

Zootopia: Gazelle Grazes, Gorges, and Grows

Part 1

“Come on, Miss Gazelle, just give it a little try.” Sara 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 Sara 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 Sara 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 Sara 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 Sara saw her. It was all obvious to the point where Sara 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 Sara, trying to sound like her old self. Sara 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. Sara 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?" Sara had asked, scooting closer to her boss and friend. Sara 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 Sara, her eyes wet and teary.

"Oh, Sara! 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.

Sara, rather than saying anything. Simply grabbed Gazelle's arms and stood up with her. Gazelle weakly tried to pull away, but Sara 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. Sara 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 Sara 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 Sara'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 Sara'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 Sara's part. Both women laughed long and hard, with Gazelle's gut bouncing up and down heartily. "Well, how was that? Feeling better?" Sara 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 Sara and smiled. "At least enough that we can practice. Let's get to work!"

Part 2

"Heeeeeeyyy. Sorry for being just a *little* late today." Gazelle cried to the empty choreography studio. Her dance practice had been scheduled for 2 hours earlier, 9:00 am, but Gazelle had not been able to make the time. Her usual streak of punctuality had been broken for something just a little bit more important: breakfast. Gazelle's breakfast had been slow, prolonged, and much more indulgent than usual. It had bridged over several courses and multiple hours. Gazelle would eat just long enough to let her belly get full and bloat outwards, filled with whatever treats she could get her hands on. It had been several weeks of discovery since the fateful dance with Sara during which the popstar had started to come to a conclusion.

Gazelle, unwilling to sink back into the depression that had gripped her, had instead tentatively headed the opposite direction. She had taken little opportunities to snack and graze, taking seconds or thirds of the foods that appealed to her. This carefree mentality snowballed slowly but surely. Extra snacks had turned into extra meals which had slowly merged with the main meals of the day. There were few parts of any given day that Gazelle was not stuffing her face. Her body had graciously shown the results of that. Her little belly had matured into a large gut. For now, it was a single large roll but there were signs that it might soon expand into a second roll.

"Uh, looks like you brought a little something with you." Sara cocked a hip and pointed at the box of donuts in Gazelle's chubby fingers. She tried to keep the annoyance out of her voice, but it was hard. The pop star's continued indulgence had been coming at the cost of their time together. Sessions starting late or ending early. Even when they were working together, Gazelle seemed distracted. Dancing was one of the few subjects that Sara would be vocal about. She hated seeing people waste her time and the lessons she provided. Even Gazelle, her friend and boss, was not exempt from that strictness. "You're going to dance *and* eat?" She continued, figuring that she was already in deep enough.

"You doubt?" Gazelle said, smirking and swaying her hips back and forth. "I've been dancing since I was a baby and I used to wait tables as a teenager." She held the box of donuts above her head, with her hand in the center. She twirled, her belly shaking between the pink lines of her leggings and sports bra. "Ohhh yeee of little faaaaiittthhh and little waaaiisstttt." Gazelle sang, giving a self-satisfied look at Sara. She laughed, tossed her hair, and spun 180 degrees. While her stomach had gotten the lion's share of the weight, her hips were a close second. They had almost doubled in size, overflowing every single pair of pants that she had.

Gazelle's love-handles were now as prominent to her body as her horns were. The added size carried further down into her legs. No longer were they stick thin, now, they had grown to the point where they were starting to be comparable to growing trees. Young ones, not close to full maturity, but trees nonetheless. They jiggled and rubbed against each other like naked lovers as Gazelle shifted downwards. With an elaborate gesture, she reached a hand into the skillfully balanced box and took a donut out. Gazelle, as deep as she could go without bouncing her booty off the ground, then placed the donut on her waiting tongue and devoured it in one sensuous bite. The intensity of the dance was not the least bit thrown off by the fact that the top of Gazelle's ass was starting to bubble over top of her workout pants.

"Well. . .color me impressed." Sara sighed, not liking having been proven wrong. She went ahead and turned on their usual routine music and started to warm up. She watched Gazelle out of the corner of her eye. Gazelle wobbled and jiggled, but managed to stay on her feet, the box of donuts never straying from her careful grip. Sara, however, couldn't help but take note of how with each step Gazelle's pink leggings got wedged further and further up her ass. The beautiful, bouncing buttocks were starting to be comparable to basketballs. The doe couldn't help but be a little jealous. Gazelle may have been closing in on 220 pounds, but she wore it well. Sara danced closer to Gazelle, who had just finished another donut. "I guess you showed me." She smiled, though rolling her eyes playfully. It was hard to stay mad at her leggy, blonde employer.

"Not just yet." Gazelle said, grabbing a particularly large donut from the box. She put a thickening finger into the center and held it out to Sara. The doe hesitated, not sure what to do. "Come ooooo, I'm going to teach you a new dance move." Gazelle laughed, tossing her hair. She moved closer to Sara, shimmying up to her. Her beautiful ass bounced off of Sara's own athletic thighs. "It's called the Sugar-Step." She flicked the donut behind her, Sara caught it in her mouth. She had just started to nibble on it when Gazelle turned around. The two now stood belly to belly. Sara almost gagged on the donut, she was so surprised. The donut started to slip from her mouth. Gazelle swooped in, grabbing it with her own plump lips. She ate it in two bites, her lips coming dangerously close to Sara's. "We gotta work on that with you. Good start, but you need practice." She whispered, continuing to dance next to her friend.

Sara looked up into Gazelle's eyes. They were so deep and soulful, it was hard not to get lost in them. Yet, something was catching her attention that she couldn't figure out. It wasn't the forming double chin on Gazelle's rounder face, Sara was used to that. It wasn't the extra padding on Gazelle's chest, Sara had been watching her lose definition there for at least a month. No, there was something subtly different about her friend. A detail that she had missed as she had been too focused on her rising weight. Gazelle dipped out for a second and then drifted back in, hugging Sara tight. The taller woman rested her chin on Sara's head. Sara looked down, she saw Gazelle's soft tummy and breasts but also her long and sturdy legs. It was then it dawned on her. "Gazelle, have you always been taller than me?"

“Tannnnsshiiii. Thanks for coming out!” Gazelle’s words held a slightly drunken slur to them as she waddled up to Sara. As she waddled through the press of bodies, Gazelle used her massive hips to batter and push people out of the way. Though soft, her bulk definitely packed a punch. She had graduated up to saying “bulk” now instead of fat. The popstar was massive. The continual feasting had further expanded her in all directions. Were she still her original height, she might have been around 350 pounds. But, almost exceeding 6’7, Gazelle could only guess at how heavy she actually was. Whatever she weighed, she knew it was a lot. A fact which made her deeply proud. She had never thought much about her body before, when she had been skinny. It was just something that she had been born with and had never struck her as anything interesting. But now though. . .now her body was something special. Each meal and snack over her capacity added to it, made her *more*. It was like she was literally pouring wealth and gold into herself. Gazelle couldn’t explain it, but she felt a swelling in her ego as her belly burst through more of her clothes at home.

This was to say nothing of what the added inches of height had been doing for her. It was literally a different perspective to see the world from above. Gazelle was getting to the point where she towered over most creatures she met, save for the biggest and bulkiest creatures within the animal kingdom. Nonetheless, her new stature was something to be admired; almost as much as the fat she was piling on. Gazelle loved the way that she was sculpting her body. It was like she was a living statue, a work of art given life. It was hard not to feel a little. . .empowered. Or entitled, as some of those around her had whispered. Gazelle was changing in and out. She wasn’t stopping and she didn’t want to either. She continued striding through the crowd, her meaty hips shoving more creatures out of the way. It was like she was an icebreaker ship passing through an ocean: beautiful, strong, big, and unstoppable. Soon she stood before Sara, her belly pressing into the smaller doe.

“Gazelle, you’ve gotten so. . .tall.” Sara said looking Gazelle up and down, she was slightly intimidated. Gazelle had continued to sprout upwards and outwards. Each pound seemed to correlate to another inch or two in height. She now easily overtopped Sara, with her large and meaty breasts bouncing just on top of the doe’s head. Sara started to say something else, but was caught up in a large and long lasting hug from her friend and employer. Sara was smothered by Gazelle’s jutting stomach. Gazelle had changed her choice of outfits slightly. Her usual crop tops and short skirts had been swapped out for tight leather dresses or leather pants. All in all, it looked like Gazelle was trying out to be a dominatrix, rather than an all-ages-appropriate popstar. Sara slipped out of Gazelle’s grasp, unable to break the strength of her friend’s grip. “Are you sure you shouldn’t talk to a doctor about that. . .or at least your nutritionist?”

Gazelle snorted, blowing her flowing blonde hair out of her eye. “Pssch, no! Well. . .sort of. I talked with my nutritionist recently.” Gazelle waddled over to Sara’s side and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. It was a jiggy, soft pillow and Sara didn’t exactly hate the feeling. Her other arm plucked a bottle of wine from a server’s passing tray. She didn’t know whose table it was going to and she didn’t care. They could bill her or, better yet, they could try and stand toe to toe with her and beg for reimbursement. Gazelle used a well manicured thumb to pop the

cork off of the bottle and started to guzzle it down. Her stomach bulged in the dress, pulling at the tight strings in the back. It would not take much more for one or two of the strings to snap, sending her bulging belly out naked into the world. Gazelle finished her guzzling of the wine. She belched and staggered a bit, dragging Sara along with her. The drink was the final nail in the coffin of her sobriety. "Scheeee's jussst a bore! The kind of negative vibes I juschttt can't have anymore." She guided Sara to the couch that she had been resting on prior to her friend's entrance to the private room. Sara took her seat lightly, crossing her legs with a dancer's practiced grace. She looked up just in time to watch Gazelle's widening ass begin its descent. Sara was pretty sure that Gazelle was wiggling it for effect. She could hear the stretching of the leather on the skirt as Gazelle's tawny fat pressed at it. "Anywaysch. . .whyyy don't you help me polsish thisch off." She thrust the bottle into Sara's mouth, making the doe guzzle it down.

Sara might have fought it under different circumstances but there, covered under a layer of fat she accepted the drink. She gulped down the wine, feeling her belly grow tight and her mind start to blur. Her belly bulged out against her dress, bellybutton indentation clearly showing. Gazelle, without breaking Sara's guzzle, pulled the smaller doe onto her pillowy lap. Sara couldn't help but cuddle up to Gazelle as she drank. Her bulky fat was just so. . .comfortable. Gazelle's stomach was like a giant pillow, soft and slightly heated. Her thighs were puffy and accepting. They pulled her in as surely as Gazelle's meaty arms pushed Sara closer to her doughy body. Sara was still guzzling at the wine bottle, getting ever more tipsy and away from reality. Yet, even through the alcoholic haze, Sara could still feel Gazelle's free hand starting to paw at her.

Thick, chubby fingers ran up and down the length of Sara's dress. Soon Sara started to come to the end of the bottle. With each suck and gulp she felt Gazelle leaning further and further in. Heavy breasts, almost the biggest that she had ever felt or seen, leaned on her forehead. They were big enough that they encompassed Sara's entire head. Sara almost felt like she would be drinking from those next. Soon, the bottle was taken from her lips; drained of all its contents. Sara stifled a belch, instead holding onto Gazelle's flanks. She pulled herself further into the doughy mound that was her boss, needing something stable to lean against. "That. . .that was a lot." Sara breathed. "I thhhiinnkk I'm pretty drunk now." she spoke into Gazelle's breasts, feeling them move with her speaking. "I sho-shoul-shouldn't drink scho much." Sara said, starting to get whiny in her drunken stupor.

"Oh, come on! A little indulgence never hurts anyone!" Gazelle whispered. "Besides, there's going to be a *lot* more to come."

Part 4

Sara felt Gazelle before she heard her. A noticeable pounding and shaking of the room with each heavystep the mega star took. The various trophies and plates in Sara's office shook and clinked against one another. The rattling grew only more intense as Gazelle grew closer. Of course, Sara couldn't be sure that it was Gazelle. It could just as easily be some new client,

perhaps a rhino or a hippo that was looking to shed some weight through exercise that was not gym related. Sara doubted it though. Her studio had never advertised dance lessons as a form of weight loss, something she was glad of now, she would have hated to look hypocritical retroactively. The rattling of the plates grew worryingly loud. Sara was worried that some might fall loose and shatter on the floor. Of course, that would be her fault too. She had known that she had to clean up, but had found it difficult to make herself. It was far, far easier to eat and let the plates accumulate than clean up after herself. The shaking paused as whomever was approaching stopped at the closed door.

There was one emphatic *THUD* on the door. Then a second. The door slammed and rattled on its hinges. Sara could see tawny, blonde fur-fat bulging through the door with every slam. Gazelle had arrived. "Ssssaaarrrrraaaa, I've been URRRRPPP looking for you! We were supposed to go out today!" Gazelle cried from around the door. The handle jiggled a little, but that was given up for another huge *THWUMP* at the door. The poor door could only hang on so long when compared to the weight that was being thrown against it. Sara had accidentally damaged it the other day when she had closed it with a fat hip. The innocent doe had been soaking up all of Gazelle's influence, pushing her to further and further extremes. She now bordered on 300 pounds, far too fat to be even called a dancer.

"Oh, sorry Gazelle, let me get the door for you." Sara said as she started to stand. Her chair whined as her massive ass was taken off of the faded leather seat. A permanent buttprint had been installed thanks to her new weight. She moved slowly, having to heft her bulk rather than stand gracefully as she used to. Meaty hands and hammy arms were held out in front of her. She had to force her legs to stand with every bit of strength that she could muster. They were much, much too used to sitting now. Sara had drowned her old body in snacks, extra meals, and calorie laden bar drinks and had tripled in size. Sara started to waddle towards the door, slowly lumbering her bulk forward. Her stomach bulged out from between her tracksuit while her ass banged against her desk and filing cabinets. Sara was hardly the small, petite asian deer that she had been. Yet, for all the expansive growth that she had undergone, she still wasn't close to Gazelle. "Ok. . .almost there." she huffed, still several long steps away.

"Oh, that's ok. I think I can get it. . .ugggh. . .MYSELF!" Gazelle grunted, giving one last terrific push with her stomach. The door bent and broke inwards, ripping off of its hinges and slamming to the floor. Gazelle now filled the empty frame, her bulk pouring out in all directions. "Nothing stands up to the bell-UURRRPPP-yy for long." She belched, slapping her naked gut with a pudgy paw. It was impressive, that much was true. Gazelle's stomach had grown and split into two equally huge rolls, the cavernous divide between the two almost big enough to hide a person. Her hips burst forth on either side of the door, obviously too big to walk forward through the door. Sara couldn't even see Gazelle's head, she had grown past the point of being able to fit in most doors. Gazelle was, in a word, immense. She was more comparable to a large vehicle than she was most people. She started to lower herself, her flabby double chin showing, and force her way through the door. Gazelle made a very slight effort to shift her hips, one that was less of a courtesy and more of the appearance of a courtesy.

“They just. . .ugh. . .don’t make things for plus size people!” Gazelle grunted, cracks appearing on the walls as she forced and pulled her tanker-sized ass through. She put her hands against the wall, pushing and shoving. It was less to do with her strength, which was boundless, and more to do with taking her time. Gazelle indulged her size in all ways. Anything that made her feel bigger, fatter, less able to fit in the world was great. Even if it came at the cost of the world around her. Her red short skirt pressed and tugged against the door frame, threatening to rip off at any moment. Not that it would matter, Gazelle enjoyed clothes only so much as they allowed her to show off her expansive body. Cracks continued to grow and thicken as Gazelle moved further into a room not built to hold her. Sara stepped backwards, her own ass quaking as she moved. She looked up in awe as Gazelle forced herself into the room. Though she couldn’t see them, Gazelle’s ass cheeks bounced and wobbled; almost fully exposed. The wall shook violently as Gazelle continued forward. Dust and debris started to fall. Plates clattered to the floor. Sara was unsure if she should help Gazelle or hide under her desk. Something was bound to give, and soon.

When all was said and done, the wall collapsed. It couldn’t support itself as the massive Gazelle moved through it. Bits of debris bounced off of her flab, some getting lodged in the deep crevices. Sara’s little office, seemingly barely able to contain her any more, had to deal with accommodating the massive superstar. Sara had fallen back into her chair and Gazelle kneeled down in front of her. Sara’s entire lap was filled with Gazelle’s stomach, while her torso was equally filled with Gazelle’s enormous breasts. “We can replace that.” Gazelle smiled and tossed her head back towards what once was a functioning wall. “But only after you take me on a quick dinner date!” She flicked Sara’s nose. Sara might have said something, had her mouth not been pressed close with the flood of boob-blubber pouring into it. “I’m not taking “no” for an answer!” Gazelle said, patting Sara’s chubby face.

“Oh God! Mmmgggpph. . .yef. . .isch scho . . .good!” Gazelle spoke through a full mouth. She didn’t even wait to swallow before cramming more food in. It was just too delicious not too. Gazelle sat on her immense ass, leaning onto the buffet line itself. Her hands scooped food directly from the serving trays, though she had to push her stomach and breasts out of the way. Even as she ate she looked around for what her next meal would be. On the other side of the steam table she was currently gorging on was an entire deep tray of mac and cheese. Gazelle had found her next entree. She leaned forward, feeling the steam table her bulk rested on start to tilt. Her breasts and stomach dipped into food, she didn’t know or care what just that she would be eating it later. Gazelle was easily bigger and heavier than what the steam table could support. Her bulk slowly began to bend and break the table in the middle. Yet, Gazelle persisted. She had her sights on the creamy mac and cheese and would not be denied. She slowly reared onto her knees, her thick fingers clasping around the edges of the tray. Her elbows dipped into other trays of food, once again creating meals for later. With her prize fully seized, Gazelle tipped the tray up to her mouth and began to eat face first.

Happy moans and eating noises issued forth from within the tray. Gazelle ate loudly enough that she could not even hear the steam table begin to give way under her bulk. She went down in a shower of partially eaten food, still devouring the tray that she had grabbed. She gulped down the food, taking huge bites. Cheese and noodles stained her face and breasts, while her gyrating hips and stomach bent, crushed, and reduced the metal underneath her to ruin. With a satisfied belch she threw the tray away, making it clatter against the floor. Gazelle sighed, sad that there was no more food within easy reach. Despite being able to, she had no desire to pick herself up and lumber towards another table. She would prefer that her food came to her. After all, she was the world's richest popstar, why should she do all the work of feeding herself. "Ssssaarrrrraaaa! I need. . .MORE!" Gazelle bellowed before letting her face sink into her pillowy breasts.

"Y-yes, Gazelle." Sara said, nibbling a little faster on the plate that she was working on. She ate as much out of nervousness as she did hunger. When she had agreed to come out with Gazelle this was not what she had envisioned. She thought the two would have a couple large, but orderly meals at different places and then go home. Instead, Gazelle had barged into the buffet and demanded everyone get out. The scared and enraptured patrons had agreed, unsure of how to handle the singer turned gluttonous goddess, but the management and servers had tried to argue. Gazelle hadn't listened, instead beginning her rampage through the food. She belched something about compensation at some point, which was just enough for the police not to be called. Sara had eaten as well, filling plate after plate with food in order to soothe her worry and stomach. "What would you like me to, urp, do?" Sara couldn't help but belch slightly, her stomach needing space for more food.

"Get those servers. They can feed their favorite customer." Gazelle said, sensual tones creeping into her voice.

"Yes, Ma'am." Sara said, turning and waddling towards the back where the servers had gone to hide from the rampaging giantess currently devouring their entire food stock. Sara had to turn her hips sideways to make it into the backroom. It was filled with ladies of different breeds, though each wore tight shorts and a low cut shirt. Sara brushed aside thoughts of how she used to have a slim, curvaceous figure like theirs. Now, however, she was at least 350 pounds of fat and obesity, only skinny when compared to the incalculable bulk of her employer and friend. Sara looked at the women, not exactly sure where to start. "Gazelle would like you all to come and. . .feed her." she paused, realizing how ridiculous the request was. "Please." She added when no one moved. There was a heavy, awkward silence. The servers looked at Sara with a mixture of revulsion, pity, and resentment. Sara was close to waddling away in shame, when a thought occurred. She thought about how Gazelle would handle it. Would she take no for an answer. Summoning all of her courage, pride, and heretofore buried greed Sara took a deep breath.

"Well? Let's get on it!" She demanded, burying her shy and caring personality like she had buried her once athletic figure. She waddled forward, stomping loudly enough to shake the room. Her belly soon bumped one of the girls, a silky, white mink. "Gazelle and I need MORE!"

She roared, leaning forward into the girl. “And you are going to be the ones to give it to us. Every bit, until we can’t move or eat any more.” She snorted, poking the mink in the chest before fondling a breast. “You especially. You’re feed me.” She turned, grabbing the shocked mink’s arm and lightly pulling her out of a stupor. The other girls followed, each staring at Sara’s large ass. They could only think about how much larger it was going to get.

Part 5

“Scchhhhaaaarrrraaa. . .itsch. . .UUURRRPPPP. . .time again!” Gazelle called lazily, watching as a trail of milk made its way down one of her massive breasts. Gazelle sighed and wriggled herself deeper into the mound of pillows she was resting on. Her body jiggled and flopped as she moved, with her other breast starting to leak milk. It was a by-product of the massive amount of food that she forced into her body. At least, that’s what the doctors had told her. To Gazelle, it was yet another way that she was “born different”. Much like with her tremendous height growth, she now topped out at least as tall as most elephants, her lactation was another sign that she was a cut above. Gazelle’s thoughts on this had deepened further. Her gluttony spurring on her own inflating ego and self-image. Sara, who was closest in weight and behavior, could not hope to match Gazelle’s own amazing, unique, growing body. Though, Gazelle haughtily admitted to herself, it was fun to watch her try.

“Yeeesscchh Gazzschelle!” The doe wheezed as she forced her body out of her own bed and started to waddle towards Gazelle’s bedroom. Sara bordered on immobile, her 600 pounds of fat distributed on what had been a slim, doe’s figure. She had reached the level of fatness and obesity that saw people pointing and making comments when she ventured out of the house. She loved it, especially when Gazelle was around to attract the attention of the paparazzi and local news. The news had been plastered with photos of Gazelle since her change had started. “Before’s” and “way-before’s” were shown alongside immobile “afters”.

Gazelle would always be eating, covered in food, and usually belching or demanding more food. Owing to her new size and role as caretaker, Sara had started to find her way into these pictures. Usually it would be her waddling with more food and drink for her and her employer to gorge on. “Coming. . .asch. . .fascht as I. . .can.” She wheezed. It had gotten so hard to waddle around. She did not have Gazelle’s size and strength which had allowed the singer to remain mobile far after she should have been immobilized. Sara had to make due with what she could, however. She pushed a cart of food, rattling with food and drink that had been specially selected for how fattening it was. Even now, months into the lifestyle change, Gazelle had not lost her desire to feed and grow. If anything, it had intensified as it had spread to Sara.

Sara entered Gazelle’s room through the huge hole that had been knocked in specifically to allow her to pass through. The room was taken up mostly by Gazelle, with only some space for a crane in the corner. “Theresscchh my beautiful caretaker. Time for. . .BrrruuuuPPPP. . .feeding and milking.” Gazelle blew a kiss with a fat laden arm. Sara turned and shook her massive ass, looking over her shoulder and winking. The greedy pair had turned their relationship into something a bit more advanced than employee and employer. Sara loaded the

cart onto the crane and then guided it over to hang just within Gazelle's reach. Now the immense gazelle could eat at her leisure, whilst Sara got to her other task. She started to climb up Gazelle's room-filling bulk, her heavy hands and knees sinking into the gorgeous light-brown fat. Sara was slow when waddling, but had to climb at a snail's pace. Each little step was met with her pushing aside leftovers from Gazelle's earlier meals. It was past time for Gazelle, and Sara, to be scrubbed down and cleaned, but Sara was hardly up to the task anymore. She could no longer reliably reach her own rolls and fat, how could she possibly have the strength to clean the meaty mountain of popstar that she lived with. Instead, Sara had other jobs, like making sure that Gazelle's breasts were well tended to.

"Mmm, my favorite part of the day." Sara giggled before taking one of Gazelle's fat, milky breasts in her mouth. Milk, sweet and fattening, poured into her and began filling her gut immediately. Both women moaned, loving the pleasure that came with the act. Both women fed simultaneously, greedily drawing forth fattening sustenance. They had eagerly traded their mobility for more food and fat, letting the adipose flow onto their bodies without a second thought. Gazelle drank and drank, sucking down Gazelle's milk and dreaming about the after effects on her body. Greed had settled in her the same as it had with Gazelle. Though there was some initial resistance, Sara soon found it easy to accept and revel in. She had closed the dance studio, funneling the money from that into setting up a feeding network for Gazelle that she could also leech off of. She cast off her old life, continuing to follow her boss down the path of hedonism. Gazelle was the only one with real responsibilities anymore, still making scattered press appearances. "Gazelle, what did . . . you do about . . . your tour? Are you . . . mmpgh. . . going to schtill go?" Sara asked, taking small pauses to suck down more milk. The thought popped into her head, struggling up from long distant memory.

"Ifs. . .cancshelled!" Gazelle said between handfuls of food. She grabbed at random from the swinging cart of food. Food dripped from her plump lips, rolling down to get caught in her chins and jowls. "Told sha. . .pressch yeschterday . . .BRRRAAUUUUPPP. . .no refundsch though!" She laughed deep enough to shake her fat and Sara's. "The fanschhhs were mad. . .mmpgh. . .URRRPPP. . .but they'll get over it. . .plusch. . .they owe me." She let her fat hands flop down onto her sides. She grabbed thick rolls and shook them vigorously. "Plusch. . .thiisch fat doeschn't . . . come for free!" Both women laughed at that, uncaring about the millions of dollars that would not be going back to people who had supported the old Gazelle. They had bought tickets expecting to see a thin, loving woman who treated fans like they were family. Instead they would, now and forevermore, be getting a fat, greedy, slob who chose herself over everyone else. Neither Sara or Gazelle seemed capable of that level of remorse or consideration for others anymore. Regardless, they were happy though. Which is what really mattered.

Sara finished sucking at Gazelle's massive left breast. "Gazelle. I think. . .BRRRUUUPP. . .need more help here." She wheezed, her immense body doing its best to digest and process the milk and food she had gluttoned on. Soon she would need to sleep, pushed into a food coma. Yet, Gazelle still needed more care. She would want more food, more entertainment, more of everything. Sara, however, was no longer spry enough to give that to her. "Let'sch hire some

other. . .maid. Let her. . .worry about. . .feeding you. Leave the fun stuff. . .to me.” She continued to wheeze, stroking Gazelle’s other breast. Sara longed for the day when she could focus entirely on her own gluttony, only worrying about Gazelle when their interests (usually sexual in nature) intersected. The doe sighed, wondering what Gazelle would say.

Gazelle pondered a little bit, polishing off the last of the food cart. Sara, though Gazelle loved watching her try and waddle to complete her jobs, had been getting slower and slower. She hated waiting for food, she hated waiting to get milked. All of her pleasures should come so quick to be immediate. “Yeah. . .I shink. . .that. . .might be . . . good.” She breathed heavily. She reached her arms down to stroke at Sara’s 600 pounds of blubber. “You’ve been. . . such a good girl. You need. . .a reward.” She pawed at Sara’s breasts, which had started to grow exponentially lately. It was time for both of them to explode with growth again. It was time to be filled to the brim with food every second of every day, each only speaking to compliment each other or bark orders at their new servant. Gazelle wanted to know what a 1000 pounds of Sara felt like squirming between her massive breasts. “Scheee what you can. . .do.” Gazelle said, not noticing that Sara had already fallen into a deep slumber. Gazelle went back to eating, dreaming of what the future held.

Epilogue:

“Victoria! Wheresch . . .the . . . FOOD!” Gazelle shouted prior to belching loud enough to shake the mansion. A second call, jus as annoyed, was quickly brought up by Sara. Victoria kicked up her heels and started to run with the cart of food. Only a week into the job, she was still getting used to the demanding schedule that her boss-blobs had her on. The silky housecat hurried faster and faster, not wanting another lecture. It was just so hard to run in the ridiculous heels that they made her wear. The entire outfit looked more like something that would be in a exploitation film, rather than something a professional maid and caretaker should be wearing. Her sizeable breasts bounced and jiggled in the cups of the maid outfit while each step showed off her perfectly round ass and tight panties. She was the only one in the house even remotely capable of wearing clothes anymore, but she couldn’t remember the last time she wore something sensible.

“Tori! What is. . .RRRRUUUUUUPPPP. . .holdUURRRRRPPPP!!!” This time it was Sara yelling for her. Likely, the immobile doe had just finished slathering Gazelle with kisses and was needing some food to regain her energy. Victoria was practically sprinting with the cart now. She would get to their room, hot and out of breath but unable to slow down. It would then be a matter of hooking the feeding hose up for Gazelle, she had been less and less inclined to use her hands to eat. And then feeding Sara by hand. Sara refused to use the hose, finding it degrading. Victoria suspected that she just liked to make her servant work more. She finally reached the door to their room. Victoria paused before going in. She needed a moment to collect herself. Gazelle now filled the room and the one behind it. Her massive ass had destroyed the adjoining wall long ago, allowing her to growth further. Sara lay upon Gazelle, growing and fattening within the confines of Gazelle’s massive breasts and upper stomach roll.

The two lolled about, indulging in food and each other until they needed something. At which point they would bark orders at Victoria until they could go back to laying about.

Victoria sucked in a deep breath, ignoring how her now padded stomach tugged at the strings of the costume. The two immobile slobs were almost radioactive with how their lifestyle spread. Victoria, when her shift finally ended for the day, ate like a woman possessed. It was the only way to take the edge off. Food, usually the meals left uneaten by Gazelle and Sara, were dragged into her growing gut. She had tried to hide it, but soon it was going to be very apparent that she was fattening up; unable to escape the same greed that captured her bosses. Victoria sighed, maybe that was a good thing. She couldn't imagine, not yet anyway, but maybe when she in turn became a greed obsessed glutton she could get some time off. It was something to consider at least.