

Pumping Back Up

by Cerine Hero

“So you're saying this magical knick-knack from the pawn shop made you skinny? That's weird... no, I mean, that kinda stuff happens way more than you'd think, but they usually make you *bigger*, not smaller. And you want to fatten up again quick, right. Okay, yeah, gimme a day to brew some more adipose elixir and swing by tomorrow. I'll re-blubber you.”

The next day, a red car pulled up in Cerine's driveway, and out climbed a very slender and fit horse with blue and black fur. His clothes hung like robes around his body, and as the wind picked up, the loose edges of his shirt and pants whipped around him. The horse blushed and struggled to keep his pants up as he walked. Even wearing a belt wasn't helping much.

Cerine met him at the door, holding it open so the skinny horse could get inside without being blown away. As he stepped inside, hooves tapping on the wood floor, he blushed brightly as the vixen looked him over from ear to tail. He weighed less than she did! A lot less, in fact, given that the extremely buxom vixen had been snacking all winter and had added some weight to her curves. Smiling, the alchemist leaned forward and poked Ceres right in his slender stomach.

“Wow, I barely recognize you!” she teased, looking up at him over the rim of her glasses. The horse brushed a hoof through his light blue mane and whickered, averting his eyes as he blushed. Cerine lifted up the front of his button-down shirt and peeked underneath. The black-furred tummy under there wasn't even a tummy! There wasn't an ounce of fat on him. “Oh, yeah, you're a twig! How's it feel?”

“Well, I'm kinda light-headed, I guess?” Ceres answered. “Or maybe light... everything. I feel like I could jump through the ceiling if I wanted to. But it's weird. I don't feel like... me?”

“Erin says the same thing when she loses weight,” Cerine told him, holding out a paw. He took it with his hoof and helped the massively-endowed fox stand up straight again. She fixed her top around her balloon-sized chest and tugged on her white lab coat, making the horse blush even more. “She says if she doesn't feel her belly jiggle when she walks, it actually throws her off a bit.”

“I'm noticing!” Ceres replied. “Every time I stop walking, I try to get ready to balance my weight, but I don't have any, so I fall backwards onto my butt! And I don't have any butt now, so it hurts.”

Cerine gave the horse's rump a soft slap and smiled at him. “Sounds like we need to fill you back up, then! Come on.”

She led him down the hallway to the basement stairs, leading the way with her long, fluffy tail wiggling back and forth behind her. The lights in the finished basement were already on, and the sound of electronics buzzed in the air. In the relaxation corner of the lab, Mito was stretched out on the couch, head propped on one armrest while her paws furiously jabbed at buttons on a game device.

Cerine helped Ceres down the stairs and showed him around. “Okay, I already made up a big tank of adipose elixir for you, and it's hooked up to a pump so you don't have to sit there and drink it all yourself. Probably be a good idea for you to sit down over here on the couch and – oh, wait a second. Mito!”

The marten flicked her eyes up over the top of her game, looking at Cerine and Ceres. “Hi?”

“I need the couch,” Cerine told her, putting her paws on her hips as she loomed over her lab assistant. “Actually, there's a shopping list pinned to the fridge. Why don't you go take care of that?”

“I thought Erin was gonna do that.” Mito folded her game console shut and sat up, tucking it into a pocket on her cargo shorts. A chubby pot belly bulged underneath her shirt as she sat up, which didn't escape Cerine's notice. The sneaky marten had been into her discarded potions again.

“Erin's across town,” Cerine told her. She grabbed the marten's spare tire and jiggled it, making her middle slosh. “If you drank what I think you drank, then you probably wanna take care of it sooner

rather than later, because you're gonna be a big balloon of fat by tonight. I'm sure you're going to want to have time to enjoy it."

The marten's mismatched eyes brightened up and she jumped off the couch, her brown-furred belly bouncing free from her t-shirt and hanging over the front of her shorts. A small, plaintive whine of jealousy escaped the horse's throat behind Cerine as he looked down at the marten's little belly. Mito hopped up to kiss the vixen's cheek and then bounced her way up the stairs. They heard some footsteps above them and the door slam shut a few moments later.

"Alright, she's gone," Cerine said, smiling at the horse as she turned back towards him. With a wink, she reached up to her shoulders and pushed her white lab coat off, letting it drop to the floor. The horse blushed, looking the overweight fox's figure over. She had on a blue top, with a strip of white and pink belly peeking out, and fuller hips and thighs under her dark pants. The black choker around her neck with the cowbell ornament was sinking slightly into her rounder neck. And, of course, she had boobs as big as a queen-sized pillow tucked under her top. The low v-neck showed off a line of fluffy, white cleavage that was just begging for a horse muzzle to be shoved into it. She noticed his gaze and grinned, making a show of adjusting her bra straps, giving her bust a lift and then letting go, so her tits bounced heavily. Ceres whimpered even louder.

"Alright, let's see you," she said, reaching out and helping to unbutton the horse's shirt. As it came open, her eyes widened. He *was* skinny! It was like a weight loss commercial, where the person stood in their old clothes. He actually had pecs, or at least enough definition to see them underneath his black fur. And a flat tummy, too. Ceres didn't resist as Cerine unwrapped him, turning him around and looking him all over. They helped his pants off, too; fortunately, he was able to find a really old pair of boxer shorts stuffed into the corner of the drawer that fit him again.

"Told you," he said, drumming his hoof-hands on his flat stomach, "absolutely all of it."

Cerine put her paws on his shoulders, her chest squishing against his as she stood close. "Well, you still look *good*, but yeah..." She leaned in and kissed his chin, curling her long tail twice around them both. "Let's blow you back up."

She led the skinny, blue horse over to the couch and sat him down on the middle of it. The couch was nestled into a sitting and relaxing area in the vixen's basement lab, with a coffee table in front of it to rest the remotes from the TV sitting on the opposite side on a squat entertainment stand. Ceres flicked his blue-hair tail beside him on the couch as Cerine leaned over him, purring right in front of his face. Her bust was hanging down in front of him, where his belly should have been. Cerine placed her paws on the back of the couch, on either side of his head, and tipped her nose at him. Grinning mischievously, the horse started to slide her top up, watching the stretched-out cotton drift over the fox's enormous bust. Her white belly popped out first, soft and pudgy as she leaned over. Then the black, elastic fabric of her bra slid out from underneath the shirt. Cerine pushed her glasses up as the horse pulled her top all the way to her chin, whickering under his breath as full, milk-filled cleavage spilled out in front of his nose.

Cerine stood up straight, patting her paws on her slightly bigger than normal chest. As she did that, the horse's hooves were drawn back to her belly, pinching the spare tire around her waist and giving it a light jiggle and tease. The vixen smiled and let him play with it for a moment, since she wasn't overweight very often.

"I thought you came here to get a belly, not grope mine," she teased.

"Can it be both?" he asked, wiggling on the couch.

"It can, once we get started," Cerine said. She took her glasses off and handed them to the horse for a moment, stripping her top completely off. Her cowbell jingled lightly from being brushed by the passing shirt. With his one free hoof, the horse gave a small roll of fat over the top of the fox's bra band a gentle pinch. Cerine grinned and took her glasses back, setting them on her muzzle again. "Alright, you ordered one fat horse."

She stepped over to the tank of adipose elixir she made and unwound a clear rubber hose.

Leaning over, she pushed the end of the hose into Ceres's mouth and pressed the start button on the pump. "Glass bottles are classy, but it'd take a while to drink as many as you want, so we're going with a hose."

Green liquid rolled through the hose and up into Ceres's mouth. He was very familiar with the taste of adipose elixir, for reasons similar to this one. It had a slight herbal taste, mixed with butter. She told him it tasted a lot better than the muscle growth potion she made, which had a sharp metallic edge that was pretty much identical to blood. Ceres gulped the potion down happily, though with the pump, he really didn't have much option.

Cerine sat down beside the skinny horse, laying one of her black paws on top of his stomach. It only took a few seconds for the alchemical potion to begin taking effect. Slowly, Ceres's stomach was swelling outward and growing softer. Every inch of him was becoming thicker and padded, but the effect was most dramatic over his stomach. A belly ballooned where there wasn't one just a minute ago, and the horse's chest started to sag and fill out. What little bit of muscle definition he had since getting thin was already gone. Already, the chubby horse was looking a bit husky and plump. Cerine grinned and gave his stomach a soft pat, watching the expanding fat ripple and jiggle. The fattening horse held one hoof around his bulging belly, rubbing it up and down, while the other was behind Cerine's back, stroking her pink fur along her spine. He was already bigger than her again, even counting her big udders.

Ceres felt his boxers tightening around his waist as the band struggled to contain him. He was getting wider in addition to heavier, and he adjusted his position on the couch. His belly was already setting on top of his lap, and moobs were starting to jiggle when he moved. Pretty soon, the size and weight of them would fold them over and they'd be resting on top of his gut. Purring, Cerine reached up and pinched at the developing double-chin under the horse's muzzle. His face was filling out, too, becoming rounder and softer as he swelled into obesity. Cerine gave one of his chubby cheeks and smooch, resting her breasts on top of him and feeling his expanding stomach push them up. Ceres held her close, feeling the weight of her enormous tits on his middle and the silk-soft belly fur rub against his side. He leaned himself back comfortably on the couch, looking down and watching himself inflate bigger than he even used to be.

The buzz of a phone vibrating filled the air. Cerine sat up, sighing. Ceres blinked, watching as she pat at her pants pockets, front and back, and then peeked down into the cups of her bra, running her fingertips all around the inside of them.

"Where'd I put it...?" she mumbled, standing up and going to look for her phone. Back on the couch, the heavy horse kept drinking the adipose elixir, gaining even more weight and expanding even rounder. He was getting pretty large now, overflowing a whole seat on the couch. His boxers were sinking so deep into his hips and thighs that he looked comically overstuffed around his waist. Cerine, oblivious to how big Ceres was getting, kept searching for her phone, her perky ears triangulating the sound. The curvy vixen picked up her discarded coat and fished into the pockets. She pulled it out and gave the huge horse a thumbs up as she walked back to him. Resting one paw on top of the horse's blimp-sized gut, she looked at the screen.

"Oh, it's Erin. One sec." Cerine swiped the screen and held the phone up to her muzzle. "Hey! What's up? Everything okay? ...what movie? No, which one are you talking about? I don't know which one, why are you asking me? Oh! A movie *I* saw from before you were around and you're trying to remember it."

Ceres blinked, watching the vixen talk to her counterpart. He vaguely understood the conversation they were having. As a clone, Erin had fuzzy impressions of Cerine's memories. He quietly listened to them, still drinking the elixir as the pump pushed it down his throat.

"Do I know which one it is? Well, what's it about? No... not ringing any bells... wait, is it the one with the really hot coyote guy? Yes! Holy fuck, he's-" She glanced at Ceres and cleared her throat. "Uh, no, yeah. His name's... goddammit, I can't remember his name, either. Guy with the hair! And the

scruffy chin. Was he like a secret agent or something or am I thinking of something completely different? Why did you call me with this? Now I'm going to be stuck on this until I remember it, too. Here, let me go look through the movie shelf and see if anything jumps out at me. I'll call you right back."

Cerine hung up the phone and dropped it into her bra. Turning back around, she smooched Ceres's nose and told him, "Gimme two seconds, Erin can't remember a movie she remembers me seeing years ago and now it's driving me bonkers, too."

The horse made a noise into the hose, but Cerine was already jogging up the stairs, leaving him alone with the hose, the pump, and his rapidly expanding figure. He'd practically doubled in size the whole time she was on the phone, feeling his arms lose a lot of their flexibility as sleeves of heavy, hanging lard dragged them down, and his torso blubber began to spill outward onto his limbs. His lap was completely covered in black-furred fat now, and he was covering multiple cushions on the couch. He had to spread his legs as his thighs blew up, swelling in size and roundness even as they were flattened underneath a flabby gut.

He felt the fabric around his boxers burst open, and the waistband split into a thousand rubber fibers. Where it all went, he couldn't tell, but his entire body sloshed like a water balloon whacked with a wooden spoon when his undies ripped. He could barely see the couch around himself with his girth getting so massive. The mountain-sized horse struggled to reach and touch anything other than his huge belly and blubber moobs. He squished his hooves into the sides of his gut, feeling his fingertips sink deep into the softened flesh. The horse was still expanding as he drank down the adipose elixir.

Something touched the bottom of his belly. Ceres blinked, trying to lean forward and look at what it possibly was, but he could only move so far, pinned under his own weight and size. His belly was resting heavily on something now. Making a broad guess, given what little the over-ballooned horse could see, his gut was sitting on top of the coffee table. He could feel the remote being buried under a roll of fat. Ceres tried to look down, but other than the hose full of green liquid, he couldn't see anything more than his own chest, steadily fattening bigger and bigger. His moobs were bigger than Cerine's breasts now, which made him flick his ears and whinny. They were starting to hang over the sides of his stomach now, thanks to their enormous size and weight.

The skinny horse was a blue whale, and he was still getting fatter. Just a few minutes ago, he was rail-thin, and now he was globe-shaped and overflowing the sofa. His love handles were hanging over the armrests on either side of him now, and his belly had begun to plunge over the far side of the coffee table. The horse could feel a raft of neck fat forming around his head, pressing underneath his cheeks and chin as it grew rounder and fuller. He could barely budge his arms now, where they were lifted up on top of his immense girth. His biceps were buried in two thick rolls of fat, and his forearms weren't much smaller. Before long, he'd just have hooves sticking out of fat rolls!

The minutes ticked by, and the couch began to sag in the middle from Ceres's weight. He obviously couldn't get up to go weigh, for multiple reasons, the main one being he was easily a ton! The horse blushed, still gulping down elixir. He wasn't sure how much Cerine had actually planned to feed him. This stuff was potent, and she'd wandered off. Ceres felt his stomach push against the TV on the other side of the space, knocking it backwards against the cubicle wall separating this section of the lab from what looked like a library. The horse blushed red, afraid he was going to get so fat he'd crush everything. But his ears perked up as he heard the creak of floorboards just behind him.

"Yeah, I found it," Cerine was saying. She hopped down the stairs, her bare tummy jiggling lightly underneath her bra. She had a movie in a cardstock sleeve in one paw and was looking it over while she held her phone against her face. "*Fire Night*, what a dumb title. But it has Aiden McStell in it and he was *mmph*. Something about scruffy coyote boys in cowboy getups." The vixen wandered through the lab, listening to Erin on the other side of the phone. Ceres tried to wiggle and walk through the hose to get her attention, but she was engrossed in her conversation. "Tell you what, we'll get Rie over here for movie night tomorrow and watch it. I think she'll enjoy it, too. She'll get a kick out of the

twist ending where they're all alien rob-”

Cerine turned around and saw Ceres. The horse was still ballooning bigger and bigger, completely filling up her rec area. Stunned, she let the movie tumble from her paw as her mouth hung open. Ceres was pulsing bigger, gaining even more weight while she gawked. “Uh, let me call you back.”

The vixen hung up the phone and dropped it into her cleavage again. Bouncing over to the pump, she knelt down and was reaching for the off switch when the tank finally ran out of adipose elixir on its own. Cerine stood up straight and put her paws on her hips, looking over the vast ocean of horse lard. Ceres looked back at her, blushing. Resting her breasts on him again, the vixen leaned well over the horse's gut and tugged the hose from his mouth. Air rushed from the end of the hose as she tossed it away and laid her paws on top of his immense, blubbery figure. Her fingers sank into his butter-soft fat with almost no effort, and his bulk rippled and jiggled from the touch.

“You know,” she said, giving him a few more jiggles and squeezes, a grin spreading across her face, “you could've just spit the hose out when you got as big as you wanted to be.”

Ceres burped softly. “Well... y-yeah, I could've... you don't mind, though, do you?”

“I don't,” Cerine told him, cupping his huge cheeks and kissing him. “But you might have to let Mito sleep on you until we get you back up to ground level.”

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