

## Threads of Fat, Chapter 2

by Cerine Hero

Stella squirmed anxiously in her seat as Jackie drove the limousine onto the studio complex. They paused for only a minute at the security checkpoint, where the tigress flashed a badge imperiously at the badger manning the booth.

“Whatcha looking for?” he asked, leaning out of the booth window. He tapped a button on the console in front of him and the security gate began to fold and rise.

“Studio lot 8,” Jackie replied, keeping her gaze directly forwards.

“Well, you just need to take a left and-”

“Yes, I know. Thank you.” Jackie gunned the engine and drove the limousine into the studio complex. The back wheels of the limousine hit the speed bump rather roughly and would've sent the rear end of the limo into the air if not for the seven-hundred pounds of skunk sitting across the back seat. Stella felt her weight lurch into the air, regardless, becoming almost weightless for just an instant. She expected to feel her belly slap against her thighs, but she wasn't ready for *how hard*, or everything else that ended up finding other rolls of fat to slam against. Her breasts bounced on the top of her round belly, and her arm fat slapped against her sides. The skunk blinked and held her tummy, feeling her stomach lurch and flip somewhere deep in all that blubber.

“Maybe, uh, slow down a little bit?” Stella asked, peeking towards the back of the red-haired tigress's head.

“Running a little late on account of the traffic, sorry,” Jackie replied. She turned left and sent the limousine down a narrow street between two studio sound stages.

Stella twisted her bulk around in her seat as much as she could, feeling the seat belt straps squeeze her generous frame. She pushed her nose against the window beside her and panted, fogging up the glass all around her muzzle. Her brain couldn't process everything she was seeing! There were people hauling camera equipment and large crates around the sound stages, and pieces of sets leaning against the walls. Script supervisors flapped booklets of pages at anyone who would listen. As she watched, the skunk's heart leapt up into her throat. This was too much to completely take in. Her brain hadn't even finished processing the mansion yet. Hell, she was still trying to consistently remember that she was obese now. Anytime her mind was sufficiently distracted, she snapped back into her old body image and was shocked all over again when her belly shifted over her lap.

Jackie pulled the limousine up alongside one of the sound stages and slowed to a stop. She climbed out of the seat and walked around the vehicle to Stella's door. The skunk wriggled and reached under her extra-wide hip to unbuckle her seat belt, then she sloshed her way over towards the door. Jackie reached inside and took Stella by the forearms, tugging hard to pull her wobbling figure out of the doorway. The skunk's hips squished in the door frame, and her dress caught between a pair of deep rolls. Stella scrunched her nose and twisted back and forth, feeling her expansive middle squeeze slowly through the space.

A whistle cut over the air and within seconds there were more paws and claws wrapping around Stella's arms. Her eyes went wide as she looked up, finding herself surrounded by stagehands and crew members. Someone opened the door on the other side of the limousine and climbed in behind her, pushing their paws against the skunk's tremendous rump.

“Wha- Hey!” she snarled, but before she could really protest, everyone began to pull and push. Stella popped loose and staggered onto her feet, propped up by a dozen paws so she didn't fall over. Jackie stepped away, letting the crew members meticulously pore over Stella's dress, smoothing it back out after being rumpled from her exit. The skunk protectively held her paws against her chest.

A short but furious ferret pushed his way through the crowd, scattering the crew members. “Get, get, get going! You've all got jobs to do!” He turned to Stella and took her paws, kissing them. “Stella, darling, you look fantastic today. Your hair is beautiful. I'm sorry about the limo, we told them to send

an extra-large one.”

Jackie ignored the comment, bowed slightly, and stepped away. She slammed the limousine door and then drove it off.

“We’re running so far behind,” the director groaned, adjusting his cap as he led Stella into the sound stage. The skunk audibly gasped as her eyes adjusted to the dark inside.

It was there. It was right in front of her. She would recognize that balcony and balustrade anywhere. Beautiful carved marble, kissed by the light of the setting sun, looking out over the ocean at the titular estate of her favorite movie of all time. There wasn’t an ocean, though. Apparently that was all CGI – because the crew members were adjusting tall, green panels behind the false balcony on the set. Others were adjusting a handful of large fans just off to the side, and lights were lit and aimed on-set. They were getting ready to film the most important scene in the whole movie – *the kiss*. A shudder rolled down Stella’s spine and she started to waddle towards the set.

“No, no, no, Stella!” the director said, taking her paw and turning her towards the back. “Makeup and costuming is already waiting for you. We can’t waste any time today! We were supposed to do this shot *weeks* ago and we’ve only got Chris for two more days, so we gotta hit it and get it done, darling! I’m so ready to be finished with this picture. I got a stack of scripts for a bunch of TV movies the studio wants done by August and they’re already breathing down my neck. So please, Stella, dear, honey. Let’s get you back there, get you changed, get you all over Chris, and get everybody home, okay?”

“Uh... sure...” She was in a daze. Chris Hailer was here! Her heart fluttered at the thought of meeting her crush and she fanned her paws under her double chin. If he was here, then that meant... “Where is, um... where is Amanda?”

“Who?”

“Uh, Amanda Callen?”

“What are you talking about, darling? Callen isn’t on this picture. She’s doing something for Redeye Pictures or whatever, I don’t know.” The director waved someone over. “Can you please help Ms. Mitchell to costuming? I think she woke up on the wrong side of the bed today.”

One of the stage managers took Stella by the upper arm – as much as her fingers could get around it, at least – and helped her to the back lot behind the sound stage, where the stars’ trailers were lined up, and craft services was setting out tables full of breakfast finger foods. Stella’s mouth watered as she smelled all of the sausage and egg sandwiches. Her stomach rumbled angrily, making her belly fat vibrate. She realized she hadn’t eaten anything at all yet, and her very large body was unhappy about it. As much as she didn’t really want to... add... to her impressive girth, she’d need to get something to eat. Unfortunately, she was herded past the trailers, to a set of doors marked with a sign that said “Actor Prep.”

There was another slight struggle to get Stella through the doorway. Even though her house was customized for her, apparently that courtesy didn’t extend much to anything else. The skunk twisted sideways, sucking in her belly as much as possible and lifting up her heavy breasts on her forearms. It was still a tight fit, with the stage manager helping to push. Slowly Stella popped through the door, feeling her fat heave and jiggle as she caught herself.

The makeup room was brightly lit, with a row of rotating chairs parked in front of a long, wall-sized mirror surrounded with glowing bulbs. One of the first seats in the series was twice as wide as the others. Stella knew who *that* one was for. She didn’t even bother to be escorted; she waddled her way to the seat and set herself down. After all, she really needed to start acting like she belonged here, even if the butterflies in her stomach made her belly jiggle.

“The costumer will be here in just a minute, then makeup will get you all ready for light checks,” the manager told her, wringing her paws together. “Is there anything I can get you?”

“Yeah, I need two or... uh, three of those sandwiches they were setting out,” Stella answered. “I’m starving.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

The stage manager brought her a handful of wrapped sandwiches and Stella settled into her seat, her love handles oozing over the armrests. Unwrapping her first sandwich, the skunk dug into the spicy sausage and buttery biscuit. Now that she had a moment to think, her overstimulated brain practically exploded with thoughts. Chris was here, somewhere... but Amanda wasn't? How were they making the movie without the lead actress? She gobbled up another sandwich while the balcony scene played over and over in her head. Chris Hailen's character Bryant confessing his love for Sabine – Amanda Callen's character, in her beautiful white dress and pearls – and then sharing the passionate kiss that the whole movie was building up towards. Stella got shivers just thinking about it. And she was actually going to get to see them film it? Or... was she? The director said that Amanda wasn't involved in the movie, so what was going on?

There was a knock on the door and Stella looked up from her third sandwich. Sweeping crumbs off herself, she called out, “It's open! I think.”

The door opened and a slender cat slipped into the room, carrying a bundle in her arms. “I'm so sorry, Ms. Mitchell! We're just so swamped this morning trying to get everything ready, they misplaced the dress and everything's behind schedule...”

Stella waved her paw, making her arm fat slosh underneath her bicep. “No, it's fine, I was just, uh... putting some of my thoughts together. So, um, what are we wearing today?”

The black-furred cat helped Stella to stand up, and she peeped all around the skunk's excessively-sized body. She adjusted the headset she was wearing and scratched at her chin. “Okay, the measurements should be about right...” She sank a paw into Stella's side and the skunk blushed. “Let's get you changed, I think makeup is about done with Mr. Hailer.”

Before Stella could even say anything more, the cat went behind her and pulled down the zipper on her dress. The green garment sank down to her middle as rolls of brown fur and fat spilled out down her back. The skunk blushed as the cat lifted her dress up and off her midsection, her face briefly disappearing inside the fabric. Her dress was put on an extra large hangar and hung at the back of the changing room.

“These won't do,” the costumer said, tugging on Stella's undergarments. “No, that bra will show. And we can't have panty lines. Let me get something else.”

Stella had never been undressed so fast in her life – definitely not so professionally, either! In a blink, the cat had her bra off and hanging up beside her dress, leaving the skunk standing bare-breasted. Before Stella could even get her arms under and around her heavy chest, she felt her panties being tugged off her rump and belly and down around her ankles. She stepped out of them and the cat zipped away through a side door, into a closet full of clothes. Stella caught her reflection in the big mirror; her huge arms cradling her huge breasts and her huge cheeks burning bright red. Her white-striped tail instinctively wrapped itself around her hips, but it couldn't reach the whole way anymore.

There was nothing inherently... sexual about how the cat undressed her, which is probably what felt so uncanny about the whole experience. She was just doing her job. Stella wouldn't have minded too much in another situation, if they were, say, somewhere private and trying to have a little excitement. She'd have asked for it to go a little slower, though... especially since it was hard getting used to this new body. It dawned on her that the costumer had probably seen her nude a bunch of times before... maybe even daily? No wonder she went about it so quick and curtly. Almost half a ton of skunk blubber, no big deal!

Nobody seemed to notice, though, or at least they didn't seem to care. Stella would've stared in morbid fascination at someone her size, wondering beyond belief how someone could get *this* big... and now she was *that* big, thanks to magic or something. But lots of people already had seen her, helped her with her weight and size, and not one person had said a thing! Her housekeeper did, but only because she specifically asked. Everyone else seemed to be weirdly accepting of it.

The cat came back from the closet, carrying a strapless bra that was color matched to Stella's fur

and a pair of much smaller bottoms than the ones she had on earlier. Stella cocked one eyebrow at the small garments, but the cat was already pushing her arms upwards. She slipped the bra under Stella's bust and then went behind her to hook it together. Coming back to the front, the cat bit her lip and professionally began to stuff Stella's breasts into the cups of the bra. Burning up with embarrassment, Stella could only watch as the cat diligently lift and stuffed her breasts into the snug bra. She picked and adjusted, making sure the bra was snug and comfortable, and the colors matched correctly around her fur.

"Okay, post-production can deal with anything they don't like," she said, adjusting her headset. She then helped Stella into the panties, which hugged her hips snugly. Despite being pretty small and not covering much of anything, the fit was almost perfect.

The door opened again and several people filed in, carrying makeup cases and equipment. They let themselves in even as the costumer was finishing up. Stella was glad she had at least *something* on before they all came in, instead of when she was completely naked, but all the activity around her bare fur was still disconcerting, to say the least.

Stella was pushed back into her seat and guided by firm hands to lean back. Makeup cases were opened and several artists began to work on her. She never really wore makeup outside of some party paint. The artists dusted her body all over with a thin powder that took some of the gloss out of her fur. That was for the cameras, if she remembered right. Then they took small brushes and darkened around her eyes and lips, highlighting the contours of her face.

While they were fixing her face, another artist was brushing and fussing with her hair. Her silvery white locks spilled across her shoulders as they were brushed to perfection and fluffed up. Stella watched herself transform in the mirror, going from a pretty beach ball to a gorgeous one. Her face was still very round and bloated, but the makeup artists were hard at work with their pencils and brushes, making her muzzle seem to be a little more slender.

The artists all backed up and let Stella look at herself in the mirror. She gasped, looking at her face and resisting the urge to touch it. She looked like a real life movie star! Despite the extra weight, she looked beyond gorgeous, and she forced herself not to burst into tears. Stella hadn't been this pretty in a very long time.

"Looks great," she offered, smiling and unsure if the makeup artists even needed her opinion.

The door opened again and the stage manager poked her muzzle in. "Set's ready for light checks, and the director is biting my tail off!"

The makeup artists did what they needed to and packed up in order to finish their work on set if need be. Nearby, the costumer unzipped the package she had brought in with her and she lifted out a glittering white dress on a hangar. Stella turned to look at it and her jaw dropped open.

It was the one. That was Sabine's dress, except it was *huge*. The costumer spread the garment out wide, and it extended well past her own silhouette several times over. It was obviously made for Stella. *She* was playing Sabine. Her heart fluttered and she thought she might pass out.

Stay calm, she told herself, but she didn't believe it. She was going to pop.

Stella was in a daze as they helped her out of the seat and fed the dress over her arms and shoulders. The costumer fit the breezy hem around her knees and adjusted the plunging neckline around her breasts. The dress was very light and loose around the shoulders, so that the wind picked up the ruffles in the fabric and blew them dramatically, but that also meant that Stella's extremely generous figure hung out of the neckline and under her arms. She blushed as the cat reached inside her dress and began to adjust her fat rolls and her breasts. Stella's over-endowed chest bounced heavily as she was manually fit into the garment.

The costumer plucked a couple pieces of almost-invisible plastic string from her pouch on her belt and tied them around the beaded shoulder straps of the dress. She tied the dress to the straps of her bra, fixing them together so nothing moved around. Lastly, she placed a layered necklace of pearls around Stella's neck, and the makeup artists adjusted hair around it.

“Time's up, let's go!” the stage manager hissed, pulling the door open completely.

Stella was still dazed as she was led out of the makeup room, pushed and pulled through the door again. There was frenetic activity buzzing all over the set now, with the director couched on his chair next to the cinematographer. Stella jiggled her way onto the balcony set, surrounded by green panels on all sides. It was warm here, with so many lights pointed in her direction.

“Stella, honey, you look beautiful!” the director called out. “Okay, what I need you to do is stand at the rail and look out over the ocean so we can adjust the lights just right. Stella? Darling? Are you home?”

The skunk caught herself gazing off into the distance. She started and tried to offer a sheepish smile. “I was, uh, going over my lines?”

“Stella, dear, you're acting like you've never been here before. We've gotta get this picture wrapped! So if you could, please, darling, go over your lines while you're over at the railing, okay? And where is Chris, for dog's sake?!”

Stella stiffened her spine and nodded. She passed underneath an ivy-covered archway to step onto the balcony. As she moved to the balustrade, her quivering tummy pressed up against and between the balusters, and her heavy chest smothered the railing. Stagehands turned on the fans sitting just off set, sending a moderate breeze across Stella's body. Her dress flowed around her, pressing itself tight against the curves of her obese figure. Her light, silvery hair blustered in gentle waves behind her head. She turned her face out towards the “ocean.” She could picture it perfectly in her mind, but she was slightly disappointed to learn that it wasn't real at all.

As lights were adjusted and filtered to match sunset colors, Stella squeezed her claws into the railing in front of her. Everything kept flying past her so quickly, she didn't have any time to stop and appreciate any of it. She was about to film the pivotal scene of her favorite film – and she was the star. She was standing where her favorite actress should be, wearing her costume, and about to... oh, no. She was about to kiss the actor she'd crushed on for years! That might actually prove to be too much for her. The skunk forced herself to breathe, feeling her fur begin to get slick under the hot studio lights. Maybe... maybe he wasn't here? She hoped not, even if the director was angry about delays. If Chris was a no-show, then that would buy time for her to get her thoughts together.

No such luck.

“Chris, baby, we've been waiting on you! Get on set and we can get this done.”

Stella's heart pounded as a tall, leggy maned wolf stepped onto the set. He was easily a foot taller than the skunk, shockingly handsome, with dark, slicked hair and a crisp suit. His vibrant red-orange fur mingled with patches of black above his collar.

Chris walked coolly over to the railing and shook out his shoulders. He adjusted his suit sleeves and cuff links and sniffed dismissively towards the green screens. He stood a few feet away from Stella, not paying her any attention. She was going to burst; her legs shook like jelly, in more ways than one, and she held her paws against her girthy waist.

“Hi,” she said abruptly.

“I don't talk when I'm working,” Chris told her, not even looking up. His tone had the sharpness of someone having to repeat themselves undercutting it. Stella, miffed, open her mouth to respond, but a whistle cut over the clamor of the set.

“Alright, quiet on set! Everyone to first positions, I want cameras rolling!”

Chris turned and walked away, stepping off the side of the set and waiting idly. Stella didn't know what “first positions” meant, and she turned and fumbled about blindly for a clue. The stage manager from before gestured firmly towards her, pointing at a spot beyond the archway. The heavy skunk waddled that way, squeezing through the narrow arch.

It occurred to her that no one had given her the lines for the scene. But that didn't matter to her; she'd watched this movie so many times that she knew every line by heart. The skunk even play acted the scene by herself in her bathroom. So she could do this. She just had to settle her nerves. Stella

breathed in deeply, flexing her paws at her sides. The scene played out in autopilot in her mind.

“Action!”

At the beginning of the scene, Sabine runs out to the balcony in a burst of emotion. That was easy enough. Stella propelled herself forward, popping through the archway and throwing herself against the railing. It was a bit hard to get her weight going – and also hard to stop! Her belly slammed against the balustrade and shook the entire set. The skunk held her stomach and blushed bright red.

“Cut! Uh, Stella, honey,” the director called, “I need you to chew the set, not wreck it. Back to first positions!”

Stella squeezed back through the archway, avoiding everyone's gazes. She wasn't comfortable enough with her blubber to really manage that kind of movement, and she didn't want to try a dozen times getting it right when everyone was already on edge to get the scene done. Maybe she didn't have to follow the scene in her head *exactly*. In fact, the whole movie could've been completely different for all she knew. There was a six-hundred-pound weight difference between the lead actresses, for starters!

“Action!”

Gritting her teeth, Stella wobbled her way onto the set, trying her best to look distraught. She walked slower this time, covering her face in her chubby paws and sobbing. Sabine had just been rejected by the fox she loved, right in public, and she was at the end of her rope. She had to really sell the emotion! Stella leaned over the railing, careful not to put too much of her considerable weight against it, since it apparently wasn't up to real construction standards. She sobbed loudly for the benefit of the fluffy microphone above her, but she couldn't seem to get any tears to flow.

“Sabine,” came a voice from behind her. Stella looked up and turned around slowly. Chris – no, Bryant – was walking towards her. His entire demeanor was different. He looked warmer, caring, gentle. It was that dream she'd thought about for so long. Now the tears came, running down the skunk's face. “I'm here.”

Stella opened her mouth to reply, but it came out as a strangled noise. A crew member holding cue cards shook them slightly to get the skunk's attention, but she didn't need it. She knew what to say, she just had to get her mouth to *do it*. “I-I can't believe you- you came.”

“Of course I did, Sabine,” Bryant said softly. He stepped closer, until his body was pressing against hers. The slim maned wolf sank into her pillowy fat, and the skunk blushed bright red as his chest touched hers. The feeling of a man rubbing against her obese figure was both exhilarating and completely unusual. With one paw, he reached up and brushed back some of her long hair, exposing her face for the cameras, and with the other he slid his fingers along the side of her dress, and he grabbed a pawful of bare flab hanging out under her arm. Stella almost choked, feeling her chest muscles squeeze her lungs in shock. It was all she could do not to burst out a stream of curses detailing exactly how weird that felt. Weird and eerily intimate.

Bryant looked directly into her eyes. “You know I couldn't stay away. I had to talk to you one last time, before you-”

The words bubbled from Stella's mouth. “It's over between me and him. He told everyone. I must not be good enough.”

“You're everything to me,” Bryant said. He pressed against her more firmly, bringing his head down towards hers. Stella's heart raced as she smelled the cologne on his fur and felt his breath on her neck and chest. The heat from the lights was suddenly stifling and her vision began to swim. The wolf's face, looming over hers, was haloed by a brilliant stage light. “I've always loved you, Sabine.”

He pushed into a kiss – not a peck, the real deal, just like she watched him do over and over in the movie. Stella tilted her head to the side as she locked fangs with Bryant, and his arms circled around her, at least as far as they would go. They embraced tightly, with rolls of fat forming along Stella's sides as he pressed deeper into her. He handled her weight well, keeping her from falling over even as he pressed against her. Stella went limp in his grasp, closing her eyes and pressing into the kiss.

“Alright, start pulling the overhead camera out... nice, long shot overlooking the ocean, pan up,

we're gonna see the sky... and cut!" The director waved a clipboard in the air. "Alright, we'll get a few more takes, back to first positions!"

Chris abruptly let go of Stella and walked off, leaving her standing out of breath and dizzy against the railing. That warm, loving demeanor shut off in an instant. For a bit there she completely forgot about how cold he'd been just a minute before. Something inside the skunk cracked a bit, like paint chipping off a perfect masterpiece. She'd seen behind the curtain, and her glamorous dream didn't hold up to the reality.

She blinked and watched both floating images of Chris step back off set. Everything was spinning, and she realized she'd been holding her breath. The skunk inhaled hot air, and it didn't help anything.

"Stella? Darling? You okay? We need you back at first."

She wasn't okay. She was fat, hot, tired, bewildered, sexually frustrated, and now disappointed. The skunk let go of the rail and took two steps, feeling her weight slosh all around her. She was too tired, or too distracted to counter-balance, and she stumbled to the left. Two more wobbling steps, and she tumbled to the ground, fat bouncing all around her.

The last thing she heard before passing out under the heat of the stage lights was a chorus of shocked gasps.

Stella blinked her eyes open, finding herself somewhere completely new. She was seated on a plush couch in a small trailer, decorated in nice shades of red with some clothes hanging up along the back wall. With a flash of wishful thinking, she looked down at herself. Her nose sank down between her heavy breasts, resting on top of a supersized belly.

"Fuck," she groaned, "I'm still a fatass."

She grunted and pushed herself up to her feet, feeling her half-naked blubber slosh around her with each wobbling step. The white dress was laying across a chair in front of a makeup vanity on the other side of the trailer. The movie crew must have brought her here when she passed out and undressed her to help her cool down.

Her stomach rumbled angrily. Three sandwiches wasn't enough to fill her up. She'd just run out and grab some more, then come back and simmer for a while. Half-naked be damned, she was starving and pissed off. Her belly squashed against the trailer wall as she grabbed the doorknob and started to pull.

"Stella Mitchell."

She knew that voice. The skunk turned around, slowly, feeling her belly wobbling from side to side, and the stranger was sitting on the couch. He was as slippery and hard to look at as ever.

"I'd like to talk for a bit."

\* \* \*

A big thank you to all my Patreon subscribers! You guys are making this possible!  
Jackie is (c) Indigo Jack! Thank you for being a Foxyfriend!

### **Bronze Supporters**

Shooty Blaine Callahan Variety Cazzy Calo  
Tach0012 Teres ChromiumCheetah Firefang Sionnach  
Fenris Freere Ben the Goat Havenchaser JT

### **Silver Supporters**

Kyle

### **Foxyfriends**

Indigo Jack