

High, high up in the mountain regions of Kyodania, past the small rural villages, lush green foliage, and roaring river waters, sat a massive town built right into the mountainside and on top of its cliffs. Red, white, and beige buildings blanketed lightly pinked pavement, manmade channels of river water that swept beneath stone cobbled bridges, alongside stacks of red buildings with simple columns, arched roofs, and plenty of space one side of the road to the other for massive foot traffic. Debudake was known for its luxuries, its street performances, its festivals, but also its striking and large capitol building. Stretched up to the sky like a mountain itself, its painted sides of red blended into the surroundings well, though its massive gate signified its importance from even a worm's eye view. Home to the Futumomo Imperial family, their unification of the mountain region of Kyodania had assimilated many separate cultures together. These Pandins were historical figures being jotted down and taught in history books the nation over, though one couldn't help to notice a rare sight had become the largest, pun intended, figure in not just the capitol city itself, but of all of the nation itself. No household hasn't seen an illustration of the towering, magnificent, and delightfully sweet Princess Mochi; Raiko Futumomo.

Such a princess kept her hair in big buns, aided in their stability by a pair of long, wooden hairpins called kanzashi that squashed between buns and her big ears, held tight by yellow bows. Those vibrant, almost amaranth hued eyes set over black heart eye marks made her iris and pupils stand out much more. Across her twenty-five foot tall body was a no-sleeved dress that stretched out over her room-sized breasts, lurched across her mighty home of a gut, and just stopped around her street-wide hips. Held at the top roll of her belly, a ginormous yellow bow kept her dress tightly clung. With a body like hers though, you could throw a circus tent over her and it would stretch taut against her frame. Those who were blessed to hear her radiant voice were left smitten for months on end. Her soft spoken demeanor on top of that smooth voice had many fall head-over-heels for her. Because of her position as merely the emperor's daughter, Raiko lacked actual political power. Even without it, she was often discussed more heavily than the emperor or his empress. She was indeed loved! In fact...too loved.

The fanfare outside of the palace was a constant performance throughout the day. Everyone should be outdoors celebrating the momentous turn of the empire's anniversary, yet here Raiko was in her room. The cycle of her routine was simple, albeit drab. Wobble and stomp outside, wave her hand to the adoring public, accept whatever gifts they throw her way, then loop back inside to listen to whatever teachings her father had put her through. Even in her adult years, she wasn't free from a constant education in her kingdom's inner workings. After all that, she would be sent to her bedroom. A bedroom that barely fit her in height and width wise. The windows to the outdoors a constant reminder of where she could go, but where she was barred from experiencing herself. It felt like the same day was on loop, the same repetitive paint brush pulled across a canvas marking down the same hue. The delectability of bamboo shoot and pork soup felt like mushy gruel in her mouth without hints of variety. Her polite manners

were majorly wrecked by her lean forward, and sunken in expression. The warm broth was like a simple snack to the massive girl! She groaned with disdain after she finished the next cauldron's worth, her stomach slightly unsettled from the high amount of food she's had to eat in one sitting.

"Your Majesty Mochi?" Spoke one of the six servants at the table, each elegantly curved and pleasantly plump, in longer kimonos than the Princess had on and decorated by ornate obi around their soft waists. "Are you okay? You've seemed dissatisfied with your offerings today. Would you like to postpone your meals?"

Slight regret bellowed in Raiko's chest. All of her fans spent slaved away to make food specifically for her, yet here she was, weary from her feast. "I'm fine." She lied to her servants, "I just lack the mental strength to continue."

"Shall we assist you?" One maid questioned, then stood up some. Raiko realized that if she spoke up, it would have been a terrible idea. "Or, should we send for Hiyoko?"

An audible gulp came from the princess, who felt too polite to say no to her servants. "Y...Your assistance is fine." She'd meekly respond, before the six pandin made their way toward her. "I...I don't want to bother Hiyoko."

Step ladders were pulled out from their spot within a small closet, and plop them right by Raiko's side. The sextant maids unite to hand feed their princess, implying the use of her well kept paws were beneath a woman of her importance.. They worked together to pull up buckets of confectionaries, chocolates, rice balls, little pound cakes...Easy to grab with one hand and take turns with. The maids fed Raiko one at a time, one digit pressed about three treats in at a time. It wasn't ideal, but she'd get it over with faster at least. Round trip one, two, three goes by with no trouble whatsoever from the princess's body at least, so there was that bright side. The titanic panda princess was able to effortlessly gulp down the confectionaries with no trouble whatsoever. Food made for humans was more akin to crumbs for her, yet she'd still try her hardest to be polite and savor whatever flavors came about it. Therein lies the problem though, being fed so much at once was like an overload!

Any immediate change of the giant panda's figure would come much later, if any at all. The labor of having to consume such a plentiful amount of snacks was what got to her. Feeding

proceeded, the strain of using her jaw over and over again had made her dizzy., They'd only scraped the top of the offerings, with more on the way. Her outfit had just slightly grown snug around her navel, all those tiny bite sized offerings had just noticeably stuffed her stomach. Raiko's servants paid no mind, they couldn't see her stomach past the wall of boobs she had! Oh, how the princess yearned to express her discomfort! The session grew more taxing when the maids managed to up the serving portions for their princess. Servings were up to the seventies when they finally noticed a gurgle from Raiko's stomach.

One paused on the ladder, her ear pressed to the royal tummy. "Do you wish to take a break, Your Majesty Mochi?" She'd question the bloated princess. The other maids froze in place, waiting for an answer.

After stifling a burp, Raiko was stuck in a conundrum. It would be rude to say she wanted a break, but to deny the maids of their own was even ruder. "I-I believe that should be left up to you." She dry gulped and took a strained breath, a low roar rumbling from her behemoth belly. A girl so big can't handle all this food? To the uninformed, a big beast like her should be able to take on such a challenge with no problems! What they would fail to realize is that a feast of crumbs becomes taxing to try and enjoy.. Her paw thumped repeatedly onto the upper part of her chest, before a louder belch reverberated in the dining room hall. "...P-Pardon me."

Pausing the feeding wasn't an option anymore. The maids were troubled by the pandin's plight. There was a swirl of guilt that lingered about them. Raiko was too precious to put through all this turmoil, so to see her clearly upset by all the work eating such tiny portions put her through... "Y...You're good to go." One maid insisted, before two others tried to encourage the titan up.

Pressure the maids put on Raiko's stomach forced out another few burps from deep in her gullet. A few rushed excuses and pardons had given the woman enough strength to hoist herself up. Though the meager assistance given to her was a sweet gesture, everyone knew that it was the panda princess putting in all the effort. That round, sloshy gut rumbled with great upset, weighed down by all the mushed contents within it. All that generosity had diminished her will to wander outside of her room, even if her mind insisted that she had to honor those who idolized her. All work and no play made Raiko an exhausted woman, that escapism she yearned for after so many bowls only blossomed further. With a grunt, she pulled the sliding door to her private quarters, then stepped inside. What was once a theater hall had been gutted, repainted, and refurbished when the emperor had no choice but to confront the fact their daughter grew far taller than she should have. A custom made mattress lay on the ground where a stage once stood, giant pillows rested atop against the wall. Paintings of the princess lined the walls, most

by fans, though one or two by a professional artist hired by the kingdom. Spherical lamps made from ornate paper hung from the ceiling, lit by some magical flame. Her one place of refuge, and of rest. Part of her wished she had somewhere else to slink away to...

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The crown princess didn't remember when she fell asleep, she just knew that it had to be a few minutes after she lied down. When she arose, she heard the faint sounds of fire crackles and booms, rowdy chitter chatter in the main hall, even the smell of more food in preparation. It was late into the night! Debudake sparked with life at this hour, namely due to a high population of individuals who seem to thrive during twilight and dusk, a perfect time to get out and see the people. How could she, though? She was much too important to ever leave the palace unaccompanied. In her mind, she knew that anyone would recognize her, and that sneaking out of the castle was out of the question with her massive bulk. A short brainstorming session helped get Raiko on track, all she needed to do was see if someone she knew wasn't busy. It pained her to consider asking someone for help, she *loathed* feeling like a burden to someone. The problem was Raiko wasn't in a situation to be reclusive anymore. If she wanted to see the festival, she had to rely on someone she didn't get to talk to often.

"Maybe I should ask Hiyoko for help..." She thought aloud, her paws tightly gripped onto two nearby poles to pull her bulky body up.

Rejuvenated with gusto, Raiko railroaded herself to the aforementioned Hiyoko. She pulled her body among lamp filled halls her head scraped the ceilings of if she didn't bend over, past hallways that she needed to squeeze through just to get out of, even through courtyards that were too cramped for her to sneak past thanks to the bushes and brush bumped up against her very bulk. Right before Raiko could sneak into the lesser ranked quarters, her heart stopped for just a moment. The familiar sound of her father's voice filled the night air.

"I am to presume the festival has been going well then?"

At the edge of the garden's entrance, between all the lush, green foliage, stood a pandin no taller than thirteen feet tall. His cold, gravelly voice was enough to make anyone's hair stand on end. In his red garb, spotted with various gold patterns in the shape of plum blossoms and slithering serpents, he stood straight and tall. With broad shoulders, his long sleeved outfit

stretched down to the ground and covered most of his features. His black-and-white spotted face had noticeable tufts of hair that resembled a goatee, his fierce, yellow eyes could pierce daggers through one's soul. His hair was styled back at the top of his head, kept short and presentable.

Beside him stood a couple head-lengths shorter tanuki with red panda coloration, dark red hair, orange fur with red stripes, a black tail tip with black legs and paws, yet on his white muzzle were white fluff patterns spotted with orange stripes around his cheeks and red stars. He had somewhat of a vacant stare, since one couldn't glean the glow from his pupils, his expression was flat as could be. Along his portly frame, he had a dark maroon cloth wrapped with a darker, maroon sash around the seams. Along his waist was a pinkish skirt, bound with a white bind. The outfit made his tummy pop out just a bit.

"Swimmingly, sir." he gently nodded. "Patrol has nothing to report."

"Excellent." The emperor started to shuffle back toward his quarters. "I appreciate you taking on this task on such short notice."

"It's no issue sir." the tanuki bowed. "With communications coming to a standstill, I'm much more open to multitasking. Though I'm curious, how come the empress isn't taking care of these tasks?"

The emperor stopped in his tracks, casting an imperious eye down at his ambassador. It was as if the air suddenly grew colder, and the man's voice slithered harshly from his lips with contempt, "Let my wife sleep." demanded the emperor in a gruff, yet hushed tone. "She's worked hard enough."

It was no secret that the empress served as the minister of finance, though she's been out of the public eye for quite a while. No one has seen her since the emperor and she married some odd thirty or so years ago... Raiko rarely even got to peek at the large Pandin woman. The princess could hear her father and the ambassador he took on, Takahira, slowly walk away. This was her cue to slip on in, past the courtyard. Raiko stopped for a few moments as she stomped past the door to her mother's chambers, blinking rapidly to stem a flow of tears that threatened to fall. She barely knew her mother, her only treasure being a distant memory; the warm embrace of her mother's lap and her soft arms and her tender smile. The princess didn't

really know if she loved her mother, really, filled with melancholy and a bitter bloom in her chest that she wasn't worth caring about to her mother anymore. But that was not the point of her journey. All that pulling of her massive frame, crouching under low ceilings, and somehow hiding herself in the darker corners of the garden. It took all that effort...just to get to a little room. Some mundane segment of the palace that nobody but four people seemed to ever touch. Hiyoko's Quarters. With no hesitation in her mind, the princess pulled the door open with her thumb and pointer paw-digit.

Inside the great room before her, a creepy, low lit atmosphere offput her. One moment she was so sure, now her base instincts told her to back out. It's unfortunate she could tell herself no, because she took a step inside. Her purple eyes gazed about, before she called, "Hiyoko? I could really use a favor, if it's not too inconvenient for you."

The fat pandin felt her body press against a cauldron, her shoulder bumped into shelves of bottled insects and disembodied organs, feet on rough, scratchy wood. The eerie stillness among the room spoke louder than the thoughts within Raiko's head, it nagged her, taunting her with the possibility her one saving grace wouldn't swoop in to save her from mundanity. Even with the door cracked slightly, that soft mountain in front of it allowed no outside light inside, which rendered the room dimmer than a New Moon night, stuck under the foliage in a forest. The silence dragged on, it pained the princess, it made her head spin with the possibilities. Perhaps she wasn't here? Her body moved about very little thanks to the confined space, all Raiko had to go on was her limited vision. Soon, she had a breakthrough.

"One sec!" Sung a voice from right around the bend of a few shelves.

The tightness tore itself away from Raiko! She felt her body suddenly free from the tight grips of the room, just enough for her to sit down. There she stood, right below the side of her highness herself, the royal witch of the kingdom, keeping a secret from the outside world. A soft ploof sounded out on repeat around the room, candles held by skeletal hands ignited violet flames all around, yet their heat was completely absent. Following her was the delightful scents of lavender and honeysuckle. The short, stacked red panda patterned tanuki woman wagged her tail with cheeky fervor, her claws gently gripped onto a small scepter that arched past the grip, sprung out wing-like architecture, and held a crystal ball on top. Her bra was held up by thin straps over her heavy chest, only half of her massive areolas were covered in the gorgeous purple and blue garments, accented by lavish gold. What one could loosely call shorts clung onto her hips, a little apron from her bra barely covered a top section of her overhang belly. The flames warped the color of her fur, typically a reddish orange with black at the end of her tail. A

necklace of teeth lined her neck, one of various monsters' of varying types. There stood Hiyoko, the Witch of Debudake...with her husband's head on her shoulders.

"You must be rather desperate to break curfew at such a festive hour..." The head of the knight teased, before Hiyoko's body closed the door. Before, he was able to mimic his wife's voice decently well. Loud, kind of gravelly, and full of energy. Now with the veil pulled back, he lowered his tone to a soft, deep tone that oozed kindness.

The head of a foreign knight, one permitted to live with the royal witch, was that of a black felinis. His eyes were a sharp red, with yellow sclera to make such eyes stand out even more. The top of his head was tufted with fur, and his smile flashy.

"I wasn't expecting you, Juste!" Raiko sighed. "Could you tell me where Hiyoko is?"

"She's around here somewhere, I think." Juste responded, Hiyoko's claw to his chin. "Probably where I left my body in here."

"One sec..." groaned the true witch's voice from a small distance away.

Out shambled a tall, blubberous body of the knight, a six-foot tall felinis man with a massive set of breasts stuffed within his plate armor. His belly hung under the silver metal gently, his shorts gripped into his thighs tight. Stuffed under his knees were metal guards and boots, behind him fluttered a red cape. In the tanned leather gloves sat the disembodied head of Hiyoko, from Juste's neck, purple and blue smoke billowed out. Hiyoko looked blissful to the point of possibly being stoned, before her eyes trailed way up to view her royal mistress.

"Raiko!" the witch chirped, "If I knew it was you that came by, I woulda had my head on my shoulders sooner."

Both lovers exchanged one another's heads back to each other. Juste popped off Hiyoko's neck with a quite satisfying pop, it only took a gentle screw on for both lovers to refasten themselves together. Hiyoko and Juste Kumonori, witch and knight, cursed and not too bothered by it.

“Now that our silly business is over,” Juste put a paw onto his chest. Even underneath all the metal, Raiko could hear an obnoxious, loud **slosh**... “how can we help you?”

After a deep breath, Raiko spoke with a hint of eagerness, a pinch of nervousness. “Hiyoko, Juste, I understand you work hard for my father, and I rarely ever ask a daunting task for you, but tonight, would you be willing to make an exception?”

Hiyoko chortled some at the way her panda guest spoke, clicking the haft of her short divining tool against the rim of a glass bowl. “Quit being so professional for a moment!” She insisted, “You want us to help out, right? Then just come out and say it!” Hiyoko poked her cheek with a grin, just that light movement caused her bosom to shimmy and wobble “After all, that’s what I’m here for.”

The princess prepared her for what was to come next, “I need you to make me into a human for an hour.”

That silence came back, although it had become less scary. Had she seriously said that? Raiko Futumomo, the tallest royal in a long line of already tall royals by a great leap, wants to be a tiny human. The lovers stood there flabbergasted, both questioning if they heard her correctly. A chalice full of tea zipped itself close to the witch, bumping into her palm as she gripped onto it tight. She took a sip, then gazed up to the crown princess. “You, uh... you know what you’re asking me for, right?”

“I want to be a human for one hour.” She reemphasized, before she exposed her palms. “Just one hour? I’m so exhausted with feeling so obligated to my responsibilities to give my fans the attention they deserve. I would feel so selfish if I told them to hold back, so I decided that I need to be someone else for a fraction of my life. If this is too much, then I apologize.”

Juste took a deep breath, then smiled sweetly. “Well, if you just need to be a human for an hour, that’s something Hiyoko can do.” he promised, “Though just one hour. That’s all you get.”

In her mind, Raiko thought about how pretty the fireworks could be up close, the temptation of just sitting there and watching them crackle... Raiko put her hand to her chest, then nodded, this would just have to be a necessary evil then. "I'll do it then." She promised, "When the show begins, I'll be back here."

"Alright then." Hiyoko took a deep breath, then giggled to herself a bit. "I can't believe I'm actually doing this! If we get caught extricating the princess from the palace, and placing a spell on her without permission from the emperor, our heads'll roll... not that it'll work on us, kehehehe. Do you have any requests?"

"I'm sorry?" Raiko tilted her head to the left.

"Well, you know." Hiyoko rolled her paw in the air, chest and belly bouncing and nearly springing free of her top. "Usually people want their disguise to be something kinda fulfilling, you know? I know a maid, adorable little bunbid with the wettest eyes I ever damn saw, who wanted to slip out and go on a date with someone. She wanted to be one hell of a busty bombshell. Poor girl almost threw her back out trying to get out the door though..."

Juste playfully giggled in remembrance. "You didn't build her disguise up with enough might. Her milkers would've done her in for sure if she were stuck in that body longer."

"Nobody can be as mighty as you, darling~" the tanuki pinched her kitty's cheeks with a hop onto the edge of her cauldron, grinning toothily when she heard the knight delightfully purr. "Though yeah, any requests?"

"Um..." Raiko blinked a bit. "I can't think of anything?"

"Stand back, your highness." The witch warned, before she grabbed a tuft of human hair and chucked it in the cauldron. "This might blow *you* away."

Raiko watched her witch friend chuck ingredients of varying levels of humane ingredients, all levels of gross in some form or another. Toenails, knuckle hairs, tears by the quarts, eyelashes, even broken bits of teeth. With a small bit of the cauldron filled up, Hiyoko quickly chucked in some red, glowing liquid within the giant iron pot. The princess cringed while

the rank fumes plumed about, the brew churned with those abnormal ingredients. The broth bubbled and gurgled in its pot, the pink steam spread about the air. Such toxic fumes finally made the giant panda cough and sputter, her head light, until... Hiyoko slammed down a cover onto the cauldron, which stopped the production of steam by quite a large margin. There was a considerable amount of silence within the room, the witch slipped on some thick, wooly gloves.

“Safety first.” She exclaimed, then grabbed a very impractical, almost hourglass in shape, glass bottle.

The cauldron lid was tipped just enough for Hiyoko to slide her hands and the potion inside, then after some time, some audible sloshes, and even some crackles and sparkles of weird particles, out came a filled up bottle! Though, her once fur gloves now resembled human hands. Juste shivered at the sight of them.

“Forget to enchant the gloves?” he wondered.

“Forgot to enchant the gloves...” she confirmed, nonchalantly dumping the hollow digits of flesh into a tub on the floor beneath her workbench, titled ‘Prank Stuff’. “Just a reminder, this will last you for about an hour. No more, no less.”

There was great hesitation when Raiko was about to reach out, before the witch of the palace had started to approach. The reach quickly turned to a point toward the bottle. “Forgive me for sounding rude,” She began, “but am I supposed to drink that? You put quite a lot of, ummmm...unique, ingredients in there?”

“Oh that stuff? It tends to dissolve heavily in the magic brew. You only put that in there for its mystical essence...” Hiyoko waved away the worries of the princess pretty quickly, before she hopped up over that mountain of a belly, then onto her plump bosom. “Now, princess, do me a solid and open your mouth?”

Nervously, Raiko Futumomo let her jaw relax, her maw open wide. It was like looking into the mouth of a monster, with teeth the size of Hiyoko’s paws- small critters could be easily gobbled down through there! Thank goodness dear old Mochi isn’t some scary beast! Hiyoko’s swift paws dumped the contents past Raiko’s tongue, the princess reluctantly gulped it down

when she felt the stale, burning taste on her tastebuds. A loud coughing fit followed, that smokey taste was not something she expected. Her tanuki pal hopped off that enormous bosom, landing on the ground after a slightly stumbled bounce off that massive belly.. At first, Raiko didn't notice a thing. Everything about her body still seemed normal... until she heard something inside her pop. She shrieked, shocked by the noise. Moreover, she was surprised not to feel anything.

"The transformation process is completely painless," Juste promised, "I should know, I got turned into a couch cushion the other day."

"Heh." Hiyoko stuck her tongue out toward her darling, wiggling her hips in a way that Raiko chose to believe was completely innocent and not loaded with innuendo.

The princess stood back up the best she could, though one could spot her body weight slowly recede into herself, same with her height. She started to become compact! Her kimono became looser, something it would probably have only dreamed of if it had sentience at all, the bow around her waistline became a bit looser too. Those club-sized chopsticks began to wriggle their way out, while Mochi couldn't help but look at her paws. She could see the black fur around her mitts pull itself away from those digits, left behind were thin, lanky fingers and one thumb on each hand. Even with the emphasis that her metamorphosis would be devoid of pain, it still freaked out the princess to see her paw warp into something so unrecognizable. Were hands truly this bizarre? Raiko turned to see that 'homewrecker' behind, only to find it to be no more than a white, black, mostly fleshy truck destroyer at best. Funny, not a moment ago she had to hunch to fit in this room...now it was a struggle to touch the ceiling. All that blubber being pulled in was similar to a corset around her limbs, a tight feeling at first, but once she could move and stumble, it was like a faded memory. Hiyoko's body grew closer to the crown princess, until Raiko had to look up in order to make eye contact with her. Not far, just enough to be noticeable. Those purple pools were then met with a mirror that Hiyoko had on standby, but what looked back wasn't the Raiko she once knew.

When Raiko cleared herself from the tarp of her old clothes, she saw a pale woman in the reflection looking back at her. It wasn't like the woman was unrecognizable, there were clear signs to who she was still. The bright purple eyes that ran in the family line, the black hair, eye shape, these could clue anyone in on her true identity...if they tried hard enough. A five-foot-nine woman with black hair that past her shoulder blades, not as wide of hips, a much heavier bosom, with a poochy belly. She had to press down on her abdomen to make sure she wasn't hallucinating, which is where she felt the smooth skin across her body.

“Now, that potion ONLY lasts an hour.” Hiyoko warned the princess again, her irreverent attitude sobering to impart the seriousness of her words. “Let me get you clothed and I’ll let you bounce from here, Mochi. I think I can guarantee you at most forty to thirty five minutes out in the festi-” It was then Hiyoko was hit with a running tackle from the naked girl in front of her, then brought to the ground. Well, she definitely retained panda strength somehow...

“Thankyouthankyouthankyouthankyouuuu!” Raiko swung up with the tanuki in her arms, nearly throwing the short canine over her shoulder, and Hiyoko’s head came off with a pop like uncorking a bottle. Juste couldn’t help but chuckle at just how enthusiastic the princess was, catching his dizzy wife’s head easily and placing it back on her neck. “I owe you so much! I mean, I owe you so much more! This will be the best night of my life, I promise you!”

There was a loud wheeze from the witch, whose lungs now felt constricted. “Princess, I- okay, that’s cool, now- drop me, drop- drop me on the damn floor!” The lights almost faded from her eyes before Mochi plopped her back down to her feet, then let go. There was a loud, heavy gasp, those tiny dots for eyes dilated back to their normal size. “Cool...phew...”

“A-Are you-”

“I’m fine, girl, gonna take more than that to off a baddie like me.” Raiko’s concerns were interrupted, while Hiyoko started to make her way over to a wardrobe. “Kay, alright...I’ll admit, I don’t have much prepared, you’re closer to Juste’s height than mine, but you’re gonna need something decent to cover you up.”

It was there the newly made human was presented with a short sleeved, bright red summer outfit, and a white skirt to go along with it. There was a braided rope around the skirt to keep it held up to her waist, along with sandals to cover her feet in. Hiyoko had to show Mochi how to dress herself in this form, even help her move about her limbs to make it easier on the newly made human. The dressing was simple. A white tank top was thrown over her body, then some light blue shorts. Mundane, boring, and plain. Perfect to keep people’s eyes away from her.

"You'll look just like any other tourist." Hiyoko smirked, paws proudly planted on her hips. "Do you need venny to shop around with?"

Raiko would have suggested that she could grab some money from her massive fan donations, though they're probably guarded by now... "Hah, I would appreciate it." she nervously bowed, while Hiyoko just slammed down a decently sized purse. When Raiko opened it, it had a great deal of paper painted bills on the inside. Her father's face printed on each bill, every color a faded out light hue. Reds, blues, yellows, oranges... nothing too extravagant, of course, but enough for a fun night out.

"Just return what you don't spend, and we're even." Hiyoko crossed her arms, then flashed her sharp teeth at the human. "Now go. Have some fun, get wild for me, alright?"

With bright glints in her eyes, Raiko swiped up the purse, bowed about three or four times in rapid succession, then bolted out of the room. The clack clack clack of those wooden slippers beneath her feet echoed about the wide, tall halls of the palace. The lankier woman had turned a little too wide, then almost went smack dab into a wall. She was careful not to get too close to any guards around the exits, then hopped on out of one of the many windows within the hallway toward the throne room. It didn't take long for Mochi to creep her way past guards with low lit torches, then out into the city of Debudake itself.

Seeing the outside world for the first time was like a painting of a heaven, detailed in all its finest glories, laid out right in front of the princess. The long, stone paved streets were cluttered with people. Overhead, connected from slanted roof to slanted roof, paper covered lanterns with symbols written in Kyodin symbols of all types. Peace, tranquility, celebration... Stalls upon stalls were lined up right against each other, broken up by giant gates of red painted wood, or with giant arena-like stands with performers of all types. Further in were lines of rounder paper lanterns, performers with makeup and costumes, serpent-like dragons made of paper, grasses, clothes, even bamboos being paraded and danced around. Further in, people in masks swung and paraded the streets some more, marchers with drums pounded behind women in elegant dresses...Raiko stepped along the crowd, seeing tiger men, monkey people, a few pigs running stalls, a kappa boredly sat behind their stall, more and more natives to Kyodania packed around! Mochi even spotted foreign folk not often seen so high up in the mountains; a few humans in more adventurous clothes, elven folk, then maybe a couple rare folk like orcs and a fish person? She wasn't exactly sure, humans weren't really her expertise.

The excited now human bounced off her feet with glee, she even spun about through the hundreds of people around her. Of course though, she was stopped by an abnormal noise that she didn't hear much of, namely, only heard on a rare morning. Her stomach's growl.

"I guess all the food I ate had digested during the transformation..." She presumed, "Well, what better place to eat then?"

It was there she leaned over to a nearby stand, manned by a tall Shiba, with a broad structure to boast over. To his left, squid grilled and skewered on sticks placed horizontally on little slits, seasoned by soy sauce. The smell made Mochi's nostrils widen, her pupils dilated.

"May I have three, please?" She pointed to the treats before her, excited for this new delicacy.

"Three Ikayaki, coming up!" The Shiba called out loudly, then placed the sticks in Raiko's hand. "Two-one-oh-venny!"

With her free hand, Raiko dug around in Hiyoko's purse to produce two one-hundred bills, then one ten bill. "Here you go!" Raiko gently placed down the cash, then started to walk away. "Thank you, sir!"

She bit down into the delicacies in her hand one by one, each stick was gripped by the sticks being wedged between her fingers. Raiko knew how to eat for sure, because it clearly didn't take long for the grilled squid to be demolished by her rapid chomps and chews. Those sticks were depleted in mere moments, and at first, Raiko seemed satisfied...until the grumbles returned.

"Huh..." Raiko gently placed the sticks in a rubbish bin nearby, while she pondered her hunger. "Guess I've kept my panda appetite too, huh...?"

Her next stop was at a stand that sold fried noodles- the woman there was a short, bell-shaped fox woman, with a bit grayed out fur around the roots of her orange fur. "What could

I do for you, ma'am?" She politely asked, her paws pressed down on the counter so she could reach up.

"I'll have..." The princess pondered her options, then smirked. "How spicy can you make your noodles?"

"Well-" The fox woman pulled over a carton. "I've used some peppers from the Southern West regions in THIS blend. Are you sure you can take it?"

Raiko chuckled, then nodded. "I'm positive I can handle some spicy noodles. How much, may I ask?"

"I'll take one-fifty venny for that, please." The fox woman priced out, then was handed exact change by the eager royal in disguise.

"Thank you ma'am!" Raiko hopped off once more, carton and disposable chopsticks in tow.

She walked and slurped, able to weave through the bustling crowd to enjoy those hot, spicy noodles. To anybody else, they'd probably need to dunk their head in water immediately, but a woman who does nothing but eat, sleep, and parade herself on a balcony sometimes? She could handle it. Though once it was all finished, she thought at first the growls from her stomach indicated a disagreement. Nope, she's still hungry.

This more or less led Mochi all around various other stands, with more "May I have" this, and "Could I please take" that. One couldn't tell how much food she ate in the span of twenty or so minutes. Pastries shaped like fish called Taiyaki, assortments of dumplings, rice cakes, crab omelettes... each little bit slowly added up, while Raiko's stomach swelled in that disguise she was given. The girl didn't notice that her skirt had become tight, instead she focused on the mouthful of chocolate-coated bananas she demolished through. Every stop was a slight drain to the purse, but a bigger strain on her outfit. The rubbish bins were filled up further with picked clean sticks, disposable bowls, chopsticks, napkins too! What started as a small pillow of taut pouch spiraled quickly...

"I'll have that!"

"Um, excuse me, could I have...?"

"Are those for sale?"

Engrossed and engorged, Raiko definitely had some eyes set on her by this point, curious or maybe a little awed at the raw gluttony on display. Every so often at other stands chocked full of food, her belly would press against another taut gut. Some weaker-willed foodees would throw in the towel right then and there, but Raiko was far too excited about what she could eat. Stretching her jaw to fit whatever was next felt like a bird extending their wingspan! Even though some eager eaters had stomachs that eclipsed her tummy in the moment, she swelled to their size with ease right after. All at alarming speeds, too. Sauces would splatter on her cheeks, her chest, heck, even her hair. Afterwards, she'd politely dot herself clean with a napkin or rag, and move right along. This continued for stand after stand after stand.

Her breasts were comfortably rested on the tightened tummy beneath them, legs unphased by the amount of stress and weight put on her stomach. Any slight hiccup would be excused by her, any small burp was an apology, but every tiny feast was celebrated with a wipe of her face by a napkin. Every slurp of her noodles was rewarded with a satisfied sigh. It was only until Mochi's belly had sagged past her knees did she stop. No, not because she finally felt full, but because she heard a sound that seemed familiar, though once quite, quite distant. Now much louder, with light to accompany it. A pop far above her head, one that cracked in the sky and fizzled out. Crowds would swivel their heads and take a gander at the sound, greens and yellows behind Raiko cast a shadow deep in the temporary alleyway. She couldn't stop her head from turning backward, followed by her body.

The black night sky exploded in lights, loud pops and bangs followed just moments alongside. Some simply shot into the smokey sky and popped, then streamed red and green lights further down till it dissipated, others streamed in thicker lines, with yellow beams that sloped downward. Then there were the ones that swung in the air and flickered profusely, before a wide explosion hit. The lightshow caused everyone to cease, no more interactions were had with shops or with customers. It was a simply remarkable show that needed everyone's attention! The lights went so bright, one could see the giant mountain this kingdom was placed

upon as if the sun graced it with its beams. Claps, cheers, hoots and hollers sounded out above the hisses and pyuuuums, but were drowned out once again by the booms, the pumfs, the crackles. Debudake's lantern lights were overpowered by this giant spectacle. It was all so mesmerizing to watch. The sky strobed brightly, before more little rockets burst in the air.

It was then Raiko realized her grave mistake, evident by her eyes now less fixated, more focused. "The potion!" She declared to herself.

In a panic, the cotton candy she'd acquired from a foreign merchant was dropped to the ground, then she made a mad dash past the crowd. Her belly pushed away people who just wanted to watch the light show, her apologies quickly rushed along with each *bump bump SMACK!* She would have realized that it wasn't her hips that were the issue this time if adrenaline had just kept her senses in check. All that food in her system, as well as enough sake to spin a fully grown oxen to its side, had made Raiko's surroundings blurry at the edges, her packed and lurching gut hitting broad hips, similarly taut bellies of residents, and pushing hiccuping belches from surprised, plastered-drunk passersby. A gurgling gut like hers could only be drowned out in large crowds, when in the presence of few, eyes were drawn to her dome of a belly. Every slosh, gurgle, and groan drew more eyes to her. Raiko knew she had to minimize exposure.

In an attempt to make it back to the palace, she swooped behind stalls, bumped past crowds, slid under a lantern post, before she realized one grave mistake. When her sandals scratched to a halt in an unlit alley between two wooden buildings, she realized that her pampered princess life had given her no reason to exit the palace. The palace was the only world she knew off the back of her hand, and in that moment, she could only stumble about the giant festivities in a hunt for home. Her very own city was foreign to her.

Mochi found trouble soon enough. She found a short haired woman now smack dab against her stomach onto a wall within another alley, the impact caused the purse to fling from her shoulders! Bills exploded out from the purse, and fluttered about the air until they hit the pavement below. It was only then did she realize just how much food she packed in her belly.

"I-I-I'm so sorry!" Raiko pulled herself away, just to check on the woman. "Gah, I let myself get away with so much eating! I didn't realize how...are you alright, miss?!" By this point, Mochi knew she wasn't going to get back to the palace, but the more immediate worry was the woman on the ground.

"Yup..." Her disinterested, more annoyed groan indicated she was less hurt, more infuriated. "Never better...watch where you're going next-"

It was then the bills of venny rolled past her. She waited for the inertia of the bills to halt, before her fingers gripped a bill between her hands. Ten-thousand venny rested in between her ring and middle finger, all the while, Raiko's apologies were the only thing that rattled through her mind.

"Lotta money for someone to be carrying around." The woman's voice interrupted any train of thought Mochi had up until that point. She stood up past the gut that knocked her over, then dusted her outfit off. Say, she...was dressed in a strange, western maid outfit. She was also a human, too. "Who are you, anyway?"

Raiko gulped some, intimidated by the figure before her. "I...I didn't say." She attempted to avoid the question, while her sandals clacked behind her. "Haha, ha, ha...Y...You should be fine for any medical fees a doctor would charge you-"

"Oh, I think that money won't be enough." The woman pressed on, her bored expression having not lifted. "See, it's not just **me** that needs this cash, it's my boss too."

The alley grew darker, a large, circular shadow had blocked any light that peered in through. "Y...Your boss?" Raiko squeaked, hands recoiled back.

"Yeah." Answered the woman. "A bit taller than you. Bit plump, instead of all that stuffedness. A human woman. Gotta say, you fit a Debudake citizen to a tee. Must've cost a lot to afford that gut, huh?"

"W-Well, I-" Raiko tried to stumble through an explanation, until the back of her head was clonked by a massive, red arm. One could hear audible churns and sloshes, much akin to a giant barrel of ale after the impact, then Raiko was brought down to her side, unconscious.

Silence filled the private alley, the woman Raiko bumped let out an exhausted sigh and shook her head. "Way to go, Satoka..." The woman grumbled, "It really wouldn't have been hard to rob her and bounce. Guess I don't have to lay a finger on her."

The giant casting the shadow was a rare species from Kyodania, a tanuki woman to be exact. In a more western dark grey general overcoat accented by yellow bits here or there, with a black cap, a yellow cake pin being the centerpiece of said cap. Dim alley light shone on the green cuffs around her wrists, the belt that pressed in the middle of her body, the brown baggies with yield signs stitched on them...though mostly, the giant, red body she had, and the cherry juice glob that leaked from her navel.

"It's nothin'." Snickered this supposed Satoka, "Her highness's sure gonna love the dough, but...why don't we take the girl and hold her ransom?"

Judgemental brown eyes met Satoka's gaze. It was clear that the maid wasn't fond of going this far on a job, but now that they were in this situation... The maid flung Raiko's limp body over her's, positioned so the stomach could poke upward. "Do your thing." She demanded, while they collected up the venny to place back in the purse.

What came out of that alley wasn't the giant cherry woman and the maid with Raiko's unconscious form, it was instead the same maid, this time with a large burlap sack, and a bouncing float led by a string. These strange figures passed by thousands of people, with little as a glance by. While the fireworks continued to pop and illuminate, they barely squeezed past the gates to Debudake, then slinked their way into a dark undergrove outside. The illusion started to fade away, that big blimp being the cherry tanuki, that bag being the disguised princess.

"We got one." Called the maid, before a couple figures then showed themselves.

A short, marshmallowy pale woman, with wide hips, blue bows, a regal dress, and pigtails, stood beside an average height maid with short green hair, black eyes, and pink cheeks. On the other side, a hugely obese pig woman, with red hair that flowed above those top fat folds, a black dress with yellow symbols adorned it, and a quarterstaff followed. Next to her, a shorter human woman with lanky features, but a similar dress, and silver hair. The last figure

emerged from the shadows rather easily, her strawberry pink hair an obvious indicator that there was trouble abound, along with her tall, chunky figure.

“Excellent work, Beverly!” The nasally woman congratulated her maid on a job well done, the one and only Queen Cream Cake stood tall, illuminated only by the flickers of fireworks that peaked past the capital. “Operation Federal Funding is working as intended so far...”

The purse was dropped to Cake’s feet, before she swiped it up. “Gotta say though...” Satoko hummed, “This chick’s kind of familiar.”

“Probably because she’s some rich broad!” Cream assumed, then turned to her goons. “Alright ladies, let’s start to ready up the carriage!” She began to walk back, until they all could hear grunts.

The fear of their hostage having recovered quickly was offset by another fear, one of Beverly’s struggles to hold her up. It had been an hour since her departure, thus, began Mochi’s transformation back to her normal form. It came quickly, with her arms fuzzed up in black fur, her weight bloated out, her height slowly returned to her. Bev couldn’t hold on, and got squashed beneath what, at first, was only a few hundred pounds. Raiko’s human nose slowly morphed back into a black button, her feet into wide paws, the leg gap quickly closed with lard...

“Did we kidnap a mimic or something?!” The pig yelped out loud, eyes fixated on the form before them.

The shorter lady with silver hair simply shook her head. “No...” She hummed, “This is humanoid. Grendel? Do you have any idea what’s going on...?”

“Polymorphing.” The bow adorned lady answered simply, with no further explanation.

Though, an explanation probably wasn’t necessary. It was all evident by the woman whose stomach went from taut to not, a sinkable bed for anyone to rest on...before that bed swelled up further. Her arms grew puffier, her backside a much more rapid succession, black

and white fur adorned all about her body. One could easily make out the white nipples on her black chest easily, though what was once a dominated feature now took a wayside for her more ludicrously pear shape. Pounds turned to tons, one could hear a wheeze from the buried alive maid, until...the growth stopped. What rested in front of them seemed similar to stories of men kidnapped by ant sized people...except this time, *they* were the ants.

That's when it hit Satoka like, well, how the sudden weight shift hit Beverly. Her obnoxious, toothy grin faded into an aggrieved suffering look, the military woman's eyes realizing perhaps the most of their cohort just what kind of problem she'd caused for them. "...we just kidnapped the crown princess."

Beverly clawed her way from out beneath the tons upon tons of panda pudge, dress now dirty from having drug herself along. "No...shit...Sherlock!" Those breaths were like pained needles in her lungs, but any air is better than no air.

"What're we going to do, Master Grendel?!" The other maid croaked out, hands on her head. "Hohhh, I'd never been a part of a national incident before!"

"We should return her." Suggested the boarbin in robes, "Maybe we can get by if we just roll her back into the open gates!"

"I'm NOT going to be a fugitive in all regions." Growled Beverly, "She saw my face!"

A sigh came from the leader, before she tapped her forehead. "We're...gonna continue as we planned!"

"WHAT?!" Six voices in unison bellowed out from the cave, before they turned into a cacophony of decrees and arguments. This would be a surefire stupid plan, no way something this intensely idiotic could EVER be pulled off! They wouldn't just be punished, they would be painted across the stones of the palace!

All the noise got to Cake. "QUIET DOWN!" She demanded, then stomped her foot into the ground. It was enough to get everyone's attention. "We're continuing Operation Federal Funds! We're just going to need to figure out a way to get her to Popsicle Outpost!"

"No offense your highness," Satoko butted in, "but this is by far the STUPIDEST plan since I raided that military base in Taki Shi! This is doomed!"

"Just disguise her as something!" Arabas demanded, before the cherry woman stomped down.

"I can't! My illusions are only strong enough for a couple rooms at most! HER?! Raiko Futumomo, the LARGEST woman on this continent?! Good luck!"

This got the supposed Grendel's brain working, while others protested. "Even if we roll her down," Bev began, "even if it's as simple as disguising her, or throwing a tarp over her, she's gonna wake up eventually. A nonlethal blow like that doesn't last for more than a couple hours, so how are we going to—"

The pumps and creaks had grown loud enough for nobody to ignore them at this point. With a pump disconnected in her hands, the once drab dressed Grendel had a color hue similar to a clown's. Red hair, bright blue dress, purple skirt, white stockings, she pumped the princess with her magic air pump. That, in turn, caused Raiko to go from chunky, to floaty. It wasn't much now, but with more focus, it could be done before the sun rose up. When Cream Cake realized what her witch was doing, she began to wiggle her fingers in rhythmic formation.

"You're such a smart witch, Grendel~" Cream teased, "I should thank you more often!"

Those magical wiggles were quick to create a large, sturdy, waffle cone carriage, morphed from the dirt and grass that surrounded them. It was wide enough for all of them, thankfully! While Cream Cake put the finishing touches on the cart, Mochi's limbs started to puff up too. She started to round out a little, similar to the tanuki cherry who knocked her out once before. This magic put mostly everyone at ease, except for Bev, really.

"I'm too giddy to even believe it!" Cheered out the royal ruffian. "My very own princess kidnapping! Hohhh, villains only DREAM of a capture as gloriously rowdy as this one, not to mention, I'm using my very own hostage as a GETAWAY?! I ought to hire a DRAGON next!"

"Yeah, a dragon would drain our resources pretty damn quick." Bev slowed down that wild boss of her's. "There's no way we can hire a dragon to watch over her, and also, not eat her?"

Cake pouted for a short bit, arms crossed, then smirked at an idea. "Then I guess **you'll** have to be our dragon." She snickered some.

"Hells no." Bev refused, "You expect me to be in this maid outfit twenty-four seven, then you're gonna put me in a dragon costume?! You've got some nerve!"

"You'll get a bonus at the end of the month~"

A sharp exhale left the maid, who clasped her fist to her forehead. "...Alright I'd do it." Bev quickly switched sides with Cream Cake's ultimatum. "Just don't make it embarrassing."

Such a conversation had distracted the group from Grendel's profuse pumps, Mochi had gotten to the point then where she became much more spherical then curvy, enough of a size for her to start a gentle ascent into the air. The other goons were quick to tie down whatever digits and limbs were still accessible to them at that point, before everyone started to hop on. Grendel sped her pumps up faster, faster, faster, until the panda had exceeded a size so large, so light in the air, that the basket and the group inside of it lifted off. She was like another moon in the sky, though thanks to the cover of night, Raiko's blimped up body wouldn't be spotted by anybody. Even then, the fireworks show was too much of a distraction for anyone to spot her. The group continued their ascent skyward, directed toward the southwest. Raiko's night on the town ended so abruptly in what would become a national tragedy. A princess scooped up somehow overnight, nowhere within Kyodania! Her attempts to enjoy herself and seek freedom, ultimately reaped upon by some loony lady in a costume and her minions. Soon though, Raiko's fate would become intertwined with other figures, but at the moment her face touched a cloud, she began to stir from her slumber, able to hear the shrill voice of Cream Cake's directions.

“En route! Popsicle Outpost!”

Dedicated to Darkicedragon17 on DeviantART, original creator of Raiko Futumomo and Queen Cream Cake!