

Plump Me Up Challenge
Or: Always Use a Surge Protector
by Cerine Hero

Starting Weight: 150lbs --- Ending Weight: 2129lbs

Cerine clutched her claws around her controller, her tail swishing back and forth behind her computer chair. Sticking out her tongue, the vixen squinted behind her glasses and watched the little figures run around on the screen. She hunkered her character down behind a rock retaining wall and started to reload her gun.

“The boss is coming out the door,” she said into her microphone. She popped up in the game and started to fire a volley of bullets. Enemy fire peppered all over her cover.

I see him, came the reply from her friend. There was a loud *crack* as his long rifle fired, and pieces of armor rocketed off the big, burly boss enemy. *Alright, armor's broke, go try to flank him.*

Cerine moved her character around, ducking underneath low walls as little enemies kept trying to shoot her. She got around to the side and popped up, lining up her shot to finish off the boss. Her finger tightened around the trigger on her controller and her tongue curled itself around the side of her muzzle. The aiming reticle slowly drifted over the boss's head and-

A deafening crash of thunder almost made the vixen's pink fur go as white as her hair. For an instant the hobby room was lit to the point of blinding. Everything shut off at once, plunging the room into deep darkness. Before Cerine could even react to the lightning and the power outage, a crackle of electricity rippled up the controller cord. Tendrils of energy sparked around the controller and nipped at her fingertips. She felt the shock buzz its way up her arms. All over her body, her thick fur puffed out to its fullest. Cerine went tumbling backwards out of her chair, landing on her back with a grunt.

“What the hell was that?” she asked, numbed by the sudden stimulation. The vixen fixed her glasses and sat up. The hobby room had a window, but it had suddenly grown dark outside. Thick clouds were churning outside, and the treetops were flailing wildly in the abrupt windstorm. In the silence that came without any electronic background noise, Cerine could hear the wind chimes clattering against the back door even from here.

The fox fumbled her way out of the hobby room and up the stairs to the living room, feeling the walls in the dark. She found the couch and ran her paws across the seats until she discovered her phone. There was a text message waiting for her.

Power went out, sorry.

Cerine's eyebrows went up and she tapped out a reply with her claws. *Whoa, you too? That must have been huge!* As she wrote, the house's air conditioner kicked back to life as power was restored, and the lights flickered back on. *Oh, I just got power back.*

Nothing here yet. So much for the game. And getting dinner's out with this storm.

Right, I'm just going to fix something quick, she replied.

Cerine stood up and tucked her phone into the waistband of her pajama shorts. The slender vixen wandered into the kitchen and opened her refrigerator. While she peered into each of the shelves in the fridge, she idly rubbed her paw up and down over her hungry tummy. A thin layer of fat was beginning to form over the vixen's tight midsection, making her skin wobble ever-so-slightly as her fingers brushed across her fur. Pounds seeped into her frame by the minute, slowly swelling her up underneath her gray t-shirt and black shorts. There was nothing good to snack on in the fridge, so Cerine closed the door. As she leaned forward to grab the freezer's handle and pull it open, her plumped breasts shifted underneath her top, brushing lightly against the fabric. A ripple of pleasure rolled upwards through her shoulders and tingled across her scalp. The fur on the back of her neck stood on end. Cerine's face went red and she wrapped her arm around her breasts, holding them in place. She quickly grabbed the first thing she saw in the freezer – a quart of chocolate ice cream – and slammed

the drawer shut with her hip. Her fattening body jiggled a bit from the impact, sending a couple ripples across her chubby middle.

The vixen walked back to the living room with her ice cream, trying hard not to think too much about self-enjoyment. It was almost impossible. An extra thirty pounds and growing jiggled with every step as the chubby fox walked. A strip of belly hung out of the bottom of her top and her breasts were fitting the cotton fabric tight around their growing curves. Her pajama shorts were getting snug between her thighs as they bloated with extra weight. In a couple seconds, the white fur on her inner thighs was rubbing together and little rolls of pudge were forming where her fat squished against itself.

Cerine sat down on the couch and grabbed her remote, still firmly denying that there was *anything* exciting happening to her body. She squished a chubby thumb on the power button and the TV flickered on to the weather where a perky snow leopard in a wine-colored dress was pointing out the storm front tearing across the radar. It was right on top of where Cerine lived now. The wind roared outside as she watched the TV and stuffed herself with the ice cream, her body continuing to slowly inflate. Belly fat bulged out of her top and pressed against the quart of ice cream in her lap. Cold seeped through her fur and made her shiver.

She couldn't ignore it any longer. As she sat on the couch, bloating with fat, the vixen stuck her spoon in her muzzle and wrapped her fingers around her belly. The mound of soft, yielding fur squished in her paws. Her tail began to whip back and forth behind herself as she kneaded the growing bowl of belly pudding, feeling the fat ripple and jiggle as she shook it. The blubber folded around her fingertips when she squished them into it.

Cerine was getting fatter as she played with her belly. The vixen bit her lip as she watched her breasts fill and stretch her top. She lifted her paws up and wrapped her fingers underneath her bust, lifting them up to feel how heavy and large they were growing. An electric tingle shot down her spine and shivered its way out through her spine. She was loving this, even if she didn't understand it. Her body was huge and still piling on pounds. Her lips parted and she began to pant in excitement, fondling her hips and thighs.

As the storm blew past overhead, Cerine ate and blimped. She was already getting fat; why not eat everything in the fridge and pantry. Every trip to and from the couch and the kitchen involved more and more fox. Her ass widened behind her, bouncing up and down in time with her steps. The bottom roll of her belly plunged towards the floor as she gained more weight, passing the end of her pajama shorts. Her shorts started to disappear into rolls of fat.

After she stuffed a sleeve of cream-stuffed sandwich cookies into her muzzle, Cerine felt the seams on her top start to split. It ripped under her arms, with pink fur spreading through the tears. Her highly-pressurized arm fat spilled through, shredding the rips open wider. The shirt tore down her sides, and her breasts poured out, hanging over the ripped edges and wobbling with every motion. With each step, the motion made her chest bounce, and the growing weight pushed harder against the remains of her top. Finally, the garment gave out completely. Scraps of gray cloth fluttered to the floor. Her oversized, obese breasts spread across the top of her widening belly. She pat her paws against them, huffing softly to herself at how big they'd gotten.

Cerine always dreamed of getting huge, but it was hard and expensive, and even if she ate what she wanted all the time, the pounds simply didn't come. To get big like this, steadily ballooning into a spherical mass of fox fat, was exhilarating. She was already pushing a thousand pounds as the evening faded into night, and she had no idea how much bigger she was going to get. That was exciting on its own! The fox massaged her paws across her belly and hips, wrapping her fingers around her thickening love handles and shaking them.

The couch bent and creaked underneath her weight as she sat back down. The pressure of her body pressing down on her ass fat made her cheeks spread out by another two feet, taking up the whole space from armrest to armrest. Her belly plunged down between her thighs, squeezing between them and hanging just shy of a foot above the carpet. As the minutes passed and the fox continued to bloat,

her heavier, fatter belly continued its descent towards the floor.

Cerine let her tongue hang out as she cupped her paws and forearms underneath her breasts, lifting them up from her belly. They were beginning to sag heavily over the sides of her tummy as they simply grew too fat to rest on top. She massaged her paws between her chest and belly, soothing the skin on top of her stomach. Her boobs sloshed atop her arms. They'd be touching her chin in a minute.

Behind her, the vixen's back had more than doubled in width, adding heavy saddlebags underneath her shoulder blades. Her shoulders had vanished underneath thick fat, giving her body a bulky, boxy shape as she grew rounder. Two thick rolls of fat piled up on top of the vixen's tail, sagging slightly over the sides and jiggling on top of her ass fat as she moved back and forth.

It started to be clear that if the vixen didn't make her way to the bed now, she wasn't going to at all. Slowly, Cerine heaved her weight onto her feet, using her coffee table as a brace as she rolled herself forward. The vixen's belly drooped to the floor, brushing against the carpet as it swayed back and forth. With some effort, she stood up fully. This much weight and size was a dream come true. Cerine purred to herself as she waddled slowly towards her bedroom, feeling her body slosh and wobble. Her weight shifted from side to side with each step, with her belly dragging across her thighs and her breasts slapping against the sides of it.

Cerine squeezed herself through the doorway, planting her paws on the door frame on the far side and pulling her extra-wide hips through. Regular doors were not meant for people well above a thousand pounds – she was easily half-again that size now! Cerine lumbered her way to the bed and hefted up her ass enough to rest it on the edge of the mattress. She sighed as the weight came off her hips and she eased herself backwards, rolling her bulk onto the bed. The vixen landed on her back with her fat sloshing up and down her frame for almost a full minute.

She looked down and saw nothing but soft, supple blubber covered in white fur. Her rate of expansion had slowed some now – a bigger body took longer to look even bigger. Cerine pushed her paws into the sides of her belly, purring to herself as she felt her bulk shift around her. Squeezing some of her weight in her paws, she shook her belly up and down, slapping it against her thunder thighs and making her breasts bounce against her cheeks.

It was well past midnight now, and rain had moved in after the wind storm earlier. The downpour rumbled on the roof. Between the soothing sound, the exhaustion from hauling her heavy body around, and her intense pleasure from growing so massive, the vixen soon purred herself into a deep and happy sleep.

Some hours later, with sunshine warming the blob of fur on the bed, Cerine yawned and tried to stretch, but she found her arms were unwilling to move. To be precise – they could move, but they couldn't seem to lift up off the mattress. As she raised up the bone and muscle in her arms, the fat remained steadfastly where it lay, looking like two huge water balloons covered in pink fur. If those were big, the rest of her was elephantine.

Cerine had grown another seven hundred pounds overnight, pushing herself far past the point of being a ton. Her bed creaked and groaned underneath her weight. Belly fat and breasts sagged slightly over the sides of the mattress, and her stomach covered almost all the way to her ankles. Cerine squished her neck roll underneath her muzzle as she unsuccessfully tried to look down. Fortunately, she was so big that she could see herself just with her head propped on her pillow.

She wouldn't be going anywhere for a while, but she didn't mind too much. She had time to enjoy her new shape.

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