

Threads of Fat, Chapter 6

by Cerine Hero

The little red lamp on the top of the studio camera blinked to life. Signs blinked for applause and the audience did as they were told, clapping and cheering loudly. A house band started to rip into an upbeat, peppy tune as the stage lights came on and the host bounced onto the set. The cheering redoubled and the audience was up on its feet, whistling and shouting for the show's host.

A full-figured, reddish-pink raccoon smiled cheerfully and shook her paws enthusiastically in the air to wave at everyone at once. She started to dance, shaking her body in tune with the band's music. After a minute, the applause signs turned off, but the audience remained jubilant until the raccoon motioned for them to sit down. Slowly, the din of clapping and cheering died down and the show could go on.

"Thank you all so much for coming!" the raccoon said, holding her arms out towards everyone like she was going to embrace them all at once. "Everyone in here and everyone out there in the world, welcome back to *Live with Rose*. We've got a wonderful show for you this morning, don't we, Jimmy?"

"Yes, we do," the band leader replied, playing out a sharp tune on his keyboard.

Rose clasped her paws together in front of her chest and smiled. "So should we get this show started?" She waited while the audience cheered their answer. "Beautiful! It's always good to have an enthusiastic crowd, isn't it? My first guest today is a silver screen superstar and someone I consider a great friend. Her new movie is the biggest superhero film of the year, *Star Ranger!*" She gestured towards the cameras and talked directly to the show manager. "I think we have a clip from the film, is that right? Let's give everyone a little peek!"

While the cameras were re-adjusted and the big screen played a clip from the film, Stella fussed with her clothes from just off-stage. A solid week's worth of hanging out with Vera and trying to keep her bracelet appeased – at least glowing green if not completely dark – was starting to show on her figure. The skunk needed to eat a lot, and Vera was happy to put her paws to use to shovel it all in. Even though it was a very different experience for her, being five times her old size, Stella was happy to have the affection and intimacy from the fox. Belly rubs were fast becoming a much-desired interaction, along with big squeezes on her hips. The heavy skunk was not quite so thrilled about Vera shaking her arm fat or bouncing her weight around, but she was getting used to it.

Stella's leggings were way too snug around her lower body, but her gray dress covered them – at least as well as it could. She'd gained some weight and her clothes were struggling. It was mildly interesting that ten or fifteen pounds when she was this big made little difference, but gaining that much when she was thin would've been the difference between skinny and jiggy. The skunk swore to herself that she wouldn't complain if she ever got thirty pounds or so overweight.

Assuming she was ever her old size again...

She looked sideways at Vivian, who was standing beside her in a crisp blazer and skirt. The doe was busy typing away on her cell phone. "So, um..." Stella started to say, unsure how to word her question. Something Rose said made her curious. "Would you say she and I are good friends, or..."

"She says that about everyone, dear," Vivian replied. "It's her brand. Don't worry about it."

"Ah. I was just... a little confused there." That was close. She wanted to know if she already knew the bubbly talk show host, but she also didn't want to look like someone who flippantly forgot about friendships.

The movie clip was still playing, but Stella didn't pay it much attention. She didn't really want to see her humongous blubber body bouncing around in that teensy superhero costume. The skunk picked at her bra's band underneath her dress, trying to keep her back rolls from rubbing on it awkwardly. It was pretty hopeless, made even worse by the microphone battery pack hooked there on the back of her dress. She needed bigger clothes. Everything in her closet was beginning to get snug. But she wasn't sure how the rich and famous actually shopped for new clothes. Could she just go down

to the department store like everyone else? Wait, would they even have anything in her size?

Maybe Vivian knew. "Hey, so I need to-" Stella began, but there was noise from the set in front of them.

"Okay, they're about to call you, Stella," Vivian said, reaching up and touching her shoulder.

"Remember: big smiles, big friendly face, chipper daytime girl, right?"

I am making zero promises there, Stella thought. "You got it," she lied.

"You look a little nervous."

What an understatement. The skunk gave her belly a pat to tamp down her butterflies. At least, she'd seen plenty of interviews on TV, so she knew how they went. And she was an interviewer herself, though... her job wasn't like this. Interrogator was a better word, as much as she hated it. "Well... who isn't a little nervous?"

"Please give a big, beautiful round of applause for the big, beautiful and round Stella Mitchell!" Rose said, her voice carrying through the speakers. A stage manager appeared behind Stella like a ghost and flicked on her microphone battery before giving her a gentle, guiding push towards the stage. The heavy skunk took the hint and started to waddle her way out into view.

As soon as Stella emerged onto the stage, the audience went wild. They were up on their feet and cheering. The reaction was so quick and shocking that Stella forgot to keep walking, staring in fascinated awe with her jaw hanging open. There was an ocean of different colors and species there clapping for her; mostly women, but she saw some men, too. Whistles cut over the noise of applause.

She hadn't even considered yet the fact that, as an actress, she had *fans*. Never before had she walked into a room and gotten a standing ovation – at least, beside her graduation from law school, but that was shared with her entire class. These people were all happy to see her, but it was a strange sensation, since she didn't understand why. She'd done nothing to deserve it; they were happy to see Other Stella. Other Stella was the big superstar, not her.

Fingers wrapped around her paw and Stella noticed that Rose had snuck up on her. The raccoon smiled brightly and led her towards the center of the stage, where a couple of comfy chairs were set up around a little coffee table. Stella expected to immediately be led to sit down, but Rose had other plans. Once they were in the center of the stage, the raccoon immediately started to dance and shimmy to the music the house band was playing. Stella blushed and put her paws on her weight. She wasn't used to dancing, especially not like this, but Rose gave her a hip bump, sending the skunk's ass into a fit of jiggles. Rose wasn't a small woman, either, though she was about half of Stella's size. If she was happy to dance, then why not. Stella started small, swaying herself and trying to keep her balance as her center of gravity went back and forth around her body. Her weight sloshed around under her dress and in her leggings as she bounced, getting a little more comfortable with moving her body around. Rose bumped against her more heavily, bouncing off the skunk's wide hips.

The band shifted into a lower-energy tune to wind down, and Rose led Stella over to the seats. The one on the left was thoughtfully wide and solid enough to comfortably accommodate the bigger woman. The skunk was happy to sit down and take the weight off her poor paws and knees. She panted a little bit and fanned her chubby face.

"Tired?" Rose asked, settling into her plush seat and crossing her legs. Stella would have done the same, if her thighs weren't thicker than most people and her belly wasn't smothering them both.

"A little," the skunk replied, brushing back her long hair. Her arm bumped against the microphone clipped to her dress and she winced as it made a static noise. "I'm pretty out of practice."

"We should help you get back into that groove of things, love," Rose replied, smiling warmly. "It's wonderful exercise."

While Rose reached for her stack of question cards, Stella slipped a glance at the bracelet on her wrist. The black stone shimmered with inner green light. She'd need to eat a big meal soon. Exercising was right out.

Stella glanced towards the audience, watching eagerly from behind the line of cameras. Stella's

old job involved standing in front of much, *much* more hostile crowds, so the amount of people didn't bother her at all. She just didn't feel like she deserved their expectant gazes.

“So, Stella,” Rose said, drawing the skunk's attention back towards her. The plump, matronly woman leaned on one of the armrests of her seat and managed to both speak and smile warmly at the same time. “Your new movie, *Star Ranger*. You're playing Princess Callandra, right? We have a picture of her, don't we? Can we put that on the screen here?”

An image appeared on the projector screen on the back wall of the set. It was a piece of art, clearly comic book style, of an artistically slender and sexy skunk in a small blue outfit and a cape. In one paw she held a dazzling laser-light sword. She did look a bit like Stella, particularly the fur colors. So it was obvious that Stella got tapped to play her because of her species, though there was about a six hundred pound weight difference between the actress and the awkwardly-proportioned figure in the artwork.

“They got the outfit right,” Stella murmured.

“Is it awkward doing stunts and stuff in an outfit like that?” Rose asked, gesturing towards the artwork on the screen. “How do you even stay in it?”

Stella adjusted her weight in her chair and thought about how to answer. She didn't actually know. “She” only wore the outfit for a couple hours and they had Vera do the stunt for her in the reshoot session. But she wasn't about to sit here and tell the truth – ‘I don't know, I'm from another dimension’ would be all over the evening news. Fortunately, Stella had a lot of practice talking about things she didn't actually know. Sometimes she could get a defendant's case tossed out because she took too long on arguments and there were twenty more hearings to hold that day.

Stella inhaled. “Lots of double-sided tape,” she replied. Chuckles rippled throughout the audience. “No, I mean, it's a bit weird, but you get used to it. I don't really do a whole lot of stunts, though.” She pat her paws on her tummy. “They don't want to lift me up on the wires. But I have a wonderful stunt double, she's amazing.”

“Did you ever read the comics before you did the film?” Rose asked, flipping to a new card. “I have, but it's been a pretty long time since then, and comics are really not like the ones that were around when I was a kid, lemme tell you.”

“Oh, uh...” Stella stammered, “this was really the first time I ever heard about her the other day- I mean, when I got cast. I've never been big into comics, I suppose. So it's definitely outside my comfort zone to do this film. I'm more into, um, romance pieces.”

“But you get to swing around the Sword of Righteousness, right? Is that really empowering?”

“The... what?”

“Callandra's sword.”

Stella glanced at the weapon in the artwork behind her. She thought back to the day when she did re-shoots, and they stuck a sword-less handle in her paw. The whole laser part was digital. “Oh. Honestly, I never even really saw it because I just had the handle part the whole time. That's all made in special effects. When the movie comes out, I'm going to be as impressed as all of you!”

There was more chuckling among the audience. Rose smiled at the audience and then turned back to Stella.

“What's it like working with Tawni?” Rose asked. “I've had her on the show before and she is an absolute delight to be around.”

The skunk quickly checked her memories. Oh, right – the fennec with the colorful hair who was there for the reshoots. What was her character's name again? Stella only met her once, but she was pleasant enough. Pleasant enough for her to fill in plenty of nice but technically bullshit things to say about her. “Oh, she is! She's wonderful. I adored having her as a co-star, and I would love to do more with her.” More with her and less with Chris Hailer, that was for sure.

Her throat was getting parched from the chatting. Stella spotted the cup of water on the table in front of her, reaching down to pick it up and take a sip. Rose flipped to another question card and a

broad smile flashed across her face.

“Going ahead a bit, you've been cast in *All the Mighty* for an unspecified role, isn't that right?”

“Yes, it is,” Stella answered. She didn't know. She just guessed Rose's show had right info.

“It's a period piece, yes? Can you tell us who you're playing?”

Time to blather. She'd seen actors and actresses do this all the time. “I'm afraid I can't,” Stella said, holding her cup in both paws. The audience let out a collective *awww*. “It's um... still really too early reveal that kind of stuff. But I think you're going to be excited about it. I know I was.” Stella lifted up her cup to take another drink.

“Well, rumors have it you're gaining weight for the role.”

Stella gagged on her water, accidentally sputtering some back into her cup. That was unexpected! Her face felt like it was on fire. The audience had a great, roaring laugh at Stella's expense, and Rose hid her smile behind her question cards.

She wasn't exactly sure how to answer that. Had she been gaining weight? Yes – but because some weird space-fox gave her a magic bracelet that told her when she needed to overeat and get fatter or she'd go back to her old life. Did that very conveniently work out that she'd need to get even bigger for another movie? Who on earth could she possibly need to be even bigger to portray?

“Mmm, um...” Stella replied, searching for words. She put a paw on her hip and felt the soft flesh covering her body. “Well, not like I can hide it, right? You're all gonna notice one way or the other. But yeah. I've uh, I've put on a little bit.”

“What's your goal weight?”

“I... don't know. I'm just kinda going for it right now, seeing what happens.”

Rose nodded eagerly. “What's your technique? Do you have a lot of trainers helping you pack on the pounds?” The raccoon pat her own belly. “I can say this is all naturally me!”

“Right now... pizza.” The audience burst out laughing. “And I have... well, I've got someone helping, but I wouldn't say she's a trainer. Really, it's just tons and tons of eating.”

Rose looked towards the stage managers and motioned towards them. “In fact – you know what, I think we've got an old photo for comparison, right? Can we put that up on the screen so we can see the difference?”

Stella turned towards the screen behind her and watched as a photograph of her was displayed. It was an odd feeling, looking at a photograph of yourself in a place you'd never been before, wearing clothes you'd never seen before. Other Stella was ravishing and beautiful, wearing a beautiful gown around her slender figure as she posed with a fan. She looked several years younger – or maybe just a few years younger; Stella forgot that this world was a couple years in the past compared to what she knew.

“Wow,” she breathed, looking at herself from ear to toe.

“Wow is right,” Rose replied. “Look how much you've changed.”

“How old is this photo?”

“It's from the awards ceremony two years ago, I think. Jimmy, is that right?”

Two years? How on earth did she get this big in only two years?! Stella's eyes went wide. If she had to keep gaining weight, then how big would she be in *two more years*? A heavy rock settled into the pit of her stomach and she gulped hard.

Rose kept talking. “You are absolutely beautiful, then and now, Stella. It's been an absolute delight to get to talk to you today, and I think I speak for everyone when we say we're all waiting with bated breath to see more of you!”

“I really hope you mean the movies and not my weight.”

The raccoon burst out laughing and shook her cards in Stella's direction. “You! You are a treat! Ladies and gentlemen and everyone in-between, Stella Mitchell! Please catch *Star Ranger* in theaters next month! We'll be right back with our next guest, animal expert Garrett McWynn. He's bringing some fine friends to meet us!”

The band played a jaunty tune while the overhead camera panned out for the transition shot to commercial. There was murmuring among the audience while the stage crew brought out another chair and took away the coffee table in the center of the set. Stella looked around and started to stand up.

"I guess I'm done, right?" she asked while Rose checked on some things with one of the staffers.

"Oh, no, no, dear!" Rose replied. She reached out and patted Stella's paw. "You're going to stick around while Garrett does his thing. It's going to be plenty of fun, trust me! They do want you to stand up so we can adjust the seating, though."

Stella nodded and hefted her weight onto her feet. Immediately, the crew shifted her big chair down a space and brought in a regular-sized one to sit between Stella's and Rose's. Looking around, the skunk saw Vivian still watching from just backstage. The doe gave her two big thumbs up, her phone still in one paw. Stella tried to figure out how to sign "you never said anything about animals" back at her, but ended up just making a bunch of random gestures. Vivian tilted her head and shrugged in confusion, unable to figure out what the skunk was trying to say.

Everything got settled in a blur and Stella was brought back to sit in her chair again, this time a little further apart from Rose since she wasn't the main guest anymore. The raccoon smoothed down her clothes and got ready for filming to start again, so Stella did the same, adjusting her dress around her hips.

The audience began to clap and the band started playing, signaling that filming was about to start. Rose lit back up with her cheerful demeanor and waved excitedly towards the audience. Stella wasn't sure if she was supposed to wave or not, so she just sat with her paws tucked between her heavy chest and belly. She didn't really feel like shaking her arm rolls at everyone, anyways.

"Welcome back!" Rose said, looking right at the nearest camera. "If you're just tuning in, I'm joined by the gorgeous Stella Mitchell."

"Hi."

"-and my next guest is about to come out. I want everyone to give a very warm welcome to animal expert Garrett McWynn and his special friends!"

The audience began to clap and cheer – though Stella noticed not *quite* as vociferously as they did when she came out. The set doors opened and a coyote in a safari costume came out, carrying a couple cardboard boxes decorated with lots of air holes. Garrett set the boxes down where the coffee table had been and then took his seat next to Stella. He reached across and shook her paw. She was a little apprehensive since she didn't know where his paw had been, but cameras were on them, so she smiled and shook it softly.

Rose and Garrett started to chat a bit. Stella tuned it out. She sat there quietly, drumming her paws on top of her tummy. There was a little bit of rustling in the boxes at her feet. The skunk stretched out her spine and inclined her head, looking over her bust and down her muzzle at the boxes. One of them shifted and wiggled a little. Stella bit her lower lip and tucked her feet in against the bottom of her seat to get just a bit further away.

"So why don't we get them out, huh?" the coyote asked, raising his voice for the sake of the audience. There was loud cheering and clapping from the crowd. Garrett stood up from his chair and knelt down beside the first box. He lifted up the lid and Stella got a look at the piled-up serpent inside. Her eyes went wide and her fingers sank into her belly fat. "Now this absolutely beautiful girl here is Aimee, she's a silver-stripe sharpnose and she is extremely gentle. She's been handled by people her whole life." The coyote reached into the box with both paws and lifted out the four-foot-long snake. The snake had dark scales with a glittery silver line running down its back.

"So where does Aimee live, normally?" Rose asked, leaning forward to look at the snake.

"All our animals live at our wildlife rehabilitation center upstate," Garrett answered. "They're unfit to be released back into the wild, so I can't stress this enough: Please don't attempt to make pets out of animals like these!"

“Okay, now, I'm going to get out our other guest, but I need someone to hold Aimee for me...” The coyote turned and stood over Stella, who realized too late what was happening. She raised up her paws to say no, but Garrett was already putting the snake around her neck and shoulders. Every single muscle in Stella's body tensed up immediately and she grimaced. She could feel the snake's scales through her fur as it started to slide around on top of her. “Wonderful! She really likes you.”

“That's... that's nice,” Stella groaned. The audience chuckled, watching the fat skunk squirm.

While Garrett opened the next box and showed off an albino cat or ferret or something, Stella felt her body slowly contracting in on itself underneath the snake. She couldn't bear to budge while the serpent wandered around and explored her shoulders. Warning lights spun in her brain and the thought of “don't move, you'll get bit” played over and over. So she couldn't do much at all as the snake began to crawl towards her front, spying her cleavage peeking over the neckline of her dress.

“Don't you do it,” she whispered, shaking her head. Paralyzed, Stella just watched in terror as the snake ignored her pleas and decided to crawl down into the nice comfy place it found. The skunk gripped her paws on the armrests of her chair until her claws dug into the fabric. The snake slid further down into her dress, curling itself up between her breasts and bra.

Just don't move, she told herself. Don't move and it won't bite you. It was really, really hard not to panic as the snake slithered through her cleavage.

“Uh-oh, what's happening here?”

Garrett turned to face Stella, and as the cameras panned to the skunk, the audience erupted into sympathetic gasps of shock and less-sympathetic laughs at her expense. Rose covered her muzzle with her paws and her face turned even more pink. Garrett just grinned mischievously, almost like he planned the whole thing. “Would you like me to get her for you, dear?”

“Yes, I'd like you to get the snake,” Stella replied tersely.

Garrett put the other critter back in its box and then turned to Stella. The snake hadn't yet fully climbed into the skunk's outfit, so the coyote was able to gently grasp it by the tail. “Snakes really love to find warm, secluded spaces to curl up, so it looks like Aimee here thought you were especially snuggly.”

“Please just get it.”

Garrett gently lifted upwards on the snake, and Stella shivered as it slid up and out of her dress. Once the snake was completely free, the skunk tugged upwards on her neckline to completely cover her cleavage. She didn't care if she brushed the microphone and made it hiss.

As Garrett put the snake back into the box, Rose turned towards the cameras. “A big round of applause for Garrett McWynn and his adorable friends, everyone! We're going to hop back to another break, and when we come back we're going to learn how to cook some classic Southern cuisine, so don't miss it!”

The band played the show into commercial and the audience clapped. No one needed to tell Stella twice to get up so they could shift the furniture. She was out of her seat as quick as she pleased and headed backstage. Vivian met her right when she got around the edge of the set, snickering and covering her face with her hand.

“Stella, please, that was too precious- Wait, Stella, where are you going? They want you to stick around for the cooking segment.”

“No, no, no,” Stella replied, turning towards her agent and shaking her paws. “I'm done. I'm going to go home. I had an... animal use my bra for a motel. I want to go rip these clothes off.”

“Okay, well... you got through the important part, at least,” Vivian conceded. “I actually got a note from the execs. They said you could've told them who you were playing, but they do like the mystery angle you went with, it'll be great for hype.”

Stella pat the smaller doe on the shoulders. “Tell me all about it later, please. But I'm gonna go home. I need to shower and then be naked for a few hours.”

“Okay, TMI,” Vivian replied, shaking her head. “But go do what you want. I'll let them know.”

“I s-saw you on *Rose* today,” Vera said over the phone.

Stella rolled herself onto her back in bed, rubbing slow circles into her belly fur as she stretched out. Her damp, silvery hair splayed itself all around her head. The skunk had just gotten out of the shower and dried herself off as best she could before she called Vera. “Please tell me you changed the channel after my bit.”

“Nope! I caught you with the sharpnose. You were very cute!”

“That was awful.”

“Oh, yeah, you looked really tense. Not around s-s-snakes much?”

“Not one bit.”

Vera chuckled on her end of the line. “Oh, I’ll have to introduce you to Lugnut, then.”

Stella reached up and massaged the bridge of her muzzle. “I forgot you have a snake, too. Can I... um, be introduced to him from a distance?”

“Anything that makes you comfortable.”

“Thanks.”

“Another thing,” Vera said, “I want to invite you to a show I’m doing next week. It’s at a venue called the... oh, fuck me. The F-f-fire and F-f-flames. It’s a metal bar.”

“That’s a fucking mouthful,” Stella replied. “But yes, I’d absolutely love to be there, sweetheart. I wanna hear you play.”

The fox squealed a little on the other side of the line. “I’m s-so excited!”

Stella glanced at her bracelet and the greenish-yellow glow. She caught herself actually feeling a tingle of excitement from it. Why? Because it was an excuse to invite Vera over?

Yes.

“I’m gonna order dinner. I’ll need some extra paws.”

“Twenty minutes!”

* * * * *

A big thank you to all my Patreon subscribers! You guys are making this possible!

Rose is (c) to Danielle! Thank you for being a Foxyfriend!

Tawny is (c) to MrBen277! Thank you for being a Foxyfriend!

Bronze Supporters

Alexa Garcia Blaine Callahan Casualties1987 ChromiumCheetah
Elana Shuly ElCid Fenris Freere Firefang Sionnach
Foxel Havenchaser Ivy Willows mikefoxtrot
Pleb Sherbet Tiger Shooty Spreeuzaki
Synsath Tach0012 Varreity Teres

Silver Supporters

Kyle JT Zimbo

Foxyfriends

Danielle Indigo Jack Mrben277