

M/Fox
Rapid WG
Fat Furs
Oblivious gaining
Teasing, Shyness

“Sure is sunny today, huh?”

“Oh yeah. Sunny, warm, only slightly breezy. Perfect day for the water park.”

“Honestly it might be too sunny. The shirt’s already starting to stick to me, heh.”

]Alex wanted to disagree with all three of them. It didn’t feel sunny at all, but then again he was constantly stuck in the shadows of three very fat furs.

It wasn’t like he didn’t enjoy being in their company. Hell, it was the opposite; he *loved* those three fat dorks dearly! Zane always sounded so calm and level headed, the perfect papa bear for their group, complete with the papa bod. Denya was very energetic and enthusiastic, always trying to keep everyone on their toes even if the drox couldn’t see his own. And Goss was... well he was Alex’s boyfriend, he *had* to like him on obligation. Jokes aside, the big tiger always knew how to make him smile, whether it’s a quick joke or a warm hug against that incredible, softer-than-a-cloud belly. Really, they were all fantastic.

Perhaps, a little *too* fantastic.

When going out in public with three friendly fatasses, Alex couldn't help but feel a little... small around them, both metaphorically and literally. It's not like the tubby trio ignored him or anything, it's just the smaller, thinner fox didn't quite have the same presence as they did. Even now, they stirred up quite a bit of attention taking turns trying to squeeze through the turnstile. Zane had to haul his gut onto the cold metal just to squeeze through, Denya hopped over the whole thing and spun it once by hand so it counted his turn, and Goss let the metal bars dig into his flabby belly, letting out a comedic belch when it happened to get a chuckle out of everyone present, Alex included.

But Alex, he just walked through. No cute shenanigans, at least nothing that wouldn't look cringy, no cute moment of having some part of his body becoming a playful inconvenience. Nope, he was just like any other Joe Schmoe here. No one watching probably even knew he was part of the group, how little he stood out. It wasn't any of their faults, it was just the way it was. For now, Alex just had to do his best to enjoy his time here with them, even if he would end up feeling overshadowed and detached the entire time.

Or, so he thought.

The fox expected the three of them to have already been moving towards a table by the time he made it through the turnstile. Instead, however, the three musketeers there actually stood there waiting for their littlest member to make it through, smirking. "Well well well," Denya started, poking Alex's middle. "About time you squeezed through, tubs."

"Yeah, lardass." Zane wrapped a burly arm around Alex's left side, squeezing him against that wall of blue fur. "Did you take a snack break halfway through or something? The butter is supposed to be to help squeeze you through, not to eat."

"Guys, guys, give him a break." Goss came to Alex's defense, despite the wide grin across his face. The tiger came to Alex's right side, now more or less smooshing the fox between two sets of blubbery bellies. "We all know Alex can't help being as large as he is. Give him some space." Despite saying this, the fat feline squished closer than ever against the vulpine, his saggy tit pressing against Alex's face.

Ok, they were all just being silly at this point; Alex felt his face burn bright red from embarrassment, as well as... other reasons. He was definitely gonna give them all a piece of his mind.

Later. The belly squishing can last a little longer...

Alex was caught off guard from the sudden teasing and smooshing. Yes, they were all being ironic; the fox barely had a stomach compared to the three who had enough stomach for three people each, but did they know he was insecure about it? Did Zane find out and tell the

other three to tease him after they passed through the turnstile? He honestly kept forgetting if the blue bear could read minds or not.

Well, the teasing didn't stop there; the tubby trio could hardly take a few lumbering, waddling steps before finding another taunt to throw towards the fox's way.

"Careful, fox, those stairs look pretty high, and I know how hard it is to lift with legs with that big ol' belly in the way."

"Wooooah there, Alex! We can go to the concession stand *after* you've exercised some."

"Sorry, fatty. Looks like the weight limit on these innertubes is 500 pounds. Not like anything outside of a barge could float with you on it anyways."

Yes haha, pretend the skinny one is the fattest. Hilarious. Alex managed a chuckle the first few times, but it was getting old, fast. The reason he didn't mention anything at first was partially due to shyness, but mainly that every tease was met with another playful belly bump. It was hard to stay mad when he had an excuse to brush up against some extra soft fur and flab, right?

It really, really made Alex wish he had something that soft of his own to grope.

Alas, despite Alex doing his best to tolerate the teasing in hope of it all blowing over, the fox had finally reached his breaking point once they found a table for the four of them. Unpacking their equipment, their towels and sunscreen and what not, Alex reached in for his own swimsuit and pulled...pulled...pulled...

His eyes widened. "What the *hell* did you guys do?!"

The entire table erupted with laughter as Alex held up his pair of swim trunks, jaw agape in horror. The fox nearly had to hold out his arms as wide as they could go just to take in the sheer size of the damn thing, closer resembling a school flag than a pair of garments!

He turned towards the pudgy drox, bear, and tiger, all of whom were still snickering at his reaction. "Guys, I can't fit in this."

"Pffft, I figured." Denya snorted. "But that's the biggest they go I'm afraid."

More laughter. More frustration. "No, I literally can't fit. Like, one leg is wider than me!"

"Suuuuure."

"I'm serious!" Alex was never one to raise his voice, but even he was getting fed up with the joke. "Please tell me you guys brought another pair of shorts or something?"

The smiles all finally vanished from their faces, which did not relieve the fox in the slightest. Instead, they simply shuffled their feet and glanced at each other awkwardly. Great...

“U-uh,” Denya cleared his throat. “I’m, eh, gonna go see if there’s an extra wide changing room...for Alex.”

“Yeah, same.” Zane quickly nodded, following after the drox, leaving behind the fox and his tiger boyfriend.

Who turned to Alex while sheepishly rubbing his cheek. “Want me to, uh... sunscreen your back for you, hun?”

“Why, because I’m toooooo fat to reach? Cuz of my huuuuuge flabby sides?” Alex scoffed, more heated than ever.

Goss sighed. “Sweetheart, we’re just teasing. You’re welcome to call us all fat anytime you want.”

Alex crossed his arms. “Yeah, well the joke got old real quick. It got old *before* you guys made sure I had literally *nothing to wear* at the waterpark.”

“It’s fine, sweetie, don’t worry about it!” Goss reached into a separate compartment from their bag, pulling out a handful of safety pins. “We can just pinch a bunch of these along the waistline. It’ll look silly, but it should work for the time being, right?”

Alex furrowed his brow, completely caught off guard. “What... why do you have so many of those?”

The tiger smirked. “I wanted to pop Denya’s innertube right when he sat on it. Make him think he did it himself.”

Despite his frustration, Alex couldn’t help but snort. Alright, that was pretty funny. And the solution, albeit quite clunky, was still a solution at least. Still, he wouldn’t have been in this stupid situation if it weren’t for their stupid pranks, and he was damn well gonna unload on Goss while the other two were gone. “You really couldn’t have just kept my original swimsuit in there? I made sure to pack it and everything.”

Goss tilted his head. “I’m sorry, hun. Zane’s been telling us for a while that you’ve been a little insecure when you’re out with us. We’re just trying to make you feel more included.”

“Yeah, well you did the opposite.” Right away, Alex knew he was going too far. He was letting his emotions speak for him.

And he regretted it, seeing the hurt look on Goss's face. "What can we do differently then?"

"I..." The fox sighed and sat down at the bench, leaning his head into his paw. "I'm not... I wanna *be* like you guys. Big. Handsome. Squishy. I wanna earn those teases fair and square, not out of pity. I'm not... I don't deserve them now."

"Sweetheart..." Goss walked around the table, standing right behind the frustrated fox. Soon, Alex could feel that round belly pressing against the back of his head, as well as two soft arms draping around his shoulders. "We all love you dearly, Alex, no matter what size or shape you are. I don't care if you're boney, I love the fox for his personality, not his body."

Alex leaned back into the wall of stripey chub. Again, he felt bad for blowing up at Goss like that; they were all just trying to help, it's not like they knew him being so much thinner than them was an insecurity of his. He let loose a deep sigh, feeling the tension leave his body. "I'm sorry, Goss. I really appreciate the thought, but I'd prefer if we go back to the status quo, if that's alright."

"Of course." Goss brought his whiskery face next to the fox's cheek, giving him a big kiss. "Want me to sunscreen your back still?"

Still smiling from the kiss, Alex shook his head. "It's alright. I can do it myself." He said, reaching for the bag.

But before he could, the fox nearly face planted into the wooden table, feeling a tremendous weight on his back as Goss leaned heavily against the comparatively tiny fox, snatching the bag right from his grasp. "W-well, I still think you, uh, you're owed this from me, at least. Your shoulders still feel tense, and this gives me an excuse to give them a massage."

"Yeah, they're tense cuz you almost buried me beneath you just now!" Alex snapped back, laughing. God, he loved his boyfriend so much.

As it turned out, Alex really did need that sunscreen massage. Goss's fingers were meaty and soft, as was to be expected from a tiger who more closely resembled an overstuffed plushy than an apex predator, but he really knew how to dig and knead into his shoulders and back, enough to make the fox slump forward and sigh in bliss. Honestly, the massage alone made up for the fact that Alex had to put on sunscreen to begin with; while not exactly a fan of having coat the oily substance on to begin with, he couldn't help but feel this sunscreen felt particularly strange on his orange fur. Maybe it was a different SPF?

If it was, it must have been much lower than what Alex normally did, as Goss rubbed two, no, three coats of the stuff onto the fox. Sheesh, was the tiger trying to turn him into an arctic fox? Not that the skinnier one of the two complained much; he was being given a free massage, even if it extended past his shoulders and back. Goss put a very generous layer around the fox's stomach and chest, and even slid his fingers a bit beneath Alex's pants. Cheeky cat!

Alex was starting to wonder if Goss intended on ever putting any sunscreen on himself when he heard Denya and Zane finally returning, craning back to see the two fat partners looking a bit embarrassed. The latter was the first to speak up, the big bear's pointy blue ears folding back. "So, uh, they don't sell swimsuits here. We were gonna buy you a pair that uh... you know, actually fit you, but-

"It's fine, don't worry about it!" The fox smiled. His alone time with Goss helped his mood immensely; hopefully Zane could read his mind and see for himself. "Goss brought a bunch of safety pins to help me fit."

Denya tilted his chubby head. "Why'd he bring pins?"

"Don't worry about it!" Goss blurted out quickly, only adding to Denya's confusion, and Alex's amusement. Dorks.

The pin strategy did actually work. Of course, Alex was terrified to stand still while Goss carefully bunched up and pinned the waistband tight enough for the fox to wear. Sharp things are scary. Thankfully, the changing room was surprisingly accommodating for the pair, and Goss had plenty of room to work with, even if he took up the size of three people, minimum.

At last, Goss leaned up to give Alex a quick kiss on the cheek. "Alright, I used ten pins in total. Make sure you check every once in a while to make sure you don't lose any."

"Alright."

"Also, you look really silly, and there's nothing I can do about it."

"Yup."

That was to be expected, but given the crowd he traveled with, Alex wasn't a stranger to stares.

Heck, it was even funny when he stepped outside and saw Denya bring a paw to his muzzle, trying not to laugh. "That- *snrrrk!* That, uh... Heh, it's like if they made JNCO jeans for swimsuits instead."

“Yup.” Alex repeated, glancing down at himself. While the swimsuit did fit on his waist, his legs were a different matter. They hung down to his shins, with enough room to trick the fox into thinking he wasn’t wearing anything waist down whenever he walked, a mildly worrying feeling.

Zane, sensing Alex’s discomfort, spoke up. “It’s no big deal, right? No one goes to a water park for any *actual* swimming, just inner tube rides and stuff. But, uh... make sure you don’t go horizontal, so no one accidentally looks up your-”

“Got it, thanks!” Alex interrupted. One more word and he’d leave for home on his own.

Thankfully, Denya seemed to pick up on the discomfort and quickly saved the conversation, bouncing excitedly on his heels, consequently bouncing his big grey gut. “Kay, so what should we do now? I mean, not that anyone asked, but I think we should start with-”

“Lazy river.”

Denya turned towards Zane. “Excuse me?”

“Lazy. River.” Zane repeated, bunching up his doughymoobs by crossing his thick arms. It was hard to take that serious face seriously with all the chub hanging off that cute stubby muzzle.

The drox sighed. “If we start with that, you’ll never get out.”

“That’s fine. I could stay there for hours.”

“Exactly!” Denya huffed. “Kids will start thinking you’re part of the attraction and start climbing on you. ‘Look, mommy! This blue mountain is squishy!’”

Goss laughed quite loudly at that, much to Alex’s amusement; not like the tiger wouldn’t make for an equally squishy mountain himself. “The lazy river sounds like a great place to start, actually. Warm us up for the faster stuff. What do you think, Alex?”

“I agree.” The fox nodded. “I mean, I literally need to warm up and get used to the water, too. I don’t have layers of insulating blubber like you three whales.” Yet another reason why he wished he could join them in the 500+ club.

Denya sighed and slumped forward, his gut wobbling. “Damn, outvoted 3 to 1. Alright, lazy river it is, but whoever stays after the first lap doesn’t get snacks later.”

“Killjoy,” Zane muttered beneath his breath, eliciting another laugh from Alex. What dorks.

Another wait to enter the lazy river, another opportunity for the four of them to laugh and joke with each other. Denya telling the other two fatties not to mistake the large innertubes for donuts and try eating them, while Zane promptly reminded the drox that he, too, filled a line that was wide enough to fit two “normal” people side by side. Bellies were squeezed and sides were pushed, with Goss reminding them to not push too hard, as falling on someone would be quite catastrophic. And as usual, Alex stayed silent throughout the whole ordeal; however, this time it wasn’t out of some quiet jealousy.

He was just confused why his swimsuit felt so tight.

The vulpine couldn’t help but to grab and tug anxiously at the waistband, hoping to stretch it just a tad to give his waist some room to breathe. Yes, Goss pinned his swimsuit to fit comfortably onto his waist, but was there a chance he did it a little too tight? Alex didn’t remember it feeling this tight before; maybe he was just so relieved to have it fit that he didn’t really notice.

Goss apparently noticed the fidgeting, the big tiger brushing his boyfriend’s back. “Is your suit alright?”

“It’s kinda tight, actually,” Alex muttered.

“Well, go ahead and take a pin out. I’ve got my waterproof bag with me, it’s no big deal.”

Alex was a little hesitant to do that; after all, what if one pin was the difference between a snug swimsuit and having it fall to his ankles in public? At first he figured he’d just tolerate the tightness, but as they slowly crept to the front of the line, he found the pinching to just be too damn intolerable. With fingers crossed, the fox reached down and undid a pin, sliding it out and-

WUUUMF!

“Mmmmf!” Alex let loose a sigh of relief he didn’t even know he was holding in. Finally, he felt like he could breathe again, rubbing along his middle. He had no idea why Goss put in ten pins. Nine was clearly the perfect amount.

At last, it was finally time to step into the river. Denya practically stormed through into the depths, kicking up water all around him. “Hey, babe? Wanna watch me swan dive into an innertube?”

Zane sighed. “Nope.”

“Aw, why not?”

“Because you’ll get stuck halfway through, and everyone’s gonna see your fatass flailing and kicking around.”

“You’re speaking hypotheticals here,” the drox grumbled, but with some reluctance flopped belly first onto the nearest innertube instead. Zane simply rolled over onto his back in the water, deciding he was buoyant enough without any flotation device, while Goss climbed into his innertube like a normal person.

While Alex would have loved to lay on his back as well, he was still terrified of anyone looking up his large swimsuit legs, and as a result had to climb in with his upper torso leaning against the innertube, leaving everything else submerged. It... well it wasn’t relaxing, but at least the embarrassment of having to paddle around like a child helped distract him from the cool water. Honestly, the water didn’t seem as cold as it usually was.

Denya, of course, couldn’t help but to use his thick tail to paddle himself over, giving Alex’s tube a poke. “Awww, look at the wittle kit! Do you want some ice-y cream-y after this?”

“Shut up.” Alex pushed back. “This is supposed to be relaxing.”

“It’s boring is what it is.” The drox sighed. “This is a freaking waterpark, with slides and crap. If we wanted to float on water, we could just go to a community pool. Woulda been a hell of a lot cheaper- HEY!”

Zane had splashed an armful of water at his unruly boyfriend, his way of silently telling the drox to shut up and deal with it. And with a grumble Denya settled back down, arms crossed and pouty.

Unfortunately, Alex had to agree with Denya, although he did not dare say anything in fear of getting splashed. Simply drifting along the slow current, and being unable to adopt a more relaxed position like the others was quite boring. There wasn’t exactly much stimuli for him to focus on. With nothing much to do, the fox just drifted along, occasionally kicking off the walls during turns and-

Was his swimsuit getting tight *again*?

Alex leaned more upright, ears folded. No, surely it wasn’t tight. He’d just removed a pin, after all. This was just him being bored and very sensitive to tiny things, like the jets beneath the water and what not. Once something interesting happens, he’ll completely forget about it.

Yet, as they reached the halfway point of their lazy river float, the fox couldn’t help but reach down to tug at his waistband, desperate for more room. His swimsuit was getting tighter, to the point of it becoming quite uncomfortable. Was it the water? Maybe his suit was tight this whole time, and he hadn’t noticed because he hadn’t been kicking and moving his legs around until recently? Well, any of those possibilities felt like a valid enough reason to remove another

pin, right? Making sure no one else was looking, the fox reached down into his swimsuit, doing just that.

And pulled up two pins.

“Crap!” Alex bit his lip nervously. He only meant to pull one! Great, now he *really* had to be careful about not letting it fall off his hips. And it’s not like he could pin one back on right now, in the middle of a river with others watching.

He looked to the others for help, but alas all three of them had closed their eyes to relax on the river, although Denya was clearly fake snoring in a new attempt to protest his boredom. The fox waded over towards Goss to shake the tiger awake for assistance, but as he drew close to his fat boyfriend, he realized that his swimsuit actually held on. Maybe two pins was the right amount? Looking back on it, removing one pin clearly didn’t do much to loosen his suit. Still, he made sure to silently deposit the pins back into Goss’s backpack.

Not much later, and they had finally completed one lap around the lazy river, as marked by Denya’s loud proclamation. “Oh my God, what *year* is it?!” Zane smacked Denya in the back of the head as he rolled upright, and Goss flopped off his innertube after them. Relieved they finished without any incident, Alex stood up and lifted the innertube off of him.

Well, he tried to. And he tried again. And again. And-

Was it *stuck*?!

The fox’s face went bright red. In his concerns with his own swimsuit, he failed to recognize something else tight wrapping around him, that being the very tube he stayed on! How had he failed to notice his cream-colored gut pressing heavily into the edge of the tube, along with his side and back?

“Need help, hun?” Goss turned to ask, while Denya and Zane snickered at the sight.

“Y-yeah, I think I do.” Sheesh, asking three fatasses for help getting unstuck was not on Alex’s to do list today.

With the trio’s help, they managed to lift the tube off the poor fox, who grunted as he felt his gut spill out. He felt as exhausted as one could get from an activity called the “lazy river.” A twinge uncomfortable at the glances he was receiving, the embarrassed vulpine quickly shuffled out of the river with his friends. “Thanks, guys.”

“No problem,” Denya smiled. “That’s one fat tire.”

Zane raised a paw, ready for another smack. “Denya, we agreed no more fat jokes towards Alex.”

“That wasn’t!” The drox yelped, hiding behind Goss. “I literally meant the actual tire Alex was on! Did no one else notice it grew bigger throughout the ride, or were you two fatasses too busy sleeping? No wonder Alex couldn’t squeeze out of it, I doubt I could even fit my leg through it by the end. Musta been the heat expanding the rubber, or whatever.”

“O-oh, it got bigger?” Alex asked, frowning. Honestly, he didn’t think it was the innertube, and had thought the reason it had gotten tighter was... no, that’s just being silly. There’s no way he could have actually gotten *fatter* throughout that trip. Sure, his belly did look a bit bigger than he remembered... well, a lot bigger, actually. He wasn’t sure he was used to seeing it look so puffy and round, or jiggle so much when he pressed his paws into it. But then again, he’d always had a bit of a tum to begin with. Maybe he just focused so heavily on the three handsome fatties that he forgot about his own small amount of pudge.

Before he could dwell on it any further, Denya quipped up. “Alright, we did what you wanted, so it’s my turn to pick. And I pick the lily pads!”

Zane groaned. “Denya, we’re too big for that. We’ll end up breaking something.”

“Well, maybe *you’re* too big for it. Last I checked I was a good 15 pounds lighter than you.” Denya stood firm and proud, as though his hanging gut covering his crotch didn’t exist. “C’mon, Goss, I bet you want to do it, too.”

“Erh...” The tubby tiger awkwardly scritchd behind his head. “If the cutoff point is 15 pounds heavier than you, then I *definitely* won’t be able to do it.”

“I’ll go!” Alex chirped up, smiling. Honestly, he was indifferent towards the whole thing, he just *really* wanted to see if Denya could do it or not.

Luckily, Denya grinned wide at that. “Atta boy! Glad someone here has the stones to try it... or lack thereof. Get it, cuz stones are a unit of weight... and also means, like, balls.”

Zane sighed, and Goss laughed. Alex didn’t get it, but given the nature of Denya’s jokes, assumed he wasn’t missing out on much.

The lily pads were a fairly unique attraction, inspired by Wipeout. Connecting one side of the pool to the other are five floating plastic discs in the shape of lily pads. These discs were chained to the bottom of the pool so as to not drift away, and there is a shoulder-level cable for participants to hold onto for leverage, but it is still notoriously difficult to make it across. If Alex had to guess from watching others attempt it, only one in ten actually made it through, the rest taking a plunge into the water below.

Granted, part of the attraction was just watching others try and fail to make it across. He figured that's why Zane and Goss didn't mind the two doing their own thing for a while; even if they weren't participating, the tubby bear and tiger got to watch their respective boyfriends inevitably crash and burn from the side.

But while waiting in line, Alex wasn't sure he should do this. Any other day, he'd feel just fine for this challenge, but right now he was feeling a tad... sluggish? Off balance? The fox couldn't put his finger on it, but he felt somewhat out of it ever since climbing out of the lazy river. It was as though he were still wading through water, dealing with resistance and having each of his steps feel more heavy and pronounced.

Maybe his swimsuit absorbed too much water? He grabbed it and gave it a shake, hoping to squeeze out any water, but unfortunately a pin had come loose instead, falling right into Alex's paw instead. Well, he better hold onto it for now instead; he felt a bit better with one less pin in his swimsuit anyways.

Even if his stomach did accidentally brush against Denya's back as a result.

Thankfully, the fat drox hardly seemed to mind the fox chub squishing against him. If anything, that apparently reminded the hybrid of something as he turned to Alex with a smirk. "So, you know the secret to making it across, right?"

"Huh?" Alex tried sucking in his belly, and failed. "N-no, what is it?"

"You gotta go fast! Like, faster than your instincts tell you to." The drox stepped closer to the fox, their flabby bulk brushing against each other. "See, you don't want to do what that lil wolf did just now. They sorta floundered on the first lily pad for like a solid ten seconds before going down. They used up all their energy trying to balance first, which is just an uphill battle. You wanna use that energy to just keep charging forward instead. Chances are, you'll start catching yourself part way through if you keep your legs moving, and you'll make it to the other end just fine. Also make sure you're holding onto the chord too, cuz that lil bit of stability makes everything easier."

"Uh huh." Alex nodded along. That did make sense, the few who did make it across practically sprinted their way through. "Is that what you're gonna do?"

"Hell yeah!" Denya pressed his thumb into his flabby chest. "I'm gonna speedrun this shit, just you watch. Zane's gonna watch me and be like 'damn, babe, you're so cool! This time, you get to pick what we watch with dinner tonight!"

Well, Denya was up soon after, that grin of his no less confident. Zane and Goss stepped closer towards the side to watch this attempt; even the other attendees in line grew quieter, curious to see how the tubby drox would fare. Well, once it was time to go, Denya leaned back, then bolted onto the first lily pad.

Alas, he didn't even make it to the second. The moment his foot touched the green disc, his leg shot out right from under him, the flabby hybrid letting out a high pitched yelp before his side slammed into the disc, and he flopped into the water.

Immediately the crowd burst into laughter at the rather pathetic attempt. Even Denya was grinning humbly as his head poked out from the water. "Heh. Uh, I forgot the lily pads are kinda slippery. Watch out for that."

"Right," Alex mumbled, gearing up to run out next. Well, if he needed to run quickly, he had to make sure his swim suit was loose enough to handle the movement. Better take out another pin to be sure. With that, the fox squared himself off before leaping forward, landing on the first pad.

The fox gasped. The pad practically buckled beneath his weight, flipping nearly onto its side! Forgetting running as fast as he could from one side to the other; if he couldn't stabilize now, there wasn't gonna be a lily pad to stand on! Alex desperately reached up and clung to the hanging wire, praying for a moment of stability-

SNAAAP!

That didn't sound good. Alex let out a yip that was quickly cut out by the water he slammed into, the fox still holding onto the torn chord.

The vulpine stayed submerged for a moment, stewing in his own embarrassment. Not only did he fail as badly as Denya did, but he tore the whole damn chord down with him! Great, now everyone was going to be mad at him for ruining the lily pad game. He wanted to stay down there forever, or at least until the park closed, but alas he did not possess any gills and as such required oxygen to be delivered to his lungs via the air.

With an underwater sigh, he arose to find the gathered crowd laughing at his fall, rather than cursing his name. Seeing the enjoyment at his own expense, Alex actually found himself laughing along with them. Heh, yeah, he failed really hard, just like Denya did.

Just like a fatty would.

He even struggled a bit to climb out of the pool like a fatty would. His belly kept brushing against the cold metal ladder as he climbed up, one after another. Heh, even the metal rungs felt like they were actually *bending* beneath his weight! If only it wasn't such a hot day out, otherwise Alex would have thought he was the one doing that, instead of the very warm sun.

That's how that worked, right?

Climbing out of the pool (and heaving a very heavy sigh in the process), Alex discovered his three friends were the only ones who *weren't* laughing at his epic fail. If anything, all three looked a little concerned, with slight grimaces on their faces. Had his swimsuit fallen off? Nope, it was still snug to his frame; perhaps a little too snug. He should remove a pin soon.

The fox made sure to smile wide and hold his arms out. "Guys, I'm fine! It was just a little fall, no biggie!"

"Uh, yeah! I'm glad you're... alright." Zane stepped closer to the fox, placing a big bear paw on his shoulders. "Hey, is everything feeling alright?"

"Huh?" Alex blinked. "What do you mean?"

"Like... did you put on enough sunscreen?"

Again, Alex blinked, tilting his head. "Yeah, of course I did. I probably put on too much, actually. Goss must have used the entire bottle on me, heh."

"O-oh, yeah?" Zane's eyes widened, and Alex swore he saw Denya glare at Goss just now.

The fox was growing increasingly more confused. "Why, was that your guys' sunscreen?"

Zane smiled awkwardly. "Oh, no! Well, yeah it was, but it's no big deal! I just asked cuz, uh, your belly looked a little pink, but that could have been from the fall."

Alex laughed. Yeah, it was a pretty big fall. The fox gave his stomach a gentle rub, feeling it squish and wobble beneath his touch. "Nope, nothing hurts. I feel great!"

"Well, great!" Zane nods. "Wanna take it easy for a bit, then?"

"What, are you kidding?" Alex laughed, his belly bouncing. "I just said I feel great! I dunno if it was running on the lily pads or whatever, but I feel full of energy. Let's go do the slides, guys!"

To his surprise, no one seemed to jump at that idea. Even Denya, the one person Alex thought would share in his enthusiasm, looked a little hesitant as he looked at the fox. "Are you sure? I mean... the weight may be big- I-I mean, the wait may be long!"

Alex waved a dismissive paw. "It's a popular park! There's gonna be a wait anywhere you look. The difference is we either wait down here or up there."

"I... yeah, that makes sense." Goss agreed.

“Then let’s go!” Alex charged forward, with the other three slowly lumbering after him. He couldn’t for the life of him figure out why they were acting so sluggish and hesitant. Maybe they were starting to tire out already? Sheesh, they can’t even walk around the park without getting tired? Talk about fat. Maybe it was a good thing he wasn’t as large as them.

Well, it wasn’t long before he began singing a different tune. Not even a quarter way up the ramp to the slides, and Alex was starting to huff and puff, slowing down quite a bit. He actually chuckled when he saw the other three fatties catch up to him. “Heh, I, uh, think the ramps got a bit steeper than last year.”

“They haven’t.” Zane responded bluntly.

“Oh.” Alex huffed. “Then, it’s the altitude change.”

“Sure.”

The fox knew he was right. Yeah, it was just a really, really tall water slide! That’s why his breathing was heavy, and his legs felt sluggish, and his thighs kept brushing against each other, and his knees kept digging into the underside of his tummy with every step. It was the altitude. Yeah.

Alex actually had to wipe his brow of sweat when he caught up to the line. Sheesh, this was one hell of a climb. How the three tubs of lard behind him managed to make it up without wheezing was beyond him. Well, Denya was part dragon, and Zane and Goss... had strong thighs, or something.

Speaking of, his swimsuit was starting to hug his frame tightly again, this time enough for him to feel it in his legs, weirdly enough. Alex bent over to grab at the pins, bunching up his thick love handles, and pulled two more out with one swift motion. Ahhh, sweet relief!

The fox turned to hand the pins to his boyfriend to store them in their handy backpack, but was stunned to find all three of them staring at him with wide, horrified looks. Feeling a bit self conscious, Alex stepped back, folding his ears back. “W-what?”

Goss pointed. “Y-you just... pulled out two pins from your suit.”

“Yeah, and?” Alex raised a brow. “It’s fine, hun. I’ve been doing that all day. The swim suit still fits just fine, see?” The fox tugged at the hem of his swim suit, letting it snap back to place against his wobbling body.

“Y-yeah, sure...” Goss nodded. From the way he said that, it sounded to Alex as though Goss was worried about something else entirely, but decided it wasn’t worth pursuing. If Goss and the others weren’t gonna bring it up with him, then clearly it wasn’t worth worrying about to

begin with. Besides, he felt as though he'd gotten all of his embarrassment out earlier at the lily pad. Were they really just worried his swim suit was gonna fall off?

He made sure to reach back and pull up on it, just in case, grunting as he had to reach quite a bit further than usual to grab at it, his rump bouncing as he did so. Damn, this suit was getting tight again. Time to lose another pin.

It soon became a habit for the fox to remove a pin. Alex couldn't go five minutes without bending over to remove one from his swimsuit. It was purely out of habit; sometimes, the suit didn't even feel particularly tight, and Alex would still remove a pin. It didn't matter much, however, as his swimsuit never felt loose, either.

"Hey Goss?" Alex asked as he hefted up his gut with both arms, looking for another pin to remove. "You didn't put any pins in the legs of my swimsuit, right?"

"U-uh, no. I did not..."

"Alright, just asking." His swim suit legs were starting to feel tight, even riding up his thighs a little. It was strange, because he swore he remembered them being quite loose before. And didn't Denya make a joke comparing them to JNCO jeans?

Alex frowned. He couldn't find a pin down there anywhere, and his stomach was feeling way too heavy for him to carry it for long. Damn humidity, and altitude, and whatever else was causing this. With a grunt, the fox released his belly, feeling it glorp and slosh before him, slapping heavily against his shins. There had to be another pin somewhere. Maybe behind him?

The fox leaned back to try and reach for it, grunting heavily. Try, try, try as he might, he simply couldn't reach his swim suit from behind, only managed to finger and grope at his numerous accordion-like rolls. Sheesh, how long had those been there?

"H-hey, guys?" Alex tried turning to look at his friends, but found even that action quite limiting; his cheeks kept bunching against his muzzle and shoulders, as though he didn't have a neck anymore! This was some very, very weird humidity. Instead, the fox had to slowly shuffle to turn himself around, his bulging gut pressing into the railing before he managed to do a complete 180. "Are there any pins on my swimsuit, still?"

It wasn't just Zane, Denya, and Goss who looked appalled. Nearly everyone behind them were staring up at the fox with wide eyes and dropped jaws, as though he alone was the single most impressive thing they'd ever seen before. Why they looked at Alex like that, he hadn't a clue. Did they recognize him as the dummy who fell into the water spectacularly before at the lily pads? Well, he was over that embarrassment already, so let them stare away.

Goss, however, continued staring. "I... I dunno Alex, I can't see any."

Alex frowned. "What do you mean you can't see any?"

"I mean, they're all covered by your... your waistband's buried underneath... you."

"O-oh." Alex blinked. That didn't sound right. But then again, he couldn't quite reach his waistband anymore from the front, with his stomach in the way. From behind was impossible as well, but even more shocking was the fact he couldn't grab it from the side either! It didn't matter if he leaned left or right, his hands just grabbed at his fluffy, squishy sides instead.

This... was some strange, strange humidity.

"Next!"

Crap, it was Alex's turn to go now! With a blush, the fox turned back around as quickly as he could, his stomach once more pressing against the hand rails, although instead of a quick brush, it felt more like a heavy drag.

He had a choice of any of the four slides to use; whichever one he picked, his friends would probably pick the other three. The fox grabbed the handrails on both sides of him, and slowly descended the three steps he needed to get closer to the slides.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Each step shook not just his own bouncing, sloshing self, but what felt like the entire tower as well; the fox swore he saw water splashing out from the slide when he did so. Despite claiming to be past his moment of embarrassment, Alex couldn't help but feel himself heat up. This might not just be a problem of humidity after all.

Wanting to save himself as much time as possible, Alex shuffled to the nearest slide, ignoring the gawking glare the slide attendant gave him. It was a monumental effort just trying to lift his legs up for him to step into the raised slide, trying as hard as possible to press his knee higher into his overhanging gut.

Alas, it simply couldn't be done; if anything Alex succeeded in stumbling forward, more or less falling or perhaps more accurately *rolling*, onto his stomach. Well, at least he was in the slide, feeling the jets of water pressing against his rump.

"A-alright, then." The otter lifeguard sounded horrified, as though her job was at stake just for letting Alex onto the slide. "Do you, uh, need a push or anything?"

"I-I'm good." Alex sighed. "Just, let me know when my friends are in their slides too. I wanna race them."

"You mean, the other fat guys?"

“Y-yeah.” Alex mumbled. “The *other* fat guys...”

In the time it took for Goss and the others to get ready, Alex realized he couldn't push himself by pushing along the ground. The fact of the matter was, he couldn't really *reach* the ground, his own belly and sides were in the way. He'd just be pushing at his own bulk. Instead, he'd have to grab a railing or the sides instead. Something was very, very wrong.

“Alright, you, uh... you can go now.”

Alex grabbed at the side bars and pulled, grunting. He pulled, and pulled some more, yet he hardly found himself moving, as though he'd filled up the space allowed in the slide. His face turned redder and with one last effort, managed to force himself forward just a couple inches, his whole body popping free. With that, he slowly slid further forward, bit by bit, until finally he dove into the slide.

Great, now the other three were gonna have a head start on him.

Honestly, that was the least of the concerns as Alex slid down the slide, into the tunnel. His whole body made screeching sounds as it poured through loudly, almost cartoonishly so. He could feel his whole body crammed into the lower half of the tunnel, moving through in one big chunk as he went down and down, left and right. Slides weren't supposed to scrape and grab this much, Alex reckoned; he was afraid he was about to lose the fur on his stomach from all the pulling. Was something wrong with the slide?

Nah, nothing wrong with the slide. The person going down the slide, on the other hand...

Alex grunted as he suddenly found himself losing momentum. Wide eyed, he began pawing at the sides of the tunnel, desperate to squeeze himself out faster. The decline of the slide had leveled off slightly, as the fox could see the light at the end of the tunnel, indicating he was nearly at the bottom. However, he knew that's why he was slowing down.

It was because he could feel his rump pressing against the roof of the tunnel.

Huffing and puffing, the fox clawed at the walls of the slide faster and faster, a meager attempt at hauling his big body further. It was slow going, but he was making good progress; he could see out of the tunnel now. Another push, and another, and-

FFFFUMP!

-and he was stuck.

That embarrassment was back; ten times over, in fact. Alex's upper half was sticking out of the slide like bubblegum, a big round ball of fox plugging up the slide, while his lower half was

firmly planted inside. Again, the vulpine began trying to claw his way to freedom, yet that just wasn't possible; he couldn't reach back at the slide to pull himself free, nor could he even reach the water.

He was well and truly stuck. Too fat to even finish this slide. Would they have to shut down the park? Get firemen out to cut him free of the slide? God, he hoped not...

Water begins spurting out from the slide, squeezing through whatever opening it could find past those rolls. Alex yelped, realizing the pressure behind him was actually increasing, the wall of water pressing tightly against his oversized rump. He was getting strong Charlie and the Chocolate factory vibes as the spurts of water grew more intense, the pressure intensifying further. The fox felt his entire body heat up; if it weren't for the humiliating situation, the feeling of having all that pressure digging into his humongous, fat rump felt kind of nice...

Until-

FWWRRRRROMF!

Alex yelped as he was cannon'd out of the slide, the gush of water giving him enough momentum to slide atop of the pool towards the stairs, the fox too fat to possibly sink with all that blubber. Huffing and puffing, he weakly craned his head up to look past his mountainous moobs and stomach, seeing his three fat friends looking at him from the stairs. "Need a hand?" Goss asked, holding out a paw.

"Yeah... Yeah, I do."

It was easy to get Alex upright in the water; the real challenge came in helping the massive fox out, as it involved climbing steps. The obese fox huffed and grunted, swaying heavily left to right with each lumbering step, his flabby bulk pressing heavily into each of his friends. For crying out loud, his gut alone was nearly the size of Denya. Of *Denya*, the 500+ pound drox! How much did the rest of him weigh?! Even just three steps from climbing out of the water, Alex felt his humongous gut resting on top of the final step, a testament to his incredible size.

Alas, it wasn't just his stomach that bounced. Each step brought a similar motion with his rump, each cheek sliding up against one another. Somewhere back there he could feel his tail being squeezed and rubbed against by his own rising ass and back fat, only the tip of which was exposed to the warm air outside. Looking back on it, Alex recalled how his swimsuit needed 10 pins just to cling to his waist.

Now, it was several sizes too small, judging from how tightly it clung to his oversized, flabby self.

Finally out of the water, Alex leaned his back against the metal handrail to catch his breath, ignoring the feeling of it bending beneath his weight. With a hefty sigh, he glared at the three guilty furs. "Alright... what did you guys do."

Zane scratched behind his head. "We, erh... I heard about how insecure you were feeling about your size. We wanted to try and help you bridge that gap a bit. Denya came up with the idea to use sunscreen as a coverup to surprise you with, but... well, you were only meant to have a little bit of it." The bear glared at Goss.

"I couldn't help it!" The tiger whined. "He sounded so sad! I wanted to help him so much... and, well, admittedly I couldn't help but want to see how big he'd grow."

"Well here's your answer." Alex slapped the top of his bulging belly, sloshing and rippling the mass of cream-colored fur and fat around. Having finally realized what was happening, the massive massive mound of vulpine could really feel every additional pound on his frame. All the shifting and grinding his new rolls had, all the sloshing and swaying his new belly managed, all the bouncing and wobbling his perky butt came with.

And he grinned, feeling his new dimpled cheeks as well. "I love you guys so much."

Denya perked up at that. "You're not mad?"

"Mad? Look at me!" Alex lifted his arms, exposing as much of himself as possible. Huff, even lifting his arms for too long was a challenge. "I'm enormous, and it feels great! You have no idea how long I've dreamed for this, guys. Thank you so much! I just... heh, I just wish I could have gotten this big naturally, but I mean I'm not complaining!"

"Oh?" Denya, Zane, and Goss took a moment to turn to each other, their expressions unreadable. Then, they turned back to look at the fox, wearing rather large, predatory grins that made Alex feel a little small and helpless, despite his sheer size. "U-uh, guys?"

"Hear that?" Denya snickered, firmly grabbing a pawful of fox fat and squeezing it. "Our poor little foxy wants to eat!"

Alex yipped. "I-I mean... I-I could go for a bite to eat."

"Just a bite?" Zane laughed as he stood beside Alex's other side, rubbing his finger along those thick side folds. "That's not what it sounds like to me. I think the poor, fatty fox wants a meal!"

"Three meals!" Goss even got in on it, sliding his arms beneath Alex's own and leaning close, their bellies pancaking outwards. "Sounds to me like my precious Fox wants to stuff his big, fat face. He wants to eat, and eat, and eat!"

“G-guys?” Alex whimpered shyly, his ears folding. This was a lot of intimate touching, having three fat furs brushing against and rubbing against him. “W-what’s gotten into you?”

“What’s gotten into YOU!” Denya laughed, wrapping an arm around that enormous back. “You’re the one who wants to EAT!”

“Better take him home, then.” Zane reached around the other side, and together they began pushing/dragging the enormous vulpine forward. “We got plenty of food at home. And we’ll gladly feed it all to this greedy, greedy foxy.”

Goss came around from behind, now pressing himself against Alex’s back, resting his gut atop that shelf-like rump. “We can order more if we want to. Anything to make sure our foxy keeps eating.”

“Even if he rips out of his swim suit.”

“Even if he can’t get up anymore.”

“Even if he’s big enough to be our bed.”

Alex felt the blood rushing to his head as he was promptly paraded out of the water park by his friends, who had begun chanting “feed the fox” over and over. Embarrassment didn’t even begin to describe how he felt.

He couldn’t stop wagging his tail. He *really* loved these guys.