

--- What's The Best Way to Get a Sulky Faunus Out Of Bed? ---

Blake turned slowly in bed. Her large, pregnant body turned from one side to the other. In a drowsy haze she fought against the pull of gravity which was trying to force her to lay on her right side. Yet, for reasons even she couldn't fathom, her body told her to change positions. It was a laborious task, trying to force herself around. Her belly and breasts sloshed as she moved, dragging slightly behind the rest of her. She felt her hefty weight move slowly, nearly 500 pounds of soon-to-be mother forced into motion by her fickle brain. Her mountainous stomach, equal parts soft fat and taut baby-bump, rose like the moon as she turned. The blankets covering her rose and were dragged from the corners of the bed. It took a lot to cover the motherly faunus these days and her body seemed to devour fabric. The big woman huffed and puffed, already running out of energy despite not even changing from her side to her back. This was the hardest part, the uphill fight against the pull of gravity and the weight of her own body, everything after this would be much simpler. Once she was on her back she simply had to tip her bulk in the desired direction and let the forces at play do the work for her. Underneath her doughy ass the bed squealed, less than pleased that the massive occupant was moving again. Blake bit her lip, digging her pudgy hands into the bed in order to help move. She might have been obese and pregnant, but she had not yet lost her indomitable will. She continued to force her bulk upwards, straining as much as she could, her ears standing on end. Finally, Blake's massive body slid into place on the bed. The entire frame shook as the massive, fat, pregnant cat rolled into place. Blake's melon sized, milk filled breasts sloshed to either side of her and her stomach bobbed heavily on her doughy thighs. Realizing again just how pregnant and fat she was, Blake took a second to moan and whimper. Her strength was spent on moving those precious inches, she could afford a moment of self pity.

"Blake?! Blakiiiiieee?" The sounds of her wife's anguish sent Ruby into a usual fit of hyperactive care and concern. Ruby had been sitting on the hotel room's couch, patiently waiting for her wife to wake up. Blake, with her constant concerns as a mother, had become a very light sleeper and Ruby had started to take great pains not to disturb her. While unnecessary, it was the kind of extra mile that the leader of team RWBY was willing to go to for her wife. However, with the proof that her wife was awake and in need of comforting, her care and concern truly began to come out. "How can I help? Do you need an extra pillow? Another blanket? Comforting, sleepy-time foot massage?" Ruby listed items off with more passion than sense, stacking the items on the bed as she spoke. She eagerly waited for Blake to say something, anything so that she could attend to it. Yet, all she got was a pair of lustrous, amber eyes and fuzzy black ears appearing out from under the thick comforter. Blake shook her head without saying anything, a sign which Ruby knew well. Blake was having problems that reached far beyond simple physical needs. Taking a deep breath to expel her natural energy, Ruby slid into bed and under the covers. It was like a tugboat cozying up to an iceberg. Ruby was outweighed and outsized by an astronomical degree. Ruby's small arms worked to encircle a very large, very soft belly. One traveling below and the other working its way over top. Ruby couldn't hope to fit her arms all the way around her wife anymore, but she would settle for any

physical closeness. Ruby pulled herself in slowly, her lithe and active body pressing into Blake's doughy softness. She couldn't say, especially with how worked up Blake was at the moment, but Ruby loved feeling Blake's pregnant body. There was something magical in her gravid wife, not that Blake could see the same.

"Before you ask, I'm fine." Blake spoke softly, her body saying otherwise. She turned her face away from Ruby, her heavy cheeks noticeably jiggling. As awful as it was to say, Blake's face was the only part of her that seemed to be able to move remotely quickly any more. Certainly, she thought with some amount of disgust, her mouth was quite quick. . .at scarfing down more food. Huffing for a moment, Blake put a hand on the hand which held her stomach. While upset, she was not so mad that she couldn't embrace her wife. She didn't want to do much more, lest Ruby realize how truly fat and monstrous she had become. That was the pregnancy brain talking. There was little way for Ruby to have not noticed her wife's shift in weight, but Blake's capacity for logic had left at the end of her first trimester. Even the coolheaded, bookish woman was subject to the hormones, whims, and flights of fancy that came with pregnancy. It was a rollercoaster that she had been glad to ride, even if the payment had been her huntress' body and athleticism. "I just wanted to move. . .forgot how hard that was. I think I've become a hippo faunus." Blake mumbled into her pillow, still looking away from Ruby.

Ruby chanced a moment to rub Blake's twitching ears. Even under the best circumstances, it was not something that the faunus enjoyed. The sensitive hearing instruments were the softest part about her, even with the added weight, and she kept them a closely guarded secret. Yet, Ruby had some amount of wifely privileges. Her hand glided over the soft ears, hands working on the silky fur. Blake shivered, stifling a surprised purr. She was upset and self-conscious, but there were forces inherent to the body that were sometimes stronger than anger. "Nope! Still a cat!" Ruby remarked gleefully. Unwavering in her kindness and optimism, Ruby had but one straightforward tact when dealing with Blake's moodiness. "My faaaaavvvooooorrrrite cat, in fact." She nuzzled closer to her wife, pressing her face into Blake's luscious locks of hair and soft shoulder rolls. "The most beautiful cat faunus in the world." Ruby planted a kiss on the nape of Blake's neck. A shiver went through both women. Ruby was a relentless fighter. . .and lover. It was kindness, optimism, and lover that broke down barriers with her; even with stubborn faunus mothers.