

Erin's Heavy Vlog, Part 3

by Cerine Hero

Cerine smoothed down her lab coat, barely buttoned underneath her chest, and sat down at her desk chair. The exceptionally-endowed vixen's boobs squished against the edge of her work table as she leaned over so she could see exactly what she was doing. Holding the dropper carefully between two fingers, Cerine braced the beaker on the table with her other paw and counted out exactly four drops. As each golden, glowing drop of liquidized philosopher's stone fell into the readied potion, the concoction began to change colors, starting with amber, then black as pitch, before lightening up to a rosy lavender as the cloudiness evaporated away. The surface of the liquid rippled from each drop. Once, twice, thrice... one more... and done. Cerine took the dropper away and set it upside-down on a wire rack.

The potion rippled again. Raising her eyebrows, the pink vixen leaned away from it, watching cautiously from just over the horizon of her furry cleavage. Ripple. Ripple. Ripple. Cerine tipped her velvet ears about and listened. There it was, from up above her: *thump, thump, thump*, the sound of feet going down the hallway as they struggled to support an absolutely massive fox.

In three weeks, Erin had gone from slender to blimp. The metaphor was apt; the vixen was about as big around as a parade blimp now. The cow-fox's bust size notwithstanding, Erin was about four times Cerine's size. Aside from some playful teasing, and now occasionally helping the enormously obese fox with fetching things or fitting through doorways, Cerine had been a passive observer for Erin's "little" experiment. But as the chocolate vixen's weight continued to skyrocket, Cerine was having to step in to handle more chores and errands. Erin was happily sharing some of the bounty of the donations she'd been receiving as recompense, but Cerine was ready for things to get back to normal. But after this last week of gaining, it would still be another three weeks before Erin was back to her regular weight.

Sighing, Cerine reached for her soda and took a big gulp. It tasted... arcane. Grimacing, the alchemist looked down at the beaker full of lavender potion she'd just finished brewing.

"Uh, oh," she whispered.

Meanwhile, Erin was making her way back to her room, panting and out of breath from her trip down to the kitchen to get an ice cream popsicle. It may have behooved her to look at a calendar before deciding to spend a month transforming herself into a sphere of fur-covered gelatin. When she started this, it had been winter. It was spring now, and the weather was not being her friend. Her fur felt damp and she needed a shower. And since it was almost time to do her weigh-in and chat for her stream, she figured she could combine the two. She'd shown off plenty of fur already, so why not.

The freezing cold popsicle was like heaven against the heat wave outside. Erin cracked through the chocolate shell and sank her fangs into the vanilla ice cream for a big bite as she wobbled down the hallway, her unconstrained blubber jiggling underneath a large, somewhat loose shirt she borrowed from Gray. It didn't fit her well, but fitting her at all was better than nothing. The gray shirt covered down to the middle of her belly and bunched up on top of her wide hips and rump, where her tail did more to cover her from behind. Though it was fitted for the muscled tigyote, Erin still completely filled it around the chest, with nipples bulging into the thin fabric from atop her belly.

She finished her treat long before getting back to the room, having to waddle heavily for every step. The poor floor shook a bit above the basement from her almost half-ton weight. Chewing idly on the wooden stick, she leaned forward a bit to reach past her bust and belly and opened her door. Erin was definitely wider than the door now, more sphere than fox, and it took her a bit of effort and wiggling to squeeze her way through. It wasn't hard to imagine how much more difficult that would get by next week, but then, she wasn't likely to be going very far! She was already exhausted just from her trip to the fridge. Hopefully the heat wave will pass soon enough.

Erin rubbed the fur along her hips and thighs as she squeezed through the door, massaging away the tenderness after feeling like her wide body was a round peg being forced through a rectangular hole. As the vixen fiddled with her camera and streaming set-up, turning on the monitor and testing the view, she was shocked to see herself. She knew she was big, and had looked at herself in the mirror just this morning, but it was like a continuous state of surprise as she got a glimpse of her entire body, barely covered by Gray's shirt. The chocolate vixen raised her arms up as high as she could and turned around, trying to peer over her chunky shoulders at her reflection on the screen. Erin hadn't gotten this big before. For her, it was easy enough to be lazy for a little while and gain a hundred pounds or more without realizing it, but putting on more than four hundred took effort – like streaming her intentional gaining for an audience, for example. She was constantly fetching snacks in order to keep gaining at the same rate, and she tossed her popsicle stick into a nearby waste basket full of others, all complete with vulpine fang marks. The fox was up to five meals a day, too, so it was good she had some money from her cooking streams to use on food deliveries.

The first week of dropping back down to regular diet was going to be hell.

Erin readied herself to put on a show, planting her feet and feeling the ripples roll up through her soft calves and thighs before being absorbed by her butt and tummy. She leaned over a bit towards her dresser, where her phone was sitting on a stand, and felt her pendulous belly wobble beneath her. With one paw trying in vain to hold her tummy, she pressed the “Go Live” button on the app. The animated splash screen quickly faded, replaced by the butterball fox standing in the middle of her bedroom. There were already so many people lined up to see her. Her viewer count had increased week over week, probably because of word of mouth. Come see the inflating fox, people were probably saying. Erin blushed and cut her eyes towards the scroll of chat text. Yep, there were plenty of surprised comments from new people, mostly centered around the size of her bare-furred hindquarters in the view. Well, she didn't mind. Even though it was beginning to get cumbersome, she was having fun with it, still.

“Hey, y'all!” Erin said, leaning back upright and smoothing her borrowed shirt down along her front. It didn't make much difference, but it did make her breasts squish between her fatter arms, revealing a canyon of cleavage that sucked in the front of her top. “And a special hello to the new people! I hope you looked through the gallery I posted on the site before hopping in so you can see how I looked last week and before. There's a link down... somewhere. I can't check right now, but if you go through it, you can see when I had a *stomach!* And that was a week ago! Now I've got a belly about as big around as my whole body was back then...”

She looked at the comments. “I look different? Like, besides all this? Oh, my hair!” Erin raised her heavy and very round arms up and ran her paws through her loose hair. Her fat biceps squished between her forearms and shoulders, forming thick rolls visible even though the t-shirt. “Yeah, I haven't had time putting my braid back in, but that's okay. Y'all will see why in a bit. And yeah, it does make me look more like Cerine and Rienne, doesn't it?” The chocolate fox squished down her chubby cheeks and underneath her muzzle with her paws to try to make her face look more slender and improve the resemblance. It didn't work. Her face had doubled in girth.

“Any more pressing questions y'all got before we move on...?” she asked, watching the chat. She read one and blushed brightly, licking her nose as she rubbed her half-covered belly. “A...ha. Um, am I wearing bottoms?” Erin turned sideways and lifted up her shirt enough to completely show off her brown-furred hip, love handle, and one cheek, which was big enough to make most chairs quake in fear. “No, I'm not. Short answer: Tore my last ones, waistband just went *pop-pop-pop* and the dam broke, and getting some that could fit me now would take so long I wouldn't fit them by the time they got here! I've still got a week of gaining to go, y'all. Once I'm back in the sub-six hundred range, I'll be able to worry much about clothes.” She turned back face-on to the camera and tugged on her shirt bashfully. “If you're keeping score at home, that's gonna be three weeks or so with no pants... yeah. Let's talk about how fat I am! And then weigh. And then have some fun because you guys kinda got

shorted on chunky fox fun last week. Thanks, Rie... no, I'm kidding. I love her. Anyways, y'all, I'm gonna sit down."

Erin nudged the camera and adjusted its view towards the bed, so she could work her bulk onto the end of it and sit down. Her hips gained another foot in total width as her weight rest on top of them, and her belly pushed its way out of her shirt, sitting heavily atop her lap and then some.

"That feels better," she said, raising up one of her black-furred feet and wiggling her toes. "I'm gonna have ankles of steel once I lose weight. I don't guess I need to tell y'all that I am feeling *heavy* these days, but I think unless you actually get this big, it's really hard to explain just how it feels. Like, I heard someone say once it's like having a four hundred pound rock taped to you, and that's not really right." She grabbed two pawfuls of her belly and jiggled it, making her arms, breasts, and thighs all shake in sympathy. "For the most part, it's all spread out. I definitely feel my tummy most of all, and my boobs, but for the rest it's more the size that's the issue." The fox let go of her belly and ran her paws through her thigh fur and squished her hips. Her tail curled and vibrated behind her. "I'm too big for the doorways! And actually, if I don't stay really centered in the hallway between here and the front rooms, my ass bangs against the walls. I've knocked down so many picture frames... fortunately Mito hangs them back up when she comes around, since – heh – it's hard for Cerine to bend over, too! Maybe if she had some counterweights, she'd do better. Anyways. I am so glad at this point that this is a single-level house. If I had to do stairs, I'd have given up on this last week."

"Oh, and before we go weigh, I think I had a couple questions left over from the other week." Erin glanced around herself and raised her eyebrows. "Which are on my phone... which is over there... do I really want to go get it... yeah, okay. Gimme a sec, y'all." The obese vixen heft herself back up onto her feet, with the bed frame creaking and groaning as she stood and waddled off-screen, her fat jiggling hypnotically. A moment later, she came back, lightly panting as she just climbed onto the mattress on all fours, laying belly down and facing the camera. Her tail swished in the air above the mountain of her ass. Drumming some of her claws on her cleavage, she said, "There we go. Okay, let me see... What's your favorite pasttime? That's funny. I've got a lot less past than y'all do... But actually, I love watching movies. Older movies, really. 'Cause, y'know, I've got a lot of glimpses and shadows of stuff bouncing around in my head that I got from Cerine, and it's neat to figure out what they all go to. Of course, it's all mixed in with video games and stuff, too, but I don't do a lot with those. That's Ceri and Rie's thing. I do like watching, though.

"Another one, let's see... What's your favorite style of music? I don't know yet! I think I inherited Cerine's music tastes... which is to say, very little. Girl listens to soundtracks. And Rienne listens to... um... can I just be nice and call it 'stuff'? Very noisy, weird stuff. I do like piano, and other, softer things."

Erin put her phone down on the bed beside her and sat up, her belly resting on the mattress below her and her breasts stretching out the front of her shirt. She gave them a poke and a sway. "Told y'all I'd be as big as Cerine. Just had to be the size of a cow to be as big as the cow-fox."

She climbed back down onto the floor, her belly dragging off the mattress and slapping onto her thighs, making her whole body slosh. Erin waddled over and picked up her camera, carrying it with her to the bathroom door. "Okay, weigh in time! Y'all give me a sec to get through the... erf... damn... suck it in, Erin. Mmmph... whew! Okay. Doorway defeated! That's gonna get more fun, let me tell you. Though honestly, I don't think between today and next week I'm really going to get that much *bigger*, just more of me overall. Like, we'll see a difference but not like going from one-fifty to three-fifty. For that kind of difference at this point, I'd have to gain, like eight hundred in a week." She pointed right at the camera, her emerald green eyes sparkling mischievously. "No! Alright, where's the scale... y'all, I can't see the floor."

Erin lumbered awkwardly on the scale and found her belly was pressed firmly against the wall in front of her, completely obstructing her view. She turned sideways, but that just replaced her belly with her hip and shoulder. "Okay, wait... this might be a problem. I'm too fat to see how fat I am. This

is like... four hundred pounds more of me than last time. What is even the weight limit on this scale... I think I'm breaking it." Erin waddled backwards and planted her free paw on the wall as she leaned forward, her boobs and belly swaying under her shirt. "Oh no! Yeah, y'all, look, the plastic case cracked!" She laughed awkwardly. "I bet it's not meant for like, anything more than four hundred. Oopsie. Well, um... best guess, I'm probably around seven-fifty, maybe a little less 'cause it's hard to keep gaining really fast at this size. I'll see if I can't figure out a better way for my final weigh-in – hee, way and weigh – um, next week. I'm not sure what, though, because y'all, I'm going to be almost a half-ton... not bad for a month, I guess!"

The huge fox placed the camera down on the sink counter and angled it to be able to take in as much view as it could of the shower stall opposite the door. "Okay, now let's have a little more fun. Where I am, it's stupid hot, and my fur feels gross, so I am going to take a quick shower. You might guess I'm not gonna be able to get the door closed around me. You're right, but..." Erin whipped her enormous, brown-and-tan tail around her body and held it in her arms. "This soaks up water like you wouldn't believe."

Dropping her tail, Erin winked at the camera and licked her nose. She grabbed Gray's shirt and began to work it up and off. It was slow going, because at her size, she couldn't simply peel it up and off. Wiggling and sloshing a lot, the fat vixen got it to come up to her bust, leaving her belly and waist completely bare. The shirt was still full of the fox's busty chest, but she got her paws under it and tugged it upwards, letting both of her queen-size pillows burst free atop her belly. As big as they were now, they spilled over the sides of her upper stomach and bounced from practically every motion of her body.

Pausing for a moment, Erin slid her paws underneath her massive breasts and lifted them on top of her paws and forearms. Squishing them together between her thick arms, the vixen bounced them together some while looking sideways at her mirror, out of view. She had an entire armload's worth of tan fur and soft flesh, and she tapped a claw against one of her puffy nipples. "I remember someone asking me if I wanted big boobs... y'know, it's growing on me. Maybe they'll stay a bit bigger when I shrink back down, who knows!"

Erin unfolded her arms and pulled her shirt up to her armpits so she could work it off the rest of the way. She had to get one arm out at a time, with her meaty limbs dragging the sleeves with them, and then she could take the top off entirely. Now completely nude, Erin brushed her hair back and smiled. She turned and opened the frosted shower stall door, leaving it open as she put one paw inside the perfectly normal-sized shower and began to try to squish her huge body inside. All seven-hundred-plus pounds of her squashed around the narrow doorway, narrower even than the regular-sized door leading into the bathroom. Baring her fangs, Erin squeezed one part of her at a time through the gap. She paused halfway to catch her breath before pulling herself the rest of the way in. But even once she was past the door, she wasn't quite all the way in. No matter which way Erin turned, part of her was bulging through the open door. She was about half-again too rotund for the shower stall, and her fur pressed against every wall, giving her middle a squarish shape.

Adjusting so her fluffy tail was laying outside the shower stall door, Erin turned on the water, adjusting it to be lightly cool. Water flowed down from an overhead spigot in the ceiling, soaking her hair and then rolling down her shoulders and breasts. She closed her green eyes and purred as the cool water washed the heat off of her, and she raised her soft, round arms upright. The huge fox's body jiggled against the tiled walls around her, and as she turned around slowly, dragging her fat against the walls, her rump spilled completely through the open door, albeit with the cheeks squeezed together firmly. Water rolled down her hair and over the thick rolls along her back, from her shoulder blades down to her love handles, before curving across the rotund cheeks and getting soaked into her tail fur.

Erin brushed her wet hair back behind her ears and pressed the button on the control panel to start the shampoo. The water pouring from the spigot turned lighter, with a bluish tint to it, and the vixen's shoulders and head were soon covered in suds. She began to massage the shampoo into her fur,

rubbing her paws all around and under her arms. Smirking, the fox managed to turn herself about in the tight space once more, facing sideways to the camera. Her wet and now soapy fur squeaked as it dragged across the tiles. Lathering her paws, Erin made sure to get shampoo between and underneath her breasts, and her paws left circles of suds as she got it all over her huge belly. With a grunt, she hefted its weight up in her arms and pinned it to the wall so she could reach a bit better, but she was honestly too big to get it all by paw. The obese fox let her belly flop back down, making water splash from her fur as her fat rippled and jiggled from the impact.

The water went clear again after the shampoo, and Erin rinsed herself off, her dark brown fur shimmering like rich, polished wood. Now clean and feeling much better, at least for a while, the fox turned off the water and started to squeeze her way back out of the stall. It was easier this time, since she was soaked. Water still dripped from her nipples and the end of her tail, and her tail lay flat on the floor, thoroughly waterlogged.

Erin grabbed a green towel with a paw print pattern from the rack beside her and began to rub it on her face and large chest. She smiled for the camera as she leaned over it a bit. "Okay, I hope you all had fun with that! Sorry I couldn't actually weigh... but I think that's part of the fun, right? Oh, also, no cooking streams for a bit. Yeah, gotta go on hiatus for those because I can't do those all..." She gestured at her heavily-expanded body and gave a love handle a quick jiggle, making her midsection bounce and ripple. "Naked. I'll start those back up once I get back on the downswing and I'm at a reasonable size! So, I'll see y'all next week for the final weigh-in... well, at least I'll let you guys have a peek at how big I am. And honestly, I think I'll ask for some help before then, because I'm going to be enormous." Erin poked at her belly peeking out underneath her towel. "Fortunately, I know the perfect person. So until then, y'all take care. Love ya, and-"

Her ears perked up and she looked towards the bedroom door. Erin tilted her head. Did she hear her name?

"Erin!"

Yep. She did.

"Well, good timing." The fox blew a kiss to the camera and then turned it off. Now off-stream, or at least broadcasting nothing, she wrapped her towel around her boobs and pinned it to her body with her arms as she peeked out of the bathroom door. "I was in the shower! What do you need?"

"Come here!"

"Well, don't make noises at me for dragging a wet tail on the carpet," she grumbled under her breath, squeezing her way back into the bedroom before opening her door and looking into the hallway.

Cerine was out there, standing in her lab doorway for some reason. The buxom, pink fox had her paws on the door frame and was trying to squeeze her way through, but she was solidly stuck. Erin perked her ears and looked on in confusion, wondering if the other fox was playing a joke on her. Cerine had on her lab coat and a low-cut top, and her boobs weren't what was caught in the door – which had happened more than once. Erin squished her way through her doorway and waddled over to stand in front of Cerine. Then she saw it.

"Oh my god!" she squealed. "Ceri, your ass is huge!"

The pink vixen scrunched her nose and sighed. Sure enough, she was pinned in the doorframe by hips a couple times wider than the rest of her body. She had thighs to match, and though Erin couldn't see much from this angle, she could at least notice that she couldn't see anything of the lab down the stairs because of the bulk of Cerine's butt. And this was all really obvious because the vixen had exploded out of her pants.

"I know," the pink fox grumbled. "I accidentally drank the potion I was working on. I was coming up to see if you had any doses of fission handy. I think I used all of mine."

Erin shook her head. "No. Why would I have some?"

Cerine looked over her shoulder and tried to wiggle her way backwards, but it was no use. She was stuck fast in the doorway. The alchemist was even wider than Erin! At least in that one dimension.

“Well... shit. I can't get back down to make more now.”

“I'll call Zaress,” Erin giggled. “Don't worry, I've got butter in the fridge!” Smiling, she left Cerine there and dragged her tail back into her bedroom before closing the door behind her.

When the camera turned on again the next week, the view was shaky and wobbly, like it was being held by hand. It was reminiscent of the first stream, when Rienne was holding the phone. But instead of the gym, they were still in Erin's room. Orange light was soaking through the windows in the late afternoon. Some of the furniture had been rearranged, presumably to give the growing vixen more room. The camera swept around, briefly pointing at the monitor screen and creating an endless infinity loop of digital mirrors before panning around even further towards the bathroom door, like it was being held at bay and not towards anything just yet.

“Where should I put it?” a male voice, unexpectedly, asked.

“Hmmm...? Oh!” That was Erin. “My normal mount won't work for this, will it? Well, we can put the tripod over beside the bed and set the camera there. Gosh, we probably should've thought of this before going live! I'm so sorry, y'all! Just a couple minutes... I'll work on – eerf – sitting up. I'm so heavy! This has started taking longer every day. At least this is my heaviest.”

The camera began to spin around a bit, facing the ceiling. The other voice chimed in, “So you say.”

“Oh, no, *definitely* heaviest. I'm titanic.” Her voice faded in and out with effort as she rocked back and forth, piling up enough momentum to roll over.

“Don't you want to be a good, round number?”

Erin laughed. “No, I think I'm plenty big enough. And besides, this was the goal. One solid month of – oof, there we go – gaining.”

The camera was clipped onto the tripod, but the view went black once again. Almost black: There was still static on the stream's view. Or fuzz. Yes, fuzz, actually, because the owner of the black fur stepped back from where he was right in front of the camera, revealing an equine pot belly attached to a chubby horse. Aside from his dark front side, the horse had deep cerulean fur and a vivid yellow bandanna around his neck. He was standing in front of the camera, obscuring the view of the absolutely enormous vixen behind him – but not well. Erin was twice as wide as he was and then some, so the chunky horse was completely silhouetted by her bulk.

Blushing, he stepped out of the way and let the audience have a look. Erin's prediction that she wouldn't get *much* bigger over the last week was wrong. Another two hundred pounds and then some on her seven-hundred-and-fifty frame wasn't a major proportion of her weight, but she was still clearly much, much bigger. As she sat on the edge of the bed, the fox looked like a fat beachball. Her arms rest on top of her flanks, with her thick, tubby biceps spilling over her love handles and hips. The fox's dark-furred paws were beginning to get swallowed up. She didn't bother with starting this update out with clothes on, possibly because she had nothing to wear. The vixen's tan-furred breasts dominated her body, seated like a pair of enormous cushions atop her gigantic belly. Her tummy spilled over her huge and soft thighs, flattening them slightly while both hanging over them and down between them. From atop a thick roll where her neck used to be, Erin was red in her chubby cheeks and still catching her breath after she rolled herself upright.

“Hey everybody!” she said, brushing her hair back from her face and her thick shoulders, buried in the general bulk of her swollen, heavy torso. She hadn't put her hair in a braid again yet, but the audience was more distracted by the sandbag-sized weights hanging from Erin's arms as she lifted them up to run her fingers through her hair. Her arm fat was both pinched between her forearms and torso on top while swinging free under her triceps. The blubber slapped against her massive breasts, pushing them together and making her cleavage jiggle against her neck roll. Every part of Erin was now so big they jockeyed for space around her body. She dropped her arms down onto her sides again, making everything wobble and shake. “So we finally did it! One full month of me stuffing myself silly until I

am-” she pinched a couple rolls of her giant belly in her paws, just under her breasts “-a balloon. A really, *really* heavy balloon.” She glanced off from the camera and then pointed at the space beside her on the bed. “And I should introduce y'all, this is Ceres! He's here to help me film today to take some of the load off my paws.”

Ceres stepped into the edge of the view, sitting beside Erin with a blush. He was overweight himself, but he looked positively slender beside her girth. Ceres extended a hoof and brushed it along Erin's side, feeling her huge boob and down the curves of her enormous belly. The brown-furred vixen purred and shivered, licking her muzzle as she giggled nervously towards the camera.

“Can't... pretend that doesn't feel good,” she said. “It's weird to feel sensation all the way over... there. Like, it's wild, isn't it? That space wasn't part of me before, but now it is. It's just mind-blowing thinking about how big I've gotten this month. I was just looking through the progress pics on the site, and whew. Skinny to mountain!”

“I was looking at them, too,” Ceres replied, biting his lower lip and grinning. “Um, so do you wanna tell them what you weigh now?”

“Oh, right!” Erin adjusted her bulk on the edge of the bed, her blubber sloshing from one side to the other before bouncing off of Ceres and settling in the center again like a hypnotic water balloon. “So we don't actually know for sure, since somebody's big butt – which has only gotten bigger – broke her scale last week.” As she talked, Ceres leaned back and poked her extra-wide rump. “But best guess, if I kept up with my rate of growing... probably around nine-hundred-and-fifty pounds. So just shy of half a ton! And I think that's pretty good for starting out skinny.”

“How does it feel?” Ceres asked, his light-blue tail flicking behind him and laying atop Erin's huge, fluffy one.

“You'd know,” she told him, making him blush. Massaging her paws all over her flabby figure and making her blubber squish and slosh under her fingertips, she said, “Well, first thing to mention is just how fat I've gotten. I know I kinda sound like a broken record after last week, but that's just because I haven't been *this big* before. Like, just look how huge I am. I don't fit in *anything*. I can't even hardly get that big shirt from last week over my tits now. And either my ass or belly hangs over the bed, unless I lay on my back, but that means I've got boobs in my face. Again – how does Cerine do it.”

“On her side,” Ceres quickly interjected.

“That was rhetorical, but okay.” Erin snickered behind her paw while Ceres lowered his head down into his shoulders and smiled sheepishly. Leaning her weight against him and making him wrap his arms somewhat around her, the fat fox continued, “And the weight is unbelievable. I thought seven hundred was a lot. Nine hundred really feels like I'm just a huge, buttery wrecking ball. I can still walk, but... heh, not far. Either because I get tired, or because getting through the doorways is a big hassle.” She smirked and ran her tongue over her fangs. “Zaress can widen doors, but she can't really *unwiden* them.”

“Is that why the drywall was cracked around her lab door?” Ceres asked, pointing off camera.

Erin covered her chubby muzzle with her plush paws and laughed. “N-no...”

“Oh.”

“So whatcha think? We should show them how big I am, right?” Erin asked, smiling and running a paw through her hair. “I'll need your help.”

“Wh-what do you need me to do?” Ceres asked, flushing red.

“Well, help me up, first.”

Ceres nodded and stood. He adjusted the camera back a bit and took Erin's soft, pudgy paws in his hooves and began to pull. It was slow going, but the massively-sized vixen lifted her immense weight up onto her feet. Her soft rolls and full figure bounced and wobbled as she stood, her girth was like gelatin around her. She was, by *far*, more fat than fox. Erin's breasts fell over her belly, which in turn sat on top of her enormous thighs, and her hips were wide enough to cover the bed from end to

end. Erin took a couple of steps forward and then her entire body jiggled heavily as her rump slid off the end of the bed. Her cheeks wobbled for a while afterwards, and just when they got settled, she started to walk again, making them ripple and vibrate with each step.

“Okay... whew. Go lay down.”

“Me?” Ceres asked, pointing at his chest. “But you just got up.”

“Yeah!”

“A-alright.”

Ceres walked around the bed and approached from the other side. As he climbed onto the bed, Erin waddled her enormous figure out of the way so the camera had a clear view of the bed again. Ceres laid down on his back with his head towards the camera, adjusting his pajama pants around his tubby waistline. A minute or two later, the very fat vixen wobbled back into frame, her cheeks rosy underneath her fur as she made her way over. A huge, chocolate wrecking ball, indeed. Her hips dragged against the wall beside the bed, and she barely had room to fit on the far side. She made room by turning to face the bed and hefting her belly up, dropping it onto Ceres's legs. The horse grunted from the sudden weight and rubbed his hooves on the huge, tan-furred mass of blubber. Erin shimmied the rest of the way down, until she was even with both Ceres and the camera.

Giggling, she leaned forward until her paws were resting on his belly, and she looked past him, smiling mischievously for the camera. “I know I said my cooking streams were on hiatus for a bit, but why don't we do an impromptu one real quick? I want to make a blueberry horse pancake...”

“W-wait, what?” Ceres asked, his voice cracking a bit, but his expression was anything but frightened.

“So I've got a nice, fresh, blueberry horse here,” Erin said, teasingly, as she pat her paws on Ceres's belly. “If you're going to flatten one into a pancake, you have to go fresh. Frozen is just not gonna work. The next thing you'll need is a lot of weight. Fortunately-” she pat her flanks, making herself slosh “-here's some I prepared earlier!”

Erin leaned to one side, trying to lift her leg up onto the mattress and climb up. It took her a few attempts, and she practically had to drop herself onto Ceres to do it. The horse grunted from her weight falling onto him, with her breasts overflowing his belly. Erin got her knee up onto the mattress and then leaned the other way, her butt sloshing as she struggled to get completely back up onto the bed. It would've been easier without Ceres there, but at least she could grab his pajama pants and help haul herself up. The horse's hooves teased the fox's shoulders and breasts as she bounced around atop him, dragging her immense body on top of him. The mattress leaned in her direction from her weight, rising up on the far end until she was able to center her weight better.

The vixen got on her paws and knees atop the mattress and the horse. She was so fat that, even propping herself up, her body was laying on top of his, with her belly and breasts smothering him. Tan fur was draped over Ceres from his hips all the way to his shoulders. He placed his hooves on the sides of her belly, sinking his fingers into her bulk and panting softly.

“Now, you want to apply soft pressure to the horse,” Erin said, looking up at the camera and grinning. “So you smoothly flatten him out. Don't crush him. But still, use all your weight, because you don't want him going anywhere.”

“I'm not,” Ceres answered, his muzzle nearly engulfed between the fox's hanging cleavage under her. His chest and shoulders were covered in soft, supple, tan-furred breast fat. There were about three hundred to four hundred pounds of blubbery fox already weighing on him from this position, pushing him down into the mattress, and he whickered happily as he felt it all bury him like dough.

And then Erin dropped herself onto him.

The whole bed shook as her weight came to rest, with two of the feet leaving the floor for a brief moment. The impact pushed Ceres down into the mattress, and when the mattress tried to push back, he couldn't go anywhere. All of Erin was on top of him, from her thighs to her neck roll, all keeping him completely buried and pinned underneath her. Ceres inhaled deeply to catch his breath, but

it was hard to breathe with almost half a ton of fox on him, moreso because her boobs were smothering his chest, throat, and cheeks. His muzzle barely peeked out of her cleavage. Where his hooves were, he didn't know. He could just feel her soft flesh pinning them down to the bed.

"You okay?" Erin asked, fixing her hair before letting her thick, soft arms relax over the side of the bed. "I heard a whinny."

"F-fine..." Ceres wheezed. He worked his hooves out from under the fox's belly and boob, respectively, and held her sides. He was blushing red, but he smiled. "Never better... quite happy."

"Good!" Erin said, giggling. "I feel kinda comfy... figures, I find something fun to do with my size on my *biggest* day. Oh, well." She looked up at the camera as she wiggled, sloshing her fat figure atop Ceres and making the bed creak under her weight. "I hope you all enjoyed that, and this whole adventure of mine to see how big I could get! ...Well, how big I could get in a month." She looked down at Ceres and squeezed her boobs against his face with her shoulders, slightly. "Maybe I can go bigger one day, but I'd have to ask Cerine for help."

"One ton?"

"Oh. Yeah. I think you'd actually die under me then, though."

"Science is a noble pursuit."

Erin laughed, her whole body jiggling. "Maybe one day we'll see how big that is. But now, I wanna shed a few hundred and get back to normal. I'm gonna feel like a feather after all this. Thank you everybody for watching! And I'll have cooking streams back in about... let's say two and a half weeks? Four-hundred-something pounds should be good. Love y'all! See ya!"

The vixen continued laying on the horse on the bed for a moment, wagging her tail slowly about her massive cheeks. After a moment, she realized why nothing was happening. "Uh... oh, who is gonna turn the stream off?"

"I can't," Ceres whinnied, still pressing his hooves into her dough-like body. "Not unless you get up..."

"I needed your help to get up..." she admitted. "My phone's over... there, on the dresser."

"Mine's in my pocket..."

"I feel it. Under my hip, which makes it kinda out of reach."

Ceres tried to wiggle under the fox, but he was pinned good. He couldn't get his arms back underneath the fox, especially not past her belly *and* her hip fat. "When will Cerine be home?"

"Her awards thing ended at nine..."

"And it's..."

"Probably six." Erin blushed and ran a paw through her long hair, grinning awkwardly at the camera. "So, um... how are y'all doing?"

* * * * *

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