

Threads of Fat, pt. 3

by Cerine Hero

“You look well.”

Stella felt all of her pent-up confusion and irritation start to boil behind her eyes. For now, she'd been avoiding trying to have any kind of outburst for fear of making her situation worse. Everyone around her was acting like nothing was amiss, so she kept it all squished down until she could get a good, solid grasp of what was happening.

But as she turned around to stare at the stranger, she couldn't hold it in. Her mustelid lips curled up in a snarl as the one-who-did-this-to-her sat there, legs crossed and paws on his knees. The fox's features and details constantly shifted and warped, but his eyes were fixed intently on her, showing no anxiety at all as her exposed fur fluffed with emotion all over her very large body.

“Go ahead and say it,” she growled. “Well-fed, you mean. I sure do look well-fed. What kind of fucking joke is this to you?”

“No joke at all, Stella,” the stranger replied. “I meant nothing more than what I said.”

“Oh, that's bullshit!” Stella took two waddling steps forward, her rolls of fat shaking from side to side. The crew had helped her out of the white dress, but she still wore the semi-invisible brassiere and bottoms. She jabbed a finger into the side of her belly, making the white fur roll around her paw. “You came to see how big you made me get, didn't you?”

The stranger barely even moved. “Not at all. Is this a surprise? That was, after all, the agreement.”

“I didn't agree to get *this* fucking fat!”

Stella grabbed two pawfuls of belly and lifted them. When she let go, the rolls of blubber on her midsection bounced and rolled like they were full of liquid. The ripples spread outward through her figure, making her thighs and breasts slap together like wakes from passing cruise ships. It was still hard for her to fathom just how much of her was fat. Her excess weight made up the vast majority of her body – barely any of her was “her.”

“The contract was explained to you, and you agreed by pressing the button. I believe my exact words were that you would be 'extremely fat.' There may be varying perspectives of what 'extreme' can mean, but I felt the implication was clear. It was perhaps wishful thinking on your part that led you to believe you would only be-”

“Shut up,” Stella groaned, massaging the bridge of her muzzle, right between her eyes. “It's been the longest day of my life already and it's barely lunchtime, as far as I know. I could honestly do without your psychobabble right now. I kinda just want to get the rest of the day over with, so I can go to sleep and wake up skinny again. Then I could just have a big laugh about all this while I fit in regular-size chairs again.

“Also get the fuck up, I want to sit down.”

The stranger smoothly and easily stood up, without leaning or pushing off from the seat. It was like he was pulled up by puppet strings; just one more freaky thing about him Stella needed to ignore for her own sanity. The supersized skunk dropped her weight onto the bench on the side of the trailer's room, shaking the entire trailer on its suspension. Huffing lightly, Stella tugged upwards on her bra to try to tuck a little bit more of her chest underneath.

“If you are unhappy with this arrangement, I do have information that could be useful to you.” The stranger crossed his paws behind his back, slowly swaying a tail that could never decide what color, length, or thickness it was.

Stella leaned backwards on the seat and narrowed her eyes warily at the stranger. “What, you're just going to take it back? Just like that? I thought you wanted something.”

“I have no reason to terminate our arrangement,” the stranger answered. He fiddled with some objects on the makeup vanity against the opposite side of the trailer. “But I mentioned in our previous

conversation that there will be a continuing requirement on your part in order to maintain the agreement.”

“This is starting to sound like every scam I've ever heard of.”

“Perhaps not.” The stranger reached into a pocket of his suit and took out a small watch-like device with a stretchy band. “You are going to need this.”

Stella took the item and looked it over. It wasn't much. Now that she looked at it closer, she saw that it wasn't a watch at all. The centerpiece on the band was a small, black circle, completely featureless. The skunk tried tapping on the front of it with a tubby finger, but it didn't do anything.

“I'd love it if you started explaining anything ever.”

The stranger stiffened. “Very well. In order to maintain our agreement, to keep your new life and everything that is a part of it, you will need to continue gaining weight.”

The skunk's eyes flicked upwards and she gave the fox her coldest, flattest stare. “What.”

“This device will help alert you when you haven't eaten enough in order to continue gaining weight. Think of it as a guide. In addition, only you will be able to see it, so there is no need to worry about having to explain away a new accessory or having it stolen.”

Stella inhaled deeply and looked at her body. She flexed her sausage fingers and pushed her paws into her overhanging belly as white fur sagged slightly over her knees. Her chin rest on top of a pair of over-swollen breasts. “You're telling me, as fucking fat as I already am, you expect me to eat myself even fatter?”

“Yes.”

The skunk exhaled sharply. “What's the fucking point of this? Why on earth do I need to be the Pillsbury Dough-skunk in order to actually have something nice happen to me?”

“As I said, this is all in the service of perspective. Seeing more... unusual viewpoints, by creating social situations that otherwise would never exist.”

Stella slapped her flanks. “So is that why I'm a humongous fat balloon, working as a movie starlet? I gotta say, that's a situation that would never exist.” She adjusted her weight on the couch and felt it flex and bend underneath her prodigious rump. “Nobody, like... really seems to notice that I'm fat. Or well, sometimes they do and it's just not a thing. Look, I wouldn't go around judge someone's weight... out loud... but there's limits, aren't there? I'm no angel, if I saw someone out on the street who was this big, I'd blurt out some kind of comment. Is that more of your doing? You, like... *made* people okay with it?”

“Indeed,” the fox replied, tucking his paws into his pockets. “You were a opportunity simply too advantageous to ignore, Stella. I am pleased that you decided to participate.”

“I really wish you talking about me like a lab rat irritated me more,” Stella groaned, “but I think I'm getting used to it. So what did you do? You changed... what, reality? Around me?”

“It is difficult to explain. Realities are subjective.”

“What happened to... the old me? My old life?”

“Nothing. It will be waiting for you should you break the terms of the agreement.”

Stella rubbed her belly. “By not gaining more weight, I got that.” She sighed and laid her head back on the top of the seat behind her. “I'm not going to lie, the life is... I was going to say 'fine' but that's the fucking lie I said I wouldn't make. I mean, this is beyond dreams. I'm not just living like someone I always wanted to be, you just turned me into her and gave me her life. Did you really need to make me star in my favorite movie? I mean, really? On *my first day*?”

The faintest hint of a smile seemed to twitch at the edges of the stranger's face, but it was difficult to tell if it was genuine or just an effect of the fox's chaotic, shape-shifting features. “I have found that to be effective in facilitating these second discussions. The abrupt and total change makes it clear that reality has become new. Once the initial shock has worn off, the full consequences of the agreement set in, and it becomes easier to discuss things openly.”

Stella turned the little device over in her paws. “If I agree to this...”

“You have already agreed, there is no need to do it again-”

“Shut up,” the skunk snapped, flicking her paw through the air at the stranger. “That’s what I meant. I’m saying, if I keep up this game, and get bigger, I can just... jump off anytime I want, right?”

“Correct.”

“And back to normal.”

“The entire agreement would be void.”

Sighing, the skunk slipped the band over her wrist, adjusting the device so the face of it rest just beneath her open palm. The band was snug around her thick wrist, sinking in firmly into her blubber, but not obnoxiously so. She half-expected the device to start blaring at her and telling her to eat, but nothing happened. Perhaps her extra-large breakfast of sandwiches this morning kept it happy.

“Alright, so-”

Stella looked up, but she found herself sitting alone in her trailer. Hefting her weight up onto her feet, the skunk peeked through every corner of the trailer, going so far as to shift the clothes in the back and see if he was hiding back there. The floor shook back and forth as Stella walked, her weight rocking the entire room.

The stranger had apparently just disappeared. She would have heard the door open, and he was nowhere inside. Stella just shook it off. The fox was far too weird to honestly worry about when she had more pressing issues at hand. Firstly, she’d passed out in the middle of shooting the scene with Chris. Everyone was probably expecting her to get back outside. The skunk ran a paw through her hair and stepped back to the front of the trailer.

Stella’s phone vibrated and danced across the vanity. To be honest, in the confusion of the whole day, she’d lost track of where the phone even was. Last she remembered, she had it in the limo, but she was so distracted earlier that she forgot to bring a purse or anything with pockets to keep it in! Someone must have found it and brought it to her trailer.

She picked it up and the name on the screen said “Vivian.” There were... eight missed calls from the same name. Stella shrugged and swiped her finger to answer it. “Hello?”

“Stella!” The voice was feminine and bounding with energy. “Honey! Look, they called me the second you passed out on set. I have warned them so many times about those lights and trying to keep you hydrated and cool on set – given your physique and all. I cannot believe this. How are you feeling, sweetheart?”

“...Who is this?”

“Stella? Are you feeling okay?”

The skunk rolled her eyes and shifted the phone in her grip as she sat back down on the seat. She tried to adjust her bust to where her boob and her forearm weren’t squashing awkwardly together while she held the phone up to her ear. “Let’s play a game called ‘Stella’s had a really long day already so we’re cutting her a break.’ You go first.”

“Goodness, girl, don’t tell me you’re getting sick or something. It’s me? Vivian? Your *very* supportive and excellent-to-you agent? I’ve been trying to get hold of you for an hour and you’re acting like you don’t even know me. It’s not another agency, is it?”

Oh, right. Agents. Movie stars had those, though Stella was only distantly aware of what they actually did. “Hi, Vivian,” she said, trying to pretend like she knew what was going on. “Uh, yeah... sorry I didn’t pick up. I kinda just woke up.”

“Well, I wish I could let you rest, but as soon as they called and told me you passed out, they said they were postponing your shoot for today. Apparently they had some reshoots to do with Chris in the meantime. So I thought, oh hey! I had a great idea. I called the head of HighStyle magazine to talk about a photo session. We’re gonna meet him for lunch and get it hammered out.”

“You did what?” Stella balked. “Can I not get a minute to rest for, like, an hour?”

“No, ma’am! We’ve gotta go-go-go! This business doesn’t wait minutes. Alright, I’ve got a car coming to pick you up. They’ll bring you here. See you soon, honey!”

Vivian hung up the phone, leaving Stella feeling disoriented and confused. This day just wasn't going to end, was it? Honestly, she wanted to get back to her house or mansion or whatever it was called and actually take good stock of the place to get centered in her new life, *then* figure everything out from there. Hopefully she would be able to blow off anything after the lunch and head home, or even better try to keep Vivian from making any more plans for her. Was that what agents did? That sounds like it would become exhausting. Stella had this storybook idea of what film stars did all day, and it only involved “acting” maybe once or twice a week. The rest of it was getting caught on camera at high-price boutiques and parties.

Stella set down her phone and waddled back to the rack of clothes in the trailer. She looked for something less flashy to wear, and easier on her temperature-wise. There were some designer denim shorts and a breezy white top with a low cut down the front. The skunk fought to cram her weight into the clothes without any help. The shorts snapped closed over the front of her belly and the top covered enough of her belly to call it good. She had a suspicion no one would mind or really notice if she showed a little fur. Finishing the ensemble with a dark hat and some sunglasses swiped off the vanity, Stella tucked her phone into her back pocket and squeezed her way out of the trailer.

She snatched up a couple more breakfast sandwiches on her way past the craft services table, and went to look for the car Vivian was sending to pick her up.

It wasn't much of a ride over to the lunch bistro, but it was enough for the skunk to gaze at more of the city. Everything was so orderly and clean out here, with rows of waving palm trees running between the lanes of the streets. The weather was clear and sunny, and a nice breeze blew in from the ocean. It was easy to see why the movie industry lived here.

The SUV pulled up to an open-air restaurant, and the driver helped Stella climb out of the back seat. Stella thanked him and walked over to the gate around the patio, pinching her fat body between the gateposts. If the damn fox stranger guy “warped reality” for her, then why couldn't he make the world big enough for her to fit in it?

Once she squeezed through the gate, rubbing her hips, she wondered idly how she would recognize Vivian when she saw her. It didn't take very long for her answer. A tall, slender doe was bouncing excitedly up and down in her seat at the far end of the patio. She waved wildly in the air as if Stella couldn't just plainly see her over there. Given the high-intensity voice over the phone, she put two and two together.

Unfortunately there wasn't a lot of room between the tables and chairs for the skunk's advanced silhouette to squeeze through. Sucking in her tummy as much as she could – it didn't help, her actual stomach was pea-sized compared to mound of blubber she carried in her belly – Stella turned sideways and tried to slip between the other patrons. Her bulk rubbed against the backs of several heads and knocked over some chairs, making the skunk blush and bite her lip. She looked towards Vivian for any kind of help, but the doe was face-first in her menu.

“Sorry, sorry,” Stella apologized as she almost bowled some stuffy suit face-first into his soup with her belly. “It's my first day... being... fat. Uh, that sounded better in my head. Don't mind me.”

The skunk tugged her shorts back up as she reached Vivian's table. She eyed the tiny white wire chairs around the table with a critical eye. No way she was going to fit on that thing. She didn't know if the big honcho of the magazine would be bringing a guest, so Stella reached over and pulled a second chair away from another table, sliding it next to the one she was going to sit on. With some aim and blind guesswork, she perched her hindquarters as well as she could on both seats. The backs of the chairs dug annoyingly into the fat rolls on her back, but it would have to do.

“He should be here any moment,” Vivian told her, putting down her menu. “I already ordered some spinach dip to start, the one they have here is absolutely to die for. Also give me those.” The doe reached over and took off Stella's cap and sunglasses. “You gotta make a first impression, sweetheart. Let me fix your hair... Goodness, you look amazing!”

“Well, they dolled me up for the movie.”

“They know what they're doing. This is wonderful. Let's cinch this deal and get you right on the cover of next month's issue. You are putting my kids through college. But anyways, how was the shoot? Other than the passing out, I mean. How is Chris doing?”

Stella wrinkled her muzzle and looked away. That bubble was still freshly popped. “Eugh... let's not talk about that.”

A server brought by a platter with a bowl of white-gold spinach dip, surrounded by fresh, flaky chips. As they started to eat, with Stella helping herself to big scoops of dip, the skunk took the opportunity to glance over at Vivian. The doe was a little bit older, maybe just edging into middle age, and wearing a crisp, fire-red blazer. Despite her really energetic personality, she had a kindly and sweet look to her, and she gave off a maternal aura. Stella started to notice that unlike everyone else she'd met up to this point, she felt comfortable with Vivian, with a genuinely friendly connection between them. How much of that was the doe's natural charisma and how much was the stranger's meddling, she didn't know. All she knew was finally she had a moment to relax.

It was short-lived. “Oh, here he comes,” Vivian said, straightening the menus. Stella looked over and saw a very straight-laced, businesslike badger walking towards them. He had on a fine suit, with a tailored waistcoat and a tie. Stella was impressed, but she also felt like she was dressed like a goblin compared to these two. She smoothed down the front of her white top and brushed back her silvery hair as the badger sat down.

Vivian quickly made introductions. “This is Stella Mason, I'm certain you're familiar with her work. She was just filming a scene for 6 Oceanview Terrace this morning.”

The executive and Vivian started discussing a lot of business jargon about fees, appointments, and so forth; things Stella didn't particularly care to listen to. She kept eating, getting every little morsel of spinach dip from the bowl. After all, why did she need to hold back? She was already fat, and apparently she needed to eat a lot anyways. Stella had never been a big dieter, mostly because she couldn't afford tons of rich food or to eat out much. She had fast food pretty regularly, but still, she kept trim without a whole lot of effort. Now, though, she could dig in with zero guilt.

Her stomach rumbled hungrily once all the dip was all gone. Stella pat the side of her heavy belly and brushed her muzzle clean with her napkin. Something buzzed her wrist and she looked down to see a dim greenish light glowing inside the face of her new bracelet. The skunk blushed.

“Everything okay, Stella?” Vivian asked, ducking down to glance at Stella's lowered face. “Is your wrist bothering you? You didn't fall on it, did you?”

“What? Uh... no, it's okay.” She looked at the doe and the badger, hiding her arm under the table reflexively. She forgot that they couldn't see the band. “Could we, um, go ahead and order lunch?”

“Of course, honey,” Vivian replied, glancing sidelong at the empty spinach dip bowl. She raised up a hoof and signaled for a server to come by. She and the badger both put in their orders for some light salads.

Stella's stomach growled enough for everyone at the table to hear, and she cleared her throat. Hadn't she eaten enough already? Five breakfast sandwiches and a bowl of dip, and the bracelet still expected her to eat? She *was* starving, though, so she put in an order for a large bowl of potato-and-cheese soup.

Vivian and the badger went back to their discussions, occasionally pulling Stella in to fumble some kind of answer about work she'd done in the past. Luckily, Vivian knew most of it, and filled in whatever holes the skunk couldn't traverse. A few minutes later, the server brought out the salads and the soup.

Stella dug hungrily into her lunch, ladling the soup into her mouth with a will. It was the best-tasting thing she'd ever eaten. Vivian and the badger watched with curiosity as she ate ravenously, scooping bread from the appetizer basket to dip into the soup. It was a large bowl, too – a meal like this, by itself, would've left the skunk rolling around in her chair, clutching her stuffed tummy. But this

fattened-up body took the meal in stride.

Her spoon clattered around the bottom of the bowl. She dropped it and leaned back, shifting her belly on top of her thighs. While the others talked, she took a glance down at her wrist. The green glow still shined inside the face of the bracelet and Stella sneered. How was that not enough? She was getting really tired of these not-adequately-explained requirements for the stranger's little game. But if he wanted her to eat, so be it. She didn't want to throw in the towel yet.

Stella pat the shoulder of the server when he came close to the table again. Her arm fat jiggled in her sleeve and she tucked her arm against her side to just kinda... make it stop. "Could you bring me, uh... just a whole lot of stuff? Just, like, a lot of food."

The server's eyebrows went up but after a second he nodded and scurried away. Stella looked back to the table and found both of her lunchmates were staring at her in shock.

"What? I'm... hungry."

Vivian blushed and offered a tight smile. "Uh, Stella, honey, we're kind of..."

"Oh, I've heard about Ms. Mitchell's appetite," the badger interjected. "I've heard it's legendary."

The server brought back a serving tray laden with dishes. Stella's full meal took up well over half the table. Things grew quiet around the bistro as the skunk started to tear into meal, shoveling spaghetti and meatballs into her snout. People were watching her display of absolute gluttony. Dirty dishes stacked up on the table beside her as she cleaned house, pulling plates towards her and devouring everything. Her belly bulged by inches as she stuffed herself, trying to satisfy the grumble in her belly and the device on her wrist. If she didn't, she'd go back to laying skinny and hungry on her lumpy mattress in the apartment.

"Oh, for the love of- How did they find us already?"

Stella's round ears perked up as she heard Vivian curse. She glanced up and followed her gaze over to a space beyond the fence around the bistro. Several photographers were lined up, rapidly snapping pictures of the starlet on her lunch date. Stella narrowed her eyes and sucked in the bit of spaghetti hanging from her muzzle. She ignored the paparazzi and finished eating, piling her dishes up and trying to mask a burp. There was plenty of fur hanging from underneath her top as her stuffed belly stretched out her clothes.

"Well, I think our business is done today," the badger said. "Please call the studio and confirm the appointment. Ms. Mitchell, I'll be seeing you soon."

Vivian rest her elbow on the table and looked at Stella as the badger left. "That went well, but uh, Stella, dear... couldn't you have waited to do that at dinnertime?"

Stella burped again, hearing the rapid clicking of shutters from the paparazzi. Did they seriously want pictures of her? All seven-hundred pounds of her? Rubbing her sides, the skunk sat up and tried tugging her shirt down to cover her stomach. The fabric stretched, but couldn't cover her fully – not that it did to begin with, but now she had almost ten meals' worth of lunch in her tummy. She lifted up her arm and glanced at the bracelet. The green glow had faded away to an almost-invisible spark. That seemed... good enough?

"Order me some ice cream to go," she said.

"Okay, but be up bright and early tomorrow morning. You've got to do reshoots on Star Ranger."

Stella didn't know what Star Ranger was, and she didn't particularly care. A mischievous thought crossed her mind. The skunk inhaled and lifted her arms straight up until her shirt popped up over her belly and waistline. Rolls of white and chestnut fur bounced free into the open and the cameras went into overdrive. She let the top bunch up over her middle and ran her paws through her fur. The paparazzi were bowling each other over to get the best angle to catch Stella's exposed midriff.

Maybe, all the annoyances and confusion aside, there was some room to have some fun with this.

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