

# Threads of Fat, Chapter 1

by Cerine Hero

Stella's eyes fluttered open. She remembered pressing the weird button and then... nothing. It wasn't quite like sleep. The closest thing her mind could associate it to was a sudden power outage – but for her senses. Everything just abruptly stopped. It was more total than sleep, but now she felt like she just woke up, so she was thoroughly confused.

The ceiling above her was awfully high, canted at an angle with the open side towards the windows. And it was white, not the beige of her apartment. The towering windows on one side of the angular room let in ample morning light. There was a beautiful view of gardens just outside the windows. Fashionable, modern furniture filled the room, and there were rich hardwood floors. The bed beneath her was large, at least twice as wide as her old bed.

The skunk didn't want to budge. She didn't want to really address how she knew the bed under her was so wide, but her body told her so. Inhaling deeply, she could only watch as a mass of purple swelled into her view. It was her chest. Stella raised up an arm, finding it much heavier than she remembered. Rolls of blubber shifted beneath the sleeve of her pajama top. She brought her paw up in front of her face and flexed her fingers. Five swollen sausages, covered in chestnut fur, were stuck to a hamburger bun of a paw. Fat swelled around her wrist as if her arm was wearing a sweater of lard.

Stella tried to sit up, but her body was too heavy. She pushed her paws against her sides and found her fingers sinking deep into thick rolls of fat. The skunk's buttery figure jiggled freely under her purple silk pajamas, even after she pulled her paws back. It felt like she was mostly liquid, barely contained in her furry skin.

When the stranger made his offer, Stella knew that she was going to gain weight. She'd never been fat before, but it didn't feel like that bad of a deal – fifty pounds more, that was “fat” by her estimate. This wasn't fifty pounds. Not even close. This was a level of obesity the skunk could hardly imagine – and nor did she really want to be educated! She bit her lip as she put a little more effort into lifting herself up, using her elbows to prop up her chest. Fat rolled and sloshed excitedly under her loose clothes as she leaned her body one way and then the other.

She was a blimp. In her mind, the skunk could picture the strings tied to her paws and feet, keeping her bloated body from floating away. Of course, that wasn't an issue now – getting her bloated body to move at all was the real issue. Stella was wide and round, nothing but obese mass under her button-down pajama top. She couldn't see her feet for her tremendous belly.

Stella needed to know how much she weighed. Biting her lip, she heft her body towards the edge of the bed, rocking forward... and then rolling backwards into the squashed middle of the mattress. Her weight continued to shake for several seconds after the attempt. The skunk snarled and grabbed the edge of the bed with one set of claws, twisting her upper body around enough to get her other chubby paw a grip, too. Then she pulled, rolling her hips until the bulk of her belly went *flop* onto its side. Her stomach hung slightly over the edge of the bed, and she let its weight drag her forward. Legs dangled over the edge and she finally got her feet under herself. Shifting her weight back and forth on her paws, she leaned her weight completely upwards until she was standing straight up. This wasn't... too bad, at least. Her weight was pretty distributed, so it wasn't like carrying a huge boulder in front of her or anything. Still, it was *heavy*. Stella took a step backwards and her belly slid off the mattress, slapping hard against her thighs. It nearly knocked her over, back onto the bed, but she caught herself on the nightstand and gathered her balance once more. With the extra weight of her belly swaying in front of her, it was starting to reach “too bad” status.

The skunk looked around the room, realizing she really had no idea where she was. Her apartment was long gone, and she was here in a strange house. A really nice house, she noted, glancing out the windows at the gardens. She pressed her belly and chest against the window for a better look, feeling the buttons sink into her fullness. There was plenty of space here, and the circled driveway out

front stretched off towards a fence in the distance. She could barely make out the shapes of other mansions in the distance on the rolling green hills.

“Holy shit,” she breathed, her breath fogging the window. “Whose house is this?”

There had to be a bathroom around here somewhere, and a scale in it. On her left was a sliding door that led into a closet that looked as big as her entire old bedroom. It *had* to be big – all of her clothes were gigantic! To her right were more doors. One of them had to be the bathroom. Stella waddled her way across the room, feeling her bulk sway and slosh around her with each plump step. She wrapped her arms as best as she could around her middle, but she couldn't hold on to enough of herself to stop any major jiggling.

She grabbed the door handle and pulled, revealing a spacious bathroom. Stella slipped inside, feeling her hips and the sides of her belly drag a little across the door frame. Stopping, she looked back and noticed the door frame was actually extra-wide. On a normal-width door, she would've had a lot of trouble squeezing through! Were these installed for her specifically?

Stella turned back into the bathroom and admired the beautiful aquamarine tile. There was a large walk-in shower tucked behind the back wall, with smoked glass tiles in the front for just a hint of a risqué silhouette to show. Plenty of room for her – again, a convenient design for her brand-new girth. Glimpses of purple, brown, and white reflected in the glass as she made her way past the tiles.

There was a wide mirror along the wall shared with the bedroom. Stella swallowed hard and then walked in front of it, watching as her body stepped into the reflection... and then more... and more and more. Her jaw dropped onto her thick neck as she finally got a look at how overweight she'd become. Fifty extra pounds? Try five hundred! She had no idea her little bargain was going to make her this fat. If she did, she wouldn't have pushed that damn button!

She turned sideways, tugging her pajama pants up over her waist. It looked like each of her rump cheeks weighed as much as she used to in total. Lifting up the side of her pajama top, the skunk raised an eyebrow at the rolls on her side, sagging slightly over the waistband of her silk pants. She slapped a paw into her side and watched the rolls jostle and jiggle, settling back into place.

The fat wasn't all she noticed, though. Stella's white hair had grown long and lustrous, spilling over her shoulders like a cascade of silver starlight. Despite just rolling – literally – out of bed, it looked well cared-for and sexy. Her hair was parted on the side and it drifted sensually over her left eye, even after she brushed it back with a plump finger. The skunk leaned in closer to the mirror, peering close at her chubby face. Her cheeks were swollen and there was more fat hanging from underneath her muzzle and neck than she'd honestly like, but she was looking for something that wasn't there.

Stella ran her claws through the fur on the left side of her jaw. The scar was gone. It had been there for a couple years, since her first year as a public defender. She'd usually been self-conscious about it, even though it was just a little cleft in her fur, since it was on her face. But it wasn't there at all. She furrowed her brow at her swollen reflection, wondering if the scar was gone or... had it just never happened?

The skunk looked down, noticing that her belly was filling up half the sink in front of her. It was also hard to ignore the weight of her breasts pulling on her. Standing up straight, the skunk reached up to her collar and began to unbutton her pajama top. Her eyebrows slowly rose as more and more white fur became revealed.

“Fuck,” she whispered, looking at herself in the mirror, “I'm enormous.”

Stella unbuttoned her pajama top completely and pulled it back, getting an eyeful of her new “curves.” A pair of gigantic breasts rest on top of her heavy, hanging belly. She cupped her paws underneath her stomach and lifted it up, making it form several rolls of fat. Her breasts squished underneath her chin. She dropped her belly, and her entire body shook and wobbled from the bounce. There was a whole lot of her now, to say the least. Her chest was a big shock – Stella wasn't a busty girl, but apparently the extra pounds had an affection for a more maternal figure. That might be the

hardest part to get used to.

But she still hadn't figured out what she came into the bathroom to find. Turning around, the skunk searched for a scale and found one in the corner. It was one of those doctor's office scales rather than a small home model. Made sense – she couldn't see her feet, how would she see the readout? She waddled to the scale and stepped onto it, having a little difficulty smooshing her thighs together enough to get her feet together. Her belly pressed into the bar in the front, and she had to push down her breasts to see the weights. Stella flicked the weights up and down the bar, her brow growing more and more furrowed as she moved the hundreds weight up peg-by-peg. It passed 400, then 500, then the bar started to bob at 600... before settling again. She tipped the weight up to 700 and the bar tipped the other direction. Adjusting the tens weight, the skunk shifted the weight down to 20 before it started to balance out. Finally, she settled the ones weight and the number finally crystallized in her thoughts.

Seven-hundred and twenty eight pounds. Her breath caught in her throat at the thought. She was actually almost on the money – she'd been “blessed” with five hundred pounds! Her paws slipped down to her belly again, grabbing huge pawfuls of fat. That meant her body was almost entirely fat – those bones and muscles made up less than a fifth of her figure. That was nuts. She needed something to drink.

Stella pulled open the bathroom door and made her way around the house, peeking into the other rooms as she searched for the kitchen. There were a couple nicely-arranged guest rooms down the hallway, with modern-looking furniture and clean bed spreads. The end of the hallway opened up into a conjoined living space and kitchen, separated by what could loosely be called a “wall” with a huge decorative hole in the middle it. The biggest television Stella had ever seen dominated the living room, in front of a classy sofa and some padded seats. The kitchen featured an enormous, triangular island in the center of it, with a glossy black counter top.

The skunk was drooling so much at the enormous kitchen that she didn't notice someone was on the far side of the island, polishing the counter top with a cloth. The housekeeper, for his part, was also very intent on his work and only barely registered Stella's heavy footsteps as she walked in. He looked up just as Stella noticed him.

They both shrieked. Stella was surprised to see someone in the house. The quoll wasn't expecting to see Stella barely dressed.

The housekeeper threw his paws up in front of his face and turned away. “Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry, ma'am! I'll be in the other room...”

Stella clamped a paw over her muzzle. She shocked herself with her own scream. Then she thought about the quoll's reaction and she lifted her eyebrows. Glancing down, she realized she had completely forgotten about her pajama top. The skunk's cheeks burst into a bright red and she tugged the clothes tight around herself. White fur still swelled out of her clothes, especially her stomach.

“Oh, fuck,” she whimpered, also turning around. Barely ten minutes into being fat and she'd already made an idiot of herself. She could die from embarrassment, the way she was steaming. Plump paws fumbled with the buttons and she used her forearms to fight with her bloated figure to get back inside her clothes. “I'm sorry!” she called out over her shoulder. “I uh... I was really, really distracted. And not thinking at all...”

The quoll peeked back into the room, adjusting his baby blue uniform. “I'm really sorry about that, ma'am.”

Stella felt some of her hair inside her collar and brushed her paws through it, setting it loose. “You're, uh, you're okay,” she muttered. “I've just got a hell of a lot on my mind. I'm sorry you had to see all of... this.” The skunk grabbed a pawful of belly through her top. “It's really, really gross.”

Crossing his paws in front of himself, the quoll shifted uneasily on his feet. “Ah, are you feeling okay, ma'am? You don't usually talk about yourself like that...”

“Like... what?”

“Well, for as long as I've known you, you've never said that you were gross. Or anything like

that. Is there something you'd like to... talk about?"

Stella's eyebrows rose. For as long as he'd known her? She'd never seen him in her life, as far as she knew. Maybe that meant he was a good person to ask some questions to and get her bearings.

"Okay, pop quiz!" she said, slapping her paws together. She grimaced as they jiggled – so did the rest of her.

"Ma'am, uh, if everything is okay, I should get back to wo-"

"Really, really quick!"

"Um, alright."

Stella rubbed her muzzle. "Is this my house?"

"Y-yes?"

"So you work for me?"

"Yes, ma'am. Is this a test?"

"How long have you worked for me?"

"Two years, ma'am."

The skunk crossed her arms on top of her breasts and thought. "So that means I haven't just been *put* here... uh, so have I... always been fat?"

"Is... is that a real question?" the quoll asked uncomfortably.

"Please humor me. Was I fat yesterday?"

"Yes... yes, ma'am, you were the same size yesterday, as far as I know. Please don't fire me."

"I'm not gonna fire you," Stella said, blinking. "I'm not even sure I know how to do that... Oh, shit, I must be loaded... whoa."

A phone sitting on the island counter began to buzz and chirp. It rattled around the slick counter until it got to the end of its charging cable, then it wandered closer and closer towards the edge. It had a sparkly purple case, so she assumed it was hers. Stella picked it up and pushed her fat thumb against the answer button.

"Uh... hello, this is Stella?"

"Hello, Ms. Mitchell. This is Jackie. I'm the chauffeur the studio is sending to pick you up at your residence, so I am calling to inform you I will be there in an hour, sharp."

The voice was really tight and authoritative, so Stella decided not to interrogate this one. She'd just play along. "Right. One hour. I'll be ready."

"Thank you, Ms. Mitchell."

Stella hung up the phone. She looked up and saw that the housekeeper was still watching her. "Oh! Uh... I guess I've got somewhere to be, so you can get back to work. Thank you for helping me, though..." She didn't know his name and she didn't want to ask. She'd figure it out somehow. "So I'm going to go get a shower and get dressed." She took a couple steps backwards into the hallway. "And I'll be naked, just so we're... y'know, clear."

The quoll blushed and smiled. "That's alright. I'll finish cleaning up here."

Stella walked back to the bathroom and closed the door behind her. She'd shaken off some of the initial embarrassment by talking to the housekeeper, but now she had completely different things to worry about! Now there was talk of studios and chauffeurs and she was confused all over again. There was nothing to do but play along, though.

The skunk stripped off her pajamas and tossed them into a clothes hamper by the door. As she walked past the mirror, she caught a look of her body in profile, lard-heavy rolls jiggling in the reflection. Did she... or, the she that she was before she "arrived" this morning... not mind being this big? The housekeeper thought so. Stella poked her rotund rump, making it wobble. The "other" Stella had a lot more time to get used to it...

She waddled her way around the facade wall into the shower, finding it really was nicely spacious for her massive figure. And she didn't need to step up or down to get into it – a plus for her weight. Now that she thought about it, as far as she could tell the whole house was one floor. That was

easier on the knees, for sure. It beat climbing four flights of apartment stairs every day.

Stella turned on the water and let the overhead shower faucet soak her fur. The drops rolled down her body, sliding into folds of blubber and tickling. Biting her lip, the skunk shook her body, getting her entire, swollen figure wet. It was hard to get water under her belly and between her thighs, though. There was just... too much of her.

The shower was controlled by a touch screen, recessed into the wall and covered with a waterproof barrier. Stella held her hair back from her face as she squinted at the controls. There was a setting for “jets”, so she pushed it. Faucets set into the floor immediately began spraying, soaking the skunk's belly and rump. She squealed in shock and would have leapt from the ground if she wasn't so heavy. Slapping her paw on the controls, she managed to turn them back off.

“Okay, that was weird. Fucking rich people have weird stuff.” She blinked and looked at the screen in front of her. “Oh, right...”

Stella finished showering, taking time to make sure she got fur shampoo all over her new body. It took a while, especially her tail. Her tail wasn't any different from before, but it was just *much* harder to reach now, as her fat arms fought against her side rolls, and her tail couldn't wrap completely around her anymore. She dried off with the air jets, lifting her bigger assets up to get dry underneath them, too.

She felt clean and refreshed as she waddled back out of the shower. The skunk brushed her shiny, silvery hair as she walked back into the bedroom and stepped into the closet. There were racks and racks of clothes. She was spoiled for choice in here... but she probably wanted something simple, thanks to her size. First, she checked the drawers along one wall, looking for undergarments. She found some and lifted them up, unfolding them... twice. The skunk's eyes went wide at the sight of the panties. She'd joke about panties this big before... now she owned some.

“O-okay...”

Stella leaned over, feeling her belly smother her thighs, and she stepped into the panties. Slowly, she tugged them up and under her stomach, but they didn't fit. They were really loose, and the waistband barely hugged her body. They only held up because they were pinned beneath her belly fat. Curiously, the skunk pulled out the waistband and slid it up around her middle, tucking her stomach into the panties. Now they fit snugly around her middle, the elastic band fitting around her waist.

She repeated the process with a bra: finding one, horrified shock at the size of the damn thing, getting it on... At least she didn't need to put anything *extra* into it; the bra was snug enough with just her girls. Stella picked and tugged on the cups, trying to get everything settled and comfortable, but no matter how hard she tried, a couple pawfuls of fat hung out of the sides, just under the shoulder straps, and they pinched when she moved her arms. Cleavage also poured over the front of the cups. Definitely a size or two too small.

“Skinny me and fat me... neither of us have bras that fit...”

The skunk looked through the rack of clothes for something easy to get on, settling on a nice, pale green dress. That would look nice against her chocolate fur, even though she couldn't help thinking it would make her look like a mint. She pulled the dress over her head and tugged it down around her body, adjusting as necessary to get it to fit around her girth. That wasn't so bad. She looked at herself in the closet mirror. That boob fat was *still* hanging out under her arms, but whatever. This was as good as she was going to get it.

Stella headed back to the kitchen and picked up her phone. After all the trouble it took to shower, brush her hair and tail, and get dressed, it had been an hour already. Actually, an hour *and* a minute. She heard some loud, fairly insistent knocking. The skunk followed the sound to a pair of double oak doors and pulled them open.

Jackie was standing on the front stairway. She was a tigress, red hair spilling onto her shoulders and the jacket of her sharply-pressed suit. Behind her, in the circular driveway, was a black limousine, glossy and seductive. Stella's eyes sparkled.

“Are you ready, Ms. Mitchell?” Jackie asked, crossing her paws. Her face was a solid stone

mask of stoicism.

“I suppose so,” Stella answered, sweeping a paw through her hair. She kept peeking around the tigress to look at the limo. “Where are we going?”

“To the studio. It's a filming day.” Jackie turned and walked down the steps to the limo, opening the rear door and standing beside it. Stella grinned from ear to ear and waddled her way down the steps, too, feeling her belly shake with each step. She approached the open door and turned sideways, putting one foot into the car and then... getting stuck. Her hips squished tight into the door.

“Little help?”

Jackie inhaled deeply and rubbed the bridge of her nose. Smartly, she stepped around the door, leaned over, and wrapped her arms around Stella's weight. She helped push, squeezing the supersized skunk through the door. They slid her belly through, then her chest, and finally the skunk gave herself a good tug. She popped into the cabin, jiggling heavily. The skunk blushed brightly as the tigress's paws sank into her soft body. She hadn't been handled like that in a while...

Stella cleared her throat and smoothed down her dress. “Uh, thank you!” she called, before Jackie closed the limousine door. The skunk whistled and looked all around the expansive cabin, stretching out her legs and smiling. “Now this is nice...”

Jackie climbed into the driver's seat, shut the door, and keyed the ignition. She began to drive down the driveway towards the ocean-side road that led towards civilization. Stella was glued to the windows, watching the gorgeous buildings pass by outside, as well as the scenic vistas that surrounded her new home. She was giddy. Everything was happening quickly, and the day was just getting started. She was headed to a studio to film something! What did that mean, exactly? If a chauffeur was picking her up, she must be someone important. Stella's eyes shrank to tiny dots and she gasped audibly.

She was a star. That was what the stranger promised, after all! But... the star of what?

Stella looked up at the tigress and bit her lip. She wanted to ask, but she learned her lesson from earlier after talking to the housekeeper, and Jackie seemed a lot less interested in playing twenty questions. So she had to make it good.

“So, hey, do you know what I'm filming?” Stella asked, trying her best to make the question sound playful and rhetorical. As soon as it came out of her mouth she realized she sounded like a smug, rich bitch. Shit, she thought, I'm not good at this.

“Well, I was hired by Skybox Pictures,” Jackie explained matter-of-factly. She smartly ignored the skunk's accidentally arrogant tone. “And I am to drop you off at studio lot eight, where they are filming 6 Oceanview Terrace. So... probably that.”

Stella sat back in her seat. “Heh-heh... yeah, uh... you got me.” Her muzzle went as dry as sand and she drummed her fingertips on her belly. 6 Oceanview Terrace was her favorite movie.

It came out four years ago.

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**Bronze**

Shooty

Cazzy Calo

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