

“Guys..? Come on, this isn't funny.. *Stupid* teleportation trap.. Cannot *believe* that idiot rogue thought he could disarm it without my help. I swear..”

Thea clutched her staff as she moved through the halls of the mansion. It was meant to be a simple enough mission, her guild had put together a party and they just had to deal with some nobleman who was *apparently* the cause of some recent disappearances from the local village. And now the bovine wizard was stuck walking through some *very nice* corridors, moonlight streaming in through gaps in silk curtains with lovely rugs and tapestries and portraits and-

“..Right, just.. just stay quiet Thea. You're a *wizard*. You can do this. Granted, given that this is probably a vampire or something – guy definitely has a vampire's taste in décor – I sure wish I could find our priest..”

Thea had seen no sign of her other party members since the rune trap by the door had separated them, or any sign of *anything* else in the estate. No other traps, no guards, no sign of the master of the house. No signs of life at all. It was beginning to badly unnerve the cow, enough so that she was very slowly entering every room expecting the worst.

A fancy spread of a feast on a long dinner table was not the worst, and as such not on the list of things Thea expected to find. The cow inhaled sharply, partly from the surprise of it – it was the first thing that made it look like the estate was even *lived in* she'd seen. All of it looked fresh, too. It sure *smelled* fresh. The wizard's mouth started watering, her knees buckled, her stomach snarled at her. She swallowed and tried to compose herself and stay careful, but she was already in the room approaching the feast. That alone ought to have set off warnings for her. It just.. didn't.

The first bite though, that did the trick. Thea found herself lifting some kind of cheese drenched pastry stuffed with vegetables and made with an awful lot of butter to her lips and biting in, and *then* she felt the magic. It was everywhere in the food, it had probably been in her since the first whiff of air in her lungs carrying its delicious aroma, making her hungry and blotting out the parts of her mind that would have stopped her from approaching.. but it was in her belly now, and she wanted *more*.

Which, lucky for her, there was plenty of it. A part of Thea kept trying to stop, that part of her was *screaming* to stop – mostly because it was her magical training. Amid the butter and cream sauces she could taste other things, like the tickle-spicy of Transmutation working through her stomach and taking root in other parts of her body, the kind of vanilla-cream fluff that was on some

of the desserts she was cramming into her face and also in the Enchantment strains that were convincing her to argue about this instead of run. She very, *very much* wanted to run.. or that part of her did anyway. Even if it was hard to sort out why.. it was just food, right?

Thea pulled up a chair for herself by some of the richest parts of the spread and sat down to truly commit to the feast. The wizard gave up entirely on decorum shortly after, reaching out to just stuff herself with her bare hands. Jellied vegetables, breads stuffed with everything imaginable, rich wines and cheeses – her belly *should* have been full ages ago but instead Thea started to feel her robes getting tighter – and something else..

It took the young wizard a little bit to really identify the sensation, it was partly related to the magic she was eating. To what it was doing to her. It was just that the *obvious* things it did were much easier to see at a glance – she couldn't stop eating.. didn't *want to* stop, and physically she was being helped along on that front. It was much harder to notice her own magical reserves being manipulated amid all that decadent food and the other distractions.. and by the time Thea caught on she was much, much too late.

Thea reached out sluggishly for the nearest platter. The thing sported a tower of small cakes, all stacked atop one another, and it was *just* out of reach.

“C-come.. o- *Uuooorphhb*- on.. just.. just a b- *BHWURPHHB*- bit..”

Lifting her arm was difficult in itself. Thea felt the fat appendage quiver and slosh as all the blubber hanging off of it moved around wildly at the slightest provocation – she felt the underside of her arm drag through crumbs and spilled drinks. Coming up short of reaching her goal, the cow leaned a bit over – her belly brushing her feet, her udder dangling down between two chairs she was sat on and almost grazing the floor, her ass hanging off the back of those two seats. Tableware clattered to the ground as Thea grabbed the cloth it all rested on and started yanking that closer to her instead, though bending over and putting in any kind of effort left the cow filling the entire dining hall with a thundering *VwurumphFRRRRPPHHBBT*- that left the silk curtains fluttering across the room from her.

It worked through, even though it left an even bigger mess around the cow. Thea was well past any pretense at cleanliness, the wizard was caked in food and the only covering on her was the shredded remnants of her robes which she had at one point tried to use as a napkin or towel and

then eventually just given up on entirely. The problems *were* getting worse though, Thea was aware even in her foggy, food-addled state. At first she'd just moved seats – then she'd started finding it difficult to rip herself away from the food long enough, and difficult to get up. Eventually she'd found one chair wasn't enough, and one per ass cheek worked much better. The only thing that roused another brush with fear and clarity though was when she had the bright idea to conjure a spectral hand to bring her the food.. and it worked. Twice.

It was the fact that the third time Thea tried to conjure up that hand, one of the simplest spells imaginable, that things fell apart. It wasn't that she did it *wrong* or anything, the cow still had the clarity for a cantrip at least, it was just.. she had nothing in her to cast with.

Thea tried again. She reached down in herself for that magic and it was *there*, somewhere.. The problem was mostly she felt it pooling in that massive, swollen udder between her legs rather than saturating the rest of her being – and she couldn't seem to coax any of it out. After a couple of tries at the matter her shrieking gut started demanding she stop bothering with the magic and feed herself any way she could, and that meant yanking on the table cloth.

Small mercy that it was, the effort worked. Thea tugged those new morsels closer, grasping at greasy grilled meat and buttery bread and fresh bottles of mead and cream. She did, when a bit of clarity came back to her after a bout of gluttony, try casting again. Halfway into the dead simple spell she belt out a *BwurrPHHRRRPHbbt* and went light-headed. Enough so that she had to pause and relax herself, and *that* let a fresh bombardment of a fart loose. One loud, hammering *FRUMPHHHBT* and then an ominous cracking sound. Thea was smart, any wizard had to be – she knew the sound of wood snapping when she heard it. It was just that when she tried to get up and move before her chairs broke from under her the cow found herself so catastrophically fat she could no longer lift her own weight.

Chairs failed, Thea crashed to the floor. Fat, sweaty cow landing and splaying out in all directions with a wet slapping sound and a pained moo and yet another violent fart. She whimpered as she jiggled, her body a grumdrop shaped monument to obesity. Thea's arms were fatter than her waist used to be and she could scarcely lift them, her tits blotted out any view of anything other than the horizon of flesh her gut had become, and her legs were too thick to lift and too fat to bend. They stayed out at her sides, pushed apart by her udder and belly and pushed down by her hips. Finally, once more, Thea panicked.. because she couldn't reach any of the food that had fallen near her.

“N-no.. NooOoooOOOoo.. pl-please.. I'm hungry! I-”

It was only kind of a lie, Thea was perilously full, for a couple seconds, and then her ensorcelled body became ravenous again like she knew it would. She just *wanted to be eating* because she knew it was coming.

When someone finally appeared with her in the room Thea didn't even care if it was one of her adventuring party or not – and it wasn't. She found herself looking up at a red squirrel. One with curiously gold eyes and sharp teeth, smiling at her in a very hungry fashion.

“So *here's* the last intruder. My. You've been enjoying yourself, haven't you?”

Thea tried to move, she tried to reach up to the squirrel in the fine tailored suit and purple cloak for help but he just stood there and smiled..

“I *know*, darling. You're *starving*. If you want more I'll see to it you're well-fed for the rest of your life, but this kind of bargain requires up front, explicit candor. You'll be very comfortable.. never hungry, I'll breed you regularly myself, I'll empty that throbbing udder full of mana too. I take *good care* of my livestock, as the rest of your party has already learned. What do you say, Thea? Ready for a simpler existence than all this book-learned nonsense?”

The cow didn't hesitate. Her udder throbbed, her body quivered and jiggled, her belly hammered on her dwindling will and it was *that* part of her that nodded so fast her cheeks wobbled. But it was enough, it was knowing agreement. The instant she did so Thea felt the pact form and felt it start to rob her of the old, sharp parts of her mind. Everything slowed and softened, except her hunger. The cow even watched as her lips started to plump like the rest of her had and could not help imagining the squirrel, the Master, letting her use them on him. Thea's eyes shut as everything inside her mind went dark, fuzzy, and *almost* contented.. She just needed a good meal in her belly.

“You'll get one, dear. Not to worry. I prefer my fat cum dumpster pets happy. So-”

Thea watched as the feast began to float into the air, easing its way up to her face, into her mouth. One bite at a time, no effort required on her part at all. All she had to do was lie there and grow. Her Master took the moment to get a good handful of her ass and give it a shake, and then a slap that sent ripples of blubber moving all through her frame.

“Are you happy, pet?”

It wasn't really a word that escaped Thea in reply. More of a bestial cow-like moo that degenerated into a mess of wet slurping and swallowing – and more than a few heavy belches.

Even with her mind dulled Thea remembered that moment with perfect clarity. The fat cow drifted through dreaming of eating herself into the state she was and reveling in it. Thea couldn't moo easily around the hose buried in her mouth, but she still tried once in a while. It seemed like her Master liked it. The former wizard pawed at her breasts while the pumps around her milked her slowly but steadily, drawing all her old magical potential out of her as fast as she could renew it. Even if she had it in mind to resist now Thea couldn't even *reach* the other side of her own tits anymore, and she could scarcely move her legs or see around her back fat let alone have a prayer of touching her udder ever again.

But she didn't have to. Her Master was back there to ensure she was kept full and empty in all the right places. Thea's head was one of the things that went empty as she felt her Master slip himself down through the folds of her ass to find her throbbing, ravenously empty cunt and slip himself inside.

“Still happy, pet? Mm... *good~* Let's put another calf or two in you and make sure that udder of yours never slows down, shall we?”

Thea tried to moo once more, but just like always it was swallowed up by her need to keep eating, and keep growing. But that didn't matter.. Her Master being right, making her happy, and using her? *That* mattered. She knew it, her old party strewn about the milking chamber in their own stalls knew it too. It was all any of them really had room for in their heads anymore.

Good thing the rest of them was built to hold a lot to make up for it.