulpine to have liberated it from a friend, with said friend completely unaware until it was too late.

But Denya was soon fixated with another question on his mind, one that brought a big grin to his chubby muzzle. "Can I try it?"

"Huh?"

“The talisman.” Denya pointed at the green air freshener in Andy’s paw. “Can I try it? Like, would it work on me?”

Again, the apprehensive look on Andy’s face was all too obvious to the drox. The Funk-turned-fox clutched the talisman a little tighter out of reflex, his knuckles turning white. Apparently there was more to this magic artifact than what Andy was telling him; obviously it *would* work on Denya, otherwise Andy would have said no right away. Maybe there was a reason why the fox didn’t want his fellow vulpine to test out this device, as though it had some secret side effect that wouldn’t mesh well with the drox.

Honestly, Denya couldn’t care less. He just thought it’d be fun to try it on.

Apparently, Andy came to the same conclusion, as a slight smell found its way onto his muzzle. “You know what? What the hell, let’s see what happens.”

Denya squealed in glee, happily snatching it from Andy’s paws. On a brief inspection, it really did look like a simple car freshener; it even smelled faintly like pine. Was that part necessary for the transformation? It’s not like skunks were inherently stinky 24/7. Well, in any case, Denya pulled the little string around his neck-

THUMP!!

-and before he could even process the chair shattering beneath him, the hybrid found himself flat on his back!

“O-oh, wow! Are you ok, Den?”

Denya nodded softly, grunting. That seriously knocked the wind out of him! Heck, he was still struggling to catch his breath, something large and heavy pressing into his chest.

That large and heavy something being, well, his chest!

Sheeeesh he was huge! Denya was shocked to see just how fat he’d gotten from this little talisman; sure, he expected some extra weight, but he was a full person’s weight fatter! His body continued quivering from that fall for a full minute, his flabby stomach bouncing... hell, to the hybrid’s shock, that stomach actually rose *above* the table, even while on the floor! There was no way he could reach the end of his gut, yet he sure tried to anyway, squishing his paws deep into his flabby, gelatinous self.

The growth wasn’t just centered around his stomach, either. Looking down was a bit tricky, as his own chins pressed heavily into his muzzle, flattening out like a series of pancakes right beneath his head. Even his cheeks had grown bulbous enough to encroach his vision, like two small bellies of their own, hanging off his face. And lord, his rump! Clearly, whoever

designed the talisman had a thing for bottom-heavy furs, as the hybrid could feel the entirety of the shattered chair wedged between his cheeks, both of which were half the size of bean bags themselves.

Honestly, Denya wouldn't have minded staying on his back and toying with his new chub; the heavier belly felt like a cozy, weighted blanket. But alas, he was probably making a scene, and the splinters from the broken chair were starting to get uncomfortable. Problem was, he wasn't sure how to get up. While at his previous size, it was a bit of an effort doing a sit up, he was currently pinned beneath his own fat!

He looked up to Andy for help, but the other fox bit his lip. "Erh, I'd love to help you up, but... I don't wanna get crushed. I'm pretty sure your thigh weighs as much as me now."

"That's fair." Denya grunted. Wow, even his voice was deeper.

Well, a sit up was all but impossible, so Denya rocked himself left to right, his body audibly sloshing and glorping about. With a grunt, he flopped onto his side, his stomach hitting the floor with a heavy slap. All that alone was enough to leave him tired and out of breath, but obviously he couldn't just stay laying in that position. His rump was *massive*, after all, and the idea of someone looking at him from behind turned his red face redder. From there, he pressed his sausage-roll arms into whatever part of the ground he could reach and puuuuushed, his face heating up from the sheer effort. At last, he was sitting upright, and using the table for leverage (thank the lord it was bolted into the ground), Denya finally managed his way up, his tail uncurling from behind.

Oh, that was new.

He shuddered, feeling that flat, fluffy tail brush against his broad backside. While he was far too wide to even attempt to reach back there, Denya knew his thick dragon tail was replaced with that of a skunk's. What he could reach were his ears; rubbing the small and rounded accessories curiously.

He blinked. "Huh... being a skunk doesn't feel that much different."

"Y-yeah." Andy cautiously looked at Denya, as though he could fall over and cause another earthquake at any moment. "The main function is the, erh... weight gain."

Denya shrugged. "You'd think there'd be more to it... I wonder if I can spray like a skunk-"

"Yeah, how about no!" The fox went pale. "In fact, how about you take it off now, before... something happens."

The drox-turned-Funk scoffed. “I *just* put it on, dude! C’mon, this is fun!” He could see the appeal of a temporary fattening transformation, for sure! The species change was only slightly noticeable, but it still felt *new*, like he’d been reborn into something else. Even the slight proportion changes too miniscule to even notice from the outside felt like such a big change to him. It wasn’t like he just put on a skunk suit - although it certainly felt like it, given the weight. He felt brand new!

Not to mention his *size*! Denya grinned as he took a few lumbering steps forward, feeling his fat self bounce and wobble about. Man, he felt massive, but in the best way possible, like he was wearing a protective, yet cozy set of armor. Every step had so much impact, he could hear the plates and glasses rattling on the table. He was *shaking* the ground just by walking! The new Funk felt so large and imposing, he wanted to haul up his several hundred pound gut and just drop it on someone, feel them squirm and wiggle beneath that mass of fat.

Well, there was Andy... nah, that wouldn’t be nice... Well, another time, perhaps, when they weren’t in public.

For now, Denya could feel his thighs start to burn, both from muscle soreness and the friction of having to rub them against each other with each lumbering step. Alas, his strength stayed the same as before the transformation; he could barely manage walking the length of the table before getting winded. With a heavy huff, the Funk sat down on the bench Andy had been using, ignoring its protests.

“Phew! This thing’s heavy!” He laughed, patting the belly engulfing the edge of the table. “Is this how you feel when you’re wearing it?”

“I mean... I’m at a more *reasonable* size when I wear it.” Andy fidgeted. “You’ve had your fun, Den, time to take it off.”

“Give me a sec! I wanna get used to this bad boy.” Denya smirked. He could definitely see why Andy only wanted to wear the talisman for a short time. Walking was exhausting, and obviously doorways were a no go at this size. Yet the hybrid couldn’t even begin to imagine how comfy laying in bed would feel with all this pudge, or sitting in front of a TV.

Or eating.

His stomach roared to life at that simple stray thought, and suddenly the hybrid felt a massive pang of hunger hit him like a truck, as though he’d gone all day without eating! His mouth began to water, especially when he remembered the trays of food he’d brought over to the table, having gone untouched for far too long. Alas, there was too much belly to reach them on his own. However...

“Andyyyy,” he batted his eyelashes. “My foood’s too far from me!”

"Well, if you'd take it off-"

"But I don't wannaaaaa!"

Denya stuck his tongue out coyly. He was just being obnoxious for the sake of being obnoxious, milking the fox's annoyance with him for just a little longer. He had his fun, but clearly Andy wanted him to take off the talisman now. In fact, he was about to fish around in his neck rolls to find the string it was attached to, before halting.

Andy had grabbed the tray of food, holding it out to him. "Fine, fatty. If you want to eat, then eat."

Oh, he didn't need to be told twice! The Funk *lunged* for the tray, setting it atop his shelf-like gut before gobbling it down with reckless abandon! Everything tasted so *divine*, Denya abandoned using utensils and just brought the tray straight to his lips, scarfing down the piles of mashed potatoes and mac 'n cheese. Either the buffet was trying out a new recipe, or this talisman enhanced the flavor of food; either way, Denya couldn't get enough. Hell, he was practically licking the platter by the time he was finished with it...

He blinked. He was *finished*?! That took... hell, was that even a minute? He stacked that sucker pretty high too, yet all that remained was the faint yellow on his muzzle that he gradually licked clean. What's more, he still felt *famished*! Sure, a big guy like him usually made a second or third trip to the buffet line, but normally he would have at least *felt* the food in his stomach. Yet, the skunk could barely even tell he ate, save for the lingering taste on his tongue. If anything, he was even hungrier!

"Hey, uh, Andy?" He looked towards the fox, swishing his enormous tail. "Can you get me some more? Like... a *lot* more?"

"A lot more, huh?" Andy muttered, biting his lip. Sheesh, Denya looked so hungry, the skunk looked ready to eat *him*!

This was exactly what he feared. Andy's talisman was meant for him and him alone; really, it was meant for anyone with a slim build and a decent control of their appetite. Putting it on a glutton who didn't know the meaning of moderation was only going to exacerbate its effects. An addiction was an understatement; Denya saw food like it was a drug, and he was going through constant withdrawal. Obviously, the effects should wear off whenever he takes off the talisman.

But Andy wanted to see this through. Exactly how much could Denya fit? Yes, that stomach looked big enough to fit nearly an entire hotdog stand inside already, and the idea of filling that enormous belly to satisfaction sent a shiver down the fox's spine. Imagine being

pinned by such an enormous, flabby, fluffy stomach, feeling all that warm blubber smother him from head to toe.

Should he ask Denya for that? Nah, that wouldn't be polite... Well, another time, perhaps, when they weren't in public.

Instead, Andy did as he was asked, taking the platter to restock it at the buffet line. That nagging feeling returned to the back of his mind, that Denya needed to take off that talisman before that addiction became too severe. But he suppressed that feeling, his heart racing as he began piling on another platter even higher than the last one.

That addiction couldn't get too severe if Andy just kept enabling him, right?

The fox returned with the next platter, but it was snatched away as soon as he was within arm's reach of the greedy skunk. He watched with wide eyes as Denya practically vacuumed up the next plate, barely even bothering to chew. He may have turned into a skunk, but Andy felt he more closely resembled a pig, the way he grunted and snorted with every bite. Breathing was secondary to the hybrid, next to eating.

Denya belched, and Andy realized the skunk had polished off yet another meal in record time. And with equally surprising speed, the empty platter was thrust before the fox. "More, please."

Andy was starting to get a little concerned. With every platter, Denya looked as though he was falling further into a trance. It took the fox a while to get used to the appetite increase the talisman granted him, but Denya looked as though he'd always been this enormous skunk who couldn't go five minutes without stuffing his face.

But Andy went to the buffet line regardless, and returned yet again with a platter overflowing with greasy, carb-laden food. Food that Denya scarfed down in what looked like a single breath, disappearing down his fat neck and vanishing into that cavernous stomach. He was getting more efficient, as he both belched and demanded more with a single breath.

Another platter, and then two more. Andy was shocked at how blasé Denya was to the buffet's occupants gawking at him. Normally the hybrid was rather self-conscious at being stared at, but he hardly seemed to notice. He was in his own little world, where only him, food, and his immeasurable appetite mattered.

As such, Andy wasn't sure Denya was even aware of his weight gain.

Andy certainly was though. The fox could see that belly of his spilling past the midway of the table from the top, while the bottom half began brushing against the floor. The bench that Denya was already smothering was looking far too small for the half-ton skunk; Andy had to

pause feeding him just to push two more chairs to either side of the bench, just to help hold up that immense ass. The fox didn't know it was possible to gain weight so quickly, even with the talisman. Would the extra weight vanish when Denya took it off, or was the hybrid bound to be several pounds heavier at the end of this ordeal?

Honestly, who cared? This was so much fun!

Platter after platter vanished beneath the skunk's fat muzzle, all thanks to Andy. Maybe whatever was affecting Denya's appetite was also affecting the fox's need to feed this ball of blubber, or perhaps this was all his deep rooted desire to see just how fat he could get this lardass, consequences be damned. In any case, he absolutely abused the poor hybrid's hunger, letting him gorge on hundreds of thousands of calories worth of pure junk, just to watch him blimp out like a balloon!

All while Denya remained shockingly ignorant to this whole ordeal. It didn't bother him when his arms grew too wide to reach past his own overflowing flanks, requiring Andy to practically wedge himself into his broad love handles just to reach his muzzle. He didn't even bat an eye when his fluffy white stomach finally snapped the table in two, or when the multitude of chairs finally crashed beneath him. He was becoming a permanent fixture of the buffet floor, a multi-ton puddle of fur and fat too heavy to move, either by himself or with any assistance from someone without heavy machinery.

And Andy was only making it worse; or better, in his perspective. Ditching the trays entirely, the fox grabbed the entire serving containers themselves, lifting the end to the skunk's fat snout and watching him funnel it all down. It didn't matter if it was soft foods like mashed potatoes, or whole legs of bone-in fried chicken, Denya ate them whole, and all in a single go too. The fox happily enabled the food-crazed fatty, even as it grew more cumbersome to reach that muzzle, even as his arms began burning from the sheer amount of food he was hauling around.

And he kept going until there wasn't a single bite left.

Tossing the last bin aside, Andy collapsed on his back, spread eagle, letting out a sigh. Well, he clearly didn't need to go to the gym tonight. That was one hell of a workout. His entire body felt sore from all that movement, as though he just jogged a marathon in skunk form. Thankfully, he was rewarded with a comfortable rest atop the softest bed around.

Alas, it was also the neediest bed.

"Andyyyy... I'm still so hungryyy..."

"Seriously?!" Andy groaned and rolled over, looking the skunk in the eyes. "Aren't you the slightest bit full?"

“Andyyyy!” Denya continued whining.

The fox couldn’t believe it. Here was Denya, so fat he couldn’t even bend his arms properly, still demanding even more! He was a literal beached whale, a black and white mound of flab, with a stomach and rump equally capable of shattering any tables foolish enough to stand in its way - a shame they were bolted to the ground. Taller sitting than he ever was standing, yet his face was sunken in between fat cheeks that rose higher than his ears. Only the edge of his floofy tail was visible beneath that massive rump, hiding nearly all evidence that Denya even was a skunk, as the talisman itself had vanished beneath his avalanche of chins. He was nearly half as long as the building’s interior was wide, a real obstacle of a skunk.

And he still wanted more?!

“Look at yourself, tubby!” Andy scoffed, poking that tiny pink nose. “You’re enormous! You’re so fat, you don’t even have wrists anymore! They’re gonna have to demolish the building just to roll your giant self out, and even then they’re gonna need to bring in a flatbed just to move you. You ate *all* the food on display, and you still want more!?”

“Yes!” Denya whimpered and whined, fidgeting within his own enormity. At first, Andy thought the skunk was embarrassed at the whole situation, but one look in his friend’s eyes told him there wasn’t a hint of shame in him. Only pure, mindless hunger. “Please, Andy. I’m so hungry, I can’t stand it! I-I need more food!”

It really was like watching an addict go through withdrawal, Andy almost felt bad for Denya. He was tempted to go fishing in those rolls to find and remove the talisman.

But then a different idea came to mind, one that brought with it a wicked grin to spread across his face. “Wait right here, tubbs. Not like you have a choice.”

Andy was exhausted, yet he found the energy to slip down Denya’s gut like an inflatable slide at the fair. He’d ran into the storage room of the buffet plenty of time to remember the enormous vat of soft-serve ice cream built into the wall.

And the equally large hose attached to it.

Why such a massive vat existed here, Andy would never know. It’s not like the ice cream was special enough to require so much of it, tasting like any other mass-produced dessert out there. But there was a ton of it contained in that vat, and it *needed* to be contained somewhere else instead.

Giddy with anticipation, he ran the hose right back to the beached skunk, who continued to pathetically beg for more. He scampered right up that squishy gut, those multitude of folds making for great footholds, even with the hose slung over his shoulder. He waded through the sea of blubber before collapsing atop the couch-sized moobs, holding up the hose.

“Once I turn this on, I’m not turning it off. Understand?”

Denya opened wide as his response. Not like he could nod with that monster truck tire of a neck anyways.

Andy needed no further invitation. He jammed that sucker into the massive mustelid’s maw; with a flick of the switch on the hose itself, he listened as Denya began chugging gallons upon gallons of melted ice cream a second.

And unsurprisingly, he expanded like a balloon.

The fox rolled onto his back, a great big grin on his face. He murred at the feeling of his bed growing softer, listening to the hybrid’s heavy gulping, to the hybrid’s stomach churning. He felt his bed widening out beneath him, a king-sized with no possible chance of him rolling off any time soon, delighted in the knowledge that Denya was stuck gaining ton after ton of chub.

Fatter...

Fatter...

Fatter...

That delight began to shift into apprehension, however, as the lights began to go out; Denya’s body was blocking the windows.

That apprehension turned into nervousness as Andy realized a little too late he was rapidly approaching the ceiling.

The fox sat upright, head darting around for an escape. Alas, there was none; the entire buffet was filled with the rising sea of blubber. All he could see was an expanse of white and black fat; even Denya’s head was fully obscured, with only the hose leading into his mouth visible.

Andy tried crawling for safety, yet found himself unable to even move from his spot. Denya was quite literally too soft to move on, as every action the fox took caused the blubbery beast beneath him to wobble and quake, throwing him off balance at every chance with seemingly no give whatsoever. He may as well be swimming!

All Andy managed to do was an awkward roll onto his stomach before feeling his back press into the wooden ceiling. Soon, even that feeling vanished, and the fox was fully engulfed in belly fat. The situation was rather intense, but Andy felt... well, surprisingly calm. Good, even! He was nestled in a sleeping bag of a belly that wasn’t his own, one home grown completely

natural by the fattest skunk to ever exist. Even if the pressure began to mount up, he felt completely calm...

But with one sudden explosion, Andy felt himself finally able to breathe again as Denya spilled out from the buffet. Hell, the tiny fox was even launched into the air a good dozen feet or so, before landing right back on the landing pad that was Denya. Urf, all that sloshing was making him sea sick; was there actually such a thing as being too fat?

Getting his bearings together, Andy began to slowly crawl towards the two mountainous cheeks, discovering that the hose had popped free from the skunk's fat mouth. Honestly, Denya's head was as impressive as the rest of him, given his cheeks alone were as large as his stomach was entering the buffet. He could barely even see with all that chub pressed against his face, his ears completely vanishing beneath the overwhelming mounds of chub, with that pink nose pad being the biggest indicator that this was, indeed, Denya's head.

But as he got closer, Andy could see a broad smile spreading across the hybrid's face. Despite the severity of having blown up a literal building, the fox couldn't help but laugh. "Finally had enough?"

"Mmm'hm!" Denya hummed smugly.

"You're spilling into the road, ya know. You're causing a big traffic jam cuz of your big tum."

"Shame." He belched.

The fox laughed, giving the skunk's cheek a playful squeeze. "I'm not sure how I'm gonna get the talisman off of you. If it were metal, I could get a metal detector or something. I really wanna see if this is permanent, or if you're gonna zip back down to your normal self."

"Heh." Denya let out a bassy laugh, rippling his enumerable chins. "I mean, we don't have to find out right away, do we?"

Andy yawned. "No, I guess not." He was quite tired from all of that running earlier. A little nap on top of the biggest bed in the world felt like a great idea.