Yet another empty ice cream carton joined the ever-growing mountain in the corner of the room. A loud, rumbling burp erupted from the large mass taking up the couch, followed by a satisfied grunt.

“Was that enough for you?” asked the rabbit next to the couch. Her eyes were wide, almost manic, and she was grinning ear to ear.

“Mmm, that was a fine dinner,” the mass sighed. “Though, Ah reckon Ah could go fer some dessert.”

“More ice cream?”

“Ooh, if y’all can spare anymore…?”

“Coming right up, big girl~”

The mass on the couch was actually a wolf; an incredibly oversized one named Claire. Many would assume, as a wolf, she simply enjoyed burgers and fried chicken far too much. That wasn’t exactly the case--she had rows of sweet teeth, and was always more than happy to indulge in her favourite treat; ice cream.

And no ice cream was better than the kind made by Emma, her best friend, workmate, and practically lover. The short, big booty bunny owned an ice cream parlour, proudly selling her own brand. One of Claire’s main duties - and her favourite - was being Chief Quality Control Officer, which was just the official way to say ‘Taste Tester’. This, combined with her love of sweets, made a deadly combination for her waistline.

Her T-shirt was barely more than a bra with short sleeves, and those sleeves badly strained from her thick bingo wings bulging out of them. A pair of sweatshorts were all that could contain her thunderous thighs - just barely - and they were horribly strained in the seat thanks to her couch-filling rump. One would be forgiven for thinking she wasn’t wearing anything, thanks to her monstrous completely belly filling out her thick lap. Her chubby cheeks and a stack of chins overcame her face, giving her a constant squint and removing any trace of a neck.

That sheer level of morbid obesity would worry a regular person, but Emma? Emma got all tingly just *looking* at her. Watching that whale of a wolf stuff her face with fattening treats made her heart race. The rabbit was a proud chubby chaser, eager to watch anyone who buys her treats go up a few pants sizes, but Claire was at the top of her list.

“My sexy southern ball,” she growled to herself as she lifted three more cartons out of the freezer. She tried not to smirk too much when she saw the butterball’s face light up.

“Now we’re talkin’,” Claire drooled, her plump paws flexing to grab them.

Emma was more than happy to give them over, of course. “Eat up, big girl,” she purred.

And eat up she did, scooping a large spoon into the mint-double chocolate ice cream and going to town, moaning with every mouthful. Emma wasn’t sure how Claire was able to avoid brain freeze, but she certainly didn’t complain. In fact, she was happy to *encourage* her wide workmate to ‘taste test’ as often and as much as possible.

Eventually, a few more tubs joined the pile, and Claire let out a loud burp, followed by a yawn.

“Man,” she sighed, paws resting on her bloated, gurgling stomach. Well, more bloated than usual. “Now *that* hit the spot.” She wiped her mouth on her flabby arm, then licked it clean.

Emma licked her lips, though not out of hunger. “Better, big girl?”

“Oh, much better,” the wolf yawned. “Mighty sleepy now, though.”

“Well, why don’t we get you settled into bed then?” the rabbit offered, taking Claire’s paws and trying to hoist her onto her fat feet. ‘Trying’ being the keyword, since the wolf’s enormous ass didn’t move.

“Oh, Ah don’t think Ah can budge fer a while,” she admitted, letting out a long, deep yawn. “All that eatin’s tuckered me out.”

“Yeah, *that’s* why you can’t move,” Emma giggled, her tail tuft twitching eagerly. “Well, if you’re not getting up, I’m getting in~”

The rabbit pushed Claire’s thunder thigh out from against the armrest and squeezed in between them. She grunted softly as both soft surfaces squashed her right up. Just as Claire was going to ask if she was okay, she felt a familiar shudder from the small (by comparison, given the bun’s own large buns) rabbit. Yeah, she was fine.

With a long yawn, Claire’s closed her eyes, and she was right to sleep.

Claire’s eyelids fluttered open, but it was still dark. In the dead of night, in fact. Nowhere near time for breakfast, which was curious. The clock said it was after 2am, yet her enormous belly was grumbling like she hadn’t eaten in a day.

“Yeesh,” she mumbles, trying to placate the flabby dome with a slow, circular rub, “Ah could sure go fer a midnight snack right about now.”

Thankfully she had rested enough to get her strength back, and albeit quite slowly, she managed to haul herself onto her fat feet. Emma had flopped onto the plethora of new space on the couch and taken to groping the warm cushion, still fast asleep. Claire breathed a sigh of relief and slowly waddled into the kitchen.

In minutes, the wolf was surrounded with open, empty cupboards, the fridge and pantry also bare. It was rare for her to swallow without food to drop into her belly, which had begun growling rather grumpily from having nothing in it.

“This ain’t good at all,” she muttered, rubbing her huge gut again. “What’m Ah gonna do? Ah can’t rightly wake up Emma just to make me some ice cream.”

That was when her nose started twitching. She snuffled, and a warm, deliciously sweet scent teased her senses. Freshly baked bread, loaded with sugar and piled with chocolate…

“Golly,” she murmured, licking her lips as her mouth began to water. “What could *that* be?”

Before she knew it, she was following the scnt to the door. A few minutes of squeezing passed before she popped out and waddled toward the dark group of trees nearby.

Claire had heard many stories about the woods. One that always stuck out in her mind was a witch who lived in the darkest part, who liked to lure unsuspecting locals to her home and fatten them up. Like in Hansel and Gretel but without the ‘getting eaten' bit.

The logical side of Claire was sure the locals were fattening up all of a sudden because of Emma’s super-addictive ice cream - she was a prime example, after all - but still, the possibility of a witch in the woods didn’t leave her mind.

Despite the moon being blocked out by the dense foliage, Claire somehow lumbered herself through the trees with ease. Like she had been taking the route she was going her whole life and she knew it like the back of her bloated paw. Somehow she managed to not get stuck between trees, or trip herself up on roots or logs. No that any of that came to mind; what she was thinking about was that smell. The further she hauled herself, the stronger and more delicious it got. She could smell strawberries piled on as well. And was that caramel? Drool trickled down her chins as she wobbled deeper and deeper into the woods.

Eventually, she came to a stop in a clearing deep within the darkest part of the forest. The moonlight shined down on a humble cottage, walls made of large stones and a thatch roof, like something lifted straight out of Middle Age England. A warm, flickering glow of candlelight came from the windows, and the chimney was smoking. Someone was definitely inside, and whoever it was, they were one heck of a baker. That smell was definitely coming from inside, and she could practically taste it by now.

Claire should have been wary. At least reluctant to approach a strange house uninvited. But before she knew it, she was right at the door. She swallowed and took a deep breath. She’d have to play this carefully and remember her manners. She’d ask nicely for a little snack. Just a little bite, or two, or twelve. Yeah, that would be enough. She certainly wouldn’t overstay her welcome.

She raised her soft fist, but there was no need to knock. Her stomach let out an almighty roar, sending an echo through the woods and causing birds to flee from the branches. Her chubby cheeks flushed bright red as she rubbed her massive dome. Once it finally calmed down, she could hear approaching from inside. At the least, her belly certainly made an effective doorbell.

The door opened inward, and Claire looked at who answered. A cat about her height, with black fur and lavender hair flowing down her back from her pointed hat. She definitely looked like she took good care of herself, given that plump figure. She fixed Claire with lowered eyelids and a catlike smirk.

“Why hello there,” she began. “What brings you out this far into the woods so late?”

“Well howdy there,” Claire said, remembering her manners. “Sorry for disturbin’ ya so late, but when Ah got this yummy whiff of somethin’ sweet, Ah just couldn't help myself!”

“Oh, you're not interrupting me at all, dear,” she said, her tone almost like a mother soothing her child. “I was just doing a spot of baking. I just hop out of bed with these urges to whip up some treats this late at night every now and then.”

Claire tilted her head. She knew about midnight snacking - she’d win a gold medal in it if she could - but midnight *baking*? That was a new one. She opened her mouth to question it, but her belly cut her off with another loud, grumpy thunder, enough to send the blubber in her middle jiggling and bouncing.

“Gosh, Ah’m so sorry,” she murmured, face bright red as she put her plump paws on it. “Ah dunno what’s comin’ over me tonight.”

“No need to apologise, sweetheart,” the cat assured her, catching Claire by surprise by grabbing the sides of the wolf’s huge belly. “A loud tummy means a healthy appetite. And you look like you eat *very* healthy.”

Claire smiled nervously, rubbing the back of her head. “Well, Ah guess you could say so.”

“And there's only one hing to do with such a hungry belly,” she went on, patting it with both paws and sending it wobbling. “Let’s get you inside, dear. It’s awfully dark and chilly out.”

“Wow, that’s mighty kind of ya.” Claire grinned and happily lumbered inside. “Mah name’s--oof!” she grunted, her generously-sized love handles squeezed into the small doorway. “...Claire.”

“That’s a lovely name,” the cat smiled, flicking her wrist. “My name is Willow.”

Claire yelped as, from out of nowhere, a force came from behind her and shuted her bulk into the cottage. She took a moment to keep her balance, but the door closed behind her just as she turned to see what pushed her. Now that was certainly peculiar. It was hard for her to ponder it, though, as the cosy warmth of the coage wrapped around her like a toasty blanket fresh out of the dryer. Her tail swayed slowly and she let out a quiet moan in contentment.

“Much better, hm?” asked Willow, smiling.

“Oh, it *was* pretty cold out there,” sighed Claire. “Thank ya kindly.”

“Now then, why don’t we get you settled down with a nice treat?”

“Oh, that’s mighty nice of ya,” Claire said, smiling as she slowly waddled after her hostess.

The cottage was definitely very comfortable, even for someone who took as much space as Claire. The call of the wide, plush couch would be a lot more enticing if she weren’t so hungry. The shelves were lined with little picture frames and knick-knacks, and she could swear one of the frames had a rather chubby face in the photo, but she didn’t get a good look as she passed.

She was led into a room, with the longest dining table she'd ever seen. It was like one of those banquet tables in a castle like she’d see on TV. She’d always wanted such a table, but her house simply didn’t have the room. Before she could question how it could fit in a cottage smaller than her house, she saw Willow pulling out a comfy-looking chair at the head of the table.

“Have a seat, dear,” the cat offered. “Make yourself at home.”

“Oh, don’t mind if Ah do,” Claire said, grinning as she waddled over. She aimed her massive rear over he sat and flopped into it, wiggling in to get comfortable. “Ooh, that’s much better. My feet were killin’ me.”

“I can imagine, with such a long walk like that,” Willow said, petting between the wolf's ears. “Now, what would you like?”

“What do ya have?”

“Oh, whatever you can think of,” Willow said. “I’ve got cakes, cookies, pies, brownies, cupcakes, muffins, ice cream, puddings, crumbles…”

With each thing Willow listed, Claire’s mouth watered a little more. Her eyes were wide and her jaw hung open. “Gosh,” she gulped. “That much?”

“And then some.”

“Gosh, Ah dunno what to choose. Everything sounds so *good*!”

Willow smirked. “Then why don’t you have all of them?”

“All of them?!” gasped Claire.

“Of course. No better way to find out which is your favourite, hm?”

“Well, if y’all don’t mind…?”

“Not one bit, my dear.” Willow smiled and raised a paw, snapping her fingers.

The dining room lit up with a flash, catching Claire by surprise. She rubbed her eyes, then rubbed them again to make sure she wasn’t seeing things. She had to be hallucinating. Just a second ago, the table was completely empty. Now, its legs were bending with the sheer banquet of sweets across it. Her nose went wild with the collection of smells flowing into it. Chocolate, batter, strawberry, frosting, fudge, caramel…

“Th-this is all for me?” she muttered, swallowing.

“Every last crumb,” purred Willow. “Eat up, sweetie.”

Her tongue lolled out of her mouth as she panted. Where to start? Maybe with the pyramid of chocolate-chip cookies? Or that multi-layer fudge cake? Of course, deciding was a moot point, as before she knew it, she had chomped into a gooey fudge brownie. Her senses exploded from the sweet taste, and she let out another moan before she reached out, digging into whatever she could grab. While one paw handled brownies, the other stuffed some cookies in her mouth at the same time. Occasionally she took a break for a slice of chocolate-fudge cake, then a bite of apple crumble, then some cupcakes buried in frosting. Occasionally she washed it down by pouring a bowl of chocolate pudding in her mouth. Crumbs and droplets covered her face and fingers, and dropped onto her shirt. She was quick to clean herself up, licking up the stains and popping the crumbs into her mouth. Waste not want not, as they say.

Willow, meanwhile, had taken a seat nearby Claire to watch the show. An approving smirk crossed her face as she watched her guest eat and eat and *eat*. Her pointed ears twitched as, beneath the loud chomps, slurps and moans, there was the telltale sound of fabric being stretched. The food was conjured by her magic, which of course meant it was enchanted in her own special way.

Another creak, and some grey-furred blubber bulged from the side of Claire’s shorts. Her shirt rode up a little more as her belly swelled with another layer of fat. The seat of her shorts strained more and more as her rump swelled up, its cheeks spilling over the waistband. The chair filled out more and more as Claire crammed in cookie after brownie after cupcake.

Another rip. Her sleeves started tearing open from her arms turning into soft, flabby bingo wings. Another pop of stitches. The legs of her shorts tore open from her thighs becoming more and more thunderous. Enough to sag over her knees and on top of her chunky calves, which started sagging over her ankles in turn. Her arms took a similar route; bingo wings sagging over her elbows, her wrists covered by thick, soft ‘wrists’ of fat. Both sets of paws grew plumper, fingers and toes swelling closer together.

But still Claire ate, blissfully unaware of what was happening to her. When she finished a plate and emptied a bowl, another full one took its place. She didn’t question, or seem to even notice it. She simply ate. And ate. And *ate*.

And grew. And grew. And *grew*.

Willow’s ears twitched as the groaning and cracking of wood filled the air amongst the chewing. Her smirk grew when she spotted the legs of Claire’s chair starting to warp beneath her increasing girth. It was reinforced to take heavy loads, but to see it buckling so quickly… she expected it, and she was pleased.

Claire’s belly bloated bigger and rounder, to the point that her bulk was actually pushing the table back. As adorable as it was, watching Claire helplessly flex her fat fingers toward the out-of-reach treats and whimper pathetically, she couldn’t just let the poor thing starve. She clicked her fingers, and the cakes and pies began floating off the table and toward Claire’s awaiting mouth. The rapidly ballooning blob didn’t question it, or even think about it. She was too happy to see food coming to her, so much that she let her flabby arms flop down to her side and allowed the treats to fall into her mouth.

And Willow was not one to give meager portions to such a hungry guest. More and more flashes lit up the room, and more and more plats, bowls and platters full of sugary sweet goodies filled up the table, and the floor around Claire until she was almost engulfed in it.

All food and no effort made Claire a *large* wolf.

A sliver of morning light shone on Emma’s face, stirring her awake. She grunted and rubbed her eyes, yawning and stretching. She patted her bed, smiling as a wave rippled along its grey, furry expanse. One of Claire’s duties in Emma’s business was being her bed, after all.

Though, she definitely wasn’t a bed the size of a living room when they both fell asleep the night before.

Emma’s eyes bugged out of her head as she beheld Claire, snoring peacefully underneath. She was certainly more belly than wolf now. Her middle stretched out and around the room, pushing all furniture toward the wall, which her lard squashed against as well. Her enormous backside did the job for any space behind her. The couch was no more, simply a pile of wood and fabric that had been crushed and replaced by the quivering landmass that was more like a living bounce house covered in fur than anything else. Her paws were round and stubby, and just barely poking out from the massively thick rolls that ate up her arms and legs. Her face was taken over by a pair of jowls that sagged to her broad shoulders, and a collection of chins that were more akin to a stack of truck tires with the texture of fluffy pancakes. Her breasts were like a pair of large, deflated medicine balls resting on the large shelf of her gut, and Emma inhaled shakily when she realised this blob was completely naked.

Emma swallowed, swallowing as her face flushed red. She knew her ice cream was fattening, but this was a *lot*. She didn’t remember adding anything different to these batches. Though, she certainly wasn’t complaining about the result.

Eventually, Claire’s jaws parted to let out a long, loud yawn. There was chocolate and strawberry on her breath. Her eyes fluttered open, and she gave Emma a smile. Her cheeks gave her an even more exaggerated squint, which made Emma shudder when she noticed.

“Mornin’,” muttered Claire, smacking her lips.

“Hey,” Emma whispered, swallowing again. “You, uh, you ate well last night, huh?”

“Oh, Ah always do,” Claire said, cheeks squishing from her smile growing. “And, y’know, Ah had a pretty nice dream last night.”

“Oh, did you?”

“Ah dreamt Ah went into the woods and met this witch. She was really nice, treated me like a lil’ princess. Let me have all the cakes and pies and stuff Ah could eat. And the weirdest part is, Ah could eat a *lot*. Like, Ah just couldn’t stop eatin’!”

Emma’s eyes slowly scanned the whale of a wolf. Something told her there was a little more to this ‘dream’ than Claire thought. “Y-yeah, quite a dream…”

“Her sundaes didn’t come close to yers, though,” Claire went on, licking her lips. “Ooh, speakin’ a’ sundaes, don’t suppose y’all could fix me up some breakfast? That dream’s made me *starved*!”

Emma bit her lip. Enough food to make her the size of a house, and she was *still* hungry? Thogh, far be it from her to deny a request. “Coming right up, big girl!” She slid down the curve of Claire’s gut and jogged to the kitchen, her own booty bouncing around in her jeans.

*I should go look for this witch myself. Maybe we can make a deal...*