

Threads of Fat, Chapter 3.5 -interlude-

by Cerine Hero

The house was empty when Stella got home. It seemed the quoll housekeeper finished up his job and let himself out. That was probably how it worked, Stella didn't really know for sure. She'd had a housekeeper for all of... technically one day? It was still a weird sensation; the skunk had to remind herself that despite how long it had felt, she'd only woken up obese *that morning*. So much had happened compared to her old life that her brain was still spinning and unable to keep time straight.

She wanted to spend some time exploring the house and checking out all of the rooms, but the skunk's feet were tired from hauling her heavy ass around all day. As such, she stumbled her way into her kitchen and waddled around the island to get to the refrigerator. Despite her huge lunch, she wanted another snack for the evening.

Stella caught her reflection – at least some of it – in the sleek metal doors of her refrigerator. Her white top and designer denim shorts weren't fitting as well as they were earlier in the day, either from her massive lunch of just the strain of trying to hold all of her in. The front of her shorts hung low, stretched out by her huge belly. Fur bulged over the waistband and underneath her top. Stella rubbed her fingers through her fur, feeling the soft flesh underneath and the tightness of her stuffed stomach somewhere underneath the blubber.

There wasn't a... lot in the fridge. She didn't know what to think about that. Did she just not eat at home much? Or did she just catch Other Stella right when she needed to hit the grocery store? Oh, jeez, did rich people even visit the grocery store? She thought about the paparazzi that found her at the bistro. How the hell did celebrities get groceries? It would be really nice if she had *someone* to talk to about this stuff. The stranger was no help at all, of course, but who else could she possibly tell this to? She and Vivian seemed to have a really good relationship, but the deer would think she's a lunatic if she suddenly started spouting off crazy stuff about timelines and different bodies. So... well, shit.

Stella fetched some cheese from the fridge to snack on and started pacing in circles with her thoughts. She continued to rub her tummy fat, feeling her weight shift around underneath her fingers with every step. Her thighs pushed against her belly, sending ripples upward through the blubber to vibrate her fingertips. Stella found herself drifting her paw to other parts of her middle, feeling the ripples here and there as she walked. The sensation of her body bouncing under her touch was oddly soothing even as it constantly reminded her of how big she'd gotten.

She realized she was staring out the window into the back garden of her house. Taking a waddling half-step back, Stella noticed now, for the first time, that the entire wall of the kitchen was a glass screen looking out into the garden. There were nicely-trimmed hedges along the high fence, and the grass was perfectly trimmed down. But in the center of the yard was the thing that drew Stella's gaze the most: She had a pool and, nearby, a hot tub. A worked iron safety fence surrounded the clean concrete of the pool.

Stella popped the rest of the cheese into her mouth and found the sliding glass door, opening it enough to fit through – then opening it *more* with a blush once she remembered how big she actually was. The huge skunk waddled across the back patio to the pool and opened the fence gate. The iron gently squealed at the hinges. Stella squeezed herself into the pool area and looked down at the crystalline water. Orange sunset clouds drifted by in the rippling water. Holding firmly onto the railing beside the concrete steps in the pool, Stella dipped one foot into the water. She immediately bared her teeth against the chill and squeaked in pleasure.

She wanted to just dive in the pool. “Yeah, and the neighbors will see the four-hundred-foot-tall water spray,” she told herself, slapping her middle. The skunk peeked around. Her whole garden was surrounded by a high privacy fence, so nobody could see her. And while she figured she had some, she didn't want to bother with figuring out where her swimsuits were. To say nothing of actually trying to get into one by herself! So Stella grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled, taking a few tries to

actually get it up over her head. She unbuttoned her shorts and exhaled happily, her belly immediately blowing its way out of the tight confines and sagging to her thighs. With some wiggling, the shorts fell to the ground around her ankles and she kicked them off.

Next went her bra, after a bit of fighting and puffing as the skunk struggled to get her fat arms behind her far enough to reach the hook. She gave up. Hooking her fingers underneath the cups, she shimmied her breasts out and then slipped her arms out of the bra. She could *feel* the weight of her chest on top of her belly. Stella tried to cover both of her nipples with one arm, but it couldn't reach around both of her fattened-up breasts by itself. The skunk blushed as she hugged her bust, checking once again to be sure no one was watching.

"You two are some greedy piglets," she whined at her breasts, gently patting the tops of them and making them jiggle. She'd had thoughts of being extra-busty before, mostly when she was a teen, but she'd never thought it would actually happen.

Stella pushed off her bottoms and massaged her fur where the edges of her panties had been digging into her hips. The naked skunk grabbed the railing again and lowered herself down the stairs, the water rippling away as her supersized figure dipped under the surface. Stella hissed as the bottom of her belly touched the water, and soon her hips slipped underneath. The water visibly rose a couple inches once most of Stella was in the pool.

Her feet were immediately relieved once she stepped into the pool. Fat floated, and Stella – more fat than skunk – could barely keep her feet on the bottom of the pool. But that also meant her weight was suspended in the water and not on her poor knees and ankles. For the first time since she woke up that morning, the skunk sighed happily. She bobbed a bit, teasing her figure under the water. Her paws could slip completely into the fold beneath her breasts with plenty of room to spare, and she decided to hang on to that information in case she was ever caught nude in a blizzard and needed to warm her paws. The skunk's middle and rump rippled with each bouncy step, and the water flowed around her figure, dragging hard on her fluffy tail.

Stella dipped her head underneath the water and swept her silver-white hair back onto her shoulders. She forgot she had makeup on from the movie shoot earlier, and it clouded the water around her. The skunk scrunched her nose. There was probably some proper makeup remover in the house somewhere.

She floated around the pool, trying not to think about the obvious jokes, until the sun dipped completely underneath the ocean on the horizon. There wasn't much view from the pool, but the sky burst into flames for a bit before dying down into sparkling embers. Lights recessed in the pool's sides came on, illuminating the water in hues of rich blue and highlighting Stella's wobbling curves. The houselights came on automatically, too, and Stella couldn't resist clapping her paws in glee. She had rich people stuff!

Her shorts buzzed at the edge of the pool and the skunk half-swam and half-bounced herself over to the edge. Rolls of naked belly fur and extra-large breasts squashed against the smoothed concrete as she leaned forward and tugged her phone out of her pocket. Water poured in streams from her soaked fur, the weight of the liquid pulling it into a translucent fan of wet fluff along the underside of her arm. She dried her paws as best she could on the edge of the pool and checked her home page.

There was a text message, from Vivian: "DON'T FORGET! Get up early, Star Ranger reshoots. Car will pick you up!"

Stella nodded. Probably best to get out of the pool, then. She grabbed the railing and hauled her tub of a body up and out of the water, feeling her breasts' weight assert itself on top of her belly first, then her belly against her thighs, and then all third-of-a-ton of her on her feet again. And then some – her wet fur was carrying buckets of water in it.

"Holy shit," she groaned, waiting on the last step as water poured down her coat and back into the pool. The skunk arched her striped back, making rolls of blubber pop up underneath her shoulder blades. At least her feet felt better. "Other Stella, girl... seriously. I don't know what you did to get this

fucking fat, but we're gonna do some strength workouts.”

Stella grabbed a comically-large towel from the bin beside the pool and wrapped it around her body, shimmying her chest into it and folding it closed in front of her cleavage. Picking up her clothes turned out to be more effort than she anticipated. Her belly pressed against her thighs like a wrecking ball as she leaned over to grab them, and she could just barely manage to get her fingertips around her garments to pick them up. Stella stood back up, throwing her clothes over her shoulder and across her shelf of chest as she blew hot air into her cheeks. Hopefully she'd get used to this with time – assuming she wasn't in the four-digit range by then.

She headed back inside, still dripping water from her tail. It was annoying to dry off completely before going in, just to run straight to the shower. But she pulled her towel off and ran it vigorously behind herself to dry her bushy tail. The skunk's weight bounced back and forth from the effort, and she blushed red before bundling all her clothes and the towel up against her chest and stepping inside.

Stella threw her clothes and the towel in the hamper in the bathroom before waddling into the shower again. She rinsed the chlorine out of her fur, using her paws to lift her hefty bosom and love handle rolls and get the clean water in as much as possible. Another round under the air dryers and Stella stepped back out, feeling as fat and fluffy as possible.

The skunk got back to her bed and sat down on it before her feet could start protesting too much. She made a mental note to see if there were any arch support shoes in her closet tomorrow morning. Stella felt her ass spread out under and behind her as she sat down, her belly hanging over and between her thighs. This had been... quite a day. So much to try to wrestle with, least of all her new self.

Stella slowly shifted her bulk into the middle of the bed and rest on her back, her hair fanning out across the pillow. The soft mattress felt heavenly underneath her body, exactly the opposite of the trailer bench she'd been put on earlier. Slowly, the skunk pat her paws on her middle, listening to the dull thwack of her paws hitting her huge belly. Ripples bounced across her middle, encouraging her to slap a little harder to make them bigger. She could *see* the thumps in her flab, rolling upwards through her bare breasts and into her neck fat. The skunk stifled a grin and wriggled her lips across her teeth. That was a bit more fun than she would admit. Probably more fun if someone else was doing it, though...

“Wow, I'm getting into this quick.”

She tucked her paws against her chest, holding her boobs down from choking her. The skunk glanced left and right, looking at her whole huge bed with no one in it but herself. Even as big as she was, she didn't take up the whole thing. There was plenty of room for someone on either side of her, snuggled up against her body. Size meant she would be destined to be the big spoon. That was alright.

How long had it been since a warm body was in her bed? She couldn't even remember. Before today, Stella simply had no time and no energy to do a damn thing with her sex drive. She'd flop into bed at the end of the day and be asleep before she had time to consider her bed being empty.

Well... she had the roaches to keep her company.

So what was Other Stella's problem? She was rich, she was famous, and she was beautiful. She was fat as hell, too, but as the skunk was figuring out, nobody bat an eyelash at that. There'd probably be hundreds happy to cuddle up against this huge tub of jelly. It was hard to believe she had nobody, living alone in this big house. Stella sighed and heft her bulk sideways, rolling onto her side and gently rubbing her paw up and down her middle.

Nobody's life was perfect, she supposed.

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