

The Overweight Hotel, pt. 2

by Cerine Hero

The bed creaked underneath the weight of the heavy horse. His face was half-buried underneath supple white fur as a fox boob rested heavily on top of it. The supersized, blue and black horse lay spread out on his back on his hotel bed, love handles hanging slightly over the sides of it as he guzzled down mouthfuls of milk. Standing above him, beside his head, was a pink-furred cow-fox, eyes closed as she rest her elbow against the wall, cheek against her palm. She purred heavenly as the pressure in her swollen breasts was relieved, her produce funneled mostly into the horse's fat belly.

The rest of her milk was going right into a bucket one of the ghost hands was holding out beside her, just below a boob where a second hand had a firm, confident grip around her nipple, rhythmically pinching and tugging so that thread-thin streams of pink milk drummed against the aluminum bottom of the pail. Two more helpful hands massaged the breast attached to Ceres, helping stimulate more milk flow by running their fingers up and down its sides. One more teased the corner of the fox's ear between its fingertips, and the vixen was pretty much in a state of full bliss.

Ceres had his share of little helpers, too. Two hands each were cupped underneath the hanging blubber on either side of him, where his overflowing, obese frame was sagging over the edges of the bed. The already enormously fat horse had inflated substantially since arriving at the hotel, already pushing half a ton. More hands teased his massive belly, patting its flanks to make his blubber jiggle and quake, the ripples from one side to the other impacting each other around his navel. The horse's chest was almost as big as Cerine's at this point, with cleavage pinned between his gut and chins. Trickle of pink milk rolled down his thick neck fat. He didn't even need to do anything as he was muzzle-fed and massaged, letting himself give in to pure gluttony as he added all the calories of the fox's milk to the extra breakfast he just ate. The horse let his arms hang at his sides, his upper arms becoming roly-poly sleeves of lard.

When the bucket was completely full and the horse only mostly full, Cerine finally pushed herself upright, wrapping her arms underneath her large chest and purring. With one paw rubbing her overweight belly, she used the other to gently soothe her perky nipple. Two of the ghostly hands whisked the full pail of milk out of the room, probably going off to the kitchen to bake with it. What they planned to make with strawberry-tinged fox milk was anyone's guess, but Ceres would probably eat it.

The topless vixen glanced down her muzzle, through her glasses, at the big, semi-immobile balloon of horse spread out in front of her. She wiped some milk from his chins and smooched him on the cheek. "You're really letting yourself go, you know," she teased, sliding her paw down to jiggle the horse's big moob.

"A-am I?" the horse asked, burping softly into his cheeks. He struggled to sit up and look down at himself, but the weight of his chest and arms kept him down. "It's kinda hard to tell at my size."

"Mmhmm." Cerine pat his gut, shooing the ghost hands away. "You're sagging over the sides of the bed, for one. And you know we'll actually need to *leave* this place at some point, right?"

"We can worry about that later in the week," the horse told her, wagging his hooves and making his arm rolls slosh. "Besides, you're looking pretty curvy, too."

Cerine turned sideways and cupped a paw on her plush rump. It wasn't just her breasts that had grown. She'd gained a lot of weight from the big meals she'd been fed by the ghost hands, too. The fox was on the edge of obese, spilling out of her snug undies with a pot belly hanging slightly over the front of them – like it was trying to get out from underneath her tits and only half-succeeding. She wasn't obese yet, but if she didn't get a better grip on her eating, she'd look like the horse in no time. But like he said, they could worry about that later.

She idly wondered where she left her bra, and remembered she'd taken it off in the dining room. Still hard for her to believe she actually did that, abandoned hotel or not.

"I definitely feel pretty curvy," she agreed, pinching her fat hip and giving it a wobble. Fat jiggled underneath her pink and white fur. The fox put on a lot of weight around her hips and ass first, and belly later.

More ghost hands came sweeping into the room from the doorway, bearing silver platters with round, reflective covers over them. They arranged a spread on the opposite, non-smothered bed as more of them wheeled in a cart stacked with food. Some of the hands, once they set down the extravagantly-sized meal, flustered around the topless fox, giving her wide ass a smack to encourage her to scoot out of the way. Her pink face blushed red and she moved around to the foot of the bed as the hands eagerly stacked even more plates on the next-biggest piece of real estate in the room: the horse himself. They piled platters on his gut and moobs and removed the covers, letting his mouth water at the sight and smell of so many sandwiches and desserts.

"Well, it seems your lunch is here," Cerine teased, giving the horse's hind hoof a wiggle with her paw. He whinnied from his spot on his back on the bed, flicking the tip of the tail sticking out between his thunder thighs. "While you eat, I think I'll go fetch my things and bring them down to this floor. I wasn't expecting to be getting so heavy..."

Ceres would have replied if his mouth wasn't already full of two sandwiches, with ghost hands happily stuffing him with food. Cerine winked at the blubbery, almost bed-bound horse and squeezed her way out of the hotel room. Several hands went with her, hovering at her sides and occasionally giving her tubbier body a couple playful and frisky squeezes. Nudging her glasses back up her muzzle, the mostly-nude fox blushed as two hands filled their palms with her buttery belly and kneaded it.

"I can't say I've stayed in a hotel with this kind of service before," she giggled. She headed to the elevators and reached out to push the button when one of the ephemeral hands quickly seized her paw. She looked on in confusion as a second hand floated up to the plaque above the control panel.

Weight Limit: 250lbs

Cerine blinked. "Wait, how much do I weigh now?"

The hands, being hands, didn't answer directly, but they gave her love handles and her breasts a suggestive squeeze and jiggle. The fox wriggled her muzzle. Yeah... she had to be closing in on three hundred at this point. Given her height and the sheer watermelon-like size of her dairy fox bust, she was actually pushing two-thirty just normally. She rubbed her paws over her breasts, drumming her fingertips just under her nipples. Draining a gallon or so of milk wouldn't make *that* much difference. Just eight pounds. The vixen glanced over her shoulder at the large, sweeping stairs leading from the foyer up to the second floor, where she was likely to find the stairwell taking her up the rest of the way.

Joy.

She wandered over to the stairs, hiking up her snug bottoms in preparation. They sank into her fat hips and left half of her ass exposed, revealing more of the heart-shaped white fur on her rump if her long tail swept aside. The hands stayed glued either to her side or on her side, playfully fondling her bigger body as she began to work her way up the stairs. With her bare and extremely heavy and large breasts, each step was an exercise in wobbling and fur slapping fur. It wasn't long before she was panting and leaning on the rail, only halfway up the first flight. The hands waited just in front of her, hovering... anxiously? It was hard to read an emotion into just hands.

Cerine wrapped her arms under her chest and heaved them both up under her chin. "Give me a minute, these are a lot to haul."

The hands shivered and four of them – the ones not currently poking and testing her ass's plushness – swarmed in to lift up her breasts for her, all of their fingers spread wide to cover the white fur of her melons so she could let them go. The vixen sighed heavily as the weight was lifted off her chest.

"Well, that works," she said, resuming her trip up the stairs with the ghostly mittens fondling her bust. "Been a long time since I had a good load off my chest. Don't get me wrong. I love them. But jeez, some days. Especially if some helpful little hands have fed me and are making them bigger. So if

you just wanted to hang out down there, be my guest.”

Cerine made it up to the top floor of the hotel only slightly out of breath, which was the best she could've hoped for. At the top landing, she paused to stretch her arms and fix her bottoms again before jiggling her way to the room she picked out. She'll miss her view, but going up and down these stairs was not an option if she got even *fatter*. And given how her room door was hanging wide open, that was probably likely.

Sure enough, there was a swarm of ghost hands prepping a large luncheon for the vixen in her room, just like they had for Ceres downstairs. The ones holding up her boobs let her melons down gently onto her belly before zipping off to busy themselves with getting the food ready. Cerine didn't even have a chance to walk into the room on her own power, as the two remaining hands that had been admiring her hindquarters snagged her by the paws and led her in, sitting her on the bed. She really thought she was still full from breakfast – how long ago was that, even – but a hand teased her muzzle until her lips parted, and then she found a BLT sandwich with a thick layer of mayo wedged between her fangs.

Cerine gulped down the food and ate, making the hands happy as her tail wagged behind her. She was pretty sure they weren't going to settle for anything less than a tummy on the verge of bursting, and she had nowhere to be and pounds to gain, so she feasted and indulged. She brushed her long hair back and gobbled up everything on offer, patting the side of her stomach as it swelled in size.

“Would some of you mind if- mmph- you took my luggage downstairs for me?” she asked, in between bites of angel food cake with drizzles of chocolate syrup on it. Licking her muzzle, she pointed at the plate it was on. “This is good. More of this.”

The hands seemed to shudder happily. As a couple of them wheeled her suitcase out of the room, more brought over a silver platter and uncovered it. There was a perfect cake underneath the lid, streaks of dark chocolate running over the spongy cake, and sliced strawberries mingling with peaks of whipped cream along the rim. Cerine's eyes sparkled behind her glasses.

“That's going in me.”

With some effort, it all got in her stomach. Angel food cake was surprisingly tiring to eat, since it was so chewy, but some encouragement from the hands massaging her jaw and throat worked it all down. Her belly ballooned from the sheer size of two enormous meals in a row, and she pat it where it peeked out beneath her chest. Her hips and tits were already looking fatter, and her belly jiggled with a layer of fat where she gently slapped it. Cerine stretched out on her back, breasts hanging over the sides of her torso, and purred as the ghostly hands massaged her from toe to ear, paying special attention to her curviest parts as she digested her meal and expanded wider.

“I'm sure none of you are concerned with this,” she mused, taking off her glasses and putting them on the nightstand between the two beds in the hotel room, “but what am I going to wear as I blow up? Ceres is cool wandering around bare-assed, but I like to have something...”

A few of the hands reluctantly released their kneading grip on the vixen's buttery soft flanks and zipped out of the room, leaving the rest to massage her thicker hips and buns. One of the hands fondled her breast, as if checking to see if she had more milk to tease out. The dairy fox smirked to herself. Not yet; check again in a couple hours. Even as prodigious of a milk factory as she was, it still took a while.

Minutes passed and the hands returned with an assortment of clothes. Cerine set herself up on her elbows and wagged the tip of her tail as they held out a variety of... well, just dresses, essentially. Made sense that the old hotel had nothing but old clothes. Cerine scrunched her nose.

“Ah... nothing from this millennium, huh?” she muttered, brushing her hair from her face again. “Well, let's see... no, too formal. No, frilly. No, that color... I'm pink, come on.”

She rejected almost everything the hands offered, and they held out the last thing in the pile. It was a velvet blue dress, slit almost up to the hip, with pleated fabric in the front and plenty of room for her girls to fill it out. Cerine grunted and pushed herself up onto her feet, feeling her bigger body wobble around her, particularly her bubble butt. As she admired the blue dress the hands were offering,

she gave her jelly-filled backside a squeeze with her paw and a jiggle. Her cheek bounced and squished under her fingers and then rest heavily on a fat roll of thigh lard.

“How long will I even fit in this?” she wondered, taking the dress with her to get changed.

Ceres felt like he might pop. The horse inhaled all the food brought to him, but it seemed endless. Since Cerine left the room, the hands had set up an assembly line of horse-gorging efficiency. They brought more plates in, fed him, and worked empty plates back out in an orderly fashion, all with a goal of getting him as big as possible.

And it was working. As more horse sagged over the sides of the bed, the hands soon realized the task of just trying to keep his girth propped up was becoming monumental. So they opted to push the two beds in the room together and rolled the immense horse onto his side in the middle of them. The huge equine's body sagged heavily into the middle of the combined beds, since there was little to prop him up there, but at least his expanding flab was contained. And now more hands could join in on the feeding and teasing.

The horse brushed one chubby hoof over his middle, feeling where his gut was so swollen with food that it was bulging far out in front of him. He burped softly as he pressed his hooftips into his flank. The ghostly hands were slowly massaging up and down over his middle, soothing his stuffed stomach so he'd be willing to eat even more. It wasn't necessary. He would, but he didn't mind the attention, either. The horse opened wide as two hands held his tubby face and others poured a bowl of chocolate pudding down his throat. His neck bulged and jiggled as he gulped it down by the mouthful, and then the hands positioned the bowl so he could lick it clean, getting every last bit. Ceres burped again after scarfing down two pounds of pudding, which almost certainly translated to two pounds of fat on his rump.

The beds creaked under him as he wriggled himself back onto his back, the hands helping by sinking into his flab and pushing so that he rolled face-up once more. The room service at the hotel here at turned him nearly spherical. After all he'd eaten today, he wasn't sure if he really was still under a thousand pounds. For all he knew, he'd doubled in size! A wide, weighty fourteen hundred pounds of him, and he smiled as the hands brought him more to eat.

Why not get as fat as they wanted him to be? If past was prelude, he was just going to get fatter anyways. So he gorged himself on everything the hands fed him. Apparently they were emptying the larder into him. Ceres ate so much he could barely tell what he was gobbling down, other than they'd run out of lunch food and moved directly into desserts. And as he let the ghostly hands shovel those into him, he watched past his chins as his moobs and belly expanded – particularly the latter.

There was a lull in the feeding and Ceres looked around, confused. Had they finally run out of food? But actually, all the hands were busy bringing in a large cake, as big around as one of the horse's obese thighs. He smelled vanilla frosting, packed with sugar, and another, more familiar scent lingering just underneath: strawberry. The hands wasted no time getting busy with that bucket of milk. Several of them produced metal serving spatulas and cut the cake into easy-to-handle slices, which they brought to the horse and packed into his cheeks. Ceres greedily gobbled them up, making up for the milk he missed out on earlier.

Pounds piled onto his frame. The horse moaned under his breath and around mouthfuls of cake as he pat his flanks with his fattening hooves, feeling himself bloat even bigger. He was turning into pure mass. His belly must have been approaching the ceiling – or at least it sure looked like it from his vantage point. The obese horse couldn't even reach the top of his gut, though he was losing motion in his arms as they got fatter, heavier, and harder to squish against the rest of his fat body.

The hands helped him stuff down every piece of that enormous cake and then gently massaged his swollen stomach for a while. Ceres lay on his back, panting, his girth bending the twin bed frames underneath him. He could feel himself getting fatter by the second as his gigantic meal settled. If that was breakfast and lunch, he was curious what dinner was going to be like. Slowly, his overstuffed

stomach softened and returned to jiggling, heavy flab instead of packed tight with food, and the rest of his body inflated with more pounds, piling high with rolls and folds and gaining circumference around his ass, thighs, and arms. The horse swore he saw a fourth chin growing under his muzzle, and his moobs steadily plumped in thickness, squeezed between his belly and body. The hands teasing his blubbery middle slid down his sides to resume their previous duty of holding up the horse's sagging flanks as he overflowed both beds simultaneously now.

“Wow, I leave you alone for a half hour and you double in size,” Cerine teased, somewhere in the room but hidden around the horse's massive body.

Ceres tried to sit up and see where the vixen was, but he could only move so far with his weight pinning him down. But the fox walked around to the side of the bed by his head, smiling down at him past her blossomed and plump cleavage. She was looking sizably fatter, too, grown from curvy and chubby all over to outright swollen, filling out a blue dress like a ripe berry. Her hips and thighs were so wide that the lower part of the dress, slit so high, practically rest like a tabard over her inner thighs and below her tail, leaving much of her fur exposed. The fox's exposed legs jiggled like jelly as she walked over to the horse and leaned forward, her beachball-sized tits nearly spilling from the dress. They weighed against and squashed around a pair of gold straps holding the dress up over her shoulders. It was the only thing keeping the horse from being smothered.

“You look great,” the horse whinnied, trying to reach up to give her chubby cheek a pat, but he found it was pretty much buried underneath her whale of a tit. “You forgot your glasses.”

Cerine blinked and touched her face. Her arm fat jiggled against her side and made the horse blush even more. “Oh, shit, did I forget them? God, they're all the way back upstairs.” She stood upright and gave her large middle a pat between her paws, making the rest of her jiggle. “It's getting hard going up and down the stairs, and I'm too fat for the elevator.”

Right then, a ghostly hand appeared beside her face, holding the half-rimmed glasses out to her. The vixen smiled and took them, but she folded them up and hung them on the front of her dress. She offered the floating hand what was the equivalent of a pet with two of her fingers, causing it to zip about and fly out of the room, probably pleased with itself. Then the vixen laid her paw on the horse's fat moob and jiggled it.

“You're bustier than me, fatty,” she told him, winking. “And I'm taking it my advice about us having to leave eventually didn't get through, huh?”

“Well,” the horse replied, blushing at his immense girth and licking his muzzle, “they had fox milk cake... I couldn't be rude.”

Cerine pinched a fat roll on the horse's flank, making him wriggle. “That explains *this*, what about the rest of it, hm?”

“Uh... everything else?”

The fox leaned down over the horse's head again, resting the weight of her bust on the corner of the mattress that he wasn't completely overflowing. “Alright. How big you wanna get?”

Ceres flushed even redder and whickered. “Big as I want?”

“Why not? We're here, the hands are gonna make us massive.” She sank her paw into the meat of the horse's neck and gave his face a jiggle. “We've been here a day and you take up this whole room. How big you think you can get before the weekend's over?”

“B-big... But what about you?”

“Eh, I'm not worried about it.” She stood up and turned sideways, giving her ass cheek a bounce. “I don't think *I've* reached a ton yet, so I should be okay to gain some more.” She tapped her chin. “Of course, if they actually have chocolate and peanut butter cake like I asked, I can't make promises...”

Ceres whinnied. “Am I that big?”

“You sure look like it,” Cerine answered, pushing on his belly and making it slowly slosh and wobble. The shifting weight of his gut made the bed frames creak and groan under him. “Tell you what,

there's a pool, right? Eat yourself silly tonight and then we'll hit the pool tomorrow. I wanna see how humongous you get.”

“You gonna eat, too?”

“It's free food and I got nobody to be skinny for.”

Turns out they *did* have chocolate and peanut butter cake, or they made it special for her after she asked. Cerine lost track of how much of it she ate the evening before, but she remembered feeling as heavy as a boulder with a stomach nearly protruding past her chest, and the empty tins covered in crumbs piled up beside her on the bed. The pink vixen passed out into a deep food coma after dinner, laid out in bed like a ball of fluffy dough left to proof.

When she woke the next morning, she struggled to get out of bed. It wasn't long before more attentive ghost hands flew in through the walls to sink their fingers and palms into her back fat and hips and help roll the oversized cow-fox to her feet. Cerine waddled to the mirror in the attached half-bathroom in the hotel room and a porky-faced fox twice as big as she remembered gawked back at her. She'd doubled in size overnight, expanding from her decadent meal into a six-hundred-or-so pound sphere of fox.

“Well, I did say it, didn't I?” she mused, patting her belly and feeling the ghostly hands continue to admire her figure manually. They jiggled her enormous hips and rubbed circles around her thick middle. The fox didn't gain much in her belly, but her torso had swollen to the point that she was enormous. She had heavy shoulders and saddlebags on her sides, and her boobs were gigantic, both with fat and an entire night's worth of building up milk. “Guess I'm going to be horse-sized, too.” She brushed her paws up and down her bust and felt the hands tease her cheeks and her buttery love handles. “Well, you keep pampering me, I'll just let things happen, I suppose.”

The bedroom door opened and she turned around – slowly – to see a cart wheeling in breakfast. It was loaded to the edges with pancakes and waffles, all topped with syrup, peanut butter, and chocolate drizzles. They had her number now. And beyond breakfast, the bottom of the cart had a couple of stacked up aluminum pails so they could help her with her dairy fox needs. Cerine waddled back to the bed and sat down, her soft hips and buns spreading out across almost the entire bed. Her weight-inflated breasts, which she wrapped her arms around, rest on top of and slightly over the sides of even her prodigious thighs.

The ghostly hands immediately attended to her, bringing her a gluttonous breakfast on par with the meal she had the night before as well as setting the buckets under her. The storm of hands attending her teasingly played with her fatter muzzle and jiggled her under-chin fat, encouraging her to open wide so they could begin shoveling the meal into her maw. They wanted her fatter; she enjoyed eating it. Especially as more of the hands teased her nipples, getting a good grip by forming a C with their fingers and squeezing. They gave her some good tugs and treated her like the big, overweight cow she was becoming, emptying her strawberry milk into the buckets.

Since she'd ballooned in size, this meal didn't feel as heavy or decadent as the one last night. She definitely didn't feel like she was about to pass out. But it was still an enormous amount of breakfast. The hands completely filled two buckets and hauled them away – presumably to make something else irresistible to a certain inflating horse – as Cerine licked a plate formerly stacked with waffles completely clean of syrup. She burped softly into her cheeks and struggled to lift one boob on her entire arm so she could rub her stuffed tummy.

“So,” she said to the hands around her, all delightedly poking and jiggling her slowly-expanding frame, “you wouldn't happen to have any swimsuits, would you? Er, in my size...”

To her surprise, they did. The hands whisked in a handful of different bathing suits – and that's what they were – that all looked a bit unfashionably dated. Cerine wriggled her nose. There were a couple two-pieces but they were, well... pointier than she preferred, and she wasn't sure they had her level of buxomness in mind. She settled on a dark blue one-piece that was a single solid color. Not the

best, but she didn't want to walk around nude, even if she was alone here.

The hands helped her jiggle into it. It was still a touch loose, but as she digested her meal she was beginning to fill it out. The fox's breasts were big enough to fill her entire arm circumference and then some now, and just like her dress the day before, she had more ass hanging out of the outfit than in it. But she was able to waddle around somewhat contained, so there was that. Cerine admired her hefty body in the mirror, slowly gaining breakfast weight and stretching the elastic-like fabric of the swimsuit. It rest snug around her girthy middle, with her navel on her plump belly beginning to show, as well as the pudgy roll of belly fat that was finally beginning to make its way to her lap. Most of it was contained in the swimsuit, but a little was squeezing out through the sides. The hands helpfully tried to squish her tummy pudge into the suit, but Cerine was pretty sure they weren't doing a very good job, either on purpose or otherwise.

Drumming her paws on her round middle, the fox grinned. "Welp. It's the treadmill for me the minute I get home." When the ghostly hands wagged fingers in her face, she nipped back at them. "Hey, you can feed me all you want. I'll eat and pork up."

The hands seemed somewhat satisfied, and two of them counted something on their fingers. The remaining meals they'd have to feed her, maybe? Either way, Cerine squeezed her hip-heavy bulk out of her first floor hotel room, wondering how Ceres was going to manage to pull that off. His door, right across the hall, was already open, and she didn't see his blimp-sized belly in there from here, so she wasn't going to get her answer first-hand. She idly wondered where an almost-ton-heavy horse could've gotten to without her noticing, but she supposed he probably slipped by while she was eating. She was pretty invested in the peanut butter and chocolate waffles.

There were, at least, heavy hoofprints crushed into the carpet for her to follow. Cerine hiked up her swimsuit's shoulder straps, feeling her cleavage slosh against her muzzle, and she walked beside the tracks to keep them in view. They led her deeper into the hotel, towards the back, where the first floor had more of its interesting amenities. The pool was this way, so she was pretty sure that's where Ceres had headed.

The tracks led her to the pool chamber, which stunk of fresh chlorine. She wondered if the hands had freshened it up for them after hearing her suggest it. Ceres was already here waiting for her, and he was pretty pool-sized, himself. Like her, the horse had once more doubled in size, apparently, though that was a lot more weight on him than it was on the fox. He was standing beside the pool, his equine more than double the width he was tall, with a tremendous belly pressing flat against the tiled floor beneath him. His face was swathed in fat, and he panted softly as he watched Cerine waddle over to him, her own figure looking slender against his mass.

The vixen squished her paws into Ceres's bulk. "Did you literally eat all night?" she asked, jiggling the upper roll of his gut.

"They didn't- urp- stop bringing me food," he explained. His figure sloshed all around him, the ripples flowing back and forth before they traveled from his belly into the floor. "And you told me to get fat."

"Well, you definitely have," the tubby fox said, jiggling the massive horse even more. He had to be two tons now. Seriously, how did he get out of that room? She rubbed her chin and looked over at the pool next to them. "Well, I said we should go swimming, but I'm not sure how you're even going to get in it... at least, without literally rolling you."

Ceres blushed and heaved his huge bulk around, looking past his blubber-encased shoulder and blob-sized moobs as he scanned the pool. At the far end was a diving board over the deep water. The horse licked his muzzle and whickered as he pointed a hoof barely emerging from fat rolls at it. "I'll use that."

"Uh... you sure?" Cerine asked, raising a white eyebrow. She tested his width with her paws.

"I'll just jump in. Don't worry, I'll float."

The horse grabbed two blubbery hoof-fuls of stomach and lifted, carrying his own weight as he

waddled around the pool. Cerine blushed and rubbed her nose, watching him slosh and wobble with every step. His ass cheeks, each bigger than her, bounced like gelatin after each dull clop of hoof against tile. She could barely even see his feet for all his fat. As he got ready, she gingerly began to sit herself down at the other end of the pool, maneuvering her oddly-proportioned frame so she didn't just fall over. Many of the ghost hands emerged from the walls and floor just then, pressing on her breasts and hips and helping her to balance her weight as she sat down. She gave a bunch of them a playful pat and swung her tail around her, dropping the end of it into the water next to her black-furred feet.

Ceres approached the diving board. Handrails were standard nowadays, but the old pool didn't have any, so there was nothing to obstruct his couch-wide figure from climbing up onto the board. Hefting his blubbery belly up higher – so that it was an inch off the ground – the immense horse put one hoof on the board and then the other. The hands that finished helping Cerine sit down flew over to him and slapped into his girth like meteor impacts – including creating short-lived craters in his blubber and ripples that flowed around his girth. The hands grabbed his fat and helped lift, making it easier for the horse to wobble his way down to the end of the board.

But the board wasn't doing a very good job of supporting a horse who weighed as much as a sedan. With each slow, unsteady step he took, the long board shivered and bent, the tip of it plunging down into the water. Even with the hands helping lift the horse, the board looked ready to snap. Dozens more hands came soaring in from all around the hotel, zooming past the obese vixen on the other side of the pool and gathering together in a collective swarm underneath the diving board. They pushed upwards all at once, struggling to balance out Ceres's weight. It helped some, raising the board upwards a bit. But as the horse kept trudging forward, the balance pushed back against the hands, causing the board to bend towards the end. The whole board creaked and crackled along its length, and as Ceres got to the end, his flab hanging over three sides of the pool, the hands were all but submerged. Cerine bit her lip, watching as the blubbery horse jiggled from hoof to ear from the shivering tension in the board under him.

“Your ass is gonna hit the board when you jump,” she told him.

“I noticed,” Ceres whinnied. “I'm actually not sure if I can-”

The board snapped under him, breaking at its middle and sending him straight down. For a moment, he felt weightless as his lard was suspended in midair, but it caught up with him as he crashed down into the water. The swarm of hands scattered in all directions, and the board did, in fact, spank his extra-wide hindquarters on the way down. He hit with an enormous splash, a tsunami of water roaring across the pool to splash over the fox. Cerine's own heavy weight helped her resist the impact, but she was soaked from head to toe now. Water streamed down her tail and around her wide hips and she rubbed her arm across her face to brush her hair away.

Ceres bobbed like a buoy in the pool, his blubber forming a raft around him. Despite him splashing much of it out of the pool, the water level had actually gone up by an inch or two with the massive horse filling it. He shivered as drops from the ceiling dripped down onto his head and moobs from where the splash had hit the roof. Smiling, Cerine pushed herself into the pool, feeling the water take a lot of the excess weight off her feet. She paddled over to the immense horse and climbed up his body like a float.

“I'll give it an eight,” she told him, grinning.

The sun was beginning to set as another figure, curvy around the hips and chest, came up the stairs to the old hotel. The dark-furred wolfess brushed back her purple-tipped hair and adjusted her scarf as she admired the very, very old brickwork and architecture. This *looked* like the place, she guessed. Digging into her jacket pocket, she fished out the letter she got in the mail. It had no return address, but there was a letterhead at the top of the paper that matched the description. In elegant handwriting, the letter requested her presence for a few days just to watch over things, and she'd be the only living soul around. It would be a nice, quiet getaway, she figured, so she decided to get a little

headstart and head out on the weekend.

Megan walked up to the front doors and saw a huge shadow through the old, warped glass coming to greet her, despite what the letter promised. The shadow filled the space behind the doors and then they slowly opened... revealing a hugely obese and familiar-looking fox.

“Cerine?” the wolfess gasped, looking at her very, very fat friend. Very fat and not particularly well-clothed, as if she'd swollen out of the things she was wearing.

Cerine licked some icing from her muzzle and also blinked back at her friend. “Huh? Megan? What are you doing here?”

“I... got a letter asking me to come watch the place for a bit.”

“Oh! You must be the next shift. The letter mentioned that. Come on in.”

Megan stepped inside, placing one paw on Cerine's half-ton bulk. “Girl, uh... how much have you been eating? You're a blimp.”

“Oh, it's fine. The service here is incredible. Come on, you can join us for dinner. They're not gonna mind.”

“They?”

Cerine waddled slowly across the foyer, leading the plump wolfess towards the dining hall. The hugely obese fox squeezed through the double doors, hips bouncing as she popped through, and Megan huffed a bit under her breath at the sight. Inside the dining room, the furniture had all been removed except for a single table, because a hemisphere-shaped blob of black and blue horse fat was taking up so much space that there wouldn't be room for everything. Ceres was gargantuan, almost entirely rolls now as floating, wispy hands poured food into his gullet from above, causing him to gradually but visibly expand with even more fat. More of the hands floated over to Cerine and tugged her back to the single table set up near the horse's island-sized bulk, where there was a truck tire-sized chocolate cake waiting for her.

Megan had only a moment to process it all before hands surrounded her, too. They took off her scarf and removed her jacket for her, hanging them up by the door. With those off, the wolfess's lightly chubby figure peeked through her t-shirt, and the hands helped themselves to a pinch of belly fat, bouncing it approvingly. As the pink vixen settled onto her three chairs on one side of the table, within arm's reach of Ceres's expanding belly flab, Megan was led to another chair opposite from her and helped to sit down.

“So yeah, everything's delicious,” Cerine explained, “and they can make pretty much anything you want. So just eat! Indulge for a couple days.” The fox smiled and pat her fat-piled flanks.

“Well, I'm on a diet,” Megan said, but a silver dish was placed in front of her. The hands removed the lid and her nose was enticed by perfectly cooked steak, macaroni and cheese, and seasoned fries. She gulped, licking her lips. “B-but... this looks good, too...”

“Dig in,” Cerine told her, leaning a paw over and scratching under the wolfess's chin. She glanced towards Ceres and then asked the wolfess, “Oh, and uh, if you've got signal, can you order a crane for us so we can get him out of here?”

* * * * *

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