

Erin's Heavy Vlog, Part 2

by Cerine Hero

An animated splash screen with happy, bubbly text saying “Almost time! Just a second!” filled the video stream. Down in one corner, against the pleasant pink and white background, a cartoon vixen's head peeked up from the bottom of the screen and smiled. The drawing had dark brown fur and black ears and, before she closed them, green eyes. It was a little representation of Erin. As a comparison to the rough and seat-of-the-pants approach when she started the vlog, the vixen had stepped up production quality slightly.

The viewer count was rising steadily as the allotted time for Erin's weigh in approached. Cerine leaned in front of the monitor beside the camera and raised one eyebrow as she watched the digit ratchet upwards. Beside her, Erin was chewing her lip nervously.

“This many people want to see how fat you got?” Cerine asked, brushing a lock of white hair back from her face. Her glasses shimmered with the reflection from the screen in front of her.

Erin chuckled bashfully and half-hid her face behind a paw. “I guess so... I mean, um, I did kinda grow a belly live on camera last week...”

The pink vixen leaned back upright with a soft grunt of effort. Readjusting her top around her assets, the buxom fox said, “Well, if you're going to get bigger for today's stream, I guess I need to go down to the taco place.”

“Do you have my list?”

Cerine produced it from her front pocket. It was a folded piece of paper covered in lines of writing, detailing everything the other vixen wanted from the fast food restaurant. Cerine could have just gone down and said “one of everything” and it would have been quicker. Erin leaned over and double-checked it.

“Yep, that's it! You may want to call that in before you go down there so they'll have it ready. Oh, gosh, it's almost time. I gotta get changed.”

“Let me get out of your way, then,” Cerine said, tucking the list back into her pocket.

“Here, I'll pay for yours, too.” Erin rushed over to her dresser and dug around in her purse, taking out her cash card and handing it to Cerine. The name on the front read 'Erin Hero,' using Cerine's surname since the chocolate clone didn't officially have one of her own. They might as well have just taken one of Cerine's old cards and scratched a couple of the letters off.

Cerine worked her muzzle and laughed. “Is this, like, reciprocal identity theft?”

“Oh, just hold your thumb over your name on your driver's license if they give you any grief,” Erin said. The heavysset fox planted her paws on Cerine's back and guided her out of the bedroom. “Alright, go on, I've got a schedule to keep.”

“You're feisty today,” Cerine told her, smirking as she swept her tail out of the way and shut the door behind herself. Then from the hallway, she called, “I'd say you're too big for your britches, but I guess that's true.”

Erin rolled her eyes and smiled. Now why couldn't she let her accent slip in on camera? She'd catch her with it one of these days. The overweight fox turned from the door and drummed her paws on her belly. Okay, first, get changed. Erin worked her sundress up and off, folding it and setting it with her laundry. Underneath, she was wearing some snug, black undies. They were a bit tighter than she remembered a couple weeks ago when she was last this size. Erin hadn't actually stepped on a scale since working out with Rienne a week or so ago, so she wasn't sure exactly how much she weighed yet. She wanted it to be a surprise for herself, too, but if she had to guess, she probably got a little overindulgent in her eating and gained back more than she anticipated. It was pretty easy to do when she was below her regular weight. Putting pounds on from here out would be more difficult. Thus, sending Cerine to fetch a wheelbarrow full of Tex-Mex.

She needed something to take off when she started the show, though, just for the theatrics of it.

Erin dug around in her closet and found a supersized white t-shirt that she'd grow to fit into in about three or four days, but for now it fit like a giant pajama top. She pulled it down over her belly and gave her middle a quick pat, feeling her freshly re-padded waistline wobble under her paws. She smiled and held her belly in both paws as she walked back over to the camera, feeling the weight bounce against her palms and fingers.

Gosh, this felt so much better.

It was about a minute after time, so Erin reached over and poked at a button on the camera beside the monitor. Immediately, the animated splash screen was replaced by a view of the obese vixen in an oversized white top, standing in the middle of the bedroom. Erin quickly licked her nose and steadied her nerves before waving a paw at the viewers and petting her braid.

“Hey, y'all!” she said, grinning wide. The chat box was screaming by at mach two. Erin glanced at it out of the corner of her eye and giggled nervously. “Heh... uh, did y'all do anything fun this week? I, uh, gained some weight, as I think some of you are noticing. No pillows! No padding. Look!” She turned sideways and gave her leg a quick shake, making her thigh and hindquarters bounce and wobble under her fur. She grabbed her leg in one paw and her fingers sank deep into the meat. “See! All me. I haven't actually weighed yet, I wanted to share that with all of y'all! So let's go do that now.”

Erin stepped over to the camera and tugged it from the mount, adjusting the zoom to be better suited for an up-close shot of her face. While she did that, she glanced at the chat log on her streaming view. “Oh, someone asked if I feel better now. If some of you guys weren't here last time, I mentioned I don't like being skinny and last week I was *really* skinny. So... *yes*, I do feel more comfortable now, thank y'all for asking! I mean, I'm heavy, sure, but it's what I'm used to. Someone else says my face looks younger. Really? I never thought about that.” Erin gave the pudgy fat under her muzzle a pinch and shrugged. “Anyways, come on, the scale's waitin'.”

She walked across the room and opened the bathroom door, stepping inside. Keeping the camera perched atop her paw, she aimed it at her face and torso as she stepped in front of the scale by the wall. “Okay, so now, some of you may be noticing, your girl's got some big boobs and a big belly now. But I should still be able to see the number. Next week... might be a different story, but we'll figure that out when we get there!” Erin pat a boob and smoothed her top down over her stomach, letting her audience get a good view of its heavy curve. It was hard, even for her, to imagine that just last week she was a skinny bombshell with a fairly large chest, and she'd eaten herself into a rotund butterball already.

“Alright, let's check this out. I actually feel a *bit* on the heavy side compared to where I normally hover, so let's see.” Erin held the camera in both paws and pointed it down at the protrusion of her belly and her dark-furred feet. Her enormous tail was curled into view at the edge of the capture area, but there wasn't much room for the seven-foot-long monster to sit in the tiny bathroom. Stepping forward, Erin planted both of her paws on the scale, which came to life. Numbers flashed and flickered up and down before settling on three-hundred-and-sixty.

Erin turned the camera back around to her face. “I knew it! I thought I felt big. Er, I mean, compared to normal. Usually I keep around three-fifty. Obviously I'm *really* huge compared to last week. I've gained over two hundred pounds in seven days! I can't see the screen from in here but I imagine you're all taking this news very well. Alright, let's head back in here.”

Erin walked back to the bedroom and set the camera back on its mount with a smile. She adjusted the zoom again to better fit her standing further away and returned to the full view beside her bed. “Okay, I know y'all wanna see some fur, but I'm waiting on Cerine to get back with dinner. Then we'll do some fur. But in the meantime...” Erin tipped her ear and listened and then smiled. Putting her paws on her belly, she slowly slid them up and lifted her shirt upwards. She exposed her thighs and hips and the low-hanging curve of her sizable tummy. Her dark undies were barely visible around her sides, where her hips were fullest. Erin drummed her paws on her stomach and made the fat jiggle lightly. “So I know one thing I wanted to do with this was document how I feel at each size, but I'm not

sure how much I have to say about this one. This is my everyday weight. This is how big I've always been, so... Iunno, it's just me. I'm a big girl, I jiggle when I walk, I have big boobies – though I think y'all saw last week, not *that* big, not yet. Maybe by the time the month is over, we'll see! But at least, unlike someone else, I have a counterbalance, hehe.” Erin turned around and pulled her tail aside, grinning as she pat the flank of her fattened-up rear end. “Lots of padding!”

“Just the tail is good enough for me,” said another voice from just off camera.

Erin's eyes went wide and she tugged her shirt down, blushing, as Cerine stepped in through the bedroom door, carrying a large plastic bag overflowing with food. A logo of a taco with a bite out of it was emblazoned on the bag. She handed it over to her fatter doppelganger and glanced towards the monitor. Cerine had on a blue, v-neck top and tan shorts, her regular wear, and the stream chat was excitedly commenting on having both foxes side-by-side. They were exactly the same height, and two equally-long tails brushed the floor behind them. A few people pointed out that Cerine looked uncannily like how Erin did a week ago, though she wore her white hair loose, had glasses, and was substantially more blessed.

“Eat up,” Cerine told her, giving her a playful poke in the love handle with a grin, “because it's movie night tonight and I missed my pillow last week.”

Erin hid her face behind the bag, flushing red.

“Of course, in a couple weeks we'll just beach you on the floor and Rienne and I can use you as a cushion,” Cerine said, continuing to tease her. The chocolate vixen kept hiding, but her tail thumped the floor behind her. Smirking, the pink fox looked at the camera. “Somebody's gotta tease her.” She adjusted her glasses and peered closer. “What's that? 'Take off your-' Hah! No. This is Erin's show. Unless that *was* for Erin, in which case, let me leave first, damn.”

Cerine waved and took her leave, sliding her tail through the doorway with her and shutting it. It took a moment for Erin to un-turtle from behind her bag, but she was smiling, her face flushed bright. Messages for Erin to come out of her shell scrolled over the side of the screen.

“She's only doing that 'cause I'm on stream,” Erin told everyone. “Normally she's really sweet, if a little quiet and sometimes really far away inside her head. Iunno. Maybe I can get her candid one day for all y'all. But anyways! My food's getting cold, so c'mon.”

The brown-furred fox bounced as she walked over to the camera and adjusted it so it was pointed towards the bed. Fixing the monitor, too, Erin filled the screen with white from her loose pajama shirt. She blushed a bit as she climbed onto the bed on all fours, setting her bag of chow within paw's reach. The vixen sat cross-legged on the mattress and adjusted her braid over her shoulder.

“Okay, so, big reveal time?” she asked the audience, blushing a bit and smiling. “I don't know why I feel nervous. Maybe it's cause Ceri kept teasing me.”

Erin watched a scroll of thumbs-up emojis on her chat window beside her reflection in the screen and nodded. Biting her lip, she grabbed the bottom of her shirt and peeled it upwards. Her big belly bounced like a bowl of furry gelatin onto her crossed legs, again almost completely covering her snug undies. Next came her black bra, resting heavily atop her stomach with the weight of her bust. A line of cleavage covered in lighter fur spilled out of the top of it, since the vixen was a bit too big for her clothes. Her half-exposed breasts wobbled and wiggled inside the bra as she fought the shirt off the rest of the way, getting it over her head and then tugging the sleeves off her hefty arms. The vixen's biceps were nicely plump and thick, and the squished against her wide body as she lowered her arms back down and placed her paws on her belly. Erin gave her middle a playful bounce as she looked in the screen, flushing bright as cheers of admiration poured in.

“Y'all are way too nice,” she told them, covering her face. “I'm nothing special! Okay, let's see... oh, right! So while I eat and y'all watch, I'm going to answer some questions you submitted since last week. And my phone is right over... oh, whoops.” The fox reached underneath herself and pulled the phone out from underneath her rump. “Oops. Not broken! See! I'm not that big... yet.”

Erin set the phone down beside her and then opened her food bag. She took out a large pawful

of wrapped tacos and arranged them in front of her, adding in a mix of burritos and other paw-handly foods she could work with one-pawed while she read questions off on her phone. Patting her stomach and listening to it growl, she unwrapped the first taco and bit into it. Some shell pieces broke off, bounced off her big bust, and managed to drop down into the tiniest gap between the fox's stomach and legs. "Well, crap. Guess I'll get the little vacuum after this." Pushing the rest of the taco into her muzzle, Erin chewed and pulled up the first question on her phone.

Swallowing, she said, "Okay, first up: How were you born? Well, jeeze. The big one right out of the gate, huh? Let me grab a burrito first." The heavy vixen unwrapped it and began eating, setting her phone down so she could massage her belly as she talked. "These are so good... I could do better, yeah, but... okay, off topic. Um... in case any of y'all didn't hear last week, I'm a clone. Or, actually uh... what'd she call it, a simulacrum? I think that's it. Cerine's explained it to me before, but-" she made a motion of her paw going over her head and munched on her burrito some more "-I don't know the first thing about alchemy. Which is, like, the point: Cerine and I aren't the same person. We just look the same, mostly. And when I say I'm made of chocolate, that's kinda true, but it's complicated. Essentially, I was born in a big tub downstairs in Cerine's lab. She was working on some experimental fatty potions – there's some technical term for those – and a chocolate bar she was eating fell off her desk and landed in it, alongside one of her hairs. So, alchemy being the confusing nonsense it is, it all worked together to produce a new person – me! Like, the chocolate and potion was used as material and her DNA was the blueprint, so out came a chocolate Cerine with a tummy. Except not Cerine, not really. I *kinda* have her memories, but they're super blurry and weird and just kinda nag at me sometimes. But other than that, I'm me! And for what it's worth, I remember *none* of this. That first day is just a huge blur. Okay, that was a long answer. I need more food."

Erin grabbed two more tacos and munched on them, stacking up the wrappers on her right side. As she ate, stuffing her muzzle with food, the fox was beginning to expand slightly, her weight creeping upwards. Her heavy curves were stretching outwards and filling even more, and her undergarments were struggling to keep up. In particular, excess cocoa-colored fur was spilling around the sides of her bra, around the shoulder straps and over the top. Erin instinctively grabbed the front of it and tried to tug it upwards to fit better, but it didn't help.

"Next up," she said, munching some more and glancing at her phone. "Do you want really big boobs like your sister? Well, first, I don't see Cerine as my sister. I know I said that with Rienne last week, but it's like... how on earth do we categorize ourselves?" Erin laughed, her weight jiggling around her. "It's so weird. But Cerine's like... Iunno, like a best friend I've known forever. That make sense? But back to the question: Mm, maybe? Obviously I've already got big boobs for my size, but I guess if you mean as big as hers, um, only if the rest of me matches, I guess! Give me a couple more weeks, though, you'll see."

Erin fished in the bag and took out a big plate of nachos, beginning to stuff her muzzle with them. Her audience didn't need to wait a couple more weeks to watch her get bigger; she was doing it right in front of them. Every bite was a couple more ounces of weight, and the vixen was steadily gaining as she ate. Her belly was filling her lap, with her navel seeming to sink deeper into a growing fold of blubber. Once she had an empty plate of nachos, the fox breathed heavily through her nose and looked down, noticing the swollen breasts struggling to overflow her tight bra.

"Do y'all mind if I go topless again?" Erin asked, reaching under her chest and grabbing at the edge of her bra. She didn't bother waiting for the inevitable replies. "Nah, I didn't think so." Arching her back, the fat vixen pulled her bra upwards, letting her huge breasts spill into her belly. She tossed the bra behind her and smoothed her fur down with her paws, making her plump chest jiggle. Erin glanced at the screen and lifted her breasts upwards with a grin before letting them slide through her paws. They bounced onto her bigger belly, making half of her body jiggle and ripple. At her size, she was beginning to be much more flab than fox. And the chat box was noticing.

"Okay, let's do just a couple more questions for now," Erin said, picking up some more food and

eating. The stack of wrappers beside her came up to her hip, and she huffed as she crammed more food into her muzzle. “Y'know, eating like this is already kinda tiring. Three more weeks, oh boy. Anyways, um... Who is the better cook in the household, you or Cerine?” Erin laughed loudly, holding the top of her belly. Her body jiggled all around her, much to the enjoyment of her viewers. “Oh, no! It's me. For all her alchemy skill, Cerine cannot cook worth a *damn*. Actually, I think I did get some of her inherent skill or talent for mixing things or whatnot, but since I didn't know anything about alchemy and couldn't help her out with that, I took to cooking, and I've gotten really good at it. Which, those of you who follow my cooking streams, you already know that!” Erin stuffed another taco into her muzzle and pinched her thickening hip, where her bottoms were sinking tightly into her softening figure. “Nothing to do with me being fat, which as y'all can see has a lot more to do with fast food.”

Erin dug in the bag for more food and got the last bits of it. Her belly was looking especially stuffed and round now, in addition to being even more padded and soft. The vixen had gained almost another twenty pounds since starting the stream. The change wasn't quite as dramatic as putting on a full thirty when she was eating all the ice cream last week, but her breasts were clearly heavier and she was getting wider.

As Erin ate the last bits of food, now completely stuffed to bursting, she answered one last question. “Alright... urp... let's see. So who is Rienne? Is she Cerine's cousin or sister? Actually, lemme get to that one later. I'm meeting Rie next week and I'll have her tell you herself. Oof, I'm gonna pop.” Erin massaged her massive belly slowly, burping and blushing. “A bit too much food, I think. I'm gonna keep gaining for an hour or so... erm, so I think I'll put off my cooking show until tomorrow, since I am in 'don't wanna move, let alone eat' mode. But hey, that means when you guys tune in, I'll be pushing four hundred pounds! So if you wanna check that out, be sure to hop in. Otherwise, I'll see you all next week, we should be doing something fun! I'll be on the *bigger* side, too, and we'll have a lot to talk about how heavy I am. Okay, so, see y'all later!”

Erin sat there for a moment before she realized she still had to get up to turn the stream off. Moaning, she rolled her way off the bed and held her stomach in one paw like she was pregnant as she waddled heavily over to the camera. The screen was completely full of her tummy before cutting to black.

When the next week came around, the video quality was different. Instead of being a decent quality camera, it was a phone feed. And much to some of the audience's surprise, or chagrin, it wasn't a couple hundred pound heavier Erin waiting for them. Rienne, with her brilliant wheat-gold fur on display around her green off-the-shoulder top and black sports bra straps, was sitting in a restaurant booth. Silver piercings in her ear and eyebrows glittered from the overhead lights. She had a pair of sunglasses with yellow lenses stuck through one of the bra straps, and her blonde hair was falling down over her shoulders. A plate of food was sitting in front of her, made up mostly of high-protein offerings. The bodybuilder had her chin resting on one paw as she cut her eyes to one side, looking off at something in the distance, and then turned her attention down to the phone.

“Hey, guys,” the muscular vixen said, winking. Her voice was down fairly low, as if she didn't want to be heard. “Again, not Erin, sorry. So, she's right over there, getting food,” Rienne pointed off to the side and looked that way. “We're at a buffet place, and Erin wanted to start the stream once she had a plate already, but y'know, I wanted to get a moment to talk to you guys first.”

The golden-blond vixen ran the tip of her tongue across her fangs and snickered. “Um, so you'll see her in just a sec, and I guess you all saw her last week, yeah? Okay, I haven't seen her since just before she started doing this little experiment. I know how big she is usually, like three-fifty-ish, yeah, but I headed down here after work and...” Rienne inhaled, working her tongue around the inside of her muzzle. “She's fucking *huge*. I don't think my brain fully figured out how big she was gonna get. I'm just shocked is what I'm getting at. I was picturing her like normal, but a bit heavier around the middle or whatever. I get down here and meet her in the parking lot and she is *three* of me. Not in

weight, but definitely in mass. She hugged me and I thought I was getting my arms around a huge pillow full of, like, warm butter or something... That is *not* as great a mental image as it seemed in my head, I apologize.

“Oh, one sec.” Rienne turned and looked upwards for a moment. “Yes. Water for me and a root beer float for her. That's right. Thank you!” The buff vixen turned back to the phone. “So, like, thirty pounds a day, huh? Goddamn.” She raised one of her arms and flexed a meaty bicep and shoulder, making her golden fur lift upwards. “If I could pack on thirty pounds a day of *this*, I wouldn't be sitting at a computer typing code all day, trust me. Okay, here she comes. Take a look.”

Rienne turned the phone sideways and pointed it across the restaurant. Like she promised, Erin was making her way back to the booth, and she *was* huge. Another week's worth of eating had blown her figure out significantly more with another two hundred pounds added to her frame. The chocolate vixen was squeezed into a sleeveless green dress and black leggings. The dress was snug enough to highlight the contours and shape of Erin's belly, from the bottom curve of it to her navel, and all of it was bobbing and wobbling as she walked. Her hips were incredibly wide now, and also jiggling about with each step, making her tremendous rump spring up and down. The obese vixen had grown around the chest more, too, and some bulging cleavage was peeking out of the top of her dress. As she carried two plates of food with her back to the table, she noticed the camera pointed at her and stopped, laughing.

“What are you doing?” she asked, blushing and glancing down at her much bigger body.

“What?” Rienne replied from behind the camera. “Were you not planning on showing them?”

“Well, okay, yeah. You're just surprising me is all. Now scoot over. And, um, maybe push the table out some...”

Rienne turned the phone back towards herself and set it on the table before putting both palms against it and pushing. Her biceps flexed some from the effort, and she shoved the table all the way over. It was just enough room for the huge chocolate fox to slide into the booth beside her. Erin took up so much of the bench that Rienne was squeezed into the corner, turning sideways a bit and resting her elbow on the table. The buff fox reached over and poked a pair of fingers into the other vixen's bare arm, watching as her black-furred fingertips sank into the blubber.

“Hey!” Erin squeaked, her voice turning into a giggle. “Quit that. So um, hi y'all! I see Rie started the stream without me. That's okay. I was just getting dinner.” She gestured to the two plates of food in front of her. “I know I mentioned it last week, but the bigger I get, it gets a little harder to keep pace with the gaining. So when I weighed this morning, I was five-hundred and fifty or so. Not quite as big a jump as last week, but still, I am obviously pretty huge.”

“How does it feel?” Rienne asked, resting her muzzle on her paw. “I haven't seen you this big before. Honestly, this whole thing's a surprise to me.”

Erin pulled one plate to her and blushed at her golden-furred lookalike. “Well, I've been *this* big before. Sometimes, but not a lot. I don't usually try to gain weight for a solid week, let alone have two more to go after this! But, I mean, there's the obvious. I am really heavy and feel huge. I don't... dislike it, I actually kinda like being bigger, but it's kinda like the opposite end of skinny for me. It's outside my norm and feels a bit weird to wobble and bounce *this* much. You know what I mean?”

“No.”

The chocolate fox ate some of her food and looked at Rienne. “Have you never gained a little? I know bodybuilders do the bulking and off-season thing or whatever.”

Rienne smirked. “I don't do all that; that's pro stuff. But sure, I've let my weight climb some in winter and stuff before, but I was meaning I couldn't compare that to *this*.” Again, she gave the vixen a nudge on her huge, heavy arm, where her sleeve of fat was resting on top of her side rolls. Erin tried to lean away, unsuccessfully, and giggled around her meal. “So two more weeks, huh? Movie night is next week again. How big will you be?”

“Um...” Erin blushed bright and licked her nose. “Above seven hundred. Big enough for y'all

not to fight over who gets the pillow.” She finished the first plate and burped softly, blushing again at the camera and covering her muzzle. Sheepishly, she pulled her other plate towards herself. “Oh, actually! Somebody had a question for you, and I figured you should be the one to answer.”

“For me?” Rienne raised a pierced eyebrow. She looked towards the phone. “I’m not sure they’ll be all that interested in my abs...”

“No, goober.” Erin laughed. “Um, so they know I’m a clone, right? But someone wanted to know how come *you* look like us, too. Me and Cerine. And you gotta be the one to tell them that.”

“Oh.” Rienne bared her fangs on one side of her muzzle in deep thought and let her gaze drift into the distance. “What makes you think *I* can explain it?”

“Tunno. I can barely explain myself! I mean, maybe Cerine can explain it?”

“No, I can do it. Just... hang on.” Rienne knitted her paws together and blew her breath through her nose, looking straight upwards. “Okay. So...”

“You’re gonna do it.”

“Hush!”

Erin chuckled behind her paws. “Don’t do it.”

Rienne slapped her paws down on the table around her plate, unable to contain a smile. “So in *Star Trek*-”

“You did it!” Erin threw her head back in a full belly laugh, placing one paw on top of her stomach as her chest bounced with her laughter. “You couldn’t resist!”

“How else am I gonna do it?!” the golden vixen argued back, flattening her ears as Erin continued to laugh. She glanced at the phone in front of them with a plaintive look. “So there’s multiple timelines, yeah? And in, like, *Star Trek* they show there’s differences between timelines, but if you go *really* far back it can turn into a whole new, like... everything.”

“So why do you look like me?” Erin asked, wiping her face with the heels of her palms.

“Technically, I look like Cerine,” Rienne answered. “Because I... am Cerine. Kinda.”

“Cerine from another... timeline?”

“Yeah. Kinda. Like, we’re soul-siblings or something. It’s like, we’re the same person but... not? I’m not sure how to explain it any better. Uhhh...” Rienne drummed her fingertips on the table and looked around. “Hey! Y’know what, we never got our drinks! Boy, I wish we had our drinks right now. I’m going to get us our drinks.”

Erin leaned to the side as the golden vixen, desperate to change the subject, climbed up onto the bench and out of frame of the camera. The chocolate fox covered her face with her paws and burst into laughter again as her doppelganger began flagging down the waiter and asking for their drinks. Rienne’s massive, wheat-gold tail, equal in size to both Cerine and Erin’s, flooded the view.

“Oh my god, y’all,” Erin said to the phone. Tears were streaming down her round cheeks as she picked the phone up from the table. “Please give us a few minutes. We’ll be back.”

The stream started again after about ten minutes, with Erin and Rienne outside the restaurant, standing in the evening light. Erin was still trying to wipe tears from her face, and Rienne was a mixture of blushing and grinning.

“Hello again, y’all,” the bigger vixen said, between snorts and more giggle fits. She pet her braid and cut her eyes towards the bodybuilder, who was now wearing her yellow lenses on her muzzle. “Before *anybody* tries to make any jokes, we did *not* get kicked out of a buffet because I ate too much.”

“Worth it,” Rienne chimed in, making Erin crack up even more. “I gave them a nice tip, though.”

“You did; that was nice.” Erin ran a paw through her loose hair and brushed it back from her face. “Okay, so I guess the show’s mostly done for today. I was gonna eat more, but I can do that in the cooking stream tonight.”

“Are you getting paid for this?” Rienne asked, putting her paws on Erin’s arms and resting her

chin on the bigger vixen's shoulder.

“Not for *this*, no,” Erin explained. Blushing and wiggling her nose, she said, “I do take tips and stuff for my cooking channel, though, and since I can't *not* be super-sized over there right now, it's kinda bled over.”

“Nice.” Rienne smooched the vixen's cheek again, making Erin blush and smile, and waved to the camera. “Alright, I'm gone. I'll text you later about movie picks. Love ya, big girl.”

Erin covered her face and blushed as Rienne gave her tummy a firm smack before walking off towards her car. The fat vixen wobbled for a moment before coming to rest, and she headed over to her own car, bouncing with every step. When she opened the door, she set the phone in its holder on the console and struggled a bit to climb in. Once she finally got settled, the obese fox was panting heavily and rubbing her tummy, her body overflowing the driver's seat. There was maybe an inch or two between the steering wheel and her stomach.

“Guess driving is going to be a no-go for about... a month?” She counted on her fingers. “Yeah – gaining for two more weeks, then I'll have to get back to this size before I could fit in here again.” The huge vixen adjusted and moved her tail so that it could curl into the back seats. “Jeez, that's just weird to imagine how much bigger I'm going to get. And I can gain and lose fast, but I can't just snap my fingers and be three-fifty again.” She laughed, massaging her face. “Sorry, it's just kinda settling in. That and I'm still having giggle fits. Y'all, my chest hurts. Rie kills me. It's actually funny. She and Ceri are alike, and they're also not. They butt heads sometimes, too, but they really are the same... soul? Or whatever. When I look into their eyes, I can see it.

“Anyways. I guess I shouldn't end this week without giving y'all some belly, right?” She smiled and adjusted her weight atop the seat. Licking her muzzle, she started to tug her dress up in the front until she had it up over her belly, and tucked it underneath her bra to keep it in place. Her humongous belly was half-exposed, with the tan-furred bowl of fat tucked into her black leggings. Hooking her thumbs into the leggings, Erin worked them down until her belly completely spilled out onto her lap with a slosh. The vixen inhaled deep and massaged her paws up and down over her stomach, drumming her fingertips on it and making it jiggle. “Gosh, that feels better. I'm about out of clothes to wear. I know Cerine can make special treated clothes with stretchiness for her...” Erin grabbed her boobs and squeezed them lightly for the camera. “You know. They get big. I might get her to make me some kind of like... Iunno, something.”

Erin drummed her paws on her belly and sighed softly. “Two more weeks. I can do it. I won't lie, I kinda lay in bed at night picturing how *huge* I'm going to get and can't wait to see it, but whew. It's gonna be work. But soon, right?” She smiled for the camera and gave her belly a huge bounce, watching her tummy ripple and slosh in the reflected screen on her phone. “Alright, I'm gonna head home and get ready for the cooking stream. We're doing cookies tonight! I've got a nice recipe. So I'll see you there, we'll fill this tummy up some more, or I'll catch y'all next week. I'll be at home... 'cause I won't be able to go anywhere.”

Grunting against the weight of her huge belly, Erin leaned up and pushed the end button on her phone.

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