

Hibernation Hijinks

--- April and the Girls ---

“Hey girls, what’s up?” April said as she entered the living room of the house she shared with her three roommates: Sasha, Belle, and Mei Lee. She had gotten a text from Sasha, something about a house meeting that needed to take place. April was curious and maybe even a little nervous. It was rare for the four girls to all meet up at the same time, and especially for a household meeting. While friends, the quartet all had their own lives and schedules. They would meet and intersect often, but usually in ones and twos. Sasha would take April to the gym with her, eager to show off her growing biceps and try to build April’s body as well. Belle, a shameless flirt, would make one of the girls (usually April or Sasha) take her to bars in order to show off her curvaceous, nubile body. April, easy going and mild of temperament, would be game for anything that her roommates threw at her. Mei Lee was the most quiet and secretive of the roommates, usually hiding away in her anime den. She would approach the other girls sporadically, asking them to accompany her to a midnight launch of a game or to a store to buy an upgrade to her pc. While all different in the own way, the girls established a happy rhythm in their house. One that was subject to change, April realized, as Sasha began to answer her question.

“Heeey girl! I won’t beat around the bush. . .this winter we are all hibernating!” Sasha said, throwing her arms out wide in excitement as she imparted her news to her astonished roommate.

It is, at this point, necessary to explain the other quirk in April’s household: her roommates were all anthros. Sasha was a bear, bulky and brown with ample amounts of muscle to help fill out her womanly curves. Despite being big and tall, Sasha was far from intimidating. She exuded a warmth that was almost motherly. Belle, who was tucked in the couch next to Sasha, was warm but in a different manner. Belle was a tawny, squirrelgirl with a long and bushy tail. Of middling height, Belle could almost wrap herself in her own tail. She was sleek and slender, with the only weight on her body resting in her breasts and round ass. Lastly, there was Mei Lee. Despite her exotic breed, tankui, she was so easily forgotten. A shy otaku and gamer, she slipped in and out of social situations easily; much preferring the company of forum users. However, Mei Lee’s shyness only enhanced her beauty. She was slim and almost boyish in her lack of curvature. Yet, the softness of her fur and lilt of her voice (on the rare occasions she spoke) were intoxicatingly female. April, of all the housemates, was the lone human. A pink, smooth skinned woman adrift in a house of ladies that had to brush their fur on their tails as much as they did the hair on their head.

“Hibernating?” April said, cocking her head. “The three of you?” she asked, turning her head to face the three roommates individually. April was blonde and as typical a woman as you were likely to find. She was of average height, with a build that tended towards buxomness but without becoming extreme or obviously titillating. It was, especially compared with the uniqueness of her roommates, easy to overlook April’s natural beauty, but she was the kind of

classically beautiful, "American girl" that songwriters had been crooning over for decades. "What. . ." April tried to formulate another question, despite the prior one having gone unanswered. She cocked her head, her blonde hair falling over her shoulder in graceful strands. She walked into the room further, taking one of the empty chairs. Sasha took up a great deal of the couch with her muscular, athletic bulk. 8 feet of bear, however slim, goes a long way across a sofa. Belle snuggled into what was left, using her tail as both a blanket and a pillow. Mei was tucked in another armchair, knees pulled up her chin and a portable gaming system resting on the arm next to her. April slid into the free seat, struggling with which one of her roommates to watch.

"Uuuuhh, duh all three of us!" It was Belle who spoke next. Her tail crossed across her face like a noblewoman's fan. Belle couldn't help but be dramatic and flirtatious. She exuded sexuality, unable to dim or snuff out her attractiveness. Rather, she reveled in it, making her beauty a fountain that flowed freely and constantly. Despite being dressed in only a loose tanktop (tight around the breasts) and a pair of athletic short shorts, her movements made her seem like some Arabian harem girl. "Squirrels hibernate too. Besides. . ." Belle shook her fluffy tail just under her nose, her eyes wide with unrestrained flirtation. ". . .the night life around here gets soooo dull during the winter. Might as well just sleep it all away and wake up fresh in the spring ready to go." Belle returned to laying on her tail, crossing one nimble leg over the other.

"I'm just bored. . ." Mei said, shifting her knees so her asiatic face could peek out at the group fully. "No good games or anime coming out for a while. Might as well sleep and avoid all the hypetrain game companies spin up." She sighed, looking out the window. For as much as she was seen, the elusive roommate could have said that she had been hibernating for months already. "Besides, it's probably not good for us to be awake so much anyway. I've been reading and lots of other people hibernate, especially as they get older." She sighed again. April studied her friends. She wondered if maybe that sense of wistfulness and weariness had been setting in with the others. Belle had been staying in more, April thought. Sasha was the most energetic in the house, but April could remember some times recently where she broke with her normally ironclad gym schedule and stayed home. The human girl thought more about it, slowly trying to parse the information handed to her.

"Ah, well I guess that makes sense." April said, tentatively. "But what does that mean for us now?" she asked, her mind still trying to capture the full scope and breadth of what was being suggested. Would her friends really sleep through an entire season? What was that going to mean for her? How would they prepare. . .and how would they pay rent?! While happy to support her roommates, she couldn't deny how most of the responsibilities of the house would fall to her in their absence.

"Should be pretty easy, especially for us." Belle said, sticking her tongue out slightly.

Sasha nudged her friend, trying to coax her out of the constant stream of flirtation. "What she means is that a lot of the preparation has been taken care of, at least for rent. We've been tucking away money for a while now. Should be more than enough to cover our rent through the

winter, with some extra for potential breakage and for your own trouble.” Sasha smiled, pleased with her ability to coordinate such an undertaking. She paused for a moment though, trying to think of how to say the next bit on her mind. It was the kind of thing that was perfectly natural to anthros of all kinds, but just struck humans oddly. No matter how understanding or culturally aware April, or any other human was, there were always oddities between the two broad groups. Sasha looked out the window at the bright spring day. The world had been born anew after a brutal, cold, and wearisome winter. Yet, it would only last so long and there was much to be done in the meantime. Hibernation was not an easy thing to prepare for, and the hardest part was still to come. Sasha, kind and sweet, turned back to April and made her request. “We do. . .uh. . .need to start cultivating mass.” She stammered the words out, watching April’s face.

“Hmmm?” April said in response, unsure of what Sasha was euphemistically hinting at.

“Oh my gosh, Sasha, just come out with it!” It was Belle’s turn to nudge her friend. She kicked at the large bear playfully with a dainty foot. Sasha groaned, hating to be awkward but unable to find her words. Belle provided them. “April, we need your help.” She smiled, nervously excited to follow her thought up. “We need to get fat.” She giggled to let the excess pressure in her chest out, enjoying how the other three girls winced at the bluntness of her words. “Really, Really, fucking fat.”

--- Springtime for Growing Girls ---

April walked through the kitchen whilst trying her best to manage the frying pans, boiling pots, and other sundry cooking mechanisms. She was a month and a half into hibernation with the girls. If April was being honest with herself, she had some major donuts about everything. She loved her friends and roommates, but thus far the process had seemed like a lot of work for her without much in the way of work for the other girls. Quite the contrary, the other girls were having the time of their lives. April could hear them in the dining room and it sounded like they were having the time of their lives. Sounds of plates clattering and silverware clinking were punctuated with giggles and laughs. April sloshed a frying pan full of full-fat bacon, doused with extra grease whilst hearing Sasha portion out food to everyone. “Ok, Belle, lets see how you like some of these muffins. I gave April my mom’s secret recipe. *Lots* of sugar in the icing.” April imagined Sasha standing up, her forming belly wobbling back and forth, as she hefted the plate of carbs and sugar. April rolled her eyes as she heard Belle blow a kiss as a thank you, undoubtedly finding a way to press her growing breasts together in the attempt. April switched her focus to the pan next to the bacon just as Sasha switched her focus.

“Meeeeiii, you can’t just eat sugar! You still have to nourish your body. Try some of this bacon, April did a great job on it!” April fought to keep her eyes from rolling as she heard Sasha lumber around the table to where the secretive tanuki was presumably sitting. Sasha had always been big, far bigger than most of the women and men around her. Her bear ancestry made her taller and stronger than most. Even when she was “thin” she had dense layers of muscles to broaden her frame, comparable to some shieldmaiden out of myth and legend.

There had always been a soft thump when she moved, the sound of some huge and furry woman treading as light as she could. Yet now, with a month's worth of calories resting on her gigantic frame, the sound of her movements were all the more noticeable. Sasha had put on weight easily, another advantage of being a bear. A round, soft, spherical gut had formed where once flat muscle had resided. Her arms still bore obvious muscle, but it was obscured by inches of fat. Her face was fuller, her muzzle starting to sink into bulk. From the weekly measurements that April had to help with, it was known that Sasha had gained at least 50 pounds. It would have been impressive. . .had the experience not been so frustrating for April.

The constant cooking, cleaning, and measurement taking was beginning to wear on the blonde. She knew it was for a higher cause, but she'd be damned if it didn't feel like she had just become the maid of the house. She breathed a sigh, trying to expel her frustration as she flipped a pancake. Another couple turns would see the pan of fluffy dough fried enough to give to her friends. Granted, it would be slathered in butter, syrup, cherries, and powdered sugar in order to give the full caloric effect. Anything to deliver more potential to the girls. April bent her mind to the task of making more food. That was her current struggle, slogging through a heavy meal in order to make sure that her roommates got every possible morsel of fattening food that she could manage and deliver. On the other hand, it was their job to devour it all. In that at least April could say that her friends were doing good. This month had been all about getting the girls able to handle large meals. Sasha could, weightlifting and sports had trained her for bulking phases and carb loading. But Belle and Mei were vastly behind their brown furred friend. So it became a slog, a war of attrition to expand their stomachs. Finally, pancakes done, April was able to deliver the next batch of food to the furry friends.

Grabbing a frying pan in either hand, she made her way quickly to the dining room. The rich, polished table was covered in plates holding the destroyed remnants of meals, appetizers, and snacks. The dishes were piled haphazardly and to such a degree that the human woman couldn't tell what was eaten and what was not. The table, a relic given to April by her grandparents, bore numerous stains from this meal. April sighed as it dawned on her, not for the first time this month, that she would be the one that had to deal with the stains. Granted, she would also be the one that had to deal with the dirty dishes and leftovers. The other girls, approaching food comas, would waddle off to their bedrooms to sleep and digest their meal. April hated to think negatively, but she couldn't quite shake the feeling that she was getting rather maliciously conned. The feeling was magnified when she looked at her friends. They were spread around the table, each looking bloated and pudgy.

Sasha, as mentioned before, was by far the largest. Yet, Belle and Mei had worked hard to make their gains obvious. Belle's breasts were blooming, growing with every meal. They were 10 or 20 pounds away from being forced to rest on the table. Cantaloupes holstered in slim fabric, her tits bounced as she poked at them playfully with her hands and tail. Below the voluminous sweater puppies lay a round stomach. It was an adorable spare tire, like a tricycle tire that had been over inflated. Belle looked around, her eyes half-lidded with sleep and gluttonous lust, and spotted April coming with more food. "Aaaah. . .my food cart has arrived." She held her arms out, breasts sloshing back and forth. She tried to sit up straight, but found it

hard to move her stuffed body. April set the pan of bacon down in front of Belle. Forcing herself to be good natured, she patted the squirrel's head. Belle responded in kind by fluffing her tail against April's leg. While her earlier comment had stung, April appreciated this physical gesture. It reminded her of nights spent watching rom-coms with the flirtatious squirrel. They would end up cuddling together, with Belle eagerly sharing her fluffy tail with her human friend. April hoped they could get back to moments like that soon. Watching Belle dive face first into the bacon made her realize that they probably wouldn't. "Mmpgh. . .thatsch good. . .mmmghp. . .stuff. Thanksch, April!" Belle said, scarfing the food down. Eating might have been the one thing that Belle could not do in a scintillating manner, April thought. The squirrel's cheeks puffed out with the influx of bacon as she packed herself as full as possible.

April continued down the table length, depositing her other payload of food. This time she stopped in front of Mei, who was pecking at a roll. A distant third behind the other girls, Mei had put on noticeable weight but it did not quite measure up to the fat that the other two had packed on. Mei was a shy girl. She was reserved and socially anxious. While she could sit at her computer all day and sip syrupy drinks and snack on pocky, she had trouble with the gorgefests that were the routine meals. It was becoming more and more apparent that the other girls were pulling ahead of her in weight, Sasha literally waddling away with the competition. Yet, Mei struggled to even keep up with Belle's inflating breasts. Yet, progress was still being made. The tankui had an adorable, huggable, round stomach. She was the shortest of the girls and the weight was distributed evenly, so she was taking on an ever more round shape. While the fifteen or so pounds that she had garnered had not greatly changed her shape, April could tell that it wouldn't take too much more to make the small tanuki begin to waddle. "Dig in, Mei!" April said, setting the pancakes down in front of her friend.

"Of. . .of course!" She said, fumbling at first but then recovering her composure. Her arms, softer and more wobbly, jiggled as she started to daintily slice into the stack. April couldn't help but smile as she noticed that Mei's stomach had come untucked and had slipped out from underneath her black hoodie. Soft, striped fur bobbed up and down as she manipulated the fork and knife in her hand. Of all the roommates, April was most tempted to call Mei's weight gain cute. The adorable roundness she was developing only served to make her more huggable and sweet. Yet, April knew that Mei would never go for it. She was certainly *not* a hugger. Whereas Sasha and Belle couldn't stop hugging and hanging on each other and April, Mei would dodge away from conversation and physical interaction. Not that she was unkind, just that she had a large dosage of social anxiety. "Thanks. . .April." Mei ate another couple bites before quietly talking again. "Its very good." She nodded her head. April gave a thumbs up and left the short, squat tanuki to her meal.

"Hey, April. Good stuff so far!" Sasha blocked April's path to the kitchen. The massive bear put a heavy paw on April's shoulder. She leaned in for a hug, crushing the human with her growing bulk. Though only 50 pounds had been added to Sasha's body, it was more than enough to crush the air out of April's lounges. "I've never seen the girls eat so much. I think Belle might burst out of her pants by dinner tonight." Sasha whispered before pulling away. "We really appreciate what you are doing for us." Sasha continued talking but lead April over to an

empty chair. April, too tired to resist, sat down and relaxed in the chair. She had been cooking for hours at this point and her resolve was fading. Sasha fiddled around with a couple plates, taking bits and pieces from the discarded meals. From the remaining uneaten morsels she cobbled together a plate of food for her roommate. She put the hearty hearty breakfast down in front of April, whose stomach was starting to gurgle. "You know, I think you deserve to taste the fruits of your own labor." Sasha winked before patting the blonde human on the shoulder. April, though tired and frustrated, couldn't say refuse the generosity of her friend. Moreover, she knew she would need the energy to clean everything up and get started on preparations for lunch. April brought the first bite to her mouth, having not tasted anything half as good.

--- A Fatty Fall ---

"Oh. . .ooooomghph. . .come ohff it. . .Apwill." Belle spoke even as she took bites from the largest, greasiest, cheesiest burger that April had ever seen. Her chins and cheeks bobbed up and down as she ate. The squirrel, owing to her unique biology, had always been able to shove lots of food in her cheeks for safe keeping. But now, after months of gorging herself stupid, her quirk was truly becoming disgustingly amazing. She swallowed, cheeks deflating back down to their normally chubby size. The angular, perfect cheekbones she had once had were gone and swallowed by an advancing tide of fat. Belle now had a round, almost excessively fat face. Quickly upon reaching a milestone of a 100 pounds gain a double chin had formed. Now that Belle was reaching 200 pounds gained, it looked like a third would appear any day. The sultry, sensual squirrel was well and truly fat now. Her stomach pushed out from all of her tops, her ass bled over most normal size chairs, and her breasts were legends unto themselves. Never had April seen tits as huge and heavy as Belle's. The squirrel was lugging around watermelons or jiggling icebergs that refused to stay put. Belle's chest heaved even when she was simply sitting around and doing nothing more than breathing. Slow, thick, ponderous quakes would spread through her breasts, like ripples through molasses. The rotund squirrel returned to the burger.

It was a stacked behemoth of patties, cheese, fried onions, and some sort of tangy barbecue. April could smell the thing even when she went to the bathroom or returned to the bar to grab a drink. It was gluttony packed into 4 beef patties and Belle loved it. Her face smashed into the burger, grabbing as much as she could in her mouth once again. Sauce and grease spurted out of the burger, being caught by the grease traps that were Belle's breasts. Her eating had gotten so sloppy and her breasts had gotten so huge that she had to take precautions. Mountains of napkins were stuffed between her boobs, a flood of brown paper to sop up any wayward food. They certainly had their work cut out for them on this particular evening. Belle rocked back and forth, the taste of the burger and the thought of what it would do to her body bringing her close to ecstasy. Belle had been enjoying the descent into gluttony, even more than her other companions. She was a loose, free spirited woman. Mixing that type of personality with rampant gluttony always led to interesting results. While all three of the growing animals had their moments of foodie-fun, it was Belle who truly pushed it to the limit. She moaned through all of her meals, making eating as lurid and lusty as her dates. The other girls were too busy with their own gluttony most of the time to notice, but April could never turn away.

“Ittssccchh. . .blllurruuuppp. . .not tfhat. . . mmpgh. . .big a deal.” The squirrel said, slurring her words with food-drunkenness. April had noticed that when Belle became too excited, her words always started to run together.

“It’s going to be a big deal pretty soon.” April retorted, working on her own plate of onion rings. She brought one of the fluffy, fried treats up to her mouth and sucked it down quickly. She continued eating, her thumb knowingly fiddling with her belt and belly. April was as guilty as anyone in the house of gaining weight. She had been using food as her coping mechanism. One of the roommates asking for too much? Candy bar. Tired of cleaning up after a feast? That was a bag of mini doughnuts. The list of stressors and foodie solutions were growing by the week. Now, entering the fall, April was getting brutally aware of the weight she was gaining as a result. 30 pounds now helped to fill out April’s body. While slight compared to the weight that her roommates had piled on, April had to live with the knowledge that a nap through winter was not going to cure her of her weight problems. While her roommates slept their fat off, she was going to be busy working hers off the hard way. She pushed the thought out of her mind and returned to her conversation with Belle. “If Mei doesn’t get fat enough, she’s not going to be able to hibernate. If she doesn’t hibernate then she’s stuck being fat.”

The obese squirrel paused a moment, looking up from her three-quarters-eaten burger. Sauce and grease dripped from her fingers and onto the plate before her. Her stomach, fat enough to flop out onto the table, rolled in and out as she breathed. For a moment April thought that she could see concern entering the squirrel’s eyes. “Nah, she’ll be fine.” the thought was gone as quickly as it came. Belle shrugged, her breasts lifting up and thumping back down onto the table with the motion, and returned to eating. “Oooompph. . .itsch weally. . .mmpgh. . .not scho bad.” Belle leaned back and belched, patting her large stomach and trying to adjust her sloppy tits. “Sides, itsch not scho. . .oomph bad.” She plowed the burger into her face for the grand finale, taking the rest of it in with one bite. April rolled her eyes. She couldn’t tell if Belle was thinking she would get off scott-free with her hibernation weight loss or if the squirrel had simply developed a new fetish. By the way she used her tail to push and prod her fat, April was afraid that the latter option was the truth. “God. . .I could go for another one of those.” Belle said, dreaming about cramming another pound and a half of original American meat and grease into her body. It wasn’t long before Belle was waving a bingo-wing arm to flag down one of the waiters at the bar. “Yooohoo, Muscles, I haaavvee another. . .BURRRRPP. . .order for you.” Belle belched even as she called over one of the guys. April took the moment to stand up and make her way out of the restaurant.

April stood out in the street for a moment, enjoying the fall air. It was September and leaves were beginning to change. A wind blew past April, she breathed in deeply. They were little more than halfway through their preparations, and one of their members was beginning to struggle. As if on cue, April’s phone buzzed with a text from Sasha. *Can you check on Mei? I have to move onto the next restaurant.* April sighed, responded, and threw the phone back in her coat. Sasha wasn’t wrong to suggest the idea. The big, fluffy, fat bear had other work to do at the moment. Namely, stuffing her face until the restaurants in the area closed. The girls had taken to spending one night a week dining out. It was supposed to give April a break from

cooking. And, while it did give her a break from cooking, it did not mean a total abdication of responsibilities. April spent most of these nights running hither and yon, trying to keep a handle on her roommates. The trio found plenty of ways to get themselves in trouble. Though Mei was usually the least bothersome.

Least bothersome to a point where she was becoming a bother. The tanuki was still gaining slowly. Despite the coaching from Sasha and example set by Belle, the poor raccoon-dog was beginning to plateau. That much was evident when April entered the little fast food joint that Mei had holed herself in. The portly tanuki was sitting in a booth, boxes of chicken nuggets and fries surrounding her. April could tell that Sasha had been joining her. The other side of the booth was bent, warped, and mangled by the movement of a creature both taller and heavier than it could hold. April slid into the ruined bench, noticing that she rested lower to the ground than Mei's bench did. It allowed them to see at eye level.

"Hey." Mei said, slowly taking a chicken nugget and dunking it in a container of sauce. Mei was chubby, bordering on fat. It would have been good, were it still the spring or summer. She was close to 250, woefully behind both Sasha and Belle. Belle was a respectable 350 and Sasha had just passed 600. It was hard for the girls, never having hibernated before, to tell exactly how much weight they would need for their long winter's nap. It was, however, easy to tell that Mei was not close to that weight. She had rounded out further. Her chunky thighs and butt filled out her shorts, making the xl fabric bite tightly into her round thigh. Her belly, usually poking out slightly from her shirts, was obviously round and stuffed. The otaku tanuki was quickly beginning to resemble a beach ball with chunky appendages. The only part of Mei that hadn't grown was her breasts. The inverse of Belle, Mei's breasts had stayed modest. Only reaching the size of a normal woman's bust once getting past 200. It gave her an innocent, playful appearance whereas Belle's figure invited only lust. Yet, Belle was the one meeting her goals. "Want some?" Mei slid a box of nuggets over to April, who begrudgingly accepted them.

April took a couple of the nuggets, eating them quickly. She told herself she was only doing it to establish some common ground with Mei and that she would simply pass it back over to the tanuki a little later. "Thanks!" April tried to sound chipper and put on a positive face for her friend. She quickly found that she had nothing else to say. It was hard talking with Mei. She was so shy and her interests were unique. April had never understood or cared for cartoons and she had always been terrible at video games. It left her little wiggle room to talk with Mei. Instead, the two women sat and ate. It wasn't shocking to April that Mei was behind. Even she, a human who was trying to avoid gaining weight, ate faster than the tanuki. For every one nugget that Mei ate, April finished two. At the very least, April thought, she was eating. The problem seemed to be a reticence on Mei's part. April watched as her striped friend ate. She would eat a nugget, try to tug her shirt back over her exposed belly, and look around the restaurant. It was as if she was waiting for someone to call her out or tease her, despite the fact that half of the patrons were bigger than Mei. She knew she had to say something. It was her job to try and keep everyone going. She was in the trenches as much as they were. In the same way that she had to help Sasha and Belle squeeze into their outfits everyday, she had to help Mei get to that point. "Mei, are you nervous about eating?"

The tanuki sat bolt upright when the question was posed. While nicely put and certainly asked from a place of concern, it was hard for the socially awkward tanuki to see it in the proper light. Mei glowered, nibbling on a chicken nugget with a bit of seething frustration. “No. . .” She whispered quietly into her meal. The air was heavy between the two. April said nothing, simply continuing to put nuggets into her chubby mouth. Mei ate faster, now that she was a little miffed. While she was loath to admit it, she was too conscious about her eating and gaining. It was hard to see her body warping and changing. Even if it was for something natural like hibernation, she was accustomed to a certain look. Mei, even more so than Belle, had treasured her body and shape. Being a “smol bean gamer” was something that was prized in the circles she ran with online. It was fun to be a cute but foul mouthed forum user, starkly different from her shy behavior in person. Losing that would just make her another obese internet dork, and Mei was not quite sure she wanted to face that possible reality. She put another nugget into her mouth, now starting to pick up her pace.

April sat, trying to figure out what to say and do next. She knew that she needed to act or say something, but deciding on a course of action was difficult. There had to be a solution here, however difficult it was to find. Much like she had done this entire experience, she decided to put her brain to good use. She had used it to troubleshoot issues of logistics with food, feeding schedules, pounds needed to be gained per month and various other aspects of the hibernation preparation. Now she just needed to focus her efforts on one girl. What would help her chubby, chunky tanuki bulk up the fastest. It was obvious that Mei needed a distraction. Something to keep her mind off of what the public might think or say to her. Currently, frustrated as she was, Mei seemed to have little trouble eating at a normal pace. April briefly considered what a month's worth of annoying Mei might look like, making her a furious fatty who gobbled food out of anger rather than any other desire. The results might have been successful and they certainly would have been interesting, but April decided against that course of action. She would rather motivate Mei positively. She sighed, Mei was a hard creature to motivate. Much of her desires seemed to spring from the games she was always playing, being dropped into their risk and reward system. Coming to the final nugget in her box, she mulled the question by rolling the nugget back and forth in her box. Watching it roll, kicked along by her finger, April finally had an idea.

“Hey! Mei!” April sat up, taking the juicy nugget in her hand. The tanuki started to look up, her eyes still holding a bit of latent resentment. The tanuki was about to say something, but April acted first. “Catch!” She lobbed the nugget in an easy arc. Mei reacted with surprising quickness for a girl who only played video games. She snapped her sharp little canine teeth around the nugget, sucking it down in an instant. Frustrated, Mei was about to say something, but April reacted faster again. A second nugget, followed by a third were lobbed. Mei snagged them both, tucking them into her gullet with ease. The poor raccoon-dog wanted to say something, but was unable to given the soft, warm chicken that was filling her mouth more and more. “Hmmm. . .you can catch two. . .how about three?” April asked, taking one of the nugget boxes and tossing the little circles into the air. Crispy, golden brown snacks circled high up into the air. Mei caught them all, easily letting the nuggets plop into her mouth one after the other.

“Ap. . .mmpgh. . .April! What are you doing?” Mei spluttered as she finished her food. She adjusted her belt, letting her belly bulge out more. Her soft, striped fur flooded out noticeably more

April already had four more nuggets at the ready, waiting to launch them. She figured that she had to harness Mei’s natural competitive spirit. No one who played games that much could resist a challenge, especially when the reward was delicious as well. “Jusst testing something. . .” April said, launching another salvo of nuggets. They sailed through the air, like fish leaping out of the sea. However, Mei always came after; the hungry shark searching for a meal. She almost missed one, having to shoot her tongue out in an almost froglike manner to catch it. The tasty morsel balanced perfectly on her tongue, her pudgy tanuki belly resting on the table itself. Mei tipped her head back, letting gravity do its work and dumping the nugget into her maw. She sat back down, satisfied with herself. She planted her arms on her stomach, happily rubbing and teasing her belly. The plump tanuki looked pleased with herself in a way that April had rarely ever seen. Mei beamed, her sharp but adorable teeth clearly visible. Overcome by the moment, April reached forward and patted her companion’s forehead. April wasn’t sure what she was doing until she started doing it. Her hand made contact with Mei’s soft, short fur. She patted twice, rubbing her hand gently on her round friend’s head. To April’s surprise, Mei nuzzled back.

“See, not so hard when you make a game of it.” April cooed softly. She patted Mei’s head one more time. She sat back down, pulling over another box of food. She would have to buy Mei more food shortly, but they had enough for at least another couple rounds. “Ok, think you can get 5 this time?” She asked, smiling broadly.

“Bring it on.” Mei said, grinning ear to ear.

--- Weighty Winter ---

“Hhhhhhaaaaaawwwwww. . .goodness.” Sasha waved a hand in front of her mouth as she yawned. The bear lumbered into the living room, her footsteps shaking the entire house. 800 pounds of fluffy, fattened, sleepy brown bear thumped across the living room. She waddled to a window, her belly catching on the windowsill long before the rest of her was able to approach. The heat from her massive gut fogged the window, the cold not even registering to the nearly-hibernating bear. Sasha had met her weight goal, surpassing it slightly even. She had more than enough fat to last her through the harsh winter. Though she could have stopped weeks ago, the bear had gained extra, hoping to wake up with a little added curves next year. She had enjoyed watching her body move from athletic to pure obesity with pride and joy. Something in her liked watching her washboard abs get overtaken and transformed into a pile of fat. Likewise, she enjoyed how her hips needed a full couch to rest upon. She had broken her fair share of chairs and furniture. She had even snapped a table with her belly alone, having been leaning too far forward in an effort to grab a sandwich. The pure, unrelenting gluttony had been fun. Cares and worries had been thrown away for months of fun with her friends. Yet, now

it was time to find deepest slumber. Though, not without thanking April. Lurching away from the window, the bear found her friend.

April was nestled into a reading chair, book in hand. The blonde had several blankets around her, but they did little to hide her body. April, much like the other girls, was well and truly fat now. She had reached 280 pounds around the same time that her friends had all met their hibernation goals. She had not been half as happy as her friends to meet that target, but had taken it in stride nonetheless. She was balanced in her weight, with only her face remaining somewhat thin. Belle had joked that April had the perfect catfish body: the face of a 160 pound woman on a nearly-300 pound mass of dough. Her buttcheeks rivaled overinflated basketballs, filling out any pants or dress that she tried to shove them into. Meanwhile, her stomach flopped forward, a slab of fat perfect for holding her cantaloupe breasts. The blankets she wrapped herself in covered a very poorly fitted outfit. Her sweatpants were too small, allowing for her voluminous backside to bloom up and outwards, whilst her stomach forced her shirt up and under her soft bosoms. April had needed to upgrade her wardrobe at least a month ago, but had sworn to do that later on in the winter. She was, however, foolishly, planning on losing weight prior to her roommates waking up.

“Hey. . .whooh. . .April.” Sasha couldn’t stop the yawns, feeling them welling up in her deepend stomach. The plump woman looked up from her book, a slight smile touching her face. Whenever she looked at Sasha she felt a sense of accomplishment. A heavy paw landed on her shoulder followed quickly by Sasha’s immense gut filling her lap. It was like a fluffy wrecking ball had rolled onto her. April set her book to the side. Her hands naturally traveled to Sasha’s gut. The double-yoga-ball-belly made for an excellent arm rest. The only real trade off was that April had to stare up into Sasha’s bowling ball breasts. The incredible pair of knockers were inhumanely large, but not as disproportionate as a certain other anthro’s were. Sasha was huge, a goliath monolith of fat, but she was naturally proportioned. Really, the only downside was that April couldn’t see Sasha’s muzzle as it burrowed into her fat face. “I’m thinking its officially time. Just wanted to say that you did an. . .an. . .whew. . .excellent job!” Sasha spoke slowly, each word taking longer to drop from her mouth. She seemed slightly confused or drunk as the sleep set in on her. “You really worked. . .oh shoot. . .keep us in line.” The bear swayed and popped back to attention, shaking the house as her feet pounded the ground.

April hugged her friend, burying her own pudgy arms well into Sasha’s boundless and warm blubber. “No problem, Sash, happy to help you girls.” She rocked back and forth, slowly shaking the wealth of blubber. She felt Sasha leaning forward to return the hug. April was soon encased in fat on all sides. The two friends held each other for a moment, breaking apart only when April heard a light snoring from Sahsa. “Hey. . .Sash! Lets go sleep in bed, big girl.” April tapped her friend, having to pinch a large fold to wake her up. Once Sasha was awake again, the two started a slow waddle out of the living room. “Everyone else, come on! Time for you fatties to get sleeping!” April called, drawing Belle and Mei from the kitchen. They came slowly, dreams filling their eyes as much as food currently filled their bellies.

“Gosh, April, can’t we eat a bit more? I’m still plenty. . .buuurrrrp. . .skinny and Mei was just about to set a record for. . .BBBLLLLUURRRRRPPP. . .longest chug.” Belle said, rubbing her eyes with a heavy arm. 500 pounds of squirrel and tanuki filled the hallway, with Belle leading the way. Her breasts, almost as big as Sasha’s stomach, thumped against the hallway walls, along with her ass. Her stomach was close to touching her thighs, though it was not quite as impressive as how Sasha’s stomach could bounce off of her knees. Belle was a mess, smeared with various foods. The sloppy eater had only entrenched herself further into rampant gluttony. April wondered what post-hibernation Belle might be like. She really, really liked stuffing herself and showing off how much she had grown. Many times she had talked about buying a feeding machine and tube for next year. April had a hard time imagining she wouldn’t try to break it in before it was necessary. Behind Belle came Mei, the purest example of a butterball that had ever existed. Were she to get any rounder and stouter, April could have rolled her down the hallway. It was impressive that the tanuki was still mobile, given how much mass was packed onto her short body.

“Awwee man, April, I had almost chugged a full two liter.” Mei groaned. She was perhaps the most impressive of the three. She had come back from what appeared to be a loss to fully tie Belle for weight. It was scary to think about how much weight Mei would gain for next year’s hibernation, being now well prepared for it. She had found her niche for stuffing. Spending her time trying to challenge Sasha and Belle to different contests. If the two were not around April would serve to for an opponent, April being nonplussed at her own success in the eating competitions. “Can’t. . .whooh. . .believe I won’t be able to try again for another year.” Mei yawned, scratching her exposed stomach. She had the most pronounced waddle of the trio, having to walk sideways almost as much as she did forward. Her shorts were easily swallowed by her fluffy buttcheeks, with her porky tail being the only thing to keep the tanuki somewhat decent.

The quartet continued their strange, waddling parade down the hall. At each door they lost a woman. Belle was the first to go, requiring both Mei and April to push her through the door, April doing her best to fold and squish the squirrel’s rack through the door. Of course, Belle did little to help. She mostly moaned and shoved her ass out, hoping someone would put hands to it. Once through, she wasted no time getting naked, turning to sleepily blow a kiss to the girls. Mei was next. She, perhaps owing to the magical nature of her race, needed no help in getting into her room. She slipped between the door frame easily. She rubbed her eyes and wave, her shirt riding up even more. For once, she shut off the LED, game-streamer-certified lights that flooded her room with neon so she could sleep in simple darkness. April closed the door just as Mei hopped into bed, the frame squealing underneath her. That left only Sasha. The big bear needed a lot of help getting through the door. April had to put her shoulder into it, forcing her weight ontop of Sasha’s lower back and booty. The bear huffed and puffed, cracks spreading through the door frame. It took three tries, but finally she was through. Without even turning, desperately needing to sleep, Sasha lumbered to her triply reinforced bed and slumped into it. April lost her balance due to the tremor that spread through the house, falling on her own ripened rump. It took a minute of struggle to raise herself back up.

Now, secure in their beds and fatness, the anthro girls began to sleep and dream. Each one dreaming of how they could pay back their human roommate for all her help.