

“So, are ya nervous?”

“Nervous? Pssh, as if,” Shinden scoffed, in an attempt to hide his lie. Of course he was nervous, the wolf’s knuckles were as white as his oversized fangs as he clenched the steering wheel with enough force to nearly snap the damn thing in two. He had been tunnel visioned ever since pulling out of the driveway, his palms a bit sweatier than usual while his idle foot tapped anxiously. Despite his overall tenseness, the lupine hoped his casual, dismissive attitude would be enough to stop the line of questioning right there.

Unfortunately, it did not, as the other wolf in the passenger seat suddenly perked up. “What if it turns you into a giant hippopotamus, and we have to, like, make a pen for you in the backyard and feed you salad everyday?”

“Jen...”

“Or, or, or you turn into this humongous dragon, like 80 feet tall, and everytime you sneezed, fire would shoot out of your nose?” Jen snorted loudly and held her arms wide, mimicking the hypothetical beast.

Shinden sighed. “C’mon, Jen, this isn’t science fiction.” He spoke while looking straight ahead, hoping his girlfriend hadn’t noticed how wide his glowing eyes had grown. That sounded terrifying!

The female wolf huffed. “It sounds a lot like science fiction to me! They’re, what, rearranging your atoms or something?”

“Not even close!” Shinden felt the fur on the back of his neck prick up. “Everything’s in the pamphlet in the glove compartment.” Please read it and stop terrifying the hell out of me, the silver wolf thought to himself.

Thankfully, Jen did just that. Shinden’s dark ears perked up as he heard his girlfriend reach in and pull out a yellowed piece of paper, reading it out loud. “Wanted, brave furs ready for experimentation, blah blah blah, testing living tissue and electronegativity, blah blah blah, financial compensation...I understood about half of those words, I think.”

“That’s more than what I understood, honestly.” Shinden muttered under his breath. Really, what drew his attention was the price at the bottom of the pamphlet. With money like that, he could afford to take a week, or even a month off work, all just to let

some eggheads do...whatever it is they were about to do with him! How could he not sign up for something like that?

However, as they drew closer to the science facility, the sabertooth wolf felt doubts starting to manifest in his head. Should he have read the pamphlet a little more clearly? Maybe do a bit more research into this science facility to see if they were a little trustworthy? Sure, the money offered was hard to pass up, but maybe that was due to just how risky this procedure was. Extra spending money was nice to have, but it wouldn't be worth the permanent damage! What if-

"You alright, Shin?"

Shinden blinked, turning to see his girlfriend's brow furrowed with worry.

He smiled weakly. "Yeah, I'm fine! Just a little carsick, that's all."

"Carsick? Don't you fly planes for a living?"

"Cars and planes are different," he huffed, turning his attention back to the road. Despite their bantering, Shinden was glad he brought his girlfriend along. He needed the emotional reassurance to go through with this, and there was no one else he'd rather have by his side.

Jen suddenly perked up. "Oh, what if it makes you grow huge tits?!"

Nevermind. Shinden wished he went alone.

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The facility was every bit as imposing as Shinden feared it would be. Isolated and miles away from any other building, the structure looked more like an abandoned hangar than a place where science was conducted: it was a massive dome-like structure with many smaller buildings surrounding it. In a way, it somewhat resembled a large turtle, or an obscenely fat fur lying on their back. Normally that mental image would have been amusing for the sabertooth wolf, but given his rough history with science and weight gain, it felt more like a bad omen than anything.

Jenny let out a low whistle as her boyfriend parked. "Jeeze, if I knew this was taking place at Area 51, I would have brought my camera."

“I was thinking the same thing,” Shinden chuckled dryly. “You think this place is run by tiny green men with big eyes and antennae?”

“Probably! Maybe they’ll let us ride around in a U.F.O. if we behave.”

“That’d be fun,” the toothy wolf snickered. Any distraction from his anxiety was welcome, yet there was no way he could ignore the pounding of his heart. Even if there weren’t any aliens here, Shinden couldn’t help but feel an ominous sense of dread lingering around him. They were far from civilization, and this wasn’t a government-operated building, at least as far as he knew. What kind of experiments were they running here?

That feeling persisted as they walked through the front door. Shinden expected to find a small-ish room similar to a doctor’s office: a front desk with a receptionist, something to sign in with, a few chairs to sit in while he waited for his name to be called, etc. Rather, the two wolves walked in on a completely different scene, one that made his jaw drop and his heart rate rise.

As a pilot, Shinden had worked in numerous hangars in his career, yet nothing could have prepared him for what he’d walk in on. Machinery completely filled the once-spacious room, all of which looked as alien as he and Jen had joked about just minutes prior. Glowing buttons and sparks of lightning jumped between various tesla coils, illuminating the otherwise dim area. Mechanical whirring and rumbling echoed throughout, the wolf’s ears wilting. Even the very air smelled and tasted off, as if the dust itself had been replaced with microscopic metal fragments.

Even Jen, the quippy wolfess, could only stare wide eyed at the room, mouthing “holy shit” to herself every time something new caught her eye.

Equal parts fascinated and horrified, Shinden didn’t know whether to turn tail and flee or inspect the curious machinery surrounding them. Not even in his wildest imagination did he assume they would actually walk in on alien tech... assuming this was alien tech, of course. It was a lot to take in.

A sudden mechanical screech filled the room, accompanied by a less than impressive whimper escaping the wolf’s muzzle. Soon, a booming voice spoke out through an intercom. “Names?”

“U-uh.” Shinden gulped, weakly raising a paw. “I-I’m Shinden, and this is my girlfriend, Jen. We...came for the testing?”

“Both of you?”

“N-no, just me. S-she... just wanted to watch.” Shinden let out another high squeak as he felt his girlfriend suddenly cling to his side. Dammit, why did he have to pretend to be the brave one here?! He was grateful they had stopped for a bathroom break fifteen minutes prior to arriving; otherwise, he definitely would have needed a change of pants.

The silence was deafening, even more so than the booming voice earlier. The tension was so thick, they could have cut through it with a butterknife and spread it on toast. Again, Shinden wondered if they should bolt it for the door. Maybe they could make it to the car before one of these giant death rays could power on and turn them to ash.

“Step forward, Shinden.”

The wolf blinked. Well, it was nice knowing everyone. Maybe he could have the money forwarded to his next of kin? Hopefully Jen would write something brave and heroic on his epitaph, and not “Shinden died screaming like a little girl while being zapped by lasers.” Taking a shaky breath, Shinden slowly dislodged himself from his partner and took a few hesitant steps forward.

“A little closer.”

Gulping, he complied, his fluffy tail tucked between his legs.

“To your right a little.”

Shinden shuffled awkwardly to his right.

“No no, the other right.”

“You... said my right.”

“My bad.”

The wolf sighed. He wasn't sure if it was a reassuring sign that the nutjobs operating this machinery didn't know their rights and lefts. He stepped the other

direction, head craned towards the direction of the voice before he finally heard confirmation.

“Perfect. Stay right there... and close your eyes.”

The whirring grew louder, the lights glowed brighter, until there wasn't a single shadow left in the entire facility. Shinden found himself closing his eyes against his will, gritting his teeth in nervous anticipation. Brighter and brighter, louder and louder, the toothy canine shivered as an intense tingling overcame his body, every fur on his body standing on end. A wave of nausea washed over him, to the point where he was afraid he'd keel over and lose his lunch on the spot.

And then, it was over. The light, the sounds, the nausea; it all ended in a flash.

Shinden didn't want to open his eyes, fearing the worst. Slowly, his paws roamed across his body, searching for any abnormalities. Nothing felt off, at least at first. No sudden dragon or hippo transformations, or enormous breasts (thank goodness), or anything else to be concerned about. In fact, he was starting to feel hopeful that nothing had happened at all, and he could just take the money and go home.

A sudden squeal from his girlfriend completely shattered that illusion, sadly. “Ohmygosh! Shin, you're so...so cute!”

His yellow eyes flung open as he spun around towards Jen, his jaw dropping to the ground. “Holy sh- Jen, you're huge!” What the hell? He was supposed to be the one experimented on, not her! Yet now the wolfess was freaking massive, to the point where he barely even came up to her shin! Hell, the entire room had changed as well. The machinery now practically loomed above the poor wolf, to the point where they all looked like skyscrapers! Freaking hell, did everything in here suddenly grow ten times larger?

Shinden's stomach lurched. “Oh no...”

“It worked!” The same voice from earlier cried out, albeit no longer through an intercom. A door had appeared from the otherside of the room, an enormous silhouette filling it and quickly dashing towards him. With a squeal, Shinden turned tail and dashed as quickly as he could the other way, but alas, his tiny legs could only move him so far. It wasn't long before he found himself scooped off the floor, ascending far faster than he ever did in a plane before, until he was staring at a humongous ferret face to face, the mustelid's glasses as big as the wolf's entire body.

“No signs of abnormal growth defects. Fangs and canassals appear larger than usual, but otherwise unremarkable. Even his clothing shrunk along with him; how peculiar!” The glasses-wearing ferret mumbled to himself, lifting and tilting the poor wolf in every direction and angle, leaving Shinden feeling as though he were on a very uncomfortable carnival ride.

Grunting and whining, the miniature lupine tugged at the paw wrapped around his waist. “W-wait, I was *supposed* to shrink, and my clothes *weren't?!?*”

His plea was interrupted as the wolf found himself suddenly dangling upside down, hanging by his ankles! Wiggling, he was helpless as the ferret pulled out a pair of tweezers and plucked a strand of fur from his bushy tail. “Perfect! The subject is now approximately one sixteenth his original size, with no signs of abnormalities or distress!”

“I’ll show you distress!” Shinden growled, attempting to swipe at the paw carrying him. Hanging upside down, the wolf felt all the blood rushing to his head as he attempted to wrench himself free. This was simultaneously the best *and* worst possible outcome of this mad experiment. He was alive and unharmed, but goodness, being this small was *humiliating!*

Thankfully, he could hear Jen running over to save him from the mad doctor’s clutches, the wolfess’s paw gently wrapping around his waist and pulling him to safety. Alas, rather than setting him down on the ground, Jen brought him straight to her face, her wide green eyes twinkling in adoration. “Ah, you’re so freakin’ precious! Like a little Shin-doll!”

“Jen, I- ” Shinden started, before going wide eyed as a pair of lips larger than his head suddenly closed in. In a futile attempt at defense, he flung up his arms under the assault of multiple kisses, each one leaving him more and more disoriented. Freakin’ hell, he felt more secure with the mad doctor!

“Alright already!” His patience finally pushed to the end, Shinden cried out in frustration, holding out his arms. “That’s enough, please! Can we turn me back to normal now? Believe it or not, it’s not fun being man-handled as a living doll!”

He huffed, adrenaline pumping through his tiny frame. Shinden felt bad for yelling at his partner, yet he couldn’t think of any other way to get his small voice to carry to her. Being this small was genuinely unnerving; everything felt so much more dangerous, even hugs from his own girlfriend.

To his relief, he was lowered back onto the ground by Jen, who kept smiling adoringly at him. Huffing, the tiny wolf marched over haughtily to the scientist, who nodded politely back at him.

“Very well, this should give us all the data we need.” The ferret held up the tweezers with the tiny tuft of tail attached to it. “Return to your original position and we’ll try to revert your size change.”

“Try?” Shinden frowned, but the mustelid had already turned and left. That didn’t sound very reassuring. With folded ears, the sabertooth wolf quickly jogged back towards where he stood earlier, just in time for the machines to light up again. Again, the whirring grew louder, the glowing almost blinding, and another feeling of nausea overcame the lupine, just like before.

But when it all faded away, Shinden found himself the same size as before, a miniaturized toy version of himself.

“Peculiar,” the voice over the intercom mused. “Perhaps another dose would do the trick?”

“No hang on a-” Shinden was cut out by yet another bright light, forced to endure the machines yet again. The nausea was almost unbearable this time, his stomach in particular lurching, the poor wolf wobbly in the knees.

And yet, he was still the same tiny, paw-sized wolf he was before.

“Impossible. *Something* should have grown this time.” The ferret walked out towards the exhausted wolf.

“It’s not my patience, that’s for sure.” Shinden snarled at the mustelid, yet was otherwise helpless as he was lifted up by his ankles yet again, the ferret bringing him in for closer inspection.

“Hmmm...your fangs appear larger, perhaps?”

“They’ve always been this big, asshole!” Oh, how badly Shinden wanted to sink said fangs into this egghead’s finger. He might have done so, if it hadn’t meant he’d plunge several feet to his doom.

Jen came to the rescue yet again as she swiped the wolf once more, only this time holding him closely to her chest. It was better than being dangled, perhaps, but he still would have preferred the ground. The lupine's ears perked as he listened to his girlfriend plead. "C'mon, sir, there's gotta be a way to turn him back! As cute as he is all tiny like this, I don't wanna accidentally step on my own boyfriend!"

"Well..." The ferret paused, taking off his thick spectacles to polish them against his coat. "Let's see...maybe if I turn it off and back on again, it might work?"

Shinden groaned.

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"Aw, cheer up, Shin. It's not *that* bad."

"Not that bad?!" The sabertooth growled, glaring up at his girlfriend. "I'm stuck sitting in the cupholder of my own car because some asshole scientist doesn't know how to work his own machine, and you're telling me it's not that bad?"

"Well, the offer's still there if you'd rather sit on my lap."

"That's not the poi-" Shinden yelped, gripping the edge of the cupholder as he felt the car lurch sharply to the right. He knew Jen was driving as gently as possible, yet even the slightest movements felt intense for the little wolf. Only after he felt secure in his spot did he try speaking up again. "The point is, I'm too small to even reach the end of my seat, let alone the control stick in my plane! How the hell am I supposed to be a pilot like this?!"

"Hmmm..." Jen shrugged. "You could always fly toy airplanes, I suppose."

"Jen!"

"I'm serious! I'm sure toy companies would love someone of your size and expertise to test their stuff! I'm sure it'd be just as fun as flying a real plane."

"I doubt it," the little lupine grumbled, settling further into the cupholder. He wanted to soar above the clouds, not just above other people. Better yet, he wanted to at least be able to maneuver around without constantly needing others' help. The wolf's face flushed as he remembered needing Jen's paw to boost him into the car. At least he was able to climb on the seat and hop into the cupholder on his own, yet even that felt

more laborious than it needed to be. Good God, he couldn't imagine climbing the stairs in his own home.

Hopefully, what the scientist had said was true. With the wolf's fur in his hands, the ferret promised them he'd be able to study it and reverse the effects of his machine within the week, yet that felt like an eternity away. A week of taking entire minutes to walk across a single room in his house. A week of praying his girlfriend didn't roll on him in her sleep. Maybe he could make friends with any mice living in his house, and pretend this was some Disney movie or something.

Jen suddenly glared at the tiny wolf. "Hey, don't growl at me! I'm driving as slow as possible!"

Shinden blinked. "I didn't growl at you!"

"What, was that your stomach then?"

"I..." The sabertooth frowned. Was it his stomach? He hadn't eaten breakfast that morning due to nerves, after all; the stress must have pushed back his hunger until now. Damn, he actually felt ravenous! "Yes, actually."

"Heh, well there's a McDonalds up ahead if you want to pick up something..." Jen smirked at her tiny boyfriend. "Does my whittle wolfie want some chickie nuggies and an apple juice?"

"Jen!"

The normal sized wolf snickered at the poor half-pint's expense, struggling to keep a straight face even as she pulled up to order her meal, much to Shinden's chagrin. Of course he didn't order for himself; he didn't want to shout his meal, knowing he sounded like a squeaky toy! However, the tiny wolf's ears wilted when he heard his girlfriend's order for him.

"Jen, don't you think that's quite a few nuggets?"

The other wolf shrugged, pulling forward. "I thought it was a normal amount."

"For a normal sized wolf, maybe."

Jen huffed. “Well you don’t have to eat it *all*, Shinni. Just as much as you feel like.”

“I guess I’m eating nothing but chicken nuggets for the next week.” Shinden snorted. That was a valid point; at least they could save on food costs while the sabertooth wolf was doll-sized. A single french fry could probably last him all day, even with how ravenous he was feeling...

Shinden frowned. “What did you just call me?”

“Shinni! Like, Shinden and mini? I made it up just now! Ain’t it cute?”

Shinden was about to gag in response to the horrible name, but they were pulling up to receive their meal, the drive through doors opening to reveal a bored teenage cheetah ready to hand Jen their meal. Shoot, he didn’t want anyone seeing him like this!

Desperate and unable to think of anything better to do, Shinden immediately stiffened up in his cup holder seat, wearing a fake smile while staring straight ahead. Pretending to be a plastic toy was infinitely better than being gawked at by strangers asking why he was 6 inches tall. Fortunately, it seemed to work; Shinden noticed from the corner of his eye the teenaged feline mildly confused at the uncannily realistic toy laying in Jen’s car, while Jen herself tried hard not to laugh at the performance.

Being small sucked...

It was tough, lying stiff and rigid on an uneven surface, but thankfully Jen was at least gracious enough to quickly grab the food, pay, and drive off before the tiny wolf collapsed in exhaustion. That was certainly a work out for the abbs, at least. Moving around in general was gonna at least burn a hell of a lot of calories. He could certainly come out of this in fantastic shape.

As she drove off, Jen set the bag of food on the passenger seat, her paw gently rubbing against Shinden’s head as she retracted it. “Today’s been pretty tiring for you, huh Shinnie? Wanna relax with a movie when we get home?”

The little lupine nodded. “That sounds nice.”

Jen grinned. "Great, cuz I know the perfect movie for you! It's about these toys who are all actually alive, but they have to go all stiff whenever anyone walks by them and-"

Shinden rolled his eyes, quickly tuning her out. Hardy harr harr. He was glad Jen found plenty of humor in his situation. Someone had to, he figured. Oh, if only the tides were turned, and it was he who had to take care of a tiny Jen. Who'd be laughing then?

Still ignoring his girlfriend's remarks, Shinden soon found himself focusing on the rich, salty scent wafting over from the bag next to him. Looking over, he noticed said bag of McDonalds was actually lying on its side, the opening facing towards him. Shinden wondered if Jen meant to set it down like that or not, yet he couldn't help but wonder at the size of the bag. Sheesh, it was big enough for him to walk right into it, the interior of the bag comparatively as large as a living room. Of course, Shinden wouldn't dare to crawl inside it while the car was moving; that was an accident just waiting to happen.

But maybe he didn't have to; there was a big, crispy french fry just barely close enough for him to reach!

Waiting until the car came to a halt at a red light, Shinden pressed himself against the edge of the cupholder and reached out with both arms, grabbing at that alluring golden-brown strand of fried potato. Sure, he could have waited until they got home to eat, but then how else could he shut up his rumbling stomach? He was hungry now, darn it. Big or small, everyone likes to nibble on fries while driving home. Besides, it was a great distraction from Jen, who was currently asking the tiny wolf if he'd either like to try wearing a toy cowboy or a toy spaceman outfit.

Neither. The answer was neither.

Fry in arms, Shinden slowly slid back, dragging it out. It was heavy, like pulling a long and crispy plank of wood! And yet, the smell was so intoxicating, it had the lupine licking his oversized fangs. When else would he get the chance to be able to eat a french fry longer than himself?

He took a large bite, his eyes rolling back. Gosh, that was amazing! The enormous size of the fry must have amplified the taste, the salty flavor completely washing over his tongue. Munching away at the crispy potato, Shinden didn't even swallow before taking a second bite, and then a third. He just couldn't get enough of it!

He wasn't normally this ravenous, but then again he normally wasn't so tiny, or normally didn't get the chance to eat giant food.

Today just wasn't a normal day in general.

Still munching away, Shinden hardly paid any heed to his flight jacket pressing tightly against his torso, or his black shirt slowly riding up along said torso. A part of him knew he should have filled up by now, especially considering how greasy and salty this single french fry was, yet he hardly seemed to mind. Maybe his smaller size required more nutrition than usual to function? Yeah, that sounded right. It was a good enough explanation for Shinden to ignore his swelling midriff as he ate, gradually shoving more and more of the french fry into his mouth like a piece of wood going through a woodchipper.

In seemingly no time at all, the french fry was gone, reduced to oversized salt crystals clinging to the wolf's whiskers.

"Heh, looks like you really enjoyed that, huh?"

Shinden blinked, glancing up to his girlfriend like licking his fingers clean. "Uh, Jen, shouldn't you be focusing on the road?"

"We're home, silly. I'm parked in the driveway."

"What?" The little lupine frowned. "How long have we been here?"

"For like five minutes or so. I didn't wanna interrupt your little moment there."

"Jen!" Shinden blushed. Jeeze, she makes it sound like he got freaky with that fry. Yet, he couldn't exactly blame her for staring; he was also pretty surprised he managed to finish the entire thing in one go. Even more so, the wolf was tempted to crawl towards the bag and pull out another one, now that they had parked. Or maybe another two, or three, or-

Jen reached over and plucked the bag off the chair, chuckling as she watched Shinden instinctually reach for it. "C'mon, little glutton. We can eat more when we're inside."

"Fine, fine." The sharp-toothed wolf blushed. Grunting, he braced his paws against the edge of the cupholders, pushing himself up...

...before promptly falling on his behind. "Durf!"

What happened? He was just fine getting into the car, but now he felt significantly slower and more sluggish. A side effect of the experiment, perhaps? Or was it all due to wolfing down that single fry? Shinden hoped neither was the case, although he knew it was one hell of a fry.

"Need help, Shinni?"

"I-I'm fine!" Shinden grumbled, trying again. Right away, he noticed his gut pressing firmly against the lip of the holder, yet he slowly hauled himself upwards, swinging his legs around the edge. Just crawling out left him red faced and panting, his rounded middle rising up and down with each ragged breath. That *really* shouldn't have drained him so much. If he couldn't get out of the cupholder without collapsing in exhaustion, how the hell was he supposed to get around his home without Jen's help.

Speaking of which. "Are you sure, Shinni?"

Shinden sighed, raising his arms. "Fine. Carry me."

With a delighted squeal, Jen whisked away the tuckered out wolf, gently cradling him in her arms. "Just when I thought you couldn't get any cuter!" She teased, rubbing her finger along his exposed fluffy belly.

Rather than acknowledge the teasing, Shinden tried reaching for the bag instead.

The smaller wolf sighed as he leapt from Jen's paw onto the couch, happy to flop on his back. Finally, home at last, away from cup holders and nutjob scientists. He finally felt safe from the world, content to wait out the week or so needed until he could finally regain his proper size. Of course, navigating his own house would still be quite the monumental task, but at the very least it would be a good work out.

Shinden definitely needed the exercise. Lying flat on his back, he could barely see the TV past his own rounded midriff.

Without warning, Jen flopped onto the cushion next to him, the sudden shift in weight bouncing Shinden back upright. “Whew, well I am beat! I had a biiiiiig day today. How about you, hun?”

Shinden rolled his eyes. “Do you want me to say ‘I had a really tiny day’ so you can laugh at me?”

Jen smiled, shaking her head. “Nah, you had a big day too!”

Shinden narrowed his eyes.

“I’m serious, Shinni! A big, big day indeed.” The wolfess reached out, tapping Shinden’s belly with a finger.

“H-hey!” The little wolf pushed back, flustered. “T-that’s just a bloat!” At least, that’s what he tried telling himself. Truth be told, he felt himself jiggle a bit when he was poked, his cheeks burning bright red in embarrassment. There’s no way he just put on weight from a single french fry, was there? No, there couldn’t be, it was just a food bloat!

But if that were the case, why was he still so hungry..?

Seemingly sensing her boyfriend’s appetite, Jen sat the bag down between herself as Shinden, facing it towards the mini canine. “Help yourself, hun. Something tells me you’ll need the energy to move your teeny tiny self around.”

Oh, he didn’t need to be told twice! His floofy tail flicking in anticipation, Shinden quickly scrambled over into the bag, crawling back out with another fry in tow. He could work out why he felt so sluggish and heavy later; who knows, maybe their attempts at unshrinking him were actually successful, as he was slowly returning to his normal size, if at a slightly uneven rate. That would certainly explain his sudden appetite. He needs all the extra calories he could get so he could grow back to normal, that’s all!

Satisfied with his very brief and hastily thought out logic, Shinden bit into the next log-like french fry, moaning in delight. Man, this stuff was addicting; no wonder some furs got hooked on fast food and grew fat. He was nearly halfway through the fry before he even noticed Jen had turned on their TV, putting on the movie Toy Story.

Harr harr.

Still, Shinden had to admit this was rather nice, after the stress of today. Relaxing on the couch with his girlfriend, watching a movie while munching on fried snacks. Yes, he was significantly smaller than he should be, but if he ignored the french fry he was eating dominating his lap, this almost felt normal. At least it helped him forget about possibly needing a tiny elevator just to move up a flight of stairs, for now.

Reclining against the back of the couch, Shinden happily let his mind drift off as he watched the movie, nibbling on his oversized snack. Occasionally, a fleck of salt or potato skin would fall, but fortunately it would land on his bloated stomach, making it easy for him to recover it.

Or perhaps that was unfortunate. His stomach was growing concerningly large.

Shinden frowned, quickly shoving the rest of the fry into his gullet before glancing down at himself (just so he wouldn't waste food). Just like the first one, the second fry left a significant impact on his waistline, his bloated stomach nearly dominating his lap. To him, he looked as though he'd swallowed a beach ball, although to anyone else it'd look more like a large grape. Still, the large gray orb was rather concerning; there was no way he could zip up his jacket even if he wanted to, and his black shirt barely went farther than his moobs...erh, chest.

He didn't have moobs. He *couldn't* have moobs.

"Is something wrong, Shin?"

"Durf!" Shinden looked up to find Jen leaning towards him, smiling coolly. The chubby canid's ears folded back; should he say something? He'd just stuffed two massive fries down his gullet, yet he already felt hungry for more, despite how rotund and bloated he must look. Hell, it might have just been his imagination, but he swore he felt himself sinking just a bit further into the couch! Yes, something was wrong, yet Jen didn't look too concerned, even if her eyes did flicker towards the gut resting on his lap. His girlfriend did like to joke around, but surely she would have spoken up if she thought he looked off, right?

Shinden forced himself to smile awkwardly. "Everything's fine!"

"That's good." Jen smiled wider, tapping the bag. "Did you want some more?"

Oh, he certainly did want some more. Shinden's snout twitched as he looked inside the bag once more. Something was definitely off about him, but he couldn't admit he had an eating problem to Jen now. She'd never let him hear the end of it!

"E-erh, I'm, uh, good for now. I'm comfy in this spot, heh." Shinden bashfully replied. It was a half-truth; he was comfy and didn't want to move, but part of that was due to his fear of tearing his green trousers. They were feeling uncomfortably tight all of a sudden.

"Ah," Jen responded. Shinden sighed, thinking she'd leave him alone as she reached inside the bag, pulling out a chicken nugget. He thought that was for herself, but instead, the wolfess left the fried lump of chicken resting against Shinden's side, much to his horror. "There ya go!"

"Thanks..." Shinden gulped, staring at the nugget as though it were a dangerous beast. He wanted nothing to do with it -- oh that was a lie, he wanted to stuff it in his muzzle! His pot belly growled in ravenous hunger, the wolf gulping back a sudden wave of saliva. McDonalds was already fattening enough, he didn't need to eat a nugget the size of his own big belly! But the fries were so good, and he wasn't even that much of a fry guy. Imagine how delicious a nugget would taste...

"Just a bite," the wolf muttered, leaning forward to chomp into it. The resounding *crunch* was the most satisfying noise he'd ever heard in his life, so much so that he had to hear it again. And again. "Mmmf." Such juicy, tender meat; the carnivore in him squealed in joy as he tore his fangs into the succulent treat, gobbling it up bite by bite like a feral, starving wolf.

One good look at him would imply otherwise.

The button on his pants suddenly undid itself, his gray middle pouring out like a tidal wave. The wolf hardly minded, too enraptured by the mind-numbing taste to even notice how tight his clothes were growing, or that he was being watched very closely by a certain wolfess. His ear flicked as he heard a slight tearing sound, the sleeve of his shirt ripping to allow more room for those sausage-like arms to move, and yet he continued eating, his puffy cheeks starting to encroach his peripheral vision. He needed to stop, yet his arms and mouth moved on their own. It was just so good, he had to reach for one more bite. Just one more bite. Just one more-

*"Bwuuuurp!"*

A squeaky belch signaled the end of Shinden's feast, as well as the end of his pants, the leggings tearing up to reveal heart-patterned tighty-whities. Yet, much to Shinden's horror, that wasn't the worst of it. Good God, he was *big!* His stomach now easily reached past his knees, the fluffy mass of fur and fat completely enveloping his upper thighs. Alas, he couldn't call it a food bloat anymore, as pressing his paws into it revealed just how squishy and doughy it really was, enveloping his pudgy paws up to their wrist! With a yelp, Shinden heard his jacket tear along the back just from reaching forward. Dammit, he was outgrowing his only set of tiny clothes!

"Want another?"

Shinden gasped, a second chicken nugget falling onto his stomach with a squishy plop, sending his body jiggling. For once, his apprehension prevailed against his hunger as he shoved the fried morsel off himself, looking up at Jen with horror. "A-are you crazy, Jen? I'm already huge!"

"No you're not. You're tiny, remember?" The wolfess snickered.

"Jen!" With a grunt, Shinden slowly leaned forward, grunting as he had to fight against his own fat middle. Not only that, but he had his restricting clothes to deal with as well, the tear in his jacket riding past his shoulders! Oh, he was definitely sinking deeper into the couch, the lardy lupine unable to move out of his runt, stuck rolling back and forth in place!

Thankfully, Jen was there to offer assistance, pressing her finger against Shinden's plush backside to help him up. Yet even upright, Shinden felt off balance, disoriented, and very, very heavy. How the hell did he end up so fat, so quickly?! His legs were stuck bowed out to make room for each other and his own gut, while his arms were held in place due to his incredibly tight sleeves; he must have looked like a toy sumo wrestler! What remained of his clothes tug tightly into his plump body; he could feel his pants in particular riding up firmly along his rotund rump, leaving nothing to the imagination. All around, he felt plump, round, heavy; he wasn't growing up, he was growing *out!*

And worst of all, he was still hungry! Even though he managed to push away the chicken nugget, Shinden continued to stare longingly at it, that massive stomach of his growling loudly like a jet turbine. If only he could have one more bite...

He shook his head, jostling those big plump cheeks of his as he looked up at Jen, his yellow eyes wide and pleading. "Something's wrong, I mean it! I-I shouldn't be this hungry, or this...big."

"Hmm," was Jen's only response, the wolfess looking at Shinden as if just now realizing how rotund her boyfriend grew. Gently, she tapped her finger against the wolf's jiggly tum, causing the micro to flail his tube-like arms in order to remain balanced. "Yeah, I mean...I *guess* you're a little rounder than usual. And you're still hungry?"

"Ravenous!" Shinden whimpered, his stomach gurgling yet again. He actually needed to reach up to wipe the drool from his muzzle, before yelping as his jacket finally gave way! Growling, the pudgy wolf grabbed the shredded remains of his brown overcoat, throwing them aside to reveal a black shirt that could barely contain his puffy chest.

Jen said nothing at first, simply watching the spectacle on display. Shinden grumbled, impatient. Please say something, Jen, before he collapsed on the rest of the McDonalds and ate until he couldn't move!

Finally, the wolfess spoke up. "Alright, I think I know what's going on here. Try not to eat any more, Shin, I'll go grab something that should help fix your appetite."

"Thank you, Jen!" Shinden cried out in relief, watching his girlfriend quickly stride away. Finally, he was being taken seriously! All he had to do was wait for Jen to bring him...something, while fighting off the urge to eat himself into immobility. That thought alone sounded ridiculous, yet as he stared at the lone chicken nugget on the couch, he started to wonder if one more bite would be *that* bad...

Right as he was about to find out, Shinden's ears perked up; Jen was coming back quicker than expected! Sighing, the fat wolf smiled as he saw his girlfriend come into view,

before squeaking in terror as he saw what she was carrying.

"Hold still, Shinni!" Jen grinned wolfishly.

Shinden did anything but! Yelping, the tubby lupine turned tail and fled as quickly as his barrel-like legs could carry him! Right foot, left foot, right foot, left foot, swinging his feet around each other was a monumental task in itself, made even more difficult due to the plush couch he ran on. With his belly and rump bouncing and jiggling, it was

impossible to keep his balance. Shinden only made it a good four or five steps before tripping over himself, collapsing onto his cushy belly panting and wheezy.

“I thought you were hungry, Shinni!”

The wolf whimpered at that sing-song voice. Why did Jen have to be such a sadist? He whined as two fingers pressed into his plump sides, slowly rolling his sloshy, jiggly self over until he was on his back, pinned beneath his rising mound of a gut. Besides his own jiggling tum, all Shinden could see was the large nozzle of whipped cream approaching his face. He tried his best to keep his mouth shut, but dammit he was still out of breath; he opened for one more gasp of air, and the nozzle was thrust inward, filling his muzzle!

“Good wolfie.”

With that, Jen pressed her finger to the nozzle, and Shinden’s eyes went wide; whipped cream flooded into him faster than he could even comprehend! He didn’t even have to swallow, all that cream simply poured straight down his throat, seemingly filling every inch of him up with milk, sugar, and fat! Like a balloon, Shinden’s stomach quickly blimping outwards, his shirt lasting mere seconds before it, too, was torn to shreds. His arms and legs were quickly locked into position, seemingly stuck out spread-eagle while he blimped up and up, out and out. His belly loooooomed over him, a monolith of fur and chub, a reminder of just how devious his girlfriend could be when she felt like it.

And still he grew. The cream began to run out, which meant Shinden was forced to gulp down the cream as it came, his throat bobbing with each swallow. At least it would, if it weren’t completely hidden by his own rising midsection. Despite lying on his back, the wolf felt himself both rising higher and sinking deeper into the couch. His stomach chuuummed and rumbled, his belly a slight tinge of pink along the ends; the wolf was really, really full! Stuffed even, Shinden groaned as he felt like a needle would pop him right then and there. His eyelids felt heavy, the canid’s vision blurring as he ate and grew, ate and grew...

Until he was sucking on an empty nozzle.

“Well look at that, you ate the whole thing!” Jen laughed, setting the can aside to gently rub along her boyfriend’s bloated belly. “How do you feel? Full, I bet.”

There was a whole list of adjectives swimming around in Shinden’s head on how he felt. Full was certainly up there, right with disoriented, bloated, and of course, heavy.

God, he must have looked like a ripe melon, considering his dark grey hide was as round and taut as his fluffy white middle. It was a miracle he didn't burst through that somehow, even if the end result left him a literal sphere of a wolf, unable to get both feet touching the ground even if he was rolled upright. He didn't even want to think about how long it'd take him to lose even a portion of all this weight, but at the very least, he was full...

...or, was full.

Shinden's eyes shot wide open as he heard a different type of growl erupt from his gut, one triggered when he remembered the chicken nuggets in the bag. No way, he couldn't be hungry, not after all that! He was a ball, for crying out loud; Jen could dribble him like a basketball if she wanted to!

And yet, he still wanted more, his chops growing moist as he thought about the fried foods below him, beneath all that fur and flab. To his ever growing surprise, Shinden felt himself slowly sinking in further into his own body, his rotund figure slowly softening up like a deflating ball. Going from round to ovoid, the wolf bore witness to his own body's impossibly efficient digestion capabilities; his belly spread outward, multiple rolls forming along his puffy sides and doughy moobs, while behind him his rump attempted to reclaim its own share of the couch. His limbs were gradually freed from the confines of his own body, yet they were reduced, or rather augmented, into being little more than useless rings of chub, hardly able to do more than wiggle and jiggle in place. Hell, even Shinden's cheeks started to puff out before his eyes, encroaching his peripheral vision and pressing into his muzzle, to the point where he could poke them with his own protruding fangs if he wanted to!

If he was fat before, he was massive now! A literal landwhale, even if he more closely resembled a pufferfish!

"O-oh no," Shinden muttered, black ears folding back. As if he needed to be more helpless to his girlfriend's caloric-filled assault.

Said girlfriend was just as shocked at the gradual transformation before her, although that look of surprise was quickly replaced with one of elation. "Aaaaah, Shinni! You're sooooo cyuuute!"

"J-Jen, wait!" Shinden pleaded, sitting helplessly as a pair of paws wiggled their way beneath his plump body. With a durf, he felt himself slowly rise up, his blubber completely encompassing his girlfriend's paws.

“Boy, you are squishy! It’s like holding a giant, jiggly water balloon, only much fluffier!” Jen snickered, giving the little blob a gentle shake, just so he would slosh back and forth. With a slight grunt, the wolfess sat back on the couch, letting the shapeless rest on her lap, leaning into her slender torso.

Naively, Shinden thought that was the end of it, stuck to being his girlfriend’s stress toy for the next week. Alas, he quickly learned she was far from finished; the discarded nugget from earlier held up to his muzzle. “I wanna try something. Open wide!”

“Jen! Don’t-” But the wolf was cut off, his girlfriend shoving not just a portion, but the *entire* nugget into his gullet! Wide-eyed, Shinden’s cheeks bulged outwards like a chipmunk, slowly chewing the enormous lump of chicken. Yet again, he was surprised at just how unusually stretchy his body was, although if he could grow several times his size and still be hungry, eating a chicken nugget whole shouldn’t have been surprising.

A rather hefty gulp, and the nugget was swallowed. Before, an entire nugget was enough to turn Shinden from tubby to downright flabby; now, it hardly made a dent in his blob of a physique. In fact, for all Shinden knew, he may as well not have eaten it at all, for his stomach soon growled for more.

“Well, would you look at that. Seems you just can’t be satisfied anymore, huh?” Jen chuckled lightly, lightly running her claws along the various folds making up her boyfriend’s belly. “That works for me. We still have plenty of food left, and we both know you want more!”

Shinden wasn’t so sure of the last statement, the whimpering wolf attempting to hide his head within his own ring of neck fat. Alas, there was no hiding this puddle of pup; the next fry shot towards his maw like a heat seeking missile. Helpless *and* hungry, the big blob opened for it and munched away, swallowing the entire thing before being made to eat the next fry, and then the next. Followed by more nuggets, then two fries at once!

The wolf’s stomach grumbled, rumbled, burbled; he felt himself sinking further into his body, his figure rising like yeast. His arms were stuck sticking out at an awkward angle, thick rings of fat preventing them from so much as bending, down to his sausage-like fingers. His legs may as well not even exist, his pudgy footpaws floating adrift in a sea of calf and thigh fat, which in of itself was smothered in a big blanket of belly. And what a belly it was! Dominating the majority of the wolf’s vision, he felt it

gradually spread along his girlfriend's thighs. Only fifteen minutes ago, his stomach filled his lap, now it was on its way to filling Jen's as well! The only thing rivaling his belly in size was his rump, those two impressive spheres lifting the immense wolf higher and higher, to the point where Shinden's ears started rubbing against Jen's breasts!

He grumbled, eyes half-lidded once more. By now, he must have eaten enough to put normal-sized Shin into a food coma, yet here he was still eating away. Granted, his raging hunger had subsided somewhat, yet he was far from what he'd consider full. He had no idea where all that food was going...well, that wasn't true. It was painfully obvious where it was all going.

"My goodness, Shin, you ate everything!"

Shinden belched in response, his head groggy. Thankfully, his enormous cheeks were puffy enough to rest his head against, while the rest of his body was warmly swaddled in...well, itself.

He never knew it was possible to feel so enormous, yet so tiny at the same time. He felt his girlfriend's arms wrap around his plump sides, squeezing him close as if he were a ball of pure dough. He was a literal blob, a puddle of pudge, with thick rolls of flab gradually leading up to a tiny, yet fat face. If he were normal size, he'd probably be large enough to fill the living room; hell, maybe even the entire house! And yet, he could still be lifted by Jen, even if the wolfess risked throwing her back out in doing so.

But rather than lifting him up, Jen brought something else up to her head. Shinden grumbled, wishing he could somehow turn his fat head around so he could see what she was-

"Hello, pizza hut? I'd like to place an order for delivery."

No.

No no no no!

Shinden squirmed and fidgeted as best he could, only able to produce tiny ripples among his pudge-filled frame! He couldn't eat any more; she'd need a wheelbarrow just to haul him around! Yet, Jen hardly seemed concerned with such an idea, grinning to Shinden as she placed the order. "Don't worry, Shinni. It'll be a while before the pizza gets here. We can empty out the pantry while we wait!"

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“Alright, last delivery of the day.”

Alex muttered to himself as he drove through the neighborhood, the fox’s bushy tail flicking idly. Today had been a very long day. He stifled a yawn as he pulled up to the driveway of his next client. Up, down, up, down, left, right, left, right; today’s deliveries had pulled him all throughout town, leaving the poor vulpine and his car tired and ragged. He really needed a new source of income, delivering pizzas was just not doing it for him.

Well, there was an option he was leaning towards, but that had to wait. This was his last delivery of the day, after all.

He just wished the last delivery wasn’t so burdensome. Alex frowned as he looked at the stack of pizzas sitting on the passenger seat beside him. It was a miracle they managed to stay upright throughout the entire drive. With the scope of this order, he expected a massive party raving at the address, yet there was only a single car in the driveway. How peculiar.

Regardless, he got out, walked over, and hauled the massive stack up, grunting all the while. Whatever, it wasn’t his job to over analyze anything. He just had to drop off this very generous pile of pizzas, and hope he received an equally generous tip in return.

Sauntering over to the doorway, Alex was forced to strike the door chime with his elbow, not trusting his shaky arms to support the leaning tower of pizza on their own.

“Come in!”

Alex frowned. Was the lady behind the door expecting a guest? “E-erh, pizza delivery!”

“I know! Come in! Door’s open.”

The fox furrowed his brow. His delivery instructions never said anything about needing to come inside. Either someone opened the door for him, or he was asked to leave it on the doorstep. Perhaps the lady inside was occupied with something?

Thankfully, the door was already cracked open, Alex just needed to nudge it with his foot to swing it open. Stepping inside he peeked his head around the mountain of pizzas, hoping to get a good look at his client. "I have fifteen pepperoni pizzas for..."

He froze, almost dropping the pizzas on the floor.

His eyes had to be playing tricks. They *had* to be! He was just seeing a nice young wolfess relaxing on a large bean bag chair, right? She looked completely ordinary, sitting upright while eyeing the pizzas in excitement. But the bean bag chair...it couldn't be.

It couldn't be a *fur*, could it?!

No, that was preposterous! Science fiction, even! Yet the more he stared, the more he noticed just how...unusual the bean bag looked! It was lumpy, with one large white sphere billowing out, with two slightly smaller gray spheres forming the back end. Yet it wasn't the lumps of fluff that stood out to the fox, rather the strange folds leading up and down the enormous bean bag on either side, almost like a staircase. The round, squishy shape of it all, it made Alex think of an overstuffed teddy bear, only with the head and limbs removed.

Or, perhaps shrunken.

Alex squinted his eyes. He swore he heard a squeak coming from the chair. It jiggled so readily with the slightest movements the wolfess made, as if it were filled with water. If that were the case, why did it have those thick folds on either side? Why did it have those plump rings leading up the middle, almost like extra chins? Hell, upon closer inspection, he swore he saw two more lumps right on top and...*were those ears?!*

"Just leave those right here, please."

"H-huh?" Alex blinked, looking back at the wolfess. She was patting the other end of the wolf... erh, beanbag. Right, beanbag. There was no way that was actually a wolf or something. That tuft on the rear side of it was just stuffing escaping through a tear, not the remnants of a wolf's brushy tail or anything!

Smiling awkwardly, he carefully stumbled over to set the stacks of pizza down, his eyes still drawn to the bean bag. It was impressively made, that's for sure. It looked so soft and fluffy, no wonder he confused it for a living being! Heck, standing so close to it, he couldn't help but feel as though it radiated a bit of warmth, as if it were...

He got up, shaking his head before smiling at the wolf. "H-have a nice day!"

Alex swiftly fled the house, forgetting all about the tip. No, it couldn't have been a wolf, that's just nonsense! He was doing that annoying habit of his, overanalyzing everything instead of simply doing his job.

Well, whatever. He was done. Logging out of work on his phone, the fox quickly sped away, making a beeline towards home. Time to hit the hay and forget everything he saw today.

Besides, he needed to be well rested for tomorrow. There was someone offering quite a bit of money to perform a few experiments on him, after all!