

Randomly Generated Story

What's New Bimbo Cat?

Kait had just finished pitching her tent and unfurling her bedroll when she remembered that she hadn't gathered any firewood.

The lanky cat girl stared at the horizon, purpling from the setting sun. She'd have very little time to get a fire going before it was too dark to gather wood, but at the same time, she really didn't want to have another cold drink of water before bedtime.

She'd been in the Verdpal Green for a week, indulging one of her favorite hobbies, mushroom hunting. Her people, the Krath, had a soft spot for some of the rarer fungus that grew in the deeper parts of The Verpal Green. The large wood separated three kingdoms, and was recognized by all the neighboring countries as being neutral territory. It was a preserve that all agreed to not exploit either for lumber, travel or war.

That also meant that it was an unmolested forest paradise for people like Kait, who enjoyed the solitude of the woods.

She sprang off into the forest, her tail whipping behind her as her padded feet nimbly propelled her through the brush. Kait had the athletic tone of one who enjoys long hikes, her slender frame only showing the barest feminine curves at the hip. Like all Krath, Kait's mammary glands wouldn't manifest themselves until she had children; which led many of the human merchants and travellers to mistake her and other childless Krath for males.

Kait didn't care for that to change any time soon, much to the chagrin of her parents. She just wanted to have fun, enjoy life. To her, that meant mushroom hunting in the woods.

She'd found some firewood before the sun set, and continued to search in the dark. After about an hour she was satisfied that she'd acquired enough and returned to start her campfire.

She stacked a large cord of firewood next to her freshly dug fire pit, then kneeled down to begin the tedious process of lighting it in the dark. Using her flint and steel, along with some kindling from her tinderbox, she set about her task. Concentrating hard, her tail swished in a way that matched her impatient attitude.

Before long however, the soft red glow began to light up her campsite, as the kindling and then some of her freshly gathered firewood began to catch.

Kait leaned back against a nearby rock and stretched in a languid fashion befitting one of feline heritage. She stretched her padded hands and feet, extending her claws in the process. She

began to clean herself, using a small bit of water from her canteen and a rag that she dug out of her pack.

She dabbed at her auburn fur, removed small burrs and twigs from her legs, and then ran a brush through the fur on her twitching pert ears. There was something divine about grooming, she thought, and a low rumbling purr escaped her as she continued.

As the fire began to burn down further she threw another log onto it, before pouring some water from her canteen into a small pot. Setting it upon a rock in her fire, she waited patiently for it to boil, while she removed a copper mug and some tea leaves from her pack.

Kait felt the ache of the days scavenging flow out of her. A nice cup of tea was an excellent way to spend the evening in the woods. She thought about all that she'd collected that day. There were a few rare mushrooms that only grew in the wild that she knew a few cooks back in town would give her a fair price for.

But nothing medicinal. She'd looked all day for some of the higher value fungi, the Nightcaps, the Duskendark, the Red Hat of the Fairy. All of those were worth at least a silver piece each, but none had appeared.

Soon her tea was ready and she poured the steaming liquid into her battered copper camping cup. She held the steaming beverage and then stretched her legs, reclining on the small blanket from her pack. She thought about her trail rations in her rucksack, then decided against it. She didn't want to go through the trouble and would just have a hearty breakfast in the morning.

The herbal tea, and crackling of the fire helped lull her further into a drowsy state.

She chuckled another log onto the fire, deciding that she'd be good for the night under the stars. It was still summer, and she probably wouldn't need her extra blanket. Yawning deeply, her long feline tongue curling out, she started to unfasten the buttons on her jerkin.

They were tighter than she remembered.

Frowning, she squinted in the low firelight down at the taut buttons. At first she didn't quite know what she was looking at, her leather jerkin was stretched taut around some strange objects beneath it. They were round, and seemed to be-

The top button of Kait's jerkin popped off, directly upward smacking her in the head at the same time as the realization struck the inside of her brain.

“Breasts?”

The word came out of her in surprise.

“But how? I’m not, I haven’t even-”

It’d been months since the heat had come and gone from her. There was no way that she was with child. Then where were these breasts coming from? She tugged at the next series of buttons on her leather jerkin, finally undoing her garment and allowing her new assets to spill free.

Six globes of taut flesh seemed to almost pop into existence, now freed from the tight confines of her jerkin.

“How in the goddesses name...?”

She reached up and for the first time in her life cupped flesh. They felt, strange.

Not the “a new sensation” strange, but they felt different from what Kait expected them to feel. She thought breasts were supposed to be heavy, but these were light.

In the flickering candle light she could see her taut skin rounding out on her chest. Feeling further down she felt the slowly swelling of her remaining two pairs of glands, each set slightly smaller than the one above.

Kait wracked her mind, trying to figure out why this would be happening. Already the largest pair could each fill her cupped hand.

She felt kind of fuzzy, like a cloud was descending on her brain. She knew that pregnancy caused mammary growth, and milk. Milk was heavy, these “tits” was the word the humans used, weren’t heavy. They seemed to be getting lighter if anything else. That made no sense at all!

Kait then had a thought. A piece of woodcraft knowledge surfacing from the back of her mind. She scrambled to her remaining wood pile, feeling blindly for some of the branches she’d gathered, grabbing a fistfull she hurried to the light of the camp fire. She went through the dry pieces of wood one by one. Then, she felt her heart almost jump into her throat.

There were small pieces of blue lichen all over one of the branches.

“Oh, oh no.”

It was “The Wenches Wonder.” A herb used by harlots and tavern girls, mainly human, to enhance their feminine curves. It was said to increase their bosoms and somehow made them lighter, allowing the bodice of someone who’d taken the powdered fungus to be overflowing yet still manageable.

It was exceedingly expensive however, a single tablespoon usually would be enough gold to pay for her lodgings for a year. But that wasn’t what made Kait’s heart beat faster.

It was that the method for dosing the fungus, was burning the ground and dried lichen. Kait eyed the fire, at the still burning twigs. How much had she burned? How much had she breathed?

As if in response to her question, she suddenly felt the seams on her trousers groan and pop. This all but confirmed Kait’s suspicions. It wasn’t just the bodice that was enhanced, but all the curvy female bits those humans found appealing. As frustrating and embarrassing as her physical growths were however, Kait was worried about the other side effects.

As if having a bottom larger than a keg of ale wasn’t clue enough, women who had taken “The Wenches Wonder” also tended to be a bit vapid. They frequently were just eye candy for the bar, and weren’t ever trusted with a tavern’s finances.

There was another pop as the seams on Kait’s trousers continued to give way. Not wanting to further ruin her clothing, Kait decided to remove her pants. As she bent forward to unlace her trousers, she saw that her bust had continued to grow. She couldn’t even see her waist! She fumbled, getting increasingly frustrated.

It was dark, she couldn’t see, and the ropey bit-

What was the word? Knot!

- was too tight.

“Ugh, come on!”

Kait tugged and pulled, finally just popping the string with her claws and shimmying out of the now taut clothing. She picked up her trousers and walked back to her blanket. Along the way she could feel her thighs beginning to plump up and rub against each other. It was kind of funny, in a perverse way.

Kait giggled.

“I’m getting all round!”

She then stopped.

The fire! She had to put out the fire, otherwise she'd keep breathing in the foul...stuff.

Hurrying back to the fireside she upended the tea kettle contents onto the flame and embering coals. As the liquid left the pot, it seemed an increasingly distant rational part of her brain screamed at her. She had only a moment to wonder why she should be worried, when there was an eruption of steam from the water impacting the still glowing coals.

The cloud of ash and steam billowed up into her face, sending her reeling back and coughing.

"Oh, of course! Fire and water makes steam!"

She knew that, why hadn't she-

Kait audibly heard her flesh groan and creak as it began to swell at an increased rate. She could actually feel herself starting to swell.

"Whoopsie! I'm a wittle bit bigger!"

"Wittle? I meant to say wittle!"

She'd lisped, moving a paw up to her face, the cat girl felt her lips plumping into rolls the size of her travel ration sausages.

"Oh no! I wook awful!"

The now curvaceous cat girl waddled back to her blanket, and collapsed down onto the cloth. She tried to think of a plan, she'd had one, or thought she'd had one. But that was before the steam cloud had hit her in the face.

"Pwobabwy should not have bweathed that."

She said.

It was her last real coherent thought for the night.

2 Weeks Later

“Hey! Don’t let anything touch my bosom you aren’t prepared to lose!”

Kait had seen a hand reaching for her tits, her lowest pair and hidden by a large apron. The blushing caravan guard yanked his hand back as Kait bared her feline teeth, still sharp and visible even through her plump pillow like lips.

It’d been fortunate for Kait that the group of elves had found her when they had, because there was no way that she could have managed to make her way out of the woods on her own. It had been a long transition, and thankfully a local druid had known a very efficacious blend of herbs to help counteract some of the effects of the lichen.

And since Kait had been found with a small fortune of The Wenches Wonder, it had paid for itself and then some.

She didn’t remember much of it, only that she hadn’t moved around a lot on her own, and apparently word had gotten out causing everyone for miles around to come see “That Krath lass with more teats than a herd of dairy!”

Kait figured things could have been much worse. As it stood, she’d opened a small tavern in a crossroads town once she’d recovered and shrunk back to a more manageable size. Soon she became the biggest draw for miles around. There was no secret why the farm hands and caravans always stopped at “The Purring Pub.”

She didn’t lack for customers or suitors it seemed. She was exotic to the human folk she now lived near, and possessed physical qualities that were unheard of. Kait had also gotten her mental faculties back, though occasionally she would have “lapses” and come out of a kind of daze with her purse lighter or her apron all askew.

The apron was really all she could wear.

It was a custom made piece of clothing that covered the important bits, hiding her nipples and rear with a special flap. But having six huge and nearly weightless breasts, each as big around as a pumpkin with two large buttocks the size of a cart wheel to match meant that any semblance of regular clothing was forever in her past. But her species the usually scantily dressed feline Krath weren’t known for their modesty anyhow.

Kait did miss the woods, running a pub was a busy affair; and every once in a while she’d hand off the running of the establishment to one of her serving girls to go for a small vacation of sorts.

Although now she made sure check her firewood before she burned it.