

The pillar of green flame was *mostly* for dramatic purposes, just like the title 'Mistress of the Emerald Conflagration' was primarily an effort for the towering green and white bird to look impressive. 'Dark Mistress Carrie' didn't have the same ring to it really. The flames also lent a nice sheen to her black beak and hair too, and caught the gold jewelry the way she wanted – it was *supposed* to make the fat, swollen, dark furred cross fox below her cower in fear.

..Instead, the vixen was standing there with her arms crossed underneath the frankly ridiculous tits that had been granted to her as part of their bargain.

“You know, I wondered how long it would take you to notice *'mistress'*–”

A quick little flare of the flames was called for, just for punctuation. Carrie's eyes gleamed as she let her voice boom and thunder in the little vixen Warlock's sanctum.

“SILENCE! I know not by what foul artifice you have severed–”

A snap of the fingers from the vixen down below and Carrie knew something was wrong. Her monologue, which she had spent like.. twenty whole minutes on in front of the mirror, was stopped outright while the big-titted Warlock started to laugh. She even held the back of her hand up near her mouth as she did and made *sure* her chest bounced in the most exaggerated way possible.

“Oh do *hush up* darling. Did you really think I'd deal with your nonsense forever? *Honestly*. How many of us are there..? How many mortals have you been foisting your gluttony onto?”

Carrie felt a chill in her being. Fear was something she'd almost forgotten. Outrage, though? That was more familiar. Outrage she could work with.

“You step outside your place, slave! I will see to it your waist–”

This time the gesture from the vixen was outright derisive, as was the scoff. The fat thing gestured at something nearby and Carrie realized the depth of her mistake in coming here – but all too late. A sharp jolt ran through Carrie's being that interrupted her monologue. Worse yet, it stole away the righteous indignation she was building up for this encounter.. and the power that she'd mustered to go with it. A violent wave of vertigo left Carrie's carefully cultivated attempt at impressive displays of power collapsing around her while she did everything she could not to fall over in a gasping heap.

“See, it's shit like that. You were the WORST patron! First you get me *fat* because you're so out of control you need an entire pack of Warlocks to handle your calories and then you're a bitch about it! Like.. it's not the worst trade off for power, but come on!”

It did not escape Carrie that the vixen had used the past tense, and yet now – here – in her sanctum it left Carrie aware of a fresh wrinkle in her predicament. The link was not, as she had assumed before when she felt the connection by which her Warlocks paid their dues stop working.. it had been adulterated somehow instead.

Carrie opened her eyes and found that she was distressingly not towering over her former slave. She was eye to eye with her, and felt.. strange. Upsetting to say the least.

“D.. do not think you have b- **BWURPHHB**- bested.. m-mee..”

The belch rose up from deep within and it left Carrie light-headed, and heavy.. everything else'd. A kind of soft, greasy 'glorph' feeling crept around her body in that moment paired with a distinct surge of light-headed pleasure she had to remind herself not to enjoy.

“You know, I didn't expect you to apologize or bargain or anything but I suppose I was just.. hoping? Maybe? Bah, I'm too much of an optimist.. Oh well, hardly matters now.”

The mere idea was *ludicrous*. Carrie's first impulse was to strike the foolish vixen, and she did try, but only because she had forgotten in the heat of the moment she was right where her former disciple wanted her. In their sanctum, in the middle of a delicately created arcane array.. The moment her arm touched the edge of the wards she felt that perverted link between her and the vixen flare to life once more. It *ransacked* her power.. and all of it funneled into the corpulent fox. Or.. well, most of it did-

“Unh-! N.. No! Nuo.. h- **HWURPHBB**- s..top this y-you.. b- **BWURPH**- itch of a..”

As the vixen began to laugh, a good proper noblewoman's laugh complete with a raised hand and a visible twinkle in her eye, Carrie felt the rest of her long-cultivated arcane might begin leaving her in its entirety. It was not a clean transfer, some of the power overflowed – and that meant erupting out of her in the most embarrassing of ways. Carrie let out a fearful squeak followed by a violent cascade of belches, and then watched herself diminish. From Carrie's perspective it looked like the world was growing, like the flabby Warlock was growing into a giant. Even a few moments was enough for Carrie to be looking up into the vixen's massive chest while she felt her own body condensing itself and getting thicker all around. That, she realized, was the result of the last couple of celestial feasts she'd had digesting into her own body instead of spreading out amid her followers.. which made sure the ass she was venting some of her spent majesty into a thundering *VwuruMPHHRRRPBBBT*- through was getting larger by the second.

“Oh this is *delicious*.. I should have invited some of your other victims to watch. Well, I can have them over to gawp at you later I suppose.. In the meantime, you're looking like you might want to ease off on the divine pastries there 'mistress'.”

The laughing was starting again, but Carrie was having a hard time focusing on being outraged. Her whole body felt.. fleshy. It wasn't just that she was becoming something alarmingly more mortal than she used to be, but she was getting fat.. catastrophically so. Just the few remnants of her feast were absolutely destroying her figure and assaulting her metabolism with something it was never meant to cope with. As she dipped lower, finding herself needing to raise her head just to have her view of the vixen obscured by the Warlock's tits, Carrie started to wobble. Her arms were rising up as her body thickened too much for them to rest at her sides, her thighs pushed each other away and forced her to spread her stance out while her ass grew further out and threatened to drag her backward, but her gut was working steadily to create a counterweight to it.

Carrie let out a whimper that was just barely audible over the now near constant gas she was venting in the warding circle she was trapped inside of. Squirming and shuffling about awkwardly as her body shrank a little more and fattened further, a great green feather pillow that was about as wide as it was tall and was rapidly tipping that balance. Her only hope was using what was left of her power to cut the tie off entirely and worry about fighting back later, but that required a very deliberate act of magic to carry out. Carrie was *pretty sure* she had enough left for it, however-

“*B- BWURPHHB- brace.. the uh, the.. terminus and.. and sever that w- HWURPHB- hwuhh.. which.. Uhm. W-which..*”

Much as she was creating a small fog cloud of her own windy outbursts around herself Carrie's mind felt fogged as well. Reaching up to grasp at her fat cheeks and finding that it took effort just to lift her arms, Carrie tried once more to focus on the words. It certainly didn't help that every other second she'd rumble out another belch or she'd distract herself even more poignantly by having her whole vast, blubbery frame quiver from how energetic her last fart got.

“What ever is the matter, 'Mistress'? Having trouble remembering things? Aww~”

This time it was more of a whine than a whimper, a legitimately fearful sound as Carrie stumbled back and felt herself land right up against the edge of the magic wards. They felt like a crackly, ticklish wall this time but they didn't wrench a part of her being right out of her. There wasn't really much left to take.

By the time Carrie actually managed to fall *through* the wards and land on her ass she was so fattened up and so short she was shaped a bit like a gumdrop and found herself struggling in vain to get off her own butt. She could squirm, bounce, and flail her arms but she couldn't quite roll over to get to her feet.. which meant she couldn't do anything about the vixen approaching her either. The Warlock looked menacing, towering, powerful..

Some part of Carrie at least managed to realize this was how she used to like to present herself to her subjects.

“I forgot the w- WURPHHB- ords..”

Looking up at the black and russet fur of the cross fox, Carrie found the grin on their face more than a little worrisome. Especially when they leaned down and reached for her. The vixen's hand curled around Carrie's head and held there. Part of Carrie expected it to light on fire at a moment's notice, but instead she just found herself shoved onto her back. The worst that got her was a fleshy 'plap' as her body flattened out and sloshed like she were some great feather-covered pudding. Oddly enough, it also helped her a little. Once she was on her back Carrie was able to struggle with *considerable difficulty* to roll to her side, getting on all fours, and she was *kind of* sure she could get to her feet like this. At least, if she had a minute.. and maybe something to lean on.

“Well that's hardly surprising. You're a dim little butterball after all, you're lucky I'm growing so fond of looking at you like this. I think.. hmm, yes~”

Carrie shuffled over to the nearest stone pillar she saw, part of the warding circle that she fell through.. the one designed to contain a being of immense magical power.

Which she didn't qualify as anymore. Now all she was was a fat, squat little short stack who was finding that even on her hands and knees she was dragging her belly and tits across the floor. She *was* able to get up at least, with great difficulty and more than a little time – sweat- and one stop halfway to catch her breath while being belt over like this ensured the Warlock had to wait until a flurry of *Vwururmphrrrbt- Frrphhbbbt- Wrrrrphhbbbt-* and the like worked its way out of Carrie's much altered and abused digestive system.

“I think I'll invite the other Pact holders over *tonight*. Some of us will have to Teleport of course, you ate more than a few of us out of our ability to even *walk*. I wouldn't dare leave them out though~”

Carrie found herself whimpering again as she watched the Vixen grin wider..

“It's going to be *such fun* compelling you to eat yourself into a big useless heap of blubber and regret. Then.. Well, then I think we'll see if we can't reverse engineer your feast-transferring bond. I dare say it's only fair that you help us all out when it comes to dieting some of this damage you did to us off.. no?”

The vixen reached into her sleeves, pulling out a small tray from some spatial pocket inside it that had a number of small cakes on it.

“..or maybe we can just descend into such intense gluttony we break even – and make you break every bed we put you on – I suppose we'll each have to make that decision. You, however, don't have to worry about that 'Mistress'. In fact-”

Finally back on her feet, Carrie looked around and realized she had *no idea* how to work the magical apparatuses in the sanctum. Not even the ones for opening the doors. There were places in her mind where she felt like the knowledge ought to have been but everything was just empty, fuzzy, and.. thick. When the vixen's hand came down on her head again Carrie realized with a chill that she was good and stuck. ..Fat as the vixen was, Carrie was thicker still and had much shorter legs. Even if she figured out the doors it wasn't like she could run, or had anywhere to run to.

“You don't have to worry about *anything at all* from here on out. I promise, I'll make *much* better use of your power than you ever did-”

Carrie swallowed hard, realizing that whatever crossed her former servant's mind was going to be her fate now.

“..And you'll make a wonderful bed and conversation piece until I think of something else~”