

He was thinking about it.

"Don't."

He was feeling something special.

"Christ Almighty, if there is a God, then stop!"

And of course he grabbed it. Without a single thought running through the cat's mind, his hands slipped and slightly scratched up a piece of parchment paper with ink splattered into letters and then, into words. Even as they walked through the jungle, Wiskers could barely hold in their excitement! "Of course you grabbed it. Why wouldn't you grab that one?"

Of course he did! Country bumpkin's like him barely get to adventure any further out than a couple clicks west of the corn field, let alone to some action oriented journey that could lead a man such as himself to stars above or the deep ends of hell itself! In this case, the ink blotted upon this paper gave way to some mighty info, the likes of which could extend his reach and send those around him far away from the crops he and his family have been working for generations to come! It would lead him and his companion into a jungle not too far from the barkeep, through the woods and past the slime fields into a cavern that would allow their eyes to set upon a statue long wanted for what seemed like *months*, due to how unobtainable the item seemed to be described. It was dangerous, of course, especially the slime fields, seeing as most of the land was covered in a constantly moving jello, with each step almost being their last like the few who's clothes had *popped* right off their spherical bodies, but...

"Oh, but can't you be a bit excited?" Asrial stared at him, eye rolling in their sockets as though it was a horrendous idea. This goat always had something in mind, negativity plaguing their mind like an infestation. "You're telling me you're not prepared for the biggest payday of your lifetime?"

"Wiskers, there is a reason this was a heavily paid mission!"

"... So what was the reason?"

"DIFFICULTY! Notice the amount of shredded clothes back by the field of green back a week ago?"

"Sure, but they were alive-"

"How about the 'woods' we had just entered and exited? Ever noticed that there was a surprisingly large amount of splatters of Honey surrounding our every step, with vines spurting a bit of that same color?!"

"Well- Can't say I didn't, but considering how much drippage we'd found, you think the ents just puked a bit of vomit out is all!"

"Plus you don't look too bad with a bit of excess~"

A 'bit' being understated, looking at the flab conjoining with the sleeves, forcing a flexible fabric to become strained with each wave of their arm. "I got three, THREE chins!" And a gut hanging down and about like a decade of working out was a lie. "I am going to be *immobile* by the time we start heading back towards the point! Do you understand how *bad* this looks on me?"

"It'll only look worse if you make it out to be! Now come on, we got a temple to navigate!"

There we go. Wasn't hard for the boy to finally get into shape, despite the grumbling and huffing. Besides, it wasn't abnormal for a man to be sporting an extra zero on their weight! Their world was filled to the brim, both metaphorically and quite *literally*, with so many men and women of various sizes, it was like looking at a rainbow! Even the younger adventurers, who were barely hitting their twenties, were finding moving difficult as pounds upon pounds packed upon a lithe form into excess that then put a strain on whoever dared to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. But it wasn't bad, no, it was good! The mark of a journeyman begins on his waist, moving up and down the body until everything is settled to either the nicely plump letter P or to the skin tight letter known from the alphabet as O. Anyone who could keep themselves a size above the others while performing above the standard when it came to the completion of these jobs earned themselves a rightful check, gold reaching the *hundreds*, even THOUSANDS! Enough to settle any man or woman for years to come, without needing to worry about spending one too many of those golden boons!

The only thing that was of any particular threat was the *amount* they would gain. Like with the honey vines and the blow darts flying towards their body as they navigated the cavernous temple, it was possible to lose one's sense of 'too much' through enough lucky ventures, to the point where immobility becomes a staple of most adventurers final act before becoming a true veteran. Whether due to the overconfidence of not reaching such a, in his eyes, a *beautiful* size, or making enemies with the wrong people, there was a *risk* to each and every quest ahead on the road; even if a person did nothing wrong.

Wiskers was just lucky enough to avoid the 'tragedy'. While he enjoyed looking upon his work from time to time, knowing well that each stomach his crops filled was bound to lead to some

'unfortunate' soul feeling themselves too much one day, before finding their legs encased in enough mass to rival all his animals, he himself didn't feel up to the task to go to such lengths- Maybe because he liked feeding people rather than eating himself, maybe because he didn't want to get into such a situation. Whatever the case was, it didn't matter. Not now. In front of them, beyond the mana infused darts, the blue mist and the dastardly slimes they had quickly stained was an already disabled trap, thanks to the ample hands of their horned ally. After, however, was a trophy.

Their ticket to thousands of pieces of gilded gold. Wood took the base of its form, carved from a bit of birch. Spirals surrounded a man, heavysset, arms brought forth with one higher than the other; cup in the right, belly in the other. Horns decorated the dragon's head. Happy was their face, two chubby cheeks overpowering any amount of weight they gained, raised upwards into a toothy smile; chinny chins blanketing the neck in four total. The shirt dragged across the beached middle like a flabby piece of meat caught straight from the sea, milk tanks replacing the chest with a slight bit of wetness stained the cloth of which stretched the pants into oblivion, time stopped as the leg wear quickly began to tear down the middle thanks to two anchors holding them down.

"Huh, that's a pretty weird looking statue ain't it?" It was a handsome looking creature, especially in its busting rustic tunic and the splitting leather browners, alongside the shoes, but it did, at least to his hands, feel oddly fresh? Not to mention he could feel some wooden pins poking into his finger as he kept a close inspection of this inanimate object, as though it was carved in a rush. "Asrial, I know I'm usually off by a mile, but are you sure someone didn't come running through here before we did?"

"Asrial?"

He swiveled his head around. Nothing. His nose twitches, sniffing around a bit before stopping.

It was like any trace of the man, from disarming the trap to the mere travel they had done together wasn't the reality. "Funny, I thought... ASRIAL?" He yelled, voice echoing back into his ears, but nothing else. That damn goat... Wiskers could only grumble. He knew he was here! Otherwise, how else... The gray furred cat shook his head. No, it just wasn't possible. "Maybe he just left? He did say he wanted no part in this, so I don't blame him for wanting to- Escape."

Especially since the temple he was in was a bit too... enclosed for Wiskers own liking. The only reason he even bothered to come an inch was due to having a *partner* to run it through, not to mention the idea of being able to bring in a bag for his family to use for the betterment of their lives! All that gold, in their pockets... "Be LUCKY I like you lots dork!" But he wasn't greedy. The goat would get his fair share for being the bodyshield, otherwise he'd just receive the bad

end of a pokey stick right into his gut. "Now, let's get out of here and find the two tons of goodies before he gets himself in trouble~ Lord knows he'd do it."

If he was lucky enough to see them again anyways. Grabbing the statue and pocketing it within a small bag hoisted around his neck, Wiskers feet led him forth, each press on their toe leaving them closer to the exit of the third level. Strangely enough, each tile that would've sent arrows flying cracked. 'Old temple.' He thought, paying no mind to it as he stepped on yet *another* tile, splitting it in half. 'Very old temple. Let's get out of here before I get collapsed on.'

Yeah, well before that. He didn't want to end up a damn pancake well before he could earn his reward for two weeks he's been away from the guild. He tried tiptoeing, but it was like trying to maneuver around with a bag full of gold; each pressure plate becoming yet another victim to some strange fractionation, time taking its toll by the mere shifting of the cat's own weight.

Which was making him question something. Sure, time itself was the death of all things not immortal, but even his head could understand that the last time he had cracked something, he had earned that through a bit of intake of the local milkshakes. Gained over his limit the last time and had to work it down without the help of magic-

A death sentence for those unable to speed their bodies natural function! So, he looks down. And begins running. "God damn it!" Each step was forced, jellatin taking hold of his limbs as the softness began to encase around his arms and legs as he wildly swung them forth. "Why now, why now of all days?!"

It wasn't unusual. No, it wasn't. Magic surrounded their every step, like atoms. Strings, pieces of which could easily be wrapped through or around a person's very being without having to hurt them, inhaled and breathed out; flowing through the veins of every living being on this rock they called earth. Even the dead could mark magic and send it up or down as they pleased, so long as they had the mind to direct such complicated threads through the right cloth. It could be anything. No one person was locked into having control over one piece, they were free to look for better paths; better places where they thought they excelled at best... Sadly, someone got a bit *too* creative when creating *this* sort of magic, forcing Wiskers to *run*. "WHY ME, WHY ME?!" His belt was being enveloped by the most dangerous of magics available to the public: Hexes. They functioned like magical trickery, pranks that give semi-*permanent* traits of the negative side of magicry. His sides were gurgling, bulging outwards into an already tight piece of cloth, jumping up and down. "I DIDN'T EVEN DO ANYTHING WRONG!"

He didn't make any enemies, he made sure everyone on his team was fairly compensated! And when they were fattened or inflated to any degree, they earned more coin depending how hard they hustled through the gains! Not to mention he provided, so who would dare themselves to trick Wiskers to such a degree that the wooden bridge now *creaks* whenever he steps even a foot

on one of its imminent crackling wooden floor boards?! Forgoing his caution, he runs across, each lift of his tree sized thighs leaving him breathless, each threatening to snap the bridge in half and send the poor sop down into what would likely be an *explosive* ending towards a beginning adventurer. For all that was damming him, he avoided it, leaping and catching the edge before the rope snapped in half, sides now broken off into two subsections that someone will likely have to fix up thanks to Wiskers- No matter. He made it, without falling into the deepest lake of green that would force his fate upon him *earlier* than expected.

Then came the mist, the God forsaken mist. As if his shortness of breath wasn't noticeable before, it was now. Each breath he had taken only lasting fifteen seconds total each, down from almost two whole minutes! And it was shortening with every time he went back into the growing danger. First it was thirteen, then it was twelve, ten, eight, stopping at five as soon as he had escaped... escaped being broad. The buttons on his tunic went tat-tat-tat like the beat of a drum, the last of which struggling before letting loose a tsunami of lard filled information that interrupted his run every time he raised his knee just above his disappearing waistline. But at least he was close! Now it was time to move past the damn darts.

Now, last he saw, those fat filled traps were emptied, so he should be fine! "Why can't I- Huh?" But he couldn't move or, better said, he could, but it felt like he was shaking the temple by just stepping too far in any one direction. Looking behind, he could see why. Massive was the word he would say, if his frozen mouth could move past the panic. His thighs were slobbering against each other, pants torn from the sudden blow up, most of all his hips! They were chafing against the walls, plastered over the traps like a fortified blockade, unable to move away; shifting difficult, twisting impossible- Squeezing through nearly nullified, pressure plates that would've otherwise shot a dart right into his ass cracking; snapping in half as each wobble forth brought another ten pounds to an unclothed body in desperate need of a downsize. His arms, if he could call the sagging drag of skin that, could hardly lift above his head, neck long gone to three donut holes; heart pumping, lungs shriveled just trying to *maneuver*. Even as the path he doddered upon widened into a cone-like shape, his backside grew to 'compensate', forcing him to scrap the walls and break off chunks of solid *rock* just to get another inch closer to freedom. And just as he thought he had escaped, just as he began thinking that maybe he could dip out of that cave without any problems regardless of his weight-

One misplaced weight on a pressure plate later and his knees buckled, head sticking out of the entrance as his tail was enveloped by a thickened layer of tempo, bulging a couple inches outwards every five seconds to the rumbling stone temple. He tried wiggling around, moving himself, sucking his neck inwards; maybe butter his way out of it using sweat or some form of liquid to get himself out, but found himself unable to do none of those things. Wiggling was impossible thanks to being able to *fit* in the cone shaped room like a warm sock, moving even more so thanks to his waist being the plug to the tub. His neck a blubbery work in progress,

being five, no, seven donuts in, the biggest one being at the base, acting like a floaty for his gargantuan body to cushion against, as if he needed it with his two seven stacked pillowy moobs and a stomach that allowed him to soar above the treeline. "I- Am I stuck?" He whimpered, arms nearly unusable thanks to the utter strength he would need to simply *lift* them above his shoulders. His eyes caught onto something moving through the bushes. The goat horns were the first to make fat cat raise an eyebrow. "Asrial?"

"Oh God damn it-"

"ASRIAL, YOU CAME!"

A delight indeed, his savior in white colored fur! Asrial began moving towards him, looking almost like an *ant* thanks to this newfound height despite the farm animal being well above six foot two. "Heeeey~ Mind helping me out?" He asked, eye's sparkling, arms reaching out as his ass spread itself over the rest of the dart traps, luckily emptied unlike the last. Asrial didn't move though to assist, only staring at his insurmountable gut. "Pretty please, with a cherry on top?-"

"... Nah."

That... raised an eyebrow. "No?" He was confused as Asrial got closer, not to help him, but to look. "I know you like 'em' big, but could you stop joking around and maybe help me with the hex? I promise all the smothering you could like after~"

"Wasn't joking."

The goat poked a claw into the flab, before an orange glow escaped into their arms, muscle bulging, before Wiskers could feel his girth lifted. Asrial groaned, slowly walking underneath the cavernous fatty tissue. "I told your ass not to choose the damn thing and whaddya go do?" The groaning was growing louder and so was the kitty cat's uncomfortability. "Nab it, read it and before you could even see it, run off with me trailing behind you."

"Wait..."

"So many damn warnings on the difficulty, so MANY. Red flags so high that it could've been a country. Good thing you're not one to read often are you?"

Wait a damn moment. "Bet that brain of yours is *just* figuring it out." The bastard wouldn't have!  
"You've been *had*, stupid ass."

Tricked by his own ally?! "After making *me* suffer those damn vines and allowing me to bloat up to such a degree that my movement is impaired, I thought it would only be fair to *return* such a favor." They were getting close to his navel, deep underneath the growing pressure. He could feel their arms bending, bones creaking like metal. Odd glorpings were the only sound available to the cat's ears, partly deaf thanks to half of his head disappearing beneath the blubbery waves. "A-and it seems it worked! Too well it seems, but good enough to keep you away from the tavern for a couple weeks at the very least!"

"COUPLE WEEKS?! It didn't take anymore than a couple days to downsize you!"

"Should've never used me like a bodyshield then newbie, now-"

"There we go." Between a blimp and a long pole held the bag, folds covering the light yellow straw baggage. "The prize pig has awarded me the biggest cash prize since yesterday's march towards a better life. Thank you!"

"Here ya go."

With a snap, whatever had been twisting the nozzle and letting loose a stream of sugar and enough yeast to turn an elephant into a sphere finally stopped. "Finally-" Wiskers huffed. He was still immobile, backpack entrapped, using what was left of the crumbling cave as pants to cover him up. "Now go get me some help please-"

"Wasn't kidding when I said you'd be here for a couple weeks."

"BUT YOU HAVE THE STATUE!"

"Think of it as- Uh, *detention*, yeah! Obviously the bad boys go there and you've been pretty awful!"

He literally didn't do anything to warrant this- "Now, if you'll- *urk*, excuse- Me." Wiskers could've sworn he felt a bit of uncomfortability before, why was he beginning to feel good again? "What the hell?-"

"I can't-"

"You can't what?" Funny. The part where his belly was being lifted was slowly coming down, the aching pressure turning dimmer and dimmer by the second. "Mmm~ Keep doing what you're doing down there why don't ya? Doing me plenty of favors kneading me- *urrrp* up~"

"Oh no."

Oh no? What was the 'Oh no' about? "How damn fat did you get lardo?!" Wiskers frowned at their question. "Fu- How- DAMN IT!"

"Do I even have to ask what happened?"

"... I'm stuck."