

Margaret landed hard, but the spot she fell was a nice grassy hill that softened the blow somewhat. It did leave her ass a bit sore as she tried to recover from falling through that hole in the floor though. Which.. the weirdness of *that* was something else.

“Am I dreaming.. I.. did I pass out or something and.. where *are you* Janet..? I know you didn't just 'run away' and that hole looks just like..”

At first glance Margaret had assumed she just landed in a small clearing.. and she had. That much was true. It was the details that mattered, like the clearing being in the middle of 'shrubberies' that were the size of four story buildings.. with an ornate long table set up in the middle of the clearing. One that was sized for her, and covered in a full spread of cookies, candied fruits, and tea. Nobody was *sitting* at the table, it was just.. there.

“Okay that's.. very strange, there' – are each of these *different* kinds of tea..? ..And they're all hot still? I- yeah *that* isn't suspicious at all. I'll just drink tea sitting out here from who knows where and eat food that's just SCREAMING 'trap' at me and-”

A loud sipping noise startled Margaret. The first impulse she had was to turn around and find whoever had snuck up on her and decided to loudly suck on some tea to announce their presence, and *then* they tasted the orange chai with sugar. It was *right there*. A tea cup, half empty, in her fingers. Staring at the thing, Margaret struggled to process what had just happened. What she'd just done.. and then she drank the rest of the tea and set it on the table.

*And then* she started to freak out.

“W-why did I just do that? I.. I don't.. what-”

The thought fell apart on her. Margaret let out a frightened squeak as she reached for some of the little cakes and stuffed a whole handful of them into her face while reaching for more of the tea with her other arm.

It had indeed been a trap, Margaret had just misjudged how far away one had to stay to be safe. Now she was left trying, screaming in her mind, to walk away from that fancy tea party in the middle of this curiously over sized glade and unable to get her body stop moving on its own. Which would've been freaky enough if it weren't quickly becoming obvious that the food was doing things to her.. As she washed down a handful of glazed cakes with some light mint tea Margaret felt herself start to swell. Her belly pushing out, sprawling from under her shirt, while all the rest of her thickened up and left her clothing tighter than it should be.

The attempts to stop herself from indulging went nowhere. Her body just quivered a little when she tried, shaking gently but still reaching for more and moving her from place to place at the table to keep something new in reach at all times. Her lithe figure was *gone* already, replaced by a steadily growing pudgy frame, quickly closing in on being properly *fat*. Which seemed, as the curious nightmare continued, to just be the start.

When she started spotting the fur and realized she could see her nose stretching out away from her face Margaret tried quite a bit harder to stop and scream, or at least do one of the two, but it didn't work this time either. All that happened was she started to.. titter? An odd, shaky little giggle as she added a bit of milk to the next tea cup and began popping fruit tarts into her mouth one by one while it developed a fine coat of gray fur, a big nose, and long whiskers.

It took until a bit less than halfway through the table's offerings (which didn't seem to be diminishing as Margaret ate them..) before Margaret figured out *what* she was turning into. Plenty of things had big whiskers after all, but the long thin tail she caught sight of as it whipped around behind her and the fact that her hands stayed mostly pink and clear of fur told her 'mouse' before too long. It also left her too stunned to keep trying to panic. Attempting to stop wasn't working anyway, she just *kept eating* and *kept having tea* and.. getting bigger.

Somewhere between the way her thighs were bulking up enough to force themselves against each other and her clothing getting much too small Margaret started waddling. She expected that, or at least understood it amid the insanity of what was happening. What managed to surprise her yet again was when she *stopped*. Margaret was feeling the seams on her clothing strain and pop and her belly was full (and huge.. dangling over her waist) but then that came to a curious stop as well. With her ability to move on her own returning she made her next mistake – she looked down.

Relief was what drew her eye. The tightness of her clothing was easing, which felt *great*.. but the reason it was doing so was just a fresh wrinkle in the insanity. Margaret's clothing was changing as readily as she had. Her tearing dress was turning into a rather stylish and well-tailored waistcoat. It was a nice mix of purple and green to add some color to the gray mouse fur.

“W-what.. even- oh. I can talk again. That.. that's... not my voice. I- *hhnn.. haah..*”

Close to the breaking point already, Margaret hearing a deep baritone come out of her throat shook her.. and then the situation had to go and get worse yet by having everything below her waist suddenly explode into a monumental amount of white, fluffy padding. The diaper ballooned

outward like a parachute around the mouse and pressed in on every available bit of space below their waist. Which was what alerted them to the stiff little protrusion between their thighs. Reaching down didn't help anything, it just left *him* pawing at a mound of padding he could barely reach around his belly to grasp at.

The mouse let a sob out as he stood there, body unrecognizable, no sign of his sister anywhere. He wasn't even sure he'd know if he saw her, not if something like this happened to Janet as well. Climbing into one of the chairs happened mostly without thinking. The mouse just found one he liked and scaled it, easing back onto his fat, padded bottom, feeling tears pool around his eyes. It felt like a proper breakdown was on the verge of starting, but a rustling in the leaves nearby put a halt to that. Looking up, the mouse saw a hare in their own waistcoat approaching. They were the source of the rustling. White furred, holding a pocket watch, looking a little lost as their own build seemed to bloating slowly and the first hints of a diaper starting to creep around their bottom began manifesting while the mouse watched.

..And somehow the mouse knew precisely what to say and do, or at least something in them did. Something that promptly seized control of their body again.

“Oh! You're here for tea! Fabulous, now we just need one more.. and our guest! Take a seat, *relax*. It'll all be ready to begin soon!”

Their own words left the mouse shaken. Something in them withered during it, a thing that remembered a name that didn't fit them anymore. A thing that wanted to cry and fight all the harder when they felt a warm, wet flood start filling that diaper they were wearing as soon as they said 'relax' to the hare. No amount of trying to focus and concentrate stopped it, their body just.. didn't care to resist. Not even when they began filling the backside of all that poofy padding as well. The mouse just smiled at their guest and reached for the tea and cakes.

The mouse smiled, knowing that shoveling more of the cakes and tea into them would just lead to being too cumbersome to even escape the chair soon. But that didn't matter. Maybe it would've mattered to Margaret.. but who was that, anyway?