

"Let's see if this works..."

The coyote drew a claw along the tape sealing the small package shut. The box was non-descript, which was fine by her. Nobody needed to know about her more niche interests, after all.

Licking her nose in anticipation, she lifted the small vial of liquid to inspect the label. There wasn't much to it. A few silhouettes of various furs, one hefting an enormous bust, another lovingly cradling a burgeoning belly, and a third cocking her hips to accentuate a flamboyant ass. The label said simply, "*For the body of your dreams.*"

On closer inspection, the liquid was starting to glow in the bottle, seeming to react to the heat of her palm. Lower on the label, new text appeared. "*For mages only.*" The coyote's heart skipped a beat, her eyes widening. "*drink with caution.*"

The coyote chewed on her lip thoughtfully. What difference did this potion make for mages? For the first time, trepidation stirred in her belly. She waited a moment to see if the bottle would elaborate further, but the text merely lingered as it was, inviting her to gamble. Turning the vial in her fingers, she looked for instructions, but there were none. She licked her nose again as her innate magic tingled in her pawpads, apparently eager for the adventure.

Before she could second-guess any further, the bottle was empty.

The coyote stood there for a moment, empty bottle in hand, and her anxiety began to rise with anticipation. Without warning, there was a discomforting churning deep within her belly. Turning with alarm to her standing mirror, she studied herself.

Nothing. The coyote rubbed her aching belly, irritated by the waste of money.

With a sigh, she tossed the bottle in her bedside trash can and went to the kitchen.

Feeling frustrated in more ways than one, the coyote rounded up an armful of treats. Snack cakes, chocolates, and a pint of her favorite ice cream would do nicely. Pausing to fill up her water bottle, she promptly drank half of it. Twitching her tail in annoyance, she filled it again. Her impatience rose as hunger gnawed at her.

*Finally.* Closing the lid, the canine dropped herself onto her couch, saccharine loot spilling from her arms onto her coffee table. She wasted no time in tearing into the first wave, warming up her appetite with a few snack cakes while she waited for her ice cream to soften.

The rush of sugar made her mind tingle and her sour mood sweetened a bit. She rubbed her belly in between bites, playing with her soft pudge beneath her hoodie and her thick fur. The coyote was certainly no stranger to overindulgence, and this reflected on her plush figure. She was by no means overweight, but still. Such were the dangers of emotional eating.

Sitting back and closing her eyes, she imagined each bite pressing her belly out a bit more, imagining the warmth and fullness of a stomach inundated with sweets. It was a familiar fantasy, but a thrilling one anyway. The idea of her breasts churning as they subtly plumped up with fat, petite teardrops burgeoning into heavy palm-fillers against her will made her whimper with longing. She could almost feel her hoodie growing snug.

Lost in the fantasy, the mage stretched her talents in her favorite way. With a flick of her fingers, the carton of ice cream lifted itself from the table, unlidded itself, and brought itself to her side. A spoon raced to meet it, and with one practiced spellword from the canine, it began to spoon heaps of ice cream, laden with brownies and cookie dough, into her waiting mouth.

The coyote's imagination went wild. Her hoodie grew tighter as the creamy delight stretched her belly to new softness. Her breasts grew heavier in pulsing heaves of flesh, vying for space against a bra ill-suited for the challenge. Her seat on the couch softened as her ass plumped up, demanding what real estate it could within the confines of her leggings.

"Mmm... *mmph*." The coyote allowed herself whimpers of delight as indulgence took over. Her mouth was constantly full or being filled, so anything more was out of the question. She had to be halfway through her ice cream by now...

A twinge of discomfort ran up her belly as her hoodie's zipper bit back against the advance of flesh. Distracted by the odd bit of realism, the coyote opened her eyes.

A heaping spoonful of ice cream and cookie dough stifled her yelp of shock, and her hands flew to her belly, dull whumps drumming against the turgid expanse that was straining fabric more and more by the moment. Her breasts and belly heaved as she swallowed, quivering as new bulk poured onto her frame.

*For mages only: Drink with caution.*

The inscription flashed behind her eyes as the spoon continued its spellbound work. Looking at the hovering carton, she realized the problem. With her body coursing with a potion of desire, the spell she had cast to let the ice cream feed itself to her had been amplified. The carton was constantly refilling itself, fueled by and fueling her desire in a dangerous feedback loop.

As her belly pulsed with still more weight, the coyote whimpered and squirmed, moaning around a mouthful of cream. The only thought in her head was *More*.

Another twinge of discomfort led her hands to her collar. Lost somewhere within the masses of breast flesh bubbling out of her collar was the pull for her zipper. She managed to find it and fought to pull it down, the sides of the zipper straining from the demanding tug of the fabric on either side. Struggling for focus as more and more calories were shoveled into her mouth, she barely managed to inch it down beyond the apex of her breasts. From there, a new *bwoomph* of weight ripped the pull from its track. With one less obstacle to hold them back, her enormous assets burst forth, spilling into her lap.

The loss of one of her favorite hoodies was enough to jar the coyote into action. She managed to fend off the next wave of ice cream for just long enough to break the magic tethering the spell. The spoon and ice cream returned themselves to the coffee table and were still, leaving the coyote to digest her situation, both literally and figuratively.

Her t-shirt had long since lost ground against the looming expanse of her belly, rolling upwards to become little more than a sports bra desperately overfilled by breasts more than triple the size they'd been only minutes earlier. Tentatively, the coyote traced her fingers along her belly, the fleeting touch sending a spark of thrill through her. She cupped her breasts in her hands, whimpering in delight as they spilled over her grasp.

She had to see them. Knowing that there was no hope of this shirt ever returning to a wearable state, the coyote used a claw to puncture the drum-tight fabric. The release of tension split the whole thing down the middle, more than enough for her to tear the rest of the fabric apart and slip her pudgy arms free.

The sight made her mouth water. Huge, swollen melons heaved with each of her gasping breaths. Leaning back as she was, her pink, plump nipples were just barely out of reach of her panting maw.

That was easily changed.

With as much effort as she could muster, she lurched forward and pulled both nipples into her eager mouth. Within seconds, she was suckling hungrily on her own breasts and squirming in pleasure.

What she didn't expect was the rush of milk that filled her cheeks as she did. The coyote squealed as she was all but forced by the letdown, too enraptured to even consider opening her mouth as milk flooded in, giving her barely enough time to breathe. With an enamored moan, the coyote cradled her belly as the latest onslaught stretched it further.

*Gulp, gulp, gulp...*

The greedy canine suckled for as long as she could, feeling a thrill as her belly swelled bigger and bigger with each huge swallow. Her surge in weight had long ago destroyed her leggings, her ass growing in pulses of weight that added inches to her ever-softening bulk.

The coffee table creaked desperately as her belly surged in size and conquered its surface, shocking her enough to release her nipples with a desperate gasp. They rose far from her reach this time, crowning turgid twin mountains that towered in her vision.

Her belly gurgled ominously. Suddenly, she was aware that she was still expanding. She whimpered nervously. How long had she glutted herself on her own milk? Long enough for a backlog to have formed, she realized with a thrill of dread and excitement. The potion could only work so quickly. It had kept up just fine with single spoonfuls of ice cream, but she had just poured untold gallons into herself.

And all of it was churning away in her belly, a brewing storm of countless impending pounds.

Her belly gurgled again, louder this time. The sensation nearly shook her to her core, and she reached for what tiny bit of her bulk she could soothe. She watched helplessly as her breasts surged toward the ceiling, consuming her vision as they went. She felt her belly pour over the edges of her couch and her coffee table, and yelped as one, then the other succumbed to her encroaching mass. Resigned to her predicament, she focused on the thrill of it all. The feeling of every pound growing her bigger, the sight of her ceiling inching closer to her nose, the sensations of furniture pressed to the walls by a tidal wave of coyote blubber...

She whimpered futilely as she realized why she was rising—the walls! Packed in like over-proofed dough outgrowing a pan, she had no more room to spread, so her bulk could only push her higher and higher as it pressed insistently against the walls of her living room. She moaned as her deepest fantasy turned to reality while the pressure all around her rose to a fever pitch...