

## Twice as Much Fox, pt. 1

### A Story in Arvos

by Cerine Hero

The bed creaked heavily and rhythmically, and Zaress could hear it as she walked down the hall towards the private quarters. Her eyebrow went up as she tipped her ears and targeted the sound. It was coming from Cerine's room. The drake stopped halfway down the hall, squinting as she thought. Quickly, she mentally took stock of where everyone was. Sarelina was cleaning the kitchens after breakfast, as per her idiom. Mito was on the roof, practicing with her lute. By process of elimination, that left the vixen... and Gray.

Zaress snorted under her breath and kept walking, but a smile crept across her snout. "Finally got you some big girl, huh..."

Inside the room, Cerine fell forwards, her paws sinking into the pillow where Gray's head was propped. She panted heavily, completely out of breath after her monumental exercise. She'd severely underestimated how much work that was going to be. The vixen had only been this large for a few days, not quite enough to get a good grasp on how big and heavy she actually was. She had practically nothing to compare it to, either. She was twice as big as Zaress, and heavier even than a minotaur! In all likelihood, she was the heaviest individual in the city. That wasn't a thought she particularly enjoyed entertaining...

Brushing a lock of sweat-soaked hair away from her face, the obese vixen leaned back up slowly and looked down, past her swollen breasts and belly, at the tigylote half-squashed into her mattress. The gray and white hybrid's chest was heaving up and down, too, but mostly to catch his breath after the sudden weight of the fox came down on him and knocked the air out of his lungs. He licked his muzzle as he looked at her in awe.

"How... was that?" Cerine asked, still breathing heavily. She looked for somewhere to rest her arms and settled on just curling them around the top of her breasts.

Gray didn't answer at first. He put his paws on the sides of the fox's enormous belly; that giant sack of white-furred blubber that rested on top of the tigylote's stomach. He ran his paws through her fur gently before sliding them up to tuck them into the folds between her belly and breasts.

"Even better than I expected," he teased, feeling the vixen shiver through her soft body. "I'm going to be sore, though..."

"Me, too," Cerine groaned, beginning to roll herself off and climb over the edge of the bed. She clung to Gray's paw for support as her blubber-weight shifted awkwardly around her. Leaning one leg over the mattress, the fox's apron belly followed her quickly afterwards, sliding along on its own and nearly making her tumble. She almost pulled Gray out of bed with her before her black-furred foot found the floorboards and she was able to stumble until she could center her balance. "I probably shouldn't have been on top..."

"I wouldn't have had it any other way," the tigylote said, pulling the thrown-aside linen sheet over his lap as he sat up. His jaw worked as he watched Cerine wobble over to her pile of garments and dig around for her smallclothes. She was bigger around than she was tall. He'd only heard bits and pieces of what happened on their last excursion out of the city, and not enough to explain how Cerine had ended up gaining four hundred pounds. Zaress was tight-lipped as usual, and the fox had half-jokingly threatened to cut Mito out of her experiments if she told, which the marten took wholeheartedly. "Are you going to go work on your elixir some more?"

Cerine hopped lightly, making her fat rolls ripple up and down, as she tugged her bottoms up around her wide hips. Sarelina had quickly tailored some for her after they returned, and they fit better than they really had any right to. "After I shower, yes. I think I might be on to something, and Mito's agreed to help, of course. I'm guessing there will be groans all around once I figure it out, huh?"

Gray shrugged. "Mm... better in the long run. At least fun to enjoy for now."

Cerine waddled back over and kissed the tigryote on the cheek. She leaned over as far as she dared, feeling her bust and belly hang down beneath her. Gray helped push her back upright. "Glad to be of service. Maybe tonight you can compare with a skinny fox again! But I think Zaress has first claim..."

The tigryote shook his head. "Either way, it'll be good to get you onto the training mats again. You're bound to be rusty by now."

"I was never very good in the first place..."

Cerine barely fit inside the wooden shower stall in the courtyard behind the old guildhouse. It wasn't made for comfort; students and instructors were expected to simply rinse off before returning to their studies or classes. Since taking the place over, Cerine and Sarelina had managed to refit the pump system to be a little more robust, and she synthesized various soaps to extra cleanliness. But she'd had little reason to widen the stalls any, even after Zaress joined their band. Even her wide shoulders fit in well enough, though in general the earth drake was fairly water-averse. Cerine had discovered that one of the few things that could tempt the drake into getting wet was the promise of fish.

Comparatively, "not smelling like sweat and sex" was enough to get the rotund fox to squeeze into the shower. And squeeze she did, fitting her huge figure in through the door and feeling her flab press onto each and every surface. Slowly, she scrubbed off and emerged – again, slowly – from the stall wet but clean. Some vigorous ruffling under a towel later, and pulling her tent-like clothes on, the fox made her way down the guildhouse hallways towards her lab, squeezing in through the door.

To no surprise at all, Mito was already there. The brown-furred marten was sitting on a padded stool, the nice one with the articulated and waxed parts so that the seat could spin around the rest of the frame. She was spinning herself with one leg by kicking her foot off the desks to either side of herself, all while strumming her lute held in her lap.

"Hey, that's the good stool," Cerine told her, huffing slightly just from the walk from the showers to the alchemy lab.

"You can't use it."

"It's still expensive, though."

Mito stopped spinning, though her head continued to swirl a bit afterwards. She held her face with one paw until the world stopped counter-rotating around her. "So where's this weight loss elixir you've been working on?"

"Right there, if you haven't knocked it over," Cerine answered. She bellied up to the desk in the middle of the lab, where some of her glassware was arranged. Before breakfast, she'd set up a light flame to boil off some herbal extracts and capture the condensation in a beaker. That container was now partially full, and the contents were striated, with a layer of pale green liquid floating atop clear fluid, and a white sediment along the bottom. It was that green liquid, less dense than the rest, that she wanted. Cerine looked around for a ladle to begin removing it, but couldn't find one. She turned around and saw Mito standing beside her, holding one out for her. "Oh. Thank you."

"That's the stuff you wanted?" Mito asked, putting her face down beside the beaker. Her mustelid features and dyed hair looked warped through the glass as Cerine began to fish the green liquid out into its own container.

"It's a good sign." Cerine tapped a claw on the stack of books and papers nearby. "This recipe is from a really old text. Unfortunately, it's all in Old Canin, so the language is really... ambiguous. But everything has worked out, so I think I've made some weight loss elixir!"

"Or something that'll make you even bigger..." the marten teased, giving the fox's love handles a jiggle. Cerine slapped at her with her tail and growled. "What! I like you like this. It's squish that stays put in the morning, like a warm, snuggly pillow. If I can't stay fat, then *you* being fat is the next best thing."

"Well, speaking of, we have to test this first," Cerine told her. She waddled her way over to the

storage cabinet, careful not to knock anything over with her hips in the old instruction hall. Taking a bottle off the shelf, she tossed it to Mito, who deftly caught it in her paws. The conical-shaped bottle had a rich, green liquid swirling around inside of it. By now, an elixir of adipose was an obvious sight.

Mito set it down and then hurriedly and excitedly stripped off her over-clothes. Because she frequently aided Cerine with her experiments, often with expansive results, Cerine had treated the marten's undergarments with ixi gum essence, permeating the fibers of the fabric thoroughly to give them both an almost supernatural amount of stretch and resiliency when returning to normal size. It was the same ingredient she used in some tonics that caused rapid expansion, for obvious reasons. Unfortunately, as useful as it was for ixi-treated clothes to stretch while they were already on, they were quite a hassle to try to squeeze into once you were already big, so Cerine still needed bigger clothes.

For now.

The half-nude marten rubbed her flat, firm tummy, and grinned at the big vixen as if she was teasing her. Cerine rolled her eyes and smirked. She could flatten the skinny mustelo if she wanted since, after all, she weighed more than five of her! Mito pulled the cork out of the potion bottle, sniffed it once, and then downed the entire thing. She licked her muzzle and continued rubbing her tummy as the potion began to take effect. They were both used to the change by now: after a few seconds, the marten's belly started to swell outward, pushing against her waiting paw like rising dough. Her body rapidly softened from cheeks to ankles, gaining girth and weight. Despite getting to fatten up almost every day, Mito's green and blue eyes still lit up and she cupped her paws underneath her belly and breasts, watching as she filled out, doubling and then tripling in size. A sound like rubber stretching filled the lab, echoing slightly off the stone walls. It was the marten's silk undergarments stretching around her expanding girth.

A heavy belly rolled forward over the front of Mito's panties, even as her hips doubled in width. Her strapless brassiere sagged down from the weight it was struggling to hold, even as it stretched to fit her growing bust line. Mito grabbed the cups and lifted them up to help fit better around her much bigger breasts, and when she let go, the pair of buxom weights bounced against her new belly, causing her whole body to wobble.

"Never get tired of this," the marten teased, smiling. She once again pat her belly, but this time she ran her paw up and down over the light and dark brown fur, feeling her weight. Mito was half Cerine's weight after a single potion, though with being significantly shorter, she was pretty round, particularly around her hips. "It'll be a shame if your elixir works..."

"If it does, I will brew you up two more chubby potions as a reward."

"Okay, now we're talking."

Cerine had Mito sit down on a bench along one wall, the immense fox leading the fat marten to the side of the lab. Once the marten was nice and settled, still drumming her paws on her bigger body, Cerine handed her the beaker of transparent, light green elixir. Mito took it, swirled it around for a bit, and once again sniffed.

"Smells... bubbly."

Cerine would've jumped if she could, and she began looking about. "Oh, hold on! I need to write all this down." She grabbed the closest things she could find: a thin charcoal stick and a piece of parchment. She could re-write her notes with an ink quill later; she just didn't want to forget them right now. "Alright, go ahead."

Mito tipped the beaker back and drank the elixir. She smacked her lips twice and furrowed her brow. "No taste, though... well, barely one. That's alright, I guess. Some of these ones you make are... uh. I feel weird."

Cerine looked up from the parchment she was hunched over, trying to scribble notes down as quickly as she could. The table was bowing lightly from the weight of the fox's thick, fleshy arms and chest bearing down on it. "Weird how?" she asked, ready to write down more notes, but there was also

a twinge of concern in her voice.

The marten sat upright with a grunt, putting the beaker down on the bench beside her and rubbing her belly. “Like... Iunno, bloated? It feels like the opposite of what you wanted, I think.”

She really was beginning to look bloated. Cerine squinted and pushed her heavy body upright again before walking over to the marten. She poked her tummy and found it felt very firm to the touch now, not soft and jiggly. Mito raised up her arms and tried to pat at the hanging flab underneath her bicep, but it wasn't hanging. Her arm was round and tight, and it was steadily growing. Cerine's gaze drifted from the mustelo's arm to her chest, and her eyes went wide as she watched Mito's cleavage begin to swell.

She was *blowing up*.

The marten ballooned like a waterskin being overfilled, her soft, blubbery figure doubling in size – if not weight – once again. In just a few minutes, she was a match for Cerine in size, but her figure was firm and round all over. Eventually the swelling leveled out, leaving her both heavy and near-spherical. Cerine sighed and looked all through her notes and reference tomes once again to find where she went wrong while Mito enjoyed being quintuple-sized.

“I feel lighter, though,” the marten reported, bouncing on her feet like some kind of furry soap bubble. She gave her flanks a firm slap and her brassiere slipped off her chest once more, unable to contain her breasts now that they were rounder and perkier. The marten shimmied it back up for the tenth time, struggling to get to stretch out enough once again to cover her. “Damn stretchy thing... there. But, so... at least it kinda did what you wanted? You're on the right track, right?”

Cerine shook her head and sighed. The obese fox tapped some lines of text in one of her old books and Mito bounced over to come read it. Her fur rubbed against Cerine's side, and the fox's soft, yielding figure squished against the marten's tight skin.

“No, I made a mistake in translating the text,” the alchemist grumbled. “These books are written in Old Canin, and some of the words they used back then could be ambiguous. Look, right here: *Thi'n elikser ill maken thee lighte as thine non sommer breeze*. I thought 'thine' meant 'thin,' but apparently back then 'thine' was another word for a leaf. So it's actually saying it'll make you as light as a leaf on a summer breeze.”

“Okay, yeah.” Mito slapped her tummy, making her skin ripple a little with the layers of fat underneath. “If you hadn't make me really fat first, I feel like I'd be floating away... Um... can I go show everybody how big I am?”

Cerine shrugged. “If you want to, go ahead. We'll try something else tomorrow.”

The vixen stayed in her lab the rest of the day, double-checking her notes and re-translating as much as she could in her old texts for anything she missed. It was exhausting work, and by the end of the day, she had a stack of plates piled up beside her work desk where Sarelma had brought her meals – normally-sized ones now; their feud was forgotten now that Cerine was fatter than either of them dared imagine she would get. In the middle of all her other efforts, the vixen also started heating an iron cauldron to dissolve some ingredients for creating new bases for her potions.

Some time later, Cerine's fluffy and pudgy cheek squished around a fat paw as she fell asleep with her face propped up on her palm at her desk. Slowly, the snoring vixen tipped forward until her head fell off of her paw and landed nose-first onto the open grimoire she was trying to read from. Shocked awake, the fox then jerked upwards, and her heavy figure rolled backwards off of the two seats she was using to hold up her massive hindquarters. With a squeal, the vixen tumbled to the floor, landing roughly on her rump and then rolling backwards until she was laying flat on her back. Her head thumped against the leg of the table behind her, knocking over a wooden rack of glass vials and spilling their contents into the overheating cauldron. Cerine didn't notice; she was still trying to wake up, and now she had a welt on the back of her head.

Fat sloshed up and down over her body before finally settling once again. Sighing, Cerine

tugged on the bottom of her laced tunic in vain to try to cover her enormous belly. Then she rolled onto her side, feeling her massively-fat figure squash against the floor in new and inventive ways as she fought to get her tummy underneath her and then sat up. Cerine used her desk to climb back to her feet and then re-set her chairs.

There was no telling how long she'd been asleep, since the lab had no windows. Cerine rubbed her eyes and face, feeling her paws squish into her soft face. Why was a potion to *lose* weight so difficult?! She'd come up with ones to make someone fatter, more muscular, or allow them to eat their own body weight's worth of food – and now she discovered how to fill someone with lighter-than-air gas – but this was eluding her. Cerine sat down on her seats again and adjusted her clothes around her fat figure before flipping the page in the old, esoteric book in front of her.

A few minutes later, her dark ear tipped backwards as she caught a sound, and she looked up to see Zaress walking over towards her. It must have been late, because she was wearing a nightshirt that left little to the imagination. The muscular drake slid an arm around her back and held her snugly, and Cerine relented, laying her head against the big woman's chest. Zaress looked down at the books and papers spread out all over the desk. She was learning some Canin, but she had no chance with the archaic manuscripts.

“Still trying?” she asked, running her hand through the fox's hair.

“Still trying.”

“The stray is pleased with herself, at least. I think. Last I saw, she got herself wedged in her bedroom doorway. I chose not to get involved.”

Cerine put her elbows on her desk and brushed her white hair back from her face. “Yeah, I tried making a lightness elixir and ended up turning her into a dirigible... but she did seem happy about it.”

The drake produced her other arm from behind her back, setting a small parcel of folded paper, sealed with tied twine, on the desk beside the vixen's books. “If you're going to be at it all night, then I got you a little present. Should help a bit.”

“Did you go ingredient shopping for me?” Curious, Cerine picked up the parcel and pulled the twine open. The stiff paper unfolded, revealing a block of dark brown and aromatic chocolate. The fox's eyes widened sharply, and she found herself wide awake in an instant. She lifted the block of chocolate up to her nose and smelled deeply of it, her tail wagging rapidly. “How did you even get this? The Veiled Way has controlled trade for years.”

Zaress sat on the edge of the table beside Cerine's desk, wrapping her tail around her hips. She grinned in self-satisfaction upon seeing the excitement on the fox's round face. “Sarelna and I went out to stock up at the market since you and Mito were busy. One of her contacts brought some in. I had some spare money and couldn't let it go.”

“Koleo's beard, thank you,” the vixen breathed. Pudgy paws shivering slightly, she got a clean knife from her tools and cut off a square of the chocolate to eat. It was slightly bitter but intensely flavorful as it melted on her tongue. Her tail wiggled in pleasure as she swallowed. The vixen tried to offer some to Zaress, but the drake pushed it back towards her with a smile. Grinning, Cerine stretched her arms and back, leaning in her chairs a bit. Her titanic, white tummy surged forth from the bottom of her brown tunic, spilling out to nearly fill her lap. Zaress slid her hand down to feel the fur over the huge swell of fat, her fingertip teasing back and forth around the fold forming about Cerine's navel. The fox lowered her arms back down but didn't bother trying to tuck her huge midsection back into her tunic. “I have no idea what to try next,” she said, her voice warbling lightly as she purred from the belly rubs. “Might as well throw darts and see what it lands on at this point.”

Zaress looked at all the books. “Tried all these?”

“More or less,” Cerine answered. “Here, pick one for me and I'll look through it.”

“I have no idea what any of them say.”

“Exactly. I might've ignored one because of the title or something.”

“Very well.” Zaress grabbed a thick book with a faded purple binding and gave it to the big fox.

“Read this one?”

Cerine flipped it over. “*Alchemis Arcanus*. This is bunk. It purports that there are 'magical' qualities in alchemy that are yet untapped, but that's nonsense.”

“It's what I picked.”

“Fine. I'll give it a look.” She set the book down in front of her and opened it, leafing through its contents. “I'm not expecting to find anything, though.”

Zaress hopped off her seat and put her arms around the fox's shoulders, gently kneading at her chest and under her chin. She nuzzled against Cerine and whispered, “My door will be unlocked if you choose to come up. I'd like something big and soft to hold.”

“I may,” Cerine answered. She worked her face into a half-smile. “But don't be surprised if you get something small instead.”

“I'll take it.”

Zaress left Cerine to her work. The fox freshened one of her alchemical lamps on the desk and set about flipping through the eldritch alchemy tome in front of her. Like she told the drake, she had no illusions about the formulas and weird rituals in this book. Most of them involved goofy things that had no bearing on the actual science of alchemy, like chanting nonsense phrases or waiting on particular moon phases. She was just about to give up and go back to something more conventional when she heard something behind her.

Her long-forgotten cauldron was boiling over. Gasping, the obese fox jumped awkwardly out of her chair, her chocolate package still in one paw, and waddled her way over to the cauldron to reduce the heat. The foam and bubbles were an odd shade of blue-orange for some reason, and she noticed the tipped-over rack with some of her experiments spilled out across the table.

“Dammit,” she swore, reducing the heat on the burners and then grabbing a towel to mop up the spilled liquids on the table. “How did this even happen?”

As she set her chocolate down on the table and began to clean, the over-sized fox accidentally thumped the table with her belly, making the legs squeal against the stone floor. Her precious chocolate scooted and then tipped over, falling into the boiling mixture in the cauldron. Cerine let out a sharp, irritated whine, as she wasn't quick enough to catch it... and then, as she was leaning over the iron container with empty paws, the bubbling suddenly, and abruptly, halted. The vixen blinked twice, leaning up. She turned off the heat, but it shouldn't have stopped boiling that quickly. The clear liquid began to turn brown and murky, losing that nearly-impossible tint of contrasting colors. It looked like an entire vat of melted chocolate now.

Curious, the vixen leaned forward to sniff at the chocolate-like substance. She brushed her hair back to keep it from falling into the mixture, but as she did, one strand of thin white hair came loose. It spun and floated delicately through the air before landing atop the syrupy liquid and then sank down beneath the surface.

It certainly smelled like chocolate. Cerine wanted very badly to taste it, to see if she'd somehow replicated the chocolate into a vastly larger quantity of it, but that'd be foolish. She had only some idea of what had fallen into the mixture, and there was no telling how they'd react to one another. Like mixing an adipose elixir with a potion of vigor; those together did not make someone both fat and strong, they just made someone very sick.

A bubble rose to the surface of the mixture – then another and another. Cerine blinked and leaned back, but not far enough before the first bubble popped, splattering thick, chocolate-like substance onto her face.

“Ack!” she squealed, trying to wipe her face off and stumbling backwards. Cerine tripped and fell onto her padded ass with a *thud*, still trying to clean the warm substance off her muzzle. She began to feel strange, like where the chocolate touched her was ice cold once she wiped it away. The fox's vision spun and she felt light-headed. Holding her head, Cerine looked up towards the cauldron. It was boiling again, rattling on its iron feet and splattering chocolate in every direction. Some of it got on

Cerine's legs and she felt that warm-then-cold sensation again, and the cauldron grew even more energetic. It was feeding off of her! Cerine's clothes started to hang loose around her body, and she tugged down the front of her tunic to see that she was losing weight. Her double-chin was dissolving and her breasts were shrinking, becoming shapelier and smaller.

Wait!

*Wait!* This was what she wanted! Though... not quite this unexpectedly. Still very fat, Cerine tried rolling onto her feet. She wasn't able to get very far, though, when the iron cauldron suddenly burst apart as if something exploded from within it. Cerine was covered in the rich syrup and a winter's chill gripped her body. Rapidly, her body shrank and shrank, shedding dozens of pounds. The vixen rolled herself onto her paws and knees, feeling her belly lift off the floor beneath her. Her drenched tunic hung like an empty sack around her now merely plump (and still shrinking) figure, and her leggings were held up only by the ribbon tying them around the base of her tail.

Cerine wiped her eyes clear with the heel of her paw and blinked. The slim vixen staggered to her feet. Now she wasn't used to balancing herself *without* hundreds of extra pounds! Leaning on her desk, Cerine pushed her wet hair back from her face and looked at the ruined remnants of her icon cauldron... and something else.

Something *had* burst out of her cauldron. A canin figure – a *very* plush and round one – lay sprawled on the stone floor where the cauldron had been, with twisted iron pieces scattered all around them. They had rich, chocolate-brown fur across most of their body, accented by an off-white belly and chest, going up to their chin. A long tail, also wet with chocolate syrup, lay on the floor behind the figure. Cerine just gaped, speechless. What on Arvos just happened?

She stumbled over to the figure on the floor and knelt down beside them – her. Definitely female in shape. But she wasn't breathing; was she even alive? Cerine put a black paw to her neck and felt a pulse. Scrambling, Cerine rolled the obese canin onto her back and put her paws together over her chest, pressing firmly and rhythmically to try to kick-start her breathing. After a few rounds of compressions, Cerine grabbed the canin's plump muzzle and parted her lips, locking muzzles with her to blow air into her lungs.

"Come on, whoever you are," she wheezed, out of breath already from the exertion. "Wake up!"

The figure on the floor sputtered and gagged after a few more compressions, and Cerine finally leaned back, her arms aching. Her own heart was racing, and her paws shook. The fox sat back on her slender rump, clothes nearly falling off of her. At least that was better than the other, butt-naked canin on her floor, who was coughing up a bit of excess chocolate that had gotten in her throat.

"Okay, so," Cerine said, trying to wipe chocolate off her face once more while panting, "now that we're okay, can I ask you why you're-"

The other canin sat up, blinking a pair of green eyes in confusion. She turned and looked right at Cerine's face... with Cerine's face.

"You're..."

"...me?"

\* \* \* \*

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