

While She's Huge

by Cerine Hero

She could barely comprehend how big she was. Cerine felt like a mountain of blubber – because she was! Fifty-two-hundred pounds of lard was burying her once-skinny figure, blowing her up to the size of a foxy land-whale. She was covered in rolls from her face to her barely-visible toes, massive breasts sloshing over her relatively-flat tummy. A heavy roll of fat ringed her middle where her waistline had once been, and it rest on top of her ass and thighs but sagged heavily in front of her, giving her an illusion of a moderately-sized belly even if she gained more everywhere else. Either way, it was practically invisible with her udders on top of it.

The vixen blob was out of breath just fetching her phone and setting it up so she could take a look at herself and record her utter obesity. Empty bottles containing the adipose elixir that she'd guzzled in her sleep were pushed into the corners of the room as the massive pink pile of lard dragged her heavy body over to the table and half-smothered it as she tried to set the phone down on the table. With a chunky finger, she turned on the camera and was greeted by her own face, porked out and covered in blubber. She licked her muzzle, her tongue also dragging across her fat cheeks and over her muzzle roll and chins.

Slowly, she stepped back and admired how enormous she was. It was true; she was a blob. How was she even mobile still? She was two and a half tons! It was amazing to see how much she simply *filled* the kitchen with her bulk. The fox was substantially wider than she was tall, with her hips half-again bigger around than her bloated arms and shoulders, which sagged with flab down on top of her love handle rolls and her extra-wide hips. Each ass cheek weighed several times more than she did normally, and the buttery-soft blubber rippled like jelly when she took slow, lumbering steps to turn herself completely around for the camera. Her fat dragged against the fridge, counters, and walls, from her breasts around her sides to her hips and rolls and her chunky butt. The blubbery fox purred as her girth rubbed against everything. It wasn't *comfortable* but it was exciting. Just the idea of being this big and heavy made her purr. The floor was creaking under her. Good thing it was pretty resilient, or she'd find herself in her lab fairly quick.

Once she completed her full turn, Cerine waddled slowly back to the table and rest her colossal breasts on it, hearing the wood creak under their weight. Reaching past them, she grabbed her phone and held it to her face. As she tried to figure out how to replay the recording she just made, she noticed that it *wasn't* recording a video...

She had fat-fingered the livestream button. The fox's blood ran cold for a moment and the dozen viewers who had already tuned in got to see her blue eyes light up in mortified shock. They'd also gotten to see her nude figure, sloshing and wobbling as she showed herself off. There were already comments scrolling up the text window beside her image.

“Wow, this is an early stream! Whatcha making today?”

“uh cerine you look kinda bloated”

“Holy SHIT she's huge!”

“someone got into the potions, huh???”

“this is hot”

“omg dream bod”

“Are you gonna get bigger?!?!”

“11/10 would feed”

Cerine was flushed red in the face and licked her nose. The incoming comments ranged from surprise to complimentary to teasing... especially teasing. Lots of things about wanting to feel and jiggle her body and admire her sheer heft. Others called her a chunky cow, probably because the cowbell ornament was still barely visible between her neck rolls. A few even wanted her to roll on top of them and squash them, as dangerous as that would probably be at this size...

The attention made Cerine's neck tingle and her ears burn with body heat. So many people were excited to see her bloated up like a blob! Several people were asking to feed her, making her tummy grumble. She must've cleaned out her fridge hours ago, and potions did not a meal make. Despite adding a couple hundred pounds apiece, they didn't actually have *calories* to them. So, feeling pretty uncharacteristically open and playful, the vixen raised her phone upwards in one fat-sleeved paw and held it out as far as she could to get the best view of her bulk from up high.

“Hey, guys,” she finally said, waving with her other paw as the rolls dangling from it bounced against her side. “I got a little hungry last night, I guess. But hey, if any of you around here are serious about feeding and cuddling on me while I'm huge, come on by. Bring something for me to snack on. I'm already fat as hell, so make it decadent...”

It wasn't twenty minutes before the first knock at her door. Cerine, having stuffed her body into the biggest clothes she could soak in stretchy solution, waddled towards the door, out of breath before she got halfway there. It was *work* dragging around a few thousand pounds of her. If she didn't eat something, she was going to exercise herself away. But she twisted the lock open and stepped back to let the door swing in. On the front porch was a very tall and very beautiful tigress. Crimson ducked to step into the foyer proper, holding a big pastry box under one well-built arm. The red-furred stripecat gawked at Cerine's girth in person, her tail wiggling excitedly behind her.

“What's that you've got?” the bloated fox asked her old friend as she eyed that big box under her arm.

“Cinnamon roll,” Crimson replied, smirking. “Big one.”

“All for me?”

The tigress looked a bit sheepish and tugged on one of her bra straps. “We might share it, who knows...”

Cerine let her come inside and led her into the living room, where the furniture had been cleared out enough for the vixen to waddle in without flattening the coffee table. Crimson followed her, playfully giving the fox's stretched-tight bra a tug and release, letting the stretchy fabric snap back onto the butterball's bulk. Cerine blushed red as her entire upper torso jiggled from one end to the other. She struggled to hike up her snug shorts, too, which kept sliding down her immense hips. Her clothes were honestly doing more to accent her extreme weight and buttery rolls than actually *cover* anything.

The tall tigress leaned over the extra-wide fox and teased her chin, helping her open wide before stuffing a big pawful of cinnamon roll into her muzzle. The gluttonous treat was still warm, the icing dripping from the corners. Cerine's eyes rolled back in her head as she gulped it down. She never ate things like that anymore. With her breasts as big as they were, she minded her diet at least *somewhat* since exercise was a chore. So gorging on a big, calorie-laden snack was an amazing experience, especially with a cute tigress snuggled on top of her bloated body. The vixen purred and licked her lips, nuzzling Crimson's cheek as the stripecat pat her fingers on Cerine's cleavage, watching her big boobs wobble.

More paws gently touched Cerine's chunky shoulders, and the vixen struggled to twist and look around behind herself. They'd left the front door unlocked, and someone else had snuck in behind her while she ate. It was a cute samoyed, with glasses like her own and soft pink hair pulled over one shoulder. She had a gray neck ruff of fluff that hugged her like a scarf, and she settled easily on Cerine's flank, leaning over to smile at her face-to-face.

“I'm April,” she said, introducing herself with a playful drag of her fingers across the vixen's neck rolls. She held out a clutch of gainer bars in her other paw. “You looked like you were having fun on the stream, so I thought you'd enjoy being a little naughty and eating these.”

Cerine's tail puffed up in excitement and her pupils shrank as she looked at the meal replacement bars meant for bodybuilders or emergency rations. Yes, that *was* naughty eating for a big blob to snack on. And yet, she opened her muzzle anyways. Crimson scoot to the side to let April stuff in the first two chocolate bars, feeding the vixen a few days' worth of calories in one mouthful. Cerine

gulped them down and licked her muzzle, her brain buzzing in delight from the sheer gluttony of what she just ate. And without a second thought! Immediately after she swallowed, another mouthful of cinnamon roll was stuffed into her muzzle, and she gobbled that up, too, licking Crimson's fingers clean for her. The girls took up position on either side of her, with April sliding her paw under the fox's bust to tease her growing belly and Crimson affectionately nuzzling at her neck and cheek, her arms spread as wide as possible to encompass as much pillowy pink and white fluff as she could hold.

"Delivery," said a third voice from the doorway. "Three extra-large pizzas for the extra-large lady..."

Cerine blinked and watched as a handsome fox stepped into her view. Foxxel rest the warm boxes on Cerine's cleavage and grabbed the hem of her bra to haul himself up onto the shelf of her tits. The slender, fire-red-furred and white-haired fox smirked mischievously at her and gave her pudgy cheek a playful jiggle. Cerine blushed back, especially at the idea that he was laying on top of one of her boobs without rolling off...

"Extra cheese and stuffed crust, of course," he told her, helping her open wide before pushing the slice between her fangs. "You know, you look even bigger in person."

"I think I'm getting bigger..." Cerine admitted, burping softly once she finished the whole slice.

"Well, good, then," Foxxel said, feeding her the rest of the pizza, slice-by-slice.

The three of them fed the vixen, taking turns pushing their respective treats into her muzzle. Sweetness from the cinnamon roll mingled with the salty pizza and the pure fatty taste of the gainer bars. Cerine's tummy was getting full, and she could feel her belly start to plump out. As she was crammed to bursting with food, the vixen began leaning backwards, and several pairs of massaging paws made sure she was extra relaxed and comfortable. Eventually, she found herself completely on her back, her bust pressed up against her muzzle as she lay practically from one side of her living room to the other with her sheer width. The girls and the fox each got their paws on her waist and her tummy now that her middle was exposed for playing, and she felt lips teasing her deep navel. Whose, she couldn't see. But they may have been taking turns...

That was when a shadow fell over her. Cerine looked up, nose barely peeking out of her cleavage. Her boobs were smothering her neck rolls. Kneeling down above her was another vixen, with soft white fur and hair and a nose so faintly colored it barely showed against her muzzle. The only color to her was the magenta dye tipping her hair and the brightest, most piercing red eyes. The albino vixen smiled and looked down at the butterball fox, gently holding a baby bump under her dress.

"Hope I'm not too late," the vixen said. "You look pretty full. Oh, I'm Alsaice, by the way."

"I could go for a little more," Cerine replied, blushing again. All the massaging on her tummy was making her hungry.

"Great!" The white vixen unrolled a hose and put the end in Cerine's muzzle. "Because I've got some leftover heavy cream and needed something to do with it."

Cerine wondered for a moment how someone would have *leftover* heavy cream, but Alsaice was already pouring a quart of it into the funnel above the hose, and the extra-decadent liquid touched her lips like manna from heaven. Cerine gulped it all down as the vixen gently pet her buttery cheeks and leaned against one of her supersized boobs. Alsaice gave the wall of breast flesh crammed into her top a gentle kiss and continued to feed her more cream. Cerine swore she could *feel* her paws getting sucked into her arm rolls as she drank it all...

The quartet of cuddly admirers continued to tease the big, helpless vixen as she lay like a half-inflated hot air balloon on the floor. A hot air balloon half-full of butter, anyways. Cerine couldn't see much from her position, but she felt eight paws groping and teasing her huge body, arms trying to grab as much of her as possible in a flabby hug, and faces burying themselves into her multiple rolls. Paws drummed on her belly and boobs, making her flesh jiggle like liquid. As her meal digested, Cerine swore she really was getting fatter, because her boobs were beginning to really press against her face. Either way, no one seemed to mind, because it just meant more of her for the tigress, samoyed, and the

two foxes to love on.

It was bliss.

But all good things eventually end, and one by one, her snuggle partners had to say their goodbyes. After getting pictures laying stretched out on her like a mattress, of course. Cerine got her cheek smooshes and chin jiggles as each one left, and eventually she was left to relax in her living room, purring contentedly and happily as she enjoyed the rest of her time as a supersized butterball.

When the sun went down, her potions finally dissolved in her bloodstream and then most of her mass did the same. Cerine deflated over the course of a minute, her clothes keeping snug to her body until she was one-twenty-fifth her old size. Despite being “skinny” again, the dairy fox wished at least one person had stuck around, since it was a pain to get herself back off the floor with her massive tits. The fox rolled onto her tummy with some difficulty and then got her feet under her, grabbing the couch for support as she got back onto her feet. Yawning and stretching her underworked muscles after laying underneath a hemisphere of her own fat for a few hours, Cerine walked towards her bedroom. What a way to spend the day. She knit her fingers together in front of herself and stretched her arms, squishing her big boobies together between her biceps.

She slipped into the bathroom to brush her hair and decided to step onto her scale just for giggles. Grinning, the buxom fox climbed onto the scale and then leaned over to see the number.

...twenty *more* pounds. Thirty-five pounds overweight in total now.

Her eyes widened. Oh... right. A stack of gainer bars and heavy cream and extra-large pizza and cinnamon roll made you fat, regardless of whether she was porked up on potions. The vixen lift up her bubble butt with her paws and it jiggled underneath her tail, causing her even fatter love handles to wobble. Oops.

She hated dieting...

* * * * *

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

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April belongs to The Mighty Helix!

Foxxel belongs to Foxxel! ...is Foxxel?

And Alsaice belongs to DashRaptor!

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