

The alarm going off leaves you startled awake, shocked out of a dream at an earlier hour than you expected to be waking up, and reaching for your phone to shut it off. Finding that your phone *isn't* the source of the noise just confuses you – briefly. You roll your legs off the bed, reaching instead inside of your nightstand for the *other* cell phone in there. The case on the thing was covered in little symbols and the password to unlock it and stop it from playing that annoying jingle-

“..What.. come on, how do I unlock the thing and turn this off? Also why is it even..”

Squinting at the thing, you try to concentrate as if this was just something that slipped your mind, and not- (*Ope! Forgot to leave a note, didn't I? Here, let me get that.*) -not something else. Looking down, you watch your thumb blossom. It thickens, a plump little pad at its base, white fur crawling down the back of the finger and spreading across your hand as it starts moving over the buttons and unlocks the device to silence it.

“W-wait, hang on. Gideon, why are we up at.. is it *eight in the morning?! A-and why are we, I mean you.. why am I-*”

With the phone quiet now you look down at your hand, flexing it – or watching it flex. The fluffy white fur, the soft pads, you flex the fingers and watch as the growth continues to creep along and leave it thick and soft. The feeling, that gentle tingling inside, starts spreading through more of your body in seemingly random places. For now it's all internal, but even that has effects. As you start walking to the bathroom you feel heavy and awkward, one of your thighs catches the change a little more than the other and you feel a fat pillowy mound of pure white press against your other leg which leaves you coming *close* to having a little fall. Luckily the fuzzier of your hands catches you just before you get to the mirror.

Already your face isn't exactly your face, it's pale and that thick blue stubble and mustache growing in certainly aren't yours. Watching your ears start perking upward and growing long and pointed is still fascinating – you never really get tired of that part. You- (*I've got a thing at the game store and I need to be there when it opens. Real sorry about that. Are you **sure** I didn't tell you? Also you might want to get your boxers off before-*)

The tearing sound was quick, but intense. For just a moment you feel a twinge of discomfort as your waist and your thighs fizz on the inside and there's a bit of unpleasant constriction around them. Then the tearing of cloth, snapping threads, relief, a sensation that you can only describe as what the word 'bwoing' feels like as you watch a mountain of snowy white fur explode out from

where your boxers used to be and fill the space around your waist, thighs, belly, ass – all of it. You burst free and start growing into a *phenomenal* amount of weight. Enough ass billows out from you like ship's sails to double your mass in mere moments, complete with a little fluffy bob of a tail popping into existence at the top of it and seeming just.. happy to be there.

“Dammit.. I liked that pair, but I guess that's on me for not peeling them off the moment I saw my hand doing this. Also yes, Gideon, I'm sure, but it's.. fine, I guess? I-”

Shuddering, you feel the bulk of that rabbit body starting to pour out onto you inch by inch, crawling down your legs while your upper half remains more or less 'normal' apart from the one hand and your face being halfway there. With your boxers 'removed' you kick them over toward the trash and set your whole lower body to jiggling as you precariously maneuver around the fact that you can't actually *see* your feet while they reconfigure themselves. After that you head toward the kitchen, coffee was going to be needed and you were already feeling hungry. Or.. Gideon was? It didn't matter much. (*..Did the laundry get done by any chance? Also did we shower last night? It's a lot easier when you do that instead.*)

It's a weird sensation when you get to the kitchen and your belly – or Gideon's belly – bumps into the fridge so much earlier than your mental map of your body says it should. Looking down at it leaves you with that steadily swelling mound of gut and the slowly encroaching white rumbling at you as it makes it known how hungry you are – the both of you.

“Yeah, last night before bed. Man, you're kind of excited about this aren't you?”

You getting coffee started and putting a couple of bagels in the toaster goes about as planned. That rumbling in your belly builds again though. While you look about and check on a few other things, the apartment being a bit of a wreck but the dishes *mostly* being done.. just not put away yet, you hear the microwave beep and feel the furrier of your two hands pushing buttons.

“Wait, c'mon man the bagels are- are we- did you put on weight? Like.. even more weight?”

It's weird seeing and feeling your own face blushing in response to the question, but that's what happens. You catch your reflection in the fridge door and that white fur has grown in a fair bit more, along with your ears having stretched – and developed two large gaps in them for gauges that left the tips kind of floppy. It's not the only thing still growing though, that expanse of a gut has you wider than the fridge itself and you realize you're starting to lose sight of your knees even as it bloats outward and a set of soft, hefty moobs begin rising up like bread dough atop it. (*Look! A little. It's*

fine. I look great anyway and that new clerk at the game shop likes it, I can tell he's imagining being under all this every time I run into him.)

A quiet 'ding' from the microwave and the sound of the toaster finishing gets you reaching for the cream cheese and pulling out two breakfast burritos to go with the bagels – and coffee – and a soda. You start gathering all the food up and begin waddling your way to the kitchen table, nudging two chairs out to sit each half of your enormous ass onto. Midway through the next sentence out of your mouth you hear your voice veer rapidly away from your usual lower tones into something higher pitched, nasal, a bit too easy to picture saying the words 'um actually'.

“And he gets off early today, and- you're hoping he's not the only one who's going to?”

That blush burns across your cheeks again and you feel a stirring between your legs, somewhere deep under all that blubber. Your own answer to the question is muffled by that and by having your face stuffed full of bagel a moment later. (*Maybe! He has good taste in decks, and-*) The thought and your own intentions as far as saying anything are both interrupted when the pair of you let out a thundering *BWURPHHB*- that leaves your cheeks and that roll of a chin of yours quivering.

“And in other things.. if the way he's been staring at my ass is any indication.”

It's hard not to get caught up in breakfast. Between you and Gideon you've worked out a damn good cup of coffee and the bunny's taste in breakfast food is impeccable. He'd gone very heavy on the cream cheese as usual, and then there was the burritos – two of them – which he had sprinkled extra cheese atop. (*I'm guessing you're going to want the 'juicy king' pants for this one. Or are you going to bust out the whole leather daddy ensemble this early in the day?*)

A bit of sputtering into the coffee followed that, with Gideon fumbling for the nearest reflective surface (the back of a spoon) so as to be able to glare at you. A little. It was just the bunny's face in the reflection now, all white fur and light blue hair, but you both understood.

“The Juicy King ones will do fine thanks, don't want to come on too strong.”

You can't help smirking a bit over that, though you aren't sure if your face actually does what you're thinking at the time. It's Gideon that stands up from the table, almost as wide as he is tall, waddling away from breakfast and leaving everything still out which you can't help but think you're going to have to clean up after later. Somewhere in the back of all of that you feel yourself drifting, like daydreaming, or the start of it anyway. (*Noo, wouldn't want that.. tell em about his decks again?*)

That blush hits your cheeks again, or Gideon's cheeks, right about when the bunny was squeezing himself through the door frame of your bedroom and starting to get dressed. He did indeed go for the Juicy King pants and get to work on the laborious process of pulling them up over that sloshing, quaking ass of his. Like a cloud stuck in a tumble dryer, you know just how often it leaves people staring and walking into things. Having those two words plastered across the cheeks just made matters even more impossible to ignore.

Your question goes unanswered, at first. Gideon is a bit too wrapped up in the effort of getting dressed and it isn't until he's gotten half of that done and is sitting shirtless on the bed fumbling in his drawer of the night stand for his ear gauges that you get a reply.

“..Okay so he's *definitely* got some appeal there too, but I mean it on both levels. He's got this great laugh, *very top notch bulge*, and he can actually talk shop about deck building and miniatures and war gaming strategy and.. You know-”

With the gauges popping in one after the other, Gideon rooted his fat fingers around for the rest of what he needed. Wallet, vape pen, making sure he had the right phone in his pocket, and then he got to the business of getting to his feet. That took a little doing, rocking back and forth for a couple of seconds to build momentum and then kind of 'throwing' himself forward with you along for the ride. When the bunny straightens up you feel that gut slap down on your thighs and how he has to adjust his pants already from them twisting and bunching up all those crevices his rolls provide. (*Date material. Gotcha.*)

Gideon let out a chuckle over that, which just made the whole front of him bounce a bit. The bunny wasn't going to challenge that or argue, he just ambled over to the laundry to get a dark gray tank top and fetched his studded leather hat off a hook on the door.

“*Date material. I'll start with just the hat.. use that as a jumping off point for the rest of the leather I think.*”

You still hear Gideon, but you find yourself not so much 'present' enough to see what's going on. That daydream keeps creeping up on you and you sink away from anything other than the constant step-wobble of the bunny moving around. A little more rest doesn't seem like such a bad thing, even if it's unplanned. As you let yourself sink under, you part with a simple (*Good luck!*) as Gideon squeezes his bulk through the front door and out into the morning sun.

“*Heh, appreciated. But I've got this on in the bag~*”