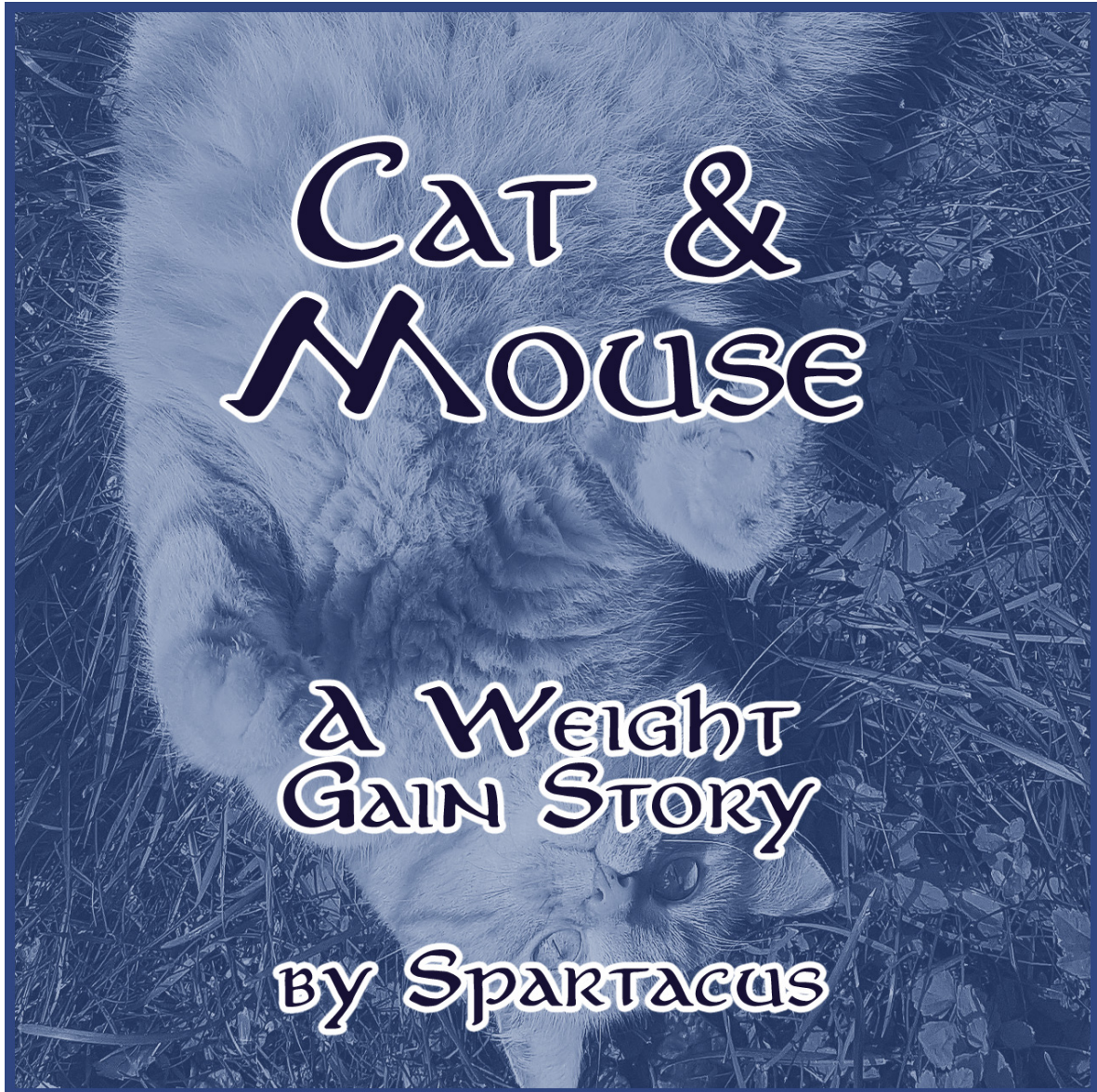




Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: *Weight Gain, BBW, Anthro*

Cat and Mouse

From the time she knew she liked women, Felicity'd had a thing for petite women. As a cat pushing two meters tall, it certainly never limited her dating pool, so she figured it was a harmless kink. She'd spotted Molly through the dim, mood-lit bar, standing barely one-fifty in kitten heels, patiently waiting for the cephalopod bartender to see her. Felicity was smitten.

Her grandmother would have called Molly's tight bob "mousy" brown, but she'd been set in her ways by age fifty. Wearing a tasteful navy and polka-dot dress that hugged her top half and flared at her hips, the only spare flesh on Molly's body was her barely-a-handful breasts and a pair of well-turned legs. Her arms were bare, giving Felicity an eyeful of the light, near-translucent hair that did nothing to conceal a menagerie of tattoos. It wasn't until the next morning that Felicity noticed just how many of those tattoos were culinary themed.

Felicity squeezed herself through the narrow doorway to their tiny bathroom, sucking it in for all she was worth and praying the metal plate thing wouldn't scrape her belly again. For the hundredth time, she wished she'd convinced Molly to move into *her* place instead. In high school science class, she'd learned that her ancestors, the ones who'd lived around the time of those dinosaur movies, used their whiskers to judge whether they could fit through small spaces. Felicity's whiskers hadn't reached the breadth of her body even before she met Molly. And like everything else about being with Molly, being a bit too big for her girlfriend's space had been intoxicating, at first.

As she maneuvered her more-than-a-bit-too-big body in the cramped room, Felicity's unwieldy breasts bumped the shelves beside the sink, sending the bottles and jars of product clattering. Mercifully, nothing fell. Bending down to pick them up was no longer in Felicity's skill set; they'd have stayed scattered on the tile floor until Molly got home.

Softening her posture, Felicity had sauntered up to the bar. Some preternatural sense had made Molly's ears twitch, and her head turn to regard her. Those ears had made heat pool below Felicity's stomach—all fuzzy and round, one slightly smaller than the other.

"What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

She'd taken it as a sign of Molly's reciprocated interest that the mouse hadn't immediately scoffed at the line—perhaps the worst Felicity had ever uttered.

Molly's dark eyes had reflected the neon signs around the bar like a kaleidoscope. As her gaze slid down Felicity's black bodycon dress and back to her face, she'd slowly turned until their bodies were facing. The mouse's pupils dilated, making Felicity rise to her full height just to watch them widen further.

Molly hadn't disappointed, but she'd blinked away her awe in a flash, offering Felicity a smirk. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

Felicity'd given her a grin of her own. For a moment, she'd worried this would be too easy. She raised her arm without breaking eye contact with Molly. While not the tallest person at the bar—that honor belonged to a pair of gazelles necking in the corner—Felicity knew she was difficult to miss. She detested the gym, and no one would ever confuse her for a gazelle, but the creamsicle cleavage plunging into her black dress hadn't failed her yet.

The tender had drifted toward them, pulling beers and shaking a cocktail with their spare limbs. Felicity ordered a Brandy Alexander. Before she could ask, Molly added, "Gin and tonic."

She had let Felicity pay, at least.

Felicity stood under the steamy water, cold tiles against her backside, plastic curtain clinging to her front. She and the shower curtain had never been allies; it had tried to wrap her up like a cat burrito since she moved in. Now, the damn thing would press against her if it were hanging straight down—if it *could* fall straight down with her inside the shower, which it could not. She rotated slowly, tugging and plucking at the

curtain to keep it from following her and letting water spray all over the bathroom. She missed her big bathtub, though she doubted it would be as roomy as she remembered.

"And then, he insisted on ordering for both of us," Molly had said.

"No!"

"Yes. Their 'gourmet' grilled cheese with a side of baked Mac."

"Oh. My. Gods."

"I know! Like, I get that wolves have that whole alpha thing, but be so for real."

Felicity's full-body laugh rang through the din of the bar. It earned them several glances from surrounding patrons, but Felicity had seen none of them. Her entire world had shrunk to their corner table and the incredible creature who sat across from her.

"Anyway," Molly'd said, taking a sip of her third G&T, "that was the first and last time I went out with a guy."

"Amazing. So—" Felicity's stomach let out a growl so loud it had made Molly blink.

"Oh, wow. Sorry."

Molly had grinned with all of her tiny little teeth. "That's alright." She'd hesitated half a moment, then said, "I know a great little hole-in-the-wall diner like two blocks from here?"

Felicity had glanced at the clock hung between faded liquor ads. She never ate after midnight, even as a hangover prevention. But she hadn't been ready for the night to end. She'd have said yes to any second location Molly suggested, but to her surprise, a midnight snack sounded even better than an invitation back to her place.

It took three entire towels to get all of herself dry, and everything below her belly was guesswork and hope. Felicity scrubbed a damp towel over one thigh, looking down at a sea of pink-orange rolls. She'd lost the ability to see her feet past her boobs without bending over long before she met Molly, but then this *thing* appeared. A big, soft, apricot mound, visible even past her two best features, and it kept getting bigger.

Everything else was getting bigger, as well. Even though she couldn't see it, Felicity's thigh felt wider than her girlfriend's hips, much wider. She slung her third sopping towel over the curtain rod before worming her way out of the bathroom. The effort of standing for her shower had left her winded, however. Halfway through the inadequate doorway, Felicity's gasping breath weakened her hold on her sucked-in gut, and she felt a sharp pain.

"Ow, fuck!"

Felicity turned to slip out the door ass-first, making the hollow door behind her creak ominously. She looked at her reflection in the steamed mirror, pawing at her tummy to see the damage. An angry red line cut right across her middle, as long as her hand, but fortunately, it hadn't drawn blood.

She poked at the wound and pouted. Why did Molly's apartment have to be so damn small? As soon as her girlfriend got home, Felicity would give her a piece of her mind. She'd make Molly put ointment and lotion on her so she wouldn't get a scar, then she'd declare that she was finally going on a diet. She'd never wanted to be a twig, but this was getting ridiculous.

Molly kept a huge glass jar on the kitchen counter perpetually filled with cookies. Felicity ate three of them before remembering she was still naked.

A second location hadn't precluded a third, as it turned out. Felicity had woken spread-eagled on Molly's bed, feet dangling off the mattress, sunlight blasting through the curtains. She hadn't planned on staying over, but all she remembered of the previous night was Molly shattering her world so thoroughly that she'd passed out on her mouse-sized bed.

She'd folded her arms behind her head, replaying the evening. It hadn't been any one thing, more like a litter of feelings, each of them enticing and exhilarating. Molly'd been funny, clever, insightful, and feisty. Despite being half her size, Molly had been fully in control. Knowing that, *feeling* that, the fact that Felicity could easily overpower her, but chose to let the tiny woman lead... It was like nothing she'd ever felt, even with other diminutive partners. It would be several months into their relationship before they really got into roleplay, but Molly seemed to fit perfectly into a space Felicity hadn't realized was empty.

Felicity's nose twitched as a trace of frying bacon had wafted into the bedroom. She might have wondered why being around Molly made her hungry, but it seemed entirely natural after the workout she'd had the night before.

Felicity polished off half the jar before her feet started to ache. And her legs. And her back. She'd been standing since she got up to take a shower; she needed to get back to her recliner.

But she was still naked.

And more cookies were *right there*.

She wanted to make them last, though. If she ran out, she'd have to wait for Molly to get home and bake more.

Thinking of Molly made her stomach grumble despite its payload of chocolate and sugar.

Felicity grabbed two out of the jar to give her the strength to waddle all the way to the bedroom.

Bras and panties were in the top drawer, with leggings in the second. The decision to divide their drawers between high and low had seemed like a height issue at the time. Even though Felicity's plain, extra-strength bra was almost as long as Molly was tall, the straps and bands pinched as she fastened it around her girls. Her panties weren't much better, and the leggings were so reluctant to slide up her ass that she worried they would rip.

Her tops, at least, still fit well enough, though the lime green she pulled out of the closet was more snug than she remembered. Molly had slipped the blouse on a few months ago, and it covered the mouse like a tent—she'd had to clutch the material over her chest to keep the collar from falling off her shoulders, and it still pooled around her feet in a puddle. Was that tarp really the same one clinging to her belly and tits? At least it showed off the girls, but had she truly gotten that much bigger than her girlfriend?

Now she was horny as well as hungry. Was there a word for that? Hornry? Pondering such etymological questions smothered the fear Felicity might have felt as she smoothed her dropcloth blouse, squeezed out of the bedroom, and waddled back to the kitchen.

Felicity had traced the tattoo of a pasta fork on Molly's bicep before kissing her good morning. Molly was a chef, she remembered, which seemed a perfect coincidence. She'd been so ravenous that she mowed through half of the fluffiest omelette she'd ever tasted before noticing she had an audience.

Nibbling on chunks of melon, Molly'd watched Felicity eat with a self-satisfied tilt to her mouth. Felicity compared the mouse's fruit cup with the Queen's feast laid out in front of her. The disparity in their respective breakfasts felt like a metaphor, but she'd been unable to resist a comment.

"Is that your breakfast?"

Molly shrugged. "I'm mostly vegetarian."

Felicity had gaped. Her omelette was stuffed with ham; there were fat sausage links the size of bratwurst; even the hash browns were smothered in cheese. "You didn't have to make all this just for me." She'd spoken by reflex, but Felicity's stomach had murmured at her to shut up and keep feeding it.

Molly's laugh was an adorable giggle. "I cook with meat at the restaurant all the time. And besides, I'd never feed a cat fruit—At least, not one who looks so cute eating a burger."

She'd nearly forgotten about the burger. Molly had been right about that diner; sketchy and run-down, staff who were kind of mean, but the biggest, greasiest, most delicious midnight burger she'd ever tasted. No wonder she'd woken up famished. She'd messed up her whole appetite schedule by eating so much so late.

Still, the extravagant breakfast had fed her ego even as it fed her belly. It seemed to be telling Felicity, without words, how Molly saw her. Big, yes, but also substantial, significant. She'd spent the entire morning, while Felicity lazed in bed, sweating over a stove to make food she wasn't going to eat, food she didn't even like. Felicity'd imagined herself looming large in Molly's mind, taking up space the way she'd filled up her bed, the way her butterscotch boobs had overflowed Molly's hands the previous night.

Felicity'd bit into a sausage, purring as the juices hit her tongue. In truth, she'd started feeling full a few bites earlier, but it'd all been so delicious, and she couldn't insult Molly by not cleaning her plate. She thought she could get used to feeling that important to someone, so long as these big meals didn't become a habit.

Felicity put some cookies on a plate to take to her chair. That way, she could finally sit down, and also have a set amount—not be tempted to grab “just one more.” The second time the cookie jar's siren song forced her to haul herself out of the chair and waddle over for more, she stacked her plate with every last one.

The swivel table she used as a desk hovered centimeters above Felicity's belly, and she munched while she browsed her favorite clothing boutique. She was technically on the clock, but she had no emails or messages from her coworkers, so she could spare five minutes to order some new leggings. She ordered several in different colors, one size larger than the pair she was wearing. She cringed at the X's on her cart page, but had to wear something. Once she had that little talk with Molly, she'd be back to her old sizes in no time. She didn't plan on wearing these leggings for long.

While she was at it, Felicity ordered more bras, wincing at the prices. They were getting harder to find in her size, and more expensive as they got more rare. She brushed a smattering of crumbs from her downy cleavage—at least there was one upside to getting fat.

An email notification popped up in the corner of her screen, but it was company-wide; probably just some unclaimed delivery or a note about the break room she'd never seen. She was about to skim through the message to confirm its irrelevance when the door chimed.

Felicity checked the time; it was nearly one. Had she really been online shopping for that long? As she struggled to hoist her belly with its payload of several dozen cookies, a key turned in the lock.

It had happened the first time Molly made her Fettuccini Alfredo. Rich, creamy, al dente, mind-blowingly delicious, and enough of it to satisfy a Clydesdale. After Felicity had sopped the last of the cheesy sauce with her bread and scarfed it down, Molly set a single cupcake in front of her.

She'd been briefly disappointed at such a small dessert. Never mind that she'd once been a "dessert is for special occasions" girl, and the cupcake was twice the size of her entire fist.

"Eat this one carefully," Molly had said. "Maybe use a fork."

The thinly veiled comment on the table manners she'd lost in the six months they'd been dating sailed well over the cat's head. A few bites in, she'd heard the clink. She fished a brass key from the decadent sponge.

"Is this...?"

Molly beamed. "Now you can come over whenever. Even if I'm at work."

Felicity reached for her girlfriend's hand, and Molly was on her in an instant. She'd gripped Molly's tiny waist in one hand and palmed her head with the other as their tongues danced. Molly must have tasted Alfredo and chocolate, while Felicity'd only tasted Molly. As it so often did around her girlfriend, Felicity's stomach rumbled against Molly's body.

Molly extracted herself from their embrace and lightly patted Felicity's softening middle. "Hold that thought."

Felicity touched the spot where Molly's hand had been. Molly was a very tactile person, and she'd gotten used to the reassuring contacts: all spontaneous hugs, pats on the arm, and butt bumps. Technically, it was more Molly's tight little ass thumping into Felicity's thunder thigh than a proper butt bump. The tummy touches had been something new—outside the bedroom, anyway. In bed, Felicity lost track of where Molly's hands went, as long as they eventually went inside her.

Molly had returned with a massive banana split. The oblong bowl seemed to contain an entire carton's worth of ice cream. "Here you are—a proper dessert for a special occasion."

Felicity had stuffed the last of the cupcake in her mouth and reached for the spoon. Sure, she'd been getting a little plump, but who cared? She didn't have time for that stress, and her girlfriend certainly didn't seem to mind.

The delivery cheetah, who let herself into the apartment, stood half a head taller than Felicity, but was hard and lean everywhere Felicity was soft and rounded.

"I was getting up," Felicity protested.

Ayah shrugged, unloading clamshell containers from a loaded plastic bag. "No worries. I figured you were on a call or something. That's why Chef gave me a key."

"Well, thanks. What did she send?"

Ayah tapped her lips. "I think the bleu cheese burger, the shroom-swiss, a brisket sando, and a chicken ranch wrap." She set a 2L jug of sweet tea beside the leaning tower of takeout. "And loaded fries, of course."

"Of course." Felicity wasn't sure she was quite ready for lunch; she was still working on her morning cookie graze. She drummed her fingers on her stomach as she reached for the note taped to the top container.

F,

Might have to stay late. I'll send Ayah with dinner if I do.

XOXOXO

~M

She wasn't sure what her girlfriend did with these notes, but they always smelled like her. If it were just the lavender and vanilla of her perfume, she'd think Molly sprayed the paper with it. Felicity knew the ineffable undertones of her girlfriend's scent, however, and it wasn't the perfume. She hoped Molly wasn't doing anything lewd to them, though she found the idea oddly exciting.

Felicity pulled the first container to her tray, crowding out her laptop. She licked her lips as she took the burger in both hands. The mystery smell of Molly's love notes would have to wait; Felicity was hungrier than she'd thought.

Three months after Molly gave her a spare key, Felicity had moved into Molly's apartment and out of her entire wardrobe. It turned out that her girlfriend's nurturing tendencies were not just a seduction game; it was just her way. Dinner dates with breakfast the morning after turned into elaborate dinners at home, breakfast the morning after, then Felicity would sleep in, work from Molly's place, and already be there for the next elaborate dinner in. She was getting thicker than ever, but she'd had little time to reflect on the changes as Molly got less subtle with her... appreciation.

Felicity had lain starfished on the bed, gasping as Molly's tongue teased her entrance. She reached for Molly's head to feather her ears and steer her, but something blocked her arm. Felicity raised her head and saw a mountain range of safflower curves: the proud, smug foothills of her breasts plumping in the shadow of her prodigious belly. She touched its surface, warm as it digested an entire school of fried fish. When had this gotten so big that Molly's entire body could hide behind it?

Her musing had been cut short as Molly added a finger, and then a second, to her ministrations. Felicity saw stars as her body clenched and her hips bucked.

After a very fulfilling lunch, Felicity replied to a few emails before passing out in her chair. The weight of her meal made her entire body heavy, and her eyelids drooped closed as she fell back in the recliner, rounded tummy bumping her laptop table.

When she woke, it was half past four. Her cat nap had turned into sleeping the afternoon away, and she desperately needed the bathroom. Even with the back up and the footrest down, Felicity felt pinned to the recliner. Its arms seemed to hug her hips, and it took all of her meager strength to lift the weight in her middle.

Leaned back and waddling like she carried a full litter of kittens, Felicity tried a different angle at the bathroom door. She felt her leggings catch and rip, but they were on their last legs anyway. On her way back out, however, the doorway had somehow shrunk since that morning. Felicity sucked in for all she was worth, but the bit of metal that had maimed her a few hours ago snagged her blouse.

“Shit!”

The scrap of lime fabric hanging from the strike plate was the size of her girlfriend’s hand. There’d be no patching that up. The hole was right over her front, a few cms above the scratch from earlier. Felicity stomped her foot petulantly, making dishes clatter in the kitchenette and setting a few framed photos askew. She thudded back to her chair to add some new tops to her shopping binge.

That’s when Felicity noticed the email she’d ignored that morning. She clicked it open. Read it. Re-read it. Read it again.

Then, she started to cry.

“That’s it, big girl,” Molly had cooed, pressing a handful of fries into Felicity’s mouth. “You have to finish all your dinner before you get your dessert...”

Felicity hadn’t noticed when her girlfriend brought food into the bedroom. It happened gradually—a glass of milk, movie snacks, breakfast in bed. Before long, Felicity couldn’t tell her desires apart: sex made her hungry, eating made her horny, and Molly was eager to satisfy both, all at once.

Sure, it'd seemed a little weird that Molly paid so much attention to Felicity's belly, stroking and massaging and kissing, when her boobs were *right there*, but what was one little quirk when the rest was so great? The more Molly had pampered and doted on her, the smaller her girlfriend seemed to get. She loved it, Molly loved it, why overthink it?

Felicity thought she was all cried out when Molly got home, but the sight of her girlfriend's tiny arms trembling with the weight of two overflowing bags of takeout containers made the tears return anew. Molly was so thoughtful, so kind. She knew Felicity would be ready for dinner by now, and brought food from the restaurant so she wouldn't have to wait while Molly cooked something at home. She even paid one of her delivery people to bring Felicity lunch instead of making her fend for herself while Molly was at work.

And Felicity had let her do it—every burger, cupcake, cookie, and plate of pasta, blowing her up bigger and bigger. Now she was fucked. If she didn't eat a bite for the next three weeks, she'd still be fucked. She'd have to turn down the delicious food Molly brought for her, break her girlfriend's heart, and even that wouldn't be enough.

"Oh, babe," Molly said, rushing across the room with her burden. "What's the matter?"

Felicity sniffled and whimpered, her feelings too big for words. Molly stroked her head, scratched behind her ear, and her mind grew fuzzy.

Molly pulled out a clamshell to reveal a stromboli, glistening with butter and pepperoni grease. Felicity's crisis suddenly felt like some other person's problem. She grabbed the strom in both hands and took a massive bite.

It took the strom, a meatball sub, and an entire container of cheesy garlic bread before Felicity was calm enough to speak. "...And starting next month, we're required to be in the office at least two days a week."

"Aww, lame." Molly handed Felicity a cannoli, which she bit into reflexively.

"My clothes are too small, again," Felicity grumbled between bites. "I can barely fit in and out of your tiny bathroom... I've gotten as big as an elephant!"

Molly gave her another cannoli. "I dated an elephant in college—you're not *that* big." Her gaze went distant. "A hippo, maybe..."

At the word "hippo," realization washed over Felicity like a bucket of ice water. With an effort of will, she straightened her arm to put the remaining half-cannoli as far from her stupid mouth as she could. "And I'm still eating! How the hell am I going to fit into office clothes in three weeks if I keep eating like this?"

Molly tutted, placing her small hand on Felicity's. With only the slightest encouraging pressure, Felicity's hand moved back to stuff the cannoli in her mouth. "Why am I always so hungry around you?" She whimpered as she chewed.

Molly blinked. "Do you... Really, not know?"

"Not know what?"

"It's because you want to eat me," Molly said, as if saying giraffes were tall.

"What!? That's crazy!"

"Is it?" Molly handed her another cannoli. Felicity bit into it. "Your people are predators, mine are prey. It's instinct."

"Oh, come on! Not only is that speciesist, it's also archaic. Pred species haven't eaten prey species for thousands of years!"

"And yet—" Molly had switched to eclairs. Felicity's mind was reeling too hard to notice her hands and mouth working. "—some part of you, deep down, remembers our ancient roles. Remember that time you bit me?"

Felicity gasped. "I wondered why you were so calm about that. Is that why you always feed me so much before letting me go down on you?"

Molly giggled. "I'd hardly call it 'going down' when I'm the one doing all the moving, but yes." She stroked Felicity's belly adoringly as she placed another eclair in her hand. "I have to make sure you're good and filled up first. And, to be clear,

you're very good. I love your big, greedy mouth. But thinking that maybe I didn't feed you enough, that your instincts will take over and those sharp teeth will gobble me up..."

She was wet. Felicity could smell it. And it made her ravenous.

Felicity was at a loss for words, but Molly kept talking as she stuffed another eclair between her lips.

"I've always loved bigger girls. You were pretty small when we met, but I saw your potential."

Felicity wanted to protest. She'd been far from small pre-Molly, but she had a mouthful of pastry and custard.

"That's why I love this belly so much." Molly embraced Felicity's gut with her whole body. Seeing the mouse pressed against her enormity drove home just how huge she'd gotten.

"Y-you do?"

"Of course! It's proof of how much you want me. Whenever we're together, your need for me is so strong you can't help but gobble up everything I put in front of you."

Oh. Oh no.

Molly continued hand-feeding her. Felicity tried to protest, but her body wouldn't obey. The best she could manage was raising a hand, but instead of stopping the incoming eclair, her fingers helped Molly push it into her mouth.

"Your very body is a monument to our love," Molly continued. "Every time I see it, I see how much you love me. That's why you need to get bigger."

She'd switched back to savory. The sound Felicity made through a mouthful of ravioli was a plaintive whine meant to ask, "Bigger?"

"Mmhm!" Molly massaged Felicity's stomach with the hand not holding a fork. "My great big kitty wants me; she needs me. Every gram, every kilo, proves just how much. Since I can't let you eat me, I need to keep filling you up with food to make up for it."

Felicity whimpered.

“Don’t worry about that job; you hated it anyway. I’m sure you can find another work-from-home gig. And if not, well, it’s not like we need both incomes.” She forked ravioli into Felicity’s mouth, her massaging hand sliding lower. “You could just be my gorgeous housecat, lying around all day and getting fat.”

Molly propped a container of breadsticks in Felicity’s cleavage. “Take over for me.”

She couldn’t stop her hands. Or her jaw.

Molly shuffled around to Felicity’s propped feet, her hands never leaving the growing dome of her belly. “As for the apartment, well... I bet your predator’s nose can tell how happy that thing you said about the door makes me.”

She ducked out of sight. She spread Felicity’s legs, brushing teasing fingers into the crease of her underbelly.

“I’ve already been shopping for a new place,” Molly’s disembodied voice said. “There’s a neighborhood not far from here that caters to larger species.”

Molly tore a gap in Felicity’s failing leggings, ran a finger along her bare folds, then her head popped up. She draped herself over Felicity’s belly, hugging it with an adoring shake. “Give me six months, and we’ll make that elephant dream a reality.”