

The black rat sniffled the air in the old estate. Something was off, but they couldn't quite tell what. Not from just smell anyway, it wasn't a gas leak or rot or mold.. Jarvis knew what those smelled like, he'd been in enough houses that needed either remodeling or demolishing to know. This was different.. a bit salty, a bit floral..? And coming from upstairs as far as the rat could tell.

“I swear this better not be a hidden weed farm or something.. I-”

Finding something like that wouldn't have been the weirdest thing Jarvis had ever found in an auction property, but most of the time auction properties had more than one bidder and cost more than this and weren't out in the middle of nowhere past warnings about the roads. It left Jarvis expecting something to be weird, and finding the estate looking *mostly* intact just reinforced that, but he wasn't arguing about the stairs at least seeming solid enough to hold him.

When he started hearing voices, giggling, and the like? That put the rest of the puzzle into place for Jarvis as he reached the second floor and started to close in on the source of the smell, and the noises as well. He quietly mouthed the word 'squatters' with a groan. That would be a nightmare to deal with – but he could at least see how many there were before he left.

Reaching the door, Jarvis found it ajar and went about peeking in the side of it. At least, he intended to be sneaky about it like that. Having the door fall off its hinges did not help with remaining stealthy, it left Jarvis staring at an entire room full of.. beds? With women on them? All the beds were *huge*, king size things covered in frilly sheets and heaps of pillows. The women were equally excessive, and quite varied, and *all staring at him*. There was the red head human with the cute little glasses and the hourglass figure peeking over her lenses at him, then there was the orange tabby with tits the size of beach balls resting on the redhead's back making kissy lips, and the musclebound brown bear with a bit of a paunch who was busy grinding against a shortstack goblin with the biggest double-ended dildo he'd ever seen wedge in them and *two more* girls on the bear's back grinding against each other. One of those was a broad, pear shaped ferret and the other took the phrase 'fat as a cow' and made it quite literal.

It was the bird that stood up and spoke to Jarvis though. A statuesque thing, had to be seven feet tall, built like a Greek goddess and covered in vibrant red and purple plumage. One that looked over at Jarvis and ran her tongue over her lips with a little curled grin forming.

“Well, well. Liking what you're seeing, aren't you? We can tell, and don't worry. We don't mind.. Now, though-”

After a moment spent untangling herself from a pile of grinding, moaning flesh the bird started to approach Jarvis, swaying her hips side to side and doing nothing whatsoever to cover up. Instead, she lifted her chest up with her hands and left the rat staring right into her fluffy tits as she got closer.

“A.. ah.. I um, I b-bought this a-and.. I need to- you all are-”

The part of Jarvis that remembered why he came here struggled to keep its focus on much of anything really. When the bird got close enough to actually tuck his face between her breasts all that crumbled without resistance, and he did nothing to stop her from tugging his pants down following that. All he could do was mutter quietly and try not to grab – but then there she was taking him by the wrists, guiding his hands onto her hips, letting him do the rest.

“Shh, that's not important. What matters is.. Do you like what you see? Do you want some of it for yourself maybe..? Couldn't blame you if you did.. None of us could resist either~”

Shakily laughing and trying to maintain, Jarvis found himself squeezing the bird's ass and letting himself be tucked into those fluffy breasts of hers. The last time he'd had even a taste of something like this was.. Well, never. Not anything *exactly* like this. The rat didn't need to think particularly hard about his answer – other parts of him were busy being hard instead.

“I *definitely* want some of this, if you ladies don't mind~”

A smile across that red face of hers followed, along with being plucked off the ground by the bird and carried to the nearest bed to be laid down on it effortlessly. Jarvis, in nothing but a t-shirt, stared up while the bird whistled a little and snapped her fingers.. and a puff of something pinkish burst free from her lips and broke across the rat's face like a little wisp of bubblegum scented smoke.

Jarvis felt a curious tension build down in their bones. It wound itself inside, but it did its work quickly. Only a moment or so later there was a 'twang' in their entire being, one that resulted in the rat letting out a startled squeak as their body swelled outward in a sudden burst in just about every direction, but *especially* around their ass. Jarvis could feel something that he imagined would go 'bwoomph' if it made noise as their ass blossomed out into a plush anchor of a thing under them, beach ball sized butt cheeks and ham sized thighs on a plump body, with her own big fluffy tiddies to play with and.. *Her*. The rat went wide-eyed and stuck her hands between those plump thighs of hers, immediately going into a panting fit as she ran them over her newly formed cunt.

“Delicious, isn't it? That first touch. Of course.. there's more to come. But-”

Something hot ran through the rat's body. She curled one arm under her chest and let out a quiet gasp, something that only got louder as she dug her fingers in deeper between her legs. Whatever it was felt.. buttery, smooth, silky – under her skin. It came with a weight to it, pressing her deeper into the padding beneath. The rat was dimly aware as she grew heavier that she had the whole room's attention now.

“I think we'll let you and the girls decide how much more is 'enough' yes?”

As she kept rubbing at herself the rat found her arms being pressed in on by thick layers of fat piling onto her, first her gut rising up to give her tits some support and then with fresh rolls and folds forming as her ass just refused to stop taking the lion's share of the growth. Help was coming too – if one could call it that. She found herself being eased onto her back right around when it started getting hard to reach herself, whimpering quietly – but they knew what to do. That cat with the mammoth tits laid them over top of her head and she felt someone.. two someones, maybe the cow and the ferret getting themselves nestled up against her own breasts – suckling at them.

It took the bear's unrelenting muscle to get underneath that catastrophe of an ass she was growing though. The rat soon found herself in the center of her own new pile of bodies, smelling of sweat and sex and perfume, covered in ass and tits and love. All of it fueling her growing body. She didn't fight it, the rat just leaned in and nuzzled tighter at those tits her face was resting in while *someone* stuffed their face under her belly and into that new cunt she'd been gifted. Someone who really knew what to do with their tongue. Every little flutter of it left the rat bucking and gripping tighter on whatever ass or breasts she could get hold of – at least until she started to get too damn heavy to manage the first part of that.

Nothing seemed real at first. The jiggling, sloshing sea of flesh. All of it so soft, so willing to touch her, to bring her into it. Not even the parts of it that were her own body quite seemed real, it was a bit too dreamlike. Being rocked back and forth like she was on a waterbed, but it was her own body doing it. Gently rolling, slapping against itself, being lifted and kneaded and rested upon by the others as she quickly grew too heavy to do much with it herself. That part was the one that drug some of it back around into reality, or closer to it at least. When, amid the bodies squirming and welcoming her, the rat found that she couldn't move much other than her arms and head – and even her arms were pretty damn heavy.

“O-oh g-guh.. gawd.. w-whu-”

A fresh orgasm rocked the rat's mind and left her quivering both from the way her nerves were flooding with thick, creamy, lingering pleasure and just from how much rolling her flabby body tended to retain. Even without the other girls pushing and pulling and squeezing on her.. which they were still doing at first. Even when the sound of a pair of sharp claps in the air left them beginning to pull back it took time, there was just *so much rat* to get out from underneath. Luckily, the bird seemed patient. She waited until the others were out, backed off, standing in a half circle around the rat and already started to rub on each other again – but this moment was for they two in particular.

“Mmn, intoxicating – right? Goodness you've let yourself soak up *a lot* of it.. Haven't you? I bet you can't even remember your name, can you? Don't worry~”

The rat blinked through the haze of lingering pleasure. It ought to be there, she thought – it should be right there to remember.. and yet there was just a hazy blank spot instead, soft and heavy like she was. There should be a name, and a reason she was here, and.. nothing.

“I don't.. I don't understand, why.. what-?”

The bird took her flabby, soft cheeks in her hands and held the rat's face close.

“Now.. do you want to wake up, or do you want to kiss me and see how much fun we can have with each other? Because we're still only getting started darling~”

An uncertain feeling still lingered in the rat, but it wasn't loud or strong enough to win out. Not with her so close, not with the way her gently sloshing body kept giving her new tingles and tickles of pleasure. She let out an odd, strangled exhale.. then leaned in and pressed her lips to the bird's with abandon.

The kiss felt like fire in her blood, and in her mind. As the seconds passed, as she felt that tongue slip around inside and share the taste of her, the rat felt a clarity descend upon her being. Not a complex thing, it was quite simple really. It was just.. hunger, but for something that was all around her. A simple, *horny* being.. so bloated on her own need to indulge and to be indulged and for others to use her for their own pleasure that it was all she was – all she ever *could* be with her body so dramatically, catastrophically bloated with that excess.

When the kiss broke the confusion was gone, even if what was left in the rat's head was mostly white noise and porn music as she giggled dimly to herself, bit her lower lip, and gave herself as much of a shake as she could to lure in the others.

Meanwhile, the bird let out a pleased and amused little fluttering sound of her own.

“Alright girls! Looks like Jezebel here is ready for round two~”