

Threads of Fat, Chapter 4

by Cerine Hero

As it turned out, Star Ranger was a superhero movie, and Stella was playing one of the main characters. That wasn't good. The skunk didn't know the first damn thing about superhero movies.

She was able to squeak by on the set of Oceanview Terrace because she knew that movie like the back of her paw. Every single line was burned into her memory and she could repeat the scenes on the fly. She did it in the shower pretty often. But now she had nothing. Stella had absolutely no idea who or what a Star Ranger was. If they were filming it around the same time as Oceanview Terrace, then the movie was probably around for a few years – at least from her own point of view. So not knowing what it was could possibly be her fault, but how was she supposed to know she would be retroactively starring in it?

Stella managed to snag a copy of the script from a set manager while she was hassled off to costuming. As a legion of aides – a hell of a lot more than last time, she noticed – buzzed around her body, she flicked through the script to get an idea of what was going on. It didn't help much. She figured out her character's name was Callandra, Princess of the Blue Star, which honestly sounded pretty impressive. She had a laser sword, too.

“I can get behind that, I guess,” she mused to herself while hair stylists worked to make her long, silvery hair look both really pretty and really dirty and disheveled all at once. Stella glanced up and looked in the mirrors as they worked. There was apparently an art to it, because a jaguar brushed and straightened her hair while a wolfess messed it all back up again, but in a perfect way. Other makeup artists were smudging gray-brown makeup into her fur all over her body in order to give her a “dirt-covered” look. It definitely felt invasive, having a half-dozen paws bouncing and rubbing her huge body, but Stella bit her lip and rolled with it. Then they worked up to her breasts and chest and the skunk tensed up so tight she thought she might sprain something. It only took a second, and once they were done, the skunk looked down at her shelf of cleavage and saw nothing but messy fur with splotches of crusty gray all over. Did this really count as being “made up?” She looked like she just crawled out of a mud pit...

The costumers brought out her outfit and Stella barely had time to glance at it before an entire team started to handle her blubber rolls and pour her into the costume. Callandra's blue superhero costume would have been a little revealing on her six hundred pounds ago. It was barely more than a swimsuit with bits of hanging cloth and a cape tied to it. Big as she was, there was more of Stella's fur out of it than in, and the fabric was drumskin-tight around her breasts, hips, and the collar. Her belly was totally exposed, hanging out onto her thighs and almost completely covering up her tights. The costumers added on some metal-looking boots and arm guards and a circlet to finish the outfit.

Stella glanced in the mirror. She looked like a character from a cheesy 80's cartoon, except instead willowy and thin, she was... well, *herself*. Someone, somewhere, looked at this outfit and thought, “Let's put the supersized woman in it, that'll sell tickets.” Stella rolled her eyes and adjusted the front of the outfit around her chest. She wasn't here to argue, but she was afraid to move for fear of the entire ensemble exploding into pieces.

Someone else came up and re-adjusted the front of the outfit, pulling down on it to cover the underboob. Stella's bust popped upwards once the costumer let go of the garment, and her girls hung out of the bottom of the outfit once again. “Nope, nope, it's not fitting,” the head costumer complained. She grabbed a tape measure and slung it around Stella's middle. “We need to make adjustments.”

“Uh... too big or too small?” Stella asked hopefully, raising an eyebrow.

“Too small. I hate doing these reshoots. Every one of you blow up twenty pounds heavier once principal shooting is over.”

Stella turned her paw over and looked at her wrist, looking at the device that reminded her to eat herself bigger. “Uh... yeah, sounds about right...”

The costume came off again in a flash and Stella stood blushing, covering her large chest with the backs of her paws. She often wondered how stars felt about being naked or almost so in film for the enjoyment of complete strangers. Apparently it was just another day at work for them! The professional wardrobers added more fabric to the costume like a trained pit crew and then brought it back over. Stella was slipped into the awkward outfit and while tons of fatty fur still let itself be known, at least now the costume fit better. And, unlike that heavy white dress, this costume was pretty breezy and light, so there was a lot less risk of overheating.

The skunk was led back out to the set, if she could even call it that. The set for Oceanview Terrace featured some green screens, mostly to fill in the actual ocean view part of it, but this time Stella found herself standing in a sea of green. It was green on all sides, below, and above, like she was trapped inside a cube of green. The only exception was a flat, table-shaped rock sitting dead center in the set.

Stella sat down in a seat just off the stage that was clearly for her, given that it was a couple feet wider than the rest. She flipped through the script some more, propping the stack of papers up on her bust so she could actually see them.

“That won't be a lot of help,” someone told her. Stella lowered the papers and looked around, seeing no one. Leaning forward, she peeked past the curve of her belly and saw a short, gray-furred fennec standing next to her. She had to be at least a foot shorter than the skunk. The fennec stepped to the chair beside Stella's and hopped herself up into the seat. She had sparkling, sunset-colored hair that started blond at the crown of her head but faded into orange and violet at the tips. And, unlike Stella, her costume was pretty conservative – a textured, black body suit and a red jacket, like a sci-fi outfit. The skunk was taken back a bit looking at her. She looked like she just got out of a nasty bar fight, with bruises and a cut on her muzzle – but then she remembered it was just makeup.

Stella shook the script in her paw. “And why not?”

“I heard they did more re-writes an hour ago,” the fennec said, kicking her legs as they dangled off the bottom of her chair. Good grief, Stella figured she probably weighed more than ten of her. “So who knows what they actually want us to do.”

The skunk sighed and tossed the script over her shoulder, hearing it hit the floor with a papery *paff*. “Fine by me, not like I have a clue what I'm doing in the first fucking place.”

The fennec chuckled to herself. “Hard to follow these, isn't it? Especially when it's all CGI and out of order.”

A loud voice over a megaphone echoed over the set. “Okay, I need everyone in places! Stella, Tawni, come to the set, please!”

“That's our cue,” the fennec replied. Apparently she was Tawni. She hopped down from her seat, her footpaws making adorable little papping sounds on the concrete floor. Stella followed her, her own footsteps distinctively louder and heavier. They walked onto the green field, where the director was meeting with the cinematographer next to the big camera apparatus, and lighting techs were fixing the angles on some of the lamps.

The director, a white tiger, turned to Stella and Tawni. He adjusted his cap and flicked a nervous, striped tail. “Ladies, awesome.” He leaned forward and looked around Stella, eyeing her costume. “Did you gain weight?”

Wow, she overeats at one bistro and *now* everyone has a comment about her weight. The skunk put her paws on her blubbery hips and scrunched her muzzle. “Maybe.”

“Well, it won't matter. Today we're redoing Tawni's death scene,” he explained, turning and pointing at the rock formation on the set for some reason. “We got some studio notes back and the producers want us to do some alterations. Namely, they don't want Nitro-Fox to die. Apparently it's better for toy sales this way. So instead we're gonna have her get abducted by one of the Kurtaan War Angels and taken back to their planet. It'll make a better plot hook for the sequel.”

Stella's eyes glazed over just listening to all the sci-fi nonsense. If any of those words meant

something, she had no idea what they were. The director had Tawni get into position, laying her down on the slab of rock. Makeup artists appeared out of the woodwork and began touching her up in the proper lighting. The director then came over and took Stella by the arm, his fingers sinking softly into her soft flesh, and he led her to the far end of the set.

“So it's gonna be the same as before-”

“I absolutely do not remember last time,” she told him.

“No?”

Stella dug around for an excuse. “Yeah, uuuh... oh! I was doing another movie yesterday, I've ejected everything else.”

“Well, goddammit. I hate these reshoots, everybody gets messed up.”

“I'm noticing that's a common opinion.”

“Anyways. You'll see her on the rock, run over to her, scoop her up, cry, just like before. Then we'll get into the new stuff. We've thrown the lines out the window, so I need you to improv. And- wait, where's your sword? Props!”

Stella was brought a “sword,” which was actually just the handle part. There was a hole drilled into the end of the prop where they could attach the rest of it, but she just had the end for now. She gave it a couple test swings, and then immediately regretted making her half-exposed body jiggle everywhere. Clearing her throat, Stella grabbed her belly with her paws and held it still.

The director called for quiet and jogged back over to the camera, positioned close to the rock where Tawni was laying. Stella wiggled and adjusted herself into her costume a little more, feeling her cape flutter behind her as fans were turned on around the set to simulate the wind. She really wished she had any idea what was supposed to be going on around her in the movie. All she could see was green.

Her stomach was full of butterflies and her long tail jittered nervously. Now that she was waiting out here, by herself, with the camera pointed in her direction, Stella realized how far in over her head she really was. She shifted her weight from foot to foot, feeling her belly, among other things, shift from side to side. The skunk swallowed hard, reminding herself that she could do this, she just needed to, y'know, act. She did it for Oceanview Terrace, this shouldn't be too hard to figure out!

A set manager stepped in front of the camera and smacked the little clicker board thing as the director called for action. Stella gathered her courage and remembered what she'd been told to do. Gripping the “sword” in her paw, the skunk got her huge body moving as best she could, but she was not built for running. At best, she was able to get herself up to a rapid waddle, and even then each step was like trying to fight against several extra bodies clinging to her and jostling around. Stella's breasts smacked the underside of her chin and she stumbled to a stop as she bit her tongue.

“Ow, fuck!” she whined, rubbing her muzzle.

“Stella, you okay?” the director called.

“Yeah... smacked myself.” She wiggled her tongue to try to get some of the pain to disperse.

“Uh... can we nix the running? I'm gonna admit, that's not my thing.”

The director conferred with the cinematographer in quiet for a minute. “Yeah, I think we've got an idea for it, don't worry. Come on over and we'll do the close-ups.”

Stella waddled her way over to the middle of the set, rubbing the top of her breast where it had smacked her muzzle. The skin was a little sore, but she was lucky it didn't hit teeth. Then she'd have an aching tongue and a punctured titty to go with it. Tawni was sitting up on her elbows as Stella approached. The director and cinematographer swung the camera platform back and higher into the air as they set up for the next shot.

“Alright, Stella, you find her little body-”

“Hey!”

“Sorry. You find her laying on the rock, gravely injured. And... action.”

Tawni flopped onto her back, bending her leg into what looked like a painfully awkward

position. Stella stared for a minute before remembering that she needed to actually *do* something. Mumbling some words, the skunk fumbled the sword out of her paw and then awkwardly tried to kneel down on the rock beside her. She fell forward and completely buried Tawni underneath her heavy stomach, to a mixture of gasps and chuckles from the set crew. The director shushed them all and Stella rolled herself off, blushing bright red. Tawni just looked mortified.

“Let me try that again,” she moaned, hefting herself back up to her feet with a bit of difficulty. The skunk huffed and looked around, thinking about how she could gracefully bend down.

“Anytime, Stella,” the director reminded her.

She shot him a sharp look. “Hey, I’m really fucking huge. Gimme a second to figure out a plan of action here, or you’re just gonna have a bunch of outtakes of me falling on my ass.”

“Fair enough.”

“I think I’ve got it.” The skunk practiced kneeling herself down in a mostly sideways, rolling motion so that she ended up on her paws and knees beside Tawni. She got up again, feeling the weight of her body in her hips and thighs. Her poor muscles ached from hauling her weight back up. “Oh, jeez... remind me to stretch.”

“Are you ready?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Action!” The striped clicker board was struck again.

Stella pulled off her “drop” onto the rock, landing on her elbows and love handles. Thanks to hefting her weight around, she was definitely managing to look battle-weary and out-of-breath without even trying. She looked at Tawni and swallowed hard, opening her mouth to speak, but...

Absolutely nothing came out. Stella's eyes shrank into tiny points and her blood froze. As if she really needed a reminder, it suddenly became shockingly clear that the skunk was not an actress and she had no right being here. She had no idea what to do! What was she supposed to actually *say*? A wellspring of fear and anxiety bubbled up from her tightening chest into her throat and sprung out through her tear ducts. The uncomfortable silence dragged on and Tawni cracked one eye open to glance at her.

“Stella...? You alright?” she asked.

“L-line...” the skunk squeaked, feeling her body jiggle as her legs trembled.

The director rolled his paws in the air. “Uh... this is Callandra's best friend, near death, so say, um, 'Don't leave me here alone. I don't know what to do.'”

Stella nodded absent-mindedly. Those words bounced around inside her skull and struck a nerve. She really was a lone. She didn't know what to do. The skunk sniffed hard, feeling tears drip off her muzzle. She grasped Tawni's tiny paw in hers and just let the words flow right from the heart.

“Please don't leave me here alone,” she said, her voice cracking, “I don't know what to do without you, Tawni.”

“Romenn.”

“W-what?”

“My character's name is Romenn.”

“Shit.” Stella shook her head and repeated herself, getting the name right this time. It felt weird to repeat the lines over again.

The camera adjusted to a new angle and the director leaned forward, looking down from underneath his baseball cap. “Perfect. Now scoop her up and hold her close.”

Stella did as she was asked, sitting herself up a little so she could get her arms around Tawni's limp figure and pick her up. It was a bit weird picking up a stranger, even if she was kinda light and small. Just don't think about it, she told herself. The skunk pulled her against her chest and belly, and the little fennec sank deep into her soft, fatty figure. Without much covering her up, Stella's pudding-like, furry rolls swallowed up Tawni's face and body. This was the most she'd touched someone in... forever. Stella couldn't hold back her emotions anymore and she clung to the fennec tightly, burying her

face into her chest.

“Perfect,” the director whispered. “Fantastic emotion, just like before... Now let's bring in the angel.”

Stella wasn't sure what that meant, but she glanced up to see them lowering down a tennis ball on a pole a few feet away. “What's that?” she asked, sniffing.

“That's the Kurtaan War Angel,” the director replied, moving to get a new angle for the camera. They moved it down low, below the edge of the rock formation. “We're on a deadline, so we're doing it all CGI. Just look right at the ball. And where's the wires? We need to get Tawni hooked up!”

Several attendants rushed onto the set, leading wires that hung from a rig on the ceiling. They clipped the barely-visible strings underneath the fennec's coat and then scurried away. The director called for action again and Stella did as she was told, looking up at the ball hanging in mid-air. It was... some ball, alright. Was she supposed to be afraid of the angel? What did it actually look like? She hoped they wanted her to look confused, because she was.

The wires around Tawni tightened and began to lift her up out of her grasp. The little fennec hung limp as she ascended, and Stella had to remind herself that she wasn't really hurt, it was just makeup and acting.

“A little emoting, please,” the director hissed.

Stella considered it for a second and then reached for Tawni, swinging her chubby paws in the air. “No!” she yelled, feeling goofy.

“Now the fans.”

She had only a second to wonder what that meant before several super-sized fans off set began to blow directly onto her. Stella's hair whipped back from the sudden force of wind and she felt her plump flesh ripple from the sheer force of it. The half-dried tears on her face were blown away in a second. Then, as quickly as they were turned on, the fans died back down, and the skunk was left overwhelmed by the sudden blast of wind.

“Perfect!” the director said, clapping. “Okay, we need the stunt double for Stella out here now, and cables. We can get Tawni down now, too.”

Stella blinked. Stunt double? She looked around as activity buzzed around the set. They lowered Tawni down, and the little fennec adjusted her costume and trotted her way off the set to go sit down. Stella heft herself up onto her feet again, grumbling at her weight as her belly swung like a wrecking ball underneath her. She stood and looked up, and her eyes fell onto... herself.

Another Stella Mitchell, in full costume, was walking onto the set. It was undeniably her – nobody else was that big. The other skunk, with brown and white fur, long silvery-white hair, and a revealing superhero costume, waddled her way onto the set. It wasn't until she got closer that Stella started to notice how the look was more put on than natural.

The other Stella had a longer, sharper muzzle, and prosthetics stuck on her ears to make them smaller and round. Her... “fat” looked stiffer and less sloshy than her own, as if it was more foam than flesh. And she was clearly wearing a wig and contacts. And she was several inches taller. Okay, she wasn't a pitch-perfect Stella, but at a glimpse? Pretty good facsimile for a fox.

The stunt double stood next to Stella and lifted her arms up as stage hands rigged her up to the wire system. She looked at the skunk, who stood with her muzzle open like a dork. “Hi. I'm a huge f-fan,” she said, stumbling a bit over her words.

Stella found herself at another loss for words, looking at her doppelganger. She exhaled, and the words “I'm huge” simply fell out of her muzzle like a pair of iron weights.

The stunt double smirked and held back a laugh, looking down at the skunk's body. “You are! But I think they want you to st-st-stand over there now.”

Stella turned and looked, seeing several people waving her over and directing her to get out of the shot. Embarrassed, the skunk waddled her way back over to her chair and sat down, hearing it creak under her weight. She watched as they finished hooking up her stunt double to the wires. When the

director yelled for action, the fans were turned on again at full blast, right at the imitation skunk. A team of people off the side of the set started running, carrying a cable between them. The line went taut and yanked the stunt double off her feet, sending her flying backwards through the air. Stella guessed that the character in the movie was being blown away by some kind of explosion or magic. All she knew for sure was she was glad it wasn't her fat ass getting yanked into the air. They'd need a much bigger team for that.

The stunt double was lowered back down and they recorded a few more action shots of her running towards the rock and rolling against the green screen to plug into the movie. Again, Stella was glad that wasn't her. She wasn't that kind of roly-poly.

"Alright, that's a wrap for this shot!" the director announced. "Let's clear the set and get ready to re-do Star Ranger's big speech." The tiger headed over to the sitting area to talk to Stella. "We got everything we need, Stella, so we're good. You can get cleaned up and do... whatever."

A couple assistants helped Stella up and led her back to costuming, where she could divest herself of the silly costume and shower off the fur makeup she was covered in. The studio shower was nowhere near as nice as the one she had at home, but it was leagues better than her old one, so she had no cause to complain. The skunk heft her weight back into her casual clothes and tied her hair into a ponytail.

She had a couple missed messages from Vivian, but she could wait. Stella just wanted to go cool off for a bit. The freeze when she was trying to "act" had hit her hard, and she still wasn't sure what to do with herself. The skunk wandered through the movie set, but didn't stay long. They were working hard rearranging everything to set up a scene with a big, majestic outcrop where the hero could stand and make a big speech. Extras in weird, alien armor and costumes wandered around in boredom, occasionally glancing in Stella's direction.

The skunk headed outside, looking around the lot between the sound stages. There was a garden area between the one where she had been working and another, with railings surrounding it. Leaning over the railing near the sound stage was a vixen with solid white fur, dressed in tattered jeans and a black t-shirt. She had a short fauxhawk hair cut, a nice match for her whip-thin figure. The vixen looked absolutely nothing like the stunt double Stella had met earlier. But it was her. Stella could see it in her face. She had her cell phone in her paw and was flicking her thumb across it absent-mindedly.

She was beautiful.

The vixen exhaled and stood up, stretching her back. Her t-shirt had the logo for a metal band on it. She turned her head to the side to work out some stiffness, and her gray eyes settled on Stella, who was simply standing there in a daze and staring at her. The vixen stammered and blinked, looking like she was seeing a ghost.

"Uh... hi!" the vixen said, lifting up a paw and waving.

Stella inhaled and waddled her way over, settling her paw on the railing. She looked up at the fox's steel-shaded eyes and felt the butterflies take flight in her tummy again. "Hey... I just- I didn't catch your name earlier."

The fox looked like she might explode, hiding her face behind a paw. "I... wow. Is this real?"

"I have literally been asking myself that for a while," Stella replied, laughing. The vixen seemed to relax a little, adjusting her cheek fur.

"Vera," she replied. "I never thought you would ever come talk to someone like me."

Stella blinked. "Really? You're my stunt double. Why wouldn't I want to get to know you?"

"Well, you're a st-st-st-"

"Stella?"

The vixen knit her brow and shook her head in frustration. "No, a celebrity."

"Oh, a star?"

"Yes." Vera made a gesture towards her muzzle with her paw. "I've got a st-stutter. Hard to say... things like that. Really annoying when people want to know what I do."

“Shit, that's obnoxious,” Stella said, nodding. “But you did an amazing job. Like, seriously, from a distance I thought you were me!”

Vera blushed and rest her back against the railing. She held her arms out in front of herself and showed off her fur. “All white. Easy to do me up in paint and look like you. I wanted to act, but... you know. But it worked out. I'm a double for a really pretty-” She worked her mouth for a second and then just held her paw out towards Stella.

The skunk blushed and tried to change the subject before she made an idiot of herself by squealing. “Ah, uh... how'd you like wearing the body suit.” She pat her tummy. “That's how they do it, right?”

“Yep, a bunch of padding and f-fake f-fur.” Vera put her paws on her flat stomach. “Like, a big suit f-full of water. It was really, really weird.”

“Tell me about it. The real deal is something else.”

Vera's eyes slipped down and glanced at Stella's figure. The skunk inhaled and smiled a little, recognizing that glimpse from earlier when they were on set. Someone had a *type*.

“You like it,” Stella said, grinning.

A pink flush spread across Vera's face and she sheepishly looked around, as if she was making sure no one else was listening. “Oh, god. Yeah... am I that obvious?”

Stella rocked her head and grinned. “You're the first person I've met who has paid my weight any attention at all, so... I definitely noticed.”

Vera blushed, her eyebrows shooting up as she covered her muzzle. “I'm s-s-s-sorry! I honest-st-st-fuck! I didn't want to make you f-feel bad or-”

The phone in Stella's pocket started to buzz and jingle and the skunk sighed. She fished it out and looked at it, seeing Vivian's name on the caller ID. She thumbed the button to send it to voicemail. “My agent is trying to get hold of me, so I bet she wants me somewhere. But I want to talk to you more.”

“You do?”

“Yes! Here!” Stella held out her phone. “Gimme your number. I've got a thing tomorrow morning, but I'll call you as soon as I'm done. Lunch sound good?” Her eyes flicked to the band on her wrist. The green glow was starting to show up again. “I'll probably eat a lot.”

Vera reached out her paw, pulled it back, repeated it twice over, and then finally snatched the phone from Stella's grip. She practically vibrated as she punched her number into Stella's phone.

“This cannot be real,” she breathed, handing the phone back over to the skunk. “You're joking me.”

“Not one bit.” Stella smiled goofily and hugged her phone to her heavy chest. “I'll call you! Talk to you soon, Vera.”

“You, too, St-st-st-”

“Hey, if it's easier on you, you can call me Elle.”

Vera looked like she'd blush and she turned and hid her face over the railing before looking back at Stella. “I will. Elle. Oh, no, that is weird.”

“We'll get used to it.” Stella smiled and waved, turning around and beginning to walk away. She dialed Vivian on her phone and held it up to her face. While it rang, she snuck a glance over her shoulder. Sure enough, Vera was watching her go. The vixen blushed and hid her face under her t-shirt collar.

Vivian picked up. “Stella! Dear, I've been trying to get you. Where have you been?”

“It took a while to get out of makeup,” she half-lied. Grinning, she added, “I met myself today.”

“What... does that mean?”

“Ah, nevermind. I've just got a thing or two to think about, that's all.”

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