

PLUMP REVENGE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Being an all-powerful kitsune auspice didn't mean that one couldn't settle down, did it?

Then again, to be fair? She hadn't *really* settled down. She had purchased a home in a realm that was much more modern than some of those that she visited. One that was not too advanced, yet not too archaic. Because it was the very same Earth that we all know and love (*subject to personal opinion*). Ranka Mori enjoyed the quiet life now and again.

Though from the perspective of her next door neighbor, it wasn't all *that* quiet. A Japanese college student, for this home of hers was in Tokyo, he had evidently taken issue with the amount of noise that the kitsune was *supposedly* responsible for. Supposedly, because Ranka would avidly deny it was her every time it was brought up, even though she absolutely only lived alone.

But she couldn't reveal to a human that she was practicing magic late into the night, now could she?

“Takahashi-kun? For the last time? You're hearing things.” It had all come to a head one evening when the college student had come over to confront the woman one final time. As she did, she hid her ears and tails when speaking with humans through a spell to avoid rousing suspicion. If the world had possessed beings with animal features in the first place it wouldn't have been necessary at all, but in this case it was.

The young man did not seem to accept her explanation, though. Not even Ranka could deny that he was a little handsome, yet at the same

time he wasn't really her type. Especially when he was trying to give her trouble like this. **"I know what I've been hearing, Mori-san! And if you're not going to do anything about it, then I suppose I'll just have to do something about it myself."** Ranka raised an eyebrow as he stormed off, leaving her alone.



Do something about her? She truly wished him luck with that. He didn't have the foggiest idea just *who* he was dealing with. Which, honestly? That was true. But it was something that went both ways. The kitsune likewise didn't have the foggiest idea *who she* was dealing with. Because of her abilities and because she had hardly encountered anyone in this world with abilities of their own, she had assumed it was a place where magic users did not exist.

But that had been a dangerous mentality to have in the end. Just because she had yet to meet one, and because most humans seemed convinced that magic was not real, did not mean that this was in fact the truth. Magic did exist and there *were* users of it – it was just so uncommon and isolated to specific bloodlines that human history had essentially forgotten all about it.

And by her bad luck, Ranka's annoying neighbor was one such magic user. The descendent of a long line of mages that had intermingled with local shrines, their magic was largely specialized. But they *did* have some expertise outside of this. Or well, Takahashi did because he'd gone out of his way to learn it. In *his* eyes it was a waste to not expand his horizons in this area, even if his family saw it as taboo.

So if his noisy neighbor would not change her ways, why not make her *quieter*?

"What was that about? What is he going to do? Call the police?" So powerless were humans that they had to rely on third parties to resolve their issues. With her front door shut behind her and her kitsune features restored, she idly pondered the young man's words while sauntering back into her living room. His efforts would amount to nothing in the end, this much she was certain of. Law enforcement could

do little to her when her magic could be so *persuasive* in a worst case situation.

Just as the young looking woman had been on the cusp of collapsing on her couch, however? A strange feeling abducted all of her attention. It almost felt as if she was being... “**Magic!?**” Her fox ears stood up with alarm and her tail stiffened from surprise as well. She typically had charms in place to avoid being affected by unwanted spells, and yet part of the reason she had settled into this world slightly was because she didn’t think she *had* to set those charms. Yet the strange tingling that washed throughout her form was undeniably that of one’s body coming under the effect of foreign magic.

Who? *Why?* What was the intended outcome? Had someone in this world realized she was an auspice? But that couldn’t have been true, could it? The only enemies she had even made in this world were, well... It was only Takahashi-kun, and she couldn’t imagine him having the means to do something like this. But she was wrong, of course. He had all of the means, and had a very deliberate intention in casting the spell he had upon his neighbor.

Any attempts she made to counter the spell fell flat, largely because she knew nothing about the magic based on how it *felt*. It wasn’t a magic rooted in anything *she* had felt before. But speaking of *feeling*... “**Why do I feel so... so...**” *Full? Bloated?* Both terms were accurate, because it felt like she’d just eaten a *huge* meal even though she hadn’t touched a scrap of food since the morning.

This bloated feeling ultimately led to a tightness around the base of her shirt. Since Ranka had been relaxing at home she’d simply been dressed in a white blouse and a pair of form-fitted red tights – and it was the blouse that was the immediate issue. Or well... Technically the blouse was the *victim*, it was the tummy within that was causing it difficulty.

Where the blouse was just a touch long enough to reach past the waistband of her tights before, it was soon lifted up to expose the base of her belly... because that once flat and slightly toned surface had begun to push forward with newfound softness. It began with a little lip in the front, but as the feeling of bloating grew? Not only did it push out *further*, but the bloat began to build at the sides of her tummy as well. “**No, no, no! What in the heavens!?**”

Ranka, of course, *noticed*. How could she *not*? Her hands quickly got to work trying to pull the blouse down over the building tummy swell but it was only effective for so long before it wouldn’t reach and her fingers began to slip and dip into some of the fat – fat that had given rise to a series of stretchmarks as her tummy *continued* to get thicker and

thicker. Before long her blouse couldn't even cover her bellybutton, its depths amplified by just how *much* tummy there was.

“I’m, *like*, getting chubby!?” Wait, wasn't something about what she had just said *odd*? But the fox *truly* didn't have time to worry about her vernacular at that very moment. Her gut was still softening and expanding, and it was now *completely* bare with how it pushed up her top. But at the same time it was becoming evident to Ranka that it wasn't *just* her gut that was being affected by this sudden and unwanted bloat.

Because her tights were also growing increasingly, well... *tight*.

It was a little difficult for her to *see*, because the shape of her tummy came out so much that it obscured the sight of anything below it, but the weight gain in her lower half could be felt just the same as it was up top. Her legs and ass gradually felt more cumbersome from heft, and the leggings soon ripped and tore as the ampler meat of her ass and thighs soon jiggled loosely through these tears.

When it came to her ass specifically, soft cheeks rose with such a thickness that her panties were rubbed into, and eventually slid into, the gratuitous crack between them while their waistband? It struggled to cling to life, digging into her spongier skin on the cusp of snapping. Though to be fair, this was also a problem because her hips had inadvertently widened a few inches. Which was indicative of the fact that this *wasn't* a simple weight gain situation.

Ranka gasped for breath, feeling a fullness settle into her face as well. Her cheeks were notably fuller and her lips increasingly engorged. Yet the crimson markings that usually added some uniqueness to her facial palette also seemed to fade, and her eyes? They narrowed as reds dulled to brown. There was something unreasonably *plain* about how her face looked now, and it only worsened as Crow's feet, dimples, and open pours worsened the look of her face some. Or perhaps it would have been more tasteful to say it all made her look *older*? As if she was just a touch over the age of forty.

“*LOL! I'm so plump and sexy~!*” Without thinking, this immature laugh and equally immature commentary was blurted out without thinking. And the woman caught it this time. **“*Hold on, why am I talking like some totally vapid highschooler? I'm not some slutty little gyaru~!*”** Try as she might to talk normally, however, she kept eventually slipping back into this style of talking that did *not* coincide with her perceived physical age.

And with fingers sinking into her fatty thighs, picking at torn tights in the meantime, that age only sank in further. The fingers she was touching herself with? Not only did the skin upon them seem worn, but the nails were long and fake with leopard print upon them. Not to mention the changes within her loins that suggested she was now a woman who had experienced childbirth. And one that enjoy using her pussy as much as possible.

But why had her bush, which had grown long and fluffy, turned brown?

For all of the weight her middle-aged body now carried, and for how tired it made her to carry all of it, there was still *one* area that hadn't truly experienced much growth just yet. Her breasts *had* gotten a bit larger from her initial weight gain, but they were still relatively *normal* in size. But not for long.

“**Oooh~!**” She moaned with need suddenly, older-looking hands forced up to caress her bosom through the blouse because of a sensual pressure that had been building there. It felt akin to the bloat that had seen her tummy, ass, and thighs explode – but it felt *good*. Not that this was all that unsurprising seeing as how her tits had begun to expand beyond the realm of what should have been plausible for Ranka's original frame. But it was also fairly obvious at this point that she was not destined to resemble her old self in any way anyways.

Her blouse had already had enough to struggle with what with the rounder torso she now possessed, and the growth of her bosom essentially sealed the deal. It wasn't as if the cloth could rise any higher, and as tits pushed out into H-cups that was fueled in part by new genetics and in part by the weight gain of her new body, the cusp of the top got caught on the bottom. In the end her blouse might as well have been a crop top serving the sole purpose of binding her huge tits in place, and even then a number of rips exposed the flesh, and the old, broken bra, beneath.

Ranka wanted to make a comment about them. She wanted *so badly* to lash out. And yet when she spoke? Her words were contrary to what she was thinking. “**Mmm, my tits are so fuckin' huge! No wonder my tit jobs are so popular!**” What? What was she saying!?! And now that she *had* said it, why did giving some guy younger than her a tit job sound like a fun idea? It didn't help that the transformation had left her so frisky.

Everything from this point on was just cleanup. She was already a MILF in her forties that didn't look like her old self much if at all, and the final changes solidified that. Her hair, for example, grew long and took on the same brown that her pubes had. And her fox ears? They inevitably

slipped away into her scalp, appearing on the sides of her head as a pair of alternative, human ones. Even her tails faded, but of course they and her real ears had been hidden by her disguise in the first place.

Until there was no one in this home other than a middle-aged woman that, despite her age, continued to live the gyaru lifestyle.

But this wasn't right! Something was very wrong with this! She could recall being a thin and young looking fox woman, but now? Bloated and around the age of forty, Ranka had been robbed of all of these features. She was chubby and well-endowed, with much of this weight a combination of the side-effects of her age mixed with a poor diet of snacks and wine, and a rather plain looking Japanese woman aside from this.



“Like I’m totes not... I’m not a...” As hard as she had tried to resist the off-putting and immature dialect inserting itself into her sentences midst her transformation, it seemed she was now powerless to do anything about it. Rather she felt more *comfortable* speaking in a way that sounded both vapid and unintelligent. **“Gulp!”** Spiked anxiety getting the better of her, she eventually reached for a glass of red wine on the nearby coffee table. She couldn't remember pouring it, but she was thankful it was there.

“Look at you, talking like that. A woman of *your* age should have grown out of this gyaru shit twenty years ago, shouldn't you? Don't you have a daughter?” A young man's voice, confident in its delivery, nearly had Ranka jump as it startled her just before she could sit her fat, bare ass down on the couch. She was *really* regretting not immediately finding clothing that fit her now.

“T-Takahashi-kun, you...!?” It was her neighbor. The one she had been arguing with over noise before. She'd wanted to give him a piece of her mind for barging in, but his words kind of hit a nerve. Should she have dropped speaking like that twenty years ago? But it was the way she liked to... No, this wasn't who she was! She *knew* this, but knowing and resisting were different things by this juncture.

As if to prove this point, while she had tried to hide the exposed girth of her ampler MILF body at first, the moment her eyes met his? Her posture lost its tension and her cheeks began to burn. Had Takahashi always been so *attractive*? He was around the same age as her daughter (*and she had to acknowledge that she had one, even though if that hadn't always been the case*) but that just made him hotter. A piece of young meat for a horny gyaru MILF like her...

“Hey Takahashi-kun? You should totes comes a ‘lil closer. You like what ya see, don’tcha? I always catch you lookin’...” Why fight it? She was abundant in size but she still *liked* the way she looked and dressed. Gyaru was a lifestyle, it didn’t matter how old you were! And she was going to show this boy that by teaching him just how desirable she could be!

But hey! Since she was so much older physically, her earlier bedtime meant Takahashi would get that silence he desired!