

Threads of Fat, Chapter 8

By Cerine Hero

Stella sat down on the couch, red-cheeked and out of breath, as Vera finished hauling the last of the groceries inside. The fat skunk fanned herself, tugging at the edges of her clothes to try to get cool air down between her rolls. Sweaty hair stuck to her shoulders and she brushed it back. She sat on the edge of her couch so she could twist and look back into the kitchen, watching the slender vixen stuff the freezer to the rim with ice cream and other snacks.

The skunk licked her muzzle and then hefted her heavy weight off the couch, waddling into the kitchen to appear behind the fox. She bumped her belly into Vera's back and rump, leaning forward to catch some of the cool air flowing out of the open freezer. The vixen grinned and leaned into her supersized squeeze, reaching a frigid paw up to tease under Stella's chin. The hot skunk almost melted from the touch, and she slid her fingers up to gently wrap them around Vera's paw. Then she stuffed it into her cleavage.

"Oh, god, that's the spot," Stella wheezed, leaning her head back and closing her eyes. Vera doubled over, laughing with her head resting on the front of the refrigerator. She wiped her eyes and then turned to face the huge skunk, gently running her fingers through swaths of breast fur.

"You need to get s-s-some exercise," the fox told her, wrapping her other arm around her waist and holding the skunk close. Stella blushed brightly and glanced down at her massive body, but her eyes slid towards her wrist, looking at the flat, black facet on the front of the bracelet. A steady orange glow blazed within it, having changed readily since they moved in all the groceries into the house. Vera caught her gaze and reached up to her wrist, massaging her thumb across it. Stella's breath caught for a moment as she expected the fox to notice the bracelet, but her fingertips passed through it like it wasn't even there. "Are you okay?" Vera asked. "That wasn't rude, was it?"

"N-no," Stella stammered, leaning her weight against the skinny fox. Not for the first time, she noticed how wide she was against the slender girl's frame. She easily leaned Vera back against the stainless steel surface of the refrigerator, pushing the sliding freezer door shut. The white-furred fox grinned playfully as she was smothered in heavy skunk body. Stella rocked her weight back and forth. "Exercise is the last thing I need right now. But I should hop in the shower..."

Vera leaned her head to the right and tilted her muzzle towards the open, wall-sized windows. "Well, Elle, you've got a pool right there..."

Stella followed her gaze. Her thick tail flicked excitedly behind her and she turned back to look at the fox. "I've got some swimsuits in the closet somewhere, but you-"

White-furred fingers gently clamped the skunk's muzzle closed. "Who cares," Vera whispered, the tips of her fangs peeking out as she grinned. "Whatcha got that big privacy wall for if you aren't going to use it?"

Vera let go of Stella's muzzle and reached down, hooking her fingers underneath the skunk's shirt. She pulled it loose from where it was pinned underneath her belly hang and began to lift. Rolls of fur-coated blubber bounced free, rubbing against Vera's slender frame. Stella blushed red and felt her heart wiggle its way up her throat, making it hard to inhale. She stepped backwards, her wide hindquarters pushing against the kitchen island. The fox followed her step-for-step, silvery eyes locked to hers as she continued to tease.

"Um... I'll just let myself out, Ms. Mitchell."

Stella and Vera both turned to see the house cleaner standing between the kitchen and living room, holding his bag of supplies. The quoll was trying not to look directly towards the two of them. He fussed with his uniform and looked towards his shoes.

The skunk cleared her throat. Even though her chestnut brown fur covered much of her blush, her face was so hot that the white blaze on her muzzle was turning pink. "Sorry, Mark, I forgot you were coming today," she explained, trying to grin. "Uh... go ahead and call it a day and write down full hours, I'm going to be busy..."

"Yes, ma'am," the quoll replied. He turned and started towards the door quickly, calling back, "See you Monday!"

Stella and Vera waited to hear the front door shut and the quoll's car start before exhaling and laughing. "I wish that was the first time I'd done that to him," the skunk giggled. "At least it was just me last time..."

"Call me jealous." Vera leaned in and kissed Stella's collarbone, continuing to work her top upwards around her heavy frame. Fingertips brushed upwards along love handles as her belly was completely exposed and the cups of her black bra were soon uncovered. Stella raised her arms over her head so Vera could pull off her top, tossing it aside. The fox pressed against her, making her chest wobble in her bra, as white arms encircled her. She reached for the clasp on the huge skunk's bra.

"You know you can't reach," Stella reminded her. Twisting sideways, she lifted her hair up on her forearms. Vera unhooked the heavy-duty clasp and slid the straps down over Stella's shoulders. The skunk felt her heavy breasts spreading across the top of her belly as the cups sagged in front, and she pulled the bra away.

The first time they were together, Stella was uncomfortable and self-conscious in her fur. It took her a while to relax as she and Vera became intimate. Certainly, part of it was because of her oversized, blubber-loaded body that she barely recognized as her own, but even more than that she struggled with feeling attractive in general. But she'd grown a little more accustomed to her size and weight by now -- enough to not feel confused and alarmed as her breasts poured out of her bra like a flood breaking a dam, a distinctive new sensation for her at this size. Those feelings of inadequacy were still hiding in there, but at least she could nudge them down now. Vera also made her feel comfortable, especially as paws snuck around her body and teased her exposed fur.

"Hungry?" the vixen asked, brushing her tail along Stella's heavy side. The skunk nodded, feeling her stomach churn and grumble in anticipation of the supersized meal that the fox had picked out for her. "You can go hop into the pool and I'll get things ready."

Stella nodded, begrudgingly stepping outside the reach of Vera's paws and sliding the door to the back open. She glanced over her shoulder as the fox started to arrange the food onto platters. Sparing her bracelet and its ever-present, annoying glow another glance, the skunk headed towards the pool. The rest of her clothes came off slowly, piling up beside her on the smoothed concrete. She swore she felt eyes on her, and glanced back to see Vera stealing glances, smiling. Blushing, Stella slipped -- or splashed -- into the water, feeling the cool liquid lap around her thighs, then her hips, and up to her chest. The water level didn't rise as much as she feared. If she climbed into a jacuzzi it would probably overflow, however...

She lowered herself underneath the water to wet her face and hair, feeling the brisk chill against her overheated cheeks. When Stella resurfaced, Vera was setting plates and cartons of ice cream at the edge of the pool. Again, the skunk was shocked by how much of it there was. Her stomach wasn't actually as big as her whole belly; she hoped Vera knew that.

“Isn’t it bad to swim and eat?” Stella asked, resting herself against the edge of the pool and feeling her weighty figure squish against it.

“You’re not going to s-s-swim,” the fox replied. She peeled her dark, band-logo-bearing shirt off like it was nothing and tossed it. As Vera stripped, the poor skunk’s cheeks overheated again. Soon there was a pile of both oversized and undersized clothes stacked next to the pool and the stark white vixen jumped from the side into the center. When she broke the surface, her fauxhawk was completely full of water and fallen down over her face. Stella took her shoulder and brushed her hair back behind her ears with her other paw. Vera returned the favor, smoothing Stella’s long, silvery hair that surrounded her large body underwater like a cloud. They pressed together in the pool, paws holding one another while the ice cream cartons sparkled with frost.

“Okay, you take a s-s-ugh,” Vera started to say, rolling her eyes. Stella watched her patiently. “Park your butt on the s-s-steps.”

“If I’ll fit on them,” the skunk replied. She took a couple steps backwards to the corner, holding the railing in her paw. Her ass slid snugly between the rail and the edge of the pool, fat rolls squashing around the aluminum pole. It was a bit of a balancing act to balance her heavy hips and buns on the narrow step, but the water mostly kept her upright. “Only just...”

Vera waded through the chest-deep water and stood in front of Stella. Her body teased its way easily between the skunk’s thighs, her flat stomach pushing up the rolls of belly blubber in front of her. She cupped her paws underneath her girlfriend’s floating breasts and leaned in. Lips parted and their muzzles locked together. Stella pulled her white fox close, feeling the intimacy spark electricity at the nape of her neck before rolling down her spine.

“I wanted to get a taste f-first,” Vera told her, pulling out of the kiss. She reached to the edge of the pool and grabbed a plate. “Then I can compare after.”

Stella went slightly cross-eyed as she watched the slice of pie get placed just under her nose. Opening her mouth again, she let Vera gently push it in. Her fangs sank down through the crust and filling, piercing through cherries covered in sugary syrup. Water splashed behind her as her tail shivered from the delightful taste. It was store-bought pie, but still, the skunk was a bit energized from feeling the fox’s fingers gently brush her lips while her other paw teased along her neck. The rest of the pie soon followed the first slice, and Vera only leaned in closer with each bite. Stella could feel warm breath against her wet fur. She wrapped an arm around the fox’s waist and tugged her close so she was sitting on top of one of the bigger girl’s thighs.

The skunk did as she promised -- she ate every piece of offered food without complaint. The affectionate look in the vixen’s eyes made it pretty easy to keep going even when her stomach started to groan after four cartons of strawberry ice cream. Multiple paws massaged the top of her stomach, with fingers sliding underneath her breasts. Stella cut her eyes sidelong towards the pile of food at the edge of the pool and gulped at how much more she needed to eat. Gurgles in her tight tummy signaled that the end was near.

But Vera was having too much fun. And the bracelet was somewhat yellow-green now. That thing was getting more insatiable by the day... but it was probably harder to keep her body growing as she gained more weight. She was cursed to be a living balloon. It didn’t feel too bad right now, but she’d ask herself again in the morning.

The fox spoonfed the skunk big helpings of ice cream. Stella could practically feel her midsection expanding with food, with tension building across her waist as she became more and more stuffed. “Did you, like, measure this out or anything?” the skunk gasped between bites.

“Not really,” Vera replied. She got her left paw wet in the pool water and wiped Stella’s

muzzle clean of crumbs with a smile. “Just give me a poke on the nose when you’re gonna pop.”

“Ugh, well...” Stella pushed a fingertip into her tightening belly. Layers of fat squished between her finger and a hard place. “I’m definitely feeling it.”

“A little bit more, then I’ll give you belly rubs,” the vixen promised, feeding her a few more cookies. The water around Stella’s belly practically vibrated as her belly grumbled and strained, inching outwards slightly more. The skunk clutched both paws around her stomach, rubbing in slow, deliberate circles to try to ease the discomfort.

“Never got belly rubs before. That’s so weird to think about...” Stella murmured, burping softly and trying to cover her muzzle.

“What about it?”

“Oh, um. Nothing, sorry, I was just thinking out loud.”

Vera raised an eyebrow and then shrugged, grabbing a pawful of apple fritters and popping them one-by-one into Stella’s mouth. The skunk ate, breathing heavily between each one. She was glad she was practically jammed into her seat here, or she’d have probably rolled over onto her back by now and thrown in the towel. Or she’d have gone to get a towel. The skunk was pretty sure at this point that her belly was stuffed so much that it was pinned between the rail and wall of the pool just as much as her hips.

She took a glance at her bracelet, lifting her wrist out of the water while Vera reached for another bit of food. The glowing light inside the black stone was almost entirely gone now. This meal *better* be good enough to keep her fattening. It was all junk food! Stella held her belly and bit her lip, raising her paw up to tap the vixen’s nose.

Vera turned towards her and smirked. Leaning in close again, the fox placed both paws around her face and pushed in for another firm kiss. That same sense of electricity crackled along the back of Stella’s scalp again. They keld the kiss as long as they pleased, teasing one another’s hair. Wet, cold fur separated their warm bodies as they embraced. The sun was beginning to set now, and orange glittered on the top of the pool.

A couple of the tall, narrow trees on the outside of the privacy fence shifted and rustled, drawing Stella and Vera’s attention. The fox sat upright, her soaked fur rising up in alarm. She wrapped her forearms around her bare chest and looked towards the noise. Stella craned her neck, but there was nothing to see.

“What was that?” Vera asked. Her playful mood was shattered by the distraction, and now she looked guarded and nervous.

Stella put her paw on the fox’s shoulder. “I think it was a critter or something.”

“Well, I think I’d like to go back inside,” Vera said, still covering herself with her arms.

“Sure. Help me up and out.”

The vixen squeezed Stella’s paw and started to pull. Biting her lip, the heavy skunk sloshed herself back and forth to pop herself loose from between the wall and the rail. Her full hips slid slowly until finally she was up on her feet, feeling her overstuffed stomach lurch deep in her midsection. Disturbed water rippled heavily around the two of them. Stella climbed out of the water, feeling Vera’s paw on her rump in an attempt to help push.

Water streamed from their fur as they climbed out of the pool, pouring across the concrete. Stella fetched towels from the box and wrapped one around Vera’s middle, helping her dry off. It took a little more effort to cover Stella, since she was too big to wrap up. The skunk let Vera dry her tail and brush the towel across her tubby figure, drying her off. The grin slowly returned to the fox’s face and Stella kissed her cheek.

Once they were no longer carrying buckets of water in their coats, they headed inside,

ditching the towels on the bathroom floor and jumping into the shower to wash the chlorine out of their fur. They dried again and dressed in warm clothes. Vera helped pull on some designer pajama shorts up the skunk's thighs, and they shared a laugh as the fox practically vanished inside the smallest thing Stella had for her to wear: a long-sleeved white top. It covered her from shoulder to mid-thigh and blended into her fur. They found something comfy and cotton for Stella, but it barely stretched around her bloated stomach. Neither of them even realized how much she'd bloated after the meal. Vera smoothed her paws across the top of the skunk's belly.

"Ready to lay down?" she asked, moving towards the bed and grinning.

"Absolutely," Stella replied. Her eyes shifted towards the bed and she blushed a little, her still-a-little-damp tail waving eagerly. Getting in bed would be nice, but... "It's still a little early for that," she said, taking Vera's paw and gently rubbing her thumb across the knuckles. "How about we go back to the couch and watch something? Then we can figure out something for dinner."

Vera's eyes lit up and she led the skunk back to the living room, easing the stuffed food tank down onto the couch and stretching her out on her back. Adjusting her loose top, Vera laid herself down between Stella's thighs, with her torso resting on top of that heavy belly, and the belly weighing on the skunk's lap. Stella felt her stomach lurch uncomfortably as she laid down, and a whimpery grunt escaped her throat. White ears perked up and Vera started to massage and knead the top of Stella's belly. Soothing waves rolled outward through her gut where the soft paws teased her body and Stella rest her head back on the cushion beneath her.

She wrapped her fingers around the remote for her television and turned it on to add a little bit of white noise in the background. Vera popped her belly out of the restrictive top and peppered it with light kisses. A gentle rumble in her chest made Stella's fat vibrate pleasantly whenever their bodies pushed together.

"I've got a question, actually," the fox said, looking towards the TV as Stella flipped idly through a grid of movie covers available to stream. She flicked her tail above her and rested her chin on top of Stella's belly, looking down over the skunk's bust to make eye contact. "Do you ever watch your own movies?"

Stella's eyebrow popped up. Well... no? As far as she was concerned, she'd never been in any movies! But that was obviously not the answer she could give. What would Other Stella say? Would she like watching herself on the screen? This Stella was pretty sure she wouldn't, but she wasn't sure exactly why.

"Uh... I've never really done it," the skunk said, half telling the truth. "Do you want to?"

Vera grinned playfully. "Let's do it. It'll be cute."

Stella searched for her name and several films popped up. She picked one at random and put the remote down, half-watching while Vera continued to tease and massage her belly. A few minutes into the movie, the fox pointed to the screen and squealed.

"There you are! Oh, you were kinda thin in this one, too."

Sure enough, Other Stella stepped out onto the screen. She really was a lot thinner than compared to Stella now, maybe about two hundred pounds lighter. The chestnut-brown skunk wore a lab coat and discussed some plot-relevant details with the movie's male lead. Stella wasn't paying attention to the movie itself; she was just looking in the most bizarre mirror anyone could ever hope to see. That was her... at least, physically. But she looked more beautiful and confident than Stella could have ever imagined herself being. Suddenly a twinge of despair shot through her heart.

How was she supposed to actually imitate that person? Even if that person was her...

somewhat. She and Vera both got pulled into watching the movie. The fox rest her head on top of Stella's belly and watched, gently trailing a claw tip around pudgy side rolls. By the end of the film, her silver-gray eyes glazed over and eventually her paw went slack. Vera's face was half-buried in soft skunk fur, and her snoring gently overlapped the credits music.

Stella smiled and rubbed her paw over the fox's head, wanting to love on her but not wake her. While Vera slept, she queued up another of Other Stella's movies. She watched everything about her performance: the way she moved, how she spoke, especially how she changed it from character to character. It was weird. Stella had never been too into actual movie making or acting before - not the nuts and bolts of it, at least. She just wanted to see the stories and feel the emotions resonate inside her chest.

But she watched herself on the screen for hours, thoughtfully chewing on the corner of the remote while her brain wrapped itself around everything she was seeing. Maybe she could actually do this? She just needed to watch herself at work a little bit more... Stella ended up watching half the movies on the streaming service before Vera yawned wide and half-bit a huge roll of Stella's belly when her mouth closed. Stella squealed and jiggled.

"Oh, f-fuck, I'm s-s-sorry," the fox groggily murmured, pushing herself upright in the dark. She tried to work a tuft of fur out of her mouth with her tongue. "I had a dream I was, like... s-sinking into a plush bean bag chair and I got s-s-stuck."

"It's okay," Stella told her. The initial shock had worn off and she found that she really only got pinched, not bitten. She giggled and smoothed down her belly fur where Vera's cheek had pushed it all up. "Um, there was something said about dinner, right? You must be starving..."

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