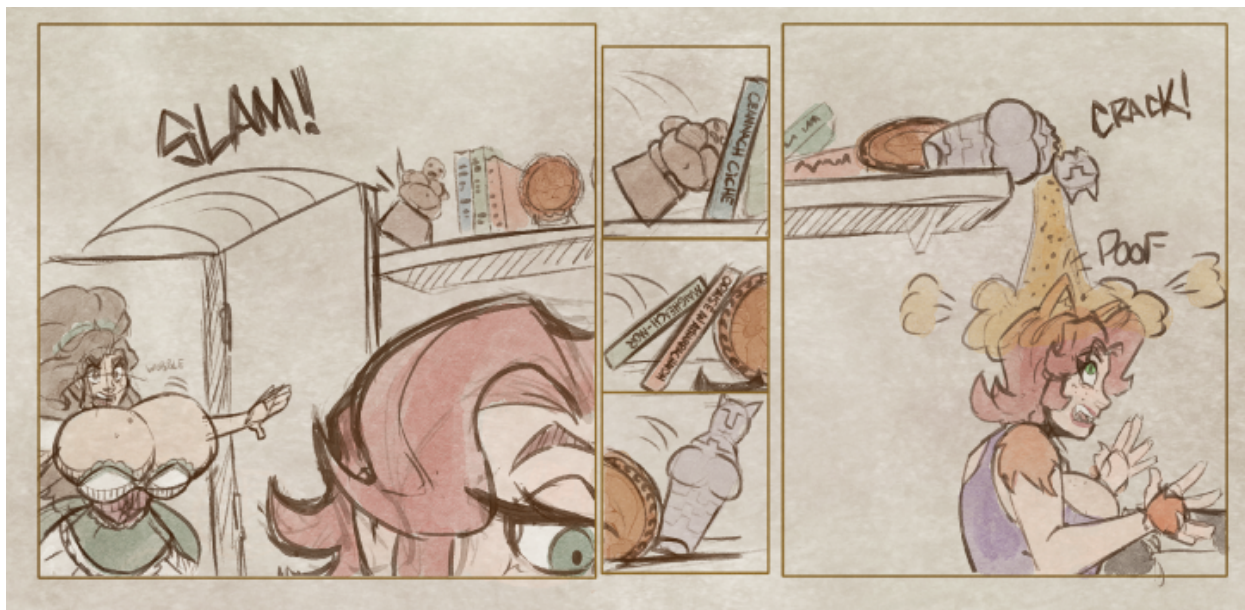


CHAPTER 1
Part 6



"YOU.... IDIOT!" Jess growled, a low, feline, whine behind her words.

"Jess, I'm sorry. I had no idea your shelving systems were that prone to... door slams!" Jac backed away from the angry red head till his soft round feminine behind pressed into the wall.

"You absolute Moron! You... You busty, clumsy, rage inducing wench!" She went to poke him in the tit, her nail becoming a claw just as it tapped the flesh.

"OW!" Jac recoiled. "T-to be fair! These and all the clumsiness that come with them are your fault! The boob momentum alone probably added too much force... why are you so pissed?!"

"Because, Jacqueline! I hadn't yet catalogued that container of apparently cursed cat ash!" Her ears were big, pointed, covered in orange fur. The cat hair was spreading from her shoulders down her arms. "Not cataloguing it, I have no clue what the properties are!" Her teeth turned to fangs, her nose reforming into a triangle cat nose. "And since I don't know them, I have no Hsss! Grrrr, I have no way to reeeoow! Hnnnnn I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO CURE MREEEOOOOW!"

The ginger rogue, tavern owner, and alchemist, shrieked as her cleavage covered in soft fur, spreading down her body, tail bone erupting into a tail hands swelling into big fluffy paws nails retracting, legs inverting to more digitgrad form. "Now you lisssten to Mreee!" She took another step forward and shrunk a foot on height, stumbling and sinking her claws into Jac's supportive

cups.

“Gah, merda! Your claws, woman!” Jac screamed as Jess shrunk another foot, and then another. Her boots hit the hard wood floor with a thud! The Rogue turned wench couldn’t get her arms around her pumpkin sized tits to shake the tiny cat-woman- thing off. All “Jaquette” could manage was heave them around like to massive medicine balls of sweaty, sensitive mammary flesh, crashing into more shelves, splashing more magic, and at one point almost smothering cat Jess to death when he tripped and pinned her to the wall with his heaving, sloshing, tidal wave of tit. With one final heave, Jessie’s claws shredded the laces holding Jac’s two boob cups together, her grip lost sending her flying across the office. The extra strength “indestructible” bustier now snapped sending Jac’s titanic tits bouncing wild and unrestrained as Jess landed on her paws. The wench, now trying to lift his avalanche of cleavage, was afraid to look at how bad the damage would be...

The following is three possible endings for how it all played out. If you rolled a six sided die, one and two would give you the good ending, three through five the bad one, and six, heaven forbid, the chaotic! Feel free to read them all though, as chapter two will follow the good, but why not enjoy the other ways fate might have wandered, and roll a die to know what end our heroes would have gotten in YOUR world!

the Good.

Even with the massive damage, spilled potions that might have added years of debt, his breasts unwieldy heavy sacks of fat, and the one person who could fix it, his boss Jessie, turned into an angry fuzz ball, the situation Jac found himself in was good. Maybe good by comparison of what could have been. He might have gotten changed too. The tavern could have blown up. He might have broken open some vase with an evil demon who could have possessed him and taken his body on a sexy tour of the continent. But he was unharmed, mostly. Jess was a cat, but that was fixable, hopefully. And maybe there might even be leverage in this scenario? Him saving her from a life of fleas and hairballs, that had to be worth a lot. All he had to do right now was focus. Communicate with his boss. Figure out how to fix this. Figure out how to clean all the bubbling, gurgling goo. Now if only he could communicate with said “Boss.”

Jac gathered up his sensitive, sloshing boobs and approached an angry cat with Jessie’s hair cut, it growled, the fur on its back standing on end. “Okay Okay Okay! Jess we can fix this... Probably.”

“HSSSS!”



“Where are the antidotes for the um... cat stuff?” He tried to put on his kindest, most encouraging voice, that just felt too soft and girly in this feminized form, but it did little good.

“Hssss! MrrEOOOW!” Jess spat, charging at him claws out, fangs bared! He backed up, almost losing his grip on his massive wobbling tits, claws dangerously close to his soft fat thighs.

“Can you *please* stop trying to claw me?! I can’t even see you past this canyon of cleavage!” Jess swiped and swiped, tearing at his dress. “Can you understand me? Meus deuses... I swear I’ll do whatever it takes. We’ll get you cured. I pro-OMISE!” His heeled boot slipped in some sludge and back he went, falling on his round bottom, gigantic breasts flailing free of their

top, swaying wildly in the air above him like two water sacks strapped to his chest. "Oof." The wind left his lungs, and after about twenty seconds, the humungous spheres of boob he now possessed finally settled. He felt four paws hop up on his hot bloated tit, an orange cat with claw draw pointing at him.

"You better" Jess said, her voice small and purring.



And THAT would have been a reasonable ending. A cliffhanger to be sure, but somewhere to go. A plan to explore. But sometimes, all things do not end well...

Jac had had quite enough of Jessie's cat based hissy fit, He already had claw marks on his jumbo sized jugs. The room was filling with odorous fumes, and the walls were growing things from the potion spills, and Jess seemed to have no cognition beyond 'angry cat vibes'.

"Stop, freaking, clawing at me!" He kicked his boot at her, but the weight of his tits sent him back over her chair, which made his foot fly up like a spring trap and punt Jess the Cat out through her open window and into the alley outside.

"Damnit... I'll... I'll have to find her in a minute." Jac's immediate concern was the toxic magic dump the office was becoming. Cleaning anything with breasts the size of pumpkins can be a challenge. Knocking over anything in front of you because your chest juts out two feet from your ribs. Unable to get on your knees and scrub the floor because your nipples will drag on the floor. The swaying, the weight, the lack of balance. That was on top of the puddle that lit the hand towel on fire when he tried to soak it up, or the mop that became a small tree when touched the glowing goo. It was time to find Jess, this was simply too much.

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Out wandering the alleyways, the orange tabby with the mob of red hair didn't have much of a mind for cleaning. Jess remembered the change, feeling her hands swell up into padded paws, her tail bone pressurizing like a spring and erupting into a swishy tail, the prick of an upper lip sprouting whiskers. She remembered the lurching sensation of shrinking while being covered in fur, the room around her growing larger and larger with each powerful crunch. And some big dumb boot making her fly through the air. No she had no mind for cleaning, because she barely had a mind... well... for anything.

“Jess confused. Jess doesn’t remember these... these giant boxes. Why are they so big. What’s in the giant boxes?! Fish? Is there Fish? Drat, no fish.” Why did she want fish? She couldn’t remember the last time she craved it. She went to count on her fingers how long. “Huh, I have less fingers.” She mused wiggling her paw. Yes, it was a paw, because ... because she was a cat! When had she become cat? Hard to remember, maybe... maybe she was always cat? No, no, that was not right. She was... She was.... “HSSSS!” She flew up in the air, startled by things coming out of the dark. Cats! They were cats! “Freeloaders, always digging through the scraps of my shop!” But the minute she thought it, she was confused. Cats don’t own shops, did they. “Brain is so small, hard to fo-OHcus” She clenched as a gray boy cat rubbed up against her. “No, Shoo now I smell like ca- well... I mean I smell like you cat. I am not your... cat, I-” another one rubbed on her, passing under the chin. It felt so good. She rubbed back. This was community. “Just us cats.” And then out of a box, a rat. “A RAT!” She lowered onto her belly, creeping, stalking, like the best of cat hunters... it ran. She chased. “Die rat die!” There was no awkward wondering about how her body moved, or being on all fours, or wanting to eat rat. Cat’s don’t worry about such things, that would be silly. “

The rat got away, because Jess found a box of fish, and cat nip. OOOOoooh cat nip! No one had explained how goooood it was. Ooooh so good. When the other cats joined she got it. “This is soooo good, yes! Being a cat is so good, everybody wants to be a cat, probably. Later when gray and spots, that’s their names, she thought, showed her where the free fish was, even further from... wherever the dumb boot had been, she was in heaven. “Come here fellahs, I need to rub on you and mark my crew!” That’s... roughly what she said. Translating “Meow, meow mrreeow.” comes out to that.

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Jac rolled his eyes as he passed the office door that had been sealed for three months, magic algae of slime caked in the seam. He had no clue how to cleanse whatever was going on in there, and he couldn’t give a proper list to any mages to explain all the mixed magic in there to help them feel safe enough to open that door. So it was just... sealed now. “Out of order”. He turned to the mirror, his epic tits too wide to fit in the reflective surface, barely contained by the sequin covered triangles held up by floss that was supposedly counted as a dance outfit. Jess was gone, and with no instructions or paperwork, “Jacquette” just sort of inherited “Roguish Ends.” Not having an alchemist on the payroll, cut the income of the Tavern by two thirds. Apparently the majority of the cash flow, wasn’t in ale. So Jac needed a new draw for income for “Jacquette’s Place” and... that’s where his massive wall of boob came in. He tugged at the shoulder strap, his outfit creaking dangerously from the weight. “This is... this is madness” he blushed. Three months and the pumpkin sized sweater puppies hadn’t quite been normalized, though he had adjusted. But now... now he was serving drinks with a belly dance, or boob dance on the hour. Jacquette’s featured the largest wobbling dance routine on this side of the continent. Packed house, massive tips, and humiliating as hell.

He squeezed through the rear exit, letting out a small moan as the door frame squeezed his breasts. An annoying price to pay for a quick breath of outside air before performance number

three of the night. A flustering one too. And then he saw her. A fat orange tabby, with long red hair. Sitting on the fence.

“Jess?” Jac squinted to double check. “Jess! Graças aos deuses, you’re back!” The cat looked at him confused, cocking its head. When he stepped closer, mountains of tit sloshing with each step the cat reared up, overwhelmed by all the movement. She looked ready to bolt. “Wait wait! Jess, I need your help. We can get you changed back, figure this out!” None of the words were landing, she was just... a dumb cat who apparently had been eating well as a stray, very well. He needed to try something else. “Here kitty kitty kitty.” Jac said in the highest girly voice he could. “Gatinho lindo! Wanna treat? Want a treat, pretty kitty? Jess.... Kiitty kittttty—damn it!” The tone change made Cat Jess give him a judgmental glare. “Filho da puta! Will you get over here already!?” His anger boiled over, and so did his clumsyness. His heeled sandal hooked a cobble stone sending him flying toward the fence like two runaway boulders of flesh. Mreeeoowowowow! The cat screamed. Jac screamed. The fence was turned to splinters and shards. Jess was gone, Jac was face down in his now free and uncovered tits, as at the open door behind him a goblin named Bort peaked out.

“Eh! Is the show about to start er wut?!”

Jac grumbled expletives under his breath as his chest swelled slightly— undoing last week’s progress as he took on the further debt of the broken fence. He tugged up his top to cover only half his nipples and squeezed back into the tavern, putting on a smile and a strut as he prepared for the next show.

It looked like “Jacquette’s Giant Wobbling Dance Spectacular” would be a town staple in Freeport for years to come.



To the bar that may not have been a bad ending, but to a man missing his sausage and potatoes and thoroughly over his seventy pounds of boob, and an alchemist and rogue now living her cat-tastrophe of a life to the fullest, it was indeed, bad.

But alas, sometimes things end in a way that's neither good, nor bad. Sometimes they veer off into stories and songs that could only be conjured by an extreme drinking binge, a bout of madness, or possibly a bit of both. Let us detour into a hypothetical, where a cloud of smoke filled that office on that fateful night, went out the door and into the entire tavern. What happened that night would set something in motion no one could have predicted.

A drum roll emanated from the darkened wagon, whose side had lowered into a small platform, but there was no seeing inside. People watched it, unmoving, not even breathing, as the snare rattled louder and louder till the roll ended with a cymbal crash!

“Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome. Fremde, Maddams and Messures, allo and goodevening.” A curvy orange walked across the tiny platform in lingerie and heeled boots that looks ridiculous on a tabby, but not nearly as... “striking” as her bouncing red curls or her theatrically painted face. “Tonight.” She purred. “We bring to you a Musi-catcall. There will be singing. There will be dance. We will tug at your heart strings... and purr for your wallets.” She gave a big man sitting on a barrel a wink. “I present for your entertainment and indulgence tonight, Cataret!” The torch lights bursting to life to light the mini stage now revealed the people watching were an audience, gathered to see whatever this odd, music play wagon full of cats was!

“I thought it was going to be Cat-arett” A dopey man in the audience scratched his head.”

“It’s pronounced CataRAY... like Cabaret.” His wife scolded him. “Nothing fancy for my husband it seems, can’t take ‘im anywhere.”

The couple was shushed as multiple cats strutted out onto the wagon platform turned stage, dancing and singing to some magical or mechanical music accompaniment. Behind the curtain, cat Jess hissed impatiently. “You’re still not ready? You’re on right after the chorus line!”

“I know, Jess!” Ja’cat whined. “This damnable dress shrunk again.”

Jess could only roll her eyes watching the two foot tall furry brown short stack try to shove their curves into a low cut revealing dress made for fancy dolls. The cat bed turned dressing room was full of empty tuna cans. “Shrunk, right, of course.”

Ja’cat growled. “Why do I have to be the solo! Can’t we cast someone else!”

“Out of everyone at the tavern that got turned into a cat, you have the best singing voice. Not great-” Jess shrugged. “But the best.”

“Why are we performing as cats anyways... in a musical of all things?!”

“Because I have to earn enough to buy a cure for all of us, Jac! We’re small enough to be housed in a wagon that can have a little stage, boom, money!”

“We barely fit!” Ja’cat hissed.

“Well who’s fault is that?” Jess raised an eyebrow.

Jac tried to cover up some of his pudge overflowing the dress. “And why a wagon?”

“You think people want to see cats in a musical more than once? We’re an oddity. A freak show! We gotta keep traveling.”

The music from the chorus line was nearing its end. Jac’s cue was coming. “We’ve been on the road for a while, how much do we have left?”

“We’ll eventually get there, after we pay off all the cat beds... and the wagon, and the... ahem, Tuna bill.”

“Excuse me! I have to keep up my energy! I’m on stage two thirds of the-” Jess put her cat sized boot on Ja’cat’s sizable furry ass and pushed her out on stage “Tiiiiiiiime!”

“I’m gonna need to rethink this show... if she gets any bigger she’ll be a set piece”

MEANWHILE-

The small collection of humans watched with a morbid sense of awe and anxiety. The cats we dressed in outfits that both tried hard and failed hard, the danced as they scratched on posts, and their singing-

“Are dey supposed to be... just meowing to the music? I ‘ave no idea what’s going on!”

“It’s like an Opera-thingy... you’re just supposed to pretend you get it and act classy.”

“Oy, thanks Roy. I would nevah get any culture if it twern’t for you.” And so the show went on! And on... and on.