

“Well, girls! How do you like the factory? It's been a *wild* time having you all here~”

A grin stretched over the wolf's face as she turned to look at the four women she'd invited to her tour. She leaned back against a massive chocolate sculpture, adjusting a gaudy top hat and twirling a cane she was holding lazily while she watched the other, somewhat younger women approach what looked to be a 'drink buffet' of sorts.. Which was an odd thing to find in a factory where almost everything was edible or dedicated to creating treats.

“It's the kind of place dreams are made of! I ought to know, I built the thing to satisfy a dream or two of my own. Heh. So what do you all think, now that you've seen the place?”

A nervous chuckle went up from the white furred mink among the girls. Marsha was eyeballing the apparent spread of treats for celebration, and zeroed in on one thing in particular. A bottle shaped like a bunch of berries that had 'juice mixer super concentrate' on the label. She didn't do a great job of trying to 'sneak' up to it, but despite that nobody stopped her.

“It's *fabulous* miss Angelica. I've *loved* everything about the tour and these *gifts* you've laid out for us here at the end are just a *delightful* show of consideration. I think~”

Marsha didn't quite have the stamina to finish her sentence before her desires got the better of her. Sure, maybe entering the factory *just* to get hold of this stuff was a bit dishonest, but.. The mink tilted the bottle back and drank. It took *real* effort not to start coughing, the stuff was meant as an additive to drinks – a mixer – and undiluted it was *extremely* sweet.

It also set the mink's body turning from pristine white to deep blue purple in no time. It was like she'd been dunked in a pit of the stuff and it soaked in on fast forward. The mink wanted to be the *biggest* though, so she fought down that coughing fit and took another drink.. and another, each went down a little easier than the last. The only thing that stopped Marsha was when the juice started inflating her. Clothing tore, her core bloated out into a sphere with *shocking* speed, her arms went straight out to her sides and she dropped the bottle. A lewd, shivering grin blossomed on Marsha's face as she felt that sloshing pressure inside swell and spread, making her body devour her limbs and leaving her rolling gently back onto the slightly wider sprawl of berry-blue fur her ass provided. Already she could scarcely move her arms and legs, or even her feet and hands. Watching her cheeks bloat up into big round pillows just left her fighting to keep smiling..

“Well now who could've seen *that* coming. Heh.. Is this making you a bit excited, Jessica? It seems like *something* has you excited over there by the restricted materials.”

The large polar bear woman hesitated. She'd used the sight of the mink growing into an immense berry, the size of a small car and still growing in a cacophony of creaks and moans, to distract everyone from where she was going.. Or at least, she thought so. The wolf locked eyes with Jessica as she stood over a small cache of 'unfinished products' apparently meant to be discarded. But one of them was labeled 'Cum Shot' and advertised exactly that – one shot, one wild orgasm. The bear chugged the whole liter before anyone could stop her – not that anyone actually *tried* to stop her. The wolf Angelica just stared with that grin of hers..

For a moment Jessica looked.. worried? Disappointed? Nothing obvious happened. Not until she started swelling too.. Not as fast, and not as intensely as had the berry mink, but it happened. Mostly it was her core, all around her hips, bloating visibly.. *Epecially* around her pussy. That was blowing up like a water balloon, snapping off her panties and leaving her waddling awkwardly. Eventually she toppled over, rubbing her pussy and howling with ragged need.

“Mmm.. One shot is worth a five minute orgasm – and this is an exponential kind of deal so.. Hm, well, *enjoy* I suppose. Do let me know how it is when you come down? If you come down. Nobody else has yet and nobody has had as much as you just took~”

Francine couldn't stop staring at the bear. The doe had her mouth covered with her hands and let out a quiet, desperate squeak when she saw the first torrential jet of cum fire out of the bear's pussy and leave her stumbling back, eyes rolling, and just.. not stopping. Having Angelica appear right behind her and put an arm around her shoulders afterward startled the doe so much she peed a little. That made it kind of lucky she'd come wearing a diaper.. but when the wolf grabbed her between her padded legs and aimed that grin Francine's way?

“Now, we *did* give you girls a list of acceptable items to bring.. That wasn't there, but if you'd just asked we would've been fine with it. In fact.. Here. Use these? And we forget about the 'legal' problems from you breaching the signed agreement on the way in~”

With a *really* thick diaper and a bottle with a creamy white liquid in it handed to her, Francine decided not to question the chance to get out of this. She shared a glance with the last other woman still on her feet and functioning, then stripped down.. diaper and all. It only took her a moment to strap on the big, puffy thing and even less time to drink the liquid. Once she had the doe felt a tickling in her veins, a heat all through her, *especially* between her legs. Blushing furiously, Francine tried to cross her legs.. but she couldn't control herself. That hot, steady hiss just kept

going.. and the diaper kept soaking it in. Getting heavier, thicker, more swollen.. It drooped lower to the ground by the moment and after a short while Francine was finding it hard to stay up with it pulling her down. The doe stumbled back, leaning on the wall for support. Angelica seemed satisfied with that and turned to the fourth woman..

“Well then! That seems to make you the winner Bianca! Come on over, all you need to do to claim victory is sign here and share a toast with me about your new place in the factory's executive office! Trust me, it's *very* comfy up there.”

The sow was sweating a little. She'd just watched one woman turn into a berry who was now about the size of a van.. and still growing, whimpering for more of what had done this to her. The bear was still moaning and rubbing herself in a growing puddle of her own juices. The doe was trapped in a giant beanbag chair sized diaper and blushing so hard she looked fit to pass out. When she got up to the spot the forty-something wolf was at with that pen and contract and glasses of champagne Bianca was just shy of freaking out and didn't think things through.. She drank first, then reached for the pen, but before she could even get it to the paper she realized the mistake.

Heat ran through Bianca's body. Her dress split almost immediately, popping seams left and right while a dense, pillowy weight soaked into the pig's whole being. One look at herself spelled it out, she'd been plump before (all pigs were) but now? Weight was packing itself onto her frame by the second. She'd gone from pudgy to *fat* and by the time she stumbled back away from the wolf and landed on her ass due to how strange and unfamiliar her center of gravity had just gotten she was already well on her way to obese. Enough that she couldn't get off her ass easily.. especially with Angelica planting a foot on her belly, then teasing it underneath.. between her thick, jiggly thighs.

For a second it stopped there.. Or at least, the wolf did. Bianca whimpered as she felt her body spread and swell around her, particularly when the wolf shook her and made the sloshing of all that new blubber rock her side to side. That grin wasn't satisfied though.. it was *hungry*.

“I hope you enjoy the feeling of that, piggy. You're just going to get bigger while I have my fun with you.. and it's not like you'll ever be able to reach to get *yourself* off ever again.. So you'd best savor these little games the rest of your life is going to be made of~”

As she lay there and felt her arms growing too thick and heavy to move, all Bianca could do in response was whimper.. and let out a bubbly, champagne flavored belch. Neither of these did a damn thing to hide the blush creeping onto her cheeks.