It was a nice sunny day. The sky was blue, the temperature was warm, the birds were singing, the air was clear etc. It was truly a nice day to be outside... except a certain someone wasn't spending the day outside. That someone was Pancake.

The flame-tipped Siamese cat was in front of his laptop playing this hot new RPG called *YouQuest*. It was the talk of the Internet and for good reason; the game wasn't just a typical RPG, it was one where how it turns out is entirely up to the player. Not only do they get to design their own player avatar, but they also get to choose from certain plot setups and even determine the course of the story through their actions. But arguably the best features of all... were that the player could set the game's tone and even the severity of evil in the antagonists to their tastes! This was a welcome accommodation for any player who likes sad, violent or funny games and doesn't like the other options. No wonder it was so popular. Naturally, the game also had anthropomorphic animal characters and that helped its popularity quite a bit (in a world populated by them. Go figure). And for some reason, it also came with a flash drive.

As for Pancake's take on the game, he customized it as follows: since he liked emotional things, as they helped him appreciate those closest to him as well as the very finite and unpredictable nature of life, he set the game to include emotions... as well as some silly stuff so the game would feel like one of those animated movies he adored as a kitten... perhaps better.

And the cherry on top... he designed his own player avatar: a male cat who worked as a farmer until he uncovered a mana necklace during his morning chores. It granted him the ability to conjure a sword incarnated from the spirit of the necklace's former owner at will and dispel his emotions into bursts of element (air, water or fire) as its creator was capable of.

But as mentioned before, Pancake was enjoying the game a little too much, at the expense of the beautiful weather outside. In fact, he had been playing for over three hours since he found it on his gaming account after breakfast. It was just very engrossing for him.

“Pancake! I'm going to workout, would you like to join me?” Pancake's roommate and best friend Pudding, a mixed-breed dog wearing a white undershirt and navy blue shorts and a gym whistle around his neck, called from outside the living room entrance. But no answer. It's almost as though Pancake didn't hear his pal at all. “Pancake?” Pudding called his name but once again, no answer. This repeated a few more times, with each intonation progressively more frustrated (c'mon, did you really think I would employ repetition?).

Pudding gave up on trying to say his name, so he decided to take a more... umm, proactive approach to getting Pancake's attention. He walked over to where his bestie sat, still staring at the laptop with no movement other than his fingers on the keyboard and the occasional blink of his eyes.

He tried putting his right paw in front of the laptop screen and waving it up and down in the hopes of catching his attention... and got no response. Pancake was just that wrapped up in the game.
Pudding was not just frustrated, but also confused. How did that not get his best friend's attention? Well, if a paw in front of the screen didn't, then his gym whistle ought to. So he blew the gym whistle and it made a loud “TWEEEEEEE!!!”...
...that also didn't stop Pancake.

“Oh, you've got to be kidding me. I might lose my ability to even hear dog whistles from this thing and he's still staring at his laptop?” he thought to himself. But being a pooch who regularly exercises, he remembered he was always taught to try again and again, and to persevere.

So he tried smashing a bottle, blowing an air horn, striking a gong, doing a one-man band and even turning on a can opener... but none of them worked.

By this point, Pudding's patience was virtually spent. All he wanted to know was if Pancake was interested in working out with him or not, why was it so hard? But he remembered there was only one thing left to do...

...he closed his friend's laptop. On his paw.

Pudding's pupils narrowed and he thought, “Oh crap!” before immediately opening the laptop back up... whereupon Pancake started yowling in pain. Considering he's a Siamese cat, it's hardly a pleasant sound to listen to. Poor mutt covered his ears, straining his face into a look of pain. “Forget my whistle... that'll make me go deaf!” he thought.

Pancake jerked his hurt paw from the keyboard and held it in front of him as he stopped his screeching fit. When he looked at it, he saw it was red, swollen and throbbing. “You're gonna pay for that, you mangy menace!” said Pancake, talking rather differently than usual.

“Wha-? What did you just call me?” Pudding asked incredulously. “You heard me... mangy menace! Now begone, before I call forth my Spirit Sword!” Pancake threatened, talking more like a generic hero than his usual happy-go-lucky self. “Spirit Sword?” Pudding was even more confused, “I'm sorry... what are you on about?”

“The intrepid Chama shall have his revenge on the fleabag who dared to crush my paw!”
“Pancake?”
“No one dares try to disable a carrier of mana and gets away with it!”
“Pancake?”
“Prepare to be vanquished, aggressive amputator! For the power of the Spirit Sword is-”
“PAAAAAAAAANNNCAAAAAAAAKAAA!!???”
...Pudding yelled with enough force to blow the furs on Pancake's head backwards.

Pancake sat there dazed for a second, straightened out his head fur and asked “Hi, Pudding. What brings you here?” Pudding sighed in frustration, then said “I was trying to ask if you'd like to work out with me.” “Sorry, buddy. No can do. I'm too busy playing YouQuest.” Pancake shook his head.

“Oh, c'mon, you've been playing that game for at least three hours now. It's high time you took a break and went outside for some fresh air on this lovely day.” Pudding groaned.
“But I can't rest now. The fate of the universe rests in my paws.” Pancake complained.

“Pancake... it's just a game.” Pudding pointedly replied. “It's more than just a game. It's an amazing life-changing experience. It's... it's... it's a work of art!” Pancake argued.

“Someone ought to print your insightful review on the box,” Pudding snarked, “but anyway... video games are nothing more than just a waste of time, and they're basically the same thing except with different features so you think you're playing a new game when you aren't actually.” Pudding was not as fond of video games as his best friend, and it showed.

“They're not a waste of time, they're challenging. And they help you figure out patterns, strategy and stuff. They're good for your brain!” Pancake tried to argue with his friend, but Pudding fired back, “Well, exercise is good for your body! If you continue to sit around and play video games all day, it won't do your body any favours.”

Pudding sighed in defeat, realizing he was flogging a dead horse. “Fine. But when you become a grotesque blob who can't move, don't come crying to me.” “Ewww... I'm not into that sort of thing.” Pancake cringed, missing the point entirely.

After a little while, Pudding had gone to work out and Pancake continued to play his game. He was really getting the hang of it!
...or at least he did until something strange happened.

His avatar sprite was walking towards an ancient temple built into the side of a hill in a gloomy abandoned town. But he only managed to get to the temple's entrance when all of a sudden...
...the image froze and the game's audio locked up...
...then a strange dialogue box unlike anything he'd seen on the Fortuna OS popped up. Inside a red gradient rectangle were these words in a white font:

“You cannot enter this area because the game is experiencing technical difficulties. Please insert the enclosed flash drive to continue your progress”

“Wha-?” Pancake vocalized in disbelief that his game just froze up on him. “What's going on? How dare the game try to hinder my progress in saving the universe! Why I ought to-” he was interrupted by noticing that the dialogue box had a pulsing glow to it in similar rhythm to a steady heartbeat... and was making a low synthesized noise fading in and out whenever it did.

“Whoa... I've never seen breathing dialogue boxes on a Fortuna computer before!” Pancake was awestruck at this strange warning. “Wait...”, he took a closer look at what it said, “’insert the enclosed flash drive’”.

“Ohhhh, so that's why I got a flash-drive in the mail when I received the game” Pancake realized...
...then proceeded to tear his room practically apart looking for the flash drive. By the time he was a bit worn out from checking practically every square inch of his room at least 3 times, it was an utter mess. You'd think a cat had been there or something!
Pancake panted with exhaustion, “I just... know I had it here. I'm... sure”. So he got up, ready to simply shut off his game and do something else instead... ...when he saw the flash-drive sitting right where he left it on his bedside table.

“Oh.” Pancake said, processing his mistake. He quickly grabbed the flash-drive, removed the cap, plugged it into the USB port and clicked the “OK” in the dialogue box once it became visible... but then things got weirder.

The flash-drive began to have an electrical surge and glow blue. “What the-? Flash-drives don't glow! What's going on?” Pancake was confused. The electrical surge increased in intensity as did the glow. “I better get this out before it fries my laptop!” Pancake panicked, and instinctively reached out his right paw to grab the flash-drive... 
...but the the glow began to envelop his paw. “Wha-?” Pancake exclaimed, as the glow travelled along his right arm and all across the outside of his body. “What's happening?”

Then before he knew it... a **FLASH** of light! Brings a whole new meaning to “flash-drive”, doesn't it?

The next thing he knew, he was standing on some dead grass with patches of bare earth. “Uhhh... what happened. Where am I?” Pancake said quite possibly the most cliché response to that situation ever.

He took a quick look around and noticed the location was quite familiar... 
...it was just outside the temple he tried to get into! “Th-th- the temple!? No way! How is that possible?” he asked himself, “I was in my bedroom trying to play my game, then I plugged in that flash-drive, it goes haywire and then suddenly, I'm here.”

Then Pancake noticed something. “Why does my head feel a bit heavier?” He then reached his paws upward and realized... he was wearing some kind of hat. “Hang on a second,” he started to ponder, “If I'm outside a temple and I'm wearing a hat then I must be...”. Since the game had a top-down perspective, he knew where the nearest body of water was.

There he ran off and peered in to get a quick look at his reflection. “...CHAMA!” he cried in shock and realization. It was indeed true; while he was still technically Pancake, he was now dressed exactly like his player's avatar. He wore a beige conical hat made of bamboo, a red long-sleeved button-up coat, a blue cape draped along his back... and farm boy-style denim pants. Hey, he was a farm boy-turned fighter, after all. Otherwise, he looked exactly like he did in real life.

Now that he finally processed he was indeed sucked into the game, there was only one thing left to do; venture forth into the temple and see what he couldn't access in the game without the flash-drive. And to spare you some boring exposition about walking, that's exactly what he did.
The inside of the old temple was mostly dark, shabby and... well, old. Pancake stopped inside the entrance to look around the inside of the temple. “Hello? Anybody here?” natch, he asked a cliche question as heroes are wont to do. Almost immediately, the seemingly silent and abandoned temple turned out to actually have someone in it. “Chama...” a sultry (but sinister) female voice intoned in reply, its echo travelling to the entrance way from elsewhere in the temple.

“Who's there!?” Pancake's tail stood up and fluffed out as he double-took in alarm. “Oh, uh... nobody here but us, uh... cockroaches! Yes, cockroaches. Definitely no villains impatiently hiding in the temple or something!” the voice, not sounding so sinister this time, lied. An unconvincing lie, at that. “Uhh...” Pancake needed to take a moment to think of heroic talk, and managed to come up with something: “Nice try... what's-your-face, but I don't buy it for one second. Not even with all the coins in my pouch!” Hey, at least he tried.

“I don't need any money. I'm just going to do evil things since you trespassed on my property and such. Prepare to be vanquished!” the voice went back to its sinister echo. “Wouldn't it be easier to call the cops?” Pancake asked. “Very funny, now am I going to deal with an insolent mortal like you or are you just going to keep me waiting?” the voice was getting a bit annoyed.

“Well... who are you? Show yourself!” Pancake checked off another phrase on the hero checklist. “Oh, for the love of... you mortals have feet, don't you?” the voice groaned in frustration. “Uhh... well, duh. Of course we do!” Pancake just had to give a stupid response to a stupid question. “Well, then why don't you use them?” the voice replied. “How?” Pancake was playing around, but the voice wasn’t, “By walking! To my chamber! Hey kids, can you help Sir Dimwit find the flickering light?”

“Fine, I'm coming. No need to be rude.” Pancake decided enough was enough and actually get moving again. “Who spat in her Evil Flakes this morning?” he muttered to himself, as he walked. Like the voice said, there was indeed a flickering light at the end of the room. It was the light of a lit torch held in place against a wall. Nearest to it was a doorway.

Pancake went through the doorway, and the voice spoke up again (louder this time because of his closer proximity to its location), “So you finally bothered to look for the flickering light. Now, since you're not particularly sharp, we'll just play 'hot and cold' because whatever!” Pancake retorted, “Well, at least you're generous enough to give me the fun of finding you myself.” “Don't push your luck, bub.” the voice grumped.

Pancake was standing at the front of a long hallway with multiple doorways on both sides. One of these had to be wherever the voice was coming from, but which one? Only one way to find out.

He went to one door, opened it and saw a closet. “Cold. Kinda messy, too.”
He went to another door next to it, opened it and saw his reflection, of all things. “A bit warm. Feeling narcissistic, aren't we?”
He went to another door on the other side of the hall, opened it and saw a background of flashing colours and random flickering geometric shapes. “Cold. And painfully 90's.”
He went to a door a few doors up the hall, opened it and saw a railway... with a train heading towards him. He shut it in a panic, panting in relief. “Warmer. Whoever's responsible for that stunt was fired.” Pancake sighed, “Well I agree that they deserved it.”
Then, he went back to the other side of the hallway, moved up four doors from his location, opened it... and saw a funk/hip hop concert, complete with crime-glorifying lyrics and screaming fans. “Getting warmer. Pure torture, isn't it?” Pancake uncomfortably nodded.

Then he went to the door right next to it, opened it and...

“Hot! HOT! Flaming hot! It's like Brazil in here!” the voice excitedly shouted. “Not really, I've been there.” Pancake corrected. “Oh. Whatever, but anyway...”

“...it is I, Zora!” the voice revealed itself to belong to that of a kitsune woman. She was completely white with long black hair atop her head, her eyes were green, her body was nice and curvaceous as you'd expect from a humanoid vulpine with a navy blue top and bottom cloth with a thin strip of cloth covering the front and a transparent sky-blue veil behind her back.

“Wow... for a villainess, you look pretty!” Pancake was soaking in the admittedly rather attractive sight before him. “Yeah, I get that one a lot.” Zora responded, not at all enthused by his comment. “But anyhow... have you made preparations for your final moments in my temple?”

“No. Aren't you even a little concerned that a hero with powers like what I have here could hand you your butt on a silver platter?” Pancake asked. “Must we keep doing this? Of course I'm not concerned.” Zora sighed in frustration.

“OK.” said Pancake. “Sheesh, I could be really intimidating, ferocious, diabolical and whatever else... but nooooooo, I have to be funny and whatnot because this stupid game lets people change everything up just the way they like it. But me, I can't be myself!” Zora ranted with disdain.

“I'm sorry to hear of your plight, Zora,” Pancake compassionately replied, “But the point of this game is that there's no one way to play it. It's all up to the player to choose how they want it to be. For example, I wanted it to be both emotional and funny.”

“Oh, of course you wanted it your way.” Zora indignantly fired at him. “But how about we do something that I find funny for once?” “What's that?” Pancake asked curiously, not taking a close enough glance to notice that Zora's hand-paws began to glow under the palms. She raised both palms, slammed them together to make a white flame-like ball with a blue glow which she held in her right hand. “THIS!” Zora yelled, now sporting a smirk. She quickly turned her body at an angle as she jerked her right arm backward before catapulting it forth.

Pancake finally noticed the blue ball of magic heading toward him but had no time to duck, jump out of the way or even turn to the side because it hit him almost as quickly as she threw it. He felt a shudder along his body after the magic had struck him and physically reacted accordingly. “Hehehe”, Zora chuckled, “The fun part should come any time now.”

“Fun part?” Pancake wondered in his head. Granted, he knew that she clearly must have conjured some sort of magic, being a kitsune, but what exactly could she mean is what he was wondering. But almost as if he was in the middle of asking the question in his own head before getting rudely interrupted, his thoughts were cut off and awareness was drawn towards something else. Given the silence of the temple, he could hear grumbling. It didn't take more than a split-second before he processed that it was coming from his stomach. On top of that... he started to feel off.
“Uhhh...” Pancake groaned, clasping both arms against his middle, “What's going on? Why does my stomach feel weird?” “You'll see.” Zora snickered. And it wasn't long before Pancake got to see what was happening to him.

The weird sensation turned into a feeling of some sort of pressure. At this exact moment, it felt like something was pushing against his arms. The combined force of this and his arms locked firmly in position added a sudden (but mild) increase in intensity to the feeling of pressure in his midsection. Prompted by this, he immediately released his arms and positioned them at his sides... ...only to notice that the cause behind this was that his belly had started to bulge outward. By the time he realized what Zora had done to him, he looked as though he was approaching a few months pregnant. “What the-?!?” Pancake exclaimed in shock.

Zora watched with villainous delight as the cat in front of her was rapidly bloating up, and she couldn't help but begin to stifle laughter. Pancake turned to her and cried, “What are you doing to me?” “Foolish mortal... obviously, I'm blowing you up. But less obviously, I cast my kitsune magic to draw out all the negative emotions you can ever harbour into the entirety of your body!” Zora chuckled.

“What? But-but... I'm not negative. Am I?” Pancake couldn't believe what she said, nor could he believe he was a fighter with the (if you think about it) rather undignified fate of turning into a balloon in front of an evil kitsune. The spaces between his shirt buttons were starting to expose the fur of his underbelly in curved patches as his stomach continued to curve outward and expand in size.

“Ha ha ha! Look at you, getting bigger and bigger. Simply pathetic, no? You're so confident that you can beat me and this entire game just because you chose it all, but if you ask me... I think you're full of hot air. Almost literally.” Zora began to sadistically monologue, while Pancake's belly grew a few inches forward and to the sides, causing the lower-most button to pop off. “And before you get mad at me for doing all this to you... well, remember this, you naive cat; you chose to spend so much time with this game and every way you wanted to play it.”

Pancake's negative feelings about swelling up began to share space in his mind with thoughts about what the kitsune had just said to him. Maybe she was starting to sound right, he was beginning to think. His belly was continuing to grow outward such that it was at least a foot wide while his pants, struggling to restrain the increasing furry mass but not preventing it from exposing beige fur and his cute little navel, were fighting a losing battle.

“What's the matter? Widdle kitty's pants too tight?” Zora patronized. Then, just like that, his pants button finally burst off. “Ahh, that's much better, isn't it?” “Better” was probably the last thing Pancake was feeling right now. In fact, this spell was doing its job of drawing out his feelings of negativity on top of the uncomfortable sensation and pressure he could feel. All he could do was put both hands on his big belly and let them press slightly inward (indicating he was clearly filling with something light) to see how big he was getting... and sigh in sadness forced by Zora's spell.

“Awww... if it helps you feel any better, fat cat... you're looking kinda cute!” Zora was having more fun than ever, not just the sight of her foe in such a pitiful state but also condescending to him while he was clearly unhappy with the situation. For added measure, she teleported in front of him, lightly poked his belly with a “Boop!” before returning to her original position.
Pancake was feeling more and more miserable as his belly had reached the size of a beach ball albeit slightly stretched at the sides and yet another shirt button burst off. “Could I get any bigger?” he wondered in his head. And lo and behold, he did.

The sides of his body started to distort their shape too while the expansion of his belly was slowing. His hips and thighs were increasing in thickness which considerably threatened to ruin his denim pants, his lower back and rear also starting to stretch at the sides in the process. If he was feeling uncomfortable before, he was most certainly starting to feel it now, as his pants were getting tight... to say the least.

“Oh dear! I shouldn't have cast that spell on you while you were wearing tight clothes.” Zora pretended to sound apologetic, “...but I did it anyway! Hahahahahaha!” she laughed slightly more forcefully than earlier, it's obvious the “joke” was just getting funnier and funnier for her.

“Oh no...” Pancake realized that his continuous expansion was going to take its toll on his farm-fighter outfit... and indeed it was. As his hips and thighs got up to an inch-and-a-half wider than they were just seconds ago, the faint tearing of denim could be heard as the seams were beginning to split. “Eeep!” Pancake snapped out of his state of forced misery to fear that his pants would rip off entirely... thus giving Zora more to laugh at.

As Zora stifled some more laughter at the puffing pussycat's expense, he was starting to look “fat” with the combined appearance of swollen belly, “thunder thighs” and love handles but it didn't end there. His chest was starting to puff outward somewhere in the mix as his body was beginning to lose its vertical line-ish shape.

Pancake, back to feeling like utter trash yet again, reflected on what his doggy friend had said to him earlier on, “If you continue to sit around and play video games all day, it won't do your body any favours”, but alas, it was a memory recalled too late. If only he had listened to his best friend, then he wouldn't have gotten himself into this mess. All because of what he chose.

Within the next couple seconds, his body was rounding out and he began to rise from the ground. “Geesh, look at you, Chama. You'd better start going on a diet!” Zora teased once more, “Nah, why even bother? You're already losing weight!” she burst into an even harder fit of sadistic laughter.

By now, Pancake had become little more than his head, paws and tail protruding from a furry ball hovering a few feet above the ground. Through puffy cheeks, he managed to find words yet again, “I should've listened to my friend who told me to stop playing the game and now look at me.” he moaned pitifully. “Aww... The puffy kitty doesn't wanna pay for his mistakes. Well... TOO BAD! You should've seen this coming when you wanted a game to be both emotional and humorous!” Zora kicked the poor cat while he was... up.

Pancake, normally a thick-skinned cat, was getting hurt pretty bad by her mockery. “I won't lie... you look kinda cute when you're sad.” Zora cooed. Pancake whimpered little more than “Mmmph” in response. “You wanted emotions... you got them! Meanwhile, I have the humour!” she said the latter in a sing-song fashion. “Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!”

All the bloated cat could think was “It's true... I do have emotions now. But... this isn't what I wanted. No one ever mentioned this in the reviews... ohhh, what am I going to do now?”
Conveniently, Zora, in her moment of dominant pride, began to do a celebratory dance about the room. She skipped, pranced, shook and twirled... you name it. Lastly, she (her back turned to him) swayed her hip three times... tauntingly smacking her rear in unison with the hip movements.

As if like magic, Pancake suddenly stopped feeling sorry for himself... and began to curve his mouth into a grin as he began to giggle. Zora immediately stopped her dance, turned around and looked confused. “Wha-? What's so funny?” was all she could demand. “Oh, nothing. It's just... you were smacking your butt!” he barely managed to coherently state before giggling some more.

“How dare you mock a kitsune as powerful as myself!!?” Zora angrily raised her voice, too focused on the sight of the giggly blimp in front of her to notice... something else below her. “Why I ought to-” she took a step...

...only to end up stepping on a pebble with her bare foot-paw. “YOOOWWWWCHH!” she howled and proceeded to grab her hurt paw, hopping about on her other paw about the room in pain. “Ow! Ooh! Ah!” she yelped repeatedly. Pancake began to laugh more at this cathartic sight.

Then, she hopped about too much, accidentally lost her footing and fell face-down on the floor! SLAM! Pancake laughed harder, his ballooned body wobbling a bit from all that laughter. Zora craned her angry face from the floor upward, “Laugh it up while you can, but I'm not through with you!”

“Well, it's just like you said... I chose humour.” Pancake smugly reminded her of her taunts, which seemed to have lost any and all effect on him. “Dang it! My pain must have snapped him out of my forced barrage of negative emotions.”, she cursed, “…but no matter, I'll gain the upper paw!” She got back up on her feet, ran forward towards him and gave his body a push with one paw.

The inflated cat was sent flying backward, rotating vertically as he did so, with such speed that when he hit the ground beneath him, he bounced off it before ricocheting off the wall behind him onto the ceiling. “Whee-hee-hee!” Pancake ecstatically laughed. Zora was so frustrated and confused that she couldn't even so much as sputter... but it was clear she was in disbelief that her plan to torment him for her own amusement was failing hard.

Also, it took a split-second before she realized that the giddy cat-ball was rolling towards her rather quickly... but unfortunately, she wasn't fast enough to teleport in time.

BOING!

The force of the lightweight mass of fur barrelling at its speed knocked her off her feet and sent her falling backwards onto the floor, not to mention Pancake continued to bounce around the room. A few seconds later, Zora craned her head upward for a glance at the swollen cat's continuous movement before she lifted her right paw.

Then, not even a second later, he finally stopped moving about mid-air. “Whew! That was so fun!” Pancake sighed, quite a bit worn-out from all that laughter and bouncing. “I'm glad you enjoyed yourself... NOT!” Zora sarcastically intoned, then sighed, “What am I going to do with you?” “I dunno, but I know what I can do with you. Aeros emotious!” Pancake incantated. A white glowing circle appeared in front of him blasting a puff of air, followed by his rounded body beginning to shrink. Within a few seconds, he was regaining his thin vertical body as he gently descended to the floor. When he was back on his feet, his belly was outward by a few inches before it was back to its thin, concave shape. Immediately after that, the white circle vanished.
Zora gave an exasperated groan as she stood back upright “You may have managed to counter me with your amusement this time...”, while she said it, the transparent grey puff of air began to move towards her. “...but I'm not going easy on you anymore!” Closer and closer, but she was too busy talking.

“In fact, I ought to show you what a powerful kitsune like me is truly-” she was interrupted when she felt something enter her (big) mouth and force its way down her gullet. “Ulp!” she coughed a bit. “What was that? It felt like I just swallowed some-” she was interrupted again by her stomach grumbling, whereupon she muttered “Here we go again.”

Just a second later, her belly started to bloat out. “Ennngghhh” she moaned uncomfortably as the pressure started to build up in her midsection. Pancake was liking what he saw, “Ooohhh... lookin' good!” he grinned.

Her belly had gotten a few inches wider and outward just as her hips and thighs began to stretch at the sides and her breasts began to expand in unison with her belly, starting to stretch her two-piece outfit in the process. Pancake cat-called to her and said “Gee-whiz, Zora, you're thicc like a foxy lady!” Zora cringed at that pun (to tell you the truth, I don't think it's funny either).

Zora was rapidly losing her figure and taking on a much rounder shape. As her torso, hips and thighs got more and more circular, her breasts grew an extra cup size or two before spreading out and flattening into a pair of ovals. Taking note of her clothes stretching, Pancake admonished “Careful, Zora, there might be children watching!”

Within the next few seconds, she had begun to lose her footing on the ground and it wasn't long before her fat-looking body completely turned into a fluffy sphere with extremities poking out hovering a few feet below the ceiling. Once it had stopped, she looked bloated, helpless and miserable... as well as cute with her puffy cheeks. “My beautiful body... ruined!!!” she whined, too busy despairing to even think of trying to get back to normal with her kitsune powers but at least her clothes were intact.

Pancake was quite amused to see his tormentor in the exact same fate he had endured minutes before. After all, as they say, “turnabout is fair play”. But he wasn't done yet, oh no. She flailed her paws and tails about in desperation... because that totally triggers deflation but nothing came of it. She then moaned, “How could it get any worse?”.

As if in reply, Pancake cried, “Spirit Sword!” and a glowing old-fashioned long sword with a curved tip at the top and a cloth-bound handle appeared in front of him with a blue flash. He quickly grabbed ahold of it, aimed for the side of Zora's balloon body and quickly proceeded to jab the curved end of the blade into it. The corner of her flesh sunk in for a second, making a rubbery creaking sound as it did only to make a combined snap/pop sound as it finally punctured her body. “Owww!” she yelped. Pancake withdrew the sword, revealing a jagged hole in her body from which air began to leak. “Uh oh”, she muttered.

Then, the hole proceeded to propel her across the room like a deflating balloon. While she let out a shaky yell from going about at such speed, her rounded body began to shrink from all the air it was letting out. After a while, she was even beginning to lose her original body shape as she continued to let out air until she was eventually a shrivelled mass of furry flesh with a face slowly making its descent toward the floor. “Me and my dumb decisions.” she sighed in defeat.
Pancake's sword vanished at his will as he smugly looked over the results of his occasional smarts in that situation, also satisfied that he managed to turn the tables on Zora and tip the scales back in his favour... as he chose to do.

A victory fanfare not unlike in your typical RPG played from seemingly nowhere to further signify the battle was won. Then, the doorway to the room began to turn a completely white glow. “Oh!” Pancake noticed, “I hope this means I'm able to return to the real world. I think I've had enough of this game... for now, at least.” Pancake had no way to guarantee he wouldn't continue later.

Pancake walked towards the white light and it pretty much enveloped him as he seemed to be in little more than a white void. Somewhere in the midst, a voice calling out “Pancake?” echoed. It repeated his name multiple times until...

“Pancake? Pancake? Pancake! PANCAKE!” it turned out to be Pudding. Pancake opened his eyes to see Pudding bent over him. “Wha-uhh... Pudding? Is that you?” Pancake asked wearily. “Where have you been? I went back inside after my workout and you were nowhere to be found. Seriously, I checked everywhere... including the kitchen in case you were trying to stuff your face behind my back.” Pudding, audibly annoyed, demanded answers from his best friend.

“Well, you see... after you left, the game crashed when I tried to get to this temple. Then it told me to plug in the flash-drive that came with it and so I did, but then an electric surge happened and the next thing I know, I'm right outside the same temple in the game. I go inside and then I eventually find myself face-to-face with a hot kitsune villainess who blew me up like a balloon and mocked me but then I managed to get back to normal and puff her up as payback. After that, I punctured her with my Spirit Sword and sent her flying until she was a flat wrinkly heap. Then I won and the door got all white and glow-y, so I left and here I am now.” Pancake gave his pal quite the explanation.

Pudding was so taken aback at his friend's story that he was initially speechless for a few seconds, sporting a confused look, until he said, “O-kay... I think someone here's a little too wrapped up in their game.”

“Oh, I was...” Pancake nodded, “...but I learned something.” “And what's that?” Pudding asked. “I learned... that choice can be quite powerful. Depending on what you do with it, it can have consequences. Both me and Zora had to pay for it.” Pancake laid on the moral. “Well, at least you got something from the experience. Maybe next time I ask if you'd like to do something with me, you'll take a break?” Pudding sounded a bit satisfied with his friend's revelation. “Mhm. And then I likely won't get round and immobile.” Pancake added. “...Right.” Pudding replied.

“And I've decided I'll take a break from playing that game for a while. Maybe I'll get some exercise, read a book or something instead.” Pancake declared his plans to change after what he had been through. “I'm... honestly kind of proud of you, buddy.” Pudding genuinely wasn't being sarcastic at all.

“Thanks, Pudding.” Pancake smiled. “No problem” Pudding replied. “And I'm sorry I slammed the laptop on your paw earlier. I wasn't trying to hurt you.” “No worries, I forgive you.” Pancake purred as he gave his mixed-breed companion a hug. “Tell you what? I'm going to get us some take-out for dinner... my treat.” Pudding's straight face curved into a grin. “Aww, you don't have to do that!” Pancake was so happy to be back home giving his bestie a hug.
“But there's something I want you to do before I order our food.” Pudding whispered. “What's that?” Pancake inquired.

“CLEAN UP THIS GIGANTIC MESS!”, Pudding suddenly yelled.

Pancake was put in a daze by that spike in Pudding's personal volume level until he shook his head. “Blubba-bub-bub-bubba” he made a sound with his mouth as he did. “What mess?”

“This mess!” Pudding pointed to the strewn objects (bedsheets, pillows, open drawers and so forth) that Pancake had caused before the game transported him. “Oh yeahhh...” Pancake blushed, “...that mess.” “I don't know what you were doing earlier but I want you to clean this up by the time the food comes. Got it?” Pudding scolded. “Yes, bestie-dog.” Pancake sheepishly vowed to do the job.

“Good! Now I'll see you in half an hour.” Pudding left the bedroom and closed the door behind him. “Choices can have consequences indeed.” Pancake laughed to himself as he got to work cleaning his bedroom.

THE END
A JosefuTheFox Story