

Zootopia: Gazelle Grazes, Gorges, and Grows

Part 1

“Come on, Miss Gazelle, just give it a little try.” Tanshi said, pleading with her employer. In her years of working with Zootopia’s main popstar she had never seen her like this. Both physically and mentally Gazelle was different and, frankly, a little concerning. She had shown up for dance practice after a lengthy hiatus, 20 pounds heavier and obviously self-conscious about it. Her jacket was pulled down far over her belly, which pressed so hard into the jacket that Tanshi could see Gazelle’s deepened belly button. Her hips and booty forced their way against her yoga pants, outlining her panties clearly for all the world to see. Gazelle had done her best to hide or minimize her new fluff, but there was only so much you could do when your clothes were at least a size smaller.

Gazelle’s weight gain had been immediately apparent to Tanshi when she walked into the studio. Upon seeing her friend and dance teacher, Gazelle had waved causing the jacket and shirt underneath to ride up. Chubby love handles had begun to flop out, her tawny fur exposed to the world. But she had covered them just as fast as they had appeared. Gazelle had also done her best to never let Tanshi see her from the side or when she was bending down. Meaning that, as the two talked and prepared for the dance session, the mega-popstar would move in awkward directions to control how Tanshi saw her. It was all obvious to the point where Tanshi wanted to laugh. She might have. . .if it had not been obvious how much that would hurt Gazelle.

The weight was on Gazelle’s mind just as much as it was on her body. She seemed less vibrant, less willing to move and put her usual flair on things. Each movement was carefully considered, calculated to make sure that her body would jiggle as little as possible. Gazelle knew that her last holiday had cost her quite a bit when it came to her figure. Drinks and snacks by the beach had been fun, but they had all piled on rather quickly. Even at the time, Gazelle could see her trim body softening and it had caused her bouts of worry. She figured that it would be easy to work off, that she could shed the pounds in time for her summer concert series. She had been wrong, and now that was causing her to worry even further. She hated to show her body off, not wanting anyone to see it for fear of seeing nasty tabloids written about her. This, of course, was a direct issue with her dancing practice.

“Do you mind if we delay just a little bit before starting? I. . .uh. . .need to get a drink!” Gazelle said to Tanshi, trying to sound like her old self. Tanshi looked at her, raising an eyebrow. She wasn’t a fool, she had noticed all the ways that her boss had been trying to get out of dance practice. Delays, schedule changes, all the telltale signs were there. “Ok, ok. . .Maybe a bit more stretching though?” Gazelle said, plopping herself down rather ungracefully onto the ground. Her belly flopped and bounced underneath the jacket, seeming almost to touch the floor. She pushed her hooves together, making a triangle and leaning forward. Tanshi sighed and sat down, ignoring how much Gazelle’s backend stuck out now. Her jacket rode up in the

back, revealing where her yoga pants failed to cover her burgeoning buttcheeks. They bounced against one another happily, even if their owner wasn't.

"Gazelle, is something bothering you?" Tanshi had asked, scooting closer to her boss and friend. Tanshi was great at prying uncomfortable truths out of people. As a doe, she had the kind of eyes that would make you bare your soul to her. She had a special way of looking lost and innocent that few could match. It had something to do with the way her long, black hair fell over one eye. She somehow always managed to look frail and in need of comfort. "You know you can tell me, right?" She pushed just a little further, sitting right next to her blonde companion. Had she gotten any closer she would be sitting in Gazelle's lap. She placed a hand on Gazelle's chubby thigh and squeezed to affirm her words. Gazelle looked away and then back at Tanshi, her eyes wet and teary.

"Oh, Tanshi! I don't know how I'm going to lose all this pudg." She huffed, ripping her jacket away. She revealed her body fully. A spare tire belly flopped down onto her thighs, while her breasts strained at her sports bra. "I've got that tour in five months and I'm just getting fatter and fatter!" She continued, slapping her thighs and belly with each repetition of the word "fatter". Her body jiggled, making her groan.

Tanshi, rather than saying anything. Simply grabbed Gazelle's arms and stood up with her. Gazelle weakly tried to pull away, but Tanshi held fast. When the two stood face to face, she slid around behind her friend and boss. She folded Gazelle's arms down onto her fatter hips. Tanshi made sure to hold her close so that Gazelle couldn't get away. Without music, she started to move, guiding Gazelle's hips with her own. It started slowly at first, but then quickly picked up speed. The dance was an impromptu combination of old, familiar dance steps that the two had worked on for lengths of time. Things that Gazelle knew by heart. It was a little awkward at first, Gazelle was unused to her bigger, chubby body and stumbled between the steps. At first.

Yet, as the dance went on the pudgy gazelle felt more and more comfortable with herself. She got used to the half second jiggle as she put a foot down or wiggled an arm. She got used to the slow sway of her belly when she waltzed. This was all eased along by how skillful Tanshi was at guiding her through the steps. The doe pressed herself against Gazelle, the curve of her hips and stomach meshing perfectly with Gazelle's own plush hips and booty. The two worked seamlessly together. Gazelle felt herself more and more as it continued. Her hands trailed up and down the length of her body. At a certain point, she couldn't tell how long it took, she reached around and started to run her hands up and down Tanshi's. She felt the athletic but supple curves that had been built by years of dancing. Gazelle suppressed a shiver as she thought of her own curves in comparison. Once, they were similar to Tanshi's. Now, however, they were bigger, softer, and cuddlier. Yet, she could still move with the same grace.

Eventually, the two women fell to the floor; laughing after an accidental misstep on Tanshi's part. Both women laughed long and hard, with Gazelle's gut bouncing up and down heartily. "Well, how was that? Feeling better?" Tanshi asked, looking over at her friend and boss.

Gazelle sighed, looking down at her belly. It rested comfortably on top of her soft thighs. It looked almost like a small pillow. The kind of thing that would rest on a well made chair or couch. Part of her wanted to hate it, the part of her that whispered about the media, paparazzi, and celebrity status, but that section of her inner consciousness was further away. A new voice had taken its volume. It was warm and comforting. "You know. . . I really do." Gazelle looked at Tanshi and smiled. "At least enough that we can practice. Let's get to work!"