

“You uh, you're sure this is safe, Dr. Catden? I'm just tired of getting bothered about being underweight. My family is insufferable about it on holidays and now my tennis team-”

Melissa was visibly fretting. The cream furred red haired bunny paced about the doctor's office, even stepping on the scale only for it to barely notice. Meanwhile the black furred feline in the doctor's coat was grinning, glasses gleaming in the light in that way that entirely blocks out one's eyes for dramatic effect. The syringe he was holding caught some sort of dramatically inclined light beam as well. Dr. Catden held his other arm out to stop Melissa mid-pace and ease her onto the medical bed in the center of the office.

“Now I would hardly be a proper doctor if I went and told my patients to do unsafe things, would I? That said, we *do* have to do this properly to make sure it's safe. So! Did you do like I asked and eat the primer cakes we gave you?”

The bunny nodded, letting out a dainty little burp. Six cupcakes with the densest cream she'd ever tasted sat like bricks in her stomach. The doctor grinned a touch wider.

“Good! I'm going to give you the injection now. There's another dozen of them by the bedside you'll need to finish before the visit is done, and there's a thermos of cappuccino by them.”

Melissa let out a happy little squeak. That sounded like precisely the thing to settle her stomach as she sat down, pouring a cup and lifting it to her face. It kept her so distracted she didn't even notice the injection until Dr. Catden was pulling the syringe out of her ass. Paying attention to little details like that was impossible when she was suddenly feeling as ravenous as she was.

“Oh goodness.. I- *uwrrphh*- I feel.. hot? Is this why you said I should be nude?”

Shudders rippled through the bunny's body, which would've been tricky to manage as a wafer thin bean pole of a woman – but that situation was resolving itself. As she drank and then stuffed a whole cream filled cake into her face Melissa's body was growing like a time lapse of bread dough rising, softening and flowing outward on the medical bed while she whimpered quietly and stuffed her face yet again. Melissa felt *greasy* as she did, not just from sweating either. The feeling was under her skin, behind her eyes, even in her blood.

“Sure! Let's go with the hot thing. Now make sure you eat *every single one* of those, my darling. That growth formula needs fuel and the cream in those things is **basically** rocket fuel. You -might- die if you don't eat all of them, and totally would have without the injection~”

Melissa turned her head, face covered in cream, eyes wide.

“Rwkt fwuul? Whrf- *BWUOORPPHBB*- W-what- ohgod.. so hung-*Mmrpph*-”

All it had taken was stopping eating for just a moment. The bunny's body was trying to explode outward in every direction, her ass sprawled out like half full beach balls stuffed with lard and her thighs were thicker than her entire body had been a minute ago. Her belly was trying to spill onto her legs as well, and all while she was still starving. At least, it felt like starving. A twisting snarl in her stomach, pain so bad she couldn't think that only abated when she ate. Melissa was halfway through the dozen now and she could feel her arms sagging with fresh pounds and her neck folding into little dimpled rolls as she lowered her head to eat and chug.

She didn't even have time to think about how the doctor was stripping as he watched this, or about how catastrophically heavy she felt, how she wouldn't fit into her clothes where they sat in that little useless pile in the corner. Melissa just had to *eat*. And while she ate, she grew.

“Oh sure! Close to a hundred thousand calories apiece. Cost a fortune to develop.”

Melissa's face was too full for her to articulate any kind of response to that, but as she *tried* to stop herself from putting more in her face she felt an icy chill run through her. Fear, it had to be fear. The math on that kind of insanity was terrifying, though as the bunny chewed and tried to force herself to stand up from the bed she found herself feeling shockingly weak. Also, she found fear was strangely localized in her left side and her chest. It left her breathless, struggling not just to find something to speak with but to hold her increasingly fleshy and heavy arms up to lift more food to her mouth. Luckily Dr. Catden was ready and waiting for that.

Entirely nude and sporting a furious, leaking erection, the black cat stepped in front of Melissa and pushed her back onto the medical bed. She more flowed than fell, her own flabby body still growing on the way down and leaving her in a gasping and desperate heap by the time Catden had her haphazardly nestled in place and was stuffing a cupcake into her maw with one arm while giving her a second injection with the other. It was a small relief that the second one left Melissa's rampant pain abating, at least apart from the hunger pains. Those were still in full swing.

With her ass billowing out like a sail in a breeze Melissa felt herself pressing against the walls of the medical bed within a few minutes, as she approached the last cupcake. Her body felt like being buried up to her cheeks in sand at high tide as she struggled to breathe and was faced with the reality that moving was close to impossible. The bunny was used to a body that weighed a fraction of what she did now, and just struggling to lift her arm to paw weakly at the doctor while he crammed

cupcake number eighteen for the day into her mouth left her with pains and struggling to catch her breath again. It helped *a little* when Dr. Catden tucked an oxygen hose snugly under her nose though, that at least left her with enough wind to speak. Slowly.

“W-wh- *HWURPHHH*- wh-hy-yy...?”

Catden strode up beside the bunny while Melissa felt the last few morsels of rocket cupcake in her belly churn away and find somewhere on her body to grow a few more pounds of sweaty flab to doom her with. The cat leered at her hungrily before he crammed his cock between two of the deeper rolls of flesh on her belly and grabbed handfuls of blubber to hang onto while he shivered and grunted. Just the act of sticking himself in had apparently been enough.

“Nnhgh because I *can* my dear, and you're *so much* hotter this way. Besides! You won't have *any more* problems with your family or your tennis team telling you you're too small now!”

It took everything Melissa had in herself to even hold an arm out for a few moments, and she had no strength to do much else. Not even to close her hand, certainly not to stop the doctor from enjoying himself inside her. All she could do was lie there and sweat, relying on the oxygen feed to keep her going, and praying she wasn't feeling another stab in her arm already. The slow decline as she stopped trying and surrendered was all Catden needed to see before he just grabbed to handfuls of her freshly grown blubber and shook Melissa's whole frame.

“Plus, second upside, your body is *so catastrophically obese* now you'll basically *have* to see me all the time to keep it wheezing along just a little while longer. Don't worry, for you I'll~”

Another brief little shove followed, the Doctor had given her fat-swaddled body a quick hump mid-sentence.. and he'd cum again in the process.

“For you, I'll definitely make house calls~”