**Gazelle**

“Urgh!!! I can’t handle much more of this!”

Crashing herself in her trailer after yet another intense and energy driven concert, pop star Gazelle was feeling a lot more mentally drained, then physically.

Being one of the top performing artists of Zootopia really had its ups and down, but in order to remain on top she really had to be constantly active in both social media, and in real life publicity stunts.

She wasn’t getting any younger either, and while such a lifestyle could be very doable for teenagers/young adults, having passed the 30 mark her body was starting to easily get very tired from not resting enough.

Her crew had been trying to provide her with all kinds of “alternative therapies”, to try and keep her mental state good while also keeping her career going, but it had only worked in short sessions.

The pop diva was in need of something “bigger” to fully help get her shape back, and that’s when someone suggested a small vacation.

“Sounds good, but where? No matter where I would go I would be instantly recognized, and not be left alone.” Gazelle pointed out, to which that crew member added, “Well, this place is a bit more ‘secluded’, so it would help keep you away from the public. And it is right here in downtown Zootopia.”

“Really? What kind of place is this?” Gazelle asked curiously, to which the crew member got a bit nervous as they said, “Well..It’s a place for ‘Naturalists’...”

“Naturalists?” Gazelle asked confused, before her eyes then went wide as she pieced it all together. “You mean a place where everyone walks around nude all day?”

“Well, yeah.” The clearly embarrassed crew member responded.

“So you thought it would be funny to see me swasing around my tail all bare, and then have it all leaked to the media?!” Gazelle asked, clearly insulted and upset over the suggestion, as the crew member assured her that it would be top secret.

“How so?” Gazelle asked.

“Firstly, I did some research into the place. And it seems that none of the members of this place knows about you, or your music. Secondly, you would be given a different identity, so that not even the gossip press would be able to trace it back to you.” The crew member explained, and while Gazelle still wasn’t 100% behind this idea, it did sound like they had covered all possible risks and problems.

As if right on cue a sudden migraine striked Gazelle’s head, as she decided to go along with it after all. (Anything to make the pain stop.)

"Excellent! I will make sure to have everything set up for your ‘vacation’, Miss Gazelle.” The crew member said as they left, leaving Gazelle resting in a nearby chair, and wondering if she had really made such a good decision now?

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“I can’t believe I’m actually doing this.” Gazelle said to herself as she stood outside the almost palace looking building called “The Mystic Spring Oasis”.

The plan would be for her to stay a couple of days, and then let her crew know if she wanted to stay longer or leave the place.

“Well, here goes nothing.” Gazelle said as she walked through the main doors, and entered the building.

At first things seemed harmless enough, as she was going through a beaded curtain, and ending up in a fairly spirited looking room.

The lit candles, the calming music, the indoor fountain. It all really did make Gazelle feel a bit more relaxed.

Then she walked up to the counter to meet the yak in charge of the place, and almost instantly that calmness got replaced by tense and disgust over what she saw.

Not only was this male yak perfectly fine by greeting her in the buff, but his fur was smelling like he hadn’t had a bath in ages, and his hair was infested with flies!

The mere sight of him was almost enough for Gazelle to just turn her hooves and leave, but reluctantly she proceeded to talk to him.

At the moment he seemed to be lost in some kind of meditation, as he had his eyes closed and just a deep “AAAUUUUMMM…” was escaping his mouth.

Carefully clearing her throat to get his attention, Gazelle finally got the yak to break his trance, as he spread apart his dreadlocks to get a clearer look at who it was.

“Oh hey! You must be the new girl that was supposed to come today. Miss…?” He asked, as Gazelle quickly had to remember her fake ID as she answered, “Fontana…Diana Fontana.”

“Right, right. Fontana it was.” Yax said as he was looking through his papers, as Gazelle really started to regret doing this.

“So…what do you take for a couple of days?” Gazelle asked as she was about to pull out her credit card from wallet from her purse, only for Yax to reach out and push the wallet back down as he told her, “Oh, we don’t count your stays in days. But until your inner self is at peace with your body.”

“Figured he would say something fuzzy like that.” Gazelle thought to herself as she closed her purse, really feeling like she and him wouldn’t exactly “jam” well together.

“All I need is your signature here.” Yax told Gazelle, who really had to focus hard to not end up writing her actual stage name by mistake.

After that was done Yax told her she could just “check herself in.”, before then pointing towards what looked like a dressing room with a drape.

“Just in case you still feel too ‘modest’ to undress in front of others, you can just use one of our UN-dressing rooms.” Yax said all sassy to Gazelle, who really had to resist yelling back “Do you know who I am?!” back at him.

Once inside and with the curtain pulled over there really wasn’t anything left for her then to start…get into character.

“I can’t believe I let that slippery little weasel convince me to do this.” Gazelle mumbled to herself as she soon left the changing room, now in only her furcoat, and with her clothes all gathered in her arms.

Upon returning to the desk she noticed that Yax couldn’t help but to take in all her body’s curves now when fully on display, making her both blush and wanting to kick his unprotected private area.

“Oh, sorry. I always get a bit thirsty when I see such a tall glass of water in front of me.” Yax said with a big grin, making Gazelle somehow feel worse about the pun then about her own nudity.

“I’ve prepared a box with your name on it, for safekeeping all your stuff.” Yax then said as he held out said box, and Gazelle very reluctantly let go of her last chance of keeping herself somewhat covered.

Watching him sticking that box underneath his desk somehow felt like he could now blackmail her into anything, since that was just how helpless she felt right now, being stuck fully naked like this.

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“Right this way, Miss Fontana.” Yax said as he left his desk and led her towards some big wooden gates nearby.

“Behind these doors is where paradise awaits!” Yax said as he opened the doors, and the fully nude Gazelle was suddenly treated to a strong light inside this very dark room.

Once her eyes were fully adjusted to the sudden daylight, Gazelle couldn’t believe what she was seeing.

Wherever she looked, all she saw was nakedness!

All kinds of species, all sorts of sizes, completely exposing themselves!

It felt almost sickening to her seeing things like the flab heavy bodies of pigs and hippos jiggling when in motion, or noticing that the naked giraffes had some really long…”necks”.

As for herself it wasn’t really her own nakedness that worried her so much, as it was the fear over having any of them realize who she really was. (and despite having arrived without any makeup and her hair not fixed, Gazelle still had to wonder if it would be enough to keep her looking “plain” enough?)

It was beyond weird watching these naked animals doing things like playing volleyball or yoga, as Gazelle could barely walk normally without feeling the urge to cover her chest and crotch with her arms.

Things didn’t get any easier from her catching the eyes of several male members clearly taking in the sight of her naked curves, and giving her teasing smirks in return.

Especially one time when getting a catcall whistle over having “A good looking butt”, Gazelle turned her head back and was about to give the guy a piece of her mind, when she suddenly walked right into a nearby palm tree.

What’s worse was that the impact had caused a coconut to get loose from the tree, which just so happened to fall down right where Gazelle was standing!

“BONK!!!”

Somehow managing to land right between her horns the coconut hit Gazelle hard in her head, causing her to fall over and lose consciousness!

Upon waking up she saw she had a whole group of members gathered around to see if she was fine, and when sitting up she asked, “Where am I? WHO am I?...and why am I naked?”

“You’re Diana Fontana, and you’ll come to stay at this naturalist residence until you have managed to find inner peace with yourself.” Yax was very quick with filling in to her, to which now “Diana” could just respond with, “Oh…okay then.”

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This was quite the turn of events now since Gazelle had basically lost all of her previous memories about who she was, and could now only recall her alias name of “Diana Fontana” instead.

And while still feeling a bit unnerved about being all naked like this, she figured this must be what she really wanted to do in the first place. (or else she wouldn’t be at a place like a naturalist club.)

Trying to figure out how things worked around here, Diana very quickly started to feel how much of her body was feeling incredibly stale and worn out. (as if she was spending each day being on a stage, and doing super-advantaged choreography.)

So she felt pretty relieved when seeing that they had a yoga session about to start, and quickly got herself a place to take part in the activity.

Sitting down on a mat with her legs crossed, Diana still felt a bit weird feeling her bare fur brushing against the fabric, as she was wondering when their teacher would be showing up?

Suddenly the ground started to shake slightly, as heavy footsteps were getting closer and closer, and Diana’s eyes went wide as she saw their yoga teacher finally arrive.

Nangi, the Elephant.

While it was quite a shock seeing just how big some other animal bodies could be without any clothes, she was still taken back a bit by just how MASSIVE all the proportions of this elephant lady was!

Not only was she very tall, but also really fat looking, with an almost pregnant looking large belly, and a butt that could easily crush a truck under if she sat on it!

“Just follow what I do, and everything will be fine.” Nangi told the group, before then getting into her first position, with everyone else following.

As big and obese looking the elephant lady seemed, she was actually a lot more agile than Diana would have ever imagined, as there were some things Nangi was able to do even better than her! (She had never thought she would see an elephant being able to do the splits, with such tree trunk legs.)

After her yoga session Diana was pretty surprised to notice that her belly was basically starving, and demanded that she provide it with some kind of food.

Luckily the facility had their very own open buffet table, so Diana wasted no time grabbing a plate and starting to pile up the goods.

She didn’t know this now due to her amnesia, but amongst other things the life of a pop star did also mean having to be on a very strict line of diet, to make sure her body would remain the same figure all the time.

All that Diana was aware of was that her belly was REALLY hungry, so naturally to her that meant giving it a lot of food to try to calm it down.

Once she started eating she was truly lost amongst the great flavors and textures, not even hesitating for a second as she went to get seconds, and even thirds.

It wasn’t until she had emptied her plate for a third time that Diana started to feel a different kind of pain in her belly, but this time over it feeling so full.

Upon looking down she got slightly embarrassed over seeing how her midsection was sticking out now from all the food cramped inside of it, as she normally would have been more aware of it when feeling it pressing against her shirt or pants. (But feeling a lot more spacious when doing it all nude.)

“Guess I was much hungrier than I thought.” Diana said, slightly embarrassed as she hugged her now small dome of a gut, before then feeling a great tiredness getting over her instead, as she started to notice the sun setting for the day.

While still not fully sure on why she was here or who she really was, “Diana Fontana” did already start to feel a lot more relaxed and satisfied with her body, and was already looking forward to whatever tomorrow would bring to her.

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The following days Diana just kept on exploring and trying out new things at this interesting facility.

Whenever she felt a bit hesitant about trying something new, it would very quickly vanish into the back of her mind, as she now didn’t see the harm in it.

Taking mud baths for example, Diana was first a bit scared about getting herself all messy, before then completely loving the feeling of having the warm mud covering and relaxing her naked body for her.

“Can just shower it off later, so no biggie.” She thought to herself, wondering why she had been so tense about these things before?

Same was with eating, as Diana now simply listens to her own body whenever it wants to eat, and how much. Resulting in her rather quickly building up a small pudge all around herself.

Nothing major, but her previously all slim waist was now sporting a small pot belly, and some minor love handles to her now even more round looking hips.

Even the state of her fur and hair had started to become less focused, as there could be times when she wouldn’t think about cleaning it for days.

Something about the lack of hygiene and great eating, in combination with her nudity just felt right, as Diana truly felt like a whole new self enjoying her time at the naturalist place.

During one night she stayed up late, just so she could be resting alone out on the grass, staring up and watching the star filled sky.

“Pretty hard to imagine how easy it is to forget they are all there. So small, and just so beautiful.” Diana said to herself, before then hearing a second voice saying “Well said, sister.”

“Gah!” Diana said as she sat up quickly, only to find out it was none other than Yax, who had decided to take a rest right next to her.

“Relax. I just wanted to see the stars also.” Yax said back, making Diana a bit less tense as she laid back down again.

“Sometimes I like to imagine that each of them are just tiny little fireflies, who go to heaven after they die. Or maybe just very powerful flashlights, to help us remember to look up at night.” Yax said in his typical none-sensical way, which Diana couldn’t help but snicker at.

“You know, I still can’t remember why I came here in the first place, but I’m so glad I did do it. I feel almost like a whole different creature now. One that doesn’t have a ton of baggage constantly on her back, you get me?” Diana asked Yax, who had ended up passing out and was sleeping now.

Diana just took that as another one of Yax’s many quirks, as she too closed her eyes and enjoyed her bare night under the bare skies.

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After a few weeks from when she first arrived, Diana wasn’t only a different animal just in her mind (not just due to the amnesia accident.), but also so in her body from her much more laid back lifestyle.

Honestly, she could have just ended up staying at this place for the rest of her life, and slowly getting bigger and messier, if it wasn’t for one badly landed wack at a volleyball game hitting a nearby palm tree, causing it to drop yet another coconut just when Diana was passing by…

“BONK!”

Once again everything was pretty fuzzy at first as she woke up from the hit, before then conveniently having all of her old memories being brought back again.

“W-Where am I? And why am I NAKED?!” Gazelle asked in shock as she quickly covered herself up with her arms, before then noticing how much “softer” her own body felt.

Upon looking down she almost wanted to scream over the sudden weight gain she seemed to have got, as all she could ask herself was “How long was I knocked out for?!”

Realizing that some time must have passed she quickly got onto her feet, and raced back towards the entrance, as she remembered it being where Yax had been storing all her belongings in a box under his desk.

Looking after her name in vain Gazelle started to panic, thinking that they had just thrown all her belongings away or something.

Then she remembered how she checked in under a different name, and started searching after “Diane Fontana” instead.

“Here it is!” Gazelle was relieved as she found the box, and after so quick digging she managed to pull out her purse, and from that her cell phone.

Hearing Yax coming back, Gazelle quickly ran off towards the nearby “dressing rooms” she had used earlier, and hid inside one as she started to unlock her phone.

Naturally, after such a long time the thing had basically no power left, and all she had time to read was a text that her manager had been sending her earlier today reading “WHERE THE HECK ARE YOU?! YOU HAVE A CONCERT TO PERFORM TONIGHT!!!”, before the thing then died in her hands.

Gazelle just wanted to wake up from this freaky nightmare it all started to feel like. Not only was she hiding naked inside of a dressing room, but she had somehow been gone mentally for weeks, and on top of that she didn’t even recognize her own body anymore!

Speaking of which, only first now did Gazelle realize that the un-dressing rooms were equipped with a full size mirror, giving her the perfect chance to really take in just what changes had happened to her.

The first thing striking her was just how bottom heavy her figure now was, as each of her tights alone now looked almost as thick as her waist used to be.

Speaking of which, it still felt so surreal for her to place both of her hands onto her midsection, only to feel a light pudge jiggling back in her grasp.

She wouldn’t call herself super fat or anything (she’s seen this one cheetah guy who goes to all her concerts, who was easily the size of a hippo.), but it was just such a sudden change from what she remembered herself looking like last time.

Taking a slight turn to look at herself from the side however, Gazelle got stunned by just how large certain ASSets of her had become. Her butt wiggle had always been one of her greatest ways to get the crowd roaring, and now she had cheeks that were easily more then twice their old size!

Not only that, but even her breasts she could tell had got what felt like a cup size larger or so, making her wonder if getting fat really could make your boobs grow so well?

The more and more she looked at her own naked body, the more she found herself finding more blessings than problems with it.

She knew it was going to become impossible to make herself lose all this weight before her concert tonight, but the thought of her showing off these new curves really made her smile for real.

Thinking back to it, many of the reasons why she often felt so bad was due to her doing so much training, and not eating enough. So perhaps this had been her body’s way of telling her that being this thin had been unhealthy for her all along.

Perhaps what she really needed to do was to embrace this new plus-sized self, and really show that a little bit of fat actually can be pretty darn sexy!

Then she took a quick sniff on herself, and almost hurled over how musky and generally “unclean” she felt.

“First thing I do when getting home is having a looooong shower, and a TON of shampoo bottles at my disposal!” Gazelle thought to herself as she checked out and got her clothes and belongings back.

While she was now fully accepting this new body of hers, she still would prefer not ending up attracting flies to it, like Yax.